

Terence X. O'Leary's **WAR BIRDS**

APRIL



O'LEARY DYN-O-BLASTER
OR
**ADVENTURE OF THE AGELESS
MEN**

A \$2 NOVEL FOR 15c.

by **Arthur Guy Empey**

\$50.00 IN PRIZES

TERENCE X. O'LEARY'S WAR BIRDS

The fascination of flight and flights of fantasy fueled an exciting category of PULP fiction, Air War Stories. This form was, at first, straightforward exposition of actual combat events. The form expanded to include fictitious parallels. And finally, gave way to wilder and wilder extrapolations deemed necessary to keep up the excitement. The form reached its greatest limits with 'Terence X. O'Leary's War Birds' in 1935 by relating epics of air wars yet to be.

This book is a 'full count' reprint of the April 1935 issue. There were only three issues of 'O'Leary's War Birds'. In this, the second issue of this title, Captain O'Leary (PULP fiction's only "Mighty Mick") does battle with the Air Pirates of Atlantis, ageless and relentlessly evil men whose goal is the subjugation of the entire world. All the writing here is of a breathless and pulse pounding pace. We know that you'll have great fun with Terence and his War Birds because they are purest PULP, through and through!

Continuing the spirit of this fun, Odyssey Publications is reviving the Cash Prize Contest as described on pages 22 and 23. Please send your entries to the Odyssey Publications address listed on the back cover of this book. Not, we repeat, *NOT* to the address on top of the entry blank. This time out our revived contest closes on 1/October/1975. Winners will be announced in our Christmas 1975 advertisements appearing in the following publications: 'Xenophile', 'ERBdom/The Fantasy Collector', and 'The Buyers' Guide'.

This is Odyssey Publications #2

A 'full count' reprint.

Terence X. O'Leary's WAR BIRDS

Vol. 30

APRIL, 1935

Whole No. 85

Book-Length Thrill Novel

O'LEARY, DYNO-BLASTER

by

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY 2

Wings of destruction flash over the earth at nine hundred miles per hour and the Mighty Mick matches magic with the vile ruler of a foul kingdom, a monster whose mission of vengeance knows no curb.

ROCKET SHIPS! IMPELLO-STRATOPEDES!

ENTER

O'LEARY'S CASH CONTEST

Terence X. O'Leary 22

What could be sweeter? Fifty big round shiny dollars to the eighteen winners of this month's easy contest. Fun and money in this contest.

TAKE THE CONTROLS IN

THE COCKPIT War Bird Officers 107

A big meeting for War Birds from all over the world this month. Plenty of news, too!

YOU'LL WONDER

IS THAT A FACT? (The Sarge did this) 110

Here are plane facts that defy belief—yet each one is gospel truth.

THRILL TO

SKY HAWK'S DUEL Rudolph Belarski

Cover design from "O'Leary, Dyno-Blaster."

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P.O. Box I, West Newton, Mass. 02165

O'Leary,

OR
ADVENTURE OF
THE AGELESS MEN

BY
ARTHUR
GUY
EMPEY

"Right in the ribs,"
gloated O'Leary.
"That'll show the
big baloney!"



Fredelph
Wetorsh



Dyno-Blaster



Impello-Stratopedes! Dyno-Blasters! Hold Fast For A Thrilling Flight With O'Leary Against A Hellish Monster Of The Stratosphere Jungle

GOOD God! Look, Hank, look! That awful thing up there!"

In his wonder and excitement, Jim Murtha, pilot of the American mail and passenger air-liner en route from Los

Angeles to Panama, grabbed an arm of Hank Gowdy, his co-pilot sitting beside him.

"It must be a—a—plane!" Hank Gowdy was staring round-eyed, far ahead of the

speeding ship and up into space. "What—what else, Jim, can it be?"

"It's too big—too horrible—for a plane, Hank."

"Jim! Jim!" Hank paled. "See! It's dipping its nose. The thing has sighted us. It's coming down, Jim, coming down—straight at us."

The two pilots leaned forward and tensed, their eyes riveted on the mysterious thing winging down out of the heavens over the Pacific.

Their startled acts and outcries had not gone unnoticed by the thirty-seven passengers in the cabin behind them.

A mother in a forward seat nervously arose in order to see better. She gazed over the heads of the two pilots. Her color blanched.

She uttered a piercing shriek, then caught up her little child and hugged it to her breast, as if to protect it from the terrible menace racing down through space at the plane.

Her fright instantly spread to the rest of the passengers. They lifted faces into the sky. Those faces whitened and eyes dilated with fear. Bodies froze in horror. Panic gripped them. They cried out in unison at the monstrous thing in the sky.

"The passengers, Hank, the passengers!" cried Jim Murtha. "Quiet them! Tell them anything. I'll send an S.O.S., then I'll dive—and try to set her on the water. To get out of the thing's way."

Suiting action to words, the pilot radioed a call for help.

Hank Gowdy opened the door and stepped into the cabin. He raised an arm to the frightened passengers. Their outcries stilled in order to hear what he had to say.

"Please, folks, calm yourselves," he begged. "There is nothing to be alarmed over."

The tremor in his voice gave the lie to his spoken assurance.

"Then why are we diving?" demanded

a trembling passenger. "If there is no danger why—"

"Please, take my word for it. There is absolutely no—"

The co-pilot's further speech was drowned out by a terrific mechanical screaming which almost shattered his eardrums. Simultaneously a shaft of blinding, yellowish-white light—a dyno-blast ray—shot past the starboard windows.

Instantaneously the diving ship was caught in a maelstrom of raging air currents which tossed it about.

Struck dead at his post by the mystic destroyer, Jim Murtha's nerveless hands dropped from the controls. Unguided, the air-liner slipped into a spin. Around and around it whirled in its fall to the ocean below.

Again that shaft of searing incandescent brilliance, accompanied by the unearthly mechanical screaming. This time it hit the falling plane.

That which followed beggars description. In the lethal grip of the mysterious destroying force the air-liner and the passengers were rent apart; were disintegrated into atoms; were magically converted into smoke.

From the Pacific Ocean, two thousand feet below, all that could be seen was a whirling, twisting cloud of yellowish-white vapor, drifting south in the lazy wind.

Thousands of feet above the drifting cloud of yellowish-white vapor an uncanny, monstrous thing sliced vertically upward through the air, as though it were a projectile fired from a mammoth howitzer.

Its climbing speed was so great that soon it had disappeared in the limitless heavens.

IN the meanwhile, far to the north, cruised one of Uncle Sam's latest type two-seaters. In cockpit, at the controls, sat Captain Terence X. O'Leary.

Behind, in the monkey-seat, was his flying partner and pal of World War days, Captain Peter Maher McGuffy.

Both were ace-flyers of Flight 13, of the famous Black Wings Squadron.

Lithe and sinewy as a panther in build, and a full six feet in height, Captain O'Leary looked as though he might be, and he was, a nasty customer in a fight.

A shock of unruly red hair topped a rugged, none-too-handsome, but good-natured, mugg. Under his flying clothes and across his expansive chest were sewn enough ribbons to start a millinery shop. His keen, steel-blue eyes twinkled with humor.

Captain Peter Maher McGuffy was a trifle shorter, but was much huskier, than O'Leary. His hair was dark brown and curly and his eyes were gray and piercing.

He was a trifle better-looking, or at least he claimed to be, than O'Leary. Under his flying clothes the breast of his tunic also was bedecked with ribbons for valor.

"Shure, Pete, an' this is one helluva job."

Disgustedly O'Leary had spoken into the speaking tube connecting him with his pal.

"Kin ye imagine the noble son o' the still nobler Mrs. O'Leary wet-nursin' a lousy tin-fish over the Pacific?"

"I can't imagine you wet-nursing anything" McGuffy laughed. "Still, we both ought to feel complimented, being picked by the Air Chief—over all the army and navy flyers—for the test. Following a submarine isn't so easy after all."

"Ye're tellin' me! Three times already we've lost the lousy thing."

"That's the game we're playing, you green baboon, hide-and-seek. This detector gadget isn't so hot, at that. It can be improved on, I'll tell the cockeyed world."

"And how! The sooner the game ends the better I'll like it. Ye know we gotta fly to Washin'ton fer that air-conference o' the brass-hats."

"And to get those congressional medals of honor."

"I'd rather have some o' Doogan's beer

right now, if ye ask me, me bucko."

"You mean Hennessy's beer. Got Doogan's skinned a mile."

His conversation was interrupted by the S.O.S. from the crashing air-liner.

"Cripest!" exclaimed O'Leary. "Did ye hear it, Pete? The mail an' passenger crate out o' Los Angeles, fer Panama, is in trouble."

"Yes. That'll be Jim Murtha's ship, with Hank Gowdy aboard. Wonder what's up?"

Suddenly the radio went dead. O'Leary threw a startled, significant glance over a shoulder at McGuffy.

"We gotta go to the riscue, Pete."

O'Leary whipped the ship about on a wing-tip.

"Hold it, Terence, hold it!" cried McGuffy. "You know our orders. Nothing to interfere with the testing of the detector gadget."

"Geeze, I fergot," groaned O'Leary, returning the ship to its original course. "Ain't it awful? Follerin' a lousy tin-fish an' two swell guys like Jim Murtha an' Hank Gowdy in trouble."

He glanced at the compass.

"Two more points north, Terence," he instructed. "The submarine is trying to run out on us."

AT eighty-thousand feet altitude the annihilating air-colossus had leveled off and now roared through space over the Pacific, its nose pointed north by northwest.

Although the monster cruised at less than half-speed, its ten mighty propellers whipped it along at over six hundred miles per hour.

Blue flame streaked viciously from its thundering exhausts.

Atop the mammoth, fish-shaped steel cabin were two huge, super-imposed knobs fashioned from a strange metal; one forward and one aft. They resembled conning towers on the turrets of a battleship.

From each of the knobs gleamed a gi-

gantic yellowish-white eye. On the starboard side and the port side, as well as under the cabin, were more of the knobs.

The length and breadth of the Leviathan were enormous. Fluted from end to end with deep gutters, the ship was the biggest thing to ever flaunt gravity. Its own huge surface provided the supporting vanes for keeping it aloft under the blasting surge of powerful motors. More like a dreadful nightmare than the handiwork of man was the appalling air-apparition.

But equally as strange and awe-inspiring was the monster's crew.

At an instrument board fully twelve feet in length sat five captive Americans. All were naked except for loin-cloths of llama skin.

Their flesh was of a dead, blueish-white hue, as though the blood had been sucked from arteries and veins.

There was a set, vacant stare in their weary, anguished eyes.

Their skulls were closely shaven and were spotted with tiny red scars, caused by hypodermic injections through the bone and into the brain.

Like robots they sat before the long instrument board, each mechanically operating the queer devices in front of him.

The one in the middle of the quintet and handing the controls proper, was the ship's navigator.

The insignia of his rank was burned deep into his bare chest; a winged-globe over a man-headed cougar, which was crushing with a paw the breast of a nude woman.

In each of the knobs of the yellowish-white eyes were stationed two Americans, watching through narrow apertures in the strange metal. They were similar in appearance to their five comrades at the instrument board.

Flesh and blood robots all; human beings made into automatons by a fiendish doctoring of their brains.

"Slower! Fly the death-messenger more

slowly, you dog of an American. Would you get me, the loyal servant of Unuk, Supreme Ruler of the Universe, to my destination before the scheduled time?"

LIFTING up a short, ugly, leaded whip the speaker mercilessly slashed the bare back of the navigator at the controls. Under the cruel blow blood spurted from cut and mangled flesh.

The victim of the heartless punishment closed the throttle a notch. Perceptibly the Leviathan decreased its speed.

"Your humble servant has obeyed."

The voice was strained and metallic and was charged with suffering, but was lacking in all resentment or reproach.

"Change the direction one degree nearer the north, you American dog."

"Your humble servant obeys."

The course was altered accordingly.

"Hail the genius of my supreme master, Unuk, High Priest of Lataki. Do you hear me, all you dogs of America?"

From the instrument board and the knobs of the yellowish-white eyes sounded a chorus of monotonous, strained voices:

"Your humble servants hear."

"The genius of Unuk made you his abject slaves and the abject slaves of the omnipotent God of the Depths. You dogs of America, why did you kill and destroy the passenger ship of the air? Why did you kill and destroy your own flesh and blood? Answer me, dogs, answer me."

Again that chorus of monotonous, strained voices:

"We killed and destroyed our own flesh and blood at command of the Mighty Unuk, High Priest of Lataki and Supreme Ruler of the Universe."

"And you shall kill and destroy more, and more, and more, until none is left."

"We shall kill and destroy more, and more, and more, until none is left."

"But first the secret agents of Unuk shall capture the two-flying dogs of America known as Captains Terence X.

What Manner Of Flying Demon Is This That Strikes Death With A Dyno-Blaster?

O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy. They shall bring them back to the Mighty Unuk, who will doctor their brains and make them like you, you captive dogs of America. Now, I shall scan the sea, the land, and the air for another victim to be sacrificed to the might of Unuk."

Eagerly the speaker bent over a rectangular-shaped instrument near which he stood and gazed into a circular ground-glass.

"The magic range-o-scope, which the agents of Unuk finally captured from the foul Murokaii, tells all." He spoke with a strange guttural accent. "Aye, the magic range-o-scope hears all, sees all, reveals all."

In appearance the man was enough to strike awe into the stoutest heart.

Short and stocky, his half-naked body was corded with bulging muscles. His skin, stretching like tissue-paper over a hooked nose and high, prominent cheekbones, was a net-work of criss-crossing wrinkles, finer than cobwebs.

Bloodless lips, thin and cruel, were parted in a fiendish smile, disclosing rows of age-yellowed, jagged stumps protruding from blueish-white gums.

The most unusual aspect of the skin was its color. It was of a light copper hue with a distinct reddish tint, as though the skin were transparent.

His bead-like eyes, set deeply in the head, were jet-black and glistened with an unnatural fire. His fingers, long and bony, resembled the talons of a bird of prey.

And strangest of all his birth dated back three centuries.

"On the water I see a Pacific liner," he cried in fiendish triumph. "It is loaded with passengers. The range-o-scope brings to my ears the strains of music. The fools of Americans make merry, not knowing

that the death and the destruction of the Mighty Unuk shall hurtle down upon them from the skies. Another degree nearer to the north, you dog of America."

"Your humble servant obeys."

Again the course of the Leviathan was altered.

The human fiend at the miraculous instrument known as the range-o-scope lifted his head and laughed in anticipation of the carnage in prospect. His laugh was that of an angel from hell.

Atop his shaven bulging skull was a bizarre headdress of gaudy feathers. A golden breast-plate, encrusted with glittering gems and held in place by black-leather thongs over his powerful shoulders, was all that he wore above the waist.

A short, black woolen skirt, trimmed with dark-red feathers barely reached to his knees. He wore white sandals, the black laces of which entwined his thin ankles and the muscular calves of his legs.

Again he looked down into the circular ground-glass of the range-o-scope.

"I can see for a thousand miles—for a thousand miles in all directions," he gloated. "The range-o-scope hides nothing from the loyal servant of Unuk, Supreme Ruler of the Universe."

Despite his boast the two-seater piloted by O'Leary was hidden by a stretch of clouds.

BENEATH the ground-glass stretched a large expanse of the Pacific Ocean. On a sea as calm as a lake, heading southwest was revealed a steamer in miniature. Although fully five hundred miles distant, it could be plainly seen.

He of the gaudy feathers and the beady black eyes adjusted a dial of the range-o-scope.

In response the passenger liner grew in

size until the face of the many people crowding its decks were large enough to be recognized.

"Full speed!" ordered the fiend commanding the annihilating colossus. "I shall strike! I shall strike! Blood! Blood! Fire and thunder! The dogs of America shall die! Men! Women! Children! All! All! All shall be destroyed by the scientific might of Unuk. Faster, you American dog, faster."

Death Strikes Red

THE Pacific liner, *Princess Aloha*, was outward bound from San Francisco to Honolulu.

It was May Day.

To properly celebrate the occasion for the many youngsters aboard, a gala afternoon festival had been arranged on deck. Everyone, it seemed, was making merry, adults and children alike.

In the chart-house on the bridge, however, there was no sign of gaiety. Worry showed in the eyes of the grizzled old captain and his first officer. The captain held in his hand a radiogram which had just been delivered to him by the wireless operator.

He handed the message to his first officer, "What do you make of it, Mr. Wales?" he asked. "It looks bad, doesn't it?"

"Very bad, indeed, Captain Smollett. Do you think it possible that—"

The first officer stopped and gazed anxiously at his superior.

"What else can it be, Mr. Wales? The unknown menace has struck again. Read the message aloud."

"Very well, sir." The first officer cleared his husky throat and read:

The mail and passenger plane en route from Los Angeles to Panama apparently has crashed into the Pacific. A radioed S.O.S. was suddenly interrupted and went dead. All attempts since to contact the plane by wireless have proved futile. Masters of ships are instructed to keep a sharp lookout along the course of

the plane. Equipped with pontoons, the plane might be floating on the sea. Radio any and all information as soon as obtained.

"Still," mused the captain aloud, "our fears might be groundless. For instance, engine trouble might have—No, that won't do, because if it had been engine trouble the S.O.S. would not have gone dead so suddenly. Also—Oh, what's the use trying to disguise the true situation? It is but another repetition of the many disasters which have so mysteriously struck America from the skies."

"Will you please come on the bridge, sir?" called the officer on watch. "Hurry, sir! Please hurry, Captain!"

The captain and his first officer exchanged startled glances as they ran from the chart-house in answer to the summons.

"What is it, Mr. Jones?" demanded Captain Smollett. His voice trembled somewhat. "What do you see?"

The officer lowered the powerful glass he had been using and wheeled about. His color had faded. When he spoke his lips trembled.

"There's—there's a peculiar speck in the sky, sir," he informed. "I can't quite make it out, sir. But it grows larger and larger with each passing second."

The captain grabbed the glass, raised it to his eyes and focused it.

Nervously the first officer watched him. He saw the weather-tanned face blanch slightly and the firm lips twitch. Unable to further restrain his anxiety, he cried:

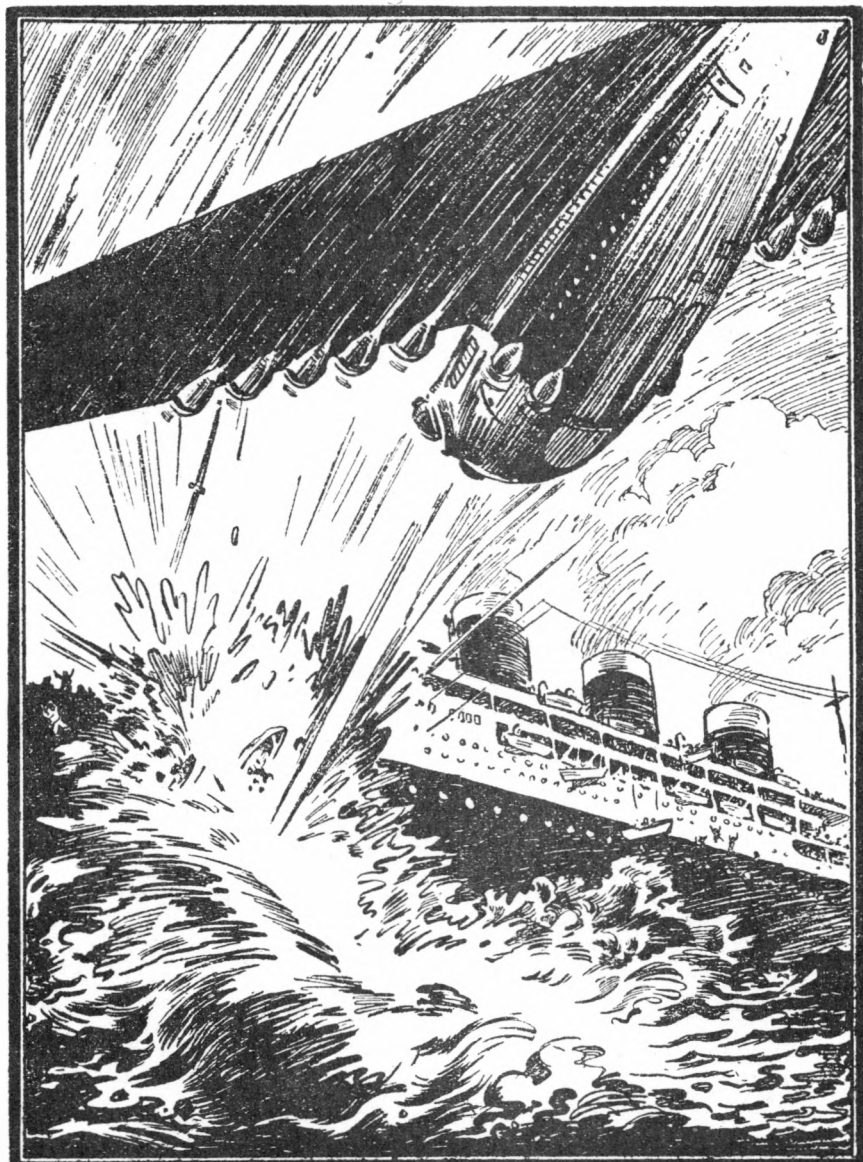
"For God's sake, Captain Smollett, what is it? What is it, sir?"

In silence the captain passed the glass.

A short survey of the rapidly enlarging speck and the first officer seized the rail for support.

"It's—it's the *thing*, sir!" he gasped. "My God, what can we do, sir? And all these women and children aboard. You know what happened to the five battle cruisers. Sent to the bottom, without a fighting chance, sir. Everyone was killed."

THE VENGEANCE OF UNUK IS AS A HOT SWORD OF DESTRUCTION FROM THE LOWEST CORNER OF HELL'S FLAMING PIT



The fiendish pilot howled in high glee as his dyno-blaster piled up a wave of monstrous proportions over the doomed liner.

"Have Sparks broadcast an S.O.S., then sound the alarm to abandon ship," ordered the captain. "All boats away. It is our only resort to save the passengers. At least," he qualified tragically, "to save some of them—if they are lucky."

The gay festival on deck was interrupted by the sounding of the alarm. Anxious eyes turned to the bridge.

A quartermaster handed the captain a megaphone. He raised it to his mouth. When he spoke, his voice was cool and steady and reassuring.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry to interrupt your merry-making, but the ship has sprung a dangerous leak. The pumps have proved inadequate. We must take to the boats. There is no great hurry, so please go quietly and without confusion to your respective stations as you did yesterday during the usual boat drill."

For a moment or so the passengers stood stunned, inactive.

"Quietly to your stations, please," continued the captain. "Don't push or crowd. There is room in the boats for all. The sea is calm and there is no danger, if you do not stampede. Quietly, please, quietly."

UNDER the influence of the captain's calm, determined voice an orderly movement toward the boat stations commenced.

Then a woman looked up into the sky.

"What is that awful thing?" she shrieked. "See it! Look! Look! It is shooting down at the ship, like a falling comet!"

Instantly all within hearing looked in the direction in which she pointed.

Startled exclamations and cries of alarm arose on all sides. Then the decks became mad-houses.

Like frightened cattle the passengers stampeded for the boats, shrieking and yelling and battling in their terror. Valiantly the crew tried to stem the mad rush.

Leisurely skimming along over the Pacific O'Leary and McGuffy were uneasy and ap-

prehensive, most likely due to their worry over the cut-off S.O.S. of the Los Angeles-Panama mail and passenger transport.

"Pete," said O'Leary, "I got the queerest feelin', like somethin' dreadful was gonna happen! Wonder how Jim an' Hank is makin' out?"

"I don't feel so hot myself, Terence. Do you know what I was thinking about?"

"I bet I do. Jim Murtha's radio goin' dead so suddin'."

"You guessed it. That skunk of a High Priest, Unuk, is at the bottom of the trouble."

"The good saints ferbid, Pete." O'Leary reverently crossed himself. "He's about due to strike ag'in with his dyno-blaster crates. Shure an' we handed him a stiff jolt whin we distroyed most o' his factories on the plateau down in Lataki. But he's had time to rebuild 'em."

"Time means nothing to his brain-doctored scientists. With all the advanced science he has at his command he not only could rebuild them, but he could—"

The aviators stiffened in their belts. The radio picking up the S.O.S. broadcast by the wireless operator of the doomed *Princess Aloha* had stilled their tongues.

Breathlessly they listened to the awful message.

"Oh God," groaned O'Leary. "That fiend of a High Priest is at his murdering again."

"Well?" McGuffy's color had faded. "What—what can we do? Against one of Unuk's disintegrating-ray ships, this tub of a crate wouldn't last five minutes."

"God, don't I know it, Pete? We'd be blotted out o' the sky like that." O'Leary snapped a finger. "But thim poor womin an' children, Pete? And this is May Day too."

Again and again the S.O.S. of the desperate wireless operated aboard the *Princess Aloha* drummed on their ears.

"I—I can't stand it, Pete." A drop of sweat trickled down O'Leary's chin from

under his helmet. "They—they gotta be saved."

"Nothing earthly can save them, Terence. And how well you know it."

"Yeah, how well I know it."

Suddenly O'Leary's shoulders went back and a grim determination leaped into his steel-blue eyes.

"Pete," he choked, "what d'ye say? The ship ain't so far off. We jist gotta answer that call."

"Do you realize it means sure death for us?"

"Do ye realize it?"

"I do."

"Thin what's yer answer?"

"Don't forget that we're under strict orders."

"Damn the orders!"

"Double-damn the orders, Terence!"

"Thin let's go, pal."

O'Leary whipped the two-seater around, gave her the gun and sliced through the ether at full speed.

Less than fifty miles away the opening act of the air-sea tragedy was being enacted.

Down from the stratosphere screamed that awful monster with the ten mighty propellers and the gleaming, yellowish-white eyes.

From the Leviathan bolting down out of the blue there shot a shaft of blinding incandescence. For miles around the air was

rent by that terrific, mechanical screaming of the dyno-blaster.

The shaft of the blinding light hit the water about one hundred fathoms from the port side of the *Princess Aloha*.

The disintegrating rays ripped the sea wide-open in a mighty chasm.

Two walls of boiling water towered high into the air, then broke. Down they crashed with a tremendous splashing.

The big liner rolled and pitched in the wash of the maelstrom.

Then on the other side of the ship the rays struck again, to the accompaniment of the blinding light and the deafening screaming.

The ship's officers and crew, as well as the passengers, 'now were insane with terror.

Madly they battled, surging in all directions, but with no definite objective other than escaping from the dread menace tearing the sea asunder.

Like a runaway express train the devastating air-monster thundered down out of the heavens, seemingly to crash into the defenseless ship.

At a thousand feet it flattened out and zoomed skyward with a mighty rushing of air and roaring of exhausts that made it seem as though the earth had split in twain.

But, before the annihilating colossus had started its streak skyward, two shafts of

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crimson light had shot down from its steel belly.

One registered a direct hit on the chart-house. Like cardboard soaked with gasoline the structure and the bridge burst into raging flames.

In less time than it takes to write it, the captain and all on the bridge were nothing but shapeless, charred stumps.

The second crimson shaft hit abaft the after funnel. The mighty smokestack melted. Everything inflammable around it blazed up. A full score of trapped passengers were burned to cinders.

Heroically sticking to his post in the radio-room the valiant operator was broadcasting details of the awful destruction to a shocked world.

"Damn you! Damn you!" he cursed through dry lips, between his reports. "You can kill me! You can kill us all!

A coward at heart and always apprehensive for his own safety, the feathered devil glanced into the range-o-scope. His beady black eyes widened in startled surprise.

"Climb into the sky!" he shrieked to the navigator.

The monster zoomed.

"A ship of the air!" yelled the madman to the Americans in the knobs of the disintegrating rays. "Comes a ship of the air. Blast it! Blast it, you dogs! Dyno-blast it out of the skies!"

"Your humble servants shall blast it out of the skies."

The fiend looked again into the range-o-scope. He laughed triumphantly, disdainfully.

"A gnat dares to oppose the might of Unuk!" he screeched in unholy joy. "It is a ship of America. It is manned by two

"Comes A Ship Of The Air," Shrieked The Madman. "Blast It, Dogs!"

But you can't silence 'Sparks' Davidson until he has done his duty!"

From twenty-thousand feet down bolted the destroying monster again.

Those horrible yellowish-white eyes gleaming and the mechanical scream of the dyno-blaster shattering the air, it streaked for the liner, now a raging inferno of licking flames, rolling smoke and roasting people.

Aboard the Leviathan, a feather-bedecked fiend cut and slashed the American crew with his leaded whip. His horrible face was distorted with hellish triumph and glee.

"Burn, down there, you dogs of America!" he shrieked insanely. "Shrivel and blister in the fire of Unuk! Loose the crimson rays again! Loose the crimson rays again!"

He jumped up and down with joy.

"Burn the dogs! Burn the dogs!

flyng-dogs. Pay no attention to it. Let it buzz around until I am ready to destroy it."

"Your humble servants shall pay no attention to it until you are ready to destroy it," sounded the chorus of strained voices.

The survivors aboard the burning ship saw the American two-seater. They dropped to their knees and raised arms imploringly to it. Had an avenging champion come to their rescue?

Mothers lifted up crying babies as though beseeching the aviators to reach down and save them from the blazing hell.

"God, do ye see thim, Pete?" choked O'Leary as he raced for the destroying demon of the skies. "It tears me heart apart."

"Awful, Terence, awful. They're burning to death. Roasting under our eyes."

"There's only one way to save 'em, pal. Whin the damn thing dives ag'in, we gotta

streak right up at it and crash into its belly. Are ye game?"

"Yes, Terence, yes. *Do anything.* I—I can't watch that terrible suffering down there any longer."

"Okay, pal. The 'X' in me name stands fer iccillint."

Pushing forward stick, the valiant Sky Hawk dipped wings and dived for the *Princess Aloha* to make his heroic gesture.

He held the two-seater under perfect control, ready at an instant's notice to cut in beneath the monster when it should hurtle down again.

But instead of diving, Unuk's ship described a large circle around the liner, as though trying to divine the intention of the darling little gnat which so suddenly had come into the scene of carnage like a shot.

Arms reached up in frantic supplication to the American aviators. O'Leary and McGuffy turned their heads away from the unnerving spectacle.

Around and around the Goliath circled. Not for a split-second did the Sky Hawk remove his watching eye from it.

"Pete," he said hoarsely, "the damn thing is playin' with us like a cat plays with a mouse. It could blot us out with one shot of its dyno-blaster."

"Easily, Terence. There's no use our attacking it, either, because it can fly five miles to our one."

"Look out!" shouted O'Leary. "It's gonna dive! So long, pal. We'll jam this old air-waggin clean through its belly."

"Don't miss, Terence. Goodbye, big boy!"

"Unbuckle yer belt, Sky Rider, and I'll see ye in Davy Jones' locker, with a fish in each hand."

"And a couple of clams in our pockets, big boy."

Apparently utterly disregarding the two-seater, the monster shot down for the liner. His act timed to the fraction of a second, O'Leary dived from an opposite direction.

Their teeth gritted, faces drawn and their bodies tense, the Sky Hawk and his pal streaked down through the air to what they knew was sure death.

The light of sacrifice burning so brightly in their eyes, however, gave the lie to the as-

sumption that there was any fear in their doughy hearts.

Suddenly a gigantic shadow loomed in front of them as though they were in the path of a tumbling mountain.

"So long, Pete!"

The farewell message left O'Leary's lips just as he pulled back the stick to zoom into the entrails of the diving monster.

There resounded a splintering crash as the nose of the two-seater struck the steel belly. The wings broke off like match sticks and the fuselage crumpled.

Catapulted from their ship by the force of the terrific impact, the flyers turned over and over in the air and splashed into the water fully two hundred feet from the threatened passenger steamer.



UNUK

Short as had been his whirling through space, there had been time enough for O'Leary to catch a glimpse of the Goliath.

To his dismay it had seemed unharmed, then the boiling sea water had closed over his head, shutting out the view.

As Unuk's ray-ship zoomed, not in the least disturbed by colliding with the puny little plane, the feathered-fiend looked down through a glass port in the floor of the steel cabin.

He saw two forms swimming lustily away from the burning liner.

"Swim, you flying-dogs!" he screeched down at them. "Swim until the sharks eat you. The loyal servant of the Mighty Unuk has no time to play with you now. Greater sport is at hand."

Straight down at the *Princess Aloha* the monster streaked. Like a blast from hell it skimmed a few hundred feet above and over the blazing liner.

Down shot more of the crimson heat-rays, adding, if possible, to the dreadful holocaust. But no dyno-blasting, or disintegrating rays, were projected.

The fiend in command wanted to prolong the suffering of his victims to the fullest extent.

ONCE more the Gollath of the sky zoomed. On its tail, it streaked back into the heavens until it had gained an altitude of about twenty-five thousand feet.

It then winged a complete circle around and over its victims, hundreds of whom had jumped overboard.

"Now for the dogs of America struggling in the waters."

The feathered oppressor was delirious with joy. He danced about, waving his arms and striking furiously all within reach of his whip.

"The crimson rays for the dogs of America struggling in the water! Scorch them! Scorch them! *Scorch them!* Do you hear me, you dogs? Scorch them!"

"Scorch the dogs of America struggling

in the water," sounded in monotonous chorus from the brain-doctored crew of Americans.

Dipping wings the monster shot seaward again. The poor wretches fighting for their lives in the ocean hadn't a chance. The crimson shafts of heat made the water boil. Huge clouds of hissing steam rose from the sea all around the doomed ship.

When the destroyer zoomed again, only here and there through the pall of eddying vapor could be seen a bobbing head. Hundreds had been literally boiled alive.

Gaining the desired altitude, the devastating Goliath maneuvered into position for its final thrust.

Projecting three shafts of the blinding dyno-blaster rays, with the mechanical screaming reaching a crescendo heretofore unattained, it hurtled downward to finish the awful job of death and destruction.

The shafts of the disintegrating rays sped true to their targets. With a thundering blast that echoed and re-echoed out over the Pacific, the burning ship was shattered into atoms.

Mighty waves rolled and rolled in widening circles from the watery grave.

The *Princess Aloha* and its twenty-two hundred passengers and crew were no more.

Once again Unuk, High Priest of Lataki and self-styled Supreme Ruler of the Universe, had demonstrated to the world outside his kingdom in the south the awfulness of his advanced science of war.

The Goliath streaked up into the air and didn't level off until it had gained an altitude of thirty thousand feet.

The commander gazed into the range-oscope. Nothing but water and empty sky met the searching gaze of his beady, black eyes.

"Fly north by northeast, you dog of America," he snarled to the brain-doctored navigator at the controls. "Now for the harbor of San Pedro, where the Pacific Fleet lies asleep."

With whip under an arm he made an in-

spection tour of the ship. Here and there he struck a blow, but never a word of praise for the crew. Finding everything satisfactory to even his exacting demands, he returned to the instrument board to check the compass.

A spool of rage distorted his repulsive features. Snarling like a beast he brought down his whip on the back of the navigator. Instead of the direction ordered, the American was flying northwest.

"You insolent dog!" screeched the fiend. "How dare you defy my command and the might of Unuk? Fly north by northeast, you craven scum. Quick! North by northeast, I command you!"

Then an amazing thing happened.

Into the vacant, staring eyes of the captive American there suddenly blazed hot anger. His dead face took on expression, an expression which boded ill for the commander of the Goliath.

The long-tortured brain finally had revolted and had thrown off the yoke of the mysterious serum.

Swinging to his feet the American wheeled about and confronted his tormentor. A fist was doubled to strike.

"You dirty murdering skunk!" he shouted. "Make us kill Americans, will you? Look at me, you red-skinned louse! Look at me! Look at an American who has come into his own. Take that!"

His fist shot out, aimed at the jaw of the ship's commander, but the fiend anticipated the blow.

Like a flash he leaped back, side-stepped and drew a dagger from his red-feathered skirt.

Mouthing a demoniacal death-cry he sprang forward and stabbed with all the strength of his powerful arm.

The steel blade sank to its hilt in the jugular vein of the unsuspecting American. Down crumpled the victim of the thrust in a welter of blood.

The fiend threw himself on the dying man and stabbed and stabbed and stabbed,

the while growling and snarling and cursing.

He then sprang erect and spat contemptuously on the corpse.

"You, you dog, there!" he cried an American stationed at one of the yellowish-white eyes. "Steer the death-messenger, dog. Set the course north by northeast. Quick! North by northeast!"

Calmly the man took the post indicated and altered the direction of the ship.

"And you," ordered the feather-fiend to another. "Throw this carrion to the buzzards."

ONE of the crew seized the dead American by the heels and dragged him to the rear of the cabin. There he pressed a spring with his bare feet.

A door opened and the body hurtled downward to the Pacific, turning over and over in space as it fell.

"The brain serum of Alok has failed," muttered the commander to himself, anxiously. "I must watch the dogs and be prepared to strike with my dagger, lest the might of Unuk again be defied."

With dripping dagger in right hand, the leaded whip clutched tightly in left, he went among the crew, eyes alert for any weakening of the brain serum.

A loud buzzing sounded from a short-wave radio set. He sprang to it and turned a knob.

"Calling death-ray ship No. 37! Calling death-ray ship No. 37! Calling death-ray ship No. 37!" sounded from a loud speaker.

"The voice of Alok calls from America," gloated he of the feathered headdress. "Alok, Under Priest of Lataki, sends a message to my ship."

He manipulated two dials and then listened.

From the loud speaker rasped a strange guttural voice in the language of Lataki.

"To Lakizik, commander of death-ray ship No. 37. Alok, Under Priest of Lataki, transmits the sacred command of the Mighty Unuk. Are you ready?"

O'Leary's Challenge To The Sky Monster Is The Boast Of A Champion

The commander of the Goliath turned another knob and again listened.

"The two flying-dogs known as Captains Terence X. O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy are now cruising over the Pacific Ocean. Do not destroy these flying-dogs because the Mighty Unuk has a greater revenge in store for them. Proceed to the harbor known as San Pedro and destroy the Pacific Fleet. That done, return immediately to Lataki instead of destroying the city known as Cincinnati, as previously instructed. Death-ray ship No. 38 has been detailed to destroy the city. By command of Unuk, Supreme Ruler of the Universe."

The commander disconnected the radio and went to the instrument board of the Leviathan.

"Faster, faster, you dog!" He brought down his whip on the bare back before him.

But the Goliath of the air was racing at its maximum speed, its nose pointing towards San Pedro Harbor.

On the alert for all possible victims, the commander crossed to the range-o-scope. A long, intense gaze into the circular ground-glass and he mouthed a curse of astonishment.

"What is it?" he muttered to himself. "What can this strange thing be? It must be a ship of the sea, because it has no wings with which to fly. But then too, unlike the liner I destroyed, it has no funnels for the escape of the fire and smoke from its belly. See, it is half-submerged. The waters break over its deck."

For the first time, the commander of the Leviathan was gazing at a partly submerged submarine.

Lazily it rolled in the swell of the Pacific a few hundred yards from where the passenger liner had gone down.

Having also received the S.O.S. from the *Princess Aloha*, it had rushed under forced draught to the scene of the disaster.

Snarling in amazement, but with his eyes riveted to the range-o-scope, the commander of the Goliath screeched out an order to the navigator at the controls.

"Turn around, you dog, turn around! Go back to the spot where we sunk the ship of the dogs of America."

A Watery Ghost

CAPTAIN WILBUR RUTLEDGE, of the U. S. Submarine *Scorpion*, stood beside the conning tower of the under-sea ship, directing the boat as it rescued the two men in the water.

A lieutenant in the stern sheets of the small craft uttered an exclamation of glad surprise.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he cried. "Can I believe my eyes? Captain O'Leary himself. What next?"

"Who in blazes did ye expect to find?" was wafted back to him from the sea in a water-logged voice. "Perhaps ye think I'm Father Neptune, but I ain't. The bloke forward there, with the boat-hook in the seat o' his pants, is no other than Capt'n Peter Maher McGuffy, a Swede from Minnesota."

"Ouch! Easy with that damn boat-hook!" sounded in angry, but gurgling, tones from the nose of the boat. "Do you think you're gaffing a fish, you idiot?"

Strong arms, with the assistance of two boat-hooks, lifted the half-drowned aviators over the side.

Spouting water like fountains, they lay on the bottom, gasping for breath.

Cheers welled from those lining the rail of the submarine.

When the flyers had been helped aboard, Captain Rutledge wrung their hands in greeting.

"Will wonders never cease?" he said. "We thought we had completely lost you, and here you pop up from the sea like porpoises. What is the answer?"

"The answer is so dreadful, Capt'in," replied O'Leary, "that I kin hardly find words to ixpress it. We heard a S.O.S. from the *Princess Aloha* and—"

"An S.O.S. from the *Princess Aloha*?" cut in Captain Rutledge. "That is what brought us here. But I guess it was a false alarm. According to our instruments the latitude and the longitude are correct, but there is no sign of a ship. She hardly could have sunk in such a short time without leaving some trace on the water behind her."

"For God's sake, Captain," said McGuffy. "Don't you know?" Didn't the wireless give you the awful details?"

"No. All we got was the S.O.S. We were down deep at the time, trying to hide from you fellows. After the first S.O.S. was received, we could hear nothing but a jumble of sound. What is it? Tell me?"

"Shure an' I'll tell ye, Capt'in," came solemnly from O'Leary. "A ray-ship o' that skunk, the High Priest o' Lataki, blasted the liner out o' ixistence. So help me God, I niver want to see anythin' like

it ag'in. The same ray-ship blowed Jim Murtha and his Los Angeles-Panama mail-ship out o' the sky."

"Good Lord, can it be possible? What is to become of the United States? There is no fighting the menace. Tell me—how is it that you fellows are alive?"

"It's too long a story, Capt'in Rutledge." Gravely O'Leary wagged his head. "We got the S.O.S., and winged to the spot."

"You mean you flew to the rescue—knowing that the ray-ship was there?"

"We'll skip that, Capt'in. What ilse could we do? With innocint womin and childrin at the mercy o' the distroyin' monster? Yeah, what ilse could we do?"

"I understand, Captain O'Leary," replied the captain, quietly. "You and McGuffy are brave. My God, how brave you are! Please. Tell me what happened."

"Aw, let's skip it, Capt'in. What does it matter, with all thim poor people dead?"

From a sailor on watch forward, arose a warning shout.

"Something in the sky, sir," he cried, "and coming fast. I can't make out what it is, sir. Never saw anything like it before. Looks at least thirty-thousand feet high, sir."

O'Leary grabbed a pair of glasses from the captain and focused them into the sky. Sudden fire blazed into his eyes.

He wheeled around and handed back the glasses.

Every day

Enjoy Beeman's Gum



... AIDS DIGESTION

"It's the skunk—the ray-ship," he informed. "The damn thing has sighted us, too. It'll be here in a few minits."

"Down below!" shouted the captain. "Our only chance is to submerge."

"Capt'in Rutledge," said O'Leary quietly, "If ye submirge yer tin-fish, me and Pete don't submirge with ye."

"You are mad, man! You are crazy! If we had the slightest chance fighting it, believe me, I would be the last to run. Captain O'Leary, I am in command of this submarine and I am responsible for the lives of the men under me. I shall not stay up here and have my ship destroyed and those men murdered. What would the sacrifice avall our country? And we helpless to strike a blow in our defense."

"He's right, Terence," agreed McGuffy. "The ray-ship would blast us to atoms."

"I see yer point, Capt'in," said O'Leary, "but there's another angle to it. That gun there. A three-inch rapid fire, ain't it?"

"Yes, Captain O'Leary, but what good would it be against the disintegrating rays? The five battle cruisers, with all their heavy guns, were blasted to pieces."

"Yeah, but Terence X. O'Leary wasn't firin' one o' thim guns. If they've got a gunner in the Navy what kin touch me, I ain't niver heard o' him, nor seen him. Cripes! In France, whin I was with the smoke waggins, I wrote me name acrost the lousy Hindenburg line with a sivinty-five. How long wil it take ye to submirge?"

"Everything is ready now. I signalled to my second-in-command when we were talking."

"Go ahead and submirge thin, but Terence X. O'Leary is stayin' on deck."

"And Peter Maher McGuffy is staying with you, pal."

"Gentlemen," replied Captain Rutledge, "the commanding officer of the U. S. Submarine *Scorpion* stays with you."

He issued a sharp command.

The crew, who had overheard the con-

versation, ran to the guns, cheering lustily.

"Come on, you flatfeet!" yelled one. "Earn your pay."

O'Leary slapped the captain of the submarine on the back.

The approaching Goliath was rapidly growing to monstrous proportions.

O'Leary sprang to the three-inch gun. The gunner nodded and stepped aside to make room for him.

"I've heard of your fine shooting, Captain O'Leary," he said. "Good luck to you, sir. Because I'm thinking we all will need it."

O'Leary slewed the gun around and pointed it at the ray-ship rushing towards them, but he had no intention of firing, for the Goliath still was far out of range.

"Pete," he said, huskily, "it ain't Terence X. O'Leary, the Sky Hawk, what's gonna fire this gun, but it's the avingin' souls o' thim what died."

"Amen," sighed McGuffy.

ON board the Goliath its commander stood bent over the range-o-scope.

There was a puzzled expression in his glinting black eyes. Why didn't those dogs on that strange craft of the sea down there run? Weren't they afraid of the might of Unuk? How dared they to be so unconcerned?

O'Leary, his steel-blue eyes narrowed to slits and his thin, determined lips compressed, watched every move of the Goliath in the sky above him, his gun trained on it.

"Shure, Pete," he said, "the skunk acts like it don't know what we are. Ye know, like it had niver seen a submarine before."

"Careful, Terence," advised the nervous McGuffy. "There's no telling what it's up to. Most likely some devilish cunning."

Suddenly the air shook with that terrific mechanical screaming of the dyno-blaster.

The sailors on deck froze in horror and others poured up from below to learn the cause of the terrific din overhead.

Death Blasts From A Staring Eye When O'Leary Pilots A Stolen Ship From The Hidden Kingdom



"We're falling," yelled McGuffy into the shrieking din of the dyno-blaster. "So long, Terence—it's the end!"

The Goliath made another wide circle, but kept its altitude. Then it turned on a wing-tip and jockeyed into position.

"It's gonna dive!" cried O'Leary. "Chins up, fellers," he said to the frightened gun crew. "Jam thim shells in as fast as I

kin fire 'em. Do ye understand? If ye don't jam 'em in, it'll be jist too bad fer all of us."

"We're a bit shaky, sir, I admit," replied the gunner. "But I think you can depend on us, sir. Good luck, sir! And right between the eyes, sir!"

"Shure an' I'll knock out its teeth."

"Get ready, Terence," gasped McGuffy. "It's dipping its nose to come down."

"Terence X. O'Leary," muttered the Sky Hawk to himself, "ye been braggin' that the 'X' in yer name stands fer ixcellint. Now is the time fer ye to prove it, or feriver shut up."

"Look out! Look out!" shrieked a sailor, covering his head with his arms. "It's coming down! It's coming down! Look out! *Look out!*"

LIKE a thunderbolt from the blue, its yellowish-white eyes gleaming and its ten motors full on in a power dive, the mechanical screaming shattering the air, down shot Unuk's destroyer.

From its monstrous steel belly spurted four shafts of crimson fire, slicing through space like bloody daggers.

The fiendish commander's hellish lust for revenge was his own undoing. Instead of projecting the dyno-blaster at the submarine, instead he used the heat-rays, wishing to first torture his victims before annihilating them.

But as fast-traveling as those crimson-rays were, the shell that belched from the muzzle of O'Leary's gun outdistanced them.

True to its mark the screaming projectile speeded.

It crashed through the steel armor of the ugly nose of the monster and exploded.

"Hooray! Hooray!" shouted O'Leary. "Stabbed in the guts!"

The mighty Goliath staggered under the blow and skidded dangerously.

Berrump! roared O'Leary's gun.

Again the wounded Goliath staggered.

"You got it, Terence! You got it!" Mc-

Guffy was jumping up and down in his joy. "Right in the teeth, Terence! Right in the teeth!"

"Here goes another kiss from Cinder-illa!"

O'Leary jerked the lanyard.

Berrump! coughed the gun and another shell screeched into the skies.

Mortally wounded, the Goliath came tumbling down, wing over wing.

"Take that, ye skunk!" O'Leary loosed another shell.

"And that!" The gun recoiled with a mighty roar.

"And that!" Again the gun spoke.

As though a battleship had fallen out of the heavens, the gigantic ship of Unuk crashed into the sea about a thousand yards from the submarine.

Into the air rose a huge column of water.

Then it broke with a lashing and churning of spray that made the sea boil for fathoms around.

Of a sudden the ocean split wide open with a terrific roaring, but muffled was the mechanical screaming. The disintegrating rays were making their last gesture for the High Priest of Lataki.

O'Leary turned from his gun and thrust out a hand to the captain, who stood staring, open-mouthed, at the awe-inspiring spectacle.

"Capt'in Rutledge," said O'Leary. "Let's go below. I've gotta send a report to Washin'ton about the heroic gisture of a mighty brave submarine commander. An' that's that."

"Y-yes, y-yes, Captain O'Leary," stammered the captain. "You—you are magnificent. I—I never saw such shooting in my life before!"

"An' ye niver will ag'in, sir." O'Leary's voice was low and choked. "It wasn't Terence X. O'Leary what fired that gun, Capt'in, but the souls o' thim who died. May God have mercy on thim. Come, Pete, let's go below an' put on a dry shirt."

Half an hour later the submarine, travel-

ing at full speed, on the surface, sliced northward through the Pacific, homeward bound.

Devil's Playground

A LEADED whip lashed down on a naked back. Blood spurted and lacerated flesh quivered. But not an outcry or even a groan from the kneeling victim.

"Who rules the world, you dog of a scientist?" demanded the wielder of the whip in a high-pitched, cackling voice. "Answer your Supreme Master, you cowering scum."

Down came the cruelly-weighted thongs again on the defenseless back.

"You, O Unuk, High Priest of Lataki, rules the world, O Master."

"Then bring to me the voice of Alok, my Under Priest, from the city known as Washington. What are thousands of miles of empty space to the genius of Unuk? Bring to me the voice of Alok out of the skies, is my command."

"Your command is sacred to your humble servant, O Unuk, but Alok does not answer my call. Grant me a little more time, O Master."

"To your magic talking-box, dog, and delay not too long, or you taste the poison of my whip again."

The man addressed staggered to his feet and went to a short-wave radio set. Blood from the cuts in his back trickled down his bare legs.

Unuk, High Priest of Lataki, emitted a cackling laugh and spoke in a guarded whisper to a priest standing beside him.

As did all those in authority under Unuk, this priest carried a leaded whip, and knew how to use it.

"Sound the tocsin, so that all shall kneel to me in worship of the God of the Depths," whispered Unuk, "the bronze image I created for the gullible fools."

"The tocsin of worship shall be sounded for the gullible fools, O Mighty Unuk," came back in an equally cautious whisper.

"First order my brain-doctored scientists to bring the magic horn which multiplies the voice, so that all the fools can hear me."

The priest raised in his right arm in salute, issued a sharp command and crossed to a huge copper gong suspended between metal posts.

Lifting on high a heavy baton, he struck the gong a powerful blow.

Boo-oomm! resounded the signal.

It echoed and re-echoed ominously on the night air.

On a grassless plateau stretching for miles in all directions, at sound of the warning, thousands of copper-skinned warriors at drill froze in their tracks and stood like statues, waiting.

There was a set, vacant stare in their glinting, fiery black eyes, as if the circuit between mind and body was open.

Boo-oomm!! The eerie notes of the gong rolled and rolled out over the plateau.

Foreheads touched the ground in abject homage to the God of the Depths and the High Priest.

It was a somber and an awe-inspiring spectacle.

The plateau was walled in by bare, rock-ribbed mountains of majestic peaks.

Behind this rocky rampart roared and hissed and boiled lakes of molten lava, a hellish inferno which painted the mountains and the sky a dancing crimson.

At the far end of the plateau, vaguely discernible through the clouds of smoke swirling and twisting from the lava fields, loomed a ghostly factory town.

High concrete chimneys reached into the red-tinted heavens. Flared and roared a myriad of blast furnaces. Hundreds of sledges wielded by sweating mechanics and smiths, clanked on anvils.

The work of producing Unuk's destroyers of the air never ceased, not even for wor-

(Turn to page 28)

WIN BIG

**Fun And Money
For You!
What Could
Be Sweeter?**



GET INTO O'LEARY'S BIG LIMERICK DERBY

OKEH, pals, O'Leary talking:
Somethin' differint every month,
is me motto. And this month I'm givin'
each an' every mother's son of you a chance
to grab a big hunk of fifty dollars.

Fifty bucks, you muggs! That is the
total of the prize money and a pile of jack
it is.

And eighteen prizes! That's enough to
give even the tall-enders a chance.

Before we git into the details of me latest
extravagance I want to announce that the
winners of last month's contest—where I
passed out fifty dollars fer supplyin' a name
fer me latest cloud-hopper—will be an-

nounced in an early issue. Checks will be
in the mails soon.

Last month it was an Air Derby. This
month the contest is a Limerick Derby. It's
so easy you guys should be shut in the clink
fer takin' money from a blind man—me
bein' the guy without peepers.

What do you do?

Simply supply a last line for the limerick
ye see on the next page. Write or print the
last line in the space provided and send the
coupon to me before April 10, 1935. I'll
pick what I consider the best eighteen lines
and award the prizes. In case of winners
tyrin' with the same line I'll send the full

HERE IS AN EXAMPLE

A boy bought a new dyno-blaster,
Then turned to his ma and sassed her.
She said, "Just for that,
You stratosphere brat,
You'll get the oil that is castor.";

CASH PRIZES

**ENTER
THE
CONTEST
NOW!**

\$50.00 FREE
1st PRIZE \$15
2nd PRIZE \$10
3rd PRIZE \$5
5 PRIZES \$2 EACH
10 PRIZES \$1 EACH
18—Prizes—18

**O'LEARY
INVITES
YOU!**

amount of the prize tied for to those tyin'.
How's that?

In order that ye'll have somethin' to go
by I'm printin' a complete limerick on page
26, last line and all. Usin' that as a model
ye'll see that your last line will have to end
with a word rhyming with "eye" and "sly."

Jst write yer last line an' sind it in.
That's all ye have to do. It makes no

difference how old ye are. If ye want to
sind me a letter tellin' me what you like
or don't like about the magazine, an' stick
it in with your coupon, I'll be glad to read
it. The letter, however, has no bearing on
the contest.

Another big contest next month. Watch
for it.

TERENCE X. O'LEARY

Send this coupon to Terence X. O'Leary's April Contest, 149 Madison Ave., New York City

TEAR OFF COUPON ON THIS LINE

This coupon void after April 10, 1935

**O'Leary, with fire in his eye,
Came up to Alok on the sly.
He drew back to punt,
Then gave a big grunt**

Tear off coupon and fill out dotted lines.

WRITE YOUR LAST LINE HERE

My Name Is..... Age.....

Address

.....

Each Of The Eerie Planes Carried Enough Mystery Explosive To Wreck A City!

ship of him or his self-created heathen god.

Beyond a low section of the mountain barrier, far in the east towered tyrannically a colossal pyramidal structure of stone blocks. On its apex crouched the gigantic bronze image of the God of the Depths, a man-headed cougar crushing under a mighty paw the breast of a nude woman.

This structure was the Temple of Sacrifice and was situated in the Kingdom of Lataki proper, a nation of over a million souls shut off by the mountain barriers and unaware of the existence of the plateau and the factory town, and also unaware that there existed other nations besides Lataki. Ruled, were the million, by the Princess Latea.

The base of the temple rested on a mammoth rock which rose from a body of rippling waters known as the Lake of the Whispering Waters. Nearby was the abode of the Princess Latea, guarded by her warriors of the bodyguard. For years the struggle between Unuk and the Princess had been waging. Unuk, bending all of his efforts had been unable to bring the Princess and her subjects to worship his manufactured God of the Depths. Instead, the girl and her loyal subjects still swore allegiance to their age-old deity, God Of The Sky.

Unuk continued the belaboring of his subjects on the hidden plateau.

"Hearken to the voice of the High Priest of the God of the Depths."

Amplified a hundred fold, the high-pitched, cackling tones of Unuk sounded as though an angel of hell had risen into the skies and was calling down to the kneeling horde of copper-skinned men.

"Lift up your heads and gaze in worship upon Unuk, your Supreme Master."

Like puppets controlled by a master string, the legion of warriors obeyed. And

what a hideous sight their vacuous, staring eyes beheld.

At the base of the dais of rock stood the High Priest, their absolute monarch.

Of small stature and thin, emaciated body, his age-dried, parchment-like skin stretched tightly over his protruding bones.

Devoid of hair, his head resembled a sharply-outlined skull of death.

Rat-eyes, reddish and constantly shifting, burned from cavernous sockets.

Parted in a malicious sneer, his thin, bloodless lips revealed two rows of broken, yellow teeth.

His hooked nose reminded one of the beak of a bird of prey.

His scrawny, vulture-like neck was spotted with ugly, blueish scars. These scars were from surgeon's knives in the many glandular operations which had extended his span of life to more than five hundred years.

"Dogs, now gaze in fear upon Unuk, your Supreme Master, as he stands before you in the splendor of his exalted office."

The High Priest wore a headdress of white feathers, from which rose a tall black plume. A sleeveless black woolen tunic bore a bleeding heart in crimson embroidered on the left breast. An abbreviated black-feathered skirt, black sandals and white laces completed his bizarre attire.

From the lobes of his shriveled ears dangled strings of priceless emeralds reaching to his stooped, bony shoulders.

Clutched in talon-like fingers was a four-tailed whip, the thongs of which were weighted with jagged pieces of lead.

"Now hearken to the sacred decree of Unuk, your Supreme Master and Ruler of the Universe."

Boo-oomm!! pealed the monster gong.

"The arrogant white nation in the north which calls itself the United States of

America shall be annihilated by my might."

The High Priest paused and again the tocsin sounded.

"Two flying-dogs of that insolent white nation, flying-dogs known as Captain Terence X. O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy dared to defy the power of Unuk

The center of a hollow-square of heavily-armed warriors, were four robot-controlled six-motored airplanes of immense proportions, their propellers ticking.

Each plane carried enough high explosive, an explosive yet unknown to modern science, to destroy four city blocks.

"I now decree that those flying-dogs are doomed to serve me; to fight for me against their own kind. They shall be captured and brought here. Then their minds shall be subjugated to my commands by the all-powerful brain-serum of Alok, my Under Priest. Even now Alok is in the far north to bring this about."

Another pause to recover his wheezing breath and again that reverberating *boo-oomm!!*

"When dawn pales the east four of my air-messengers of the explosive-death shall be loosed to wing northward through the skies. Like blasts of hell they shall bolt down from the heavens into the city known as Washington, and shall spread death and fire and thunder among the white warriors."

A long drawn out cackling laugh shrilled on the night air; a laugh so hideous that it sent shivers down more than one spine.

Boo-oomm!! echoed the gong.

"Gaze, dogs, upon my air-messengers of the explosive-death, which shall wreak my vengeance."

The High Priest pointed a shaking, bony finger.



THE HEAD SCIENTIST

In rear of the giant ships stood a large group of Europeans and Americans, naked except for loin-cloths of llama skin, listening humbly to Unuk.

These were his air-scientists, who had been kidnaped by his secret agents roaming the outside world and had been brought to Lataki to serve him.

A strange, motley

collection of human beings they were.

Due to injections of the diabolical brain-serum perfected by Alok, they long since had lost all self-initiative and had become the High Priest's abject slaves.

Their faces, drawn and lined, were absolutely expressionless, as though chiseled in marble.

"The two flying-dogs of the white nation," cackled that eerie, terrifying voice, "captured one of my ships of the destroying-rays, wrecked my factories and flew back into the north.

"But see, dogs, those factories are rebuilt and Unuk grows stronger and stronger."

Boo-oom!! Boo-oomm!! Boo-oomm!!

Three times the giant gong resounded.

The warriors rose to their feet and resumed their merciless soul-destroying drill.

One! Two! Three! Four! beat an immense metronome in monotonous cadence.

Followed by a retinue of black-garbed priests, Unuk hobbled over to the short-wave radio set and slashed the scientist in charge with the leaded whip.

"Dog, the voice of Alok from your magic box," he snarled. "Bring to me the voice of Alok from Washington. Must I tell you twice?"

"There are strange disturbances in the air, O Master. Your humble servant believes that two voices, one of Alok and the other unknown to your humble servant, are trying to speak to the Mighty Unuk at the same time."

"You lie, you dog! You lie to cover up your inefficiency. No other voice than that of Alok dare call to Unuk through space. Such was my sacred command."

"Mercy, O Master, but your sacred command now is being disobeyed by some person unknown to your humble servant. All that comes from the magic box is but a jumble of sounds. One voice speaks the language of Lataki and the other the tongue of the white nation in the north."

Unuk's repulsive features twisted in anger.

"None dares to disobey the sacred command of the Ruler of the Universe, you lying dog."

The thongs of the whip coiled around the neck of the hapless scientist, drawing blood and raising angry welts.

A metallic voice in the strange, guttural accents of the Latakian tongue was mixed with one of distinct Irish brogue, making an incoherent, unintelligible jumble.

"Listen, O Master. You understand the language of the nation in the north. Is it not as your humble servant said?"

The High Priest cocked his head to one side in an attitude of listening. Suddenly fierce anger blazed from his reddish rat-eyes as he recognized the voice with the Irish accent.

"It is the flying-dog known as Captain

Terence X. O'Leary!" he cackled. "The insolent dog dares to throw his voice through space at the Mighty Unuk. But Alok also speaks. Alok also speaks, I say! How can they both speak through the same magic box? Answer me, you dog of a craven scientist. How can both speak through the same magic box?"

"O Master, each speaks through a separate magic box."

"You lie! You lie! Alok has the only magic box."

"Your humble servant, O Master, beseeches the Mighty Unuk to recall that the ship of the destroying-rays, captured by the flying-dog of the white nation two moons ago, is equipped with a magic box."

MOUTHING a foul curse, Unuk launched a vicious swing of his whip at the scientist, but he misjudged the distance.

The leaded thongs lashed back and coiled about his own bony knee.

Screeching with pain he hopped about on one leg, in his gaudy feathers looking like a wounded peacock.

For a space the scientist stared.

Then the realization that Unuk was naught but mortal clay like himself seeped into his tortured brain. Blazing hate leaped into his eyes and he sprang at the High Priest, arms reaching out as though to tear him apart.

From the hollow-square of warriors around the giant planes a score of bow-strings twanged.

Pierced by the feathered shafts, the body of the scientist crumpled in a welter of blood at the feet of Unuk.

Contemptuously the High Priest spat on the bleeding corpse.

"To the magic box!" he shrieked. "Another dog of science to the magic box!"

In answer a scientist ran to the short-wave set.

A priest picked up the fallen whip and, on a knee, handed it to his master.

For his pains he received a cruel cut across the face.

"The voice of Alok!" howled Unuk, now almost insane with rage. "The voice of Alok! The voice of Alok, I say."

But only the unintelligible jumble from the loud speaker.

There was a reason.

Winging through the night from San Francisco to Washington, at an altitude of fifty thousand feet and its ten propellers churning out better than eight hundred miles per hour, was the ray-ship which had been captured from the High Priest of Lataki two moons before.

At a short-wave radio in the large steel cabin sat O'Leary. His steel-blue eyes were hard as flint and his thin lips were set in a straight line.

McGuffy was handling the controls.

"Shure, Pete, an' I'm puttin' the kibosh to the radio service betwixt the U. S. and that Divil's Playground down in Lataki," said O'Leary. "One o' Unuk's agints is tryin' to send a message to the plateau, and I'm cut in on the same wave length. Ivery time the red-skinned skunk talks, so do I, makin' a lot o' chop suey."

"Why not listen in on the agent's talk and learn what Unuk is up to?"

"The lousy thing's gone screwy. It won't receive, only sinds. Thim government babies what took it apart in San Francisco shure lift a lot o' gadgits out of it whin they put it together ag'in. Hold it! The agent is tryin' to talk to Unuk ag'in."

O'Leary snapped a switch and poured a barrage of expressive, but not very polite, Irish-American verbiage into a microphone.

On accomplishing his purpose he turned back to McGuffy.

"Pete, why do they want us to take the High Poodle's ray-ship to Washin'ton?"

"That's easy, Terence. So that Dr. Milddorf, the Austrian scientist, can study it first hand. Remember, the Air Chief told us before he left Frisco that the government had hired Milddorf to try to dis-

cover the secret of the disintegrating rays."

"That might be the answer." The worry faded from the Sky Hawk's eyes. "Evin so, a helluva lot Milddorf will discover. The rays popped out no sooner we landed, after puttin' the works to thim explosive robot-crates Unuk sint north to distroy Frisco."

Under the clouds of red-tinged smoke rolling over the plateau from the fields of molten lava, the High Priest still stood by the radio, beside himself with rage.

He cursed and cackled and screeched, the while lashing out with his whip at all in reach of the cruelly-leaded thongs.

"O Master," announced the trembling priest at the short-wave radio set, "the voice of Alok. Now, O Master, you shall hear the voice of Alok."

"It is time, you dog. Stand not there shivering and quaking, but bring the voice from the magic-box."

ON order from the priest a scientist connected the loud speaker.

Above the roaring from the fields of lava was heard the voice of Alok, Under Priest of Lataki.

"Washington calling Lataki! Washington calling Lataki! Washington calling Lataki!"

"The fool babbles like a child," ranted Unuk.

Of a sudden Alok's voice was cut off. In its place there boomed that of O'Leary.

"Hear ye, hear ye, High Poodle of Lataki!"

Unuk's face twisted into something horrible to behold. His ugly mouth started opening and shutting but no sound came forth.

"Shure an' ye're listenin' to Capt'in Terence X. O'Leary, the gallint Sky Hawk. An' listen well, ye an' all yer little pink rabbits."

"The insolent dog!" Unuk had finally found speech. "Wipe his insulting voice out of the skies. Do it, I say!"

His whip whistled through the air and drew blood from naked flesh.

"Stop!" He suddenly changed his mind. "I shall listen. The flying-dog but adds to his torture. Soon he will fall into my hands. His voice, you dog! His voice! I would hear his insolent voice!"

The scientist again connected the loud speaker.

"Mr. High Poodle of Poodleville, ye think ye are supreme. Now ye kin take this from Terence X. O'Leary an' Peter Maher McGuffy, an' we ain't given to lyin'. Before long me an' him is flyin' back to Lataki, and we'll autograph Uncle Sam's monicker acrost yer fannie."

"Fannie?" screeched the enraged High Priest. "Fannie? The word is strange to me in the tongue of America. What does the flying-dog mean by *fannie*?"

"It is the name of a girl, O Master," informed the scientist.

"Therefore the Sam the flying-dog prattles of must be the uncle of the girl?"

"Yes, O Master."

"Curse them both! The Mighty Unuk cares not for this Fannie female, nor for her uncle. The voice! I would hear the insolent voice again."

"The insolent voice again, O Master."

The loud speaker was re-connected.

"List yer snoopin' pink rabbits in America ain't yet informed ye," boomed in O'Leary's voice. "After I swiped yer ray-ship from under yer buzzard's beak on the plateau, me an' Peter Maher McGuffy knocked three o' yer Goliaths out o' the sky an' blasted into atoms the thirty-six crates of the explosive-death ye sint to distroy Frisco."

Unuk now was snarling like a famished tiger.

"And yisterday, ye murderin', red-skinned skunk, me an' Peter Maher McGuffy blew hell out o' yer ray-ship what blasted the mail-ship an' sunk the steamer, *Princiss Alohoa*."

"Then that is why my messenger of

death did not return?" howled Unuk. "The two flying-dogs shall suffer! They shall suffer the tortures of Unuk."

"In closin'," went on the defiant voice issuing from the loud speaker, "ye kin put this in yer scrap-book, ye pink-eyed poodle of Lataki. Uncle Sam ain't scared o' ye an' yer divilish instrumints o' distruction. The more ye sind over, the less ye'll have left. Terence X. O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy says nuts, and many of 'em, to the High Poodle o' Poodleville. We'll be seein' ye whin we—"

There blasted from the loud speaker a terrific mechanical screaming which drowned out the rest of O'Leary's words; a screaming which rent the air and reverberated among the distant mountain peaks.

Unuk stiffened and leaned forward eagerly, his bony hands cupped to his ears.

THEN McGuffy's voice was heard, piercing and shrill, coming from the loud speaker.

"Terence! Terence! She's out of control! We've hit something. She's bucking like a bronc! For God's sake, Terence, we're falling!"

O'Leary's voice cut in:

"Look! High up on our tail! One o' Unuk's Goliaths! That yellor-white eye! That blazin' shaft! The skunk's ray-ship is after us! Dive, Pete, *dive*! Loose him in the darkness!"

The loud speaker vibrated with a repetition of the terrifying mechanical scream.

McGuffy's voice was hoarse and strained. "It's got us, Terence, it's got us!"

"Dive—dive—*dive*, I tell ye!"

"I can't! I can't! She won't answer. The controls are dead. She's slipping! Hold tight! We're going into a spin!"

From the loud speaker there sounded a hissing and rushing of air. Motors choked and missed. The ten exhausts sputtered and coughed.

To those listening on the plateau it was evident that the mighty ship was in trouble.

Once more blasted that unnerving scream. In the bedlam O'Leary's voice was heard.

"Jerk her out, Pete, jerk her out! We're crashin'!"

"No use, Terence! She won't answer!"

"Lemme on the controls! Gimme the stick, Pete. Atta bye!"

"Look out! Look behind us! The damned thing is diving on our tail!" shrieked McGuffy.

"Grab tight!" yelled O'Leary. "The merciful saints save us! Down, Pete, down! Duck low! Down! Down!"

An awful rending and tearing echoed over the plateau.

A splintering crash was accompanied by the dreadful mechanical scream.

"Half o' the lift wing's gone!" O'Leary's voice was choked and muffled. "The rays blasted it off!"

"Here it comes after us again! That

there! A river, Terence, a river! The Mississippi! The Mississippi!"

"An' today's Friday, Pete. Fish day! How'd ye like to be a fish?"

"For God's sake, Terence, see if you can hit the Mississippi! It's our only chance!"

"Okay, Pete. Lift yer skirts, big ship, lift 'em high, 'cause me an' ye an' Pete is goin' wadin'!"

"The bridge! Look out for the bridge, Terence! It's right in front of us. You're crashing into it!" as the giant steel structure loomed in the night.

"Ye're a liar! It's in back o' us now. And I didn't hit it? A deep breath, Pete. Shure an' I'll meet ye on the bottom."

"Good—goodbye, Terence!"

"Aw revoor, Pete, an' a kick in the pants fer Unuk."

A stunning crash and a staggering splash of water as it splashed high in the darkness.

"O'Leary And McGuffy! The Insolent Flying Dogs Are Dead!" Howled Unuk

blazing eye! That blinking light! Good-bye, Terence, goodbye!"

"Goodbye, nothin'! Ye ain't goin' nowhere, ixcipt with me!"

A deafening noise as though a run-away train had thundered past, roared from the loud speaker.

Unuk thrust his bony arms into the heavens and screeched with fiendish joy. Like a delighted school boy he clapped his hands and hopped about. Then he laughed and laughed that awful cackling laugh of his, chilling the blood of his auditors.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! The flying-dogs are doomed! Blotted from the skies by the might of Unuk! They die! They die! They die!"

An ear-shattering blast resounded from the radio.

Then in McGuffy's voice:

"Look! Look, Terence, look! Down

The loud speaker went dead.

In his joy Unuk brandished his whip and shook with laughter.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! They are dead! The insolent flying-dogs are dead! Ha! Ha! Ha! They dared defy my might, and they are dead. Dead! Dead, I say! They are dead!"

He wheeled around on his black-garbed priests and viciously swung his whip among them.

"Sound the tocsin of victory, you dogs!" he cried. "Sound the tocsin!"

"The tocsin of victory, O Master, the tocsin of victory shall be sounded."

A priest uplifted the heavy baton and struck the copper gong a mighty blow.

Boo-oomm! rolled the metallic command of Unuk across the plateau.

The drilling warriors stopped and faced their High Priest like so many robots.

Boo-oomm!

Down they knelt.

Three times the copper gong boomed and the drilling was resumed.

The scientist at the short-wave set raised his right arm in salute to the High Priest.

"O Master," he informed, "Alok speaks from the nation in the north."

"Ah, Alok! I will speak with Alok!" Unuk rubbed his hands together in glee. "Switch on the magic box, you dog!"

The scientist spoke into a microphone, then turned and saluted Unuk.

"Alok speaks, O Master."

And this was the message radioed from Washington:

"Hail, O Mighty Unuk! Alok, humble Under Priest of Lataki, reports from Washington, the capital city of the white nation in the north.

"Your secret agents in San Francisco sent false orders to the flying-dogs, Captains Terence X. O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy to take to Washington the ship of the death-rays they dared to capture from Lataki. They left on schedule.

Unuk let loose a blistering curse.

"The flying-dogs are dead, you fool! I destroyed them. The Supreme Ruler of the Universe destroyed them."

THE scientist at the short wave set, his eyes riveted on his master, was timing the report of Alok to suit the High Priest's whims. Again Alok's voice:

"As commanded by you, O Unuk, upon the arrival of the flying-dogs in Washington the death-ray ship shall be destroyed and the flying-dogs shall be subjected to my brain-serum. Then, under its influence, they shall be sent to Lataki as your slaves."

A loud crackling of static from the loud speaker.

The scientist elevated his arm in salute to Unuk.

"O Master, a more powerful wave has cut in and has silenced Alok's voice. A message comes from the death-ship you

sent to burn Cincinnati with the crimson heat-rays. What is your pleasure, O Master?"

"I shall listen to what the commander has to say."

"The commander speaks, O Master."

"O Mighty Unuk, your humble servant, commanding death-ray ship No. 38, reports that while en route to the city known as Cincinnati, the death-ray ship stolen from the plateau by Captains Terence X. O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy was sighted, flying east.

"We attacked and blasted off its left wing with our dyno-blaster rays. The ship hurtled down into the waters of the river known as the Mississippi, and disappeared.

"We now shall proceed to Cincinnati to carry out the sacred command of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Your humble servant salutes you, O Mighty Unuk."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" laughed Unuk. "It is true! It is true! The flying-dogs are dead. Now the voice of Alok, dog!"

"Now the voice of Alok, O Master."

The Under Priest of Lataki came in on the air again.

"Obeying the sacred command of Unuk, I, Alok, Under Priest of Lataki, sent three of your agents to the country known as Austria. There they kidnaped the great Austrian scientist, named Dr. Joseph Miltdorf.

"He was subjected to my brain-serum and now is the abject and willing slave of the mighty Unuk.

"That government of the United States of America contacted Dr. Miltdorf and secured him and his staff of scientists to come to America and to study the death-ray ship captured by the two flying-dogs. This, in order to discover the secret of the rays.

"Acting under my orders, Dr. Miltdorf requested and obtained from the United States government of America the laboratory on the avenue known as Pennsylvania, in the city of Washington.

"There, in turn, I subjected each of his staff to the treatment of the brain-serum, thereby making them slaves of the mighty Unuk.

"Tomorrow, Dr. Miltdorf shall call on the instrument, known as the telephone, the Chief of the American Air Force, General Alvord Merton. Miltdorf will request Merton to send to the laboratory his secretary, known as Weaver.

"I shall subject him to the brain-serum and send him back to the Air Chief for duty.

"Being under my complete control, Weaver will inform me of all proceedings in the office of the Air Chief.

"In this way we shall learn in advance the plans of the air forces of America against the might of Unuk."

The High Priest waved a hand to the scientist at the set, who, in response, cut off Alok's voice.

"Alok is clever!" cackled Unuk. "Yes, Alok is clever, but it was I, his master, who taught him that cleverness. Dog, make Alok speak again."

"Alok speaks, O Master."

"As commanded by the Mighty Unuk, I hereby give the code directions for the dispatch of the four ships of the explosive-death which are to hurtle down from the skies on Washington."

There followed a series of letters and numbers which the scientist at the set jotted down for the information of those who were to loose the robot-controlled planes.

As a thought struck him, the High Priest let out an awful howl of disappointment and rage. He bobbed up and down like a jumping-jack, cracking his whip and cursing into the red-tinted sky.

Eventually he subsided sufficiently to allow speech.

"The commander of death-ray ship No. 38 shall die!" he cackled. "And all of his crew shall die. They shall die under the torture of the Mighty Unuk."

"They shall die under the torture of the Mighty Unuk," replied a priest.

"The fools! They have thwarted my revenge. They disobeyed my sacred command. They killed the two flying-dogs. And it was my wish that the flying-dogs should live. Should live to be my slaves, and to suffer my torture."

The madman cut and slashed with his leaded whip.

"Light the sacrificial fire!" he howled. "Make it hot and blistering. Hot and blistering, to roast the fools when they come back from burning the American City."

In obedience to the edict of Unuk a priest barked out an order.

Soon an immense pyre of oil-soaked logs rose high on the plateau.

Hell's Recruiting Station

GENERAL ALVORD MERTON, Chief of the U. S. Air Force, and his confidential secretary, one Philip Weaver, were in close conference in Washington with Chief of the Department of Justice, John S. Swinnerton.

"That finishes the story, Mr. Swinnerton." General Merton gravely regarded the astonished Secret Service Chief. "I warned you in advance that it would be astounding, horrible, and incredible. Still, it is true."

"It's awful." Chief Swinnerton shook his head. "I tell you it makes my skin creep. Talk about the Arabian Nights—a mere childish dream in comparison. I can't believe it."

"As you know, Mr. Swinnerton, the ghastly proof lies spread all over the country. Thousands of people killed and maimed. The Chicago debacle! The five battle-cruisers blasted into atoms! A large section of Washington destroyed! The Panama Canal practically wrecked! Minneapolis and St. Paul! El Paso! Seattle!

The Statue of Liberty demolished! And latest of all, more than half of Cincinnati laid waste by fire."

"I'm not doubting your word about the fiend of Lataki, General Merton. I can't, in face of the hideous evidence, but the whole thing seems more like a dreadful nightmare."

"As it does to our nation at large. The people are almost panic-stricken. Good reason too, with such disaster mysteriously raining down on them from the skies. Without warning and unseen until it strikes, it is enough to terrify the stoutest hearts."

"What can be done? Has any progress been made against the menace?"

"No real progress as yet, but a ray of hope had commenced to shine through the blackness."

"You mean due to the timely intervention of Captains Terence X. O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy, over San Francisco?"

"Yes. By saving San Francisco and the Pacific fleet with the plane of the disintegrating rays they captured from Unuk, High Priest of Lataki, they not only rescued the country from a general panic, but gave us something definite to work on."

"General, you are holding something back from me. What is it? More bad news?"

"Yes, very bad. San Francisco reports that O'Leary and McGuffy left there with the ray-ship. Nothing has been seen, or heard, of them since, nor of the ship."

"Phew! It's awful! Why did you order them to fly the plane here? Wasn't it taking a great risk? You know, a possible crash."

"That's the strange part of it. I didn't order them to fly it here. Instead, I telegraphed them, after they had arrived in San Francisco aboard the submarine, to come to Washington by a passenger plane."

"Then why did they use Unuk's plane?"

"A forged telegram, in our most secret code too, was presented to the commander

of the airport by O'Leary. It instructed that they were to be given the ship to fly to Washington."

"The High Priest's agents at work. Do you think O'Leary and McGuffy are dead?"

"Absolutely! I am convinced of the fact."

"Why?"

"This is in the strictest confidence, Mr. Swinnerton. Were the news to leak out to the people at large, it would precipitate the very panic we are trying to avoid."

"What you tell me, General, will travel no farther."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Swinnerton. O'Leary and McGuffy, with the ray-ship, crashed into the Mississippi."

"Good Lord! Don't tell me that."

"It is true. They must have been attacked by the same ray-ship that set fire to Cincinnati. Right now we have divers at work trying to locate the wrecked ship, but as yet without success. It fell from such a tremendous height that it disappeared into the soft mud of the river."

THEN the Associated Press report that one of Unuk's ships had been destroyed was faked?"

"Yes, we faked it. As I said, we cannot risk precipitating a panic. Should the people learn the truth, and that O'Leary and McGuffy, who had become national heroes, are really dead, I don't know what would happen."

"Right now the United States is facing a crisis which spells its complete ruin." The Department of Justice Chief mopped his damp forehead. "Has the government discovered the secret of the disintegrating rays, yet?"

"No, but we hope to, eventually. So far our scientists and engineers are completely baffled. Unfortunately, similar to electric current from a storage battery, the rays can last but a certain period without a recharging of the source of generation. On testing the rays when O'Leary and Mc-

What Loathsome Secrets Fume In The Washington Mystery Castle?

Guffy landed Unuk's ship, after the fight over San Francisco, we found the rays to be negligible."

"What has the scientist secured by the government from Austria to say?"

"Practically nothing. Doctor Joseph Miltdorf is a peculiar character and has to be handled with kid gloves. He refuses to talk until he is ready to do so. In fact, he holds himself aloof from us and will brook no interference in his study of the problem."

"We are leaving him strictly alone. He has his own personal staff of Austrian scientists and allows none of us to enter his headquarters unless specifically called there by him."

"In other words, he's one of those scientific nuts?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Swinerton, Dr. Miltdorf is a genius. His record of scientific research and achievements is unparalleled. When offered a really fabulous sum by our government for his help, he refused to accept a cent, but gladly volunteered his services in the interests of science.

"He is a fine character and we trust him implicitly. Naturally we bow to his every wish."

"I see. Do you think he has discovered anything important yet?"

"That I can't say. We must wait until he is ready to report."

"He and his staff occupy that stone building on Pennsylvania Avenue, the laboratory owned by the American Scientific Research Society, don't they?"

"Yes."

"Humph! He has it guarded like a fort. Two of our men tried to get in, but nothing doing."

"Please don't let it occur again, Mr. Swinerton. You might offend him."

"General Merton, to be frank, I don't like the set-up. It's too unusual to be

genuine. I suggest that my department conduct a secret investigation, just to be on the safe side."

"That would ruin everything, Mr. Swinerton. There is too much at stake to risk displeasing Dr. Miltdorf. Also your suspicions, undoubtedly prompted by your police instinct, are groundless."

One of the several telephones in the office buzzed. Phillip Weaver, the Air Chief's confidential secretary, answered the call.

Placing a hand over the mouth-piece he turned excitedly to General Merton.

"The Austrian scientist, Joseph Miltdorf, is on the wire, sir," he informed. "He wants me to report to him personally, at his headquarters, right away."

"Well, now that *is* important, Weaver." General Merton's tired eyes lighted with hope. "Tell Dr. Miltdorf you will be right over."

WHEN the secretary had disconnected he went back to the general. Both men were visibly affected by the important summons.

