

The Creeping Man

by Frances Shelley Wees

YES, ERDAY Michael conceals the bloody handprint from Tuck and Bunny. The next morning they receive an invitation to bridge at the Deane's and decide it's a good opportunity to study their neighbors.

Chapter 10 Bridge Party

"MAYBE I'll know more—after the party tonight," said Michael. "There'll be someone there—Dr. McBain—he was assistant physiologist working under Murchison, you know. I think I can get the information I need out of him, but I've not been able to go to him before this I have reason to believe that he's shielded Murchison at other crises. I haven't wanted to arouse his suspicions."

"Michael!"
He turned to Bunny. "I suppose she'll trump ace tonight? Our ace?"

Tuck came back to earth. She stopped staring at him. "Now," she said briskly, "there's a point we've got to settle right here. We simply must not play at the same table. Of course, if we get started at the same table we can't help it for once, but we mustn't let it happen again."

"But how can we help it, lamb? It all depends on who wins and who doesn't."

"No, it doesn't. For instance, if you're at head table and Michael's at second table and he's winning, you must be sure to lose so that you'll go down to third. Bid five diamonds on nothing at all and get set. It's easy. That way we can watch all of them all of the time."

"We'll be extremely popular with our partners," Michael mentioned.

"Oh, just tell 'em we follow the Rockefeller contention. It'll be easy. One millionaire's as good as another."

"How'm I to know when Michael is winning?"

"We must be sure and let each other know. Airily, you know just pass it off."

"I muttered Michael over his coffee, "foresee a wonderful evening of bridge."

"With a murderer or -ess for a partner, Michael."

"Now, Mr. Forrester, you'll have to keep score," said Mrs. Deane at head table. "We're one man short tonight, and I think; men should always keep score because it's a mathematical process, and you're the only man at the table, so we'll just ask you to do it, please. Miss Lissey, I think you cut high; will you deal, please?"

"I hope you're comfortable, Mrs. Devoe," the hostess murmured to Miss Lissey's partner. The relationship between Mrs. Devoe and her son was obvious. They had the same full, bright brown eyes, the same ruddy veining in the cheeks, the same long chin and finely cut lips. Mrs. Devoe's hair had lost much of its brown, and was streaked with white now. She was very heavy and shapeless as she sagged against the big armchair. Heavy and shapeless, and with a certain air of untidiness not quite easy to define.

She answered Mrs. Deane in a flat, ugly, toneless voice, "I'm comfortable," she said. "Is it my bid?" She held her cards awkwardly.

"It's mine," Miss Lissey said shortly. "Two diamonds."

"Oh dear, I simply never know what that means," Mrs. Deane said unhappily to Michael, "so I might as well pass."

Mrs. Devoe lifted her head and gazed down at her cards under shielding lids with the far-sighted gaze of old age. "Pass," she said. "Pass," said Michael happily.

Miss Lissey snorted. "It's your lead," she said disgustedly to Mrs. Deane.

Michael had more trumps, it seemed, than Miss Lissey. He took the deciding trick. He said nothing.

Miss Lissey cut for Mrs. Deane with savage determination. "It's your deal," she said.

Mr. Deane

"THIS bidding is rather too high for me," said Mr. Deane, peering through his thick glasses. "Four spades, then," Tuck said. She didn't know whether or not he was looking at her, but his face was turned in her direction. It was almost as if he wore a mask.

Marie Murchison's hands were beautiful and soft against the dark cards. The fingers were soft and white, and the nails beautifully shined.

She shook her head prettily. Every trace of that other woman, that frightened, demoralized other woman who had stood at that door yesterday was gone.

"Gee," said Dr. McBain. This was the man Michael was going to question. He had worked with Dr. Murchison at the University. He ought to know something about him.

Mr. Deane turned his head from Tuck to Dr. McBain. "Did you bid on the spades first, Mr. Forrester?"

"No, Dr. McBain did, thank goodness. He has to play them." Dr. McBain, his legs too long for the confines of the card table, sat at an angle, his cards held

close, his profile turned to Tuck. His eyes were deep set, his mouth firm. He straightened himself and turned toward the table, taking his long briar from his mouth as he did so.

Mr. Deane handed an ash-tray across the table. "That means it's going to be a battle," he said to Tuck. "It would be well if you laid down a number of good cards for him."

There was something vaguely irritating in the little man's tone. "But I haven't got many good cards," Tuck cried in dismay, as she put down her hand. "I thought you had and I've only a little good suit. I'm sorry, partner."

He looked at her and smiled reassuringly. "I took my pipe out because it's gone out," he said. "Mr. Deane is trying to frighten you." Upon which he trumped Mr. Deane's ace and raked in the trick. Tuck watched his playing with fascinated eyes. He seemed to be playing quite erratically, leading all the wrong cards in and choosing the wrong ones from dummy, but the tricks fell regularly to him. His face did not change when he made a little slam.

