

THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

Chapter 21

The Peepers Again

FREDDY'S blithe buoyancy had completely disappeared. She shook her head slowly as she stared from Asey to Jennie.

"You're not joking," she said at last. "You seem to mean it. But look, that simply can't be true!"

Jennie assured her that it was.

"When Asey and I come here with Syl's clams at six, she was in that phone booth yonder. She'd been shot."

"In there? At six? Oh, there's been some frightful mix-up somewhere, then!" Freddy spoke with more than a trace of her mother's emphatic manner. "I was in that booth myself at least twice after Miss Olive left here this afternoon! She left around four-thirty. And now that I think of it, she did go in the booth and make a phone call. But I was in that booth later, and besides, I saw Miss Olive drive away!"

"Asey and I both saw her up to the four corners," Jennie said, "but here she was in that booth when we came at six! You listen, now, and let me tell you about things."

"Better wait, Jennie," Asey said, "until—"

"I say it's high time she knew, and I'm going to tell her!" Jennie insisted. "You hush up!"

She went on to relate her version of the story, and after two fruitless attempts to interrupt and explain that Dr. Cummings' discovery had considerably altered the situation, Asey gave up and let her continue. While she was still wondering what the effect on Jennie would be when she found out that the body wasn't Miss Olive's at all, Cummings appeared in the hall doorway.

"Hullo, Jennie," he said. "Hullo, Freddy. I say Asey. I think that name's back again—why don't Hanson's men get onto their job?"

"I don't even know where Hanson is," Asey said, "or if his fellows are here yet. What did you find out, Doc?"

"You don't know where he is? For the love of God," Cummings said vehemently, "what is the matter with you, Asey? This rushing around with Bill Porter's certainly done something drastic to your efficiency! Find Hanson, and get someone to chase that fellow—you ever had any Peeping Toms here before, Freddy?"

"Peeping Toms?" Freddy repeated. "You mean—uh—some one looking in windows? Why no!"

"Well, you've apparently got one now. Where's your father, Freddy? In the kitchen? Where's your mother? Hanson's probably with them. Where are they?"

"I don't know," Freddy said. "I just came in. I—er—I've been out. Up to the village. I was just doing an errand. She hesitated a moment and then rather unnecessarily amplified her statement.

"Just an errand for mother."

Cummings, mistaking Asey's interest in the girl's hesitation for indifference to the Peeping Tom problem, expressed himself rather forcibly on the topic of brain activity.

Ann Joyce

HE MARCHED out, and again before Jennie could pick up her story, Asey tried to correct her impression of the identity of the woman who had been shot.

Once again, he had to give up.

"Never saw anything like this!" Cummings said when he marched back a few minutes later. "First it's you, gabbing with two women, and then it's Hanson and three troopers—and this is a murder, mind you! There they are, out in that kitchen, listening to Wasby Doane telling them about mutiny on the high seas aboard the schooner Snowdrop, and eating coconut cake! Well, I've got them started. I can tell you!"

"Now you got all that worked out of your system," Asey said, "what did you find out, Doc?"

Cummings sat down in one of the chintz-covered chairs and lighted a cigar before replying. He was tremendously pleased with himself. Asey knew all the signs.

"I've found out," Cummings said, "a number of interesting, and instructive things. Freddy, I'm going to describe someone, and I want you to see if you recognize her. You might know her, too, Jennie. You've seen her, I know. Now, listen, girl! I'm going to describe a about five feet four. She weighs about a hundred and ten. She has light blonde hair, comes about to her shoulders. Her face is pointed and she has gray eyes. Who is she?"

"Betsy Porter's cousin!" Jennie said triumphantly. "That one from Los Angeles!"

"Who ever said anything about Los Angeles?" Cummings retorted. "I didn't! Freddy, don't you know?"

"She has a small scar about two inches long above her left wrist."

"It sounds," Freddy said, "like Ann Joyce. She's a girl who stayed here at the Inn last summer. She's in the regular cast of the South Pochet Barn Theater. I didn't recognize her really until you mentioned her little scar. Somehow, I always think of Ann's

voice instead of the way she looks. She has a lovely voice."

"Oh, that once," Jennie said. "If you'd only said something about that voice of hers, I'd have remembered her, too! You can't say five-foot-four! Think people carry yardsticks around with 'em!"

Cummings said tartly that height and weight were usually the first details given in any description.

"Well, Freddy said, 'she has a lovely voice, and she's lovely looking, and I've always liked her. She intended to stay here again this summer, but then she decided she'd better be nearer the Theater, so she's living over at Mrs. Thorpe's place in Pochet. The Beeches. But she's here a great deal. Once or twice a day. She's a friend of the Hinghams."

"And isn't she also a friend," Cummings demanded, "of Jonathan Rankin?"

"Oh, yes. She used to be his secretary. In fact, it was Rankin," Freddy said, "who helped her get this job at the Barn Theater when it started last year."

