

# BIG SPRING WEEKLY HERALD

VOL. 35

BIG SPRING, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1942

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## Wider Age Range Is Approved

### Bill To House After Senate O.K. Given

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29 (AP) — The house military committee approved today a Burke-Wadsworth conscription bill calling for drafting of men from 21 to 44 years of age, inclusive—a much wider age range than that provided in the bill which the senate passed last night.

The house committee acted quickly after senate passage on a 55 to 31 vote so that its version of the legislation might be brought to the floor Tuesday for possible final house passage late next week.

Chairman May (D-Ky.) said the house committee vote was 17 to 10 with four committee members absent.

Before the final vote, May reported the committee "decisively" approved a proposal to make two age brackets conform to the second figures of 21 through 30.

Another point of difference in the two bills is that while the senate provided a limit of 80,000 on the number of conscripts who might be serving at any one time, the house committee wrote in a 15,000 limit. Members said that figure was necessary to provide also for conscripts for the navy.

After three weeks of army debate, the senate gave its approval to conscription last night at the close of a three-hour session.

The bill was substantially unchanged in its essentials from the version introduced by the senate military committee. One major addition would give the government the power to "conscript" an industry or business if necessary.

House debate is tentatively scheduled to start Tuesday. Provisions of conscription were up for a vote in the senate last night.

The bill, as passed by the senate, calls for the following conscription:

1. All male citizens or prospective citizens from 21 through 44 would be required to register with local authorities.

2. Registered men would be subject to call for a year's compulsory military service.

3. The men called for service would be selected in an "impartial" manner, and in such numbers as the president specifies. The maximum number of trainees at any one time is limited to 150,000.

The bill provided for an increase in the basic army pay from \$21 to \$30 a month.

Exemption from service would be granted registrants who are physically or mentally unfit, who have dependents, or who are employed in necessary agricultural or industrial jobs.

WILLING TO HELP  
NEW YORK, Aug. 29 (AP) — James Roosevelt, eldest son of the president, said today he would do anything in the campaign that President Roosevelt would do.

Mr. Roosevelt said he had no plans to take an active part.

Roosevelt was interviewed before he left by airplane for Chicago en route to Los Angeles.

Today's Mr. Wheat was a mechanic up until eight years ago, then he opened one of Big Spring's most popular drive-in eating places, one which attracts both Big Springers and tourists. The place is known for good food and good drinks, and it's fancy neon lighting also attracts attention. Mr. Wheat was born in Cutler, Ohio, attended school there, and is proud of his native state. He never says "Ohio," but "the Buckeye state," his habit is famous for his pig sandwiches. Mr. Wheat and his associates may be found on The Herald's "Get Acquainted" contest page. Entries in the 125 contest are rolling in, and many others are expected. Contestants are reminded that their pages to be judged on the basis of correct answers, neatness and originality—must be received at The Herald office by 5 p. m. on Saturday, Aug. 29.

Yesterday's Wheat—Mrs. Edith Williams.

# GERMAN, BRITISH AIRMEN WIDEN RAIDS

## PETE JOHNSON SUCCEUMBS TO LONG ILLNESS

One of Big Spring's most honored pioneer residents announced death's summons Wednesday night as Pete Johnson, former county official and railroad man, passed away at his home after a long illness. News of his death, though not unexpected, cast a shadow of sadness over the city which had been his home for more than 40 years.

At the bedside when death came were his wife and children, all popularly known residents of Big Spring, and close friends who had been in almost constant attendance during an illness which had become more critical with each passing day. Mr. Johnson succumbed at 9:15 p. m.

A native of Scotland, he was 75 years old, his birth date being January 4, 1874.

The funeral service will be held at the First Methodist church at 10 o'clock Friday afternoon, with Rev. J. J. Hayes, of the Methodist church, Rev. Ben D. Jones, pastor of the First Baptist church, and Rev. E. K. Lammie, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, officiating. Mr. Johnson was a member of the Methodist church, the First Methodist and the Methodist Episcopal churches, and was a member of the Grand Old Party.

Mr. Johnson was born in Scotland, and his family had been in the United States since 1840. He was a member of the Grand Old Party, and was a member of the Grand Old Party.

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## Nazi Capital Subjected To Worst Attack

Ten Killed Within City, One Enemy Plane Downed

BERLIN, Aug. 29 (AP)—The German high command reported tonight as well as getting blows in the aerial war with Britain today.

Berlin residents swept up glass and debris from scores of British bombs which killed 10 persons injured 30, set a string of fires and damaged bridges in parts of the capital in a three-hour attack last night.

It was Berlin's worst air raid since the British planes bombed and burned the heart of the city in the desperate bombing campaign which began last night.

The German high command reported tonight that early morning attacks on Berlin last night killed 10 persons and injured 30, set a string of fires and damaged bridges in parts of the capital in a three-hour attack last night.

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SAVINGS END OVER THE HORIZON—The crew brought down the enemy plane which was shot down by anti-aircraft fire.

## Peace Talks In Vienna Opened

Ribbentrop, Ciano Confer With Hungarian Leaders

VIENNA, Aug. 29 (AP)—The anti-appealists' discussion looking toward a settlement of the territorial dispute between Hungary and Romania opened today at Hungarian Premier Count Pal Teleki and Foreign Minister Count Istvan Csaky were received by the German and Italian foreign ministers.

German and Italian foreign ministers and Count Teleki, Hungary's premier, met today in Vienna to discuss the territorial dispute between Hungary and Romania.

The discussion was held in the presence of German and Italian foreign ministers and Count Teleki, Hungary's premier.

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## Fact Reached For Manufacture Of Plane Engines

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29 (AP)—An agreement was reached between the navy and United Aircraft Corporation today for the manufacture of 1,000 airplane engines for the navy and army and navy at a cost of \$100,000,000.

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## All Parts Of England And Wales Bombed

Every Craft Down After Extended Night Offensive

LONDON, Aug. 29 (AP)—Germany's planes were over the southeast coast in scores of a great night raid today. Scores of these planes were shot down, but when engaged by fighters, without dropping any bombs.

German air raiders following up their greatest night attack of the war, in which thousands of incendiary and high explosive bombs were rained on all parts of England and Wales, returned to the southeast this afternoon with a threat into southwestern England.

The night had started earlier than usual in their raiding campaign over England and Wales. Three hundred and thirty planes were reported flying over the southeast coast.

Crashes were reported in all of some 300 areas which were hit by the night raid. Bombers from the southeast coast of England and Wales were reported flying over the southeast coast.

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## Exempt Howard Fields In State Shutdown Order

MEMPHIS, Aug. 29 (AP)—The Texas national commission today issued a 10-day order effective Sept. 1, which set the average daily production at 1,200,000 bales.

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## Army Ready To Take On More Men

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## WOMAN DEES OF 'CRASH INJURIES'

PHOENIX, Aug. 29 (AP)—A woman was killed today in a crash landing of a biplane, according to a report today.

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## East Indian Oil Has Jap Interest

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Today's Mr. Wheat was a mechanic up until eight years ago, then he opened one of Big Spring's most popular drive-in eating places, one which attracts both Big Springers and tourists.

The cartoon illustration of a man's face is a caricature of a prominent figure mentioned in the text.

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# Fall Fashions Show At Style Show Sponsored By Methodist Woman's Missionary Society

Stylish fall fashions were shown at a style show sponsored by the Methodist Woman's Missionary Society. The show featured a variety of styles, including sportswear, evening wear, and children's clothing. The designs were presented by several models, showcasing the latest trends in fashion.

# No 'High Pressure' Pep Talks In Sales Course To Be Offered Here

The series of classes in the sales course to be offered here will be conducted by Jack D. Brown, a well-known speaker and author. The course is designed to provide practical training and guidance for individuals interested in sales and business development. It emphasizes a no-pressure, no-hype approach to learning.



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# Urge Speed On Defense

A committee calling for speed in the defense program is active in Big Spring. The committee is composed of local business leaders and community members who are concerned about the economic impact of the defense program. They are urging the government to expedite the process to ensure that the local economy benefits as quickly as possible.

# Rites Said For W. L. Lemmons

Funeral services were held for W. L. Lemmons, a local resident who passed away recently. The services were conducted with religious rites and a eulogy. Lemmons was a well-known figure in the community, and his passing is a significant loss to the area.

# 'First Bale' Is Due Soon

The first bale of cotton is expected to be ginned soon in the Big Spring area. This marks a significant milestone in the local cotton industry, which has been a major economic driver for the region. The ginning process is well underway, and the first bale is anticipated to be ready for shipment in the near future.

# 550 Here For Shell Picnic

A large group of about 550 people gathered for a shell picnic in Big Spring. The event was a social gathering where participants enjoyed a meal and a day of leisure. The picnic was well-attended and provided a great opportunity for community members to get together and enjoy the outdoors.

Women for fall wear is destined to be a No. One choice for sport fans and stylish girls is re-emerging. The fashion industry is seeing a resurgence of classic styles, with a focus on practical yet fashionable designs. This trend is expected to continue through the fall season.

Evening gowns are less exotic but more practical this year with most ready designers providing models to make a two-way wear for each gown. This reflects a shift in consumer preferences towards versatile and functional clothing options.

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# Fairview News

Annual conference was held at Fairview. The event was a significant gathering for the community, featuring various activities and presentations. It provided an opportunity for residents to come together and discuss local issues and concerns.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wooten, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Deane, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wooten were among the guests at the annual conference. The event was well-attended and provided a great opportunity for community members to get together and enjoy the outdoors.

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THIS BEATS MOTORING—Jacqueline French, who's just past two years old, perches on one foot and hovers through Atlantic City waters with her mother, Mrs. J. Willis French. It's quite a stunt for such a toddler.

# Safety Pin Is Taken From Youth's Lung

Jack Friday's coughing spell was cleared up today, but the whole thing left him puzzled. A safety pin was found lodged in his lung, which was removed by a doctor. The incident occurred while he was playing with a group of friends. The pin was found during a medical examination, and the doctor is still investigating the circumstances.

# City Projects Going Along At Good Pace

City projects are moving along steadily at the end of the week. The city council is pleased with the progress of various infrastructure projects, including road improvements and public works. The projects are being completed on schedule and are expected to benefit the community in the long run.

# Local Woman Crash Victim

Miss Nan Tillman, 26, waitress of Big Spring, was killed instantly this morning two miles north of Tahoka on U.S. highway 87. She was driving a heavy sedan which overturned seven times. The accident was a tragic loss for the community, and the police are investigating the cause of the crash.

# Fliers Club Is Organized

Organization of a local flying club to function as an affiliated chapter of the Texas Private Fliers Association was completed at a meeting of Big Spring aviators yesterday. The club aims to promote aviation and provide a platform for pilots to share their experiences and skills.

