

MRS. MURDOCK TAKES A CASE

by George Harmon Coxe

Chapter 39

Trapped
JOYCE MURDOCK put down the telephone and went to the hall closet. She pulled out her tweed coat and a dark green felt hat that tipped up in the back and down in front. At the mirror she adjusted it, aware now of a feeling of excitement.

She slipped on her coat, went back to the desk, and picked up the rolled photographs. Mannish in cut, the coat had a deep inner pocket and she put the pictures there, buttoning only the lower button so as not to crush them. She inspected her handbag, stopped with her hand on the doorknob to see if she had forgotten anything, and went out.

Kent said he would bring the car around for her, and she found it parked between two others. She started for it, opening her handbag and taking out her keys. The doors were locked and she opened the right-hand one and pushed over behind the wheel, rolling down the window as she inserted the ignition key. When she reached over to close the door a man was standing there watching her.

"Oh!" Her voice caught on that startled cry and for an instant her heart stopped. Fear streaked through her and her body froze. She tried to find her voice again and it failed her and there was nothing she could do except stare.

Don Raeburn was standing with one hand on the car door and the other deep in his pocket. His topcoat was buttoned, the collar upturned. His hatbrim was low, and beneath it the swart, sharp-featured face was a grimace with its smiling lips and pin, metallic eyes.

"I have a gun here," he was very polite about it and his voice was as she remembered it, his pronunciation studied and precise. He moved the pocket of his coat so she could see the outline of the muzzle. "Please do not make any noise."

Unfinished Work
CURIOUSLY, his voice brought relief to her. She began to breathe again and her heart took up its beating. Warmth returned to her cheeks and only the thin line of her spine remained cold.

He was waiting for me, she thought. Down the street or behind one of these cars. And now he's going to get in.

He sat down beside her, one hand on the gun. He closed the door and sat back.

"What do you want?" she asked, ashamed that her voice sounded so weak and inane.

"First," he said, "we will drive away from here, I think. I know you'll be careful."

She started the engine, worked her way out of the parking space, and with the job of driving occupying some of her attention she found it possible to think again.

"How long had you been waiting?"

"Not long. I was trying to decide what to do."

"You're taking rather a long chance, aren't you? With the police looking for you?"

"One has to take chances some times."

Joyce turned downtown. The thing to do was talk—and keep him talking—until she knew what he intended to do.

"What do you want with me?" she said.

"You told the police you saw me last night?"

"Yes."

"I was afraid you might."

"You saw me?"

"No, but I knew that you and the Stewart girl were friends. I

was afraid you might have been in one of those cars along the street, but I could not wait to find out." He hesitated, continued slowly. "That is unfortunate. But for you there would be no evidence against me."

Joyce swallowed and tried to keep her voice steady. "Wouldn't it be better for you to try and get away alone?"

"Please!" They were at an intersection and he reached over and turned the wheel. "We have gone far enough in this direction. . . . That is better. . . . It would be easier, perhaps, but my work is not finished."

"Oh," Joyce said, her heart sinking.

"And until it is I must make sure that you do not make it more difficult for me."

Nazi Business
WHEN Kent Murdock realized that Joyce had hung up on him a growing uneasiness began to eat away at his thoughts. He put down the telephone and reached for a cigarette, but even after he had lit it, he stood there, his face somber and his eyes dark with doubt.

Ward Allen was running away and Joyce was going over to talk him out of it. What else had she said. And why did she want him there—and Fenner and Hester? Although he could find no answer for this last, the impression persisted that there was more to this request of hers than she had indicated.

He started along the hall, his irritation mounting.

That there was some connection between her request and the murder of Clarke and Hardacker, he had no doubt; what bothered him was that she persisted in participating in the investigation. Grunt, in all, he wheeled and went back to the telephone. He gave his number and listened to the distant ringing. After five such rings he hung up.

John Nason was pacing the floor and Hester had seated herself again.

"It was Joyce," Murdock said, and went on to tell what she had wanted.

"Go to Ward Allen's apartment?" Hester was indignant. "Why should I?"

Her look and caustic reaction fanned Murdock's already smoldering irritation.

"Because maybe she thinks she's got the answer to those killings."

"Suppose she has? How does it concern me?"

"You'd like to know about it, wouldn't you?" Fenner asked.

"Not particularly."

"I think you would," Murdock said. "And I think you ought to come along too, Nason."

"Nonsense."

"No," Nason looked at him sourly and Murdock waited, recalling the things he knew about the lawyer. "You've done a lot of business for the German government in the past. Nason, haven't you? I remember before war started you straightened out some trouble for the captain of a German freighter. And later, there was some tanker that put in the harbor. Something about interment, wasn't it? And you defended the shipping company—just like you defended that Bund leader, Dorstmann. . . . Until recently I understand you've had pretty close to unlimited credit at certain banks."

Nason's eyes were veiled. "I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"Ward Allen was mixed up with the Nazis in Caragua. So was Perry Clarke. You represent the buyers of Mrs. Josado's estate—when she gets it. You do business with Nazis. Could it be that the Nazis want to buy that estate? Or would that be too coincidental?"