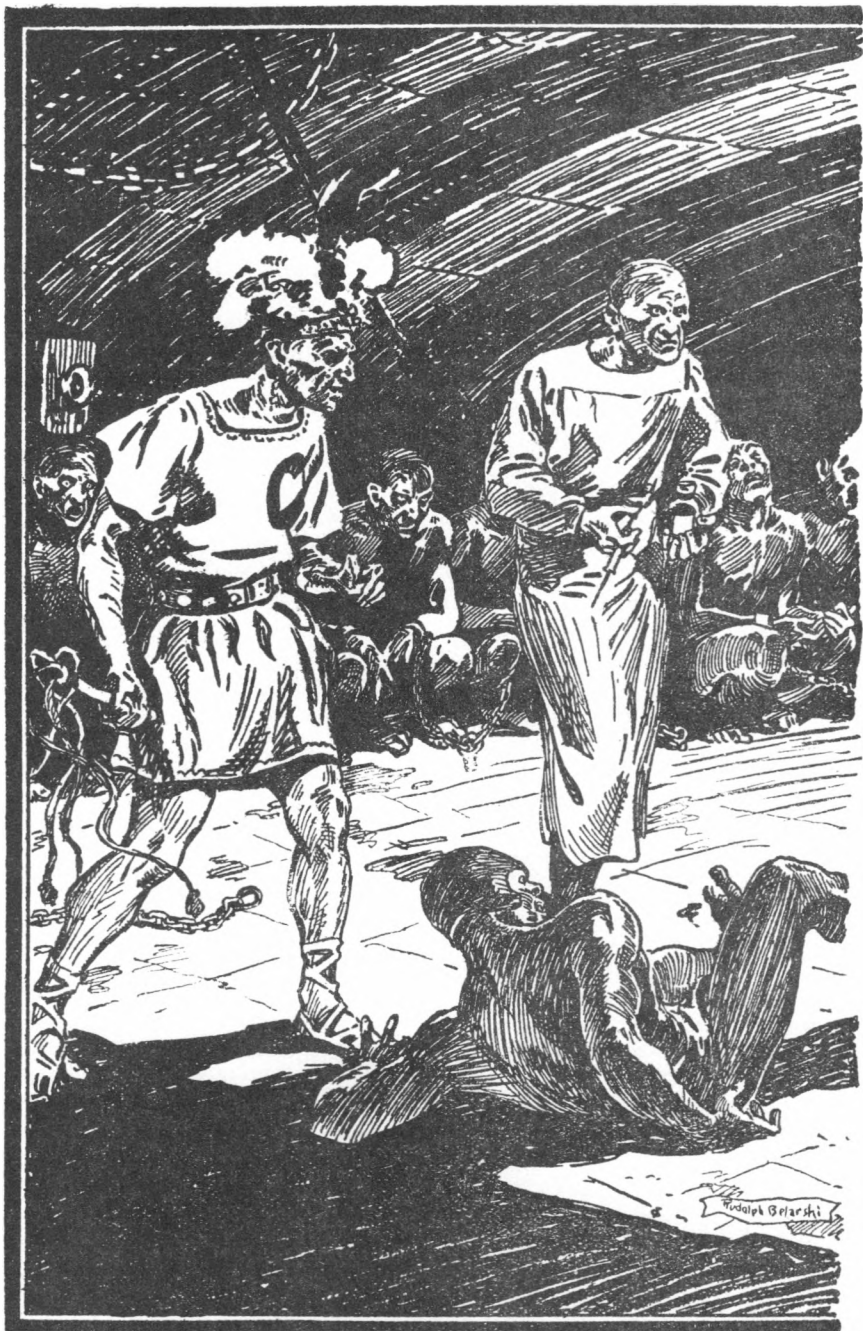
"Weaver, be careful not to offend Dr. Miltdorf in any way," warned General Merton. "Ask him no questions and listen attentively to all he has to say."

"Pardon me for butting in, General," interposed Swinerton. "Don't you consider it rather peculiar that Dr. Miltdorf should select your confidential secretary, instead of you?"

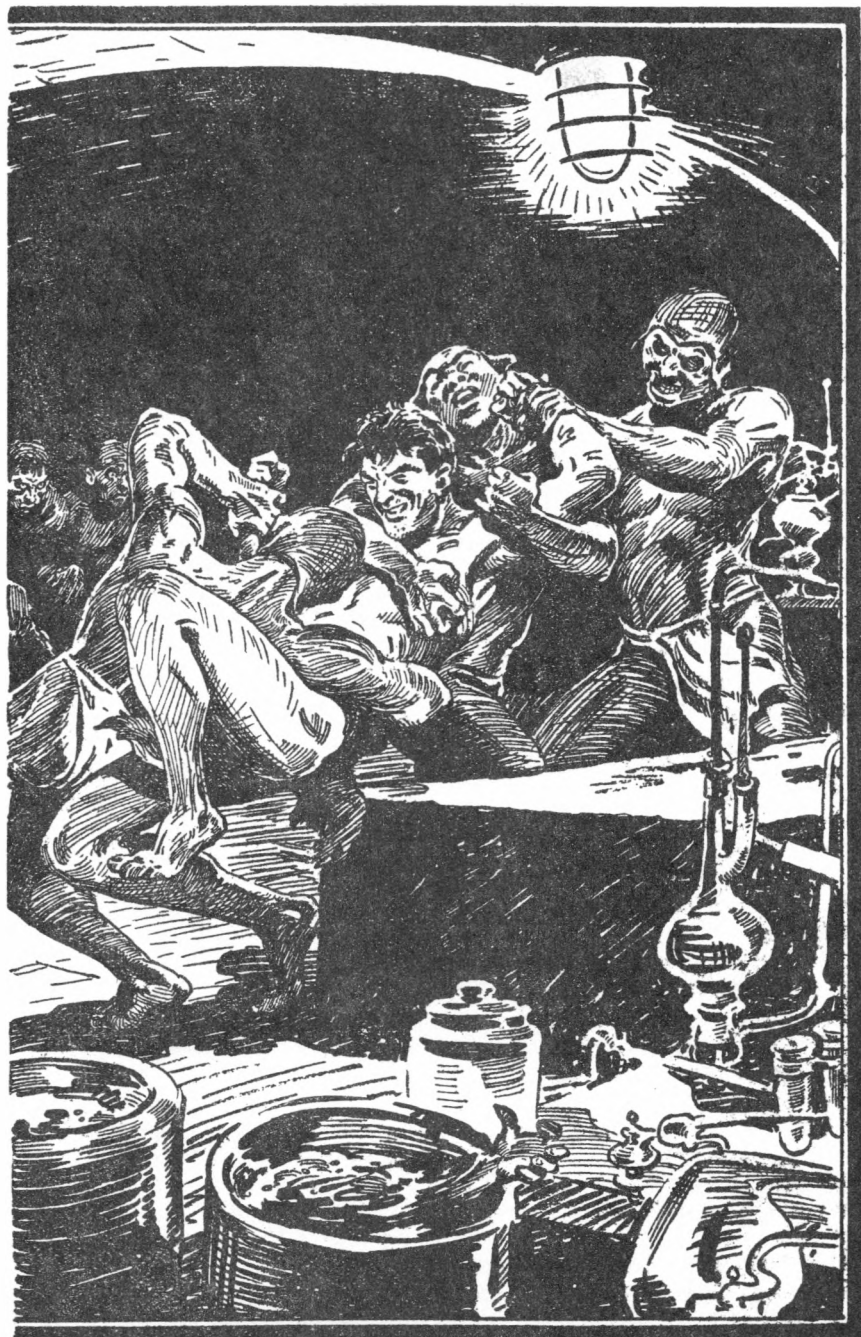
"Then there's no reason for me staying longer, it seems. I'll get my men busy rounding up Unuk's spies. Hope Dr. Miltdorf has good news for you. So long."

The Secret Service Chief went out.

"Isn't it too bad about O'Leary and McGuffy?" asked the secretary. "And the President was to present them with Congressional medals at the White House this



"Overpower the dog!" shrieked Unuk. "Hold him firm. Then the brain serum and he shall be my slave!"



O'Leary was a tornado in human form as he fought against hopeless odds. Slowly he was being carried to the operating block—then would come existence worse than death.

afternoon. What will the public think when they don't appear?"

"Distasteful as it is to us, Weaver, we shall fake the presentation. To all appearances, O'Leary and McGuffy will be there and will receive the medals. Already it has been broadcast that the President is indisposed."

"He is not really ill, is he?"

"About as ill as I am. The medals will be presented by him in his bedchamber. Naturally nobody but those in the know will be there. Later, it will be given to the newspapers that O'Leary and McGuffy were spirited in and out of the White House, to prevent any patriotic demonstration which might have disturbed the sick President."

"To think that they are dead!" Weaver sighed heavily. "I just *can't* believe it."

The building formerly occupied by the American Scientific Research Society had been converted by Alok, Under Priest of Lataki, into a veritable recruiting station of hell.

OF solid gray-stone construction and twenty stories high, it towered above Pennsylvania Avenue from the center of an expansive lawn.

Had official Washington but known it, there, on Pennsylvania Avenue, was situated the strongest fortification in the world; a fortification making the mighty Gibraltar and the Straits of the Dardanelles look like cardboard defenses, in comparison.

All points of possible approach to the massive structure, including the air, were protected by those awful yellowish-white gleaming eyes of the disintegrating rays, cleverly camouflaged.

Here and there an innocent-looking window was a projecting point for the crimson heat-rays.

Had Unuk commanded it, Alok and his brain-doctored slaves could have destroyed Washington and its suburbs in less than an hour with the hellish devices.

On the top floor was situated the powerful short-wave radio which Alok used, under the noses of official Washington, for transmitting and receiving messages to and from all corners of the globe, including the far-off plateau of Lataki.

In a stone chamber adjoining that of the radio was the magic range-o-scope, now greatly improved by the brain-treated Dr. Miltdorf, which laid bare to the Under Priest all the visible activities in the city, and in a circle the radius of which was a thousand miles.

The entrances and the corridors of this hell's recruiting station were guarded by uniformed Americans and Austrians, each selected for his physical fitness and proven fighting ability.

All had been subjected to the fiendish brain-serum treatment of Alok and now were abject slaves of his will.

On the twentieth floor Alok sat at the short-wave set issuing his instructions to one of Unuk's scientists, on the plateau of Lataki thousands of miles to the south.

"You dog of a captive scientist," snarled Alok, "dispatch, at five-minute intervals, the four destroyers of the explosive-death. Regulate the speed of each so that it shall strike Washington from the skies at the time specified."

"Your humble servants obeys, O Alok," drummed in the Under Priest's ears.

Alok disconnected the radio and went to a table of test tubes.

In obedience to his radioed command, down in distant Lataki the ships of the explosive-death were launched.

They climbed to ninety-thousand feet, then automatically leveled off and pointed their noses into the north.

Their six giant propellers, revolving at incredible speed, were noiseless. Not a sound, nor a betraying flame, came from the exhausts.

Silently and swiftly the deadly infernal machines sliced through the stratosphere on their errands of destruction and death.

Not a living soul was aboard the air-monsters; not a human hand at the controls.

A TAXI stopped on Pennsylvania Avenue under a street light.

Phillip Weaver, secretary to the Air Chief, got out, dismissed the cab, then hurried up a winding gravel walk to the main entrance of Alok's disguised fortress.

"I wish to see Dr. Miltdorf," he said to the husky, uniformed doorman. "I am Phillip Weaver, secretary to General Merton of the Air Force."

"Come this way, sir." The doorman bowed politely. "Dr. Miltdorf is expecting you, sir."

One of the guards opened the door for the secretary to enter, then closed it behind him.

Weaver found himself in a large room, bare of all furniture except for a desk at one end. A man arose from the desk and bowed stiffly in greeting.

"You are Phillip Weaver, sent for by Dr. Miltdorf."

"Yes, I am Phillip Weaver."

"Come with me, Phillip Weaver."

The man led the secretary through a maze of empty rooms and marble passageways.

Unknown to Weaver, beady, glinting eyes peered at him from cleverly-concealed peep-holes in the walls.

Had he not passed muster of those scrutinizing eyes, he would have been instantly overcome by Unuk's sleep-rays and his name would have been listed among the missing.

Weaver's guide stopped at a heavily-reinforced metal door.

"The office of Dr. Miltdorf," he informed. "Enter, Phillip Weaver."

The secretary stepped inside. The door was closed and bolted behind him. Uneasiness crept into his heart. He looked around the room.

In front of another heavy metal door

stood a man garbed in white, as though he had just come from an operating room. He wore rubber gloves.

"I am Dr. Joseph Miltdorf," he announced in peculiar, purring tone of decidedly foreign accent. "You are Phillip Weaver."

"I am Phillip Weaver, Dr. Miltdorf." The secretary's voice shook slightly. The place was getting on his nerves. "You sent for me, Doctor?"

"Yes, Phillip Weaver, I, by command of my great master, sent for you."

The doctor sighed dismally.

"You are going on a long, long journey, Phillip Weaver, from which there is no returning."

His heart pounding, the secretary sized up the Austrian scientist. He was tall and thin and white-haired.

Had it not been for the strange, glinting light in his soft gray eyes, Dr. Miltdorf would have engendered immediate respect and confidence in most anyone. As it was, he sent a cold chill through his auditor.

"Pass through this door, Phillip Weaver, and enter into the world from which there is no returning."

"Please, Dr. Miltdorf," faltered the secretary, "I—I do not—quite—understand."

Now thoroughly alarmed, the secretary hesitated, but a look from those cold, penetrating eyes brooked no disobedience. They had cast a mysterious spell over him.

He opened the door and entered. It was closed and bolted behind him.

He stood in a dark room, chill and damp. In front of him a blueish-green light commenced to glow.

Larger and larger grew the light until the room and its furnishings took on definite shape. The blueish-green radiance seemed to melt the marrow in his bones.

The frightened secretary felt his skin grow damp with nervous sweat. He gazed furtively about him.

His eyes afeared to rest on a table of stone.

Near the table was a glass cabinet filled with suregons' knives. A shudder shook him.

AS his eyes grew accustomed to the eerie light he saw that shadowy, naked forms lined the metal walls of the room.

He sucked in a sharp breath. The forms lining the walls were Latakians. He recognized them by the description O'Leary had given to the Air Chief.

"I've been trapped!" he cried. "Let me out of here! Let me out of here!"

A mocking laugh from somewhere in the metal chamber echoed hollowly. Then, in the same tone, a voice:

"Take off your clothes, Phillip Weaver. Strip until you are naked."

The tones of the unseen speaker were as sepulchral and unnerving as though spoken by the dead.

And there was no disobeying the chilling command. Weaver fought desperately to overcome the spell which had gripped him, but to no avail.

With clumsy, shaking fingers he undressed and stood naked.

"Phillip Weaver, prepare to gaze upon Alok, Under Priest of Lataki and loyal servant of the Mighty Unuk."

The voice was guttural, high-pitched and of strange accent.

The secretary trembled so violently that he swayed dizzily.

"Behold me, Phillip Weaver. I am Alok, Under Priest of Lataki! Bow your head, Phillip Weaver, to your Great Master, Alok, loyal servant of the Mighty Unuk, Supreme Ruler of the Universe."

The other uncanny voices had frightened the secretary, but this last filled him with terror.

The bluish-green light suddenly contracted into a large circle on the metal wall at the far end of the room.

Three times in slow, measured cadence, boomed a distant gong.

The naked Latakians lining the walls

dropped to a knee, and with right arms extended, bent their heads in homage.

On the metal wall the bluish-green circle of light abruptly changed to amber.

And in that amber flood stood Alok, a hideous, fear-inspiring apparition.

His physical characteristics and his dress were in the main similar to those of Laki-zik, the commander of the sky Goliath O'Leary had crashed with the three-inch gun from the deck of the submarine.

Short, but powerfully built, Alok's half-nude torso was corded with bunching muscles.

His skin resembled red parchment, and was stretched tightly over his bones.

His face was that of a mummy, with the exception of fiercely glinting eyes, which seemed like rubies afire in his bulging, hairless, bony skull.

His nose was long and hooked, like that of a bird of prey.

Lips, blue from lack of blood, and thin and cruel, failed to hide four yellow fangs of hideous aspect.

A vulture-like, scrawny neck was covered with livid scars from life-prolonging glandular operations.

And his age was five centuries.

Like Lakizik, the ray-ship commander, Alok wore a head-dress of gaudy feathers, but from these feathers towered an immense black plume, spotted with white.

His breast-plate was of platinum, sparkling with diamonds, and was held in place by crimson thongs of finest leather.

A short skirt, similar to a Scottish kilt, ended several inches above his lumpy, bony knees. The material was wool, dyed a bright green, and was covered with gold and silver spangles.

Around his abnormally-thin waist was a belt of purple leather. A wicked-looking dagger, naked of sheath, was thrust into this belt.

He wore scarlet sandals, with black laces.

Then the horrible spectre spoke to the white-faced, terrified secretary.

"Phillip Weaver," it said, "I am Alok, your great master. Henceforth, Phillip Weaver, you shall obey my every wish."

Weaver tried to cry out his defiance, but his tongue was stuck to the roof of his mouth.

"Henceforth, Phillip Weaver, you are abject slave of the Mighty Unuk, Supreme Ruler of the Universe. You shall fight against your own country, in the service of Lataki."

"You—you lie!"

The secretary had finally found voice.

"I'll die first! Kill myself, before I would betray my country. You lie, I say, you lie!"

"Lay the dog on the stone table," commanded Alok, "so that I may pour into his brain the sacred will of Unuk."

Weaver was seized by hands of steel and was stretched out on the cold stone.

"Your humble servant shall obey, O Great Master."

"Then begone, you dog of America."

Contemptuously Alok kicked the man kneeling before him and walked away.

A Spy for Unuk

THIRTY minutes later Phillip Weaver stood before the Air Chief.

"Well, Weaver, what did Dr. Miltord want with you?" eagerly asked General Merton.

"He told me to inform you, General, that he is on the verge of discovering the secret of the disintegrating rays."

"Great! Wonderful! That is good news."

"Isn't it though? And General, in a few

"Phillip Weaver, As My Slave You Shall Fight Against Your Country!"

Over him bent that hideous face, topped by the headdress of gaudy feathers.

He felt his brain pierced as though an iron spike had been driven into his skull by the blow of a sledge, then merciful sleep.

An hour had passed.

Phillip Weaver, fully dressed, knelt before Alok, Under Priest of Lataki. His right arm was extended in salute and his head was bowed in homage.

"Phillip Weaver, you will return to the Chief of the United States Air Force and resume your duties of confidential secretary."

"Yes, O Great Master."

"You will be clever, Phillip Weaver, and will be careful, because you are the humble servant of the Mighty Unuk."

"Yes, O Great Master."

"You will learn all the secrets of those who so foolishly dare to oppose the might of Unuk. You will bring those secrets to Alok, your great master. Will you obey?"

days the doctor will send for you, to personally demonstrate to you that secret."

"Weaver, our country is saved." General Merton's face beamed with hope. "With our planes equipped with the rays, we shall fear nothing that Unuk can send against us. Come, Weaver, you must report the air-conference."

"Yes, Phillip Weaver must report the air-conference."

The Air Chief shot his secretary a sharp, inquiring look, his reply had been so unusual.

"Are you ill, Weaver? Somehow your eyes don't look right. They have a peculiar glint in them."

"On the contrary, General, I feel fine. My eyes have been troubling me lately, but it is nothing serious. I am using a rather strong eye-wash."

Three thousand miles to the south, so high in the stratosphere that they were screened from human eyes, winged toward

Washington the four mechanical monsters of death dispatched by Unuk, High Priest of Lataki.

O'Leary Dead?

IT was earlier that same evening, much earlier. Night had just dropped its black blanket over the Mississippi.

Two negroes were baiting a catfish line which stretched across the river just below a steel railroad bridge.

George Washington Smith manned the oars while his partner, Moses Elijah Jones, baited the hooks.

By some off chance of fate these two darkies—each of them so black that lightning bugs followed them in the daytime, thinking they were night—had chosen the very spot where O'Leary and McGuffy were destined to crash into the river while piloting the ray ship toward Washington.

Both negroes were nervous and ill at ease and cast furtive glances around.

There were two reasons for their mental disquiet. The minor, because it was against the law to set fishing lines in that particular section of the river; the major, because they both firmly believed that Judgment Day was just around the corner.

"Yassuh, Gawge Washin'ton Smith," said Moses Elijah Jones. "De world sho' am comin' to an end."

"Hush yo' mouf, Mose! What fo' yo' gotta talk like dat? Yo' wanta git de hants mad at yo'?"

"Nossuh, I ain't almin' to git no hants mad at me, 'cause when dis world do come to dat end, I gotta hab me some friends at dem Pearly Gates to git me inside."

"De good Lawd sho' am mad at dese United States." George Washington Smith sighed dismally. "Dat's why He been rain-in' down fire an' brimstone fum de sky onto de cities."

"Amen!" Moses Elijah Jones fondled his rabbit's foot almost with desperation.

"Dem destroyers wha's been tumbiin' down out o' de sky onto New Yawk harbor, El Paso an' dem other cities ain't no air-planes," he declared, with finality. "Nosuh, dey am de Lawd's chariots o' fire. 'Stead ob de white folks tryin' to fight 'em, dey should bend dere knees an' pray fo' salvation."

Presumably an owl hooted from the bank. But the mimicked call of the night bird came from a human throat and was of sinister import.

"Wha's dat? Wha's dat?" gasped George Washington Smith.

"Dat's a owl hootin', yo' fool niggah. What yo' tink it be?"

On the shore several shadowy forms lay watching the negroes. They were the agents of Unuk, dressed in civilian attire. The hooting of the owl had been a signal from a Latakian sentinel.

The leader spoke in that strange, guttural accent of Lataki, but used English.

"It will not be long until the railroad train loaded with the new motors for American ships of the air, will cross the bridge. Alok commands that the stone foundations be shattered by the vibrating-rays. The dogs of America and their toys of the air shall crash to destruction."

"What of the two fishermen with the faces of night, in the boat out there?" said another. "Alok also has commanded that there be no witnesses to the destruction of the bridge. Too, it may be that the two fishermen have guns. I shudder at the thought of their flame and blast."

As was the case with all natives of Lataki, these two had the great fear of firearms which would cause them to fall to the ground screaming with fear should a gun be discharged.

"True," replied the leader. "Therefore, they must die. Train the rays on them."

The Latakian spoken to opened the lid of a small rectangular box and aimed a metal tube at the rowboat in the Mississippi, as one sights a pistol.

"All ready to strike," he announced.

On nod from the leader, he placed his thumb on a small steel plunger.

His murderous intent was halted by a faint, eerie scream high up in the stratosphere. The Latakians stiffened with interest.

"Did you hear it?" asked the leader, eagerly. "The song of a death-ray ship of the mighty Unuk."

"Aye, the song of a death-ray ship. It must be death-messenger No. 38, on its mission of burning the city of Cincinnati. Alok said it had left Lataki."

"But why should it sing its death-song? And it so high in space. The city to be burned is leagues from here."

"Dare you question the judgment of the mighty Unuk?" demanded the leader, severely. "Fear you not his punishment?"

"I fear the punishment and I question not the judgment of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Shall I destroy the two fishermen with the faces of night?"

"Stay your hand. With the death-ray ship of Unuk in the air, the vibrating-rays must not be used. It is an order of the dogs of scientists."

Again sounded the uncanny mechanical scream. This time much louder than before.

"Ah!" exclaimed the leader, in deep satisfaction. "The loyal servant of the Mighty Unuk has sighted a victim in the air. Soon we shall see the kill."

In the rowboat, George Washington Smith and Moses Elijah Jones sat shaking with terror. Their ebony complexions had paled several shades.

"Oh, good Lawd, wash out de sins ob yo' repentative servant!" George Washington Smith dropped his oars and knelt on the bottom of the boat. "Salvation me! Salvation me!"

"An' while Yo' is salvationin' him, good I awd," prayed Moses Elijah Jones, "please doan' fergit to salvation me, who ain't sinned half as much as him."

From the heavens blasted the dreadful screaming again.

"Hallelujah!" sang George Washington Smith. "Swing wide de Pearly Gates, 'cause I is on mah way upward."

Thousands of feet above them there suddenly gleamed a yellowish-white eye. From the glaring orb there streaked a shaft of blazing fire, lighting up the heavens in a wide circle.

In the dazzling incandescence, the terror-stricken negroes saw a monster air-Goliath of immense wing-spread and ten roaring propellers.

The shaft of blazing fire had streaked just above the Goliath's ugly, fish-shaped body.

CAUGHT in the surging air currents of the disintegrating rays, the mighty plane was thrown about as a terrier tosses a rat.

"The Avengin' Angel am heah!" George Washington Smith rose in the boat and thrust his arms into the sky. "Hook us on to de tail-board o' yore chariot an' drag us tru dem Pearly Gates!"

"Amen! Amen!" Moses Elijah Jones looked as though he had been sent for and couldn't come.

The aviator at the controls of the doomed ship must have been a wizard of the air, for the plane suddenly righted itself and staggered on through space.

Then again glared that demon yellowish-white eye. The terrific mechanical scream shattered the ether. Like a jagged bolt of lightning shot the shaft of blazing light, true to its mark.

The plane leaped, nose almost vertical, then slipped sideways and sun-fished.

A puff of smoke rose from the wings on its left side.

When the smoke had cleared the staring negroes saw that almost half of the left wing was gone.

Desperately fighting, the aviator at the controls fired the last shot in his locker to

save his ship. Up came its nose in command to the stick. Valiantly, the plane tried to level off, but to no avail.

Its nose dropped and it went over on its back. Down it hurtled, wing over wing, dropping a sheer ten thousand feet.

But the man at the stick wasn't licked yet, it seemed.

By a masterly display of airmanship he managed to jerk the plane out of its fall and for a moment it appeared that he would be able to glide down to a landing in one of the wheat fields so far below him.

But it was not to be. The ship slipped into a crazy spin and whirled dizzily around in its fall earthward.

"The ray-ship stolen from Lataki!" cried the leader of Unuk's agents. "The two flying-dogs are aboard. It is the end of the insolent scum. Captains Terence X. O'Leary and Peter Maher McGuffy will oppose the might of Unuk no more."

"The stupid fools were duped by the false message of Alok," gloated another. "But why does Unuk's death-ray ship strike them down? It is the command of the Supreme Ruler that they be captured and be subjected to the brain-serum treatment of Alok, in order for them to be taken to Lataki to suffer his vengeance."

"The commander of ray-ship No. 38 is a fool," said the leader. "Has he gone mad? Does he and his crew wish to be roasted alive on the sacred log-pile of the plateau?"

Its exhausts coughing and choking, down spun the wounded ship.

Thousands of feet above it hovered Unuk's Goliath, lazily cruising in a circle as it watched its victim die.

For miles around thousands of faces were uplifted and fear-struck eyes watched the awful tragedy in the air.

Once more that fiend incarnate of the mysterious, inaccessible nation of the south was venting his hellish wrath on the helpless people of the United States.

Straight down at the steel bridge tumbled

the crippled ship. Petrified, the negroes, their mouths agape and their eyes bulging until the whites showed, waited for the impending crash; waited to see the mighty structure of steel crumple under the falling comet about to hit it.

Then a miracle was wrought by the doomed aviator, it appeared. He jerked up the nose of his crashing ship just in time and missed the steel span by a few feet.

"Oh, Lawd!" yelled George Washington Smith in terror. "De Avengin' Angel is done smote us down!"

"Us is smote!" shrieked Moses Elijah Jones. "Sho' enough, us is smote!"

Over them rared a blast of hell. The tremendous rush of air nearly upset their boat.

The plane then crashed into the river.

Water shot high in all directions, as though the bottom of the Mississippi had been dynamited.

A rushing wave nearly swamped the row-boat of the negroes. They clung to the gunwale of the rolling and pitching craft, praying at the top of their lungs.

"See! The train full of ammunition and engines is coming," whispered a Latakian. "Soon it will cross the bridge. I am ready to destroy it."

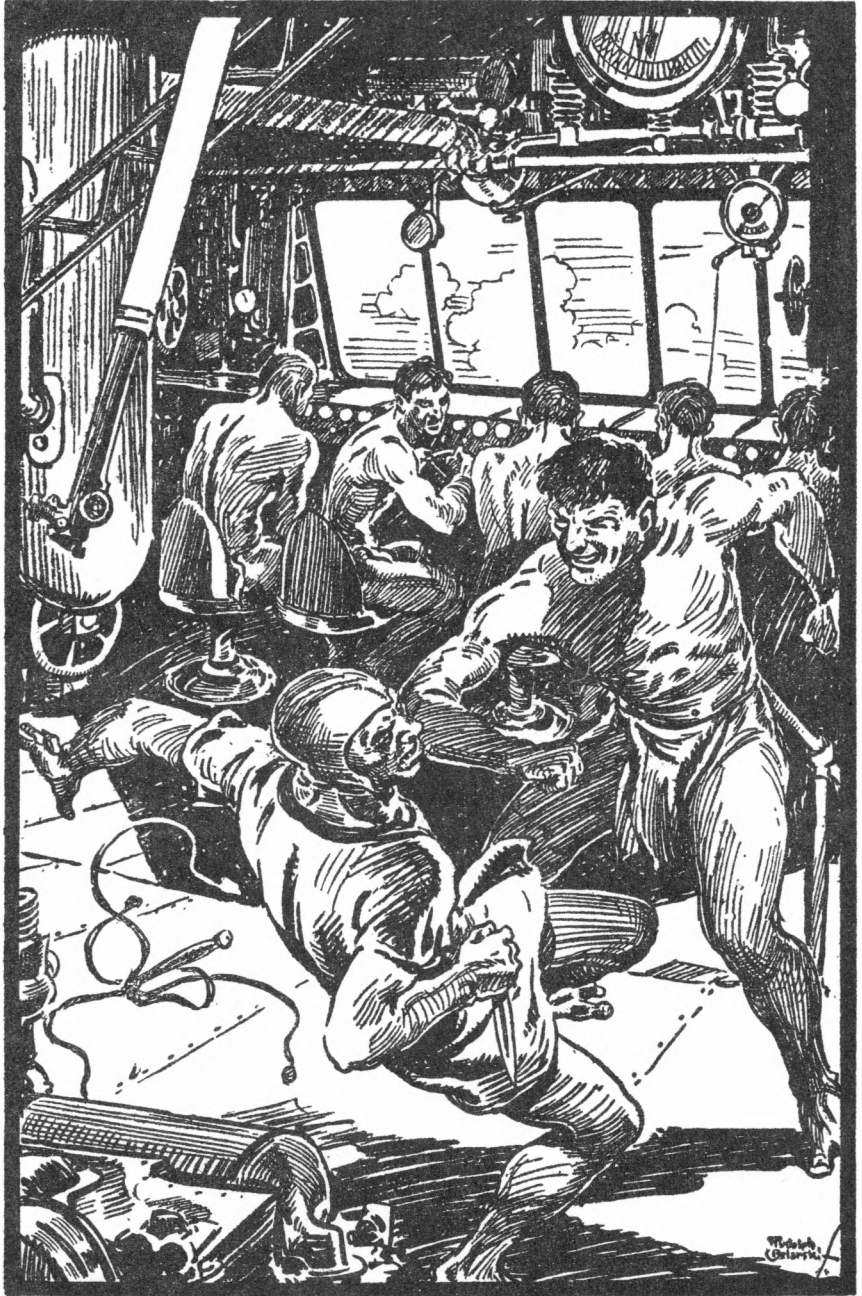
"No!" commanded the leader. "The government of the dogs of America might suspect that it was destroyed from some source other than the air. Too many eyes have seen the killing of the ship of the flying-dogs. We must wait and watch."

THE blackness following the destruction of the ray-ship by the shafts of blinding light was thicker than ink, and the heavy silence was broken only by a lapping of the disturbed waters against the shore lines.

The negroes pinched themselves to see if they were alive. Finally, convinced of that fact, they sat up and began to take notice.

"Is yo' in de land o' de livin', Mose Eli-

Mutiny Rides High Skies In Unuk's Destruction Dreadnaught.



O'Leary's blow was like a mule's kick. "Take it, ye skunk!" he snarled. But the Latakian ship commander came back with dagger drawn.

jah Jones?" faltered George Washington Smith. "If yo' is, say so. An' if yo' is ain't, don't say so."

"I am," Moses Elijah Jones said feebly.

Of a sudden George Washington Smith tensed and pointed a shaking finger into the blackness.

"A hant! A hant!" he cried. "A'comin' at us too. Floatin' down de river."

"Me an' yo' is gwine run," howled the other darky. "Git yo'self movin'."

"How we gwine walk on de water? Who yo' t'ink is—" A frightened gulp. "Will yo' look! Comes another hant fer to git us. Oh, good Lawd, gimme wings right now, 'cause I sho' do need wings."

"Dem—dem ain't no hants," cried Moses Elijah Jones, excitedly. "Dem's two bodies! Yassuh, dem's bodies, I says."

"Den dis ain't no place fo' me," blurted George Washington Smith. "Gimme wings! Gimme wings!"

ON the shore the spying agents of Unuk strained their glinting eyes into the blackness, the while listening to the conversation of the frightened negroes.

"They see two bodies," whispered the leader. "Can it be possible that they are those of the flying-dogs?"

"They might have breath in them," said a Latakian lying beside him. "He of the red hair and the blue eyes is a cat, it is said, for cannot he see at night like a cat? Perhaps his forefathers were cats. And it is the religion of the dogs of America that a cat has nine lives."

"See," whispered another. "The fishermen with the faces of night have overcome their fear. They have lifted one of the bodies into the boat and now are going after the other. What are your orders?"

"If the flying-dogs really are dead, their carcasses are of no use to the Mighty Unuk. We shall allow the fishermen with the faces of night to bring them ashore. Their mule and their wagon are there under that tree.

"We shall follow and spy on them. If

life should show in the flying-dogs, then, at the proper time, we must capture them and take them to Alok for the brain-treatment.

"Careful, now," he warned, "the black fishermen are pulling to shore."

To ordinary men, the bringing to shore of the bodies and the carrying of them to the wagon would have been a laborious task. But to the negroes, accustomed to handling bales of cotton and heavy bags in the loading and unloading of Mississippi packets, it was child's play.

They laid the drenched forms of O'Leary and McGuffy on the floor of their wagon and covered them with a piece of canvas.

That accomplished, they held solemn conference.

"Niggah, yo' sho' is a fool," chided George Washington Smith. "What we gwine do wif dem corpses?"

"Yo' is a fool yo'self, an' nuthin' else but," growled Moses Elijah Jones in answer. "Dem corpses am airplane officers. We's gwine take 'em to our shack an' keep 'em dere, 'till a reward am offered."

"S'posin' dere ain't no reward offered? How long yo' think dem bodies will stay sweet?"

"Niggah, yo' sho' take all de joy out o' mah life."

They climbed to the seat of the wagon and George Washington Smith picked up the reins.

Holding to the seat with one hand, Moses Elijah Jones almost wore out a hickory stick on Stonewall Jackson before the animal deigned to exert itself to a forward motion.

"We sho' is lucky," said George Washington Smith, "dat he didn't decide to walk backwards. Giddap, Stonewall, an' doan' yo' stop 'till yo' stop."

Along a narrow winding road through a wood slowly traveled the makeshift hearse.

While they futilely coaxed Stonewall Jackson to greater efforts, beady, glinting eyes watched them from the trees, as the agents of Unuk silently trailed them.

Hostile Eyes Watch The Miracle Of The River And Death Is Plotted

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" The Latakian signal rolled dismally on the night air.

The darkies huddled closer together than they already were, if that were possible, and gazed affrightedly around them.

"Yo' sho' dat was a owl?" asked George Washington Smith in trembling tone. "It sho' sound mighty queer to me."

"If it ain't no owl," quavered Moses Elijah Jones, "den us sho' is out o' luck, niggah."

"Come on dere, Stonewall Jackson," begged the driver of the mule. "Won't nuthin' make yo' agitate yo'self?"

Presently the funeral cortege halted in front of a wooden shack off the road and hidden by the trees.

The darkies carried O'Leary and McGuffy into the shack and laid them on two bunks. George Washington Smith then lighted an oil lamp. He held it over the cold, white faces.

"Yassuh, dey sho' is airplane officers!" he ejaculated.

The eyes of Moses Elijah Jones opened to their widest extent and he took a step forward and peered down at the aviators.

"Sufferin' catfish!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Dis niggah sho' am seein' t'ings."

He wheeled on his partner, his black features beaming.

"Boy," he said, "me an' yo' is rich."

"Hush yo' fool mouf!"

In spite of his words George Washington Smith's ebony mug lighted up like a cathedral afire.

"What's dat yo' say, Mose? How come we be rich?"

"Fo' no othah reason dan we done took fum de river nobody else but de greatest hero o' all times. Gawge Washin'ton Smith, yo' now is gazin' down on Mistah Capt'in Terence X. O'Leary."

"Lawdy, Lawd! Don't tell me no lie,

black boy. 'Cause mah heart won't stand no mo' dis awful night."

"An' de gen'leman on dat bunk," informed Moses Elijah Jones, "is his pal. Yassuh, he am Mistah Capt'in Petah Mah McGuffy."

THE darkies looked at each other in awed silence. They soon would be famous and, what most interested them, would be rolling in money.

They wouldn't have felt quite so elated, however, had they seen the black glinting eyes that stared so hotly at them through the dirty window panes and the cracks between the logs.

George Washington Smith was first to break the awed silence.

"Yo' stay here, Mose," he suggested, "while I go to town an' notify de sheriff. Boy, oh boy! Dat Avengin' Angel's chariot sho' was full o' gold fo' us."

"How come I stay heah?" demanded Moses Elijah Jones, indignantly. "I ain't stayin' alone wif no dead corpses. Yo' yo'self is gwine stay heah, black boy."

"Hush yo' nonsense! Me an' yo' both will tote 'em to town."

"Awright! We'll tote 'em to town."

Critically George Washington Smith eyed the still forms before he made a move. Then he went to O'Leary.

"Hold on dere, niggah!" snapped his partner. "Yo' ain't foolin' me none. I seen yo' sizin' dem up to see which am de heaviest."

George Washington Smith jumped back as though a bee had stung him on the nose and let out a howl of fright.

"Wha's de matter? Wha's de matter?" cried Moses Elijah Jones. "What yo' see?"

"The dead man! I done seen him move his hand."

The braver of the two, Moses Elijah

Jones timidly approached O'Leary and gazed fearfully down at him.

"He ain't movin' none now," he said, ready to spring back at the slightest notice. "Yo' imagination is done run away wif yo', niggah."

Dead Men's Message

AFTER a great battle with himself, Moses Elijah Jones placed an ear over the heart of O'Leary and listened.

He let out a howl of joy, then ran to McGuffy and also listened to his heart. It was beating, but very feebly.

The negro wheeled around on his staring partner.

"Black boy," he solemnly declared, "me an' yo' is gwine be knowed all over dis country. Yassuh, we's gwine ride in de coaches ob de rich, an' in de coaches ob de mighty."

"What yo' talk? What yo' talk?" demanded George Washington Smith. "Says yo'self over, niggah."

"I says mahself over. De two capt'ins ob de air am alive. Der hearts is beatin', black boy, but mighty, mighty slow. We gotta save 'em, black boy. I is *spoke*."

"Glory Hallelujah!" sang George Washington Smith. "De land flows wif milk an' honey. Praise be to de Avengin' Angel."

He sobered at a thought.

"How we gwine save 'em," he asked, "if der hearts is beatin' feeble, how we gwine save 'em? We ain't got no medicine, an' dere ain't no doctah closer dan ten mile. An' yo' know how long Stonewall Jackson take to do ten mile. He jus' doan' do ten mile. Dat's all."

"Yo' is right," commiserated Moses Elijah Jones. "An' if we move 'em we's liable to put out dat dere flickerfn' spark o' life. Yeah, wha' we gwine do, black boy?"

Moses Elijah Jones puckered his wet brow in deep thought.

An inspiration struck him.

"We ain't got no doctor," he mused aloud, "so I reckon' there's only one t'ing left."

"Wha's dat one t'ing?" demanded George Washington Smith, hopefully. "Yo' gwine use voodoo on 'em?"

"Listen, dark man! I'm gwine try dat niggah-gin I bought on de poor fellahs."

"Den if dey ain't dead, dey sho' will be. Dat stuff yo' got in dat brown jug will curl dem white folks up jus' like yo' kinky hair."

"If dey's gwine die," replied Moses Elijah Jones philosophically, "jus' as well embalm 'em an' save de undertakah a heap o' tr'uble."

He went to a closet across the room and came back with a stone jug. From it he filled a cup.

"See what the black fisherman does," whispered the leader of Unuk's agents outside the cabin. "He is about to use the magic fluid of his god."

George Washington Smith watched his dusky partner as though he were about to kill a baby in a cradle. Solemnly he wagged his head.

"Yo' sho' got murdah in yo' wicked heart," he accused. "Daid or alive, dem white folks sho' will turn inside out."

Moses Elijah Jones shot the other a withering look. He knelt beside O'Leary, the cup of liquid-dynamite in a hand.

Drawing in a deep breath as if he were plunging all he possessed, or hoped to possess, on a long-shot, Moses Elijah Jones emptied the contents of the cup between the Irish-American flyer's teeth.

The negroes, tense, waited for the result of the gamble.

O'Leary's lips twitched. An eyelid flickered. He moved a hand, slightly.

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" jubilated Moses Elijah Jones. "De niggah-gin wins! Niggah-gin wins!"

Like a jumping-jack shooting from its box, O'Leary sat up on the bunk.

George Washington Smith wheezed like a

sick whistle and fell over backwards, he was so scared.

"De debbil hisself done dis!"

Moses Elijah Jones wanted to run, but his engine had stalled.

The watching agents of Unuk could hardly believe their eyes. The god of the dogs of America indeed had wrought a miracle.

O'Leary spat and sputtered and coughed as though he had swallowed a bumble-bee.

Finally his vocal chords functioned.

"Cripes an' little fishes!" he roared. "Me insides is afire! Who'n blazes poured that hot lead down me throat?"

Then he saw George Washington Smith. He blinked in unbelief.

"Glory be! Pete. is that ye, Pete? Damn if ye ain't turned yerself into a dinge. Say somethin', ye smoke-house Mick. Say somethin' before I paste ye one."

"Mah name am Gawge Washin'ton Smith," blurted that worthy, recovering from his shock. "An I ain't no smoke-house Mick."

"Shure an' I beg yer pardon." O'Leary shot the darky a puzzled look. "If ye don't mind, Mr. Booker T. Washin'ton, will ye kindly inform me what's happined? The last I kin remimber, me an' Peter Maher McGuffy was nose-divin' out o' the blue, to go fishin' in the Mississippi."

Sudden worry sprang into the Sky Hawk's steel-blue eyes.

"Pete, Pete!" he cried. "Where's Pete? Ye feller's seen me pal? Where is he?"

"Mistah Capt'in O'Leary."

Moses Elijah Jones' chest had puffed up like that of a pouter-pigeon.

"I sho' desires to inform yo', suh, dat me an mah black pardner, at de risk o' our lives, done drag yo' an' Mistah Capt'in Petah Mah McGuffy fum de clutch ob ol' man river. Yassuh, we done pull yo' bofe fum de snappin' jaws o' death. Mistah Capt'in McGuffy is lay hisself down on de bunk dere."

"Don't tell me Pete is dead. Fer God's sake, Pete ain't dead, is he?"

"Nossuh, he ain't daid. He jus' sort o' inactive, lak yo' yo'-self was, Mistah Capt'in O'Leary, till I poured into yo' gullet de nectah of life."

"Give some of it to Pete, quick!" ordered O'Leary. "Impty the whole jug into him. Any-

thin', to bring him 'round."

"Yassuh, yassuh!" Moses Elijah Jones sprang to obey.

Taking the Sky Hawk at his word, he upended the jug over McGuffy's yawning mouth.

The result wasn't quite so astounding as it had been in O'Leary's case, but nevertheless, the negro's liquid-dynamite came through handsomely.

McGuffy's muscles jerked spasmodically and he went into a fit of violent coughing.

"Atta bye, Pete," encouraged the delighted O'Leary, that irrepressible good-natured grin of his playing about the corners of his mouth. "Ain't it the berries? Shure an' I've sampled varnish in ivory corner o' the globe, the same as ye have, but niver in me vast xiprience have I tasted any what could loosen yer teeth an' split the roof of yer skull quite like this."

The Sky Hawk turned back to ask a question of Elijah Jones.



PRINCESS LATEA

"Jist to sort o' accommodate a inquisitive guy what ye rowed back acrost the Jordan, will ye please tell me where in hell ye got that stuff, an' the name o' it."

"Sho' an' it ain't no secret, Mistah Capt'in O'Leary," replied the pleased negro. "I bought it, fo' two bits, fum a black boy called Shufflin' Joe."

"Yeah? An' where did Shufflin' Joe git it?"

"He doan' perzactly steal it, Mistah Capt'in O'Leary, he jus' sorta filches it fum a queer-lookin' red-man on de Mississippi packet, *Belle o' New Orleans*. Yo' see, Shufflin' Joe is a cullud steward on board."

"Queer lookin' red-man did ye say?" asked O'Leary, eagerly. "Discribe him."

"Shufflin' Joe done say he neber seen nobody jus' lak him befo' in his life. Yas-suh, dat red-man seemed lak he was seven hunderd years old. He was short, lak one o' dem Japan men an' his skin was all full o' wrinkles. He gits off'n de packet at Memphis, an' doan' notice dat Shufflin' Joe is done filch his gin."

"Gin!" exclaimed O'Leary. "That stuff ain't gin. I've seen it work before, down in Lataki. It's a life-restorer."

"Lataki? Sho' never heard o' dat place."

"Jist fergit it, colored bye. Did ye drink any of it yersilf?"

"Me an' Gawge Washin'ton Smith tasted jus' a wee drop, then sorta changed our minds."

DURING his talk the Sky Hawk had kept a sharp eye on his friend McGuffy, who now was sitting up and staring dazedly about him.

"Hello, Terence," he said, as though he wern't sure of the identity of the man on the bunk opposite him. "You are Terence X. O'Leary, aren't you? Anyway, you look a helluva lot like him."

"Shure an' I've been told I resimble him somewhat. I'm thinkin' ye are Peter Maher McGuffy, the guy what thought he knowed how to fly."

"Thank God it's you. McGuffy breathed deeply in relief. "How did we get out of the river, or are we out of it?"

"Yassuh," put in Moses Elijah Jones, "yo' an' ol' man river is done been divorced, Mistah Capt'in Petah Mah McGuffy. Jus' like a catfish, we pulls yo' out, suh."

"Thanks a bunch. Now what was the big idea, filling me with carbohic acid? I feel like I was sitting on a hot stove."

"Pete," interposed O'Leary, "Lady Luck, helped by these brave colored gentlem'n, saved us. We can't stay here, though."

"Yes, because tomorrow we're due at the White House for those Congressional doodads."

"I got a hunch there's somethin' rottin in Denmark. These United States is lousy with Unuk's spies. Glory be, I bet a dozen o' thim is peekin' into this shack right now."

"I'll bite," replied McGuffy. "What's the answer?"

"We must keep under cover. In other words, we gotta fly to Washin'ton without the skunks knowin' it."

"Is there an airport anywhere around here?" McGuffy asked George Washington Smith. "You know, where we can charter a plane."

"Charter nothin'," said O'Leary. "We'd jist as well put it in the papers. Listen, Mr. George Washin'ton, is there a port where we kin *swipe* a plane?"

"Dere ain't no airport, Mistah Capt'in O'Leary, but young Mistah Selby, a cotton planter, is got one o' dem two-seated flyin' ships in his garage."

"Kin ye fellers keep a secret?"

"Dat's our middle name, Mistah Capt'in O'Leary."

"If ye take us to that plane, whin we git in Washin'ton I'll see that Uncle Sam don't fergit ye fellers. Whin kin we start?"

"It ain't persakly when yo'all kin start, Mistah Capt'in O'Leary. It's if an' when we kin git Stonewall Jackson to start."

Outside the shack, two of Unuk's spies and their leader brought their heads together.

"I know where the Selby plantation is," whispered the leader. "They will have to follow a narrow road. Half-way there, is a wooden bridge. We shall ambush them at the bridge and kill them."

"Kill the two flying-dogs?"

"No, you fool! Kill the fishermen with the faces of night. We shall use the sleep-rays on the flying-dogs."

"But the chemical of the instant death has been injected into the rays."

"My instrument is untainted."

Noiselessly the Latakians slunk into the trees and were gone.

The aviators divested themselves of their flying-clothes and stood before the admiring darkies in their captain's uniforms.

"Now ain't that nice!" exploded O'Leary. "Our gats are in Unuk's crate, and it's on the bottom o' the Mississippi."

"I got some artillery, Mistah Capt'in O'Leary." George Washington Smith pointed to an old blunderbuss hanging on the wall. "But I doan tink it am been fired since de Civil Wah."

"That rusty cannon there?" O'Leary threw the blunderbuss a contemptuous glance. "I bet it shoots from both inds."

"And out of the middle." McGuffy grinned. "We'd be safer leaving it behind."

O'Leary went to the door and looked up into the sky.

"If we hurry," he announced, "we kin reach Washin'ton before daylight."

A few minutes later the quartette was seated in the wagon. Moses Elijah Jones handled the reins. George Washington Smith sat in the back, his feet hanging. Across his knees was the Civil War blunderbuss.

"I'se sho' gwine git me dat owl," he declared to himself. "I doan lak de way it sings. Yassuh, I'se gwine git me dat damn owl."

"Well, what's the delay?" demanded

O'Leary impatiently of Moses Elijah Jones. "Whin does this bus start?"

After two sticks had been worn out on his tough hide, Stonewall Jackson decided that discretion was the better part of valor and propelled himself forward.

It proved a slow and tiresome trip, that two miles along the lonely road until the wooden bridge was sighted.

The eerie hoot of an owl broke the stillness. George Washington Smith gripped his blunderbuss and stared around him, searching for the bird of the night.

"Doan' tell me yo' is a owl," he muttered.

"Cause I knows mah owls."

Hidden by underbrush, on each side of the road crouched the agents of Unuk. Two held instruments of the deadly rays, while across the bridge waited the leader with his sleep-producing rays.

"Pete! Pete!" whispered O'Leary, his marvelous night-sight having revealed the ambushed Latakians. "Red skunks, Pete, linin' both sides o' the road."

"What can we do? We have no guns."

"We'll strike first. I'll take the right o' the road and ye the left. When I give the signal, jump down an' go to it."

HIS keen eyes piercing the darkness, O'Leary waited until the wagon got nearer to the lurking spies.

"Listen, colored bye," he whispered to Moses Elijah Jones. "We're gonna be jumped by a gang in the bushes there. Whin me an' Pete jump, ye an' George Washin'ton drop to the bottom o' the waggin and lay flat. Don't move. It's yer only chance to live."

"Lawdy, Lawd!" gasped the frightened negro. "Mah sins is found me out."

The wagon came abreast of the ambush.

"Now, Pete!"

The aviators leaped to the ground. The Latakians poured from the bushes and the fight was on.

Small of stature as they were, Unuk's agents were of powerful strength and were

as agile as panthers. They rushed the aviators en masse, to drag them down.

But it wasn't the first rough-and-tumble fight O'Leary and McGuffy had waged.

While they swung and hooked and jabbed, felling an opponent with each crushing blow, from the roadside the two Latakians with the rays of instant death were not idle.

Terrified by the rumpus, Moses Elijah Jones forgot O'Leary's instructions and lifted his black face over the side of the wagon.

Swish! sounded a sharp rush of air.

"Oh, Lawd—"

Struck by the rays, the poor old negro stiffened in death and his body fell to the road.

Praying for his Maker to save him, George Washington Smith hugged the floor of the wagon.

Contemptuously ignoring the battle raging around him, Stonewall Jackson moved serenely on.

MCGUFFY was in a bad way. His legs braced wide apart, it seemed to him that those snarling red demons threw themselves at him from all points of the compass.

Wham! His knuckles crunched against a red jaw. Down tumbled the Latakian.

An uppercut to the chin of another and there was one less to contend with. A red arm encircled his throat from the rear, cutting off his breath.

A flying body hit him in the stomach and he staggered back. *Pow!* He smashed his fist into a set of grinning teeth, knocking them out of the bluish-white gums.

O'Leary also was in sore straits.

Like steel piston-rods broken loose from their cylinders, his stunning blows wreaked terrific damage on the attacking Latakians. He was everywhere at once.

A sizzling left hook; a powerful swing of his right; then a step back to avoid a flying tackle.

Red arms entwined themselves about a leg, trying to trip him. He drove a heavy boot into the face of his antagonist. Blood spurted, and his leg was free.

Wheeling about just in time, he cut loose with a paralyzing uppercut. The blow lifted a Latakian into the air and knocked him sprawling.

"Come on, ye skunks!"

O'Leary jabbed with his left. Claret spouted from a hooked nose, and an ugly face vanished.

"Shure an' the 'X' stands fer ixcellent!"

The Sky Hawk landed on a solar-plexus, hard.

"A kiss fer Cinderilla!"

A pile-driving fist connected with a thrust-out jaw.

O'Leary threw a glance over his shoulder. Pete was down, fighting valiantly under a mass of Unuk's spies.

"Lick 'em, Pete!" cried the Sky Hawk. "I'm comin', pal."

Then he went berserk. In frenzied fury he slashed out with his iron fists until he had reached Pete. But the odds proved too great.

Clutching, bony fingers closed in a steel-vise around his windpipe. His breath came in short, wheezing gasps. Fight as he would, there was no dislodging the grip.

He kicked and he swung and he hooked. Then his feet were knocked from under him and down he fell, flat on his back. Oily spots floated in his vision and his lungs were bursting. Feebler and feebler grew his struggles.

A yard or so this side of the bridge, Stonewall Jackson took it into his head to stop.

A Latakian, death-ray instrument in hand, ran to the wagon.

Seeing him, George Washington Smith let out a terrified yell and jumped to the road, still holding the blunderbuss.

The Latakian leveled his deadly instrument and squeezed the trigger.

Hit by the lethal rays, the darky leaped

into the air and came down on his face, dead.

The blunderbuss clattered to the road and went off with a thundering report. Its load and rusty slugs almost tore the Latakian's head off.

But the report of the blunderbuss saved O'Leary and McGuffy.

Their inborn fear of firearms froze the Latakians in their tracks.

The grip on O'Leary's throat loosened. He sucked in a revitalizing breath and sprang to his feet.

Seizing the blunderbuss, which had fallen close to him, he caught it by the barrel and started swinging.

Pete, dizzy and faint, staggered erect. Several deep breaths partly cleared his brain and he grabbed a piece of fence rail

we can square accounts with that fiend of a High Priest."

"Shure an' I'd give me life, as valuable as it is to the world, to wring Unuk's neck. Let's git out o' here, Pete. The place sickens me stomach."

"Righto, big boy! Look, Stonewall Jackson's waiting for us."

They went to the wagon and climbed to the seat. O'Leary took the reins.

"Lift 'em up and put 'em down, Stonewall," he said. "Gee! Haw! Let's hike."

To the astonishment of both, Stonewall Jackson flicked his tail, perked up his ears and stepped out.

Across the bridge, waited the leader of the Latakians.

His hands still trembled and his color had faded to a dirty-white, but in a trem-

O'Leary And McGuffy—Out Of The Devil's Frying Pan And Into Hell's Fire

lying on the edge of the ditch. Teeth gritted, he went into action.

That which followed was bloody slaughter. The aviators, however, were justified in their killing of Unuk's murderous men. Too many helpless Americans they had seen destroyed by the diabolical science of the High Priest of Lataki, and this was their chance, in part, to even the score.

The flyers gave no mercy. Shaven skulls crunched like egg shells under the blows of the fence rail and the blunderbuss.

Soon the road was a shambles strewn with broken and bleeding bodies.

When apparently none was left alive, O'Leary and McGuffy threw down their bloody weapons and went to the bodies of the two negroes.

"Poor fellers," said O'Leary. "They shure had hearts o' gold. A cryin' shame, I say."

"Yes," sighed Pete. "If it hadn't been for them, we would have drowned in the Mississippi. God, I hope and pray that

bling hand he held the instrument of the sleep-producing rays. His beady black eyes glinted with hatred.

"Peté," said the unsuspecting Sky Hawk, "the first thing is to look up Phillip Weaver, the Air Chief's secretary. There's a fine guy fer ye. And what a friend o' ours!"

"I'll say so! Weaver is clever, too. The three of us, working together, ought to get somewhere against that Unuk skunk."

To make sure of his aim, the Latakian leader stealthily left his screening bush and reached the bridge. There, hidden from the flyers, he waited.

When Stonewall Jackson was within a few yards of him, he leveled his strange looking gun and pulled the trigger.

Swish!!

McGuffy emitted a choking cry, clawed at his throat and fell backwards into the wagon.

"Gawdamighty, Peter! What—"

Swish!! Struck full in the chest by the rays, O'Leary was knocked to the floor of

the wagon as though a giant club had felled him.

He landed face downward across the body of McGuffy. His rounded eyes stared vacantly and his muscles twitched spasmodically.

Crying out in triumph, the Latakian leader sprang from his ambush and brandished his ray-gun aloft.

"You insolent flying-dogs!" he screeched. "You dared to oppose the might of Unuk." A fiendish laugh. "Now you shall suffer his tortures."

Then an astounding thing happened; astounding to all who were on intimate terms with Stonewall Jackson. At sight of that horrible face leering at him, the old gray mule went over the top.

His long ears flattened and his rat-tail stiffened. Down went his head and out flew his heels in a mighty side-swipe.

An iron-shod hoof caught the Latakian squarely in the stomach and knocked him off the bridge.

Head first, he landed on a large rock in the creek. His neck broken, he slid into the water.

And down on the road tore the old gray mule, the wagon swinging and bumping behind him. Stonewall Jackson was running away, as only Stonewall Jackson could run when Stonewall Jackson wanted to run.

Mystery Men

THE sun was high in the heavens. In the Selby cotton plantation a doctor and the young owner stood between twin beds.

"I am completely baffled," declared the doctor. "Their heart-action is normal and their respiration is all that could be desired."

"Could it be concussion of the brain?" asked Selby. "You know the wagon hit a stump and overturned, throwing them out. The greatest mystery is what made George

Washington Smith's mule run away." "Hey! What the heck!"

The doctor and Selby wheeled about. Their red-headed patient was sitting up in bed.

"Say, who are ye fellers? And what ye doin' here?"

"I am Norman Selby," informed the astounded cotton planter, "and this is my plantation. We found you and your comrade—"

"Hell's bells! Who woke me up?"

McGuffy had popped up from the pillows and was staring wildly around him.

"Glory be!" cried O'Leary. "The Sky Rider himself."

Simultaneously, the power of the sleep-rays had waned.

"My good men," begged the doctor, "please relieve our curiosity. If you can, kindly explain your mysterious illness."

"Doc," replied O'Leary, "not to be impertinent, but suppose ye tell us yer story first, thin we'll tell ours."

When the doctor and the planter had finished their recital, they listened in amazement to the account of O'Leary.

"It's unbelievable!" exclaimed Selby. "And this the twentieth century."

"Don't fergit, gintlemin," reminded O'Leary, "that we plidged ye to secricy."

"Your confidence shall not be violated, Captain O'Leary. Gladly, I shall lend you my two-seater."

"Thanks. Ye fellers shure are jake. What time is it, please?"

"A half-hour past noon."

"Phew!" We'll have to step on it," said McGuffy, "if we want to make Washington in time for the medal presentation."

Not long afterward a plane took off from the Selby landing field. O'Leary sat at the controls and McGuffy was in the monkey-seat.

The ship was of the latest model and was equipped with a speaking device. It sliced through the air at a speed topping two hundred miles per hour.

Town after town slipped to the rear far beneath them as they winged to the capital city.

Washington had loomed in the distance before they spoke.

McGuffy was strangely uneasy, as though he had a premonition of the suffering in store for him. He glanced at the clock on the instrument board.

"Terence," he said into the speaking device, "if we land in the Municipal Airport we can't make the White House in time."

"I'm gonna land on the White House lawn. Remimber the last time we done it, fer the five-dollar bet?"

"And ruined the pet rose garden of the President's wife. I hope she isn't there when they hand us the medals."

"Yeah, 'cause she was mighty proud o' that rose garden, until we finished it."

McGuffy lapsed into his gloomy silence again. Finally it got on O'Leary's nerves.

"Gee, Pete," he said, "what's ailin' ye, old-timer? Ye sick, or somethin'?"

"I'm all right, big boy. I just feel kind of uneasy, as if bad news were waiting for me in Washington."

"There can be no bad news in front o' us, Pete. Shure an' it's all behind us. Me an' ye is been through enough to sink a battleship. Sky Rider, let's see ye smile."

McGuffy tried to smile, but it was a sickly attempt.

O'Leary gravely shook his head. A great believer in hunches and premonitions, worry stole into his heart and the twinkle in his steel-blue eyes dimmed.

When the ship had winged over the suburbs of Washington he abruptly changed its course, and headed straight for the White House.

"What was that for?" asked McGuffy. "You really don't mean to land on the White House lawn do you? You'd be taking an awful chance."

"Shure I'm gonna land on the lawn. It's a cinch, if ye kin make the right approach. That high stone building o' the

American Scientific Research Society is me guide-post."

"The wind's just right too. Good luck, big boy."

O'Leary sliced off two thousand feet of altitude and flew straight for Alok's camouflaged fortress.

Scarcely fifty feet above the American flag fluttering so ironically from the staff of the recruiting station of hell skimmed the two-seater.

Of a sudden the plane started bucking and sun-fishing like a bronc at a rodeo. Had it not been for the Sky Hawk's expert control, it would have slipped into a spin and crashed.

Then just as suddenly the air disturbance quieted and the plane leveled off.

"Holy smokes!" gasped O'Leary. "We hit a back-wash o' thim disintegratin' rays. How come?"

"The rays, all right," declared the amazed McGuffy. "They must have been projected from the roof."

"Where ilse! Pete, there somethin' queer goin' on in that buildin'. Somethin' what needs investigatin', an' mighty pronto."

"We'll never put Weaver wise."

"He's the guy what kin handle it. Hold tight now, 'cause Lulu Bell's gonna set her fannie in the Prsidint's lap."

O'Leary dipped wings and sliced down for his daring landing.

THE President's bedchamber was charged with nervous tension. The Chief Executive was propped up by pillows in bed. Worry was written in every line of his face. Only that the public safety demanded it, he would not have been a party to the deception being enacted.

The Chief of Staff of the Army, General Merton of the Air Force and the President's personal secretary were the others present.

The corridor outside, however, was jammed with newspaper men and photographers. Some of the old-timers, though,

smelled a rat, and the proceedings were so unusual.

Startled cries from the immense crowds outside were wafted into the sick room.

A monster shadow momentarily darkened a window. A mighty rush of air, then a splintering crash.

The Air Chief ran to a window and looked out.

"Mr. President," he said, "a plane just ground-looped into your wife's rose garden."

"The pilot! Was he hurt?"

"I can't see, sir. Too many people around the wreck. A wing is crumpled and the plane lies on its back. It is a two-seater."

A crescendo of cheering from outside.

"The flyers must have escaped unhurt, Mr. President."

The Air Chief returned to the bedside.

"Let us get this dreadful farce over with," ordered the President, "then find out what caused the crash. General Merton, take these, please."

THE President held out two boxes containing the Congressional Medals of Honor.

"I wish to God," he said, huskily, "that Captains O'Leary and McGuffy were here to receive them."

"Amen." The Air Chief took the medals. "Their loss is a great blow to our country, sir."

In the corridor arose a loud commotion.

"Now what can that be?" exclaimed the President. "What a hectic day!"

A door of the chamber opened and in came O'Leary and McGuffy, looking like kids caught rifling a jam closet.

The Air Chief staggered back. The President stared in amazement.

"Please excuse us bustin' in this way, Mr. Prisdint," gulped O'Leary. "But we hadda hustle like hell—like anythin'—to git here on time."

"O'Leary!" The Air Chief grabbed a

bed post for support. "McGuffy! Do my eyes deceive me? Are you men really *alive*?"

"If we ain't, General," grinned O'Leary, "somebody better push us over an' tell us we're dead."

The Sky Hawk look at the speechless President and fidgeted awkwardly.

"Mr. Prisdint," he stammered, "y-yer w-wife ain't here, is she?"

"My wife? Why?"

"Me an' Pete—I mean Capt'in McGuffy—has ruint her pet rose garden ag'in. Shure an' we tried our bist to avoid it, but Lulu Belle ground-looped an' set her fannie down in the middle o' it."

The President laughed and broke the tension. "My clothes!" he ordered. "Quick! My clothes. I'm going to present these medals on the steps of the White House, as scheduled."

And what a presentation it was. Never before had Washington witnessed such a patriotic demonstration as that tendered the two flying heroes.

When it was over the Air Chief's secretary came to them and wrung their hands in greeting.

"I can't find words to express my joy," he said. "We thought you were dead."

"Listen, Mr. Weaver," whispered O'Leary, "shure an' I got some importint news fer ye."

"What is it?" asked Weaver eagerly. "Tell me."

"Believe it or not, but there's somethin' queer takin' place in the American Scientific Research Society."

"What?"

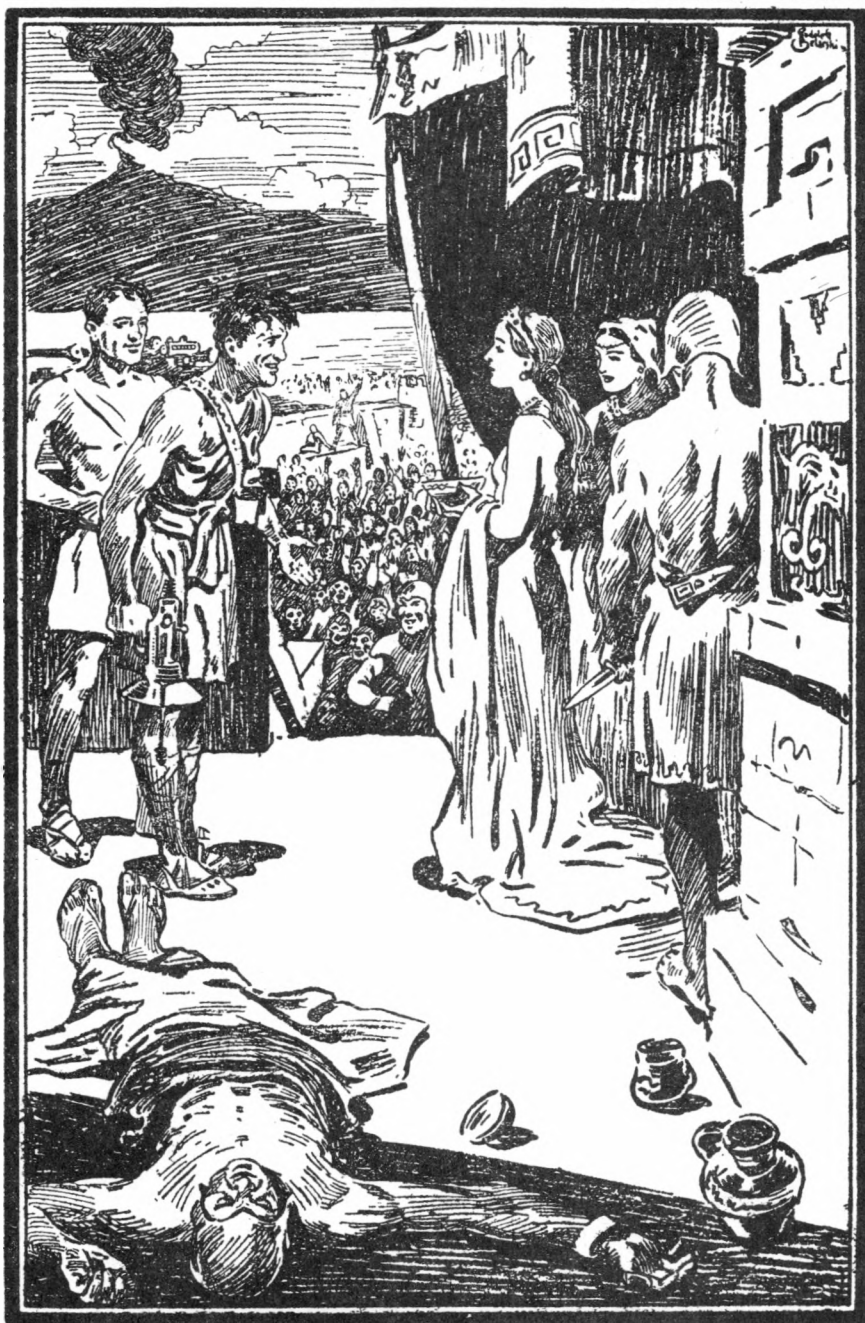
A crafty look flashed into the eyes of the brain-doctored secretary.

"What do you mean?" Phillip Weaver lowered his voice and glanced furtively around him. "Not too loud," he warned.

"While we was flyin' over the roof o' the buildin' we was tossed about jist like thim disintigratin' rays does to a ship."

"The disintegrating rays?"

O'Leary Comes Back Through Fire And Torture



"At your service, Princess," grinned O'Leary. "Me an' Peto is reportin' fer duty as promised."

A note of alarm had crept into the secretary's voice.

"You mean disintegrating rays were projected from the building?"

"Yeah, but not in full force. Sort o' like somebody was xpirimintin' with thim."

"Oh, I see."

Phillip Weaver laughed.

"At first you had be scared stiff. Don't worry, O'Leary, everything is all right. Dr. Miltdorf, the Austrian scientist, and his staff occupy the building. Dr. Miltdorf is on the verge of discovering the secret of the rays. He was experimenting, that's all."

"And that's that." O'Leary laughed in relief. "Gee, I thought me an' Pete had unearthed a big secret."

"Listen, O'Leary," advised Weaver, "don't mention the matter to anyone. Dr. Miltdorf's experimenting is a secret."

"I'll keep as mum as a clam. Say, Mr. Weaver, ye're a good egg. Me an' Pete is spittin' cotton. Can't ye slip us out o' a side door, or somethin'?"

"You bet I can! Stay in this room until I return. I'll fix it for you."

"Thanks, Mr. Weaver. You're a brick!" said McGuffy.

The secretary went into the corridor and signaled to a pseudo reporter. The man walked casually over to him.

"When O'Leary and McGuffy leave the White House," whispered the secretary, "have a cab waiting for them at the exit listed as 5-A on the chart of Alok. They have learned the secret of the Under Priest's headquarters."

"Shall we kill them?"

"No. It is not the desire of our Great Master. Use the sleep-rays on them, but in mild form, then have the paid gangsters take them to their hide-out and hold them there until further command is received from Alok."

"They are to be subjected to the brain-treatment of the Under Priest?"

"Yes. But not both at once. The Great

Master will work on McGuffy first. A plane leaves for Lataki this afternoon and McGuffy will be sent to the Mighty Unuk."

"Very well."

"Vengeance Is Mine"

WHILE thousands waited in front of the White House for their heroes to reappear, O'Leary and McGuffy slipped, unnoticed, from a back entrance.

Perfectly timed, the cab of Alok came rolling leisurely along. O'Leary hailed it and he and McGuffy got in.

"Step on it, to Hinnessey's Beer Garden," he directed. "Do ye know where the dump is?"

"Yes, sir."

The taxi speeded across town. On entering a rather disreputable neighborhood it turned into an alley, presumably for a short-cut to the next street.

Midway along the narrow lane Alok's driver pressed a concealed button on his steering shaft. Behind him there sounded sharp hissings as the rays were projected from four separate points in the cab.

"Suffer the might of Unuk, you flying-dogs," snarled the agent of the Under Priest.

He glanced over a shoulder at his victims.

Unconscious, they lay huddled on the floor of the taxi. McGuffy's head, bleeding from a cut received while falling, rested against the door. His face was an indigo blue.

Farther down the alley the taxi stopped before a garage. In response to a low whistle from Alok's agent, the door swung open.

The taxi entered the garage and the door closed behind it.

A man in overalls pressed a spring and a cleverly-hidden trap door lifted. Five evil-looking characters emerged from the opening in the floor.

They were followed by a Latakian dressed in civilian clothes.

"Put the flying-dog known as McGuffy into the sedan," he ordered to the taxi driver, "and take him to the headquarters of Alok."

The Latakian turned to the gangsters.

"And the flying-dog, O'Leary to the underground room."

"Okay, boss," replied the leader of the gangsters. "As long as you guys pay us enough jack, the orders can't come too big. Get busy, you muggs."

IN the damp, foul-smelling cellar of a brick building, seemingly untenanted, the unconscious Sky Hawk lay on a cot.

At the far end of the cellar the five gangsters sat around a table, smoking and talking. Had Washington been combed, no tougher specimens of humanity could have been found.

With none-too-friendly looks they eyed the Latakian, who stood with his back to them, a watch in hand. He turned about.

Instantly the hostility vanished from their faces.

"The flying-dog should recover within the hour," stated the Latakian. "Observe the dog closely and notify me immediately he shows signs of life. I go upstairs to speak with Alok on the telephone."

When he had left the gang-leader took a drink from a flask of whiskey.

"I don't like this lay," he said. "That guy on the cot, if he should squeeze out o' this jam, will be damn dangerous. Only for the big jack we're getting, I'd rub him out."

An hour and ten minutes dragged by.

"He's movin', Knife," informed a gangster stationed by the cot to watch O'Leary. "Better buzz the guy upstairs."

The gang leader pressed a button hidden under some rubbish. The Latakian came into the cellar.

O'Leary was sitting up on the cot, staring uncomprehendingly around him.

"You flying-dog!" snarled the Latakian. "At last you are in the power of the Mighty Unuk."

The horrible, leering face and the strange, guttural accent swept the fog from O'Leary's brain. Instantly he realized his peril, but he made no betraying move other than his steel-blue eyes contracted slightly and his fists clenched.

"Have you nothing to say, you flying-dog?" taunted the Latakian. "Soon you shall be abject slave of the Mighty Unuk. At the controls of a death-ray ship you shall wing against your own country and your countrymen."

"I'm at the ind o' me rope," he said, "an' I know it. Do ye mind tellin' me what's become o' me pal, Capt'in Peter Maher McGuffy?"

"I can tell you," rasped the Latakian. "Right now the flying-dog is captive on a ship of Unuk. That ship speeds to the plateau of Lataki, where Alok will doctor the flying-dogs' brain and make him abject slave of the Mighty Unuk."

"Unknown to the stupid dogs of your government, the Columbia Airport is one of the many air-stations of the Mighty Unuk. In its hangars are two cabin planes, swifter than arrows and equipped with the death-rays and the magic seeing-and-hearing box. They are supposed to be passenger ships."

As a steel spring uncoils, the Sky Hawk shot forward and seized the Latakian by the throat.

Crazed by the awful peril of his pal, O'Leary's strength knew no bounds.

"Ye dirty, murderin' skunk!"

O'Leary banged the shaven skull of the Latakian so fiercely against the brick wall that he cracked it.

Lifting the limp body high in the air, he hurled it at the gangsters, knocking three of them sprawling and upsetting the table.

The gang-leader reached for his gun.

Like a panther O'Leary leaped and crashed a fist to his jaw. The leader's

knees buckled and down he went, the gun clattering on the cement floor.

Pow! A haymaker to the chin sent another gangster reeling, his gat still in its shoulder-holster.

Wham! A pile-driving smash to the stomach put another out of commission, before he could fire.

Bam! A terrific uppercut did for another.

The surviving gangster, from behind, brought the butt of his heavy gat down on O'Leary's bare head.

The Sky Hawk crumpled. Blood trickled down his face. He was stunned, but still conscious.

Cursing, the gang-leader staggered to his feet and lifted a hand to his swollen jaw. Then he picked up his gun and crossed to the aviator lying on the floor.

Stooping, he placed the muzzle of the gun in O'Leary's mouth and a finger gathered in the slack of the trigger.

A terrific screaming sounded outside, as though all the fiends of hell were shrieking down from space.

O'LEARY recognized the dread warning. He had heard it before. From the stratosphere a robot-controlled destroying-monster of the High Priest was hurtling down on Washington.

"Hell! What is it?"

The gang-leader's color had blanched and he withdrew the gun from O'Leary's mouth. His followers trembled and shook.

The screaming rose to a mighty crescendo. The sky itself was falling.

Came a staggering clap of thunder. The city had split wide open, it seemed.

The cellar walls buckled and toppled inward.

O'Leary was covered by an avalanche of bricks and splintered timbers.

He would have been crushed to death had not the gangster's body fallen over him, saved him from the flying debris.

Half-stunned, he lay on his back, the

body of the man on his chest and his legs pinned down. Instinctively he struggled to free himself, but his legs were held fast.

The hellish screaming was repeated. Another detonating thunder clap, but more distant than the first, shook the ground as does an earthquake.

Resounded terrific cries and shrieks from the frantic people of the menaced city as they ran in all directions to escape the destruction hurtling down from the skies.

Two more of Unuk's diabolical engines of the air streaked down with their cargoes of high explosives and wreaked their awful carnage. Sirens wailed as ambulances raced to the scenes of disaster.

Gritting his teeth, the Sky Hawk worked to free his legs. Sweat mixed with the blood coming from the cut in his head. Soon he grew dizzy and faint from his hectic efforts.

"Easy, Terence, easy," he counseled feebly to himself. "Ye've gotta be calm an' collected."

Resting for a space to recover his waning strength, he went at the job slowly and methodically. Brick by brick he lessened the weight paralyzing his legs, until finally he had accomplished the task.

He drew himself up, but his legs were nerveless and useless.

He lowered himself to the floor and massaged them until they began to tingle with life. Once more he tried to stand up, and succeeded.

The gang-leader lay, his head crushed, in a mess of blood and brains. The others were nowhere in sight.

O'Leary took the automatic from the gangster's shoulder-holster. He then appropriated several clips he found in a coat pocket.

"I'm comin', Pete, I'm comin'," he muttered. "God, Sky Rider, if those fiends doctor yer brain yer life will be a livin' hell."

He crawled over the ruins to reach a gaping hole at the end of the cellar.

Flames Roar And The Sky Hawk Screams When O'Leary Flies For A Pal

"Glory be! The Columbia Airport? An' the red skunks is afear'd o' firearms. If I kin swipe one o' Unuk's ships, it's me fer Lataki to save poor Pete."

He lifted himself through the gaping hole and stared about him.

That part of Washington was aflame, it appeared. Everywhere he looked he saw fire and smoke raging from the devastated area.

He fought his way through choking smoke and blistering heat, now and again stumbling over a mangled body, until he had left the ruined section behind him.

He espied an empty taxi, the terrified driver having deserted it. The motor was still running.

The Sky Hawk sprang to the seat, engaged the clutch and sped away, headed for the airport on the outskirts of the city.

Washington was in the grip of a frenzied panic. The fortress of Alok towered arrogantly above the smoke, fire and confusion.

"Would it be bist to find Weaver?" cogitated O'Leary as he threaded in and out of the crazy traffic. "I ought to let him know what I'm up to. Shure an' he might be able to help me. Funny thing how that cab rolled up to me an' Pete jist like it had been planned."

The assumption was so absurd, that no suspicion of the Air Chief's secretary had taken root in O'Leary's mind.

"No, I ain't got time to see Weaver," he decided. "I gotta play a lone hand an' ivery minit is precious."

Night had fallen when he neared the airport. He parked his taxi on a side road and got out. He looked back at Washington.

The heavens above the city were painted a dull, dancing red. In the stiff wind blowing, the flames were rapidly spreading.

"Shure an' I gotta go careful," com-

muned the Sky Hawk as he cautiously approached the landing field. "The red skunks won't be ixpictin' me, but I've niver found 'em asleep yet."

His night-eyes alert for the slightest indication of danger, stealthily he went to a hangar. Reaching it, he flattened himself against a wall.

The tarmac was deserted, but he heard voices in the hangar.

"See the city burn! Nothing can withstand the might of Unuk."

"The flying-dog known as McGuffy. How did he act after the brain-treatment of Alok?"

O'Leary turned cold. If the Latakian spoke truthfully, the Under Priest was in Washington and already had wreaked the revenge of Unuk upon McGuffy. At the horrible thought, O'Leary felt faint and sick.

"How do all the dogs act? This flying-dog was no different from the rest. He willingly obeyed every order and even knelt before me, when I so commanded."

"Oh, Pete," groaned O'Leary. "Damn their black souls!"

He drew the gangster's pistol from his pocket as he registered a vow of vengeance.

"Peter Maher McGuffy," he said, under his breath, "ye always stuck to me through thick an' thin. Niver did ye hold back whim I was in danger. I ain't fergot it.

"On all I hold sacr'd, I swear before the good saints that from now on me life is yers. Right into the den o' the High Priest himsilf I'm goin'.

"If I can't save ye from yer dreadful fate, Pete, I can die with ye. Ye kin depend on yer pal o' the old Black Wings, gallint Sky Rider."

Inch by inch he noiselessly moved to the door of the hangar. A Latakian voice arrested him as he moved slowly forward.

"Then the flying-dog, McGuffy, should reach the plateau of Lataki at sunrise."

"Yes, the ship flies fast. When will Alok send O'Leary, the other flying-dog?"

"Very soon now. He commanded that this ship be held in readiness. By this time the brain of the flying-dog has been doctored."

"I am impatiently waiting for the dog to lick my feet, ere he departs for his slavery. I shall make him bend his knees and—"

"Ye will, will ye?"

A fear-inspiring figure magically had appeared before the group of Latakians.

From a leveled automatic spat a tongue of blue flame. Then that thunder the agents of Unuk so greatly dreaded.

A blotch of blood spotted a red forehead and a Latakian fell. Four times the automatic barked and four more Latakians, under the unerring aim of the Sky Hawk, dropped, dead in their tracks.

O'Leary leaped over the bodies and ran to the tri-motored plane in the hangar. To all appearances it was the latest type mail and passenger transport.

THE Sky Hawk jerked open the door of the steel cabin and sprang to the controls.

A blasting roar as the spark caught and Unuk's ship shot out of the hangar. O'Leary glanced around. Several dark forms, short and husky, were running to the other hangar.

"Try an' kitch me! If ye do, ye'll run into a buzz-saw."

Giving her the gun he roared across the tarmac, nose headed into the south. At the other end the ship took to the air as gracefully as a bird. She was a honey.

Up she climbed, her propellers and exhausts thundering.

"Pete, here I come!" cried the Sky Hawk. "Bound for Lataki!"

He looked downward and behind him. Unuk's ship had left the hangar and was tearing across the tarmac,

To O'Leary's dismay, he soon learned that the ship behind him was the faster of the two. It was traveling at least four miles to his three. At that rate, it wouldn't take Unuk's agents long to overhaul him.

"Ye want to fight, do ye? I'm willin'."

O'Leary looked at the instrument board. His crate was doing seven hundred miles per hour, and it not yet properly warmed up. What would it do when it was in shape and got out of the strong headwind it was bucking?

A look at the throttle.

"Glory be! Shure an' I got her pinched down. Now watch me smoke."

He opened the throttle to the last notch. In response, the plane literally leaped forward.

"Eight hunderd! Eight-fifty! Phew! Nine hunderd! I bet she kin do a thousind."

Another look behind. The pursuing plane still gained.

Back came the stick and O'Leary shot upward at astounding speed.

A blinding flash of light, then that eerie mechanical scream he knew so well. His ship rocked and pitched. The plane behind him was projecting the disintegrating rays.

To escape the death of that yellowish-white eye gleaming in his rear, O'Leary emptied his bag of aerobatics in the skies.

The shaft of blazing light seemed to lattice the heavens. Once or twice it missed him by a yard or so, but all the time he was climbing. Altitude! He must gain altitude.

Reaching the height he desired, the Sky Hawk whipped about. Just as he did so the demon eye gleamed and its beam of incandescence shot over his ship.

O'Leary's plane staggered drunkenly, then toppled over on its back and plunged earthward, wing over wing. It slipped into a spin and whirled dizzily around, the ground so far below rushing up to meet it.

Triumphantly Unuk's ship zoomed to watch its victim crash.

To the amazement and the consternation of the Latakians, the falling ship came out its spin and thrust its nose up at them.

Then it was their turn to look into a gleaming eye. And they didn't like it.

Blazing light seared their eyeballs and an unearthly scream blasted their ear drums. But only for a fraction of a second, because they and their ship were disintegrated to atoms.

A whirling ball of dirty yellow smoke spiraled into the heavens.

"Shure an' ye fell fer the oldest trick in me bag," jubilated O'Leary. "An' ye call yersilves flyers."

He drew back the stick and started climbing again.

"Baby," he said to the roaring ship, "I now christen ye Lulu Belle. If ye're half as good as the original Lulu Belle, shure an' me an' ye will git along great."

"Lulu Belle, I'm ixpictin' big things o' ye. Pete has fell into hell itsilf, sweetheart, an' me an' ye is gotta yank him out o' it. Lift yer skirts an' travel, baby."

O'Leary checked his height on the altimeter. Twenty-two thousand feet. Like a bullet she climbed. Twenty-five thousand! Thirty thousand, and still clawing for the moon.

At eighty thousand feet in the stratosphere, he flattened out and consulted his compass.

"I'll fly straight fer Mexico," he said, talking to Lulu Belle. "Thin, baby, it'll be southwist to the Pacific. Now fer a peep into the range-o-scope."

He set his course, connected the controls to the robot-steering device and adjusted a dial on the range-o-scope.

He looked into the circular ground-glass. His jaws clicked. Miles ahead of him, at ninety thousand feet, two of Unuk's robot-controlled planes of the explosive-death were winging north.

"Headin' fer Washin'ton, eh? Well, take it from Terence X. O'Leary, ye'll niver reach yer targit."

Grabbing the controls, he banked vertically to the left and lifted nose to climb still higher.

At ninety-five thousand feet he began to feel faint and dizzy. Something was wrong with the instrument which supplied the oxygen to protect him from the rarified air of the stratosphere.

His head whirling and gasping for breath, he staggered to the instrument board and fumbled with a knob of the oxygen-producer.

His head instantly cleared and again he breathed normally.

He looked into the range-o-scope. Unuk's destroyers were passing under the belly of his ship, five thousand feet below.

He came about and trailed after them, the while slackening his speed until he was out of the danger zone of the mighty explosions to come.

Jockeying into position, he projected the disintegrating rays.

A tremendous flash of fire in the skies. His ship rocked from the terrific concussion. He had blasted the leading death-messenger of the High Priest.

Once more he projected the rays. Another blinding glare, a thundering detonation, and the second air monster vanished into smoke.

"And that's that!"

The Sky Hawk threw his crate about and resumed his race to Lataki.

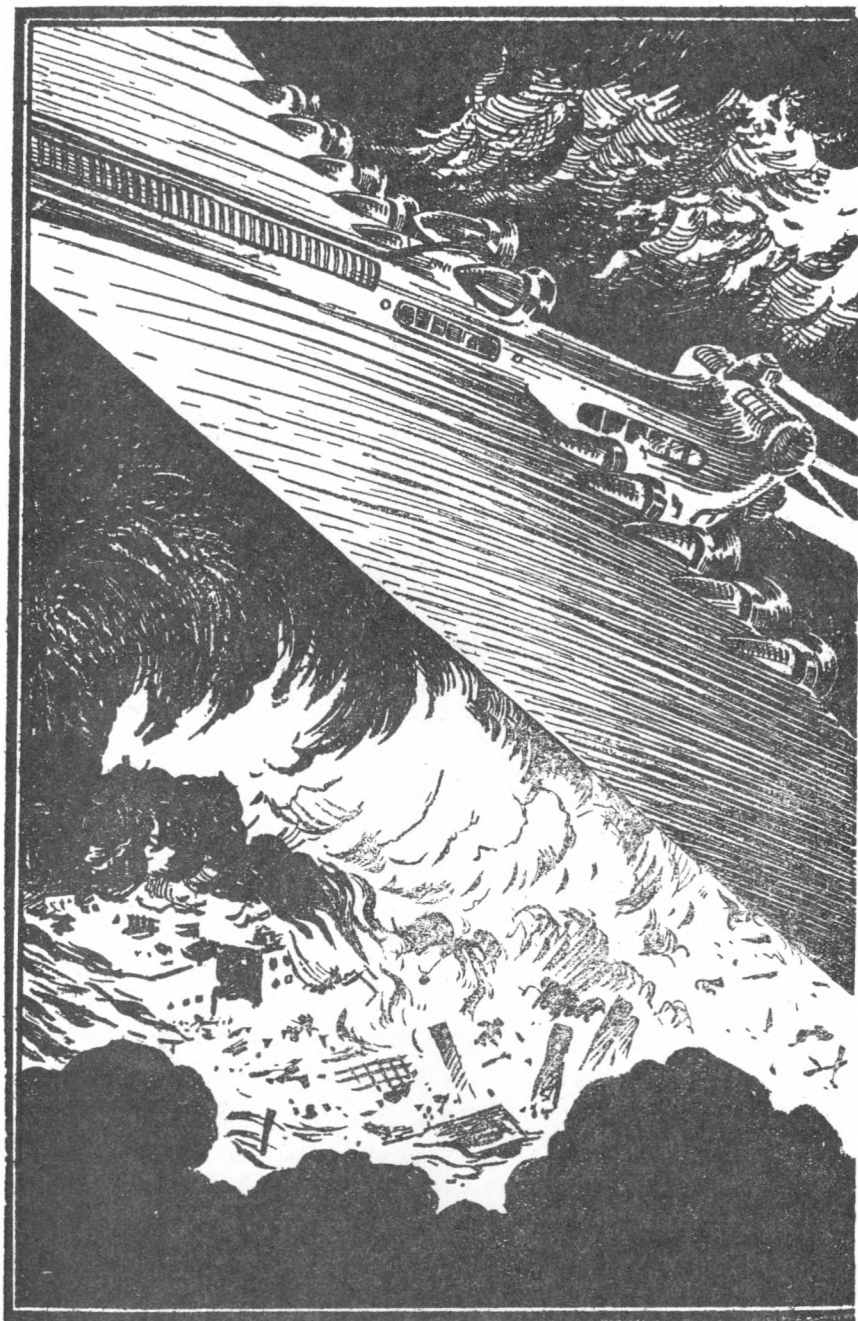
Crimson Heavens

HOURS later, O'Leary winged high over the Pacific. He had extended the ship to her utmost in his mad race against time and now was thousands of miles from his taking-off point.

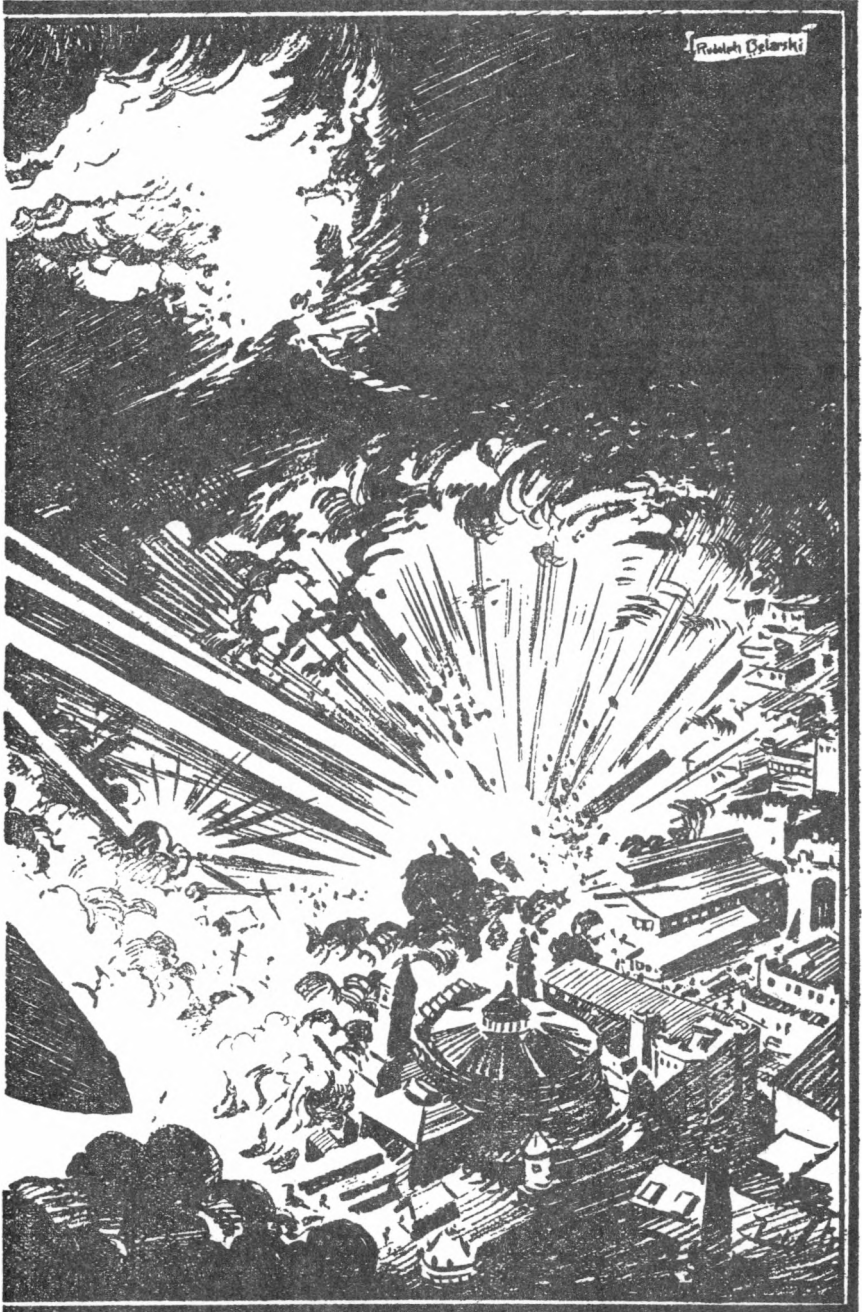
Dawn was commencing to streak the east with gray.

"Come on, ye Lulu Belle," coaxed the Sky Hawk. "Gimme more speed, sweetheart, jist a little more, baby. God only

Unuk Feels The Might Of His Own Machines



As O'Leary Dyno-Blasts The Villain In His Lair



knows what thim fiends o' hell is doin' to poor Pete."

Connecting the robot-steering device to the controls, he went to an end of the long instrument board.

He chilled with apprehension. His fuel was perilously low. That mysterious liquid compounded by the scientists of Unuk was so low that there was barely enough left to do fifty miles, and the ship wasn't equipped with pontoons with which to land on water.

Sick at heart, O'Leary went back to the controls. He was licked. He had lost the race to save his pal.

"Lulu Belle," he choked, "it's our finish."

He looked into the range-o-scope with the faint hope that a ship might be somewhere down there on the ocean. If so, when he was forced to crash into the sea, its boats might pick him up before he drowned.

At first glance the range-o-scope revealed but a barren tract of white-capped water.

"An' I'm always braggin' that the 'X' stands fer ixcellint," said O'Leary, bitterly. "Pete, old pal, the Sky Hawk failed ye."

CRUSHED by defeat, he gazed dully into the circular ground-glass. He tensed. The range-o-scope showed a tiny speck in the Pacific. He shot a look at the altimeter.

Lulu Belle was sixty thousand feet up. What could that speck be? Where and when had he seen it before? Abruptly came the answer.

"Murokaii's island headquarters!" he exclaimed. "If only I kin make it, I kin refuel an' carry on to Jataki."

It was a desperate plan. For Murokaii's camouflaged island was but barely over half the distance to the continent of the fiery plateau where Unuk's soldiers drilled, where his foundries pounded out super aircraft and where Unuk ruled with lash and torture.

As to Murokaii, he was one of Princess Latea's loyal subjects, one of the many who

had escaped Unuk's vengeance, and leader of those who plotted to overthrow Unuk, return the lost kingdom to the Princess.

The motors choked out a warning sign that the end was near. The Sky Hawk clenched his jaws. Another cough from the dying motors. There followed several misses in quick succession. Then the three motors konked out, dead.

"Sixty thousand feet up," groaned O'Leary, "an' nary a drop o' milk left."

He pushed forward the stick, dipping wings to keep the plane from slipping into a spin. Brace wires screeched as he sliced down from the stratosphere.

"Do yer stuff, Lulu Belle," he pleaded. "Ye got a tough job before ye, with this stiff wind on yer tail, but I'm askin' ye to make it, sweetheart."

The speed of the ship increased alarmingly as it glided down with the fiercely-blowing wing helping it.

In his heart the Sky Hawk held little hope of reaching the distant island. He realized that at the terrific speed he was traveling a fatal crack-up awaited him. Nevertheless, he remained grimly cool and collected.

"Quit yer belly-achin', Terence X. O'Leary," he said to himself. "Shure an' ye're growin' old an' feeble, I guess. At the slightist sit-back ye bust out cryin'. Shame on ye!"

He looked down. The island was rushing skyward to smash him.

Beyond its low stone buildings and hangars, he saw the landing field, bordered by thick trees. On the tarmac tiny forms were watching his falling ship.

"At least there'll be somebody to shovel me into a box," muttered O'Leary. "There ye go ag'in! Drownin' yersilf in tears."

The descent was so swift, that hardly had he finished speaking than a clump of trees smacked him in the face. A wing broke off with a resounding *crack!* Under the belly of his ship came a rending and a tearing and a splintering. One of the pro-

pellers hit a tree-trunk and snapped it off as though it were a pipe-stem.

Up reared the tail of the crashing plane. Over on its back it went. Like a match-box stepped on, the cabin was crushed by a fearful impact.

O'Leary was knocked spinning. His head struck the instrument board. A flash of light and all went black.

He opened his eyes. He had a splitting headache. Stabbing pains shot through his bruised and battered body. Although his eyes were open, his vision was cloudy. He groaned in his misery.

Then he felt a sharp, pricking sensation over his heart, as though a needle had been jabbed into his chest.

A soothing, comforting languor stole over him and his pain disappeared. The clouds obscuring his sight dissipated.

"Now, ain't that somethin'?" he murmured. "Shure, an' I've seen yer red face before, feller."

A familiar, welcome voice drummed on his hearing.

"Greeting, Captain O'Leary. I am Murokaii, your friend."

"Good old Murokaii! Always on the job whin I need ye."

O'Leary saw that he was lying on a bed. Three more Latakians stood beside Murokaii, smiling down at him. He recognized them for Kiva, Lokaii, and Tinga, officers of the House of Latea, the ruling power in Lataki before Unuk had deposed the royal family.

"Hello, me good pals! What ye doin' on the island here?"

"That question, Captain O'Leary," interposed Murokaii, solemnly, "can best be answered by me. The House of Latea is in even worse straits than when you left Lataki nearly three moons ago. Princess Latea and her warriors are still kept prisoner in the Temple of Sacrifice by the foul Unuk. If they are not rescued soon, they will die, for the High Priest has cut off their water supply. My heart is heavy."

"It's terrible. Ain't there nothin' ye fellers kin do to help thim, Murokaii?"

"We are powerless. Our only hope rests in you, Captain O'Leary."

"Thin iverythin' is lost, Murokaii, 'cause I'm up ag'in it hard."

THE Sky Hawk told them what had occurred and why he was bound for the plateau of Lataki.

"Your mission is a hopeless one, Captain O'Leary," declared Murokaii. "There is no way in which you can save Captain McGuffy from the cruel slavery and fiendish tortures of the foul Unuk."

"But the ifficts o' the brain-serum don't last feriver. It wears off in time, don't it?"

"Yes, that it why its victims are given additional treatments at stated periods. Had Captain McGuffy been fortunate enough to—"

Murokaii stopped and shrugged.

"What were ye gonna say?" demanded O'Leary, eagerly.

"Kiva," replied Murokaii, "is skilled in medicine and surgery, but not to the extent of Alok. Nevertheless, he has compounded an antidote which counteracts the brain-serum."

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"The antidote is in tablet form. Had Captain McGuffy swallowed one of those tablets before the injection of the serum, his brain would have remained normal."

"Where's thim tablitis now? Has Kiva got any?"

"He has. Why?"

"Before I answer, I got a couple o' questions to ask ye, Murokaii. Is Alok in Washin'ton?"

"Yes, he and his brain-doctored slaves, including the Austrian scientist, Dr. Milt-dorf, occupy the building of the American Scientific Research Society."

"The saints save me!"

"The confidential secretary of your Air Chief," went on Murokaii, "also has had his brain doctored by—"

"Good Lord! I see iverythin' now. Murokaii, ye gotta warn the Air Chief that Alok's in Washin'ton an' that Weaver, poor feller, is betrayin' the secrets o' the Air Force."

"That is impossible, Captain O'Leary. When you and the rest of us left this island to go to the rescue of the House of Latea, I burned all bridges behind me. Communication has been cut off. There is no way of sending a message to the United States or any of the other countries."

"Ain't it awful!"

"More awful than you imagine, Captain O'Leary. Alok's headquarters are equipped with the rays of Unuk. At will, the Under Priest can destroy the city and the surrounding country in a few hours."

"A crate!" cried O'Leary. "Gimme a plane—anythin' with wings on it—an' I'll fly back an' warn 'em. Pete will understand. His life fer thousands."

"**W**E have a plane, yes, Captain O'Leary, but only with sufficient of Unuk's magic fuel for it to reach Lataki. And that fuel was stolen by our agents. The plane couldn't fly half-way to the United States. Arfd the island here is out of the line of steamships."

"Murokaii, I got but one chance in a million to save Washin'ton an' Pete, an' I'm gonna take that chance. I wanna bor-er yer plane."

"And pray, what for? As I said, it cannot reach the United States."

"No, but it kin reach that Devil's Playground on the plateau o' Lataki. That's where I'm goin'. Shure an' there's a powerful radio set there. Somehow, in some way, I'll git a wireless through to the Air Chief, an' thin try an' save Pete."

"A noble thought, Captain O'Leary, but impossible of execution. No sooner you landed on the plateau, if it were possible for your ship to get through the barriers of the disintegrating rays protecting the plateau, you would be rendered unconscious

by the sleep-producing rays and be captured by Unuk."

"I got through thim ray-barriers once, Murokaii, by keepin' the conical mountain an' the white bald-faced crag in line."

"Supposing new landmarks to guide his ships have been established by Unuk?"

"Thin it'll be jist too bad fer me. I'll gamble."

"If you did manage to land on the plateau, you would be captured and would be subjected to the brain-treatment, thereby becoming a slave to Unuk, as Captain McGuffy now is."

"I got it, Murokaii, I got it! Thim tab-lits! I'll take some with me. Shure an' I'll let the skunks treat me brain, but, like ye said, it'll stay normal. I'll pertind I'm under the influence o' the serum. That way I kin save Washin'ton an' Pete, an' raise hell with the High Priest."

"Is there no fear in your heart at all, Captain O'Leary?" asked Murokaii, in admiration. "Or don't you realize what lies before you? You are the most hated enemy of the foul Unuk. His tortures would be unbearable. He would cut you to pieces with his leaded whip. He would tear you limb from limb for pleasure."

"Nivertheliss, I'm goin', if ye'll let me have the crate."

"From experience, Captain O'Leary, I know it is useless to try to dissuade you once your mind is set. You may have the ship and the tablets, but on one condition."

"Shure an' I agree. Quick! I gotta git off the island."

"That one condition, Captain O'Leary, is that you do all in your power to save the Princess Latea and her followers imprisoned in the Temple of Sacrifice. Please forgive me, but my love for my Princess and the House of Latea is as strong as is your love for your country and for Captain McGuffy."

"I accpt the condition. Whin kin I leave?"

"Within the hour, Captain O'Leary."

"God bless ye, Murokaii."

In even less than the stated time, O'Leary took off in the ship provided for him.

Although it could do eight hundred miles per hour, it had but a single propeller. Nor was it equipped with the disintegrating rays or any of the other scientific instruments of Lataki. Its only offensive weapons were twin machine guns, which the Latakians never touched. The body of the plane had been purchased in the United States and a Latakian engine had been installed.

As he climbed skyward, O'Leary looked back and waved to his friends on the tarmac.

All were kneeling and their right arms were stretched up to him in a goodbye salute. They knew he was flying to a fate worse than death.

O'Leary saw them spring to their feet and

insignificant little gnat trying so desperately to save its life.

Cold with fear that his mission of rescue would be thwarted, O'Leary frantically gazed to all points of the compass, as though seeking some miraculous avenue of escape.

He bent forward over the controls. His heart pounded. Those thick clouds up there, and stretching as far as he could see.

If he could climb into the milky screen, there might be a chance for him. A slim chance, to be true, but still a chance. He eased back the stick.

With a backward glance he measured the distance between him and the monster. Would the Latakian in command of the Goliath divine his purpose? If so, the Sky Hawk was lost.

His hopes were shattered, for the mon-

There Flashed Straight At O'Leary A Shaft Of Searing Light From The Ghoulish Eye

point wildly into the air. He shot an anxious glance in the direction indicated. His heart stood still.

"The merciful saints save me!" he gasped. "A death-ray ship o' Unuk."

Throwing fearful looks at the on-rushing air-monster, he banked on a wing tip, opened throttle to its fullest and started his hopeless race.

"I'd jist as well try an' run away from a rifle bullet," he muttered. "That hungry Goliath'll kitch me in no time, an' swaller me whole."

Realizing only too well if he flew in a straight line away from the monster that the rays would shatter him to atoms, O'Leary started a wild zig-zagging, the while looking back at the pursuing Leviathan. This naturally cut down his speed, but it was the only recourse left him.

Unuk's death-ship, however, seemed in no hurry to destroy its easy victim, for it cut down speed and trailed lazily after the

ster speeded up and the gap between them lessened alarmingly.

"Come on, baby, come on," pleaded O'Leary to his roaring plane. "Gimme all ye got, sweetheart, fer Uncle Sam an' poor Pete. Speed, baby girl, speed!"

Loomed above and in front of him the misty haven. Could he make it in time?

"Throw up yer sky-hooks an' climb!" he cried. "Stick 'em in the moon an' pull, baby, pull!"

But it was not to be, it seemed. The monster dipped its nose and streaked down.

O'Leary shuddered. Behind him gleamed that awful yellowish-white eye. Then that horrible screaming. Flashed straight at him a shaft of searing light.

His ship whirled about like a feather in a windstorm. The disintegrating beam had missed him by a few scant yards.

Suddenly the white blanket of mist wrapped itself about him. His propeller churned the milky slop.

He had reached the clouds, yes, but all the clouds in the heaven's couldn't protect him from the destroying rays, if once they hit the target.

Screamed that awful voice of death. The fog whipped and swirled and his ship rocked and pitched.

Unuk once again had missed.

"I gotta win! I gotta win!" cried the Sky Hawk fiercely, over and over again. "I gotta win! I gotta win!"

Red Flames

ON the plateau of Lataki, night still held sway.

The fields of molten lava painted the sky and the surrounding barriers of rugged mountain peaks a bright, angry red.

The blast furnaces of Unuk's factory town roared and flared. The towering concrete chimneys spewed their greasy black smoke into the heavens. Steel hammers clanked on anvils.

To the monotonous cadence of the giant metronome, drilled the legions of brain-doctored warriors.

Unuk stood at the foot of his stone dais, his leaded whip clutched in a bony hand. An expression of fiendish triumph distorted his hideous features.

Before him knelt Peter Maher McGuffy, naked except for a loin-cloth of llama skin. The aviator's pallid face was lined with suffering and his blood-shot eyes were round and staring. His head was bowed in homage to the diabolical thing which had become his master.

Around the stone dais were gathered the black-garbed priests of Unuk. Each carried a leaded whip. In the dancing crimson of the burning lava, their glinting eyes seemed to be sparks of red fire.

Unuk tilted back his feather-topped head and laughed that demoniacal cackling laugh which struck terror in all who heard.

The aviator kneeling before him trembled.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" echoed the hideous laugh. "You craven flying-dog! You dared to oppose the might of the Ruler of the Universe, and now you are my slave. Speak, you flying-dog! Are you not humble servant of the Mighty Unuk?"

"I am the humble servant of the Mighty Unuk, O Master." McGuffy's voice was hoarse and strained.

"And will you serve the Mighty Unuk?"

"I shall serve the Mighty Unuk, O Master."

"And will you, at command of the Mighty Unuk, destroy the nation in the north known as the United States? Will you kill your countrymen?"

"I shall obey the commands of the Mighty Unuk."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" The High Priest laughed and laughed in hellish glee. "The flying-dog is my slave. At last the flying-dog bends to my will."

His leaded whip slashed through the air and down on the bare back in front of him.

The lumps of jagged lead sliced and mangled McGuffy's flesh. Blood streamed down his quivering back.

Under the brutal punishment, his lips trembled and a heavy sigh escaped him.

"Whine, you flying-dog, whine!" cackled Unuk. "It is music in my ears."

Again the whip slashed down on the lacerated, bleeding back of the Sky Rider. He muscles twitched and his eyes betrayed his suffering, but he made no outcry.

"Bring the burning sulphur!" screeched the High Priest. "Bring the burning sulphur!" screeched the High Priest. "Bring the burning sulphur to torture the flying-dog between the toes."

"To torture the flying-dog between the toes," repeated a black-garbed priest, parrot-like.

"On your back, you flying-dog," ordered the feathered-fiend. "On your back, so that the Mighty Unuk can scorch your toes with the burning sulphur."

"Your humble servant obeys, O Master."

McGuffy flattened himself on his back at the feet of the High Priest. His suffering eyes stared vacantly up into the red-tinted heavens.

A brazier of burning sulphur was brought to Unuk. A priest handed him a narrow steel rod. Unuk dipped it into the brazier and stuck the end covered with the burning sulphur between two of McGuffy's toes.

McGuffy groaned and moved his tortured feet.

"Stand him up!" commanded Unuk. "Stand the flying-dog up!"

McGuffy was lifted to his feet.

He swayed like a reed in the wind.

"Gaze at your Supreme Master, you flying-dog!" snarled the High Priest. "Gaze into the eyes of Unuk, then stand steady on your burning feet!"

His red rat-eyes transfixed the American aviator.

"I command you to stand firm and steady!"

Under the baleful spell of the hideous optics, McGuffy's body tensed and he stood to attention.

"Bend your knee in homage to your Supreme Master!"

McGuffy sank to his left knee, extended his right arm in salute and bowed his head. Unuk chuckled in triumph.

"The flying-dog is my abject slave," he cackled. "The brain-serum of Alok has not failed. Sound the tocsin of victory!"

Boo-oom! echoed and re-echoed the mammoth copper gong.

The thousands on the plateau faced their High Priest, knelt and extended arms in salute to their Supreme Master.

"Listen well to my commands, you flying-dog," said Unuk to McGuffy. "In a ship of my death-rays, you shall wing into the north and wipe from the sky the ships of the dogs of America. You shall burn

their cities with the crimson heat-rays. You shall shatter to atoms all who dare to oppose the might of Unuk with the dyno-blaster. Your Supreme Master has spoken."

"Your humble servant shall obey, O Mighty Unuk."

A brain-doctored scientist ran from an immense plane-detector and knelt before the High Priest.

"Speak, you dog of a scientist!" commanded the feathered-savage. "What is it?"

"O Mighty Unuk, a ship of the air approaches through the lane of the protecting rays."

Sudden fear crept into the red rat-eyes. Unuk wheeled on a priest.

"What ship of ours returns?" he asked.

"Death-ray ship No. 72, O Master, is scheduled to return to the plateau at this hour."

The horns of the immense plane-detector vibrated with a terrific droning.

"What message do the magic-horns convey, you dog of a scientist?" screeched Unuk.

"Two ships of the air approach, O Master. The nearer is strange to my ears. The farther is a ship of the Mighty Unuk."

The High Priest screeched in fright and looked into the red-tinted skies behind him. Seeing nothing, he whirled around.

"Close the air lane!" he shrieked, as he trembled and shook. "Close the air lane!"



TAA

Priests sprang to a steel lever and pulled it down to a metal clutch.

"In the sky! In the sky!" yelled one of them. "Look into the sky, O Mighty Unuk."

Out of the lurid heavens was hurled a tiny plane, upside down. It acted like a leaf caught in a whirlwind.

Far behind it, pitching and rolling, roared and thundered a death-ray ship of Unuk. In its bucking nose gleamed a demon yellow eye. A shaft of dazzling light streaked for the tossing plane ahead. But the death-beam missed.

Then the air lane closed as the disintegrating rays of the plateau went into action.

The mighty Gollath spun madly around. A wing disappeared in a rolling ball of smoke. Down crashed the monster into the molten lava under it.

A gigantic splash of red spattered the sky with crimson.

But the tossing plane in the lead had, by a hair's-breadth, negotiated the air lane. It steadied and shot forward.

"I'm here, Pete, I'm here!" joyfully cried the red-headed flyer so cleverly operating the controls. "The 'X' still stands fer ixcellint."

Cowering in terror, his rat-eyes popping from their cavernous sockets, the High Priest, speechless, watched the strange ship which had come out of the north.

McGuffy also watched, but with a vacant expression in his suffering, blood-shot eyes. Nothing mattered to him now, but to implicitly obey the commands of his master.

The plane streaked toward the somber Temple of Sacrifice towering in the far distance. It came about on a wing-tip into the wind and dipped nose to land.

All on the plateau stood frozen in their tracks, gazing at the High Priest. None dared to move without command from him.

"The sleep-rays! The sleep-rays!" he shrieked in fright. "Put to sleep the flying-dog coming down out of the air."

At the command, hundreds of red forms faced the landing plane and hundreds of sleep-ray instruments were leveled at the unknown enemy ship gliding down to the plateau.

"No ye don't!" hissed O'Leary through set teeth. "Me fireworks will knock ye cockeyed with fright."

As his landing gear touched ground, he cut loose with his twin machine guns. The steel blasts cut a wide swath through the serried ranks of Unuk's warriors.

The sleep-ray instruments dropped from nerveless grips and thousands of red bodies stiffened, too frozen with terror to run.

The Mighty Unuk and his priests were gibbering like idiots, their mouths slobbering and their glinting eyes bulging.

O'Leary could have wiped out Unuk and his priests, but to do so he would have had to sacrifice his pal, who stood in the line of machine gun fire.

Also the Sky Hawk dared not kill the High Priest for he knew his death would be flashed to Alok in Washington, and, in revenge, Alok would destroy the city.

Making a perfect three-point landing, O'Leary taxied up to the stone dais and stopped. He didn't draw the automatic he had taken from the dead gangster. If he started shooting it would defeat the plan he had in mind.

"Chin up, Terence," he muttered. "Ye're goin' into hell itsilf. Show the skunks that the 'X' stands fer ixcellint."

Shoulders braced, head high and his steel-blue eyes ablaze with grim determination, the Sky Hawk strode forward.

Devils All

STILL petrified with fear, Unuk and his black-garbed priests gazed blankly at the approaching aviator.

O'Leary stopped beside his pal. Involuntarily he recoiled at the dreadful picture McGuffy presented.

That part of his skin which was not smeared with blood or lacerated by the cruel leashed thongs of Unuk's whip, was of a deathly, blueish-white color, as though the aviator's blood had been drained.

"O God, Pete," he sobbed. "What have the devil's done to ye, pal?"

A faint light of recognition flashed into McGuffy's suffering eyes. Then it vanished as the brain-serum reasserted its sway.

"You are Terence X. O'Leary, the flying-dog out of the north."

The words dropped slowly in strained tones from McGuffy's blue lips.

"You are an enemy of the Mighty Unuk."

"God fergive the fiend, fer I can't," groaned the shocked Sky Hawk. "Pete, fer God's sake, Pete! I'm yer pal, Pete, an' I came to save ye."

In his distress, O'Leary had forgotten that he stood before the fiend incarnate who had murdered so many thousands of his countrymen.

"Listin, Pete, listin," he poured into McGuffy's unresponsive ear. "Swaller this tablit, Pete. Swaller it, old bye. It will make ye well. Take it, Pete!"

"I obey only the sacred command of the Mighty Unuk."

The realization of his perilous surroundings then flashed over the Sky Hawk. He faced the feathered-fiend in front of him.

Unuk's terror had faded fast. With the stilling of the roaring thunder of the white man's weapons his arrogant confidence in his might had returned.

"The sleep-rays!" he yelled. "Train the sleep-rays on the flying-dog! Be ready to loose them if he should move."

O'Leary stood still as a statue. He had planned his course of action.

From Murokaii's analysis of Unuk's character, he felt sure that the High Priest wouldn't kill him, but would prolong his revenge to the utmost. Also the Latakian's excessive vanity would be satisfied only by making his hated enemy a slave to his will.

In obedience to Unuk's shouted command, O'Leary was covered by at least a hundred of the strange-looking guns.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" cackled Unuk in delight.

He had recognized the oil-smeared pilot confronting him. Had recognized him for the daring flyer from the nation in the north who had so successfully opposed his power.

"You insolent flying-dog!" he snarled. "I know you now. You are he who dared to face the wrath of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe. But you now are in my power! You now are in my power!"

"Ye murderin' Pink Poodle." O'Leary knew what he was doing. "Shure, an' I'm in yer power, but what kin ye do? I'm not scared to die. In fact, I wilcome death. Go on an' kill me, ye red skunk. Kill me! I dare ye to."

Out over the plateau rolled that demoniacal laugh. Unuk clapped his hands and danced about, his grotesque feather-head-dress bobbing up and down.

Parrots that they were, the black-garbed priests laughed with him and danced around like monkeys on a hot stove.

"WELL," demanded the Sky Hawk. "Why don't ye kill me, or do ye fear me might?"

The High Priest's rat-eyes blazed with anger. He stopped dancing.

"Kill you? Kill you? Not I! The Mighty Unuk commands that you live. That you live to become his slave. To suffer his tortures. To wing against your nation in the north. Long have I planned for this day."

"Shure an' I've looked forward to it mesilf, ye Pink Poodle. Tell me, if ye kin, how are ye gonna make Terence X. O'Leary, the Sky Hawk, yer slave?"

"How is the Mighty Unuk going to make the flying-dog his slave?" Again the cackling laugh. "The brain-serum of Alok, you fool. My dogs of scientists shall pour the magic fluid into your arrogant brain. And then! And then! And then, you shall see!"

The High Priest again jumped about, waving his arms and slashing the air with his leaded whip.

"Strip the insolent dog naked," commanded Unuk. "Take off his clothes so that I may see his white skin."

Priests undressed the aviator and girded him with a loin-cloth of llama skin. One of them gathered up the discarded garments and handed them to McGuffy, but left the dreaded pistol lying on the ground. None dared to touch it.

"Throw these rags into the fire, dog," he ordered.

McGuffy bowed low and took the bundle of clothes to the blazing logs.

In those clothes were the tablets Murokaii had given O'Leary with which to nullify the power of the brain-serum. And, due to the strain he was undergoing, O'Leary had temporarily forgotten the precious antidote.

UNUK'S rat-eyes unconsciously registered a gleam of admiration at sight of the splendid physique of the Sky Hawk.

"Bend your knee in homage, you flying-dog!" he commanded. "Bend your knee to the Mighty Unuk."

O'Leary realized the punishment which would follow his disobedience of the order, but it was his plan to show defiance until he had undergone the brain-serum treatment. Then he would play the humble slave.

"The Sky Hawk binds his knee only to his God," he hurled into the teeth of the fiend leering at him.

He steeled himself for the cruel slash of the upraised whip. Down swished the jagged leads and cut deep into his flesh.

The Sky Hawk didn't flinch. Defiantly, contemptuously, he gazed at the High Priest. His teeth were set, however, and his hands were clenched with pain.

"Whip me till I die," he taunted. "Go on, whip me."

"It is not the desire of the Mighty Unuk

to kill you with his leaded whip," returned Unuk. "Instead I shall make you navigator of the fastest and the mightiest of my death-ray ships. You shall be navigator of death-ray ship No. 99."

He turned to a priest.

"The branding iron, you dog. Bring it from the fire there."

O'Leary paled a shade. Could he endure the torment of the hot iron on his chest?

"Don't fergit the 'X' stands fer icxillint, Terence," he whispered to himself. "Show 'em, Terence, show 'em."

Unuk stretched out his scrawny neck and shook a bony finger at the Sky Hawk:

"Are you so brave, you boasting flying-dog," he challenged, "that you fear no pain? If so, lie on your wounded back and bare your chest to the branding-iron of Unuk."

"Shure an' it'll be pleasure fer a O'Leary. We fear nothin'."

Gritting his teeth and silently praying for courage, O'Leary lay down on his flesh-torn back. A graying in the east heralded the coming of day.

"Shure an' it must be past noon in Washin'ton." The Sky Hawk was trying to take his mind off that awful branding-iron.

"Here, you flying-dog!" called Unuk to McGuffy, "Stand beside the scum lying on the ground."

McGuffy raised his right arm in salute and hurried to O'Leary. He looked down at him, but there was no sympathy or comradeship in his staring eyes.

"God, how I pity ye, pal," murmured the Sky Hawk. "What a hell ye must be livin' in."

McGuffy made no reply. The man on the ground meant nothing to him now.

"The branding-iron!" cried Unuk. "What delays the branding-iron?"

A priest ran from the fire, holding aloft a red-hot, sparking iron by a long handle. A shudder shot through O'Leary at the thought of it searing his flesh.

Right On The Sky Hawk's Chest McGuffy Pressed The Fiery Branding Iron

Only by a masterful effort did he restrain from springing up and running away.

The priest came to him and held the sizzling branding-iron high in the air.

"Give it to the flying-dog known as McGuffy!" commanded Unuk. "Take it, you dog!"

Obediently the Sky Rider grasped the handle of the branding-iron and awaited further command from the High Priest.

"Burn the seal of the God of the Depths deep into the breast of the flying-dog."

"Your humble servant obeys, O Mighty Unuk."

"Pal, I fergive ye," said the horrified O'Leary to McGuffy. "It ain't ye what's doin' it, but that fiend o' hell standin' there."

O'Leary closed his eyes, sucked in a sharp breath and tensed for the horrible torture.

His deathly-blueish face expressionless, McGuffy held the red-hot iron a few inches from the chest of his comrade.

"Burn it deep into his flesh, you dog."

"Your humble servant obeys, O Mighty Unuk."

McGuffy branded the Sky Hawk. There sounded a loud sizzling, as of frying meat, and the stink of charring flesh could be smelled.

Under the intense pain O'Leary paled and sweat dampened his naked body. He ground his teeth and clenched his fists until the knuckles showed white, to keep from crying out in his agony.

Then the branding-iron was removed.

"Pour the healing-acid on the burns!" shrieked Unuk. "The flying-dog must stay in condition to navigate my ship."

The excruciating agony of the red-hot branding-iron couldn't compare with that caused by the acid poured on the Sky Hawk's charred chest.

Sick and faint and covered with cold sweat, O'Leary battled valiantly to make no sound, or betray other sign that he couldn't take it.

OF a sudden the burning disappeared and he felt no pain. The magic acid had got in its work.

O'Leary opened his eyes and glanced at his chest. It was neither blistered nor swollen, but the seal of the God of the Depths was plainly discernible.

"On your feet, you dog!" snarled the High Priest, keenly disappointed that the American aviator had not begged for mercy.

Although he was dizzy and faint, the Sky Hawk clambered erect without assistance. He glared defiantly at the fiend before him.

"Shure an' ye burnt yer seal into me chest, ye murderin' skunk," he said, "but that don't mean I'll fly one o' yer lousy ships."

"Before your brain is treated, you insolent flying-dog," retorted Unuk, "I would tell you of the House of Latea. Right now their throats are parched with thirst. The dogs cannot live another day. By command of the Mighty Unuk, the stream running into the Temple was dammed with stones and mortar."

"What a great, big, brave guy ye are! Personally ye haven't the guts o' a louse. Shure, if ye was on yer own, ye'd run like hell from a rabbit."

Unuk's leaded-whip coiled itself around the Sky Hawk's naked waist, bringing blood and raising livid welts. Not a flicker of an eyelash from the aviator.

"Feel the might of Unuk, you insolent dog!"

"The might o' a church-mouse. A few ahips in the air, an' that's all ye got."

"You shall see! At will of the Mighty Unuk, he and his legions can fly in the air like birds. With the magic impellostratopede invented by my dogs of scientists, as arrows shoot into the sky, I and my loyal servants can whizz up into the stratosphere, thousands and thousands of feet high."

"Whizz up to the moon, an' see if I care!"

"The flying-dog to the underground chamber!" screeched the enraged Unuk. "My dogs of scientists to doctor his brain, to make him my slave."

O'Leary was hustled to a stone doorway resembling the kiosk of a city subway.

Down a steep flight of stone steps he was hurried, then into a dark passageway lighted by flaming torches thrust into iron holders on the walls. The smoke was stifling.

The Sky Hawk judged that he was at least a hundred feet underground.

FINALLY his escort stopped before a massive, iron-studded door. A priest tapped a signal on it. The door swung inward and O'Leary was pushed into a damp, foul-smelling chamber. The door clanked shut. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

The underground chamber, illuminated by a myriad of blueish-green lights set in the rock ceiling, stretched as far as he could see.

At benches lining the walls sat at least a thousand of the captive brain-doctored scientists of Unuk. All were nude, but for loin-cloths.

They paid no attention to him, they were so intent on the chemical retorts and strange devices before them.

A few paces from him O'Leary noticed a stone table. It was stained with blood and stunk to the heavens.

He looked to his left and recoiled in disgust. An immense glass barrel was filled with human brains. Near it was another stone table, on which lay a twitching

body. Three scientists, their bodies smeared with blood and grime, were removing the victim's brain.

A scientist, carrying a long hypodermic needle, came through a steel doorway. Behind him trailed four more scientists. One held a large glass container filled with a milky fluid.

"Stretch yourself on the stone table," commanded the man with the hypodermic. "You are to become slave of the Mighty Unuk."

O'Leary staggered back as though from a powerful blow in the face. The tablets! The tablets of Murokaii were gone. And he a hundred feet under the ground and surrounded by hundreds of brain-doctored henchmen.

"The good saints save me," he groaned, in horror. "The tablitls were burnt with me clothes."

With slow, measured tread, as if they were a funeral procession, the scientists advanced to him.

"Stretch yourself on the stone table."

"Like hell I will!" hissed the desperate O'Leary.

He doubled his fists and glanced wildly about him. There was no escape.

"I'm kitched like a rat in a trap," he muttered, "but I'll die fightin'."

The scientists now were but a few feet from him. He leaped forward and swung his fists. Down tumbled the man carrying the hypodermic.

The Sky Hawk hooked with his left. A scientist pitched on his face. The glass vessel filled with the brain-serum shattered on the stone floor.

O'Leary swung with his right. The blow never landed, for his muscles suddenly went limp, his knees buckled and he wilted into a heap.

A scientist returned a short metal tube to his loin-cloth of llama skin.

"Stretch the flying-dog on the stone table," he commanded.

Although there was no power in his

body, the Sky Hawk's brain functioned clearly.

He was carried to the table and laid upon it. He tried to cry out. No sound came. An attempt to leap from the filthy, stinking stone was equally as futile. His body refused to obey the mandate of his will.

A blueish-white face, devoid of all expression, bent over him. Hands of steel seized him by the chin and held it in a vise. Fingers tapped his skull behind his left ear.

Then another expressionless face loomed above him. He felt the prick of a needle. This was followed by a sharp staggering pain as though an iron spike had been driven into his skull.

The blueish-green lights danced dizzily above him, then blackness.

WHEN he opened his eyes he found himself kneeling on the plateau, his right arm stretched forward in salute. Daylight had broken.

From a great distance, it seemed, sounded that cackling laugh and then that dread voice.

"Bow your head, you flying-dog, to the Mighty Unuk! You now are abject slave of the Ruler of the Universe. Do you hear me, you dog, and do you understand?"

"I hear ye an' I understand, O Great Master," replied O'Leary.

"Then touch your forehead to the ground, is the command of the Mighty Unuk."

"Yer humble servint obeys, O Master."

"You shall navigate my ship of the death-rays. You shall wing through space to the nation in the north. You shall kill and destroy your countrymen."

"Yer humble servint will obey the commands o' the Mighty Unuk."

The High Priest brutally slashed the kneeling Sky Hawk with his leaded-whip. The aviator didn't wince at the blow.

Unuk turned to McGuffy who stood watching, apparently without the slightest interest.

"Lead the flying-dog to your kennel. You and he shall live together."

Mechanically O'Leary arose, McGuffy grasped him by an arm.

"To your kennel," he said.

Side by side the brain-doctored aviators threaded a path through the drilling warriors until they came to several hundred steel dog-houses. Each was marked with a number and could accommodate two men, lying down.

McGuffy stopped before one of the kennels.

"On your knees and back into your house," he ordered.

Evincing no interest whatever, O'Leary obeyed. McGuffy followed suit.

They lay on their bellies, their heads protruding from the small metal house.

"Whin do we fly to the nation in the north?" asked O'Leary casually. "Ain't ye Peter Maher McGuffy?"

"Careful, we must not call each other by names, only by our numbers, or we shall suffer the punishment of the Mighty Unuk. My number is 66, and yours is 99, taken from the ships we fly in."

"Are ye a navigator, like me?"

"Yes, but of the second grade. See, my chest is not branded like yours. Perhaps I shall be detailed to fly with you."

For a long while they lay on their bellies, listlessly gazing out over the plateau.

McGuffy brought forth a small gold box from his loin-cloth.

O'Leary flashed the gold box a casual glance. It carried no significance to his subjugated brain.

McGuffy unscrewed the lid. The gold box contained crimson-colored tablets. He took a tablet and powdered it on a palm.

"This box fell out of a pocket as I cast your clothes into the fire," he informed. "What are the red pills for? Were they compounded by Alok in the north?"

Impello-Stratopede On His Back, A Force Pistol In



The flying warrior did a back loop as though hit by a sledge hammer. His ray pistol dropped from nerveless fingers.

His Hand, O'Leary Goes Against Unuk's Flying Men



Down went the plunger on O'Leary's belt. "Chew a hunk o' that," he roared as a jagged bolt of force sped from the pistol in his hand.

"I niver seen 'em before in me life. If they was compounded by Alok, thin I must deliver thim to the Mighty Unuk."

"And suffer his wrath for your negligence?" McGuffy shot a furtive look around him. "The Mighty Unuk would place burning sulphur between your toes and cut you with his leaded-whip."

"What will I do with thim?"

"Either throw them away, or hide them under the straw in our kennel."

"An' let 'em be found? Nothin' kin be hid from our master. He sees all, hears all, knows all."

"Then take them to him, you fool, and suffer the torment."

"No, no, not that!" O'Leary trembled and shook. "Me back tortures me now, an' me chist is commincin' to burn like fire. I got it!" he exclaimed. "One by one I'll swaller thim."

"They may be a deadly poison compounded by Alok."

"Thin I bist hide thim in the straw now, thin throw 'em away."

The aviators lapsed into gloomy silence and gazed dully out over the plateau.

PRESENTLY from the kennels down the line was heard a chorus of barking.

"The dogs are being fed."

McGuffy licked his lips in anticipation.

"Do not forget not to bark," he cautioned, "or they will pass you by. We are dogs, you know."

With whips cracking viciously, the feeding detail arrived at the kennel and stopped. There were twelve in the party. All, except four carrying baskets of raw meat, were armed with short, two-edged swords and bows and arrows.

"Bark, you dogs, bark for your food!"

The Latakian in charge cracked the long lash of his whip on McGuffy's bare arm. It made an ugly, red welt.

McGuffy lifted his head and barked loudly.

Again the whip cracked and an angry

red streak showed on a shoulder of the Sky Hawk. And the Sky Hawk barked.

A hunk of dirty raw meat was tossed to the aviators.

Holding tightly to it, they gnawed at the flesh as though they were starving wolves.

When it had been devoured they turned back on their bellies and went to sleep.

They were awakened by a cracking whip. The Master of the Kennels stood glaring down at them.

"Clean out your filthy house, you dogs," he commanded. "Burn the straw. I shall come back to inspect."

Slashing them with his whip, the Master of the Kennels went down the line of houses.

"The tablets," whispered McGuffy, afrightedly. "He will find the tablets and we shall suffer the torture of the Mighty Unuk."

"There is no place to hide thim," trembled O'Leary. "I bist swaller thim."

"Suit yourself," replied McGuffy. "If you die there will be more room in the kennel and I won't have to share the raw meat with you."

"I'll put one in me mouth, an' if it tastes like poison I'll spit it out."

O'Leary got the gold box from under the straw and gingerly placed a tablet in his mouth. It was tasteless. He held it there for a while.

"Shure'n they's harmless," he announced, joyfully.

He swallowed the tablet and lifted another to his mouth. His hand stopped dead. A wondering expression crept into his eyes. Then he breathed in deeply as if a heavy load had been lifted from him.

"Where am I?" he cried. "Where am I? Pete, is it ye? Tell me, Pete, is it really ye?"

"Keep still, you fool. The Master of the Kennels will come back and whip us. Dare you bring down the wrath of the Mighty Unuk on us?"

"Damn the wrath o' the red skunk!"

O'Leary's eyes now were bright and shining. The deathly blueish-pallor had faded from his face. Of a sudden he went into a paroxysm of frightful twitchings and jerkings.

"You die by the poison of Alok, you fool!"

O'Leary just as suddenly relaxed. The spell had passed. The Sky Hawk was himself again.

"Pete," he whispered. "Pete, we are saved. Swaller a tablit! Quick! Swaller one, pal."

"No! No!" shrieked McGuffy, in terror. "The wrath of Unuk! The wrath of Unuk!"

O'Leary realized that drastic action was necessary. He seized McGuffy by the throat and squeezed with all the strength of his powerful fingers.

A fierce struggle ensued, but O'Leary held on until McGuffy had grown limp. He then dropped a tablet into his pal's gaping mouth and shoved it down his throat with a finger.

McGuffy's reaction to the drug of Kiva was similar to that of the Sky Hawk.

When the paroxysm of twitchings and jerkings had passed, he regarded O'Leary in amazement.

"Hello, big boy!" he finally ejaculated. "What's the row?"

"Thank God! Thank God!" The Sky Hawk's eyes misted. "Ye're saved, Pete, ye're saved!"

Desperately McGuffy tried to gather his wits. Breathless, O'Leary watched him.

Understanding leaped into the Sky Rider's eyes.

"Terence," he whispered, excitedly, "is it true? Am I really free from the slavery of Unuk?"

"We're both free, pal. Free to write our names acrost the skies o' Lataki in a blaze o' glory fer Uncle Sam."

"And how we'll do it, big boy!"

"How kin we git to one o' thim short-

wave sets, Pete? Alok's in Washin'ton an' kin destroy the whole city."

"Alok in Washington?"

O'Leary poured out what he knew.

"There is no way of us getting to a short-wave set," declared McGuffy, grimly. "They are protected by hidden sleep-rays, and only selected scientists and priests know the secret."

"Unuk made me navigator of death-ray ship No. 99. While I bust the plateau wide open, ye kin overcome the red-skinned commander o' yer ship an' kin wing back to the U. S. Thin ye must blot out Alok before he kin do his dirty work."

"The Princess Latea and her followers in the temple. Have you forgotten your promise to Murokaii?"

"That I haven't, Pete. Leave it to me."

The lash of a whip sang wickedly through the air and cracked down on their bare backs.

In their joyous excitement, the Master of the Kennels had approached unnoticed.

"You dogs were fighting!" he snarled. "The Mighty Unuk shall punish you."

"Mercy, mercy," mouthed O'Leary. "Mercy on yer humble dogs, O Master o' the Kinnils."

"There is no mercy in my heart for fighting dogs."

Contemptuously the Latakian spat at them, then cruelly whipped them.

Stoically they endured the brutal punishment.

"Crawl far back into your kennel, and stay there until the Mighty Unuk calls you for duty."

O'Leary, Unuk's Slave

THE sun blazed hotly down on the plateau.

Unuk, in front of his black-garbed priests, stood with leaded-whip glaring down at the two aviators kneeling so humbly before him on the hard ground.

Their heads were bowed and their bodies purposely trembled, but had the High Priest seen the flinty expressions of grim determination in their downcast eyes, he would not have felt so supremely confident.

"Slaves of the Mighty Unuk," he said, "today you enter my service. Raise your head and gaze at me, flying-dog No. 99."

The leaded thongs descended and sliced open the flesh of O'Leary's back. Under his breath the Sky Hawk cursed the inhuman monster, but lifted his head in obedience.

"Yer humble servint obeys, O Master."

"Gaze upon me, flying-dog No. 66."

Unuk's whip brought blood from McGuffy's naked shoulders.

"Your humble servant obeys, O Master."

The Sky Rider raised his eyes to the feathered-fiend.

"You," said Unuk to O'Leary, "shall navigate my death-ray ship No. 99. Turn your head and witness its might."

AN electric thrill shot through the Sky Hawk at what he beheld. About fifty yards from him, its mammoth nose pointed toward the Temple of Sacrifice in the distance, there stood a Goliath almost half as large again as any he had seen. Instead of ten, it had fifteen propellers. So awesome and terrifying was it in aspect that the Sky Hawk couldn't help drawing in a hissing breath.

"What think you, flying dog, of this new ship of Unuk? Speeding through space at fifteen hundred miles per hour, it shall sweep the sky of all opposition to his might and shall lay waste your insolent nation in the north. What think you, dog?"

"Unuk's ship is too mighty fer speech, O Master. Too imminse fer yer humble servint to grasp."

Unuk raised a bony arm to a priest standing at the copper gong. Under the heavy blow of the wielded striker, the vibrating notes rolled across the plateau.

In response to the booming signal, the Latakian commander of the air-giant came from his ship to Unuk. He knelt and extended an arm in salute.

"Kaokilik, you dog," screeched Unuk. "Heed the command of your Supreme Master. Flying-dog No. 99 will be your navigator. Flying-dog No. 66 will operate the yellow eye in the nose of my messenger of destruction."

Fierce joy surged through the aviators. Fortune indeed had smiled upon them. They would ride the skies together in their coming vengeance.

O'Leary flashed a covert look at Kaokilik, the Goliath's commander. The Latakian was powerfully built, and looked like a gorilla, his arms were so long and hairy. He would be hard for any two men to handle. His red, wrinkled face was almost as fiendish in appearance as that of the High Priest. A naked dagger was thrust through his crimson-leather belt. In left hand he gripped a short, leaded-whip.

"Kaokilik," commanded Unuk, "show no mercy to the flying-dogs. Spare not your leaded-whip."

"Your loyal servant shall show no mercy, O Master."

"Your orders, dog! Fly my ship to Lataki and set it down on the Lake of Whispering Waters. Climb the steps to the Temple of Sacrifice and demand audience with the arrogant Princess Latea."

"Yes, O Master."

"Tell the haughty minx that it is sacred command of Unuk that she and her handmaiden, known as Taa, give themselves into his hands. The Princess Latea to be wife of the Mighty Unuk and the handmaiden, Taa, to be wife of Alok, in our newly-established kingdom under the sea."

"Your loyal servant shall execute your wishes, O Master."

A scientist at the short-wave set lifted right arm into the air to the High Priest.

"Alok speaks from Washington, O Master," he said. "What is your desire?"

"Bring Alok's voice from the magic horn. I also have message for him."

The scientist turned the dial which connected the loud speaker. A high-pitched, metallic voice rasped on the listening ears.

"Hail, O Mighty Unuk! Your loyal servant, Alok, informs that the exalted ruler of the nation in the north, called President by the dogs of America, has been kidnaped by me. His daughter, even as beautiful as the arrogant Princess Latea, also is my prisoner. The white nation here mourns and whimpers, while Alok laughs."

Unuk clapped his bony hands and chortled with glee.

O'Leary and McGuffy furtively exchanged horrified glances. What other terrible calamity was their country to suffer?

"The voice of Unuk to Alok, you dog!

"Into my ship, you flying-dogs," he rasped.

With the Latakian commander whipping their backs, they were driven like sheep to the giant Goliath.

On climbing into the immense steel cabin, the flyers involuntarily stopped and gazed about in wonder.

At an instrument board fully eighteen feet long sat ten brain-doctored Americans, rigid as images of stone and their suffering eyes fixed on the strange devices before them.

There were eighteen of the metal knobs containing the gleaming yellow eyes. In each knob, excepting the one in the nose, sat two captive Americans.

Nine metal tubes projected from airtight ports in the steel walls, roof and

The President And His Daughter Kidnaped By The Agent Of Unuk!

Bring to me the magic instrument which wafts my mighty voice to Washington."

The scientist brought a microphone and set it up before the High Priest. He received a blow in the face for his pains.

"I am pleased with my loyal servant," cackled Unuk into the microphone. "On the morrow, from your stone fortress set Washington ablaze with the crimson heat-rays. Spare none! Roast their men! Roast their women! Roast their children! Roast the aged and the sick and the blind! That done, destroy everything in range, with the rays that shatter to atoms."

"Your loyal servant shall obey, O Master."

"See that you and all your brain-doctored slaves are equipped with the magic impello-stratopede to fly to my kingdom under the sea. My dogs of scientists shall open the waters for you to enter."

The scientist disconnected the short-wave set and removed the microphone. Unuk turned to the aviators.

floor. An American gunner stood at the breech of each, ready to hurl the crimson heat-rays when commanded.

"To your posts, you flying-dogs!" The Latakian commander cracked his short whip. "No. 99 to the controls! No. 66 to the forward yellow eye!"

As McGuffy took post at the yellow eye, he covertly shot the Sky Hawk a look of triumph. It would not be long before Uncle Sam would be knocking home runs.

Kaokilik, the commander, went among the crew and dealt out punishment with his swinging whip. Having overlooked none, he returned to his station in rear of the Sky Hawk.

"Thunder into the air, you flying-dog!" he cried. "Set your course for the Lake of Whispering Waters, beyond the Temple of Sacrifice over the mountain peaks in the east."

As O'Leary gave her the gun, he didn't even feel the leads that cut his back, his joy was so intense at his freedom.

With a blasting roar that almost deafened him, the fifteen mammoth propellers whipped the air. The exhausts sounded like batteries of seventy-fives in action.

The Goliath tore across the plateau, a dust-storm whirling in its wake. A slight easing back of the stick and up tilted the ponderous nose. Like a thundering express train the giant rushed skyward.

"Gosh, what a ship!" ejaculated the astounded O'Leary under his breath. "Big as a battle-cruiser an' handles like me old Lulu Belle done in the War. Unuk, ye dirty skunk, yer ind has come!"

A look at the altimeter. The monster was climbing at eight hundred miles per hour and, if Unuk hadn't lied, it could do seven hundred more. And the throttle was but half-open.

The rugged crags in the east appeared to be rushing straight at them, the Goliath was traveling so fast.

KAOKILIK stood with his muscular red legs braced apart, whip in hand and beady black eyes fixed ahead of the ship.

When the plateau was far behind him and the mountain peaks were shooting past twenty-five thousand feet below, covertly O'Leary connected the controls with the robot-steering device.

To the watching McGuffy he flashed a signal to be ready. The great moment was at hand. Would they win, or would they lose?

"Steer the ship with your own hands, you flying-dog!" The commander brought his whip down on O'Leary's back. "With your own hands, I said, you dog!"

"I'll show ye what me hands is made fer, ye skunk! Hop to it, Pete!"

O'Leary whipped out of his seat and swung a haymaker at the face leering into his. His fist hit empty air. With a beastly snarl, quick as lightning Kaokilik had jumped back.

In his hand was the wicked dagger. He

lurched forward, steel uplifted to strike. But the white man wasn't there.

In his eagerness to help his pal, McGuffy jumped from his high post in the nose of the Goliath.

His foot hit a steel rod and he pitched to the cabin floor. His temple struck the breech of a heat-ray gun. He rolled over, unconscious.

Weakened by the tortures of Unuk, O'Leary now was left alone to battle the demon commander.

The brain-doctored Americans paid no heed to the fight. They had been commanded by the Mighty Unuk to operate their respective devices, and that they would do until otherwise ordered by their master.

"Pete! Pete!" cried the Sky Hawk as he sidestepped a vicious lunge of the Latakian's knife. "Pete! Git up, Pete!"

His long, hairy, gorilla arms stretched out, and his blue lips parted in an awful grimace which showed his yellow fangs, Kaokilik, a crafty gleam in his beady, black eyes, was maneuvering to corner the Sky Hawk in the rear of the cabin.

Blood trickling down from his cut and mangled flesh, and the braided seal on his chest burning as though it were molten lead, O'Leary balanced himself on his toes, ready to spring out of the way of the impending rush.

As a tiger springs from ambush, Kaokilik threw himself through the air, screeching the way-cry of Unuk. Down stabbed the steel, to strike the wall.

With all his might O'Leary shot a stinging uppercut to the red chin.

Back snapped Kaokilik's head as though he had been kicked by a mule. Heavily he landed on his back, his shaven skull banging against the steel floor, but he held to his dagger.

O'Leary threw himself on the Latakian. His left hand gripped the wrist of the knife-arm while his right grasped the red throat of the desperate Kaokilik.

Then it was that the Sky Hawk realized the odds against him. He was fighting a man of iron. A savage of unlimited strength. That scrawny red throat was made of hard leather.

"Petel Petel!" he gasped. "Petel! Where are ye?"

Legs twined themselves around him in a body-scissors. The Latakian put on pressure. O'Leary's kidneys felt as if they were being squeezed in a wine-press.

Slowly but surely that uplifted red arm holding the knife forced itself down. The point of the descending dagger pricked him behind a shoulder-blade. A few inches more and it would pierce his heart.

He struggled and fought to break loose, but a boa-constrictor had wrapped him in its folds.

The speeding Goliath lurched crazily. It was out of control.

In his hurry to attack the Latakian, O'Leary had neglected to snap shut the latch that locked the controls to the robot-device.

The ship skidded and almost turned over. The two men, locked together in death-embrace, were hurled against a wall.

"Petel We're crashin'!" cried O'Leary. "On the stick, Petel We're crashin'!"

No answer from the Sky Rider. The Goliath now was pitching and rocking and skidding. Each instant O'Leary expected it to fall into a spin. Again he cried out to Pete, but still no answer.

The Sky Hawk and the Latakian, still in deadly clutch, were thrown about like a marble shaken in a can. O'Leary's head hit a stanchion. His lights went out.

Princess Latea's Fate

THE defenders of the Temple of Sacrifice were in sorry plight.

For three days they had been without water. Hemmed in by the thousands of Unuk's warriors besieging them, they were

cut off from the water of the lake, a sheer sixty feet below the expansive stone platform in front of the mammoth temple.

Scores of the Body Guard of Latea had volunteered to fetch water, but none had reached alive the stone steps leading down to the lake. Their bodies lay on the platform, pierced by dozens of arrows. Such was the watchfulness of the High Priest's soldiers.

The beautiful Princess Latea bravely had refused the water put aside for her and had commanded that it be equally distributed among her warriors.

Near a barricaded entrance of the temple which looked out on the Lake of Whispering Waters below, she sat on a stone bench.

Her usually soft black eyes now were swollen, and burned with the fever of thirst. Her full, red lips were dry and parched. Her olive complexion had faded to a deathly pallor, except for two bright fever spots on her cheeks.

At the feet of the Princess sat her handmaiden, Taa, a tiny, blue-eyed wisp of a girl. Her pretty face was drawn with suffering and her lips were bleeding.

Not far from the Princess stood Kadii, commander of the forces of Latea. His lips were set and his blood-shot eyes blazed with that light of which heroes are endowed.

Beside him was Rakivi, Captain of the Body Guard. A splendid specimen of young manhood, he was the betrothed of Latea. Compassionately he watched the suffering women, his own agony of thirst forgotten.

Kadii spoke. His swollen tongue choked his voice.

"We cannot last much longer, Rakivi," he whispered. "See, another archer has dropped from thirst. Two score and eleven have died since sunrise."

"May the curse of the black scourge shrivel the foul Unuk and his soldiers, O Kadii."

"Amen, Rakivi. But calling down curses

cannot save your Princess and her followers. Should the warriors of Unuk rush us, they could sweep us aside like straws in a gale. Then what would become of the Princess Latea? As the foul fiend Unuk has threatened, he would take her for wife, and Taa would go to Alok, his Under Priest."

"No, O Kadii. Not while Rakivi can thumb a bow-string and wield a sword."

"But when Rakivi can no longer thumb that bow-string and wield that sword? What then?"

The gallant Captain of the Guard ground his teeth and clenched his fists in his misery and despair. He had no answer.

"Rakivi," said Kadii, solemnly, "you are Captain of the Body Guard, and are pledged by sacred oath."

The captain shuddered at the awfulness of the thing he knew was coming.

"It is the sacred duty of the Captain of the Body Guard to kill his Princess, and all women of royal blood, to prevent them from being dishonored. Rakivi, I command you to perform that duty when the occasion arises."

"Rakivi shall do his duty, O Kadii."

Two more archers tumbled from the firing-step of a barricaded entrance, dead of thirst.

PRINCESS Latea arose. A shapely hand fondled the golden hair of her handmaiden, Taa.

"Do not lose courage, my brave officers," she said to Kadii and Rakivi. "Although we are sorely pressed and the sky is black, forget not that the God of the Sky has mercy in his great heart for us."

Kadii and Rakivi bowed their heads in acknowledgment. But Rakivi muttered fiercely under his breath:

"The God of the Sky! Always has he failed our Princess, and she has done no wrong. There can be no God of the Sky."

"If one's faith is strong enough, that faith can vanquish all evil."

An inspired light shone in Latea's tired eyes. She turned to the commander of her army.

"If our faith does not falter, O Kadii," she said, "the merciful God of the Sky will look down on the dried-up bed of the stream. And lo! It shall flow with water for us to drink."

"Your wonderful faith, O Princess," replied Kadii, "sends new life coursing through my veins."

"Two moons have passed, O Princess," interposed Rakivi, in an attempt to change the subject from the god he was beginning to doubt. "Two moons have passed since the warriors from the nation in the north, known as Captains O'Leary and McGuffy, left Lataki in their mighty ship of the air. They vowed to come back. Even they have deserted us."

"Shame on you, Rakivi! The Warrior of the Crimson Hair is a brave and a noble man, as is his comrade. They saved me from the sacrificial knife of the foul High Priest. Saved me at the risk of their lives. Dare you now even to intimate that they fear to return?"

"I crave your forgiveness, O Princess. My words were prompted by despair. Still, the Warrior of the Crimson Hair made solemn vow that he would return before the third moon had waned in the skies of Lataki."

"Hold your tongue, Rakivi!" ordered Kadii, severely. "Tonight is the third moon. Would you condemn the Warrior of the Crimson Hair before the time of his vow has expired?"

Rakivi remained sullenly silent.

He held the greatest admiration for O'Leary and McGuffy, but the thought of the terrible duty confronting him had lent bitterness and doubt to his tongue.

"See, O Princess! Look thee into the heavens, O Princess!"

Little Taa was on her feet and stood gazing up as though she saw right through the dismal, black-stone ceiling above her.

"O Princess, I see a mighty ship of the air. It is rushing down out of the sky. It—it—"

She crumpled to the stones and started sobbing wildly.

"The poor child has not long to live," stated Kadii, gravely. "The fever has set fire to her brain."

"If our faith is strong enough, the all merciful God of the Sky will gaze down upon the dried-up bed of the stream, and it will flow with water for us to drink."

The Princess Latea's head was uplifted and her face was inspired.

An eerie mechanical scream echoed and re-echoed in the stone corridors of the mammoth temple.

The two women and the officers tensed in a wonder mingled with fear.

Hoarse, choked cries of dismay welled from the parched throats of Latea's warriors.

Rakivi was the first to find speech. His voice was bitter and was charged with venom.

"The answer of the God of the Sky to your faith, O Princess," he said. "The answer he always has given you. From the heavens screeches down the fiendish voice of the foul Unuk. We are accursed. We are doomed."

"The fever also has set afire your brain, Rakivi. On your knees, and pray to the God of the Sky to forgive you."

"The command of my Princess is sacred to me."

Rakivi knelt as ordered and his lips moved in prayer.

"Water! Water!" sang a joyous voice from the recesses of the temple. "The stream rushes with water for us to drink! Water pours into the temple!"

"O merciful God of the Sky, I thank thee."

The Princess Latea sank to her knees and lifted her arms in gratitude to the god of the House of Latea.

The temple reverberated with joyous

outcries and the padding of running feet.

A lieutenant of the guard, a dripping llama-skin filled with water over a shoulder, staggered to the group and knelt before his Princess.

"The God of the Sky, O Princess, has sent thee water to drink."

The Princess arose and faced her two officers. Her great faith shone brightly from her beautiful black eyes.

"First, give little Taa water to drink," she said. "Then drink yourselves. The Princess Latea drinks last."

THE scene which followed was enough to melt the hardest heart. The grim-faced defenders of the temple were now laughing and talking hysterically as they gulped down the water passed to them in the silver pannikins, golden goblets and other utensils formerly used by Unuk and his priests.

Again resounded that terrifying mechanical scream, but much louder.

The joyous scene turned into one of horror. Hundreds of frightened faces stared over the barricades of the entrances up into the heavens.

A mighty Goliath of the sky was streaking down, twelve pontoons protruding from its monstrous steel belly, to land on the Lake of the Whispering Waters.

"Unuk's avenging ship of the thunder and the fire!" shrieked a terrified warrior.

"Silence, you craven fool!"

Kadii desperately was trying to prevent the panic which he knew the warrior's awful prediction would cause.

"The foul Unuk dare not destroy this temple, for on its apex crouches the image of his false God of the Depths. He dare not wreck that image."

The ringing words of their commander averted the panic. The warriors, trembling in fear, gazed at the dreadful apparition streaking down to the waters of the lake.

On the causeways below, the besieging regiments of Unuk knelt in awe and

Biggest Air Battle Of All Times When Mystery



"That a bye, Pete," gritted O'Leary at the monster ship's controls as one of Unuk's raiders dissolved under the blasting ray. "We'll smash Unuk yet!"

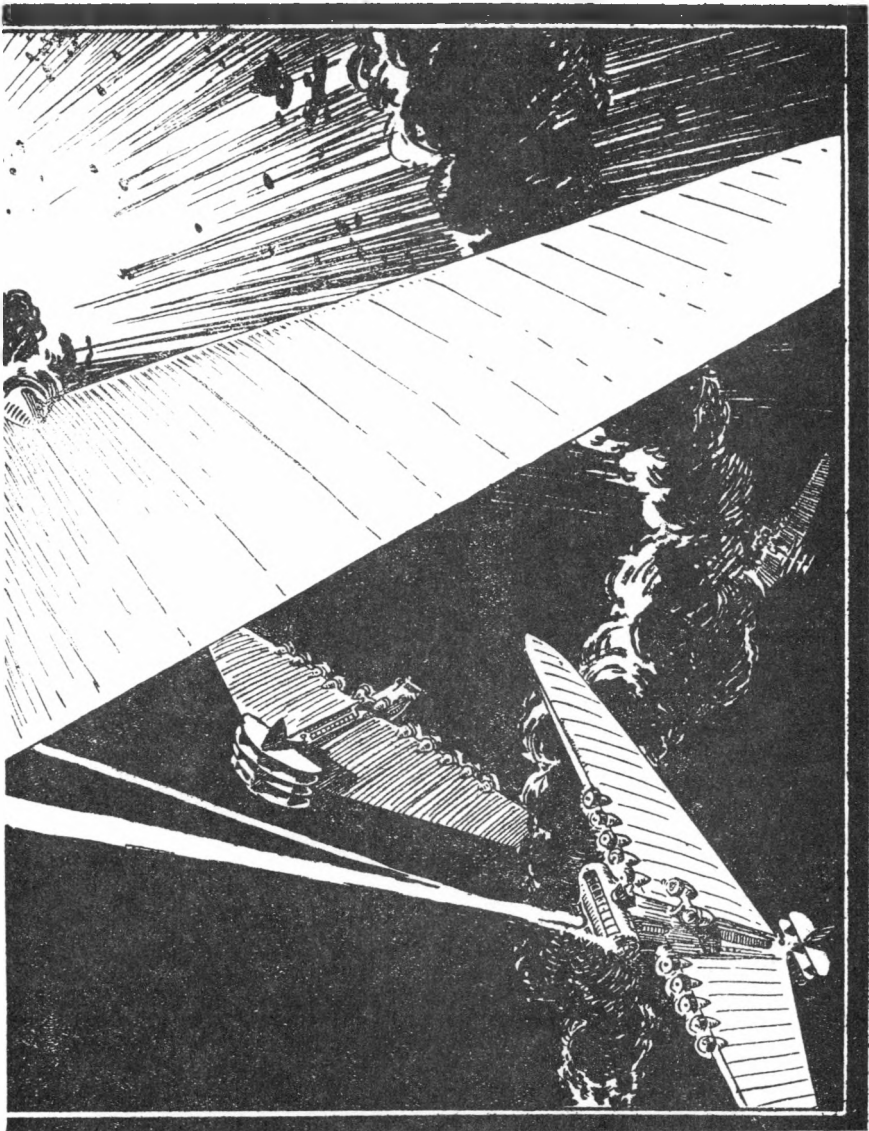
stretched forth their arms in salute to the might of their master.

The giant Goliath kissed the lake as lightly as a bird. Between walls of churn-

ing, dashing spray, it skidded toward the temple until it was lost to sight of the defenders so high above it.

"Let not your faith weaken, O Warriors

Ships Clash In Devastating Dyno-Blast Conflict



of Latea!" cried the Princess to her soldiers. "The faith that brought us the water to drink will not fail us now. Stand firm, I command you."

The archers on the firing steps of the

barricaded entrances suddenly emitted shouts of joyous wonder. Wildly they brandished their bows in the air.

"The Warrior of the Crimson Hair climbs the stairway!" they cried loudly.

"The Warrior of the Crimson Hair and his noble comrade have kept their vow."

Kadii dropped to a knee before his sovereign.

"Tonight is the third moon, O Princess," he said. "Indeed is thy faith supreme."

Eager red arms reached down from the firing-step of the main entrance and lifted the welcome visitors into the temple.

O'LEARY came first. Then McGuffy. They jumped from the firing-step and hurried to the Princess.

O'Leary then spoke in the Latakian tongue, which he and McGuffy had mastered under the tutelage of Murokaii before their first trip to Lataki. If translated into his ordinary speech it would have been as follows:

"Shure an' I'm a bit late, Beautiful Lady. But bitter late thin niver. Me an' Pete blasted Unuk's dam. Did ye git the water, Beautiful Lady?"

"O Warrior of the Crimson Hair and your gallant comrade," replied the Princess Latea, "I welcome you back to Lataki. Words cannot express my gratitude for that which you have done for the House of Latea."

"Aw, heck!" O'Leary turned as pink as a carnation. "Don't mention it, Beautiful Lady. Shure an' it's all in our day's work. Come on, Pete, an' speak yer piece. Want me to do it all?"

"O Princess Latea," blurted McGuffy, "I—that is, we—I mean that—"

"Thanks, ye cockeyed baboon!" ejaculated O'Leary, caustically. "What a fine Don Juan ye turned out to be."

"Cripes!" blurted McGuffy. "How can I talk to ladies in this September Morn get-up?"

The Sky Hawk wheeled on Kadii and Rakivi.

"If it ain't me old collige chums! How's our alma mater behavin'?"

The delighted officers wrung the avia-

tors' hands and poured out their gratitude for the timely rescue.

"Kadli," whispered O'Leary, "me an' Pete is gotta beat it. We're gonna blast the blazes out o' Unuk an' his little playmates o' hell. Thin we'll wing back to the good old U. S. A. and jerk the feathers from the tail o' Señor Alok."

"May the God of the Sky crown with victory your noble undertaking, O Warriors of America."

"Thanks, Kadii."

"How did you seize the ship of the foul Unuk?"

"Shure an' we had a helluva time doin' it. Pete was knocked goofy an' the commander o' the Goliath had me down fer the count.

"Out o' control the crate slips into a tail-spin. I was throwed ag'in a wall o' the cabin an' me lights wint blooey. Unuk's commander also was knocked cockeyed in the same fracas.

"Pete wakes up an' jerks her out o' the spin jist in time. Thin I chokes the red skunk to death an' pitches his filthy carcass to the buzzards to eat. An' that's that!"

"Phew!" said McGuffy. "It certainly was a close shave."

"Whin me an' Pete git through with Unuk," declared O'Leary, "Princess Latea kin ascind her throne ag'in an' rule Lataki in peace."

The eyes of Kadii and Rakivi blazed.

"If the foul Unuk is destroyed, O Warrior of the Crimson Hair, the House of Latea will be supreme."

Kadii's voice vibrated with hope.

"Unuk's soldiers will throw down their weapons and will crawl to the feet of our Princess for forgiveness."

"Which seems to make iverythin' jake, Kadii."

O'Leary turned to the Princess, stiffened to attention and tendered her the salute of an American aviator.

"Me Beautiful Lady," he said, "shure

an' it breaks me gallint heart to leave ye. I gotta kitch me a big, bad wolf named Unuk. Aw revoor! An' ye too, Taa, ye little half-pint o' sweetness."

"Princess Latea, what he said goes for me too." McGuffy shot O'Leary a sheepish look. "So long, folks!"

Before the Princess could answer, the aviators ran to an entrance and climbed to the firing-step. They waved their arms in farewell, then leaped over the barricade and were gone.

The cheering warriors saw the giant Goliath of Unuk roar up to an altitude of thirty thousand feet.

Before passing from sight it made four complete loops in salute to the defenders of the temple, then streaked into the west toward Unuk's plateau.

"May the God of the Sky speed the noble Warriors of America on their perilous mission," prayed the Princess.

O'Leary sat at the controls and McGuffy was stationed at the gleaming eye forward. Of a sudden the fifteen roaring motors stopped. Cold chills shot through the Sky Hawk.

"Pete!" he cried. "She's konked out, dead as a mummy!"

Pete sprang down from his lofty perch in the nose and ran to his pal. His face was white.

"I gotta set her down somewheres," groaned O'Leary, "before she crashes."

"That valley down there, beyond those low mountains! It's the only possible landing place in sight. Do you think you can make it?"

"I gotta make it!"

"Do your stuff, big boy. We can't fail Uncle Sam now."

The Sky Hawk dipped wings for the valley thousands of feet down. Nobly the Goliath answered the controls.

O'Leary turned to the brain-doctored American sitting next to him at the instrument board of the giant ray-ship.

"Tell me what's wrong with the ship,"

he demanded. "The Mighty Unuk commands that ye answer truthful, ye dog, on penalty of death."

"One of us dogs went mad. Kaokilik killed him. The dog must have fouled the device for supplying the fuel."

"Where's the device located?"

"Under the cabin. The ship must land in order for us to reach it."

"Kin ye dogs fix it whin we land? An' how long will it take ye?"

"If one of the parts is missing," came the staggering reply, "it will take hours."

"Hours!" gasped O'Leary, in dismay. "Thin the saints have mercy on Wash-in'ton!"

ONCE again Providence, the Goddess of Luck, or whatever one wishes to term it, smiled upon the Sky Hawk. The valley furnished an ideal landing field.

When the Goliath had taxied to a stop, he stood up and addressed the crew of brain-doctored Americans.

"I'm the loyal servint o' the Mighty Unuk," he declared, cracking Kaokilik's whip in the air. "It's the sacrid command o' the Supreme Master that you dogs obey me."

"Then why did you kill Kaokilik?" demanded one. "He also was loyal servint of the Mighty Unuk."

"I kilt him," replied O'Leary, "because he tried to betray the High Priest."

"It is well. What are your commands, O Loyal Servant of the Mighty Unuk?"

"That ye fix, as soon as possible, the fuel-device under the cabin."

The sun was fading in the west when the crew reported to the distracted aviators that the repairs had been made and the ship was ready to take off again.

"Inside, ye dogs! To yer stations!"

It hurt the Sky Hawk to call the suffering Americans dogs, but he knew it was the only language they understood and would obey in their brain-doctored condition.

He sprang into his seat at the instrument board and called McGuffy to his side.

"Pete," he whispered, "as long as these poor blokes believe we're servin' Unuk, they'll do what we tell 'em. But whin it comes to blastin' the plateau an' the factory town, they'll start buckin'."

"Yes. Already suspicion is beginning to gleam from their eyes. They smell a rat."

"Glory be! The tablits o' Kiva. Grab the controls, Pete, an' take off while the Sky Hawk does his stuff. Shure an' the 'X' still stands fer ixcllint."

They exchanged places and the Goliath roared into the sky, climbing to forty thousand feet in the space of a very few minutes.

O'Leary got out the little golden box of tablets he had hidden in his loin-cloth and addressed the crew.

"Dogs of America," he thundered, "the Mighty Unuk commands that ye swaller one o' these magic tablits. I'll pass among ye an' hand 'em out."

Obediently the Americans accepted the proffered tablets and swallowed them without any expression on their dull faces.

The scene which followed brought tears to the eyes of O'Leary and McGuffy.

Soon the yoke of Alok's brain-serum was thrown off and the regenerated Americans again were in the service of Uncle Sam.

In tones choked with emotion, O'Leary told them the objective of his daring mission.

Resounding cheers welled from husky throats. The fire of patriotism blazed from formerly suffering eyes.

"War birds," cried one of the crew, "let's show the red louse how his humble servants obey."

The cabin vibrated with the shouted answers.

"Seen' the vote's unanimous," husked O'Leary, "I reckon the Sky Hawk's needed at the controls. Fly back to yer perch, Pete, ready to sing fer Unuk. We're goin' places and we're goin' in a hurry."

The monster roared and thundered through space on its avenging errand.

Unuk Is Mighty

THE scene on the plateau was enough to stagger the wildest imagination. Unuk had mustered his full strength about him. Thirty regiments, each a thousand strong, of his brain-doctored warriors stood to attention in close order.

In front of these were three regiments of his master mechanics who, in obedience to his command, had marched from the factory town.

In advance of the mechanics, formed into battalions and companies, were four regiments of his subjugated scientists.

To the left of the scientists stood a battalion of vacantly staring American pilots.

In solid phalanx the mighty army faced the High Priest.

On the back of each individual was strapped the mysterious flying-device called Impello - stratopede which Unuk had boasted of.

On the immense landing field were eight Goliaths of the death-rays, ready to take-off. Their propellers were ticking and their exhausts were spitting. Behind these destroying monsters were lined up a dozen of the six-motored robot-controlled planes of the explosive-death. Their propellers also idled.

Near his stone dais stood Unuk and his black-garbed priests, also equipped with the impello-stratopede.

Fright was stamped on the High Priest's repulsive features. Not once did his red rat-eyes turn from the towering Temple of Sacrifice beyond the mountain barrier in the east. In between black smoke rolled up in heavy clouds from the fields of molten lava.

"Tell your story again, dog of a priest!"

"Quickly, Twelve Messengers Of My Explosive Death To Destroy The United States!"

Many times Unuk had heard the priest's recital since the departure of the giant Goliath from the plateau, but his apprehension was so great that continually he had made him repeat the tale.

"What message did the magic talking-box bring to you from Lataki?" he screeched.

"The crushed body of Kaokilik was found on the rocks near a lava pit, O Master. The marks of fingers were on Kaokilik's throat, as though he had been choked to death.

"The dam holding back the water from the Temple of Sacrifice was blasted. Your ship of the air landed on the Lake of the Whispering Waters. The two flying-dogs left the ship and entered the temple.

"Soon they came out. The warriors of Latea cheered them. The ship of the death-rays again rose into the air to wing back to the plateau. That is all, O Master."

The nervous Unuk lashed the priest savagely with his whip.

"That was hours ago, you dog! Why doesn't my ship, captured by the flying-dogs, appear?"

"That your humble servant cannot answer, O Master."

"Must I stand here forever, waiting to sound the gong for my legions to fly with me to my under-sea kingdom? It is in the power of the insolent flying-dogs to destroy all before them."

A scientist at a telephone switchboard pressed the head-phones more tightly to his ears and tensed while he listened to the message coming over the wire.

He jerked off the head-phones and ran to Unuk, an arm uplifted in salute.

"Speak, you dog."

"Death-ray ship No. 99, O Master, was seen to streak into the molten lava. It tumbled from the skies to destruction."

"When? When, you dog? *When?*"

"Ere the sun moved into the west, O Master."

Shrieking with relief and fiendish glee the feathered-savage danced about and clapped his hands. His parrots of priests did likewise.

"I would speak to Alok," Unuk shrilled to the scientist at the short-wave set.

A quick adjusting of the dials and the man brought the microphone to his supreme master.

"Alok listens, O Master," he announced.

"Heed the command of the Mighty Unuk, O Alok," cackled the High Priest into the microphone. "Eight of my ships of the death-rays, and twelve of my messengers of the explosive-death will now be dispatched to destroy and to burn the Atlantic Coast of the nation in the north.

"When the first of my ships is sighted by you, then from your fortress of stone burn the city with the crimson-rays. After that rip asunder the earth with the dynoblast rays that shatter to atoms. The Mighty Unuk has spoken."

The scientist removed the microphone.

Unuk signaled to the priest at the copper gong.

Boo-oomm!! reverberated the metallic notes.

Unuk hobbled to an amplifier.

"Hearken to the voice of your Supreme Master. Once again the might of Unuk has triumphed. The two flying-dogs in the stolen ship now burn in the molten lava.

"On the sounding of the tocsin of victory, go back to your work. The Mighty Unuk has spoken."

His rat-eyes glinting with triumph, he turned to six scientists standing before a mammoth electric switchboard panel.

"The Mighty Unuk and his legions shall not fly this day," he cackled.

He struck a priest near him with the heavy handle of his leaded whlp.

"Dispatch my ships of death to the nation in the north!"

At sign from the priest the Goliaths and the robot-controlled planes took off with a roaring and a thundering.

When they were but tiny specks climbing into the stratosphere, Unuk wheeled toward the priest at the copper gong and ordered him to boom out the command for his legions to disperse.

The priest raised the heavy striker.

"O Mighty Unuk, death-ray ship No. 99 comes from out the east!"

The High Priest's color turned to a dirty, livid blue. His rat-eyes popped. His mouth opened and shut to issue a command, but his vocal chords were paralyzed. Stark with terror, he watched the Goliath roaring out of the east.

Then the High Priest recovered his lost voice.

"Into the air! Into the air!" he shrieked in terror. "The Mighty Unuk into the air! The legions of Unuk into the air!"

A scientist at the electric panel closed a switch.

An astounding thing happened.

THE impello-stratopedes strapped to the backs of the black-garbed priests hummed loudly. Then, like dead crows jerked upward by invisible wires, the priests shot straight up into the air with sharp, hissing sounds.

Terrified because he had been left behind, Unuk ran toward the electric panel, screeching insanely:

"The Mighty Unuk into the air! Unuk into the air!"

In his fright, he tripped and sprawled on the ground, falling on the dreaded automatic O'Leary had left.

He clambered to his feet, but the automatic had caught in a fold of his skirt. Mouthing his horror, he jerked loose the gun and hurled it from him.

As it hit the ground the automatic went off. Its steel-jacketed slug wounded a scientist just as he was pushing up a switch.

On the closing of the magnetic circuit Unuk whizzed skyward. But the scientist grabbed the switch handle as he fell and opened the circuit.

Down came the High Priest and struck earth. Another scientist jumped to the switch and closed it. Up into the air streaked a limp, bleeding mass, crushed beyond recognition.

Feverishly the other scientists worked the switches.

The battalion of brain-doctored American pilots whizzed into space, suitably dressed in close-fitting uniforms of red.

After them shot hundreds of the master mechanics.

At the controls of the on-rushing Goliath sat the Sky Hawk. He stiffened in amazement as he gazed ahead of his racing ship.

"Pete! Pete! D'ye see what I see? On the plateau there. The sky is full o' birds, or somethin'!"

"Thousands of them, Terence. They're so thick they darken the sky. Migrating ducks, I think."

"Ducks me necktie! Ducks don't fly straight up, fast as bullits. What'n the devil—"

"Unuk and his army are escaping." The regenerated American next to O'Leary cursed. "They see us coming. They're using the impello-stratopedes."

"Thin the skunk wasn't boastin'? Perhaps that ocean kingdom does exist."

"I'm sunk!" McGuffy wagged his head. "Are we living in the twentieth century, or the fiftieth?"

"But how do they do it? What makes thim shoot into the air that way?"

"Only Unuk's brain-doctored scientists know the secret," replied one of the crew. "I heard some of them talking about the under-sea kingdom. They claim it is the lost continent of Atlantis, and the Unuk

has leagued himself with its rulers to destroy the world. Hell! It's got me."

"If the dirty skunk is runnin' from us," said O'Leary, "it's a cinch he's ordered Alok to distroy Washin'ton. I only hope we kin make it in time."

"First we've got to blast the plateau and town," called McGuffy down from his perch. "At least one tangible menace will be removed."

"I guess ye're right, Pete." O'Leary sighed. "We'll blow his Lataki stronghold into kingdom come."

When the Goliath, having sliced down to ten thousand feet, reached the plateau the crew saw that the expansive plane was deserted.

From the towering concrete chimneys of the factory town wisps of smoke floated lazily skyward. The blast-furnaces glowed dully, as if they were untended and dying out.

"Oh, what's the use!" said the disappointed O'Leary. "Shure an' there ain't nothin' left fer us to wreck. Damn that broken fuel-device!"

"You're wrong, Sky Hawk, you're wrong," sang one of the crew, joyously. "My memory is beginning to work. We can blast the skunk's underground hangars and storehouses."

"What's that?" O'Leary's sagging chin lifted. "Underground hangars an' storehouses?"

"Sure! The hangars, forty feet down, are located a mile due west of the factory town. Twenty of them, and each housing five of the death-ray ships. The ships are lifted out by big elevators, when needed. A half-mile straight back are the underground hangars of the robot-controlled planes. Ninety in all."

"Hooray!" cheered the Sky Hawk. "Now ain't that somethin'? An' the storehouses?"

"They are filled with spare parts, with mysterious high explosives and other fiendish things."

"They are thirty feet down," informed another, "just south of our dog kennels."

"Let's go, war birds!" sang O'Leary. "We'll kick the mighty Unuk in the pants an' knock his teeth out."

Swooping into the north, O'Leary streaked for the factory town.

"Give it all ye got, byes! Don't leave nothin' standin'."

The destruction wreaked by the crimson heat-rays was appalling.

THE towering concrete chimneys burst wide open. Under the intense heat the whole town flared into flames. Mammoth steel cranes melted like sugar in water.

Then the dyno-blast rays went into action.

When O'Leary had whipped the Goliath about for the underground hangars, he left an awful scene of devastation in its wake.

Where once had been a town humming with industry, there now was nothing but deep fissures in the ground and tossed up loam. Columns of whirling, twisting, yellowish smoke spiraled into the heavens.

With its eighteen gleaming eyes spewing shafts of incandescent brilliance, and eighteen mechanical screams shattering the air in a deafening crescendo, the avenging Goliath went after the underground hangars.

Earthquakes could have done no more. Colossal clouds of dirt shot high into the air as though the world had exploded. Every now and then there resounded terrific detonations as stores of high explosives went off. The concussions rocked the giant ship.

Back and forth over the plateau flew the Goliath. Streaks of burning crimson and dazzling shafts of white-fire sliced down to blast and to sear.

To the watching O'Leary it seemed that a myriad of invisible giant plows were furrowing the ground below him.

When he had called it a day and had pointed the nose of the Goliath into the

north for his race against time to Washington, not a vestige of Unuk's former might was left on the plateau.

The greatest bombardment of the World War had left behind it no such scene of destruction and ruin. The plateau just didn't exist.

FOR a space, none aboard the Goliath spoke. They were too awed for speech. Their faces were grim set.

The tension was broken in an amazing manner.

Something thudded against an observation port and left the heavy, non-shatterable glass smeared with blood.

"What the blazes!" ejaculated O'Leary. "Look at the blood on that port, will ye?"

A series of dull thumpings sounded on the roof of the steel cabin, and all about the ship rained what appeared to be falling bodies.

One of the strange objects hit a propeller. The immense blades chopped it into mincemeat, amid a flood of crimson splashes.

"Blood! It's blood! There goes another! Splashing blood!"

The mysterious downpour suddenly ceased.

O'Leary glanced down through an observation port at his feet.

"The saints save me! Shure an' a whole company o' Unuk's warriors has fell out o' the stratosphere. Somethin' must o' gone wrong with their impillo-stratopedes, or whatever ye call 'em."

"Had we destroyed that big electric panel sooner," stated the American beside him, "Unuk and his whole army would have fallen. The ones that dropped must have been the last to whizz into the air. The others, no doubt, reached the second magnetic zone before the board was blasted."

"Bye, I don't know." The Sky Hawk shrugged in resignation. "Things is happenin' too fast fer Mrs. O'Leary's son."

The rest of the crew also must have been equally impressed, for they lapsed into thoughtful silence as their searching eyes scanned the sky above and the earth below.

O'Leary commenced to climb. As the ship got higher he adjusted the oxygen-supplying instrument which nullified the evil effects of the stratosphere.

At ninety thousand feet he flattened out and coaxed the Goliath to give all it had in speed.

"Hey, big boy!" called McGuffy to the Sky Hawk. "One of these falling bodies has lodged itself between the knob of the yellow eye and the observation port. I can see part of a red leg hanging down."

"Any way o' gittin' it into the crate, Pete? I'd shure like to take one o' thim flyin'-gadgets to the Air Chief fer study."

"Come on, Mack," said one of the crimson-ray gunners to his companlon. "We'll bring it down for the Sky Hawk—through the steel hatch on top."

Not long afterward O'Leary, McGuffy and three of the crew stood looking down at a gruesome, bloody mess of jellied flesh and shattered bones.

The Sky Hawk unstrapped the impello-stratopede from the crushed Latakian, removing the fellow's flying suit with it.

"Shure an' it's the handiwork o' the divil himsilf. The darnedist harness I iver seen. Seems all right, though."

"Let me test it," said the American named Mack. "I was detailed by Unuk to the assembling-plant while his scientists were making the impello-stratopedes. I learned how they work. Oh ho! This baby must have lost his fluted metal shield. It's only good for a fight."

Wonderingly, the Sky Hawk watched.

The impello-stratopede was enough to cause wonder in anyone. What appeared to be its power-box, was made of a strange metal of orange hue. Rectangular in shape, the power-box was about a foot long and eight inches wide. Its sides were

slitted like the hood of an automobile. On its top was a metal worm connected to a metal tube, hood-shaped at its end.

The power-box was securely clamped around the body by two wide metal bands, tied together in front with leather thongs. Between these metal bands, on the chest of the passenger, was a breast plate of the strange alloy. Slides, for steering and the regulating of speeds, were welded to this breast plate.

Fastened to the left side of the lower metal band encircling the waist of the passenger was a large metal cylinder. From it projected downward a hollow metal piston rod, looking something like a pneumatic riveter.

Welded to the metal band under the armpits was a helmet which fitted over the skull to protect the head. To this was at-

This gadget on the breast plate cuts the flyer off from all master magnetic attractions and allows him to fly about at will. The gadget on the right reconnects him with the master attraction and he is whizzed through space to the zone of the strongest magnet. Usually the nearest. The other gadgets are for steering and regulating the speed. Look, I'll show you how they work."

"I git ye, Mack. A lead-pipe cinch," said O'Leary when the lesson was finished.

The flyers returned to their respective posts.

The man posted at the range-o-scope on the instrument board let out a cry of alarm.

"What's up now?" demanded O'Leary. "I can't stand much more excitement."

"I can't quite make it out, Sky Hawk.

Gangway For O'Leary When He Puts On The Flying Belt Developed By Unuk

tached a mask, similar in design to gas masks used in the World War, to safeguard the passenger from the rarefied air of the stratosphere.

"Shure'n what's that gadgit hangin' to the bilt?" asked O'Leary. "It looks like one o' thim sleep-ray guns."

"It projects a force that hits like a hammer," answered Mack. "One direct wallop from it, and curtains. You see, Unuk's flying-skunks are equipped to fight in the air should the occasion demand."

"Show me how iverythin' works, Mack. I might need the dope."

"Okeh. The impello-stratopede is in perfect order. Anybody can work it in the air. Simplicity itself."

"Not for me!" exclaimed McGuffy. "I'm staying where it's safe for democracy."

"Cripes, Mack," said O'Leary, "I'd shure like to try it sometime."

"Why not? You'd certainly get a thrill.

On the edge of the ground-glass, which means a thousand miles distance, are two flocks of what look like birds. The leading flock is about three hundred miles ahead of the other, I should judge."

Quickly O'Leary hooked-in the robot-steering device and went to the range-o-scope. One look was enough for him.

"Eight o' Unuk's death-ray ships! Thim behind is twilve o' the robot-crates. Hop to yer guns, byes! We got one helluva battle in front o' us."

"But how can we catch them? They've got at least a thousand miles start."

"Don't worry, we'll be barkin' on their tails before long. Shure an' were doin' more than fifteen hunderd miles a hour an' thim babies ahead is doin' less than a thousand. The robot-crates is the slowest. We'll blast thim first."

"What do you say, Sky Hawk," called an American from the end of the instrument board, "shall we put on our overcoat

against the rays of the skunks. or wait till we get nearer them?"

"Shure, an' I'll bite! What's the overcoat fer?"

"By turning a knob on this gadget, the crimson and the disintegrating rays won't hurt us any more than water on a duck's back."

"Glory be! Did ye hear what he said, Pete? Jist watch the feathers fly now."

BLASTING the robot-controlled planes was child's play to the gunners at the crimson-ray tubes.

The now darkening skies flared for miles around and the air rocked as the cargoes of high-explosives detonated. As each of the infernal machines was wiped out, the regenerated Americans cheered lustily in their joy. They had not forgotten the living-hell Unuk had subjected them to.

"Jist as I thought," exulted O'Leary. "The babies ahead seen the fireworks, an' is whippin' around to learn the cause. Won't they git a nice Christmas prisint?"

"I hope that overcoat has no holes in it," sang McGuffy from his post at the gleaming eye. "Odds of eight to one don't make apple pie for anybody."

From the ships of Unuk rushing toward them shot tiny red streaks. These blossomed into brilliant lights. Suspended from parachutes, the incandescent flares lighted up the heavens.

"Thanks," chuckled O'Leary. "Me byes here will git a better view whin they knock the tar out o' ye skunks."

Unuk's monsters sighted the Goliath. Quickly they spread out. Yellow eyes started gleaming. Straight for them streaked O'Leary.

A chorus of diabolical mechanical screams drummed on the Americans' ears. Then they were dazzled by a multitude of the stabbing shafts of light.

Except for a wild pitching and rolling, the disintegrating rays and crimson-heat rays had no effect on the mighty Goliath.

"Watch the skunk on the right!" cried McGuffy. "Off go its buttons."

He projected his ray. Unuk's ship disappeared in a burst of fire and a swirl of smoke. The American crew cheered and cheered.

"Hey, you in the nose there!" shouted one from his metal knob to McGuffy. "Let me get the next. It's No. 34, and the red louse in command put burning sulphur between my toes."

In his frenzy of revenge, the gunner failed to make a direct hit, but he pulverized a wing. Unuk's ship fell into a spin and hurtled down through the air. It was doomed.

"Give the red skunks a broadside," ordered O'Leary. "I gotta make Washin'-ton."

Under the concentrated projections Unuk's surviving ships were blasted from the air in less than five minutes.

O'Leary glanced over a shoulder and through the ports in the rear of the cabin. The sky was filled with twinkling white lights.

Like stars at the approach of day, one by one they faded out until the heavens were black.

"It was great, byes," There was sadness in the Sky Hawk's voice. "Imminse! But I'm thinkin' o' thim poor brain-doctored fellers what was aboard. Too bad! Too bad!"

For a while no words were spoken. The thought of the poor wretches who had died had stilled all tongues.

"There's something coming over the radio," presently announced the flyer at the short-wave set. "Somebody's trying to raise Lataki."

"It's Alok! Don't miss what he's sayin'. Git ivery word o' it."

The radio operator connected the loud speaker. Alok's guttural, high-pitched voice filled the cabin.

"O Mighty Unuk, your loyal servant soon will destroy the city known as Wash-

ington and the country surrounding it. I but await the arrival of your first messenger of death to loose the crimson-rays."

A burst of static from the loud speaker and then Alok's voice again.

"Washington calling Lataki! Washington calling Lataki! Washington calling Lataki!"

This was repeated over and over again. Unable to raise the plateau, the Under Priest apparently grew anxious.

"Why do you not answer, O Master? Do you not hear the voice of your loyal servant? O Mighty Unuk, if you do not answer I shall destroy Washington at the time scheduled."

More static as the Under Priest in Washington frantically tried for the plateau.

"Washington calling Lataki! Washington calling Lataki! Washington calling Lataki!"

This kept up for a long while, then the radio went dead.

"Byes," announced O'Leary, "the skunk knows there's somethin' wrong. I gotta get there in time to save Washin'ton if I bust this crate wide open."

Their hearts pounding with anxiety, the crew of the giant Goliath strained forward as though to help pull the monster ship through space.

Thunder Over Washington

GENERAL Alvord Merton, Chief of the U. S. Air Force, sat in his office talking with John S. Swinnerton, Chief of the Department of Justice. Both men were worried.

At another desk was Phillip Weaver, the Air Chief's confidential secretary. To all appearances he was deep in the work before him, but in reality he was listening intently to the talk. A crafty light shone in his weary eyes.

"Haven't you found any clue at all, Swinnerton?" asked General Merton.

"How can it be possible for the President of the United States and his daughter to vanish without leaving a trace behind them? I can't believe it."

"Staggering, General, but nevertheless true. They have disappeared, completely."

"Have you unearthed anything yet about O'Leary and McGuffy? They too vanished into thin smoke, as it were."

"Not a thing, General."

"Swinnerton, I'm about ready for a sickbed. I can't sleep. My nerves are shot. God! Something must be done about the missing President and his daughter. And O'Leary and McGuffy. The whole country is demanding it."

"My bet's that the agents of Unuk are responsible in both instances."

"Mine too. That fiend of a High Priest is at the bottom of all our trouble. You say you haven't uncovered even one of his agents?"

"Nary a one. They're slippery customers."

While the two chiefs talked, in the control-room on the roof of the stone fortress of the Under Priest the devil was at work plotting further harm.

Dr. Miltdorf, the Austrian scientist stood humbly before Alok, who sat on a high stool at a mammoth soapstone electric panel of switches, gauges, and strange-looking control-devices.

Farther along, guarded by two fierce brain-doctored slaves armed with sleep-ray guns, was the President of the United States and his daughter, Myrna, far-famed for her beauty.

The prisoners were pale and anxious, but outwardly showed no fear.

All in the spacious control-chamber were equipped with the flying-devices of Unuk. "Courage, Myrna, dear," whispered the President. "If the fiends had intended to kill us, they would have done so long ere this. They are holding us as hostages."

"Hostages, father? I'd rather die than buy my life at the expense of our country."

"Spoken like a true American, Myrna." The President's eyes glowed with pride.

Alok looked down from the panel at the Austrian scientist.

"Seven times I have called the plateau," he said, "and the Mighty Unuk does not answer. Dog, are you positive that the radio functions correctly?"

"Your humble servant is positive, O Great Master."

"Then I shall burn and destroy Washington before Unuk's ships of the air arrive. First, I shall telephone the fool of an Air Chief and apprise him of my intention."

"You will warn him in advance, O Great Master?"

"Yes. My fortress of stone is impregnable. The dogs of America cannot harm me. Immediately on receipt of my threat the Air Chief will call all his fighting ships of the air to Washington. He will muster his soldiers, his tanks and his artillery of the fire and the thunder. Then I shall destroy them all."

"But do you not fear the white man's weapons of the fire and the thunder, O Great Master?"

"Only when they roar close to me, dog." Alok trembled slightly. "But when I stand on the top of my stone fortress, with my ears plugged to nullify the thunder, I am not afraid."

"But the shells that burst in the air, O Great Master. Will they not wreck the building?"

"How can their puny shells penetrate the magnetic air-barrier which I have thrown around and above my fortress? This barrier protects us even from the rays that shatter and the rays that burn."

"Your humble servant had forgotten, O Great Master."

"Even if my body were pierced by the thunder and the fire of the weapons they call pistols, Alok would not die." The Under Priest pointed to a forty-five army automatic and several clips lying on a stone

table near by. "See, I fear them not while their noise is stilled."

"Would it not be wise, O Great Master, to close the switch of the master magnetic attraction? If the Mighty Unuk and his legions have taken to the air, any that come into the zone of the North will shoot through space to your stone fortress."

"Dog, you begin to show wisdom. Close the switch, then get the Air Chief on the telephone. I would speak with him."

A TELEPHONE on the desk of General Merton buzzed. He went in on the wire. He started, placed a hand over the transmitter and turned to Swinnerton.

"Some crank is calling me," he informed. "He says that Alok, Under Priest of Lataki, wishes to talk with me."

"Keep him on the wire, General. Nobody but us knows of Alok, the Under Priest, except Unuk's agents. I'll trace the call."

Swinnerton grabbed another telephone and gave hurried instructions to investigate the incoming call. He then looked inquiringly at General Merton.

"I'm still waiting, Swinnerton, for Alok. Ah!"

Swinnerton placed an ear close to the receiver and listened.

When the Air Chief had hung up he turned to the Chief of the Department of Justice.

"Did you hear what he threatened?"

"Every word of it."

"But Dr. Mildorf and his staff occupy the building of the American Scientific Research Society. How could Alok call from there?"

The telephone at Swinnerton's elbow buzzed.

"The call came from the building stated," he informed, after disconnecting. "What are you going to do, General?"

"What am I going to do? Muster all the forces at our command. Call every fighting ship to Washington. Turn out the

Marooned In The Sky Is O'Leary While A Nation Trembles Under The Lash Of Fear

artillery, the police, everybody. We'll blow the building to pieces before the fiend can carry out his threat."

"If he weren't sure of himself he wouldn't have warned us." Swinnerton was thinking aloud. "Now what could—"

But the Air Chief had run from the room. The door slammed behind him.

Far in the south winged the giant Goliath with the Sky Hawk at the controls. Continually O'Leary wet his dry lips as he gazed anxiously at the clock on the instrument board and checked his location on an air-map.

"Please, God, lemme make it," he prayed. "Don't let thim fiends wreck Washin'ton an' kill all thim innocent people."

"Sky Hawk!" called the man at the radio set. "A general S.O.S. from Washington on the air. All army and navy planes aloft and on the ground are ordered to Washington at all possible speed."

"We're too late! The skunk is started his dirty work."

Connecting the controls to the robot-steering device, the Sky Hawk got up and paced nervously back and forth in the cabin.

Aghast, he whirled around to the instrument board. The motors of the Goliath had missed. His color blanched. Again the mighty motors coughed.

"No! No!" he cried. "Fer God's sake, no!"

The thundering drone of the fifteen propellers commenced to die and the exhausts were spitting spasmodically. Then all the motors stalled.

"There's plenty of fuel, Sky Hawk," gasped out a flyer at the instrument board. "Spark is okeh too."

"The fuel-device under her belly! Petel On the controls while I give a look!"

McGuffy swung down and jumped into the navigator's seat. He dipped nose and started gliding down from the stratosphere.

"Sky Hawk," declared Mack, tragically, "we'll have to land to fix it. Due to our hurry, our repair job was only a make-shift."

"Even if we kin land," groaned O'Leary, "it'll take hours to fix the damn thing. A lot o' hilt we'll be to Washin'ton. What ye suppose is wrong?"

"The disintegrating rays of Unuk's ships must have knocked out the magnetic bridge. I noticed that it was loose. Ordinarily it would have held for a week. I hadn't figured on the rays."

"What kin be done?"

"We've got a spare magnetic bridge, but there's no way of slipping it in. Without the ship landing, a man would have to fly in the air while doing it."

"Fly in the air! That's jist what I'm gonna do."

"Have you gone crazy, Terence?" demanded McGuffy. "What are you talking about?"

"I'll show ye. Mack, strap that flyin'-device on me back an' gimme that magnetic bridge. I'm bailin' out o' this crate. We gotta reach Washin'ton somehow."

"It's suicide, Sky Hawk. Supposing the impello-stratopede doesn't work?"

"Thin it'll be the ind o' Mrs. O'Leary's son, Terence. How fast kin the thing carry ye through the air?"

"There's no limit to its speed."

"Fine! Thin I kin fly circles around the Goliath. Strap it on me."

"No, Sky Hawk," pleaded Mack. "Please don't."

"Damn it, strap it on me, I say! The magnitic bridge, *quick!*"

"Terence, for God's sake, no!" begged McGuffy. "I'm not going to let—"

"Strap it on, damn it!"

With the impello-stratopede on his back and the magnetic bridge gripped in left hand, the Sky Hawk saluted the white-faced Americans watching him. He had also donned the dead man's suit.

"If I don't see ye ag'in, fellers," he said, "git to Washin'ton, somehow. That's our course, so stick to it."

"Gee, Terence," choked McGuffy, "what a brave guy you are."

"Thanks, pal. Open the trap in the floor, Mack. I'm goin' sky-ridin'."

When the steel panel had slid back O'Leary glanced down into the blackness of space. Involuntarily he shuddered. He sucked in a deep breath preparatory to making his perilous leap.

"Aw revoor, fellers," he said, "Shure an' the 'X' in me name stands fer ixcellint."

Another deep breath and he stepped into the yawning opening. Down he shot into the opaque blanket of night, and disappeared.

McGuffy brushed a hand across his misted eyes.

All aboard the diving Goliath were convinced they had seen the last of the valiant Sky Hawk. With the exception of those at the instrument board, they rushed to the many observation ports and strained their eyes into the blackness. They could see nothing.

DOWN through space whizzed the Sky Hawk. A glance upward and ahead of him. The Goliath was so distant that it seemed no larger than a bird, he had dropped with such amazing speed.

He closed a metal slide. Instantly he floated, stationary, in the air.

"Now to kitch up with the byes."

He opened the slide and closed another. He shot forward horizontal, like a bullet.

Soon he was under the steel belly of the roaring monster so high above him. The pushing of a slide and up he whizzed.

His head, protected by the helmet,

scraped against the steel belly. He regulated his speed to that of the Goliath, then steered himself to the fuel-connecting device to insert the magnetic bridge.

Something hit him a terrific blow and he dropped like a plummet, but still held to the magnetic bridge.

"Now what'n hell was that?"

He soon learned. A half-dozen of Unuk's flying warriors were buzzing about in space, golden tongues of fire streaking from the strange guns in their hands. Evidently, due to the blackness of the night, they couldn't see him.

"Glory be! Shure'n that wallop on me breast plate must o' been a glancin' blow from a squirt-gun."

Gripping tightly to the precious magnetic bridge in his left hand, O'Leary unhooked the force-gun from its fastening and arrested his downward flight.

"Shure'n if it's fight ye skunks want, ye'll git plinty. Six to one, eh? But ye can't see in the dark, so I'm bettin' on Terence X. O'Leary."

Straight at one of the warriors buzzing about flew the Sky Hawk. From his force-gun shot an orange tongue, to register a direct hit.

Like a wounded duck the warrior tumbled through space and was gone. But the others had located the Sky Hawk by the betraying streak of orange fire.

They rushed him en masse, their force-guns spitting death.

Upward he whizzed. And just in time too, because the threads of orange fire just missed his dangling legs. Up came the warriors after him, their force-guns blazing.

What followed was a dreadful nightmare to the Sky Hawk. He whirled and turned and tumbled, now diving, now streaking up, now whipping about, now horizontal, now vertical, and all the while the orange fire missing him by inches.

But he had not been idle. There now was only one warrior left, but he was the toughest and the cleverest of them all. And

apparently he was gifted with night-sight, the expert manner in which he maneuvered himself.

O'Leary caught a glimpse of the Goliath. It was crashing down to destruction. And the boys were depending on him to save them.

"Now or never!" he hissed through gritted teeth. "Shure'n I'll gamble ivery-thin' on the one cast."

Straight for his air-opponent he shot, his force-gun streaking its orange fire. And straight for him came Unuk's warrior, with the blazing orange death.

"God! I'm bit!"

The Sky Hawk was knocked backward through space, tumbling over and over like an acrobat doing cartwheels.

But Unuk's warrior had fought his last fight in the air. Down he hurtled, blood spurting from ears, mouth, and nose.

And after him hurtled the Sky Hawk, also bleeding.

It all had taken but a few minutes, but those minutes dragged like centuries for the anxious men aboard the plunging Goliath. Finally they gave up hope.

"It's no use," said Mack, huskily. "The greatest war bird in history is gone. God rest his soul."

Too choked for words, McGuffey operated the controls of the staggering Goliath. A tear trickled down his dirty cheek.

Mack went to him and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"Do you think you can make it, Sky Rider?" he asked, in an effort to relieve the tension. "We've dropped to thirty thousand feet. There ought to be a landing place down there somewhere."

"I'll—I'll do my best, Mack. But I'll have to have some light. Better throw out the flares, she's diving pretty fast."

A man in the rear of the cabin pulled a lever. There sounded a succession of sharp hissings as compressed air projected the parachute star shells. In a few seconds the skies were lighted brilliantly.

"It's our finish, Mack," declared McGuffey, after a searching look downward. "Nothing but mountains below us. It won't be long now before we see the Sky Hawk again."

"It—it won't be so bad, I guess, Sky Rider. A slap in the face, then rubbed out. Gee, I sure wanted to see my wife and kids, though. For three years I've been in Unuk's hell. Oh, well, what's the difference? I—"

The speaker was knocked flat as, with a blasting roar of its fifteen motors, the Goliath streaked earthward under full power. McGuffey had left the throttle open.

"He's done it! He's done it!" shrieked the Sky Rider in fierce joy. "Oh, you great big—big—Irish baboon!"

WHILE the crew cheered at the top of their lungs, McGuffey pulled the Goliath out of its power dive, leveled off, then cut down speed.

"Shoot out more flares," he ordered. "Set the sky on fire."

"Open the top hatch," shouted Mack. "It's the only way he can get back to us."

Night was turned into mid-day as the incandescent flares floated about hanging from their white parachutes. McGuffey hooked-in the controls and ran to an observation port.

"I see him! I see him!" he informed. "High above us! In the rear and coming like the very devil. Stand by the hatch, boys."

High up in space, his arms close to his sides, his feet straight behind him and his body horizontal, the Sky Hawk, head first, was rapidly gaining on Unuk's ship.

"Come on, you Sky Hawk!" shouted McGuffey through the open hatch. "Come on, you green baboon! The 'X' sure stands for—"

To the horror of all, the man in space rushing toward them so fast, suddenly, by some invisible force, was jerked into a vertical position. Then, like a bullet, he

shot straight up into the stratosphere and out of the zone of the star shells.

"He—he," faltered Mack, "must have worked the wrong gadget on his belt. The nearest magnetic zone has got him."

"But can't he slip out of it? You know, by working the other gadget?"

"No. The gadget automatically locks itself. He's doomed. The Sky Hawk is bound for Unuk's hellish under-sea kingdom."

Gripping a side of the open hatch, McGuffy stood staring up into the stratosphere. The others watched him sympathetically.

"Sky Rider," said Mack, "how about Washington?"

"Thanks, Mack." McGuffy started back to the controls. "Yes Mack, Washington. It's the course the Sky Hawk set."

His eyes narrowed and his lips compressed, McGuffy slid into the navigator's seat.

WASHINGTON was panic-stricken. Confusion reigned. Terror had spread its clutching hand over the city.

Warned by telephone and radio of the impending destruction, the frightened people had poured from buildings, and fleeing frantically to escape, had congested the streets and jammed the traffic. Fiercely they fought and clawed and struggled to make paths for themselves.

Factory whistles shrieked, church bells rang and sirens wailed. Add to this, frightened shouts, curses, prayers, parents calling wildly to lost children, the shrilling of police whistles and the honking of auto horns, and one would get a faint idea of the dreadful bedlam.

Motor cars, trucks and other vehicles, their drivers having but the one idea—to escape from the city—tore recklessly up and down the streets, crashing into one another and maiming and killing pedestrians.

In the control-room of his stone fortress,

Alok stood looking into a range-o-scope. His hideous features were twisted into an expression of hellish triumph. Dr. Milt-dorf, his tired eyes blank and his face devoid of expression, stood near him.

At a window, staring down in horror at the awful scenes twenty stories below them, were the President and his daughter. An arm of the President was around her waist as he hugged her tightly to him, as if to protect her.

"See the dogs of America flee," laughed the Under Priest from the range-o-scope. "See them run, not knowing that they cannot escape from the rays of the Mighty Unuk. When I am ready, I shall char them to cinders."

From all points of the compass winged ships of the army and navy, pursuit, scout, observation and battle planes, and mighty bombers.

"Let their ships of the air come," sneered Alok. "They can harm us not. Soon I shall blot them from the sky."

With sirens shrieking, a platoon of motorcycle police whizzed down Pennsylvania Avenue to clear the way. Behind them rumbled a battery of light artillery.

Astride the galloping horses straining against collars, the drivers lashed with whips and shouted and cursed for greater speed.

From a side street tanks poured into the broad thoroughfare, their clanking tractor-belts ripping up the asphalt and sweeping aside wrecked automobiles as though they were made of cardboard.

Motorized machine gun companies spewed into the avenue. Infantry, at the double, came behind them.

"Soon I shall strike," laughed Alok from his range-o-scope. "Let them come! Let all the dogs come!"

The battery went into position, the muzzles of its four guns pointing at the building of the American Scientific Research Society.

"Fire!" cried the battery commander.

A blast of fire and smoke as the guns recoiled. Screeching shells cut off the tops of the intervening trees, then burst harmlessly in the air as though stopped by an invisible wall of steel.

"Good God!" cried the battery commander, aghast. "I—I don't understand."

The machine gun companies also had gone into action, aiming at the windows of the building. Not a pane of glass shattered under their intense fire.

In the air overhead, diving, circling, zooming planes were meeting with equal success. Their chattering machine guns had just as well been still. From the bombers streaked messengers of destruction, only to explode harmlessly a few hundred feet above the fortress of Alok.

"I like not the fire and the thunder of

streaked the crimson shaft on its mission of murder.

A bomber was turned into a flaming-coffin and hurtled down. Then a pursuit plane blazed up and was gone. In rapid succession three scouts disappeared in balls of lurid fire.

"O Great Master!" Dr. Miltdorf pointed into the air. "Comes a messenger of the Mighty Unuk from space."

"It is well, dog. The Mighty Unuk has not forgotten his loyal servant."

Fast as a bolt of lightning, something shot downward from the stratosphere. Nearing the building its phenomenal speed decreased. Into the roofless control-room it floated, to land lightly on the floor. The thing was a man. He collapsed into a heap, his eyes closed and his muscles twitching.

It Is Devil Take The Loser When O'Leary Tangles With Alok In Hell's Palace

the dogs down there," snarled Alok. "Watch me burn them with the crimson-ray."

He went to a tube and aimed it at the battery on Pennsylvania Avenue. A shaft of red shot downward. The four guns melted and the asphalt under them blazed. The artillerymen and the horses were converted into unrecognizable charred humps.

Then the ray switched to the tanks and a similar scene was enacted. The machine gun company disappeared in bursts of flame and smoke.

The President wheeled on the Under Priest.

"Stop it, you beast of hell!" he cried. "Stop it!"

His fists doubled, the President rushed at the fiend. One of his guards raised a sleep-ray gun and the Chief Executive and his daughter fell unconscious to the stone floor.

Chortling with glee, Alok aimed the tube of the crimson-ray into the air. Up

Alok flashed a look at the recumbent form and his beady black eyes glinted with triumph.

"The flying-dog known as O'Leary! The Mighty Unuk has sent him to me for punishment, and that punishment shall be to watch his countrymen burn. Then I shall take him captive back to the kingdom under the sea."

"Shall I lift him up, O Master? To gaze down into the streets?"

"Let the dog lie. When I start burning the city, then I shall wake him up."

"Look, O Great Master! Lift your eyes into the stratosphere. There comes a death-ray ship of the Mighty Unuk."

"The mightiest of Unuk's ships," cried Alok. "It is the signal to destroy Washington."

HE ran to a speaking-tube which connected him with every nook and corner of the building.

"Dogs, hearken to the command of Alok.

Turn the crimson-rays and the rays that shatter to atoms on the points designated on the chart of destruction. When the bells ring, burn and destroy the city and the country surrounding it."

Behind him on the floor the inanimate form moved a hand. A closed eye opened, warily. The red-topped head turned ever so slightly toward the Under Priest.

Down shot the giant Goliath. The yellow eye in its nose gleamed. A mechanical scream pierced the air. Down streaked a shaft of blazing light, aimed at the fortress.

Nothing resulted but a terrific rushing of air over the control-room. Alok cursed.

"The mightiest ship of Unuk in the hands of the flying-dogs of America." Then he laughed. "But it can avail nothing against us."

He picked up a leaded whip and cruelly slashed the Austrian scientist at the chart.

"See that the red switch of the invisible barrier stays closed, you dog," he snarled, "so that we cannot be destroyed by the death-ray ship attacking us."

Unnoticed, the man on the floor moved cautiously, an inch at a time, towards the automatic lying on the stone table a few feet away.

"Terence," he whispered to himself, "if ye kin opin that red switch, ye'll save Washin'ton. Shure'n it'll cost ye yer life, but the 'X' will still stand fer icxillint."

Nearer and nearer to the table he drew. Alok turned around, but the form lay lifeless and still under his gaze.

On board the Goliath, McGuffy was pale from a desperate resolve.

"Mack," he said, "our rays can do nothing against the building. We're only wasting time."

"Anything you want to do is okeh with me and the rest of the boys, Sky Rider."

"Thanks, Mack. I'll climb to fifty thousand feet. Then, with all the rays projecting, I'll dive—" McGuffy stopped.

"And crack up on the roof," supplied Mack. "Go to it, Sky Rider."

O'Leary was now almost to the table. He tensed for his spring.

"I have checked the time and the ranges, O Great Master," announced the scientist.

"Then ring the bells to destroy the city. Hold, dog! Alok shall ring the bells."

"In a pig's ear, Alok will!"

The Under Priest whirled about. A few yards from him, crouched forward and the weapon of the thunder and fire leveled at his heart, was the flying-dog.

"The sleep-rays!" screeched Alok. "The sleep-rays."

One of the men standing near the unconscious President and his daughter whipped out a ray-gun. He was a split-second too late.

Crack! The automatic roared. The man pitched forward, shot through the head. The Latakians in the room cowered with fear and mouthed their terror. The Under Priest shook and trembled.

"Take that, ye murderin' skunk!"

Three tongues of blue flame spat from the muzzle of the automatic. In three spots blood spurted from the Under Priest's body. Alok fell to the floor.

O'Leary leaped to the red switch and jerked it open. He had saved Washington from destruction. Now Alok's fortress could be bombed and shelled. Dr. Milt-dorf, close to the panel, stretched out an arm and closed another switch.

The body of Alok, dripping with blood, shot straight up from the roofless room. The President and his daughter followed, then the Austrian scientist, and all those in the room equipped with the flying-devices. All but O'Leary.

The metal box strapped to his back buzzed and hissed, but did not lift him into the air. Evidently something was wrong with its mechanism.

There blasted a deafening crescendo of mechanical screams. O'Leary looked into the sky. His heart stopped. The Goliath, about forty thousand feet high, was hurtling down to crash on the roof.

"No, Pete, no!" yelled the Sky Hawk.

Desperately he looked down at a gadget on the breastplate of the impello-stratoped.

"No wonder! The slide is open!"

He pushed home the tiny metal slide. Up into the air he whizzed. Past him rushed a tremendous black shadow.

He looked down. The Goliath, far below him, was hurling itself at the building, all of its rays aimed at the stone fortress.

Gripping the controls of the diving ship in a vise of steel, McGuffy sang out to the crew:

"So long, fellows!" Then under his breath, "Terence, I'm coming."

Then a miracle was wrought, it seemed to the self-condemned men aboard the Goliath.

Under the down-reaching rays, the stone fortress of Alok split asunder in a mighty burst of crimson flame, no longer protected after O'Leary had opened the switch. Then the building shattered into atoms.

By the fraction of a second McGuffy saved his diving ship. A jerk back of the stick and the monster zoomed, snapping off tree-tops.

ON the landing field of the Municipal Airport thousands of cheering people surged around the giant Goliath of Unuk. A cordon of policemen battled to keep the crowds back from one of the hangars.

Inside the hangar, McGuffy and the crew were receiving the congratulations and thanks of the Air Chief and other high officials, who had raced to the scene on the landing of Unuk's ship.

Next to the Air Chief stood Phillip Weaver, his secretary. There was a look of fear in his shifting eyes. His hands clenched and unclenched nervously.

"And O'Leary! Where is the valiant

O'Leary?" asked the excited Air Chief. "My God, isn't he with you fellows?"

McGuffy told him of O'Leary's heroic gesture. The joy faded from the countenances of his hearers and their heads bowed in sorrow and homage to the dead Sky Hawk.

Shouts of amazement, intermixed with fear, welled from the crowds outside. There sounded a loud swishing in the hangar door. A man had dropped from the skies, had landed on the tarmac.

"O'Leary!" blurted the astounded Air Chief. "Is—is it you?"

"Shure an' who was ye ixpictin'? I jist dropped in to tell ye fellers that the 'X' in me name stands fer ixcillint. Say, I had one sweet time comin' down to do it. I'm off this flyin' thing fer life."

"You great big bum!" McGuffy hugged his pal. "What do you mean, making me think you were dead?"

"Shure'n I'm sorry to disappoint ye. Listen, ye cockeyed Mick. D'ye know why I'm here? Ye see this thing burned into me chist? Well, ye done it."

"But—but I didn't know what I was doing, Terence. Honest I—"

"Neither do I, right now."

With all his strength the Sky Hawk booted McGuffy in the seat of the trousers, or at least where the seat of his trousers would have been had he been wearing any.

"Shure an' that makes us evin, Pete, old pal."

Grinning broadly O'Leary crossed to Phillip Weaver and seized him by the throat. His hand darted into his loin-cloth and he shoved something into the gaping mouth.

"It'll give ye a bit o' a bellyache," said the Sky Hawk. "But I'm thinkin' ye'll thank me fer one of me pink pills, ye poor feller."

THE END

BE SURE TO SEE THE NEXT PAGE

WHAT NEW PERILS WILL O'LEARY MEET?



Don't Think That O'Leary's Adventures Are Over With Unuk And Alok Vanquished. New And Strikingly Different Are The Exploits To Come In This Amazing Magazine Of High Flying Peril.

NEW SHIPS—STRANGE INVENTIONS—REAL THRILLS
IN

Terence X. **O'Leary's** **WAR BIRDS**

The Next Number Is The June Issue—On Sale May 10
WATCH FOR IT!



**THE
COCKPIT**
THE HANGAR
OF THE
WAR BIRDS

THIS IS THE MEETING PLACE OF THE "WAR BIRDS" FLYING CLUB. EACH MONTH NEWS OF THE ORGANIZATION AND MEMBERS WILL BE DISCUSSED.

RALLY 'ROUND, OUTFIT

Gentlemen:

If the volume of mail is any criterion, the change in our publication has made a big hit with you. We haven't had such a deluge of mail since the first month that we started. We are all frankly swamped and so many of you ask for personal answers. I've put it up to you before, but I'll repeat it now: Personal answers are impossible. There are too many of you and we are not going to start playing favorites.

How would YOU like to answer several hundred letters a day besides your regular work? You couldn't do it and we can't, much as we'd like to. The best that we can do is to give you our solemn pledge that they are all read, every single letter. For reply, we fall back on the military system. We issue orders and memorandums through this, our official publication.

I am going to devote a good part of my message this month to running through the mail. You all share in the mail, directly or indirectly, because the organization and its magazine are both shaped by the opinions that we receive.

By far the biggest bulk of the "question mail" has to do with promotions. I am

going to discuss that. The next largest item is concerned with the question of becoming a WAR BIRD and of organizing flights. I have turned this question over to the Adjutant and I recommend a reading of this column this month to every WAR BIRD, commissioned officer or non-com.

In this month's orders, we have created two Majors. No WAR BIRD has attained this rank before and I am anticipating a flood of mail from WAR BIRDS with gold leaf ambitions. Well, don't ask me how to become a Major because I can't answer you. Only the men themselves and we at Headquarters know the infinite amount of faithful, patient work and the many painstaking reports that lie behind the climb to rank of Majors Meade and Hoffman. Theirs was no easy path and there is no easy way to follow them.

I can't tell you—and I don't believe that either of our new Majors can tell you—how to become a Major in the WAR BIRDS. Neither of them, you see, knew that he was "becoming a Major"; they, both of them, merely did their best on every task that came up, refused to be

bluffed out because things looked hard and spared no effort in the doing of the job as they saw it. They both organized flights and they found work for those flights to do; they helped to build up the WAR BIRD organization and they got behind things that attracted attention to their flights and to the organization—all of which goes down smoothly in print but makes a man size job in the doing.

There will be other Majors in the WAR BIRDS but none of them will spring up over night. I want you all to ponder that seriously.

And now that we have a sprinkling of high ranking officers, the need arises for a few definitions of authority. We have held a court on the subject at H.Q. and the following shall be the rule hereafter:

A Major shall have the right to recommend three men a year for promotion. A Captain in charge of a flight of ten or more members (Commissioned or Non-Commissioned) may recommend two for promotion. If his flight is smaller, a Captain is restricted to one recommendation.

Any Flight Commander, of course, can make recommendations for exceptional service or distinguished conduct at any time; but we must not go too far on this promo-

tion matter. Rank must be EARNED. Our only reason for allowing the higher ranking officers greater latitude is the fact that higher rank must necessarily—save for exceptional cases—be conferred only on officers in large and active flights. Such officers are likely to need the help of men with rank.

We are going to promote where we believe promotion merited or where a man with rank is needed for the good of the organization; but we are not going to destroy the value of such promotions by conferring rank wholesale.

So much for that. The next matter on the docket is rather unpleasant. Captain Wyman Phalen of Squadron 20 and Second Lieutenants Robert Lindgren and Sylvester Ward of Squadron 1 have made separate reports to me bearing on the same matter; namely, that a prospective WAR BIRD has appealed to another magazine for the answers to his examination questions and that the answers have been published.

This leaves a bad taste. If the man were a WAR BIRD and then stooped to such tactics, I would feel pretty badly about it. I have taken pride in the honor and the integrity of this organization and that pride has not been misplaced. The fact,

WING COMMANDER,
140 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

April, 1935

I hereby apply for membership in *WAR BIRDS*. I understand that I must successfully pass the required examinations to qualify and I promise to obey the rules of the organization if successful in winning my wings.

If booklets are requested, mark titles below and enclose five cents for postage for each booklet. They will help you pass your examinations. I enclose 15c. for my WAR BIRDS wings. (Members only)

My flight number is.....My rank is.....

Age.....Name.....

Pilot?.....Street or P. O. Box.....

World War Veteran?.....City or Town.....

Best story in.....State.....

this issue.....2nd Best.....

Check booklets below—
“Archy”—() “Plane Facts”—() “War Planes”—()
“Synthetic Aces”—()

however, that this man had to appeal to outsiders is ample proof that he is not of WAR BIRD calibre. Not every one can pass the tests—and many don't care to try.

It is not necessary to pass tests to be a WAR BIRD. We have a great many Non-Coms and the rank that they hold is honorable rank. It would be pretty sad to be the lad who envied a WAR BIRD commission so much that he was willing to cheat to obtain one.

The incident will be fully investigated and, in the meantime, I wish to extend my sincere thanks to the officers who were alert enough to catch this offense.

Many of you write in with a plea that you be allowed to start "Lone Eagle" flights because you have found it impossible to get others to join with you. Now, Gentlemen, a little reflection will convince you that the proposition is absurd. One man cannot be a flight any more than one soldier can be an army. It is honor enough to be a good soldier in a good cause—or to be a WAR BIRD in the great organization of WAR BIRDS. Let us, by all means, have "lone eagles" where we can't have flights—but don't let us make ourselves ridiculous by calling things by their wrong names.

While we are on the question—your salutes, Gentlemen, to a new squadron. Squadron 70—Scotland.

And now, finale. Before I sign off, may I be pardoned for bragging a bit? We have come a long way since we organized, we have delivered in many ways that you didn't expect—and we are offering you a chance each month at a nice fistful of prize money. These are things that you know about and that I know about; things that are more or less between us. But the real glow comes to one when recognition is received from outside the circle.

I am publishing a letter from Staff Sergeant A. L. Santer of the 108th Observation Squadron, U.S.A.S. in a special box this issue. Read it, all of you.

The Sergeant has recognized us as a live organization with originality and ideas. His request proves it. Now, let's deliver for him.

Would you like your design to be flown on every ship of the 108th Observation Squadron?

Yours faithfully,
THE C.O.
Officer Commanding
THE WAR BIRDS

I am appealing to the WAR BIRDS, for help in getting a suitable insignia, for the 108th Observation Squadron, 33rd Division, Air Corps, U.S.A.

This is not an official request, but I am sure that if a proper design depicting Observation will be submitted to our C.O., he will approve of it, and it will be painted on each ship in the Squadron.

Will you publish this request in your WAR BIRDS Cockpit. Thank you.

All designs to be sent to

Staff Sgt. A. L. Santer,
108th Obs. Squadron Hangars,
Municipal Airport,
Chicago, Ill.



Greetings, Modocs:

We're going to have a mighty serious chin-fest this trip and I want no gum-snapping in the pews. As all of you old faithfuls know, the Adjutant does just about everything at H.Q. except sweep out the

dern place and wash the office dog. One of these days, I'll probably do both of those things. The fact that we haven't got an office dog won't make a bit of difference; the C.O.'s liable to send out and get one.

This month the Big Gun has left me with the job of telling you all the why of the WAR BIRDS; how to be one and stay one and get places. You'd be amazed at the stack of letters that ask those kind of questions. I don't know where those birds have been all this time, but they don't seem to have heard a thing so we've got to give our nice little rough-house mess over to a little pulpit work.

You vets better stick around, too. Some of you aren't any too well up on ABCs.

In the first place, the WAR BIRDS are made up of people who are interested in aviation, in its history and in the queer, gasoline-drinking buzzards who fly ships, in building models, in reading exciting tales of the air and in throwing their imaginations into the future for a look at what may be in the world of wings.

In other words, Modocs, a logical candidate for the WAR BIRDS is a reader of this magazine. He's taken the first step when he bought his first copy. (Whoa! Did I say "he"? Pardon me all to Armen-tieres! There are lots and lots of "she".)

Okay. We've got a candidate. He decides that he wants to be more than a reader. He wants to know other enthusiasts, write to them, swap with them. He wants the privileges that are restricted to members of the organization. He reads of many things that he is not in on when he reads the cockpit each month after his jaunt with Terence X. He wants to know how he can cut in on all this.

Easy. There's a coupon to the Non-Coms Mess in every issue. However, if he prides himself on his knowledge of aviation and wants the prestige of being an officer, he writes in to the C.O. and says that he'd like to take an examination. If he passes, he's a Second Lieutenant.

If he wants to advance further and wants to be real active, he starts out to organize a flight. He gets a bunch of lads that he knows and arranges to have a meeting every week to talk about aviation or to pursue some hobby that has to do with aviation. He gets them all together and has them make application to the WAR BIRDS, either as officers or non-coms; then they pick a name for the flight and appoint a C.O. The flight is registered at H.Q. and a charter is mailed out to be hung in the meeting room.

That's all there is except that citations are given for good suggestions or for activities in behalf of the WAR BIRDS—and each citation helps toward promotion.

And you lads that didn't know that much probably don't know that I'm never like this unless the C.O. makes me do it. Me, I'm rough and my meetings are homespun affairs and I don't go for shiny boots.

The Non-Com's Mess is a good place to be and if you don't want to sweat your brain with questions, I'll never blame you and you'll still be a good WAR BIRD way down here with the bull frogs.

And that's all the space I've got, but next month I'll promise to be downright funny in this column. Aw, well—

The Adj.

IS THAT A FACT?

Here you will find proof of the old saw, "Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction." Every item in this collection has been carefully checked for accuracy.

The fastest thing in the air is the tip of a whirling propeller. Assuming that the prop is 9 foot, here is the way it works out.

(Turn to page 116)

9 foot diameter times 3.1416 (Pi) equals 28.2744 feet times 1800 rpm (a fair average rpm figure) equals 50,893.9200 feet per minute. Divide by 5280 feet in a mile and the answer is 9.6 miles per minute at the tip. That is 576 miles per hour.

The odds against Archie (anti-aircraft) bringing down a plane in flight were 30,000 to 1. At the close of the war, the official report to the Royal Air Force of the efficiency of anti-aircraft batteries showed that 30,000 shells had been fired for every German ship brought down. It is assumed that French and American A.A. compared favorably with this and that the Germans were a trifle less efficient by reason of their defensive policy.

It is generally assumed that the Spad was named for the Company which made it during the war (The Societe Pour Aviation et ses Derives). There was a Spad, however, before this company was formed. The ship took its name from the original makers—Le Societe Pour les Appareils Deperdussin.

The Sopwith Camel had the best record of all fighting ships of any country on any Front. Apart from victories scored by American flyers on Camels (record not available), Camel flyers of the R.F.C. brought down 908 enemy aircraft and 2 Zeppelins. R.N.A.S. pilots in Camels brought down 373 enemy airplanes and seaplanes, 12 balloons and 1 Zeppelin. This record is not approached by any

other ship. At the Armistice, 10 out of 82 R.A.F. squadrons in active service were flying Camels.

Lieutenant Charles Nungesser of the French Air Service was the most frequently wounded Allied airman. He received during his service the following injuries: Fracture of the skull, concussion of the brain, five fractures of the upper jaw, two fractures of the lower jaw, shell splinter in the right arm, both knees dislocated, left knee dislocated a second time, bullet in mouth, dislocation of left wrist, broken collar bone and dislocated right ankle. While retired from active service with injuries at one time, he flew borrowed planes from Dunkirk and brought down nine Germans. He finished the war with 43 accredited victories and was lost in an attempt to fly across the Atlantic.

In the fall of 1917, the L59, a German Naval Zeppelin, left Jambol in Bulgaria with medical stores, ammunition and supplies for the German troops in East Africa. It flew across Egypt and was nearing its objective when recalled by wireless due to the decisive British victories in Africa. It turned around and flew back to Jambol where it landed after being in the air for 96 consecutive hours and covering over 4,200 miles. It was commanded by Kapitan Bockholt.

Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Paegelow was an infantry officer with great record of

THE ADJUTANT,
WAR BIRDS,
149 Madison Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.

APRIL, 1935

I would like to become a WAR BIRD but do not wish to take the examination for a commission at this time. Please enroll me in the Non-Com's Mess.

Age..... Name.....

Street or Post Office Box.....

City or Town and State.....

Best two stories in this issue. 1..... 2.....

service in the Philippines. He took his first ride in a balloon after war was declared by the United States, yet he received command of the first balloon unit to go into action. He was born in Berlin on May 9, 1870.

On the night of October 1, 1916, Second-Lieutenant M. H. "Thunder," 51st Squadron, R.F.C., crashed when in pursuit of a Zeppelin raider and was killed. On the same night, Second-Lieutenant W. J. "Tempest," 39th Squadron, R.F.C., brought down the Zeppelin, L31, in flames.

From May, 1915, until May, 1918, when the raids stopped, Zeppelins and Gothas combined were responsible for 541 killed in London, an average of 180 a year. Since 1920, traffic accidents have taken an average toll of over 700 a year in London.

Lieutenant Leo Ferrenbach, an observer in the American Balloon Service, was forced to leave balloons under fire five times in one day during the battle of St. Mihiel. (September, 1918.) The Germans were determined to prevent observation and as fast as a balloon was sent up it was attacked. Three of the balloons that Ferrenbach used that day were sent down in flames by bullets of Fokker pilots. But Ferrenbach stuck to the job. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his heroism. His last address was St. Louis, Missouri.

The cockade is often referred to as the "Allied Insignia." It is not an insignia; it was three. The British carried the cockade with a red outside ring and a blue center; the French had a blue ring and red center; the Italians had green outside ring and red center.

The King of England visited the Second Squadron, R.F.C., at their headquarters in Hesdigneul in September, 1915. He rode a mare belonging to Sir Douglas

Haig and, after a formal review, the regulations were relaxed to permit a cheer for the King. The flyers cheered and the King's mount became frightened, shied, reared up on its hind legs and fell over backwards. The King hit the ground and established a precedent in the matter of riding horses which the Prince of Wales has nobly followed.

German efficiency decreed that anti-aircraft gunners be provided with accessories that would permit of full concentration upon their job. The German High Command knew that a strained position means tense, inaccurate shooting. In the important centers where visits from Allied airmen could be regularly expected, A.A. gunners were provided with swinging swivel seats which moved with the gun and provided the ideal position for sighting at the sky.

Mrs. G. Duff, wife of a British flyer who was killed in action, is the heroine of what is probably the strangest romance of the war. After the Armistice she visited the continent and met a veteran of the Imperial Air Force, Otto von Kohenloche. They became engaged and the fact was brought out in discussion that Captain Duff died under von Kohenloche's guns in a bitter sky duel. The disclosure wrecked the romance and Mrs. Duff returned to England. Eleven years later they met again and the German Ace succeeded in convincing Mrs. Duff that he had been only an instrument of Fate. They were married in Berlin, April, 1931

James Byford (Jimmy) McCudden, the great British ace, was the first flyer to achieve four victories over enemy aircraft in one day (Dec. 23, 1917). Later, to prove that it was no fluke, he repeated the feat. It is estimated that these 8 victories alone (out of his total of 57) took less than an hour and a half and cost Germany a quarter of a million dollars (value of planes

plus cost of training the men who perished with the planes).

On September 15, 1916 (Battle of the Somme), when the tanks first went into action, the British wanted to keep the tanks a secret until they actually hit the German trenches. A squadron of F.E.s were called into action and flew low above the tanks to drown out the noise of the tanks as they approached. The F.E.s belonged to the 18th Squadron.

Richtofen's eightieth victory was scored over Second-Lieutenant D. G. Lewis, R.A.F., who was flying a Sopwith Camel. Although his ship caught fire and burned right down to the ground, Lewis escaped alive. It was the last victory that the Baron ever scored. Lewis outlived the war.

No. 1 Squadron, R.F.C., did not go to France until March, 1915. Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 went in August, 1914.

Manfred Von Richtofen, Germany's greatest ace, received his first decoration for valor from the hand of his Royal Highness the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. The Grand Duke was born and educated in England.

Germany's highest decoration of valor is the *Ordre pour le Merite*, a title of honor borrowed from the French.

The deadliest squadron in France was the 56th Squadron, R.F.C. This squadron scored 200 victories in five and one half months. The next best record to this was that of Richtofen's circus which scored 200 victories in 7 months. "B" Flight of the 56th was the first single flight to score one hundred victories. This squadron boasted such names as Ball, McCudden, Bowman, Davids, etc. It was equipped with S.E.5s and reached the front in May, 1917.

Lieutenant Skene and his observer, Sergeant Keith Barlow of the 3rd Squadron were the first war time casualties of the

R.F.C. Their Bleriot crashed as they took off for France from Netheravon Aerodrome, England, for the flight to France.

The monument to the airmen at Neuilly, France, was unveiled in 1906. It was erected to honor the balloonists who did good work in the Franco-Prussian war (1870-71).

On September 14, 1917, a seaplane piloted by Flight Commander E. A. de Ville, R.N.A.S., flew into a mast on a shore wireless station. The plane wedged tight in the cables of the mast and hung there trembling in the wind. The mast was bent by the force of the blow and it, too, swayed. Nicholas Rath and Richard Knowlton, seamen of the R.N.R., with George Abbot, a trawler deckhand, climbed the 300 foot mast. Rath climbed out into the trembling plane, tied a rope around the waist of the unconscious pilot and swung him out of the cockpit; the other two men handling the rope. Rath then climbed back to the mast and the three men succeeded in lowering the pilot safely to the ground. De Ville recovered consciousness and was little the worse for his experience. The three seamen were decorated by the King.

Major F. Sowrey, R.F.C., brought down 22 enemy airmen in two victories and was never ranked as an ace. On September 23, 1916, Sowrey, then a second-lieutenant, brought down the Zeppelin, L32, with a crew of nineteen. May 19, 1918, Sowrey scored a victory over a Gotha with a crew of three. Five victories are necessary for ranking as an ace and Sowrey never got them.

F. O. Farwell, an American, invented the first rotary engine about 1906. The first rotary, however, to be commercially successful was the Gnome, invented by Laurent Seguin, a Frenchman. Most of

the successful scouts of the war used rotary engines and nearly all of the different makers were licensed to build under Gnome patents. The most noted of these were the LeRhone and the Clerget. The outstanding German rotary was the Oberursel.

FAMOUS FIRSTS

Here it is, Gang! A collection of interesting, amazing "first time" adventures of men in the air.

"Crash," mascot of the 45th Squadron R.F.C., was the first dog in history to wreck a war time plane. He dragged a large bone onto the runway of the 45th drome near Istranso, Italy, just as Captain Norman MacMillan was taking off. The prop of the Camel hit the bone and shattered, wrecking the ship.

Brock explosive bullets were introduced in June, 1916. Pomeroy and Buckingham explosive bullets came out shortly after. The Brock was the first successful bullet for destroying balloons.

Captain C. F. Chandler, U.S.A., was the first man to fire a machine gun from an airplane. The date was May 7, 1912, and the place was College Park, Maryland. Lieutenant T. W. Milling piloted the plane from which the gun was fired, a 1912 Wright biplane.

Harriet Quimby, the first woman licensed to fly in the United States, was also the first woman to fly the English Channel.

Missouri passed the first altitude law in the U.S. It forbade pilots to fly above 1000 feet on the grounds that it was a needless risk.

The 135th Squadron took the first American built D.H. planes into action on August, 1918. Not having an experienced flight leader of their own, they borrowed Lieutenant M. O. White of the 90th Squadron.

Dr. S. W. McLean of Cleveland, demonstrated the first anti-aircraft gun in 1909. His weapon was mounted on a truck.

The first aircraft show in America was held in the 69th Regiment Armory in New York in 1906.

The first seaplane of the Russian Air Force was a Curtiss: delivered in 1913.

Curtiss developed the first dual control at Hammondsport, New York, and the first dual control ship was delivered to the American Army at College Park, Maryland, in 1911.

It is not possible to give credit definitely to the originator of the idea of dropping parachute flares to aid night bombing. The French are believed to have started it, but the Germans and the British inaugurated the system almost simultaneously in the fall of 1915. Parachute flares were available earlier for night landings.

Although the United States had a licensed woman pilot as early as 1910, Canada did not have one until Miss Aileen Vollick received her license in February, 1928.

The first fatal airplane crash in the history of powered flight occurred on September 17, 1908, when Lieutenant T. E. Selfridge was killed at Fort Myer, Va. Orville Wright was the pilot. He escaped with painful injuries.

Glenn H. Curtiss was the first man to take off from, and land on, water. He flew a plane of his own design for the stunt off San Diego in January, 1911.

President Taft witnessed the Wright Brothers flights at Fort Myer in 1908, the first President, therefore, to witness a successful airplane flight.

Sergeant de Grandseigne attacked a German cruiser four miles northeast of Ostend and three miles from the coast on the night of April 15-16, 1916. He dropped several bombs squarely on the warship and seriously damaged it. It was the first recorded instance of a ship at sea being attacked by a land plane.

Corporal Almonacid, an Argentinian in the service of France, shot down a German plane which was engaged in a raid on Dunkirk. A South American was thus the first "American" to score an aerial victory in the world war. (January 22, 1915.)

Captain Leefe Robinson of the British Royal Flying Corps was decorated with the Victoria Cross and received a large sum in prize money for bringing down the first "Zeppelin" over the British Isles. His victory, however, was scored over a Schutte-Lanz airship, similar to a Zeppelin but not recognized in Germany as a Zeppelin. The only true Zeppelins were those built in the Zeppelin Works.

The American flag was raised for the first time upon a European battlefield on April 14, 1917. The Lafayette Escadrille was the first unit to raise the flag. Raoul Lufberry had the honor of being selected as flag bearer.

The first American flyer killed in the world war was Victor Chapman of the Lafayette Escadrille. He was shot down June 23, 1916.

The first American flyer killed after America's entry into the war was Edmond Genet, also of the Lafayette. He was brought down by anti-aircraft on April 16, 1917.

There is much dispute as to the first war-time flying off battleships, but the general opinion is that the Hanriot was the first plane to be thus used. The plane was lifted by a system of block and tackle to a perch on the turret top and the take off made from a specially devised runway which could be extended over the big guns and removed when not needed.

WAR BIRD FLIGHTS

The Flight News section this month is larger than usual due to the fact that we slighted flight news last month. Despite the increased space, however, we have been unable to do justice to the rapid expansion of the flight roster nor to the news of flight activity. We hope that those who do not find their flight mentioned will be patient until we can get the docket cleaned up. Here are the new additions:

OVERSEAS PURSUIT FLIGHT—26 Majoribanks Street, Wellington, New Zealand. Second Lieutenant I. S. Whale, C. O. Insignia is the Kiwi (native bird of N. Z.). Seven members. Roster not yet available. Meetings every Saturday. Members build models and collect pictures; discussions held on stories and articles read, flights taken, etc.

THE PTERODACTYLS—Pinehurst Ranger Station, Miramonte, Calif. Second Lieutenant Deane R. Brandon, C. O. Roster: Gordon Brandon, Claude Featherstone, George D. McCallum (Transport pilot), Leland Gipson, Joseph Furtado, Joseph Pack and Forest Hoover. Meeting dates irregular for present. Insignia is a Giant Flying Lizard with outspread wings. Motto is "Masters of the Air."

WINGED LANCERS FLIGHT—1512 Packer Street, McKeesport, Pa. Captain Wm. H. Hoffman, C. O. Roster: Corporals W. Swanson, J. Michalski. Cadets: Richard Dittman, C. Wise, D. Landstrom, G. Fehr, C. Carrol, C. Dittman, E. Carrol, L. Gall, J. Gillingham, R. Hamm, E. Michalski, J. Chadwick, W. Graham, R. Goring, W. Phillips, P. Jones, C. Ruffing, W. Vogel, L. Helmstadter. Meetings every Friday night. Insignia: Wing Badge with W and L on wings, War Birds on Shield. (Note—This is the second flight organized by Captain Hoffman who also commands the Winged Keystone Flight at Duquesne, Pa.)

PINK ELEPHANT FLIGHT—A seven man flight commanded by Ray Coutine does not send any address; street, town or state.

FAYETTE ESCADRILLE FLIGHT—424 Woodland Ave., Lexington, Kentucky. Second Lieutenant Clyde Calvert, Jr., C. O. Corporal Joseph Stallard, Adjutant. Roster: Corporals Marvin Baxter, R. J. Calvert. Meetings every Saturday. Flight named for Fayette County. Insignia: Liberty Bell with crossed props in background.

RAINBOW FLIGHT—1527 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Calif. Second Lieutenant Eugene Benefiel, C. O. Roster: Corporals Robert Benefiel (Adjutant), Wayne H. Davies, Arthur Angel. Wm.

and its reports are models for detail. This flight keeps actively in touch with all happenings at the Municipal Airport and at Fort Crockett, headquarters for the Third Attack Group. Captain Meade has sent detailed reports with pictures which we may be able to publish later. The flight is also attending ground school and special flight programs are arranged for significant holidays; Armistice Day, Wright Day, etc. A recent guest of the flight was Captain Frederick Kreuzberg, German World War ace credited with 17 victories. During a recent visit to the Coast on the part of the Commander, the flight was led by Second Lieutenant William A. Meade.

W. E. BARRETT AND GRIN FLIGHT—2406 Bridge Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, reports through First Lieutenant Steve Kovach that several members have been expelled for non-attendance at meetings and that discipline in the flight is tightening up. This is a photo flight and members keep track of arrivals at Cleveland Airport, snap-shooting all prominent pilots. The flight has also had machine gun lectures at the Cleveland army.

COBRA PATROL FLIGHT—660 West Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga., reports through First Lieutenant Marvin Maxey, C. O., that it is now down to eight members, two members being lost through change of address. The flight has been building up a good sized library on aeronautics and has been holding meetings regularly, with discussions on matters which come up in the War Birds Cockpit.



CITATIONS AND PROMOTIONS

Note—A citation is not a promotion but each citation goes into the service record and counts in the officer's favor when names come up for the promotion lists. The following officers are cited in this month's orders:

We are pleased to announce the conferring of the first two majorities in the War Birds. The two following officers have been active since the organization of the War Birds and have performed services above and beyond the requirements of their conferred rank:

Captain (hereafter, Major) Robert L. Meade, Jr., Squadron 37, Commanding Officer of the Lucky Seven Flight, Galveston, Texas.

Captain (hereafter, Major) William H. Hoffman, Squadron 43, Commanding Officer of the Winged Lancers Flight of McKeesport, Pa., and of the Winged Keystone Flight of Duquesne, Pa.

Rank effective March 1, 1935.

Major Meade, by his unflinching energy, has made the Lucky Seven Flight outstanding even in an organization which boasts justly of its active and enterprising flights. His achievements as a flight leader and the accomplishments of the flight that he leads have been recorded in these columns before. We congratulate Major Meade

11), Pittsburgh, Pa., who has been an invalid for 27 years, will swap her songs for cash and her stamps for stamps.

Leo A. Descheneaux, 158 Common Street Watertown, Mass., has a miniature golf course (4' x 3') worth \$4.00, chemistry set in good condition, minus test tubes and worth \$3.00. Wants to swap for World War relics, or airplane parts.

Jim Wommack, 9 Wrightsville Ave., Wilmington, N. C., has an empty World War gas grenade, model plans, airplane snapshots, roll of 118 films, box Kodak to trade for anything. Will answer all mail.

Jim Costello, 308 So. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif., will trade a good hunting knife for a good working Winchester .22 rifle.

Burgett Smith, Buckhannon, West Virginia, wants an Indian Scout or Chief motorcycle, also parts. Will try to supply your wants.

Leo A. Descheneaux, 158 Common Street, Watertown, Mass., wants the address of the boy who answered his ad in December WAR BIRDS and sent him money for 25 sets of plans. His first name is Lee and he lives in Fall River, but name and address has been lost. Will Lee write to Mr. Descheneaux?

Frank Bidwell, Jr., 1035 Fulton Street, Palo Alto, Calif., will pay five cents each for the addresses of any firms that sell World War aviation photos if he does not have the names of the firms at present.

John Marshall, 2822 East 27th St. Court, Des Moines, Iowa, has stamps, chemicals, apparatus, etc., to swap for war relics. Wants to buy or trade for German Luger.

Bob McAdam, 414 North Winter Street, Adrian, Mich., has a five tube battery radio set to trade for German Luger or other equipment.

Leslie Seller, Greencastle, Pa., will swap a good watch, 500-x microscope, Western books, flash light, etc., for books on airplanes, models or what-have-you?

Jack Armstrong, Jr., 2510 College Street, Greenville, Texas, wants World War relics, chevrons, etc., and will swap stamps, magazines.

George Cooper, Jr., 3109 Hemlock Ave., Parkersburg, West Virginia, will trade pictures and snapshots of airplanes and airports. Also will trade World War aircraft bomb for what-have-you?

Clarence Kynock, 15 West Street, Marlboro, Mass., has a pot helmet, iron cross, Luger holster, trench periscope, 6" mortar shell, Croix de Guerre, French chasseur's bayonet, 8 x 10 dogfight photo, Ross bayonet, etc. Wants spiked helmet or what-have-you?

Neal Ewald, 240 North Ave., West Cranford, N. J., has a \$100.00 trumpet to swap for bass fiddle or tuba.

C. I. Carter, 1412 Lincoln Ave., Yakima, Washington, will trade an American steel helmet in good condition for a German helmet or medal in good condition.

W. H. Liedel, 137 West Cumberland Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will trade stamps for stamps, antiques, relics, anything suitable for den or what-have-you?

Roy Ruennen, Jr., 123 Straight Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., will swap airplane plans for insignia of Allied or German plane flown in war.

The first—and only woman—to train F.C. pilots was Marjorie Stinson, a graduate of the Wright School at Dayton, Ohio. She taught a number of young Canadians to fly in 1915. Flying instruction was a difficult thing to obtain at that time, and she went after the business. It was easier to get into the R.F.C. with previous flying experience.

One "Jennie" (The Curtiss JN 4) saw service in France. It was the property of the RNAS bombing unit at Luxeil. It never went into action but was used by the British Naval pilots as a gunnery practice ship.

The B.E. was originally known as the Bleriot Experimental because it was built after the Bleriot fashion, Bleriot being credited with the origin of tractor design. Later the letters were understood to mean British Experimental since the ship was a product of the Royal Aircraft Factory. It had an unique war record.

In April, 1915, the first Victoria Cross was won by a flyer. Lieutenant Rhodes-Moorhouse of the Second squadron, R.F.C., successfully carried out a bombing raid on Courtrai, received a mortal wound from ground fire but flew his ship home. The award was made posthumously. He was flying a B.E.

Previous to that, Lieutenant Mappelbeck turned in the first recorded R.F.C. combat report (September, 1914). He was wounded in the leg, rifles being used by both the German and the Englishman. The B.E. was the ship in this instance also.

In May, 1916, the B.E. was adopted as standard equipment for the first home defense squadron in London (The 39th, R.F.C.). This was the first squadron to take the air against the Zeppelin raiders, although unorganized attempts to fly against them had previously been made.

L. Paul. Cadets Richard Christy and John Whitaker. Meetings every Saturday evening. Flight colors: Jet black with arc of rainbow and member's personal trim color as border. Flight motto is "Alte Vatamus!" (We fly high.)

NON-COM FLIGHTS

ELEVEN JAGDSTAFFEL FLIGHT—461 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sergeant J. Erickson, C. O. Roster: Cadets Alfred Erickson, Ludwig Kummernuss, Karl Erickson, Edwin Webster, Harry Nelson, Walter Warren, Gloria Nelson. Every member of this flight has made at least two models.

UN-NAMED FLIGHT—801 Washington Blvd., Oak Park, Ill. Corporal Herbert Redding, C. O. Roster: Cadets William Weber, Dick Campbell, G. Brown, J. Brown, J. Russo, H. DeWitt, S. Weiss. Further details later.

LAUGHING SKULL FLIGHT—171 Berkeley Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Corporal Albert Leaden, C. O. Cadets James Gardiner, A. Leaden. Meetings weekly. Insignia and complete roster later.

FLYING HORSE-SHOE FLIGHT—936 No. Front Street, Reading, Pa. Sergeant Jim Harkness, C. O. Roster: Corporals Russell Place, Charles Ganster, Tom Harkness.

DEVIL FLIGHT—45 Harlem Street, Worcester, Mass. Sergeant Gabriel Trumpaitis, C. O. Roster: Cadets Arthur Konyun, Fred O'Connor, J. Katonis, S. Adukas. Insignia: Standing Red Devil with pitch-fork. Meetings every Saturday 3 P.M.

HELL DIVERS FLIGHT—1941 65th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sergeant Edward McHugh, C. O. Roster: Corporals Buddy Eagle, Stanley Kasakove, Murray Rogivin, Harold Triestman and Murray Rubin. Meetings every Saturday.

BLACK PANTHER FLIGHT—Athena Hotel, Athena, Oregon. Sergeant Jack Miller, C. O. Sergeant Gene Haworth, Adjutant and Organizer. Roster: Cadets Paul Kibbey, B. Kibbey, Dale Jenkins, Howard Moore. Meetings every Friday.

RIGHTOFEN SQUADRON FLIGHT—350 63rd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Corporal James Healey, C. O. Roster: Cadets Walter Cederburg and Roy Wahlgren. Meetings weekly.

THE OREGONIANS—2727 NE Hancock Street, Portland, Oregon. This flight is made up of active pilots. The numeral in brackets after the member's name is his total flying time in hours. The flight owns a Lewis gun and practices dismantling, repair, etc. Sergeant R. Henry Stevenson, C. O. (203). Roster: Cadets Frank O. Wever (110), Edward C. Aldrich (278), Edgar W. Bauder (08), Edgar F. Averil (72). Meetings are held weekly. Insignia later.

IRISH DOG FLIGHT—Sackville, New Brunswick. Sergeant Ronald Hesler, C. O. Roster: Corporal John Henderson (Adjutant), Cadets Carl Ford, Edward Hart, William Wood, John Boby, Mark Yeoman. Meetings every Tuesday night. Insignia is Irish setter with machine gun on back. Flight has library of books on aviation. Flight mascot is Irish setter named Mike.

FLIGHT NEWS

LUCKY SEVEN FLIGHT—1406 Avenue K, Galveston, Texas. Captain R. L. Meade, Commanding—continues to be our most active flight,

and the Lucky Seven Flight equally; we believe that they are interdependent and that what the flights owe to good leadership is balanced by its leader's debt to devotion and discipline.

Major Hoffman's record is unique in organization work. He has shown a tremendous capacity for leadership and rare initiative in organizing and leading two of our largest flights, located in different cities and rivaling one another in activity. By every test of a good War Bird, Major Hoffman measures up to his rank and we congratulate him and the two splendid flights that he commands.

For exceptional service and outstanding ability, the following officers are raised to the ranks indicated (effective March 1, 1935):

2nd Lieutenant Victor W. Musich—24 Sq.—to 1st Lieutenant.

2nd Lieutenant Marvin Maxey—40 Sq.—to 1st Lieutenant.

2nd Lieutenant Deane Brandon—20 Sq.—to 1st Lieutenant.

2nd Lieutenant Thomas Heneby—5 Sq.—to 1st Lieutenant.

Effective same date, Corporal F. Heinz is elevated to the rank of sergeant.

The following officers and non-commissioned men are cited for exceptional service in this month's orders:

1st Lieutenant Chester Opacki—34 Squadron.

2nd Lieutenant Harry C. Fetter—5 Sq.

2nd Lieutenant Jack Armstrong—37 Sq.

2nd Lieutenant Eddie Savage—37 Sq.

2nd Lieutenant Derek Berry—50 Sq.

2nd Lieutenant James Mason—3 Sq.

2nd Lieutenant C. I. Carter—45 Sq.

Corporal Edward Leonard—1 Sq.

Corporal Elmer Kaplan—34 Sq.

Corporal Joseph Murphy—43 Sq.

Corporal T. Sonley—52 Sq.

Corporal Jim Mitchell—50 Sq.

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Vince Zaborny, 385 16th Ave., Irvington, N. J., has Allied helmet with silver markings, an army holster for Army .38, bullet belt, overseas cap and bayonet with case. Will trade for World War rifle or .22 rifle or any kind of a pistol from .32 calibre up.

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Publication of your name in this department entails an obligation to answer all letters received. Post card replies are permissible, but WAR BIRDS who fail to obey the rules governing the use of WAR BIRDS facilities and privileges are subject to court-martial and the revocation of commissions.

H. A. Probin, 1 Forres Gardens, Golders Green, N.W.11, London, Eng., will be glad to write to War Birds and answer questions on British aviation.

James Murray, 94 Pineapple Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to hear from members of Squadron One.

Russell Orchard, 28 Rayburn Ave., Papanui, Christchurch, New Zealand, would like to hear from New Zealand War Birds particularly, but welcomes letters from War Birds anywhere.

Thomas Vadell, 3225 St. Phillips St., New Orleans, La., would like to hear from New Orleans War Birds.

Bruno Dabal, 135 Shaw Street, Garfield, N. J., would like to hear from all members of Squadron Number Five.



Note: As gentlemen and War Birds we expect you not to misrepresent the merchandise you offer here for sale or trade. The service is free to you, merely send in your ad, hand-printed or typewritten not exceeding thirty words. Also, when writing a War Bird whose address you get from this department, be sure and enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for an answer. We expect all War Birds to answer all communications obtained through this department.

E. R. Messinger, 1313 Waite Avenue, Toledo, Ohio, wants penograph mechanical drawing tools and scale plans. Has $\frac{3}{4}$ " flying plans and cash. Miss Magdalen Beans, 424 Lupton Street (Sta.

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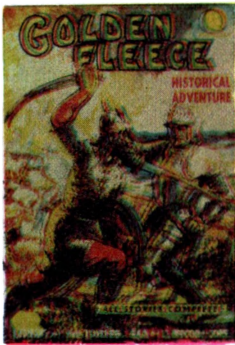
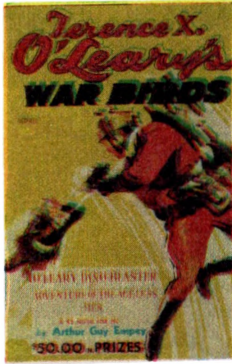
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