# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

*YESTERDAY. Kay is at present the only paying guest at the Officers' Club at Fort Michigan. Her rooms are in the west wing next to Felicia Bridewell's suite. She has no opportunity to tell Adam about Immerman.*

Chapter Six

**Julia**

I WATCHED Adam and Gerald Beaufort play tennis against Colonel Pennant and Jefferson Tack. Jeff had one of those lean, bony faces, high-browed, square-jawed—you see them often in the army, not so often among civilians, though what possible connection lies between a man's physiognomy and his profession I don't pretend to know. I only know that every graduating class seems to have a large percentage of these old-young men whose faces change very little as the years pass. They have dignity and reserve, they seem mature beyond their years, but they are not all as austere as Jeff Tack.

Jeff was good looking; and I knew if the Pennants liked him he must be sterling; but in my private opinion he was cold as a fish.

I was wondering what Sandra would be like, whether he would thaw in her presence, when the colonel's new Buick sedan drew up to the curb in front of the club. From the front seat, beside the soldier driver, emerged, with a certain reluctance, Julia Pennant; she turned, slung her dark straw hat into the tonneau of the car, ran a casual hand over the moist thatch of tow hair against which her face was as brown as an East Indian's and strolled, with long-legged grace, across the lawn to the courts.

"Tired?" I asked as she paused beside my bench.

"Hot," said Julia simply. "Lord, what a day! Why is it necessary to stay away from people to keep clean?"

She stared moodily at the four utterly engrossed men, took off the jacket of her rumpled brown linen suit and fanned herself with it.

"Sit down," I said, making room for her. "It's quite cool here."

"Mimi and Sandra are in the car. I'm supposed to fetch the boys," she observed dispassionately, and sat.

"Mimi? Oh, of course, that's your stepmother, isn't it?"

"Don't let her hear you call her that," Julia murmured, her strangely unhappy light blue eyes, half concealed by their white lashes, watching Jeff.

"I suppose she wouldnt like it. She's quite young, isn't she?"

"Thirty-four, but doesn't admit it." Her eyes opened wider, she seemed to brace herself. "Mimi's all right," she said. "We get along. Don't blame her for my B-aching."

The smack and whine of rackets, short-breathed voices, merged with the evening quiet to create a dreamy peace. There were children in the playground on the far side of the club. Their babel, muted by distance, was pleasant to hear.

**Sandra**

IT WAS a pleasant place; and to me, breathing the clean air, hearing the faint sigh of the lake moving against the sand, feeling the kind touch of the departing sun and an occasional cool breath of lake breeze, seeing a landscape submissive, but not subservient, to man, it seemed that lives passed here were privileged. I looked at Julia's tormented eyes and felt, for the moment, only an impatient envy.

And then her face softened, almost a smile crossed it.

"Dan's having a swell time," she said, affectionate eyes on her father. "Who's the young Adonis? Don't tell me that's your underdraped chaplain?"

I reassured her and brought her up to date on the day's developments, but her attention was largely for the game. Even when Mimi Pennant and Sandra Ferguson, the girl Jeff Tack was going to marry, left the car and strolled over to join us, Julia calmly waved them to silence.

"Shush," she said lazily. "They don't know we're here."

"Really, Julia!"

There was good-natured impatience in Mimi's voice, but she wasn't the type of person you would describe as good natured. And I don't mean that she was peevish. Wistful approaches what I would like to say, but that is an overworked word. Mimi's soft mouth was usually curved in a smile, her violet eyes would light with interest at a word; but in their depths was something unsatisfied, some fretting, forever ungratified need.

She introduced me to Sandra and I had time for only a quick survey of the girl I had been wondering about when Jeff, in midstroke, saw her and dropped his racket. Not impetuously. Accidentally. A fact at once apparent to any observer. But he did his best to repair the damage by letting it lie where it fell.

With a self-conscious air, unsmiling, he strode off the court, bent and kissed her awkwardly on the cheek. When he straightened again there was a deep blush under his tan, but I was at a loss to name the emotion that caused it.

Colonel Pennant said, "Sandra, my dear!" put an arm around her shoulders and gave her a warmer kiss than Jeff's. Then Adam and Gerald Beaufort were being introduced and Sandra and Mimi were the center of attention.

I stepped back to watch, busy reaffirming my first, surprising impression that Sandra Ferguson was not pretty. She wasn't even distinctively homely like Julia, whose strange, salty ugliness kept you looking until you grew confused and assessed it as beauty. Sandra's dark eyes were a little small, her straight brown hair that she wore parted in the middle and pinned up with almost Puritan severity, grew a little too low on her forehead. I could see all this, even though she was wearing a hat, for the hat was one of those affairs milliners assure you you are "amusing" when they perch them on top of your defenseless head.

For the rest, Sandra's skin was clear, her face nicely shaped; and she was slender and small boned. She might so easily have been beautiful that it was a little puzzling to decide why she wasn't.

And then I looked at those surrounding men and realized that I was trying to use arithmetic to solve a problem that contained an unknown. For if she had no beauty she had something infinitely more to be desired. Something that people have been trying for years to label. . . .

