

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

THE STORY: Allison Topping, society girl, is off to Guatemala, to run her father's chicle plantation...

THE RUBE CHAPTER II

The fog deepened into a lashing storm before the night was out, and the freighter plowed a slow, harried course southward along the coast.

It was late afternoon of the following day before they ran out of the storm, and the wallowing of the small boat settled to a rhythmic roll.

Barry Fielding came first. He was a born sailor, and rough weather only sharpened his sea appetite.

"I'm afraid Miss Topping won't make it," the captain said as he led the way to the table.

Barry smiled. "Fine," he said. "She'll get off at Santiago then and go back—which is exactly what she should do."

"You think so, Mr. Fielding?" The five men turned sharply toward the door, at the sound of the feminine voice.

Allison Topping was posed dramatically in the doorway, her celebrated figure in sequin evening gown silhouetted against the flaming sky.

"I was afraid," she said faintly, "that—heartless people would try to influence the captain to put me off at Santiago."

The four passengers and the captain leaped as a man to pull a chair for her.

"I feel fine now," she boasted. "In the privacy of my cabin for the last 48 hours I've been singing the blues—I mean about the war—my losing every centavo but a chicle plantation—and now the storm! It's all off my mind for good."

The rubber men and the lighthouse keeper were enchanted and a little afraid of her. To Barry's surprise she refused their homage.

"Just call me Al," she said. "The deb is dead. I'm not even Queen of Chewing Gum Jungle—just a chicle laborer."

"That's ridiculous," said Barry heatedly. She turned on him with mocking light of combat.

"Touche," Barry grinned as he started for his cabin. She looked after him startled.

"I have three books to digest before we get to Puerto Barrios," he told her. His masculine pride was satisfied by her visible disappointment.

He was not evading her, nor exaggerating the importance of the books. Somewhere within their pages was the key to the success or failure of his mission to Guatemala.

At lunch the talk was all of Santiago. Allison had been there often. She was full of eager description of places and spots they must see...

derful stories. He belonged to some strange tribe, and when he was 12 he took some kind of a blood oath.

Barry was instantly all attention. He tried to sound casual. "Was he a Quiche Indian?"

Allison's large eyes fixed on him with thoughtful innocence. "I believe that was the tribe," she said slowly.

"I'd like to talk to him," Barry said. "Do you think he might be there still?"

She shrugged. "He might. He's been there for six years. He was there last October."

So Barry joined the party in the small tender going from the boat to the island.

Allison proved a beguiling guide. She complained loudly of the blistering heat but led a spirited search through the colorful, cobblestoned streets for the old Indian, somehow managing to point out a thousand native customs and relics en route.

But the old Indian could not be found. Even Barry was satisfied by the time they abandoned the search in the dusky, music-filled interior of Allison's favorite cafe.

Mischief tingled her laughter. "No, let's drink to dear old Itchy Suma," she cried, "and the blood oath of Chichicasteango. They lured the lion from his lair."

Barry glanced around at the sudden roar of laughter from the three other men. He realized suddenly he had been duped into coming.

Allison's laughter rose. "Serves you right, you recluses! I sneaked into your cabin during dinner

Out Our Way

Barry controlled his irritation over the loss of the afternoon and enjoyed the exotic food and dancing. But he remained ominously quiet when Allison taught the others several Quiche words she had gleaned from the book...

(To Be Continued)

HOLD EVERYTHING!



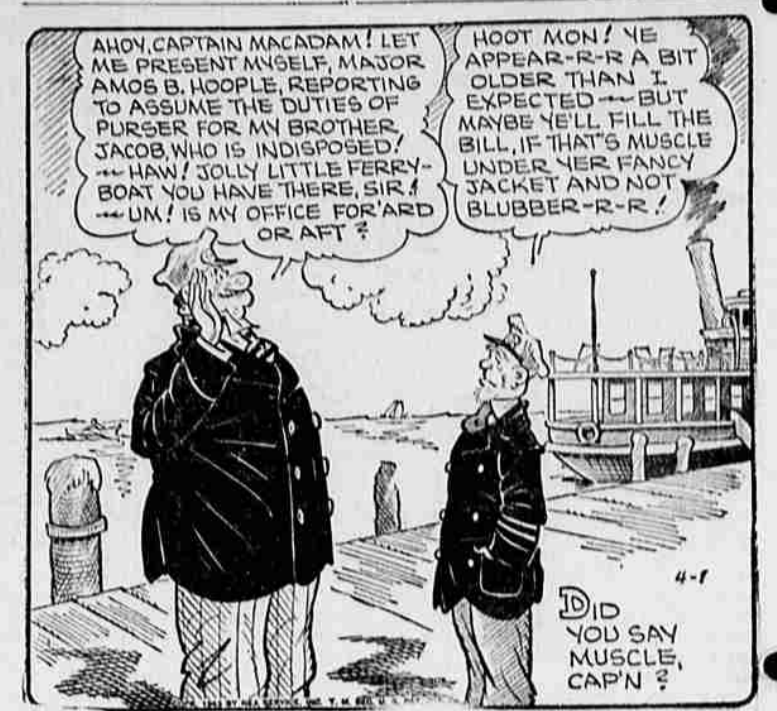
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Our Boarding House



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With Major Hoople



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD



"EATING LIKE A BIRD" IS A PHRASE OFTEN USED TO DESCRIBE PERSONS OF DELICATE APPETITE!

ACTUALLY, ACCORDING TO ZOO KEEPERS, BIRDS EAT MORE IN PROPORTION TO THEIR WEIGHT THAN ANY OTHER OF THE ZOO INHABITANTS.

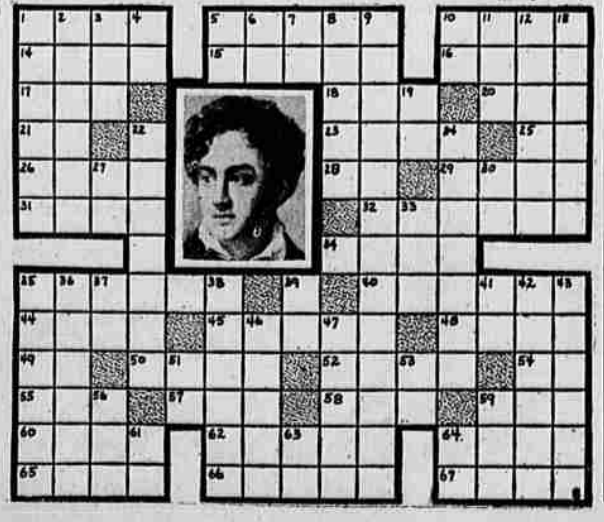


ANSWER: Revolutionary war, but not by American troops.

NEXT: Where did cattle come from?

ENGLISH WRITER

Table with crossword puzzle clues and answers. Includes words like 'mulberry', 'Australasian bird', 'Exclamation', etc.



\$2 BUYS ONE WARM ARMY BLANKET

One warm army blanket might avoid a fatal case of pneumonia!

War Stamps buy warm blankets. Some unused things around the house that you've forgotten all about will buy extra War Stamps.

I'm a Herald and News Want Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR forgotten things into warm blankets for soldiers!

Herald and News Want-Ads Get Results

BABY ANIMAL PARADE ON NURSERY LINENS



7491

Here's charming "baby talk" for your embroidery needle—in a parade of animals for nursery linens and small garments.

To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls, Ore. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference.

Challenges Absenteeism W. S. (Bill) Jack, president of Jack & Helntz, Inc., Bedford, Ohio, after his organization completed a month without an unauthorized absence...

Red Ryder



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Wash Tubbs



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Boots and Her Buddies



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