

MADE UP TO KILL

Chapter 33
A Talk With Clint
by Kelley Ross

I WRENCHED myself free and reached out for the light. My hand met nothing but black emptiness.

"Hello! Anybody down there?"

"It's Haila, Clint, and Alice."

"As soon as I find my damn lighter... here it is!" I saw the flame of his lighter like a miniature torch high above me. "I'm coming down."

"I'll be glad to see you."

I wondered where he had popped from and immediately remembered that a door opened from his office onto the balcony. The flame disappeared as he started down the steps and was there again as he reached the orchestra. He groped his way down the center aisle, shielding the flickering lighter with his hands. He climbed up on the stage.

"I thought Alice was here."

"She is. But I couldn't find her."

"Or was?"

"Maybe she's afraid of the dark. She might have gone out."

"I think she's afraid of herself. What's the matter with the lights?"

"They're out in my office too. And the street lights are out. That happens sometimes during an afternoon storm. Every light in town burning at once, the strain is too great. Hey, Nick!" he shouted.

There was a startled grunt as Nick awakened in his cubicle and shuffled in. Clint sent him out for a flashlight, then said to me, "Where's Jeff?"

"He's due at three."

"I know, he called me this morning."

"He's getting hot, Clint, or thinks he is. He thinks he knows."

"Knows? Knows who?"

"Yes, he knows who the murderer is."

There was a long pause and when Clint spoke again his voice was grave and quiet. "I hope to God he does. I want to get this whole mess over with. You know, Haila, that child's face is haunting me. A kid like Carol living with that thing over her head, a kid who never bothered anyone. God! I see those big frightened eyes every place I look. And her bravery makes it all the worse. If she'd break down... if she'd..."

I said, "Carol can take care of herself, Clint."

He didn't seem to hear me. "I tell myself that it's none of my doing, that all I did was give her a break that a thousand other girls would give their right hands for, a chance to be an actress. Yes, that's the way I do it up for myself. I gave the poor kid a break, all right. A chance to be murdered, to live in fear and terror, a chance to spread herself all over the front pages in a gruesome murder case. If she should be..."

The bitterness and self-reproach in his voice were beating at me. In the quick flame of his cigarette as he drew on it I could see his face, the sad tight lines around his mouth, the furrows between his eyes. I couldn't stand it.

"Clint," I said, "there's no reason for you to reproach yourself. Nothing's going to happen to Carol. Nothing was ever meant to happen to her. She... It was Eve, Clint, who was supposed to be killed. The murderer meant to stab Eve, not Carol. The murderer meant to poison Eve."

I could hear him catch his breath. "Eve! Not God, not Who would..."

"Yes, Clint," I said gently. "His voice was shocked, almost breaking. 'No, no, not Eve. The poison... Haila, the poison was put in Carol's glass. Not Eve's.'"

"Yes, Yes, I don't... I stopped."

Suspicion

IF Eve was to be the victim, then the poison must have been placed in her glass. That much was certain. How had Jeff figured it out last night? Something about Philip Ashley and his fight with Eve. Did he mean Ashley was the murderer? It was something that Philip had said to Eve. "Why didn't you upset the table?" he had said. "You have the whole play to yourself and still you have to steal my one big scene, you have to rattle everything on the table! Then if Eve had rattled the glasses... if she had changed the glasses..."

"Clint," I said, "Clint, that poison was put in Eve's glass. And she changed the glasses herself! There were no flowers on the table for her to arrange and she ad libbed business with the glasses. And Carol got the one that was meant for her!"

"Yes," he said slowly. "Yes, that..."

"But the next night there was no mistake. Oh, Clint, who could have wanted to murder Eve? Who could have hated Eve? You must know, Clint, you were her friend, the only one who really knew her. You've been so close to her and so loyal... producing for her when she was no longer great, ruining yourself to keep

her on Broadway, giving all you had through these years! Clint, you must have loved her very much or..."

Then I suspected.

