

SERIAL STORY
DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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MONTADORES

CHAPTER XVI

HIS fever had once more miraculously disappeared during the night. Barry woke to the golden fragrance of a tropic morning feeling weak but clear-headed. He lay listening to the loud chatter of macaws, parrots and the thousand and one varieties of birds that flashed their bright hues about the estancia.

"Good morning, lazy bones!" Allison was in his doorway. There was a bright light of eagerness in her as she carried in his tray, laughter in her voice. She spread his napkin for him and touched her small hand lightly to his forehead.

"You're fine," she said with malicious joy. "No excuse for not coming out and helping initiate my zoot caps."

"What are you talking about?" Barry frowned as he drank his pineapple juice. She stood beside him laughing, her golden hair a ragged aureole about her heart-shaped face whose whiteness had now disappeared under a honey tan.

"Meet me out in the clearing and you'll see," she taunted. Barry drank his coffee and ate the two eggs with relish this morning. He felt stronger than he had for a long time and a surge of fresh hope went through him.

Maybe he had thrown the fever for a real loss this time. He got up and put on the clothes laid out for him and went out of the estancia.

It was a large thatched house on stilts with a broad veranda, from which could be seen the half dozen smaller shacks of the chicheros and the wide clearing that surrounded the massed estancias.

On every side crouched the vibrant green lush jungle waiting to devour the puny resistance of man's efforts against it.

Barry made his way unsteadily down the broad steps of the estancia and crossed the sun-washed, muddy clearing toward the boiling kettles. Allison sauntered to meet him.

"The montadores came in this morning," she reported breathlessly. "Montadores?" Barry puzzled.

HER eyes twinkled with mischief. "Montadores are our chiche scouts, tenderfoot."

"Yes, my calloused chichero," Barry retorted meekly. "You see," she explained. "It's very naughty of them, but zapote trees don't grow all in one place. They go just where they please to live their lives."

"Like you," jeered Barry. "Like me," she laughed. "So we have to send out montadores to cut trails to the new grove. Rough boys, aren't they?"

She and Barry joined the two montadores who stood in the sun near the boiling kettles giving their report to Renaldo. They were powerful, ugly-looking natives looking more like exhausted, filthy animals than men after their long, grueling tussle with the jungle.

Renaldo turned to greet Barry with a smile. "Sounds like we've got a fair-sized grove from what they say," he said, his voice ringing with satisfaction.

"Isn't it thrilling?" Allison cried. "To just go out and discover your orchard?"

"Thrilling maybe, but tough," mused Barry as the two montadores, now dismissed, moved heavily off toward their estancias. His gaze returned to the girl beside him. Her violet eyes were wide and shining.

"That's it," she was whispering. "That's the jungle. Thrilling—and tough. You can scream your head off, but you can't faze it. You have to fight every minute for your life."

Barry's mouth dropped open in amazement. "Why you scrawpy little varmint," he said.

Renaldo laughed, but the look he turned on Allison was pure devotion. "She understands the jungle," he said.

Allison caught Barry's arm with sudden change of mood. "Come on," she cried jubilantly. "You're going to see my zoot caps." She walked quickly down the wide trail striped with yellow sunlight and deep shadow that led to the closest group of zapote trees. But, though she chattered gaily, Barry noted her hand rested lightly on the small gun in the holster slung about her slender hips, and her eyes kept alertly on the path ahead.

SHE broke off to answer his unspoken question. "Bushmasters," she said shortly. "Renaldo says they're the meanest snakes in the jungle. They'll find a path that's used often and lie in wait all day for a victim."

"I know," Barry agreed. "But you mean you've learned to shoot that gun already?"

"You can learn fast when you have to," she laughed. They had come to the group of zapote trees and stopped to watch the native chichero slinking a zig-zag gash down the length of the zapote trunk. Barry found he was seething with sudden anger over the girl's statements.

"Including live. But you find yourself in the midst of something you want to go on with for a while. I never know why. But it doesn't matter, does it? It keeps it all pretty fascinating." She broke off to point with excitement. "Now you can see the zoot cap."

The chichero was almost at the foot of the tree. He wore sharp leg irons to dig in and hold himself upright against a rope looped around himself and the tree. He was naked except for loin cloth and a white hood with visor which hid under his chin. Barry suppressed a laugh at the startling combination.

"Is that bonnet supposed to be a thing of beauty?" he asked. "Certainly not," snapped Allison. She called the native to lower his head, and pointed triumphantly at stains on the visor. "Poison drippings from the compadre tree," she said. "Some of those drops might have gone in his eyes. Later on, I'm going to see if I can send for some goggles. Meanwhile," she added proudly, "the sides of the cap protect his ears from that nasty insect that lives in the top of the zapote tree."

The chichero had reached the ground. Another Indian was hanging a canvas bag to a peg driven at the bottom of the zigzag gash, and the chicle was already flowing along the jagged cuts.

"Lady," said Barry, "you come right after the grand canyon. Now if you'd use a little of your ingenuity to make a little sense out of your own plans."

She brushed a bright tumble of hair back with the back of her hand and gave him an implish smile. "Don't worry about my plans, my fine-feathered friend," she murmured. "Just be on your guard." She turned sharply and started back through the muddy path toward the estancia, leaving Barry grinning helplessly after her.

(To Be Continued)

We shall soon be in the high summer of military success—the spring of our liberation from the horrors and chances of war has begun.—British Production Minister Oliver Lyttelton.

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson



A MOURNING DOVE
BUILT ITS NEST AND RAISED ITS FAMILY WITHIN FOUR FEET OF THE MAIN LINE OF THE BURLINGTON RAILWAY.



A BUCK RAKE IS A FARM IMPLEMENT COMBINED ON HOVAR FOOTBALL PLAY

KHAROKHONOV, YOUNG RUSSIAN PARACHUTE JUMPER, BAILED OUT AT 40,813 FEET AND FELL MORE THAN SEVEN MILES BEFORE OPENING HIS PARACHUTE.

MIDWESTERN STATE

HORIZONTAL

1 Depicted state
5 It is called "The Hawk-eye"
10 The wild is its state flower
14 Stuff
15 Minute skin openings
16 Cain's brother
17 Hearing organ
18 Dative (abbr.)
19 Pen point
21 French plural article
22 Incline
24 Stir
26 Expanse
28 Lustrous
31 Yale
33 Genus of rodents
34 Male child
35 Wapiti
38 Music note
39 Mystic syllable
40 Whirlwind
41 Males
43 Indian army (abbr.)

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

TURKEY MODERN
SINADO UDICOUT
OMITERASE FADE
BETANESTS AMEN
CELLS IMPER
AVE TURKEY HERE
DETER INANE
EPIC BEANS ORAL
ARCH EAR TH NODE
TOE MAN ROW TIED
ADVENT YEOMAN

VERTICAL

12 Observes
13 Otherwise
18 Its capital is
20 Has existed
23 Measure
25 From
27 Royal Navy (abbr.)
29 Cougars
30 Accomplish
31 Shade tree
32 New Guinea port
36 Land parcel
37 Lock opener
42 Under
44 Tarpon
46 On account (abbr.)
47 Negative
48 War god
49 Church part
51 Leave out
52 Girl's name
55 Fish
56 Dance step
57 Mineral rock
58 County in Scotland
61 In the matter (law)
63 That thing
64 Sloth

7313 by Alice Brooks

You can cultivate a whole pansy patch on your dainty household linens—with these gay embroidery designs. The pansies are in single and outline stitches that even a beginner can speedily do. Choose natural colors. Pattern 7313 contains a transfer pattern of four 9 1/2 by 9 1/2 and four 2 1/2 by 2 1/2 inch motifs; 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."

We must understand that this war has its place and meaning within the direct line of Christian civilization, is in fact a continuance, an extension of the long-continued fight between barbarism and the forces of evil which western man has waged for 2000 years.—Col. W. F. Kernan, author.

About 33 per cent of our production at this moment is engaged upon turning out weapons which did not exist, except in the imagination of their inventors, when war broke out. These are our secret weapons.—British Production Minister Oliver Lyttelton.

A heavy cruiser costs \$20,000,000 to build. Translated in terms of war bonds, this represents 288,000 bonds of \$100 maturity value.

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

THE WRAPPERS

WES THERE'S SOMETHIN' FINE, TENDER AN' SWEET ABOUT PEOPLE WHO LOVE FLOWERS

SGT WES, AS SOON AS WE GET OUT O' SIGHT, DASH BACK TO TH' ROAD AN' GIT THEIR AUTO NUMBER WHILE I FIND WHERE THEY BUTCHERED! THESE HOSSES AIN'T SNIFFIN' FLOWERS!

Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla

REPRIEVE FOR THE OUTCAST

AFTER YOU PUT THAT CUTE TRUNK UPSTAIRS, JASON, WILL YOU GO HUNT MY TOURIST HUSBAND?—TELL HIM HIS FATHER IS COMING TO VISIT HIM—TRY ALL THE PARK BENCHES!

VAS'M / SOMETIME MISTAH MAJOR INDULGE A SHOT NAD BEHIN' A NEWSPAPER IN HOTEL LOBBIES— I 'MEMBERS HIS PAPPY, MIS' HOOPLE— HE SHARP AS A FLOOR FULL OB LOOGE TACKS!

