Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Adam tells Kay that the police thought there might be a connection between the incidents on the post and a certain kidnaping case. But the Randley kidnaper's fingerprints are not those of Immerman, the missing waiter, and the money foun. in the car is not the ransom money.

Chapter 14

Ivan The Terrific

"MESS call!" Adam exclaimed and, undoubling his long legs, stood in front of me drawing in the belt of his trunks until the girl who used to boast of a waist that a man could encircle with two hands would have broken her corset strings in envy.

"See that?" he asked reproachfully. "And you coming to breakfast every morning begging the very food out of my mouth!"

"You're just a squab with a misplaced neck," I scoffed.

I always feel that I have accomplished something when I make Adam laugh out loud, as he did at this obvious slander. Actually, he has the longest, finest bones of anyone I ever saw; dressed, he looks thin. In trunks, it is impossible to detect either an awkward angle or a gram of surplus flesh. He is like Mercury in beautiful, extended flight.

He must have seen something of what I was thinking in my eyes, for he suddenly flushed boyishly up to the roots of his corn silk hair and reached me a hand which he did not withdraw.

"Come and get it," he said.

Hand in hand, scuffing the sand with our bare feet, we walked back along the beach.

It was getting cooler as the gray veil of evening floated in from the lake. I put on my terry-lined beach robe and bullied Adam into pulling a sweat shirt over his streamlined torso before we joined the rest of the crowd around a little portable stove on which hamburgers were sizzling fragrantly.

Gerald Beaufort left Julia's side, where he had been hovering in unrewarded patience since we reached the beach, and came to greet us.

"You like raw onions mit hamburgers?"

"Definitely."

"Good! So do I. Perhaps we're soul mates!"

"Oh, *Ger-ald!*"

Adam looked after him bitterly. "I'm going to buy me some eyelashes, too. Then maybe someday some girl will give me a dying-calf look and say, "Oh, *A-a-adam!*"

Colonel Pennant and Mimi had arrived during our jaunt up the beach.

I went over to say good evening to Mimi. Mimi was wearing one of those pajama outfits with the shirttail out and clogs with soles at least two inches thick. Sitting on the sand between Jeff and Ivan the terrible, turning her soft violet eyes from one to the other, she looked about sixteen. She answered me vaguely, but Sandra, seated near them with a set smile on her face, kept me for a moment to ask, with flattering interest, how my work was progressing; and when I moved away to join Julia at the portable stove she got to her feet and followed me.

Frozen Smile

THE chaplain was hovering about, perilously fumbling paper cups and plates. Sandra took him in tow, and Julia looked after her with grudging gratitude.

"First good-samaritan act she ever performed for me," she commented out of the corner of her mouth. "Pure accident. He's a man. Is she sore at Mimi! Can't imagine how she's keeping that pair of strange dogs from biting each other."

"I've been wondering myself," I confessed.

"Marvelous hand with the lads, Mimi," commented her stepdaughter a little bitterly. "Here, Kay, turn these hamburgers."

"I'd like to take my car, if you don't mind, Julia," Mimi said, gathering up an armful of food containers while Adam, with the chaplain stepping n his heels in a frenzy of helpfulness, strode off with two empty thermos jugs to stow in the colonel's car.

"Why ask me?" said Julia ungraciously.

"Well, your father has promised to speak at that lodge meeting and I thought I'd like to take a drive." Arms laden, she straightened with an air of defiance, her cheeks a little pink. "But I don't want to inconvenience you."

"No inconvenience," said Julia. "I can always sit on Gerald's lap. Can't I, Gerald?"

Mimi smiled, but she looked puzzled. "Don't let us break up the party," she said. "There should be hours of this beautiful moonlight."

"Addles the brains," observed Felicia crisply, joining us. She had been talking to Colonel Pennant, who looked very sleek and good natured and as young as usual. "Too much for this old gray head. If you don't mind, Mrs. Pennant, I'd like to be dropped at the club. I still have linen to count and tomorrow's menus. And then to bed."

Mimi said, "No trouble at all," but her smile froze a little.

They said goodby, the three of them, and the two cars started in single file down the narrow road.

The chaplain looked after them a little wistfully, I thought, and I wondered why he had not gone, too. Probably some moldy sense of propriety, I decided: one should not shirk one's social duties.

Julia had brought a Hawaiian guitar which she had managed to conceal until the mood was on her. She brought it out now and, leaning against Gerald Beaufort's shoulder, sang "Chloe" in a lovely, husky voice that sent shivers up and down my spine. Adam stretched out, shaped the sand to his body with a little wriggle, and put his head in my lap.

I fingered his hair—I had always wanted to. It was soft, like a baby's, and his scalp was faintly pink, like a baby's, too. Except for an inch-long scar on the crown of his head. A white line which the upstanding, close-cropped hair would normally hide. I wanted to ask him about it, but his eyes, in the bright moonlight, were closed; his face was closed, too — expressionless. He might have been asleep, or dead.

Ain't no chains can bind you
If you live, I'll find you . . .

Jeff turned his back on the little chaplain, who had intruded on his solitude, lay down on his side and appeared to slumber. The withdrawal of his morose presence was a relief. He had been looking from Sandra and Ivan to Julia and Gerald, with what appeared to be ill-suppressed fury in his rather bleak eyes.

The song ended. Sandra and Ivan clapped courteously.

"Charming," said the chaplain earnestly. "You must come out for choir."

Gerald said "More," simply, like an enthralled child.

She sang "Wagon Wheels," "Boots and Saddles" and, with a mocking side glance at Jeff's impassive back, "The Donkey Serenade." Gerald knew that one, and came in at the right moment with a very fair imitation of a flute. She ran through it once, said, "Take it," and fell silent, thrumming lightly, while his clear tenor voice soared sweetly into the melody, the song borrowing an odd enchantment from his scrupulous shaping of each word.

'MI-MI-MI'

THERE was a slight intermission. Sandra remarked defiantly that Ivan had a nice baritone, a fact which Ivan disclaimed with undue modesty.

"Don't you believe him," she insisted warmly. "He has even sung on the radio."

"No!" exclaimed Julia with just too much incredulous amazement in her voice.

Ivan uttered a deprecating laugh that began at his teeth. He swelled his chest, cleared his throat.

"Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi," arpeggioed Ivan. "Frightfully rusty, don't you know. Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi."

"Theme song," murmured Adam, sipping his drink. There was a devilish light in his eyes. "Descriptive. In a word. Me."

"Mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi-mi."

"Ivan, have you tried out at the Metropolitan yet?" Sandra asked.

"Afraid not, old dear. I know I promised you but — well, you the thittuh is my first love. Has been since I came down from Oxford."

"Oxford?" asked Gerald brightly. "I say, did you know old Bertie Wooster? But of course you did. *Everyone* knows Bertie."

"Quaite," said Ivan. "Frightfully decent old chap. What ever became of Bertie?"

"British Museum," said Gerald promptly. "Copyrights. Moldering away among the volumes. Frightful bookworm, Bertie."

Adam choked violently and I had to pound him on the back. He and Gerald regarded one another with complete, devilish understanding. Sandra, with a suspicious look at them, called loudly for a song.

"'Mandelay,'" she suggested brightly. "Ivan sings that awfully well."

"She thinks I'm a one-man band," said Julia dryly, and struck a few experimental chords.

It did sound decidedly odd without its traditional booming accompaniment, with Ivan singing gustily in his surprisingly clear but desperately untrained baritone. His Cockney alone was remarkable. It belonged on the Orpheum circuit.

Adam's coughs became giggles. He leaned his back against mine, facing deliberately away from the group, and I could feel the little paroxysms that shook him. Presently I caught the contagion and we rocked together. Only Ivan could have missed the hysteria in our applause.

Adam got up and pulled me to my feet.

"Walk," he said darkly. "Give me your arm. I'm weak from laughing; maybe we can prop each other up."

The song pursued us down the beach, a duet between Julia nad Gerald, with an occasional crescendo phrase by Ivan.

We reached our log and I refused to go on.

