

• SERIAL STORY
DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY
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TOO DANGEROUS
CHAPTER VII

THE stunned confusion on Allison's face sent Barry into howls of laughter. She ignored him, her wide violet eyes fixed on the imperturbable face of the Spaniard.

"What do you mean, 'A train of mules'?" she demanded. "Do you have mules pulling carriages or something?"

Barry laughed louder. Even Renaldo's thin dark lips struggled with a smile. "No, Miss Topping," he said gently. "The mules carry the luggage—and the passengers."

Allison's delicate chin lifted haughtily. "That's ridiculous," she sniffed. "There's a train. I saw it. I shall go on that."

Barry exchanged a helpless glance with Renaldo. "Do that," he said in a choking voice. "Tip the engineer and smile at him. I know he'll turn off the tracks and take you just where you want to go in the jungle. Or maybe you could transfer to a subway."

She gave him a wide, mirthless smile. "Are you kidding?" she said. Her voice was flat and a little frightened.

"I've been trying to tell you for five days I'm not kidding," Barry growled.

She turned to Renaldo and said, "Where's the hotel?"

He pointed it out—a flat little building raised on piers just back of where they sat. Beyond it, corrugated iron shanties littered the glaring coast before the high green wall of the jungle closed in. Indians, dogs, pigs, naked children were everywhere, in dirty, noisy confusion. Vultures floated above in the white-hot sky.

"I don't think I'd like it there," she said stubbornly.

"You'll think it's heaven after a few days in the jungle," Barry retorted.

She shrugged. "Who knows?" Barry gave it up. With an impatient shrug, he said to Renaldo, "I wish you luck with her."

Renaldo rose with a troubled smile. "Thank you," he said to Barry. "Now if you will excuse me, I have many things to arrange before we can begin our journey. I will first have your luggage carried to your rooms. You will have no other worry. Make yourselves comfortable until tomorrow."

WITH a quick, deep bow he was gone, his tall, white-suited figure moving with sure, arrogant strides toward the hotel. "I've turned you over to Renaldo and baggage. I've an idea I've been handing you all wrong anyway. I'll bet you came down here in the first place because someone dared you to."

Barry grinned at her cheerfully. "I am not," he retorted. "I've turned you over to Renaldo and baggage. I've an idea I've been handing you all wrong anyway. I'll bet you came down here in the first place because someone dared you to."

A secret smile twitched the corners of her mouth. "Maybe," she murmured. "After all, an owner has a right to manage his own plantation..."

"Oh. It was Renaldo's letters then. He wrote you not to come." "Well, practically."

"Renaldo is a smart man. I'll bet he's an efficient one."

"He's pretty, too," said the girl with a mischievous laugh. "Just the same I have a life to live. And if I want to—"

"Throw it away," Barry cut in dryly, "it's yours. Go ahead. Nobody's stopping you."

A fat little man in soiled white socks waddled up the hill to tell them their rooms were ready. They followed him down to the hotel and parted at their different doors.

An hour later they met on the veranda to stroll back up to the small restaurant for lunch. They had both had showers and a change of clothes and for a few minutes they felt fresh, almost cool. The very young, naked native population clustered around them, staring at Allison with round, dazed eyes, at the daintiness of her sheer blue cotton frock, at the wide leghorn hat that framed as it shaded the delicate oval of her face.

"Well," Barry thought humorously, "she's dazzled kener minds than theirs." Now that he had found she was in capable hands, she was no longer the irritating responsibility she had been on the boat. He was content to drop his own problems for the moment and concentrate on the remarkable prank of fate that had put him in this tropic village with one of the big city's glamor dolls for a single afternoon.

"What do you want for lunch?" he said. "You'll get tortillas."

"You make life so easy." She turned the full battery of her blue orbs on him in mock adoration.

THEY settled down into the bamboo chairs again, and the waiter hurried out. From his stammered explanations, they found that the thoughtful hand of Renaldo had been in the luncheon preparations. He brought on plates of soup, then chicken, rice and hot red peppers, and finally bowls of fruit, mangoes, bananas, pineapples.

When the slanting rays of sun had lost their violence, they took a walk around the town. They peered into closed steamship offices and watched the little locomotive wheeze away from the small station bungalow. Allison brought her camera and took pictures of the slender coconut palms that leaned against the boardwalk, and the pelicans preening their plumage with heavy beaks.

She screamed with delight at two parrots lumbering stoddily across the sand before the walk.

It was sunset before they turned back. On the hotel veranda in the rose haze of the tropic evening Renaldo was smoking an evening pipe.

"Did you have an enjoyable day?" he greeted them.

"Not bad at all. Did you find that guide for me?" Barry asked.

"I am sorry to say I did not," he said.

Barry stared at him. "But I thought you were sure."

Renaldo turned troubled eyes on him. "Somehow," he said with slow emphasis, "the word has gotten out where you are going. These guides are not fond of trespassing into Quiche territory. I offered them fabulous sums."

