

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Kay drives Jeff back to jail. She learns from Jeff that Sandra may have married him thinking his worthless property had silver on it. Back in her room Kay looks for the shorthand notebook. It has vanished again.

## Chapter 29

### What Safe Place?

I SHUFFLED through the papers on top of the table. I opened the table drawer. I even delved into the wastebasket. But it wasn't there; it wasn't anywhere in the two rooms or in the small bathroom.

I gave up the search, finally. Jeff must have taken it after all. I felt a flash of resentment. He hadn't trusted me, even though I knew what the notebook might contain.

But did I? Too late I realized that there might have been more that Sandra could have told, information more damaging than the bit of scandal about Mimi and Jeff.

Jeff needn't have told me anything he was afraid Sandra had put in that notebook!

I'd been a fool to believe him, to let it get out of my hands. What had he done with it—hidden it, destroyed it? There had been plenty of time to do either on his way to the garage. I felt sure he no longer had it when I delivered him at the hospital. It was too large to be concealed in a pocket, and he had not been carrying anything.

Was there any use trying to find it? Was there anyone to whom I could appeal for help? Gerald? I felt again that sinking of my heart, the unwilling, frightening realization that Gerald was an impostor.

Felicia? The chaplain? But I would have to tell them that Jeff had been here, and I was reluctant to do that. Perhaps he had not destroyed the notebook; he might have hidden it in the car. The garage was locked and the key in my bag, but I shrank from going out there alone in the dark. If the notebook was there, it was safe until morning. Morning, I told myself, would be time enough.

I got my wardrobe suitcase from the closet and packed my things, putting my papers all together in a compartment which served very well for the purpose. The rejected manuscript, still unopened, went in with them. Then I emptied the closet and the drawers of the mahogany chest, took a look around the bathroom and sitting room for forgotten articles, closed my typewriter in its traveling case and prepared to leave. At the door, however, I turned back on an unexplained impulse and dragged the wardrobe suitcase as far as the sitting room. But it was too heavy for me, so I abandoned it there, locked both the suitcase and the typewriter and put the keys in my bag. Then I turned out the lights, went out and shut the door.

There was a light in Felicia's sitting room, so she was in the room, musing a little. Remembering not to be too quiet, I prepared for bed, but she did not stir. And when, presently, I turned off the light and stretched out on the vacant bed her soft little snore was still at work.

### Elemental Fear

EVENTUALLY I resigned myself to staying awake. I doubled my pillow against the head of the bed and sat up, staring at the gray shape of a window, wishing it would begin to grow lighter, wishing I had a cigarette but afraid to get one for fear the smell of the smoke would disturb Felicia. I thought once of going into the sitting room, closing the door between; but that reminded me too vividly of the night before—of Sandra's meeting death, alone, in my sitting room.

I felt the roots of my hair tingle with elemental fear. For the first time I thought of that snore as a comforting reminder that I was not alone.

Then I began to hear little things, small sounds such as are always audible in a sleeping house, but which tonight my disordered imagination magnified into evidence that evil was creeping on stealthy feet through the corridors of the building.

Over the heavy thudding of my heart I heard boards creak under the slow weight of those feet, heard the little stirrings of secret errands, the whisper of pages as if someone were leafing rapidly through a magazine. My thoughts went back with mounting horror to the picture of Sandra, sitting dutifully quiet while I worked, turning the pages of a magazine until I was ready to scream at the relentless regularity of the repeated sound. My heart hammering painfully, I pictured her sitting there now, turning the pages, waiting—waiting for what?

What had she left undone? Then, so distinct that I knew I had not imagined it, I knew I had not imagined it, I heard the click of a door latch.

heather fear. The click of the corridor door!

Almost relieved at the thought of a tangible menace, I crept out of bed and tiptoed to the open door of the sitting room, where I stopped for an instant to listen. There was no further sound. Presently, emboldened by the continued quiet, I reached a hand into the room and switched on the light.

There was no one there. I stood in the doorway for a moment, getting my nerve back and feeling foolish. Behind me Felicia still slept. Well, at least I could have a cigarette.

I crossed over and turned the key in the corridor door, reflecting that it was a little late for the precaution, found my pocketbook, which contained the remains of a pack of cigarettes, and lit up. Then I fussed the door to the bedroom nearly shut, selected a magazine from a stack on the table, and settled down to read.

But not for long. I could not keep my mind on the words. Thoughts of my own kept nagging me—thoughts of Mimi and Colonel Pennant, of Julia and Jeff and Sandra. Sandra, who had "written down what she knew about several people and put it in a safe place." Not just what she knew about Mimi and Jeff. Several people.

Reducing it to simple terms, Sandra was a blackmailer. She had blackmailed Jeff into marrying her. She had tried to blackmail him into giving her the Ozark property, which she believed to be valuable. A logical question formed in my mind. Had she been blackmailing someone else?

The answer brought me to my feet. It was so obvious that I wondered why I had not seen it before.

