MRS. MURDOCK TAKES A CASE

by George Harmon Coxe

Chapter 31
Beyond Their Depth

IT TOOK quite a while to exchange stories with all the accompanying details. Joyce told everything except the finding of the man in the closet, but Delia, although she gave all her impressions had very little to add. She had opened the door, and someone — Raeburn, probably — had been waiting behind it.

"He hit you?" Joyce asked.

"He threw something over my head. His coat, I imagine. He must have hit me—there's a little bump on my head and it's sore—but I didn't feel it at the time. I don't remember it anyway. I thought I'd just fainted."

"Stand up," Joyce ordered, "and let's see if you're all right."

"Of course I'm all right."

Joyce watched her and decided she was. She was glad of this because she had made up her mind. It would be pretty horrid for Delia but it had to be done. She took a breath and stood up. "Come on," she said, and led the way to the other room.

She put Delia in the leather chair but before she could speak the girl gave a quick gasp and pressed her fingers to her mouth as though to stifle it.

"But, Joyce . . .!" Her eyes were wide and startled now. "It wasn't Raeburn! He's not the one that came last evening. It was another man."

"I know."

"But what does it mean? What—"

"Wait." Joyce made her voice calm and took out cigarettes. She was deliberately silent until Delia had a light; then she said: "You mustn't let it get you, but I think you'll have to know. There's a dead man in that closet."

"Oh." Quick alarm flicked at Delia's face, but she had rebuilt her forces well and she accepted the announcement with relative calmness. "Oh," she said again, her voice remote.

"And when you're ready," Joyce said, "I think you should look at him and see if he's the one."

"I'm ready now."

Joyce watched the girl stand on her feet. "It's not a pleasant sight."

"I'm all right." She lifted her chin and smiled sardonically. "Really. I think I've been conditioned for most anything now."

"Good girl."

The Same Man

JOYCE stepped to the closet and opened the door. She realized then, that she, too, had been conditioned. Everything was different now. Before, her nerves had been strained and raw because of her fears for Delia, and terror had struck without warning; now she was prepared. There was a job to do and she tried to face it with reasonable objectivity.

The closet, she saw, was large, with rough shelves along either side. On the left these had been filled with stacks of paper-filled manila folders. On the right there were some books and supplies—a quart bottle of ink, boxes of envelopes, packages of paper. At the back of the closet and between the shelves was an old wooden filing cabinet, or rather a section of one, which was perhaps three feet long and eighteen inches high. It was against this that the man sat.

His feet were spread, the legs forming a wide V, and although his body sagged in the middle his head was tipped back, the neck resting against the edge of the filing cabinet so that his face had an upward tilt. It was difficult now to imagine what he had been like in life, but to Joyce it seemed that he had been plumpish, not too tall, with a round face and thin brown hair of no particular shade. Above one ear she thought she could see a tiny hole, although she was not sure and would not lean down to find out; the other side of the face was simply one great reddish stain.

"Yes."

Joyce turned, realizing she had been so intent in her own study that she had not heard Delia come up beside her.

"He's the man. I'm sure of it."

Joyce eased Delia away from the doorway, seeing the whiteness around her mouth, but noting with relief the controlled steadiness of the brown eyes. She closed the door.

"What should we do?" Delia asked.

"I think we should telephone Jack Fenner."

"Oh?"

"And I think we've got to call the police."

"Joyce!"

"I mean it. Look, darling." She motioned Delia back in the chair and stood in front of her, slim and straight in her checked tweed coat, her hands thrust deep in the pockets, her eyes somber in the shadow of her hat brim. "Here we are, a couple of rankest amateurs trying to figure out a murder all by ourselves, and without getting involved. It doesn't make much sense, does it?"

Asking Fenner

"I SUPPOSE it doesn't," Delia said wearily. "Only—"

"I know," Joyce said, "but let's think it out. We've confided in no one, and naturally no one can help us. Neither of us has the faintest idea of who killed Perry Clarke. We've decided it wasn't Ward—not logically, but because we've made up our minds not to admit it. Kent might have helped us but we wouldn't tell him; your uncle Dean might have helped. We've even been naive enough to think that we could keep on skirting the edges indefinitely without being caught at it by the police. And now we have two murders on our hands. I think we're getting beyond our depth. I'm also quite sure that you are a lot more involved than you imagine."

