THE PHONE BOOTH MURDER

by Phoebe Atwood Taylor

Chapter 33
Miss Olive's "Crush"

"THERE'S writing on the back of the picture," Mrs. Thorne said. "See, it says, 'Henry with Lucky and Juanita.' It is peculiar, now you speak of it. I thought he looked like a minister, but I never connected him with that exhibition. He must have been a most unusual man, that Ferdinand."

"That who?" Asey stared at her.

"Ferdinand."

"Who in time was he?"

"He was the photographer in—well, it would be Quisset now, but in those days it was Pochet. Just think, it never occurred to me when Ann showed me this, but it is one of Ferdinand's pictures? Those jardinieres of grass, and that spiked iron railing are in every family picture for miles around. Ferdinand must have taken pictures of half the Cape. And what amazes me," Mrs. Thorne added, "isn't just the way his pictures kept—they never faded out white, like some—but the way people kept his pictures. I suppose that's why, though. They kept, and so people kept them."

"Looky here," Asey said, "Ann Joyce wasn't a Cape Codder, was she? Was her folks Cape Codders?"

"Her folks are dead," Mrs. Thorne said. "She's an orphan. I don't think she has any family at all, except this cousin on her mother's side who died. And I'm sure she told me she was born in New York state. She lives in New York now. Of course, Cape Codders spread out, but people always know if they do come from the Cape—are you going to take that picture with you?"

"Uh-huh. I wonder," Asey said, "where are those pictures now that Mr. Philpotts had in his exhibition?"

"Why, he just borrowed them from people!" Mrs. Thorne said. "I suppose he gave them back afterwards—is this important, this picture? Is it a clew?"

"I don't know," Asey told her honestly, "if it's a clew, or just a sort of puzzle. If this feller with the whiskers really was a minister, then most likely this picture don't mean much. You know, whenever ministers left a church, they used to give everybody a picture of themselves—we got a raft of ministers at home in albums. On the other hand, it's sort of an odd coincidence to have this picture turnin' up here now, considerin'! Huh. Did the girl mention any new play she wanted to be in?"

"No, she didn't say much about her work. But she's seemed kind of excited these last couple of days," Mrs. Thorne said. "I told those troopers so. And I told them that she hadn't any fights or quarrels with anyone, nor any enemy in the world. She was a nice girl! As nice a girl—"

"Uh,huh. Mrs. Hingham," Asey said hurriedly before Mrs. Thorne had a chance to launch into any recital of Ann's sterling virtues, "she told me as much just a little while ago. I'm goin' along now, but if you remember anythin' about this picture, like who Old Whiskers is, I wish you'd contrive to let me know."

"Angie Harris's mother could probably tell you. She's ninety-five," Mrs. Thorne said, "and remembers everything. Particularly about ministers. She told Mr. Philpotts lots of things."

"Thanks," Asey said. "I think I'll look into her tomorrow."

Mrs. Clutterfield Thinks

HE returned to the roadster, where Mrs. Clutterfield greeted him with an arch salute.

"Where to, sir?" she asked brightly.

Asey frowned. "I'm torn," he said. "I got this yen to tear a ninety-five-year-old woman out of her bed at—what time is it, quarter to two? An' at the same time I want to see this Bram Reid, an' I want to see Horace. Huh, I guess I better see him first. Back to the Inn, please. Tell me, you happen to know Horace's last name?"

"His last name?" Like everyone else, Mrs. Clutterfield seemed dumfounded at the suggestion that Horace might possess a last name. "Why, Hingham, of course! Oh, no, it couldn't be Hingham, could it? Isn't that strange, I can't remember!"

"Neither can anyone else," Asey said. "What's Horace like, that people remember only half of him?"

"Why, you saw him," Mrs. Clutterfield said. "He must have passed by you when you went into the Theater to see Mrs. Hingham. He had on shorts and a blazer—"

"What? Shorts an' a blazer? That fellow! If I was drivin'," Asey said, "we'd be strugglin' in a ditch this instant! You mean, that blonde youth? Him! He couldn't have been more than twenty!"

"He was twenty-six last month. He's a nice boy, but always so tired looking, and always wanting a quarter from someone to buy cigarettes with. He often borrows money from Alfred—really, I've often thought that if Mrs. Hingham were as fond of Horace as she seems, she should really make him a small allowance. Just so he would have a little pocket money, Mr. Mayo."

"Uh-huh." Asey said. "Good drivers watch the road."

"Mr. Mayo," Mrs. Clutterfield spoke to the windshield wiper, "of course I can't ever solve those little daily mystery cartoons but, d'you know, a little bird has just told me where Miss Olive went!"

"Where?"

"You know," Mrs. Clutterfield said coyly, "I think Miss Olive has a crush on Bram Reid! I do. I mean it! She doesn't often talk to people, but last week she an I were both sitting out on the lawn just after Bram had left with Horace, and I said wasn't he still marvelous looking And d'you know what? She unbent! Actually—"

"The road," Asey said, "Don't get so worked up that you forget the road, now!"

"I'm sorry! But she confessed she'd seen everyone of Bram Reid's pictures, and some of them four or five times! I gathered she was dying to meet him and talk with him, but she was too shy just to walk up and speak to him. She's awfully shy, really. And when Freddy said tonight—she was talking to that police lieutenant and giving him a description of what Miss Olive was wearing this afternoon—when she said Miss Olive wore a gray hat with a feather, I almost spoke up then."

"In short where do you think Miss Olive went tonight?"

The Trail

"TO the White Horse Grill. You see, while we were talking about Bram Reid, she and I, I suggested that if she ever wanted to see him, she had only to go to the White Horse Grill. Horace told me Bram Reid always has dinner there. Now, Mr. Mayo, I can't even do those little mystery cartoons, but I've been wondering if maybe it couldn't be something as simple as that? She just went to see Bram Reid!"

"You suggestin' she eloped with him after dinner?" Asey inquired dryly.

"No, indeed! Only, because she was wearing that new hat. I decided she must be going somewhere special. You don't," Mrs. Clutterfield pointed out, "wear a new hat if it looks as stormy out as it began to when she left!"

"I don't know," Asey said slowly, "why your guess as to what Miss Olive done ain't as good as mine, or anybody else's. Whereabouts in Sketicket is this White Horse place? I don't seem to remember anythin' of that name."

"It used to be the Casa Valencia," Mrs. Clutterfield said, "until about a month ago. Then it got all done over and became the White Horse Grill—"

"Whoa!" Asey said. "That's on the road to Provincetown! I wonder, now! I wonder if—golly, I'm torn! I ought to get back to the Inn, but if Jennie an' I seen the real Miss Olive, that's the way She was headin' from the four corners. I wonder if the place's open all night, like the Valencia used to be?"

"I think so. Shall we go there? I'm dying," Mrs. Clutterfield said, "to try the new highway! We just simply ought to float!"

She floated at such a pace that Asey cautioned her gently.

"The cops don't often stop this car, but—uh—it's still foggy. Ease her off a bit."

"To think," Mrs. Clutterfield said, "that Alfred always considered forty-five going fast! Mr. Mayo, they're still open at the White Horse. See the lights?"

"Pull in," Asey said. "I'll go in an' ask. Never any harm in askin'."

He didn't think she noticed that he removed the ignition key as he stepped out of the car, but she commented on the fact in a hurt voice as he closed the door.

"You don't trust me, Mr. Mayo!"

"No, ma'am," Asey said. "Not on a sixlane highway! I probably won't be two shakes in here—"

But a half hour passed before he emerged, and his face, as he got into the roadster, was a study.

"Whatever's the matter, Mr. Mayo?" Mrs. Clutterfield said. "You look just the way I feel when I try to solve the daily mystery cartoon. Was she there?"

"Uh-huh, she was. Mrs. Clutterfield, I wish you'd explain somethin' to me. Why is it that each additional thing I find out, that ought by rights to make things that much easier, only balls things up all the more?"

"Exactly!" Mrs. Clutterfield nodded her head enthusiastically. "That's exactly the way I feel about the daily mystery cartoon! She went to see Bram Reid, didn't she?"

"Uh-huh. Horace was waitin' for her. They talked together a minute an' then sat down. Horace got up an' made a phone call. While he was phonin', Bram Reid come. The three of 'em had dinner together, an'—"

To be continued

BICYCLE LICENSE AWAITING PLATES

Police Chief Clatous McCredie said today that all bicycles in the city must be licensed for 1942, but that applications wouldn't be received until the plates arrived.

The chief requested bicycle owners not to apply for their licenses until it was announced the plates were on hand. The plates, he said, are expected to arrive some time around the first of the year.

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

DRINKS LIMITED

San Francisco, Dec. 26—(AP)—Lieut. General J. L. DeWitt, commanding general of the western defense command and fourth army, today issued an order to "commanding officers to take the necessary action to prohibit the purchase of intoxicating liquors by members of their command except between the hours of 6 p. m. and 10 p. m."

BAER SCRATCHED

Long Branch, N. J., Dec. 26.—(AP)—Heavyweight fighter Buddy Baer suffered scratches about the face and was shaken up Wednesday in an automobile collision, but his handlers said the injury was not severe enough to interfere with his championship bout with Joe Louis in New York January 9.

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

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, KJR, KEX; Bill Henry, KNX; Cocktail Hour, KGW; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

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

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

7:00 p. m.—Rochester Civic Orch., KGO; Shirley Temple Time, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Wings of Destiny, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, 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; Romance and Rhythm, KGO, KEX; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Buy Washington, KJR.

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

8:30 p. m.—Don't Be Personal, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KGO, KEX, KJR; 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; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Mary Bullock, KGW; Floyd Wright, KPO.

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

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 Sunshine, KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

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

Saturday

8:00 p. m.—Ran Wilde's Orch., KGO, KEX; Organ Concert, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports Story, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Boy Meets Band, KGO, KEX, KJR; Saturday Night News Review, KNX, KSL; News, KOIN.

