

SERIAL STORY

BORDER ADVENTURE

BY OREN ARNOLD

COPYRIGHT, 1939,
NEA SERVICE, INC.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
BETTY MARY JORDAN—Pretty young Border Patrol service secretary.
SHERIDAN STARR—Handsome Border Patrol officer.
HOPE KILBARE—Starr's fellow officer, also a bachelor.
LUIS BARRO—Mexican smuggler.

Yesterday: Hope and Sheridan are at odds over Betty. Then they discover that she is missing from her hotel, that there is no sign of her in Juarez.

CHAPTER XXI
 Betty Mary was almost crazed with fear when Luis Barro discovered her as a detective in his home.

She soon perceived, however, that she was in no physical danger at the moment, but she knew she had failed at the largest job she had undertaken. Her failure not only had endangered her life, but had prevented her from tipping off the officers who had been determined to arrest her, and that she finally had precious information for them.

She offered no protest as Barro's two men escorted her to the ranch kitchen. In charge there was a huge cook, naked to his belt, sweating from his labors which included housing his helpers.

"This one is to work here or in the laundry," one of the guards told the cook, in Spanish. "Don Luis says she is to be watched carefully."

"Get her out of my sight!" growled the cook, scarcely seeing her. "Too many I have now. Manana, perhaps."

Betty Mary therefore was taken to a long two-roomed laundry at the rear of the house. Mexican women were at work there. The two men escorted the American girl through the door, spoke a few words to a middle-aged woman and departed. Betty Mary looked around her, wide-eyed; she could feel her chin trembling now, she who never had "nerves."

The middle-aged woman came and stood before her, staring rather rudely but not insolently.

"You are not used to work," the woman declared. "Why has he sent you here? Are you not estranged also?"

"No!" Betty Mary looked pleadingly at her. "No! I am not an alien. I am an American! He—this is a mistake!"

"What?"

"You have men somewhere. Husband, Father, Lover. They will come, naturally. There will be more trouble. Luis is crazy. But—come and pretend to work anyway. It will do you no good to resist. And don't try to run away. You see the guards—there, and there."

She turned then, as if not much interested, and presently Betty Mary walked over near the tub where the woman worked.

"You can help these men. It is not hard," the woman said, almost kindly. "It is hard because you are lady. But it is not hard work as these women know, work."

That was undoubtedly true. Even in her concern for herself Betty Mary felt a quick sympathy for the others there. Even women, little more than slaves, for a master they perhaps didn't even know much less understood.

She was accomplishing nothing just standing there looking fearfully around, as she began working with the clothes, sloshy as the older woman had suggested. At least, it gave her hands something to do. And, inevitably, it calmed her presently, to a point where she could think much more logically.

She had made a perfect mess of things!

She, who had been so confident after a lousy break of two at first, had certainly put her foot into matters this time, she told herself, with considerable truth. It was just like an American girl, to think that every man and every man's affair must evolve around her, to her personal liking. She had thought she had Luis Barro eating out of her hand.

Betty Mary gave herself a genuine if silent sob, fashing, squeezing clothes extra hard in the tub, she balled such thoughts angrily.

"I am being stupid," she told herself then. "It does no good to wall and cry. My eye now is to think a way out of the mess I'm in."

Conceivably, she noted every detail of the building, the tub, the water supply which was a hand-operated well, the ironing boards and flat irons, before measuring wood fire, the damp, sticky smell in the air, the thick shabby walls. There were two doors and eight windows, none barred. But outside she knew were the guards and they doubtless had their orders. It would be unwise to them to capture so pretty a woman. If she should just try to slip away. She would have to outwit them somehow.

But how?

"All right Miss Jordan, how?" she snapped at herself in her thoughts again. "You've been so—so nonchalant about everything; even bawling out two courageous officers who have risked their lives trying to combat Luis Barro. You laughed at them and officials representing them. Now what?"

The Mexican woman interrupted her thoughts.

"The water will ruin your hands after a while," she said. "Do you want to take clothes out and hang to dry? The lines there on the hillside."

"Why—yes, thank you," Betty

Mary smiled at her. The woman was actually being kind. It was a strange improvement, she realized. She might have been subjected to all manner of indignities, even physical punishment and pain. Luis Barro obviously was impressed with his own sense of power, however illegal. Apparently kidnapping an American citizen was nothing to disturb him.

"Do I just—are there clothes—lines?"

"Seguro si. On the lines."

She took two heavy baskets, mainly of sheets and other linens at first. The lines extended 100 feet or more and after 30 minutes of working she saw that they were about full.

