

THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

Chapter 22

The Doane Confused

"That's Mrs. Hingham's name," Freddy went on. "You see, this is rather complicated. I'm afraid—but people always call her by the name of the husband who bought her the opera company. I don't know why. I presume it's because she was known to more people as Elissa Hingham. She was Mrs. Hingham when she first came here, and we've never called her anything else."

"That still," Asy pointed out, "doesn't solve the problem of Horace's last name."

"Honestly, I can't remember it! Here's Mother," he called to Mrs. Doane, who was just coming along the hall from the kitchen. "Mother! Mother, what's Horace's last name? Isn't it something like Frank?"

"Mrs. Doane looked startled. "Your father asked me that when they came this year, and I really meant to find it out and learn it. We shouldn't call him Horace all the time, and Mr. Hingham would never do it. Anderson, or Patterson, or Peterson? I think it's Patterson. Remind me that I must find out and learn it, Freddy!"

Asy suggested that they might always look in the hotel register. "You got one, ain't you?"

"Of course!" Freddy went over to the desk and picked up a tooled leather book. "Here. They came two weeks ago. Mrs. Hingham signed. Elissa Hingham—well, what do you know, she forgot to put Horace's name in. Well, anyway, whatever his last name is, he's Elissa Hingham's husband, and he'll be sure to know why Ann was dressed up. Mother, it wasn't Miss Olive at all, but Ann Joyce dressed up in her clothes!"

"What! Mrs. Doane almost slid into a chair, and for the first time since Asy had met her, she smiled a genuine smile. "It's not Miss Olive? Oh, that's the best news I've had of course," the smile disappeared as she added hurriedly, "I'm sorry about Ann Joyce. That will only add size to the headlines, what with her being on the stage. But anyway, she wasn't staying here! How did she happen to be dressed up in Miss Olive's clothes? When did she come here?"

"Let's get out of this hen-party powwow!" Cummings said. "Maybe I should call it a powwow—get that, Asy? That wasn't bad. Pow-wow!"

"It was terrible," Asy told him, "and if you want to know the truth, I can't think of anything but a lot of how's, myself!"

"Trouble is, you're trying too hard," Cummings said. "You won't see the trees for the forest. Come up along the hall to this little smoking room." He led the way to it. "Now, sit down and listen to me. You thought I was just taking cracks at Rankin because I don't like him. But I meant what I said. I don't trust him. And let me tell you this. No stray pot shot from Washy Doane or anybody else killed that girl. That was a neat, cold-blooded, well-thought-out bit of shooting. Someone stood behind her, Asy, took very, very careful aim, and shot her through the heart. She couldn't have suspected what was coming, and she certainly never knew what hit her. And your friend Rankin—"

Crack Shot
"WHAT about him?" Asy asked as the doctor relighted his cigar. "Remember the Pochet Home Guard they organized last fall, about the same time all those women started up their Rifle Corps? Were you here on the Cape Labor Day? I didn't think you were. Well, to stir up enthusiasm, the Home Guard and the Rifle Corps had a shooting match. And your friend Rankin won it with his little pistol. The girl was killed by a good shot. Your friend Rankin is a good shot."

"So, presumably, is Washy Doane," Asy said. "At any rate, he practices."

"But Ann Joyce," Cummings retorted, "was never Washy Doane's secretary! Instead of howling and whining around, you get hold of Rankin! Find out where he was and what he was doing from four till six!"

"From four till six?" Asy said. "You mean, she might have been killed as early as four, Doc? Because Miss Olive used the phone at half-past four or so, an' Freddy used it later. You sure about your tamin', Doc?"

"Of course I'm not sure!" Cummings said testily. "If I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times that you can't look at a body and say that person died at two minutes and sixteen minutes past two! My guess is between four to six! You certainly can find out from someone when the Joyce girl came here, and who saw her last, and all that sort of thing. You can

make some time estimate yourself on the basis of her coming here. "There's a little problem here, Doc," Asy went on, "that maybe you ain't considered. That's what's got me feelin' a little floored. Rankin's got to have seen Miss Olive two nickels to phone with. An—"

"What have Rankin's nickels got to do with the time Ann Joyce was killed?"