# Rifle-Pistol Club Formed

Formation of a local rifle and pistol club was effected at a meeting Thursday evening in the district courtroom with naming of Dr. Charles W. Deats as president and a slate of officers. The club is open to all interested individuals and aims to provide a safe and controlled environment for marksmanship.

# Special Defense Group Is Named

Appointment of a defense committee to represent Big Spring in matters of preparedness affecting this city was announced Monday by Fred O. Groebel, C. of C. president. The group includes R. W. McEwen, E. V. Spence, Dr. P. W. Malone, C. W. Deats, George White, Charles Spillman, Carl Blomfield, Grover C. Dunham and Jas. T. Brown. The committee will work to ensure the city is well-prepared for any potential defense needs.

# Brief Illness Is Fatal To Mrs. Brigance

Death, following a brief illness Tuesday morning, claimed Mrs. Bessie Lee Brigance, wife of Mr. W. H. Brigance and a resident of Howard county since 1916. Mrs. Brigance was 49 and succumbed in a local hospital at 4 a. m. Member of a prominent family, she had resided with her husband on a farm north of Big Spring. Born in Bowie, Texas, she was married at Montague in 1916. Besides the husband, survivors include two daughters, Mattie Ella Brigance and Mrs. Clarence Percy, Jr.; three sisters, Mrs. Mabel Brown of San Benito, Mrs. Lucy McNabb of San Marcos and Mrs. Mattie Ratliff of Goree; and two brothers, Walter Roberts of San Benito, Albert Roberts of Weslaco and Jim Roberts of Goree. The funeral service was held at 3 p. m. Wednesday at the First Methodist church, with the Rev. Howard H. Hollowell, Methodist minister of Ackerly officiating. Mrs. Brigance had been a member of the church since the age of 11. She was converted at the family farm home and throughout her life had been an active and devoted worker in the cause of her church. Pallbearers were John A. Davis, William Fletcher, Frank Hill, Earl Bynum, Carter Thompson and Riley Knighten. Mrs. Brigance leaves many cousins who are residents of Howard county. Surviving uncles and aunts include W. W. Roberts of Bowie, Charles Bell of Wellington and Homer Bell of Bowie. Mrs. Brigance was the daughter of Mrs. Mattie Nance of Littlefield.

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Formation of a local rifle and pistol club was effected at a meeting Thursday evening in the district courtroom with naming of Dr. Charles W. Deats as president and a slate of officers. The club is open to all interested individuals and aims to provide a safe and controlled environment for marksmanship.

# Special Defense Group Is Named

Appointment of a defense committee to represent Big Spring in matters of preparedness affecting this city was announced Monday by Fred O. Groebel, C. of C. president. The group includes R. W. McEwen, E. V. Spence, Dr. P. W. Malone, C. W. Deats, George White, Charles Spillman, Carl Blomfield, Grover C. Dunham and Jas. T. Brown. The committee will work to ensure the city is well-prepared for any potential defense needs.

# Opponents Of State Sales Tax Fare Badly In Runoffs

# Says Payments The Problem On Paving

Problems of paving were studied by members of the chamber of commerce paving committee Friday morning as they made a tour of projects now underway in the city. E. V. Spence, city manager, who discussed the matter with committee members, said that at present there are 183 blocks of paving in Big Spring and that an additional 25-1-2 were contemplated under an impending program. By bond issues the city had paid 88 blocks prior to 1931, he said, and since that time 115 blocks have been added without need of bonds. For the present, the city is operating under a WPA funded project calling for \$42,260 municipal and \$59,846 federal expenditures.

# 89 New Members To Take Over In House

AUSTIN, Aug. 26 (AP)—The "56" faced much worse than the "54" results from other democratic primary elections showed today. The former were members of the last house of representatives who defeated famous "BJR 12" sales-tax amendment advocated by Gov. W. Lee O'Daniel. The latter were opponents of the measure. Of the "56" who sought re-election, 67 per cent were defeated, while of the "54" who ran again 31 per cent failed to "come back." Thirty-four of the "56" sought re-election, but only 12 were successful. Twenty-one were defeated. Sixty-seven of the "54" offered again and 45 won. Twenty-two lost. The picture seemed to be somewhat the reverse in the senate, however. There of BJR 12 proponents who ran four were re-elected and six were defeated. Of BJR 12 opponents who asked re-election two were re-elected and one defeated. Governor O'Daniel, while acknowledging voters to investigate results of candidates for the legislature.

# Garner School To Open Term On Sept. 2

Garner school, with a prospective enrollment of over 400, will open its 1940-41 term Sept. 2, H. E. Rallsback, superintendent, said Friday. Trustees have staffed the school with 14 teachers and as usual, a high school unit will be operated, including commercial subjects and for the first time, vocational agricultural and home economics departments. A new building for Garner (Kno) is being talked as a WPA project. This season there will be four bus routes, all similar to last year. Schedules will be worked out to meet demands as reflected when students enroll so that this matter may be worked out. High school students may enroll early on Friday, Aug. 30. Results of a survey indicate that there will be students from Moore (Gay Hill), Valley View (Martin County), Vealmore, Fairview and South attending the school. Teachers include: Mrs. Nora Y. Grigor, first grade; Mrs. Lavada Burnett, second; Mrs. Lavada Brown, third; Edna Weed, fourth; Mrs. H. F. Rallsback, fifth; Warren Creny, sixth; John Sims, seventh; Mary Mathis, English; Noel Burnett, shop work and science; T. J. Turner; Marie George, commercial; Walter C. Hadley, vocational agriculture; and Rallsback. The home economics teacher will be named later.

# Stores Close On Labor Day

Labor Day—the national event set aside for America's organized workers and the date generally marking the end of the summer holiday period—will be observed as a holiday in Big Spring next Monday. The date was included in a list accepted by business men earlier about the year as those on which stores will close. Hence, business will be at a standstill in the city, with practically all stores and offices shutting their doors for the day. Banks will be closed, as will city offices, and the office of the Texas State Employment Service. While no formal observance is planned in the city, there will be holiday activities. Texas & Pacific shop men have set aside the day for a picnic at the city park, and about 100 are expected to attend. The day will bring the climaxed rounds of the country club's annual invitational golf tournament, and a big delegation is expected to go from here to Midland's rodeo to participate in a special "Big Spring night" performance. Because of the store closing, the September Dollar Day event will be held on the second Monday of the month, September 9, the trade extension committee of the chamber of commerce has decided.

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### Johnson

(Continued From Page 1)

er of Mrs. Johnson, and Mrs. Cliff Talbot of Big Spring, a sister; and two nieces, Mrs. Y. C. Gray of Garden City and Mrs. M. J. A. Cook of Big Spring.

Mr. Johnson came to Big Spring in 1899 with the T. & P. when the town was sprawling over most of the flat which now constitutes the business district.

A section foreman, he served in this capacity for 20 years when his work won him promotion to the position of roadmaster. He held this for years until he retired from active service.

Always interested in the up-building of the community and county, he was drafted to run for county commissioner in 1906 but refused on the grounds he could not give his job and the commission-ership each the attention they deserved. However, after a talk with the late John Ward, then superintendent, he decided to make the race and was elected.

Mr. Johnson was a member of the commissioners court when the present courthouse was built in 1907. During his tenure, one of his strong characteristics as a public servant was revealed—that of refusing to budge from a course of action he believed to be right. He held firm when criticism mounted at the court had raised valuations on town lots from \$5 to \$20. As a member of the city council in 1910 he stood his ground on an ordinance replacing board walks with concrete structures, and in another measure designed to improve sanitary conditions.

As a leader in the Masonic lodge, he helped build the order's building at 3rd and Main, although many thought it was "out in the country" and that it was too pretentious. After retiring to private life for a score of years, he ran for county commissioner from precinct No. 2 in 1928 and was elected, serving three terms in office. He was a member of the court which committed the county to an expansive highway program and which guided affairs during boom periods and eventually established the current 50 cent tax rate.

### SARAZEN HOLDS OWN IN PGA

HERSHEY, Pa., Aug. 29 (AP)—Gene Sarazen, doughty little fair-ways veteran, matched Henry Picard shot for shot in their third round match of the P. G. A. championship today and at the half-way mark in their 36-hole tussle was leading the defending champion 1 up.

Sarazen scored a par 73 over the muddy course. Picard drove into the trees on the 14th and picked up, hence did not have a complete score.

Walt Hagen, the 48-year-old five-time former winner, took a two-up lead over Harold (Jug) McSpaden. The Halg fired a 72, one under par, to McSpaden's 74.

Paul Runyan was 4 up over Ed Dudley; Sam Snead led Jimmy Hines 3 up, and Dick Metz was 1 up on Byron Nelson after shooting a sizzling 70.

Ralph Guldahl shot a 71 to take a four up lead over Jim Foulis of Hindale, Ill. Ben Hogan scored 71 to lead Al Broch of Farmingdale, N. Y., two up and Eddie Kirk of Framington, Mich., went to lunch five up on Art Clark of Uniontown, Pa.

### Has Minor Surgery

W. A. Staton of Abilene underwent minor surgery Wednesday at Cowper clinic.

TO CHECK  
**MALARIA**  
IN 7 DAYS  
take **666**



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PHONE 501

## "BIG BUSINESS" GROUPS SAID BACKING APPEASEMENT MOVE

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29 (AP)—Representative Patman (D-Tex) told the Dies committee today he believed there was "a deliberate attempt" on the part of certain "big business" groups in this country to force adoption of an appeasement program toward Hitler.

The Texan, urging the committee to investigate what he said was "an unholy alliance" between certain parts of "big business" and the distribution of Nazi propaganda in this country was told by Chairman Dies (D-Tex) that committee agents already were doing so but had "found nothing so far."

Patman testified at a hearing accorded him to enable him to submit evidence which he said would substantiate his allegations that Carl Byoir, New York publicity man and army reserve officer, had been employed as a Nazi propagandist.

Byoir denied the charges and a sub-committee of the Dies committee headed by Rep. Dempsey (D-NM) recently exonerated Byoir, but Patman demanded an opportunity to present his case. The justice department also exonerated Byoir after an FBI investigation.

Patman told the committee that Byoir was once employed by the German tourist information service and was the highest paid representative of the German government in this country. He said Byoir was paid \$108,000 over an 18-month period shortly after Hitler came to power and in return distributed Nazi propaganda "including anti-semitic and church and state propaganda."

Seated nearby, Byoir, who has said Patman's charges were in retaliation for Byoir's aid in defeating the Palman chain store tax bill, shook his head in negation of the testimony.

Registration over local boards provided for in the law would take up the task of classification and selection assigning to each registrant a serial number chosen by lot.

A national drawing of serial numbers would then be held, and the sequence in which the registrants were drawn would determine the order in which each man was subject to call for possible service. Thus if number 283 happened to be the first drawn in the national drawing, it would mean that the man holding that number in each of the conscription districts was liable for service.

From questionnaire information previously obtained, the local boards would be able to determine the classification of those whose numbers had been drawn. The questionnaires would show employment, dependents and other information.

Those found to be in class I-A—that is, those whose questionnaires disclosed no apparent reason why they should not be called up—would be notified to report. If the local board found that the man called could not show cause for deferment of training or exemption, he would be given a medical examination and, if he passed that, inducted into army, navy or marine corps.

The number of men from any one area, however, would be limited by the quota that district was given. Quotas would vary, and the number of men already in the armed services or national guard from an area would be deducted from its quota.

The first conscripts would start arriving at army training centers the fortieth day after the bill became effective.

## MARKETS Wall Street

By VICTOR EUBANK  
NEW YORK, Aug. 29 (AP)—Selected stocks kept on the rallying route in today's market but many leaders were side-tracked.

Hesitant at the start, the list shifted over an irregular range. Dealings slackened on the failure to extend Wednesday's recovery and transfers were around 275,000 shares, against 381,000 yesterday.

Final gains and losses mostly were in fractions, although scattered variations of a point or so were to be seen.

Prominent among reasons given for the uneven performance was that a number of traders lightened accounts in preparation for the lengthy Labor Day recess.

**Livestock**  
FORT WORTH, Aug. 29 (AP)—(U. S. Dept. Agr.)—Cattle salable and total 2,200; calves salable and total 1,600; market: most classes of cattle and calves slow and steady to weak; stockers firm; most common and medium beef steers and yearlings 6.00-8.00; load good fed steers 9.15; few good yearlings to 9.50; most cows 4.25-5.50; few 5.75 upward; load 6.50; canners and cutters 2.75-4.25; bulls 4.50-6.00; slaughter calves largely 6.00-8.00; few choice above 8.50; culls 4.50-5.25; good and choice stock steers calves 9.00-10.00; stock heifer calves 9.00 down.

Hogs salable 1,200; total 1,400; around 15-25c lower than Wednesday's average; top 7.10; good and choice 175-275 lbs. 7.00-7.10; good and choice 150-170 lbs. 6.40-6.95; stocker pigs 4.50 down; packing hogs steady to 25c lower, mostly 5.75-6.00.

Sheep salable and total 900; all classes steady; quality considered; medium grade spring lambs 7.00; medium grade yearlings 5.50; aged wethers 3.50-4.00; canner ewes 1.50-1.75; feeder lambs 5.00-6.00.

**Cotton**  
NEW YORK COTTON  
NEW YORK, Aug. 29 (AP)—Cotton futures closed unchanged to 2 higher.

Open High Low Last  
Oct. . . . . 9.24 9.24 9.20 9.22  
Dec. . . . . 9.19 9.20 9.15 9.18  
Jan. . . . . 9.08  
Feb. . . . . 9.03 9.04 9.01 9.04  
Mar. . . . . 8.87 8.88 8.85 8.88  
July . . . . . 8.86 8.88 8.82 8.86  
Midling spot 9.88N, unchanged.

## Five Killed In Sooner Blast

BUFFALO, Okla., Aug. 29 (AP)—Five men were injured fatally and ten others burned in a thunderous explosion at a nearby Phillips Petroleum Co. pipeline project last night just ten minutes after the men accepted temporary jobs.

Company officials worked on a theory that a blow torch being used in repairing a leak touched off the blast.

Ten horses also perished. The animals as they died in the flames made "the most terrifying sound I ever heard," said Clyde Storer, 45, one of the four men who suffered critical burns in fleeing the scene.

The dead (all of Oklahoma): Donald King, 22, Buffalo. Warren Hendrix, 39, Cedardale. George Vosman, 20, Selman. Pat Cummings, 29, Laverne. Vernon Harding, 21, Laverne. King and Hendrix were trapped in a raging fire which broke out after the blast. The other three died later in hospitals.

Storer, who had gone to the scene in search of work, was only 100 yards away when the pipeline blew up. A wall of flame swept across the agebrush in the field, turned and ran out of danger, then looked back," he related. "There was a great cloud of smoke and men were running madly out of it."

The fire, which covered 30 acres, was brought under control shortly after midnight.

Buffalo is in the northwestern corner of Oklahoma.

## 50 Enrolled For Sales Course Here

Fifty enrollees have been received in the sales course to be conducted here next week by Jack D. Brown, head of the department of salesmanship at Texas Christian university. It was announced Thursday. Additional enrollees at \$5 for the entire course—are being received at the chamber of commerce.

The chamber of commerce is co-operating with TCU in sponsorship of the course, and all persons interested in modern sales methods and personal development are invited to attend. The course will be for three nights—Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, September 3-5—with two classes each night. Sessions will be at the Crawford hotel.

## To Entertain Club

Mrs. Bart Wilkerson will entertain the Triple Four Club Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock in her home.

## Treated For Burns

A. G. Abel of Coahoma was treated for burns on his right arm at the Hall and Bennett clinic this morning.

Abel is employed by the Sinclair Prairie Oil Co. and was using an acetylene torch at the time of the accident.

## INDORSE PROPOSAL

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 29 (AP)—Veterans of Foreign Wars at their annual national encampment today considered resolutions demanding that congress outlaw the communist party and endorsing military conscription.

## Cotton Crop

(Continued From Page 1)

from around eighteen to a little better than twenty-five thousands are made by ginners. Ray Smith of the Gular gin is of the opinion that the crop will be as good per acre as it was in 1937, although the decreased amount of land in cotton will give Howard county little more than last year. Approximately 133 pounds, a little over a quarter of a bale, is anticipated by most of the ginners and cotton farmers.

Gins can only expect a dribble of cotton in the beginning of the season but by September 30 the volume coming in should be gathering momentum and be in full blast by October 15. All sections, with the exception of the Center Point area, will be pulling bolls by that time, according to Bates. He anticipates a late crop at Center Point. J. H. Rosamond, Planters gin manager, looks forward to a ginning season that will last for six months. M. E. Allen of the Big Spring oil mill concurs in this opinion.

**Returns To Home**  
Mrs. S. H. Puckett of Gall Route was returned to her home Wednesday after being confined at the Cowper clinic.

**Birthday Party Given For Mrs. H. T. Hale**  
COAHOMA, Aug. 28 (SpI)—Mrs. H. T. Hale was guest of honor Monday evening when her daughter, Mrs. C. H. DeVaney, entertained with a surprise buffet supper at 6:30 o'clock in her home to compliment her mother on her 54th birthday anniversary.

The table was lace-laid and centered with a birthday cake and cut flowers. Gifts were presented to the honoree and those present were Mrs. and Mrs. H. T. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Loveless and children, Betty Lou and Louis, Mr. and Mrs. De Witt Shive and children, Wendell and Wanda, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. DeVaney and sons, Elvon and Arlon, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Edwards and daughter, Joyce, of Big Spring. Sending gifts were Mrs. Leon Moffett of Hot Springs, Ark., and Mrs. R. V. Guthrie.

**Has Tonsils Removed**  
Barbara Sue Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Brown, underwent tonsillectomy at the Malone & Hogan Clinic hospital this morning.

## Public Records

Building Permits  
A. V. Puente, North West 5th street, to re-roof house, \$25.  
White Way Camp, 1108 West 3rd, to hang sign, \$76.  
N. C. Barnes, 606 East 3rd, to hang sign, \$150.  
Leon's cafe, 408 North West 4th, to hang sign, \$33.  
Louis Gonzales, 409 North West 4th, to hang sign, \$35.

New Automobiles  
C. F. West, Chevrolet sedan.  
Jeff Cockerill, Ford coupe.

Filed in 70th District Court  
Bertha Moon vs. H. A. Moon, suit for divorce.  
A. W. Daugherty vs. Martha R. Daugherty, suit for divorce.

**AS FREE AS A FLEECY CLOUD**  
Get leg-freedom for your sports. Men everywhere are wearing HANES Crotch-Guard Sports for their games. This comfortable garment also helps them keep feeling spruce at work. Gentle, athletic support is provided by the HANESKINT Crotch-Guard, with its convenient fly-front. The crotch is wider . . . and won't bind. All-round Latex waistband.

HANES Crotch-Guard Sports and a HANES Undershirt make a perfect sports-team. Have your HANES Dealer show them to you today.

**HANES SPORTS**  
CROTCH-GUARD  
35¢ and 50¢  
HANES SHIRTS AND BROADCLOTH SHORTS  
35¢, 3 for \$1  
P. H. HANES KNITTING COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

### ON THE SPOT USED CAR SALE

WHAT DO WE MEAN, "ON THE SPOT"?  
Our Stock Must Be Reduced Before Winter -  
BANG! BANG! We Have Murdered Used Car Prices!  
LOOK AT THESE SPECIALS!

"ON THE SPOT" EXTRA SPECIAL  
1937 "60"  
FORD SEDAN is \$295  
Was \$350

1935 Convertible FORD SEDAN Was \$250 Is \$225  
1937 Chev. Coach Was \$325 Is \$250  
1937 Dodge Sedan Was \$375 Is \$300  
1938 FORD SEDAN Was \$475 Is \$445

"HERE'S THE SPOT"  
**Big Spring Motor Co.**  
Corner Main & Fourth—Big Spring Texas  
Authorized Ford Dealer

## WARDS BIGGEST TRADE-IN SALE OF THE YEAR . . . Ends Saturday!

### 35c WON'T BUY BETTER OIL!

100% Pure Pennsylvania  
**Motor Oil**  
In your container **13¢** qt.

Yes sir! The SAME top grade sold throughout the country for 35c a quart! It's Wards "Supreme Quality" . . . every drop refined from the world's best Pennsylvania crude! Double de-waxed and triple filtered to remove carbon-forming impurities! Stock up today at this SALE PRICE!

5-quart sealed can . . . . . 74c  
8-quart sealed can . . . . . 1.13  
(add 1c qt. Federal tax to all oil prices)

Price Cut Polishing Cloth **17¢**  
Price Cut Wax or Cleaner **26¢**

About 60 square feet of soft, absorbent cloth! Just right for automobile or home use!

A brilliant, long-lasting finish for your car! Equals the most expensive sold today!

Compare \$6.95 batteries!  
**Guaranteed 12 Months!**  
with your old battery **2.99**

"COMMANDER" . . . 39 full-sized plating . . . Port Orford cedar separators . . . 1-piece case! A dependable power plant for your car . . . at a cut price! 3 days only!

## TIRE PRICES REDUCED

**\$2.70 TO \$7.35**  
... From Wards Regular LOW List Prices!

**8.95**  
6.00-16 Deluxe Tire with your old tire

Yes! During this pre-Labor Day Sale, Wards allow you from \$2.70 to \$7.35 from the regular low list prices of Deluxe Tires and Tubes! This liberal allowance includes a trade-in on your old tires! Compare Riverside Deluxe only with original equipment and premium price tires. They're warranted to give satisfactory service without limit as to time or mileage! Save in this sale!