When she had started back inside a third time, she paused briefly to survey the landscape. Juarez and La Paz were reasonably distinct in the haze of the distance. Juarez, five miles away, seemed almost isolated so barren was the land around it.

Mount Franklin beyond El Paso, with its white letter M put near the top by the Texas School of Mines, was visible to her. The letter, she knew, was the school's pride, whitewashed twice a year by freshmen, a really huge letter when one was close to it but just barely legible now. Still, if one had field glasses it would be visible for many more miles in the thin western air.

She was thinking about this when she returned for more rinsed clothes. She noticed to that the other women, the regular servants, eyed her with constant interest. She was so unlike them. She tried to smile in comradeship but felt that it wasn't very well done. They were too far apart in background, and anyway she was too distrustful about her own situation now. She, Betty Mary Jordan, trying to play at being a detective just because she had been in the Washington office of a government police force! Well, her act had been all too genuine, the characters all too real. She was in a spot now, and no fooling!

She thoroughly wished she could yell for help from Hope Kilbare and Sheridan Starr. Especially big, handsome Sheridan! Goodness, he would go through anything for her, she just knew! She had felt a growing admiration for the big officer, who was somehow quieter and deeper than his friend Hope.

She sighed. Outside, with another basket of wet clothes, she paused once more to look longingly southward, at the white mountain letter M.

"My goodness—say!" she breathed the exclamation, half aloud. Suddenly an idea, a perfectly brilliant idea! If it would only work, had come to her.

(To be continued)

She turned then, as if not much interested, and presently Betty Mary walked over near the tub where the woman worked.

"You can help these men. It is not hard," the woman said, almost kindly. "It is hard because you are lady. But it is not hard work as these women know, work."

That was undoubtedly true. Even in her concern for herself Betty Mary felt a quick sympathy for the others there. Even women, little more than slaves, for a master they perhaps didn't even know much less understood.

She was accomplishing nothing just standing there looking fearfully around, as she began working with the clothes, sloshy as the older woman had suggested. At least, it gave her hands something to do. And, inevitably, it calmed her presently, to a point where she could think much more logically.

She had made a perfect mess of things!

She, who had been so confident after a lousy break of two at first, had certainly put her foot into matters this time, she told herself, with considerable truth. It was just like an American girl, to think that every man and every man's affair must evolve around her, to her personal liking. She had thought she had Luis Barro eating out of her hand.

Betty Mary gave herself a genuine if silent sob, fashing, squeezing clothes extra hard in the tub, she balled such thoughts angrily.

"I am being stupid," she told herself then. "It does no good to wall and cry. My eye now is to think a way out of the mess I'm in."

Conceivably, she noted every detail of the building, the tub, the water supply which was a hand-operated well, the ironing boards and flat irons, before measuring wood fire, the damp, sticky smell in the air, the thick shabby walls. There were two doors and eight windows, none barred. But outside she knew were the guards and they doubtless had their orders. It would be unwise to them to capture so pretty a woman. If she should just try to slip away. She would have to outwit them somehow.

But how?

"All right Miss Jordan, how?" she snapped at herself in her thoughts again. "You've been so—so nonchalant about everything; even bawling out two courageous officers who have risked their lives trying to combat Luis Barro. You laughed at them and officials representing them. Now what?"

The Mexican woman interrupted her thoughts.

"The water will ruin your hands after a while," she said. "Do you want to take clothes out and hang to dry? The lines there on the hillside."

"Why—yes, thank you," Betty

Mary smiled at her. The woman was actually being kind. It was a strange improvement, she realized. She might have been subjected to all manner of indignities, even physical punishment and pain. Luis Barro obviously was impressed with his own sense of power, however illegal. Apparently kidnapping an American citizen was nothing to disturb him.

"Do I just—are there clothes—lines?"

"Seguro si. On the lines."

She took two heavy baskets, mainly of sheets and other linens at first. The lines extended 100 feet or more and after 30 minutes of working she saw that they were about full.

When she had started back inside a third time, she paused briefly to survey the landscape. Juarez and La Paz were reasonably distinct in the haze of the distance. Juarez, five miles away, seemed almost isolated so barren was the land around it.

Mount Franklin beyond El Paso, with its white letter M put near the top by the Texas School of Mines, was visible to her. The letter, she knew, was the school's pride, whitewashed twice a year by freshmen, a really huge letter when one was close to it but just barely legible now. Still, if one had field glasses it would be visible for many more miles in the thin western air.

