

BLOND GODDESS A New Serial By Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Janice Kent, the popular movie star, has disappeared, and Frank Grahame and Spin Winslow are flying in a hot air balloon to find her.

awing south. For twenty minutes by the illuminated dial of Frank's wrist watch they followed the coast.

Chapter Ten THE CRASH

THE wheels grounded at the edge of the field and they bumped to a standstill. Climbing out of the plane Grahame faced Winslow.

The plane seemed to shake more excessively than it had on the previous flight. Something hot stung Frank's cheek. He put up his hand; his face felt hot and greasy. Straining about in his seat he called.

"The men broke into a trot, Frank heading toward the edge of the field where was the path that led to the hotel, Winslow diagonally toward a dark line of planes. Frank noticed a man appear, walking toward his companion.

"I know it!" yelled Winslow. "I haven't been able to raise her in the last ten minutes!"

The two met in midfield. They paused a moment. Grahame saw his

HE turned to call to Winslow—to tell him to bank and attempt a return up the coast to Coronado and San Diego. The engine clattered suddenly. There was a succession of sickening humps; whereupon it seemed to erupt. Frank threw his



The men broke into a trot.

companion grasp the arm of the other, who lifted his free arm and pointed toward the edge of the field.

arms across his face. Hot oil seared his neck.

"We're right, Frank. They were here. What's his name here recognized Kent. Said he talked with Micky McGuire who flew them down. He's gone back now. But Frank... a car met them."

Winslow cried out unintelligibly. The plane lurched, leveled, and Frank was conscious of a shock and the sounds of cracking and of rending about him. Sea water, in a never-ending cascade, poured over his head. He struggled with his safety belt and stood erect.

"A car? Where'd it go?"

Through the hiss of breaking seas, Winslow called to him in a voice charged with anxiety.

"The man with Winslow lifted his arm and repeated the gesture Grahame had observed.

Frank replied hoarsely. "Okay. How about you, Spin?"

"What's down there, Spin?" asked Frank.

"Same here. Was that a wet smack! Meet the world's best crack-up man. On the stunt-man's day off he crashes—"

"Just a Mex town, seventy miles south of here. There's a kind of a harbor, and south of it a thousand miles of the world's loudest road."

A black-throated comber reared its crest above them. Frank clung desperately as tons of spume sliced about him.

"When did they leave?"

Winslow sputtered. "Get ashore, Frank. Crates won't float long. Another like that... Shore's not far. Road's half a mile back. You can make it. I think we're far enough ahead to stop that car if you make the road."

"How did Miss Kent look?"

A swell lifted them and dropped them sickeningly into the trough.

"Their informant awayed his shoulders and blinked his eyes; it was a poor imitation of an intoxicated person.

"Missed us, Frank. Next one won't get going, fella."

"Can the act," warned Winslow gruffly.

Grahame looked seaward. A long, sullen line of surf was forming a hundred yards off. Swiftly it began to move toward them topped with phosphorescent spindrift.

"The man shrugged his shoulders and said, 'It ain't illegal in this country. They looked kind of biotic if you ask me. Except the little guy with the eagle-beak. Mean looking little cuss. Looked like he was ready to shove a stick of dynamite if anybody spoke to him...'"

"Come on, Spin, a big one's coming."

"Graham experienced a flicker of response as the little man was described... the vulturine shadow on the studio panel—that was it!"

Spin did not answer. Frank strained his eyes toward him, a sudden fear gripping his heart. He made out his companion's face, white against the black sea.

"What are you guys after 'em for? ... Serve a summons!"

"Get going, Frank." Winslow's voice was weak. "My arm's on the bum... bustles, I can't swim anyway..."

"Winslow smiled. 'Nope. We owe 'em a drink. Ready, Frank?'"

The black bulk of the oncoming comber arose; it blotted out the stars. Grahame threw himself toward it; lunging for that white face that gleamed in the pit of the wave. His hand found and clutched the shoulder strap of Spin's chute-pack.

"Thanks, old man," said Grahame. "We'll get along."

Tons of water descended upon him, driving him down into the blackness.

They lifted out of the field and roared across the low range that lay between them and the coast. They

Card of Thanks. We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness to us during the sickness and death of our dear mother. We wish to thank them also for the beautiful floral offerings.—Mrs. Florence McDaniel, Mrs. Ray Stearns, Mrs. George Hutchins and Family.

ACTIVIAN CLUB PLANS DANCE FRIDAY NIGHT

Plans for a dancing party were announced last night at the meeting

BYRD'S SHIP BLOWN FROM ICE MOORING

ABOARD ADMIRAL BYRD'S FLAGSHIP, BAY OF WHALES, Antarctica.

THREE-FINGERED JACK, GANGSTER, RUBBED OUT

CHICAGO, Jan. 25.—(AP)—The name of William "Three-Fingered Jack"

SCHOOL READING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

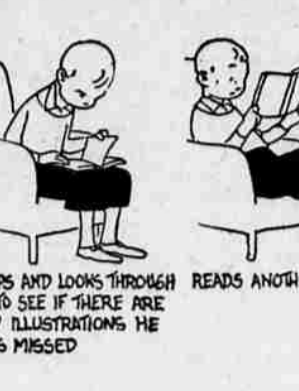
SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

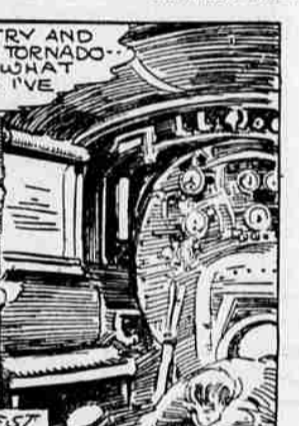
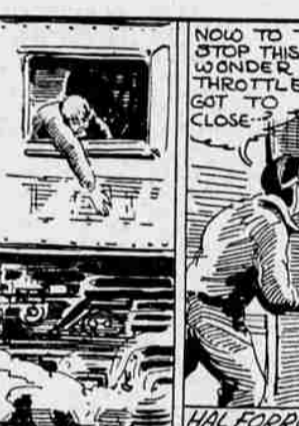
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SCHOOL READING



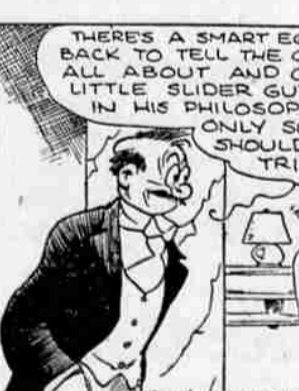
TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Happy Landing!"



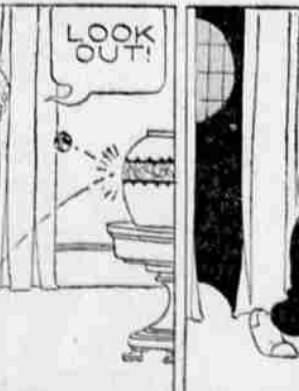
BOUND TO WIN—The Awful Summons!



THE NEBBS—The Geyser Of Wisdom



BRINGING UP FATHER



MOONSHINING IS SERIOUS CRIME UNDER NEW ACT

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 25.—(AP)—Moonshiners who have been 'getting by' with light jail sentences under the old national prohibition act, will find they have run afoul of a federal statute with teeth, when they are convicted of violating the internal revenue act, governing illicit still operations.

Incitement for possession of a still, possession of mash, and operation of a still which was both unlicensed and unbonded.

The prosecutor said the minimum penalties provided are \$1,700 in fines and 13 months in jail if the minimum sentences run consecutively. He recommended that McCormick be sentenced to McNeil island federal prison for a year and a day, and the minimum fine of \$1,700. The court assented but postponed sentence until later in the day.

The internal revenue act provides heavy penalties, running from two to five-year maximums, and calling for fines as high as \$5,000 on each count.

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