

# Liska Covers 70 Miles Of 'Impassable' Jungle

Danny Liska, columnist for this newspaper who is presently attempting to be the first person to travel by motorcycle from the northernmost tip of Alaska to the southernmost tip of South America, is making progress.

In a report in this paper two weeks ago, he had reached the Darien Gap — the gap that joins Columbia, South America, and Panama. As stated before, it is inhabited by two types of Indians — the Cunas on the Atlantic coast and the Cho Chos on the Pacific. To this day they live as their ancestors lived — in belief and dress.

The Darien Jungle is said to be impassable — that a road may never be built there.

But Danny has dented the jungle about 70 miles by Wednesday, December 14, the date of his last letter to his wife, Mrs. Danny Liska at Niobrara. By now, who knows, he may have made

the entire trip of 350 miles.

Mrs. Liska received word from El Real as he was about to leave for Turbo and then Medellin.

Mrs. Liska's letter reported in part:

"I obtained an Indian Cho Cho guide, who with his wife took me from Chepo, the start of the Darien Gap, through the mountainous and jungle filled Darien Mountain Range to a village of the Cuna Indians. As we entered the village, three chieftains immediately held council to decide whether we could go on.

"Their first decision was to permit us to go on. But soon they changed their minds and decided that we must go back. After considerable talking, I was able to convince them to permit me to go on. However they decided to only give me a guide — a witch doctor — for one day's journey and after that I'd be on my own.

"During their court, they took

the guide and his wife out for punishment three times. Upon their return, I could see no marks of physical punishment, but their eyes showed considerable terror. The Cho Cho guide and his wife were forced to remain in the village, however, when I left. What has happened to them, I do not know.

"I was disappointed in that the Cuna Indians would not permit me to take pictures while I was in their village.

"Upon leaving the Cuna village I came to a mahogany workers camp where a colored fellow took me on to El Real. One river was flooding and we had to cross some ten miles by canoe with motor.

## "Mystery" Telephone

"The mysteriousness of the natives was brought close by the fact that no one traveled ahead of us from the mahogany camp, yet the Indians of El Real knew I was coming."

The journey now goes over the mountains to Turbo and then on to Medellin and on south. Upon arriving at Turbo, Danny feels he will "have it made" as far as the rest of the trip goes.