NEVER MIND THE LADY · NEVER MIND THE LADY · NEVER MIND THE LADY · NEVER MIND THE LADY

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by David Garth

SYNOPSIS: Allaire West shot a man one night in the tropics to save the life of Terry Willett, whom she just had met. George Foz attache at the American Embassy, knew about it. But when Terry looked Allaire up at her mother's Washington home the meeting was not a success. And now George has returned on leave, has gone to the same home to look for the same girl and instead has found a human snake named LaMarr. And LaMarr lets it be known that he has discovered Allaire's tropical indiscretion, but will keep his mouth shut for $20,000. George refused to pay.

Chapter 25

"IT CAME TAILS"

A FLIP of the coin! The actions of Terry Willett's life had always been dictated by impulse, and what was impulse but a flip of the coin in the mind?

Reaction, which had been chasing him a long time, nearly caught him as he stood outside the West mansion with the taxi waiting. Reaction! —when a man rests on his oars a moment to get his bearings before he bends to them again.

Tommy Speede had leaned over his shoulder and sobbed: "I can't beat this game and you can't either. You'll see."

Speede!—a weakling, a failure, going out soaked with kana and leaving a native wife and a half-breed brat. "Beautiful women, Terry, slim-waisted and laughing and fresh—," the cry to a life left behind.

Women! Strange beings, women! Seemed to get into a man's life, made it more complete. Even his father had lived only half a life after Vic had traded her life for Terry's birth. And so Terry had stopped for a moment, wondered, and flipped a coin. Puff Harrington or the Palva.

And when the taxi had dropped him at Union Station he'd simply shrugged.

"It came tails, boss. Satisfied?"

HE WAS in the Tyndall Construction and Engineering Company offices at noon the next day. It was a widespread, internationally-known company and occupied nearly a whole floor of a New York skyscraper. Famous works of engineering were perpetuated in plaster models and long framed pictures scattered throughout the offices.

Terry Willett, being Terry Willett, asked to see Gregory Tyndall himself. He'd heard his father speak of him. And he wouldn't see anybody else. They finally sent in his name.

Surprisingly, Tyndall saw him right away. For all the power that emanated through the channels he controlled, his face with its youthful smile and intent blue eyes was kindly.

"So you're Terence Willett?" he smiled, shaking hands. "You and your father did some work for us down at Juarez. How is your father? I knew him well a long time ago."

Willett told him in one short sentence how his father was. Tyndall didn't say anything for a moment. Then he bent forward and switched a buzzer on the call box and left orders not to disturb him. He snapped the buzzer back.

"Tell me about it, Terry."

"Fever."

"Fever." Tyndall shook his head slowly. "What an end for Laurie. He could have been tops here if he hadn't decided to free-lance and beat his way around the world.

"My father sat in this chair ahead of me and I was groomed for it from the time I could walk, but if Laurie had stuck he'd have beaten me out in spite of that. A great executive, your father. I'm awfully sorry, son."

He looked at Willett intently. "Are you free-lancing too?"

"Yes," said Willett, "taking my jobs where I find them."

"How about taking a regular job with me?"

"I've got a job. Under contract. Revolution and — circumstances knocked it in the head temporarily, but I'm going back to see it through. I'd like to borrow Corrigan."

"Corrigan? One of my engineers? —oh, John Corrigan. So you need him."

"Like to have Bucky, but I don't want him to lose his job with you."

Tyndall repressed a smile.

"I don't think losing a job ever makes much difference to Corrigan. What's on your mind, Terry?"

"Job on the Palva River. It's a stinker and I need help."

"Corrigan will be glad to help you. And anybody else you want—"

"That's all right. Corrigan and I will see it through. I'll return him to you maybe a little dented, but a few more dents won't hurt Bucky any."

He got up.

"Don't rush off, Terry."

Willett laughed.

"Funny. The governor said the same thing. Don't rush off. What else is there to do? I've had enough of this country already."

Tyndall arose and came around the corner of the desk. "Terry, want you to come back when you're through down there."

"I can't beat this game and you can't either!"

HE PUT a hand on the young man's shoulder. "You have a place in this engineering world among the leaders, the place your father could have had. I respected and admired Laurie, but if ever a man wasted his life and his talents, it was he. Don't make that mistake, son—drift from engineering camp to engineering camp with no steady goal. You've got too much. I know it."

"I haven't anything," said Willett, "but a job to do. I don't know whether I can swing it or not, but I owe it to Dad to make the try. As for your offer — thanks — maybe sometime—"

They shook hands.

"Wait," said Tyndall, as Terry turned to leave. "Where is—your father?"

"Carteret," said Willett. "In Virginia, near Washington."

