

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

Chapter 44

Her Excellent Brain

"I BELIEVE that the murders were done without Felicia's knowledge," I said. "At least when she learned of it, and she was shocked."

"But why did she worm her way in here three months in advance? It was a carefully thought-out plan, and here was the brain that conceived it, in my opinion."

"And I shared her room last night! Gerald, she wasn't the one who attacked me. Who was the man?"

"The Imposter at Fort Michigan. I had my eye on him from the first, but Sandra threw me off. That poor girl—that poor fool! Did she think she could pit herself against—"

"Gerald—tell me at once!"

"You asked me two questions. Who was the body in the car? And who was the man who attacked you? The answer is the same. Only not the same, if you follow me."

"Either tell me or go away. If that's your idea of soothing a sick person try it on the state hospital for the insane. Maybe they'll appreciate you. I don't."

"Kay, my dear, forgive me. Only it seems so obvious. I keep forgetting your head is probably hazy yet. It was the chaplain, of course."

I stared at him.

"I guess my head is hazy," I admitted. "That doesn't seem to make sense."

"Think it over a bit and you'll get it. Chaplain Henry, the chaplain Sandra had known in Texas, was ordered to Fort Michigan. He wrote to the adjutant. You were present in the mess hall when Felicia told about the letter. She probably thought if she didn't tell the adjutant, so it was good strategy. The letter asked, you remember, about rooms, and also detailed his program of action, including his plans for purchasing a new Ford in Chicago and driving it here."

"He even asked where he should stop for dinner. Dollars to crullers, as the saying goes, she wrote back and recommended Fieldstone Inn. I say again that here was the mind behind this coup, and I have plenty of reason to think so. Her husband, after that near escape from the elevated station, was in need of a hide-out. She knew of his susceptibility to poison oak, and there was enough of it around the post to give her the idea. The chaplain delivered himself into her hands."

"The husband—call him Bride-well for the sake of convenience, though it's probably not his name—lay in wait at the inn. You were with me that night I tried to find someone who had seen him. I haven't been able to prove it, yet. But I know how it was worked. It's the only possible way. An acquaintance struck up, a casual mention of Fort Michigan, and the offer of a lift. Once in the events probably took place much as described later, but with important omissions. The real chaplain was murdered, by chloroform, carbon monoxide, or some similar method which would leave no trace after the body was turned."

"Felicia had been to Chicago that day. It was the following day, after I arrived, that she told you she had to go back as they had sent her the wrong girdle. I'll wager she really bought that girdle, really exchanged it the next day. It gave her all the excuse she needed to make two trips to Chicago on consecutive days."

"The first night she met Bride-well by prearrangement on some deserted road. The body of the chaplain was transferred to the luggage compartment of her car. Bride-well drove the chaplain's car back to Chicago, checked all his luggage at the La Salle Street Station and drove back to the place where the car was later found abandoned. Felicia picked him up there, drove him to the edge of the reservation, where he stripped."

"Why? Why strip?"

stuff. Captain Jones had admitted that he was much too concerned about his wife to observe the phenomenal extent of the irritation. Otherwise his suspicions might have been roused."

"Of course the chaplain kept the brief case in order to prove his identity," I said. I couldn't seem to get over calling him the chaplain. "What was Felicia doing all this time?"

"Going quietly about her business. She drove home, locked her car in the garage and waited for the wrong girdle to arrive."

"I rode as far as the Post Exchange with her that afternoon," I recalled, shivering a little. "Gerald, you don't mean—"

"The body was unquestionably in the back of the car. Was she nervous, not anxious for your company?"

"Yes, I suggested going in with her and she put me off. She went to see the chaplain, too, in the hospital. She was going to buy him some underwear."

"Very cool. She made use of everything. Even Immerman. I think he really inspired her. Of course she stole his second income and planted it in the burned car—what? Did you say something?"

"Nothing go on," I was remembering what the orderly had said the night before that rang a bell in my brain. That his uniform blouse always hung in the kitchen when he wore a white coat to wait on table."

"The Authentic Touch"

"SHE made people laugh at the chaplain's antics, and they couldn't take the chaplain seriously. Same way with the girdle. Always the authentic touch. How could anyone question the predicament of a woman caught out in public clothed only in her girdle?"

"She drove that car out beyond the target range herself and ditched it, first having arranged the corpse in the driver's seat—remember, he was a small man, and Felicia no weakling. A little kerosene spilled here and there, a candle sheltered from draft that would take an hour or more to burn down until it could ignite the soaked cushions, or oil-soaked rags—"

"She was scared white when she got back to the club."

"I don't doubt it. Suppose she had been seen—suppose the candle had gone out. They must have used carbon monoxide on the chaplain, in case the fire failed and the car was discovered too soon. Or she could always have gone back, in the small hours when everyone was asleep and made certain the second time."

"Gerald, who was Felicia? And why should she plan two awful crimes like that? Not just for money. I can't believe anyone would do such things just for money. The theft of a child—and the cold-blooded murder of a good man—"

"The worst crimes are for quiet money," Gerald said with quiet bitterness. "And they are usually committed by people who have convinced themselves that they have a grudge against the world. Like Sandra. You read that part of her document, didn't you? The rest of it—the incriminating part—told how they fooled her, too. At least, the chaplain did; she never knew Felicia was in it. She simply knew Bride-well was an impostor; but when she confronted him with her knowledge he claimed to be a friend of the real chaplain. The story they hatched was that the chaplain had been refused leave to go to the bedside of a dying relative and that he, Bride-well, had agreed to attempt the harmless deception."

"And Sandra believed that?"

"So she said; but perhaps she didn't, really. At any rate, she saw a chance of turning a penny and hadn't the wit to make the obvious deduction when the car was burned, or to realize that she was playing with dynamite. The nearest she came to the truth was to think he might be a spy."

"But that was later, after Ivan was killed, when she didn't really care what happened. Ivan had been in Hollywood and, penniless, had hitch-hiked or bummed his way as far as Chicago. He came to her for money—probably not the first she had given him. When you and I interrupted them on the barge—yes, Colonel Pen-nant told me all that—they made an appointment to meet there later after the party broke up. That was why Sandra was so long in giving the alarm."

"She waited until Miami was asleep, borrowed her car and drove back out to the beach, expecting to find Ivan waiting for her there. He was there, all right, but she didn't find him. He must have been killed by Bride-well while you girls were absent from the barge. And it was undoubtedly meant to look like an accident—"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial:

KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KUD, 790, San Francisco; KJIV, 120, Portland; KJH, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KGIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 620, 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 Revue, KGO, KJR; KEX; Ricardo, KPO; Lewiston Concert, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Barber Shop Quartet, KGO; Kyrer's Prgm., KPO, KGW; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Joy's Orch., KGO, KJR; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Playhouse, KPO, KGW.

7:30—Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KGW; Meet Mr. Meek, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sports, KGO.

8:30—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW; Question Bee, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW; 9:30—Dance Orch., KSL; Stanford Univ., KPO, KGW.

Thursday:

5:00—Singing and Swingin', KGO, KJR, KEX; 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.

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

7:30—Canadian Holiday, KGO, KEX; KJR; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Lewis' Orch., KPO, KGW.

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

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW; Kemp's Orch., KSL; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

9:30—Dress Rehearsal, KPO, KGW.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KGW; King's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Primi, KGO, KEX.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Man With a Pipe, KEX; KGW's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KGW, KXN.

MODEL HOME TOWNS WILL BE OFFERED TO ORGANIZED RESIDENTS

Washington, Aug. 14.—(U.P.)—The government disclosed plans today to pass on to community ownership its three model "towns of the future"—Greenbelt, Greenhills and Greendale. Plans expected to be completed soon, call for sale of the three communities to homestead associations formed by residents. Community ownership—rather than private—will replace government ownership.

The three communities represent an initial government investment of \$35,000,000. Greenbelt, near Washington, cost \$13,394,406; Greenhills at Cincinnati, cost \$11,508,001, and Greendale at Milwaukee, Wis., cost \$10,113,404.

The projects were undertaken to "prove the practicability" of model homes for low-income, white-collar workers and induce private construction to expand in that field. They were begun in 1933 and completed in 1938.

ANTI-DRAFT LETTERS DECLARED FORGERIES

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 14.—(P)—Walter M. Clist, Spokane apartment hotel manager, asserted today that his name had been forged to letters sent to Senators Bone and Schwel-lenbach of Washington, urging them to vote against the conscription bill now before the senate.

Rangoon, Burma, Aug. 14.—(P)—Four persons were killed and 21 injured when an express train to Mandalay was derailed last night 120 miles from Rangoon. An investigation showed spikes between the rails and ties had been removed.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

Owned by Mrs. Oscar Williams, Pelham Manor, N.Y.

PLATINUM LOCOMOTIVE—CORRECT IN EVERY DETAIL. SO SMALL IT CAN PASS THROUGH A FINGER RING!

Paul E. Tignor—Glenn L. Martin Co. engineer, ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED A DURABLE, WATER-PROOF AIRPLANE RUNWAY SURFACE BY SPILLING AN OIL CAN ON THE GROUND WHILE FIXING HIS LAWN MOWER!

ATHLETE'S HEART—According to medical science, there is no convincing evidence that a good heart is damaged by strenuous or violent exercise. Early athletes with already damaged or abnormal hearts competed in strenuous games and athletics undoubtedly harmed these hearts.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

Oiling his lawnmower for the 1930 season, Paul E. Tignor, field engineer for the Glenn Martin company, spilled some oil on the red clay. Today the company's flying field is covered with 150,000 square yards of oil surfacing as a result.

TOMORROW: Man Who Laughs!

COMING OUT EVEN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

COMES TO THE END OF A GOOD BREAKFAST

OBSERVES HE HAS SOME BUTTER LEFT ON HIS PLATE AND TO FINISH IT UP TAKES ANOTHER PIECE OF TOAST

FINISHES BUTTER, BUT IS LEFT WITH HALF A PIECE OF TOAST, WHICH IT SEEMS A PITY TO WASTE

TAKES ANOTHER PIECE OF BUTTER AND SPREADS TOAST

STARTS TO FOLD NAPKIN, NOTICING THAT HE USED ONLY SMALL PART OF THE PIECE OF BUTTER

SIGNS AND TAKES ANOTHER PIECE OF TOAST

WITH CHABRIN FINDS HE HAD BUTTER ENOUGH FOR ONLY HALF OF IT

REALIZES THIS COULD GO ON FOREVER, AND FINISHES THE PIECE OF TOAST DRY

8-15 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Menace Above!

"PLINK" PHARLOS AND TONY SILO, INTERNATIONAL CROOKS, EAVESDROPPED OUTSIDE COURT CATERINI'S STATEROOM, THEN SILENTLY GLIDED AWAY! MEANWHILE... IN THE STATEROOM...

FOOL! DO YOU THINK TO BE SECURE WITH SUCH LIES? THE SECRET TREATY IS HERE... NOT IN THE STATEROOM OF HANS BRINKERLIN!

"And Sandra believed that?"

"So she said; but perhaps she didn't, really. At any rate, she saw a chance of turning a penny and hadn't the wit to make the obvious deduction when the car was burned, or to realize that she was playing with dynamite. The nearest she came to the truth was to think he might be a spy."

"But that was later, after Ivan was killed, when she didn't really care what happened. Ivan had been in Hollywood and, penniless, had hitch-hiked or bummed his way as far as Chicago. He came to her for money—probably not the first she had given him. When you and I interrupted them on the barge—yes, Colonel Pen-nant told me all that—they made an appointment to meet there later after the party broke up. That was why Sandra was so long in giving the alarm."

"She waited until Miami was asleep, borrowed her car and drove back out to the beach, expecting to find Ivan waiting for her there. He was there, all right, but she didn't find him. He must have been killed by Bride-well while you girls were absent from the barge. And it was undoubtedly meant to look like an accident—"

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Paid In Advance

STONE BROKE, EN? ALL RIGHT, HERE'S YOUR FIRST WEEK'S PAY IN ADVANCE—

GEE, THANKS, MR. CLANCY, BUT YOU GAVE ME FIFTEEN DOLLARS!

LISTEN, ME BUCKEROO, AINCHA SATISFIED?

GOLLY, YES!

