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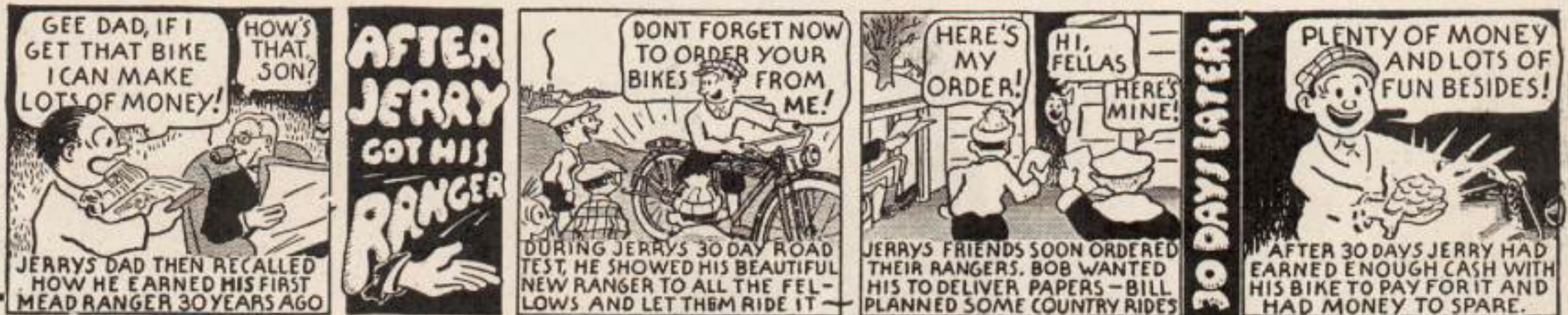
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Along BOYS' LIFE Trails

HOWDY, GANG: Boy, this is some break! Guess what? The Ed up here at BOYS' LIFE office is letting me in on some editorial secrets so we will all know a little of what we may expect from month to month in our mag. How do you like that?

One thing—last month it was hinted that George G. Livermore's new series of stories would get underway this month, but then in came something so right-up-to-the-minute that *Orange Juice Preferred* has to be delayed a while (you'll find it a corker whenever you read it). The substitute is what you see on page 15—**Captain Burr Leyson** dropped out of the clouds for a moment to give us some facts on just where we stand to-day with regard to prospects in trans-oceanic air commerce.

When the boss wasn't lookin', I got a peep into his mail basket. Remember that fellow, Ted Keady, who said he wished there weren't so many Scout stories in BOYS' LIFE? Well, he's getting plenty of brickbats himself. Listen:

Dear Editor: Chicago, Ill.
In your November issue you printed a letter written by a Ted Keady [criticizing our Scout stories]. I feel sure he did not know he was reading a Boy Scout publication. BOYS' LIFE has everything—sports, treasure stories, nature, aviation, ships, pre-historic! I certainly think BOYS' LIFE is complete.

Although I am not a Boy Scout, I wouldn't blame you if you printed nothing but Scout stuff, considering of course who are the publishers.

Hoping this letter misses the waste paper basket, I sincerely remain,
Sol Aron.

Dear Editor: Temperance, Mich.
When I noticed a letter in November issue of BOYS' LIFE, it just about burned me up! What I want to know is, is BOYS' LIFE a magazine published by Boy Scouts with some good Scout stories? Or is it going to be turned into a magazine which is sometimes known as "Detective Stories," "Love Stories," etc., because some non-Scouts don't like Scout stories. Personally, I think "our" magazine is one of the best on sale.
Yours,
Scout Clarence Lintz.

There are a couple of attitudes that hit me as being okay. Leave out the Scouting sections and stories and we still have the biggest bargain on the magazine market for all boys. But we do have all of these Scout features thrown in to boot—that just makes it doubly worth while to every fellow interested in our Movement.

I got a look-see onto the Ed's schedule sheet for the February issue, and guess who's the author of *Woods Wise!* No one other than Leonard K. Smith. His Sugarplum yarns were absolutely swell, *Three Carrots* and a *Tomato* I liked even better, but this new one—the first of a series, by the way—absolutely takes the four-decker cake. It's about Rocky Corley, a young Scout of Missoula, Montana, who had to set out on his own following the death of his dad. Believe me, Rocky had to make some use of his nature-lore. He got into some pretty tight spots, but the Forest Rangers helped him out and he helped them even more. *Woods Wise* is a story you don't want to miss.

Some more letters. . . .

Dear Editor: Westfield, Mass.
Three cheers for *An Unexpected Ally* by Walter J. Wilwerding. I have been waiting months for it.
Arthur P. Gunther.

Dear Editor: Chester, Md.
Please put in ideas that would be of interest to campers.
C. Jones, Jr.

You ought not be disappointed if you look at what Dan Beard and Green Bar Bill have to offer.

Leland Bell, who lives just across the East River in Brooklyn, writes in several pages telling just what he thought of the November number. Some features very good, others not so hot, it seems. But here's one



T. T. Flynn

SAY, FELLOWS!

NEXT time you see one of those crazy auto trailers sporting through your section of the country, harken for the clankety-clank of a panting typewriter. If your ears are sufficiently rewarded, you might make the personal acquaintance of T. T. Flynn, 33-year-old author of that gripping mystery story *The Sinister Four* on page 8. Mr. Flynn is an inveterate adventurer, traveller and writer, and his workshop is the trailer towed by his car. In this road-faring home he types and dictates (to an ediphone) stories chiefly of adventure, mystery and the West.

He has done a bit of everything, he says, in his short span of life "because I believe a fiction writer deals with life as a whole and should know it from all angles." If you like his current yarn, you will certainly look forward to future products of his keen mind and active pen—beg pardon—typewriter.

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Guaranteed circulation—300,000 copies

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

When a change is made in your address be sure to advise BOYS' LIFE immediately, giving both the old and new address. Prompt service will be insured by attaching the address label from a recent issue to the change of address.

RENEWALS—If your magazine comes with a renewal order blank enclosed it means your subscription has expired. Tear off the address on the renewal wrapper and send it with \$1.00, the price of a renewal subscription to BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York, so you will not have to miss a copy. Postage is prepaid to all parts of the United States and Possessions, and also Mexico and Cuba. Canadian postage is 25c. and foreign postage 75c. a year. When writing about your subscription, please always mention the order number which appears on the wrapper, and the date your subscription expires. This will help us to serve you promptly. Friends of the Boy Scouts of America will confer a favor by reporting to the Business Manager any reliable dealer not selling BOYS' LIFE.

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Advertisements, to be acceptable for Scout Publications, must, in addition to meeting the standards in general use by publishers of high grade periodicals and other advertising media:

- (1) Justify the belief that the advertiser will actually receive a fair business return on his investment and that the advertisement will not merely be an indirect expression of interest in or serve as a contribution to the cause of Scouting.
- (2) Deal with a service or product which it is believed will render some service to the readers of the publication or purposes of the Boy Scouts of America.
- (3) Avoid involving the use of boys as Scouts, or in the uniform of Scouts, as salesmen of products or services; further, that in all cases the product or service must have merit warranting the purchase price, and the project shall not involve capitalizing the Scout Movement, or encourage the boy appealing for response because of sympathy or the belief that Scouting will be helped, rather than because the article or service is desired on its merits.

thing upon which I particularly agree with him:

By all means get more covers by good old Norman Rockwell who is the best artist who ever graced the pages of BOYS' LIFE. Could you please send me his address?

Mr. Rockwell is doing the February cover painting, as usual, to honor the 26th Anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America. It'll be swell for a bedroom wall, and the Patrol den ought to have one, too.

I asked the Editor for Mr. Rockwell's address, but was told that it is against good magazine policy to give out addresses of contributors and correspondents. But if any of you want to write to an author or artist, all you need to do is address a letter to him in care of BOYS' LIFE, enclosing a stamped envelope for forwarding.

Some more flashes from the mail basket:

The only thing wrong with BOYS' LIFE is that there aren't enough animal stories.
Phil Sorenson, Vancouver, Wash.

I have one objection to BOYS' LIFE and that is because it is published monthly. When you find a good magazine you don't like to have to wait 30 days before you can get another copy of it.
George B. McClatchy,
Holly Springs, Miss.

Pointless jokes like *The Sacred Otter Bow Case* and *Gridiron Grenadiers* should be excluded. I'd just as lief listen to bedtime stories or nursery rhymes.
Duane Conner, Tulsa, Okla.

I was wondering why several filing cases up here had that bulky, overfed appearance; the secretary tells me that's because they're loaded with Dr. Crampton's correspondence. Some popular man, he is! They must bring in his mail in trucks several times a day. But Doc still has time to take up every case with special attention. Here's just one, from a fellow down in PA.:

Dear Dr. Crampton:
Will you please send me the seven special sheets on fundamentals of football training for 15c.
How much sleep does a boy of 17 require? I retire at 10 o'clock, get up at 4:45 a.m., serve papers, retire again at 6, rise at 7:30 for school.
I am 17, weigh 119 pounds stripped, and am 5' 4" tall. During the day I feel dull and tired. Will you please tell me if you think this work is injurious to my health and education or do I feel like this simply because I do not like newspaper delivering? Will you please tell me how to find out if I have good posture and how to attain it if I haven't.
Yours truly, H. W. O.

In reply:

Dear H.:
I am sending you, under separate cover, the special football material you request.
A boy of seventeen years of age requires eight hours' sleep. Your fatigue and dullness may be due to trouble with your digestion. See what you can do toward filling out the P.A.R. charts, a set of which I am sending you.
I think you are probably working pretty hard, and one has to be in first rate health to do so.
To find out if you have a good posture, stand with your back to the wall, as flat as you can. Your back hollow should not be more than one inch deep. You should touch the wall with the shoulders, head, hips, and heels. Step forward and see if it feels natural. If it does, you have good posture. If it doesn't you know what to do—hold the pose with a flat back for the rest of your life.
Faithfully yours,
C. Ward Crampton, M.D.

February BOYS' LIFE will also have a new Og, Son of Fire yarn, another Aviation Contest story by Captain Leyson, and some other items not yet listed.

That's all I have time for this month, but I'll have plenty of time to read your replies. Drop me a line, will you?





The Red Terror strikes! Revolutionists clamor for the head of the aristocrat Darnay—he is doomed to die!

When Charles Dickens wrote "A Tale of Two Cities" he made a novel of one of the most stirring periods in history. The thrilling days of the French Revolution live today in that one novel more vividly than in all the history books. And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has made it into a great motion picture.

A MOVING PICTURE OF
*Great Days of
 Adventure*
RONALD COLMAN
in
**A TALE OF
 TWO CITIES**



The mobs of Paris—with revolutionary troops at their head—storm the hated Bastille prison!



Think of it! The famous Bastille Prison actually re-created from old drawings owned by the French Government. And a single scene with 6,000 people in it. Think of seeing the storming of the Bastille just as though you yourself were one of those who captured and burned that stronghold of tyranny.



Carton saves Darnay's life by changing places with him in prison—he escapes to England with his wife.

Sydney Carton (Ronald Colman) whose quick wit and daring were matched against the "Butchers of the Revolution."

One of your favorite actors—Ronald Colman—plays the part of Sydney Carton... that smiling dare-devil whom people called a "failure" but who proved he could rise to heroism when the hour came...the man who faced danger with a laugh and cheated the guillotine of its victim at the last.



Sydney Carton fulfills his promise "A life for a life you love"—he mounts the steps of the guillotine unafraid.

Never was there a story so packed with action, so filled with stirring deeds to set your blood tingling. And this picture makes every tense moment of it real, takes those dangerous days of the Reign of Terror out of the past and makes them live before your eyes in all their breathtaking excitement.

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Eighteen months of research before a camera turned. Paris and London reproduced exactly as they were in French Revolutionary days.

*A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
 Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK
 Directed by JACK CONWAY*

Be sure to see "A Tale of Two Cities". It is a picture that will hold you spellbound from beginning to end. Tell your parents that they will enjoy it, too... because it was made by the same motion picture producers who made "David Copperfield" and is just as true to its great original as was that wonderful picture.



JANUARY, 1936

BOYS' LIFE

FOR ALL BOYS Published by the Boy Scouts of America

VOL. XXVI, No. 1



"Stop Dalton!" became Wilford's battle cry. "Stop him—he's gone mad!"

DO YOU think you'd be on this team if it wasn't for your old man? Not a chance!" Bob Dalton, right wing on Medwick Prep's hockey team, winced at the accusation. Never before had the subject of his wealthy father been thrown up to him as directly as this. But Dave Eldred, the veteran whom he had replaced, was boiling mad.

"My Dad didn't have anything to do with my being chosen over you!" Bob found words to retort, feeling the eyes of fellow players upon him.

"I suppose not!" rejoined Dave, sarcastically. "I suppose your Dad's gift of fifty thousand to build a new clubhouse hasn't influenced Dean Hobart and Coach Riskin to do something about you! I was playing at right wing before that happened. And now . . ." Dave didn't finish, leaving the inference with a sharp laugh and a shrug of the shoulders.

"See here, Dave!" Bob protested. "That isn't fair—insinuating that I'm being shown favoritism just because my Dad—!"

"Why not?" fired Medwick's former hockey regular. "The school officials know which side their bread's buttered on. If they treat you right, maybe your Dad will come across with some more donations!"

"Stop it!" commanded Bob, fists clenched. "If you say any more, I'll—"

Team-mates leaped up to stand between the two and prevent the argument from coming to blows.

"Take it easy, Bob!" advised Herb Melrose, Medwick center and captain. "Dave's just got an attack of sour grapes!"

"Sour grapes, nothing!" exploded Dave. "I admit his Dad's done some fine things for the school, but why pay him back by giving Bob places on athletic teams he doesn't deserve? Bob's not the athlete his Dad was by a long shot!"

Dave's last statement was certainly true. At least Bob, who had worshipped his father for his athletic prowess and the stories of how he had starred in sports during his school and college years, had felt that he could never hope to equal the exploits of "the old man." Trying to follow in his father's footsteps had been no bed of roses. He had been favorably or unfavorably compared every step of the way with his father's records in the same sports, often against the same rival schools, rising up like ghosts of the past to challenge his own performance.

"I should never have gone to the same school," Bob had decided when it had become too late to make any change. He was always being singled out by alumni who remembered his Dad, "the great Bob Dalton," and who usually ended up by referring to him as "a chip off the old block." This reference, however well-intended, had galled Bob. And now, in the locker room before the season's big game with

Wilford, he was forced to accept uncomplimentary remarks from another member of the team.

"I presume most of you guys feel the same as Dave does about me?" said Bob, miserably, looking about.

THERE were tell-tale expressions on some of the faces which told Bob only too plainly that his surmise was correct. He was not respected for his playing ability alone. There was a belief among members of Medwick's hockey team that Bob Dalton had been elevated to the right wing position not entirely as a result of his own athletic efforts. And sympathy was definitely felt for Dave Eldred who had become so peeved as to blow off about the situation.

"I—I'm sorry," was all Bob could think to say. "I've played the best I knew how. I wouldn't have accepted a place on the team if I had any idea that the Coach— I guess I'd better speak to Coach Riskin about it, and if I find—"

"Too late now," cut in Dave. "And besides, what could Coach do? He'd only cover up. He'd never admit he put you in my position in order to please the big wigs who are running this school! You don't think he wants to lose his job, do you?"

The son of Medwick's biggest donor squirmed uneasily. He had just finished clamping on his ice skates and it was almost time for the squad to take to the rink before the clash with Wilford. This was a fine time to have a run-in with a team-mate, and Bob, nerves on edge, wondered how upsetting such an experience would prove when it came to his playing hockey. Inwardly he felt a sickening sensation in his stomach, as though he wanted to tear off his skates and change to street clothes and leave the locker room, yes, even Medwick Prep, and get away from it all—for good!

The door of the clubhouse suddenly swung open and Coach Riskin strode in. Bob drew a breath of relief. The Coach's presence would put an end to Dave's merciless taunts. Maybe he could then get a new hold on himself before he had to go out and play his hardest game of hockey for old Medwick. He mustn't let Dave's antagonism and the feelings of

THE HOCKEY SPARE

By
Harold M. Sherman

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT A. GRAEF



his team-mates get him down. If he should play poorly against Wilford, they would be even more certain that he had been given the call over Dave for purely political reasons.

"All right, men!" Coach Riskin was saying. "All out on the ice! To-day's our chance to even old scores with Wilford. They've taken us two years in a row and I'm expecting you to turn the tables despite the fact that Wilford's rated to win. Personally, I like being the underdog and I know you men are going out there to fight. We've dropped one game this season so we don't have an undefeated record to protect, but Wilford has! So what do you say we knock them off and spoil that record for 'em?"

"Yea!" chorused Medwick's hockey squad, filing toward the door.

"That's the spirit!" commended the Coach, and then, espousing Bob on his way out, he called: "Oh, by the way, Dalton, your Dad's outside!"

Bob's face paled. "My Dad!" he exclaimed. "Why, I didn't know he was coming for the game!"

"He just flew in by plane. Told me he wanted to see you on your way to the rink. Keep an eye out for him!"

The whiteness in Bob's face changed to red as he felt the stares of his fellows; "Okay, Coach, thanks!" he replied mechanically.

"That's perfectly swell!" said a voice in Bob's ear as he reached the door. "Your old man's arrived and that means whatever chance I had of getting into the game has gone up the flue. Coach has got to play you now."

"He doesn't have to," Bob retorted. "If I don't show up lots of things can happen. And, besides, I don't really think that Coach is favoring me so let up on me, will you?"

But Dave could not resist a last cutting remark: "Nice to have things your own way all your life, isn't it? Well, perhaps nobody in the school knows it but me, but my Dad's here to see the game, too. He never had the chance to get a higher education. He had to quit grade school and go to work and he made up his mind I was going to get what he missed. Dad knew I'd made the team earlier this season and he was tickled, so tickled that I didn't tell him you'd beaten me out!"

BOB'S face was set in a grim line. He had left the clubhouse and was moving toward the rink, with Dave half skating, half walking along beside him. Bob's eyes were on the alert for the familiar, bulging figure of his father. But his mind was on Dave and his last remark.

"Gee, Dave!" Bob exclaimed, sincerely moved. "Why didn't you tell me this in the first place? I can understand now why you— Of course, my Dad expects to see me play just like your Dad is counting on—"

Bob didn't finish. It would have availed him nothing anyway. Dave was hurrying on ahead. And, besides, a booming voice was calling to him.

"Bob! Oh, Bob!"

The jovial figure of Dalton, Senior, was hurrying through the crowd that lined the banks of the rink. He was drawing applause and hearty greetings from students and alumni. Everyone, it seemed, knew the father of Bob, Junior. He was a colorful personality, the type of individual one would pick out in a crowd.

"How are you, son?" said Senior, grasping Bob by the hand.

"Okay!" Bob gulped. "You sure handed me a surprise!"

"Couldn't miss this game. Had to let business go hang! It's more important that we keep Wilford from trimming us three seasons in succession. That would be a terrible disgrace. It's never happened in the history of the school and no man by the name of Dalton's going to be playing on a team that sets this kind of a record!"

Dalton, Senior, looked his stalwart son over. Then, noticing a growing reticence, an uneasiness on Junior's part, he lowered his voice and asked, anxiously. "What's the matter, boy? This game isn't getting you, is it? Why, a few years ago, I beat a Wilford team single-handed!"

It gave the "Old Man" a kick to relive his athletic exploits but Dalton, Senior, had he only realized, could not have made a more unfortunate remark.

"Dad!" Bob broke in, feelingly. "I want you to

understand how I mean this—but I wish you hadn't come! If you only knew how tough you were making it for me!"

"Tough—for you? Why, I—I thought my presence—I figured it might give you—"

"Listen, Dad!" Bob went on, conscious that curious onlookers were trying to fathom what was being said. "I'd like to be able to play on my own like the other fellows. But I've been carrying a handicap into every game, the antagonism of my fellow players, the prejudice of the crowd. And now that you're here—I'll be even more unpopular!"

That this declaration was a jolt to Dalton, Senior, there was no question of doubt. He appeared almost staggered by it and painfully unable to determine the reason.

"Why, son—I—I can't understand. You mean, they've been razzing you just because you're my son?"

Bob nodded, head down.

"Well, we'll soon see about that!" Dalton, Senior, exploded.

But Bob grabbed his arm, imploringly. "No, Dad, don't you interfere! I'm going to stick this thing out somehow but I need your help to do it!"

"See here, son!" insisted the "Old Man," thoroughly aroused. "I've done more for this school than any other alumnus and if they've been mistreating you—"

There was fire in Dalton, Senior's eye. He was going to demand a showdown. He would go to the school authorities, the Coach, get to the bottom of this thing at once.

"Don't you do it!" Bob begged. "It would only make matters worse. You see—they think I've been put on the team on account of the things you've done for the school. It's a terrible spot to be in, Dad, but there's nothing I can do about it; nothing except, well, if I could only play a bang-up game to-day maybe I could prove—"

Dalton, Senior, nodded soberly. He reached out a firm hand to pat Bob on the shoulder.

"I'm sorry, son. I—I guess I've let my enthusiasm for the school and for you run away with me. I—I'll keep in the background all I can—from now on!"

"Oh, I—I didn't mean that, Dad. I just—"

"It's better that way," declared the "Old Man." "I've had my day and I ought to let you have yours. You just forget that I'm in the stands, or, if you say so, I'll leave without seeing the game!"

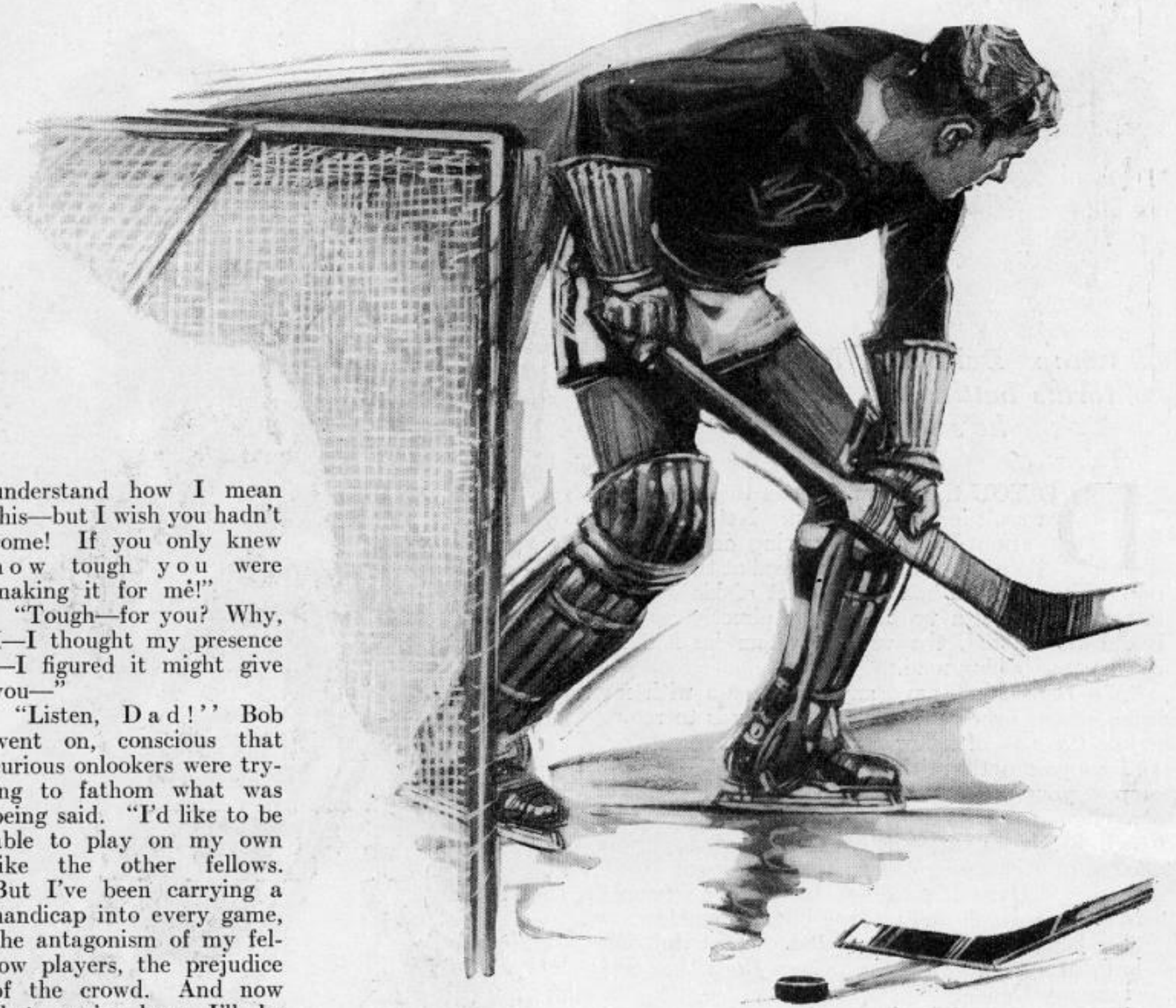
"No, Dad, it's—it's kind of different now—now that you know. I—I want you to stay. You've made a name for yourself but I—I haven't. I don't want to be trading on your name any longer. Perhaps, one of these times, I can easily do something worthwhile in sport or something—"

The corners of Bob's mouth quivered; he reached out a hand to squeeze his father's arm.

"So long, Dad—see you after the game!"

Dalton, Senior, stood watching the figure of his son strike off to join his team-mates on the ice. Then he rubbed one hand across his eyes.

"What an old fool I've been," he said to himself, huskily. "But how I like that kid's spunk!"



BOB DALTON, as Dave Eldred had surmised, was in the starting line-up as usual. He had been a regular for the past three games. And now Dave sat on the bench, glowering as he heard the crowd cheering Dalton's name, cheering it more in memory of the famous father than the son.

"That's what burns me up!" complained Dave to the other substitutes. "If Bob was really an outstanding player himself, you wouldn't hear a chirp out of me. But I think I'm twice as good as he is, and—"

"Aw, dry up!" snapped Lou Norton, a substitute defense man. "You've raved about this enough!"

For two slashing periods, Medwick and Wilford tore into each other, battling up and down the ice before a capacity crowd of frenzied rooters, only to leave the rink at the second intermission with neither team having scored. Old timers could not remember having seen a more savagely contested game—a game in which each side had demonstrated an almost impregnable hockey defense. Most of the play had been confined, due to hard body-checking and great stick handling, to the center zone. The goalies had had few close-in shots to fend out of their cages, the brunt of the attack having been borne by each team's defense men who broke up formations as they attempted to cross into the end zones.

"Begins to look like one goal might decide the winner!" a Medwick fan was heard to remark. "The first team that can slip through for a score will probably fall back on defense and coast the game out. If Bob Dalton was only the player his Dad was this next period is the time when he'd cut loose

and sew up the game! But Bob hasn't shown much to-day. Wilford's stopped him every time he's tried to crash through to their net."

"Yes, but Bob's played a whale of a defensive game!" supported another fan. "He's taken the puck away from player after player as they've started for our goal. And, if he hadn't stopped 'em, Wilford might have scored several times!"

In the locker room, Coach Riskin sent his squad back out on the rink after commending them for their spirited opposition which was holding the mighty Wilford even.

"You're doing all right, men!" he told the team. "Keep it up and keep watching for an opening. When it comes, bear down on Wilford hard and I think you'll go through for a score. But make them crack first!"



Dave was almost on top of the cage. With a deft motion of the wrists he back-slapped the puck past the goalie

Grimly determined young men of Medwick skated out to the cheers of their followers, to renew the clash with an equally determined Wilford. And one of these young men, with a forehead now taped to cover a gash he had received, hung back just long enough to have a final word with the Coach.

"Listen Coach—I—I want to speak to you about Dave Eldred. I don't seem to be having much luck breaking through. I've had a shot at Wilford for two periods—and—well, if you won't think I'm—how about giving Dave a chance in my place?"

Coach Riskin eyed Medwick's right wing with an expression of amazement.

"What's the matter, Dalton, losing your nerve?"

"No, sir, it's not that," faltered the son of Medwick's biggest donor. "But, you see, Dave's dad has come all the way from the coast to see him play and he couldn't really afford the trip, either, and I thought—"

"Now see here, Dalton!" broke in Coach Riskin, severely. "Get this straight! We're not playing men on this team to please proud papas. We're playing men because we figure they're giving us the best chance to win. So don't waste your sympathy on the guys on the bench. You'll be there yourself the minute you go sour. I'm sending you back because I think you're going to give us everything you've got this period! Am I right?"

Bob Dalton, a new light shining in his eyes, smiled through gritted teeth.

"You bet I'm giving you all I've got, Coach! Gee, you can't know what you've just said has done to me!"

Gone now was any shadow of doubt in Bob's

mind that he had been picked over Dave Eldred for right wing position as a favor to his father. Other people might still think so—but he knew differently—and he would play as he had never played before to try to justify Coach Riskin's choice.

"Let Dave holler all he wants to!" Bob was saying to himself as he took the ice for the game to be resumed. "As long as I thought he might be right—it hurt. But after what the Coach just said! Say—just let me get my stick on the puck!"

In an inconspicuous position in the Medwick stands Dalton, Senior, beamed with quiet pleasure and new interest as he saw his son suddenly become a blazing figure on the ice!

Dalton, Junior, seemed to be in the center of every play; he was giving a lightning exhibition of body-checking—stealing the puck away from enemy players as they dashed down the ice. Bob would then reverse directions and set out for the Wilford goal. Several times he brought wild shrieks as he dodged Wilford's defense men, scraped along the sideboards, then veered in and fired shots at the goalie. Only remarkable saving kept Bob from scoring.

"Stop Dalton!" became Wilford's battle cry. "Stop him—he's gone mad!"

And so it really appeared. There seemed no holding of Medwick's right wing. He was here, there and everywhere, the heart of almost every defensive and offensive play.

On Medwick's bench, Dave Eldred stared at the man who

And then it happened, a time out, only three minutes left of the third and last period, and Don Mackey, Medwick's left wing, stretched out on the ice with a wrenched knee.

"All right, Dave!" decided Coach Riskin when it was seen that Don couldn't continue. "You're elected. Go in at left wing and team with Bob. And let's see you two give us a score!"

The fellow who had accused his successor of having made the team through favoritism, jerked off his sweater. His appearance on the ice was greeted with groans until it was seen that Dave was not to replace Bob Dalton. This, in itself, was ample testimony of the rooters' appreciation of Bob's inspired playing in the last period.

"It would have been a crime to take him out!" cried a greatly relieved fan. "Now let's see what Dave can do. He'll have to go some to equal the pace that Bob's been setting!"

AND Dave knew, without being told, of the spot he was in. He had expressed his feelings too freely. He was now quite apt to suffer by comparison, to be made to eat his own words.

"Hello, Dave!" Bob greeted. "Glad you're in! Follow me around—if I can get the puck again, I'll take it through!"

"Okay!" Dave snapped, and thought to himself. "Yes—you're out to make a grandstand solo dash and you want me to trail you, covering your tracks in case you're upset and lose the puck!"

A face-off in center ice put the puck back in play and a furious mix-up resulted. But, out of this mass of arms and legs and madly swinging sticks, Bob Dalton emerged, batting the disc out in front of him and heading for Wilford's goal.

"Go on, Bob! Go on!" screamed Medwick rooters.

And the son of the famous Bob Dalton, as if propelled by the cheers, drove with all the speed he could command straight at the Wilford defense men who were converging upon him, setting themselves for a stiff body-check. This time, however, Bob did not try to dodge them. He came straight on, crouching as he did so, and knifed between them with such force that both defense men were knocked from their feet and went skidding across the ice. Before they could regain their feet, a (To page 43)

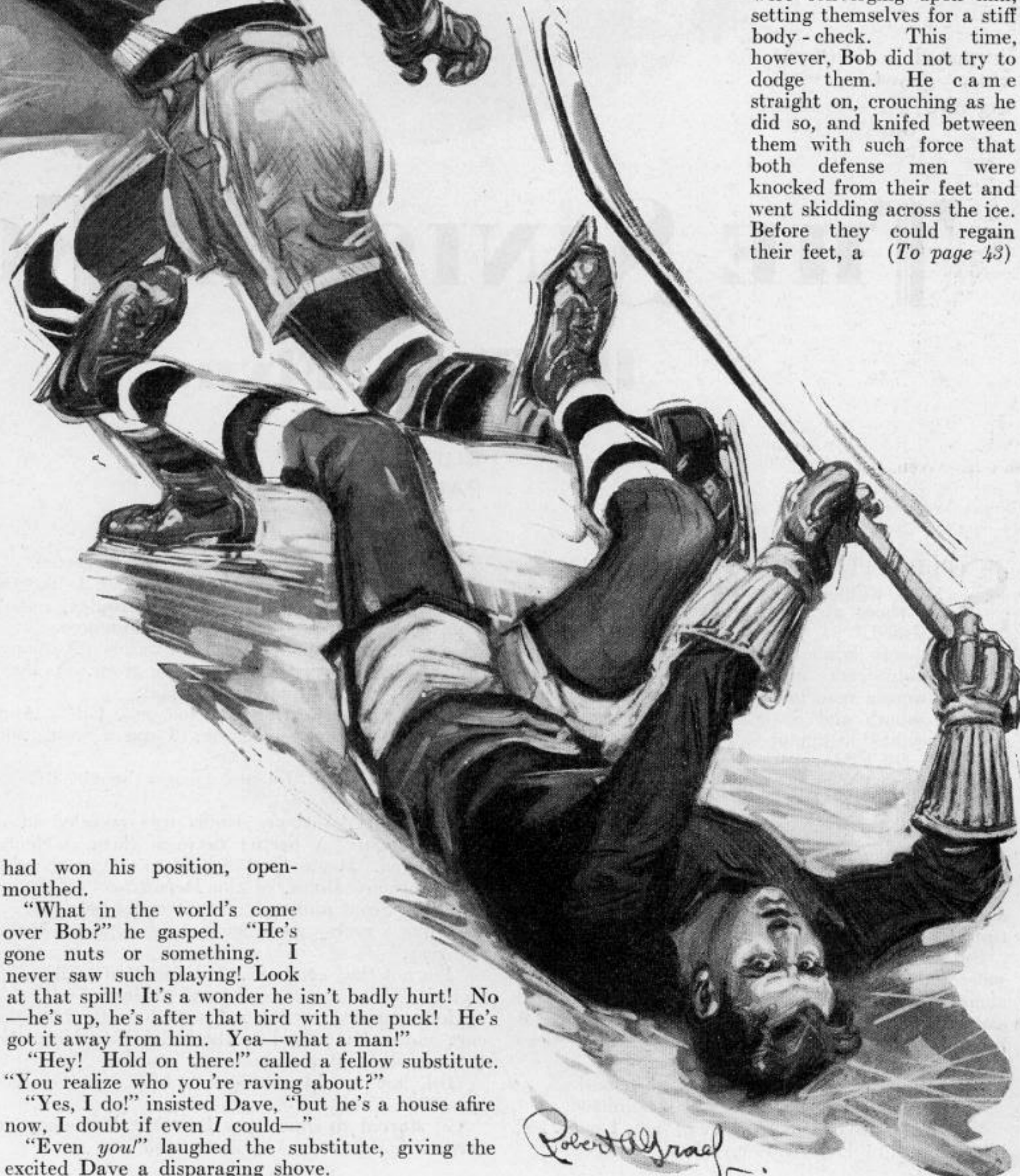
had won his position, open-mouthed.

"What in the world's come over Bob?" he gasped. "He's gone nuts or something. I never saw such playing! Look at that spill! It's a wonder he isn't badly hurt! No—he's up, he's after that bird with the puck! He's got it away from him. Yea—what a man!"

"Hey! Hold on there!" called a fellow substitute. "You realize who you're raving about?"

"Yes, I do!" insisted Dave, "but he's a house afire now, I doubt if even I could—"

"Even you!" laughed the substitute, giving the excited Dave a disparaging shove.





A familiar explosive voice growled, "Spying eh? We see about this!"

THE SINISTER FOUR

By T. T. Flynn

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAUL DUDLEY

SPUD APPLETON spoke sarcastically. "Here's your customer again, Irish. I'll bet you shine his shoes at the eighth hole to keep him satisfied."

Gil O'Grady grinned tantalizingly. He was medium height, slender but solidly built, and his chief features were a nose inclined to be snubby, a wide, cheerful mouth and restless blue eyes which constantly crinkled in humor—as they were doing now.

"Hello, Gil," Mr. Anthony Hollis said, handing over his bag. "Nice day for a game."

"It is that," Gil agreed.

Mr. Hollis was about thirty, tall, tanned, and good looking. He was something in the State Department, here in Washington, and one of the most popular members of the Club. He played a fast, deadly game of golf, was always good-natured, and tipped his caddy like a gentleman.

But to-day, after his first cheerful greeting, he was sober and thoughtful as he played around the course alone. On the fifth he dubbed two shots to a bad sand trap, said something in disgust under his breath, and then chuckled ruefully as he noticed the silent mirth in Gil's look.

"Not doing so well to-day, Gil," he remarked.

"I've seen you do better, sir," Gil admitted.

"Things on my mind. Matter of fact, I don't feel like playing to-day," Anthony Hollis confided.

"Why don't you stop playing?" Gil suggested.

"Sensible thing to do, I suppose, but I like to finish what I start. If this licks me to-day, something more important may lick me to-morrow."

Gil nodded understandingly and watched Anthony Hollis blast the ball neatly onto the green. As they started after it, Anthony Hollis said:

"I see you're wearing a Scout pin, Gil." And without waiting for an answer, "I was a Scout, not so long ago, it seems."

"Gee," Gil said, "I'd never have thought it."

ABRUPTLY Anthony Hollis was revealed in a new light. A barrier between them suddenly disappeared. It was kind of hard to picture the elegant Anthony Hollis, of the Department of State, in a Boy Scout uniform. But it could be done.

"I was a pretty good Scout, too. Led my Troop one year."

"I'm not that good yet," Gil admitted. "But I'm trying. There's so darned much to learn."

Hollis nodded agreement, putted neatly into the cup; and as Gil picked up the ball and replaced the flag and they started on, said:

"Gil, how would you like to help your Government?"

Gil started to smile, saw that Mr. Hollis was in earnest, and answered earnestly also.

"I guess I'd do anything I could to help. But there isn't anything much I can do."

"Most of us can find some way to help the Government," Anthony Hollis said. "But few of us try very hard. How are you on keeping secrets?"

"Pretty good."

They were at the seventh tee. A foursome had driven off ahead and they had to wait a few minutes until the fairway was clear. Anthony Hollis hesitated.

"You know I'm connected with the State Department, Gil. We get to know many things that mustn't get out, not even to our close friends."

Gil nodded. You couldn't live in Washington without learning that within the Government there were wheels within wheels; and what the general public knew was very often only part of the story.

"You might be able to help me, and do your country a big service," Anthony Hollis said seriously.

"Like to do that, Gil?"

"Would I?" said Gil instantly. "Try me."

And Anthony Hollis said a queer thing then, half to himself.

"If it ever got out, I'd be called a blasted fool." He looked hard at Gil. "Somehow I feel it wouldn't get out from you, Gil. Would you give me your word not to speak to any one about what I say?"

"Not a word. Not even at home," Gil said, trying to keep his elation from showing on his face. "Word of honor, sir."

"That's good enough for me," Anthony Hollis declared. "This is the picture. A member of the Club is going to play golf with some friends after

lunch. You may know him—a Mr. Soronoff. He is an importer of rugs from the Near East."

"A small man—kind of thin?" Gil said promptly. "That's the man. He wears a small black mustache."

"I've caddied for him several times, sir. He usually plays after lunch."

"Yes. His habits are rather regular. To-day," said Anthony Hollis, "Soronoff is bringing several friends as his guests. They will play together. And they will talk."

ANTHONY HOLLIS paused long enough to make a beautiful drive far down the course.

"Not bad," he remarked with satisfaction. "I

said grimly. "But an enemy who fights foul under the guise of friendship is pretty dangerous. Someone, Gil, is getting confidential information from the State Department and sending it to a foreign government. We're always on our guard against that—but this time we can't find out just how the leak is occurring."

"You mean someone is spying?" Gil asked alertly. "Is Mr. Soronoff a spy?"

"I don't know that Soronoff is anything but a legitimate importer of rugs," Anthony Hollis confessed honestly. "If I can get a report of the conversation during this golf game, I'll have a better idea. I can't get a man near them while they're playing. But if a caddy were to listen closely, he

walking toward the eighth green. Then he confessed.

"I'm all tangled up inside about Mr. Soronoff. I wish you'd help me decide what to do."

Anthony Hollis chuckled sympathetically.

"I've been up against a few problems like it myself. But I'm not going to tell you what to do, Gil. You can't be a Scout and not have a pretty good idea of right and wrong. You've got to learn to decide about such things yourself. If you depend on other people for advice, you'll never learn to give orders yourself when the time comes. If you want to get in touch with me later, the Club steward will give you my telephone number. Whatever you decide, I'll not worry about your talking."



Without warning he was dropped back to the floor as a voice called, "Put your hands up! Sheriff, stop that man!"

seem to be getting back on my game. You're bucking me up, Gil." Then as they started after the ball, he resumed. "While those men are playing they will be talking. It is important that I have some inkling of what they discuss. It's rather evident they are playing golf this afternoon in order to talk openly, but privately. They have an idea they're being watched."

"Are they?" Gil asked shrewdly.

Anthony Hollis chuckled.

"I'll leave that to your imagination. Soronoff is causing several of us a great deal of worry here in Washington. We know enough to suspect he has taken advantage of the liberty allowed an alien in this country, to work against the Government."

Gil clenched a fist.

"A good punch in the nose an' a kick back to where he came from would cure the likes of him, sir."

Anthony Hollis laughed.

"Unfortunately it isn't so easy. Our Government isn't run that way. We're proud of our freedom. Our citizens and alien visitors have the same liberty. And it's good. Few other countries allow anything like so much freedom to their people. If anyone thinks our Government is wrong, he can speak out, whether he is a citizen or not."

"However, he is supposed to be loyal," Anthony Hollis said. "But a few people take advantage of it. Sometimes their intentions are good—but too often they are as much enemies as if they were firing at our soldiers on a battlefield. Worse, in fact, for an enemy soldier is honest about it," Anthony Hollis

undoubtedly would hear quite a bit. They'll talk mostly in English, because one of the players will be an American who understands nothing else."

Gil said nothing as he walked down the sunny fairway. He was suddenly troubled.

Hollis cast a keen look at him, seemed to understand. "Don't like the idea, do you?" he said, smiling faintly.

Gil felt like wriggling.

"I've never done anything like that. Sneaking around—listening—telling what someone says. It sounds like a pretty stinking thing to do."

Anthony Hollis was not smiling now.

"I guess it does, when you put it that way," he agreed. "I'm pretty hard on sneaks and tattlers myself. There are some things a decent fellow fights shy of. He wants to look himself in the eye in the shaving mirror and not be ashamed of himself."

Gil laughed and rubbed a hand over his smooth chin.

"I don't have to shave yet, but I look in the mirror every morning. Sometimes I work pretty hard so I *won't* have to be ashamed of myself."

Anthony Hollis nodded.

"I guess we all do, Gil, at times. Perhaps I've asked too much of you. I'm older and a bit more hardened about life. When you get my age you'll understand. I'm not going to urge you. I like the way your mind works. Do whatever your conscience will allow; and don't forget that you have to meet yourself in the mirror every morning. Suppose we forget about it now."

Gil nodded, and said no more until they were

"I promised that," Gil said calmly.

Promising not to talk was easy. Making up your mind what to do about the case of Mr. Soronoff was another thing. Gil was still thinking about it when he ate his sandwiches with the other caddies on a strip of shady lawn beside the clubhouse.

An hour later he had yielded his turn several times to other caddies. He was waiting, still trying to make up his mind about this man Soronoff and his friends. But when, fifteen minutes later, he saw the dapper Mr. Soronoff issuing from the clubhouse with three friends, Gil elbowed past one of the four caddies who started forward.

"My turn," Gil said. "I've been waiting."

There was certainly no harm in going with the foursome, Gil told himself. He didn't have to listen, or repeat anything he might overhear.

He didn't get Mr. Soronoff's bag. Gil's man was a flashy, buttery-faced man with soft hands and an unpleasant rasp in his voice. His name was Greene and he played a clumsy game of golf.

Not one of the four played well. Mr. Soronoff was the best; but today his mind didn't seem to be on his game.

THE three other caddies, including Dave Halliday, quickly grew bored and paid little attention to the men whose bags they carried. But after what Anthony Hollis had said, Gil couldn't help studying them.

From the first he decided he didn't like this Mr. Greene. The soft outer flabbiness (To page 48)

WOLFSKIN

By Charles Gilson

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY H. A. BURNE

Begin the story here:

It was a bloody day in the history of France—that July 14 of 1789 when incited mobs attacked the authority of King Louis XVI and stormed the Bastille. André Latour finds himself in the midst of the confusion at the outset when Jacques Blandin, a leader of the insurrection, enters his grandfather's curiosity shop, usurps the relic weapons there, strikes the elderly man down, and orders the struggling André to be carried away. Confined in a room where a window overlooks the Bastille wall, André learns that Blandin is the criminal son disowned by his grandfather. He witnesses the terrible slaughter about the Bastille and suddenly observes a finely dressed man, in attempting to escape the mob, coolly leap from his sight toward the window of a flaming building. Then concerned for his own safety, as his building catches fire, André seeks to escape, only to be rescued by the man whom he believes to be his despicable uncle—Jacques Blandin

PART II

AS I STOOD looking at the man, I wiped the perspiration from my forehead; for, apart from physical exertion, my nerves had been so shaken that I was in a kind of cold sweat, and my thoughts were all confused.

