

THE SACRED DAGGER

by Rita Moller Hannon

YESTERDAY: No sooner has Blaze Sherwood gotten himself assigned as observer to the archaeological camp of Anne Willard's parents, and a very much unwanted observer, than he disappears to try to rescue some Russians who are blundering into the territory of the dangerous Nagaras tribe of Central Asia. Although deeply interested in the hidden city which is the object of her parents' quest, Anne cannot down her liking for Blaze. Yet Blaze is supposedly working against the Willards.

Chapter 25

The Plane Burns

DIANA'S lips tightened and then she spoke. "It's my opinion that Dr. and Mrs. Willard are to blame for everything. Had they let well enough alone, we—"

"Diana!" cried Beth. "Anne rose and left the table. She joined Pete and the lama sitting in front of her tent and staring off gloomily in the direction of the Bekkan Bula peaks. Later Larry and Beth came out and tried to cheer them up.

It was Doddap with his keen desert eyes who first saw the returning plane. Everyone except Oliver was on the field when it landed. Anne had let Beth hold her in the crowd.

"He may have news of your parents," Sherwood remained in the plane several moments sending off a final radio message to Shani Lun and looked so forbidding when he did scramble out that everyone hesitated to question him. Anne was the first to venture.

"Did you find out anything about father and mother?" He turned and gazed at her.

"Not a thing, Anne, I'm sorry. The whole trip was useless. I began shrugging off the parachute harness talking technicalities about the ship with Mackey as he did so. Then he spoke to the group. "Come to my tent after I've had a shower, and I'll tell you what happened."

Anne did not go but she learned afterwards that the ship was present and showed friendliness to Sherwood by asking him and Mackey to join the camp mess with the sensible statement that white men isolated in a spot like this could not afford to quarrel.

"He probably feels that having gained the enmity of the Nagaras, Blaze has become less of a menace to the expedition," Anne suggested.

"Blaze accepted," Beth went on, "and is adding his supplies and cook to ours. You should have heard his story. He found the Nagaras village to which the Russians had penetrated. There had been fighting and a massacre but no sign of the white men. The natives shot at Blaze. He got away though there are several bullet holes in his wings."

"Heaven!" gasped Anne. "But he swears the Nagaras are not as vindictive as people think. The Russians were not archaeologists—merely a crew of adventurers—the Emir's agents had picked up and interested in the proposition. Their government repudiates them, though Blaze would have liked to turn them back and save their lives. He thinks they have no chance either of getting alive or of finding the treasure city."

"Did he get a view of Shy-a-Nago?"

"I guess so. He doesn't seem to want to talk about it. Pete predicted he'd die for that and Blaze answered if he did it was worth it. He wouldn't say any more, but you should have seen his eyes as he remembered. Then he began joking about something else."

"Does he really believe the Nagaras will try to kill him?"

"We couldn't get him to say. He'd only joke about it. But what do you care?" Beth chuckled mischievously. "He's not your husband, you're only married to him, if you know what I mean."

Anne colored in spite of herself. Beth saw it and giggled again.

Fire

DINNER that night was a rather hilarious affair. Blaze having contributed sharks' fins, mushrooms, fruit and Turkestan wine from the supplies the governor had heaped upon him.

Even Anne's frost melted a trifle. Blaze was playing a bold game. Perhaps she could match him at it. At least she and her parents were still in good standing with the Nagaras for the priest had said the other night. Later she stood at his side while they all essayed a little close harmony over Mackey's mouth organ. He managed to get in a personal question under cover of the general noise.

"Which is your tent?"

She turned away, hardly able to believe her ears at first or suppress the rage that welled up in her.

Later, having a chance to be near her as she changed a phonograph needle he tried again. "You'd like to have a talk, Anne—"

"There have already been too many words," she answered, quoting from his letter, and let her eyes brush across his impersonality. He regarded her intently for a moment and then made no further attempt to speak to her intimately, though they played bridge as partners and against each other, talked about the

weather and about the skull Philip displayed on his desk.

While being forced to learn bridge, Mackey tried continually to swing the play to poker. Anne smiled secretly at the way he rolled his eyes at Beth, and later Diana, drew Sherwood out on the veranda while they were dummies.

