

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Felicia's car with a man inside is consumed by fire. Adam tells Key that the ashes are to be sifted for clues as soon as they cool.

Chapter 10

Bridge Party

AN HOUR or so later, Felicia and I stood and looked down from the edge of the gulley at the blackened, twisted ruin that had been her Ford coupe. It had nosed down and lay canted on its side, but the way its top was crushed indicated that it must have turned over at least once.

"Five cents for junk," said Felicia morosely. "And I only had liability insurance. May be the widow and orphans can collect on that. I'd finished paying for it too—last month. Oh well, I've still got my girld." And she patted her sleek side.

Gerald Beaufort had somehow insinuated himself into the rumble seat of Adam's modestly corrected new Buick. He seemed pleased with the expedition, like a child at a picnic, and hovered cheerfully over the two men Adam had deputed to do the actual sifting, and presently was down on his immaculate gray-fannel knees fingering the small bits of blackened debris that made a growing heap on one side of the workingmen.

There were shirt buttons, and buttons from a man's coat. There was a belt buckle which looked like any other belt buckle I had ever seen but which was scrutinized gravely by Adam and Gerald before it was placed in an envelope in true professional style. The cuff links turned out to be the patented kind that snap together, and were as distinctive, Adam said disgustedly, as carpet tacks.

"Any idea what this is?" he asked, holding something up for us to see.

We scrambled down to him and Felicia took the oddly shaped bit of metal from his hand. She rubbed it with her handkerchief, turned it this way and that, said, finally, "Yes, it's the clasp of my pocketbook. He took a fancy to it, and as it was an old one and had only a few dollars in it I decided not to quibble."

"That was big of you," said Gerald Beaufort admiringly.

"I thought so." She turned the blackened clasp over in her hand. "I shall keep it," she decided, "for a souvenir."

The luggage compartment was sprung part way open. Adam found a jack lever among the spilled tools and, prying it wider, stuck his head in ostrich-fashion, into the black mass.

"A flash is what I need," he said, his voice sounding hollow. "There's something in here." He straightened, singled the Englishman with his eye. "There's one in my car. Dash compartment."

His handsome face alight with boy-scout enthusiasm, Gerald Beaufort scrambled up to the car. By the time he returned Adam had managed to force the compartment almost wide open and the four of us crowded around to see what lay in the light of the flash. Ghaard, but the ash still retaining its shape against the horizontal metal wall of the car, were the remains of a small pasteboard box.

"Yours, Felicia?" Adam asked.

She shook her head, but looked apprehensive. "Never saw it before. What do you suppose it is?"

Adam reached a long arm down and touched the lid gingerly. It powdered under his finger. The aperture which it left revealed that the box was packed with something grayish green and textured like paper, and we stared at it for a moment before Gerald Beaufort identified it for us.

"Bills. Currency. Paper money." "In other words, jack," said Felicia on a long breath. "And it's all ashes."

Adam stared at it silently for a long minute, then flicked off the light.

"I'm not going to touch it," he decided. "I'll have them send out Corporal O'Connor of the Detective Bureau of the State Police. He may be interested in this."

Gerald looked disappointed. "Couldn't I look at it for a bit? I mean to say, it's not often one sees a tidy bit of cash like that all gone up in smoke."

Adam shook his head. "Not until O'Connor comes. It will require careful handling to identify it at all. He'll have the equipment."

'Find Immerman'

HE FORCED the back of the compartment nearly shut and turned to the soldier who had appeared at his elbow.

"Something here you might like to see, sir," he said, breathing a little unevenly. He looked unhappy. He held something out on the palm of his hand for Adam to take. "We've only just found it, sir."

Adam looked at the small, crossed sabers with the number above them and began to whistle dolefully between his teeth. He took another envelope from the breast pocket of his khaki shirt.

"Regimental insignia. Just as before," he said, and dropped it in. He pocketed the envelope, held

out a hand to me to help me climb out of the gulley.

"Not much of a haul, was it?" I said, hurrying to keep up with him as he strode toward the car. The other two were still scrambling out of the gulley.

"It isn't so much what we found that interests me, as what we didn't find," he said cryptically. "Then there's Immerman, who did not return to barracks. A small man, Immerman's build. A regimental insignia. Next step," he finished, handing me into the car, "next step, find Immerman if Immerman can be found."

The bridge club met that afternoon. I don't believe there was a woman except the cook left in any of the quarters along Officers' Row. I know Felicia had to send out for more tables and the very walls of the lounge seemed to shudder at the incessant clacking of tongues. The gentlemen on those walls looked remote and long suffering, as if they would have given much to be elsewhere.

I had not intended to be present, but I had stopped in early and insisted. And I was not sorry of a chance to see more of Sandra. Others were there for the same reason. Between that and an almost ghouliah interest in the chaplain's mishap and the theft and burning of Felicia's car, there was some haphazard bridge played.

Late in the afternoon Mimi Pennant, Sandra and I chanced to be at the same table. Sandra played all four hands. Her partner, one of those women who seem to feel that the mission of dummy is to enliven the party, pounced on me at once to demand an eye-witness account of the chaplain and his poison oak leaf. I complied briefly, for I had by now told it so often that the subject had lost its charm.

An Old Friend

SANDRA listened politely, then informed us that she had known Chaplain Henry in Texas. "Mimi and I went to the hospital to see him this morning. I hadn't heard that he was coming here, and I was so delighted that the chaplain who is going to marry us should prove to be an old friend."

"I hope his appearance improves before the wedding," Mimi said practically. "I'd as soon think of being married by a prize fighter who had just lost a big fight. Really, he is a sight!"

"Oh, but he'll be over it by then," Sandra said confidently. "He's not bad looking, normally, but rather shy with women. I suppose that's why he's still a bachelor."

The lady on my left launched enthusiastically into an account of military weddings she had seen, a recital which she interrupted only long enough to bid and lay down her hand. Sandra listened with courteous attention as she raked in trick after trick.

Mimi's eyes met mine in quiet amusement across the table.

"Sandra, my dear, don't you ever lead trumps?" she asked at the close of the hand.

Sandra smiled apologetically. "I suppose I should, but I never go by rules. I just play the way I happen to feel at the moment."

"Well, with your score you don't need me to tell you how to play bridge," Mimi said ruefully. "I think I'm headed for the booby prize."

"Oh, I'm just awfully lucky," Sandra disclaimed modestly, but she looked rather complacent and I thought, she doesn't really believe that. She has a half the chances she takes—she thinks it's skill.

She and her partner rose, the richer by a stupendous score and progressed to the next table. The table below us was still in play, and for the moment Mimi Pennant and I were alone.

They say in the army that there is no rank among women; what they mean is that there should be no rank among women. But of course there is. Living as they do, with official ties so inextricably bound up with social ties, how can anyone doubt that the wife of the commanding officer will receive deference which may not be due either to her years or her personal merit?

Mimi Pennant was a young woman and a beauty. Men would find no difficulty in paying her homage. But what of the women? Women older, plainer, longer in the service, yet forced by expediency if by no written regulation to defer to her because her husband was senior to theirs? Wouldn't resentment be human? Might not the smiling faces that everywhere surrounded her be merely masks for acute dislike?

But I had detected no such dislike. She seemed genuinely liked. And looking at her now, at the wifely friendliness of her smile, I had a clue to that liking. Mimi was not impressed with herself.

"I wish you'd come and see me sometime," she said. "Soon Julia has been singing your praises, but don't let her monopolize you."

"I like Julia."

"So do I. Believe it or not," she smiled again, but I saw the shadow on her face, the swift trouble in her violet-gray eyes; saw too that she was lonely, with the loneliness of one who is fighting a losing battle alone.

To be continued

TULELAKE COLLISION TAKES GIRL'S LIFE

Klamath Falls, July 5.—(P)—Virginia Ryder, 22-year-old Susanville, Cal., girl, died in a hospital here Wednesday night of injuries sustained in an auto collision in northern California near Tulelake. On the way to Klamath Falls to celebrate the holiday, the car Miss Ryder was driving collided with a CCC truck on the Canby-Hatfield highway at 2 a. m. Wednesday. Two other occupants of the car were injured.

