The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
America
Founded 1827
April
1931

Cover Painting by Clayton Knight

Jimmie Rhodes «» Mark Tidd «» Sergeant Pinky «» Larry Pennock «» Renfrew

PRICE 20 CENTS
$2.00 A YEAR

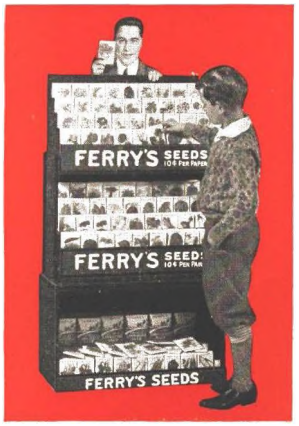
HERE IS PROFIT AND FUN

Some pumpkins! Every one weighs over ten pounds. The market price for pumpkins, where Jim lived, was 5c a pound. But last fall Jim Hawley sold his pumpkins, grown from Ferry's purebred Seeds, for 6c a pound. Vegetables produced from Ferry's purebred Seeds can command higher prices. Boys all over the country have found that out.

Seeds are no more alike than dogs are alike. No boy expects a mongrel pup to grow up into anything but a mongrel dog. Most boys know the best way to have their pup grow into a purebred dog is to make sure that the pup is purebred.

The same thing holds good for seeds. Ferry's purebred Seeds grow up into firm, luscious vegetables and big, colorful flowers because they are pedigreed. Make a profit out of your garden. Be sure of that profit by using Ferry's Seeds. Growing vegetables and flowers in your garden requires little output and brings big returns.

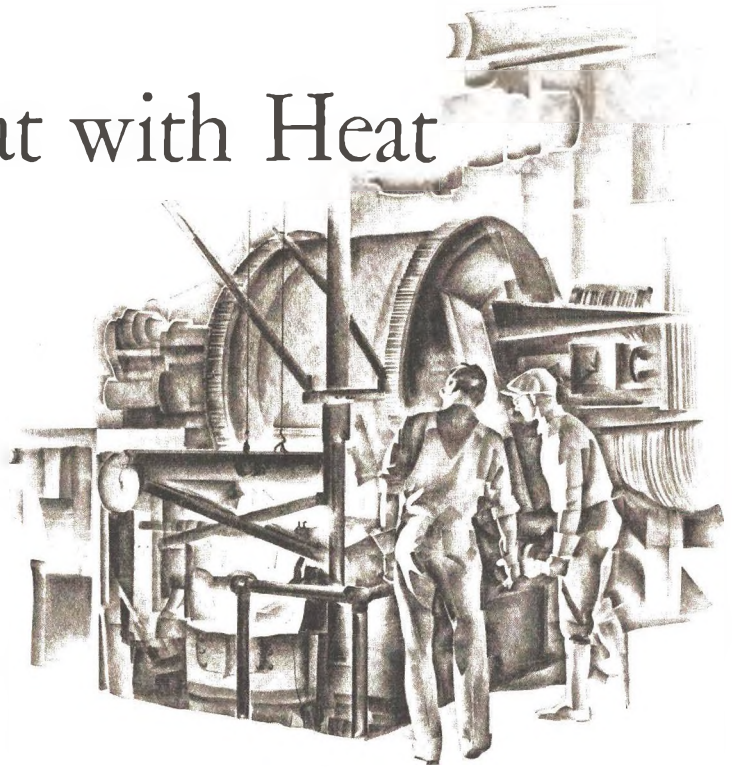
Thousands of boys made their pocket money last year with Ferry's Seeds. *Now is the time to start your garden for this summer's profit.* Ferry's Home Garden Catalog will help you plan your vegetable garden. Write us for it. Sent free. If you have any questions about making a profit out of your garden, write us — we will answer gladly. Ferry-Morse Seed Co., Detroit, Mich.; San Francisco, Cal.



Fellows! Look for Ferry's Seed Box placed in your neighborhood stores. It contains the handy 10c packet of Ferry's Seeds—a complete assortment of flowers and vegetables.

FERRY'S *purebred* SEEDS

How Cadillac Fights Heat with Heat



SOMETIME when you are riding in an automobile, try this experiment. When the car comes to a quick stop after a burst of speed, get out and hold your hand near a brake drum. You will be astonished at the amount of heat you will feel.

The reasons for this heat can be easily understood if you will recall how primitive peoples started a fire. Having neither matches to make a flame, nor flint and steel to strike a spark, they rubbed two sticks together—vigorously. This process, called friction, generated enough heat to set carefully-prepared kindling on fire.

A similar process takes place when the brakes are applied on a moving car. Two surfaces rub against each other, one of them revolving at a high rate of speed. The friction resulting from this rubbing contact generates heat, just as does rubbing two sticks together. In the case of a big car, such as the Cadillac V-12 or Cadillac V-16, the heat produced by braking is so intense that the strongest steel drums will, in time, break down under it.

Knowing that friction is inevitable when brakes are applied, Cadillac engineers set for themselves the task of producing drums which would resist the effects of heat. How they solved this problem explains the expression — "fighting heat with heat." For electric furnace iron was the material finally selected for V-12 and V-16 brake drums —and its unusual resistance to heat is the result of a *double heating* process.

Ordinary cast-iron, as you may know, is produced by melting blocks of iron in a furnace-like structure called a cupola. The molten metal is then poured into molds and allowed to harden.

The electric furnace iron used by Cadillac to make castings is also melted in the cupola. But before it is cast into molds, it is again heated in special rotating electric furnaces of three-ton capacity. There, the metal, mixed with certain alloys, is swirled back and forth — all the time subjected to an intense heat that burns out all impurities. The result is cast-iron so hard that a special substance called tungsten-carbide—nearly as hard as the diamond—must be used to smooth the castings.

This so-called electric furnace iron is used not only for these brake drums, but wherever Cadillac specifications call for hard cast-iron. Its toughness and hardness permit less bulky castings, and it takes a smoother finish. These qualities make it ideal for use in cylinder blocks, as it permits them to be machined to extreme thinness. Better engine cooling naturally results.

The use of electric furnace iron, instead of the less expensive cast-iron, is an excellent illustration of how carefully Cadillac engineers select the *best* materials for every part of Cadillac and LaSalle cars.

CADILLAC-LA SALLE

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

$50,000 in Awards for Boys

Have you joined the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild? This organization, sponsored by the Fisher Body Corporation to foster the spirit of craftsmanship, offers to every boy from 12 to 19 years of age an opportunity to share in awards totalling more than $50,000. Competition centers around the building of a model Napoleonic Coach, for which complete plans and drawings are furnished by the Guild. See your Cadillac-LaSalle dealer today. He will enroll you in the Guild—*free of charge*—and will see that you are supplied with all available material.

Join the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild

Again . . . we open the door of opportunity to ambitious boys

Second annual competition of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild offers four-year college courses—trips to Detroit with all expenses paid—and many substantial awards in gold . .

So eagerly did boys enter into the first annual competition of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild—so successfully was their interest in craftsmanship quickened and developed—that the same competition is to be repeated.

As before, this competition is open to every boy from 12 to 19 years of age inclusive. The Guild invites you to enter—to enroll in its membership and build a miniature model Napoleonic coach. You will have loads of fun. You will develop a quick, accurate hand with tools. And you have a wide-open chance to win one of the valuable awards listed on this page.

Think what that would mean to you—nationwide recognition for your workmanship and skill—a college education—the beginning of a distinguished career!

Membership in the Guild does not cost you one cent. There are no dues or fees of any kind. Wherever you live, you can enroll today.

Read all the particulars. Then go to your nearest General Motors dealer and enroll. Build a model coach. Develop your ingenuity—your creative ability—your craftsmanship. Qualify for a valuable Guild award.

Here are all the particulars

The Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild announces the second annual competition for its members, beginning immediately and closing July 1, 1932.

The purpose of this competition is to arouse interest in craftsmanship and to develop creative skill along constructive lines in boys of high school age. To that end, the Guild offers the valuable awards shown in the box at the right for skill in building a miniature model Napoleonic coach.

These awards are given solely on the basis of ability in craftsmanship as demonstrated in a completed coach. There are no other requirements whatever. Nothing to sell—no canvassing.

Plans of the model coach and complete instructions for building it are supplied by the Guild.

The Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild is an association of boys of high school age (12 to 19 years, inclusive) sponsored by the Fisher Body Corporation and dedicated to stimulating the knowledge and practice of fine craftsmanship. Membership is open to every boy without cost of any kind.

Thousands of enthusiastic boys enrolled in the Guild for its first competition. The Guild is endorsed by leading educators and friends of boys and by prominent newspapers. Daniel Carter Beard, America's beloved Boy Scout Commissioner, is Honorary President of the Guild, and its Board of Honorary Judges is composed of presidents and deans of famous engineering colleges.

AWARDS VALUED AT $50,000

Senior Group Ages 16 to 19 inclusive		Junior Group Ages 12 to 15 inclusive
	Grand National Awards	
2	University Scholarships of $5,000	2
	Grand State Awards	
49	Trips to Detroit and $50 in Gold	49
	Second Awards	
49	$50.00 in Gold	49
	General State Awards	
49	First Award—Woodcraft—$10.00	49
49	Second Award—Woodcraft—$5.00	49
49	First Award—Metalcraft—$10.00	49
49	Second Award—Metalcraft—$5.00	49
49	First Award—Trimcraft—$10.00	49
49	Second Award—Trimcraft—$5.00	49
49	First Award—Paintcraft—$10.00	49
49	Second Award—Paintcraft—$5.00	49

Every enrolled member who submits a completed coach to the Guild headquarters will be awarded a diploma for craftsmanship.

In many cities, boys get high school credit in manual training for work in the Guild. And the Boy Scouts of America accept craftsmanship on a Guild coach for credit toward some of the Scout merit badges.

Enroll at your nearest General Motors Dealer's

Enrollments for the current Guild competition do not apply for the second. To continue as a Guild member and to engage in this competition, you must enroll again. Go to the nearest General Motors dealer just as you did last year.

If you do not belong to the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, you are heartily invited to enroll without delay. Merely go to your nearest General Motors dealer—Chevrolet, Pontiac and Oakland, Oldsmobile, Buick, or LaSalle and Cadillac. He will welcome you to membership and enroll you in the Guild.

You will then receive from headquarters a membership card—a Guild button to wear on your coat—complete scale drawings of the model coach—instructions for building the coach—a picture of the coach in full colors—and a booklet telling all about the Guild and what it does.

Enroll today. Get an early start on your coach.

FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

Volume 105 April, 1931 Number 4

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We took the map along—and at least fifty times afterwards I wished we hadn't!

Mark Tidd Back Home

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

Chapter One

MY name is Tallow Martin and I am one of the three fellows who went all over Europe and Asia and Africa and places with Marcus Aurelius Fortunatus Tidd. The other two were Binney Jenks and Plunk Smalley, but they don't amount to much, and never did, and as far as I can see, they never will. Mark Tidd is different. He amounts to a lot—about two hundred and twenty pounds or maybe more after a square meal.

Well, we spent a good many months on the other side of the ocean and had quite a time of it, but we got tired of it after a while and were pretty glad to get back to Wicksville again and see our folks and be around among people that talked English and wore regular clothes. We got home just the time vacation was starting; so we didn't have to go back to school, and Mrs. Tidd said we ought to be put right smack to work before we got into mischief.

But Mrs. Tidd barks worse than she bites, and Mr. Tidd doesn't do anything but read about the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and invent gadgets. And our own folks were so glad to see us back that they didn't get around to doing anything disagreeable till it was too late.

And that's how we happened to have a whole summer vacation on our hands after being abroad and getting our minds cultivated by foreign travel and all.

The rest of the kids around town admired us a lot on account of where we'd been and what we'd seen, but they tried not to let on. We acted just as if we'd never been anywhere at all and never bragged, only when somebody'd say that Wicksville had a fine standpipe we'd say, "Yes, it has, but you ought to see the Pyramids." You know, like that. Just dropped it in casual-like, as if it didn't mean a thing to us and Pyramids were our regular breakfast food. But we always told people we were glad to be back home again, and we were.

I don't know if you ever were in Wicksville, but it's a great town, probably the finest town of anywhere near its size that there is in the world. About twelve hundred people live there, but they seem like a lot more on account of their being such busy people and all. The town is on a river that cuts it in two in the middle, and there is a dam when the spring floods haven't taken it out, and a gristmill and a planing mill and the waterworks. And there's the island in the river and our cave and what-not—plenty to do with.

And so, about a day after we got home, we were all over at Mark Tidd's house in the afternoon, and Mark hollers in and says, "Ma, can we have some p-p-pie?"

And Mrs. Tidd calls right back, "No you can't have any pie—it'll ruin your stummicks."

And Mark says, "Ma, we're awful hungry."

And she says, "If you ate at mealtimes you wouldn't always be piecin'."

And then out she came with a whole apple pie and a pitcher of milk, kind of grumbling away as she always does, and she set it on the back stoop and said she never saw such boys and why didn't we stay at home where we belonged.

BUT we didn't mind a bit because we knew Mrs. Tidd and that was just her way, and she always said you couldn't when you

asked for anything, but just the same she gave it to you. And if we had stayed at home where we belonged, she would have been over early in the morning to see if we were sick or something. So we ate the pie and the milk and Binney Jenks says, "Isn't it kind of monotonous? Doesn't seem as if we'd done anything for a year."

"S-s-sittin' in the shade is doin' s-something," says Mark Tidd.

"But it doesn't put on any muscle, and what I want is to put on muscle so I can lick fellows that are bigger and older than I am," says Binney.

And Plunk Smalley says, "If you were as covered with muscle as a hen is with feathers you couldn't lick me, even if I am bigger and older than you are."

And I says, "Both of you couldn't lick me with one hand tied behind me."

Well, nothing came of that and we sat back and wondered what to do; so Mark snored some and then woke up because a fly got on his nose and bit, and he was hungry again but the pie was all gone. And he said he wished we could have an adventure, only one that wasn't much work.

"All the adventures I was ever in," says I, "were hard work and no fun on account of being scared to death most of the time."

"I wish," says Binney, "we could have a nice, comfortable adventure without any danger in it, except maybe for somebody else, and that was all full of mystery, and that we could get rich out of."

"Well," says Plunk, "I never heard of anyone's having adventures in a back yard sitting on a back stoop."

"An adventure with hidden t-treasure would be s-s-slick," says Mark.

"Who'll hide it?" says Plunk.

"Maybe pirates and maybe b-bandits, and maybe somebody fleein' from v-vengeance," says Mark.

"Whose vengeance?" says Plunk.

"Oh, maybe a secret society gets sore because he told its secrets. Or anything. It d-d-don't m-matter who he's fleein' from so long as he's fleein'."

"So long as who's fleeing?" says Plunk.

"Why, the feller that's r-runnin' away," says Mark, firmly.

"Oh," says Plunk. "Did he pass here?"

"Goin' due north," says Mark, "and his t-tongue was hangin' out and he was most weary to death. They nearly caught him b-before he found a hidin' p-place."

"What's the trouble with you?" he says when he came to. "Want to drown me?" he says, sitting up and blinking around.

"Who nearly caught him?" asked Plunk.

"Them that was c-chasin' him," says Mark.

"Somebody's crazy," says Plunk, "but it isn't me."

"The only reason you hain't c-c-crazy," says Mark, "is on account of your not havin' anything to be c-crazy with. You got to have a brain to use to go crazy. You can't do it with a wad of dumplin' dough like you got inside your head."

"Maybe," said I, "if we went somewhere else something would happen."

"I haven't caught a fish in more'n a year," says Binney.

"Fish'll bite after four o'clock," says I. "I betcha there's some big bass up between the cave and the island."

"Who's a-goin' to d-d-dig worms?" says Mark.

"Use minnows," says I. "They're easier to get and it's kind of fun, and there's a minnow net hanging in the barn."

So first we knew we were going fishing, and we headed off towards the river.

"I wonder," says I, "if anybody's meddled with our stuff in the cave."

We had lots of valuable things in that cave, which was ours. Nobody else dared go there unless they got our permission. But maybe somebody might have while we were abroad. We had a couple frying pans and a busted stove and a stool with a leg busted off and a piece of sheet iron and other things that were worth a lot of money and that we wouldn't like to lose. We got to thinking about it and decided we'd better investigate before we started in to fish. So we veered off across the fields, which was a secret way we had of getting to the cave.

This secret way came out on top of the high bank and you couldn't see the cave to save your life unless you knew where to look. We sent Binney ahead to be a scout, and then when we got close we all crawled on our stomachs pretty cautious, so we could surprise any cave-breakers hanging round. Of course it was harder for Mark because he stuck up so high in the air when he was lying down. But we always pretended that part of him didn't show anyhow; so it was all right.

Well, it was pretty hard work and dangerous, what

with enemies maybe lurking all around, but we got to the top of the bluff at last and could look down onto the river and the spot where the cave was. Binney went creeping on ahead, and pretty soon he let out a whistle that meant everything was all right. So we scrambled down through the underbrush and goldenrod until we got to the cave, and the first thing Mark noticed was some blackberry bushes that had been busted off.

"Somebody's b-been here," says he.

"Maybe just a cow wandering along," I says.

"Or an elephant," says he. "L-let's go in and see if anybody's been f-foolin' with our stuff."

WE scrooched down and went into the cave, where it was pretty dark until Mark snapped on his flash light. For a couple of minutes we just stood around and took inventory. Everything seemed to be there, but suddenly I had a feeling that things weren't just right. I looked at Mark and he was puckering up his face and frowning, and I knew he wasn't satisfied either.

"S-somebody's been cookin' here," says he. "Look at that f-fryin' p-p-pan."

I looked. The frying pan, all mussed up with grease, was standing on the stove, and so was the coffee pot. I walked over and lifted the lid and it was all full of grounds.

"We never left it that way," says I. "We always clean up."

"If we f-find out what kids done it," says Mark, "we'll make 'em wish they'd learned to do their housework."

"It was quite a while ago," says I. "These aren't fresh coffee grounds."

Mark was pointing his flash light all around the cave and there were more and more signs that somebody had been using it. Maybe it was just kids that knew we were in Europe and thought they could fool with our things, but Mark said he bet it wasn't. He said he bet it was a tramp or something.

Well, we sat down on the dry sand and talked it over and were pretty sore, and glad we'd got home so we could take care of things, and while we sat I got to digging in the soft sand like a fellow will, scooping it up and making a pile in front of me. I dug quite a hole between my knees and my legs were most covered with sand, which is a comfortable feeling. And then I said "Ouch!" because I'd caught my finger nail on something and busted it.

"What's the matter?" says Plunk.

"Guess I must have dug down to the sky of China," I says, grinning. You see when we were younger and were digging a hole, if we ran onto a piece of glass we always figured out it was a piece of China sky. But what I'd dug into didn't feel like glass. I kept right on digging, and in a couple of minutes I dragged out a tin box, the kind crackers come in.

"Now," says I, "who buried that there? Any of you?"

None of them had and we all got excited, because we didn't want strangers burying treasure or anything in our cave. If there was treasure to be buried there, we wanted to bury it ourselves.

"Open her up," says Mark.

So I pried off the lid, and inside was a pretty dilapidated old leather pocketbook.

"Huh," says I, "I betcha there's a million dollars in this."

"Whatever it is," says Mark, "I cal'late it's p-p-precious. I betcha we found s-s-something awful important this time. What's in it?"

I got the pocketbook open, but there wasn't a cent in it—only a piece of letter paper. Not a whole piece either; just a half piece that had been torn off.

"That's all," says I, disappointed.

"L-let's see," says Mark.

I handed it over and he looked at it under the light, and then he says—and his voice sounded kind of excited:

"F-fellers, it's a m-map!"

"What?"

"It's a m-map!" says he. "Only it hain't a whole m-m-map. It's half a m-map. The other half is torn off—torn off careful, too."

"Shucks," says I.

"But," says he, "a torn-in-half m-map is the best kind. It's m-mysterious. There hain't never but one reason for t-tearin' a m-map in two that I ever read about, and that's when the m-map p'ints to a secret that two people don't trust each other with, and when there's a s-spot that neither of 'em can find till the two halves of the m-map is put together again.

"F-fellers," says he, kind of solemn, "let's get out of here to s-some place where it's safe, and we can s-study this and see what we can make out of it. The f-feller that left it'll be comin' back for it, and he might come traipsin' right in on us."

"Then," says I, "we'd better vamoose."

So we put the box back with the pocketbook in it and covered it up just the way we'd found it. Only we didn't put back the map but took it along. And at least fifty times afterward I wished we hadn't!

Chapter Two

"I DON'T know why anybody'd hide a piece of an old map," says Plunk Smalley. "If there is a treasure, which there probably isn't, why, it's his, isn't it? And then they go and hide the map, and then probably they make another map to tell where the first map is, and go and hide that. Looks as if they could keep on making and hiding maps just as long as the paper and ink holds out."

"When f-f-folks like that hide m-maps there's good reason for it," says Mark.

"Folks like what?" says Plunk.

"Why, f-folks like those that hid it."

"How d'ye know what kind of folks hid it?" says Binney.

"As soon," says Mark, "as you find a m-m-map, you know right off what kind of f-folks hid it."

"I don't," says Plunk. "It might have been ministers, or a crowd of girls, or just kids, or perhaps a fellow with red hair. If you know so much, just up and say what color hair they had."

"There's times," says Mark, "when I f-figger your f-folks drowned the wrong kitten. I dunno about hair, but one thing I do know."

"And what's that?"

"That whoever hid it was afraid."

"How do you make that out?" says I.

"Because they hid it," says Mark. "That t-t-tells. If they wasn't afraid what in tunket did they h-hide it for? Tell me that. B-because they knowed s-somebody was after it, and they had to p-put it where this h-here enemy couldn't f-find it. And first they tore it in two so one of 'em couldn't f-find the t-treasure and make off with it without the other bein' there. That shows they didn't trust each other, don't it?"

"Yes," says I.

"And the ones that hid the half we got was worried about the ones that had the other half. And afraid of 'em. So they p-put it in a safe place."

"I make a motion," says Binney, "that we tear the dumb thing up. It won't do anything but get us into a fix, and I've been in enough fixes to last me till my dying day."

"It's a m-mystery," says Mark, "and nobody can give up a m-mystery till they solve it."

That was just like Mark Tidd. If he got to working on something like a mystery or catching a fish or walking fifty miles or climbing a greased pole, why, you couldn't make him quit. He didn't know how to quit.

"There's no law compelling a fellow to solve mysteries," says Binney.

"All right," says Mark. "Then ye don't n-need to. We'll be able to get along s-s-somehow without you. It'll be hard, of course, without that whoppin' b-big brain of your'n, but we'll m-manage."

"You will, hey?" says Binney. "Well, I guess if you hadn't had me, you couldn't have done a lot of things you've done."

"Shucks," says I, "nobody can back out, not when a majority's for it. We've got to stay by one another, haven't we?"

"Oh, I'm staying all right," says Binney, "but all the same I'm warning you, and don't forget it. So get busy with your solving."

By this time we were pretty close to town, and we stopped just short of the first house while Mark says, "If anybody m-mentions a word about this to any-

"G'by!" Mark hollers after the duke's son. "Come again!"

body, he'd better l-look out. We've got to be s-s-secret as the grave."

"Most likely we'll be getting fitted for one," says Binney.

"The f-first thing," says Mark, "is to get to a s-s-secret place and study this m-map."

"Where's a first-class secret place?" says I.

"Upstairs in our b-barn," says Mark.

So we all climbed up into the empty hayloft of Mark's old barn, and sat down by a window, and Mark took the piece of map out of his pocket, and we studied it.

UP at the top was a space filled with circles and Mark guessed that meant a woods. Then at the edge of that were two parallel lines, and I said I bet that was a road, and then there were some wavy lines that anybody could tell stood for a river that maybe forked into two rivers, or went round an island —we couldn't tell which. Then there was another road and some more woods and one lone tree and some lines with an arrow on the end of one and an N and an E on the other. But the most interesting part was the broken-off printing on our half of the map. This is the way it looked:

FOUR HUNDRE
TREE IN DIRECT
THEN CLIMB NORTH
WEST AND IN-
FEET.

"What do you make out of that?" says I.

"Nothing," says Mark. "It starts with four h-hundred. Maybe f-four hundred even; maybe four hundred and t-ten or f-fifty. It don't say what. We dunno if it's f-feet or p-paces or rods. Next we get something about a tree and to go direct or to go in the direction of, or something."

"Then it says west and in," says Binney. "In what?"

"In your eye," says Mark. "And how does a feller climb north? You can climb up or you can c-climb d-down. And the l-last word is f-feet and we don't even know if that's measurin' feet or feet to wear s-shoes on."

"I betcha," says I, "those zigzag marks by the words mean a rail fence."

"Likely," says Mark, "and off there in that jag is what I t-take to be a house or a barn. Then down there by the river is a t-tree all alone. Wa-al, all I got to say is that the f-feller that tore this map in two knew his b-business. If the other half don't tell no more'n this one it hain't makin' anybody very wise."

"What gets me," says Plunk, "is what it's a map to. I mean most maps are labeled so you know what they are. If it's a state it says what state, or if it's a county, what county. But this doesn't say anything. It looks like just a little chunk of land with a river in it. But whose land? Tell me that?"

"'Tain't my l-land," says Mark. "Now you tell me what river it is."

"Might be any river," says I. "But as long's we found it near here I'm guessing it's this river."

"M-might be any of a thousand rivers," says Mark. "But one thing's pretty sure and that is it's directions to f-find something. Something's hid somewhere, and when we get the other half we're goin' to find it."

"Oh," says I, "we're going to get the other half, are we?"

"Of course," says Mark. "What's the good of this here half without the other?"

"None," says I. "But what good's the other half without this?"

"Wa-al," says Mark, kind of patiently, "don't that m-make it necessary for us to f-find the other half?"

"Huh!" says I. "And if the fellow with the other half feels compelled to get this half, what then? There'll be trouble, won't there?"

"But what's the map for anyhow?" says Plunk. "What's hid?"

"Treasure," says Mark. "Ingots and p-pieces of eight and r-rubies and gems!"

"Oh," says Plunk.

"Next thing," says Mark, "is to m-memorize this here m-map so as we can draw it from mem'ry by dark or by daylight. Then we got to hide it in a safe p-place."

So we sat around and memorized the map, and then Mark went into the house and smouged a tin box out of his father's things and we put the piece of map in it.

"Where'll we hide it?" says I.

"We can get in the b-basement door of the Congregational church," says Mark.

"Sure," says I.

"And g-get up in the spire."

"We've done it a lot of times."

"And one of you s-skinny kids can climb up in that cubbyhole over the bell and put it there."

"Slick place," says I.

So we did it and then we came down and made a map of where we had hid it and tore the map in four pieces, and then we separated and each hid our piece of map where none of the others could find it. And that made it safe, Mark said, because nobody could find the tin box without the whole map even if he knew it was in the belfry, because that wouldn't be fair.

Chapter Three

IT was right after this that we ran into Zadok Biggs. Everybody knows Zadok because he is a tin peddler and goes around on a big red wagon with tin pans hung all over it, and swaps them for rags and old iron and what-not. You can hear Zadok coming as far as you can hear the bus that comes to your house to take you to the train. His wagon jangles so it nearly deafens you. Zadok looks kind of funny, because he isn't more than five foot high, and pretty broad, and his head's awfully big. Some folks says he's cracked, but if Zadok is crazy then a fox is as dumb as a porcupine. And he's always been a great friend of ours.

So when we heard him coming we waited. You could hear him whistling over the rattle of his pans, and when he came up his eyes were closed and he was letting the horse run the business. Mark hollered at him.

"Hello, Zadok!" he says.

Zadok opened up his eyes and blinked at us and then he says, "Hello, Marcus Aurelius Fortunatus Tidd." He always used Mark's whole name because he liked to hear himself say it. "How be ye, boys? Hear ye been on your travels. Glad to see ye again. Um. What's the news?"

"Hain't none," says Mark. "Been home too short a t-time to get to hear any. What h-happened while we was gone?"

"A sight of things. Marryin's and dyin's and railroad wrecks and shootin' affairs, and folks goin' into business and other folks failin'! Babies bein' born and houses gittin' painted. Never see a time so plumb crowded with events. Includin' bank robberies and buildin' a new standpipe over to Sunfield, and Ol' Man Judkins havin' his plug hat run over by a buggy."

"How's b-business?" asked Mark.

"Hain't much to speak of. I'm dickerin' around to git a new hat fur Ol' Man Judkins, and I make out tol'able, but times is kind of hard."

"Business wasn't so good in Europe," says I.

"The truth is," said Zadok, "folks hain't got enough gumption. Gumption's what you got to have. Right now it looks like everybody was takin' a nap."

"S-seems like they got gumption enough to r-rob a bank," says Mark.

"That hain't gumption. It's cussedness," says Zadok. "There's a sight of difference. And anyhow 'twan't jest exactly a bank robbery neither."

"Then what was it?" says I.

"Wagon robbery," says Zadok. "How's your pa'n ma, Marcus Aurelius?"

"Doin' f-fine. Ma's b-bakin' pies to-day. Maybe you ought to stop by."

"Cal'late I will," says Zadok. "I call to mind a punkin pie your ma baked three year ago. Dog-gone if that there pie don't linger in my mind, kind of."

"How's fishing" says I.

"Water's too low," says Zadok. "Bass hain't bitin'. What mischief ye been into since ye got home?"

"N-none," says Mark.

"Been sick?" says Zadok.

"Just hain't n-nothin' turned up," says Mark. "What did they rob out of that w-wagon?"

"Gold," says Zadok, "bein' delivered by the express company."

"Let's go swimming," says Plunk.

"If I wan't so busy I'd go with ye," says Zadok.

"Come anyhow," says Mark, "and be t-t-twict as busy to-morrow."

"Good idea," says Zadok. "Climb aboard."

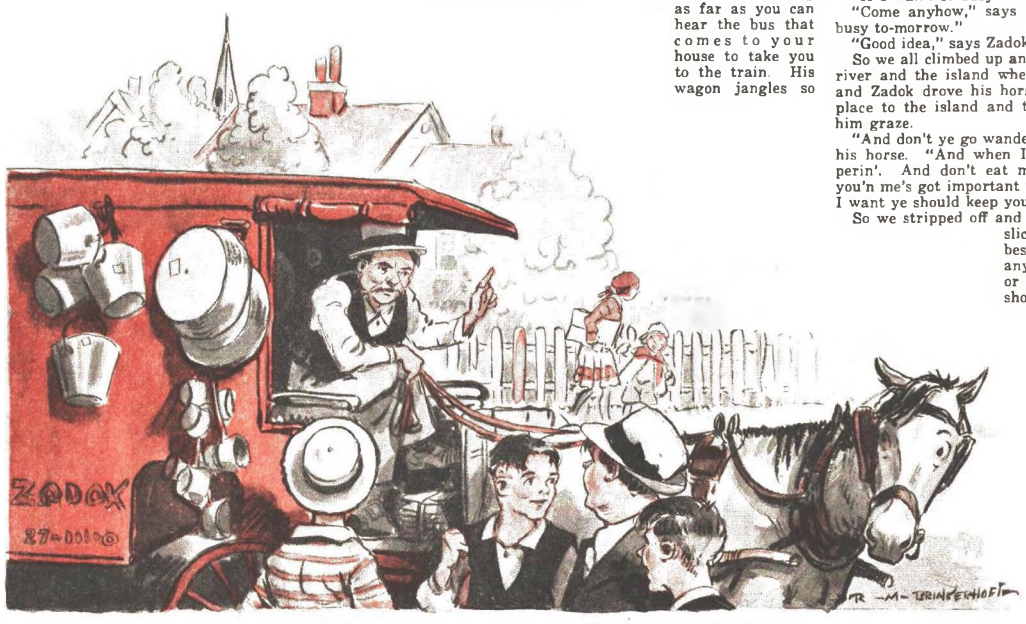
So we all climbed up and off we rattled towards the river and the island where the swimming hole was, and Zadok drove his horse right across the shallow place to the island and then unhitched him and let him graze.

"And don't ye go wanderin' off, neither," he says to his horse. "And when I whistle you come a-scamperin'. And don't eat more'n ye kin hold because you'n me's got important things to talk over to-night. I want ye should keep your head clear."

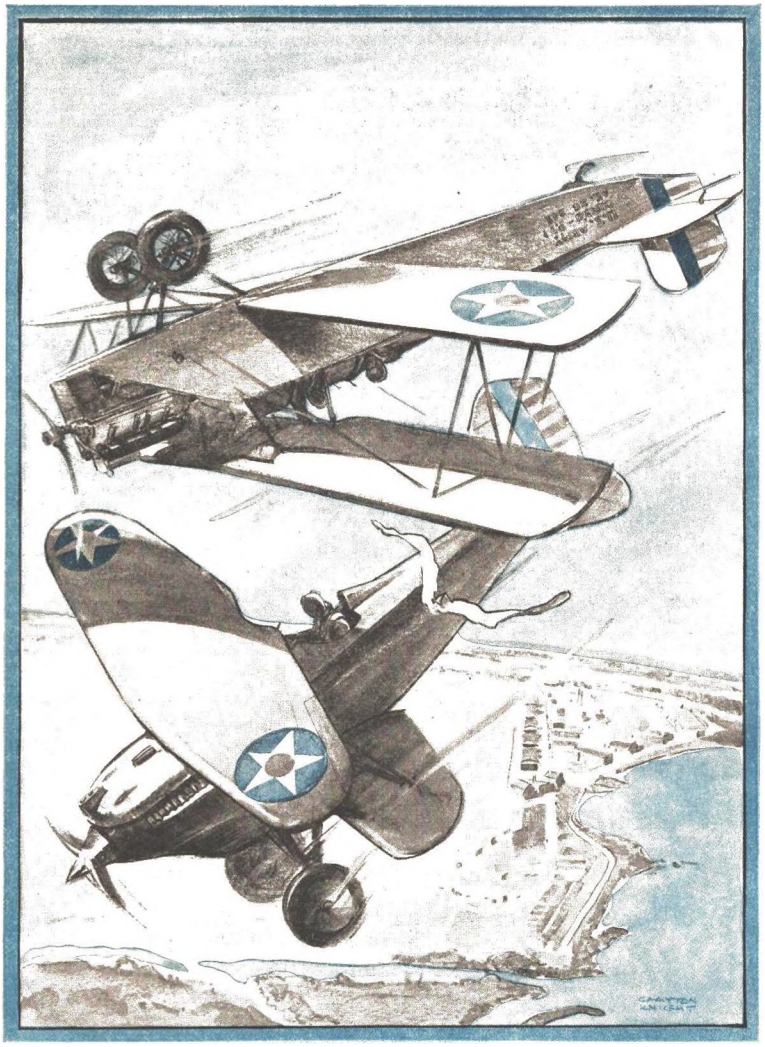
So we stripped off and went in and the water was slick. Of course Plunk was the best swimmer, because hardly anybody can swim like Plunk, or dive either, and he likes to show off. And we found our door knob that we used to dive for, and Plunk dived for it in the deep hole and fetched it up without turning a hair. A door knob is fine to dive for, being white and the shape it is. I don't see how folks ever dived at all before door knobs were invented.

Well, we came out after a while and all of us lay around in the sun and slapped flies, and Zadok told us

(*Cont. on page 28*)



"A sight of things been happenin'!" says Zadok, "includin' bank robberies!"



Jimmie rode in close—so close that the rudder fin of the P-1 appeared almost to lock with his own.

A Legend of the 94th

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by Clayton Knight

"HOT, isn't he?" said Jimmie Rhodes.

"The mustard, in this man's Air Corps," agreed Master Sergeant Battle, shading his eyes with a gnarled and grease-smeared hand. He stood with Jimmie Rhodes on the concrete apron facing Hangar 8, gazing into the November sky, watching a ship perform acrobatics over Selfridge Field. Presently Jimmie Rhodes spoke again.

"What's his name?"

"Brasington — Lieutenant Brasington," replied the sergeant, shifting a knob of tobacco to his other cheek. "And he ain't tongue-tied, neither, what I mean. He makes lieutenants unhappy round here. Stunts 'em outa th' sky. Go up without a white streamer on your tail, you're due to dog-fight Brasington."

Jimmie Rhodes grinned. He continued to stare up at the plane. It snapped neatly through three whip-rolls, screamed downward in a power-on dive, and zoomed up over the hangar roof.

"Good shooting," he murmured. "I'd like to have a try at him myself."

Sergeant Battle looked at Jimmie curiously, surveyed the well-creased slacks, the cocky set of the barracks cap, the keen alert glow in the black eyes beneath. There was a stubborn angle to the firm jaw too. The sergeant nodded.

"New officer, are you?" he asked. "Or visitin' from another station?"

"New officer," Jimmie replied. "Just checked in. Captain Strong, the adjutant, assigned me to the 94th. I'm looking for Lieutenant Dave McClellan. He's got to give me a refresher in a P.T. before I get a military plane."

"You couldn't have a military P-1 anyway, now," rejoined Sergeant Battle. "All three squadrons are away on missions. The 94th is on delayed gunnery at Camp Skeel. I'll call Lieutenant McClellan—he's inside doing inventory."

Striding to the wide entrance of Hangar 10, the sergeant spoke to a crew of enlisted men tinkering with the exhaust siphon of a P.T. 3, a radial-motored training ship. One soldier vanished in the gloom at the rear of the big building.

Meanwhile, Jimmie Rhodes looked about him with a queer, tingling sensation. He was eager to get out on that mile-wide field in a ship, and get the refresher over with. A "refresher" was simply a ride with an instructor to give an officer who has been on the ground the feel of the air again. He was eager to meet the officers of his squadron. Impatient to investigate the officers' club, that brick building over by the lake, and the long row of hangars.

This was the regular army! It all seemed more casual and informal than Brooks and Kelly. Yet, here at Selfridge, there was efficiency and such flying ability as he had not known, even at Kelly. A grin of pure exultation spread over his face.

Sergeant Battle returned. "The lieutenant'll be glad to take you up. He's kinda low over having to do inventory."

"That ship," said Jimmie, pointing to the P.T. in the hangar, "anybody ever put her through an outside spin?"

The sergeant blinked.

"Jimmie Doolittle ain't here. He's not in the army any more. Him an' a Lieutenant Buckley at Brooks is the only army pilots *I* know that's crazy enough to do *outside* spins."

BATTLE pointed to the ship of Brasington rocking in lazy eights against the blue horizon line, and grunted.

"One acrobatical lieutenant is enough. When he comes down it'll take all afternoon to put that P-1 back in shape. An' it's Colonel Sanford's special ship."

"Well, I might dog-fight a little," said Jimmie, "if that lieutenant craves it. But if I notice the wings coming off, I'll quit."

"You better tie a white flag on your rudder," the sergeant advised.

A white streamer was a warning to other ships not to play with it. Jimmie shook his head, but before he could speak the sergeant had turned to hail a long gaunt officer emerging from the hangar.

Jimmie suppressed a grin as he surveyed the approaching figure. The officer's face was dour and wrinkled. His long nose and forehead merged to a sort of Airedale profile. He moved with a shambling, disjointed walk, waving a sheaf of papers and muttering to himself.

"I wish the man that invented inventories was in Alaska with his underwear expended," he said by way of greeting.

Sergeant Battle chewed vigorously, and turned to Jimmie.

"Meet Lieutenant Dave McClellan. I—I forget your name—"

"Rhodes," supplied Jimmie. He held out his hand.

McClellan gripped it eagerly. His Airedale face lighted.

"Rhodes, I know you," he said. "You and Atlee, and George Chandler and that big cadet, Burrell. The November class. You and Chandler flagged the Limited at Sage Creek bridge. That rustler mob you and Atlee stopped near Galveston. . . . I used to work cattle—Texas."

Jimmie flushed. "That's all washed up, McClellan. I was to report to you for a refresher on P.T.'s to-day."

"I know." The lank officer frowned and twisted his bony fingers so that the knuckles cracked. "Operations called me about that. But this darn inventory has me roped and tied, plumb. Besides that I'm going on as officer of the day at noon." Gloom settled on his long face.

Jimmie grinned.

"Give me my check ride, then we'll come down and have at that inventory, dual," he offered. "I'm a whiz at figures—I can count to twenty if I take my shoes off."

McClellan looked at him. By degrees the pained creases in his face smoothed. He smiled. Then, as if touched by a quick apprehensive thought, he glanced up at the sky. The lone ship was still stunting.

"Brasington will dog-fight," he said. "It's his game. I'm no stunt flyer."

"Like I said, you can tie that streamer to the P.T.'s tail," suggested Sergeant Battle, pointing at a strip of torn sheeting by the hangar door. "He'll lay off then."

McClellan frowned, and slowly shook his head. "Roll the P.T. out. If Brasington tries riding us, we'll take him on, eh, Rhodes?"

Jimmie nodded happily and walked into the hangar to draw flying togs. He halted by the door, his face reflective. Suddenly he bent down, picked up the

white cloth, rolled it in a ball and thrust it inside his coat.

A few minutes later he rejoined McClellan. The two moved on to the dead line before the road.

"You might call me Cowboy, Rhodes," McClellan said. "Everybody does."

Jimmie nodded. "Oke, Cowboy. My friends call me Jimmie."

THE ground crew had trundled the P.T. across the road and removed the dolly truck. Sergeant Battle mounted the front seat while a mechanic pulled the prop through. Presently the engine fired, and took up the queer intermittent beat of a radial motor.

"That ship'll fly on her back like a duck," said Jimmie, squinting in the dust cloud hurled by the propeller wash. "Mind if I take the stick in case that dogfight really happens?"

"Reckon it might be best to tie on that streamer," replied Cowboy doubtfully. "Brasington was transferred from the 'Fighting Mules'—you know, the 95th Pursuit at Rockwell, California. They encourage single combat work, and his P-1'll fly rings around this training ship."

"That we shall see." Jimmie grinned confidently.

Sergeant Battle leaned from the cockpit of the P.T.

"She's warmed," he said. "Look out for some filled trenches on the field. Upset you, sure."

Jimmie, hooking his chute snaps, sprang to the wing, and swung a leg over the front cockpit cowling. McClellan was settling his long body in the rear seat.

"Don't forget to latch the good old belt, Cowboy," Jimmie called.

McClellan, seeing the rolled-up streamer tucked beneath Jimmie's safety, hesitated in the act of drawing his goggles down.

"What you doing with that streamer?" he asked.

Jimmie smiled apologetically but didn't answer. He revved the engine up a time or two, shot the wind sock on Hangar 8, waved the chocks away and slammed across the field.

The speed with which the tail came up gave him a thrill. He was off the ground in no time and, easing the stick back, climbed at a surprising angle. As he climbed, Jimmie watched the ship above. Brasington sailed a high wide spiral in a cumulus cloud fringe at six thousand feet. Waiting for a scrap, perhaps. Jimmie's face was thoughtful. With a stunter like Brasington, you had to establish at once that you were not to be fooled with.

With the altimeter at three thousand, Jimmie saw the plane above spew gobs of smutty black from her exhausts, and nose over like a falling cataract. Downward she knifed, power on, for his tail. He felt the stick twitch, turned. McClellan was shaking his head.

But Jimmie shoved the throttle to full gun and let the nose of the P.T. drop just a notch below horizon line. Wind began moaning in the rigging; the needle on the airspeed gauge jerked to a hundred, hitched on to ten more. Another ten. Then it halted, quivering. The P.T. had reached her top speed for level flight. But a hundred twenty wasn't bad. It was better—a lot better—than he'd hoped.

The howl of the P-1's dive was deafening, a metallic ma-a-wing like the whine of a mill saw. Jimmie looked up. She was falling like a rocket, narrowing the gap three hundred feet a second—maybe more.

Jimmie shot his stick down. The P.T. gathered speed, screaming with the sudden stress of the air blast. While Jimmie counted five, he let her fall. Then he pulled out.

The little ship, wrenched from her swift dive, zoomed in an upward circle in the sky. The plane behind checked and followed, drawing in. At the top of his loop Jimmie cut gun, kicked rudder right, and shoved the stick hard left.

Into a tight spin fell the P.T., *spinning on her back.* Jimmie, hanging on his belt, lifted his head and looked *up* to see the brown grass of Selfridge Field milling through a giant circle.

THEN he saw what he had hoped for—Brasington's ship, spiraling below. Waiting hungrily till Jimmie should level off, to pounce on his tail again. Craftily Jimmie fed a little throttle. The P.T.'s spin increased. Fast losing altitude, now, she drew close down on Brasington.

Suddenly, still flying upside down, Jimmie slammed his rudder right and centered the stick ahead. Still on his back, he left the spin and dived straight for the P-1, three hundred feet below.

Brasington's ship wavered, leveled from the bank, and tore forward. But before he could gain speed the P.T. was upon him. Jimmie rode in close—so close that the rudder fin of the P-1 appeared almost to lock his own.