Mrs. Deane was standing behind her husband's chair watching them. "Is that really a little slam in your first hand, Dr. McBain?" she asked. "It's a splendid beginning isn't it?"

Her husband moved restlessly in his chair. "It doesn't mean he'll make a good ending," he said with a faint hint of irritation.

McBain filled his pipe imperturbably and did not answer. Mrs. Murchison, as well as Tuck, had caught the undercurrent. "It was very good bridge," she said quickly.

Mrs. Deane was flushed. "It's nice of you to take it that way Mrs. Murchison. I'm sure you'll win next time. I do so hope you'll enjoy yourself. I'm sorry the Professor isn't here tonight because then I needn't play and the number would be even instead of some of you having to play with women sometimes."

Quite unconsciously Mrs. Deane was betraying the fact that she knew Mrs. Murchison would prefer to play opposite a man. Tuck smiled to herself, very discreetly. Mrs. Deane's voice was clear and it had carried to those at the other tables. Jared Devoe turned to answer her, since Mrs. Murchison seemed not to intend to.

"He would have enjoyed being here very much, Mrs. Deane."

Miss Lissey was cutting cards at head table, held them perfectly still.

It was old Mrs. Devoe who broke the tiny silence, in her level, uninflected tone. "If he were here tonight we should be thirteen," she said, and laughed a little.

Mrs. McBain

JARED DEVOE turned back to his own table. "So we should be thirteen," he repeated. "That would indeed be tragic." There was sarcasm in his tone.

"Aren't you superstitious, Mr. Devoe?" Bunny asked.

"As a matter of fact, I am. My work lies in archaeology, you know. One learns among ancient peoples that it is wise to err, perhaps on the side of superstition."

"I believe it's my bid, isn't it?" his partner asked quietly. Bunny turned her attention to Mr. McBain. She was very lovely, in a still, quiet way. Her beauty was perfect, Bunny decided. It did not occur to you the moment you looked at her, but it was there. She was tall and slender and graceful with very dark violet eyes and ash-blond hair; and the long lines of her black dinner dress set off her fair slenderness to perfection.

"No, it is Duncan's," Devoe said with a glance at the younger man. "One heart," Duncan said briefly, with an involuntary glance at his partner. He had deep blue eyes with the thick fringed lashes of childhood.

Bunny blushed faintly.

"Two clubs," Devoe murmured. Bunny considered. Duncan straightened in his chair, and pushed his wavy brown hair back with a boyish gesture. His hands were strong and well kept. His chin was firm and there was a dimple in it. Bunny kept her eyes on her cards for a long minute. Then, "Two hearts," she said.

There was the slightest quiver in the corner of Mrs. McBain's mouth. "I think that bid will probably carry," she said gravely, and passed.

Devoe led the ace of clubs.

Bunny laid down her hand. "It's a pretty good," she said. "I've only the queen of hearts."

"That's exactly what I need," Duncan said firmly.

His sister-in-law, dummy her table, came over and stood beside him as he played. An insensible change came over his face, she stood there, although he did not look up. The atmosphere, Bunny realized, was charged. Bitter. "Are you going to make it, Duncan?" Marie Murchison asked brightly.

He did not answer. Devoe looked up at her. "Certainly I will make it," he said. She turned her eyes away from him, but Bunny saw the complete understanding that existed between them at that instant.

Continued tomorrow

On the RADIO CHAINS

Where to Find Them on the Dial
Kex, Portland, 1180; KFI, 640
Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane.
KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW
620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle.
KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 850,
Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland.
KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San
Francisco; KSL, 1180, Salt Lake.

Tuesday.
5:00—The Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO.
5:30—Adventures, KGO, KEX, KJR; Drama, KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:00—String Quartet, KGO, KEX; Concert Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.
6:30—Fibber McGee, KPO, KFI, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KEX, KSL, KOIN; Human Side of Literature, KGO; News, KJR.
7:00—Shield Revue, KGO, KEX; Bob Hope, KPO, KGW, KFI; Calling All Cars, KEX; News, KOIN.
7:30—Sports, KNX, KOIN; Fun with the Famous, KGO, KJR; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KSL.
8:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN; KSL Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:15—Jimmie Fidler, KSL, KNX, KOIN; I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.

