

# DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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## TREACHERY

### CHAPTER XXV

FOR a long minute after he opened his heavy eyes Barry could not think where he was. His groping consciousness told him it must be the jungle. Yet it wasn't. The swaying branches and vines above him were shadows on the gray of a ceiling. A dull alarm echoed through him, a sharp presentiment of disappointment. He was not on his way through the jungle.

He raised his head and found he was in his bed in the estancia. A pool of yellow sunshine lay on the floor before the window. And at the edge of it, Lila was sitting in a low chair. She rose and came over quickly.

"How do you feel?"

There was a look of sharp concern, almost irritation, in her dark eyes as she bent over him.

Barry groaned. "How'd I get back here?" he complained.

"Tony brought you."

He cursed silently.

She gave him a quick and sympathetic half smile. "I know," she said. "It is maddening to have one's plans upset."

His watch told him it was already 3 o'clock. Sounds of activity in the clearing were drifting in through the window. Barry raised himself on an elbow and looked out, even as he asked, "What's going on out there?"

He could see for himself. A dozen Indians were packing the blocks of chicle into waterproof bags and fastening them securely to the sides of the small pack mules.

Barry watched the scene with satisfaction, thinking with respect of the hours of dangerous and difficult labor that had gone into the blocks of chicle.

"So the chicle pack train is really leaving for Puerto Barrios?"

Lila came back into the room with his coffee. He saw now that her black hair was done high on her head. Her white sheer dress, the yellow flower in the coils of her hair carried a freshness into the room. She propped his pillows expertly and fixed his napkin.

"Since you couldn't make the trip into the Quiche country," she said softly, "how about resting today and going with me on the mule train? A boat leaves Puerto Barrios for New York next week."

Barry sipped his coffee slowly. He felt weak, but well. The fever had run its course again. He said with relief, "No. I'm all right. I'll be able to start again tomorrow morning. Allison was right. I had no business to try it yesterday."

She had moved to the window and was watching the loading. "Did it ever occur to you," she asked, in her low voice, "that the company might prefer your coming home and sending a new man down here?"

"Sure, it has," Barry shrugged. "But I'm sending my reports on the boat. And the next guy couldn't do much if I don't get straightened around with Moncha Suma."

She gave a cry of exasperation. "Moncha Suma! I've heard nothing but Moncha Suma ever since I arrived! Can't you ever think of anyone else?" She crossed to his bed and sank down on the edge of it, her eyes somber dark pools. "Me, for instance?"

He grinned a little sheepishly. "It's not that I love the old boy more than you, sweetheart. It's just that it's more important to the war effort right now that he loves me than that you do."

"Well, you're not alone there," Barry consoled humorously.

Anger smoldered suddenly in her dark eyes, tightened her lips. "Alone or not," she burst out, "I don't like it." She rose and faced him in open fury. "And war effort or not—I don't think you've been neglecting Allison Topping!"

Barry regarded the furious girl with dismay. "Oh, come on now, Lila," he rebuked. "That's not cricket. I admit Allison did go out of her way that first night on the boat to put on a predatory act for you. But she's not that type at all."

"Really?" Lila laughed icily. "Since when did you learn so much about women?"

"You've been here a couple of weeks now," Barry argued. "Couldn't you see she's all wrapped up in this plantation? And there's Renaldo—"

"Can't you see," retorted Lila with bitter scorn, "that she's using them both as bait for you? The plantation—to show you how smart she is—Renaldo to make you jealous."

Barry's dismay broke into a shouting laugh. "You really flatter a man! Allison's a little dizzy, but not that dizzy! She's got a real business here and she's running it."

"I see," Lila's voice dripped sly sarcasm. Well, the Quiche chief is not her business. If she isn't trying to impress you, then why did she have to act the heroine and rush off last night with Tony for your rendezvous?"

Barry's chuckles died slowly. He stared at his fiancée in bewilderment. "You mean—Allison started off to answer Moncha Suma's summons?"

Lila nodded.

"My God!" Barry cried wildly. "Why didn't you stop her?"

"I tried hard enough," Lila said shortly. "She seemed to think

she knew all about your business and could talk the chief around as well as you could."

A reluctant grin broke over Barry's concerned face. "Why, the plucky little devil," he said. "I did tell her a lot about the stuff when she typed my reports. And, knowing how important the thing was—"

He swung out of bed and into robe and slippers. "But she might get into a whale of a mess. Have them get a mule ready, will you, Lila?"

Lila's voice stopped him. It was strident and harsh. "Can't you see she just wanted you to come after her and rescue her?"

Barry was gathering up clothes and starting for the shower. "This isn't the time for jokes, darling. That girl is in real danger."

But Lila blocked his way. "And I tell you she's not!" she cried, her anger burning through her. "I know!"

"How do you know?" Barry scoffed.

"Because Renaldo's men have stopped her—thinking it was you."

She looked frightened then as she realized what she had told him, but her rage mounted above her fear. "All right!" she screamed. "I did arrange with Renaldo to have you stopped and discouraged by some Quiche Indian friends of his. It was one of them who brought the note. This whole business of yours here is too ridiculous! You don't belong down here. I love you and want to take care of you!"

"I don't like to be taken care of—by trickery," Barry said steadily.

"All right," Lila said. "Stay down and be killed if you want! But I'm not going to worry my heart out!" She stripped her ring from her finger and flung it at him.

"You can go back on the pack

train," Barry said. "Goodbye." Lila flung the word back at him like a curse as she swept out of his room, slamming the door behind her.

(To Be Continued)

Scientists agree that a bee can't see red. But they have a way of making humans see it.

People who brag about being overbright are the ones likely to get polished off.

Elephants have a 17-pound brain.

## I WANT YOU...



Uncle Sam has picked you out To help him stop the foe. Every war bond that you buy Hits 'em high and low.

If you haven't ready cash, Sell stored and unused things! The cash you get when put in bonds Buys Uncle Sammy's wings.

DO IT NOW— NOT TOMORROW

Herald & News Want-Ads Get Results

## THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



**GAS** HAS CAUSED MILLIONS OF DEATHS IN THE PRESENT WAR, AND EVERY NATION IS USING IT... FOR IT IS THE EXPLOSIVE POWER OF GAS THAT PROPELS PROJECTILES, PLANES AND SHIPS, AND PUTS THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCE IN SHELLS AND BOMBS.

## QUOTING ODDS

**DANDELION ROOTS**, ROASTED AND GROUND, ARE USED IN SOME COUNTRIES AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

**A PERSON CAN BE ON HIS LAST LEGS AND STILL BE ON HIS FIRST ONES.** M. H. BREMSER, Sacramento, California.

NEXT: Dinosaurs in Dakota.

## AMERICAN WARPLANE

- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Depicted U. S. warplane, the Consolidated B-24C
  - 8 Nazi Europe
  - 13 At home
  - 14 Breed of small horses
  - 15 Symbol for uranium
  - 16 That one
  - 17 Near
  - 18 Group of eight singers
  - 19 Perish
  - 20 From
  - 21 Steal
  - 22 Flock of pigeons
  - 23 Owl (prefix)
  - 25 Wager
  - 26 Fewer
  - 28 Stretcher
  - 30 Melee
  - 32 Annoy
  - 34 Small object
  - 37 Bustle
  - 38 Falsehood
  - 39 2000 pounds
  - 40 Alaskan city
  - 42 Four (comb.)
- Answer to Previous Puzzle**
- CARROLL ACTRESS**  
ETHANAL MARITAL  
AENEAS ART ASH A  
SOAKER K KEEN  
ERS SE MADLLEN C RAT  
SI ALP RERS
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Revolver
  - 2 Within
  - 3 Self
  - 4 Mistake (abbr.)
  - 48 Exists
  - 49 It has —
  - 50 Until
  - 52 Hindu garment
  - 55 Article
  - 56 Chinese pagoda
  - 59 Postscript (abbr.)

**Convict Training Program Hits Snag**

SALEM, May 5 (AP)—Plans of the state board of control to establish a vocational training program at the state penitentiary struck a snag today when representatives of organized labor objected to it.

The board requested O. I. Paulson, state director of vocational education, who would run the prison program, to confer with the labor leaders.

Some men find it easy to acquire a large vocabulary—simply by marrying.

The quickest way to silence a group of women is to ask who is the eldest.

The dogwood is the state flower of North Carolina.

## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams



## HOLD EVERYTHING!



You'd better try another spot with that sign, chum!

## ONE-A-DAY MOTIFS FOR KITCHEN TOWELS



7541 by Alice Brooks

Remember those all-in-one-line drawings you did as a child? The same idea is used in these kitchen towel motifs—with gay effect! A task for each weekday is performed by these merry kittens, in simple outline stitch and lazy-daisy flowers. Pattern 7541 contains a transfer pattern of six 6 1/2 inch motifs; 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 pattern, 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. \_\_\_\_\_, followed by your name and address."

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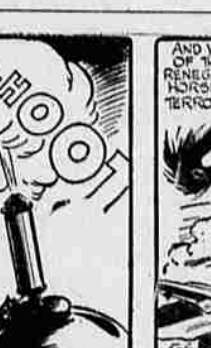
## Our Boarding House

With Major Hoople



## Red Ryder

By Fred Harmon



HE WINGED THE CHIEF— AN' THIS— MY LAST SHOT— HOPE THE ENGINEER REMEMBERS THAT— NOW'S HIS TIME!



AND WITH THE SHRILL PLAST OF THE WHISTLE, THE RANGING INDIAN OUTLAWS HORSES BOLT WITH TERROR—

—BUCKING OFF THE SURPRISED TRAIN ROBBERS AS RED RYDER RELOADS!

