

A Man Is Missing

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

(Creator of the famous fictional detective, Perry Mason)



Her surprise on seeing Hank and Marion seemed a little too pronounced.

(Chapter Three)

When Marion awakened there was the feel of dawn in the air. The stars over the tops of the big pines had receded into a sky which was taking on just a faint suggestion of greenish-blue color.

Marion struggled into her clothes, splashed ice-cold water on her face, and felt that surge of vitality which comes with the dawn when one has been sleeping on the ground in the open.

She ate with zest, and then walked to the edge of the river, where Dewitt was just finishing putting his trout rod together.

"Hello," he said, grinning amiably. "You're looking mighty fit this morning."

"Feeling like a million dollars," she said.

A trout suddenly flashed up out of the water, struck at the fly, missed, and then went sulking down to the depths of the stream.

"Missed him," Dewitt said. "I was a little too anxious."

Hank Lucas, who had joined them without being observed, said, in his peculiar drawing voice: "If you want to fish an hour or so while we're getting the packs on, you'll have more fish than you can carry. Haven't seen Mrs. Adrian, have you?"

Dewitt snapped in the line, made another cast. "No. Is she up?" he asked, his eyes glued to the fly.

"She is up, all right. Took a little walk upstream. She hasn't come back for breakfast."

Dewitt asked abruptly, "Huh? You say she's gone?"

"That's right. Seems to have taken a walk," Lucas said, "but there aren't any tracks on the trail, I thought I'd take a look along the stream here, and then I saw you fishing."

Lucas strolled more or less aimlessly up the stream edge between the rocks, then said suddenly, "Here's where she went."

Marion had to look twice to see the track. Then it appeared to be only a faint discoloration of the ground. But, some twenty yards farther on, Lucas, who had kept moving ahead, uncovered another fresh track—this time, marked in damp sand and distinctly visible.

Dewitt abruptly lost interest in the fishing and snapped in his line. "Guess I'd better follow her up."

"Keep on fishing if you want," Hank said. "I'll go on up . . . May be you'd like to take a walk," he said to Marion.

Dewitt resumed his fishing, and Hank and Marion moved slowly upstream.

Almost instantly the lazy smile left Hank's eyes. His manner became tense and business-like. "Any idea where she might have gone?" he asked.

"No. I woke up shortly before dawn and then dozed again. I didn't hear her move."

"You know what she's in here for?"

"She wants to find her husband?" Marion ventured.

"That's right . . . You're a photographer?"

"Yes."

Hank said, "Here's a copy of a picture. It ain't too clear because it isn't a print, but it's a picture of a picture. What do you make of it?"

"To begin with," she said, "the picture was probably taken with a 4-folding kodak with a rapid rectilinear lens. It was taken in the middle of the day."

"How do you figure that?"

"Well," she said, "despite the fact that the lens was stopped way down, there's still a certain blurring at the extreme corners and there's a peculiar diffused warmth to the shadows. You get that with a rapid rectilinear lens. An astigmatic lens has a tendency to cut things wire-sharp. But there isn't quite the warmth in the shadows and—"

"Wait a minute. What do you mean the lens was stopped way down?" Hank asked.

She said, "When the diaphragm shutter of a lens is wide open, the speed is increased but there's very little depth to the field. In other words, if you take a fairly long focal-length lens such as is necessary to cover a post-card-size film

and set it, say, at twenty-five feet and leave it wide open, things beyond thirty feet or so will be out of focus, and things closer than twenty feet will be out of focus. On the other hand, if the lens is stopped way down, virtually everything will be in focus. The stopping down gives a depth of field. Objects only eight or ten feet away will be fairly sharp, and so will things in the distance."

"This lens was stopped down," Marion said. "Moreover, see the little white spot down there in the corner? Well, that's a light leak, and probably came from a little hole in the bellows of the camera. If it had been careless winding on the spool, you'd have seen a little different type of leak and . . . Here's Mrs. Adrian now."

Corliss Adrian, trim and fresh, stepped out from behind a rock. Apparently she was engaged in watching the other side of the stream very intently. But she seemed to watch it a little too long, and her surprise on finally seeing Hank and Marion seemed a little too pronounced.

Marion started to say, "I think she's been watching us," but then abruptly changed her mind and remained silent.

Hank said good-naturedly, but still with a certain remark in his voice, "This here is a searching party out to locate the lost tenderloin."

"Don't ever worry about me," Corliss Adrian said, with a quick, nervous laugh. "I decided to get up and see if I couldn't see a deer."

"Breakfast is just about over," Hank said.

"Oh! I'm sorry. I'll rush right on back. Hank—"

"Do you see that canyon up there, the one with the peculiarly shaped rock up near the top of the ridge?"

"Uh-huh."

"What place is that?"

"Broken Leg Canyon."

"I wonder if we could go up there. It looks like marvelous country."

"That's just about where I'm aiming to go," Hank said.

"Oh, that's wonderful."

When camp had been broken and all but the last two horses loaded, Hank Lucas approached his dudes.

"Kenny can finish throwing the packs, with the help of the cook, and bring the string along," Lucas said. "I want to wait a while and pick out a good campsite. If you fellows would like to come along with me, you can save a little time."

"Wait a minute," Dewitt interposed cautiously. "How do you propose to make this extra time? As I see it, the pack train will be ready to start in ten or fifteen minutes."

"That's the whole idea," Hank said. "We can put the horses in a trot."

"In a trot?" Corliss Adrian exclaimed in dismay.

Hank grinned. "Don't appeal to you, eh?"

"If it makes any difference to the others I'll be only too glad to go along," Corliss said with dignity, "but if it doesn't, I think I'd prefer to walk my horse."

Dewitt stepped into the situation. "You two go right ahead," he said. "I'll take all the time you want. We'll come along with the pack train."

"Okay," said Hank.

"They started out at a brisk trot. There was a wide valley to skirt where a stream came into the Middle Fork. It took a detour of nearly three miles to bring them back opposite the mouth of the canyon on the other side of the stream."

Marion regarded the sweating horses during one of the brief rest periods which enabled the animals to catch a few quick breaths.

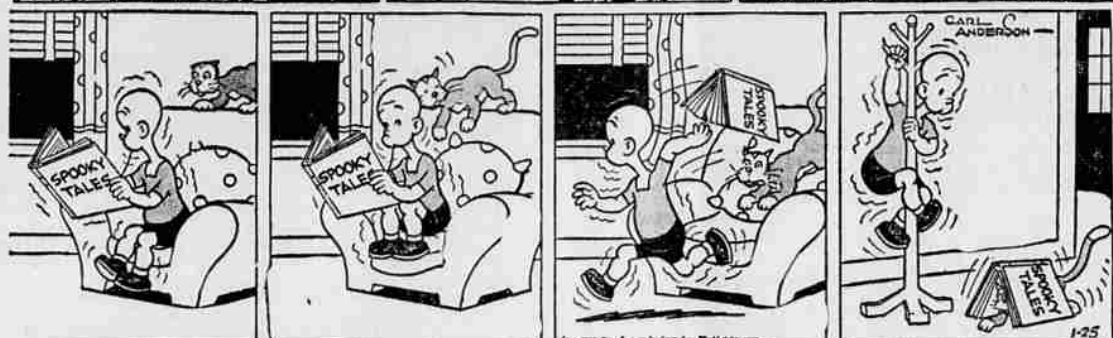
"Aren't you pushing the horses a bit fast?"

Hank tilted back his sweat-stained sombrero. "To tell you the truth I wasn't anxious to have those other two along."

"What are you looking for?"

"The cabin shown in that photograph?"

Marion surveyed the tumbled waste of wild, rugged country. "How little depth to the field. In other words, if you take a fairly long focal-length lens such as is necessary to cover a post-card-size film



RADIO PROGRAMS

WEDNESDAY—P.M.

Time	KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
5:00	The 3 of US	Knox Manning	Challenge of Yokes	B-Bar-B	Swing Time
5:15	Songs of Times	News	Sky King	Tom Mix	Swing Time
5:30	Elmer Peterson	News	Sky King	Tom Mix	Swing Time
6:00	Your Life	Grucho Marx	Home Edition	Nell New	Swing Time
6:15	Your Life	Grucho Marx	Home Edition	Nell New	Swing Time
6:30	Dick Powell	Bing Crosby	Home Edition	Nell New	Swing Time
6:45	Dick Powell	Bing Crosby	Home Edition	Nell New	Swing Time
7:00	Big Story	Bing Crosby	Home Edition	Nell New	Swing Time
7:15	Big Story	Bing Crosby	Home Edition	Nell New	Swing Time
7:30	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
7:45	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
8:00	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
8:15	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
8:30	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
8:45	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
9:00	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
9:15	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
9:30	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
9:45	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
10:00	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
10:15	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
10:30	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
10:45	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
11:00	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
11:15	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
11:30	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
11:45	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.
12:00	Curly Howard	Hollywood	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.	Dr. I. Q.

THURSDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.

Time	KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KOCO
6:00	Hodge Podge	News	News	News	News
6:15	Hodge Podge	News	News	News	News
6:30	Hodge Podge	News	News	News	News
6:45	Hodge Podge	News	News	News	News
7:00	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
7:15	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
7:30	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
7:45	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
8:00	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
8:15	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
8:30	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
8:45	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
9:00	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
9:15	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
9:30	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
9:45	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
10:00	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
10:15	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
10:30	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
10:45	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
11:00	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
11:15	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
11:30	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
11:45	Early Bird	News	News	News	News
12:00	Early Bird	News	News	News	News

Second Card Social Of Winter Offered

Woodburn — St. Luke's second winter card social will be held in the Woodburn parish hall Sunday evening at 8:15 o'clock. Mrs. M. J. Opitz is chairman of this event, with Mrs. Otto Miller, Mrs. C. C. Hammond and Mrs. Anton Zastoupil as co-chairman.

The Sunday night party committee includes Mrs. Walter Wengenroth, Mrs. Fred Kinns, Sr., Mrs. Lena Hagenaue, Mrs. Anton Hanauks, Mrs. August Randall, Mrs. Clarence Hagenaue, Mrs. Alvah Cowan, Mrs. Lester Wells, Mrs. Joseph Hubert, Mrs. Ann Morris, Mrs. Willard Matthews, Walter Kroppes, Mrs. Nick Serres, Miss Ernestine Nathman, Miss Mary Hersherberger, Miss Dorothy and Eileen Hagenaue, Miss Delores and Lorraine Hanauks.

At last Sunday's social, prizes were awarded Mrs. Nick Serres, Mrs. John Doran, Mrs. Julius Vandehey, Mrs. Mike Seifer, Ben Baune, Adam Ziebart and Sylvester Vifquain.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Depression
- Excited
- Excitement
- Proth
- Likely
- Religious fear
- Essay
- Late comb form
- Area
- Character
- Annoy
- Title of respect
- Invisible
- Make tardy
- Negative
- At no time

DOWN

- Short sleep
- Pronoun
- Existed
- Excitement
- Beverage
- French
- Mythical bird
- Newspaper employee
- Special ability
- Tier
- Character
- Dressed
- Smuggling bird
- The milkfish
- Flash egg
- Smart
- Female sheep

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55

ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

WELL, THAT'S FINE, THEN—IF YOU ALSO HAVE A THEORY ON GRAVITATION, 'THE PUFFLE THEORY,' MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN IT TO ME.

UH, AH, AS I SAID, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE THEORY OF GRAVITATION FOR 20 YEARS, BUT I'VE NEVER SPOKEN ABOUT IT TO THE CACKLING GEESE AROUND HERE, BECAUSE IT'S TOO PROFOUND AND Ponderous A SUBJECT FOR PUTTY HEADS TO UNDERSTAND.

A W. CAMON, JUDGE, SIMPLY IT FOR US.

enjoy this lively long-lasting flavor

WRIGHT'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

HEALTHFUL-REFRESHING-DELICIOUS