BY JOHN C. FLEMING & LOIS EBY

BARRY FIELDING WINS

CHAPTER XXX BARRY was never to forget that

If Renaldo got him aboard that small boat, this would be his last dawn in a friendly country . . . his last sight of Allison.

She looked very small and very dear, crouched beside him on the

log, her pointed chin sunk into her hand, her eyes brooding over the shoreline, where a score of In-dians rushed to Renaldo's orders. Her cropped hair was a bright, tousled halo.

Her cropped hair was a Dignt, tousled halo.

Barry felt suddenly, for no reason, reckless and happy, "Allison," he grinned down at her. "Do you mind a personal question?"

"Why ask now?" she retorted morosely. "You've been shooting them at me for years."

"Are—were you in love with Renaldo?"

She frowned. "The beast," she cried viciously. Then she considered the question fairly. "No," she reported, turning to smile at Barry. "Thank goodness I wasn't. But I did think he was romantic and handsome and very nice. I was a moron."

Barry felt happier and more reckless. "You wouldn't fall in love with me, would you?" he

Barry felt happier and more reckless. "You wouldn't fall in love with me, would you?" he hazarded.

"I certainly would not," she snapped. "Not if I had the choice. You're too stubborn." She kicked her boot into the sand at her feet angrily. "Of course I didn't have the choice," she added under her breath. "I was in love with you one deep breath after I met you—as any fool could plainly see."

"I couldn't," said Barry.
"But," she flared, "I'm not without a certain code of honor even in the jungle. As soon as I get you out of this going-away-on-that-boat business, I'm sending you back to Lilla."

"That's big of you," Barry grinned, "but it'll be hard. Lila started for Puerto Barrios this morning."

THE Quiche guard's stolid gaze faltered as he watched his prisoners kiss. He had thought the white woman belonged to the Spaniard. With E sigh of relief, he noted that Renaldo himself was striding towards them from the

beach.

"The quicksilver is aboard," he said shortly, "The boat will leave shortly after sunset. There is no point in our staying here longer," He looked at Allison.

She said quickly, "I won't go back with you."

The Spaniard's face was set, but

cords in his neck swelled. "You won't go with him," he re-torted. Then his voice grew cool-ly formal. "You have everything to lose and nothing to gain by to lose and nothing to gain by resisting, Miss Topping. I drew up your father's will. In case of your death, I inherit the planta-tion."

"Boy, what you couldn't have done in Chicago," Barry murmur-ed sarcastically.

"Some day," Renaldo's voice softened as his dark gaze fixed on Allison, "we will be rulers of this country, you and I. Then you will thank me." He ordered the Indian to slash the rope that tied Allison's and Barry's wrists together.

Allison glowered at him through clenched teeth, "I can see myself thanking you," she said. As the Indian's knife severed

the rope, with an expert flick, Barry's memory flashed backward. He turned to Renaldo, his eyes

gleaming with suspicion.

"You said you hadn't seen Hall," he said. "But you had. You kept him from getting to the Moncha Suma and this private graft of yours. And you sent Indians up the coast to stop any more intuders bound for Quiche country. truders bound for Quiche country,

inders bound for Quicne country, didn't you?"

"That Indian who attacked you on the boat at Santiago!" cried Allison, aghast.

The thin smile that played over Renaldo's thin lips was crafty. He shrugged, "I am resourceful when my interests are jeopardized," he murmured. He nodded to the In-dian beside them. "Take the pris-oner to the boat."

"No!" Allison's cry rang out furious and desperate.

But before the Indian had reached Barry, Renaldo's voice cracked out again. Its swagger-ing smoothness was abruptly gone. There was a sharp note of anxiety

"You found Hall at the hidden shack? Where is he now?" shack? Where is he now?"

Barry grinned mockingly.
"Wouldn't you like to know?" he

taunted.

A dark shadow of fear crossed Renaldo's face. "He went to Mon-cha Suma!" Turning with nervous haste, he gave an Indian call.

THE Quiche Indians at the beach a started toward them at a trot.

The jutting promontory cut them from view momentarily. When they did not come around it, Renaldo called again.

His voice echoed back from the cliff.

After several minutes, he slid his gun from his holster and waved Barry and Allison before him. The four of them walked along the shoreline through the brilliant mist of the sunrise air. They rounded the promontory with breathless curiosity.

Before them in the narrow ra-vine that wound down to the sea

vine that wound down to the sea was a weird tableau!

A hundred feet in front of a huddled group of mules, Moncha Suma stood tall and thunderous!

Only Hall and Tony were beside him. But before him—flat on their faces in the damp sand—were Renaldo's Quiche workers!

"CA: wal!" Besaldo's command.

"Get upl" Renaldo's command brought the dazed Quiches auto-

Barry gave her a quick kiss.
"You're trembling" he grinned.
"In fact, you're beginning to cryl
The deal must be set." **DARK JUNGLES**

As the tropic sun broke over the horizon, they went back to-gether to Moncha Suma. THE END

matically to their feet, "Fifty silver pesos for bringing the Moncha Suma to me!" he cried.

