

Gunfighter's Return

By LESLIE ERNENWEIN
(AP Newswriters)

CHAPTER 4

Following her through the doorway, he wondered at her gravity. She had never been overly generous with her smiles, but he had expected one tonight. A man should rate that much welcome after being gone two years.

Eve turned and closed the door behind him and said, "You couldn't have brought worse news."

"What's so bad about it?" she asked, wholly puzzled.

Eve shrugged and said, "I'll explain it while you eat."

Then, as he took off his hat, she demanded, "Is that blood on your forehead?"

Rimbaud nodded and grinned at her, his eyes frankly appraising. She was, he decided, even lovelier than she had been two years ago. Her hair, richly russet and drawn back to a braided bun at the nape of her neck, framed an oval face with high cheek bones. Her eyes, he saw now, were some warm shade between blue and gray, like campfire smoke. There was an expression like a smile in them now. Not a smile, exactly, for it didn't alter the composed fullness of her lips; more like a lingering reflection of something that had made her smile a long time ago. Something in the way she peered at him, as if a man's face were a printed page to be read and understood, prompted Rimbaud to bow, showing more graciousness at this moment than he had expressed in all the months he'd been away.

"Sweet Stuff," he said, using the nickname he'd given her in retaliation for being called "Fiddlefoot."

Eve smiled at that, a slow, reluctant smile that curved her lips. But she said censoriously, "You look awful, Jim. Purely awful."

"Worse than when I was here before?" Rimbaud asked with mock concern.

She nodded. "And ten years older."

Lippy Smith looked in from the kitchen, his bald head shining in the lamplight. "That ain't another customer, is it?" he asked complainingly.

"No," Eve said. "Just a shiftless saddle tramp looking for a handout."

"Then I'll go," the old man said, and tromped back across the kitchen, his leg peg creaking at each step. When he went out the back door, Eve said, "Poor Lippy. He works all week to support a Saturday-night spree, and can scarcely wait to get it started."

Presently, as Rimbaud washed at the sink, she asked, "What brings you back to Junction, Fiddlefoot?"

"A woman," Rimbaud said, accomplishing a sly and secretive tone.

That seemed to startle Eve. Her eyes widened and for a moment she just stood there like a startled school girl. Looking at her now, Rimbaud had the profound conviction that she hadn't changed.

and would not, where men were concerned. There wasn't a spry hair in her head, and oddly enough, he was glad that this was so.

"Do I know her?" Eve asked plainly skeptical.

Rimbaud nodded. "She's just about your size and shape," he confessed, reaching for the clean towel Eve handed him. "I came back to tell her the man had reformed."

"What man?"

"Fiddlefoot."

"Reformed? How?" Eve asked, plainly skeptical.

"He's had his fill of fighting," Rimbaud said solemnly. "And of drifting, also. It took a little time for him to figure out there was nothing in it, but he finally got it. He learned it real good. You'd be surprised how he's changed. Sweet Stuff, it's downright astonishing. As if there were some warm perfume the scent of her hair making a hunger in him. A hunger that had nothing to do with food. Prompted by an urge he couldn't resist. Rimbaud reached out and took her in his arms and said gently, "Sweet Stuff."

"No, Jim!" she exclaimed. "One kiss to welcome me back," Rimbaud urged to her feet. She used her strength against him and commanded, "Let me go!"

Instead Rimbaud kissed her. As if there were some potent magic in the kissing, she ceased struggling at once. For a moment she was inert, neither rejecting his lips nor responding; her mouth loose, placid and moist and sweet-flavored. Then she kissed him with a passionate pressing eagerness that astonished Jim Rimbaud and hugely pleased him.

It was like a wave, that kiss—a high-cresting wave warmly flowing over him and through him, possessing him completely. A wave that broke abruptly as she pulled her mouth away exclaiming, "Don't, Jim—please don't!"

And at this moment, as he reluctantly released her, there was a knock at the front door.

Rimbaud watched Eve go into the dining room, her slim fingers hastily tucking up a lock of tumbled hair. He marveled at the monstrous difference one kiss could make. Five minutes ago Eve Odegarde had been a girl he had known briefly and admired. Now she was the woman he wanted to marry; the only woman he had ever wanted for a wife. By God, she had everything. Everything a man could want in a woman.

(To Be Continued)

WATER FIGHT DECIDED

Portland (U.P.)—Federal Judge James Alger Fee has handed down an opinion that farmers in the Yakima valley of Washington are entitled to the use of Ahtanum creek water, eliminating 20 years of litigation over the water rights.

