

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

ATTACK

CHAPTER III

WHEN the moon was high in the black, star-gleaming sky they rode in the small, rocking tender back to the freighter.

The three men drifted off to their cabins, leaving Allison with Barry—the prize she had worked so hard to capture.

When they had gone, she lost some of her gay sang-froid. She dug a hand into the deep pocket of her light wrap for cigarettes.

As he lit it for her, she glanced up at his lean brown face and dark, steady eyes.

She sighed a tiny sigh and blew a smoke ring.

"I suppose," she said faintly, "it's an apology, not a kiss you're waiting for."

Barry chuckled in spite of himself. He lit his own cigarette leisurely and flicked out the match.

The warm night breeze brushed it along the deck. "As a matter of fact, it was neither," he said.

Her upturned face was a heart-shaped blur in the darkness. "A walk, maybe?"

She moved off along the rail, a fragile figure against the black silhouette of mountains of Cuba which loomed behind her. Barry followed.

"Are you going back ashore?" he demanded.

"You mean—am I giving up my jungle dream?" she murmured blandly.

"Going back to New York just because of a few words of warning you gave me the night we sailed? No."

"He said, 'I think you'd better reconsider. I'm telling you, a Guatemala chicle plantation is no place for you.'"

The teasing laughter in her voice was plain now. "Maybe," she said archly, "if you had spent more time describing the horrors of the jungle to me on the trip down, and less time with your old Quiche books. . . . As it is, you fascinate me almost as much as Guatemala. I can't decide whether it's because of the jealous girl who brought you aboard and practically dared me to . . ."

Her voice broke off into laughter. "I suppose I owe you an apology for her, too."

"You can settle that with Lila," Barry said dryly. "The problem now is—"

"Or whether," Allison mused on imperturbably, "you fascinate me because you're so aloof and mysterious. Why under heaven would you be so intent on histories of the Quiche Indians? If you were an archeologist, or a professor, or even a student. But you're a mining engineer!"

"THERE'S no mystery about it," Barry exploded impatiently. "It's a matter of simple business. Look, I'll make a bargain with you. My business is on the confidential side. But I'll tell you about it if you'll forget this crazy adventure of yours and take a plane home from Santiago to-night."

"If you'll tell me," Allison said breathlessly, "I promise you I'll consider going home."

There was a new note of seriousness in her voice and Barry accepted it as oath. He told her his business with casual speed.

"My company sent me down here because the United Nations war effort is in vital need of quicksilver. It's used in a hundred delicate instruments of warfare. The Guatemala highlands are one of the all too few sources. And on the Guatemala highlands live the Quiche Indians. Catch?"

"Catch," laughed the girl. Then she frowned. "But why the history books? Need you get so chummy with them just to work a few mines?"

"There's the rub," admitted Barry. "We don't work the mines here. The Indians bring their crushed and vaporized cinabar down to the shore in clay jugs and trade it for bananas and fishing rights. But where they get it is a tribal secret."

Allison gasped. "And you said it was just business! It sounds like something out of All Baba!"

"It's a hell of a deal," Barry said irritably. "When we need that quicksilver the way we do and we're willing to pay plenty for it—"

She laughed with delight. "That blood oath of theirs in your books! They can't really be tempted by high prices?"

"Apparently they haven't been, since the time of Alvarado," Barry admitted gloomily.

"Then you're on a wild goose chase yourself," she said triumphantly.

"I'm not so sure." He thrummed nervous fingers on the rail. "In all this boning up on their traditions, I think I've got an argument to use on them. They're pretty high class, you know. Integrity. You can't help them. That's their strength. But I'm going to ask them to help us."

"And why should they help us?"

"Because the allies are fighting for the same thing they've struggled to hold for centuries. Freedom. Independence. We're their blood brothers in those respects. I'm going to try to make them see that. I have a feeling they might open up at least a couple of their mines for rapid exploitation in such a cause."

Allison touched her cigarette to the rail and watched the sparks float down towards the dark swells of water. She murmured, "Brother, you're talking strong stuff."

Barry laughed, regretting now he'd told her so much and been so eloquent about it. He said lightly to cover his previous outburst, "It won't hurt to try, anyway. The other fellows kept offering them more money. That didn't work."

She said, "Others? Were there others here before you?"

"Two."

"How did they treat them?"

"The first one reported they were a little short with him."

"And the second?"

"The second one didn't come back."

She stared at him a full minute, horror deepening in her eyes.

"But then—you're in danger!" she cried. "Why didn't you stop me tonight? All of us shouting those Quiche words!"

He laughed shortly. "Nonsense," he snapped. "The second man was probably bitten by a snake. Or delayed somewhere. You see, that imagination of yours would play havoc with you in this country. Now get in there and pack, and I'll take you back to the mainland."

She stood flattened against the rail, her honey-colored hair blowing back from the white piquant outline of her face, her eyes dark blurs.

"I can't," she said. There was a tangle of laughter and bewilderment in her voice. "I don't know why. Maybe it's the jungle—maybe it's you. But I'm going on."

Barry recognized decision. With a snort of anger and impatience he turned and strode off.

"Wait a minute!" she whispered, and ran after him. She rounded the forecastle 10 feet behind him—in time to see the dark, naked figure of a native detach itself from the black shadows of the hatch! Her scream rang through the dark night a second too late. The native had leaped—the gleam of a knife in his upraised hand!

