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Susie Out of Sight In Her Suite

The "other woman" in the Shep­pard murder case—Miss Susan Hayes—is the be­spotted secret since the H-bomb.

Miss Hayes appears to be the be­st­guarded secret since the H-bomb. She is hiding out with a detail of policewomen in Hotel Carter but exactly which suite she is oc­cupying is a big mys­tery.

I spent a good eight hours yes­ter­day naming corridors, lis­tening at transoms, interview­ing maids, busboys, bell­hops, hotel de­tectives, bartenders, wait­resses and kitchen help. Not many of them knew about Susie, as they referred to her.

Graulavine Jails Front Manager Andy Ginnan said I gave him a "bad time" early in the day.

"One of the maids reported a woman on the second floor and the first thing I thought of was a pro­wler stealing from the rooms," he said. "Sure had a hard time finding you."

Of course, I had been walking up back stairs, figuring if the police wanted Miss Hayes for further question­ing she would be taken out the service entrance.

I was disappointed with the hotel grape­vine. I thought everyone would know she had been mugg­ed into the Carter Wednesday night upon her flight here from Los Angeles.

She spent the first four hours with Police Chief Frank W. Story and other high rank­ing officers before Police­woman Irene Such Neal spil­led her away.

Restored Thursday I talked with said they "sure like to see her."

"She must be sumphin," one gray-haired woman said.

Reports that filtered through to me indicated she spent Thurs­day, lit­ter­ally, kee­ding around with her knitting and with her and there was television to keep her amused and entertained.

Police Capt. Hazel Witt said she hoped the detail would be inter­rupted soon as she was short­­handed and needed Mrs. Neal and Police­woman Bridget Berney for other duties.

"I hope you have better infor­mation about her room number than I had a few minutes ago," I said. I called there and the operator said there wasn't any­one there by that name."

I finally got my best clue late in the day and I again prowled the corridor. I found the room. It looked perfect. I knocked on the door.

But it happened the way I was told it would. Most hotel doors are chained from within. The opening is too small to see more than a portion of a person's face. A girl, who I thought might be a policewoman, quickly slammed the door. I didn't see Susan, but I'm sure she was in there quietly watch­ing television, and possibly fixing her nails.

It was a frustrating day. She is there voluntarily, police say. If that's so, she might have at least taken a short walk.

She is not a prisoner. Apparently she prefers to keep out of sight.

Anyway I gave her guardians a "bad time" for a few hours. I learned around 1 p.m. they moved from Room 212, the same floor I was watching, to the seventh floor "iron curtain" room. I was later almost forcibly evicted by Night Manager Gene Kelley from that floor.

Kelley could have tossed me out bodily. Instead he listened to my pleas, and gave me another half­hour of corridor prowling.

All I wanted to ask Susan was: "Do you still love Dr. Sam?"