

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY, Julia, who lived with the Tacks while her father was at war, has always been in love with Jeff. Later the Tacks took in orphaned Sandra, daughter of an army officer and a Russian refugee. Julia hates her.

Chapter Eight  
Number Three

JULIA grew almost cheerful as we played bridge with Adam and Gerald. Around eleven Jeff came in, spoke briefly and went up to his rooms. Julia threw down a half-played hand.

"Now I can go home," she said and stood up.

"Has Felicia come back?" I asked Adam.

"I haven't seen her. She must be doing the town."

"Then I think Julia should stay with me. I'm sure the War Department would frown on my unchaperoned state."

Julia hesitated. "I'll telephone Mimi," she said and went inside.

She came back presently to report that, although Mimi was still out, Sandra had urged her to stay. She, Sandra, was more right in bed and the cook was there, in case she needed anything.

"Never mind manners," Julia observed to no one in particular. "I'll stay."

It must have been some hours later that I woke from a deep sleep to see Julia bending over me.

"Someone at the side window," she whispered. "What shall we do?"

I listened and heard it too. A scuffling sound and then fingernails rasping on the screen.

I sat up and put my feet on the floor. I had no plan. The rooms around us were unoccupied, except for Felicia Bridewell's, and I had not heard her come in. If I screamed probably every man in the building would come streaking down in their pajamas and the prowler would fade into the night, leaving us to make lame explanations. That might require living down. On the other hand, if I could quietly summon Adam—

The fact that I did not know the location of his rooms occurred to me before I was halfway to the corridor door. I don't know what I would have done, for at that moment I heard a most reassuring "Damn!" in a stage whisper from the window; and a second later—

"Kay! For heaven's sake wake up and unlatch this screen!"

For a moment I thought I was back in college. My senior year I had a room on the ground floor and its window sills were worn smooth by girls who had overstayed their late permission.

The voice was unquestionably feminine. My mind registered that fact with relief an instant before I identified it.

"Felicia! What on earth are you doing?" I demanded.

I found the button of the light switch and clicked it, glimpsing a blurred white face at the window an instant before it ducked out of sight.

"Turn off that light!" pleaded the voice. Let me in before someone sees me!

Alarmed, I turned it off. Julia was already at the window, unfastening the latch of the screen. It stuck a little, but between us we managed to free it and push it outward.

"Give me a hand," groaned Felicia. "I'm so worn out and weak I couldn't climb over a pin."

Felicia's New Girdle

I COULD easily believe that from the dead weight she proved to be, and the way she winced when she got her knees on the sill. Even then I could see that there was something wrong with her silhouette, outlined against the Oxford gray night. She wore no hat, and her hair, usually so sculptured, was in a state. And the arms at which we were tugging were bare to the shoulders.

We dragged her in somehow and she revived enough to pull down the shade.

"Now you can turn on the light," she said grimly.

I found the switch again and flooded the room with light.

"Well!" said Julia. "You have been on a party!"

while I reminded her not to wake up the club; but I did not discourage her too severely, for it was the first time I could remember having heard Julia laugh. Nor was I feeling too sober myself. I don't know whether it was the effect of the hellish shoe or was somewhat inappropriate frivolity of that grade that made poor Felicia an unforgettable spectacle. She did not join in our laughter, but she seemed resigned to it. "If you don't mind I'll sit down," she said, and sank onto the nearest straight chair.

There was a faint echo of her normal dryness in her voice, but it was a weak effort. I looked at her more closely and saw that she was badly frightened, that she did not yet feel safe. I got her a glass of water from my bathroom and helped her hold it while she drained it thirstily, her teeth clattering a little against the rim.

"Man With a Mask"

"THANKS," she said, and winced. "No, never mind—it's nothing. I'm sitting on a burr, but I'm too tired to move."

I brought her my housecoat and helped her out of the girde, which she scrutinized with anxious care. She was smiling softly when she discovered a rent in the back of its diminutive skirt.

"I thought it caught on that barbed wire," she said. "I took it off and carried it until I got near the quarters. Well, why not? I can get a new skin, but this really is twenty-five dollars half price at Marshall Field's." Her lips tightened, her eyes gleamed. "I told the thiefing son of Satan if he made me strip to the skin I'd claw his eyes out. He was touched by my maiden modesty—let me keep the girde on—"

She stopped, saw our loose-jawed astonishment.

"Oh, yes, I'm number three. Stepped on my running board at the red light this side of the village, shoved a gun, my ribs and told me to move over. Dropped me thoughtfully on the road back of the post."