(To Be Continued)

Unless the Hitlerite army and state and the new order in Europe is completely smashed, we cannot hope for any better future for the world, for your country, for my country—Russian Ambassador to Britain Ivan Maisky.

COL. SWIGART and Son

By William Ferguson

THE ANCIENTS TAUGHT THAT ALL MATERIAL WAS COMPOSED OF FOUR ELEMENTS—EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER. ARISTOTLE ADDED A FIFTH, WHICH HE CALLED THE ESSENCE OF MATTER. . . . AND THIS GAVE US THE WORD QUINTESSENCE!

SEND US AN ODD TO QUOTE

JUST BECAUSE A MAN IS CHIEF AIR RAID WARDEN IS NO SIGN HE IS A BLOCK-HEAD. . . .

ROBERT E. MUELLER, WAHATOSHA, WISCONSIN

NEXT: Shades of Jules Verne.

AMERICAN BOMBER

HORIZONTAL

1, 8 Depicted U. S. bomber, Boeing B-17E

13 Behold!

14 Greek letter

15 Wide

16 Him

17 Sick

18 Indian

21 Water

22 Bowling club

23 Put in earth

25 Tiny

27 Corruption

29 Ocean (abbr.)

30 Finish

31 From

32 Planes like this are active in the Pacific

35 Different

39 Belongs to

40 Mineral rock

41 Choose by ballot

44 They bomb the Jap

46 Symbol for gold

47 Insect

50 Music note

51 Deeds

The world today is full of disillusioned people who have fought hard to gain success and who have emerged from the struggle with an empty feeling. They may have won the things which they went after, but in doing so they have found that they have lost touch with people. They have their gold, but are themselves desolate and friendless.—Rev. Joseph R. Sizoo of New York.

Always read the classified ads.

Thanks from SKATELAND

We wish to thank the many people of Klamath Falls and vicinity for their patronage during our almost 6 years skating operation in this city. It has been a pleasure to work with the thousands of young people and we might add, it has been profitable. But due to existing conditions that have taken thousands of our fine boys and girls into service and defense work, and with an opportunity to lease our rink for 6 months with an option to sell our interests to the Veterans of Foreign Wars, we have drawn a contract with this organization, who with the music of Pappy Gordon and his orchestra will offer the public a dance floor in the center of Klamath Falls that is equal to any floor in the state. We sincerely hope their success at dancing will be as good as skating has been for us.

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Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla



THE HOLDUP MAN



THAT'S WHY JAKE GOT SEASICK

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



When are we going to earn while we learn, like they do in the war plants?



Red Ryder



Red Ryder

BIRDS AND FLOWERS ARE COLORFUL TOUCH



When are we going to earn while we learn, like they do in the war plants?



When are we going to earn while we learn, like they do in the war plants?

Wash Tubbs

By Blosser

By Blosser



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Boots and Her Buddies

By Crane

By Crane



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Allep Oop

By Martin

By Martin



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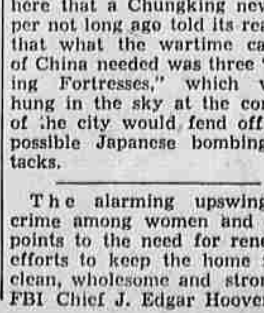


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Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

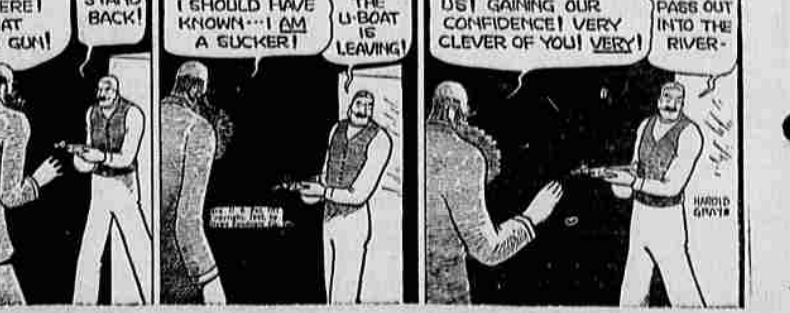
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When are we going to earn while we learn, like they do in the war plants?

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and a picture of a bomber.

7487

by Alice Brooks

Scatter gay color all over a bedspread or a cloth with these unusual embroidery motifs. Birds perch or flutter their wings against bowers of flowers. Use these colorful motifs on scarfs and cloths, too. Pattern 7487 contains a transfer pattern of eight 5 1/2 by 5 1/2 inch and eight smaller motifs; materials needed; illustrations of stitches.

NEW AERIAL DEFENSE

WASHINGTON, (P) — You don't, the office of war information explains, hang "Flying Fortresses" in the sky and use them for aerial pilboxes. Dr. Gerald Winfield, who works for the OWI in China, told a group of American reporters here that a Chungking newspaper not long ago told its readers that what the wartime capital of China needed was three "Flying Fortresses," which when hung in the sky at the corners of the city would fend off any possible Japanese bombing attacks.

The alarming upswing in crime among women and girls points to the need for renewed efforts to keep the home front clean, wholesome and strong.—FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover.