

● SERIAL STORY  
**DARK JUNGLES**

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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**THIS STORY:** Barry Fielding has come to Guatemala in search of a quicksilver mine operated by the Quiche Indians, who are hostile to white men. After an arduous journey through jungle and upland in the company of an Indian guide, Jose, Barry reaches Quiche territory. He bears a letter from a friend of the tribe and so gains an audience with the chief. The chief and his council listen to Barry's plea that America needs quicksilver for war production. They promise to give him an answer in the morning.

**MALARIA**

**CHAPTER XII**

At first Barry thought it was an evil dream—he heard the low, guttural chant from a dozen husky throats—then he opened his eyes slowly, cautiously. In the dim light he could see only the shadowy outline of the painted warriors. Their feet moved slowly up and down in an eerie cadence to their chant. Then he saw Jose standing in the center, his eyes fixed on Barry with an unmistakable fear lighting them.

"What's wrong?" Barry said huskily.

"Someone's attacked an Indian girl. They say it was a white man!" Jose said quickly.

"But that's ridiculous!" Barry cried.

"That's what I've tried to tell them but they won't be convinced. They say we must come at once to the chief's tent for trial."

Barry got up then, feeling strangely groggy, and the odd procession started through the murky light down the village street. The street was deserted but ahead Barry could see the flames of a great fire licking into the darkness. The fire burned in front of the chief's tent and around it a dozen natives in a slow dance to the rumbling rhythm of drums. Barry felt an icy fear go through him as he thought of stories he had read about white men being burned alive lashed to the stake.

When the little group reached the chief's tent one of the warriors shouted something in Quiche and they stopped. The oldest man of the group entered the tent, apparently to announce their arrival. In a moment he was back and the procession filed inside. The chief gave an order then and one of the warriors led the tent. Soon he came back and with him were two ancient Indian women who between them supported the Indian girl. She was a girl about 18 with a certain sly-eyed beauty. Her large eyes were downcast and the spirit seemed drained from her body.

The chief talked at some length and his council nodded their heads sagely. Finally Barry caught hold of Jose's sleeve.

"What is he saying?" he asked anxiously.

"They think you are the guilty one."

"Tell them I never left my tent!" Barry cried.

Jose spoke to the chief in Quiche but the chief only shook his head and drew from behind him the waterproof letter case that Barry had used to bring the letter from Renaldo.

"They say this letter case of yours was found in the girl's tent!" Jose said through dry lips.

"I must have dropped it here, in this tent, when I took the letter out to show it to the chief. Someone has framed this on me!" Barry said excitedly.

All was quiet then and Barry knew that his fate was sealed. The old chief finally spoke a few short words in a hard brittle voice and the young form of the girl slumped to the ground.

"She has pronounced the death sentence on the girl," Jose said quietly.

The two old women stepped forward and carried the limp form from the tent.

"But there must be something we can do!" Barry looked appealingly toward Jose.

"After the sentence is pronounced—there is nothing."

The chief waved his hands then and two Indians marched Barry and Jose from the tent. They marched the length of the street to the last tent, in the rosy light of a new dawn. The two men were shoved into the tent and the tent flaps were closed. Two guards stood watch outside.

"What will they do to that girl?" Barry asked after he and Jose had sat on the mat of straw that covered the floor of the tent.

"They will take her back to her tent and say the death chant until tomorrow night. When the moon comes up over Santa Maria she will close her eyes and be dead."

"But that's impossible!" Barry protested. "You can't just chant over a person and have them die."

"You can't perhaps, senor, but the Quiches can. It is the moon oath of the Chichicastenango. They have been doing this for over 600 years. Many doctors have come here and seen this done. They can't explain it. They just shake their heads and go away."

"Maybe if we could get word to Renaldo we could save the girl?" Barry said.

"You could get no one to interfere with this oath," Jose said with finality. "Even the government soldiers from Guatemala City would not come. They let the Quiches alone."

BARRY did not speak again for a long time. He laid his head down in the straw and felt a strange feverishness envelop him. His head throbs and his strength seemed to drain from his body. Finally he opened his eyes and looked steadily at Jose. "What will they do to us?"

"They will not pass sentence until the moon has risen tonight over Santa Maria. After the girl has died then they will come for us again and pass their sentence."

Jose's eyes narrowed then and his teeth gleamed as he said, "But when they come, senor, we will not be here!"

"You mean we'll make an escape?" Barry asked.

"Soon now all the Indians, all

but those guards outside, will follow the chief to the Cave of the Winds. There they will make offerings to their god Vienda. After they have gone—" Jose rolled his sleeves higher then and bared his powerfully muscular arms. "I will take care of those guards."

The men waited then until they heard the commotion in the street outside. Dogs barked and they heard the slow shuffle of padded feet as the grim procession marched away.

Jose got noiselessly to his feet and waved to Barry to follow him. Suddenly, like a crouching tiger, he sprang out of the tent and locking the two heads of the Indians in his powerful arms shouted to Barry.

"Get two mules from the picket line there!"

Bewildered, Barry ran toward the line where a score of mules were tied. He untied two quickly and led them back to the tent. When he returned Jose was still holding the squirming Indians. Barry struck out at them. They slumped to the ground. Barry and Jose mounted the mules quickly and rode away.

"If we get below the timber line we are safe. They will not go out of their own country," Jose said.

They rode on in silence for a long time down, down, over ledges of rock, through sweet-smelling pines and towering tamaracks. Finally, Jose pulled his mule to a stop beside a shimmering cascade of clear water.

"We are safe now. We will camp here for the night."

Barry climbed stiffly from his mule and stood braced against it, breathing heavily. His face was flaming with fever, his eyes bloodshot. Jose cried.

"You are ill, senor!"

"I am a fool," said Barry. "I

was too excited to ward it off with medicine. I've got malaria." (To Be Continued)

**CHOCOLATE SOLDIER?**

WORCESTER, Mass., (AP) — The parents of Staff Sgt. William P. Curran read an official announcement that he had won the Distinguished Service Cross—so they anxiously awaited his next letter, expecting it would give the details.

The letter came, but it didn't mention the heroism. It said: "We made our own fudge. The boys pooled what they had, and, believe me, it was good."



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**THIS CURIOUS WORLD** By William Ferguson



**KNIZKOPPER**

Today I visited the famous Carraroon Castle! This very historic old town was occupied by the Romans 2000 years ago, and they called it Legantium. Yours, Rt. Elmer.

**WHERE'S ELMER?**

ANSWER: Wales.

**NEXT: Why aren't artillery shells fully streamlined?**

**SCENIC WONDER**

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Pictured scenic wonder, the

13 Provided food

14 Freebooters

15 Upward

17 Father

18 Behold!

19 Writing tool

22 Fold

24 Legal point

25 Snake

26 Mystic syllable

28 African river

30 Rupees (abbr.)

31 Language

34 Negative word

35 Document

38 Girl's name

39 In spirit

40 Pertaining to dower

41 Ocean

42 Ventilated

43 Half-cm

45 From

46 Dance step

48 Written form of Mister

**ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**

RUTH STREETER ASIA TOENTIME EMPATENTPII FADFLYLOGRAN ENISEA MAJOR UPRDAN BALLEY RUTH MAJOR SEMPER CHERLY SAGER ELLEGO STRAETER INAWE ELLEGOBWARWES LLOTRARE SINWA SEAMART SEINT DEFLATES ONTIO

23 Langulshes

24 Networks (anat.)

25 Desires with eagerness

27 Italian city

29 Proceed

30 Very swift

31 Young boy

32 Bustle

33 Nothing

35 Psalms (abbr.)

36 Before

37 Color

44 Garment

46 Footlike part

47 First man

48 To a greater extent

49 Headstrong

51 Musical instrument

52 Valuable metal

54 Mountain pass

56 Mineral spring

59 It is located in the state of (abbr.)

61 Either

**Out Our Way**

By J. R. Williams



HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN

**By Major Hoople**



HE WENT OUT THE BACK WAY

**HOLD EVERYTHING!**



4-20

**SALVAGE REMNANTS TO MAKE APPLIQUES**



7534 by Alice Brooks

There's no rations on these gay vegetables that come right out of your scrap-bag! Won't they be cheery applied on kitchen towels or breakfast sets? Use a variety of prints — the more the merrier! Pattern 7534 contains a pattern of five motifs ranging from 6 3/4 x 4 1/4 to 3 x 4 1/2 inches; patch pattern pieces; list of materials; patches.

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. \_\_\_\_\_ followed by your name and address."

**KITTY CAPERS**

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., (AP)—A cat's curiosity was credited by Mrs. Frank Riegger with saving her home from fire.

The cat yelled each time sparks from a short circuit in an electric light cord under theavenport made a popping sound. Finally Mrs. Riegger investigated, discovered fire. The blaze was extinguished and the cat went to sleep—under theavenport.

**THE MODERN AGE**

LEXINGTON, Mass., (AP)— Paul Revere did better in 1775 than he did yesterday.

In a re-enactment of the famous ride, the horse threw a shoe and the rider impersonating Revere had to search for a half hour to find a blacksmith. He arrived at Lexington Green 45 minutes late.

**Red Ryder**



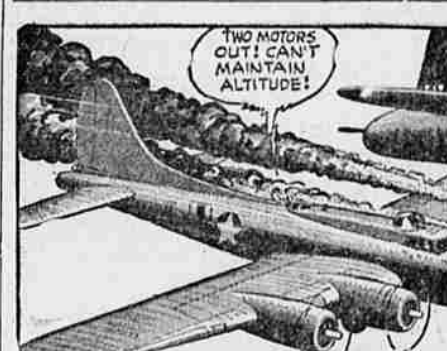
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**Freckles and His Friends**



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**Wash Tubbs**



4-20

**Boots and Her Buddies**



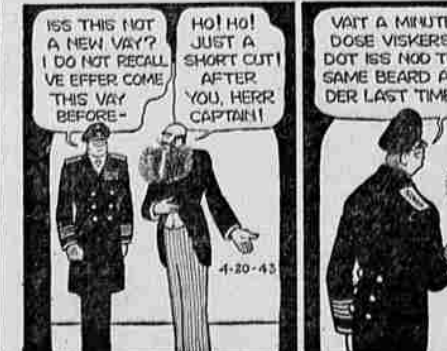
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**Allep Oop**



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**Little Orphan Annie**



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**With Major Hoople**



HE WENT OUT THE BACK WAY

**By Fred Harmon**



4-20

**By Blosser**



4-20

**By Crane**



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**By V. T. Hamlin**



4-20

**By Martin**



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**By Harold Gray**



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