Our Boarding House

OF THE PLUSH ALBUM

ALL RIGHT! --- THE

MAJOR WILL BLOW A

FUSE WHEN WE TELL

HIM HIS FATHER LIT IN TOWN FLYING HIS OWN HELICOPTER!

TAKE MY

THE AIR - J

PORT, GUS!

AROUND FOR YEARS, CHUMS!

CRATE -- I COULD GET HER DOWN IN A PHONE BOOTH!

WELL, THIS TAKES THE) OH, I'VE BEEN ZOOMING

YES, THAT'S

PAPPY

HOOPLE =

By Fred Harmon

By Blosser

By Crane

By Martin

SO GOOD

DARK JUNGLES

ALLISON'S PLANS

CHAPTER XXI

BUSY days stretched shead for everyone at the estancia. From every direction in the jungle chicleros brought their canvas bags

of fresh latex to the clearing. 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, poured into the cooling molds. There was the weighing to be done, the paying off of each chi-clero, the mules and men to be fed and bedded, and constant pro-tection of the chicle from the drenching rains.

Barry had taken over the task of stamping each brick of cooling chicle with the trademark of the plantation. It was a small but im-portant routine which Renaldo did not like to leave to natives and it eased Barry's impatience some-what. Each of Renaldo's tasks ac-

what. Each of Renaldo's tasks accomplished brought the next visit
to Moncha Suma nearer.

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. The fame of
her zoot caps had spread like wild
fire among the horde of chicleros,
and she was besieged with calls
for more.

for more.

She had stitched the first caps painstakingly by hand. But with the sudden demand, this method would not suffice. She came hurwould not sume. She came nur-rying across the clearing one suf-focatingly hot morning to the veranda where Lila and Barry were having breakfast. 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

those rushing trips of yours and someone will scoop you up for latex."

ALLISON laughed gally, push-A ing back an unruly sunburned lock of hair off her tanned face with the back of her hand.

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."

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

Allison gave her guest a quick

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

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 short Allison a look of mick

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 partial 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

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

snd 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 smille was impassive. "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 stanting to the Topping picions. She found herself going back and forth from the Topping setancia 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. Lifa had planned her trip so carefully—a swift descent upon the plantation, a rapid expose of the stupid little filrt who had lured Barry to her estancia, and a return to New York with a convalescent flance. How differently it had worked out! Barry stubbornly determined to stay here until Renaldo could take him to make peace with the Quiche hief. And her own efficiency turned as a boomerang upon her by the willy Allison, it was insufferable!

For Barry expected miracles THE days became long, grueling

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-

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY COPYRIGHT, 1943. 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.

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 hailed her over.

"Want to go out on a short trek into the jungle and see the prize

into the jungle and see the prize zapote tree?" he grinned as she turned back. Renaldo beamed at her. Her

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

Lila wanted to shrick 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 allbied 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 car-rying a bowl of soup for an ema-ciated-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)

Out Our Way

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



SO CENTS BUYS 12 YARDS OF BARBED WIRE

Twelve yards of barbed wire might slow down a Jap just long enough for one of our boys to draw a bead on his noggin.

War Stamps buy barbed vire.

Your spare room—RENT ED—will buy War Stamps.

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 barbed wire!

> Herald & News Want-Ads **Get Results**

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

11 Folding bed 12 Golf device 18 Atmosphere 19 Either

22 Hoop 25 Id est (abbr.)

31 Indeterminate

quantity 34 Deserve 36 Moving trucs

27 Shallow

utensil





NEXT: How high can man go without extra oxygen?

SCREEN ACTRESS

HORIZONTAL 1 Pictured motion picture ALAMO SIIT TEXAS 18 Atmos
TIITIAN EVA SMILE 19 Either
OPENETIAPE EXIT 22 Hoop
PAC IRK
FARET ALAMO TEALA
28 Aid
Utensi
ARABE ALAMO TEALA
29 State
1 FARET ALAMO TEALA
29 State
20 Gello actress, -10 Perform 13 Algerian seaport 14 Erbium (symbol) EVADE SPAHI
OH ABEL TIAME PM quantity
SEEPNATAL ASEA 34 Deserve
SALON TOR ATTAR 36 Moving
ALARM ENT TSARS 37 Mollusk 15 Age 16 Female deer 17 Container 18 Near 19 Russian city 20 Dined 60 Place (abbr.) 61 Small part 62 Born 42 Half an em 21 Cloth measure 22 Twice 23 Music note 43 Laughter sound 44 Tear 24 Goal 26 She is a 46 Relative (abbr.) 1 Jupiter movie — 28 High card 47 Symbol for 2 Russian 29 Compass point 32 Rhode Island (abbr.) 33 Exist cobalt 49 Strike lightly 50 Part of "be" mountains 3 Pillar 4 Within 52 Beverage 5 Wagers 54 Praise 6 Iridium

37 Mollusk
39 Stair
43 Him
44 Sped away
45 Also
46 Speed contest
47 Check
48 Alleged force
49 Soft mineral
51 Bird
52 Light brown 63 Periodical VERTICAL 52 Light brown 53 Before 55 Amateu 34 Auricle 35 Ellipsoidal objects 38 Compositions 40 Month (symbol) 7 This place Athletic Union (abbr.)
57 Edible fern
rootstock
60 Jumbled typs 8 Mineral rock Worshipful (abbr.) 9 Homes of 18 Circle part 59 Boat paddle 41 Transpose (abbr.) kings 10 First man 61 That one ings, or even its end, can no-where be discerned.—Nazi Pro-

J.P.WILLIAMS INDIVIDUALISM HOLD EVERYTHING!

HOSPITAL

"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

by Alice Brooks

Here's a new use for left-over

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

scatter style, Pattern 7536 con

tains instructions for rug; stitch-

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 num-ber for reference. Be sure to

wrap coin securely, as a loose

coin often slips out of the envel-

ope. Requests for patterns should read, "Send pattern No., to followed by

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 ex-

pect to fight abroad eventually

to achieve complete collabora-tion.—Gov. Raphael Fernandes of state of Rio Grande do

The war in its fourth year has reached its hardest stage and the

way out of its trials and suffer-

paganda Minister Paul Joseph

Norte, Brazil.

Goebbels.

your name and address.

es; list of materials.



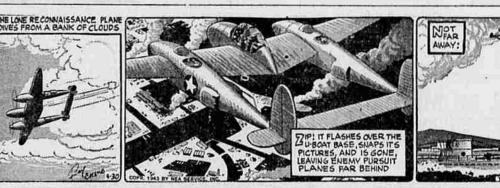
Freckles and His Friends





I DON'T KNOW WHAT

Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies

BUT, MISS ROSIE - YOU AIN'T GWINE FIX THAT PIPE NOW -ALL BY YO'SELF... LAWSY!



Allep Oop



OPAL

DING SQUEEK

Little Orphan Annie

HM-M MUST PEOPLE HERE-

By Harold Gray

WERE ON THE SAME SIDE ... WHY SHOULDN'T THE SECRET SERVICE IS A PLANE HE IS TAKING PICTURES WE TELL THEM WHAT WERE DOING? CLOSELY! RIGHT OVER

WAY TO COULD WORM ANY SECRET OF OUR SECRET IS TO TEL SERVICE-NO ONE-

THAT WAS NOT COUNTRY - BUT PERHAPS ALL