

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial

by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Frank, Graham, an explorer, and Justa, a girl, are saved from death at the hands of the savages in the Amazon jungle by the arrival of Horatio Greene, Miss Kent's publicity agent, and a Mexican boy named Juan. They make a dash for freedom in an airplane. Frank saves the plane from crashing on him by the assistance of Justa who makes him unconscious before the plane reaches the coast.

Chapter 26 JUNGLE AGAIN

IF ONLY he could retain consciousness a little while longer! Vaguely he knew that as air in normal speed could travel in a minute about the distance one could travel in a day's beating through heat-laden jungle. Just a half hour more he wanted. His sight grew dimmer. Just a few minutes longer, he prayed. He must get the ship to the coast. The beach, he knew, was one long landing field.

Through bleared eyes he observed that the jungle thickness below was spotted with many savannahs. Again he tried for altitude, but his muscles refused to supply strength sufficient to haul back the stick.

Then ahead of him, abruptly, he saw tree tops. A cloak of darkness obscured his sight for an instant. When his vision cleared he felt the upper branches slap against the landing gear.

Savagely he fought the controls. The effort sent blinding pains through his brain. He was conscious of a great crashing noise.

Eons later, it seemed, he dreamed that he was struggling through incalculable jungles. It was very real to him. The smells of rotting vegetation were bitter in his nostrils. Trees and brush waved like unreal phantoms before his eyes.

From time to time a variety of tastes spread over his palate, as if he had eaten of jungle fruits; twice his brain dwelt in dull wonder that water could taste so sweet even in a dream.

His body felt as though it were encased within hot metal. When that nightmare became too painful to endure, all his senses became blank again. After a period of time the dreams would recur.

When finally he awakened, it seemed that he had been sleeping forever. The air about him was cool and gracious. He opened his eyes. He was lying in a palm clump. He saw the crooping fronds above, outlined against a sky brilliant with stars. Memory swooped upon his consciousness like a great and evil bird. He struggled to a sitting position. A small fire burned nearby.

"Janico!" he cried. "Janico!" "What is it Frank?"

She stood before him. The firelight illumined her. He stared in amazement. Her trim costume was stained and torn, her laced boots were cut to tatters.

He observed that her face seemed thinner of contour, and the skin was pink and peeling as if it had been blistered. At first he thought she was wearing gloves but a closer glance showed him that her hands were bound with white strips of cloth.

"Where's the plane?" he asked. "What happened? We crashed, I know..."

She looked at him with an expression of puzzlement. "Of course," she answered. "This morning." Her face lighted with dawning understanding. "You were delirious. The ship went down in a savannah. It rolled awfully over the open until the ground became swampy. It struck something and went over on its nose, and then righted itself. It sank to the lower wings. It started to burn just a little at first, then very fiercely.

"YOU sat there, holding to the controls as if you were made of wood. Your eyes were wide open. I thought for a horrible instant that..."

"I know," said Frank softly. "Go on."

"There was one of those big knives the natives use, in a leather case, strapped beside the fire extinguisher. I cut the belt that strapped you in. The buckle was twisted and I couldn't loosen it. The flames reached you. You began to move then, I tell you." She smiled wanly.

"I had to leave the rifle; it was too heavy. I knew we had to get away from there. I thought the smoke from the burning plane might bring those natives after us."

She shuddered a little. Her eyes filled with tears, and she dropped to her knees beside him.

"Poor Horatio Greene, and that little Mexican boy!" She wept quite openly now, and Frank threw his arm over the slim shoulders in a clumsy attempt to soothe her. His own throat was tight.

She pressed her bandaged hands against her eyes. "At the time I couldn't understand you. You staggered through the jungle in a daze, striking at the creepers. Sometimes you would fall, and lay as if you would never get up. But you did."

"Once you fell in a pool of water. I got you out. Your face was covered with slimy things that wigged. I brushed them all off and fished in the pool for the knife you lost."

Frank glanced at her hands. "No," she said, anticipating his question. "They were blistered from the knife. After a while you didn't chop at the vines any more, but would just crash at them with your body. So I walked ahead and chopped."

"You did that?" Graham's voice was incredulous. "The girl nodded and hurried on. 'It wasn't so bad. This afternoon, when I thought I couldn't fight the creepers a nether minute, we stumbled on an old road that seemed to lead in the direction we wanted to go. It was like a concrete road at home, only the stone blocks were smaller.'"

"I've heard of them," said Frank. "The old Mayas built them. Usually, though, they're being swallowed by the jungle."

"This one was a godsend. We followed it until dark. Then it stopped. Just like that." She made a downward gesture with her arm.

"IT WAS like walking off an open bridge. I stepped out and my foot touched nothing. I fell—I don't know how far I fell—into some brush and rolled out of it down a slope. I think I screamed, but you didn't hear me."

"I was shaken, but not much hurt, I think. I called to you but you didn't answer. I thought I was in some kind of a wall, and you had walked on, missing it."

"I was really terrified then," she smiled a little apologetically. "I think I was too frightened to call to you. I sat there—I don't know for how long. Then the moon came up..."

"You were lying just a little way from me. Your face was terribly scratched..."

"There were matches in your coat. I made this fire. There were clouds of mosquitoes." A tear glistened on her cheek and fell. "I don't know where we are. We're lost, Frank! Do you think there's any chance..."

She wept tiredly. Frank tightened the rim across her shoulders with awkward reassurance. She rested her head against his shoulder. It seemed that she fell asleep in that instant. He held her thus for an hour, staring somberly at the fire's glow.

Curiously he thought of Spin Winslow's remark made weeks—or was it years?—before. Janice Kent, he had said with his characteristic cynicism, was a wholebone and gristle under her soft exterior.

But he hadn't meant that she could stand a hardship. The routine of the studios, however exacting, had at the day's end warm baths, massage and proper food. Here—no one knew better than Frank Graham—the privations of the jungle would be brutally swift and murderous.

The rifle was gone. He discovered in a glance that his pistol was not in the holster. There was a sagging weight in his coat pocket—ammunition—but worthless without the gun.

They had the machete, but that was little use as a food-getter. It would serve to hack a trail through the jungle; that was all.

How far they were from the coast he had no idea whatsoever. Distances in the jungle are not computed in miles but in days of travel. They had no food—no means to provide themselves with food. Water, even, might prove to be a problem.

They must depend upon the afternoon rain, or else drink the brackish and germ-thickened water from the swamps they might pass. Furthermore a casual wound, the small mishap of a thorn scratch might become infected and prove more deadly than snake bite.

As he watched the fire dwindled. Mosquitoes sang closer. A slight sound in the surrounding darkness made him realize that jaguars were ferocious cats and might be lurking about.

Gently he allowed the limp form of his companion to rest upon the ground. He took off his coat and covered with it the upper part of her body. He threw fresh fuel upon the fire, taking care that some of it was green.

(Copyright, 1934, by Herbert Jensen)

Frank and Janice examine their new prison, Jamaica.

KMED Broadcast Schedule

- Sunday
- 10:00—Judge Rutherford, Lecturer.
 - 10:15—Morning Melody.
 - 10:30—News Digest, Mail Tribune.
 - 10:45 to 11—Musical Notes.
- Monday
- 8:15—PEERLESS PARADE.
 - 8:30—Breakfast News, Mail Tribune.
 - 8:45—Musical Clock.
 - 8:55—Peerless Parade.
 - 9:00—Shopping Guide.
 - 9:00—Friendship Circle Hour.
 - 9:30—Words and Music.
 - 9:45—Helen Mast.
 - 10:00—Morning Melody.
 - 10:30—1934 Parade.
 - 11:00—Grants Pass Hour.
 - 11:15—Marching Along.
 - 11:45—Tone Pictures.
- Tuesday
- 12:00—Mid-Day Revue.
 - 12:15—Chamber of Commerce News.
 - 12:30—Radio Rendezvous.
 - 12:30—News Flash, Mail Tribune.
 - 12:30—Popularties.
 - 1:00—Varieties.
 - 1:30—Mabel Mack, Speaker.
 - 2:00—Classified Edition of the Air.
 - 3:00—Songs for Everyday.
 - 3:30—KMED Program Review.
 - 3:35—Dreaming the Wains 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 Theater Guide.
 - 6:15—Al Picha's Sport Talk.
 - 6:20—Dinner-Dance Program.
 - 7:00—Eventide.
 - 7:30—Helen Bellevue.
 - 7:35 to 8—Moderne.

APPLGATE HEARS GLEEMEN MARCH 9

Meeting at the Applegate hall, a good-sized crowd of grangers and their children attended a pot-luck dinner and program Friday evening, 8. W. Johnson acting as chairman.

Previous to the regular business session, Kent Johnson, 10-year-old musician, entertained with mandolin and harmonica numbers. Aubrey Edwards played two piano solos.

Moving pictures of pine beetle control work in Crater Lake national forest; scenes of snow plowing and a number of interesting slides from various national resorts were shown by Ernest Rostel.

Edwin Taylor, master of the Applegate grange, announced that the Medford Gleemen were expected to give a concert at the hall Friday night, March 9.

INSIGNIA READY FOR JUBILEE USE

An official insignia, cleverly designed, has been adopted for Oregon's Diamond Jubilee celebration next June 8 to 9 and is now available for use, especially by local merchants to insert in newspaper advertising, the chamber of commerce announced today.

The insignia was approved by E. C. (Jerry) Jerome, general chairman for the celebration, and is the work of Harry Hinnan of Mann's Department store. It is expected to be in general use soon, in view of its general attractiveness and the purpose for which it stands. There will be no charge for mat forms. Merchants are urged by the chamber to use the insignia as much as possible to encourage growing interest in Medford's big celebration, expected to draw thousands of visitors to this section.

Legion Meeting In Charge H. Bromley

Regular meeting of Medford Post American Legion Monday evening at the Armory.

Additional plans for the Post's St. Patrick's day carnival and dance will be discussed.

Horace Bromley has the evening's entertainment in charge and has promised faithfully to produce an interesting half hour or more.

In keeping with the times—Drugs and Toiletries at Cut Prices at JARMIN'S DRUG STORE.

Be correctly coded in an Artist Model by Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE NEIGHBORHOOD NEVER HEARD FRED PERLEY IN A WORSE TEMPER THAN ON THE BITTERLY COLD NIGHT WHEN, AFTER STRUGGLING FOR AN HOUR GETTING ON CHAINS, HIS WIFE CALLED NEVER MIND, SHE MADE A MISTAKE ON HER CALENDAR, IT'S NEXT SATURDAY THEY HAVE TO GO OUT TO PLAY BRIDGE.

(Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP

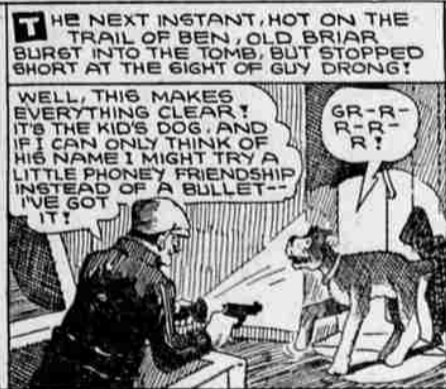
By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Another Threat—For Wilkins!



BOUND TO WIN—Guy Drong Acts Promptly!



THE NEBBS—Why Delay?



BUREAU OF MINES UNDER NEW HEAD

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24. (AP)—President Roosevelt today ordered the bureau of mines transferred from the department of commerce to the department of the interior.

This would return the bureau to the interior department, where it was prior to the Hoover administration.

The President acted upon the recommendation authority given him by the last session of congress and sent a copy of his executive order to congress for its information.

The transfer will become effective in 60 days unless vetoed by congress.

Phone 325, Robinson Trucking Co. for Modern Fuel Oil deliveries.

Don Lawrence To Feature Roofing In Local Office

An office has been opened at 15 N. Fir street by the Lawrence Roofing company, who have been appointed sales agents in this district for Fabco Products. Don Lawrence is proprietor of this firm.

The line consists of Fabco Built-Up Roofs, slate surfaced shingles, all types of roofings, paints and floor coverings.

Mr. Lawrence will specialize in built up roof construction, both new work and repairs to old roofs and has a crew of competent mechanics available at all times. Attractive time payment plan is also offered for re-roofing or painting jobs.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

