

MRS. MURDOCK TAKES A CASE

by George Harmon Cox

YESTERDAY, Perry Clarke came up to three friends having a cocktail on the way to the theater. Joyce Murdock disliked him at sight, and was curious, because Clarke had been married for a while to her husband's first wife Hester. Ward Allen disliked and even teased Clarke, and because of his effect on Ward, Della too disapproved of the little man. Della and Ward are talking, after the theater.

Chapter Four Quarrel

"HAS that man met anything to do with it?" Della asked.

"Perry Clarke?" His voice went cold, and there was a pause before he said: "Why—no."

"You knew him?"

"He reminded me of something unpleasant that happened to me once. It's hard to explain, but—"

"I understand," Della interrupted. "I just thought that our love was the important thing—our happiness."

"Our love is the important thing," he cleared his throat and she could hear him draw a breath. "Happiness is something else. When I start out with you I've got to be sure that everything on the debit side is wiped out."

"Oh."

"Something happened in South America. I had a little trouble—"

"You told me," Della said. "And I told you I didn't care."

She waited. The fear was still with her, gathering into a tight little knot inside. But she was calm now and strangely hurt because she could not quite understand the still small voice that kept hinting at something she dared not express. This woman Perry Clarke had mentioned—Hester Losado. Suppose that she—She shook the thought aside.

"So it's just our pride that's most important after all," she said finally, her voice cold and even.

"Now we're quarreling," Ward said. And he shouldn't, Dee. Not about this. Give me a little time—"

But she had opened the door and was on the sidewalk. He caught up with her at the apartment house entrance and she turned, one hand on the door-pull.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said. "Good night. I had a lovely evening."

He looked at her, his blue eyes miserable and his mouth twisted.

"Good night, Dee," he said.

That was all. He made no move towards her and she, who had so wanted to comfort him had given her the chance, turned quickly and went inside, eyes brimming as she hurried up the stairs.

Drink With Hester

JOYCE MURDOCK was combing out her hair when she heard the door open in the living room. She had about finished at the dressing table and was tying a yellow ribbon about her head when her husband entered, trailing smoke from a freshly-lighted pipe.

"Hello," he said. "Have a good time?"

"Very nice," Joyce said. "How's the expectant father?"

"Still expecting the last I heard."

Kent Murdock bent down to kiss her and grinned. "You look cute," he said.

"Do I?"

"With that ribbon in your hair," Joyce remained at the table, idly neatening things that hardly needed such attention. "We waited for you," she said presently.

"I'm sorry. I got tied up."

She followed him with her eyes as he took off his coat and vest and began to empty things from his pockets to the top of the chest. He did all this slowly, rather absent, a frown biting at the bridge of his nose, a thoughtful, faraway look in his dark eyes. Recognizing the signs, she knew something was bothering him. She waited.

When he had finished with his pockets, he stood there a lean, moderately tall man with crisp dark hair and strong brows. His

weight, well distributed along his flat-muscled body, gave an impression of poise and physical fitness, and there was a nice taper from shoulders to hips. His brows were bent now and the pipe, clamped firmly in his wide mouth, warped the solid angular jaw.

Presently he removed the pipe, shook out some ashes and came over to the chaise-longue.

"How was the play?"

"Very good," Joyce said. "It's a shame you couldn't make it."

"Yes," Murdock said absently. "You must have been awfully busy."

"Yes—I was."

Joyce turned slightly, crossing her knees. She picked up an orange stick and idly fooled with her nails, keeping one eye on her husband's face. She saw the frown bite deeper. His gaze traveled all over the room—taking care to miss her—and he tapped the pipe stem against his teeth. Whatever it was that bothered him was coming to the surface, and she began to hum softly until she heard him clear his throat.

"Hester's in town."

"Who?"

"Hester. You know—"

"Oh, yes. I knew she was."

He looked up sharply.

"Knew she was what?"

"Why—that she was in town. We met husband number two in Hugo's."

"Oh," Murdock said, and looked vaguely troubled as he listened to his wife's account of the meeting.

"Hester's in town?"

"Who?"

"Hester. You know—"

"Oh, yes. I knew she was."

He looked up sharply.

"Knew she was what?"

"Why—that she was in town. We met husband number two in Hugo's."

Joyce kept busy with her orange stick after she had finished. She knew there was more to come. He was fidgeting now, but she did not help him out and presently he spoke again, his eyes still avoiding her.

"She called me up."

"Did she? Wasn't that nice of her?"

He looked up quickly, dark eyes suspicious, but Joyce was busy with her nails.

"She had a drink with her," he said abruptly, and rose and went to the other side of the room, where he began to undress.

