MRS. MURDOCK TAKES A CASE

by George Harmon Coxe

Chapter 26

Bacon's Ruse

ALLEN shrugged and looked at the plain-clothes man. "Ready?" he asked and walked over to the door where he turned. "Sorry, Dean," he said. "This may be pretty rotten for the firm but there's not much I can do about it now. . . 'Bye, Joyce . . . And thanks, Dee," he added, not looking at her. "Don't let them bully you and don't worry."

"Worry?" Delia stood up and faced him. "Why should I worry? Do you? Have you ever?"

Joyce gasped at the outburst. Gone from the girl was the look of pain and dejection; now her eyes struck sparks and her voice was stiff with emotion.

"It's that hateful pride of yours. You don't want help from me or anyone else. No matter how intolerable the situation you'll always have that stubborn indifference to protect you. You don't want a lawyer, you can't be bothered to defend yourself. You'd rather stay here than admit you're in trouble. . . . All right. Stay here and rot a while. Maybe it will do you some good."

After that the silence was oppressive. Delia continued to stare at him, waiting for some answer, but none came. With the first angry flare of spirit Ward Allen had recoiled as though someone had struck him, then the look of hurt was gone, leaving his face stiff and impassive. Without a word he left the room.

Delia sagged. She tried not to, keeping her head up defiantly, but something had gone out of her.

"Why did I have to do that?" she said, hopelessly.

Bacon stood glaring at the door, his long face still flushed. Thorndike ran his hand over his jaw and shook his head, scowling, his eyes puzzled.

Joyce was completely miserable. She did not know what to believe. She had seen the shocking effect of O'Conner's announcement in Ward Allen's face, seen him steel himself against the questioning that followed. Either Ward had thrown the gun away or the taxi driver had been mistaken.

But it was not this alone that made her feel so faint inside. Something terrible and frightening had happened to Ward and Delia.

Cigarette Case

A CHAIR scraped and Thorndike was walking round the table.

"Now, now," he said. "He'll be all right, and so will you. We'll get a lawyer and have him out before night."

He patted Delia's shoulder, squeezing it so that she looked at him and tried to smile. Joyce stood up and Thorndike started for the door.

"Just a minute, Miss Stewart." Bacon was turned to the desk. "Will you take a look at this, please?"

Delia gave him a questioning glance, and stepped up beside him. Joyce could see Bacon gesture to something flat and gleaming on the desk.

"Ever seen that before?"

Delia picked up the object and Joyce saw it was a silver cigarette case. She waited while the girl turned the case over in her hand.

"I'm sorry, I haven't," she said.

She did not replace the case but extended it to Bacon so that he had to accept it. Not until then, as he took it, holding two edges between thumb and middle finger, did Joyce realize what had happened.

Fear struck at her and she went cold inside. Delia was walking towards Dean Thorndike. Bacon put the case on the desk, his back to the room; then Joyce knew what she had to do and was walking resolutely towards him.

"By the way, Lieutenant. Are you still holding that man Raeburn?"

"Yes," Bacon said, "but I don't know for how long. We haven't cracked him and his lawyer must have influence. Some pressure came down the line to the D.A. from Washington. If we don't get something soon we'll have to let him go."

He had turned to face her, leaning back on the desk, his hands braced at his sides. She stood quite close to him, trying to edge around him, talking, not knowing exactly what she said. Presently she made her smile a little more winning and approached the problem directly.

"Could I see that case?" Perhaps I may have—"

"I doubt it," Bacon said. He was smiling too, but there was a queer look in his gray eyes. "I don't think you're even seen it before."

A plain-clothes man appeared beside her and she realized that Bacon had pressed the buzzer.

"You can have this now, Wasey," he said, stepping so close to Joyce that she had to move back. "She can't identify it."

Joyce saw the plain-clothes man reach for the case. When he started out she saw he was holding it the same way Bacon had.

Then he was gone and she was walking to where Thorndike and Delia waited, drawing on her gloves so that they would not see the fear in her eyes. Even in the hall she kept her face averted lest it should reveal her feelings. Delia's fingerprints were on that case—and very soon now those prints would be compared with those on the glass from which Delia had sipped her drink in Perry Clarke's apartment.

Maybe He Did

DEAN THORNDIKE handed them into his car and drove slowly down Berkeley Street, easing to a stop in front of the traffic light.

