

ure Of Flies'

se, one kept a wary eye out for
onous snakes, scorpions, centi-
s and what not.

was an eerie sort of world. Not
n of the tropical sun filtered
ugh the lattice-work of foliage,
for the most part we were mov-
through a perpetual twilight
h invited flights of imagina-

The most unusual aspect of
was that, no matter how far
fancies wandered, we couldn't
n to conjure up the weird
s with which we knew we
be surrounded. That was the
erious nature of the jungle.

Ve finally arrived in a tiny
aring on a side hill along
ich ran the only open trail.
e of the hunters was acting
scout about twenty yards
ad. Suddenly he gave an agon-
d scream and covered his head
face with his arms.

Mouches sans raison"! He yelled
uiana French as he raced back
ur side of the clearing.

he hunters clearly were scar-
though I yet had to find out

The head man explained to
that there was a colony of crazy
(they are black and about the
and shape of hornets) up for-
among the huge leaves of a
ain tree. He said they were
ly dangerous — could sting a
to death in short order. Then
ave me my instructions.

was to run the gauntlet first
the hunters waited. Later
lized that they sent me ahead
use that was the safest spot.
e who followed me, after I had
d up the crazy flies, would
sufferers.

they start," said the
iously, "run like the
for anything.
self fall, what-

hand on
un!"



The old Joss house, long a landmark in Santa Cruz is coming down. City officials condemned the building, which is located

at the end of China lane, and the owner, George Lee, is having it demolished. George Hammond,

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who is doing the job, is shown standing on the second floor, while his partner, Landel Bueb, is on the lower floor.