## Freckles and His Friends

By Blosser



THE SKIDOO WAS BEEN DYING ON ITS FEET, BOYS!

MAYBE WE CAN SAVE IT FROM A NATURAL DEATH! READ THE SHADYSIDE HIGH SKIDOO

GOT ANY IDEAS?

YES! HOW DOES THIS SOUND? YOU AND LARD DIG UP A STORY ABOUT SOMETHING THAT'S HAPPENED ON THE CAMPUS—OR SOMETHING THAT COULD HAPPEN!—GIVE IT MYSTERY AND SUSPENSE AND FILL THE READERS' MINDS WITH QUESTION MARKS!

SOUNDS SWELL!

WHY IS ROOM 103 NO LONGER USED BY SCIENCE CLASSES? WHY IS THE GLASS PAINTED BLACK—AND WHY IS THE DOOR ALWAYS CLOSED?

?

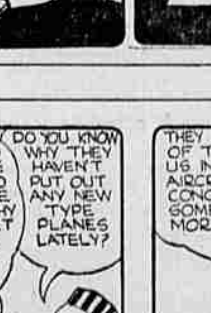
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## Wash Tubbs

By Crane



WELL, DON'T BE DISCOURAGED BECAUSE WE DIDN'T SIGHT A U-BOAT YOUR FIRST TIME OUT, EASY. THERE ARE FELLOWS IN COASTAL COMMAND WHO'VE BEEN FLYING ALMOST EVERY DAY FOR TWO YEARS AND HAVE NEVER SIGHTED ONE

ON THE OTHER HAND, LAST SUMMER I SIGHTED FOUR IN TWO DAYS!

BLAZES! HOW MANY OF THEM DID YOU GET, STOOOP?

NONE! THREE OF THEM DIED BEFORE I COULD GET INTO POSITION! THE OTHER WAS A PUSH OVER—AND WHAT HAPPENED? WHY I GOT SO EXCITED I WAS ALL THIMBLES THAT'S HOW I GOT THE NICKNAME STOOOP—IT STANDS FOR STUPID

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## Boots and Her Buddies

By V. T. Hamlin



HERE YOU ARE, BUFFIE! YOUR PLANES, THANKS TO ME, HAVE BEEN FRONT PAGED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY SINCE I'VE BEEN ON THE JOB

BROTHER, I'M PUTTING BUFFINGTON ON THE MAP

YOU ARE?

LISTEN, LOUD MOUTH! MY PLANES WERE THE BEST EVER HEARD OF! YOU! THEY'VE ALREADY BEEN TO TOKYO AND BERLIN—AND THEY'RE GOING BACK

PRECISELY! THAT'S WHAT GAVE ME THE BIGGEST OFF OF MY CAREER—THE BUFFINGTON BLONDE

GOSH, IS IT THAT BAD?

HMM—! DECIDEDLY, IF TRUE

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## Allep Oop

By Martin



IF THE LAW THINKS WE'RE BETTER OFF WITH YOU IN JAIL, GO DO IT! YOU'LL GET NO HELP FROM ME!

NOW WAIT...LEMMIE TELL YOU SOMETHING, THE NAZIS HOPED FOR A QUICK VICTORY WITH THEIR OVERWHELMING AIR FORCE... BUT THEY DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT, DID THEY?

NO, AND NOW WE'VE SURPASSED THEM... MORE REASON WHY WE CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU!

DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY HAVEN'T PUT OUT ANY NEW TYPE PLANES LATELY?

THEY REALIZE THE UTILITY OF TRYING TO MATCH US IN EXISTING TYPE AIRCRAFT, SO THEY'VE CONCENTRATED ON SOMETHING FAR MORE DEADLY...

WHICH WILL REVOLUTIONIZE AIR WARFARE? CAUGHT OFF BALANCE, OUR PLANES WILL BE MADE OBSOLETE OVERNIGHT... BY ROCKETS!

GOSH, IS IT THAT BAD?

HMM—! DECIDEDLY, IF TRUE

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## Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



BUT THEY'RE SECRET SERVICE GUYS! I DON'T UNDERSTAND?

THEY CAN'T BE MIND READERS— LET THEM ROAM AROUND FOR A WHILE—

BUT THEY TREAT UNCLE MALCOLM LIKE A CRIMINAL— WON'T EVEN LISTEN TO HIM—

LATER, THEY WILL LISTEN— FIRST, THEY MUST SEE FOR THEMSELVES—

SEE WHAT? THEY'LL NEVER FIND THESE SECRET PASSAGES— THE TRAP— OR THE SUBTERRANEAN POOL—

SO LET THEM LOOK— IT CAN DO NO HARM—

LATER, THEY WILL ASK QUESTIONS AND BE VERY GLAD TO LISTEN TO THE ANSWERS—

MAYBE I DON'T LIKE 'EM TREATIN' UNCLE MALCOLM LIKE THAT—

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