

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: The robbery of the captain's car and clothes is the second occurrence of the kind recently at Fort Michigan. Adam explains. The chaplain's plight arouses amusement on the post.

Chapter Three

Gerald Beaufort

THAT noon, in the mess hall, Colonel Pennant asked the junior medical officer how the chaplain was.

Captain Jones's slightly prominent eyes blinked; his Adam's apple made a couple of trips up and down.

"Sorry," he mumbled. "Didn't realize I was being addressed. The chaplain, sir? Worst case of poison oak I ever saw. We washed him—did everything we could. He seems unusually susceptible to it. Face, hands, swollen out of shape."

I'm sure we all tried to keep decently sober; I know I did. But in spite of all I could do little shuddery giggles began to escape me. Adam, pink faced, was avoiding my eye and feeding radishes rapidly into his mouth. Colonel Pennant made clucking sounds through lips that could not seem to keep from stretching horizontally. And Felicia, at the head of

table, surveyed those lashes narrowly, for the unworthy thought did just occur to me that they might be artificial. And then, with a little bow, and not quite clicking his heels, he said:

"From Peel's, in London." So it was really the voice that got me; and I make no apologies. Take a pair of Middle Western ears, tuned to the flattest accent on the globe, expose them to English well spoken by an Englishman—not the lah-de-dah of bored affectation or the vocal acrobatics of the Cockney, but the unpretentious, sterling article—

"Hm, you're a new man," observed Colonel Pennant. "Used to be a big fellow, red face, regular John Bull."

Gerald Beaufort inclined his head.

"My uncle. Laid up with gout." He drew down his mouth sadly.

"Poor old duffer." "Too bad. Remember him very well. Used to buy Peele boots myself when I was young and foolish. Before I was a family man. Up to you, Adam, and Jeff. Hm, little late for him, too. Too bad you didn't get here a month or two earlier, Beaufort. We're about to have a wedding on the post."

Blue Eyes And Gray
GERALD BEAUFORT'S eyes—those special gray, lashed, trimmed eyes—met mine across the table.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS

Where to Find Them on the Dial:
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 120, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXK, 1050, Los Angeles; KDA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 540, Portland; KOMO, 826, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Thursday

5:00—Symphony Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Good News of 1940, KPO, KGW, KFI; Republican Convention Reports, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

5:30—Army Band, KPO, KFI, Voice of Camilla, KGO.

6:00—Quartet, KGO; Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW, News, KEX, KOIN.

6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KEX, KJR, KGO.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kinney's Orch., KGO.

7:30—Musical Americana, KGO, KEX, KJR; In the Good Old Days, KPO; Republican Convention Reports, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Dorsey's Orch., KGO.

8:00—Strange As It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Sports, KGO; Dress Rehearsal, KPO.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Herbeck's Orch., KSL; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN; Sam Hayes, KGO.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

9:30—I Love a Mystery, KPO, KFI, KJR; Rines' Orch., KNX, KOIN.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; Goodman's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Safety First, KPO; Richards' Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Primi Orch., KGO, KEX.

11:00—Owens' Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGW, KNX, KFI.

Friday

5:00—Between Afternoon and Evening, KGO, KJR, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Olin's Orch., KNX.

5:30—What's My Name, KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Name It and Take It, KGO, KJR.

6:00—Don Amos, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KGO, KEX.

6:30—Pearce's Gang, K X, KSL, KOIN; Quite Kids, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:30—This Amazing America, KGO, KJR, KEX; Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Show Boat, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00—Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:30—Young's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFI, KGW.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Goodman's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Owens' Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW.

Richard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO.

DRAMA FESTIVAL PUBLICITY STARTS

First of a series of news and feature pictures of Queen Elizabeth and her court and advertising the Ashland Shakespearean productions this summer, were being started this week in preparation for coverage along the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain region.

Both the queen and the court. Mary Elizabeth Shreve of Medford and Phyllis Collier of Klamath Falls, Marilyn Sherlock of Grants Pass and Carol McCollum of Ashland, will play important roles in the Fourth of July celebration planned for Ashland early next month. They will be feted at teas, luncheons and rodeo, will be honored at a swimming party and water carnival and will hold the keys of the city during the three-day period.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

ABANDONED BRIDGES SOUGHT AS TARGETS FOR BOMBING DRILL

Salem, June 26.—(P)—Abandoned bridges, railroads and highways are being sought in Oregon for use as targets by the United States army air corps, it was learned here today.

An army air corps officer from Hamilton field, Cal., has been in Salem conferring with highway commission and public utilities commission officials, who said they would try to find some targets.

The officer explained the army has been using "duds" on bombing ranges, but it now wants to use live bombs on objectives under wartime conditions.

It was believed the air corps might obtain permission to bomb some abandoned ranch homes in eastern Oregon. The officer explained the targets

must be two or three miles from any other house, road, bridge or railroad.

Seal For Salem
Salem (UP)—The city of Salem will soon have an official seal for the first time in its hundred years of existence. The city council has under consideration two different designs for a seal. One uses the capitol for its theme and the other is based on the circuit rider on the state house grounds.

Auto, Plate and Window Glass Installed Reasonably. Medford Plate Glass & Mirror Co., 34 So. Bartlett.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

"NERVE GAS!"
THE OCTOPUS' PROTECTIVE INK SCREEN-- PARALYZES THE SCENT POWER OF THE MORAY EEL, ITS NATURAL ENEMY!

HAROLD E. GREENWOOD-- Gardner, Mass., BOUGHT A WHOLE UTILITIES COMPANY, DEBT FREE, FOR ONLY \$1.00!
(Gardner Gas, Fuel and Light Co.)

LINK RIVER ENTIRELY WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS OF KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON, IS LESS THAN A MILE LONG!

GEORG ERNST, Vienna, DID 1450 DEEP KNEE BENDS WHILE HOLDING AN 85-LB BARBELL!

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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FRED PERLEY BARELY ESCAPED WITH HIS LIFE WHEN HE OPENED A WINDOW IN THE SMOKER ON THE 5:15 JUST WHEN THE FOURSOME BEHIND HIM WERE CONTESTING A CLOSE CONTRACT OF SIX NO-TRUMPS

6-28
(Reprinted by The Bill System, Inc.)
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

TAILSPIN TOMMY Snap Out of It, Hank. Before It's Too Late!

MR. HANK GIRVISH, FORMER CHIEF ENGINEER OF YOUR THREE POINT FACTORY, IS OUR RADIO TECHNICIAN... HE IS VERY GOOD, EVEN THOUGH HABITUALLY UNCONSCIOUS...

IT IS HANK'S JOB TO DIRECT THE ATTACKING MODEL PLANES... BY RADIO, FROM OUR "MOTHER SHIP" HIGH IN THE SKY!

COME, GIRVISH! IT IS TIME TO FLY AGAIN! ANOTHER WAR-PLANE, CONSIGNED TO OUR ENEMIES, IS READY TO LEAVE THREE POINT.

OH, HANK! HANK! YOU FOOL! YOU CAN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE MAKING MURDERER OUT OF YOU? HANK, DON'T DO IT!

AS TOMMY AND SKRETS WING AFTER FLIGHT SIX, WE GO AHEAD TO THE FOOTHILL RENDEZVOUS OF JERG BERRANDO, WHO HOLDS BETTY CAPTIVE

6-27-40

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Tornado

HOLY SMOKES! LOOK'T THAT SKY!

HERE COMES THE WIND NOW!

I BETTER CLOSE THE GARAGE DOOR, EH!

OKAY, RUSTY! I'LL SEE THAT ALL THE WINDOWS IN THE HOUSE ARE SHUT!

GOOD-NIGHT! IT'S A TORNADO AND IT'S HEADED RIGHT TOWARD US!

BEN! WHAT'S WRONG?

TORNADO COMING! FOLLOW ME! WE'RE GOING TO THE BASEMENT!

OOOLE!

6-25 BY EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Just Thinking

With EMBERT AND HIS BRIDE MOVED IN WITH HER FOLKS A RECONCILIATION BETWEEN HIM AND NEBB SEEMS MORE REMOTE THAN EVER.

YOU MUST LIKE TO SEE YOUR FEET...THEY NEVER BUILT A DESK FOR FEET...A HEAD MUST BE WEAK WHEN FEET GET HIGHER

I'M THINKING! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT!

IF YOU'VE GOT TO GET IN THAT POSITION TO THINK, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN THERE'S NO DESK AROUND?

WHAT YOU NEED AT YOUR AGE IS A LOT OF REST, A LITTLE FOOD, LOTS OF REMINISCING... AND IF NECESSARY JUST A PEEK INTO THE FUTURE...BUT YOU'D BETTER LET THE DAYS TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!

6-27
L. A. CARLSON



"I'm often a bridesmaid, never a bride," I said sadly.

the table, eyes round and mouth folded, was, I felt sure, composing one of her lines for later release.

Somewhere a telephone rang and Captain Jones, with a muttered apology and a haste that nearly upset the waiter, with the soup, fled from the table. He did upset his water glass, transforming his mound of crumbs into a soggy, unwholesome pulp. He disappeared into the lounge, happily unconscious of the bitter glance Felicia Bridewell sent after him.

"As if that bread isn't crumbly enough, without pulverizing it, she said with distaste.

"What's the matter with him?" demanded Colonel Pennant. "His wife in Chicago having a baby," she told him resignedly. "I always thought doctors took such matters very lightly, but it seems that's only when it's the other guy."

Lines that were not from laughter deepened in Colonel Pennant's face, and I remembered what Adam had told me, that the first Mrs. Pennant had died when Julia was born. I glanced at Felicia Bridewell and saw that she had just remembered, too.

Eyelashes, Too

I DON'T know why it is that at such moments talk dries up like spilled alcohol, leaving behind the same chill. You could feel the attempted reiteration around the table. I had just opened my mouth to make some poisonous remark about the weather when I glanced toward the door and saw what at first I took to be a mirage. I left the remark unspoken and the mouth open, for as the vision advanced it turned into the handsomest young man ever seen anywhere, by anyone.

He was wearing something special in the way of civilian clothes, which in itself was enough to mark him as not of the army, for the civilian clothes of most officers are apt to be special in quite a different way. But the faultless tailoring was only the gliding on the lily. He had shoulders, he had length, he was built. Then, as he paused beside the vacant chair across the table from me, I saw that he had eyelashes. While Felicia was informing us that he was Mr. Gerald Beaufort pronounced Beufort and introducing him formally around the

"The bride?" he asked pleasantly, but with just the right hint of regret.

"Not this time," Adam said just as pleasantly. The blue eyes and the gray met and measured each other.

"I'm often a bridesmaid, never a bride," I told him sadly.

Adam said, "You don't live right."

Gerald Beaufort screwed an imaginary monocle into his eye, leaned confidentially toward me across the table.

"Are you double-jointed?" he asked politely.

"I—I'm afraid not."

"How jolly! Neither am I. Perhaps we're soul mates!"

Having settled that, he turned his attention to the soup.

Felicia Bridewell telegraphed me one of her looks that meant, in any language, "Loopy!"

"Are you susceptible to poison oak?" Adam began hollowly and was not allowed to finish.

"If you don't mind," said Gerald Beaufort politely when the laughter had died down, "I feel like a new boy at school. I laugh at the jokes, but I don't understand them. I've been hearing echoes of that one ever since I arrived this morning. What's funny about poison oak? Dashed uncomfortable, I'm told—"

"You mean to say you don't know?" Felicia asked incredulously.

"It's quite a story," observed Colonel Pennant, and told it with relish.

"I still say it must be dashed uncomfortable," said Gerald Beaufort when he had finished.

"You'd think so," Adam said grimly, "if you had seen him trying to wrap himself up in the stuff."

"Is there any hope of catching the thief?" Felicia asked. "Who investigates, anyway, in an affair of this kind?"

"In this particular case, the state police," Colonel Pennant told her. "The whole thing occurred after the post. Crimes which occur on a government reservation are either investigated by the post personnel or by Department of Justice men sent for that purpose. We notified the troopers first thing and they came out and talked to Chaplain Henry. He couldn't tell them much."

To be continued

THREE YEARS HOOKEY ENDS WITH FADE-OUT ON GRADUATION EVE

Pittsburgh, June 27.—(P)—A broken-hearted Russian immigrant couple asked police today to help locate their 17-year-old son, whose disappearance just before his scheduled "graduation" from high school revealed he had played "hookey" for three years.

over hadn't completed his junior high course.

For three years the boy had given his parents the impression he was off to school each morning. Each day they gave him money for lunch at school. He explained his lack of report cards by saying "bright" students didn't receive them.

Then came graduation day—the moment the hard-working Zellen had cherished for years. They paid for a graduation picture and proudly bought Walter a new suit for the affair.

But a few hours before the commencement he disappeared.

Reunion, an island in the Indian ocean, is an integral part of France, represented in parliament at Paris by a senator and two deputies.