The two ships for a second's fraction clung together, the P-1 racing level, the P.T. upside down. In that instant Jimmie reached beneath his belt. A loop of white sailed from his hand. It missed the rudder of the P-1 but, draping over the stabilizer's leading edge, trailed out behind a good ten feet. The white streamer.

"There," muttered Jimmie with satisfaction. "Now he's wearing the white flag—and that means I can't stunt him any more."

Jimmie flipped over and dived again. He leveled off a hundred feet above the field. Cutting gun he planed gently to a landing and taxied slowly toward the line.

Brasington's ship was landing too, the streamer flapping at her tail. Then Jimmie's eyes widened. Brasington had jazzed the P-1. The ship rolled toward him like a swooping bird. Jimmie slowed and waited. But Brasington roared on until he was not fifty feet away. Then the rudder moved, and the ship skidded and changed direction. But as she swung, her right wheel struck a filled ditch on the surface of the field. She flopped back on her original course and charged the P.T. in a dizzy ground loop.

Instantly Jimmie rammed his throttle to the quadrant stop. The P.T. jerked forward. A sudden jolting shock—her tail whipped round. Brasington flashed by. Jimmie slowed again, and bumped to the line.

Throwing off his belt, Jimmie climbed down, and drew a deep breath. Cowboy McClellan had climbed from his seat too. His face had a greenish tinge.

"Well, we hung it on him," Jimmie said in a slightly shaken voice. There was a gouge in the P.T.'s rudder. A strip of fabric flapped in the breeze.

"That upside down stunt," said Cowboy weakly, "is hard on the stomach—in the rear seat."

"Outside spin," said Jimmie. "Lieutenant Buckley at Brooks—his stunt. He taught me—"

He paused. The P-1 had rolled to a stop. There was a nick in her wing-tip bracing. Springing from her cockpit Brasington ran up to Sergeant Battle, gesticulating fervidly. He started for Jimmie.

"Be ready for trouble," muttered Cowboy McClellan.

Jimmie grinned as he watched the advance of the angry pilot. But Brasington was no reassuring sight. His square thick-shouldered body expressed truculence in every line; his knife-sharp chin was thrust out.

"Tough break, pilot," Jimmie said cheerfully.

"Tough break!" barked Brasington, his voice rasping like a file. "What you mean, tough break? Your error, and a bad one for a cub. Didn't you learn traffic rules at Kelly? Well, I'll see that Operations sets you on the ground here till you do."

Jimmie stared. Then he smiled.

"Let me see," he said, with exaggerated bewilderment. "Traffic rules—"

Brasington stepped close, till his eyes were not a foot from Jimmie's face.

"Learn this, cub. A ship in the air has the right-of-way."

Jimmie shrugged. He was beginning to grow angry.

"Pull your neck in. You had the whole field. I'd say you tried to throw a scare into me and didn't think about those ditches."

"Listen, Brasington," Cowboy McClellan interrupted, "you didn't watch your roll. Remember—" he chanted:

"A legend of the 94th,
'Tis known from pole to pole;
A ship is never landed
Until she stops her roll."

Brasington flushed angrily, but before he could reply Sergeant Battle said placatingly: "A little patch'll fix both ships. The colonel won't like to know his P-1's been in trouble."

Brasington wheeled on Jimmie and McClellan. "I'm in bad here, I see. But listen, cub. If it's stunting you're after, I'll show you a little, one of these days."

Tossing his chute over his shoulder he strode off toward the hangar.

"Good poetry, Cowboy," Jimmie remarked. "And I've had my refresher. Now, that inventory. Let's go."

FROM far down the post road lifted bugle notes, sharp-cut and strong. They carried clearly to the living room of bachelor officers' quarters, where Jimmie Rhodes was pulling clothing from a suitcase. He had met a few officers at supper and was beginning to feel at home.

McClellan, seated astraddle a chair, rose slowly with a clank of sabre chain, hitched his glittering sword scabbard into line, and drew on a heavy Army ulster.

"Tattoo," he said, "and I've got to hit trail. This officer of the day stuff has me roped an' throwed. They brought in three deserters to the brig to-day. Tough birds. One of 'em crashed Leavenworth." He rubbed his hands, spread them before the red

(*Continued on page 48*)

A fierce, malignant joy spread over Carney's face. "You—Rhodes! The cadet that railroaded me!"

"You bet I'm going to stay here," declared the boy. "I'm going to stay here and you're going to let me be."

Strawberry Bill

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

RENFREW, busy at Banning Lake drawing up his final reports of evidence in the Forster case, became a familiar figure at the village of Banning. The village lay at the end of the lake, nine miles from the ranger station where Renfrew stayed, so it was his custom to borrow a horse from the ranger when he visited the settlement.

One evening, as he was returning from the village, and had passed two miles beyond the last outlying farm, he discerned on the usually deserted road in front of him, the figure of a man. It was a slight figure that seemed to limp in its stride as it approached him, and about its head was an aura of golden fire.

Renfrew drew his horse to a standstill and waited, but the stranger, catching sight of him, darted suddenly toward the thick brush at the roadside. He would have plunged into it, but it appeared as though, at his first contact with it, he was afflicted with a sudden hurt. He cried out a sharp, sobbing exclamation, and sank down at the roadside.

Renfrew urged his horse forward, suspecting that the stranger was injured, but before he could reach the queer figure, it was on its feet. In the dim light of the evening, Renfrew found himself gazing down into the face of a boy. He dismounted.

"Good evening," he said.

"Hello," said the boy, ungraciously.

Renfrew inspected him. In the afterglow of the departed sun the boy's hair gleamed red-gold. It was a thick and tangled mop of hair, and beneath it, or rather in the midst of it, the boy's face seemed small and unnaturally white, while his eyes were blue and unnaturally large.

This last peculiarity impressed itself most on Renfrew, for the boy was tall, and the defiant anger that burned in his eyes flamed at Renfrew from a level little lower than his own.

"I thought," said Renfrew, "that you might have hurt yourself."

"Why?" demanded the boy.

"Sounded like it when you started off the road just now."

"Well, what if I did? It ain't against the law, is it?"

"No," Renfrew smiled broadly. "But I thought I might be able to help you. If it's an ankle, or anything of that sort, you're welcome to use the horse."

The boy stared at him for a moment suspiciously.

"No, thanks," he blurted out finally. "I ain't hurt."

Jerking his head in a curt leave taking, he moved off down the road. Renfrew gazed after him for a moment and then suddenly followed.

"Wait a minute!" he cried.

The boy halted and turned resentfully.

"What you want?" he demanded.

"Where you going?" Renfrew's voice was incisive now. A sense of mystery and uneasiness had invaded Renfrew's calm.

"Home!" said the boy bluntly, but the word came from his lips bitterly, with the queer effect of an explosion.

"Where's that?"

"Along here." The boy waved an arm vaguely down the road.

"What name?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to know!" Then, relenting at the sight of the boy's obvious dismay, he explained: "I'm going along home with you."

"But it's only just down the road," protested the boy.

"The nearest farm is Prothero's, and that's two miles back."

"That's where I'm going."

"You live there?"

"I'm going to." He said it fiercely, defiantly.

"You are Mr. Prothero's son?"

"No, I'm not!" Emphatically, contemptuously.

"But it's your home?"

"It's mine. Sure. It belongs to me. Everything he's got belongs to me! And he thought he could scare me away! Fat chance he's got! I'm going back there and raise the roof!"

"Wait a minute!" Renfrew stood in the road and strove to make sense of that outburst. "Let's take it a little more slowly. You say Prothero's place belongs to you?"

"Yes, it does!" The boy was all but invisible in the darkness of the forest, but his defiant voice delivered the words like an ultimatum. "And anybody who says different's a liar, whoever he is! It's mine! And everything he's got is mine! And he can't scare me away! Not again, he can't!"

"How did he scare—try to scare you away?"

SUDDENLY the boy's voice became very dim and small and distant. "He shot me!" he cried, faltering.

Renfrew grasped the boy's figure with one arm.

"Where?" he cried. "Where are you hit?"

The boy struggled faintly.

"Nothing!" he objected. "Lea'me alone! It ain't nothing—only some BB shots in the leg. Lea'me alone. I'm going back there now, and I'm going to raise the roof!"

"Take your time," soothed Renfrew. "The roof'll still be there to-morrow, or the next day. I'm going to look at those BB's."

"Yes, you are!"

"Yes, I am. Sit down!"

The boy sat down.

Pulling up one corduroy trouser leg, Renfrew turned his flash light upon a badly bloodstained limb.

In the sparkling night he could see Prothero's house back in the woods.

A number of wounds in the flesh of the boy's calf showed where the buckshot had struck.

"H'm!" Renfrew snapped off his light. "Prothero did that?"

"It's between me and him!" maintained the boy stoutly.

"You're coming to the ranger station with me," said Renfrew.

"Like blazes! I'm going back there and bend his shotgun over some ivory. And you and four more like you couldn't stop me!"

"If that's the way you feel," grinned Renfrew. "You'd better hurry. If Prothero knows the penal code he won't be waiting very long around the house after shooting off guns at minors."

"You mean I can go ahead?"

"Sure. Anybody who feels as good as you do, doesn't need first aid."

"All right. I'm going."

"Go ahead. I'll catch up."

"You?" The boy's voice was dismayed.

"Sure, I'm coming, too."

"All right." The boy was resigned. "But for the love of Pete don't pull any of that peacemaker stuff if I get started right."

"We'll see about that," said Renfrew.

THE boy agreed after some persuasion on Renfrew's part to ride the horse until they reached the lane that wound back through the woods to Prothero's clearing. Renfrew walked in silence. On his lips, as they made their way through the darkness, were unnumbered questions that the boy's vague story called to mind. But they remained unspoken; they could wait. Leaving the horse by the roadside, they walked side by side up the lane.

"Can I borrow your gun?" asked the boy hopefully.

"Sorry, but I'm not carrying it," explained Renfrew.

The boy sighed regretfully and said nothing more until they reached the house.

"You stay outside!" he begged in a whisper. "It's my funeral. Him and me. I don't want him to think I had to yell for help!"

Renfrew peered at the dim figure of the boy with vast respect.

"Go ahead," he whispered in return, "but leave some for me."

Limping slightly with his wounded leg, the boy shuffled up the steps of the wooden porch. Before he reached the door it was flung open and the hulky shadow of a large man obscured the light from within.

"Who's there?" the large man cried.

Then, apparently recognizing the boy, his voice became suddenly solicitous and inexpressibly cordial.

"Billy!" he exclaimed. "Why, Billy, my boy! Where have you been?"

"Not so far but what I could get back again," said Billy.

Renfrew's smile broadened as he heard that spirited uncompromising voice.

"Of course. Of course. Come inside. But you shouldn't have run away like that! Come right in, Billy!"

"Yeah! 'Come right in, Billy, and get shot in the head'!" The mocking voice of the boy exposed with relentless emphasis the insincerity of the man's solicitude. Then the door closed behind them both, and it was Renfrew's turn to ascend the steps of the porch.

This he did stealthily, and stealthily took a position at the window through which he could see the lighted room inside. It was a room of some pretensions. For that primitive country it was a large, well furnished, comfortable room, testifying to a prosperous homestead. In the center of the room stood a round table with a red cover over it, and the boy had seated himself in a high-backed armchair at this table.

He faced the window where Renfrew stood, and with the light of the table lamp falling on his shock of red-gold hair, his singularly pale face and big, fearless eyes, he appeared, Renfrew realized, to be a very unusual boy. The man stood opposite the boy with his back to the window, so that Renfrew could not see his face, but he was a big, bulky man with wide shoulders and thick neck. He was speaking, but it was some time before Renfrew could attune his ear to the sound of the voices beyond the window.

". . . so if there's anybody outside," the man was saying, "you'd best say so now, and save trouble."

"You must think you're living in a big city," said the boy scornfully. "You fixed me so that I couldn't move faster than a slow walk. Where'd I have time to bring back any playmates? Besides, I can take care of myself. I don't think you've got much nerve, Prothero, and I can handle you alone."

"Don't talk like that, Billy." The man's voice was again propitiatory. "It looks like there's room here for both me and you. You can stay here. I want you to stay here—"

"You can bet I'm going to stay here!" declared the boy. "So you needn't say a lot of words about that! Whether there's room for both of us, we can talk about later. I'm going to stay here, and you're going to let me be."

"For the present, yes." The man obviously swallowed the boy's insolence with difficulty.

"Then I want to see that gun!" The blue intensity of the boy's eyes flashed across the room as he delivered his ultimatum.

"What do you mean?" The man spoke throatily.

"I mean that I'm staying here, but I'm not taking any more buckshot from you or anyone like you! I want that gun!"

Slowly the man sidled around the table with his large hands leaning heavily upon the edge.

"Don't forget," he warned in that thick and throaty voice. "I'm your uncle. I got a right to thrash you if you act up."

The boy rose from his chair and faced the man alertly.

"Try it!" he cried defiantly. And Renfrew knocked on the door.

Prothero threw the door open, and the boy sank into his chair as Renfrew entered. With a curt nod for the man Renfrew strode around the table until he stood over the boy.

"I'm looking for you!" he said ominously.

The boy stared up at him, bewildered, and Renfrew wished that he might dare wink, but Prothero's eyes were on him as intently as were the eyes of the boy.

"He's wanted?" cried Prothero hopefully.

For the first time Renfrew looked into his face. It was an extremely ordinary face—a full, fleshy face, with thick nose and lips, small eyes and a raw redness in his clean-shaven skin. Very solemnly Renfrew nodded his answer to the question.

"Your boy?" he asked gravely.

"No! Not by a jugful!" cried the boy.

Leaping to his feet again, he turned on Renfrew, defiance blazing in his eye.

"A fine policeman you turned out to be!" he exclaimed despairingly. "I tell you that man's a crook and a swine! Everything he's got belongs to me. This house! The land! Everything! And I came here to get it back—and he shot me!"

This last he hurled at Prothero across the table. Prothero scowled insolently back at him. Renfrew turned a questioning glance upon the man.

"He is wanted, I suppose, for vagrancy," said Prothero. "That is how he came here. A tramp, a vagabond. He came up to my place last Wednesday, that's six days ago, and I was sorry for him. I gave him work. He was lazy and ill-tempered, but I was sorry for him. Then I found out he had been in a reformatory—"

"It's a lie!" cried the boy.

"Quiet, please!" commanded Renfrew.

"It is not a lie," said the man coldly. "He has been in a reformatory. Then I discovered that someone was stealing my melons. It's a valuable crop in this country, melons. So I looked out, and I found a pile of melons at the road. See? In the night someone had been picking them and hiding them near the road to take into town—"

"Don't let him lie to you like that! He's making it up! Make him show you that pile of melons!"

"I brought them back to my barn," continued the man calmly, "and I watched my melon patch. Last night I detected someone moving in the darkness. I called out. He ran. So I fired my gun toward him, and he ran right into the shot. I was very sorry to find that it was this boy—"

"Yeah, and still alive!" cried the boy. "It must have been a shock!"

"He's no relative of yours?" asked Renfrew.

"None. I never saw him before he came here! You have a charge against him?"

AGAIN Renfrew nodded. The man was obviously lying. Renfrew had heard the man say, "I'm your uncle."

"Crops have been raided down in the village. They said it was a red-haired boy who lives out here."

"That's a lie, too!" cried the boy.

He stared at Renfrew now with the utmost despair in his eyes. Renfrew kicked him lightly, under cover of the table, and the boy winced with pain.

"Shut up!" growled Renfrew gruffly. He had forgotten the injured leg. "What's all this about the farm belonging to you?"

"It's mine!" cried the boy eagerly. "It belonged to my father, and he died when I was a kid. He left me a letter telling me to come here when I got out and take possession. The letter said there was—"

Abruptly he stopped short, staring with the suspicion of a hunted animal into Renfrew's eyes.

"There was what?" asked Renfrew.

"A home for me," murmured the boy sullenly.

"You said 'when I got out.' When you got out of what?"

"The reformatory," sneered Prothero.

"No!" cried the boy indignantly. "It was an orphan asylum!"

"What's your father's name?" asked Renfrew.

"I don't know."

"You don't know your father's name? How did he sign the letter?"

"He just signed it, 'Your father.'" The boy was blazing with defiant eyes upon the sneering face of Prothero.

"What's your name?" asked Renfrew.

"Strawbridge Williams," said the boy. Renfrew looked up in surprise from the notebook in which he jotted down his memoranda.

"That sounds funny. But at least it gives us your father's last name. Williams."

"No," the boy shook his head vigorously, blushing. "That's his penitentiary name," sneered Prothero.

"Don't say that again!" cried the boy in a burst of passionate indignation. And in that helpless moment he spoke with all the force a man might have used with the knowledge of great power behind him.

"They gave me that name at the orphan asylum," he explained to Renfrew with a strange sort of dignity. "Strawberry Bill they called me because of my hair, so they made a name out of that."

"How long were you in an orphan asylum?" Renfrew asked.

"From the time I was two years old until last month. I was left there by somebody who told me to wait on the steps. There was this letter from my father tied round my neck. They gave it to me when I left to take a job they got for me. He was a soldier, my father was, and he was killed in the war! The letter said that I was to come here as soon as I got out and live with my uncle, Bruce Prothero, on the farm outside Banning, Ontario. It was in a sort of shaky handwriting. So I bummed my way out here, and he treats me like this!"

"Where is that letter?"

"He's got it. I showed it to him, and he kept it."

Renfrew turned to Prothero, who smiled unctuously.

"Of course there's no such letter," he said. "This poor kid seems to think he can force his way into a home by this cock-and-bull fabrication of lies. I wash my hands of him. You have a charge against him. You'd better do your duty."

"Will you place an additional charge? Will you prosecute him for stealing your melons?"

"Yes, if necessary. He's a thoroughly bad lot. Yes, of course I will. I hope I know my duty."

IT seemed as though he became more and more pleased as he contemplated his power to send the boy to jail.

"Then go and get your car," said Renfrew. "You can drive us over to the ranger station at Banning Lake."

"Wait a minute!" cried the boy. "You can't arrest me! You can't take me in charge! That man's a swindler! He's trying to cheat me out of everything I've got. He tried to kill me! He's the guy you got to arrest! You got to!"

With bewildered fury he turned from one to the other of them, but received in return only the cold gaze of two righteous judges.

"Go get that car," Renfrew ordered Prothero. "He's playing for sympathy."

At that Strawberry Bill broke down, but he would not let his enemy see him break. He waited, as though propped up by invisible wires, until the door had closed behind Prothero. Then he collapsed in the high-backed chair and, burying his head in his arms, groaned in an effort not to sob.

Renfrew leaped to his side.

"It's all right, old man!" he whispered. "I'm with you. I believe you. And we'll prove what you say is true! You and I and the Mounted."

Seizing the wide strong hand of the boy in his, he hauled him onto his feet.

"Now, come on," he urged. "And remember, you're my prisoner."

Despite Renfrew's reassuring words, Strawberry Bill was still bewildered and dazed as they walked out to the car. The physical shock, the pain and bloodshed, the high spirit with which he had fought his battles all had taken their toll. He was almost asleep when they stopped at the foot of the lane so that Renfrew could free the horse he had left there. When they arrived at the ranger station, Strawberry Bill was dead to the world, a limp, completely unconscious boy with his dauntless eyes fast closed. The man Prothero stood stonily by the car and offered Renfrew no assistance as he almost carried the boy into the cabin.

"I'll drop in some time to-morrow," said Renfrew with the icy mask of a smile, "and take your complaint."

In the morning Strawberry Bill found himself lying in the luxury of clean sheets, with a suit of Renfrew's pajamas clothing his aching body, and a cool sense of well-being in the bandaged cleanliness of his wounded leg. It was high morning when he awoke, and the cry that came from his lips when he jumped from the bed brought Renfrew and Smythe, the ranger, to him. They made him stay in bed, much to his disgust, and brought him his breakfast on a tray improvised from a grocery box. While he ate, Renfrew sat by the bed with a notebook and questioned him with painstaking thoroughness.

"I couldn't cover the ground last night," he explained, "because I didn't want you to tell enough to make Prothero feel that I was interested in your story."

"What do you want to know?"

Renfrew realized regretfully that the boy was on guard against him.

"I want to know all about that orphanage, and your life there. And I want to know about that letter."

"Well, I was two years old when I was left at the orphanage. The Rosedale Orphanage was the name of it—in Toronto. I didn't know anything about myself until they showed me that letter. That was two months ago, and I'm fifteen now. The letter just said what I told you last night—that Prothero was my uncle, and that he was holding the farm in trust for me, and that there was—"

HE stopped short, studying Renfrew with candid eyes. Renfrew remembered that the night before Bill's voice had stopped with almost exactly the same words.

"What?" he insisted. "The letter said there was—what?"

"Money," said the boy finally. "Papers—stocks or bonds or something—and money—at the farm for me. So I came out here—"

"And he shot you. Now how about that shooting? Were you really in his melon patch?"

"Yeah." Reluctantly.

"Why?"

"I wanted a melon! To eat! They belong to me, anyway, don't they?"

"I see. And he took advantage of that—" Renfrew spoke almost to himself. Then suddenly he snapped his notebook shut and arose.

"You stay here, Bill," he said. "I'm going to the village and do some telegraphing. When I get back, I think we'll have a little more information."

"And then can we take possession of the place?"

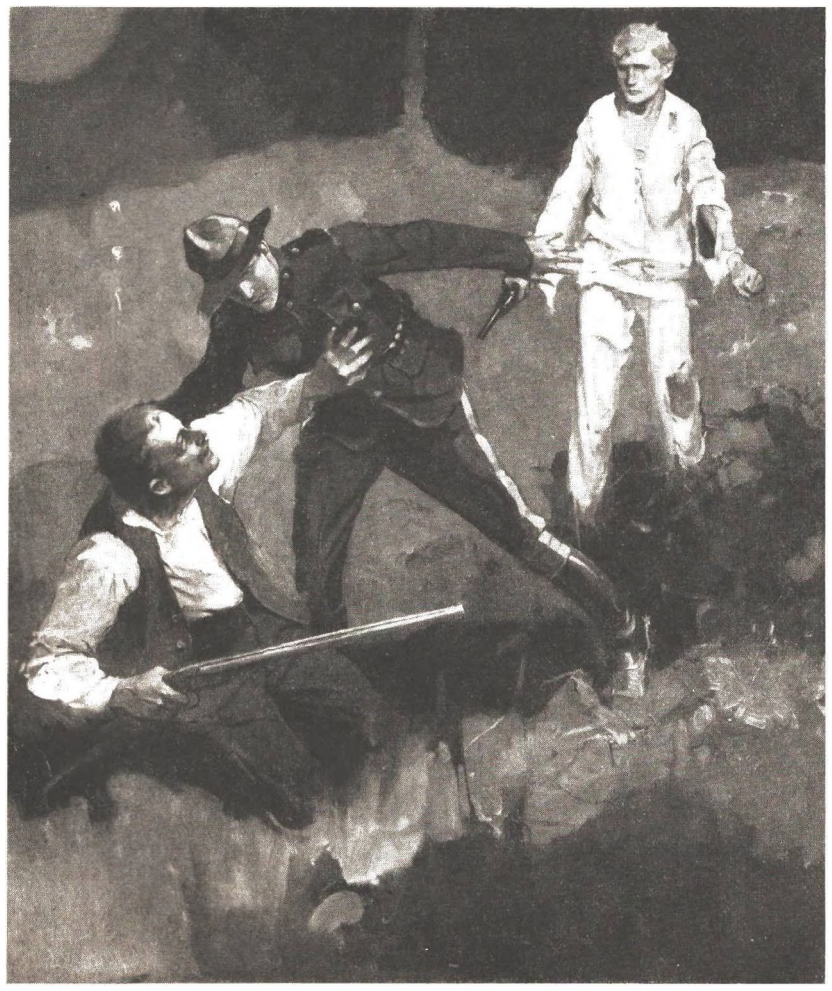
Renfrew stood and regarded the eager boy thoughtfully.

"Not without proof," he said frankly. "So long as he holds that letter, you'll find it hard to make anyone even listen to you. . . . But we'll see what we can do."

Strawberry Bill heard Renfrew leave the cabin. He heard him speaking with Smythe as they saddled and bridled a horse. He heard him bid the ranger good-by and ride away.

Lying there alone, he reviewed the bitter disillusionment of his greeting. Without for a moment pitying himself, the remarkable boy stared indignantly

(*Cont. on page 73*)



Renfrew hurled himself upon the crawling man—his hand sought Prothero's collar.

Bed-rock took a look at the gold dust and let out a yell that brought the others running.

Alder Gulch Gold

By James Willard Schultz

Illustrated by Albin Henning

The Preceding Chapters

I LAY sleepless under my blankets that first night on the long trail to Alder Gulch. I was too excited to sleep, and it was lucky for us all that I was.

With a train of ten horses, an Indian lodge and lodge poles, camping supplies, and a miner's outfit, we were on our way to the Alder Gulch gold discovery—my Uncle Ben Wilson; Beaver Bill, a broad-shouldered trapper and trader; and I, Henry Wilson, just turned eighteen in that summer of 1865.

We were crossing the northwestern part of what is now Montana. Alder Gulch, the new discovery, was in Indian country. Dangerous country.

"And Alder Gulch itself is plumb dangerous!" an ex-resident of the teeming gold-rush district had told us. "Lots of bad men there, robbin' and murderin'!"

But his words hadn't stopped us. We had kept right on getting ready to go, for the man had said also:

"Rich! Why, Alder Gulch is the richest discovery ever struck! I tell you us four here made our stakes in less than a month."

So my uncle and Beaver Bill and I were on our way.

I had been sorry to leave behind at Fort Benton my new friend Eagle Carrier, son of Chief Big Lake, who had furnished our horses and lodge. And I had been just as sorry to find that my archenemy Jim Brady, a young rough from my home town of St. Joseph, Missouri, was also on his way to Alder Gulch.

But even with the knowledge that Jim Brady would be a menace, I was eagerly anticipating our life in Alder Gulch.

Perhaps that was why I was too excited to sleep on our first night in camp. Or perhaps I was excited because that camping place was a particularly dangerous one—all the Indian tribes in that part of the country knew that it was a necessary halting place for the whites.

At any rate, I lay sleepless. Beaver Bill was close-herding the horses near-by, napping as he did so. My uncle, lying near me in the midst of our packs, was sleeping soundly. Only I was wide awake.

All at once I heard a stick crack—saw movement in a growth of young willows fifty yards away—saw a shadowy figure emerge from them and steal toward us.

Breathlessly I crept to my uncle, put my hand over his mouth and whispered:

"Indians! Indians are here in the timber!"

My uncle stirred uneasily, raised a hand of protest and let it limply drop. I pressed my hand more firmly upon his mouth and hissed my warning right into his ear.

Part Two

"UNCLE, Uncle!" I whispered sharply. "Don't make any noise! Indians are here, close to us!"

That did awake him; he started to rise up, to say something, but I pressed him back upon the bed, whispering: "Don't make any noise. Get upon your knees, look just over the top of the packs—toward the river. There's one Indian behind a cottonwood tree about fifty yards from us."

"Where are the others?" he whispered back, kneeling at my side.

"Haven't seen them but they must be close, too."

"Where's the one?"

"He went behind that first big tree."

For a half minute, we couldn't see him. Then we nudged one another, for there he was, leaning out from the tree and looking our way. He drew back, and we saw his right forearm twice raised and lowered—and two other Indians emerged from the willows beyond and stole over to him, one of them carrying a gun, the other a bow and arrows.

My uncle gave me a nudge to attract my attention, drew his pistol from its holster and laid it at his side. As I did the same with mine, he whispered: "Our rifles first, and then our pistols. After all, there are only three of them and we're well protected by the packs."

"Yes," I answered, tight-mouthed.

How long would those three Indians stand there before attacking us? Could we creep off without being seen by them, and join Beaver Bill, somewhere out there?

"Uncle!" I began, but before I could whisper more, *boom!* went a gun out in the flat. *Boom! boom!* two more shots—and shrill unintelligible shouting. Then swiftly, silently, our three enemies came at us, one in the lead, the others side by side!

Up went our rifles and, frightened though I was, I tried to take sure aim at the leader. My uncle and I fired almost at the same time. The smoke from our rifles spread in a dense brown fog before us; we heard a patter of feet running from us—off toward the river—fainter and fainter—and then no more.

But I heard something else as the smoke was lifting—the hoarse, intermittent, gurgling gasping for breath of one of our enemies. Never had I heard the like of it but I knew what it was even before my uncle whispered: "Shot him right in the lungs—he's dying!"

"Hi, there! You all right?" Bill just then shouted.

"Yes," we answered, with great relief, for we both were fearing that the shots out there in the flat had meant the end for him.

"Then come out here."

Through the lifting smoke we could now see the wounded man, prone upon his back not twenty-five yards from us. One of his arms went slowly up, dropped limply; his gurgling gasps for breath ceased, and we knew that he was dead.

We quickly reloaded our rifles, and as we rose to go, my uncle exclaimed:

"Henry! Look out there! What's that just beyond the dead one?"

I looked and saw a long dark object partly concealed by the gray buckbrush in which it lay.

"Another Indian!" I exclaimed.

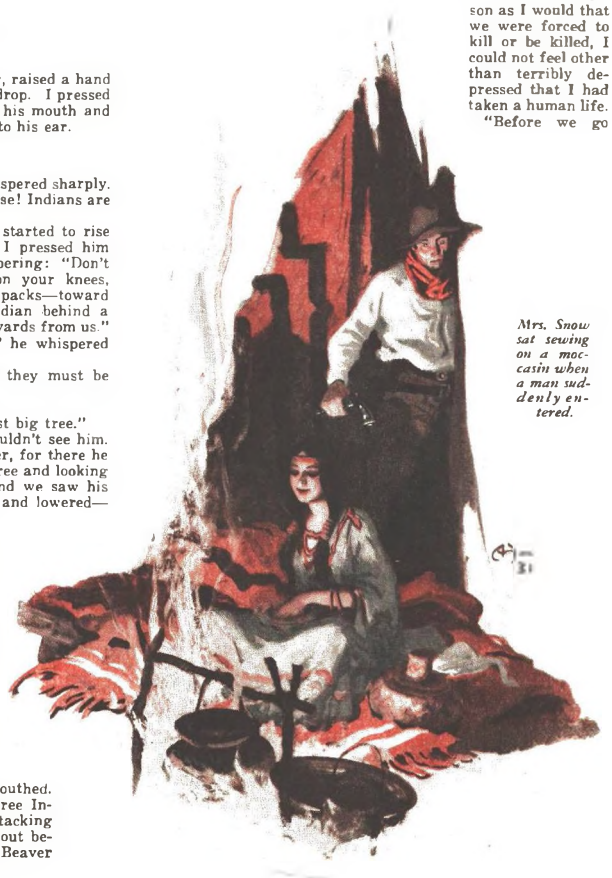
"Yes. We've each killed one! The far one must be yours, for I shot straight at the leader."

"So did I."

"You did? Well, well! We'll never know then which of us got which one."

I didn't want to know which one of them I had shot. I didn't want to look at them. Reason as I would that we were forced to kill or be killed, I could not feel other than terribly depressed that I had taken a human life.

"Before we go



Mrs. Snow sat sewing on a moccasin when a man suddenly entered.

out to Bill we ought to make sure that both are dead," my uncle went on, and started toward the bodies. But just then two shots were fired at us from out in the timber and we dropped back down behind the packs.

Again, and this time much nearer us, Bill shouted: "Hi, there! Did they hit you?"

"No," I answered.

"Then come out. I sure need help."

We didn't walk out; we went upon our hands and knees through the narrow strip of timber between our camp and the open flat, and there at the edge of it found Bill with the horses.

"They just won't go in, and we've got to get 'em in to camp and hold 'em there," he said. "Now I'll lead this one and you herd the others close after me. And don't be gentle with 'em—get some clubs and lambast 'em proper!"

We weren't obliged to club the animals, however. They readily followed their leader in, though by jumps, owing to their closely hobbled forefeet.

"We may get shot while we're doing it but we've got to tie the horses right here," said Bill when we had them huddled before the packs.

The tie ropes were all in place, however, one on top of each pack, and we soon had the animals tethered to convenient saplings without a shot's being fired at us. After that, we got in behind the packs and Bill told us how while lying down and watching the horses he had seen what he had at first thought was a wolf approaching them; then had made out that it was a creeping Indian. Taking careful aim, he had killed him—whereupon two others, at the edge of a narrow coulee farther up the flat, had fired at him and then run to the shelter of the timber, shouting something as they went. He hadn't understood what they said but the sound of the words was unmistakable; our attackers were a war party of Crow Indians.

"Well, Bill," my uncle said dryly, "Crows or whatever the party is, they're three less than they were a little while ago."

"What, you and Henry killed two? No!"

"If you'll risk it, just stand up and look out there over the packs and tell us what you see."

Up Bill sprang, at once saw the two bodies and exclaimed: "Well, by the horns of the two-headed bull! You fellows are no tenderfeet! How come you wiped 'em out so slick?"

I told him all about it, and when I had finished, he said to my uncle: "Think of that, Ben. Him waking you so careful instead of getting all flustered and yelling for help; and then shooting with careful aim! Why, I wouldn't be surprised if it was his bullet instead of yours that downed the leader."

"Maybe it was. Anyhow, the one of us that shot the other Indian missed the leader by only a few inches, for the two were close together behind him," my uncle answered.

"Well, it's lucky for us there weren't more of them," said Bill. "I believe there were only six. We got three of them; the chances are the others have had enough of it or they would have shot at us while we were tethering the horses. But here we'll sit and watch till daylight, anyway. Then we'll pack up and hit the trail."

Bill was right; the remainder of the night passed without sight or sound of our enemies. And we were again on our way just as the sun was rising.

WE found no travelers at Sun River Crossing; so kept steadily on until noon, when we stopped well up on the Bird Tail Divide and had a good meal of broiled buffalo tongue and liver. Herds of buffalo were in sight and bands of antelope, too, but we still had meat and did not care to kill any of them. That night we camped on the Dearborn River, a few miles above its confluence with the Missouri.

On the following day, we followed the winding road up through the deep canyon of Prickly Pear Creek. Near sundown, we left the canyon and made camp at the foot of a very wide valley. At its head about twenty miles distant, the Rocky Mountains rose precipitously. Little did we think as we looked at the head of the valley, and Beaver Bill idly remarked that it was a likely place to prospect, that a year later enormously rich placers were to be discovered there, the famous Last Chance Gulch, later to become Helena, the capital of Montana Territory.

"He was dead when I got to him—there where his horse had left him."

There where we camped the road forked, the main fork going on west of south to cross the mountains, the other and as yet little used fork turning east of south up the valley. We took to the latter fork on the following morning, stopping once just long enough to kill an antelope and so replenish our supply of meat.

All that day our course was due south along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Toward evening, we made camp on a small stream that Beaver Bill believed was a tributary of the Jefferson River, one of the three forks of the Missouri. He was right, for we struck the Jefferson the following day, crossed on a wide and shallow ford, and made camp once more.

We were aroused at daybreak by the thudding of swift hoofs coming nearer and nearer. Indians, perhaps!

We sprang from our beds with rifles ready just as three riders—three white men, as we saw at once—emerged from the timber, turned off the road, and approached us. But thirty or forty yards off, they stopped and stared at us and were slow in answering Beaver Bill's:

"Howdy, strangers. Light and eat breakfast with us."

"All right, we will," one of them at last replied and, tethering their horses, they joined us.

They had come, we learned, from Alder Gulch, having left it the previous evening, and were on their way to Fort Benton, hoping to obtain passage there on a down-river steamboat. There were so many desperate characters in Alder Gulch that they had sneaked out of it after dark and ridden fast all through the night. A little later at breakfast, after they had convinced themselves that we were to be trusted, they told us that among them they had nearly $20,000 worth of good clean gold dust.

"What'll be our chance to locate good claims?" Bill asked.

"All staked for a mile or more below discovery, and above it, but there's no knowing how far down the diggings will extend," one of the three replied.

"Miners are coming in every day, more and more of 'em! It's the greatest stampede of gold seekers that ever was in the whole wide world. You'd better be getting there as fast as you can travel," another man offered.

They themselves were in such haste to be again in the saddle that they burned their lips with hot coffee, wolfed the meat Bill and I set before them, and ran to their horses with mouths still full of it.

Excited by what they had told us, we ran in the horses, hurriedly saddled and packed them, and were upon the road before the sun was well above the eastern hills. The farther we went, the more eager we were to reach our destination. Bill said that we might possibly make it that day.

We did, too. At about six o'clock we topped a ridge and there close under us was Alder Gulch! Its little stream emerged between two hills into an ever widening valley, and hundreds of men with scores of teams and wagons were moving up and down both sides of the gulch.

"They're like a swarm of ants down there!" Bill ejaculated. "I didn't think there were that many men in all this Western country!"

Late as it was, men were still plying picks and shovels upon the bars of the gulch, and sinking shafts in its channel. On and on we went past them, down the gulch, past countless tents and brush shelters, while Beaver Bill looked for ground we could claim. At last, two miles from where we struck the gulch, we passed the final location notice, and Bill learned from the man who had posted it the extent of ground that the camp laws allowed: above, where the gulch was narrow, 100 feet long, and from rim to rim; down there in the wide part of the gulch, the creek was a dividing line, and the width of a claim was from the center of the channel out to the rim and the length, 100 feet.

We made camp on a level, grassy spot a little way out from the creek, and set up our lodge. Then, while my uncle and I built a fire and started supper, Bill located claims for himself and for us, writing the necessary notices upon leaves from my uncle's notebook and setting them up in cleft sticks that he stuck in the ground. He had the first, my uncle the second, and I the lower one of the three claims, all of them to be reported to the camp recorder early in the morning.

"Well, Henry," Bill said to me as we were finishing supper, "you've got the likeliest claim of the three. It sure looks good. At the edge of the gulch the bed rock

is exposed and on top of it is a fine bank of gravel. I say that we prospect it right now."

"Yes! Let's do it!" I answered, tremendously excited.

"Come on then. Get a pick and a shovel and I'll take a gold pan. We'll soon know what's what," said Bill.

Chapter Five

IT was nearly dark when we came to the bed rock, exposed on the gulch side and topped with gravel. With the pick, Bill gouged a niche in the gravel from six inches to twenty inches above bed rock, and then shoveled some of the six-inch strata into the gold pan, and with it a thin layer or scraping of the bed rock itself. Then carrying the pan to the creek, he submerged and shook it jerkily forward and back and sideways many times, tilting slantingly down during the forward and back movements, so that the water was constantly carrying off some of the top gravel as it receded, until at last there remained not more than a quart of fine gravel in the pan. This he washed more carefully, letting the water take out but a very little of it at a time. There remained three or four ounces of sand of the color of the sheet-iron pan, black sand, iron sand. With a little water and a swirling motion, Bill spread it out to cover thinly the bottom of the pan, and let out a yell of joy.

So did my uncle and I, for here and there in the sand we caught the shine of wet gold dust—numerous little nodules of it, one of them the shape and size of a wrinkled dried pea, and there was a smooth flat piece that Bill said would be worth at least two bits.

"It's a good prospect, isn't it?" I asked feverishly.

"Good? You bet it is! Come on and we'll see just what this pan is worth," Bill answered.

We hurried back to the lodge, and Bill held the pan over the remains of our supper fire until all the water had evaporated. He then took from his war sack a large, horseshoe-shaped magnet and moved it around in the pan. The iron sand fairly leaped to it. There remained in the pan only the pure gold dust. Carefully putting it into a delicately balancing scale, Bill weighed it, and said, "It weighs exactly three pennyweights. If this Alder Gulch dust is worth $18 an ounce, as they say, we have $2.70 here."

I couldn't say anything; just stared at the dust.

"That's a mighty good showing," Bill went on exultantly as he tied the dust in a piece of our dishrag and handed it to me.

"To-morrow we'll record our claims and get busy," my uncle said, and though he spoke calmly I could see that he was almost as excited as I was.

We turned in soon after that but, tired though I was, I remained awake a long time thinking of my claim and the one pan of its gravel that Bill had washed. In my hundred feet of the bar there were thousands and thousands of pans of gravel, and at two dollars and seventy cents a pan—why, I was going to be rich in no time. I was actually going to have more money than I could ever use, hundreds of thousands of dollars! Well, with some of it, I would travel; all over the world—but, no! First, I would live for a time with my friend Eagle Carrier. Hunt with him. Perhaps go with him to war against the enemies of his tribe. Perhaps join his tribe and live and hunt with him for the rest of my life.

The next morning we were breakfasting at sun-up and soon afterward I went with Beaver Bill to record our three claims, my uncle remaining in camp to guard it and our horses.

It was two miles up to the recorder's office. As we neared it we came upon three men working a bar. Just as we reached them, one of the miners paused to fill and light his pipe, and Bill asked: "Well, how goes it? Are you getting good pay dirt?"

The man looked at us pretty sharply, evidently decided that we were to be trusted, beckoned us close to him, and said so low that we could barely hear him, "Man, she's rich—lousy with dust. Last Saturday my clean-up was sixteen ounces—nigh three thousand dollars' worth of dust. And all mine. This is my claim; them two fellers are workin' for me. Gosh! I've sure struck it this time!"

"I should say you have. Hope we'll do as well," Bill answered. As we went on, he said to me, "Three thousand a week! Henry, I believe we'll do as well as that. But to do it we've got to have some sluice boxes, and where are we going to get the boards to make them? Well, we'll find out right away."

The recorder was in his office, a small, weather-beaten tent, and we quickly transacted our business with him. While we were recording our claims we saw that the ledger was lettered *Alder Gulch, Dakota Territory—Fairweather District*, and Mr. Fergus, the recorder, told us that the district had been named for William Fairweather, one of the discoverers of Alder Gulch.

Just then Mr. Fairweather, a big friendly man, came into the tent and Mr. Fergus introduced us to him. Fairweather said that he was in a bad fix. He couldn't work without an occasional smoke, and he had been all through camp after tobacco, and hadn't been able to buy a pipeful. At that, Beaver Bill handed him a half-pound plug.

"Thanks!" said Fairweather, fairly beaming. "How much?"

"No pay. It's yours. I've plenty of it."

"But, man, do you know the value of it? The last that was sold here went at twenty dollars a pound."

"I gave you the tobacco—you're welcome to it," Beaver Bill answered him, and the two filled their pipes and became quite friendly.

During their talk a miner came in and asked Mr. Fergus if he knew where any lumber for sluice boxes could be obtained. Mr. Fergus said there wasn't a foot of it for sale in camp, and that the nearest sawmill was at Bannack City on the other side of the range, seventy miles away.

When the man had dejectedly left the tent, Beaver Bill said we too needed sluice-box lumber, and that we should probably have a lot of trouble and lose a lot of time in getting it.

"No, you won't," Fairweather told him. "One good turn deserves another. I have three thousand feet of good lumber on the way here from Bannack and you can have a thousand feet of it for just what it cost me, a hundred and fifty a thousand."

"Well, now, that sure is friendly of you," said Bill, and then and there handed him the money.

Mr. Fergus and Fairweather then began talking about the bad men who were flocking into the camp and the necessity of doing something to put an end to their lawless career.

"We're going to have to drive some of them out of the country or hang them," Fairweather declared.

"Yreka Jack and Red Hughes are two of your bad men, aren't they?" Beaver Bill asked. "We saw them in Fort Benton."

"So they're down there, are they? Good riddance. We suspect they're the ones who clubbed and bound and gagged old Jim Nolan and then searched his tent for the clean-up he was known to have made—but didn't find it. They didn't knock him clean out, and he believes he recognized their voices."

"Well, you're not rid of them. They're on their way back here, along with a couple hundred tenderfeet. They'll be here in a day or two."

Fairweather scowled thoughtfully.

"There's a young fellow named Brady along with the two bad ones," Bill added. "He's a great friend of Henry here." And he winked at Fairweather.

I blushed. I know I did. I could feel the hot blood reddening my face as I blurted, "Jim Brady's no friend of mine!"

Bill and Fairweather laughed, and the subject was dropped.

The realization that Jim Brady was nearing Alder Gulch weighed on me, however. I had forgotten him in the excitement of our fine prospects, but now my uneasiness about him was back upon me. I was somehow sure that I was to have serious trouble with him.

WHEN we got back to our lodge, we found my uncle preparing dinner.

"Good news!" Bill said to him. "There isn't a foot of lumber for sale in camp, but we made friends with a man named Fairweather, and he's going to let us have a thousand feet of some he has coming in, and for only $150 a thousand!"

"A hundred and fifty dollars a thousand!" my uncle exclaimed. "Why, that's outrageous! Back where I came from, the very best lumber is only twelve dollars a thousand."

