

Casual Slaughters-

By VIRGINIA HANSON

A VICIOUS KILLER WALKS A MID-WESTERN ARMY POST IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL OF MYSTERY AND LOVE

Chapter One
Morning Ride

AQUAIL, followed by a brood of little ones, scurried across the bridge path ahead of us and disappeared in a thicket of scrub oak. Adam's black mare danced and tossed her graceful head, jingling her bit in a purely feminine flutter. Birds were beginning to call brightly back and forth about the state of the August morning.

We were early enough to spy on a dew-spangled world that was like a late reveler, caught out by daylight. In an hour's time the landscape would have changed into green gingham, and the air that was now cool and carbonated would have gone warm and flat.

I glanced sideways at Adam, his long loose-jointed figure at ease in the saddle as nowhere else, his eyes and skin as fresh and cool as the varnished perfection of his khaki breeches and shirt, and reflected with a certain inner amusement that almost anything can be fun when you do it with someone you like.

I shifted slightly in the saddle and he turned with a grin.

"Shift?"

"No. Just flattened. Like when the butcher brings the side of his cleaver down on a piece of tenderloin."

"You'll toughen. This is only the third day."

I groaned. "I haven't used these muscles since I gave up putting my foot in my mouth. Don't you think I ought to sort of, well, rest up for a few days?"

"Worst thing in the world. Now look, Miss Cornish, if you'll permit me to call you by your last name after only a year's acquaintance, I find that for a young woman you have qualities. You laugh at my jokes, you bow to my superior wisdom on occasion—"

"Oh, Major Drew!"

"—you don't talk all the time, and in spite of that flaming thigh you're not hard to look at. I might say more except that I don't want you to get ideas and take the first plane to Hollywood—not at first until I get transferred nearer the Coast than the shores of Lake Michigan. However—"

"Ah! The sugar-coating melts. We approach the pill—"

"However, the idea that any young woman who isn't at home on the back of a horse should take up residence, even for two weeks, on a cavalry post of the United States Army—"

"I knew it. Next thing you'll be saying that any nice girl would have known enough to go home instead of moving into rooms at the club when the lady who invited her got an unexpected chance to drive to West Point to see her son."

"Don't be silly. You know the lady wouldn't have taken her chance if you had, said you were going back to Chicago. Besides, how could you go home when you've loaned your apartment to that penniless mooner—"

"Pennant approve your staying at the club, you may be sure no one else will disapprove. They would have invited you there except that Jeff's fiancée is coming."



Adam was telling the sumac bush to come out of there and drop whatever it had in its hands.

"You have no secrets from me," he said firmly, but his dazzling blue eyes, between their brush of short white lashes, were friendly and approving.

"What a man of principle! I've always thought," I added pensively, "that people who rise with the sun are a little touched in the head."

"That's because you belong to the international order of Sourpuss-before-Breakfast."

"How do you know that?" I demanded.

"You have no secrets from me," he said darkly. "Right now your stomach feels like an old tin can that's been run over by a ten-ton truck. You're miles up on the highest horse and the hardest saddle ever devised by man or nature, the muscles of your thighs have a ache and toothache. But in spite of these sundry slight discomforts you can't keep the corners of your mouth down."

"Our eyes caught for a dizzying moment; then the mare, true to her sex, chose that moment to discover a scrap of paper a stone's throw away and bolt for her life down the bridge path. They had disappeared around a curve before old Dobbin the roan awoke to our situation and started in pursuit at an unalarmed, lumbering trot."

"This was the crisis I had been dreading. I sawed at the reins, knowing in advance that it was no use. Dobbin was a gregarious brute. He intended to rejoin his companion; and whether or not I cared to come along was a matter of complete indifference to him. But not to me. The instinct of self-preservation is as old as life itself."

"It speaks well for the power of mind over mere matter that I was able during those crucial seconds to recall a few of Adam's patient directions and, in clumsy desperation, to put the theory into practice; for suddenly everything clicked and we swept triumphantly around the curve."

Adam had checked the mare and was waiting. I called to him jubilantly as we passed.

"Look, Adam! He's trotting and my teeth aren't falling out or anything. I'm posting!"

"Good work!" he said heartily. And, being a man of principle, had to add, "Watch your elbows."

It was at this moment that Dob-

bin the roan, normally a placid animal, lost sight of the fact that he was responsible for a dumb female who didn't know how to ride, and gave way to nerves.

If you've ever had a horse shy with you when you were posting to the trot you know that it can be unsettling both mentally and physically. I had a little trouble deciding which was the proper side on which informally to dismount, and while I was hesitating Adam rode up beside me and offered his arm in courtly fashion, and I was not backward about accepting it. It was a good arm and his steel muscles did not relax until Dobbin and I had reached a better understanding and decided to rest a bit after our juggling act.

"What a time to start truckin'!" I commented bitterly and, if I must be admitted, with some shortness of breath. I might have said more—but Adam's attitude silenced me. He was looking away from me toward the bush from which the roan had shied. And suddenly his hand was on the roan's checkrein.

Plump Little Man

"GET down," he said in a low, imperative voice. "On the ground—stay behind your horse."

