the trees.

I won't be long."

small log stable.

thought, in a sudden fever. "My

play—wonder can I make it like she thinks I can." Aloud he said,

"I'll scout around. You just wait.

His tone was easy and low.

Mary Martin hardly seemed to

hear him. He slipped out of the

seat and hooked the ax from the

box bed. Then, from the rear of

the car, he struck down through

the timber and bush. He was soon on the creek bottom and at the

Three horses were tied at the

manger, with saddle rigs on the

pegs behind them. Smoky went

on swiftly to his house. After a

short look inside he struck on

sure now that Dirty Dog Dunna-

gan had been using his place as a

headquarters for a week or more.

And he was fairly certain that the

robbery and getaway had been planned to put the blame on him.

While the law was looking Smoky

Noon up, Dirty Dog and his pals

THE three men in the high-bodied touring car leaned for-

loomed ahead in the clearing

the creek from the valley into the

but murder too for himself if

sunrise that struck from the

For him the ax was a second

too soon and his foot was a sec-

the hillside trail to meet the crop-

might Dunnagan trapped him here. And

on in second.

She rose and faced him. Even dawn, curving over the black

body would drive over the old would be murder, he thought-

"Why. yes," Smoky guessed saw her, standing by the log

"Smoky Noon," Mary Martin A gunshot roared, and lead

least lose fighting! Logger, what flashed in a sudden red gray of

"Then," said Mary Martin, "you Dirty Dog Dunnagan bore down

Smoky coasted the flivver down camp girl. What he must say to

could get in the clear . . .

down the creek bank. He was

# Death at Dawn -

"I WON'T miss a five-spot so much," said Smoky Noon, "and you need it bad. Just why won't you take it, kid?"

The girl beside him, in the roadster seat of the flivver, did not answer for a moment. They looked at each other, faces blurred in the shadows that clouded the touristcamp grove. Dawn was an hour away. The spring was yet young and they had found an empty camp when they drove in. The night was windless. The trees were very still.

"You don't owe me anything logger," the girl said at last. "And we are strangers, really. I couldn't take your money.

He growled. "You talk like a society movie. Listen, Mary; people like us are never strangers. I'm an out-of-luck logger. You're a berry-knocker hitch-hiking for the spring crop camps. We were old friends as soon as we met. Coupla bums. Both at the bottom of life's luck. Don't get snooty with me, Mary Martin."

"I'm not," she protested. "It's just that I know what five bucks means to you. Two days of slug-

"I'd hold on to you. Some- the getaway. how these two hours we've bumped along together have made me feel that way—like I've never ond or so he poised the five
"Mine too," Smoky drawled forward with the tension of jockeys ond or so he poised the fiveThree times last year I tried to the home stretch. Yet this was a

and of course you don't mean it. Men never do. Let's make it goodby while we're still friends." looking at her. "I mean it so dawn much I'd never leave you, if it

wasn't that every play I make She had opened the door at her right, but she paused now and met ber. his gaze in the shadows. She said: "I just thought of something

life, just one small part of it. You can never beat the puzzle by playing on only a single word

"Maybe." She pushed open the

ment of marines." "I'm sorry. Well-" She stepped the usual all-night restaurant of my own."

Thanks, logger, and so long."

That was a familiar thought

it, Mary?" cool and remote. "So long."

to be frustrated so easily.

DULL but explosive sound for granted. came from across the river, where out beside Mary Martin.

promise,"-she said readily.

romise,"-she said readily.

He turned to the box bed be"and don't be silly." grabbed up a double-bitted ax Then he was running, vanishing.

IT was Smoky's returning foot-do you say?"
He swayed the river.

his pace to a walk as his spiked happened. and more.

THE starred sky widened important too soon and his foot was a section on the special condition of the starred sky widened important too soon and his foot was a section on the special condition of the starred sky widened important too soon and his foot was a section of the special condition o road lifted up a slope to the dim longs to a timber wolf by name of business street.

longs to a timber wolf by name of creasing gray drift of dawn. The three bank robbers quickly died.

into a run, keeping to the side of it. The silent dark car raced closer shining, and I let him get me braked to a stop as the road having somebody to fight for. He could see now that it was an old touring model, high-bodied. Sympathetic. I never figured he was so bad till he started talking opened before them, and he cut Martin." clumsy, but powerful and fast. how easy it would be to crack the off the motor.

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boro Argus.



'And it's no good," she mused. "Nothing is any good for me. Might be. though, if

"It's the bank's hard luck."

working all winter."