OREGON GIVEN MORE FOR NYA PROGRAMS

Portland, July 5.—(P)—The NYA has allotted Oregon \$482,084 for the new fiscal year's out of school work program, Ivan G. Munro, state administrator, reported today.

The appropriation represented a 15 percent increase and will be extended to about 2000 boys and girls. No word has been received about the high school and college work programs.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

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, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1650, Los Angeles; KOA, 630, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 926 Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1120, Salt Lake.

Friday

8:00—Dant's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX, Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Brazilian's Orch., KNX.
8:30—What's My Name?, KPO, KFI, KGW, Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN, Drama, KGO, KJR.
9:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL; Don Ameche, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KEX; Filbert Philharmonic, KGO.
9:30—Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Kids, KPO, KFI, KGW; Grant Park Concert, KGO, KEX, KJR.
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Messner's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
7:30—Johnny Presents, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Show Boat, KPO, KFI, KGW.
8:00—Treasure Island Varieties, KPO; Sports, KGO; Chester's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; News Here and Abroad, KGW.
8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Baseball Game, KEX.
9:00—Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:30—Young's Orch., 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; Owen's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Richard's Orch., KSL, KOIN.
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KGW.

Saturday

8:00—Jenkins' Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Danco Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Kid's Quilsero, KNX, KOIN.
1:30—Busse's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Suty's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Concert, KGO, KEX, KJR.
6:00—Netz, KFX; Crosby's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; 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—Sky Blazers, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Barn Dance, KPO, KFI, KGW; Krupa's Orch., KJR, KEX; Jewels from the Opera, KGO.
7:30—Goodman's Orch., KSL; Rey's Orch., KJR, KEX; S. S. Fiesta, KGO.
8:00—News, KFI, KGW; City of St. Francis, KPO, KGO; Hit Parade, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30—Sports, KGO; Sudy's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI.
9:00—Marriage Club, KGO; Martin's Party, KFI, KGW; Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.
9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KGO; King's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; Owen's Orch., KPO, KGW.
10:00—Jones' Orch., KFI, KGW; Goodman's Orch., KNX; Priml, KGO; News, KPO.
10:30—Richards' Orch., KSL, KOIN; Martin's Party, KPO; Duchin's Orch.,

KFI: Harmpa's Orch., KGO, KJR.

11:00—Young's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Organist, KEX; News, KGO, KPO, KGW, KNX, KFI.

HICCUGHING SIEGE IS RESULT OF BURNS

Yakima, Wash., July 5.—(UP)—After three days of non-stop hiccoughing, Claude Pettit, 31, today broadcast an appeal for any and all remedies.

Pettit was seriously burned in a fire which destroyed the Yakima county horticultural union's plant at Tieton last week. He was stricken by his hiccough attack in Yakima hospital last Sunday and has not been able to stop.

Luxury Liner Sinks

London, July 5.—(UP)—The Berlin radio reported tonight that the French luxury liner Champlain, formerly in the transatlantic service, struck a mine and sank in the Atlantic off LaRochele, France.

English Star Weds

Dennis, Mass., July 5.—(UP)—Miss Gertrude Lawrence, British stage star, celebrated her birthday today by getting married at 12:15 a. m. to Richard Aldrich, New York City socialite and theatrical producer.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRIKE BENEFITS FOR BUS DRIVERS

San Francisco, July 5.—(P)—Strike benefit payments of \$15,000 are being distributed to 500 striking Pacific Greyhound bus drivers throughout western and southwestern states. Frank W. Coyle, international deputy

SENTENCE STEP-FATHER FOR MURDER ATTEMPT

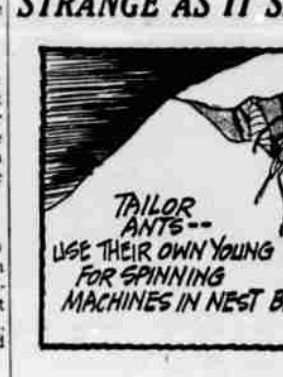
Oakland, Cal., July 5.—(P)—For the attempted murder of his 11-year-old step-daughter, John Brearden, 26, former soldier, yesterday was sentenced to prison for a possible maximum of 20 years.