"Me?"

"Why do you think Lieutenant Bacon asked you to look at that cigarette case this morning?"

Delia looked puzzled. The hair on the side opposite the part had fallen across the angle of her forehead and she shook it slightly and pushed it back.

"You had a drink with Clarke," Joyce said. "You must have left your fingerprints on that glass. You definitely left them on the cigarette case."

Delia accepted this with resignation. "You knew it," she said. "That's why you asked to see it."

"But you see what I mean. They must know by now that you were in Clarke's apartment. You can't deny it and you'll have to tell them something. I believe you could tell the whole story—except the part about seeing Ward's car—without making it any worse for yourself."

Delia thought it over. She looked at Joyce, studying the lines of her face and seeing the direct and steadfast eyes. When Joyce talked like that you had to listen. The quiet good sense of the arguments impressed her and she was reassured.

"All right. Whenever you think is best."

Joyce went to the desk and picked up the telephone.

"I don't say we should tell the police but I think we should be ready if we have to. I think we should ask Jack Fenner and do what he says."

To be continued

KAISER EN ROUTE TO PRESENT PLAN

Oakland, Calif., July 28.—(AP)—Henry J. Kaiser, industrialist and dam builder who became one of the nation's leading shipbuilders, was on his way to Washington today to present his plan for mass production of 5,000 huge cargo planes to the senate war production committee.

Kaiser reiterated shipyards could be converted within ten months to produce 70 ton planes, and at full production could turn out 5,000 flying boats annually.

Kaiser will visit the Glenn L. Martin plant in Baltimore which developed the "Mars" flying boat.

Gold Hill

Gold Hill, July 27.—(Spl.)—Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Hawley of Modesto, Calif., are guests of Mrs. Hawley's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Tresham of Galls Creek. They have also been guests of Mr. Hawley's son in Medford. Mrs. Tresham entertained with a dinner at her home on Wednesday, in honor of her mother. Friends spending the day at the Tresham home were Mrs. Emmett Sutton, Mrs. Molly Harrison and Mrs. Tiny Cook.

Cecil Van Horn, employed at Portland, was a week-end guest of his parents here. He was accompanied by Mrs. Leona Sullivan and two daughters, of Portland, who spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Lentz.

Mr. and Mrs. Art Parker are living in the home which they recently remodeled. They were married on July 21, at Reno. Mrs. Parker was formerly Mrs. Clara Porter of Medford.

Owen Woods of Weed, Calif., came Wednesday when called here by the passing of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Morelock.

Mrs. Amy Martin and Joe Hammersly, both former residents of this city, were married last week, in Portland, where they will reside. Mr. Hammersly had been employed in Alaska for several years and only recently returned to the states.

Mr. and Mrs. Artie Lawa returned to their home here on Friday, from Golden, Idaho, where he has been employed for several months.

The Misses Marcia and Donna Centers were hostesses July 16, at a birthday party for their sister, Joanne, on her ninth birthday. Enjoying the afternoon of games and refreshments at the Centers' home were Patricia Clement, Lolita Routh, Dick Davis, Joanne Centers and the hostesses.

Fanny Sullivan of Medford was a week-end guest of Marilyn Adams.

Some damage was reported, to a vineyard and fruit trees on Blackwell Hill, a few days ago, when a fire burned through dry grass and brush over several acres. The fire was started when occupants of one of the cabins at the Peterson camp and service station, emptied ashes near their cabin.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McLean left Friday to spend a week, camping and fishing at Laurelhurst.

Miss Mabel Moore and Miss Dorothy Burket, both of last year's school faculty, have asked to be released. Miss Moore, who taught here for many years, will teach at Talent, and Miss Burket expects to teach in Ashland.

Miss Marilyn Adams celebrated her tenth birthday July 17 with a birthday party at her home. Guests included Ann and Donna Centers, Anne Christensen, Joan Cameron, Alvajean Cook, Evelyn Bates, Doris Simmons, Nancy and Marlyn Adams.

