

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Sandra comes to Kay's rooms for a private talk with Jeff. She wants to marry him immediately. Gerald suggests to Kay that a wife cannot get by against her husband.

Chapter 18

Definitely Murder

SANDRA'S eyes were unnaturally bright and her cheeks were crimson—not, I thought, with rage. She wasn't just my idea of the radiant bride—she was more feverish than radiant, more excited than happy, more determined than eager. But while I never for a moment doubted that she was getting what she wanted—she had the air of achieving a long-felt purpose—I could not reconcile that air with the swollen eyes and twisting hands of the girl I had admitted to my rooms only an hour before—a girl who had lost her lover and was wracked with grief. That Sandra was genuine.

Her tortured words came back to me: "They made fun of him. They're glad. They thought he wasn't good enough."

And now all that forgotten in feverish triumph. Or was it forgotten? Wasn't there a quality of malice, of vindictiveness in her excitement? Was she, in some way I could not imagine, planning to avenge Ivan's death?

I am altogether too imaginative, a fact which is always being pointed out to me. I mentally shook off a chill of foreboding which I knew was nothing but an Irish ancestor hanging crepe; but I could not shake a reasonable question which kept asking itself of me. Why was she marrying Jeff?

"Sandra," I said, without premeditation—if I had thought twice I might have kept silent—"have you considered that people will say you are marrying Jeff to keep from testifying—because you think—"

For some reason I was unable to finish; and it was not necessary, I saw. She understood what I meant and it was not a new idea to her.

"I've thought of that," she said patiently, as one explaining to a backward child. "But I'm doing what I think best."

Her eyes met mine perfectly steadily, but without candor. She was not rebuffing me; but on the other hand she was making me no present of her thoughts.

I gave up. After all, it was no business of mine.

It was a Sunday I shall not forget.

Sandra made no move to go. She curled up in a chair and, like a well-behaved guest, turned the pages of magazines. The sound, repeated too often to permit her to do any reading, so annoyed me that all I could do was sit and glare at my typewriter and decide that I'd better be going back to Chicago where the roar of the el seemed to have no tendency to derail my train of thought, and where I could get some work done before I had to break out my safety fund and start spending it. Here I was again, mixed up in murder—

I quit listening to the annoying rasp of the turning leaves and wondered why I thought it was murder. I remembered that Gerald had so referred to it and that I had not challenged his assumption. It wasn't now if he knew or was only guessing. And if he knew, how?

After the discovery of the body the night before, Adam had sent Gerald to take us home from the barge for the last time and to bring back help. Adam had stayed there, keeping a lonely vigil, and I had not seen him since. What discoveries had they made down in that horrid black hole—what clues to murder—and to a murderer?

Very Painful

FELICIA rapped twice and opened the door. She was dressed, hatted and gloved, and looked moderately devout.

"Going to church," she announced self-righteously.

"Where, in town?" I asked, and she said no, the chapel.

"Services announced for today. Want to come?"

Sandra said "Yes," eagerly, before I had time to reply. "If Katherine will lend me a hat and gloves?"

I said that I would lend them gladly, and I meant it. I was in one of those moods when I felt there was a conspiracy to keep me from doing any work and that if it persisted I might as well cut my throat before I starved to death. A mood common, I dare say, to most writers.

While I sought out the required articles, Felicia was expressing her sympathy to Sandra. It was a rotten way, she said, to lose an old friend.

"Yes," said Sandra. "Very painful." She said it quite steadily, and I began to wonder if I had imagined the grief-tortured face she had brought to my door.

Thankfully I watched her depart. Now I could work. But first I ought to see Julia. After all, it was Sunday, a day of rest. And I really ought to see Julia.

Because it was Sunday I had dressed with care; I would not

need to change. I fixed my hair and my face briefly, feeling a sudden urgency, and set out along Officers' Row at a brisk walk.

There were two cars in front of the colonel's quarters. One of them was Adam's, and at sight of it I hesitated, wondering if he would think I was forcing my way into matters that did not concern me. But the other car—a police car from the neighboring town—decided me. I had to see Julia.

Sulky black cars answered the doorbell and grudgingly admitted me. She would see if Miss Julia was home. She went upstairs muttering about morning callers and Sunday dinners. I waited in the hall, hearing men's voices indistinctly beyond a closed door and trying, with a horrible sense of guilt, not to know that something was scorching in the kitchen.

Corra must have gone down the back stairs—hurriedly, no doubt—for I did not see her again. Instead, Julia came to the landing in a tailored satin robe the shade of a red peony and beckoned me with gestures warning silence.

"Come in," she said, and she whispered as I reached her, and led me, feathered mules hurrying along the oriental runner, to a room at the end of the hall—a neat room of Quaker simplicity, furnished in early American style, with two brown hooked rugs on the floor, a white candlewick spread on the poster bed, tailored yellow curtains at the windows and two framed photographs on the plain, cream-colored walls.

The pictured woman must have been Julia's mother—a woman in wartime fashions—a woman of that same strange, salty ugliness but with a light of great happiness in her eyes such as I had not seen in Julia's.

The other picture was of Jeff, in cadet uniform. And his eyes, too, surprised me. Though it must have been taken no more than two or three years before, he looked much younger, much more trusting. I thought of a dog who had lost a good home and found that the world is not all cracked marrow bones and an easy chair by the fire.

"Julia," I said, in a voice pitched very low, "You haven't told anyone what we saw on the barge?"

"Of course not. That's what I came to warn you about. . . . How do they know it was murder?"

She motioned me to a low slipper chair and, dropping down on a rug at my feet, leaned back against a pine chest.

"I listened at the landing before they shut the library door. When they moved him—the body—there was a stick of driftwood under it. The stick was still pretty dry, especially the part he was lying on. And there was blood and hair on it from a wound on the back of his head."

"So they think someone hit him over the head and pushed him in? I don't see why he couldn't have died in and struck his head on the stick—it may have already been in the water."

"No, because it wasn't wet enough, or something. I don't know just how they know, but they do; it was murder, all right."

We stared at each other, and I saw dread in her eyes.

"I wonder if Sandra knows that," I said, thinking out loud.

"How could she? She's still asleep."

"You mean to say you haven't missed her?"

Julia looked shocked, so I told her of Sandra's early call, of her interview with Jeff, and of the construction Gerald had put upon it.

"Julia's face was flushed when I finished."

"She can't do that to him," she said angrily. "I'll tell her she can't."

"There's a chance she may be right. Maybe she does know something she'd rather not be forced to tell. About Jeff."

"That's the same as saying you think he murdered that—that screwball." Julia retorted with heat. "It's what everyone will think. I'll talk to her—I'll show her what she's doing to him."

She paused, looked suddenly tired. "I suppose they'll both think I'm jealous," she added bitterly.

"Where is Sandra?"

In church, I told her. She stood up and dropped the corse robe at her feet and stood, high-breasted and proud in a belted white georgette gown. For a moment she might have posed for a Red Cross poster, or something equally noble and self-sacrificing.

Then a wry grin twisted her face. "All right," she said. "I am jealous. So what? Let them think what they please. People aren't going to have a chance to say things like that about Jeff if I can help it."

She swirled the gown over her head and dropped it to the floor with an expression of defiant disdain.

I watched her dress and told her that it wasn't any use, that I had tried that no appeal on behalf of Jeff would move Sandra because it was Ivan she had loved; but Julia dismissed that with a little frown.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KJJO, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 520, Portland; KJR, 570, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Monday

8:00—Forecast, KSL, KNX, KOIN, Dr. Quiz, KPO, KGW; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR; Grant Park Concert, KPO, KGW.
9:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Reflections, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:30—Democratic Convention, KPO, KGW, KSL, KOIN, KGO.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KXN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Heatherton Orch., KGO.
7:30—Washington Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; Smoking Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Passing Parade, KGO; Dance Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; The American Challenge, KPO.
8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN, KXN; Dance Orch., KEX, KJR.
9:00—Little Or' Hollywood, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Classics for Today, KPO, KGW.
9:30—Carly's Orch., KGO, KEX; Richard's Orch., KNX; Frial, KPO, KGW.
10:00—Goodman's Orch., KNX; KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Martin's

Radio Highlights

By Associated Press.
(Time is Pacific Standard.)
New York, July 15.—The keynote address at the Democratic convention in Chicago, to be delivered by Speaker William B. Bankhead at 6:30 tonight, will be broadcast by NBC, CBS and MBS.

Tuesday

9:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN.
9:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Musical Revue, KPO, KGW; Fun With the Reverses, KGO, KEX, KJR.
6:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN; Information Please, KPO, KGW.
7:30—Breese's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Jimmy Presents, KPO, KGW; James Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.
8:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; Sports News, KGO.
KGW; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
9:30—Frial Orch., KGW; Miller's Orch., KOMO; Powell's Orch., KNX.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL.
10:30—Young's Orch., KEX; Duchin's Orch., KPO; King's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
11:00—Study's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Busse's Orch., KOIN; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

RAID BY PARSONS NOT VERY COSTLY

Kenosha, Wis., July 15. (AP)—Two Kenosha ministers visited five taverns and two fraternal order clubhouses and played slot machines Friday night.

Saturday they obtained seven warrants charging the owners with operating gambling devices.

The evening cost them 38 cents. Slot machine dividends paid for the rest.

WAITRESSES WORKING TOO LONG IN CALIF.

San Francisco, July 15. (AP)—George C. Kidwell, director of the state department of industrial relations, yesterday announced a drive to enforce labor laws in small restaurants and hotels, where, he said, women have been found to work as long as 77 hours a week for \$7 a week.

The campaign for stricter enforcement will be made by Mrs. Margaret L. Clark, chief of the division of industrial welfare.

Mrs. Clark said sworn payroll reports by employers had revealed some employed girls for 56, 66 or 77 hours a week at \$1 a day.

Langlie Will Run. Seattle, July 15. (AP)—Mayor Arthur B. Langlie, who will be 40 years old this month, announced Saturday he would become a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

EVELYN SMITH -- FOUND A CLASSIFIED AD PRINTED BACKWARDS ON A FRESHLY-OPENED HARD-BOILED EGG! -- Greenville, S.C. --

GLASS METEORITES -- (Tektites) ARE PICKED FROM THE GROUND IN BOHEMIA!

BUG JUICE! TIGER BEETLES INFUSED IN ALCOHOL -- IS A FAVORITE DRINK AMONG MEXICAN INDIANS!

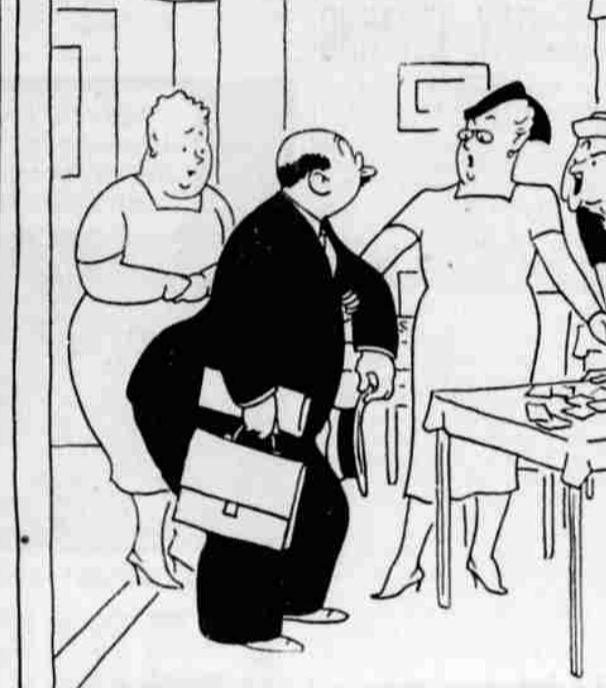
"BIGGEST TREE HOUSE!" A 15-FOOT-SQUARE ROOM, 8 FEET HIGH, WAS HAND-CHISELED FROM A GIANT LIVING SEQUOIA BY JESSE HOSKINS, Camp Lena, Calif., pioneer... IT REQUIRED 4 YEARS TO COMPLETE...

BIGGEST TREE HOUSE
Hundreds of feet tall, Hercules, giant Sequoia 87 feet around the base, is one of the strangest abodes. In 1897 Jesse Hoskins, with auger and chisel and in his spare time, built a room 15 feet square with an 8-foot ceiling. Five steps, also cut into the tree, lead to the room, completed in 1901. In 1933 the room sheltered 32 persons from a raging storm.

GLASS METEORITES
Origin of strange, green-hued bits of glass picked up in Bohemia was a baffling mystery until similar specimens were found in Australia, when they were believed from outer space. Tomorrow: Poison Drinker!

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY KNEW HE WOULD NO LONGER BE ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH HALF THE MEMBERS OF THE BRIDGE CLUB WHEN, ARRIVING HOME HE FOUND THEY HAD WAITED FOR HIM TO DECIDE THE CORRECT PLAY OF A HAND WHICH HAD SPLIT THE CLUB WIDE OPEN

7-16 (Released by The Hill Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY A Radio Appeal For Help

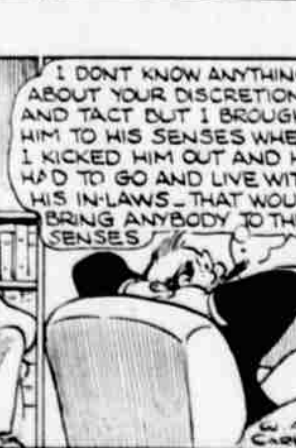


BERRANDO, WHO KILLED TEN PILOTS, AND WHO PLANNED TO DESTROY A NATION WITH HIS DIABOLICAL ROBOT PLANES, WAS SHOT BY TOMMY, AS HE WAS ABOUT TO KILL BETTY-LOU! BUT OUTSIDE THE ADOBE, BERRANDO'S MEN GATHER!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Ride!



THE NEBBS—It's O. K. Now



DEWEY SUPPORTER TO AID W. WILLKIE

Colorado Springs, Colo., July 15. (AP)—Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick Simms, one of the chief backers of Thomas E. Dewey for the Republican presidential nomination, said today she would work actively for the election of Wendell L. Willkie. "Those members of Mr. Dewey's campaign with whom I have been in touch are 100 percent for Mr. Willkie," Mrs. Simms asserted. "Mr. Dewey and Mrs. Simms have been 100 percent magnificent," Willkie interjected. Mrs. Simms said she would be "just as active as I can" in making speeches and writing letters in Willkie's behalf. "But after all," she remarked to the nominee, "I'm old and I'll need a little vacation."

You'll enjoy the Fresh Box Foods from Holly's 125 E. State. Use Mail Tribune want ads.