

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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LILA

CHAPTER XIX

The moon was full—a brilliant luminous disk moving through the warm blue of the tropic sky. The breeze was warm. Even the towering depths of the jungle seemed pulsing with some dark, vibrant elixir of life.

Barry, strolling beside Allison across the clearing from the Indian huts, gave a sigh of impatience. In all the vital, urgent rushing of nature he felt himself the one fixed, helpless point.

"It's been nine days since I got back from the Quiche country," he muttered. "I can't sit around forever."

Allison lifted the soft flared skirt of her evening gown to leap a puddle. "Renaldo says you are a very strong man if you can throw off the kind of fever you got in two weeks."

Barry ignored the reminder. "I'll be all right if I take it slow. How soon do you expect to have the chicle ready for shipment?"

She glanced involuntarily toward the line of cooking vats in the deep shadows of the jungle. "Tomorrow," she said, "or at latest the next day."

They went up the steps to the veranda. She crossed to let down the bamboo screen, and called a servant.

"Have her bring my drink to my bedroom," will you? Barry asked. "I want to get out some reports to send back to headquarters with the chicle train."

"Oh, bother reports!" cried Allison. "It's such a lovely night. The hanging lamp above her made a molten aureole of her cropped hair. She looked like a pampered debutante in her black wisp of a dress and her gleaming jewels."

"All right, then," she flung out with a pouting smile. "I'll let Renaldo whisper beautiful nothings to me."

"I'll bet he can do it," grinned Barry. "See you at breakfast." He went to his room, the grin lingering on his face. It was a constant source of surprise to him how this autocratic little darling of society could adapt herself to this heathen mode of existence.

He had seen other women try to do it and fail—women with far more strength of character, more poise. What was the difference?

A certain flexibility, he decided, as he brought out his small portable typewriter and found a suitably low table. She had no strain or grudge over the loss of her fortune. She was not making the attempt to mold the jungle to her, but was content to mold herself to the jungle. She had a quality of receptiveness, that's what she had—that essentially feminine keynote so eternally lacking in most women.

HE got hold of his thoughts by main force then, realizing he'd been about to compare her with his fiancée. And Lila—Gradually he was able to concentrate on his reports.

He worked at first with absorbed speed. The mule train going out with chicle would be the last chance to start the reports to the New York office before he made his next attempt to persuade the Quiche chief to open up his mercury mines. He wanted these reports complete. In case he didn't come out of the Quiche country this time, the company would have all data at hand and could carry on the campaign for the mines without loss of time.

Time. . .

His fingers moved faster over the keys. There was so damnably little time and the need of the mines was so great! He felt a fresh wave of impatience burn through him. He cursed his stupid fever. If he could only start back tomorrow! For a minute he played with the idea. Why not risk it? He might make it. He might be able to prove to the chief that he had been framed. He might. . .

But cold logic smashed his wishful thinking. He was already trembling with the effort of a half hour's typing. His head felt light and dizzy. No, he would be throwing away the one chance of accomplishing his mission if he went off half-cocked. Better to wait till Renaldo had finished the chicle boiling, and made the trip to the new grove. Then he had promised to go with him. And Renaldo's friendship with the remote old chief would be the one hope of explaining the suspicion pinned on Barry in their unfortunate first encounter.

His fingers were stumbling over the keys now, hitting more wrong keys than right. He pushed back his ruder chair and crossed the low-roofed room to push the window open further. He clutched the sill for support and struggled for his breath as he looked out at the moon-flooded clearing of the estancia. Cursed fever—making a weakling out of a man in a couple of weeks!

A KNOCK sounded on his door. And at his invitation, Allison entered.

"Renaldo didn't come," she murmured wickedly, "so I brought you your drink." But as she handed him the iced pineapple juice, abrupt concern swept the provocative teasing light from her face. "You're sick again!"

He explained bitterly that it was the work he'd done. He wanted to get it out and—

She broke in eagerly. "I'll do the typing. I'm marvelous at hunt and peck. You dictate."

He refused at first, but eventually tried it. He found the method worked, and warmed to his task. Hope lifted him. He'd get the reports out all right this way.

Allison typed obediently at first. But gradually her rising interest broke into questions. The picture of his mission began to take form for her. He answered her ques-

tions readily. Told her of the estimated amount of quicksilver to be found in the volcanic Quiche highlands. Of the huge mining and transportation system ready to be hurled into the country the moment Quiche permission was given.

"You'll get it. I know you will!" she said. Excitement was like a trance on her. "Renaldo will help you."

It was late but she insisted on finishing. When the reports were done, she put away the typewriter and moved back chair and table, turning out the bright typing lamp. The small night lamp by his bed was a feeble glow in the flooding moonlight. As her silhouette moved by the open window toward his empty glass, he had again the swift impression that she was a gay debutante at a club dance.

She was murmuring peacefully. "Full moon makes the jungle restless. So many noises tonight. Mules stamping around. Indians stamping around. The trees shouting around. . ."

"Make you nervous?" he asked. She paused beside him glass in hand. "Nervous?" she echoed wonderingly. "Why should they? Right at the moment I love them all."

He searched the white oval of her face turned up to him. She meant it. "You're a miracle woman," he told her. "And thanks for everything."

She started to answer him, then broke off to listen, her face still lifted to his. It was only the sound of footsteps on the hard wood of the hall, but the rhythm of the movement was wrong—lighter than Renaldo—not the slithering step of a servant.

A tall, slender figure in light suit, boots and sun helmet moved into the open doorway. Calmly, as if her being there were an ordinary, not an impossible thing.

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she milled across the moonlit room at the two standing together in the window. "Hello, darling!" It was Lila's voice.

(To Be Continued)

FRIENDLY EDITOR

Julian Miller of St. Louis, Mo., mimeographs a newsletter for mimeograph a newsletter for distribution to about 100 of his friends in the services. It contains news of interest to the entire group, who know each other, and reprints letters from individual members.



STO BUYS TWO STEEL HELMETS
Two steel helmets might stop two bullets and save two priceless American lives! War stamps buy steel helmets.

Wouldn't it make you feel good, even if it inconveniences you, to rent your spare room for extra war stamp purchases?

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

Phone me at 3124, and I'll turn your spare room into steel helmets!

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



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POET AND PHILOSOPHER

HORIZONTAL

1 Pictured American philosopher, Ralph Waldo

7 Cheap, showy playthings

13 Twice

14 Single

15 Snake

16 Dine

17 Finest

19 Relates

21 Urn

22 Mollusk

24 River barrier

25 Set again

26 12 months

28 Cutting tool

29 Belongs to him

31 Proceed

32 Sorrowful

35 Any

36 Symbol for cobalt

37 Firmament

39 Sun god

41 Writing implement

42 Paradise

ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

WASHINGTON BARS
MAGADO VAO ITTEA
TRILADEPTIBREAD
EELSORENSADSD
RELEASENITCOL
APE TOPPONE
PELT COTERGS
OILSBOYCOV
ALL SEATION
FLULEMOA
DAILY BIRTH
OGRE IONEE MANKTON
MEED PATHER

44 Also

46 Book of maps

48 Cartograph

51 Change

54 Make a sale

55 Philistine god (Bib.)

57 Venture

58 Compass point

59 Evergreen

60 Even (contr.)

62 Be seated

63 Speech

64 Educates

VERTICAL

1 Records

20 Music note

23 Fall behind

25 Beam of light

27 Native of Rome

28 Possesses

30 Writing fluid

33 High card

34 Put on

38 Shouted

39 Thing (law)

40 Greek letter

41 Alkaline compound

43 Split pulse

45 Ancient

46 On the ocean

47 Take care of

48 Planet

49 Silver (symbol)

50 He was an early American

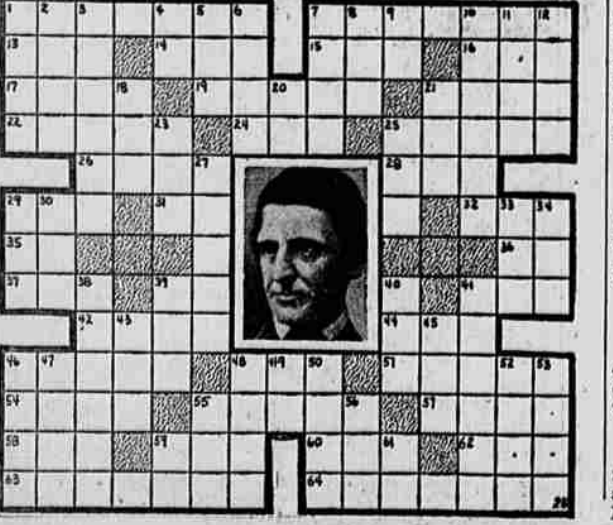
52 Great Lake

53 Soaks fax

56 Separation (prefix)

57 Iron (symbol)

62 Symbol for sodium



Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



HEROES ARE MADE - NOT BORN

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HOLD EVERYTHING!



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ORCHIDS FOR YOU IN VIVID STITCHERY

These beautiful embroidered flowers look positively real! Orchids for you and some garden favorites are included in easy-to-do motifs to give richness to towels, bed linens and cloths. Use the natural colors. Pattern 7535 contains a transfer pattern of 8 and 6 reverse motifs averaging 6 x 4 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., to followed by your name and address."

FISH FIRST

A large percentage of the floating equipment charted by the Army will be returned to the Alaska salmon-fishing industry in time for seasonal operations. Alaska derives nearly three-quarters of its total revenue from its fisheries.

NO MORE BRASS BUTTONS

Replacing brass buttons and insignia with molded plastics on overcoats and blouses of enlisted men will result in a saving of 365,000 pounds of metal in 1943.

SHIPS AHEAD

United States shipbuilding is expected to attain the 1943 goal of 16,000,000 tons, unless a material shortage should develop.

Hungary is balkin' against furnishing troops to the axis. More and more Balkan trouble for Hitler.

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With Major Hoople



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COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Red Ryder



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Freckles and His Friends



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Wash Tubbs



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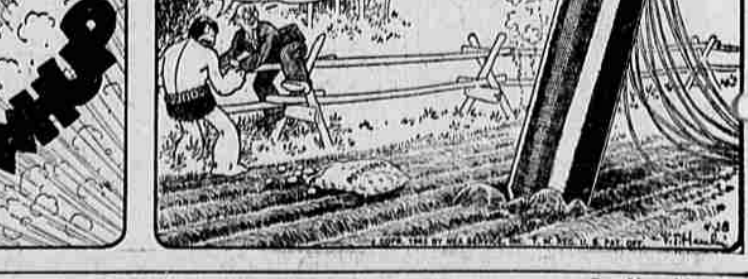
Boots and Her Buddies



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COPY, 1943 BY NEA SERVICE, INC. T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Allep Oop



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Little Orphan Annie



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