

BLOND GODDESS

A New Serial by Herbert Jensen

SYNOPSIS: Escaping a band of murderous savages in the Yucatan jungle, Frank and Janice Kent the movie star, fall into a valley from which they cannot get out. Imprisoned with them is the high priest of the tribe they are fleeing. Billy Langton, a missing aviator friend for whom Janice has been searching, experiences with the same tribe of savages.

Chapter 40
NEW DANGER

LANGTON concluded reminiscently, "It was quite a scrap. We never did get to the top of the pyramid. I grabbed a gun from one of the guards... I used it."

"I thought I saw the ahkin go down, but I couldn't be sure. Anyway the gun was empty, and I ran to the edge of the cenote."

"I'm not much of a swimmer, you know, but I thought I'd rather drown than be cut up. So I jumped over the edge."

"Funny: in falling I thought how curious it was that I still hung on to my bottle through the excitement... Frank I think it was a break that they found that bottle but greater yet was the fact that it got to sea from here!"

He arose and limped back and forth before the fire. Talking rapidly, almost to himself, he said, "We can't get up the cliffs. It would take weeks to make a rope. We might cut down palm trees. Make a ladder that'd reach to the top."

"But it might not work. If we did get to the top it would take weeks to get through the jungle to the coast. Too long. The rains will be here soon again."

Frank interrupted him. "Janice looks a little sleepy. How about getting a little rest, Janice? Billy and I will chin awhile, then turn in ourselves."

They over-ruled the girl's protest. Langton hobbled into the small shack after them and pointed out a net hammock he said he'd made from cactus fiber. "It's not the Waldorf type," he said with a wry smile, "but it's comfortable. The deer skins smell a little but they're warm."

Janice laughed at his apology. "I think it's a lovely bed." She stifled a small yawn and gave them a sleepy good night.

BACK again before the fire, Graham looked somberly at Langton.

"I noticed," he said, "that your fire was chiefly driftwood. Also that your driftwood comes from about the highest level on this little hill."

"You've seen that, too," Langton replied. "Well, old man, I'll tell you the worst. All it takes is just one heavy storm and a flooded stream to wipe us all out."

"I've thought about it until I would get a little nutty. I've thought of building a raft, and when this valley becomes a big bath tub, I'd float until the water went down. It might work, but I believed getting out by way of the cliffs was the lesser evil and got cracked up doing it."

"I thought of building a smaller raft and floating down the stream through the caverns to the sea, but I couldn't be sure of getting there."

"Even now, how could I be sure that a man floating on a raft could get through a pop bottle is one thing, a man is another."

Frank said grimly, "It's a chance that will have to be taken by one of us. You don't swim well. Fortunately, I do. So I think I'll elect myself."

Langton looked at him curiously. "You're a good scout, Frank. But I can't let you do it." For the first time Frank realized the trace of bitterness that underlay Billy Langton's gay humor.

He continued, "I'm only half a man now, Frank. It doesn't matter what happens to me. I'll make a balsam-wood jacket—it's lighter than cork—and do all the floating out there's to be done."

"You're strong and resourceful, Miss Kent's chances would be improved if you remained behind to make ropes, or ladders, or rafts in case... well, bluntly, in case this stream ends below a swamp and seeps upward, or worse, ends in a hole in the ocean floor."

FRANK threw a chip into the fire and watched the small flame with thoughtful glance. He remembered the trip in the launch with Ortega and his two crewmen. They had stopped a half mile or so from

shore and dipped up fresh water out of the sea.

Rivers in this country did tunnel under the beaches and discharge through holes in the ocean bottom. A pop bottle had survived it—but could a living, breathing man? He sighed and shrugged his shoulders. He said softly:

"As you say, it's a chance that must be taken. We must try every possible device before the rains come. You put up a good argument, Billy, but I think you and Janice stay here."

The paralyzed figure of the high priest made a sound. As of one ac-



The native drink.

cord, they both arose and stared at him over the glowing coals.

"Water," said the ahkin in Spanish. Langton handed him a gourd. The native drank and set down the vessel. He looked at them both with his penetrating glance.

Was it imagination or the flickering light and shadow from the fire? but the high priest's eyes held a queer mocking light, thought Frank. Although the man's face was impassive, and his body immobile and useless, nevertheless he still was impressive with an intangible power.

It was as if he alone, of the four in this remote valley, had some knowledge hidden from them. And that knowledge gave him mastery of the fates of his companions.

In the days that followed, Frank and his machete were indefatigable. In the interval of day between the sudden eruption of tropic dawn over the jungle above them and the quick cloak of darkness that descended at sunset, all busied themselves at their varied tasks.

