

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY, Sender brings a 10,000 man named from to a beach party. He looks like an actor but hints mysteriously that his position is a more vital one.

Chapter 13

ADAM put his hands under my arms and, lifting me quite easily—I am always surprised at the strength in Adam's slender body—slung me over his shoulder like a sack of meal.

I stopped struggling when he began to catwalk along the narrow rim of the barge for, inverted as I was, I could see too clearly the thirty-foot drop on either side.

"Don't let go," I prayed, with what breath was left in my diaphragm. "There's unpleasant dark water in the hold of the ship."

"Rain water," he responded practically. "Probably mosquitoes down there. Must send out some kerosene before the next beach party." He eased me to my feet. "I could carry you down the ladder," he boasted, "but you might not like it."

"I don't like it anyway," I confessed. "But I prefer to do it myself."

Adam says that his ninety-ninth great-grandmother grew disgusted with the aquatic life one day when her old man rose to the bait for the last time. So, having a pioneering spirit, she marshaled her children and fopped ashore to try life on dry land. But he thinks it was a mistake. Once a fish, always a fish, he says, and darts around in the water in a most improbable fashion, usually with his head and shoulders above the surface and his arms and legs all over the place. Once when he swam up behind me, and wrapping them around me, bore me down, I thought an octopus had me.

I can swim, but I have yet to learn to breathe under water. He towed me to shore, finally, half drowned, and made me race him down the beach, almost, but not quite, letting me win. As I may have said, Adam is a man of principle.

Somewhat spent, I found a big piece of driftwood and sat upon it. He stood for a moment looking down at me, an odd little grin on his face.

"You're all right," he said and I thought he meant it for approval.

He sat down beside me then and began patiently to scoop and pour the dry, reluctant sand into hills and valleys.

"It's too dry—it won't stay," I told him after I had watched him idly for a few minutes.

"I know. You can't shape it. It's like this business of Immerman."

"Have you learned anything new?"

"Not a thing. He went back to barracks after you saw him at the Post Exchange, put on civilian clothes and said he was going to walk to the village. But no one admits having seen him there. We've asked at bars, pool halls, all the soldier hangouts. He had a girl who works at the local diner, but she says she hasn't seen him for two or three weeks. And she says he never gave her an insignia or anything else. I saw her myself, and I believe her."

"Felicia says the man jumped on her running at the last red light in the village."

"I know. I asked her if it could have been Immerman. She says she never thought of it at the time, but admits she might not have recognized him with a mask on."

"She estimates the time at ten o'clock or later at the local diner, but she says she hasn't seen him for two or three weeks. And she says he never gave her an insignia or anything else. I saw her myself, and I believe her."

"Dollar Bills"

"GETTING the money?" I suggested, with what I felt to be an inspiration. And then I remembered something. "What did you mean when you said Corporal O'Connor might be interested in that box of money?"

Adam grew a deep breath and looked at me queerly for a moment.

"He was," he said, and went back to scooping sand.

"Any particular reason? Unless it's a state secret. Oh, that's very good! State secret—state police. Get it?"

"I got it," Adam said discouragingly. "A very particular reason, as it happens. He's looking for a little matter of fifty thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills—twenty-five hundred of them, if your arithmetic agrees with mine. It's no secret. You read about it in the Chicago papers in June. Remember the Randle child?"

"You mean—the little girl who was kidnaped for a week and brought back unharmed? Yes, I remember. And the fifty thousand is ransom money? Oh, Adam, do you mean that the man in the burning car was the kidnaper?"

"I'm afraid not. It would be nice to know the world was rid of him, but unfortunately it wasn't the right money."

"But how can you know it isn't the right money? It was all burned up!" An exciting thought—to have seen fifty thousand dollars in ashes—probably the only form in which I would ever see it. "And maybe Immerman was the kidnaper, even if he did look like a bantam cock!"

Adam said, "You're not writing this, you know. You'll have to give the facts a chance."

"I'm trying to," I assured him. "If you'll only stop being so disgustingly important and mysteriously and let out a few..."

He laughed, in a satisfied way, and put out a hand toward me in an unfinished gesture that had grown familiar and puzzling to me—reaching and withdrawing at almost the same instant.