"And so," I said, "I have got you to thank for saving my life! I suppose, I should be grateful."

He bowed, in a kind of comical way; and there was something about him that puzzled me.

"That is just as you like," he said. "At the same time, we are scarcely in a position to count our chickens before they are hatched, as the saying goes. You are alive, and so am I, and that is all."

As he was speaking, I noticed for the first time that he had changed his clothes, and the blue coat that he was wearing somehow seemed familiar.

I went close up to him and stared into his face. "You are Jacques Blandin, aren't you!" I exclaimed, with a great doubt stealing into my mind. "You are the man who says he is my uncle!"

He smiled, and bowed again; and the moment I saw him smile, I knew that here was a mystery that only he could explain.

"I have neither honor," he said. "My name is de Gassiat, and I have the misfortune to be a vicomte."

And even then I found it hard to believe. He had the same features as Blandin, the same fair complexion, and he was exactly the same height and build. So far as I could see, only his clothes were different; and his expression was softer: there was humor, more than cruelty, in his mouth, and a merry twinkle in his eyes that was quite foreign to the nature of the cold-blooded calculating rascal whom I had learned to know the night before.

"But—you are exactly like him!"

"That, we may presume, is his misfortune."

Then I remembered the blue coat which fitted him to perfection, the buff knee-breeches.

"I know now!" I exclaimed. "I saw you escape from the Bastille."

A sad expression came into his eyes; and that told me, as plainly as words, that, if this man and Jacques Blandin resembled one another to the extent of being doubles, the one was the good and the other the evil genius of the same identity.

"I dined last night in the Bastille," he told me, "and now my good host, Delaunay, has been done to death, for no greater crime than that he did his duty. All the same, my young friend, whoever you may be, has it not yet occurred to you that we are wasting time, that every second may be valued at the price of your life and mine? You can scarcely fail to be aware that this house is on fire."

"But how escape?" I asked. "Surely, we can not pass down the stairs?"

HE WENT to another window. Moving quickly to his side, I looked out and saw that I was looking down upon the roof of the lower house that I had seen from the gable-end. It was on fire in several places; there were holes where the tiles had fallen in, through which angry tongues of fire were darting, and the smoke was so thick that we could not see the end of the roof.

"It will not be a pleasant walk," my companion observed; "but, it seems, we have no choice."

"What's on the other side?" I asked.

"Safety," said he, "if we ever get there."

This roof joins the houses that run at right angles to the Bastille wall, and these can not yet be on fire. Moreover we can gain them without much chance of being seen by these mad dogs below, for we'll be hidden from view in the smoke. I don't know how it stands with you, but, for myself, I would rather burn like a heretic than throw myself upon their mercy."

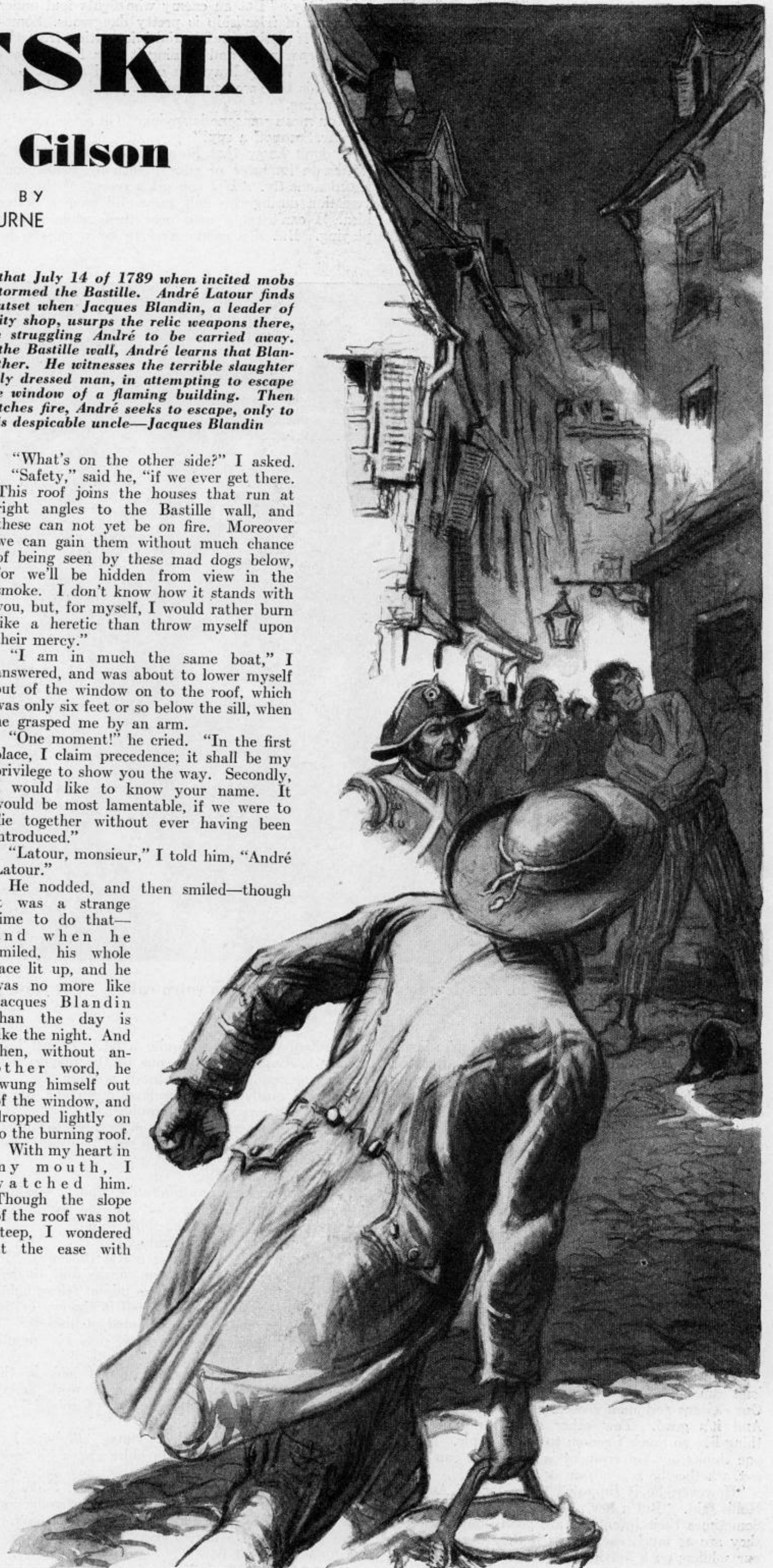
"I am in much the same boat," I answered, and was about to lower myself out of the window on to the roof, which was only six feet or so below the sill, when he grasped me by an arm.

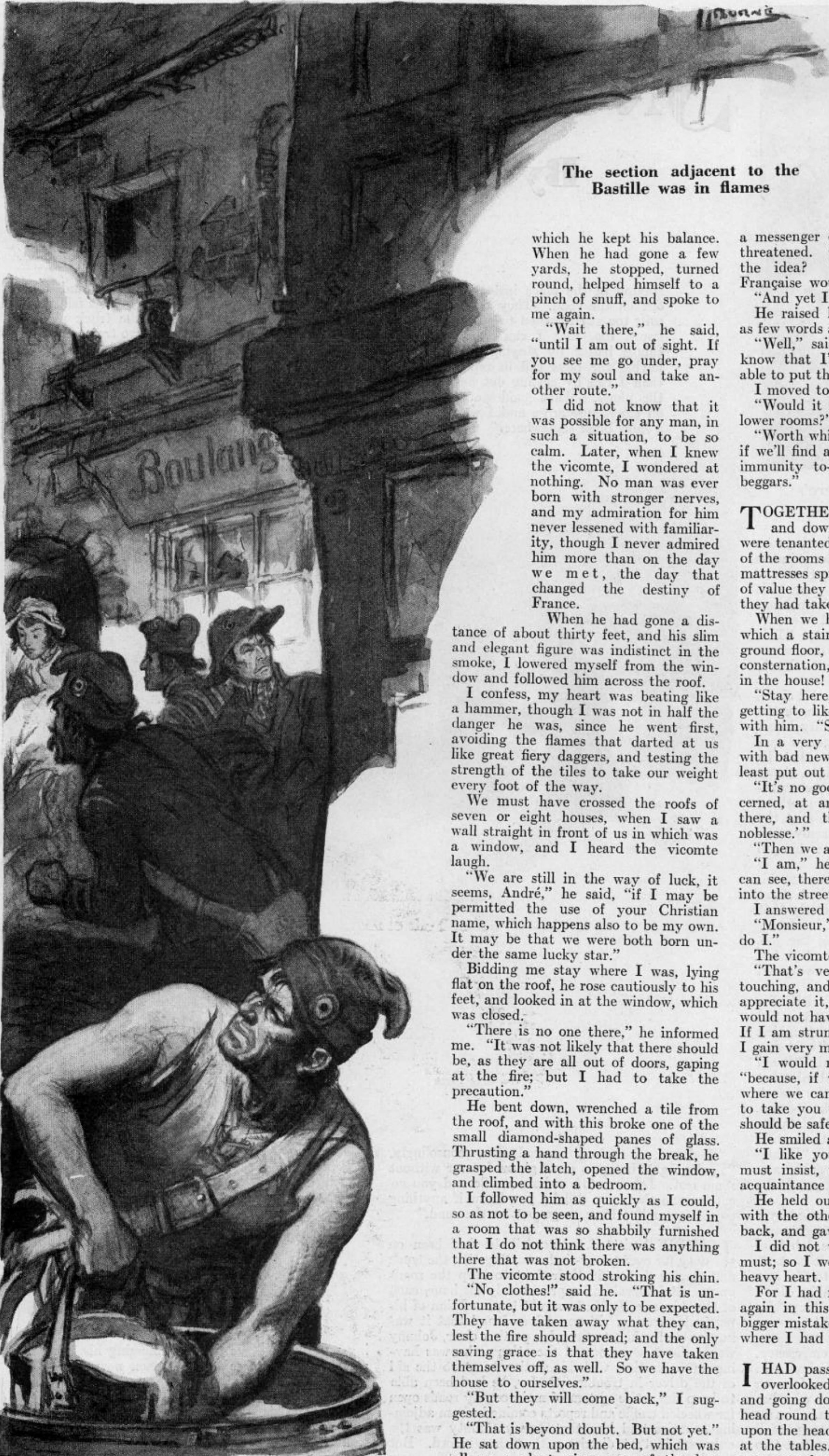
"One moment!" he cried. "In the first place, I claim precedence; it shall be my privilege to show you the way. Secondly, I would like to know your name. It would be most lamentable, if we were to die together without ever having been introduced."

"Latour, monsieur," I told him, "André Latour."

He nodded, and then smiled—though it was a strange time to do that—and when he smiled, his whole face lit up, and he was no more like Jacques Blandin than the day is like the night. And then, without another word, he swung himself out of the window, and dropped lightly on to the burning roof.

With my heart in my mouth, I watched him. Though the slope of the roof was not steep, I wondered at the ease with





The section adjacent to the Bastille was in flames

which he kept his balance. When he had gone a few yards, he stopped, turned round, helped himself to a pinch of snuff, and spoke to me again.

"Wait there," he said, "until I am out of sight. If you see me go under, pray for my soul and take another route."

I did not know that it was possible for any man, in such a situation, to be so calm. Later, when I knew the vicomte, I wondered at nothing. No man was ever born with stronger nerves, and my admiration for him never lessened with familiarity, though I never admired him more than on the day we met, the day that changed the destiny of France.

When he had gone a distance of about thirty feet, and his slim and elegant figure was indistinct in the smoke, I lowered myself from the window and followed him across the roof.

I confess, my heart was beating like a hammer, though I was not in half the danger he was, since he went first, avoiding the flames that darted at us like great fiery daggers, and testing the strength of the tiles to take our weight every foot of the way.

We must have crossed the roofs of seven or eight houses, when I saw a wall straight in front of us in which was a window, and I heard the vicomte laugh.

"We are still in the way of luck, it seems, André," he said, "if I may be permitted the use of your Christian name, which happens also to be my own. It may be that we were both born under the same lucky star."

Bidding me stay where I was, lying flat on the roof, he rose cautiously to his feet, and looked in at the window, which was closed.

"There is no one there," he informed me. "It was not likely that there should be, as they are all out of doors, gaping at the fire; but I had to take the precaution."

He bent down, wrenched a tile from the roof, and with this broke one of the small diamond-shaped panes of glass. Thrusting a hand through the break, he grasped the latch, opened the window, and climbed into a bedroom.

I followed him as quickly as I could, so as not to be seen, and found myself in a room that was so shabbily furnished that I do not think there was anything there that was not broken.

The vicomte stood stroking his chin. "No clothes!" said he. "That is unfortunate, but it was only to be expected. They have taken away what they can, lest the fire should spread; and the only saving grace is that they have taken themselves off, as well. So we have the house to ourselves."

"But they will come back," I suggested.

"That is beyond doubt. But not yet." He sat down upon the bed, which was all on a slant, since one of the legs

had undoubtedly met with injury. "It is strange," he remarked, "how the wheel of fortune turns, this way or that, and we know not which. It looks as if a man might just as well trust his destiny to the spin of a coin. Last night I dined with my esteemed good friend, the Governor of the Bastille. Neither he nor I had the least idea of what was going to happen, though we had heard that there had been rioting in the streets. We sat late and Delaunay asked me to stay the night. When we were both asleep,

a messenger came to tell us that the Bastille was threatened. Can you blame us, if we laughed at the idea? Who could know that the Garde Française would mutiny!"

"And yet I knew it," I said.

He raised his eye-brows in interrogation; and in as few words as I could I told him my story.

"Well," said the vicomte, "it is just as well to know that I've a double. It may be I shall be able to put that to some account."

I moved to the door.

"Would it not be best," I asked, "to search the lower rooms?"

"Worth while, of course," said he, "though I doubt if we'll find a rag. And it is rags we want; there's immunity to-day, it seems, only for thieves and beggars."

TOGETHER we went on tip-toe out of the room, and down a flight of stairs. All these houses were tenanted by people of the poorer sort; in most of the rooms there were several beds, or more often mattresses spread upon the floor, but the few things of value they possessed, including their spare clothes, they had taken out into the street.

When we had reached the bottom landing, from which a staircase led down into the room on the ground floor, to our surprise, and not a little to my consternation, we heard voices. We were not alone in the house!

"Stay here," said my companion, whom I was getting to like more and more, every second I was with him. "Stay here, while I have a look."

In a very little time he came back to me, and with bad news, too, though he did not seem in the least put out about it.

"It's no good!" he said. "Not so far as I'm concerned, at any rate. There's a wine shop down there, and they are all drinking 'Death to the noblesse.'"

"Then we are caught," I exclaimed.

"I am," he agreed, "but not you. So far as I can see, there's naught to prevent you walking out into the street."

I answered without a moment's hesitation.

"Monsieur," I said, "if you stay here, then so do I."

The vicomte lifted his eye-brows.

"That's very touching!" he observed. "Truly touching, and you are not to think that I do not appreciate it, because I do. At the same time I would not have you imperil your life on my account. If I am strung up to a lantern, I can not see that I gain very much by having you for a neighbor."

"I would rather be with you, sir," I persisted, "because, if we can find somewhere in this house where we can hide till it is dark, I might be able to take you to my grandfather's house where you should be safe."

He smiled and slapped me on the back.

"I like your spirit, my boy!" said he, "but I must insist, though it pleases me little that our acquaintance should have been so short."

He held out a hand, which I grasped; and then, with the other hand, he again patted me on the back, and gave me a push towards the stairs.

I did not want to leave him, but I saw that I must; so I went down the stairs on tip-toe, with a heavy heart.

For I had made sure that I would never see him again in this world; and I couldn't have made a bigger mistake, for I was back again, on the landing where I had left him, in under five minutes.

I HAD passed down the stairs to a balcony that overlooked the wine shop on the ground floor, and going down upon my knees, I had poked my head round the corner, so that I could look down upon the heads of the men who were sitting drinking at the tables. The whole place was crowded with men armed with medieval weapons, (To page 41)



"If I can't get through he can't; there's no use putting us both in the swamp"

JOHNNY OSCAR reached wearily for the telephone on his desk. Outside his office window the wind howled steadily on, banking the snow higher and higher against the frosty pane. He glanced at the clock as he waited for his number. Seven-thirty! No wonder he was hungry!

"Hello, Red," he said when he got his party. "This is Oscar at the County Garage. Send me over a pot of coffee and some sandwiches, will you? Yeah, bad night. Nope, no let-up in sight."

He hung up the receiver and sat back in his chair. It would be just his luck, he reflected, to have the worst storm in the history of Jersey County break during his first winter as County Engineer and Maintenance Superintendent! It wasn't that he minded storms so much. He was used to them; they were common in his home town in the northern part of the state, but down here in the southern tier of counties such a storm was so rare that the county snow plowing equipment was hardly adequate to handle the situation. But it was his job to keep the trunk line roads open for traffic.

The garage door opened and Jim Davies, his equipment foreman, entered. Jim hailed from Johnny's home town and it had been his tip that a change of engineers was impending in Jersey County that had led to Johnny's getting the job. Because the county was poor, the pay was low, but it was a start for a young engineer only two years out of college.

"Just like old times in Grantham, isn't it?" Jim said with a slow grin. "Snow's gettin' about two feet deep on the level and the roads are worse than that in some places. Had any reports lately?"

"Not since before seven," Johnny replied. "Brant called in from Dalton about that time and said that he was keeping the trunk line clear but the branch to Dead River is plugged at Crooked Lake Swamp. I sent Graham over to help him with the tractor plow but I haven't heard from either of them since then." He ran his fingers through his hair. "If only it would stop snowing or this wind would calm down! You'd think that two days of it would be just about enough!"

Jim looked intently at Johnny's red-rimmed eyes and haggard face. "When are you going to get some sleep?" he asked. "You've been on the job here steady since yesterday morning and here it is starting on another night. It ain't going to do any good for you to make yourself sick. Why don't you go on home and let me handle things for awhile? You ain't afraid I can't are you?"

"Of course not, Jim. You're the only one I can really trust to send out on the road in an emergency. But you know how most of the boys feel about me. The old-timers were all pretty sore because Johnson was let out. They think I'm just a kid who has horned in on a job that's too big for him. Nearly all of them would be tickled to death to see me fall down on it. I know what's been said these last two days! I know how the drivers have razed me for

SNOW in the SWAMP

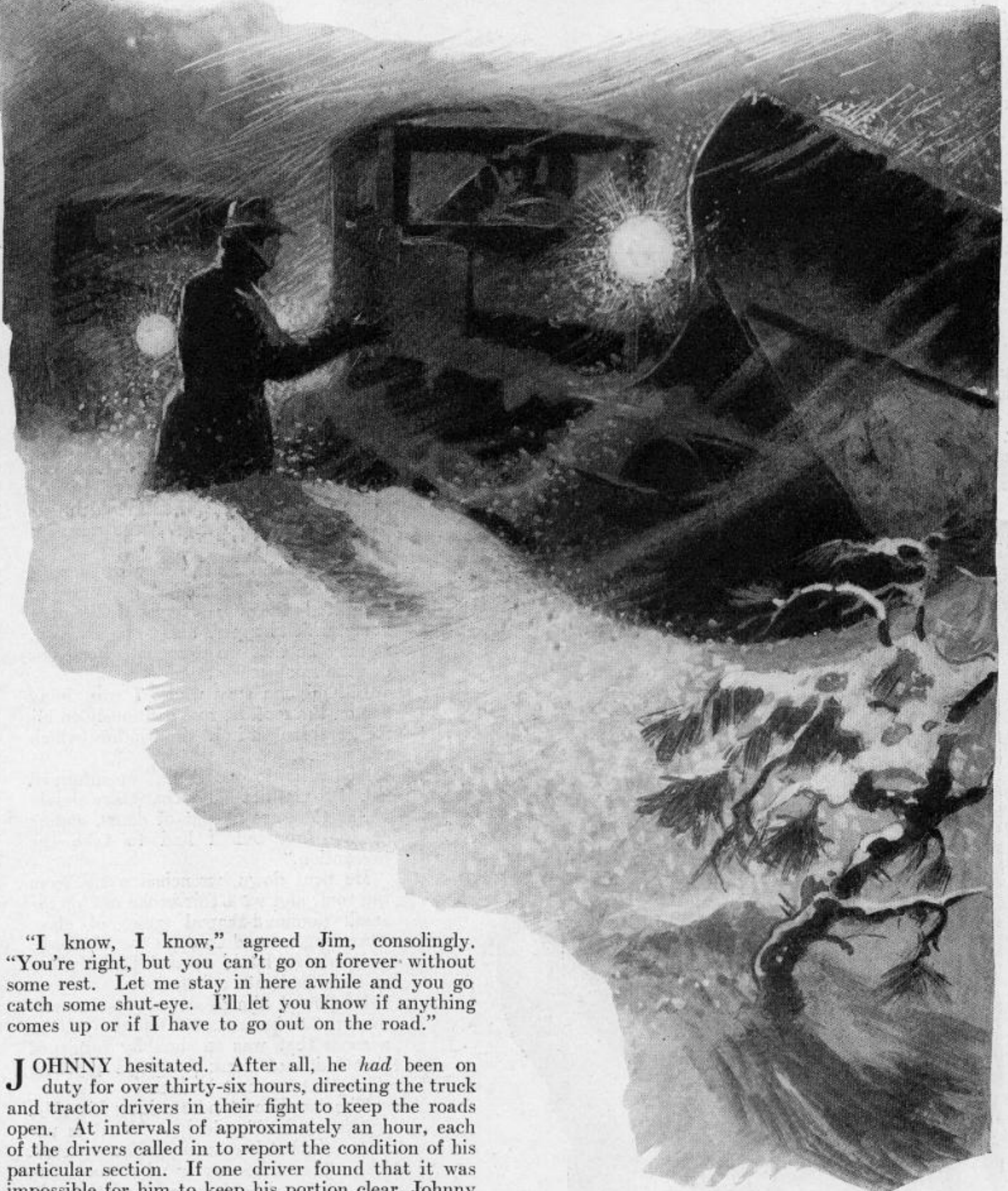
By R. O. Van Orden

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. D. RAHN

staying in the office instead of getting out on the road. They think I'm too soft, too swell-headed to go out. But I know, too, that I can keep track of things better by staying in here and having the boys call in reports to me than I can by getting out and chasing the plows. What good would I be if an emergency arose and I was stuck in a snow bank somewhere?"

was falling in ever-increasing quantities and the wind, whipping and swirling the snow as it fell, was piling up huge drifts that tested the truck plows to their utmost. Johnny had only two tractor plows and he had kept them shuttling back and forth from one section to another as the truck plows bogged down.

It was nerve-racking work. Sitting at his desk in the garage office hour after hour, checking, always checking, on the condition of the highways, gather-



"I know, I know," agreed Jim, consolingly. "You're right, but you can't go on forever without some rest. Let me stay in here awhile and you go catch some shut-eye. I'll let you know if anything comes up or if I have to go out on the road."

JOHNNY hesitated. After all, he had been on duty for over thirty-six hours, directing the truck and tractor drivers in their fight to keep the roads open. At intervals of approximately an hour, each of the drivers called in to report the condition of his particular section. If one driver found that it was impossible for him to keep his portion clear, Johnny would direct some one of the others who was having an easier time with his section to go to the aid of the driver in trouble. So far, he had been able to keep the entire system of main county roads open for wheeled traffic and reports coming in from adjoining counties told him that Jersey County was the only one in that district with such a record. But the drifts were getting worse all the time. The snow

ing reports from his drivers, changing his front of attack on the drifts to meet each new assault of the storm, it was far harder than anything he had ever done before. The responsibility of his position sat heavy on his young shoulders. Down here, people had come to take it for granted that the highways would be open for travel all through the winter, but where Johnny had spent his youth, it was not un-

January

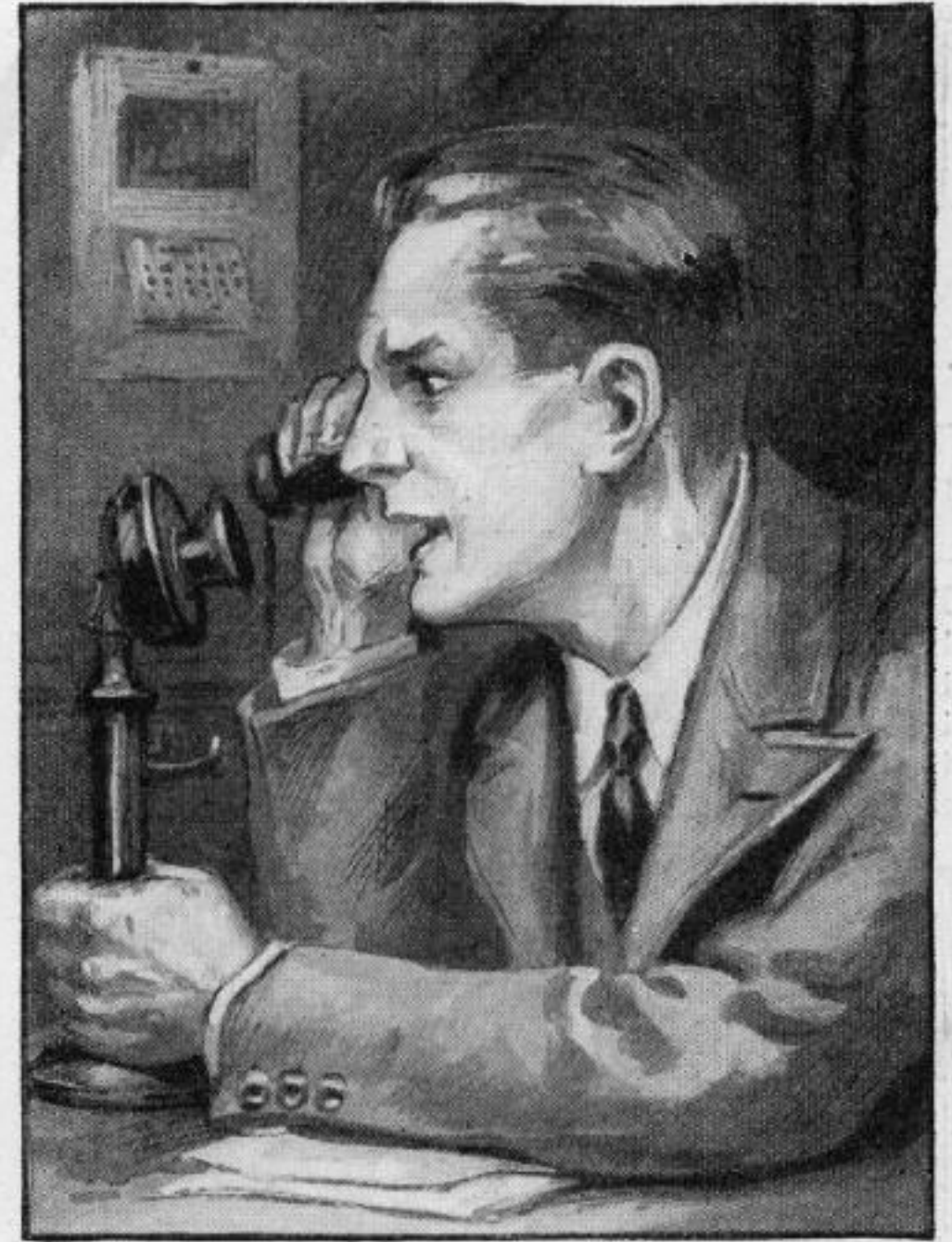
usual to have a town or village isolated for days at a time by impassable roads. He could easily imagine the caustic criticism that would be his reward if the roads in Jersey County became impassable for any length of time and people were cut off from their normal mode of traveling. He just had to keep the roads open!

But Jim was right. He would be no good if he broke under the strain and there was no telling how much longer the storm might last to test his endurance.

"All right, Jim," he said at last. "I'll go home in a little while. You go on and get your supper and when you get back I'll turn things over to you. I want to stick around until I hear from Graham about the Dead River branch. The boys will be calling in any time now."

Jim nodded assent and left the office. Johnny's coffee and sandwiches arrived a few minutes later and after he had eaten he felt much better. As the hands of the clock crept around toward eight o'clock, he sharpened a pencil and placed several sheets of paper near at hand. He was keeping a record of the locations of the drifts as they were reported in, so as to know where to anticipate trouble in case of future storms. Perhaps, before the next winter, he would be able to convince the County Road Commissioners that snow fences, properly placed, would help to prevent such conditions as now prevailed and he wanted to know where to place the fences if he succeeded in getting some.

THE first report came from Brant, calling from a farmhouse about eight miles north of Dalton. His section was clear, although the plowing was becoming more difficult all the time. Yes, he had met Graham, met him at the corner of the Dead River road, making good time on the way to the swamp. No, there were no



"I don't intend to put you in the swamp," Johnny snapped back

new drifts, just the old ones getting worse it seemed.

And so it went. Swenson, calling in from Highwood, reported his section open all the way. Francis, to whose help Johnny had sent the number two tractor plow, called in from Carroll Corners to say that the road there was open again and to ask for orders for the tractor driver. Johnny directed Smith, the driver, to wait at the Corners and hung up for the next call. When it came, it was from Graham. Graham was stuck! His plow had slid off the road on the first curve at the Crooked Lake Swamp and he was unable to get it back out of the ditch.

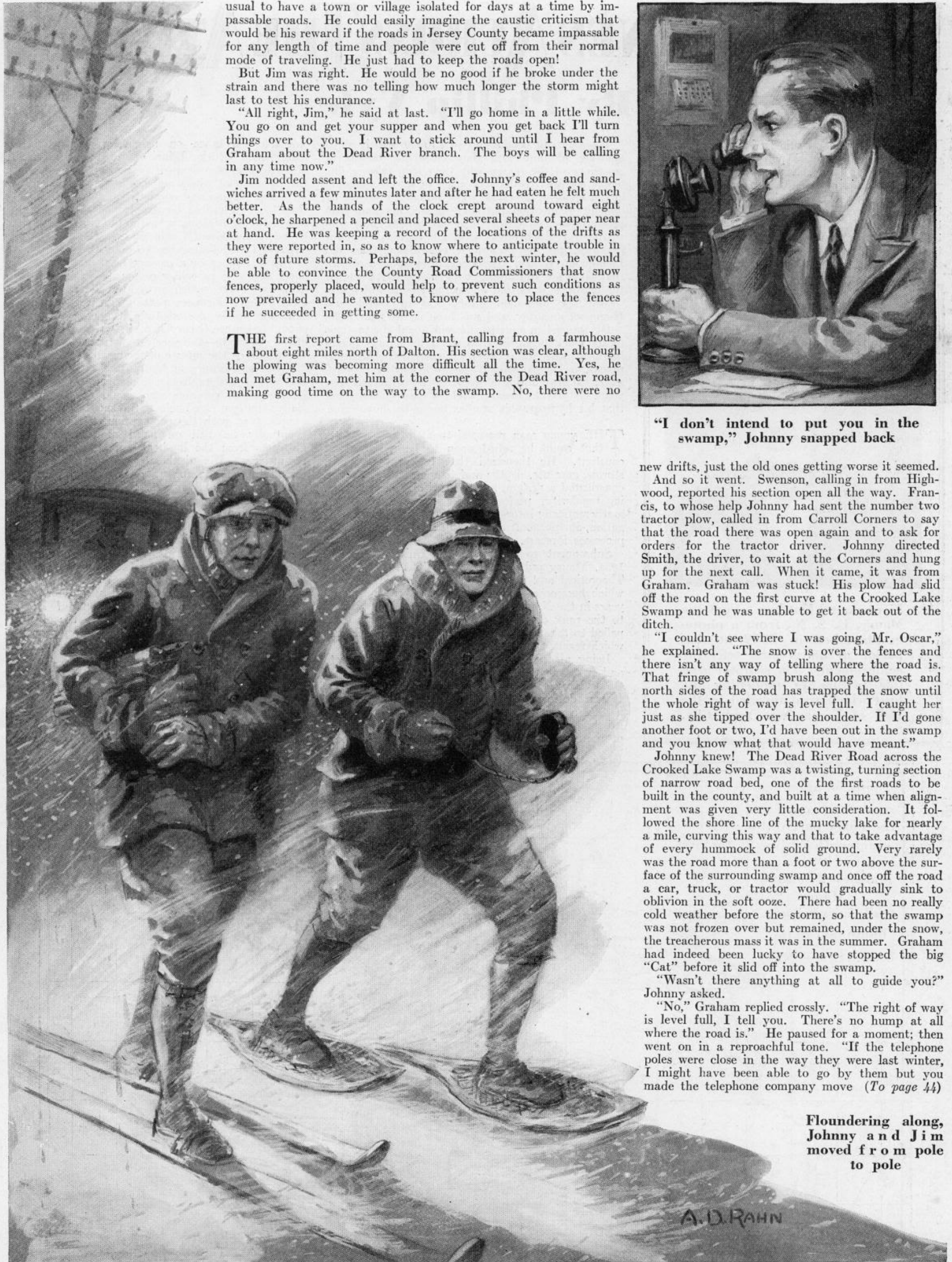
"I couldn't see where I was going, Mr. Oscar," he explained. "The snow is over the fences and there isn't any way of telling where the road is. That fringe of swamp brush along the west and north sides of the road has trapped the snow until the whole right of way is level full. I caught her just as she tipped over the shoulder. If I'd gone another foot or two, I'd have been out in the swamp and you know what that would have meant."

Johnny knew! The Dead River Road across the Crooked Lake Swamp was a twisting, turning section of narrow road bed, one of the first roads to be built in the county, and built at a time when alignment was given very little consideration. It followed the shore line of the mucky lake for nearly a mile, curving this way and that to take advantage of every hummock of solid ground. Very rarely was the road more than a foot or two above the surface of the surrounding swamp and once off the road a car, truck, or tractor would gradually sink to oblivion in the soft ooze. There had been no really cold weather before the storm, so that the swamp was not frozen over but remained, under the snow, the treacherous mass it was in the summer. Graham had indeed been lucky to have stopped the big "Cat" before it slid off into the swamp.

"Wasn't there anything at all to guide you?" Johnny asked.

"No," Graham replied crossly. "The right of way is level full, I tell you. There's no hump at all where the road is." He paused for a moment; then went on in a reproachful tone. "If the telephone poles were close in the way they were last winter, I might have been able to go by them but you made the telephone company move (To page 44)

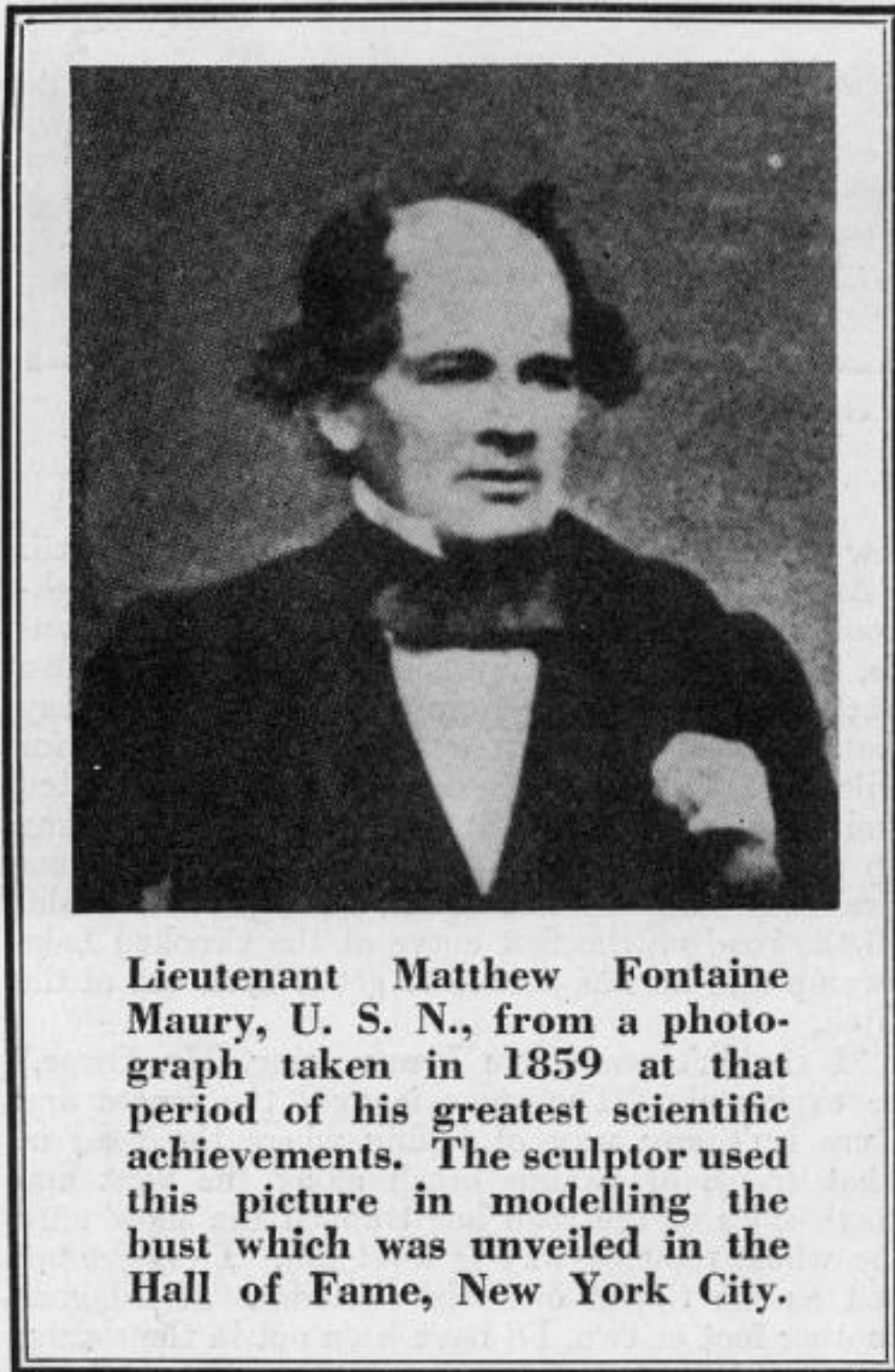
Floundering along, Johnny and Jim moved from pole to pole



MAURY'S LANES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

By Phillip Vyle

MORE popularly eulogized pioneers in science, and many, perhaps, with less claim than his to fame, have overshadowed public familiarity with the name of Matthew Fontaine Maury, U.S.N., and his achievements seem to be a forgotten, if not a closed, book. Whenever the name of the Pathfinder of the Seas is spoken to-day, it is questioned in what way it qualifies for the Hall of Fame and the honor roll of the great men of peace-time pursuits.



Lieutenant Matthew Fontaine Maury, U. S. N., from a photograph taken in 1859 at that period of his greatest scientific achievements. The sculptor used this picture in modelling the bust which was unveiled in the Hall of Fame, New York City.

Thousands of people go down to the seas in ships unaware of him; and they cross the oceans in ignorance of the reason why their ship takes a different pathway to that traversed by a vessel coming in the opposite direction. Yet, offhand, it would be difficult to mention the name of another man who accomplished more for universal benefit, and who shared his discoveries with all nations, without royalties, tax or prescribed conditions, than did Lieutenant Maury. His fame rests upon a service that saves life and property—a service that is one of the brightest stars that adorn the victories of peace.

Matthew Fontaine Maury was of Dutch and Huguenot ancestry, and was born in the year 1806.

His interest in and speculations about the motions of the tides, began in 1825 when, as a midshipman in the United States Navy, he cruised the Mediterranean and sailed around the world on the *Brandywine*. It was during a world cruise of almost four years in the *Vincennes* while a past-midshipman, that his hydrographic studies began to show value.

THE young man reasoned that the sea has laws that could be relied upon to be uniform and constant. He theorized that the waves, winds, storms, currents, depths and temperature of the sea constituted a system, a cause and effect constant in its regularity, perfect in its orderliness and so mathematically inter-related that, by patient investigation, its phenomena could be understood and its processes forecast. No mean thesis!

Subsequent to return to the United States in 1834, Maury published his book in 1836, "A New Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Navigation," which became a Navy text. After three additional years in the Navy, during which period he advanced to the rank of First Lieutenant, Maury was compelled to take up shore duties owing to an accident which resulted in permanent lameness.

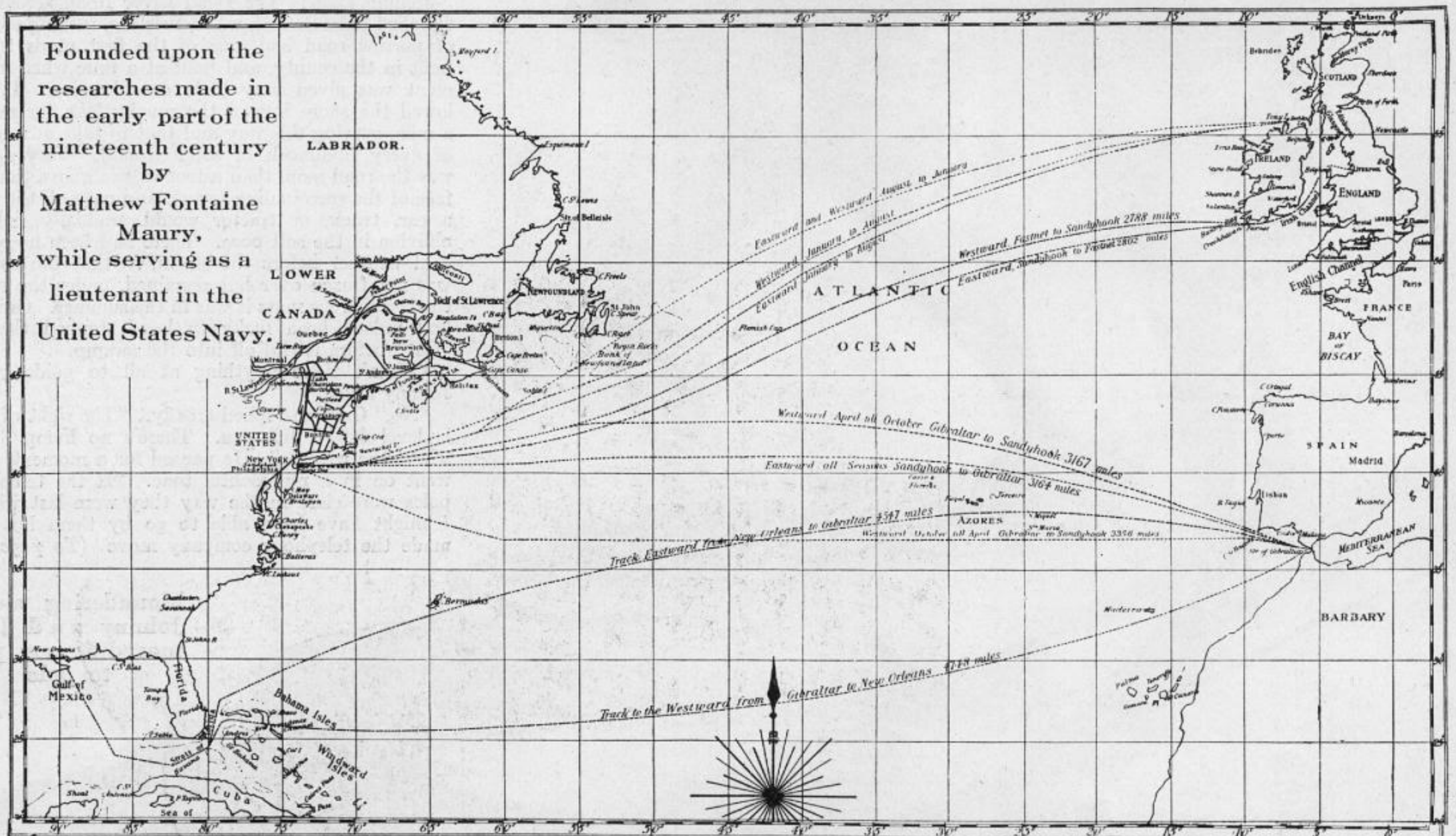
Being placed in charge of the Depot of Charts and Instruments, he developed it into the National Observatory of which he was made Superintendent. It was during this period that Maury issued the first of a series of observations on the flow of the Mississippi, and suggested plans for the reclamation of the River's submerged lands. He was of con-

siderable assistance on behalf of plans for the enlargement of the Illinois and Michigan Canals. His attention was devoted primarily to determining the duration of winds and the whys and wherefors of ocean currents and one outcome of his considerations was "Physical Geography of the Sea," and other volumes dealing with the Gulf Stream, Ocean Currents and Great Circle Sailing.

