

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: At the Post theater Adam and Kay meet the chaplain, who has just been released from the hospital. Both realize that his amusing plight has ruined his career.

Chapter 12

On the Beach

SATURDAY morning we could not ride for some reason described to me simply as "inspection." I did not question it too closely. I put in the extra time at my typewriter, expecting Julia and myself dreading a repetition of Friday's painful encounter. But she did not arrive until eleven o'clock, and then she did not come in, just sat in the car outside my window and honked.

I dropped what I was doing and went out to her, thankful enough for a respite.

"Come for a drive," she begged, so I got in beside her.

The car was a Chrysler convertible coupe. She drove it wide open and burning the wind. My hair would be in a thousand snarls, but I did not protest, knowing that she was running away from the thought of Jeff.

"This is Mim's car," she said presently. "Dan gave it to her when we first came here. I can usually have it in the daytime. Mim's moody. Dan goes out two or three nights a week to some stag affair and she takes her car and drives for hours by herself."

"Do you think she's happy?" I ventured.

"Who is?"

"Which reminds me, we're reveling tonight—beach party. You're invited. Hope it proves better than last night's fray, which was a bore. Oh, and wait till you see what we've got! It just happened in to see its friends, Sandra, and it's too cute for words."

I saw what she meant that night. It was a man, a dark, thickest man with a little mustache and a stagey sort of good looks. He bowed over my hand and murmured "Charmaine."

Then he threw back his bathrobe to display his trunk-clad form and swelled a hairy chest. We were all visibly impressed. Julia clasped her hands and gazed at him with starry eyes. Adam let his jaw sag in unpleasant resemblance to an idiot child. Gerald Beaufort inhaled until his face was scarlet and seemed about to pin his shoulders together in the back.

"The word is vile," said Felicia Bridewell irrepressibly in my left ear.

Only Sandra, Jeff and the chaplain seemed unamused. Jeff, in fact, glowered; or at least I thought so at the time. He was so somber normally that it was difficult to tell when he was actually displeased. He peeled off his sweat shirt, rolled it into a tight ball, tossed it on the sand and marched deliberately into the lake. I should not have been surprised to see him wade out until his head was immersed, but he jackknifed suddenly and reappeared swimming with vicious strokes that seemed to reach for and clutch the far horizon.

I thought for a moment that Julia was going to follow him but with an effort that was obvious to me, at least, she turned her back to the lake and began rearranging the baskets and bottles which we had unloaded from the car.

"Go on and swim," she said to all of us. "We won't eat for a long time yet, and I'd advise everyone to swim before they start eating. We don't want any casualties."

We had penetrated deep into the reservation for this party. Like the mossy old joke, we had turned in at the road marked OFFICIAL VEHICLES ONLY, passed the sign that read VISITORS NOT ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT and parked next to POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE. Adam had replied vaguely to my questions. The sign, he said, had something to do with summer maneuvers, which were concluded; but they also preserved the reservation from casual picnickers and resultant brush fires.

A hundred feet from the road was the lake, rimmed by a clean white beach as far as you could see in either direction, interrupted only, in the immediate foreground, by the wreck of an old coal barge that had been cast up to the water's edge by one of the storms that periodically convulse the Great Lake.

Perceptibly Nervous

WE CLIMBED onto it when we had tired of swimming and sat, wet and cool and contented, swinging our legs over the shallow water that lapped at the weatherbeaten hull and sampling the contents of one of the big thermos bottles.

It was still daylight, though the sun had gone down behind us and a big moon had ballooned up out of the lake and was already high in the sky. A heavenly sense of well being came over me. Even the two strange little men beside me seemed expressly provided for my amusement.

I don't know why the chaplain had let himself get so near to me. It must have been an oversight, for he was still perceptibly nervous in my company. He addressed most of his remarks to Sandra, on his other side who, I gathered from their conversation, was responsible for his public appearance. I heard her ask him encouragingly if he wasn't glad she had insisted on his coming, and wasn't it fun?

"Most delightful," he agreed, managing what looked too painful to be classed as a smile. His face was still pretty awful, and his hands were encased in loose white cotton gloves because, I had heard him confide to someone, of the unpleasant ointment he had to use on them. The rest of his plump little figure was dressed in a khaki shirt and khaki slacks that were too long for him and had been turned up twice at the cuffs. He had a pair of white swimming trunks on and was swimming. He looked rather like a wistful, strange child who had not been accepted by the gang. I thought, under the circumstances, that his response to Sandra's question was nothing short of heroic.

I turned my attention to the man on my other side. Sandra called him Ivan, and that was all of his name that I ever knew. Julia, it is true, had dubbed him Petruski-Skivar, and I had heard her murmuring something to Gerald about the sons of the prophet being hairy and bold. She must have known his real name, but no one was sufficiently interested to inquire.

He was gazing now out across the lake, a long amber cigarette holder clamped like a pipe between his teeth and an overdone expression of dreamy detachment in his eyes.

"Surely not by the moon, the inconstant moon," he declaimed suddenly in his quite phenomenal version of an English accent, and gave the yellow balloon that hung above the lake what amounted to a dirty look.

"I don't think swearing is very nice anyway, do you?" I asked him earnestly.

"I, ah, fancy Shakespeare meant it in another sense," he explained kindly. "Sandra tells me that you also write."

"You mean the Bard and I? Well, yes and no. The comparison is hardly fair. You see, Shakespeare was all right in his time."

Warning Glance

IT TAKES two to carry on that kind of a conversation, I saw that I was making a lamentable impression and changed my tactics.

"And you—are you a Theopian?" I thought the word well chosen and so, apparently, did he. He expanded.

He raised his voice a little and Sandra and the chaplain stopped talking to listen.

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women in it merely players. They have their exits and their entrances; and one man in his time plays many parts. I have played, my parts as they came to me," he added modestly, but with an air of mystery which vaguely intrigued me. "I think I may say, however, that my vocation is more vital than treading the boards."

Perhaps he wanted to be coaxed; perhaps he merely paused to heighten the effect; perhaps he caught a warning glance from Sandra. I shall never know. Certainly he did not go on, and I had opened my lips to ask him the nature of this mysterious vocation when Sandra seized the conversation in both hands and made off with it.

"Did I tell you, Ivan, that I knew Chaplain Henry in Texas, when Mother and Father were alive? He—he was very kind."

Her voice broke and she looked volumes at the little chaplain. I thought he seemed acutely embarrassed.

"Yes," she went on more cheerfully, "when I learned that Chaplain Henry was here and would actually perform the marriage I could hardly believe my luck."

"Pleasure, I'm sure," muttered the little man awkwardly. She smiled at him.

"I rushed right over to the hospital to make sure it was my Chaplain Henry, and you can imagine my shock when I saw him!" she smiled again, an affectionate smile. "You really must be careful, you know, not to get into any more poison oak. It's all around here."

Chaplain Henry looked over his shoulder. He seemed nervous.

"Not on the barge," I assured him.

"Juice of cursed hebenon," intoned Ivan and, flicking the butt from his cigarette holder, fell silent, gazing at the lake.

"And the water of the lake," Sandra went on calmly. "Is less than three weeks away. I can't have you looking like a—like a—"

She paused tactfully, but my professional enthusiasm forced me to supply the missing simile.

"Like a spoiled tomato," I finished, and laughed immediately.

"Ha, ha," said Chaplain Henry. "That's very good. Very good indeed."

"No, very bad. In fact, rotten," I said, and applauded myself with another gale of mirth.

"So bad," said Adam behind me, "that I'm going to duck you for it."

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, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 820, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Monday

8:00—Radio Theater, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Dr. I. Q., KPO, KGW, KFI; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR. 8:30—Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR. 9:00—News, KEX, Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Violinist, KGO, Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL. 9:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KFI; KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Adventures in Reading, KGO. 7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Cutler's 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 O' Hollywood, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Classics for Today, KPO, KFI, KGW. 9:30—Carlita's Orch., KGO, KEX; Prim, 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—Study's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR, 800; KOIN, KSL; News, KFI, KNX, KGW.

Tuesday

8:00—Dance Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN. 8:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Musical Revue, KPO, KFI, KGW. 9:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL. 9:30—Essay Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW. 7:30—Breeze's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; Clinton's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL. 8:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Musical Americans, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sports, KGO. 8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; Professor Quiz, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Kinney's Orch., KPO, KGW. 9:30—Prim, KJR's Orch., KGW, KFI; Powell's Orch., KNX. 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Harpa's Orch., KOMO; Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL. 10:30—Young's Orch., KGO, KEX; Duchin's Orch., KPO, KFI; Richard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN. 11:00—Study's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Busse's

PARK ROAD OILING TO SHUNT TRAFFIC

E. P. Leavitt, superintendent, Crater Lake national park, announces that from 8 a. m. July 8, to 8 a. m. July 14, the south entrance road between the south boundary of the park and the Annie Spring checking station will be closed to traffic because of road oiling.

During the period that the road is closed, north bound traffic from the Dalles-California highway U. S. 97 desiring to enter the park will be routed into the park via state highway 232, the junction of state highway 232 and U. S. 97 being 11 miles north of the junction of U. S. 97 and state highway 62. Traffic entering the park from the east and traveling south beyond the park will be routed out of the park via the eastern part of the Rim road and state highway 232.

Auto, Plate and Window Glass installed reasonably. Medford Plate Glass & Mirror Co., 35 So. Bartlett

POLICY HOLDERS IN ALIEN FIRMS ARE PROTECTED

Salem (U.P.)—There are 52 foreign nation insurance companies operating in the state, the

32nd annual report of the state insurance commissioner shows.

Of the total, 42 are fire companies, seven casualty and three life insurance firms.

The bulk of the companies, 29 fire and four casualty, are British firms; five fire and one casualty company and the three life companies are Canadian enterprises; Hong Kong, France, Holland, China, Italy and Japan have a fire company each doing business in Oregon; two fire companies originate in New Zealand and two casualty companies

from Switzerland do business in the state.

The interests of Oregon policy holders of these alien insurance companies are secured by trustee assets on deposit in the United States, the report said.

All deposits in this country are under the supervision of the state insurance departments of the individual states.

Nine U. S. presidents were Episcopalians; six were Presbyterians, the leading denominations of that office.

By JOHN HIX

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS



EATON'S MARCH Unique in American military history was the march of Captain William Eaton and his motley army of 500 Arabs, Greeks, Italians and Americans across the burning Libyan desert of North Africa in 1805. Eaton, U. S. consul at Tunis, sought to end the war with Tripoli, and subdued Derne. When he neared Tripoli he was mortified to learn that Tobias Lear, U. S. consul-general at Algiers, had already negotiated with the illegal Tripolitan ruler.

ORIGIN OF "30" Used by newsmen to mark the end of their copy, "30," is believed to have started as a shortening of the signal, "2:30A," indicating closing of early Associated Press wires. Tomorrow: Railway Coach Church.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



7-9 (Released by The Bill Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY "Greater Love Has No Man..."



7-8-40



7-8-40



7-8-40



7-8-40

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Further Confirmation!



3-12



3-12



3-12



3-12

THE NEBBS—There's a Chance



7-8

HALF-YEAR INCOME UP FOR MOTOR DIVISION

Salem (U.P.)—Receipts of the motor division of the public utilities commission for the first half of this year were \$602,781 compared with the 1939 income for the period of \$532,199.

Ormond R. Bean, public utilities commissioner, said the increase was a good indication of increased business in the transportation and allied industries of the state.

FARM PRICES DOWN IN PAST 2 MONTHS

Portland (U.P.)—Prices received by farmers during May and June were the lowest since the outbreak of the European war, the U. S. department of agriculture reported here.

Prices paid by farmers for commodities bought remained at about the same level as prevailed for the past year, the service said.

Ninety-four per cent of an armadillo's diet consists of cut-worms, beetles and ants.