

BOMBS BURST ONCE

By GRANVILLE CHURCH
W.N.U. SERVICE

THE STORY SO FAR: Jeff Curtis and his wife, Lee, are already on their way to Tierra Libre when he receives a note from Zora Mitchell warning them not to come. When they arrive in Tierra Libre they find both Zora and her husband dead. It is Mitchell's job as chief engineer for a fruit company that Jeff has been called to fill. Later Jeff's friend Bill Henderson is killed, and Jeff suspects his employer, Senor Montaya, of murdering him and the Mitchells because they had found a clue to the strange things going on at the plantation. Other sinister figures are the company chemist, Dr. Toenjes, and the flyers, Ryden and Lanestock. A man named Collins arrives from the Canal Zone to see Mitchell, and Jeff hires him without arousing Montaya's suspicions. A talk with Jerry McInnis discloses that Montaya is part German and is dealing with the Nazis. Collins reveals his identity as a U. S. naval intelligence officer. When he and Jeff discover hidden German bombs, he realizes that there will be trouble. He has just persuaded Montaya to let Lee and the children leave "for a few days."

CHAPTER XVIII

"Buena, bueno," Montaya finally said, more smoothly. "There is no need of this heat. It will be only for a day or two. But understand, this visit must not be used as an opening wedge for regular contact with the Associated people. That I will not have during our construction period."

His dignity recovered, he turned to Emilio, who had been standing by, staring incuriously into the distance. "Help to get Senora Curtis and the children across to Riverbank."

"Si, Senor."

Curt mounted the steps. At the dispatcher's office he put in a call for his house at San Alejo.

"Hiya, Lee. Surprise. Pack for yourself and the kids. You're visiting Jerry and Marta for a day or two. They're having an anniversary dinner tonight."

"But Jeff, what anni—"
"I'm sorry I can't go. As I told you, I'm completely tied up until the new shovels are in operation. Anyway, you have a good time for the both of us. I'm sending the car for you now. Can you be ready in forty minutes?"

"I think so, dear, but—"
"No 'buts,' I can't go and that's that. If you wait for me you may never see them. There's no telling when I can get a day from the job."

He hung up. This last should tell Lee the urgency of the situation without giving the operator—undoubtedly listening in—anything to chew on.

But Lee reached Tempujo by noon. The kids bounced about in excitement, clutching at Curt. He turned them over to Emilio, together with the three small bags Lee had brought.

Then he held Lee close, whispering while pretending to kiss her, "Don't look so anxious, sweet. Keep a clear face. Everything's under control, and I'll be with you sooner than you think."

He managed to slip into her palm a note folded tightly. "For Jerry."

Curt then handed Lee into the boat and watched the crossing. He saw her met on the other bank—that would be Jerry, God bless him!—and they waved across at each other.

Monahan had been all day at the tractor-shovels. Their progress had been slowed today by more difficult terrain. More filling, more matting had been necessary. He returned to Tempujo along with Curt and Emilio, and after the three had showered and changed clothing, they had supper together. Collins was finishing his at a table by himself. He looked a good bit fresher than he had this morning. He'd shaved and it was clear he'd slept all day.

After supper Curt went to his office, followed as usual by his body-guard.

Eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and still Curt applied himself. There was plenty to be done, he might as well do it. Emilio looked in on him once, annoyed but making no comment. Curt merely looked up, then back at his desk again.

Ten-thirty. Curt rolled up what prints he'd been using, stacked his papers. He came to the door of the drafting room, stretching and yawning. In the middle of the stretch he stiffened. Emilio looked up, instantly alert—almost suspicious. Curt's eyes, without having turned his head, seemed to be piercing the darkness beyond the porch.

He banked on Emilio's drowsiness to keep him from realizing immediately that no one can see into darkness from a lighted space. In a low voice, keeping his lips stiff, Curt said, "There's somebody out there, out behind those palms. Size and shape looks like—Collins, I'd say. Put out your light."

As he spoke he reached behind him inside the door of the drafting room and switched off the lights there. Emilio's reaction was to snap off the table lamp and move catlike to the door, reaching for his gun.

Then Curt struck. The butt of his own gun caught the native behind the ear. Emilio went down without a sound.

