

THE SACRED DAGGER

By Rita Moller Hanson

YESTERDAY: Although Blaze Sherwood is in theory quarantined against her father and mother in their quest for Shy-a Nago, the hidden city, Anne Willard cannot down her interest in him—nor her fear that the Nagaras, who guard the mysterious Asiatic city, may murder Sherwood because he has seen the city without authority. Anne has gone to warn Blaze of his danger.

Chapter 26 The Drums

"ANNE!" exclaimed Sherwood, his voice unguarded. Mackey reached wildly for his gun and bolted toward the door. She barred his way.

"It's you I came to see," gripping his coat sleeve, enraged at his obvious conclusions. "Both of you, I suppose."

Sherwood brought her a chair, his face a mask again. "What is it, Anne?" She felt that he liked to speak her name and believe that she liked to hear him say it.

"Doddap says that your life is in danger from the Nagaras."

"Haven't I been saying so all along?" Mackey demanded.

She went on hastily. "He predicted you'd see the hidden city of Shy-a Nago and then he burst into tears. He always does that. He vows he has a knife thrown at you. The Nagaras can slip into this camp like shadows. You've got to watch out. She told of her recent adventure with the priestly visitors. Sherwood was intensely interested.

"I like those people," he said softly. "They may wish to kill me, but I like the things they stand for." He turned to Anne with a look that in its shyness startled her. "I don't believe they'll try to kill me while I remain in your camp. She remembered what Doddap had said and her eyes dropped.

"If I have any influence with the Nagaras," she assured him coldly, "you will have no share in the hidden city."

He rose abruptly. "Anne, I promised to be patient."

She left her chair and looked at him with an anger rising to meet his anger. Then suddenly she smiled.

"—and I shall be," he declared. It left her feeling like a spent balloon. She turned to Mackey for a mooring.

"I suggest that you stay with him tonight and place two men on guard."

"I'll do it, Miss Anne, even if he screams."

She gave Blaze a swift glance. "I apologize for being rude," she said, and fled back to her own tent.

She looked at her cot disinterestedly. There was no more sleep in her than in a moon flower. It was then she began to hear the drums. Muffled throbbing beats that pounded on her nerves and senses. She went to the tent door and looked out.

Clouds had obscured the sky with surprising suddenness. The air was still and lifeless as the night also held its breath listening with her to the drum beats. Yet she could not really tell if she heard the sound or only felt it.

Doddap, usually sensitive as an animal to any disturbance, now lay curled in his sleeping position as peacefully as a baby. The lantern that always hung in the center of the court gave off its beam more as a pilot light than as an illumination for the yard.

The guard at Sherwood's tent coughed and spat. Making his usual beat the sentry on camp duty for the night swung his tiny lantern as he circled the whole encampment.

Then Anne noticed a light in the mess hut. Perhaps someone there could tell her whether she heard anything or not. She crossed the court swiftly and burst into the room.

Wren
PHILIP OLIVER and Diana stood in front of his desk. They were quarreling violently. Philip's face was distorted with rage. Diana turned imperiously on Anne, who hastened to speak: "Do you hear the drums beating?"

With an effort both listened. "What drums?" Diana demanded. "Just drums," answered Anne distractedly. "They're driving me crazy."

The others looked at her strangely and came to the door where she stood and listened with her. She heard the beat faint and far away—in the hills—in the sky—well up out of the earth beneath them. "I don't hear anything," said Diana. "You must have the jitters."

She gave Oliver an angry look. "Goodnight," she said, and disappeared in the direction of her tent.

Oliver drew Anne back into the hut. "That drumbeat must be in your ears, Anne." He was still shaking slightly, his face lined and ravaged with passion. Anne followed him reluctantly.

about his violence and struggled in terror, turning and twisting and beating him with his fists. Suddenly the door opened and Sherwood stepped inside. His face white, his hands clenched as he stood holding himself under control, for Philip had released Anne instantly, a dazed look in his eyes.

"What's the matter with me?" he groaned, putting a hand to his head. With a muttered word of apology he started for the door. Sherwood let him pass.

"He was quarreling with Diana," said Anne.

"Then where do you come in?" asked Sherwood in a cold voice. "I just came. The drums. I saw a light and came in."

