

MADE UP TO KILL

by Kelley Roos

Chapter 32

Who?

"IT WAS THAT party this afternoon," Jeff went on. "God! If only I'd been awake. It's so simple. She stood in the window, Haila, she stood there for ten minutes. And then, after she moved away... after she moved away... the shot came through. She draped herself in the window, a perfect target for the Equador Hotel, and nothing happened. But after she moved away... not till then, was the shot fired. Don't you see what it means, Haila? That bullet wasn't meant to kill Carol!"

"Wasn't meant to..." "That shot was fired through the window to keep us thinking that Carol was the intended victim."

"But if it wasn't Carol, then who was the murderer trying to kill?"

"Eve. Eve North was the victim all along. And the murderer made his mistake the first night, not the second. His mistake was when he poisoned Carol, not when he stabbed Eve."

"Eve North?" I shook my head. "It was Eve who was supposed to have been killed. And she was! Carol's safe. And you're safe, so go to bed. I'll call you in the morning."

He left me in the doorway and I could hear him taking the steps three at a time. I glanced at the closed bedroom door and then at my watch. It was twenty minutes to three.

I got sheets and blankets out of the hall closet, stuffed one of the big sofa pillows into a case and made up my bed on the studio couch.

I didn't think I would disturb Carol.

Theater At Three

THE monotonous drumming of rain at the window awakened me and I sat up wondering why I felt glum and sour and hang-overish. Then I remembered. Carol was in my room and she had a few things to straighten out and there was no use putting it off longer. I went quietly to the bedroom and opened the door.

The room was empty and the bed had either been made or not slept in at all. There was a little gap between my row of dresses in the closet where Carol's clothes had hung and a vacant space on the shelf where I had stuck her suitcase. A sprinkling of powder and a few blond hairpins wedged into the cracks of the dresser drawer were all that remained of Carol's belongings.

I breathed a sigh of relief and experienced my first kindly feelings toward her since Jeff had exploded his bombshell the night before. I watched the door for her quiet exodus, for I had dreaded the chat that was scheduled more than I cared to admit.

Well, that was that. And the next time I befriended a girl she would be a Golden Eagle Scout or a certified Sunday School teacher.

I bathed and dressed and with a cup of strong black coffee at my elbow and the long neglected Though Heavens Fall on my lap, I calmly settled myself to wait for Jeff's call.

On page four I gave up. Every character was saying: "Carol was never meant to be killed..." Nobody tried to kill Carol... It was Eve all along. Eve who was the victim... She sat in the window ten minutes... a perfect target... and then she moved away... Carol's safe... a diplomancer... a thief... she blackmails people... but no one tried to kill her...

I shut Though Heavens Fall in disgust and flung it at the telephone. Twelve-thirty and Jeff hadn't called. Keep me informed, would he? Call me in the morning, keep in constant touch with me, was that what he had said?

I dialed his number and there was no answer. I called it every five minutes until one o'clock and then I decided to do some sleuthing on my own.

I called Steve Brown's hotel and the desk clerk said there was no answer. Tommy Neilson wasn't in his room. Philip Ashley told me in brief, unpleasant terms that he didn't give a damn about Mr. Jeff Troy's whereabouts.

I dialed the rehearsal Club number and succeeded in getting Alice McDonald away from an important script.

"This is Haila," I said. "Alice, have you seen anything of Jeff?" "I've been locked up in my room all morning with an important script that..."

"I know. Thanks. I thought maybe Jeff had called you. So long."

"Haila! Wait a second!" "Why would Jeff call me?" "No special reason. I just thought maybe he had."

"Haila, I saw Carol Blanton walking down Fifty-third Street alone this morning. Isn't that... dangerous?"

"No. It's all right. I mean..."

maybe you were mistaken, Alice Good-bye."

I hung up and for ten minutes paced a the door. I was wondering if I should call Greeley Morris and what would happen if I did when the phone shrilled in my ear. I jumped a mile before I picked it up.

"Hello, you big bum!" "This is Alice. Jeff just called me. Haila. But he was in a hurry. I didn't have a chance to tell him about you."

"Where was he?" "I don't know where he called from. But he's going to be at the theater at three. He asked me to get hold of Phoebe Thompson and Ashley and tell them to be there, too. I don't know what's happening, do you? He was very mysterious."

"Well, you know more than I do."

"Will you be there?" "I haven't been invited."

"Don't be silly! Jeff seemed in a terrible rush. You're in this as much as anybody."

I replaced the phone and leaned back. Alice, Phoebe, Ashley and Jeff! Well, either Jeff was going to have the girls teach him and Steve to dance or something was going to happen. And he was going to let it happen without me. That's what he thought!

I changed into some old clothes put on my plaid trench coat and started out. It was still raining in a steady downpour, but it wasn't a cold rain and it felt clean and soft on my face. I splashed over to Broadway. Before I got there the rain had turned to snow and the pavements were mush covered. The day darkened and the lights shone mistily through skyscraper office windows.

Through the great oval glass of a restaurant I thought I could smell the fragrance of the steaming coffee that was being served inside. At once I was hungry and cold and I stopped uncertainly to peer at my watch. Not quite thirty. There was plenty of time for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Then, with a nice display of will power, I turned my head and went on. It would be better to arrive at the theater a little early than a little late. I wanted to see Jeff's flush of pleased surprise when he got there and spied me.

On Stage Again

ALICE McDONALD was standing at the entrance of the Colony stage alley. With her manish black rubber slicker, an old felt hat pulled down over her eye and overshoes on low-heeled brogans, she looked ready for a hurricane.

"Nice day, Alice, for you know what."

"I love it, the wind and the rain."

"Anyone here yet?" "No, nobody. Let's go in."

"You bet."

"Oh, Nick's here. Asleep in his chair at the door as usual. We'll be careful not to waken the poor old man."

Together we sloshed down the alley, almost dark now, and through the stage door. Nick was at the low table just inside, his pipe in his mouth and his head bent over a sheaf of papers. He was sound asleep. There wasn't a movement from him as we slipped by and went out onto the stage.

Nothing had been changed since that tragic night when I had opened the door on stage right and found Eve North's dead body huddled behind it. Even the small hand props scattered about the room were as we had left them, the scarlet-tipped stubs of cigarettes that I had smoked still in the ash trays. Half hidden by the blotter on the desk was the note that I had written while old Ben Kerry and I had played that last scene.

Except for a single shadeless rehearsal lamp that stood ludicrously in the center of that lovely set and filled it with a bleak white glare, it was all the same. It seemed strange to me, for no reason at all, that so much could have happened to all of us who played there while it remained serenely unchanged.

Alice's hand tightened on my arm and we walked over to the light. "Haila," she said softly, "has Jeff found out anything? Does he know..."

"I haven't seen him since last night." I pulled my arm away from her. I didn't care for Alice when she got intense.

"He knows who the murderer is, doesn't he?" "Jeff doesn't confide in me, the big guy."

"He knows; that's why he's having everyone meet here. He's told you who it is, hasn't he?" "I said that..."

"I know. You won't tell me. It's because you don't like me, Haila. You've never liked me; you're jealous of me—because I come from a family of great actors, because of my heritage!"

I turned my back on her and started for the door. I wasn't going to listen to a performance by a frustrated actress. I had taken three steps when she clutched my arm and swung me around.

Then suddenly, the light wavered, as if it had been a candle, and went out.

To be continued

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, 530, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNL, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Tuesday.
5:00 p. m.—Music for Listening, KGW, KOMO; Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR, KEX; Styles in Music, KPO; Second Husband, KNL, KOIN; Proudly We Fall, KSL.

5:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hap Hazard Show, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Reports to the Nation, KSL, KNL, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—A Date With Judy, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Grant Park Concert, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNL, KSL; Scandinavian Reporter, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Grant Park Concert, KGO, KEX; College Humor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Juan Arvizu, KOIN, KSL; Popular Potpourri, KJR; California State Fair, KNL.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNL, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring in Fleascope Time, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bringing Up Father, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Are You a Missing Mel, KNL, KOIN, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KNL, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Adventures of the Thin Man, LPO, KOMO, KGW.

8:30 p. m.—Concert by Kalash, KGO; Battle of the Senns, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Bob Crosby, KSL; Hollywood Showcase, KNL, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNL, KOIN; Matty Mainek's Orch., KGO, KJR; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Comedy, KOMO; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNL, KOIN; University Explorer, KPO, KGW, KOMO; For America We Sing, KGO, KEX, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Bill Clifford's Orch., KGO, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KNL, KSL; News, KGW, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Army Band, KJR, KGO; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNL.