Prosecutors charged Brearden stabbed the child to gain revenge upon his wife who had him committed to the Agnew state hospital, from which he escaped.

Gets License

Pottsville, Pa.—(UP)—A. Tenyson Miller, 60, has been granted a private flier's license after making his first solo flight. "Shucks," there's nothing to it," he said after the initial flight.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



EARL HAYS -- Hollywood, Calif., PRINTS NEWSPAPERS WITH A CIRCULATION OF LESS THAN 2 DOZEN YET READ BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER PUBLICATIONS IN THE WORLD!

by JOHN HIX



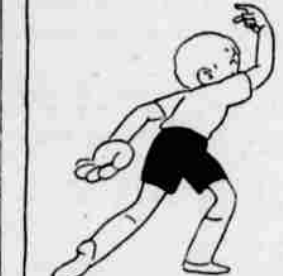
LIFE INSURANCE WAS PROHIBITED IN ENGLAND, 1774, UNDER THE "GAMBLING ACT"! (Except when there was an insurable interest)



HAYS PRESS Earl Hays of Hollywood runs the strangest newspaper plant in the world. He seldom prints more than 15 copies and often his papers have only a front page. Yet, strange as it seems, they have the largest circulation in the world. He prints "cinema inserts" you see when a newspaper is shown on the screen. He has collected thousands of items from all over the world to make sure his reproductions are authentic. TAILOR ANTS To make a nest, worker tailor ants yank leaves together with their tusks while others stimulate half-grown larvae to spin silk thread which binds them together. These ants are found throughout the old world tropics. SUNDAY: Leather Man!

WILD PITCH

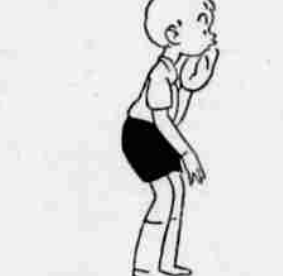
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



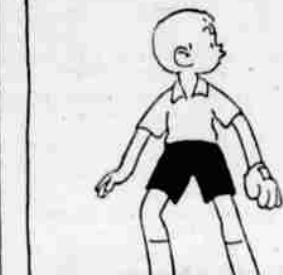
WHILE PLAYING CATCH WITH EDDIE SELLER, UNCOCKS A PRODIGIOUS WILD THROW



WITH HORROR SEES IT SAIL TEN FEET OVER EDDIE'S HEAD STRAIGHT FOR NEIGHBOR'S GLASS-IN SUN PORCH



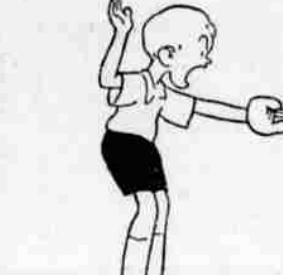
STANDS, ROOTED, WATCHING WHILE HIS STOMACH SEEMS TO DO FUNNY THINGS INSIDE HIM



INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION IMPELS HIM TO RUN, BUT HE SEEMS POWERLESS TO MOVE



AT LAST SECOND TURNS HIS BACK AND BRACES HIMSELF FOR SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS



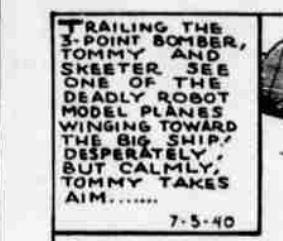
BALL MISSES SUN PORCH BY INCHES AND LANDS IN SHRUBBERY. AT ONCE BURSTS INTO LOUD CRY THAT HE WASN'T EITHER SCARED, AND WHY DIDN'T EDDIE CATCH IT, ANYWAY?

7-6

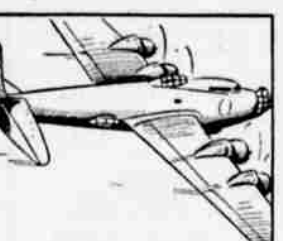
(Released by The Bill Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY

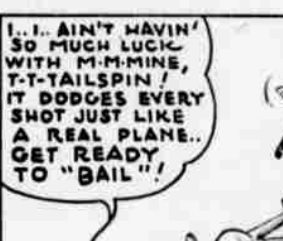
Troubled By Memories



TRAILING THE 3-POINT BOMBER, TOMMY AND SKEETER SEE ONE OF THE DEADLY ROBOT MODEL PLANES WINGING TOWARD THE BIG SHIP DESPERATELY, BUT CALMLY, TOMMY TAKES AIM..... 7-5-40



BULL'S EYE SKEETS! GOT IT ON THE FIRST BURST!



I-I ain't havin' so much luck with m-m-mine, T-T-tailspin! It dodges every shot just like a real plane. Get ready to "bail"!



HANK, YOU'RE THE GREATEST AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER IN THE WORLD. YOUR PLANE DESIGNS MAKE FLYING SAFE FOR... AND HIGH IN THE SKY, HANK, DIRECTING THE MINIATURES OF DOOM, HAS MEMORIES.....



OH, HANK!... HANK, YOU FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE?... THEY'RE MAKING A MURDERER OUT OF YOU... WILL HANK'S CONSCIENCE FORCE HIM TO SAVE TOMMY AND SKEETER???

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—No Response



MAYBE HE GOT INTO THE HOUSE WITHOUT ME KNOWING IT—COME ON, BRIARSI!



RUSTY! OH, RUSTY! ARE YOU HERE? NO... HE ISN'T—YOU KNOW HE ISN'T, TOO, DON'T YOU, BRIAR?



NO SIGN OF HIM HERE, EITHER—I'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE!



TORNADO OR NO TORNADO, A FELLOW CAN'T DISAPPEAR FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! RUSTY! RUSTY! WHERE ARE YOU? OW.OOOOOOOOO



I KNOW A LOT OF THINGS I'D RATHER DO THAN THIS—I'M GOING TO ASK HIM IF I CAN TAKE SOME OF MY THINGS OUT OF THE LABORATORY AND IF HE TALKS PLEASANT-LIKE HE'LL GET A PLEASANT ANSWER—SO PLEASANT THAT IT WILL ENCOURAGE FURTHER CONVERSATION

3-26

By EDWIN ALGER

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THE NEBBS—Going Up



I'LL GO DOWN AND SEE SOPHIE'S FATHER. PRETEND I WANT TO FIND OUT IF HE HAS ENOUGH MONEY TO SUPPLY THE HOTEL. MAYBE I'LL RUN ACROSS EMBERT AND I'LL RECOGNIZE HIM CORDIALLY BUT I WON'T APOLOGIZE!



SAY HAVE YOU GOT ENOUGH CANTALOUPE IN TO TAKE CARE OF THE HOTEL? YOU KNOW I WANT TO GIVE YOU THE BUSINESS



I GOT ENOUGH IN IF THEY COME OUT—I GET SPECIAL EXTRA SEED—THE PINK MEAT, EXTRA SWEET—MIGHT COST A LITTLE MORE, I'M KEEPIN' A SON-IN-LAW YOU CHASED OUT!



AT THE SAME TIME WE FIND EMBERT APPROACHING THE HOTEL BENT ON THE SAME MISSION.....



I KNOW A LOT OF THINGS I'D RATHER DO THAN THIS—I'M GOING TO ASK HIM IF I CAN TAKE SOME OF MY THINGS OUT OF THE LABORATORY AND IF HE TALKS PLEASANT-LIKE HE'LL GET A PLEASANT ANSWER—SO PLEASANT THAT IT WILL ENCOURAGE FURTHER CONVERSATION

7-5

By SUI 112.55

By SUI 112.55

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