

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Colonel Farnham, Nims and Felicia leave the beach party but the captain regrettably remains. Ivan continues to love the old era. Finally Adam can stand him no longer. Crags Kay away, and kisses her.

### Chapter 13

#### Strange Embrace

THIS is not our story—Adam's and mine. But things happen as they happen, and the smallest thing can sometimes determine the course of vital events. Because Adam left for New York on Monday, I was to find myself tangled in tragedy, holding clues I did not recognize, information I could not bring myself to divulge; was to escape losing my life by the narrowest of margins. And though I did not know it until later, Adam went to New York because he lost his head that night and kissed me.

For somewhere in the middle that first kiss lost all pretense of playfulness. I was not surprised. I had been ready for it, wondering a little, but willing to let Adam do things in his own way. I sighed as his arms tightened and I felt his heart begin to drum under my cheek.

Then suddenly he was taking my arms from around his neck, putting me away from him gently but firmly. He clamped his lips, looking very white in the wash of moonlight, and started to turn away.

"But, Adam, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said roughly and began walking on down the beach. I kept at his heels for a few paces, fighting down the quick temper that, along with my red hair, came to me from an Irish grandmother.

"It's very flattering that kissing me should make such a difference in your life," I said coldly. "But it's a little confusing, too. Perhaps you'll explain."

"Not now," he said over his shoulder. "Run along."

"Now."

He stopped and faced me.

"Not now," he repeated. "And I'm not going to apologize. You're not a fool."

He turned me, gave me a little shove, his hands deliberately impersonal.

"Run along back to the party. I've got to think, and you distract me." He flashed me the ghost of a smile. "You're not really angry, you know. You're much too proud of yourself."

Words jammed in my throat. I watched him go, a swift, white figure against the sky line. Then I walked slowly back to the log and sank down on it.

Adam was partly right. What I felt was not anger. Neither was it self-congratulation that I had at last pierced his shell. I was scared. I had always known there was something about Adam that was not like other people, but in the past year when he had come often and often to see me in Chicago, and I had found in him a rarely satisfying companion, I had deliberately thrust that knowledge into the back of my mind.

They said in the army that he was untouchable. He was tremendously popular—men liked and respected him, women laid siege to him, with what measure of success only they and Adam could relate. It seemed to me significant that the army, that huge, affectionate, quarrelsome, inquisitive family, were unanimous in believing that no one, man or woman, had ever won past his smiling guard to the real Adam Drew.

I sat on the log and admitted to myself that I had not. Until, perhaps, tonight.

I got up from the log and consciously said goodbye to an arrogance that had been part of my armor since I cut off my pigtail. It was too late for armor against Adam; and I was afraid to be arrogant with fate.

But humility was a drab garment. Heavy-hearted, I started back the way we had come.

#### Something Frightening

IF THERE is comfort in shared misery I was denied even that; for Julia had cast hers off like a worn-out dress. She and Gerald were turning cartwheels in the moonlight with the effortless precision of a vaudeville team.

"I believe you've got something there," I said, pausing in admiration.

"We're soul mates," said Gerald, halting right side up.

Julia stood on her hands and waggled one foot at us. Gerald caught her heels, lowered them to the sand. "Let's wrestle. I'll show you some jujitsu."

"Oh, Gerald! Before all these people?"

He pursued her laughing down the beach. Feeling lonely and disconsolate, I looked about me. All these people had dwindled to one—Jeff, lying apparently asleep, on an army blanket. The chaplain was a small figure plowing through the loose sand and disappearing behind a sparse thicket of scrub. Not poison oak, I hoped; but the thought was not enough to cheer me.

There seemed nothing to do but follow Jeff's example. I straightened another blanket, choosing the one farthest from Jeff, and stretched out on it, glancing restlessly at the round, beaming face of the moon.

Julia came back alone presently and suggested that we find Sandra.

"Before Jeff wakes up," she added, with an unfathomable look at his recumbent form.

