

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Terry Willett has come down the sunny Pulco river to Propionaire to see what he can do to help a shipment of needed equipment for the engineering job he and his father are supervising. The unstable native government is suspected of plotting with the aim of the National Coffee Company to try to help but can do little. Terry is a tough youngster, who usually takes what he wants, when he wants it.

Chapter Two ADVENTURE

TERRY had been around. Bearing twenty-eight, he had before he was twenty encircled most of the globe.

He had seen native gangs sweat their hearts out to raise a railroad trestle in the Andes. His life he'd once entrusted to a battered Ford car, seeing across a desert three jumps and a wheeze about of a yelling throng of marauding Rifles in Morocco.

He had witnessed the death of his father's best friend and one of the most able and undaunted engineers that ever battled the forces of Nature to a standstill, Sam Colton, knifed by a heat-and-drink-maddened peon in Mexico.



Terry Willett lounged at the bar.

And to begin with, as is most logical that he, like everything else, should have a beginning, he was born in China.

It had been Colton's death that shocked tight-mouthed, rangy Lawrence Willett into the man he had been before Vic Willett had smiled—and died, while a Chinese maidervant roas from her knees with a small bundle of humanity that its father could not see.

He became the maestro for his son—waving the baton of forgetfulness of a mass of auburn hair, a pair of fine grey-green eyes, a light laugh, by spurning an executive's chair and leaving behind him bridges, dams, and roads in all parts of the world, but never Memory.

How could he, when the boy who kept pace with him had Vic's red-golden hair and her eyes?

And then—Sam Colton had been sent back to the States for burial. The friend of both, a second father to Terry.

"Terry," Lawrence Willett said abruptly, "let's go home."

But it was too late. Terry had rolled a cigarette and stuck it between this even lips.

"Home!" he said ironically, his lean tanned face darkening. "You can head for the States if you want to, Dad, but I'm going to stick around and see that the louse who knifed Sam gets all that's coming to him."

And he had. That had been five years ago.

Vic—The "Colono" was crowded to-night. Terry Willett lounged at the bar and moodily surveyed his surroundings, a clear-cut drooping from a corner of his mouth, one hand idly toying with a glass before him.

The place left him cold. The men there were a conglomeration of foreigners, natives, sailors, and tough rambled fellows from the engine-rooms of the ships in the harbor, dancing, drinking, singing lustily, while a women orchestra played from a balcony overlooking the floor and scores of other women circled around among the tables, dodging away from grasping hands, smiling at insults.

The crowd left him alone. After one or two had approached him, they realized the tall hard figure at the bar was there to drink and nothing else. Propionaire liquor helped to speed the time to his departure.

He felt like getting royally plastered, but that wouldn't be so good. Of course, it would be nice to fade into oblivion and wake up just before the Dutch steamer cleared for the capital—he wouldn't have to stand here and think how his father had looked when he left.

The scene stayed with him even yet—the tall man at the water's edge beside the launch arguing with him, ordering him to get action from the coffee company's head office in the capital, the sun rising behind that jungle world, his father's eyes—Sure, Dad was the boss, but it had been hard to leave him there at that leaden river with the sulky Chalkis all around him.

Abruptly he had another drink. Speed up time, try to forget this inaction. Again he dallied with the idea of getting drunk. No, might get into a tangle with the police and end up being held incommunicado for three days like the time he and Bucky Corrigan had landed in jail after that All Saint's Day riot in Juarez.

Grand fight that. He wondered what had happened to Corrigan.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



WILLIAM A. PRESCOTT—famous historian, wrote his "CONQUEST OF PERU" WITH HIS EYES SHUT!

A LIVING LADDER—NATURAL GROWTH OF A PEACH TREE OWNED BY KURRE ALLEN, Jackson, Mo.

FLORIDA ONCE EXTENDED FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO TO LABRADOR... 16TH CENTURY GEOGRAPHERS CALLED THE ENTIRE ATLANTIC COAST FLORIDA

NEW YORK CITY CONTAINS 141 ISLANDS—EVEN MORE THAN VENICE!

12-12-35 McClure Syndicate, Inc. New York City, the Venice of America, has 141 islands as compared with the approximately 120 that comprise the real Venice. The main part of New York is itself an island—Manhattan Island—and in it are taken upon which are other islands, but these account for only a few of the city's many islands. In the city proper are 21 islands, but in Greater New York, which includes the numerous islands in the Jamaica Bay district, are 120 more.

ENJOY WRIGLEY'S AFTER EVERY MEAL!



Toll of Scarlet Fever Increasing

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 12.—(AP)—Scarlet fever claimed 14 lives in Oregon the first 11 months of this year, the state board of health reported today. Fatalities from this disease have increased steadily since 1932 when they numbered seven. Sixty-three new cases of scarlet fever were reported last week.

The skins of Australia's koala, or "native bear," are imported into England for the manufacture of articles requiring a cheap, durable fur. Prescott used this method of writing so that he could work in the dark, saving his eyes. It was by this style of writing that he produced his "Conquest of Mexico" and "Conquest of Peru."

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM THE FLAVOR LASTS

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hope Revived

WITH THEIR FUEL SUPPLY ALMOST GONE, AS A RESULT OF STANDING BY THE WRECKED DIRIGIBLE AND SENDING OUT A CONSTANT SOS UNTIL A CONTACT WITH THE NAVY WAS ESTABLISHED, TOMMY AND SKETER ARE NOW IN A TIGHT POSITION.



THE COMPASS IS HAYWIRE WE'LL HAVE TO FLY BLIND UNTIL—

IT'S TH' NAVY JOB, TOM! MUST'VE TURNED BACK TO FACE US IN!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Disappointment

HURRYING TO THE OFFICE OF BOON AND SQUIGGS, LITTLE CRIP TOLD BEN HOW THE SMALL BOY WITH THE DOG HAD BEEN HIRED TO DISTRACT LONESTAR'S ATTENTION—BEN HIRED!

I JUST WANT ONE CHANCE TO GET BACK AT THAT BIG SKINNY GUY WHO RUGHED ME IN THE MUSH!

WHERE ARE BOON AND SQUIGGS?

THEY'VE BEAT IT, CRIP—

THE NEBBS—She Who Laughs Last

YOU'VE BEEN PUTTING ON A BIT OF WEIGHT SINCE YOU ARE A LADY OF LEISURE... YOU'LL TAKE A LONG BREATH, SOME DAY AND LOSE THOSE COAT BUTTONS

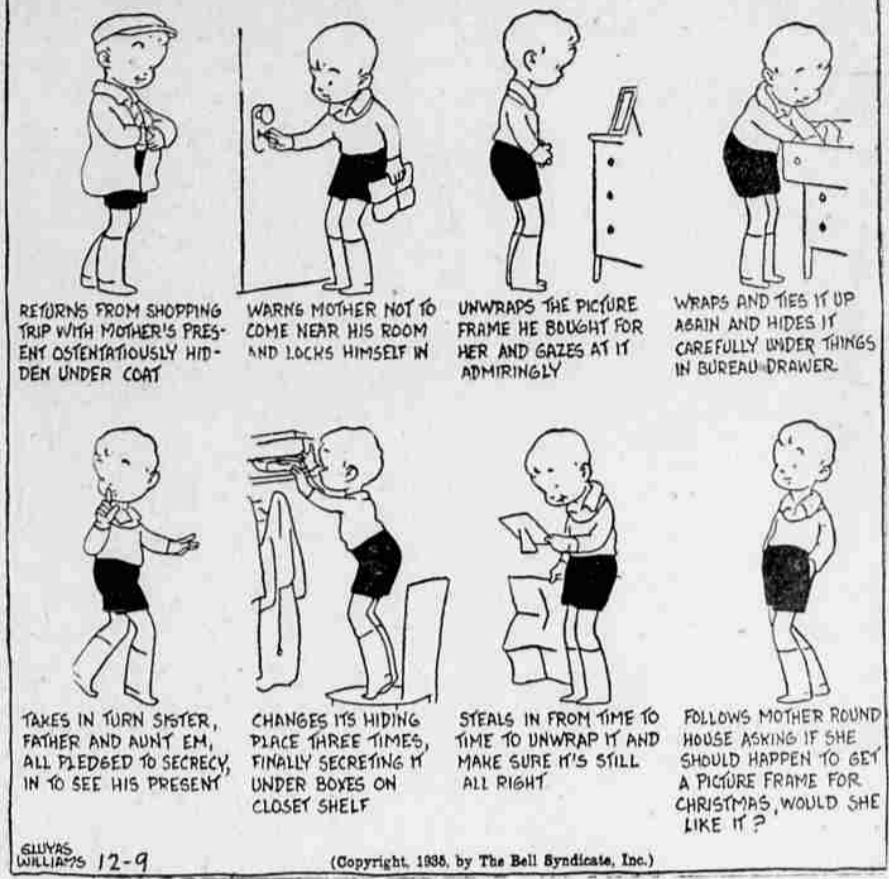
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME... WHEN I'M PUTTING ON MY COAT I'M WRAPPIN' UP SOMETHIN' BESIDES SKIN AN' BONES... ALL YOU NEED IS AN UMBRELLA COVER

IF IT'S BOTHERIN' YOU, I MIGHT TAKE OFF A LITTLE WEIGHT WHILE I'M ON THE HOOP... MY CAR IS IN THE SHOP BEING OVERHAULED

THAT HUNK OF JUNK, YOU DOUBT MEAN 'OVERHAULED', YOU MEAN 'HAULED OVER'... THAT CAR'S BEEN HAULED OVER THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY BY HORSE-POWER AND MAN-POWER... IT RUNS WITH EVERYTHING BUT GASOLINE-POWER

SURPRISE PRESENT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



RETURNS FROM SHOPPING TRIP WITH MOTHER'S PRESENT OSTENTATIOUSLY HIDDEN UNDER COAT

WARNS MOTHER NOT TO COME NEAR HIS ROOM AND LOCKS HIMSELF IN

UNWRAPS THE PICTURE FRAME HE BOUGHT FOR HER AND GAZES AT IT ADMIRINGLY

WRAPS AND TIES IT UP AGAIN AND HIDES IT CAREFULLY UNDER THINGS IN BUREAU DRAWER

TAKES IN TURN SISTER, FATHER AND AUNT EM, ALL PLEDGED TO SECRECY, IN TO SEE HIS PRESENT

CHANGES ITS HIDING PLACE THREE TIMES, FINALLY SECRETING IT UNDER BOXES ON CLOSET SHELF

STEALS IN FROM TIME TO TIME TO UNWRAP IT AND MAKE SURE IT'S STILL ALL RIGHT

FOLLOWS MOTHER ROUND HOUSE ASKING IF SHE SHOULD HAPPEN TO GET A PICTURE FRAME FOR CHRISTMAS, WOULD SHE LIKE IT?

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 12-9 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP-

By C. M. PAYNE



NO NOISE? NO, SIR! NOT A SOUND!

WELL, IF BURGLARS NEVER MAKE A SOUND, HOW DO COPS CATCH THEM?

EASY! DESPERATE BURGLARS, THE DETECTIVE EXPLAINS



THA COPS JUST LISTEN!

AN' WHEN THEY HEAR SUMTHIN' NOT MAKIN' A SOUND THEY UPS AN' JUMP IN—THAT'S THEIR MAN!

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FORESTRY BODY EYES O-C GRANT

PORTLAND, Dec. 12.—(AP)—Members of the Western Forestry and Conservation association considered the Oregon and California land grant situation today, following preliminary sessions yesterday during which committee reports were presented and the president's report presented. The first sessions were given over principally to an explanation of the government's interest in the lumber and logging industry, presented by Chief Forester Ferdinand A. Silcox in response to questions of the president of the association, O. P. Jewett of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Silcox said the government did not intend to enter the industry "unless private interests fail to protect public interests."

ELECTRIC SERVICE OFF 34 MINUTES

A burned-out cable in the Medford sub-station of the California Oregon Power company caused a 34-minute interruption in electric service in the city and surrounding area Thursday. The power went off at 4:15 p. m. and was restored at 4:51 by switching to a spare cable. The burned-out cable is to be repaired as soon as possible, the reserve cable being usable meanwhile. S. C. Jones, acting division manager said. The trouble was caused when heat from the cable produced a gas pressure that blew oil out of a duct. Lack of oil caused the cable to burn out, Mr. Jones explained. The break in service caused a delay in getting the Mail Tribune out.