

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial By Herbert Jensen

FRANK Grahame, actor and explorer, tells his friend Winlow about his experience of the day before. Frank, stepping a bunch that came when he was a villainous face peering through the window of Myberg's office, followed the car of Janice Kent, who had been conferring with the famous movie executive. Frank straightens out the tangle that followed a collision between Kent's car and a nondescript tax motor; he believes the collision was planned, and suspects it has a connection with Ortega, a Mexican who plans to supervise a jungle picture for Myberg. But Janice will not credit Frank's bunch. Frank finds himself drawn toward Janice.

That little... with her last night. He's her slave and works like the devil for her. His hallyhoo smells like the circus, but—"

"She loves it. And as for loyalty, they say she pays him ten thousand a year, although he probably gets half of that."

"He gets his ten thousand all right," stated Grahame stiffly. "She told me so herself."

"Bunk," said Winlow, swallowing from his glass.

Grahame eyed him coldly.

Chapter Six SUDDEN MYSTERY

"THEN," continued Grahame, "Miss Kent told me that such a thought was ridiculous since Ortega owned a nice automobile." He smiled ruefully. "Her opinion was illogical, feminine and—"

Winlow laughed. "Not at all, Frank. The girl was right. Look here, ... Ortega hasn't shopped his idea about Hollywood. It's an original, and Myberg's handling him with kid gloves until we're launched on production. Kent knows that. She wants to be in that picture. So do I."

"Although Ortega looks like a bull, he is really a rather personable fellow, and seems to have lots of money. We can't be snooty with him or he'll take his idea elsewhere. Sure we could go ahead without him, but he's got a political pull down where he springs from, and above all we want to go ahead with this thing with as little expense and competition as possible. These days, mistakes are costly."

"I see what you mean," said Grahame slowly. "But why would Ortega, assuming it was he in the tan car last night, engineer an accident? Is he annoying Miss Kent? Did she turn him down and he is taking this method to—"

"Listen, Spin, some of those South American birds are dynamite. Particularly with women. You know how they go for blondes. That driver I hit was one of our local boys. A type that would do anything for money, and damn little of it. I wouldn't know what Ortega looks like if I found him in my soup, but—"

Winlow's snort of derision interrupted him. "What an imagination, Frank! What an imagination! You've led such a melodramatic life these last few years that your mind works that way. Forget it. It wasn't Ortega, and if it was, it was just an unexpected accident. Sure, he sends her flowers. He's stuck on her. Bound to be. She's the first movie actress he's met and she's damnably pretty. I suspect you're a little that way yourself, but take some advice from uncle. Lay off."

Grahame was slightly startled. "Why—" he began.

HIS companion grinned with mock malice but withal there was an expression of concern in his eyes.

"Perhaps I'm a great guy to talk to, Frank... anyhow that's my reputation, but occasionally I speak with a grain of common sense. That girl is not for you, or for any other man for that matter, for at least some time to come. Too ambitious. Not that she's to be blamed for that. She's fought her way to the top around here and she's casey enough to know that a husband might dim that universal sweetheart appeal stuff that gets her over so big. So she's not having any, thank you."

"She has lots of money and made it herself, legitimately. It's common knowledge around the studios that she was poor once and she's keeping what she's got—"

"Spin—" Grahame's face grew dully red.

The other, in the act of mixing himself another wave of him to silence. "It isn't that you would be classified in her mind as a fortune hunter, Frank, although there's lots that would. Yes, of course, I'm talking too much, but we were good friends once and I'm tipping you off even if it's at the price of our friendship." The stunt pilot's mouth drew into stubborn lines.

"Listen, it's said there was an invalid father once. He's gone now, but things were pretty tough then for her. She's like the little princess in the story whose body was bruised by the pea through six thicknesses of mattress. Janice Kent can sense a pan of dishwater and the life it represents six rooms off. It's not that she's cold and selfish, it's—"

GRAHAME'S throat was a little dry as he said, "Selfish! She's fine, clean, and young, and charming. She inspires loyalty. I watched



I watched that monkey, Greene, with her.

"You wouldn't think she'd lie to me, do you?"

"Wouldn't it? The stunt man laughed and Grahame wondered why he had never before noticed how disagreeably Winlow could laugh."

"Frank... you sound as if you're getting it rather bad. Don't do it. That girl, candidly, is reputed to be the coldest piece of goods that ever dimpled at the Kleiges out here. She'd cold-deck her own grandmother. Selfish? Perhaps not in a general sense. But on the lot—remember I say 'on the lot'—she'd swipe a starving extra's lunch if she didn't get hers on time. She—"

At the look on Grahame's face he paused and took a swallow of his drink. "Now don't get redheaded about it, buddy. I told you, this is just a fizzly tip. The remaining contents of his glass gurgled down his throat. Ice tinkled through the quiet room as he set down the glass. He glanced oddly at Grahame."

"Sorry, old man. Maybe I don't like blondes, I guess. That's all. Got to be going. See you later."

As the paneled door shut behind him, Grahame caught sight of the reflection of his own grim face in the varnished surface. Anger boiled suddenly within him. Winlow didn't like blondes, he guessed! The ass! What a lousy way to talk about a girl.