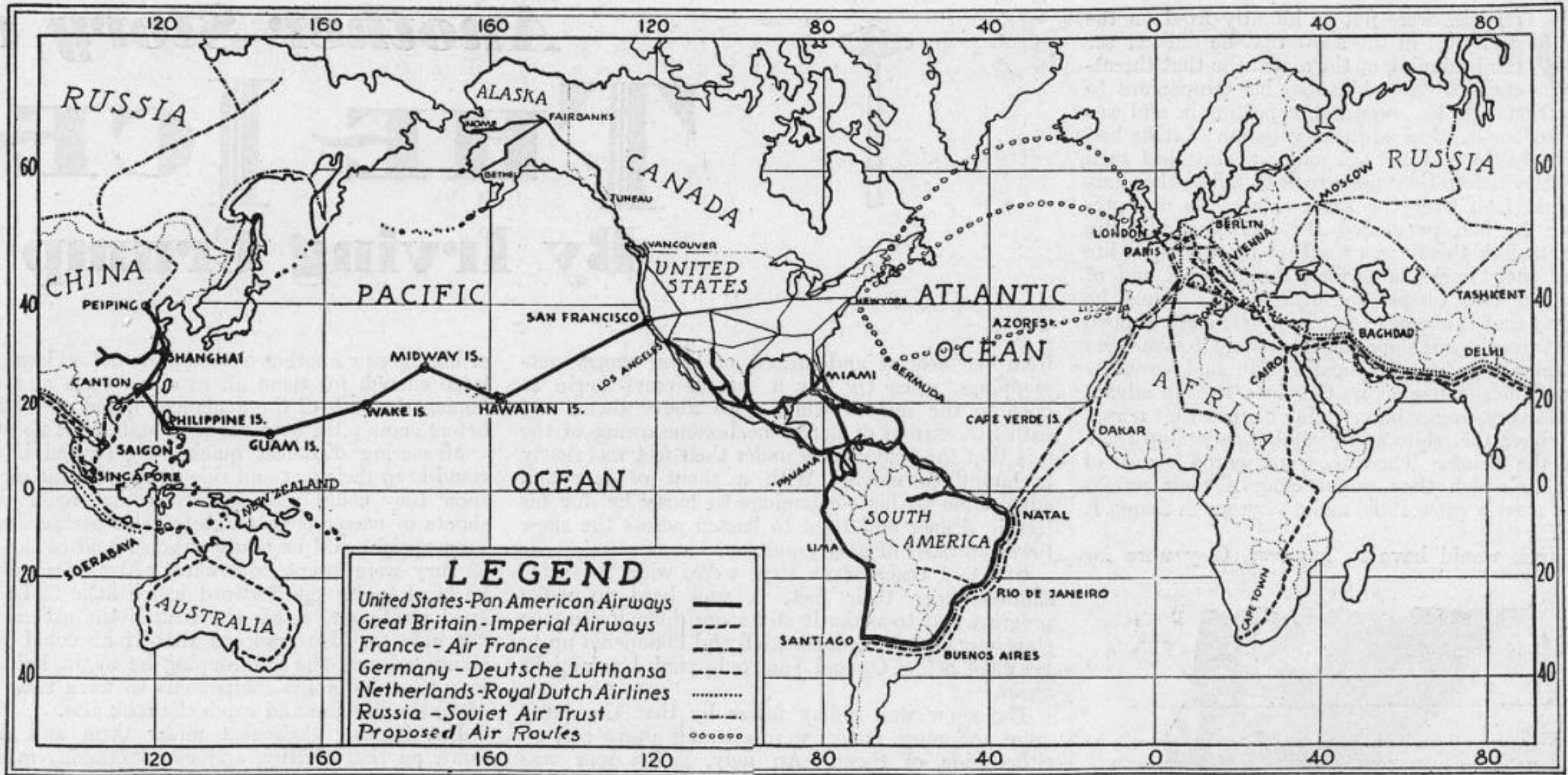
Great Circle sailing has to do with long-distance voyaging. When on a passage from port to port on short trips, the navigator ordinarily selects a course on a rhumbline, which on a Mercator's chart, is a straight line. Between ports at great distance and differing widely in longitude, the course followed should be on the Great Circle, which on a Mercator's chart is a curve—the shortest distance between any two places on the surface of the earth.

Lieutenant Maury set himself the tremendous task of assembling data from the skippers of ships. He distributed to captains who would use them especially laid out log-books. So successful was his appeal, that with the cooperation of ship masters, eventually he had on hand more than 46,000 abstracts from the log-books of sailing ships and steamships. His deliberations immediately sustained themselves, for with the issue of his first series of wind and current charts, made available in 1846, navigation to Rio was revolutionized; ten days being cut off the then prevailing passage time.

IN HIS "Sailing Tracks" one may note Maury's voluminous tabulations of winds and currents, with the names of many of the ships from whose log-books he obtained his abstracts. In this nearly one-thousand-page book are the names of many famous ships, including the creations of Donald McKay, who designed and built the fastest, staunchest and most beautiful vessels ever propelled by sail. Much of America's maritime glory was due to McKay; his name is still a legend wherever true sailormen foregather. Seventy-five years ago American ships and sailormen were lords of the Seven Seas. They could outsail and outweather any other ships on earth, and they carried the cream of the world's seaborne commerce in their hulls. *The Flying Cloud, The Sovereign of the* (To page 30)



Founded upon the researches made in the early part of the nineteenth century by Matthew Fontaine Maury, while serving as a lieutenant in the United States Navy.



AIR LANES AROUND THE WORLD!

By Captain Burr Leyson

TRANS-OCEANIC air lanes! The vision of yesterday and the reality of to-day! The cold courage of Reid and his gallant crew on the NC4, the giant Navy-Curtiss flying boat that made the first air passage of an ocean, the flaming spirit of Lindbergh that fired the world with admiration for modern youth, the calm acceptance of desperate odds that was a part of Kingsford-Smith—all these fine qualities that epitomize the spirit of the aerial pioneer have formed the brilliant background against which the spectacular advance of aviation has been played. And now, the actors in this stirring drama of aviation have played their part—blazed the trail.

Their dreams materialize and the spectacular of yesterday becomes the prosaic of to-day. Their conception of a great system of airways girdling the earth is an accomplished fact. The last link in the chain—9,000 miles across the far-flung stretches of the Pacific—has been forged by American enterprise and the world that thought it impossible sees it done. The story of the trans-oceanic air lanes is an epic of the conquering of apparently insurmountable difficulties and dangers.

In the early spring of 1931 three men, high in a New York skyscraper, pored over a large-scale map of the Pacific Ocean. They were calmly plotting out an air lane across its 9,000 miles. The fact that at that time there existed no seaplane or flying boat capable of flying even the first stage of the route they planned failed to discourage them. No accurate methods of aerial navigation that would give the precision necessary to such long over-water flights existed nor were there pilots who possessed all the necessary training for such a service. Yet these men calmly went ahead with their plans, determining what was necessary for the task, noting it, point by point, until they had evolved a complete outline of the equipment and personnel necessary.

THEY found that flying boats the like of which designers claimed were impossible to build, trained pilots with such a broad knowledge that it seemed too much to ask, bases that did not exist, radio installations of unheard of perfection and a system of weather reporting, all were necessary. With these tools the Pacific could be spanned. After its 9,000 miles the short reach of the North Atlantic was child's play. They set about the task and the trans-oceanic air lanes began to materialize. Juan Trippe,

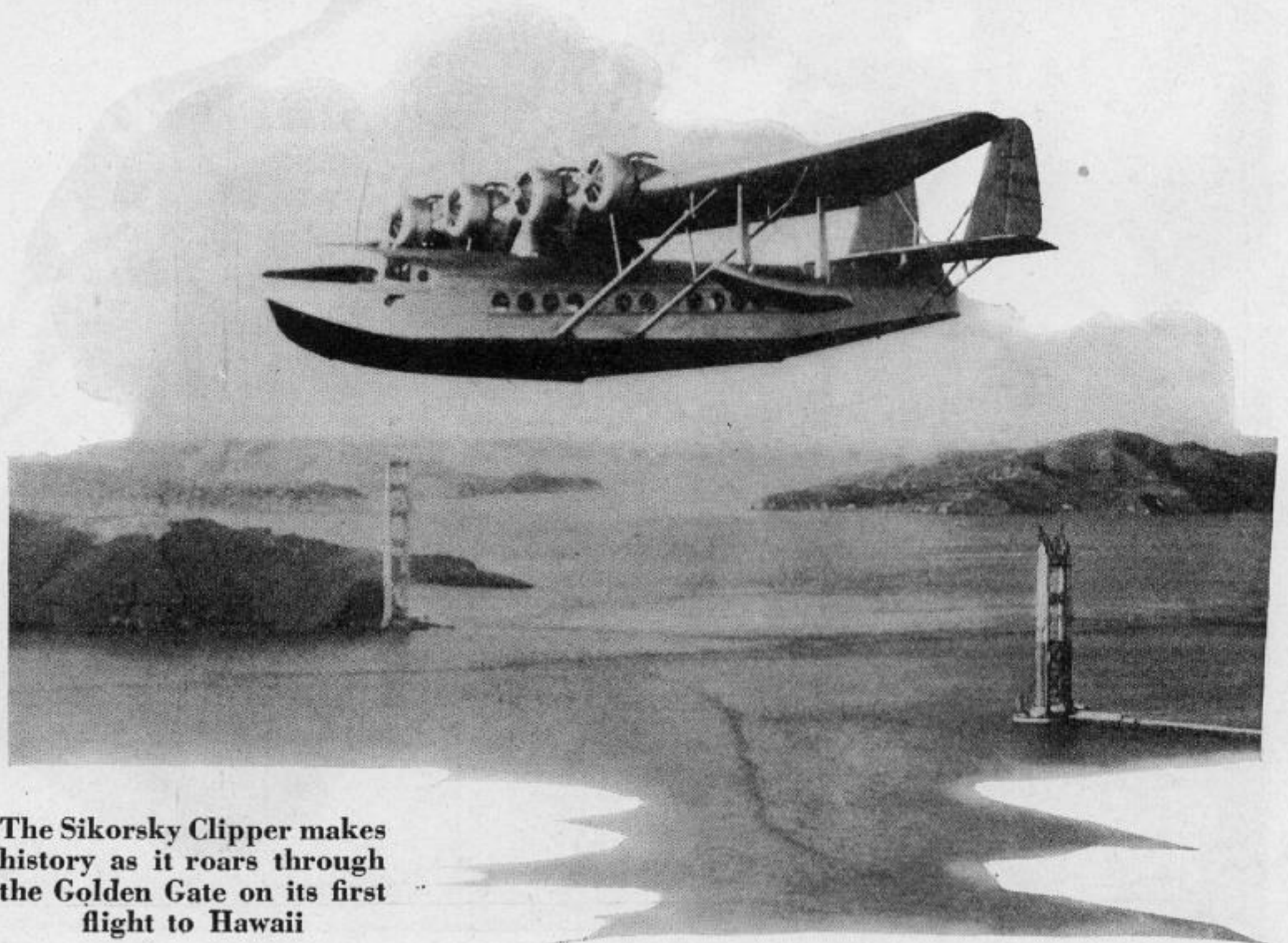
youthful president of Pan-American Airways, André Priester, the line's brilliant engineer and Colonel Charles Lindbergh were on the job.

The six stages of the trans-oceanic air lane were but black lines on a map, yet within a few short months the lines gave promise of becoming lanes. Priester was in the south, training air and ground crews for the task ahead. Colonel Lindbergh conferred with aviation engineers, outlining the needs of the new service. Out of all came a huge flying boat, the first of the "Clipper" type, a Sikorsky.

The Clipper slid into the waters of Long Island Sound in 1934, slightly three years after the first conference. Loaded, this huge craft weighed 19 tons—38,000 pounds. Its efficiency was unheard of—it

carried a load that was 99.8 per cent of its own dead weight! And this aerial giant hurled itself through the air at a top speed of 192 miles an hour, cruising at 158! In tests it broke 11 official international records! The tool was ready and Lindbergh looked to Priester for the hands to use it.

Priester was ready. He had not one but several crews! These men were trained to the minute. Captain, Co-pilot, Navigator, Radio Officer, Flight Engineer and every man of the five interchangeable in case of emergency! The nineteen-ton Sikorsky was turned over to them and became a flying laboratory. Its spacious cabins were filled with great fuel tanks, hatches were cut for navigation, chart rooms prepared. (To page 40)



The Sikorsky Clipper makes history as it roars through the Golden Gate on its first flight to Hawaii

Og's eyes were not so intently fixed on the goat trail in the snow that he did not see the beginning of the avalanche that threatened to carry him and his companions to destruction. He had been half expecting it, and was watching for it. Indeed in anticipation of it he had laboriously thought out safeguards against just such a calamity before they undertook to follow that narrow goat trail over the snow ridge. As one precaution he had persuaded Ru and Tao and Big Tooth to link themselves together by making a life line of their buckskin girdles, the forward end of which he tied about his own waist. Thus he reasoned that if one or even two of the party slipped on that treacherous slope the others might save them from plunging to their death. He had carefully planned their course across the slope to take advantage of every craggy outcropping of rock that reared itself above the white and gleaming carpet up there above the clouds. These rocks presented islands of safety to which they might cling if their weight should start a snow slide, as he very much feared it would.

As luck would have it, however, they were far



Another Story of THE ICE By Irving Crump

from the nearest and biggest of these craggy outcroppings, when Og saw a sinister crack begin to open in the smooth white slope above them, and with a sensation of horror he became aware of the fact that the heavy snow under their feet was slowly beginning to move. With a shout of fear and admonition to his companions to hurry he dug his feet in deeper and tried to hasten across the slope toward a mass of gray granite.

But tied together as they were, with the snow sliding under their feet, it was hard to make progress and to make it still more difficult Ru, the clumsy one, stumbled, then fell and floundered up to his waist before Og and Tao could yank him upright again.

The snow was sliding faster by that time, and more and more cracks were opening above and on either side of them. An ugly, sullen roar was audible, too, indicating that great masses of snow were breaking loose everywhere and moving down the slope. As this sound began Og had a sickening feeling that the end for all of them was very close at hand. Buried under a veritable mountain of snow they would be carried down that slope, beneath the clouds that swirled below them, to be crushed by the sheer weight of the white stuff piling down on them.

BUT though thoughts of this nature burned their way through Og's brain they did not deter him from action. If anything, they spurred him to a more desperate effort to save himself and his companions. Battling the shifting mass under him and the rush of snow that was moving down from above, his quick eyes took in their surroundings and all possible refuges. The big outcropping of rock toward which they had been moving was now hopelessly beyond their reach. The shift of the snow had carried them far below it, and Og knew they could never struggle back to it against the downward rush. But below and a little ahead

of him he saw another outcropping, not so large, but large enough for them all to climb upon and wait, hoping the rush of the avalanche might spend itself before snow piled over the rock and swept them off.

Measuring distances quickly Og figured if they could keep their feet and ride down with the moving snow they could probably reach that rock. With shouts of encouragement he told his companions to keep upright and be ready to seize hold of the crag as they were swept downward. At the same time he tried to struggle forward just a little to be in a good position to reach the rock if the others were not able to. He reasoned that if he could get a secure grip on the outcropping he might hold fast long enough for his companions to work their way along the life line and reach the rock also.

But keeping their feet under them and riding down on that shifting and ever-increasing mass of snow was much more difficult than even Og anticipated. Ru again lost his footing, floundered, and had to be dragged upright. And while they were all struggling to do this Big Tooth lost his footing and, half-buried in the heavy snow, was pulled downward with such force that Og and Tao had to brace themselves hard to drag him back. And all the time the mass of shifting snow was growing larger and heavier and the rumble of the avalanche was developing into a roar as the entire mountainside got into movement.

Down the slope they were carried, their speed increasing slowly but surely as the roar of the avalanche mounted. Snow from above came down in heavier masses. The air was filled with whirling flakes and powdery windrifts. The downward rush became breath-taking. Og saw that they were completely at the mercy of the moving mass. He saw, too, that by the time they reached the rock that split the avalanche below them, they would be moving so fast that it would be a question whether they could cling fast to it, or be swept past it, or even over it, with little chance to save themselves.

Desperately Og floundered forward to make more certain to reach that rock, when suddenly, with a yell, Ru went down carrying Tao with him. A moment the two of them floundered, hips deep in the moving mass, while Big Tooth desperately fought to keep his feet and haul them up again. But the strain was too much for the sturdy Flat Head. His struggle combined with the movement of the shifting snow made him lose his balance and with a snow-muffled yell he went under the white moving mass, and Og alone of the party was left to get them all back on their feet again.

The Cave Boy knew he was incapable of that. He had not the strength to haul the three of them up against the heavy downward rush of snow. But he did think that he had a slim chance of saving himself and his companions if he could seize hold of the boulder that was at that instant flashing past. With a desperate surge forward as far as the

The avalanche picked them up and hurled them twisting and tumbling down the side of the mountain



Og, Son of Fire

MONSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MURRAY

taut life line would let him he made a wild grab for the boulder. Luck was momentarily with him. His fingers closed about a sharp outcropping and clamped fast, and the downward rush was stopped.

For a fleeting instant Og had a feeling that they could all be saved. If he could climb on that rock and brace himself he might haul the others up after him. But almost as soon as the thought was born it perished, for suddenly he felt the life-line give way. There was a lessening of the drag at his body and at the same time snow-muffled yells came to him even above the roar of the gathering avalanche, and he knew with sickening certainty that his friends had been swept away, probably to their death. With heart heavy he began to scramble up onto the outcropping. But even as he drew himself up and gained a foothold, a tremendous mass of snow swept down from the heights above with a thunderous roar and engulfed him and the rock. Fight though he did against the sullen force of this snow, Og, was literally picked up and hurled twisting and tumbling down the slope toward what he felt sure must be certain death.

Only hunger such as he and his companions had suffered for three suns now combined with other desperate circumstances had forced Og to risk the perils of that high snow country among the mountains that Big Tooth called the top of the world. Still trying to get away from Watusi, the witch doctor, and the natives of this strange land, the Cave People had traveled fast along jungle trail and across grass-grown plains, always conscious of the fact that behind them somewhere was a horde of naked brown-skinned men who followed doggedly after them bent on capturing them and bringing them back to their village for some sinister reason. They were determined people these Boomerang Men who pursued them so swiftly that Og and his companions had little chance to stop and hunt for food animals. Indeed, the pursuit was so hot and so close at times that Og in desperation laid a course directly to a chain of snow-capped mountains that reared their white heads high above the clouds. Up over the top of this range he decided to lead his followers in the hope that the snow and discomfort of mountain traveling would discourage the Boomerang Men, or that if they did follow that far they might come to grief up there on those snowy heights or get lost in the great banks of whirling vapors that rolled around the mountain tops.

BUT this high country traveling was difficult for the Cave People. Above timberline and deep in the snow district they found nothing at all in the way of animal life to serve as food. Desperately they watched each crag and ledge for signs of goats but saw very few. And to add to their misery they found that this mountain range was a far bigger one than they had anticipated. Above the clouds they saw line upon line of snow peaks extending in all directions and Og realized that it would take them days to reach the far slope of the range and drop down into jungle country again. However, having set their course that way they dared not turn back now, so they pushed on.

With their third day's traveling fortunately they came across a well-worn goat trail in the snow which gave them hope of finding meat somewhere ahead. Eagerly Og and his companions hurried on through deepening snow only to discover that the goat trail led across a very treacherous slope before it seemed to dip down below the cloud line. Og, as he surveyed this trail, was fully aware of the chance of starting a great snow slide on that slope, but again

the realization that they had shaped their course in that direction and that ahead of them somewhere at the end of that trail were to be found goats which meant food, made all of them, even Og, willing to take almost any kind of risk to push on.

So Og made careful preparations for the trip across the treacherous, snowy slope hoping that any slide they might start would not amount to a great deal. Never did he expect an avalanche of such proportions as the one that swept his companions away from him and hurled him down the mountain in a mad plunge that seemed certain to be his end.

For ages it seemed he was carried downward by that torrent of sliding snow, sometimes buried deep under the heavy white mass and sometimes hurled to the surface where he clutched, madly, wildly for something to break his downward plunge. Battered, bruised, and only half-conscious he finally came to an abrupt stop to lie spent and motionless, hemmed in on all sides by smothering whiteness. But when the fact beat home to his whirling brain that he was no longer rushing downward at dizzy speed, and when he realized that the roar of the avalanche no longer thundered in his ears it dawned upon him that at least he had survived the great snow slide and that he was buried somewhere at the foot of the long slope down which he had plunged.

Twisting, turning, and fighting back the smother of whiteness that engulfed him he began to claw his way upward in the direction of daylight again and was soon relieved to find that he broke through into a flood of brilliant sunshine. For a moment he had not the slightest idea where he was, but as he stood up and looked around he realized that he had been carried down into a great valley between towering mountain heights. It was a valley through which wound a great river of solid ice; a glacier formed by thousands of years of snow slides from

The beast was a great hump-backed dinosaur frozen in the ice of the glacier



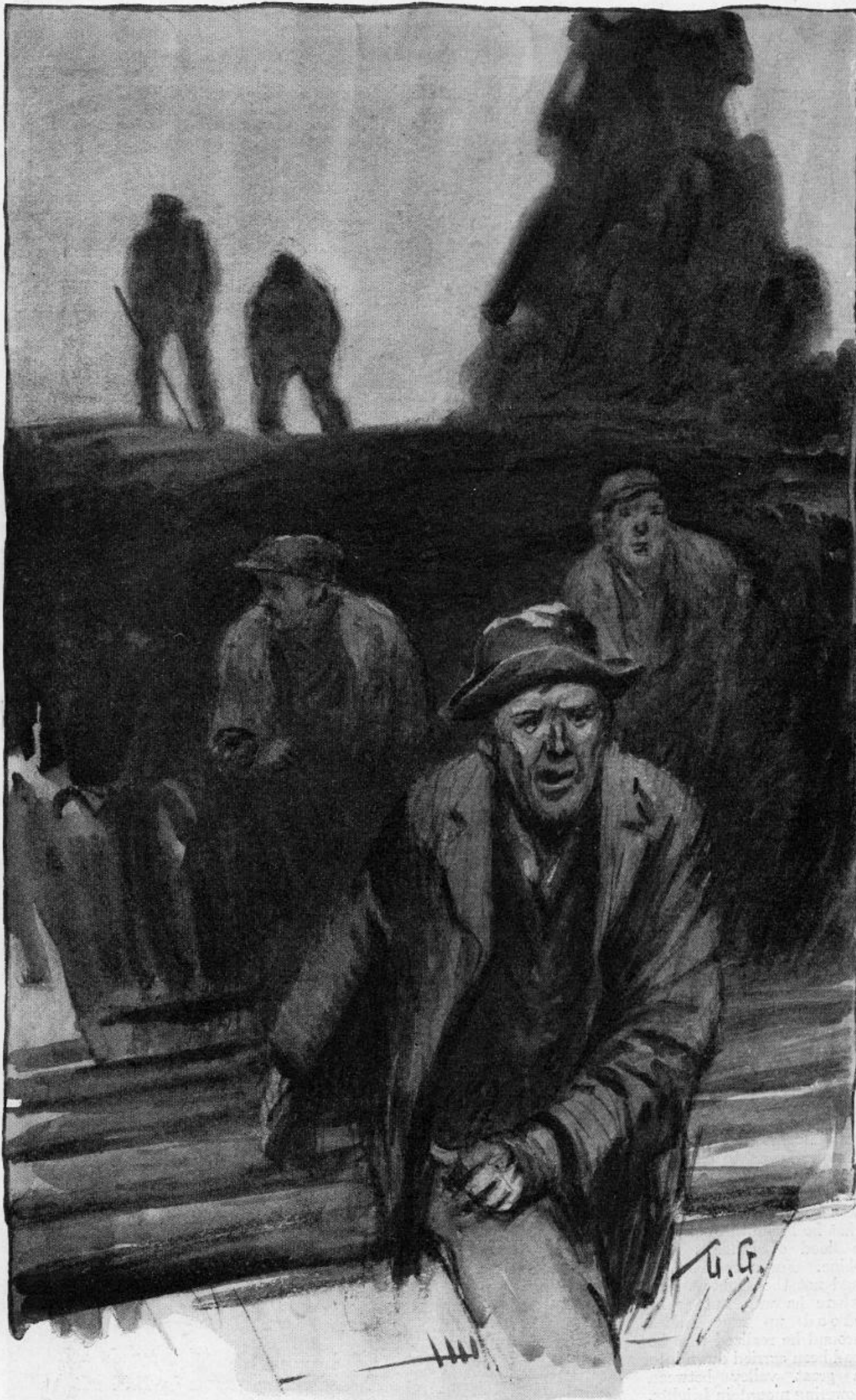
those mountains packed down in the narrow valley. At the moment, however, that glacier nor any other part of his surroundings interested Og, for his first thought was of his companions who had been carried down ahead of him. They were unquestionably buried under this mass of snow as he had been. But were they dead or were they still alive and trying to dig their way out as he had done?

EAGERLY he looked over the great snow pile and a moment later he gave a cry of relief and began floundering forward toward a point where he saw a great heaving and struggling under the surface. Before he could reach it, however, he saw one huge hairy hand break through, then another, and the next instant the head and face of Big Tooth heaved upward with a loud "wush-h-h-h" as he flung snow in all directions.

"Big Tooth!" cried Og. "Alive, too! This is good!"
"Who! This Big Tooth all right but him not very much alive," grunted the Flat Head. "Hi-yi-yi! Him near break to pieces when him come down that mountain."

"But you are alive. Big (Continued on page 50)





The story to date:

Don Parker and his Patrol have given material aid to Don's father, their Scoutmaster, in defending Mr. Parker's saw mill against a riot attack incited by lawless lumbermen. Standing sentry in the dark, Don suddenly sees, on one of the dim shapes of logs approaching the very heart of the plant, he espies a sputtering fuse. Dynamite! Only one chance—he shouts for aid and plunges into the water. . . .

CONCLUSION

DON swam without much sound and with a powerful crawl. The distance was not great; the logs were nearly abreast of him when he plunged in. But measured by the thoughts that coursed through his mind, as one arm curved upward, thrust ahead and swept backward, followed by its mate, it was a long, long way.

In place of submerging nose and mouth, he raised his head slightly. He could see the low floating logs and hoped that his impression that they were small was correct. He could see the sparking end of the fuse, on a level with his eyes, and just back of it he made out a compact shape which he knew were the sticks of dynamite.

Subconsciously he was aware of a shout answering to his own, but Don's mind did not follow the call relayed from Post to Post until it should reach Headquarters; nor did he picture the men shortly to pour forth from the little office and race across the yard in answer to the summons in the night. He was concerned only with what lay immediately before him, back of that sputtering fuse, the situation into which he had cast himself unhesitatingly, the sacrifice to which he might be hastening with every stroke of his strong young arms.

WINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

He saw clearly to what terrible disaster he might be heading; yet, with throat still choked with pent-up emotion, he knew that he would not, could not, turn back. A feeling almost of exaltation, which he could not analyze, took possession of him.

He had offered his body in sacrifice to injury, earlier than this, in frantic, loyal effort to save his father and the mill property from the serious harm that threatened, and had been ignored. He had been set aside, before the Patrol was organized, and given ordinary duty; and when he had taken his position in the squad, carried on like any of the others, he had been censured, indirectly perhaps, yet censured by his father before his Patrol leader and the millmen.

No; he would not turn back now. This was an opportunity given him to prove what he would do, to what extent he would go to carry out his duty, no matter what the result might be. And if he failed . . . perhaps they would understand what he had attempted.

He sped onward. There was no hesitation, no lagging in the rhythmic movements of his strong arms.

Now he was almost upon the logs, making for the nearer ends, knowing definitely what he would attempt to do. He could not see the length of fuse left between its sputtering end and the cap sunk in the deadly dynamite. He dared not even speculate upon this.

One hand, reaching out in its stroke, touched the rough log near its end and grasped it. Swiftly he threw his other hand upon it, drew his breast over the two logs lashed together.

He closed his eyes to the spark-spitting fuse, moved even further to the end, letting his weight force it downward.

Waiting, breathless, listening, he could no longer hear the ominous hissing.

He opened his eyes.

The water was up to his knees; the middle portion of the logs was under the surface, although the further end was high. He could see part of the dynamite, a half dozen sticks at least, but the fuse was under water. He felt sure it must be dead.

He pinched the end of it until it felt cool to his touch. It was out. Now he could be sure of it.

He pulled himself back to the ends of the logs. He did not want to stay too close to that package of death. Resting his arms on the logs, he let his feet sink slowly, and hung motionless, until abruptly he was aware of the murmur of voices which, as he listened, grew perceptibly louder, and nearer.

Sven Anderson and his riot squad were coming; perhaps Donnelly—and his father as well.

And suddenly Don did not want them to know what he had done. He turned, pushed against the logs and struck out for the shore, making for the spot, now further up the pond, where he had left his clothes. Swiftly he shot through the water, covering the distance, it seemed to him, in vastly less time than his outward journey had taken.

He found his scattered things and ran for the sawmill. He could see the men running now, a compact group with the giant figure of the Swede in the lead. They were just coming up to the light above the loading platform. Don thought he saw his father's erect form just behind Anderson, as he ducked into the shelter of the open shed.

Without pausing he made his way to the apron of the runway, sloshed at least some of the mud from feet and ankles, and hastily pulled on his clothes.

HE WAS bent over, a dim figure, when the first of the men reached the open end. A flashlight gleamed. A moment later a switch clicked and an overhead light came on. Don straightened slowly.

January

OF AN EAGLE

By Washburn Thompson

"What's the trouble here?" That was his father's brisk tone. "Listen," Don said quietly.

In the silence that followed, could plainly be heard the splash and rippling of running water. The sluice that led the overflow past the idle turbines and into the race, was further along in the dam. This sound was close at hand, almost beneath their feet.

"I heard that," Don said, "and thought one of the emergency gates might be raised. The free logs were commencing to drift down. So I called."

"Right," Mr. Parker said curtly. "Get down there, one of you men, and close it."

A slight but audible thump almost at Donnelly's feet caused him to look down at the two logs that had bumped the apron. He looked out a little farther, suddenly bent forward and stared. Then he straightened and whirled around.

"Great cats!" he roared. "Mr. Parker, sor, will ye take a look!"

Donnelly caught up a peavy, lying on the apron, and swung the logs in sidewise. Mr. Parker dropped to one knee and bent over the bundle in the middle.

"A full half dozen of 'em," Donnelly gasped, in awed whisper. "They were floatin' em down to blow up the sawmill. An' will ye look at th' fuse, sor. Nothin' but 'bout two inches of it, an' me standin' right there atop of it. How d'ye suppose she ever got choked off just there? Ye can see it's burned at the edge."

Mr. Parker made no answer. He examined the bundle of sticks carefully, felt of the fuse end. Then slowly he came erect. When he turned around under the light, his face looked curiously white; he seemed suddenly very weary.

His eyes swept over the men, beyond them, and lit upon Don in his corner. Then he began to walk, slowly, toward him. Donnelly followed, looking bewildered. Don wanted to turn, to dash away, but he seemed rooted to his corner.

Mr. Parker stopped before him, stretched out a hand and felt beneath the coat Don had hastily buttoned around him. When he withdrew his hand, Don felt it trembling slightly. He wanted to avoid his father's eyes, but he was aware that they were steady on him, and he raised his own. The look Don saw there, he could not fathom all at once; but suddenly he dropped his own glance in shame—shame that he had ever for the slightest moment doubted this father of his, doubted his own standing in his father's heart and mind.

Donnelly's awed tone sounded behind Mr. Parker's shoulder. "Be ye afther tellin' me th' boy swum out there an' snuffed that fuse agin th' dynamite! Look at th' wet of him!"

Mr. Parker nodded. He did not, perhaps could not, speak.

The men looked on silently, open mouthed, until the giant Anderson shuffled up and clapped one huge hand on Don's shoulder.

"Dere ain't a man among us woulda done dat trick, lad," he rumbled, and there was no joking in his tone now.

"It wasn't anything," Don muttered, anxious to get away. "It was only a little way out, and there was nothing else to do."

MR. PARKER wheeled abruptly.

"Anderson, take three of your men. Get those logs out of the water. Don't touch that dynamite. I want it for evidence. Donnelly, when they are through, turn off this light. Leave a couple of men, who know what it's all about, on guard here. The rest of you come with me. Come on, Don . . . Wait . . . Just a minute. McAllister, there's a boy on watch over there by the toolhouse ruin. Take his place and send him to the office. All right, men. Come on."

Silently the group tramped along while Mr. Parker detailed men to replace the Scout sentries.

As they rounded the corner of the finishing mill, a figure rushed toward them from the direction of the office. It was Tread Stanton, and as he came close they saw his clothing was torn, his face streaked with blood. Mr. Parker and the rest crowded around.

"What happened, Stanton?" Mr. Parker asked briskly.

Tread was a little out of breath and was not

He hit Dolph and I think he knocked him out. Another one hit me. I was dazed and didn't see them go. When my head got clear, I came to get you."

"Donnelly, Anderson," Mr. Parker's voice rang in quick command, "six of you others—beat it up the line and try to cut them off. Over by those burnt lumber piles. Don't go beyond the fence!" he yelled after the already running men. "And come back to the office as soon as you can!"

He turned to Tread.

"What about Johnson?"

"I looked that way while I was running. I think there was an altercation at the gate that held him there. See"—Tread pointed. "There goes a bunch of them. That's why he didn't hear the rumpus in the office."

Mr. Parker was already sprinting toward the office. The others matched his pace.

"Olsen!" Mr. Parker called over his shoulder. "Go on to the north gate and the siding entrance. See if anything happened to the men there. Report at the office at once."

When they reached the small build—(To page 34)



He let out a hoarse bellow of rage and came charging across the room

standing any too steadily.

"After you had all gone," he panted, "a half dozen of those toughs came in quietly and caught us by surprise. They grabbed Jimmy, Dolph and me before we could yell and choked us a little. They were after our prisoner. They cut him loose and started out. We tried to stop them and got slammed around. The big man we had tied up was wild.



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This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—Shakespeare.

That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to
know.
—Pope.

Never less alone than when alone.
—Rogers.

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us!
—Burns.

In ourselves
In our own honest hearts and chainless
hands
Will be our safeguard.
—Talfourd.

There is no heroic poem in the world but
is at bottom a biography, the life of a
man; also it may be said, there is no life
of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a
heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or un-
rhymed.
—Sir Walter Scott.

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
—Shakespeare.

Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the
diver,—
One, when a beggar he prepares to
plunge;
One, when a prince he rises with his
pearl?
Festus, I plunge.
—Browning.

FOR this New Year I want to present as a challenge to you the poem which appears on this page. If I had the opportunity to talk with you face to face, I would urge that you try to make the basis of all that you plan and all that you do, that it should square definitely with such a standard.

No matter how many friends you may have, there is always one who is closer than the closest of them, who sticks around you all the time. He is the one fellow that knows everything you do—even if it is perhaps something that you hope other people will not find out. He is the fellow who sometimes, perhaps, shirks his lessons; who is not always as careful, maybe, about his health habits as he might be; who sometimes fails to be as helpful at home as you know he ought. He is yourself.

You choose your friends because they are the kind of fellows you like. They are for the most part people you respect. Try to make this fellow that you have to live with all the time, the kind of person in whom you can take some satisfaction. Make him a boy you can respect. Such a boy will be in good physical shape. He will learn the facts about his physical condition and observe the simple rules of health that will help to make and keep him physically fit. He may not be a brilliant scholar—not all of us have abilities of that sort; but he will not handicap his teachers or himself by neglect of his studies. He will definitely make an

YOURSELF

effort to live up to a code of conduct such as the Scout Oath and Law. He will place special emphasis on helpfulness to others.

He will do all this not as a difficult task, but cheerfully.

One way to accomplish this is to try to act like someone you admire. What person in your reading, or in history, or perhaps in public life today, or in your home community, would you most like to resemble? Make a study of the things in his character that you admire, and try to develop these qualities in yourself. Ask yourself

MYSELF

I HAVE to live with myself, and so,
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the eye;
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun,
And hate myself for things I've done.

I don't want to keep on a closet shelf
A lot of secrets about myself,
And fool myself, as I come and go,
Into thinking that nobody else will know
The kind of a man I really am;
I don't want to dress myself up in sham.

I want to go out with my head erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and self
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.

I never can hide myself from me;
I see what others may never see;
I know what others may never know,
I never can fool myself, and so,
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free.
(Anonymous).

what he would do in this situation, or in that; if he had a chance to do something that was not quite square—if he shirked staying home to help his mother in order to go to the ball game. Whenever you are in doubt about something, think what he would do—then do it.

It will not always be easy to make yourself the kind of boy you want for a friend, but if you will make an earnest and consistent effort, then by the time this New Year draws to its close, in proportion to your effort and your ability, you will find that you have achieved success and satisfaction as a result of your experience through the year.

My challenge for 1936 is—try to make yourself the kind of boy you can like and respect.

A happy and successful New Year to all the readers of BOYS' LIFE.

James E. West

EDITOR AND CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE.

January

WE THINK that this is to-day, but dog-gone it, the skirts of yesterday still linger. The days of the old Chisom trail of mavericks, running irons, branding irons and six guns are not quite gone however; I am told that you can still find Fred Kruger, the blacksmith, down in Kerrville, Texas, busy all day making branding irons. The doorway of his shop is scored up with brands. There are over a hundred of them all of which are in use to-day. That is what I mean when I say and I sing "the skirts of yesterday are dragging over the trail of to-day."

During the Civil War, the war between the States or whatever you may call it, anyhow, it was a war, all the government horses and mules were branded with hot irons. I must say, however, that it did not seem to be a very cruel process. The blacksmith would heat the brand and carefully place it on the horse's shoulder. There would be a puff of smoke—the horse would jump—and the thing was done. That was the skirts of the day before yesterday.

The branding iron was formerly used on people, too, and that not so very long ago. I remember when I was a boy that there was a contractor who always wore a glove on one hand because the back of that hand was branded with a "C" for convict. Nevertheless, he was a very useful citizen. You may, if you watch to-day, occasionally see a man with a scar on his cheek, which was done with a razor or knife by members of a foreign society who thus mark the men whom the society want to discipline. I had an acquaintance with one man so marked, and I asked him how he got it. He looked at me queerly for a moment and then in a low voice said, that as he was stepping out of a doorway, a man slashed him with a razor, and disappeared. I told him I understood and the matter was no longer discussed. That was the skirts of medieval times dragging over the face of to-day, but dog-gone it! What's that got to do with a HAPPY NEW YEAR? This: That on account of the wonderful improvements in transportation, people may tell you that the

BY DAN BEARD

NATIONAL SCOUT COMMISSIONER

Let's Have a Dog-gone Happy New Year!



to tell him how to do it. This made him so very angry, I shut up. He lifted only 300 pounds. It was a rough town and a rough crowd began to gather. I was challenged to beat the mail carrier. It was a delicate situation, but I had to do it or be ridiculed, and if I did do it, I would be certain to get in an awful mix-up with the big wiry mail carrier. However, a dare is a dare, so spreading out my hands, I grasped the handles of the machine, and without undue effort, lifted 750 pounds. Whoopee! Things began to happen! The big fellow, shouting that I was a tin horn and had a trick machine,

will be more work than the making of the travois, and not so useful on a rough road. But it is now winter up north and we can use

The "Dog Sleight"

to advantage, as it is still being used in Alaska and for racing purposes in the Adirondacks.



MANY years ago, I knew the old fellow who carried the mail by dog teams over the icy surface of the northern lakes. I met him one day in the post office of Red Jacket where they had just un-

chine, was rolling up his sleeves showing his muscular forearms with sinews like steel bands, and the weather indications certainly looked more than squally. But fortunately, the postmaster rushed in and subdued the wrath of the mail carrier, before he could knock me back in the pages of yesterday. Of course, the dogs had nothing to do with this. They were only local color, as writers would say, and they just sat by and looked interested. A little too interested it struck me.

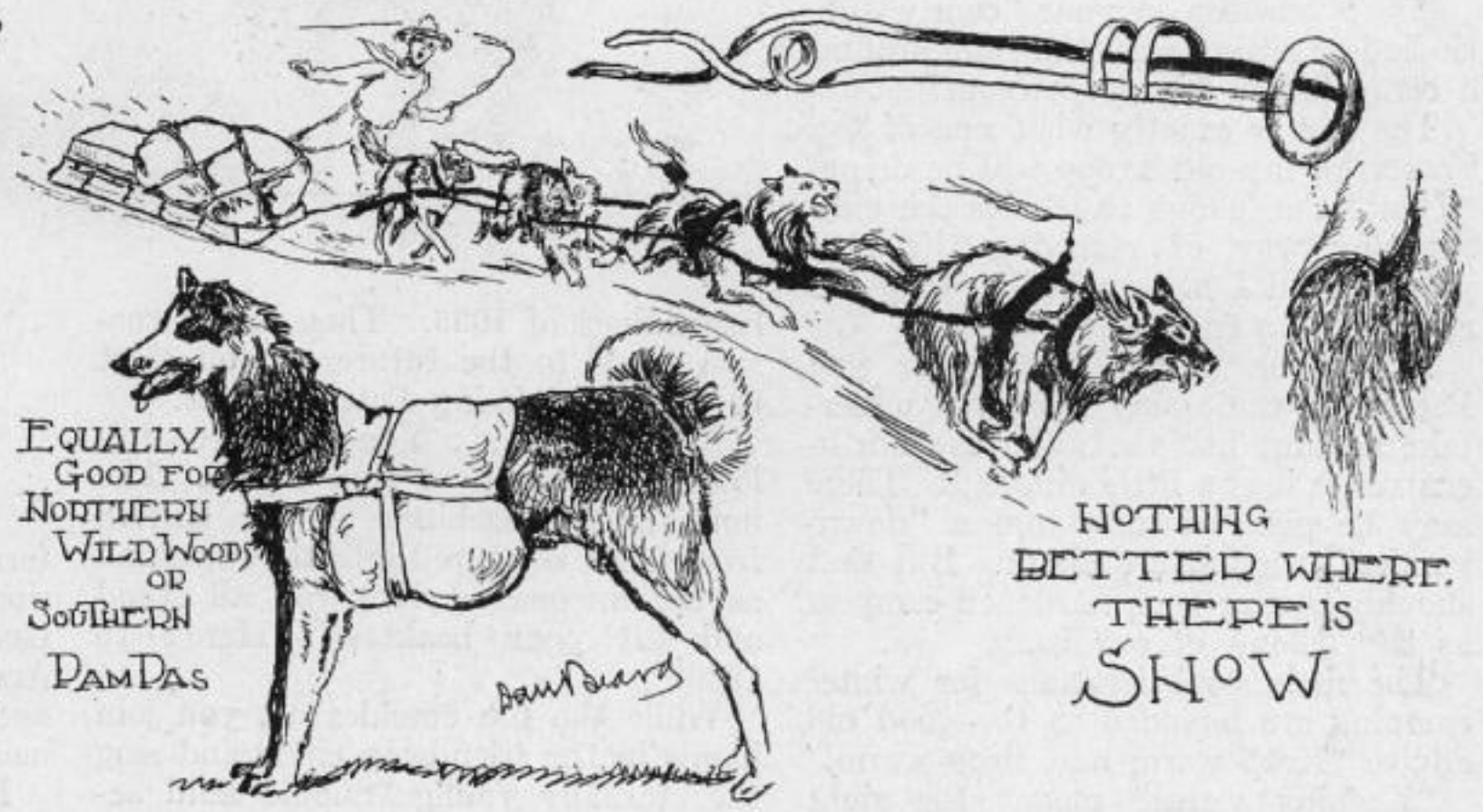
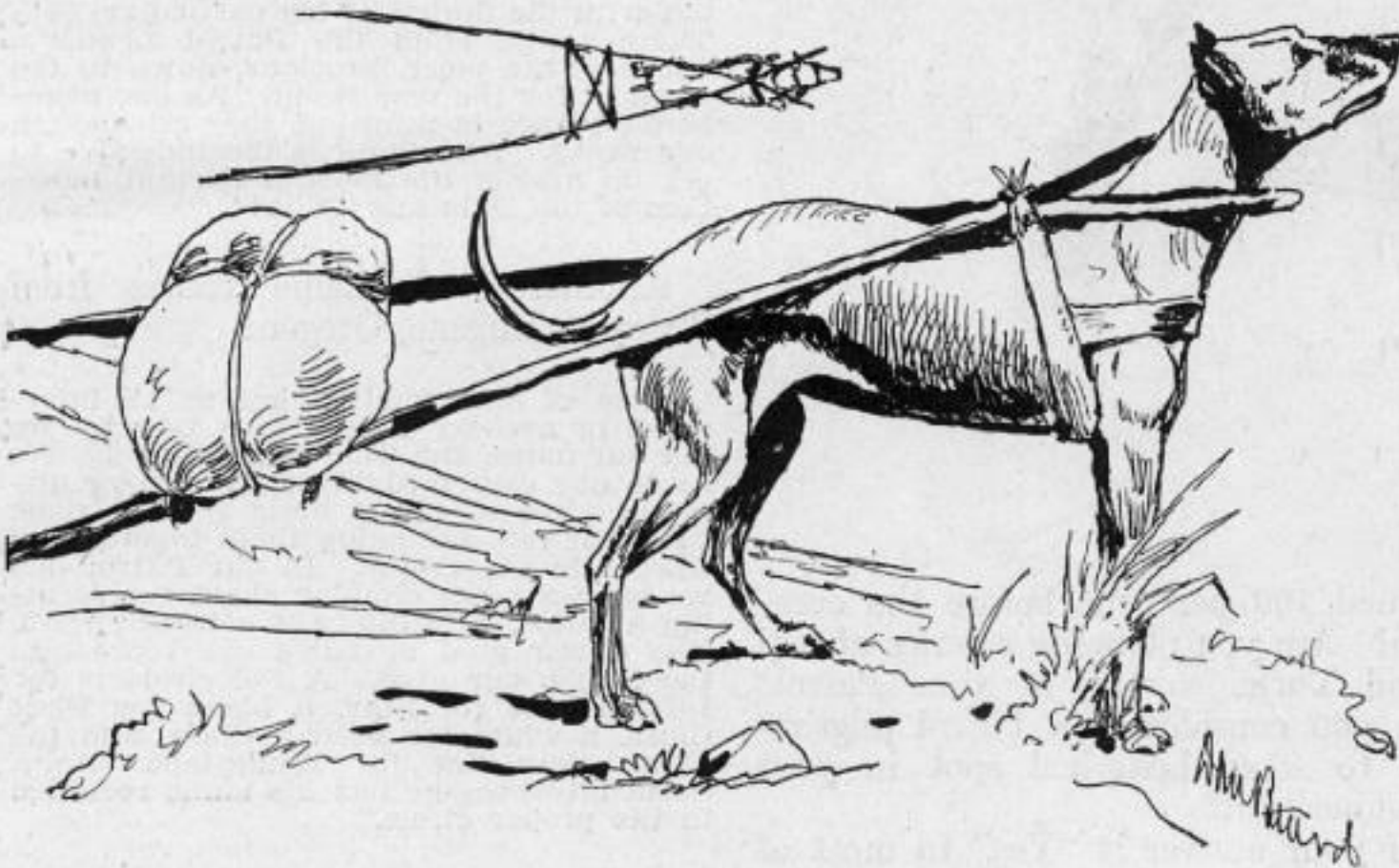
But we are thinking of a HAPPY NEW YEAR that has nothing to do with Red Jacket. As a school teacher would say, however: "It's germane to the subject," because it was the memory of dog-sled drivers that made me think of dogs.

GET busy with the harness for your dogs, because we want to use them not only for our own selfish pleasure and to win medals to hang on our chests, but also to bring a HAPPY NEW YEAR to some of our unfortunate neighbors, who without our help might have anything but a happy time, and with our help might join us in shouting a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Maybe you do not need a sleigh, wagon or travois. In that case, make a

Pack Horse of Your Dog

like they still do in all Northern parts of America; attach a couple of canvas saddle bags across his



EQUALLY GOOD FOR NORTHERN WILD WOODS OR SOUTHERN PAMPAS

NOTHING BETTER WHERE THERE IS SNOW

use of pack dogs as pack animals is now as much out of date as the branding iron. But here again the skirts of yesterday are dragged over the trail of to-day. The dog is still used in Europe and Alaska as a beast of burden.

Now then, we Boy Scouts do not class our dogs among beasts of burden. They are our comrades and our friends, and as such, they are more than willing to help us on our hikes to carry our burdens, not as beasts but as fellow-hikers, and the simplest way to have them help is to use something that requires little work or skill like—

The Travois

Fasten two sticks, preferably hickory, crossed, over the shoulders of the dog and make fast there so that the other two ends will trail on the ground. Do it as shown in the diagram, dog-gone it, and you are ready for the hike. The travois is a bully way to carry one's extra baggage on a tramp. If we have good roads, we of course can hitch our dogs up as they do in Holland, to a—

Little Wagon



packed a brand new health lift machine. The big buckskin-clad man took hold of the handles to show us what he could do. Immediately I saw that he was not going at it properly because he did not use his legs in making the lift, and foolishly, I attempted

shoulders and the problem is solved. You may protest and say, "Uncle Dan Beard, how can a fellow keep so many dogs in his home?" But, you forget that in every Patrol there are eight boys and a dog apiece are eight dogs. In all your Patrols you could have enough to make a great many dog teams, and it is good Scout work! It is team-work and I have wished for some time to see my boys travel with travois, pack saddle, wagons or sleighs drawn by dogs, according to the country and season. It would be a great sight! The boys of the southland can use travois, pack saddle and wagon, while the boys in the north can use the toboggan, bob and arctic sled, and once again we may listen to the merry jingle of the sleigh bells—not on horses but on dogs.

It is a dream on my part, but Mr. Schiff believed that sometimes my dreams come true.

When I dreamed of England, it was of green pastures, thatched roofs, castles, ruins and all that sort of thing, but I did not dream of cold, rainy days and wearing shorts! - Whee! my bare knees were cold, and I learned at Arrow Park in Merrie England why the Englishmen and women always tote umbrellas. (To page 45)



THE old year is dead! Long live the new! 1936 is here and opens up before us the perspective of twelve glorious Scouting months—hiking and camping, adventuring and pioneering.

"What are you going to do next year?", a Scout was once asked.

"At least 365 Good Turns!" was his snappy reply.

Multiply that by the number of boys in your Patrol, the fellows in your Troop, yes, with the more than a million and a third of boys and men who will be Scouts and Scouters during 1936—and what have you got? Almost a HALF A BILLION GOOD TURNS!!

Go to it! The year is ours. May it be the greatest Good Turn year ever!

WHERE will you be as the last second of 1935 sneaks over the threshold? Fast asleep in your "comfy" little bed or sitting with the gang around a camp fire in the deep woods?

The last is exactly what one of the Patrols of my old Troop will be doing. "That," the fellows insist, "is the only Scouting way of receiving the new year!" And I have a feeling they are right, having tried it myself.

It will be simple enough for you Patrols in the sunny South to undertake a stunt like that. In the northern states it is a little different. There may be piles of snow and a "down-yonder" temperature about. But that shouldn't deter such hardened campers as the fellows of our gang.

The main considerations for winter camping are included in the good old advice "Keep warm and sleep warm!" "Keeping warm" means the right kind of clothing, the right activities, and the right grub. Your clothes should be woolen, loosely fitting garments, your shoes high-cut, thick-soled, and well-oiled. Your activities should be vigorous—tramping, playing, snow shoeing, skiing. And your grub should be ample and containing plenty of the foodstuffs that produce heat—fats and sugar. Slabs of bacon, pork and beans, pea soup (from soup powder), griddle cakes, cocoa, to mention a choice selection.

"Sleeping warm" means proper tenting and bedding. Of tents I personally prefer a Baker with an open front before a reflector fire. You need a good ground-sheet to throw over the boughs and dead leaves—and a sufficient number of heavy blankets.

And then when everything is set for the night, you gather around the fire. The time slips by as you talk of the great events of the past year. "Do you remember when . . ." is the motto of the evening as you relive the

HIKING

with

GREEN BAR BILL



happenings of 1935. Then the discussion turns to the future as you start to plan for coming Patrol events.

And then . . . You have been following the hands of your watch. The hour is approaching. Cider carried from home is poured into tin cups, and as the moment arrives you all stand and lift your beakers: "Here's to 1936!"

While the fire crackles on, you join hands in the friendship circle and sing the eternally young "Should auld acquaintance be forgot . . ."

And so to bed. The year has been started right—in a truly Scouty manner.

AFTER the year has been properly received let us finish the last heat of our Silver Jubilee Year in grand style. There is still another month to go before it reaches its final climax on Friday, February 7th, and becomes history when the dawn of February 8th ushers in our 26th Anniversary Day.

Well, what are you planning for your Patrol and Troop celebrations?

Are you working now on a Patrol handicraft and Scoutcraft exhibit to display in some store window for the benefit of passersby and the glory of your Troop? Are you preparing a smash-bang Patrol stunt to put on at the Troop's festivities on the night of February 7th? Are you all set for participation in your Council's big Boy Scout Week goin's-on? Are you getting every member of your Patrol uni-

formed 100 per cent before the occasion? Are you planning a series of real Good Turns worthy of your Patrol? Are you considering a Patrol pilgrimage to some historical spot in your neighborhood?

If your answer is "Yes" to most of these questions, you are hereby authorized to pat yourself on the back—three times for each "Yes."

If you must truthfully answer "No," I'll suggest that you persuade someone from the Patrol to kick you in the shins and wake you up! It's high time to get going!

I ATTENDED a Green Bar Conference a few weeks ago at . . . no, I can't tell you the place—that would let my identity out of the bag. Enough to say that I met more than two hundred Patrol Leaders and Assistants on that occasion.

Well, we got to discussing Patrol names. Oh, yes, they all had Patrol names: Flying Eagle, Beaver, Fox, Panther. . . .

BUT!!—Not a single one of them could give me any specific reason why they had chosen their name. And furthermore, none of them knew much about their Patrol Animal or used their Patrol Call.



I have always insisted that a Patrol should choose for its name one that has a definite meaning to the Patrol members. It should stand for the ideals or traditions of the Patrol or its special abilities.

So, if your Patrol name happens to be one of those without significance, use the turn of the year to get one that will mean something real to the fellows, one of which they can be proud.

I'll stop talking a few minutes and let you listen to a couple of fellows with the right idea. First, the Patrol Leader of the *Dinosaur* Patrol of Troop 24, Cleveland Heights, Ohio:

"We chose our name because the 'Dinosaurs' were the monarchs of the wilderness and that's what our Patrol is aiming to become, too. Our whole Patrol has taken an active interest in those prehistoric monsters, each boy specializing in a certain type of Dinosaur. Every fellow has his own medallion in the Patrol color but with the design of his particular 'pet'. These range from the Patrol Leader's, which is the most ferocious, down to the meekest for the new Scout. As our members advance in Scouting, they advance in our ranks. And there is the incentive to get up among the most important members of the Dinosaur Tribe!"

Another swell name comes from Troop 2, Eugene, Oregon:

"One of our members got us all interested in archery and it was thereby we got our name, the 'Bull's-eye' Patrol. We made our own medallions by cutting different sizes of round discs from various colors of felt, fastening them together by sewing in the center. In our Patrol den we have a large circular chart representing a target with different colored circles. The center gold or bull's eye represents the Eagle, our goal. A red circle is for Life, a blue for Star, a black for First Class, a white for Second Class, and the outer green line for Tenderfoot. As a Scout advances he has his name recorded in the proper circle."

All you need is imagination. So, take the Patrol name up with the gang and decide upon a good one.

And, by the way, write me about the name you get so that I can tell the other fellows about it.

EVERY once in a while I start to wonder how our many Patrols of Green Bar Builders are getting along, how they assist their Scoutmasters and their Troops in an effort of securing a BIGGER and BETTER membership for our Movement, how the G.B.B. plan helps the Patrols. Fortunately, I am never kept wondering very long. Usually the very next day I find letters in my mailbag such as this one from the Cheyenne Patrol of Troop 73, Denison, Iowa:

"We certainly are glad that you have offered this Green Bar Builders plan. It has aided our Patrol gloriously. In fact, I think it was just the very thing to keep it growing. We needed some spirit of this kind to act as an incentive for our work."

(To page 47)

THE SCOUT WORLD

By James E. West



CHIEF SCOUT EXECUTIVE

came to his assistance.

A United States War Department Engineering crew working on the island had also heard Raines' cries. They started to his aid in their motor boat but the strong current delayed them. They arrived to see the boys pull the man from the water. Two of the engineers set out for a doctor. Others helped the



The Lion Patrol of Troop No. 32 of Venice, Calif., exhibited a knot-board at the Indian Village of the California Pacific International Exposition.

A GAIN we open the Golden Book of the Boy Scouts of America, this time to record the outstanding heroism of five Boy Scouts who saved the lives of others at great peril to themselves, and to record also the awarding of Certificates of Heroism to four others where bravery of the rescuer was no less, but where the conditions of personal peril were not so great.

The five Scouts to whom was awarded the Gold Honor Medal by the National Court of Honor are Bernard Gordon, Phoenicia, New York; Bert Delehanty, Pensacola, Fla.; Richard Clay, La Salle, Ill.; Jerome Nixon, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and George Alama, Honolulu, T. H.

Bernard Gordon, a Second Class Scout of Troop 60, Phoenicia, N. Y., was gathering woodland specimens last winter with another Scout, Donald Tyler, when they heard a cry for help. John Young, 15, had broken through the frozen surface of the lake. He managed to keep his head above water by clinging to the edge of the ice. Bernard could see the ice was thin. He quickly obtained a fifteen-foot pole from a nearby field. With it he crawled out as far as he dared, shoving the pole out ahead. As John Young reached for the end of the pole, the ice broke and he disappeared. As he bobbed up again, Bernard pushed the pole under his arm and with the aid of Donald, pulled John to safety.



Two Pontiac Scouts present a Scout Statuette to Capt. Russell Oliver of the Univ. of Mich. baseball team, one of the only four students at the University who has earned nine letters in athletics, a former Scout.

Bert Delehanty, 16, an Apprentice Sea Scout of Sea Scout Ship 100 of Pensacola, Fla., rescued Fred D. Johnson, 32, from drowning. Mr. Johnson, with the Sea Scout and several other boys, was swimming across Bayou Texar when Johnson was suddenly overcome with cramps half way across, about 150 yards from shore. He seized the nearest boy who became frightened and shoved him away. Another boy tried to aid but did not succeed. Mr. Johnson went under and was going down a second time when Bert grappled with him and brought him to the surface. Then, using the cross-chest carry, learned while a Scout, Bert towed the man across the open water to shore.

From the swift flowing waters of the Illinois River, Scout **Richard Clay**, 18, of Troop 21, La Salle, Ill., rescued Basil Raines, 29. Richard was fishing from a boat with two companions, 150 feet from Leopold Island, when a shout of distress reached their ears. The boys could see Raines struggling in the water on the opposite side of the island. Because of the fast current they rowed ashore and Richard, running across the end of the island, dove into the water nearest the drowning man. The Scout, a strong swimmer, swam out to Raines who had gone under and was struggling frantically. Richard caught him by the hair and using the cross-chest carry brought the man to within a few feet from shore where one of the Scout's companions



Four Scouts of Brooklyn, N. Y., sound Taps on Armistice Day at 11 o'clock from the Portico of the Hotel Astor in Times Square, N. Y.



Manhattan Boy Scouts receive The Flag they had donated a year ago at the opening of "The Little House" on Park Ave., New York City, when "The Little House" was officially closed November 4th.



James H. Sargent, father, Jimmie Sargent and Jack Sargent of San Antonio, Tex., received Eagle Badges together.



Cubs of Pack No. 4 of Buffalo, N. Y., learn about Indian beadwork and real head-dresses.



At the Hall of Fame of New York University, 100 Scouts from Nature Study Troop No. 472 of the Kips Bay Boys' Club and many Scout Officials placed a wreath on the bust of Daniel Boone on the 201st Anniversary of his birth.

boys pull Raines still further on shore. Artificial respiration was applied by the Scout and the soldiers under the Scout's direction for forty-five minutes until a doctor arrived and took Raines to a hospital where he recovered.

Jerome Nixon, 13, a Tenderfoot of Troop 3, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was riding in an automobile with his father on March 30, 1935, when the shouts of a man attracted their attention as they approached the Second Avenue Bridge. A woman, Mrs. Grace Shaw, 33, was seen struggling in the Cedar River. Jerome leaped out and ran half a block to the flight of steps leading to the river's edge. The Scout plunged in and swam more than forty feet to save Mrs. Shaw. The river was deep, and the water swift and extremely cold. He towed her to the bank of the river where he was assisted.

In far away Honolulu, **George Alama**, 15, a Tenderfoot Scout of Troop 100, rescued two small girls from drowning in the Ala Wai Canal. Kai Sim Young, 10, and her sister, Elsie, 9, were wading when they stepped off beyond their depth and started to sink. Their aunt went to their aid but not being able to swim also got out of her depth and shrieked for help. By this time all three were struggling in deep water thirty feet out. Chow Young, father of the two girls, seeing all three sinking, shouted for help and jumped into the canal to save them.

George was lunching with his family when they heard the cries for help. With his father and a cousin he started to the rescue. He headed for the two girls who had sunk. He had to dive five feet to bring them to the surface. He got the girls to shore and then went to the assistance of his cousin who was bringing in the aunt. Meanwhile the Scout's father had rescued Mr. Young. These rescues were made at a great risk as the canal at the point where the rescues were made, is nearly two hundred feet wide and runs to a depth of thirty feet. The bottom of the canal is muddy. At some points the mud is twenty inches deep so that a person diving to the bottom of the canal runs the risk of becoming stuck in the (To page 50)

KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT

By C. Ward Crampton, M.D.

COURAGE

GENE TUNNEY, the undefeated heavyweight champion fighter of the world, looked up at me and said, "Yes, of course, courage is a matter of the will and will-power can be developed just as a muscle can be developed, even though it is a spiritual quality."

What! Spiritual quality? I caught my breath. For this was Tunney, the man who had faced the terrific Dempsey, the naturally courageous fighting tiger, and had beaten him not once, but twice. Moreover, when he was knocked down by this same Dempsey, he got up, faced him, and won! Tunney, the man who had trained himself from boyhood, fight after fight, fight after fight, to become the world's greatest fighter, champion of them all, to retire still undefeated. *And he spoke to me about things of the spirit!*

"You know," he said, "I never was what you might call remarkably strong or rugged. Of course, I had, and still have, a better physique than the average man. In the ring, time after time, I had to face men of unquestionably greater ox-smashing strength, men of terrific power, who could be beaten only by knowing what was going on inside their brains and then acting more quickly than they did. I had to outguess them and outspeed them. One good blow actually landed is worth more than three spectacular slaughter-house swings, each of which would kill an ox, *if it lands.*"

"So," said I to myself, "Tunney went into the ring time after time to fight against men who topped him in brute force and were raging to take him entirely apart and mash the pieces. He certainly does know something about courage on his own account."

"Tell me something more about courage," I asked. "I have five hundred thousand boys who want to know about it. Some of them have even written to me in despair, saying, for example, 'I am yellow, Doc, I don't know what to do about it. Please help me, I don't know what to do.' And besides almost every boy has to overcome the tendency to flinch when he first tackles football or boxing! Courage is a large topic in this world that is always putting it up to a fellow to see what he is made of. Now, what have you got to tell these boys?"

"**T**ELL them courage is a matter of will, and the will can be trained. A boy is afraid of getting hurt. He flinches, hangs back, and when he is hurt wants to run away. This is natural, this is instinct. It is based on self-preservation. It is a conservative instinct; it saves lives when it is rationalized and developed into caution. Fear, however, is a low instinct and for higher development of boys, men and manhood in general, must be overcome by training and good judgment. Instincts must not rule, they must be ruled.

"So, when pain, or danger, which is the same thing, threatens, tell your boys not to run, but to face it, go into it; if necessary, take it. If a boy does this once he adds one victory to his stock of courage. Like interest in the bank, his stock of courage grows and it grows every time he overcomes the instinct to flinch.

"This is what I mean by the development of will-power. Will-power can be developed, as I said, just like a muscle."

"Well," I said, "that is good and I can see how it would apply to the difficulties and emergencies of boxing and football, and the like, but is there something we can do every day, like morning exercises?"

"Yes," he replied, "tell your boys to pick out the thing that they should do and don't want to do, and then do it. You get them in the habit of overcoming the tendency to do the easier things, which is flabby minded, and substitute the doing of the unpleasant and harder thing and doing it instantly and powerfully; then you have taught them how to develop courage, and the world is theirs."

"Do you mean that?" I asked.

"Yes, in fact that is the only way that a boy can make the most out of himself. Every boy has a stock of strong fine qualities which will bring him

to his utmost success if he doesn't let timidity, laziness, self-indulgence defeat him, and if, on the contrary, he takes himself in hand and makes himself drive forward when he wants to step back, lie down or run. You hit right into the middle of things."

"You mean that every boy who wants to be a fighter, or to become rich, or powerful, or brilliant, or distinguished, should every day practice doing the hard thing instead of the soft thing just for the purpose of exercise, even though it doesn't make much difference?"

"Yes," he said, "that's exactly it. These little things make the habit of will-driving and that is



Gene Tunney, undefeated heavyweight champion of the world, says, "Courage is a matter of will and can be trained. Will-power can be developed just like a muscle."

what courage consists of. It is developed will-power."

"**I**N OTHER words," I suggested, "a fellow cannot learn to drive the world until he can drive himself. Certainly, that's the point, the world is a bigger place than the boy and so we can train boy drivers into world drivers, can we?"

"Well, if you want to put it that way I think you are right," he replied.

The undefeated heavyweight champion of the world has spoken. Behind his fists (and very interesting fists they are. I may tell you more about them some day) was always the force not only of muscle, and explosive vital power, but the cool, intelligent direction of a man who trained and developed his own courage, his own will, who could take a knockdown, come up and fight and win.

Bull bravery may be based on brute ignorance, but courage is solidly founded upon knowledge, and driven by a cultivated will. Courage rises highest on the shoulders of conquered weakness and timidities.

Read this interview again, carefully. Keep it. Now, get to work on your will-courage training, as well as muscle, speed, skill and endurance training.

Let's analyze this a little more. Tunney is a world-beater, that's what you want to be. Tunney had a fine, big, strong body. He spent much thought on ways to train his body:—he used intelligence, he took time, he expended effort, month after month, year after year. That's what you must do—we are all fighters in the ring or out in the world. Tunney knew his condition, his strength, his limitations,



DO YOU know your condition, strength, limitations?

Do you realize that I have given you a scientific, practical, concentrated system of self-knowledge, self-mastery, the basis of world-beating achievement, in the pages of *BOYS' LIFE*; step by step in the last twelve months, in the charts of the Progress and Achievement Record? Were you smart enough to realize the value of the charts, and did you get a piece of note paper, an envelope, a pen or pencil, and write your request for the whole series? Get your P.A.R. charts. Put them through and keep them up to date. It's a system. Look for some more monthly continuation training charts for 1936. They are free. These charts give you the fundamentals of self-knowledge, self-mastery, and of world-mastery. He who gets these fundamentals solid and keeps them solid, has less to fear in life. His faith in himself is well-founded. He can go ahead. Can you?

Some Practical Points on Will Development. "Flinches" and How to Overcome Them.

WHEN a boy shuts his eyes as he tackles, or blocks, or lets down in speed just as he hits the line, or blinks in boxing, or steps back "into the bucket" when up to bat in baseball, he has a case of "flinches." Flinches are partly physical, partly mental. They are natural instincts, but they should be cured.

To cure flinches you do both physical and mental things—training stunts. First, of course, get healthy, get strong, get confidence, get experience, know yourself. In addition, training your system in taking little shocks, learn to "endure hardness." Take a cold wash cloth and splash it suddenly on your face (close your eyes for this). Get a spray and attach it to a cold water faucet (if you have no shower), and learn to take it cold all over, after a soap-cleansing bath. One-half minute to $\frac{3}{4}$ minute is long enough. This trains the autonomic nervous system. (Of course, do this only if when you had your health examination for your P.A.R. charts your doctor told you cold baths are all right for you.)

To cure eye flinches. All eye flinches, especially closing eyes when tackling, or in boxing, will be helped by the following:

First stage. Get a friend with boxing gloves. Take boxing position. You fix your eyes on his eyes and then keep them there. He aims a blow at your face, but does not land. You kept your eyes open. You do not move your head. You keep your hands down. Try again, and again, so the approaching glove does not make you close your eyes, move your head, or flinch in any way. Practice this only ten minutes at a time, but repeat day after day. Have your friend vary his blows, but never hit.

Second stage. Let your friend land lightly on your forehead or jaw and keep your eyes open and keep them fixed on his eyes. (There's a reason.) When you can do this, always, go on with the third stage.

Third stage. Your friend shoots a straight left to your nose, very slowly. You see it coming and you dodge (not turn) your head to the right, very slowly, still keeping your eyes on his eyes. You do not turn, you take your head away. You do not close your eyes. Perfect this. Then dodge your head to the left. Remember never to turn the face away from straight front and never close the eyes, never take them from your opponent's eyes. If you get this far, you can increase the speed of the blow. You dodge. You rock. You can move and sway four different ways. You develop a weaving, waving head—flexible style. You develop neck muscles. Your opponent will find it hard to hit you. In boxing you use your head!

Of course, this head shifting is (To page 45)



Scout Joseph Vogt, St. Louis, Missouri, says the Libby Scout Plan is all right! It got him this brand-new uniform, without cost!

Look at this!..

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Just one of the many things Scouts can get without cost—through the Libby Scout Plan

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Joe didn't have to sell a thing. He didn't have to spend a dime. He just worked the Plan, same as thousands of other Scouts have done.

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Pick out anything you want from the official Scout catalog. Then start collecting labels from Libby's Evaporated Milk. (We'll tell you how few you need when you send us the coupon below.) First thing you know, you'll have enough labels to get the very things you want!

It's going to be easy to pile up a lot of labels because Libby's Evaporated Milk is such a favorite. Women like to use this economical milk for cooking—to make desserts and soups and creamed vegetables and milk drinks richer and better tasting. For Libby's is *double-rich*, you know. It's just pure, sweet cows' milk with over half the water removed; *nothing added*. And it's *homogenized*, for easier digestion.

Probably your mother is using Libby's now. Ask her to give you the labels. Tell your neighbors and friends and relatives what you're doing. You'll find they'll all be glad to help you save those valuable blue and white pyramid Libby labels (see cans below)... labels that are as good as money to you!

So start *now*. The sooner you start, the sooner you'll get your first gift. For a send-off, we'll give you a certificate worth *ten* tall labels, free! How's that? Just mail us the coupon below. Better do it right away... though. Fill it in and mail it *today!* Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

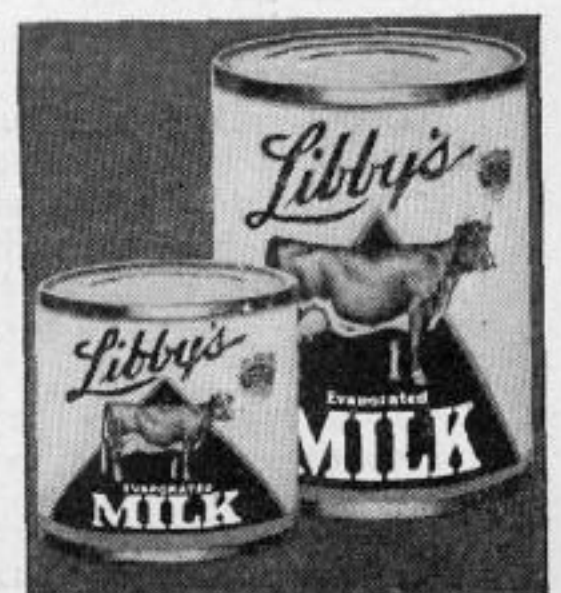
FOR THRILLS, LISTEN TO "OG, SON OF FIRE"

Cavemen, prehistoric beasts, perils of the Stone and Ice Ages come alive on the air! Dramatized from Irving Crump's BOYS' LIFE serial, "OG, SON OF FIRE." Hear it Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays at

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MOVIES OF THE MONTH

by Franklin K. Mathews
Chief Scout Librarian

IT WAS my pleasure last month to present you with a grandstand seat from which you obtained a good view, I trust, of the big laugh parade featuring Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Of the same quality is the screen drama of *Mutiny On The Bounty* (M. G. M.). This time it is not laughs but thrills that overwhelm; thrills shocking as electricity. Of mutinies you have often read, but of none like the mutiny on the *Bounty*, the most famous in history. For this is a true story dating back to the last part of the eighteenth century. To be exact, it was in the year 1785, in the reign of King George III of England, that Roger Byam, a son of a seafaring British family got his chance to enlist as midshipman of His Majesty's Ship, the *Bounty*, destined for Tahiti on a special mission by order of the British Government.

That was a long voyage—twenty-seven thousand miles. What happened aboard ship and on the Island of Tahiti is vividly portrayed in the books *Mutiny On The Bounty* and *Men Against the Sea*, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. The authors spent fourteen years in developing the facts upon which they based their famous stories. With like devotion and abandon in preparation the producers have spent two years and no less than two million dollars to make the film version as pleasurable to movie fans as the stories have been in magazine and book form to their millions of readers. With keen delight I am able to report that this purpose has been achieved magnificently. Doubtless when you see the picture, you will exclaim: "It's a knockout." With that opinion, I heartily agree.

But, what about that mutiny, you ask. Well, that is the story, and it is too long to tell here. Perhaps I can suggest it, though. Suppose you had to live and work month in and out with a person that had the disposition of a rattlesnake. That is how agreeable the captain of the *Bounty* was. A monster disguised as a man, his philosophy of discipline seemed to be based on, "knock 'em down and drag 'em out; if you kill 'em, so much the better." With desperate courage, the officers and crew endured the threat and frequent application of such ruthless treatment all the way from Portsmouth, England, to Tahiti, twenty-seven thousand miles.

But on the return voyage some of the crew, with the officer second-in-command for leader, mutinied. Mercifully supplying provisions and a compass, they set the savage tyrant adrift in a small boat together with the few men yet loyal to him. Then happened one of the miracles of the sea. Believe it or not, after a voyage of three-thousand six hundred miles across the ocean, old rattlesnake and a few survivors in their small craft, with only their oars and a small sail to help them, reached the Dutch East Indian Island of Timor.

All this is shown in the picture, and much more. It literally roars with action. Magnificent camera shots of the *Bounty*, threatened by gigantic waves and furious, cyclonic winds, present the

terror of the sea most realistically. And when such sights and sounds are bravely faced and suffered by stalwart sailors, the drama rises to heights that

fix. As the trouble increases correspondently so also does the laughter.

The final outcome is a spectacular horse race to decide who is to have per-

sight to behold, can produce rain upon order. The picture concludes with the race. The end is one grand and glorious farce provided by the efforts of Pluvius to make good on his promise. All a part of the picture of course, one added attraction is Will Rogers as a tap dancer. Under the skilful direction of Bill Robinson, famous for his educated feet, Will makes surprising progress and, with his clowning antics, contributes greatly to the rousing fun and frolic.

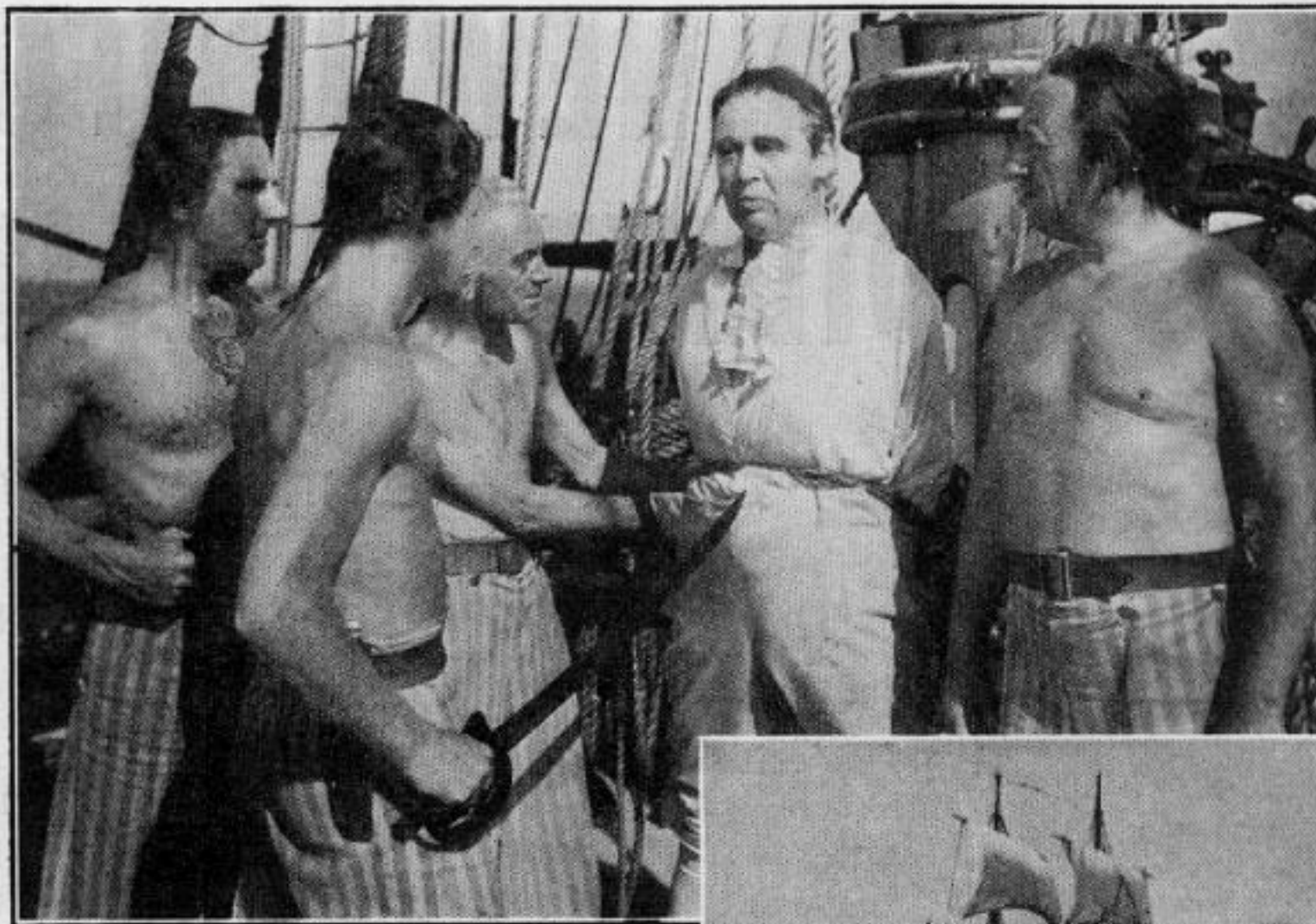
So passes one of the world's greatest laugh producers. Striving, with all the earnest enthusiasm of a beginner, to please his public; to make folks laugh; to keep his fellow countrymen, young and old, in the best of good humor. What an inspiring example you leave behind you for all who would follow the good turn trail. Hail, and farewell, cowboy comedian! Swift and straight as an arrow you passed to the country beyond. "Home on the range" we think of you; there with your friends, still making merry at "the last round-up."

So Red the Rose

(Paramount)

In this pictorial representation of a popular novel, our tragic fratricidal war is used as background for a dramatic romance of special interest to youth and likely to delight equally well all boys fond of history. For *So Red the Rose* comes to life on the screen as a history lesson glorified. The words of cold type textbook, impressed so thoroughly by school drill upon the memory, are melted down in the flaming emotions aroused and, as never before one sees and feels and understands much better the Old South, with its plantation life and slave labor.

Though this is not a war picture, being almost free from battle sound and horror, as by lightning flash, it vividly reveals how cruelly, how utterly war destroys. But with all, it portrays as well much of the faith and fortitude and sacrifice of the women of the South; much of the gallantry of southern gentlemen, and the loyalty of slaves faithful unto death; one cannot but be grateful for a picture so informing, so inspiring as *So Red the Rose*.



The "*Bounty*" sails to mutiny! Captain Blyth (Charles Laughton) defies his desperate crew.

thrill one through and through with awe and admiration. Action! Action! Always action. Scene and situation shift swiftly. You boil with indignation. Soon after, you are laughing at some sailor prank. For funny things are always happening in spite of the ferocious discipline. Or suddenly, some act of daring heroism arrests attention. So it goes on sea or land as you follow the adventurous voyage of the *Bounty*—always something is occurring of a kind that makes stories of ships and sailors such fascinating reading.

In Old Kentucky

(Fox-Twentieth Century)

This is the last of the Will Rogers pictures. The same old shuffling walk, drawling talk and glowing grin is much in evidence. The dialogue teems with jolly nonsense and, as usual, it is the master mind of the leading character that finally finds the way out of every impending disaster, of which there are a plenty.

The scene of the story is set in the blue grass country of Old Kentucky and naturally, with Will Rogers as the featured actor, the picture has much to do with thoroughbred horses. Two neighbors are in constant conflict over the title of adjoining pasture land. One of them protests his rights with a shotgun. Sounds serious, you think. Not at all! This belligerent character, old grandpop, supplies melodramatic comedy of the sure-fire variety. His gun goes off at most inauspicious moments and in surprising places. Will Rogers as grandpop's friend and trainer (of horses) constantly tries to persuade the old man to surrender his dangerous weapon. Ever, though, for a time at least, he gets himself into a worse



manent possession of the disputed land. Grandpop's horse is best when the track is heavy. He takes up with a crank, Jupiter Pluvius by name, who claims that his infernal machine, a

A Tale of Two Cities

"THE greatest story of the French Revolution since *A Tale of Two Cities*," was the declaration of our editors in introducing to you in the December issue the first instalment of *Wolfskin*. By this time, having read it, you know yourself what an alluring romance it is. But what about *A Tale of Two Cities*? Have you had the joyous experience of following the amazing adventures of Sydney Carton in Charles Dickens' glamorous tale?

If you have, you will rejoice in the good news that a photo drama of the famous classic is soon to be released by the M.G.M. Studios. Though no preview as yet has been shown hereabouts, since this same company produced *Treasure Island*, *David Copperfield* and *Mutiny on The Bounty*, we may well believe that the film version of *A Tale of Two Cities* will afford equal delight. It is a great pleasure also, on behalf of our readers, to accept this opportunity to thank Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for producing motion pictures so pictorially superb; the kind of pictorial dramatic treatment both aspiring youth and the great classic stories deserve.

BE A GOOD NEIGHBOR

It's the Best American Tradition



THERE was a time, not so long ago, when being a good neighbor was a real factor in getting America going—and keeping us on our way.

In that day a man and his sons might cut and hew the timbers for a new dwelling and frame them stoutly on the ground. But before the walls could be raised, before the roof could go on, these builders needed and received the help of their neighbors. It was given generously in the old Colonial "house raising."

The same necessity for being a good neighbor, for helping the other fellow whenever he needed help, was recognized in all departments of early American life. Days of labor and the use of teams were exchanged as conditions of the crops demanded. And in time of sickness, fire, drought, attack, each man was in truth his brother's keeper.

In spite of the specialization of modern times, the speed and the scope of business and social life, there is, more than ever, the need for the good old American virtue of being a neighbor. No longer are you called upon to

help the other fellow frame and raise his house, or to fight shoulder to shoulder with him against a common foe. But it is your responsibility to support, as you are able, institutions that minister to his welfare and the welfare of his family as definitely as a pioneer ever helped his neighbors. Hospitals, clinics, day nurseries need and deserve your help. . . . So do homes for the aged, the blind, the incurable. . . . So do the many agencies that build the youth of your community.

It's still necessary to be a good neighbor. And it's still possible. Support your Community Chest. Answer your local welfare appeals. Then you will be the best possible neighbor in your own neighborhood!



All facilities for this advertisement furnished the committee without cost.

Good Loope

Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

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The Open Road for Boys is a 50 page magazine publishing sparkling stories of air adventure, sport stories, adventure in the barren wastes of the Arctic, of the wild jungles of the Tropics, war stories, stories of the Old West and of mysterious Eastern lands. Business stories, school stories and eight great serials each worth \$2.00 in book form. Open Road Pioneer Club, best dope on hunting, fishing, camping. Contests galore, lots of prize money. Red blooded stories for red blooded boys.

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BOYS! Win This



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DAN BEARD'S SCOUTING SECTION

THIS is a section for all readers of BOYS' LIFE, whether they are Scouts or not.

Be sure to give your name and address in your letters when you write me. They will not be published if you ask me not to.

Remember that I am a busy man and don't ask me questions that require articles and diagrams to answer. Also, while I am glad to help any boy all I can, I think there is a limit to the number of questions he ought to ask in one letter—it seems to me that three questions are about as much as he is entitled to.

Here are some of the questions that have come to me.

DAN BEARD.

Making Tom Toms

1. Could I use some crystallized lye in water to remove the rest of the hair of a hide?
2. Where can I get a frame for a Tom Tom?
3. Where can I get literature regarding a Tom Tom?—**GENE NEVILA.**

1. Better soak it in water and put it over a log and scrape the hair off with a dull knife.
2. Get a hollow log and trim off the edges. An old cheese box or nail keg.
3. Buckskin Book for Men and Boys, published by J. B. Lippincott, pp. 243 to 255.

Buckling a Belt

Can you advise me how to put a belt buckle on a beaded belt?—**DONALD SCHONLEBER.**

Fold beaded belt over buckle frame just enough to cover the metal strap and sew with strong thread several times at each end and in the middle. Reinforce ends of belt first with leather.

Cleaning Rust

How can I remove rust from the blade of a knife?—**SCOUT CLAIR.**

Try powdered brick dust or a scouring cleanser and steel wool. You can also jab the blade into the earth and work up and down.

Feathered Head Dress

What feathers would be the best for a head dress and where can I get them?—**C. ANDERSON.**

Eagle feathers would be the best. See advertisements in BOYS' LIFE.

Join the Lone Scouts

1. I have passed all my Second Class Requirements, but my Troop broke up before I received my Badge. What should I do to get my Badge?
2. Where can I get information on Lone Scouting?
3. Where can I get information about supplies to be taken on a prolonged hiking trip in northern Minnesota?—**SCOUT JAMES WATSON.**

1. Take the matter up with your local Scout Executive or with the National Office.
2. Write to the Boy Scouts of America, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
3. There is a Merit Badge Pamphlet on Hiking, costs 20 cents and may be purchased from the Supply Service, Boy Scouts of America, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Obsidian

1. Would you interpret requirement 6 of the Safety Merit Badge as just one clipping each of three different types of accidents, or all clippings possible for a period of six months?

2. Where can I find a bone flaking tool for chipping arrow heads?
3. Where can I procure some obsidian?—**SCOUT M. R.**

1. I would interpret the requirement as calling for all the clippings possible for a period of six months.
2. For chipping arrowheads use a broken toothbrush handle, or a broken prong of a deer horn.
3. To procure obsidian I would suggest writing to any of the curio shops in Yellowstone Park.

Otter Skins

1. Where may I get white ermine tails and otter skins and how much do they cost?
2. Also how much would canvas cost and how do you fasten the canvas to the ground?—**SCOUT ALTON PRATER.**

1. Otter skins are among the most expensive furs; consult your local fur dealer or department store.
2. You can find the cost of canvas from any department store, or the Supply Service, Boy Scouts of America, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Tepees are fastened to the ground with pegs.

Send Your Address

Will Scout Kenneth Sain kindly send his address, which has been mislaid, to the National Scout Commissioner. Address Daniel Carter Beard, Suffern, New York.

Birds Fly High

What book can I get that gives the birds of Washington (state)?—**TOM NICHOLAS.**

Birds of California by Irene G. Wheelock and Birds of the Pacific Coast.

Indian Head-Dress

How many feathers are needed for a head-dress?
Where can I get the material. What is it necessary to have for this?—**PETER BULL.**

It takes about 30 large tail feathers or wing feathers.

You can get the material from the Supply Service for \$3.25 with full instructions.

Cub Pack

How can I organize a Cub Pack?—**ARTHUR STEVENS.**

Write to your Local Council Office or the National Office of the Boy Scouts of America.

Interpreters

1. What is the Interpreter's Strip?
2. Where is it worn?
3. How may it be acquired?

1. It is worn by Scouts who have earned the Interpreter's Merit Badge.
2. The strip is worn on the flap of the right pocket of the Uniform shirt.
3. Read requirements for Merit Badge in Scout Handbook.

Annapolis

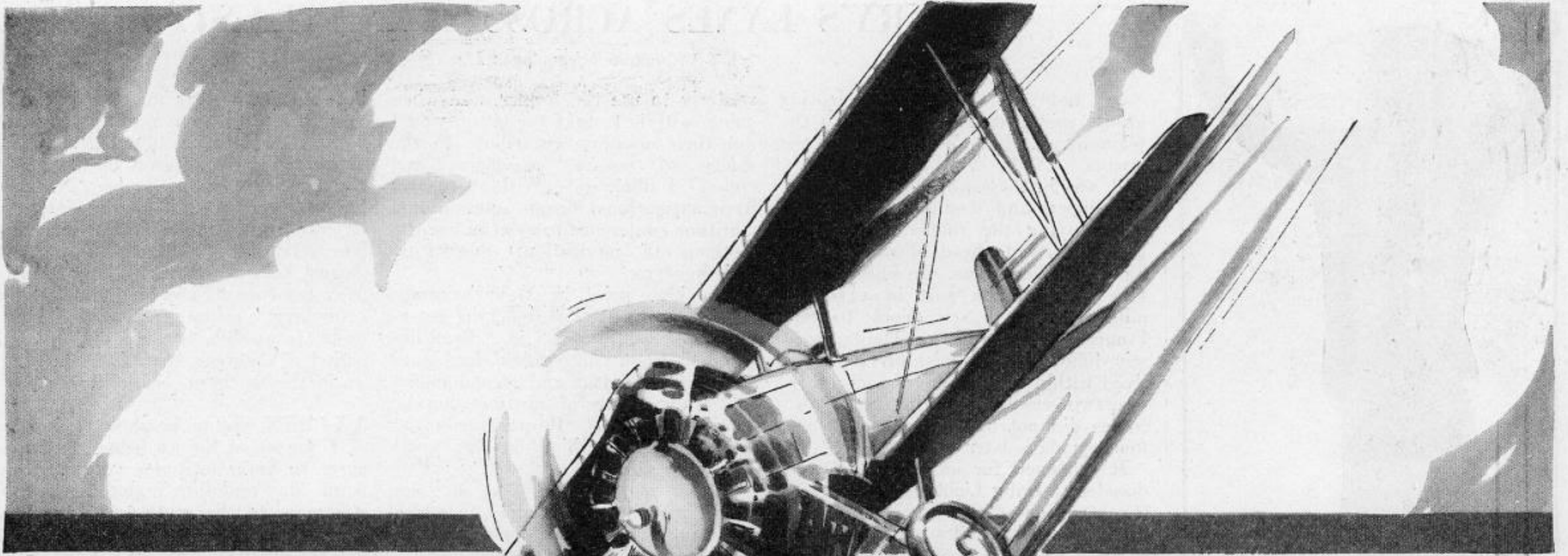
Where can I get the entrance examinations of the U. S. Naval Academy?
Write to Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, or to your congressman for the information.

Log Cabin

Where can I get plans for a log cabin?—**JOHN HILL.**

Shacks, Shanties and Shelters, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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**AIRMARKS
OF
AVIATION**

**Exclusive
BOYS' LIFE
Feature**

PILOTS of the FAR NORTH! THE INVISIBLE PATHWAY!

RESCUE flights into the frozen wastes; mercy flights as carriers of the sick and maimed; swift and sure sky messengers of service for the Mounted Police and prospectors. The glamour of air transportation in the Far North is thrilling; the life of the air pilot an adventurous one.

You can bring this atmosphere into your own den. The March issue brings you a highly colored reproduction of an original painting of the giant Lockheed Electra of the Pacific Alaskan Airways and the story of Joe Crosson, ace pilot.

THE February issue brings Captain Burr Leyson's second contest article, "The Invisible Pathway."

Flying blind, fighting through fog and rain with never a glimpse of the earth or sky — Pilot Jim Kinney was flirting with death!

What a thriller Captain Leyson has written for you in developing the second contest story.

AND — the winner gets a corking eleven tube super Dragon all wave, DX and Foreign Short Wave console **PILOT RADIO** for his den.

Two other **PILOT RADIOS**, Long and Short Wave, are offered as prizes for this second contest.

Think of it — the story alone is worth the price of a year's subscription.

**Don't Miss It —
How Good Is AIRMARKS
OF AVIATION ?**

Read What Others Say —

"I want to thank you for incorporating such a swell idea as your Airmarks of Aviation in an already swell magazine. The back-cover pictures are a welcome addition to any boy's den. The excellent prizes you offer the winners awakened my enthusiasm, challenged my abilities (?) and inspired my entry. Now I await Captain Leyson's next story impatiently."
—John G. Hobler, Jr.,
427 Yale Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.

"Enclosed is my entry in your aviation contest. I have had enjoyment from reading your magazine for the past three years and have always wished you would become more 'air-minded.' Now I think this start into aviation is a very good idea and I will enjoy it more than ever. Keep it up!"
—Donald Ludwig,
42 Channing Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Be sure to renew your subscription. If you haven't been getting **BOYS' LIFE**, start Airmarks from the beginning by indicating in the coupon that you want a subscription with the October issue.

BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Please be sure to (renew—enter) my subscription for
BOYS' LIFE beginning with the
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MAURY'S LANES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

(Concluded from page 14)

Seas, and others of that fascinating group, contributed their quota to the planning of Maury's lanes across the oceans.

It was in these same days of graceful clippers and straining canvas that ships plying the routes outlined by Maury arrived ahead of ships sailing by the earlier charts. In one instance four clippers took part in a 16,000-mile race from New York to San Francisco, via the Horn. The two vessels following Maury's directions arrived within three hours of each other; the two vessels following their own routes did not arrive until eight and fourteen days later, respectively.

It remained for an Atlantic Ocean disaster to bring Lieutenant Maury to the attention of the world. It was a collision 40 or 50 miles to the eastward of Cape Race, Newfoundland, that led to the international acceptance of Maury's proposals for Atlantic lanes. The accident revealed to the "Pathfinder of the Seas" the necessity for combined action on the part of maritime nations in regard to well-defined lanes, or tracks, of transit across the Atlantic.

AFTER analyzing many abstracts from log-books furnished by captains plying the Atlantic, Lieutenant Maury pointed out that the British roadway and the United States roadway overlapped. He submitted charts on which two lanes, each 25 miles wide, were mapped for the use of steamers traversing the Atlantic. They provided a method by which collisions between steamers plying between this country and Europe could be minimized. To accomplish this Maury proposed a double track and outlined the sailing routes. Quoting his words: "If steamers would agree to follow two such routes I think I could lay them off so as to have them quite separate, except at the two ends, without materially lengthening the passage either way."

"Suppose we take this same breadth of ocean (300 miles) and lay off a lane 20 to 25 miles broad near its northern border, and another 15 to 20 miles broad near its southern border, and recommend the steamers coming

westerly to use the former, and when going easterly to take the latter, would not their adoption contribute to the safety of vessels, passengers and crews? I think so." With the charts were suggestions for an international maritime conference to systematize the methods of navigation, observation and registry.

The high point in Maury's career was reached when, in 1853, the International Conference at Bruxelles adopted these suggestions for lanes across the Atlantic, and recommended the Maury form of abstract log be kept by all vessels. Responding to the thanks given to him for his great service, he said:

"Allow me to add that we are taking part in a proceeding to which we should vainly seek for a parallel. Heretofore, when naval officers of different nations met in such numbers it was to deliberate at the cannon's mouth upon the most efficacious means of destroying the human species. To-day, on the contrary, we see assembled the delegates of almost every maritime nation for the noble purpose of serving humanity by seeking to render navigation more secure. I think, gentlemen, we may congratulate ourselves with pride upon the opening of this new era."

HE IS buried in Richmond, Virginia, between the tombs of Monroe and Tyler. The beautiful monument to him, sculptured by Frederick William Sievers, was unveiled in Richmond on Armistice day, 1929, by Maury's great-grandchildren. Appropriately have these words been cut into the granite: *Pathfinder of the Seas*.

One of the United States Naval Academy buildings is named for him, and the four charts published each month by the United States Hydrographic Office are headed: *Founded Upon the Researches Made in the Early Part of the Nineteenth Century by Matthew Fontaine Maury, while serving as a lieutenant in the United States Navy*.

Because of Maury's scientific deductions, therefore, it is a misnomer to say that the seas are "trackless." Approximately speaking, Maury's lanes

between New York and north European ports run in a northeasterly direction. The lanes, or tracts, shift according to the season of the year. During September, October, November, December and January, trans-Atlantic vessels take the "Northern" lane; February, March, July and August, the "Southern" lane; April, May and June, "Extra Southern." The "Northern," or late Fall and Winter route, is possible because during that period of the year, there is no floating ice in the northern seas.

WHEN Spring heralds the breaking up of the ice fields, the lanes move to lower latitudes. During the April, May and June period, they drop still more to the south to escape the ice floating in the Northern lane during the warmer weather. Each lane has its track for ships moving toward the United States and a track for the ships headed for northern Europe. The approximate dividing distance, or space to spare, as it were, between the lane outward and the lane inward is about 30 miles—ample sea room, thanks to Lieutenant Maury, U.S.N. How closely Maury followed out his promise not to increase the mileage of either lane is seen by noting their distances: between Ambrose lightship, New York, and Bishop Rock, near Plymouth, England, the approximate distances are: Northern, 2,902 miles; Southern, 2,966 miles; Extra Southern, 3,004 miles.

Between New York and Gibraltar, the entrance to the Mediterranean sea and the route to southern European, north African and ports via the Suez Canal, the lanes are considerably south of the tracks to British and the adjacent Continental ports. The Eastward track is the same for all seasons of the year; the Westward track being divided April-October and October until April. The Eastward mileage is about 3,164 miles; the April-October route; 3,167 miles; October until April, 3,356 miles.

The present pilot charts of the North Atlantic do not carry the original Maury lanes precisely, but what may be considered an outgrowth of them consistent with present-day data and experience.

"Boys Love Thrills" says DAN BEARD

*They get them in
real adventures
in a real camp*

DAN BEARD, himself, is the Chief at his camp in the mountains of Pike County, Pennsylvania. The first camp to receive an official rating of A-1; a camp that has the biggest men in the country on its board of advisors.

Horseback riding, tennis, swimming in the waters of Lake Teeyashung, pioneer woodcraft, nature lore, rifle marksmanship, canoeing, boating.

The camp is NOT confined to Scouts, but is for all boys. Remarkably low fee includes uniforms, etc.

Dan Beard Camp
Pike County, Pa.

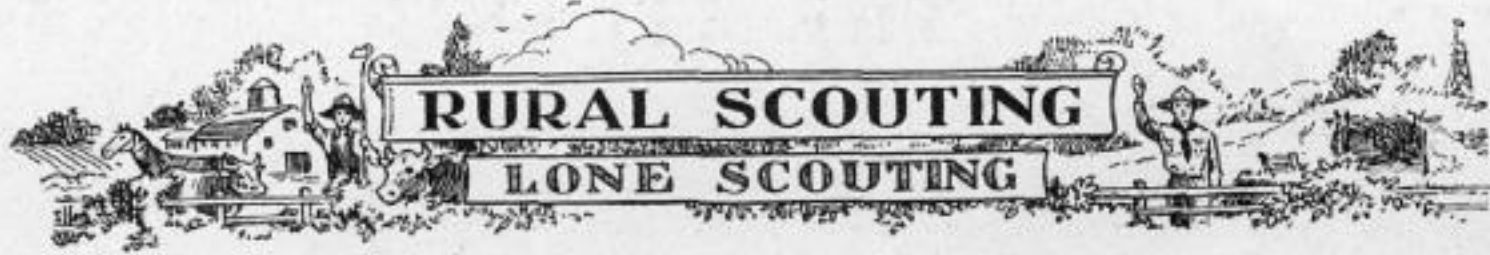
Ask Dad to write for information at our winter address

Suffern, N. Y.



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January



RURAL SCOUTING
LONE SCOUTING

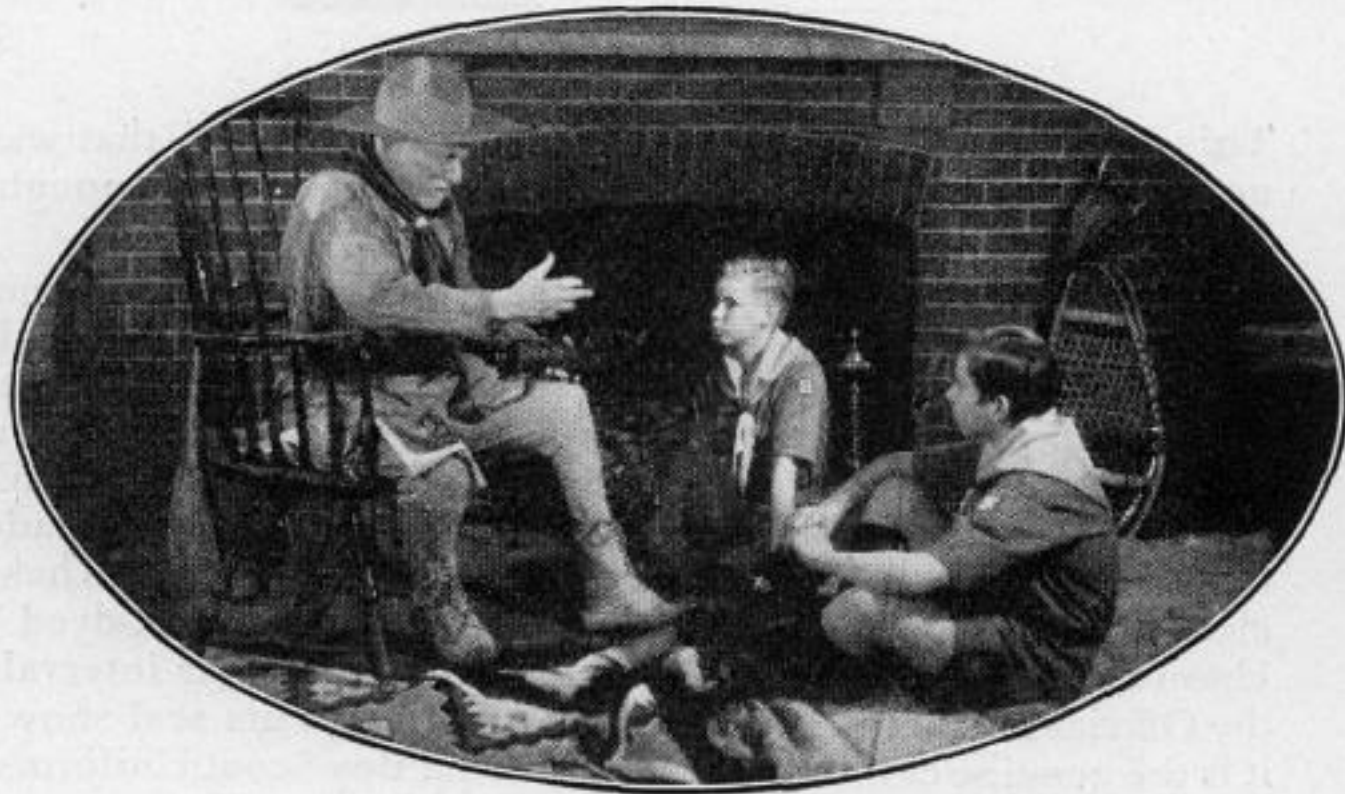
MARK HOPKINS

"MARK HOPKINS sat on one end of a log and a farm boy sat on the other. Mark Hopkins came as a pedagogue and taught as an older brother.

I don't care what Mark Hopkins taught, if his Latin was small and his Greek was naught For the farmer boy, he thought, thought he, all through lecture time and quiz The kind of a man I mean to be is the kind of man Mark Hopkins is.

No printed word nor spoken plea can teach young hearts what men should be, Not all the books on all the shelves, but what the teachers are themselves. For education is making men, so it is now; so it was when Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log and James Garfield sat on the other."

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN.



"Mark Hopkins Men" in Scouting

Lone Scout Tribes

EVERY boy, whether in or out of Scouting, has a natural yearning for success and achievement, and desires to be like some fine man whom he knows. The Rural Scout program is particularly helpful to boys in making the acquaintance and cultivating the friendship of the best and finest men in community, neighborhood, county and state.

There are many different ways by which a boy may discover and win the friendship of men through Scouting. For example, Lone Scouting. A Lone Scout's first responsibility is to look up, with the help and approval of teachers and parents, the finest man he knows in his home community and invite this man to be his Scout Friend and Counselor. This man signs the same application blank for membership as does the boy, and then acts as examiner for the Lone Scout in fulfilling requirements to First Class rank. By these contacts, a fine boy and a fine man have the chance to start the program explained by the poem heading this page, entitled, "Mark Hopkins."

This combination is of great help, not only to the boy, but to the man as well, for where is the man who doesn't enjoy the friendship of a fine boy, and where is the American boy who doesn't appreciate the friendship of a fine man?

The story of Calvin Coolidge and the blacksmith is another illustration of the "Mark Hopkins" classification. At an early age Coolidge, the country boy, made friends with the blacksmith of Plymouth, Vermont. The influence of the blacksmith followed young Coolidge through school and college, home and professional life, and trailed him to the White House when he became President of the United States of America. The story culminated in that first social event of the White House during the Coolidge administration, when its occupant invited as the first guest his friend the blacksmith.

A LONE SCOUT TRIBE is a federation of Lone Scouts with their adult men friends to form a District Tribe and provide for monthly meetings under leadership of a Scoutmaster. The Tribe is sponsored by a Tribe Committee, which may be the District Committee or a group of citizens—men with whom Tribe members may make personal contacts.

Neighborhood Patrols

A NEIGHBORHOOD PATROL is a smaller group of Scouts, from two to eight in number, following the Program under the leadership of a Scoutmaster who has been selected with the approval of three parents.

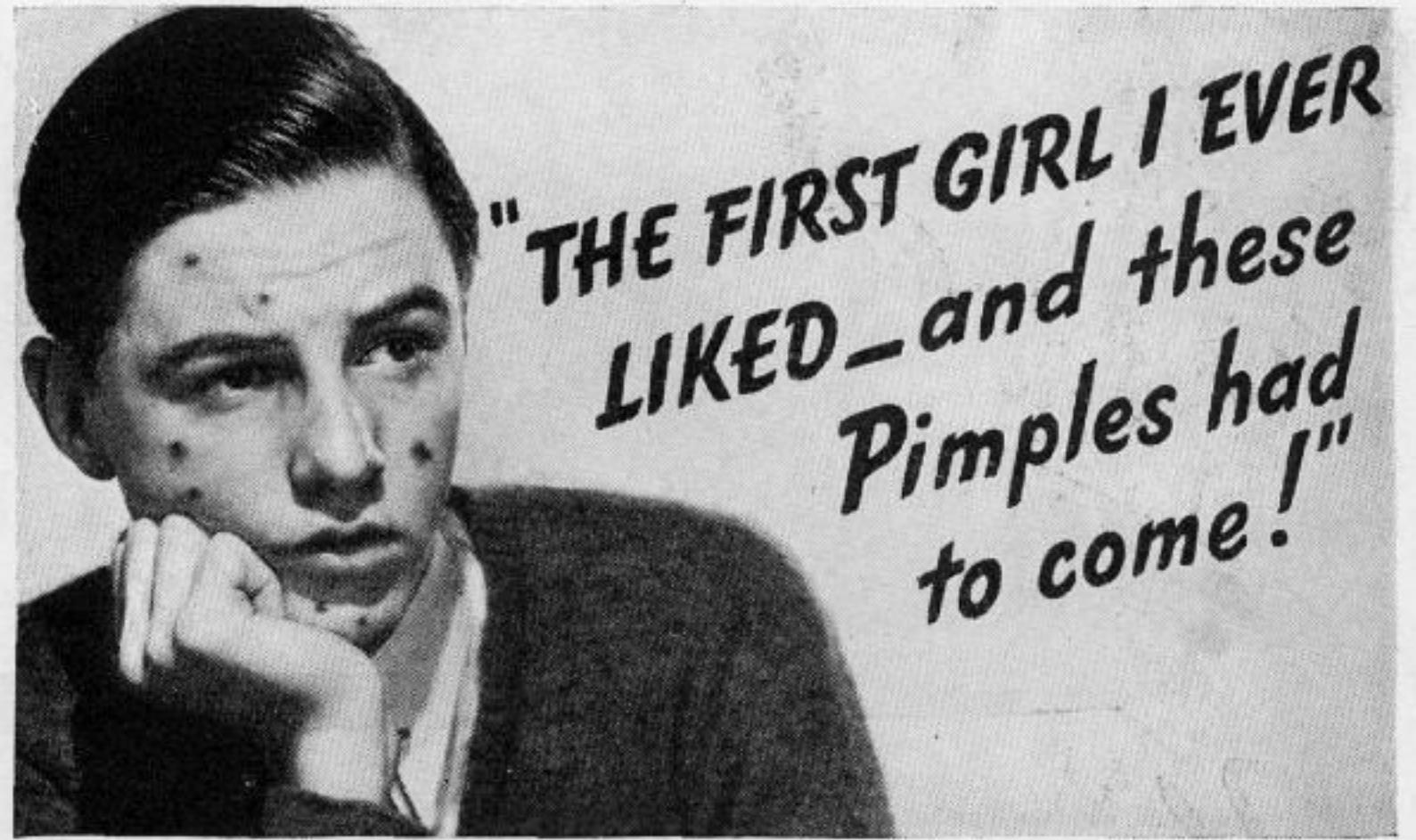
Troop Scouting

IN RURAL areas where there are enough boys and where sponsorship is possible, by an institution or by a committee of citizens, a Troop should be organized. Here again is the opportunity for a worth while contact between Troop members, Scoutmaster, Assistant Scoutmaster and Committeemen.

Merit Badge Program

WE HAVE over 100 Merit Badge subjects available to Scouts. This means that a Scout has the chance to make actual acquaintance with men who are Counselors for the Merit Badge subjects in which they are interested. Usually, these men are experts. There is more value in this opportunity for contact with fine men who are subject-matter specialists than in passing an examination in the Merit Badge subject.

Scouting is a man-boy movement. We can't have good Scouting without good men as well as good boys. Write Boys' LIFE Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York City, for further information and for a free copy of the Lone Scout paper.



But it wasn't too late, Ben found, to mend the trouble



Don't let adolescent pimples make YOU hide away!

During the adolescent years—ages 13 to 25—important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin, causing pimples.

In treating these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples. Then the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.



clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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EVERY INCH PRE-SHRUNK
and Guaranteed by **SWEET-ORR**

You sure don't want to look like this!



This Scout wasn't very wise. He bought a Uniform that was not "Official" and look what happened. But once is enough. He won't be fooled again.

Hardly a day goes by that a Scout doesn't have to face some test of his intelligence. Imitation Scout wearing apparel of all descriptions is temptingly displayed before his eyes. Careless, inexperienced inspection is apt to give the impression that these imitations are just as good. They are not. Don't be fooled. The only true Official Boy Scout Uniform is made of a specially processed, tough surfaced U. S. Standard Khaki cloth that has been thoroughly "pre-shrunk and vat-dyed." Upon the under side of the cloth appears at regular intervals the Official seal of the Boy Scouts of America. This seal shows it is the genuine cloth used only in Official Boy Scout Uniforms.



S H I R T

Every seam, every button-hole reinforced and doubly stitched making it as hard as steel to wear out. Notice the fullness and the roominess at the arm pits.

B R E E C H E S

Full cut, yet smart and trim. Tailored with two side, two hip and one watch pocket. Built for wear.

PRE-SHRUNK:—In order to insure every Official Boy Scout garment against shrinkage, every inch of Official Uniform cloth is thoroughly treated by a special shrinking process. Time and time again, the cloth is put through this process until it will not shrink when washed or laundered. This is the protection you get when you buy an Official garment.

VAT-DYED: The term "vat-dyed" means that the cloth has been treated with a special process that positively insures against fading even though given the severest tests. The strongest boiling soaps or extreme exposure to sunlight will not affect the color of this vat-dyed cloth. No other process can equal it. All Official Boy Scout Uniform garments are vat-dyed.

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Advertisers in BOYS' LIFE will gladly furnish information upon request

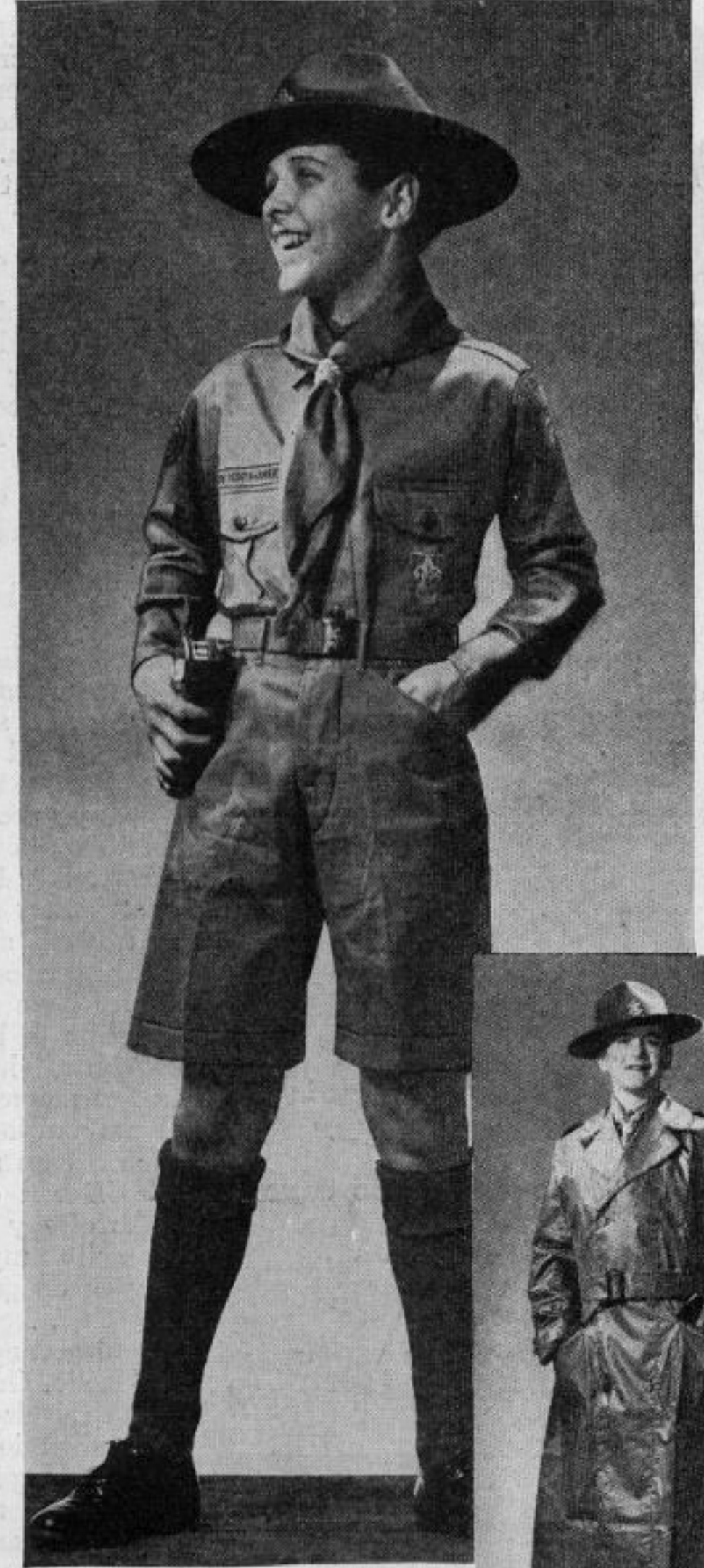
January

The best at a moderate price!

It combines good looks with the greatest wearing qualities

Today the Official Boy Scout Uniform, as made by Sweet-Orr, is the nearest thing to perfection that an all-round, hard-wearing, excellent appearing Uniform can be. The cloth from which the Scout Uniform is made, the workmanship, the strength of seam and finish produces a sturdiness that neither washes out, wears out, nor yields to the toughest, roughest strain. Its resistance to sun, acid and strength tests proves the quality which is maintained to be superior to any other khaki cloth.

Look for the Official Boy Scout seal and the Sweet-Orr "Tug-O-War" label on each garment. Our reputation is in the warp and woof of every Uniform that we make for the Boy Scouts of America. And best of all, Sweet-Orr will give you a new garment free if your Uniform does not stand up to these claims.



No. 503	Official Boy Scout Hat	\$2.25
No. 647	Heavy Cotton Shirt	2.15
No. 651	Heavy Cotton Breeches	2.15
No. 528	Official Cotton Stockings	.50
	Neckerchief and Slide	.60
No. 529	Official Belt	.50
	Total	\$8.15

No. 503	Official Boy Scout Hat	\$2.25
No. 648	Medium Wt. Cotton Shirt	1.95
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No. 528	Official Cotton Stockings	.50
	Neckerchief and Slide	.60
No. 529	Official Belt	.50
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OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT RAINCOAT
No. 569 Boys' Sizes, Age 12 to 20, each \$4.50

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OTHER SWEET-ORR PLANTS
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OFFICIAL HEAVY COTTON SHIRT

Made of heavy khaki material. Has easy fitting, tailored collar and two-patch bellows pockets with buttons through flaps; embroidered "Boy Scouts of America" sewed over the right breast pocket. Equipped with "Official" detachable buttons. Order by age size. All sizes.

\$2.15

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Made of heavy standard khaki material. Seven belt loops, two front pockets, two hip pockets with buttoned flaps, watch pocket; laced legs. Full flare. Order by age size. All sizes.

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SWEET-ORR

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF OFFICIAL BOY SCOUT UNIFORMS


YOUR SCOUTMASTER WILL TELL YOU WHO YOUR OFFICIAL LOCAL SCOUT DISTRIBUTORS ARE.

NO COUGHS for U. S. MARINE



Anthony Morello, First Sergeant, U. S. M. C., says: "Believe me, sometimes—specially on winter nights—we face some pretty terrible sub-zero weather. I carry a box of Smith Brothers Cough Drops with me. I know they are good protection against coughs."

AND THEY'RE GOOD CANDY



5¢

TWO KINDS S. B. OR MENTHOL

WINGS OF AN EAGLE

(Continued from page 19)

ing and poured through the doorway, Dolph Eckers was just getting groggily to his feet, and helping up Jimmy. Chairs were overturned, the desk pushed to one side, cut strands of rope showed where their prisoner had recently been.

"I don't think they are hurt badly," Mr. Parker said quickly. "Take them and 'Tread into the washroom and fix them up."

He caught up the telephone and put in a hurried call for the sheriff's wife. As he hung up, after a brief conversation, the boys came from the washroom. Mr. Parker looked at them steadily for a moment in silence. His expression was hard, grim and worried, but quickly changed to a warmer look.

"Boys," he said finally, "this hasn't worked out so well for you. Three of you have been beaten while a fourth has performed a hero's part; a deed which he shouldn't have attempted but carried out with the utmost of courage.

"I am proud of you all; I am proud of that boy to the bottom of my heart, but I am curious sometime to learn what there might have been in his heart and mind to justify that near sacrifice of life, for which I could never have forgiven myself, in allowing him to be placed in such position.

"Now," he added very grimly, "in a few moments we are going to town. I am waiting for the sheriff. I know you Scouts are eager to go, too. The sheriff will decide that. But for the sake of my responsibility for you all, as well as my personal feelings for you, if you do go with us, you must keep together, keep back of the men and avoid getting into more trouble."

"Hello, George," a quiet voice spoke from the doorway. All eyes turned in that direction. Sheriff Wentworth was just coming in. He was a short, powerfully built man with black mustache and peculiarly penetrating gray eyes. "Wife said you'd telephoned," he went on in the same unhurried tone, "so I thought I'd come down."

If Tom Wentworth wished to give the impression that he was unaware of any trouble it was belied by the butt of the heavy gun showing at his belt and by the similar equipment of the three silent, younger men who followed him in. Mr. Parker came swiftly toward them.

"Sheriff Wentworth," he said briskly, "my other men should be here any moment. Meanwhile I want you to come and I'll tell you what is up."

The three men went out the door. The Scouts were standing together. "Tread Stanton had been studying Don closely. Now he spoke up.

"Don, I have a hunch you are the guy your father meant. What did you do?"

Don's heart was a little full. His father's words, indirect as they were, had cleared up all misunderstanding on Don's part. It meant too much to him to put into words; he didn't feel like offering explanation.

"Spill it, Don," the others chorused. "Don't be a clam!"

The abrupt sound of many feet outside brought to the embarrassed Don a welcome interruption. A score of men crowded in. They were the millmen just returned from the outing at Branch Lane. They were an eager, excited looking lot, strongly built to a man. Hats were brushed back from foreheads wet with perspiration, eyes keenly alert.

"Hey, Scouts," one sang out, "where's th' Boss? Malcolm told us to git here lively. Th' son of a gun said we'd missed th' fun, an' we been doin' nothin' but eat an' dance. Where is he, huh?"

"He'll be right back," Don answered. "He just stepped out with Sheriff Wentworth. They were waiting for you."

"Hi, Swede," another yelled at big Anderson. "What you growlin' 'bout?" "Ay ban go fight," Anderson shouted: then a slow grin spread over his face. "You fellers want some fun, heh? Den you come; I show you."

"All right, men," Mr. Parker's clear voice spoke presently from the doorway. He came in quickly, followed by Donnelly and the sheriff. "Line up over on that side of the room so we can divide you."

Sheriff Wentworth seemed as casual and nonchalant as before, but there was a subtle change in his look. Beneath his drooping mustache, his lips were drawn in a straight, hard line; his eyes were cold, except for a light in their depths that was not easy to meet. He stepped over to Don, while the millmen shuffled into the position indicated.

"Kinder built inside an' out like your

Daddy, eh, son?" he said softly. "Wal, that ain't a bad pattern to follow." He leaned a little closer. "I'll tell you something, son. When I seen that bit of burned out fuse on them sticks o' dynamite, I got me real mad, an' I'm tellin' you I ain't li'ble to get over it till I jug th' fellers that laid it—or bust their heads."

"Gee, Sheriff Wentworth," Don said impulsively, "I wish I could go along and see you handle them."

A rare smile appeared on the sheriff's hard mouth.

"You've done enough tonight, son, an' I kinder guess it's my turn now. Howsomever, I reckon you Scouts can come along if you keep behind us."

He turned away abruptly, while Don gave the good news to the other Scouts.

The millmen were lined up against two walls of the office, a fearless, formidable array. Facing them were the sheriff and Mr. Parker, with the three quiet deputies just behind. Sheriff Wentworth sent a quick, understanding glance over the eager, impatient men, then turned to Mr. Parker.

"I guess it'd be good policy for you to stay outa this, George," he said in his slow, unexcited drawl. "Then th' villagers can't hold anything 'gainst you an' th' mill. We don't aim to do any more foolin', an' somebody's li'ble to get hurt. This is th' law now. I got my reg'lar deputies, Mel an' Gill Hamilton an' Alec Brodie here, an'— he turned to the chafing millmen—"I hereby deputize th' rest of you fellers. Keep as many as you need, George, an' I'll take th' rest."

"Donnelly, Johnson and the men now on watch will be all I want," Mr. Parker said briskly. "Go ahead Sheriff."

"All right," Sheriff Wentworth said, a little more crisply. "Mel, you take a half dozen o' them toe dancers. Go out th' main gate an' swing around into th' village road. Gill 'll take another six o' th' wild waltzers, go out th' north gate an' swing around th' other way. You fellers hit Blister Martin's poolroom together an' arrest every man in th' place, an' down any one who wants to argue. Me an' Alec an' th' rest of th' fellers 'll look after what's in Snyder's. I'll give you coupla minutes' start.

"George," he added to Mr. Parker, "wish you'd put out that big arc over th' gate till we get well outside."

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THE two deputies, Mel and Gill Hamilton, all the more efficient appearing from their quiet, restrained manner, had gone their respective ways. In silence and in darkness, Don and the other Scouts, keeping close together, waited behind the compact body of men headed by the sheriff and Alec Brodie.

"Donnelly told us what you did, Don," Tread whispered. "How did you ever have the nerve for it? Donnelly said there wasn't a man in the whole plant that would have taken that chance."

Don shrugged his shoulders without answering. He was thinking of Sheriff Wentworth, of the human dynamite packed behind his quiet drawl, his casual, almost lazy manner. And he was thinking too that, in like circumstances, there wasn't such a great difference between the sheriff and his own father. And his father could take commands. How readily, without a question, he had acquiesced to the sheriff's suggestion that he remain behind.

Sheriff Tom Wentworth and Deputy Alec Brodie led the score of men and Scouts straight up over the barren rise that separated the plant property from the sordid village beyond. As they breasted the top, Don saw the lights in the two poolrooms facing each other across-street — Snyder's and Blister Martin's, the gathering places of the tough idlers of the village, the breeding spots for youthful crime and warped careers; now the chosen headquarters for the outlaw timber thieves.

Without pause in his steady, noiseless stride, Sheriff Wentworth led the way down the slope. Snyder's was the nearer of the two objectives and they were approaching it from the rear. Twenty yards short of the dark back porch, the sheriff veered to his right, with half the men behind him, while Alec Brodie led the rest around the other side leaving behind, however, the gigantic Anderson and another man who crept toward the porch.

The Scouts halted. Don looked swiftly about him. At the right, the ground had been cut away to offset the slope, and give the building a level setting. On that side was a sturdy tree with a big branch that swept over the narrow roof that ran around the sides and front of the building before it gave to a second story of rooms.

Don squeezed Tread's arm and before the latter could remonstrate, darted back a little, then circled and came to the tree. Back of the trunk, he cautiously drew himself into the first branches and peered around.

Right before him, and only a trifle below his own level, he had a clear view of the poolroom through open windows. The sight that instantly met his eyes made him want to scramble down, run to the line of men moving stealthily along the side of the building, now almost at its front corner, and give his warning. The thought struck him with sickening dread; there would be no surprise. Those men inside were ready and waiting, fully prepared. In the hands of each was a heavy billiard cue. Don's keen eyes caught the leering glances that passed between the men, their attitude of listening and total indifference to the game.

His glance swept to his left and saw another compact group near the rear, who were similarly armed and, screened by the scattered crowd in front, were in strategic position for a surprise attack.

An abrupt turning of heads toward the front warned Don of Sheriff Wentworth's arrival. His glance flashed in that direction.

The stocky sheriff was standing just inside the broad doorway, with Alec Brodie at his left and a little behind.

Sheriff Wentworth's hands hung empty by his sides. In the sudden quiet, like the hush preceding a storm, the sheriff's keen, fearless eyes swept the surly crowd before him. His slow voice reached Don clearly.

"I'm just atellin' you fellers that every man jack o' you here is under arrest. Any move you make to resist, is agin th' law an' you take th' consequences."

A roar of derisive laughter greeted this announcement. A big, black-bearded man, who Don immediately recognized as the burly giant who had clouted him in the woods, stepped before the sheriff, feet wide-spread, his hands, empty of any weapon, on his hips.

"Ya don't think any tinhorn bit of a p'liceman 's goin' t' tell us where we git off, do ya?" he jeered.

Under cover of this sally and the men close to the sheriff's left, Don saw a man creeping toward him, the light end of a billiard cue in his hand, the heavy butt poised. Yells and oaths, a waving of arms and shifting bodies covered the man's advance. Don was sure that the sheriff was unaware of his danger, and he never knew whether he shouted his warning, but just as the club started to swing upward in its deadly circle, Sheriff Wentworth moved.

He swung a little sidewise; a gun appeared in his hand and Don could not tell how it got there. There was a flashing discharge, a booming report. The murderous attacker threw up his arms, clapped a hand to his shoulder and, reeling, slumped to the floor.

Before the thundering echoes ceased, there came another flash and roar, and a man grasped a shattered arm and let his upflung cue clatter down.

A momentary, stunned silence followed the two shots. Sheriff Wentworth stepped a little ahead. Alec Brodie, alert, a gun in his hand, kept pace with him, and behind them the men of the mill came crowding in.

"Put down them cues!" the sheriff ordered. His voice was not raised but it cracked in the room like a whiplash.

Before him, cues clattered to the floor; the men nearest the doughy sheriff stood sullen, weaponless but undecided. But Don, glancing toward the rear, saw that the armed group there had not complied. They were gripping their weapons tensely. They were poised for sudden attack.

The sheriff signaled with his left hand. "Come on, you fellers," he ordered, "begin tyin' 'em up."

THE millmen pressed forward and with short pieces of rope commenced to knot together the wrists of the men they reached first. Further back in the room, Don saw the crowd of figures begin to shift; muttered protests grew into a sullen roar. The group in the back, their cues concealed behind them, started to move slowly forward.

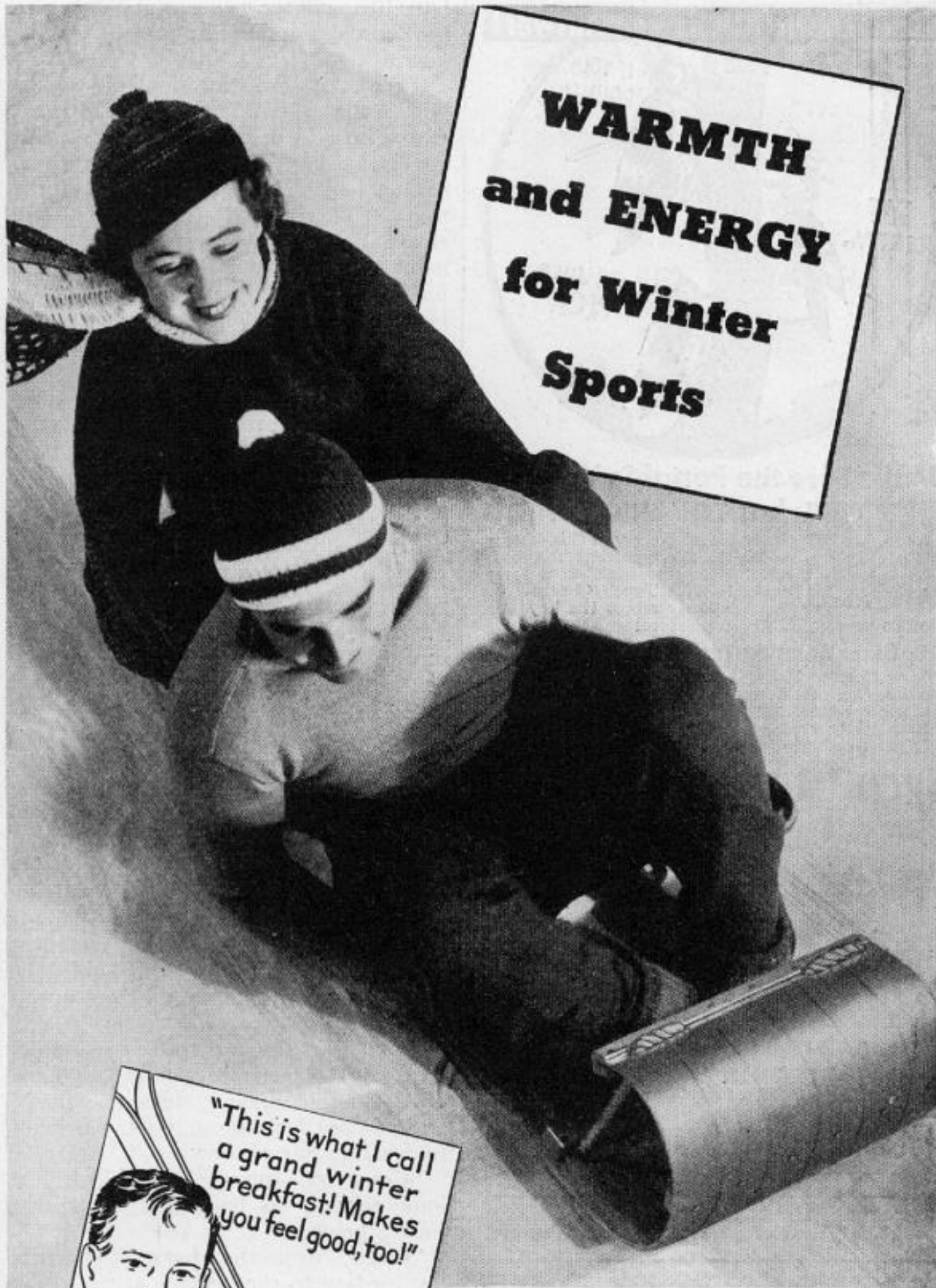
Then, from a further corner of the room, a big man came into Don's view, a man with enormous chest and shoulders, a round face now contorted with rage. It was Snyder, owner and proprietor of the evil place.

Confident, powerful, he walked straight up to the sheriff, who had holstered his heavy gun.

"Wentworth," he snarled, "you ain't got no right bustin' into my place, shootin' up o' my guests. I'll see you're fixed plenty for this. If you got a warrant, show it. If you ain't, git out!" He poised a big fist.

"Your mistake, Snyder," the sheriff drawled.

Again, as if by magic, his heavy gun was in his hand. But this time he held it flat in his palm, and the side of the



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barrel caught the belligerent Snyder on the temple, sending him groggily to the floor.

"That's my warrant for snakes like you," the sheriff told him. "Here, Alec," he added, "put th' cuffs on this coyote."

Don looked toward the back of the room. The crowd there were still stealthily shifting forward; for the moment held in check by the sheriff and his ready gun, it was on the verge of breaking into violent action.

The group of fighting toughs that had kept behind the others, had now come to the line of men before them and were poised for a rush. They were actually leaning forward, like starters in a race, when the door at the rear burst inward and the giant Anderson with his companion came through. Nor did they pause. Perhaps carried forward by their impetus, possibly already having seen the purpose of this background group, they went straight onward. With a yell of fighting joy, the big Swede plunged at the startled men.

Don saw that meeting, heard the clash of axe helve and billiard cues, the duller thud of blows on flesh and bone. He saw the men in front turn toward their companions, the rush of the millmen into the combat.

The infernal din below him rang in his ears. Through the hoarse shouts and cries, the tramping of feet, the smashing of anything breakable, he heard a similar commotion from across the street.

Now the sloping roof was under him, a matter only of two or three feet. He set a foot upon it, lowered himself and worked his way until he was right under Jimmy's window.

"Come on, Jimmy!" he called, just loud enough to be heard above the racket below.

"Can't," came the answer. "They got my leg tied to the bed."

"Got your knife?"

"No. They took it."
 Don tore his knife from his pocket, whipped open the blade, and passed it in.

"Anyone guarding you?" he asked, as Jimmy took it.

"Two. They're just outside the door, listening to the fight. Back any moment."

Don raised his head to peer within. The room itself was in darkness, with the exception of a faint glow that entered from an oblong in a further wall, which he knew was the doorway. He watched that space anxiously, in a fever of impatience.

Abruptly he saw it darkened, although the bedlam below was in no wise abated. The men were returning.

"Ready, Jimmy?" Don whispered hoarsely. "They're coming back!"

Jimmy appeared at the window. Don reached an arm through to help him, without taking his eyes from that dim doorway. Jimmy was half through when Don made out the indistinct form of a man framed against the faint light. At the same instant, the man must have seen the two boys backed by the stronger illumination from the windows below. He let out a hoarse bellow of rage, echoed by another yell from behind him, and came charging across the room.

Don pulled Jimmy through, half carried, half pushed him up on the limb and started to follow when the first man reached the window, scrambled through and made a swipe for Don's legs. He missed by a hair's breadth, and now Don himself was on the branch, urging Jimmy to greater speed.

But right behind him, the man had swung himself on to the big branch, with his companion ready to follow,

and Don at once sensed that the man was coming faster than he, checked by Jimmy's slower progress, could go.

The drop to the ground was too great to make in safety, although the thought raced through Don's mind that presently he would be knocked down, or made a prisoner in Jimmy's stead. Judging from the unabated hubbub in the poolroom, Don knew he could not look for help from that direction in time, but—there were still the Scouts!

"Tread!" he yelled, and Jimmy took up the cry. "Scouts, to the rescue!"

Almost instantly Tread Stanton answered from near the rear of the building. Other boys were shouting. They were coming nearer.

"Up here, Tread!" Don yelled frantically, scrambling along as best he could. "Stone 'em, fellows. Quick!"

And the Scouts were not slow of comprehension.

With little pause, missiles of all sorts, pebbles, stones, anything of weight that could be hastily found and grabbed, came whistling through the air. Don, without checking his onward scramble, turned his head away from the barrage, careless how close the flying stones came to him as long as some found his pursuers.

And soon he heard a satisfying thud, a savage oath that seemed almost at his back.

"Keep it up!" he yelled. "We got Jimmy!"

Another thud; and Don turned his head.

The man was within six feet of him, but he had stopped, was turning the other way, cursing savagely the boys below him. And they were yelling like Comanche Indians, pelting him without letup.

Don went on exultantly, and more swiftly and easily, it seemed to him. He followed Jimmy down the big trunk, arriving on the ground at the same time as he. And abruptly Don became aware that the shouting Scouts and the cursing man on the limb were the noisiest elements in the immediate vicinity.

Suddenly there was no longer a milling mob, the clash of hammering blows. The crowd of toughs, save a few figures on the floor, was standing motionless, submitting sullenly as the millmen tied wrist to wrist. The battle was over.

The Scouts went out to the street, and in some awe watched the lines of sullen prisoners being led off to jail.

Finally Sheriff Wentworth came from the building and stepped up to the waiting Scouts. He nodded his head with satisfaction as he noted the addition to their number, then turned to Don.

"Wish you would tell your Dad, son, that when th' Courts get through with these cusses, we'll have this whole village mire cleaned out an' ready for decent workmen. Tell him we done a complete job, with Blister Martin an' Snyder along with th' rest, an' we got enough on th' whole outfit so's they'll get plenty. You better run along now, boys," he added, "with some o' th' men who're goin' your way."

"Say, Sheriff Wentworth," Pie Face Jarvis asked excitedly, "we heard some shooting—did you kill anyone?"

A slow grin spread over the Sheriff's serious countenance.

"I reckon I'm a right bad shot, sonny," he drawled. "I only winged one in th' shoulder an' 'nother in th' arm. S'long, boys. Be seein' you."

Joyfully the Scouts raced back to the mill, through the big gate, briefly answering Johnson's eager queries, and on to the office. Through a window they caught sight of Mr. Parker's pacing figure, his stern face, before they burst in upon him.




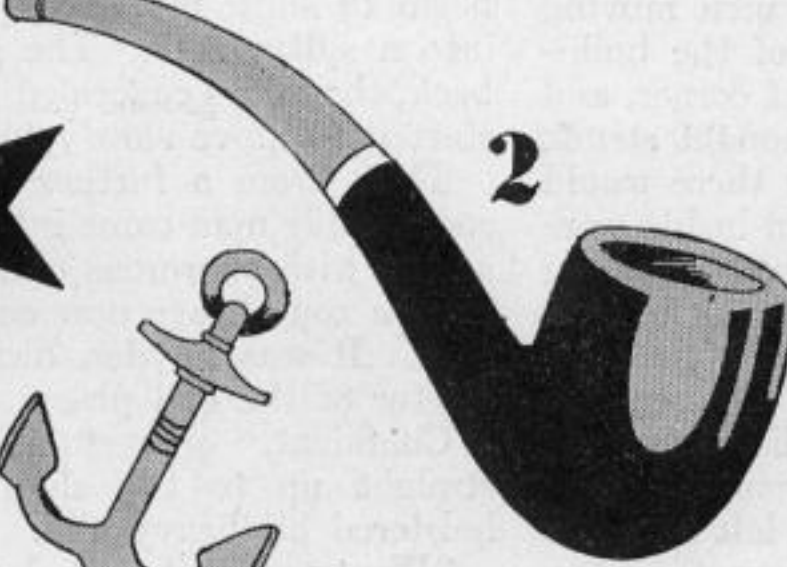
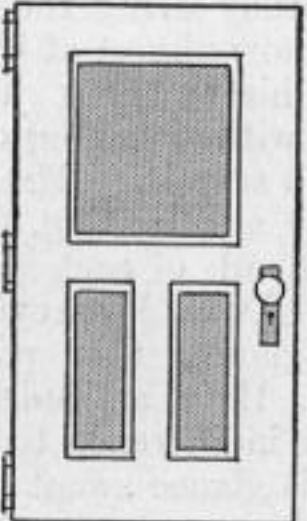
He listened to their excited and somewhat incoherent descriptions of the battle in the village poolrooms.

Finally Mr. Parker stood up, and with one arm around Don's shoulders, reached for the light switch.

"Well, boys," he said, and there was a world of feeling in his tone, belying his simple words, "it looks as though we Scouts had done a day's work, and it's time to go home."

[THE END]

LET'S GO HUNTING

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	A RODENT	3
	A FISHING POLE	4
	AN INSECT	5

When you go hunting for animals you do not always have to be equipped with a gun, as you will find by solving this fascinating puzzle. Remove a certain letter from each of the names of the five objects and then arrange the remaining letters to spell the word defined in its correspondingly numbered panel. Then print, reading downwards, the five removed letters in the five circles and as you fire your last shot you will bring down your game. For instance 3 is a star. Dropping one letter and transposing the others you get rat. The dropped letter "S" goes into the circle. Answer on page 49.



SO HERE we are—right bang up against a new year! The winds of January are but a few deep breaths of 1936 getting set for a strenuous twelve-month expenditure of energy.

What are we going to do during this period? Shall we keep just as busy, or busier than we have ever been before, or shall we listen to the whispers of that time-wasting pest Old Idle Five Minutes?

We'll get BUSY! And in addition to our regular business we'll spend a short snappy while getting rid of I.F.M.

Let's start the New Year right so that later on we won't be left. Let's put I.F.M. on ice and prove that he is anything but a hot skate. Let's kid him along until we skid him. Send in your best jokes. For those accepted and published a Boy Scout Diary will be awarded.

Enough Said

She had sent a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion. "That's from my friend, I can tell his stutter."



See

TENDERFOOT: Say! You are wearing your glasses in bed.

FIRST CLASS: That's all right, I want to recognize the people I dream about.

Help!

A judge asked a negro in court, "Would you like a lawyer?"

"No, suh, I don't want no lawyer, but I suttently could use a couple of witnesses."

Accident

FIRST CLASS SCOUT: I thought you said you did not understand Russian? I saw you talking to that foreign peddler.

TENDERFOOT: I wasn't talking. I was merely sneezing, and he answered.



His Board

LAND LUBBER: Well, tell me your story Ancient Mariner.

A. M.: Well, once we were stranded—had to eat our belts and shoes to live.

L. L.: No!!

A. M.: And then the boat turned turtle and we lived on that for six days.

Correct

There is one word in the English language that's always pronounced incorrectly.

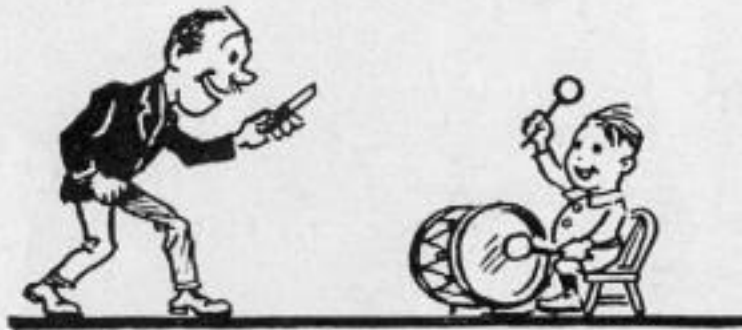
"What is that?"

"Why, incorrectly."

First Class

INSPECTOR (pulling toothbrush out of Scout's pocket): What is this?

SCOUT: It's my class pin, I go to Colgate.



Can You Beat It?

MOTHER: I don't think the man upstairs likes Johnnie to play on his drum.

FATHER: Why?

MOTHER: Well, this afternoon he gave Johnnie a knife and asked him if he knew what was inside the drum.

Training Him

The conductor of a slow train said: "Madam, your boy can't pass at half fare, he's too large."

The mother replied: "He may be too large now, but he was small enough when we started."

Stop-Go-Stop

BILL: My car runs a little way then stops.

JOE: A spurt model, eh?



The Crank

"You will notice," said the technical master as he placed his finger on a piece of mechanism and seized the handle, "that this machine is turned by a crank." And he marvelled greatly at the laugh that ran round the class.

The Difference

WIFE: Jim, I've a lot of things to talk to you about.

HUBBY: Good. I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got.

Big-Hearted Willie

There was a piece of cold pudding on the lunch table and mamma divided it between Willie and Elsie.

Willie looked at his mother's empty plate. "Mamma," he said earnestly, "I can't enjoy my pudding when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."

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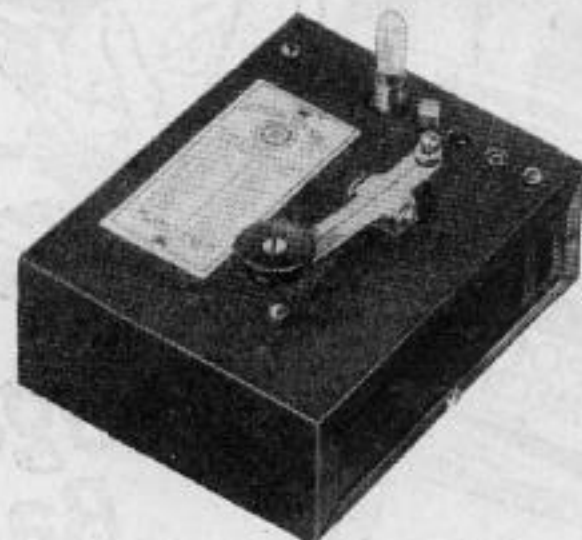
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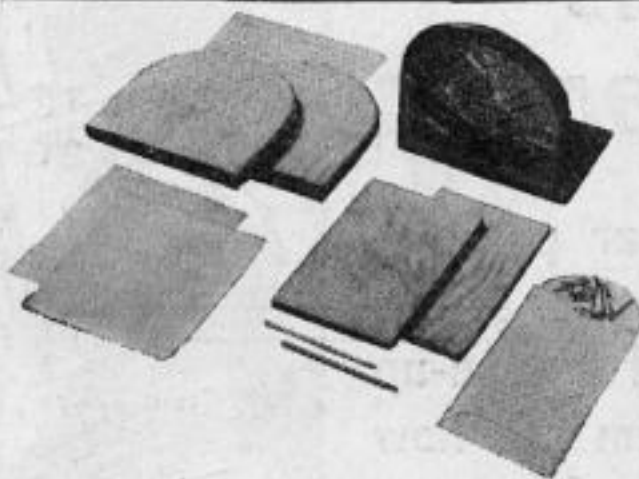
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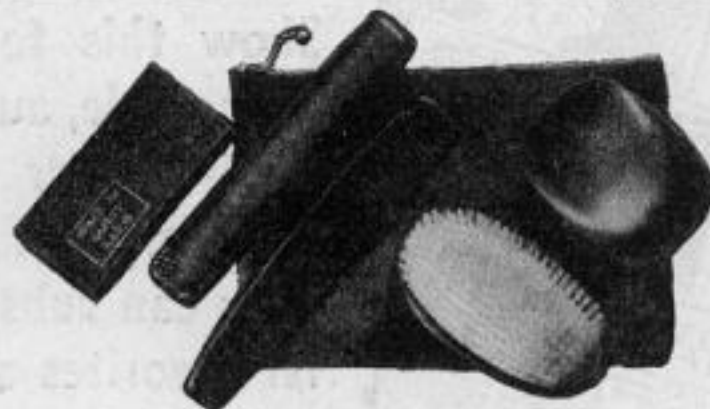
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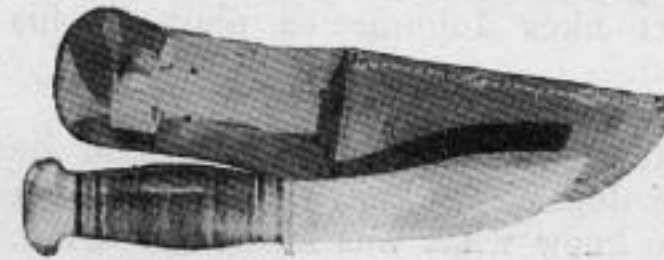
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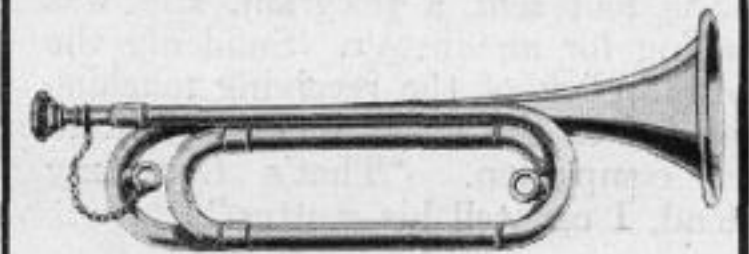
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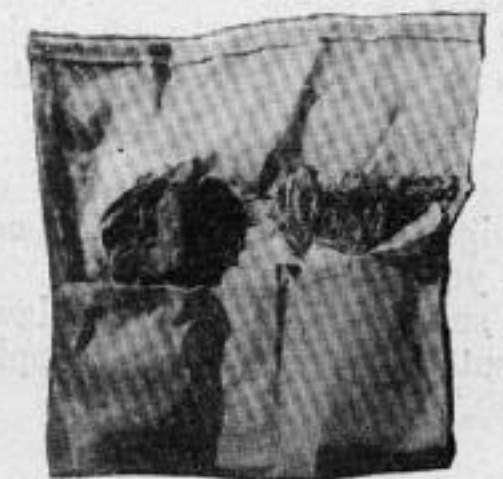
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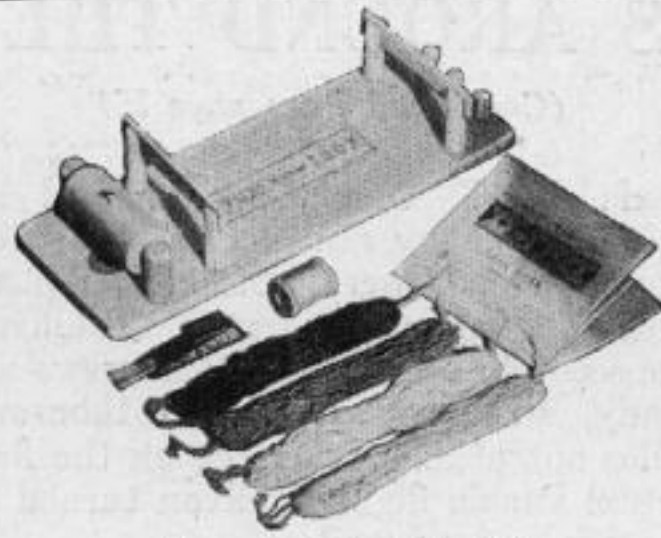
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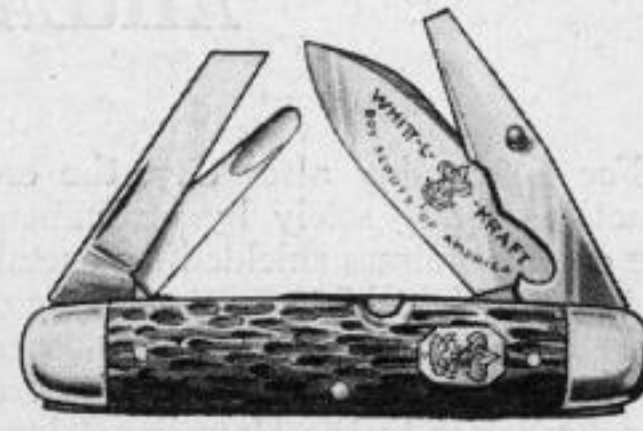
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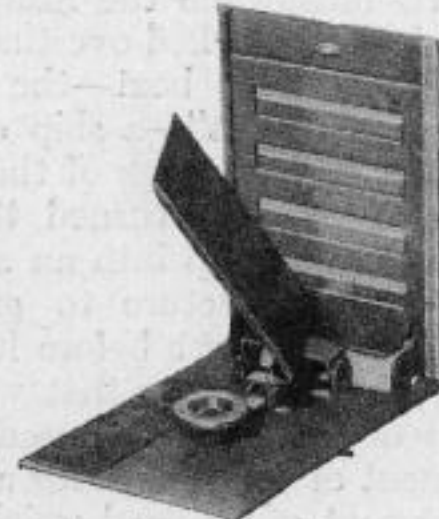
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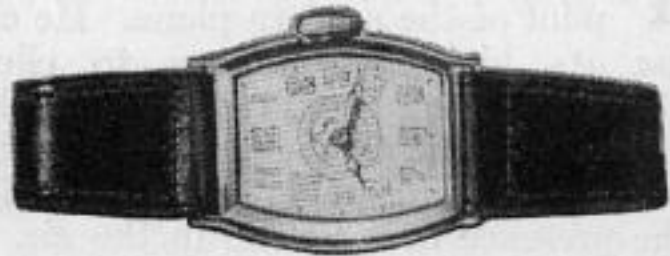
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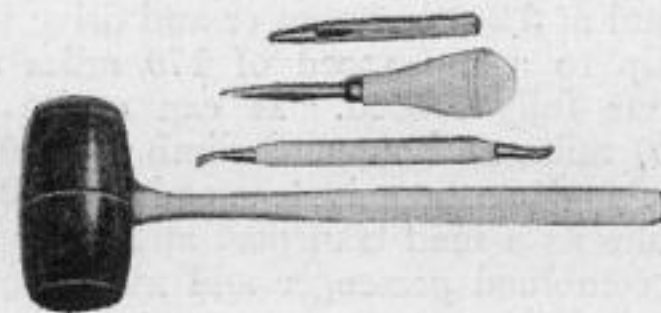
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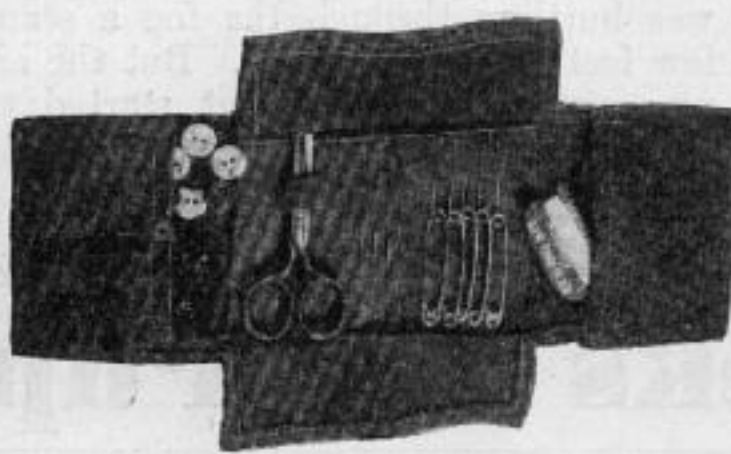
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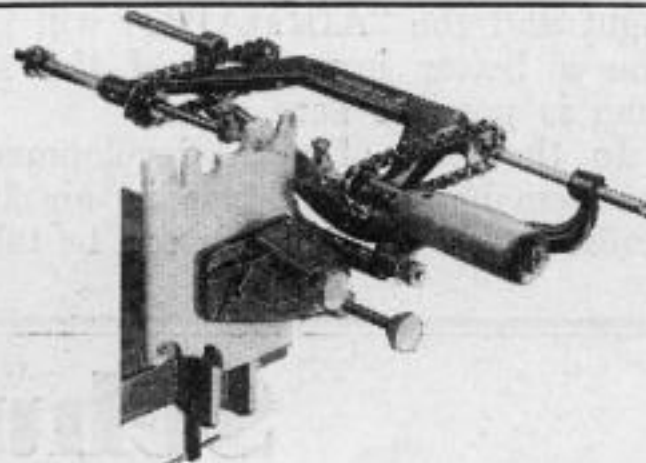
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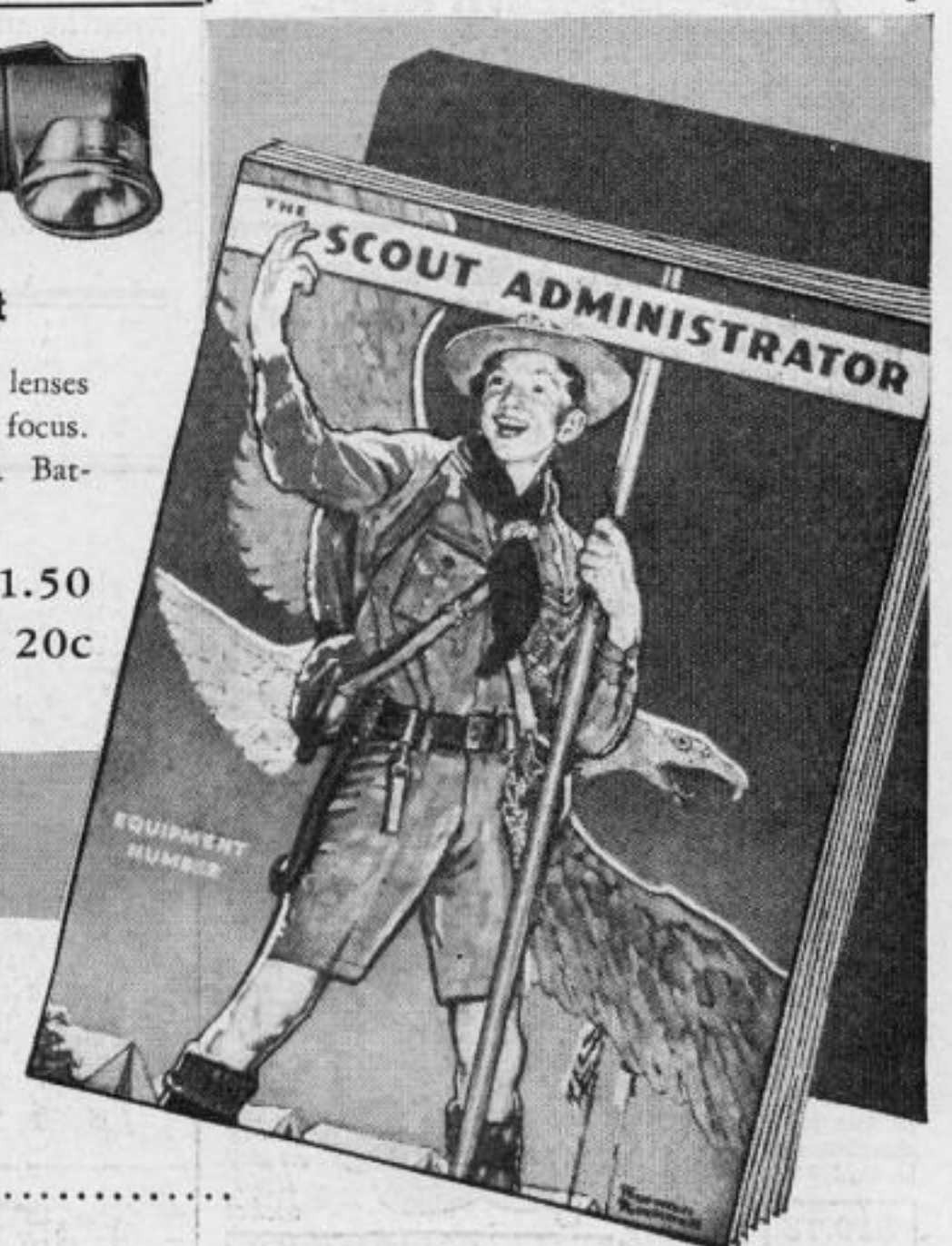


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AIRPLANES AROUND THE WORLD!

(Continued from page 15)

For hours, day after day, the crew practiced flying solely by instruments, the cabin windows shielded by curtains so that all sight of the outside was cut off. The first leg of the trans-oceanic air lane across the Pacific, that from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands, 2,400 miles across the ocean, was flown time and again in simulated form over the waters of the Caribbean Sea.

THE spring of 1935 saw the start of the actual spanning of the Pacific. Mechanics were awaiting the Clipper at the Alameda base of Pan-American in San Francisco. Crews had gone by steamer to the islands of the Pacific—Midway, Wake, Guam and the Philippines—the stepping stones. Here they had established bases to service the Clippers when they came roaring out of the distance from over the horizon.

These bases were established on the islands by an especially trained crew led by scientists. A 15,000-ton steamer was chartered and all of the equipment for the bases loaded on board with the base crew of 150 men. The ship sailed from San Francisco in March of 1935 and returned in July. Six thousand tons of materials had been transported to five ports of call and communities set up on desert coral islands. Fresh water supplies, sanitation facilities, radio equipment, weather forecasting instruments, even soil for gardens were transported! Five complete and efficient bases awaited the coming of the Clipper.

Meanwhile exhaustive tests were being made by the crew of the Clipper under Captain Musick's direction. Flights were made far out to sea, checking every minute detail of the equipment, testing radio communication, direction finders and radio compasses. The new radio equipment proved marvelously efficient. While on the flights the crew were in constant touch with shore stations, distant Hawaii and even their home base on the far-off shores of Florida! Their position could be instantly calibrated to within the small fraction of a mile! Then, the long tests came to an end.

The actual assault began. The long months of preparation were put to the test. April of 1935 saw a flight to Hawaii and return. June saw Midway Island reached on a return trip—August marked the first Guam trip, nearly 6,500 miles out from the Ala-

meda base! One thing marked all the trips. They ran to clocklike precision. Crews were rotated, Captain Musick commanding the first, Sullivan the second until now five full crews are ready, so ready that two thousand miles out of San Francisco on the first actual Pacific flight, Sullivan turned to Musick and grinned.

"Old stuff!" he exclaimed as he looked around at the vast stretch of ocean. "We've flown this route so many times in training I've recognized every cloud we've seen since leaving 'Frisco!"

IN THE meanwhile the Martin Aircraft factory worked overtime on an even greater flying boat—the first of the "China Clippers"—a ship designed especially for the passage of the Pacific air lane. They, too, turned the very size of the great ship into an asset for they used its structure to gain efficiency in a way never before heard of. So successful were they that when the ship was tested it was licensed by the Department of Commerce for a load of 102.1 per cent of its dead weight!

Weighing 23,100 pounds empty, it carries 27,900 pounds aloft. Over the 2,410 miles of ocean between San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands, the longest reach of the air lane, the Martin carries 22,784 pounds of useful load. It has accommodations for sleeping 18 passengers or carrying 42 by day in addition to its crew of seven and cargo. The four Pratt and Whitney Double-row 14-cylinder "Wasps" develop a total of 3,200 horsepower and drive the ship to a top speed of 179 miles an hour fully loaded. It can cruise at 157 miles an hour and climb to 20,000 feet. Its range is tremendous, 4,000 miles as a mail transport and 3,000 as a combined passenger and mail transport.

This month's "AIRMARK" (on the inside back cover) is from the brush of William Heaslip and depicts the "China Clipper" winging her way over one of the tiny coral island bases. Mr. Heaslip, in his usual striking way, brings you a realistic and accurate painting of the "China Clipper" in full flight and the "AIRMARK" will give you a better impression of the ship than is possible here.

In the face of such developments, the remaining trans-oceanic air lane across the North Atlantic can be taken

in stride. Blind flight, radio, dependable engines and the ability to land upon the open ocean have removed all but one obstacle to the North Atlantic air lane's regular use. The sole remaining obstacle is one of weather—not storm or fog, both of which are conquered, but that of ice.

The formation of ice on the structure of a plane in flight remains one of the major hurdles to regular scheduled air transportation. It strikes quickly and its results are disastrous. Under the right conditions fog or cloud, even a rain, things that ordinarily form but a nuisance become a deadly menace.

At temperatures just around the freezing point of 32 degrees Fahrenheit weather of this sort is highly treacherous. The rush of the plane through the air collects moisture along the entering edges of the structure. In no time at all this condensation freezes and glazes over these surfaces. Layer on layer it builds up, adding weight and far more reaching in its effects, changing the form of the airfoil of the wings.

The air, instead of rushing up over the leading edge and then leaving it to form a partial vacuum through which roughly four-sevenths of the wings' lift is developed, begins to flow smoothly over the surface of the wing. The ice formation on the leading edge effects a "streamlining" of the airfoil. The lift is lost, the speed of the plane increases and it begins to descend.

TWO alternatives are possible to the pilot of the modern plane. He can use its high performance to climb above the icing area, reaching an altitude where the temperature is well below the freezing point and eliminating the presence of moisture in the air, or he can descend to a lower level where the temperature is warmer. But he must act quickly.

Such a condition was encountered by Colonel Lindbergh on his epochal flight from New York to Paris in 1927. He sensed the deadly menace over the Atlantic and realized that his still heavily overloaded Spirit of St. Louis never could climb above the icing zone in time. Down went its nose until he was hurtling through the fog a scant few feet above the water. But the air was warmer—the ice that started to glisten on the wing structure melted and the danger was over.



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January

To avoid this hazard the safest of three air lanes across the Atlantic has been selected. This is the southern route, running from New York to Bermuda, thence along Maury's southern sea lane to the Azores and then to Lisbon and northward to London. Its greatest over-water length is some 2,000 miles, less than the first leg of the trans-Pacific air lane. Yet its total distance between the two great cities is but 3,058 nautical miles, 3,516 statute miles, which the "China Clipper" could cover in one flight, non-stop, in less than 24 hours! Compare this with the present five days required by the fastest liners along the sea lanes!

The Northern Air Lane—New York-Newfoundland-Ireland—that which runs over the track laid down by Lieutenant Maury in 1853, is the path that Reid, Alcock and Brown, Lindbergh and Chamberlin followed to fame. It is the famous "Great Circle Course" to the British Isles and the shortest water crossing of the North Atlantic on a direct line. But its

weather is treacherous, storms mark its route in winter, fogs in summer, while the Southern Air Lane presents a milder climate all year around.

The Far Northern Air Lane—New York-Greenland-Iceland-British Isles—is the least known of all and the most impractical. Its hazards are great, ice aloft and ice below in the harbors where landings are to be made. Its weather sweeps down out of the Arctic and can not at present be predicted like that of the Southern Air Lane.

But, despite American preparedness for the establishment and regular use of the North Atlantic air lane through Bermuda, it is not likely that it will be put into operation soon. Political rather than technical difficulties block the way. Bermuda is a part of the British Empire and although Imperial Airways are in accord with Pan-American Airways in the establishment of this trans-oceanic air lane, the policy of the British Government which has a representative on the Imperial Airways

board, is that part of the equipment on such an air lane must be British. And to date neither the British nor any other nation have developed flying boats that can even approach the Sikorsky or Martin "Clippers" of the Pan-American Airways.

But American aviation is not resting on its laurels. Even to-day Pan-American engineers are in conference with designers, planning "Clippers" that will be twice the size of the 25½-ton Martin. New engines of greater horsepower and fuel economy, new advances in aerodynamics, new materials of higher tensile strength, all these GUARANTEE, not promise, developments that challenge the imagination. In the near future these greater "Clippers" will roar over the world's trans-oceanic air lanes, impervious to storm, winging their way through the air to regain for the United States the romance and the glory of the days when the famous American sailing "Clippers" carried our commerce to the far corners of the earth.

WOLFSKIN

(Continued from page 11)

such as swords, pikes and halberds, some of which I recognized as having come from the Rue St. Honoré. It was evident that they had come straight from the fighting in the breaches of the Bastille, for in many cases their arms and heads were bandaged, and they were all still in a high state of excitement. And there, seated at one of the trestle tables, was Jacques Blandin himself.

Blandin had looked a different man from when I had seen him last. He had been in the very thick of the fighting all that morning, and although he had not received so much as a scratch, his hair was ruffled, his coat was torn, and perspiration had so streaked his face that he looked like a man who had not washed for a week. But, over and above that, the clothes he was wearing showed every sign of having been burnt; and that told me that he had gone back into the house where he had left me, only to discover that I had made good my escape.

"What's this?" exclaimed the Vicomte, when he saw me.

He looked annoyed, for he was frowning; and I would have learnt then, if I had not known it already, that he was a man with a will of his own.

"I did not expect to see you back

here," he rapped out, speaking so loudly that I was afraid his voice might be heard by those below in the tavern. "You must understand that you imperil your life, if you are found here with me. Your duty is to go straight back to your grandfather who will need you more than I do."

"Monsieur, it is no good!" I exclaimed. "I can't leave the place, any more than you can. That fellow, Blandin, of whom I told you, is down there in the shop."

"Ho, ho!" he cried. "That makes it a different matter. It seems sure enough that you and I were born under the same star, though I'm not so certain now that it's a lucky one."

"We must get out of the place somehow!" I said. "Anyone may come upstairs at any minute."

"No, André. I think we may be safe until it's dark. You see, there's too much excitement going on in the streets for people to sit quietly at home. Those fellows down there are drinking, and that's different. Fighting's thirsty work, and they may sit there for hours."

"What about these rooms?" I asked, pointing to two doors, one on either side of the landing we were on.

We had searched all the upper stories as we came down the stairs; but, on gaining the first-floor landing,

we had heard the talk and laughter in the shop, and we had not entered either of these rooms.

"That's a cupboard," said the Vicomte, with a nod of the head towards the door on the right, "and there's nothing there, but a few brooms and buckets. But here," he went on, opening the other door, "we may have better luck."

I FOLLOWED him into a large room, very much better furnished than any we had yet seen; and the moment I entered I felt that we might find what we wanted. For it was obviously the room which belonged to the landlord and his wife; it contained several pieces of furniture, yet we could find no clothes except a red flannel petticoat.

I went to the window, opened it, and cautiously looked out. Below me was the narrow alley that came to a dead end against the Bastille wall. The fire had evidently been extinguished—for it was now late in the afternoon.

I dared not stay at the window long and turned back into the room—to discover to my unutterable amazement that Monsieur le Vicomte de Gassiat had got into the bed! Though he was not between the sheets, he had pulled the quilt right up to his chin, and there

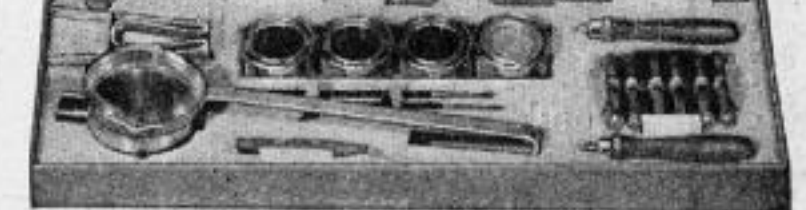
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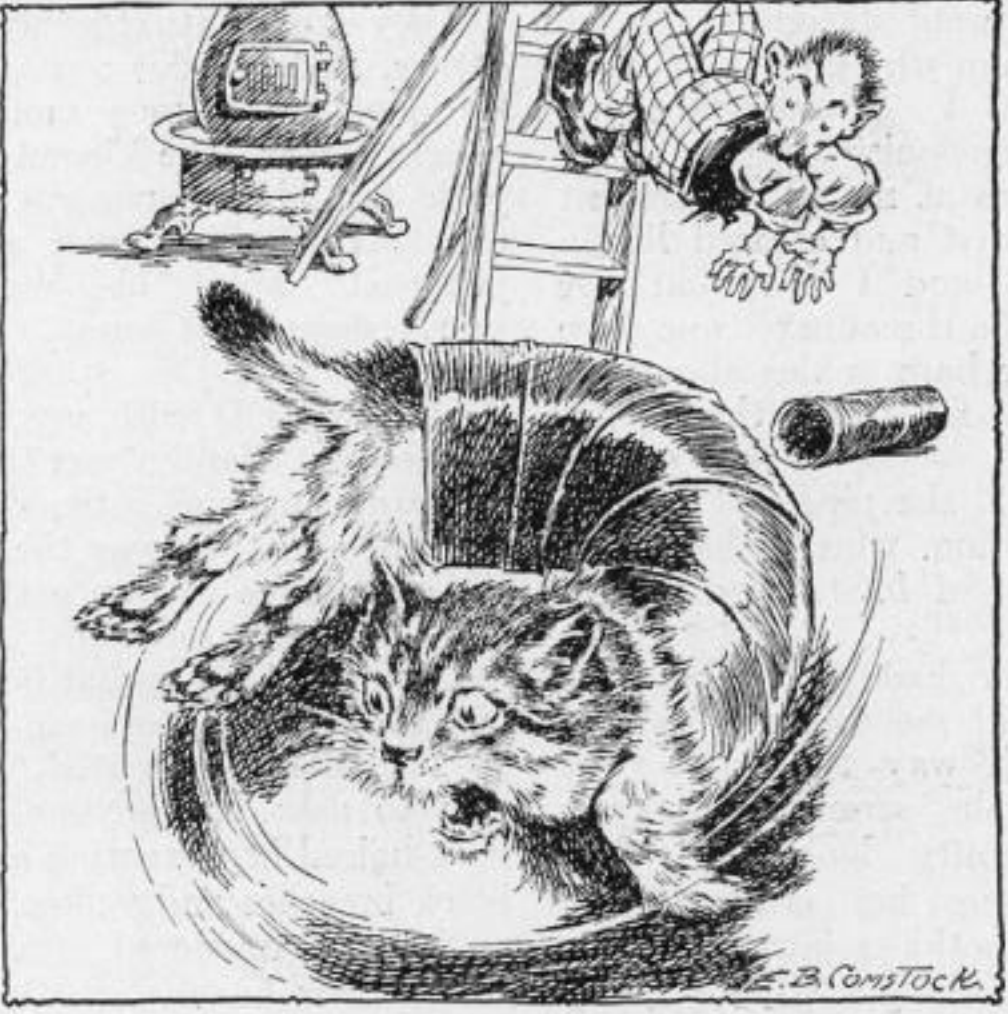
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He Gets Around!



he lay at his full length with his eyes closed, as if he were fast asleep.

"Are you going to stay there?" I exclaimed, afraid to speak too loudly.

"One has to do something," he observed.

"But, surely, you can't sleep—not when we are so situated that we don't know when our last hour may come!"

"The last hour's no worse nor better than any other," he informed me; "and one out of every three hours in the life of a man he must sleep. In this particular instance, there is nothing else to do."

And he closed his eyes again.

I never knew whether he did actually sleep; I am inclined to think he did. He was more the master of himself on all occasions than the coolest customer in every twenty million. I sat on the end of the bed, thinking about him, about Blandin in the shop below, and my old grandfather struck down by the hand of his own ruffianly son.

It was beginning to get dark in the room, when suddenly the Vicomte opened his eyes and swung his feet to the floor. "Is that fellow still downstairs?" he asked.

"I don't know," I answered. "I have not dared go down there again."

"Come, we'll go and have another look at them, just to see how they are getting on!"

I had nothing to say to that. I couldn't understand the man. His courage was of such a peculiar quality that it amounted to a kind of cold-bloodedness; and yet he was far from being insensible to outside influences: he had wit, imagination and a generous open-hearted disposition, as I had seen already, and as I was to learn again and again, when I had come to know him better.

WHEN we got down to the balcony, the Vicomte went forward on hands and knees, though there was less chance now that he would be seen, since it was half dark in the wine shop and they had not yet lighted the lights. He was away about ten minutes.

"Your friend Jacques is about to go," he informed me. "But, egad, I don't wonder you mistook me for the fellow! We're as alike as a brace of partridges. The moment I saw him, I got the shock of my life."

I could not imagine anything giving the Vicomte a shock, and I was so bold as to make the suggestion.

"Why, no," he laughed, "you're wrong there, my lad! There's something almost uncanny about this: I thought I was looking at myself. There's a fellow with him, by the way, who must be that sergeant of whom you told me. They have probably left by now, and that means that you'll have a clear field in a minute or so."

"But, what about yourself, sir?" I asked.

"There's a chance for me, too. Seated at the doorway, there's an old woman selling oranges. She is wearing

one of those hooded capes that you can pull right over your head, and I don't mind telling you, I rather fancy myself in that."

"But, monsieur, how on earth can you get hold of that?" I exclaimed.

"With your help, friend André, it is not impossible. Just crawl round the corner, and see if Uncle Jacques is still there."

I obeyed, without asking any questions; and as soon as I reached the balcony I saw the old orange woman, sitting on a low stool in the doorway, but no sign of either Blandin or Sergeant Guizot. The place was still

ing that my coat was inside out, she took me for an aristocrat, and she was shrewd enough to suppose that my life and her cloak might be worth an extra louis to me.

"Monseigneur," she whispered, cunningly showing her hand, "three louis, and you shall have what you want. You are too young to die."

"Though I am no more a lord than you are," I replied, "here's the money, if the cape's mine and you say no more about it."

And when the bargain was closed, she hobbled away, chuckling.

As for me, I picked up a cobblestone,

"Morbleu! Name of a pipe! I left the young devil under lock and key in the house where I was lodging, and when I went back to set him free he was not there!"

I could not think why the Vicomte did not hasten across the road to join me, instead of which, he squatted down on the threshold.

"Were the lad burned to death?" asked a peddler.

"Burned, you gibbering fool! I tell you, he was nowhere there. The door was locked on the outer side, but he had the wit to cut a bar from the window; and as long as that boy's at large, he's a public danger."

This was as much as the Vicomte thought worth hearing, and a moment later he joined me.

"Time we made ourselves scarce!" said he, as he came shuffling up to me, doubled almost in half. "Get back to your grandfather's house as quickly as you can. It's no more healthy for you here than it is for me."

"And you, monsieur?"

"I'll be there soon after you are. I have a house of my own in the Faubourg Montmartre, but that's a long way off, and it may be they'll search the place. I would rather encroach upon the hospitality of an old gentleman I have not the pleasure of knowing."

"If he's still alive," said I, with a lump

rising quickly in my throat. "When I saw him last, he was on the floor, insensible, if he was not killed."

"Let us hope for the best," said he, as he began to hobble down the street. "Latour's in the Rue St. Honoré, eh? There's no doubt I shall be able to find it."

I left him then, and set off running as soon as I was out of sight of the wine shop.

THE moment I arrived before the doors of my grandfather's shop, I saw that he was all right. For the broken door had already been mended, the shutters were up, and both doors were locked.

I placed my mouth to the shutters and spoke in a kind of strained husky whisper.

"Grandpère! Here's André come back again!"

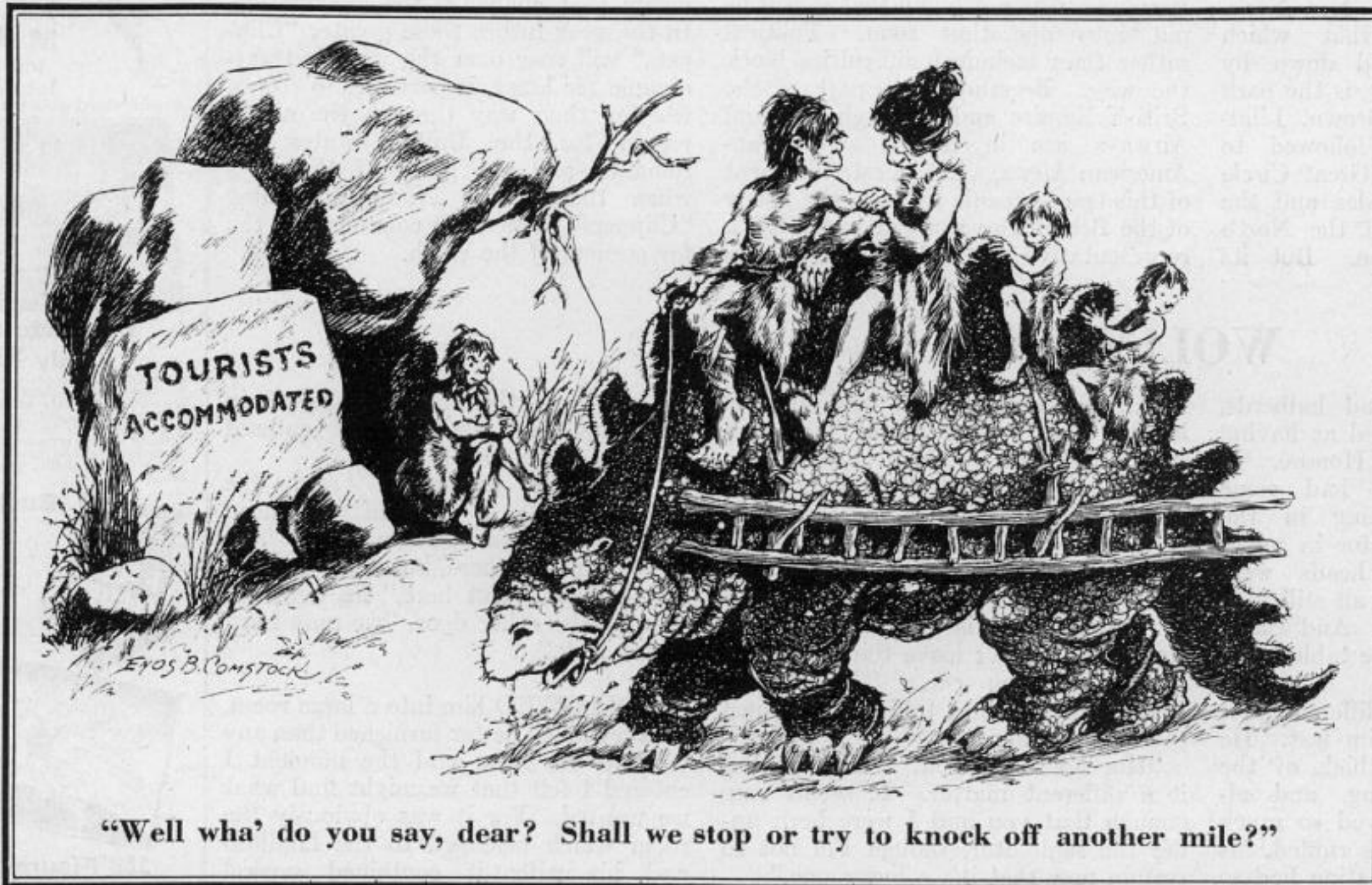
No sooner had he opened the door than I flung myself into his arms.

When he had lighted the lamp in the parlor, I could see that his hands were trembling.

"Safe!" he exclaimed. "But tell me, where is Jacques?"

"Do you mean my uncle?" I asked.

