

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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DETERMINATION

CHAPTER XVII

RENALDO sat by the windows reading a book while Barry scanned eagerly through the pages of the two-week-old New York Times that had come in the afternoon post. Neither man looked up as the old Indian charwoman, her brown bare feet shuffling softly over the wooden floors, moved quietly through the shadows to light the many candles. She laid the table for dinner and placed two silver candelabra at either end, to flicker pleasantly and throw gay, dancing shadows on the ceiling.

Barry heard a door open and turned to see Allison framed in the doorway. It was a new Allison. An Allison that he had never seen before. She looked as fragile as a Dresden doll in her misty blue evening gown with full skirt that flowed around powder blue slippers like a drifting cloud. Crowning her close cut hair a brilliant red hibiscus flamed. High color was in her cheeks. All the hardness, the driving purpose had left her eyes and in their stead had come a quiet languor, a look that was dreamy and still gay, a look that perfectly matched the loveliness of the jungle night. For a moment Barry couldn't find his voice. Then he said quickly, "You're looking very beautiful, Miss Topping."

Renaldo looked up and both men got to their feet.

"Aren't you glad now, both of you, that I didn't leave my clothes in Puerto Barrios like you wanted me to?" she smiled.

"It is good to see a woman who looks like a woman," Renaldo admitted as he held the chair for Allison.

"We should have thought more of morale and less about mules," Barry grinned.

They all laughed and sat down. The charwoman came in then with copper dishes piled with food and placed them on the table.

"I never really knew what it was to be hungry until I came down here," Allison said. "After a day in the jungle you are ready to eat."

Renaldo smiled.

"I believe the girl is beginning to like it," he said.

"I love it!" Allison said. "I told you I would!"

Barry raised his eyes with a quizzical look.

"I thought you said the heat..."

"I'm even getting used to that..."

"One does after a while," Renaldo said. "After you have lived in the jungle a little while you will curse it and yet you will never want to leave it. It has a strange fascination that holds you—sometimes even in spite of yourself."

HE turned his eyes toward Allison then and covered her small hand briefly with his own. "Your father said many times he had made plenty of money and in one more year he was going back to New York to live but when that year passed it was always one more, he would say, and he never did leave. I have known many men like that."

"It must have been very lonely for him here," Allison said.

"Oh, I suppose it was. It is lonely for all of us, sometimes, no matter where we are. But here he was like an ancient ruler. He had freedom and an independence that many men in great cities would like to have."

Barry couldn't help but notice the intensity that burned in Renaldo's dark, smoldering eyes whenever he talked or looked at Allison. He knew now why the Spaniard, who only a few weeks ago had been so anxious for Allison to return to New York, was encouraging her to stay on.

After they had finished their meal Allison wandered out to the screened veranda. Sheer moonlight was flooding down like silver dust among the towering trees. Jungle sounds came softly through the night—the distant song of a bird, the sudden swishing of foliage as an animal stalked his prey. The faint tinkle of strings and the smooth blending of rich voices carried from the natives' stanzas out there among the zapote trees. "Let's sit out here," she called, settling herself in a chair.

The men came out and in their wake the fragrance of cigar smoke hung in the air.

"You're very quiet this evening," Allison said to Barry. "Still feeling a little shaky?"

"I guess I'd feel all right if I didn't have to think of reporting to my company that I failed them at a time like this."

"Can't you convince them," Renaldo murmured, "of the utter impossibility of such a mission?"

"No!" Barry's voice was an explosion in the quiet night. "I don't believe in 'utter impossibilities.' There are a lot of people saying it's impossible for us to win this war. But we're going to. And I'm going to get Moncha Suma's mines."

"My, my, you're as stubborn as I am," said Allison, mockingly mild.

RENALDO laughed. "Well, I admire your spirit anyway," he said. "You've had a slight lesson already in the amount of patience and perseverance necessary to stand up to the jungle—or a Quiche."

There was a long moment of silence. Allison was humming softly to herself. Barry busy with his troubled thoughts. It was

Renaldo who finally broke it, in a low, peaceful voice.

