

# Casual Slaughters—

By VIRGINIA HANSON

**YESTERDAY:** Kay Cornish is sitting at an Army Post on Lake Michigan where Major Adam Drew is stationed. Taking an early morning horse-back ride together, they discover the new chaplains, robbed of everything, hiding in poison oak.

## Chapter Two Object Of Mirth

HE GOT away with everything the poor devil had—car, luggage—there was a trunkful of uniforms in the back of the car—brand new Ford he bought in Chicago, yesterday, en route.

Adam sprinkled salt on his grapefruit and began to eat it with every appearance of relish. I had finished my breakfast and was having a second cup of coffee with him. Except for us and the soldier waiter, the mess hall was deserted.

"All but his brief case."  
"He put down his spoon and added a little more salt."  
"How about a dash of vinegar now?"

"You ought to try it this way. Good for that figure. . . What was I saying?"

"About the brief case."  
"It was on the shelf behind the driver's seat. When the hitchhiker poked the gun in his ribs and ordered him to get out, there on that dark side road, the chaplain thought of his papers—his commission, his orders—and, with considerable courage for such a little rabbit of a man, he grabbed the brief case and pitched it through the open window of the car, sending it as far off the road as he could. He says the man with the gun used deplorable language, but must have been afraid to take the time to hunt for it."

"So he made the chaplain undress and left him there without a stitch in the middle of the road?"  
"Correct. Nothing like lack of clothes to keep a man from raising an outcry and calling attention to himself. Not that there was any passing traffic. It's an unfrequented road back of the reservation. The chaplain figured out where he was while he was scrambling around in the dark looking for his brief case. It had gone over the fence. High fence, close mesh, barbed wire on top. He straddled it with care, deduced that it bordered the reservation. So, as Adam into Eden, came Chaplain Henry to Fort Michigan."

"Did he find the brief case?"  
"Yes, fortunately. It contained all his spare cash and his identifying papers. So all night long, clutching the brief case, he walked circles out in the bosque beyond the target range. This is a big reservation, you know—several hundred acres. At last he got onto the Russian ride which was easier underfoot; but he says he kept stumbling against the jumps and falling into the ditches. Some time before dawn he sat down to rest and dozed off. And you and I nearly caught him without—without even the poison oak leaf—"

I watched him heap a double ration of sugar on his oatmeal and let the inconsistency go unremarked. I was remembering the smoothness with which the big black automatic had appeared in Adam's hand. I was remembering, too, that he had refused to let me ride home alone, that he had in-

stated on seeing me to the very door of the club before he went off to send aid to the poor shivering chaplain back there behind his bush.

"You don't usually go around armed," I said, wondering why I had not thought of it at the time. "How did you know—"

## Incident Number Two

IT HAPPENED once before. One night about two weeks ago a taxi driver picked up a man in the Loop—wanted to be driven to Fort Michigan. The driver was thoughtful enough to collect part of the fare in advance, but when he turned in the gate of the post he felt a gun at the back of his neck. Following instructions, he drove through the post and out past the target range—not far from where we were riding this morning. There he stopped his taxi, got out and stripped, also according to instruction, and stood there in a state of nature watching his clothes, money and cab disappear into the night.

The soldier waiter brought in a platter and set it down in front of Adam. The ham was nearly an inch thick and the color of a nice ripe peach. The eggs were curled up and brown around the edges. There was even a sprig of parsley.

"So the cook is under your spell, too," I said bitterly. "You'll never be able to eat all that. Immerman, bring me a plate."  
Adam raised his white brows. "Ah-ah! Remember the figure!"  
"Figure yourself. You'll be an old tubby before you're fifty."

"Not if you're around I won't." He helped himself liberally from the platter, looked regretfully at the remainder. "Why don't you be a good girl and quit interrupting me!"  
"Did they find the villain?" I asked dutifully.

"Not yet. The taxi was discovered abandoned about a mile from the post. Nothing missing but cash; and there was a regimental insignia on the floor of the cab. That's how we know it was someone from the post."

The waiter managed to miss the table completely with my plate. I wouldn't have believed you could break one of those durable articles, but it scattered in several directions.  
Adam continued to eat, but he glanced down once at the fumbling fingers that were gathering up the pieces and paused long enough to say thoughtfully, "We'll catch him now. The first episode will be all over the post by noon."

## 'A Cautious Man'

THAT mild remark proved to be no overstatement. There may have been other topics of conversation at Fort Michigan, but history finds them unworthy of mention. Sentries walked their posts with shaking shoulders; cooks giggled into the soup; brides hung shrieking on the telephone or over the railing of their back verandas. Mules brayed; horses laughed.  
And it is told that a Miss Atkins from just outside the post, calling on the commanding officer about a matter concerning one of his commands, was grossly insulted.

"And when I ask could I see the chaplain" (to put the matter in her own words), "me that's been waitin' months for the fella to show up, he busts right out laughin' in my face."  
Whatever the truth of Miss Atkins' narrative (as reported by

Adam's orderly the following day) Colonel Pennant was obviously in high spirits when he came, unannounced, into the mess hall at noon.

The men sprang to their feet and Mrs. Bridewell, the club hostess, really flustered—not the professional fuss I had seen her put on for visiting firemen and their battle-axes (as she had somewhat incautiously dubbed two traveling generals and their wives to me behind their backs)—but the involuntary response of any conscious woman in the presence of an attractive male.

He must have been between forty-five and fifty—it takes years in the service before a man wears silver eagles on his shoulders—but he was lean and erect and handsome, and the wrinkles around his alert blue eyes were merely the heritage of laughter. He looked too young to have a grown daughter.

"I gave the cook the day off," he explained when they had him seated at our table. "The girls have gone to the city to meet the bride. Too bad they didn't go yesterday; they could have delivered the chaplain, too. And in better shape, I hope, than he arrived in."

Whereupon, as Miss Atkins would have phrased it, he busts out laughing, and the rest of us joined; not so much because the colonel's jokes are always laughed at, as because we had reached that stage where the mere mention of the chaplain was enough to set us rocking.

"Ah, but do you know the cage with which he planned his arrival?" asked Felicia Bridewell brightly. "Did you see the letter he wrote, Colonel Pennant? The adjutant turned it over to me, I'll try to find it for you later. Or perhaps he would like it back. It would make the text for a sermon on best-laid plans. You see, he's not a man to go into anything blind—he takes proper precautions. He was troubled about his quarters. Being a bachelor, he knew there was small chance of getting a married officer's set, but he did hope his rooms would be as far removed as possible from the more boisterous element in bachelor quarters—I'm going to put him in the guest wing, near you and me, Kay. He ought to feel right at home among us girls. Finally, he announced the time of his arrival in Chicago and his intention of buying a new Ford sedan there to drive to Fort Michigan. He had calculated the number of miles and the rate of speed at which he could travel, and had come to the conclusion that he would not be here in time for the evening meal. Was there a respectable place along the way where he could stop to dine? Now there, I submit, is a cautious man. And look what happened to him!"

Colonel Pennant mopped his eyes, drew down the corners of his mouth and tried to look solicitous as his gaze fell on Captain Jones, the junior medical officer, who was seated across the table from him.  
"How is he, by the way?" he asked.

Captain Jones, in a trance of inattention, continued to punch holes with his finger in a piece of commissary bread. A repetition of the question failing of any result, and the heap of crumbs continuing to grow, Adam, who was sitting next to him, prodded him with a long finger.

"The chaplain," he said loudly. "Colonel Pennant wants to know how the chaplain is."  
To be continued

# NAZIS WILL KEEP PART OF FRENCH WESTERN COAST

## Official Terms of Armistice Reveal Complete Disarmament Among Necessities

Berlin, June 26.—(AP)—Germany will continue to occupy a portion of the western coast of France when the war is over, it was disclosed last night when terms of the armistice agreement with France were published by the government.

Under the provisions of the armistice, which went into effect at 12:35 a. m. Tuesday, when "cease fire" orders ended German and Italian hostilities against France, the French must abandon all resistance everywhere—in possessions, colonies, protectorates and mandates.

Map Shows Area Taken. A map accompanied the terms, showing the portion of France to be occupied by German forces for the duration of the war against England.

As its first condition, the armistice signed in Compiegne Forest at 6:40 p. m. Saturday provides that:

"The French government ceases hostilities against Germany in France, her possessions and mandates and at sea."  
The terms were issued by the official DNB agency.

All French territory north and west of a line drawn on the map accompanying the terms will be occupied by German troops.

The reich will exercise "all rights of an occupying power" in the occupied French territory and French officials there must immediately obey instructions from German military commanders and "cooperate with them correctly," it was stated.

The German government intends to restrict its occupation of the west coast of France to an "absolutely necessary extent" after the cessation of hostilities with England, it was stated in the terms.

Must Demobilize. The French armed forces—land, sea and air—must be demobilized and disarmed for a period still to be decided, except for formations necessary to maintain domestic order, it was stated.

The strength of these defense formations will be determined by Germany and Italy.

The armistice agreement provides that France must prevent transfer abroad of valuables and stocks from the German-occupied areas of France and must be responsible for the protection of all material assets whose delivery to Germany has been specified.

If any of these materials are prevented from falling into Germany's hands, the French must pay all damages, it was stated.

The armistice terms set forth the conditions for the cessation of hostilities, as this cessation was carried out Monday night and early Tuesday. Hostilities ceased six hours after Fuehrer Adolf Hitler received formal notice—at 6:35 p. m. Monday—that a separate French-Italian armistice had been signed in Rome.

Germany then advised the French government in Bordeaux by radio.

A German armistice commission will supervise the carrying out of the armistice terms. It was specified, and correlate Germany's armistice with that of Italy.

The French government will appoint a delegation to the German commission.

of the coastal territory of French Somaliland and give Italy the right to use the French section of the Jibuta-Addis Ababa railway, only rail outlet of Italian East Africa.

For the duration of war between Italy and the British empire, France also must demilitarize her Mediterranean naval bases.

No mention was made of Nice and Savoy in France or French Corsica—territories Italians long have been desiring.

As in the French-German terms, the agreement stipulates that the French fleet be collected at French ports and that hostilities cease in all French possessions and mandated territories as well as in continental France. Some units of the fleet are to be assigned to protect French colonial interests.

The Italians joined Germany in assurances that the fleet would not be used against Britain and added a promise that at conclusion of peace Italy "does not intend to lay claim to the French fleet."

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So fast did the fire spread and so excited were members of the family that only a washing machine, sack of flour and four quarts of fruit were saved from the house and a drag saw and tractor from one of the sheds.

Neighbors Help. After the fire neighbors offered the family shelter and other help.

Mr. Knapp, foresters said, had two caches of gold in the house. After the fire he found one in the ruins, the gold melted. The other could not be found immediately.

Consumed by the flames were, among other things, a new radio set and a hope chest one of the daughters had received for Christmas. The chest contained numerous articles the daughter had made to fill it. There were six or seven children in the family, forest headquarters said, though their names were not obtained.

The blaze started at 6:55 a. m., when Mr. Knapp had a hot fire going in the kitchen range to boil water for washing an infected hand of one of the young children, forest headquarters stated.

By Associated Press. While England waited for Germany to strike with her full power the fate of the French fleet, which the Bordeaux government agreed to surrender under the armistices with Germany and Italy, remained a major subject for speculation.

Tricolor flags flapped at half mast on French warships with the British in Alexandria yesterday—but the French made no move to sail back to France to surrender.

Nor did all France's empire kneel beside her in defeat.

From North Africa came a declaration that crack Moroccan troops would defend every inch of North African territory.

# FIRE DESTROYS FARM HOME IN STERLING AREA

## Knapp Family Loses Nearly Everything in Blaze—Gold Is Lost in Ruins

Fire destroyed the log home and two sheds on the H. L. Knapp homestead on the Sterling road near the Sterling mine in the Applegate district early this morning. The family lost practically all of its belongings. The fire was attributed to sparks from the chimney or to a defective flue.

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from The Dalles-California highway to Medford by way of the Diamond lake cut-off and the Rogue river valley.

The chamber also announced the letting of a contract for the construction of a 10x40-foot sign to be erected two miles south of Weed, Cal., to call the attention of tourists to the scenic beauty of the Pacific highway into Medford.

# DR. MOFFATT HONORED BY RADIOLOGY COLLEGE

Dr. F. J. Moffatt, Medford X-ray specialist, has been elected a member of the American College of Radiology, it was learned today.

Election to the college is made exclusively from diplomates of the American Board of Radiology. It is understood that Dr. Moffatt is one of two members of the college in southern Oregon.

Dr. Moffatt resides on the Old Stage road.

First Drowning. Eugene, Ore., June 16.—(AP)—Funeral services were being arranged today for Creston Lerdy Smith, 20, who drowned in the coast fork of the Willamette river six miles southeast of here last night as he stepped into a deep hole. The drowning fatality was Lane county's first for this season.

The old customs house at Monterey, Cal., was built under the successive rules of three nations—Spain, Mexico and the United States.



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Pay Call—Mr. and Mrs. Vit Jelinek of Crete, Neb., called this morning at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Karl L. Janouch, 1202 East Main street, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Hunt, Wellington Heights, and Mr. and Mrs. Warren A. Liggett, 812 South Newtown street. The Jelineks arrived here by motorcar last night and left after their visits this morning for Los Angeles to visit relatives. They were accompanied by their two daughters and a friend, Miss Dorothy Lothrop.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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