



Official U. S. Navy Photo
COMMANDER PHILIP A. BESHANY (left) being relieved by LCDR. Robert Carroll (right) at change of command ceremonies on USS Amberjack.

Hundreds Routed In Philadelphia Fire



(AP) Wirephoto
FIREMEN BATTLE BLAZE that engulfed the yard office building of the Lumber and Millwork Co. of Philadelphia. The fire burned out of control for several hours and caused damage estimated at \$700,000. Some 25 firemen were overcome by heat and smoke. Residents in homes a block away were routed by the intense heat.

German Red Draft

BONN, Germany—(AP)—West German socialists claim that general military service will be introduced in the Soviet Zone of Germany soon.

A review of East German rearmament, published by the headquarters of the Socialist Party here, says the "Volkspolizei", a military cadre of approximately 55,000 officers and men, is ready to handle a flood of recruits.

Paper work for the large call-up has already been done, the review states, under the pretext of collecting workers for uranium mines. Mass medical examinations were given to determine fitness for underground work.

This information, the review says, can now be used as the basis for the future draft.

For a family supper treat roll out baking powder biscuit dough about one-quarter inch thick; cut biscuits out with a four-inch biscuit cutter. Bake, split and butter, and then sandwich-grilled thin hamburger patties between the halves. Serve with sweet pickle relish.

Burmese Reds Ask "Donations"

RANGOON—(AP)—The Burma Communist party has ordered hinterland farmers to "donate" 5 per cent of their earnings towards an "aircraft fund" the party is raising, according to a report from Menywa, Chindwin river town 80 miles west of Mandalay. The report said the Communists have also threatened villagers with "severe reprisals" if they aid loyalist troops.

OPIUM FOR "MEDICINAL PURPOSES"

SINGAPORE—(AP)—A Chinese seaman who insisted he had been troubled by opium had been sentenced to four months in jail on a smuggling charge.

Use diced cooked sweetbreads sometimes in a spaghetti dish. Just mix the sweetbreads with sauteed mushrooms and add to the spaghetti and tomato sauce.

DANGEROUS "SQUATTER"

RANGOON—(AP)—A "squatter" at the home of Burmese president Sao Shwe Thaik recently was ejected by strategy and at no small risk to the victors. "He" was a deadly krait whose bite is known to kill within a few minutes. The snake established claims to territory beneath the golden throne of Thibaw, last of the Burmese kings, now set up in the main hall of the president's house.

A local newspaper reporting the incident said the snake was "well behaved except that it used to scare away with a loud

Sharp Ears Catch Crook

VANCOUVER—(AP)—A 19-year-old who under-estimated a blind man's ability to remember voices was sentenced to three months for false pretenses here. The accused was arrested when a blind cigar store proprietor recognized his voice as that of the same man who once had tried to pass a bill as \$20.

Honest Treasurer Receives Reward

GILBERT PLAINS, Manitoba—(AP)—Treasurer Lloyd Macklin of St. Paul's United Church has long watched the church accounts.

On leaving to make his home in Winnipeg, he was given a purse by the congregation.

Sprinkle potato soup with finely-cut parsley just before serving for color appeal.

and menacing hiss" anyone approaching the throne.

OUTCAST OF DESTINY

PAUL EVAN LEHMAN

AP Newsfeature

Chapter 10

LIE WAS silent until the bartender had fetched their drinks, then he said in an outburst of frankness, "Know what I think? I think Jack plans the jobs for all three gangs."

"What makes you think that?" "Well, they never conflict and each outfit sticks to one branch of the business. It looks to me as though one man is managing the whole show and Jack's the natural choice."

"Bright boy! Keep on guessing if it amuses you. Or are you trying to pump me?" Her voice had hardened slightly. He had gone as far as he dared.

He said, "Pump you? My gosh, no. Just idle curiosity, I reckon. Well, here's luck!" They drank and he got up and moved away. Uncle Jim Ferguson had returned from his gold-buying trip and was at the bar. They had a drink and Brent reported on Judy, telling of the fight with Shotgun. Ferguson said, "Cutbert's a bad man to tangle with. I don't care for him myself but I manage to get along with him. I'm certainly obliged to you for taking care of Judy, but watch out for Shotgun."

Biff Williams came into the saloon, and a few minutes later Jack entered. He went to his accustomed place at the end of the bar and presently Brent strolled over to join him.

They were talking casually when hoofbeats sounded outside and a moment later the swinging doors parted to admit three men. Brent recognized them as members of Shotgun's highway gang. They walked stiffly as though weary from hard riding and their faces were pinched and grim. They went to the bar and ordered drinks.

A hush fell over the Palace; something had gone wrong and every person there sensed it. Jack walked along the bar, his agate eyes on them. He said, "Drinks on the house, boys. Looks like you ran into trouble."

One of them said, "I'll say we ran into trouble! Kaintuck got killed and Shotgun and Gleason are being patched up by the medic."

They drank and Jack said, "Have another and tell us about it."

"Ain't much to tell. We stopped the stage where we was supposed to. The guard grabbed up his rifle and Shotgun let him have both barrels from that blunder-

bus of his'n. Danged near cut him in two. At that we'd have been all right if we'd taken the specie box and beat it, but Shotgun figured we might collect a little extra from the passengers. He had 'em lined up and was going through 'em when they hit us."

"It was a posse followin' the stage. A bend in the trail hid them from us and Shotgun forgot to send somebody back to watch. They hit us suddenlike and started pumpin' lead before we could reach the horses. Kaintuck got it through the head right off, and Shotgun and Gleason while we was runnin'. Gleason was drilled through the hip and Shotgun got it in the arm."

Jack asked in his toneless voice, "Get the specie?"

"All we got was out of there. It's a wonder more of us wasn't killed."

SHOTGUN'S riders went out to get something to eat and Brent walked over to where Judy and Lil were sitting. He had seen Biff glance in their direction several times and guessed he was waiting until Judy was alone before joining her. By beating him to it Brent hoped to save her annoyance.

Judy gave him a smile and said, "Sit down, Tex. And you don't even have to buy me a drink if you don't want to."

"But I do want to, provided it's something milder than whiskey." "She's on a tea diet," said Lil, "but I'm still soakin' up whiskey. You can buy me one if you feel like it."

He signaled the bartender and sat down. Judy said, "Lu looks as though she isn't very happy about your sitting here, Tex. She's taken a dislike to me and sometimes I think it's because of what you did for me the other night. I hope I haven't—" She broke off. "Come between us? You haven't. I hardly know her. She's probably sore because you have something she hasn't. You're fresh and unspooled and a lot prettier than she is or ever will be."

Judy's eyes shone and she put a hand impulsively over his. "Honest, Tex, do you think so?" He looked into her warm brown eyes. "I told you once and I'll tell you again: I think you're the sweetest kid God ever put on earth."

Their glances held and Lil eyed them shrewdly, her gaze going from Tex to Judy and then back again. She said abruptly, "If you're in love with her, Tex, whv

don't you marry her and get her out of this joint?"

With a conscious effort, Brent regained control of his emotions. In love! Not in ten million years. There was no room in his heart for love until he had squared the debt he owed his father and Cole. He disengaged his hand and his face hardened. "You're loco, Lil. I can't afford to fall in love. I'm an outlaw; I can't dodge handcuffs and rolling pins at the same time. But I do think that Judy ought to get out of Destiny."

"Where would I go?" asked Judy quietly. "I have no home, no friends out here, and none back East that I'd want to go to."

"You could go to some town where you could find decent work."

He felt Judy's intent gaze on him and refused to meet it. At last she said, "No, I'll stay here. One just can't run from—Destiny."

A heavy hand fell on Brent's shoulder and Biff Williams' gruff voice said, "You've been here long enough, Tex; give somebody else a chance." The hand was like an iron clamp and Brent was helpless while he remained seated.

He drawled, "You may be right, Biff. Excuse me, Judy." The hand was removed and he got up. He turned to face Biff and said, "And again you may be wrong. I don't like big, heavy hands on my shoulders."

"You don't, huh? Well, then I'll put that hand somewhere else." They were standing less than two feet apart and Biff's movement was lightning fast. His fist came up in a powerful uppercut aimed at the point of Brent's chin and all the power of his heavy frame was behind the blow. Brent, knowing that something like this must come, jerked his head aside and Biff's knuckles raked across his cheek with such force that he went staggering sideways; but even as he moved he sunk a short left to the pit of Biff's stomach and heard the gasp of agony that was forced from the man's lips.

Brent caught his balance with his weight on his right foot, thrust towards Williams and hit him on the jaw with a powerful right. Williams stumbled and fell over the next table; its legs gave under his weight and he went down on top of it. Brent's gun whipped out and covered him even as he grabbed for his own Colt. Brent drawled, "I reckon you'd better not try it."

(To be continued)

Woman Scorned Turns On Bookie

NEW YORK—(AP)—A Bronx housewife gave the police an assist in their drive against gamblers by having an alleged bookmaker arrested.

Her complaint was that he failed to pay off after she had parlayed \$100 into \$1,885 betting on horse races.

The woman, a mother of two children, told the court she bet an average of \$40 a day on the races without drawing on her bank account or her husband's \$85 weekly pay.

HISTORIC RELIC

WINNIPEG—(AP)—The congregation of the Russian Orthodox Holy Trinity Church here held a special service of veneration for one of the oldest icons in the world, a painting of the Virgin Mary which is believed to have been done by the Apostle St. Luke.

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