"Well," Asy said, "he says he give 'em to her, an' Freddy says she seen Miss Olive leave. But was it Miss Olive, Doc? Was it her, or the girl dressed up like her? Jennie an' I take it for granted it was Miss Olive we seen at the four corners. But was it? We don't know her so well we could swear up and down it was her. Lots of folks has seen Miss Olive, but nobody's seen the girl Ann Joyce. Now, people know pretty much what Miss Olive wears. They see her coat an' they take her for granted. Nobody's goin' to begin any intensive examination of her, like you did. Now, Doc, s'pose the Joyce girl's been goin' around all day as Miss Olive?"

"What! Asy, you're crazy!" "Could be," Asy said. "Maybe we seen the girl dressed as Miss Olive, actin' like her. She could have driven back here an' been killed like we figured at first, around six. Until Miss Olive herself comes back, an' we can find out from her just where she really was, we always got the possibility that sometimes maybe folks who thought they were seein' Miss Olive was really seein' Miss Joyce."

"My God!" Cummings said. "I never thought of that angle—let's find Miss Olive! Where is she? He went to the door. 'I'll bring Freddy here. She ought to know where Miss Olive is.'"

Freddy shook her head when Asy told her he wanted to find out about a few odds and ends.

Radio Program
"I'll gladly tell you anything I can, but don't expect me to be too alert, will you? I'm just getting myself adjusted to all this. And Mother's just confessed she moved the body from the phone booth, and Father's confessed he was shooting at his target this evening. He knew Mother was out, and that I'd never hear. He even says he took a practice shot past Alfred, too! Alfred's Lady Boop—I mean, Mrs. Clutterbeld's chauffeur."

"I know him well," Asy said. "Why'd your father want to scare him?"

"He claims he couldn't resist Alfred's broad beam," Freddy said. "Anyway, Mother's giving him hell, and we're all awfully confused. And none of us can remember seeing Ann after she was here this morning. Mother was at the desk till three, and I was there from three till the lights went out. And we know Ann never came through the living room!"

Asy suggested that there was always the possibility of Ann's having entered the Inn by a rear door.

"I suppose so," Freddy said, "but I don't see why she should come in the back way! She never does. Of course, if she sneaked up and crept Miss Olive's clothes to dress up in, as Mother and I suspect she must have, maybe she did come in the back way. I don't know. I'm so confused I can't even guess what might have happened!"

"Where's Miss Olive?" Cummings asked. "Do you know where she is tonight?"

"Now there," Freddy said, "is something Mother just asked me. She just went off, that's all I know."

"Didn't drop any hint as to where she was goin'?" Asy asked.

Freddy shook her head. "S'pose," Asy said, "we phone around to places where she might be. Will you do that, Freddy? An' Doc, I hear a noise out there that suggests Carey an' Hanson's crew. We better see 'em."

"Just one thing first," Cummings said. "Where was Rankin this afternoon, Freddy? Say, from three o'clock on? Do you have any idea?"

Freddy sighed. "I certainly do! He and Lady Boop and I listened to the radio in the living room."

"You don't mean," Cummings sounded incredulous, "that all three of you were there all afternoon?"

"Eren't we just?" Freddy said. "I never put in such an afternoon! You see, they were both really waiting to hear that special broadcast of the King and Queen and the President—probably you heard that. Everyone listened. And to kill time," she went on as both Cummings and Asy nodded, "they bickered. Lady Boop wanted to listen to the continued stories she's so crazy about, and Rankin wanted war news and some symphony orchestra. Between the two of 'em, I was almost frothing at the mouth!"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

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) 830, Portland;
KJH (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle;
KJL (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles;
KOA (NBC-Red) 830, Denver;
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland;
KOMO (NBC-Red) 850, Seattle;
KPO (NBC-Red) 850, San Francisco;
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

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; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.
5:30 p. m.—News of the World, KGO, KJH, KEX; Bill Henry, KEX; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Leo F. Drews, KJH; November Overcoats, KOMO.
6:00 p. m.—What's On Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Wait Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Judy Spintars, KGO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Michael and Kitty, KEX, KGO, KJR; Uncle Walter's Dog House, KGO, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
7:00 p. m.—Shirley Temple Time, KJR.

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, KGO; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KJH; Dark Fantasy, KPO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Mary Bullock, KGW; November Overcoats, KOMO.
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.

KSL, KNX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Candlelight Concerts, KEX; What's Doing in Sports, KGO.
7:30 p. m.—Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Grand Central Station, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Weekly Spectator, KJR; Modern Music Box, KEX; Amateur Hour, KGO.
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Buy Washington, KJR.
8:15 p. m.—Lucky House, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, 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, KGO; Sports, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KJH; Dark Fantasy, KPO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Mary Bullock, KGW; November Overcoats, KOMO.
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; Bob McGraw's Orchestra, KOMO; Eight Mysterious Hats, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; Harry Owens' Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KNX, KGO; Scandinavian Music, KJR; Revere's, KOMO.
Saturday
5:00 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX; Music of the Americas, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports Story, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
5:30 p. m.—Ed Stokers Music, KPO, KGW, KOMO; World Peaceways, KGO, KEX; Saturday Night Review, KNX, KSL; News, KOIN; Along the Sidelines, KJR.
6:00 p. m.—Your Hit Parade, KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Message of Israel, KGO, KEX; Who, What, Where and Why, KNX, KOIN; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Toscanini Treasury Concert, KJR, KEX; Sports, KOIN, KEX; This World, KGO.
7:00 p. m.—Toscanini Treasury Concert, KGO, KEX; Sports News, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Grand Old Opry, KPO, KGW, KOMO; H. Heighor, KNX; University Explorer, KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; American Challenge, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—Bishop and 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; Henry Busse'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, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL, KJR.
10:00 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR, KEX; Larry Carr, KOMO; News, KGW, KNX, KOIN, KPO; Dance Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR; Harry Owens' Orch., KNX, KSL; The Quiet Hour, KEX; World Today, KOIN; Ben McGraw's Orch., KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.
11:00 p. m.—Frances Weider, KPO, KGW; Martha Moore, KSL, KOIN; Carl Ravanna's Orch., KJR; News, KNX, KGO; The Quiet Hour, KEX; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

FIRST AID CENTERS IN SCHOOLS OF PORTLAND
Portland, Dec. 12.—(P)—Portland's school buildings will be prepared as emergency first aid centers with cots, blankets and first aid equipment, Supt. Ralph E. Dugdale said today.

Teachers are to be trained in first aid and students unable to reach their homes within 20 minutes of an alarm are to be relieved of classroom work.

A practice evacuation revealed that only 240 students in 35 reporting schools needed that much time.

Use Mail Tribune Want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



THE BAMBOO CRAB
FOUND AT DEPTHS OF OVER 2000 FEET, ALWAYS LIVES IN A PIECE OF BAMBOO!
Andaman Sea...

JAM HOUND!
"SKIPPER," A DOG OWNED BY P. L. KELLUM, OAKLAND, CALIF., WILL "PLAY" THE PIANO WHENEVER REQUESTED TO DO SO!

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE
FIRST GREAT WAR NURSE—HAD TO WAIT 10 YEARS (UNTIL SHE WAS 33) FOR PARENTAL APPROVAL BEFORE EMBARKING ON HER CAREER!
1850's...

COLOR OF DEATH!
PAINT APPLIED TOO ROUGHLY TO AN AIRPLANE MAY REDUCE SPEED AS MUCH AS 8 MILES PER HOUR...OFTEN ENOUGH TO MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

NIGHTINGALE'S CAREER
Florence Nightingale was born a lady in those days when the girl's first duty was to the home. As a young girl she was attractive and it was expected she would "make a good marriage," but she wanted to take up nursing to relieve the sufferings of mankind. Her mother and sister were violently opposed to this course, and for 10 years, from about the time she was 23, Florence had to be patient and try to win them over. Finally they grudgingly gave their consent. A year later she had reached the Crimean war front. Here her calm presence in the crude, dim lit hospital wards earned her the title of "the lady with the lamp."

TOMORROW: Uncrowned King!

By AL CAPP

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY HAD TO GO TO BED FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS AS THE RESULT OF THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STRAIN OF HELPING TO DECORATE THE COMMUNITY CLUB FOR CHRISTMAS UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE LADIES, NO TWO OF WHOM COULD AGREE ON HOW TO DO IT

12-12 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIL ABNER—Merrily We Roll Around!



