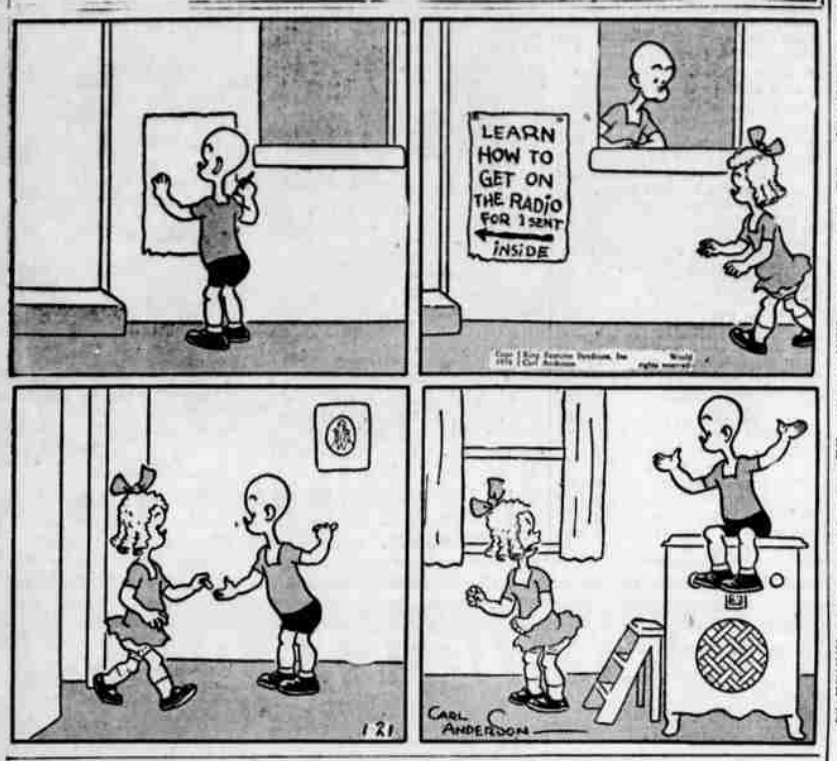
Henry . . . . . By Carl Anderson



Room and Board . . . . . By Gene Ahern

EMPIRE FOR A LADY
BY ALAN LEMAY

SYNOPSIS: A widespread revolt of savage Dyak tribes makes it impossible for my uncle, James Clyde, to run arms to the besieged rajah, his client. A further complication is the presence of the Forresters' yawl, the Avon, in the tropical waters of Balingong bar. Clyde tries to persuade Christine, a young English girl, and her brother, Robert, to leave the danger spot. Christine blankly refuses. She is completing a "plan" of her dead father.

Chapter Five

Lower Away!

"I wish," Clyde said with irritation, "that you would stop gabbling about 'her.' I see no reason to believe that Robert Forrester isn't running this show, just as he pretends."

This was so silly that it needed no reply. I said, "I still don't see their father as a gun-runner. I've read some of his monographs, and there isn't—"

"Of course Anthony Forrester wasn't a gun-runner. Anything so practical would have bounced off his head. But he knew the island of Sumantang—Heavens, he was in people's way around here enough so that he ought to have known it. Now this half-baked boy of his finds himself broke, and with the old man out of the way he thinks he'll make a quick use of what the old man knew. That's all there is to that."

"It still doesn't explain Christine's attitude," I insisted doggedly. "There's something queer about this business; it just doesn't fit together. She ought to be glad to join you, instead of shying off like she does."

"I've cleared up the whole thing in my own mind," my uncle said abruptly. "What makes it look queer is that they don't know their own game. Well, that's their look-out. To hell with them! Rout out your port watch, and get ready to lower away."

"You going back to the Avon?"

"Certainly not! I'm going up that river."

Sooner or later I had known it would come and this was it.

"If Rajah Mantusen is alive," I said, "he's boxed in; because if he wasn't boxed in we'd have heard from him by now. And if he's boxed in so his jungle runners can't get out, then we can't get in."

"How do you know we can't get in?" he shouted at me. "We'll feel our way. If the going gets tough we'll turn around and come back."

There you are. That was Clyde. It seemed to me that in all my life I had never heard a plainer plan of suicide. There would be log booms chained across the Siderong river; some of them would open for us—then close behind. There would be a rain of spears; 100 praus might be ready to close with us hand to hand. But Clyde was going in, and if he couldn't get through he planned to just turn around and come back. Maybe he was coming back.

"Sir," I said, "if we go into the Siderong, I suppose you realize we are not coming out."

He looked at me with a brief quick widening of the eyes. "Mr. Thorne, you will remember your place. I've told you to break out your port watch. Now move!"

Silence, for a minute. Already we were getting accustomed to the everlasting hammer of the distant agongs; so that now what we heard was the little whispering of the sea upon the quiet reef. It seemed to me a beautiful sound, cool and free, and the open sea a homelike and desirable place. Who could want to leave it for the river, with its dark and sticky heat, and its myriad waiting blades to assure that he would never leave that hole again?

I stood up. A bosun's pipe isn't used in a place like the bay of Balingong. Why advertise to a hostile shore that you are about to do something? And besides, everybody is on deck, hunting a breath of air in whatever shade he can find. I hardly raised my voice.

"Port watch. Stand by to lower away."

Sprawled figures began to move. The bosun jumped up with the cricket-like way of motion he had, and went around waking up some who had gone to sleep.

I turned back to my uncle. "What arms, sir?"

"I had the arms stowed in the whaleboat while you were asleep this morning," Clyde answered dryly. "Mind your own duties, and try to keep up to scratch for a change; it'll give you enough to do."

The port watch began to straggle up—half a dozen common seamen as nondescript as any you would want to find. Not one among them that you would have marked, unless for outstanding drunkenness, slouching along any waterfront of the world. To us, though, they were individuals, intimately known, each useful within limits that could be accurately foreseen.

In a sense, that crew was the scrapings of every wharf in the Orient. Yet it had one great distinction—there were no Laskars in it, no Kanakas. Undoubtedly Clyde could have shipped a crew of Malays that would have been cleaner and better men, better seamen. But he doggedly stuck to one principle in his crews—that in a pinch a white man was of peculiar value in those seas.

"Get this tub over," my uncle said, and they moved to free the falls. "Come on and get your clothes on, Paul."

We put on shoes, shirts, and white jackets with plain brass buttons as large as a dollar. It was our standard uniform for dealing with the lesser rajahs, and we never used it for anything else.

As we came on deck, John Blair, the second mate, was standing by the falls. The whaleboat was already in the water. Blair's muddy-skinned face had a permanent grin, weary set to it, as of disgust.

"Any special orders, sir?" he asked.

"There's a first class chance you're about to get your throats cut," my uncle said. "Better drop a round shot across the bow of any war canoe that shows itself by daylight. At dark, draw your round-shot and load with grape."

"Aye, sir."

Clyde slung himself over the side, easy and loose-jointed, and I followed him.

"Smartly, now!" Clyde said. "Let us see you lift her in there as if you knew your business."

The crew bent to it, and the whaleboat began to chock the swing across the water, pointed to the mouth of Siderong.

I was thinking, "He says to hell with her—them. But he can't bring himself to leave her here. This move is in her defense, whether he knows it or not."

Except for Christine Forrester, the Linkang would already have been on the open sea.

(To Be Continued)

'MY—WHAT BIG MUSCLES you have,' say Salvatore Scalese and Ralph Gilot (right), as they examine bulging biceps of Walter Karuzas at New York. Walter gained 50 pounds in 18 months with the CCC. Other boys are CCC enrolees.

Bresslers Are Hosts To Waconda People

Waconda—A group of Waconda people motored to Quinaby to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bressler, where they spent an evening with cards. Four tables of progressive "500" were in play, with high scores awarded to Mrs. Henry C. Stafford and Edwin Becker, second high to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Girod.

Supper was served to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harnsberger, Misses LaVern and Glenerva Harnsberger of Independence, Mr. and Mrs. George Windecker of Quinaby, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Becker, Mr. and Mrs. Allyn Nusom, Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Stafford, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Girod, Shirley Ann and Linda Lee Girod, all of Waconda, Miss Marjory Bressler and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bressler.

Miss LaVerne Harnsberger received the supper prize.

