

# BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

**SYNOPSIS:** Frank Grahame, a gladiator in the wilds of Yucatan, searching for Bill Langton, missing aviator, has found the girl he loves. Janice kept the movie star, imprisoned at the top of a Mayan pyramid. She with a party from Hollywood has come into the jungle to make a Mexican picture and has fallen into the hands of the subvenerals.

## Chapter 23 THE ESCAPE

"CAN'T tell how many of these people are about," Frank went on. "Come. We have just enough time to get into the jungle before daylight."  
"I'm tied." Her whisper was faint with fatigue. Grahame realized that since dawn she had probably been awake.  
Grahame examined her bonds. They were tied intricately, but loosely enough not to constrict the flesh. She had free movement of her limbs, but the ropes were cunningly arranged to prevent any major activity.  
Grahame drew his clasp-knife, and made short work of the thongs. Janice sat erect and placed her feet upon the floor. She was dressed as he had seen her that morning, in coat, breeches, and puttees.  
"Come," he said, "we'll go now."  
"Wait," she answered. "We can't

looking about him with the utmost curiosity, and, it seemed to Grahame, with a little dismay. Grahame remembered that the man had been carried to this height while unconscious.  
It spoke volumes in praise for Mr. Greene's poise that his expression betrayed so little consternation.  
They began the descent, with the eastern sky splitting into streaks of saffron. Grahame led the way, with Janice following, and Greene bringing up the rear. Greene moved slowly, his fingers gripping at the rough stone steps with the nervous anxiety of a man unaccustomed to height.  
They skirted the rocky ledge about the pit. Janice gazed at its sullen depths with frank wonderment, while Mr. Greene, after one quick glance, averted his eyes and stumbled after them with quickened pace.  
They reached Grahame's hiding place, breathless from their haste, and paused.  
"I think," observed Grahame, "that it would be safer to keep on for a mile, until we are well into the stony country just below. We can double back and hide in the small ruin." He gestured with his arm.  
"THEY continued onward. After a little while Grahame bore to the right, returning in a rough circle to



First, they must have food and rest.

leave Mr. Greene. He's here somewhere. He was wounded a week ago and today they hit him—"  
"I know. But I'm afraid we can't take him this trip. Perhaps you don't realize, but we're in a dangerous position. We have a thousand-to-one chance of getting—"  
"You don't understand," she said weakly. "I will not leave here without him."  
Grahame had a curious sense of anger. Some of the old hurt she had dealt him revived. It seemed that in every situation this girl was to thwart him.  
"Does Greene mean so much to you then that—"  
"Naturally." Her tone was final with its simplicity.  
Grahame's nod was almost a bow of submission. He slipped into the corridor. He glanced at the still figures of the guards; they would be unconscious for sometime yet, he decided.  
Greene was asleep when he found him. Grahame worried, for an instant, that the man's slight snore betrayed a concussion resulting from the blow he had received. But as the keen blade cut into the ropes, Greene started up with a fury that while it reassured the other, nearly sent him off balance.  
"Easy, man!" he cautioned. "Sh-h-h-h!"

the rear of the ruin. There was another entrance on that side, quite overgrown.  
They climbed over the rubbish that had fallen between the portals, and found themselves within a large chamber. A portion of the roof had crumbled inward, making a center pile of stone blocks.  
The sky through the roof's gap, was orange with dawn. Other parts of the room seemed weather-tight. The curious V-arched bracing, without keystones, which was unique with an extinct race of Maya builders, was apparently intact and would stand for further centuries.  
Grahame divested himself of his coat, and produced his food supply. Each seemed conscious of the most vital business in hand. First of all they must have food and rest. Later they could discuss their circumstances, and the events that had brought them together in this ominous situation.  
They consumed their meal in silence. Greene rolled his last bit of meat in a fragment of tortilla and remarked that he could do with a glass of beer, a large one preferably, but lacking that, a half a gallon of spring water would do.  
The other man looked at him sardonically.  
"When the Governor of North Carolina made his classic remark to his political neighbor," Frank observed, "he surely had Yucatan in mind. With luck we'll get a little water about four o'clock this afternoon, when it rains. The wider you can stretch your mouth the more you'll get."  
Mr. Greene looked a trace disconcerted.  
"I don't like you," he said, and resting his head against a stone, he slept.  
But Janice and Grahame had too much to discuss for sleep. He avoided most carefully any mention of their last interview in Hollywood. He gave as his sole reason for coming to this country his conviction that his friend, the lost flyer Langton, had fallen somewhere within this jungle.

Grahame turned his head and found Janice just behind him. "I think," she said, "I heard noises of some kind. They seemed far away."  
"From below," answered Grahame. "Noise floats upward. It's about time the city below is awakening. We have no time to lose."  
They stole into the corridor, made the turn past the burning receptacle, and out into the great stone altar. It was then that Grahame made the discovery that about the base was stashed many kinds of food, chiefly meats and meats, some raw, some cooked.  
It was the odor of these foods that had accentuated his sense of hunger. He grasped great handfuls and stuffed them into the wide slit of his khaki coat. He felt immensely cheered.  
"A break for us," he whispered. Janice smiled wanly. Greene was

Tomorrow, a terrible fate befalls the party.

## PRISON UPHEAVAL BLAME IS PLACED

WALLA WALLA, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Presence in the Washington penitentiary of 35 to 40 desperate men who have made trouble in every prison that has confined them, and lack of adequate segregation facilities today were blamed by J. M. McCauley, warden for Monday's riot which ended fatally for eight inmates and one guard.  
"Twelve of the 18 men who started out of the chief turnkey's office with employees as shields, have been in this 'situation less than a year," McCauley declared.  
"In the past year some 30 or more men with long previous records and with long sentences here have been received. They made trouble where they were before and they have been plotting constantly here."

## EDUCATION BOARD VACANCY FILLED

SALEM, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Lief S. Finseth, mayor of Dallas, was yesterday named by Governor Julius L. Meier to fill the position vacant since the resignation of Roscoe Nelson, Portland attorney, on the state board of higher education.  
Finseth has been in business in Dallas for a number of years and is at present serving his third successive term as mayor of the city.  
Farmers Build Log Clubhouse  
IRON MOUNTAIN, Mich.—(UP)—A log clubhouse in the scenic hills of Pine Creek, near here, was built by a group of farmers who gather each Saturday night for old-fashioned dances.

## PRICE OF LIQUOR CUT BY CONTROL BOARD OF STATE

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 15.—(AP)—A reduction of about 10 per cent in liquor prices, compared with what was described as an "unofficial price list" published here Monday, was ordered by the Oregon liquor control commission today.  
The reduction, it was said, was proportionately greater on imported and bonded liquors than on low-priced domestic whiskies and gins.  
The state liquor stores will open in Portland tomorrow, and shortly thereafter in other parts of the state. The first list, described as "Price List No. 1," was published here Monday morning and a clamor of criticism arose over the prices charged.  
The control board then met to reconsider.  
The original list quoted the cheapest blend whiskey at \$1.10 a pint, and the cheapest domestic gin at \$1 a pint.  
Random examples of the new and the former tentative price illustrate the changes that have been made. Sterling blend whiskey, originally scheduled at \$3.50 a quart, will sell at \$2.95; pints will be \$1.55 instead of \$1.85.

County Agent Hired  
VANCOUVER, Wash., Feb. 15.—(AP) E. C. Durdle, former Benton county agent, has been employed as Clark county agent, effective March 1, it was announced by the county commissioners today. Several months ago the county dismissed its agent.

## CONTINUE INSURING OF BANK DEPOSITS

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Decision was reached at a White House conference today to extend for one year the present temporary basis for federal insurance of bank deposits up to \$2500. Deposits up to \$2500 are now guaranteed under the new federal law. July 1 deposits of \$10,000 would receive full federal guarantee under the present statute.

