

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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THIS STORY: Barry Fielding has come to Guatemala in search of a quinine mine operated by the Quiche Indian tribe, who are hostile to white men. After a long and arduous search, Barry and his Mexican guide, Jose, finally reach Quiche territory. The chief and his council listen to Barry's plan that America needs quinine. They promise to give him an answer in the morning. During the night an Indian girl is struck and Barry's lettercase is found in her tent. There is an immediate trial. The girl is sentenced to death. Barry and Jose are held prisoner but manage to escape. On the trail against Barry is a sudden attack of fever and Jose knows he's been stricken with malaria.

MUCH-NEEDED REST

CHAPTER XIII

CONCERN shadowed Jose's dark face. "Malaria!" he echoed dismayed.

Even before Barry's short laugh of self-disgust ended, his knees buckled under him. Jose caught him and helped him to a seat against the trunk of a giant tamara. "Stay here," he commanded. "I will find you bed."

Jose strode off, to return soon with his arms piled with fragrant pine needles. On the floor of a shallow cave in the rock ledge by the waterfall he spread them, then came back for Barry.

Barry was pulling a box from his coat pocket. He handed it to Jose with trembling hands. "Good thing—they weren't left—in saddle bags," he grinned unsteadily.

Jose opened the box to frown in perplexity at the unfamiliar tablets. "But these are not quinine," he objected.

"Atabrine," Barry told him with effort. "Give them to me . . . instructions . . . on how to use."

Jose shook his head. "You should have quinine," he mourned. Apprehension rang warningly through Barry's blurring senses. It would be typical of a jungle man like Jose to throw away the medicine because it was different.

He realized it would soon be too late to do anything about it. Already his mind was wandering under the heat of his fever. He forced himself to concentrate on the problem. He tried to fix his glazing eyes on the powerful man kneeling beside him.

"Jose!"

"Those tablets. They are better than quinine. Do you hear me?"

"SI!" But the man's voice was still mournful and unbelieving.

"Do you promise—on your word of honor—to give me the tablets—two each hour?"

For a long minute Jose didn't answer. Then, just as Barry's whirling senses told him he had failed, he heard the man's mumbled, "SI, senior." Relieved, he collapsed against Jose's arm.

SLOWLY, he floated back to consciousness, began to realize some of his hallucinations were facts. The sound of cascading water continued after he opened his eyes. And another fainter sound—wind sighing through trees. He felt soothed and peaceful, though he could see almost nothing in the dim light about him. He raised himself on an elbow and his head struck against the top of the cave. Dimly he recalled the trip—Jose. He crawled from the cave and got to his feet. His head whirled and he leaned against the rock ledge for support, while he looked about him.

It was a dazzling morning. Sun sparkled on the cascading water at the cliff's edge, and lay molten over the rocky ledges and dark trees of the mountainside. Evidences of Jose's vigilance were all about. Tamara branches had been laid over the entrance to the cave. The remains of a fire still smoldered on the rock ledge. Roughly hewn wooden cups dried in the sun. As he watched, the huge figure of Jose, himself, strode out of the forest of pines, game slung over his shoulder.

At sight of Barry, he waved an arm and hurried to join him. "You feel better!" he smiled warmly.

"Thanks to you, Jose," Barry muttered, returning the smile. "You gave me the medicine, eh?"

Jose pulled the small box from his pocket and showed Barry it was almost empty. "It is good medicine like you say," he acknowledged. "Each two hours I make you take like you say. So I cannot go back to plantation and tell where we are."

"How long have we been here?" Barry demanded.

The Mexican counted on his stubby fingers. "Five days," he said.

Barry moaned. "How have you lived all that time?"

Jose swung the animals he had killed from his shoulder. Two red squirrels! "Very good," he said simply. He took a folding tin cup from his pocket and opened it proudly. "I make broth for you in this," he added.

As Jose gathered brush for a fire, Barry asked, "What about the Quiches? Did they follow us?"

Jose knelt to blow on the small flame. "They did not find us," he said. "We are very fortunate!"

When the flame swept through the twigs, he took the two squirrels and went to kneel at the water's edge with a murderous looking hunting knife.

"I'll have to go back," Barry worried aloud. "You will go with me, won't you, Jose? I have to prove to that chief I was framed. I've got to get those mines!"

JOSE listened impassively as he skinned and cleaned the squirrels. He cut a small chunk of meat and dropped it into the water-filled cup. "We eat," he said stolidly. "Then we try to make plantation before you feel sick again. You need more good medicine before you go back anywhere."

Barry's head was beginning to ache again. His body felt stiff and weak. Jose gave him the last two atabrine tablets, and later a cup of the steaming broth. Then he stretched out on the soft, fragrant bed of pine needles.

Barry marveled at the patience and gentleness of the big Mexican. The man had saved his life all right. He was lucky to have had such a guide. If he had only been as lucky with the Quiches, he thought bitterly.

THROUGH half closed eyes he watched the Mexican as he made neat rolls of their blankets, led the mules up from the thicket where they had been tied to graze, took brushes and stroked their gray coats until they shone in the sunlight.

Barry dozed off then and must have slept for several hours. When he awakened the sun was low and the pine trees were casting long shadows up the slope. Jose was sitting by the campfire fixing some more broth. Barry felt cool now and refreshed.

Jose turned as he heard his voice. "I feel much better, Jose," he said. "Maybe tonight we could go back to the Quiche country."

Jose looked grim and shook his head. "No, senior, that would be folly. But I must clear myself with them!"

"This is not the time," Jose said quietly. "You feel better now because of the medicine you have taken. Later when that wears off you might feel worse again. This fever is very bad stuff. We can not take chances of your getting sick again out here."

"But you said tonight we could travel again!"

"SI, senior, we travel, but not to the Quiches. We go back to the plantation where you can rest from your sickness."

Barry felt a tide of keen disappointment surge through him as he thought of delaying his business with the Quiches.

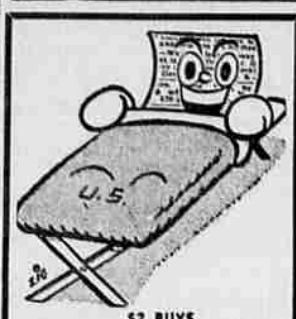
"You rest now until the moon comes out," Jose said. "Then I give you more broth and we will start."

(To Be Continued)

Keeping pace with America's record output of warplanes, the nation's aircraft propeller production has increased by more than 180 per cent since Pearl Harbor.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

"SI, senior." "Those tablets. They are better than quinine. Do you hear me?" "SI!" But the man's voice was still mournful and unbelieving. "Do you promise—on your word of honor—to give me the tablets—two each hour?"

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Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

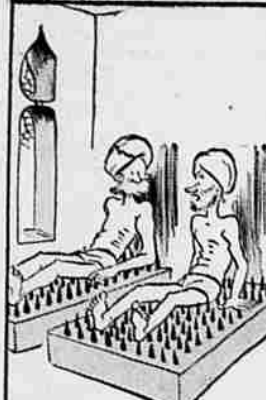
Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



SAFETY MEASURES

HOLD EVERYTHING!



"I hear they have point rationing in America now!"

SPRING TWOSOME TO DRESS UP YOUR SUIT



7538 by Alice Brooks

What enchanting "suit partners" these accessories will make! Both the hat and dickey are crocheted in a simple, lacy stitch that's lovely in the gleaming new rayon yarn. The calot has a beguiling double ruffle; the dickey is trimmed with crocheted bow-effects. Pattern 7538 contains instructions for hat and dickey; stitches; list of materials.

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."

Plane windshields are now being fashioned from specially prepared resin sheeting one-quarter of an inch thick between two layers of tempered plate glass. In front of this is another sheet of tempered glass with a sealed air space between—to prevent the windshield from frosting.

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The gunfire interrupter, a tiny device used on bombers and combat planes, prevents gunners from inadvertently shooting the tail or other parts off of their own planes.

Always read the classified ads.

Red Ryder

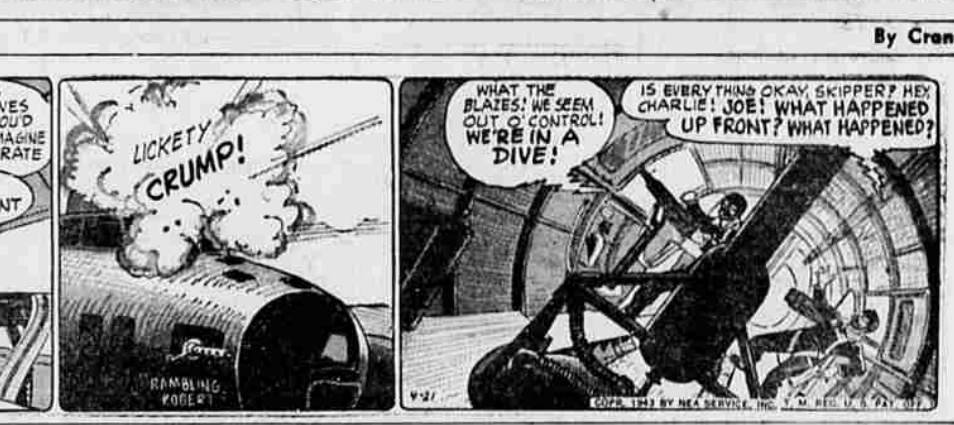


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Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



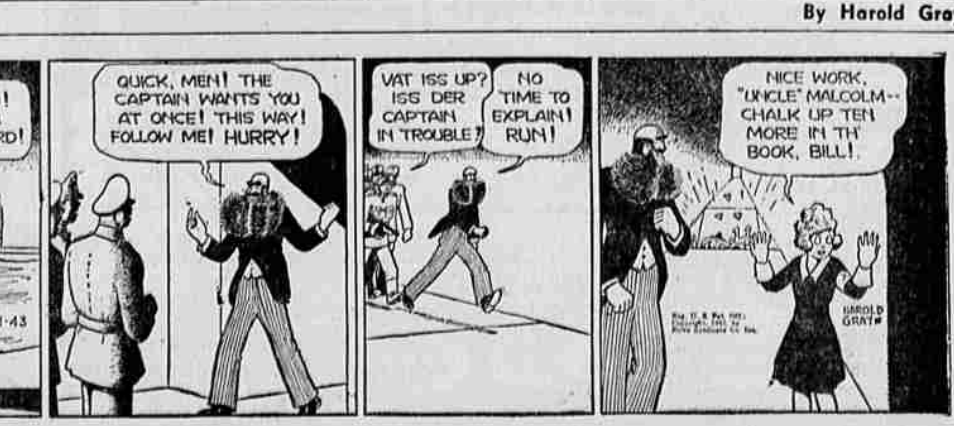
Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



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