"Well, back where you came from, you couldn't gouge into a bar of the creek and get $2.70 worth of gold dust from a pan of its gravel. What's a hundred and fifty for the lumber we need? Though there ain't more'n thirty dollars left in our kitty, there's plenty in our claims. So let's eat and fly to it."

We bolted our food, went to my claim, and began panning gravel from its bar. Beaver Bill supervised my first washing of a panful and said that I was doing it in good shape except that I was too slow about it, too blamed careful—the gold dust wouldn't try to get away from me; it wanted to go right to the bottom of a pan and stay there.

Bill estimated that I got about three dollars' worth of dust out of that first panful. He took the pan from me, carefully scraped the gold dust and iron sand into one of our tin plates that he had brought for that purpose, and I ran to the bar for another panful of the gravel.

We panned from my bar all that afternoon. It was hard work, carrying the heavy panfuls of gravel to the creek and washing them, and wet work too—but exciting. As I washed each panful, I strained my eyes looking for a nugget of great value in it. When it was almost dusk, near quitting time, I caught a yellow gleam in a half-washed pan that made my heart leap. I snatched the golden lump from the gravel with a shout that brought Beaver Bill and my uncle running. I held it up—a big, rough, egg-shaped nugget!

Bill took it from me, balanced it in his hand, and all but shouted to my uncle: "There you are, Ben! That'll pay for the lumber and more too. If it ain't worth all of three hundred dollars I'll eat my hat!"

My uncle took it in his hand. "Great guns! How heavy it is for such a little thing. And you say it's worth three hundred dollars! Great guns! You made a lucky find, Henry. Say, Bill, isn't this better than trading with the Indians?"

"Well, I'll allow we run a good chance of makin' a stake here. But, man, it's sure hard work!"

My find ended our work for the day. We went to the lodge with our heaped up plate of gold dust and iron sand and the nugget, and Bill at once put the nugget in his scale and then announced that it weighed thirteen ounces—two hundred and thirty-four dollars.

"That isn't three hundred dollars," said my uncle.

"No, my guess was too big. But it'll pay for the lumber, anyhow. And that ain't all we got, you know. Here's our plate of pannings. You two get supper while I clean and weigh it."

My uncle and I hurried to prepare supper; warmed up beans and bacon, and made biscuits and coffee. Before the meal was ready, Bill had the dust free of the heavy sand, and announced that it amounted to $170.

"Rich diggings," said Bill contentedly.

I was half dazed by the result of our afternoon's work, and my uncle seemed to be too. We were both of us pretty silent during the meal and afterward. We just sat back and let Bill do the talking and planning for the future. He said we mustn't fool away time panning our bars. We must hire men to help us do our share of extending the length of the ditch that had been dug from the upper end of the gulch to bring water for sluicings; and we must hire men to help us work our deep ground and our bars too.

I could hardly believe what my ears had heard. "Mustn't fool away time panning our bars!" Bill had said. Did he call $170 in gold dust and a $234 nugget for a few hours' work "fooling away time?" With hired help and plenty of water for sluicing, what did he expect us to make? Were we really going to take fortunes from our claims?

Fairweather dropped in later in the evening to tell us that we wouldn't have our lumber for three or four days; the sawmill at Bannack City had broken down and it would require some time to repair it. He asked if we had done any prospecting of our claims.

Beaver Bill handed him the nugget and told him the value of it and of our afternoon pannings of my bar.

"Good work! You've sure struck it; you're going to do mighty well here. (*Continued on page 58*)

Larry leaned against the fender, gripping its edges with his hands, and faced the queer-eyed man.

Larry Calls Again

By Arthur H. Little
Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

AS he stepped out of the store, out on the sidewalk, Larry Pennock permitted himself one explosive remark:

"Ziggity!"

All the length of that long, low store, out through the shadowy aisle that ran between tables piled high with merchandise, he had walked in the dignified silence that he knew befitted a young business man. But the silence had cost him an effort.

And now, in the open air of cobble-paved Pearl Avenue, principal thoroughfare of the industrial district of Southport, all the pent-up spirit within him seemed to bubble.

Ziggity!

Twenty minutes ago, he had stood under that awning across the street with Lynn Bowman, veteran salesman for the Vulcan Motor Truck Company; and Bowman had said to him:

"Now, youngster, to save time, we'll scatter for a few minutes before we head back home. I've two calls to make—short ones. While I'm gone, you skin across the street to that store and nose around. I'll meet you here."

From across the street, Larry had regarded the place dubiously. It looked decidedly discouraging. Across its front, just high enough above the sidewalk so that customers might walk under, flared a sign in red and white on canvas:

BARGAIN MERCANTILE COMPANY

Its display windows, crammed with goods, bristled with price tags, scarlet in color and six inches square.

Eying the flamboyant front, Larry had crossed the street and gone inside. And now he came out bubbling.

Ziggity! Wait until he could tell Bowman! This his first day under Bowman's wing—Bowman, the quiet, who called him "youngster!" Only yesterday, at the Vulcan offices in Midburg, the Vulcan Truck's general manager, Frederick Lowen, had said: "I'm going to send you out with Bowman, Pennock, as his junior. He can teach you a lot about selling trucks; and you can help him with the leg work of canvassing."

And now—oh, boy! "Shall I spring it on Bowman the instant he shows up," Larry asked himself, "or shall I save it until he asks how I came out? Better save it!"

Under the awning, Larry waited. Finally, over Pearl Avenue's cobbles from the westward came Bowman's little coupe, bouncing, and stopped at the curb. His heart racing, but his face impassive, Larry climbed in beside the older man and the coupe bounced onward.

The street was narrow and congested, and Bowman seemed intent on the steering. But at last he spoke.

"Well, youngster, it's been a lean day for us, eh? But never mind. Things will pick up."

Now to spring it. "Well"—and with an effort, Larry matched his tone with Bowman's own—"it really hasn't been such a lean day for us, at that. Back there in that store just now, I sold two three-quarter-ton trucks."

The coupe jounced, as Bowman swung it sharply to the curb; then he eased the gear shift into neutral, turned and stared at Larry and asked:

"What did you say?"

"I said,"—and Larry still held his voice in check—"that back there in that store, I sold the proprietor two three-quarter-ton trucks."

"You mean," asked Bowman, speaking slowly, "that you sold him—got his order?"

Larry shook his head. "No," he said, "he wants to buy on installments and so, of course, I couldn't take his order right then. But I've got something just as good as his order." He fished in a pocket, drew forth a bill fold, and extracted a blue slip of paper, which he handed to Bowman. "There's his check for the down payment."

BOWMAN examined the blue slip of paper. Musingly, he read the signature aloud:

"M. Touchstone."

Then, raising his eyes from the check, he gazed out through the wind shield and said:

"Holy mackerel! I've been in that store four times! And nobody would even talk to me about trucks. I send you in to see what *you* can find out; and you walk in cold, on your first call, and in less than twenty minutes you sell two trucks and come out with the down payment. As far as I know, youngster, you've hung up a world's record for speed in the truck industry! How did you do it?"

Larry laughed, a little bubbly. "Well," he said, "to tell the truth, I don't know just how it happened myself. I went straight to the back of the store—you know, where that kind of a little office is—and I tackled a sort of middle-aged man that looked as if he might be the boss."

"Bald-headed?" Bowman interposed.

Larry nodded. "And sort of funny-looking," he said. "Did you ever get a close look at him? Well, he's blind in one eye. He wears glasses, the kind that hook over the ears, and the glass in one of them is white—you know, frosted. And he's bald. Not a

hair on his head. But his head is blue! Honest, it's actually blue!"

Bowman nodded, obviously impatient to hear the rest of the story, and Larry hurried on:

"Well, I tackled that fellow. The way he barked at me when he saw my portfolio, I thought he was going to throw me out. But as soon as I told him I was a Vulcan man, he asked me, 'Well, what have you got to show me?' And so I opened up the old portfolio and showed him the photos and specifications and so on; and he pointed to the high-speed three-quarter-tonner with the paneled delivery body and said, 'I want two of those, with no lettering on them. I'll have them lettered myself. I want a year to pay for them. How much will the down payment be?' I explained the situation to him—you know, about credit and so on. And he said, 'All right. Tell your credit man to look up my reputation with the firms I buy from. And just to show him how I do business, I'll give you my check for the down payment right now.' Well, that was practically all there was to it. And there's his check."

AGAIN Bowman eyed that blue slip of paper; and a thought that had been stirring in Larry's mind found expression.

"The check," he said, "is drawn on the Manufacturers National Bank, here in Southport. While we're in town, couldn't we drop around to the bank and make sure that the check's good?"

Bowman nodded. "I've been thinking about that," he said. "We'll talk with Bill Griswold."

At the Manufacturers National, the rotund and smiling Cashier Bill Griswold said:

"Yes, the check is as good as gold!"

Larry put another question: "Could you tell us anything about Touchstone—where he came from, and so on?"

The banker spoke briskly. "Touchstone came here and opened his store about six months ago. When he came here to the bank to open his account, he told me he had just returned from Europe—had been over there for three or four years, running a store in some little industrial town, and had just about broken even. Now, in his present place, he's making money."

Larry's mind persisted in dwelling on those odd-looking eyes of Touchstone's. He asked another question:

"Have you ever heard of anybody's having trouble collecting money from him?"

The banker shook his head. "No, his credit standing among the firms that sell him goods is excellent."

Once more in Bowman's little coupe, heading toward Midburg and the Vulcan headquarters, where they'd report the sale, Larry's exultation rose again.

"Well," he remarked to Bowman, "it looks like a sure pop now, doesn't it?"

Bowman nodded, and smiled. "Yes," he said, "it does!" Then he sobered and added, "But of course the sale will have to be approved by Reece."

At the name, Larry frowned. The Vulcan Truck's tight-mouthed credit manager always made him feel uncomfortable. Reece—and his everlasting figuring! Even while one of the salesmen was arguing with Reece, the credit manager would half close his eyes and scribble figures on a scratch pad.

"Well"—and Larry moved restlessly—"but Reece will O. K. it all right, won't he?"

Bowman looked grim. "He *ought* to!" he said. "But as you'll learn, it often looks as if every credit manager is every salesman's natural enemy. Anyway, in this deal, I'm on your side!"

IT was the morning of the second day following that brought the natural enemies to an issue across the credit manager's desk. Behind the desk sat Reece, looking, as Larry thought, like a one-man garrison at bay. In front of the desk, stood Larry; and at his elbow, Bowman.

"Mr. Reece," Larry said, "what more could you ask? There's the credit report before you—and you got it yourself. Every concern with which Touchstone has done business reports that he has met all his obligations on time! Why can't you let this sale go through?"

Doggedly, Reece answered: "For just the reason I've told you—caution! This report goes back only six months. Where was this Touchstone before that? In Europe. Who says so? Touchstone himself! And here's another thing that neither of you has seemed to consider—at least, you haven't mentioned it. You say he runs a cash-and-carry, cheap merchandise store. He doesn't make deliveries, does he? All right, then, what does he want with trucks?"

Out of the corner of his eye, Larry saw Bowman spread his hands in exasperation. Before his senior could explode—as he seemed on the verge of doing—Larry answered:

"I forgot to tell you that I asked him that question myself. And the answer is simple. He owns, not one store in Southport, but two. The other one he opened recently in the business section to sell high-grade things—women's wear and furs. He wants the trucks for that—you know, to deliver stuff to his customers." And to himself, Larry added: "Gosh! How can a man be so stubborn?"

The credit manager's eyes, now, were on his scratch pad, where his pencil was mechanically scribbling figures. For a moment he was silent, thinking. Then he looked up and said:

"Understand, Pennock, I'm not trying to block your sale. You did a good job! But there seems to me, somehow, to be a responsibility here that I don't care to assume. I'll tell you what I'll do. With Mr. Lowen's permission, we'll put this up to the very head of the business. I'll call President Robb, in New York, on long distance and report the whole thing to him—my side of it and yours. If he says to let it ride, then the sale goes through. How's that?"

Larry gulped. Long-distance all the way to New York for a ruling direct from the president on a deal of his? The president himself to referee a deal of a junior salesman? Gosh!

"Well," he said, and swallowed, "well, that'll be all right with me!"

As he wandered out of the credit manager's office to his own desk in the big sales room, Larry speculated upon how long a call to New York would take. Anyway, an hour, and maybe an hour and a half. And so he jumped a little when Reece, from his office doorway, not more than twelve minutes later, called:

"It's O. K., Pennock. The sale goes through."

Ziggity!

Larry sprang to his feet, gripped by an urge to whoop. Then he realized suddenly that several men had looked up from their desks and were watching him. He knew he had been grinning ecstatically, and his neck grew hot. Hurriedly, he crossed the room to his locker, got his hat, clamped it on his head, then strode out of the offices, down the front steps to the Vulcan parking ground, and there he climbed into his flivver roadster and leaned on the steering wheel to think.

Ziggity!

A world's record in the industry! Not only had he achieved the quickest sale of Vulcan trucks ever closed, but he had put it over and made it stick! Put it over—right over the head of Reece. He'd gone to the mat and licked, single-handed, the salesman's natural enemy!

Reece. Larry twisted a little uncomfortably on the flivver's well-worn seat. Of course, after all, Reece had been a pretty good sport. And—

Responsibility—how grave Reece had been when he mentioned that. Larry's mind snapped back to that long, low store in Southport, to the blue-headed proprietor with those queer-looking eyes, one of them blinking behind a frosted lens. That bald, blue head—anyway, it had *looked* blue in the dim light of that little office. But especially those queer-looking eyes. Responsibility. . . .

When Larry got out of his flivver, he was frowning a little, and chewing at his lip. . . .

THE following morning, out from the factory, past one side of the office building, rolled two sleek-looking three-quarter-tonners, with drive-away drivers at their wheels—Touchstone's new trucks. And as Larry, watching them from an office window, saw them turn northward toward the highway to Southport, he frowned again and said to himself:

"First time I get a chance, I'm going down there and nose around again!"

But day after day, the chance was delayed. Bowman, so Larry soon discovered, was a wide and tireless traveler. Far out into the territory he ranged; and Larry, sitting beside him in the blue coupe, ranged with him. Three days passed, and not once did the coupe swing near Southport.

Larry, tight-lipped, kept his own counsel. "I'll drive down there," he told himself, "on Saturday afternoon. We'll not be working then."

Saturday forenoon, they foraged westward and, along toward noon, rolled into the county-seat town of Kent, still twelve miles from Midburg. They were skirting the courthouse square, and Larry's mind was running ahead to the afternoon, when suddenly Bowman clamped on his brakes and brought his coupe to a stop at the curb.

"New store right back there, youngster," he said.

Larry nodded. He, too, had seen the gleaming front from a distance and had sized it up absently as they passed. And now, as did Bowman, he craned his neck and looked back at it.

Above the windows was a flaring sign: CUT-RATE CLOTHING. And the windows themselves were spotted with price tags.

Bowman chuckled. "Well!" he said. "There's one just made for

(*Continued on page 44*)

After the crash, dead silence—then a flash light popped into life on the sidewalk just outside!

Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League

Sharpen Your Batting Eye With Connie Mack's World Champion Athletics

By Franklin M. Reck

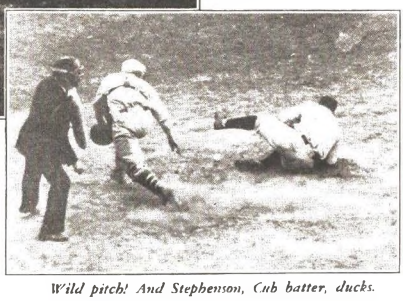
"Mister Mack," his players call him.

A SUNDAY in Fort Myers, Florida, spring training camp of the World Champion Philadelphia Athletics, is a peaceful, quiet affair. You can play shuffleboard and quoits in the city park, or miniature golf along the shores of the Caloosahatchie River. You can drive fifteen miles away to the beach and take a snooze on the milk-white sand, letting the gulf breeze pleasantly ruffle your hair. After the church service in the evening there's a movie.

But you're interested in none of these things, for on this particular week end — the first week end in March—the Athletics regulars are arriving. You're down in Florida to pick up tips on how a major league club trains. You want to stick close to the Bradford Hotel and learn to know the regulars on sight.

"Safe!" and Grimm scores a run for the Cubs in the 1929 World Series.

Bing Miller gets away with the crack of the bat.
Right: The free-swinging Foxx.



Wild pitch! And Stephenson, Cub batter, ducks.

You buy the Saturday New York newspapers and seat yourself in a wicker settee. You've read only a few minutes when George Earnshaw strolls through the lobby. You say "Hello" and he sits down beside you, stretches his six-foot frame and yawns. Earnshaw with the rest of the pitching staff arrived in Fort Myers a week before the rest of the club, to get into condition. He's well-tanned and seems fit, but judging by his bulk you decide that he can still profitably lose a few pounds.

"How's the arm?" you ask him.

"Getting there," he replies. "It takes time."

Earnshaw is a fast-ball pitcher. Other members of the club say he has a lot of "stuff," meaning that he has a variety of pitches and a good break to his curve.

"Throwing any curves yet?" you ask him.

He shakes his head decisively. "Not for a couple of weeks more," he says.

That interests you. Three weeks of careful, leisurely tossing. Three weeks of working on control. Eighteen days of conditioning before a big league pitcher starts bearing down and throwing curves!

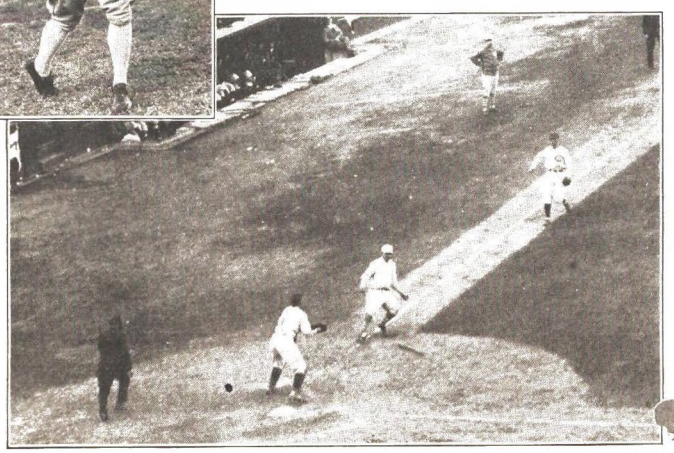
"Just what," you ask him curiously, "does a big league pitcher need, to be successful these days?"

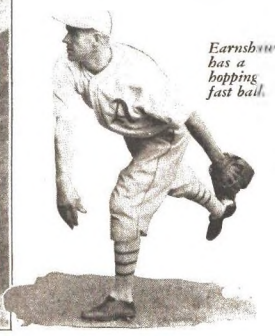
"A good fast ball," Earnshaw replies. "That's the most important thing." He sits up and becomes interested as he explains what he means. "The fast ball really has to be fast these days. If it isn't, there won't be enough difference between it and the slow ball to fool the batter. It'll just be mediocre pitching—and big league sluggers murder mediocre pitching."

You remember how Howard Ehmke, in the first game of the 1929 World Series, beat the Cubs 2 to 1. In that game Ehmke threw slow balls—balls that traveled just to the spot he wanted—and struck out such sluggers as Hornsby, Hack Wilson, and Riggs Stephenson. Ehmke's ideas, evidently, are slightly different from Earnshaw's. (*Continued on page 54*)

Cochrane is a stout swatter.

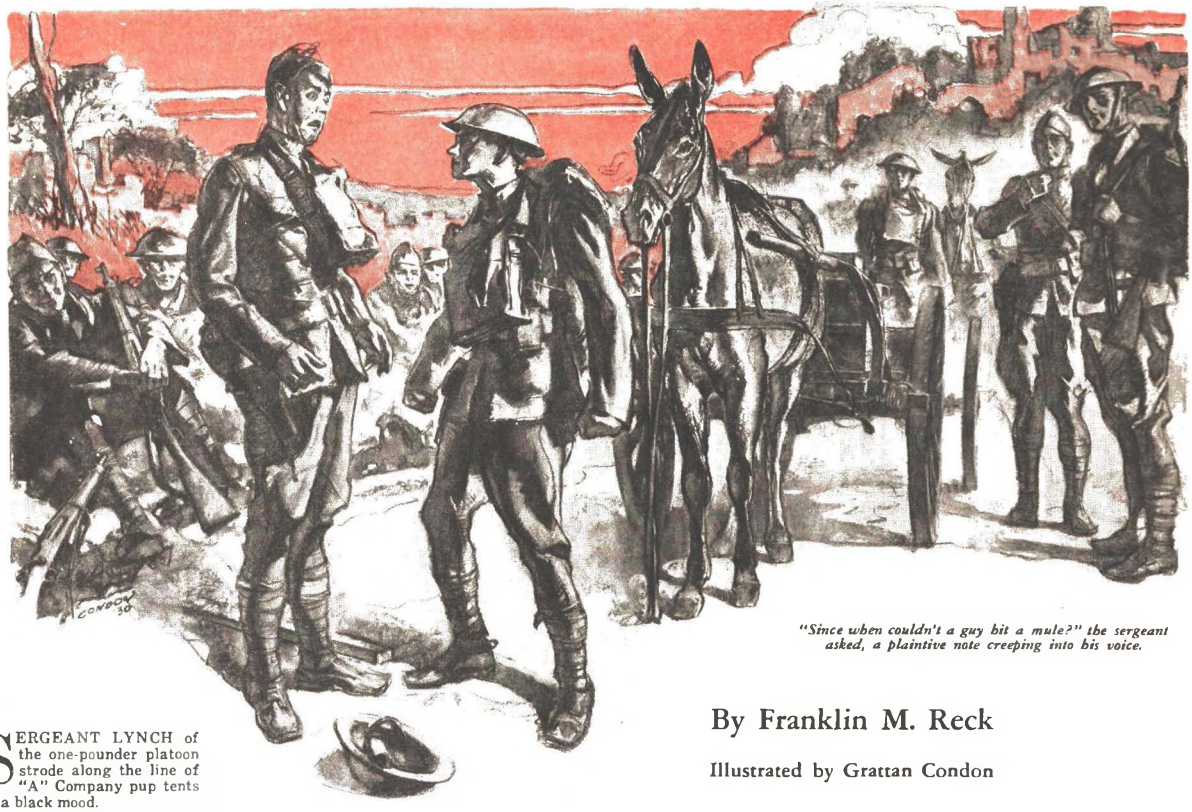
Miller, caught between home and third—and out.





Earnshaw has a hopping fast ball.

REAR-END DYNAMITE



"Since when couldn't a guy bit a mule?" the sergeant asked, a plaintive note creeping into his voice.

By Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by Grattan Condon

SERGEANT LYNCH of the one-pounder platoon strode along the line of "A" Company pup tents in a black mood.

His eye fell upon Sergeant Pinky Greene of the first platoon, "A" Company, who was seated in the shade of an apple tree alongside the well-known Private Whitey. With a gleam in his eye, Lynch steered his lanky frame toward the apple tree.

He stopped over the pair, pushed back his overseas cap, placed his hands on his hips, and looked down on them, nodding his head slowly.

"A nice bunch of gold-brickin', hand-shakin', gyp artists you guys turned out to be," he spat out. "A nice gang of low-live boot-lickers!"

Sergeant Pinky, trim and neat even in his worn olive drab, yawned luxuriously. "Fightin' words," he murmured.

"If your own mother was freezin' to death, you'd hand her a palm leaf fan," Lynch went on.

Pinky closed his eyes. Life was good, back in rest billets.

"—you'd swipe the pennies off a dead man's eyes, you 'A' Company bums."

Pinky opened one eye, but the effort was too great. He closed it again.

"If you fellows think the one-pounder platoon is the place to send all the cast-offs and misfits from the line companies, you're crazy!" Lynch ended up, with considerable heat.

Pinky sat up and grinned widely. Two days ago, "A" Company had been requested to select several men for transfer to the one-pounder platoon. Good men, to replace casualties.

"Didn't you like the men we sent you?" he asked.

"Like 'em? Of all the worthless bunk-fatigue artists I ever saw, they're the worst. Whaddya mean by sending me Joe Hadley?"

Pinky's grin widened.

Lynch exploded. "The regimental orders called for *picked* men!" he shouted.

"We picked 'em," Pinky protested, with an injured air. "We picked 'em blamed careful."

Whitey stifled a chuckle.

"Yeh," agreed Lynch scornfully. "That guy Joe Hadley!"

"Hadley's all right," Pinky insisted. "He's no good to us because he can't handle a rifle. He hits himself in the face with it coming to right shoulder. But he might be good at something else."

"I'd like to know what," Lynch said. "I stick him on kitchen police the first day and he cuts himself peelin' spuds. Soon as he comes back from the infirmary, he drops his end of a can full of stew and scalds himself."

"K. P.'s one of the things he's no good at," Pinky said. "I could've told you that!"

"He's no good at anything else."

"He said he liked animals," Pinky explained. "That's why we sent him to the jackass battery."

Sergeant Lynch didn't like the term "jackass battery." It was true that one-pounder guns and their ammunition carts were drawn by mules. But he was proud of the mobile little cannon that could fire an inch-and-one-half explosive shell with the accuracy of a rifle and the destructiveness of a grenade. He looked upon the one-pounder platoon as higher grade men than the infantry. Jackass battery! He snorted. But even as the words burned him up, they gave him an idea.

"Likes animals, does he?" he said slowly, a light dawning. His jaw clicked with sudden decision. "All right. I'll stick him in as a teamster, and I'll bet you a feed that he asks to be transferred inside a week."

Pinky looked interested. Any offer to bet found a warm welcome with him—but he considered his chances. Joe might not get along with mules. On the other hand, he usually stayed put. He had never asked to get transferred out of anything yet. He was too easy-going, too shiftless.

"You're bettin' a feed that he asks to get transferred out of the jackass battery?" he asked.

"Out of teamsterin'."

"I'll take you," Pinky grinned, delighted. "What's the stakes?"

"A big feed the first town we come to that's got a restaurant," Sergeant Lynch said, with the confidence of a sure-thing player.

"An eight-egg omelette?"

Lynch nodded.

"—steak and French fried potatoes?"

Lynch inclined his head.

"—coffee and smokes and dessert?"

"The whole works," Lynch said grandly, and so self-satisfied was he that he became unwontedly liberal. "And if you'll walk up to the village with me, I'll buy you a chocolate bar—you an' Whitey."

Pinky leaned back against the tree with a contented grin. "The bet's on," he said, "but I don't move right now until somebody blows a whistle and I gotta."

CONTENTEDLY Pinky watched Lynch join the straggling procession of soldiers walking up the dusty road toward the village just beyond the orchard. For five minutes he gazed at the road through half-closed lids—then his eyes lighted with interest; he nudged Whitey.

"Here comes Joe Hadley," he grinned. "He must've passed Lynch on the way up." He raised his voice. "Oh, Joe!"

An undersized soldier with sagging breeches and a shirt too large for him halted uncertainly in the roadway.

"C'mon over here—want to ask you something," Pinky yelled sociably.

A grin overspread the thin, freckled face of the little private, and a hand rose to his head. Off came a sloppy overseas cap, revealing a shock of red hair. Pinky smiled at him as he ambled over. Joe was as worthless as Lynch had painted him—but he might be able to handle mules. He came from Missouri.

"What you been doing in the village?" Pinky asked him, cautiously.

"Gettin' me a plug of eatin' tobacco and some pins," Joe replied slowly.

"Pins?" asked Pinky, puzzled.

"Yes, seh. My new sergeant says if I don' keep my uniform patched up he's gonna beah down. So I aim to hook it up."

"Why don't you sew it?"

"Cain't sew."

Pinky laughed. "How things comin' in the one-pounders?"

Joe grinned, embarrassed. "Nothin' to be proud of. Been a casualty twice without no war to he'p."

Pinky noticed a clumsily bandaged thumb and a right leggin that was suspiciously bulky, and remem-

bered Lynch's statement that Joe had cut and scalded himself.

"K. P.'s dangerous," he said. "Think you want to come back in a front-line outfit and be safe?"

Joe shook his head with what vigor he could muster. "Nope. Sittin' pretty now. Sergeant jes' told me he was goin' to put me with the rest of the jackasses. Told me jes' now, goin' up the road."

Pinky chuckled with satisfaction. "Think you'll be able to handle the mules all right?"

Joe had fished a housewife out of his pocket—a little roll that contained a scissors, a spool of thread, and needles. He removed several common pins from his blouse, stuck them into the roll, folded up the packet and tied it before replying.

"Yes, seh," he said. "Sergeant says I'm to get that Harry mule. They say he's no good. But—" he paused, and a dreamy look came into his eyes—"you cain't always tell about a mule."

Pinky nodded vaguely. He'd heard rumors of a Harry mule. A vicious package of rear-end dynamite. An ornery member of the Missouri draft that had disabled one teamster with a kick in the ribs and another with a bite that had broken an arm. He'd forgotten about Harry. No wonder Lynch had bet so confidently.

"I see where I buy a feed," Pinky said, half to himself. "The big bum!"

The private didn't seem to hear. "Pinky," he said, holding out the pin still remaining in his hand. "Wonder if you'd hook up the seat of my pants. Tore 'em, leanin' against a fence. Sergeant's likely to dust me off if they ain't fixed."

"You can't patch it with a pin," Pinky laughed helplessly. "You won't be able to sit down!"

"Gotta take a chance—sergeant's hard."

"When do you meet up with Harry mule?" Pinky asked, as he performed the emergency operation.

"Aim to harness him to-morrow mawnin'."

"I'll be there," Pinky breathed.

THE next morning found Pinky and Whitey leaning against the fence separating "A" Company's orchard from the picket line. Eagerly they watched the one-pounder platoon preparing for its day on the range. Sergeant Lynch was superintending the lining up of the ammunition carts, and the teamsters were harnessing their mules. That is, five of them were. Joe hadn't appeared on the scene.

"Hadley!" Lynch bawled. "Where you at?"

From out a pup tent under the trees the private emerged, buckling on an automatic that flopped against his right knee and threatened to drag his breeches down over his hips.

"Hurry up and get that Harry mule harnessed," Lynch ordered, not without relish.

Watchful eyes from the fence followed Joe as he walked obediently toward the tree to which Harry was tethered with a thirty-foot rope.

"Hope he's got his insurance paid up," Whitey muttered.

With lazy confidence, Joe strolled to the tree and untied the rope. Harry, head down and sleepy looking, paid no attention. He hadn't been curried for a month, and his mouse-colored coat was shaggy and dusty. He looked the embodiment of ragged dejection.

Slowly Joe walked up to his near side, talking gently and coiling the rope in his left hand as he moved. He approached to within a foot of the mule's head, reached out a hand and tentatively touched its neck.

Pinky held his breath.

"Dog-gone mule looks like he wouldn't harm a baby," he murmured.

"'S what makes him dangerous," Whitey replied. "Strikes when you ain't expectin' it."

And then it happened. With no warning whatever, Harry reversed himself and delivered a half dozen lightning kicks. Joe, with the skill of an old skinner, hugged his shoulder, but the fifth convulsion flung him into the danger zone and the sixth sent him diving for the tree. In a cloud of dust, Harry galloped off through the pup tents and disappeared.

Pinky and Whitey were only a step behind Sergeant Lynch in reaching the dazed and seated private. They helped him to his feet and dusted him off.

Lynch grinned at Pinky. "Om'let an' steak," he said.

"You ain't won yet," Pinky replied, but his voice lacked confidence.

Intelligence returned to the private's eyes. "He acted kinda fast," he commented slowly. "I'll go fetch 'em."

"Take an axe handle with you," Whitey suggested, "and when you get him tied up, beat the orneriness outa him. They tell me that's what his first driver did."

"Reckon that's what's wrong," murmured the private.

"You go after that Harry mule," Lynch interrupted, "an' don't come back till you find him."

Without a word, Joe started off, shuffling and unhurried.

Sergeant Lynch watched him for a moment. "Hope he don't ketch up to 'em till the war's over," he said with heartfelt sincerity. "They'll be two less liabilities in the platoon—an' I'll win a feed."

THAT very day, things happened to interrupt the bet between Pinky and Lynch. A motorcycle and sidecar, carrying a staff officer, skidded up to regimental headquarters in the village. Ten minutes later it swirled away, barking rumors from its chattering exhaust. Rumors of a big drive.

In two days the regiment was standing in columns of squads on the dusty road alongside the orchard. Voices rose, disgusted, humorous. Supply wagons creaked. And back somewhere along the road a mule hee-hawed.

Pinky looked at Whitey and grinned. "Wonder how Joe came out?" he said speculatively. "That Harry mule was headed for Sedalia, Missouri. Suppose he ever caught up with him?"

The regiment, undergoing the usual delay in getting started, received the command to fall out along the side of the road. Pinky and Whitey strode back to where a line of carts marked the one-pounder platoon.

Pinky's eyes eagerly searched the column, rested on the last mule, and widened. He stopped, grabbed Whitey's arm.

"That last mule," he whispered. "See Joe?"

Whitey nodded. Joe was at the head of the last cart, sloppy as ever. But standing peacefully in the traces was a sleekly groomed mule.

"That can't be Harry," Pinky said slowly. He remembered Harry's dusty, shaggy coat and dejected appearance. "Let's watch a minute."

The mule's coat was actually glossy. At its head Joe stood, one hand affectionately twisting a long ear. The mule's neck was craned forward. It seemed to be nuzzling at the pocket of Joe's blouse.

"Lucky Joe," Whitey murmured. "He's got a new jackass."

The two soldiers moved to within a few feet.

"Harry boy," Joe was saying, "you done had your rations to-day."

Harry. Then it was Harry! Pinky's eyes narrowed as they swept over the mule's conformation. Undoubtedly it was Harry—but that smooth coat could mean just one thing—Harry had been curried down. Curiously Pinky looked at the hindquarters. Yes—the hindquarters had been curried too! He almost laughed aloud.

"No use feelin' in my pocket that way," Joe was saying softly. "No use. No, seh. . . . Hey—quit that! . . . Well—all right, but mind, you gotta go without to-night—"

Digging a skinny hand into his pocket, the half-size mule skinner pulled out a plug of tobacco. As he raised it to his mouth, the mule reached forward, lips trembling eagerly. Joe pulled his head back slightly and bit off a man-sized chew. This he palmed and held out. Harry took it eagerly, tossing his head and champing his jaws with relish.

"Tobacco!" Whitey breathed. "He did it with tobacco!"

Pinky nodded with dawning comprehension. Harry and Joe had signed an armistice with chewing tobacco.

"Steak and eggs!" Pinky chortled. "That boy knows mules!"

SERGEANT LYNCH came striding along the road, and Pinky grabbed his arm.

"Steak and eggs," he said, smiling widely.

"The week ain't up yet," Lynch replied shortly. "And besides I ain't got time to talk to you guys."

The one-pounder non-com walked over to Joe Hadley.

"One-pounder platoon's gotta move to the rear end of the line," he said brusquely. "You lead the way, Hadley."

Joe, busy stuffing his plug of tobacco back in his pocket, was slow in responding, and Lynch wasn't in a patient mood.

"You and yer mule are a pair," he said disgustedly, walking over to the mule's head and grabbing the bridle. "C'mon."

The mule stiffened and arched its neck.

"Come on, you!" Lynch blurted out, and gave a yank on the bit.

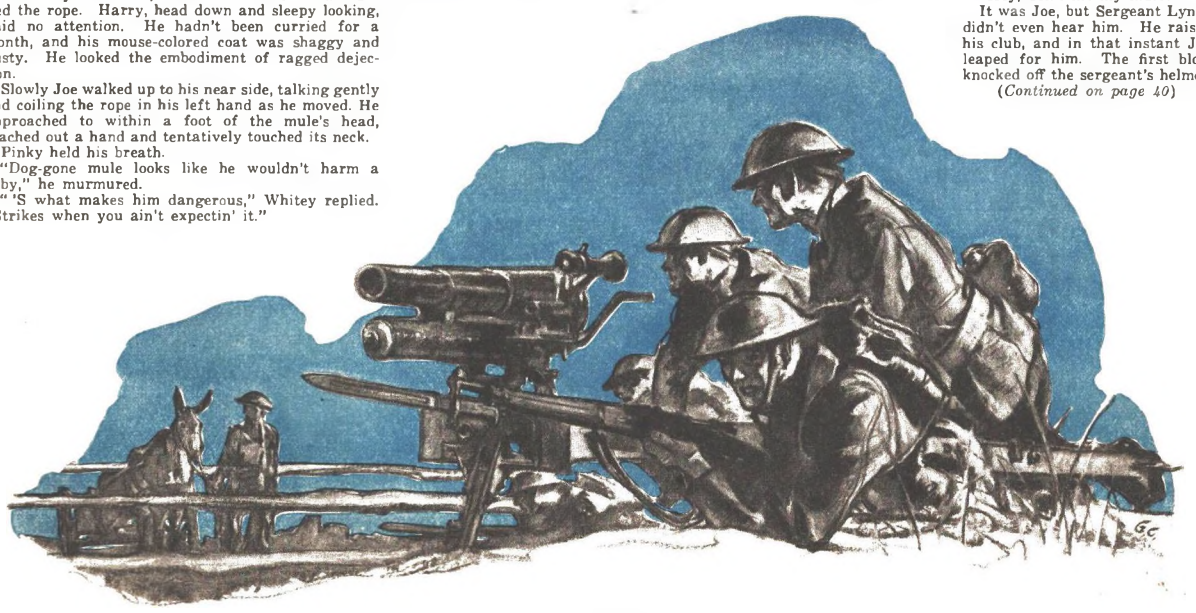
The mule set its feet, its eyes rolling.

"C'mon!" Sergeant Lynch was getting exasperated and didn't hear Joe mildly protesting. After two more yanks had failed to budge the animal, he looked around, grabbed up a broken branch, and whacked it over the rump. The mule trembled, snorting. The sergeant swung again.

"Hey, don't hit my mule!"

It was Joe, but Sergeant Lynch didn't even hear him. He raised his club, and in that instant Joe leaped for him. The first blow knocked off the sergeant's helmet.

(*Continued on page 40*)



A little parade came toward them—one small man, one mule, one cart.

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Headwork

THESE raw, wet spring days remind us of a track meet we once witnessed. We were watching the high jump. It struck us as queer that one of the contestants persisted in wearing his heavy woolen sweat shirt and pants, even while he was making his jumps. Light didn't dawn until the event was finished and this young man had won. Then we understood. He had made up his mind to have warm, loose muscles, even at the expense of a little extra weight. Which convinced us that the best aid to legwork is headwork.

John Paul Jones

WE'VE just finished reading "John Paul Jones, Man of Action," by Phillips Russell, and we like it immensely. John Paul Jones was a brilliant seaman, and is generally considered to be the father of the American Navy. A statement of his, in a letter to the colonial Marine Committee, sticks with us. He wrote: "None other than a gentleman, as well as a seaman both in Theory and Practice, is qualified to support the character of a commissioned officer in the Navy, nor is any man fit to command a ship of war, who is not also capable of communicating his ideas on paper in Language that becomes his rank." Annapolis authorities still direct the attention of midshipmen to that statement. And no wonder.

Gentlemen

WE are for gentlemen, first and last and always. We believe in them in theory and in practice. We don't mean that a boy should be a lounge lizard, or a parlor snake. But we do believe he should dress neatly, speak courteously, respect himself and others, and act considerately. In other words, he should make living a graceful thing. Otherwise, he might as well be a hyena.

Enviable

A BOY must be fairly intelligent, of course, and fairly energetic, and fairly ambitious. We've observed that just about all boys are like that. If a boy is these things, *and* if he can express himself decently on paper and on his feet in a meeting, *and* if he is a gentleman—well, that boy is to be envied.

More About Jones

JOHN PAUL JONES also wrote: "I will not have anything to do with ships which do not sail fast, for I intend to go in harm's way." A bold statement that, and an admirable one, in any calling. To readers of *The American Boy*, Jones probably would say: "Get a good education, build yourself a strong physique, be courageous, and honorable." A boy, like a ship, needs to be ready for action, and not too keen for the easiest way.

And Still More

JONES died in Paris at the age of forty-five, still a young man. Years later the great Napoleon mourned his death. "If he had lived," said Napoleon, "France might have had an admiral." Worth pondering, that possibility. Napoleon, supreme on land, never had a really first-class fleet commander. The world's history might have been different had John Paul Jones commanded the French ships-of-the-line, at the Battle of the Nile, or at Trafalgar!

Cleaning

SPRING is the time for house-cleaning—we got ours cleaned the other day, and it surprised us to see how many last year's magazines, and worn-out shoes, and broken pieces of bric-a-brac were thrown out. It struck us as a pretty good idea, that getting rid of things that weren't any use to anybody any more, and we proceeded to do a bit of personal house-cleaning. Among the things we got rid of were: a worn-out dislike of a chap—we were never proud of it anyway; some 1930-model ideas about things we wanted but didn't get (we're wanting some new things this year, and we're going out after them!); and a set of plans for a summer vacation that have turned out to be not so wise. It's just as well, we decided, to throw out things that just lie around, cluttering up your thinking; it leaves room for new gray-matter furniture, and gives opportunity to polish up the old that's worth keeping.

Punch

WE know a chap whose vocabulary seems largely made up of two words—"lousy" and "swell." When his school team plays a losing baseball game, it's "lousy;" when he makes a good grade in an algebra test, it's "swell." No other words seem to work for him. Listening to him is pretty monotonous, and he gives the impression of feeling that talking well isn't of any importance. He doesn't put any punch in the things he says, and he makes us wonder, sometimes, whether there's any punch in the ideas behind them. Good-looking sign posts are pretty important. There are a lot of good words in the dictionary if you'll only take the trouble to learn them and you can create quite a good impression for yourself if you'll exercise your mind enough to use them.

Spring

WE had a mild winter where we live, and we wondered a time or two whether it would spoil spring for us. It didn't. When Old Man March came along, and ran the snows down the creek, and started red buds on the maples, we got to feeling coltish. And then we saw a yellow crocus sticking its head through green grass, and we went out and danced a downright jig. . . . There's a lot more to spring than March mud. There's a warm breeze that loosens up a fellow's throwing arm, and there's the exact shade of blue in the sky that brings bathing suits out of moth balls. There's a springiness in the turf, too, and a clean smell to things that gets right into your blood. If we had our way, we'd have spring go along for about two months, then start the record again and have the same thing right over. The trouble, though, is that we feel the same way regularly four times a year. The other times are winter, summer and fall. There's nothing quite like any of them while they're here.

But Still—

DON'T put moth balls in your winter overcoat yet. Old Man Winter may be on his last legs, but he's probably saving his strength for a final kick. You might as well receive the kick in your overcoat.

Oil, and Boys

A LEVEL-HEADED young geologist called on us the other day. "When I was in college, thirteen years ago," he told us, "oil companies were getting a half barrel of gasoline from a barrel of crude oil. That was considered an excellent job of refining. Nobody ever supposed that the crude oil wasn't doing its full duty. But to-day, by continually adding hydrogen, refiners make a barrel of crude oil produce a barrel and a half of gas." Now, we're quoting that young geologist only approximately, for the exactness of the figures doesn't affect the point we want to make. Which is that lots of customs and processes and practices you boys see around you are going to be changed, and changed soon. It's up to you to do the changing.

Appearance

THERE'S a college sophomore whom we're always glad to see, and there are two reasons: his eagerness and his careful dress. In this chap his eagerness means that he's on the jump, that he's smiling, that he's always on the lookout for chances to learn things, to help people, to climb up the ladder. His care for his appearance means pressed clothes, shined shoes, clean linen *and* a non-collegiate hat. He's not a fop, but he thinks it's important to look well. We admired him for it, and we admired him a lot more when we found out that he was paying every penny of his way through college, working nights as a bell-hop in a hotel to earn his money. He's going to be a newspaperman, and it's our guess that he'll be a crackerjack.

COMES SOMEONE'S DAD

A Winter Twilight Scene

By Clifford Meigs

Stealthy,
Moist, almost warm snowflakes,
Falling heavily, silently,
Fill the air with a thick white cloud of flakes.

Two big blurred circles of white
Mark the lost street lights.

Squinting, hat over eyes,
Face moist with melted flakes,
Tired but light-hearted,
Comes someone's Dad.

An American Boy prize poem.

High Up in the Trees

By Nelson L. Frederick
Illustrated by C. J. McCarthy

Trent flung his body up, soared and seemed to hover for an instant almost on the stick.

THE round clock in the dressing room below the stands at Tryon Field struck three. Joe Trent stood up before the mirror in his locker room, carefully slicked back his hair, knotted the silk cord of his maroon bathrobe, and went out. The high jump was slated for three ten; he'd walk leisurely across the running track, and wait at the curb for the cheer he always got. Then go out and win another first for Tryon College—or rather, for Joe Trent.

