

Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON

YESTERDAY: Sandra tells Adam that Ivan was a highborn Russian smuggler out of Russia during the revolution by despoiling servants. She becomes agitated when Adam mentions the possibility of spies.

Chapter 24

Goodby Kiss

"When are you leaving?" "Tomorrow morning—as soon after the corner's inquest as it can be arranged. The body is at a mortician's in town. There will be a brief formal inquest—murder by person or persons unknown. The usual thing."

"Oh! I'd forgotten about the inquest—do we all have to be there?" "No, just Gerald and I, to describe the finding of the body. Colonel Pennant has arranged that you girls won't be called, except possibly Sandra, who may have to identify the body. These things are only a formality. You won't need to attend unless you want to."

"I don't," I shivered. "I didn't suppose you would. It's scheduled for 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. I expect to get a train out before noon."

"I'd like to go with you," I said, and surprised a quickly veiled gleam in his eyes.

"I'm afraid Ivan would make neither a pleasant nor an adequate chaperon," he said lightly. "At least as far as Chicago."

"I continued, as if that were what I had meant all along. 'It's time I was terminating my visit here, as you so aptly suggested last night.'"

"Please don't. Don't terminate it; and don't remind me of that. I was not myself last night—now get insulted about that, too, if you must. But you know it's true. I think you must like me or you wouldn't continually try to put me in the wrong. And I particularly want you to stay until I get back—I'd like you to keep an eye on Sandra. Cultivate her, see if you can get her to talk. She'll be right here in the building. You may stumble onto something. I have a strong hunch that she's not telling all she knows."

"I thought, she isn't the only one. A feeling of helplessness descended on me, and with it an impulse to tell Adam all I knew. I was getting too tangled up in this thing. Why should I let a new loyalty to Julia make me forget that Adam was my friend here—the only one on the post who really mattered?"

"It isn't easy to jump right into an acknowledgment that you're holding out on someone you like. I cast about in my mind for ways of leading up to it gradually, but the little moment of intimacy was already gone. Adam was deep in his problem again and the eyes he was turned on mine were veiled by abstraction. He did not see the words trembling on my lips. And he took my silence for consent."

"I'll try to be back by Wednesday," he said. "If I'm detained I'll let you know. Promise you'll not go out alone at night. Use my car, by all means, but take someone along. And be back here by dark."

I promised, and he went off to communicate with Colonel Pennant, to arrange about leave and to pack his grip. I know he had not thought of the possible danger to me beyond the covered by his admonitions. He has told me that nothing of the kind even occurred to him. Certainly it did not to me. I did not want him to go. Not because I was afraid, but because I would be lonely without him.

Secret Rapping

I SAT down with the play and I read it through—or as nearly through as natural boredom permitted. It was an ambitious project, having as its theme nothing less than the restoration of the Romanovs to the throne of all the Russias. Young Alexis, the tsarevitch, like Ivan, had been smuggled out of the country. At a time which appeared to be the near future, his loyal supporters overthrow the Soviet Union to the accompaniment of loud bombings and impassioned speeches.

I saw Adam again at cold supper in the mess hall, when I gave him back the play with a brief comment that seemed to please him. He ate hurriedly and left before the rest of us were through.

I was alone in my room, trying to read, when he came in about ten o'clock. I dropped the book I was holding and smiled, in the foolish hope that he would not notice my eyes were red. He closed the door behind him, looked at me for a moment without saying anything, then put a hand on each of my shoulders. "I'll be as busy as a boy killing snakes in the morning," he said lightly. "I may not see you."

His hands were holding me, but they did not draw me into his arms. His eyes were luminous and very tender. He bent down and kissed me on the lips.

"Are you yourself now?" I asked as soon as I could. "Very much so." His hands tightened a little and he shook me lightly, affectionately. "Take care

of yourself. And I want you right here when I get back."

He was gone so quickly that I had no time even to say goodby. It must have been about midnight that I heard the light, secret rapping on my door, as if whoever was there wanted to attract as little attention as possible. My room was dark. I had been lying there, smoking and thinking, for about an hour. Sleep was still far from me.

It did not occur to me to be frightened. I turned on a bedside light, went through the sitting room and opened the corridor door.

Sandra slipped in. She had on a terry cloth robe over her nightgown. It slid down for an instant to reveal a red mark on her shoulder—a mark that might have been made by an ungentle hand.

She saw the direction of my gaze and caught the robe together. Her face looked white and still.

"May I stay with you tonight?" she asked bluntly. "I know you have twin beds. I could ask Felicia for another room, but I don't want her to know. I trust you."

"What could I say? She volunteered no explanation and I certainly could not ask for one. I led her into the bedroom and watched while she turned down the vacant bed and got into it, facing away from me. Then I turned out the light and lay down, respecting her silence, but passionately resenting the invasion of my privacy. My thoughts had been company enough without the intrusion of this alien, uncomfortable presence. I could not sleep. And though she lay quiet, not turning, breathing evenly, I knew that she was awake. And as the night wore on I could feel her thoughts, too, a dark and dreadful company, between us in the room.

Offer of Help

I MUST have slept through morning, for I roused at the sound of the reveille gun. It woke Sandra, too, if she had been asleep at all. I heard her stirring, heard the bed springs creak when they were released from her weight. She was trying to be quiet, so I did not open my eyes or let on that I heard her; and presently I knew by the slight click of the closing door that she had gone.

I got up, then and showered and dressed. It was too early for breakfast, so I solaced my hollow stomach with cigarettes and settled down to my typewriter until I heard sounds from the kitchen.

The mess hall was empty when I went in—it was still early. I breakfasted hurriedly and escaped before the crowd. My brain was seething with plots and characters and I wanted no distraction.

Sandra came to my room about eleven-thirty. She had just returned from the inquest. He did not thank me for letting her stay with me, but still with that reserve which made no explanation and forbade questioning.

I asked her about the inquest. It had been much as Adam predicted—formal identification of the body, medical testimony, a brief account by Adam of the beach party and the finding of the body. Verdict of murder by person or persons unknown.

And Adam, with his grim companion, had started on their journey.

Sandra looked tired and rather cold, as one might who has closed a chapter in her life forever and not thought of the future. I remembered that Adam wanted me to cultivate her, so when she rose to go I stopped her.

"Stay and have a cigarette with me. I'm ready for a recess!" "What are you doing?" she asked curiously, leaning over my shoulder at the half-finished sheet of white paper.

"Copying a story I finished this morning. It's been hanging around for a couple of weeks—I want to send it off today."

"Oh, I see you write it first on this yellow paper, then you save to copy it. I thought writers just wrote."

"Maybe some of them do. I always have to make a lot of changes."

"Then I suppose when you get it all down, you have to read it over to make sure you've made no mistakes. Maybe I could do that for you—would it be any help?"

I wondered if she really wanted to help or if it was only an excuse to read the story. Some people are funny that way. I publish under a pen name because pulp stuff is pretty sticky, and I cherish the illusion that one day I'll write something good.

"You're welcome to read it if you want to, but it's already been proofread—I usually do that as soon as I finish a page. It's less monotonous that way."

"Oh, I didn't mean—I wouldn't want you to think I was just curious. I really thought I might help. You see, I haven't a thing in the world to occupy my mind."

"Thank you for the offer. If I need any help I'll let you know."

She took that for dismissal and moved toward the door. But she did not go. There was something on her mind.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

Where to Find Them on the Dial: KEN, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGO, 790, San Francisco; KJW, 130, 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.

Monday

8:00—Forecast, KSL, KNX, KOIN; Quiz Program, KPO, KGW, Green Hornet, KGO, KEX, KJR.

8:30—Martin's Music, KGO, KJR, KEX; Grant Park Concert, KPO, KGW.

9:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardi's, KSL, KOIN, KSL.

9:30—Burns and Allen, KPO, KGW; Blondie, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

10:00—News, KEX; Hour, KPO, KGW; Ricardo, KGO; Lombardi's, KSL, KOIN, KSL.

10:30—Merry-Go-Round, KGO, KEX, KJR; Where and When, KPO, KGW; News, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

11:00—Pastor's Prayer, KGO; Dance, KSL, KOIN; The American Challenge, KPO.

11:30—Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW; King's Orch., KOIN, KSL, KNX; Dance, KEX, KJR.

12:00—Live "O" Hollywood, KEX; Paul Sullivan, KSL, KOIN; Classics for Today, KPO, KGW.

1:30—Dance, KGO, KEX; Prim, KPO, KGW; News, KJR, KOIN; Jurgens' Orch., KNX, KSL; Reporter, KPO, KGW; Martin's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.

10:30—Music by Woodbury, KPO, KGW; Duchin's Orch., KGO, KEX; Camera Club, KSL, KNX, KOIN.

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

Tuesday, 8:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX; Helen Menken, KNX, Sports, KSL, News, KOIN.

8:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN; Musical Review, KPO, KGW; Revisors, KGO; Court of Missing Heirs, KNX.

9:00—News, KEX; Dorsey's Orch., KPO; Alamo Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

9:30—Public Affairs, KNX, KSL, KOIN; News Conference, KGO.

10:00—Amos and Andy, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Information Please, KGO; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.

10:30—Lanny Ross, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Morgan's Orch., KGO; Exposition Speaks, KPO.

11:00—Breese's Orch., KGO; Johnny Presents, KPO, KJR, KGW; Dance, KEX, KSL, KOIN.

11:30—We, the People, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Musical Americana, KPO, KJR, KGW; Sports, KGO.

12:00—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Prof. Quiz, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Baseball, KEX.

1:30—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Kinney's Orch., KPO, KJR, KGW.

2:00—Agular's Orch., KNX, KOIN.

Prim, Jr. Orch., KGO; Treasure Chest, KPO.

10:00—News, KPO, KJR, KGW; Judge's Orch., KNX, KSL.

10:30—Young's Orch., KGO, KGA, KEX; Duchin's Orch., KPO, KGW; Garber's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.

11:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

11:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

12:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

12:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

1:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

1:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

2:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

2:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

3:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

3:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

4:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

4:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

5:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

5:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

6:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

6:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

7:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

7:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

8:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

8:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

9:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

9:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

10:00—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

10:30—Sudy's Orch., KPO; Busse's Orch., KSL, KOIN.

TWO STUDENT PILOTS CHOSEN TO RECEIVE ADVANCE TRAINING

Southern Oregon College of Education, Ashland, July 22.—(Sp)—Word has been received from Wiley R. Wright, senior flight specialist of the Civil Aeronautics Authority, that Kent Norman Ashcraft, of Ashland, and Harold J. Grow, of

Eagle Point, have been accepted for advanced training in the civilian pilot training program. Both were instructed to report to the Oregon Institute of Technology in Portland for the senior training at once.

The secondary flight course consists of 40 to 50 hours of dual and solo flight instruction over a period of approximately eight weeks. The ground school curriculum will include intensive coverage of such subjects as aerodynamics and aircraft, civil air regulations, engines, instruments, meteorology, navigation, parachutes, and radio aids and facilities.

Both men completed the primary course given jointly by the college, the Civil Aeronautics Authority, and Thomas Culbertson, flight operator, and were students of Mr. Culbertson.

Congo Inflexible Elizabethville, Belgian Congo, July 22.—(AP)—Governor General Pierre Ryckmans expressed in a broadcast today the "inflexible determination" of the Belgian Congo to stand by Britain "until victory is achieved" and Belgium is liberated.

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

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA-- HAS NEARLY 9000 POSSESSIONS TO DEFEND OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL U.S.!

Worry About Regalia Edinburgh, July 22.—(AP)—The officers of state responsible for care of the Scottish crown regalia met today for the first time in 110 years because of the "present emergency."

RUMORS HAVE BEEN AROUND SINCE THE NIGHT THE PERLEYS HAD TO GIVE UP GOING TO THE LECTURE THE WOMAN'S CLUB WAS SPONSORING, BECAUSE THEY COULDN'T GET THEIR CAR OUT ON ACCOUNT OF ANOTHER CAR BLOCKING THEIR DRIVEWAY, THAT FRED PERLEY HAD BEEN SEEN PUSHING THE STRANGER'S CAR ACROSS THE DRIVEWAY HIMSELF

Glass beads-- WERE WORN NEARLY 4000 YEARS AGO!

SIX SETS OF TWINS IN 12 YEARS-- WERE BORN TO MR. AND MRS. HARRY FIFIELD! - Putnam, Conn. -

A CHICKEN AND AN EGG-- WERE FOUND BY A MECHANIC IN THE DRIP PAN OF MRS. WARREN CARMACK'S AUTOMOBILE! - Houston, Texas -

U. S. POSSESSIONS "The sun never sets on the empire," originally applied to holdings of Spain, is true today of the United States, but not of Spain.

