

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY, the only clues in the burnt car are a box of paper currency reduced to ashes and a regimental insignia. Later, at a bridge party, Sandra mentions knowing the new chaplain.

## Chapter II

**The Movies**  
I COULDN'T help noticing that Mimi was lonely, with the loneliness of one who is fighting a losing battle alone. I didn't know what the battle was about. I thought it concerned Julia; and in a way I was right. And I did not consciously refuse her offer of...  
Chairs at the next table scraped back and two women came to...  
Adam had not yielded to my weak plea that it really wasn't safe. He again wore his service automatic in his holster, and of course nothing happened. Nothing except that my muscles, grateful for a day's rest, cooperated a little and I began to sense dimly why people who ought to know better climb on horses and go lumbering about the countryside.

"There's no hop tonight," Adam observed as we walked the horses back toward the post. "It's the odd Friday night. What would you like to do?"  
"But you're going to that party the Dumbguards are giving for Sandra."  
"Oh no I'm not. Not without you to brighten things up. I've been to their parties."  
I looked at him in dismay.

"But, Adam, I don't want you refusing invitations because I'm not included. I'm not your guest—well, in a sense I am. I wouldn't have the privilege of staying at the club if you hadn't secured it for me. But if we were staying at the same resort you wouldn't feel called upon to drag me everywhere."  
"How do you know I wouldn't?" I'm simple, direct man. I do what I like to do, as far as possible. And in this case it is possible. I don't have to accept that old hatchet's invitations for the entirely delightful reason that I rank her husband a few files."

"It means that barring some very improbable break for him, when he might not won't be appointed a brigadier general while I languish in the ranks of the mere colonels—I say, barring that almost impossible future event, he will never have an opportunity to write an unfavorable opinion of me on my annual efficiency report—an opinion that I am a fellow lacking the social graces. If you must know, she's got an old maid sister living with her, and it would be so nice to keep her right in the regiment—I'm a man of mature years, you understand, old enough to evaluate at their true worth the froth and frivolity of mere youth."  
Our laughter soared off across the flat landscape. The horses tossed their heads and looked back at us, eyes rolling.

"What do you mean?" I asked although I thought I knew. And I was right. Adam's thoughts had been paralleling those of mine. "I mean that soldiers are like children in one respect, at least. Once let them get the idea that a thing, or in this case a person, is funny, and they will never take it seriously again."  
Julia had taken me at my word and put in an appearance shortly after breakfast that morning. I had stopped work long enough to make her my welcome, then turned back to my typewriter.

"That's a ruined man," he said somewhat compassionately. "What do you mean?" I asked although I thought I knew. And I was right. Adam's thoughts had been paralleling those of mine. "I mean that soldiers are like children in one respect, at least. Once let them get the idea that a thing, or in this case a person, is funny, and they will never take it seriously again."  
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"Curled his eyelashes," Adam growled. "Oh! So that's why you wanted me to go to the party?"  
"Having me secrets from you makes like a little dull," I complained. "Don't you think you might learn to dissemble? How would you like me to X-ray your mental processes?"  
To my surprise he looked suddenly gray and tired. And then I decided it was only a trick of the fading light. The theater was growing dusky. The newsreel had already begun.

Shortly after the feature picture started someone came in and sat down near us. I was not sufficiently curious to spare a glance from the screen, and it was not until the picture was over and the lights went on that I saw it was the chaplain.

He looked as if he had sat next to a snake when he recognized us. He ducked toward the side entrance, but was halted there by the congestion of leisurely departures and had to let us overtake him.  
I doubt if I would have known him by his face alone which, as Mimi had implied, looked as if it had been the target of professional flattery. His eyes were swollen nearly shut, his lips were puffy and his cheeks mottled and discolored. Bandages swathed his hands, and he bore himself as if other parts of his anatomy still suffered. But he was in uniform, not too well fitting, and the silver crosses he wore left no doubt of his identity.  
Adam said, "Good evening, Chaplain. It is Chaplain Henry, isn't it? You'll forgive me for not being sure, but your appearance is considerably altered."  
The chaplain darted him a suspicious glance, but Adam seemed only gently concerned.  
"Ah, yes. Yes indeed. Quite so. I'm afraid I did not see you at first. Major Drew, I believe. And—er—the young lady."  
Adam formally introduced us and the little man so far regained his composure as to bob his head at me. But he did not meet my eyes, and I knew that he was remembering the extreme informality of our last encounter.  
As we emerged into the hot darkness of the summer evening he would have escaped us, but Adam held him in conversation, drew from him the admission that he had been released from the hospital that afternoon and that he was going back now to bachelor quarters. So, as we were going there too, there was nothing for it but to fall into step with us.