"I'm glad it's there. Lovely old place, isn't it?"

"I guess so," said Terry. "Lots of trees and things. Well, good-bye, and thanks again."

Tyndall saw him leave the office with that long easy stride of his. He'd come for something, got it, and gone; nothing else seemed to matter. Tyndall thought it was too bad.

A lot of Lawrence Willett in that man — executive and organizing power, latent force, engineering genius probably—and need of a balance wheel. Be a shame if the only way he went to Carteret again was like his father—maybe somebody would bring him back too.

Terry stopped on the way back to his hotel to invest heavily in a couple of cables. He sent one to Drake, the National Coffee Company's Propionoire agent, and the other to Bucky Corrigan.

Corrigan's whereabouts stumped him. It might be a toss-up between the Redmonte Bar and the city jail. He finally sent it in care of the American Consul, directing him to forward it to the Tyndall office down there.

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Terry gets the surprise of his life, tomorrow.

What the Girl Scouts Are Doing

There has been a slight change in the office hours of the Girl Scout office, which is being made to accommodate the Girl Scouts themselves. In order that the office may be opened for after-school hours, the office will be open from 2:00 p. m. to 4:30 p. m., each afternoon except Mondays. Your local director invites you to call and make this your headquarters.

Mrs. R. E. Carley will be the new captain of the Roosevelt troop No. 2. At the opening ceremony Monday afternoon Mrs. Carley was installed and given her troop name. The girls renewed their promise and welcomed Mrs. Carley as their new leader. She will be assisted by Betty Paske and Mrs. Kenneth Scott Wood.

The Leaders' association met on Tuesday evening and a chairman selected to initiate plans for the organization of a permanent Leaders' club. Mrs. Louise Humphreys, leader of the Washington troop was selected to act in this capacity. The plans for the first meeting to be held on Tuesday evening, January 21, will include a dinner, election of officers, and the adoption of the winter's program.

Hitler's Throat Bothering Again

BERLIN, Jan. 11.—(AP)— Adolf Hitler's throat trouble, for which he underwent an operation almost a year ago, was reported in diplomatic quarters tonight to be recurring.

Although the propaganda ministry denied it, some sources said der fuehrer had undergone a second operation.

Individually designed Spencer dress and surgical garments. Mrs. H. M. Weisgear, Phone 1323-R.

Klamath Indicates Favorite Highway

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Jan. 11.—(AP)—Improvement of the Klamath Falls-Lakeview highway is "number one" of the projects needed in this area, the Klamath county chamber of commerce decided. The vote indicated the Weed-Klamath highway, last year's prime object, was progressing satisfactorily.

SPENCER CORSETIERE. Tel. 1534-L.

AIR-RAIL EXPRESS TO LINK ENTIRE COUNTRY

NEW YORK, Jan. 11. —(UP)— A nationwide unified air and air-rail express service, connecting every point in the United States, is to be inaugurated February 1, L. O. Head, president of the railway express agency, announced today following a meeting with airline representatives. The air transport lines in the coordinated set-up include United Air Lines.

Turkey Marketing Showing Increase

PORTLAND, Ore., Jan. 11.—(AP)—Swift & Co. reported a slight increase in the marketing of turkeys in parts of the Willamette valley, southern Oregon and eastern Oregon today.

The Portland produce reported a good local demand for turkeys. Nominal quotations to growers were from 23 to 25 cents a pound dressed, Portland.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

Ida Lewis, whose mother and father before her were keepers at Lime Rock Lighthouse, off Newport, Rhode Island, was one of America's most famous lighthouse keepers. She was born in the lighthouse in 1841, and grew up there. She became adept at swimming, rowing, and at 17 performed her first feat of life saving. In 1879 she was made keeper by a special act of congress, and remained on the job 31 years, winning fame and honors as an efficient keeper and hardy lifesaver.

In her whole term of official duty, Ida Lewis left her post for overnight visits to the mainland only six times. Medals from the United States government, the Humane Society of Massachusetts, the Life Saving Society of New York, and other organizations were awarded to her, and the people of Newport gave her a boat, "Rescue," which was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