He didn't speak; there was no sound from behind the glow of his cigarette. Suddenly the theater wasn't any longer warm and cozy. It was an enormous cavern filled with cold dark danger. I wanted to get out. I stood up and the floor was hard and icy under my stockinged feet.

"Let's go out and wait for Jeff," I said.

"All right."

I didn't scream because I had pressed my hand tight over my lips, holding them closed before the sound got to them. The voice that had answered me had not been Clint Bowers' voice. But it was, it must have been. I told myself frantically. It had come from right behind that point of light. It was Clint Bowers' voice with all its pleasant, friendly warmth gone. It was Clint Bowers' voice, harsh and cruel and with a deadly quiet.

It was then I knew.

The burning cigarette was there, unmoved, barring me from the stage door. I felt sick with the weak nauseous feeling that pervades you when you're coming out of either. I couldn't run or fight or scream.

Then the light leaped toward me, the length of a step, and my head cleared and I snapped out of it.

Putting my cigarette behind me I crushed it between my thumb and forefinger. I crept forward toward the footlights, feeling for them with my toes, moving toward them by slow inches. Thank God for the rain and the snow that had soaked my shoes and had made me take them off. The lights couldn't have been more than three feet from the davenport where I had sat, but it was taking eternities for me to reach them.

Hide And Seek

T HEN the edge of their groove was beneath my toe and I stepped across the reflectors and lowered myself into the orchestra pit. Unless I had moved far to one side, the center aisle should be almost in front of me. I reached out and swept my hand across the blackness and it touched one seat, another, and then no more.

I looked back. The cigarette was moving across the stage to the davenport where I had been, moving as stealthily as I had moved. I started up the aisle, feeling for the rows of seats, counting them as I passed. How many rows did the Colony have, how long would it take me to reach the back? The Music Box has fourteen rows. The Plymouth has nineteen. I thought hysterically, why doesn't Clint Bowers chase me through the Music Box? Then I'd know how far I had to go. I'd know when I had passed them all. Then I'd have a chance.

I could hear him behind me on the stage, moving about and bumping into things.

I could see the faint glimmer of daylight through some crack in the stage door. At hand and tangled in the velvet portieres that hung behind the last row of seats and the brass rings above them clanged together and rattled. I stopped dead, holding onto the mass of velvet to keep myself from falling. He had heard the sound on stage. His voice came booming through the house.

"Haila, where are you!"

I made one last stab at keeping up this insane farce. "I'm going out the front door, Clint. Jeff will be coming by this way."

The voice was calm, laughing. "It's locked, Haila."

I didn't try to be quiet, then, or to pretend I wasn't terrified. I felt wildly for the door. In my wet, sticky hand the knob was cold. I turned it and my hand slid aimlessly around while it stayed still. I put my coat over it and turned again. It was locked.

I ran from one door to another and they would not budge. I turned and with my back up close against the doors, I faced the stage. The light was coming down into the orchestra pit; now it was starting up the aisle.

Hugging the wall and sidestepping, I moved along the back of the theater, my eyes holding onto that small circle of light with an intensity that made them burn and water. I moved toward the side aisle. I was a step from it when the light turned too and crossed the row of seats toward the spot where I was going. He had seen me. Perhaps that tiny shaft of light that crept through the doors at my back had been enough to warn him for him.

I crouched there for a second, then eased myself under the seats into the last row and lay there, my knees almost under my chin, my arms squeezed in around me, holding my breath to make myself smaller. I could hear him not far away, walking up the aisle. He would pass an arm's length from me. Or he wouldn't pass.

To be continued

NAVAL AIR BASE IN ALASKA OPEN

Unalaska, Alaska, Sept. 3.—(AP)—The latest link in Uncle Sam's swiftly growing Pacific coast defenses—the Dutch Harbor naval air station on this second largest island in the

Barker's BIG Sale

Sanitized WASH SLACKS \$1.19

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

Time shown is PST

Wednesday

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

5:30 p. m.—News, KGO, KJR, KEX; Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KEX, KSL, KOIN; Author's Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KJR; Juan Arizua, KSL, KOIN; Echoing in Brass, KGO; All Around Town, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Music for Listening, KPO, KGW.

