

Farley Resigns Cabinet; FD Voices His 'Regrets'

HYDE PARK, Aug. 8 (AP)—President Roosevelt today accepted with "real regret" the resignation of James A. Farley as postmaster general, effective as of Aug. 31—about two weeks after Farley steps out of his post as national chairman of the democratic party.

Farley resigned his political post after the Chicago convention, giving as his reason a desire to return to private life. There have been apparently well-founded reports that he would head a syndicate buying the New York Yankee baseball club.

Mr. Roosevelt's announcement Farley was leaving the cabinet preceded by only a few hours a conference the chief executive has scheduled with two other cabinet members—Secretaries Wallace and Hopkins.

In Chicago, where Farley indicated he was not too well acquainted with what was going on



In the camp of the third term for Roosevelt adherents, Hopkins

and Wallace were in the van of that activity.

Wallace emerged from the convention with the vice presidential nomination, and the conference today will give him an opportunity to talk over campaign strategy with the president.

"All of us in the administration," the president wrote, "will miss you deeply; we count on seeing you often. I especially count on this after all of our years of close personal association. Our friendship will always continue."

Farley said in his letter of resignation, dated yesterday, that he, too, felt sincere regret at taking the step, listed accomplishments of the postal service, and added:

"I know that it will please you to learn that I have made definite arrangements for my future in private business where I know I shall be very happy."

Cotton Yield Estimate Put At 11,429,000

Forecast Is Down Slightly From Production In 1939

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—The agriculture department forecast this year's cotton crop today as 11,429,000 bales of 500 pounds gross weight, based on August 1 crop conditions.

Production was 11,817,000 bales last year and averaged 13,547,000 bales in the ten years 1929-38.

The forecast was based on the area in cultivation July 1, less the 10-year average abandonment from natural causes making 24,616,000 acres for harvest, and on the condition of the crop on Aug. 1.

The condition was 72 per cent of a normal, compared with 74 a year ago, and 71, the ten-year average. The harvested acreage was 28,928,000 last year, and the ten-year average was 31,235,000 acres.

The indicated yield of lint cotton per acre is 22.3 pounds, compared with 23.7 pounds last year, and 198.1 pounds, the ten-year average.

Ginnings from this year's crop to August 1 were reported by the census bureau to have totaled 31,996 running bales, counting round as half bales and excluding linters, compared with 137,254 bales a year ago, and 157,865 bales two years ago.

The department's production forecast was expected to be followed by announcement soon of provisions of a new government loan to growers on this year's crop. Such a loan would be designed to bolster prices, which have sagged in recent weeks in the face of unfavorable export prospects.

Officials have not indicated what the base loan rate will be. Cotton state senators have asked that it be fixed at around 10 cents a pound. Last year it was 8.9 cents.

Cotton now stored under government loans was reported at 2,223,328 bales. However, the government owns 6,643,571 bales acquired under foreclosure of past-due grower loans.

Official reports have indicated that this year's cotton will move to market with a smaller carry-over facing it than last year's.

Britain Moves To Get More War Support Out Of India

Nazi Planes Brought Down Along Coast

RAF Fliers Drive Off Invaders In Thrilling Battle

LONDON, Aug. 8 (AP)—At least nine German planes

six dive bombers and three fighters were shot down in a huge air battle which raged along England's southeast coast this morning, an official announcement said.

When the Germans attempted another raid on a convoy off the southeast coast this afternoon, another German plane was forced down—bringing the total to ten for the day. One of the German airmen was killed and his companion captured.

Two British fighter pilots were missing after the battle, which followed a German bombing attack on shipping in the narrow waters of the English channel.

It was estimated that some 50 planes were engaged in the battle, which spread inland over the coastal area.

In one town, where the Germans and low-flying British spitfires dived at full throttle with machine-guns blazing, a local court continued to hear cases while the windows of the courtroom rattled to the bursts of gunfire.

The air battle raged far over the channel, with planes darting in and out of the clouds, sometimes fighting in formation, sometimes in individual dog fights.

One of the German planes shot down a Messerschmitt 109, forming a part of the fighter escort of the heavy bombers. It plunged into the channel in flames.

The battle, which grew out of the second raid along the southeast coast during the morning, lasted exactly an hour.

Planes often swooped within a thousand feet of rooftops and channels, but no bombs were dropped. Clouds of smoke were seen near two ports where it was believed two raiders crashed.

The air was split with almost continuous cannon fire from the Messerschmitts, the sharp crackle of answering machine-guns from the British spitfires and an unusually heavy barrage of anti-aircraft fire.

Observers said that fighters could be seen speeding out to sea, but no bombs were dropped. Spitfires dived on their tails from the clouds above.

One Messerschmitt, tackled by Spitfires, dived down toward the sea, righting itself at a height of only a few hundred feet. Then it streaked off toward France—still pursued.

An admiralty announcement said British planes had carried the war to German-occupied coast of Norway, with units of the fleet air arm successfully attacking a gasoline storage depot five miles south of Bergen.

FAVOR APPOINTMENT OF HEAD OF STATE SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

AUSTIN, Aug. 8 (AP)—A subcommittee of a 168-member general committee of school administrators today urged that the state superintendent of public instruction be appointed by the state board of education instead of elected by the voters.

In a preliminary report, subject to a review at a final meeting of the general committee tomorrow, the group recommended that the superintendent serve a six-year term at a salary of \$6,000 to \$10,000.

The superintendent now serves two year elective terms at an annual salary of \$5,000.

Dr. A. W. Birdwell, president of Stephen F. Austin Teachers' college, expressed the opinion the change could be made "without serious friction" and would "promote a more effective educational machinery."

Commander Named For Naval Station At Corpus Christi

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—The navy announced today that Captain Alva D. Bernhard would command the new naval station being established at Corpus Christi, Tex.

Captain Bernhard is a native of Enterprise, Pa., and his usual residence is Lawrence, Kas. Now under instruction at the naval war college at Newport, R. I., he has been ordered to duty in connection with the establishment of the Corpus Christi station and as commanding officer of the station when it is established.

German Naval Base At Kiel Bombed By RAF; Cherbourg Attacked

LONDON, Aug. 8 (AP)—The air ministry announced tonight that Royal Air Force bombers carried out an hour-long raid through mist and low flying clouds on Kiel, big German naval base, last night and started a "series of explosions" in the dockyards.

Cherbourg, German-occupied French port, also was attacked in daylight by the British raiders.

The bombers, which slipped through low scudding clouds over Kiel, spotted their targets through gaps in the mist, a supplement to the air ministry communique said, and loosed their explosives.

They encountered continuous fire from ground defenses, but all returned safely.

At one time some of the bombers became so covered with ice they were unable to climb, the bulletin said, and one pilot had to ice his bombs in the North sea.

All lights on the airfield at Hottelau in northwest Germany, which the British also visited, were put out after a salvo of bombs was dropped, the air ministry said.

At Hasum, another airfield near Kiel, bombs were dropped on the landing ground.

Partnership In Empire Is Promised

LONDON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Britain, seeking fuller use of India's vast wealth and manpower for the fight to maintain her empire intact, today promised India "free and equal partnership" in the British commonwealth after the war.

The pledge, interpreted as going beyond Britain's previous post-war dominion status for India, came as Italian columns drove toward new outlets on the Indian ocean along Britain's lifeline of empire.

A government statement said the present, "when the commonwealth is engaged in a struggle for existence," is not the time for "fundamental constitutional" changes. But it promised to let the Indians themselves "devise the framework of a new constitution" after the war.

The pledge, announced by L. S. Amery, British secretary of state for India, in the house of commons, was authoritatively interpreted as offering an "even broader" status than that of dominion, which is enjoyed by Canada, Australia and South Africa. Post-war dominion status for India was proposed by the government last October.

A similar statement was made simultaneously by Lord Linlithgow, viceroy in India.

Fullest "sympathy" was expressed for Indian insistence that the new constitution should be framed by Indians and ready "assent" was announced to organization, after the war, of a body representing the principal elements in Indian national life to devise a new constitution.

An invitation to Indian leaders to join the governor general's executive council and establishment of a war advisory council which would contain representatives of the Indian states also was announced.

The government statement frankly declared its hope that satisfaction of Indian nationalist aspirations would lead to a greater contribution of Indian wealth and manpower to Britain's war effort.

With unstinted Indian aid, Britain might be in position to assemble overwhelming manpower to smother Italian expansion in the Mediterranean and Red sea areas, and at the same time offer a check to a threatening Japan in the other direction.

By her advances through British Somaliland, Italy is seeking to reach a vantage point looking toward this eastern and middle eastern empire, much of which is dominated by Moslems.

While repeating the government's offer of dominion status for India's 350,000,000 people, the statement reiterated unwillingness to undertake "fundamental constitutional issues" in the midst of war and held off devising of a new framework of government until after the war—a delay which has been criticized by ardent nationalists in India.

On another point, however, the government gave assent to the setting up, after the war, "with the least possible delay" of a body "representative of the principal elements in Indian national life in order to devise the framework of the new constitution x x x."

WINDSOBS IN PORT

HAMILTON, Bermuda, Aug. 8 (AP)—The American export liner Excelsior, bearing the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, anchored off this port early this afternoon.

MYSTERY SURROUNDS MID-AIR INJURY OF PLANE STEWARDESS

DALLAS, Aug. 8 (AP)—The mid-air injury of Stewardess Rosemary Griffith of the American airliner "Plainsman" shortly before it landed at Nashville, Tenn., last night was still unexplained after Supt. Chester Borum of the Nashville airport accompanied nine passengers of the flight here today.

Borum theorized that a jolt, occasioned by a thunderstorm, may have caused Miss Griffith to fall in the baggage compartment.

"Passengers to whom I talked said the plane was jerked about considerably before the storm was left behind," Borum said.

Hospital attaches at Nashville said x-ray pictures revealed Miss Griffith had swallowed a key, supposedly the key to the compartment.

Borum said it was his belief that the stewardess was holding the key in her mouth and "the sudden

Vote Is Near In Senate On Militia Mobilization Issue

Approval Expected On Measure Giving President New Authority

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Senate rejection of a proposal to let national guardsmen resign rather than enter active training pushed the militia mobilization bill to the verge of passage today.

Senator Barkley of Kentucky, the democratic leader, sought a vote by 3 p. m. CST on the measure, which would authorize the president to call the guard and the officers reserve corps into service for a year. Both advocates and opponents agreed it would win approval.

The amendment to give guardsmen and reserves 30 days after the bill's passage in which they could turn in their uniforms failed yesterday 47 to 36. It was offered by Senator Danaher (R-Conn.), who contended that many men had enlisted in the belief they would not be called to duty outside their own states unless congress declared war.

Administration senators argued the guardsmen had enlisted to serve the nation in any emergency and should not be permitted to quit at a time when they were needed.

Neither side, however, acknowledged the vote as a clear-cut test of sentiment on the main controversy—whether conscription should be ordered to supplement the militia or whether voluntary army enlistments should be sought. Anti-conscription leaders supported Danaher's proposal.

As soon as the guard bill is acted upon, the senate will take up the Burke-Wadsworth conscription measure. A closely-knit group of senators met yesterday in the office of Senator Norris (Ind-Neb) to plan for a "full debate, no compromise fight" against the legislation.

The bill as approved by the senate military committee would require registration of all men from 21 to 30, inclusive, followed by a selective draft for a year's training.

The conscription bill probably will not come up in the house until the senate has acted, because its military committee is going to reopen its hearings.

RFC To Finance Aircraft Plants

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Jesse Jones, Federal Loan administrator, told the house banking committee today the Reconstruction Finance corporation had agreed recently to finance construction of "half a dozen" new aircraft factories to cost between \$150,000,000 and \$200,000,000.

Jones made the disclosure while testifying on a bill to authorize a \$500,000,000 expansion of the Export Import bank's lending capital, partly to finance loans to Central and South American countries.

Jones said the RFC had committed itself to loans totalling about \$700,000,000 under the defense program, including projects for acquisition of strategic materials as well as construction of new ordnance and munitions plants.

Hoover, Landon To Be Asked To Back Willkie's Views

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Aug. 8 (AP)—Aides of Wendell L. Willkie said today he would ask former President Herbert Hoover and Alf M. Landon, the 1936 republican nominee, to support his demand for broad amendments to the Hatch anti-politics law.

Willkie told his press conference yesterday the existing act should be amended to require the president, cabinet officers and all other now exempt officials to file sworn statements of their assets upon taking office and upon leaving office.

He added that another desirable amendment would be a provision prohibiting any member of a family of an official from receiving compensation for representing clients before federal agencies.

If he is elected, Willkie said, he and members of his family will file statements of personal assets with the secretary of state regardless of whether the Hatch law is amended.

Yesterday's Mr. Willkie—Cecil McDonald.

One Dead And Nine Hurt In Coast Storm

PORT ARTHUR, Aug. 8 (AP)—A tropical hurricane blew itself out inland today after killing at least one person, injuring ten others and damaging property in the Sabine pass of Texas and Louisiana.

Seaweed were marooned as 75-mile-an-hour winds roared into Texas from the east and struck Port Arthur, Orange and Beaumont.

Houses were "unroofed," trees uprooted and advertising signs sent spinning through the air. Six persons were injured at Port Arthur and three at Beaumont where damage to windows and small buildings was widespread. None of the injured was reported hurt seriously.

Unroofed by damage was estimated at Port Arthur at \$100,000 while Jefferson County Agent J. F. Combs said damage to the rice crop in that section may reach \$50,000.

The body of Chen Tung Sing, a Chinese, was found in Bayou Barataria at Crown Point, La.

R. F. Miller, 24, a lineman, was knocked unconscious at New Orleans.

See STORM, Page 3, Column 3

258 CIVILIANS ARE VICTIMS OF RAIDS

LONDON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Two hundred and fifty-eight civilians were killed and 321 injured seriously during air raids on Britain during the month of July, it was reported today in a written answer to a house of commons question.

WHOZIT?

American independence and Mr. Whozit have a point in common. Both were born at Philadelphia.

At the age of six, Mr. Whozit's family moved to New York and he advanced to attend Holy Cross and finished off at Princeton. Came the war and he went to Rich Field, Waco, with the 2nd provisional wing, 191st squadron, only complete aviation unit in the army, spent remainder of war patrolling the Mexican border to stall threat of invasion. He married a Dallas girl, went back East, returned in 1923, went back again in 1928 for six months, then came back to Texas for good. Big Spring claimed him in 1936 from San Angelo.

Mr. Whozit's activities include decorations in the Salvation Army and chamber of commerce, membership in the Rotary, and commander of the American Legion post. Automobiles are his business, and horses his hobby, his stable now counting six. See Mr. Whozit and his employees later in The Herald's Get-Acquainted page.

Yesterday's Mr. Whozit—Cecil McDonald.