Carol Curtis Pattern

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2828
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RADIO PROGRAMS											
WEDNESDAY—P. M.											
KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KGAE	KOCO	KGW	KOIN	KEX	KSLM	KGAE	KOCO
6:00-6:15	6:15-6:30	6:30-6:45	6:45-7:00	7:00-7:15	7:15-7:30	7:30-7:45	7:45-8:00	8:00-8:15	8:15-8:30	8:30-8:45	8:45-9:00
News	News	Paul Harvey	Top Traders	Spider	De Vol	News	News	Paul Harvey	Top Traders	Spider	De Vol
19:15-19:30	19:30-19:45	19:45-20:00	20:00-20:15	20:15-20:30	20:30-20:45	20:45-21:00	21:00-21:15	21:15-21:30	21:30-21:45	21:45-22:00	22:00-22:15
19:15-19:30	19:30-19:45	19:45-20:00	20:00-20:15	20:15-20:30	20:30-20:45	20:45-21:00	21:00-21:15	21:15-21:30	21:30-21:45	21:45-22:00	22:00-22:15
19:15-19:30	19:30-19:45	19:45-20:00	20:00-20:15	20:15-20:30	20:30-20:45	20:45-21:00	21:00-21:15	21:15-21:30	21:30-21:45	21:45-22:00	22:00-22:15

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Music Time	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News	News

DIAL LISTING KOAC, 550

KOAC Wednesday p. m. — 2:00, Oregonian; 4:00, Oregonian; 8:00, Oregonian; 11:00, School of Air; 12:15, Concert Hall; 12:30, News; 12:45, News; 1:00, News; 1:15, News; 1:30, News; 1:45, News; 2:00, News; 2:15, News; 2:30, News; 2:45, News; 3:00, News; 3:15, News; 3:30, News; 3:45, News; 4:00, News; 4:15, News; 4:30, News; 4:45, News; 5:00, News; 5:15, News; 5:30, News; 5:45, News; 6:00, News; 6:15, News; 6:30, News; 6:45, News; 7:00, News; 7:15, News; 7:30, News; 7:45, News; 8:00, News; 8:15, News; 8:30, News; 8:45, News; 9:00, News; 9:15, News; 9:30, News; 9:45, News; 10:00, News; 10:15, News; 10:30, News; 10:45, News; 11:00, News; 11:15, News; 11:30, News; 11:45, News.

North Howell

North Howell PTA met Friday, March 13, at 8 p.m. at the school.

A program was presented by the Red Cross.

Joe White was asked by Mr. Parcher of the Red Cross to be chairman of the Red Cross Cross drive in North Howell. Mr. White appointed Art Impcovon, Harold Dunn, Ronald Stevens, Mrs. Vernal Pickens, and Conrad Gunderson to canvass the neighborhood.

Officers were elected for 1953-54 school year. President, Harold Bartsch; vice-president, Mrs. Vernal Pickens; secretary, Mrs. Harold Dunn; treasurer, Marinus Schaa, incumbent.

Miss Patricia Wagner did a dance which was followed by refreshments, served by Mrs. Harold Bartsch, Mrs. Carl Westergaard, Mrs. Harold Dunn and Mrs. Joe White.

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- Ascend
- Strikes with the palm
- Stately
- Of the back-
- Winding around
- Ripe
- Long fish
- Kind of silk
- Offer to buy
- Symbol for tellurium
- Tagged
- White
- Male deer
- Light carriage
- Overdo
- Commenced
- Girdle
- Symbol for lead
- Thorough-fares
- Babylonian deity
- Topaz hummingbird
- Superlative ending
- Bulgarian coin
- Capital of Saskatchewan
- Canada
- Bring into being
- Exchanged
- One having care of cattle
- Husks of threshed grain
- Sluggish
- Item of property

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

2. East Indian coins
3. Pacific Island tree
4. East Indian weight
5. Age
6. Mineral spring
7. Kindled
8. Biblical character
9. Social outcast
10. Vehicles for snow travel
12. Bubble
13. Twinning plant
18. Moves back
21. Bathes
22. Representa-
23. Choose by vote
24. Ventures
27. Summit
29. Godly persons; abbey
31. Pertuse again
32. Turn to present front to view
34. Seesaw
35. Pieces
37. Engrave with acid
39. Ward off
41. Culture medium
43. Place cargo on a vessel
45. Mountain in Crete
46. Novel
48. Brazilian money
49. Sea eagle

ROOM & BOARD By Ahren

SAY, PINKY. I WANT YOU TO TEST THE SMELL OF THIS... OH, BOTHER... NOT IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS KITCHEN, HEAVY WITH THE SMELL OF HAM AND CABBAGE... YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO APPRECIATE THE WONDERFUL FRAGRANCE OF THIS PERFUME I CREATED!

I WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD AS YOUR PERFUME TESTER, ANYHOW... AFTER BEING A FRY COOK FOR 27 YEARS, EVERYTHING IN A FLOWER SHOW WOULD SMELL LIKE PANCAKES AND PORK CHOPS TO ME!

PINKY'S NOSE IS FRYING-PAN-IZED