

# BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

**SYNOPSIS:** With horror Frank Grahame just has seen Juan's first move after being led up the steps of a Mayan pyramid, surrounded by victims. He, with Juan, a Mexican boy, has been searching the Mexican jungle for Bill Langston missing since. In a flash he realizes that from now on all his effort will be expended toward rescuing Juan from a likely dangerous predicament.

## CHAPTER 25 AMBUSH

"I THINK," said Juan finally, "that they will stay there today. At this season, it rains in the late afternoon, and sometimes at night. It is more pleasant to be about between the showers. I think these people are all sleeping now."

Still Grahame hesitated to leave his look-out.

"If you will climb down to our packs, I will watch for you. There is nothing we could do now, except learn if they take those prisoners elsewhere. Even then we could do nothing, and we might be seen here sooner or later. Also, I am hungry."

Juan smiled as he mentioned his appetite.

Frank gave him an uncertain smile. "Maybe you're right, son. Let's both slide down. I have a hunch we ought to find some safe place not far from here, and hold a council of war."

"Not that any place near here would be particularly safe. But it ought to be possible to find a spot where we could keep out of sight, and yet be able to get into the jungle during the night, or into the jungle for food."

They made a cautious descent, and slipped toward the trail they had left so precipitously that morning, beside which they had cached their packs.

Juan was in the lead, a trail-position that Grahame usually accorded him, since he had found that the boy had a canny instinct in sensing trail-danger, before he, Grahame, could ever possibly be aware of it.

They reached the tangle of fallen scrub palmetto where they had left their packs. Grahame heard Juan's low murmur of astonishment, and hurried forward. Unconscious of the action, the American's fingers closed over the butt of his automatic.

Juan stood staring thoughtfully at the place where they had left the packs. There was no doubt that this had been the spot; the grass and palm leaves still showed indentations where the weighty sacks had been; but the packs, with their hammocks, their extra clothing and ammunition, with their first-aid kits and emergency rations, were gone!

At the instant of discovery Juan did a thing which proved that jungle-wisdom is instinctive. He leaped backward toward Grahame. The American, muscles reacting to the suddenness of the boy's movement, crouched.

From a screen of bush behind the spot where their packs had been the naked torso of a man appeared, golden in the sunlight. He held in his hands a rifle. In a camera-shutter glimpse, Grahame saw that the butt of the gun was almost to his shoulder.

The American fired from under his arm, the muzzle of his pistol barely free of the holster. With the report of the shot, the man slipped through the bush onto his face. The rifle, falling from his limp hands, clattered against a stone.

**AMBUSH!** Grahame saw Juan's arm crook backward, and then snap forward like a spring released from compression. A silver streak sped from his hand and into the bush to the left. There was a thud—the unmistakable sound of a knife slapping into flesh and a short, throaty "ah-h."

Two rifles cracked. Grahame felt a tug at his collar where his shirt snared away from his neck; then the sound of a bullet crackling through underbrush. He fired quickly, right and left, at the faint wreaths of smoke curling upward. He heard a cry.

From the corner of his eye he saw Juan weaving backward, half crouched. He followed. Two eccentric leaps brought them to cover. Once again a rifle cracked. The bullet whined harmlessly overhead. The action had taken only a few seconds. Stealthily they slipped into the jungle. Behind them they heard a shot or two, and the sound of many voices raised in shouted question and answer. They ran now more openly, careless of the noise they made. Frank knew that distance between them and their pursuers counted vitally.

A half-mile from the scene of the ambush, they paused.

"Where now?" asked Grahame, breathing deeply.

Juan shrugged his shoulders. "If our legs are better than theirs—which I doubt—we might make the coast ahead of them."

"There's a chance," mused Grahame. "They would travel more slowly, fearing ambush. You could never hope to hide your trail. It is worth the chance. We part here, Juan. You've been a good boy. Head for the coast the best way you can, and may luck be with you. He held forth his hand.

"And you, Senor?"

"While you go east, I will head south, for a while. Later I will confuse my trail, if I can, and return here. They will follow me, which will give you the better chance."

"No," said Juan.

"Yes," corrected Grahame. "This is an order. I have a plan. There is a white woman held captive in the big pyramid. I must see that she escapes, or—"

"I know," interrupted Juan soberly. "The senor is not Catholic?"

"Puzzled, Grahame shook his head; whereupon Juan said:

"Well, that is doubtless a very good thing. It will not matter so much if you die unshriven."

Despite his concern the American chuckled. "Beat it now, son. We've talked quite long enough. Goodbye, and again, good luck."

"Adios," answered Juan with a secretive smile. He turned, pressed the American's hand, and then passed into the jungle to the eastward.

To Grahame, slipping southward, a half hour later, came the thought that as Juan had left him, the boy had seemed to be most careless about the trail he left.

So Juan was giving him, Grahame, a break, just as he had intended giving one to Juan. The American shook his head. A good lad, Juan. What a pity if he could not make the coast, and safety.

He noticed, to the right of him, a barren rocky expanse, dotted only with spiny aloe and scrub cactus. He entered it and carefully picked his way between the vegetation, being sure that his boots touched only stone.