She led the way to the wrecked barge and went up the crude ladder like a sailor. I kept close behind her, for there was something frightening to me in the old bulk, slumbering there in the moonlight, with the ghost of an old man pacing her narrow deck. What the old man was doing there I did not know—the barge captain, perhaps, swept away in the same storm that lashed the angry lake and tossed the barge like a chip onto the sand. I only knew that I felt his presence; that it was part of the dread that made me walk very straight between the steep side of the hull and the equally steep descent into the dark hold where the mirrored moon, with a scum across her face, shone wickedly back at me.

Julia dropped suddenly, barring my way; and over her shoulder, in the full glare of the moonlight, I saw Sandra and Ivan clinging to one another as if they would never let go.

A slight sound made us both turn. Someone was coming up the ladder. I could see the head and shoulders of a man silhouetted against the white light.

Julia said loudly, "No one here—she must have gone up the beach. Oh, is that you, Jeff?"

Jeff identified himself with his usual brevity and, since Julia barred his way, remained on the ladder.

"No one here," she repeated firmly. "Kay and I are going to collect Sandra and take a walk. Gerald and Adam went that way. We're going this way. Would you mind scrambling?"

We waited at the foot of the ladder.

"Why did you do that?" I asked her.

"Not on her account," she said savagely. "Think I want to see him humiliated? And for that—that screwball?"

"There's no accounting for tastes," I admitted. Jeff might not be the most charming man in the world, but he was certainly to be preferred to that posturing little slug of an Ivan. "I'm afraid all the same that he saw them."

"I hope not. He's so sensitive." Sandra appeared presently, alone.

"Were you looking for me?" she asked innocently. She came down the ladder, chattering about the moon on the water. She was perfectly composed; but as we set off up the beach I found myself between them, and the target of all conversation. There was rage in the air. The two girls had been unfriendly; they were now mortal enemies.

We did not go far; and when we returned to the shadow of the barge we began, by unspoken consent, to gather up our possessions. The party had soured. We all went home.

There was still no sign of the men when we had finished packing the two cars, so Julia sounded a long blast on the horn and we heard a couple of answering halloos. Julia climbed into the rumble seat of Adam's roadster and, after a moment of indecision, I got in front.

Presently the chaplain appeared, plowing wearily through the sand, loudly apologetic for having failed to assist in the exodus. Sandra led him off to Jeff's car, parked a stone's throw up the road.

"Another conquest," Julia remarked acidly when they were out of hearing. And then, "Poor Jeff. If she keeps that up after they're married he'll kill her one of these days."

"Poor Julia. If she could have known how bitterly she would regret those words I think she would have bitten out her tongue rather than utter them. For when she looked up Adam was standing by the car and behind him was Gerald."

"Work all done?" asked Gerald brightly. "We stayed away as long as we could. I hope you washed the dishes."

"We saved them for you," Julia told him.

"Fond of washing dishes? Good. Neither am I. I knew we were soul mates."

"When we're married we'll use paper plates," she promised him. "A fondle after every meal."

"Fondle of bonfires?"

"Am I groaning. Get another station. The program stinks."

There was an edge to his voice. He slid behind the wheel, did not look in my direction. Up ahead the car doors slammed, the red taillight bloomed and Jeff's little car lunged up the road.

"How about some hot music?" Julia suggested.

"Swell," said Adam, and started the car.

They sang, to the guitar's accompaniment, and our silence in the front seat was not obvious. Adam spoke once, under cover of the music, as we neared the club.

"When," he asked, "are you going home?"

"I'll let you know."

Such further communication as we found unavoidable we made insultingly polite.

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; KJH, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 920, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Friday:  
5:00—Dante's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; Waltz Time, KPO, KFI, KGW; Brazilian's Orch., KNX.  
5:30—Concert Orch., KGO, KJR; What's My Name?, KPO, KFI, KGW; Drama, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
6:00—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Don Ameche, KPO, KFI, KGW; News, KEX; Philharmonic, KGO.  
6:30—Al Pearce, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Quiz Kids, KPO, KFI, KGW; Concert Orch., 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; Dance Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Show Boat, KPO, KFI, KGW.  
8:00—Treasure Island and Varieties, KPO, Sports, KGO; Chester's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL, News, KEX.  
8:30—Death Valley Days, KPO, KGW, KFI; Gray's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
9:00—Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KFI, KSL; King's Orch., KOIN; Music by Woodbury, KPO, KFI, KGW.  
9:30—Reporter, KPO, KFI, KGW; Goodman's Orch., KNX.  
10:00—Sudy's Orch., KGO, KEX; Owen's Orch., KPO, KFI, KGW; Richards' Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN.  
11:00—Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KOW, KFI.