Ships, Planes Are Destroyed

LONDON, Aug. 8 (AP)—An official communique tonight said 33 German airplanes were destroyed today while attacking convoys in the English channel. Sixteen British fighter pilots are missing.

BERLIN, Aug. 8 (AP)—The German high command announced in a special bulletin today that 34 British planes had been shot down and 12 ships totalling 55,000 tons had been sunk today.

In addition, the high command said, a tanker of 8,900 tons and two steamers totalling 9,000 tons were sunk by speedboats last night.

Twelve ships went down during an attack of the German air force on a convoy in the channel this morning, the announcement said.

Seven other ships were damaged in this raid, the high command claimed, and five British fighting planes were shot down.

Twenty-nine other British planes were shot down in other fighting in the channel area, the communique said, adding that three German planes were reported missing.

In its earlier regular communique the Nazi command said the German air force had mined several English harbors last night and attacked a number of armament works, searchlight and anti-aircraft positions.

Rotary Club Sponsor Of Park Program

Drawing from its own ranks for a major share of the talent, the Rotary club will present a unique and varied program at 8 p. m. in a continuation of the weekly series of community entertainments at the city park amphitheatre.

Because of the program and because it is planned to take pictures of the amphitheatre crowd, Rotary and civic leaders expressed the hope that the crowd this week would be the largest since the stone bowl was opened with a capacity crowd on July 4.

Folk dances by prominent local couples promise to highlight the program, according to those who witnessed a preview of the feature in a Wednesday evening rehearsal at the amphitheatre.

Among those scheduled to join in the polka, schottische, and other folk dances are Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Fahrkamp, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Pliner, Mr. and Mrs. Shine Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Robbins, Mr. and Mrs. See PROGRAM, Page 5, Column 6

W. E. FOSTER DIES

HACKENSACK, N. J., Aug. 8 (AP)—W. Edward Foster, 75, former president of the American Sugar Refining Co., died today at his home.

French Funds May Be Applied On War Debt

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Secretary Morgenthau disclosed today that the United States was considering the possibility of taking World War debt payments out of frozen French funds in this country.

When the subject of war debts was raised at his press conference, the treasury chief said that before French funds are released he wants to see "what happens of American investments and debts over there."

The treasury head had referred many times to the possibility of offsetting American business and other losses in the invaded European countries against the funds of those countries being held here, but formerly he had given no reply to inquiries about World War in debt.

Asked whether the freezing regulations, imposed upon the funds belonging to invaded nations and their peoples, also applied to Germany, Morgenthau replied:

"No, any amount of money can be sent to Germany, and there is nothing we can do about it. It's silly but we are at peace with Germany and cannot do anything about it."

A reporter remarked that this country also was at peace with France but had frozen her funds. Morgenthau explained that what he meant was that freezing orders applied only to invaded countries rather than ones at war, because when a country was invaded a question arose whether its citizens tried to get money from this country on their own initiative or under "duress" of the invaders.

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Casual Slaughterers

By Virginia Henson

Chapter 20 LUNCH DATE

Her father was regarding her with profound amazement. "What did you say?" he demanded.

I broke into nervous speech, relating my story of Sandra's early end and her sudden determination to get married. The two men listened without comment, but when I had finished Colonel Pennant's normally genial face expressed angry disapproval.

"Why wasn't I told of this?" he asked coldly.

I answered, stammering a little that I had considered it none of my business, which was true enough, but for the other things I had not told him. I had never seen his efficient manner—had not realized he could seem so for bidding.

Julia came to my defense. "We tried to stop them, but they had already gone," she said dutifully. "Parents can be surprisingly blind. He seemed unconscious of her personal tragedy in his own sudden wrath."

"I'll have a word to say to Lieutenant Tack about this," he announced grimly.

"But it wasn't his fault," Julia protested.

"Of course it was his fault," Sandra's father said. "He got tired of waiting, the impatient young pup. Upset everyone's plans, arrangements. I may have been wrong, but I thought he was groping for grounds for his anger. And he produced them triumphantly."

"Wait until Mimi hears of it," she said.

He rose from his chair, the investigation apparently forgotten and started for the door.

"Just a minute," said Adam.

"It's possible there's another explanation for his thing," said Colonel Pennant, stopped, asked.

"What do you mean, another explanation?"

"The murder investigation," Adam reminded him gently.

"The colonel was shocked out of his anger."

"I don't know what you mean," he protested. But he did. An expression of uneasiness crept over his face. He started to go on, glanced uncertainly from Julia to Mimi and said, "That's all for you girls for the present."

They were deliberately silent until we had left the room.

"That's done it," said Julia, as soon as the door of her room had closed behind us and burst into tears.

I let her cry her sob muffled in the pillow, until she had exhausted herself. Then, closing the door softly behind me, I lifted down the hall to the bathroom. I was coming back with a wet washcloth and a towel for Julia when one of the doors along the corridor opened and Mimi, freshly dressed for the day, came out.

"Oh, hello, Kay," she said. "I didn't know you were here. I've slept outrageously late this morning, but we were up until all hours last night. What's going on?"

"Colonel Pennant and Adam have been questioning us," I said, hoping she would let it go at that. I did not want to tell about Sandra again—I wanted to get back to Julia.

Colonel Pennant's voice at the foot of the stairs provided a welcome distraction.

"Is that you, Mimi? Will you come down here, please?"

"Right away," she called back. "You'll stay and have dinner with us, won't you, Kay? It's dinner on Sundays, you know. And I'm afraid it's quite soon. Cora has the afternoon off."

I thought of Julia's tear-swollen face and of the uncomfortable surfeit of families, I made up my mind quickly.

"I've asked Julia to have dinner with me somewhere—we thought we'd like to go to Fieldstone Inn if I can borrow a car."

"Take mine," she said, as I had hoped she would. Fieldstone Inn is an ultrarespectable roadhouse on the Chicago road. But she thought she looked surprised, but not suspicious. "Where is Julia?"

"In her room. Thanks for the car—you're sure you won't be wanting it this afternoon?"

"No. Stay as long as you like. Only be back before dark. These roads around here are not safe."

It was in my mind that she did a good bit of driving after dark herself, but of course I did not say so. I watched her start downstairs and thought that for her age, a little more this morning. Which might be merely the result of lost sleep.

Julia was sitting on the side of the bed staring at the floor when I came in. I gave her the damp cloth and, while she scrubbed her face, told her about our lunch date.

"Nostalgia," she said huskily. "Now I won't have to keep to my room and answer dumb questions. I wouldn't want them to know about this; they're so thick—why Mimi has promoted this marriage as if her life depended on it. Not," she added with instinctive fairness, "that she could have brought it off without their cooperation."

While she made herself presentable, and while we drove the ten miles to Fieldstone Inn I encouraged her to talk about them.

I learned much that had been vague in my mind before—perhaps more than Julia knew she was telling me. More, certainly, than I had sense enough to recognize until later, when I began putting the pieces together.

There was only one thing she omitted, and I don't know yet whether she simply didn't think of it, or whether she kept silent from a sense of loyalty to her father and

Mimi. For it was not until a long time later that I learned about Mimi—where Colonel Pennant met her, and how he came to marry her. And that piece of information was to make clear much that puzzled me.

She talked now wistfully, with nostalgia, of the years just concluded at West Point. Colonel Pennant on duty at the post. Jeff a cadet. Mimi a bride. Julia at home working ends and vacations from boarding school.

I had been one time never-to-be-forgotten June Week the year Charlie graduated; but I had not known Julia then. It was strange feeling to remember that week—the hops, the parades, the baseball games, the horses hown. I had heard days through which I had moved with Charlie beside me. And to know now that near me, crossing my path again and again, part of that glittering pageant, had moved Julia, with Jeff by her side, to know that I had walked past the old brick quarters that faced up the Hudson, had probably read the neatly lettered sign, LT. COL. PENNANT, on the doorpost—the quarters where Mimi had come as a bride, where Jeff had lived every moment of his free time during his first three years at the academy, until after his first-class summer, when Sandra had come to the Pennants for a visit and Julia had lost him to her.

Julia took me inside those quarters now, showed me a homelike, scarred plow dodging into them like a spent fox to cover; resting awhile, not saying much, gathering courage to go forth again.

"I'll never forget that first Christmas," she said. "I brought three girls home from school and we had a party every night. The plowmen permitted to leave you know, and they try to make up for all the fun they've been missing. Every time we turned around we ran into a mob of them. Those girls went to town, I'm telling you. Even Mimi had herself a time. She was twenty-eight or nine, but she didn't look much older than the rest of us. I was fifteen, and they let me have some slinky clothes. There was one black satin evening dress that was a skirt and a prayer that I practically wept for when I saw it. Mimi said, 'Let her have it—there's no moment that comes once in a lifetime.'"

"Where was Sandra then?"

"In Texas, with Jeff's mother and father. Mrs. Tack died the following summer, and Colonel Tack had a nervous breakdown and was nearly a year in the hospital, so Jeff had no home to go to the next Christmas, and spent his Xmas with three other cadets on a cattle boat that went to South America. I think his father turned against him. You know how nervous breakdowns are. Jeff never spoke of it, but I know he never went home, except for his mother's funeral, not even after Colonel Tack was retired and he and Sandra took an apartment in San Antonio."

"So he didn't see her either during that time?"

"Not until his first-class summer. Colonel Tack never got completely well, his heart gave out. Sandra stayed with him until he died, and then she did what she had always wanted to do—came to New York to study acting. And in a weak moment we invited her to West Point."

Jeff had never had any girl but Julia. Had never, apparently, looked at anyone else. They were both growing up, and what had started as a natural companionship based on childhood association, was heading apparently to what one of those early marriages that often turn out so well. Julia, at least, never doubted that she would be married in the chapel on his graduation day.

"Why, everyone knew he was Mimi," she told me, clenching her hands on the wheel and staring desperately at the road. "There were week ends when I couldn't get home—Mimi was set on my finishing school—but he never even took a blind drag. He'd spend the evening with Dad and Mimi, or maybe he'd take me to the movies. He liked Mimi."

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"I'll never forget that first Christmas," she said. "I brought three girls home from school and we had a party every night. The plowmen permitted to leave you know, and they try to make up for all the fun they've been missing. Every time we turned around we ran into a mob of them. Those girls went to town, I'm telling you. Even Mimi had herself a time. She was twenty-eight or nine, but she didn't look much older than the rest of us. I was fifteen, and they let me have some slinky clothes. There was one black satin evening dress that was a skirt and a prayer that I practically wept for when I saw it. Mimi said, 'Let her have it—there's no moment that comes once in a lifetime.'"

"Where was Sandra then?"

"In Texas, with Jeff's mother and father. Mrs. Tack died the following summer, and Colonel Tack had a nervous breakdown and was nearly a year in the hospital, so Jeff had no home to go to the next Christmas, and spent his Xmas with three other cadets on a cattle boat that went to South America. I think his father turned against him. You know how nervous breakdowns are. Jeff never spoke of it, but I know he never went home, except for his mother's funeral, not even after Colonel Tack was retired and he and Sandra took an apartment in San Antonio."

"So he didn't see her either during that time?"

"Not until his first-class summer. Colonel Tack never got completely well, his heart gave out. Sandra stayed with him until he died, and then she did what she had always wanted to do—came to New York to study acting. And in a weak moment we invited her to West Point."

Jeff had never had any girl but Julia. Had never, apparently, looked at anyone else. They were both growing up, and what had started as a natural companionship based on childhood association, was heading apparently to what one of those early marriages that often turn out so well. Julia, at least, never doubted that she would be married in the chapel on his graduation day.

"Why, everyone knew he was Mimi," she told me, clenching her hands on the wheel and staring desperately at the road. "There were week ends when I couldn't get home—Mimi was set on my finishing school—but he never even took a blind drag. He'd spend the evening with Dad and Mimi, or maybe he'd take me to the movies. He liked Mimi."

"In her room. Thanks for the car—you're sure you won't be wanting it this afternoon?"

"No. Stay as long as you like. Only be back before dark. These roads around here are not safe."

It was in my mind that she did a good bit of driving after dark herself, but of course I did not say so. I watched her start downstairs and thought that for her age, a little more this morning. Which might be merely the result of lost sleep.

Julia was sitting on the side of the bed staring at the floor when I came in. I gave her the damp cloth and, while she scrubbed her face, told her about our lunch date.

"Nostalgia," she said huskily. "Now I won't have to keep to my room and answer dumb questions. I wouldn't want them to know about this; they're so thick—why Mimi has promoted this marriage as if her life depended on it. Not," she added with instinctive fairness, "that she could have brought it off without their cooperation."

While she made herself presentable, and while we drove the ten miles to Fieldstone Inn I encouraged her to talk about them.

she had told me, my instinct cried foul play. But how, and by whom, I could only surmise.

Chapter 21 ROOM FOR THE NIGHT

"Tell me about it," I said. "About Sandra's visit during first-class summer, and about how Jeff acted when she first came, and how long it was before you noticed anything."

"It was a long time," she pushed her untouched dessert away and lit a cigarette. "At first he seemed to regard her as a duty, and not a very pleasant one. He brought me around to drag her, which was pretty soon. She was smooth—she could have had several men. But she kept changing, and sticking to Jeff and me, making it a foursome. I didn't mind—Jeff and I weren't hunting any corners. I thought it would be dumb to start that when we had another year to wait, and I thought he felt the same way about it, though we hadn't discussed it. And it never entered my mind to be jealous when she'd go up to him and kiss him good night—after all, they were brother and sister. I guess I'm the world's prize fool."

"Then what happened?"

"Sandra went to New York and got a one-room apartment and started studying dramatic art. I went back to boarding school—my last year, and I had to work pretty hard—I'm not very bright, as you may have noticed."

"I didn't get home as often, and when I did I hardly saw Jeff. First classmen have week-end privileges, and his always seemed to coincide with my week ends at home. He was always going to New York to see a show, or the sights. He said he needed a change of scene, and he hardly ever came to see the family while I was away—Dad commented on it, and wondered if Jeff was sowing a few oats."

"Sandra asked me to stay with her the week-end of the Notre Dame game, and I did. I don't really know whether Jeff took her or me to the game. It was all very mixed up and Jeff wasn't like himself at all. Christmas week he went to New York and stayed with a classmate. He sent me a gold cigarette case with his class crest on it. I had just begun to smoke."

She snubbed out her cigarette, looked again at her ringless hand, and put them out of sight in her lap.

"Sandra wrote me in April that they were engaged. And that was that."

"How did your family take it?"

"How would I know? I pretended to be very busy and stayed at school as much as I dared. Mimi's letters sounded delighted—Dad never wrote anything but 'Dear Julia.' Enclosed I found a check. They'd asked her up for an occasional week-end during the winter, and from then on through the most ghastly June Week I ever spent, she practically lived at West Point."