"What's the idea?" he managed to ask her privately. "They can't vamp Blaze."

"You never can tell," she murmured in return. "Besides, they're eaten up with curiosity."

"Hum!" he grinned and gave her a sidelong glance.

The next evening was much the same except for less food and more talk. Anne and Sherwood even walked across the courtyard together, politely observing the map of the sky that had once occupied such an important part in their lives. He put a guiding hand to her elbow at the door of Larry's tent and she hoped a sudden trembling deep within did not betray her. Larry had wanted them to see a death mask he was reconstructing from the jumbled fragments he had found the week before.

Beth and Larry would have liked to tease them a bit concerning their legal status but didn't quite dare. Oliver had become more attentive to Anne. Diana had dug up new dresses the other girls didn't dream she possessed.

In the midst of the general conversation she kept calling to Blaze, "Do you remember the time we—" and he'd smile and answer in that bantering way of his that twisted Anne's heart with jealousy.

"What kind of dog in the manger am I?" she asked herself angrily. But she knew. He had already told her. "While your mind is cold, I know your heart is warm." And once he had said, "If a man remains true to his objective, life works things out for him. Shy-a-Nago belonged to her parents. It had belonged to them before she knew Blaze. This was not a conflict between her love for them and her love for him. It was a conflict between her principles and her emotions."

That night the airplane went up in flames.

Worry For Blaze

THOUGH Mackey had put a secret guard at Sherwood's tent it had never occurred to him anyone would try to destroy the plane. It was a mass of flames when first discovered, and a bucket brigade of Turki laborers, Chinese soldiers, American archaeologists and their women and servants, accomplished nothing except to dip the spring pool dry.

Later as they all stood staring at the dying blaze Mackey looked as dejected as if the world had come to an end. Sherwood concealed his emotions better.

"You're next," Pete predicted. "I'm not so inflammable." Sherwood retorted with a faint smile.

"Oh, I don't know—if the right kind of oil's poured over you." Anne suggested. "The meaning in the words, Mackey had taken a violent dislike to Diana who clung to Sherwood's arm on one side and to her husband's on the other while she hinted that all their mistresses were the fault of the Willards. The men hushed her up as quickly as they could, Martaine with sharp words, Sherwood with bantering ones.

"Undoubtedly the work of Nagaras," declared Oliver. "We see their fires in the hills every night though they come down to camp and make themselves known to us."

"Maybe they've taken vengeance on the plane and will leave Blaze alone now," suggested Beth hopefully.

"Mackey knew better. They've just burned the plane so he can't escape."

"There's the truck, if he wishes to leave," Anne reminded him.

Sherwood turned and gazed at her with those strong, fearless eyes of his. "I do not want to leave." Then he spoke to the whole group. "I regret the loss of the radio more than anything else."

"We've a radio we were not allowed to set up," Larry reminded him.

"I'll see what I can do with it tomorrow." They all talked a while longer and finally struggled back to their beds. Doddap was already seated in front of her tent chanting a prayer in his soft, birdlike voice when Anne turned. She stood listening until he came to the end.

"What are you praying about now?" she asked, dropping into a canvas chair.

"I pray for Sherwood. Why does he not sleep in our tent?" She gave him a flashing glance and closed her lips firmly. He went on. "If Sherwood lived in our tent the Nagaras would not kill him."

"Kill him?" Her hand went to her throat. "Doddap, would they really try to kill him?"

"I see a knife thrown at him. Always, I see a knife thrown at him."

After a moment's hesitation she walked across the corner of the courtyard to Sherwood's tent. A Chinese soldier stood at the door. She could hear Sherwood and Mackey talking inside. The guard opened the flap and sang something in his native tongue then pushed her in in his stupid way. She blinked for a moment in the brilliant light of the gasoline lantern. Both men had been bending over a map in the middle of the table. They looked up in surprise.

To be continued

On the Radio Chains

STATIONS:

Where to find them on the dial:
KEX, 1190, Portland; KFI, 640, Los Angeles; KGA, 1510, Spokane; KGO, 810, San Francisco; KGW, 630, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KLN, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Monday
5:00 p. m.—Radio Theater, KEX, KOIN, KSL, Dr. I. Q. Jim McClain, KPO, KGO, KOMO; String Ensemble, KGO, KJR; Summer Ensemble, KEX.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Floyd Wright, KPO; Stars of Today, KGO.

6:00 p. m.—Guy Lombardo's Orch., KEX, KOIN, KSL; Gordon Jenkins, KGO, KEX, KJR; Contested Hour, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Scandinavian News, KJR.

6:30 p. m.—Cavalcade of America, KPO, KOMO, KGO; Blondie, KEX, KSL; KOIN; Nat'l Radio Forum, KJR; Rose Bessick, KGO; Shail We, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KOMO, KGO; Voice of Hawaii, KGO, KEX; Greater Washington Hour, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—I Love a Mystery, KGO, KEX, KJR; Gay Nineties Revue, KEX, KSL, KOIN; Harry James' Orch., KOMO; American Challenge, KPO; Richard Himber's Orch., KGO.

8:00 p. m.—Neil Bondhus's Orch., KPO, KGO, KOMO; Bobby Byrne's Orch., KEX; Those We Love, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Amateur Hour, KGO; Buy Washington, KJR.

8:30 p. m.—Point Sublime, KPO, KOMO, KGO; What's On Your Mind, KEX, KOIN, KOIN; American Challenge, KEX; Concert Hall, KJR.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Fantasy in Melody, KGO, KEX; Hawthorne House, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Hot Stove League, KJR; Hymn Service, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Eddy LeBaron's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Beautiful Music, KGO, KEX; Floyd Wright, KPO, News, KJR, KSL.

10:00 p. m.—Ray Noble's Orch., KEX; Reporter News, KPO, KOMO, KGO; Basin Street Music, KGO, KEX, KJR; News, KOIN; Masterworks of Music, KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Ed Stocker and Music, KGO, KOMO; Nat'l Radio Forum, KGO; Masterworks of Music, KEX; Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Carl Ravazza's Orch., KSL, KOIN; Chuck Postler's Orch., KPO, KOMO; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGO, KGO; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KEX.

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGO; Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR; Waltz With Us, KPO; Second Potpourri, KPO; Army Band, KGO; News, KJR, KSL; On With the Dance, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Drama Behind the News, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fibber McGee, KPO, KOMO, KGO; Invitation to Learning, KSL, KEX, KOIN.

6:00 p. m.—Bob Hope, KOMO, KGO; New American Music, KGO, KEX; Glenn Miller's Orch., KOIN, KEX, KSL.

6:30 p. m.—College Humor, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Uncle Jim's Question Bee, KGO, KJR, KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Amos 'n' Andy, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Fred Waring, KPO, KGO, KOMO; Grand Central Station, KGO, KEX, KJR.

7:30 p. m.—Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KPO, KOMO, KGO; Court of Missing Heirs, KEX, KOIN, KSL.

8:00 p. m.—We, the People, KEX, KOIN, KSL; Easy Aces, KGO, KJR, KEX; Sammy Kaye's Orch., KGO, KOMO; Richard Himber's Orch., KPO, KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGO, KGO; Hollywood Showcase, KEX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX, Richard Himber's Orch., KSL.

8:30 p. m.—Musical History Book, KGO, KJR; Battle of the Sexes, KPO, KGO, KGO; Hollywood Showcase, KEX, KOIN; Baseball Game, KEX, Richard Himber's Orch., KSL.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KEX, KOIN; Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, KJR; Al Donahue, KOMO; Barrel of Fun, KEX.

SPORTING GOODS

by GLYAS WILLIAMS



COMES IN, DROPS HIS EQUIPMENT ON HALL FLOOR AND STARTS UP STAIRS TO GET READY FOR SUPPER



MOTHER CALLS AFTER HIM HOW MANY TIMES SHE TOLD HIM NOT TO LEAVE HIS THINGS ON THE FLOOR LIKE THAT



COMES BACK, AND LAYS BAT AND GLOVE ON HALL TABLE



HALFWAY UPSTAIRS, BAT ROLLS OFF TABLE WITH A CRASH THAT BRINGS A STARTLED SHRIEK FROM AUNT ELLA



GOES DOWN PICKS IT UP AND CARRIES IT TO HIS CLOSET, STANDING IN CORNER



A FEW MINUTES LATER CAUSING A COMMOTION CAUSED BY BAT'S FALLING OVER ON UNCLE ED'S ANKLE WHEN HE WAS HANGING UP HIS COAT



IT IS TOLD IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS TO TAKE HIS BASEBALL THINGS UPSTAIRS, WONDERS WHAT BECAME OF THE BALL



DISCOVERS PRESENTLY WHAT BECAME OF IT, WHEN FATHER WITH A HOWL STEPS ON IT IN A DARK CORNER OF THE HALL

L'I. ABNER—A Guy in the Sky



THE NEBBS—It's a Bit of a Worry



By SOL HESS

PILINGS SHIPPED AT CENTRAL POINT

Central Point, June 16.—(Sp)—J. R. Morris of Jacksonville has been shipping pilings from Central Point recently at the rate of four carloads in the last week. It is expected that 15 car-

loads will be shipped in the next two weeks.

The pilings are used in dry docks and shipyards in San Francisco, New York and New Jersey.

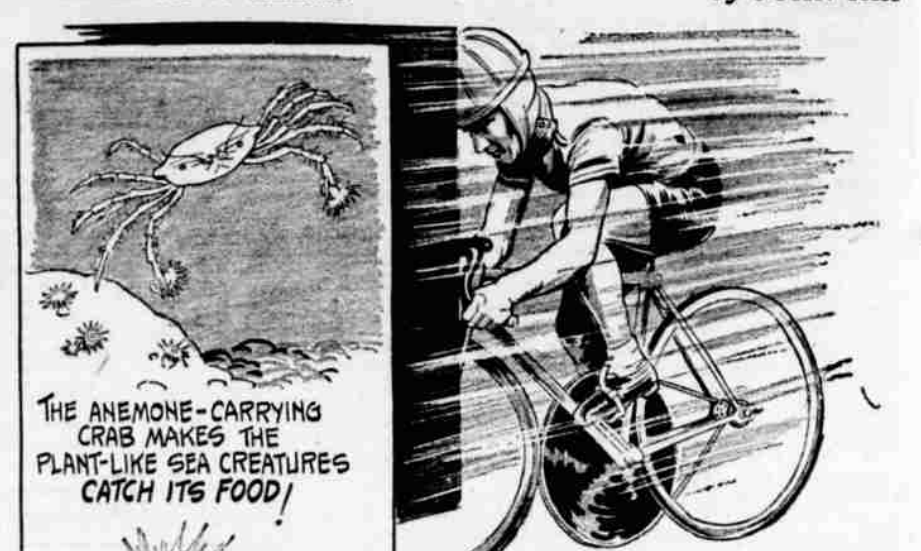
The longest of the pilings are 80 feet but in a few days they expect to have logs at least 130 feet long.

The logs are cut and peeled in the woods and hauled on special logging trucks.

Washington's population has grown from 278,718 at the turn of the century to more than 700,000.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



DRAFT LAMENT!
WORDS AND MUSIC OF "TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND" WERE WRITTEN IN A FEW MINUTES BY WALTER KITTRIDGE... AFTER BEING DRAFTED INTO THE UNION ARMY IN 1862!

HARDLY-ABLE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

TRUCK SIGN IN HIGH HILL, MO.

FASTEST HUMAN
The large sprocket used by Alfred Le Tourneur in his official, record-breaking run had 57 teeth—the small sprocket only 8 teeth! Le Tourneur pedaled behind a shield affixed to the rear of a midget racing car. Hans Ohrt, noted cycle expert, trained him.

UNDERSEA DICTATOR
Anemones cling to undersea rocks and lure minute prey into their tentacles. The crab picks the anemones from their anchorage and makes them work as food gatherers! Tomorrow: Mad Command!

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST

HE MUST NOT DIVULGE THE IDENTITY OF...