He hoped those following him would be careless, and conclude that he was bearing south. Halfway through the rocky field, he worked to the right, finally making almost a complete turn, so that he headed northwest, toward the habitation of his enemies.

In the late afternoon the sun clouded over, and Grahame watched the big iguana lizards slide from the rocks and disappear into their dens. He took a lesson from these reptiles and kept an eye out for shelter.

A few minutes later he found it in a heap of jungle-grown slabs, another ruin. He entered an opening, and composed himself to wait until the afternoon downpour was over. Already he saw large drops splashing over his back-trail.

The shower was a stroke of luck. If he were not followed too closely, the rain would obliterate any sign he may have left.

The day became dark. Lightning flickered, and thunder crashed above; whereupon rain descended in torrents. The sheets of falling water obscured his view past the entrance. Then, as suddenly as it began, the down-pour lessened, and again his sight of the outside jungle was clear.

The rain diminished to mist and stopped entirely. Grahame arose to his feet, and drawing his pistol from its holster under his arm, was about to dismount it for cleaning, while there remained light enough to do so, when he froze into immobility. A shadow drifted past, coming from the south. Another went by.

Slowly Grahame bent into the gloom cast by the wall beside the opening. His trailer! He counted them as they faded across the opening.

Eleven. Enough, thought the American, to settle his account. He wondered at the skill that kept them on his trail. The rain had been his salvation. He heard a guttural voice speak in an unknown language, and the reply flung back from ahead.

This puzzled the American, as he felt that they would not be so careless of sound if they believed that their quarry was ahead. Or perhaps they had given up the chase and were returning. That was it. They had lost his trail within the stone patch, and were returning from the southward to their city.

Perhaps it was only a section of a larger party that had spread in different directions.

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Grahame, tomorrow, undertakes a dangerous journey.

# BYRD HEADS EAST TO UNKNOWN AREA

LITTLE AMERICA, ANTARCTICA. (Via Mackay radio.)—Feb. 13.—(AP)—Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd was on the high seas today, aboard the barkentine Bear of Oakland, bound for the geographical mysteries to the eastward from here.

He hopes to penetrate into the unknown coastal front of the Pacific quadrant which has twice times lured his assaults by ship and airplane.

Heading directly for Cape Colbeck, the Bear of Oakland will make a coasting as far beyond that point as time and ice will permit.

"This ship ought to be ready to start north from here not later than Feb. 25, owing to the freezing of the Ross sea, and so that allows us a fair amount of time for the explorations," he said.

Admiral Byrd's former flagship, the Jacob Ruppert, was recently unloaded and stored northward for New Zealand.

With the staff of the expedition primed for new action, the admiral was making plans for a reconnaissance by dog team if a new coast is discovered.

In 1900, the price of timberland claims (180 acres) in the Douglas fir region ranged from about three dollars an acre to fifteen or twenty dollars. Slightly higher prices were paid for high quality timber in choice locations.

Suits cleaned and pressed, 85c. Dresses 75c up. Tel. 835-J. Economy Cleaner, 1728 No. Riverside.

# LA GUARDIA FOR GERMAN BOYCOTT

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—(AP)—Mayor F. H. LaGuardia today recommended a boycott of all German goods as long as the people of that country tolerate the Hitler government.

"It is no longer a religious question," the mayor said at a testimonial luncheon given by the pro-Palestine Federation of America to Chas. Edward Russell, author and social economist.

"It is a question that concerns civilization," he continued. "It is a question of whether there shall be retained the doctrine of 'Schrecklichkeit' (frightfulness) which some of us believed had been destroyed at the signing of the treaty of Versailles."

Phone 842. We will haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

**GIVE IT A WHIRL**

AH! GOOD OLD STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED!

# HOT PLATE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

CHEERILY CARVES ROAST AT LARGE FAMILY DINNER

PUE'S HELPING ON FIRST PLATE AND PICKS IT UP TO PASS IT

IMMEDIATELY LETS GO OF IT, CRYING THE PLATE'S RED HOT

BINGERLY FEELS ROUND EDGE OF PLATE TO SEE IF THERE'S A COOLER SIDE

FINDS A SPOT SLIGHTLY LESS HOT, PICKS PLATE UP BY IT, AND TELLS AUNT MATTIE TO TAKE IT QUICK

AUNT MATTIE MAKES SEVERAL PUPPET PECKS AT PLATE, AND SAYS THE HOT SIDE'S TOWARDS HER, SHE CAN'T HOLD IT

SETS PLATE DOWN HASTILY AND WAVES FINGERS TO COOL THEM

PICKS UP PLATE WITH NAPKIN, BUT AUNT MATTIE, CHOKING ON A SIP OF WATER, CAN'T ASSIST

IN ATTEMPTING TO ERASE FINGERS BY SHIFTING GRIP, LOSES HOLD AND PLATE CRASHES. BY THE TIME HE HAS MOPPED UP, PLATE HAS COOLED

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# S'MATTER POP

HEY! TAKE YOUR TIME!

CHEW EVERYTHING!

EVERYTHING?

POP! LOOK AT WILLIUM!

HE AINT CHEWING WITH THOOOP

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Green-Eyed Monster" Doesn't Worry Tommy!

CONTACT! YOU'RE A HARD GUY TO UNDERSTAND, TOMMY—IF A GAL OF MINE WERE GOING TO BE KISSED BY A MOVIE IDOL!

SAY, TOM, IF IT WAS ME—AN' I LOOKED AS MUCH LIKE THIS MONTAGUE AS YOU DO—I'D DOUBLE FOR HIS AERIAL 'SHOTS' JUST TO SHOW 'EM UP--

WHY SHOULD I 'CRAMP' HIS STYLE—JUST BECAUSE HE'S PLAYING OPPOSITE MY GIRL FRIEND? HE MAY BE A GOOD EGG, AFTER ALL--

EXCUSE ME, TOM, MAYBE I WAS THINKIN' OUT LOUD TOO MUCH, BUT BETTY'S SUCH A SWEET KID—AN' YOU AN' HER ARE--

BETTY'S AN ACTRESS— I'M A MAIL FLYER— WE'VE BOTH GOT OUR DIFFERENT CAREERS TO WORK OUT— I'M NOT GOING TO INTERFERE WITH HER'S

IF IT WAS YOUR GIRL— YOU WOULDN'T WRECK HER BIG CHANCE IN LIFE BY ACTING LIKE A JEALOUS IDIOT, SKEETS— AND NEITHER SHALL I--

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# BOUND TO WIN—Ben's Message

HOW DOES JUNIUS JASPER KNOW THE FIX IS IN? HE ACTS LIKE SOME GIANTIC SPIDER AND I FEEL LIKE A FLY IN HIS WEB— I CAN'T GO ON, AND HE KNOWS IT!

OH, ER, WHIPPLE? DID I RING? I DON'T MEAN TO— BUT YOU MAY GO HOME, YOUNG MAN— THANKING FOR STAYING SO LATE--

YOU DIDN'T RING, COLONEL BARNES. BUT HERE'S A CABLEGRAM FOR YOU THAT'S JUST COME IN--

WHY, IT'S FROM BEN! HE RECEIVED MY LETTER AND WHAT'S THIS? WHAT'S THIS? HE WON'T COME BACK! HE SAYS, 'STICK IT OUT FOR JUST TWO MORE WEEKS NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO-- BEFORE THEN I'LL HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU'--

BEN WEBSTER'S NOT A QUITTER! MY OWN NEPHEW HADN'T GIVEN UP AND HERE ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING AT LAST-- I CAN'T BE A QUITTER EITHER! I'LL TELL JUNIUS JASPER TO GO TAKE A JUMP IN THE OCEAN, AND IF HE GETS UPISH WHY, I'LL JUST THROW HIM OUT OF MY OFFICE!

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# THE NEBBS—Just A Good Kid

WELL, DAD, I MUST GO BACK— DUTY CALLS ME BUT I MUST DO SOMETHING TO GET YOU OUT OF THIS RUT. YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF GOOD YEARS IN YOU IF YOU DON'T SIT STILL AND WATCH THEM GO BY!

NOW WHEN I GET HOME, I'LL TAKE THIS MATTER UP WITH MY ASSOCIATES AND WE'LL MAIL A PLAN OR SEND A REPRESENTATIVE DOWN HERE WITH ONE TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN BECOME RICH IN SPITE OF YOURSELF!

AND YOU TELL THAT FELLOW NEBB I WOULDN'T DO THIS FOR ANYBODY BUT MY DAD.

AND TO THINK, OBIE, AT YOUR AGE THIS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY COMES TO YOU—I ALWAYS TOLD YOU LEMMY HAD MY FAMILY'S PUSH AND GET-UP IN HIM.

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# BRINGING UP FATHER

GOOD MORNIN'!

GOOD MORNIN' WILLIE!

GOOD MORNIN'!

WHY DID YOU TAKE OFF YOUR HAT WHEN SHE CAME IN THE ELEVATOR AND PUT IT RIGHT BACK ON THE MINUTE SHE STEPPED OUT?

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# COLLEGE STUDENT MISSING TEN DAYS

CORVALLIS, Ore., Feb. 13.—(AP)—The strange disappearance from the campus here ten days ago of Hudson White, 19, of McMinnville, a sophomore at Oregon State college, became known to college authorities today when his father, S. T. White, Yamhill county agent, revealed that serious accident or foul play may have befallen the youth.

Young White was last known to have been seen Friday afternoon, Feb. 2, when he left his Corvallis home, saying he was going first to a fraternity house, and then to a basketball game.

White is 19, 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. His brows

# COMMODITY EXCHANGE REGULATION SOUGHT

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—(AP)—Regulation of commodity exchanges through extension of the grain futures act to all commodities and creation of a cabinet commission to limit speculative trading was proposed to congress today by Secretary Wallace.

Chairman Fletcher of the senate banking committee made public a digest of legislation submitted to him by Wallace, with President Roosevelt's approval for regulation of exchanges.