

The Ptomaine Canary

AP-Newsfeatures

By HELEN TRAUBEL

(SYNOPSIS: BRUNHILDE WAGNER, brilliant star of the Met, and her husband, BILL WAGNER, invite the nation's top mystery story writers to their home after a performance. Also present are the Met's conductor, OTTO FURST, and his former wife, LILY, Brunhilde's best friend. There Brunhilde, a devoted detective-story fan, confides to the assembled authors that she has written a mystery story. Then she shows off her pet canary, Galli-Cucchi, which performs a trick of depositing a single birdseed on the lips of each guest. Otto Furst, upon receiving his seed from Galli, becomes violently ill and leaves the room.)

Chapter 4
At the conclusion of the performance, Brunhilde returned the canary to its cage and closed the door, frowning in it.
By now the beverage supply had become depleted and the guests were showing signs of wear. But a mass exodus was not what Brunhilde had in mind. She preferred to convey each guest separately.



Mrs Helen Traubel, eminent writer and singer, practices what she preaches. "Cherchez fingerprints," she advises, "never mind femmes."

"Did you notice the French pool?" Brunhilde asked him.
He had.
"What a cute necktie?"
It was.
"Her name is Zita. She belongs to a friend of ours who is away on vacation. We're taking care of her for him. He has a simply spectacular apartment on the next floor. I want you to see it."
He followed her up a flight of stairs. Brunhilde had the key ready. When she opened the door a wave of shimmering heat engulfed them. The singer nudged Mr. Stout over the threshold. All the windows were closed, the radiators turned on, and several electric heaters going full blast. The temperature was high enough to wilt a tropical cactus. Its effect upon the eminent author was instantaneous. He closed his eyes and spiraled very slowly to the floor. For a moment Brunhilde inspected the horizontal figure, completely uncomcerned.

Then came the detonation. Her laugh echoed and rolled around the room, the same laugh that had convulsed radio audiences from coast to coast. The seizure finally subsided, leaving her weak but happy. She sighed, went out, closed the door, and returned to her own apartment.

This identical performance was mounted and staged with only slight variations for each of the novelists. Ellery Queen, Agatha Christie, O. Patrick, John Dickson Carr, all of them wound up, three deep, dead to the world.
Alone at last with her husband Brunhilde stretched and relaxed. It had been a wonderful evening, she said. Nothing in her manner hinted at what had taken place in the apartment above.
"What a night!" Bill said. "I'm tired, really bushed."
"Nevertheless, I think you ought to walk Zita before retiring."
Acting as a valet for a French poolie in a job few men relish. But since it was therapeutically unavoidable, Bill reached for his hat

with resignation, got a leash on Zita, and descended to the street. Like most dogs, Zita had considerable difficulty reaching a decision. It was while he stood patiently on the pavement that Bill Wagner heard the scream and instinctively recognized its source.
Back in the apartment, many floors above him, Brunhilde, about to enter the bathroom, was greeted by a sight that congealed the blood in her veins and impaled her to the floor, pop-eyed with fright.
Mr. Otto Furst, the famous conductor, lay crumpled on the white tiles, quite unmistakably dead. About that there was no doubt. It had not been an easy death and his face was twisted like a cruller.

The sight paralyzed every muscle except those which control articulation. How many decades went into Brunhilde's scream no one will ever know. The mechanical instruments that measure sound were not at the moment available. Backed by some twenty years spent in developing her lungs, larynx, and diaphragm, and strengthened by countless Wagnerian cries it was a most awe-inspiring sound, honest bursters as far away as Hooker awakened in a cold sweat. The sudden and violent agitation of the seismograph at Fordham University threw two undergraduate scientists into a dither of excitement. For the first time in operatic history, a dramatic soprano hit an F above high C, sending a coloratura on Staten Island green with envy. Telephone cables began pouring in to police headquarters.

Zita stopped what she was doing and then suddenly went skidding along the sidewalk as Bill plunged for the building entrance, taking off like Citation breaking the barrier at Belmont.

Despite his shattered nerves the elevator boy managed to get his car to the proper floor.
Bill found Brunhilde at the entrance to the bathroom, her eyes rigidly fixed on the corpse, her face devoid of color.
"My God!" Bill's voice was a hoarse whisper. "What happened?"
"—I don't know," Brunhilde swallowed with considerable difficulty. "I just found him here like this. Is he dead?"
"Of course he's dead, look at him."

"Well don't just stand there. Give him an aspirin or something."
They stared at each other blankly. Bill shook his head, still dazed. His ears were still ringing. Suddenly his spine grew rigid and his face grew stiff with shock.
Brunhilde was alarmed. "What is it, Bill?"
"The others, those writer chaps." His voice was curiously strained.
"Where are they?"
"They went home. Why?"
"Don't you see? It was that birdseed. He came in here right after he swallowed it."
Brunhilde blanched. Her fingers clutched frantically at his sleeve.

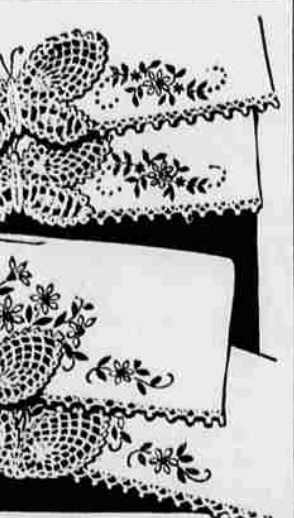
"Oh, no, Bill. It—it couldn't be."
"I hope not," he muttered fervently, thinking of newspaper headlines.

"Wholesale slaughter by Metropolitan Opera Star"
Brunhilde grasped the back of chair for support, steeled her lips between her teeth and waited, "What are we going to do?"
"We haven't any choice. We have to call the police."
(This is a fine kettle of fish, and highly suspicious. Brunhilde has been acting pretty strangely and she sure disliked Otto. Now Otto's dead. What if Brunhilde was suspected? Don't fail to find out what happened in tomorrow's installment of this unusual, soul-searching story of suspense by a lady with a pen who knows how to sing very well.)

Infants Baptised At Trinity Lutheran

Silverton — Rev. Joseph A. Luthro officiated during the Trinity Lutheran morning worship hour Sunday in the rites of Holy Baptism for two babies.

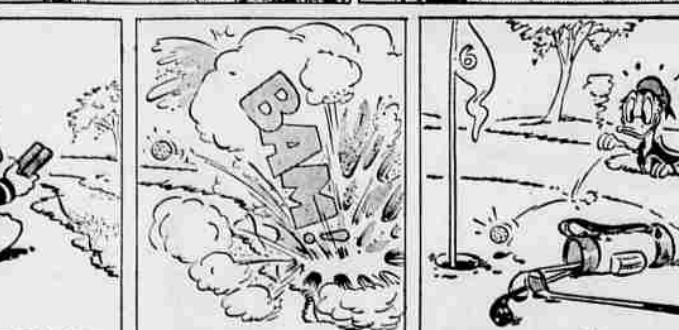
Carole Andrea Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Davis, with the parents and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Smith, sponsors; and James Everett Kallis, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Kallis, sponsors, the parents and Myrtle Svarvari and Delbert Svarvari. During the fellowship dinner hour at Trinity Lutheran church following the fellowship dinner hour, program numbers featured included vocal selections by Mrs. Ted Landsem and Max Holland, Mrs. Hal Moe, piano accompanist for both, an electric guitar number by Charles Christenson and an instructive talk concerning Alaskan conditions by Rev. Joseph A. Luthro pastor of the congregation.



R 2266

Lace and Embroidery—These dainty embroidered flowers on gift and guest room linens are pretty—but the addition of the handmade lace makes them perfectly beautiful. Pattern Envelope No. R 2266 contains crocheting instructions, hot-iron transfer for embroidery, stitch

illustrations, material requirements and finishing directions.
To obtain this pattern, send 20c in COINS, giving pattern number, your name, address and zone number to Peggy Roberts, Capital Journal, 829 Mission Street, San Francisco 3, Calif.



RADIO PROGRAMS				
THURSDAY--P. M.				
KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00	8:00
8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30	8:30
9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00	9:00
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11:30	11:30	11:30	11:30	11:30
12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00	12:00

FM Mtx. KGW 100.3, 5-10 p.m. KOIN 101.1, 4 a.m. to 12 p.m., KEX 92.1, 9 to 9 p.m.

FRIDAY--6 A. M. TO 4:45 P. M.

6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00	6:00
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6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45	6:45
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7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30	7:30
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3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45	3:45
4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00	4:00
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4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30	4:30
4:45	4:45	4:45	4:45	4:45

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550

KOAC Thursday P.M. — 5:00, Children's Theater; 5:15, On the Opera; 5:30, 5:50, News; 6:00, 6:15, Dinner Melodias; 6:30, Round Corners; 7:00, Headlines in Chemistry; 7:15, Evening News Hour; 8, Friday Times; 8:15, OSC Library; 8:30, Val News; 8:45, News; 9:00, News; 9:15, Music of the Masters; 9:45, Evening Meditations; 10:00, Sign Off.

KOAC Friday A.M.—10:00, News and Weather; 10:15, Specialty for Women; 11:00, School of Air; 11:15, Concert Hall; 12:00, News; 12:15, Noon Farm Hour; 1:00, Ride 'em Cowboys; 1:15, School of Air; 1:30, Public Health; 1:45, Melody; 2:00, News; 2:15, Clubwomen's Half Hour; 2:30, Memory Book of Music; 2:45, UNESCO; 3:00, News; 3:15, Music of the Masters; 3:45, News; 4:00, News; 4:15, Favorite Hymns.

Bridge Club Guest—Independence — Mrs. Elmer Addison entertained the members of the Wednesday Bridge club in her home, as they met there for a 7 o'clock supper. Mrs. Gordon Hadley was a guest of the club. Mrs. Melford Nelson and Mrs. Erma Cooper won the high scores for the evening of bridge. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Ivy Thomas.

Canadians Are Feted—Silverton — Mrs. Harry Ragon entertained at afternoon tea for her house guests from Canada at her Broadway home with Mrs. Isaac Olson, Mrs. John Magee, Mrs. E. Jekells, Mrs. Sherman Davis, Mrs. Harry C. Schmidt and Mrs. Ed Holden invited to meet Mrs. R. M. Bacon and Mrs. Mureol Fort-Saukatchewan.

Crossword Puzzle

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55

1. Metal
2. Wine cask
3. Auto stopping place
4. Roman date
5. Endure
6. Sunken fence
7. Comparative
8. Any plant of the iris family
9. Love to excess
10. Pertaining to grandparents
11. American Indian
12. Rumiant animal
13. Settled appearance
14. Greek letter
15. Flowering plant
16. Polyanthous commune
17. Continent: abbr.
18. Neighborhood gathering
19. Make a mistake
20. Near
21. Vibrant
22. Hall bird
23. Thin and vibrant
24. Toward the settling sun
25. White-out jar
26. Gutter
27. Set three
28. Article of apparel
29. Periodic motion for use
30. Gear tooth

Room and Board

By Gene Ahern

WHEE-O-O-O
I'M ABSOLUTELY GIDDY WITH AMAZEMENT OVER THE MYSTIC POWER OF "MORTON THE MOUSE"

"MORTON'S CHOICE TODAY WAS NUMBER 10 IN THE 8TH RACE AT HANDEL PARK AND JUNKLE BEAT WENT OVER AND BET \$30 FOR ME... THE HORSE, "DIVER'S BOOTS" WON BY A NECK AND PAID ME \$ 98."

EGAD, IF THIS IS ALL A DREAM, I HOPE IT'S JUST MY FIRST HOUR IN SLEEP!

"MORTON" PAYS OFF LIKE ALADDIN'S LAMP

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