He was a one for changing his mind. A minute ago he had gone to some trouble to keep me on that horse. But when I tried to point out the inconsistency he cut me short.

"Quickly!" he ordered.

There was enough of the lash of authority in the last word to send me tobogganing down the steep side of the roan. But as the ground stung my feet I turned and stared across the saddle.

Adam's big service automatic was no longer in its holster. It was pointing at the sumac bush, and he was telling the sumac bush to come out of there and drop whatever it had in its hands. He was telling it that he would count five; and he was beginning to count.

I counted also, under my breath, because I knew when he got to five something was going to happen and I wanted to be prepared. Dobbin the roan was being very patient and well behaved for the moment, which was a very good thing, for I had to stand

close to him because of another bush that was pushing against my back. As soon as I thought of that bush I got a little uneasy, and at the count of three I looked over my shoulder and investigated it; but it seemed to be only a bush. So I edged back into it a little, because if the big roan had shied once, without any apparent reason, what would he do when that gun went off?

But at the count of four Adam's bush began to come to life. Its leaves and branches were agitated as if by a stiff breeze, a voice made sounds of protest and a face rose into view. A face which normally must have been like that of a sober baby. A round, pink and white face with a snub nose and serious eyes. A face that was having rather a time trying to express, all in one tableau, terror, despair and anguished refusal.

"Out," said Adam crisply. "And drop what you're holding."

The solemn eyes dwelt on the barrel of the automatic. A groan escaped the tortured mouth.

"Fine," said Adam, and a frenzied form leaped clear of the sumac bush. No—not quite clear. A great sheaf of branches hugged to its midsection like a playfully modest Pan.

He was a plump little man; his pink and white skin, which normally would have done credit to any schoolgirl, looked as if he had rolled in a briar patch. The source of his distress was plain to see. He wore no clothes.

Adam was still telling him to drop what he had in his hands. I looked my surprise. I had never expected Adam of lacking tact.

"Drop that stuff, you fool," he was saying.

The little man's color brightened, if that were possible. Sweat beaded his brow. He hugged tighter the armful of branches.

"Sir, I'm the new chaplain," he stammered. "I arrived late last night. I beg of you—I'll explain everything."

Adam said, "I'm trying to help you. If you know what's good for you, you'll drop that armful of foliage. It's this chaplain's. Poison oak to you."

To be continued

Pay For Population

Oroville, Calif. (AP)—This town wants its entire population counted in the census, and make no mistake about it. The city council has offered \$1 for each name of an uncounted person.

GOVERNOR BACKS INVITATION WITH GOOD ARGUMENT

Salem Centennial Boosters Here On Air Tour—Leave for K. F. Via Crater Lake

Gov. Charles A. Sprague didn't hesitate a moment when he was asked today to give a good reason why the people of Medford should leave this beautiful city to go to Salem to help celebrate the capital city's 100th birthday July 31 to August 4.

"Soldiers of Salem helped to fight and win the Battle of Table Rock and to attain the enduring peace with the Indians that was consummated in the Treaty of Table Rock," the governor replied. As he spoke at Medford municipal airport he pointed eloquently to the nearby Table Rock on whose shelf-like top the very peace treaty he referred to was signed those many years ago.

"Ever since then," Governor Sprague continued, "the Rogue River valley has had peace."

Half Hour Visit

Thus did Governor Sprague indicate that the people of the Rogue valley could express their appreciation of the Salem soldiers' valor by attending the Salem centennial in large numbers.

On an air tour of the state to call attention to the centennial, Governor Sprague and his party paid Medford a half-hour visit at the airport this morning. The group arrived from Eugene and left for Klamath Falls with a flight over Crater Lake included in the itinerary.

With the governor were Earl Snell, secretary of state, W. W. Chadwick, mayor of Salem, I. S. McSherry, manager of the centennial commission, E. H. Bingenheimer, president of the Salem Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Bruce R. Baxter, president of Willamette university, Jerrold Owen, publicity chairman, C. K. Logan of the Capital Journal and Stephen C. Mergler, city editor of the Statesman, Salem.

Greeted by Officials

The visiting delegation was greeted by officials of the city, county and Jackson County Chamber of Commerce. A number of private citizens also met the visitors and the half hour was spent in informal discussion. Most of the travellers were attired in fancy shirts to give the centennial a pioneer western atmosphere. A spirit of joviality prevailed during the visit here.

The group travelled in a two-passenger Boeing plane, donated for the tour by United Air Lines. Pilot was W. Thornberg. Miss Mary Lewis was stewardess. A. M. Nelson, travelling passenger agent, was aboard as host.

The tour started this morning from Salem and was to include, besides Eugene, Medford and Klamath Falls, Bend, Pendleton and Portland.

HORNER RETURNED TO FACE FORGERY CHARGE

Robert Horner, charged with alleged issuance of spurious checks, was brought back from San Luis Obispo, Cal., yesterday by Sheriff Syd I. Brown, and is held in the county jail, awaiting disposition of the charges. Horner is alleged to have issued eight spurious checks in 1938, to which the name of G. F. Horner and George F. Horner were signed. He was recently arrested in the California city and held for Jackson county authorities.

Etchings By Wire In Art Exhibit At Swem's Gift Shop

A group of original etchings of southern Oregon, northern California and desert landscape subjects by Melville T. Wire of Ashland are being shown with the Associated Artists' group of prints at Swem's Gift Shop.

The etchings have the approval of high artistic authority in Oregon and elsewhere. In a personal letter to Mr. Wire, Aline Kistler, foremost American authority on prints, highly praised his etching of "The Deserted Barn," on the old Cavanaugh place near Gold Hill.

Mr. Wire is a member of the Oregon Society of Artists and of the American Artists Professional League.

The six prints now on exhibition at Swem's are: "The Deserted Barn," on the old Cavanaugh place; "Redwoods in a Pasture," near Crescent City; "Beached for Repairs," boats at Crescent City; "Back from the Beach," at Pebble Beach, Crescent City; "High Desert," and "Frederick Butte," the last two made in eastern Oregon.

Weather

Northern California: Generally fair tonight and Wednesday, but cloudy or fog on coast night and morning; little change in temperature; moderate north-west wind off coast.

RECEIVER NAMED FOR PEAR CROP

In an order issued yesterday in circuit court, Elmer T. Hull was named receiver of the pear crop now growing on the Brookhurst Orchards. The action was taken following the hearing of testimony in the suit of the Reter Fruit company against Winston T. Dougherty and wife, W. T. Dougherty, H. C. Foster, M. O. Winkle, R. M. Cook and D. M. Middlebush, heard before Circuit Judge Norton last week. Appointment of a receiver was sought, among other things.

Under the order, Hull will have charge of the cultivation, irrigating, care and picking of

the coming crop, and will deliver it to the Reter Fruit company when harvested.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

SWIM

IN DRINKING WATER...

The water in this pool is changing constantly and is chlorinated to meet state requirements.

MERRICK'S

1 P. M. to 9:45 P. M.

Big Double Load Green Pine Slabs \$3.75

Valley Fuel Co.

28 W. MAIN TEL. 76

This Is National Swim for Health Week!

New Jantzen & Catalina Suits

For National Swim Week the "Fun in the Sun Shop" on the Second Floor presents 1940 Jantzen and Catalina Swim Suits. Here are new fabrics, colors and styles by America's leading swim suit makers. Smart quarter, half and full skirt models; new brassiere top styles; new comfort—all are yours in a Swim Suit if it's a Jantzen or Catalina from Mann's.

\$2 to \$8

Fun in the Sun Shop 2nd Floor

SPORT DRESSES \$1.495

For vacation, for travel or stay at home one of these lovely Sport Frocks will prove a welcome addition to your summer wardrobe. These tailored type frocks come with and without collars. Full flared or pleated skirts in "Pearl Blush" shades, Navy Blue and Colorful Prints. Sizes 12 to 20.

Balance of This Month's Charges Go On Your July Statement.

Colonial Dames

Miss Patricia Cox, trained Colonial Dames counsellor, will be in our Toiletries Dept. all this week. Make your appointment now for a complimentary beauty treatment and make-up. Phone 485. No obligation on your part.

Learn To Swim DURING NATIONAL SWIM FOR HEALTH WEEK

MANN'S

AIR CONDITIONED FOR YOUR COMFORT

JUNE 24-29

Wait! Wait! Wait!

Don't Buy Any Car Until June 26

More Than \$60,000 Stock!

200 Super-Reconditioned Used Cars, Trucks, Trailers and Tractors Must Go At

PUBLIC CLOSE-OUT SALE

Watch For Our Big Announcement

Up to 1/3 discount on all units. The most beautiful and most complete stock in the entire NORTHWEST. \$50 to \$150 off on each car to meet our immediate demands. No matter what you want we have it. Be sure to prepare yourself to take advantage of one of the BIGGEST SACRIFICES in Medford HISTORY. Don't forget it's a complete public closeout sale.

HELP WANTED

3 All-Around Lot Boys, on salary basis. Local residents preferred, to assist during rush.

ALSO

5 Honest Reliable Auto and Truck Salesmen. Strictly commission basis.

WE GUARANTEE

No competition on prices, terms or trade-in allowances. Splendid proposition for experienced men that can qualify. See Mr. Rhoades, Sales Mgr.

AUTO SALES & LOAN CO.

Cor. 4th and North Riverside.

PERSONAL!

Will motorist who complained at way car handled on trip yesterday please ask nearest Union Oil Dealer how Stop-Wear Lubrication will remedy trouble? Amazement only way to express emotion customers feel when they step into car freshly lubricated the Stop-Wear way. Three unique advantages yours with Stop-Wear—one, you see difference in way car looks—glass gleams, tires, running boards dressed, interior, also exterior clean and dusted. Simplest way to that "new car feeling." Two, you hear difference in smooth, quiet operation car has when returned to you. Three, you feel difference in way car shifts, steers, rides. Suggest get in touch with neighborhood Union Oil Station by telephone or in person immediately. Remember, only Union Oil Stations have Stop-Wear Lubrication!

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD UNION OIL STATION