

THE SACRED DAGGER

By Rita Moller Hanson

YESTERDAY: For many days Anne Willard and Blaze Sherwood, marooned in the Asiatic desert, have been slowly starving. But now their companion, Pete Mackey, is back in a plane and they are safe. The odd thing is that Anne had thought Pete dead, and that his return has puzzled her almost as much as it has made her joyful.

Chapter 18 Sherwood Gone

"BLAZE might have known that no desert could stop me," he grumbled. "I told him I'd be back in six days and because I took eight was no cause for him to give up hope."

"You told him what—when—?" she stammered, and sat down quickly. He dropped down beside her offering her a chocolate bar and a flask of milk.

She shook her head. "I seem to have lost the habit. Tell me."

"But you're starving." He tore off the paper covering of the chocolate.

"Am I?" She nibbled at the sweet indifferently and sipped the milk. "Tell me about that night."

"You mean after your lights went out and Blaze sat there weak as a tiger?" Didn't he tell you about it?"

"Not a word," she said. "Well, it was kind of gruesome," he began reluctantly. "I had the gun, you know and the fellow fought—that soldier who was left to watch the camp a while longer after the others had gone. So I traded coats with him—he had a fine new khaki—and I took him off and buried him before I went. I figured—"

"But why didn't Blaze tell me this?" Anne asked pitiously.

"As I said, it was bloody, and I guess he wanted to save you the horror. Maybe I shouldn't be mentioning it now," he recollected hastily, persisting in his belief that she referred to the killing of the soldier. Evidently Blaze had not informed him that he had let her think the soldier's grave was Mackey's.

She caught his arm. "Tell me everything that happened that night after—my lights went out—as you word it."

"That's about all," he protested. "I buried the fellow before I left. I had his camel and all his equipment, and a straight road to Shani Lun as the camel flies, if only I had sense enough to keep from getting lost. You know the rest. Blaze and I talked it over. We figured six days at the most would get me back here."

"Say, I must get busy. I've a couple hours work on the plane. He looked into the tent. "I'll pack Blaze's stuff first. He said for me to bring it to him after I take you to your father's camp. He doesn't know how long he'll be in Hami—sent you something, Mackey began searching through his pockets and brought out a folded envelope, handed it to her and went into the tent to pack."

"I'll get a larger plane and come back for these swell rugs and bales of silk," he called.

She only half heard him, intent on opening the missive from Blaze. A leaf from a notebook was wrapped around a little stack of gold pieces. Anne let them drop as if they were live coals and hastily read the note. It was short—without beginning or ending—and written so swiftly as to be barely legible.

Sorry I can't see you again. No time to spare. Needed in the capital at once. Will write later. Guard the dagger. Do as Pete tells you. Love, Blaze.

New Deserter
SHE could not believe it at first. Money and the casual statement—will write later. What did he think the money would do? What had he told Pete Mackey? She looked up. Mackey stood in the opening of the tent.

"Will you please come back that dagger?" he asked, and then added, "I hardly had a word with Blaze—none private. And he was frantic to get away. Something about Shy-a Nago."

Frantic to get away! Something about the treasure city! What did it mean? What was Blaze trying to do to her now that they had been rescued?

But then she suddenly realized he had known all along that they would most likely live. He had kept still and let her draw her own conclusions—even to the belief that death was inevitable for them. How amusing it must have been to watch her despair—her surrender.

Anne rose and stood gazing at the distant mountains. Life must still be lived. Pete was taking her to her father's camp. She was the same girl she had been before she met Blaze Sherwood. She was still her parents' daughter on her first commission to share their work. Blaze had given her back to herself with a bang. She was her own woman again. He had solved her problem in regard to loyalty to her parents.

Her glance returned to Pete who had continued to regard her with his curious, lively eyes.

"What happened to your plane?" she asked.

"Nothing much. A few wires snapped."

"I seem to bring bad luck."

"Hardly. I'll have it repaired in a couple of hours."

