

# CEDAR SWAMP

by Michael J. Phillips

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee  
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**THE LEADING CHARACTERS**

Edison Forbes, a young resident of Scottsdale with an inherent craving for liquor, is held for the death of a woman who has been killed by a bootlegging truck. Circumstantial evidence points to Forbes and rather than tell the truth of the episode which would clear him but cast another friend in a bad light, he stands trial and is sentenced to a long term in prison. The governor of the state, an old friend of Eddie's father, believes him innocent and pardons him shortly after his arrival at the jail.

Scotts Libbey, a worthless character, who has smashed his machine into another car, killing its lone occupant, a woman. Forbes' companion and Libbey quit the scene hurriedly, leaving the former alone to face a constable who reasons that Eddie with the scent of whiskey about him must be connected in some way with the accident. Accordingly, Forbes is arrested.

Patsy Jane, Eddie's pretty wife, agrees that public sentiment runs too high against him. Accordingly they migrate up north to some land that has been in the family for years. Settled in their log cabin.

Isiah Sealman, a shifty neighbor who is anxious to buy their land. Eddie learns that the back taxes amount to over eight hundred dollars but as he has five months to pay, he decides to refuse Sealman's offer of \$1200 and try and get final title to his property—Sealman's offer having led him to think is very valuable. But things do not go well. Eddie drinks heavily from some bootlegger's potions, is forgiven by Patsy, but soon after falls in with the same gang, gets drunk, and wakes up in a freight car in Chicago—many miles away. Stricken with remorse he returns to his cabin but finds his wife has left and in her place a ruffian, who orders him out. A fight ensues in which Eddie finally knocks his opponent stone cold.

After ejecting the intruder finding that he seems to be in league with Sealman, Eddie goes to Long Portage and sees Patsy, who is working for Kinnane, a lawyer. She announces that she will not join him until he definitely quits drinking. Determining to comply, he finds a job with Davenant, a rancher, and for several weeks abstains from the bottle that cheers. But one Sunday, Eddie walks on the lake trail and encounters a series of truck smugglers. Among them he recognizes his "friends" who shanghaied him to Chicago—notwithstanding, Forbes hails them in greeting.

He drove steadily eastward, holding the appetite at bay by physical exertion. Not for a moment did he forget it, like a tiger it lay in wait, ready to spring. The gurgle-gurgle against his side was its hunting-cry.

He had started on a faint trail, but this had long since disappeared. The silence was profound, except for the subdued twitter of birds and his own faint footsteps. A crash in the undergrowth ahead startled him. A magnificent buck crossed a little clearing and bomed like an airplane over the top of a fallen tree. Two does followed, taking the same prodigious leap in graceful fashion.

There was no breath of air stirring. He wiped the sweat from his face with his sleeve. At a rivulet which was one of the headwater streams of Portage creek he stopped to drink deeply. The cold water was gratefully refreshing. He plunged straight bearing a little to the south.

Somehow he did not dare sit down to rest. He was afraid of the bottle. If he could only keep going he had a chance to win. A blister formed on his right heel and his shoe rasped painfully at every step. His clothing was quite wet. An unnoted blackberry briar had drawn itself across his face leaving a red trail that smarted and stung.

Neon came and passed. He was walling automatically now, obsessed with one idea only—to keep going on and on and on. The earth became soggy. His feet stumbled on slippery, regularly recurring humps, and he stopped.

The underbrush has become very thick and high. He was following a green tunnel through it. The bumps under foot were the remains of a corduroy road, built to facilitate the taking out of logs years ago. He followed the road. Within a little time it ended on the edge of a cedar swamp.

A devil's cradle was ahead of him. Dad cedars with white trunks and short, spiky branches lay, stood and leaped in the stagnant black water.

In places the trunks were five deep in inextricable tangles. Here and there was long and brilliant-green grass, but he knew there was no solid footing where such tufts grew. It was a cunning trap to snare the trusting. A foot upon such a tuft meant instant descent into sucking black ooze. Crows cawed dimly on some of the trees which still stood upright.

