CHAPTER XXIX WHAT now?" Allison whis-

pered. "We'll have to figure out some way to keep those boats from sailing! If Renaldo is selling this

stuff to the axis that will be one load of vital material they'll never "But we don't dare reveal our-

selves," Allison said quietly. "We're outnumbered ten to one and Renaldo wouldn't stop at anything now!" "If there were only some way

we could divert their attention for a few hours, maybe Hall would arrive with help." Barry's eyes swept up and down the dark coastline. Finally he turned to Allison. "I've got an idea!"

He quickly tied the mules to some low scrubby bushes and took Allison's hand. Carefully they crept along through the brush. Once a dry twig snapped under Barry's foot. They stopped breathing for an instant as they saw Renaldo shade his eyes and peer in their direction. He must have been satisfied it was only an animal as he went back to his shouting at the Indians.

When they had gotten a good distance away Barry stopped.

"There's only one thing to do," he said. "This brush is dry as powder. We'll set fire to it and scram. The wind is from the sea and it'll keep Renaldo's Indians plenty busy for a while."

BARRY took a waterproof metal matchbox from his coat ocket. A tiny flame flared as he held it close to a dry bush. An Instant later great flames leaped skyward and crackled like a thousand tiny pistols.

Barry, Allison's hand clutched in his, was running wildly up the slope. The wind was whipping the fire to the north as they cut back, away from the inferno. When they got a safe distance from the blaze they stopped. They were both gasping for breath. From the raised ground they could see the Indians running along the beach in the direction of the fire. They were hacking down saplings with their machetes. Some were already beating at the licking, hungry flames.

"What if they can't stop the fire!" Allison said breathlessly. "It will stop at the canyon over the next hill," Barry reassured her. "They will be afraid it will bring the coast guard."

Barry slipped off his coat and spread it on the sandy ground.

"What happens next?" Allison "Next you're going to get some

"A swell time to expect anyone

"As tired as you are now you tould sleep in the middle of 42nd Street with the traffic zooming around you."

"How about you? I suppose you feel fresh as a daisy?"

"I feel all right," Barry lied.
"This fire will keep them busy for at least three or four hours. I'll stand watch and as soon as I see that they have it under control we'll move back from the coast and rest until night. It'll be dawn by the time they get that fire under control. They won't try to take those boats out until darkness sets in."

Allison was too thred to prove

She stretched out on the soft sand. still warm from the heat of the sun, and within five minutes was sleeping peacefully.

Barry sat on the ground, his eyes watching the red line of flames as they swept northward along the beach. They lighted the soft tropical sky with a pale, yellowich lowish glow.

The warm night air, the even pounding of the surf, the song of the wind, the distant crackling of the fire. . . . Barry felt himself getting drowsy again. He meant to get up but this time fatigue won out. He was suddenly asleep. He had slept for several hours when he first heard the sound of

when he first heard the sound of when he lifst heard the sound of volces. He opened his eyes slowly, like a man waking from a troubled dream. He saw first the feet and legs, then his eyes traveled up to the dark faces of a dozen mumbling Indians that stood in a circle around him Meet the circle around him. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, and looked over at Allison. She was still asleep. Dawn was breaking.

He heard footsteps running in the sand. A man broke through the circle of Indians and looked grimly down at him. Renald face twisted into a grim leer.

"Sticking your nose in where it doesn't belong!" he said bitterly. Then he noticed Allison. Dismay showed plainly on his handsome, dark fore.

"How'd she get here?"

"You thought she was safely locked up in the mountain estancia?" Barry said sharply.

"I thought she was back at plantation!" "I see," Barry said. "It was me your Indians were to have am-bushed but I didn't go, Allison went instead!"

"The blundering fools!" Renaldo

ALLISON woke up, startled, A frightened cry escaped her. "Don't worry, Miss Topping," Renaldo said quietly, "Nothing is going to happen to you-unless you bring it on yourself."

For the moment Allison was so stunned she couldn't answer. She was trying desperately to gather her wits.

her wits.

"Smart trick of yours to start that fire," Renaldo said. "Only it won't do you any good. Tonight when the fishing boats go out you'll be aboard, Fielding. What happens to you from then on will be somebody else's problem. You've just delayed us one night."

He turned to Allison and smiled. All the sharpness had fled from his voice.

All the sharpness had fled from his voice.
"Tomorrow I will take you back to the plantation," he said. "I'm sure you're a smart girl and won't cause any trouble. It would really be so useless for you to do anything now except what I tell you." Renaldo slid his automatic from the holster. Barry's hand shot to his side but it fell away again as he found his gun had been taken. Allison jumped to her feet and started toward Renaldo, her eyes blazing.

"Why you dirty—!"
Renaldo caught her wrist and twisted it until she winced.
"Now don't be difficult, my sweet, it will only cause you trouble." blazing.

and said something in Quiche. Immediately the Indian took short pieces of rope and bound first Barry's wrists, then Allison's. The Indians led them away down the slope to the beach. They walked for a quarter mile to a clump of trees. The Indian grunted, nodding that they could sit down on a fallen log. Then he stood on guard 10 feet away, fixing them with a hard, bright stare,

"Anyway, we had a good night's eep!" Allison said lightly. (To Be Concluded)

Much has been said about gov-ernment controls, but it is plain that they will have to be continued for a period after the war and then gradually relinquished, just as they have been gradually fastened on American enterprise C. of C. President Eric A. John ston.



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25 Golf device 26 Right side 47 Egyptian sun (abbr.) god 27 Ells English 50 Sash 53 Small part animal 54 Sister (abbr.) 2 Skill

(abbr.) 28 Spinning toy 30 Symbol for tellurium 31 Rigid 33 Membership list

35 Bone 40 Constrain 44 Dawn (comb. (abbr.) form) 64 Bind 45 Year (abbr.) 65 He is one of

46 Beret

55 Encounter 57 International language 58 From (prefix) 59 Lease 60 Eternity 62 Trinitrotoluol

8 Spoil 9 Place 13 Market 14 Otherwise

the - of

VERTICAL

1 Fur-bearing

3 Mother 4 Deserve 5 Long Island

(abbr.)

6 Plant

39 For

42 Smile broadly

(abbr.) 52 Small quantity

54 Was observed

53 Greek letter

56 Pedal digit 59 River (Sp.) 61 North Caro-

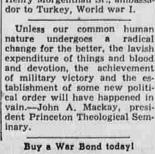
43 Direction

51 British

Independence 41 Baseball club

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5-10





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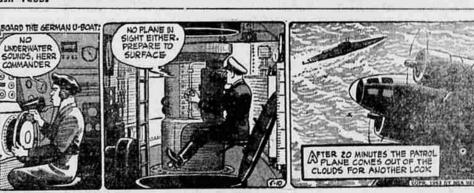
A CANDY BAR AND KEEP THE CHANGE!

CAN SING

THE LEAD

WHICH ONE OF YOU SMARTY MINTS HE IS!

Wash Tubbs



Boots and Her Buddies

局面

T. DARE

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HAS

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THESE BUT ALWAYS

A NEW RING AROUND

LIKE A FLOP-

THE TUB! -- SAY!

SITTING ROOM RE-

DECORATED --- IT'S

GETTING TO LOOK

HOUSE LOBBY!

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