

### Plan Program for Helvetia

#### Benefit November 15; Red Cross Chairman Named

(By Mrs. John M. Davidson)  
HELVETIA—The school teacher, Joseph Wenzel, will present a concert November 15 at the school. Everyone is invited. The funds will be used to get a water system installed at the school.

A group of young folks from Portland spent Tuesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Christensen. Among them were Mrs. Christensen's brothers and sister, Clarence, Oren and Doris Miller.

Boy Scouts met at the school house here Friday night. Jim Davidson has been to Hillsboro several times lately having the wound on his hand dressed. He cut it with an axe while chopping wood. One stitch was taken in the palm and two stitches on the back of the hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Badertscher, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Emma Sorensen, at Linton, visited the Pete Jossy family Sunday. Badertscher returned to Linton and Mrs. Badertscher will stay here for a time with her daughter, Mrs. Ida Jossy.

Elmer Guerber and family and Elizabeth Brooks visited Mrs. Guerber at the Good Samaritan hospital Sunday. She is improving from a major operation and expects to be home soon.

Ralph Pieren, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Pieren, during the month, returned to Myrtle Point Monday. Frank Hofer accompanied him, while chopping wood. One stitch was taken in the palm and two stitches on the back of the hand.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ritter received 400 baby chicks last week to help supply the demand for winter flocks. Matt Mercep lost a valuable horse last week. He had a runaway and the horse stepped over a pile of rock and fell in a deep ditch. Its back was injured so badly that it died next day.

Chairman Named  
W. F. Norman, Red Cross president in Washington county, was here Saturday. Mrs. J. M. Davidson visited the Pete Jossy family Sunday. She is improving from a major operation and expects to be home soon.

School census were taken here last week. There are 59 children between the ages of 4 and 20 in district 55.

Mrs. Simon Hershey sold over 100 pounds of coffee Saturday in the Safeway coffee contest. A lot of hunters are seen around, but only a few birds are being shot.

### J. I. Knight Dies

#### McMinnville Home

John I. Knight, 72, former Hillsboro resident and owner of the Knight Adjustment company, which operated here for many years, died at his McMinnville home Tuesday 24 after a week's illness. He lived here in the nineties.

Mr. Knight had attended a large Knights of Pythias meeting at Forest Grove just two weeks before and seemed in good spirits and good health. He had been a member of the lodge for more than forty years and had filled various stations.

He was active in the McMinnville Kiwanis club from the time of its organization and was a member of the McMinnville Elks lodge. During the World war, Mr. Knight was one of the minute men and his patriotic talks were inspiring.

Mr. Knight is survived by his widow, two sons, Lorne and Joseph, preceded the father in death. Lorne Knight died in an Arctic exploration expedition a number of years ago.

State Capitol News Letter—Giving the highlights of official activity at Salem—Every week in the Argus.

### CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By Robert Ames Bennett  
(WNU Service—Copyright by Robert Ames Bennett)

#### CHAPTER IV

##### The Whip Hand

The girl licked her fingers and turned to stare covetously at the pieces of moose dangling in the smudge-fire smoke. She spoke to Garth almost civilly:

"I've no need to rest like Dad. Do I have to wait for another piece?"

"Certainly not. But you've let the cook fire us and keep this one going, and you can use it. Better cut another split. Mind the knife edge, if you don't want to lose a finger."

She showed she could be deft enough when she chose. One stroke of the knife hacked off a willow twig, two cuts sharpened the end. Grasping the bottom of the uncut second liver, she sliced up lengthwise, all the way to the rawhide thong. She poked the green wood from near the fire, piled on dry sticks, and crouched down to hold her spit over the blaze.

Garth had at once begun to make catgut. It would be needed to sew the moccasins. He was intently at work, and the girl was still more intently eyeing her meat, when Huxby came striding between the spruces.

The once elegant engineer was smeared with mud from his mid-body down to where the rock-milk water of the ford had drenched the bog slime from his shoes and leather aviator trousers. Snags had scratched his flying jacket and even torn through one sleeve.

Worst of all, his bare face and neck was a swollen mass of mosquito-bite welts and the bleeding wounds of deer-fly stings. The skin had already begun to puff and discolor.

At the sight of the man's condition, Garth picked up his rifle. Even the most cold-blooded, calculating schemer can be tortured into crazed violence.

Miss Ramill glanced up from her cooking and uttered a startled cry. It awakened her father from his doze. He sat erect to stare at Huxby.

"My G—d, Vivian, what's happened? You look like something the cat brought home!" Huxby cursed. "Let my headnet. Hey, you airplane thief, fetch me a drink. Jump lively!"

Garth lifted his rifle. "Put up your hands. No, don't reach for your pistol. Up with them, or I'll bring you—That's it. Now hold them there while Mr. Ramill takes your pistol. I've had enough of your threatening."

The millionaire looked at Garth's cool gray eyes, and heaved himself upon his feet to shuffle around behind Huxby's shoulder. He pulled open the leather jacket and drew the automatic pistol from its high-slung sheath. Holding the butt forward, he brought the weapon to Garth.

"Keep it yourself," Garth told him. "You can give it back to him soon as he gets over this fly madness. There's your headnet, Huxby. Better stand in the smoke till you get it on."

The tormented man first ran to lie down on the rill bank. Between drinks, he doused his bitten face in a pool and dashed the gratefully cool water over the back of his neck. The moment he stopped, the pests buzzed at him again. He ran to the smoky side of the fire without stopping for his headnet.

For the first time since Garth had met Lilith Ramill, she showed consideration for someone else than herself. Her second piece of liver had been cooked enough to be eatable. She tore it in two and gave half to her fiancé.

"It's good, Vivian. Try it. You

must be famished!" Her unexpected graciousness calmed his half-crazed mind.

"Why, Lilith—you roasted this yourself! It will taste doubly delicious." He forced a laugh. "But I couldn't take the food out of your mouth."

"I'll soon cook more. There's plenty." Garth caught Mr. Ramill's hungry look, and shook his head. "Not yet for us, sir. We'll pack in some more of the meat before the wolverines get it."

He laid a mat of willow foliage, sliced up what was left of the second liver, and started off with Ramill.

Though at first stiff, the millionaire did not get out of breath so quickly as before. This was an encouraging sign. That easy climb to the claim and the fast return had been violent exercise for the mine investor. He could not have recovered so soon if his heart had been bad.

But when he opened his cigar case, Garth interposed.

"You have only four left, sir. Better hold them back to taper off gradually. This change of diet is going to jolt you hard enough. No wine or whisky, either."

Mr. Ramill walked along quite a distance with the cigar case open, his face impassive inside the mosquito gauze of the headnet. When at last he looked up, he closed the cigar case and handed it to Garth. "You're the doctor."

Garth put the case in his shirt pocket.

"All right, sir. You'll get them when they'll do you the most good—and you'll get them all."

Again Mr. Ramill walked along with his gaze on the ground. They were near the muskug swamp before he looked up. He turned his shrewd gaze upon Garth, and spoke with blunt directness: "What's your game?"

"My game?"

"Yes, we may as well settle this now as later. Don't tell me you haven't some big scheme in mind. You guessed we meant to cast off and leave you holding the sack. Otherwise you wouldn't have taken that key part from the plane motor."

Garth chuckled. "Did you ever outfit a fox, corner a pack of wolves, or trap a crafty old bear?"

"The ruddy face of the millionaire purpled. "What is the connection?"

"Nothing invidious," Garth assured him. "I had in mind only the fun of the game."

"So? Well, young man, it has already been admitted that you've so far taken all the tricks. I gave you credit for more sense, however, than you showed when you cast loose the plane. You had no need to walk up like a dupe and permit Vivian to get the drop on you. Easy enough for you to've come out of cover with your rifle up. Don't tell me you'd rather travel afoot to the MacKenzie than fly out in a plane."

"That depends, sir. Perhaps I did not wish to part company with you so soon. Over at the river, I could of course have invited myself to fly out to Fort Smith with you. But that would hardly have given us time to get acquainted. As it is, in the weeks of close companionship to come we may even learn to be friends."

Mr. Ramill frowned. "Is that a taunt, or maudlin sob stuff?"

"Neither."

"Then what's your game? If you think, after marooning us here in these d-d wilds, you can win our friendship or gratitude by guiding us out, you're a sadly mistaken young man."

Garth agreed. "It would be a stupid mistake to expect anything decent from you or your daughter or Huxby. But think what fun I've already had, facing that pistol and telling Huxby he dared not use it."

"Fun? You must be crazy!"

"Not at all. I had him sized up. The game was to let him think he had me trapped, then give him the laugh."

The big man chewed on this. "That's clear enough. But why wreck the plane? Will your next

### Pacific "U" on Training Sled



Pacific's gridiron warriors preparing themselves to meet any and all competition. Coach Anse Cornell's eleven will meet his old team, the College of Idaho, under the lights of Kelly field, Oregon City, Saturday night.

joke be to walk off and leave us to starve!"

"Does it look that way? Two moose make a deal of eating."

As Garth spoke, he pointed ahead at the red chunks on the spruce branches. Almost at the same instant his rifle jerked up. The second shot was followed by a snarling squall. The squall shrilled into a shriek that nipped off into silence.

When Mr. Ramill rather hesitatingly followed Garth to the hanging legs of moose, he saw a three-foot, stub-tailed wildcat with black-tufted ears lying under a torn shoulder of moose meat. A second cat, slightly larger, had leaped several yards away before dropping.

Garth drew his knife. "Only a pair of lynx. Not much for two shots. We haven't any cartridges to throw away. But we can use the skins, and the meat will make a change from moose."

He flayed the bodies, bagged the best cuts of meat in the skins, and hung them high. The next move was to see if Mr. Ramill could pack the hide of the cow moose. He made a game attempt to walk off under it, but at once began to stagger. Garth relieved him of the load, and in place of it gave him one of the bagged lynx skins. He himself bagged one of the bull moose quarters in the cowhide and heaved it upon his back.

They came back to the camp with Mr. Ramill panting and sweating. Garth swung lightly ahead of him. He slipped off his heavy pack and stood looking at the idle couple on the rill bank. They had eaten their fill of liver, and stretched out to rest. No smoke was rising from the embers of the smudge-fire. Flies were beginning to cluster on the moose tongues and other meat.

The girl met his look with contemptuous indifference. Huxby stared with bloodshot hostility from between his swollen eyelids.

Instead of speaking to the couple, Garth addressed the girl's father as he relieved him of the lynx pack:

"As I remember, sir, I told Miss Ramill she could cook on the smudge-fire if she kept it going. I will say now that I do not intend to shoot any more meat until use is made of what we have. There are none too many rifle cartridges. If the three of you prefer rotten, maggoty meat, I'll go to you to the last mouthful. I've lived for weeks

er get back to civilization."

"Oh! The despicable, cowardly—" She met Garth's cool gaze and fell silent.

He nodded. "You'll begin by rebuilding that fire. After that you'll cook the other liver for your father and yourself. You will then start graining the hair off the moose-hides while Huxby and your father go back for more meat."

"I will do no such thing!"

"Very well. That means you get no moccasins to replace your boots when those flimsy soles wear through on the rocks."

She flared. "Gallant Sir Gallant!"

"Leave her be, Garth," her father interposed. "I'll tend the fire and scrape the skins."

"No. Lie down. Whenever you work, it's to be on your feet. We must build up both your wind and your muscle. Huxby, I'll ask you to fetch that pot and the gold pan."

The mining engineer rose and started up towards the trough with out a word of inquiry or protest. Miss Ramill's eyes widened. She gazed wonderingly from him to her father. Mr. Ramill had no less obediently lain down as ordered.

Garth ignored the girl. He chopped deep notches in the trunks of the food-cache here, then, about seven feet high. He then cut saplings to span across from tree to

tree, with ends wedged in the notches. The next move was to fetch a number of alder poles.

"After starting that dish, you may cook as much more of the liver as your father can eat. He will keep on resting while Huxby and I go for another load of moose meat. The sooner we pack all to camp, the surer we will be that other mouths do not get away with it."