He buried the hand and brought it up slowly, carefully, watching the sand run off in innumerable fine streams until only a few grains remained ridged along the back of each long, blunt finger.

"There are two good reasons why we know it was not the ransom money, and why we know the kidnaper was not Immerman. Reasons known only to Corporal O'Connor and me—and Colonel Pennant, of course. I'll tell you because I know you can keep your mouth shut, and because you have helped me before."

"Thank you. Now that we've got that straight—"

"As you may not know, the fingerprints of every officer and enlisted man in the combined services are recorded in Washington. That was a wartime innovation and has been in effect ever since. A federal investigator managed to get the fingerprints of the Randle kidnaper, and those prints are not on file. Therefore the kidnaper is not Immerman."

"As for the money—that was a neat bit of work on Corporal O'Connor's part. He practically built a box around those ashes before he moved them from the car. He handled them with such care, and they had been so well packed in that it was possible, back at State Police Headquarters, to determine the denominations of some of the bills and to make photographs of their charred remains."

"Wizard"

"THEY weren't counterfeiters?"

"Must I remind you again," he demanded good-naturedly, "that you are not writing this? They were not counterfeiters. They were good old United States currency. But in so far as it was possible to determine, there were no twenties among them. There were upwards of two thousand bills; and the detective bureau, after hours of painstaking labor, were able to discover nothing but ones among them."

"One-dollar bills. Probably two thousand of them, all packed in a pasteboard box and burned almost, but not quite, beyond recognition."

"Why, the man must have been a miser," he said. "Not a miser; a wizard. If you mean Immerman, it would take several years to put away even a thousand one-dollar bills on a soldier's twenty-one dollars a month. And Immerman was serving his first enlistment."

"I frowned impatiently. 'He needn't have saved it out of his pay. Maybe he inherited it, or stole it—'"

"All in one-dollar bills?"

"He earned it in his spare time."

"Two afternoons a week for two years?"

"All right—what do you think?"

"I don't think anything except that it's fishy. And we know so little—we don't even know that the man in the car was Immerman. He was too badly burned to fingerprint him, and the man who would know about his teeth, if it was Immerman, is beyond reach for the time being. I mean the post dental surgeon. He has a month's leave with permission to visit foreign countries and is somewhere in Canada on a motor trip. We could probably get hold of him and bring him back, but it seems a shame to do it—the evidence will wait; and in the meantime we may get a line on Immerman. A soldier who knew him says he had been acting queerly, as if he was scared of something. There's always the possibility that he was in personal difficulties and has simply gone over the hill."

"What did the kidnaper look like?"

"No idea. No one saw him, and he's not a known criminal. The fingerprints are the only clue, which seems to indicate that he was a lucky beginner. Or unlucky, if you count the prints. No old hand could have left them—oh, oh! You're contaminating me with your low puns."

"Not bad for a beginner," I told him generously. "I won't charge you anything for the first lesson."

"What will you charge me to give me any more?"

"That comes right queerly." A faint hello from the direction of the barge was succeeded by a clangor that sounded like someone beating out coffee, coffee, without any cream on a tin pan.

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; KUG, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1650, Los Angeles; KQA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday:
5:00—Dance Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN.
5:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN, KXN; Musical Revue, KPO, KFI, KGW.
6:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KXN, KSL.
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Dog House, KPO, KFI, KGW; News of the War, KXN, KOIN, KSL.
7:00—Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Broese's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KGW; Clinton's Orch., KXN, KOIN, KSL.
8:00—We, the People, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Musical Americans, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sports, KGO.
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW, KFI; Professor Quiz, KXN, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Kinney's Orch., KPO, KGW.
9:30—Primo!, KJR's Orch., KOW, KFI; Powell's Orch., KXN.
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Harpa's Orch., KOMO; Goodman's Orch., KXN, KSL.
10:30—Young's Orch., KGO, KEX;

Wednesday:
5:00—Summer Show, KPO, KEX, KOIN, Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX; Paul Carson, KFI, KGW; Introducing, KPO.
5:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KJR; Ricardo, KPO, KFI; Lewishohn Concert, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
6:00—Rolie and Her Guitar, KGO; Kyster's Prgm., KPO, KGW, 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—Jack Joy's Orch., KGO; Amos and Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.
7:30—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dr. Christian, KXN, KSL, KOIN.
8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KGW, KFI; Adventures of Mr. Meek, KXN, KSL, KOIN; News, KGO.
8:30—Drama, KEX; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW, KFI; Question Box, KXN, KOIN, KSL.
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO, KGW.
9:30—Stanford Univ., KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:00—Goodman's Orch., KXN, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.
10:30—Richard's Orch., KOIN, KXN; Duchin's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX.
11:00—Young's Orch., KOIN, KSL;

Duchin's Orch., KPO, KFI; Richard's Orch., KSL, KXN, KOIN.

