

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial By Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Frank Grahame, the explorer, and his pal Spin Winslow, a stunt flyer, just have rescued Janice Kent, the movie star, from a gang which had abducted her and were taking her into Mexico. They are convinced that the abductors were led by a man named Ortega who had been in Hollywood ostensibly to arrange with the producer Stenberg for a picture to be taken in Mexico. But Frank can not determine Ortega's motive, and in addition is puzzled because as he drove the abductors away from the car in which he found Janice, he saw again the man with the culture profile whom he had seen peering into the window of Myberg's office a short while before. Frank is determined to find out more than a casual intruder.

Chapter 12 THE RETURN

FRANK glanced about him. The driver—the man he had struck with his gun—was gone. The other two men were not in view. The nondescript car looked oddly desolate with its gaping doors.

He frowned, considering. His impulse was to follow one of the men. He realized that the capture of one or all of them would effectually stop the peculiar and mysterious persecution of Janice Kent. That they were serious about their business he did not doubt.

Ruefully he put his hand to his side where his assailant's bullet had gouged the cloth. But Winslow's arm needed attention. And certainly Janice must be on the verge of hysteria from the ordeal which she had undergone.

"I'll roll the stones back off the road," he said. "Spin, you climb in the back with Janice." He turned to the girl. "We had an accident. His arm's bad. You'll have to make it as easy for him as you can during the trip back to Caliente. The road looks pretty bad if this is a sample. Explanations later."

He rolled the rocks from the road, and got in behind the wheel. He succeeded in turning the car on the narrow road, and headed back up the coast. He drove an hour in silence, busied with his thoughts. During that time they passed one lone car going in the opposite direction.

As the headlights flashed upon them, Frank looked back. One of the girl's arms was around the flyer's shoulder; the other was braced against the inevitable jurching of the automobile. Her glance met his briefly; her lips parted in a warm smile.

Frank turned back to the business of driving. A fine girl; one in a million. She was reacting magnificently to the situation. A quick throbb of exhilaration surged in his breast as he thought of how she had clung that instant to him when he had taken her from the car.

He felt his face flush with a sensation of delight strange to him when he remembered that she had pressed her cheek against his coat. There was no doubt that she had done so; to Frank there was no question as to why she had done so. Allowing for a natural impulse of gratitude and of nervous reaction, still she could have thanked him otherwise.

That she had not thanked him but had made that small gesture, led him to one conclusion; the gesture had been one of affection. He loved Janice Kent—that of that he was sure; that she returned his regard seemed incredible, but he was sure that she did.

As a swain Frank realized that he had much to learn. Lurking in the background of his mind was a small goblin of thought that there might be something elementally wrong with his reasoning—if the emotions he felt could be called reason—since subconsciously he appreciated that all lovers believe that because of the very intensity of their emotion it must be returned in kind.

The wish is father to the thought. But Janice had pressed her cheek against his coat.

He swung the nose of the car into the paved highway and headed for the stone columns that flanked the grounds of Agua Caliente. The trees crackled over the graveled patio. He drew up before the hotel entrance.

"I'll arrange for a cottage for Janice," he said, "and get a sawbones for you, Spin. I'll phone Myberg inside."

To an attendant he gave quick instructions, and passed into the hotel.

The house doctor had come and gone. Spin was resting easily. There was a reek of ether in the air. The doctor had diagnosed a dislocated shoulder, instructing Frank to hold his friend—so, while he pressed in the joint.

Janice insisted that she stay in the room and help. The doctor had demurred, Frank expostulated, and Spin himself had told her in that

frankly bitter way of his that so treasonably lousy nurses and to get the hell out of there.

Janice had given him a verbal wallop in return. She'd said with a placid detachment, "I'll hold the mask, Doctor, while you pour the chloroform. The man's just afraid I'll find out about his past when he talks going under. But he's not nearly so bad as he thinks he is. He'll probably sing palms. I'll stay."

Vaguely Frank remembered that Janice had been splendid while they had worked over the unconscious Spin. Delf, capable, yet unobtrusive, she had been invaluable. The metamorphosis from skilled actress to the subordinate but efficient part of doctor's assistant was amazing because it was absolute.