11:30 p. m.—News, KGO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNL.

Wednesday.
5:00 p. m.—Treasury Hour, KNL, KSL, KOIN; Speaking of Glamour, KGO, KJR; Songs of Jean Handzlik; Playground News, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Concert Music, KGO.
6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNL, KSL, KOIN; Author's Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kyrle's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KEX, KJR; Juan Arvizu, KSL, KOIN; Etchings in Brass, KGO; All Around Town, KNL.
7:00 p. m.—Quis Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNL, KOIN, KSL; Music for Listening, KPO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNL, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.
8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Les Brown's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Night Music, KGO, KJR; Dr. Pepper Parade, KNL.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNL, KOIN; Emile Pettit's Orch., KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Aloha Land, KJR; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Matty Mainek's Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Tango Time, KGW; Variety From, KOIN.
10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Crosby's Orch., KNL, KOIN; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



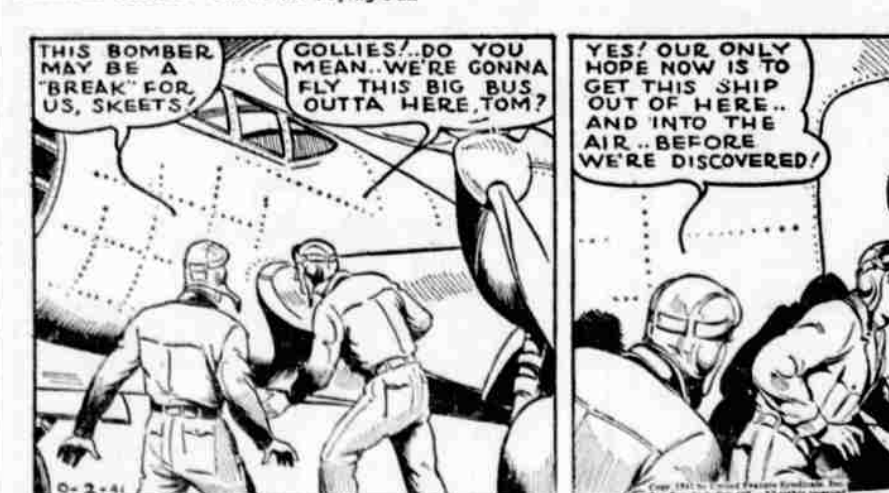
FRED PERLEY WAS SO DETERMINED NOT TO BE DONE OUT OF HIS ALMOST SURE SLAM IN SPADES, THAT WHEN THE TRAIN PULLED IN AT THE STATION HE INSISTED ON PLAYING OUT THE HAND ON THE PLATFORM

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

LIL ABNER—A Shrewd Buyer



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Out of the Frying Pan



THE NEBBES—No Information



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

Musical Baseball, KGO; Freddy Nagel's Orch., KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Memisphere Revue, KGO, KJR; Neil Bonshu's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Reid Tanner's Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNL; Eyes of the World, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO, KOMO, KGW; News, KGO; This Moving World, KEX; Nightcap Yarns, KSL, KOIN; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNL.

Use Mail Tribune want ads

Untimely
Memphis, Tenn. — (P) — The well-wrapped alarm clock Mrs. Irene Busby had purchased suddenly exploded the quiet of a movie where she had gone to relax. It was too much for Mrs. Busby. Another movie-goer had to unwrap the package and turn off the alarm.

Mines Seek Exemption
Salem, Sept. 2.—(P)—Sen. Charles L. McNary telegraphed Gov. Charles A. Sprague today

saying mining state senators would carry to the senate floor their fight to have the mining industry exempted from the excess profits tax provisions of the new tax bill.

Rome Reports Sinking
Rome, Sept. 2.—(P)—The Italian high command said today a fascist submarine in the Atlantic had sunk a "modern British destroyer of the Jervis type" and a 2,600-ton merchantman.



ONE-SKI SKIER

At the age of six Jean Gosselin developed tuberculosis of the right knee, and it became necessary to amputate his leg. Determined not to spend his life as an invalid, Gosselin decided to try to do things that people with two legs do. He took up skiing and within a year was able to slide down a hill near his home—with the aid of crutches. After long practice he succeeded in staying on one leg—balancing himself with ski poles. The slalom, an event which is usually a race against time on a downhill, zigzag course, is difficult even for most two-legged skiers! TOMORROW: Valuable Cave!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS

