

Deaths BRIGHT DIAMONDS

THE STORY: Cass Hopes of the local police force stops by to investigate the lights at the Hedges. He is surprised to find the Hudson party there, saying he has suspected proviers on the case for some time. He shows a bullet hole in his hat from the night before. After he leaves, Charley announces that he had sold some only last afternoon who was staying at the house.

THE SILENCER

XIII

THAT coffee was inordinately strong. I had had three cups of it and I had worn a path on the bedroom rug from the bed to the window. The rain beat diamally on the roof of the north wing below, and I could see the beam of the Juniper Hill air beacon as it flashed across the sky.

I found a book on the bureau: The Case of the Hanging Corpse. It was one of those swift-moving affairs that trusted little to the patience of the reader, and on the first page a brunette clad in white satin swung gently to and fro from a chandelier with a corded bell-pull knotted neatly about her throat. I closed the book and turned out my light.

I lay on my back and I was thinking about a day 20 years ago. A bright, sunny day and with the foliage thick and green and the checkered shadows of the maples dappling the streets. I had got into a fight with Bernard Spiegel solely because he was German. The bitterness of the first World War was still very close to us. I was flailing away vigorously but ineffectually when my father came along and stopped the fight.

The war, he had explained, was over. People should not hate one another. They should love one another. There would never again be wars such as the last war. Certainly if the war had taught us anything, it had taught us that.

Right there is where I stopped my dreaming. Because of the pal-

pable falsity of that last statement I opened my eyes. Something was wrong. Across the floor of my bedroom was a symmetrical line of pale yellow that didn't belong there. It ran diagonally away from the door and made a broadening pillar on the carpet. Someone was softly opening the door of my room. I saw his shadow darkening the doorway. Then with a movement so swift and silent that it seemed unreal, the figure was in the room and had closed the door behind him.

A FLASHLIGHT beam licked along the wall. I lay still as a shroud. Straining my eyes against the curtain of blackness, I sucked in my breath. But my nerve-taut body craved action. My cigaret-lighter stood on the table at the head of my bed. I reached out, seized it, and hurled it straight through the upper panes of the open window. The shattering glass ripped into the silence. I heaved myself off the bed. There was the soft wham of a silencer and the swift "blup" of a bullet into the plaster.

Then I got a fistful of coat and dragged the man close, groping for his gun-hand. Immediately I found myself on the floor with a hard thick forearm clamped around my windpipe. Pain seared my brain. Golden pinwheels spun before my eyes.

Dreamily, on the fringe of consciousness, I waited for the man to shoot. I began to wish he would. My lungs ballooned against my ribs and black misery swamped my senses. I went limp; the forearm relaxed slightly; and with a sudden upward thrust, I malleted the man's chin with the back of my head. I whirled, got a bar on my arm, my fingers slithering over the barrel of the gun. Savagely I yanked downward. Fear and anger lent me strength and I took up another notch. There was a sudden

grunt of pain and the pistol came loose in my hand. I rolled clear and saw his shadow in the doorway. He looked big and that's all I saw. An excellent target, but I did not shoot. I know by now how ready a man must be to kill, yet I could not bring myself to it. Then he was gone.

IN the corridor, the door to the adjoining room was open. I saw the curtains fluttering inward from an open window. Outside there was nothing but an easy drop to an out-of-the-way man's height from the ground, blue shadows in the darkness, and in the sky a placid, beautiful, but quite unimpassioned moon, which had appeared after the rain.

I went back to my room, put on my robe and slippers and kicked the broken glass into a corner. I turned out my light again, tilted a chair against the wall facing the door, took out my cigarettes, and laid the pistol on my knee. Smoking in the darkness is not much fun, but it helps to keep you awake. And I did stay awake through three cigarettes, but my thinking was very muddy. Only one clear thought shone beacon-like in my brain: whoever had entered my room had an implacable enemy in Nicholas Trent and it's an unconscionably long and lazy worm that never turns. With this consoling thought I fell asleep.

When I awoke, the sun was shining and there was the odor of rain and rain-washed earth. I was back in bed, although I didn't remember lying down. And I should have thought last night was a dream, if I hadn't been clutching the pistol. I liked the feeling of it. I examined it. The layman gets little information about the ownership of a pistol from staring at its exterior. It was an unlovely thing with a silencer bulking over the chamber.

I found the bullet in the plaster to the left of the bed, and I dug it out with my knife. It was a very ugly and lethal-looking slug, and I think it would have made a quite untidy hole in my chest.

(To Be Continued)