"I remember when I first came out here with your father, Miss Topping. I had done some legal work for him in Puerto Barrios and because I was fastidious in my dress, he felt I was a fop. He laughed at me when I begged for the opportunity to manage his plantation. He said, 'The jungle would eat you alive.'"

Allison laughed. "Exactly what he wrote me," she cried, "when I wanted to come down here after I finished school."

"But I came," Renaldo moved his chair closer to hers. His voice was a confidential murmur. "I had to prove I was a better child than the best Indian so they would respect me and obey me."

"Then you had to prove," Allison's laughing voice echoed his, "that you were a better manager than my father so he would respect and put up with you."

Renaldo's laugh held a deep note of warmth. "Ah, your father. He was a wonderful man. I have so many memories of him..."

"That's more than I have," said Allison wistfully.

"Then it will be my great pleasure to share them."

Barry excused himself after a while. He felt an outsider in the intimate memories Renaldo was revealing of the last years of Allison's father. And the treacherous weakness of his fever was fastening on him again.

For a long time he lay awake after he had gone to bed. He could hear the murmur of their two voices, the blending of their sudden laughter. He wondered what course the conversation had taken. "I'll bet," he muttered to

himself fitfully, "he isn't talking about her father now!"

(To Be Continued)

A gaunt world, undernourished after years of hunger, will need to be fed. Private capital will have the opportunity of replacing government financing and private initiative should take up where government leaves off.—Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones.



25 CENTS BUYS 12 BANDAGES

Twelve bandages might save the lives of 12 soldiers.

Thinking of it that way, wouldn't it be patriotic to sell what you're not using and buy War Stamps that'll buy bandages?

I'm a Herald and News Want-Ad, and I'm enlisted for the duration.

Phone me at 3124 and I'll turn YOUR unused goods into bandages!

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



THE ANCIENTS
THOUGHT THE MOON HAD A MIRROR-LIKE SURFACE AND THE FEATURES THEY SAW ON IT WERE BELIEVED TO BE REFLECTIONS OF CONTINENTS AND SEAS HERE ON EARTH.



GOING GODS
"WE'RE DOING A BIT TO TAKE THE MAX FROM THE AXES, AND CHANGE THE 'IS TO WAS' SAYS TAK WINAGAWA, Sugar City, Idaho."



TOADS
ARE AN ASSET TO ANY VEGETABLE GARDEN, BECAUSE OF THE INSECTS THEY EAT. AND YOU'LL HAVE MORE TOADS IF YOU MAKE HOMES FOR THEM BY INVERTING FLOWER POTS WITH HOLES CUT FOR DOORS.

NEXT: The first vandals.

AMERICAN WARPLANE

1,7 Pictured American plane, the Douglas A-26	29 Mountain (abbr.)
13 Whole	31 High card
14 Decorated	32 Decay
15 Greek letter	34 Period
16 Average (abbr.)	35 Anger
17 Paid notice	38 Scrutiniz
18 Long stick	39 Upon
20 Giant king of Bashan	40 Yes (Sp.)
21 Taut	41 Street (abbr.)
22 Half an em	42 Jumbled type
24 Area measure	43 Pig pen
25 By	46 One who canes
26 Bone	47 These planes have engaged in battles over
27 Attempt	48 Pouterlik alloy
28 Mother (var.)	49 Bury
30 Is afraid of	51 They are down from an undisclosed
33 Prepares for publication	10 Naked
36 Company (abbr.)	11 English school
37 Either	12 Crimson
38 Bards	19 These planes have been flown by the
41 Stairs	54 Algerian seaport
44 Registered (abbr.)	55 Half (prefix)
45 Frozen dessert	56 Spoil
48 Small piece	25 Music note
50 That one	26 Postscript (abbr.)
51 Bachelor of	2 On the top of 28 Biblical pronoun
	3 Male red deer

Man for man, they (news photographers) have probably done more than any other single group to place America on the alert. They talk in pictures and there is no clearer voice than that. They work at the front and there is no greater loyalty than that.—Maj.-Gen. Sanderford Jarman of Eastern Defense Command.

You (British women) have done all they (British soldiers) have done in different degrees and endured all they have endured. You have given all that is good in you to the same cause for which they are fighting—the cause of right against wrong.—Britain's Queen Elizabeth.