9:00 p. m.—Your Hit Parade, KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Headlines of 1941, KGO, KEX; Who, What, Where and Why, KNX, KOIN; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Headlines of 1941, KJR, KEX; Sports, KOIN, KNX; This World, KGO.

10:00 p. m.—Hemisphere Review, KGO, KEX, KJR; Sports Newsreel, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

10:30 p. m.—Grand Ole Opry, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hi, Neighbor, KNX; University Explorer, KGO, KEX, KJR; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; American Challenge, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—Bishop and the Gargoyle, KGO, KJR, KEX; Truth or Consequences, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL;

11:30 p. m.—Knickerbocker Playhouse, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Spin and Win, KGO, KJR, KEX; Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

12:00 p. m.—News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, Henry Busse's Orch., KGO, KEX; Your Hit Parade, KNX, KOIN; Serenade, KJR; Sports, KSL.

12:30 p. m.—The Edwards, KGO, KEX; Best of the Week, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KSL, KJR.

1:00 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KGW, KNX, KOIN, KPO; Dance Orch., KSL.

1:30 p. m.—Two Round Jamboree, KGO, KJR; Harry Owens' Orch., KNX, KSL; The Quiet Hour, KEX; World Today, KOIN; Bob McGrew's Orch., KOMO; Concert Hall, KPO.

2:00 p. m.—Frances Weiner, KPO, KGW; Martha Mears, KSL, KOIN; Jimmy Walsh's Orch., KJR, KEX; News, KNX, KGO; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

ALL FOR ARMY

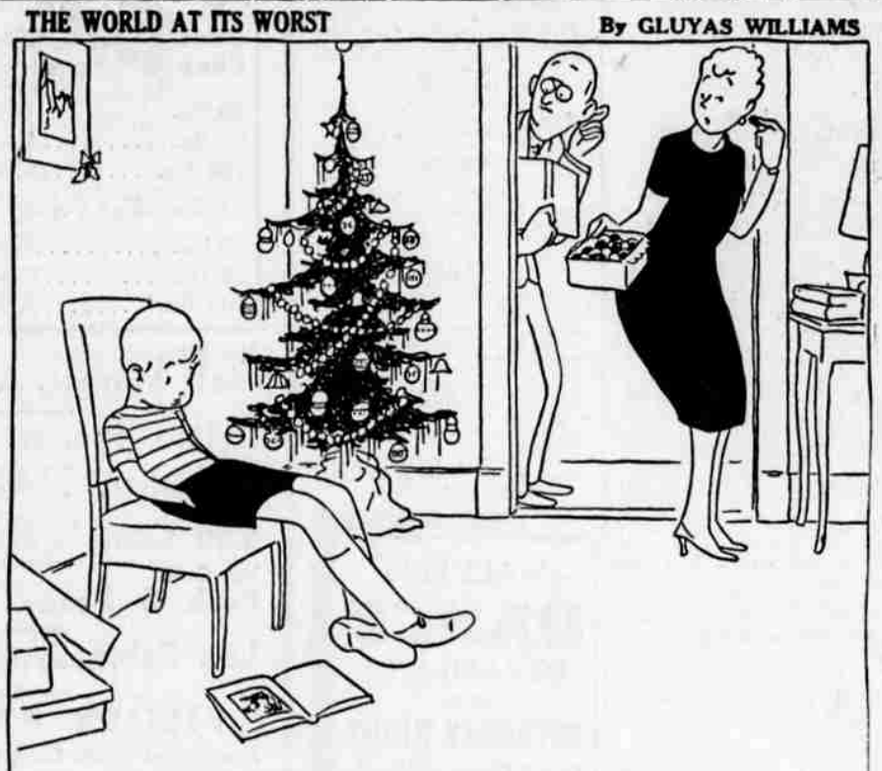
London, Dec. 26.—(AP)—The German radio announced today that all German tailors, dressmakers, furriers, hatters, glovemakers and underwear manufacturers have been ordered to turn their entire production into supplies for the German army on the cold Russian front.

NEW TAX TO TAKE ALL

Washington, Dec. 26.—(AP)—Chairman Doughton (D.-N. C.) said today the house ways and means committee might have to write a new tax bill next year calculated to bring in "every dollar we can reasonably get" instead of just a fixed amount of new revenue.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

BARKER'S BITE

On the morning of October 27, 1918, Major W. G. Barker was up in his stubby Snipe and engaged a German two-seater at 21,000 feet, near Valenciennes, France. Almost at once he was attacked by another, and within the next few hectic moments was menaced by at least 50 others! Faint from the blood loss of three wounds, he managed to regain his lines and, skimming low, cracked up in flames. He lived and afterward was one of the first to predict that Britain's bulwark would some day be a wall of planes. He was killed in the crash of a commercial airliner in Canada in 1930.

Sunday: Books for Empire!

LI'L ABNER—The End of the Trail! By AL CAPP

TAILSPIN TOMMY—In the Enemy's Power Again! By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—A Conservative Lady By SOL HESS