

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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ALLISON'S PLANS

CHAPTER XXI

BUSY days stretched ahead for everyone at the estancia. From every direction in the jungle...

Steam rose all day and far into the evening from the huge copper kettles.

Renaldo was in half a dozen places at once, seeing that the fires were kept banked, the latex poured into the cooking vats, and when boiled to a thick mass...

Barry had taken over the task of stamping each brick of cooling chicle with the trademark of the plantation. It was a small but important routine which Renaldo did not like to leave to natives...

Allison was almost as busy as Renaldo. Like him she began to get up at dawn in order to do her heaviest work before the intense noonday heat set in.

She had stitched the first caps painstakingly by hand. But with the sudden demand, this method would not suffice.

Barry leaped up to pull a chair for her. "Take it easy, zoot queen," he begged. "You'll melt on one of those rushing trips of yours and someone will scoop you up for latex."

Allison laughed gaily, pushing back an unruly sunburned lock of hair off her tanned face with the back of her hand.

"The precious joke of it all is," she confided, "that my zoot caps aren't invulnerable and the Indians know it. But it's got about through the tribe that I'm lucky for them. And anything I give them is a lucky piece. So I'm stuck with about 40 more zoot caps to make."

Lila took a sip of her iced coffee. "You have complicated your life," she said serenely.

Allison gave her guest a quick sharp glance. Lila was in exquisitely tailored silk shorts and blouse, cool and immaculate.

Barry braced himself for sparks. But the flinty look softened in Allison's eyes under a sudden warm smile.

"I wish I were clever like you are, Lila," she said wistfully. "I know you'd think of some way out of this."

Lila shot Allison a look of quick suspicion but Barry laughed in relief. "Go ahead, Lila," he urged. "You always were efficiency plus."

Lila shrugged her slender shoulders delicately. "Well," she mused thoughtfully, "pass out flowers or something. Tell them those will be just as lucky for them."

"Oh, but they wouldn't," objected Allison quickly. "The zoot caps are a perfect protection. I want the chicleros to have them."

"Well then," Lila thought rapidly, and came up with an inspiration, "have the Indian women sew them."

Allison looked stunned with sudden relief. Then she gave a whoop of joy. "Lila, you're an absolute genius!" She turned to Barry enthusiastically. "She's helping you, too, you know, because the chicleros will work faster when they get their caps. I'll get the material and needles and thread—"

She darted to the veranda door, then turned back with a pleading look at Lila. "It's going to take a little teaching right at first. You could do it better than I. Would you mind terribly, Lila?"

Lila choked a little on her coffee, but her smile was impulsive. "Not at all," she said stiffly. So Lila was coerced into the plantation activity. The "little teaching" proved more than she had dreamed in her worst suspicions. She found herself going back and forth from the Topping estancia to the Indian huts in the blazing sunshine with fresh supplies of material, sitting with black, chattering Indian women in their odd smelling huts, called over to the steaming copper kettles to take a message from Renaldo or Barry or Allison back to the big house.

THE days became long, grueling periods of torture. And the bitterest part of it was that she was perfectly helpless. Lila had planned her trip so carefully, a rapid expose of the stupid little flirt who had lured Barry to her estancia, and a return to New York with a convalescent fiancé. How differently it had worked out! Barry stubbornly determined to stay here until Renaldo could take him to make peace with the Quiche chief. And her own efficiency turned as a boomerang upon her by the wily Allison. It was insufferable!

For Barry expected miracles from her after her amazing jungle trek. And, so that Allison wouldn't expose her duplicity, she was forced to carry on the illusion of being a superwoman.

The sweltering rays of the sun melted her make-up, the small crawling insects in the smelly In-

dian huts revolted her. She loathed everything about the hot, dirty, isolated country. But pride kept her doing her share in the plantation's strenuous duties, day after dragging day.

She had just finished her round of Indian huts one morning. The heat was heavy—muggy. It was difficult to move. The shouts of the Indians rang in her aching head. The constant stench of food and bodies in the hut had been especially abhorrent. She put on her sun helmet and started back across the clearing to the Topping estancia, walking with proud strides but secretly counting the steps to the darkness and semi-coolness of her room.

She saw the group by the last Indian hut and tried to hurry past, but they saw her. Barry halted her over.

"Want to go out on a short trek into the jungle and see the prize zapote tree?" he grinned as she turned back.

