

Statement of Condition of the
LIBERTY NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Birmingham, Alabama
209 South 20th Street
On the 31st Day of December, 1939
FRANK J. VIEHMANN, President
RALPH W. DEERON, Secretary
Amount of Capital paid
up \$ 200,000.00

GROSS ASSETS OF COMPANY
Real Estate Unincumbered \$ 459,172.42
Mortgage Loans on real estate (Free from any prior incumbrance) \$ 2,825,010.95
Bonds and Stocks Owned (Market Value) \$ 1,055,512.22

Cash in Banks (On Interest and Not on Interest) \$ 206,222.69

Accrued Securities (Interest & Rents, Etc.) \$ 23,106.19

Other Securities None

Policy Loans \$ 877,548.62

Premiums and Accounts due and in process of collection \$ 46,411.65

Accounts otherwise secured None

Total Gross Assets \$ 5,595,814.14

Deduct Assets Not Admitted \$ 11,878.95

Net Assets \$ 5,585,965.19

LIABILITIES

Reserve or amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks \$ 4,359,782.00

Losses due and unpaid None

Losses adjusted and not due \$ 70,899.58

Losses unadjusted and in suspense \$ 32,174.57

Bills and Accounts unpaid \$ 60,539.40

Amount due and not due banks or other creditors None

Other Liabilities of the Company \$ 315,183.93

Total Liabilities \$ 5,535,192.48

Capital \$ 200,000.00

Surplus \$ 415,183.93

TOTAL \$ 5,585,965.19

STATE OF INDIANA,
Office of Insurance Commissioner
I, the undersigned, Insurance Commissioner of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the Statement of the Condition of the above mentioned Company on the 31st day of December, 1939, as shown by the original statement and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In Testimony Whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal, this 31st day of December, 1940.
(Seal) FRANK J. VIEHMANN,
Insurance Commissioner.

*If Mutual Company so state.

July 19-20

Statement of Condition of the
STATE FARM LIFE INSURANCE
CO.

Bloomington, Illinois
East and Washington Streets

On the 31st Day of December, 1939

ALDAI H. RUST, President

MOHRIS G. FULLER, Secretary

Amount of Capital paid
up \$ 300,000.00

GROSS ASSETS OF COMPANY
Real Estate Unincumbered \$ None

Mortgage Loans on real estate (Free from any prior incumbrance) \$ 209,100.00

Bonds and Stocks Owned (Market Value) \$ 3,092,528.54

Cash in Banks (On Interest and Not on Interest) \$ 250,723.91

Accrued Securities (Interest & Rents, Etc.) \$ 35,310.56

Other Securities None

Premiums and Accounts due and in process of collection \$ 271,466.77

Accounts otherwise secured \$ 80,706.64

Total Gross Assets \$ 3,949,865.82

Deduct Assets Not Admitted \$ 5,981.82

Net Assets \$ 3,943,884.00

LIABILITIES

Reserve or amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks \$ 2,107,287.93

Losses due and unpaid \$ 10.16

Losses adjusted and not due \$ 3,328.81

Losses unadjusted and in suspense \$ 14,259.92

Bills and Accounts unpaid \$ 9,385.60

Amount due and not due banks or other creditors None

Other Liabilities of the Company \$ 1,186,661.97

Total Liabilities \$ 3,321,243.47

Capital \$ 200,000.00

Surplus \$ 221,449.53

TOTAL \$ 3,943,884.00

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July 19-20

Jehovah's Witnesses
719 Indiana St.

Watch Tower Bible study Sunday 7:30 p. m., July 21, 1940, using the June 15, 1940 Watch Tower magazine, paragraph 1-25 inclusive. Scripture text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." Isa. 26:3, 4.

CHAPTER ONE

JUST why did I have to quarrel with Tex—today of all days? Judith Aimes kept asking herself the question helplessly. She sat very straight in her seat high up in the press stand, back of the boxes at the Cleveland Airport. And she was glad she was wearing dark glasses, for the tears would come suddenly when Tex's friends stopped to speak to her about his ship.

Now the army was "up." Fifty strong, the boys from Selfridge in their low winged ships wheeled and flashed in the afternoon sun. The roar of their motors synchronized into a deep throat as they began a long dive in formation on the field. Then they were up against the sun again blotted out in a blaze of glory. Just for a moment Judith forgot her own troubles. The huge crowd cheered. They were magnificent!

"Nothing can happen, can it, Judith?" The slender girl sitting beside Tex Aimes' wife caught at her sleeve. There was desperate appeal in Elsie Stone's voice. Judith knew quite well the deep terror that lay in the young wife's eyes. She had seen it in her own. Their husbands were aviators...air racers!!

"Of course not," Judith did not look at Elsie as she answered.

"I'm so nervous!" Elsie's voice was pitiful.

"So am I."

"You? You aren't ever afraid, Marvin says. He says I've got to be like you."

"No use being afraid," Judith still stared up into the sky where the army boys were doing combat. The roar almost drowned out Elsie's thin voice.

"In another hour and a half it will be all over. Then you and Marvin will be sitting on top of the world. Think how proud you'll be!"

Elsie nodded.

"Tex will win, Marvin says. But if Marvin can place in the money, suppose—" The wife could not go on.

Judith suddenly hated this other wife, hated her because Judith knew so well what she was feeling.

"The fool! Why can't she stop her silly chatter?" Her rage at Elsie melted in her own sweeping remorse. Why she should have chosen today to quarrel with Tex was beyond her comprehension. His nerves had been at the breaking point. But she couldn't stop. What had she said to him? Something terrible, of course. But he had seemed like a stranger to her. She couldn't reach him at all and it had driven her wild. Judith's hands were icy there in the hot September sun. Why had Tex been like that?

"I couldn't bear it if anything happened!" She bit her lips hard to keep from speaking out loud. She'd seen Doug Tressel washed out last year—and Wynn Gleason the year before. Each year she swore solemnly to herself she would never again sit through a Trophy race, but she had. Because she could not stay away. She fought against a sense of uneasiness, a sense of something being wrong with Tex. She couldn't let her nerves get the best of her—she had Elsie on her hands.

Hugh Lanning, one of Tex's newspaper friends from New York, stopped to speak with her. She knew only vaguely what he said to him. Something about the "Victory III," of course.

Yes, it was a wonderful ship. Tex had great hopes for it, maybe as much as 400 miles per hour for the race. Now she wasn't worried. Tex liked to break records, and he fancied the idea of being the first man to win the trophy three times.

As she spoke Judith thought of "Victory III." The frail wings seemed ridiculous on the huge power plant. Not a chance to bail out if anything went wrong. She could see the faint smile on Tex's face as he climbed into the "strawberry box" as he called it, folded up his long legs, pulled the cowling over his head. Such a little ship to be so dangerous! There was nothing to

Money! Judith wanted to scream out at her: "What is money when you may see him killed before your very eyes."

Instead, she introduced Holt to Marvin's wife. Lee grinned down at Judith, feasting his eyes on her cool delicate profile. How game she was! What a thoroughbred!

"How about a cup of coffee, Beau-tiful?"

"I was wondering where you were." Then to Elsie: "If Lee didn't have his cup of coffee with me before a race he swears he wouldn't win."

"I wouldn't. Come along. I've got about twenty minutes before I have to get back to the ship."

Eager to escape from Elsie, Lee stood up. She felt guilty—Elsie looked so forlorn—but she couldn't throw Lee down.

"Please hold our seats. I'll be back in five minutes with some lunch for you."

"That would be nice. I couldn't eat any breakfast."

Lee led the way down the back stairs of the grand stand, through the pressing crowds. They went into the lunchroom which was almost empty, for it was late.

Lee dropped into a chair opposite Judith. "Take off your glasses so I can see you."

Judith obeyed, smiled at Lee as though he were a child. He'd been in love with her so long both she and Tex took that for granted. Lee feasted his eyes on her face. He loved the deep blue of her eyes, the long black lashes, her cool skin, and black hair.

"Over my dead body! If I'd had a glass of beer with you and anything went wrong, I'd never forgive myself."

"Trouble is, I let you boss me."

Lee had been watching Judith. There was a shadow in her deep blue eyes.

"Anything wrong?"

"Just the usual."

"We'll all be glad when it's over. Well, here's to the better man, may he win!"

They drank the coffee solemnly. Then Judith determined to ask a question.

"Did you see Tex at the hangar?"

"Yes."

"Everything O. K.?"

"Fine." Lee tried to make his voice sound casual. He watched Judith covertly. Of course she was worried, but he wondered.

"I'd like to have gone over to see him, but you know how Tex hates anybody around on race day."

Judith was uneasy. She could read Lee so easily. Suddenly she was desperately afraid.

"There isn't anything wrong with the ship, is there?"

"Of course not. It was purring like a kitten when I left. Lem was nursing it."

"And Tex seemed all right?"

"Never better! You know Tex. Not a nerve in his body! Acted as though he was thinking about taking you out to celebrate."

"I'm such a fool about Tex." Judith's sudden relief hurt her it was so violent.

(To be continued)

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