

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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THE STORY: Allison Topping, society girl, is off to Guatemala...

CHAPTER V

FOR the next two days the Caribbean stretched as passive as a sheet of dark green glass...

Breakfast was just over and Allison preceded Captain Hooker through the narrow doorway out onto the deck.

"What time do we dock tomorrow, Captain?" Allison smiled at the short, heavy man who walked beside her.

"With a sea like this we should reach Puerto Barrios by 5 in the morning."

His eyes twinkled humorously as he shot the girl a side glance and caught the quick frown that crossed her face.

"Don't take it so seriously, Miss Topping. Quarantine doesn't open until 7. If you can sleep through the noises of unloading cargo I will see that you are not disturbed."

Allison laughed. "Don't worry about my sleep," she retorted. "I've had so much rest this trip I feel like a bear."

The captain laughed. He stopped as they reached the iron stairway that led up to the crew's nest.

"Even a freighter captain has to make some pretense of working," he said lightly. "And this is where my day starts. Is there anything I can do to make you more comfortable?"

"Thanks, no. I think I'll take a couple of turns around the deck and then settle down with a book. Some people think they're good company."

SHE swung along the sun-splashed deck with long, easy steps. The sun caught the gold in her soft roll of hair and then poured down over her powder blue open-necked blouse...

She laid her head back and watched with half-closed eyes. She could hear only the low rumbling noise of the diesel engines, and the musical rippling of the sea as it slid along the ship's hull. Slowly the discontent left her face.

ALLISON opened her eyes sleepily in the total darkness of her cabin as she heard the rattle of the anchor chain. She lay quietly for only a moment as she heard running footsteps on the deck, and then slid from her warm bed, glancing at the luminous traveling clock on her dresser.

It was just 10 minutes before 5 o'clock and they were dropping anchor in the bay of Puerto Barrios. She switched on a light and dressed hurriedly, selecting a mist green sports dress.

A thin pallor of light was melting the darkness in the eastern sky. Shadowy figures moved about on the wharf, shouting in Spanish. Allison stood alone at the ship's rail. Her heart suddenly quickened as she heard steps behind her, and then she felt the touch of a hand on her arm.

"I really didn't expect to find you up at this hour," Barry said seriously. Allison turned to face him. "You mean you thought it was one of my practical jokes?" she said lightly.

"I don't know about the practical part—but the joke part—yes. When the cabin boy brought your note I said to myself, I'll try her one more. Can't be more of a chump than I was the other day. When can we get this quarantine business over with?"

Allison felt her face flush. "It will be a little later than I expected."

Even in the pale light she could see Barry's jaw tighten. Allison put her hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry, really I am, but I just had to see you before we left the boat!" she said.

Barry's face was stern as he said, "Frankly, I don't like getting up in the middle of the night to hear funny stories."

son's eyes had faded. She looked imploringly up at the tall man. "There's no joke about what I wanted to say!"

"Well—" "It's about the other night..." That man that attacked you—I heard him say a Quiche word. I knew then that I was to blame. I want to apologize!" Barry didn't speak.

"I really had a motive more important than the apology—that is, more important to you. I thought it might be helpful if I introduced you to Renato. He was my father's attorney down here for years and is now managing my chicle plantation. He probably knows more people in Guatemala than any other man."

"Is there a gag to this, too?" Barry said sharply. Allison whirled and walked up the deck. Then Barry started after her. He caught her by the arm and spun her around. Tears were misted on her long lashes.

"Oh! I know I'm acting like a heel!" Barry blurted. "But after all you have given me the run-around..." Allison smiled and looked up at him with the old twinkle in her eyes.

"I guess it's like the little boy who yelled 'fire' so often that when the house did burst into flames no one would believe him."

"I hope this Renato business is on the level," Barry said. "Because his name is on the list the office gave me to look up down here."

"Praise Allah for that list!" Allison teased. "Otherwise I know you wouldn't have believed me!" Allison was like her old self again, gay, buoyant and taunting.

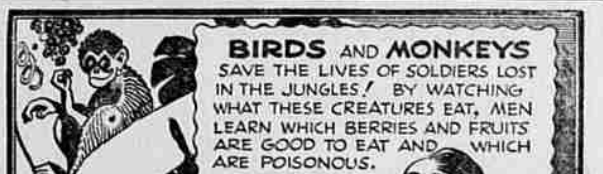
"If you were a gentleman you'd take me to the dining room for a cup of coffee," she laughed.

"If I were a gentleman," Barry said as they walked to the dining room, "I wouldn't have anything to do with women like you."

(To Be Continued)

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



BIRDS AND MONKEYS SAVE THE LIVES OF SOLDIERS LOST IN THE JUNGLES! BY WATCHING WHAT THESE CREATURES EAT, MEN LEARN WHICH BERRIES AND FRUITS ARE GOOD TO EAT AND WHICH ARE POISONOUS.

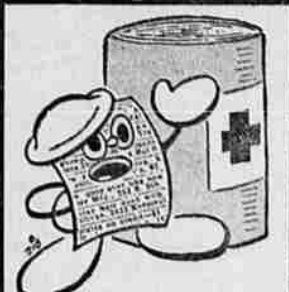


McMURICK INVENTED THE MODERN REAPER, BUT IN THE ANCIENT PROVINCE OF GAUL, A REAPER DRAWN BY BEASTS WAS USED AS EARLY AS 70 A.D.

VIENNESE COMPOSER

CROSSWORD PUZZLE: HORIZONTAL, VERTICAL, ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

CROSSWORD PUZZLE: 1 PICTURED VIENNESE COMPOSER, 12 EMPLOYERS, 13 GREEK LETTER, 14 ARTICLE, 15 JANUARY, 16 EXCLAMATION, 17 SPIDER'S HOME, 18 MUSIC NOTE, 19 INDIAN ARMY, 20 DOCK, 21 KNOCK, 22 ELECTRICAL, 23 STREET (abbr.), 24 NEW (comb. form), 25 ORIGINATE, 26 WASH LIGHTLY, 27 FISH EGGS, 28 SYMBOL FOR ALUMINUM, 29 BACKWARD, 30 GROUP OF STUDENTS, 31 SEAMAN, 32 WORLD'S BEST, 33 SHUTTERED SIDE, 34 WINDOW GLASS, 35 PLACE (abbr.), 36 SUN GOD, 37 LEGAL POINT, 38 PALM LILY, 39 IRIIDIUM, 40 ABOVE, 41 INDIVIDUAL, 42 ON TOP OF, 43 HE IS THE, 44 ELECTRICAL TERM, 45 MEDLEY, 46 WINDOW GLASS, 47 PLACE (abbr.), 48 SUN GOD, 49 LEGAL POINT, 50 PALM LILY, 51 IRIIDIUM, 52 ABOVE, 53 INDIVIDUAL, 54 ON TOP OF, 55 HE IS THE, 56 YOUNGER ONE, 57 BONE, 58 LISTEN, 59 RESIDUE, 60 NOVEL, 61 BOIL SLOWLY, 62 TALLY, 63 BE SICK, 64 WESTERN STATE, 65 SYMBOL FOR TELLURIUM, 66 LOOKS JOYOUS, 67 TIDY (colloq.), 68 CENTURY PLANT, 69 COMPASS POINT, 70 TAVERN, 71 SHOP, 72 YEARS BETWEEN, 73 TOKEN, 74 EXIST, 75 SICK, 76 ON THE SUMMIT, 77 WILLOW TWIG, 78 THREE (PREFIX), 79 WINGLIKE PART, 80 ELDER, 81 SOOTHYSAYER, 82 RUSSIAN CITY, 83 NEVADA, 84 FASTENER, 85 SKILL, 86 FABULOUS BIRD, 87 SEMINARY (abbr.), 88 ALSO, 89 VIRGINIA (abbr.), 90 SYMBOL FOR TELLURIUM



25 CENTS BUYS 12 BANDAGES. Twelve bandages might save the lives of 12 soldiers. Thinking of it that way, wouldn't it be patriotic to sell what you're not using and buy War Stamps that'll buy bandages?

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

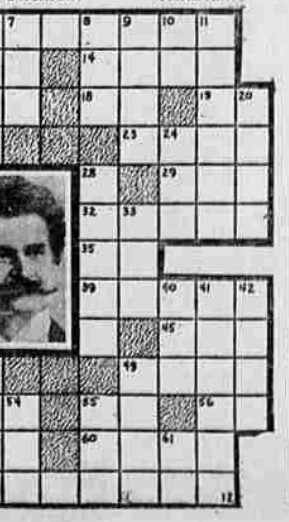
I'm a Herald and News Want-Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration. Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused goods into bandages!



USEFUL AND LOVELY PINEAPPLE DOILIES. Set off the beauty of your home accessories with these exquisite, round doilies. They're crocheted in a graceful, lacy pineapple design.

OUT-SMARTED

SPOKANE (P) — Corp. Jack Schiffler recognized that old gag. So he didn't step forward when a sergeant at the Colorado Springs, Colo., army air base told everyone with a driver's license to do so.



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

LISTEN, WORRY WART—I NOTICE YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME AGAIN, SO I'VE FIXED IT SO I WON'T HAVE TO GET UP TO ANSWER TH' DOORBELL!

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla

THE FERRYBOAT ADMIRAL IS DUE TO STAGGER IN ANY MINUTE!... A PICTURE OF THE MAJOR AT WORK WOULD BE AS ODD AS AN OLD PRINT SHOWING A MAN EATING A HAMBURGER.

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder. NOW, RED HEAD—GET TO YOUR FEET AND GET OFFA THIS RESERVATION!

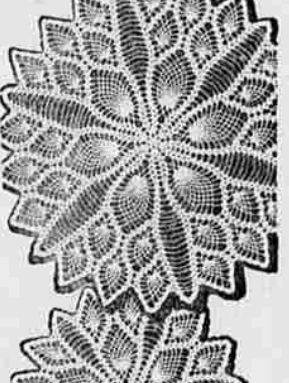
Red Ryder

I RECKON THERE'S NO USE TRYIN' TO CONVINCE YOU WHY I CAME TO THIS NAVAJO CAMP!

By Fred Harmon

LITTLE DEARER—YOU LET UP YOUR PAL—FACE FRIEND GO AWAY ALONE!

USEFUL AND LOVELY PINEAPPLE DOILIES



by Alice Brooke

Set off the beauty of your home accessories with these exquisite, round doilies. They're crocheted in a graceful, lacy pineapple design.

Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser

THE KIDS ARE DOING THEIR BEST TO PUT SCUTTLE IN HIS PLACE AND THEY SEEM TO BE ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

WHY'D YOU STOP DIGGING, LARD? SPARKS FLEW! MY PICK MUSTA HIT SOME KIND OF METAL!

Wash Tubbs

By Crano

RECKON A BOMBING FLIGHT LIKE THIS ONE TO L'ESCARGOT IS OLD STUFF TO YOU, SERGEANT, BUT NOT TO ME. I'M GOING TO ENJOY IT!

AFTER THE BRIEFING! THANKS! OKAY, EASY, HOP ABOARD. YOU'LL TAKE LUCCIGNO'S GUN!

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

HOW DO YOU DO, WON'T YOU COME IN? WHAT DOES SHE LOOK LIKE? I CAN'T SEE! SHH!

NOW IS THE TIME FOR YOU TO MEET THE REST OF THE FAMILY! SWOOSH!

Allep Oop

By Martin

DR. ELBERT WOLMUS, OF TIME-MACHINE FAME, WAS GO IRKED BY COP'S SUDDEN RETURN TO THE 20TH CENTURY THAT HE ADOPED AGAINST DR. BRONSON'S ADVICE, A DRASTIC MEASURE TO GET RID OF HIM...

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT PRETTY SOON NOW... SO YOU RUN ALONG, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM! GOTTA GET RID OF COP—NO TIME FOR MONKEY BUSINESS—KNOCK HIM IN THE HEAD. SEND HIM BACK TO MOO FEET FIRST!

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

IT'S IT TURNED OUT, BIG GEORGE IS ON OUR SIDE, AS MALCOLM MITT NOW WOULD BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT—

IF YOU HADN'T STOPPED US FROM TRYING TO PREVENT HANS HURT FROM ESCAPING, WE COULD HAVE SPOILED EVERYTHING! THERE WAS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. ONE STRAY SHOT, OR FIVE MINUTES DELAY, AND THAT STUFF WOULD HAVE BLOWN UP RIGHT UNDER HERE—