

# A Man Is Missing

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER  
(Creator of the famous fictional detective, Perry Mason)



She was suddenly suspicious of the intense attitude of concentration.

THIS STORY TOLD FAR: Sheriff Bill Quinn asks Hank Lucas, a dude who's been married three years, the card was addressed to his wife by her maiden name. It showed Adrian in front of a trapper's cabin and Tom Morton, a photographer, recalls having made up the card for the missing man the previous summer. Hank agrees to guide Corliss Dewitt in a search for the cabin. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY:

(Chapter Two)

The woman who left the noon stage and entered the hotel was slender—waited, smooth—hipped—r-ellant. She seemed to have confidence in her ability to accomplish what she set out to do and to know exactly what it was she had in mind. Conscious of the fact that the stage driver was watching her curiously, she walked smoothly and unhesitatingly into the hotel, crossed the lobby to the desk, nodded to Ray Fieldon, the proprietor, and took the pen which he handed her. For a brief moment she hesitated as the point of the pen was held over the registration card, and Ray Fieldon, knowing from long experience the meaning of that momentary hesitation, cocked a quizzical eyebrow.

Then the woman wrote in a firm, clear handwriting, "Marion Chandler, Crystal City." "I'd like something with a bath, if you have it," she said. "I expect to be here only long enough to make arrangements to pack in to the Middle Fork country. Perhaps you know of some packer who is thoroughly reliable." Fieldon met those steady, friendly eyes and acknowledged defeat. "Well, now, ma'am, the best packer hereabouts is Hank Lucas. As a matter of fact, he's starting in to the Middle Fork country tomorrow, taking a party in—a man and a woman. Just a chance you might get to team up with."

Fieldon broke off as the door was pushed open, and Marion Chandler turned to survey the loose-jointed figure in light-fitting levis and high-heeled boots that entered the lobby. "This is Hank now," Fieldon said in an undertone. Hank gave the young woman a swift, comprehensive glance, then swept off the sweat-soaked sombrero to disclose dark curly hair, carefully tumbled about his head. Fieldon performed introductions and explained the reason for them. "Well, now," Hank said, with open admiration, "What you going in for? Fishing, or hunting, or something? She gave him the same smile she had given Fieldon. "I'm an amateur photographer. I want pictures of the Middle Fork country, and I'm particularly anxious to get pictures of people—people who have lived in that country for a long time. The old residents, you know. Types, character studies."

"You got a sleeping bag, ma'am?" "Down at the express office—that is, it should be. I sent in most of my stuff by express a few days ago."

"I'll look it up," Ray Fieldon said, and then asked casually, "Sent from Crystal City?" She met his eyes. "No," she said. "Merely inquire for a package sent to Marion Chandler, care of the express office, if you will please."

Some time early the next afternoon Marion Chandler looked back on the long line of horses from her position near the head of the string. The packs, covered with white tarpaulins and swaying slightly from side to side with the motion of the

horses made the pack looking like some huge centipede, each with pack a joint in the body. Hank Lucas led the procession. Behind him was Corliss Adrian, whom Marion judged to be about twenty-seven. She had chestnut hair, brown eyes, and was wrapped in an aura of subdued tragedy. It was a pose which well suited her, a pose which Marion felt would make her refer to her as "brave."

Back of Marion Chandler, James Dewitt, thick-jolly individual in the middle thirties, frankly hung to the horn of the Western saddle when he came to the bad places in the trail. Behind him rode Sam Eaton, who was doing the cooking for the party, a quiet, middle-aged man who said nothing except when absolutely necessary.

Back of him the pack horses came swaying along, and bringing up the rear was Howard Kenney, the assistant wrangler, a young man who had but recently been discharged from the Army and whose eyes contained a touch of sadness.

Hank Lucas, at the head of the procession, rode with long stirrups and a loose back. His sweat-stained sombrero was far back on his head, and he kept up a steady succession of cowboy songs.

At mid-afternoon the long string of horses wound its way down the canyon and debouched on the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. The trail followed the river for a couple of miles, then wound around a rocky point where the water had been blasted out of sheer granite and here the trail was barely wide enough to give a horse footing.

They made camp in a grassy meadow, with pines furnishing a welcome. The cook had a fire going, and even before the wrangler and finished hobbling the horses, Marion could smell the aroma of cooking.

James Dewitt came over to stand by her. "You do quite a bit of riding," "What makes you think that?" "Don't know—the way you're sitting on the horse. I'm all in."

Marion nodded toward the campfire. "Wait until that gets down to coals and you begin to smell the broiling steaks."

"That's right." "Have a contract with some magazine?" "No, I'm free-lancing."

"Rather an expensive trip just for free-lancing, isn't it?" "I don't think so," she said coolly.

It was plain that Dewitt wanted to ask more questions, but her manner held his curiosity in check. Corliss Adrian came over to join them. "Wasn't it perfectly delightful?" she asked, but her voice was flat with fatigue.

Marion was grateful for the fatigue that permeated the camp, which she knew had interposed a shield between her and what had apparently been a well-planned course of questioning agreed upon in advance. Dewitt had done his part, but Corliss had interposed a shield to keep up the mental effort.

"I'm going to roll in," Marion announced. "Good night, everyone." James Dewitt sighed, and said, "Good night." He arose and started for his sleeping bag. His first two steps were staggering, off-balance attempts to keep himself erect as his cramped muscles, for the moment refused to work. A moment later Corliss Adrian had rolled in, and Marion, hurriedly disrobing, she slid down on her sleeping bag. She looked over at the campfire, where Hank Lucas, Sam Eaton, and Howard Kenney were gathered in a little group silhouetted against the glowing embers.

She wondered sleepily at the subject of their conference and determined that she would lie awake to watch them, suddenly suspicious of the intense attitude of concentration.

She doubled the light pillow of her sleeping bag to prop her head up, so she could see them more clearly, closed her eyes momentarily when they began to smart, to shut out the light of the campfire. Her consciousness was almost instantly sucked down into an abyss of warm comfort.

What is the mystery surrounding Marion Chandler? Is she really a photographer or is she linked with the search for Adrian? Don't miss tomorrow's installment.

(Copyright by Erle Stanley Gardner)

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "SURE—I'M HAPPY, MR. ROPER... BUT I CAN LOOK AHEAD... SIX PAIRS OF SHOES AT A TIME... SIX TO TAKE PIANO LESSONS... SIX GIRLS IN HIGH SCHOOL AT ONCE..."

Comic strip panels showing a character on stilts with dialogue: "AND ME WITH EXACTLY \$13.45... BLOT YOUR TEARS WITH THIS SCRAP OF PAPER... A CONTRACT GIVING SPOTLIGHT MAGAZINE EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS TO PHOTOGRAPH THE SIX LITTLE BUDDS..."

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "PRESIDENT—THAT'S JACK SACK'S OFFICE—WELL, HE WON'T STALL ME OFF ANY LONGER—NO USE KNOCKING—HE'S MY PAL—I'LL JUST BARGE RIGHT IN..."

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "YES, YES?—I'M DOCTOR SHNOOK, THE FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST—BUT I'M IN NO CONDITION TO TAKE A CASE... CAN YOU SEE I'M HAVING A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN?"

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "A HEAVY RUMBLE TELLS HOPPY AND LUCKY THAT DIAMOND'S MEN ARE NOT FAR BEHIND... KEEP HEADED UPSTREAM, LUCKY, WE'LL MAKE IT YET..."

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "SAY, YOU'RE THE GUY WHO SOLD ME THIS BIRD A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO IN YOUR PET SHOP?"

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "KEEP IT UP, BOYS! DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING WHOLE!"

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "MRS. RILEY HERE IS PREPARING SOME PLUNGY COPY FOR THE SERIES OF ADS. MR. KALKENBROOM!"

## RADIO PROGRAMS

Table of radio programs for Tuesday—P.M. listing stations like KGW, KOIN, KEX, KSLM, and KO, along with program titles and times.

## WEDNESDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

Table of radio programs for Wednesday from 6 A.M. to 4:45 P.M., listing various stations and their schedules.

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550  
KOAC Tuesday A.M.—5, Children's Theatre; 5:15, On the Upbeat; 5:30, Sports Club; 6:00, News; 6:15, Oregon; 6:30, Round the Campfire; 7:15, Evening Farm Hour; 8:00, OSC Music Dept.; 8:15, Research; 9:00, This Is Forestry; 9:15, News and Weather; 9:30, Music That Endures; 9:45, Evening Meditations; 10:00, Sign Off.

Catfish Tournay Named for Veep  
Stuart, Fla., Jan. 24 (AP)—An Alben W. Barkley catfish tournament to give local teen-agers a "fair deal" will start here Feb. 1. Richard Fay Warner, director of the Stuart Sailfish club, announced the tournament will be for boys and girls up to 14 years of age and first prize will be fishing tackle and a letter of congratulations from Vice President Barkley. Club President O. C. Smith obtained Barkley's permission to name the tournament in his honor after the "Veep" referred to himself as "just an old channel cat."

Crossword Puzzle with clues and a grid. Clues include: 1. Health, 2. Amie, 3. Prickle, 4. Egg dish, 5. Article, 6. Part of an airplane, 7. Thine, 8. Cluster of fibers in wood, 9. Roman naturalist, 10. Falling weight of a pile, 11. Festive, 12. Soother than, 13. Not all, 14. Nid, 15. Former, 16. Government bureau, 17. Immerse, 18. Religious positions, 19. Neckpiece, 20. African arrow, 21. Malay coin, 22. Untraced, 23. Cover, 24. Sets out on a voyage, 25. Performed, 26. Not very, 27. Musical instrument, 28. Mother, 29. Hire, 30. Kind of peach, 31. Kind of moth, 32. Alone, 33. Turkish title, 34. Long footing, 35. Bank officer, 36. Preserved in brine, 37. Chinese city, 38. Writing implement, 39. English letter, 40. Take up again, 41. Kind of snake, 42. Doctor, 43. Goodness of healing, 44. Instituted, 45. Tumble down, 46. Think alike, 47. Upset, 48. Controversy, 49. Fuss, 50. Contemporary, 51. Write, 52. Vegetables, 53. Degrees, 54. Cotton cloth, 55. Beat, 56. Fortification, 57. Tear, 58. Legend, 59. Poor, 60. Silk worm cocoon, 61. Myself.

Room and Board puzzle by Gene Ahern. A grid with numbers 1-30 and clues: 1. Chinese city, 2. Writing implement, 3. English letter, 4. Take up again, 5. Kind of snake, 6. Doctor, 7. Goodness of healing, 8. Instituted, 9. Tumble down, 10. Think alike, 11. Upset, 12. Controversy, 13. Fuss, 14. Contemporary, 15. Write, 16. Vegetables, 17. Degrees, 18. Cotton cloth, 19. Beat, 20. Fortification, 21. Tear, 22. Legend, 23. Poor, 24. Silk worm cocoon, 25. Myself.

Advertisement for Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum, featuring the text "enjoy chewing daily" and "HEALTHFUL-REFRESHING-DELICIOUS".

Comic strip panels with dialogue: "I JUST WANT TO SEE HOW HELL THIS SHOT..."