**The Lake**

"I'M GOING in the lake," Julia said abruptly. "Want to come?"

I glanced around at her, saw an appeal in her eyes, and nodded.

"Come in with me while I change. Have you had dinner?"

"I'll pick up something later," she said indifferently.

No one seemed to notice our departure.

She prowled restlessly about my two rooms while I put on a swimming suit.

"Mimi supervised the decoration of these guest rooms last spring," she confided, and I had the impression that she was trying to divert herself rather than me with the impersonal subject. "Not bad, are they?"

"Better than that. They're sensible as well as attractive—and that's nothing short of genius in the field of decoration. Even the beds are comfortable."

"Well, she didn't actually choose the furniture—the Q.M. furnishes that. I guess the bachelors have about the same. But they don't rate curtains and draperies and rugs—they're supposed to buy their own."

Mimi had done well. There were scatter rugs on the floor of the sitting room and a dust-colored broadloom in the bedroom. The tailored curtains were thick enough to insure privacy from the near-by street, and side draperies of a small-patterned green chintz saved it from the institution look that bare painted walls and heavy furniture give to rooms. The bedspreads were of the same green chintz, and so were the slip covers for the studio couch and the one easy chair in the sitting room. There were even reading lamps and cushions.

The only change I had made was to move a table to the front window of the sitting room and install on it my typewriter and a litter of manuscripts.

"Wish I could move over here," said Julia with sudden passion, her attempted diversion having led her, as is so often the case, back to the sore subject she had tried to avoid. "Can you imagine what it will be like in that house for the next month?"

"Park here any time you like," I told her. "I work from breakfast until lunch, but if you don't talk you won't bother me."

"Thanks." She had paused by my typewriter, was staring moodily at the stack of yellow paper beside it. "You're lucky that you can work anywhere. You're lucky that you can work. I can't do anything. . . . How long are you going to be here?"

"That depends. I've loaned my apartment until the first of September. I could go back and stay with a friend, but—well, there's nothing to take me back, and you know Chicago in the summertime."

"Why do you live there?"

"No reason, any more. My kid sister was studying music there, but she won a scholarship and she's in New York now with her sponsors getting ready to go abroad."

"Is she your whole family?"

"All but Dad. He's a professor at a small college. I'll probably go back there eventually, but it's pretty dull."

I walked with her to the commanding officer's quarters at the east end of the quadrangle and waited on the veranda while she changed. Then we went down to the lake. The others were still at the club, and I thought of them with the virtuous scorn of those who take even the mildest exercise for those who do not.

The officers' beach was deserted at this hour. We swam out to the float and pulled ourselves up on it and lay still, watching the shadows of trees reach out over the water toward us, away from the fiery sun at their backs. Here the sounds of the post were a memory, overlaid by the gentle lipping of the lake against the float.

Julia said, "I'll ask questions and you answer the ones you want to, O.K.?"

"O.K." I said, and laughed without reason except that the lipping water was a mirthful sound.

To be continued

## On the Radio Chains

**STATIONS**

**Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KGW 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 926 Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.**

Monday

5:00—Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR; Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Dr. Quiz, KPO, KGW, KFI.

5:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR.

6:00—News, KEX; Contented Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.

6:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KFI, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:30—True or False, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KFI, KGW; Pipe Smoking Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Passing Parade, KGO; Alexander's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; The American Challenge, KPO, KFI.

8:30 — Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KFI; Dance Orch., KSL; Royal's Orch., KJR, KEX.

9:00—Little Ol' Hollywood, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Classics for Today, KPO, KFI, KGW.

9:30—Richard's Orch., KNX; Friml Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KJR.

10:00—Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Black Velvet, KGO, KEX, KJR.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO; Reichman's Orch., KGO, KEX, KFI; Camera Club, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Clark Ross, KOIN, KSL; News, KFI, KNX.

Tuesday

5:00—Dance Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR.

5:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN, KN; Musical Revue, KPO, KFI, KGW; Fun With the Revuers, KGO, KEX, KJR.

6:00—Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Boxing Bout, KEX; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.

6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30—Breese's Orch., KGO, KEX; Johnny Presents, KPO, KFI, KGW; Question Box, KOIN, KNX, KSL.

8:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KPO, KFI; Sports, KGO.

8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Symphony Orch., KPO, KGW.

9:30—Savitt's Orch., KGW, KFI; Powell's Orch., KNX; Treasure Chest, KPO.

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

10:30—Young's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Friml Orch., KPO, KFI; Richard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

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

# ROSE CITY NOTES BUILDING SPURT

Portland, July 1. — (AP) — A building revival just short of a boom marked the business year's turning point here today.

Building permits issued in June were valued at $840,300, increasing the year's evaluations to $4,032,015 compared with $3,976,565 for the corresponding 1939 period. The city issued 743 residential permits in the six months against only 489 last year.

Bank clearings for the month reached $155,077,600 compared with $128,866,357 for the corresponding month last year. To date, clearings are $873,051,295 against $756,356,534.