Winlow's cynicism had crystallized some of his own emotional responses toward Janice Kent. Why, she was the sweetest, dearest, most beautiful—Fifty million fans couldn't be wrong, could they? Winlow... a gossip hundred-week stunt man libeling the most brilliant star in a firmament of stars. He told himself to forget about it.

Tomorrow Janice injects a note of mystery into the tangle.

JOHNSON DUE FOR RUDE AWAKENING

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 19. (AP)—Spencer D. Baldwin of Washington,

president of the National Retail Lumber Dealers' association, said today that General Hugh S. Johnson has a "rude awakening" in store if "the thinks prices can be cut, wages increased and hours reduced."

"We lumbermen have got to be allowed to make some money," Baldwin declared in an address at the 42nd annual convention of the Middle Atlantic Lumbermen's association.

Elliott Cherishes Preserved Apple Of Boyhood Days

An interesting tidbit from an old whatnot is the clovefilled apple, now cherished by Dr. B. R. Elliott of this city, who had it on display at his office yesterday. It is 40 years old and

was once the largest apple on the tree at Dallas, where the doctor spent his boyhood.

In fact he had it hidden in his own bin, when his older sisters insisted that it be brought out for decoration. The whole cloves were inserted at frequent intervals over its skin and then it was placed on the whatnot in the parlor. The daylight struck it only on special occasions, Dr. Elliott

recalled yesterday, when the girls' beaux were calling and the parlor blinds were drawn. During the years the flesh of the apple shrank day after day, until it now resembles a big clove ball, still shaped like an Oregon apple.

Because it was his apple originally, it was recently returned to Dr. Elliott, who treasures it now as a curiosity of those days, when even the whatnot decorations came from the farm.

Scout Founder Ill.
LONDON, Jan. 20.—(AP)—Sir Arthur Baden-Powell, 77, founder of the Boy Scout movement, underwent a second operation today following one performed earlier in the month. His condition was reported satisfactory.

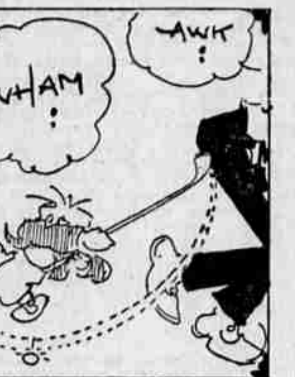
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



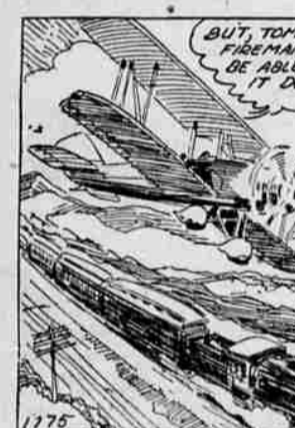
TRAFFIC JAM

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Runaway Train!

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



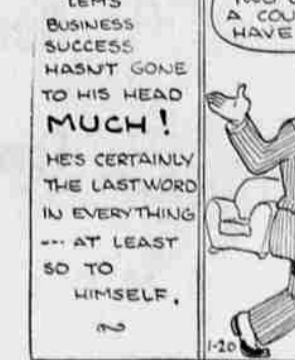
BOUND TO WIN—Awaiting The Summons

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Just A Wise Egg

By SOL HESS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



KMED Broadcast Schedule

Sunday.
10:00—Judge Rutherford, lecturer.
10:30—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
10:45 to 11:00—Morning Melody.

Monday.
6:00—MEDFORD THEATER GUIDE.
6:00—Breakfast News, Mail Tribune.
9:05—Musical Clock.
8:15—Peerless Parade.
8:30—Shopping Guide.
9:00—Friendship Circle Hour.
9:30—Morning Melody.
10:00—Weather Forecast.
10:00—Eh & Zeh.
10:15—Musical Notes.
10:30—Marching Along.
11:00—Grants Pass Hour.
11:15—Vignettes.
11:30—Mirror of Family Life.
11:45—Tone Pictures.
12:00—Mid-day Revue.
12:10—Chamber of Commerce News.

12:15—Radio Rendezvous.
12:30—News Flashes, Mail Tribune.
12:30—Populartits.
1:00—Varieties.
1:30—Mrs. Mabel Mack.
2:00—Classified Edition of Air.
3:00—Songs for Everyday.
3:30—KMED Program Review.
3:35—Dreaming the Waltz Away.
4:00—Rhythmic Cocktail.
4:30—Masterworks Program.
5:00—Cecil and Sally.
5:15—Hilo Serenaders.
5:30—Sj and Eimer.
5:45—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
6:00—Medford Theater Guide.
6:15—Al Piche's Sports and Fish Flashes.
6:20—Dinner-dance Program.
6:30—John Charles Thomas Program.
6:45—Ran & Andy.
7:00—Anson Weeks Orchestra.
7:15—Helen Bellevue.
7:20—Interlude.
7:30 to 8:00—Evening Song.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and toiletries at cut prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

There's No Guesswork in Tribune A. B. C. Circulation