"That's just what they

enough that you've given me a ride and been so decent. So now I'll just say so long, and drift. I'll be all right."

Smoky Noon knew that car. He was sure of the identity of the man at the wheel. And he was even more certain that the vault of the Polewater bank half to the sure of the Polewater bank some time when it looked loaded with currency to meet monthly paychecks. Finally 1 chased him, pretty rough and the polewater bank some time when it looked loaded with currency to meet monthly paychecks. Finally 1 chased him, pretty rough and the polewater bank some time when it looked loaded with currency to meet monthly paychecks. 66 IF I was half a man," he said. blasted and that he was facing "But this robbery," Mary said.

pound ax for a whirling throw get loans to keep the ranch go- slow crawl. I wouldn't want you in on it any " Then a slackness went through ing. Last time the banker talked "If you did, you'd soon be sor- him. He fought off the feeling so mean I slapped him some and the drive was over ties of a tresry," Mary Martin said. "You're but then it was too late. The car sort of took the bank apart. The tle, with a 40-foot drop to the botcareless with your talk, logger roared past, and he started dejectedly back for his flivver.

bent his gun barrel over my head also necessary to hold enough len never do. Let's make it goody while we're still friends."
"I do mean it." he insisted.
Smoky's return. It would soon be paking at her "I mean it so and then another day town. I was informed I'd be jailed seemed to breathe until the tires hitchhiking on . . . sure if I ever come back inside were rolling on solid earth again.

Her days had been mostly like the town limits. That's why 1 Then all mutually relaxed, cursed that ever since she could remem- made this trip at night and figured hoarsely, and swabbed cold sweat Her people were crop- to pull on home before daylight from their brows. campers, belonging to the mean- "And what happens?" Smoky They argued, as the car picked dering million of west coast work- dolefully concluded. "I no sooner up speed and pounded on over the that I once read. It was a line ers who live by seasonal labor hit here than Dirty Dog and a rough roadbed. There was one about luck being one four-lettered and whose habitations roost pre- coupla yeggs blast the bank. The more trestle to cross, where the word in the crossword puzzle of cariously on the tattered tires of robbery will be horsed on me. old road leaped the gorge below ancient cars. Mary did not be-long. Shore. And you talk about me Smoky Noon's ranch. long. loomed ahead in the Even as a small child she had

dreamed of a home such as she in the shadows he loomed as an depths of the gorge. Dirty Dog "But the puzzle can beat you saw endlessly along the highways with just one," he retorted. "The When she was old enough she had odds are all against you. Don't tried to realize the dream by hirodds are all against you. Don't tried to realize the dream by hiring out for housework. But she was an outsider, and lonely. This "I'LL tell you what I think," she said. "It doesn't make sense, SMOKY NOON faced death at dawn. There was no other "Luck can be licked was the third time she had re- these yeggs sticking to the coast way out, he knew, once he stepped turned to the gypsy trail of the highway in a queer car. They'll from behind the black snag at the rop camps. go for a hideout. Where? Why. trestle's end.
"And it's no good," she mused. one they know. This Dirty Dog The huge black stump stood just "Not mine. Not even by a regi- crop camps.

'Nothing is any good for me. has lived at your place, and he below the roadbed. From Smoky's out. "I'll hike over and look for Might be, though, if I had a home probably knows you've been away position he could see the fall of

"That five-spot—won't you take with Mary. But a home of her one road to my ranch." Smoky be- above. He could hear Dunnagan's own meant marriage, and of that gan to protest, and then he paused car grinding and bumping over "No, Smoky." Her voice was she was afraid. She had seen too too. His voice fired up a bit as he the trestle ties. He gripped up his much of its dark and seamy side, went on. "There's the roadbed of ax and eased out, tense and un-And he was letting her go. But in the camps, in sawmill shanties, the old logging railroad, of course, certain, whatever force of chance had tideflat shacks. and big-town It snakes from my place down to The car ground on, looming brought them together, it was not slums. Her hopes had never ven- the coast, at a spot about 20 miles clearly in the rising light and tured higher. Crop-camp girl from here. But it's a long way above the black gorge. The log-Hitchhiker. Men took so much around, it's rough as sin, and no- ger still stood in irresolution. It

echoed through the trees. It Not this Smoky Noon, though trestles even in daylight-" She wondered about his home the little town of Polewater had Back there in the mountains, he figure everybody would think!" forits one business street. At this had said. Deep in the big woods. Mary broke in excitedly. "But the As he thought of Mary Martin hour only scattering lights marked toward the dawn. From the log- drive could be made, couldn't it?" he glanced up the creek. And he the place. Smoky Noon stared at ger's talk Mary could imagine the them hard, listening. Then he was small hewn-log house, the stump- "Rails have been torn up for a house, watching. He swore, and t beside Mary Martin.
"I have a hunch what that was." dotted clearing, the huckleberry dozen years. If there are no started out from the snag. In the bushes on the hillside, the singing slides—" he said. "No time to explain, but cascades of the creek, the grassy I want you to promise you'll wait loam of the bottoms, hungry for interrupted again, "I'm coming whacked the dead wood of the right here till I come back." crops. A refuge hedged by soar-

ght here till I come back."

"If you're so sure I should, I'll ing trees and mountain rims.
"Wake up," she abjured herself, long chance at breaking your luck. And if you lose, you'll at flashed in a sudden red gray of

amid the black tree boles toward the river.

falls that had aroused her. They are the river.

falls that had aroused her. They are the swayed toward her. "And dragged heavily through the if I win?"

sunrise that struck from the mountain rim. Then, a crash through the windshield first gravel. She waited where she In a few minutes the logger was, asking nothing, until he had can begin to work on some other on the brake. came to the highway bridge. It thrown the ax back into the box words in the crossword puzzle. was a suspension span. He slowed bed. Then he told her what had

went on with little sound through Noon dismally. "I'd know that chugged and rattled over the lurched into a dive for the canyon the bridge shadows. Ahead the getaway car in a million. It be- crown of a hogback ridge. In the bottom. A steely crash echoed A darker shadow moved in that as 'Dirty Dog.' A year ago I'd mountain rim yonder was very dimness. It was a car without made a stake, and while the times clear against the sky, but the The logger faced the young fire lights, coasting for the bridge. As was so hard I holed up on the shadows were still heavy in the of the morning and swung along it gathered speed the logger broke place and tried to make a ranch trees down the slope.

of the bridge at his left. Near "This Dirty Dog Dunnagan run through those shadows until the her was a throbbing beat in his its end he stopped and swung the in on me. and I let him. Seemed dirt road turned along a bench of headax back from his right shoulder the law was after him for moon- second-growth firs and cedars. He

auditorium by the county fair board other unfair labor practice."

Move was begun to condemn the old stable behind the telephone extension.

Move was begun to condemn the dold stable behind the telephone extension.

Move was begun to condemn the derive sit-down the opinion that such an appeal would be fatal to the machines as the supreme court would be expected to uphold the Crawford decision.

Move was begun to condemn the Hershey Chocolate corporation at Hershey, Pa., and drive sit-down strikers from building. Farmers take matters into own hands when market for 800,000 pounds of milk dealth and a dangerous fire hazard. Hearing will be held May 4.

Move was begun to condemn the Hershey Chocolate corporation at Hershe May 4.

The council also amended the ordinance permitting condemnation of old buildings as fire hazards to allow serving notices on owners, whose addresses are unknown, by publication in the Hills-of this property for sale.

#### Four hundred feet of new hose also was authorized, although a News Highlights shortage in fire department budget forced the purchase of cheaper for Wednesday hose than the fire department re-Wednesday, April 7

The rates are \$12.50 by day and \$25 by night plus cost of preparing the auditorium for use. Pioneer society was allowed use of the building for the state of the society was allowed use of the by agents.

was referred to the park commission.

Irate farmers and workers opposed to the union go into plant of quarter.

Wash., shoot and kill Deputy Sheriff Jackson and wound Deputy Compton, when overtaken after house burglary.

Dr. Everson, Portland minister, rescinds his resignation from state board of conciliation.

California congressional members propose central federal authority to week. ing for less than three cents supervise all damsite electric rates Bonneville hearings delayed.

## Japanese Berrymen Acquire Big Tracts

Chehalem mountain, west of Laurup in Portland March 29. Third man cl. long devoted to hops, walnuts commits suicide when approached and blackcaps, seems now well on

society was allowed use of the building free of charge.

Must File Schedule

The schedule also directed that all baseball teams wishing to use the park file application and schedule of games. A request for the

strawberries is being planted this At one place, according to report, quarters are being constructed to house 45 families.

And that was what he said.

Just to Keep the Record Straight "Who was Eve?" "Mister Adam's sparerib and the first chicken that ever ruined a

man's garden." Neighborhood news from 50 Argus correspondents in different sections of Washington county appear in the Argus each week. Learn what your friends are do-

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## Farms Change Owners Here

by James Stevens Smoky was listening, hard. His ears had caught the nicker of a state is seen in the report of new families from five difhorse from the dim clump of ferent states who purchased farms buildings on the creek bank. And. faint and far away, a rhythmic beat through the wind surged in "She called the turn," he

ferent states who purchased farms in the county within the last 10 days. Sales were made by W. G. Ide. Hillsboro real estate dealer.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Davis of New Jersey purchased 60 acres at Midway. Lewis Buchiester, Iowa, has completed a deal for 28 acres near Grabel school. A. R. Nelson, Nebraska, purchased 20 acres two and a half miles east of Hillsboro. Karl T. Lewis, Illinois, has com-Karl T. Lewis, Illinois, has com-pleted arrangements for 40 acres at Scholls, and R. D. Halvorson of the Halvorson Motor company of Hillsboro, has purchased 14 acres north of Hillsboro on the old North Plains road. Halvorson recently ame to the coast from North Da-

All places sold, Ide reported. were improved and substantial payments made on each.

### Funeral Today for Mrs. James Ogg

Funeral services for Mrs. Jessie Ogg. 64, resident on Cornelius route the last five months, will be eld this afternoon (Thursday) at 2 o'clock from the Donelson & Sewell chapel. Rev. Henry Haller will conduct the rites. Mrs. Ogg died Monday night.

She is survived by the widower, James Ogg; two sons, William Catherman, Cornelius, and Claude Eby, Kamela, Ore.; four daughters, Mrs. illian Vorisen, Conrad, Mont.; Mrs. Bessie Skeels, Hammond, Ore.; Mrs. R. D. Jamieson, San Jose, Cal., and SEVEN-room house, plastered, gar-Mrs. Freda Hoffman, Pendleton.

#### It had to be so slow because Nicky, of Radio marshal run in on the rumpus and tom of a rock canyon. But it was Cast, Visits County

"One Man's Family" fans of this county, might be interested in a tip that Nicky, friendly Englishman and husband of Claudia, instead of sailing for the coronation in England in the coronation in the co

Nicky is Walter Patterson and he is visiting his uncle, George G. Patterson. Walter is a former resident and native American, but \$2500.

SEVEN-room house, garage, 1/2-acre, lots of fruit, \$3200.

SIX-room modern house, garage, 1/2-acre, lots of fruit, \$3200. where he received his schooling. Second Ave.

Another point of interest, too, is that Mrs. Patterson is not Claudia, but a girl he met through other members of the "One Man's Fam-

## Too Late to Classify

dawn. There was no other WANTED to Buy-Old cows, fresh eggs (cases) and hides. Must be reasonable.—Write 10780 Argus. 6tf

FOR SALE—2 cows, Jersey and Swiss.—G. W. Sheppard, Rt. 1, Cornelius; Pumpkin Ridge. 6-7 She paused. "But there's just gorge, and the ranch buildings on

on shares, 1st class B-grade dairy-

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Month

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bars

#### Splashy Spring hey, east of county hospital. Print

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dealings of the Federal Land Banks in the United States had with

#### Restore the Striking is Olivia de Havilland this evening gown made of crepe printed in one of the new splashy designs so important for the com-ing season. Chic, new, it catches RADIO! the spirit of the 1937 fashion cre

man. Best references—W. H. Fuller, Box 185, Rt. 3, Vancouver, Wash. p FOR SALE-Alfalfa and vetch hay, day to day so gradually that \$12 and \$14.—Joe Werre, 3 miles you do not notice the change. outhwest of Hillsboro.

SEVEN-room house, garage, \$1100, FIVE-room house, fully furnished, methods and equipment.

age, \$1400. SIX-room house, plastered, fire-place, old sewer, \$1800. FOUR-room house, plastered, garage, large lot, some furniture, \$2000.

ead of sailing for the coronation basement, furnace, \$2500. England, is visiting in Forest FIVE-room house, modern, garage,

FIVE-room house, shakes, garage,

picked up his British accent in Rhodesia, Africa, where he was brought up, and later in Factors.

WHITE Saanan milk goat, to fresh en April 16, for sale. Also wood

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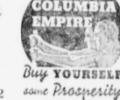
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Every sack guaranteed Chili-Con-Carne Armours Star

2 No. 1 tall cans with beans LYE High test 2 cans 15c

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