"Why weren't they married in the chapel?"

"I never quite knew, but I think it was Jeff. He can't be rushed. Though it may be that Sandra wouldn't need year in New York. She wouldn't need to be afraid of losing him—when Jeff once gives his word he doesn't break it. As he hasn't. And then Dad had to move heaven and earth to get Jeff in his regiment, which has made it jolly all around."

She pushed back her chair and rose. I followed her out to the little entrance hall where a pretty, buxom woman had greeted us when we came in. She was still there, but now she was talking to a tall man and a girl who had just arrived.

"I'd like to talk to the proprietor," the man was saying.

"My husband is away for a few days," said a buxom woman. "Is there anything I can do?"

The hall was dimly lighted. I might not have recognized them if Julia had not stopped and stiff-faced, Jeff and Sandra. Their backs were toward us.

"Yes," said Jeff. "My wife and I would like a room for the night."

"Let me be the first," said Sandra. "The proprietor's wife said, 'Just step into the parlor,' and as they turned they saw us."

Sandra was composed; but Jeff's color faded as if the light in the room had turned green. He took a step toward Julia.

"She was not looking at him," I said. "Let me be the first to congratulate you, Sandra," she said in a little voice. I suppose it was as near to an insult as she could manage on short notice.

"Thank you," said Sandra, her eyes suddenly hard. "I knew you'd be glad to have the ordeal over with."

"Is that why you played such a dirty trick on Jeff?"

Sandra laughed. "I think I'd let Jeff be the judge of that if I were you." She put a confident hand on his arm. "Was marrying you a dirty trick, Jeff?"

He did not seem to see the hand, nor hear the bantering question. "What do you mean, Julia?" he asked, his eyes on her, intent and watchful.

No one but me seemed aware of the bright inquiring eyes of the landlady.

"Isn't there somewhere we can talk that isn't so public?" I put in hurriedly, and she led us to the parlor. Then a car drove up and she excused herself, reluctantly, I thought.

Perhaps I should have gone too, but it didn't occur to me at the time. I closed the door and stood

against it watching and listening, remembering all that Julia had just told me, and trying to make up my mind about Jeff.

He turned to face Julia, standing closer to her now and looking at her as if there were only the two of them in the room.

"What do you mean, Julia?" he repeated gravely.

"I mean that Ivan was murdered last night," she said fiercely. If it was news to them they didn't betray the fact. "And they're already saying there must be some reason for your rushing off and getting married in such a hurry. That—that maybe Sandra did it to protect you."

Jeff looked as if he still did not understand until Sandra broke into cool, deliberate speech.

"And what if I did? Wasn't that better than being forced to tell about your seeing us together on the barge last night? Oh, it was very noble of Julia to pretend she had caught us in a compromising position—and was covering it up—especially when she knew you'd already seen what there was to see."

"And what was that?" asked Jeff tonelessly.

"Just Ivan trying to persuade me to run away with him, and taking it rather badly when I refused. But you would believe the worst—just as you did the time you knocked him down."

"You may recall that I thought he was acting queer. And it may interest you to know that I did not see you last night on the barge."

"Oh, what's the use of talking about it? I did what I thought was best. And I don't really see what business it is of Julia's when we choose to get married."

He continued to look at her for a minute, with no expression whatever in his eyes, while Julia turned and walked proudly toward the door. But before she had quite reached it he spoke her name, and she stopped and waited, putting a hand on each shoulder, turned her around until she looked up and met his eyes.

"Do you think I killed Ivan?" he demanded.

"I know you didn't," she answered quietly.

"Thanks."

In the instant's pause before he dropped his hands from her shoulders something very much like grief showed in his eyes.

The landlady met us at the door.

"Now about the room—" she began brightly. But Sandra's voice broke in and cut her short.

"Never mind about the room. I've changed my mind. We won't be needing it after all."

Julia was quiet on the drive back to the post, but not with the heavy quiet of despair. For almost the first time since I had known her there was a light in her eyes.

I asked to be dropped at the club. She must have sensed my unspoken question about what she planned to do for she said, "It's all right now. I can go home. There are announcements to send out and letters to write—Mimi and I will put a good face on this if I can be put. Kay, what is she trying to do to him? But it's all right. You saw him look at me. She can't hurt him. It's all right."

I wasn't sure what she meant, but I was glad something had comforted her. I watched her drive away. Then I went to my rooms and slept.

A light, almost timid tapping at my door woke me. I had been dreaming that I was trapped in a burning car. The fire was all out, side, kept away from me by the glass windows which I dared not open, and I was getting hotter and hotter. Suddenly Gerald was beating at a window, trying to break it in, and I was crying to him to stop, that he would only make things worse.

I woke trembling, to find that a sun had dipped to the level of the burning window and was doing its best to make hay of me. The tapping continued. I swung my feet to the floor and called, "Come in."

Adam entered, looking none too sure of his welcome.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," he said. "I came to apologize for my behavior last night."

He was carrying a manila folder, manuscript case. He laid it on my table but he did not take his eyes from my face.

Chapter 22
IVAN'S PLAY

I got up and straightened my hair and wandered around the room until I found cigarettes. Adam held a light for me in silence. He had said all he meant to say for the present.

"I'm not sure I know what behavior you're referring to," I told him at last.

"Let's put it this way, then. If I did or said anything last night that offended you I hope you'll forgive me."

"You're forgiven," I said.

He grinned. "I'll be discreet and not ask what for. May I sit down?"

"If you like."

He accepted the grudging invitation and changed the subject.

"What's your idea about this murder?"

"I haven't any. What is there to go on?"

"Nothing, that I can see."

"Have you questioned Sandra and Jeff?"

"Not yet. They came back to the colonel's quarters a while ago to get her things—they've taken a suite of guest rooms down the corridor here. The Pennants tried to get them to stay there, but they wouldn't. And—well, there was much talk and fuss that I

cleared out."

"How is it going to be if one of them did it?" I asked bluntly.

"You mean Sandra or Jeff?"

"Oh the Pennants. The reigning family."

"It's going to be tough." He got up and prowled unhappily about the room. "I've been appointed to head the board of inquiry on this and those stolen cars. I'd like to ask for a change of station."

"But you wouldn't get it. You've only been here a couple of months."

"No." He sighed. "It wouldn't be soon enough, anyway. And it couldn't be one of them. Ivan wouldn't have been worth it."

"Sandra thought he was."

"That isn't what I mean, of course. Worth—worth revenging, at least."

Adam blew a cloud of smoke and looked at me through it.

"Are you sure you know what you do mean?"

I suppose I shouldn't have brought the subject up in the first place. Adam has a disconcerting habit, one I know well, of making you be explicit. I assembled my thoughts hurriedly, trying to sort the things I could tell from the ones I had obligated myself to be silent about.

"It's an impression I got this morning," I said finally. "This hurried-up marriage, for one thing. I don't care what Colonel Pennant says, she was the one who promoted it. I heard her. She practically hypnotized Jeff into going for the license. And I had a strong feeling that she was doing it to get even with—"

Maybe all of them."

"Then you don't think it was meant to protect Jeff?"

"Maybe it was meant to look as if she were protecting Jeff."

"For what purpose?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. The Pennants are pretty fond of him, aren't they? She could hit at any of all of them through him."

"Agent of Vengeance?"

He was silent for a while, thinking that over. He stretched his long legs out and crossed them, but the rest of his body did not slouch. Adam gives me the impression that his mind and his body are always under perfect control, ready to act with speed and precision at an instant's notice.

"That strikes me as a woman's line of reasoning," he said finally in a rather pedantic manner. "Which doesn't necessarily mean it's faulty. Set a woman to catch a woman. Perhaps. But I'd like something a little more substantial to go on. A little more logical. Why, for instance, is she a self-appointed agent of vengeance?"

"I think she was in love with him."

"Then why marry Jeff? In the first place, I mean. Before the matter of revenge comes into the picture? Money?"

"No, Jeff hasn't anything," I repeated what Julia had told me of Colonel Tack's will. "I don't know why. Spite, possibly. But that's even thinner reasoning. A woman must marry for spite if she were not in love with anyone else at the time. Hardly otherwise."

"Perhaps Ivan had other ideas and she was trying to bring him around, make him jealous. You haven't said he was in love with her."

I was silent. This was skirting too close to the scene on the barge last night. I wanted to tell Adam about that; I was used to confiding in him. But I didn't dare. I had to remember his official position in the case, that nothing I told him

Casual Slaughters

By Virginia Henson

night that I heard the light, secret rapping on my door, as if whoever was there wanted to attract as little attention as possible. My room was dark. I had been lying there, smoking and thinking, for about an hour. Sleep was still far from me.

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

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

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

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

What could I say? She volunteered no explanation and I certainly could not ask for one.

I led her into the bedroom and watched while she turned down the vacant bed and got into it, facing away from me. Then I turned out the light and lay down, respecting her silence, but passionately resenting the invasion of my privacy.

I could not sleep. And though she lay quiet, not turning, breathing evenly, I knew that she was awake. And as the night wore on I could feel her thoughts, too, a dark and dreadful company, between us in the room.

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

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

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

Sandra came to my room about eleven-thirty. She had just returned from the ineffectual. She apologized for interrupting me, thanked me for letting her stay with me, but still with that reserve which made no explanation and forbade questioning.

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

And Adam, with his grim companion, had started on their journey. Sandra looked tired and rather cold, as one might who has closed a chapter in her life forever and faces an unknown future. I remembered that Adam wanted me to cultivate her, so when she rose to go I stopped her.

"Stay and have a cigarette with me. I'm ready for a recess!" she asked curiously, looking over my shoulder at the half-typed sheet of white paper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chapter 25
STUBBORNLY SOLITARY
There was something on Sandra's mind.

"Did I keep you awake last night?" she asked, approaching it obliquely.

"No. I was just thinking a story through. I lied. I often do at night."

"I didn't think you were asleep. I'm glad it wasn't on my account. If it wouldn't disturb you I'd like to occupy that bed every night until this thing is cleared up."

My heart sank. This was more than I had bargained for. Adam had asked me to cultivate her, but I gave her a straight look.

"Have you and Jeff quarreled?" she returned, her gaze steadily and did not change color. Then she pushed up the short sleeve of her black sheer frock and showed me an ugly green bruise on her arm just below the shoulder.

"I'm afraid of him," she said simply. "He gets into such murderous rages."

"Remember she used that exact expression, for I felt a little chill creep up my spine as I wondered if she meant it literally."

"Then why did you marry him?" "I'd rather not discuss that," she said coldly. I knew she was thinking of the scene at Fieldstone Inn, where I was present as Julia's friend.

Wasn't it rather odd, I reflected, that she should choose me for her half-confidante, knowing as she must that I was on Julia's side? Perhaps she hoped to win me over to hers, but why? I was of no importance in this tangle—only an outsider who had let myself be drawn in. To impress me favorably meant nothing unless, possibly, I should pass that impression on to Adam.

Then I realized that Sandra was peculiarly friendless here. Mimi seemed fond of her—or was she? But Mimi was not a person I could trust. She was too much too ready to get into her own affairs. I could understand Sandra's not caring to have Felicia's penetrating eyes focused on the marital relations of Jeff Tack and his wife.

That left only me. Not a friend, not even an impartial observer, but the only woman Sandra could turn to. Against my will I felt a little stab of pity.

"You may sleep here if you like," I said at last reluctantly. "But I'd be glad if you'd explain to Jeff that I'm not taking sides."

"You'd better explain that yourself," she said distantly. "I'm not talking to him except in public."

What could I say? I left it at that, but I had an uneasy feeling that I was being unwise, that I needed advice. And Adam was not there to give it to me.

She was just leaving when an orderly appeared at the door.

Invitation
"Miss Pennant would like to speak to one of you ladies on the phone," he said. "She asked for either Mrs. Tack or Miss Cornish."

"You talk to her, Kay," I said. "All right. But you'd better come along too. It's probably an invitation."

It was. Would we come to lunch to discuss a reception for the bride and groom? I smiled to myself as I relayed the information to Sandra. Mimi and Julia were getting busy to put a good face on things. The old army solidarity.

Sandra said rapidly. "They're to make any plans they like and I'll agree to them, but I can't come to lunch today."

I repeated that into the phone and Julia said, "Thank Heaven. I hoped she'd refuse but you come anyway, Kay. You can help."

I demurred weakly that I had work to do, but she scoffed at that, and finally I consented. Sandra followed me back to my room and watched me dress. She was like a forlorn child—and not only forlorn; a child afraid of the dark, too; afraid of being alone. But defiant, distrustful and utterly, stubbornly solitary.

"Do you mind if I stay here and write some letters on your typewriter?" she asked as I put on my hat. "Don't worry, I won't hurt it—I'm a good typist."

I did mind, but weakly could not say so. I felt as if I were being inundated by Sandra. Cultivate her? She required no cultivation. She was a weed.

Lunch proved to be a peculiarly social gathering—peculiar, if one considered the circumstances. There were only the four of us: Colonel Pennant, genial as usual; Mimi, brisk and businesslike; the preoccupation of a hostess in her eyes; Julia not exactly remote, but seeming to have a strange new dignity and to have found some source of inner content.

We did not speak of Ivan. A stranger, listening, would have thought the only tragedy that had touched this place was that of social plans disrupted.

"We even chose her wedding gown when we met her in Chicago," Mimi said with an aggrieved air. "I can't imagine any girl being so stupid. Dan and I were giving them the wedding, and it was going to be so pretty—have you ever seen a military wedding? Kay, with the arch of sabers and all the trappings? Oh well, we'll just have to make other plans. Now the thing is, people have been calling me up all morning asking when and how they can entertain the bride and groom, so I thought I'd better start the ball rolling with this reception."

I thought of a train flashing across the country, bearing Adam and One Other—that One Other to whom a last ticket is sold for a final journey—and for a moment it seemed pretty heartless to be planning a round of parties. But what had Ivan been to these people? Only a casual visitor, at least as far as we knew. Even Sandra had acknowledged him only as a friend, and up to that time I think I was the only one to suspect a deeper allegiance, her part. And don't tribal customs include merit after a death? The Pennant's reception would be in the nature of a wake for Ivan.

Julia was planning a tea dance for them Saturday afternoon at the club. I asked if I could go in with her and share the expense, have better uses for that."

As I was already indebted to various people on the post, and they seemed to think it was a good idea. So after lunch we settled down to practical consideration and wrote invitations for a couple of hours.

Strange Intensity
It was nearly five when I got back in the club, but Sandra was still in my room, curled up on the studio couch reading a magazine. The air was heavy with smoke and the room was hot from the afternoon sun, but she looked strangely contented and greeted me almost with a smile.

"Did you write your letters?" I asked, looking at my desk which was as neat as usual, though that is nothing to write home about. Still, I couldn't see that she had disturbed anything.

"Yes, it didn't take long to write a few short notes to friends who knew Ivan. I was waiting for you to come back and tell me where to mail them. Are you going to send your story off?"

"I can't. It isn't finished, and the post office closes at six."

"That's too bad. How many pages are left to copy?" "Six or seven."

I could copy them in half an hour, she said. She flung down the magazine and said, "Come on, let's get it finished. For all you know this one day might make all the difference in a sale."

"But—but there's a little revision—I always make changes when I copy."

"Take a pencil and correct as I type." She already had a sheet of white paper in the machine. She turned back the top page of the stack of manuscript to the right of the typewriter, looked at it and numbered the waiting page.

"Where does it begin, here where it says 'She looked up at him soulfully'?"

"Make it 'She gazed deep into his eyes; and here, halfway down the page, instead of 'said' write 'murmured'."

She nodded and words began to pour from her hands like beans into a pan. I watched her expert fingers for a moment of silent envy, then I got busy correcting the next sheet.

I proofread them, but there was no need to. That girl could type for she finished them, but there was no need to. That girl could type for she finished them, but there was no need to. That girl could type for she finished them, but there was no need to.

While she was finishing the last page I addressed a vanilla envelope by hand, then I took the completed manuscript and leafed rapidly through it to make sure the pages were in the right order. She watched me with the strangest intensity as I did it and I thought, she's read the story while I was gone and she wonders if I know it. I did not care if she had. I had told her she could do it. I felt a little contemptuous at the thought that she would sneeze.

She took her two thin envelopes and followed me out to the garage. Gerald had brought me the keys to Adam's car before I left for the Pennants' but, seeing Sandra, had not paused to talk.

"It's twenty of six," I said as I drove through the gate of the post office is only about four miles down the road, in the village."

She picked up the manuscript envelope from the seat between us and read the address.

"Arden Love Romances, 1004 Fourth Avenue, New York City."

Chapter 26
SPOT OF DETECTING
"You send these right to the magazine," she said curiously. "I thought writers had agents to handle things for them."

"Good agents don't care to be bothered with pulp stories—there isn't enough money in them."

"You've sent these people other things? They know who you are?"

"Oh yes. I sell them a story every month or so."

"What becomes of it if they don't take it?"

"I enclose return postage and they send it back. So then I try someone else."

"How long before they send it back—I mean, if they don't buy it?"

"Couple of weeks, more or less."

"Do they ever lose a manuscript?"

"Sometimes, I suppose. I've never had one lost. But I keep a copy, just in case."

"People are always asking questions like that, but maybe I wouldn't have begun to wonder why she pursued the subject to relentlessly if we hadn't reached the post office just then. She stamped her two envelopes and stuck them in the chute without a second glance, but I was vaguely conscious that she kept her gaze riveted on the vanilla envelope while I inserted return postage, affixed the outer stamp and sealed the envelope."

It's easy to look back now and say that I was stupid, that I should have known something was up. But what? What possible connection with the mystery could I assign to Sandra's voluntary assistance? She was imposing on me to the extent of asking to share my room at night. This, I thought, was her gesture of repayment.

"That was a break for me," I said as I turned Adam's car once more toward home. "How much would you charge to take the job on permanently?"

"I'll be glad to help you while you're here," she said seriously. "But I couldn't take any pay."

"I was only joking. I can't afford a secretary—wouldn't know what to do with one. When I graduate to the slicks I'll send for you. You're good."

"I've had experience—I paid my way through dramatic school as secretary to the head."

"Oh, I thought you had an income."

"Not enough. I would have had to break into my capital, and I have better uses for that."

She was abruptly silent then, in a way that discouraged pursuit of the subject, so I changed it to a recital of the plans the Pennants were making. That seemed a matter of complete indifference to her, but she listened politely, said vaguely, "Whatever they want to do—"

She went off to her room to dress for dinner as soon as we reached the club.

Gerald Beaufort was sprawled asleep on my studio couch. I stared down at him in exasperation. Was my room turning into a public lounge? I reached down and shook him. He sat up with a muffled snort.

"A Commission?" "I say, do you have to be so rough?"

"If the bed in your room isn't comfortable I can easily have one moved there for you," I said politely.

He grinned. "Maiden lady in defense of her modest couch. Rightfully sorry and all that. I came here in great dignity to pay my respects—your own fault for being out. I say, don't tell me I was snoring?"

"Rascally. I heard you clear out in the street."

"It's the weather," he said solemnly. "The heat. Never happens in the winter."

"Why not?" "Always wear a muffler."

I groaned. "I never thought I'd encounter a form of humor lower than my own! Now how would you like to run along and let me get ready for dinner?"

"I knew there was some reason for my being here! You're having dinner with me—you and Julia Pennant. Now don't say no—she said she would if you would. I quite realize I'm a dangerous sort of fellow for a maiden to be exposed to alone. I hardly know my own charm. But the point is, this is not a strictly social formation. I have a commission from the great Adam Drew himself."

"A commission?" "No less. Now don't ask questions—you'll know all in good time. We three, you and Julia and I, are going to do a spot of detecting. And that is definitely my last word for now. Be ready in half an hour."

With an impudent grin, he departed.

"And now we girls are going to take down our hair and have a good old gossip," Gerald announced as we sat down to dinner that evening.

Julia laughed so happily that people at a neighboring table looked around in smiling sympathy. "You sound like Felicia."

Gerald gave her a reproving glance. "I'm sure I don't know what you mean," he said primly. "Mrs. Bridewell is one of my dearest friends—and speaking of gossip, I've had some lovely intimate chats with her."

Julia leaned forward rapidly. "Go on, Geraldine! Do tell us what she said!"

"Well, for instance—did you know that the late lamented Mr. Bridewell was a federal agent who was killed in pursuit of his duty? And that he was so hated by the criminal element that she moved away from her home and changed her name to escape the threats of his enemies?"

"Go on—she was pulling your leg," Julia scoffed.

Gerald looked crestfallen. "Do you think so? Why must you take the joy out of life like that? She even told me his name—Morse or Morris or something of the kind. And I had such a nice theory all fixed up—"

"Besides, FBI men are always young," Julia went on patronizingly. "Oh, but you see Felicia isn't old. Her hair turned white because of worry over her husband!"

"Geraldine! You wouldn't be a little touched in the head, too, would you? But go on—what else did she tell you? Did she tell you about her little niece who was here for a visit in June?"

"No! And me so fond of the little tot, too. Tell me, was she a little dimpled darling with golden curls? Oh, I must ask Felicia about her."

Nearly Blind
"No, Gerald don't. The poor kid is lanky and her hair is like black string. And she wears glasses—she's nearly blind. Felicia had her out at the beach one day—a happy little thing about six. I talked to her, and she told me cheerfully that her Aunt Felicia was going to take her to Chicago the next day to see a new doctor who would make her eyes strong. Felicia told me privately that the Chicago specialist was a sort of last hope—they weren't counting too heavily on the results of the examination. And apparently there was nothing he could do, for Felicia never mentioned the subject again, and I didn't like to bring it up. She brought the child back for a few days before she shipped her home, but they didn't come out to the beach again—kept indoors during the day. I saw them out walking one evening, and they both looked pretty subdued. Poor Felicia was like a different person while she was here—read to her, played games with her, never left her side. I wouldn't have thought she had a soft spot, but I guess that kid is it."

"Where does the child live?" Gerald asked, dropping for a moment his idiotic posturing.

"In New York, I think she said. Her brother's child."

"There! That proves it! I told you I had a theory. Ten to one Felicia lived in or near New York herself. Some of those terrible gangsters that you have over here—we're so much more clever about these little things in dear old blythe—took it into their heads to bounce off her husband because he knew too much about them, and then they got chills of the pedal extremities for fear he might have told his wife. But, do you see, when they thought of that it was already too late for she had taken a blowout powder—"

"The day—the very day, mind you, that the chaplain was attacked. And how does he account for himself? He says, mind you, that he's a boot salesman. Now I ask you, Julia, is that likely? Is it plausible? Have you seen him sell a boot? I haven't!"

"To think you've been holding that against me!" Gerald marvelled. "Tomorrow as ever you shall come to my humble showroom, you shall see the whole complicated scientific procedure—say, you shall even order a pair for those delectable extremities which I have been unable to avoid noticing. I, Gerald Beaufort in person, shall serve you. That is a chore I never delegate to a subordinate. It's always a pleasure the ladies to measure—"

"Eraters," breathed Julia fervently.

Hard-Faced Man
Gerald inserted his imaginary monocle and blinked at her.

"Have I been overlooking some thing?" he asked hopefully. "I always thought the word was neta."

"No, no! You misunderstand me. I mean eraters, actually, in the flesh. Don't you see the walter a-

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"FRENCH"

"My chere is Chaplain Henry," Julia said elegantly. "He's such a dear little dumpling, the kind that always murders his wife in the bathtub and buries her in the backyard. Of course, he's a bachelor—"

"Wait!" I interrupted. "I think you've got something there. Did you hear Sandra say she had known him in Texas? He's probably secretly in love with her and simply follows her around disposing of all his rivals—the cave-man lover, you know."

Julia was giving me an exceedingly dirty look, and for a minute I couldn't think why, until Gerald observed innocently:

"But wouldn't you think it would have been Jeff instead of Ivan? Do you suppose he made a mistake in the dark?"

"Oh, Jeff's probably next on the list," I said airily, to cover my slip. "Maybe a long list, for all you know. You guys better watch your step with Sandra," I added darkly.

Gerald appeared to shudder. "Men are such brutes, my dear. But I'm sure I don't know why you're warning me. He put a hand to the back of his head and ran a finger through it closely and sandy stubble. 'Look, girls, I'm thinking of letting my hair grow—or do you like it better the way I'm wearing it?'"

Julia put her head on one side. "A cluster of curls on top would suit your heart-shaped face," she said judiciously. "On the other hand, Geraldine, your neck is a little long—"

"Column of alabaster," he said, smirking. "Silly, isn't it? But that's what they tell me."

"My chere is a very phony young man named Beaufort," I observed sternly. "Just look at him in that mirror, sitting there playing the fool, trying to make a couple of unsuspecting females tell all. Julia, don't mention your father's invention, you know, the death ray. He's probably in the pay of some foreign power. Julia, that young man is deep!"

Gerald leaned forward and scrutinized his reflection anxiously.

"I'll wager you say that to all the girls," he complained, straightening his tie. But I had not missed the sudden sharp look from under those absurd eyelashes. For an instant a breath of fear disappeared the rosy cloud of contentment around me.

"And when does he drift in?" I babbled on, hoping he did not know I had seen that sharp look. "The day—the very day, mind you, that the chaplain was attacked. And how does he account for himself? He says, mind you, that he's a boot salesman. Now I ask you, Julia, is that likely? Is it plausible? Have you seen him sell a boot? I haven't!"

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TIMELY RAIN BRIGHTENS WEST TEXAS OUTLOOK

State Tax Rate Cut To 69c

Reduction Of 8 Cents For School Fund

Appropriation For Textbook Purchases Lower This Year

AUSTIN, Aug. 6 (AP)—The automatic tax board today reduced the state ad valorem tax rate eight cents, making a new rate of 69 cents on each \$100 of assessed valuation.

The reduction was in the portion for support of public schools which will be 27 instead of 35 cents. The 35-cent rate for general fund purposes and the seven-cent rate for Confederate pension fund purposes were left unchanged at their constitutional maximum.

The 1940-41 rate was set by unanimous action of the board in open session. Last year the rate setting meeting was held behind closed doors. Members of the board are Governor W. Lee O'Daniel, State Comptroller George M. Sheppard and State Treasurer Charles Lockhart.

The new rate was set on motion of Lockhart and on Sheppard's second. The school rate reduction was made possible in view of the comptroller's estimate that it would be necessary to raise only \$9,594,961 by ad valorem taxes for school purposes. It was estimated \$28,442,000 would come from other sources.

Both the general fund and the Confederate pension fund have large deficits.

Part of the lower school rate was accounted for by the fact that the state board of education earmarked \$1,500,000 for textbook purchases next year instead of \$2,000,000 allocated for the current year.

It was pointed out the education board had a \$500,000 balance in the textbook fund and could buy \$2,000,000 worth of free textbooks at year by raising only \$1,500,000 in new revenue.

A further reduction in the school rate was possible because there will be a \$1 deficit in the available school fund at the beginning of the new year compared to a \$3 deficit at the beginning of the current year.

The per capita apportionment which is paid out of the available school fund will be \$22.30 next year compared to \$22 for this year.

The eight-cent reduction was the first downward adjustment in the state's tax rate on property in two years. Although the general fund and Confederate pension fund rates have remained at the maximum level for many years the school rate was seven cents two years ago.

Old Settlers To Change Dates On Annual Reunion

Traditional dates for the Old Settlers Reunion of Howard county will be changed next year.

Officers of the association Saturday announced that the reunion could be moved back from the fourth Friday in July to the third Friday, presumably to avoid conflict with the political rallies attending the biennial democratic primary. Plans are for officials to make arrangements for the 17th annual convalescent at a party set for the second Saturday in June of 1941.

A complete list of officials for the association includes I. B. "Doc" Canale as president, Jess Slaughter as vice-president, Ed Brown as assistant to the ranking officers, Mrs. Maggie Richardson as secretary-treasurer with Ed Simpson as assistant, and Nat Shick, W. G. Hayden and Bud Brown as directors. Active committee members include Jim Crenshaw, T. Joiner, Sam Childers, Charley Bayes, Lee Castle, Noble Read, J. W. Carpenter, Jim McKinney, Clay Mann, Hardy Morgan, John Bates and Raymond Nall.

Lamesa Gains In Construction And New Car Sales

LAMESA, Aug. 5 (Sp)—Despite dry, hot weather, business in Lamesa appeared to be stronger here during July than for the same month a year ago.

If building permits and new car sales are used as an index, this is particularly true. New construction—consisting of four new homes—totalled \$8,700, up from the \$7,300 for July of 1939. New car registrations in Dawson county for the month stood at 35, a gain of three over the same month of last year.

TRAILER DESTROYED

Fire Sunday afternoon destroyed a trailer house at the south end of San Jacinto street. The trailer was covered with canvas and was destroyed before flames could reach it. Later flames made a run to a car fire at 207 W. 3rd street.

County Trims Revenue Estimates, Makes No Provision For Reserve, In Budget Drafted For New Year

A new technique in budget making in these parts is proposed in the tentative document of the 1941 Howard county budget filed with the county clerk.

Under the proposed fiscal guide revenues and expenditures balance perfectly, eliminating the customary reserve—the margin of safety. However, the margin is included because revenue estimates appear as conservative as those of a country banker.

Total of all resources anticipated for 1941 was pegged at \$207,699, and the aggregate disbursements figure the same.

