

DARK JUNGLES

BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

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REINALDO CHAPTER XXVIII THE three men slid down the steep bank of the hillock and joined Allison, who had been waiting below.

"Let's go back down the path a safe distance where we can talk without being overheard," Barry whispered.

Without another word the little group retraced their steps a few hundred yards and stopped under a clump of tamaracs.

Allison jumped from the mule's back.

"I feel like a pretzel!" she whispered, stretching her legs and doing a routine of bending exercises.

Barry's face was a study in thoughtfulness. Finally he said, "I think the next thing is to follow this trail down and see if we can find where they are treating the ore."

Hall opened his shirt and dug into a money belt. Presently he pulled out a crumpled letter and handed it to Barry.

"This is the letter the company secured from the Guatemalan government to the Quiche chief asking for his co-operation. It should carry some weight if I can ever get to him."

Barry's face brightened as he read the letter. When he finished he said, "I've got it! The Quiches have never seen you, and Tony here speaks enough of their language to act as your interpreter. Why don't you and Tony go to the chief at once and Allison and I will follow this trail and see what we can find out. From what the chief told me he doesn't know that these remote mines are being worked. He did say that he'd been having trouble with some of his tribesmen—that he knew some white men were giving them money—breaking the oath of Chichicstenango."

"I can't believe that Renaldo would have any hand in this sort of thing," Allison said. "He knows too well what the dangers would be if the tribe were aroused."

"It's hard to believe," Barry agreed. "But you told me yourself Renaldo is ambitious."

"We, of course, have no right to condemn him—yet!" Allison said.

"No, not yet."

TONY was busy tightening the cinches on the two mules, getting ready for the trek to the village-of-the-market-place.

"How far is it from here to the Quiche village?" Hall asked Tony.

The Indian scratched his black thatch of hair. "We be there before sundown."

Hall shook hands with Allison and Barry and left.

"We can't be far from the coast," Barry said, smiling apologetically. "If you can take it we'll push on."

Allison was running a comb through her hair. She stopped and smiled up at Barry.

"What do you mean—if I can take it?"

Barry laid his hands on her slender shoulders and there was a twinkle in his gray eyes.

"I guess I shouldn't ever question your ability to take it after the way you've come through hardship down here." He hesitated for a moment and then went on. "I keep thinking of the girl I met on the boat in New York. The girl who had never known what hardship was."

"That was so long ago," Allison said in a hushed voice, "that that Allison seems like a dream to me. I don't think I ever knew her—really."

Her violet eyes were shining in the pale light of early morning. Barry tightened his grip on her shoulders and brushed his lips lightly over her forehead. He had a wild desire to crush her in his arms, to pour out what was really in his heart—but his job wasn't done. He couldn't ask a girl to believe in him until he could prove his courage was a match for hers. He pulled himself away from her and said shortly, "Let's be getting along."

Barry insisted that they stop often to rest and bathe their hands and faces in the cold cascades of spring water that suddenly sprang from rocks to sparkle briefly in the sun and run away down the slope.

The sinking sun was setting everything afire with its glow when the Caribbean finally loomed below them like a sheet of colored glass. The air grew warmer as they reached the lowlands and the sun had been swallowed up by the sea when Barry suddenly pulled his mule to a stop. He pointed ahead and spoke in a low voice.

"See those fires down there? That must be where they treat the ore."

ALLISON'S eyes were taking in the scene. A dozen fires were

glowing through the dusk and the dark forms of men were moving in their light.

"What do we do now?" Allison asked.

"We'll get as close as we can and still be safe."

They moved on slowly until they came to a clump of trees. Barry stopped and slid from his mule. He motioned Allison to follow. Together they watched. The glow from the fires showed the outlines of huge clay ovens. Indians were shoveling in the ore to be roasted. Others were filling large earthenware jugs with the precious quicksilver and sealing the tops with wax. Two Indians were hoisting the heavy jugs onto a two-wheeled cart.

"I think Hall was right!" Barry whispered. "They are loading the fishing boats and will probably wait until late tonight to sail out to a waiting submarine."

They moved stealthily through the night, skirted around the flat promontory where the roasting was being carried on and didn't stop until they stood in the dark shadows on the narrow strip of beach.

Two-wheel carts were coming in a steady stream down the slope and through the sand to the water's very edge. The heavy wheels cut deeply into the soft beach and Quiche drivers urged the mules on with cracking whips.

A fire burned on the beach to cast an eerie light for loaders who were stowing the jars into boats no larger than dinghies! Suddenly from out of the blackness a man in white riding breeches and boots stepped into the glow of the firelight. He was shouting orders to the Indians, urging them to hurry with their loading.

Allison's small hand clutched Barry's arm.

"Look!"

Barry stiffened. Through hard-clenched teeth he muttered, "Why, the rat! Renaldo!" (To Be Continued)

A lot of people think we're running a race, trying to beat each other's record. We don't have any such competition. A pilot who hasn't shot down one plane and stays in there to protect his leader and to fight rates higher than the pilot with the big score.—Capt. Joe Foss, America's No. 1 ace: 26 planes.

Always read the classified ads.