Radio Programs

KGW—620 Kilocycles
Friday P. M.
4:00—Lady of Millions.
4:15—Dick Newton, NBC.
4:30—Oregonian News.
4:45—Easy Aces.
5:00—Piano Surprises.
5:15—Musical Interlude.
5:20—Cocktail Hour.
5:30—Stars of Today.
6:00—The World Goes By.
6:15—Vic Arden Orchestra and Guests.
6:30—Tommy Dorsey and his Orch., NBC
7:00—First Nighter, NBC.
7:30—Jimmy Fidler, NBC.
7:45—Dorothy Thompson, NBC.
8:00—Amos 'n' Andy, NBC.
8:15—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station, NBC.
8:30—True Stories, NBC.
9:00—Circus, NBC.
9:30—Fireside Hour.
10:00—News Flashes, NBC.
10:15—Glenn Shelley, Organist.
10:30—Orchestra, NBC.
10:45—Orchestra, NBC.
11:00—Orchestra, NBC.
11:30—Orchestra to NBC.
To 12—Complete Weather Reports.

KGW—620 Kilocycles
Saturday A. M.
7:00—College Days.
7:30—Hollywood Brevities.
7:45—Oregonian News.
8:00—Radio Column, NBC.
8:15—Fer Rush and Silent Slim, NBC.
8:30—Half Past Eleven, NBC.
8:45—John Brooks, NBC.
9:00—Chasins Music Series, NBC.
9:30—Rex Battle Ensemble, NBC.
10:00—People's Lobby Program, NBC.
10:30—Campus Capers, NBC.
11:00—Stars of Tomorrow.
12:00—Golden Melodies, NBC.
12:30—Oregonian News.
12:45—Bill Kreuz and Orchestra, NBC.
1:00—Gale Page and Charles Sears, NBC
1:30—Kelsey and His Music, NBC.
2:00—Top Hatters, NBC.
2:30—Calling All Stamp Collectors, NBC.
2:45—Orchestra, NBC.
3:00—El Chico Spanish Revue, NBC.
3:30—Press Radio News, NBC.
3:35—Strolling Songsters, NBC.

KEX—1180 Kilocycles
Friday P. M.
4:00—Aviation News.
4:10—Musical Interlude.
4:15—Pair of Pianos, NBC.
4:30—Speed Gibson.
4:45 to 5—Silent to KOIN.
5:00—Land of the Whatsit.
5:15—Lum and Abner, NBC.
5:30—Ches Paree Orchestra, NBC.
5:45—Oregonian News.
6:00—Orchestra, NBC.
6:15—The Night Watchman.
6:30—Sports to Bill Mock.
6:45—Orchestra, NBC.
10:00—Orchestra, NBC.
10:30—Varieties.
10:35—Orchestra, NBC.
11:00—Oregonian News.
11:15—Charles Runyan, Organist, NBC.
11:30—Orchestra.
To 12—Complete Weather and Police Reports.

KEX—1180 Kilocycles
Saturday A. M.
6:30—Musical Clock.
7:00—Family Altar Hour.
7:30—The Child Grows Up, NBC.
7:45—Three Romeros, NBC.
8:00—Maida Severn, NBC.
8:15—Minute Men, NBC.
8:30—Dr. Brock.
9:00—Public Safety Talk.
9:15—Hints to Housewives.
9:22—Bailey Axton, Tenor, NBC.
9:30—National Farm and Home, NBC.
10:20—Oregonian News.
10:54—Oregonian Home Institute.
10:15—Metropolitan Opera, NBC.
1:30—Norman Cloutier & Orch., NBC.
2:00—Rakov's Orchestra, NBC.
3:00—Orchestra, NBC.
3:30—Press Radio News, NBC.
3:35—Orchestra, NBC.

KOIN—940 Kilocycles
Friday P. M.
3:45—Newspaper of the Air.
4:45—Eyes of the World.
5:00—Hammerstein Music Hall, CBS.
5:45—Charlie Chan.
6:00—Hollywood Hotel, CBS.
7:00—The Bonnshop, CBS.
7:45—Linfield College Quartet.
8:00—Scattergood Baines, CBS.
8:15—Around the World with Boake Carter, CBS.
8:30—Paul Whiteman's Orchest., CBS.
9:00—Little Show.
9:15—Sterling Young Orchestra, CBS.
9:30—Leon F. Drews, Organist.
9:45—Oaklie Harmonies.
10:00—Five Star Final.
10:15—What Would You Do? CBS.
10:45—Phil Harris Orchestra, CBS.
11:00—Pasadena Orchestra, CBS.
11:29—Henry King Orchestra, CBS.