Allison moaned, Hall was glowering but weaponless, Tony's hand was on his knife but he looked hopelessly outnumbered by the score of Quiches. There was only one weapon among the three. That weapon was Moncha Suma's black eyes. An excellent balance has been maintained between risk and de sirable objectives. Everyone has a right to take some measure of pride in what has been achieved. -Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. weapon was atorical suma's black eyes.

They bored into the oncoming line of rebel Quiches like flery, flashing arrows, The line faltered.

"Go on!" Renaldo shouted.

"He'll kill you if you don't!"

The relentless fire of the chief's eyes blazed more hypnotically. His voice rang out in the strained silence in a mesmeric icy monotone. "You are dead men now. You have broken the oath of

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SATURDAY

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

You have broken the eath of Chichicastenango"
"That's rubbish," Renalde shouted. "Go on! Go on!"
The Quiche rebels staggered on

for several paces, like men be-witched. Then, despite Renaldo's angry commands, they stumbled one by one, and dropped into the sand, bodies twitching, lips mov-

Renaldo cursed them bitterly,

then lapsed into silence.

Barry glanced back in quick apprehension. He saw the Spaniard's gun turning slowly from him toward Moncha Suma. There

Allison's scream rang above the

HALL and Barry were kneeling, tying the last knot in the rope

binding Renaldo's wrists when Al-lison's tear-stained cheek pressed for a moment against Barry's. "Hurry," she whispered. "Tony and I think Moncha Suma is half

inclined to slip you a few quick-silver mines for saving his life."

was no time for warning, leaped back!

gun's report.

By William Ferguson



WON'T USE AS MUCH RUBBER FROM YOUR TIRES AS ONE QUICK GETAWAY ZOOOM

1 Depicted

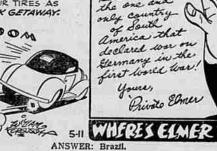
10 Fish eggs

21 Auricle

31 Philippine

34 Seaport of Morocco

sash



WEXT: A leaf that inspired a -- tional air-

SCENIC WONDER

HORIZONTAL food 18 Three times (comb. form) 19 Girl's name scenic wonder of Colorado, TOPETE 20 For fear that 12 Stroke lightly 13 Fine grain 15 Back of the neck 17 Solar disc 19 Mail (abbr.) 23 Symbol for cobalt 24 Royal Navy

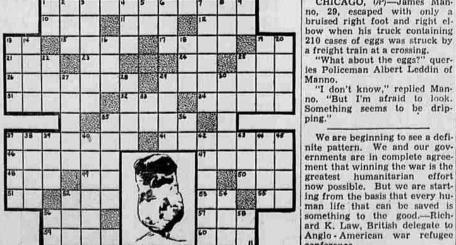
47 Eel-catcher 48 Ecclesiastical of Mister 49 Spain (abbr.) 50 Bitter vetch

25 Brown bread 26 Buoyant 29 Patchers 51 Symbol for dysprosium 52 Goddess of infatuation 53 Exclamation 55 And (Latin) 59 Sodium

35 It is located near — 56 Fish Junction, Colo. 57 Rodent 37 Army official 41 Utility carbonate 60 Dutch city

VERTICAL 33 Parent
25 Canadian 1 Written form peninsula of Mister 37 Happy
2 Charged atom 38 Lampreys
3 Exerts a return influence 40 Paused
4 Mine shaft hut 42 Esteem

43 Island (Fr.) 44 Wrap a dead 5 Music note 6 Greek letter 7 Device for body 45 Formerly opening 8 Is able Is able 52 Bustle
Carat (abbr.) 54 Possessed
Pedal 56 Exists 13 Pedal 58 Symbol for tellurium extremities 14 Festive



佳.

Out Our Way



EXCUSE ME. YOU'VE BEEN AN WELL, YOU DOLLS !--INTERIOR DECORATOR MRS. HOOPLE MISS FRANKEY --- HOW COULD I MODERNIZE SUGGEST A GANGES GREEN ING BACK HERE LIKE "THAT'S DEL-THIS GAY 90'S LIVING THE TOWN ROOM ? -- IT'S SO OLD-FAGHIONED I WOULDN'T ICATE, OUT-DOORBY AND PUMP -- HOW ABOUT AN VIVACIOUS BE SURPRISED TO INTRODUCTION WALK IN AND FIND - YOUR DRAPES TO THIS BUFFALO BILL PEACHY SITTING COULD LITTLE BE-NUMBER ? OH, YES, MEET MADGE

HOLD EVERYTHING!

up, Joe-you'll be late for inspection!"

SCRAP-BAG ANIMALS INVADE THE NURSERY

by Alice Brooks

A whole circus of baby ani-

and into the nursery-in these

make), pictures, softly stuffed blocks. Pattern 7545 contains a pattern of 6 small animal motifs;

pattern pieces for patches; 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

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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.

OH, YES, THE EGGS

"What about the eggs?"

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followed by

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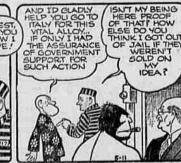




Allep Oop

By Martin

HONEST, DOC, YOU KNOW I HAVE!







Little Orphan Annie

By Harold Gray



