

NEVER MIND THE LADY

by David Garth

Chapter 44
BLACK WATER

CORRIGAN had lanterns lighting the way from the storehouses to the dam. They were shielded by steel guards stuck in the ground, but even at that their light was uncertain. That dam!

Willlett plowed through to the edge of the river. The dam was going, all right. He went into action on the spot.

"Sandbags!" he shouted. "And matting! On the roof! Come on, Bucky, chase 'em along. The women too."

He was in six places at once, directing, ordering, slinging the heavy sandbags around as though they were filled with cotton, and the gang got into it as though they were fighting for their lives.

The women joined the fight too. There was a worse fury than the storm abroad tonight—it was the fury of that tall figure who snapped back viciously at the wildly surging river.

How they fought! Sandbags buttressing the dam at vital points to withstand the tremendous pressure of an unchecked river. Water was spilling over the top. That was all right, the half-finished construction work below could stand anything but the sudden wild break of the whole river.

Willlett was out on the dam, the water swirling all around him, black water that sucked at his knees, and poured into his face as he knelt and gripped the edge.

And as Willlett fought, he thought of the girl back in the hut with only Rosa, saw her hand groping for his, felt a deeper courage somehow. But if she didn't make it—!

"Look down, look down that lonely road—!"

He knew how his father had felt. Life had gone out of his father, too, left him staggering, stunned. He'd never been able to love anybody else but Vic, and Terry knew from the moment he'd seen Allaire she was the only girl he could ever love either.

"Fig, you quaking wretches! Your boss has to be strong no matter what happens. He has to look down that lonely road and he has to travel it alone, gallant and strong. And so they strained through the hours, Corrigan a wild man with the Chalkis hopping before his blasts, and Willlett keeping the rescue work traveling surely and swiftly. Governor, you're going to be served this job in Valhalla, and you can thank a girl for it!"

But he dared that surging river's force once too often out there on that quivering dam. His grip was torn loose as he tried to get a sandbag into place.

He felt himself spun around in the wild water and an instant later his head was driven against the dam with stunning force. Lights flashed before his eyes as a terrible dizziness overcame him.

He gasped for breath and the water poured into his throat. He was going down, exhausted, stunned, half dead.

THE water seemed very soft suddenly, soft with the heavy muffling feeling of a woolen quilt thrown over the head. And the bottom of the river was soft too, oozy, shifty, soft mud that had been stirred into a putrid cloud that blinded and strangled and obscured his senses. Terry Willlett could find no breath, no strength.

His strength was ebbing fast. You'll have to look down, Allaire, look down a lonely road—the guy you married is through.

Allaire! He seemed to see her hand as it had reached out for him in those shadows caused by the flickering lamp. A girl who had followed him to Pluto's Playground and was standing between life and death herself now.

Allaire! Willlett stopped right on the threshold of unconsciousness. With a terrible effort of will he roused himself to battle, to find some more strength from somewhere. He couldn't leave her alone, he couldn't. Allaire was fighting for her life too.

From somewhere his dispersed forces rallied. He snapped the mind-paralyzing spell of the water that whirled him around and blinded and deafened him. He fought for the surface, holding grimly to the last of his ebbing strength, straining for what seemed to him a white hand.

DUBARRY SETTLES STREET FLOODING INSURANCE CLAIM CONTROL SOUGHT

PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 3.—(AP)—Frank S. Senn, attorney for the Aetna Life Insurance Company, said today that an out-of-court settlement ended the unusual case of George H. "Count" Du Barry. The company will drop its suit to cancel disability benefits to Du Barry, of Gold Beach, Ore., on a \$12,500 policy. Both his hands were injured by a shotgun blast and amputated at the wrists. The company claimed he planned the deed for the purpose of collecting insurance. Du Barry, who claims descent from the famous Madame Du Barry of France, won a federal court decision here last summer when the company sought to cancel the policy. Last week the insurance company filed notice of appeal from Federal Judge John McNary's decision favoring Du Barry.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



DEATH MADE TO ORDER—
JAMES OTIS—
American Revolutionary leader
EXPOSED HIMSELF TO DEATH MANY TIMES—
BUT HE WAS KILLED BY LIGHTNING,
THE WAY HE ALWAYS SAID
HE WANTED TO DIE...

BINGO—
a dog owned
by Dr. Edward P.
Thompey,
MADE DAILY TRIPS
UNACCOMPANIED
TO THE VETERINARIAN
WHEN HE WAS IN
Frederick, Md.

DR. R. V. VETER
MOUNTAIN LAKES IN
QUEBEC HAVE
BEEN STOCKED
WITH TROUT
DROPPED FROM AN
AIRPLANE
WITHOUT
INJURY...

JOHN S. VOSSBURG—
oldtime Arizona
KNOWS THE
COMBINATION
TO EVERY SAFE
IN WISCONSIN...
SO HE COULD OPEN THEM
IN CASE OF EMERGENCY...