She was thinking about this when she returned for more rinsed clothes. She noticed to that the other women, the regular servants, eyed her with constant interest. She was so unlike them. She tried to smile in comradeship but felt that it wasn't very well done. They were too far apart in background, and anyway she was too distrustful about her own situation now. She, Betty Mary Jordan, trying to play at being a detective just because she had been in the Washington office of a government police force! Well, her act had been all too genuine, the characters all too real. She was in a spot now, and no fooling!

She thoroughly wished she could yell for help from Hope Kilbare and Sheridan Starr. Especially big, handsome Sheridan! Goodness, he would go through anything for her, she just knew! She had felt a growing admiration for the big officer, who was somehow quieter and deeper than his friend Hope.

She sighed. Outside, with another basket of wet clothes, she paused once more to look longingly southward, at the white mountain letter M.

"My goodness—say!" she breathed the exclamation, half aloud. Suddenly an idea, a perfectly brilliant idea! If it would only work, had come to her.

(To be continued)

She turned then, as if not much interested, and presently Betty Mary walked over near the tub where the woman worked.

"You can help these men. It is not hard," the woman said, almost kindly. "It is hard because you are lady. But it is not hard work as these women know, work."

That was undoubtedly true. Even in her concern for herself Betty Mary felt a quick sympathy for the others there. Even women, little more than slaves, for a master they perhaps didn't even know much less understood.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

with

Major Hoople



Traveling Laboratory Gains Attention



Sponsored by the Hancock refineries, a travelling laboratory is attracting widespread attention as tests are made to study fuels and lubricants under actual service conditions. Shown above is the complicated instrument panel, which affords a detailed check on every working part of the automobile in actual operation, as Hancock products are tested. The car recently visited Roseburg and was inspected here by local distributors.

The world's most elaborate motor vehicle instrument board is being used for the automobile in which the traveling laboratory is now touring the Pacific northwest.

The Hancock refinery, after three years of testing with standard instruments, has worked out a practical system of devices for use in testing all grades of fuels and lubricants under actual service conditions.

From 17 thermo-electric couplers, placed at strategic points about the engine, readings on the instrument panel are made possible.

Some of these readings are temperature of air and gasoline entering the carburetor on its way to the cylinders; heat of the exhaust gases, taken directly from each individual cylinder, etc.

Exhaust gases can be conducted from each valve to an ingenious device which indicates the relative proportions of gasoline and air in the fuel charge to each cylinder.

Discovery that a mixture of gasoline and air results in a lower temperature at the throat of the intake manifold than the temperature of either the air or gasoline, resulted in the construction of the Lang Beach refinery of a unit for stabilizing all fractions used in compounding Hancock gasoline.

It is claimed that this stabilization results in freedom from "vapor lock" and definitely increases mileage.

Tests conducted in the "loping laboratory" on lubricants also have resulted in changes in lubrication theories and application of these new findings to the Hancock oils.

James Meyers, local agent for the Hancock company, and the local distributors, together with a number of other interested persons, found much interest in an inspection of the laboratory upon its visit here.

ing her parents.

Mrs. Mabel Bender and Miss Dorothy Bender have returned home from visiting at the H. Pontius home in Albany.

Miss Betty Pontius is visiting at the home of Charles Bender.

Miss Iris Haines left Monday for San Francisco where she will see the fair and visit relatives.

Benton Haines, from Portland, is staying at the Franklin Hallus home.

Mrs. Clara Smith, Royal and Loyal Haines, moved to Eugene on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Some of these readings are temperature of air and gasoline entering the carburetor on its way to the cylinders; heat of the exhaust gases, taken directly from each individual cylinder, etc.

Exhaust gases can be conducted from each valve to an ingenious device which indicates the relative proportions of gasoline and air in the fuel charge to each cylinder.

Discovery that a mixture of gasoline and air results in a lower temperature at the throat of the intake manifold than the temperature of either the air or gasoline, resulted in the construction of the Lang Beach refinery of a unit for stabilizing all fractions used in compounding Hancock gasoline.

It is claimed that this stabilization results in freedom from "vapor lock" and definitely increases mileage.

Tests conducted in the "loping laboratory" on lubricants also have resulted in changes in lubrication theories and application of these new findings to the Hancock oils.

James Meyers, local agent for the Hancock company, and the local distributors, together with a number of other interested persons, found much interest in an inspection of the laboratory upon its visit here.

ing her parents.

Mrs. Mabel Bender and Miss Dorothy Bender have returned home from visiting at the H. Pontius home in Albany.

Miss Betty Pontius is visiting at the home of Charles Bender.

Miss Iris Haines left Monday for San Francisco where she will see the fair and visit relatives.

Benton Haines, from Portland, is staying at the Franklin Hallus home.

