

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY When the Colonel questions her, Kay keeps silent about seeing Sandra in Jess's arms, as Julia wished. The Colonel stops the investigation when he learns that Jeff and Sandra have run off.

Chapter 20 Lunch Date

"JUST a minute sir," said Adam. "It's possible there's another explanation for this thing."

Colonel Pennant stopped, scowled. "What do you mean, another explanation?"

"The murder investigation," Adam reminded him gently.

The colonel was shocked out of his anger.

"I don't know what you mean," he protested. But he did. An expression of uneasiness crept over his face. He started to go on, glanced uncertainly from Julia to Adam and said, "That's all for you girls for the present."

They were deliberately silent until he had left the room.

"That's done it," said Julia, as soon as the door of her room had closed behind us, and burst into tears.

I let her cry, her sobs muffled in the pillow, until she had exhausted herself. Then, closing the door softly behind me, I tiptoed down the hall to the bathroom, coming back with a wet washcloth and a towel for Julia when one of the doors along the corridor opened and Mimi, freshly dressed for the day, came out.

"Oh, hello, Kay," she said. "I didn't know you were here. I've slept outrageously late this morning, but we were up until all hours last night. What's going on?"

Colonel Pennant and Adam have been questioning us," I said, hoping she would let it go at that. I did not want to tell about Sandra again—I wanted to get back to Julia.

Colonel Pennant's voice at the foot of the stairs provided a welcome distraction.

"Is that you, Mimi? Will you come down here, please?"

"Right away," she called back. "You'll stay and have dinner with us, won't you, Kay? It's dinner on Sundays, you know. And I'm afraid it's quite soon. Cora has the afternoon off."

I thought of Julia's tear-swollen face and of the uncomfortable curiosity of families. I made up my mind quickly.

"I've asked Julia to have dinner with me somewhere—we thought we'd like to go to Fieldstone Inn if I can borrow a car."

"Take mine," she said, as I had hoped she would. Fieldstone Inn is an ultra-respectable roadhouse on the Chicago road. I thought she looked surprised, but not suspicious. "Where is Julia?"

"In her room. Thanks for the car—you're sure you won't be wanting it this afternoon?"

"No. Stay as long as you like. Only be back before dark. These roads around here are not safe."

It was in my mind that she did a good bit of driving after dark herself, but of course I did not say so. I watched her start downstairs and thought that, for all her careful grooming, she looked her age a little more this morning. Which might be merely the result of loss of sleep.

Julia was sitting on the side of the bed staring at the floor when I came in. I gave her the damp cloth and, while she scrubbed her face, told her about our lunch date.

Nostalgia

"SWELL," she said huskily. "Now I won't have to keep to my room and answer dumb questions. I wouldn't want them to know about this, they're so thick—why Mimi has promoted this marriage as if her life depended on it. Not, she added with instinctive fairness, that she could have brought it off without their cooperation. I'm not fool enough to blame her."

While she made herself presentable, and while we drove the ten miles to Fieldstone Inn I encouraged her to talk about them—about Jeff and Sandra, and about Mimi. I learned much that had been vague in my mind before, perhaps more than Julia knew she was telling me. More, certainly, than I had sense enough to recognize until later, when I began putting the pieces together.

There was only one thing she omitted, and I don't know whether she simply didn't think of it, or whether she kept silent from a sense of loyalty to her father and Mimi. For it was not until a long time later that I learned about Mimi—where Colonel Pennant met her, and how he came to marry her. And that piece of information was to make clear much that puzzled me.

She talked now wistfully, with nostalgia, of the years just concluded at West Point. Colonel Pennant on duty at the post, Jeff a cadet, Mimi a bride; Julia at home week ends and vacations from boarding school.

I had been there one never-to-be-forgotten June Week the year Charlie graduated; but I had not known Julia then. It was a strange feeling to remember that week—the hops, the parades, the baseball games, the horse shows. High-

hearted days through which I had moved with Charlie beside me. And to know now that near me, crossing my path again and again, part of that glittering pageant, had moved Julia, with Jeff by her side; to know that I had walked past the old brick quarters that faced up the Hudson, had probably read the neatly lettered sign, L. I. COLPENNANT, on the doorstep—the quarters where Mimi had come as a bride, where Jeff had lived every moment of his free time during his first three years at the academy, until after his first-class summer, when Sandra had come to the Pennants for a visit and Julia had lost him to her.

Julia took me inside those quarters now, showed me a homesick, scared plebe dodging into them like a spent fox to cover; resting awhile, not saying much, gathering courage to go forth again.

"It's never forgotten," she said. "I brought three girls home from school and we had a party every night. The plebes aren't permitted to leave, you know, and they try to make up for all the fun they've been missing. Every time we turned around, we ran into a mob of them. Those girls went to town, I'm telling you. Even Mimi had herself a time. She was twenty-eight or nine, but she didn't look much older than the rest of us. I was fifteen, and they let me have some slinky clothes. There was one black satin evening dress that was a skirt and a prayer that I practically wept for when I saw it and Mimi said, 'Let her have it—there's a moment that comes once in a lifetime.'"

"Only Me"

"WHERE was Sandra then?"

"In Texas, with Jeff's mother and father. Mrs. Tack died the following summer, and Colonel Tack had a nervous breakdown and was nearly a year in the hospital. So Jeff had no home to go to the next Christmas, and spent his Furlo with three other cadets on a cattle boat that went to South America. I think his father turned against him. You know how nervous breakdowns are. Jeff never spoke of it, but I know he never went home, except for his mother's funeral; not even after Colonel Tack was retired and he and Sandra took an apartment in San Antonio."

"So he didn't see her either during that time?"

"Not until his first-class summer. Colonel Tack never got completely well—his heart gave out. Sandra stayed with him until he died, and then she did what she had always wanted to do—came to New York to study acting. And in a weak moment we invited her to West Point."

Jeff had never had any girl but Julia. Had never, apparently, looked at anyone else. They were both growing up, and what had started as a natural companionship based on childhood association, was heading apparently toward one of those early marriages that often turn out so well. Julia, at least, never doubted that they would be married in the chapel on his graduation day.

"Why, everyone knew he was mine," she told me, clenching her hands on the wheel and staring desperately at the road. "There were week ends when I couldn't get home—Mimi was set on my finishing school—but he never even took a blind drag. He'd spend the evening with Dad and Mimi, or maybe he'd take Mimi to the hop or the movies. He liked Mimi—thought she was cute. For a while he used to call her 'Mom,' just to tease her, but she didn't take it very well, so he quit. You might not think so, but Jeff's very sensitive to people's feelings. He can't bear to hurt anyone. Only—only me."

She stilled the quivering of her lips and turned the car carefully between the stone pillars that guard the entrance to Fieldstone Inn.

"I don't want anything to eat, but I expect you do," she said when she had parked.

I ordered for her, nevertheless, and watched her make a small meal without, I was sure, knowing what she put in her mouth.

The place was not unduly crowded, and I had chosen an isolated table. I talked a bit while she ate, told her about Charlie and the girl he had fallen in love with, and that it didn't hurt any longer. I brought out all the familiar platitudes about fish in the sea and a hundred years from now. She listened and tried to take some comfort from it. But when I finished she silenced me completely.

"You can lose a hand," she said quietly, spreading her ringless fingers and looking at them as if she had never seen them before. "And after a while the stump will quit hurting, I suppose. But you can never find another hand that will take the place of that hand or be just as good. And besides, there's Jeff to think about. She'll make him unhappy. I know she will. She's such a devil."

It was said so dispassionately that my flesh crawled. But in my heart I agreed with her. After all she had told me, my instinct cried foul play. But how, and by whom, I could only surmise.

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, 590, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KXN, 1050, Los Angeles; KOA, 530, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO 930 Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Wednesday, 5:00—Summer Show, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Green Hornet, KGO, KJR, KEX. 5:30—Shield's Encore Music, KGO, KJR; Ricardo, KPO; Lewishorn Concert, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 6:00—Rose and Her Guitar, KGO; Kyser's Priz, KPO; KOW; Boxing Bout, KEX, KJR; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN. 6:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR. 7:00—Joy's Orch., KGO; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 7:30—Drama, KGO, KEX, KJR; Plantation Party, KPO; KOW; Dr. Christian, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 8:00—Hour of Smiles, KPO, KOW; Adventures of Mr. Meek, KNX, KSL, KOIN. 8:30—Drama, KEX; Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOW; Baseball, KGO; Question Box, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Martin's Orch., KPO. 9:30—Stanford Univ., KPO, KOW. 10:00—Goodman's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KOW. 10:30—King's Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KOW.

10:30—King's Orch., KOIN, KNX; Duchin's Orch., KPO, KOW; Sudy's Orch., KEX.