### SAVE AT THESE LOW SALE PRICES!

SIZE	REGULAR LOW LIST PRICE (Tire & Tube)	SALE PRICE (Tire & Tube)	SALE PRICE (Tire alone)
4.40-21	\$10.45	\$7.75	\$6.75
4.50-21	10.45	7.75	6.75
4.75-19	10.85	7.85	6.85
5.25-17	12.10	8.85	7.85
5.25-18	12.30	8.95	7.95
5.50-16	12.60	9.15	8.15
5.50-17	13.15	9.45	8.45
6.00-16	14.35	9.95	8.95
6.25-16	15.80	11.35	10.35
6.50-16	17.35	12.15	11.15
7.50-16	24.50	16.95	15.95

Price includes your old tire in exchange.  
Riverside Deluxe White Sidewall of even greater savings.

## RIVERSIDE DELUXE

It's designed to out-wear and out-perform the tires that came new on your car! Greater safety . . . premium quality, without premium price!

USE WARDS MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN  
Any purchase totaling \$10 or more will open a monthly payment account.

# Montgomery Ward

221 W. 3rd  
PHONE 624

# Casual Slaughterers

By Virginia Henson

## Chapter 37 FURTIVE FIGURE

The orderly, lingering, said, "Too bad about that young lady," and added fervently, "I'm glad I don't sleep here!"

"I understand the ah, weapon was taken from the kitchen here," the chaplain asked with what I could not help considering ghouliah interest.

"I guess it was. The cook said her best butcher knife was missing, and she hasn't got it back yet. She was pretty sore when she tried to cut the ham this morning."

"I hit back a hysterical impulse to tell him he should speak to the colonel—tell him the cook needed her butcher knife. I felt that I could want a vegetarian breakfast."

"Anyway, I'm glad I wasn't around when that fellow came for the knife," the orderly dilated with gruesome relish. "I got one scare a couple of nights ago that will last me awhile. I was ready to go back to barracks, and there wasn't a soul around. It was a week night, and I guess everybody was in bed for a change. I went back to the kitchen to change my white coat for my uniform blouse that I always leave hanging out there, and I came back through the dining room. The lights were on out here, see, and the dining room wasn't exactly dark, so I didn't turn on no lights. I was almost to the hall when I seen this sort of floating white figure by the buffet. Not that it was actually floating, or even moving when I first saw it. It was standing real still, like it hoped I wouldn't see it. I looked at it all. Well, for two shakes I would have just cut and run. But I was right by the door, and I figured I could get out quick if I had to, so I reared over and turned on the light."

He paused, enjoying our attention and creating suspense. Then he chuckled a little and went on, "Well, sir, it was Mrs. Tack, the bride, you know. She had on a kind of white bathrobe, and she had a medicine bottle in one hand and a vinegar cruet in the other, and she was pouring vinegar into the bottle. I reckon I thought she was daffy or something. I just stood there and stared until she gave a little laugh and asked me if I didn't know vinegar was good for a headache. Seemed she had one and was going to use vinegar on her head. I told her it was a new one on me, but she just smiled and said, 'Don't tell anyone I swiped it.' So I didn't. But I guess she was just joking, don't you?"

As both the orderly and the chaplain seemed disposed to linger and continue the subject, I took my overnight case and my rejected manuscript and went off down the hall to Felicia's room. But it did strike me as odd that Sandra should have been filling her medicine bottle in the dark. And there was something else the orderly had said that rang the little bell in my mind. Something that for the moment eluded me.

Felicia was in. She came to the door looking so pale and weary. I told her I had decided to leave in the morning and had come back to do my packing. Was there a vacant guest room where I could spend the night?

"Yes, plenty of them. But why don't you stay with me? I'm not looking forward to the night alone."

I saw then that she looked as she had the night her steel nerves had been shaken by this last catastrophe.

"All right," I said. "If you're sure you want me."

"The only thing I'd like better is a whole troop of cavalry, armed to the teeth."

"Has the guard been withdrawn from the room?"

"I suppose so. I haven't seen anyone around since noon."

"Then there'll be no objection to my getting my things."

"I don't know. Perhaps you'd better ask Colonel Pennant."

"Oh, he didn't say I couldn't," I told her brightly.

I put a period to that by taking my case into the bedroom. I took my bag and my rejected manuscript and my pocketbook I bore with me back to the sitting room.

"I may as well pack that," I said disgustedly. "Barren fruit of my visit at Fort Michigan."

"What is it?"

"Rejected manuscript. Sent it off on Monday and back it comes on Friday. Nice going."

"Quick," she commented. "It's even got an air-mail stamp on it."

"Why, so it has. I didn't notice that. Rosabelle is getting lavish. Now what might that mean?"

"You might find out by opening it," Felicia suggested dryly.

"No, wait! There was a letter, too," I opened my pocketbook and took it out. "Another air-mail stamp. Curiouser and curiously so. I was conscious of Felicia's eyes as I opened the letter and scanned it hurriedly, murmuring phrases aloud."

"Dear Miss Cornish, this starts off swell but about the middle it starts to go haywire. Sounds like two stories mixed up. I'm rushing the manuscript to you as I need it for the November book. Please clean it up and fire it back—"

"Nerts," I commented, trusting the letter back in my bag. She needs new specs. Well, I'm certainly not going to tackle it tonight. I've a notion to send it back without changing a line. She wouldn't know the difference—there's a dizzy lot, these love-pulp editors."

"Sounds like it," said Felicia absently. "Breaking off dizzy editors means the chaplain wants some more towels. Wonder if the laundry can bleach out that black spot he put on his rash? And"

when I collected the linen from Jeff's room this morning there was a towel that looked as if he had been polishing brass with it. Honestly, people show less consideration—"

Animal A's Hay

She had started out, but she paused at the door.

"I'll be back in a minute. Need any help with your packing?"

"No thanks. I just brought a wardrobe suitcase. I can pack it in a half-hour. I may as well do it now and get to bed. I want to catch an early train."

I followed her out into the corridor, where she separated. Subconsciously while I hesitated at the door of my room, I heard the sound of her tapping heels diminish and cease as she rounded a corner. Then I mustered courage to turn the knob.

The door was not locked. I opened it slowly, fearfully, half expecting to feel it inepid by the prone form which had been there in the morning. But it swung in easily enough and, my hand on the light switch, I prepared to follow it.

Then I saw that there was already a light in the room. A dim, furtive light, over by my work-table. Someone was bending over the table, focusing a small flashlight on something that lay there. Someone who had not heard me at the door, or noticed the light from the corridor which I had let in.

If ever I got my mental signals jammed, it was at this moment. Terror is supposed to lend wings to the feet. I'll never know why I flipped the light switch. It might have meant curtains for me. The figure whirled like an animal at bay, and I saw it was Jeff. I stepped inside and closed the door after me. Then I asked him what in the so-and-so he was doing there and would he like a few of my deathless works, with which to while away the hours of his confinement?

He didn't answer, just stood there turning first one color, then another, as if the stagehands were trying out lights on him. I waited, and the silence grew uncomfortable.

"Why don't you yell?" he burst out at last in a cracked voice. "Why don't you do something? Go ahead—scream for help! Notify Dan—call out the guard. You don't seem to realize the murderer is at large!"

There was enough bitterness in the last words to flavor a carload of quinine.

"I'd like to know what you've found that's so interesting."

He brought it reluctantly from behind his back.

"It doesn't belong to you," he said stiffly. "I don't blame you for being sore at me for prying among your things, but this was what I was looking for, and it's the only thing I've bothered."

It was Sandra's notebook. The one in which she had taken her shorthand notes.

"Where did you find it?" I asked with a little stirring of excitement.

He looked surprised. "Right here. It was on top of those papers."

"But it wasn't there this morning."

Concocted Man

"Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. I was looking for it. But what on earth do you want with it?"

"Suppose I don't tell you?" he suggested coolly.

"Then I will lift my lovely voice and startle the echoes."

"And if I do?"

I looked him over carefully.

"I see you're not armed."

"Think I'm an utter fool?"

"I'll tell you better when I know how you come to be here. But on the whole, yes. Any man who lets himself be blackmailed into marriage—any man contented enough to believe three beautiful women were all in love with him—"

His face turned the color of a ripe plum. He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. I took pity on him.

"Mimi told me. She knew exactly what Sandra was doing, but she was afraid to tell Dan talk to you."

"It wouldn't have done any good, he said dully. "Sandra could make you think black was white. And she always had her trouble when she didn't get her way. Even when we were kids. God knows what she wanted to marry me for. Not for love. But if it would make her leave Dan alone—"

"Listen! he went on desperately. "Dan was the best friend I had in the world. When my father got sick Dan was—well, he was pretty fine. All the time I was a cadet he was my pattern of what an officer and a gentleman ought to be. He paused and kicked the table leg."

"So you didn't want to take a chance of mixing things up for him, I see. I saw more than that. I saw a little of what Julia had been trying to tell me about Jeff—his loyalty, his sensibility, his stern sense of honor. 'Forget that crack about the three women,' I hope everything is going to be all right."

To him that was probably just an inane remark, but I meant every word of it. I was remembering, with an unpleasant chill, feeling under my ribs, that I had let my red hair get the best of me and had told that these two, Mimi and Jeff, had been willing to sacrifice much to keep.

With an effort I brought back my wandering wits.

"So that was why you wanted the notebook, I said. 'You thought there might be something in it.'"

"Somehow," he said savagely. "She"

told me last night that she had written down a few things she knew about people and put it in a safe place. That was after she made the pleasant remark that it would do me no good to kill her. I was tempted to when she said that. But I didn't."

I was still standing against the door, and I could hear Felicia coming back down the corridor. I held my breath until I heard her turn in at her own room, but I was suddenly aware of Jeff's position.

"How did you get here?" I demanded, dropping my voice to a whisper.

Chapter 38  
THE VANISHING NOTEBOOK

"How did you get here?" I demanded.

"Walked out," he whispered back, grinning sardonically. "Sent the sentry for a key and the darn fool left the door unlocked."

"Well, you're walking right back in," I told him grimly. "Of all the foot stunts! Climb out that bedroom window on the side and wait for me in Adam's car. Here's the key to the garage cell. And keep an eye out for the sentry along the back row."

He did not argue with me. Maybe he thought if I knew as much as Sandra I might be equally dangerous. At any rate, he departed informally by the window, and I had just started into the bedroom to latch the screen after him when Felicia came in.

"Anything I can do?" she asked. I pretended I was coming out of the bedroom instead of going in.

"No, thanks. I've been sorting my papers and just remembered something I left at the Pennants," I said, inventing hastily. "I'd better go for it right now, before they go to bed. I'll take Adam's car."

What if she should offer to go with me? I held my breath, but she didn't. I opened the door and held it for her, then I turned off the light and went out, closing the door behind me.

"Guess I'll get out of this griddle," she said with a yawn. "I'll probably read for a while, but if I'm asleep when you come in, you're bed is the one farthest from the door. And for gosh sake don't creep in quietly unless you want me to wake up and scream my head off!"

Jeff was sitting dutifully in the car. I backed it out and turned it down the row toward the hospital.

"For a girl, you've got guts," he observed presently. "How do you know I'm not a murderer?"

"I don't know it. I hope for Julia's sake you're not. But walking out of the prison ward tonight isn't going to make matters look any better for you."

"If Dan had put me in arrest in quarters I would have stayed there," he said resentfully. "I guess he really thinks I killed her. It's funny how few people will keep on believing in you when things look black. Sandra certainly acted as if she thought I killed her. But if she did why did she marry me?"

"Now you're asking something. You said awhile ago that it wasn't for love. There aren't many reasons for a woman marrying a man she doesn't love, and you can sum them up in one word—gain."

"But what would she gain through me? I haven't anything but my pay, and she was pretty well fixed financially. At least she ought to have been. You don't count twenty thousand dollars in a couple of years—not without having something to show for it."

Painful Subject

"Jeff! You don't suppose she jammed it away on the market?"

"No. She doesn't know a stock from a bond."

"But did she ever tell you how it was invested, or how much interest she has?"

"Not me. I wouldn't have listened. I didn't want anything to do with it. If my father wanted her to have it—"

He stopped, but not before bitterness had crept into his voice again.

I hesitated for a moment, but something made me pursue the painful subject.

"Julia tells me your father left you a house in Memphis and your great-grandfather's farm in the Ozarks."

Chapter 39  
WHAT SAFE PLACE?

I shuffled through the papers on top of the table. I opened the wastebasket. I even delved into the garbage, and there it was, that short-hand notebook to inspect.

The rejected manuscript was on the seat beside me. I had found myself still treasuring its hampering shape when I followed Jeff out to the garage. I had clung to it, unconsciously, as I had to my pocketbook, while all the time my mind was on other things.

I put the car in the garage, collected the manuscript and pocketbook, and locked the garage, and went back to my room. It did not occur to me to be frightened a second time. My mind was on the shorthand notebook. I was thinking ironically that I had practically pledged myself to keep a secret that I had broadcast a couple of hours ago.

But when I turned on the light and went to look for it, the shorthand notebook was gone.

gentleman himself. He swore until the day he died that there was silver on the place. He kept sending samples to be assayed and tearing up the reports when they came—"

His voice trailed off.

"And if Sandra had ever heard that story she would have believed it," I asked tensely.

"She might, I suppose. Even Father liked to toy with the idea, though he knew better. He always said he'd go back when he was retired and spend a little money proving to his own satisfaction that there was nothing there. Maybe he talked to Sandra at the last—maybe he got to believing it himself. Anyway, she and I quarreled about it when we were first engaged, and almost as soon as she got here last week she was at me again to change my will. I didn't think even she would be that cheap."

"Did you change it?"

"No. Why should I? Julia has never known anything about it, but I intend her to have the place if anything happens to me. Then, when Sandra practically accused me of killing Ivan, I told her that finished things, as far as I was concerned. I'd married her, but I didn't propose to say any more for her silence. She ran to you to make it appear, I suppose, that the break was of her making. And it was part of her spite to go to the reception with a black eye. Kay, I swear I didn't even know she had it until right there on the front walk when she took off that scarf thing she was wearing."

"Just bluffing?"

"She was shut in the bedroom with a headache when I came home at noon, and after duty she was still in there. She had laid out her dress for the evening, so after dinner I dressed in there and got out. I never had a good look at her or I wouldn't have let her go a step."

"I felt like blacking the other eye when I got her home. That was when she told me it wouldn't do me any good to kill her. After she went off to your room I looked through everything she had, because I thought if she was leaving anything written down in those rooms that money hoaxes or one of the orderlies would be into it. But I didn't find anything. That's why I thought about the shorthand notebook. Only I can't read shorthand, so I wasn't any better off when I found it. Can you? Do you know what was in it?"

"Just some dictation I gave her. That's all, as far as I know. I can read it fairly well, if it's Gregg. But I haven't looked at it. I'll see when I get back. But I think she was just bluffing, don't you?"

"God knows. It doesn't pay to take chances with people like that."

The prison ward was on the ground floor of the west wing. At Jeff's suggestion, I parked by the side entrance, got out and went in.

The sentry was sitting in front of the door to the ward, his face as white as chalk. He jumped a foot when I came in and his hand came to me with his hand on the butt of his automatic.

"You haven't reported Lieutenant Tack missing?" I whispered, and I thought the man was going to faint. "It's all right, sentry. He's out in the car. We were hoping he could get back without anyone knowing."

The enlisted man took his hand off the gun and brought out a white card, which he handed to my handkerchief, which I tucked in my pocket. He became suddenly glib, and in a strained whisper, "Listen, I just missed him, see? I come back with that tray, and the room was dark, and he had rolled a blanket up on the bed, so I think he's asleep, see? Then I went to think about me leaving that door unlocked, and about two minutes ago I reaches in and turns on the light, and I was in the lieutenant's troop. I was going to wait to report it until seeing the Officer of the Guard come down the hall. He's due any time now. Lady, I sure am glad you bring him back!"

I saw Jeff safely behind that door, locked this time, then I drove back to the club. It must be nearly o'clock, and I still had my packing to do, and that short-hand notebook to inspect.

The rejected manuscript was on the seat beside me. I had found myself still treasuring its hampering shape when I followed Jeff out to the garage. I had clung to it, unconsciously, as I had to my pocketbook, while all the time my mind was on other things.

I passed over and turned the key in the corridor door, reflecting that it was a little late for the precaution, found my pocketbook, which contained the remains of a pack of cigarettes, and lit up. Then I pushed the door to the bedroom nearly shut, selected a magazine from a stack on the table and settled down to read.

But not for long. I could not keep my mind on the words. Thoughts of my own kept nagging me—thoughts of Mimi and Colonel Pennant, of Julia and Jeff and Sandra. Sandra, who had "written down what she knew about several people and put it in a safe place." Not just what she knew about Mimi and Jeff. Several people.

Reducing it to simple terms, Sandra was blackmailer. She had blackmailed Jeff into marrying her. She had tried to blackmail him into giving her the Ozark property, which she believed to be valuable. A logical question formed in my mind. Had she been blackmailing someone else?

The answer brought me to my feet. It was so obvious that I wondered why I had not seen it before. She had been blackmailing the murderer!

I'd been a fool to believe him to let it get out of my hands. What had he done with it—hidden it, destroyed it? There had been plenty of time to do either on his way to the garage. I felt sure he no longer had it when I delivered him at the hospital. It was too large to be concealed in a pocket, and he had not been carrying anything.

Was there any one trying to find it? Was there anyone to whom I could appeal for help? Gerald? I felt again that sinking of my heart, the unwilling, frightening realization that Gerald was an impostor.

Felicia? The chaplain? But I would have to tell them that Jeff had been here, and I was reluctant to do that. Perhaps he had not destroyed the notebook; he might have hidden it in the car. The garage was locked and the key in my hand, but I shrank from going out there alone in the dark. If the notebook was there, it was safe until morning. Morning, I told myself, would be time enough.

I got my wardrobe suitcase from the closet and packed my things, putting my papers all together in a compartment which served very well for the purpose. The rejected manuscript, still unopened, went in with them. Then I emptied the chest and the drawers of the bureau chest, took a look around the bathroom and sitting room for forgotten articles, closed my typewriter in its traveling case and prepared to leave. At the door, however, I turned back on an unexplained impulse and dragged the ward-robe suitcase as far as the sitting room. But it was too heavy for me, so I abandoned it there, locked both the suitcase and the typewriter and put the keys in my pocket. Then I turned out the lights, went out and shut the door.

There was a light in Felicia's sitting room, but she was in bed, snoring a little. Remembering not to be too quiet, I prepared for bed, but she did not stir. And when, presently, I turned off the light and stretched out on the vacant bed her soft little snore was still at work.

Normally that snore would not have bothered me, but tonight I was overwrought. The instant I relaxed and was about to drift into sleep, unwelcome thoughts would swarm around me like mosquitoes. There were mosquitoes, too, in the flesh—their own and mine. And there was that softly persistent snore that gradually became maddening.

Elemental Fear

Eventually I resigned myself to staying awake. I dozed a little, but I didn't find anything. That's why I thought about the shorthand notebook. Only I can't read shorthand, so I wasn't any better off when I found it. Can you? Do you know what was in it?"

"Just some dictation I gave her. That's all, as far as I know. I can read it fairly well, if it's Gregg. But I haven't looked at it. I'll see when I get back. But I think she was just bluffing, don't you?"

"God knows. It doesn't pay to take chances with people like that."

I felt the roots of my hair tingle with elemental fear. For the first time I thought of that snore as a comforting reminder that I was not alone.

Then I began to hear little things, small sounds such as are always audible in a sleeping house. I thought tonight my disordered imagination magnified into evidence that evil was creeping on stealthily feet through the corridors of the building.

Over the heavy thudding of my heart I heard boards creak under the slow weight of those feet, heard the little strummings of secret errands, the whisper of pages as if someone were leafing rapidly through a magazine. My thoughts went back to the mounting horror of the picture of Sandra, sitting dutifully quiet while I worked, turning the pages of a magazine until I was ready to scream at the relentless regularity of the repeated sound. My heart hammered painfully. I pictured her sitting there now, turning the pages, waiting—waiting for what? What had I done to her? What had I done to her?

Then so distinct that I knew I had not imagined it, loud in the quiet night, I heard the click of a door latch.

That sound woke me to a healthier fear. The click of the corridor door!

Almost relieved at the thought of a tangible menace, I crept out of bed and tiptoed to the open door of the sitting room, where I stopped for an instant to listen. There was no further sound. Presently, emboldened by the continued quiet, I reached a hand into the room and switched on the light.

There was no one there. I stood in the doorway for a moment, getting my nerve back and feeling foolish. Behind me Felicia still slept. Well, at least I could have a cigarette and turn the key in the corridor door, reflecting that it was a little late for the precaution, found my pocketbook, which contained the remains of a pack of cigarettes, and lit up. Then I pushed the door to the bedroom nearly shut, selected a magazine from a stack on the table and settled down to read.

But not for long. I could not keep my mind on the words. Thoughts of my own kept nagging me—thoughts of Mimi and Colonel Pennant, of Julia and Jeff and Sandra. Sandra, who had "written down what she knew about several people and put it in a safe place." Not just what she knew about Mimi and Jeff. Several people.

Unbearable Excitement

It wasn't only to Jeff that she had thrown the taunt that it would do no good to kill her. She had recorded her knowledge and put it in a safe place. And she had thought that made her safe, too. What safe place?

It seemed to me suddenly that Sandra was in the room with me, trying to tell me something. I began to shake with a chill that was not so much fright as the unbearable excitement of knowing that I was on the verge of a revelation. This was something that I earned me. I was as sure of it as if I had seen her startling there, pointing at me. When there was no one else she had turned to me, even though she knew I was Julia's friend. Wasn't it plausible, then, that, surrounded by strangers, she had cached her secret with me? She had not trusted me, but she could not do that—put it in a safe place—unless she had the wit to recognize the clue—"

I settled myself, with another cigarette, let the magazine slip to the floor, and went over everything I could remember concerning Sandra since she had come to my room Sunday night.

There was the shorthand notebook, of course. That leaped to the attention. But in no sense could it be considered a safe place. Meaning people can read shorthand. Besides, it was too obvious. If it had been that important she would never have left it lying about.

A safe-deposit box?

Not here. I was fairly sure of that. And the record she had made must be a recent one. There was no bank nearer than the next town, and to the best of my belief she had not been off the post since Sunday evening for the one time she had gone with me to the post office, and then she had not been out of my sight.

The post office. She had mailed two letters.

"To friends who knew Ivan," she had said.

I remembered those letters. Thin, one-page affairs. Still, they might have included the few words necessary to incriminate someone—"

And then I thought of the manuscript.

Little things which had no meaning for me at the time they happened recurred to me now in a new light. Sandra asking to use my typewriter and staying alone in my room all that afternoon. Her determination that the manuscript should be finished and sent off that very day. The question she had asked concerning his destination, and the time of his probable return if rejected. And the strange intensity with which she had watched me seal and stamp the envelope and hand it through the window to the postmaster.

What had the editor said?

With feverish fingers I extracted the letter once more from my bag and read it with new comprehension.

"Sounds like two stories mixed up."

My housecoat was lying in the jumble of things in my overnight case. I crushed the letter back in to my pocketbook, snatched up the robe and put it on. That manuscript locked in my wardrobe case in the next room, would bear investigating.

A familiar chill gripped me as I turned the key to unlock the door to the corridor, but I gave myself no time to heed it. I clicked off the light in the sitting room, listened for a moment to Felicia's hardy slumber and gently, quietly turned the doorknob.

Chapter 40  
"LOVER'S RETURN"

The corridor was not quite dark. A dim light had been left burning on the cross hall that led to the lounge, and a small fanlight over the side door let in a little light from the street. To my left, not more than a dozen steps away, was the door to my room. Directly opposite Felicia's door and mine were those of two empty guest rooms which I knew were kept locked when they were not in use. To my right, beyond Felicia's room, and beyond the cross hall, stretched a double row of cryptically closed doors. Now that Sandra and Jeff were gone, only one other room in this wing was occupied, and that by the chaplain, Gerald, was upstairs somewhere, among the bachelors.

There was no one in sight in either direction. Nevertheless that strange chill persisted. I to myself that I had imagined the creaks and rustles, the click of the door latch. I had to get that manuscript! It would take me only a moment. I would simply unlock the case, open it, extract the manila envelope and bring it back to Felicia's room to read. It was nonsense to suppose that I was in any danger.

Chasing my pocketbook tightly in my hands that were suddenly damp, I edged along the wall that distance of twelve steps, found the knob of the other door and pulled myself toward it as if I were walking a tight rope. I was tempted to turn back as I faced the mystery of what might lie within that closed room, but I listened as well as I could above the hammering of my heart, and heard nothing. I presently, re-buking myself for a coward, I turned the knob and swung the door wide.

There was no light, no sound within the room. Fearfully I pressed the switch and inspected the light-flooded room, not neglecting to peep through the crack behind the wide-awning door. Sandra was blackmailer. She had blackmailed Jeff into marrying her. She had tried to blackmail him into giving her the Ozark property, which she believed to be valuable. A logical question formed in my mind. Had she been blackmailing someone else?

The answer brought me to my feet. It was so obvious that I wondered why I had not seen it before. She had been blackmailing the murderer!

door and switched off the overhead light. There was a small shaded lamp on the table. I had turned that on instead, after pulling down the thick blinds of the sitting-room window. Then I closed the door to the dark bedroom and, reasonably safe from interruption, unlocked the wardrobe case and got out the manuscript.

It was just where I had left it, the seal still unbroken. I carried it over to the table, sat down facing the corridor door, and prepared to open it. I had thought my resolution to return with it to Felicia's room. I did not want her waking up and coming in on me with her everlasting curiosity. For the matter of that, how did I know I dared trust her? I was in no mood to trust anyone. And suddenly I saw Sandra's notebook.

Bear Vision

I was lying on the table, just beyond the lamp. On top of some magazines I intended to give the orderly. Where Jeff had found it, where I had locked it in my valise when I returned from the hospital. If it had been a coiled snake I could not have felt a more fascinated horror. Then someone had been in this room since I left it. I forced myself to reach for it, but as I drew it toward me I felt a sudden consciousness of the spot between my shoulder blades that acts as a third eye. I glanced nervously behind me, but there was nothing there—nothing but the closed door to the bedroom which I had just thoroughly searched.

"Don't be a fool," I muttered crossly. But I reflected that if my own being were ever contrived for them some form of rear vision. Rear vision—"

Why not contrive a little of my own?

There was a fair-sized mirror set into the inner side of the flap of my pocketbook one of those envelope-shaped affairs. I turned it inside out and propped it against the lamp so that the mirror reflected the knob of the bedroom door.

I still have that pocketbook. I expect to will it to my grandchildren, if any. For if they ever have any existence, they will owe it to that mirror. Without it I would not have been able to see that false sense of security. I opened the unstable notebook, saw that it contained about three pages of competent Gregg shorthand and concentrating on the little I could remember from a high school course, set myself to decipher it.

A few lines were enough to tell me that this was merely the dictation I had given Sandra on Tuesday. I began to skip, puzzling out a phrase here and there, turning the pages, reassuring myself that there was nothing more.

Nothing more? I turned the last page and saw, detached from the rest of the text, a line of four characters.

I puzzled over them for a moment. The first was the little curved stroke that denotes the hard sound of the letter c—kuk or k or can. The second character seemed to be red. Can red—that didn't make sense. No, wait—can read! I went on to the last two, which were more complex, with the two little strokes under each that mean capital A. A little. With that as a clue I deciphered them.

Lover's Return! The manuscript she had helped me copy. I was right! Can read—no! What a fool I was! Kay, read Lover's Return!

My fingers trembling with almost unbearable eagerness, I tore open the manila envelope and drew out the eighteen or twenty typed pages.

I started to read. I don't know what I expected to find—undated words, interjections—"

"I Have Decided—"

There was nothing. This was just the story I had written, the pages I had copied and proofread myself. Sandra had done the last six or eight pages. I flipped the manuscript over, chose a page at random and scanned the lines. But I had proofread these pages, too, as she typed them. What?

And then I remembered the letter: "About the middle it starts to go haywire—"

I fumbled the pages apart, grabbed a section out of the middle and began to read.

Page ten.

...what any of you say. I just can't go on without him. He's—why don't you understand? He's part of my life. A little. With that was no good. My own I had started to turn the page when I was struck by the strangely solid look of the lower half of the sheet. No dialogue. Paragraphs that begged to be shorted. Why, that would be a solid block in print—"

Maribel flung back her silken curls and stared up at him tragically. "It's Alfred. Sit down and I will tell you my story."

What was that? Maribel had silken curls, all right, like all proper pulp heroines and maybe she had a past, too. But this was no way to introduce either. Maribel had certainly gone haywire.

With more eagerness than any shopper, I began to revel in Maribel's past.

There is an impostor here, and I am the only one who knows it. In the beginning I was assured that I would only do harm by exposing the imposture, and I agreed to keep silent, for a price. I saw and still see, no reason why I should not be paid for a service rendered. I needed the money—the man I loved, as it were, and that quite so bitter as to be denied love because of poverty—and that poverty caused by a callous world's rejection of genius. And then he was killed. I still think my husband killed him, and I mean him to suffer for it. But my own future was at stake, too. I had to decide between immediate revenge, or security first. I've never been anybody or had anything but the charity of strangers.

When the only person I loved lay brutally murdered I cared about nothing but power, money, the means to revenge myself on a world that has shown me no kindness. But something was said about spies which has set me thinking. And I have not yet been paid for my silence. I intend to give the impostor one more chance, but to safeguard myself from one who may be a spy, I have decided to record what I know—"

A shiver like a tickling feather had started at the nape of my neck and was zigzagging down my backbone. My fingers fumbled as I tried to flip the page and something, I will never know what, drew my eyes to the mirror.

The knob of the bedroom door was slowly turning.

Incredulous, I stared at the mirror. I had been staring at the door. There couldn't be anyone there! I kept on watching the turning knob for an instant of trained helplessness. Then a picture flashed into my mind—Jeff dis-appearing into the bedroom, Felicia at the corridor door. I heard again the little sounds of Jeff departing by the bedroom window.

# CASUAL SLAUGHTERS

(Continued from preceding page)

He got up from the edge of the bed, and when I stole a glance at him presently he was pacing the floor.

"Don't go so far away," I said, in a voice that insisted on fading to a whisper.

He came back then and took my hand between both of his.

"I'm still scared," he said huskily. "You've been unconscious for eight hours. Your eyes were open and staring and you didn't seem to breathe. That's why I've been all right, but— I've been here all night. I swore I'd never leave you again."

Tears welled into his eyes.

"Don't—please don't," I begged. "It wasn't your fault. And I feel quite well, really."

But he went on as if I had not spoken.

"I knew what a fool I'd been when I read about Sandra in the afternoon papers. I was in Penn Station waiting for a train that would have brought me here this afternoon. I went to Mitchell Field instead and found an army pilot to fly me out here. And then I was too late. They were carrying you out to the ambulance when my taxi pulled up. They thought at first your skull was fractured—that mop of hair was all that saved you—"

"You can tell your redden-headed grandchildren that," I murmured. "He tried to laugh, but it wasn't a very successful effort."

A nurse came in then and took my pulse and my temperature and engaged in a brief argument with Adam in which he lost, of course.

He stood by the bed for a moment, looking down at me intently as if to assure himself that I was really there.

"Go to sleep," he said huskily, then vanished through the door the nurse was pointedly holding open.

No Curiosity

Later in the morning Captain Jones came in with a strange gray-haired officer whom I had never seen. He proved to be the senior surgeon, just returned from leave.