"What did he look like?" demanded Julia.

"Little man with a mask—that's all I can tell you. I didn't mind him so much, for he really is afraid of snakes. Every time I stepped on a fallen limb I thought it was one. She shuddered and looked sick with fright. "I'd have been here earlier but when I got near the post I had to look out for sentries. I'd rather not have this discussed around the barracks. That's why I came to your window. There's a bright light out in front of the club and a sentry patrolling the back row."

She rose wearily, limped toward the door. "Thanks for the first aid, I'll bring back your housecoat in the morning."

"Isn't there anything else we can do?"

"No, thanks. I've got lodine—I'll anoint the worst scratches and fall into bed. Oh, you might over-see breakfast; and don't let anyone wake me before noon."

It was not a night for sleeping. Perhaps an hour later—possibly longer—the bugler went crazy out on the parade ground. At least that was the way it sounded. The call was new, and I don't think it was still black night—too early for reveille.

My first thought when I came to, sitting up in bed, was that the end of the world had come and Gabriel was blowing his trumpet; but I thought of the wail of a siren sounded like the condemned souls of all the centuries.

Julia stirred and grumbled in the other bed, then I heard her feet hit the floor.

"What's the matter?" I asked nervously. "What's happened now?"

"Fire," she said briefly in a sleep-husky voice.

The bugle and the siren kept up their dreadful clamor, shattering the peace of the sleeping post; and presently, as an undertone, we could hear door slamming and voices calling excitedly back and forth from the barracks.

Julia was at the window now. "It may be just a drill. I don't see anything."

She padded into the sitting room, which has windows on two sides, and I slid out of bed and joined her.

"There it is—over there!" she told me excitedly.

There was a red glow in the sky and an occasional flame that leaped skyward. The fire truck was blasting its way down the line and silhouetted against its moving lights we could see soldiers massing on the parade ground in front of their barracks.

"What's over there?" I asked her. "The stables?"

"Yes—but I think it's too far to the west. Heavens, I hope it isn't the poor horses!"

She whirled, ran back into the bedroom and turned on the light. "Get some clothes on, we'll go see."

"I'll be back," she said, and dashed out of the room. I could hear running footsteps and men's voices as they went down the hall. Then I found I had my slacks on backward and, groaning feebly, climbed out of them again.

To be continued

## On the Radio Chains

STATIONS  
Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1150, Portland; KSL, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KSL, 790, San Francisco; KGW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 540, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1120, Salt Lake.

Wednesday.  
5:00—Summer Show, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Orchestral, KFI, KOW; Introducing, KPO; 5:50—Shield's Music, KGO, KJR; Ricardo, KPO, KFI; Lowishon Stadium, KXN, KSL, KOIN; 6:00—Kyeser's Prizm, KPO, KOW; KFI; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KXN, KSL, KOIN; 6:30—News of the War, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; 7:00—Joy's Orch., KGO; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI; 7:10—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KFI, KOW; Dr. Christian, KXN, KSL, KOIN; 8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KOW; KFI; Ben Bernie, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Easy Aces, KGO; News, KEX, KJR; 8:30—Drama, KEX; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOW; KFI; Luncheon of the Orch., KSL; Baseball Game, KEX, KSL; Paul Sullivan, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO; 9:30—Stanford Univ., KPO, KFI, KGW; 10:00—Goodman's Orch., KXN; Reporter, KPO, KFI, KOW; 10:30—Richard's Orch., KOIN, KXN;

Duchin's Orch., KPO, KOW, KFI; Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; 11:00—Young's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KOW, KXN.  
Thursday.  
5:00—Symphony Orch., KEX, KJR; Baseball, KGO; Music Hall, KPO; KOW, KFI; Major Bowes, KXN, KOIN, KSL.  
5:30—Voice of Camilla, KGO; Symphony Orch., KEX.  
6:00—Barber Shop Quartet, KGO; Miller's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL; News, KEX.  
6:30—News of the War, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KOW; KFI; Amos and Andy, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Kinney's Orch., KGO.  
7:30—Musical Americana, KGO, KJR, KEX; Ask-It-Basket, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KOW.  
8:00—Strange As It Seems, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KOW; News, KGO, KEX.  
8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KOW; KFI; Herbeck's Orch., KSL; Anwar Auction, KXN, KOIN.  
9:00—Weems' Orch., KOMO; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KXN, KOIN; Avison's Orch., KGO, KJR.  
9:30—Rines' Orch., KXN, KOIN; Little's Orch., KGO.  
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KOW, KFI; Goodman's Orch., KXN.  
10:30—Safety First, KPO; Richards' Orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN; Primm's Orch., KGO, KEX.  
11:00—Owens' Orch., KPO; This

## SUBSIDING FLOOD LEAVES BIG LOSS

Hallettsville, Texas, July 3.—(AP)—Flood waters that brought death and destruction to a wide area in southeast Texas were subsiding today.