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



Boots and Her Buddies



Freckles and His Friends



Red Ryder



Wash Tubbs



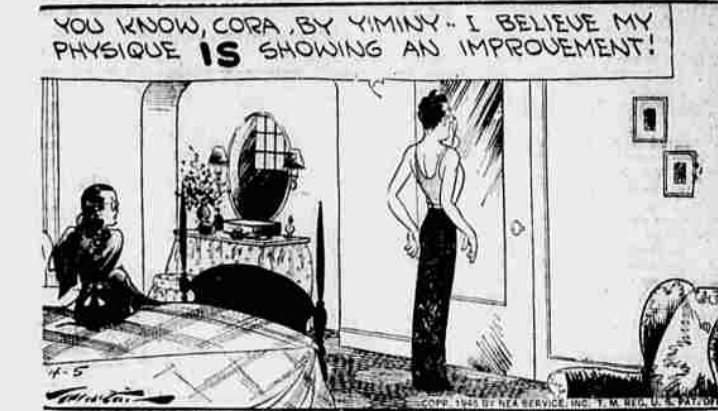
Alley Oop



Out Our Way



By Edgar Martin



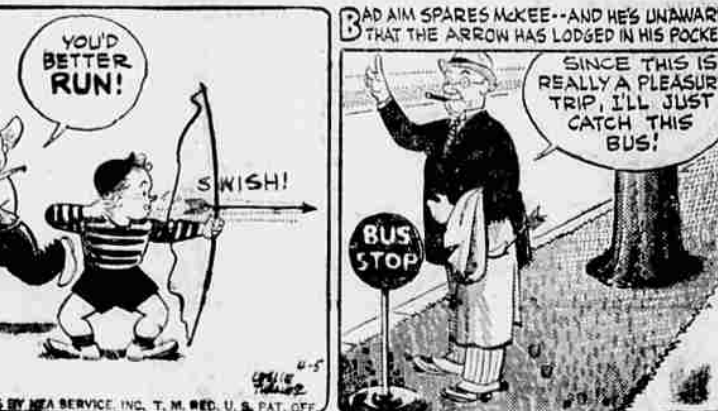
Merrill Blosser



Fred Harman



By Leslie Turner



By V. T. Hamlin



Roman Sandals



By MRS. ANNE CABOT

They are crocheted in scarlet cotton yarn. Use any other color you prefer if you are matching house slacks or shorts. Sole is thick, comfortable and has a double wedged heel. Dandy for summer.

To obtain complete crocheting instructions for the Roman Sandals pattern No. 5868, sizes small, medium and large included, send 15 cents in coin, plus 1 cent postage, your name, address and the pattern number to Anne Cabot, La Grande Evening Observer.

709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

Continued From Page 2

Even though many of them have little sympathy for the Petrillo-Lewis methods, labor leaders see in the Bailey bill far more danger than appears on the surface. For if the bill becomes law, it will knock out not only Petrillo royalty set-ups, but also numerous negotiated agreements whereby employers agree to pay a small portion of their payroll into health funds jointly administered by the union and the employer.

These are used to pay sickness and accident benefits, medical costs and death benefits for employees, and more and more employers are agreeing to include contributions to these funds in their contracts with the unions. There have been no complaints about these funds, but they will be illegal if the Bailey bill becomes law.

GI Joe's Rights

Best book telling war veterans what their rights are in words of one syllable has just been written by Corporal Max Novak, editor of Yank magazine's "What's Your Problem?" department. Novak, the GI Joe's legal eagle, became thoroughly disgusted with the way discharged veterans are taking a beating on their veterans' rights through sheer ignorance, and so sat down and wrote a book, "How To Cash In On Your Discharge Benefits."

BIG SICK LIST

It has been estimated that between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 persons in the United States would be found ill, if a survey were conducted at any given time.

Early Statesman

HORIZONTAL	VERTICAL
1 Pictured early U.S. diplomat, Benjamin	2 Rupees (ab.)
3 South Carolina (ab.)	3 Airplane
4 Succession	4 National Recovery Administration (ab.)
5 Lute	5 Equipment
6 Buret	6 For fear that
7 Rosteria	7 Exists
8 Be seated	8 Shop
9 Fruit	9 Eccentric wheel
10 Rag	11 River (slet)
12 Either	12 Direct
13 Thus	14 Imperious
14 Symbol for sodium	16 He was an early U.S.
15 Daybreak (comb form)	
16 Lariat	
17 Fixed look	
18 Legal point	
19 Merry	
20 Air raid alarm	
21 Treatise	
22 Id est (ab.)	
23 Symbol for iron	
24 Ream (ab.)	
25 Myself	
26 Animals	
27 Indians	
28 Relative (ab.)	
29 One who mimics	
30 Convent worker	
31 Symbol for tin	
32 Experiments	
33 North Dakota (ab.)	
34 Artists	

Answer to Previous Puzzle

UPON THE WALL OF THE GREAT HALL OF THE WHITE HOUSE, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, GEORGE WASHINGTON, WAS SEEN TO BE THE FIRST OF A LINE OF GREAT MEN WHO WERE TO FOLLOW HIM.

1 Pinnacle 36 Affirmative
2 Toastmaster 42 Male
3 Replies 43 Hindu garment
4 Fish eggs 44 Shield bearing
5 100 square meters 45 Weapon
6 Paid notices 46 Metal fastener
7 Be sick 48 Dine
8 Looks askance 49 Tantalum
9 Rectify 53 Senior (ab.)

Classic



By SUE BURNETT

A perennial favorite in every wardrobe—the beloved shirt-waist is simple to make—this week's ABC special.

Pattern No. 8792 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16, short sleeves, requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material; 3½ yards 39-inch.

For this pattern, send 20 cents, in coin, your name, address, size desired, and the pattern number to Sue Burnett, La Grande Evening Observer, 709 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif.

Official Records

Water turned off, April 4: James W. Ruth, 1208 Y avenue; E. L. Thurston, 908 Third street. Water turned on: Bea Bayless, 206 Box Elder street; Loren Turner, 1610 Oak street; George Hyster, 1509 Madison street; E. L. Thurston, 904 Third street; Harry E. Miller, 2201 Jefferson street.

Hold Everything



He used to be a cartoonist.