Inside the theater I had been amused by the sound of pedantic syllables falling from the swollen lips of that ruffled countenance. But as we strolled along in the friendly darkness I began to realize what it would mean to such a painfully serious man to be the subject of a whole garrison's mirth.  
The added fact that he was a chaplain made it something of a tragedy. A chaplain's duties are broader in scope than those of most men of the cloth. He conducts a weekly nonsectarian service for such of the garrison as care to attend, but his chief work is among the men. He is rather like a social director, a Rotary Club and a Y.M.C.A. all in one, and Adam had told me that a good chaplain is the enlisted man's guide, counselor and friend. It would be too bad if this were to impair his usefulness by making him only a figure of fun.  
"A Ruined Man"  
HE WAS thawing a little under Adam's sympathetic attention. I kept out of the conversation because I thought he would prefer not to be reminded of my existence, and presently he was doing all the talking, recapitulating, in a rather plaintive way, the circumstances of his arrival on the post. Adam put in a quiet question now and then, but the chaplain seemed unable to add anything to what he had already told.  
"They've given me back my car," he said in conclusion. "Naturally I have been unable to drive it as yet—my hands—but I expect to find it has been abused. I think one need hardly doubt that a ruffian of that type would have no compunction at driving a new car at a high rate of speed."  
"Probably not," Adam agreed cheerfully. "And if, as seems likely, the same man stole Mrs. Bridewell's car he sped himself to his own punishment. A punishment considerably more drastic than the law would impose."  
"That is so," agreed the chaplain. "The ways of providence are strange."  
Did I imagine it, or was he a little impressed that providence had taken a hand in his revenge?  
We entered the club by the door of the guest wing. My rooms were the first on the right. I asked them both in, but the illumination of the corridor must have reminded the chaplain of his embarrassing plight, for he declined and pattered stiffly toward the rear of the building. We watched him until he reached a door near the end of the corridor—the quiet room he had requested—when I preceded Adam into my sitting room.

## On the Radio Chains

**STATIONS**  
Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 1200, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

**Sunday**  
8:00—Summer Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW, KFI; S. S. Fiesta, KEX, KJR.  
9:00—Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KGW, KFI; Little Long Planning, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
9:30—Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hour of Charm, KPO, KFI, KGW.  
10:30—Carroll, KPO, KFI, KGW; Public Affairs, KOIN, KSL, KNX.  
7:00—Chansopette, KGO; Regal Amblings, KPO; Musical Game, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL.  
7:30—Krupa's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Kenny's Orch., KGO, KJR; Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL.  
8:00—Busse's Orch., KOIN; Walter Winchel, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KGO, KJR.  
8:30—Drama, KNX, KOIN; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; Stern's Newsreel, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
9:00—Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KFI; Courtney's Orch., KOIN; Holden and Orch., KGO, KJR.  
9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Sanctuary, KGO.  
10:00—Harpa's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; Goodman's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Martin's Orch., KGO; Richards' Orch., KNX, KOIN.  
11:00—News, KGO; Nottingham's Orch., KPO, KGW; Organist, KEX; Young's Orch., KOIN.

**Monday**  
6:00—Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Dr. I. Q., KPO, KGW, KFI; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
6:30—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR.  
6:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Violinist, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
6:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KFI, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventure in Reading, KGO.  
7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Ames and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cutlers' Orch., KGO.  
7:30—Washington Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KFI, KGW; Smoking Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
8:00—Passing Parade, KGO; American Challenge, KPO, KFI; I Was There, KNX, KOIN.  
8:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KFI; King's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KEX, KJR.  
9:00—Little Or' Hollywood, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Classics for Today, KPO, KFI, KGW.  
9:30—Carly's Orch., KGO, KEX; First, KPO, KFI, KGW.  
10:00—Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Black Velvet, KGO, KJR, KEX.  
10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO; Duchin's Orch., KGO, KEX, KFI; Camera Club, KSL, KNX, KOIN.  
11:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Songs, KOIN, KSL, News, KFI, KNX, KGW.

