Some Balkan leaders believe that if Cominform armed forces are sent into Yugoslavia to support a Soviet-sponsored civil war against Tito, they will come first from Albania.

In the first place, it is considered almost impossible for Tito's forces *to defend against infiltration the* remote and wild stretch of frontier between Yugoslavia and Albania.

Secondly, Albania has served as the main strategic base for the Cominform rebel movement in northern Greece. It was through Albania that Russia is suspected of having sent arms and munitions to the Greek rebels.

In fact, at least half a dozen Russian vessels are reported to have been carrying supplies of one kind or another to Albania every month for the past year.

Western diplomats now estimate that there are between 3000 and 4000 Soviet technicians in Albania, including one or more Red army generals.

Furthermore, the Greek rebel and other Cominform forces which have recently been driven out of northern Greece are reported to be concentrated along the Yugoslavian border.

Thus, if the Kremlin orders armed excursions against Yugoslavia from the neighboring satellite states, it is considered highly probable that one arm of the attack would come from Albania.

Watsonville Picking Delicious Apples

WATSONVILLE, Sept. 10.—Agricultural Commissioner Matt Mello has released Delicious apples of all sizes for picking and at the same time sounded a warning to growers to be selective in their picking. Large sized Delicious apples were picked last week.

Fruit without a good, red color and large size will meet with poor acceptance, Mello said, since there is an abundance of high quality apples all over the country.

accident and die by accident, or we live by plan and die by plan. . ."

And Brother Juniper commenced the long research into the lives of the dead in the valley below, the lives of Esteban, and Uncle Pio, the Marquesa De Montemayor, and the others. But the good man might have found the Camden horror more difficult to pierce.

Mrs. Emma Mallack, for instance, and her daughter and grandson:

Mrs. Mallack was in the act of picking up the threads of a new life. The husband whom she had loved so long had died a short time ago, and now she had come to live with her daughter, Mrs. Carlan Wilson.

The old lady had been forced to neglect her sinus trouble pretty badly, in the confusion and sadness of her husband's death. The daughter did something about that last week. She made an appointment with a Camden sinus specialist. Early.

A busy season lay ahead of the daughter. The young woman would return to the Bethel M. E. Church as organist and soloist, and Sunday school superintendent. There would be her meetings of the Parent-Teachers Association, and her entertainment of Cub Scout Troop 134, whose loving "den" mother she was. Her boy, John, nine, had to be made ready to enter the fifth grade next Monday, too.

So off the three of them went in the family Oldsmobile, and headed up River Road for the doctor's office. Days, weeks, months or perhaps years before, an electrician had set up a traffic light at the intersection leading into the "3200 block" and had turned on the power, and the clock device which regulates the changing of the signal.

And now, in iron obedience, the light turned red. Mrs. Wilson braked her car to a lawful stop. And a tall young man with a bright stare in his eyes walked

vision repairman, recently faced a trying decision. He had a little money in the bank, and the alternative of taking a vacation at a Jersey Shore resort or buying a second-hand Nash. It was not an easy choice, for the Shore would be nice for Betty, his wife, and two-year-old Jimmy . . . and yet the Nash looked nice, too, and would help him get around. So he bought the Nash and made up his mind to spend his vacation—arbitrarily set to begin Sept. 9—digging a sewer outside his home.

About 7:30 a.m. last Tuesday morning Alvin Day looked over a list of clients whose television sets demanded repair work. He seldom left his Philadelphia "beat" on such matters, but this day he noticed a Camden address on the list. It was a nice day for a ride. He felt pretty good tooling down River Road. He was still feeling pretty good when the tall young man stood in his path and fired the bullet that blew through his head.

Joe Hamilton and his pregnant wife, Mary, had just about finished shopping for the birthday party of little Tommy. Tommy was to be three on Sept. 17. Things had gone pretty well for Joe this year (he's an RCA machinist) and he and the wife had bought the cowboy outfit for which Tommy had been begging. And a lot of other stuff.

Tommy sat in the middle of the living room of the Hamiltons' ground floor apartment on River Road, playing with some blocks. The child, bemused in his construction work, had vaguely heard a few loud noises in the

served for a customer froze on his face. Orris, having his neck attended to, had his head down.

Unruh held the Luger quite close to the boy's chest, and in the thundering echo of the blast the boy's head, still down, fell partly into the gaping maw of what had been his chest. Hoover could not move, until the impact of the bullets spun him to the floor, dead.

Orris' dog, Brownie, and his cat, Ogie, cannot understand it. They have been wandering through the house ever since, looking for him.

Helen Zegrino was pleased to do something for her husband. Any loving bride would have felt the same way. After all, her husband was just getting over his appendectomy and she had worried about him, spending those long hours in his tailor shop. "Minding the shop" for him for a few minutes, while he went on an errand, would be something of an adventure for her.

There were no customers for the first five minutes. Then the tall young man came in and killed her.

Johnny Pilarchik was working himself out of a personal fog, thanks to the faith his young wife, Catherine, had in him. Life had not been easy for Johnny. There was a tough war, for instance; then the

House Gets Picked On

FORT WORTH, Tex., Sept. 10. (UP)—E. H. Salling wonders what's going to happen to his house next year. Three times now, once each year for the past three seasons, cars have collided in front of his house and smashed into it.

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