About 500 freight trains move through the Pittsburgh, Pa., area every 24 hours, an average of more than 20 an hour.

Keep 'Em Rolling at
Ashland Roller Rink
Plan A Party. Call 8681 Ashland.
"For Health's Sake, Roller Skate"
Tue. Thur. Sat. Sun. Eves

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland. KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland. KOA (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

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Ray Harrington's Orch., KPO, KGW; Are You a Missing Heir, KSL; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KGW; Newspaper of the Air, KOIN; Afternoon Dances, KNX; Musical Portraits, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Hobby Lobby, KSL; Clete Roberts Reports, KEX, KGO; Horace Heidt's Treasure Chest, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Harry W. Flannery, KNX; Folk Music from Many Lands, KJR.

6:00 p. m.—Tommy Riggs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Green Hornet, KEX; Dance Time, KJR.

6:30 p. m. John Nesbitt and Meredith Wilson's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; Mystry Prgm., KJR; Cheers from the Camps, KNX, KOIN; News, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Counter Spy, KJR; Cheers from the Camps, KNX, KOIN, KSL; A Date With Judy, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Air Base Hi Jinks, KEX.

7:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; Talks, KSL, KOIN; Time Out for Melody, KNX.

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

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

8:30 p. m.—Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Are You a Missing Heir, KNX, KOIN; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Hobby Lobby, KNX, KSL; News Here and Abroad, KGO; Alvino Rey's Orch., KOIN; Adventures of the Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Down Memory Lane, KEX; Musicale, KJR.

9:30 p. m.—Over the Top, KGO, KJR; Ray Shield and Co., KOMO, KGW; News, KSL; KEX; American Melody Hour, KNX; Leon F. Drews, KOIN; American Song Shoppe, KPO.

10:00 p. m.—Sing for Dough, KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

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

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

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—H. V. Kaltenborn, KPO, KOMO, KGW; 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 Chamber 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, KSL; News, KEX.

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

7:30 u. 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, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Freddy Martin's Orch., KGO; News, KJR, KSL; Northwest Neighbors, KOIN; News, KEX; Your Mayor Speaks, KGW; Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KNX; Who's Who On the Home Front, KOMO; On 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.

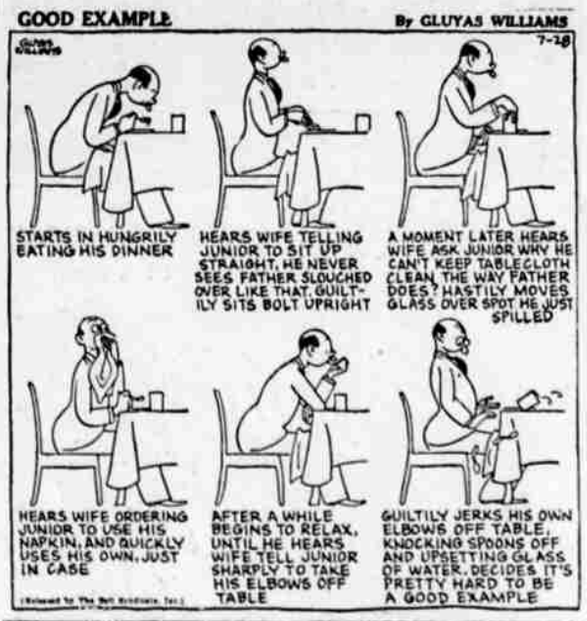
10:30 p. m.—Freddy Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR; Sports, KNX, KSL; Harry Owen's Orch., KPO, KOMO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KGW; War Time Women, KOIN.

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

GUYS BRIDGE

Lynn, Mass.—(UP)—The General Electric Co. went n shopping tour recently and purchased an 88-foot bridge. The span, needed to connect new buildings at the company's works here, was transferred from Newmarket, N. H., in two days with the help of a truck and crane. A new bridge was impossible to construct at the plant because of material shortage.

GOOD EXAMPLE — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



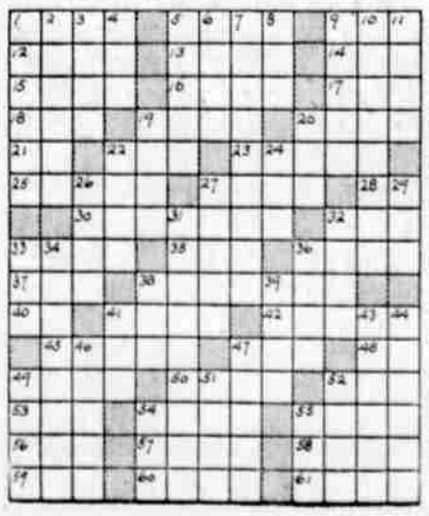
Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Rockfish
5. One of the West Indies
9. Light moisture
12. Point where a leaf leaves the branch
13. Gem
14. Old musical note
15. Giver: information
16. Greater quantity
17. Masculine nickname
18. Small fish
19. Step of a ladder
20. Number
21. Conjunction
23. Kind of lettuce
25. Large serpent
26. Rich man
27. One who cannot be trusted
28. Toward
30. Close of day
32. Propel with oars
33. Land measure
35. Salutation
36. Nobleman
37. Porcine animal
38. World's highest mountain
40. Article
41. Protection
42. Three-banded armadillos
45. American artist
47. Use a lever
48. Type square
49. Command
50. English river
52. Epoch
53. Protective secretion of the cuttlefish
54. Chief actor
55. Head covering
56. Shelter
57. Attitude
58. Violent disorder
59. English letter
60. Branches of learning
61. Metal containers

DOWN
1. Allowance
2. Outdoor seat or bench
3. Egyptian river
4. Entirely
5. God of joy and mirth
6. Preposition
7. One who drives an advantageous agreement
8. Liquor
9. Cotton fabric
10. Lifting device
11. Walk in water
12. Garment
29. In behalf of
31. Small inlet
34. Sack
36. Mass of floating ice
37. Besides
39. Bird
41. One who directs the course of a ship
42. Polynesian chestnut
43. Sunken fence
44. Limits
46. Discover
48. Instigate
49. Acquire by labor
51. Devour
52. Area
54. Small fishes
56. Bodies of water
57. Studies
58. Threading tool
59. Enormous
60. Operatic air
61. Spring
62. Portion of a curve

PAN		POP			REBID							
EPIGENE					EVADE							
CABARET					BETON							
AC		MUS		CAR								
NEGUS				CAT			DEE					
	ATE			ATELIER								
AWL		SERE			OSLO							
TOLE		NOR			WEED							
AVER		DUST			ARE							
REREDOS				HAS								
SNY		OWE			OREAD							
	BUS			HUE			NE					
CABOB				COGNATE								
APART				ASHAMED								
MERES				WET			ADS					

Solution Of Yesterday's Puzzle



Bomber Raid on Kiska Through Thick Fog Is Thrill For Newsman

By Keith Wheeler
(Copyright, 1942, Chicago Times, Inc.)

Aboard Fortress Bomber Enroute From Kiska, June 26.—Ten minutes ago our bomb bay doors opened and disgorged two tons of dynamite on the Japanese tent city of Kiska island.

Nine minutes and forty-five seconds ago the first bomb struck down there under the mist. At two-second intervals the others followed and laced through Kiska's tundra valley with the insenate fury of TNT.

The yellow painted 500-pound packages have done such work as high explosive and flying steel can do, and by now, one supposes, the living are counting the dead.

Don't Wait To See

We are not waiting for that roll call. For seven minutes we dived through soup so thick, our Japanese playmate in the fighter plane did not care to follow. And that ended the 50-caliber attentions with which he had favored us during the hour and 10 minutes we spent over the target.

Two minutes have passed since we broke through the bottom of the mile deep Aleutian fog and now we are boring along 10 feet off the water bound toward our base many hundred of miles away somewhere in the Aleutians.

Thus another bombing raid on Kiska comes to as successful a conclusion as any raid can hope for in this world's worst flying weather.

Back in the fortress' lean body the gunners are stowing their guns and making slurring remarks about the Jap and his fighter plane. The major, squadron leader and captain of this plane, has given the wheel to the second pilot with a word of caution to "keep her on the pin" and out of those grey seas ripping past below. Hitting the water at this speed would be like flying into a stone wall.

Bombsight Covered

The bombardier has covered that delicately deadly tool of his craft, the bombsight, and now he's loafing in his little chair splitting his attention between a chocolate bar and a canteen of water.

The radio operator is asking about the weather ahead—as if he didn't know. Beside me in the glass nose section, the blond young navigator has put aside his machinegun and is busy with his charts, plotting us home along as blind and deadly a course as any plane has flown.

I am hunkered up beside him between the drift indicator and the two-by-four chart table, scribbling this sub-sectional box score and having time now to speculate on the odd ways of a war that brought both us and the Japs here to dispute a black and useless rock that nobody but the seals wants.

This one attack of many attacks began to take form an hour and forty-five minutes ago when the major shoveled on the coal and heaved the big bomber up out of what had until then passed for visibility. We roared into the soup in a steady grinding climb and for seven endless minutes we bored through a thick gray nothing with no top and no bottom. Then we broke through into another world of unearthly beauty.

Below on either side and behind lay the billowy top of the fog, so blinding white in the sun that it burned your eyes. Poking through the soup under the left wing—in justification of the navigator's mysterious juju—lay one black flank of the peak the charts call Semisopochnoi. Long ago the bombers gave it up as an impossibility and simply call it "that island."

The soup behind was solid for a thousand miles but ahead the unbroken new-snow sheen of mist showed overhanging crags and valleys and streaks of blue that meant ragged spots and maybe holes to bomb through.

Somewhere under that weird panorama lay Kiska and on Kiska were the men we have come miles to kill.

We still climbed, going up where the air was thin and cold and rare as champagne. It struck you that this was as good a setting as any for sudden death. There wasn't any comfort in the thought.

Still hot in your mind was the radioed report of a Catalina flying boat that had been here two hours ahead of us. Somewhere back in the mist the Catalina was limping home now with half its controls shot away, carrying two wounded men and a dead one. You didn't know who they were and you wondered if the dead man was one of those with whom you had shared a tent the night before. The Catalina had met a Jap fighter over Kiska.

You remembered, too, the bomber that came over like this 10 days ago. A scrah of ackack got him in the bomb load and he went down like a meteor.

Climax Comes Quietly

You found your mouth full of ashes and your hands dripping sweat. You wondered how it would be when it came. What did come, came quietly. You would not have believed it could begin so casually.

"There's your mountains," the whiskery bombardier said, pointing ahead. You had time to note his peaceful calm.

There was Kiska, tucked under a hundred-acre blob of cotton wool cloud that filled the volcano crater and draped itself festively along the snow streaked black flanks of the mountain. The plane eased toward it, still climbing. I looked at my watch. Two-forty-three p. m. it said.

Swing Shift Worker Abducted by Robber

Seattle, July 28.—(AP)—Hysterical, and with her hands roped together behind her back, Frances Burnett, 18, airplane factory worker, sought aid at the home of Jack Storrs at 1:30 a. m. today. She said she had been abducted by a motorist, while standing in front of a Georgetown theater, and held captive in a lonely section of Beacon Hill for an hour but unharmed. She surmised from his remarks that he thought her the theater cashier and wanted the day's receipts. He let her go after searching her.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS — by JOHN HIX

MUSICAL MITE

Norma Nilsson is gifted with the phenomenon known as perfect pitch. Not only can she name the major and minor triads, plus any scale, but she can also break each down into its separate notes. Norma's alent, as explained by her mother, Mrs. Esther Nilsson, was discovered quite by accident one day when Norma was playing with her dolls. After a note was struck on the piano, she named it—even though her back was turned! Gifted in other ways, Norma spoke two languages, English and Swedish, fluently at 2½ years of age; began tap-dancing at 3½ and at 4 gave her first dance recital in Los Angeles!

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent—Where There's Smoke — Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

LI'L ABNER—Something New Has Been Added — By Al Capp

THE NEBBS—Fanny in Danger — By Hess