

MADE UP TO KILL

by Kelley Roos

Chapter 31

More About The Shot

THE cars sped by below the window. I could see and hear the models in an advertising display. Across the street, the doorman at the Esplanade came out onto the sidewalk and blew his whistle. A cruising taxi rolled to a stop before him, picked up its passenger and rolled away. There was no sound in my apartment, and the night seemed to press down on the city outside and smother its noises to a low rumble.

It might have been an hour or just a few minutes ago that Steve had left the room. I wasn't aware of time or of people or of anything but the numb feeling that seeped through my body and the sharp ache in my head.

There was a little icy ridge around the frame of the window and I scratched it with my nail and it shredded and fell off. Behind me, pacing the floor, Jeff spoke musically.

"You've learned that trick from Carol. That trick of draping yourself in the window. That's how she was sitting this afternoon before."

"Jeff, let's not talk. Not yet." We lapsed into silence again and I closed my eyes. I tried to think things out, to think what I should say to Carol, how I would answer what she said to me. My mind closed on me and it was useless.

"Haila!" Jeff's voice wasn't musing now. It was urgent and excited. I swung around to face him, almost frightened.

"Haila! Listen, this afternoon when that shot came through the window!"

"Yes?"

"Tell me everything that happened after we got here."

"But why?"

"Please!" His hands were working nervously together. "We got here a little after one. Think, Haila, try to remember. What did we do? What did we do exactly?"

"We talked to Carol for a few minutes," I said. My mind went struggling back mechanically over the afternoon. "And then Clint Bowers came with his flowers and Carol went into the kitchen. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, yes, go on."

"Then, in a moment, she came back with the bottle and some glasses. You opened the champagne and we drank."

"Where were we then, can you remember, Haila? Where were we sitting, you and I and what was Carol doing and where was Clint Bowers?"

Suddenly the picture flashed before me, clearly, like a sharp bright etching. "You and I sat there on the couch, your feet were on the coffee table and I was busy knocking them off. Clint was in the big armchair in the far corner and the champagne was on the table right beside him. Carol was here where I am, in the window seat. I remember thinking how pretty the light looked in her hair."

"And then?" Jeff was a moving blur, pacing up and down before me.

"Carol told us she was going to marry Steve. She said it was wrong of her, it wasn't fair to Steve. But she was going to marry him anyway. I thought how brave and honest she was. And then we congratulated her and said it... it was wonderful. And Clint spoke then. I think. He suggested that we have another drink. He said, 'Carol, you're first, or something like that, and she went over to him. She had her glass in her hand. And when she got almost to him, the shot came.'"

Hysteria
JEFF stopped in front of me. "Are you sure, Haila? Is that it? Are you sure it happened just like that?"

"So am I." He walked aimlessly around the room, kicking up the corners of the rug, smoothing them down again. He lit a cigarette, took one deep drag and smugged it out. He wheeled back at me. "Look, Haila. One more thing. I want you to think back again, hard. And pretty far. Do you remember the night Green Apples opened and I waited for you outside your dressing room? Eve North and Philip Ashley were fighting. Remember?"

"Yes, of course I remember."

"We could hear them through the walls. Tell me everything they said, everything you heard."

"Oh, Jeff, please! I'm a frazzle. I'm exhausted."

"I want you to reconstruct for me, that's all."

"My mind won't function any more. It won't. Reconstruct yourself."

"Haila, please..."

"Oh, all right. Philip accused Eve of stealing a scene from him. He was mad because during his big speech Eve..."

"When did that big speech come?"

"Listen: if I'm going to reconstruct, I'm going to reconstruct in my own way."

"Go ahead."

"I'm too tired to change my style."

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Barker's Store at Men

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On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 570, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 430, Denver; KOIN, 570, Portland; KOMO, 900, Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Forecast, KNX, KOIN, KSL, Dr. I. Q. KOIN, KPO, KOMO, String Ensemble, KGO, KJR, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Flood Wright, KPO; Stars of Today, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Freddie Martin's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL, Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KEX; Contested Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KGW, KOIN, KSL, Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO, KJR; Shall We Waltz, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Will Bradley's Orch., KEX; Amateur Hour, KGO; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—World's Best, KPO, KEX, KJR; Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Ozzie Caswell's Orch., KOMO, KGW.

8:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., m.

8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Jimmy Dorsey's Orch., KOIN; Woody Herman's Orch., KEX; Memory Book, KGO; Buy Washington, KJR; Park Concert, KNX; Dance Orch., KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Emile Pettis' Orch., KGO, KEX; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dance Time, KJR; Symphonie Serenade, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Pick a Tune, KPO, KOMO; Deep Night, KNX; Topnotchers, KPO; Your Home Town News, KGW; Leon P. Drews, KOIN; Your Hymns and Mine, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Bob Crosby's Orch., KNX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Murder On the Hour, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stocker and Music, KGW, KOMO; Melodies by Miller, KJR; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Bill Marshall and Gaylord Chester, KSL, KOIN; Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Closing time for Classified Ads 9 p. m.—Too Late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

8:00 p. m.—Bill Clifford's Orch., m.