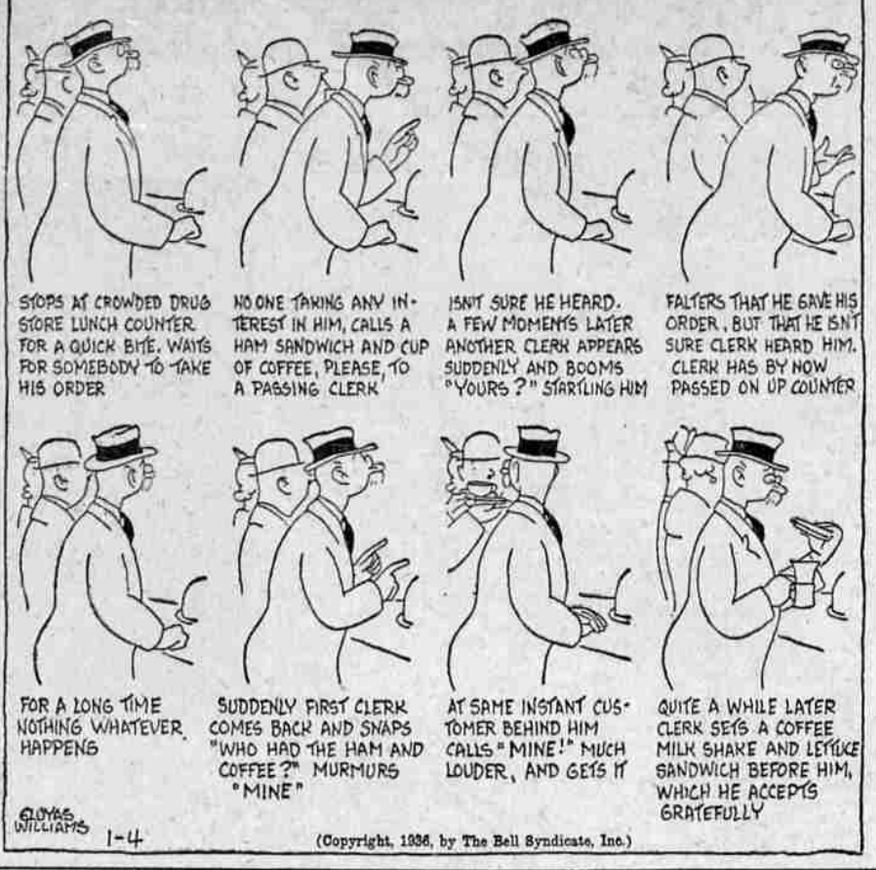
Miss Lewis was married to William H. Wilson some years before she took charge of the lighthouse. The marriage was not successful, however, and she always was known by her maiden name.

The Gila monster, only known poisonous lizard, is found in arid areas of southwestern United States. It grows to be about two feet long, and a banana-shaped tail in which excess food is stored up in the form of fat. When the Gila monster goes without food for a time it draws on this supply of fat for food. There is doubt as to the strength of a Gila monster's poison. It probably is sufficient to kill small animals readily, but a healthy man is likely to withstand it. However, cases of death from its bite have been reported.

Tomorrow: The Road to Ruin.

COUNTER LUNCH

by GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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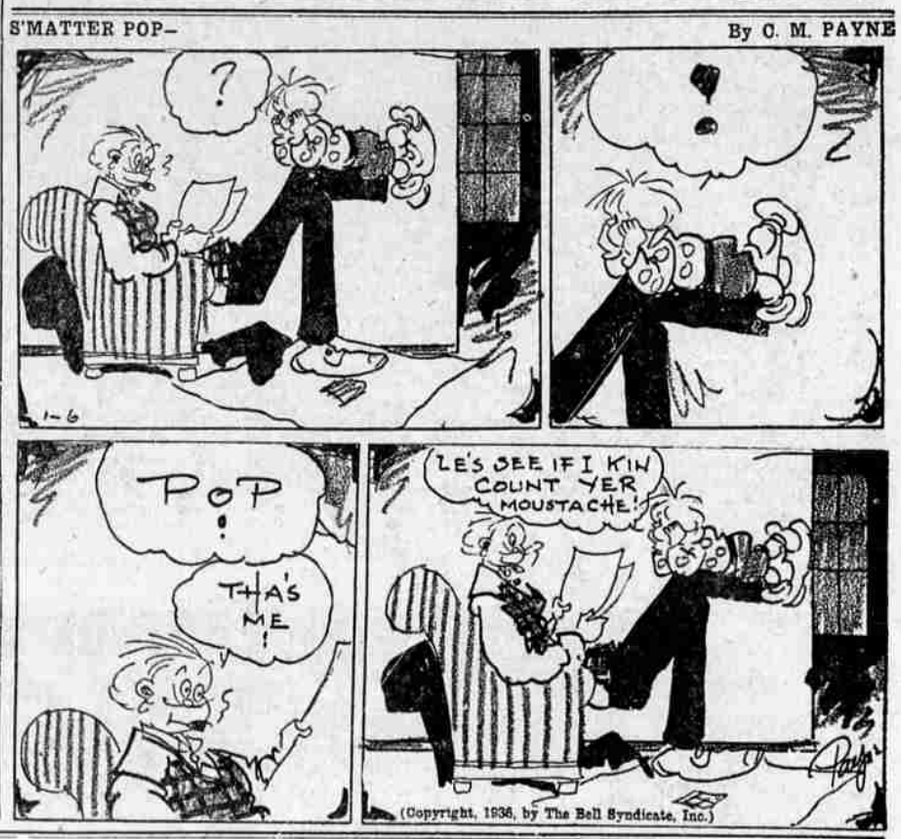
S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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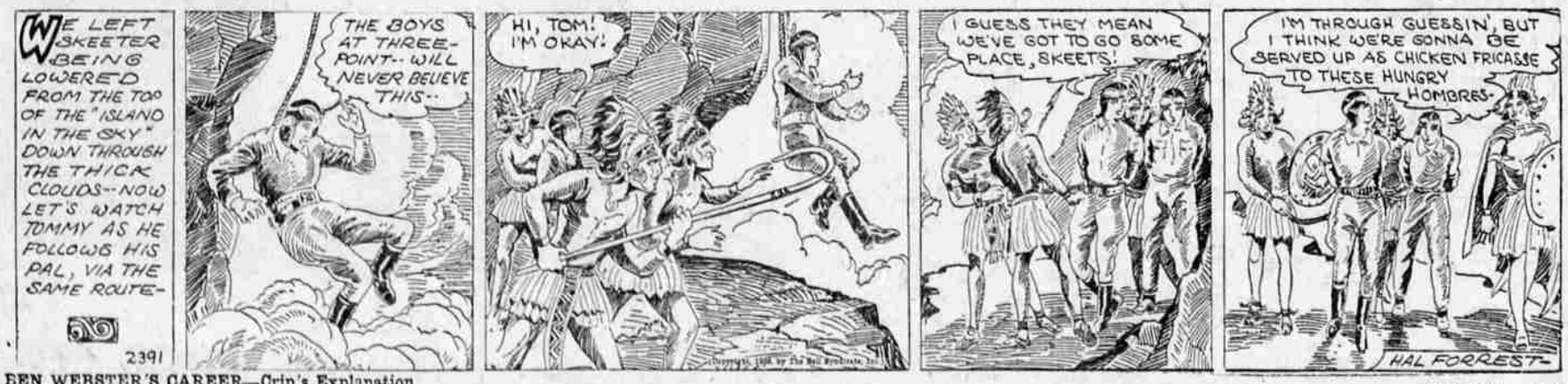
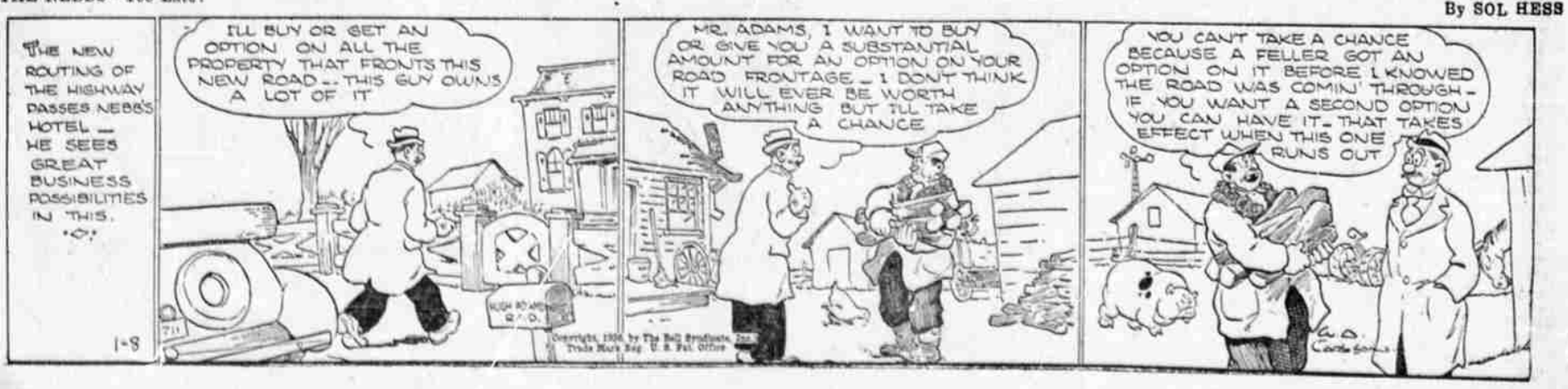
TAILSPIN TOMMY—Through the Clouds

By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip's Explanation

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Too Late!

By SOL HESS