Southern Oregon News Review, Thursday, October 2, 1947

11-18



THE dead man's foot protruded sparkled, giving a pert look to the from the blanket like a dis- whole tangly bundle. carded boot. A pan of water rested do something for him, without being able to. Just an ordinary sidestreet. a speeding car, a rat-tat-tat and that was all. Another not-so-big shot was through.

Five minutes after the cops came, a squeaky sedan jolted to a stop at the opposite curb. Half-a-dozen men piled out.

"Reporters," someone in the crowd decided.

The newcomers took in the scene in a matter-of-fact way, then swarmed about the lieutenant and the homicide squad man and plied them with questions. One of the newspapermen was chewing gum. The others were smoking and one rotund fellow laughed raucously at something the homicide squad man said. Soon a few broke away and headed for the drugstore across the street with the blue and white telephone emblem outside. Within twenty minutes all of them squeezed back into the car.

"S'long, Mac, see y'in church." the man at the wheel yelled to the lieutenant as the gears meshed.

"Hard guys," the man in the crowd muttered, as the machine turned the corner.

"You said it," his companion agreed, dryly.

An hour later, Joe Melsner of the City News Federation, "Old Man" of the borough's police reporters. left the smoky-walled pressroom on the ground floor of the Supreme Court Building to buy an afternoon paper. Johnny Hennessy, of the Globe, the kid of the shack, sat in a corner figuring out his expense account. Jim Reide, of the Post-Flash, Nason, of the Mail, Cohen, of the Reflector and Lenox, of the Home Press, with a few of the usual pressroom hangers-on, were at the inevitable rummy game. Opposite, Delany, of the Star, legs stretched majestically across his desk and most die-hard of the players, threw feet high in the air, sat back readand yellow edges. Levito, who was with an up-county paper, fidgeted in a phone booth, waiting to "clean the worm-like chopmeat. up" the shooting story.

A voice thundered in the corridor. The others looked up; they always did when Melsner spoke. He was pointing to something huddled at the doorway.

"Now what d'ya call this?" the Old Man grunted, stooping over.

He picked up the cringing something and deposited it gingerly on his desk, a massive roll-top affair with "Private: Keep Out!" on it in forbidding letters. The "something"

Hennessy stopped pondering, Deon the sidewalk; they had tried to lany tossed his book aside, and both ambled over. Reide turned his head from the card table.

"The mutt probably has fleas," he remarked. "Keep it offa my desk."

As if understanding, the puppy turned to its critic appealingly. Melsner laughed gruffly, ignoring the complaint.

"It's a cute-lookin' mutt at that, to Hennessy, "Send out and we'll give it a feed."

blacks was dispatched across the street. In a minute or two, the pooch was sipping milk and sniffcriticism, or his audience.



"Hennessy caught the clerk with a bard left to the jaw."

"We'll call him Ginger," Hen- | and Ginger was forgotten. Hennessy suggested. "Lookit the fire in nessy has sprung from his chair his eyes, will you?" Ginger yapped like a starting sprinter, yanked appreciatively, provocatively. That Brown from his seat, overturning finished the card game. Reide, the the table at the same time-and smashed a hard fist to the outsider's down his gummy cards, and with jaw. ing a fat book with a scarlet cover the others, gathered around Melsner's desk. Fondly they watched the ing, swung, and missed. Nason and grimy little mutt push his snoot into Delany started to intervene, but Melsner, who had taken everything

Two days later, Ginger was part in quietly, stopped them with a of the life of the shack. A bootblack move of his hand. "Let 'em go a had been commissioned to give him a bath, to provide a lined box for a backed away. bed, to continue general caretaking. While the men were out on storieslunged at his lighter rival, who holdups, suicides, fires, whatnotdanced aside just fast enough. As Ginger tripped around impatiently, until they came back. Then he greeted them joyously, with quick. short barking yelps.

. . .

Ginger, temporarily deserted, sniffed in and out of the chair legs, feeling for Reide, who always petted him. The dog rubbed against Brown's trousers by mistake.

"Why, the ----." the startled elerk swore. He reached down, picked up the pup clumsily, and Jumper Outfit for School Wear about a yard away. "Wonder you guys wouldn't keep animals outa here," he growled, drawing a card. "You'd think it was a zoo."

Nobody replied. Hennessy looked up queerly from his typewriter.

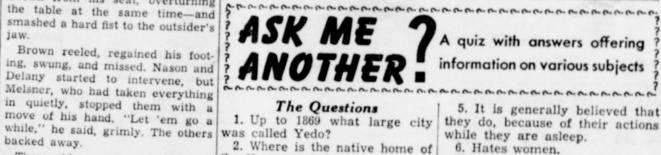
Ginger, not having sensed the rebuff, returned to the table. Again he brushed Brown's trousers. As if having anticipated the annoyance. the clerk kicked vigorously. There was a sharp squeal, then Ginger. living up to his name, bit.

Brown roared, grabbed the pooch ain't it, kid?" the Old Man winked from his leg, and before anyone could protest, hurled him with crushing force against the wall. One of the ever-present boot- There was a crunch, then a whimper

Every eye in the place turned to the battered little body on the floor. ing chopmeat, oblivious to further But in a split second, every eye was glued on the centre of the room,



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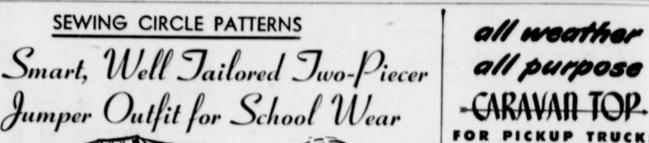
2. Where is the native home of Thoroughly aroused, Brown the Hottentots? 3. Who possessed the face that

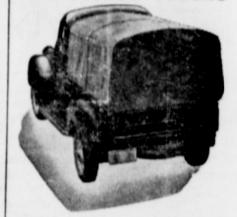
"launched 1,000 ships"? the clerk plowed by, the reporter 4. How many workers in the

grabbed him by the scruff of the world earn less than four Amerneck, swung him around, and sent ican dollars a week? him sprawling away with another 5. Do dogs dream?

punch that cracked against his jaw. 6. A misogynist is one who does

little





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was a very tiny dog, a bedraggled puppy that looked as if it hadn't eaten in as long as it hadn't bathed. sweaty men in shirtsleeves. At the Its eyes were red-rimmed, as if with weeping. But there was a pink Brown, a thick - necked hardware spot on the end of the moist black | clerk who spent his idle hours with

11

10 Complete

11 Goddess of

peace

shelter

16 Uniform

19 Type of

automobile

Bacchanals

sweetheart

compulsion

rical function

21 Cry of the

13 Indian

The pressroom was crowded one sultry afternoon, crowded with card table, next to Reide, was Al nose. And the eyes themselves what he called the "newshounds."

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Horizontal

1 To surpass 6 To diminish 11 To stimulate 12 To be indignant at 14 Egyptian deity

14 15 Cupola 17 Poker stake 18 18 German river 20 Unusual 24 23 Hint 24 To require 29 26 At no time 28 Note of scale 29 Of longer standing 31 Person named for an office 33 From a distance 35 Comfort 36 Fails to follow suit 39 Post of a

stairway 42 Bovine quadruped 43 Souvenir 45 Roman emperor 46 Consumed 48 Ecclesiastical council 50 Tier

51 Kind 53 To redact 55 Prefix: down 56 Three in one 59 Expunging instrument 61 Small drum 62 Withered

Vertical

22 Archaic: 1 Outer coating 25 To put off of the teeth 27 Ascended 2 90 30 Rants 3 Spanish hero 4 Short jacket 32 More recent 5 Citrus fruit 34 To depend 6 Land measure 36 To ridicule 37 To gain by 7 To exist 8 Man's name 38 Trigonomet-

Movabl	e
shelter	-

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Solution	in	Next	Issue.	

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31

32

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36.	37	1	-	1	\vdash	38		39		+	40	41	1
12	1		43	1	-	-	44		45	+	\vdash	\vdash	
16	-	47		48	\vdash	\vdash	1	49		50	-	-	
1			52			53	-	-	54		55	-	
6			-	57	58	1	59	-	-	60	-	-	
	61	-	-	1	-	1	62	-	-	-	-	-	
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No. 34

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Series H-47														

Brown shook his head, spat, then what?

went for Hennessy again. The result was still another crack; he could feel his eye swell as if air had been pumped around it. Clearly he was no match at boxing for the fire-eyed "newshound" who sidestepped and stung him so deftly. He dropped back, then plunged low like a football player and threw Hennessy to the floor.

Brown reeled, regained his foot-

Again Nason and Delany leaped forward to interfere, but the Old Man, an intense gleam in his eyes, restrained them.

It looked bad for the reporter. Brown pressed his advantage, bore down with his full weight. One of the newspaperman's shoulders was down, the other twisted consulsively as the panting fellow on top sought to wrench it into the dirt of the floor-boards. Then suddenly one of Hennessy's legs appeared, entwined about the body of his foe, the other leg applied pressure from beneath, and a perfect wrestler's "scissors" hurled the heavier man to the side, almost reversing the positions.

The knotted pair whirled crazily across the floor like a two-headed fiend. They crashed into Melsner's desk, upsetting a bottle of purple ink, which spilled over both of them. Then they tore apart, and each staggered to his feet, a livid mess.

Brown wiped his brow, smearing it grotesquely with sweat, ink, and blood. He lunged again, but for the last time. Hennessy, his whole frame taut for one blow, poised like a matador and as the clerk rushed in, brought his left fist forward and up like a lead mallet. It caught the hardware clerk on the point of the chin, and he went down for good. From the corner, a faint bark signalized Ginger's approval, and jolted the wide-eyed onlookers to their senses.

Ten minutes later, a few blocks down, Brown was telling his boss how he'd been "mobbed" in a card game brawl with a "half-dozen" reporters.

"I told you to keep away from those fellows," he was told. "They're hard guys."

In the pressroom, Reide held a blue bowl and Delany held Ginger. The others were clustered around, beaming. The puppy's bruised side was bandaged clean around his fat little middle, and tied with a funny bow on top, like a Christmas parcel. "Will ya look at the runt go for that milk, will ya?" Melsner grinned at Hennessy.

civil affairs division of the war 7. Nevada is sixth in land area department. Since 1914, he has but what in population? 8. What do we call the barren

worlds in the sky, having no air, water or living things?

- The Answers 1. Tokyo, Japan.
- 2. South Africa.
- 3. Helen of Troy.

one-fifth of the world's population, had a low of \$1.40 per week before inflation.

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8. Asteroids.

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