He was friendly and reassuring as he felt gently of my aching head, examined my eyes and asked me what "seemed ridiculous questions" until I remembered that they do that to football players who have been knocked out.

My neck was stiff, too, and for a moment I couldn't think why until I remembered those steel hands.

The senior surgeon nodded when I told him about it, but when he spoke it was across me, to Captain Jones.

"Take a look at these bruises," he said dryly. "Nothing phony about them." Captain Jones, I saw with surprise, was very red.

"And you might read that chapter on 'Malingering' in Ford's Military Medical Administration. Not that you'll find much application for it in peacetime," he added, interesting tolerantly, "but it's interesting reading."

Surprising to me, he made a disability. He says, if I remember correctly, that a copper penny, bound on with a cloth soaked in vinegar, leaves a very fair imitation of a bruise.

It was about then that I began to get the drift of the conversation.

"You're talking about Sandra, aren't you?" I demanded, and then remembered something. "So that was why she got the vinegar from the mess hall—and the towel Felicia said looked as if Jeff had been polishing brass with it—"

The surgeon looked at me sharply.

"Any idea why she should want to fake a black eye?" he asked.

"Yes. Oh yes. To take out a grudge on Jeff. I'm glad I found that out. I don't feel so sorry for her now. She had potentialities,

didn't she?"

"She had," indeed. He paused, looked from Captain Jones to me in some embarrassment. "Of course I was only leading the captain here for not having discovered the fake when he first examined the body. Anyone might have overlooked it. Matter of fact, he's had a good bit on his mind this past fortnight. Three violent deaths, and his wife very ill in Chicago. She's all right now. I'm glad to say, and the mother of a fine boy. The scamp arrived ahead of schedule, otherwise I wouldn't have been on leave—"

I congratulated the captain and saw that he looked nicer when he smiled. Then the surgeon delivered his opinion that I was in my right mind and had nothing to worry about. X-rays taken during the night showed no fracture. My coma had probably been due ninety per cent to shock. I should remain in bed for a few days to give any mild concussion time to subside.

They went away, and I partook sparingly of a modest lunch. Afterward I slept. In my dazed mental state I had no curiosity about the night's events. It was easier to lie there, safe and thankful, thinking of nothing but my aches and pains and the blessing of being alive.

Chapter 42 VISITORS

I woke about the middle of the afternoon, feeling as if my head were a vast unfinished building from which a thousand hammering workmen had just taken their unannounced departure. I stirred a little on my pillow. The head was sore, definitely. But that heavenly vacancy was reassuring.

Mimi and Julia arrived about four bearing flowers and a basket of fruit that should have gone up the gangplank of the Normandie. I wondered if it was for ammunition.

"I'm not proud of myself," Julia said abruptly. She looked as if she had not slept, but her smudged eyes shone like the ones in her mother's picture. "I never dreamed you'd go back to the club. I was so wrapped up in myself I couldn't spare a thought for how you must feel. And I owe you one eye and she dashed it impatiently away. "Jeff's told me the whole thing. I'm so happy."

Her voice broke, so she tried again. "I'm so happy—"

Her face screwed up and a Niagara of tears cascaded down her cheeks.

"Oh hell," she muttered. "I'll wait in the car."

Mopping her face, she ducked out of the room.

I looked desperately to the four corners of the room, hoping that someone—nurse, doctor, anyone—would save me from this moment alone with Mimi. It wasn't fair, after last night's shock I ought to be protected from this sort of thing.

But no one came; and presently, when she had finished arranging a vase of flowers and brought it to the bedside table, I had to face her.

"I was going to ask her to forgive me, but what I saw stopped me. Her eyes looked dazed, and she was all warm and light as if the sun were shining on her. She set the vase of flowers down and took my hand. She felt vibrant—so full of happiness that she was radiating with it."

"Ker, I was wrong about Dan," she said in a husky, marveling voice. "Last night I found I could tell him everything. It must have been that talking to you had made it easier. And, Ker, he was wonderful, even when I confessed how jealous I've been. He said it was all his fault, and he told me something he would never mention before. About how he felt when his first wife died—how he blamed himself, and swore he would never

marry again. But I needed him; and he loved me—I believe that now. Only—he couldn't forget that he was responsible for the death of Julia's mother. At least that's the way he looks at it. And he couldn't bear the thought of anything happening to me. Can you understand what a difference it makes, knowing that?"

I made some meaningless answer which I'm sure she did not hear. She was as unapproachable as a valuable pearl wrapped around with cotton wool. I was glad for her, but I envied her a little.

After she had gone I thought about Colonel Pennington with gratitude and increased respect. It had never occurred to me that he would not give me that. The more I pondered the more my admiration grew. That man would be Chief of Staff someday. He could take it as well as dish it out!

G-Man

And then I thought—no one's telling me what happened last night. They think I'm not well enough to know. That means it's bad. Maybe someone else got hurt; maybe the murderer got away after all, got away with the manuscript and its costly secret. Maybe they caught the murderer and when I find out it's going to hurt.

I had a vision then of Gerald's eyes, no longer warm and friendly, or cold and alert; but beaten, terror-ridden. A horrible vision. My heart rebelled against it. Whatever he had done I hoped they had not caught him. If they had, I didn't want to know it. I wouldn't ask—I wouldn't listen.

The nurse came in, smiling a little.

"A gentleman to see you," she said brightly. She wasn't a bad-looking girl, and I noticed that she spent more time straightening her own hair and cap than she did in making me presentable. But I didn't care. It would only be the colonel or Jeff or the chaplain, or Adam. And he had already seen me at my worst.

But it wasn't any of them. I stared at the vision in the doorway, and my first reaction was one of tremendous relief.

"Then they didn't catch you!" I exclaimed, and stopped, horrified at what I had said. I should have been frightened, too, but I wasn't. There was something reassuring about those fringed gray eyes. They stared at me blankly for a moment. Then he came over to the bed and looked down at me.

"What did you say?" he asked grimly. But he didn't wait for me to think up an answer. "So that's why I couldn't keep a finger on you—look here, young lady, if you go around accusing people so freely I don't wonder you get yourself strangled and battered—"

"Rush!" I interrupted desperately. "I'd forgotten about you. I mean, I hadn't thought about you in connection with it. I—I beg your pardon, I went on inadequately. You wouldn't have done that—"

The nurse tittered. He turned and gave her a very fishy look. The missing monocle was practically visible for a moment. To my immense satisfaction she appeared to recall that she had other duties and withdrew.

And then the implication of what he had just said made its way to my blunted understanding. I looked into his eyes and saw the cold steel there, but I was not afraid. In that instant of revelation I saw that he could be pitiless but not unprincipled; that he could be

# Voters Put 'New Races' In Local Offices

## Settles, Dunagan, Robinson And Crenshaw Are Winners

### Brown Only Re-elected Commissioner; Hale, Nail And Simpson Are Chosen

Without a dissenting voice, the voters of Big Spring county have elected a new slate of officers to serve in the offices of sheriff, justice of the peace, coroner, assessor, and county clerk.

Out of eight local places up for election, seven will be filled by new men—or at least going in new.

Brown Sutton captured the coveted sheriff's post. Hugh Dunagan, the district clerk's post, Newton Robinson the justice of the peace and J. E. (Bud) Brown, the coroner's position. The only county commissioner to survive the storm, R. E. (Boss) Hale was in No. 2, R. E. (Boss) Nail in No. 3 and Alvin Simpson in No. 4.

Of all the races, none was so warm as the coroner's. With all but a few hours in, Bud Brown, incumbent, had a slim vote margin over the man he ousted two years ago. South however, gave Crenshaw a 25-vote majority to fill the job and give Crenshaw the victory, 2,128 to 2,093, according to complete unofficial returns.

Like-wise, the sheriff's contest was a hot one with Settles and Wolf running neck and neck as opponents pored in. Dunagan the out, however, Settles picked up added strength to stretch his lead and win 2,555 to 2,327 for the Wolf.

Newton Robinson jumped into an early lead for justice of peace and was never headed, winning 2,709 to 1,773 over Loran A. Coffey. The same thing happened in the district clerk's race with Hugh B. Dunagan tipping the last over J. B. Hinson, 2,523 to 2,091.

The commissioner race was like this:

No. 1—J. E. (Bud) Brown 254, E. M. Robinson 318, No. 2—R. E. (Boss) Thompson 682 and R. E. (Boss) Hale 728, No. 3—R. E. (Boss) Nail 1,042 and Jim Williams 677, No. 4—Ed J. Carpenter 628 and Alvin Simpson 328.

In this field Brown was nominated for his third term. Dunagan will retire at the end of the year after three terms and William Crenshaw after two uncommenced terms. Carpenter served one full term and was serving out the unexpired term of the late J. L. Sells.

The highest total vote in any race Saturday was 4,382, cast for the top for a one-off election in this county, and was only 227 votes under the total in the record-breaking first primary. Another interesting statistic was the fact that the county was complete at 8:30 p. m., only an hour and 15 minutes after polls closed, when R. E. Adams brought in the South box.

"That was clever!"

"But useless. The fingerprints were not on file. He took the ransom and the child was returned unharmed. And someone he gave the slip. So we had to begin again."

"But what did you have to go on?"

"About what we usually have—the ransom note, the numbers of the bills and the victim's own story. As soon as the little girl was over her fright I made friends with her and got her to tell me everything she could remember. It was uphill work. She's only five. She may have been kept drugged a good bit of the time, and at no time could she see very well. I got to the bottom of that before I was through, but in the meantime she remembered one thing that was to be our only real clue. She said that where they kept her, somebody blew a horn."

To be continued.

Unprecedented numbers for a one-off primary, Howard county Democrats Saturday defeated whig-majority changes in their county and precinct officials' personnel.

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To be continued.



ROWAN SETTLES, Sheriff



HUGH DUNAGAN, Dist. Clerk



NEWTON ROBINSON, Justice Peace



J. E. (BUD) BROWN, Coroner

## Incumbents Are Defeated In Dawson

LAWSON, Aug. 24 (Sp.)—A complete turn-over in the official lineup of Dawson county was indicated here Saturday, complete action from the county's 28 towns shown tonight.

W. W. Poffinger was still an incumbent after one term. County Judge W. M. Hines captured a similar job after two terms. Vain Thornton failed to see election for a 1938 term re-election. One term was not contested, and Oscar Kelly's 1938 term will wait down in commissioner's precinct No. 2.

The vote in Dawson county was as follows:

Ballot commissioner: City Club, 1937, Walter Brooks 120, J. C. Duffin 100, the support of James P. Johnson 127, H. S. Langford 128.

County clerk: J. H. Duffin 120, James G. Hines 120, Walter Thornton 120, J. C. Duffin 120, J. C. Duffin 120.

