

It's Death, My Darling!

By AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG
(AP Newsfeature)

Chapter 8
I turned to discover Lewis Hays was entering the gallery. "I was about to order my services," he said, advancing into the hall, "but I see it wasn't necessary. In a way, I'm almost sorry; for it would have been a genuine pleasure to take a swing at that overstuffed animal. But if I'm not being too curious, Miss Piper, he asked after a fraction of a second's hesitation, "would you mind telling me exactly what did happen?"

Claude attempted to get playful, and I threw his pipe tobacco into his eyes. "I answered lightly. Then I asked on sudden impulse, "Mr. Hays, does red ribbon have any peculiar significance around here?" He looked surprised at the question. "Red ribbon?" he repeated. "None that I know of."

"Then I must have been wrong about Claude after all," I murmured absently, and didn't realize that I had spoken aloud until I noticed his look of puzzled curiosity. "He was trying to take these pieces away from me just now," I offered by way of explanation, and held them out for his inspection.

Lewis Hays took the scraps from me and examined them. "Where did you get these, Miss Piper?" he inquired. "Aunt Delphine gave them to me a few minutes ago," I replied. "And she acted rather mysterious about them, too. Do you know what they are?"

He shook his head. "So far as I can tell, they're merely three strips of red cloth," he answered with a smile, and handed them back to me. And incidentally, Miss Piper, if you won't think I'm being impertinent, I'd suggest that you didn't mention this incident to Dede. I imagine you can understand why."

I did understand—perfectly. The Amedee ever found out about the wrist-twisting episode, he'd separate Claude from some of his arms and legs.

Colonel Dumont's final dinner party, at which his will was to be read, was held at eight o'clock that evening in the big, candle-lighted dining room. Bobby and Pick and I—and even Aunt Delphine—all were while, and dutifully fastened to our shoulders the somewhat stiff corsage of oleanders in accordance with the old gentleman's wishes.

This time, Claude did not preside at the head of the table. Instead, the master's chair was left vacant—a stipulation, I learned later, which had been made by the old man who had occupied it for so many years.

In spite of the Colonel's request, the dinner party was hardly what could be called a gay affair. As the close of the dinner, the twenty-year-old champagne was opened and we all solemnly drank a toast to Colonel Dumont's memory. Then Mr. Simeon Duval rose to read the will.

First, there were bequests of personal possessions to Pick, Aunt Delphine, Cousin Jeff, and Lewis Hays, after which followed a long list of minor remembrances for the colored servants. Then came the disposal of the bulk of the estate.

The land had been divided into three equal parts. The first of these, which included Oleander Plantation, went to Claude as eldest in direct line of descent. The second went to Uncle Raoul, and the third was divided between Amedee and Henri.

That part sounds simple enough, I know. But now comes the complication. Although the land had been left outright to his sons and grandsons, Colonel Dumont had added the stipulation that they might not dispose of any or all of it except to one another; while upon their deaths, it was to pass to their male descendants or nearest male

relative bearing the name of Dumont.

"That means," Mr. Duval explained carefully, that if Mr. Raoul Dumont, for example, should wish to dispose of his share of the land, he might do so either to one of his sons or to one of his nephews, but not to an outsider; while should he retain possession of it, it will pass on his death to his sons. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," Uncle Raoul said succinctly. He spoke without raising his eyes from the table in front of him. It was evident that up until the very last minute, he has been clinging to the forlorn hope that Oleander might not go to Claude after all. Claude sensed this, and grinned complacently at the rest of us.

Then Mr. Duval went on to explain that Colonel Dumont had been what is known as "land poor." That is, while he had managed to hold onto his land, he had done it at the sacrifice of practically everything else he had possessed. The result was, the lawyer asserted almost apologetically, that while the heirs would receive the property title clear, they would be obliged to pay the inheritance taxes and other matters concerned with the settling of the estate out of their own pockets, or else mortgage the land itself for the purpose. Finally with a dry, "I think that is all," he folded the will, and returned it to the envelope from which he had taken it.

