

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY, my arrangements to sleep with Sandra, then go to her old room to pack for an early departure. Jeff is there, holding Sandra's shorthand notebook which was missing that morning. He says he is trying to find something Sandra wrote and put it in a safe place.

Chapter 33

The Vanishing Notebook
"How did you get here?" I demanded.
"Walked out," he whispered back, grinning sardonically. "Sent the sentry for a tray and the darn fool left the door unlocked." "locked."

"Well, you're walking right back in," I told him grimly. "Of all the fool stunts, why didn't you wait for me in Adam's car. Here's the key to the garage cell. And keep an eye out for the sentry along the back row."

He did not argue with me. Maybe he thought if I knew as much as Sandra I might be equally dangerous. At any rate, he departed informally by the window, and I had just started into the bedroom to latch the screen after him when Felicia came in.

"Anything I can do?" she asked.
I pretended I was coming out of the bedroom instead of going in.
"No, thanks. I've been sorting my papers and just remembered something I left at the Pennants. I said, inventing hastily, "I'd better go for it right now, before they go to bed. I'll take Adam's car."

What if she should offer to go with me? I held my breath, but she didn't. I opened the door and held it for her, then I turned off the light and went out, closing the door behind me.
"Guess I'll get out of this griddle," she said with a yawn. "I'll probably read for a while, but if I'm asleep when you come in, your bed is the one farthest from the door. And for gosh sake don't creep in quietly unless you want me to wake up and scream my head off!"

Jeff was sitting dutifully in the car. I backed it out and turned it down the row toward the hospital.
"For a girl, you've got guts," he observed presently. "How do you know I'm not a murderer?"
"I don't know it. I hope for Julia's sake you're not. But walking out of the prison ward tonight isn't going to make matters look any better for you."

"If Dan had put me in arrest in quarters I would have stayed there," he said resentfully. "I guess he really thinks I killed her. It's funny how few people will keep on believing in you when things look black. Sandra certainly acted as if she thought I killed Ivan. But if she did why did she marry me?"
"Now you're asking something. You said awhile ago that it wasn't for love. There aren't many reasons for a woman marrying a man she doesn't love, and you can sum them up in one word—gain."

"But what would she gain through me? I haven't anything but my pay, and she was pretty well fixed financially. At least she ought to have been. You don't spend twenty thousand dollars in a couple of years — not without having something to show for it."

Painful Subject
"JEFF! You don't suppose she gambled it away on the market?"
"No. She doesn't know a stock from a bond."
"But did she ever tell you how it was invested, or how much income she had?"
"Not me. I wouldn't have listened. I didn't want anything to do with it. If my father wanted her to have it—"
He stopped, but not before bitterness had crept into his voice again.
I hesitated for a moment, but something made me pursue the painful subject.
"Julia tells me your father left you a house in Memphis and your great-grandfather's farm in the Ozarks."
"The Memphis house is so heavily mortgaged over the bank won't take it over. And the Ozark property—maybe you don't know it, but land up there isn't worth the paper the deed is written on. I pay the taxes on it for sentimental reasons. The old gentleman loved it, and Julia and I had fun there when we were kids. There's another nice little tract of Sandra's she never even saw the place, but she was plenty sore when she found out that I've willed it to Julia. You'd think she'd be satisfied—I said, my 'Wait a minute.' I said, my breath coming a little uneven. I slowed the car to a crawl. "Are you sure that property is worthless?"
"No doubt about it—nothing but rocks and hills. Why?"
"But is there anything Sandra might have got hold of that you didn't know—a railroad, or some project like Boulder Dam, or oil— Oh, I don't know anything about real estate, but mightn't there be some reason for Sandra to think it was valuable?"
"You don't dam a brook," he said. He sounded grimly amused. "Neither do you build railroads where there's no place to go. And

there's no oil in those parts that ever heard of. But as far as Sandra is concerned, maybe you've got something. That girl was the most credulous fool I've ever encountered. She could believe anything. If she was any kin to us I'd say she got it from the old gentleman himself. He swore until the day he died that there was silver on the place. He kept sending samples to be assayed and tearing up the reports when they came—"

His voice trailed off.
"And if Sandra had ever heard that story she would have believed it," I asked tensely.
"She might, I suppose. Even Father liked to toy with the idea, though he knew better. He always said he'd go back when he was retired and spend a little money proving to his own satisfaction that there was nothing there. Maybe he talked to Sandra at the last. Maybe he got to believing in himself. Anyway, she and I quarreled about it when we were first engaged, and almost as soon as she got here last week she was at me again to change my will. I didn't think even she would be that cheap."

"Did you change it?"
"No. Why should? Julia has never known anything about it, but I intend her to have the place if anything happens to me. Then, when Sandra practically accused me of killing Ivan, I told her that finished things, as far as I was concerned. I'd married her, but I didn't propose to pay any more for her silence. She had to make it appear, I suppose, that the breach was of her making. And it was part of her spite to go to the reception with a black eye. Kay, I swear I didn't even know she had it until right there on the front walk when she took off that scarf thing she was wearing."

'Just Bluffing?'
"She was shut in the bedroom with a headache when I came home at noon, and her duty she was still in there. She had laid my things out in the sitting room, so after dinner I dressed in there and got out. I never had a good look at her or I wouldn't have let her go a step."

"I felt like blacking the other eye when I got her home. That was when she told me 'wouldn't do me any good to kill her. After she went off to your room I looked through everything she had, because I thought if she was leaving anything written down in those rooms that nosy hostess or one of the orderlies would be into it. But I didn't find anything. That's why I thought about the shorthand notebook. Only I can't read shorthand, so I wasn't any better off when I found it. Can you? Do you know what was in it?"

"Just some dictation I gave her. That's all, as far as I know. I can read it fairly well, if it's Gregg. But I haven't looked at it. I'll see when I get back. But I think she was just bluffing, don't you?"
"God knows. It doesn't pay to take chances with people like her."

The prison ward was on the ground floor of the west wing. At Jeff's suggestion, I parked by the side entrance, got out and went in.
The sentry was sitting in front of the door to the ward, his face as white as chalk. He jumped a foot when I hissed at him and came at me with his hand on the butt of his automatic.

"You haven't reported Lieutenant Tack missing?" I whispered, and I thought the man was going to faint. "It's all right, sentry, he's out in the car. We were hoping he could get back without anyone knowing."

The enlisted man took his hand off the gun and brought out a handkerchief with which to mop his brow. He became suddenly garrulous, in a strained whisper. "Listen, I just missed him, see? I come back with that tray, and the room was dark, and he had rolled a blanket up on the bed, so I think he's asleep, see? Then I get to thinking about me leaving that door unlocked, and about two minutes ago I reaches in and turns on the light. Lady, I'm in the lieutenant's room. I was going to wait to report it until I see the Officer of the Guard comin' down the hall. He's due any time now. Lady, I sure am glad you bring him back!"
I saw Jeff safely behind that door, locked this time. Then I drove back to the car. It must be nearly ten o'clock, and I still had my packing to do, and that shorthand notebook to inspect.
The rejected manuscript was on the seat beside me. I had found myself still treasuring its hampering shape when I followed Jeff out to the garage. I had clung to it, unconsciously. I had to my pocketbook, while all the time my mind was on other things.
I put the car in the garage, collected manuscript and pocketbook, locked the garage, and went back to my room. It did not occur to me to be frightened a second time. My mind was on the shorthand notebook. I was thinking ironically that I had practically pledged myself to keep a secret that I had broadcast a couple of hours ago.
But when I turned on the light and went to look for it, the shorthand notebook was gone.
To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to find them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KSA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 630, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Wednesday
5:00—Summer Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN, Green Hornet, KGO, KJR, KEX; Paul Carson, KGW; Introducing, KPO.
5:30—Shield's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; Biscardi, KPO; Concert, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:00—Quartet, KGO; Kay Kyser, KPO, KGW; News, KEX, Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

Thursday
5:00—Singin' and Swingin', KGO, KJR; Music Hall, KPO; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KGO; News, KGO, KEX.
6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Grant Park, Concert, KPO, KGW.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KJR.
7:30—Travelogue, KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ted Lewis, KPO.
8:00—Strange As It Seems, KPO, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KGW; Sports, KGO.
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW; News, KSL; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.
9:30—Drama Rehearsal, KPO, KGW; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Arnheim's Orch., KOMO; Jurgen's Orch., KNX.

Friday
9:00—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Priml, KPO, KJR, KEX.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Man With a Pipe, KEX; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGW, KNX.

D. H. FERRY FORCED OFF ROAD BY CAR

Grants Pass, Aug. 7.—(AP)—Four were injured in the worst of a series of automobile accidents Tuesday. Rosie L. Rector, 19, suffered a broken collarbone and three others were less severely hurt when Jay L. Rector failed to signal a turn and was struck from behind by Hubert DeWolf, who had no license, state police charged in justice court.

One-armed William Gardella of Oakland, Cal., took his hand from the steering wheel to light a cigarette on a Pacific highway curve north of here and climbed unhurt with one passenger out of the resulting wreck at the base of a tree.
D. H. Ferry of Rogue River left the road to avoid a collision with another car, but struck the rear ends of two other machines. They were dismantled vehicles in a wrecking yard.
Presidents James Monroe and John Tyler both were buried at Richmond, Va.

WIRE TAPPING VOTED AS DEFENSE MEASURE

Washington, Aug. 7.—(AP)—Legislation authorizing the justice department to tap wires in making investigations of sabotage, treason, espionage and seditious conspiracy was passed today by the house and sent to the senate.

The measure carried a clause which asserted that information obtained by wire-tapping could not be used except in the specified, named investigations.

THREE GUARDSMEN DIE AS TRUCK OVERTURNS

Alexandria, La., Aug. 7.—(AP)—Three National Guardsmen attached to Company I, medical detachment, 142nd infantry of Gainesville, Tex., were killed early today in the overturning of an army water truck.

The dead were: Private Kenneth Simms, Corporal John L. Arnett and Private Bill J. Goodman.
Card of Thanks.
We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the kindness and sympathy and also the beautiful floral offerings, during our recent bereavement—Clarence Miller, Lloyd, Frank and Jim Parker.

BURMA ROAD REOPENS FOR NON-WAR GOODS

Rangoon, Burma, Aug. 7.—(AP)—An official announcement today said traffic had been resumed over the Burma road to China for goods not prohibited by the British-Japanese agreement closing the road to war supplies for China.

The road had been closed entirely while control arrangements were worked out.
Sicily, Italian possession nearest to Malta, is 60 miles distant.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

By JOHN HIX

THE LOWEST POST OFFICE!
"SEA FLOOR, BAHAMAS,"
WORLD'S ONLY
UNDERSEA POST OFFICE,
OPERATES IN A
"PHOTOSPHERE"...

**ALEXANDER H. FINDLAY--74,
Philadelphia,
HAS PLAYED ON 2400
DIFFERENT GOLF COURSES!
HE OWNS OVER 200 CLUBS
AND 100 BALLS...**

EDUCATED FROM THE TOES UP!
EDWARD HIGGINS--14,
BORN WITHOUT ARMS,
GRADUATED AS HONOR STUDENT
AND CLASS VALEDICTORIAN
Verdi Public School, Colo.,
May, 1940...
HE CAN PAINT PICTURES,
DRIVE A CAR,
PITCH HORSESHOES
AND THREAD A NEEDLE
WITH HIS FEET...