WELL, QUIT GROWLIN' THEN! AN' REMEMBER, NO CLANCY WORKER, MAN OR BOY, GETS OTHER THAN THE TOPS IN WAGES—I WANT A FIGHTIN' GO-GITTIN' CREW AROUND ME!

NOW, WE'VE CHEWED THE FAT LONG ENOUGH, BEN—GIT BACK TO TIM AN' HAVE HIM TELL YOU YOUR DUTIES!

CLANCY TRUCKING COMPANY

THE NEBBS—What's It All About?

I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE MR. NEBBS WHO FLEW AROUND THE WORLD?

YES, I'M THE MAN

YOU DIDN'T FLY THE PLANE YOURSELF, DID YOU? OR YOU DIDN'T PATENT THE PILL EITHER, DID YOU?

NO, I DIDN'T DO EITHER

SO WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT YOUR ACHIEVEMENTS THAT PEOPLE CRAVE YOUR SIGNATURE? SOME PEOPLE GROW GREAT THROUGH OTHERS' ACHIEVEMENTS. YOUR SIGNATURE WOULD ONLY LOOK GOOD TO ME ON A CHECK!

I'M NOT MAKING CLAIM TO ANY GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS... IN FACT, I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE AND IF IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN IT WON'T ROBE ME OF ANY HAPPINESS!

8-14

Two Reasons

TWO reasons, Felicia's excellent but misguided brain again, I'm sure. First reason, the chaplain's clothes would not fit him. Second reason, he made himself a laughing stock, and there is nothing quite so disarming to suspicion as that. Oh yes, one more reason—the poison oak. That was the most essential part of the disguise. He had been seen, and his fingerprints were known. And while Felicia had made careful inquiries and found that no one on the post knew the real chaplain, there was always the chance of some accidental meeting—like Sandra's. The poison oak was meant to take care of that. I think he must have rolled in the

EXPOSITION LURES VACATIONISTS INTO WONDERLAND REGION

Treasure Island. (Spl.)—Tourist and vacation parties ranging from two to five persons each, 79 parties in all, have been routed into the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland within the past two weeks by the information and travel department of the Shasta-Cascade building. The vacationists were from 20 cities in California, the tourists from five different states, Utah, Illinois, New York, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

After spending an hour in the Shasta-Cascade building and the

Wonderland Court, viewing the exhibits and seeing the natural color motion pictures of Wonderland counties, B. H. Alfred of St. Paul, Minn., came to the information desk for information as to how to reach the Wonderland and what to see there.

"This exhibit is surely a lure for the tourist," he said, "and it has made me want to see the Wonderland region."

Mrs. E. Ronald Foster of Berkeley was so enthusiastic over her sightseeing trip through the Shasta-Cascade Wonderland that she returned to the Shasta-Cascade building to tell members of the staff how much she enjoyed it.

"We received information and directions about the things to see in the Wonderland when we visited this building in June," she said. "Since then we have toured the Wonderland and enjoyed it immensely."

ATHLETE'S HEART

THE PORCUPINE FISH—6 FEET IN CIRCUMFERENCE, INFLATES ITSELF AND RIGES TO THE SURFACE, RESEMBLING A FLOATING MINE! SHARKS AND OTHER FISH AVOID IT—SOMETIMES IT EXPLODES!

"ATHLETE'S HEART" IS A MYTH! HEALTHY HEARTS ARE NOT DAMAGED BY STRENUOUS EXERCISE; FATIGUE CAUSES ONE TO STOP BEFORE DAMAGE RESULTS...

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TOMORROW: Man Who Laughs!

By HAL FORREST

ROBBER!! THIEVES!! HELP!!

SILENCE HIM, TONY! HE'LL HAVE EVERYONE HERE IN A MINUTE!!

BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS OF THOSE ABOARD THE CLIPPER WILL BE SHATTERED WHEN THIS COMBAT PLANE LETS LOOSE ITS HAIL OF DEATH!!

By EDWIN ALGER

CLANCY TRUCKING COMPANY

NOW, WE'VE CHEWED THE FAT LONG ENOUGH, BEN—GIT BACK TO TIM AN' HAVE HIM TELL YOU YOUR DUTIES!

By SOL HESS

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