

BY CARL ANDERSON

Henry



Four Corners

The March meeting of the Firemen's auxiliary was held in the Jess McNay home on Tuesday evening with Mrs. McNay and Mrs. Dale Jeffries as co-hostesses. Mrs. Lawrence Lee, Mrs. Emory Hendrickson, Jr., and Mrs. Jack Groves were appointed to the nominating committee. Highlights of the business session were the plans for the annual dinner. Others present were Mrs. Andy Etzel, Mrs. Waldo Miller, Mrs. Ivan Brown, Mrs. Richard McKee, Mrs. Leroy Mooers, Mrs. A. E. LaBranche, Mrs. Morris Jones, Mrs. John Fox, Mrs. Robert Fisher, Mrs. David Behm. Mrs. Jess McNay, president of the Four Corners Woman's club, opened the business meeting on Thursday evening in the Community hall. A panel discussion on gardening made up the program. Acting as moderator was Mrs. David Behm and the speakers were Mrs. O. D. Binegar, tuberous begonias; Mrs. Jess McNay, roses; Mrs. Ernest Walker, chrysanthemums; Mrs. Waldo Miller, gladioli; Mrs. Warren Shrake, dahlias and Mrs. E. N. White, African violets. Guests introduced were Mrs. William Schleich, Mrs. Lyman Stevens, Mrs. Clifford Etzel, Mrs. Ted Kurrie, Mrs. Stanley Braden, Mrs. C. R. Osborn, Mrs. R. L. Stafek. Hostesses were Mrs. Harvey Meyer, Mrs. Warren Shrake, Mrs. Allen Gordon, Mrs. E. A. Snook and Mrs. Cecil Snook. Dessert refreshments were served to 23 members and the guests. Visitors in the Rex Nicholson home last week were the Harry Ackermans of Oakland, Calif. He is a brother of Mrs. Nicholson. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schuette of Seattle drove her mother, Mrs. Mattie Walker, home this week. Mrs. Walker has been in Seattle with her daughters family since December. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Corning are home. They spent several months with relatives in Billings, Mont., and Blunt, S.D. A bridal shower for Miss Shurley Gosnell, fiancée of Edwin Barnard, was held on Monday evening in the Chet Otosen home with Mrs. Otosen and Mrs. Gladys Besty as co-hostesses. Complimenting Miss Gosnell were her mother, Mrs. Norwood Gosnell, her sister, Miss ValJean Gosnell and the Misses Bette Kostelecky, Mildred Toombs, Ardith Miller, Arlene Christy, MaryLu Dunham, Ruth Bischoff, Carol Pearson, Mrs. Leonard Turnbull, Mrs. Marjorie Anderson, Mrs. Blaine Veteo, Mrs. Amanda Aderson, Mrs. Alice Jonas. BAND PARENTS MEET Woodburn — The monthly meeting of the Band Parents of Woodburn high school will be Tuesday, March 10, at 7:30 p.m. Several musical numbers will be presented after the business meeting. Light refreshments will be served by Mrs. Howard Quigley, Mrs. Harry Lenton and Mrs. George Springer. Meetings are held at the high school.

Crossword Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes a solution for yesterday's puzzle and a list of crossword puzzle words.

ROOM & BOARD



It's Death, My Darling!

By AMELIA REYNOLDS LONG

Chapter 28. For the space of several seconds Amadee stood perfectly still. Then he came over and sat down beside me again. "What made you say that, Peter?" he asked quietly. "Look at the entire situation, Dede. I said I had to talk fast, in order to keep up with my own flying thoughts. A little over a week ago, your grandfather makes a discovery of some sort—something that we've now reason to believe some third person was trying to keep from him. Whatever it was, he considers it so important that he sends at once for his lawyer and for his oldest and youngest grandsons apparently to consult with them about it. But before he can accomplish that, he dies; but not before he's had time to tell this thing to one of them—Claude. A few days later, Claude dies. Amadee nodded. "That was what Uncle Raoul suspected," he said. "But the autopsy showed that Claude died of a heart attack after all."

"Yes, I know, I admitted. But the autopsy could have been wrong, I mean, it may not have been correct, far enough. Suppose that Claude and your grandfather too, for that matter—died of something that could have been mistaken for heart failure as long as no one had any reason to suspect its true nature. Some poison—" "Poison!" He repeated the word as though he had never heard it before. "But what—" "Let me finish before we go into that," I interrupted. "Uncle Raoul suspected that there was something wrong about his father's death even before he talked with Mr. Duval. Then that was why he went down to the mausoleum that night! Amadee broke in. "And why he had opened Grandpere's casket. He must have thought he could find some proof."

"No, I don't think so," I disagreed. "I hate to suggest this, Dede, but suppose the murderer of your grandfather was one of us at the table that evening. Suppose Uncle Raoul should decide to have the body exhumed and an autopsy performed. He decided to prevent that by removing or destroying the body; since without it nothing could be proved, regardless of what Uncle Raoul or anybody else might suspect. "He must have waited that night until he thought everybody was sleeping up and then he started out to attend to it. Only Uncle Raoul, who was probably sitting up thinking things over, saw him go, and followed him. He probably picked up the sword as a nearest weapon to hand in case he should need one. "You don't need to go on," Amadee interrupted again. He started packing up and went. "Peter, think hard," he said suddenly. "What poison is there that could be mistaken for heart failure?" "I thought until my brain felt strained. There's digitalis—you can prepare that without much trouble from ordinary foxglove. "There are no foxgloves on the place, or anywhere around here that I know of," Amadee said, "so it looks as though that's out. "Then all of a sudden I had a brainstorm. "Henri said something about Uncle Raoul's having had an oleander clutched in his hand when you found him. Did he?" "Why, yes," he answered, looking surprised at the question. "Then that's it!" I declared. "Pick must have told him about the withered plants. So when he was dying, he took off one of the flowers in the spray and held it in his hand, hoping that when we found him, we'd understand!" "Understand what?" "I told him about the dying plants that Pick and I had discovered down near the carriage house. "And don't you remember?" I concluded. "Aunt Minerva objected

An acre was first defined as the amount of land a yoke of oxen could plow in a day.

Carol Curtis Pattern



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