For a minute there was an awkward pause, such as I imagine must follow the reading of every will. Only Claude was smiling. Most of the others looked as though their newly acquired inheritances had come as less of an asset than a liability.

Then suddenly Beau was upon his feet. On his dark handsome face was what I believe the Victorian novelists would have described as a painted grin.

"A toast!" he cried raising his champagne glass with an extravagant gesture. "To our new inheritance! More land, more taxes, and—since there's no money to pay them with—more debt! And since Grandpere's been thoughtful enough to do everything up so that we can't sell it, he's left every blessed one of us with an Old Man of the Sea on our shoulders for as long as we live—an Old Man made of good Mississippi mud."

(To Be Continued)

Hazel Green

A double surprise birthday party was given by Mrs. W. H. Williamson Feb. 3 in her home in the evening. Those honored were her husband, Bill and granddaughter Sharon, who observed their 50th and 10th birthdays.

Supper was served to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Haselbacher, Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Pepperling, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Williamson and children, Danny and Dianna Lyn, Mr. and Mrs. Don Ziellinski and family, Delores, Ricky and the honored guest their daughter Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williamson.

Calling in the evening were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Basel and daughter Marsha. Assisting Mrs. Williamson was Mrs. Alvin Pepperling.

The Hazel Green Mother's club met on Thursday night at the school to make plans for the carnival which they will give Saturday, March 7. The next meeting is scheduled for March 5.

Cancellation of the Boy Scout Blue and Gold banquet has been announced. The date was Friday, Feb. 13. The new date set will be announced later.

Ernest Ziellinski was taken to the Silverton hospital Sunday night for surgery Monday. His stay there is expected to be about 10 days.

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Catholic Men Foresters Initiate Mt. Angel Class

Mt. Angel — More than 200 Catholic Order of Men Forester member members and escorts were present from courts of Mount Angel, Portland, Verboort, Stayton, Jordan and Sublimity, for the banquet which concluded an all-day program with initiation of new members at Mount Angel Sunday.

Featured speaker at the banquet which was held at 7 p.m. Sunday in the St. Mary's dining hall, was the Rev. Alcun Heibel, O.S.B., Portland, state spiritual director. Rev. Father Alcun recently returned from several years in Europe where he was in charge of relief work.

The Legion of Honor gold pin was awarded to Ted Minder, Sublimity, state chief ranger, for outstanding work he has accomplished for the order.

The presentation was made by Joseph J. Wavra, Mt. Angel, past state chief ranger.

William Blem, chief ranger of St. Mary's court, Mt. Angel, delivered the welcome address, and Don Orange, Salem, director of organization, spoke on the progress of the courts.

Speakers included Rev. Cyril Lebold, O.S.B., pastor of St. Mary's parish, Mt. Angel; Rev. William R. Killion, Verboort; and Mrs. Louis A. LeDoux, Mt. Angel, Oregon State Regent of the Catholic Daughters of America.

Introduced were Ben Heesacker, Verboort, a 50-year charter member of the Verboort court, and Alois Keber, Mt. Angel, who has been a member for 57 years. Presiding as toastmaster was S. C. Schmitt. Musical numbers included several accordion duets by Anita Wilde and Ruth Wilde and also by Arlene Fessler and Louann Schaefer.

The all-day program began at 8 a.m., when all candidates and members attended Mass and corporate communion in St. Mary's church. Candidates were guests at a breakfast served at the Mount Angel hotel. The Sublimity degree team was in charge of initiation ceremonies held during the afternoon in the St. Mary's auditorium.

New members received into the court included Anthony Konen, Maurice Hamel, Raymond Griesenauer, Thomas Unger, Gerald Wolf, James Fessler, Roger Schaefer, Kenneth Buchholz, Edward Huber, Thomas Traeger, Dennis Wolf, Bernard Gamble, Arthur J. Manion, Leonard Flick and William Meissner, all of Mt. Angel; Richard Bernards of Boonville, and Jerome Zerr, Don Neidermeyer and Linus Neidermeyer, all of Portland.