Paint a Large Room for \$2.85. 1 Gallon Speedeasy Plus 1/4 Gallon Water Does the Trick. Covers Wall Paper. It's DuPont's. F. R. HAUGER 515 Market Phone 7221

THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson

MEXICO'S MOUNT POPocatepetl ONCE REMAINED DORMANT OVER 100 YEARS, AND THEN BURST FORTH INTO VIOLENT ERUPTION. CASTOR OIL IS THE ONLY OIL, EITHER VEGETABLE OR MINERAL, THAT IS SOLUBLE IN ALCOHOL! AN AVIATOR WHO FLIES ON THE 'IRON BEAM' TO HIS DESTINATION DOES WHAT? ANSWER: Follows a railroad. NEXT: Fighting fire with fog.

U. S. ARMY INSIGNE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words. Includes a small illustration of a woman's face.

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

Comic strip panel showing a man on a horse talking to another man. Dialogue includes: 'BONUS DEBUS, AMIGOS! MUCHO OGWA MAKE CAMPO MUCHO VERDE... HAH?' and 'PORE WEG! HE'S LEARNING CASTILIAN SPANISH FROM A BOOK AND TRYIN' IT OUT ON A LOW SPANISH WHO THINKS ITS HIGH ENGLISH!'

Our Boarding House With Major Hoopla

Comic strip panel showing a man sitting in a chair while others talk. Dialogue includes: 'YEP I SAW SOME SMART ANIMALS, WORKIN' IN THE ZOO!—HAD A CRIME GANG THERE ONCE—HARRY THE HYENA WOULD LAUGH TO DRAW A CROWD—THEN ELMO THE ELEPHANT PICKED THEIR POCKETS AND HID HIS LOOT IN PETE THE PELICAN'S BEAK—BUT PERCY THE PARROT SQUEALED ON 'EM!' and 'I SUPPOSE YOU HAD A KANGAROO THAT JUMPED AT CONCLUSIONS, TOO!'

HOLD EVERYTHING!

Comic strip panel showing a man in a uniform talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'Give my little brother a quarter so he won't bother us!' and 'WE'RE NEARIN' DOWN, RED RYDER! RECKON YOU'LL WANTA TURN YOUR TRAIN ROBBIN' INJUN OUTLAWS OVER TO 'T SHERIFF!'

Red Ryder

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'NOT YET, ENGINEER—SLOW DOWN OUTSIDE OF TOWN AND DON'T PULL IN TILL I MAKE A PERSONAL CALL!' and 'KEEP QUIET, PO-NO! ME GOTTA BIG IDEA TO HELP RED RYDER AND MY PEOPLE!'

By Fred Harmon

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'LITTLE DEENER... IF CHIEF FIND-UM US HERE—HIM—HIM—KILL US!' and 'YOU'D BETTER WEAR SLACKS ON MONDAY, LANA... THIS IS GONNA TURN THE WHOLE SCHOOL UPSIDE DOWN!!!'

DAINTY TRIM FOR HOUSEHOLD LINENS

Illustration of a woman in a dress and a man in a suit, with text describing household linens.

Freckles and His Friends

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'WHY NOT SAY WE SAW A SPY SNOOPING AROUND ROOM 103?' and 'WEARING A VEIL, AND LOOKING VERY MYSTERIOUS!'

By Blosser

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'HERE'S YOUR "VEILED LADY"—IT'S THE BEST I COULD DO!' and 'SHE'S A PIP, MILT!'

Wash Tubbs

Illustration of a ship at sea with text describing a submarine sighting.

Boots and Her Buddies

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'THE CONVOY TURNS OFF AT RIGHT ANGLES THE MOMENT IT LEARNS A U-BOAT HAS BEEN SIGHTED SEVERAL MILES AHEAD' and 'THAT MEANS THE SUB WILL HAVE TO SURFACE IN ORDER TO MAKE GREATER SPEED AND ESTABLISH CONTACT. PLOT A COURSE THAT'LL BRING US BACK TO THAT SPOT EVERY 20 MINUTES, STEVE. WE'RE GOING TO KEEP DROPPING THRU THE CLOUDS UNTIL WE GET THAT BABY'

By Crona

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'OKAY! I'M GOING TO TURN YOU LOOSE ON THAT BUFFINGTON BLONDE STUNT! BUT I STILL THINK IT'S A DOPEY IDEA' and 'YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT'

by Alice Brooks

Illustration of a woman in a dress with text describing a pattern for linens.

Allop Oop

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'LISTEN, ELBERT IF THE NAT'L BUREAU DEVELOPED ROCKETS TO THE EXTENT BOOM SUSPECTS, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP 'EM FRUSTRATE THEIR PLANS!' and 'BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO HELP 'EM GET THIS HEAT-RESISTING ROCKET-ENGINE METAL?'

By Martin

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'WHY THAT'S IN ENEMY TERRITORY! HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO GET YOU TO ITALY WHEN I CAN'T GET MORE THAN AN 'A' GASOLINE RATION?' and 'YOU DON'T USE GASOLINE TO OPERATE THE TIME-MACHINE!'

Little Orphan Annie

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'NO SHORT WAVE RADIO? BAH! MUST BE—BUT WHERE? THERE'S PLENTY PECULIAR ABOUT THIS BUSINESS—' and 'WHERE'S YOUR TELEPHONE?'

By Harold Gray

Comic strip panel showing a man in a suit talking to a woman. Dialogue includes: 'HEY! LOOK! LANDING ON THE RIVER! WE'VE GOT COMPANY--' and 'WHAT DO YOU KNOW! DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES—'

First woman on the floor in the 151-year history of the New York Stock Exchange is Helen Hanzelin, telephone clerk for a brokerage firm.

Illustration of a woman on a telephone with text describing her role as a telephone clerk.