Joyce put down the orange stick.

"Is that why you couldn't meet us after the show?"

"She kept after me," Murdock said. "She called me up and said she understood I was doing some portrait work now and how about doing some of her. I told her I'd think it over."

"But why?" Joyce was smiling.

"Apparently she can pay about any price you want to ask and—"

Difficult Story

"NOW wait a minute," Murdock said. "Let me tell it, will you?" He stopped to look at her, a grin at the corners of his mouth and embarrassment in his eyes.

"She called me up," she said. "She wanted to see me and I said—well, you know how it is—"

"Of course I do," said Joyce sweetly.

"Will you stop that?" Murdock growled; then, good-naturedly: "I said I'd like to see her but that I was busy, and she said all right, then she'd come to the office. Well, that wouldn't have been so good, would it? So I said okay; I'd have a drink with her later."

He looked around to see if she was believing him and she nodded and said: "And what was she like?"

He told her with a masculine lack of detail and she sat there watching him and thinking of many things. She was grateful for his honesty, but, looking back, she realized that it had always been this way. Even from the first she had known that this man would be completely honest with himself and, because of this, honest with her.

He was just a newspaper photographer then—he still was, although he now was picture chief for the Courier-Herald and had more time for outside interests—but even so, he measured up to the man she had in the back of her mind since girlhood.

She realized he had finished. He had slipped into his pajamas and was standing there, his eyes quizzical. She smiled at him.

To be continued

STATE G. O. P. MEET

Salem, June 22 — (P) — The Oregon Republican Club's annual convention will be held in

the Willamette Valley, "probably in Salem or Portland," early next fall. R. M. Fischer, Eugene president, announced.

Will, Jr., Enters Politics



Will Rogers, Jr., who looks a lot like his famous father, plunged into politics and the army in almost the same jump. He is a candidate for congress as a democrat, but his friends will do his campaigning because he was to be inducted into the army. At Beverly Hills, Young Will looks over the last edition of his paper he will be able to edit for some time.

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:
Chain affiliation and where they are on the dial:
KALE (MBS) 1330, Portland.
KEX (NBC-Blue) 1190, Portland.
KGA (NBC-Blue & MBS) 1310, Spokane.
KGO (NBC-Blue) 810, San Francisco.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 620, Portland.
KJL (NBC-Blue) 1000, Seattle.
KOA (NBC-Red) 850, Denver.
KOIN (CBS) 970, Portland.
KOMO (NBC-Red) 950, Seattle.
KPO (NBC-Red) 680, San Francisco.
KSL (CBS) 1160, Salt Lake City.

Time shown is PST

Monday

5:00 p. m.—Playwright, KPO.
KOMO: Vox Pop, KSL, KOIN; Flying Patrol, KEX, KGO, KJR; Stars of Today, KOW.
5:30 p. m.—Voice, KPO, KOMO.
KOW: Harry W. Fannesty, KEX.
KJL: Here Comes the Band, KEX.
Folk Music From Many Lands, KJR.
Voices of Yesterday, KSL.
6:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KNX.
KOIN, KSL: Judy In Wonderland.
KPO, KOMO: Music by White, KJR.
KEX: Jr. Victory Army, KGO; Before the Bombers Come, KOW.
6:30 p. m.—Your Blind Date, KGO.
Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KOW.
KOMO: News, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
7:00 p. m.—Lightning Jim, KGO.
KJR, KEX: Contested Hour, KPO.
KOW, KOMO: Freddy Martin's Orch.
KNX, KOIN, KSL.
7:30 p. m.—Blondie, KNX, KSL.
KOIN: Cascade of America, KPO.
KOMO, KOW: Jimmy Fidler, KGO.
KEX, KJR.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX.
KSL, KOIN: Fred Waring, KPO.
KOW, KOMO: Carmen Cavallaro's Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Abe Lyman's Orch.
KOIN: Lum and Abner, KPO, KOMO.
KOW: News, KSL; Time Out for Melody, KNX.
8:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO.
KEX, KJR: Hawthorne House, KPO.
KOW, KOMO: Gay Nineties Revue, KNX, KSL, KOIN.
9:00 p. m.—Telephone Hour, KPO.
KOW, KOMO: News Here and Abroad, KGO; I Was There, KNX.
KOIN, KSL: Down Memory Lane, KEX.
Treasury Star Parade, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—Unlimited Horizons, KOMO.
Hollywood Showcases, KNX.
KOIN: News, KSL, KJR, KEX; Let There Be Music, KOW; Toast To American Allies, KPO.
10:00 p. m.—Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Pipsal, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stoker's Music, KPO, KOMO; Harry James' Orch., KGO, KJR; Alvino Rey's Orch., KSL; Sports, KNX; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KOW; War Time Women, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Wilbur Hatch's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Music and Moonlight, KJR; This Moving World, KEX.
KJR: News, KNX, KGO; Dance Orch., KOW; Reveries, KOMO.

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Orchestra Solo, KPO.
KOW: Are You a Missing Hero, KSL.
SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN TRED PERLEY, SNEAKING OUT THE BACK DOOR TO ESCAPE HIS WIFE'S FIRST-AND CLASS, WALKED RIGHT INTO THEIR BICYCLES PARKED THERE, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO SPEND HOURS TRYING TO UNTANGLE HIMSELF OR TO CALL FOR HELP AND BE FIRST AIDED

(Continued from the 1st Edition, Page 1)

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS
1. Tablet
2. Restaurants
3. Bird of the Arabian
4. Night
5. Rubber tree
6. Tipping to one side
7. Night before an event
8. Corded cloth
9. More exposed
10. Write
11. Separate
12. Old cloth
13. Criss loudly
14. Bristle
15. On the highest
16. Point
17. Balustrade
18. Lack of aristocracy

DOWN
19. Old Dominion state abbr.
20. Sunken to go
21. Pertaining to
22. Greek island
23. Close
24. Nothing
25. Compassion
26. Betrayal
27. Vessel
28. Infant's beds
29. Ruffed
30. Cover
31. Maxillary name
32. Golf hole made
33. Brother of one's parent
34. No in the box
35. Affirmative

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1. Opposite of weather
2. Exhausts
3. Intrigue
4. Blank
5. Part of a stove
6. Compass point
7. Hubs of a wheel
8. Indulge in recreation
9. Blast
10. Plating out widely
11. Special ability
12. Open
13. Political group
14. Roman historical figure
15. Wine cask
16. Second team
17. Corrupting
18. Appearance of a certain
19. Drapes
20. Broom
21. Dance step
22. Point under discussion
23. Hard question
24. American
25. Carpal
26. Woman's hair
27. A knight's coat
28. American lake
29. Point at time
30. Type measure

Flying Patrol, KGO, KEX, KJR; Stars of Today, KOW; Afternoon Dance, KNX; Musical Portraits, KOMO.
5:30 p. m.—The Nature of the Enemy, KSL; Clete Roberts Reports, KEX, KGO; Horace Heidt's Orch., KPO, KOMO, KGW; Harry W. Fannesty, KJR; Melodies, KOIN.
6:00 p. m.—American Melody Hour, KNX, KSL; Burns and Allen, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Sincerely for You, KEX; Voice of Victory, KGO; Dance Time, KJR; Melodies, KOIN.
6:30 p. m.—Fibber McGee and Molly, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Cheers from the Camps, KNX, KOIN; This Nation at War, KGO, KJR; News, KEX.
7:00 p. m.—Counter Spy, KGO, KEX, KJR; Cheers from the Camps, KNX, KOIN, KSL; A Date With Judy, KPO, KOMO, KGW.
7:30 p. m.—Tommy Dorsey's Orch., KPO, KOW, KOMO; Red Ryder, KGO, KJR, KEX; Talks, KSL, KOIN; Time Out for Melody, KNX.
8:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Lou Breese's Orch., KGO, KJR; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KOW, KOMO; Air Base Hi Jinks, KEX.
8:15 p. m.—Lum and Abner, KPO, KOW, KOMO; Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN.
8:30 p. m.—Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Are You a Missing Hero, KNX, KOIN; Johnny Presents, KPO, KOW, KOMO; News, KSL.
8:50 p. m.—Duffy's Tavern, KNX, KOIN, KSL; News Here and Abroad, KGO, KEX, KJR; The Thin Man, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Down Memory Lane, KEX; Musicals, KJR.
9:30 p. m.—Mellow Moods, KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KOMO, KOW; Hatfield, KNX, KOIN; News, KSL, KEX.
10:00 p. m.—Cugat Rumba Revue, KGO, KEX, KJR; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Masterworks of Music, KSL; News, KNX; Five Star Final, KOIN.
10:30 p. m.—Sports, KSL; Harry Owens' Hawaiians, KPO, KOMO, Les Brown's Orch., KGO, KJR; Broadway Bandwagon, KEX; Moonlight Sonata, KOW; Sports, KNX; War Time Women, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Swing Your Partner, KPO, KOW; This Moving World, KEX, KJR; Al Donahue's Orch., KOIN; News, KGO, KNX; Reveries, KOMO.

