

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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JUNGLE "TRAIN"

CHAPTER VI

THE sun was coloring everything with a rosy tint as Allison and Barry came down the narrow gangplank...

"Miss Topping," he said in perfect English. "Most welcome to Guatemala..."

"You, too, are interested in the child business?" Allison thought she caught a look of relief...

"Here we are!" Renaldo announced and drew back a bamboo chair for Allison...

ALLISON looked a little puzzled. "That will be all right for tonight but after that I'll be staying at my plantation..."

Renaldo smiled patiently. "I was just getting to that..."

When Renaldo had finished speaking he turned to Barry. "Mr. Fielding here is familiar with this country..."

"I've been trying to tell Miss Topping the same thing ever since we left New York..."

"I think a trip to the plantation will be more convincing than words," Renaldo said shortly.

There was a determined set to Allison's jaw as she said, "I still think I'll like it!"

Barry lit a fresh cigaret and tilted back in his chair. "Are you familiar with the Quiche country?" he asked of Renaldo.

"As familiar as anyone can be without being a Quiche. They are a strange tribe, you know..."

"Yes, I was reading about them on the way down How, in the 16th century, to protect themselves from the ravages of Alvarado's troops..."

"The oath goes much farther than that," Renaldo explained. "They will not use anything that they have not fashioned with their own hands..."

"Barry drew a map from his coat pocket and unfolded it on the table. Tracing red pencil lines with his finger he said, 'My company has spent years gathering data on the cinabar deposits down here and from what centered information they have been able to get, the deposits lie in this mountain range...'"

"Nobody really knows," Renaldo said, "except the Quiches themselves. The location of the mines is one of their most guarded secrets. They use a primitive method of getting quicksilver from the ore and I suppose they don't scratch the surface as far as what the mines could really produce..."

"Until the war most mining engineers had practically abandoned the idea of ever getting into this country—but that was while Spain still could produce enough quicksilver to supply the world's market," Barry said.

"I know," Renaldo answered. "And now with every one of your airplanes and tanks having a radio set, quicksilver has suddenly become vital. I heard the same story only eight months ago from an-

other mining engineer who had been sent down from the States. "That was Matthews," Barry said. "Tell me, did you also meet Hall? He came down two months ago..."

Renaldo shook his head. "No. But I have been inland on the plantation since. He probably went by another route into Quiche country. There are many trails, none very safe..."

"Oh, Barry knows how dangerous everything is down here!" Allison murmured wickedly. "I will do all I can for you," Renaldo said. "But that might be of little help. A note to the chief will gain you an interview, but I'm afraid nothing will come of it. There are millions to be made if anyone could gain access to the mines. It has been tried many times but no one has ever succeeded..."

"I will appreciate that... And I will need a guide and interpreter. You know someone who speaks the language?"

"Yes, I will have someone here in the morning, but don't say what your mission is or you will get no one to go with you. We will start for the plantation at sun-up," Renaldo said pleasantly. "It is better to get under the cover of the jungle before the sun gets too high..."

"Is there a train that goes there?" Allison asked. Renaldo laughed softly. "Yes, senorita, a train—a train of mules..."

"That's right," Renaldo offered his arm to Allison, saying at the same time, "Shall we go to the cafe now? We can talk there more comfortably..."

The sun was pouring down like golden molasses and little puffs of white dust rose from the street. A short half block and Renaldo stopped in front of a small white plaster building with a dozen umbrella-covered tables along the sidewalk.

"One start of the motor takes so much current from the storage battery that the car must be driven at least seven miles before the charge lost in starting is replaced."

(To Be Continued)

By William Ferguson

THIS CURIOUS WORLD. A TIRE INSPECTOR AT B.F. GOODRICH COMPANY, HAS HELPED MAKE TIRES FOR THREE WARS! BICYCLE TIRES IN SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR, AUTO TIRES IN WORLD WAR, AND NOW, AIRPLANE TIRES.

THE SPIDERS. OCCASIONALLY FOUND IN BUNCHES OF BANANAS ARE NOT TARANTULAS... CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF! THEY ARE MOSTLY A SPECIES OF CRAB SPIDER, AND THEIR BITE IS PAINFUL BUT NOT DANGEROUS.

ANSWER: Cuba.

NEXT: The first airplane flight from a ship's deck.

FAMOUS SCULPTOR

Answer to Previous Puzzle. HORIZONTAL: 17 Depicted famous sculptor. 12 Leaves. 13 Transported. 15 Parent. 17 Dutch city. 18 Walks. 19 Palm lily. 20 Rope with a running noose. 22 Transportation fee. 24 Whirlwind. 25 He married.

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1-34.

I've seen them on desolate lonely blazing islands doing their job day and night. There is no complaint. Only restless impatience to get up in front. I've seen them in the steaming jungles sweating and grinning. There is no complaint. Only restless impatience to get up closer to the enemy.—Navy Secretary Frank Knox.

No one, whether he is a manufacturer or a laborer, should make an unfair profit out of this war. This is a time for sacrifice—not avarice—and for equality of sacrifice for all Americans.—James A. Farley.

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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopla

LOOKING TO SEE WHAT TIME IT IS? HOW IN THE WIDE WORLD DID HE KNOW THERE WAS A CLOCK AWAY UP IN THAT ROOM? I DON'T KNOW, BUT DON'T SNEER. A CLOCK WATCHER AIN'T HALF AS BAD AS TH' ONE WHO LOOKS DOWN ON HIM BUT ASKS HIM WHAT TIME IT WAS.

EGAD, MARTHA! BEING PURSER ON A BOAT IS SO SIMPLE I PLEADED WITH THE CAPTAIN FOR SOME FORM OF EXERCISE TO KEEP AWAKE! HE FINALLY ASSIGNED ME TO TOOT THE WHISTLE AT PASSING CRAFT! THAT KIND OF LABOR OUGHT TO AGREE WITH YOU, AFTER DEVOTING A LIFETIME TO BLOWING YOUR OWN HORN! IS HE KIDDIN'? I SHOVED COAL ON THAT SCOW TILL MY BACK SQUEAKED LIKE NEW SHOES!

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon

GHQ. "You'll have to forget your telegraph messenger training in the Army, Private Jones!"

SO I'D WANT TOOD FOR RED-HEAD PALE FACE? HE GIVE BUT CAREFUL! CHIEF NOT SEE YOU! CHIEF MUST NOW MAKE UP TOW-WON WITH SHERIFF—BE CAREFUL! AND ME SWIPE-UP PISTOL DAD CHIEF TAKE-UP FROM RED RYDER!

NOT FAR AWAY, THE MERCILESS SUN BEATS DOWN ON RED TOYER... ELUMBED IN THE SANDS AND WEAKENED FROM THE INDIAN TORTURE DANCE!

HIS FAITHFUL HORSE, THUNDER, CLIMBS THE STEEP GRADE TOWARD THE TOP OF A RIMROCK... AS RED CLUTCHES THE SADDLE!

CLOVER SPRAYS MAKE "GOOD LUCK" DESIGN

What a lucky choice this lovely embroidery is for your best tablecloth. There are four-leaf clovers tucked here and there among graceful sprays of clover blossoms. The flowers look like lazy-daisy stitch in two shades of rose. Pattern 7529 contains a transfer pattern of 16 motifs ranging from 8 by 8 to 2 by 2 1/2 inches; stitches.

7529 by Alice Brooks

IT'S METAL, ALL RIGHT! AND WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S BIG! I'VE ONLY UNCOVERED PART OF IT! THERE SEEMS TO BE A HOLE IN IT! I BET YOU MADE THE HOLE WITH YOUR PICK LARD!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S IN THAT TANK! I'LL LIGHT A MATCH AND WE CAN MAKE SURE!

I WAS ONLY GOING TO LIGHT A MATCH! WHY DID YOU TACKLE ME? BECAUSE YOU DON'T LIGHT MATCHES TO LOOK FOR GASOLINE!!

Wash Tubbs

By Crane

THE SUB PENS OF SUCH U-BOAT BASES AS ST. NAZAIRE AND L'ESCAROT ARE COVERED WITH REINFORCED CONCRETE ROOFS 12 FEET THICK. NEARBY ARE CONCENTRATED AIRFIELDS, SEARCHLIGHTS, ARTIFICIAL FOG DEVICES, THE LATEST DETECTORS, AND HUNDREDS OF HEAVY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS.

OBVIOUSLY A HARD NUT TO CRACK. FLYING FORCES ARE SELECTED TO DO THE JOB. THERE ON THEIR WAY!

Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin

AHEM—OUR NEW ROOMER. LAWSY, SHE'S HAD BREAKFAST AND WENT TO WORK WORKS AGO. ROSIE IS ON THE EARLY SHIFT AT BUFFINGTONS. SHE'S A FINE YOUNG GAL.

OPAL, YOU'VE CERTAINLY FORMED A QUICK OPINION OF MISS REVET.

SHE AIN'T GONNA GO TO THE DOBBLE RIFLE. SHE EVEN FIXED HER OWN BREAKFAST BEFORE I GOT UP. AND OF COURSE—THIS SUPER REGANUT BOUNTY SHE GIVE ME AN AWFUL CONVICIN'—IN A APPROVIN' SORT OF WAY!

Allep Oop

By Martin

SO, NOW IT COMES OUT! THE OLD DUCK KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT TRYIN' TO BRAIN ME, EH?

HAVEN'T I ALWAYS GOT INTO HIS DANDY GADGET WHENEVER HE ASKED ME TO?

MY GOSH! WHAT GAVE HIM THE IDEA I WAS GOIN' INTO 'TH' WAR? WELL, DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WERE GOING AFTER HITLER'S SCALP? HE'S THE ENEMY LEADER, YOU KNOW! HE IS? HECK, I THOUGHT HE WAS 'TH' GUY WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR NOT LETTIN' FOLKS HAVE NICE, THICK STEAKS. (Name? HE IS. (Name? WHERE AM I?)

Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THOSE NAZIS IN TH' RAT TRAP NOW? TURN 'EM OVER TO TH' POLICE? WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, GEORGE?

IF WE SHOULD DO THAT, WORD MIGHT GET OUT CONCERNING WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE HERE—

THE NAZIS MIGHT LEARN THE FATE OF THAT U-BOAT AND IT'S CREW— THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN. DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN GIVING THE AXIS BAD NEWS? WILL THE LIST OF MISSING U-BOATS BE THEIR BAD NEWS— A LIST THAT WE CAN MAKE VERY LONG— IF WE KEEP OUR SECRETS!