

# Casual Slaughters

By VIRGINIA HANSON  
Chapter 43  
Bugle Calls

"AT FIRST I thought the Randy child meant an automobile horn," Gerald went on. "I took her to a big automobile accessory shop and she listened to every horn in the house. She thought it was great sport, but it wasn't like any of those. The horn she heard was pretty, and played tunes."

"I began to see the possibilities. A school of music; an isolated teacher of wind instruments; or simply a crowded neighborhood where there was an amateur tooter. If I could find out what kind of horn it would narrow things down."

"We went to a music store. She listened to saxophones, flutes, clarinets, bass horns, and shook her head. The baby has a good ear, fortunately for us. I was about to give up in despair when a boy scout came in with his scoutmaster to buy a bugle. The boy played mess call on one he was trying out, and it clicked. It was not only the right horn, it was the right tune. She told me in great excitement. Now could she have the ice cream cone? Imagine a millionaire's child who doesn't get enough ice cream cones—pitiful, isn't it?"

I laughed, and after a moment he went on.

"I made her wait a bit, while the scoutmaster took the bugle and played taps. She knew that one, too. I'd about decided I was onto something, but to make sure I asked the scoutmaster if he knew 'The Roast Beef of Old England.' He'd heard it a few times on an English boat and said he'd have a try at it. He did—and the child said she didn't know that tune!"

"That clinched it, as far as I was concerned. He played half a dozen calls of the American army and she recognized them all. We had ice cream cones, then I took her home and was at some pains to discover that she had never visited on an army post, nor had any occasion to hear bugle calls. Then I asked her if, sometimes when the bugle was blowing, she had heard a big boom like a giant firecracker, and she said yes."

"Isn't it curious how people who have the use of their eyes forget the value of the other four senses? Almost every kidnaped person is kept blindfolded, and because they can't see they hear things their kidnapers never notice. There was the man who heard the mail plane going over every night."

He paused apologetically. "Sorry, I didn't mean to deliver a lecture. I just wanted to tell you what led me here. With the cooperation of the bootmakers and the knowledge and consent of Corps Area Headquarters, I've been traveling about from post to post in this vicinity snooping into matters which did not concern me, hoping to happen on something which did. I've ferreted out some interesting matters—here he paused with a grin chuckle—but nothing seemed pertinent until I ran into the stolen cars of Fort Michigan."

All Ears

"AND now I must go back a little and tell you another part of the story. I'm not tiring you!"

I assured him hurriedly that he was not tiring me, that I was all ears, and please to go on.

"I don't want you to get the idea that I'm handling this case alone. This was simply my angle of it, and in a sense I played in luck. But the rest of the organization is behind me, and because they are—it's rather like beating a rabbit out of the brush. No, not a rabbit. A tiger, or a jackal. The beaters were all behind it, and it came my way."

"The ransom bills were old and unmarked. But their serial numbers were taken, naturally. And early in August they began to filter in. A tremendous amount of routine work was done tracking each one down, usually to a harmless shop, or a prosperous, law-abiding citizen who was at a loss to account for his possession of a ransom note. From all over Chicago they began to come in, and at last we began to get a picture of the method."

"A few of the possessors claimed they had made change for a stranger in the elevated station. They differed in their descriptions of the stranger. One said it was a little old man, another an elderly woman. A third described a fat man, another a well-dressed young woman. Allowing for the possibilities of disguise, there must have been at least a couple, man and woman."

"The method was always the same. A prosperous-looking citizen—usually a man—would be accosted apologetically as he left the station—always a busy one—

with the story that the ticket seller had refused a twenty-dollar bill, and so on, with the prosperous citizen digging down in the jeans and doing the favor.

"Two of our most astorically elegant operatives began to make the rounds. From station to station and back again, going out, coming in, waiting for the little bugle play. One rainy night about two weeks ago they came down the elevated steps together, and one of them went into a tobacconist's to make a telephone call. The other was sheltering in the doorway against the rain when he saw a little old man, his hat pulled low over his eyes, come out of a drugstore halfway down the block and run spryly up the steps to the station."

"On a hunch, he was never able to explain, the operative followed. A train was just emptying itself as he reached the platform, and the old man, standing in the shadow of a station, was handing a bill to a well-dressed, portly man. The operative pounced, but he wasn't quite quick enough. The fellow ducked into the milling crowd where it was impossible to shoot, and the thunder of the departing train covered the shout of warning. Halfway down the stairs he swung over the rail, dropped into the street and, ducking through the milling traffic, darted into an alley and was gone."

"But the operative saw him!"

"He did, yes. The stoop, the thick-lensed glasses, were obviously a disguise. But the operative thinks he would know him again. And remember, we have his fingerprints. Those two things beat the jackal out of his cover to new shelter where, to his undoing, a little girl's memory of a bugle call had already drawn our attention."

"Who was he?"

"YOU mean—here?"

"I mean here. I was a long time puzzling it out, and I've been a longer time proving what I grew to suspect. There were the charred bills. At first it looked like the end of the road, and that our kidnaper and the ransom money had both gone up in smoke. That was the way it was meant to look. Those twenty-five hundred one-dollar bills were a burnt offering to fate. But it didn't work. Bad luck for the murderer, triple murderer. For of course the man in the car was murdered, too."

"Who was he? Immerman?"

"Immerman turned himself in at Corps Area Headquarters this morning, after he read about the last murder. He admits to having robbed the taxi driver. He was stranded in Chicago, without enough money to pay his way back to the post, and if he stayed overnight he would be marked AWOL. That was his way out of the difficulty. He says he meant to pay the driver back, anonymously. Then he heard Adam telling you about the insignia. He had missed one, but had no idea where he lost it. That scared him. But when he went to put on his uniform blouse to go back to barracks that afternoon, there was another one gone. And when you saw him buying a pair at the Post Exchange, he decided the only thing for him to do was go AWOL in earnest."

"But if the man in the car wasn't Immerman, who was he?"

"I looked at me. You ought to be able to figure that out for yourself. There's only one person it could have been. There'll be dental records to prove it—there was a plate. Of course, we don't actually need those records. We have also a baggage check which was found under the sole of one of Felicia's shoes."

"Felicia? But you said it was a man! Gerald, are you telling me that she—you don't mean, you can't mean that it wasn't her niece?"

"I think it was, at first. The little girl Julia talked to—they wouldn't have dared let the Randy child talk to anyone. Then Felicia took the niece to Chicago and put her on the train for home, and it was the Randy child she brought back with her. Remember, Julia said she didn't come out to the beach after that, and only took walks in the evening. Some sort of removable dye on the child's hair, and a pair of thick-lensed glasses with bows that were taped with adhesive under her hair, so that she couldn't take them off. The little girl told me about that herself when I thought to ask her. No wonder she couldn't see very well! Arrgh! There was savagery in the fringed eyes now. "That Bridewell woman will go to the chair, too, if I have my way. She's been growing fat, and she agreed to the thing only because her husband was going on with it anyway, and she wanted to be sure the child came to no harm. But that the murders were done without her knowledge."

## DASH TO ALTAR NO DRAFT INSURANCE

Washington, Aug. 13.—(P)—Young men who take their best girls' hands and rush to the marriage license bureau to become husbands before Uncle Sam can draft them for military duty, have no assurance they won't be called for a year's active training under terms of the Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill now before the senate.

The measure contains no specific exemption for married men. They will be required to register for service, just as any other male citizens from 21 through 30 years of age, if it becomes law.

The President is authorized, however, to defer the training "of those men in a status with

respect to persons dependent upon them for support which renders their deferment advisable." The measure contains no definition of "dependents."

## UNLAIID EGGS PROVIDE TWO NORMAL TURKEYS

Waldport, Ore., Aug. 13.—(P)—A couple of Waldport turkeys belonging to Mrs. O. V. Hurt would be plenty embarrassed, she believes, if they knew they were hatched from eggs never laid.

Two months ago two unlaid eggs were removed from dead fowls after they had been in cold storage for two weeks. Mrs. Hurt, curious, placed them under a hen. The peculiar turks she said today, are normal and healthy.

## On the Radio Chains

STATIONS  
Where to Find Them on the Dial:  
KEX, 1160, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1470, Spokane; KGH, 590, San Francisco; KJW, 120, Portland; KJR, 970, Seattle; KKN, 1050, Los Angeles; KQA, 830, Denver; KOIN, 940, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1130, Salt Lake.

Tuesday:  
5:00—Marimba Band, KPO, KGW; Exposition Band, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
5:30—Kent's Orch., KOIN; Musical Review, KPO, KGW; Fun With the Review, KGO, KEX, KJR.  
6:00—Boating Bout, KEX, KJR; Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KGW; Aloha Land, KGO; Miller's Orch., KOIN, KNX, KSL.  
6:30—Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Deg House, KPO, KGW; News of the War, KNX, KOIN, KSL.  
7:00—Amos and Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Waring, KPO, KGW.  
7:30—Black Velvet, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presaria, KPO; McGree's Orch., KNX, KOIN.  
8:00—We, the People, KNX, KOIN; KSL; Musical Americana, KPO, KGW; Sports News, KGO.  
8:30—Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGW; Professor Quiz, KEX, KOIN, KSL.  
9:00—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Symphony Orch., KPO, KGW.  
9:30—Scott's Orch., KGW.  
10:00—Reporter, KPO, KGW; Crosby's Orch., KNX, KSL.  
10:30—Young's Orch., KGO, KEX; Friml Orch., KGW; National Defense, KPO, King's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Nottingham's Orch., KPO; Organist, KEX; News, KOW, KNX.

## Radio Highlights

By Associated Press.  
(Time is Pacific Standard.)  
New York, Aug. 13.—A broadcast from London by Anthony Eden, British secretary for war, will be relayed by two networks Wednesday.

As now scheduled, he will be heard first via WEAF-NBC at 9 a. m., with a second relay from a recording by the MBS network at 12:15 p. m. He will discuss the general war situation.

Replying to Gen. John J. Pershing's recent broadcast in which he advocated sale of a number of U. S. World War destroyers to England, Sen. David I. Walsh of Massachusetts is to talk on CBS at 6:15 tonight. His topic, "Navy for Our Own Defense."

Tonight: Europe—MBS 6, 6:15; CBS 4:55, 6:30; NBC 8. WJZ-NBC—6, Outdoor boxing, Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor.

Wednesday: Europe—NBC 4 a. m., 9:45 a. m.; CBS 4 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

## Command Performance

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

8-14 (Released by The Bull Syndicate, Inc.)

DADDY TRIES TO WOO HIM OUT OF THE SULKS BY STANDING ON HIS HEAD FOR HIM

IT WORKS! DADDY SITS DOWN TO REST

CLOUDS IMMEDIATELY APPEAR AGAIN, WITH INDICATIONS FOR THE SHOW TO GO ON

DADDY, SIGHING A LITTLE, OBLIGES AND IS REWARDED BY GURGLING OF APPROVAL

WHICH CHANGE INSTANTLY TO STORM SIGNALS EVERY TIME HE STOPS

DADDY, WORN OUT, AT LAST GOES TO LIE DOWN, LEAVING CONDITIONS EXACTLY AS THEY WERE WHEN HE BEGAN HIS PERFORMANCE

## Tails Spin Tommy—Is Castroni Playing For Time?

IN THE NARROW CORRIDOR OF THE CLIPPER, BLAME TONY GOES UPON HIS COHORT "SLINK," PHAROS, WHO IS LEVSDROPPING AT COUNT CASTRONI'S STATEROOM DOOR...

YUH MUFFED IT AFTER I SHORT-CIRCUITED TH' LIGHTS?.. WHY DIDN'T YUH GIT TH' DUTCHMAN'S DIAMONDS?

SH-N! THERE'S BIGGER THAN A FEW DIAMONDS, TONY!

HAD IT BEEN MY FORTUNE TO PROCURE THE SECRET TREATY YOU SPEAK OF, I SHOULD HAVE MADE COPIES, WHICH I COULD SELL NOT ONLY TO ONE... BUT SEVERAL POWERS!

IF SUCH A TREATY IS ABOARD THIS PLAN, I SUSPECT THE DUTCHMAN, HANS BRINKERLIN HAS IT! WHY NOT LET US JOIN FORCES, MY DEAR BARON? IT WOULD BE PRODIGIOUS, EH?

DO NOT TRUST HIM, FRITZ!

A COINCIDENCE, TONY! THE MAN WHO WERE GOING TO RELIEVE OF A FEW GEMS, WAS A PAPER, WORTH MILLIONS!!! COME ON! WE'VE GOT TO GET BRINKERLIN!

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"And Nothing But!"

COME ON! COME ON! BREAK IT UP! YOU'RE WORKIN' NOW, BEN WEBSTER!

DON'T LET HIM WORRY YOU, BEN—POP'S BARK IS WORSEN HIS BITE... 'CEPT WHEN HE WANTS TO HE'S GOT A TOUGH BITE, TOO!

I'LL BE AFTER HAVIN' NO GABFESTS AROUND HERE DURIN' WORKIN' HOURS— UNDERSTAND?