## CONSERVATION IS URGED AS PART OF U. S. SINEWS

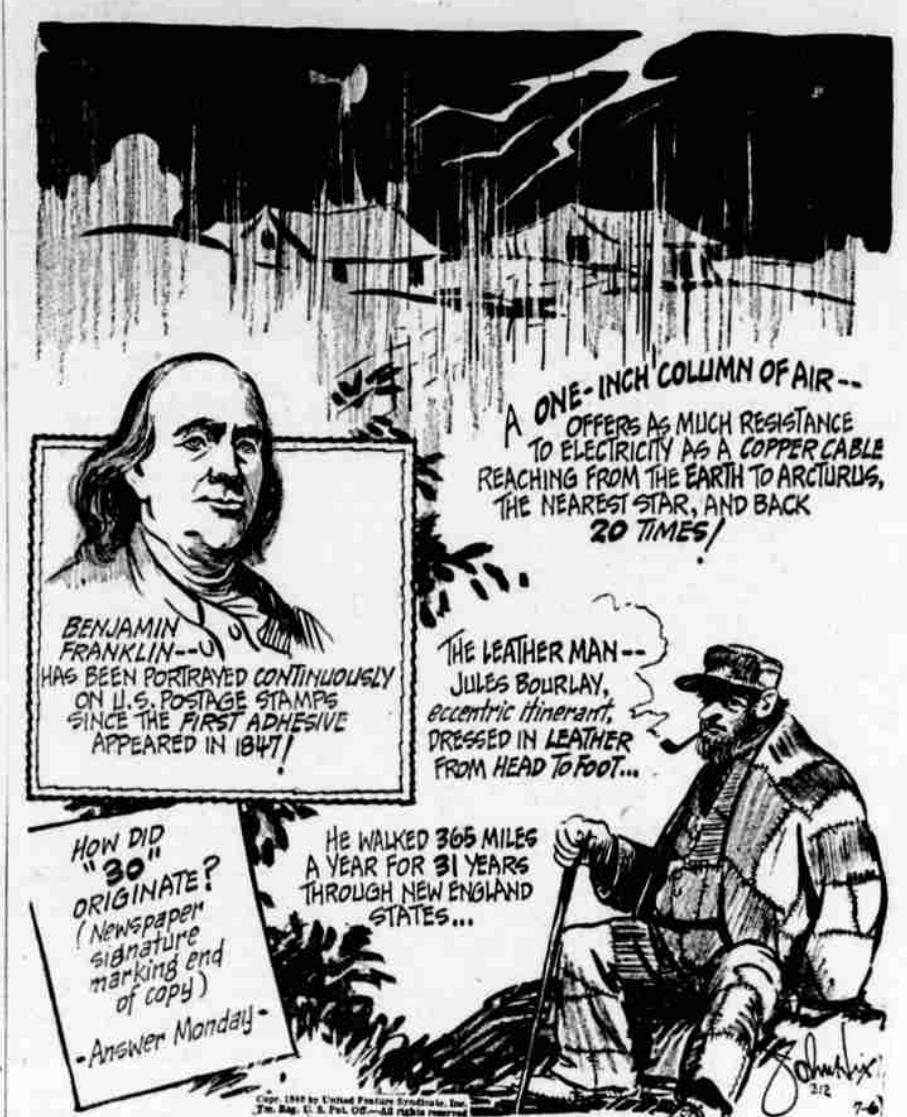
Nashville, Tenn. (U.P.)—Conservative, sensible use of the natural resources of the United States should be included as a major item in the country's national defense program, believes J. Charles Poe, Tennessee conservative commissioner.  
"No citizen would argue against the use of every natural means at our disposal in the national defense effort," Poe said. "But we should not neglect any opportunity to care for and preserve our nation's resources, while we are at the same time arming ourselves for any emergency."  
Poe cited the devastating dust storms of the middle west as "a result of careless, thoughtless depletion of the greatest natural resource, the soil, when wheat prices were high and every acre was drained to produce every possible bushel." He said soil conservation was for-

gotten, and added, "quite naturally, disaster followed."  
"Stream pollution caused by manufacturing plants engaged in war industries already is becoming an issue in Tennessee," Poe said. "We've had a complaint about a manganese plant which admits it pollutes a river, and says nothing can be done about it."  
"It certainly wouldn't be in line with our national defense policy to force that factory—turning out a war product—to shut down because it can't stop the stream pollution," Poe said. "And yet, that river is ruined for fishing, swimming, and watering stock."  
Most of the nation's progress in conservation fields has been made in the last 10 years, Poe said, and to sweep aside the progress in "a moment of panic" would be a serious blunder.  
"Our streams, our forests and our minerals are actually the greatest wealth of the United States," he said. "They make this country the greatest 'have' nation of the world."  
"Some of these resources are replaceable—the forests, for example—and we should never neglect to restore them," Poe declared. "But others, once exhausted, can never be recovered. It is these we must guard, while at the same time we guard our freedom."

