

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Frank Graham, the explorer who is in the hands of the Indians, is being taken to the mountains. His missing partner, Jim Langton, is being held prisoner. The blond goddess, who is the sister of Jim, is being held prisoner. The blond goddess, who is the sister of Jim, is being held prisoner.

THE RAID

"I HAD hoped," Frank explained, "to make friends with the natives and get information through them. The chieftains, the men who gather chewing-gum sap, cover this country rather thoroughly, and see some strange things. I thought, perhaps, to learn enough through them to give me a clue to the spot where Langton had crashed. If he fell here, I would surely know."

He shrugged his shoulders, and continued: "There's not a chance getting anything from these buzzards, however. Nothing short of a squad of men with machine-guns could make any impression. If I get out of this alive, I'm coming back, no foolin'."

He interrupted himself to smile. "I mean when we get out of here," Janice shook her head. Her eyes glowed and her chin was firm, but there was a hint of discouragement in her voice as she spoke.

"You're terrible. They're cruel. You should have seen—" She suppressed a small shiver. "When they appeared from the jungle, they stood calmly and shot our men down like flies."

"We left Merida, Mr. Greene, Hogarth our director, and Wallace and Bill Jaehne, the two cameramen. Ortega guided us. We had eight natives to do the work, and take care of the burros that carried our costumes and film and stuff. We didn't need many props as we were only going to take long shots here, and some authentic jungle footage with native types."

"We trusted Ortega. He said McGrath, who was our production man, had gone ahead to prepare quarters for us. He—"

"I know about that. Tell you later. What happened?"

"We came into one of those open meadows, savannahs I think they're called. Without any warning we were surrounded by these people and they began shooting. It was just at the edge of these ruins, on the other side."

"I think Hogarth and the two cameramen were killed instantly. They were almost blown off their burros. Mr. Greene's burro ran away and thr w him. At that time he thought he was dead, but found he wasn't. They were going to shoot him then, but they decided to take him in with me, alive."

"As we left that spot, I could hear an occasional shot. I think they were shooting our poor Mexicans."

"What of Ortega?" asked Graham, already knowing the answer.

"That beast! He was smoking a cigarette when we came into the clearing. He was smoking the same cigarette when we left. He watched everything with those muddy eyes of his, sitting quietly on his burro, and smiling a little. I think he would have helped the attackers if his arm hadn't been wounded."

"H," breathed Graham. "I gave him that. A pity I didn't hold more to center."

He answered her question by telling her of his trip with Ortega and their partner. He spoke of the boy Juan who had traveled with him to the spot, and of their meeting with McGrath.

"He was bush-whacked, the same as your party was. It seems to be a custom of the country. As far as I can make out, these people are living in this old city like a race of human spiders, lurking people in here for robbery and—"

He broke off to stare at the floor.

"But why didn't they kill me, then? They took the jewels I carried around my neck in a chamois bag, but they seemed—"

Her eyes widened as if with a sudden thought. Her teeth caught at her lower lip, and she drew a deep breath. She essayed a pale smile. Her hand reached toward Graham until the fingers rested upon his arm.

"But we'll get out of here, won't we? I'm not a bit worried, really, Frank."

"Good girl," the man smiled. He lifted his glance to meet hers. He moved his arm outward to take her fingers in his own, and reassured her. Midway, his hand paused. Over her shoulder, and slouched against the entrance, was a man's head!

A rifle crashed! In the narrow confines of the room the sound flat-

tened against his ear drums with a noise that was painful.

Graham felt a shock against his back, and was flung sideways. The stone wall spun weirdly about him. His automatic thudded toward the entrance through which semi-naked figures poured. His shooting arm was numb. Vaguely, through his dizziness, he realized that he was firing with his left hand.

He was on his back. Above him was the roof-rafting. He saw a man's naked legs dangling above him, and the heads of other men outlined against the sky. He fired upward. A body crashed upon him.

He heard Janice scream, "Frank! Frank!" Dully he saw her striking a savage face with a stone. An object thudded against his head, and he plunged through a flare of light into darkness.

FRANK first became conscious of two major pains, and several minor ones that were mere discomforts by comparison.

His right shoulder, below his neck throbed painfully, and there was a great ache in his head that seemed to be intensified rather than lessened by the cool moistness upon his forehead. A drop trickled down the side of his nose into the corner of his mouth. He licked at it thirstily with parched tongue.

"Oh!" exclaimed a voice at this ear. "The Governor of South Carolina has a thirst." He felt a cup at his lips and he drank greedily.

"Hullo, Greene," he said thickly, opening his eyes. Pain stabbed at his shoulder and head as he struggled to a sitting position.

"Take it easy, fella," cautioned the other. "You've had a nasty whack on the old bean, and your shoulder isn't the most pleasant thing I ever looked at."

"Where's Janice? What happened?"

"She's in the building here, somewhere. A fine hiding place you picked out. They carried us from there tied up like three Christmas packages. As a matter of fact you looked like something that wouldn't be opened 'til Christmas and a long time after."

"They shot you from the hole in the roof. Square bunch of guys. Shot you square in the back. Made a nice long trench from your shoulder to the small of your back, up high. Luckily, God gave you a shoulder blade. However, bullet's out, and you're doing as nicely as a young mother."

Mr. Greene grinned. His countenance was streaked with dirt and one eye was blue-black with puffiness. He looked, thought Graham, like a man who had taken a considerable mauling. He glanced at the smaller man's hands. About the knuckles, they were caked with dried blood and dirt.

"You haven't a smoke about you, have you, Graham? No? They cleaned me too. Have another drink."

Graham reached for the extended cup, and paused as he saw Mr. Greene avert his eyes.

