

THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

Chapter 27
At Six Per Cent

"I WAS partners with Sim Smith in this schooner," Washy said. "That's where my money was tied up. I knew I'd get the money back all right, some day, but the bank, it had to get paid cash money then, see?"

Asey nodded. "Well," Washy continued, "I was feelin' pretty blue about it all when Miss Olive came to me one day, out in the kitchen, an' she knew how things was, an' she'd like to lend me the cash money to pay the bank. Only she didn't want Mrs. Doane to know. So—"

"Why not?" "Miss Olive said Mrs. Doane'd make a lot of fuss over her, an' things wouldn't be the same, an' nothin' but hard feelin's ever come when one woman lent another woman money—I think she was right, don't you, Asey?" An' when them cussed cops started pokin' around tonight, I thought to myself, I wasn't goin' to help this spoiled now if I could help it. It'd look awful funny if they asked my wife to explain about the notes an' she didn't know, see, an' nobody'd believe me if Miss Olive wasn't there."

"Washy, where in time'd Miss Olive get this cash money to pay you with? They told me she was a schoolteacher."

"Oh, she's one of them careful ones, I guess," Washy said. "Think of it, my wife not knowin' about this! When I get the last cent paid up, I'm goin' to tell her an' show her the notes, an' that's goin' to be a great day, Asey, I can tell you! Asey, you don't think anythin' happened to Miss Olive tonight, do you?"

"I don't know," Asey opened the tin box, struck a match, and held up one of the papers. It was a note, all right. Washy was apparently telling the truth. "I hope you noticed," Washy said proudly, "that I pay her six per cent interest, too. I pay that regular, out of my own pay, an' what I pick up shootin' crap with fellers like Rankin around the Inn."

"Where's that gun of yours?" Asey said. "Got it in your pocket now?" "Oh, I give that to one of them cops," Washy said. "I told him I had a gun, an' a license, an' give me to him, right away. But you know what I was thinkin' to?"

"What?" "I was thinkin' if anyone's harmed Miss Olive," Washy said. "I don't know but what I might cut loose enough to make up for all them quiet years. I'd like to locate her, Asey, an' be sure she was all right. Can't you figure out some way we can find her?"

"I done my best," Asey assured him. "Tell me one more thing, Washy. This feller Alfred, Lady Boop's chauffeur. You seen him go into the Inn this evenin'?"

"More on Alfred?" "I TOLD them cops I took a pot shot at him," Washy said with a snicker. "I couldn't help myself. I always wanted to, an' there he stood outlined against that ell, big as a barge! I knew I hadn't ought to of, but I couldn't help myself. I just had to, Asey."

"Wasn't carryin' anythin', was he?" Asey asked. "Like a large bundle, maybe?" "Say, you couldn't tell, with him! Once I seen him walk in that kind of waddle of his from the garage to the car, an' it wasn't till ten minutes later that I realized he'd been luggin' a tire all the time! He ain't such a bad shot. Used to be a cop, you know."

"Alfred? He was a cop?" "Yup," Washy said. "Till he got kicked off of the force for bribery an' corruption—course, he never told me that part. He just said he didn't see no future in bein' a cop, so he quit. Say, Asey, anyone think to look in her room?"

"Whose?" "Miss Olive's. I don't know's I ever knew of it happenin'," Washy said. "but I been thinkin' maybe she might of come in an' gone to bed with a headache or somethin'. Seems like somebody ought to of seen her come in, if she did, or her car'd be here, but she's a quiet sort of person. Don't make any noise. She might have come in without any of us hearin' her. Course, I know whoever called up said not to expect her, but just the same, she might be back any way. You can't never tell."

"What do you make of that call?" Asey asked. "Oh, I think Freddy got it wrong. You know," Washy lowered his voice, "she's got this feller, Freddy has, an' my wife don't like him, an' Freddy's kind of worked up about things. She don't pay attention. Tonight in there,

when she was talkin' with that head cop, I noticed she made any number of mistakes. I didn't say nothin' because I knew if I pointed 'em out her mother'd jump on her—my wife's a great jumper, you noticed that?"

"Uh-huh. Mistakes like what, Washy?" "Like about this afternoon. She kept tellin' that cop that there was somebody in the livin' room all the time, every single minute, an' I know for a fact there wasn't! She an' Rankin an' Lady Boop was out in his kitchen at least twice, all three of 'em, together, yellin' for food. Couldn't have been anybody in the livin' room then, now, could there?"

"Huh!" Asey saw the remains of his theory about the phone booth's rear door disappearing forever.

"An' she kept sayin' we was all in the livin' room durin' that special broadcast, too!"

"Wasn't you?" Asey said. "Why, we all come together to hear it, but we didn't stay put, like Freddy made that cop think! The laundry man come just as the King started to speak, an' I had to get up an' give him the laundry, an' my wife went off while the Queen was speakin', to get Lady Boop a handkerchief—think of her, cryin' her eyes out for the British."

"Washy said, 'but she wouldn't give 'em ten cents if her life depended on it!' An' Rankin went out durin' that music in the middle of it to get his raincoat he'd left down here—begun to look awful stormy about then, an' then Mamie Riggs got up an' left after the President spoke a minute or two. So what I think about that call Freddy took tonight, Asey, is just that she made another mistake again. Between you an' me, I think he's around here somewhere."

"Who? The feller that shot Ann Joyce?" "I don't know nothin' about him. I mean Freddy's feller. Course, no one's asked me."

Washy said, "but what I think is, that someone just asked Freddy for Miss Olive, an' said she could expect him to call back, an' Freddy got it wrong."

New Problems
Asey got up from the bath-house steps. "Anyway, that may explain why people been peerin' around, an' where Freddy was, an' why she was so gay when she come in! I think you gone a long way toward clearin' up some things, Washy, but you sure landed me a dock of other problems!"

Washy said in a hurt voice he was sure he didn't see how he'd done any such thing.

"I only told you what you asked!" he added.

"Uh-huh. An' added a money problem that's got considerable ramifications," Asey said, "an' give everyone a gun an' Alfred a criminal career, as you might say, an' bailed up this timin' business to a fare-thee-well. But, anyway, I think you got somethin' in bringin' up her room. Course, Rankin's boys must of looked it over by now, but I think I'll take a look at Miss Olive's room myself. I wonder, could I get to it without bein' seen, Washy? People been gettin' in my hair. Where is her room?"

"I'll show you," Washy said. Washy chattered about Cape Cod clam chowder and his own particular version of it as he and Asey walked back to the Inn.

"Gorry," he said, as they neared the brush pile, "see them ear lights! Looks like there was even more of 'em millin' around! But what I say, Asey, is you can't begin to tell no New Yorker about clam chowder because they don't even know what a clam is."

"Washy," Asey said, "who do you think shot that girl?"

"Gorry, Asey, I don't know! Don't seem to me it could of been anybody hereabouts! She got along fine with folks when she stayed here last summer—my wife always likes to have an actress or two around, or somebody mixed up with the theater, you know. Kind of sets up the rest, an' gives 'em somethin' to gawp at an' talk about."

"Don't you know somebody that didn't like her?" Asey persisted. "Can't you think of any reason why somebody might have wanted to kill her?"

"To tell you the truth," Washy said, "I don't know much about the boarders—I mean, the guests. Most of the time I'm right out in my kitchen. This Joyce girl seemed nice an' pleasant, an' I'll say for her she always cleaned up her plate! Always had a pleasant word when you seen her. Nice dinner, she'd say. Or 'Nice lunch.' Or something like that. Course, I did wonder about the Hing-hams. But then that seemed kind of silly."

To be continued

SIX NAVY MEN DIE IN PLANE SMASHUP

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 18.—(P)—A navy patrol plane crashed on the takeoff at Elizabeth City, N. C., Wednesday and killed six crew members, the fifth naval district public relations office announced.

The dead:

Ernest A. Simpson, 28, of Seattle, aviation machinist mate, first class, navy aviation pilot and piloting the plane at the time of the crash.

Samuel L. Lindemann, 25, of Ballinger, Texas, aviation machinist mate, second class.

Robert D. Asquith, 21, of Bowling Green, Mo., aviation machinist mate, third class.

Leon L. Leistner, 19, of Kallispell, Mont., seaman, second class.