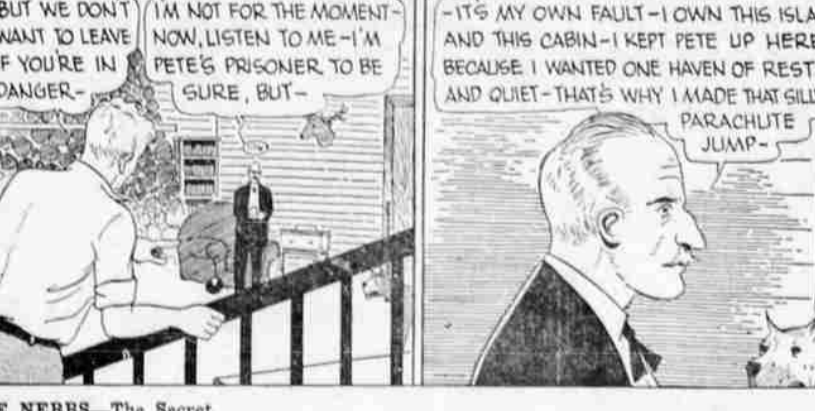
TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Golden Girl Is Apprehensive!



UNAWARE THAT THE GOLDEN GIRL HAS INTERVENED IN AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE THEIR LIVES, TOMMY AND SKEETER WERE EXPLOREING THEIR DUNGEON IN AN EFFORT TO FIND THE SECRET PASSAGE THROUGH WHICH THE GODDESS OF THE SUN HAD VANISHED WHEN...

I HAVE COME FROM THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS—YOU ARE BOTH TO BE SUBJECTED TO THE ORDEAL REQUIRED BY THE LAW OF THE AZTECS—ON THE NIGHT OF THE NEW MOON—
G-GOSH!—IT'S HER!—NOW WHERE'D SHE COME FROM?

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Explanations



BUT WE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE IF YOU'RE IN DANGER—
I'M NOT FOR THE MOMENT—NOW, LISTEN TO ME—I'M PETE'S PRISONER TO BE SURE, BUT—
—IT'S MY OWN FAULT—I OWN THIS ISLAND AND THIS CABIN—I KEPT PETE UP HERE BECAUSE I WANTED ONE HAVEN OF REST AND QUIET—THAT'S WHY I MADE THAT SILLY PARACHUTE JUMP—
—I WANTED TO GET AWAY TO SOMEPLACE WHERE PEOPLE WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS—BUT I NEVER EXPECTED WHEN PETE ROWED OUT TO PICK ME UP, THAT THE PROLONGED SOLITUDE UP HERE WOULD HAVE AFFECTED HIS MIND—
—BUT IT HAS AND HE THINKS HIS DUTY IS TO PROTECT ME, AND THAT ANYONE WHO COMES ON THE ISLAND IS OUR MORTAL ENEMY—SO PLEASE GO NOW, BUT COME BACK, WILL YOU?

THE NEBBS—The Secret



GOOD MORNING AMBY, I WANT A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME

AMBY YOU'RE MY WIFE'S COUSIN AND ARE SUPPOSED TO BE MY BEST FRIEND. TELL ME WHO HOLDS THOSE OPTIONS
THIS MUCH I'LL TELL YOU—THE REAL ESTATE MAN MADE THE DEAL THROUGH ME FOR A THIRD PARTY WHO DON'T WANT TO BE KNOWN IN THE TRANSACTION—I GAVE MY WORD AND IF YOU WAS MY TWIN, I WOULDN'T TELL YOU—I HOLD MY WORD MORE SACRED THAN MY OBLIGATION TO RELATIVES
SOME TIME, SOMEPLACE ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT GUY—I'LL GET MY POUND OF FLESH! I WON'T CUT IT OFF HIM BUT I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF HIS ICE BOX—IT WILL HURT THAT TEST—WAD MORE!!

ENTERTAINER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



REGARDS VISITOR, WHILE MOTHER GOES TO GET TEA, FEELS HE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING TO ENTERTAIN HER

CLIMBS UP ON CHAIR, VISITOR NERVOUSLY CAUTIONING HIM TO BE CAREFUL

SUDDENLY WITH A WHOOP THROWS HIMSELF OFF CHAIR

LANDS IN A HEAP, BEAMS AT VISITOR WHO IS STILL GASPING, AND SAYS HE CAN STAND ON HIS HEAD, TOO

DEMONSTRATES, WITH FEET WAVING CLOSE TO VASE ON LOW TABLE. ALSO DOES SOME CRASHING SOMERSAULTS

CLIMBS ON COUCH AND SAYS NOW HE'LL SHOW HER HOW FAR HE CAN JUMP

LANDS WITH A HOUSE-SHAKING THUD, SKIDDING ON RUG AND URSEYTING CHAIR

SAYS HE CAN DO A FINE TRICK IF SHE'LL LET HIM STAND ON HER SHOULDERS. VISITOR MORS BROW AND SAYS SHE'D BETTER JUST REST QUIETLY

S'MATTER POP—

By O. M. PAYNE



HOW CAN WE BOTH GET WEIGHED? WE'VE ONLY GOT A PENNY BETWEEN US!

