

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: A hard-fisted man approaches Gerald at Fieldstone Inn and calls him "Fringy." Gerald professes not to know him but Kay is suspicious. After dinner they inquire about the chaplain's unknown passenger.

Chapter 28

Visit To The Hospital

THE mistress of the establishment shook her head in a discouraging way. "We have so many people here every night, I doubt if I can tell you a thing. What night did you say he was here?"

"Tuesday night of last week," Gerald said hopefully. She looked relieved. "Oh, I couldn't tell you a thing about it then. I'm never here Tuesdays—I broadcast two nights a week from a Chicago station."

"No fooling!" ejaculated Gerald, looking at her with great respect. "Sing, dance, play the fiddle, turn handspins?"

"I'm a torch singer," she said calmly, and told him the station and the hour. I saw Gerald's eye wander over her motherly figure as he made her a little bow. "Madam," he said respectfully, "I shall make it a point to listen in. I'm sure that knowing you will make it particularly interesting. Now about this Tuesday night business—who looks after things in your absence?"

"My husband, but he's away for the week, so the headwaiter will have to take charge tomorrow night."

"But your husband was here last Tuesday?"

"Yes."

"And he might remember Chaplain Henry leaving, and any strange person loitering about? It's possible, you know, that the fellow makes a habit of spotting a car parked at a roadhouse, or of waiting until some solitary diner drives off, thumping a ride and making off with the car."

"Oh no, I'm sure it's never happened before. I should have heard about it."

"Nevertheless, I'd like to question your husband when he returns."

"That will not be before Saturday or Sunday, I'm afraid."

"We'll come back. And now, if I could speak to your headwaiter for a moment."

The headwaiter, with the bland face and obsequious manner of his kind, listened attentively; but he was no more help than the woman had been. He recalled nothing in particular about Tuesday night—the usual number of diners, all strangers. They were not near any village, there was a large percentage of transients among their patrons.

No, he did not specially recall anyone of that description—there were often two or three solitary diners on any night. He would not be likely to remember one more than another. And he had not been out of the building all evening, so he couldn't have seen a suspicious loiterer if there had been one.

"So that's that," said Gerald dejectedly, as he slid under the wheel of Adam's car. "I'm afraid we're washouts, girls. Innocents, babes in the wood."

"Three little maids from school are we," caroled Julia as the car swerved between the stone pillars and turned toward home.

Gerald's voice rose sweetly to join hers, his stranger's tongue shaping the syllables into the sharp bright crystals they were meant to be.

Pert as a school-girl will can be filled to the brim with girlish glee. Three little maids from school!

I listened for a moment, then, with the irresistible enthusiasm of another Gilbert and Sullivan addict, added my shaky soprano. We went on to "Tit Willow," "The Ruler of the Queen's May-vee," the one about the uncles and the cousins and the aunts, and a half-dozen others I have forgotten. Deliberately I closed my mind to my loneliness for Adam, to the memory of Sandra and Ivan and to my unwelcome suspicions of Gerald.

Music lay behind us like smoke on the hot, still air as the car drifted lazily toward home.

The Same Technique

THE next afternoon I drove Sandra to the hospital to see Chaplain Henry. I had spent the morning dictating to her, just to see if I could, with somewhat cockeyed results. It is one thing to put words of molten passion privately on paper—it's quite another to recite them aloud to a calmly attentive listener with a businesslike pencil poised over a stenographer's notebook. I kept interrupting myself to open the corridor door and peer up and down to assure myself that there were no listeners; and when Sandra sing-songed my own words back to me from her notes I collapsed on the couch in hysterical laughter.

Not so Sandra. She assured me earnestly that it read very well, that I had a miraculous gift for expression, that she envied my talent.

"She was using the same technique now on the little chaplain. She had been so sorry to miss his service on Sunday; she remembered so well his silver-toned oratory, his thoughtful lessons—and she was doubly sorry not to have had him perform the wedding ceremony."

"We came looking for you, you know, only to learn that you were in the hospital again."

"The chaplain groaned. "I should never have gone on that beach party—never! Not but that I was most kind of everyone to insist—you in particular, Sandra, my dear. And I found it most enjoyable, most enjoyable indeed. Aside, of course, from the tragic sequel—not my own indisposition; naturally that is not what I have reference to. That is a slight thing, painful, but slight."

He shifted a little in bed—he was lying on his side—and an expression of utmost concern warped his discolored countenance into a ferocity unbefitting to a saintly man; but he ironed it out with an apparent effort and resumed his involved discourse.

"No, what I refer to, of course, is the sad accident to that young man—I say sequel, because I understand the tragedy occurred after we had left the beach. I should feel deeply concerned more deeply concerned. I should say, if I felt that he had been lying there, perhaps trying to summon help, and we but a stone's throw from him, never dreaming—"

He paused to draw breath and Sandra took advantage of the pause.

"He did not try to summon help," she said calmly. "They say he died instantly. And it was not an accident, Chaplain Henry. It was murder."

The chaplain looked pained. "I know the papers said that, but I feel sure there has been some mistake."

I told him, then, of the silent evidence of the piece of driftwood, and watched his preposterously mottled face pale in patches. Little beads of moisture appeared on his brow.

"But that's dreadful! Who would want to kill that nice young man? Why, we had only just met him—all but you, my dear Sandra, and of course no one—"

Saccharine Leer

HE HAD a trick of falling silent in the middle of a sentence, as if his thoughts had become too involved for words. I thought that perhaps he was accustomed to let his eyes speak for him, but in his present situation those puffed and blackened orbs were restricted in expression to a sort of saccharine leer.

Sandra looked at him, then averted her eyes as if she, too, found the spectacle slightly shocking.

"I left knew him," she said thoughtfully. "And I believe Julia and Mimi met him once at my apartment in New York."

"But, my dear girl! That, of course, means nothing. Murder is, one might say, an intimate thing. It grows slowly, on long acquaintance. Can one imagine murdering a comparative stranger?"

It was a brilliant speech for the little man. I looked at him with new respect. He must occasionally have thoughts, and find words to express them.

"That comes back to the matter of the motive again, doesn't it?" I asked. "You're speaking of a murder of passion? Perhaps this was done in cold blood. To gain a point. Money, security—"

"Or under orders," said Sandra grimly. "Even here there may be spies."

She sounded quite loopy, if you know what I mean; apparently the chaplain thought so, too, for he looked over his shoulder nervously, and again the mottled purple patches of his complexion stood out against sudden surrounding pallor.

"You and Adam have been reading Oppenheim," I laughed, but remembered, suddenly, a pair of shifty gray eyes glancing too quickly at me from long, lowered lashes. Fringy, that man had called him.

"It was Adam's idea," Sandra protested defensively. "I never would have thought of such a thing. All I told him was that I couldn't imagine why Ivan was murdered, or by whom. You know that, Kay."

"Yes, I know. And he was talking through his hat. Lurid imagination."

That, of course, was slanderous. Adam is a practical person. He had simply talked to her in her own language, hoping to surprise her into saying more than she intended. But I could not tell them that. And for some reason not entirely clear to me, I did not want them to begin thinking about Gerald Beaufort, and deciding he was a spy.

The chaplain appeared more cheerful.

"Yes, my dear girl. I agree with Miss Cornish that the idea is rather—what was the word? Lurid—very well chosen. But you deal in words, is it not so? They tell me you're a writer—"

He quizzed me for a few minutes, in a nice way, and I thought he was trying to forget, or make me forget, the embarrassing circumstances of our first meeting. I me, him halfway, describing the type of thing I write and, because it was fresh in my mind, my experience in dictating that morning. He delivered a weighty observation to the effect that it had often been his experience that the spoken word differed from the written word. Sandra contributed that the lines of a play which read poorly often sound much better spoken; and so on, from plays to pulp stories to sermons, in a conversation that finally died of its own weight.

To be continued

FOREST FIRE PATROL FOUND ILL AT STATION

Gold Beach, Ore., July 26.—(AP)—An interruption in the faithful, hourly radio reports to

forest fire patrol headquarters probably saved the life of Patrolman Lloyd Hickok at Johnson Butte.

He complained of severe pains and failed to call in on his next schedule. Investigators found him ill at his station and brought him here for an emergency appendicitis operation.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KJL, 100, San Francisco; KJW, 200, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KQA, 620, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Friday

8:00—Dance Music, KGO, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KGW; Brazilian's Orch., KNX. 9:30—Koenen's Orch., KGO, KEX; What's My Name, KPO, KGW; Grand Central Station, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 10:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Variety Show, KPO, KGW; News, KGA, KEX; Fibert Philharmonic, KGO. 11:30—Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Kids, KPO, KGW; Concert Orch., KGO, KFI. 7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI; KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Messner's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR. 7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Albow Boat, KPO, KFI, KGW. 8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; Garber's Orch., KSL; John Clark, KNX. 8:15—Baseball, KGO, KGA. 8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KFI, KGW; La Baron's Orch., KOIN, KSL. 9:00—Big Town, KPO; Dorsey's Orch., KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 9:30—King's Orch., KOIN; Wood-

bury's Orch., KPO, KGW; Ravazza's Orch., KFI.