The death toll stood at 10 and the estimated damage at \$5,000,000. It was believed all persons had been accounted for in the flood area.

This city, waterbound 24 hours without gas, lights or telephones, has overcome a food shortage and the water supply has been cleared of contamination.

The Guadalupe, Lavaca and Colorado rivers were still rising at some points but there was no great apprehension.

British Sales Tax  
London, July 3.—(AP)—The government introduced legislation tonight to levy a sales tax in Great Britain for the first time, but left to the house of commons the fixing of the rate and the date for its start.

## CANADA INTERNS NAZI PRISONERS

Quebec, July 3.—(AP)—German prisoners of war—storm troopers, parachute troops, aviators and submarine crews—have arrived in Canada and placed in internment camps, it was disclosed today.

They arrived at this St. Lawrence river port on a prison ship which once was famous in the passenger trade between Canada and England. In six hours the prisoners, who included some German aliens interned in England at the outbreak of the war, were transferred from ship to trains which took them to internment camps throughout Canada.

Most of the Germans had no idea of where they were when they were disembarked, a British officer said, since they had been told they were going on a five-hour voyage.

One Way.  
Bayonne, N. J.—(AP)—It took an 800-mile telephone call to get G. D. Fraser back to his home in Jersey City, six miles away. The 90-year-old man was unable to tell Bayonne police who he was, but they found in his pocket the name of a friend in Lansing, Mich. A call to Lansing produced Fraser's Jersey City address.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



PHILO T. FARNSWORTH --  
INVENTOR OF ELECTRONIC TELEVISION  
CONCEIVED THE IDEA AS A  
14-YEAR-OLD FRESHMAN  
IN HIGH SCHOOL --  
FROM READING POPULAR MAGAZINES!

THE FOSSA --  
only feline animal in Madagascar,  
HAS NO VOICE!



"WISHBONE TREE" --  
Balch Park, Calif.,  
BURNED OUT  
BY FOREST FIRE,  
STILL STANDS

A 9-INCH  
HAMMER HANDLE --  
WORKED INSIDE THE TUBE  
ON "CHUM" SMELLY'S CAR  
AND CAUSED ONLY  
A SMALL LEAK!  
- Sylacauga, Ala. -

HIGH SCHOOL INVENTOR  
While eminent scientists in million-dollar research laboratories struggled to develop television, a young lad worked out the basic concept of electronic television virtually as it stands today.

He was Philo T. Farnsworth, 14, high school boy born on an Idaho farm. While only half-way through high school, he moved to Provo, Utah, entering Brigham Young university and completing the amazing television system he had conceived earlier—from reading popular magazines!

Farnsworth's system was based on the belief that flying electrons held the only answer to clear image reproduction.

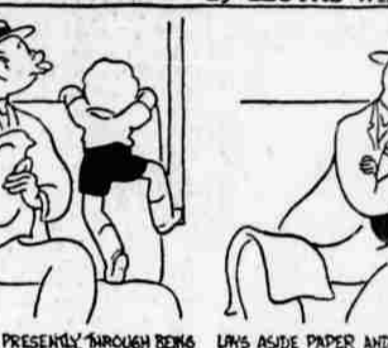
TOMORROW: Deep Sea Firecrackers!

## TRAVELING COMPANION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



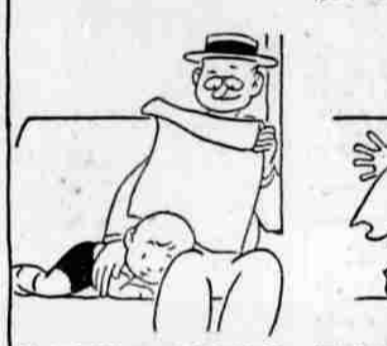
GETS JUNIOR SETTLED BY WINDOW ON TRAIN AND OPENS PAPER



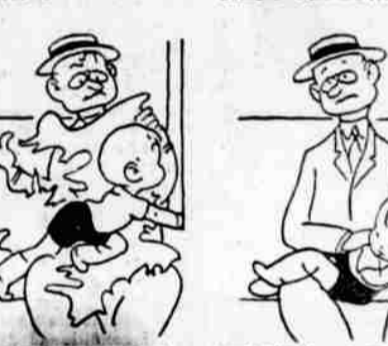
DISCOVERS PRESENTLY, THROUGH BEING KICKED BY A FLYING FOOT, THAT JUNIOR IS TIRED OF LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW AND IS CLIMBING



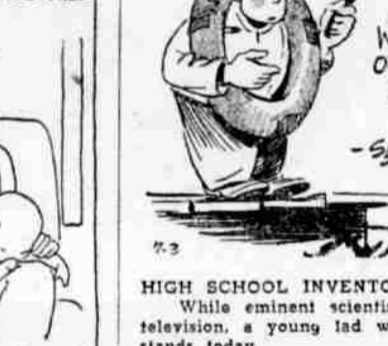
LAYS ASIDE PAPER AND TRIES TO INTEREST JUNIOR IN SCENERY A-SHORE, JUNIOR'S ONLY INTEREST BEING IN WORKING HIMSELF FREE



TO HIS SURPRISE JUNIOR RESPONDS FAVORABLY TO IDEA OF TAKING A REST, MAKES HIM COMFORTABLE AND WITH RELIEF PICKS UP PAPER AGAIN



JUNIOR IMMEDIATELY BECOMES HEAVY AS HE WANTS TO LOOK OUT OF WINDOW AGAIN AND CHARGES ACROSS HIS LAP, DEMOLISHING PAPER



JUNIOR EVENTUALLY GETS TIRED AND GOES TO SLEEP IN HIS LAP. FATHER DOESN'T DARE MOVE FOR REST OF TRIP AND IS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE

## TAILSPIN TOMMY

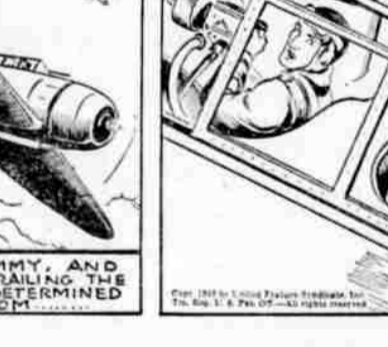
Stalking the "iller Planes"!

BETTY LOU, A CAPTIVE OF BERRANDO, ATTEMPTED TO PUT THROUGH A TELEPHONE CALL FOR HELP, BUT WAS PREVENTED BY THE FOREIGN SPY...



NOW...MY LITTLE WILDCAT, YOU SHALL CASE UNDOUBLED AND AS FOR YOUR ATTEMPT TO CALL FOR HELP OVER THAT TELEPHONE...IT WAS USELESS...I HAD PREVIOUSLY DISCONNECTED IT!

SKEETS, IF YOU SEE A MODEL PLANE HEADED TOWARD US...AND YOU CAN'T STOP IT WITH BULLETS, BAIL OUT, QUICK! IS THAT CLEAR?



UH...SURE?...I GETCHA, TAILSPIN! YOU MEAN IT'LL BE ONE OF THEM RADIO-CONTROLLED ROBOT PLANES LOADED WITH A BOMB?...BUT...GULP...I'LL TRY TO STOP IT FIRST...



By HAL FORREST

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not Today!



BEN! ARE YOU SAFE? ALL OF YOU!

THANK THE LORD! SHE'S NOT BEEN HURT A SPECK, HAS SHE?

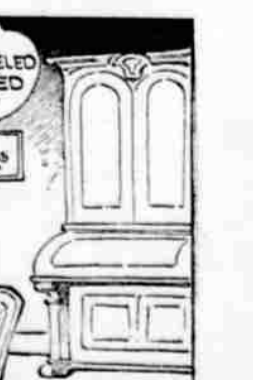
YOU FOLKS COME TO MY HOUSE—THE HILL SAVED IT—THE WIND VEERED OFF.

YOU, TOO, BEN!



## THE NEBB—Everybody's Business

OTHER QUALITIES EMERT MAY LACK, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE TO HAND IT TO HIM FOR DETERMINATION... OR DO YOU? 7-3



## GERMAN CASUALTIES ONLY 156,492 SAYS NAZI WAR COMMAND

Berlin, July 3.—(AP)—The German high command hailed the near triumph in France tonight as the greatest military victory of all times and attributed it not only to superior arms and generalship but also to the unity of the whole German nation under national socialism.

May 10, when the western offensive began:  
Killed—27,074  
Wounded—111,034  
Missing—18,384  
These make total German casualties of 156,492  
Against this it listed more than 1,900,000 French captives, among them 29,000 officers.

British toy-makers report increasing demand for miniature airplanes modeled about B.E.F. planes.