"Now. Just what is the joke? Aside from Ivan."

"Aside from Ivan there is no joke."

"I mean about the British Museum."

"And I thought I liked you," he said reproachfully. "It's all off between us if you don't read P. G. Wodehouse."

"Oh. Oh! *That* Bertie. Jeeves' Bertie."

"Ah!" he breathed dramatically. "I *knew* I was not mistaken in you." His arm was around my waist. With his free hand he tilted my chin up. His eyes, in the bright moonlight, were more brilliant than I had ever seen them.

"My soul mate!" he said mockingly and kissed me.

To be continued

Speedy

Brockton, Mass. (U.P.) — Clarence W. Lowell, gasoline station attendant, has built a 2-foot long model of a racing automobile that travels 50 to 60 miles an hour. It is powered by a one-cylinder gasoline motor.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Restored

Philadelphia (U.P.) — WPA workers here have completed the work of preserving historical documents, including the wills of Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris and other Revolutionary war figures, and court papers dating from 1716.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

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 620, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KNX, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 926 Seattle; KPO, 680, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Wednesday.

5:00—Summer Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Drama, KGO, KJR, KEX; Paul Carson, KFI, KGW; Introducing, KPO.

5:30—Shield's Revue, KGO, KJR; Ricardo, KPO, KFI; Lewisohn Concert, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Rosie and Her Guitar, KGO; Kyser's Prgm., KPO, KGW, KFI; News, KEX; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Jack Joy's Orch., KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Hollywood Playhouse, KPO, KFI, KGW.

7:30—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO, KFI, KGW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KGW, KFI; Adventures of Mr. Meek, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News, KGO.

8:30—Drama, KEX; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KGW, KFI; Question Bee, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO.

9:30—Stanford Univ., KPO, KFI, KGW.

10:00—Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW.

10:30—Richard's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Duchin's Orch., KPO, KGW, KFI; Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX.

11:00—Young's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; News, KGO, KGW, KNX.

Thursday.

5:00—Montreal Symphony, KEX, KJR; Baseball Game, KGO; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.

6:00—Quartet, KGO; Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL; News, KEX.

6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

7:30—Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Good News of 1940, KPO, KFI, KGW.

8:00—Strange as It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KFI, KGW; Sports, KGO.

8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KGW, KFI; Herbeck's Orch., KSL; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN.

9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Avison's Orch., KGO.

9:30—Little's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN.

10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW, KFI; Goodman's Orch., KNX.

10:30—Safety First, KPO; Richard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.

11:00—Owens' Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KGO, KGW, KNX, KFI.

NEW TANK PURCHASE WILL GIVE U. S. ARMY APPROXIMATELY 1700

Washington, July 10.—(AP)—A projected purchase of 629 light tanks, which would give the army a total of nearly 1,700 light and medium tanks for its new armored corps and other mechanized units, was disclosed today at the war department.

The army has on hand today 492 light and medium tanks and combat cars constructed within the past four years.

The army also has placed orders for 352 light tanks to be purchased with 1940 funds. In addition, there are some medium and heavy tank purchases contemplated.

The new armored corps authorized last week will have a total of 1,400 armored vehicles at the beginning, and some sources anticipate that the number of vehicles may be increased later. In addition, mechanized equipment will be used in other types of army units.

PEAR MARKETING AMENDMENTS SET

San Francisco, July 10.—(AP) Proposed amendments to the federal marketing agreement for Beurre Hardy pears will be voted upon by growers within 10 days, the surplus marketing administration of the U. S. department of agriculture announced today.

The amendments would clarify program provisions concerning determination of the quantity of fruit available for shipment; modify the present method of determining allotments for export shipments, and permit corporate growers to be represented on the control committee by their officers or employes.

A proposed amendment which would have excluded a provision in the present program exempting early season shipments from volume regulation was deleted after the public hearing in March.

TREASURY BOND SALE SCHEDULED THURSDAY

Washington, July 10.—(AP)—Secretary Morgenthau announced today the treasury would borrow $650,000,000 Thursday through the sale of 2¼ per cent bonds.

Maturity dates and other details will be disclosed Thursday.