ASK AIRPORT AID

Spokane, Wash., June 22 — (P) — The Dallas, Ore., chamber of commerce requested today that the federal government give civilian airports the same financial consideration it gives highways and rivers and harbors.

VACATION SACRIFICES
Portland, June 22 — (P) — At least 850 employees here and at Wauna, Ore., have sacrificed their vacations to help overcome the critical labor shortage in lumbering, the Columbia Basin Sawmills association reported today.

Closing time for Classified Ads

5 a. m.—Too late to classify 12:30 p. m.

Pioneer Flour Miller Recalls When Valley Boasted Seven Mills

(Editor's Note: Fifty-nine years ago this summer there were seven flouring mills in the Rogue River valley and the conversion of wheat into the substance from which the staff of life is made, was an honorable and lucrative profession. Today, no flour is being made any where in the valley and the crossroads flour mill has joined the village smithy in the limbo of nearly-forgotten Americana.)

F. S. Brandon, of 211 North Ivy street, Medford, one of the few pioneer millers in this vicinity, recalls his connection with the industry in the following article which he wrote for the Mail Tribune.

By F. S. Brandon

I have not operated a flouring mill for more than 20 years, however, I was an operative flour miller in Oregon for 25 years. On August 1, 1883, my 18th birthday, I began as an apprentice to learn the flour miller's trade. My employer and teacher was the late Thomas Martin, of Klamath Falls, Ore., a pioneer flour miller of Klamath county. Mr. Martin was then operating the old Eagle Flouring Mills on what is now known as the Jackson Hot Springs ranch, one mile north of Ashland. There were seven flouring mills operating in the Rogue River Valley at that time, 59 years ago this summer. Some of these were built in the fifties. I think the Ashland mill was the oldest, being built in 1856.

These mills were located as follows: Ashland Mills, Jacob Wagner, owner; Eagle Mills, Ashland, Mrs. Farnham, owner; Phoenix Mills, P. W. Olwell, owner; Jacksonville Steam Mills, Krewski, owner; Central Point Mills, Hopwood, owner; Gold Hill Mills, Ganiard, owner; Eagle Point Mills, Richard Daley, owner.

These mills were all of the old type, using millstones. "Buhrstones" and were called Buhr Mills. In 1883 two of these mills, the Ashland and Eagle Mills, adopted the patent process of manufacturing white flour on mill stones, cutting down the grinding surface of the wheat stones and grinding higher, thus creating coarse white middlings which were purified on an aspirator, then ground on a separate set of under-runner mill stones.

I have operated most every type of flouring mill—Buhr mills, combination roller and Buhr mills and both short and long system roller mills. There are still quite a few people who have seen millstones operate, and an occasional old-time miller who could help me tell the story.

Trimming, balancing and dressing millstones is almost a lost art. The mill stones are round and come in pairs, the lower called the nether millstone, was solidly fixed and did not turn. The upper stone revolved and was suspended on an adjustable spindle connected to the power with gears beneath the grinding floor. This was known as the "runner stone" and revolved 160 to 180 times per minute, according to size, usually 36 to 48 inches in diameter.

The "runner stone" had an opening or round hole through the center called the "eye" of the millstone. Grain was fed automatically through this "eye," falling between the two stones. The runner stone was adjustable and could be low-

ered or raised by a hand wheel, thus regulating the contact for grinding fine or coarse.

As the wheat was ground it was elevated to the floor above where it was "bolted" on an old-time hexagon-shaped revolving reel, 30 inches in diameter by 12 to 16 feet in length, covered with silk bolting cloth which separated the flour from the shorts and bran.

I was recently conversing with Mr. George Daley, of Butte Creek, who is a thorough miller and chemist and we agreed that if people were today using flour



WAAC CHIEF IN UNIFORM—Mrs. William P. Hobby, director of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, wears her uniform at her office in Washington, D.C. It's the WAAC summer officer's uniform of gabardine. Her rank corresponds to major in army.

made on the old Buhr mills they would have better health and get vitamins first hand.

How the beauty parlor goes to war. The iron that used to go into a single hair dryer is enough for six hand grenades.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



MAGICIAN'S FLIGHT
On March 2, 1910, Harry Houdini took a Voisin airplane aloft at Digger's Rest, near Melbourne, Australia. Newspapers, after praising the magician's skill, sounded a note of warning that today seems prophetic. It was pointed out that Australia was building ships, and constructing land defense installations, but nothing was being done about possible air attack! Even 32 years ago Australians were alert to the importance of air power.

HAP HOPPER, Washington Correspondent—Speak Up, Hap

Edited by Drew Pearson and Bob Allen

