

To Kiss, or Kill

By DAY KEENE

CHAPTER 9 Mandell stood where he was a moment longer, then walked down the hall to the steel door opening on the fire well. He was in too deep now to turn back. On the fourth-floor landing Mandell paused, remembering that the killer had fled down the fire well. He walked on more slowly. He had nothing to fear from the killer. Or had he? He looked at the expensive watch he'd bought after his fight with Gus Lesnevich. The man had been gone for ten minutes. He opened the fire door into the foyer. A uniformed starter was changing a name in the directory on the wall. He nodded when he saw Mandell. "Good morning," Mandell answered. He started to take his hand out of his pocket and remembered just in time. "Say, I wonder if you'd tell me something..." "What?" the starter asked. "Did a guy come out of the fire door a few minutes ago?" The starter shook his head. "I wouldn't know mister. I just this minute came on duty." He really looked at Mandell for the first time. "You a tenant of this building?" Mandell shook his head. "No. He was sorry he'd stopped to talk to the starter. Now he'd arouse the man's suspicions. The man was looking at him, puzzled. The starter walked down the foyer after him. "Say you." Mandell nudged the glass door open and walked rapidly north on Wells Street. A quarter block from the doorway, he looked back. The starter was standing on the walk, looking after him. Mandell walked on even faster. It might be fifteen minutes before Mr. Curtis was found. It might be an hour. It might be five hours. When he was found, the police would pick him up again, but until then he would be with Gale. He passed the Palace Theatre and waited for the light to change on the corner of La Salle Street. When the light turned green, he walked on with the crowd, and a sudden gust of wind tugged his expensive, two-year-old-hat from his head. Mandell grabbed for it and missed. A man walking west

tried to stop it. The man behind him caught it and picked it up. A stolid, unsmiling man, he automatically brushed it with his sleeve. Then as if suddenly frightened, he pushed the fawn-colored hat into Mandell's extended hand and hurried on, alternately looking back over his shoulder and down at the sticky substance on his fingers. The mandell stood rooted to the pavement, looking at his hat, ignoring the jostling crowd around him. Part of the hat's underbrim was smeared with blood as the sleeve of his topcoat. But it hadn't been blood that had puzzled the starter. It hadn't been blood that had frightened the man who picked up his hat. There were two neat round holes punched in the crown. Bullet holes. The light changed from green to red. Car horns blaring in his ears, Mandell walked on to the curb. The blood was easily explained. The blood belonged to Mr. Curtis. But how explain the two bullet holes? A new fear nagged at Mandell's tired mind. Had the killer been snooting at him or at Mr. Curtis? Which one of them had the man in the doorway meant to kill? At whom had the man been shooting? Outside of Mr. Curtis' shouting, "Down! Hit the floor, Barney!" no words had been spoken. There had been only the click of the light switch and the burst of the two bullets. But the two shots that had punched holes through the crown of his hat hadn't been fired at Mr. Curtis. Mr. Curtis had been standing in front of the window, near the file case, on the far side of the room. Mandell looked across the street at the window of his hotel, the hotel where Gale was waiting, back of one of the closed windows. He felt suddenly drained and cheated. He couldn't go to Gale. When Gale saw the blood on his topcoat and the bullet in his hat, she would ask more questions than the police. He felt in his pocket for a cigarette and found he had none. He had no cigarettes and no money. After all the thousands of dollars he'd made, he couldn't even buy a package of cigarettes, a cup of coffee. He walked on, scanning the store fronts. A few doors south of Chicago Avenue he found a pawnshop open. Mandell slipped his watch from his wrist and laid it on a purple velvet pad on the counter. "I'd like five hundred on the watch." "That's a lot of money," the jeweler said. He screwed a jeweler's glass in his eye and pried off the back of the watch. The pawnshop was warm and smelled like a pawnshop. Mandell shifted his topcoat to his other arm. "I paid two thousand dollars for it. There are six diamonds in the dial."

HOW TO CATCH A MAN! Be at your best Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Freshens mouth—sweetens breath. Chewing helps keep teeth bright. Keep a package handy. Refreshing, Delicious

ROOM & BOARD By Ahren AFTER THE GOLF BALL LANDS IN DEEP GRASS AND THE CHEMICAL ON IT STARTS SENDING UP SMOKE, WON'T IT ALSO SET THE GRASS ON FIRE?...LOTS OF TIMES IT'S DRY! ...BESIDES TOTTING A GOLF BAG THE CADDY WILL HAVE TO CARRY A FIRE EXTINGUISHER! HMP... THINK I'D BE STUPID ENOUGH TO USE A COMBUSTIBLE CHEMICAL?...FAW... IT WILL BE A NON-INFLAMMABLE SUBSTANCE THAT GIVE OFF A SMOKE-LIKE VAPOR EITHER ORANGE OR RED IN COLOR! OF COURSE IT'S FIREPROOF

Crossword Puzzle TAP ABUTS LEA ODE RIVAL ILL WON ADAGE ELL SALE ADAGIO SLID SOL NEST PAVES WOLD AWE HINGE MEW DYNE TRIPLE MATE ERN ERIP OPENER ASEA RAP STRIP GAP ACE STEVE FEE LEE KASD ERE Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle 1. Legume 2. Station abbr. 3. Punny 4. Happen again 5. Corrode 6. Yells 7. Variety of chaldeony fragments 8. Heated chamber 9. Null of tobacco 10. Accumulate 11. Short 12. Literary fragments 13. American author 14. Requir 15. Silkworm 16. Melody 17. Beverly 18. This 19. Of greatest height 20. Adam's wife 21. Unhappy 22. Stalk 23. Stalk 24. Parts of the ears 25. Toughen by use 26. Brink 27. Little child 28. Pieces of baked stov 29. Rainbow 30. And not 31. Carpenter's 32. Girl's name 33. Total

STEVE ROPER LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY ROOM WITH SOME BOOKS IN IT. SOPER/I GUESS LUIGER LOUIE JUST HAD A WHACKY HABIT OF USING BOOKPLATES FOR CALLING CARDS! HIS TASTE SEEMED TO RUN TO MORRISSES INVESTOR/... HAH! THIS FEELS LIKE REAL HEAVY READING! WELL, I'LL BE A...

POGO "Mole on 'Whiskers' must be displaced... poison might work..." "PROOF, DEACON, THE FIRST OF US TO STICKIN' TO GETHER AN' IS AN' REWARDIN' 'EM BOTH..." "THEY AINT GONE SCARED NOBODY IF NOBODY LISTENS AT 'EM— AN' THEY IS GOT PRTY DOGGON HARD TO LISTEN TO. DULL IS AS DULL DO."

ORPHAN ANNIE "YEAH, ANNIE— WE GOT A PROBLEM WITH CINDY..." "HER FULL FIRST NAME IS CINDERELLA..." "HMM— MAYBE WE GOT AN OTHER, LET'S COPE W/ 'EM, ANNIE?" "WHY NOT? BUT HOW?" "TH' MORN' A GUY— FOR LIFE, SEEMS AS HOW— SHE DREAMS— IF DREAMS CAN COME TRUE— GREAT— BUT— BUT NOTHING, KIT— THE GUY TO BRINGS THAT DISOBEDIENT LIT BRAT UP PROPER!"

LIL ABNER "OH, THANK YOU, CECIL. B. DE MILDREW, FO' BEAN SPORT ENUFF TO MARRY ME. AN' I WANT TO MAKE YOU NOT REGRET IT!" "AN' I'LL TAKE TH' RISK—" "BUT THAT'S GOTTA BE SOME CHANGES MADE. JUST OUT GOES THIS PITCHER. IT ANNOYS ME. IFF." "Y-YO! WON'T BE ANNOYED BY NO SUCH PITCHERS NO MORE, MR. DE MILDREW. DEAR, IT WERE THE GUY, GUY! ONE EVER TOOK OF HIM—" "AN' AN BRANG A LIT. PRESENT FO' THE BABY—" "A RAZOR STRAP? BUT, IF HE'S A BOY, HE WON'T BE READY TO SHAVE FO' 7 OR 8 YEARS— AN' IF HE'S A GAL, IT'LL TAKE EVEN LONGER!" "THIS AIN'T FO' SHAVIN'— IT'S TO BRINGS THAT DISOBEDIENT LIT BRAT UP PROPER!" "OR, HEVVIN' HELP THAT PORE CHILE'S UNBORN LIDLE!"

HOPALONG CASSIDY "ADIGAL FOGG KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE FREE CATTLE TRAIL LEADIN' INTO BUCKSKIN. SHE WANTED TO GET RICH BY FORGIN' TH' RANCHERS INTO SHIPPIN' THEIR HEEDS TO CATTLE FEERY, SO SHE BOUGHT UP THAT STRETCH OF WASTELAND AN' FLOOPEE IT." "WHEN SHE LEARNED YOU FILED CLAIM ON TH' OLD DEXTER NINE, SHE DOCTORED HER PROPERTY DEED TO INCLUDE THIS AREA, HOPIN' TO FORCE YOU INTO LINE." "YOU'D BETTER REMEMBER ALL THIS, MONK!" "YOU'RE GOING TO REPEAT IT TO THE SHERIFF!"

MUTT & JEFF "SIT DOWN, JEFF! YOU SAY YOU LOVE MY DAUGHTER!" "YES, SIR." "YOU KNOW MY DAUGHTER IS ACCUSTOMED TO HAVING THE BEST! SHE SPENDS \$100 A WEEK ON CLOTHES ALONE—" "I STILL LOVE HER, SIR!" "AND WOULD YOU LOVE MY DAUGHTER JUST AS MUCH IF SHE WERE POOR?" "ABSOLUTELY!" "THAT SETTLES THAT! YOU'RE OUT! WE DON'T WANT ANY FOOLS IN THE FAMILY!"

REX MORGAN, M. D. "GOOD MORNING, JUNE! HAVE A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!" "I COULDN'T HELP BUT THINK OF YOU! YOU'RE A VERY LONELY PERSON... IN SPITE OF HIS WEALTH, REX!" "HELLO! IS THIS CONVERSATION PRIVATE... OR CAN I JOIN IN?"

DONALD DUCK "LOOK, PAL, COSTS ARE UP. MY PRICE IS TWO BUCKS AN HOUR!" "OKAY, OKAY... GET YOUR BEARD AND GET STARTED." "SANDWICH BOARD ADVERTISING CO." "LOOK, PAL, LET'S GO!"

MARY WORTH "DANNING EEN THE GLAMMENT, ON THE BANNEE BANKS OF CLYDE..." "THAT ACCENT IS ABOUT AS SCOTCH AS GOULASH!" "YES— WHY DOES SUSSU HAVE SOMUCH PAPPY? LISA HAS ONLY A TOUCH AND YOU HAVE NONE." "PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND PALOMA COLLEGE RUBBED NINE OFF, MRS. WORTH— LISA AND SUSSU GREW UP ABROAD— AN' CONFIDENTIALLY, SUSSU ENJOYS BREAKING ENGLISH INTO BITSY PIECES!" "LEAVING, MR. DEXTER?" "YEAH!... BUT BEFORE I GO, FELIX— GET ME THE HOME ADDRESS OF THE PROCKEE SISTERS! I'M STILL CURIOUS TO KNOW IF MY TIERED OLD EYES WERE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!"

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SUNDAY Church of Christ of Alb Church in Home Church in Home Church in Home

Six Indicted, Abortion Case Oakland, Calif. (AP)—A grand jury indicted six persons here Wednesday on charges they conspired to fly women to Portland for abortions. Richard H. Chamberlain, chief assistant district attorney, said one of the persons indicted testified that she had taken about 25 women there in the past four years. He identified her as Miss Geraldine Aydelotte, 25, Oakland, a soda fountain worker. He said she testified she took the women to Dr. George H. Buck in Portland, paying him fees up to \$250 for abortions. He quoted her as saying she usually sat in his waiting room, but once watched him use instruments in an operation. He has been at odds with the State Board of Medical Examiners since 1936, when the board first tried to revoke his license on the ground he had performed an illegal operation. Record Flight for Transport Plane Los Angeles (AP)—A transport plane took off Thursday on a 5,700-mile nonstop flight to Paris, planned as the longest nonstop trip of a commercial airliner on record. Dudley Wright of the National Aeronautic Association witnessed the takeoff at 7:28 a.m. The four-engined Douglas DC-6B is to be delivered to the French line, Transports Aeriens Intercontinentaux. It is expected to land at Orly Field, Paris, about noon Friday. The planned great circle polar route was over Winnipeg, Man., Can., across Hudson's Bay and the southern tip of Greenland. JET PLANE CRASHES Tokyo (AP)—A U. S. Air Force F-94 Starfire jet crashed near Tushima Island between Japan and Korea Thursday on a patrol mission. The Air Force announced U. S. Navy ships and Japanese ships are searching for the pilot and radar operator of the jet. AIRMAN KILLED Tokyo (AP)—A former Ashland, Ore., airman was killed in Japan May 21 when he fell from a ladder leading to the C-124 Globemaster he was to pilot.