

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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THIS STORY: Allison Topping, society girl, is off to Guatemala, to run her father's chicle plantation. Barry Fielding has tried many times to dissuade her. At Puerto Barrios, Renaldo, her father's attorney, also warns Allison to turn back. Barry accompanies them to the chicle plantation. Allison's stubborn courage doesn't desert her until the end of the journey when a snake strikes her mule from under her. She falls in Barry's arms.

QUICHE COUNTRY

CHAPTER XI

BARRY was awakened by a sharp knocking on his door. In the half-light of early morning he saw the towering figure of Jose. "We are ready, señor," he said quietly.

Barry dressed quickly and, strapping his automatic to his thigh, came out of the estancia. Jose was already astride his mule and the two pack mules were heavily loaded. Barry glanced briefly toward the main house and then swung himself onto the mule. He heard a door close and turned to see Allison in pale yellow slacks running toward him.

"You would slip away without even saying good-by to a fellow," she said breathlessly.

"It was so early," Barry said. "I didn't want to disturb you."

Allison offered a small white hand. "Good luck," she said, her eyes shining like misty powers. "And if you're ever by this way again, drop in and I'll brew you a pot of poison."

"Lovely girl!" Barry smiled.

With that Jose shouted something in Indian and the mules started down the jungle trail. Barry didn't look back. If he had he would have seen Allison walk slowly, thoughtfully, back to her estancia and brush her hand lightly across her eyes where two hot tears had suddenly sprung.

They had been moving along the dark, soggy trail for about an hour when the rain started down like a solid wall. Barry for a time couldn't even see the outline of Jose, who rode only a few feet ahead of him. The jungle was still except for din of the rain and the sucking noise as the mules laboriously pulled their feet from the heavy quagmire. A little after noon the rain ceased as abruptly as it had begun and the trail came out of the jungle to a broad clearing that rose gently toward the mountains. Jose held his mule back until Barry was beside him.

"That is the end of the jungle," he said. "We now start up to the highlands. By sundown we should reach the village of the market-place. There we will find the Quiche chief."

Barry nodded.

As they climbed higher and higher above the jungle skirts of the Caribbean the trail became more strenuous. The palm trees vanished, sharp ledges of rock dotted the slopes. The fetid heat of the jungle dropped away and the air was cool and clear. Vigorous pines, cedars and tamaracs rose like a vanguard. Jose pulled up at a mountain cascade of crystal clear water that sparkled in the sunlight. He watered the mules first and then cupped his brown hands to drink himself.

"Bueno!" he grinned at Barry.

Barry found the water cold and sweet.

"That mountain ahead," Jose said pointing, "is Santa Maria. It was near this spot that the Quiche tribe fought the Spaniard, Alvarado. There were only a handful of Spaniards against 12,000 Indians. A girl, however, the most savage of all the mountain birds, swooped down on Alvarado. He put his lance through him. The bird dropped lifeless to the ground and with him Tecum, the Quiche chief, fell dead also. The Quiches lost the battle and many of them were sold as slaves at public auction. They have never forgotten, señor, and to this day they hate the white race." A look of fright crossed Jose's face as he spoke the words.

"You are not afraid?" Barry asked.

"Going into Quiche country is always dangerous, especially with a white stranger. You can look at the old women but never look at the young ones," Jose warned. "It is part of the blood oath of the Chichicasteango. If they ever have anything to do with a white man the sentence is death."

"It is their mines that interest me," Barry said firmly, "not their women."

The sun was bright as the men remounted their mules and started on up the winding trail but the wind that swept down from volcanic peaks was cool. On the narrow path they passed many Quiche Indians dressed in the brilliant colors of their tribe. Their lithe, strong bodies moved over the trail with incredible speed. They carried stout jumping sticks, and swung themselves from rock to rock with the speed of deer. The younger Indians paid no attention to the white men but the older ones looked at them darkly and sped on their way.

The orange rim of the sun was silently slipping behind majestic mountain peaks as the weary caravan came into the village-of-the-market-place. Long rows of brightly colored tents, like strips of colored ribbon, were unfurled against the mountain side. In front of each were displayed the owner's wares. Thick blankets in red, green and purple, baskets woven in exotic design, silver pounded into bowls and jewelry.

Jose rode over to an old Indian who sat in the shadows before his tent. He spoke briefly in the singing language of the Quiches. The old man pointed across the way.

"What does he say?" Barry asked.

"He says the chief and his council are sitting now in the large tent over there."

Barry took the letter from the

waterproof bag that Renaldo had given him and slid from his mule. Together the men walked to the chief's tent. A young warrior guarded the entrance. Jose spoke to him at some length. Finally he turned back to Barry.

"He says Quiches do not like white men but Renaldo is their friend and he will speak to the chief."

Presently the Indian came out and motioned them inside.

In the dusky light of the tent Barry saw the dark ring of faces. Jose spoke to the chief and then took the letter from Barry's hand. The chief read it and nodded. Jose spoke for a long time in Quiche of all the things Barry had told him. How the Americano del Norte had gone to war with foreign devils to protect all men's freedom—they needed quicksilver now and needed it badly. They would not molest this country on its people. They would gladly give him half of all they mined. After he had finished speaking, the chief talked to his council. They seemed excited and waved their hands.

"What do they say?" Barry asked.

"They say Renaldo is their friend but they do not know about the white men from the north," Jose answered.

Finally the chief raised his hands and beat them on the ground before him uttering some words.

"What is that?" Barry asked.

"He says the meeting is over, we should stay as their friends tonight and they will give us their answer in the morning."

One of the Indians led them to a tent. Barry drew a blanket around him and stretched out to sleep. His head felt light, dizzy.

probably from the altitude. Jose stood silently in a corner. "Aren't you going to sleep?" Barry asked him. "I will take my blanket and sleep out under the sky," he answered. Barry was asleep almost before the Mexican walked away. (To Be Continued)

We wouldn't be surprised if we all wind up getting food in pill form. And we won't object if they are to be taken after meals.



Sell planes, lamps and chairs To help us win the war: The bonds you buy will help protect The things we're fighting for.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



MARINE AUXILIARY LEADER

Crossword puzzle grid with clues and answers.

Word search puzzle with a picture of a man's face.

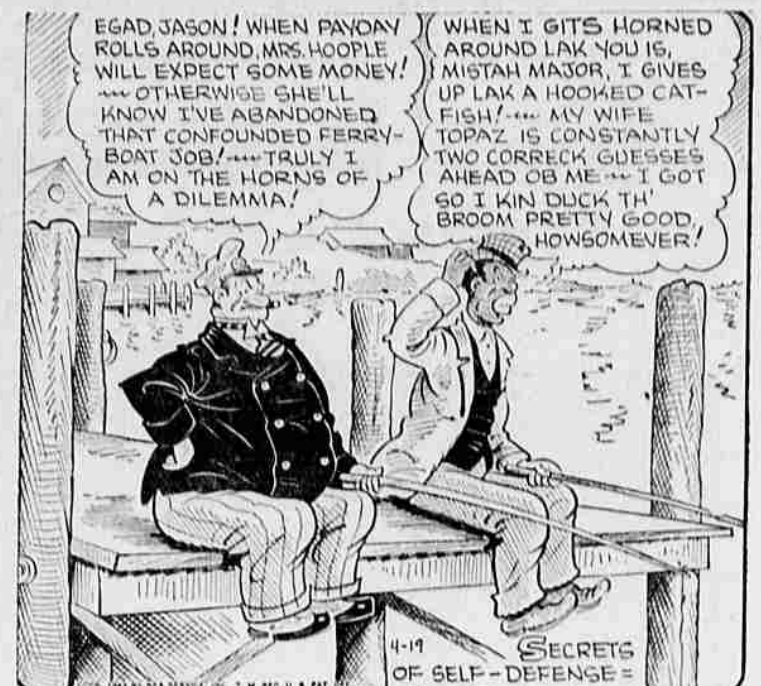
Large crossword puzzle grid.

Out Our Way

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Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder

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He's holding out for hunk and eggs!



Freckles and His Friends

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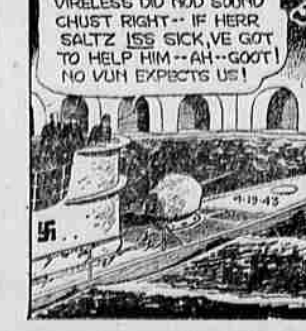
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CUTWORK MOTIFS GIVE INDIVIDUALITY



7514 by Alice Brooks

Clearly "cut out" for beauty are these fascinating cutwork motifs, that give an individual, tasteful touch to linens. It's just buttonhole stitch in matching or contrasting color. Or do the entire design in outline stitch. Pattern 7514 contains a transfer pattern of 18 motifs ranging from 2 1/2 by 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 inches; materials needed; stitches.

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. 7514, to \_\_\_\_\_ followed by your name and address."

A world only half educated can only be half free. I am convinced that education for democracy throughout the world must somehow be achieved if the world is not to suffer generation after generation from ever more destructive wars.—U. S. Education Commissioner Dr. John W. Studebaker.

I wonder what a gruelling experience it will be to realize the objective of peace, security and freedom, and I wonder whether it will not require more of the qualities of which mankind is capable than winning the war itself.—Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles.

Uncle Sam's food control agents had numerous meetings regarding sugar for canning this year. Jam sessions.