She went into the tent and picked up the dagger from where it lay on a bale of silk, recalling how Blaze had refused to touch it—more inviolate than her person.

Pete went to the plane and returned with his hands full of oranges.

"Eat some of these and take a nap while I work on the ship," he begged.

"Eat some of these and take a nap while I work on the ship," he begged.

"She found that the food did make her drowsy, but first she wrote a note to Sherwood on the back of his own message and placed it with the gold in the same envelope."

"You're under no obligation to me," she wrote, "I agree with you—love is unbound—if this were love. The fact that I thought Pete dead and you knew he lived—and yet kept still, is I suppose, just another way of surrendering to Destiny."

Anne.

When Mackey was ready he promised, "I'll have you with your mother in twenty minutes, and—"

He added with a smile, "—there'll be no wreck this time."

He helped her to her place and took his, turning to her a trifle embarrassed. "By the way, what shall we tell the people at your camp?"

"As little as possible," she replied, handing him the note for Sherwood and fastening the collar of her coat snugly about her throat. "I am ready to go."

He nodded and yet took time to say, "I forgot to tell you that the lama got a message through to Shani Lun the same day I arrived. So we'd have been rescued anyhow."

She managed a faint smile and met his eyes. "Nevertheless you're still a hero."

"Something tells me you're one too—and Blaze. I'm proud of all of us. I only wish—"

Seeing her expression, he made a little gesture of helplessness and started the motor.

Philip Oliver
RAPIDLY they approached the foothills leading to the towering Bokkan Bala peaks, spied the little cottonwood grove and willow fringed spring beside which the Expedition's camp was situated. They circled a couple of times and sat down on the bare space between the living quarters and the dig where men were working.

People came running from all directions. Two white women darted out from the big mess hut in the center of the camp, which was laid out like a circular village of reed huts interspersed with Mongolian felt yurts surrounding a courtyard with a few cottonwood trees in the center.

The women were dressed alike in khaki field clothing.

"One's mother," thought Anne with lifting heart, "and the other must be Beth Huff. But Diana Martine should at least be standing in the doorway looking bored and beautiful."

Except for Philip Oliver, Anne had never met the members of her father's staff in this present venture. She knew Dr. Martine and Larry Huff and their young wives only through her mother's letters and the snapshot pictures that had been sent her. She had looked forward to meeting Beth Huff, the fiery little girl who fit into the life so perfectly according to report, and she was frankly curious about Diana Martine. Diana was the daughter of the wealthy man who financed the expedition.

"Why she should push her husband and herself into this Expedition is a mystery to me," Mrs. Willard wrote. "She's a confirmed flirt and belongs on the stage, rather than in an archaeological dig. She makes passes at all the men including your father. But young Larry Huff seems to be taking her seriously. However, his wife's red-headed so I know it will turn out all right."

Philip Oliver came forward and caught Anne's hands and kissed her quickly—the first kiss he had ever given her. Their courtship was a jolting affair.

To Anne's surprise one of the women in khaki proved to be Beth, the other Diana. Nor had her father appeared with the men. "Where are father and mother?" she asked.

"With the Nagaras," answered Philip. "Didn't you know that?"

Anne's heart sank. She told them of the note she had received from her father. "Are they held prisoners?" She remembered Sherwood had hinted at such a thing.

"In a way," Philip admitted. "They're held until you bring the dagger. Larry Huff explained. He was a blond young man with a dimple in his chin and twinkling blue eyes. 'I don't think it's anything to worry about.'"

"Will they be brought home now?" she persisted.

"The tribesmen will come and take you to them, as we understand it."

Philip interrupted. "Where have you been all this time, Anne?"

"We had a wreck," said Anne. "This is the same pilot though we come in an enemy plane." She introduced Pete Mackey and was introduced to the others.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 610, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KUD, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 520, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KXN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 950, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

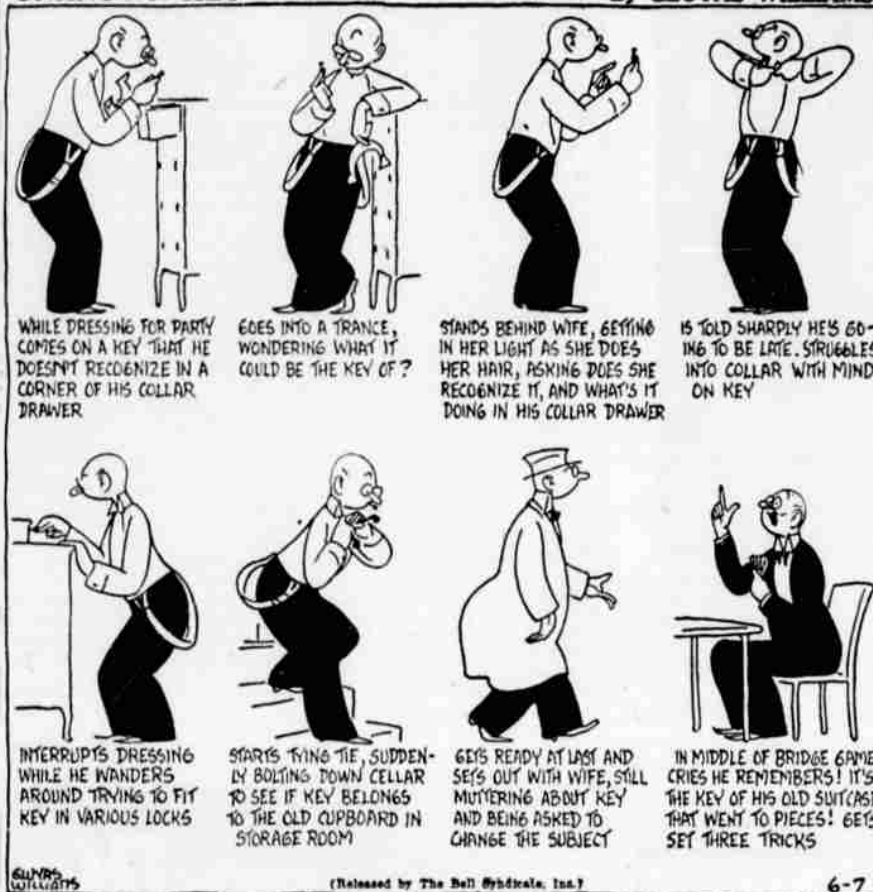
Sunday
5:00 p. m.—Manhattan Merry Go Round, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Charles Dan's Music, KJR, KEX; Summer Hour, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Music For Everybody, KGO; Melody Time, KEX.
5:30 p. m.—Bookman's Notebook, KGO, KJR; American Album of Familiar Music, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Vincent Lopez Orch., KEX.
6:00 p. m.—Hour of Charm, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Goodwill Hour, KGO, KEX, KJR; Take It or Leave It, KXN, KOIN, KSL.
6:30 p. m.—Deadline Dramas, KGW, KOMO; Helen Hayes Theater, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Comedy, KPO.
7:00 p. m.—Crime Doctor, KXN, KOIN; Arturo's Orch., KPO, KGW; Inner Sanctum, KPO, KEX, KJR; News, KSL; Radio Parade, KOMO; Symphonic Serenade, KSL.
7:30 p. m.—Treasure Trails in

Song, KGO, KEX, KJR; Reglar Pelers, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hollywood Smarty Party, KXN, KOIN.
8:00 p. m.—Dance Orch., KXN; Walter Wendell, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Ozdie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KJR; Don't Be Personal, KXN, KOIN.
9:00 p. m.—Night Editor, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KGO, KJR, KEX; I Was There, KXN, KJR; Everybody Sing, KEX; Ogden Tabernacle Choir, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Enrico Madriquer's Orch., KGO; Lional Hampton's Orch., KXN; Eddie LeBaron's Orch., KPO, KGW; News, KJR; Northwest Round Table, KOIN; Mixem and Matchem, KOMO; Chorus, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGO, KEX, KJR; Ray Noble's Orch., KXN; Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KOIN; Temple Square, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Etchings in Brass, KGO, KEX; Ken Stevens, KXN, KOIN; Rev. Henry H. Nese, KJR; Sabbath Services, KSL.
11:00 p. m.—Floyd Wright, KEX; News, KGO; Ken Stevens, KXN, KPO, KGW; Dick Aurandt's Orch., KOIN; Knox Manning, KXN; Light Classics, KSL.
Monday
5:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Dr. I. Q. Jim McLean, KPO, KGW, KOMO; String Ensemble, KGO, KEX, KJR.
5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the

News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Floyd Wright, KPO; Start of Today, KGW, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KEX; Contested Hour, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.
6:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Blondie, KXN, KSL, KOIN; National Radio Forum, KJR; Mino Bonaldi, KGO; Shall We Wait, KEX.
7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KXN, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Voice of Hawaii, KGO, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.
7:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Gay Nineties Revue, KXN, KSL, KOIN; Harry James Orch., KOMO; American Challenge, KPO; Richard Himber's Orch., KGW, KSL.
8:00 p. m.—Neil Bonaldi's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Those We Love, KXN, KOIN, KSL; The Amateur Hour, KGO; Sports, KEX; Buy Washington, KJR.
8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGW; What's On Your Mind, KSL, KXN, KOIN; American Challenge, KEX; Concert Hall, KJR.
9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KXN, KOIN; Fantasy in Melody, KEX; Memory Book, KGO, Hawthorne House, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Hot Store League, KJR; Hymn Service, KSL.
9:30 p. m.—Eddie LeBaron's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Beautiful Music,

UNKNOWN KEY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



LIL ABNER It Hain't Hoomin



TAILSPIN TOMMY Death Waits—Below!



THE NEBBS That's a Girl, Fanny



KGO, KEX, News, KJR, KSL.
10:00 p. m.—Ray Noble's Orch., KXN; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Basin Street Chamber Music, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.
10:30 p. m.—Ed Stocker, KGO, KOMO; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; National Radio Forum, KGO; Masterworks of Music, KXN; Eyes of the World, KOIN.
11:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Chuck Foster's Orch.,

KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KXN.

New Chemical Plant
Tacoma, June 6.—(P)—The construction of a new chemical plant in this city amounting to \$250,000 was announced today by officials of the Philadelphia Quartz company of California through the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce.

Once Rainy Area
Bend, June 7.—(P)—Evidence that the semi-arid highlands of Central Oregon once had a humid climate has been discovered by Dr. Ethel I. Sanborn, Oregon State college paleobotanist, in the Gray Butte area. Imprints of sycamore leaves and tiny flowers were found.

Closing time for Too Late to classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



\$1,000,000 HAMMER BLOW
A critical problem faced Lazare Kaplan, New York diamond expert, when he was handed the great Jonker diamond for cutting. Because its great size made it useless as a single gem, it was necessary to cleave it along a natural fault line in its crystalline structure. Kaplan studied the stone for a year. When he finally tapped it with his mallet, the Jonker fell apart just as he had predicted. The stone made 12 separate gems, the largest of which weighed 140 carats. Their aggregate value was about \$1,000,000. Had Kaplan miscalculated, the stone would have been ruined as an investment! Monday: War with France!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS



One Power Line Bid
Portland, Ore., June 6.—(P)—Fritz Ziebarth, Vancouver, Wn., contractor, submitted the only

bid for construction of the 230,000-volt transmission line between the Covington, Wash., substation and Grand Coulee dam.

JUST ...
6 Shopping Days until Father's Day
Barkor's
STORE FOR MEN

Ship Grounded
Seattle, June 7.—(P)—Coast guard division headquarters and the naval radio station intercepted messages today that the big cannery supply ship Dellwood of the Alaska Steamship Co., was hard aground on Nicholas Rock, False Pass.
Gearhart, June 7.—(P)—The Oregon Bakers' association will open its annual convention here Monday.