10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dushin's Orch., KGA; Jurgen's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Rudy's Orch., KGO, KGA; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KGA, KEX; News, KNX, KGO, KGW.

Saturday

8:00—Gold Cup Race, KNX, KOIN; Master Works, KSL, Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KGA, KJR.

8:30—Busse's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Boys' Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Concert, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR.

8:45—Sprengle, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sports, KPO.

8:00—Uncle Ezra, KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Message of Israel, KOO.

8:15—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Monroe's Orch., KGA, KEX.

8:30—Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; War News, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Night Melody, KGO, KGA, KJR, KEX.

7:00—Sky Blazers, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Barn Dance, KPO, KGW; James' Orch., KGA, KEX; Jewel's Frim Opera, KGO.

7:30—News Voices of 1940, KNX, KSL, S. S. Pines, KGO.

8:00—Dorsey's Orch., KGO; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGO; Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Sports Forum, KGO; Boys' Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Baseball, KEX.

9:00—Marriage Club, KGO; Martin's Party, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN.

9:30—Wick's Orch., KGO; King's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW.

10:00—Jones' Orch., KGW; Jurgen's Orch., KNX; Frim, Jr., Orch., KGO, KGA, News, KPO; Kent's Orch., KSL.

10:30—Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Party, KPO; Boys' Orch., KGO.

11:00—Pitpatrick's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Organist, KEX, KGA; News, KGO, KGW, KNX; Nottingham's Orch., KPO.

BURGUNDER EXECUTION INVITATIONS SENT OUT

Florence, Ariz., July 26.—(AP)—Invitations were issued today by Warden Gene Shute to the execution of Robert Burgunder, 23-year-old former college student, at 5 a. m. August 9 in the state prison's lethal gas chamber.

Burgunder, formerly of Seattle, killed two Phoenix automobile salesmen, Jack Peterson and Ellis Koupy, on the desert near here April 29, 1939.

Midget U-Boats Rome, July 26.—(AP)—Midget submarines, equipped with special motors which cannot be detected by listening devices aboard enemy warships, are being used by Germany in British waters, the newspaper Popolo Di Roma said in a Berlin dispatch today.

HUGE GOLD SHIPMENT BEING PREPARED FOR FT. KNOX INTERMENT

Washington, July 26.—(AP)—The treasury started packing about \$5,000,000,000 worth of gold at New York today for "mailing" to Fort Knox, Ky. An army of guards, composed of postal inspectors, secret serv-

ice men and regular army squads, is being mobilized to accompany the metal. Technically, Postmaster General Farley will be in charge, because the gold will go as "registered mail." The treasury will pay the postoffice about \$1,000,000 in postage.

Gold has been coming from Europe to New York as fast as such as \$400,000,000 in one week—that vaults in the big city are crowded.

The treasury accordingly obtained a \$1,608,000 appropriation to ship some of it to the bombproof depository located

on the army's mechanized cavalry center at Fort Knox. As soon as packing is completed and other arrangements are concluded, special trains will carry the metal in about \$100,000,000 lots, but the schedule will not be disclosed in advance.

Portland, July 26.—(AP)—Twelve heirs residing in Germany will receive \$40,452 from the estate of the late Kola Neis, an Oregon hops and brewery supply merchant.

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



A FLYING QUAIL—WAS ACCIDENTALLY IMPALED ON THE DOOR HANDLE OF VICTOR A. SPARLIN'S CAR!—Glendora, Calif.—

JOHN BROWN HERRESHOFF—famous Bristol, Mass., boat builder, WAS BLIND FROM THE AGE OF 12! HE COULD DETECT FLAWS IN MODELS BY THEIR FEEL

MONUMENT TO A LEGAL CASE! GRANITE SHAFT INSCRIBED: "ANGELE MARIE LANGLES 105 LA. 39"—IN MEMORY OF COURT DECISION DISPOSING OF THE LANGLES ESTATE OF \$3000 (USED TO ERECT THE SHAFT!)—Metairie Cemetery, New Orleans—

WILLIAM CARR, New York City, WAS SENTENCED TO SERVE 6 MONTHS IN JAIL—FOR PLAYING MARBLES ON SUNDAY!

LAWN MOWER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



VELDS TO WIFE'S PERSISTENT SUGGESTIONS AND SIGHING, STARTS TO MOW LAWN

STOPS EVERYTHING WHILE HE TESTS BLADES AND MUTTERS HE'S CERTAINLY GOT TO GET THIS LAWN MOWER SHARPENED

CUTS ANOTHER STRIP OF GRASS, AND THEN STANDS STILL, RUNNING MOWER UP AND DOWN, LISTENING TO IT

AFTER CONSIDERABLE TESTING, DECIDES IT NEEDS OILING, AND GOES IN TO GET OIL CAN

SPENDS HALF AN HOUR LOOKING FOR IT, FINDS IT, GOES OUT AND THEN BACK IN FOR A GLASS OF WATER

DOES A THOROUGH JOB OF OILING LAWN MOWER AND FINDS THAT IN DOING SO HE GOT A SPOT ON TROUSERS

GOES IN TO GET HIS WIFE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT SPOT

DECIDES THERE ISN'T TIME BEFORE SUPPER TO DO ANYTHING MORE, AND TRUNDLES LAWN MOWER BACK TO GARAGE

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY Suspicious Passengers



COMMANDER TOMKINS, HERE ARE YOUR OFFICERS, NEED TAFE, THIRD PILOT, LARRY DUMM, NAVIGATION OFFICER, BART LLOYD, ENGINEER, TED GATES, RADIO OPERATOR, AND JAN TYSON, ASSISTANT STEWARD.



STEWARD???. ULP! I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER STEWARDESS....



HERE'S YOUR MANIFEST AND WEATHER CHART, TOM! (PS-ST YOU'RE CARRYING AN IMPORTANT CARGO ON THIS TRIP... BARBARA LANE, WHOSE DAD OWNS SIXTY PERCENT OF A THREE-POINT TRANS-ATLANTIC SERVICE'S A SPOILED BRAT, THEY SAY... SO HUMOR HER! ALSO SIR JOHN SMYTHE TWEEDLY AND.....



OH, YES! COUNTS BRENDA LATROFF, HANS BRINKERLIN, THE DUTCH DIAMOND MAGNATE, BARON FRITZ VON HAPSEIC, COUNT LUOR CASTRONI, AND....

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—And Almost Did Both!



COME ON OVER THE HOUSE, SON—WE'LL REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE—



I'LL CARRY YOUR SUITCASE—AND HOLD ON, HERE'S YOUR POCKETBOOK—BARE AS A BONE!



DIDJA HAVE ANY MONEY IN IT? A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL—



THAT'S WHAT THE VARMINT WAS AFTER—HE WAS OUT TO ROB AN' TO KILL, IF NECESSARY—YOU AND YOUR PUP ARE MIGHTY LUCKY BOY! MIGHTY LUCKY!

THE NEBBS—Here's Your Hat



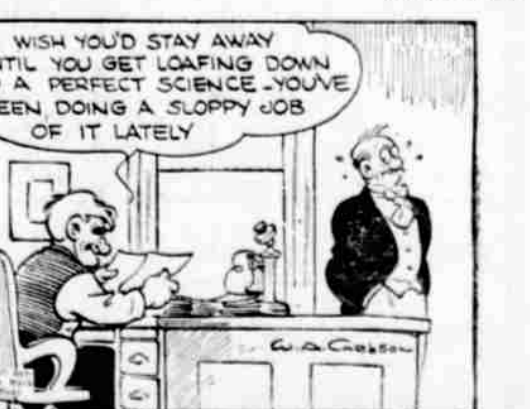
SLEDER, MY WIFE THINKS WE NEED A VACATION—DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LOOK AFTER THINGS WHILE I'M GONE.



YOU CAN GO AWAY AND FEEL THAT THE BUSINESS IS IN GOOD HANDS... IN FACT, I WON'T HAVE TO EXERT ANY EXTRA EFFORT TO TAKE ON YOUR OBLIGATIONS



I WISH YOU'D STAY AWAY UNTIL YOU GET LOAFING DOWN TO A PERFECT SCIENCE—YOU'VE BEEN DOING A SLOPPY JOB OF IT LATELY



I WISH YOU'D STAY AWAY UNTIL YOU GET LOAFING DOWN TO A PERFECT SCIENCE—YOU'VE BEEN DOING A SLOPPY JOB OF IT LATELY