Renaldo beamed at her. Her being there had relieved him of a deep gnawing fear of Barry as a rival. He was the soul of gallantry to her. Now he added eagerly, "Nearly three kilos flow from its bark before the gashes heal!"

Lila wanted to shriek at them. What did she care if 10,000 kilos flowed from the plagued zapote? She wouldn't go a step into that hellish jungle if she was shot for it. But her face did not give away her thoughts. She alighted sweetly on the score of her work.

Unfortunately for her, Allison came around the corner of the hut in time to hear her. She was carrying a bowl of soup for an emaciated-looking Indian lolling in the shadow of the doorway.

"Nonsense," she called brightly

to Barry as she gave the soup to the Indian. "You take her right along. We've got to see she doesn't overwork—like this poor Indian did." Her eyes met Lila's steadily. A shadow passed over Lila's face. Then she said with slow effort, "All right—I'd love to go." (To Be Continued)

The war in the east is as much a United Kingdom war as the war in Europe is a New Zealand and Australian war.—British Deputy Prime Minister Clement Attlee.



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THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



SKI TROOPS FIRST WERE USED 135 YEARS AGO IN THE SWEDISH-NORWEGIAN WAR, WITH 2000 SKI RUNNERS IN THE LATTER ARMY. NOT UNTIL THE WORLD WAR WAS THE IDEA USED AGAIN, AND THEN BY THE AUSTRILIANS, SWISS, AND ITALIANS, ON THE ALPINE FRONTIERS.

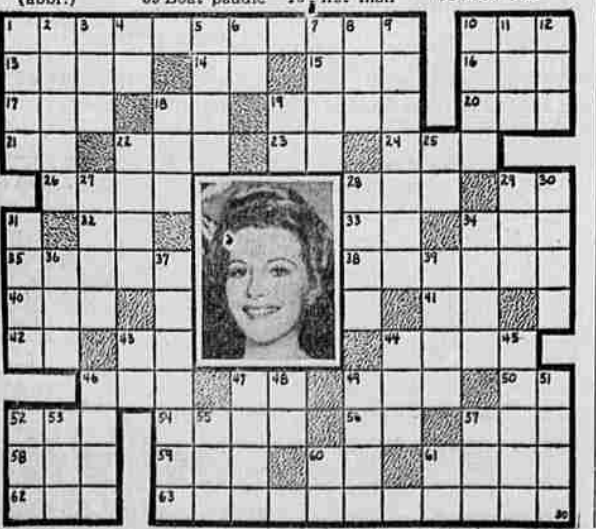


AN ELEPHANT'S HEART HAS A CIRCUMFERENCE OF FIVE FEET, AND MAY WEIGH OVER SIXTY POUNDS.

NEXT: How high can man go without extra oxygen?

SCREEN ACTRESS

Word puzzle section with a grid and clues. Includes 'Answer to Previous Puzzle' and a list of crossword clues.



Out Our Way

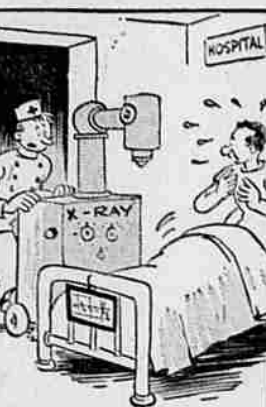
By J. R. Williams

Our Boarding House

With Major Hoopie

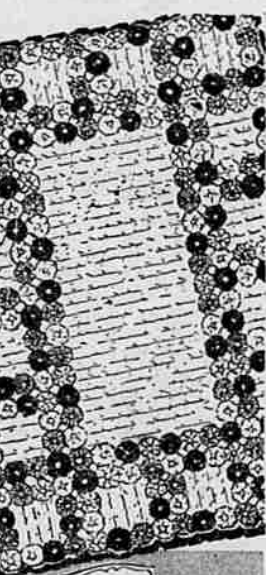


HOLD EVERYTHING!



"Don't be alarmed, sir—we're just trying to find a dime the cook lost in the soup today!"

CROCHET SCRAPS FOR "MEDALLION" RUG



7536 by Alice Brooks

Here's a new use for left-over fabric remnants! Collect all the most colorful scraps and crochet them into flower medallions for this attractive rug. Make the rest of it in inexpensive rug cotton. A charming idea for bedroom, bathroom or to use as a summer seater style. Pattern 7536 contains instructions for rug, stitches, list of materials.