Mrs. Clara Smith, Royal and Loyal Haines, moved to Eugene on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Some of these readings are temperature of air and gasoline entering the carburetor on its way to the cylinders; heat of the exhaust gases, taken directly from each individual cylinder, etc.

Exhaust gases can be conducted from each valve to an ingenious device which indicates the relative proportions of gasoline and air in the fuel charge to each cylinder.

Discovery that a mixture of gasoline and air results in a lower temperature at the throat of the intake manifold than the temperature of either the air or gasoline, resulted in the construction of the Lang Beach refinery of a unit for stabilizing all fractions used in compounding Hancock gasoline.

It is claimed that this stabilization results in freedom from "vapor lock" and definitely increases mileage.

Tests conducted in the "loping laboratory" on lubricants also have resulted in changes in lubrication theories and application of these new findings to the Hancock oils.

James Meyers, local agent for the Hancock company, and the local distributors, together with a number of other interested persons, found much interest in an inspection of the laboratory upon its visit here.

ing her parents.

Mrs. Mabel Bender and Miss Dorothy Bender have returned home from visiting at the H. Pontius home in Albany.

Miss Betty Pontius is visiting at the home of Charles Bender.

Miss Iris Haines left Monday for San Francisco where she will see the fair and visit relatives.

Benton Haines, from Portland, is staying at the Franklin Hallus home.

Mrs. Clara Smith, Royal and Loyal Haines, moved to Eugene on business Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

ANTI-SEMITISM IN N. Y. TO BE PROBED

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—(AP)—Officials of the house committee investigating un-American activities announced today public hearings would be resumed here August 16.

They declined information as to witnesses and subject matter but members previously had said the committee probably would take testimony on the activities of an anti-Semitic organization in New York.

MELROSE

MELROSE, Aug. 2.—W. M. Pick, all of Salem was a business visitor at Melrose Wednesday. This was his first trip to Melrose. He was very much interested in the prune and nut industry of the Umpqua valley. He has a ten-acre tract set to prunes and filberts near Salem and thinks the orchards of the Melrose vicinity can be compared with the Willamette valley orchards.

Alvin Anderson left the forepart of the week for Coos Junction to spend several days visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Lees, former Melrose residents.

Osca Backlund left the first of the week for Camas Valley where he will be engaged in bucking saw logs for the Joelson sawmill in Roseburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Royce Allen, former Melrose residents, but now residing at San Diego, California, recently visited at the home of John Busenbark, Sr., and left Monday for Salem to visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Fenwick and two children of Vernonia, Oregon, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Becker.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hedberg and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Gunner Hedberg's mother, Mrs. A. S. Anderson, arrived at Melrose Wednesday. They have been residing at Lakeview where the two Mr. Hedbergs have been employed in hauling logs. They both left Wednesday for Eugene where they will be employed in hauling logs.

Fred Hedberg and children went to Sutherlin to visit her mother, Mrs. Selver, while Mrs. Gunner Hedberg and mother are at the Anderson home at Elkton. They will join their husbands later.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Peterson of North Bend, who recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Royce Busenbark, are leaving soon for a visit in the eastern states.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Patrequin and son, Johnnie, and nephew, Dean Ecker, enjoyed a trip Wednesday to Winchester, Bay and returned home the same day, and last week they enjoyed a trip to Diamond Lake.

Carl Backlund and Bernard Sjogren left Monday for Oakland where they are cutting piling poles for F. A. Fenley of Roseburg.

John Price, from Vancouver, Washington, visited a week ago with John Busenbark, Sr. They were boyhood friends in Illinois.

Mrs. Stanley Sjogren returned home Wednesday after caring for Mrs. Milo Howard and infant son, at their home on the Deemer road.

L. C. Anderson, electrician from Roseburg, put the electric wires and electric fixtures in George Summberg's home Thursday, and will finish wiring other homes in the next few days as the electricity will be shot onto the line the first of August, if enough homes are ready to take it.

John Busenbark, Sr., recently left for Los Angeles to visit his two sisters and his granddaughter, Mrs. J. E. Doyle, and will also visit at Oakland, California, with another granddaughter, Mrs. Tommy Parzeler.

Mrs. Phil Hess of Eugene has spent the past week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Olson. She plans to return to Eugene Sunday, where Mr. Hess is employed on the Southern Pacific railroad.

J. N. Sands and his son, David, are building an egg packing and egg storage room on their place.

Chevrolet good pickup in excellent condition—for sale cheap. No cash for down payment needed. See your Chevrolet dealer.—(Adv.)

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Hart and daughters, Joyce and Janet, visited friends and relatives in Elkton Saturday and Sunday.