"We'll go down to the office," he said, "and I'll call Arnold Gage. He's the best lawyer in town for this sort of thing."

"I think Delia would rather go home," Joyce said.

"Yes, please," Delia said. "For a little while."

Thorndike started to speak, checked himself when he looked down at the girl at his side. The light changed and he shifted gears, continuing straight across.

"All right, I'll drop you off. You do look done in."

She was staring straight ahead, a look of blank despondency in her eyes.

"Why did I do that?" There was a catch in her voice but she quickly controlled it. "I wanted so to let him know it didn't matter, to do something to help him. I didn't mean to be such a nasty little beast but—"

"Of course you didn't," Joyce said.

"I couldn't stand it. He just sat there as if nothing could possibly matter to him any more, as if he didn't even want us around."

"He didn't expect us," Joyce said. "He came in prepared to put up a good front and not let the lieutenant rattle him, and he didn't dare let down."

"Yes," Delia said. "And how perfectly awful it must be for him."

"Just the same," Thorndike said, "I think he's taking the wrong attitude. That taxi driver could be mistaken but it does look as though Ward was out and around about that time. Why shouldn't he explain his movements? I don't know, Dee, I think he's hiding something."

There was more silence and then Thorndike spoke again.

"I don't like to say it, but there's one thing we ought to consider. Maybe he did kill Clarke."

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) 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

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—H. V. Kaltenborn, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Nelson Eddy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Waltz Rhythm, KPO.

5:30 p. m.—Dr. Christian, KSL; It Happened in the Service, KOMO, KGW; News, KGO; Harry W. Flannery, KNX, KOIN; Folk Music from Many Lands, KJR; Passing Parade, KPO.

6:00 p. m.—Shirley Temple in Junior Miss, KNX, KOIN; Those We Love, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Basin Street Music, KGO, KEX; Serenade, KJR; Sports, KSL.

6:30 p. m.—Goldman Band Concert, KGO, KJR; Mr District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Suspense, KNX, KOIN; News, KEX; American Melody Hour, KSL.

7:00 p. m.—Garry Moore Show, KGO, KEX, KJR; Great Moments in Music, KOIN, KSL, KNX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Lightning Jim, KGO, KJR, KEX; 22nd Letter, KNX, KOIN; Army Recruiting, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—Earl Godwin, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Point Sublime, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

8:15 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lum and Abner, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:30 p. m.—Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN; Paul Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Richard Himber's Orch., KGW; News Here and Abroad, KGO; William Winter, KNX; Down Memory Lane, KEX; Studio Party, KJR; Highlight Hour, KOMO; Light and Mellow, KPO; Sports, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Horace Heidt's Orch., KGO; Woody Herman's Orch., KNX; News, KSL; Northwest Neighbors, KOIN; News Highlights, KEX; Your Mayor Speaks, KGW; Who's On the Home Front, KOMO; Our Bandstand, KPO.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Del Courtney's Orch., KGO, KEX; News, KNX, KOIN; Chamber Music, KJR; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Freddy Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR; Sports, KNX, KSL; Harry Owen's Hawaiians, KPO, KOMO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; War Time Women, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Organ, KPO; Lud Gluskin's Orch., KOIN, KSL; This Moving World, KEX; News, KNX; Dance Orch., KGW; Folk Music, KJR; News, KNX; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Jim Backus Show, KSL; Maurice's Orch., KPO, KGW; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Thirty Seconds to Go, KNX; Melody Time, KOIN; Dance Orch., KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Masters of Music, KOMO, KGW; Death Valley Days, KSL; Clete Roberts Reports, KGO, KEX; Harry W. Flannery, KNX, KOIN; Folk Music from Many Lands, KNX; The Parade, KPO.

6:00 p. m.—Major Bowes' Original Amateur Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Bob Crosby, KPO, KGK, KOMO; Sur Les Boulevards, KEX, KJR; Voice of Victory, KGO.

6:30 p. m.—Ravina Park Concert, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fifteen Minutes from Broadway, KGO; News, KEX; Armchair Cruises, KJR.

7:00 p. m.—How'm I Doin'?, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Rudy Vallee Show, KGO, KEX, KJR; First Line, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:30 p. m.—Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; March of Time, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Time Out for Melody, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; Musical Memoirs, KSL.