The county hopes to collect \$65,000 in current taxes next year (off the 1939 roll). The rate remains at 50 cents, one maintained here for several seasons.

By comparison, the anticipated current ad valorem collections are \$9,908 under the estimated total for this year, and more than that under actual 1939 collections. Similarly conservative are the delinquent estimates for next year of only \$450. This year it has been figured at least \$1,231 more than this would come in, and in 1939 delinquent collections stood at \$4,236. Other taxes and revenues, set up at \$101,315 are down from estimates for the current year by \$12,519. However, this year there was an amended item of \$10,000 from the gas tax reserve furnished by the county by the Board of District and County Road Indebtedness.

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Other Revenues More important than the ad valorem taxes is the class known as "other revenues." Here the county lists an estimated \$70,000 from automobile licenses (70,000 shares), \$797 from beer licenses, \$200 fines, etc. (this brought in \$2,862 in 1939); officers fees \$26,800 (it was \$31,640 in 1939); interest and sinking fund investments \$450; terracing payments \$500 (the amount was \$2,251 last year) and \$1,700 state apportionment. The latter item is the negligible contribution the state manages to return the county since it abandoned the fee system.

All in all, the revenues as estimated in the 1941 budget are ample. None doubts that they will exceed by far the amounts figured. It's simply a little different way to pile up that reserve in event something did go wrong.

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The local riders, as a matter of fact, are expected to enter the show themselves, in a local park-pleasure class that will feature the opening afternoon's performance. McEwen said that such assorted riding gentry as Obie Bristow, Adolf Schwartz, Bill Tate, M. H. Bennett, E. W. Spence, Ray Lawrence, V. A. Merrick, D. D. Douglas, Wofford Hardy, Lane Hudson, Lloyd Wasson, Lewis Rix, Morris Patterson, Murray Patterson, and Tom Bradshaw would be prevailed upon to have a round in the arena, showing their favorite mounts, which would include gaited horses, polo ponies, quarter horses, Palominos—and possibly just plain nags.

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Expert To Aid In Red Cross Water Course

Near the conclusion of the swimming and life saving course due to be started by the local Red Cross chapter Thursday at 8 p. m. at the muny swimming pool, Roger C. Flaisted, special representative of the American Red Cross, will come here to assist in a course for life saving and swimming instructors.

Flaisted is due to arrive here Aug. 19, Walton Morrison, chapter life saving chairman, announced. Morrison urged that all interested in becoming instructors contact him.

Similarly, he suggested that prospective instructors take the regular course starting Thursday, since it is a prerequisite to the instructorship.

"Life saving methods are simple and interesting," said Morrison, "and it is deplorable that more adults do not take the course for the benefit they will receive." He added that while many do not care for awards, they can learn much from the course without taking the examinations. The experience, he continued, may enable a person to save himself or another in event of a water accident.

Local GOP's Name Hayward

Howard county republicans, after eight lean political years, pulled their fighting clothes out of moth balls Saturday and resolved to invade democratic ranks for republican presidential votes.

While the county GOP group was in session, the democrats, fresh from a record-breaking county first primary, passed the routine convention date. None of precincts held conventions a week ago to name delegates to the county convention. With no delegates, a county convention appeared impractical if not impossible, said L. S. Patterson, county democratic chairman.

Republicans, meeting at the Crawford, renamed G. H. Hayward as county chairman and selected him as delegate to the state convention in Beaumont on Aug. 13. E. E. Fahrenkamp was chosen as alternate delegate.

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Lake Supply Now Used 24 Hours A Day

After one month of pumping, the city Saturday shifted its lake water production on a 24-hour basis.

Reason for the action was to utilize the surface supply, which is subject to evaporation, and let wells go on a full time rest.

During the first month of pumping, a total of 27,000,000 gallons of water has been turned out at the city's filtration plant at the southeastern edge of town. At the same time, water levels in section 35—whence came the main source of well water prior to availability of the lake supply—have risen steadily.

Under the full time schedule for lake lines, approximately 1,600,000 gallons daily will be delivered to city mains. The daily average of 900,000 gallons for July was held to that figure due to necessity of making adjustments as the filtration plant was pressed into service. It was not until July 12 that the plant was stepped up to 18 hours a day and 1,200,000 gallons daily production.

Now, with the water from lakes much clearer than at first and with the filtration unit apparently working perfectly, M. S. Meyers, in charge of the plant, anticipated no trouble in handling the new load.

Roy Heister, city water superintendent, said that since surface water had relieved wells of peak demands, the water level in the section 35 sump had gained from 12 to 14 feet. This week the wells will be entirely idle, which should mean that the underground supply will be steadily replenished.

Leipzig Fall Trade Fair Will Open On Aug. 25

LEIPZIG (UP)—The Leipzig Trade fair will hold its 1,964th session from Aug. 26 to 29, to continue the historic international market without interruption for more than 700 years.

The fall fair will comprise more than 6,000 exhibits from a score of foreign countries, including Bulgaria, Denmark, Finland, Greece, Italy, Persia, Japan, Jugoslavia, Luxemburg, Netherlands, Norway, Rumania, Switzerland, Slovakia, Bohemia, Moravia and Russia.

The rate last year, varied according to area and grade of cotton, but averaged about 1.35 cents, or only 85 per cent of parity.

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Plans are being shaped up under direction of Chairman R. R. McEwen for horse show classes to be presented as added attractions of the four performances of the Big Spring rodeo August 14 and 15.

McEwen reported Friday he is enlisting the support of most local riding enthusiasts in planning events that will be of wide public interest.

The local riders, as a matter of fact, are expected to enter the show themselves, in a local park-pleasure class that will feature the opening afternoon's performance. McEwen said that such assorted riding gentry as Obie Bristow, Adolf Schwartz, Bill Tate, M. H. Bennett, E. W. Spence, Ray Lawrence, V. A. Merrick, D. D. Douglas, Wofford Hardy, Lane Hudson, Lloyd Wasson, Lewis Rix, Morris Patterson, and Tom Bradshaw would be prevailed upon to have a round in the arena, showing their favorite mounts, which would include gaited horses, polo ponies, quarter horses, Palominos—and possibly just plain nags.

Snyder Folk Tell Of Their Rodeo

Whooping it up from the time they arrived until they rolled eastward on their way, more than 100 Snyder folk Monday advertised the fourth annual Scurry county rodeo there Aug. 9-10.

Led into town by L. P. McCasland and Max Westerman of the state highway patrol, the Snyder delegation paraded through the downtown section at 3:35 p. m. and gave a half-hour program.

Entertainers included the Elmo Faver's quartet, Fuzzy Green's orchestra, Jerry Chapman and Bora Patterson, vocalists. Paul Varbro, Snyder motion picture manager, served as master of ceremonies and J. H. Greene, chamber of commerce manager, gave the boosters a word of welcome before the program on the east side of the courthouse got underway. A large crowd gathered to meet the Snyder trippers, who had been to Fort Tarka and Lamesa before coming here.

That was the case of W. M. Billings versus G. L. Bryan and the First National bank in Big Spring on a transcript from the justice court. By engagement the case of National Tire Stores, Inc., versus J. C. Loper, suit on account, was set for Sept. 10. The court dismissed the case of I. M. Sumner versus the Lone Star Chevrolet, Inc., transcript from justice court, with cost assessed against the plaintiff.

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COTTON LOAN RATE TO BE FIXED SOON

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6 (UP)—Representative Fulmer (D-SC) said today he had received information indicating Secretary Wallace would announce the 1940 loan rate for cotton the latter part of this week and it probably would be on the same basis as last year.

The rate last year, varied according to area and grade of cotton, but averaged about 1.35 cents, or only 85 per cent of parity.

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Moisture Up To 3 Inches Over Area

Precipitation In The Nick Of Time, Greatly Aids Crops

One of the most timely rains ever recorded here Monday night transformed a picture of agricultural despair into one of glowing promise as dry soil drank in moisture ranging up to more than three inches.

While the rain was fluctuating in intensity, most of the Big Spring area was put in fine condition. The DOW weather bureau at the airport gauged 2.45 inches while the U. S. Experiment Farm north of town had 1.86 inches.

Over Howard county the amounts varied generally between these figures with two notable exceptions. Around Fairview and north-eastward to Luther no more than .75 of an inch was reported. Some estimated the fall over parts of the R-Bar community as little as half to three-quarters of an inch.

Nowhere was there such a downpour as at Stanton where it was unofficially estimated that as much as five inches fell to soak the ground and overflow natural lakes.

Along the northern county line of Howard county the precipitation ranged from three to four inches. Conahome reported around an inch and a quarter, Vincent, in the northeastern part of Howard county, an inch and a half, Chalk 1.84 of an inch, a figure which stood as an average for the north, east and south parts of Glascock county. Parts of the western section of Glascock ranged up to two and a half inches.

Lamesa had one inch of rain, and while reports over Dawson county were meager at noon Tuesday, amounts surrounding the area indicated that crops and ranges in the fertile agricultural section had benefited greatly.

Although Stanton was flooded, Martin county as a whole experienced around an inch and a half of precipitation. However, this was enough to save crops and ranges and to break a threatening drought and tenacious heat wave.

In Big Spring two flood control detention dams worked to perfection. The structure at Gregg and 14th streets was about two-thirds full but had emptied by morning at Main and 13th where a drain plug held in the flow, the basin overflowing. As a result, there was little street damage. Big Spring people scarcely could believe that two inches of moisture had fallen.

Comparatively little overflow poured into the two city lakes, most of the moisture penetrating into the soil. At the Moss Creek dam the total rain was measured at 1.38 inches. The county road across Beals creek to the lake held up perfectly and the crossing was ideal Tuesday morning.

At Ackerly from three to four inches were reported, crop yields were clinched and lakes filled hanging eastward along the north Howard county line, this figure held up to 3.14 inches northeast of Vealmoor.

Knott had a regular deluge, Sulphur Draw going on a rampage and crops getting a good soaking. At least two and a half inches appeared to have fallen there. Moore had more than an inch and a half and part of Center Point had up to two and a half inches. South and west of Big Spring the rain was heavy, never getting under two inches. Elbow and Loma were reported in excellent shape, and Hartwell was revived with two inches of moisture.

The rain was in the nick of time, reviving badly twisting late feed, giving parched cottonseed life, and making it probable that cat food patches and those already lying down probability of a good summer crop. Ranges were given a chance for a winter reserve.

Colorado City had 60 of an inch, Roscoe 58 and Snyder 51. San Angelo reported a three-inch rise on the north Concho and good rains fell at Fursan, Texas, Robert Lee, Del Rio, Blackwell, Maryneal, Ozona, Iraan, Sheffield and Mertzon. The Lubbock area had fine showers ranging up to 2.5 inches at Rockchester. Pampa had 38 of an inch and around an inch fell at Plainview. Midland had half an inch.

Relief from sweltering temperatures of the past two weeks were reported. Garden City, where a thermometer had showed 111 degrees Sunday and 104 Monday, Lubbock dropped from 101 to 67 degrees, and Big Spring from 98 to 68.

CONFERENCE ON PLANS FOR PORT BUILDING

Clark Keyes, engineer for American Airlines, conferred with E. V. Spence, city manager, Tuesday morning on projected plans for a terminal building at the municipal airport.

The airline engineer was checking tentative drawings of the proposed structure with the view of arranging adequate terminal facilities for the carrier.

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Economy Plans Being Studied

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—The American republics began formal consideration today of methods to relieve and develop the economy of this hemisphere under the broad program adopted at the Havana conference of foreign ministers.

The inter-American financial and economic committee, composed of representatives of 21 nations, set aside its weekly meeting to a detailed study of the measures approved at Havana and steps necessary to carry them out.

Sumner Welles, acting secretary of state and committee chairman, said it would canvass the field of existing and prospective economic problems growing out of the European war and the application of proposed remedies.

Heading the list was the mounting surplus of commodities of some Latin American countries to which former European markets have been closed by the war.

Spearhead of the United States attack on this is the administration bill before congress to increase the lending power of the Export-Import Bank by \$500,000,000.

James Jones, federal loan administrator, testifying in support of the bill before the house banking committee yesterday, said the potential benefits of loans to South and Central American countries justified the risk of losses from revolutions or debt denunciations.

Secretary of State Hull called the measure essential to economic defense of the hemisphere.

PLAN EXTENDED

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—The agriculture department announced today that its food stamps plan would be extended to Lubbock and the rest of Lubbock county, and to Plainview and the rest of Hall County, Texas.

Operation of the program in the two areas will begin in about a month.

Maj. Henry Philips Concludes Visit With Brother

Maj. Henry Philips, who has been visiting here with his brother, Shine Philips, left Wednesday evening for Lubbock for a brief stay.

Maj. Philips, who like his brother grew up in Big Spring, retired recently after an assignment at Fort Ontario, N. Y., but was called back to service by the army where the current emergency arose.

After visiting in Lubbock and Lampasas, he will return to Dallas where he has been assigned as an instructor in Baylor Medical college.

His duty with the army has taken him and his family into various parts of the world, and he speaks interestingly of them. Maj. Philips also has a broad grasp of international matters.

Of all things in Big Spring, he was most impressed by the amphitheatre at the city park. He told his brother that he had never seen anything to compare with it, and that the entire park lay-out was the best he had ever seen in a city anywhere near the size of Big Spring.

Annual reunion of Big Spring's own Company D will be held Sunday afternoon in the city park at a time when the international situation is more critical than at any time since the local doughboys were discharged from service following the World war.

Members of the company, most of them located in this general territory, will gather at the park at 2 p. m. for a picnic spread and will relieve their rookie days in informal visitation the remainder of the afternoon.

Center of the observance, as usual, will be James T. Brooks, still "captain" to every member of the supply train company. The reunion is held annually the fore part of August.

Storm

Continued From Page 1

leans by a 4,000-volt wire while repairing a line atop a 40-foot pole. His safety belt kept him from falling.

Twenty-two persons on fishing parties out of Morgan City, La., were reported safe.

The center of the storm passed inland between Sabine Pass and Port Arthur and winds at the peak registered more than 80 miles an hour.

Twenty men and five women were marooned at Black Bayou near Orange. Telephone lines were down. Cecil Smith, Shell Oil company boat pilot, reported today the marooned residents of the oil camp were safe, but that wind damaged their houses considerably at the peak of the blow.

The United States weather bureau at New Orleans ordered storm warnings down at midnight and said it would issue no further advisories on the storm.

Public Records

Building Permit
E. M. LaBett to add a room at 208 W. 18th street, cost \$135.

Marriage License
C. B. Brice, Stanton, and Margie Day, Mexia.

Beer Applications
Hearing set for Aug. 13 on application of T. C. Miller to sell beer at 815 E. 3rd street.

In The 70th District Court
C. M. Clark versus Texas Employers Insurance Association, suit to set aside award.

G. H. Hall versus Esterlie Hall, suit for divorce.

Mrs. Jane Babb versus Marvin W. Babb, suit for divorce.

A. C. Horn of Texas versus R. N. Wagener, et ux, suit for verified account.

Low Car
R. F. Townsend, Chevrolet sedan.

The Gulf Coast area of Texas has 33 oil refineries with a capacity of 1,047,950 barrels of crude daily, or more than any other entire state.

'War Blame' Trial Set In France

RIOM, France, Aug. 8 (AP)—The formal setting for the "war blame" trial, called here "the greatest trial in French history," was laid today in this ancient city where the supreme court of defeated France will sit to determine who and how many led the nation to disaster and what punishment they should suffer.

Inauguration of the nation's new high tribunal, brought into being by the Petain-Laval government and charged specifically with judging acts and men of previous regimes, will lead at once to exhaustive investigation of factors which involved France in an ill-fated war against Germany.

Today's brief ceremony turns over the tribunal to 62-year-old Pierre Causus who, as president of the supreme court, will have direct charge of the trials.

The war-blame inquiry itself may not get under way for several days. Weeks, and even months of judicial investigation may ensue before the defendants are officially named and specific charges entered against them.

Rodeo

(Continued From Page 1)

Ranger and Ballinger also have promised sponsors.

Although there will be no rodeo jail this year, Saturday was set as the day for all to drag out their western duds and wear them as a pre-rodeo stunt. Already several had donned their bright colored shirts, big hats, boots and duck pants.

Thirty-one cars have been lined-up for the Rotary trip Friday to Fort Worth, Sterling City, San Angelo, Robert Lee, Bronte, Sweetwater and Colorado City, where Big Spring talent will feature an amateur program at 8 p. m. in Riddick park.

Darrell Douglass and G. H. Hayward, in charge of the trip, urged others to join by being at 4th and Main streets by 8 a. m. Friday. In addition, those who are unable to make the trip were urged to drive over to Colorado City for the program.

Among those pledging cars were Douglass, Hayward, R. T. Piner, Grover Dunham, V. A. Merrick, Carl Blomsheld, Pat Kenney, Roy Cornelison, C. L. Rowe, Cal Boykin, J. H. Greene, Chester Cluck, Shirley Robbins, Jess Slaughter, Ira Driver, J. L. LeBlanc, R. T. Cardwell, Pete Howe, Charlie Croighton, J. Y. Robb, Earl Ezell, Hill Tate, Manley Cook, Ward Hall, L. E. Christman, E. V. Spence, Jake Douglass, R. R. McEwen, J. C. Pickle and Edmund Nostetne.

The Kiwanis club spread the word of the rodeo Wednesday to the country west and south with approximately 10 cars and 40 people. Members of the party reported a good response at all points. Midland men came over after the visit and purchased a block of 200 tickets to the rodeo.

MARKETS

Wall Street

NEW YORK, Aug. 8 (AP)—Most traders again held on to their cash in today's stock market and left leaders to rustle for themselves in exceptionally narrow territory.

Definite trends were lacking and about the best that could be said for the list, as a whole, was that it never encountered any real selling.

Transfers ran to around 200,000 shares.

Brokers virtually were unanimous in assigning the blame for the lengthy market stalemate to the European war. Favorable business items, including dividends and earnings, were without particular influence.

Livestock

FORT WORTH, Aug. 8 (AP)—(U. S. Dept. Agr.)—Cattle 1,900; calves 1,200; common and medium beef steers and yearlings largely 5.50-6.00; good good 6.75-7.00; beef cows 4.00-5.75; bulls 4.00-6.75; slaughter calves mostly 5.00-6.00; few higher; good and choice stock steer calves 8.00-9.50; common and medium 5.00-7.50.

Hogs 1,000; top 6.15, paid for good and choice 175-270 lb. averages; good and choice 150-170 lb. weights 5.65-6.10.

Sheep 1,200; medium to good spring lambs 6.75-7.50; yearlings 5.25-6.00; aged wethers 3.25-3.75; fat ewes 3.00 down; to 1.85 for canner use; spring feeder lambs 5.75 down.

Extension of sewer mains in the eastern part of town was under way Thursday, city officials reported.

Starting at Settles street, 6,000 feet of six-inch line will be installed to reach a new addition which is expected to come into the city shortly.

Other city operations now in progress include the installation of a 40-inch culvert on E. 14th between Main and Runnels street; the lowering of water mains on Main street and in excavation for base on Ayford street, the preparation of a half block each way from Hillside Drive on Pennsylvania; and the completion of the JAA classroom building at the municipal airport.

Close Vote In Glasscock Race Leads To A Three-Way Runoff

GARDEN CITY, Aug. 8 (AP)—The election for Glasscock county treasurer probably will be a three-way runoff, officials here today said.

It'll be a three-way affair, between candidates who, in the first primary in July, got votes of 128, 128 and 128!

In the contest for county treasurer, Mrs. Edna Allsup headed

the ticket. Preliminary polls showed Mrs. Allsup had 128 votes, to have 128 and Miss Ella D. Lommon to have 128. There was a recount, however, that showed the latter two candidates to be in a tie.

Officials here pondered the problem for days, decided this week that the "runoff" would simply be another three-way race.

Red Cross Water Course To Open This Afternoon

At 5 p. m. today at the municipal swimming pool, the local Red Cross chapter will start its annual swimming and life saving course.

Instruction in both swimming and life saving will be free and the public is urged to take advantage of the opportunity of learning how to avoid water accidents.

Swimming courses are open to people of any age and will cover beginners as well as advanced swimmers. Life saving instruction is open to those 12 years old and above.

Walton Morrison, chairman of the life saving committee of the local Red Cross chapter, will be in charge, and instruction will be in the hands of George Thomas, Beth Garrison, Champs Phillips and Stanley Mate.

Awards will be made to those

completing the course and satisfactory examinations, but many may take the course just for the experience and not submit to examinations.

Several Boy Scouts are planning to take advantage of the opportunity to pass life saving and swimming merit badge requirements. Similarly, other children may take the swimming course in order to learn to swim.

SLOT MACHINES AND DEFENSE TAXES HIKE CASH CIRCULATION

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Slot machines, the war, defense taxes and better business combined again last month to expand cash in circulation to new record figures.

Unsurpassed except for a few days during the 1933 banking holiday, money in circulation, the treasury said today, reached \$7,583,223,517 or an average of \$50.63 per person on July 31.

A month earlier, the average was \$39.39, and a year ago \$33.71.

The extraordinary demand for

Program

Continued From Page 17

Sammy Staloup, Mr. and Mrs. Worth Peeler, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Flowers, Ward Van Gieson and Mrs. E. B. Friend.

Other members from the Rotary club will be Roy Cornelison, banjo, Darrell Douglass, mandolin, Pat Kenney, violin, and the Rotary orchestra, including the three named, Harold Botomley, Mrs. Kenney, and Fahrenkamp.

Rounding out the program, which will be directed by Rhine Philips, are numbers by the Tress Troubadours (Mexican string band), Wanda Lou Petty and Shirley June Robbins, vocalists, John Hunt, vocalist with own guitar accompaniment, Gerald Anderson reading "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," Charles Sikes in a baton twirling interlude, Mrs. A. A. Holmberg, vocalist and Arnold Marshall, Stanton bassoon.

GAINARD HONORED
WASHINGTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Award of the Navy Cross to Captain Joseph A. Gainard for distinguished service as master of the steamship City of Flint during its seizure and detention by the German navy last spring, was announced today by the navy department.

Coins due to the increasing use of merchandise vending machines and to defense taxes affecting various small purchases recently caused the federal mints to go on a 24-hour production basis. New defense taxes, which have added odd pennies to many selling prices, were the newest influence.

Lakes Again Being Used

After a shutdown in pumping for two days due to a faulty joint near the Moss Creek lake pumping station, the city threw its lake water reserves back into a 24-hour schedule Thursday.

It was theorized that a power surge during a thunderstorm which brought rain to this section Monday night caused head pressure in the 14-inch main to force a pipe joint.

Under the 24-hour schedule, around 1,600,000 gallons daily will be delivered to the filtration plant here from the Powell Creek lake.

Rains earlier in the week put only a few inches water in the Moss Creek basin, but the Powell Creek lake, from which the city water has been coming, received two feet. It amounted to about as much as had been taken out of the lake in the first month of pumping.

DEFAULT JUDGMENT

Judgment by default was entered in county court Wednesday for the First National Bank in Big Spring against Tony Rego, et al in a suit on a note. Rego, formerly manager of the baseball club in Big Spring, was assessed \$281.85, which included the \$250 original note and interest and attorney fees.

PAYS ROAD FINE

Pete Banks entered a plea of guilty in corporate court Thursday morning to a charge of driving on the wrong side of the road and was fined \$50 by Judge Tracy T. Smith.

Get Both THRIFT AND QUALITY Here

Pinto BEANS, 5 lbs. 24c

Bliss—Drip or Regular COFFEE 1 lb. 18c

3 lb. 53c

Kellogg's—Cereal Bowl Free CORN FLAKES, 2 for 19c

Heart's Delight No. 2 1/2 Can PEACHES Sliced or Halves 14c

Primrose No. 2 CORN Can 12c

Chase & Sanborn Dated COFFEE, lb. 21c

Good & Cheap MATCHES 15c

P & G SOAP 3 For 10c

Best Yet Salad Qt. 29c

Dressing Pt. 19c

Star State Apple Cider

Vinegar, qt. 15c

Mrs. Tucker's Shortening 39c

Del Monte 13 1/2 Oz. Tomato Juice 5c

Limit 6

Guaranteed FLOUR Guaranteed

MISSOURI SPECIAL 24 Lb. 59c

48 Lb. \$1.10

GLADIOLA 24 Lb. 73c

48 Lb. \$1.35

Cottage HAM 23c

Rox Sliced BACON 18c

No. 1 Dry Salt 10c

2 Lb. Box American Cheese 43c

Tendered Hams Butt End 18c

Shank End 16c

Delicious TREET 19c

Loins—T-Bone STEAK 29c

Boneless Cured HAM 29c

IT'S COOL

—EVERY DAY AT—

Sunkist ORANGES

216 Size Dozen 22c

Thompson's Seedless GRAPES

Lb. 5c

Cobbler POTATOES

10 Lbs. 17c

Green Bunch Onions 3c

Celery 10c

Tomatoes

East Tex. Calif. 3c - lb. - 7c

Flit Pickles

Qt. Qt. 29c 10c

Flit Pickles

Qt. Qt. 29c 10c

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Flit Pickles

COLLINS BROS.

Two Stores For Better Service

2nd at Runnels, Cor. Main & Third - Big Spring, Tex.

We Reserve The Right To Limit Quantities

Walgreen Agency Drug Store

FULL REFUND ON UNUSED FILM

10c Size LUX SOAP FLAKES 3:26

25c Size 21c

Hay Fever Relief ANEFIN NASAL JELLY 98c

DRESSING COMB 4c

PERFECTION COLD CREAM 49c

BOOK MATCHES 8c

VALENE Soapless Oilless SHAMPOO 42c

POWDER PUFFS 3:10c

25c Tube COLGATE SHAVE CREAM 2:26c

Large Tube Lifebuoy SHAVE CREAM 23c

Box of 12 KOTEX Handy Box REG. JUNIOR or SUPER SIZE 2:39c

ACIDINE POWDER 47c

FASTEST POWDER 49c

K. Y. JELLY 23c

TOOTH POWDER 29c

IMMEDIATE TEA 43c

FITCH SHAMPOO 59c

MULTI-SHED 33c

FOR SAFETY Demand PEPSODENT 33c 39c 23c

The 300 Yard PO-DO GOLF BALL

TOUGH - LONG - TRUE 25c 3 for 72c 12 for 2.50

Johnny Bulla, long-driving professional golfer, proved Po-Do's long-distance quality by averaging 312 yards with 12 Po-Do's.

PROTECT your EYES!

Polaroid DAY GLASSES 1.95

Complete with case. You'll get the view without the sun glare. Smart, modern styles.

Azurine Hookover Glasses \$1

Sport Glasses 19c

"Treat of the Week"

Enjoy a refreshing DOUBL' DIP CHOCOLATE SODA 15c

A tasty treat that is a favorite with young and old.

For a smoother Glowing Tan XPOSE SUNTAN LIQUID 49c

Non-oily 49c

Delicious Ideal Cold Drink CHEMM 1.19

Rich in important vitamins 1 LB. 23c

CLEANER Justrite, 10-oz. can 23c

Fontaine Castile Soap, Imp. 4-lb. bar 1.19

Citro Carbonate 57c

Upjohn's, 4-oz. 1.19

ORTHO-GYNOL A or C Type

Editorial

Continued strong representation for this area in the halls of the legislature at Austin is in the books, as a result of the democratic primary. In one term, Drossey B. Hardeman of San Angelo has met the test, and has proved himself a representative of such high calibre as to be considered as a possible candidate for the speakership.

The honor of being speaker of the house is not ordinarily extended to a member who has served only one term, and in the final analysis Hardeman may be excluded; but his standing with his colleagues is such as to put him in position, regardless of the speakership, to do an outstanding job.

In the senate, this district has elected a thoroughly conscientious and sincere man in Judge Marshall Formby of Dickens county. Formby made his race without incurring any political obligations to any particular group or interest. He is frank to say—and has told The Herald—that "my friends elected me," and he is fully aware of his responsibility to all the people of his district. Marshall is a young man who has kept steadily at the job of county judge; he is

Our Legislators

determined to keep as steadily at the job of being senator. He has adopted a commonsense plan in connection with his forthcoming service.

As he told a representative of the press recently, "When I go to Austin next January, I'm going to be seen and not heard from for quite a spell. I'm green—and I know I'm green. I'm not going to do any popping off and instead of trying to get in the spotlight, I'm going to learn what it's all about."

Which is welcome news to his constituents. By following such a plan Marshall will gain the respect and friendship of his colleagues, and quickly attain a position so as to be of real service to his district.

The people want and need men in both houses of the legislature who are interested in the needs of the district and in the general problems of the state, men who will endeavor honestly to fill the needs of the first and meet the problems of the second. The record is ahead for both Hardeman and Formby to make their marks. With the support of the people, they can make marks of which they and the voters of their districts will be proud.

Washington Daybook

WASHINGTON—Capital talk. In recent weeks, no man has so covered himself with what passes for success in diplomacy as Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

When the conference was called, the capital was full of skepticism. These Pan-American conferences always had been sessions of sound and fury signifying nothing much and this, everyone said, was going to be just another one. The economic situation was too full of antagonistic selfish interests. As for the Monroe Doctrine, that always had been the United States' own baby.

A UNITED FRONT

That's the way talk ran around here before the assemblage of the delegates of the 21 American nations at Havana. Secretary Hull arrived on the scene and went to work.

One of the men who was at the conference said: "No man worked harder than he. No man was more patient, more tolerant, more deeply solicitous of the wishes and views and attitudes of the other delegations and he it said also that no man enjoyed more esteem."

Those are attributes of statesmanship and with those attributes Hull molded the conference into a united front.

True it is that Argentina is a little cool to the whole business and its congress may not ratify that "act of Havana," but that does not keep official Washington from showering Hull with

By Jack Stinnett

such phrases as "the crowning achievement of your long and illustrious career."

PARING BUDGETS

The talk continues to circulate about Wendell L. Wilkie and President Roosevelt getting together for conferences on vital matters in the foreign situation. But hard-headed politicians argue that the republicans would be against it because it would shoot holes in their campaign contention that the president is leading us into war. The democrats would be against it because they are taking all the responsibility for our foreign policy and will continue to do so through those vital days ahead (until next January at least, even if the election goes against them) and that there should be no question of sharing the credit, if any.

In other words, if the political observers are right, you can look for no further coalition or united front from either of the parties until after November, if then.

With all the billions being spent by the government here now, there's scarcely a department that isn't sweating over economies. At the insistence of the president and the budget director, they are cutting from \$250,000,000 to \$400,000,000 off current expenses. What's worrying the rank and file of government workers is whether salary cuts will get into the economy drive too. The president says not if he can help it.

Man About Manhattan

NEW YORK—"As usual," notes Abner Glib, the human stylin' who unfortunately seems to have escaped his obscurity again, "you miss the point. I mean in that piece you wrote about tipping. You said you knew a waiter who bought a yacht, and another who opened his own restaurant, with the tips he had saved. I believe you. But that isn't the angle that is sapping the vitality of the saps. . . . It's the dime and twenty-centers like myself who are paying through the nose, and I for one am beginning to resent it."

"There isn't a day goes by that the accumulated tips I am compelled to distribute wouldn't buy a first class well, anyway, a very good dinner."

"Take today for instance. The holocaust began before the sun was barely up. Being tardy for work, I decided to take a taxi from Grand Central to the office. The fare was 35c and the tip was a dime."

"I went down to the drug store for breakfast. Almost anywhere else in the country the matter would have ended there. But in New York the tipping practice has gone to the point where even soda-jerkers' salaries are set with an allowance for prospective tips, and if you don't leave one you are likely to get a mouse in your coffee—or so is the tradition. So there was another dime gone."

"The shoe shine boy came around in the middle of the morning. A shine is a dime but you can't top there. 'Everybody' kicks in another nickel. Total so far, 25c."

"Lunch meant another 25c, and late in the afternoon I purchased a haircut and shampoo. In Manhattan that comes to \$1.20. If a barber

charges any less he is apt to be ostracized by his confreres or, at least, have a bomb tossed into his establishment. On a 10 per cent basis, a \$1.20 check calls for a 12c tip, but my barber announced expectantly that he was leaving for his vacation and I couldn't help giving him an extra nickel send-off."

"After that, I stopped for a glass of beer, and as almost anyone can tell you, bartenders in Manhattan have developed a lovely technique. They spread the change out in the counter, and the dime they hope to get is always a little separated from the rest of your change, so that you are tempted to just ignore that dime. But at this point I staged a one-man rebellion. I picked up all the change. I imagine the bartender is still sore."

"I could go on like this for days—as for instance the extra tip for the cigarist girl, who also is adept at returning change. The sad point about buying cigars from girls with trays is that there never is any fixed price. They may be 18c; they may be 25c. They may even be 35c. Unfortunately, this girl is very pretty and appealing, and my cigarettes cost me all told 27c."

"I started out to itemize all tips for the day, but between the beer and the cigarettes I lost count. I do know that for the amount dribbled away I could have had a fine dinner in Kansas City, or Omaha, but then I was a long way from Kansas City or Omaha, and in any case I was so befuddled when I got on a homebound bus I dropped a nickel in the slot and absently started to hand the driver a tip. It was only when he almost wrecked us that I came to my senses, and sat down."

By George Tucker

Hollywood Sights And Sounds

HOLLYWOOD The Andrews Sisters aren't a lot different from movie stars who fight against their roles. Maxine (she's the Andrews in the middle, younger than LeVerne, older than Patty) admits their agent had to work on 'em for two months before they'd do a number they considered "too corny." The agent won, and the record they made was their biggest seller. "The Beer Barrel Polka" (At the height of the Beer Barrel craze there were people who wished the sisters had been a little more obstinate.)

Preston Foster hasn't been the ladies' man type but look at him go now. In "Northwest Mounted Police" he takes Madeleine Carroll from Gary Cooper, and in "Moon Over Burma" he takes D. Lamour from Bob Preston.

Remember when the voiceless stars used to speak into song, courtesy of vocal "duffs"? Occasionally they still do but "There's Magic in Music" is taking no chances on audience suspicion. It'll carry a forward that "The voices and music heard in this photoplay are actually the efforts of those artists who appear on the screen." Reason: Besides Susanna Foster and Allan Jones, there are six child musical prodigies—Helmo Baffito, 15, Scandinavian violinist; Patricia Travers, 12, American ditto; Kaye Connor, 14, singer and fiddler; Dolly Loebe, 12, pianist; William Chapman, 17, singer; and Mary Ruth Kistler, 7, pianist.

Vincent Price, dropping in from the air for tests for "Hudson's Bay Company," flew east again immediately. He's been doing the straw-hat circuit after a fling at St. Louis. . . . Price

The Big Spring Herald

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NATIONAL REPRESENTATIVE
Texas Daily Press League, Dallas, Texas

Munitions For 2 Million Men Defense Goal

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7. (AP)—A permanent munitions industry, owned largely by the federal government and capable of supplying an army of 2,000,000 men, emerged today as one of the major goals of the defense program.

Robert A. Patterson, new assistant secretary of war, described as an "innovation" the idea that most of the projected 80 ordnance plants to be built with government funds would be established on a permanent basis.

The United States has maintained a system of government arsenals which formed the nucleus of a munitions industry but which was not capable of rapid expansion in an emergency.

To prepare better for future crises, Patterson said the new powder, loading and storage plants would be designed for long life. He made it plain, however, that they would be operated only for such periods as are necessary to prepare the required stocks of munitions.

The army already has been given \$244,000,000 of the \$700,000,000 required for the new plants and has contracted with the DuPont interests to operate a \$25,000,000 powder plant in southern Indiana. A shortage of labor capable of manning the necessary loading plants is proving something of a problem.

Patterson said, adding that one of two such plants probably would be the next for which contracts would be let.

Roberts Will Is Contested

The will of the late W. T. Roberts, first white settler of Howard county, has been contested by Mrs. Maggie Roberts, widow of Mr. Roberts' son, Alex Roberts.

In a writ filed in the probate court here, Mrs. Maggie Roberts asked that the will, drafted Dec. 11, 1937, not be admitted to probate. She and an adopted son, Don Roberts, were excluded from legacy in the will, the instrument directing specifically that they not receive any of W. T. Roberts' property.

The remainder of the will divided the lands owned by the pioneer settler among his children. Legatees are Arthur Roberts, Mrs. Ora Roberts Flanagan and Mrs. Etta Wade, children, and Elmo L. Martin, a grandson.

Former Resident Celebrates Her 73rd Birthday

Mrs. M. J. Burrow, a former resident, celebrated her seventy-third birthday anniversary with a family reunion Sunday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Inglehart, near Westbrook.

Her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren met for the day and brought lunches, spending the day visiting and singing.

Those attending from Big Spring were Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Franklin and Lavern, Mr. and Mrs. Denver Yates and Hollis and Avinell, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Day and Dorothy Lee and D. W. Mrs. A. L. Wood and Dallas and La Faye, Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Hendrick, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Franklin and Jackie Neal, Mrs. H. H. Padgett and Dan.

Others attending were Mr. and Mrs. Lee Burrow, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burrow and son of Knott, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Burrow and Jane, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Burrow, E. J. Burrow and J. D. Edna Mae and Jessie, Mrs. W. B. Tracy and Joe Lee, all of San Antonio.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Burrow of Colorado City, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Burrow of Knott, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Burrow of New Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin and children, Mr. and Mrs. Haywood Inglehart, M. C. Cherry, J. D. Inglehart of Westbrook.

Mrs. W. R. Kropp and Louise, Betty Jean and Billie George, Mrs. Gertrude Isaacs and Robert of O'Donnell, Mrs. Effie of Lamessa, Billie Brown, Lonnie Thompson, Miss Itasca Wingate, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Inglehart and Jessie, Bertha and Marie.

NEW TRUSTEE FOR RICHLAND SCHOOL

J. W. Payne has been appointed as a trustee for the Richland common school district to succeed W. J. Ringner, resigned, according to Anne Martin, county superintendent.

Wednesday Miss Martin continued in consultation with the county board as it tackled the problem of passing on approximately 300 transfers filed with the county superintendent's office prior to deadline time Aug. 1.

The early-day rancher's will placed the share of his deceased son, Alex Roberts, in trust with Elmo Martin to be operated for the benefit of Alex Roberts during his lifetime, then to revert to Martin. The writ challenged property of the will, and made allegations against the legatees.

Road Projects Due To Start

An extensive seal-coating project for two stretches of Howard county lateral road is due to be started by Friday, Thurston Orenbaum, county road engineer, said Wednesday.

Plans call for a seal coat on 11 miles of road, about half of it on the Gail route and a similar amount from highway No. 9 westward to Knott.

Orenbaum said that crushed rock was on shoulders for the Gail job and would all be laid in for the Knott project by Wednesday evening. Only an asphalt supply is needed for the work to be started, he added.

Meanwhile, the county still is awaiting word from the WPA about a surfaced lateral road north from Coahoma toward Vincent. Preliminary work has been completed, and as soon as work order is furnished by WPA base material will be hauled.

Midland Buys Rodeo Tickets

While a delegation of Kiwanians, traveling in approximately 20 cars, boosted the seventh annual Big Spring Cowboy Reunion and Rodeo abroad, the show took on new life at home Wednesday morning. After the trippers under direction of L. M. Brooks had visited Midland earlier in the morning, five Midland men rushed over to Big Spring to purchase a block of 200 tickets.

In the group making the fine Kiwanian gesture were Clarence Scharbauer, Fay Proctor, Leonard Proctor, W. B. Simpson and John Dublin. They were met by Ira Driver, rodeo association secretary, R. R. McEwen, Dr. Frank Boyle, E. P. Driver and J. H. Greene.

Accordingly, Aug. 14, first day of the two-day show, was set aside as Midland day and members of the Midland delegation said that citizens of that city would come here in a body the evening of Aug. 14. In addition to the 200 tickets, they also reserved a box.

Unmindful of this activity at home, the Kiwanis club rodeo boosters continued on to Odessa, Crane, McCaney, Big Lake and Garden City.

Tucker Appointed General Agent Here For T&P

Jimmie G. Tucker has been appointed general agent at Big Spring by the Texas and Pacific railroad.

How To Torture Your Husband



an announcement by C. G. Hayes, vice president in charge of traffic, disclosed Wednesday. Tucker's territory will include Sweetwater and Pecos and all intermediate territory, and all stations on the Texas-New Mexico with the T. & P.

To The Voters Of Glasscock County

I wish to take this means of expressing my thanks to the voters of Glasscock county for electing me to the office of County Judge. I assure you I will perform my duty to the very best of my ability, and it will ever be my aim to please.

If I can be of service to you please do not hesitate to call on me.

Yours for service,
C. M. SPARKMAN

(Pol. Adv. Paid for by C. M. Sparkman)



Rain Improves Crop Outlook In Moore Area

MOORE, Aug. 8.—Farmers in the Moore community are elated over crop prospects in the wake of Monday night's fine rain. Most feed in this area will make without additional moisture, as will older cotton. Some of the later cotton, however, will need more rain.

The ladies quilting circle met Tuesday at the gymnasium with Mrs. J. B. Daniels and Mrs. D. W. Hayworth as co-hostesses. Those present included Mrs. E. D. Hull, Mrs. J. C. Broughton, Mrs. D. W. Adkins, Miss Norma Lee Adkins, Mrs. J. B. Merrick, Mrs. W. W. Collier, Mrs. Mack Thomas, Mrs. E. M. Newton and Mrs. Edgar Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Stuteville and children, June and Rawleigh McCullough returned Saturday from Fort Sumner, N. M., where they have been visiting for the past week.

Marvin Daugherty left Wednesday for San Diego, Calif., for service in the Marine corps.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Posey and children, Bobby, Richard and Albert, left Friday for South Texas to make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hayworth and children, Reginald and Phyllis, of Big Spring left Sunday for Fort Collins, Colo., where he will be sales manager of an automobile concern. Hayworth is a nephew of Mrs. M. L. Rowland and D. W. Hayworth of this community.

Miss Sylvia Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Smith of Big Spring and Leo Hull, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hull of the Moore community were married Saturday night by the Rev. W. Eugene Davis, pastor of the Fundamental Baptist church in Big Spring. The ceremony was performed in the pastor's home. The couple are now residing in this community but plan to move to Big Spring where Mr. Hull is employed by the Gular Gin Co.

Miss Callie Wheeler, who is attending school in Oklahoma City, is expected to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Wheeler, here on August 10.

Victor Watts of Knott visited Lawrence Adkins Sunday.

Mrs. D. C. Stroppe and children, Janet, Dale, Royce, James Floyd and Rowland, left Monday for their home in Wichita Falls after spending a week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Rowland, and other relatives here.

A. D. Dodson of Odessa was a business visitor in this community Sunday.

Colleen and Jacqueline King returned Saturday from Spur where they have been visiting relatives for the past two weeks.

Mack Stallings, Jr. of Canyon spent last week with Dean Forrest.

Miss Phillips of Breckenridge is visiting her son, Verdie Phillips, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradford of Big Spring and Mrs. Dale Hart and son, Delbert, spent a fishing trip to Buchanan lake over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hammack and Mrs. Ella Hammack spent the weekend at San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Newton and children, Doris, May, Clifford Ray and Eugene, of Midland visited relatives in this community Sunday.

Clyde Turney and Miss Lovada Johnson were united in marriage Saturday evening by Justice of the Peace John Ratliff of Big Spring. Mrs. Turney is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Johnson of Iowa and she is employed by Mrs. P. F. Cantrell at present. Mr. Turney is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Turney of Big Spring and is presently employed by the Stevenson ice service. Mr. and Mrs. Turney will make their home in Big Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Turney of Big Spring and Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Rowland of this community left Monday for a few days fishing trip on the Colorado river near Hallinger.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Preston of Dallas spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Troy Posey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Burchett and children and Mrs. Troy Posey returned Friday from a visit in East Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Chapman returned Friday from De Leon where they spent a week visiting friends and relatives.