**Poles In Palestine**

London, July 1. — (AP) — Six thousand Polish troops have crossed the Syrian frontier into Palestine and joined the British forces there, the Polish government announced today through British official sources.

# DOUGLAS GYPSIES SENT TO PRISON

Roseburg, July 1. — (AP) — Three gypsies were sentenced to one year terms in state prison today for taking $460 from an elderly paralytic woman at Reston.

A fourth was fined $500. All pleaded guilty to larceny from a person.

Mrs. G. C. Sellers was robbed a week ago by some gypsy women who placed their hands on her, claiming healing powers. The $460 represented her life's savings.

**Reject Wage Increase**

Portland, July 1.—(AP)—More than 300 cooperage workers rejected a 5-cent hourly wage increase in a secret vote, Chairman Harry Peterson of the union negotiating committee said today.

**Tuna Ho!**

North Bend, Ore., July 1.—(AP)—The pulse along the waterfront quickened yesterday as the fishing boats Killdeer and Clarion came in with nine tons of tuna in their holds, first important 1940 catches. Fishermen immediately speeded up preparations for tuna fishing.

**Runaway Fatal.**

Bend, Ore., July 1.—(AP)—A Runaway team threw A. D. Oster, 68, Lake county farmer, from a hay-rack and fatally injured him Saturday.

**36th Traffic Death.**

Portland, July 1.—(AP)—Portland's 1940 traffic death toll reached 36—25 per cent above the first half 1939 total—yesterday itn the death of John Burr, 86, Negro.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

**FAKE BEE**

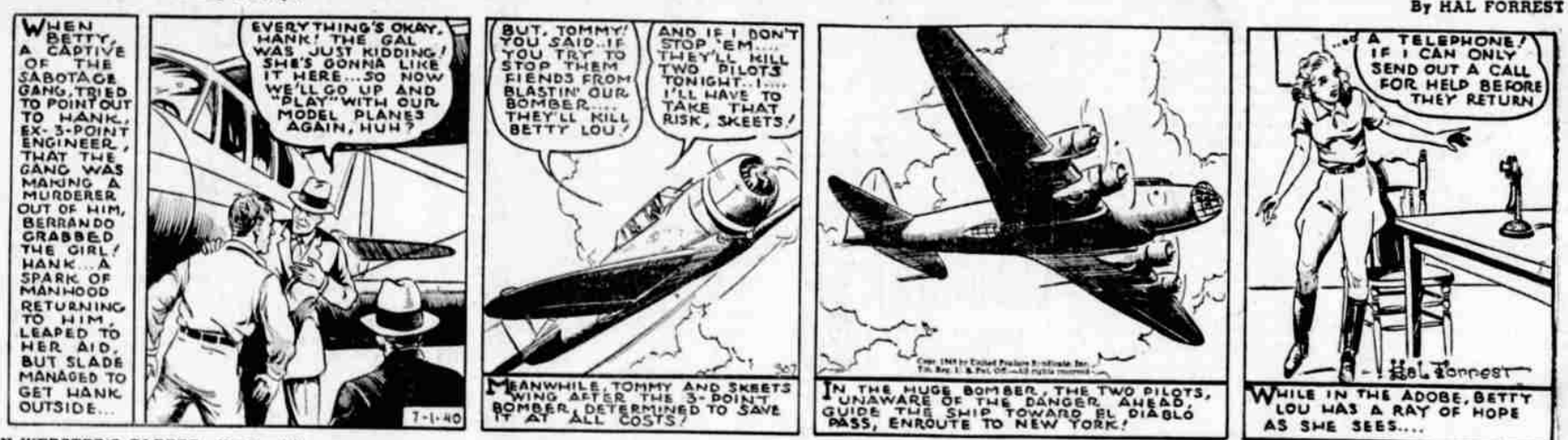
One of the strangest families of creatures in the world is that of the clear-winged moth (Aegeridae), the majority of whose species mimic bees, wasps and flies. They have few or no scales on their wings and fly by day.

The western clear-winged moth carries its deception to unbelievable lengths, as a means of self-protection. It has been observed to go through all the motions of stinging, although entirely lacking a stinger.

Tomorrow: "Old 571"

TAILSPIN TOMMY — A Ray of Hope

By HAL FORREST




BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Rusty!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Something to That

By SOL HESS

**Italian Warship Sunk**

Cairo, Egypt, July 1.—(AP)—The sinking of one of three Italian destroyers in an engagement Friday night was announced today by the British navy.

**Dock Fuss Ends**

Portland, July 1.—(AP)—Longshoremen completed loading the steamer Portland yesterday, ending Portland's latest waterfront controversy.

**Highway Death**

Toledo, Ore., July 1.—(AP)—An automobile left the Corvallis highway near here Saturday, killing the driver, Cristine Byerley, 20, of Toledo.

**Rename Welfare Chief**

Portland, July 1.—(AP)—John Huluihn of Portland was unanimously re-elected chairman of the state public welfare commission Friday.

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