

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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

back at Barry. There was a dazed look on her damp, white petal face...

LURKING DEATH

FOR six days the tortuous trek continued through the rain-drenched jungle...

Renaldo was in the clearing beside the hut overseeing the unloading of the mules for the night...

Barry went close to the fire for protection against the buzzing insects.

"Is the trip worse than usual?" he asked Renaldo.

"About the same," Renaldo went on untiringly...

Barry's anger exploded. "Then why in hell did you let her come?"

Renaldo turned darkly amused eyes on Barry and shrugged. "You tried to stop her, too, did you not, Mr. Fielding?"

"We ought to be at the head estancia by mid-afternoon tomorrow," the Spaniard murmured imperceptibly.

RENALDO did not answer at once. He waved a graceful hand toward the unloaded group of pack mules...

"They are using a mixture of sand and water," he told Barry.

"It is to scrape off the red and black ticks that bedevil the poor creatures," he crossed to superintend the raking of ramona leaves for the mules' feeding.

"You didn't know her father," Barry scowled at him.

"Jeremiah Topping," Renaldo murmured, the glint of humor deepening in his eyes.

"He was frail, too, but he went through more than six natives could endure. She will finish the trip. I only hope it will prove sufficiently uncomfortable so that she will return immediately to the coast."

In sudden, blind rage, Barry swung on him. Renaldo staggered back under the blow's impact.

But as Barry moved in for battle, his arms were suddenly pinioned to his sides by the iron grip of Jose.

"I do not wish to fight you, Mr. Fielding," he said in quiet, conversational tones.

BARRY was forced to admit as the mule train sloshed along the next afternoon that Renaldo was right.

Renaldo replied quietly, "This is called the 'rain forest.' There probably is more rainfall around here than any other spot in the world."

"Thanks!" Her voice was a muffled half scream, half sob. Barry thought for a minute she had broken.

When at last Renaldo turned in his saddle and called back, "Another hour will see us at home!"

The Indian boys chattered jubilantly, sang wailing melodies to relieve their impatience.

Even the mules seemed to sense their trial was about over. The caravan moved with a quickened tempo.

Allison turned slowly and looked

twice his size. If you will permit—"

Allison nodded. She sobbed as Renaldo's shot rang out.

But Allison had fainted in Barry's arms.

(To Be Continued)

More U-boats and speed boats are constantly being put into service to attack convoys.

Sudden apprehension clutched Barry. He dug spurs into his own animal and started forward...

Even as he rode forward, the slender writhing form slid upward through the air in the arc of light toward its prey!

As Allison's shrill scream echoed through the air, the cold horror of a nightmare gripped Barry.

"Cassidy!" Allison screamed. "Can't you help him, Renaldo?"

"There is nothing that can be done," Renaldo said steadily.

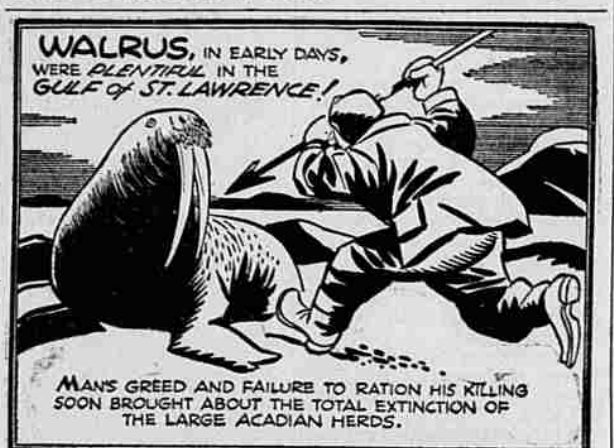
His foot indicated the still form of the snake. "That is a bushmaster. In a few minutes Cassidy will be

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD



WALRUS, IN EARLY DAYS, WERE PLentiful IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE!



ANSWER: The name comes from the Greek, philadelphus, which means "brotherly love."

NEXT: A whale of a difference.

ARMY AIR CADET INSIGNE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

Large crossword puzzle grid with a central illustration of a bird.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



PARK BENCH WILL BE HIS FIRST STOP

HOLD EVERYTHING!



Why can't I wear em—ain't this a war to save western civilization?

CHANGE-ABOUT IDEAS CROCHETED IN JIFFY



7531 by Alice Brooks

It's a suit season—it's the time to make the most of every frock!

HELENA, Mont., (AP)—Helena Montana of Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote to ask how Helena and Montana got their names.

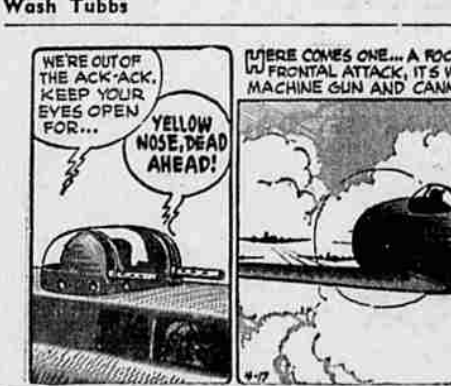
Red Ryder



POP, YOU'RE ON THE RATIONING BOARD!



Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



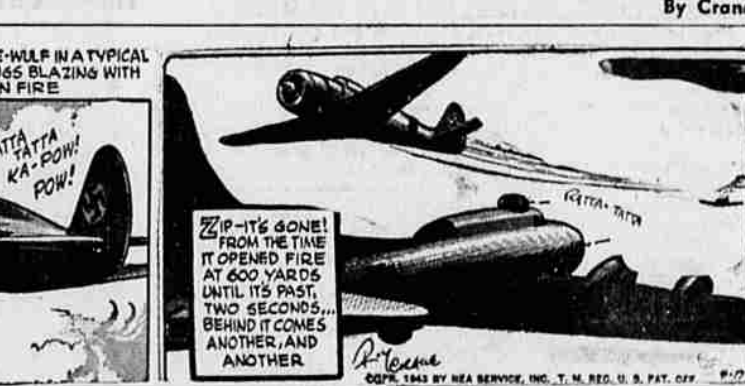
Freckles and His Friends



By Blossor



By Crane



By V. T. Homlin



By Martin



By Harold Gray