As Trent moved down the ramp between the stands, the crowd began cheering some event just finishing in the Tryon-Ardmore meet. Trent listened absently. He was noting with approval the maroon bathrobe and his new spikes. The robe had cost fifty dollars at Fitch's in New York; the spikes were custom-built buckskin, hand sewn, with special heel plates. Trent received a generous allowance; perhaps the most liberal in the senior class at Tryon. He spent it liberally too—on Trent. Good looking, Trent was; plenty of beam across the shoulders; the narrow hips and tapering legs of a jumper. His eyes were a bit too close-set perhaps; his lips a trifle pinched.

An April gust tore through the runway and Trent, frowning, wrapped the robe more tightly. He should have worn sweat pants. The chill might stiffen his leg muscles. He had to win against Art Rivers of Ardmore to-day; and Rivers was always dangerous. Trent's frown deepened. Still he waited in the drafty aisle out of sight until the cheering should subside. Trent was a good judge of publicity.

At last a lull came in the noise from the stands, and he walked out over the cinder track. A cheer leader in maroon and white duck, glimpsing him, snatched up a megaphone and whipped round facing the seat tiers.

"Joe Trent—yea-h-h! Fifteen big ones, gang!"

The crowd bellowed. Trent turned and ducked his head in a modest bow that he had practiced often at the dresser mirror in his room. He was disappointed, though. The cheer lacked volume, he thought.

On the turf beyond the cinder track stood Art Rivers, the Ardmore jumper, slender and bespectacled, with a tall boy in street clothes beside him. Trent nodded pleasantly at Art's smile, and glowed inwardly at the unmistakable admiration on the face of Art's companion. He'd seen that tall boy before, somewhere.

"Got a minute, Trent?" Rivers asked.

"Not right now," Trent replied. "Got to report to the coach. See you at the jumping pit."

He moved across the turf oval toward the high jump standards. Halfway out Chick Maitland, Tryon's entry in the pole vault, met him. Maitland grinned.

"New spikes; new bathrobe. What the well-dressed champ should wear. Say, Trent, my spikes are about shot and the stock room can't fit me; also I'm broke. How about borrowing your old shoes till spring semester vacation and the bank roll plumps up again?"

Trent's lips compressed a trifle more. Maitland was kidding him and asking a favor at the same time. He glanced coldly at the pole vaulter.

"Sorry. I'll need the old pair in case these get stiff and pinch my heel. Wish I could."

"I know," nodded Maitland. "Big-hearted Joe. Always neglecting your own best interests."

The sarcasm was not lost on Trent. He bent down, kneading a muscle in his take-off leg with tender care.

"I have to think of myself. A jumper's got to think of everything. For instance, I don't jump at indoor meets like Rivers of Ardmore because jumping off a hard floor isn't good for the legs."

Trent rose and moved toward the tanbark pit. The squad of jumpers had assembled at the standards where two judges were checking entries. Trent pushed his way in. He knew how to handle judges; you had to ride 'em, *hard*.

"J. Trent of Tryon," he said positively, tapping the wrist of the official with the entry card. "And by the way, I use Western form—the roll. And once in a while a new official calls a foul on me. But I've been in college competition three years and the best judges of the Western Valley conference O. K. my jump. I just mention it so you'll know."

The judge seemed impressed.

"Of course, Trent. We know your style. Approved, of course."

"Thanks," said Trent. He was quite satisfied with his sortie. Naturally they knew *him*. The Valley conference champ; record, six feet one inch. He might add on two inches this year for the national title.

The thought made him smile pleasantly as he stepped ten measured paces from the crossbar, and marked his take-off with a bit of clean white cardboard. He strode to one side of the standards, sat down on the turf and began lacing his new spikes. Yes, he might win the national this year.

"Joe Trent, collegiate high jump champion," he whispered the words over.

They sounded sweet. Maybe he could hang up a record that would stand for a long time. Good to look back on, that would be.

A voice said: "Don't try for height to-day, Trent. Got to look out for pulled leaders, these first meets."

Trent glanced up at the short, blocky figure of "Flint" Kennard, the Tryon coach.

"You don't need to tell me that," he said crisply. "I look out for myself; first, last, and in between times."

Kennard studied him. He had queer piercing eyes, gray and sharp. They always seemed to Trent to be boring in beneath the surface of his thoughts, stirring those he wished to have unknown. He didn't like Kennard. The coach repeated:

"'First and last.' I'd be afraid of that idea, Joe. Plenty of fellows at Tryon are plugging for *you* to win. Suppose it's a choice between Tryon and yourself. Would you be for Joe Trent, first and last?"

"I don't get you," Trent returned uneasily. "It's helping Tryon when I win, isn't it? I have to think of myself or I couldn't win."

Trent didn't see the coach's slight shake of the head. A field judge had called, "Rivers of Ardmore," and Rivers, slender and bespectacled, rose and shucked off his crimson sweat shirt. The bar rested at five feet. He started for it in an easy stride, a "straight-over" approach, rose to his take-off in a graceful spring, and reversed, landing face toward the standard in the tanbark.

"Art Rivers' jump is something to watch," said the coach. "If he'd learned the Western roll he might have hung up a new mark—high up in the trees. But his form, while it's beautiful to watch, takes too much out of him."

Trent scowled. *His* form wasn't pretty, he told himself, but it brought home the bacon. He had worked three years to perfect that writhing twist and the double leg kick at the end. He had almost mastered it too.

He got to his feet as the judge spoke his name, and folded his maroon robe neatly. Then he started for the crossbar in what appeared a careless walk. His was a side approach coming from the right. Three strides away he gave two bounding steps. A heavy stamp with his jumping foot seemed to bounce his body upward flatly, heels and head in a straight line. This was the "layout" first used by California jumpers. But Trent's form held another trick. As he rose above the crossbar he gave a sudden shoulder twitch and kicked both legs.

To the onlooker it was clumsy. He seemed to roll over the bar, just grazing it. The truth was that it saved half the energy of the "straight-over" style.

Trent didn't get the leg kick quite right. He landed on hands and knees in the pit, and dusted the chips from his shorts. The judge called: "Number Three, Underhill of Ardmore," as Trent walked back to Kennard.

"Let Scottie give you a rub when you've finished," said the coach. "And keep your legs relaxed and covered. The wind's cold for April."

He gave Trent a brief nod and started across the oval. Trent laughed ironically. Some coach, Kennard, giving the competitor a boost and his own man stale advice. He seemed not to care whether a fellow won or not.

IT was some time before Trent could turn his thoughts to pleasant things, such as the collegiate title. As an end to his soliloquy he murmured vindictively: "I'll show you. I'll hang it 'high up in the trees.' Yes, and do all the winning by myself."

Some twenty minutes later the bar was standing at five feet eleven, and of the six contestants in the jump there remained but Trent and Rivers. The Ardmore man had taken all three trials to make the

"Wonder if you'd point a man on that form of yours," Rivers asked.

height and had bounced the stick a bit with the jump that was successful.

"Up a half inch, gentlemen, or an inch?" asked the judge, twisting the peg from the standard. Trent looked at Rivers and nodded generously to indicate it was his to choose. He could afford this gesture. Anyone could see that the Ardmore man was cracking. Rivers smiled painfully.

"Thanks, Trent. Set her up to six feet then. Might as well go out shooting at a good mark."

This time Trent used the full length of the run, striding in a half crouch until the last two steps. He flung his body up, soared and seemed to hover for an instant, almost on the stick. Then that hitch of shoulder muscles and a vicious scissors kick jerked him a fraction higher. He rolled literally around the cross-bar and dropped clear. There appeared no more effort than in his first jump, and both looked clumsy.

Rivers shook his head. The tall boy in street clothes standing by him holding his sweater whispered in his ear, and both glanced at Trent with admiration.

"I've seen that tall kid before," Trent said to himself absently.

The Ardmore man took his first trial and Trent's heart fluttered in his throat. Rivers came within a hair of clearing.

"Tough luck, Rivers," he said, as the other dragged himself wearily from the pit.

Rivers grinned but shook his head. He knelt down on one knee, sighting the bar. That was bad for the leg muscles, Trent knew. It cramped them, cut off circulation just when they should be loose and free. But that was Rivers' affair, not his.

Again Rivers jumped, and failed by six inches. His face was grim as he walked back from the standards for the last attempt. Trent didn't want to see; he turned away. But a thought, almost like fear, pricked him. Rivers might get over. He swung back in time to see the stick clatter on the turf, and see Rivers plunge down, sending up a spray of brown bark from the pit.

Trent ran forward then, thrust out his hand, and drew his opponent to his feet.

"Too bad," he said. "You should have made it. That first try barely ticked the bar."

The Ardmore man shrugged. "Six feet always spells out for me, Trent. I jump by the clock." He gave a tired laugh. "I can't beat that Western roll; you've got it nearly perfect."

"Pretty good style, I think, though it looks awkward," nodded Trent. "And don't think it wasn't hard to learn."

RIVERS took his sweater from the tall, dark-haired youth, and slid it on over his head. Then he looked with some embarrassment at Trent.

"Wonder if you'd point a man a little on that form of yours?" he asked.

Trent's lips tightened almost imperceptibly, but Rivers saw it.

"Not for me," the Ardmore man said. "I've stuck to my own stuff too long. And it's my last year of competition. But this—" he swung to the youth beside him—"is my brother. He's a soph at Tryon. You may have noticed him around the jumping pits. He's watched you for two years, and he's sold on you, Trent. He jumped in high school but not since he came to Tryon. Too busy. But he thinks the Trent form is the real thing."

"Plenty have made a stab at the Trent form," rejoined Joe Trent, "and couldn't make it stick."

The label, "Trent form," pleased him. He held out his hand to Rivers' brother—an impulse that surprised himself. Still, what had he to fear? A sophomore, with only high school competition.

As the younger Rivers enthusiastically gripped his hand Trent was making an appraisal. The kid had long legs, but narrow shoulders. Not much strength in his face either. It was wistful, like a co-ed's. Joe Trent decided the kid lacked all kinds of power and would never make a jumper. Nothing to fear. So he said cordially:

"You want to steal my stuff, eh? Then you'll trim me and they'll forget who Trent was. Is that it?"

"Not—not at all," stammered Rivers' brother. "I—I—guess there's not much chance of any jumper in the conference beating you."

Trent laughed. This faltering admiration was sincere.

"There's no closed season on champs," he said humorously. "They fall every day. Why exempt me? What's your first name, Rivers, so I can tell you from your brother here?"

"My name's John, but they call me 'Weary'," said Rivers' brother.

Trent wondered if he were being betrayed into an act of rashness. It had been a long time since he had helped anyone except Joe Trent; quite a while since anyone had even asked a favor of him. Except chiselers like Maitland, whom nothing could stop. He frowned at young Rivers.

"I don't—know," he began. There was an awkward pause.

"It's Trent's form, kid," broke in the older brother. "Took time to work out. He'd rather not broadcast it now, when he's shooting for a championship."

The youngster was gazing at Trent yearningly. His expression swayed Trent more than all else. Trent could teach Rivers much or little. The kid could never learn in three months what had taken Trent three years.

"I'm going to take you on, Weary," he said with a patronizing smile. "You show up Monday at the pit here for a workout. I'll have Scottie check you some equipment. And," he laughed, "a place at training table when you break five feet six."

"I'm mighty grateful, Trent," said the boy. "It means more to me than you think." He hesitated. "I've done five-six, in high school competition."

Trent started, and sent a suspicious glance at the two. Five-six. This kid was a jumper then. Had Art Rivers framed this meeting for a purpose? But it was too late to withdraw now. Well, he'd see that Weary earned his nickname before he cribbed the "Trent form." He wrapped the maroon robe about him and smiled again.

"Five-six. Good. Follow me around and we'll notch her up a foot, eh, kid? Let's go. This wind's apt to stiffen me up."

He wheeled about and in an easy jog, careful not to put the slightest strain on those muscles that meant victory, trotted for the locker rooms.

MONDAY afternoon, Trent found young Rivers waiting for him at the jumping pits. He wore his high school track shirt turned inside out, but a winged letter showed.

"The gold wings mean three years of competition," Weary explained apologetically.

Trent's lips compressed as he listened. Dangerous, after all, this fellow.

He watched Weary's form in a practice jump with the bar at five feet, and was reassured. He had the same "straight-over" style used by Art Rivers. The style set by Mike Sweeney back in the dim 90's, when Mike made his world-famous leap of six feet five. A mark that stood for almost thirty years until the "Western roll" showed jumpers a new form.

Weary came back from the pit lifting his knees high to flex the muscles of his calf and thigh. They were flat, loose muscled, Trent noted, as a jumper's should be.

"I've only got the old stuff," Weary said. "And I've almost forgotten that, I've been out so long. That's why I thought I might pick up your form, Trent."

Trent nodded. "Well, the side approach comes first. And the knack of letting go, limp as a rag, before the 'layout' on the bar. Get that. Then the kick and twist later." He shrugged. "Of course that kick and twist and a sort of punch swing of the arm is what makes the 'roll.' And what about one man in fifty ever gets. Even *I* don't follow through with a full double kick. I've been hammering at it three years."

"Three years!" echoed Rivers in a rather hopeless voice. Then his narrow shoulders lifted. "They never shot a man for trying, anyway," he said, and grinning determinedly, begun pacing off a side approach.

When the sun slid behind the press box tiers that crowned Tryon Stadium, he was still "trying." Trent had left after an hour in which he had made but three jumps. He had a nice judgment of training values and understood the risk of overstrain and staleness that is always present in the jump events. He mentioned this to Rivers, but very casually. Rivers returned grateful thanks, but kept on.

He returned the day following too, and Trent gave out a few hints that Rivers could have read in any athlete's handbook. Trent didn't jump at all that day. He observed Rivers taking some hard falls, back down on the tanbark, in an effort to "let go." That was a good way to sprain a back muscle and close the book on any jumper's career. Trent felt it unnecessary to mention this.

The coach came up to watch and cautioned Rivers against "letting go" too completely.

Then Kennard looked at Trent, in some surprise.

"Coaching him—you?"

"Why not?" said Trent stiffly. "Might be a find for a third on the squad. He's done five-six in prep meets, and that's as good as Caswell's doing now."

The coach seemed puzzled but made no reply. His answer, though, was posted on the Athletic Bulletin in the locker room that night. It was an order for Rivers to report at training table.

There was some comment on this by the squad. That Trent should interest himself in anyone—except Joe Trent—was news.

A stubborn impulse, pride and resentment, forced Trent to play out the game he had begun. Continually he spent more time with Rivers; but gave him as little as he could and still pretend warm friendship. He was furious with himself that he had to do it.

Trent knew that Weary was often called on in his defense when he was absent from the squad. Trent hated this too. But most of all his anger found fuel in Rivers' prowess on the athletic field. Weary was learning the Trent form.

In May, Coach Kennard carried Rivers on the squad to the dual meet with Exeley, replacing Caswell. Rivers took second to Joe Trent with a jump of five feet eight. A clumsy jump, terrible to watch. But Weary's joy was unbounded. He walked to Trent who was watching sourly by the judges.

"You've done this," he said. "Your stuff; your form. I'll place, sure, in the Marysville meet, Coach says."

Trent forced a smile. "I haven't done much. That is, I—well . . . Of course, having a man who knows—"

"And who's given me the works, as you have," broke in Rivers. "I hope I'll have the chance to square it some day, that's all."

IN the triangular meet between Tryon, Mercer Tech, and Bordentown, Weary Rivers fell over the cross-bar at five feet ten. Joe Trent cleared six feet to win, but he took two tries to make it. He had an uncomfortable premonition that he might be going stale.

In a vague way Rivers' progress worried Trent. Yet Rivers lacked entirely the twisting hitch which, in the Western, gives the extra lift and achieves real height. "Secondary drive," jumpers call it. Trent himself had not yet mastered the knack of it.

After the triangle, Coach Kennard began pointing his team for the Valley Conference, the big meet of the year. He had watched Rivers battle toward better performance. He had watched Trent too. He hadn't interfered with Joe Trent's coaching. But as the days slipped by and the big meet drew closer, he began pushing Rivers. He worked with him at the pits, called him to the field house often in the evenings to run over the slow motion pictures of George Horine and Beeson—those two great exponents of the Western style—in action.

Trent knew this and an unreasoning fear of Rivers grew, filling his mind. His form became less sure. Thus driven, against his better judgment, he doubled his workouts and fell further back. Rivers, he had come to hate. But the boy approached him daily for advice and seemed to find help even in the curt answers that Trent gave.

That was how things stood on the Monday night before the Conference meet when Kennard called the last tryout for the jumps. Trent was high man, of course. But an upset came when Weary Rivers beat Wade Collyer, Tryon's standby, for second high. Rivers himself seemed surprised.

Four planes grounded on an island in Lake Erie

Freezing weather. A heavy fog. Less than an hour's gas in the ships. A nice fix for four army pilots to be in . . . Next month's Jimmie Rhodes story—

"THE GHOST OF THE STUTTERING PUP"

By

Frederic Nelson Litten

"You know," he told Collyer, "something queer about that jump. I—I—just seemed to click suddenly, and it was easy."

Collyer sent a wry grimace at the pegs, set at five feet nine. Then he turned and peered at Weary with a look of dawning wonder.

"Kid," he answered, "maybe you've picked the lock! For the complete form of the Western!"

Rivers laughed. But when Collyer left for the dressing rooms he did not follow. Instead he raised the pegs another inch. No one saw that jump. The squad was watching the time trials of the hundred. No one saw the two jumps that followed. But for the last one, even the sag of the crossbar was four inches above Rivers' head. And in his spikes the boy stood five eleven.

That night Joe Trent retired early. He hadn't slept through a solid night for weeks, but after the tryout he was fagged. He felt better, though, about his form. His nerves were steadying. The all-collegiate championship seemed closer.

He was aroused by a continued knocking and, only half awake, he sprang up and opened the hall door. It was Rivers.

The sophomore looked at Trent and said timidly, dismayed:

"Trent, you were asleep. I'm sorry."

There was deference in his voice, but his eyes were shining. Trent frowned. Then at the glow in Rivers' face something in him seemed to crumble.

"Come in," he ordered harshly. "Freeze to death in this cold hall."

Rivers followed him inside and closed the door. He swung about then, and in an exuberance of emotion, gripped Trent's hand.

"I had to tell you, Joe. Six-three! I made it—after the trials this afternoon. I thought you ought to be the first to know. I've mastered the Trent form."

Joe Trent slipped his hand free and sat down heavily on the bed. He stared at Rivers. The championship was fading. Rivers would win it.

Presently he spoke in a low whisper:

"Rotten . . . Unfair . . ."

"You understand!" Trent cried. "You framed this—you and your brother!"

RIVERS gazed at Trent, his eyes wide, bewildered. Trent's voice strengthened.

"You begged like a dog for help. I gave it to you. And now—my last chance—I lose out."

A cloud came over Weary's face.

"Trent, I don't—understand."

Trent's face flamed with anger.

"You understand!" he cried. "You framed this, you and your brother. Got me to tip you the Trent form. I would have won the Conference, but I worried about you, trying to help. It's pulled me down. *I* can't make six feet three, and I might have but for you. So—after three hard years, I'll lose."

He dropped his head in his hand. . . . After a long time Rivers' voice came again. It was low and strained.

"What do you want me to do, Trent? I *am* in your debt. You've done everything for me a fellow could. But when you say there was a frame-up between Art and me, that hurts."

Trent raised his head. His eyes had become keen, glittering. After a time he asked:

"Do you want to square it?"

Rivers nodded.

"Drop out of the meet, then," said Trent. "Give me my chance." As Rivers cried out, he raised his hand. "Don't answer. You won't do it, of course. And you'll spill all I've said to Kennard, I suppose. Do it—if you want. You've ruined my four years, anyhow."

The boy bent his head. He looked suddenly white, tired. No power in that face, Trent thought again. At last Rivers spoke.

"I won't compete, Trent. . . . And I'll see no one knows why."

Abruptly the boy turned and went out.

Trent walked to the window. He brushed a hand across a forehead that was cold with sweat. He wondered if Rivers would keep his word.

THURSDAY night, when the squad left on the eight-two for the fifteenth annual track and field meet of the Valley Conference, Rivers was not on the train. Kennard said a quiz in math, which Rivers could have taken Thursday, held him up. However, the field events would not be run off until Saturday. Rivers could make Steel City on the local leaving Tryon Friday noon. But Trent smiled. He felt sure that Rivers wouldn't be there.

On Friday afternoon the track men went out to Cardiff Bowl for the preliminaries, but Trent loafed at the hotel. In the hotel dining room that night, Trent met Art Rivers. The Ardmore man shook his hand warmly. Trent had finished dinner and Rivers went with him into the lobby. He led Trent to a divan where they sat down.

"I've been looking forward to this talk, Trent," Rivers began. He removed his spectacles and polished them, blinking as if at a loss how to go on. "It's about Weary, you know." He smiled. "He writes me often; every week, at least. And every letter's full of Trent and what Trent's doing for him. I sure appreciate it, Trent."

"Nothing much," said Trent gruffly.

Art Rivers paused and seemed to be casting about for a way of going on.

"Fact is," he said finally, "I owe you an apology. Any good athlete gets talked about, and—" he paused—"fellows have talked about you. Said you played the game for Trent. I thought so too—and I want to take it all back, right now."

Trent squirmed uncomfortably. "You don't have to apologize," he mumbled.

"I wouldn't feel right if I didn't," Rivers said seriously. "Furthermore I'm going to tell a few other Conference athletes that they're all wet."

Light began to filter into Trent's brain. His policy of self-interest had earned him a reputation. The Conference had talked about him. He began dimly to see how impossible it was for a man to live for himself alone. How such a policy might do him harm in the long run. And here was Rivers, prepared to go to his defense.

"Maybe they weren't all wet," he said harshly.

Rivers' laugh was warm. "I can see through you now," he said cheerfully.

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. After what you've done for Weary, nobody can tell me that the famous Trent selfishness is anything but a pose. A pose to mask one regular guy." Rivers blushed. "I guess I've talked too much. But I just want you to know how grateful I am."

Trent wet his lips unhappily. This was the first time he'd ever had to act as an impostor. Formerly he'd been frankly All-Trent. Now he had to pretend to be a benefactor. And he found himself wishing passionately that he deserved Rivers' gratitude. He looked around uncomfortably and saw Kennard by the mail desk, a yellow paper in his hand.

The coach glimpsed Trent and Rivers and moved toward them. Trent stood up.

"Guess the old man wants me," he began. But Kennard beckoned Art Rivers too. When the two had come close he said dryly:

"This wire ought to interest you both." But he handed it to Rivers.

Trent read the message over Rivers' shoulder. It was from Weary.

"Missed train. Cannot make meet. May Tryon win hands down.

(Signed) J. Rivers."

"Missed the train!" Art Rivers cried, and the words were almost a groan.

"Pretty sentiments," said the coach, looking at him queerly, "which doesn't alter the fact that he's your brother and might have pushed you down to third place, thus leaving Ardmore out of the real scoring in the jump." The coach turned to Trent. "This is one time you'd better think of Tryon first."

Rivers' face had grown haggard.

"Kennard," he cried, "Weary wouldn't throw his school—for me or anyone!"

"Don't remember that I said he would," parried the coach. "Shouldn't have entered him if I'd thought that." Again he swung to Trent. "I don't have to tell you, Joe, to stay fit. Bed early and a first tomorrow."

Without a word Trent left the two. The noise and hubbub of the lobby seemed suddenly to beat with a confusing din upon his brain. He had to get away where he could think.

He went up to his room, sat down at the window and stared out over the jeweled lights of Steel City. Across the roofs a sign flashed red: "Rent a Car and Get There." The white beacon on a far tower swept into view and vanished. What was it Art Rivers had said down there? "—The Trent selfishness is a pose to mask a regular guy." Along with the words, Rivers' grateful smile and warm, friendly voice.

Trent sunk his fingers in the soft upholstered chair arm and leaned forward, tense and rigid. All wrong, this strain; if he was to win to-morrow. Somehow he didn't care to win. Art Rivers' gratitude had exposed him—laid bare his deceit.

Suddenly, convulsively, he strode to the phone by the bed and lifted the receiver. He called long distance, and after an interminable wait was connected with Weary Rivers' boarding house.

"I'll tell him to take the next train for Steel City—or rent a car and I'll pay for it," Trent said to himself.

(*Continued on page 53*)

Here's Your Yellowstone Park Contest!

Two Free Trips West—Six Oil Paintings—Twenty-Five Autographed Books!

IT'S the dream of every American some day to visit Yellowstone Park. For two *American Boy* readers, this summer will mark the fulfillment of that dream. With a jingling of spurs and a flirt of his lariat, the Office Pup hereby announces the contest you've all been waiting for—the contest that will take you West!

Scan these great prizes:

Two trips to Yellowstone Park, with all expenses paid from the door of your home and back!

Six oil paintings by Albin Henning—the originals of the illustrations for "Alder Gulch Gold," the Western story running in this and the March issues.

Twenty-five books by James Willard Schultz, famous writer of Indian stories, inscribed to you by the author.

These prizes—33 of them—will go to the best 300-word essays on the subject:

"What a Yellowstone Park Vacation Would Mean to Me."

Make up your mind, now, that you have as good a chance as anybody to be a winner. Picture yourself boarding a transcontinental train early in August, settling back in a comfortable Pullman, and watching the prairie towns flick by, as you roll toward your first stop on a glorious summer vacation.

Visualize yourself getting off in the shadow of the Rockies, at Cody, Wyoming, to be met by James Willard Schultz, who knew that country fifty years ago when he was a member of the Piegan tribe of the Blackfeet Confederation, hunting and fishing and fighting the Sioux.

Mr. Schultz himself will be your guide on a five-day trip through Yellowstone Park. With him you'll ride the famous Cody road through Buffalo Bill country, go fishing on Yellowstone Lake, 7,730 feet high, ride the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, visit the Mammoth Hot Springs, watch Old Faithful geyser spout steam 150 feet, go bear hunting with a camera!

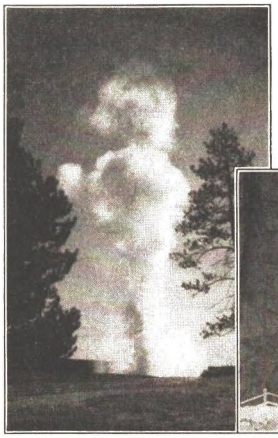
Above: You'll ride your own cow pony at the dude ranch. Below: The magnificent lower falls of the Yellowstone—308 feet high!

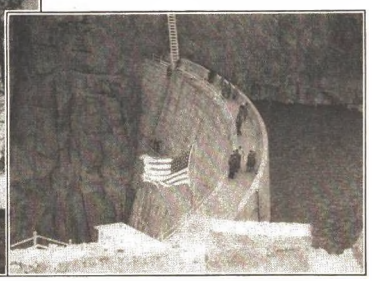
Above: Five-gallon hats—and five-gallon appetites—at a dude ranch. Left: The Jupiter Terrace, at Yellowstone Park, is a sight you won't forget. Below: A hold-up! And the brown highwayman goes forward to exact his toll.

And after leaving Yellowstone by the picturesque Bozeman-Gallatin Way, through a game refuge abounding in elk, deer, bear and porcupine, you'll go to the Elkhorn Ranch of Ernest Miller, near Bozeman, for a week of horseback riding, fishing, and rodeo entertainment!

You'll become familiar with the great dude ranch country of Montana and Wyoming. You'll see for yourself the unparalleled beauty of Yellowstone.

This contest is offered to you through the co-operation of *The American Boy* with the Northern Pacific and Burlington railroads. The autographed books you'll receive through the courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, and James Willard Schultz, and the original oil paintings are presented by Albin Henning.





Left: You guessed it—the world-famous Old Faithful geyser of Yellowstone. Right: The great Shoshone dam on the Cody way. You'll see it.

To land among the 33 winners, here's what you must do:

Write, at once, to Mr. M. M. Goodsill, 376 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn., *enclosing a two cent stamp for return postage*, and asking for the Yellowstone Park booklet. This booklet will tell you not only about the park, but something of the remarkable story of Mr. Schultz, who will be your guide.

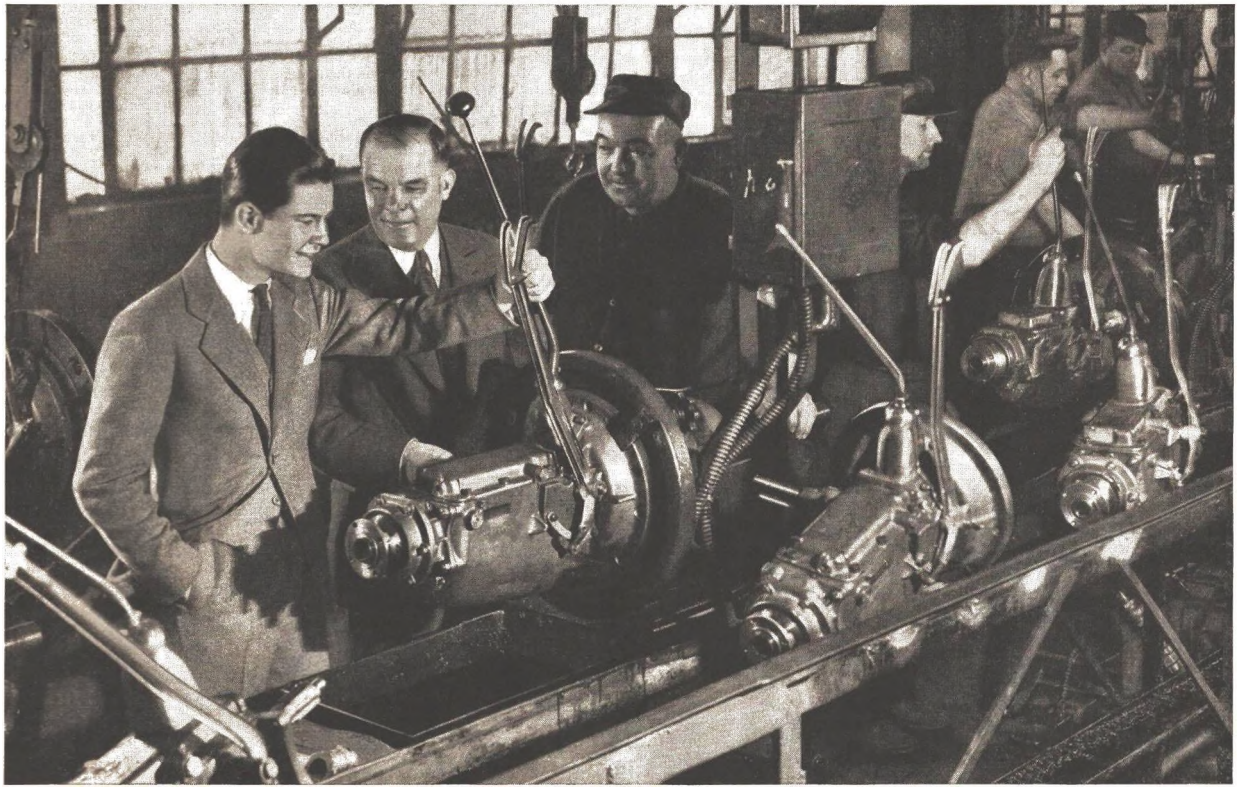
Read the booklet, dream for a while of the mountains and canyons of Yellowstone, and then get busy on your essay: "What a Yellowstone Park Vacation Would Mean to Me."

Write clearly, in ink, or typewrite, your essay, on one side of the sheet only. Put at the top of each sheet your name, address (make it legible!), age, and the name of your school—if you attend one. Send your entry to the Yellowstone Park Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. (Please enclose your Best Reading Ballot on page 32).

Here are two rules to remember:

(*Cont. on page 71*)

BILLY JONES' TRIP THROUGH THE BUICK FACTORY—CHAPTER No. 3



Billy learns about Buick Syncro-Mesh which makes for silent shifting and safe driving

Buick Factory Manager: This is where we build Buick's marvelous new-type transmission, Billy . . . the famous Syncro-Mesh that's attracting so much attention.

Billy: I'll say people are talking about Syncro-Mesh! Why, when I drove the new Buick Eight the gears seemed to shift just like magic . . . so easy and smooth and quiet.

Factory Manager: Engineers consider Buick's new transmission the biggest automobile improvement since four-wheel brakes. Instead of noise, work and worry, Syncro-Mesh makes gear changing silent, simple and safe. You can shift gears in the new Buick easily and quietly . . . from first to second, second to high, *and from high back to second*, always without clash! This positive and quiet shifting to all gears gives the Buick Eight driver some mighty fine advantages.

Billy: Greater safety is one of them, isn't it? Whenever it's necessary to slow down, like on icy pavement or going down a steep hill, you can shift into second and take advantage of the engine's added braking power. Is that right?

Factory Manager: Yes. Syncro-Mesh gives the Buick driver better control of the car with the least amount of wear on the brakes. Another advantage is that it enables him to get more enjoyment out of Buick's unusually fast getaway. The gears operate so smoothly that he can speed quietly ahead in second and then slip into high without delaying an instant.

Billy: Boy—that *is* an advantage. And all the new Buicks have Syncro-Mesh, haven't they?

Factory Manager: It's standard equipment in every one of the new Buick Eights, Billy. Even the series which lists from $1025 to $1095 offers the silent Syncro-Mesh transmission. Not only that, but they all have Valve-in-Head Straight Eight engines, Insulated Bodies by Fisher and Torque Tube Drives.

Billy: No wonder these new Buicks are so popular! I understand Buick is winning 56 out of every 100 sales of eights in its price class?

Factory Manager: That's right, Billy. Preference for the new Buick Eights is so great that Buick will continue to build them, without change, through the coming summer and fall.

Big News for every coachbuilder in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild

You are granted thirty additional days to complete your coach

* * *

By recent announcement, the current Guild competition is extended through June. Coaches can be submitted at any time up to midnight of July 1.

THE EIGHT AS

BUICK

BUILDS IT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Mark Tidd Back Home

(*Continued from page 8*)

some stories about his travels. We told him some about foreign parts, and then, of a sudden he says, "And it was a heap of money, too."

"What was?" says I.

"That the robbers got away with that time."

"How m-much?" says Mark.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars and all gold," says Zadok. "Bein' fetched from the express office to the bank. And them robbers grabbed it as easy as sayin' *scat*, and that's the end of it. Ye never see sich a scramblin' around, and posses and sheriffs and all. But 'twan't no good."

"I t-tell ye what," says Mark. "L-let's p-pretend Zadok's wagon is a s-stage-coach chock-full of gold nuggets. And Zadok is the Wells-Fargo guard and we're b-bandits. When we get ready we can start back for t-town, Zadok goin' first. And we'll waylay him and escape to the m-mountains with all the nuggets."

"What mountains?" says Plunk. "I don't know of any mountains anywhere near here."

"Then," says Mark, "we'll escape to the f-forests. I hain't particular so long's we escape."

Zadok kind of objected. "Wells-Fargo guards allus got shot down in cold blood," he says, "accordin' to the stories I've read."

"We won't shoot you, Zadok. We'll just b-bind you hand and foot, and gag you and leave you to be f-found by the posse."

"Dunno's I care to play that there game," says Zadok. "It's too hot a day to lay chawin' on a handkerchief. And no t-tellin' when I'd git found."

"Oh, you'd be f-found all right," says Mark. "As s-soon's we escape we'll s-s-start in pretendin' we're the posse, and we'll rescue you."

"Goin' to be bandits and posse both, eh?" says Zadok.

"That's the idea," says Mark.

"Seems like ye'd have a turrible hard time ketchin' yourselves," says Zadok.

"Bandits never get caught," says Mark. "It's agin the rules."

So we argued about it, but Zadok was set against being tied up and gagged, and said he felt slick after his swim and calculated he'd rather drive back past Tidds' house and get a piece of pie. So that reminded Mark he was hungry and he flattened out on his bandit idea. It didn't take much to remind Mark Tidd about eating. His idea of a fine day would be to have four Thanksgiving dinners in a row with pop corn and ice cream and a candy pull in between. He commenced to pull on his clothes in a hurry and so did we and then we got on top of Zadok's wagon and went jangling off of the island and across the shallow place to the shore.

ONCE we almost got mired and the horse had to pull pretty stiff for a while; so when we got to land Zadok stopped under a tree to rest him. We used to like to hear Zadok talk to his horses. He drove around so much alone he had got into the habit of talking to them as if they were human. This last horse of his liked it, and would turn his head around and cock his ear and listen just as if Zadok was William Jennings Bryan making an oration. Zadok said he was the smartest horse in seven counties. He said some of the arguments that horse gave him couldn't be answered by a Philadelphia lawyer. I never heard the horse answer back at all, but I have heard Zadok answer back for him. It was kind of funny to listen to.

Zadok would start an argument and he'd say something to the horse. Then he'd wait a minute and answer himself, and the first you know both of 'em would be mad and arguing like the mischief. You never heard anything to beat it. I guess Zadok got to believe it was the horse answering him back. Anyhow the way he could argue both sides of a question was a caution.

"Ye wouldn't have got stuck in that mire," he says to the horse, "if ye'd kept to the right like I told ye."

"I'd 'a' got stuck wuss," he answers himself back for the horse. "I was keepin' my eye on the bottom and it was muddier there than where I went."

"'Twan't neither," says Zadok, "and ye couldn't see the bottom fur the water wan't clear enough."

"Mebby you couldn't," he says for the horse, "but I was closer to the water, and I got better eyesight 'n what you got anyhow. Hosses kin see what men can't. Got bigger eyes, hain't we?"

Well, both of 'em started to get mad, and no telling what would have come of it if just then we hadn't heard a noise in the underbrush over to the left. It was a sort of floundering and flopping noise like a hog or a sheep or something might make.

"Hush," says Mark. "I betcha it's a l-lion. We're in lion country."

"More likely it's Mr. Tingley's sow," says Plunk.

Then there came another noise, a sort of groan, and I felt kind of chilly down the back of my neck, for that was a human groan.

"It's somebody," says I.

"Who?" says Binney Jenks.

"If we're g-goin' to guess," says Mark, "I guess it's James G. Blaine. But if we hain't a-goin' to g-guess but go and l-look, more'n likely, it'll turn out to be somebody else."

"That," says Zadok, "gits right to the gist of the matter."

"I never liked groans much," says Plunk. "You can't tell who's groaning 'em and why. Maybe it's some fellow with hydrophobia."

"They don't g-groan," says Mark. "They bark."

Well, we all knew that, come to think of it; so we got down off the wagon and went over among the underbrush. Right there was a little flat place and the river bank dropped down to it pretty steep for thirty or forty feet. Not quite so high as back farther where our cave is, but plenty high enough. And when we got close to a clump of sumac bushes there was some more groaning and flopping and then we could make out a man lying there. I guess none of us was awfully anxious to do anything but go away from there, but we didn't mention it to each other, and Mark pushed in ahead and we followed till we were standing over the man who lay there making moaning noises.

"Looks like he fell down the bank," says Mark.

"Who is he?" says I.

"S-stranger," says Mark, "and he's got a l-lick across his head. There's a bump b-bigger'n a p-potato."

There was, too. It looked as if he might have fallen down the bank and whacked his head.

"Git a hatful of w-water," says Mark.

I DID and we sloshed it on him and he stirred; so we got more and kept on sloshing him till he was pretty well soaked. While we were sloshing him we looked around, and you could see where he came tumbling down the bank busting the bushes and things, and Mark says, "Tallow, let's you'n me go up and s-s-see what made him tumble. The rest of you keep on s-sloshin' him."

So Mark and I went up the bank to the top and there was a place all trampled up, and the man's hat was there beside more busted bushes and Mark says, "He never f-fell all by himself. No, sirree. He was f-f-fightin' with some-

(*Continued on page 30*)

ROAD MAPS *Revised!*

ACTUAL TESTS OF FREE-WHEELING HUPMOBILE SHOWS 20 TO 44% SAVING IN "WORKING MILES"

Chicago to New York . . . 946 miles. But only 600 to 800 in a Free-Wheeling Hupmobile.

Why this amazing difference? The revolution-counter shows you why.

It clocks the car's "working miles" with engineering accuracy. If you drove a Hupmobile 7 miles in conventional gear, and then 7 miles with Free-Wheeling you'd find that the second 7 miles were only five "working miles." Maybe less. 20 to 44 percent saving. Conserving your energies. Delaying depreciation of your motor. Reducing your operation and maintenance costs.

Even if Free-Wheeling weren't such a remarkable economy you'd welcome it for the thrill of riding "on momentum," a gliding rush on a road of velvet with no sound but the wind humming by. No vibration, no motor drag. Perfect safety. Lessened clutch-work . . . for you may shift back and forth from second to high and never touch the clutch. But instead of costing more Free-Wheeling costs less . . . both in greatly reduced operation and maintenance cost and in the lowered prices of every Hupmobile model.

See the new Free-Wheeling Hupmobiles at your nearest dealer's. And take a demonstration—let road and traffic tell the thrilling story.

Do you, like the average driver, roll up 12,000 miles a year? It will only be 9,600 . . . or less . . . in "working miles" with a Free-Wheeling Hupmobile. Actual road and traffic tests show 20 to 44% savings . . . and a pencil and a little multiplication will show how the savings mount up to real money as you drive.

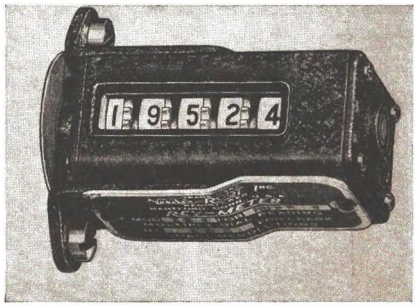
SENSATIONALLY REDUCED PRICES

LOWEST IN HUPMOBILE HISTORY

	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Century Six 70 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan	$ 995	$1195
	Saving $200	
Century Eight 90 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan	$1295	$1395
	Saving $100	
100 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan	$1595	$1695
	Saving $100	
133 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan	$1895	$2080
	Saving $185	
133 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Custom Sedan	$2295	$2495
	Saving $200	

PRICES STANDARD EQUIPPED ARE F. O. B. FACTORY

This little truth-telling "rev-counter" backs up every claim and statement made in this advertisement. Engineers attached it to the motor of each stock Hupmobile used for the road and traffic tests which demonstrated such amazing "engine mileage." The savings of 20% to 44% quoted are accurate, absolute, scientifically correct.



Free-Wheeling HUPMOBILE *Sixes and Eights*

(*Continued from page 28*)

body here. Just look at all the signs."

"Clear as daylight," says I.

"And he never got that l-lick on the head just by failin', neither," says Mark: "He got whacked. And then he t-tumbled."

"If he got whacked," says I, "he couldn't have done it himself. Must have been somebody to sock him."

"Seems so," says Mark, and then we went back down the hill just in time to hear the fellow growl out something.

"What's the trouble with you?" he says. "Want to drown me?"

He was sitting up and blinking around. He was a young man around thirty, and his hair was kind of short, and he hadn't shaved for a couple of days, and I didn't like his looks much.

"What happened to you?" asked Mark.

"Hello, Fatty," says the fellow, and that was a mistake, because Mark hates to be called that, and he usually goes out of his way to get even.

"Hello, Jailbird," says Mark.

"Who says I'm a jailbird?"

"Who says I'm a fatty?" says Mark. "Who s-socked ye over the head?"

"Mind your own business, Jiblets," says the fellow, and he struggled up onto his feet and shook his head. "What was the idea in soaking me? I'm wringing wet."

"We f-figgered," says Mark, "we was d-doin' ye a good turn. What's been happenin'?"

"Find out," says the fellow, and without another word, to say thank you or anything else, he went staggering off.

Mark squinted after him and began pinching his fat cheek the way he does sometimes when he's riled, or set to thinking.

"Find out, eh?" says he. "Wa-al, maybe I'll do just that. Huh . . . Hoss rested yet, Zadok?"

"Sure."

"Let's go get pie," says Mark, "and don't n-nobody mention this to n-nobody."

Chapter Eight

THAT was the first of the strange men who came to Wicksville. He was the first of them we saw, but it wasn't the last we saw of him, not by a jugful. He wasn't so bad though as the man with the cockatoo that told fortunes, nor the other man who was deaf and dumb. But he was worse than the young fellow with red hair. But, after all, it's hard to say who's worse than who else, because one time you think one is bad, and another time another. And one man is bad one way and another another way. And the worst ones sometimes do things that are pretty good. But this I will say, and that is that the man with the white cockatoo came about as close to being all bad as anybody we ever run up against, and Mark Tidd agrees with that.

The surprising thing was that we met all of them that same afternoon.

All of us were sitting on Mr. Tidd's front lawn under the big maple eating pie when along comes a freckled young man with terribly red hair and he stopped and grinned and says, "This isn't a boarding house, is it?"

"No," says Mark.

"Can you direct me to one that's cheap and good?" he says.

