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WASHINGTON, May 10—(AP)—Congress voted today to give Korean veterans the same medical benefits now available to American survivors of other wars.

6th Anniversary Of V-E Day Passes With Little Notice

(By The Associated Press)
The European phase of the Second World War ended six years ago Tuesday. Concern over the possibility of a third world war overshadowed observance of the anniversary in the Western world. In the Communist sphere, the Soviet army drew its usual praise. Four men who met in a little red school house at Rheims, the supreme headquarters of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, signed the document by which a beaten Germany surrendered unconditionally. They were Col.-Gen. Alfred Jodl, German army chief of staff; U.S. Lt.-Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff; French Gen. Francois Sevez, and Soviet Maj.-Gen. Ivan Susloparov. Jodl now is dead, hanged at Nuernberg for war crimes. Smith is director of the U. S. Central Intelligence Agency. Sevez is dead, the victim of a hunting accident. Susloparov is—who outside the Kremlin knows? Only after the surrender did Eisenhower receive Jodl. That was to demand coldly an assurance that Jodl understood the terms. Eisenhower spent the anniversary in a chilling rain inspecting Belgian military airfields in his new job as commander in chief of Atlantic Alliance defence forces.

CRAWLING CROP
CANTAU, Sask.—(CP)—If an abundance of reptiles means a good crop, Robert Nerada is all set. A warm sun enticed hundreds of garter snakes into the open at his farm and so far he's killed 342. The snakes had a colony in an old garage.

Murder Is Forgetful

By WILLIAM BOGART
(Continued)

From time to time, not far distant, there came the sound of a passing car along a roadway Johnny motioned through the woods. "What highway is beyond here?"
"That's 25-A. It follows the shore."
"Let's go back there and see if a car was parked."
"Say, that's an idea!" Steve plowed through the woods and brush, pointing the light beam ahead of him.
Presently they emerged along the highway. The road was winding and not very wide. Johnny didn't think there would be room for a car to park alongside the highway. Shoulders alongside the ribbon of cement were too narrow. Two cars passed them, the hum of their motors quickly fading in the night. The highway swung down through a little hollow, and there was a circular area large enough to accommodate a car.
Steve said, "That'd be about the only place along here where a jalopy could park. Let's look."
Johnny saw marks of tire tracks. The ground was hard-packed, dry, and there was some dust. But not enough to take a good impression of tire tracks.
However, directly in the middle of the indistinct tracks were one or two fresh spots of oil that had dropped from an engine pan. Someone had parked here, and very recently. Though there was no clue as to who that person might be, it satisfied a suspicion that had been running through Johnny Saxon's mind, the mysterious gunman had reached his rendezvous by way of the highway, the natural route by which he could make a swift escape.
"Come on," Johnny said to the guard. "Let's find that speedboat."
Returning through the woods, Steve asked him, "I understand you're out here workin' on the mystery around Martin Smith's death."
"You might call it working," Johnny said.
The estate guard looked at him as he held a tree branch aside. He was again leading the way with the light. His eyes were rather an expressionless pale gray.
"What do you figure about her?" he continued.
"Who?"
"Mrs. Smith... Irene."
"What about her?"
"Do you think she knocked off her husband and is just pullin' this can't remember gag?"
Johnny said, "Don't worry. It isn't a gag. The woman is really ill. She doesn't recall a thing."
"Then who done it?"
Johnny shrugged. "Find the person who tried to fill me and Kay full of lead tonight, and perhaps I could tell you."
Then minutes later they located the high-powered speedboat not far from the spot where they had tied up the outboard. It was drifting close in to shore. Hooking a line to the second boat, they towed it back toward the boathouse. Apparently the shots had not damaged it seriously. There was no water in the cockpit.
As they docked the guard said, "I'll take care of the boat. You better change your clothes. And tell Miss Kay not to worry. Anybody prowls around here tonight, he gets a slug."
"Just be sure it isn't me," advised Johnny Saxon.
Moe Martin wasn't in their room. Johnny had showered and put on clean clothes when there was a knock on the hall door.
It was Kay Smith.
She held a tray containing sandwiches and a cup of coffee. She looked scrubbed and clean and fresh, though her face was still strained from their recent ordeal.
"Hannah thought we were dining in Newport," she said to Johnny. "So I fixed this for you." She placed the tray on the writing desk, sat on the edge of the bed and looked up at him as he selected one of the dainty sandwiches. "Did you find—"
He shook his head. "We searched as far as the highway. It was someone in a car."
"There was fear in her eyes again. "Maybe whoever it was... will come back?"
"Hardly. Not now." He munched a sandwich. "These are very good."
"I'm frightened, Mr. Saxon," the girl said tensely. She was standing up. "It's a terrible feeling... not knowing who shot at us... not knowing when the attempt might be made again!"
"They wouldn't enter the estate," he reassured her. "They'd know about the guards."
"You're positive?"
"Sure."
He wasn't, though. He thought there was something very sinister about a person stalking you with intent to kill... especially when you had not the slightest idea who that person might be.
Kay was moving toward the door. "Mother's waiting downstairs." She seemed nervous. "She's asking for you again."
"How is she?"
"Kay shook her head soberly. "No different. Every hour of the day hope that she'll suddenly remember things." Her voice broke a little. "That she'll remember... me... her own daughter."
"You'll find her with her sister. Nancy's staying here for a while. And there's Nicky Walker. They're in the library."
"Who's Nicky Walker?"
"A close friend of Nancy's. Mother's sister never married." She smiled a little. She had beautiful eyes, but they were troubled. "Maybe I'll see you later."
"I hope so," said Johnny. He stood there looking at the door as

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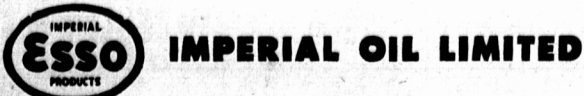


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Misrepresentations By MacArthur Are Exposed In Britain

LONDON, May 14—(CP)—The House of Commons was told last Friday that Gen. MacArthur was partially right when he talked about petroleum products being listed on a British report of exports to Communist China.
But MacArthur neglected to add, the Commons was told, that the word after each item was "nil"—none.
MacArthur, testifying before the Senate armed services and foreign relations committee in Washington last week, read a list of strategic materials being shipped to Communist China out of Hong Kong from a report which he said was received from the American consul-general in Hong Kong.
Sir Hartley Shawcross, president of the Board of Trade, said the General apparently had been quoting from a secret report, furnished by the British to U. S. authorities "as part of the system of keeping a careful check on the imports to China."
"But General MacArthur," diesel oil, fuel oils, gasoline, kerosene, lubricants as being in the list, a recital which naturally caused great anxiety. But he did not appear to have mentioned that the list showed nil quantities were exported."

ported, seemed not to have appreciated fully the nature of the imports to China."
"He had referred to petroleum, diesel oil, fuel oils, gasoline, kerosene, lubricants as being in the list, a recital which naturally caused great anxiety. But he did not appear to have mentioned that the list showed nil quantities were exported."

OUT OUR WAY