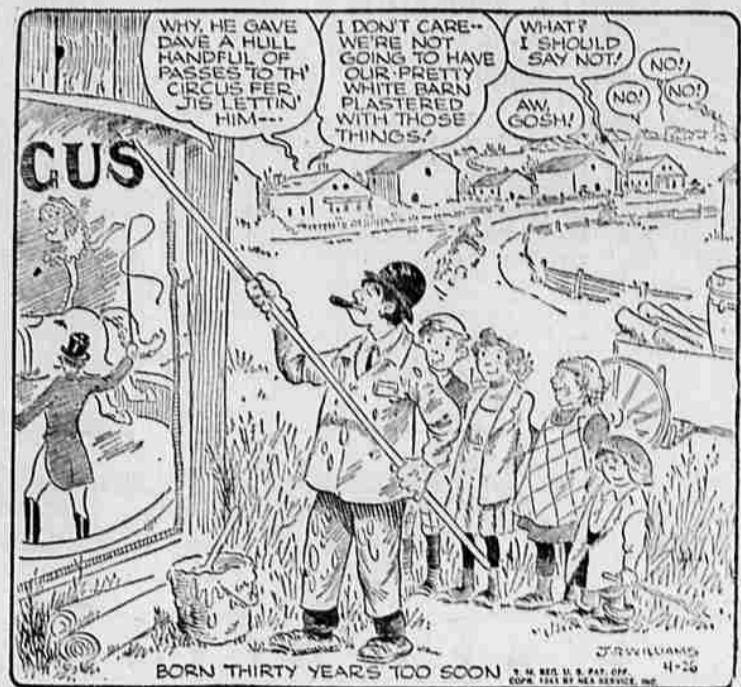
Every airman must wear a parachute, which costs \$150. This means eight persons must buy a \$25 war bond at \$18.75 apiece.

Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hooples



HOLD EVERYTHING!

Red Ryder



WILD ROSE DOLLIES ARE SMART; USEFUL



7031

by Alice Brooks

If you like dollies that are distinctive and individual, here's YOUR design! They're lovely wild roses that you can do in satin and outline stitch or in cut-work. Use natural colors for these useful dollies. Pattern 7031 contains a transfer pattern of an 11 by 17 1/2 inch and two 6 by 9 inch dollies; list of 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. _____, to _____ followed by your name and address."

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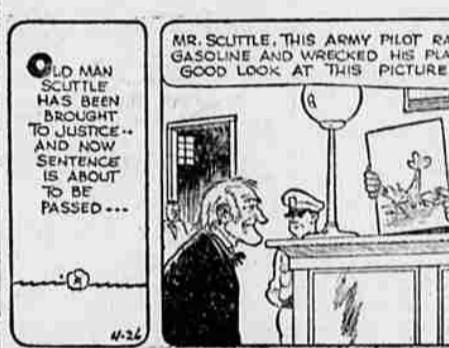
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Every airman must wear a parachute, which costs \$150. This means eight persons must buy a \$25 war bond at \$18.75 apiece.



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



Wash Tubbs

By Crano



Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



Allep Oop

By Martin



Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



Hold Everything!

By Fred Harmon



Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



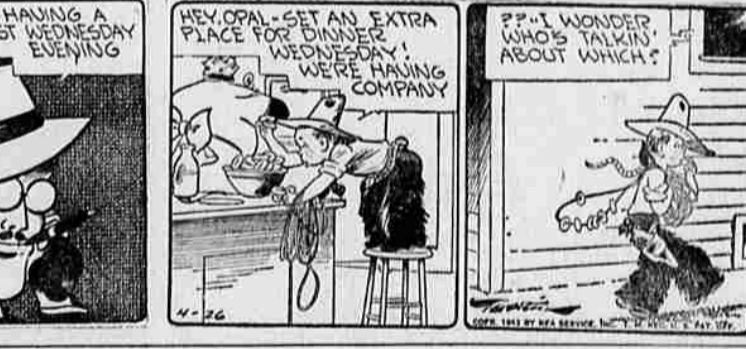
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