Frank chopped and stripped of their thorns bales of long leaved cactus. Janice pounded and soaked them in water, and put the fiber in the sun to dry. They would have plenty of rope for their varied experiments to win to safety. He collected timbers of driftwood and split them to make a frame for his raft, and poles and rungs for ladders. Langton because of his hurts could take no part in the rougher work.

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Tomorrow, the rains come.

ACTIVE CLUB WORKS ON PLANS TO ENTICE INTERNATIONAL MEET

One of the best meetings of the year was held by the Active club at the Hotel Medford Tuesday night with Glen Fabrick presiding. Following the dinner communications were read and plans drawn for obtaining the next international convention in Medford this year.

The program chairman, Kenneth Anthony, then presented Dr. L. I. Sanders and Dr. S. Ralph Dippel, who furnished the program of the evening. It included a 15-minute health talk by Dr. Sanders, followed by a picture, "The Life of a Healthy Child." This picture has been endorsed by the American Dental association and the American Medical association, and is now being shown in the largest health centers of New York state and California. The club members were enthusiastic in their approval of the program and extended their endorsement of the showing of the picture as a worthy community effort.

Several short comedy skits completed the program Tuesday night, March 10, was announced as date of the first dancing party of the club.

PENDLETON, Ore., Mar. 1.—(AP)—Local CWA officials have received word that \$40,000 for work on the Pendleton airport has been approved. One hundred more men will be added to the 100 already at work in an effort to speed up construction of leveling and rocking runways for the opening next month. The hangar is already about finished.

STEEL INDUSTRY GAINS MOMENTUM

NEW YORK, Mar. 1.—(AP)—Increasing momentum in the rise of steel operations is reported by "Iron Age," which estimates the current production ratio at 47 per cent of capacity, highest since last August.

compared with 44 1/2 per cent last week. Demand from the automobile industry is being supplemented, the review says, by broadening inquiry from other sources, including the railroads, makers of road machinery, farm equipment, electric refrigerators, radios and stoves.

OSBERLIN, O., Mar. 1.—(AP)—Dr. Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin college 24 years, died today. During the world war he was director of religious work for the Y. M. C. A. in France.

GIVE IT A WHIRL... by Hatlo

EGBERT!! I TOLD YOU TO GET STANDARD GASOLINE WITH TETRAETHYL UNSURPASSED.

ROORA! ROORA! ROORA!

ERRAND BOY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

MOTHER CALLS HIM INTO KITCHEN AND ASKS HIM TO FETCH HER WATCH ON THE BUREAU IN HER BEDROOM

WONDERS IF HE CAN HOP ALL THE WAY ON ONE LEG

SHIFTS TO OTHER LEG

TRIES TO CROSS LIVING-ROOM RUG STEPPING ONLY ON THE SOLID COLOR AND NOT ON ANY PART OF THE DESIGN

WALKS UPSTAIRS BACKWARDS

AND PRESENTLY STARTS RETURN JOURNEY VIA THE BANISTERS

TRIES TO WALK ALONG HALL AND THROUGH PANTRY WITH HIS EYES SHUT

REACHES KITCHEN AND ASKS MOTHER WHAT WAS IT SHE ASKED HIM TO GET?

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 3-1 (Copyright, 1934, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

I THINK I TOLD YOU LAST WEEK, IF YOU GET INTO YER MAW'S JAM, A BIG JAM-WOOFUS WOULD JUMP OUTA THA DARK AND GIT YOU

YESSIR!

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU KEEP THAT IN MIND!

I TAKE IT THEN THAT THA JAM-WOOFUS IS UPHOLDIN' THA MORAL ATMOSPHERE OF THA KITCHEN

BUT IT DIDN'T JUMP OUT AN' GIT ME!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Nick Brace Shows The Boys How He Crashes 'Em!

By Hal Forrest

THAT'S THE BABY I'VE GOT TO SMACK INTO THE DUST WHERE X MARKS THE SPOT--

GOSH! YOU MUST BE LIKE A CAT WITH NINE LIVES, BRACE!

IT'S JUST A MATTER OF CORRECT TIMING-AND LADY LUCK RIDING WITH YOU--COME ON--I'LL SHOW YOU THE SHOCK PADS IN MY COCKPIT--

YOU SEE--I'VE GOT A SMUDGE FLARE RIGGED UP HERE--JUST BEFORE I START SPINNING I IGNITE THE FLARE--

I SEE--AND THAT CREATES THE ILLUSION THAT THE SHIP IS BURNING UP, EH?