Keizer

Keizer—EM 1/c Myron Teets with his wife and daughter, Deborah, are visiting at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. (Rusty) Teets, 1170 Chemsaw road. Myron has been stationed at Pensacola and is now being transferred to Tacoma, Wash., on shore duty for two years.

A new building is being built by Therese Carrigan owner of the Keizer Beauty Salon property at 4905 North River road. The building will have a store room and two apartments.

The Keizer Firemen's auxiliary will meet Friday evening Feb. 13, at the local fire hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Glendon Geil have recently moved to the Keizer district. They are now living at 690 Chemsaw road. Glendon is the son of the Paul Geils of 733 Sunset Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Onas S. Olson spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Olson's aunt and uncle, the Albert Scotts, at Sherwood.

Guests at the Rusty Teets home over the week-end were Mr. and Mrs. Don Cline of Roseburg, Mrs. Cline (Roma Rae) is a daughter of the Teets.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mogster had as their guests Sunday, Mrs. Mogster's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Dinamore of Eugene.

Lincoln

Lincoln—A home-baked foods sale to be held at Salem Hardware Feb. 13 was planned at the Thursday meeting of the Lincoln-Zena Parents club. Valentine cookies, cakes and candies, as well as table ornaments will be featured by the mother in the club. Mrs. K. W. Noteboom and Mrs. K. C. Zimmerman are in charge of the sale.

Funds raised at the benefit will purchase insurance on special equipment at the rural schools, and the surplus will be deposited as savings toward larger projects in the future.

Mr. Meyer, principal for suburban schools, spoke on the conditions of use of school buildings by quasi-educational groups such as 4-H clubs.

The next meeting of the club will be Thursday, Feb. 19, at Zena school. Miss Kramer will head a program on the school music program.

Modern Music Concert

Mt. Angel—"Among the Moderns" will be the theme of the annual piano concert sponsored by high school and college students of the Benedictine Sisters. The performance is set for Sunday afternoon, Feb. 15, at 2 p.m. in the Mt. Angel Women's college auditorium, and is open to the general public.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS	31. Rubber tree
1. Incline	32. Cease
6. June bug	34. Beverage
9. Soft murmur	35. Pierce
12. Kind of jewelry	36. Present
13. Country in the British Isles	37. Speak from memory
18. Lessen	41. Masculine name
19. Lessen	42. Long fish
16. Emended	43. Mineral spring
17. Number	44. Reduced in grade
21. Pronoun	49. Grief
22. Snake	51. Hole
25. Round flat plate	52. Harden; variant
26. Sour	53. Metal
29. Bustle	54. English letter
31. Discover	55. Rant

DOWN

1. Command to a cat	5. Choose by vote
2. Part of the ear	6. Filth
3. Algerian city	7. Turn back
4. Stroke lightly	8. Bombproof shelter
10. Four quarters	11. Sturgeon
14. Reside	15. Wise
19. Cold	20. Soprano
21. Sample	22. Twine
24. Twine	25. Costly
26. Small island	27. Sample
29. Wing	33. That girl
35. Annoying noise in a radio	38. Press
40. Church official	41. Sturgeon
42. Bullet of irregular shape	44. Minute orifice
45. God of war	46. Small mark
47. Final	48. Compass point
50. Indian of Tierra del Fuego	

ROOM & BOARD By Gene Ahern

WELL... HOWD BUNNY COME OUT LAST NIGHT IN HIS MATCH WITH "PIG-GRUNT" PORKUM?

WE WIN!!! ONLY TOOK BUNNY TWENTY MINUTES TUH CEMENT PORKUM TUH DAMAT! PORKUM KEPT SLAMMIN' JUDDO CUTS TUH BUNNY'S NECK, BUT HE TOOK EM LIKE AN INDIAN TOM-TOM... FINALLY BUNNY PUTS HIS POLAR-BEAR HUG AROUND PORKUM'S EQUATOR, AN' HE GOES AS LIMP AS A BANANA PEEL!

IT WAS JUST A TAFFY PULL, MAC.

WAIL! THE VICTOR!

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