

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

...SUNDAY. The interview with Jeff is unsatisfactory. My decision to tell the Colonel about seeing Sandra and Ivan on the barge although it makes Jeff's case blacker she believes it better to examine all the evidence.

Chapter 33

Conviction of Guilt

"That's important," he said gravely when I had finished. "You see what it means, don't you? That Ivan was probably killed before the rest of you left the beach—during the time when everyone was scattered. As I understand it, the men all went off alone—first Adam, then Gerald or the chaplain, and finally Jeff. You three girls were together, which gives you an alibi—not that anyone would seriously consider that one of you would have killed Ivan—"

"Sandra could have killed him before she left the barge," I pointed out. But it was a purely academic observation. Sandra herself had been murdered.

"Of course there is the possibility which someone has suggested," he went on, "that Ivan deliberately remained at the beach to keep an appointment—"

"I was coming to that," I said miserably. I had committed myself to telling him the whole truth, but I knew that what was coming was pure dynamite.

"There was that car—"

"Can you place the time you heard the car?" he asked, unconsciously granting me a reprieve.

"It was soon after eleven. I heard taps as we were driving back out there for our swim."

He asked me to describe again just what we had heard and seen. I told of the arrival of the car, the sound of a single door slamming, the dim sight of someone moving on the barge, of brief wait, then the car door again and the repeated whine of the starter.

"And while we were dressing Julia told me—Colonel Pennant, I hope you won't think I'm just trying to make trouble. But I said I was going to tell you everything. And Julia can deny it now all she likes. I'm positive she told me it was Mimi's car; that they had been having trouble starting it."

His eyebrows lifted, but he did not snub me as I had been afraid he would do. Instead, he got to his feet and went over to the door where he pressed an old-fashioned bell push that I could hear ring in the kitchen regions.

"Well, ask Mimi if she knows anything about it," he said easily. Cora came to the door presently, and he asked her to see if Mrs. Pennant was in her room and if she was to ask her to come down.

"Now about Sandra being killed in your room—" he began.

I told him then, reserving nothing, of Sandra's admission to me that she was afraid of Jeff, of the bruise she had shown me, and of the fact that she had shared my room since their marriage.

By the time I was through I was frightened by the weight of the case I had made out against Jeff. I had not thoroughly comprehended it myself until I put it into words. And when I went back and told of the encounter at Fieldstone Inn, and Sandra's parent conviction on that barge, and her blunt reminder of the time Jeff had knocked Ivan down—I looked at Colonel Pennant; then and saw with a sick sense of remorse what had been an unwelcome suspicion on his part was now a conviction of Jeff's guilt.

Well, maybe he was guilty. Julia might never believe it, might never forgive me for what I had just done. But if he was innocent something would—something must come to light to prove it. And if he was guilty there was no use in withholding damning evidence.

Craven Of Me

MIMI came in then, looking rather drawn and tired in spite of the fact that she had obviously been asleep. She had on a fresh frock and her hair was neat, but her face was flushed like a baby's when it first wakes up, and her eyelids looked heavy.

Colonel Pennant repeated to her what I had said about the car, and she sat down rather abruptly.

"It's only fair to tell you," I put in hastily, "that Julia doesn't remember saying any such thing. It's possible that she merely said she'd been having trouble starting your car recently—"

No doubt it was craven of me, but I would have given a lot to back out of this particular situation.

"Julia ought to know the sound of my car," Mimi said with mechanical courtesy. "And I'm sure she must have said it if you think so, Kay. But I certainly did not go back out to the beach that night, or any other night. I would have been afraid to, after the things that have been happening around here."

"Suppose you tell us just what you did after we left the beach," Colonel Pennant put in pleasantly.

"Well, I followed you until we got back to the quadrangle. Then you drove out of the post, remember, to that boy scout meeting, or whatever it was you had that night. Mrs. Bridewell wanted to be dropped at the club, and when I had let her off there I took a little drive for about an hour, then went home and to bed."

"Where did you drive?" asked her husband, and I'm afraid we both saw the flash that rose in her cheeks and the trapped look in her eyes.

"Oh—just around," she said with a rather pitiful attempt to sound casual. "I believe I drove down the highway as far as Fieldstone Inn—just ambling along, getting the breeze. I didn't stop anywhere."

"And you came home at what time?"

"Nine, or nine-thirty. I didn't notice exactly, but it was after dark."

"Then you were home when Sandra got here?"

"Yes, I had gone to bed. I heard the car stop and someone come in. Then presently, because I didn't hear any voices, I went out in the hall and called down to see who it was. Sandra answered and said she was alone. She thought the others had probably gone on to the club, but she had a headache so she was just going to read for a few minutes and then go to bed. I went back in my room and went to sleep. And that was all I knew until a couple of hours later when they came here after you, Dan."

"You put the car in the garage when you came home?"

"Yes. Of course you know I never lock it—everything is so safe here," she said with inconspicuous irony. "I suppose someone could have taken it out again. I don't sleep on that side of the house. I probably wouldn't have heard anything."

Colonel Pennant rose.

"All right, girls. Thanks for helping. Now I think I'll see Julia. Will one of you ask her to step down here?"

I followed Mimi upstairs and took refuge in the bathroom, so that she would be the one to deliver the message. I waited until I heard Julia go down, then I went to my room and found Mimi waiting for me there.

"She Was Bad"

"If YOU want to work, or sleep or anything just say so and I'll go away," she said nervously.

"Not at all—I didn't bring any work, and I slept for an hour this morning. I'm glad you came in—I want to thank you for taking it the way you did—what I said. It's not that I'm trying to implicate anyone in this thing. I feel rather unnecessary here, especially with Adam gone. Perhaps I would do better to keep out of it entirely."

"No, no, Kay. Don't feel that way. You're quite right to tell anything you know, and I'm sure we're all very glad you're here. I don't resent your telling about the car. Why should I?"

"That isn't a fair question," I said miserably. "I'm afraid Julia will never forgive me. But I got into this thing. Sandra was with me so much during the last few days—"

I needed to justify myself. Somehow I felt that I had put a noose around Jeff's neck. I wanted someone to reassure me. I was ready to pour out the whole thing; but before I could go on Mimi burst into sudden, passionate speech.

"I'm glad she's dead! I don't want to know who killed her—I don't care. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes blazing. 'You needn't look at me like that, Kay. I'm not insane. And I don't care what you think of me. It's true and I have to say it. I'm glad she's dead. You didn't know her the way I did. She was bad, Kay. Bad through and through!'"

I stared at her in horrified silence. Mimi, the self-contained, the soft spoken. She had seemed fond of Sandra, I thought wildly. Or had she? I began to remember little things...

"How I wish I had never seen her!" she cried distractedly. "Kay—I don't know what there is about you, but I feel I can trust you. And if I don't tell someone I think I'll go mad with it—"

With a real effort I interrupted her there.

"No!" I told her. "You mustn't trust me. You don't know what I've just done to Julia—and Jeff."

She looked at me strangely for a moment.

"But you don't know what I have done to Julia and Jeff," she said more quietly. "It's all my fault, the whole thing. I suppose you mean they're in love with one another. I've tried not to know it. I've told myself that Jeff really loved Sandra, and that Julia was just a child, that she would outgrow him. But I've always known, in spite of myself."

She paused, her eyes desperately searching my face.

"I'm going to tell you anyway," she said at last. "I've lived with it so long, and there's been no one I could talk to I won't ask you to keep what I say confidential. I'll trust you. Only—only just let me talk to you."

She sounded terribly shaken. I nodded. It would have taken more resolution than I had to refuse to listen.

To be continued

Wally Undergo Plastic Surgery

New York, Aug. 1.—(AP)—The New York World-Telegram says it learned from close friends of the Duchess of Windsor that she had reserved room at a small private hospital here for a plastic surgery operation Sept. 9.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor are expected here soon en route to the duke's new post as governor of the Bahamas islands.

ROSEBURG BOY KILLED IN TRUCK COLLISION

Roseburg, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP) Billy Wither, 17 year old Roseburg youth, was killed shortly before noon today in a collision between a logging truck driven by Wither, and a U. S. army truck, driven by J. Berkeley. The accident occurred one mile south of Sutherland.

The army truck was a part of the 30th infantry unit, moving north today on the way to Fort Lewis.

On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1154, Portland; KFI, 646, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 730, San Francisco; KTW, 126, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1030, Los Angeles; KGA, 629, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Thursday, 8:00—Singing and Swimming, KGO, KGA, KEX, Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW, Major Bowes, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Voice of Camille, KGO; Concert Orch., KEX, KJR. 6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:15—Toronto Symphony, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 6:30—War News, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Park Concert, KPO, KGW.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Our America, KGO, KJR.

7:30—Travelogue, KGO, KGA, KEX, KJR; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ted Lewis, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sports, KGO, News, KEX, KJR.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KFI, KGW; Harbeck's Orch., KSL; Sam Hayes, KGO; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sports, KGA.

9:30—Dress Rehearsal, KPO, KGW; Slumber Boat, KOIN; Jones' Orch., KSL.

10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Young's Orch., KGA; Jurgen's Orch., KNX; Kent's Orch., KSL. 10:30—Safety First, KPO; Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Priml, Jr. Orch., KGA, KEX, GJR. 11:00—Knox Manning, KNX, Owens Orch., KPO; Man With a Pipe, KGA, KEX; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KGW.

Friday, 8:00—Dant's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Waltz Time, KPO, KGW; Clark Ross, KNX, KOIN; Sweet and Swing, KSL.

8:30—Kogen's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; What's My Name, KPO, KGW; Grand Central Station, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Variety Show, KPO, KGW; News, KGA, KEX; Filbert Filharmonic, KGO.

9:30—Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Kids, KPO, KGW, Concert Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Mewner's Orch., KJR, KEX; Musical Heritage, KGO.

7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Salute to Byrd Expedition, KGO, KGA, KEX; Show Boat, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Treasure Isle, KPO, Sports, KGO; Garber's Orch., KSL; John Clark, KNX, Everybody Wins, KOIN.

8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KFI, KGW; Baseball, KGO, KEX; Dance Orch., KSL; Leon F. Drews, KOIN.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Big Town, KPO; Gordon's Orch., KGW. 9:30—In the Old Days, KPO; King's Orch., KOIN; Woodbury's Orch., KGW. 10:00—News, KPO, KFI, KGW; Duchin's Orch., KGA; Jurgen's Orch., KNX, Kent's Orch., KSL. 10:30—Biltmore Boys, KEX, KGA, KJR; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN. 11:00—Knox Manning, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Man With a Pipe, KGA, KEX.

CANADIAN APPLE FLOOD FEARED IN U.S. MARKET

Olympia, Wash., Aug. 1.—(AP) In an effort to prevent prospective flooding of United States markets with Canadian apples, Governor Martin telegraphed President Roosevelt and other federal officials today urging immediate action.

There is a movement afoot in Canada, the governor informed the officials, to take advantage of American markets by sending here thousands of carloads of Canadian apples, that have lost their export markets due to the war.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

BRITAIN EXTENDS SHIPPING BARRIER

London, Aug. 1.—(AP)—Britain today ordered a blockade extending from the Arctic to northern Africa, effective at midnight tonight, an order in council giving effect to the policy announced in commons yesterday by Hugh Dalton, minister of economic warfare.

In future non-British shipping companies will have to agree always to employ navies—a form of passport for ship cargoes—in order to enjoy services such as coaling, drydock and insurance facilities at Britain's worldwide ports.

Ships of offending lines entering British ports may find difficulty even in getting water.

Timber Faller Killed

Dallas, Ore., Aug. 1.—(AP)—A logging camp accident at the Welty operations near here fatally injured Henry Hagans, 31, timber faller, yesterday.

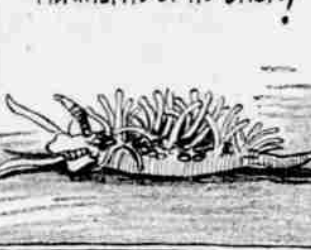
NEGRO FUGITIVE KILLS 2 OFFICERS

Boise, Idaho, Aug. 1.—(AP)—A Negro sought for a minor crime shot and killed U. S. Marshal George Meffan and his deputy, John Glenn, and was himself badly wounded and captured by a posse in the Boise mountains yesterday.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

ELOIS CORONATA -- A SEA SLUG, "RECHARGES" ITSELF BY STORING THE STING WEAPONS OF ITS VICTIMS IN THE FILAMENTS OF ITS BACK!



YVONNE ERWIN -- GIVEN UP AS A HOPELESS CRIPPLE AT 8, FIVE YEARS LATER WAS CHOSEN AS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN CHATTANOOGA! - Tenn., 1936 -

A SIAMESE PILGRIM -- TRAVELING TO MECCA BY BOAT, ACHIEVED SAINTHOOD BY FALLING OVERBOARD! HIS SWIMMING FOR HOURS IN SHARK-INFESTED WATERS WAS HAILED AS A MIRACLE... - Red Sea, 1932 -



CRIPPLE TO CHAMPION At eight, Yvonne Erwin of Chattanooga so badly injured her leg by tap dancing that doctors feared it would be disabled permanently. By rigorous exercise, at 13 she was able to win a beauty contest, although the youngest and smallest of 57 contestants. SAINT OVERBOARD Bound for Mecca, a Siamese pilgrim fell into the shark-infested Red Sea, but remained afloat unharmed until picked up by the P. & O. liner "Strathaird." Among local Arabs, thereafter, he was hailed as a saint. TOMORROW: How Many Wars Has the U. S. Had?

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



TRYING TO LOOK INNOCENT (WHICH ALWAYS MAKES YOU LOOK SLIGHTLY DIM-WITTED), WHEN PASSING THE CASHIER'S DESK ON YOUR WAY OUT OF A PAY-THE-CASHIER RESTAURANT WHERE YOU HAVE STEPPED IN MERELY TO LOOK FOR A FRIEND

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tragic Discovery!



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HEST



By SOL HEST