

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY The handsome young man Kay has ever seen, a Gerald Beaufort, boot salesman in London, arrives at the post. Felicia Bridewell, the hostess, Colonel Pennant, the commanding officer, Adam and Kay are still discussing the chaplain's case at lunch.

## Chapter Four Felicia's Shopping

HE WAS JUST leaving Fieldstone Inn," continued the Colonel, "where he had dinner when he saw a man walking along the road and stopped to ask him how far it was to Fort Michigan. The man said ten miles, and that he was going there himself, so Henry told him to get in. Unfortunately he didn't get a good look at the fellow's face—she had on a soft hat pulled down over his eyes and he didn't have much to say. Henry described him as a small man, short and rather slender. They had covered about nine miles when he pulled a gun and, a few minutes later, directed Henry to turn onto the dirt road back of the post."

"They ought to be able to trace the car," Gerald said reflectively. "Oh, they've found that. I had word just before noon—it was abandoned about twenty miles from here, between here and Chicago. It had been well driven, too—you see, the car was bought new in Chicago yesterday and driven directly here so the troopers knew just what the mileage reading should be, and it was almost exactly twenty miles short of three times what it should have been, if you follow me. In other words, the car could have been driven to Chicago from here, then back to the place where it was abandoned."

Felicia looked thoughtful. "Any clues in the car?" "None. The luggage was gone—it was empty as when he bought it; and there wasn't a fingerprint in the car, not even Henry's. It must have been gone over carefully and wiped clean by the thief. Probably used it to pull some very unsavory job in Chicago last night." The colonel's face darkened. "If it's one of my men I'll get him if it takes until Christmas."

Gerald leaned forward and looked at the older man in some surprise. "What makes you think it's one of your men, sir? Surely that doesn't follow?" "Only because this incident so closely resembles one that preceded it, one which we have good reason to believe involved someone on the post."

He went on to tell them of the affair of the taxicab, which I had heard from Adam that morning. The presence of that regimental insignia in the cab is rather good proof," he concluded. "Pleasant thought," observed Felicia brightly. "A gangster right on the post with us. Immerman, that's the second desert you've brought Miss Cornish; and with all deference to her taste and her figure, I can't believe she wants two helpings of bread pudding."

"I wondered if I was seeing things," I murmured as Immerman's agitated hand removed the second desert. But Gerald was still pursuing the subject. "And you say, sir, that the taxi driver was also—er, divested of his clothing? What a beastly criminal! You'd think one might be left a garment or so, what? I mean to say—at least his boots. Man is so helpless in bare feet."

"Probably the idea exactly," said Adam. "Wonder they weren't put permanently out of the way." "That's so, too. Can't have been very desperate, eh? Just in a hurry." Gerald Beaufort passed a serious gleam in the gray eyes. "I say, sir, did they get away with all the poor chaplain's belongings—uniforms and all?" "Everything. He was in civilian clothes, but he had a small trunk full of his uniforms and accouterments in the back of the car. Even a full outfit of the new blues—darned expensive, I can tell you. And of course they can't be sold for a fraction of their cost—pure vandalism."

The fringed gray eyes were dreamy.

## Too Attractive

MUST ask when I can see him. Bit of business, what? Boots, belts. Must see what I can do for him?" Mrs. Bridewell pushed back her chair. "Bit of business for me, too," she remarked tartly, giving the Englishman a withering glance of which he seemed happily unconscious. "I'm a good shopper if I do say it, and he sounds helpless."

She rose, put down her napkin. "Boots, belts, indeed!" she said scornfully. "What he needs is shirts and shorts, and I'm the one to see that he gets them with what money he has left."

Five minutes later, having officiated with her charming smile at Colonel Pennant's leave-taking, she turned her back on the rest of us who had dropped lazily

into easy chairs on the veranda and, her spike heels tap-tapping across the polished floor of the lounge, made for the guest wing. She was not a tall woman, but her slenderness and the slim perfection of her navy-blue slacks and shirt made her appear so. Her hair, which she wore always in sculptured ringlets, was uniformly gray; but looking at her now, at the taut smoothness of her bare arms and the spring of her step, I doubted if she was forty.