"Why," says Plunk, "there's Mrs. Withers. She takes in boarders, and she's a good cook."

"Much obliged," says the young man, and he looked kind of hungry at the pie.

"Maybe," says Mark, "ye could s-stand to eat a piece."

"I could," says he, "and thank you very much."

So he came and sat down with us and ate pie and talked friendly, and Zadok asked him what was his business and he said he was looking for a job and that he really was the oldest son of an English duke but he had been disinherited. And he said the king was pretty mad about it but he couldn't do anything on account of owing money to the duke for a horse he had bought. But he said the queen was trying to borrow some money to pay it up and then everything might be all right. But in the meantime he had to have a job.

"What k-kind of a hoss did the king buy?" says Mark.

"It was a sorrel," says the young man, "and his name was Charley. The duke used to drive him on his wagon when he was delivering to his customers."

"What customers?" says I.

"Oh," says the young man, "the duke runs a butcher's shop in his town, but he doesn't do very well because most of the people are vegetarians. But he does quite a trade in smoked herrings. The profit on herring keeps up the estates. It was over herrings that I got into such trouble with my father that he disinherited me."

"What kind of trouble?" says Binney.

"Why, one day, by mistake, I sent the earl, who was one of my father's best customers for herrings, a dozen fresh mackerel. The earl took it as a personal insult because mackerel always gave him stomach ache. So he complained to my father and they sent me to America and told me never to come back."

"Things happen that way," says Mark. "It was l-lucky ye didn't send the earl something that'd m-make him break out in a rash."

"Much obliged for the pie," says the young man, "and when I write to the king I'll tell him you gave me a hunk of it. He'll be mad because pie is his favorite vegetable. Well, I'll go along and find this boarding house."

"G'by," says Mark. "Come again."

WELL, we had to talk him over for a while, but nothing came of it, though Plunk was doubtful if mackerel would make anybody's stomach ache unless he ate too much of them. And then we asked Zadok some more about that bank robbery because we were always interested in robberies, and he said there were different stories. Some said there were more than fifty desperadoes in it, and some said there weren't more than ten, and one fellow said there were only four or five, but they didn't pay much attention to him. Zadok he claimed there weren't more than maybe two.

Well, we ate some more pie and Zadok decided he would stay all night, so we put his horse in the barn, and walked down town to see what would turn up before supper time and just in front of Squire Wagget's house we saw a man sitting on a hitching block, and he was awfully bald and had an old black slouch hat on his knees, and his ears stood out like fans, and his face was screwed up as if he smelled a dead rat or fish. When we came along he commenced to make funny noises and waggle his hands, and Mark said he was dumb.

"Hello," says Binney.

The man grinned and pointed to his ears, and made some more funny noises, and got out a paper and wrote on it. We all crowded around to see what he wrote and it was, "What town is this?"

So Mark wrote, "Wicksville."

And the man wrote, "Is there a stranger here with a white cockatoo?"

And Mark wrote that he hadn't seen any, and then the dumb man wrote, "If the man with the white cockatoo comes, give him a wide berth."

Then he got up and looked all around him kind of cautious and went streaking down the side street towards the railroad tracks.

"Well," says Mark, "that was kind of f-f-funny."

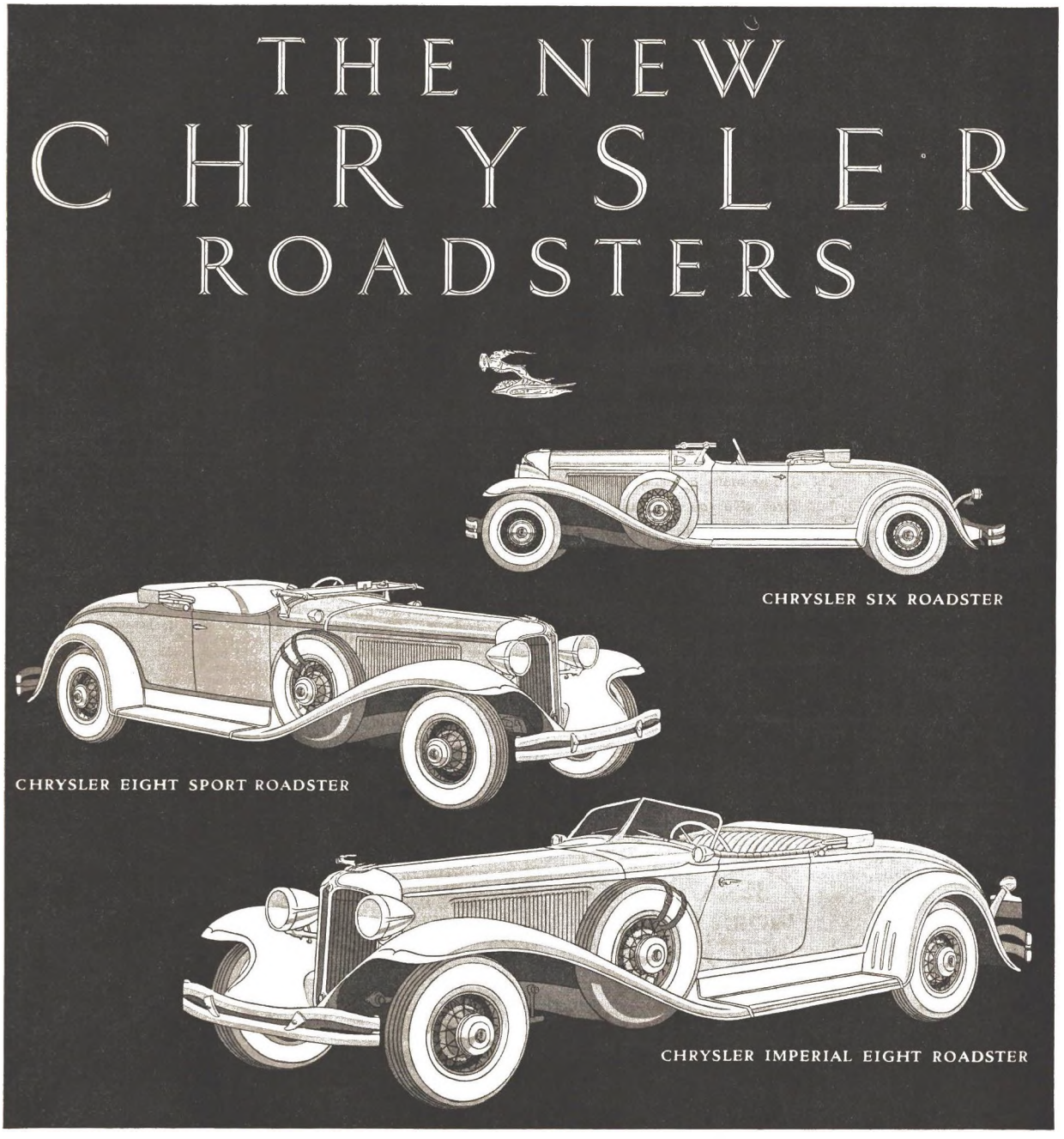
"A lot of strangers around to-day," says I.

"That makes three," says Binney.

"Wonder what fetches 'em?" says Plunk.

(*Continued on page 32*)

THE NEW CHRYSLER ROADSTERS



It was Chrysler that made the roadster popular, and it is Chrysler that leads the way with roadsters. Pictured above are three new Chrysler Roadsters of irresistible style and fascinating performance. Dashing new cars that offer the utmost that roadster enthusiasts can buy for their money. A Chrysler Six Roadster; 116-inch wheelbase; 70-horsepower; $885. A Chrysler Eight Sport Roadster; 124-inch wheelbase; 90-horsepower; $1595. A Chrysler Imperial Eight Roadster; 145-inch wheelbase; 125-horsepower; $3220. Magnificent cars alive with that youth that appeals to everybody from sixteen to sixty!

CHRYSLER SIX—*$885 to $895* . . . CHRYSLER EIGHT—*$1495 to $1665* . . . CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*$2745 to $3575. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

(Continued from page 30)

"N-needs l-lookin' into," says Mark. "I wonder who this f-feller with the white cockatoo is? And what's a white cockatoo?"

"It's a kind of an animal," says Plunk.

"What color is it?" says Mark.

Plunk kind of blinked and says, "The fellow wrote it was white."

"To be sure," says Mark. "But what I want to know is t-this: How're we goin' to know how to give a wide berth to a f-feller with a white cockatoo if we don't know what a cockatoo is?"

"We'll be safe," says I, "if we give a wide berth to every fellow that's got anything white along with him."

"What does he want with this cockatoo?" says Plunk.

"He r-rides it around," says Mark.

"I betcha," says Plunk. "I betcha he can't ride it. I betcha a cockatoo is a fish."

"Mebby it's a h-herring like the duke sold," says Mark, and so we went along arguing about cockatoos and fish and mackerel and what-not till we came to the town square and there we saw a little crowd over in the center. We went to see what was happening, and right in the middle of the crowd was a fat man with a kind of a knit cap that fitted tight on his head like a skull cap, but behind and down below his ears his hair was as black as an Indian's, but it curled kind of fuzzy. And there was a great big bird sitting on his shoulder that had a face like a parrot's but was three times as big as any parrot I ever saw and was white as snow.

THE man was talking hard, and every once in a while the bird would bust right in and interrupt and say, "Hey, folks, have your fortune told!"

We edged round in front and got close and listened. "Boys," says the man, "if you know what will happen to-morrow you can take advantage of it. And it's as easy to know the future as it is to know the past. Augustus will tell you. He is seven hundred and twelve years old and knows more than any other bird that ever lived. Don't you, Augustus?"

"Bet your bottom dollar," says the bird.

Well, Mark couldn't stand it any longer; so he hollers out to the man, "Say, Mister, what kind of a b-bird is that there?"

"It's a cockatoo, my young friend. A cockatoo. Seven hundred and twelve years old! And what a history! Napoleon Bonaparte owned him, and so did Lucrezia Borgia. Teach the Pirate had him for a time, and so did Attila the Hun. Almost everybody worth mentioning in the last seven hundred years has owned Augustus or tried to own him. Wisest bird that ever lived—and he'll tell your fortunes for a quarter."

Well, there was a lot of rigmarole and three or four men passed over quarters and the man pretended he was talking to Augustus, who said things in some foreign language, or maybe it was just bird language, and then the man would tell the customer what it was. But Mark wasn't interested in fortune telling just then.

"A white c-c-cockatoo," says he. "Then that's the f-feller the dumb man said to look out for."

"That's the one," says I.

Well, just then I happened to look around the square, and there, kind of scrooched behind a tree was the red-haired young man, and he was watching the man with the cockatoo. And off to the other side was the dumb man, and he was kind of hiding and watching—and then, what surprised me more than the rest, away back in a doorway crouched the man we had found with a bump on his head back by the river.

"Look," says I to Mark, and he looked.

"F-fellers," says Mark, "I cal'late there's strange visitors in Wicksville. And if I don't m-m-miss my guess, there's goin' to be strange happenin's a-happenin'."

"I hope you're wrong," says I, but I felt sure he was right, and a shiver ran down my spine—I knew we'd be mixed up in those strange happenings.

(To be continued in the May number of The American Boy.)

Your Best Reading Ballot

(Idea by Kevin Callahan, Fallan, Nevada. No more ideas needed.)

EVEN the Pup knows good reading when he can taste it! Dip your pen into the Best Reading inkwell, and list the four best stories, of this issue, in the order of your preference. Clip the ballot—or if you don't want to cut up the magazine draw a plain ballot on a sheet of paper—and mail it to the Best Reading Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. This ballot is your voice in the selection of stories for future issues.

Here are the winners in the Daisy Prize Contest

DURING the past few months we have received thousands of letters from boys in every part of the world entering the prize contest announced last Fall for the best letter telling "How to Have the Most Fun with a Daisy Air Rifle."

These letters gave us a big thrill to read. Almost every one of them showed that the boy who wrote it had some real ideas on the subject. A surprisingly high level of ability was shown in putting these thoughts into good, readable English and presenting them in a clear, logical manner.

Some of the boys prepared their letters with a touch of artistic skill that showed real originality.

The judges of the contest were Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor and Publisher of the American Boy, N. T. Mathiews, Assistant Editor of Boys' Life Magazine and Clayton H. Ernst, Editor of The Open Road for Boys. We feel fortunate in having these men, who know boys so well, associated with us in this enterprise.

After going over the vast flood of letters, these gentlemen finally decided on those they consider entitled to the awards. The leaders in this list are printed elsewhere on this page.

THE WINNING LETTERS

Our space will not permit us to reproduce the winning letters at this time but we hope to print selections from them in the near future.

It is gratifying indeed for us to see such a live and intelligent interest in rifle practice for boys. Expert marksmanship is an accomplishment any boy can well be proud of. In addition, it's a fascinating sport and the task of learning to be a crack shot is fun every step of the way.

SEE THE NEW DAISY MODELS

Thousands of expert marksmen started with the Daisy and almost any good shot will tell you that the Daisy is the best gun for a boy to start with, for it is good-looking, accurate, easy to handle and the safest gun a boy can shoot.

Make up your mind now to get a Daisy and learn to be a crack shot this summer. Go to the nearest hardware store and see the new improved Daisy Pump Gun and the other Daisy models. Take this wonderful gun in your hands—put it to your shoulder—try it. Remember it shoots 50 times without reloading. A remarkable gun for only $5.00. Other Daisy models $1.00 to $5.00.

THE NEW DAISY TARGET

To meet the demand for indoor shooting, we have produced this new folding target. Made from heavy steel, it has a patented method of dropping the shot so it will not fly or scatter. Until the trade is supplied, we will send the new Daisy Target, with a supply of target cards, to any address on receipt of 50 cents.

GET YOUR FREE COPY OF THE DAISY MANUAL

A handy little pocket-size book full of valuable information about air rifles and target shooting. Tells how to form a rifle club, how to drill and become a real sharpshooter. Write today for a free copy of the Daisy Manual.

WINNERS OF THE DAISY PRIZE CONTEST

Space will not permit us to print the names of the entire 100 prize winners. We give below the names of those who won the first ten prizes. Boys who won from the 11th to 100th prizes inclusive have been notified by mail and their prizes forwarded to them. A complete list of prize winners will be sent to any interested party on request.

FIRST PRIZE

Gold Watch, engraved with name of winner,
Sam Flint, Jr., Mt. Airy, Georgia.

SECOND PRIZE

Gold Wrist Watch, suitably engraved,
Richard Leppert, 560 Fourth St., Butler, Pennsylvania.

THIRD to TENTH PRIZES

Daisy Pump Guns, value $5 each, to the following boys in the order named:

John G. Weaver, Columbiana, Ohio.
Bruce Grant, Des Moines, Iowa.
Richard Clary, Staples, Minnesota.
William M. Huffman, Pikesville, Kentucky.
Gale McQuinn, Forest, Indiana.
Bob Uhrner, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
Harry Powell, Houston, Texas.
Milton T. Griffin, Bath, New York.

BULLS EYE STEEL AIR RIFLE SHOT

"The kind the boys prefer." We recommend the use of Bulls Eye Steel Shot with Daisy Air Rifles.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

In the Morning Mail

"DAVID KYLE, Monticello, N. Y., makes a real suggestion," says the Office Pup, sitting before his huge stack of Morning Mail. "A real one. He says the editor's picture—your picture—should be on two-cent stamps, because you're worth only two cents."

The editor grunts. (A habit he has.)

"If you want to know what readers think of *you*," he says, "listen to me for a minute. Anton Supik, Cleveland, sees through the daring stunts you're always boasting about. Speaking of your fight with Kid Cobra, Supik says the closest you ever came to a snake was when you went to sleep one night in the desert. A snake crawled up next to you to warm himself. You woke, took one look at him, and your blood ran so cold the snake froze to death! And that isn't all—"

"It's enough," murmurs the Pup.

"Jesse Bowden, Zelienople, Penna., says you can't even play the cymbals—the easiest instrument in the band! Ed Cole, Newman, Ga., says you've never escaped from a fifteen-foot stockade. Buck Singleton, San Antonio, Texas, says you've never been in Africa with two lions stalking you and a gorilla swinging along above you. George Vaughan, Cando, N. Dak., says you've never undergone what the Indian chief Crow King did. For defying Sitting Bull, Crow King had to let his enemy punch a hole under his backbone. A rope was pushed through the hole and the ends tied to two poles—"

"Don't—" begs the Pup weakly.

"Charles Shaefer, St. Louis, Mo., defies you to tell about the time you killed the Dead Sea," chuckles the ed. "Don Belles, Richland, Mich., wants to know if you ever leaped off a springboard into The Land of No Shadow, as the hero did in C. H. Claudy's February story. And John Roche, Houghton, Mich., wants to know what you did in the world war!"

"Stop! Enough!" Pluto rises to his feet. "My bravery has been challenged, and by my forty thousand fleas, I must answer! What did I do in the world war? Haven't you heard how Pluto won the Battle of the Marne?"

"Oh my," mourns the ed. "I've got him started. I knew it."

But the Pup is already declaiming the stirring lines of that now-famous ballad:

How Pluto Won the Battle of the Marne

General Potts, he paced the floor, and thrust his fearsome mug out.
The Pup stood by the dugout door—a dugout he had dug out.
General Potts, he bellowed loud: "Come here, my faithful Pluty—
I have for you a dangerous—perhaps a fatal—duty!"
"My life is yours," the Pup replied, with not a trace of fright.
"A dog's life," mused the General. "That's what we lead, all right.
"Your job is this," old Potts went on, "to scout the German forces,
And count their guns and men and shells and tanks and planes and horses."
Without a word the Pup sped out, for courage was his habit;
And over No Man's Land he leaped, nor paused to chase a rabbit.
Behind the lines he tabulated, classified and counted,
Until he came to where a gun—a massive gun—was mounted.

The oldest subscriber.

He overheard the gun crew, and a chill ran up his spine—
The Germans would attack to-day, to break the U. S. line!
"Vun minute more," the gun chief said, "ve'll fire our deadly shots—
Und don't forget, the first shell fired, iss aimed at Cheneral Potts!"
The shell went home, the crew stood by, prepared to send it out.
Then Pluto leaped upon the gun and clambered to the snout.
A trigger yank—a swift recoil—the shell went hurtling up—
But on its shiny back it bore the small, intrepid Pup!
Above the clouds, and o'er the lines it fled its deadly flight,
Its innards full of TNT, and Pluto's full of fright.
Straight to the General's dugout—into the dugout floor—
Before the General's very nose the clinging Pup it bore.
"The Germans are attacking, Sire," said Plute, erect and steady.
"They're doing what?" asked General Potts. "Attacking? We'll be ready!
But let's get out! The shell may burst! This place will be a crater!"
"No chance," said Pluto proudly. "I unscrewed the detonator!"

"Very heroic," says the ed, yawning politely. "And since you've consumed so much space, you'll pardon me if we get down immediately to the month's best letter. *The American Boy* has thousands of readers in college. You'd be surprised to learn how many addresses we change to college addresses every fall. Well, the winning letter is from a boy who'll be a freshman at the University of Washington next fall. For a while he thought he had grown too old for the magazine. His letter tells how he discovered he hadn't. His name is Richard Lippmann, Seattle."

Lippmann's letter: "Last year, I thought I was getting a little old for *The American Boy*, and when I left for a job in a salmon cannery way up north in the Bering Sea, I never let my *American Boy* enter my mind. Well, if you've never been to a place so desolate as northern Alaska you can hardly appreciate my fate when good reading matter ran out. Boy, I was pretty low until the old mail boat stuck her bow around the bend bringing news from home, 2500 miles away. And best of all, my mother had wrapped up two new copies of *The American Boy* and sent them along too. Say, I read those issues from cover to cover, and then to my great surprise several of the old 'sourdoughs' started in on them. Well, it wasn't long till they were at a premium and my bunk was like a regular circulating library. It sure tickled me to see some old fisherman lying on his stomach all wrapped up in some story. Now Pluto, do you think I'm too old for *The American Boy?* Never! My subscription's going to be renewed just as soon as it runs out.

"I live in the attic of our house—I have a great room all for myself. The room is my temple and the walls are covered with pictures of my scout days and all kinds of activities in the great Puget Sound region. From up here I can see the magnificent campus of the University of Washington, which I intend to enter next fall. You know, it's kind of funny to sit here and read one of George F. Pierrot's Sheriton stories and realize that you're overlooking the scene of those stories—it sort of makes you feel all good inside.

"I almost forgot to mention Spike—he's my dog and the best friend I'll ever have — a cross between the German Shepherd and the Alaskan Husky. He's sho' some dawg!"

"A thing that interests me just as much as the growing list of college readers," says the Pup, "is the way the whole family hops on the magazine when it arrives. Amos Newton, Vacaville, Cal., for instance, says that what troubles him is how to get *The American Boy* after it comes to his house! Everyone seems to get it before he does, and he's always the last one to read it!"

"And George O. Babcock's family, Groton, N. Y.," nods the ed, "votes on the stories in the magazine every month. The long-time vote shows that the family rates flying stories first, sea stories second, then mounted police, soldiers, animals, railroading, and Indian. That goes for Dad, Mother, two brothers and a sister."

"James Savage, Fort Wayne, Ind.," counters the Pup, "says his twenty-four-year-old brother got so interested in 'Quarterbacks' by William Heyliger, that he threatened to strangle the postman if he came a day late."

But for arousing comment, "The Land of No Shadow," by Carl H. Claudy, in the February issue, takes the all-time record. Never has the Pup received so many letters on one story. From Lester Hubert, Guckeen, Minn., the story evoked a four-page letter of praises. Hubert ends up:

"Let's have more stories like 'The Land of No Shadow.' I just *had* to get rid of my pent-up steam. My pop valve went off, and now I'm back to normal. Yours for more scientific stories."

Which leads the Pup to explain that although Mr. Claudy's story is based on an interesting scientific theory, he doesn't claim for it any scientific probability. The story is purely imaginative, and was written solely to entertain.

Jim Wade, Overall, Tenn., says that there was such a feeling of *reality* about "The Land of No Shadow," that he read it sitting tensely on the edge of his chair. George Welch, Jr., Hannah, Wash., says that he's never written Pluto before, but that Claudy's story swept him off his feet and he had to write.

Among the other whole-hearted Claudy fans are: Paul Swedal, Minneapolis, Minn.; Webster C. Muck, Jr., Kenmore, N. Y.; Byrne McNeill, Brazoria, Texas; Dorothy Brannon, Auburn,

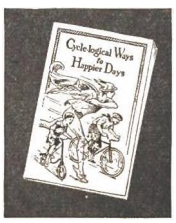
(Continued on page 57)

Boys! Any job is real fun if you can

RIDE A BIKE

Wherever you go you will see the snappy messenger boy with his bicycle getting the message there on time. Day or night, in fair weather or foul, summer sunshine or freezing winter, he delivers the "message to Garcia." Mounted on his faithful bike, he covers hundreds of miles each year. To the boy who wants to earn money the bicycle offers many opportunities. The bicycle means a lot in every boy's life. It is his trusty mount, his personal and private means of transportation, his companion in many a happy sport. No wonder it is his most treasured boyhood possession. The scooter bike, the new midget edition of the bicycle, brings to the younger child the delights of self-propelled transit with the safety of coaster brake control . . . and incidentally makes him more responsive to the call of outdoor play and exercise. Today the modern bicycle with every improvement costs less than one-half what Dad paid for his when he was a boy. Time payments enable one to earn while one rides. Scooter bikes priced in proportion.

Write for FREE BOOK



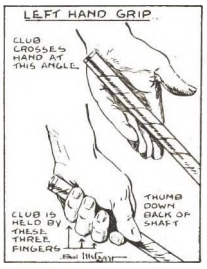
An interesting story of cycling joys. National heroes, famous athletes, coaches and doctors join in telling how the bicycle helps gain physical preparedness for sport and business. Many ways in which you may earn your own bicycle are also suggested. Just write your name and address on a post-card, stating whether or not you now have a bicycle, and say: Send me "Cyclo-logical Ways to Happier Days." Mail to

The Cycle Trades of America
268 North Main Street
Bristol, Connecticut

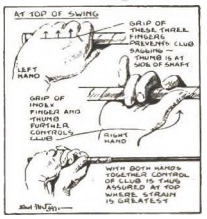
Your local DEALER will show latest models

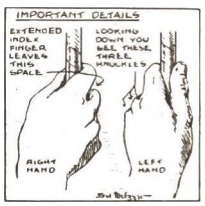
The Road to Par

By Sol Metzger



THIS is the second of a series of eight articles explaining the fundamentals of golf. The road to par is in correct form, and correct form, Sol Metzger says, is understandable and not hard to attain. Follow the author's drawings closely while you read the article.
—THE EDITORS.





2. *The Golf Grip*

HARRY VARDON, ranking British pro of a quarter century ago, whose game was a model for American golfers, says that his skill was due largely to the grip he perfected. Since then most champions, including Bobby Jones, have used the Vardon grip. It's mechanically sound. It has met every test.

To apply the grip, swing your arms forward from their natural hang at the sides and grasp the club talon-like, with the fingers. Keep your wrists and forearms relaxed. Now—for the details.

Let's take the left hand first, since the left arm does the swinging. Look at the drawing. Notice that the club crosses the palm at an angle. Notice, too, that although all fingers encircle the shaft, only the last three grip it. The thumb is along the rear side of the shaft.

Next, the right hand. You determine its position by placing the crease in the heel of the hand against the thumb of the left hand. That doesn't permit your little finger to encircle the leather. Only the first three fingers and thumb do that. And of these fingers, only the thumb and forefinger actually do any gripping. Furthermore, you extend the thumb and forefinger down the shaft far enough to show a gap between the knuckles of the forefinger and the next one. Study the drawing of the right hand and the one entitled "The Overlapping Grip," and you'll get the correct idea.

Now your hands are fitted snugly together. The little finger of the right overlaps the forefinger of the left. The rear three fingers of the left and the thumb and forefinger of the right do all the gripping. And the thumb and forefinger of the right are stretched down the club. Got it?

To check the position of your hands, study the drawing "Important Details." It gives a view of each hand on the shaft as you naturally see them when looking down.

You were told in your first lesson that the left arm makes the swing. With this grip your left hand *must* do most of the work because it has the best grip on the club. The right, with the little finger overlapping, is pretty much out of it. You can't do a good job of gripping with the little finger raised. If you don't believe it, try shaking hands that way. Vardon and Jones use the overlapping grip because it automatically disposes of the stronger arm.

Other sound reasons for using this grip appear at the top of the backswing. Here the pressure of the last three fingers of the left hand prevents the head of the club from dipping of its own weight, as would happen if the thumb and forefinger did the gripping. At the top of the swing, also, the left thumb is at the side of the shaft instead of underneath, where it would be under some strain. At the top, also, the right-hand grip, applied by the thumb and index finger, prevents the shaft from sagging into the crotch formed by these fingers. Sarazen admits that this very fault retarded his game for years!

To make the foregoing paragraph clear, study the drawing "At the Top of the Swing." This grip permits the most perfect control possible at this difficult point of the swing. Your own knowledge of physics—of stresses and strains—will bear that statement out.

One other factor. Be sure to press the heel of the right hand against the thumb of the left. In this way you can compel the right arm to be subservient to the left. For proof, take your club back slowly with this heel pressure applied. Notice that it forces the right elbow to hug the right side.

Next, take the club back without applying this pressure. Your right elbow sticks out to the rear. When it does that, it's difficult to prevent the right arm from entering into your swing.

Bobby Jones advocates this right-hand heel pressure as a cure for the slice, golf's most common enemy. By using it, you compel the left arm to do the swinging. Then your clubhead must come into the ball from inside the direction line. To paraphrase your pro, you "hit from the inside out."

To summarize: do your left-hand gripping with the rear three fingers and your right-hand gripping with the thumb and forefinger. Fit the crease of the right hand against the thumb of the left. Let the little finger of the right hand overlap the forefinger of the left. Extend right thumb and forefinger down the shaft for control. There, in brief, is the correct grip.

When you've mastered this article, you've mastered the overlapping grip. That it automatically dovetails into the left arm swing has been shown. That it also promotes wrist action—a much misunderstood but necessary aid in play—is another story.

You'll learn about wrist action next month, in Sol Metzger's third article on golf fundamentals.

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Eddie Farrell, Track Coach at Harvard University, Talks to Franklin M. Reck About

Men Who Won't Be Licked!

Left: Lord Burghley, of Cambridge, can step!

Center: Yale and Harvard, inches ahead of Oxford and Cambridge.

Below: Coach Eddie Farrell.

WHEN the track squad turns out at Harvard, we have all the candidates put their name and event on their jerseys. When a man hasn't yet had a chance to label himself, he usually prefaces his remarks to the coach by saying:

"John So-and-so. I run the half."

One day a freshman came to me and said abruptly: "I'm Luttman. I run the quarter."

"All right," I said. "You wait around, and when the cross country team goes out at four, you go with them."

"I can't run the cross country," he said. "I'm a quarter miler."

"That's all right," I told him. "You just go the rounds with them."

The freshman walked away. A little later, he came back to me.

"Coach," he protested. "I can't run the cross country. I never ran farther than a half mile in my life!"

I assured him that it would just be a jog and that he'd be able to make it all right. He walked away, somewhat dissatisfied. Later he came back to me again.

"I don't want to try out for the cross country," he said very earnestly. "I'm a quarter miler!"

I began to think by this time that I had a phenomenon on my hands, and I asked him what his best time was.

"Fifty-six," he answered.

The answer reassured me. He was far from a sensation. He could well afford to do some cross country work. The quarter mile might not even be his event. So I sold him on the idea of doing as I said. He did it—reluctantly.

A little later in the season, we had a cross country race for part of the freshman squad, and Luttman won it. The victory made him feel pretty good and he began strutting a bit.

In the same class with Luttman was a man named O'Neil who was by far the best distance runner among the freshmen. Just before the freshman meet, O'Neil and some of the other track men were sitting in the varsity lounge of the Harvard Athletic Association building. In walks Ralph Luttman, arms swinging.

He comes straight up to me and asks:

"Where is this man O'Neil?"

I pointed to where O'Neil was sitting.

Luttman didn't see my gesture, and he asked again:

"Is O'Neil in the room?"

"He's sitting over there," I said, pointing again. By this time some of the men in the room were smiling a bit, and wondering what was going to come off.

Luttman walked over to where O'Neil was talking to another man.

"O'Neil?" he said. "My name is Luttman. How are you feeling?"

O'Neil looked up, surprised.

"Glad to know you, Luttman," he said courteously, after a pause. "I'm feeling all right. How are you feeling?"

"Great," Luttman replied, and after a word or two more he walked out.

Luttman's seeking out O'Neil was a pretty direct challenge, and the situation interested me, so I played the two against each other a bit. I took Luttman aside and told him how to beat O'Neil by sticking with him all the way. Then I took O'Neil aside and told him not to let Luttman beat him to the tape.

Those two put on a great race. O'Neil was much the better runner, but Luttman stuck to him. Over the grinding hills, downhill to the stretch along the river, every foot of the way, those two—the experienced O'Neil and the determined Luttman raced it out. In the stretch O'Neil pulled away. Luttman gave everything he had, but it wasn't enough. O'Neil won easily.

After the race, Luttman stood with his hands on his knees, gasping for breath, his eyes wide with wonder. He was busy swallowing an unbelievable fact—that O'Neil was the better man. At last he walked over to where

Green Men Are Never Licked

COACH EDDIE FARRELL, blue-eyed and lanky, has been head coach at Harvard University for seven years and assistant coach for seven more. He hasn't been blessed with good high school talent. The prep schools that feed Harvard, he will tell you, with one exception don't have track teams.

Yet his squads have done well. In triangular meets with Cornell and Dartmouth, Harvard has won the last seven times. In 1930, Harvard had the greatest squad in the East. She placed third as a team in the National Intercollegiates. Her mile relay team set a world's record. Two of her men are intercollegiate champions in their events, two are second, one third, one tied for third, and one fifth.

"I don't mind developing raw material," Farrell says. "The green man starts from nothing, improves each week, and believes you when you tell him that he can knock still another second from his time. He doesn't know his limits, and he comes through in a pinch."

Farrell was on the American Olympic squad in 1912 as a broad jumper, and a hop-step-and-jump man. In 1924 and 1928 he coached field events for the American Olympic teams.

Left: Jimmy Reid, Harvard, wins a race in the mud. Center: Sutermeister was just a ten-footer, as a freshman. Here he's doing thirteen-six! Right: Douglas Lowe, British half-miler.

O'Neil was standing.

"Congratulations!" he said. "Nobody can beat you! You're a *machine!*"

I realized then that Luttman had plenty of spirit. He had made up his mind to lick the best cross country runner on the squad, and he had tried his hardest. And he was generous enough to admit he'd met his match.

By the time the Yale-Harvard freshman meet rolled around, Luttman was running the mile. He had done pretty well. He had placed second in a race where the time was 4:35, and again in a race in which the winner had done 4:32. But Yale had freshmen who could go under 4:30, so I had little hope that Luttman would place first.

However, I gave Luttman a little talk before the race. It was his first intercollegiate test, and I wanted to take the edges off his stage fright.

"Remember that you're not alone," I told him. "I'll be running every step with you, and 40,000 Harvard men are behind you."

The race came off, and Luttman surprised everybody. He won in 4:27:4. I walked up to where he stood over a drinking fountain rinsing out his mouth, and congratulated him.

"How could I help but win," he cracked back at me instantly, "with forty thousand Harvard men behind, pushing me?"

Just as cool as that. I gulped, took it in, and then told him to go under a tree and rest up for the two mile.

"I don't expect you to place," I said. "But I want you there as a safety man, in case somebody breaks a leg."

I followed him with my eyes until he had stretched out under the tree, but the next time I looked for him, I found him following the hurdle race.

"You're supposed to be resting!" I told him, and sent him back to the tree. "Remember, I'm using you as safety man!"

In ten minutes he was up again, following another event. I gave him up. It didn't matter—there was no chance of his placing, after that hard mile. Finally the two mile race came off, and again Luttman did the impossible. He came in first. Then he caught sight of me.

"Safety man!" he scoffed cockily.

Later, Luttman became intercollegiate mile champion by beating Cox of Penn State in a sea of mud, time 4.26.

Luttman was a type. Full of self-confidence and ginger. Too high-strung to rest. Always ready with an answer.

NOW let me tell you about another type. One afternoon, out on the field, I saw a young chap working out alone.

"What's your event?" I asked him.

"I don't do much of anything," he replied. "I like to pole vault, but I'm no good at it."

"How high have you gone?"

"Not very high," he said diffidently. "Ten feet four."

I could have let out a shout. "You're just the man I'm looking for," I told him. "We haven't had a freshman here for ten years who could do ten feet. Go get a pole."

Right then he did a few practice vaults for me, and when the session was over I told him he'd be doing thirteen feet before he left school. He looked at me unbelievingly. He was the self-effacing, bashful type, and he couldn't see himself as a topnotcher.

His name is Sutermeister. He won the 1930 intercollegiate championship with a vault of 13 feet 6 inches. Before he's through competing he will come close to fifteen feet. He has perfect form. When he goes into the air, his body seems a part of the pole, and he can clear the bar at 13 feet 6, with a hand grip only 11 feet 8 inches up. What will he do when he raises his hands to 12 feet 6?

Sutermeister and Luttman are opposites in temperament. One is confident and cocky. The other, bashful and retiring. Yet, below the surface, both men are fighters. Both of them have the will to win, even though one expresses that will in talk, and the other in study. Both men became champions, yet neither had been good in high school.

A track man must develop two qualities—form, and a fighting heart.

Of all sports, running is the one that all boys can enter with the confidence that they can materially improve themselves. It isn't hard to learn good running stride. Constant practice will develop wind. Here at Harvard, I tell freshman candidates that if they will stick with me four years, I'll see that they get a letter. I know that if an average boy will put in four years he can improve enough to win at least a point in the Yale or intercollegiate meets—and that is the requirement for an "H." Only three times in my seven years as head coach, have I fallen down on that promise.

But the development of form isn't all a man needs to reach the peak of his ability. We have a saying here that "The will to win is hard to beat." A man has to have that determination to finish out in front. I'll tell you of some of the men who have that spirit.

Every other year, Yale and Harvard meet Oxford and Cambridge in an international meet. In the last three meets, we've learned something about fight from the English track men.

In 1927 the newspapers said that Yale and Harvard would win from the English in a walk. "Ten firsts at the lowest —maybe 12," they said.

THE meet was held in England. The competition became unexpectedly stiff. Before the 440, I told Charley Engle of Yale that if he wanted to win the race, he'd have to go all the way, harder than he ever had before.

"There'll be no coasting," I said to him. "No striding part of the way and then speeding up for the finish. You'll have to race for 445 yards!"

I could see that Engle didn't quite get what I was driving at. He hadn't learned the English athletes as I had learned them. In 1923, I had learned something of the pride and spirit that actuates the British track man. In that year, I had Soapy Waters in the mile. Waters was good and the race was already in, as far as I was concerned.

England entered a pacemaker in that race—a man who would lead the pack for the first three quarters, induce the Americans to run their hearts out, and then drop out. After which the other English runner—the star—would come from behind to win.

Soapy was wise to the pacemaker, and made no attempt to stay with him for the first half. In the third quarter he began to pull closer. Meanwhile, something obviously happened to the British star. He wasn't coming up. The pacemaker knew it. He knew that if England was going to win the race, he'd have to stay in front.

In the final quarter, Soapy set out to pass the pacemaker. The pacemaker speeded up. Soapy speeded up. Momentarily he expected the Englishman to crack, but the Englishman refused to crack. He refused to let Soapy pass.

The pacemaker won that race on grit, and that's what I was trying to tell Engle. But it didn't quite sink in. One of Charley Engle's opponents—an inferior runner—got out in front and simply wouldn't be overtaken.

Engle came to me as soon as he got his breath.

"I see what you mean, now," he said.

Instead of having a walkaway that afternoon, we came down to the half mile needing both first and second to win the meet! We had good men and we were pretty sure we could do it.

The leading English competitor was a man who had placed seventh in the British championships and had never done better than 2:02. In addition, Lord

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Rear-End Dynamite

(Continued from page 21)

The second caught him in the mouth; the third, fourth, and fifth rained over his head.

None of them bothered him in the slightest, and when his first amazement had passed, he grabbed the swinging arms and held them tight.

"You little shrimp!" he breathed. "If you was big enough, I'd wallop you."

"Don't hit my mule!" Joe said in a strained voice, his body rigid, his arms held close to his sides. "Don't hit 'em!"

"You good-for-nothin' bum," the sergeant burst out. "I oughtta kick you into the next county."

"Don't hit my mule."

The sergeant let go his arms and scratched his head. "I heard you," he said, a plaintive note creeping into his voice. "Since when couldn't a guy hit a mule?"

"Don't hit 'em."

"All right."

"Don't hit 'em."

"ALL RIGHT! Get him started then!"

Joe walked over and laid a hand on Harry's quivering neck.

"C'mon, boy," he murmured. "Don't you worry. Next guy hits you gets plugged. C'mon, boy."

That night, the exhausted regiment slept underneath a curtain of screaming shells, and knew by that token that a big drive was under way. At four in the morning they packed blankets and pup tents heavy with dew, and moved out, to look back a half hour later and see the field in which they'd slept pounded to pieces by German shells.

The next night they spent in the cellars of a ruined village. For two days after that they marched along the line of fire until men grew haggard with suspense and drawn with exhaustion. Sometimes, at night, Pinky and Whitey wandered over to the one-pounder platoon to watch the developing friendship between a man and a jackass. It took their minds off the war to see a four-legged package of H.E. meekly following an undersized man around; to see it begging shamelessly for a chew of tobacco; to see Joe lean against a tree and talk to it in a low voice. Joe Hadley had at last found his place. Joe Hadley had found a friend who didn't care if his breeches were ripped. Harry had found a skinner who knew a mule's feelings.

Then, one day, the regiment scuffed over a hilltop and Pinky noticed freshly dead Germans in the field—too fresh to smell. Four men came walking in careful step out of a woods ahead, bearing a stretcher on their shoulders. The figure on the stretcher raised his head a few inches and gazed down at Pinky with pain-dulled eyes. The fear that had lain exhausted in Pinky's stomach leaped up again and tugged at his heart.

AN hour later the regiment had split up. "A" Company was stretched out along a road, and Lieutenant Templeton was explaining the plan of attack to Pinky.

"Second and third battalions lead off, and we follow in support," the officer said coolly. "The one-pounders are assigned to us for the advance. They're to use the mules and carts until things get too hot, then haul the guns and ammunition by hand. It ought to be an easy show."

Pinky nodded. He'd heard that before.

The officer rose to a half crouch and gazed north. The shell-pocked land, broken by clumps of leafless trees, stretched down to a meandering creek, then rose again to wooded heights a mile and a half away. Along those heights were the Germans.

"We ought to be able to get down to the creek, anyway, without unharnessing the mules," he said, a note of anxiety in his voice. "Pulling those things by hand is no joke. We may need 'em bad before night. No other artillery."

Pinky understood. The lines were advancing so fast that the infantry was out of touch with its big artillery. He gazed back along the road to where the line of mules and carts stood in the shelter of a low wall. Those mules were helpless things this close to the line. You couldn't get 'em to lie down—couldn't drag 'em into a shell hole.

For an hour they lay along the road and waited, while the hot sun beat down upon their packs. Pinky felt uncomfortable—drawn up and tense. The Germans must have observed their movements. Pretty soon the shelling would start. Unconsciously Pinky clung closer to the ground, anticipating the first crescendo whine from somewhere in back of those wooded heights.

Thin files of troops, ten paces between men, moved by them through the fields

TOMATOES, PEAS, DEVILED HAM

and beans were what Rusty had for breakfast. That tough, swaggering bear cub got what he wanted. Myron M. Stearns tells about him next month. Calls him with good reason—

"The Unlicked Cub"

—the third battalion, moving forward to the attack. They held their rifles before them, bayonets fixed. Pinky watched them until they became brown dots of olive drab against the light brown earth. Pretty soon shells would plunk down among them. Then they'd drop—disappear into the brown earth until the officers urged them forward again. Forward to those wooded heights, where silent gray men, in holes, waited behind machine guns.

"All right. Let's go." It was Lieutenant Templeton, who had already leaped to his feet.

The rest of the men jumped up and formed a double file. The long line, with the one-pounder carts in the rear, started moving down a side road paralleling the front.

A quarter of a mile of this, and the lieutenant reluctantly struck off the road through a pitted field.

A faint whine. A whine that grew louder. Pinky, ready to drop, suddenly relaxed. Far to the left and forward the shell burst with a dull *cr-r-rump*.

Another whine. And another. All in the same area. The third battalion was getting it.

Pinky unconsciously bent forward and hunched his shoulders. "A" Company would be getting it in a minute. The men were silent now, busy with their own thoughts. Only the swish of feet, a muffled curse as someone stumbled over a clod, the wooden rattle of wheels at the end of the column, and far to the left, those dull explosions.

Then, suddenly, a whine with a new note. A personal, vengeful whine that grew louder, louder, *louder*. For a bare instant, Pinky stood frozen stiff. Then he threw himself on his face.

The whine ended in a hurtling shriek. The earth quivered. A roar. Dirt showered Pinky's back. He looked up to see a gaping hole twenty yards to his right.

"Close," he muttered.

"Come on—" Lieutenant Templeton's voice, strained "—let's get out of here."

The line stumbled along swiftly, heads low. At each shell, the men threw themselves flat, waited an instant, leaped to their feet and hurried on.

"The ravine!" the lieutenant shouted.

PINKY looked up, saw a ravine fifty yards ahead, angling down toward the creek at the bottom of the valley. The men broke into a run, slid into the ravine, and sat down, panting.

"Hey, Lieutenant—the one-pounders!" It was Sergeant Lynch, looking nervously down from the brink.

"Leave the carts out there and bring your men in here!" bellowed the officer.

In less than a minute, the one-pounder platoon had joined "A" Company. The men huddled silently against the bank, breathing heavily from their exertion, and listened to the shriek of shells overhead. Outside, the mules stood in their traces, their bodies rigid, their heads up.

"Those mules'll stand, I guess," Sergeant Lynch said to Pinky. "One good thing about mules—they don't get panicky very easy."

"They don't know what it's all about," Pinky said, "until they get hit."

"They're used to noise," Lynch began. "HEY—Joe, where you goin'?"

Pinky looked up and saw Joe Hadley crawling up the other bank.

"Jes' want to see if Harry's all right," Joe apologized.

"Come down here—you'll get your fool head blown off!" Lynch ordered wrathfully.

But Joe continued to crawl higher until he could look over the edge, and he remained there, his body flattened against the dirt. Pinky looked at the unmilitary little figure, weighted down by the clumsily rolled pack. There was a new rent in Joe's breeches, he noticed. It was partly held together by a couple of pins.

"I'll let 'em stay there," grumbled Lynch. "If a piece of shell takes his head off I'll be rid of him."

Pinky smiled faintly. Somehow, it took part of the tenseness out of war, to be near Lynch. Always contentious—always busy . . .

"Hey!"

The yell came from Joe, who was looking down at them with a blank, stricken face.

"They've hit Harry!"

Simultaneously Pinky and Lynch scrambled to their feet and crawled up beside the private. Joe pointed a trembling finger at the left end of the line.

At first Pinky saw nothing wrong—Harry seemed to be standing in the shafts, apparently uninjured. But as Pinky watched, the long ears drooped, the head went lower, and the body swayed slightly on its feet. The animal took an uncertain step forward, and stumbled to its knees. Noises that were tremulous and almost human came from its throat.

"Harry!" Joe cried, anguish in his voice.

The mule's head came up. For a moment it struggled to rise, then sank lower, its hind legs doubling up under it.

Joe started to climb over the edge. Lynch grabbed his pack and dragged him back. With a convulsive twist, Joe wrenched himself loose, jumped to his feet, and ran. A shell hurtled over, plunked into the ground fifty yards beyond the flying figure, but Joe dashed into the smoke, somehow unhurt.

Fascinated, Pinky watched him stop beside the fallen mule, shove back his

(Continued on page 42)

THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED HATES. 1931
Here is the worst news—for them—that has happened in 20 years!

NEWS-Sensational!

BOYS, these new Kleanbore Hi-Speeds travel faster, shoot straighter and hit harder than anything you've ever shot out of a .22—careful tests prove it! They're cased in *brass*—the only rim fire cartridges made with brass cases like those used for high power and military cartridges. › › › They are made in all the popular .22 sizes—greased lead bullets, or SILVADRY (ungreased)—solid or hollow point. They'll boost your target score—stop the biggest woodchuck in his tracks. At your dealer's—write for a descriptive circular to Remington Ammunition Works, 1732 Sea View Avenue, Bridgeport, Connecticut. › › › ›

Remington
KLEANBORE
HI-SPEED .22's

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition

(*Continued from page 40*)

helmet in a despairing gesture, then whip a knife out of his pocket. In a moment, he had cut the animal loose from the shafts and dragged the cart free. That done, he sank to the ground beside the mule's head and carefully lifted the head into his lap. He sat there for a moment, still, and then suddenly became active.

Pinky saw him roll sideways a few inches and fumble with his right hand under his leg. For a moment the fingers seemed to grope along the under side of his hip. Then they found what they wanted and with a sudden yank the hand appeared. Pinky puzzled. Those pins? Was Joe pulling those pins out of his breeches? And what for?

THE whine of another shell. A deeper whine this time, and by the sound of it, Pinky's practiced ear told him that it was a six-inch, headed close to home. He slid down into the ravine, face in the dirt. A shattering roar—the stink of powder and burnt earth.

When the ground had ceased trembling, he crawled back up to the edge of the ravine and looked out. A billowing curtain of acrid smoke hid Joe from him. The sergeant's throat was tight. He almost hated to look. The rest of the mules were screaming in an agony of uncomprehending fear. The head one, nearest Pinky, dashed wildly away, its side split open from withers to flank, dragging after it a broken ammunition cart. The gun hitched to the cart, broke loose, rolled a few feet, and stopped.

But Pinky, horrified, kept his eyes on the curtain of smoke that hid Joe from him. Slowly it drifted way. A hunched-over back came into view. Arms busily moving—working at Harry's neck. Pinky groaned with relief and looked around at Lynch.

"The next one'll get him, sure," he said, strained.

But there was no next shell. It was as if the big act had been saved for the last, and now the show was over. After five minutes of utter, deafening silence, Lieutenant Templeton rose to his feet and gave orders for the advance. They were to move down across the creek, take advantage of sheltered ground, and find positions halfway up the hill beyond. A runner had come down through the barrage from the third battalion. The battalion had got into the woods and found it crisscrossed with machine-gun lanes. At night it would pull out and wait until morning. Then, following a one-pounder barrage, it would attack again.

The men climbed out of the ravine. Lynch surveyed what was left of his line of carts. One mule and ammunition cart gone. Harry down. He walked over to Harry, Pinky close behind him.

The mule's neck was soaked with blood from a gash near the jaw. Over the wound, Joe was carefully placing a pack of bandage.

Lynch took in the mess of blood and the mule's limp head.

"Quit wastin' your time on a dead mule," he said.

"He ain't dead," Joe replied.

Lynch grunted.

"Piece of shell tore his neck open—nicked his jug'lar," Joe went on.

"If it nicked his jugular he's dead," Lynch asserted. "Get up."

Harry's eyes opened and his legs moved in a weak effort to get up. Joe placed a firm hand over his ears to hold him down.

"See?" said Joe. "He ain't dead. I fixed 'em."

Lynch scoffed impatiently. "You can't fix him if his jugular's cut!"

"The shell slashed his neck and jes' ripped the jug'lar," Joe insisted. "I pinned it up!"

"Pinned it up!" yelled Lynch.

"—an' wrapped cord around it. My pappy used to do it. Used to bleed mules

(*Continued on page 44*)

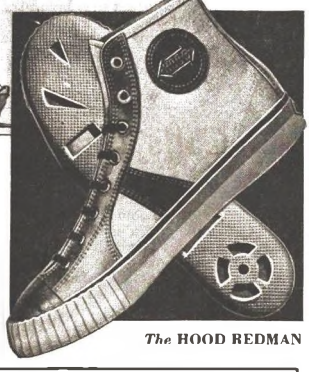
ILWRAENFE NOECVRODV ISAEIBHNC
LCVDGEIDE DROTTASPO APSSHTUPR TRHHCETSU
ACTEHSIBR IDLSTWSWL ECOEOETAL

Cipher Message?

. . . solve it and win a Prize in the

HOOD TREASURE HUNT

Scene from Poe's "Gold Bug."



The HOOD REDMAN

52 prizes will be awarded! Look at the opposite page for pictures of the thrilling "treasure" you can win!

●

RULES OF THE TREASURE HUNT:

FIRST · Solve the cipher message printed in the panel above. It tells where to look for buried treasure. To help you, Hood has prepared a thrilling book called "Secret Writing." It explains the solution of several kinds of ciphers — *including this one!* Send for this FREE book and go ahead.

SECOND · When you have solved the message, read it over *carefully*. Then read the 5 Hood Points in the box. You will find that the message contains two or more "key" words *also* appearing in *one* of the 5 Hood Points. Just find which Point this is.

THIRD · Now write a paragraph of not more than 100 words telling why you think this Hood Point is important in a good canvas shoe. Then send your paragraph and your solution of the cipher to the TREASURE HUNT JUDGES, Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass. Be sure to write your name, address, age and choice of the first and second prizes at the top of each sheet of paper. The Prizes will be awarded for the *best paragraphs plus the correct solution of the cipher.* Answers must be mailed by May 15th.

(Prizes will be presented in June)

[***Winners will be announced in the October magazine***]

DON'T waste your money on cheap, unbranded canvas shoes! You can get a lot more wear for a few more cents in Hood Shoes bearing this trade-mark —our pledge of full value.

5 HOOD POINTS that will help you win THE TREASURE

1. COMFORT TOE:
Hood Canvas Shoes have a specially built toe pattern that wears longer and prevents chafing and blistering because all the seams are on the outside. *You get more for your money with Hoods.*

2. SURE-FOOTED SOLES:
The soles of Hood Canvas Shoes are Smokrepe in molded or cut-out patterns with special gripping power and are made of the toughest, longest wearing rubber. *You get more for your money with Hoods.*

3. STURDY UPPERS:
The uppers of Hood Shoes wear longer than ordinary canvas shoe uppers because the plys of sturdy canvas are vulcanized solidly into one piece by a special Hood Process. *You get more for your money with Hoods.*

4. HYGEEN INSOLE:
An exclusive insole makes Hood Canvas Shoes an immense improvement over other athletic footwear. It does *not* absorb perspiration, but allows it to evaporate gradually without leaving an unpleasant odor. *You get more for your money with Hoods.*

5. FIRM ARCH SUPPORT:
Although Hood Canvas Shoes are flexible and allow natural foot freedom, their special last gives firmer arch support and keeps your foot in the correct posture. One of the many reasons Hoods are the choice of athletes. *You get more for your money with Hoods.*

●

(Look carefully and see which of these "points" contains the "key" words!)

FREE! *48-page book "Secret Writing," containing a History of Ciphers, explanations of many kinds of ciphers and Edgar Allan Poe's famous cipher mystery story, "The Gold Bug." Ask your Hood dealer for a copy or mail the coupon below.*

AB-1

HOOD RUBBER CO., Inc., *Watertown, Mass.*

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your book, "Secret Writing."

Name.....

Address.....

Get More Wear with Hoods

FOOTWEAR · TIRES · RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS · RUBBER FLOOR TILING

(*Continued from page 42*)

by cutting the jug'lar, and that's the way he fixed 'em. Done it all the time. Jes' pulled the slit together with a common pin an' wrapped it with cord an' a piece of bandage."

"But lookit all the blood—quarts of it!" Lynch pointed to the neck, to Joe's pants, to the soaked ground beneath the neck.

"A mule c'n lose a lot of blood," Joe replied.

Lieutenant Templeton was bellowing to them. "Let's get out of here before a second barrage starts!"

"Leave that mule and come on," Lynch said.

"Harry an' me'll be up later," the private said calmly.

"COME ON!"

"Not without Harry."

Lynch groaned helplessly. "All right. When that mule's good and dead you come up that hill and find us. See?"

Joe nodded. "Harry' an' me'll be along."

Speedily Lynch called upon a half dozen men to lug by hand the ammunition boxes in Joe's cart. Others he delegated to haul the two guns.

"No time to find that mule that ran away," he said reluctantly.

AT five-thirty the next morning, "A" Company was stretched just behind a gentle rise of ground, bayonets fixed, faces grim. Ahead of them six hundred yards was the crest of the rise, and in the woods along that crest were the Germans. "A" Company's eyes, narrowed and dirt-rimmed, were on the woods.

Spaced along "A" Company's line were the three one-pounders, their snouts smoking. They had just delivered the barrage and the third battalion had advanced halfway toward the woods. The left flank had almost reached it. The right flank was held up by a machine gun nest, marked on that distant crest by a clump of bushes.

Pinky, lying beside Sergeant Lynch and Whitey, knew what that meant. In a moment, "A" Company would be ordered to attack that clump. They'd walk into spitting death. His head dropped upon his arm, and he drew in his breath.

Lynch, on his knees, raised his clenched fists and shook them at the German lines. Vigorous and quarrelsome, he took the war as a personal scrap.

"I'd get those babies if I had one box of ammunition—just one!" he wept.

LIEUTENANT TEMPLETON crawled over, wiped sweat from his eyes, and looked at Lynch. "Can't you put some fire on that clump?" he asked huskily. "Just a few shells."

"Out of ammunition, Lieutenant," Lynch replied with a helpless gesture.

There were tears in the sergeant's eyes. Tears of mortification. If only he'd had time, in the ravine last night, to find the cart that had been dragged away by the wounded mule! A cart full of ammunition!

The lieutenant smiled fatalistically. "It's up to us, I guess," he said. "Sergeant Greene."

Pinky's heart leaped. It had come. He knew it.

"Take your platoon," the lieutenant was saying, "and see if you can't rush that nest."

Pinky rose to his knees. His legs were like ice, his brain numb.

"Yes, sir," he muttered. He raised his head and looked through haggard eyes at Lynch. The one-pounder sergeant looked back at him in an agony of regret. Both were thinking the same thing: once Pinky's platoon got well over that low rise in front of them, they'd be shot down like helpless cattle.

Whitey raised up on one elbow, pushed his tin hat back, and grinned. "Just a little exercise before breakfast," he said sardonically.

Pinky gripped tightly to his self-control.

Vainly Lynch's eyes swept the valley behind them. Then they paused in their swing—widened.

"Wait a minute!" he gasped. With a shaking hand he pointed toward a little parade coming toward them through the morning mist that lay in the valley. One small man, one mule, one cart.

It drew nearer, creaked to within twenty feet, and stopped.

"One-pounder platoon?" asked the driver.

"Cripes," ejaculated Lynch, "can that be—"

With a hoarse cry, he leaped to his feet and ran down to Joe Hadley. Pinky and Lieutenant Templeton followed.

"What—how—" babbled Lynch.

"I told you he was jus' faint," Joe grinned.

"Where'd you get the ammunition cart?" cried Lynch.

"Harry an' me went lookin' for it. Harry was able to get up, 'long 'bout midnight, and we figured that other mule couldn't run far with his side split open." He paused as Harry wiggled his ears and nudged familiarly at his blouse pocket—then continued: "Wants a chew. He's gettin' right well, now."

Lynch did a dance of joy. "Swan! Hardy!" he yelled. "Get a box of this!"

In less than a minute, the three one-pounder guns were supplied with ammunition and Lynch was lying beside one, sighting on the clump of bushes. He pressed the trigger. A roar—a scream. The shell hit just in front of the nest.

The second one hit it. After that, for five minutes, shells plopped with white bursts squarely into the nest. Pinky passed orders to his men to take off safety catches from rifles. He lay on his elbows, tense, hopeful. There was a chance, now!

He looked around at Lynch.

"Two more shells!" Lynch bawled.

Pinky nodded.

Two explosions. Silence. Pinky jumped to his feet.

Lynch scrambled forward hastily, pressed his hand.

"Come back!" he hissed. "You've gotta come back! I owe you a feed—steak an' eggs—Joe Hadley's a real guy."

Pinky grinned and rubbed his stomach significantly. As he led his platoon toward that shattered clump, he gave heartfelt thanks for the worthless man and the worthless mule that had stuck together through fire and not a little blood.

Five minutes later, Sergeant Lynch, sitting beside his hot one-pounder, saw Pinky, on that distant crest, wave his arm in a signal for the company to come forward. Joe Hadley had cleared the way.

Larry Calls Again

(*Continued from page 18*)

you! Want to run back and nose around and maybe come out with an order for a fleet?"

Slowly, silently, Larry slipped out of the coupe. As he eyed that store front, he felt somehow a little faint inside. His mind went back. That store in Southport—that bald, blue head, those queer-looking eyes behind queer-looking glasses.

But a junior obeyed orders; and back he marched.

Yes, this store was of the same kind as the one in Southport. Only this one looked bigger—had twice the street frontage. No, he was wrong. For half the front of the low, frame building had no display windows, but just solid siding, an expanse unbroken except for a pair of heavy-looking doors in the center, doors high enough to admit a moving van, but now tightly closed.

At the flaring sign above the store entrance, Larry went inside. Again he saw a low room, running far back, again a clutter of burdened tables; again, at the rear, a kind of office; and in its cubby-hole space, a man who looked up at Larry's first question and said:

"Yuh, I'm the proprietor. What do you want?"

But here, Larry's first glimpse told him, was contrast. There was little resemblance between the owner of the Southport store and this man. Here was no blue, bald head, but rather a shock of upstanding hair, blue-black and closely cropped. Here was not merely a half-pair of eyes, peering through glasses half opaque, but two sharp shifty eyes that needed no glasses at all. Here was no man of middle age, but one younger, and thick-bodied. And yet his eyes, though they looked different, still somehow—

"Trucks?" At Larry's second question, the narrow-eyed man looked at him for an instant. "No! I haven't any and I don't need any. And I'm busy!"

Those eyes! Was there something here?

Larry stood his ground and asked another question:

"You've a garage next door—part of your store building. What are you going to do with that?"

A pause, while the store owner's narrow-lidded eyes seemed to bore into Larry; then the man rasped out:

"That's not a garage! It's a stock room. I've told you I don't own any trucks and I don't need any. I've told you I'm busy. What more do you want to know?"

"Nothing," said Larry. "Nothing more—now!"

AS he turned on his heel and strode to the front door, he felt that those narrow-lidded eyes were following him. The eyes of that thick-bodied man—yes, there *was* something about them. He knew it now! And that stock room next door—why had the man flared up when it was mentioned?

Out on the sidewalk now, passing that solid boarding, Larry glanced it over. Leading from the sidewalk level to the heavy doors, rose a little ramp of concrete; and the concrete, although hardened now, looked new. Larry's gaze ran along it and—

He saw something! Something that stopped him in his tracks.

For a moment he stood there frowning; then he strode on to Bowman's coupe and got in.

"No," he said to Bowman's silent, smiling question. "No order this time! But I picked up some information."

Surprise in his tone, Bowman asked: "What is it?"

Firmly, Larry shook his head. "Can't tell you yet," he said. "I want to piece it together with something else."

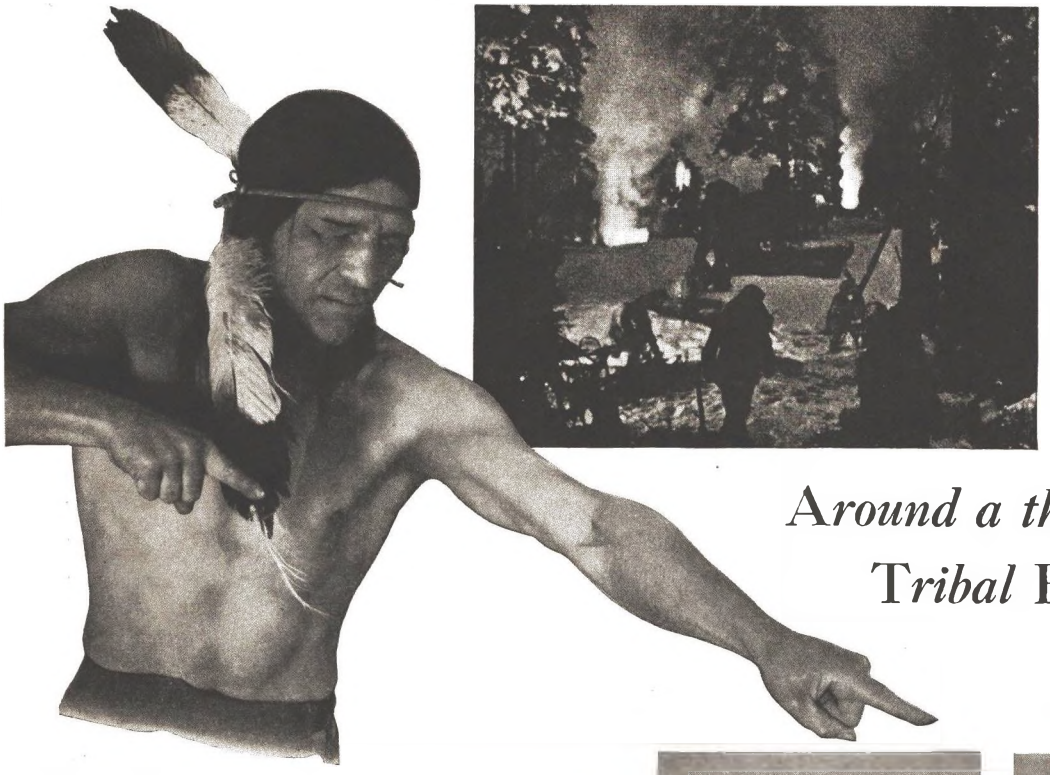
All the way into Midburg and to the Vulcan plant, he sat absorbed in his thoughts. Maybe he was wrong. Maybe, if he told it, it would turn out to be a false alarm and he'd look foolish. No, he'd go it alone! As he swung out of the coupe at the factory and got into his own flivver, he felt grateful because Bowman had respected his privacy by not asking questions.

Southport now—and how!

The flivver, as if awakened from a snooze, protested in its muffler as he headed it for the Southport highway. But at the outskirts of town the motor had warmed, and Larry settled himself to reel off the miles.

At Sheffield village, seven miles outside Southport, he slowed down for the first time—slowed down abruptly and said:

"Tar!" (*Continued on page 46*)



GATHERING for the Council—a scene from the Paramount film, "The Silent Enemy," in which Chief Long Lance plays the part of Baluk, the mighty hunter.

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learned this secret

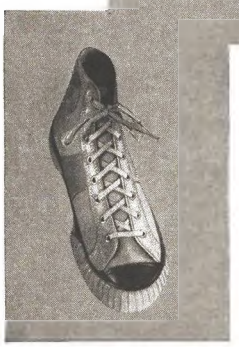
BUFFALO Child Long Lance—Chief of the Blood Band of the Blackfeet—now a famous athlete. Says the Chief, "When we were boys, our famous warriors told us that the tireless strength of their feet and legs was most important in hunting and battle. Our moccasins were made to give our muscles freedom to develop."

This was the secret that he learned from the elders—that in the ways of nature are freedom and strength.

In his later days among the paleface athletes, Long Lance was dissatisfied with the sneakers he wore. He used to reshape the soles with his knife.

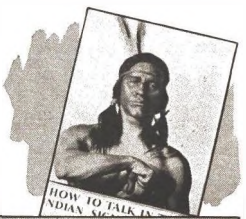
At length The B. F. Goodrich Company engaged Long Lance to design a shoe that would answer his own exacting requirements. The Long Lance Sport Shoe is the result. It is built to give protection and to develop your strength in every sport. Try it at your shoe store—feel the joy and comfort of swift, free feet. It is one of many models prepared by Goodrich for every sporting and outdoor need. Ask for Goodrich Sport Shoes.

THE B. F. GOODRICH FOOTWEAR CORP., Watertown, Mass.



THE CHIEF LONG LANCE SHOE, designed by the Chief himself as a result of his long experience as athlete and hunter. The cut-out shank gives perfect flexibility and the natural "moccasin tread" which develop leg muscles.

THE PONTIAC—an ideal training shoe, with plenty of style. A sturdy sole fits it for all kinds of hard outdoor wear. In white, gray, khaki or buff.



Every boy can learn the Indian Sign Language from Chief Long Lance's booklet, "How to Talk in the Indian Sign Language." Eighty illustrations help you learn this language of scouts and warriors. Send for it now!

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Ask your shoe dealer about the Goodrich National Poster Contest *for boys and girls—Valuable prizes! Real fun!*

Another B. F. Goodrich Product

(*Continued from page 44*)

Slowly, his flivver's wheels rolling through the stuff with a sucking sound, he drove the mile-long stretch of soupy macadam that was Sheffield's contribution to the Midburg-Southport highway; and as he drove, he muttered: "They must have put that stuff on here yesterday. Of course they *would!*"

Then he was clear of the village and back on the concrete again, and the flivver, chattering, resumed its gait and laid the miles behind it.

Ahead now, on the right, he saw the smoke of Southport Steel, with the blast furnaces looming up in the haze, standing like huge, red beacons in a row. And almost in their shadow, on cobble-paved Pearl Avenue, was the cash-and-carry store of M. Touchstone.

Larry drove on mechanically, his mind busy with the coming interview. What was the best way of approaching the man? How—

The flivver hit Pearl Avenue's cobbles and leaped straight up with all four wheels, then came down and jounced four blocks. Before the sign of the Bargain Mercantile Company, Larry choked its jouncing and got out.

Again he went in under that canvas sign, again he traveled that shadowy aisle to that office-like space at the back, and again he was confronting a middle-aged man whose bald head looked blue and whose left eye was hidden behind frosted glass.

"I came," Larry said, "to see your trucks."

"Trucks?" The man's one good eye seemed to bore like a drill, then shifted away. "They're all right. Why do you want to see them?"

"Well"—and this was gospel truth—"I sold them to you and I feel sort of responsible about them. Anyway, we always call back on our customers."

FOR a moment, the man made no answer; his one eye seemed to be sizing up Larry. Then he spoke abruptly. "Sure!" he said. And the heartiness of his tone was startling. "Want to see 'em, eh? All right, I'll take you right out and show 'em to you!"

"Do you keep them here?" Larry asked.

"Sure! Right out back. I've no garage yet at the other store. Come on. I'll take you."

The man turned to a door at his elbow, opened it, stepped outside and stood waiting.

Was this a trap? His jaw muscles tautening, Larry stepped through the doorway and into the open air. Against the rear of the store, facing the alley, stood a sheet-iron garage, big enough, Larry thought, for four trucks. Ahead of him went the man with the queer eyes, leading the way to a doorway through the sheet iron. Still following, Larry stepped through the door.

Inside, side by side, stood the two Vulcans; and a glance round him told Larry that in the sheet-iron building there was nothing else but these two sleek three-quarter-tonners.

"See?" said the queer-eyed man. "Did you think they were gone?"

His senses alert for what might come, Larry shook his head. "No," he said, "I didn't think that." Then moving quickly, he stepped to the rear of the two trucks. Their body doors stood open. Quickly, he scanned their interiors.

Watching him, the queer-eyed man said: "Yuh. Both empty. Did you think there was booze in 'em, or something like that?"

Larry grinned and shook his head, but his mind was asking. "Why are they standing idle in the daytime?" Then something about a fender caught his eye. Here was a good trick—if a fellow could get away with it!

He leaned his back against the fender, gripped its edges with his hands, alongside his hips, and, facing the queer-eyed man, said: "No, I didn't think you were in *that* business." Then he released his grip and added: "Well, I guess that's all. I'll run along."

His tone was even enough. But as he went out through the door in the sheet iron, back into the store, and then out through the store to the street, he knew that those queer eyes—or one of them—followed him; and he walked with his hands in his pockets. Outside, and out of sight from within the store, he drew them forth and smelled the stuff that held his fingers together.

Yes, it was tar.

"This thing's piecing itself together," he told himself. "And now the question is—when do I make the next move? Better wait! Haven't got it all yet."

For two days, for three, for four, he waited. Daytimes, he ranged with Bowman, and said nothing of what was on his mind. But every evening, after dark, he roused the flivver and drove out of Midburg to the westward, to return home at midnight. Doggedly, he said to himself: "I'll keep on going!"

And then, the fifth night—

Again he drove westward, in fact, to the county-seat town of Kent. Again, as on the preceding nights, his objective was the store of the canvas sign, Cut-Rate Clothing. But he didn't go to the store. Instead, he stopped short of the place by almost a block. In the shadow of an elm, he parked at the curb and settled himself behind the wheel to wait.

Just a little ahead, on his right, was the village hall—in its basement the headquarters of Kent's two night watchmen, with a light shining from their window. Ahead, on the left, that store.

He waited. Eight o'clock. Nine. Ten. The clock in the court house tower, tolling the hours. Eleven. "This time," he told his steering wheel, "if necessary, I'll stay here all night!" Twelve o'clock. One. Gosh! A town like this could be quiet at night!

And then, from behind him, came the distant hum of a motor—a motor coming fast. Larry kicked his own motor into life. Behind him, now, two headlights, burning full, were coming on. A whir, and there swept past him a long, black shape, high and square of body. A Vulcan truck! Then another whir, and another looming shape swept past, another Vulcan!

Ahead of him, now, two stoplights stabbed at the darkness, and the two black shapes swung to the right-hand curb. Out of one of them dropped a man who ran across the street. Then in the gloom on the left, two high doors swung open. The two black shapes began to move, their tail-lights swinging toward the doors.

"Backing in!" Larry said to himself. "One after another. They're closing the doors now. And—here goes!"

He leaped over the side of his flivver, sprinted to that village hall, and ran down the steps into the basement. At a table, reading a newspaper, sat a scraggly-bearded man who wore a gleaming badge on the left breast of his coat.

"I need you!" Larry barked at him. "Hustle!"

The scraggly-bearded man hustled. He seemed full of questions, half asked. But he followed Larry up the steps to the sidewalk and into the roadster. As he climbed in, Larry asked: "Got a gun?"

At which the scraggly-bearded man, as the flivver lunged ahead, thrust a hand into a coat pocket, brought forth a shiny whistle and, before Larry could stop him, broadcast a shrill blast.

"That," he said, "is to call my pa'dner. What'll I need my gun for?"

Larry never did answer that question. For as the flivver went into high, those two tall doors in the wall on the left swung suddenly open, and the beams of headlights shot forth from them.

"They heard that whistle!"—the thought flashed through Larry's mind—"and now they'll try a get-away!"

His throttle wide open, he swung his flivver in an arc to the right. Then: "Jump!" he yelled to the man on the seat beside him. "Jump and follow me!" He sensed that the man had jumped, but his eyes were on that doorway. Inside, now, he could see the headlights themselves, coming outward.

And then he aimed his flivver as if it had been a projectile, and hurled it. Hard down to the left with the steering wheel, with the throttle wide, then straighten 'er up.

Jounce! The roadster leaped high as its wheels caught the incline that cut through the curb, then shot itself through space.

Crash! Obliquely into that doorway, cornerwise against those glaring headlights on the left and against the door frame on the right, the roadster jammed its clattering self. And its engine died with a sob.

After the crash, dead silence for an instant. Then a pocket flash light popped into life on the sidewalk and a voice said: "Hands up, ever'body!"

And on the heels of it, another voice, behind another flash light echoed: "Hands up!"

The pa'dner had arrived. And now the two-man law of Kent came climbing into the building over Larry's flivver and a voice roared out:

"Whoever's in here is under arrest! And the fust one we want is that young hyena with the flivver! Find the light switch, Amos, and I'll stand guard!"

"AND now," said Credit Manager Reece, at the Vulcan offices the next morning, "in return for getting you out of jail in Kent last night, suppose you start at the beginning and tell me how you doped it all out."

Larry grinned. "Well," he said, "what really convinced me that something was wrong was what I found in the concrete, leading into that stock room."

"Yes?" said Reece. "What was it?"

"A Vulcan track! A truck had gone in there before the concrete had set. And I spotted the ribbing on the tread as ours. Well, then I tried to put two and two together. And the two men, the one in Kent and the other in Southport, looked so much alike somehow—something about their eyes—that I just naturally linked them together in my mind."

"They ought to look alike," Reece put in, "being brothers!"

"Yes," Larry went on, "but I didn't know that then, of course, and neither did anybody else! Then, when I found tar under the fenders of Touchstone's trucks, I wondered if maybe the trucks weren't running around somewhere out in the country—perhaps after dark, and up through Midburg, to Kent. And that's why I went to Kent last night."

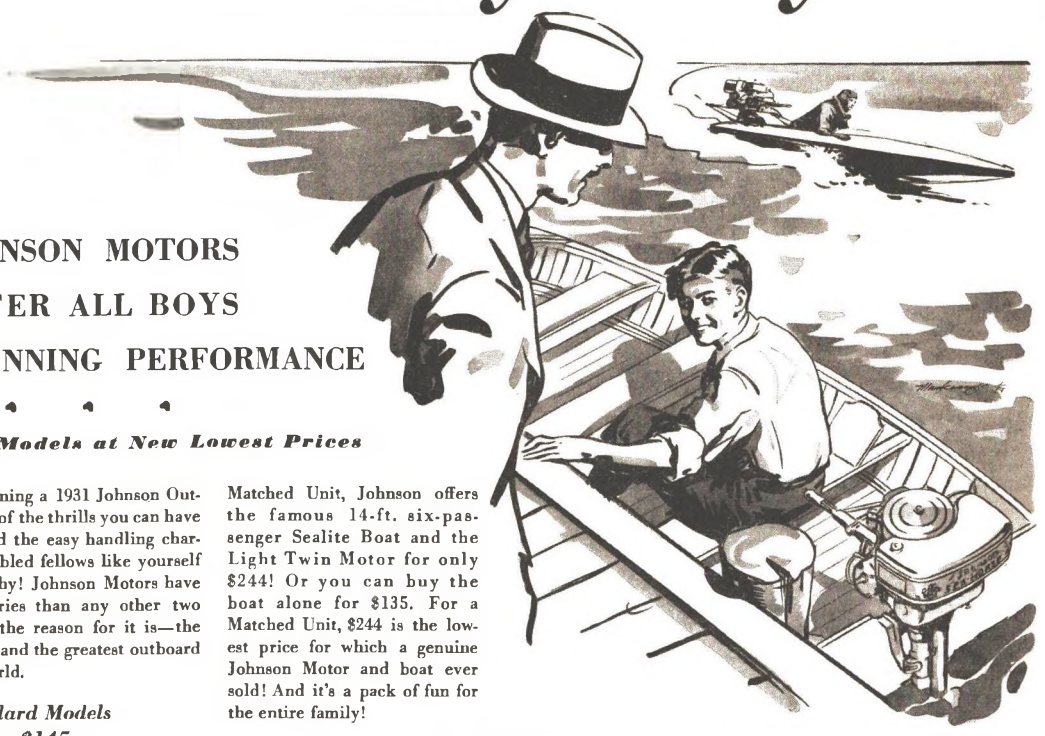
"I see," said Reece. "And when you corked up that warehouse with your flivver and saved us two good trucks—because Touchstone was ready to send them South and report them stolen—you trapped two men who, so the police tell me, are wanted in four states for fraud. It worked like this: Two stores in two different towns—apparently no connection. One store builds up a line of credit, carefully, until it can stock up with, say, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods. Then, at night, with trucks, they move most of the stock of that store over to the other one, whereupon the store that has been stripped goes bankrupt of its own accord—and the proprietor walks out, legally free of debt. Later, of course, he and the brother sell the hidden goods and split the money. Anyway, that's the way they worked their game until *you* came along."

"And this Touchstone," Larry asked, "is his head really blue?"

"It is," said Reece. "But it's a disguise, the same as the frosted eyeglass. He isn't really bald. His head is blue because he has kept it shaved."

"Gosh!" breathed Larry. "It's a relief to know that. When I looked at him I never could be sure whether I was seeing things, or he was dying from the top down!"

Here Dad . . . you try 'er!



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New Standard Models $109 . $145

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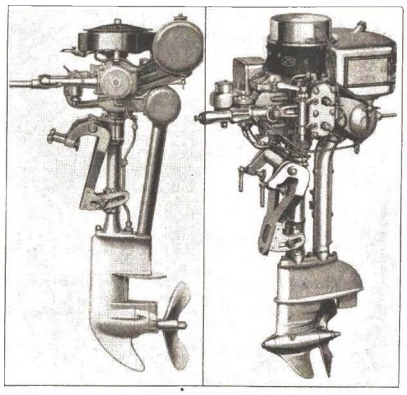

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A Legend of the 94th

(*Continued from page 10*)

glowing stove, then turned. "Wonder if you knew him, Rhodes? He was a tech sergeant at Brooks Field once. Carney."

"Carney," repeated Jimmie Rhodes, and started. There was a pause before he answered. "Yes, I know him."

He was thinking of his chum Walt Atlee and their dual flight over the Laredo road to stop a car in which two thieves of government property were speeding toward the border. Two thieves—and one of them was Sergeant Carney.

"Yes, I know Carney," he said again.

Something in his voice made Cowboy turn questioningly.

But Jimmie Rhodes didn't explain. "That squadron inventory," he said, "I'll tackle it again to-morrow. We're checking electrical repairs now."

McClellan nodded and moved reluctantly to the door. "Think of me freezing in a guardhouse when you crawl into the warm sheets."

"I will," promised Jimmie, yawning, "if the old bean doesn't go A.W.O.L. first."

But Jimmie was asleep almost before he rolled into his cot. And the lingering muted notes of "taps" reached him not at all. He was relaxed—in a dreamless sleep, content with his first day in the Air Corps.

Even the raucous blast of the post siren, when it ripped the air to shreds at three in the morning, failed to do more than make him mutter. He didn't learn what happened between three and reveille until he met Brasington at breakfast in the mess hall.

Brasington smiled coldly as Jimmie sat down opposite him. The whole place was silent. The waiters whispered among themselves, hovering soft-footed around Jimmie. Jimmie wondered what was up.

"Why all the silence?" he asked. "Anything gone sour?"

Brasington waited until he had finished breakfast before replying. Then he leaned across the table.

"'A ship's not landed till she stops rolling,'" he said. "McClellan's already got his. You're next."

His chair scraped back. He was gone before Jimmie could reply. Jimmie puzzled. What had McClellan got?

At eight o'clock in Hangar 10 Jimmie learned why Cowboy had missed breakfast. From Sergeant Battle.

"Jail delivery last night," said Battle calmly. "Carney breaks loose and gets away in the colonel's car." He shook his head. "Bad for Lieutenant Mac—him bein' officer of the day an' responsible for prisoners."

Jimmie whistled to himself.

"Where *is* McClellan?" he asked finally.

"With the provost marshal, organizing M. P.'s for a search. This Carney must be Canada-bound. But it was after three when he got out—he couldn't 'a' made it. They think he'll hole up with the car in the cut-over north, till night again."

Jimmie began a reply but the jingle of the hangar phone called Battle. Reluctantly Jimmy made for the supply room to take inventory.

An hour later Jimmie, glancing through the storeroom window, saw the ground crew trundling Brasington's P-1 from the hangar. Dolman, the lanky private assisting Jimmie, looked out.

"Colonel's going up for his hop anyway," Dolman said. "They say he was in a storm over his car being stolen."

"Who wouldn't be?" responded Jimmie.

The private, stooping over a bin, continued with the inventory:

"B and L magnetos—four," he chanted. "High tension Scintillas—two."

Jimmie put it down on his sheet.

"A high tension mag does what?" he asked languidly. "I learned it in ground school, but I forget."

"Puts out a high voltage spark," explained Dolman. He lifted a Scintilla to the bin shelf. "If you want a real jolt put your fingers across the terminals while I give this gear a spin."

JIMMIE'S inquisitive streak made him obey, and when the enlisted man turned the crank of the magneto five thousand volts made Jimmie jump a good three feet in the air.

"Great balls of fire!" he shouted, wringing his fingers.

"Electricity's a wonderful thing," said Dolman with composure. "This is the mag used on the P-1's engine. Stings, but it won't hurt. No 'amps.'" Reflectively he added: "I thought the colonel's ship needed a mag replacement last night, after Lieutenant Brasington brought her in. But Brasington's engineer officer and he said just to file the points."

At eleven-thirty, Jimmie Rhodes, inventory done, came from the storeroom. The hangar phone again was ringing and Jimmie waited idly as Sergeant Battle lifted the hook.

"Forced landing?" Battle said. "No, Lieutenant Brasington's not here. . . . Yes, Lieutenant Rhodes." Turning, the sergeant beckoned to Jimmie. "Operations on the wire."

Jimmie ran across the hangar. The voice in the receiver said: "A message from Colonel Sanford has just been phoned in. He's down, in a clearing near Bad Axe. Magneto trouble. Take a P.T. and someone from the hangar who knows magnetos, and contact his ship. At once."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie, and hung up.

Sergeant Battle was already rolling out a dolly for the P. T.'s tail skid.

"You can take Dolman, Lieutenant," Battle called. "He knows mags."

Dolman ducked back into the storeroom. Jimmie trotted to his locker for a chute.

The P.T. was firing when he ran out on the field. Private Dolman leaned down into the rear cockpit to deposit a tool kit and a square magneto on the floor. Jimmie swung to the front seat and turned to see if Dolman were in his seat.

"Ready," he called.

But the mechanic pointed toward the hangar. Jimmie turned. Lieutenant Brasington was sprinting for the ship waving one arm. In the other he carried, like a football, a Scintilla mag. He panted up.

"Just—talked—Operations. I'll—take her."

Jimmie stared. "You'll take what?" he asked.

Brasington waited till his breathing steadied.

"I'll make this flight," he replied coldly. "Climb down."

"What an idea!" Jimmie gave the ship a burst of gun that peppered Brasington with sand, and waved at the crew to pull the wheel blocks. But a hand reached up and gripped his wrist—Sergeant Battle's hand. The sergeant swung hastily to the wing.

"He ranks you," he muttered. "Better not."

Jimmie's square jaw tightened. He gazed at the sergeant mulishly. Again Battle shook his head. After a moment Jimmie's shoulders fell. It was the Army.

"Oh, well," he began. He looked down to see Brasington smiling sardonically. Suddenly Jimmie grinned too.

"Hold everything," he cried. "Operations said, 'Take a man who knows magnetos.' By the shades of Brooks

(*Continued on page 50*)

YOUR PLACE . . .

You CAN NOW accept the mechanical marvel of flight as a fact accomplished. You may dismiss the unfailing, tireless beat of the propellers from your mind. The thrill of flight comes no longer from mere amazement at the performance of a flying machine, but rather in discovering the marvels of the wide sea above.

During the last ten years man has found a new road to freedom, a safe serene way through the deep blue expanse of the sky. Today he takes his flight comfortably, nonchalantly, no longer an adventurer, but a sensible traveler above the roaring cities, removed immeasurably from the noise and tenseness of the busy world. Swifter than any machine on earth, he outpaces the world below him . . . detached, relaxed, superior to all its petty confusion.

The incomparable charm of the skyways seems to be the heritage of youth. But this is true only because of the natural instinct of mankind to resent a change in habits. There are still old men today who will never ride in automobiles, because they cling to the fears of a plodding generation. There are many more who will never rise above the earth, because they have become habituated to automobiles and surface transportation. But the newer generations are looking eagerly upward.

When you recall that only ten years ago winged relics of the war were still lumbering precariously overhead, and any man who flew was deemed a hero, doesn't it seem incredible that women are being taught in groups how to fly their private planes . . . and that 12,000 paying passengers flew from one airport near New York between dawn and dusk of a single day?

But the greatest progress of all has been made in the improvement of transport planes.

These planes, carrying from 7 to 14 passengers, are used customarily on the great air-lines that streak the skies. They are employed also as private yachts by wealthy men who fly on the wings of the times.

The de luxe Ford plane, all-metal and trimotored, has made the skyways an acceptable avenue of safe transportation. It has reduced hazards to a reasonable risk, and practically eliminated hardship and discomfort from swift flight. It provides you with a degree of luxury that is comparable to a yacht, and a command over time that is of greatest value to those whose time is limited. It is impossible to comprehend all this fully until you have yourself flown above the congested world.

• FORD MOTOR COMPANY •

(Continued from page 48)

and Kelly—that is I! Shuck your chute, Dolman. I'm riding the rear seat with Lieutenant Brasington." He unlatched his belt and climbed back. "O. K., Brasington?"

Brasington scowled. His lips opened in protest. Then he paused, and a strange expression crossed his face.

"Quite all right, Rhodes," he answered with cold courtesy, "since you understand magnetos."

JIMMIE took the chute from Dolman. His face wore a crestfallen look. He hadn't expected Brasington to take him up. Brasington suspected that he didn't know much about magnetos.

Again Brasington smiled, with extreme politeness.

"Will you need *two* magnetos?" he asked. "Or shall Dolman return mine to supplies?"

"Take 'em both," snapped Jimmie. Under his breath he muttered ruefully: "A million wouldn't do me any good."

Brasington wedged his magneto beneath the front seat. Jimmie slumped in the rear cockpit. The ship's exhaust blared; she cannoned over the field, and soared up into the bright autumn sky.

Brasington circled the hangars, climbing steadily. At three thousand feet he leveled off, and set a northeast course for Bad Axe. For a half hour he cruised with never a look behind. Jimmie, clutching his magneto, turned over in his mind the coming ordeal with the colonel, and twisted miserably.

"Magnetos!" he groaned. "What I know about them you could write on a flea's cuff. I see bad weather."

Then Brasington bent down, scribbled something on his Form 1 book, and held it up. Jimmie read: "Is your belt fastened?"

The plane began a steep upward climb. Jimmie felt the airspeed slacken. Then came the queer fuselage-shudder that precedes a stall. Brasington's head pivoted. He smiled, and cut the gun. Through the fading whistle of the wires, his voice came faintly:

"'A ship is never landed until she stops her roll.'" And the P.T. whirled into a spin.

The sudden drop and reverse check smacked Jimmie's nose hard on the magneto in his lap. He felt a warm trickle from his chin as the ship, corkscrewing down, tightened her dizzy whirling turns. Blood pumped through his head. He recalled with distaste the hearty breakfast he had eaten.

Six vicious turns he counted—then the plane dived out. Dived till her terrific speed made black dots dance at Jimmie's eyes. Quickly, then, Brasington hauled back the stick and zoomed straight up, to fall off in a sickening "split S."

Jimmie gulped. His stomach was protesting vehemently. The P.T. leveled, shot forward, began a series of whiprolls. She leveled, again shot ahead, doubling back in a reversement. This last maneuver was enough. Jimmie hung his chin over the fuselage.

When at last he raised his head the P.T. was once more flying level. Brasington was gazing at him gloatingly. He shouted with much good humor:

"Thought you might need a little setting up exercise before repairing the colonel's mag!"

Jimmie leaned back. Repartee, exertion of any sort was revolting. He stared unhappily at the magneto in his lap. For a long time he looked at it, and as he gazed, a vague idea began forming in his mind.

Then he began fumbling in the side pocket of the fuselage. There should be a safety wire there. His hand encountered a coil.

Brasington flew on, eyes front. They were over the timber now, nearing Bad Axe.