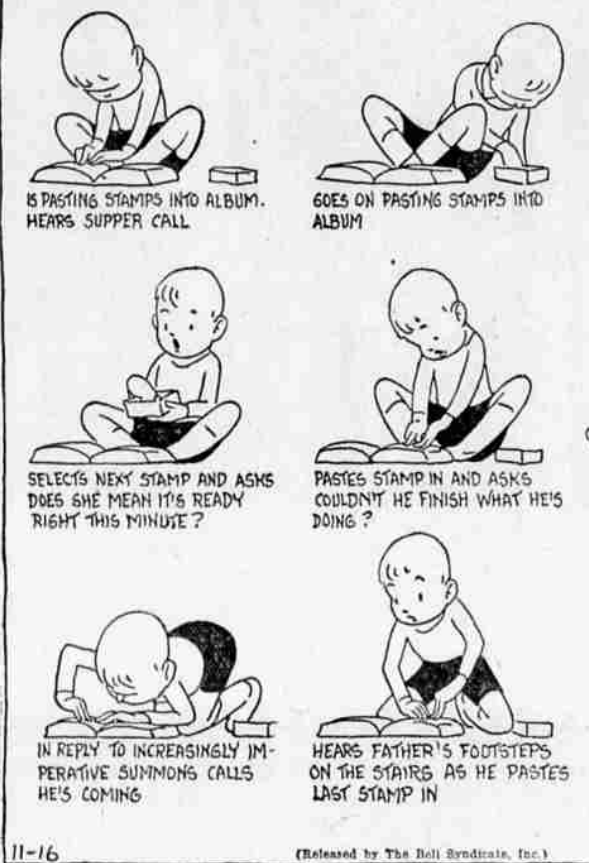
Wednesday
5:00—Frank and Archie, KEX, KJR; Sunset Shadows, KGO; Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.
5:30—Kejelsky's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Music for Listening, KGO, KJR.
6:00—Sketch, KGO, KEX, KJR; Star Theater, KSL, KOIN, KNX; Orch. KOMO; Safety First, KPO.
6:30—Drama, KEX; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW; Convention, KGO; News, KJR.
7:00—Sketch, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kysler's Program, KPO, KGW, KFI; Shield's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:30—Burns and Allen, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Adventures, KJR.
8:00—Waring's Orch., KPO; Breeding Alone, KGO, KJR, KEX; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:15—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:30—Aldrich Family, KGO, KEX; KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Big Town, KOIN, KNX.
9:00—Tuesday Night Party, KOIN, KNX; Good Morning Tonight, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Hour, KGO.
9:30—Messer's Orch., KEX; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; We, the People, KNX, KOIN; News, KJR.
10:00—News Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KNX, KSL; Madriguera's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; News, KOIN.
10:30—Foster's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.
11:00—Bavazza's Orch., KPO, KFI; This Moving World, KEX; Grey's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KNX, KGW.

Eugeneans Seeking Swimming Pool Tax
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Both the 60th and 75th marriage anniversaries are known as diamond weddings.

ON HIS WAY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



11-16 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Follows a "Hunch"!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"But Sometimes Doesn't!"



THE NEBBS—Ain't It the Truth?



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ELKS RULER HITS NAZIS AND REDS

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"The Dies committee has uncovered a lot of things of a subversive nature that many people did not know existed," he said. There is a sentiment in the east that this inquiry continue, and, if not this one, another which will bring to light the activities of groups which are trying to undermine the nation."
The San Antonio, Tex., zoo this year raised more cats than at any time during its existence: five leopards, six pumas, three lions and two tigers.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

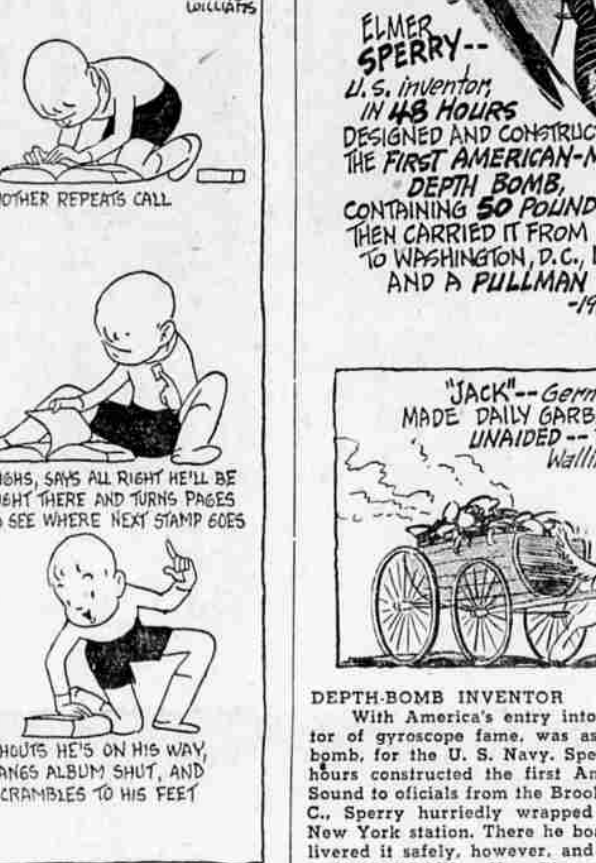
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NO INTIMIDATION SAYS KKK WIZARD

Miami, Fla., Nov. 21.—(AP)—J. A. Colescott of Atlanta, new imperial wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, said today he did not "intend to tolerate" such methods of intimidation as the burning of crosses and parades of white-robed figures through Negro sections.
"There are more intelligent American ways to handle such problems," Colescott said in an interview. "I would rather see

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