To my considerable annoyance, Gerald Beaufort sprang to his feet and pursued her, after only the most perfunctory excuse. "Too bad," said Adam, eyeing me sympathetically. "Losing the old girl."

"You mind your own business." "Very pretty, Girlish flush." "And don't be a fool. But I say again what I've said before, that Felicia Bridewell is altogether too attractive a woman to be hostess for a crowd of bachelors. It's—why it's—"

"Go on, say it," urged Adam, grinning. "I've heard you on the subject."

And together we chanted—"It's downright unfair!" Adam had gone back to duty, and I had retired to my rooms with every intention of doing some work when I discovered that I was out of cigarettes. I do my heaviest smoking when I am at work; and, like most writers I can seize on the smallest excuse to postpone the final, evil moment of facing a blank sheet of paper.

## Insignia

I ALMOST collided with Felicia Bridewell in the corridor. She was dressed for the city and carrying a suit box, and for a moment I thought she was annoyed to see me. But the annoyances proved to be for her errand. "They've sent me the wrong girdle. They were having a big sale of them yesterday at Marshall Field's, and I'm afraid the kind I want will be sold out, so I have to go back."

"I'll let you know when I go again," she promised. "I've got to call up a friend tonight, and I may be late getting back." I said, "O.K. Drop me at the Post Exchange, will you?" She gave me the box to hold while she unlocked her cell of the long garage behind the club and backed out. "Do you mind just keeping that on your lap?" she suggested as I climbed in. "The lock of the luggage compartment sticks—that's another thing I have to see about today. I don't know why I don't just move into Chicago and commute out there." She hesitated. "There's that poor soul of a chaplain, too, without any clothes. Suppose I ought to offer to get him some panties, at least. Wonder what size he wears."

She stopped in front of the Post Exchange and I got out. "I believe I'll stop by the hospital," she said. "There was a wicked gleam in her eye. "It will be worth it just to see his face. Perfectly strange female popping in and demanding to know what size shorts he wears."

With little persuasion I would have rejoined her in the car, but she waved her hand in casual farewell, said, "I'll tell you about it," and the little car shot away from the curb. There was only one clerk in sight in the salesroom and he was waiting on a soldier. I drifted over that way. There was a tray full of assorted metal insignia on the counter between them. In his hand the soldier held a little pin formed in the shape of sabers crossed below the number of the regiment. "A pair of these," he was saying. "I gave a couple to my girl. You know what suckers women are for this stuff."

I laid a dollar bill and a quarter on the counter and asked for a carton of cigarettes. The clerk turned, reached a practiced hand to the shelf, and suddenly the trayful of insignia was scattered all over the floor. The soldier knelt down with his back to me and began to collect them with fumbling fingers; but it was not until I was nearly home that I realized why that had seemed a familiar sight.

The soldier was Immerman, the waiter at the club. Immerman was still on my mind as I combed my hair up on top of my head and put on a long-skirted, orange dress. Adam must have come in late from duty, for he had not stopped in for a cigarette and a chat as he sometimes did. I went into the lounge early, hoping for a word with him alone, but he and Gerald Beaufort were together in the bar, waxing friendly over cocktails. I declined their invitation to join them and settled myself on the veranda with a magazine, hoping Adam would join me presently. For some reason which I could not explain, I was reluctant to tell of that incident at the Post Exchange in front of Gerald.