Curt hauled the unconscious man into the bedroom and shut the door. He closed the hinged bamboo shutters over his window, then turned on the light in the adjoining shower room and left that door open a crack.

There was no rope available, so he ripped a sheet into strips to tie the man's hands behind him, his his

feet, his legs. He soaked these strips in water so they couldn't possibly be worked loose. He fashioned a gag, pried open the teeth, secured it in place. Then he picked up the inert form and tossed it on the bed.

Before snapping off the bathroom light a glance at his wrist showed it was ten-forty. He'd better get the crew together. Jerry should be on this side by now, to meet Monahan upriver away from lights.

On Sunday nights Tempujo settled down earlier than on Saturdays. Already most of the residence lights were out, and only one end of the mess-hall showed activity. His eyes now adjusted to the dark, Curt could see through the screen door what looked like two trunks to the palm tree in the yard. "Collins?" he called softly. "Yo."

Curt picked up a camera and flash bulb he'd set apart earlier, then let himself out and down the short path.

For several minutes neither spoke, then as Curt was grumbling, "Wish they'd hurry, I'd like a smoke," Collins touched his arm and pointed in the dimness.

Curt grunted. "Yeh, that's them." Two figures were making their way toward the bungalow, taking advantage of every patch of heavy darkness. The four men joined feet.

"Lee and the kids?" were Curt's first words.

"Okay," McInnis answered. "By luck, the San Timoteo's taking on



Emilio went down without a sound.

fruit. They're aboard now. The Old Man's given orders to speed the loading and be ready to pull out at daylight with whatever load they have by then. He'll get heck from Distribution," McInnis chuckled, "but I guess his shoulders are broad enough."

Monahan stopped them at a cache he'd prepared earlier in the evening, and all four shared the load—the big bundle of dynamite, the three cans of black powder, the fat coil of fuse.

Getting to the motorshed and running a car outside the yard limits unseen proved easy. Once under way, Curt sketched a quick picture for McInnis of what they'd found last night, what they were headed for.

McInnis grunted a couple of times, and at the end said, "Okay, what's the program?"

Curt went over it. At one point Collins interrupted.

"We'll get there about midnight. Monahan's job is set for one. Not sure that'll be time enough for me. Got to study those fuse mechanisms. Chances are they'll be simple enough, but I can't be sure."

"Okay, another half hour, think?" Collins considered. "We'll have to chance it," he said reluctantly, "can't take all night. Anyway, these explosives will do the job on the planes in case I can't set the bombs for explosion. Yes, make it one-third."

"Okay, got it," said Monahan. "Another thing," Collins went on, "once you men get the dynamite planted you'll have to clear out. I'll finish priming the bombs alone. Then if anything goes wrong we won't all grow halos. You'd be no use to me anyway."

"Guess you're right," Curt growled. "Well, we can't all be heroes," and he mentally saluted the Navy man.

Midway across the flats he stopped the car to climb a pole and cut the two telephone lines—the dispatcher's line and the general office link between San Alejo and Tempujo.

Nothing happened to impede them. They reached the foot of the Quebrados in good time, despite running without lights. There Monahan melted into the night to grope his way up a trail.

A wide ditch circled the foot of the Quebrados, a catch basin to

carry off the torrential rains of the wet season as they flooded down the mountainsides. A wooden bridge carried the tracks across this channel. The three men quickly pushed the car through the airfield spur and mainline connecting tracks until it was headed for the river again, and pushed it back across the bridge so it was clear for the run to Tempujo.

As Curt and McInnis were loading themselves gingerly with explosives—the dynamite and two cans of powder—Collins spoke up.

"It won't take all three of us to break in. I'll be planting this last can to knock out that bridge behind us. Have that much done."

"Good."

Curt cut a length of fuse for the job, took the rest of the coil, and with McInnis got under way for the hidden hangars.

They reached the fence and Curt led the way cautiously to the spot where he'd broken through last night. He played his flash along the ground. Good. The leaves and debris scattered over the soft fill of the hole he'd used before was undisturbed.

"Yeh, but I don't like this, Curt. Looks too easy. I can't believe they don't keep some kind of watch. You would, I would, they're not dumber, are they? You could have got through last night by sheer luck."

"I know. It's been in my mind, too. But there's nothing we can do about it except keep alert."