HARD LABOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CRAWLS INTO PANTRY CUPBOARD TO MEASURE FOR SHELF. WIFE WANTS HIM TO PUT UP

JEFF STOPPED HIS PACING AND LOOKED SILENTLY AT CAROL'S DOOR. OVER HIS SHOULDER I COULD SEE HIM WAVING OUT A MATCH AND SPITTING IT WITH HIS THUMB NAIL. WHEN HE TURNED HE WAS PUFFING FURIOUSLY AT A HALF LIT CIGARETTE.

"That's just how it happened, isn't it, Haila? You're sure of that?"

"Were the flowers there?"

"No, I don't think so. I guess Eve was right."

In The Bag

JEFF STOPPED HIS PACING AND LOOKED SILENTLY AT CAROL'S DOOR. OVER HIS SHOULDER I COULD SEE HIM WAVING OUT A MATCH AND SPITTING IT WITH HIS THUMB NAIL. WHEN HE TURNED HE WAS PUFFING FURIOUSLY AT A HALF LIT CIGARETTE.

"That's just how it happened, isn't it, Haila? You're sure of that?"

"Were the flowers there?"

"No, I don't think so. I guess Eve was right."

Of course.

He thumped his hand on my back. "Sweetheart, let's get married. I have just put the Colony Murder Case in the bag!"

I stared at him to see if this was a joke and I knew it wasn't. The eagerness in his voice and eyes was genuine. Before I could catch enough breath to speak he was sliding into his overcoat, moving toward the door. I rushed after him.

"Jeff, you know! You've found out who's been trying to kill Carol!"

He grinned at me. "Yes, I know."

"Was it Ashley? Is Philip Ashley the murderer after all?"

"I can't tell you yet."

"Tommy? Tommy... Oh, Jeff, not Steve!"

"Don't try to guess, Haila."

"Jeff, you've got to tell me!"

His face went grave and both hands clamped my shoulders. "Don't ask me, Haila. I don't want you to know. It's... dangerous. Believe me, Haila."

"But you... then it's dangerous for you? Jeff, you've got to tell the police."

"Not yet."

I said furiously: "Oh, you don't know. You've no more idea than I have. How could you? Nothing's happened to show you."

"You just told me who the murderer is!"

"I told you!"

He snatched his hat and gave me a preoccupied kiss on the cheek. I caught him as he reached the door.

"Jeff, where are you going?"

"Out, and about, dear, out and about."

"What are you going to do?"

"I can't tell you that. But I'll tell you what I'm not going to do. Sleep. Not a wink. I'll call you in the morning. I'll keep in constant touch with you 24 hours."

I stood before him in the doorway, blocking his exit. Suddenly, I couldn't bear his leaving. I couldn't face the thought of a night in that place with no one but Carol. I felt my face go white. I heard myself gulp as I spoke.

"Jeff, don't leave me. Please, don't go."

He held my hand tight. "What is it, Haila?"

"Jeff, I'm frightened. really frightened. I'm afraid for myself. I'm afraid for you. I want to stay here with you... with Carol. When I thought she was... before I knew about her. I didn't mind. It seemed worth while then and I could be brave. But now, now I'm scared. I don't want to stay here with her. If someone tried now... to hurt her, I..."

"Nobody's going to hurt Carol. Nobody's even going to try."

"Haila, I'll tell you this. Keep it under your hat. We've been on the greatest wild goose chase that ever was perpetrated. Nobody ever tried to kill Carol. Her life's never been in danger for one minute."

To be continued

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THE NEBBS—It's Terrible

WHERE WE HAVE STUYVIE'S DAD WHO CAME TO NORTHVILLE ON AN URGENT REQUEST FROM HIS WIFE TO FIND OUT THAT STUYVIE, HIS PRIDE AND JOY, HAD RUN AWAY AND MARRIED A COMMONER.

WHAT A DISGRACE!

9-1

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9-1

JUST A COMMON LITTLE BLOND STOPPING HERE WITH HER MOTHER—A WIDOW

THIS HUMILIATION WILL SLAY ME—HOW CAN I FACE MY FRIENDS AFTER SUCH A DISGRACE? I DESERVE SOMETHING BETTER THAN THIS FROM STUYVIE

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, RAYMOND? AREN'T YOU GOING TO BREAK IT UP? SAY SOMETHING AT LEAST—HELP ME DO THE GRIEVING

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PORTLAND TITLE GOLF DATES SET

Portland, Sept. 1.—(AP)—The 23d annual Portland city golf championship tourney will open with qualifying rounds the next two week-ends, Joe Kovalak, chairman, said today.

Qualifying rounds for men, women and senior entrants will be played September 6 and 7. Boys, girls and juniors will qualify September 12 and 13.

BOWLING SEASON TO OPEN SEPT. 8

The local bowling season will get under way Monday, September 8, when teams of the Classic league roll their first games. It was announced Saturday by Charles Adair, president of the

Medford Bowling association. The Commercial league will start September 10 and the City league September 11.

Teams are now being formed and those interested in bowling the coming season are requested to contact their teams as soon as possible. Other officers of the association are Bus Green, vice-president and J. Runtz, secretary-treasurer.

Pendleton, Sept. 1.—(AP)—The Pendleton army air base commander said today that Al-

bert Simon, held at Fort Peck, Mont., for being A.W.O.L. from the air base, had not asked for a furlough.

At Fort Peck, the private said he had been denied a furlough to see his wife and children, the youngest born this month.

Col. Frank W. Wright said here that records show Simon enlisted as a single man and listed a brother as next of kin.

'AWOL' SOLDIER IS HELD A 'SPOOFER'

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

ONE FOR MY MUSEUM!

A BIRTHDAY TELEGRAM 1/4 MILE LONG WITH 41,000 SIGNATURES WAS SENT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BY BIRMINGHAM, ALA., 1934....

8 OPERATORS TOOK 1148 MINUTES TO TRANSMIT IT!

HOUSE OF 4000 TEETH!

DR. J. L. BULLARD EXTRACTED 4000 TEETH AT \$1 EACH—THEN BUILT A \$4000 HOUSE AND HAD THE 4000 TEETH MIXED IN THE FOUNDATION! Kerrville, Texas...

INCAS SAVED THEIR EMERALDS BY HAVING THE SPANIARDS BREAK THEM!

AFTER BREAKING A FEW, PIZARRO'S MEN BELIEVED THE NATIVE PRIESTS WHO TOLD THEM REAL EMERALDS WERE INDESTRUCTIBLE!

USED TO SLEEPING TILL NOON, QUEEN CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN, WHO EMPLOYED HIM, FORCED HIM TO ARISE AT DAYBREAK... AND THIS ROUTINE KILLED HIM! 1650...

DENTIST'S DOMICILE

The four thousand teeth which, at a dollar each, built a new home for Dr. J. L. Bullard, were all extracted from the mouths of grateful patients within the short space of a year and a half!

INCA STRATEGY

When the conquistadores under Pizarro ransacked the Inca empire for its wealth, they quickly discovered that Inca priests had great stocks of emeralds. The priests, thinking fast to save their gems, told the soldiers that genuine emeralds could not be broken. When the Spaniards had become convinced the Inca emeralds were false after smashing a few in tests, the priests even salvaged the fragments of the stones thus broken!

Tomorrow: Singing Lizard!

By AL CAPP

YES, SON! IT'S US—YO' INVESTMENT COUNSELLORS. WE GOT A GREAT INVESTMENT FO' YO'—NAMELY MISS HEDY LA SWAYBACK!

THAT'S GONNA BE A BEAUTY CONTEST AT PALM BEACH? PICK 'MISS AMERICA'. TH' PRIZE IS \$1000. YO' INVESTS ALL YO' MONEY IN SENDIN' MISS LA SWAYBACK T' PALM BEACH. SHE'S A CINCH TWIN, AS ANY PLAINLY SEE!

AN' SHE'LL GIVE US TH' \$1000 PRIZE. ALL SHE WANTS IS TH' GLORY. IT'S A WONDERFUL INVESTMENT—SHE CAN'T LOSE. AH BET THARS NO GAL LIKE HER IN PALM BEACH!

RIGHT! BUT AH HAIN'T GONNA DO IT!

HEY! COME BACK!

LISSEN T' US OLDER AN' WISER HADS YOUNG SAP!

AH'LL INVEST MAH MONEY IN ANYTHING ANYBODY'LL SELL ME—ANYTHING BUT HEDY LA SWAYBACK!

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU, TWISTY, IS THAT YOU LOOK AS CROOKED AS YOU ARE! NOBODY WITH GOOD EYESIGHT WILL TRUST YOU!

(SIGH!)—YOU'RE RIGHT—I'LL DUMP ALL THIS PONEY STOCK INTO THE SEWER AND RETIRE FROM BUSINESS!

By HAL FORREST

SENOR SLADE TELL SINES TO BOMB CASMETTO HACIENDA TONIGHT, EL CONDOR. BUT I FEEL THAT BOMBER FOR SURE WEETH THE TIME BOMB!

BUENO JOSE! BUT... WHAT ABOUT THE AMERICANO FLYERS? ARE THEY SAFE?

YES, EL CONDOR, FOR THE TIME BEING... BUT THEY WON'T BE SAFE AFTER THEY GET THAT BOMBER INTO THE AIR!

By SOL HESS