EXTRA CREAM

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS 8-8

WISHES HE HAD A LITTLE MORE CREAM FOR HIS CEREAL

FLAGS A WAITRESS WHO IMMEDIATELY DISAPPEARS IN ANOTHER DIRECTION

WAITS, EATING A FEW FLAKES OF CEREAL, DRY

WAITRESS SHOWS UP AND SAYS SHE'LL GET HIS REGULAR WAITRESS

WAITS, EATING A LITTLE MORE CEREAL, EVEN DRIER

REGULAR WAITRESS COMES AND LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY AT CREAM PITCHER

EATS A LITTLE MORE, WHILE SHE GOES WITH APARENT RELUCTANCE TO FILL PITCHER

WITH A STARTY REALIZES HE HAS FINISHED CEREAL AND FEELS APOLOGETIC WHEN EXTRA CREAM COMES

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Baron's Plans Are Upset!

"... I DIDN'T KILL HIM! I DIDN'T KILL HIM! I SWEAR I DIDN'T!"

"O-OH, YOU MUST BELIEVE ME... THERE'S SOMETHING I CANNOT TELL YOU NOW... WON'T YOU TRUST ME?"

"MY DEAR BRENDA, WE WERE INDEED FORTUNATE THAT THE LIGHTS IN THIS PLANE FAILED AT THE RIGHT TIME, EH? AND NOW... THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE!"

"... I HAVEN'T GOT IT, FRITZ..."

"WHAT IS THIS YOU SAY?? YOU HAVEN'T GOT IT???"

"I HAD IT... BUT... BUT... IN THE DARKNESS... SOMEONE... DON'T LOOK AT ME THAT WAY... YOU FRIGHTEN ME..."

CONFRONTED WITH THE LIP-STICK WHICH TOMMY FOUND BESIDE THE MURDERED LORD TWEEDLY, BARBARA LANE BECOMES HYSTERICAL!

8-7-40

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mystery Stuff

"TIM, THERE'S ANOTHER KID FOR YOU TO TAKE OUT THERE—"

"IS THERE, POP? GEE, THE LAST FOUR WERE CINCHEES—"

"MIND YOU NOW, GO EASY ON HIM—SEE, HE'S SMALLER THAN YOU ARE—"

"I WON'T MUSS HIM UP MUCH, POP—"

"DUCK OUT THE BACK DOOR AN' COME IN THE FRONT GATE— I'LL GET HIS DOG IN HERE AN' OUT O' HARM'S WAY—"

"—AN' I'LL BE AFTER HAVIN' MESSELE A GRANDSTAND SEAT FOR THE FIREWORKS AN' THE EXPLOSION! WHOOPEE!"

THE NEBBS—A Bargain

"YEA, INDEED, MR. NEBB... I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE ROOM WITH BATH AND TWIN BEDS FOR ONLY 20 DOLLARS A DAY. I'LL HAVE A BOY... SHOW YOU UP!"

"THAT'LL BE ALL RIGHT... NOW HERE'S A BUCK... HIDE THAT IN YOUR CLOTHES AND DON'T TELL THE CLERK ABOUT IT— HE THINKS HE GOT ALL I HAD!"

"YOU'RE A HIGH GRADER... CAN'T COME TO THIS PLACE WITH A BIT OF DIGNITY... HAVE TO GET FAMILIAR WITH THE BELLBOY! YOU WERE WILLING TO PAY \$20 A DAY... CAN'T YOU ACT LIKE YOU'RE USED TO IT?"

"YOU'VE BEEN TRYING FOR OVER 20 YEARS TO MAKE ME SOMETHING I'M NOT... AREN'T YOU EVER GOING TO GET DISCOURAGED?"

British to Ferry Planes over Sea

Los Angeles, Aug. 7.—(AP)—Captains Donald C. T. Bennett and Robert Humphrey Page of the British Royal Air Force are here to complete plans for flying California-built warplanes from Canada to England.
They said it would be necessary to install extra fuel tanks in some of the ships, which will be "ferried" across the Atlantic by English and Canadian pilots.

Hop Sale Quota 184,662 Bales

Portland, Aug. 7.—(AP)—The national hop control board estimated the Oregon, Washington and California hop production today at 35,000 pounds or 175,000 bales.
The board adopted a recommendation by the secretary of agriculture to establish this year's salable quantity under the new federal marketing agreement at 36,932,539 pounds or 184,662 bales.