Tuesday:  
8:00—Montreal Symphony, KEX, KJR; Baseball Game, KGO; Music Hall, KPO, KFI, KGW; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
8:30—Quartet, KGO; Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL, News, KEX.  
8:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
9:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KGW, KFI; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
9:30—Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; J. P. Ax-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; Anson'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; News, KGO, KOW, KFI.

## MEMBERSHIP DRIVE FOR SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL DUE SOON

Plans for the annual sponsoring-membership drive of the Oregon Shakespearean Festival association are near completion and committee heads in various southern Oregon communities are preparing to launch their activities.

The drive this year will be extended to communities outside the usual area of Medford and Ashland, officials said. Grants Pass, Klamath Falls and even Yreka in northern California will be included. It was felt by the board of directors that as the festival is community property, all sections of this territory should benefit.

Handling the drive in Ashland is Mrs. H. M. Schilling. In Medford, Mrs. Alice Egan and Mrs. Margaret Henry will supervise. Committee heads in Grants Pass and Klamath Falls will be announced soon.

Hitch-Hiker.  
Roseburg, Ore., July 11.—(P)

## OKLAHOMANS REWARD 9 CONGRESSMEN WHO SHUNNED CAMPAIGNS

Oklahoma City, July 11.—(P)—Oklahoma's nine congressmen, who stuck to their jobs in Washington and let campaign-ing back home take care of itself, apparently were rewarded today with renomination by the state's Democrats.

Balloting was much lighter than in the 1938 elections, when 600,000 votes were cast. Fastest runner of all was Will Rogers, congressman-at-large. He trampled the hopes of former Gov. William H. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray and 15 other opponents. Murray, in the twilight of a long and turbulent career in Oklahoma politics, sought to get back the position he held when the state still was in its infancy.

Joining him on the sidelines was another former governor, E. W. Marland, who found Rep. Phil Ferguson, Woodward banker-rancher, far too fast for him.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.  
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

Strange as it seems, the first life insurance policy ever written was a bad risk. On June 18, 1557, William Gibbons signed the policy, at the Royal Exchange on London, for 383 pounds (about \$1,900), to be paid to his heirs should he die within the year. The premium was about \$152. Three weeks before the expiration of the contract, Gibbons died and the underwriters had to pay his heirs the \$1,900.

TOMORROW: Atomic Energy!



## THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE



## By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IT'S NO WONDER THE ELM STREET TIGERS LOST LAST WEEK'S GAME, BECAUSE THEY HAD TO PLAY THEIR ONLY GOOD PITCHER IN THE OUTFIELD, WHERE INSTANT COVER WAS AVAILABLE WHEN SCOUTS APPEARED TO FIND OUT WHY HE WASN'T HOME MOWING THE LAWN

## TAILSPIN TOMMY



## At the Mercy of A Fiend!



## By HAL FORREST



## By EDWIN ALGER



## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Parting Deed!



## THE NEBBS—Oh, That's Different!



## By SOL HESS



## By SOL HESS



## GAME IMPROVEMENT FUNDS APPORTIONED

Washington, July 11.—(P)—Secretary Ickes today apportioned \$2,300,000 to various states for improvement of game conditions.

Participating states. Ickes said, were required to contribute 25 per cent of the cost of projects.

Allotments by states included: California, \$98,821; Idaho, \$48,742; Oregon, \$49,519; Washington, \$56,523.

In the five Columbia basin wheat counties in Oregon there are now 129,702 acres of crested wheat grass, planted mostly on marginal or steep wheat land. Last year in these same counties 391,800 acres were handled by the trashy fallow method. Perennial grass and trash fallow are major factors in controlling wind and water erosion.