He gazed at her a moment longer before bringing her a glass of water from the pitcher on the table. "You're looking white, drink this. Or shall I get you something stronger?"

She took the water. "This will do. You're looking a little pale yourself." He sat down on the wide arm of a wicker chair opposite her, gripping the wood as if to chain himself to the spot.

"The impulse to murder is apt to make a man turn pale," he answered through set teeth.

"What's the matter with Oliver? Who does he think he is? Mackey ran across him and Diana in the grove a little while ago and they weren't—quarreling. Diana, I suppose, is up to her old tricks."

"You ought to know," retorted Anne. "I hear—I understand—"

she stammered.

That Diana flitted me for Martaine?" he said, color slowly coming back into his face. "Well, I'm afraid it's so."

"That isn't the way I heard it. He gave her a sharp look, his ears reddening. "Now you're condemning me," he said. "Diana happens to be an exhibitionist. She's incapable of anything but self-love. That's all right with Martaine. He has certain ambitions of his own. Mine are different."

He rose and turned off the gasoline light. "Come out with me, Anne, and listen to the drums."

"Then there are drums," she cried, springing to her feet. "Philip and Diana couldn't hear them. They thought I was crazy."

"You know my opinion—we're all a little touched," he grinned, opening the door for her. They went to the corner of the porch where they could look up into the hills.

Nagara Drums
"BUT this is more than fancy," he assured her. "I never heard such drums and I've heard drums in all parts of the world. His voice lowered almost to inaudibility and she found herself pressing close to hear."

Anne shivered. "I can't hear it." She clasped her hands together distractedly. "Make them stop. Can't you make them stop?"

"Listen to them," he commanded. "Give yourself up to them, then it's all right. Stop fighting."

Instead she began pacing back and forth across the narrow porch. He cornered her in the bend of the railing.

His hands slid around her and drew her against the hard reality of his body, crushing the trembling of her nerves with the strength of his arms. Waiting a moment until she relaxed, he swept her up and struck off across the court, striding swiftly.

Anne came back to herself with an effort.

"Blaze, let me down," she demanded. "Let me go."

"Too late," he retorted, and then halted at the entrance to his tent. There were voices inside.

"Damn," he said softly, lowering her to her feet. The sentry stared at them in his stolid manner.

Anne stepped back. Suddenly her white teeth flashed in silent laughter. She felt inexplicably as if she had won some kind of a victory.

"Good night," she whispered and turned and sped across to her own quarters. The door opened and Beth came out.

"Oh, here you are," she cried, at the same time they heard voices behind them. Larry Huff and Mackey had appeared from Sherwood's tent. Beth waved her flashlight and the three came over.

"Blaze says they're Nagara drums," Larry informed the girls. "Whatever can they mean?" demanded Beth.

"Dirty work at the cross roads," hissed her husband.

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, 620, Portland; KJR, 1000, Seattle; KNS, 1070, Los Angeles; KOA, 850, Denver; KOIN, 970, Portland; KOMO, 930, Seattle; KPO, 630, San Francisco; KSL, 1160, Salt Lake.

Time Shown is PST

Tuesday

5:00 p. m.—Speaking of Glamour, KGW; Streamline Journal, KGO, KJR; Wait With Us, KPO; Second Husband, KNX, KOIN; Silken Swing, KEX; Arboretum Talk, KOMO; Bible Quiz, KSL.

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

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

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

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

7:30 p. m.—Information Please, KGO, KEX, KJR; Johnny Presents, KOIN, KSL; Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KJR.

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

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Don Kaye's Orch., KGO, KJR; Al Donahue, KOMO; Barrel of Fun, KPO; Faithful Stradivari, KGW; Salsair Orch., KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Bill Henry, KNX, KOIN; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGW; Musical Potpourri, KPO; Army Band, KGO, KEX, KSL; On With the Dance, KOMO.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KOMO; Neil Bonashu's Orch., KGO, KJR; Ray Noble's Orch., KNX, KEX, KGW; Freddie Nagel's Orch., KSL.

10:30 p. m.—Daryl Harpa's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Gordon Jenkins' Orch., KGO, KJR; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX; Soldiers of the Air, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—News, KGO; Bob Saunders' Orch., KPO, KOMO; Kenneth Stevens, KOIN, KSL; This Moving World, KEX; News, KGW; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

Wednesday

5:00 p. m.—Reid Tanner's Orch., KOIN, KSL; Hemisphere Revue, KGO, KJR.

KJR: Summer Serenade, KEX; Eliot Wright, KGW; Playground News, KOMO.

5:30 p. m.—Concert Favorites, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Big Town, KNX, KSL, KOIN; Concert Music, KGW.

6:00 p. m.—Glenn Miller's Orch., KNX, KSL, KOIN; Author's Playhouse, KGO, KEX; Kay Kyser's Musical Quiz, KPO, KGW, KOMO.

6:30 p. m.—Ray Kinney's Orch., KJR; Juan Arvizu, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Echoes in Brass, KGO; Allen Botz's Orch., KEX.

7:00 p. m.—Quiz Kids, KGO, KEX, KJR; Amos 'n' Andy, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Tony Martin, KPO, KOMO, KGW.

7:30 p. m.—Plantation Party, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Dr. Christian, KNX, KOIN, KSL; Manhattan at Midnight, KGO, KJR, KEX.

8:00 p. m.—Time to Smile, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Easy Aces, KGO, KEX, KJR; Fred Allen, KNX, KSL, KOIN.

8:30 p. m.—Mr. District Attorney, KPO, KOMO, KGW; Chuck Foster's Orch., KGO; Baseball Game, KEX.

9:00 p. m.—Paul Sullivan, KNX, KOIN; Music in the Night, KGO, KJR; Fred Waring's Orch., KPO, KGW, KOMO; Sunnyvale Folks, KSL.

9:30 p. m.—Don Kaye's Orch., KGO; Five Edwards, KPO, KGW, KOMO; News, KJR, KSL; Baker Theater, KOIN.

10:00 p. m.—Reporter News, KPO, KGW, KOMO; Ray Noble's Orch., KSL, KNX; Jay Burnett, KJR, KEX.

Musical Baseball, KGO.

10:30 p. m.—Daryl Harpa's Orch., KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX, Eyes of the World, KOIN.

11:00 p. m.—Chuck Foster's Orch., KPO, KOMO; News, KGO, KGW; This Moving World, KEX; Bob Bradley and Erwin, Yeo, KOIN, KSL; Fishing News, KJR; Knox Manning, KNX.

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

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THERE HAS BEEN A DEFINITE COOLNESS IN THE PERLEY FAMILY BECAUSE MRS. PERLEY CLAIMS THERE WAS NO SENSE IN FRED'S WAITING AT THE STATION FOR TRAIN AFTER TRAIN WHEN HER MOTHER DIDN'T COME ON THE EXPECTED ONE; AND FRED SAYS SHE SHOULD HAVE FOUND SOME WAY OF LETTING HIM KNOW THAT HER MOTHER HAD GOT A RIDE OUT FROM TOWN IN A FRIEND'S CAR

6-17 (Released by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

L.I. ABNER—Truth Is Stranger Than Yokum



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Silenced!



THE NEBB—Guessing



Musical Baseball, KGO.

10:30 p. m.—Daryl Harpa's Orch., KGO, KJR; Ozzie Nelson's Orch., KGW, KOMO; Jerry Jones' Orch., KSL; Behind the Headlines, KEX; Masterworks of Music, KNX, Eyes of the World, KOIN.

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EIGHT MINE SWEEPERS FOR BELLINGHAM YARD

Bellingham, Wash., June 17.

—(P)—Bellingham marine ways has been awarded contracts by the navy department for eight mine sweepers, it was revealed here today.

The local shipyard originally had contracted for four ships—to be built at a unit cost of \$333,000 each—but today Ernest Dawe, spokesman for the

builders, said eight ships will be built here and there is possibility of orders being received for additional vessels.

Admiral Divorced

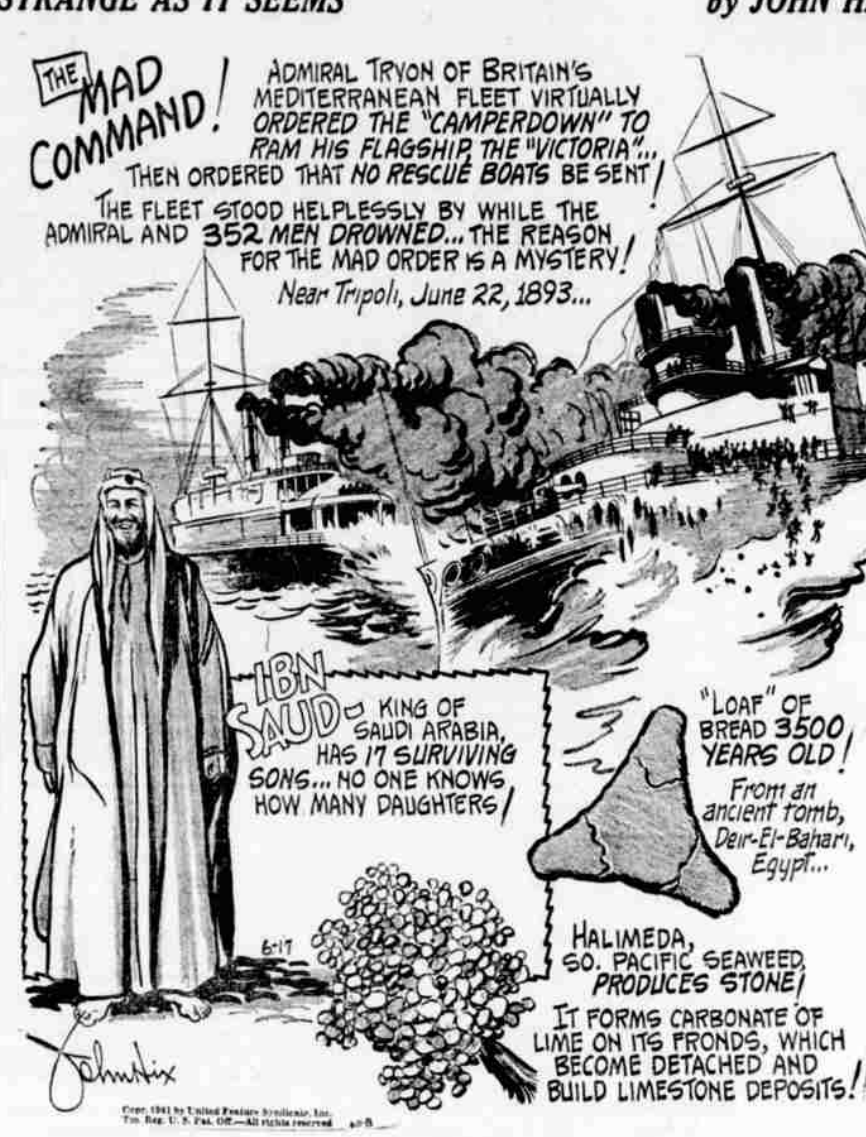
Reno, Nev., June 17.—(P)—

Rear Admiral Sinclair Gannon, former commandant of the 11th naval district and San Diego naval operating base, was granted an uncontested divorce here today from Dell T. Gannon of Norfolk, Va.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



MYSTERY SEA TRAGEDY

Thirteen vessels, headed by the Victoria, finest warship afloat, steamed in a double line 1,200 yards apart, on June 22, 1893, when Britain's Mediterranean fleet maneuvered off Tripoli. Suddenly Admiral Tryon ordered the Camperdown to make a right turn and ram his ship. The order was repeated. On a calm, glassy sea, the ships crashed! By order, no boats were lowered and the men stood at attention until the flagship sank. Official inquiry never solved the mystery of the mad command.

TOMORROW: Tomb of Holy Jackals.

By AL CAPP



By HAL FORREST



By SOL HESS

CHURCHILL SEES LIGHT IN UNITY

London, June 17.—(AP)—(Via Radio)—Winston Churchill declared in a broadcast to the United States Monday that "divided the dark ages shall return; united we can guide and save the world."

His remarks, carried by the NBC blue network, were in acceptance of an honorary L.L.D.

degree conferred upon him by Rochester (N. Y.) university.

"It has given me comfort and inspiration," he said, "to feel that I think as you do and that our hands are joined across the ocean and that our pulses throb and beat as one."

He made reference to his American forebears and saw in the awarding of the degree "an expression of American confidence—and shall I say affection."

Churchill referred to the fact that his mother was born in Rochester and that his grandfather, Leonard Jerome, lived there for many years.