

Born of the Storm

By SIDNEY B. CARTER

(Chapter 28)
 "I don't want to take your girlfriend in," Inspector Duffy was saying in exasperation. "It's no pleasure to me. But, can't you see the picture? Here's a babe whose husband's mean as hell to her. She hates him. He's sick now. He can't make a living for her. He's in love with another guy—that's you. Well, one night three witnesses—three, mind you—see her standing over her husband's dead body with a bloody knife in her hand..."

There was a sharp, and slightly profane, exclamation from Dennis. "Well," said Duffy, with a shrug in his voice, "what do you think we are down at headquarters, dumb-bells?" Dennis indicated that that was what he thought.

Priscilla spent a bad night in jail. As she left the house with Inspector Duffy, there had been moments of crying, confusion, dumb-bells. Priscilla felt sorry for Viola at that moment. Daniel had been a good husband up to now, but that mean streak that seemed to run through the Kenne made it hazardous for her mixed up with them in any way. Even Pop—what had Inspector Duffy said? Three witnesses. That must mean that Pop and Dora, too, as well as Mrs. Kent, had made their statements against Priscilla.

The young girl had her chance to make a statement of her own when she reached headquarters, but after a moment's hesitation, she declined. For one wild moment she wanted to lash out at them, tell them the truth, try to make them see how it was, but common sense told her not to. She must trust Dennis to do her talking for her. She must.

There was nothing much in the cell, just a cot. A barred shaft of May sunlight slanted in. Priscilla lay down on the cot and let the tears come. There was no one to see her. Why not cry. The condemned woman had a good cry.

She thought about the two mysterious men who brought Kenneth home. Who were they? Wouldn't the police make any attempt to find them? Maybe they were criminals, she thought. Maybe Kenneth had got mixed up in something really bad in San Francisco. But, even so, why should either of them want to kill him? Why? Why? Her mind, like her footsteps, went round and round. There was no way out.

Priscilla tossed on her prison cot that night. Dennis! Dennis! Why did I leave you and go back to Kenneth? Why? Kenneth, even in death had brought trouble to her. No sleep came until toward dawn, when she fell into a deep and troubled slumber.

"Get up," said the matron's voice. Priscilla opened her eyes. "Here's your clothes," Priscilla sat up and looked at the suitcase the matron was handing her. It was not here, it was Gertrude's. She opened it and looked inside. It contained some clothes she had left at her old home. The matron turned the lock on the cell and looked at Priscilla curiously for a moment through the bars. "A little girl brought them," she said.

Priscilla almost chuckled as she pictured the scene in the Hayden household when Gertrude bought in and took the clothes. She wondered how her mother and Lorraine had taken the news of her arrest... an accused murderer. The thought sobered her. There was nothing to chuckle over. But she felt a sense of warmth, nevertheless, in knowing that she had a friend like Gertrude. She wondered why Gertrude had not gone to the Kent home, but perhaps the police wouldn't let her. Perhaps they wouldn't let anything be taken out, even clothes.

Druse must have brought the suitcase, she surmised. She almost cried again when she thought of her little sister. It had been such a long time since she had seen her.

Priscilla dressed herself as best she could in a faded blue dress, and there was a clean white pique collar to wear with it. When she walked into the Judge's Chambers at nine o'clock, no one could have told that she had spent the night in jail.

Everyone was there... except Pop. He must have a heart attack after I left last night, Priscilla thought.

Priscilla sat down. The Judge had not entered as yet, and so they waited in silence. Mrs. Kent, Viola, and Daniel opposite Priscilla as if lined up against her. But Priscilla and Daniel aren't against me. Priscilla thought, a hint of hysteria flaring again. They can't be. And yet what difference did it make whether they were or weren't? They weren't witnesses. Priscilla's eyes fell hopefully on Dora who sat pigeon-toed, staring at her feet. Perhaps, Dora... but there could be no hope there, either. Dora was too stupid... Mrs. Kent fixed her eyes on Priscilla and glared malevolently.

Everyone stood up when the Judge came in and then, before Priscilla realized the hearing had started, it was over. Dennis stated that his client pleaded "Not guilty." The Judge set her bail at \$25,000 and her trial for next week, May 28th. Nine o'clock. That's all there was to it. There was no talk of violence nor capacity for violence.

Of a gaping wound and blood on an innocent head. There was nothing. Priscilla, dispatched to her cell, sat down on the cot and waited for May 28th... nine o'clock. (To Be Continued)

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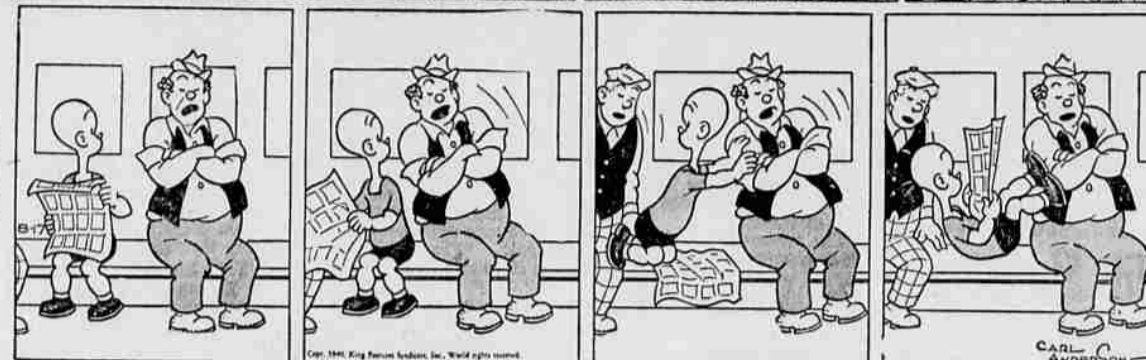
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RADIO PROGRAMS

WEDNESDAY—P.M.

KSLM	1390	KGW	420	KOCO	440	KOIN	870
MBC	NBC	NBC	NBC	NBC	NBC	NBC	NBC
5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00	5:00
5:15	5:15	5:15	5:15	5:15	5:15	5:15	5:15
5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30	5:30
5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45	5:45
6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00
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7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00	7:00
7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15	7:15
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11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45
12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00

THURSDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00
6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15	6:15
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6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
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7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45	7:45
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11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45	11:45
12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00

DIAL LISTINGS: KEX, 1190; KOAC, 550

KEX Wednesday P.M.—5:00, Nautral Cases; 5:30, Sky King; 6:00, Keep News; 6:15, Dinner; 6:30, Headlines in Character; 6:45, Guest Star; 7:00, Farmers' Union; 7:15, Evening Farm; 7:30, Stars in the Night; 8:00, Steel Pier; 8:30, One for the Book; 9:00, Highfield Reporter; 9:15, Intermex; 9:30, Coast to Coast; 9:45, News; 10:00, Xtra Hour; 1:00, Sign Off.

KOAC Wednesday P.M.—5:00, On the Road; 5:15, Dinner; 5:30, Headlines in Character; 6:15, Guest Star; 7:00, Farmers' Union; 7:15, Evening Farm; 7:30, Stars in the Night; 8:00, Steel Pier; 8:30, One for the Book; 9:00, Highfield Reporter; 9:15, Intermex; 9:30, Coast to Coast; 9:45, News; 10:00, Xtra Hour; 1:00, Sign Off.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Football position
2. Mother of Ishmael
3. Charcoal
4. Livestock
5. Plant of the tropics
6. Family name
7. Liqueur
8. Footlike part
9. Force air
10. Indolent insect
11. One
12. Yellow ocher
13. Reverent fear
14. Point
15. Small boat
16. Uncertain
17. Doves in flight
18. Ripped
19. Football position
20. Internal fruit decay
21. Forward
22. Mineral spring
23. Always poetic
24. Metric land measure
25. Cluster of
26. Heron
27. Babylonian
28. Small body of water
29. Indefinitely
30. Yellow ocher
31. Reverent fear
32. Point
33. Head-dress
34. Uncertain
35. Doves in flight
36. Ripped
37. Abandons

DOWN

1. Water chestnut
2. The lady from Troy
3. Epic poem
4. Exist
5. Toward
6. Uniformly
7. City in Nevada
8. Exclamation
9. Wing
10. Large poison-ous insect
11. One who exact satisfaction
12. The back
13. The game
14. Title of a knight
15. First even number
16. Varieties
17. Comes in Lowland
18. The common monkhood
19. Beginning
20. Netherlands commune
21. Tatters
22. Insect with two pairs of soft wings
23. Allow
24. Concerning
25. Steps of a ladder
26. Plan of a town site
27. Tall coarse grass stem
28. Mohammedan noble variant
29. Before
30. Poem
31. Like
32. Ourselves

ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

YOU SHOULDN'T SQUAWK ABOUT YOUR ROOM IN THE ANNEX! THE WALLS OF ANY ROOM ARE THE COAT OF PAINT ON KITE PAPER, AND I DON'T KNOW IF THE GUY IN THE NEXT ROOM IS SLEEPING OR HAS AN OUTBOARD MOTOR CLAMPED ON HIS BED!

MY ROOM IS SO SMALL AND NARROW A DACHSHUND WOULD HAVE TO TUG HIS TAIL UP AND DOWN! THE WINDOOP OPENS OVER THE KITCHEN AN I CAN INHALE MY MEALS!

YOU'RE SET UP CHOICE LINK...



R2708

Panoses and Mimosa