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

8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KEX, KOIN, KSL, KOIN; Night Music, KGO, KJR; Dr. Pepper Parade, KEX, KGO; m. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Emily Pettit's Orch., KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Aloha Land, KJR; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Matty Malneck's Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Tango Time, KGW; Variety Frim., KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Crosby's Orch., KEX, KOIN; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX; Musical Baseball, KGO; Freddy Nagel's Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Memphis Revue, KPO, KJR; Neil Bonshu's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Red Tanager's Orch., KSL; Concert Hall, KPO; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; News, KGO; This Moving World, KEX; Nightcap, KEX, KOIN; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KEX.

Thursday

5:00 p. m.—Major Bowes Amateur Hour, KEX, KOIN; Grant Park Concert, KPO, KEX, KJR; Music Hall, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

5:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX.

KGO, 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, KEX, KGO; m. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Emily Pettit's Orch., KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Aloha Land, KJR; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

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5:30 p. m.—News Here and Abroad, KGO, KJR, KEX.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KEX, KOIN, KSL; Cugat Rumba Revue, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Rudy Vallee Frim., KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Halo Bonds to Music, KPO; Ahead of the Headlines, KGO, KJR; Organ Music, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Jonny Long's Orch., KGO, KEX; Concert Trio, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Maudie's Diary, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Clark Dennis, KJR, KEX; Coffee Time, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Dinner at Omaha's, KGO.

8:00 p. m.—Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hollywood Smarty Party, KEX, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Salsair Orch., KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Tommy Riggs and Betty La U, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Carl Ravazza's Orch., KJR; Death Valley Days, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Fellow Sportsman, KPO.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Comedy, Musical Potpourri, KPO; Emily Pettit's Orch., KJR; Dance Orch., KGO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Neil Bonshu's Orch., KOMO; Dancing With Clancy, KPO; News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Marine Band, KGO, KJR; Bob Crosby's Orch., KSL, KEX; News, KOIN.

10:30 p. m.—Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ed Stocker and Music, KGW; Concert Hall, KPO; American Cruise, KEX; State Traf-

fic, KOIN; Industry and Defense, KOMO.

11:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KEX, Nightcap Terna, KSL, KOIN; Fishing News, KJR.

Independence, Sept. 3.—(AP)—L. A. Hulburt, Polk county Jersey breeder, was recovering today from an attack by a bull which tossed Hulburt through the bull pen window against a heavy timber.

KIWANIS AWARDS FUTURE FARMERS

Salem, Sept. 3.—(AP)—Five members of the Future Farmers of America, winners among 2,300 FFA boys competing in the

better farming contest sponsored by the Oregon Kiwanis clubs, were each awarded \$20 prize today at the Salem Kiwanis club meeting.

Those winning honorable mention are: Southern Oregon—Frank Prince, Grants Pass; Roy Gooding, Henley; Joseph Chotard, Malin.

Closing time for Classified Ads 8 a. m.—Too Late to Classify 12:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

MAMMOTH CAVE—Kentucky—
CHANGED HANDS 3 TIMES IN A SINGLE DAY... ITS VALUE INCREASING BY 3315 PER CENT!
(bought for its nitrous earth, used in making gunpowder, 1812...)
TIED UP FOR 80 YEARS BY A WILL, IT FINALLY BECAME A NATIONAL PARK JULY 11, 1941!

FAILING EYES EXAMINED
SIGN OF THE FAILING OPTICAL CO. Buffalo, N.Y.

A HIGH CHAIR
MADE FOR JOHN FEDDE IN 1873
18 CHILDREN IN 4 GENERATIONS
AND IS NOW USED BY HIS GREAT GRANDSON ROBERT SIMMONS
White, So. Dakota...

