

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

**YESTERDAY:** Kay, Julia and Gerald go back for another spin. While they are in the water they see something on the barge. Later Ivan is found there, dead.

## Chapter 17 Early Wedding

IT IS easy to look back now, and see that Sandra and Ivan between them practically signed his death warrant that night. It is less easy to see why Sandra was not warned by Ivan's death. Which brings up Sandra and her stupidity, that was not so much stupidity as a mixture of credulity and conceit. I believe her successes had convinced her that she was infallible. On top of that she was without discrimination, as her weakness for Ivan shows; and she believed in miracles.

This last is the most important single fact to remember—the essential clue not only to her character but to the terrifying events which followed the death of Ivan. Sandra's belief in miracles.

She came to my rooms the next morning before I was awake. Julia had not stayed with me after all. Ivan had not needed her room.

I put on a housecoat and opened the door to Sandra, trying not to show my surprise, trying, too, to keep my head from floating loose from my shoulders; it seemed insecurely moored.

A surreptitious glance at my watch told me it was not as early as I thought. I had overslept breakfast. I searched for and found cigarettes, which she refused. I lit one myself that did not taste too good, and tried to get her to sit down. But she would only stand leaning back against the door, looking at me and twisting her hands in a gesture borrowed from the stage, but expressive for once, I thought, of genuine emotion.

Her eyes, swollen with weeping, recalled to me that incredible moment on the barge when I had seen her clinging to Ivan. Could she have loved that mountebank? Apparently she had. Then why, in the name of all the saints, had she promised to marry Jeff?

Perhaps if I had been more fully awake, or if my head had not felt so light and explosive, I might have pressed her for some of the answers; might have caught her off guard, staggered by this calamity which must, for a time at least, have shaken her belief in her patron saint or her rabbit's foot or whatever she did believe in. Perhaps I missed my chance to avert more tragedy. But I do not seriously think so. She would never have confided in me. She was too stupid to be frightened of what she was planning to do; and she must have thought, after Ivan's death, that fate owed her a break.

She said, suddenly, "I had to get out of that house. They—they made fun of him. They're glad. They thought he wasn't good enough."

Her voice was getting shrill. She choked, said more quietly, "I want to talk to Jeff without their knowing. She's in love with him, you know. But it's me he wants to marry."

There was enough satisfied malice in that to alienate the sympathy I was beginning to feel for her.

**Shock Of Dismay**  
"But if you're not in love with Jeff yourself," I began rather brusquely. She opened her small dark eyes and stared at me as if I were mad.

"Not in love with Jeff?" she repeated incredulously. "Why, how can you say such a thing? It's just because I'm so fond of him—that's why I've decided—why I slipped away this morning. Look—do you mind if I talk to him here? You can run an order for him."

"But he'll be at duty—oh, this is Sunday, isn't it? My head's not on tight."

I looked her over, saw that she was once more miraculously composed, and suggested that she find the orderly herself.

"I'll dress and get out as soon as possible," I promised her. "I'm going to the P. Ex. for breakfast."

"Don't leave on my account. There's nothing private about what I have to say to Jeff—I just don't want to be interfered with. I want to handle my own affairs." I assured her that it was my stomach and not her interjection that was sending me forth, and retired into my bedroom to dress. I heard her waylay an orderly in the hall, and before I was quite dressed I heard Jeff's voice in the next room.

Having no wish to eavesdrop, I was nevertheless an unwilling audience to Sandra's demand that they be married at once.

I felt a shock of dismay. Unlike Sandra, I do not believe in miracles, but I do like happy endings. Julia was so desperately in love with Jeff that I would not admit fate could let her love him. The scene on the barge last night had fed my secret hope that something would happen. If only Julia had been less gentlemanly; if only Jeff had seen what we saw—

His voice was a brief, indistinct rumble—dissolving, I thought, for hers strengthening in passionate entreaty.

"But you can apply for earlier leave—and what does it matter, we can be together—"

Her voice dropped to a caressing murmur. I decided that I had heard enough.

I cleared my throat loudly at the connecting door, opened it and marched past them as casually as possible. They were seated close together on the studio couch, and they paid no attention to me whatever, so that I was able to gratify my curiosity about Jeff. I can't say he seemed actually thawed, but my brief glance found evidences of a slight softening around the edges of his icy reserve. His face was perceptibly flushed and he was staring at Sandra like a hypnotized but frightened bird.

I went out into the corridor and closed the door after me, conscious of resentment and a vague, unpleasant feeling that I had been forced into betraying Julia.

Gerald Beaufort was alone at a table in the Post Exchange restaurant. I joined him with real pleasure.

"You've no idea what a relief it is," I confided to him, after the waiter had brought my order, "to be with someone else who is an outsider. Not in the army."

He raised his glass of tomato juice in mocking salute and drained it, looking at me across the rim with gray eyes that were like himself as I was beginning to know him. At first you saw only the outrageous lashes and musical-comedy manner. But under the lashes the eyes were friendly and intelligent and under the manner, so was Gerald.

**Jealous Rage?**  
"YOU mean they take themselves a bit seriously," he observed shrewdly, setting down the empty glass.

I nodded, feeling guilty, as if we were guests discussing an absent hostess, which was not a good analogy, for we were both paying for our board and lodging. Nevertheless, I felt disloyal.

"I couldn't help noticing," he went on soberly, "that it wasn't so much the fact of that poor devil being killed that occasioned the indignation last night, as the fact that it happened on the reservation."

"You can't blame them for that. Murder makes ugly headlines. And, changing the subject not altogether happily, I left Sandra and Jeff in my rooms planning an early wedding."

His eyes flew to my face and his butter knife hesitated over the toast.

"Too bad," he sounded as if he meant it.

"Julia is a much nicer person," I studied him for a moment while he went on prosaically consuming bits of toast.

"No disagreement about that," I said at last carefully. "But she's known Jeff all her life. I don't suppose he seems very romantic to her."

"Oh, doesn't he?"

There was literally no expression to the words—an effect which I know from experience, is almost impossible to achieve. It rang a little bell somewhere in my brain—like the one on my typewriter that I pay no attention to. I didn't pay much attention to this, either, in the sense of getting scared and thinking, this man could be a murderer; I was pretty sold on him. But the thought did just cross my mind that he might have depth.

"That's not the only reason it's too bad," he observed presently. And the gray eyes were so open and candid that I forgot about the depths.

"What else?"

"Murder investigation," he reminded me. "Wife can't testify against her husband. I've studied a bit of law," he added modestly, and then quite obviously said no more.

"But—but you surely don't think Jeff—"

"I began, and, with sudden horror, remembered Sandra in Ivan's arms and Jeff coming up the ladder. Could he have seen? Could he have killed Ivan in a jealous rage?"

Gerald did not appear to notice my discomposure.

"I know less about it than the newest recruit," he assured me. "Here's your check. If you girls will vote you must take the bitter with the sweet and learn not to depend on masculine chivalry. If I had invited you to breakfast I should simply have to stand for your eating up fifteen cents, but since this is virtually a pickup, I must insist that you pay your way."

The cashier's goggling stare pursued us to the street.

"But I still think it's too bad," Gerald said with no change of tone. "Someone's sure to think she's protecting him."

"That's nonsense," I said sharply. But I knew that it was not.

Julia, I needed to see Julia. I stood on the sidewalk in front of the Post Exchange and thought about going there now. Then I remembered Gerald's deplorable and rather disconcerting way of leaping upon a conclusion. And meekly, but uneasily, I walked beside him back to the club.

Sandra was still in my rooms, but I was relieved to find that Jeff had taken himself off.

"He's gone to see a man he knows about getting a special license," she told me. "We're going to be married today if we can."

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; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KKN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 326 Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

**Sunday**  
8:00—Summer Hour, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, KPO, KGW; S. S. Fiesta, KGO, KEX; 8:00—Take It or Leave It, KSL, KOIN; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Hour of Charm, KPO, KGW; 8:30—Carnival, KPO, KGW; Democratic Pre-convention, KOIN, KSL, KNX.  
7:00—Chansonette, KGO; Regal Amblings, KPO; Musical Game, KNX, KOIN.  
7:30—Bradley's Orch., KPO, KGW; Kenny's Orch., KGO, KJR; Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL.  
8:00—Busse's Orch., KOIN; Walter Winchell, KPO, KGW; News, KGO, KJR.  
8:30—Miller's Orch., KNX, KOIN; Dance Orch., KPO, KGW; Stern's Newsreel, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
9:00—Night Editor, KPO, KGW; News, KOMO; Holden and Orch., KGO, KJR.  
9:30—Ravazza's Orch., KPO, KGW; 10:00—Harpis's Orch., KGO, KJR; KEX; Goodman's Orch., KNX; Reporter, KPO, KGW.  
10:30—Martin's Orch., KGO; Richards' Orch., KNX, KOIN.  
11:00—News, KGO; Nottingham's

## Radio Highlights

**Monday**  
8:00—Forecast, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Dr. Quiz, KPO, KGW; Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
8:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR; Grant Park Concert, KPO, KGW.  
9:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Reflections, KGO; Lombardo's Orch., KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
9:30—Democratic Convention, KPO, KGW, KNX, KSL, KOIN, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
10:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW; Heatherton Orch., KGO.  
10:30—Washington Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; Smoking Time, KNX, KSL, KOIN.  
11:00—Passing Parade, KGO; Dance Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; The American Challenge, KPO.  
11:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Dance Orch., KEX, KJR.  
9:00—Little Or' Hollywood, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Classics for Today, KPO, KGW.  
9:30—Carlyn's Orch., KGO, KEX; Richard's Orch., KNX; Friml, KPO, KGW.  
10:00—Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.  
10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO; Duchin's Orch., KGO, KEX; Camera Club, KSL, KNX, KOIN.  
11:00—Study's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Songs, KOIN, KSL; News, KGO, KGW.  
You'll enjoy the Fresh Sea Foods from Holly's, 125 E. Sixth.

## Radio Highlights

**By Associated Press**  
(Time is Pacific Standard)  
For Sunday the schedule is:  
WEAF-NBC—1:30 Commentators Round-table, WJZ-NBC—2:15 Delegate interviews, WABC-CBS—3:15 Sen. Burton K. Wheeler; 6:30 Sen. James F. Byrnes and Postmaster General Farley, MBS—4 American forum, commentators on the convention.  
In starting convention broadcasts on Monday, the networks plan to make their pickups accord with important developments. The first session, with Postmaster General Farley presiding, is expected to go on the air at approximately 9:15 a.m.  
As this column had indicated previously, Niles Trammell is the new NBC president, to succeed Major Lenox R. Lohr. Trammell takes over his duties immediately, stepping up from executive vice president. Although the network's third president, actually he is the first to assume the post after career which has been basically radio.  
Sunday brings: Europe including convention, subject to change—NBC 4, 5 a.m., 3, 8 p.m.; CBS 5 a.m., 3, 4:55, 7 p.m.; WEAF NBC 11:45 a.m. MBS 3:30.

## Novelist Sails

Stockholm, July 13.—(AP)—The Scandinavian wireless announced today that Sigrid Undset, the novelist, who fled Norway after the German invasion, would leave Stockholm Saturday for the United States to take up residence. One of her three sons fell in the fighting in Norway.  
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

## BAXTER ASSIGNED OREGON BISHOPRY

San Francisco, July 13.—(AP)—Bishop-elect Bruce R. Baxter of Salem, Ore., was assigned to the Portland area of the Methodist church today by the report of the committee on episcopacy of the western jurisdictional conference.  
Bishop James C. Baker was returned to Los Angeles, and

## Bishop Wilbur E. Hammaker to Denver.

Dr. Baxter, president of Willamette University at Salem, will be consecrated bishop here Sunday, the first time in 36 years a Methodist Bishop has been consecrated on the Pacific coast. He is under mandate to attend general board meetings of the church in Chicago, July 22 to 29.  
Tillamook, Ore., July 13.—(AP)—Four boats out on a scouting trip came home with a ton each of albacore tuna, the first commercial landings this year on Tillamook bay.

## SHAVING AUDIENCE

**by GUYAS WILLIAMS**

LATHERS FACE UNEASILY AWARE THAT JUNIOR HAS COME IN TO WATCH HIM SHAVE

SIGHS WITH RELIEF AS JUNIOR GOES OUT AGAIN. STARTS SHAVING BRISKLY

BECOMES AWARE, FROM A JOGGLE OF HIS ELBOW, THAT JUNIOR IS BACK WITH A STOOL TO SEE BETTER

GETS ALONG AS BEST HE CAN, UNTIL JUNIOR CLIMBS UP TO SEE WHAT DADDY LOOKS LIKE IN MIRROR AND OBSCURES THE VIEW

MAKES HIM GET DOWN AND IS GRATIFIED HOW QUIET HE IS

FINDS THAT REASON FOR HIS BEING STILL IS THAT BRUSH AND LATHERING HIS FACE

FINISHES HIM OUT AND RETURNS TO BATHROOM, LEAVING DOOR OPEN

LATHER HAS NOW DRIED ON HIS FACE, BUT CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, BECAUSE JUNIOR STILL HAS BRUSH. SHAVES UNHAPPILY

## MANDARIN FRAUD

John Jacob Astor, eager to clear his ship, the "Beaver," from New York harbor for the Northwest and Orient, in 1809, was annoyed to find an embargo prevented his sailing. So he petitioned President Jefferson for special permission to carry home to Canton a great Chinese mandarin, as a gesture of international good will.  
Astor enlisted the aid of a Chinese coolie dock worker, dressed him up as a mandarin, secured the presidential permit and sailed before the fraud was detected! As a result of this coup, Astor returned to New York with a profit of \$200,000.  
MONDAY: Biggest Tree House.

## THE WORD "TYPEWRITER" CAN BE WRITTEN ON THE TOP KEY ROW ALONE OF A TYPEWRITER...

7-15

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

**by JOHN HIX**

THE FIRST MILK BOTTLES-- RESEMBLED CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES! COWS AND BOTTLES WERE NUMBERED SO CUSTOMERS RECEIVED MILK FROM THE SAME COW DAILY... (Sweet-Clover Farm, Sharon, Conn., 1878)

DUMMY TANKS-- WERE USED BY THE ALLIES IN WORLD WAR I-- TO DRAW ENEMY FIRE!

THE WORD "TYPEWRITER" CAN BE WRITTEN ON THE TOP KEY ROW ALONE OF A TYPEWRITER...

A CHINESE COOLIE-- WAS DRESSED AS A MANDARIN AND ESCORTED WITH HONOR OUT OF NEW YORK ON THE SHIP "BEAVER" BY JOHN JACOB ASTOR-- TO CIRCUMVENT THE EMBARGO OF 1809!

## TAILSPIN TOMMY A Desperate Plan!

**By HAL FORREST**

BERRANDO'S ALL WASHED UP, BUT THERE'S A LOT OF HIS HENCHMEN OUTSIDE, WHO MAY HAVE HEARD MY SHOT!

THERE'S A RADIO GOING SET IN THE NEXT ROOM! WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO CALL FOR HELP...

SWELL!... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

I'M GOING TO TRY AND CONTACT BERRANDO'S MEN'S CRUISE AROUND ABOUT THIS ADDBE. MY GUN AND GUARD THE DOOR!

OUTSIDE THE ADDBE... COME ON, YOU GUYS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED IN THERE! LET'S CRASH TH' DOOR!

TOMMY! OH, I KNEW YOU'D COME!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Now Go On With The Story!

**By EDWIN ALGER**

THIS IS THE STORY OF BEN WEBSTER AND HIS INSEPARABLE AND EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION, BRIAR, A NOBLE AIREDELE--

ORPHANED IN BABYHOOD, BEN HAS HAD A REAL STRUGGLE IN LIFE-- AND NOW, IN BOYHOOD, FATE HAS DEALT HIM AN EXTRA HEAVY BLOW!

HE AND ANOTHER YOUNGSTER, RED-HAIRED, FRECKLE-FACED, GOOD-NATURED RUSTY MCGURK, HAVE SEEN A LITTLE REAL-ESTATE SUBDIVISION, WHICH THEY WERE TRYING TO DEVELOP, VIRTUALLY WIPED OUT BY A TORNADO!

SEPARATED FROM EACH OTHER DURING THE STORM, RUSTY HAS MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED-- THE ONLY CLUE BEN HAS BEEN ABLE TO GET WAS FROM A TERRIFIED RESIDENT WHO, WHEN THE WIND HAD ABATED, GLANCED OUT OF A CELLAR WINDOW AND SAW RUSTY WALK UNCONCERNEDLY TOWARD THE HIGHWAY-- THERE HE HITCH-HIKED A RIDE ON A TRUCK BOUND IN THE DIRECTION OF THE CITY--

KNOWING THAT RUSTY NEVER FLINCHED AT DANGER, BEN CANNOT ACCOUNT FOR THE SEEMING DESERTION OF HIS PAL.

THE WHOLE THING IS A RIDDLE BUT BEN, WITH ONLY TWENTY DOLLARS TO HIS NAME, HAS MADE UP HIS MIND TO SOLVE IT!

OUR STORY OPENS WITH BEN AND BRIAR LEAVING THE WRECKED AND RUINED HAPPY VALLEY WITH ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN MIND, TO FIND RUSTY MCGURK!

## THE NEBBS—Everything O. K.

**By SOL HESS**

AT LAST THE POWER PILL BUSINESS IS RESUMED-- LET US HOPE THE ROAD TO FORTUNE HAS NO MORE DETOURS

NOW I'LL GET LETTERS OUT AND PHONE SOME OF THE BIG CUSTOMERS TELLING THEM WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS!

NO MR. NEBB, I'M NOT INTERESTED UNLESS I CAN GET A CONTRACT ASSURING ME OF DELIVERY. I CAN'T SPEND MONEY SELLING A PRODUCT THAT'S CONTINGENT ON THE SOCIAL STATUS OF THE PRODUCERS!

THAT'S ALL INTO THE DISCARD NOW, WE'LL MAKE QUICK DELIVERIES... I'LL GIVE YOU A CONTRACT IF YOU WANT IT, BUT THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER FIGHT HERE-- AT LEAST UNTIL WE CAN AFFORD IT.

## JUNE SET RECORD RETURN TO WORK

Salem, July 13. —(AP)— All records of the Oregon State Employment service since its establishment five years ago were broken in June when 30,670 new jobs were reported supplied through the 21 field offices, Director L. C. Stoll announced today.

Only 18,677 such jobs were found in June, 1939.

The service's file of persons available for employment dropped from 43,072 on June 1 to 40,229 on July 1, Stoll said. The Portland office had 22,792 names on file on the latter date.

Casual placements, principally of seasonal farm labor, advanced to 24,782 last month, another all-time high mark and a gain of 170 per cent over June last year.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.