Police Hunt Man's Nose  
WOODBURN, Mass.—(UP)—Julian Robesky was treated in a hospital, while police made an extensive search for his nose. Robesky, police said, was in a street fight and his nose was cut off by Dominic Schelos, who was arrested and charged with mayhem.

## HOMeward BOUND

By GLUYAS W. LIAMS



WITH SIGH OF RELIEF GETS GUESTS AT JUNIOR'S PARTY STARTED HOME, AND TURNS TO STRAIGHTEN UP HOUSE  
HAS JUST STARTED CARRYING DISHES OUT WHEN EDDIE SELZER RETURNS TO LOOK FOR HIS CAP  
STARTS SEARCHING UNDER PILLOWS, ETC., FOR EDDIE'S CAP, SEVERAL BOYS AND GIRLS MEANWHILE RETURNING TO WAIT FOR EDDIE  
REALIZES PRESENTLY THAT PRACTICALLY THE WHOLE PARTY HAS GATHERED AGAIN, ALL VERY NOISY  
STOPS TO SETTLE QUARREL THAT HAS STARTED IN HALL, EDDIE CLAIMING IT'S HIS CAP CLINTON IS WEARING  
REST OF CHILDREN, GETTING TIRED OF LOOKING FOR EDDIE'S CAP, START A NOISY GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK  
FORTUNATELY JUST AS HOUSE IS ABOUT TO BE COMPLETELY WRECKED THE CAP IS FOUND  
STARTS THEM HOME AND IS ABOUT TO CLOSE DOOR WHEN BUDDY BEMIS REPORTS THAT DURING HIDE-AND-SEEK HE MISLAID HIS SWEATER.

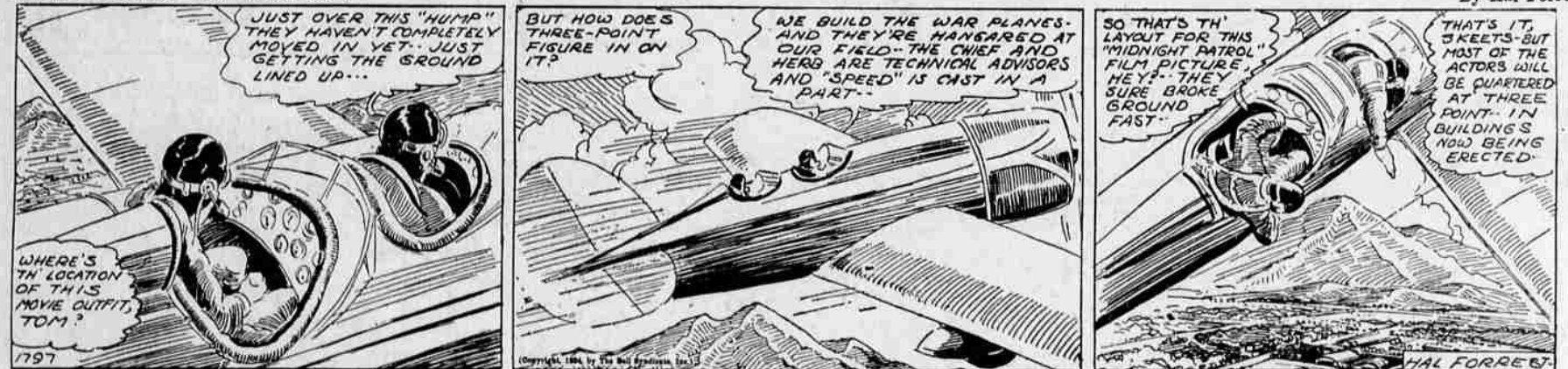
## S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. Payne



## TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Movie Lot"!

By Hal Forrest



## BOUND TO WIN—Beneath The Tomb!

By Edwin Alger



## THE NEBBS—Yes—Indeed

By Sol Heat



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