KOIN—940 Kilocycles
Saturday A. M.
6:30—KOIN Klock, Ivan, Waller and Frankie.
8:00—News.
8:15—This and That with Art Kirkham.
9:00—Sons of the Pioneers.
9:15—WPA Band.
9:30—Style Chats.
9:45—George Hall Orchestra, CBS.
10:15—Michael Rosece, Songs, CBS.
10:30—Buffalo Presents, CBS.
11:00—Madison Ensemble, CBS.
11:15—Columbia University Faculty, CBS.
11:30—In Town Tonight, CBS.
12:00—Ann Leaf, Organist, CBS.
12:15—KOIN News Service.
12:30—Waltzes of the World, CBS.
1:00—Dictators, CBS.
1:15—Gertrude Lutz and John Sturgeon, Vocalists, CBS.
1:45—Four Clubmen, CBS.
1:55—KOIN News Service.
2:00—Story of Industry, CBS.
2:30—Eddie Duchin Orchestra, CBS.
3:00—Columbia Chorus, CBS.
3:15—Oregon Federation of Music Clubs.
3:30—Ben Feld Orchestra, CBS.

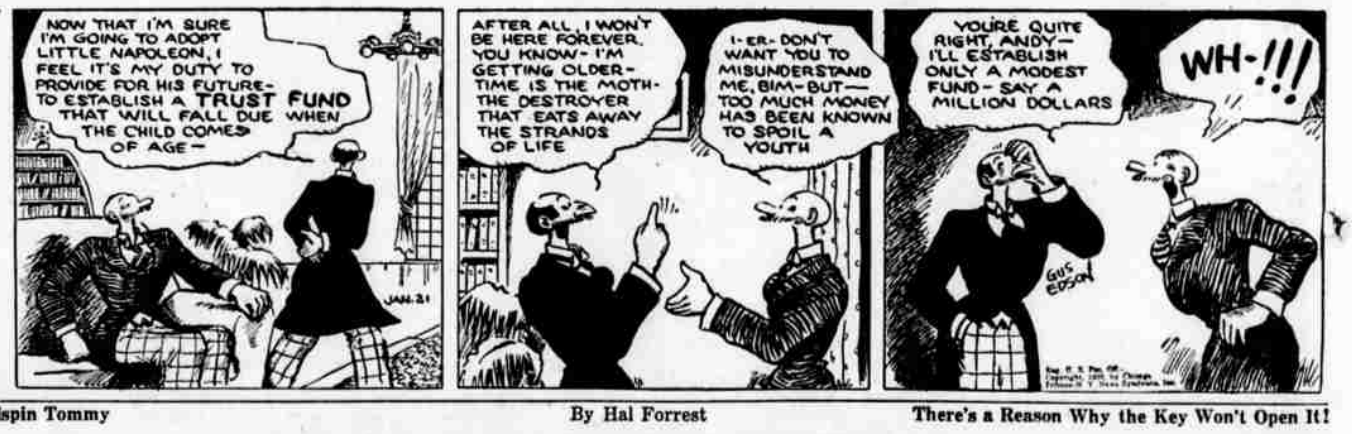
KOAC—550 Kilocycles
Friday P. M.
3:20—Music.
3:45—The Monitor Views the News.
4:00—The Symphonic Half Hour.
4:30—Stories for Boys and Girls.
5:00—On the Campus.
5:30—Music.
5:45—Vespers, College Student Group.
6:00—Music.
6:15—United Press News.
6:30—Farm Hour.
7:30—University of Oregon.
8:00—Music.
8:15—The Business Hour.

KOAC—550 Kilocycles
Saturday A. M.
9:00—Today's Programs.
9:03—Co-Ed Exchange.
9:30—A. W. S. Half Hour.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:01—Music.
10:30—The Junior Matinee.
11:30—What Educators Are Doing.
11:45—Music.
12:00—United Press News.
12:15—Farm Hour.
1:00—Music.
1:15—Variety.
1:45—Music.
2:00—Facts and Affairs.
2:15—Music.
2:30—British Isles Travelogue.
2:45—Music.
3:15—Your Health.

Little Orphan Annie — By Harold Gray — Riot Call

Reg'lar Fellers — By Gene Byrnes — Pinhead Is Mistaken

The Gumps — By Gus Edson — A Mere Trifle



Tailspin Tommy — By Hal Forrest — There's a Reason Why the Key Won't Open It!

Mutt and Jeff — By Bud Fisher — Jeff Must Have Thought Mutt Meant Physical Superior