

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

COPIES: Terry Willett is the docks to be sure the ship's equipment which the allies government has been delaying for weeks at last gets aboard the boat. But Altaire West, who has just taken him and together they consider on what may be a dangerous mission. Terry gives Altaire his automobile; he tells the boat, Altaire is delighted with Terry—pure steel, perfectly fearless.

Chapter Nine
HOT SPOT
ONCE, long ago, Altaire had known Steve Perry, one of the greatest "Number Two's" in the polo world, whose father's factories made millions while he made goals at Rane lugh, Hurlingham, Meadowbrook, Cannes.

She was supposed to be engaged to him—or was she? She remembered denying something or other—somewhere or other.
And George Fox, the attaché, and Ray West, unconcernedly shaking hands with LaMarr right before his wife's eyes.

Other faces jammed through her mind and were gone in the shadows of leaping flames, the dark-skinned faces of men who spoke in queerly soft tones, and looked at her while they worked—all a part of the sudden blind swing she had taken from a gleaming road.

They were bringing out the National Coffee Company freight now. There it was, Terry Willett!
The tall young man surveyed it thoughtfully.

"Perhaps," came Hilder faintly ironic tones, "you would prefer to give the order yourself for this lifting, Señor?"
Terry released her arm then to run a tentative hand over one of the large crates.

"It may be so, but I don't trust you any further than I can see you, Hilder."
He pushed at the crate, tilted it a little. Hilder watched him as a patient husband watches a flighty wife buying a new hat.

"Huh," muttered Willett. He seized an iron pick from a silently impassive stevedore and pried up a board.
"One moment," Hilder grabbing his arm, the noise of the crane suddenly ceasing, "you have already delayed me too long, Señor."

"Get away," Terry told him. "It's my freight and I've waited so long for it I could damn near swallow it. I'm taking a look—"
The other stepped back, smiling—Terry didn't care. This stuff was too all-important. He yanked up another board with a rasping screech and examined the contents, while the light from a nearby flare swept across his face.

A great many crumpled newspapers, a few carelessly wrapped from bars—a hell of a lot like shining steel dredging blades, wasn't it? Hilder was too affable, and the box too queerly light.

His eyes glanced quickly at the other freight on the dock. He grabbed hold of a huge cumbersome crate that three men would have trouble lifting and felt it swing under his heavy light—all this stuff was so damned strangely light.

Dummy freight! Operations had ceased all around him. Dummy freight to fit the bills of lading for government authorities at Proponaire.

A long moment of silence, and then he nodded casually at the girl.
"Ever seen 'em getting a ship ready to do some gun running?" he inquired. "Take a look and imagine George Fox's embarrassment—"
"I think," Hilder said with a sleepy smile, "you should not—have said that—Señor—"

And suddenly he knew he shouldn't have. Not for himself so much as for a girl whom he had adopted into the whole scheme of things.

He scratched his armpit, and then as if to get at it more effectively, slid his hand under his coat. Then, and only then, did he remember he had given her the thing that made all men equal on the docks at Roxina B.

THE smell of the swamp was hot and permeating—like a reptile basked in the sun with the mud and slime of the river bottom encrusting its scales, a dull ever-present scent that stayed with the senses as a shocking scene stays with the mind.
A tall man stood in the doorway of a makeshift little hut, his throat open to the Meoan carcasses of the spot, his lips cracked and dry. There was a heavy revolver hanging on his belt, and one hand rested on its butt as with the other he slowly, mechanically rubbed the throbbing brow beneath his helmet.

tomorrow. Reserves were equipped with Stanford plays to furnish opposition in scrimmage.
Christmas Carol Ruined By Blast
DODGE CITY, Kan., Dec. 21—(AP) Silent Night, Holy Night, caroled 250 Sunnyside school pupils.
"All is calm—"
The furnace exploded.
"All is bright—"
Everybody ran, no one was hurt, and the children had a holiday while the furnace was repaired.
SALMON, Ida., Dec. 21—(AP) Irving Past, 35-year-old master-mechanic for a gold mining company at Shoup, Idaho, was electrocuted in the engine room of the mine today. His body was found five minutes after the accident.

DEFENSE WORRIES MUSTANG MENTOR
DALLAS, Tex., Dec. 21—(AP) Coach Matty Bell says new plays he gave his Southern Methodist Mustangs for use against Stanford in the Rose Bowl battle are beginning to click but that he still is worried about the defense.
"I know we can't stop Stanford's powerhouse attack by ordinary means," said the Mustangs' mentor after watching the Mustangs' snappy offensive and defensive drills yesterday. "I still am not totally satisfied that the way we have the situation properly diagnosed and there are going to be many anxious moments for us until the game is over."
Speeding up his presser, Bell announced scrimmage for today and to-