**CHAPTER XVI.  
A Victory**

It was impossible to determine the area of the swamp. The stiff and hostile trunks melted away against a line of blue hills on the horizon. Not far ahead, though, there was an oasis, an island which rose a few feet above the black water and was crowded with vigorous trees. It was perhaps an acre in extent. There was a breeze over there, the trees swayed.

"This seems to be a sort of—well, a symbol," he thought. "It's infernally hard going. It's dangerous. I don't know how far across. It would be easier to sidestep it, to go around. But it's in my path. It blocks the way I'm going. Why should I let a cedar swamp buffalo me? I wonder if this booze question wouldn't have been easier if I'd fought it in the past instead of sidestepping? Of course there isn't any answer for that. But I know I couldn't think so much of myself hereafter if I ducked this. So here goes."

Before many yards had been covered he regretted his decision to cross the swamp. It seemed useless and foolhardy to battle this grim and treacherous area. The labor was appalling. He crawled on hands and knees along the slanting logs, their spikes bruising him and tearing the skin.

Sometimes he slipped on the trunks which had gathered moss that made them as smooth as ice. Then he barely escaped dropping into wells of black water, paved far below with muck in solution. He knew the mixture had the clinging power of quicksand. The sun beat down viciously.

At last he won the oasis and flung himself down to rest in the shade of a good sized tree. His chest heaved. He closed his eyes and fought the vivid outline of an action which his appetite painted over and over on his brain.

In this action he saw himself withdrawing the bottle from his shirt, removing the cork and tilting his head so that the fiery liquid might run down his throat. He could sniff the beguiling bequest of the raw liquor and feel the flipped nerves tingle to the ends of his fingers and toes. The counterfeit sensations caused him fairly to shudder with a longing to make them authentic.

He raised himself on his elbow to look out over the waste which intervened between the island and the further shore. It was not so distant as it had seemed, but it was greater than the first lap. He shook his head. "No booze until that's behind me. Too dangerous. I need everything I have to make it."

He took up the journey again. Now progress was slower. He was tired. The tangle seemed worse, the water deeper and blacker. Once he slipped and was immersed hip deep in the tepid water. He hastily crawled back to the grudging surface of a slender stick.

As he crawled one wide pool on a cedar whose far end was insecurely anchored, so that the trunk rocked with his weight, the bottle slipped from his shirt and plopped into the water. He straddled the log to consider.

It was getting late. The shadows were long over this fiend's playground. But he could not leave without the bottle. His nerves were searching with renewed insistence. Appetite beat upon him. He had to have that liquor. Yet he knew that the clamor was fictitious, and that there was a deeper reason of repossessing himself of the flask. If he went on without it, he was cravenly avoiding the possible knockout. It would be a drawn battle which he would have to fight again. The whiskey might be the bludgeon of defeat, but it might also be the symbol of victory. He might lose to it, but he could never win by running away from it.

He removed his canvas leggings, his shoes and socks, as he perched perilously on the uneasy trunk. He let himself down into the pool. His toes encountered the muck. His arms were extended their full length before his toes encountered the bottle in the sooty depths. It was a task requiring muscular strain and dexterity, to grip

the bottle between his feet and bring it surfaceward.

A new difficulty presented itself. He could not climb back on the log without the aid of his feet. He released a hand to reach downward for the bottle. It eluded him, and sank again. As he lunged for it, the other hand slipped and he went under.

Back at the surface he shuddered with distaste and clung to the log. The dead water and the treacherous molasses like muck filled him with nausea. Yet it had to be braved. He took a full breath and thrust himself under. His arm encountered the muck and was absorbed in it, yet his fingers felt no bottle. His shoulders, the top of his head were in the ooze, yet the desperate fingers closed only on slime. Closing his eyes he rammed downward until the muck was in his nostrils.

It drew him, sucked him insidiously into its grip. Panic that made his eyes pop and his heart race possessed him. But something elemental and fundamental would not permit him to withdraw. Both arms worked in a wide circle. His lungs cried for air. His eardrums cracked. He was undergoing all the agonies of drowning. At last! A fingertip touched it. He worked lower, grasped the bottle firmly, and splashed frantically upward. The mud clung to him, it was reluctant to let him go. But a submerged log aided him with a firm footing. He heaved waist high above the surface, now as opaque as a puddle of ink.

He breathed deeply and thankfully. While he dangled with one hand he inserted the bottle into one of his shoes, which were tied together and swung across the log. His reserve of strength was all but drained before he was on the uneasy log again, his shoes on his feet, the bottle buttoned within his shirt.

Sunset was at hand before he won the shore, to find another corduroy road opening out conveniently in front of him. And he was trembling with weakness. The bottle was at his lips.

Patsy Jane's face came up before him, her eyes swimming in tears as she raised them to him in Lawyer Kinnane's office. There was that fond tremulous smile of her lips. Somehow the wonder of her, the priceless boon of her love, came to him as it never had before. She was the most precious thing in the world.

He jammed the cork home again, the liquor untasted, and thrust the bottle back into his wet shirt. He strode buoyantly away, laughing with joy and relief. The enemy was defeated.

Though not entirely routed. There were other waves of clamor, though their strength was noticeable less. The craving died down as darkness thickened. The liquor became unimportant until he no longer thought of it.

It was late when he struck a road leading in the direction of the ranch. It was nearly midnight when he trudged wearily into the log bunkhouse which he shared with the other hands. He could hear their snores through the thin board partitions. He lighted his oil lamp, and stood for a time surveying the liquor. With a little shake he addressed it.

"Oldtimer, you did your best. But it wasn't good enough. You're licked, and licked for keeps. And if you don't believe it, I'm going to make you prisoner, sort of keep you around, to prove it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**FORMER U. O. STUDENTS  
TEACH IN SPRINGFIELD**

University of Oregon, Eugene, Sept. 29.—Two former students of the University of Oregon have been selected as instructors in the Springfield high school. It is announced by officials of the appointment bureau. They are Grace E. Potter of Eugene and Bertha O. Bodine of Newport.

Miss Potter, who will teach music at Springfield, displayed marked ability in this field while in the University. She won the distinction of election to Mu Phi Epsilon during her sophomore year and was also a member of Orchestria, honorary dancing fraternity. She received her practice teaching training in the Eugene public schools.

Miss Bodine, who will be an instructor in typing and bookkeeping received her practice teaching training while at the University of Eugene Bible University. During the summers she gained considerable experience having worked at the Western

State Bank one summer and at the Bank of Newport during two summer vacations. While attending Albany college she worked part time at the Albany State bank. She won the distinction of election to Alpha Lambda, honorary literary society and was a holder of an American Red Cross Life Saving certificate.

**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON  
EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE**

Under and virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon and County of Lane on September 27th, 1927, in a suit wherein Commercial State Bank of Springfield, as plaintiff, recovered a judgment against Grant J. Cowling in the sum of \$250.00 and interest thereon at the rate of 8% per annum from September 22, 1926 until paid; the further sum of \$35.00 attorney fees; the further sum of \$303.35 and the sum of \$24.32 costs of said suit, and a decree of foreclosure against the said defendant, which said decree was entered and docketed in the office of the County Clerk of said County on September 27th, 1927, and an execution issued thereon by the Clerk of said Court on September 27th, 1927, I am commanded to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

Beginning at the Northwest corner of the following described tract in Creswell, Lane County, Oregon, to-wit: Beginning at a point 14 chains East of the Southeast corner of Lot Nine (9) in Section Fourteen (14) Township Nineteen (19) South, Range Three (3) West of the Willamette Meridian, Oregon, and running thence West 21.18 chains to the middle of the said County Road, thence following along the said County Road North 7 1/2 degrees East 11.35 chains, thence East 14.81 chains, thence South 23 1/2 degrees East 12.28 chains to the place of beginning. For a beginning point the tract hereby intended to be conveyed, thence East 212 feet, thence South 420 feet, thence West 271 feet to the center of said County Road, thence Northerly along the center of said County Road 425 feet, more or less, to the place of beginning.

Notice is hereby given that on Saturday, the 29th day of October, 1927, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Lane County Courthouse in Eugene, Oregon, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell at public auction, the above described real property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's judgment with interest thereon and costs to the highest and best bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States, said sale being subject to redemption as by law provided.

FRANK E. TAYLOR, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.  
S 29: O 6-13-20-27:

**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON  
EXECUTION IN FORECLOSURE**

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale in foreclosure issued out of the Circuit Court of Lane County, Oregon, on the 21st day of September, 1927, in a suit wherein The Pacific Savings & Loan Association, a Washington corporation, plaintiffs, recovered judgment against the defendants Emma C. Opie, Harry J. Opie, E. D. Lombard and Catherine Lombard for the sum of \$1682.37 and interest thereon at the rate of 10% per annum from March 15, 1927 until paid, and for the further sum of \$10.00 together with interest thereon at the rate of 10% per annum from July 26, 1927, and for the further sum of \$200.00 as Attorneys fees, together with costs of said suit in the sum of \$16.50, which judgment was en-

rolled and docketed in the office of the County Clerk of said County on the 20th day of September, 1927, and said execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, in order to satisfy said judgment, interest, attorneys fees, costs of suit and accruing costs, to sell the following described real property, to-wit:

The west fifty-three (53) feet of Lot Six (6) in Block Seven (7) of Fairmount, an addition to the City of Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.

Now therefore in the name of the State of Oregon, in compliance with said execution and order of sale and in order to satisfy said judgment, interest, attorneys fees, costs of suit and accruing costs, I will on Saturday the 22nd day of October, 1927, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Southwest front door of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at public auction, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of the defendants Emma C. Opie and Harry J. Opie, her husband, E. D. Lombard and Catherine Lombard, his wife, Walters-Bushong Lumber Company, a corporation, and L. M. Travis, Inc., a corporation, and all persons claiming by, through or under them in any or either of them in and to said premises.

FRANK E. TAYLOR, Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.  
S 22-29: O 6-13-20:

**REFeree's SALE  
OF REAL PROPERTY**

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance to an order and decree of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, made and entered in the Cause wherein Laura Walker was plaintiff and Harold Steinhauer, Sr., Harold Steinhauer, Jr., Nelson J. Brooks, Elizabeth Brooks, Alfred Walker, Malcolm Walker, Grace Walker, Mildred Walker and Donald Walker were defendants at a regular term of said Court on the 20th day of September, 1927, appointing the undersigned, R. R. Wells, Referee with an order to sell the following described real property belonging to the plaintiff and defendants in fee simple and as tenants in common, situated in Lane County, Oregon, to-wit:

Beginning at the northeast corner of section 14, in township 18 south range 3 west of the Willamette Meridian in

Lane County, Oregon, and run thence south 13 chains more or less, to the middle of Berkshire slough, thence southwesterly along the middle of said slough 6.50 chains more or less, to a point 4.916 chains north of the north line of the Washington L. Riggs donation land claim No. 49, thence south 89° 23' west parallel to the north line of said claim No. 49, 41.66 chains to the east line of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company's right of way, thence northwesterly along the east line of said right of way to the west line of lot three of section 14, said township and range, thence north on west line of said lot to a point 136 feet south of the northwest corner thereof, thence east 606 feet, thence north 136 feet to the north line of said section 14, thence east on section line to the place of beginning, all being in Lane County, State of Oregon.

I will sell the said land in one body, or in lots or parcels of land to suit purchasers, in the way to obtain the best price at public auction, at the Southwest front door of the Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, on Saturday, the 22nd day of October 1927, between the hours of nine o'clock A. M. and four o'clock P. M. of said day, to-wit, at one o'clock P. M. Terms cash in hand.  
R. R. WELLS, Referee.  
S 22-29: O 6-13-20:

Home From Hospital — Melba Masters has returned to her home here from the Pacific Christian Hospital, where she underwent an operation recently.

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