

MRS. MURDOCK TAKES A CASE

by George Harmon Cox

Chapter 20

Man In The Dark

"HE'S going to telephone first," Fenner said. "He'll make a date, either to come for the envelope or ask you to meet him somewhere." He glanced at Delia, still smiling. "Either way is okay. You'll tell him you'll deliver and when you do I'll be somewhere around. After that we'll see what happens; maybe I'll have an angle."

"But you mustn't take it away from him," Delia said, alarm striking at her eyes. "He could still go to the police."

"I know," Fenner said. "But let's not worry about what we'll do until the time comes. After I find out who the guy is and what he does with the envelope we'll figure out the next step."

"Oh," Delia said. "You follow him?"

"We'll find some way. What's your address?"

Delia gave it and Fenner wrote it down. "I'll be there at eleven thirty in the morning. Okay?"

Joyce gathered her things, exchanged glances with Delia, said, "Well," and started to rise.

Fenner got up with them, reaching for the remainder of his drink.

"Why don't you finish it?" Joyce asked. "We'll run along but there's no need for you to come if you'd like to stay."

Fenner gave her a grin of appreciation. "All right. I can do my thinking here as well as any place."

"Thanks, Jack," Joyce said. "Good night. See you at eleven thirty."

They left the room and turned down the long corridor.

"Now what do you think?" Joyce asked.

"I'm glad we came," Delia said. "You were right. He will know what to do. He's so—well, I hardly know what to say. I've never known anyone quite like him."

There's something about him—something compelling that makes me feel like shivering inside when he looks at you a certain way, and yet I think I like him. I—I'm not quite so worried as I was. . . .

On there's Uncle Dean. . . . They were in the main lobby now and Dean Thorndike was coming towards them from the direction of the elevators. An instant later he spotted them and waved.

"Well," he said, as he removed his hat, "what brings you here? Out for a drink all by yourselves?"

Joyce hesitated, feeling Delia's sidelong glance and deciding not to mention Jack Fenner. The name would mean nothing to Thorndike and if he found out they'd been meeting a private detective there would be other things he'd want to know. If Delia wanted to explain well and good, if not—

"We had just one," she said when she could ignore the awkward silence no longer.

"I had to drop by and see a fellow," Thorndike said. "Thinks he might want to buy the ketch. I'll buy another drink."

"Thanks, no," Joyce said. "If you want to drive us home," Delia said, "I might be able to find something for you."

"You came in a cab?" Thorndike said. "All right, I'll run you over."

"Don't Scream"

THEY stood under the lighted marquee while he went for his car. It was drizzling now and the massive doorman stood by with his umbrella until Thorndike drove up.

Although they rode three in the front seat there was little said until Thorndike slowed down and looked for a parking space in front of Delia's apartment house.

"Will you come up for that drink?" she asked Thorndike said. "Well, would you mind waiting a minute while Joyce comes up? There's something I want to give her."

"All right," Thorndike said. "I'll let you out here."

He stopped in front of the entrance, which was partly blocked off, and reached over to open the door. Joyce and Delia got out and hurried across the sidewalk.

"Do you mind?" Delia asked. "I just had to talk to you a minute and Uncle Dean won't care."

They went up the stairs silently to the second floor. Delia had her key out by the time they reached her door, and, unlocking it, stepped across the threshold into darkness. Joyce was right behind her and light from the hall spilled past them and she saw Delia reach for the wall-switch just ahead.

There was no warning for what happened next, no sound, no intuitive suggestion, nothing. One moment Delia's hand was reaching for the switch; the next the hand had stopped in mid-air and a gruff, deep voice with a snap to it shattered the still blackness ahead of them.

"Don't touch it and don't scream!"

The Envelope

JOYCE froze and for the next instant a second her mind was a detached and separate part of her, so that although her body was stiff and incapable of movement, her brain raced and her perceptions were sharp, clear, and detailed.

Aside from the immediate shock she felt no great fear but only incredulity. Delia had recoiled with the command; now she was like a statue, poised but motionless, her hand fixed in mid-air. Beyond there was nothing but blackness. From it came the next command.

"Put your hand down!"

Slowly, as though with an intense muscular effort, Delia lowered her hand.

"Good. Now come forward. Slowly. Leave the door open so I can see you." The voice was still low, pausing briefly and then snapping out at them. "Move."

For the first time, Joyce felt real fear. She had to obey quickly; Delia too. She closed up behind the girl and put both hands above her hips, guiding her forward as she moved.

"Do as he says, darling."

"Stop there!" the voice commanded. "Good, I'm going down the hall and out the back door. Just remember I can see you all the way. Stand still and stay quiet and you'll be all right."

Joyce could hear the man moving now, the soft slide of his feet across the rug. Try as she might she could not penetrate the darkness and presently even the sound of him was gone.

The next minute was like an hour. She could hear her own breathing; she could hear Delia. There was even time for her thoughts to slide off on a tangent and wonder what might have happened had Dean Thorndike come up with them for that drink.

The sound of a door closing was loud and startling and even when the silence came again and she knew the man had gone it took her a second or two to force herself to move.

"Yes, Joyce said, and turned to the wall switch and snapped it on.

The light was momentarily blinding and she stood blinking at it. Delia was looking at her, her face white and strained, her eyes more startled than afraid. Seconds went by before either of them moved again and then Joyce noticed the secretary. The drawers were pulled part-way out; so was one in the table.

"The envelope!" Delia said. Abruptly she turned and started for the hall.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (NBC) 1330, Portland
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland
KJIA (NBC-Blue & CBS) 1510
Spokane, KJIO (NBC-Blue) 810
San Francisco; KGW (NBC-Red) 620, Portland; KJR (NBC-Blue) 1060, Seattle; KNA (CBS) 1020, Los Angeles; KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver; KOIN (CBS) 570, 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.—Lewishon Stadium Concert, KSL; H. V. Kallenborn, KPO, KOMO, KJR; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJW; Stars of Today, KOW; Afternoon Dances, KNX.

5:30 p. m.—Bill Sabransky, KOMO; News, KGO; Harry W. Flannery, KNX, KOIN; America Sings, KOW; Folk Music from Many Lands, KJR; Passing Parade, KPO.

6:00 p. m.—Waltz Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Listen America, KEX, KGO; Lud Gluskin's Orch., KSL; Serenade, KJR; Accent on Music, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

6:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; That Brewster Boy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dtnah Shore, KGO, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Meet Your Navy, KGO, KJR, KEX; Camel Caravan, KSL, KNX, KOMO; People are Funny, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Lightning Jim, KGO, KFX, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Morvan Beatty, KEX; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Speaking of Sports, KGO.

8:15 p. m.—Dear John, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Men, Machines and Victory, KEX.

8:30 p. m.—Reflections in Rhythm, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Gang Busters, KEX, KJR; Playhouse, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Remar Rally, KGO.

9:00 p. m.—News, Sammy Kaye's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KNX, KOIN; News, KEX; News, KGO; Down Memory Lane, KEX; Meet Your Navy, KJR; Both String Orch., KGW, KOMO, KPO; Johnny Long's Orch., KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KJR; Moonlight Sonata, KEX; Charlie Harper, KGO.

10:00 p. m.—Hollywood Legion Stadium, KGO; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KNX, Studio Party, KEX; Men, Machines and Victory, KJR; Five Star Final, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Sports, KSL, KNX; Organ Music, KGO; Betty Martin, KPO, KOMO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KOW; Northwest Bible Institute; War Time Women, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Harry Owens' Hawaiians, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO; Folk Music, KJR; News, KNX; Dance Orch., KOIN; Revelies, KOMO.

Saturday
5:00 p. m.—Little Blue Playhouse, KEX, KGO; Harry Owens' Hawaiians, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Short Story, KNX; Dance Time, KJR; Traffic Quiz, KOIN.

SLOW STARTERS

WELCOMES CARDS TO THE DIMMICKS OVER FOR A GAME OF BRIDGE

SPREADS CARDS TO CUT FOR DEAL, DIMMICK SAYS "HIS GUY'S GOT A CLIPPING TO SHOW HIM ABOUT THE GOLF TOURNAMENT"

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5:30 p. m.—Charles Dant's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Swoop Night, KGO, KJR, KEX; News Review, KNX, KOIN; This World, KPO.

6:00 p. m.—Your Hit Parade, KSL; Summer Symphony, KEX; Natl. Barn Dance, KGW, KPO, KOMO; USO, KNX, KOIN; Commonwealth Club Luncheon, KGO; On With the Dance, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Grant Park Concert, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KEX; Serenade, KJR; Here's The Story, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

7:00 p. m.—Sports Newswel, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Tune Out Time, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Grand Ole Opry, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Cleveland Orch. Pop Concert, KOIN; Red Ryder, KJO, KJR, KEX; Accent on Rhythm, KNX; Ninth Corps Quartermaster, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Musical Steelmakers, KGO, KJR, KEX; Guy Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Ray Heatherton's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Hobby Lobby, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—News, Sammy Kaye's Orch., KOMO; Robert Ripley, KGO, KEX, KJR; Your Hit Parade, KNX, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGW; Toast To America's Allies, KPO; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Del Courtney's Orch., KGO; Teddy Powell's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KSL, KJR, KEX.

10:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Erwin Yao, KSL; News, KOIN, KGO, KOMO, KPO, KNX.

10:30 p. m.—Freddie Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR; Harry Owens' Hawaiians, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Sports, KNX, KSL, KOIN; The Quiet Hour, KEX; String Quartet, KSL.

11:00 p. m.—Organ Music, KPO, KGW; Martha Mears, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KNX; Evening Beveries, KOMO.

The Grange

Sams Valley Grange

Sunday, July 12, will be grange church Sunday with Rev. D. E. Millard delivering the sermon at Sams Valley Grange starting at 11 a. m. A picnic dinner will be served at noon in the basement. There will be a mixed program in the afternoon about 2 o'clock. One of the main features will be Eve Prentice's accordionettes and accordianettes.

All grange members and friends are welcome. This has been planned for our members who have moved on account of the cantonment. All past members are especially invited.

July 14 will be our next regular meeting when the question of changing the meeting back to Saturday night will be voted on.

Fewer than half the states in the union regulate child labor in street trades.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

George William Heuners, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Heuners, RFD 1, Box 303, Medford, was one of the many men to graduate recently as a pilot from the Victorville Army flying school at Victorville, Calif., according to word received from the field.

Heuners who received his wings and a commission as second lieutenant, graduated from Jacksonville high school in 1936 and from Texas Chiropractic college in 1940.

He entered the air corps December 15, 1941 and received his basic and primary air training at Cal-Aero Academy, Ontario, Calif.

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent—Off To Work

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

By Al Capp

By Hess

THE NEBBS—Round One

By Hess

By Hess

By Hess

By Hess

By Hess

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By Hess

By Hess

By Hess

By Hess

By Hess

By Hess

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FLAVORED TO A SAILOR'S TASTE—Gobs aboard one of Uncle Sam's new cruisers find all the luxury of the corner drugstore in this fountain where a soda can be had for the asking. Seamen Charles Brewer and B. J. Keegan are at the "control panel."

ENJOY PROGRAMS AT AUTO CAMPS

An interesting recreation program was enjoyed the past week at the various trailer camps under the direction of the Work Projects Administration.

On Tuesday at Camp Jackson, Mrs. Marjorie Pena directed an evening of fun and games for the children, and on Wednesday the adults of the camp enjoyed an evening of square dancing. Mrs. Pena called and Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Skene, Jr. furnished old time dance music.

The Women's club at Eagle Point Trailer camp held a picnic Thursday noon, and after a short business meeting, Mrs. Pena directed games and relays. The women of Shady Corner camp also held a picnic, and games were directed by Margaret Achteman.

The women's clubs at Jackson and Corryell Trailer camps are producing skits under the direction of Margaret Achteman. The combined groups plan to put on a program at each of the two camps.

GEORGE HEUNERS NOW ARMY PILOT

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

THE VILLAGE OF FLURRYBRIDGE IS ON THE BORDER BETWEEN NORTHERN IRELAND, WHERE U. S. TROOPS ARE STATIONED, AND ERIE, OR SOUTHERN IRELAND... BUT THE SOUTHERN PART OF TOWN IS IN NORTHERN IRELAND, AND THE NORTHERN PART IN SOUTHERN IRELAND!

RUBE WADDELL, ECCENTRIC PHILLY PITCHER, ONCE REFUSED TO SIGN A CONTRACT UNTIL A CLAUSE WAS INSERTED FORBIDDING HIS ROOMMATE TO EAT CRACKERS IN BED!

TOMORROW—MIRROR MAN!

IRISH BORDER TOWN

Because a section of Northern Ireland extends laterally into Eire (Southern Ireland) at one point, the southern part of the town of Flurrybridge is in North Ireland, while the northern part of town is in Erie, or Southern Ireland.

Rube Waddell, who pitched for the Philadelphia Athletics from 1902 to 1907, at times became irked with conditions in Connie Mack's camp. On these occasions he would disappear, but could usually be found either piloting a fire engine or tending bar in some town nearby!

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