EASY! BOTH GET ON, SEE HOW MUCH IT IS, AN' GET POP TO DIVIDE IT BY TWO!

LET'S SEE? DON'T JIGGLE!

POP!

S'MATTER?

By HAL FORREST

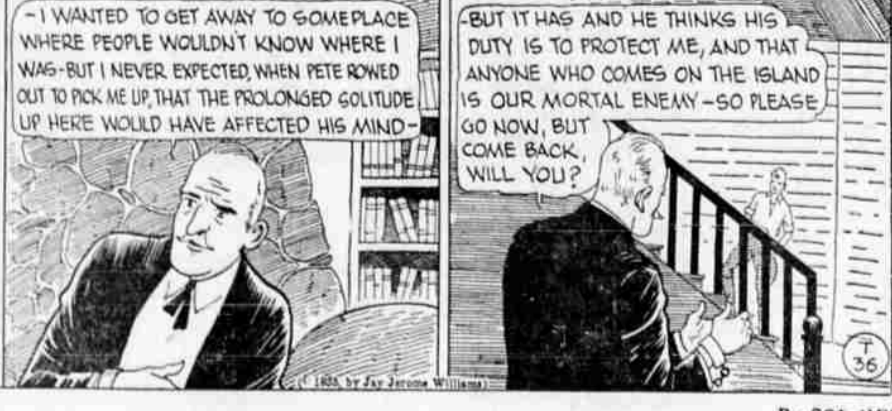


IT HAS BEEN DECREED—THAT WHICHEVER OF YOU PASSES THE TEST SHALL BE THE TRUE QUETZALCOATL—AND MY CONSORT—

AND THIS TEST—WHAT IS IT?

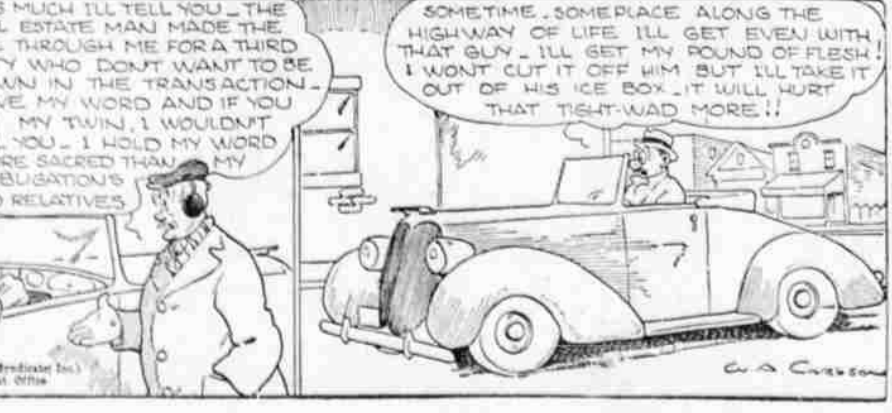
ONLY THE PRIESTS KNOW—BUT I HAVE HEARD THAT IT IS MOST DREADFUL—ONE OF YOU MUST DIE—AND I AM—HELPLESS—

By EDWIN ALGER



BUT WE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE IF YOU'RE IN DANGER—
I'M NOT FOR THE MOMENT—NOW, LISTEN TO ME—I'M PETE'S PRISONER TO BE SURE, BUT—
—IT'S MY OWN FAULT—I OWN THIS ISLAND AND THIS CABIN—I KEPT PETE UP HERE BECAUSE I WANTED ONE HAVEN OF REST AND QUIET—THAT'S WHY I MADE THAT SILLY PARACHUTE JUMP—
—I WANTED TO GET AWAY TO SOMEPLACE WHERE PEOPLE WOULDN'T KNOW WHERE I WAS—BUT I NEVER EXPECTED WHEN PETE ROWED OUT TO PICK ME UP, THAT THE PROLONGED SOLITUDE UP HERE WOULD HAVE AFFECTED HIS MIND—
—BUT IT HAS AND HE THINKS HIS DUTY IS TO PROTECT ME, AND THAT ANYONE WHO COMES ON THE ISLAND IS OUR MORTAL ENEMY—SO PLEASE GO NOW, BUT COME BACK, WILL YOU?

By SOL HESS



GOOD MORNING AMBY, I WANT A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME

AMBY YOU'RE MY WIFE'S COUSIN AND ARE SUPPOSED TO BE MY BEST FRIEND. TELL ME WHO HOLDS THOSE OPTIONS
THIS MUCH I'LL TELL YOU—THE REAL ESTATE MAN MADE THE DEAL THROUGH ME FOR A THIRD PARTY WHO DON'T WANT TO BE KNOWN IN THE TRANSACTION—I GAVE MY WORD AND IF YOU WAS MY TWIN, I WOULDN'T TELL YOU—I HOLD MY WORD MORE SACRED THAN MY OBLIGATION TO RELATIVES
SOME TIME, SOMEPLACE ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT GUY—I'LL GET MY POUND OF FLESH! I WON'T CUT IT OFF HIM BUT I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF HIS ICE BOX—IT WILL HURT THAT TEST—WAD MORE!!