"But how could it have gotten out?" puzzled Barry.

Allison was fanning herself with her wide hat. "Are you having trouble?" she inquired sweetly.

Barry whirled on her in sudden suspicion. She laughed at his accusing anger. "I didn't!" she cried. "That was a trick I missed."

"The only thing I could suggest," said Renaldo decisively, "is for you to go with us into the plantation and take some guides. I have there, whom I know will go. If not, I'll go with you myself."

Barry stood glaring in indecision. "A long way around," he objected. "But if it's the only way—"

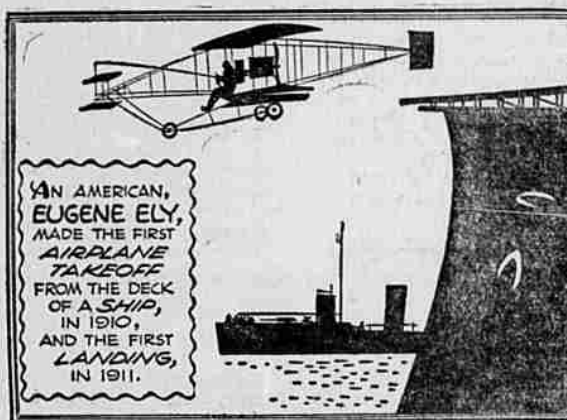
Allison's mocking chuckles went on. (To Be Continued)

A circus python once swallowed whole a goat that weighed 84 pounds.

Do it now—NOT TOMORROW

Herald & News
Want-Ads
Get Results

THIS CURIOUS WORLD
By William Ferguson



RISING ODDS

IN CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES, THE AVERAGE PERSON USES 6 POUNDS OF RICE ANNUALLY! IN HAWAII, THE AVERAGE IS 177 POUNDS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S DOG "FALLA" IS A WHITE HOUSE BLACK HOUSE DOG. Says WM. S. HOFFMAN, State College, Pennsylvania.

NEXT: The southern hemisphere's weather stabilizer.

AMERICAN PLANE

1 Pictured U. S. warplane, the P-43	AUGUSTE	20 Bone
"Lancer"	RENDS CARRIED	23 Either
8 It is one of the fastest	PA REDE PAGES TI	25 Myself
13 Anger	LASSO FARE ES	27 That one
14 Abounding	OE ROSEBEURET	29 Mother
15 Music note	PAD TAR TOURACO	29 Insect
16 Hall!	INERI ASE HR	31 Fish
17 Drink slowly	STAMINA ART POT	32 Enemy
18 Within	TE NARD CT	33 Tally
19 Observe	LI AUGUSTE TAM THANK	35 Sailor
21 Still	OF TIR SHE HE	38 Finish
22 Ells English (abbr.)	SN RODIN C PREEN	38 English author
23 Sign	IN KINKER	40 Net
24 Plant part		43 Court (abbr.)
26 Rupees (abbr.)		45 Paid notice
27 Symbol for iridium		47 Play part of host
28 Print measure		48 Tavern
30 Skill (abbr.)		49 East Indies (abbr.)
34 Dined		50 Insect's bite
37 Sodium (symbol) (abbr.)		52 Soft mineral
38 Therefore		53 Oil (comb. form)
39 Part of "be"		4 Edge
41 Any		5 Row
42 Goddess of fortune		6 Provided
44 Whiskers		7 Celsius (abbr.)
		8 Scheme
		9 Body of water
		10 No
		61 Beret
		63 Removed
		65 High card
		69 Three-toed sloth

VICTORY FOR V-MAIL

When 110 rolls of V-mail film were lost in a Clipper crash at Lisbon early this year, the original letters were re-photographed and 176,000 duplicate copies were dispatched to men overseas.

MILLION BONDS A DAY

The treasury department says that 20,000,000 war bonds are being bought each month, or nearly a million bonds of all denominations each working day.

TOBACCO SHOWS ROAD

Each tobacco warehouse in Bedford, Virginia, has established a "Tobacco War Bond Row," in which planters place crops for which they accept war bonds in payment instead of currency.

One New York hotel serves fresh lettuce soup.

ONCE FORBIDDEN SONG

France's national anthem, the "Marseillaise," was once a forbidden song in that country. It was sung so enthusiastically by French revolutionists and was employed as accompaniment to so many horrible deeds that it was considered dangerous and therefore forbidden.

No fighting airplane made in the United States reached the western front in World War I.



OUT OUR WAY
By J. R. Williams

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

HE WAS OUT ALL NIGHT-- I DON'T THINK HE KNOWS HE'S DRILLIN'

TH' HORSE ALWAYS DID KNOW TH' DRILLS BETTER THAN HIM, ANYWAY!

HE SAVED MY BACON MANY TIMES, THAT OLD TROOP HORSE OF MINE... SO IF THE BREAD AND BEANS GIVE OUT, ON ROOTS AND GRASS I'LL DINE... BEFORE I'D TOUCH A T-BONE OF THAT OLD TROOP HORSE OF MINE!

VIVID CROCHETED FOOTWEAR FASHIONS

7521
by Alice Brooks

A "step" ahead of the new rationing are these colorful slippers, for even the soles are crocheted of rags, with the rest made of rug cotton. Use the tie-andals for play; the scuffs for bedroom wear. Pattern 7521 contains instructions for making slippers in small, medium and large sizes; illustrations of stitches; 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."

OUR BOARDING HOUSE
With Major Hoople

OUR BOARDING HOUSE
By Fred Harmon

A MAN WITH A GOOD LEFT HOOK USED TO BE ABLE TO SEIZE A SLAB OF BREAD AT THIS TABLE, BUT SINCE YOU'VE BEEN WORKING A COMMANDO COULDN'T CAPTURE A CRUMB!

DOES TOOTING A WHISTLE COME UNDER THE HEAD OF WORK? BUT THAT'S HOOPLE LUCK—AFTER YEARS OF PARK-BENCH ASTRONOMY YOU LAND A JOB THAT'S A FINE-BELL LAUGH!

FAW! YOUR CHIMP-ANZEE GIBBERISH LEAVES ME UN-RUFFLED! AFTER A DAY OF HONEST TOIL I'M TOO WEARY TO REPLY TO SUCH FLAPDOODLE!

HE ISN'T FOOLING, EITHER =

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS
By Blossie

ME GOTUM FOOD FOR MANY DAYS, LITTLE PEANER! YOU THINK I CAN FIND RED RYDER?

FOOD YOUR JOB—FINDUM TRAIL IS CASH JOB!

I GOTTA REST, SHUNNER! I'M BLIND TICKERED OUT! NOBODY'LL FIND US UP HERE!

WE'VE BEEN FROM THE INDIAN TORTURE DANCE, RED DISCOUNTS ON THE CREST OF A SPURLOCK OVERLOOKING THE NAVAJO VALLEY

WASH TUBS
By Crane

INSTEAD OF UNBENDING STRAIGHT FOR THEIR TARGET, THE FLYING FORTRESSES TAKE A CIRCULAR ROUTE FAR OUT TO SEA, HOPING TO SURPRISE THE NAZIS, BUT UNWACANT LOOKING FISHING BOATS GIVE THE WARNING

THE ALERT IS SOUNDED ALONG THE ENTIRE FRENCH COAST SOUTH OF BREIST

AND LONG BEFORE THE AMERICAN PLANES SIGHT THE U-BOAT BASE AT L'ESCAROT, SREFFY FOCKE-WULFS ARE CLIMBING TO INTERCEPT THEM

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES
By V. T. Hamlin

SMATTER, HON?

AW-W, DO I HAVE TO LEARN THIS STUFF?

SURE! GIRLS HAVE TO KNOW EVERYTHING NOWADAYS! LET ME HELP YOU

YOU KNOW, CORAL ACTUALLY BELONGS TO HIM. HE'S GOING TO MAKE A SCHOLAR OUT OF PUG

YIPPEE! HOLD ON! I'M GONNA FITCH!

ALLEP OOP
By Martin

WELL, ELBERT, I SEE YOU'VE COME AROUND—PERHAPS NOW YOU'LL LAV OFF THE VIOLENCE AND STICK TO SCIENCE

UMM... DIDN'T I JUST HEAR OOP SAY HE'D GIVEN UP TRYING TO GET INTO THE ARMY AGAIN?

IT SEEMS HIS QUARREL WITH HITLER WAS BASED ON THE MEAT SHORTAGE RATHER THAN WAR

I SIMPLY ANTICIPATED TROUBLE WHERE THERE WAS NONE, EH?

WELL, OOP I'M SORRY... I TAKE IT YOU'RE PREFERRED TO RETURN TO NOPE FOR THE DURATION???

NOPE!

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE
By Harold Gray

OF COURSE, NOW WE CAN CONTACT THEIR U-BOATS OFF OUR COAST... BUT WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO?

I TOLD YOU I WAS A SPY IN GERMANY FOR TWENTY YEARS-- PERHAPS I....

WE HAVE HERE ALL THE POSITIONS OF THE U-BOATS ON THE LAST DAY HERR SALTZ OPERATED THIS SET-

PERHAPS HERR SALTZ IS ILL, EH? WE CAUGHT A HERR SCHWARTZ ON THE U-BOAT-- BUT IT IS NOT KNOWN THAT WE HAVE HIM--

NOR IS HIS VOICE KNOWN TO THE COMMANDERS OF THE WOLF PACK-- SO-- I SHALL BE HERR SCHWARTZ, ACTING FOR HERR SALTZ--

IT MIGHT WORK--

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