Golden W. Johnston, 27, of R.F.D. 1, Gray, Oklahoma, radio-aid, third class.

Francis J. A. Suttell, 26, seaman second class, Baden, Pa.

The crash occurred at 6:30 a. m. The bodies were taken to the naval hospital here pending funeral arrangements.

The navy gave no further details.

Tests show the old-type nail cut out of genuine wrought iron has greater resistance to corrosion and 72 per cent more holding qualities than steel-wire nails.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS), 1330, Portland; KEX (NBC-Blue), 1330, Portland; KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS), 1310, Spokane; KGO (NBC-Blue), 1310, San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red), 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue), 1000, Seattle; KXN (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 in Toyland, KEX; Stars of Today, KGW; Ken Stephens, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN; Don Winslow of the Navy, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—Duffy's Tavern, KJR; News of the World, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ricardo's Rhapsodies, KPO, KGW; KOMO; Tonight's Best Buys, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes, KNX; KSL, KOIN; Big Crosby, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Judy Spillners, KGO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Joe Gallicchio's Orchestra, KJR, KEX, Christmas Bell-ringers, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:30 p. m.—Frank Fay, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News Here and Abroad, KGO, KEX, KJR; Who Dunit, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

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

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

8:30 p. m.—Maude's Diary, KNX, KOIN; Saunders of Circle X, KGO, KEX; Panny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; Flowers for the Living, KEX; Captain Quix, KJR.

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

9:30 p. m.—Music by Moonlight, KGW; Death Valley Days, KEX, KOIN; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Dinner at Omar's, KGO; Musical Quintilla, KOMO; Dance Orch., KPO.

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, KGW; Red Tanners' Orch., KSL; Masterworks of Music, KNX; The World Today, KGO; Industry and Defense, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Echings in Brass, KPO; This Moving World, KJR, KEX; Harry Owen's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KNX.

Friday
5:00 p. m.—Kate Smith, 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, KJR, KEX; Bill Henry, KNX; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; November Overcoaters, KOMO.

6:00 p. m.—What's on Your Mind, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Waite Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Cinnamon Bear, KEX; Judy Spillners, KGO; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Michael and Kitty, KEX, KGO, KJR; Uncle Walter's Dog House, K'O, KGW, KOMO; First Nighter, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00 p. m.—Rochester Civic Orch., KGO; Shirley Temple Time, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Candlelight Concerts, KEX; Fish Finder, KJR.

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.—Lanny Ross, KEX, KSL.

KOIN; Lum and Abner, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

8:30 p. m.—Don't Be Personal, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

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

9:30 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Mary Bullock, KGW; News, KJR; Novem-

ber Overcoaters, KOMO; Floyd Wright, KPO.

10:00 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium Fights, KGO, KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KSL; Seattle Public School Prgm., 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; Sparkplug and Sun-

shine, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

11:00 p. m.—Pickard Family, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; Harry Owen's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX; Scandinavian Music, KJR; Reveries, KOMO.

TEETH RECOVERED
Cadillac, Mich.—(UP)—Mrs. Susie Boyce of Hobart lost her false teeth 35 years ago. A neighbor, Ray Loomis, found them in his potato patch.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

THE EGG OF THE TINAMOU, A SOUTH AMERICAN BIRD, IS SO HIGHLY POLISHED IT RESEMBLES PORCELAIN!

ANTI-ANT!
THE LARVA OF A RARE TEXAS BEETLE HAS A FRINGE AROUND ITS BODY WHICH PREVENTS ANTS FROM CRAWLING UNDER IT!

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL'S
GREATEST INVENTION, THE TELEPHONE, REQUIRES VOICE AND HEARING—HIS FATHER'S INVENTION, "VISIBLE SPEECH," A METHOD OF TEACHING DEAF MUTES TO TALK, IS BASED ON THE LACK OF VOICE AND HEARING!

LORNA LYNN, NOW 8, AT 3 1/2 WAS THE FIRST CHILD UNDER 7 TO BE LICENSED TO ACT PROFESSIONALLY ON THE STAGE!
SHE THEN LEARNED 100 LINES OF DIALOGUE OVERNIGHT!
New York...

Dec. 12-18

VISIBLE SPEECH
Alexander Melville Bell, father of the telephone's inventor, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1819. A distinguished teacher of elocution, he went to Canada in 1870 and for many years was connected with a university there. About the time of his arrival in the U.S., he invented a system of teaching deaf mutes to speak. It consists of a series of alphabetical characters based on the position of the vocal cords when they are in motion. These characters suggest to the eye the mechanical process of speech in the formation of all sounds that can be uttered. The system, known as "Visible Speech," was introduced into the U. S. in 1872 by Alexander Graham Bell.

Tomorrow: 18-Year Champ!

By AL CAPP

LIL' ABNER—He's Off Again!

YOU WERE ONLY SIX YEARS OLD AT THE TIME YOU MURDERED THIS HENRY?

YASSUH!—H-H WERE A-STEALIN' OUR CHICKENS!—AN-AH DIDN'T KNOW TH' GUN WAS LOADED—(GULP!) AH NEVAH DONE TOLD NOBODY!?

HMM!—ASTONISHING AT WHAT AN EARLY AGE CRIMINAL CUNNING SHOWS ITSELF!—WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BODY?—

OH—WE JUST KICKED IT AROUND UNTIL THAR WERE NUTHIN' LEFT BUT TH' FEATHERS!

THE FEATHERS? WAS HENRY AN INDIAN?

NO, SUH, HENRY WERE A HEN-HAWK!

GREAT SCOTT!! IF THIS SORT OF THING GOES ON MUCH LONGER, I'LL HAVE TO HAVE MY OWN HEAD EXAMINED!—BUT—GO ON WITH THE STORY OF YOUR LIFE—

WAL—NOTHIN' MUCH HAPPENED UP T' TH' TIME AH GOT SECRETLY MARRIED. NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT THET—

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Is Puzzled!

TOMMY THOUGHT SKEETER WAS JUST CLOWNING THE NIGHT BEFORE, WHEN HIS PAL, UNDER INFLUENCE OF DOCTOR VERMIN'S HYPNOTIC DRUG, ACTED QUEERLY. AND... AS ANOTHER DAY DAWNS

WHAT'S WRONG, PAL? DID YOU HAVE A FUSS WITH CONCHITA LAST NIGHT?

CONCHITA? WHO'S CONCHITA???

ZOWIE! THAT'S WHAT I CALL TAKING IT HARD!—NOW HE PRETENDS HE NEVER KNEW THE GAL.

OKAY, SKEETS... I UNDERSTAND... BUT DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU TODAY! WE'VE GOT TO DO OUR BEST ON THIS NEW V-ATTACK FORMATION...

V..... I UNDERSTAND. THE CODE LETTER IS "V".

NOW WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THE CODE LETTER IS "V"? HE SOUNDS NUTTY AS A SQUIRREL! NEVER KNEW HIM TO ACT THAT WAY OVER A GIRL BEFORE

BRACKS #17

Hal Forrest

BUT IT ISN'T "GIRL TROUBLE" THAT'S BOTHERING SKEETER!

By SOL HESS

THE NEBBS—O. K.

I'LL GO IN AND SEE IF POTTS WONT LOAN ME ENOUGH MONEY TO LIFT EMMA'S NOTE—I BANK AT HIS BANK AND IM HONEST AND SHOULD HAVE CREDIT

AMBROS POTTS PRESIDENT

IM INTERESTED... YOU SAY YOU'RE PAYING SIX PER CENT AND YOU'LL REDUCE THE NOTE MONTHLY?

SURE... I PAY SIX PER CENT AND I PAY THE INTEREST EVERY FIRST OF THE MONTH AND NEVER MISS

I'LL LOAN YOU THE MONEY... YOU MAKE A NEW NOTE TO ME AND BRING THE OLD ONE BACK SO I CAN DESTROY IT—BUT, REMEMBER, OUR AGREEMENT WILL HAVE TO BE LIVED UP TO— I CANT STAND CARELESS FOLKS

THATS THE ONLY WAY I WANT IT... THATS MY MOTTO... GIVE ME AS MANY LITTLE BILLS AS YOU CAN... I WANT IT TO LOOK LIKE A LOT

XNA