HERE COMES THE ANSWER TO A MAIDEN'S PRAYER--THE CELLULOID HERO OF MIDNIGHT PATROL--

GILBERT MONTAGUE, YEAH--I MET THAT BIRD ONCE BEFORE

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Despair

By Edwin Alger

THE SPEED BOAT, GUIDED BY A MAN UNKNOWN TO BEN, ROARED THROUGH THE DARKENED WATERS-- BRIAR HUNGLED CLOSE TO HIS YOUNG MASTER, AND OLD DAN JEPPARD, THE PICTURE OF HOPELESSNESS, REMAINED SILENT-- ONLY "SPIDER" WEBB AND GUY DRONG APPEARED CHEERFUL--

AREN'T YOU GOING TO TAKE OFF THIS BALL AND CHAIN? YOU AT LEAST REMOVED MY HANDCUFFS--YOU'RE NOT MOTHERS, ARE YOU?

WE'LL LET THIS FRESH KID WORK ON THE BALL AND CHAIN, BOBBY-- THAT'LL KEEP HIM OCCUPIED FOR A DAY OR SO!

GOOD-BYE, FOLKS! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES!

YOU FIENDS! FIENDS!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

DON'T FEEL SO BADLY, MR. JEPPARD-- WE'LL GET OUT OF THIS!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE IN THE WORLD, BEN-- THERE IS NOTHING ON THIS ISLAND TO SUSTAIN LIFE AND WE'RE FORTY MILES OFF THE BEATEN TRACK OF ANY KIND OF BOAT WHAT-EVER!

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THE NEBBS—The Big Bad Wolf

By Sol Hess

WHERE'S LEM SLIDERS BOSS TALKING THINGS OVER WITH NO OTHER THAN CALES RENROD

FOLKS, YOU WILL REMEMBER RENROD HAS BEEN NEBB'S ARCH ENEMY EVER SINCE NEBB'S DAUGHTER LEFT HIM AT THE CHURCH ALTAR.

I THINK THIS SLIDER KID HAS GOT THIS PROPOSITION ALL WRAPPED UP-- NOW KNOW HIS OLD MAN IS INTERESTED FINANCIALLY-- AND YOU KNOW THAT KID IS A GO-GETTING HOUND-- HE COULD SELL ICE TO ESKIMOS

LISTEN! DON'T LET THAT KID KNOW I'M THE OJIE WHO PROMPTED THIS DEAL BECAUSE IF THIS FELLOW NEBB FINDS I'M INTERESTED IN IT, IT WON'T BE A DEAL-- YOU KNOW THAT A FELLOW WHO CAN TALK AS MUCH AS THAT KID DOES, CAN OVERPLAY HIS ACT

IT'D LIKE TO GET THIS FELLOW NEBB-- HE'S DUMB BUT THE GODDESS OF CHANCE HAS WOVEN A PROTECTING WEB AROUND HIM THAT I'VE BEEN UNABLE TO PENETRATE BUT SOME DAY THIS LUCK WILL DESERT HIM AND THAT'S WHEN HIS SCALP WILL DECORATE CALES RENROD'S WIGWAM

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

AW! THIS SOCIETY GAME GITS ME WEARY-- I WISH I WUZ POOR AG'IN.

I'D SAY IT WUZ ALL.

THE INCOME TAX MAN PHONED--HE'LL BE HERE TO-MORROW TO HELP YOU MAKE IT OUT-- AND YOUR INSURANCE PREMIUMS ARE DUE-- SIR-- TO-MORROW IS MY DAY-- AND THE AUTO REPAIR-MAN IS HERE TO FIX THE CAR-- THAT'S ALL.

DADDY-- HERE ARE ALL THE BILLS TO BE PAID-- SOME MORE WILL BE HERE TO-MORROW-- BUT THESE WILL KEEP YOU BUSY FOR AWHILE

HUH?

BY GOLLY! IT LOOKS AS IF I'VE GOTTA GIT ME WISH--

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SERVICE STATION WILL GO UP SOON

Preparations are under way for the construction of the new General Petroleum service station at the corner of West Main and Ivy streets, occupying the site of the former Fountain Lodge. Actual construction is expected to be begun within a short time, with the probability the station will be completed early in April. Every effort is being made to preserve the beauty of the corner, well known for its attractive trees. The trees will not be destroyed. W. F. Currier, district manager for the General Petroleum company, said today, and will fit in perfectly with landscape plans for the station. Work now being removed from the station site will be restored when the building has been completed. The structure will emphasize colonial architecture and will have colonial type service units, presenting the latest in service station attractive-

REFORMERS GET THIRD PARTY BID

WASHINGTON, March 1.—(AP)—An invitation to the progressive groups in congress, "except those at the extreme left," to unite in a national third party movement was issued today by Representative Arens, farm-laborite of Minnesota. Arens suggested in a formal statement the new party adopt the farm-labor name, but said the name was less important than a "union of forces and a union of purpose." "Reformers must unite," he said. "The question of name and changes of platform can be taken up later in proper manner." Arens suggested the possibility of the new party running Floyd B. Olson, Minnesota's farm-labor governor, for president.