CRACKED ICE
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Coahoma News

Carl Bates and son, Billy, and Vernon Bates of Odessa returned Saturday after a weeks vacation in Corpus Christi.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Dorsey and children left Monday for a two weeks vacation in the Yellowstone National park.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ahle returned Sunday from a two weeks' vacation in Arkansas.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Smith spent Sunday as guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Cox of Garden City.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Birkhead and Thomas Austin returned Tuesday from a visit with his aunt, Mrs. Emma Whitt.

Mae Ruth Reid has as a guest this week, Topsy Everett of Odessa.

Mr. and Mrs. Mel Stroppe and son returned Monday from a two weeks' vacation in Alabama.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Thomason, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Adams, and R. L. Adams of Coahoma, Troy Farrar of Fort Worth, and Eugene Thomason of Toyah left Tuesday for a two weeks' vacation in Hot Springs, Ark.

Mrs. John Balch returned home Sunday after a month at Mineral Wells where she has been receiving medical treatment.

Mrs. A. M. Sullivan and Minnie Birkhead are spending the week in Christoval.

Lorena King, a student in the Baptist seminary in Fort Worth, spent last week assisting in the daily vacation Bible school, and left Saturday for Garden City.

James Stroppe was in charge of the meeting of the B. T. U. Monday at the First Methodist church, and punch and cookies were served to about fifty members.

Mildred Patterson is spending the week with Betty Williams in Big Spring.

Mrs. K. G. Birkhead taught the lesson Monday afternoon at the W. M. U. of the Baptist church. Mrs. C. A. Coffman was in charge of the business, and plans were made to sell ice cream, lemonade, and sandwiches at the American Legion hall on August 24. Others attending were Mrs. N. W. Pitts, Mrs. D. L. Townsend, Mrs. Tom Farris, Mrs. Austin Coffman, Mrs. Jack Darden, Mrs. Jim Ringener, Mrs. Ralph White, Mrs. Earnest Rainey.

Mrs. Mitchell Hoover and Mrs. Winsor Herring went to Carlsbad Saturday and Mrs. Herring's son, Hoover, returned home with them.

Mrs. C. A. Coffman had as a guest Monday her brother, I. E. Boyce of Hagerman, N. M.

Brains On The Force, Police Woman Is Phi Beta Kappa Member

SEATTLE, Wash. (UP)—Police-women, once upon a time, were Amazons in size and strength. They had to handle "toughs" expeditiously, and they were often called upon to do so.

Not so any more. Seattle's captain of policewomen is Mrs. Irene Durham, a Phi Beta Kappa key holder who stands just 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 108 pounds.

"I guess we have to think a lot faster now," she explained smiling.

The first reported use of Texas oil was in 1543 by survivors of the De Soto expedition, who used a heavy coastal asphalt to repair their ships.

MODIST MAIDENS
—emark Registered U. S. Patent Office

Look! Hubert's enticed! Now there's nothing to worry about!

Items From Lees Community

Rev. Walter Smith filled his regular appointment here at the church Sunday. He and his family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Nickolson and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Bell.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. White spent Saturday night and Sunday at Walter Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bryant, formerly of Big Spring, moved into this community last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Cotter and children spent the weekend in Vernon.

Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Fairchild and children spent the weekend in Lamesa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Westerman, who had been visiting in New Mexico the past month, returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Simpson and children of New Mexico visited Mr. and Mrs. Duke Lipscomb last weekend.

The Tongue and Thimble club met Thursday with Mrs. R. H. Board. Those present were Mrs. Billie Brake, Mrs. R. L. Collins, Mrs. W. R. Hobbs, Mrs. A. E. McDougal, Mrs. W. W. Scott and Mrs. Jay Lacombe. Mrs. T. E. Thompson was a new member.

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Mrs. Bee Nelson of Oklahoma is visiting Mrs. Richard Lindsey.

Mrs. Frieda Mae Bonds of Coahoma is the guest of Lois Jane Bryant.

On Tuesday afternoon at the church Mrs. John Overton, Mrs. Joe McLaren, Mrs. C. V. Cotter and Mrs. M. M. Fairchild were hostesses to a pink and blue shower for Mrs. Bill McLaren. Those present were Mrs. R. H. Board, Mrs. D. L. Collins, Mrs. W. R. Hobbs, Mrs. W. J. G. Montgomery, Mrs. M. M. Fairchild, Mrs. A. S. Stuphen, Mrs. C. P. Bryant, Mrs. E. B. Allison, Mrs. W. E. Allison, Mrs. E. G. Overton, Mrs. Richard Lindsey, Mrs. Bee Nelson of Oklahoma, Mrs. Billy Brake, Mrs. Duke Lipscomb, Mrs. E. E. Winger, Mrs. C. V. Cotter, Mrs. A. E. McDougal, Mrs. J. W. Smith, Mrs. Price Stroud, Miss Nell Roach of White Deer, Mrs. A. M. Whetzel, Mrs. J. P. Overton, Mrs. Joe McClaren and the honoree. Those sending gifts were Mrs. W. W. McDonald, Mrs. O. V. Williams, Mrs. E. W. Holcombe, Mrs. James Overton, Mrs. R. L. Collins, Mrs. Jim Bowden, Mrs. Lee McLaren of Goldsmith, Mrs. Chester Bowden, Mrs. Frank Jones and Mrs. D. W. White.

Last Thursday evening Mrs. W. E. Allison entertained her daughter, Bertha Lee, and son, Ed, with a musical entertainment on their birthday. Bertha Lee's birthday being the 27th of July and Ed's the 28th. Mrs. E. E. Winger presented a lovely cake to them. An interesting musical entertainment was sponsored by Carl Blackwelder of Roscoe. Refreshments of cake and punch were served to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Blackwelder and daughter, Pauline, of Roscoe, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Martin of Garden City, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rodgers and son, Billie, of Big Spring, Pauline Johnson of Garden City, Edie Lee Cook of Garden City, Mrs. Merl Skiles of Foran, Jack Stiff of Big Spring, Ray Thompson, Earl Baker, Janet Baker, Charles Bell, Mrs. Cecil Bell, Horace Holcombe, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Allison and Johnny, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Winger and family, all of Lees and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Allison and Bertha Lee.

Miss Nell Roach of White Deer is visiting her uncle, R. H. Ford, and Mrs. Ford.



MORE SPEED, DRIVER! THAT TAXI WE'RE TRAILING MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

BACK SEAT DRIVER, HUH?

OLD MAN FIELDS SURE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE ASSIGNED "SHADOW" MEN TO PROTECT HIS DAUGHTER FROM KIDNAPERS! I NEVER FAIL... WELL, PRACTICALLY NEVER!

AS "SHADOWS" TAXI DRAWS AHEAD OF THE OTHER CAR AT A TRAFFIC LIGHT...

WH-WHAT?? NO ONE IN THERE!!

IT WORKED! TO DO WAS GET OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TAXI BEFORE IT STARTED, HIDE IN THESE BUSHES, AND WE'RE RID OF THAT PEST!

ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS GET OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TAXI BEFORE IT STARTED, HIDE IN THESE BUSHES, AND WE'RE RID OF THAT PEST!

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Army Drilling For Campaign In Tropics?

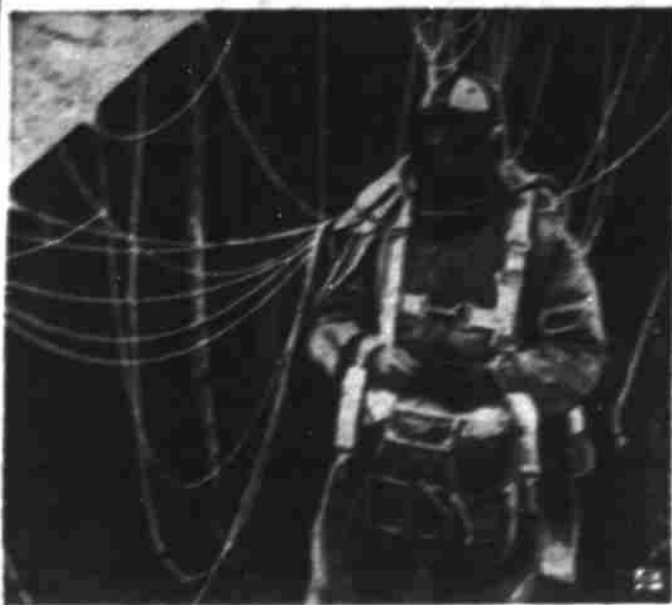
CAMP HEADQUARTERS, La. Aug. 8 (AP)—Southern military guardsmen here for war maneuvers are getting some instruction in tropical medicine, but the army says officially it is only routine.

Questions as to whether troops sent to fight any army called to service in such hot climates as Central and South America have an element from officers' basic medical quarters and it was routine and not exceptional.

The malaria germ is carried by the mosquito and it was very often that pest was reported that the United States was able to build the Panama Canal. Many soldiers died of the disease in Cuba during the Spanish-American war.

Blocked down in a sea of mud.

666 MALARIA is 7 days and 666 CURES. Try "Red-Head" — a Wonderful Lintment.



PARACHUTIST IN U.S.A.—Cade team has his own parachute troupe—those men who fight flames in forest fires. This man landed near Hamilton, Mont. The football helmet and the mask are designed to prevent injury in landing.

and rain, by product of a tropical climate. The army says it is only routine.

Clearing areas promised a start of training for 25,000 troops at Camp Shelby, Miss.

Tom Estes Winner In Martin County Of 4-H Club Trip

STANTON, Aug. 8 (AP)—Tom Estes, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Estes of the Goodwin community, has been declared the county winner of the district 4-H club trip. This year Young Estes was selected by the officials of the Martin County 4-H club who based their selection on record books submitted by the boys showing the results of their 4-H work.

The trip, which is being sponsored locally by 12 of the West Texas counties of extensive service district, is to start at Stanton on August 17 and last until August 21. It will be an educational tour with stops at the McDonald Observatory, Big Bend Park, Arnes, Brewster, Terrell, Brewster, King Ranch, Corpus Christi, Port Aransas, Austin, and Kerrville. Expenses for the trip are being shared equally by the Big Bend County 4-H club and the Martin County 4-H club.

County Agent George Bond has pointed out that the trip had been planned for some time and that the county 4-H club had been working on it for some time. The trip is being sponsored by 12 of the West Texas counties of extensive service district, is to start at Stanton on August 17 and last until August 21. It will be an educational tour with stops at the McDonald Observatory, Big Bend Park, Arnes, Brewster, Terrell, Brewster, King Ranch, Corpus Christi, Port Aransas, Austin, and Kerrville. Expenses for the trip are being shared equally by the Big Bend County 4-H club and the Martin County 4-H club.

Over \$6,000 Expended By 52 Candidates

The first election is over and many candidates are disillusioned. Some support at the ballot box and the amount of campaign money they spent with the wind.

Final expense accounts filed with County Clerk Lee Foster show that all candidates expended \$6,000 for the campaign. Twenty-three of the 52 candidates, however, failed to show any receipts. It might be noted that the 22 are all larger in politics.

Of the \$6,000, only \$2,000 was accounted for by the candidates. The rest was accounted for by the county clerk. The candidates are disappointed in the results of the election. Some support at the ballot box and the amount of campaign money they spent with the wind.

By officials, reported expenses were:

County Judge
Walter Morrison, \$197.00
Governer Cunningham, \$147.36
Sherriff
Robert Barnes, \$241.50
John Hargrave, \$245.50
Bob Wolf, \$224.22
County Attorney
Joe Fawcett, \$771.50
George Thomas, \$222.50
District Clerk
C. T. LeVander, \$136.50
Johnny Hall, \$123.41
Lee Foster, \$157.50
Pat Patterson, \$136.50
H. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Joe B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Hugh Hargrave, \$121.50
John H. Hargrave, \$121.50
Tax Collector
Lee Foster, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
County Treasurer
Mrs. Lee Foster, \$121.50
County Clerk
Lee Foster, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 1
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Robert Barnes, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 2
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 3
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 4
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 5
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 6
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 7
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 8
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 9
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
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Commissioner Precinct No. 10
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John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
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J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 11
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John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 12
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50
Commissioner Precinct No. 13
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John Hargrave, \$121.50
C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
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Commissioner Precinct No. 14
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John Hargrave, \$121.50
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C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
T. M. Hargrave, \$121.50
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Commissioner Precinct No. 16
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C. T. LeVander, \$121.50
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J. B. Hargrave, \$121.50

AN ANALYSIS OF THE WAR DEVELOPMENTS

By DEWITT MACKENZIE

Major Mendenhall has bowed off for himself a considerable piece of Britain's hot and atmospheric bombardment but, while in theory this may have advanced him toward control of the southern gateway to the Canal, one suspects that he may find it a mixed blessing.

There is more than meets the eye in the seeming engulfment of the English as they pursue what they describe as a strategy of "active defense" and give ground to substantially superior invaders. The reasons are several.

For one thing there are no supplies for the Italians in either British bombardment or in adjusting French bombardment which they are using as a base. They must depend on what they have in their African possessions, for the Canal—only direct communication with Italy is closed to them.

Then the Italian forces likely are headed into a bunch of Greek with the Italians. These matters are a hard nut, when the British finally get in hand after years of warfare but who will fight at the drop of the hat. They are anti-everything that is foreign, and the Italians must expect to have to conquer them before consolidating their gains.

Beyond all this, however, is the vital fact that the British can't get control of the Canal, and the British are anti-everything that is foreign, and the Italians must expect to have to conquer them before consolidating their gains.

Modern armaments have a crushing ready for the assault, but one who—altitude of 17,000 feet.

Grandstand At Beaumont Is Damaged

By the Associated Press

A tropical hurricane held the season's Texas League record for heavy hitting today.

Flourishing out of the Gulf of Mexico late yesterday it blew down the center field fence and lifted the roof from part of the grandstand at Beaumont's Brant stadium.

Don Mendenhall, league leading Beaumont pitcher, said the twenty-second inning game at Beaumont was postponed because of the up-pouring rain.

Post Mendenhall's game at Houston was postponed because of the up-pouring rain.

Three Mexico Oil Agencies Merged

MEXICO CITY, Aug. 8 (AP)—Three government agencies operating the \$400,000,000 Mexican oil industry since foreign companies' properties were expropriated have been merged.

The chamber of deputies unanimously approved last night an act proposed by President Cardenas incorporating the petroleum administration and petroleum distribution department into the third body, Petroleos Mexicanos.

The unified agency will be directed by a board of nine administrators, five to be named by the government and the rest by the oil workers' union.

Police Act To Rid Atlantic City Of Undesirables

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The search was instituted by gun-totin Mayor Tom Taggart, who told the cops he wanted every "undesirable" chased out of town or put in jail.

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