

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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CHAPTER I
"Night sailing," murmured Lila. The tall, dark girl in the fur coat dug her gloved hand deeper through the curve of her fiancé's arm and strained her eyes toward the blurry outlines of the freighter at the dock.

Barry Fielding tightened his arm against her hand as he paused to let some ship's officers by. "Now it means," he answered as they moved on toward the gangplank, "stealth, silence, darkness, fog—the kind of fog they once canceled sailings for. That's what war does—turns the world upside down."

The girl was pulling a letter from her smart handbag. She gave it to the officer blocking her way. When he had read it, he stepped aside with grudging respect and she went aboard with Barry. They found their way along the dark, wet deck to his small stateroom, carefully shutting the door and pulling down the blinds before turning on the lights. Barry was grinning with amusement. "You went to a lot of trouble, Lila, for five minutes on board."

"I just wanted to make sure you were going to be comfortable. I've heard some rather sordid stories about wartime travel and I thought I might be able to do some adjusting." She moved closer to him and added softly, "You will be careful, darling?"

Barry's grin widened as his arms went about her. "About being uncomfortable?" he said. "Of course not. Please—this isn't any time for joking."

"You're telling me." "I wish I had time to do your unpacking for you."

"I've been doing it for years. One more trip probably won't hurt me."

"You'll write every day?" "No. As often as I can."

"If you need me, wire. I'll be down on the next plane."

"With the New York police force and the State Militia, eh?" "Darling, I wish you'd be serious."

THEY walked back on deck, drawn by a sudden commotion at the foot of the gangplank. Officers and plain-clothes men were dispersing a noisy farewell party on the dock. White shirts and evening gowns glimmered through the fog. A girl was running up the gangplank, laughing, shouting, and the blare of toy horns pursuing her.

Out of breath and laughing, she whirled to stand beside Barry at the rail. Suddenly cupping her hands, she called back, "Where's my aloha?"

A piping horn belligerently started a chorus. It was silenced. The girl at the rail shrieked with laughter. A white shirt front leaned precariously over the water dividing boat from wharf.

"Come on back and finish the party!" "Come and get me!" the girl taunted.

Lila moved back from the rail. "Of all the disgusting . . ." she murmured. She started off with Barry. But as they passed the girl, an official was holding the flashlight on her papers. The beam cut past her hair—honey-gold hair, beautifully kept. Lila stopped short and took another look. The features below the hair were molded delicate as a cameo . . . and the slender white line of throat rose from a collar of sable.

"I beg your pardon," Lila moved regally up to the girl as the officer left. "I'm Lila Harrison. This is my fiancé, Barry Fielding, who's sailing. Are you making the trip?"

Barry could see the blonde inspecting the tall, smart silhouette of his fiancée. Her voice was heavier than Lila's and seemed rough in contrast.

"You sound a little scared," she said surprisingly. Abruptly she turned a small flashlight up and down Barry's tall figure, holding it a moment on his face. She gave a gay whistle. "You do have reason—plenty. Thanks for the introduction, Miss Harrison. I'm Allison Topping. Be seeing you—Barry!" Then she turned back to continue her laughing good-byes to the persistently faithful crowd on the wharf.

BARRY was thankful the darkness hid his grin. So this was Allison Topping! He'd seen her pictures, of course. Debutante. Darling of cafe society. Spoiled brat. But quick on the uptake. He could feel Lila's rising fury. He was surprised she didn't leave. Instead she moved back up to the rail.

"Are you going to Cuba, Miss Topping?"

The girl finished a shouted invitation to the white shirt front swaying over the water's edge, then turned back to Lila. "Great Godfrey, no!" she cried. "I'm broke. I'm going to Guatemala and raise chewing gum!"

This was too much. Lila stiffened and turned away. But Barry pulled back, troubled. He said, "You don't mean that, do you?"

He could feel the Topping girl smiling at him. She said in a purring voice, deliberately goading Lila, "Sure, I do, Handsome. My papa left me a chiclé plantation."

Lila was pulling his arm impatiently but Barry held his ground. He said with sharp urgency, "Have you ever been to Guatemala, Miss Topping?"

"No," said the blonde girl lightly. "Take my advice, please," Barry said curtly. "Don't go!"

Lila's pull on his arm relaxed. She moved back with sudden in-

terest. The blonde's attention, too, was caught.

"Why not?" she demanded. "You won't be able to stand it," Barry told her. "You're not the type. Whoever advised you to go ought to be horsewhipped."

"No one advised me," said the blonde. "What's wrong with a chiclé plantation?"

"Nothing—if you like prostrating heat, malaria, scorpions, bush-masters . . ."

"Snakes? Stop!" the blonde screamed.

They were ready to lower the gangplank. An officer tapped Lila's arm. "Everyone ashore who's going ashore."

Lila said to the girl with urgent warmth, "Barry's right. He's been there. I'll help you get your luggage off the boat."

The blonde took a quick breath of decision. Then she laughed. "That's too kind of you," she murmured, a flick of malicious laughter in her voice. "I am an awful scared cat . . . but I think I'll go. Somehow, I feel so protected with Barry on board."

There was a minute when Barry was sure his fiancée was about to attempt murder.

(To Be Continued)

We definitely have air superiority in Tunisia now.—Col. J. S. Allard of 12th army air force in Africa.

If I had my choice I would see the British army fighting beside the Russian army. For heaven's sake, if the military have come to the conclusion that they cannot take Bizerte by June 1, or whatever it is, then let us draw stumps (call it off) and start somewhere else.—Lord Wedgwood of British House of Lords.

Always read the classified ads.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

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(To Be Continued)

Aaaaaah!



A veteran of four major Pacific battles, this sailor at Lubbock, Tex., still makes a face at taking medicine. Coxswain Noah Riba says he'd rather fight Japs.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



If you ask me, this is carrying the 'share the ride' stuff too far!

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON



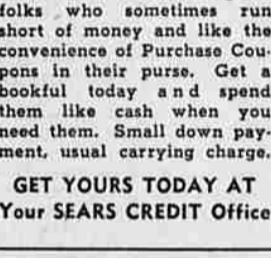
IT WOULD CROWD OUT THE WAR NEWS



At SEARS . . . IT'S NOT THE IDLE RICH WHO CLIP THE COUPONS

No indeed! It's the regular folks who sometimes run short of money and like the convenience of Purchase Coupons in their purse. Get a bookful today and spend them like cash when you need them. Small down payment, usual carrying charge.

GET YOURS TODAY AT Your SEARS CREDIT Office



"PICK UP" WORK FOR WOMEN-ON-THE-JOB

Even the busiest woman finds a few minutes to relax each day. And that's where this charming crochet design comes in! Memorized in no time, the medallions make fine "pickup" work. Smart for chair sets, small items, or even a cloth. Pattern 7532 contains instructions for medallions; stitches; photo of medallion; list of materials needed.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. . . . to . . . followed by your name and address."

DISEASE CARRIERS

More than 75 different diseases may be transmitted to mankind by animals, including cows, dogs, pigs, cats, horses, sheep, goats, wild rabbits, squirrels, rats, parrots, clams, fish, oysters, and a multitude of insects.

SUBMARINE CHAMP

Whales dive safely to depths far below those where a submarine would be crushed flat by the pressure of the water.

Red Ryder



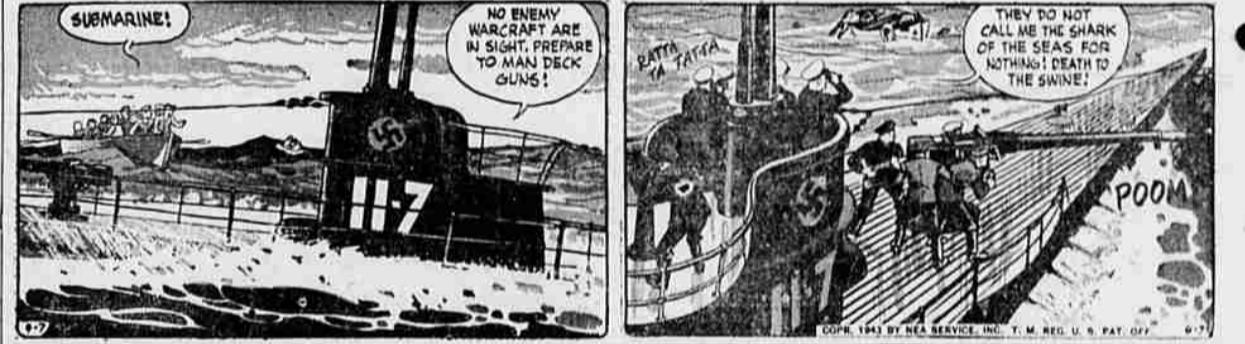
By Fred Harmon

Freckles and His Friends



By Blosser

Wash Tubbs



By Crane

Boots and Her Buddies



By V. T. Hamlin

Allep Oop



By Martin

Little Orphan Annie



By Harold Gray

ENEMY COUNTRY

Answer to Previous Puzzle

Table with crossword puzzle answers: 1 Depicted country, 5 Allied planes, 9 Its capital is, 13 Toward, 14 Rough lava, 15 Genus of plants, 16 Footless, 17 Era, 19 Artificial language, 20 Cubic meter, 21 Males, 22 Grain, 24 Tree fruit, 25 Not (prefix), 26 Paddle a boat, 27 Egypt (abbr.), 29 119,000 square miles, 32 Earn, 36 Full extent, 38 Trap, 39 Short for opossum, 41 Sign, 42 Before, 43 Father, 20 Stalks, 23 Fear, 26 Lift up, 28 One of its ports is, 29 High mountain, 30 River (Sp.), 31 Type measures, 33 Male sheep, 34 Anger, 35 Nine and one, 37 One of its industrial cities is, 40 Encountered, 43 Not in verse, 44 Piece of timber, 45 On top of, 46 Piebald, 48 Agitate, 49 Vain, 50 Near, 51 Withered, 52 Movie actor, 54 Be indebted, 56 Fish eggs, 58 Folding bed, 60 Regius Professor (abbr.), 44 Explosive sound, 47 Belongs to it, 49 Auto, 50 Donkey, 53 Vegetable, 55 Three (comb. form), 57 Group of eight, 59 Boil slowly, 60 Disturbance, 61 Therefore, 62 Sun god, 63 Sled for hauling logs, 64 Pillage, 65 Anesthetic, 1 Article, 2 Soup-fin shark, 3 Varnish ingredient, 4 Lout, 5 Lure, 6 Aged, 7 Satellite, 8 Exist, 9 Rodent, 10 Unfasten, 11 African finch, 12 Paradise, 18 Onward