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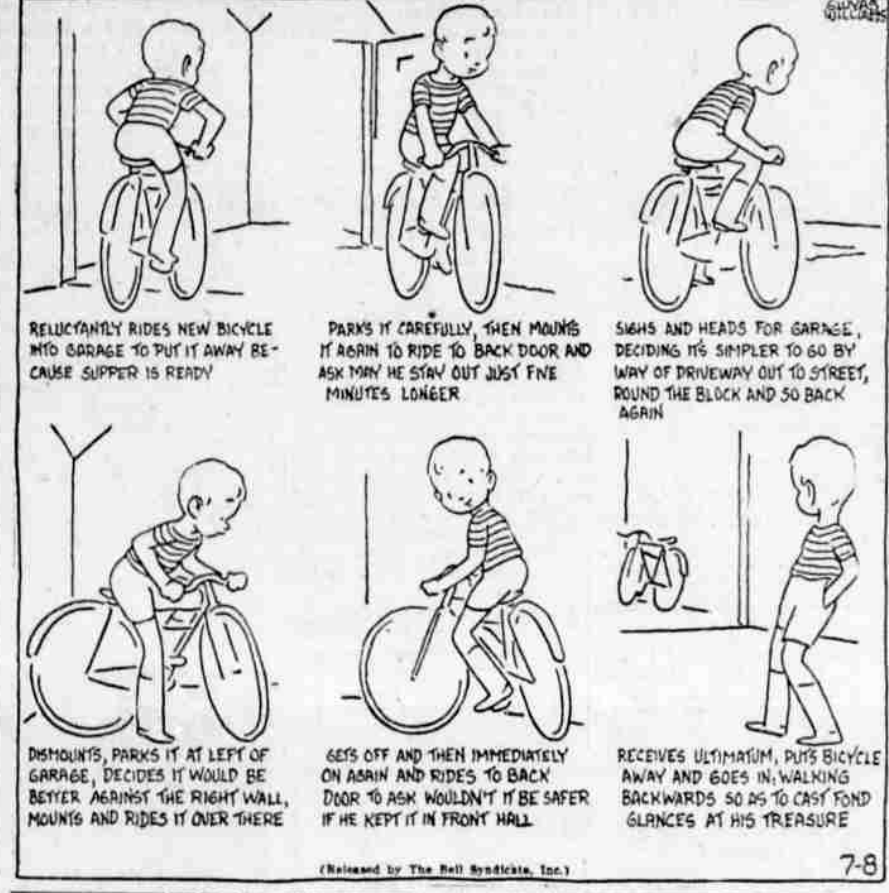
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## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



**AIR'S CONDUCTIVITY**  
The blanket of atmosphere surrounding the earth is positively charged electrically, but is such a poor conductor that a column of air one inch long offers as much resistance to the flow of electric current as would a copper cable of the same cross-section extending 20 times from the earth to Arcturus and back!  
Small as it is, this conductivity would still be sufficient to carry away 90 per cent of the earth's charges in only 10 minutes were there no means of replenishing the loss. The source of this replenishment remains the greatest mystery of atmospheric electricity.  
MONDAY: Eaton's March.

## NEW BICYCLE



(Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.) 7-8

## TAILSPI NTOMMY Hank Makes a Noble Decision!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—A Clue!



THE NEBBES—Two minds With But One Thought



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESP

**U. S. Gold Store**  
Over 20 Million  
Washington, July 6. (U.P.)—Gold in vaults of the United States treasury amounted to more than \$20,000,000,000 today—about 80 percent of all the monetary gold in the world.  
Gold has been coming here

by warship and tramp steamer, and nearly every other carrier capable of holding the heavy metal since the European war began.  
Auto Plate and Window Glass installed reasonably Medford Plate Glass & Mirror Co., 36 So. Barstow  
Closing time for too late to classify Ads is 3:30 p. m.