Justice of the peace: W. W. Poffinger 127, Allen (Pat) Saker 120, County judge: W. M. Hines 120, County 2: Arthur 120.

County clerk: Howard Hines 120, Vain Thornton 127, J. C. Duffin 120, J. C. Duffin 120, J. C. Duffin 120.

Commissioner No. 2: J. E. Poffinger 120, Oscar Kelly 120, Commissioner No. 4: Floyd Johnson 120, J. E. Johnson 120.

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## County's Box-By-Box Vote In Second Demo Primary

	Dist. Clerk		Sheriff		Com. Pct. 1		Com. Pct. 2		Com. Pct. 3		Com. Pct. 4		Justice Peace		Commissioner	
	Harrison	Dunagan	Settles	Wolf	Brown	Robinson	Thompson	Hale	Nail	Wendler	Carpenter	Simpson	Robinson	Coffey	Crenshaw	Meyer
Pct. 1	107	180	111	185	207	83							168	34	231	121
Pct. 2	340	500	478	368			382	461					465	325	424	280
Pct. 3	630	1089	823	800					1041	637			1048	377	813	607
Pct. 4																

Editorial

Results of research made by the Brookings Institute are generally accepted as reliable, because they are based on facts that are easily obtained and proved if necessary. So when that reliable organization states that American high tariff policies since the World War have not only increased...

Farmers And Tariffs

Had there been no tariff increase after the war, the Institute asserts, imports of some foreign manufactured goods would have been larger and some industries would have had to sell at lower prices, but other industries would have increased their business and foreign sales, especially of automobiles and machinery, in which this country excels, would have been larger. Consumers here would have had the benefit of lower prices and farm exports would have been larger and the farmer able to buy more for his dollar and have had more dollars.

Additional Paving Ordered By City; Hearing Sept. 24

38 Blocks Next In Line For Improvement

A preliminary formal step toward broadening the city's paving program was taken by the city commission Tuesday night, with the "ordering in" of 38 additional blocks and the setting of a hearing date on this group.

SATURDAY LAST DAY ON APPLICATIONS FOR WHEAT INSURANCE

A reminder came Wednesday from the office of M. Weaver, county AAA administrator, that Saturday, August 31, is the last day for wheat growers to file application for wheat insurance under the government's "ever normal granary" program.

Ducat Selling For Rodeo At Midland Starts

The "On To Midland" spirit perked up Wednesday, as several Big Spring business men started a campaign of ticket sales for the neighbor city's rodeo which begins Saturday and continues through next Monday.

Court Facing Big Docket

Crowded civil and criminal dockets will confront the 70th district court when it is convened for its third term of the year here Sept. 2. District Attorney Martelle McDonald has been surveying the list of complaints for the past week and said that indications were that there would be approximately 35 to go before the grand jury. They cover a variety of offenses from forgery to driving while intoxicated to assault.

Washington Daybook

By Jack Stinnett

WASHINGTON—There's been a lot of talk about tin since the national defense program got under way, but if you'll believe department of commerce officials, much of the talk is hoax. There's no doubt that if the United States tin supply were cut off, there would be a fine mess.

The United States uses about 70,000 tons of it, 65 per cent of that for tin cans and tin linings for canned goods. The amount that goes into basic defense materials is small.

FRIDA DONNA OF METALS

There would be problems, however, even if we should quit using cans and begin to wrap our candies in paper, substitute something for tin roofings and give the kids rag dolls and wooden wagons for Christmas instead of tin soldiers and tin autos.

DEFENSE HANDICAP UNLIKELY

The day may come when American newsworlds will have to quit eating out of cans, but there is little likelihood that the tin situation will become so acute that we can't turn out bearings and bushings for defense. At least, that's what the men at commerce department tell me.

TOMORROW: The Rubber Situation.

Man About Manhattan

By George Tucker

NEW YORK Daily Rand the bubble and tin dancer who has been barred from the New York World's Fair but who is doing business every night at a hotel on Broadway, is a demure miss in all respects except those when camera flashes in the audience are spotted training their candid cameras on her dance. Then she becomes an indignant figure and she will scratch your eyes out quicker than you can snap a beam.

You like golf stories like the one Larry Clinton sent in last week? Here's another of the old Dicky-Doodler's anecdotes of a wayside tee which concerns Joe Venuti, who at one time played an amazingly hot fiddle for Mr. Paul Whiteman. The actin takes place at the 18th hole.

Approaching a water hazard Joe's drive fell short, leaving him a 200-yard shot to clear the water. Venuti bunched up for his spoon at which the caddy conversationally said he didn't think Joe could make it.

"Don't you tell me how to play!" thundered Venuti and promptly slapped the ball right into the lake. "Pardon?" the boy not to say a word, Joe took a new ball and dropped it in the same place. In a stentorian voice he called for a third ball. The caddy, unimpressed by now, meekly handed it to him only to see it fall not five feet from where the others had landed. Joe fell for a new ball.

"Mr. Venuti," wailed the caddy, "we haven't got any more."

Joe headed indignantly for the water hazard. At its bank he took the spoon he had been carrying and broke it over his knee and threw it in the water. Without a word he turned to the caddy, took the golf bag and with a muttered word threw the bag in the water. Then he picked up the protesting caddy and threw him into the water.

Then with a despairing look, Venuti pulled off the sport shirt that Bing Crosby had given him, and he jumped in!

Hollywood Sights And Sounds

By Robbin Coons

PARAMOUNT CONTRACT WRITER Connected by vacationing Robbin Coons. HOLLYWOOD—There's no more stirring and dangerous a job in the world than a matchmaker. They always bring the wrong people together, and generally the reason they're matchmakers is because they're frustrated themselves and live and love vicariously through their matches on bringing other men and women together, and being the result.

Forgetting that the characters are played by such attractive people as Madeline and Fred, if you can, the characters themselves are and must be attracted to each other, and so right for each other that the audience must be rooting from the beginning for them to get together at the finish. So in the creation of these characters, they must be shaped with an eye to complementing each other.

Physically, chemically, mentally, they must have such a strong pull toward each other that conflict must be devised to keep them apart for the needed number of reels. Generally it's more interesting if the conflict is in the nature of the characters themselves, if at least one of them is to be taught a lesson and slapped down before they finally coincide in viewpoint to the place where you are satisfied that they will live happily ever after.

I like to write love stories. Certainly of words that have been written since the beginning of time, more nouns, adjectives, adverbs and prepositions—that's PREpositions—have been devoted to men, women and love than anything else. It must be the most popular and interesting subject in the world. If I have been criticized by some of my fellow craftsmen for not writing "problem plays," is there any more desperate problem in the world than the right man and woman finding each other? Isn't there more unhappiness, more tragedy, insanity even, through the wrong man and woman getting together, or the right man and woman being kept apart than from any other reason?

Thanks for the use of the ball!

The Big Spring Herald

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Are You Listening?



Are You Listening?



Six Injured As Car Overtakes

Six members of a Shell Oil company seamograph crew suffered injuries Tuesday morning when the station wagon in which they were riding to work overturned. The mishap, said to have been caused by a broken spring, occurred near Lee's store.

Three Injured In Auto Crash Are Returned Home

W. O. Rodden, Johnny McGee, and J. W. Gravis were returned to their homes today from the Big Spring hospital after being treated following a car accident Tuesday morning when their car overturned. The men were part of the seamograph crew of the Shell Oil company en route to work when a broken spring caused the accident near Lee's store.

\$500 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to arrest and conviction of any person stealing cattle from our ranches in Glasscock, Howard and Borden counties. L. S. McDOWELL & SON.

CUNNINGHAM & PHILIPS

have filled your physicians prescriptions since 1919



Confetti Used By German Fliers

LONDON, Aug. 29 (AP)—German fliers were seen to throw confetti at British fighters...

Menus For Your Approval

- By MRS. ALEXANDER GEORGE: Dinner a Sunday menu to help the cook. SUPPER PREPARED IN ADVANCE...

Wallace Debut Slated Tonight

MRS. MONROE, in Aug. 29 (AP)—Henry A. Wallace will make his debut as the No. 1 Democratic national election campaigner...

Form And Ranch Talk ROUND THE COFFEE POT

By Newton Robinson: Cattle prices and offerings 'got hot' at the Big Spring Cattle Auction company's barn here Wednesday...

FRENCH LEADERS STRIKE BACK AT REBELLIONS

VICHY, France, Aug. 29 (AP)—The Petain-Laval government struck back today at what it termed British-inspired rebellions in France's colonial empire...

British guarantees of economic protection to French possessions taking the British side of the war. The civil governor of New Caledonia was replaced by a military governor.

OBEYS COMMAND

LONDON, Aug. 29 (AP)—A provincial mayor gave orders to Prime Minister Winston Churchill in an air-raid on the Kent coast yesterday.

PACKING HOUSE MARKET - FREE DELIVERY - PHONE 1524 - FRESH MEATS AND GROCERIES - FIRST-CLASS

Table listing various meats and groceries with prices. Includes items like Oreo, Lard, Meal, Sugar, Spare Ribs, Loin Steak, Liver, Butter, Cream, Cheese, Corn, Baking Powder, Rice, Beans, Salt Pork, Sli. Bacon, Salt Jowls, Cured Ham, Ham Hocks, Lunch Meat.

Advertisement for Chase & Sanborn Dated COFFEE, Rinsolux Soap, and Pints Qts. Includes images of coffee cans and soap boxes.

Snake Goes Fishing: A snake was seen fishing in a pond near the city. The snake was about 4 feet long and had a yellow and black pattern.

Fish's Life Story Told By Scales: Fish scales were described today as 'vital statistics' telling not only the age but the origin of fish.

Stocking calves moved through the ring at \$5 up to \$20; fat cows brought from \$5 to \$25; butcher yearlings moved at \$5.25 to \$8; canners and cullers checked from \$3.25 to \$5 and bulls were sold at \$5 and \$6.

MEAD'S fine BREAD advertisement. Includes a photo of a woman holding a loaf of bread and the slogan 'School Time Means More MEAD'S fine BREAD ... at Meal Time!'.

THIS AMAZING OFFER OF FOUR COASTERS & FOUR ICED TEA SPOONS YOURS NOW for Only 25¢. Includes an image of the coasters and spoons.

SPORTS ROUNDUP

By EPHRAIM BENTLEY: NEW YORK, Aug. 29 (AP)—The word is all that Bill Kott's First World Circuit team is out of those 'wonder' days. Evelyn Lee, Madison Park of the \$100,000 prize...

Linck's Food Stores MONEY SAVING Food Sale! Stock Up For Labor Day. Peaches No. 1 Can 4 Cans For 25c. MEATS: Pork Roast, Ham, Bacon, Sausage. MATCHES, PICKLES, JELLO, PORK 'N BEANS, OLEO, PURE HOG LARD, PEAS, CORN.