INAUGURATE BOYER AT U. OF O. FEB. 6

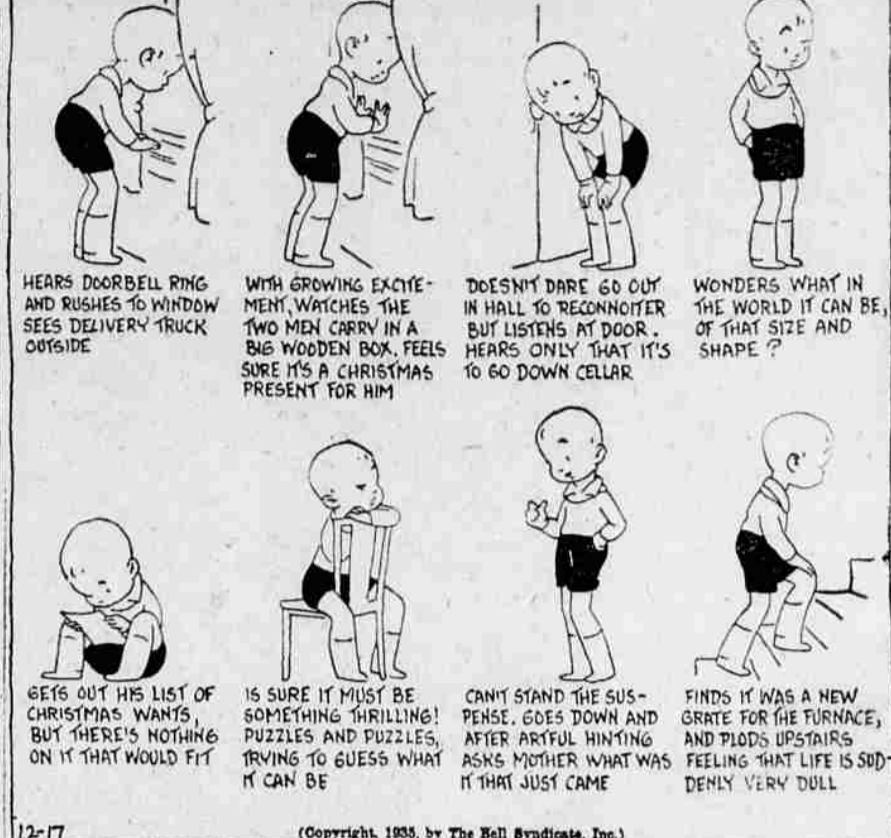
EUGENE, Ore., Dec. 21—(AP) Dr. Clarence Valentine Boyer will be formally inaugurated as president of the University of Oregon, February 6.
The committee on arrangements announced the inauguration would climax an all-day session of representative of other colleges and universities, faculty and students of the universities, and citizens of Oregon.

Dr. Boyer became the university's sixth president when he took up the actual work April 16, 1934, after serving as acting president since January 13, 1934. Dr. Arnold B. Hill was president of Oregon before Dr. Boyer.
President Boyer came to the university in 1926 as head of the English department. He is a Princeton graduate and was on the University of Illinois faculty 10 years.
The committee in charge of the inauguration includes Dr. H. G. Townsend, Dr. John P. Boward and Dr. Ray Bowen.

Business Men To Sub For Carriers
ASHEVILLE, N. C., Dec. 21—(AP) The old practice of "leaving something for the carrier boy" on Christmas is undergoing variations here this year. Carrier boys of the Times decades ago, some of them now prominent business men and one of them the chief of police, will take up their bags again Monday and assume full charge of street sales—the proceeds to go to today's somewhat more carriers.
XMAS PHOTOS
Holiday Specials Now! PEASLEYS—Opposite Holly Theatre

CHRISTMAS DELIVERY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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CRIMINAL TRIALS USED TO BE SUSPENDED FROM A WEEK BEFORE, UNTIL A WEEK AFTER CHRISTMAS IN SCOTLAND.

MORE ALIENS LEAVE AMERICA BY WAY OF ELLIS ISLAND THAN ENTER THROUGH IT.

RATTLESNAKES ARE BORN WITHOUT RATTLES.

THE GREATEST SINGERS USE ONLY ABOUT 30 OF THE 50,000 DIFFERENT NOTES!

Within the range of sound, from the lowest tone to the highest, there are about 50,000 notes. Each note results from a different rate of vibration. In music 12 notes are employed in each octave, and generally no more than five octaves are used—a total of 60 notes. The violin, for all its variety of music, uses only about 40 notes, and the exceptional human voice that ranges two and a half octaves employs but 30 notes. Between the lowest and the highest of a piano's 88 keys are thousands of notes which the piano does not play; the same is true for voice or violin.

Ellis Island is the outgoing stopping point for aliens much more than it is an incoming stopping point. Very few aliens entering the country are detained at the island, but many who leave must stop there. In a typical recent year, about 21,000 aliens entered New York, and only about a thousand of them were detained at Ellis Island for examination. During the same year more than 19,000 aliens were deported at Ellis Island before being deported.

Most aliens entering the country are examined by American officials at the port from which they leave, thus avoiding the necessity of deportation in case the subject is deemed undesirable.

Tomorrow: The Other North Star.

S'MATTER POP—



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mysterious Sounds!

TOMMY AND SKOOTER, FORCED DOWN BY ICE FORMING ON THE WINGS OF THEIR PLANE, HAVE JUST MADE A LANDING AT AN ALTITUDE OF EIGHTEEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL—UPON WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN ISLAND IN THE SKY.



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—On the Way

WHAT NEW ADVENTURE AWAITS BEN AND BRIAR AT THE LITTLE BEND LOGGING CAMP? HE'S HEADED THERE, YOU KNOW, TO SEE JEB MORGAN, THE GHERRIE'S BROTHER—AND AS YET BEN IS UNAWARE THAT HE AND BRIAR HAVE COMPANY!



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