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

8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KGO, KJR, KEX; String Ensemble, KOMO; Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; On Our Bandstand, KPO.

8:30 p. m.—Death Valley Days, KNX, KOIN; Fanny Brice, KPO, KOMO, KGW; This Nation at War, KGO; Flowers for the Living, KEX; Buy Washington, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Music in the Moonlight, KPO, KGW; News Here and Abroad, KGO; United We Sing, KNX; Down Memory Lane, KEX; Old Timers, KJR; Company at Ease, KOIN; Romance Time, KOMO; Maudie's Diary, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Moon River, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Freddy Martin's Orch., KGO, KGW; Maudie's Diary, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR, KSL, KEX.

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

10:30 p. m.—Sports, KNX, KSL; Carl Kalash's Orch., KPO, KOMO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; Sports, KNX; War Time Women, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Swing Your Partner, KPO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KNX; Dance Orch., KOIN; Evening Reveries, KOMO.

KLAMATH SLOT MACHINE OPERATOR FINED $100

Klamath Falls, July 22.—(AP)—Louis Polin, whose Main street store advertises "a little bit of everything," had a bit too much.

Arraigned today in justice court of charges of operating a slot machine, Polin pleaded guilty, was fined $100 and heard Justice of the Peace S. A. Mahoney order the machine confiscated.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

THE BOYS THOUGHT THEY WERE DREAMING WHEN, WITH THE USUAL MISGIVINGS, THEY CAME OVER TO CONFESS THAT THEY HAD BATTED A BALL THROUGH ERNIE PLUMER'S GARAGE WINDOW AND WERE RECEIVED WITH OPEN ARMS; BECAUSE, IT SEEMS, ERNIE HAD LOCKED HIS KEYS IN THE GARAGE AND HAD JUST BEEN DEBATING HOW BEST TO BREAK A WINDOW TO GET IN

7-22

Ex-Newsman Craft Now At Kodiak Fears Censorship Restrictions Will Blunt His "Nose For News"

(Editor's Note: Frustration, born of censorship restrictions, is breaking the spirit of 1st. Lieut. Roy D. Craft, former Medford CCC officer and Medford and San Francisco newspaper man. In the June 9 issue of the "Kodiak Bear," army camp paper published by the men of Fort Greely, Alaska, Craft laments his inability to chronicle some of the big things going on in the far north and fears his news sense is being irretrievably blunted. His article follows:)

By 1st Lieut. Roy D. Craft

War is hell on a newspaperman, even an old, broken-down hack like us. We go on duty as, let us say, a public relations officer, and in the course of time we land at an outpost such as, let us say, Utopiak.

We publish a little camp paper named, for instance, the Utopiak Badger.

Censor Alert

But there is a war on, and we are in the "zone of operations" and we have the hot breath of the censor on our neck and we cannot mention anything that might give aid and comfort to the enemy, and that includes just about everything that happens at an army outpost.

There was a time when we growled at doing a three-paragraph weather rewrite for the Monday first-edition. We take it all back. We'd give our old squatter rights to the third stool from the left at Hurley's, near Third and Market, for the privilege of just saying, "It rained today," or "It sure was a beautiful sunny day." But up in this country, weather is vital information.

We think we have a pretty good little sideshow at Utopiak and we hark back to those dear, dead days when Army press agents could go to town on every military development.

But we concentrate on such harmless topics as who got his corporal's stripes and which sergeant won the company blackjack tournament and which Joe Doakes got fluffed off by what babe back home, and why can't these gals be faithful to their boys in Alaska.

Many Stories

Since we've been here, we've seen so many good stories bloom to blush unseen that we have learned to walk up to a page 1 top head, 7 column banner story and laugh in its face, spit in its eye, turn on our heels and walk off with the nonchalance of a buck sergeant wearing his first stripes.

We see exciting things happen and early in June, let us say, we see tremendous events take shape.

So we go back to our typewriter and do a story on the radishes coming up in Lieut. Russell's garden, and what a surprise it will be to the boys when they sink their teeth in crisp, red radishes at the company mess soon.

We are not complaining. America is at war and every step must be taken to protect our lives, our homes and our freedom.

But we cannot resist the observation that it is a hell of a sensation to sit handcuffed while a beautiful story sits on your lap and looks up into your eyes through long, dark lashes, with a hurt and puzzled look.