To be continued

11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Morning World, KEX; News, GGO.  
Saturday  
5:00—Jenkins' Orch., KPO, KFL, KOW; Krupa's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJH; Kid's Quinteroo, KNX, KOIN.  
6:30—Busse's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Grant Park Concert, KGO, KEX, KJH.  
6:00—News, KEX; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KFL, KOW; Message of Israel, KGO.  
6:30—Osborne's Orch., KPO, KGW; News of the War, KSL, KNX; Melody in the Night, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
7:00—Drama, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KFL, KOW; McGee's Orch., KJH, KEX; Overseas, KGO, KJR.  
7:30—Goodman's Orch., KSL; Hall's Orch., KJR, KEX; S. S. Fiesta, KGO.  
8:00—Democratic National Convention, KFL, KGW; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGO; Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
8:30—Sevitt's Orch., KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KFL, KGW.  
9:00—Marriage Club, KGO; Martin's Party, KFL, KOW; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.  
9:30—Havanna's Orch., KGO; Busse's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Owen's Orch., KPO, KGW.  
10:00—Jones' Orch., KFL, KOW; Goodman's Orch., KNX; Primm, Orch., KGO; News, KPO.  
10:30—Richards' Orch., KSL, KOIN; Martin's Party, KPO; Reichman's Orch., KFL; Harpa's Orch., KGO, KJR.  
11:00—Young's Orch., KSL, KOIN;

Carson, KEX; News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; News, KGW, KNX, KFL.  
**IRRIGATION SHORTAGE WASCO CO. PROSPECT**  
The Dalles, June 28.—(P)—Low reservoir supplies threaten loss of irrigation water in Wasco county by mid-July. Watermaster Roger Wilhelm predicted today. Half the water rights already have been cancelled. The shortage will affect most seriously the alfalfa crop, a major feed source for Willamette valley dairymen.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

**LUMINOUS LIPSTICK-- HAS BEEN DEVELOPED FOR LONDON BLACKOUT**

**C. A. IRVINE -- Reynoldsville, Pa., HAS COLLECTED ARROWHEADS FROM ALL 48 STATES OF THE U.S.**

**PORPOISES -- GIVE OFF SO MUCH BODY HEAT THAT THEY WILL LITERALLY STEW THEMSELVES IN A SMALL TANK OF WATER!**

**WORLD'S BIGGEST X-RAY MACHINE!**

**OVER 28 FEET HIGH, IT OPERATES ON 1,400,000 VOLTS AND PRODUCES X-RADIATION EQUIVALENT TO THAT OF \$150,000,000 WORTH OF RADIUM!**

**BIGGEST X-RAY**  
Just completed by General Electric for the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C., is the world's most powerful X-ray machine, capable of producing X-radiation equivalent to 14 pounds of radium. If available, that much radium would cost \$150,000,000. Among other things, it will be used to study the measurement of X-ray dosage for medical use, say engineers.  
**HOT PORPOISES**  
As in all mammals, porpoises have warm blood. Records show that a medium-sized porpoise will raise the temperature of several hundred gallons of water 25 degrees in one hour.  
**SUNDAY: Frozen Light!**

## THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

**STARTS OUT FOR PORCH WITH TRAY OF LEMONADE. TRIES TO KICK SCREEN DOOR OPEN**

**SCREEN DOOR BEING LATCHED, UNLATCHES IT WITH TWO FINGERS, LEMONADE GLASSES MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING DESTRUCTION**

**KICKS DOOR WIDE OPEN AND TRIES TO DART THROUGH BEFORE IT SWINGS SHUT AGAIN**

**SEES HE ISN'T GOING TO MAKE IT AND TURNS, BREAKING IMPACT OF THE REBOUND WITH HIS BACK**

**FINDS BROKEN WIRE OF SCREEN HAS SNAGGED HIS SHIRT, BALANCES TRAY PRECARIOUSLY WHILE FREEDING HIMSELF**

**GIVES DOOR A MIGHTY KICK AND JUST MANAGES TO WHISK THROUGH BEFORE IT SLAMS SHUT. QUITE A LITTLE LEMONADE STILL REMAINS IN THE GLASSES**

6-29

## TAILSPIN TOMMY

Berrando Intervenes!