CAVE SAGA

Discovered in 1799, Mammoth Cave received little attention till the war of 1812 when its nitrous earth deposits were useful in "national defense." Changing hands three times in one day, the first sale was of 200 acres for \$116. The second sale brought \$400; and the last deal of the day a transaction involving only 156 acres of the original tract, was closed for \$3,000; 30 days later 78 acres of the original 200 sold for \$10,000!

In 1849 a Dr. Croghan willed the cave to nine nieces and nephews, to be held by them until allied. The last heir passed away in 1926, and steps were begun to make the cave a national park. After much litigation this was finally accomplished on July 1st of this year.

TOMORROW: Roundabout Mail

LOADING UP

WATCHES FATHER LOAD UP THE CAR FOR THE JOURNEY HOME FROM THE COUNTRY

CHECKUP REVEALS THAT THE LITTLE SUITCASE, THAT WAS ENTRUSTED TO HIM TO CARRY OUT TO THE CAR, IS MISSING

GOES BACK INTO HOUSE TO LOOK FOR IT, PROTESTING IT'S NO USE BECAUSE HE KNOWS HE BROUGHT IT OUT THERE

FINDS SUITCASE IN HALL AND CARRIES IT OUT STILL PROTESTING HE CAN'T IMAGINE HOW IT GOT THERE

CHECKUP REVEALS THAT IN GOING BACK FOR SUITCASE HE LEFT HIS COAT IN HALL, GOES BACK FOR IT

RETURNS WITH COAT, AND BOW AND ARROWS AND COLLECTION OF PEBBLES AND FUNGI HE HAS DECIDED TO TAKE HOME

ARGUMENT ENSUES, FAMILY INSISTING THAT THERE ISN'T ROOM IN THE CAR, RELUCTANTLY CARRIES THEM IN AGAIN

RETURNS TO CAR AND FAMILY IS FIVE MILES ON THEIR WAY BEFORE DISCOVERING THAT HE ALSO LEFT HIS COAT BEHIND

(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

LIL ABNER—Fun For Man and Beast!

THERE SHOULD BE TEN HEADS OF CATTLE IN THIS CAR. 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Odds Are Against Them!

I HAVE A PLAN TO RELEASE THE AMERICAN FLYERS TONIGHT. EL CONDOR, AFTER SINES FLIES AWAY TO BOMB THE CASMETTO HACIENDA, UNAWARE THAT I'VE PLACED A TIME BOMB IN HIS AEROPLANE. I'VE DONE WELL??

YOU HAVE DONE MORE THAN WELL, JOSE, AND NOW...

LISTEN!!! A PLANE IS TAKING OFF NEAR HERE!

THEN EET MUS BE SINES THERE EES ONLY WAN AEROPLANE AT BOLANDO NOW. THE BOMBING SHEEP, WEECH I AVE FEEX WEECH TIME BOMB!

WE MADE IT, SKEETS! WE'VE CAPTURED MANUEL'S PRIZE BOMBER!

AN' NOW I'M GONNA RELAX! WAKE ME UP WHEN WE LAND TAILSPIN...

I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THAT BOMBER TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT IT EXPLODES BEFORE IT REACHES CASMETTO PLANTATION!

THE NEBBES—Fickle Styvie

I TELL YOU TO STOP FRETTING. I'LL LICK THIS THING. IF I CAN'T HAVE THE MARRIAGE ANNULLED, THERE ARE OTHER WAYS

THE ATTITUDE OF THE SWAGGERS IS THAT THIS TERRIBLE GIRL JUST DRAGGED INNOCENT LITTLE STYVIE TO THE ALTAR. HE WAS EASY TO DRAG. YOU COULDN'T KEEP EVEN WITH HIM

AND CAN YOU IMAGINE!! JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE THEY ELOPED HE WAS GOING TO COMMIT SUICIDE BECAUSE I WOULDN'T ELOPE WITH HIM?

By SOL HESS