"Ah, so he has told you who he is! Well, you may as well hear my side of the story: I disowned him, years ago, and I would never have done that without a reason, as you, André, who know me, must realize. Only three times have I seen him, these ten years. Twice he came here when the King's men were after him, and I had to give him refuge, though it would have meant the Bastille for me had they found him here. And then I saw him again, when he first joined the Jacobin Club, which meets not far away."



"Well wha' do you say, dear? Shall we stop or try to knock off another mile?"

crowded, but the two men I most feared were nowhere to be seen.

When I told the Vicomte this, he stood thinking a moment with a hand upon his chin. Then he caught hold of the lapel of my coat.

"This coat looks a trifle too respectable," he remarked. "What's it like inside out?"

I took it off, reversed the sleeves, and put it on again, whilst he opened the door of the bed-room, to let in the failing light.

"That might pass," said he, surveying me with a critical eye. "If you can manage to get down the stairs without attracting any unwelcome attention, you are out of the shop in next to no time, and I warrant, that old dame yonder can never resist the sight of a golden louis."

Without wasting time that I knew was valuable, I went straight up to the old orange woman who sat by the door.

"Dame," said I, "what would you do with a golden louis?"

She looked up at me in amazement—a face wrinkled and creased like a monkey's paw—and I saw that her clothes under the threadbare cape were in rags and her bare ankles above the wooden sabots no more than skin-covered bones.

"A poor jest!" she piped. "And an ill time for jesting, when I have had not a mouthful of food these twenty hours."

The old crone had plenty of sense in her pate, and she was not too old to guess which way the wind blew with me; for she screwed her eyes, gave me a crafty look, and then chuckled, moving her cracked thin lips over her toothless jaws as if she were eating something. No doubt, see-

wrapped it up in the cloak, as the Vicomte had told me, and then, waiting for a moment when no one was looking my way, threw it through the open window.

Having done that, I took up a position in a darkened archway on the side of the road facing the open door of the wine shop. Right in front of me, I could see the men in the tavern seated at the tables; I could even see the foot of the staircase, and I could look both up and down the street.

And as I waited I heard footsteps approaching, and looking to my right, I saw two men coming from the direction of the Rue St. Antoine. One glance was enough, because Sergeant Guizot of the Garde Française was a man no one could mistake, and the man with him, of course, was Blandin.

They went into the wine shop together, and sat down at a table near the door, at the very moment when I caught sight of the Vicomte de Gassiat, with the old woman's cloak thrown over his shoulders, and a red flannel petticoat round his waist, coming slowly down the stairs.

I WATCHED with my heart in my mouth. Blandin was talking to the company and was listened to with attention, and that was the reason why the old orange woman managed to get down the stairs unseen.

I could not hear what he was saying, but the Vicomte told me later:

"Hi!" Blandin shouted, "I've a question to ask: has anyone here seen a dark-haired boy, wearing a brown coat, black breeches and yellow stockings?"

No one answered, though several shook their heads.

"He's a Jacobin all right," said I. "He would even kill the King! He as good as told me so."

"That man cares naught for the people's wrongs!" he muttered. "Nor their rights, either, for the matter of that. There are honest men in France who want reforms that sooner or later will have to come; but, if Jacques and the like of him have their way, all they will do is to cast the world into the melting-pot, so that they themselves can have first pick of the spoils."

I was telling him of the Bastille, and what had happened there, when he was about to lock and bolt the door.

"Not yet!" I exclaimed. "There's someone else coming, a Vicomte and one of the finest men I ever saw. I have been with him nearly all day."

He looked at me doubtfully. "These days, it does not do to trust any man, when all are scoundrels—and none greater than my own son, though it is like a stab to say so."

I laughed. "Grandpère," I said, "if you knew all that has happened to-day, you would realize that most gentlemen of title have been given good enough cause to regret the circumstances of their birth; but that is not so with Monsieur le Vicomte de Gassiat, I can assure you of that."

The old man looked up at me, the moment I mentioned the name.

"De Gassiat!" he repeated. "I knew his father, who was often in this shop. I know many of the family, and there is none better in France. They come from Gascony, where, they say, men act before they think."

"But that's not so with the Vicomte," I replied. "Hot blooded he may be when he's angered, if he ever is, but there never was a man who could keep

a cooler head in danger; and that I can vouch for."

AS I said this, there came a sharp rap on the door, and, knowing who was there, I at once opened.

The Vicomte stepped into the room, and very comical he looked, with the old apple woman's shabby cloak over his blue cut-away coat, and his paste-buckle shoes showing below the red flannel petticoat.

Feeling shy, and at the same time wonderfully proud of myself, I introduced him to my grandfather, and five minutes later, he was so at home with us that he might have been one of the family.

"If this place is a safe refuge for you, Monsieur le Vicomte," my grandfather said, "you are welcome to stay here as long as you like. Though I have not left the house all day long, I have heard what has happened. When human beings are starved, they are mad; and when they are mad, they are human beings no longer."

"That is true," said the other. "All I ask of you is to let me stay here for a day or so, until these troubles blow over, as no doubt they will."

My grandfather shook his head. "When the flood-gates are opened, they can not always be closed," he replied. "No one can say what will happen. But, I can not think that this house is the best place for you, my lord, neither for you nor for André. It is more than probable that one whose name I will not even mention may come here again."

"I know," the Vicomte took him up. "I have a house of my own, and as I am seldom there, that will be safer, after they have once searched the place. It is in the charge of a care-

taker who, although an old woman, would face a company of grenadiers."

"And would you take André with you?" my grandfather asked.

"I think that would be best. As I am well known in the neighborhood, they are sure to search the house tomorrow, if they have not done so today. Jeanne Despars, the caretaker, who was my nurse when I was a child, would rather hang from a lantern than give me away; and therefore, as soon as the coast is clear, André and I, who have become the best friends in the world, can go up to Montmartre, and I think it would be wiser, sir, if you also joined the party."

My grandfather shook his head. "I can not leave the shop," said he. "And there is no reason why I should. I do not fear my son. He may have struck me last night, but he has nothing to gain by doing so again."

Whilst they were talking, I had gone into the larder, from which I returned with a cold pasty and a loaf of bread, for I had had no food all day long, and I knew that the Vicomte must be just as hungry as I. And, indeed, at the very sight of the food, he clapped his hands, and then came to the cupboard with me and helped me lay the table.

"This is regal!" he exclaimed. "There's been little justice done to-day, but I can do justice to this!"

WHILST we ate, the Vicomte and I told my grandfather of all that had happened during that eventful day. Suddenly I sprang to my feet; for I had heard footsteps on the cobbles outside the shuttered windows.

"Listen," I exclaimed. "What's that?"

(To be continued in BOYS' LIFE for February)

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THE HOCKEY SPARE

(concluded from page 7)

second Medwick player went skimming between them, trying as he had promised, to stay with his team-mate.

Now, both Medwick and Wilford fans were standing, yelling their lungs out—Medwick beseeching Bob to score and Wilford begging their goalie to block the shot.

For the first time in this bitterly fought game, a player now found himself in the clear—almost on top of the enemy goalie—with the chance for a clean shot at the goal. There was not an opposing player within ten feet.

And Bob Dalton, with the chance of a life time, the chance he had fought so hard to get throughout this entire last period, hesitated the fraction of a second before shooting. If he could net the puck, whiz it past the desperate faced Wilford goalie, he could completely redeem himself in the eyes of the crowd, be the hero of the game, justify his presence in the line-up, make Dave Eldred eat humble pie! And yet, in this moment of moments, Bob found himself unable to shoot, found himself thinking of Dave's father, thinking of how pleased Dave's dad would be if his son—

Bob feinted a shot at Wilford's goal and side-stepped a lunging Wilford player who went catapulting on into the sideboards.

"Dave!" he called, looking around. "Here!" cried Dave, swooping into view on the other side of the cage, stopping short and sending up a shower of ice.

His stick jabbed out and caught the puck as Bob spanked it across to him. Dave was almost on top of the cage. With a deft motion of the wrists he back-slapped the puck past the goalie and into the net. The scorer's red

light flashed. Medwick had scored! "Great work, Dave!" Medwick's right wing shouted, skating up and hugging the fellow who had been sent in to team with him. "You've won the game!"

It wasn't difficult to predict victory with only a minute remaining—a minute in which Medwick saw to it that Wilford's last frantic bid to score was checked.

And the instant the game was over, a thoroughly chagrined fellow, the hero of the battle, disregarded back-slapping team-mates and friends, to fight his way through and grab hold of Bob Dalton, Junior, who had been joined by his father.

"Bob, for heaven's sake, why didn't you put the puck in yourself?" Dalton Senior was demanding.

"I'll tell you why he didn't!" broke in Dave, pushing between them.

"I did it because you were in a better position to score!" Bob insisted, his face flushing.

"Don't you believe him, Mr. Dalton!" protested Dave, catching Bob by the arm. "He did it because—"

"Hello, interjected Dalton, Senior, understandingly. "Who is that man behind you—your father?"

"Oh—oh, yes, it is!" said Dave, turning to greet a quiet little man who looked up at his son, proudly. "A—Mr. Dalton—Bob—I'd like you to meet my Dad!"

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Eldred!" greeted Dalton, Senior extending his hand. "Great pair of boys we've got, don't you think?"

"Great's no word for it!" smiled Mr. Eldred. "I came all the way across the country to see Dave play and I wasn't disappointed."

"No, sir, you saw him win the greatest hockey battle I ever witnessed!" declared Medwick's athletic star of olden days.

"But I couldn't have done it without Bob's perfect pass," said Dave, determined somehow to let Bob share the credit. "And that's not all. I want to apologize—"

"Now, listen, son!" interrupted Dalton, Senior, once more. "You can't apologize for that shot, it couldn't have been any better. I wish I might have made a shot like that myself. Did you see how he back-handed the puck, Mr. Eldred? Caught the goalie entirely off guard!"

"But you don't understand, Mr. Dalton," said Dave, with an appealing glance at Bob. "It's about your son, he—"

"You can't tell me anything about Bob!" said Medwick's biggest donor, refusing to listen. "If he'd shot for that goal he might have missed, but you made it and that's all that counts!"

"All right, Bob, I'll be seeing you later," said Dave, meaningly. "There's something I want to say to you!"

Bob nodded, and watched Dave heading for the clubhouse with his father running along beside him, happy in the acclaim which was coming to his boy.

"Dad," said Bob, a huskiness in his voice. "You're swell. You caught on, didn't you?"

"Yes, son," Dalton, Senior, replied, softly, and swallowed in an effort to down a lump in his throat. "I caught on and, if you never do another thing in life—I'll always say, from now on, that you're greater than your Old Man."

SNOW IN THE SWAMP

(Concluded from page 13)

them and they are too far outside by lights to do it, now."

JOHNNY caught the barbed inference. He had succeeded in getting the Dead River Road put on the program for widening the next spring as a work relief project and in anticipation of an early start on the work, he had had the telephone company move their poles to a new location forty-five feet from the center of the road. The poles, in their new positions, were useless to the tractor driver as guides to the whereabouts of the old road bed.

"All right. You go back to the tractor and I'll send Smith over to help you. Maybe it'll clear up a bit by the time he gets there and he can plow it out or at least get you back up on the road."

He'd let Graham cool his heels for a time, he decided. The tractor driver had been a little too free with his criticisms of Johnny's methods ever since the new engineer had arrived in the county.

After a few minutes, the 'phone rang again and Johnny answered the call just as Jim Davies came into the room.

"County Road Commission. Oscar speaking."

"This is Doctor Lakewood," said the voice at the other end of the line. "Is the road to Dead River open?"

"Not all the way to the village, Doctor," Johnny replied. "You can get to Crooked Lake Swamp but no farther."

"That won't do," said the doctor. "I must get through to the village. Frank Carter cut himself very seriously in the leg with an axe about an hour ago and he will probably bleed to death unless I get to him within a few hours. Miss Jennifer, the county nurse, was at Dead River when this storm broke. She has been taking care of Carter, but in spite of her tourniquets he has lost so much blood that he is likely to die unless I can get out there. She says that she thinks we will have to give a blood transfusion to pull him through as it is." His voice grew insistent. "You've got to get that road open so that we can bring him in here to the hospital, Oscar, you've got to! There must be some way."

Johnny, suddenly tense at the 'phone, hesitated only a moment before he spoke.

"We'll get you through somehow or other, Doctor. Drive down to the office and we'll go out together."

"I'll be there within fifteen minutes," promised the doctor.

Johnny whirled about in his chair and told Davies what had happened.

"But how are you going to get him across the swamp?" Jim demanded. "Graham knows that road better than anyone else in this outfit and if he couldn't follow the road in this storm, how is anyone else going to do it? You're no miracle man! You'd better call up Doc. and tell him it can't be done to-night."

"And let that man die?" Johnny swung back to the desk without waiting for an answer.

Davies paced up and down the floor for a turn or two.

"Listen, Johnny," he began "don't be a chump. You can't . . ."

But Johnny broke in: "I've got it!" he exclaimed and grabbed the telephone.

"Give me Carroll's store at Carroll Corners and make it snappy," he told the operator. "I want to talk to Billy Smith, the county tractor man, there.

Listen, Billy," he went on, when he had his connection, "get your tractor rolling for the Crooked Lake Swamp just as quick as you can and hit the ball all the way."

Johnny hung up and turned.

"Jim, you beat it up to my room and get that pair of snowshoes and skis that are in the closet and get back here as soon as you can. We're going to clear that road to-night so that if Doc Lakewood wants to bring Carter in to the hospital, he can do it. Scram!"

IT WAS Jim's habit to act first and then argue and he was still arguing when Doctor Lakewood drove up

junk when you get there." He indicated the snowshoes, skis, and flares. "You ain't goin' to haul him in on the skis, are you, with you draggin' him on the snowshoes?"

"Not hardly," replied Johnny with a laugh. "You're going to use the snowshoes and you better not have forgotten how, either. Do you remember the crack I told you about Graham taking at me about the telephone poles being moved?" he went on after a little while. "Well, those poles are all forty-five feet from the center line of the old road. All we have to do is to measure over from the poles and we can locate the road as long as the poles can be found. That's where you come

They found Smith and Graham at the north end of the swamp. Billy had swung his machine around and was hooking up the heavy tow chain to pull the stalled tractor up on the road, when Johnny drove up.

"Let her stay there, Billy," Johnny directed. "Swing your plow around and get ready to go ahead."

He slipped into the toe-straps of the skis and gathered an armful of flares.

"Graham," he said, "you go with Billy in his tractor. Jim and I will set these flares ahead of you in the center of the road. As soon as we have two flares burning, start plowing, but don't go past one of them unless there are two left to go by. You know this road better than anyone else, Graham, so that you ought to be able to steer Billy along with the aid of the flares. Once we get a track cut through, we can easily keep the road open. Jake can follow the plow with my car and Doctor can follow Jake." And with that he and Jim moved out into the storm.

Billy got his tractor turned around and sat waiting with Graham, staring ahead into the darkness. Presently, a red flare burned up to cast a lurid glare through the swirling snow and a few minutes later another one shone dimly through the night. Billy switched on his lights and let in the clutch of the big "sixty." With a roar, the motor drove the long V plow into the snow ahead. Just before the plow reached the first flare, a third broke into light and the party moved on.

Floundering along on their skis and snowshoes in the light, dry snow, Johnny and Jim moved along from one pole to the next. At each stop, Johnny, by the light of his flashlight, took the measurement from the tape and touched off the flare. Jim waited with the end of the tape held against the pole until the flare burned up bright; then moved on along the line, hanging tightly to the end of the tape as Johnny slid along parallel to him. The line of beacons twisted and turned with the windings of the pole line and the road and the powerful headlights of the tractor twisted and turned with them as Billy Smith and Graham pushed and shoved their way through the drifted snow. Doctor Lakewood felt a lump come up into his throat as he watched the drama before him. Men fighting against odds to save another man!

After awhile, the line of poles came in closer to the side of the road and loomed up darkly in the lights of the tractor. The curves across Crooked Lake Swamp were behind them and only two miles away lay Dead River, straight ahead. Johnny and Jim waited until the rumbling tractor came up to them, bounced past on its snow-cleats, and pushed on toward the village. Jake swung the engineer's car to one side and stopped at a spot swept clear by the howling wind. Doctor Lakewood pulled past him and with a saluting wave of his arm followed the plow down the road.

Johnny turned his flashlight on his watch.

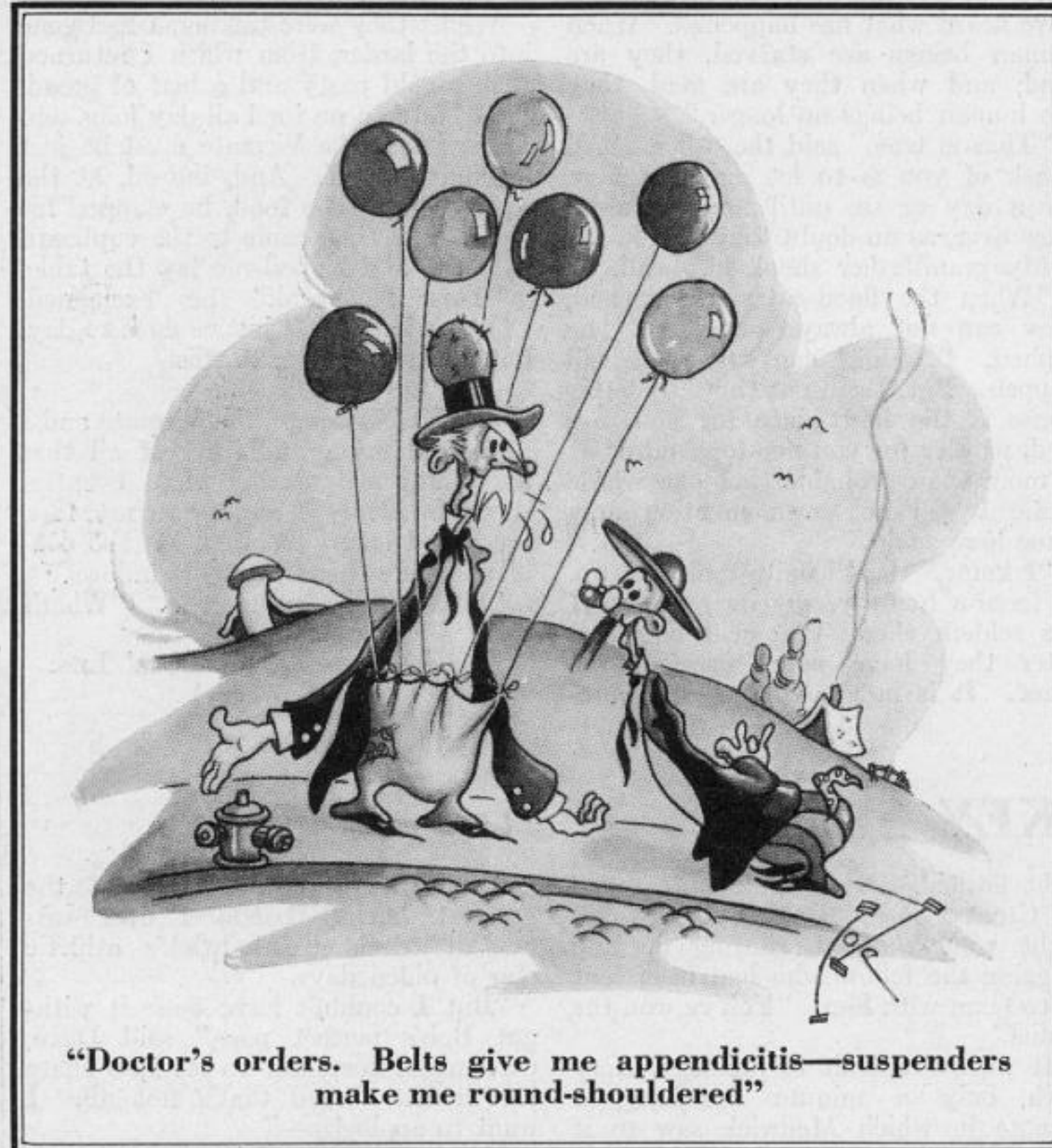
"Ten-thirty, Jim," he said. "They ought to make it by eleven, easy."

He climbed into the car and sighed happily as he and Jim settled themselves in the back seat.

"Jim, I think I can use that rest you were talking about," he said. "Somehow, I feel all in."

"Humph!" Jim grunted reflectively. "No wonder."

But Johnny didn't hear him. He was already getting some of that rest.



"Doctor's orders. Belts give me appendicitis—suspenders make me round-shouldered"

to the garage but he had the snowshoes and skis as Johnny had ordered. Johnny stuffed a flashlight and a tape into his sheepskin pocket as one of the relief drivers from the garage came in with an armful of red flares.

It was slow going, even on the plowed-out trunk line. The wind whirled the snow into eddies before the headlights of the cars until it was almost impossible for the drivers to see the road ahead of them. Twice, Johnny, driving the leading car, swung back toward the center of the road barely in time to avoid burying the nose of his machine in the piled-up drifts. Occasionally, they crossed short stretches of pavement swept clear by the driving wind but for most of the way they drove through a trench of piled-up snow, flung to the side by the powerful plows.

At the Dead River corner, Johnny got out and tried to tell whether or not Smith was ahead of him but the snow had drifted into the track so that he was not sure.

"I believe he's ahead of us," said Jim as they drove on. "The road seems a little smoother along here as though it'd been plowed not so long ago. We'll make the swamp easy enough but I'd like to know what in thunder you expect to do with all this

in. I remembered that you had the reputation, back up home, of having the surest sense of direction of anyone in town. You're going to follow that line of poles with one end of the tape. I'm going to take the skis and the other end of the tape and we're going to measure over from those poles and locate the road. We'll set a flare opposite each pole and that will give Billy something to drive by. And we're going through!"

Jim leaned back in the seat and laughed. "Of all the cock-eyed schemes I ever heard of," he stated, "that one takes the cake. It'll work, you're darned tootin' it'll work, but where did you get those flares?"

"Remember, last Armistice Day, how it rained at night and the American Legion couldn't put on their fireworks display?" asked Johnny. "Well, they had these flares left on hand and as soon as I told the Post Commander what I wanted them for, he said I could have them. I was so sure that he would give them to me that I had already started Jake after them when I called him. That's how Jake got back to the garage so soon after you arrived with the snowshoes and skis."

Jim looked at him in admiration. "You win, boy," he said, positively. "You win, hands down!"

KEEPING PHYSICALLY FIT

(Concluded from page 24)

really a controlled, developed scientific flinch, a thousand times more valuable and effective than the childish instinctive natural flinch. In general, you follow this system through life you take your flinches, fears, timidities, put them under control and use them as stepping stones to higher things. A timid boy who has to overcome these things develops a technique that often puts him far ahead of the natural-born "tough nut."

There is much more to this. If you want help, write. If enough boys write, I will get up some special sheets or perhaps write an article. What's your problem?

Exercises in Developing the Will

Rule—Select the thing to do that is right, considering both sides of the matter. The right side is harder. Once decided, consider no more, but plan to

do and then do. No "maybe," no "this once," no exceptions. Weakness leads to weakness, strength leads to strength.

Take a simple matter like getting up after the alarm clock. Consider, decide, the best time. Set the clock. When it goes off, plan as follows:

1. Take three deep breaths.
2. Stretch once.
3. Kick the bed clothes off, and UP.

This will take effort. It may hurt. Expect that. That's the whole point! In doing this you make it easy for your determination to go through. You plan your work, you work your plan. Follow the routine—*Select, Consider, Decide, Plan, Do.*

With this one victory well established and experience gained in your routine, you are ready to take up another item, for example:

I will (or will not) eat candy between meals (not even a little).

I will (or will not) cheat on examinations (not even a little).

I will (or will not) go to bed at—o'clock (exactly).

I will (or will not) complete my studies before I play (completely).

These are daily setting-up exercises to develop your *will* and your *willnot*. Learn the technique in little things, use it in big ones. It's a system. You will develop power. You will be quite a man. You will be behind everything you want to do. You will be strong and ready for life or death decisions.

Strength of muscle is good, strength of vital organs better. Skill is more, but strength of will is the completion of strength in a man.

Know yourself. Be strong and know how strong you are in:

Muscle. Vitality. Skill. Will.

LET'S HAVE A DOG-GONE HAPPY NEW YEAR

(Concluded from page 21)

The Prince of Wales in Boy Scout togs, snake stick in hand, had just passed our headquarters, slipping and sliding in the soapy black mud. He grinned as he greeted us—wait-a-minute! Let-me-see, do princes ever grin? Maybe not, well then, I have it—he smiled as he passed us and he has a charming grin—I mean smile.

I was talking to General Dawes, our bluff and genial ambassador, while grouped around us was a crowd of be-medaled foreigners and high Scout officials. A black bearded Latin Scouter whose breast was incrustated with shining decorations asked to be allowed to embrace me. I told him O. K. if he promised not to kiss me. But some of the turbaned fellows did kiss my hand, making me feel like a real lady!

But, as I was saying, there was a bunch of HY-iu-ty-ee Scout officials gazing in mutual wonder at eighty thousand people and fifty thousand Scouts. No, bless your soul! I did not count the Scouts. They would not stand still long enough to be counted. I took the word of the English officials, but, Gadzooks! If they had said one hundred thousand people I would have believed them. They would have looked great with dog teams!

Lord Baden-Powell of Pax Hill, England, Chief Scout of the world, was there; Frank Presbrey of BOYS' LIFE; so also was the late dear Jimmy Wilder, with some prominent members of the Executive Board, all were standing spellbound.

OUR Boy Scout President, the late Mortimer Schiff, approached me smilingly and silently swung his arm over my shoulder in an intimate and friendly manner. In this pose we both stood for a minute or two before he turned to me and gravely exclaimed, "Uncle Dan, you should be the happiest man in the world." "Why?" I asked. "Because," he said, "you have lived to see all your dreams realized."

I think I have told this before, but it will bear repeating because it emphasizes what was recently said. "What you want in this world, you will get—if you work hard enough for it"; in other words, if you earnestly desire it.

This unexpected tribute by Mr. Schiff was again brought to my mind

to-day by a great letter from a Hindu Scout in far-off India, whom I met at the World Jamboree, a splendid tall black fellow with a snow-white turban on his head. He reminded me that the affection you boys have for your National Scout Commissioner should be and is worth more to him than all the fabulous wealth of India. He would not know what to do with all that treasure if he had it, but the happy grin on your faces when he greets you warms the cockles of his old heart and is of far greater value to him than all the medals in the power of Europe and America to bestow. It's great! It's grand! But somewhat overpowering because the love and confidence of the boys of the world bring with it certain grave responsibilities.

Now then if I hit my finger with a tack hammer, there are lots of things I might say but which I don't say, and I am mighty glad of it. Of course I may cry "My word," or shout "Gosh all hemlock", "Bless my soul", "Thunder and blue lightning", or "Dog-gone it!" and then suck my wounded finger. My feelings are relieved, my finger stops hurting just as quickly as if I had said something very, very bad.

Taken all in all, Mr. Schiff was probably right, and if I am not the happiest man in the world, it is my own fault. Maybe I expect too much of the world. Maybe I want the old world to obey the Scout Law! I want the world to say what is right! I want the world to forget it's foolish, childish quarrels and play the big game of men squarely like honest people—not as blood-besmeared murderers, racketeers and bandits.

If the empire of the exalted "HY-iu-ty-ee" puts a chip on its imperial shoulder, there is no law requiring the Exalted Holy Terror to knock it off. Shucks! Boys, watch how, with petulant pouting lips, the foolish men strut about like problem children. Don't they look silly? They are doing exactly the same thing that the River Rats did when I was a lad, long ago, and prompted by the same motives. The River Rats would steal behind us, and with sudden rush, snatch our marbles, and then insolently put chips on their broad round shoulders and dare us little boys to knock them off.

You see they wanted some excuse to beat us up. Like some nations, we were very much smaller and weaker than the bullying River Rats. Over and over again the River Rats did not wait for the chip to be knocked off, but without excuse of any sort, they beat the smaller boys as badly as Joe Louis beat Max Baer. Everyone knows that small boys occasionally do foolish things knowing that they are foolish, but we expect something greater and grander of full grown men. If the foolish rulers only had the vision of my boys and would use their wealth and the vast power in their hands for improving their educational institutions and beautifying their lands, what a Paradise they could make of this poor old scared world! But, in place of that, they strive to make a bloody slaughter house of it and decorate the fields with rows of white crosses, thus making it hard for anyone to be superlatively happy.

No wonder I like my boys, old and young. Bless their souls! They seem to have more savvy than most men! They seem to have grander ideas!

When I remember that we have thousands of men wearing the Boy Scout uniform and doing a good turn daily, while other millions of "Problem Men" are robbing each other and longing for an opportunity to massacre whole races of people whom they have never seen, and with whom if they should meet them, individually, they would probably be charmed.

Well! Well! Well! A-lack-a-day! Some men are but undeveloped children, but never mind, don't let that prevent us from wishing them a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

So, dog-gone-it, let us shout! Let us whoop "A HAPPY NEW YEAR" in the hopes that some may understand that *we really mean it*. If they do, I shall indeed be the happiest man in the world and you will be the happiest Scouts, happy because of the part you have taken in making others happy and for the parts we are all taking to bring about "Peace on earth, good will to man!"

But, at the same time, we can have a lot of fun with our dogs, doing something to make a HAPPY NEW YEAR for the others besides ourselves.

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Tinkling bells, and the clink of silver

IN A Chinese fairy story one reads about the Emperor's garden, where rare and colorful plants from all over the world were constantly flowering.

It was the duty of the honorable head gardener to watch for the most beautiful of the blooms and tie to the stem of each a little silver bell. As the flowers swayed in the breeze, the bells tinkled with sweet music. Thus the courtiers and the distinguished visitors strolling along the paths, were sure to see the finest specimens.

This was the Emperor's way of saying, "I have something extra fine that you should see: Look this way and you'll be repaid."

In the advertising pages of this magazine are similar messages addressed to you. Read them and you will hear the clink of silver. Our manufacturers are saying: "We have some extra values. We have some especially seasonable articles that you should see. Patronize the stores that retail our goods and you will be repaid."

You have nothing to lose when you accept this invitation. In fact, when you fail to do so, you're missing some of the very news for which you bought this magazine!

NO advertisements for this classification are accepted unless they meet the approval of an expert. Kindly report any unsatisfactory service—first to the advertiser and then to us. In writing advertisers be sure to enclose 3c. postage for reply.

"Approvals" or "approval sheets" mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. "Approvals" sent by advertisers involve no obligation on the part of the receiver except that they must be paid for or returned promptly and in good condition.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, address and the invoice number.

COLLECT AMERICA FIRST

You can have a grand time collecting U. S. stamps. Scott's American Outfit has everything you need for a good start, album, stamps and accessories, \$2.50 (plus postage).

SCOTT STAMP & COIN COMPANY
1 W. 47th St. New York, N. Y.
Send for free, illustrated price list.

5 diff. CONFEDERATE STATES only 8c!
(Facsimiles)



Sensational Offer! 5 diff. Confederate States (facsimiles) exactly as illustrated—only 8c! Larger set consisting of 12 diff. only 25c! Satisfaction guaranteed! Giant U. S. list GIVEN! 150 diff. U. S. \$1.10. Approvals sent with each order.

TATHAM STAMP CO., Dept. B1, Springfield, Mass.

S T A M P S

100 U. S. 50c, 100 Diff. Stamps 10c, 100 Poland 20c, 20 Turkey 10c, 50 Netherlands 20c, 100 Hungary 10c, 10 Peru 10c, 1000 Hinges 10c. All of the above for \$1.00 to approval customers—Orders less than 50c require postage—Prompt attention given each order. Write for our free price lists—Full line of albums and accessories for stamp collectors. Popular items: 50 Diff. Stamps 5c, 50 Turkey 25c, 100 Diff. South and Central America 50c, 100 Russia 75c, 200 Roumania \$2.00, 100 Yugoslavia 50c.

GIVEN 10 MINT BRITISH WEST INDIES VALUE 30c

Only to new members of Francis Strauss Stamp Club. You get Official Membership Card, whole year's subscription to Strauss Stamp News, monthly magazine, selected approval sheets and letters on "HOW TO BUY STAMPS FOR PROFIT," all for only 13c. right now. 10 Mint British West Indies, all different, value 30c., without charge, if you join NOW. Just mail 13c. (stamps) TODAY SURE.

FRANCIS A. STRAUSS, 160 Highwood Rd., Rochester, N. Y.

QUEEREST STAMPS PACKET

Receive world's smallest stamp; Vatican City; scarce Liberia triangle (value 15c.); 1935 Greek Red Cross (planning coiled snake in Garden of Eden!); Australian Bushman; new Spanish Morocco; Japan quake stamp; Manchukuo; many others.

All for 5c. to approval applicants!

R. M. STAMP CO., P. O. Box 2308, Portchester, N. Y.

GRAF ZEPPELIN AIR MAIL TRIANGLE
And Big Outfit

Scarce Paraguay Graf Zeppelin Triangle Airmail, Pocket Album, Watermark Detector, Perforation Gauge, Millimeter Scale and Big Lists Given.

GLENDALE STAMP CO., Dept. 101, Glendale, Calif.

SCARCE "NEW ISSUES" PACKET!

New giant-sized, diamond-shaped "sports" stamp from Russia; Nyassaland "leopard" (both illustrated); British Jubilee; Paraguay airmail; French Morocco; Tanganyika, and many other scarce countries are included in our big packet of new and recent issues—stamps which most collectors have never before seen! Get this valuable packet today and make your friends envious. Only 6c to approval applicants!

REIMERS, 33 Flatiron, FORT WORTH, TEXAS

SCARCE ZEPPELIN & TRIANGLE!

Giant-sized Russian Zeppelin Stamp (cat. value 20c) and Beautiful Lithuanian Airmail Triangle (both illustrated); also big packet of 53 diff. stamps including Azerbaijan, Epirus, new Martinique, etc. and illus. lists—all for 5c to approval applicants!

WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO., BOX 300, CAMDEN, NEW YORK

SCARCE TRIANGLE & AIRMAIL!

Scarce New Guinea Airmail, also Bolivia triangle, with fine packet including UBANGI, CHAD, GABON, ININI, ST. PIERRE, TOGO, SENEGAL, savages, ships and animal stamps. Only 5 cents to approval applicants.

POTOMAC STAMP CO., Dept. 1601, Washington, D. C.

300 Different Foreign, 30c
60 Different U.S. Stamps, 30c

Includes \$1 and \$2 revenues. FREE with each order our pamphlet "How to Make a Stamp Collection Properly," together with our price list of albums, supplies and hundreds of bargains in sets, packets, etc.

QUEEN CITY STAMP & COIN CO., Room 35, 604 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

SCARCE CAYMAN & TRIANGLE!

Beautiful Cayman Islands Map (illustrated); also a fine Tannou Touva triangle (as illustrated), or one of similar value; also a set of 56 different from ERITREA, SIAM, ININI, MOZAMBIQUE, etc. all for only 5c with fine approvals and illustrated lists.

SPHINX STAMP CO., Third St. Deposit, N. Y.

GIVEN! Foreign Coin, banknote, and large illustrated coin catalog GIVEN for 3c postage. Up to \$20.00 CASH PAID FOR INDIAN HEAD CENTS. Buying list showing prices paid 10c. All dates wanted. Coin approvals sent.

TATHAM COIN CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Edited by O. W. Simons

THERE are many ways of going about the collecting of stamps. A glance through the catalogue will show the possibilities. Varieties of perforation, watermark, differences of paper and the varying color of ink, all these are generally included. Errors are more difficult to find, usually command high prices. A stamp that should be printed in blue may, by some mischance be run off in red or a letter may be broken or an incorrect spelling may occur and a few copies that should have been destroyed slip through into circulation. There are many other incorrect stamps that escape destruction and plenty of collectors will pay high prices for such copies. Stamp albums often arrange spaces for these exceptional printings. Few of these spaces are filled by the average collector. The page is never complete. As errors are not intentional issues, should they be allowed space in a collection? If they must be included why not have a special page or section for them?

Many errors have occurred among United States stamps. As an illustration the Pan-American issue of 1901 lists an inverted center, the picture upside down in its green frame, and priced \$300 unused and \$200 if used. The two-cent carmine and black, also has an inverted center variety which is priced at \$2,700, while a correct copy is worth a nickel. The four cents, chocolate and black, lists an inverted center and a type surcharged, "specimen." Price for these two are \$1,200 and \$300. How would it be to reserve pages at the back of the album for errors?

If one is interested in errors turn to Nicaragua. Often as many as eight are listed under a single variety. Many



S T A M P S

of these are caused by careless surcharges. Perhaps some of them were deliberately made. They look so. Note the prices they command in the catalogue. Sometimes the surcharge is printed two or three times. Again it is printed in a wrong color. The mistakes are so numerous they seem deliberate. Was there no proof-reader? One suspects a market and high prices fostered by limited quantities and short time on sale.

The error collector may go ahead with his end of the hobby but the legitimate sets should be arranged in the order they were planned. Years ago envelope stamps were collected and listed in the catalogue but they were finally omitted and are not to be found to-day except for an occasional specialist of United States issues. And yet they have far more right to a place in the collection than errors. Visit the Mint in Washington and you may see baskets full of misprints that are carefully destroyed. Imagine a book collector hunting for typographical errors and prizing them or a collection of paintings highly valued because of mistakes made by the artist.

New issues not only hold the interest but are a natural growth of the collection. Spaces are ruled off with the date above on the last sheet and fresh sheets are added if necessary. Covers may be bought that have a holding device for a group of pages. Additions are made from time to time till the cover is filled. Then another one is added. Before the sheet is inserted it should be lightly ruled for the new issues. A light perpendicular pencil line through the center of the sheet acts as a guide.

Here are a few of the new arrivals. From Belgium has come a single stamp carrying a portrait of the young King which slightly resembles his father.

SILVER JUBILEE!
Scarce Turks & Caicos Islands (illustrated); also big value lot including queer North Mongolian TRIANGLE, Porto Rico, Siam, Victoria, set airmails, fine set U. S. \$5, \$4, \$2, \$1 stamps, etc.—all for 5c with bargain approvals.

CENTRAL STAMP CO., 3712 Center St., DES MOINES, IOWA

GIVEN—U. S.—CANADA—NEWFOUNDLAND
etc., including old Civil War revenue, Columbian, Bi-Centennial, and many others. This packet to approval applicants only. Enclose 3c. postage. Best hinges 10c per 1000.

GEORGE A. FLAGG, 21 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

ZANZIBAR PACKET GIVEN
Queer, freshish stamps from Zanzibar, Soudan, Somaliland, Tiger stamps, Togoland, Caribbean Archer, Algerian, Central American, British Colonials. Don't Delay! Don't Wait! THIS MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION GIVEN FOR 5c POSTAGE.

GRAY STAMP CO., Dept. B. L. Toronto, Canada

100 DIFFERENT STAMPS TO THOSE ASKING FOR OUR ATTRACTIVE APPROVALS OF UNITED STATES, BRITISH COLONIES, SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA AT 50% AND 25% DISCOUNT. POSTAGE 4c.

NOEMUS STAMP CO., 312 EAST 23rd ST., NEW YORK

300 DIFFERENT STAMPS, 13c
Fascinating booklet of stamp stories given. Imperforate stamp used for postage. Approvals included.

Timberline Stamp Service, Dept. B, Box 1191, Denver, Colorado

"GIVEN—THE STAMP FINDER!"
Send today for our valuable "Stamp Finder"—and illustrated booklet enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and to tell at a glance the countries from which they come! Also fine packet of odd and unusual stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Jhind, Antioquia, etc., including maps, ships, animals and strange scenes. All given to approval applicants enclosing 5c postage! Garden Stamp Co., Box 631, Calais, Maine.

BIG STAMP COMBINATION OFFER
Assortment AIRMAILS from five different countries, set ZANZIBAR, new TANNOU TOUVA TRIANGLE, set CHILE Dues, beautiful ORCHA (first out). Also ST. VINCENT, GRENADA, BARBADO'S, PORTUGUESE INDIA, ST. THOMAS & PRINCE ISLANDS, and numerous others. Everything only 10c to approval applicants. Hurry up!

WALTER F. KREBS, WEIRTON, W. VA.

UNITED STATES POSTAGE 1781 YORKTOWN 1931

Unused U. S. bi-colored Yorktown Commemorative with 15 diff. U. S. and 10 diff. Canada and Newfoundland only 5c to approval applicants. **L. W. HUDSON & CO., 87 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.**

NEW GREECE AIRMAIL! Also MAGNIFIER, Stock Book, Stamp Album, Packet of Hinges, Watermark Detector, Perforation Gauge, Millimeter Scale and Packet of Scarce Stamps. Price 5c to approval applicants. (To all others 20c)

ATLAS STAMP CO., CULVER CITY, CALIF.

The value is one franc and color, carmine.

From Germany has come a set known as the "Nothilfe" issue of ten varieties carrying heads of women with headgear as worn in the various sections of the state. Three plus two pfennigs, brown, East Prussia; four plus three, slate, Schleswig; five plus three, green, Rhineland; six plus four, dark green, Lower Saxony; eight plus four, light brown, Kurmark; twelve plus six, carmine, Schwartzwald; fifteen plus ten, red brown, Hesse; twenty-five plus fifteen, ultramarine, Upper Bavaria; thirty plus twenty, black brown, Friesland; and forty plus thirty-five, red purple, Franken. The designs are made from photographs. Bits of landscape and local buildings are seen behind the heads.

Germany probably copied her women's headgear set from Switzerland whose semi-postal stamps date from 1913 and have been issued yearly except for 1914 and have pictured female headgear since 1933. These are usually four value sets and have a portrait of a man on the final value. The 1935 set pictures a girl of Basel-land on the five centimes, green; the ten, plus five, red purple, shows a girl of Lucerne and the twenty plus five, red orange, a maiden of Geneva. The thirty plus ten, blue, has a portrait of Stephen Franscini, born in 1796.

Four of the five new Roumanian set have portraits of King Carol in business clothes. The fifth is already in the catalogue under the date, 1934, showing the King dressed as an officer with plumed helmet and epaulets. Other values now received are twenty-five bani, brownish black; one leu, violet, three, carmine, and seven, fifty, light ultramarine. A fifty-bani, brown red and two lei, gray green, of this type are also in the present catalogue.

DIAMOND STAMP—TRIANGLES—SILVER JUBILEE—U.S.A.
Scarce Liberia triangle, large diamond-shaped stamp, beautiful Tannou-Touva triangle, and other fine triangle, British Silver Jubilee, Imperf. 1c U. S., \$1-\$2 U. S. All these and many others in our big pkt. of 38 diff. stamps, with lists and approvals for only 5c!

D. W. CROWDER CO., 127-B E. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.

GIVEN U. S. BYRD IMPERFORATE
South Pole stamp (scarce than regular Byrd issue), also three different U. S. \$1.00 stamps (including Lincoln Memorial, Postage due, etc.) and illustrated lists—all given to approval applicants sending 5c postage.

Pilgrim Stamp Co., Box 13, Mt. Washington, Md.

U.S. \$10, \$5, \$4, \$2
and 31 stamps; also MOZAMBIQUE CO. AIRMAIL TRIANGLE (illustrated) and packet odd countries of Cape Juby, Gwalior, Angola, etc., with rare U. S. imperforate World's Fair stamp—all for 5c with lists and approvals.

SEMINOLE STAMP CO., Pimlico-8, Baltimore, Md.

WASHINGTON STAMP!
of Poland, also Scarce Central American Triangle, and big pkt. 50c diff. including U. S. \$2 stamp, Victoria, Charkhari, a giant and midged stamp, etc.—all for only 5c with lists and approvals.

MONUMENT STAMP CO., Arlington, Baltimore, Md.

MOZAMBIQUE CO. COMMEMORATIVE AIRMAIL triangle 5c
and packet of 38 U.S. including IMPERFORATE 3c CHICAGO; Early issues; High Values; commemoratives (Columbin, etc.); Airmails; Envelopes; Special Delivery; Postage Dues; Revenues (up to \$6.00 value). Catalog Value exceeds 75c—all to approval applicants for only 5c. Illustrated 64 pages price list FREE.

CURHAN STAMP CO., Dept. B Gloucester, Mass.

CAMEL STAMP & AIRMAIL!
MAPS OF ALL STAMP COUNTRIES
ALSO Watermark Detector, Packet of Hinges, Perforation Gauge, Millimeter Scale, Pocket Album and many scarce stamps. Price 5c TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS

Superior Stamp Co., Box 276B, Palms Sta., Los Angeles, Calif.

ALL FOR MAGNIFICENT PICTORIAL collection including fascinating TRIANGLE stamp missing from most collections; scarce English ROYAL SILVER JUBILEE Commemorative (a future rarity); also famous Spain GOYA; handsome New Zealand KIWI BIRD, a beautiful new issue; and finally, a set of U. S. stamps more than 50 years old—this big \$88 outfit all for 5c postage—to approval applicants only! Write today.

MIDWOOD STAMP CO., Box B6, Midwood Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCARCE AIRMAIL & TRIANGLE!
Beautiful Uruguay "flying horse" Airmail and Scarce Guatemala Triangle (as illustrated) are included in our big packet of 60 different stamps from Latakia, Grand Liban, Venezuela, British and French Colonies, etc. ALL FOR 5c TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS! Big lists given.

MYSTIC STAMP COMPANY (Dept. 50) CAMDEN, NEW YORK

OUR FRIENDSHIP CORNER

If you desire to establish a pen-friendship with a fellow Scout, this is what you do:

1. Write a letter to "Dear Friend" or "Dear Brother Scout." Tell him of yourself, your Patrol, your Troop, and your hobbies. Make it as personal as possible. Enclose a snap-shot of yourself, if you want to. Be sure to include your full name and complete address.
2. Address a stamped, unsealed envelope to yourself and write in the top left-hand corner of it the answers to the following: Your age, your hobbies, the section of the country (North, South, East, West, Central) in which you want a friend. If, for example, you are fifteen years of age, interested in photography, and would like a friend in one of the Eastern States, you simply write in the left top corner: 15—Photography—East.
3. Place the letter and the addressed, stamped unsealed envelope in another envelope and mail it to me, Green Bar Bill, BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York. If you want several friends, you may send me several letters and envelopes.

As soon as I receive the various letters, I get busy. I assort them according to the age of the senders, their hobbies, and their preferences. When that is done, I exchange the letters and enclose in the envelope that will go back to you, the message from the kind of friend you would like to have. After the connection is once established, it is up to you and your pen-pal to continue it.

HIKING WITH GREEN BAR BILL

(Concluded from page 22)

And this one from the Beaver Patrol of Troop 18, Burley, Idaho:

"Believe me, the pals of our Patrol sure thank their lucky stars that they are Green Bar Builders. Your plan certainly helps us. We get more recognition and chances for doing real Scout work and Good Turns. The Executive of this Area sure thinks the Green Bar Builders are 'hot stuff' and we help out all we can in getting others to think the same thing."

Apparently a lot of other Patrols help out, too, for here are seventy more Patrols that are joining the Green Bar Builders gang which already counts more than ten thousand Scouts in its ranks:

Wolf Patrol, of Troop 54, Dayton, Ohio; Madisonville, Foz, Hilland Rover, and Wolf (Hurray, Hurray!), 315, Cincinnati, Ohio; Sly Silver Foz, 161, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lion, 2, Cambridge, Md.; Pine Tree, 16, Worcester, Mass.; Stag, 69, Baltimore, Md.; Hawk, 92, Saint Jo, Texas; Flying Eagle, 2, Sacramento, Calif.; Lone Wolf, 24, Easton, Pa.; Flying Eagle, 10, Anderson, Indiana; Lion, 135, Creston, Iowa; Beaver, 2, Towanda, Pa.; Beaver, 24, Owensboro, Ky.; Wolf, 89, Bar Harbor, Maine; Foz, 32, Des Moines, Iowa; Cobra, 125, New York, N. Y.; Indian Patrol, 201, Twin Rocks, Pa.; Beaver, 15, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Flying Eagle, 7, Columbia, S. C.; Wolf, 124, St. Louis, Mo.; Stag, 89, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Silver Foz, 30, Rochester, N. Y.; Hawk, V-57, Washington, N. J.; Foz, and Pine Tree, 274, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Eagle, 292, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Panther, 120, Baltimore, Md.; Kani and Viking, 2, Roslindale, Boston, Mass.; Panther, 15, Bridgeport, Conn.; Silver Foz, Ocean City, N. J.; Tiger, 35, Argo, Ill.; Officers, 3, Central Student "Y", Manila, P. I.; Wary Wolf, 40, Excelsior, Minn.; Hawk, 40, Milwaukee, Wis.; Tiger, 41, New Orleans, La.; Flying Eagle, 32, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Hawk, 36, Chicago, Ill.; Black Bear, 8, Youngstown, Ohio; Panther, 32, Berkeley Springs, W. Va.; Pine Tree, 134, Waterville, Maine; Panther, 200, St. Albans, N. Y.; Flying Eagle, 4, Union City, N. J.; Bear, 3, Alton, Ill.; Iroquois, 19, Norwalk, Conn.; Mohawk, 25, San Francisco, Calif.; Buffalo, 32, Kenmore, N. Y.; Flying Eagle, 9, New Bedford, Mass.; Panther, 67, Denton, Texas; Beaver, 333, Chicago, Ill.; Wolf, 127, Beemur, Nebr.; Eagle, 31, Mount Wolf, Pa.; Flying Eagle, 5, Lansdale, Pa.; Otter, 78, Kansas City, Mo.; Black Bear, 677, Chicago, Ill.; Flaming Arrow, 11, Albany, N. Y.; Foz, 1806 Chicago, Ill.;

Flying Eagle, 23, Racine, Wis.; Silent Panther, 369, Chicago, Ill.; Silver Foz, 17, Nashville, Tenn.; Indian, 35, Flat Rock, Ohio; Seal, 79, Kansas City, Mo.; Peewit, 290, Cradock, Portsmouth, Va.; Raven, 8, Danbury, Conn.; Stag, 331, Los Angeles, Calif.; Rattlesnake, 59, Ft. Stockton, Texas; Wolf, 66, Clairton, Pa.

And now discuss the idea with your gang. Study the coupon below, sign it, get your Scoutmaster's approval, and send it off.

We want your Patrol, too, in the gang.

"AND so we come to the end of the fortieth consecutive program of Green Bar Bill, the man with the mask. The time is now five minutes and eighteen seconds past Thanksgiving Day and the Empire State Building. This is the Colonial Widespreading Company, Station WXYZABCD. Signing off. . . ."

OH NO, sirree, you are not! Not before we put on the air the thought of the month:

"Ruts are made by people who stick to the beaten track."

OK, take it away. "We shall be back next month at the same time." Yours till the day breaks.



AS EASY FOR YOU AS THE OTHER FELLOW!

Every week hundreds of fellows join our "live wire" gang and earn spare money through Jack Gardner's help.

Think of what you could do with some spare money in your pocket! Wouldn't it be swell to be able to get those things you want and need with your own money?



Postman to Johnny:

"That was quick work, Johnny. Here is the letter you are looking for."



Johnny:

"Gosh, this looks good. I'm sure going to do a spare money earning job for myself, thanks to Jack Gardner."



Johnny:

"BOYS' LIFE is the most popular boys' magazine there is, Mrs. Gordon. Bobby will never want to be without it once he starts reading it. Thank you very much for giving me the order. I'm sure Bob will thank you many times for giving him BOYS' LIFE."



Johnny's Dad:

"Well, you sure did a swell job. I'm proud of you, son. But how did you do it?"

Johnny:

"BOYS' LIFE really did it, Dad. When people see what a fine magazine it is for their boys they don't hesitate to give me an order. Showing a sample copy really does the job."

YOU CAN DO IT!

BOYS' LIFE pays big cash commissions to the members of its "live wire" gang.

Join up today. Don't let some other fellow in your neighborhood get the jump on you. Fill in the coupon below and mail it at once to Jack Gardner. Then you'll receive the big "Get Your Share" outfit and be on your way to spare money earnings.

Jack Gardner,
BOYS' LIFE MAGAZINE,
2 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear Mr. Gardner:

Please send me the big "Get Your Share" Outfit. I want to become a "live wire" spare money earner.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

1-36

We, the.....members of the.....Patrol of
(Number)
Troop.....
(Town) (State)

hereby request to be accepted as Green Bar Builders, pledging ourselves to the Green Bar Plan, which is

To Keep Going

- By being guided in all our undertakings by the Scout Oath and Law.
- By carrying out our Patrol Work along the lines suggested in the Handbook for Patrol Leaders and on Green Bar Bill's page in BOYS' LIFE.
- By taking part enthusiastically in all Troop undertakings and helping our Scoutmaster in his efforts to build up our Troop.
- By advancing in Scoutcraft knowledge.

To Keep Growing

By bringing Scouting to as many new boys as we can reach.

Approved For the.....Patrol

..... (Scoutmaster's signature) (Name)

..... (Address) (Address)

RUSH TO GREEN BAR BILL, BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Enclose 10c. in stamps or coin if you want the new certificate for your Patrol den

THE SINISTER FOUR

(Continued from page 9)

seemed to go clear down inside behind that buttery face.

Mr. Soronoff was not much better. Gil had caddied for the man before without really seeing him. Now he wondered how he could have failed to notice the thin, swarthy face, the carefully-tended—and slightly greasy—little black mustache, the black eyes that stared coldly from a face which rarely smiled. No, he didn't like Soronoff either. The man was cold, hard; even his voice, speaking broken English, had a metallic edge to it.

The third man was tall, bearded, and now and then said something explosive in a foreign tongue when his big hands botched his club swings. Otherwise he said very little.

The last man was the youngest. He didn't look any older than Anthony Hollis. About him was a touch of the same easy grace. His lean, dark face was the same type as Soronoff's. Several times he and Soronoff exchanged words in the same foreign language. Gil heard him called Mr. Lopez.

THE four kept together as much as they could. On the tees they talked earnestly. Gil, keeping close to his Mr. Greene, couldn't help but overhear some of the things they said.

He heard Soronoff speak to Mr. Greene in a tense voice: "Lopez leaves tonight. There isn't any more time."

Greene shrugged and replied in his unpleasant, rasping tones, "I've done the best I could."

The tall, bearded third man made one of his explosive remarks, in English this time. "It isn't good enough!"

That was on the third green. As they teed off for the fourth, the younger man, Lopez spoke cuttingly, with a faint accent in his voice: "Ees it money, Greene?"

"Blast it, no!" Greene retorted with annoyance. Then he looked at Soronoff and rasped, "But money helps."

"So?" said Lopez, with a scornful smile. "I t'ought so."

Gil was listening so hard his ears felt big. He had forgotten about the right and wrong of it. How could you help listening to such conversation when a man like Anthony Hollis, of the Department of State, had suggested that this Mr. Soronoff might be a spy, an enemy of the country?

Their talk continued as they played. The other three seemed to be accusing Greene. His round face grew sulky, then shrewd; his voice began to rasp back defiantly.

"It's foolish," he said at the sixth green. "Suppose we're being watched? I've a funny feeling on the streets, sometimes, like I'm being followed."

Young Lopez laughed shortly. "Wat difference eet make in this country?" he asked. "If we 'ave no writing—if no one hears w'at we say? Wat they do then? Nothing, I tell you, nothing. We are not in Europe now. We are in thees grand United States, w'ere everyone is free."

LOPEZ rolled the last out with amused relish that contained an edge of scorn. And Gil fought down a desire to throw the bag of clubs at him. And then, suddenly, he was startled as the tall, bearded man cast a sharp look at him, and made an explosive remark in the foreign language to Soronoff.

Soronoff glanced quickly at Gil, shrugged, answered the bearded man in the same foreign tongue; and then spoke sharply to Gil.

"Why do you stand so close to us, boy?"

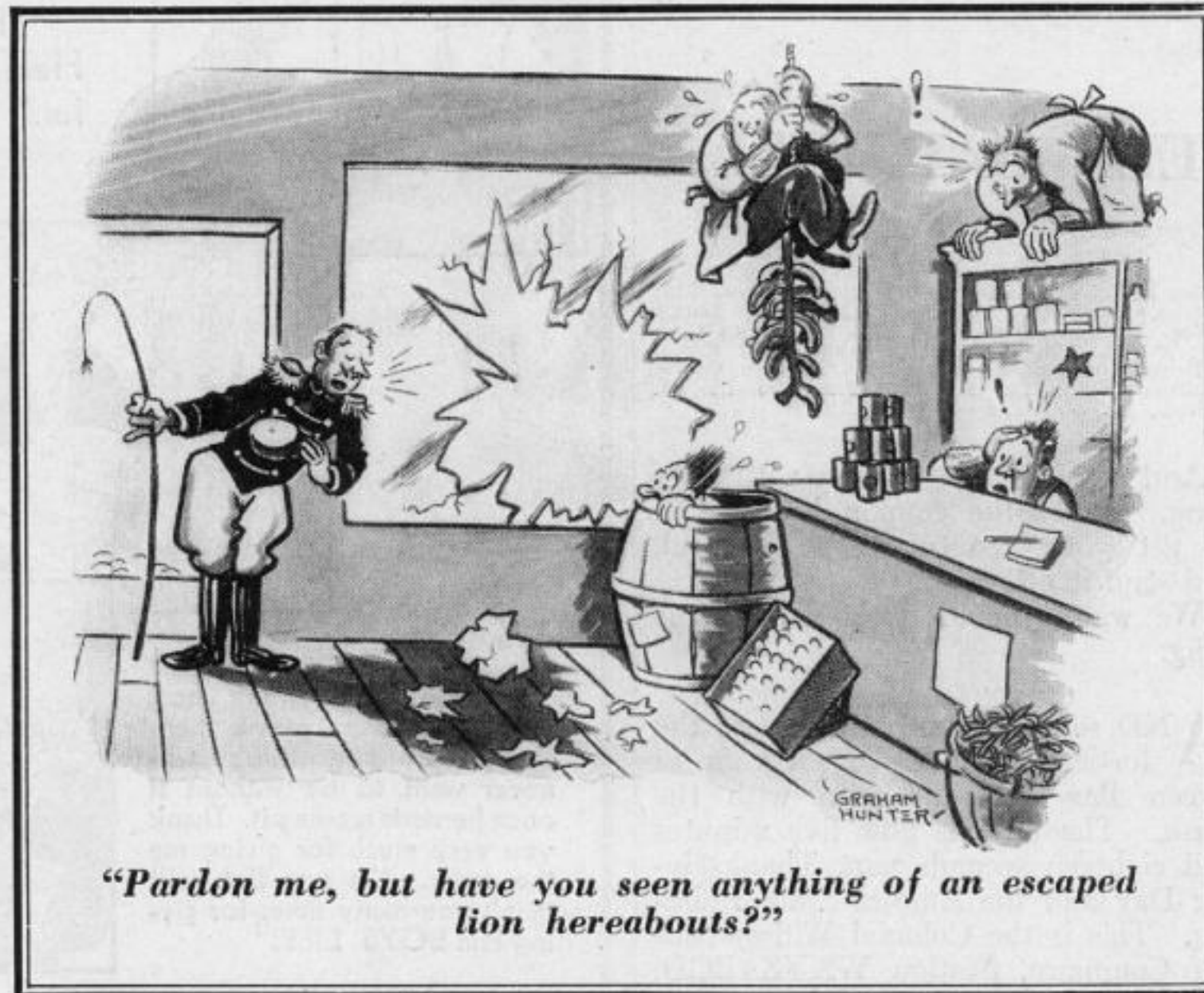
Gil was surprised to hear his voice answering steadily and calmly.

"This is the way I usually do," he said politely. "Is there anything wrong about it, sir?"

Soronoff grunted something under his breath, shrugged, curtly said: "Don't stand around under our feet. We don't like it."

"Yes, sir."

Gil moved back three steps and came no nearer after that. The four lowered their voices for a time; but either Gil's hearing grew sharper or they forgot and began to talk louder. Presently he could hear almost as well at the greater distance. Not everything, but tantalizing scraps and snatches of speech.



At one point the tall, bearded man spoke to Mr. Greene with a note of authority in his voice:

"Make sure no one follows you. Don't go back to your apartment."

Plaintively, Greene answered, "Where shall I go?"

"Anywhere. A moving picture. Walk. But stay out of sight."

Greene shrugged, nodded sourly.

There was more talk after that. Most of it Gil missed, until the four—some came together on the ninth green again. Their last shots were careless. None of them seemed to care who won the match, or to have any interest in golf at all as they started for the clubhouse.

Gil walked out ahead of the other caddies, keeping as close to the four men as he safely could.

But at that he barely caught one of the explosive remarks of the tall, bearded man. It was directed at Mr. Greene:

"Enough excuses. Massachusetts Avenue and Sixteenth Street at eight this evening. Lopez will pick you up and take you."

Greene said nothing. A few minutes later he took his bag from Gil, paid his caddy fee, added a twenty-five cent tip and went with the other three men into the clubhouse.

THE club steward nodded at mention of Mr. Hollis's name.

"You're O'Grady, aren't you?" he said. "Mr. Hollis said you might want his telephone number."

Not too graciously, the steward said: "You can use my office. I'm busy

now. Close the door when you go out."

Mrs. Hollis answered Gil's call. Mr. Hollis, she said, had driven out of town on business and would not return before nine or ten that evening.

Gil hung up and sat staring at the telephone for several moments. This was, Gil realized, too big and important a matter for him to be responsible for. Someone at Mr. Hollis's office should know about it.

But—hadn't Mr. Hollis said clearly that trouble would result if anyone knew he had confided such important matters to a golf caddy? It was a safe bet that questions would be asked immediately. They would want to know all about it; why the matter was im-

circle just ahead of them, where three boulevards crossed one another.

Gil got out alone and went looking for his man. He found Greene on the other side of the circle, leaning against an iron lamp post. Greene didn't see him as he retreated to the car.

"There's a man standing on the other side of the circle, by Rhode Island Avenue," Gil said. "Park down the block just beyond him. Hurry up."

Greene did not see them pass, did not turn his head when Dave parked the roadster a little farther on. But Dave was almost explosive with excitement.

"That's the man you caddied for today, Gil!"

"I know it. The man who's going to pick him up is the one you caddied for."

"Gosh! I've got to know what you're up to now."

"You promised not to ask questions."

"I wasn't looking for anything like this," Dave groaned.

A car swung out of the maze of traffic, sped around the circle, paused to pick up Greene, and came on.

"Start your engine! Don't let 'em get away from you!" Gil snapped.

The machine that passed them was a long, glistening blue Packard sedan. The roadster lurched out from the curb.

"Not so fast. You'll get too close," Gil warned.

Skilfully Dave followed the Packard. They came to Georgetown and still seemed to be unnoticed as they trailed it across the Potomac river bridge into Rosslyn, Virginia.

The Packard turned right just beyond the bridge, on the highway leading west, and went faster. Dave's old car made a lot of noise, but it kept the pace easily enough.

Some miles further on the Packard turned to the right on a side road. Dave switched off the lights when he made the turn. There was a full moon. Houses were scattered now. Trees increased rapidly.

"Running without lights this way is dangerous," Dave said dismally.

"If they find they're being followed, it might be more dangerous," Gil said with a calmness he did not feel.

Far ahead of them the lights of the Packard turned left. When they got to that point they found a lonesome dirt road. Still far ahead of them the Packard was just turning again.

"The river is over that way," Gil said. "They can't go very far. Stop this side of where they turned an' we'll see."

Dave brought the bumping car to a stop at a point where trees and tangled underbrush lined the road. They had seen no houses in the last half mile. The car creaked as Gil got out.

"I'll go ahead and see where they went," he said. Once more his voice sounded firmer than he felt inside.

Dave spoke nervously. "I'll go along with you."

Gil wouldn't have admitted it, but he was glad to have the company. Their feet crunched softly on the dirt as they went forward. They came to an old picket fence, ghostly with peeling whitewash. Then to wooden gate posts leaning drunkenly beside the weed-grown road into which the Packard had turned.

Gil led the way into the drive. Without warning the Packard loomed up ahead of them, standing in the middle of the road with the lights out. It seemed to be deserted.

portant; how Gil O'Grady knew it was serious; what was going to happen. And he didn't dare start telling them. He'd be sure to get Anthony Hollis in a mess.

As he left the steward's office and went outside, Gil realized he had no idea what was going to happen. All he was certain of was that every member of that golf foursome was dangerous. And that tonight, at eight o'clock, when Greene was picked up at the corner of Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, something important was due to happen.

Dave Halliday was the first person Gil saw when he got outside. Dave was lying down again, arms once more under his head as he stared comfortably at the small white clouds slowly drifting across the bright blue sky.

"Pretty nice here on the grass," he said comfortably.

"Listen, lazy," Gil said. "You've still got that old bus, haven't you?"

"It's been called names worse than that," Dave replied amiably.

"I want to borrow it this evening."

"What for?"

"Business, stupid."

"Sounds funny to me," Dave said, getting up. "I'll drive you. How's that?"

"If you won't ask any questions."

"Sounds kind of crazy," Dave sighed. "But I'll do it. Where do I meet you?"

AT TWENTY minutes to eight Dave parked just off Sixteenth and Massachusetts Avenue. Traffic was boiling around the large double-laned

Cautiously Gil edged forward. The Packard was empty. The two men had evidently continued afoot.

"I'm going ahead," Gil muttered. "All right," Dave groaned. "I'm game, too."

The drive curved some. They put another hundred yards behind; and suddenly, without warning, were at the edge of a two-acre clearing in which a gaunt brick house loomed in the moonlight.

It was a very old house, hidden from the world back here among the trees. Downstairs several curtained windows showed light. A small sedan was parked before the front steps.

"Well, we know where they went," Dave whispered with nervous cheerfulness. "I guess we can go back now, huh?"

Thinking fast, Gil said: "Here's a telephone number on this piece of paper, Dave. Drive back to one of those houses and ask to use their telephone. Call this number. If Mr. Hollis is back, tell him Gil O'Grady wants him to come here quickly. If he isn't there, wait an' telephone him again."

"What'll you be doing?" Dave asked as he took the slip of paper.

"How do I know?" Gil heard the motor of Dave's old roadster rattling faintly. Then it died away; and the old brick house was once more there in the moonlight before him.

Faintly he could hear angry voices issuing from it. He crossed to the front of the house, walking as silently as possible.

Two of the front windows were up from the bottom. The curtains cut off his view of the inside, but the conversation was audible.

Lopez's threatening voice was the first thing he heard.

"To me you are only a peeg, Brewster! Wat do I care w'at happens to you?"

A voice Gil did not recognize replied in a despairing tone. Almost a whine.

"I trusted Greene. He promised no one would ever know my name. You've all thrown me down."

And Greene's rasping voice said: "No one's throwing you down, Brewster. You're only acting like a fool. You knew when you started you couldn't stop."

"That wasn't what you said, Greene. I needed money; I got you some of the information you wanted, and got the money I needed. Now I want to wash my hands of the whole business."

Gil was under a window, holding his breath as he listened. He could almost see the expressions on their faces; a sneering smile as Lopez spoke again.

"You only want to be crooked a leetle, eh? Well, it don' work that way. You took our money. Now you mus' take some more. My ship leaves New York tomorrow night. I mus' have copies of the plans about this new Far East naval base. They are in the State Department. You can get them."

"And it won't get back to me," Greene's rasping voice warned. "I'm—"

Gil didn't hear any more. A rush of steps swept up behind him. Powerful hands clamped on his arm and the back of his neck. He was jerked off balance, propelled violently toward the front door.

A familiar, explosive voice growled: "Spying, eh? We see about this!"

Gil tried to struggle. He was helpless in the grip of those big hands. Red-faced, panting, he was rushed into the lighted living room. The man who had brought him in was the big, bearded fellow with the explosive voice.

"Where'd you get him?" Greene exploded.

"Under the window, listening!" Lopez burst out, "He was at the golf club thees afternoon!" "Standing close—listening!" the explosive voice said. "Now I find him under the window—listening! Nice, no?" He shook Gil angrily.

Brewster, the new man, was gaping. He was tall, thin, pale; his shoulders had a stoop. Bluish pouches hung under his eyes. He looked like an unhealthy sort of man who had spent most of his life in closed offices. And he was haggard, worried.

"Wh-who are they?" Brewster asked, looking at Gil and his captor.

"He's a friend who was waiting outside for us," Greene said quickly. "The kid is a golf caddy. I don't know what he's doing here."

Lopez showed his teeth in a nasty smile. "We find out."

"Yes, we find out!" Gil's captor said angrily, shaking Gil again. "What about it, boy?"

Gil shut his lips tightly. An open-handed blow on the side of the head had no effect.

Greene wheeled on Brewster. "Do you know anything about him?"

"No!" Brewster denied vehemently.

"No, you wouldn't," Greene said harshly. He scowled at Gil, and suddenly moved toward the door. "He didn't walk here. I'll see what else is outside."

WHILE Greene was gone the bearded man and Lopez fired questions at Gil. They threatened him, made promises, and, growing angrier, slapped him about. Gil looked at them and made no answers at all.

He was afraid. It would have been silly to pretend anything else. But, overshadowing the fear, the sick feeling in the pit of his stomach and the weakness in his knees, was the stubborn resolution not to start talking. They could guess anything they wanted to—but if he kept silent, they couldn't be certain. The truth would only make it worse, anyway.

Greene returned, hot, angry, vastly disturbed.

"I walked down the road both ways and looked all around. There's no car or anybody around. Looks like he's here alone."

"Alone?" said Lopez softly. "An' he heard w'at we said?"

Brewster licked his lips.

Answer to "Let's go Hunting" puzzle on page 36. By dropping one letter the word BISON is made. 1. Basket (skate) 2. Pipe (pep) 3. Star (rat) 4. Door (rod) 5. Anchor (roach).

"This means more trouble for me!" he cried almost hysterically. "I tell you I'm through! I—I can't go on this way! Suppose he talks? He will talk, of course!"

"Talk?" said the big man who held Gil. "No, I don't think he will talk. The river is close here, eh? Very close?"

"Wh-why, yes," Brewster assented uncertainly. "Just through the trees there a short distance. But—but you aren't thinking of—of—" He broke off, licked his lips again.

"Why not?" Lopez asked, smiling faintly. "You are afraid of heem. We are afraid of heem. You think we can let one boy wreck everything? He goes into the river. He disappears. So—there ees no more worry, an' who knows about it?"

Greene chewed his lower lip, scowled, and said nothing. He seemed to agree. Brewster swallowed hard and stared at Gil with fascination.

Gil realized with a feeling of panic that this Brewster was too frightened over what might happen to protest against anything which promised him safety. Even the death of a young stranger.

SOLDIERS on the battlefield must feel like this. Cold, empty inside. Sort of choked up, too. Thinking in flashes of home and how nice it would be back with the family. In stories and movies when someone got in a fix like this, they figured some way out. Turned into a hero. But there wasn't much chance to be a hero when someone several times your size and strength held you, and three other men stood by ready to help.

"Show me," said the bearded man grimly to Brewster, "the way to the river."

Gil wrenched wildly, violently, and lashed back with his left arm. His elbow struck the big fellow's jaw. With a roar of pain the man struck him with a fist.

The savage blow knocked Gil spinning clear to the wall. He bounced off it and staggered toward Lopez, feeling numb, dazed. He saw Lopez swinging a fist at him, ducked it some way and kicked Lopez on the kneecap.

Lopez yelled with the pain—and that was as far as the hero stuff went. Greene and the big, bearded fellow reached Gil an instant later. Both of them hit him at once and he fell down to the floor. The room and everything in it, lights and men, were whirling.

Gil heard them swearing, felt hands catch him, drag him up. And then, without warning, he was dropped back to the floor again as a new voice called:

"Get away from that boy! Put your hands up! Sheriff, stop that man!"

It was Anthony Hollis, with two other men. All three of them carried guns. The big, bearded man had started to rush out of the room, and then had stopped with his hands in the air.

Anthony Hollis slipped his gun in his pocket and came over to Gil, helping him stand upright. "Gil, I didn't know I was getting you into this sort of thing," Anthony Hollis said. With his own handkerchief Hollis wiped a smear of blood from Gil's face.

"I'd just gotten home when your buddy telephoned," Anthony Hollis said. "Luckily I live in Georgetown and didn't have far to go. But you know I didn't expect you to do all this."

Gil managed a painful grin. "Somebody had to do it, sir. I heard enough this afternoon to know that. An' when I got started I didn't want to back out. Next time," Gil chuckled, blinking hard, "something bigger might have licked me."

Anthony Hollis's arm was still around him. It tightened. Anthony Hollis spoke rather huskily.

"Yes, somebody had to do it. Brewster is one of our trusted clerks. I know where the leak is now. Gil, you've done more today than all of us were able to do."

Gil reached for Anthony Hollis's handkerchief and blew his nose. Funny how the lights made your eyes water a bit.

"I guess," he said, smiling, "if I did eavesdrop a little I'll be able to look at myself in the mirror in the morning an' not be ashamed."

Anthony Hollis pulled out a clean handkerchief and blew his nose, too. The lights were making his eyes a little damp also.

"I guess you will, Gil," he agreed. They grinned at each other understandingly.

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AIRMARK of AVIATION!

- This month we present the China Clipper and Captain Ed Musick.
- In the March issue we will reproduce a Lockheed Electra in full color, together with a portrait of Pilot Joe Crossen, hero of Pan-Alaskan Airways.
- In the February number there will be another contest story with valuable prizes.

Don't Miss an Issue!

THE ICE MONSTER

(Concluded from page 17)

Tooth. And no bones broken either. Where are Ru and Tao?"

"Who! Big Tooth tied fast to 'um," said the Flat Head as he began to haul at the life line about his waist. Og had forgotten about the line. With a glad cry he hurled himself forward to help Big Tooth, and presently Tao and Ru were drawn to the surface, both of them more scared than injured.

"Hi-yah! What a tumble that was," sputtered Ru, spitting snow from his mouth as he got to his feet.

"Where did we land, anyway?" asked Tao, wiping snow from his eyes as he stared about.

The others became interested in their surroundings then, to discover that they were still in a world of ice and snow, but this time a place of more snow than ice. The snow slide had piled up on top of the glacier that filled the valley and all around the Cave Men were great ridges and pinnacles of pressure ice that had been forced upward by the constant grinding of the glacier.

"Who! This not look like such very good place," decided Big Tooth. "Not find much for eat round here."

All agreed with him, and felt the hungrier for the realization that there was less likelihood of finding food in this wilderness of ice than there was on the mountain top above. For a time all of them were dispirited, for though the Cave Men were accustomed to going a long time without food when hunting was poor, they had been forced to live on short-rations for far longer than ever before. Indeed, they were all gaunt and drawn, with most of the fat on their bodies consumed as a result of the long chase they had had.

"Who! Anyhow Boomerang Men not likely for follow us here way we come," said Big Tooth. To which they all laughed grimly. And as they stood there contemplating the vast icy area, from somewhere off among the many upflung pinnacles and ridges of gleaming white came the long-drawn hunger call of a wolf. The voice echoing eerily through the silence made them stiffen in apprehension and at the same time expressions of fear, an age-old reaction of all Cave Men to the call of a wolf, froze their countenances.

"Hi-yah! The wolf call," muttered Og.

"Who! Not help us much if wolf pack be round these parts. We not be in such good shape for sight'um of," said Big Tooth.

"Aye. And they will be hungry, too. They will attack us sure. Og, let us get away from here as soon as we can," said Ru with fear in his voice.

But Tao was not so fearful.

"Was that a pack call, Og?" he queried. "No other wolves echoed that call."

"That thought strikes me, too, Tao. It sounded like a lone wolf, or at the worst a pair—and wolves are good eating when there is no other food in sight."

"Hi-yi-yi," exclaimed Big Tooth, "that be good thought. If him be only one wolf we get that fellah for good meal for us. This time man eat wolf when him hungry, huh, Og?"

"Aye. String your bows and get them ready. We will hunt down that wolf and he will be our dinner," decided Og, and added: "Hurry now."

WHILE they unslung their bows and strung them Og was thinking fast. That wolf call came from among the jagged pieces of ice. The creature would be hard to locate unless they spread out and hunted for it in

every one of the many gullies between the ice ridges. He explained this to his companions and suggested that each take a gully and hunt toward the point whence the sound seemed to come, and the first one who came upon the wolf, or wolves if it happened to be a pair, was to yell for his companions to come and help him make sure of their meat.

This agreed, they separated quickly, stalking forward with arrows ready and bows partly drawn. Og chose a gully that wound its way between cliffs of ice many times taller than he was. It was rough going, too, for he had to climb over smaller ridges of ice and loose chunks that had tumbled down from the pinnacles above, and withal he had to proceed as stealthily as a stalking panther so as not to alarm their quarry.

For some time he moved forward, eyes watching, muscles tense, and ears alert for any sound ahead of him or for any yell that might apprise him of the fact that his companions had surprised the wolf. He had just about reached the point of believing that the wolf was not in his gully, or that it had eluded him if it had been there before, when suddenly moving around a point of ice he all but walked full into, not one wolf but four of them, a mother and three fully grown cubs.

The meeting was so unexpected that for a moment both Og and the wolves were completely nonplussed. All they could do was stand and stare at each other. The animals, however, were the first to recover their alertness. The she-wolf, still a protector of her family, though her cubs were larger than she was, with an ugly snarl flung herself into a savage leap for Og's throat, ears back, green eyes blazing and yellow fangs bared for his flesh. But Og

acted almost the same instant she did. Like a flash his bow came up and twanged and as quick as a shaft of light his arrow snarled at the female. It was a shot made too quickly for accuracy, however. The arrow did not embed itself into the creature's furry chest. Instead, it furrowed her shoulder and flanks, making an ugly wound.

Og's quick eyes saw the result of his shot even as he tried to twist out the female's path and string another arrow. But though he moved fast he did not twist quick enough to avoid the wolf. Her full weight struck him in the right shoulder as she buried her teeth there, and under the impact of the leap Og went down, his bow flying from his hands as the wolf dropped on top of him. With a wild yell for help Og flung his long arms about the animal's body, one strong hand clutching for a stranglehold on the throat. And as they struggled fiercely there on the ice, suddenly the three young wolves found courage enough to hurl themselves into the battle, nipping at Og's legs and arms, or trying for the throat hold their mother had missed.

For a little while things looked bad for the Cave Man. He realized that he was no match for four wolves, though three of them were only yearling cubs. But he fought fiercely and stubbornly, kicking, twisting, and lashing out with great fists as the creatures leaped upon him. To do this, of course, he had to weaken his hold on the mother wolf and she tore away from him to back off momentarily for another rush. But before she could start even such a short charge Og hurled her three youngsters from him and drew himself to his feet, at the same time twisting his stone ax from all that was left of his broken girdle. But he had scarcely gripped this stout weapon when suddenly from

behind him came wild wells and a rush of feet, and at the same time the wolves turned and started headlong down the gully while arrows flashed after them.

Og's friends, hearing his yells, had come to his rescue. But their arrows, shot in haste, were no more accurate than Og's had been, for not one of them brought down a wolf and before second arrows could leave their bows the gray marauders had vanished.

Their disappointment was pathetic. For a moment they stared in silence in the direction the animals had gone, then Og spoke in disgust:

"Hi-yah! I had a chance. If I had only hung onto the female in spite of her teeth."

"Too bad," admitted Big Tooth, "but was too many for one man. If . . . Hi-yi-yi!" Big Tooth leaped backward and stared at something behind Og with wide-eyed terror. Instantly Og spun about as did the others. Then as Big Tooth had done all recoiled with looks of amazement for they became aware of the fact that they were staring at the biggest and most horrible looking creature they had ever beheld. It was frozen into the ice of the glacier.

The beast was a great hump-backed dinosaur, a monster out of the past, with massive limbs, and great plates of bony armor on its body. Never before had any of them beheld anything so hideous.

"Who! Just look that fellah," cried Big Tooth. "Who him be and how him come to be froze in ice that way?"

For a moment Og was puzzled. But slowly the truth began to dawn on him. Ak and other old people of the tribe had often told him that long ago before man came the earth had been peopled by strange monsters. This probably was one of them. How it had died he did not know, but he soon reasoned out it had probably been swept down from above by a snow slide such as had caught them and buried so deep that it had slowly been frozen into the glacier.

This he told to his companions as they stared amazed at this ice monster. And when Og had finished Big Tooth shook his head.

"Who! If that be so, then if we not could dig ourself out from that ol' snow slide back there maybeso we be froze into glacier, huh, Og?" he queried.

To which Og replied that they probably would have been frozen in just as the monster had and that some day a long long time after maybe some one would find their bodies just as they had found this great lizard.

But while Og was talking Tao was inspecting the monster closer. Suddenly he let out an exclamation of surprise.

"Look, Og!" he cried. "Look here. See where the ice has been clawed away. Those wolves did that. And see here! Why, Og, they were eating some of this monster. They were eating the frozen meat. See where they chewed at this leg here."

Og looked where Tao was pointing and suddenly he let out a yell of joy.

"Hi-yah. The wolves were eating this frozen monster. And if that meat was good for wolves it is good for man. Big Tooth! Ru! Hurry with your stone axes. Chop out some of that meat. We will have a feast. Here is more meat than we would need to feed our whole Cave Village."

And with glad cries they began hacking savagely at the ice that encased the monster of the past, for they knew that their long period of hunger was over.

THE SCOUT WORLD

(Concluded from page 23)

mud and drowning. The four Certificates for Heroism were awarded to John McEntee, Jr., Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.; Ross Sigmon, Salisbury, N. C.; Thomas Tham, Baton Rouge, La.; and Arnold Birkmaier, Hebron, No. Dak.

OUR "phantom" National Jamboree of 1935 is past history and the coming National Jamboree of 1937, which was announced in *BOYS' LIFE* last month, is history in the making. But occasionally still there come to my attention little incidents concerning plans made for the Jamboree of 1935, which I think are important enough to tell Scouts everywhere.

We shall never know all of the things that Scouts were planning to take to Washington to "change" among their fellows. However, there came to my desk the other day a letter from Mr. D. B. Gottschall of Troop 57 of Nashua, Iowa, who told me of the plans which his Troop had made to provide themselves with "changes" for the Jamboree. Near Nashua, at Bradford, Iowa, now practically a deserted village, there was built more than 70 years ago a little timbered church which has been made famous by the song "The Little Brown Church in the Vale"—a song that is sung wherever the English language is spoken and in other languages, too. Services are still maintained in the church and each year it sees thousands of visitors. The Jamboree Troop of Nashua thought

that a picture of this famous church mounted on leather would be a splendid object to take to Washington for trading purposes, and then set out to develop such a picture mounted on leather.

IT IS always interesting to hear of cases where Scouting "runs" through a family.

Happily there are plenty of such cases and as we pass new birthdays in Scouting we hear more and more of them. One of the most interesting that has come to my attention recently is an instance of six brothers having at one time or another been members of a single Troop, Troop 2 at State College, Penna. All attained Eagle Rank and the youngest is now the latest to become an Eagle Scout in the Troop.

These six Eagle Scouts are sons of Dr. Fletcher, Vice Dean and Director of Research at the School of Agriculture, Pennsylvania State College.

ADMIRAL Richard E. Byrd, who recently returned from the second Byrd Expedition into the Antarctica is a staunch friend of Scouting and again demonstrated this fact a short while ago when he came to Portland to lecture about his exploring experiences near the South Pole. On that occasion he presented Eagle Badges to thirty Scouts and Quartermaster Badges to two Sea Scouts.



Wings Over the Pacific! A Coral Island Greet the "China Clipper"

THE romance and prestige of the famous American "Clipper", sailing vessels that plied the ocean lanes to the Orient has been recaptured and brought back out of the past by the dramatic spanning of the Pacific through American aviation enterprise and genius.

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Six steps mark the course of the "Clippers" across the Pacific. The California coast at San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands—2,410 miles. Then to the Midway Islands, tiny specks 1,380 miles farther along. Next to another Pacific island, Wake, 1,242 miles away. 1,450 miles farther sees Guam and then 1,500 more brings Manila in the Philippines. A short step of 700 miles lands the "Clippers" on continental Asia at Macao, a tiny Portuguese possession near Canton, China.

The "Clipper" lifts her 51,000 pounds aloft on a 130 foot wing and then her four double-row, 14 cylinder Pratt and Whitney 800 h.p. "Wasps" hurl her through the air at a top speed of 179 miles an hour or cruise at 157. As a mail plane she can maintain this speed over a stretch of 4,000 miles non-stop and as a combination mail and passenger transport her range is 3,000 miles. Empty, the "Clipper" weighs 28,216 pounds. Her useful load as an ocean mail-passenger plane is 22,784 pounds.



TRAIL BLAZER

EDWIN C. MUSICK, with twenty-two years in American aviation, of which four and one-half years have actually been spent in the air, is one of the outstanding pilots of the world. He is one of the small group of pilots with more than 10,000 flying hours and a million miles of flying to their credit. Another odd feature about Musick is that although he never has participated in any of the spectacular so-called "stunt flights," he holds more world's records than any other pilot on the globe! But he prides himself in his record of never having a serious accident nor ever having a passenger injured. His flights have taken him over the North and South American continents and across the Pacific on the pioneering routes for the new airway the Martin "China Clippers" will fly. He is in charge of all the flight personnel on this new route, the world's longest trans-oceanic airway.

BOYS' LIFE FAMOUS PLANES AND PILOTS SERIES

Airmarks of Aviation

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DICK GOT EXACTLY THE DAISY HE WANTED WITH HIS CHRISTMAS MONEY

I GOT A LOT OF SWELL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BUT I SURE WISH SOMEONE HAD GIVEN ME A DAISY. OH BOY, HERE'S SOME MONEY FROM GRANDMA.



....A DAISY BUCK JONES SPECIAL....FOR ONLY \$2.95



WHAT'D YOU GET FOR CHRISTMAS, DICK?

OH, I GOT A LOT OF GOOD STUFF, AND SOME MONEY FROM MY GRANDMA... SAY - LET ME SEE YOUR DAISY, BILL. BOY IS IT SWELL! A NUMBER 25, EH? I SURE WISH I HAD ONE.

YOU THINK A LOT OF THAT DAISY, DON'T YOU DICK.

I DON'T BLAME HIM. WHEN I WAS DICK'S AGE MY GANG ALL HAD DAISYS BUT THEY WERENT THE FINE SHOOTING IRONS THAT THESE MODERN MODELS ARE. WE CERTAINLY HAD SOME GOOD TIMES, THOUGH.....

"... IN THE WINTER-TIME WE USED TO HIKE THROUGH THE WOODS AND FIELDS... YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND SOMETHING TO SHOOT AT OUT THERE."
 * THEN, WHEN SPRING ROLLED AROUND, IT WAS TARGET PRACTICE... OUTDOORS. WE HAD SOME KEEN COMPETITION, I'LL TELL YOU.
 * WE SPENT MANY A SUMMER EVENING SITTING AROUND A CAMPFIRE, CHINNING AND CLEANING OUR DAISYS FOR THE NEXT DAY'S SHOOTING...
 * IN THE FALL, WHEN COLD RAINS AND SLOPPY WEATHER KEPT US INDOORS, WE USED SHOOTING RANGES THAT WE FIXED UP IN THE BASEMENT.
 * I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING YOU COULD BUY WITH YOUR CHRISTMAS MONEY, DICK, THAT WILL GIVE YOU AS MUCH REAL YEAR-ROUND SPORT-INDOORS AND OUT... AS A DAISY WILL... AND BE SURE YOU GET PLENTY OF BULLS EYE SHOT.



<p>NO. 101 DAISY SINGLE SHOT</p> <p>THIS DAISY SINGLE SHOT IS A HONEY FOR ONLY A BUCK. THE BLUED STEEL AND WALNUT FINISHED STOCK MAKE IT LOOK SWELL.</p>	<p>NO. 102 DAISY 500 SHOT REPEATER</p> <p>A DOLLAR AND A HALF FOR THIS CARBINE COCKING ACTION MODEL, EH? BOY, THAT NICKEL PLATING SURE DOES SHINE, BILL.</p>	<p>NO. 103 DAISY SUPER BUZZ BARTON SPECIAL</p> <p>TRY THIS ONE, DICK. THIS BLUED STEEL TELESCOPIC-TYPE SIGHT REALLY FRAMES IN THE OL' BULLS EYE, IT SELLS FOR \$2.50</p>	<p>NO. 195 FAMOUS BUZZ BARTON SPECIAL</p> <p>I'VE SEEN BUZZ BARTON IN A LOT OF KEEN WESTERN MOVIES. HE SURE IS A CRACK SHOT... AND THIS DAISY WAS MADE JUST THE WAY HE WANTED IT.</p> <p>YES, AND IT'S ONLY \$1.95</p>
<p>NO. 25 DAISY PUMP ACTION REPEATER</p> <p>HERE'S ONE LIKE YOURS, BILL. FOR \$3.95, BOY! YOU CAN JUST "FEEL" THE POWER IT PACKS WITHOUT EVEN SHOOTING IT.</p>	<p>OH BOY, BILL, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS BUCK JONES SPECIAL... IS IT A HONEY! COMPASS AND SUNDIAL IN THE STOCK... AND BUCK'S NAME ENGRAVED ON THE JACKET! THIS IS THE DAISY FOR ME!</p> <p>HERE'S MY \$2.95, MR. SMITH... AND I WANT FIVE TUBES OF BULLS EYE SHOT.</p> <p>SAY, FELLOWS... IF YOU DON'T ALREADY OWN EXACTLY THE DAISY YOU LIKE BEST, YOU'D BETTER PUT THAT CHRISTMAS MONEY TO ITS BEST USE AND GO GET IT. NOW. WHY NOT WRITE TO THE DAISY MANUFACTURING CO. ASK THEM TO SEND YOU ONE OF THOSE BIG, THREE-COLOR CATALOGUE SHEETS. THE LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WHOLE DAISY LINE WILL GIVE YOU A SWELL CHANCE TO LOOK 'EM OVER CAREFULLY, AND HELP YOU DECIDE WHICH ONE YOU WANT. THEN GO DOWN TO YOUR DEALER'S AND TRY IT OUT FOR "FEEL" AND BALANCE - TRY 'EM ALL OUT... THEN GET THE ONE THAT SUITS YOU BEST... YOU CAN'T GO WRONG, FELLOWS, IF YOU USE THAT CHRISTMAS MONEY TO GET INTO THE FUN WITH A DAISY. AND DON'T FORGET A GOOD SUPPLY OF BULLS EYE SHOT!</p>		

YOUR DAISY IS IN THIS LINE-UP!

- No. 25** Daisy Pump Action Repeater **\$3.95**
- No. 103** Super Buzz Barton Special **\$2.50**
- No. 195** Daisy Buzz Barton Special **\$1.95**
- No. 102** Daisy 500 Shot **\$1.50**
- No. 101** Daisy Single Shot **\$1.00**

REMEMBER - your rifle is only as good as the ammunition you use... Bulls Eye is tailor-made for Daisys.



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY • 201 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES