away. Oliver opened the gate and walked out with his hand on the little man's shoulder.

You'll be all right now," he

said. The man went back to his tree where Dolf was waiting.

"Who is he?" I asked Oliver. "They call him Old Swoby. He's Slovene refugee."

"Only when an airplane comes over. He saw his wife and two children gunned to death by a playful aviator. Who wouldn't be

Juddy's help.

Angel kept on trying. It got him nowhere. She was off men. Definitely. After several scoreless innings he threatened to get sore. He said he guessed there were other gals within reach. Who ever chose Juddy Queen of the May, anyhow? That line.

Well, the idea he'd planted earlier had been flickering and now it blazed up and illuminated the old brain like a candle in a pumpkin.

"Crazy?"

Juddy's help.

## DOLF AND SWOBY-PALS

CHAPTER IV

"VOU mean it right, I guess," I said to Juddy's offer to help, "But-well, kind hearts are more coronets and all that, but they don't make a cook out of a society deb."

"It would give me something to do," she said, half to herself.

"O. K.," I said. "I guess I can use you, Juddy."

She stared at me. "What made you call me that?"

"I don't know," I said, and I didn't. "When do I start?"

"Right now if you can snitch a couple of perch out of the river before lunchtime."

It was more to see Juddy, I expect, than to pay his little bill that fetched Angel back next

"What's this niece stuff, Mom?"
"A stall," I told him. "Protection. Keep off the grass. Use no hooks. Beware the dog."

He shook his head. "That gal don't need any barbed wire fenc-ing, Say, Mom, what's the matter with her, anyway? I tackled her again about the Rogues' Dance, Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Did she act like there was?"
"She didn't act like anything in
the girl line that I ever war up

the girl line that I ever war up against."
"Don't let it throw you, Big Boy. It isn't personal. She's off the world, that's all."
"Well, it just isn't natural," he complained. "What are we going to do to get her back into circulation?"
"That's your problem," I told him. But he'd put an idea into my head, just the same.
The sounds of spade working inside the stockade caught his ear. "That must be that louse, Oliver, digging his Indians," he said.
"Where do you get that louse stuff?"

He grinned. "He'd like to give

me the heave-O out of school."

"What for? Don't he appreciate
your giant intellect?"

"He's sore because he thinks I "He's sore because he thinks I elected his course for a snap."

"Did you?"

"Sure I did. It always was a snap till he came. Now it's a grind. I'd like to go over and crown him."

He listened again and his face got thoughtful. "Maybe it isn't Indians he's digging for at that."

"What else would it be?"

"I told you there was a gold strike back in the hills."

"This isn't the hills, by 50 good smiles."

"No. But there might be a wash down the river. I'll bet that's it. I'll bet those dead Wasaws or Coosaws or Seesaws or whatever they were are only a cover. I wouldn't put it past Oliver. He's smart, that guy. But he isn't hu-man."

HE hit the road and I went back It to my duty by my traveling pal. Up to now I had been keep-ing Dolf under cover, because I'd learned to go slow about springing him on the public. Folks have silly prejudices against skunks. There's no more peaceable animal in creation. Like all his kind, Dolf is dignified, maybe a little standoffish, but he is always the gentle-man unless somebody starts push-ing him around.

ing him around.

Nobody was in sight, so I slipped the leash and Dolf went out for, a looksee. First he walked all around the grubwagon to make sure that everything was jake, then he jogged over and sniffed at Loren Oliver's footprints and the stockade door, and finally he loped across and disappeared down the steep little cliff that dropped to the river bed.

A big old tree trunk stuck out

A big old tree trunk stuck out into the stream, and a funny, squatty little man in a queer jacket and an outlandish red cap jacket and an outlandish red cap was fishing from it and talking pleasant and friendly to my pal who sat on the shore watching him. Only I couldn't understand the language he talked in, and I doubt if Dolf could. Pretty soon Redcap caught a small chub, took it off the hook, carried it in and offered it to Dolf. Dolf understood that all right He sat on ollered it to Dolf. Dolf under-stood that, all right. He sat on his hind legs and ate the fish and waved his paw for thank you like I taught him.

"Well I'll be a thissenthat!" I

said. Something told me it was the beginning of a beautiful

the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The little man got up and made a jerky, foreign bow. I opened him up with some questions and he told me, in his slow, broken way, that he fished there days when he couldn't find any odd jobs to do, which was most days, and he hoped he wasn't going to be in my way. While we were getting acquainted, there was a

heavy buzzing sound, far off and

heavy buzzing sound, far off and far up.
Well, it was nothing but the north-bound mail plane. But the little foreigner threw his hands in the air, and up the bank he went. He made a run for the stockade and swarmed right up over those high pailings like a squirrel and fell into the enclosure. When I got there I could hear him moaning and crying with fear, and Oliver talking to him, kind and quiet.

"Listen, big boy," I said. "Whatever it is that happened to Juddy
has made her man-shy. My theory is"—I'd caught that turn of
speech from her—"that if somebody took her by the neck and
heaved her into the social whirl
she'd swim rather than sink. Why
aren't you the guy?"

"I don't get it, Mom."

"The Rogues' dance. Simple."

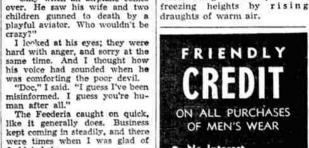
"I've asked her four times. No
dice. What more can I do?"

"Take her in a bag." The noise of the plane died

dice. What more can ... "Take her in a bag."

"Huh?"
"For Pete's sake! Kidnap her, sou hig boob!"
"Gee!" Angel said.
(To Be Continued)

Hail is formed by droplets of water being carried upward to



No Interest

· No Carrying Charge No Red Tape

OREGON **WOOLEN STORE** 8TH AND MAIN

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: An American Indian Chief of the Ottawa tribe.

NEXT: Batty bats!

## POPULAR SPORT

HORIZONTAL	Answer to P	revious Purrle	17 Amuses.
1 Pictured 19 sport.		ERA_ISLE	god of
6 It is part of the sport	TIOMAD	ARNISHES ROMMOAT	
10 Kind of horse (pl.).	CAROLEN	TENETS OR L	account.
12 One of a party (suffix).	DIDO		26 Symbol for calcium.
13 Maorian supernatural beings.	SUBLINES ENERGET NINE SE	ICIN	27 Hawaiian food 28 Side of the ditch next
14 Flat plate of metal.		KYO ATOM	
16 One who puts in pans.	34 Beasts. 38 Head	1 Draperies.	32 Queerest. 33 Enchantment

puts in pans, 38 Head 18 Small fruit covering covering.
40 Type of wolf.
42 Disposed in
a zigzag line.

pie. 19 Condition of strain. 21 Therefore. 22 Ream (abbr.) 44 Beverage. plants (pl.) 47 Device for 23 Male parent. 24 Betel palm. 27 Chooses, holding work. 28 Editor (abbr.) 48 Softens in

AND THE PARTY OF

29 Age. temper. 30 Dawn (comb. 50 Religious groups. 51 Long outer form). 31 Cry of surprise. 33 Perch. garment (pl.). 15 Minute

7 King's council 8 Roman highway. 9 Family of herbs and 11 Indian

2 Particle.

(abbr.).

3 Brag. 5 Nova Scotia

shrubs (bot). 43 Italian Toyal mulberry. 14 Pairs (abbr.). particle.

aweather. 41 Skills. family. 46 Print measure 49 East Indian (abbr.) 50 Street (abbr.).

34 Spring up.

35 Mistress (abbr.). 36 Metal bar

used for pry-

ing purposes

37 Cur into parts

39 Opposite of



## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams

## I'M NOT BEING DEFIANT, BUT YOU ALMOST JUMP DOWN MY THROAT FOR THE WHEN A GIRL HER LEGS WITH THINGS HE JUST GETS A TIRED LOOK FOR! WHY, I'LL BET RIGHT NOW HE'S IN HER STOCKINGS AND SUCH THINGS. GOT A FOOT OF HIS STOCKINGS THAT SHOWS WHAT LAPPED\_OVER- HIS TOES TO KEEP KIND OF A HOUSEKEEPER HOLES FROM SHOWING ABOVE SHE'S GOING HIS SHOES! TO BE! J.R.WILLIAMS T. M. ASC II S. PAT OFF. BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

RED RYDER





OUR BOARDING HOUSE, with Major Hoople

MARTHA, T GOT A LITTLE

SUPPRISE ... DON'T LOOK LIKE THAT! ... LAS' NIGHT

I BRUNG A FIGHTER HOME

--- HE'S GNORIN' ON THAT

GOON'S I CAN GET HIM

A FIGHT, I'LL DUMP A

BUSTED SOFA IN THE ATTIC!

HATFUL O' DOUGH IN YER

PROUD TO SAY YOU FED A CHAMPION!

LAP! W YOU CAN FEEL

THE BEEN FEEDING CHAMPIONS

THEY NEVER MISS A SWING AT

THE TABLE, BUT THEY'RE WILD

ONE CHANCE .... IF YOU

WITH THEIR PUNCHES ON PAY DAY!

I'LL GIVE YOU AND YOUR FIGHTER

FORGET THE CASHIER, BE

PREPARED TO DUCK!



1-17

WARTHA'S

A CHAMP, TOO =

By Harold Gray



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

MINE STUDYING THAT LEAST KNOWN OF ALL MYSTERIES, THE HUMAN MIND -- AND WHAT HAVE! LEARNED? I WONDER --DEGREES -- HONORS - SKILL AT SURGERY GIVEN TO FEW MEN --**加州**市

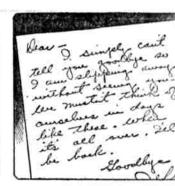


SO -- HE GOES TO SEE POOR KATIE -- AND THE LOOK IN HIS EYES AS HE LEAVES -- THIRTY YEARS SINCE HE WENT AWAY A BOY -- I'M THIRKING NOW A MAIN HAS COME BACK --HMM-TLL BE KEEPING AN EYE ON TH LAD -BUT THIS IS NOT A CASE FOR SURGERY-AT LEAST IVE LEARNED SURGERY-AT LEAST IVE LEARNE WHEN TO SPARE THE KNIFE.-THIRTY YEARS--PREPARING TO GO BEYOND THE PALE-TO TAMPER GAMBLE -- A HUMAN MIND -- HAVE

By Martin









WASH TUBBS



WELL, IM NOT GOING TO ARGUE ABOUT IT, SIGTER. IM GOING UPSTAIRS

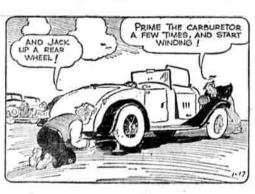




FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS







47



ALLEY OOP



NO ACCIDENT EITHER, BUT TO KILL OR SCARE. OUTA THAT BUSH OVER THERE!