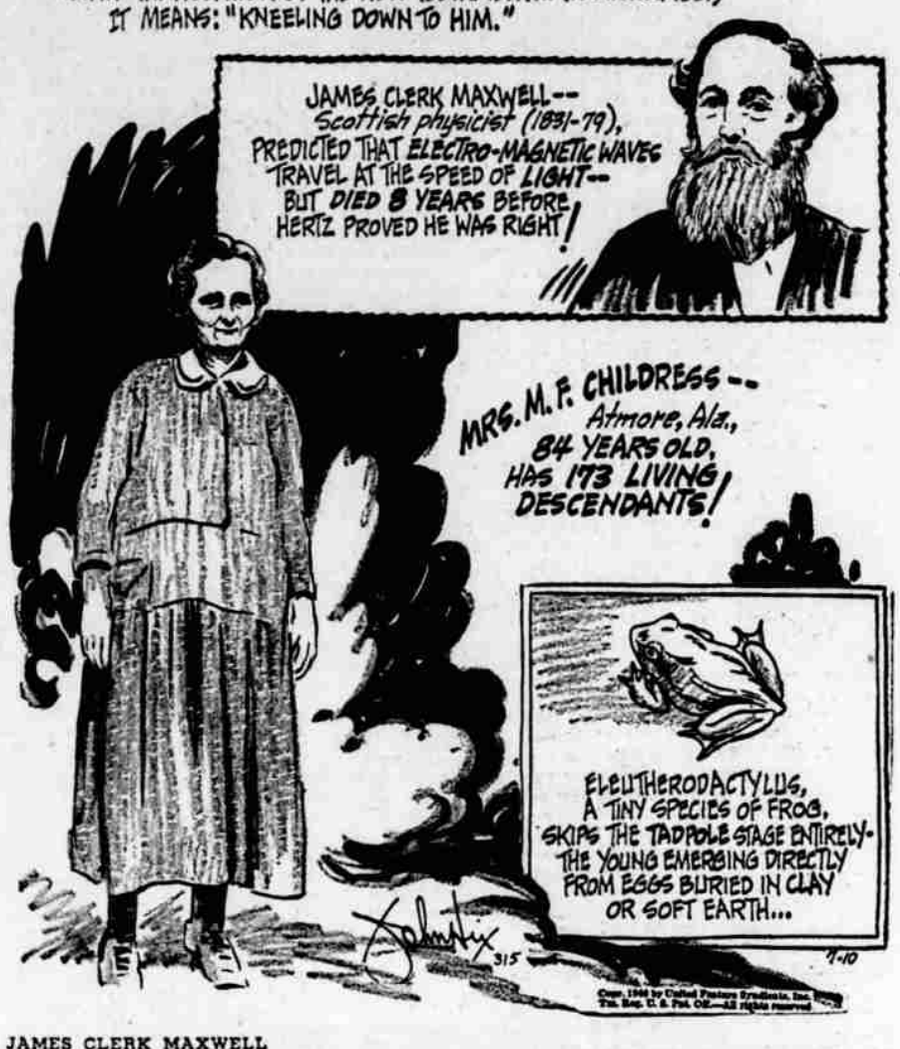
The secretary said $600,000,000 of the new bonds would be sold to the public and $50,000,000 worth to government investment accounts.

GOING OUT TO DINNER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



JAMES CLERK MAXWELL

Maxwell's paper on the physical theory of electro-magnetism, worked out in 1864 and published in 1873, is called by the conservative Encyclopedia Britannica "one of the most splendid monuments ever raised by the genius of a single individual."

Maxwell's theories required him to suppose that electrical action at a distance was produced by a train of electrical waves. Eight years after his death, Heinrich Hertz developed an instrument to measure the waves and confirm Maxwell's theories. Maxwell has been called the original theoretic founder of all systems of wireless telegraphy, telephony and radio.

Tomorrow: First Life Insurance Policy!

TAILSPIN TOMMY But . . Will Tommy Be In Time To Save Betty-Lou?

By HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Into the Unknown!

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—A New Story

By SOL HESS