Frank and Janice walked from the hotel room where lay Spin, to the detached cottage that was to be the girl's for the night.

Light from the Casino slashed into the mid sky. Music from the hidden patio followed them as they walked; bursts of distant laughter and of muffled conversation were syncopated by the sound of ivory balls rattling about the spinning wheels in the gaming rooms. The moon was a newly minted silver coin hung high above them.

The world, to Frank, was a very good place to be alive in. Janice was safe—it was enough; explanations could come another time. He was in love with her, he realized with sudden conviction Spin Winslow's cynicisms about Janice Kent's ambitions, the vague memory of the non-marriage clause of her contract with Consolidated, her wealth, her beauty, her aura of unattainability had shrunk this night but she remained, walking by his side, clinging a bit tiredly to his arm, the weary, sweet girl with whom he was in love.

At the doorway of her cottage, she turned her face, a bit white in the moonlight, to Frank. Her voice held the huskiness of fatigue when she said:

"Good night, Frank. You've been such a dear—Oh, I don't mean that. How absurdly trivial words are! I mean—"

Frank caught her in his arms. She did not resist but lay there an instant, looking at him. Her eyes were wide—the deep blue of them had darkened to black. They hinted, meltingly, of surrender.

Frank kissed her. Her lips against his were cool and detached—a curious aloofness that caused Frank, in a brief flash, to think of the figurines of the Virgin he'd seen in remote niches of lost churches found in forgotten jungles.

Did he imagine it—or did for a fleeting instant her lips tremble against his? Abruptly she was out of his arms and her hand on the door-knob. Frank half raised his arms.

"Please . . ." she said. "I'm very tired." Was it fright he saw in her eyes?—no—but it was an odd timidity. "I'm sorry." She seemed to say that to herself. "Frank, forget that, will you, please." Her breast rose and fell with quick, short breaths, but the alarm had gone from her eyes.

"I love you, Janice," said Frank. The words were husky in his throat.

Janice put up her arm in a gesture of half protest. Suddenly she laughed, a little trill that ran through half an octave. The sound of it seemed to throw a cloak of restraint between them. Frank's arms dropped to his side. The girl's slender figure took on a new poise. She said hurriedly:

"We mustn't be silly. You must go now. You—Oh, how mournful you look!" Her little laugh broke on a faint sob.

Swiftly she drifted against Frank. She shook his arms in a small gesture of good-humored protest. She stood on tip-toe. Lightly her lips brushed his—a fleeting feather of fragrance, then she was gone.

But she was not gone from Frank's mind. He stood, staring at the door and rapidly running back through the strange trail of events that had brought them to this spot.

There were so many chances that they might never have met. Suppose, for one, that he had not madly decided to follow her car that day in Hollywood. Or suppose that he had not telephoned her house this very evening—

He half raised his hand to touch his lips, then turned and walked back to the hotel. He was in a glow of anticipation, bemused and yet clear upon one point. His regard for Janice.

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Tomorrow, Myberg makes a decision of moment.

CUT RATE BARBER SHOP IS BOMBED

VANCOUVER, Wash., Jan. 27.—(AP)—Climaxing threats with a dynamite bomb, an unidentified person early today destroyed a small barber shop operated at Washougal by Ernest Rasmussen, a "cut-rate" shop owner.

The explosion occurred about 3 a. m. It tore a hole three feet in diameter in the floor and wrecked the interior of the small shop.

Rasmussen opened his place December 11 and operated at reduced rates. He said he had received threats that unless he charged "regular" prices direct action would be taken against him.

SALEM, Jan. 27. (AP)—For the first time in two months, the weekly report of the state industrial accident commission on Oregon industries listed 50 fatalities. Accidents reported in the past week numbered 317.

TAMMANY LINKED IN PEN SCANDAL

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—(AP)—The

existence of a direct link between Tammany Hall and the "world's worst prison," where gangster over it over 1700 lesser prisoners living in misery, was charged today.

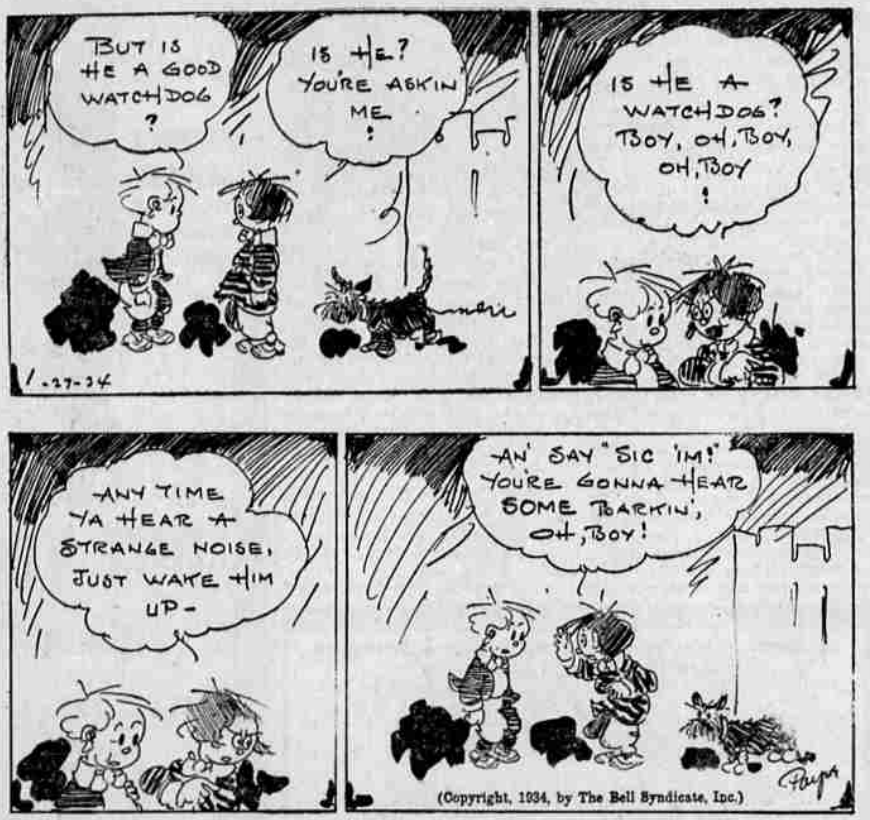
Harry M. Shulman, prison expert and author of a detailed report on conditions at the welfare island penitentiary, declared that whenever a certain Tammany leader telephoned the prison, the warden would jump

up as if shot from a catapult and rush into a telephone booth.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—(AP)—The American Olympic committee will be urged not to accept Germany's invitation to compete in the 1936 Olympic games at Berlin at its meeting here February 4, it became known today.

S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



HAT TROUBLE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Two Locomotives Heading' For A Bump!"

By GLENN CHAFFIN and HAL FORREST



BOUND TO WIN—What Ben Saw!

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Hot Stuff

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
 8:00—Friendship Circle Hour.
 8:00—Breakfast News, Mail Tribune.
 8:05—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—Musical Notes.
 10:30—Marching Along.
 11:00—Oregon Pass Hour.
 11:15—Vignettes.
 11:30—Quarterly Parade.
 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—Popularity.
 1:00—Varieties.
 1:30—Mabel Mack, demonstration.

Tuesday
 2:00—Classified Edition of Atr.
 3:00—Songs for Everyday.
 3:30—KMED Program Review.
 3:55—Dreaming the Waltz Away.
 4:00—Rhythmic Cocktail.
 4:30—Masterworks Program.
 5:00—Interlude.
 5:15—Hilo Serenaders.
 5:30—Popular Parade.
 5:45—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
 6:00—Medford Theatre Guide.
 6:15—Al Piche's Sports and Fish Flashes.
 6:20—Dinner-dance Program.
 6:30—A Kuluah Lullaby.
 6:45—Ray and Andy.
 7:00—Traumeri.
 7:15—Helen Bellevue.
 7:30 to 8:00—Eventide.

Wednesday
 Cuba Envoy Nominated.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—(AP)— President Roosevelt today sent to the senate the nomination of Jefferson Caffery of Louisiana, as ambassador to Cuba.

The 9th ANNUAL STATES BANQUET at the First M. E. church hall is to be held Friday, February 2. Reserve at once a place at your home state table by calling 1473-W.

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