



Arcadia Gets Fight Film For Friday and Saturday



Jeff CHANDLER and Evelyn KEYES in a joyous moment after winning the big fight scene from Universal-International's "IRON MAN"



MAXIM RETAINS CROWN—Joe Maxim, right, world light-heavyweight champ, lands a jolting right to the head of contender Bob Murphy in the 2nd round of their scheduled 15-round championship go at Madison Square Garden. The champ who entered the ring the under-dog in the betting, took command early by outboxing Murphy, who is famed as a slugger. (NEA Telephoto).



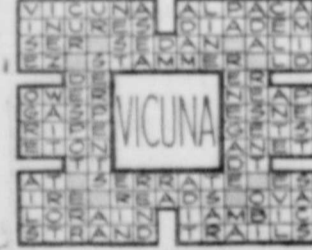
SELF-SERVICE SPRAYING STALL—Agriculture experts of the University of Illinois suggest up this bovine "beauty parlor" at Dixon Spring, Ill., where fly-tortured cattle can get relief. When Dossie walks through the stall, the trips a bellows mechanism that releases insecticide over her body, killing pesky horseflies.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Asiatic Ox

- |                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| HORIZONTAL                 | VERTICAL          |
| 1 Depicted                 | 1 Lively dances   |
| 6 Asiatic ox               | 2 Ascended        |
| 6 It has large             | 3 Still           |
| 13 Amphitheater            | 4 Article         |
| 14 Interstices             | 5 Wash            |
| 15 Ignited                 | 6 Spanist painter |
| 16 Bravery                 | 7 Love god        |
| 18 Part of a circle        | 8 Have existed    |
| 19 Bone                    | 9 Behold!         |
| 20 Amends                  | 10 Winglike part  |
| 22 Near                    | 11 Procession     |
| 23 Father (Fr.)            | 12 Combat area    |
| 25 It is found in China    | 17 Average (ab.)  |
| 27 Clip                    | 20 Related        |
| 28 Ogie                    | 21 Stills         |
| 29 Preposition             | 24 Ceremony       |
| 30 Comparative suffix      |                   |
| 31 Abraham's home (Bib.)   |                   |
| 32 Direction (ab.)         |                   |
| 33 It is raised for its    |                   |
| 35 Mongrels                |                   |
| 36 Unemployed              |                   |
| 39 Brother of Jacob (Bib.) |                   |
| 40 Nickel (symbol)         |                   |
| 41 Draft controls          |                   |
| 47 Pronoun                 |                   |
| 48 Shoshonean Indian       |                   |
| 50 Tropical animal         |                   |
| 51 Pole                    |                   |
| 52 Bullfighters            |                   |
| 54 Rent                    |                   |
| 56 Expungers               |                   |
| 57 Musical instruments     |                   |

Answer to Previous Puzzle



No Compromise



KILLER'S PACE

BY JULIUS LONG

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AL NANABARRO appeared to notice Sonya Sarecta for the first time. He invited her to sit down and added to me: "No hard feelings, I hope?"

"The heck there aren't! One of your punks creased my dome!" I told him what had happened in the afternoon.

Nanabarro looked me squarely in the eyes. "Sure, LaGrange's gang was my gang. I admit that. I sent LaGrange to the Bidault place looking for a confession about Frannie's death. I thought Rose Bidault had it and if he couldn't find it, he might make a deal with her.

"I never got to know what LaGrange found—except the bullet you gave him. I didn't like that, but I never doubted your self-defense story. My boys didn't take it in such easy style—as you know. I told them to lay off, but they didn't. They must have followed you today. They asked for it."

"That's the truth," said Star. "I decided it was time Al and I got together. Al doesn't care who killed Rose Bidault—he wants to know who killed his girl. I'd be interested to know who killed Frannie Martin, but my professional life depends on proving who killed Rose. I say 'proving.' I told you before, I already know."

"The cops are looking for you," I told Star.

"I'll attend to that in due time," Star said gently. "But I wanted first to have a heart-to-heart talk with Al. It would help to know just how he happened to know there was a confession about Frannie's death."

I said painfully: "Did he tell you?"

"Yes. Barney Bidault called Al the night before he was killed. He told Al he had a confession clearing up Frannie's death and that it would be given to the D. A. the

next day. Al wanted to see it first. I gather he wanted to save the state the expense of a trial."

"Right!" said Nanabarro between his teeth.

"Al went to the Bidault place and found it swarming with police. Al left and kept his silence. He was afraid of being implicated."

"LaGrange's being at the Bidault house threw suspicion on me," Nanabarro said coldly. "Even Sonya began to distrust me."

I turned so that I could look at Sonya and asked: "Just what is your angle?"

Star quietly answered: "You should have figured it out when you saw that Sonya could wear Clara Mayhew's clothes. Frannie Martin was Sonya's sister."

I was too stunned to note the non sequitur. While I was giving Sonya a stupid stare, she said: "Now you know why I took the job at the La Jolla Club. But I haven't given Al a clean bill of health. He could have killed Frannie and signed that confession. Bidault might have threatened Al and he could have silenced him."

Nanabarro eyed her coldly. "What kind of a fool do you think I am? Why would I sign a confession?"

"Now you have it," Star said blandly. "Why would anyone be fool enough to sign such a confession?"

"THE three of us, Star, Sonya and I, rode back in my car, for Star was afraid of being picked up in his machine. We left Nanabarro and his stooge at his lodge, though I had an idea they wouldn't remain there very long.

"You're going to give yourself up now?" I asked.

"Do you think I'm going to give Andy Tanner the satisfaction of seeing me arrested? No, Jim, I'm going to produce Barney Bidault's killer with proof so conclusive that

Andy will have to drop the charges against me to keep from being made the laughing stock of River City!"

I shrugged. "I hope you've got more than a hunch as I had last night when I promised to help in Frannie Martin's killer—in 24 hours."

"I'll not only turn up Barney's killer, but Frannie Martin's, as well."

Soon after we reached the city limits Star stopped and got out of the car. He told Sonya to take me to the hospital, but I took her to the La Jolla Club instead.

"Take this," said Sonya, pressing something in my hand as she got out of the car. It was the little automatic again. I had given it to her before we left Nanabarro's.

"No thanks. I wouldn't be shot dead with that in my hand. Use it to protect yourself, Sonya," I laughed. "What's your real name?"

"Mabel. Mabel Grunch."

I laughed loudly.

"I'm not ashamed of the name," she said. "I didn't want you to know it sooner because you might learn Frannie's real name. Say, what was Star talking about when he said he had emphasized the way I wore Clara Mayhew's clothes?"

"I don't think he knows himself," I stopped. Two people were walking from the La Jolla parking lot. Smiley Wetlauffer and Clara Mayhew. They waved at us and went into the club."

I REALLY did go straight home—but not to rest. I let myself in the back way and climbed the stairs, stumbling a couple of times and almost falling down. I opened the door.

I smelled him before I heard his breathing. I stepped inside in a hurry and closed the door behind me. I wished that I had Sonya's little gun. The light of a bridge lamp flashed on.

Carl Prater stood beside the lamp, almost in front of me. His face was red and moist with perspiration and the nickel-plated revolver in his hand trembled. I spoke first.

"You, too, Prater? Everybody's trying to kill me."

(To Be Continued)

BARBS

BY HAL COCHRAN

A STATISTICIAN says that only two in every hundred people have singing voices. And the gent in the bathtub won't believe it.

Cheer up! Summer will burn itself out!

In an eastern summer school



tea is served to students during exams week. Wouldn't nerve tonic be more appropriate?

Home-grown cucumber season is here and, with the little ones, mom's in a sweet pickle.

Worry does a perfect job of getting you nothing but more of the same.

FORT WORTH LIVESTOCK

By United Press

FORT WORTH, Aug. 24 (UP)—(USDA)—Livestock:

Cattle 300. Steady. Mostly cows with canner and cutters from 15-22. Utility 22-25. Other classes scarce.

Calves 150. Steady. Commercial and good slaughter calves 27-33, cull and utility 19-26. Few medium and good stockers 30-39.

Hogs 150. Steady on all weights. Choice 180-200 lbs. 22-25, few choice lighter weights 20-22. Sows 17-19. Fender pigs 19.

Sheep 100. Slaughter yearlings and ewes steady, other classes absent. Good shorn slaughter yearlings 26.50. Cull shorn slaughter ewes 10.50.

Fall From Car Fatal To Girl

FORT WORTH, Aug. 24 (UP)

A 20-year-old Arlington girl was injured fatally last midnight in a fall from an automobile at a Ft. Worth intersection.

Miss Lill Carter, riding in a car driven by C. L. Taft of Fort Worth, died of a skull fracture. Peace Justice White Boyd said the car door would not close properly and she fell out as she tried to shut it.

A Fort Worth Negro, George McCain, 57, was injured fatally yesterday when hit by a car as he crossed a street. Authorities said charges of negligent homicide would be prepared against the driver, another Negro.

Into the yawning crater of Mexico's then-active "Popo"—Popocatepeti volcano—the Spaniards under Cortes sent Indian slaves to obtain sulphur for gunpowder.



PATROLS ACTIVE AGAIN—A UN patrol rolls back into Allied lines after probing Red defensive positions, as truce talks at Kaesong face an apparent complete breakdown. Fighting on a large scale was resumed Aug 23. (NEA Telephoto).

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By Merrill Blosser



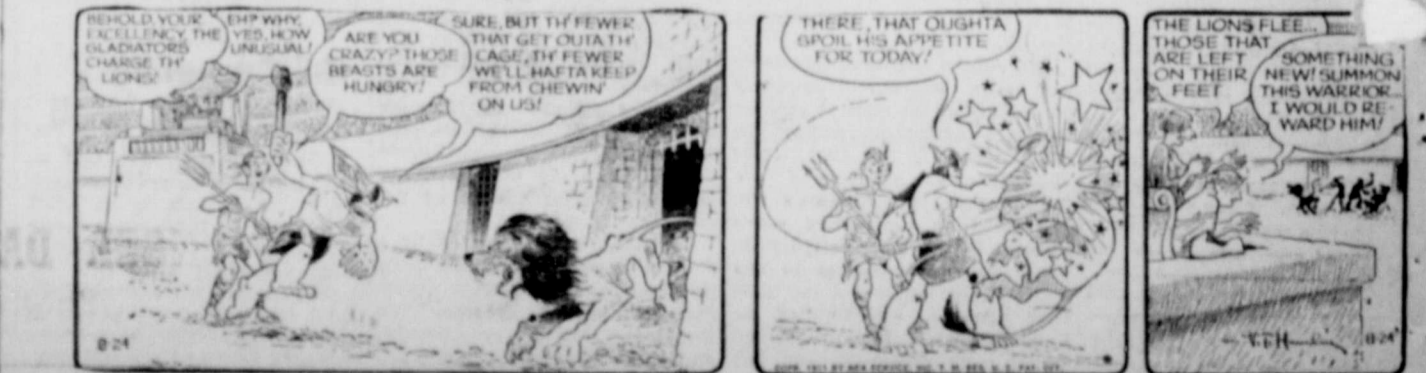
VIC FLINT

By Michael O'Malley and Ralph Lane



ALLEY OOP

By V. T. Har



FUNNY BUSINESS



"The new maid was always spilling soup down my neck!"