### Unbearable Excitement

IT WASN'T only to Jeff that she had thrown the taunt that it would do no good to kill her. She had recorded her knowledge and put it "in a safe place." And she had thought that made her safe, too.

What safe place? It seemed to me suddenly that Sandra was in the room with me, trying to tell me something. I began to shake with a chill that was not so much fright as the unbearable excitement of knowing that I was on the verge of a revelation. This was something that concerned me. I was as sure of it as if I had seen her standing there, pointing at me. When there was no one else she had turned to me, even though she knew I was Julia's friend. Wasn't it plausible, then, that, surrounded by strangers, she had cached her secret with me? She had trusted me with it—she could not do that—but she could leave me some clue to it. If I had the wit to recognize the clue—

I settled myself with another cigarette, let the magazine slip to the floor, and went over everything I could remember concerning Sandra since she had come to my room Sunday night.

There was the shorthand notebook, of course. That leaped to the attention. But in no sense could it be considered a safe place. Many people can read shorthand. Besides, it was too obvious. If it had been that important she would never have left it lying about.

A safe-deposit box? Not here. I was fairly sure of that. And the record she had made must be a recent one. There was no bank nearer than the next town, and to the best of my belief she had not been off the post since Sunday except for the one time she had gone with me to the post office, and then she had not been out of my sight.

The post office. She had mailed two letters. "To friends who knew Ivan," she had said.

I remembered those letters. Thin, one-page affairs. Still—they might have included the few words necessary to incriminate someone.

And then I thought of the manuscript. Little things which had no meaning for me at the time they happened recurred to me now in a new light. Sandra asking to use my typewriter and staying alone in my room all that afternoon. Her determination that the manuscript should be finished and sent off that very day. The questions she had asked concerning its destination and the time of its probable return if rejected. And the strange intensity with which she had watched me seal and stamp the envelope and hand it through the window to the postmaster.

What had the editor said? With feverish fingers I extracted the letter once more from my bag and read it with new comprehension.

"Sounds like two stories mixed up." My housecoat was lying in the jumble of things in my overnight case. I crushed the letter back into my pocketbook, snatched up the robe and put it on. That manuscript, locked in my wardrobe case in the next room, would bear investigating.

A familiar chill gripped me as I turned the key to unlock the door to the corridor, but I gave myself no time to heed it. I clicked off the light in the sitting room, listened for a moment to Felicia's hardy snore and gently, quietly turned the doorknob.

To be continued

**Heavily Insured**  
Arkansas City, Kas. (P)—John Heard's "insurance policy" weighs seven tons. Thirty years ago he was in ill health. So he purchased a cemetery lot and a 14,000-pound tombstone. He hasn't felt bad since then and today he says he never felt better in his life.

**They're Connoisseurs**  
Boulder, Colo. (P)—Thieves who have broken into the same liquor store three times are discriminating. The proprietor reported that each time they stole only one brand of whiskey and molested no other brands. It was the costliest kind in the store.

## On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1150, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 730, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle; KNN, 1650, Los Angeles; KJL, 630, Denver; KJN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1120, Salt Lake.

### STATIONS

Thursday  
5:00—Singin' and Swingin', KGO, KJR, Music Hall, KPO; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
6:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KGW, 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, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KGW; Sports, KGO.  
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW; News, KSL; Auction, KNX, KOIN.  
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.  
9:30—Dress Rehearsal, KPO, KGW.  
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Arnold's Orch., KOMO; Jurgen's Orch., KNX.  
10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Friml, KGO, KJR, KEX.

## Friday

5:00—Dan's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KGW; Chorus, KNX, KOIN.  
5:30—Concert, KGO, KJR, KEX; Drama, KPO, KGW; Grand Central, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
6:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Swing, KOMO; Philharmonic, KGO.  
6:30—Quis Kids, KPO, KGW; Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; In Spots, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Messers' Orch., KJR, KEX; Our Musical Heritage, KGO.  
7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KPO, KGW.  
8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO.  
8:30—Festival Varieties, KOMO; Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KSL.  
9:00—Gordon's Orch., KPO, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
9:30—In the Good Old Days, KPO; King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KGW.  
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Jurgen's Orch., KNX.  
10:30—Friml, KGO, KJR, KEX; Owens' Orch., KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Man With a Pipe, KEX; News, KGO, KGW.

## FIRST LADY TO STAY WITH WRITERS' GUILD TO FIGHT COMMUNISM

New York, Aug. 8.—(P)—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt today discussed with reporters a column which Westbrook Pegler wrote about her decision to remain a member of the American Newspaper Guild (C.I.O.). Mrs. Roosevelt said she would stay in the organization and fight any alleged leanings toward communism she might find. Pegler charged the guild is "run by the communists," and said: "If Mrs. Roosevelt knew as much as she should about this Trojan horse to which she has decided to continue to pitch hay she would be aware that \* \* \* the guild constitution contains a trick \* \* \* clause \* \* \* which forbids resignation and provides expulsion for those who attempted to do so. Mrs. Roosevelt is no more eligible for membership in the guild than I am for membership in the D.A.R. \* \* \*"

## Mrs. Roosevelt, pointing out that her present column-writing contract has five years to run, asked the reporters: "As long as I can sell what I write, why should I not stay in the guild?"