**OH, HANK, YOU FOOL, YOU CAN'T SEE! YOU'RE MAKING A MURDERER OUT OF YOU? WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU, HANK?**

**COME GIRLVISH! IT IS TIME TO FLIGHT AGAIN!**

**I WON'T LET YOU GO! I WON'T LET YOU KILL.**

**REMOVE THE GIRL, MEN!**

**O-OH, HANK!**

**UH...HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO BETTY! YOU'LL...**

**PLEASE TO REMEMBER, MISTER GIRLVISH, IT IS I WHO GIVE THE ORDERS AND YOU WHO OBEY!**

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

Roof Gone!

**NOW LISTEN, MARY-- YOU SIT HERE WITH THE BABY! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED--**

**BUT HEAR THE WIND! IT'S TERRIBLE!**

**LIGHT'S GONE! GOSH, AND RUSTY'S OUTSIDE! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM!**

**BUT THERE WAS NO LEAVING THE CELLAR NOW FOR AT THAT MOMENT THE STORM STRUCK HAPPY VALLEY WITH THE FURY OF 10,000 DEMONS, BRINGING BOTH DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!**

**THIS NOISE IS TERRIBLE! I CAN'T STAND IT!**

**HOLY CATS, THERE GOES THE ROOF!**

## THE NEBBS

You Tell 'Em, Pal

**THE NEBB EMBERT FEUD IS STILL IN FULL BLOOM...**

**AND IN THE MEAN TIME THE POWER PILL JUST ISN'T!**

**NOTHIN' NEW TURN UP TODAY? DIDN'T HEAR NOTHIN' FROM NEBB?**

**NO, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING FROM HIM... HE INSULTED MY WIFE, TURNED US OUT--WHEN I SIT HERE THINKING HOW HE TREATED US I JUST HATE HIM**

**HATING HIM DON'T GIT YE NOTHIN' BUT INDIGESTION AN LOT OF TALKIN' TO YOURSELF THAT YOU HAVE A HARD TIME BELIEVING AN DON'T THINK IM SAYIN THIS CAUSE IM SLEEPIN' AN FEEDIN' YOU... BUT SETTIN' AROUND NEVER GOT NOTHIN' FOR ANYTHIN' BUT A HEN!**

## On the Radio Chains

**STATIONS**  
Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KJLH, 1360, San Francisco; KJW, 1210, Portland; KJH, 920, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 910, Portland; KOMO, 820, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJH, KJR.  
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFL; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL; KRN; Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.  
7:30—This Amazing America, KGO, KJR, KEX; Johnny Premeata, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Show Boat, KPO, KFL, KOW.  
8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO, Sports, KGO; Kate Smith, KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KOW, KFL; Baseball Game, KEX.  
9:00—Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KFL, KOW; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
9:30—Young's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFL, KOW.  
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFL, KGW; Goodman's Orch., KNX.  
10:30—Buddy's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Owens' Orch., KPO, KFL, KOW; Richard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

## THAT GUY'S A BIT WHACKY!

**THIS HEAT WOULD MAKE ANYONE WHACKY! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?**

**I ASKED TOM TO DROP IN FOR SOME ICED TEA... AND FIVE MINUTES AFTER HE GETS HERE HE LEAVES.**

**SPILT! NO WONDER HE DON'T STAY FOR MORE! DO YOU CALL THIS ICED TEA?**

**WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR TEA, AUNTIE? IT MAY NOT BE THE BEST BUT IT'S THE BEST WE CAN AFFORD!**

**NONSENSE! IT'S AWFUL! TRY LIPTON'S. LIPTON'S MAKES THE GRANDEST BEST-FLAVORED ICED TEA EVER, AND IT'S ECONOMICAL, TOO!**

**YOU SEE, LIPTON'S MELLOW FULL FLAVOR MAKES IT GO FURTHER! YOU ACTUALLY USE LESS TEA WITH LIPTON'S.**

**FEW DAYS LATER... WHY TOM, THAT'S YOUR THIRD GLASSFUL!**

**BUT, ANN... THIS ICED TEA IS SO SWELL!**

**LISTEN TO HIM RAVE! AND TO THINK LIPTON'S COSTS ONLY 1/2 CENT A GLASS!**

**FLAVOR MAKES LIPTON'S THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR TEA.**