

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Frank Grahame, actor and explorer, has seen a beautiful blonde peering through the window of the movie executive Myberg's office; later he follows Janice Kent's car in a taxi because he has seen a second car with three suspicious-looking men in it trailing Miss Kent's limousine. There is a collision, and Frank knocks out the driver of the second car, and takes Miss Kent home. Frank is drawn to the beautiful blonde star. He is disturbed by the disappearance of the Mexican coast of his friend Lonsdale, the famous aviator, and interested by the prospect of a contract with Myberg's firm.

Chapter Five INTRODUCING SPIN

IT WAS natural that Grahame be asked to come to Hollywood on an "opportunity contract". It was natural that he should accept it. Grahame was quite willing that he be "found." He loved the jungle; he would always love it, but civilization had begun to take on a more substantial glamor that he had ever thought possible.

He would always feel a poignant ache at dawn or at sunset. In Hollywood flocks of parrots do not spin like vivid green wheels against a background of old rose, smooth savannas do not shoulder between sullen walls of jungle, nor do strange fower accents wrap you when you sleep.

Nevertheless Grahame liked cities, or at any rate, this one. He had discovered two old buddies among the flying stunts—mother had "gone native" and played heaves. There spoke of still others that he would remember knowing well before he quit piloting planes for plotting jungle expeditions—personable, adventurous fellows that he had known in far corners, with whom he could yarn in vainglorious exaggeration.

He was about to make his decision to stay when he met Janice Kent.

As he helped her from her car and across the lawn to her Beverly Hills house he was sure that this accidental meeting was about to add pleasant finality to his decision.

A maid took his hat from him within the entrance. Janice smiled toward him as she mounted the stairs.

"I'll be down in a minute or two," she said. "I'll phone Mr. Greene in the meantime."

In the drawing room, standing before the open fireplace, Frank thrust his upturned palms toward the crackling logs. It seemed incongruous in these tastefully appointed surroundings of civilization to allow himself to think of sinister shadows, of furtive pursuit; yet a frown of abstracted reflection remained on his forehead.

Thoughtfully he rubbed at the slight soreness of his right knuckles. He could not drive away the mental image of the future-like profile shadowed on the studio window. Some dim memory faintly stirred—obscure as the hushed pulse of a native drum felt, rather than heard, across miles of jungle.



Frank helped her across the lawn.

GRAHAME, home in his apartment, stared moodily at the afternoon paper on his lap. With an angry gesture he pushed away the paper and stood up. He turned to another man seated where a westerly sun's rays slanted in.

"Tell me, Spin," he said. "You know this racket out here. What is hell do they mean by publishing all this tripe? I called you over here five minutes after I bought this paper. You work for Myberg and the Consolidated; so does Janice, and so I suppose, does this little liar Greene. Look! . . . He kicked the paper toward the other."

Spin Winslow grinned. He did not glance at the paper but contemplated with a loving absorption the contents of his tall glass.

"What's it say? You tell me, Frank. Did Greene say you fought desperately with a hundred-thugs and snatched the swooning Janice from their hairy clutches?"

Grahame snorted. "Something like that, only worse. I thought there was something phony about that little aut when I saw him last night. He asked me if I had any baby pictures. Baby pictures? I had the guts—about two o'clock today—to phone and ask about them again. . . . said he wanted them for an article he was calling, 'Babyhood Romance Flashes in Tragedy.' I thought he was kidding, but I bought this paper just to see." He laughed frostily. "But he wasn't."

"Moreover it said that Miss Kent was confined to her bed with shock. She was all right when I left her last night—unless Greene shocked her with an outline of what he was going to write today. I phoned today to find out if she really was ill. . . . She a frail, delicate little thing—"

Winslow laughed wholeheartedly.

Frank helped her across the lawn.

bone and gristle under that skin you love to touch."

GRAHAME'S gesture interrupted the other.

"Who's Ortega?"

"A gentleman from Central America, Mexican, maybe." Winslow drained his glass and set it down. "I can't figure him myself. He showed up here a month ago with a jute of an idea. Well, you know the publicity these Chichen Itza ruins in Yucatan are getting? He says he knows bigger and better ruins further in that country with more jungle around for the atmosphere shots."

"You know how Myberg loves his authentic backgrounds, or should—if you've looked at his pictures. Well this Don Raoul Ortega's idea is to use that old Maya business as the foundation. You've read stories of the blond gods those ancient folks used to worship."

"Well this is to be a blond goddess picture, or at least she is to be his bride. The Bride of Quetzalcoatl is the tentative name." He laughed. "Myberg said he didn't like the name. It reminded too many people of pants and vests."

Grahame smiled. He liked this gossip fellow whose nerves were of steel beneath his happy-go-lucky, cynical exterior. But he wanted to know more of this man Ortega whose name Janice Kent had defended so arbitrarily the evening before.

He decided to take Spin partly into his confidence. He told him that Miss Kent seemed to agree that the idea that the accident may have been planned until Ortega's name was brought definitely into focus as the party responsible.

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Monday, Frank gets a piece of good advice from Spin.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

PORTLAND MILK SALES REDUCED

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 19.—(AP)—Data gathered by the citizens' committee investigating milk prices indicate milk sales have decreased 15 per cent in Portland since the state control board set a higher retail price schedule, it was said by the consumers' group today.

Thomas A. Sweeney, chairman of the committee, addressed a letter to the control board expressing the committee's desire to learn what methods were used in computation of the revised schedule.