SEE THAT YOU DO! NOW, YOU SAID SOMETHIN' ABOUT BEN' BROKE—IS THAT THE TRUTH?

IT SURE IS, MR. CLANCY!

## The Nebb—Rudolph the Great

I'M GRATEFUL, MR. NEBB, I CONSIDER YOUR SIGNATURE A PRICELESS ADDITION TO MY COLLECTION OF WORLD CELEBRITIES

I WAS CERTAINLY INTERESTED IN THE NEWS OF YOUR WORLD'S FLYING JOURNEY, MR. NEBB... YOU HAD ME WORRIED A COUPLE OF TIMES

WONT YOU SIGN TWICE FOR ME, MR. NEBB? MY SON JAMES ONLY FIVE IS COLLECTING SIGNATURES, TOO

I CAME HERE FOR REST AND QUIET—I HATE THIS LIMEIGHT STUFF. NEXT TIME IM GOING TO SNEAK OUT TO GET AWAY FROM THESE SIGNATURE COLLECTORS!!

YOU ACTED LIKE YOU HATED IT—WHAT ARE YOU SHARPENING UP THE PENCILS FOR? YOU HATE LIMEIGHT LIKE A KID HATES CANDY

## NAB NEGRO HIRED MAN WHO SHOT EMPLOYER'S WIFE AFTER PAY ROW

Bend, Ore., Aug. 13.—(P)—Hungry and near exhaustion, Melvin Jack Williams, 46-year-old negro farm hand, was arrested near here Monday in connection with the slaying of his former employer's wife and wounding her husband.

State Police Sergeant L. L. Hirtzell said Williams admitted shooting Mrs. Jim Vaseliu, 53, as she fled across a field, and wounding Vaseliu in a leg.

A posse organized by Sheriff Claude L. McCauley found Williams in a railroad cut 20 miles south of here about 1:30 a. m. He was not armed and offered no resistance.

Hirtzell said Williams quit work Saturday and was paid off. There apparently was some dispute over wages. Williams returned to the house, the officer said, entered through a window and obtained a shotgun. Vaseliu

said Williams fired at him from a haystack, and then opened fire on Mrs. Vaseliu.

**FAMED FRENCH PILOT AMONG WAR VICTIMS**

Vichy, France, Aug. 13.—(P)—Maurice Arnoux, celebrated French aviator, was reported today to have been killed in aerial combat against Germany. Arnoux, a world war pilot, was referred to as the first man to fly at more than 500 kilometers (310 miles) an hour.

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

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

40-YEAR-OLD WEDDING HASSOCK IS RECOVERED WITH MATERIAL FROM THE WEDDING DRESS OF EACH BRIDE WHO USES IT!

—St. Katherine's school, Davenport, Iowa—

THE GAL WHO PACKED 'EM IN!

ADELINA PATTI -- Spanish soprano, WAS SUCH A HIT IN SAN FRANCISCO THAT A LINE OF TICKET-SEEKERS 4 BLOCKS LONG REMAINED UNBROKEN 4 WEEKS. DAY AND NIGHT-- EVEN THOUGH NO TICKETS WERE AVAILABLE! --1880's--

"MODERN" CORN-- IS IDENTICAL WITH THAT GROWN BY AMERICAN INDIANS 2000 YEARS AGO! WHITE MAN HAS MADE NO SINGLE IMPORTANT CHANGE IN IT...

8-13

## Twice-Caught Fish!

Twice-Caught Fish! A 142-POUND SWORDFISH, HOOKED AND GAFFED BY BEN MEYER, GOT AWAY BUT WAS CAUGHT AGAIN 2 HOURS LATER BY WILLIAM STRINGFELLOW, JR!

MEYER'S GAFF WAS STILL IN IT... -Santa Catalina Island, 1937-

8-13

## Patti's Success

A concert singer at seven, Adelina Patti sang for 25 consecutive years at Covent Garden, London. In 1881 she visited America, commanding \$5,000 a night.

San Francisco received her with such enthusiasm that for four weeks an unbroken line waited to hear her sing, while anything from camp stools to chicken dinners were sold to the admirers. When a limited number of gallery tickets finally was placed on sale, a rush for the box office swept away windows, glass, statuary and other objects before police could restore order.

Tomorrow: Athlete's Heart! A Myth!

## By HAL FORREST

BY EDWIN ALGER

## By EDWIN ALGER

BY SOL HES?

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