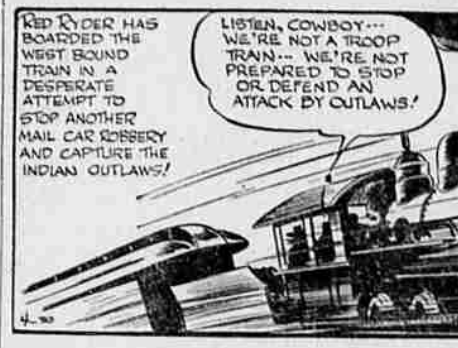
To obtain this pattern send 11 cents in coin to The Herald and News, Household Arts Dept., Klamath Falls. Do not send this picture, but keep it and the number for reference. Be sure to wrap coin securely, as a loose coin often slips out of the envelope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No. _____, to _____ followed by your name and address.

The post-war world must be one wherein the man who, through his contribution today, merits security tomorrow and who shows that he can and wishes to work, will not suffer from oppression, hunger, lack of shelter, and unemployment.—Vice President Henry Wallace.

Brazil is willing to fight side by side with the United Nations and she is prepared to send troops to fight abroad. We expect to fight abroad eventually to achieve complete collaboration.—Gov. Raphael Fernandes of state of Rio Grande do Norte, Brazil.

The war in its fourth year has reached its hardest stage and the way out of its trials and sufferings, or even its end, can now be discerned.—Nazi Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels.

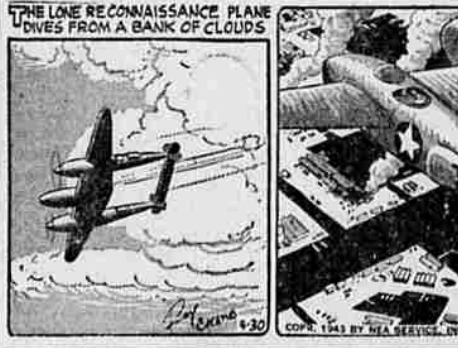
Red Ryder



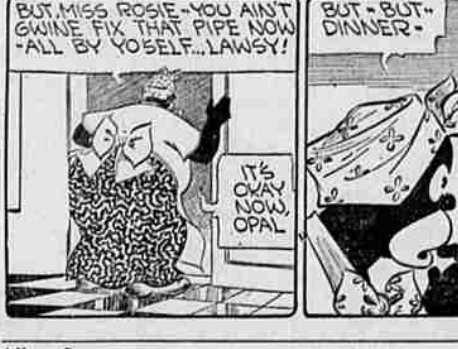
Freckles and His Friends



Wash Tubbs



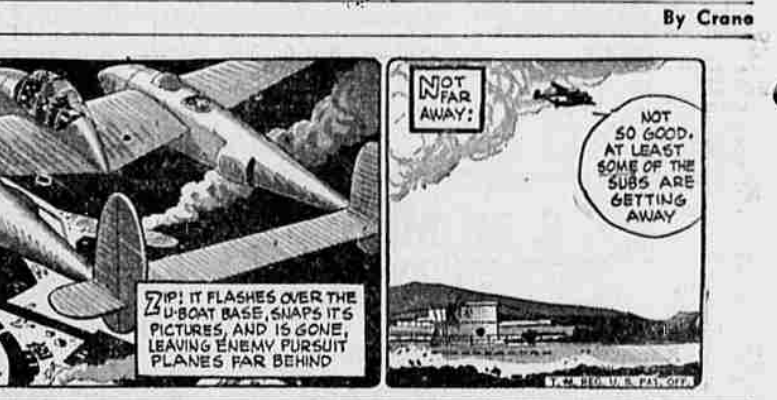
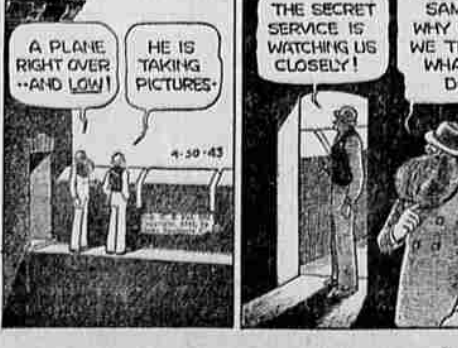
Boots and Her Buddies



Allep Oop



Little Orphan Annie



Yes, that's Pappy Hoopie =