Immune Soon

"Boy, oh boy," we say to ourselves, "If we could only file on this we'd make Josh Eppinger, our old city editor, regret that he ever submerged a great talent like ours on Crape Festival rewrites."

We are not beefing, but if this goes on much longer we'll be so immune to honest-to-God news that when we get back to San Francisco we'll be able to sit quietly in a corner at the Mark Hopkins Peacock Court and watch Mayor Angelo Rossi shoot down George Creel like a dog in a jealous rage over the attentions of Excellentissima Fields, and never move a muscle.

"Ho, hum," we will say to ourselves as we stifle a yawn, "That would make quite an item, wouldn't it?"

CHIEF — Lieut. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, commander of U. S. operations in Europe, smokes during London conference.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS by JOHN HIX

TARGET FOR BOMBS

In the spring of 1942 Britain's bomber command head announced that thousand - plane raids over Germany would soon be felt—and the prophecy of World war I was fulfilled. Early in the first war the French planned several large airships to harry the German armies. In August reconnaissance flights were made by the airship "Adjudant Vincenot." Shortly afterward the "Fleurus I" sailed over Konz-Kartaus and dropped four 155-millimeter shells. This was the first air raid of the war and of history.

Heroes Congratulated

Major General Karl Spatz, U. S. army air chief in the European theater of operations, congratulates four American airmen who took part in the July 4 raid on a German airfield in Holland, after they had received the distinguished flying cross at a U. S. army air base in Britain. Left to right: General Spatz, Sergeant Bennie B. Cunningham, Tupelo, Miss.; Sergeant Robert L. Golay, Fredonia, Kan.; Lieut. Randall Dorton of Long Beach, Calif., and Major Charles Kegelman, El Reno, Okla.

Crossword Puzzle

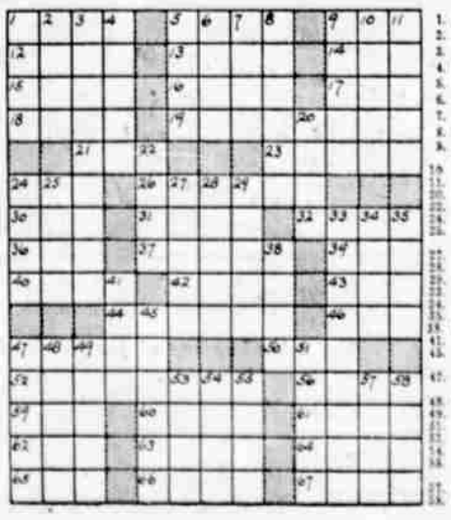
ACROSS

1. Illuminating device
5. Ancient Greek public speaking platform
9. Tooth
12. Pagan god
13. Rainbow
14. Humming bird
15. Mother
16. River on which Annie Laurie lived
17. Horse
18. So be it
19. Explode
21. Cluster of wool fibers
22. Parts in a play
24. Cudgel
26. Winged
30. Town in Pennsylvania
31. Long stick
32. Having little speed
36. Pronoun
37. Flying
39. Monkey
40. Impertinence: dialectic
42. Always
43. Larva receptacle
44. Cylindrical
46. Silk
47. Perpendicular
50. Armed conflict
52. Calculated
56. East Indian title of respect
59. Unit of electrical current: colloq.
60. Minute orifice
61. Small case
62. Steep
63. Color quality
64. Mix circularly
65. Cook in a certain way
66. Vehicle on runners
67. Pretense

DOWN

1. City in Ohio
2. First man
3. Very important
4. Carpenter's tool
5. Tie
6. American lake
7. Baseball glove
8. On land
9. Artificial waterway
10. Egg-shaped
11. Plums
20. Grows sleepy
22. Father
24. Young men
25. Small wild ox of Celebes
27. Let down
28. Animals
29. Article of belief
32. Maze
34. English author
35. Proceeded
38. Increased in size
41. Stair
45. Bursts forth violently
47. Article of apparel
48. Greek epic poet
49. Valiant
51. Wrong
53. Impotent
54. Sea eagle
55. Legal conveyance
57. Operatic song
58. Standard

Solution Of Yesterday's Puzzle



HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent—Contact!

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

LI'L ABNER—A Bargain ! !

By Al Capp

THE NEBBS—Off Base

By Hess