## FIND FRANKLIN BALLAD IN OLD BOSTON HOUSE

Boston, Aug. 8.—(P)—Benjamin Franklin's first literary work—a ballad called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," which he wrote at the age of 14 and

hawked on the streets of Boston—may have been discovered after 175 years. Maurice Babcock, Jr., son of the Boston light keeper, found the yellow sheet, printed in old English characters, in a ruined house once owned by the Adams family on lonely Middle Brewster island, Boston harbor. If authentic, the document is of great value.

### First Freeze

Cheyenne, Wyo., Aug. 8.—(P)—The season's first freezing weather in the valleys of western and south-central Wyoming was reported today by the weather bureau.

## SPAIN ON VERGE SAYS NEWSPAPER

Madrid, Spain, Aug. 8.—(P)—The Falangist newspaper Arriba said today that Spain is "physically on the verge of battle" against Great Britain. Arriba, in a front page editorial declared that Spain is a "moral belligerent," sharply attacked Great Britain and asserted that the government has not the right to suppress public and press hostility to Britain.

by JOHN HIX

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



**HORACE GREELEY—**  
Great American Journalist,  
VISITING CALIFORNIA TO LOOK OVER THE POSSIBILITIES OF A TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD, FOUND MEXICO ARMED AGAINST HIM— FOR FEAR HE WAS A FILIBUSTER PLANNING TO CONQUER MEXICO!



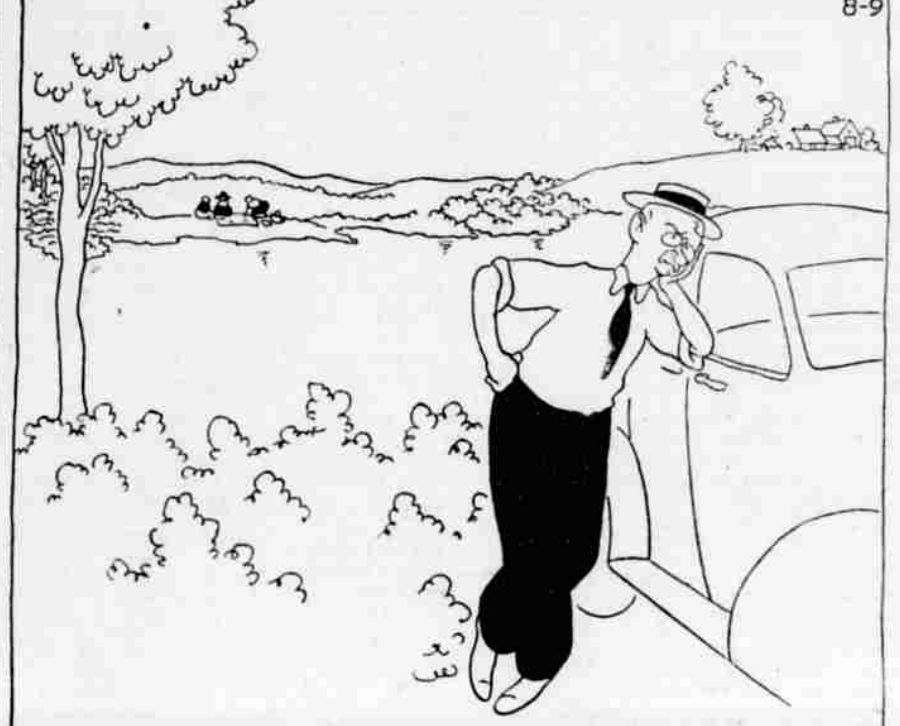
HUDSON BAY RAILWAY— RUNS FOR MILES ON PERPETUAL ICE!

**HORACE GREELEY'S SURPRISE**  
Traveling to California, in 1858, to survey the possibilities of a transcontinental railroad, Horace Greeley, noted New York publisher, got the surprise of his life. Strange as it seems, Greeley learned that Mexico feared he would muster western filibusters to conquer the nation! The Mexican commander at Mazatlan even issued a solemn proclamation warning the people against this "most diabolical, bloodthirsty and unmerciful man."  
TOMORROW: Timeless Clock!

By HAL FORREST

## THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



HAVING PLUNGED FOR HALF A MILE THROUGH SWAMP AND THICKET TO GET THE FORGOTTEN BOTTLE OPENER OUT OF THE CAR, YOU FIND THAT THE KEY OF THE CAR IS STILL IN YOUR COAT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Baron Makes A Decision!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Setting the Stage!



THE NEBBES—A Perfect Setting



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS

