

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

Chapter 45

'Not Discerning Enough'

I REMEMBER now that the chaplain was shocked when we told him about the piece of driftwood," said "But Gerald—wouldn't she have suspected him then? And if she did, why keep silent?"

"She was stupid, she wanted money and she had a grudge against the world. So had Felicia. "Felicia really told me she was the widow of an FBI man; and I found, on investigation, that she had told the same story when she applied for the position of hostess here. Furthermore, she had references in proof of her assertion. There was such a man; and shortly after his death his widow disappeared. I won't bore you with the details of the undercover work we have done, from both ends, checking the story. I had the report this morning. The widow is living abroad. Felicia was a girlhood friend whom she had not seen in recent years, but with whom she kept up an intermittent correspondence. When her husband died she had sent Felicia copies of her references in the hope that Felicia could find a job for her, and had never thought to ask for them back.

"Felicia, she said, had been engaged to a stockbroker who lost his shirt in the depression and then disappeared. And there was some talk of Randy's midas hand being behind the failure. I think we can safely assume that Bridewell is the missing broker. In what company he has spent the intervening years, we don't know. He has managed to keep out of jail, otherwise his prints would be on record. But one can imagine the two, separate and penniless, nursing their wrongs, coming together again and hatching their plot for revenge and for financial restitution. That would have been all, at first. Then the panic of near discovery, the intoxication, for Felicia, at least, of pitting her wits against the law. She had never seen the chaplain. Why would she hesitate to sacrifice a life that meant everything?"

"But how could they hope to keep up the deception?"

'Ingenuous Disguise'

THEY didn't Colonel Pennant tells me that the chaplain had already put in for a change of station because of his health. That poison oak was a diabolical ingenuous disguise—we would even account for any variation in his signature, because of his disabled hands. And they wouldn't have permitted it to wear off until he was safely away from here. I think that, somewhere en route to the new station, the chaplain would have disappeared from the train. And after a safe interval Felicia would have given up her job and followed. The money is probably in a safe-deposit box in Chicago. We haven't discovered it yet, but we will. All but the twenty-five hundred one-dollar bills. And Randy will consider that well spent—

"There's only one thing I don't understand," I said, after a little pause. "Why did they kill Ivan?"

"Ivan was the most casually vindictive murderer I have ever encountered. And it was a mistake. A most fortunate one for me, by the way. It leaked out after the ransom was paid that an FBI man had impersonated the butler that night. Of course he didn't see me, he only heard me speak, and he'd say I can do a very nice Cockney when I have to. My father was English, you see, and we lived over there until his death. Now I'm an American like my mother.

"It was Ivan's misfortune that he had fallen into a slight confusion as to the manner of speech of the typical Oxford man. It wasn't very good Cockney, either, to a discerning ear—but it attracted the chaplain's attention."

"Oh, there was something else, too!" I exclaimed. "I've just thought of it. The night of the beach party I asked Ivan if he was an actor and he quoted Shakespeare about all the world's a stage and one man in his time plays many parts. Then he said his vocation was more important than acting. It must have been just his dramatic way of leading up to his writing. Perhaps he felt he had a mission; but I thought Sandra smushed him. Anyway, he didn't go on. And the chaplain was listening. He must have thought—" I paused, horrified by the realization that but for that speech, it might have been Gerald.

"Exactly," Gerald agreed grimly. "I'm afraid he acted hastily, in pure rage and without reference to Felicia's more subtle brain. She might, perhaps, have

set him on the right track. It has been on her account, I may add, that I have played the fool. She is not quite subtle enough, fortunately for me, to realize that more than one can play at that game. Though she may have had doubts of me originally she quickly lost them. I could almost hear her think that no man would deliberately make such an idiot of himself."

"I saw through that," I remarked complacently.

"As I have said elsewhere, you're a discerning young person. But not, fortunately, discerning enough. I blame myself for not making sure you understood. But you see, I thought you were perfectly safe at the Ferrarants. You told me, if you remember, that you were spending the night there," he added reproachfully.

"Circumstances—er, arose," I said weakly.

"I hope you'll be more careful about circumstances in future, then. Have you any idea how I disrupted the forces of law and order last night?"

"What do you mean?"

"I thought you probably wouldn't know. Well, to begin with my movements last night: I left you at the Pennants' before dinner, and drove to Fladstone Inn where I had an engagement to meet a colleague. No, not the gentleman in need of eyelashes. That was a reporter. The man I met last night was the operative who hopes to identify Bridewell as soon as the poison oak heals. I concluded my business, came back to the post, to the club—to your rooms, to be exact. I was still concerned about that shorthand notebook which I had not been able to locate. And there it lay, in full view on your table."

"While I was absent with Jeff, I reflected.

"Impassioned Slush"

"I SEIZED upon it and took it to my rooms. I'm no expert. It took me a while to decipher that impassioned slush. Kay, I'm surprised at you. I did think it might be in code, but I gave that up when I came to the line at the end. I gave it up in favor of a search for Lover's Return. I seem, by the way, to have been the only person involved who did not know about that manuscript. Next time you're passing the information, please give me a slice too!"

"I came back to your rooms because, of course, it had to be something of yours. I went quietly, because I had no desire to attract attention. And of course I saw your things were packed. I thought you had been there, packed up and gone back to the Pennants, leaving your things to be called for in the morning. You see, everything was dark. I had no way of knowing you were bunking with Felicia."

"You thought Lover's Return might be a story in a magazine," I said, smiling a little at memory of my flight.

"Well, of course, I thought of a manuscript and did what I should have done earlier—went back to the colonel's quarters to ask you about it."

"Leaving the notebook behind," "Forgot it," he said briefly.

"Though I can't say it seemed an important oversight."

"It wasn't," I assured him. "If you mean that by doing so you endangered my life, I had already thought of the manuscript and gone to find it when I saw the notebook. I suppose—they had it all day?"

"Unquestionably. And the night before, when you heard someone moving about in your rooms, it must have been Bridewell looking for Lover's Return. I have a theory that Sandra was carrying the notebook, probably just having added her postscript, when she was killed. But didn't you have a copy of the manuscript in your papers?"

"Yes, but it wasn't named. I couldn't think of a title until I was copying it; and of course Sandra's story wasn't in the copy I kept. And that makes me think of something else—"

"I told him then about the library in the chapel and the book Come Back, My Heart. "It must have been that by then they were grasping at straws."

"So finally they decided to leave the notebook there for you to find and lead them to the right story."

"I wonder if Felicia didn't guess when I read her the letter. She went right to the chaplain's rooms—said he needed towels."

"You can depend on it, they would leave no stone unturned. He was probably on his way to break open your suitcase when he found you there ahead of him—"

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS
Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KJIA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 730, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 340, Portland; KOMO, 320, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Thursday
5:00—Singin' and Swingin', KGO, KJR, KEX, Music Hall, KPO, Major Bowers, KNX, KOIN, KSL.
5:00—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL, Crosby's Orch., KPO, KGW, News, KGO, KEX.
5:30—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., KOW; King's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Primi, KGO, KEX.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Man With a Pipe, KEX; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO.

Friday
5:00—Kemp's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Waite Time, KPO, KGW; Songs, KNX, KOIN.
5:30—Grant Park Concert, KGO, KJR, KEX; Drama, KPO, KGW; Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
6:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KGW; News, KEX.
6:30—Quiz Kids, KPO, KGW; Al Pearce's Gang, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Rhythm on the River, KGO, KJR.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Messner's Orch., KJR, KEX; Our Musical Heritage, KGO.
7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Byrd Expeditions, KGO, KEX.
8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO, Sports, KGO; Busse's Orch., KGO.
8:30—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 Old Days, KPO; King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KGO.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX.
10:30—Primi, KGO, 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.

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

OILED SILK BIB STRANGLES BABY

Colville, Wash., Aug. 15.—(P)—A large oiled silk bib was blamed here today for the death of a six-months-old baby it had been used to protect.

Dr. Wesley Minzel said the bib had smothered Janice Peterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Peterson, as it lay in its crib in the Peterson home at Bossburg, 25 miles north of here.

The parents rushed the baby to the physician's office when it was found unconscious, but the child was dead on arrival, Dr. Minzel said. The bib had been kicked over the baby's face.

FEWER APPLES IN MARKET THIS YEAR

Pittsburgh, Aug. 15.—(P)—Growers and shippers will have

83,000,000 bushels of apples to distribute this year, or 5,000,000 bushels less than last year's crop, it was announced today at the 45th annual convention of the International Apple association.

Shippers said the 1939 crop was "cleaned up" despite loss of European markets, although the government had to do considerable purchasing of surplus apples.

Washington leads 24 apple-growing states in production.

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O. S. C. APPLICATIONS SET MARK THIS FALL

Oregon State College, Aug. 15.—(Sp.)—Applications for admission to the college this fall are being received at a greater rate than ever before, reports E. B. Lemon, registrar, indicating a freshman class at least as large as last fall when 1504 enrolled. Freshman week is long and almost entirely double-tracked.

Encircles Toledo Toledo, Ohio.—(U.P.)—The Toledo Terminal railroad completely encircles this city. It is 29 miles long and almost entirely double-tracked.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



OWLET MOTHS— CAN HEAR ONLY ONE THING— THE SOUND OF BATS, THEIR CHIEF ENEMIES!

MERCHANTS OF WILTONA, WIS., GO FISHING IN MANHOLES RIGHT IN TOWN! THEY CATCH SPECKLED, RAINBOW, GERMAN-BROWN AND BROOK TROUT...



THE "NINEPLANDEM CAPRONI HYDRAVI," Italian air monster, HAD 9 DIFFERENT WINGS! - BUILT IN 1921 -

LAUGHING BOY
Herb Ohrenberger, at a Boston theater in 1935, couldn't stop laughing when the picture had ended. He laughed so long and loud that the rest of the audience couldn't help laughing, too. In appreciation, the manager presented him a lifetime pass, for "the most infectious laugh he had ever heard."

AIR MONSTER
Built to carry 100 passengers, a giant Caproni transport, tried out in 1921, actually had nine wings. It flew successfully, but was accidentally destroyed by fire before test flights were completed.

TOMORROW: Original Flame Thrower!

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE ELM STREET TIGERS FACE A HARD CHOICE OF EITHER LETTING THEIR HEAVIEST HITTER GO OR OF NOT BEING ABLE TO FINISH OUT THE SEASON BECAUSE WITH THE TREASURY AT A LOW EBB THEY CAN'T REPLACE THE BATS HE BREAKS

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Fate Takes A Hand!

AS HANS BRINKERLIN ENTERED HIS STATEROOM, SPHARIOS AND SILO, WHO HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING TREATY, LEAPED UPON THE DUTCHMAN, WITH MURDEROUS INTENTIONS.

"AHoy, CLIPPER! LAND, OR WE WILL BLAST YOU OUT OF THE SKY!"

AND... AT THIS MOMENT... A SMALL, ARMED PLANE DIVES UPON THE BIG CLIPPER SHIP, RADIOING AN OMINOUS COMMAND

WHAT'LL I TELL HIM, TOMMY?

STALL HIM OFF FOR A WHILE. WE MAY BE ABLE TO MAKE THE SEADROME BEFORE HE CAN CARRY OUT HIS THREAT!

IN THE CLIPPER COCKPIT...

THIS BURST IS JUST A WARNING! BETTER LAND WHILE YOU CAN!

BUT THE ARMED PLANE FIRES AND RADIOS AGAIN

AND THAT "BURST" SMASHING THROUGH A WINDOW OF THE BIG SHIP, CUTS TONY SILO DOWN, AS HE WAS ABOUT TO THROTTLE HANS BRINKERLIN! CONTINUED...

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Add One!

GEE, TIM, I KINDA FEEL LIKE I'M IN A DREAM— BUT I THINK YOUR DAD SURE IS WONDERFUL!

HE AIN'T A BAD GUY—

FACT IS, BEN, POP'S A HONEY OF A GUY— HE AIN'T SCARED OF NOTHING!

I S'POSE HE TOLD YOU I'D SHOW YOU THE LAYOUT HERE AN' TELL YOU WHAT TO DO, EH?

YES, HE DID.

OKAY, LESSON ONE— THAT THERE GARAGE HOLDS FIFTY TRUCKS— AN' BEGINNIN' NOW I'LL HOLD YOU, TOO!

THE NEBBES—Who's Who?

HI, HERO! NICE DAY!

WHO IS THAT BIRD? HE BURNS INTO MY NERVES LIKE ACID ON PEWTER.

HIS NAME IS TWINKINS... HE'S GOT A WORLD OF DOUGH... FELL HEIR TO IT— BUT A VERY CONSERVATIVE TIPPER... WHEN HE SLIPS YOU A DIME YOU'D THINK HE WAS LIFTING THE MORTGAGE ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

AND DOES HE LIKE HIMSELF? I DON'T KNOW WHY, UNLESS HE'S GOT TO MAKE UP FOR NOBODY ELSE LIKING HIM!

IF HE DON'T STOP MAKING CRACKS AT ME ONE OF US IS GOING TO HAVE BAD LUCK!!

By EDWIN ALGER

LISTENING POSTS ON AIR WAVES OF WEST TO BE SET UP SOON

San Francisco, Aug. 15.—(P)—Far-flung western links in a chain of monitor receiving stations to guard the nation's air waves against illegal communications of unfriendly agents will be established very soon, it was disclosed here today.

V. Ford Greaves, chief inspector of the federal communications commission's western area, will leave Saturday for Nome, Alaska, to arrange for sites of three stations, to augment receiving equipment now in use at the junior office. Early next month he will fly to Hawaii

to seek a site there.

The complete plan, Greaves said, calls for establishment of more than 100 such "listening posts" at 200-mile intervals across the country.

"The stations will be equipped with range finders and manned by FCC inspectors," he said. "They will be on the lookout for subversive propaganda, and possible messages regarding foreign ship cargoes leaving the Pacific coast, which might be sent out by foreign agents."

Award Tongue Point Job.
Washington, Aug. 15.—(P)—The yards and docks unit of the navy department has awarded H. J. Settergen, Portland, a \$198,980 contract for construction of a seaplane ramp and railroad track at the Tongue Point air station.

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THE NEBBES—Who's Who?

By SOL HESS

By EDWIN ALGER

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