Included among 9,000 island possessions are more than 7,000 islands in the Philippines more than 1,180 in Alaska; three Virgin Islands; eight inhabited Hawaiian Islands; Tutuila; Guam; Puerto Rico; Midway and the Panama Canal Zone (virtually owned). Other smaller island possessions bring the total to around 9,000.

Tomorrow: Boiling Horses Prohibited!

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY Lane's Startling Proposal

CURTIS LANE, DIRECTOR OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE OF INDUSTRIES, IS OUTLINING A STUPENDOUS PLAN TO PAUL, A PLAN DESIGNED TO GET THE COURAGE OF TOMMY, SMETTER, AND BETTY LOU, AS YOU SHALL SOON SEE!

AMERICAN TRANSATLANTIC PLANES, AS WELL AS VESSELS UNDER OUR PRESENT NEUTRALITY LAWS CANNOT CARRY CONTRABAND CARGO...OR MAIL TO BELLIGERENT PORTS, BUT....

RECENTLY AN AGREEMENT WAS MADE BY ALL POWERS THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL COURT THAT MID-ATLANTIC SHALL BE CONSIDERED NEUTRAL TERRITORY AND RESPECTED AS SUCH BY ALL BELLIGERENT NATIONS....

I STILL DON'T SEE HOW???

VERY SIMPLE, PAUL! WE ANCHOR A SEADROME IN MID ATLANTIC... THE LEAGUE WILL FINANCE THE PROJECT... IF IT HAS THE ASSURANCE THAT AN AMERICAN AIRLINE WILL USE IT AS A BASE...

EXACTLY! PASSENGERS AND CARGO CONSIGNED TO BELLIGERENT EUROPEAN PORTS COULD BE FLOWED TO THIS SEADROME! THAT'S OUR RESPONSIBILITY ENDS!

AND FROM THERE ON... RESPONSIBILITY RESTS WITH THE BELLIGERENT CONSIGNERS! WOW! WHY A SET-UP? I'VE GOT TWO PILOT WHO WOULD LOVE THAT JOB!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER--The Attack!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BRIAR? OH, EXCUSE ME! THIS YOUR PRIVATE HOTEL?

NO, INDEED, WE'LL MAKE ROOM FOR YOU. CUT THE COMEDY! FORK OVER ANY DOUGH Y'GOT!

ALL THE MONEY BEN HAS TO HIS NAME IS A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL-- HE ACTS INSTANTLY!

GET HIM, BRIAR!

THE NEBBS--Why, Certainly

MR. NEBB, IT'S MIGHTY HARD TO INCREASE PRODUCTION IN THESE QUARTERS-- WE NEED MORE ROOM BADLY

OF COURSE, EMBERT! IF YOU'RE CRAMPED HERE WE'LL BUILD AN ADDITION

I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'M COMPLAINING BUT THE MORE ROOM WE HAVE TO PRODUCE THE MORE WE CAN PRODUCE AND THE MORE MONEY WE CAN MAKE

IT DON'T TAKE MUCH ARITHMETIC TO FIGURE THAT OUT... I'LL GET PLANS RIGHT AWAY... YOU'LL FIND THAT I NOT ONLY MEET OPPORTUNITY WHEN IT COMES BUT I GO LOOKING FOR IT!

YES SIR, YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE ROOM YOU NEED IF WE HAVE TO COVER THE WHOLE COUNTY WITH A ROOF... I'LL THROW OUT A WORM FOR A FISH-- WHY SHOULDN'T I THROW OUT A DOLLAR TO GET TEN?

PLANE PROVIDES APPELATE THRILL

Big Applegate, July 22.—(Sp)—Mild excitement was created in the Big Applegate section last week when Ezra Peyton of Medford landed a two-place Cub plane in the L. C. Offenbacher stubble field, taking off several times to take the citizenry for a ride. Mr. Peyton, known as "Tailspin,"

and formerly from Missouri, is the first pilot to land and take off in the community. He was accompanied here by Lee Port, Jr., both of whom are employed at the state forestry patrol headquarters near Medford.

The first passenger to ride was Mrs. Lee Port, who, experiencing her first flight, has expressed her desire to be a pilot. L. C. Offenbacher also accompanied the pilot on a short trip over the valley. The small red plane all but swooped into the neighbors' back doors in its friendly exhibition.

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