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

Thursday, 5:00—Singin' and Swingin', KGO, KEX, KJR; Music Hall, KPO, KOW; Major Bowes, KNX, KOIN, KSL. 5:30—News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Concert, KPO, KOW. 7:00—Fred Waring, KPO, KOW; Amos and Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kinsey's Orch., KGO, KJR. 7:30—Dorsey's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ask-It-Basket, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Good News of 1940, KGO, KOW. 8:00—Strange as It Seems, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Aldrich Family, KPO, KOW; News, KEX. 8:30—Symphony Hour, KPO, KOW; Herbeck's Orch., KSL; Answer Auction, KNX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KGO. 9:00—Paul Sullivan, KSL, KNX, KOIN. 9:30—Hamilton's Orch., KPO, KOW; Goodman's Orch., KOIN. 10:00—Reporter, KPO, KOW; Goodman's Orch., KNX. 10:30—Safety First, KPO; Harpa's Orch., KOW; Richard's Orch., KSL, KNX, KOIN; Priml, KEX. 11:00—Owen's Orch., KPO; This Moving World, KEX; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN; News, KOW, KNX, KGO.

DIES PROBERS TOLD REDS WOULD DICTATE WAR POLICY OF U. S.

Beaumont, Texas, July 17.—(AP)—The Dies committee was told that the Communist party is seeking to dictate the war policy of the United States, and as a means to this end could paralyze overnight all west coast shipping and communication.

The informant was John L. Leech of Portland, Ore., recently employed by the commission of public docks there.

Leech, whose testimony involved a number of California and federal government officers, said that during the past seven or eight years all important west coast strikes were engineered and carried out by the Communist party.

Asked by Dies why communists concentrated on shipping and communications, Leech said they wanted to gain control in an effort to dictate the war policy of this government so that no attack could be made

on the Soviet Union or its allies.

France To Ape Nazi Vichy, July 17.—(AP)—The new authoritarian France will train its youth to build health and morals from infancy along lines already proved successful in Nazi Germany, Jean Ybarnegary, minister of family and health, announced today.

Portland, July 17.—(AP)—War preparedness will have a "profound effect" on social organizations and customs, Dr. William F. Ogburn, University of Chicago sociologist, told the Institute of Northwest Affairs.

QUEZON FAVORS NEW DEMOCRACY

Manila, July 17.—(AP)—Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippine Islands' Commonwealth, told a graduating class of the University of the Philippines that he favored a "new type of democracy" wherein individual liberties are curtailed and the two party system is abandoned.

Quezon said inefficiency in government is due to party politics and party opposition causes delay in execution of necessary reforms. He urged curtailment of individual liberties in the interests of the common good.

Reds Divide Lands

Moscow, July 17.—(AP)—Monastery lands are being distributed to landless peasants in Bessarabia, former Rumanian territory, the Soviet radio announced today. The Red army marched into Bessarabia June 28th.

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY One of medicine's most effective weapons against infectious diseases—the fever machine—came into being entirely by accident. Men working near an experimental high-power short-wave radio transmitter complained of headaches and general physical depression. An examination showed they were suffering from fever caused by high-frequency radiations. Coincidentally, a Viennese physician found that general paresis could be cured by creating fever through malaria inoculation. High-frequency fever was substituted. Tomorrow: 21 Years to Write a Book!

LINGERING GOOD-NIGHT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AFTER CONSIDERABLE EFFORT ON PARENTS' PART, GUY'S STARTED UPSTAIRS TO BED

COMES DOWN AGAIN IMMEDIATELY, ANNOUNCING SHE NEVER KISSED DADDY GOOD-NIGHT

KISSES HIM LONG AND LINGERINGLY

KISSES MOTHER AGAIN FOR GOOD MEASURE AND GOES UP

COMES DOWN AGAIN AND BECOMES TO MOTHER FROM DOORWAY, WHISPERS SHOULD SHE KISS UNCLE WILBERT

COMES IN AND KISSES UNCLE WILBERT GOOD-NIGHT AND GOES UP AGAIN

TROYS DOWN ALMOST AT ONCE TO SAY GOOD-NIGHT TO SANDY IN THE HALL

GOES UP, PAUSING ON THE STAIRS TO ASK HADN'T SHE BETTER KISS THEM GOOD-NIGHT ALL OVER AGAIN. HEARS FATHER'S REPLY AND GOES HASTILY UP

TAILSPIN TOMMY And if Skeeter Crashes... What Then?

TRAPPED IN THE ADOBE WITH BETTY-LOU, TOMMY MANAGED TO RADIO A CALL FOR HELP TO SKEETER JUST BEFORE ONE OF BERARDO'S MEN RIPPED THE AERIAL AND—SKEETER—HIGH IN THE SKY GOT THE CALL!

GOLLY! TOM SAID THAT COME WAS UNDER AN INSTRUMENT BOARD OF THE FRONT PIT... BUT HOWM I GONNA GET INTO THAT FRONT PIT WITHOUT RISKIN' A SPIN??

"I don't want anything to eat, but I expect you do," she said when she had parked.

I ordered for her, nevertheless, and watched her make a small meal without, I was sure, knowing what she put in her mouth.

The place was not unduly crowded, and I had chosen an isolated table. I talked a bit while she ate, told her about Charlie and the girl he had fallen in love with, and that it didn't hurt any longer. I brought out all the familiar platitudes about fish in the sea and a hundred years from now. She listened and tried to take some comfort from it. But when I finished she silenced me completely.

"You can lose a hand," she said quietly, spreading her ringless fingers and looking at them as if she had never seen them before. "And after a while the stump will quit hurting, I suppose. But you can never find another hand that will take the place of that hand or be just as good. And besides, there's Jeff to think about. She'll make him unhappy. I know she will. She's such a devil."

It was said so dispassionately that my flesh crawled. But in my heart I agreed with her. After all she had told me, my instinct cried foul play. But how, and by whom, I could only surmise.

To be continued

MESSE—IF I SET MY STABILIZER BACK FAR ENOUGH... AN... NOT WIGGLE TOO MUCH... I MIGHT MAKE IT. B-BEFORE THIS SHIP S-STARTS TO S-SPIN...

AND... BELOW... OUTSIDE THE ADOBE...

OKAY... I... PULLED DOWN THE AERIAL LIKE YOU SAID! NOW WHAT?

NOW WE GO... WE BOTTLED UP! GRAB A LOG... WE'LL CRASH TH' DOOR!

ONCE MORE, SELLERS! THE NEXT JOLT OUGHTA BREAK IN THAT DOOR!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Mr. Pickens' Prescription!

ELIZABETH HERE IS THE DRINKINEST CRITTER! STRICTLY TEMPERANCE, THOUGH!

SHUCKS, SON, PERK UP! NOW THAT YOU'VE TOLD ME YOUR HULL STORY, I'LL AGREE YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF BAD LUCK, BUT I FIGGER YOU'LL—

—FIND YOUR MISSIN' FRIEND AN' GIT YOURSELF A JOB, TOO! YOU LOOK LIKE A WORKER TIME!

I AM, MR. PICKENS—

HECK THEN! WHEN YOUR LUCK'S BEEN ALL BAD, THEY'S ONLY ONE WAY IT KIN TURN AN' THAT'S GOOD! HARD WORK AN' ELBOW GREASE'LL DO THE TRICK!

THE NEBBS—Bad News

THE POWER ALL BUSINESS IS NOW IN FULL SWING WITH DEALERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY CLAMORING FOR DELIVERIES.

ISN'T IT NICE TO BE BACK, DARLING? IT'S BEEN A LESSON TO ME

YES, DEAR, IT'S NICE TO HAVE A TOWEL ALL TO YOURSELF... NOT TO HAVE TO LOOK IT OVER FOR A PLACE THAT'S BEEN MISSED A FEW TIMES

WOULDN'T IT BE A NICE GESTURE TO HAVE THE FOLKS OVER FOR DINNER? YOU KNOW THEY TOOK US IN

IF IT WILL MAKE YOU HAPPY IT IS MY WILL, MY HEAVEN GIRL

OH, I GUESS I CAN TAKE IT. BUT WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT SUCH A GORGEOUS FLOWER COULD HAVE GROWN UP THROUGH SUCH A MESS OF WEEDS?

DEAD PILOT TAKEN FROM WILDERNESS

Missoula, Mont., July 17.—(AP)—A dead pilot and his injured companion, victims in the crash of their plane while flying provisions to wilderness-isolated forest fire fighters, were carried by pack horse today to Shearer, Idaho, small civilization outpost west of the Bitter Root Mountains.

Dr. J. P. Ohlmacher, of Missoula, who rode horseback to meet the rescue force at Cub Point lookout near the Idaho-Montana boundary, reported

that Dell Clabaugh of Missoula, the injured flier, had suffered fractured ribs and possible internal injuries.

Strike Settled

Juneau, Alaska, July 17.—(AP)—The fisheries bureau was notified today the strike in the Kodiak area has been settled and that fishing will start at noon tomorrow. Conciliator John O'Connor went there several days ago.

Expand Flour Subsidy

Washington, July 17.—(AP)—The agriculture department has announced expansion of its flour export program to provide for payment of subsidies on shipments of flour from all parts of the continental United States to other countries in the western hemisphere.

By SOL HESS