An order restricting entrance of new producers into the Portland milkshed was being prepared today by the control board, it was said by E. C. Harlan, chairman. The order is designed to prevent a surplus of milk.

ARMY RECRUITER COMING MONDAY

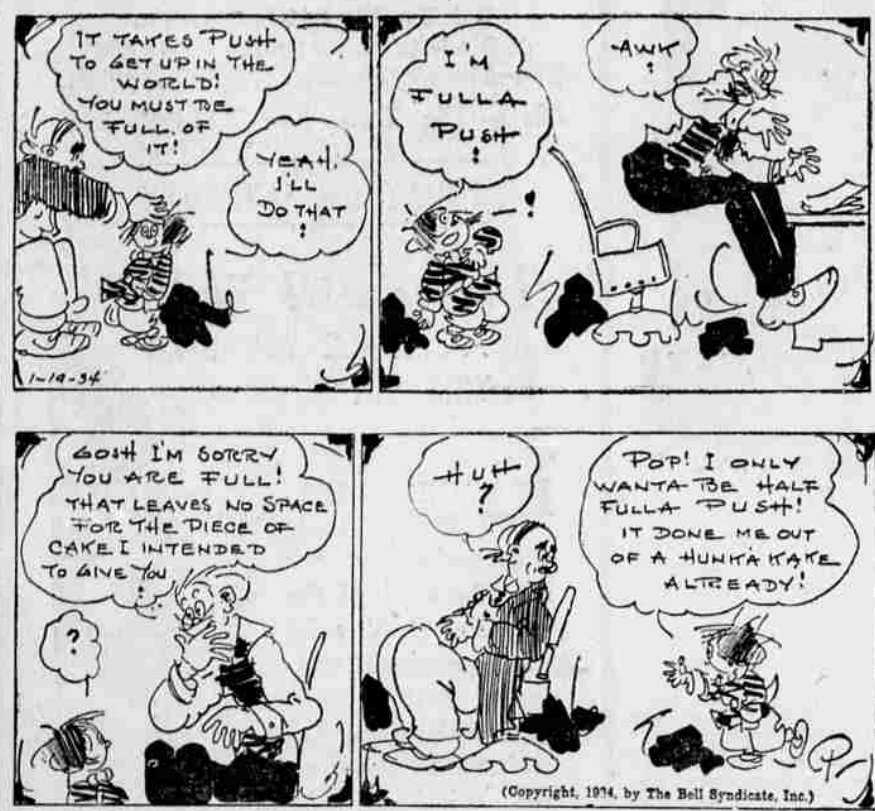
Jennings D. Lowman, sub-station commander for the United States

army recruiting office, will arrive here Monday for a three-day stay at his office in the local army in interest of recruiting for the regular U. S. army. As assignments are limited at this time, it is expected only four or five men may be accepted, Sergeant Lowman stated.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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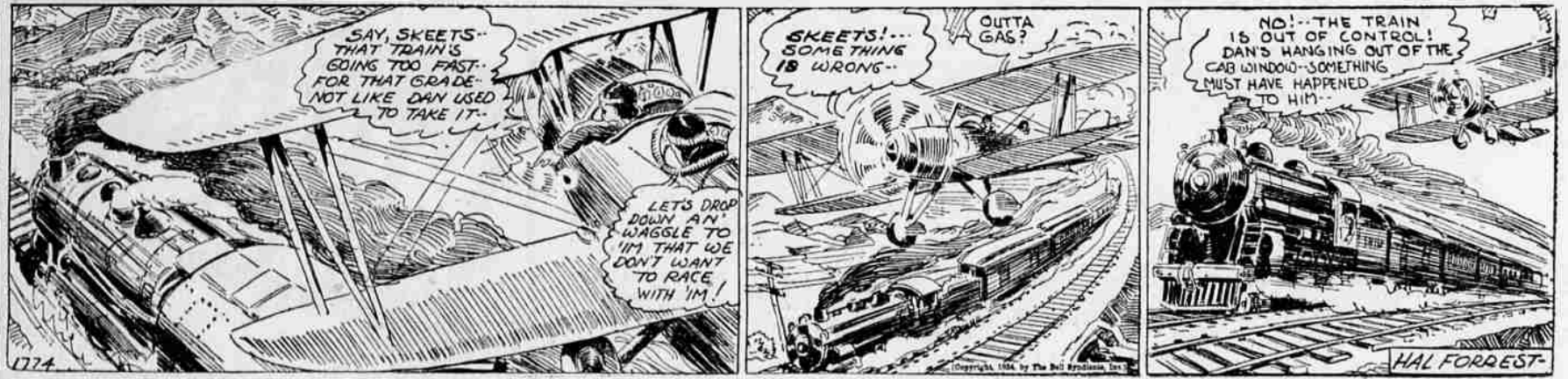
THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Something Is Wrong"



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BOUND TO WIN—Luke's Bombshell!

By EDWIN ALGER



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THE NEBBS—Not A Chance

By SOL HESS



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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



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TRUCK RIDERS' SKULL CRACKED BY TRESTLE

TILLAMOOK, Ore., Jan. 19.—(AP)—Ben Plasker, a rancher, was fatally injured last night when his head struck a trestle over the Wilson River loop road as he stood in the back of

a truck being driven along the road by his brother, William Plasker. A fractured skull caused his death. His widow survives.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toilettries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.



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