

HIGH on a cliff in Southern California, Casa de los Andes, or Crestwood Ranch, as it is called, sheltered a curiously assorted group on the night that Jenny Wren was murdered. Jenny herself, a notorious siren, had forced Priam Andes to invite her to Crestwood. Also she had dictated the guest list, which included the dignified politician, Herbert Walcott and his wife; Will Jones, the wealthy business man, and Dorothy Mears, his fiancée; and Eddie Mack, a playboy. Besides these people, there were at Crestwood Mr. Vayne, an elderly Bostonian; Carter, Jenny's maid; Frank Andes, Priam's nephew; Esther Wren, his fiancée, Jenny's sister; and Faith Andes, the aristocratic lady who saw in her brother, Priam, something weaker than Andes's blood supposedly could procure. After dinner, a strained affair, Jenny Wren delivered her ultimatum to Priam Andes, Walcott, Jones and Mack. She must have a large sum of blackmail money, or involve them all in ruin and scandal.

Andes: You tell us we're cut off—that even the police can't get through for hours. Well, what are you going to do about it?

Curtis: Mr. Andes, do you realise this girl's been murdered?

Andes: It's obvious, isn't it?

Curtis: It's obvious that nobody here is overcome with grief.

Faith: What are you implying, young man?

Curtis: Nothing! I know!

Faith: You don't know anything about my brother Priam that I don't know myself.

Walcott: And nothing at all about me—so I demand that you cease these—these aspersions.

Harris: Careful, you!

Curtis: Don't hurt Mr. Walcott, Pete. Remember, anyone here may be the killer!

Mrs. Walcott: Why—how dare you say such a thing?

Curtis: It's plain enough, Mrs. Walcott. Jenny Wren endangered the happiness of every one of you.

Mack: But—

Curtis: Oh, I know. I've got the dope. My employer, the man who sent me out here, had been hooked just like you, Mack—and you Jones—just like the Senator and Mr. Andes here—and you women—Jenny was after your men—so I guess you didn't waste any love on her.

Jones: Well?



EPISODE 3

This is the third instalment of "The Phantom of Crestwood," the radio mystery drama adapted from the R.K.O. motion picture of the same name, at present being broadcast every Monday evening from stations 2ZW, Wellington, 1ZR, Auckland, and 4ZL, Dunedin. Unfortunately, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the broadcasting of this instalment last Monday evening had to be postponed. On completion of the six instalments, listeners are invited to write a suitable ending, revealing the murderer of Jenny Wren. Three high quality radio sets—a Radiola 55 E, a seven-valve Gulbrandsen, and a seven-valve H.M.V.—are offered as first, second, and third prizes respectively, while in addition there are many substantial cash prizes for other successful entrants.

Curtis: Certainly you can be sorry, but do you have to take that thing—whatever it is—out of Jenny's hand?

Carter: I'm not taking any—

Curtis: Oh, yes you are! Come on, now! Hand it over.

Carter: You—you—

Curtis: That's better. Well, what do you know? A fraternity pin!

Mack: A fraternity pin! Jenny must have gone through college, too.

Curtis: What does it mean, Carter? (Continued inside back cover.)

Curtis: I came here to get some letters that my employer wrote to Jenny.

Andes: Letters?

Curtis: Yes, she was going to shake him down, too. And while I was waiting outside—I heard plenty—and I saw plenty!

Dorothy: You saw—?

Curtis: A game of darts, Miss Mears—you were all pretty good at it, too. Well, Jenny was killed with a dart. You can see it here in the base of her skull.

Andes: But that doesn't mean it was thrown there!

Curtis: Oh, doesn't it? Take a look.

Andes: Eh?

Curtis: If that dart had been held in someone's hand, and used like a dagger, the feathers would be crushed?

Andes: Ye-es.

Curtis: But these feathers aren't crushed. They stand out, untouched and unbroken. Ladies and gentlemen—that dart was thrown!

Mack: So what?

Dorothy: Yes, Mr. Curtis—what does that prove?

Curtis: Which of you was best at the game? Who was the expert?

Curtis: Nobody wants the honour, eh?

Vayne: You have the honour, my dear boy—

Curtis: What?

Vayne:—the honour of being the best detective here.

Curtis: Oh, thank you, sir. Just as good as they have back in Boston, right?

Vayne: Every bit.

Curtis: It's too bad you had to walk into this. This girl, Jenny—and nobody to mourn her except that poor kid upstairs—and the killer tried to get her, too—or maybe—you, maid!

Carter: My name's Carter.

Curtis: You're taking it hard, Carter?

Carter: Well, can't a person be sorry?