"Say," he demanded with quick suspicion, "have one yourself. This one's on me."

"Not thirsty," said Greene. "Had plenty before you woke up."

"You're a liar, charged Graham. 'Who, me?' Greene's voice was filled with injury. "That's a hell of a name to call a man. Certainly is."

He moistened his lips stickily. Graham reached for the water jar. He winced with the pain the movement caused him. He glanced within and saw that only a cupful remained. The sides of the jar were moist an inch above the water level and he was convinced that Greene had given him everything the urn had contained. He had been about to give him the remainder.

He pointed at the cup that Greene held half extended toward him.

"Drink it yourself," he said. Greene shook his head.

"Drink it, you little squirt, or I'll dump it on the floor."

Greene sighed, and put it to his lips.

"Now what?" he asked, wiping his mouth.

"Do you know where we are?"

"In a long stone building, just a little away from the pyramid. Looks like a barracks, but it's probably the jail. Janice's here, too. She called to me a little while ago and I yelled back that we were O. K."

"She asked about me?" Graham was curious.

"And nobody else." Mr. Greene's eye bore a twinkle.

Graham arose and walked stiffly about their prison. It was not unlike the conventional prison cell, but larger. There were several stone benches arranged against the walls.

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Graham finds a mysterious message, Monday.

POLE EXPEDITION ENCAMPED ON ICE WHEN SHIP SINKS

MOSCOW, Feb. 15.—(P)—A radio message today from Professor Otto Schmidt, leader of an Arctic expedition stranded when its vessel, the Cheloukin, was crushed by ice, said "for the second day we live on the ice."

The sky cleared last night and we took the bearing from the stars. Our position is 67.17 degrees north latitude, 172.51 degrees west longitude (in Bering Strait).

He sent word through an emergency radio station the group rigged up. An earlier message indicated the party of nearly 100, including infant born only a few weeks ago, was comfortably awaiting the arrival of airplanes scheduled to take off yesterday, from Providence Bay to remove them.

"We are 130 kilometers (approximately 81 miles) from land," Prof. Schmidt advised. "All are healthy and full of energy."

"Before the Cheloukin sank," he continued, "we cut away ropes securing the deck cargo of building materials, barrels, etc. We were right. A considerable part of the cargo floated and we are now fishing it out. We are finishing a barracks for 50 persons with two stoves and are starting the building of a kitchen and a signal tower to mark the spot for a rescue expedition. We hope to build a second barracks."

New 1934 wall paper now on display. K. D. Ross Co., 22 S. Grepe.

TRAIN WRECKER JUDGED INSANE

VANCOUVER, Wash., Feb. 15.—(P)—Frank Hoyt, 33, a farm hand who had been held in jail for two weeks on suspicion he had caused one train wreck, attempted another wreck, and had fired several warehouses, was today adjudged insane by a board of physicians and was ordered committed to the western Washington State hospital at Steilacoom.

Hoyt was arrested after an apparent attempt had been made to wreck a Spokane, Portland & Seattle train near here. He signed a written confession, officers said.

GIVE IT A WHIRL



Low Fire Loss

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE ENTERPRISING GRIGSBY BOY PICKS UP QUITE A LITTLE CHANGE IN WINTER WITH HIS SLED CARRYING VARIOUS AND SUNDRY ARTICLES DOWN THE BACK HILL TO THE STATION FOR COMMUTERS WHO HAVE HURRIEDLY TELEPHONED HOME FOR WHATEVER THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN

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SMATTER POP

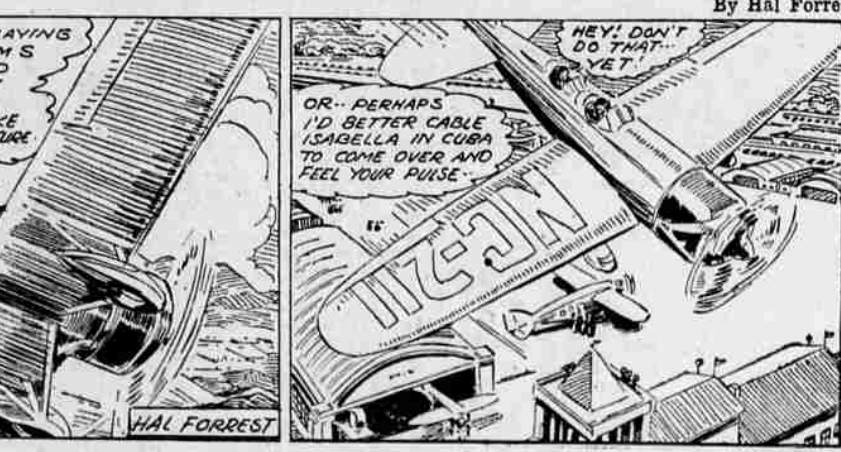
By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Is 'Falling' Again!



BOUND TO WIN—Dan Jeppard's Warning



THE NEBBS—Yes, Yes



BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM
THE PERFECT GUM
A FAMOUS FLAVOR
5¢
EVERYWHERE

Soviets Conquer Illiteracy

MOSCOW, (AP)—Mikhail Kalinin, president of the all-union central executive committee, who heads the drive against illiteracy, has issued a circular saying that the end of illiteracy is to be achieved this year. It orders the last 3,000,000 illiterate adults sent to schools this year.

Hen Lays Big Eggs

PORTLAND, Ore., (UP)—George Rider's Rhode Island hen is laying gargantuan eggs again. Its recent offering weighed half a pound. A few months ago the same hen laid a six-ounce egg, which had two yolks and another normal size egg enclosed in the shell.