AH'LL GRAB THIS POST!! THEY'LL STOP US!!
NO!—WE'RE GOING OVER 80!!—IT'LL PULL YOUR ARMS OUT OF THE SOCKETS!!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hypnotized!

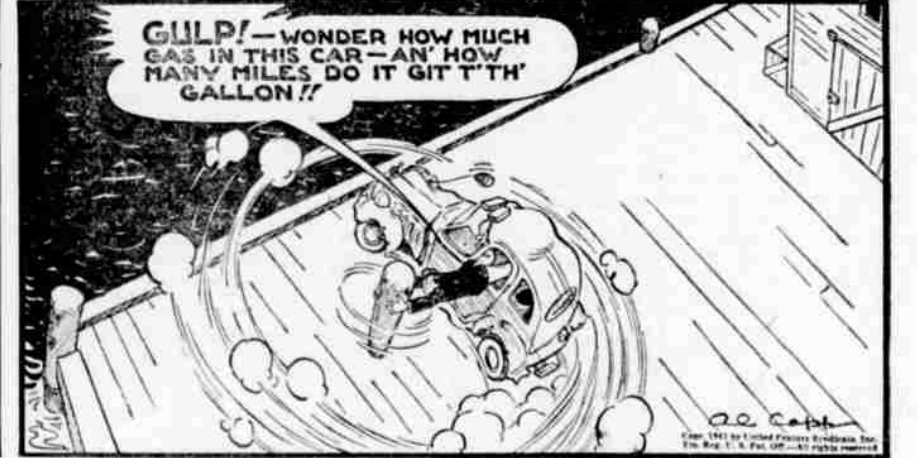


DOCTOR VERMIN, HOW DO I KNOW YOUR EXPERIMENT WAS A SUCCESS? HE MAY JUST BE PRETENDING...?
I SHALL PROVE IT TO YOU, EXCELLENCY! LIEUTENANT MILLIGAN YOU ARE A FROG! A FROG...DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
K-K-ROAK!

THE NEBBES—"Money! Money!"



HELLO...THE NURSE TOLD ME ABOUT YOU TAKING HER FOR A DRIVE AND TO DINNER.
ARE YOU JEALOUS?
JEALOUS? PHOOEY! I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY...YOU HAD SUCH AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT RIGHT AFTER SHE LEFT MY ROOM IN THE HOSPITAL...IF YOU DON'T THROW YOUR MONEY AWAY MAYBE YOU COULD PAY ME



GULP!—WONDER HOW MUCH GAS IN THIS CAR—AN' HOW MANY MILES DO IT GIT T'H' GALLON!!

By HAL FORREST



ENOUGH! I AM SATISFIED! NO MAN UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS COULD ACT LIKE THAT! LET US TAKE HIM TO THE RENDEZVOUS!
IS SKEETER'S WILL POWER STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THE INFLUENCE OF THIS MYSTERIOUS AND INSIDIOUS DRUG? TIME WILL TELL

By SOL HESS

NUT DIVERSION PLAN SAME AS LAST YEAR

Los Angeles, Dec. 12.—(P)—The same diversion program that has obtained for the past six seasons will cover surplus unshelled walnuts in California, Oregon and Washington this crop year, the department of agriculture announced today.

It provides for bonus payments of 3 1/2 cents per pound on walnuts diverted or exported.

SKI AND SKATING SWEATERS!

Jantzen's Norwegian sweaters for men and women

Barkers
Store for Men

BRIDGE GUARD'S DEATH DECLARED UNAVOIDABLE

Newport, Ore., Dec. 12.—(P)—A coroner's jury decided last night that the death of Orville Garrison, Taft, was unavoidable. Garrison, a civilian defense bridge guard, was struck as he attempted to halt a car driven by Jerry Sitzer, De Lake, to advise of blackout regulations Tuesday night.

BULL KILLS FARMER ON WAY TO PASTURE

Hillsboro, Ore., Dec. 12.—(P)—A Chehalis mountain farmer, David A. Otto, about 65, was trampled to death by a bull he was leading to pasture yesterday. The bull was shot as it stood over Otto's body, preventing anyone from nearing it.

Use Mail Tribune Want ads.