"Hear that, Asey?" Cummings demanded. "Good! Now, Freddy, when you were in my office a few weeks ago, we spoke of Rankin, didn't we? Now, I shan't embarrass you by recalling any of the ribald detail, but without compromising yourself you could assure Asey, couldn't you, that you don't accept Rankin's invitations to the movies, or to inaces, or the theater?"

Hint From Cummings

"WELL," Freddy's face was crimson, "yes."

"Thank you," Cummings said. "Hear that, Asey? Well, bear all this in mind. You see, this Ann Joyce got a touch of laryngitis last summer, and I sprayed her throat hourly so she could go on with her part. I knew who she was the minute I got that wig off." He ignored Jennie's exclamation and Freddy's bewildered murmur. "But I wanted to establish a few facts for you before people knew about her, and before their opinions might be colored, so to speak. Now—"

"What are you talkin' about?" Jennie interrupted.

"Ann Joyce, now," Cummings said. "I don't know anything about these new laissez-faire methods of detection you seem to have embraced lately, Asey, but in my feeble opinion, I think I should be inclined to try with the thought of summoning Master Jonathan Rankin and asking the gentleman a few questions."

"Doctor, I'm awfully mixed up! What's Ann got to do with things?" Freddy asked.

"Why, she's been killed! She's been shot! For the love of God, haven't they even got around to telling you what's happened here?"

Jennie uttered a shrill yelp.

"Killed? Somebody else been killed?"

"No, no!" Cummings said. "The same one! The woman you saw wasn't Miss Olive at all, Jennie—didn't Asey tell you? The woman you found was this Ann Joyce, dressed in Miss Olive's clothes, and made up to look like her. Good job, too. Fooled me till I started to work with a dozen lights on. Freddy, why in blazes would Ann Joyce be dressed up in Miss Olive's clothes? Can you understand the reason for that?"

Freddy said unhappily that she didn't understand the reason for anything.

"Mrs. Mayo's just got through telling me a long story about Miss Olive—and you say now it isn't Miss Olive at all, it's Ann Joyce dressed up like her! I can't imagine why. I suppose it must have something to do with Horace's play. Or some other play. Was she really dressed in Miss Olive's own clothes?" Freddy asked. "Really? Miss Olive won't like that part at all. She's funny about her clothes."

"Just what do you mean, funny?" Asey inquired.

"It's hard to explain," Freddy said. "She buys quite expensive things. Nice tweeds—but look, this doesn't matter, does it? The point is that Ann's been killed—and I think it's horrible! Why, she was here this morning! That's what matters. Not her clothes."

"Maybe not," Asey said, "but beln as how Ann Joyce was dressed like her, tell me about Miss Olive's clothes anyway."

"Well, she buys nice things," Freddy said. "But—well, they're always a little dowdy looking, somehow. You can't tell her new things from her old. I ran across a picture of her taken—oh, fifteen years ago—and, except that the skirts were longer, you couldn't have told her apart from the one she wore today. But it must be something to do with a play. That must be the answer. Horace will know."

"Who's this Horace?" Asey asked. "Rankin spoke of him a couple of times."

"Horace is Elissa Hingham's husband. Mrs. Hingham's one of the backers of the South Pochet Barn Theater. She—"

"Horace Hingham?" Cummings said thoughtfully. "Funny, I don't remember ever seeing his name on the program."

"Oh, his name isn't Hingham," Freddy said quickly.

To be continued

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) 1330, 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; Death Valley Days, KSL; Jane Arden, KOMO; Adventures 11, Toyland, KEX; Stars of Today, KOT; Ken Stevens and Ervin Yeo, KOT; 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 Rhapodina, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Tonight's Best Buys, KNX; Leon P. Drews, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Bing Crosby, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Judy Splinters, KGO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

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

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KEX, KGO, 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, 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; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX; Hot Steve League, KJR.

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

9:30 p. m.—Music in the Moonlight, KGW, KPO; Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Musical Quintella, KOMO.

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

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KGO, 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; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; Harry Owens, KSL, KOIN; News, KNX.

FORBIDDEN TERRITORY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

MOTHER EXPLAINS THAT CERTAIN SECRETS HAVE BEEN PUT IN STOREROOM AND HE IS NOT TO GO IN THERE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

JUNIOR APPEARS DOWN-STAIRS PRESENTLY TO SAY HE WANTS TO PLAY WITH HIS TRAIN, WILL SHE GET IT FROM STOREROOM FOR HIM

KEEPS HIS EYES DUTIFULLY AVERTED AS MOTHER COMES UP AND HANDS HIM THE BOX FROM STOREROOM

MOTHER CALLS TO ASK HIM TO BRING HER THE BIG SCISSORS, THEY MUST BE IN HER BED-ROOM

REPORTS THEY AREN'T THERE, SHE HAD THEM IN HER HAND WHEN SHE GOT HIS TRAIN AND MUST HAVE LEFT THEM IN STOREROOM

MOTHER GETS THEM, JUNIOR CALLS SHE LEFT THE STOREROOM DOOR OPEN, WILL SHE PLEASE SHUT IT SO HE WON'T SEE IN

PRESENTLY JUNIOR SAYS SHE CAN PUT THE TRAIN BACK NOW, AND GET HIM HIS AIRPLANE, PLEASE

JUNIOR GOES OUT WITH AIRPLANE, MOTHER COUNTING DAYS TILL CHRISTMAS WILL BE OVER

LIL ABNER—It's A Small World, Haint It?

HEY! DRIVER IS YO' A-TRYIN' T' KILL US?

HE IS TRYIN' T' KILL US! THASS LEM SCRAGG. MAH BLOOD ENEMY FUM TH' HILLS!!

HAW!! AH GOT TH' STEERIN' WHEEL—GOOBYE LIL ABNER!!

WHEN YOU SPOKE OF SECURING AN AMERICAN FLYER...AS YOUR SUBJECT FOR THIS EXPERIMENT, DR. VERMIN, I DID NOT DREAM YOU HAD MY ENEMY, LT. MILLIGAN, IN MIND...

IT SHALL NOT BE AN "EXPERIMENT," EXCELLENCY! IT SHALL BE A SUCCESS! I AM NOW READY TO ADMINISTER THE DRUG!

IT IS DONE...IN A MOMENT HIS WILL SHALL BE SUBJECT TO MINE.

I AM YOUR MASTER...YOU SHALL OBEY ME IN EVERYTHING THAT I COMMAND! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES... MASTER!

WHAT FIENDISH TASK WILL DR. VERMIN FORCE SKEETS TO DO?

EMMA, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE BACK—HOW DO YOU FEEL?

I AMN'T EXACTLY MYSELF YET, BUT I FIGURED THAT YOU WERE USED TO GOOD COOKING SO I HURRIED BACK

AND, BESIDES, I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO SPEND ANY MORE MONEY ON ME AND THAT GOOD CARE WAS SPOILIN' ME

THAT WAS ALL RIGHT—IF YOU ARE OK AGAIN IT WAS MONEY WELL SPENT

LISTEN TO THAT WILL YOU—WHEN I TOLD HER THE COOK GOT A FIVE-DOLLAR TIP AND NEBB WAS THROUGH PAYING HER BILLS, SHE GOT OUT OF THAT BED LIKE THEY BUILT A FIRE UNDER HER

KGW, KOMO; Along the Sidelines, KJR.

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

9:00 p. m.—Radio Chatter, KPO, KGW; Three Ring Time, KGO, KJR, KEX; Kate Smith Hour, KNX, KOIN; Along the Sidelines, KJR; Punch and Judy, KOMO; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Ban Wilde's Orch., KGO, KJR; Dark Fantasy, KPO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Mary Bullock, KGW; November Overcoaters, KOMO.

11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO.

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

10:30 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO; Dance Orch., KGW; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Northwest Bible Institute, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KOIN; B. McGrew's Orchestra, KOMO; Eight Lysterious Hate, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO.

REAR ADMIRAL KILLED IN ATTACK ON HAWAII

Washington, Dec. 11.—(P)—The navy announced today that Rear Admiral Isaac Campbell Kidd was killed in action during the attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, Sunday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

NOT ONE OF THE REGULAR ISSUES OF BRITISH POSTAGE STAMPS BEARS THE COUNTRY'S NAME!

PETER STUYVESANT

LAI OUT THE CITY OF ALBANY, N. Y., BY FIRING A CANNON NORTH AND SOUTH OF FORT ORANGE—AND STAKING OUT THE TOWN WITH THIS CANNONBALL DISTANCE!

1625...

J. D. SHILLITO FOUND A SNAKE ATOP A 25-FOOT POWER POLE! (IT WAS ELECTROCUTED TRYING TO ROB A BIRD'S NEST) Charleston, S. C.

STUYVESANT'S STUNT

The original bounds of what is now the city of Albany, extended about 3,000 feet and Stuyvesant originally called the village "Beverwyck," or "Town of the beavers."

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

While making a routine check-up after an electrical storm, J. D. Shillito, power company engineer, found a snake hanging over the ground wire of a transformer pole. It had been electrocuted by a 2,300-volt wire while trying to get at a sparrow's nest which had been built between the transformer and the pole. Shillito believes the snake was able to scale the pole by securing a hold on the nicks caused by linemen's spurs as they ascended.

TOMORROW: Color of Death!

By AL CAPP

U.S. SCRIBES IN BERLIN TOLD TO STAY IN HOMES

Berlin, Dec. 11.—(P)—United States newspaper correspondents were dismissed from the daily press conference today and

instructed to go to their homes—not their offices—on grounds that axis newspapermen had been arrested in the United States in violation of international practice.

GIRLS TO AID

Tacoma, Dec. 11.—(P)—State headquarters of the national youth administration announced today the work of 2,000 girls on the state NYA program hereafter would be directed towards making Red Cross gowns, surgeons' gowns, surgical dressings and other medical equipment. Youths in Seattle shops have been put to work making stretchers.

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

Give him . . .

A SWEATER

\$3.95 to \$12.50

Barkers

Store for Men