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

Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW, KXN.

Detective Denies Kidnaping Charge
Eugene, July 9.—(AP)—W. J. Herrmann, Oakland, Calif., private detective, pleaded not guilty before Judge G. F. Skipworth in circuit court here today to the charges of kidnaping and assault with a dangerous weapon. He will be tried later this month.

Diamond Lake Angler 'Catches' Pole, Line With Fish Attached

Diamond Lake, Oregon, July 8.—(Spl.)—Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Jacobs, residents of San Leandro, Calif., and guests at Diamond, were trolling in deep water recently when Mrs. Jacobs felt a rather, dull and lifeless pull on her line. Hoisting in her line, under the impression that she had snagged weeds, she was surprised to find a pole, line and reel dangling from the hook. But wait—more is yet to come.

Putting up a do or die struggle for freedom.

Shovel Types, 10,000
Cincinnati, Ohio (AP)—Demand for specialized types of shovels has increased to such an extent since 1900 that the American Fork and Hoe company's Conneaut plant now is equipped to make 10,000 types of shovels with an output of 500 to 600 daily.

The United States has 11,000,000 homes with telephones, 22,000,000 with radios and 21,000,000 with electric lights.

Dean Marjorie Hope Nicolson—Smith College, is the first woman ever nominated to the presidency of Phi Beta Kappa! (164 years since its founding in 1776)

by JOHN HIX

Strange as it seems



THE BLIND GOLFER!
CAPT. W. H. ZIMMERMAN,
San Jose, Calif.,
TOTALLY BLIND,
SHOT 9 HOLES
IN 46!
HE HAS BEEN GOING
ONLY 18 MONTHS

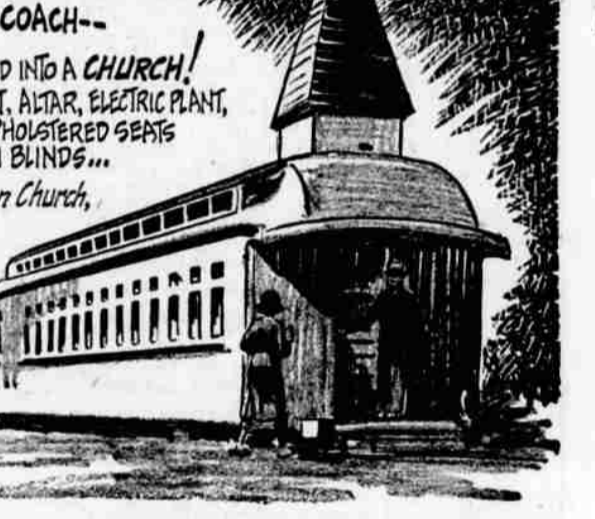
A SILVER SPOON—
STOLEN FROM THE HOTEL OLIVER,
South Bend, Ind.,
WAS RETURNED BY MAIL
25 YEARS LATER!



An old railway coach--



WAS REMODELED INTO A CHURCH!
COMPLETE WITH PULPIT, ALTAR, ELECTRIC PLANT,
AIR CONDITIONING, UPHOLSTERED SEATS
AND VENETIAN BLINDS...
(Pleasant Valley Lutheran Church,
Wisconsin)



COACH TO CHURCH
Buying an old railroad coach from the defunct Minneapolis, Red Lake and Manitoba railroad, residents of Pleasant Valley, Wis., remodeled it into a church.

The Second Shoe

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SITS, WITH ONE SHOE ON AND ONE OFF, THINKING OF MANY THINGS EXCEPT HIS PARENTS' CALLS TO HURRY UP AND FINISH DRESSING.

DECIDES HE'D BETTER GET ON WITH IT. TRIES TO HOOK SHOE UP ON HIS TOE.

SUCCEEDS ONLY IN KNOCKING SHOE AWAY FROM HIM. BY AN ELABORATE FEAT OF CON-SORTION PICKS IT UP AT LAST, WITHOUT GETTING OFF BED.

SIT'S JUGGLING SHOE.

ROLLS OVER ON HIS BACK AND TRIES TO FORCE SHOE ON.

RESTS A WHILE, WIGGLING SHOE AROUND WITH HIS TOES.

TAKES SHOE AND STOCKING OFF TO LOOK AT FOOT WHERE HE GOT STEPPED ON PLAYING BASEBALL.

HEARS FATHER ROAR, PUTS SHOE ON, AND RACES DOWN STAIRS, SHOE REMAINING UNTIED ALL DAY.

Tailspin Tommy

Berrando Plans A Fiendish Revengal



AS THE HORRIBLE TRUTH FLASHED UPON TOMMY, HE WAS DIRECTING WOULD DESTROY HIS FRIEND, TOMMY. HE QUICKLY RADIOED THE LATTER A WARNING, THEN DASHED A BOMB TO THE FLOOR OF THE CABIN PLANE!

BERRANDO, I JUST INTERCEPTED A RADIO CALL FROM TOMMY. HE WAS FLASHING A WARNING TO TOMMY TOMKINS. THEN HIS WORDS CUT OUT...

WHAT??

AND IN THE ADOBE...

Perdition!

FROM WHAT I GATHERED, TOMKINS WAS TRAILING THE BOMBER, AS A LONE CONVOY, AND GIRVISH STOPPED THE ROBOT PLANE FROM ATTACKING



I SHALL DEAL WITH GIRVISH LATER, BUT AS FOR TOMKINS... I WARNED HIM WHAT I WOULD DO TO HIS SWEETHEART. SHOULD HE INTERFERE...

Ben Webster's Career—Fearing the Worst!

By EDWIN ALGER



I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING, MARY! RUSTY THUMBS A TRUCK, CLIMBS ABOARD AND DISAPPEARS! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

WHY, THAT ISN'T LIKE RUSTY, BEN! HE KNEW WE WERE IN DANGER—RUSTY WOULDN'T RUN AWAY!

WHERE'S MR. HASSETT?

IN THERE WITH HAPPY—THEY GET ON WONDERFULLY TOGETHER... ARE YOU AND RUSTY GOING TO LET HIM KEEP HER?

RUSTY THOUGHT WE SHOULD—I GUESS SO, BUT—

OH, BEN, I KNOW JUST HOW YOU FEEL—YOU THINK SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED TO RUSTY, DON'T YOU?

The Nebb's—Just a Pal

By SOL HESS



HERE, SWEETHEART, IS 50 DOLLARS I DREW OUT OF THE BANK—TAKE IT.

NO, MY PRECIOUS, I COULDN'T DO THAT—I MARRIED YOU TO SUPPORT YOU, NOT YOU ME!

YOU TAKE THIS AND GIVE MAMA \$25 OF IT SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO FEEL OBLIGATED AND I'M GOING TO NEBB, AND TELL HIM TO GET THE HELP BACK. YOU'RE GOING BACK TO BE CHIEF OF THE MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT!

AND I'M GOING TO KEEP OUT OF YOUR AFFAIRS—MOTHER HAS ALWAYS BEEN STICKING HER NOSE INTO FATHER'S AFFAIRS UNTIL HE HAS NO AFFAIRS... HE'S IN A RUT!

BOO-HOO! I DON'T DESERVE YOU, SWEETHEART!

WAGE REPORT AID GIVEN EMPLOYERS

C. M. Johns, field auditor for the State Unemployment Compensation commission, will be in Medford the rest of this week to confer with employers regarding wage reports. Mr. Johns makes his headquarters at the employment office on North Fir street.

roll tax for 1939 has not been completed, as they have only a few days in which to complete the state payment and ask offset from the federal government.

San Diego, Cal. (AP)—A precocious Lemur, using "fifth columnist" tactics, tore down curtains, explored cabinets and wound up taking a siesta in the wash bowl in the Peck residence. The monkey-like animal, miles from its native habitat, was unclaimed by the zoo or any private owner.

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