HOLD EVERYTHING! Red Ryder

Red Ryder

WHEE—OOO! WHAT A SPILL! BUT WE'RE LUCKY YOU DIDN'T BREAK A FORE LEG, THUNDER, O' BOY! HEY! THAT WHISTLE... IN THE TRAIN!

TOOT—TOO—TOO!

WHO'S THAT WAININ' A HAT!

OH, SOME CONYOT WHO NEVER SAW BEFORE!

By Fred Harmon

I FLAGGED 'EM... THEY'RE NOT STOPPIN'! I'LL HUNT 'EM TO JUMP 'EM IN THE COAL TENDER!

SO HOW WOULD YOU GO ABOUT TEACHING A MAN LIKE THAT A LESSON IN HUMAN BEHAVIOR?

IT'D BE SIMPLE IF HE WAS 10 YEARS OLD, AND I HAD A HAIRBRUSH!

Freckles and His Friends By Blosser

Freckles and His Friends

YOU SENT FOR ME, JUDGE HAY? YES, LARD... I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO DISCUSS THE SCUTTLE CASE WITH ME!— YOU SEEMED TO HAVE USED GOOD JUDGMENT IN APPREHENDING HIM— SO PERHAPS YOU COULD SUGGEST A JUST PUNISHMENT!

GOSH! I'D HATE TO IMPRISON HIM, BECAUSE OF HIS AGE— AND SINCE HE'S WEALTHY, A FINE WOULD HARDLY AFFECT HIM!

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Wash Tubbs

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BEFORE EASY CAN REJOIN THE FORMATION, TWO OF HIS ENGINES ARE SHOT OUT, PART OF HIS CONTROLS ARE GONE, TWO MORE OF THE CREW ARE WOUNDED, AND THE TOP TURBINE IS JAMMED. IT LOOKS LIKE TAPS FOR THE RAMBLING ROBERT.

By Crane

BUT SUDDENLY THERE'S A JOYFUL SHOUT!

HEY! THEY'VE TURNED BACK!

OR GAS! THOSE HEAVIES NEVER DARE FOLLOW A PLANE VERY FAR OVER THE OCEAN!

Boots and Her Buddies By V. T. Hamlin

Boots and Her Buddies

STEPHEN, I THINK BOOTS MADE A SPLENDID SUGGESTION WITH THAT WE SHOULD SOON HAVE SOME YOUNG MEN IN TO MEET ROSIE

EH? OH, YES INDEED— BY ALL MEANS!

WHY YES, MRS. BROWN, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE IF CLINE CAME OVER FOR DINNER WEDNESDAY

BY THE WAY, MORTIE— HOW ABOUT HAVING DINNER WITH US WEDNESDAY EVENING?

I'M YOUR MRS. PROFESSOR!

HIGH, HONEY CHILE! WANNA ENLIST?

NAH! HOW 'BOUT HAVING CHOW WITH MY FAMILY WEDNESDAY EVENING?

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Allep Oop

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HOT! HOT! LOOK AT HIM EAT! WITH THAT SHOT OF DOPE I HAD THE BOY PUT IN HIS FOOD, HE'LL GO OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

THEN IT'LL SIMPLY BE A MATTER OF DRAGGING HIM INTO THE TIME-MACHINE AND PRESTO... HE'LL BE ON HIS WAY BACK TO MOO...

AND MY TROUBLES WILL BE OVER. OH, HUH... WHOOP... I FEEL SORT A QUEER— JUST LAY MY HEAD DOWN!

MY STARS, MISTER OOP, WHAT'S DONE COME OVER MISTER DOC?

DANGED IF I KNOW. THE O' BOY JUST GOT TIRED AND FOLDED UP! I GUESS!

By Martin

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Little Orphan Annie

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DID YOU DIRECT THE HERR DOKTOR TO HERR SALTZ'S ROOM?

QUITE SO— THEY ARE TOGETHER NOW--

THE CREW REMAINS SUSPICIOUS AND ALERT--

EVEN WITH THE TOMMY GUNS, IT WOULD BE HARD TO BOARD THEM--

THAT OFFICER WATCHING FROM THE COCKING TOWER HAS EYES LIKE A SNAKE--

WE MUST DO NOTHING THAT WOULD SINK THEM IN THIS POOL--

THAT WOULD WIND UP ALL OUR ELLIURE PLANS— LET'S WAIT AND SEE WHAT THEY DO--

PERHAPS THEY WILL HELP US SOLVE OUR PROBLEM--

By Harold Gray

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