(Concluded next week)

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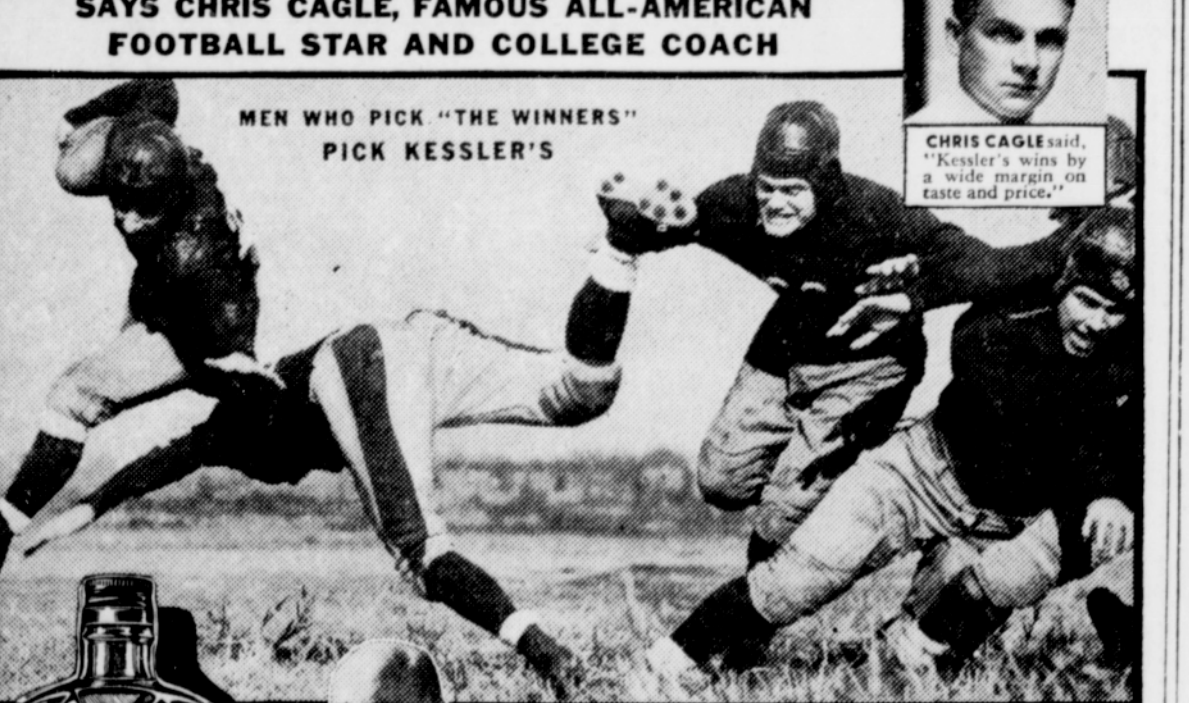
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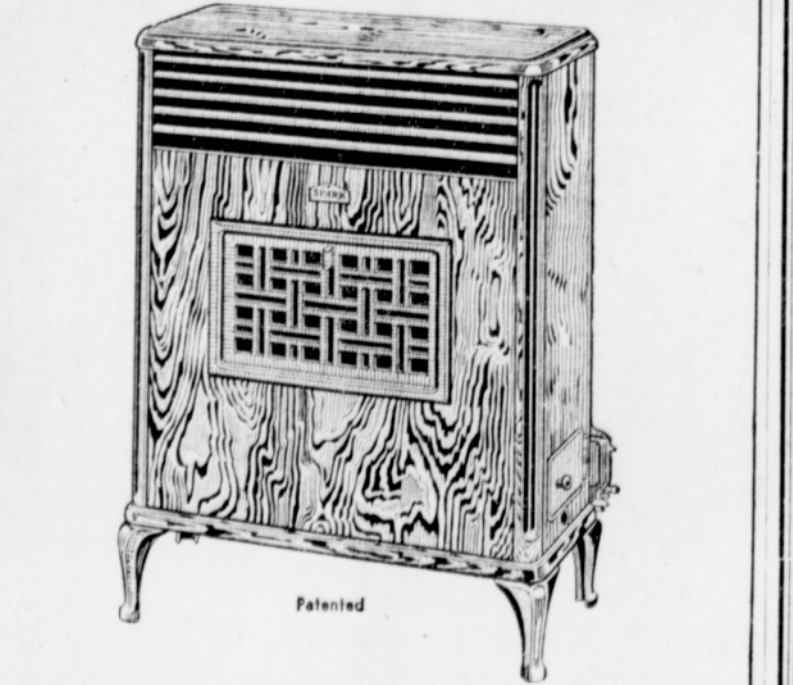


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