To be continued

"Ghost" of "Haunted" Denver House



Ghostly goings-on in a North Denver home, after Philip Peters, the owner was killed their last fall, caused neighbors on several occasions to call police who made vain searches until they captured Mathew Cornish (above) in a secret attic compartment. Police said he admitted killing Peters. Between sessions of questioning in the city jail he rested in this chair.

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.
KJW (NBC-Red) 630, Portland.
KJH (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle.
KXN (CBS) 1070, Los Angeles.
KOA (NBC-Red) 830, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 930, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 600, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Thursday

5:00—Thirty Minutes to Play, KSL.
KON: Maurice's Orch., KPO, KGO.
Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR.
Thirty Seconds to Go, KXN; Dance Orch., KOMO.

5:30—Masters of Music, KOMO.
Death Valley Days, KSL; Clete Roberts Reports, KGO, KEX; Harry W. Flannery, KXN, KOIN; Polk Music From Many Lands, KJR; Afternoon Dances, KXN; The Parade, KGO.

6:00—Major Bowes, KXN, KSL.
KON: Kraft Music Hall, KPO, KGO.
KOMO: Sur Les Boulevards, KEX.
KJR: Voice of Victory, KGO.

6:30—Stage Door Canteen, KXN, KSL.
KON: Fifteen Minutes From Broadway, KGO; News, KEX; Armchair Cruises, KJR.

7:00—How'm I Doin', KPO, KOMO.
KGO: Rudy Valley Show, KGO, KJR.
KJR: The First Line, KXN, KOIN, KSL.

Friday

5:00—Lewiston Stadium Concert, KSL; H. V. Kallenborn, KPO, KOMO.

Suburban Heights

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



NOT TO BE OUTDONE BY HIS WIFE, FRED PERLEY DECIDED TO LEARN SOMETHING ABOUT FIRST-AID BANDAGING. BUT ON HIS FIRST ATTEMPT HE GOT SO CONFUSED THAT BEFORE HE KNEW IT HE HAD TIED HIMSELF UP AS WELL, AND THEY HAD TO CALL TO THE NEIGHBORS TO COME IN AND UNTANGLE THEM!

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8-6

LEADER DAMAGE

ALLURE EVENED

IS BIN FEW ARE

RED SORER ARE

AM VERSED

COMICAL ROSE

OR MATED GRIN

ADA REGAL NED

SERE SAMOS GE

TROAS TAPERED

STAVES WE

CUE TOSCAR PAR

UP PIT EVA NO

RETIRE NOISED

SOLONES ENDOWS

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Across

1. Kind of shoe

2. Public announcement

3. Drawing

4. Seed covering

5. Take on cargo

6. Lead a positive existence

7. On the highest point

8. Roman road

9. Ambassador

10. Postponement

11. Move apart

12. On the ocean

13. Light brown

14. While

15. Place

16. Very strong

17. Down

1. Black and blue

2. Mountain ridge

3. Look steadily

4. Cross together

5. Russian sea

6. Quoted

7. Form of legal writ

8. Part of a printing press

9. Tardier

10. Fuzz

11. Cluster of wood fibers

12. Rubbed out

13. Tapering

14. Desire; slang

15. Park in the

16. Mother of Pearl

17. Mohammedanism

18. Degrade

19. Jewish feast

20. Produce whose

21. Write

22. Grow up

23. Greek letter

24. Kind of music

25. More



HEDY GOES NATIVE IN 'LURONG'—Hedy Lamarr, all set in exotic makeup for her Tondelero role in "White Cargo," wears a new kind of tropical costume called a "lurong." It's not exactly a sarong, it is explained, but is supposed to have lots of allure, as demonstrated by Miss Lamarr in this pose.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



BARN ART!
FOR 28 YEARS FRANK ENGBRETSON, BROODHEAD, WIS., HAS BEEN PAINTING HUGE MURALS ON BARN S.

ALTHOUGH HE HAS LOST TRACK OF HOW MANY BARN HE HAS THUS DECORATED, ALL ARE IN LAFAYETTE COUNTY, WISCONSIN... HIS BIGGEST WORK IS A SCENE 148 FEET LONG!

TOMORROW—HUMAN HIPPOPOTAMUS TEETH

TO GET WATER IN DRY COUNTRY, ELEPHANTS DIG WELLS!

THEY OFTEN BORE HOLES OVER 3 FT. DEEP TO LOCATE MOISTURE BELOW THE SURFACE!

Africa...

8-6

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Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent—Wrong Number?

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Pelley Taken to Trial



William Dudley Pelley (right), was escorted into the session of his sedition trial at Indianapolis by Deputy Marshal R. G. Newbold. Pelley had just been brought from jail.

FIRST TUNA

Reedsport, Ore., Aug. 6.—(P)—The first tuna catch landed here this season was delivered early this week by Dan Arkell

who received \$408 a ton. Other prices listed here are \$320 a ton for Chinook salmon, \$200 for silversides and \$60 for ling cod and grass fish.