McInnis' words were prophecy. It was as they were hauling at the strip of corrugated sheathing—a noisy job itself—that they heard the running feet. So there was a patrol maintained! The two men jumped away from the wall and fell flat in the dry grass. The feet pounded around the end of the building, a flash played back and forth and picked out the hole in the fence, the sprung sheet.

"Was ist das? Antworten sie!" The man ran to the fence, then to the break in the hangar wall. The sheet had not been ripped sufficiently to admit a person, so the man turned from the building and played his light about the space between it and the fence.

The two Americans couldn't possibly avoid detection long. Curt made a cautious move for his gun and the rustle of the dry grass gave him away. The guard shot wildly in that direction and doused his flash.

Curt and McInnis rolled apart instantly, but neither used his gun in the blackness for the flash would give away his position. The guard, too, after the first wild shot, held his fire. But his movements showed he was edging toward the fence.

"Alarm wire!" shouted Curt. "Along the fence-top! He's trying to reach it!"

The guard lunged for the fence, but there came a shot from beyond it, from the other side. Collins! A quick stab from Collins' flashlight showed the German close to the fence, his arm upstretched, the man ready to spring. Another shot, and the man went down.

"Finished my job at the tracks," Collins called anxiously, "and heard this guy as I neared the fence. Then the shot. Are you okay?"

"Yes," cried Curt. "There's a hole in the fence, Collins. Get busy, you guys. I'll see if the shots carried."

He raced around the end of the building and to the front. He had a clear view to the other end of the field. A few night lights showed, as they had last night. Under one of these, the one outside the clubroom, two figures stood like statues. Men listening. Presently they seemed to relax. They moved out of the light, not fast as though alarmed, and the clubroom lights snapped on. Curt relaxed, too. The shots had been behind the buildings here, the sounds wouldn't have carried sharply to the other end—he hoped. He returned to the others.

Collins and McInnis had forced entrance to the hangar. All three had flashlights tonight, and Curt found McInnis taking a quick look-see for himself. Collins was at the bomb room door, forcing the lock. Curt and McInnis joined him.

Inside the long partition they spent a moment studying the layout. The cylindrical casings were pointed at the bulkhead, which was constructed of thick planks. When assembled, there'd be a space of about two feet between the noses of the bombs and the heavy wall.

"Okay, men, it'll work," Collins said. "Get busy on your jobs, I'll handle mine."

The room was wired with lights. Since no beam could escape outside, Collins snapped the switch and immediately got to work on a study of the first tail fuse at hand.

"Huh," he said dismally, "they're the arming vane type. Well, guess I can revolve them by hand. Nose piece, I understand that well enough. Pull the pin and they're set for impact."

These bombs were designed for loading on planes, assembled, but not set for explosion. On release from the plane, the arming pin of the nose fuse would have to be pulled, to free the mechanical restraint that prevents the fuse from firing the detonator. In the case of the tail fuse, however, that "brake" would be released automatically by the revolution of the arming vane as the bomb fell through the air.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Slacks and Pajamas Lead the Way to a New Field of Design

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



SO FAR we have been accepting pajama costumes as an interesting fashion diversion. Skeptics there were in the early days when pajama and trousered fashions were regarded as novel and of passing fancy. However, the practicality of the trousered costume became more and more apparent, until in this time of wartime activities what at one time seemed but a fleeting, transient fashion gesture has grown into a permanent phase that challenges designers to accept the movement as one that demands of them a technique that leads into a new field of design.

Today there is a unanimous demand for women's slacks and pajamas for every day wear, as well as for leisure moments. Designers are rushing to produce a larger and more varied collection of attractive styles than ever before. An excitingly wide range of attractive fabrics in rayon constructions, in velvets and crepes have been drawn upon. Measuring up to the beauty of fabric is the magnificent way in which designers are rising to the situation of creating smart and diversified fashions along the new avenue of thought.

The models pictured speak for themselves in that they demonstrate the really triumphant grasp of styles that has taken place among style creators who are, with their designing ability, giving to the new trousered vogue a stable and permanent place in the mode for all time. The call for at-home costumes that will defy the menace of low temperature is met in the costumes shown in the above illustration. It is interesting to note the versatility they express and the one note that

rings through the group is the charming femininity that has been stressed in the modish jacket and tunic tops. Pilot blue rayon fabric with an attractively textured surface is used for the youthful pajama suit above to the left. Interesting style details are seen in the peplum effect and especially in the scallop treatment.

The tunic-top pajamas pictured to the right are designed for the tall figure. The tri-color scheme achieved in pajamas of royal blue sheer rayon crepe are punctuated with bright flashes of fuchsia and green inserted as pleats. There is the suggestion of a Russian cosack tunic here that is most picturesque. The belt and buckle are of the blue fabric.

A charming antidote to chills is the striking hostess pajama ensemble centered in the group. The long-sleeved jacket in sapphire blue rayon crepe combines with well-cut trousers in sooty black. The black accent is repeated smartly at the jacket front where gold embroidered applique adds a sumptuous look. You may be tempted to appropriate this regal looking jacket as a fitting complement to a formal floor-length crush-resistant velvet skirt should occasion demand.

The inset below to the right shows black rayon faille trousers and a red wool jacket striped with black rayon braid. A stunning winter cocktail costume this! Shown in the inset to the left, velvet lounging pajamas are worn with complete nonchalance. The velvet is crush-resistant. The costume is enlivened by the embroidered jacket elaborately decorated with red chenille flowers.

Velvet Highlight



This season it is both patriotic and smart style to make one dress play a many-purpose role by changing its accessories. Pictured above is a simple black afternoon frock which has been high-spotted with detachable bows of black velvet. The magic of accessories is further stressed in a picturesque hat made of rose colored velvet, plus gloves of matching velvet. The fact that the hat and gloves are rose colored is style significant, for black costumes highlighted with pink rank ace high in importance this season.

Handknit Frocks

Many new and interesting details give to handknit frocks outstanding style this season. One of the smart fashion trends is the wee narrow yarn fringe that outlines edges of yokes, pockets, sleeves and necklines. The use of handmade yarn ball trimming is also noted, likewise little yarn tassels.

Be Sure to Choose Earrings Carefully

Important fashion news points to earrings. That earrings add general interest to the face there is no doubt, and chosen carefully they certainly add brilliancy to the eyes. However, don't think that any old earrings will do the trick. Choose your earrings with a very keen sense of proportions of your face and be sure to try them on with and without your hat.

A pair of gold earrings in a fine floral pattern, or a leaf design, in loop effect scroll or a two-tone twist will always be smart and will go with both daytime and informal clothes. In selecting earrings the best thing to do is to match or accent your eyes. Watch your lipstick and finger nails that their color does not clash with jewels.

Tiny, Veiled Hats Are Trimmed With Ostrich

Very tiny hats are popular for dress occasion. Especially favored are the wee ones that are cunningly trimmed with ostrich tips in rose or light blue or fuchsia tones. With these you wear a crisp veil that stands out daintily like a halo about the head. These veils are stiffened to flare out like a brim, and they keep in good form without wilting down in limp and unsightly fashion.

Lace Edging

If in doubt as to how best to finish off the edges of the print frock you are making, or the pastel faille frock or taffeta plaid blouse, let narrow black lace be your answer. This pretty trim is to be seen everywhere. The black sheer dress with low-cut neckline is very charming with the new frilly black lace accent.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D. Of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for February 7

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JESUS AFFIRMS HIS DEITY

LESSON TEXT—John 8:12, 25-36, 56-59. GOLDEN TEXT—He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.—John 14:9.

"The Light of the World Is Jesus!" Who does not remember with what delight we as children sang, "Come to the light, 'tis shining for thee . . . The light of the world is Jesus."

How precious was the truth that thus flooded our souls. Jesus is the light. Just as the sunlight sheds its glory on an awakening world at dawn, so He sheds abroad the light of God in the hearts of men. As this portion of God's Holy Word is studied and taught, may the light break forth on many a soul caught in the bewilderment of this dark world.

But that is only one of the great thoughts around which our lesson centers. As Jesus here reveals Himself as divine, we consider four simple words, each fraught with rich meaning.

I. Light (v. 12). "Then spake Jesus." When? Just after He had silenced the hypocritical accusers of a woman taken in sin, and had spoken the word of peace to her troubled soul. She was to "go and sin no more" because she had met Him who is the light of the world. They that follow Him "shall not walk in darkness"; they are the children of light, they have the very light of life shining in their hearts and lives.

Not only does Jesus light the believer's heart, but this light shines into all the dark corners of this wicked world, exposing sin and hypocrisy, and showing the way back to God.

II. Salvation (vv. 25-30). "Who art thou?" That is the question every man must ask and answer as he considers Jesus. Even neglect is an answer—a rejection.

The answer of Christ in these verses goes to the very heart of the matter, for He takes the people right to the cross of Calvary. When they had crucified Him, they would know. Did not the centurion say: "Truly this was the Son of God" (Matt. 27:54)?

It is true today that no man knows Christ until he knows Him as the crucified Saviour. Teacher, Example, Guide—all these He is—but they are not enough, for we sinners need a Saviour. May many today follow the example of verse 30.

III. Freedom (vv. 31-36). Free! Four letters, but what a depth of meaning! Chains have fallen off, prison doors are open. The one who was bound is free.

But here we are concerned with an even more important liberty, the freedom of the soul. Many there are who boast of their independence but who are naught but slaves. Jesus said: "Whosoever commiteth sin is the servant of sin" (v. 34), not its master.

How shall they be freed? Note three things in these verses: (1) A condition, "If ye continue in my word." This means not only a profession of faith, but a daily appropriation and realization of His truth in life.

(2) A promise, "Ye shall know the truth." The philosophies of men profess to be a seeking after truth, but how few there are who look to the one place where it can be found—in Jesus Christ.

(3) A result, "The truth shall make you free." Truth always sets free. Men are enslaved because, as in some foreign lands, they have not had the opportunity to learn the truth or because they have rejected it.

Men profess to seek truth in their research and in the process of education, but without Christ they cannot have real truth. Educational systems which rule Him out are deficient and lead to bondage rather than freedom.

IV. Eternity (vv. 56-59). Taking up their statement that they were Abraham's children (see vv. 33, 37), Jesus enters into the sharpest controversy with the unbelieving Jews of His entire earthly ministry. They were claiming kinship with a great man of faith who in his day had looked forward to the coming of Christ (v. 56). Now He was here, and instead of receiving Him as their Messiah they were ready to kill Him.

Not only did they claim Abraham as father, but also God. Jesus told them that in their sin and unbelief they were of their "father the devil." It is possible, then, to be very religious, to follow the traditions of one's fathers, and yet to be children of the devil.

All this led up to their sharp rebuke in verse 57, which denied to Christ anything but an earthly existence and which led Him to the statement of His eternity. He identified Himself definitely and clearly with the Eternal One—the great I AM of Exodus 3:14.

Christ is God, and is therefore "infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth" (Westminster Catechism).

ASK ME ANOTHER?

A General Quiz
The Questions

- Alluvial gold is what?
- What is the correct name for the German secret police (Gestapo)?
- What are the colors of the rainbow?
- Which is the right bank of a river?
- What is vegetable ivory?
- What is a fellah?
- If a man is sartorially correct, he is what?
- Tabasco is a state in what country?

The Answers

- Gold found in the sands or soil of stream beds.
- Geheime Staats Polizei.
- Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red.
- The bank at one's right when facing downstream.
- The seed of the tagua nut, which looks like and is used as ivory.
- A peasant in Arabic-speaking countries.
- Dressed in good taste.
- Mexico.

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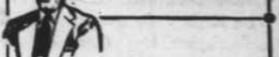
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SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER



Between 22 and 33 per cent of the road service units covered by AAA clubs are in response to tire trouble—South. Battery problems cause the most frequent number of road calls for help.

American synthetic rubber will sell 90 per cent of the country's rubber needs, within two years of Pearl Harbor, according to a rubber chemist. This will be a speedy transition from natural rubber. Germany which started synthetic rubber development prior to 1914 can now only take care of 25 per cent of its rubber needs with synthetic.

Rubber tread trucks have been handling about 10 per cent of the country's wear and tear on the road. OVI officials say.

Until gasoline rationing was applied as a brake, the car owners of the country were wasting 120,000 pounds of tread rubber from their tires every day, a government statistician says.

In war or peace



FIRST IN RUBBER