Craftily Jimmie broke off two bits of wire and fastened them to the two binding posts of the magneto. Then he attached one wire's end to a longeron, and the other to the dual rudder gear beneath his feet—the gear that extended up into the front cockpit. He drew his legs up carefully. His wan face held an anxious, yearning smile. He spun the gear on the magneto shaft.

In the front seat Brasington jumped—jumped violently, as though rapiered by a hornet's sting. The P.T. fell into a slip.

Smiling happily, Jimmie cranked the magneto a round dozen turns. Brasington began a queer dance to a crazy rhythm, hurling himself against his belt, writhing like a python on a limb.

As for the P.T., it was doing acrobatics of a kind unknown—spinning a half turn, diving out, skidding, slipping. And each time it leveled Jimmie twirled the gear again. He was not at all ill now. At last Brasington spun about, his face contorted with agony. But the expression turned to rage as he saw Jimmie.

"You! You're doing this!"

Once more Jimmie spun the gear.

"Must have better stunting, Brasington," he called. "Here, I'll stimulate you to greater things."

The P.T. cavorted crazily through the air. Brasington's lips were white. His voice rose shrill above the thunder of exhaust.

"You'll crash this ship—"

Jimmie leaned forward. "Had enough, Brasington? Has the ship 'stopped her roll?'"

Brasington stiffened. His sharp jaw was obstinately locked. Jimmie grinned in sincere admiration, but applied the cure once more. Brasington wilted. He jerked his hands aloft convulsively.

"Pull the pin out of the control stick," Jimmie called. "Hand *me* the stick. I'll fly now."

Slowly Brasington bent down, worked a moment, and poked the stick through under the seat. Jimmie fitted it into the socket, slid his feet into the rudder stirrups, and righted the P.T. Below and through the left wing, a mile ahead, he saw a town. Bad Axe.

Brasington gestured downward. Jimmie looked below.

In a broad clearing in the jack pine rested a ship—a P-1. A man, standing by her tail fin, was signaling staccato gestures that spoke eloquently of displeasure. The smile wiped itself from Jimmie's face. Colonel Sanford! The colonel had been witness to the crazy flying of the P.T.! Soberly Jimmie Rhodes planed down for the white sandy clearing, and landed with a bad wheel bounce. Brasington turned with a malicious glance. As the ship taxied slowly forward, he called back ironically:

"'A ship is never landed until she stops her roll!'"

Close to the single-seater, Jimmie pulled up. Gravely he set the magneto on the floor; slowly climbed down. But Brasington sprang alertly to the sand, strode to Colonel Sanford, and saluted.

The colonel had bushy brows and an eye that matched an eagle's in its chilly menace. So it seemed to Jimmie Rhodes. For the rest, Colonel Sanford was short and but for his military bearing might have been called fat.

"What was the purpose of acrobatics on this mission, Brasington?" the colonel asked bitingly.

Brasington saluted again. "Sorry, sir. I gave the stick to this new officer, Lieutenant Rhodes. He seemed to want to show me what he could do." He let the inference do its work.

"New officer!" The colonel's words burst like a bomb. "I asked for a mechanic to install a new magneto, so I can fly this plane." He glared at Jimmie Rhodes.

"Beg pardon, sir." Brasington stepped forward. "This new officer is expert on magnetos. He was quite insistent, sir."

"Where'd you learn?" barked Colonel Sanford, wheeling suddenly on Jimmie.

Jimmie blushed. "B-Brooks, sir," he stammered.

"Brooks! Brooks! Ground school, you mean?" The colonel gnawed his trim mustache. "Well," he gestured to his plane, "proceed then."

JIMMIE stumbled to the P.T. His magneto in the rear seat was still wired to the rudder gear, but he let it stay there. It didn't seem very funny now. Brasington's magneto he removed and carried to the colonel's ship. With pliers he began gingerly pulling cowl pins.

"The wrong side!" the colonel roared. "Don't you know the magneto is to the *right* on a D-12?"

"My error, sir." Jimmie crawled humbly under the nose of the ship to the right side of the engine cowl. He felt like crawling. The colonel snorted. Brasington wore a smug smile of triumph. Jimmie removed four cowl sections before the fifth disclosed the guilty magneto. Muttering, he reached in and broke off a wire that seemed standing insolently in the way. Behind him Colonel Sanford uttered a remark found in no manual of arms.

"Idiot!" he cried. "That's the shielding wire! Now I can't start the ship without a soldering job." He inquired brassily: "Is it your idea of humor to play practical jokes your first day with the squadron? And in freezing weather?"

"Yes, sir—I mean, no, sir," stuttered Jimmie. It wasn't cold, Jimmie reflected. He was sweating.

The colonel turned to Brasington.

"Take me back in the P.T. I'll not waste my time here—"

A brittle crackling in the ground spruce at the clearing's edge interrupted the angry colonel. A voice, hoarse, malevolent, cried: "I got first call on that crate, Brass-hat!"

A man bounded across the sand, hugging at his hip a heavy nickel pistol that flashed brightly in the noonday sun. Colonel Sanford gasped, recovered, and took one quick stride for his ship. The gun crashed. Metal rang. A stream of gas ran from the fuel tank of the P-1.

The man advanced. "I been layin' in this woods since day," he said. "Seen you both set down. The stunting P.T. is the break I been lookin' for." He swung the gun on Brasington. "Get the colonel's automatic outta the ship, then frisk the old boy. Double-time it."

Brasington walked to the colonel's ship and reluctantly handed out the gun. Then he began unbuttoning the flap pockets of the colonel's flying suit. Colonel Sanford turned purple. Jimmie Rhodes moved. The man whirled.

"No tricks—" His voice stopped suddenly. He stared as if Jimmie were a ghost. Then a fierce, malignant joy spread on his face. "You—Rhodes! The cadet that railroaded me." His trigger finger trembled.

Jimmie felt cold. The man before him was Carney—the man he had caught robbing government stores at training school.

Carney licked his lips. "This is a break. I *was* goin' to get a hop to Canada, an' let the pilot go. But now—" he laughed grimly and turned to Brasington. "You're stalling—get out of the way."

Working through the colonel's clothes Carney extracted a fat wallet. He stripped a row of medals from the colonel's breast.

"Fat grand-stander!" he said.

Warily watching all three, he turned to Jimmie Rhodes.

"Climb in that crate—in the front seat where I can watch you. I'll wear a chute—you won't. An' the first wrong move *you* make—" He let the sentence end itself.

Jimmie moved slowly to the P.T. The prop still ticked over. Like a man in a daze he mounted the wing step. Then his khaki-clad back facing Carney seemed to tense. The stick was in the back seat where Brasington had passed it to him. His voice came, hoarse and strained:

(*Continued from page 51*)

"There's no control from the front cockpit."

Carney ripped out an oath. He climbed up beside Jimmie, scowled as his own eyes confirmed the other's words. He waited. Jimmie's heart paused in its beat. Then Carney pointed to Jimmie's chute that covered the rear seat.

"Throw that out. Fly her from the back then. But I'll have a bead on you—and the first wrong move—"

A DEAD silence followed. Jimmie dropped his chute out on the sand. Carney swung Brasington's harness to his shoulders. Jimmie watched him settle in the cockpit. Jimmie's hands were cold now. He could feel the pulse pound joltingly in his throat.

"So long, Rank," called Carney with an ironic wave at Colonel Sanford. "Your bus I pinched is hid out in the timber." He pivoted to face Jimmie, resting the pistol barrel on the cowling. The black muzzle yawned in Jimmie's face. "Take off, Rhodes—your last ride in this man's Army."

Some way Jimmie ruddered back into the wind and some way got the P.T. off. How, he did not know. He remembered green pine tops brushing his landing gear—a pistol muzzle staring at him. But his thoughts were fixed on something else. That black lump of iron lying on the cockpit floor.

On to two thousand feet the ship climbed, while Jimmie wondered if Carney would dare to shoot. He could do it safely, because he was wearing a chute.

Then Carney pointed the pistol barrel east where a hazy sky line marked Lake Huron. Jimmie banked into a turn. He let go the stick, reached his right arm below, feeling for the magneto on the floor, keeping his eyes fixed on Carney. Carney smiled back balefully.

Jimmie's face was blank. He had the magneto on his lap. He leveled the P.T. carefully so that she would fly "hands-off," then let go the throttle. The fingers of his left hand were on the gear. The cold metal was reassuring. Jimmie took a deep breath and stared at the pistol barrel.

Suddenly he spun the gear a quick convulsive twirl, and ducked under the cockpit cowl. The gun crashed—he glimpsed it spin up through the sunlight and fall away. Desperately he whirled the gear again. Carney howled in torture, and writhed. He gripped the metal cowl edge, and snatched his hands free as five thousand volts shot paralyzing stabs along his arms. His feet beat an agonizing tattoo on the metal rudder bar which, too, held jolting lightning.

A quick thought flicked through Jimmie's brain. Not sporting—but this was no time for chivalry. He jerked free the steel control stick and whirled it in a short arc. It flashed down on Carney's head. Carney slumped forward on his belt.

Trembling now, Jimmie fumbled with the stick. Sweat fogged his goggle lenses. He couldn't find the socket. At last the stick slipped into place. Raising his head, he scanned the terrain. Far back among the trees the clearing was just visible. Jimmie Rhodes sighed as he swung the P.T.'s nose. Then a slow grin twisted his lips.

He landed, rolled to the P-1, and cut his switches. Colonel Sanford's expression as he looked from Jimmie to the crumpled figure in the forward cockpit was a blend of amazement, pride, and disciplinary caution. He tugged at his mustache.

"Eh—what—how did you bring him in, Rhodes?"

"Oh, he wasn't hard to handle, sir. A little acrobatics did it." Jimmie waved a nonchalant hand.

Stepping to the P.T., he retrieved the automatic from Carney's clothes. He went on blandly. "Now about that magneto on your ship. Of course your fuel tank's ruined—but if you want me to fix that mag—"

"No, no!" broke in the colonel hastily. "I'll ride back with you, in the P.T. Brasington can guard this prisoner until we send relief. Let him have the pistol, Rhodes. Help Rhodes lift the man out, Brasington."

Jimmie Rhodes stepped forward and handed Brasington the pistol. Their backs were to Colonel Sanford, and the colonel was smiling.

"Hr-r-umph," the colonel said. "Commendable acrobatics, Rhodes. Brasington, you did well to let him have the stick."

Jimmie Rhodes chuckled, then bent close to Brasington, and muttered:

"A legend of the 94th,
'Tis known from pole to pole.
A ship is never landed—"

"All right, Rhodes," Brasington said, with a good grace that was surprising, if forced. "You win."

Major Renfrew and Denny McShane Go Hunting

Man hunting. And upon the outcome of the hunt depends the life of Denny's father.

"FINE RAIMENT"

By Laurie York Erskine

In May

The Class in Unnatural History—

The sea lion, out on a lark,
Is known for his resonant bark.
He says, when he bellows:
"Come on! You fellows—
Let's go for a swim in the park!"

High Up in the Trees

(*Continued from page 25*)

But Weary wasn't home and the landlady didn't know when he would be in.

For an hour Trent paced the room, and then called again. This time he learned that Weary might not be in at all that night.

"Probably hiding out," Trent concluded miserably.

It was ten-thirty and Tryon was nearly two hundred miles away. Trent sank down in a chair helplessly. Now that he wanted passionately to square things, the cards were stacked against him.

"Why did Weary's brother have to be so grateful?" he cried aloud.

Unreasoning rage filled his soul. He felt a sudden desire to heave the telephone across the room. He knew that in his present mood he couldn't sleep. The hotel room seemed unbearably small and confining. He looked out on the beckoning lights of the city. Without half knowing what he was doing he jammed his hat on his head and went out.

THE finals of the low hurdles were being run off at Cardiff Bowl before a crowd that jammed the aisles, overflowed the concrete sections and packed the wooden bleachers thrown up at the field's end. The twelve colleges in the Valley Conference had all sent regiments of undergrads. It was a noisy, happy crowd —watching the tightest conference meet of a decade. The score-board crew had grown dizzy chalking up split points. Two conference records, the quarter mile and discus, had been smashed.

In the center of the green oval by the jumping pits Coach Kennard was arguing with the head field judge.

"Give me another fifteen minutes," he begged. "Then, if there's no word of Trent, I'm done."

"But we can't hold the crowd," protested the official. "And I'll say this, Kennard. I believe finding your man is a job for the police. Steel City's no soft town. If Trent tried to throw a party with some of these mill workers—"

Kennard gave a quick cry. A man was crossing the running track from the direction of the contestants' gate. The coach knew that figure. He advanced to meet Trent, his chin thrust forward truculently.

"You're a man to bank on," he cried, harsh-voiced. "Where were you last night? And all day? You've thrown Tryon's chance to win."

"I was—" Trent hesitated. "What's it matter, Coach? I'm here. Ready to go, if you'll let me."

Kennard sized him up. Trent's wide shoulders sagged; his eyes were hollow, dark-circled.

"Trent, first and last," repeated the coach bitterly. "And you might have set a record. You've lost for Tryon and yourself. You're all in. But dress—I'll have to use you."

"Thanks, Kennard," Trent said humbly. "And Rivers—his entry's not scratched, is it? He's at the field house."

"Rivers!" cried the coach. "He's—here?"

"Drove up from Tryon. Found he could get a ride. A hard trip, I guess, but he made it."

With that, Joe Trent started for the field house.

The sun was drawing down over the poplar trees on New Corby, the street behind Cardiff Bowl. But the Conference meet had not finished. The delayed high jump held it up. And with the jump went victory. Tryon and Marysville were tied, 27-27, for first place.

The crowd had surged out across the field, making a wide ring about the jumping standards where, with the crossbar at five feet eleven, both contenders for Conference laurels had entries still competing.

Marysville's hope was Doran, a lanky, carrot-topped athlete with an odd scissors form. He was the dark horse of the meet. Tryon had two entries left—Joe Trent and Weary. And Art Rivers of Ardmore was the fourth, jumping as consistently as he always did.

The four men cleared the bar and the judges raised the pegs an inch. Again the quartet made clean jumps, though Trent's shoulders bowed the crossbar. Once more the pegs raised. All four cleared again.

Six feet two, the bar stood now. Art Rivers had already out-performed himself, and he missed on his first try. Then Joe Trent followed and missed too. But Doran, sneaking up in his queer approach, forked his long legs over the bar to clear it neatly. The crowd gave a hoarse cry, then hushed.

"Rivers, jumping for Tryon!" called the judge.

Trent, watching Weary start his run, shivered. Himself—he had nothing left. His vision had lost keenness; he kept seeing a strip of brown road unroll endlessly, fences flicking by. And his fingers were cramped as though he gripped a wheel. It *must* be Weary who would win for Tryon. The boy rose into the air, rolled over with a convulsive kick. The judge scored him. Then, glancing at his card, said:

"Rivers, Ardmore. Second trial."

Art Rivers missed again. Trent missed again. They rested. Then the last trial and Art Rivers failed. Joe Trent followed, and kicked the bar off with his lead leg. He who should have been the champ was out.

Trent forgot that practiced bow as the crowd gave him the loser's cheer. Strangely, he wasn't thinking of Joe Trent, or the vanished all-collegiate championship, but of Weary Rivers. He was wondering if the boy could last. Hoping that he might.

"Six-three," said the judge. "Rivers and Doran. Competing now for a new Conference record."

Doran's first jump failed. Weary glanced at Joe Trent. Trent dared not move or make a gesture. He stood rock-still. But a faint smile crossed the boy's face—not a boastful smile, but confident. Trent thought, suddenly, there was power in that face.

Then Weary jumped, with the complete form of the Western. Trent's form, plus. The double leg kick, the shoulder twitch. Trent saw inches between his body and the crossbar when he cleared.

Doran went out—two—three.

Five minutes later Weary Rivers, jumping alone, was halted at six-five.

Weary disappeared in a seething, howling mob. Trent, wrapped in the maroon robe, looked on from the fringes of the crowd. He smiled happily. Coach Kennard, threading through the crowd, touched his arm.

"You might have set that record," he said, "high up in the trees. But you passed it up."

Trent smiled but didn't answer, and the coach walked away puzzled. The jumper watched until Kennard had passed through the field house gate. He moved to follow, but someone called his name and he turned. It was Art Rivers. He came close, and gripped Trent by the hand.

"You brought Weary. I know it. No, he didn't tell. But I know . . . Four hundred miles. Tell me—did you let Weary sleep all the way?"

Trent nodded shortly.

Art Rivers whistled. "Gosh, you must have felt rotten to-day."

The shade of a smile came over Trent's face as he shook his head.

"No I didn't," he said. "I felt better'n I ever have." He stretched his arms luxuriously, like a man on whom Fortune has smiled. "Let's find a steak for three," he suggested.

Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League

(*Continued from page 19*)

But Earnshaw is a fast-ball pitcher. He's big and powerful. He likes to throw them past the batter.

"A young pitcher coming up," Earnshaw goes on, "needs only three pitches—a fast ball, a slow ball, and a curve. The slow ball shouldn't be too slow. If it is, the batter can set himself for it and wallop it. It should be just slow enough to catch the batter off balance. And you've got to learn to deliver it with exactly the same motions as you throw your fast one. Don't ticket your slow one. If you do, sluggers like Ruth and Gehrig will spot it and be ready for it every time you wind up."

"Is Ruth hard to pitch to?" you ask.

"Plenty," he replies. "You can never pitch to him the same way twice. One day you may strike him out with your fast ball. The next time he faces you, he may knock your fast one out of the lot. The main idea with him is to mix 'em up. Try to deliver the ball he doesn't expect. I've outguessed him my share of times."

He smiles. "Sometimes," he continues, "you get the feeling that you have something on the batter. I feel that way about Ruth and I think he knows it. The result is that I'm pretty confident when I'm facing Ruth, and the Babe is a little uncertain."

"Do you find any batters especially tough?" you ask.

"Hargrave, former Detroit catcher," Earnshaw replies instantly. "Whenever Hargrave would learn I was going to pitch, he'd just beg to get into the game. One day he knocked two doubles, a homer, and a single off me. He used me to fatten his average. He was so certain he could hit me that he had me believing he could."

Wally Schang (now with Detroit) walks up. He's a veteran catcher, forty years old, with twenty years of major league experience. He has a rounded face, tilted nose, and alert eyes.

You meet Schang, make room for him on the settee, and return to the subject of big league pitching.

"What's the best delivery?" you ask Earnshaw.

"It doesn't make any difference," Earnshaw replies. "I use the over-arm, but the side-arm or under-arm are just as effective. A young pitcher shouldn't try to perfect more than one delivery. He's likely to lose control of the ball entirely. A certain coach told me that over-arm was no way to pitch. He tried to change me to side-arm and I soon got so that I couldn't pitch at all."

"That's right," agrees Schang. "Down in St. Louis, Killefer tried to change one of our pitchers to over-arm. The pitcher immediately became wild. I caught him, and I never knew where the next ball was coming."

"The big kick I get out of pitching," Earnshaw says, "is the battle between you and the batter. He's standing there figuring what kind of a ball you're going to throw. You're looking him over, figuring what kind of a ball he expects you to throw. Then you feed him something else. But a pitcher has to know more about a batter than merely what kind of pitches he doesn't like. He's got to understand the batter's temperament. Goslin, the outfielder now with St. Louis, for instance, is always eager to hit. He doesn't like to fool when he's batting.

"I remember one game when Goslin came to bat with men on base. He's a heavy hitter—but I didn't want to pass him. So I stood for a while swinging my arms as if I were preparing to pitch. Goslin waited for a moment and then impatiently walked out of the batter's box. He came back in burning up, and I still continued to swing my arm. When I finally did deliver the ball, Goslin was so upset he was unable to hit. His overanxious temperament ruined his effectiveness."

A player walks in the door. Tall and husky, tanned, smiling. Quick in his movements. You are trying to place him when Earnshaw unfolds his massive form and walks forward.

The newcomer is Jimmy Foxx, first baseman—home run hitter and breaker-up of ball games. Others walk in—Jimmy Dykes, square-built third baseman; "Bing" Miller, rangy outfielder with a face and a tread like an Indian. There are greetings and back slapping. A wave of hilarious chatter fills the lobby. The heavy hitters, the big guns are arriving, and to-morrow you'll see them in action on the diamond.

YOU'RE sitting on a bench, letting the warm sun burn the back of your neck and soak through your shirt. In front of you is home plate, and standing at the plate, bat in hand, is Mule Haas. On the mound is Lee Roy Mahaffey, recruit from Portland, Oregon. Mahaffey—like all of Connie Mack's regular moundsmen—is tall and rugged. His face is freckled and Irish; his movements deliberate. His nickname, you remember, is "Iron Man," because he pitched more than forty games for Portland in 1929.

Mahaffey is pitching easily and carefully. There's no reason for him to put "stuff" on the ball because it's merely batting practice. The powerful sluggers of the Athletics are taking their turn at the plate—sharpening batting eyes that have been dimmed by the winter's layoff, timing swings that have become rusty from disuse.

You watch Mule Haas closely. This is the boy who tied that last World Series game with the Cubs by whaling out a home run in the ninth inning. He's a left-hander. You notice his stance at the plate. His right foot is halfway up from the rear edge of the plate and his left about a foot farther back. His body is exactly parallel to the side of the plate and his head is turned toward the pitcher.

The business end of his bat is around behind his left forearm. Unlike most batters he doesn't indulge in any preparatory swings. He makes no move whatever except to stretch out his arms slightly as if to loosen the muscles. He's gripping the bat at least four inches from the end.

Mahaffey winds up and the ball shoots over. Mule's right foot goes forward well ahead of the plate. The bat comes around with a swish and the entire body turns at the waist. There's a crack, and the ball sails out to left field.

You notice that Haas doesn't step high with the right foot. He doesn't throw his weight into the swing like some others, but in that sudden twist of the body there's a world of power. Four balls he hits into the outfield, and then he strolls away from the plate toward you. You get up to meet him.

"I noticed you gripping the bat rather short," you suggest.

He nods and grins. "Remember me telling you Saturday that you can learn a lot in the minors?" he asks.

You look at him interestedly.

"Well," he continues, "you can learn a lot in the majors, too. For a long time I was off in my hitting, and I didn't learn why until I got into the majors. And then a coach told me that the pitchers were throwing 'em past the handle of my bat." He explains what he means. "I used to be a free swinger. I used the full length of the club. I also stood farther forward than I do now. This coach told me to take a shorter grip on the bat and stand farther back. Those two tips boosted me above the .300 mark."

You nod appreciatively. Standing farther back gives the batter more time to judge the pitch—to tell what kind of a ball it is and where it's coming. The shorter grip makes his swing more controllable.

Mickey Cochrane is next up. He, also, is a left-hander, but he's shorter than Haas and a great deal stockier. His face is tanned to a coffee color and the hair showing at the side of his cap is jet black.

His feet are in the same position as the Mule's. While he's waiting for the pitch he carries his bat on his shoulder. As the hurler winds up he takes the bat off his shoulder and makes a quick downward cut with it and then brings the head of the bat around behind his left forearm so that the stick is parallel with the ground. This preliminary wave is a habit with him—he always does it. You wonder if the pitcher might not be able to fool him by delivering the ball before he expects it.

When the ball comes over, Cochrane takes a short step into it and swings. There isn't much body movement. He seems to get all his power from his arms and shoulders—but the ball travels like a bullet.

FOXX follows Cochrane. Foxx has the clean-up position in the A's batting order. He's a mauler. As he takes his position at the left of the plate—he's a right-hander—you notice that his stance is different from that of Cochrane and Haas. His feet are close together at the rear of the plate. When he's eager to hit, he waves his bat and steps gingerly with his feet. Now, he's merely watching the pitcher. He doesn't lean over the plate; he stands erect.

The ball is coming over. Up comes Foxx's left foot—high up. Then forward—way ahead of the plate. Foxx steps into the ball! When the bat meets the ball, his whole 175 pounds are coming down on that left foot.

Meanwhile, in his swing, he's carried that bat a full arm's length back and now he's bringing it forward in a free-swinging arc. It meets the ball, perfectly timed, and the sphere sails out to the pines beyond left field, far beyond the deepest fly-chaser. The second pitch he converts into a sizzler straight at Dibrell Williams, the recruit on second base. Williams takes it backing up. The third pitch is a low ball that Foxx loops safely to right field. He hits them to any part of the park. He's a natural-born slugger; a hitter of the Babe Ruth type, with grace and rhythm to his swing.

After Foxx comes Bing Miller. He's another giant, and a hard hitter. He stands farther back than Foxx and his feet are spread. His swing isn't as free as Foxx's, but he takes a good step into the ball and a lusty cut.

Joe Boley, regular shortstop, has a batting peculiarity. When the pitcher lets go of the ball, he waves the bat down, pulls it back, and hits. That impresses you as waste motion. Perhaps it's one of the reasons why Boley doesn't hit as well as Foxx and Miller and Cochrane.

Next comes Homer Summa, pinch hitter. Much to your surprise his left foot is *ahead* of the plate. He holds his bat with the shortest grip of any you've seen. When the ball comes over, he takes a very short step and swings his shortened bat. The ball loops over second.

"That's Summa's strong point," you hear a voice say.

You look behind you and see Connie Mack standing there.

"Summa," Mr. Mack goes on, "has a habit of putting tantalizing singles over second. Balls that drop safe just behind the bag. He drives in a lot of runs that way."

You can understand Summa's style. He's far enough forward so that a curve ball won't have had time to break when it reaches him. His short grip is insurance that a fast ball won't get past him. He has a vigorous swing, but he doesn't try to slug. He just knocks out those useful singles over second.

Connie Mack strolls away and you go over to where Bing Miller and a newspaper man are talking.

"I used to be a left-field hitter," Bing is saying. "Outfielders got so they could figure me and my batting average started dropping. There was just one thing for me to do and that was teach myself to hit to right field."

"How did you do it?" the newspaper man asks.

"I started to face a little more toward right—put my left foot closer to the plate. Then I learned to time my swing to meet the ball a fraction of a second later and follow through with my swing toward right field. That's all there was to it. Now I can hit either to right or left field."

By this time it's Miller's turn to bat again. He picks up a stick and starts toward the plate.

"Let's see you hit one into right!" the newspaper man challenges.

"All right," Miller says agreeably.

He sets himself and the ball comes over. You notice that Miller's left foot steps more toward right, that his swing doesn't carry around so far. The ball travels on a line toward the right corner of the field. The newspaper man turns to you, smiling.

"Bing hit a lot of triples in that corner last year," he says. "Fielders can't figure him any longer. He can hit either to right or left."

Connie Mack walks toward you.

"Watch Schang," he suggests.

Wally Schang, the stocky veteran receiver, is taking his turn at bat. As the pitcher starts delivering the ball, Schang faces around toward him and slides one hand along the bat as if he were going to bunt. The fielders come in. Then, quick as lightning, Schang lengthens his hold, swings, and dumps a Texas leaguer over the first baseman.

Connie Mack's lean face breaks into a smile. "That's an old trick of Schang's," he informs you. "Makes the infielders think he's going to bunt. Draws them in and then hits one over their heads or between 'em."

While the regulars are taking their turn at bat, every other member on the squad is doing something. Behind the backstop, men are bunting and fielding. Pitchers and catchers are tossing the ball to each other. A few others are jog trotting around the diamond. Infielders and outfielders are taking their turns shagging balls. Eddie Collins is out near second, gathering the balls and tossing them one by one to the pitcher.

The Athletics practice twice a day—an hour and a half in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. It takes work to bring a squad of players up to major-league form. There's no loafing under Connie Mack! He's quiet and friendly, but he's also a driver.

In next month's article, Howard Ehmke tells you about pitching, and the squad plays its first Regular-Yannigan game preparatory to meeting the St. Louis Cardinals in the first game of the Grapefruit League.

Absent Without Leave
Stealing Property
Insubordination

These were a few of the charges against Private Rod Murphy. And Sergeant Pinky had to nurse him into battle!

Next month's war story is

"Under Arrest"

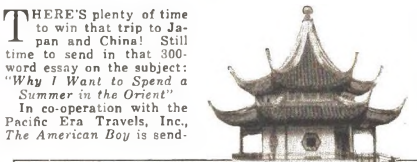
By Franklin M. Reck

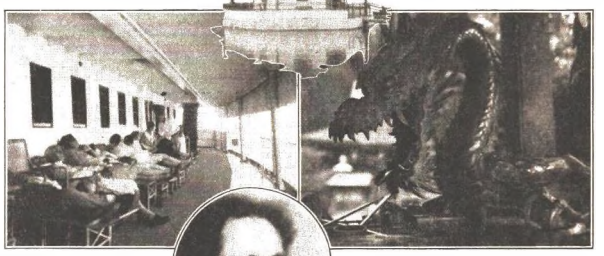
Win a Summer in the Orient!

Two Trips to Japan and China are Waiting for You!

THERE'S plenty of time to win that trip to Japan and China! Still time to send in that 300-word essay on the subject: *"Why I Want to Spend a Summer in the Orient"*

In co-operation with the Pacific Era Travels, Inc., *The American Boy* is sending two winners to the Far East! One will be a reader, under 21 years old. The other will be a teacher. One may be *you*.





This is how you'll steam up the Yangtze. Right: Upton Close.

Center above: A Peking pagoda. Above: This dragon is a water fountain.

There are just two things to do. First, write to the nearest of the following two addresses, enclosing *three cents* in stamps for return postage, and ask for helpful literature on the Orient:

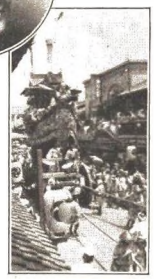
Pacific Era Travels, Inc., 112 East 19th St., New York City. Or the same company at 307 Crary Building, Seattle, Wash.

Second, write your essay and send it to the Orient Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. The closing date is April 10.

One reader and one teacher will go on the memorable trip. *All* your expenses paid, from your doorstep and back to it! Twenty-five contestants will win books autographed by Upton Close, author, lecturer, and famous authority on the Orient.

If you're the lucky winner, you'll be in good hands. You'll be a member of the Fifth Cultural Expedition. You'll have the advantage of constant contact with Mr. Close, commander of the Expedition, and with Mrs. Close, and their staff. You'll enjoy an acquaintanceship with Mr. Close's own son, who is going on the trip. Mr. Close's intimate contacts with the officialdom of Japan and China will guarantee to you privileged treatment and a royal welcome everywhere.

The cities of the Far East, with their temples and pagodas, are waiting for you. Nikko, Tokyo, Peiping and Hangchow will rise above your horizon. On your way to Seattle you'll stop a day at the mountain resort of Banff, and a day at Lake Louise, or if you wish, two days at one of them. If you live west of the Canadian Rockies, *The American Boy* will send you to Lake Louise and Banff anyhow, over the scenic lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway. When you board the Osaka Shosen Kaisha's *Arizona Maru* about June 24, you'll enjoy deck games; songfests and fun with Mrs. Alice Close, concert pianist; lectures, if you wish, in the Rittenberg Summer School of Art, which is accompanying the Expedition.



The world-famed Juggernaut drawn through the streets of Kyoto.

Indeed, should the winner be an art teacher or a qualified art student, he or she will be given a membership in the School. Mr. Henry R. Rittenberg, who personally makes this generous offer, is a member of the National Academy, and a recognized master.

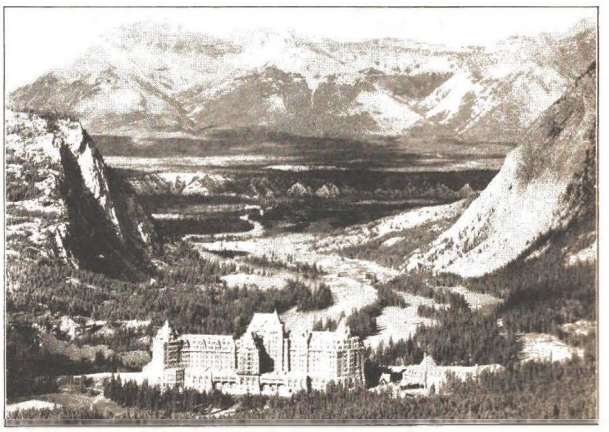
A summer of new sights, new sounds, new friends! All waiting for the essay winner! The results of the Orient contest will be announced in the June *American Boy*. If your name is to head the list, read carefully these rules:

First, write for your literature to the addresses already given, enclosing *three cents* for return postage. Second, get your entry in to *The American Boy* by April 10.

Keep your essay, if possible, within 300 words. Put your name, address, age and the name of your school—if you attend one—at the top of each sheet. If you're a teacher, put at the top of each sheet the word "Teacher," and the name of the school in which you teach, in addition to your address.

Don't ask us to return your entry—keep a carbon copy if you wish. (To save postage, include your best reading ballot, page 32.)

Note to teacher entrants: If you plan to



On your way to the Orient you'll visit Banff, cradled in the Canadian Rockies.

attend the National Education Association convention in Los Angeles June 27 to July 3, you will be given membership in the special convention group which will join the Expedition in Japan. You will be given a railroad ticket to the port of departure via Los Angeles, and you may visit Lake Louise and Banff in the Canadian Rockies on your way back home.

Honorary judges: His Excellency Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States; The Honorable C. C. Wu, Chinese Minister to the United States; Mr. Roland S. Morris, ex-Ambassador to Japan; Mr. James G. McDonald, Director, Foreign Policy Association. Mr. Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor of *The American Boy*, will serve as executive judge.

In the Morning Mail

(*Continued from page 34*)

Wash.; Kay Walters, Finley, N. D.; Valentine Coleman, Farnhamville, Iowa; Alfred Russell, Jasper, Ala.; and Jimmy Hodgson, Dawson, Minn.

Any story as popular as "The Land of No Shadow," is bound to arouse some adverse comment. Ed Murphy, Laurence, Mass., says that it didn't deserve a place on his best reading ballot. And Joe Bailey, Murphy, N. C., states:

"Dear Pluto: It seems to me as though your fleas have gone to your head and are eating out the white meat —if there is any. You have been advertising 'The Land of No Shadow' for two or three months, and when it arrives what do I get? Nothing."

Which goes to show that even the most popular story in years will not please every reader. That's why the magazine strives for variety.

The month brings forth some interesting hobbies. Guyton Christopher, Decatur, Ga., collects blotters and has 218 different kinds from 105 companies. Richard Parker, Philadelphia, in addition to his match-box hobby—he has 2,672—has built up his own aquarium.

"I have one alligator, two newts, two Japanese red-bellied newts and three turtles in one aquarium," he says, "and in another I have twelve tropical fish. In still another aquarium I put fish I catch, such as baby sunfish, catfish, minnows, and tadpoles."

Parker is on the road to a career as a biologist—or perhaps a museum director.

But the prize for hobbies, this month, goes to William Schreiter, Walpole, Mass. His sideline, apparently, is leading him right into his life's work.

"My hobby," he says, "is stagecraft. I go to a play—and criticize it. If I get a chance I talk to the producer or stage manager. Right now I'm studying the art director's work in play production. I take a scene from the play I've seen, draw plans of that scene to scale, and then make color schemes. After that, I make a model of that scene and color it. It's very interesting, and I hope some day to become a professional."

And now we're going to pause a moment to pay our respects to the candidate of Arthur F. Lomer, Portland, Ore., for the magazine's oldest reader. We haven't her name, but her picture is reproduced on page 34. She's 78!

From our regular contributor, Arthur Silliman, Hibbing, Minn., who signs himself "a permanent subscriber," comes a new use for Pluto's ballads. In Silliman's high school is a dramatic club, and one of the requirements for membership is a three-minute speech, or recitation. The contestants with the best speeches are admitted to the club. Silliman earned his membership by reciting that memorable ballad: "How Pluto Caught a Whale Upon a Fly."

Tommy Becker, Brookhaven, Miss., states that he likes our sports material, and that he's planning to become a coach. He has a brother who is going to be a lawyer, another who is going to be an aviator, and another at Annapolis. Those brothers are going to have interesting family gatherings, ten years from now!

Roy Henry, Altus, Okla., says that he's the youngest of a family of four boys, and that his oldest brother, aged 20, still reads THE AMERICAN BOY. The Pup wonders which brother gets the magazine first.

There's only a little space left for the month's requests. So here goes:

Robert E. Noel, Charleston, W. Va., wants modern stories of people in other countries. Look for "The White Leopard," the story of a young Englishman in Africa, next month.

Wayne Robinson, Yeadon, Penna., says that he's willing to perch himself upon a soap box and yell loud and long for his favorite author, William Heyliger. His yelp is going to be granted with an iron mine serial by Heyliger, starting in June.

"Give the dark-haired boy a break," pleads Robert J. Watt, Jr., Glencoe, Ill. "All your heroes are blonds!"

How about Jimmie Rhodes in this issue, Watt! Black-eyed, dark-haired, and a he-man hero!

John R. Moore, Kirkwood, Mo., wants to know if poetry is permissible in contests such as the Yellowstone Park one, announced in this issue. Yes—all forms of writing are permissible. Which reminds us: don't fail to show the Yellowstone Park announcement—and the Trip to the Orient contest announced last month, and again this—to your teachers, so that they can call the contests to the attention of their classes. Many teachers are using these contests in place of their regular theme assignments.

Bill Allen, Portland, Ore., pleads for tennis and golf stories. Watch the early summer issues, Allen!

The Pup acknowledges interesting letters from two subscribers in Canada, Russell Bowes, Dorchester, New Brunswick; and Tsutai Kobayashi, Okanagan Centre, British Columbia, and closes with a fascinating account of a bazaar in Beirut, Syria, sent in by Edward Nicol:

"The bazaar is crowded with dogs slinking through your legs, and cats eating garbage. A shout is heard and a string of camels, growling and complaining, kneel and lie down, chewing their cud and looking very fierce with their big, yellow, ugly teeth. Always a donkey leads a camel train, with a very fat owner sometimes riding on him and almost hiding the poor little beast under him.

"One of the most interesting things seen in a bazaar is the mixture of nationalities. Little Armenians bending over their work as if their life depended on it. Bronzed Syrians running here and there to wait on the fashionable French women. Tall Egyptians gliding about their business. The still taller African negroes, mostly from Abyssinia, with their three cuts on each cheek as a charm. The French soldiers and the Algerians with their long, red cloaks. Little Indo-Chinese with their brass, conical helmets.

"The Spahis from Algeria have a very impressive ceremony. They ride on their beautiful Arab horses in the moonlight on the desert. Each carries a torch and a drawn sabre. The next morning they ride off toward the rising sun on their camels with their red cloaks flying out behind them."

Pluto, the Office Pup, signing off. He wants more letters. One fan wants to know if the Pup reads only the first paragraph or two of every letter. The pup reads *all* of *every* letter. And he quotes from the most interesting. The best letter, each month, wins five bones from his salary. Let 'em come!

Alder Gulch Gold

(*Continued from page 16*)

But let me give you a little advice. Don't show your nugget to anyone. Don't brag about your clean-ups. Let on that you're getting no pay dirt to speak of. Since our talk about bad men this morning, more of 'em have come in. Among 'em a real killer, George Ives from Bannack City. He's done a lot of killing and robbing of travelers between there and Salt Lake City. And with him are Buck Stinson and Ned Ray, just as bad. And if you'll believe it, our new sheriff, Henry Plummer over in Bannack, has appointed Stinson and Ray deputy sheriffs for this gulch! It's being hinted around that they, together with Ives and some others, are a regular organized band of road agents and murderers, and that Plummer himself—our sheriff, mind you—is the chief of it."

"It doesn't seem possible that a sheriff would be that sort of man," said my uncle.

"Or that a man of that kind could be elected sheriff," Beaver Bill added.

"A few weeks before Plummer got the office," said Fairweather, "the miners were all for hanging him for the murder of one of his pals. But Plummer's a slick one. He's educated, and he's got pleasant manners and a glib tongue. He befuddled the miners with his fine talk and his promises, and got their votes. Well, good night."

After Fairweather had gone, Bill said: "We'll follow his advice. Always let on that we are pluggin' along with hope of making a good strike. And now that we've got the starter of a stake, we've got to decide where we'll bank it."

"Bank it? Where?" asked my uncle.

"Right here. Just watch me," Bill answered.

He pawed from his war sack a well-worn, greasy buckskin sack, put into it our gold dust and nugget, securely tied its neck, and placed it in a hole he dug in the ground a little way out from the fireplace. Then he filled the hole with the earth he had taken from it and smoothed it over so that the ground there seemed never to have been disturbed.

"There! How's that?" he asked.

"Fine! Fine! No one would ever think of digging there for our pannings," my uncle said in a relieved tone.

BILL went off visiting after that and didn't return until late. The next morning he told us that we were to join some of the miners above in taking a new ditch from the creek that would furnish us all, each in our turn, the water we needed for working our claims. He and my uncle would work on the ditch until we could find men to do it, and I was to watch our camp and horses and do some panning of gravel from my bar.

The first thing I did that morning was to bake a batch of sour dough bread in our big Dutch oven, and stew a mess of dried apples. Then as I was about to go to my bar, a crowd of gold seekers arrived with wagons, pack trains, and afoot, the raggedest, frowsiest set of men I had ever seen. They began staking claims across the creek from ours and below ours on both sides of the stream, and I didn't dare leave camp for fear they'd steal all we had.

They examined our claim notices, and several men, seeing that no work had been done on Bill's and my uncle's claims, would have re-staked them if I hadn't gone out, rifle in hand, told them that the owners were working on a ditch for their claims and mine, and advised them pretty sharply to move on. I kept an eye on the fellows all day, but I did do some panning in the afternoon, and when Beaver Bill got out his scales in the evening, and weighed my washings, we found we had seventeen dollars' worth of dust to put into our bank.

On the following day, several hundred more outfits arrived and staked out claims farther down the gulch. Back of us, out upon the flat, a town of tents was springing up—a town of grocery stores, saloons, a meat market, a bakery, and the tent homes of gamblers and worse. Up where we had recorded our claims, the fast growing town of tents had been named Virginia City. On this day a new district for the gulch was created and named Nevada City.

We liked the man, Tom Delavan, who had taken the claim next below mine. Tall, well built, clear-eyed, and quiet, he was one who could be trusted we thought. So on this afternoon I asked him to keep an eye upon our lodge while he was fixing up his camp, and with

pick and shovel and gold pan I went down to my bar.

All that day I'd had an uneasiness of mind, an indefinable fear of something menacing us; and that feeling grew as I took pan after pan of gravel to the creek and washed it. I put the result of each washing upon a piece of thin flat rock, and the little pile of it looked good. I knew I was getting better pay than I had on the previous day. I should have been very happy about it, but I wasn't. I was several times on the point of returning to the lodge with my washings, but each time forced myself to get just one more panful of the gravel.

"Well, this will be the very last one to-day," I said to myself as I carried a heaped-up heavy panful to the creek and knelt to wash it, more than ever depressed.

The swish of the gravel in the pan and the clatter of a rapid close above prevented my hearing approaching footsteps; so I nearly went into the creek when I heard a voice just back of me say, "Well, Henry, what luck you having?"

I knew that voice—Jim Brady's!

I jerked my head round and looked up at him, saw two others at his side—Yreka Jack, and a handsome, blue-eyed, light-haired man I'd never seen before. I sprang up with my half-washed pan of gravel, wondering what answer I should make to Brady.

But before I could speak the stranger said casually, "Hello, what's this black stuff?" And with that he took up my little pile of washings and started pouring them carelessly from the flat rock into the palm of his left hand.

"Don't!" I cried. "That's my gold dust!"

By that time he was pretending to let the dust dribble to the ground. But only a little of it went down; the greater part he slyly dropped into a side pocket of his coat, and then said: "What, was that gold dust? Well now, young feller, I'm sorry. I thought it was nothing but queer-lookin' sand. Well, 'tain't lost. You can easy gather it up, can't you?"

I didn't answer. What was there for me to say or do with three of them standing there laughing at me, each with two six-shooters at his waist? Nothing! I looked steadily at Brady. He shifted his feet uneasily, and wouldn't meet my eyes, but as they started on down the gulch he flung back:

"Well, Henry, go to it. We'll be round again to see how you're making it. So 'long."

They disappeared round a point of alders and I was left alone to reflect furiously upon my helplessness. I had been robbed, and I could do nothing about it! There was no law in Alder Gulch. Jim Brady and his friends hadn't got so much this time but how soon would they be back? What trick would they try next?

Well, whatever was to happen, it was time to stop work now. I gathered up my tools and returned to the lodge. I found my uncle and Beaver Bill there, and with them our neighbor.

"Did you see George Ives?" Delavan asked.

"George Ives?"

"Yes. I was just telling your uncle and Bill that he was here with Yreka Jack and another of his gang that I'd never seen before. They circled around the lodge two or three times and then went down toward your bar."

"Yes, I saw Ives. He robbed me of my pannings, about twenty dollars," I replied, and told them all about it.

"You're lucky. It's a wonder he didn't knock you on the head after he'd robbed you," Delavan remarked when I had finished.

"He won't do any more robbing if I can find him," Bill growled.

He snatched up his rifle and started for the doorway. But my uncle and Delavan seized him and held him, made him see that he would surely be going to his own death were he to attack Ives in the midst of his well armed gang. Bill finally went back to his bed couch and laid aside his rifle. He sat there silent and brooding for some time. At last he spoke.

"We're going to have trouble with Ives and his gang," he said tight-mouthed.

"Don't worry—we'll live to see a lot of them hung," Delavan declared.

Listening, I shivered. Yet in spite of my foreboding, I had little idea then how grimly we should be entangled in the wild affairs of George Ives and Jim Brady and their friends.

Chapter Six

THERE was no time to brood over the chances of our being robbed again. We were too busy digging the ditch that was to furnish water for our claims.

We had succeeded in hiring three penniless miners to help us, at five dollars a day and found—that is, we bought a tent, a stove, and a mess outfit for their use and furnished the provisions, which they cooked themselves. But guided by Fairweather's advice, we had decided to work the bars of our claims until cold weather stopped us, and then develop our deep ground, in which we could sink shafts and tunnel along bed rock even in zero weather and below. So on the day after George Ives had robbed me, I too went to work on the ditch although I much preferred washing panfuls of the rich gravel of my bar. Ditch digging was monotonous.

I had some variety in my work, however, for it fell to my lot to purchase the groceries and other necessities for our lodge and our hired help. Whenever possible, I bought them in our town. If I couldn't get what I wanted there I went up to Virginia City, at the upper end of the gulch, usually with a saddle horse and another horse for packing the supplies.

I went to the upper town as little as possible, however, for it was there that Jim Brady, George Ives, Yreka Jack, and Red Hughes had their headquarters, along with Sheriff Plummer's deputies for the gulch, Jack Gallagher, Buck

Stinson, and Ned Ray. It was now openly asserted that these men belonged to an organized band of robbers and murderers, headed by Plummer himself. They were all good men to avoid.

But sometimes I had to go to Virginia City to get what we needed. I saw George Ives several times, but he didn't speak—just gave me a leering smile as I passed him. Jim Brady, too, used to pass me with his slanting grin until one day he stopped and said, "Well, Henry, how are you getting on with your ditch? Hope you'll soon be sluicing that rich bar of yours."

I didn't even answer. It made me furious to know that he was keeping an eye on all we were doing.

Early in September, we had the ditch completed, our sluice boxes built and set, and a good head of water running through them. Then we began sluicing all three of our bars, each of us with one of our three helpers.

We had previously prospected our bars from grass roots down to bed rock, and mine had proved to be the only one of them that had good pay in all its gravel. On my uncle's and Beaver Bill's bars there was pay only on bed rock and in about a foot of the gravel above it. So they were obliged to pick and shovel a lot of barren gravel in order to get at the pay and run it through the sluices. On that first day they uncovered some of their pay gravel, ready to sluice on the following day, while my helper, a lank, grizzled California miner named Bed-rock Jim, and I worked with vim, picking down the face of my bar and shoveling it into the sluice boxes.

FROM the very first hour of work, that morning, I wanted to look at the riffles in the first of the four sluice boxes, but I waited until noon, when I told Bed-rock to shut off the head of water. It lowered to a dribble, ceased flowing, and I stared at the riffles, hardly believing what I saw. There was a bank of gold dust against each of the first eight or ten of them, coarse dust, almost free from iron sand. Bed-rock took a look and then let out a yell that brought my uncle and Beaver Bill and their helpers running.

"Look! Look at that—plumb yeller with coarse dust!" Bed-rock pointed out.

"By the horns of the two-headed bull! There's five hundred dollars against those riffles!" Beaver Bill exclaimed, while my uncle and our two other helpers stared and stared, speechless.

"Bed-rock," said Bill, "and you, Jake and Higgins, don't say anything about this. Don't breathe a word about it to anyone. It'll be healthier for us to keep it to ourselves."

"You bet. Mum's the word," Bed-rock agreed, and the two others nodded.

We went to camp for dinner, and when we three were alone in our lodge, my uncle half whispered: "We're going to be rich! Rich, I tell you, if we can keep our clean-ups safe. Where'll we put them? Where can we keep them?"

"Right here in our bank. Here where no one can see us putting dust into it or taking it out," Bill answered.

"But we can't be here all the time. Anyone coming in to search for our cache is almost sure to dig up the ground in here, isn't he?"

"Well, we've got to take some chance. If we were to cache our dust down in the gulch, why, even if we went there in the darkest night with rain a pourin', some sneakin' robber would sure be trailin' us. If it gets out that we're makin' big clean-ups, we're goin' to be watched night and day. And it will get out, you mark my words!"

"But our helpers will keep still about it."

"Yes, they said they would. But whisky is a tongue loosener. Remember how drunk Jake and Higgins were last Sunday?"

"I'll caution them—give them a good talking to," my uncle declared.

Before one o'clock, Bed-rock and I were again at work, and it was a heavy pan of pay that we took to the lodge that evening. Our helpers followed us in to see Beaver Bill clean and weigh it. He had to make two weighings of it in his small scale.

"Altogether, fifty ounces, three pennyweights. How much is that?" he said.

My uncle was the quickest. "Nine hundred and two dollars and seventy cents," he answered.

Jake and Higgins looked thoughtful, and I knew that they were regretting the drinking sprees that prevented their having rich claims of their own. Bed-rock Jim, however, rejoiced in our good luck. But he was of different mold. Indians had stolen his whole outfit, on Salmon River, and he was saving his wages to replace it and would then locate a claim wherever he could find a good prospect.

After our helpers had gone to their tent, Bill produced another buckskin sack from his belongings, put my clean-up in it, and we banked it—put it into the hole in the ground before the fireplace.

ON the next day, my uncle and Bill sluiced the gravel that they had exposed and made between them a clean-up of nearly four hundred dollars. I brought in only a little more than five hundred dollars that day. Still, nine hundred in all was a lot to add to the deposit in our bank. Too much, my uncle said, and was all for caching it down in the gulch.

"No, sir, we don't take it to the gulch. We bank it right here in the lodge."

"Well, then, make a new hole for it—in another part of the lodge."

"Good idea—we'll do that," Bill replied, and dug our second bank between the doorway and the fireplace, tamping the earth back into the hole until it was as firm as the well-trodden ground around it.

Soon after we went to our claims on the next day, we knew that either Jake or Higgins or both of them, drinking up in Virginia City the night before, had bragged about our clean-ups; for miners from up that way began coming to watch our work, to ask if it were true that we were cleaning up a couple of thousand dollars a day. No, we said, we weren't making any such money. But because we evaded their questions as to the actual amounts of our clean-ups, they went away convinced that the reports they had heard were true, that we were liars. At noon when we went to camp for dinner, Beaver Bill asked Jake and Higgins if they had told of our clean-ups in the upper town. No, sir, they hadn't!

"But of course they did, and were too biling drunk to remember anything about it," Bill said to us when they had gone to their tent.

Fairweather visited us that evening and was no sooner seated than he, too, wanted to know if we were making a couple of thousand every day. We told him the truth about it and he was pleased at our good luck.

"But now you've got to look out," he said. "The robbers up at Virginia City and down here too will be watchin' for you, for they believe you're takin' out thousands every day. Be sure that you cache your clean-ups without them seein' you. Don't travel into the towns with more dust than you need for buyin' your grub. And wherever you go, go well armed."

"Thanks," said my uncle. "We'll follow your advice to the letter."

It was two days later that, after we had worked an hour or so, my uncle found he had forgotten his pipe and returned to camp for it. Soon he reappeared, shouting that we had been robbed. Instantly, we dashed for the lodge.

All of our bedding, groceries, and personal belongings had been ransacked by the thief, and he had finally discovered our first bank. He had made off with all

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it had held—more than a thousand dollars' worth of dust, including my big nugget!

I felt sick over our loss, and angry, too. I looked at my uncle. He was standing with clinched fists, staring at the empty hole. Beaver Bill alone retained his serenity. "Well, she's gone for sure," he drawled. "But there's plenty more in our claims and all we've got to do is take it out. So let's go."

As we left the lodge, we saw our neighbor Tom Delavan starting for his claim. My uncle called him to us and asked if he had seen anyone about our lodge.

"Yes. About an hour ago. I saw a man come out of the lodge, get onto his horse, and ride up the gulch. Why? Anything wrong?"

"No, nothin' much, only that we've been robbed. The feller raised our cache of more than a thousand dollars," Beaver Bill replied.

"You don't say! And I thought that you all were still in your lodge finishing breakfast or washing the dishes. Well, I can't be sure, but I think I know who the man was. Anyhow, he looked like a young sport named Forbes that I used to see in Bannack City, and I heard the other day that Forbes had been made clerk of the miners' court up in Virginia City."

"Is that so!" Beaver Bill exclaimed. "Say, Tom, go up to town with me and point him out. I want to meet the gentleman."

"But if he did steal your dust, even if he has it on him how are you going to prove it? Alder Gulch dust all looks alike."

"Yes. But in one of these sacks is that big nugget Henry panned out. Why, you yourself could swear that it's the one if you should see it."

"Yes, I could. Well, all right, let's go."

"Me, too!" I shouted, and ran to get the horses.

We quickly saddled up, rode into Virginia City, and tied our horses to a half-finished log cabin. Delavan learned from a passer-by that a case about a claim was being tried at the courthouse and that we'd probably find Forbes there.

The courthouse was a brush wikiup, and it was crowded with men. We looked in through the interstices of the brush and I recognized the judge, Dr. Steel, a very fine man though odd-looking. His black hat was far too small for his big head and he had cut a number of slits in it through which his long hair bristled like the quills of a porcupine.

Tom Delavan whispered: "See that slim young fellow sitting beside the judge? Well, that's Forbes. And he's the man who was at your lodge all right. There can't be another man in Alder Gulch who has a neat blue coat, gray pants, and stiff-brimmed hat like those he's wearing."

As we stared at Forbes sitting there so smiling and seeming so innocent, we saw two men working their way to him. They were two of Sheriff Plummer's tricky deputies, Buck Stinson and Haze Lyons. They reached Forbes, leaned over and whispered to him for a minute or two, and he sprang up.

"Well, we'll get the scoundrel then, right now!" he almost shouted.

Everyone in the wikiup turned to look at him, but he was already following Stinson and Lyons as they pushed their way toward the exit.

"Come on," Delavan said to Bill and me. "Let's see what's up. You don't want to lose sight of Forbes."

As Stinson, Lyons, and Forbes came from the courthouse they stopped to whisper with a man who was evidently waiting there for them, Jack Gallagher, another of Plummer's scoundrelly deputies. They then went on for about ten steps, with us following them, and we heard Lyons say to a man they met, "Look here—we want to see you a moment!"

"That's John Dillingham from Bannack City," said Delavan. "He's another of Plummer's deputies but an honest one. Now what do they want of him?"

Stinson was moving on. "Bring him along—make him come," he said to the others.

Dillingham said something we couldn't hear but finally went on with them. Only for a few yards, though—suddenly the three ranged themselves in front of him with drawn revolvers!

"Take back those lies!" Lyons yelled at him.

"Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" Forbes was shouting.

But all three fired at him—Forbes, too, in spite of his shouting. Stinson's shot went wild. Lyons shot him in his left thigh; and as he clapped his hand to it with a cry of pain, Forbes shot him fair in his breast and down he went.

Then Jack Gallagher rushed in, shouting, "Here! Here! None of this, boys! Give me your pistols."

Stinson, Lyons, and Forbes handed over their revolvers without any protest and started off up the gulch with Gallagher. We saw him fumbling with one of the weapons but didn't understand what he was doing with it.

Judge Steel and his jury had come dashing out of the wikiup in time to see the shooting, and now the judge ordered the twelve men to seize Stinson, Lyons, and Forbes. With a rush they did it, surrounding them and fending off the crowd that gathered quickly and shouted: "Come on, let's hand them!"

"Shut up!" roared Judge Steel. "This is going to be done right!" And he had the three formally arrested, taken to a near-by log cabin, and confined there while preparations were made for their immediate trial.

Part of the crowd followed the prisoners to the cabin, cursing them and shouting threats, but part followed the men who picked up the writhing Dillingham and carried him into a brush wikiup—where he died a few minutes later.

When the word came out that Dillingham was dead and I fully realized that he had been murdered right there in front of me, I turned pretty sick. I wanted to go home; to forget the terrible scene; to forget Forbes and the loss of our gold.

"Let's go," I said to Bill and Delavan. "Let's get away from here and stay away."

"You can't do that," a voice roared almost in my ear. "You are here and saw the shooting—you'll have to remain as witnesses at the trial of these murderers."

It was Judge Steel speaking.

"Yes. Of course we'll stay," Beaver Bill said shortly.

"And do our best toward hanging 'em," growled Delavan.

I was silent but I realized that we must stay.

Chapter Seven

RIGHT there where Dillingham had fallen, the miners at once appointed three judges for the trial, with Dr. Steel at their head, and two public prosecutors. We saw Gallagher, George Ives, Yreka Jack, and Jim Brady in earnest talk with a lawyer named Smith, and he presently announced that the prisoners had selected him to act as their counsel.

"They never did!" said Delavan. "Gallagher chose him. This is going to be a farce of a trial."

Beaver Bill nodded grimly.

The trial began at once, right there in front of the prisoners' cabin, and at the very outset Forbes was granted a separate trial—on his plea that he himself had not fired at Dillingham! Gallagher supported him in this plea, swearing that the revolver he had taken from Forbes right after the killing had not been fired. We knew then what Gal-

lagher had been doing when we saw him fumbling with one of the revolvers; he had reloaded the fired chamber.

When the question of a jury came up, it was decided by popular vote that all the crowd there was to act as the jury. Then the three judges climbed up into a near-by wagon, and the trial began by the indictment of Stinson and Lyons for the murder of Dillingham. Both denied firing the shot that killed him, and there followed great argument about it until dark, when court was adjourned to the following day and the prisoners were led back into the cabin jail. The judge then allowed us all to go home upon our promising to be on hand at the opening of court at eight o'clock on the following morning.

Tom Delavan was very quiet on our way back down the gulch, and until after he had eaten supper with us in our lodge. He then told us that during the day he had learned the reason for the killing of Dillingham.

Two men at Bannack City who had planned to come to Virginia City had been warned by Dillingham that Stinson and Lyons intended robbing them on their way there. Dillingham had known this because the two scoundrelly deputies had asked him to join them in the robbery. The Bannack City men had foolishly talked about the warning Dillingham had given them, Stinson and Lyons had heard of it, had declared Dillingham a liar, and had set out to kill him.

"Well, won't that all come out in the trial?" my uncle asked.

"No!" Delavan snorted. "Those who know about it wouldn't live a day after giving such testimony. Lyons' and Stinson's friends would surely kill them!"

"That's a fine state of affairs," growled my uncle.

With Bill and Delavan, I returned to Virginia City in the morning. I was now eager to attend the trial to do all I could to help convict the murderers.

When we got to Virginia City, we learned that during the night Lyons had told his guards that he had fired the shot that killed Dillingham, this so they should let Stinson and Forbes go. Then, later on in the night, Lyons had cried frequently and begged his guards to let him go. Stinson, however, had shown no concern over his arrest and had slept soundly most of the time, while Forbes, though wakeful, had remained silent. The other prisoners hadn't spoken to Forbes; they had seemed to resent his securing a separate trial.

AT eight o'clock, the trial of Stinson and Lyons was again under way. Both admitted that they had shot at Dillingham, but each asserted he had not fired the shot that killed him. Then, after some arguments by the prosecution and the defense, Judge Steel stood up in the wagon and shouted: "Fellow citizens, you are the jury in this case. I ask you, are the prisoners guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!" the crowd shouted.

"What shall be their punishment?"

"Hang 'em! Hang 'em! Right away!"

Judge Steel bowed his head, was silent for a moment, then appointed several men to erect the gallows and dig the graves for Stinson and Lyons. Meanwhile the two condemned men were taken back to the cabin jail to await the trial of Forbes, who would probably also be found guilty and be hanged with them.

Forbes was brought from the cabin, and given a seat in a wagon opposite the one where the three judges sat. He had all the appearance of an innocent, gentlemanly young man. Women in the crowd said to one another that he couldn't possibly be guilty of murder. I wondered if he had the gold dust he had stolen from us concealed upon his person.

The trial began. Forbes claimed that he hadn't fired at Dillingham and could prove that he hadn't.

"But he did. He killed him! I'm going to say that we saw him do the killing," I said, and started toward the wagons.

But Beaver Bill seized me, drew me back, and whispered: "Are you crazy? Shut your mouth and keep it shut. Why, we'd never live to see morning if we were to go out there and tell what we know about the shooting!"

"Yes. Just cast your eye on Gallagher, George Ives, and your friend Brady over there. See how they're watching us!" Delavan contributed.

Just then Jim Brady gave me a knowing smile, nudged Ives, and whispered something to him. A moment later Gallagher was called as a witness for the defense. He promptly declared again that the revolver he had taken from Forbes right after the killing had not been fired; and he told also how he had plainly heard Forbes shout to Lyons and Stinson: "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!"

Well, so had we and we knew how much it had meant.

But Gallagher's evidence was loudly cheered by some in the great crowd. Then Forbes was allowed to plead in his own defense. He could talk. He so worked upon the sympathies of his hearers that when the judge put the question of guilty or not guilty, roars of "Not guilty" went up from the crowd —and at that many hurried to shake hands with him and congratulate him upon his acquittal!

It was now remembered that Stinson and Lyons were to be hanged. A wagon was drawn up, the prisoners were bundled into it, and a start was made toward the near gallows. Lyons at once began to howl piteously and beg for mercy and at that George Ives called a halt and said that he wanted to read aloud a letter that poor Lyons had just written to his mother. It was later proved that Smith, the lawyer, had written it. But the crowd believed it genuine, and its expressions of love for his mother and sorrow for his crime, and its promises to reform and lead a pure life if only he could be set free, so worked upon the sympathies of the women in the crowd that they cried and begged for mercy for the condemned one. Finally someone in the crowd shouted: "Give him a horse and let him go!"

"Let's take a vote on that," shouted another and I saw that it was Red Hughes.

"Yes! Yes! A vote on it!" many cried, and the jailer could do nothing but acquiesce, for the crowd was the jury in the case. He called for their ayes and their noes. Both sides claimed to have won, but agreed to another vote on it, and then to still another.

Each time, Bill, Delavan, and I voted for the hanging of the men. But there were a number of good, well-intentioned men who voted the other way, not seeing that they were aiding the ruthless murderers and robbers of the gulch. At last Gallagher ended it all by shouting, pistol in hand: "Let them go! The voting is over—they're cleared."

THEN while the crowd was still milling and arguing, Stinson and Lyons sprang from the wagon and ran to a horse that was tethered near-by. They untied the animal and Lyons sprang into the saddle while Stinson swung up behind him. As they started off, an Indian woman ran after them, calling out frantically.

"Why, that's Steve Snow's wife!" Bill exclaimed. "She's Chief Big Lake's sister. Well, well. So Snow's here!" And with that he started toward her, Delavan and I following.

Lyons and Stinson had disappeared with her horse, and she stood wringing her hands. Then she saw Bill and ran to meet him.

"Beaver!" she cried, gripping his arm. "I'm lost my man! An' now dose two dog white mans is steal my horse!"

"Well, well. I guess you've lost your

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horse, but we'll find Steve for you; so don't worry," Bill replied.

Just then, however, her man rode up upon a fine big horse, and she turned to him, speaking rapidly, excitedly, in her native language.

He was a fine-appearing man, pleasant of face, blue-eyed, light-haired, and he wore buckskin shirt and trousers that were spotlessly clean. He had shouted "Hello, Beaver Bill," as he came up and now, motioning his wife to be silent, said to him, "Who took my wife's horse? Which way did he go?"

"Stinson and Lyons took it. They're two murderers that were tried here and turned loose—and you're not going to follow 'em. When did you come? Don't you know what's been goin' on here?"

"We just got here. Saw your lodge down below, unpacked and set our lodge up beside it and then, not finding you anywhere about there, we came up here to see the sights. You say my woman's got to lose her horse?"

"She sure has," Bill replied, and went on to tell him about the murder, the trial, and the strength of the murderer's friends in the gulch.

"Jerusalem!" Snow exclaimed when Bill had finished. "We thought the crowd here was just a miners' meeting, and as my wife was tired I told her to get down and rest while I rode around a bit more. Wish I'd stopped with her."

"So you no get back my horse?" his wife asked.

"Not to-day, old woman. But don't fret; you won't have to walk—you and I will ride my horse down to camp," he replied, whereat she said some things in her own language that made him and Beaver Bill smile.

"Well," said Delavan, "we may as well mosey home."

"Aren't we going to do anything about Forbes and our gold dust that he stole?" I asked.

"Nary a thing," Bill told me. "Even if we dared make a row about it, what could we prove? Only that Delavan here saw him at our lodge, and that's no proof that he swiped our cache."

As we were going to our horses we met Jim Brady with George Ives and several others. As we passed them, Brady paused and said to me with his slanting smile, "Hello, Henry. I hear you lost some gold dust. That's too bad."

I had stopped speaking to Brady, had decided never to answer his sneers and jibes; and I wasn't pleased when Beaver Bill said to him, "Young feller, how do you know we lost anything?"

"Oh, a little bird told me," he answered with a loud laugh, and George Ives laughed too.

"Come on, Bill," I urged before Bill could say anything more, and we rode along.

"Well, they know that Forbes got your dust all right," said Delavan. "Wonder if he split it with them."

"Probably Gallagher got most of it for lyin' for Forbes," growled Bill.

SNOW and his wife rode down the gulch with us. I was pleased to see their neat lodge pitched so close to ours and hoped they would stay with us for some time. I liked the slender, quick-mannered, handsome Indian woman, my friend Eagle Carrier's aunt.

My uncle had supper ready when we got home, and we had Snow and his wife and Delavan eat with us. My uncle was more than disgusted at the result of the trial and our failure to recover the gold dust we had lost. He said that if something weren't done to suppress the desperadoes of the gulch we should have to give up all hope of keeping our gold.

Snow had no news of Fort Benton to give us, nor his wife of her tribe, except that when she had last seen Eagle Carrier he was talking of joining a war party of the Pikuni that were planning to cross the Backbone and raid some of the tribes of the westward flowing rivers.

Snow, who was a trapper, said that as he had nothing to do until fur would be prime he had come up to the gulch to do a little mining, or to hunt and sell meat to the miners, or to do anything else by which he could make a little money.

"Why not work a while for us?" Bill asked.

"Yes, we can do with more help on our bars," said my uncle.

"Snow, you tell him yes!" Mrs. Snow ordered. "An' me, I'm cook for you all. I'm good cook. Dutch oven, I'm know him. I'm make it good bread, good beans, everythin' good!"

"Now you're talkin', woman. A good cook is just what we need. How would

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five dollars a day strike you? And Snow, you the same?" said Beaver Bill.

"Good." Mrs. Snow beamed all over.

"That's all right with me," said Snow.

Little did I think that this arrangement, so ordinary in itself, was to result in events of the greatest importance to our little camp and especially to me.

Chapter Eight

WHEN our friends had left us for the night, my uncle handed Beaver Bill a plate of gold dust and black sand. "Our clean-up for the day. All from my bar. Let's know how must it is," he said.

"It's a whole lot," Bill presently replied. "Why, man, it weighs fourteen ounces!"

"Two hundred and fifty-two dollars!" my uncle exclaimed.

"Yes. What if we'd been workin' all three of our bars! I tell you right now we're goin' to leave this gulch with a lot of money."

"If the murderers and robbers around here don't get it," I said.

"Exactly! Now I don't like to go on caching our dust in this lodge," my uncle began again. "Bill, I still think we might better have our cache down in the gulch and go to it only in the darkest nights."

"It would never be so dark that we couldn't be trailed down there," Bill argued, "and it would be a mighty inconvenient place for our cache even if it were safe there. Right here in this lodge, right here where we lost one cache, is the place for our clean-ups. Forbes and his friends will think this the very last place where we'd put more of our dust. And Snow's woman will be here most of the time when we're out workin', and she's got plenty of sand. No one's goin' to prowl around in here when we're away—not if she knows it."

"Oh, well, have your way about it; you may be right," my uncle conceded, and Bill added the clean-up to our cache between the fireplace and the doorway of the lodge before we went to bed.

There followed days of quiet work for us, work with large returns. There was never a night when the clean-up for the day was less than two hundred dollars, and it often amounted to six or seven hundred.

I continued buying the groceries and other things we needed and when I had to go to Virginia City for them, I usually saw Jim Brady, George Ives, and others of their gang. But Brady no longer spoke to me—whenever he saw me he turned and looked another way. I wondered why? His sudden turn from jibes to silence gave me an uneasy feeling.

We awoke one morning in November to find several inches of snow on the ground. Winter was at hand. Bill said we'd soon have to stop sluicing our bars and start sinking shafts in our deep ground. We'd need a lot of lumber and timbers for that work and we should purchase it at once, he thought. My uncle and he made a list of the different kinds we needed and told me to go to Virginia City and buy them.

So I went to the upper town that morning, but I couldn't buy a foot of lumber in any of the stores. Finally in at Hall and Simpson's, Mr. Simpson called me aside and told me that the output of the sawmills was so small that many miners would be unable to get any lumber for their winter work. Our one chance to get what we needed was to go to Bannack City at once and pay the mills there whatever price they asked.

When I returned to camp and told all this to my uncle and Beaver Bill, they agreed that I should take the stage for Bannack City the following day but with only a couple of ounces of gold dust for my personal expenses as several stage coaches had been held up. Bill said he would get Hall and Simpson to give me a note to the sawmill owners saying that any lumber we ordered from them would surely be paid for on delivery at our claims.

ON the next afternoon at one o'clock, I took the stage—an open two-seated wagon—for Bannack City. Besides the driver there were two other passengers, Southmayd and Moore, the owners of claims at the upper end of the gulch.

As we were leaving the stable, I heard Moore say to Southmayd: "Leroy, there's old Tex watching us. I don't like that. He's right in with Gallagher and Ives and all that crowd."

"Oh, we're all right," Southmayd answered. "Those fellows won't trouble us. They've found out that we may arrest them."

"Yes, and that we may let them go—as we did Forbes and Stinson and Lyons."

"Oh, well, we gave 'em a big scare. They know they won't get off that easy next time."

The day was very cold and the road so bad that we made poor time on it. At three o'clock we stopped at a station to change horses and while the driver was doing that, George Ives and another one of his gang, Steve Marshland, arrived on horseback and began talking with three or four men loafing at the station. We heard Ives say: "I've heard from Tex. He's at the Cold Spring stop waiting for me."

After we had started on, Moore said: "Hm! Something's up! We saw Tex at Virginia City, and now he's at a stage station eight miles beyond here. He's circled past us. We're surely going to be held up."

"It does look that way," Southmayd admitted.

When we arrived at the Cold Spring station, Tex was there, standing beside his horse and talking with Ives and Marshland. They all three mounted and rode on before we had changed our stage team for a fresh one.

"Well, what do you think about it now?" Moore asked Southmayd as we moved off.

"I guess we're going to lose all we have with us," Southmayd replied.

"Young man, you got a pistol?" Moore asked me.

"Yes. A six-shooter," I answered, opening my overcoat and showing the butt of it projecting from the holster.

"Can you hit anything with it?"

"I'm a pretty fair shot."

"Well, will you use it if occasion requires?"

"Yes," I said and he seemed satisfied, especially after he had learned through a few more questions that I was one of Beaver Bill's partners.

The weather grew colder and the roads worse as the afternoon wore on. Near sundown we came to Point of Rocks stage station and stopped there for the night, expecting to find Ives and Marshland there. But they weren't there and they didn't come in later.

We hoped that they had gone straight on to Bannack City. But the next day, near noon, we sighted three riders ahead of us on the road, moving slowly, each with a gun across his saddle. Then as we neared them we felt sure they were road agents, for they and their horses too were wrapped in blankets.

"We're in for it now," said our driver.

I unbuttoned my overcoat to get at my pistol but Moore said, "Don't pull it—we can't do anything against them with their big guns."

"No use to stop; we've got to keep going," said our driver, and kept the team trotting steadily.

We were almost on the three when they suddenly whirled their horses about and covered us with their guns.

"Halt! Throw up your hands!" shouted the one who had the driver covered. A green and blue blanket completely concealed his clothing and he was masked by a piece of gray blanket with eyeholes. But I knew his voice. He was George Ives.

"Get down, all of you," he shouted, and we got down off the stage, all but Southmayd, who refused to obey the order.

"Get down, I tell you," said Ives again, cursing and aiming his sawed-off shotgun at Southmayd's head. At that, Southmayd began getting down slowly, at the same time opening his overcoat as if to get at his pistol. But Ives, noticing it, yelled: "If you do that again I surely will kill you. Up with your hands! Keep 'em up!" And then said to his companions, "Get off, one of you, and search 'em."

THE man who got down from his horse wore a brown cloth mask. Ives ordered Southmayd and our driver to stand close together, and kept them covered while they were being searched. Meanwhile, his other companion covered Moore and me with his gun. This man was masked with a black handkerchief and his blanket completely concealed his clothing, but I knew him. By his gray-white flop-brimmed hat! There were plenty of such hats worn in Alder Gulch, but this one had a peculiarly shaped dark red stain upon its right side. I had noticed it more than once and wondered if it were a berry stain. The owner of that hat was Jim Brady!

The road agent who was doing the searching came to each of us in turn, and then went to the stage and searched that. But he found nothing worth while in it and reported to Ives that he was through.

"All right," said Ives, and then roared at us: "Get up in that wagon and light out and keep going! And don't turn around or I'll shoot you full of holes!"

But at a bend in the road we all looked back. The three robbers were down off their horses, apparently dividing the loot that they had taken from us. They had our pistols, $400 in gold dust from Southmayd, about $36 in dust from me, and $100 in currency from Moore.

"Well, boys," said Southmayd, "we got off with our lives. Did you recognize any of them?"

"George Ives was the leader of them," our driver answered.

"The one who searched us was Bob Zachary," said Moore.

"You're right, both of you. But who was the third one?"

"I can tell you," I answered. "He's Jim Brady."

"Brady. Brady. Never heard of him. But how do you know it's Brady?"

"By the red stain on his hat. I've often noticed it," I said, and went on to tell something about him and of his being there when Ives had robbed me of my pannings. And while I was about it, I told of the gold dust Forbes had stolen.

"We were criminals when we let Forbes and Lyons and Stinson off. We should have hung all three," said Moore.

"We'll hang them yet," said Southmayd. "Ives and all the rest of the road agents' gang."

I was wondering how, without any money, I was to sleep and eat in Bannack City and pay my stage fare back to Virginia City. But Southmayd questioned me and then said that he was also going to Bannack for lumber, and that he could borrow all the money there that he needed and would see me through.

When we got there, a number of men were awaiting the arrival of the stage, and one of them stepped up to Southmayd and asked smilingly, "Well, Leroy, was the stage robbed to-day?"

"Plummer, it was," Southmayd answered, and was going to say more but just then a man gave him a wink and a slight shake of the head, and he left Plummer and went to him. I knew who the man was; his name was Bissell, and he was one of the three judges before whom Lyons, Stinson, and Forbes had been tried.

But I was more interested in Plummer. So this was the notorious sheriff who was said to be the chief of the road agents and murderers. He was about five feet, ten; slender, wiry, graceful; keen and intelligent of face; neatly dressed; and his language was that of an educated man. Bissell and Southmayd had barely begun to talk before Plummer joined them.

"It's too bad you've been robbed," he said to Southmayd. "Did you lose much?"

"Four hundred in dust."

"As much as that! Well, I think I know who took it."

"Who? Tell me."

"George Ives was one of them—"

"Yes. And Bob Zachary and a fellow named Brady," Southmayd added.

Right there someone called Plummer away, and Bissell fairly groaned. "Southmayd," he said, "you're crazy. Plummer said what he did just to find out if you knew who the robbers are and now that they know you do they'll never rest until they fill you full of lead."

"Yes, they'll surely kill you," another man put in.

"Not if I know it," Southmayd returned, and motioned me to accompany him uptown.

During the three days we stayed in Bannack City, making arrangements with one of the sawmills to have our lumber sent out to us, we saw nothing more of Plummer. On the third day, we each bought a six-shooter to replace those taken from us by the road agents, and engaged passage on the stage for the following day.

That evening we learned that Plummer hadn't forgotten us, for the stage agent came hurrying to us and said that Buck Stinson and Ned Ray had learned we were leaving and had also engaged passage to Virginia City. He and some other friends of Southmayd begged us not to go the next day. All of them were sure that Plummer had ordered Stinson and Ray to kill us both somewhere between Bannack and Virginia City.

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"But I have to go," Southmayd argued.

"So do I," I said.

"Can any of you lend me a shotgun loaded with buckshot?" Southmayd wanted to know.

"Take mine," the stage agent said promptly, but he shook his head very soberly as he left us.

Chapter Nine

THE next morning before we were up, Moore came to our bedroom and begged us not to go that day.

"But I have to go and you should go too. Come on with us! Then we'll be three against Stinson and Ray," Southmayd answered.

"Yes, but how many more of the gang are going to be lying in wait somewhere on the road? I wouldn't start out on to-day's stage for all the gold in Alder Gulch!"

"Well, I'm going and so is Henry here."

"Yes, I am," I nodded, in reply to Moore's inquiring look, and at that he turned and left us without another word.

My answer to him had been brave enough, but my heart sank when we got to the stage station and I saw Stinson and Ray standing near the stage, their six-shooters buckled on outside their heavy overcoats. Stinson didn't look much like the wild-eyed man whom I had last seen jumping from a death wagon to flee upon a stolen horse. Both he and Ray greeted us cheerfully, but we had nothing to say to them. The horses were already hitched to the stage and we all got in, Southmayd on the driver's seat, Stinson and Ray on the middle seat, and I alone on the back seat, with my hand on the six-shooter in the big outside pocket of my coat.

Each mile of the day's ride seemed a thousand miles to me. But nothing happened until we neared the stage station at the crossing of the Stinking Water and there, standing in front of the station, we saw Bob Zachary and two others of the road agent gang. All three had sawed-off shotguns.

"Hello, you blooming road agents!" Stinson shouted to them, and with Ray jumped down to shake hands. They all moved off a little way and Southmayd said to the driver and me, "I guess they've got us."

"Yes, I believe they have," the driver answered.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't.

The fresh horses were hitched to the stage, Stinson and Ray got in again, and we went on, the other three road agents mounting their horses and following for a time, then coming on faster and passing us. We saw no more of them until we arrived at the Cold Spring station, where we were to have supper and again change horses. There they were, talking and laughing together outside the house.

We had supper and then the five road agents went outside together.

"I think I see what they're planning to do," Southmayd said to the driver. "They're planning to murder us down in the canyon. So Stinson must ride beside you. I'll sit back and watch him, and Henry in the rear seat must watch Ray beside me."

"All right, if you can make Stinson do it," agreed the driver.

When we went outside, Zachary and his two companions were already riding down the road. The fresh horses were soon hitched in and Stinson started to climb to the middle seat, but Southmayd said, "Stinson, I'm going to change places with you—you'll ride in the front seat."

"I don't want to ride there," Stinson replied.

"But you will. Get up there, and no more words about it," Southmayd insisted.

I expected the shooting to begin right then. But it didn't. To my surprise, Stinson grinned and did as he was ordered. Ray didn't even open his mouth, and took his old place on the middle seat. I took the back seat again, drew my pistol, and held it ready for instant use.

We hadn't gone more than a mile when we saw the three riders halted in the road, evidently waiting for us. As we came up, they suddenly whirled their horses about, shouting to us to halt. But they had no more than faced us when Southmayd was aiming his shotgun at Zachary, and the driver and I our six-shooters at the other two; and it was all so sudden that Stinson and Ray didn't dare pull their pistols. They knew well enough that we would shoot them first, no matter what happened to us later.

The riders were plainly frightened.

"Why, we don't mean any harm," stammered Zachary. "We only want you all to take a drink with us." And with that he fumblingly produced a bottle and handed it to Southmayd. He and the driver and I each made a pretense of drinking from it. But Stinson and Ray refused, each saying he didn't care for a drink at that time. Their refusal confirmed our suspicions that the whisky was poisoned.

When the bottle was returned, Zachary asked if we would have some more from it, and then said: "Well, good-by. We're going on to Virginia City as fast as our horses can carry us."

We followed more slowly, watching alertly, expecting every minute to be fired upon, and at last came to Lorrain's, where we were to change horses for the last time. From there on to Virginia City the road ran down the canyon of Alder Gulch, and we were sure that somewhere in it the three riders were concealed and waiting to shoot us. So when we got down from the stage at Lorrain's, we were feeling pretty sober.

"It's only driving on to our death to attempt to go through to-night," muttered the driver. "Let's leave the stage here and take to the brush along the roadside. They may not see us. If they do, we'll have the chance to shoot it out with them anyhow."

"We can't go through the brush without making a lot of noise—so what chance will we have to pass them?" I asked.

But I got no answer, for just then Stinson, who had heard our talk, said to us: "I promise you, upon my life, that you can safely go on to Virginia City, that nothing will happen to you on the road."

Neither the driver nor I answered. But Southmayd realized why Stinson had made his offer. The road agent was afraid that if we went on afoot we might avoid the three lying in wait for us and then, as soon as we reached town, get the whole community out after them and after Stinson and Ray too. So Southmayd thought we should be safe in accepting Stinson's promise.

"I believe you really mean that, Stinson," he said. "So we'll ride on. But if we're attacked, you and Ray will be the first of us all to die."

Stinson made no reply to that. Our driver hitched in the fresh team and we went on. Soon after we left the station, Stinson began singing. He sang one song after another until he became so hoarse he could sing no longer, whereupon Ray took his turn at it and kept it up until we arrived in Virginia City. It was the prearranged warning to the other three of the gang that they must not attack us.

All the same, that ride through the canyon was the worst strain I had ever endured. I hardly breathed until we sighted the lights of the town; and all the time I held my six-shooter under my left arm, pointed at Ray, knowing that I'd have to shoot him if we were attacked and loathing the thought of doing it.

That night I told the whole story to Beaver Bill and my uncle. Delavan and Snow and his wife heard it too, for they all came to our lodge that evening. The five listened grimly and agreed that the road agents would have to be wiped out, and soon, but that for the present I should keep my mouth tight shut.

On the following day when I went up to Virginia City to pay Southmayd the amount he had lent me, he told me that the night before George Ives had been on a big spree and had boasted about town that he was the "Bambino Chief" who had held us up on our way to Bannack City.

"But how does he dare brag about it?" I asked.

"Because he's certain we don't dare give evidence against him," Southmayd said. "Well, we can wait."

THEN there followed long days of peaceful work upon our claims. We had to stop working our bars, for the water froze in the bottoms of our sluice boxes so that the gold would have passed through them with the gravel. Our lumber came from Bannack in due time, and we began sinking shafts.

One evening in early December I had a pleasant surprise when I went home from work, for when I raised the door curtain of our lodge, there I beheld my friend, Eagle Carrier, sitting upon my couch and enjoying the fire. He sprang up, laughing, and came forward and embraced me.

"Yes, Henree," his aunt said. "He is come some tam ago. I'm tell him sit here, wait, give it you a nice surprise."

"Well, he's done it. Tell him that I'm glad he's here, and that he must stop with us a long time," I answered.

My uncle, Bill, and Snow were also pleased to see our guest when they came in. It developed that he had crossed the Rockies with a war party of his tribe, and that they had made a successful raid upon the horse herds of an enemy tribe. Then on their way back, his friends had taken charge of his share of the horses and he had turned off to visit us.

"Yes. An' he will stay long time. He's goin' hunt; bring us deer, elk, antelope. I'm tired of white man's meat—beef, beef, all the time beef. Ha. It mak me seek," said his aunt.

After we had finished supper Eagle Carrier asked if Brady were in camp, and we told him briefly all that had happened.

"Little Shield," Eagle Carrier said to me after he had heard the story, "I am surprised. Your enemy and mine robbed you, but you do not afterward seek him to kill him. Strange are the ways of the whites. Now me he has tried to kill once, and because of you I let that go. But if he tries it again, it will be his shadow for wherever it is that white men's shadows go."

So Snow interpreted what Eagle Carrier said, and I answered that I thought Brady would be very quiet for a time.

The next morning Eagle Carrier saddled his horse and, leading one of our pack horses, went out upon the hills to hunt. Early in the afternoon, he returned with two fat blacktail does. The meat was a welcome change from the tough beef that we had been buying. Thereafter he hunted nearly every day, and generally brought in a deer or an elk or an antelope. The Nevada City butcher was glad to buy these at the round price of eight dollars an animal, big or little.

Of course Eagle Carrier kept us well supplied with meat. And now that he was with us, I no longer lacked for something to do during the long winter evenings. With the aid of his aunt as interpreter, he taught me his language and the sign language, and told me much about the various customs of his tribe. It was all tremendously interesting.

One evening as Eagle Carrier and I were talking, John Caswell, the owner of a grocery in our town, came to the lodge and asked my uncle, Beaver Bill and Snow to attend a meeting that was to be held in his store.

"We want you over there," Caswell said. "But I'm not at liberty to tell you more than that just now."

They went out with him, and it was quite late when they filed back into the lodge, looking pretty solemn. George Ives, they said, had been at it again. On the Bannack City trail he had held up and robbed the owner of a bull train, and would have killed him had not some men and teams appeared around a bend in the road. And then, to make a day of it, Ives had quarreled with a man at the lower end of the gulch and killed him. So some of the leaders in Virginia City and Nevada City had decided that the time had come to put an end to the desperadoes of the gulch. Twenty-five of the staunch citizens of the two towns had gathered at Caswell's grocery, and had organized an association for that purpose. They intended to arrest and punish the very next perpetrator of a murder or robbery.

Bill and my uncle were very stern and quiet as they told us these things. It was easy to see that the new organization meant business.

TWO days after it had been formed William Palmer was driving up along the Stinking Water River on his way to our town, and shot a grouse that flew forty or fifty yards from the road before it fell. Jumping from his wagon, he hurried out into the brush to get his bird. He found the grouse lying upon the breast of a dead man!

Palmer recognized the man. It was Nicholas Thiebolt, who had left Nevada City nine days before with considerable gold dust. There was a red circle on his neck, the mark of a lariat by which he had been dragged from the road; his tightly closed hands held stems of brush that he had evidently grasped at as he was yanked along, and there was a bullet hole over his left eye.

"My finding Thiebolt's body was providential," Palmer afterwards said soberly. "I wasn't out hunting and just happened to see the grouse and hit it. Then when I went to get it I found it had fallen on the breast of a dead man—a murdered man who probably would never have been found otherwise."

Right after finding Thiebolt, Palmer went back down the road a little way, to the brush wikiup of Long John Franck and George Hilderman, and asked them to help put the body in his wagon so that he could take it to town to have it legally identified and buried. But they surlily refused.

"The man's dead, ain't he?" Long John growled. "Who cares who he is?"

With great difficulty, Palmer got the frozen body into his wagon and brought it to town. Then Nevada City flamed into excitement. Men were determined to find Thiebolt's murderers.

Burchy and Clark, freighters, said that they had bought a span of mules from Thiebolt and paid for them in advance, $350 in gold dust, and he had promised to bring them in the following day. When he didn't return, they had thought that he had left the country with the mules and the gold dust too.

That evening, Tom Delavan came in to tell my uncle, Bill, and Snow that the citizens' organization wanted them to go to the office of Burchy and Clark prepared to make a night ride down the Stinking Water. Tom was going too. The organization was going to try to find the murderer of Thiebolt. As a first step it was going to question Long John Franck and George Hilderman, who were known to be intimate with the bad men of the gulch.

Eagle Carrier and I ran in the horses and saddled those that the four were to ride, and they left for their gathering place. They didn't return that night.

The next morning Eagle Carrier rode out to hunt as usual, and I went down to our claims with our three helpers. At about ten o'clock a rider appeared, a stranger, and asked if we knew where we could find Henry Wilson. Bed-rock Jim silently pointed to me, and the stranger told me that Southmayd was very sick in Virginia City and wanted to see me. Without delay, I caught and saddled a horse, left word with Mrs. Snow where I was going and rode off with the stranger. I wondered why Southmayd wanted me and concluded that something new had turned up about the stage robbery we had been in together.

On our way to the upper town we kept passing groups of miners, on horseback, on foot, and in wagons, all hurrying down the road. I thought that they were going to Thiebolt's funeral, which was to be held that day. Then, just as we were entering the town, we met Fairweather.

"Where you goin' so fast?" he asked me.

"Up to see Southmayd. He's sick and sent for me."

"You don't say. I'm sorry he's sick. You tell him so. I suppose you'll be goin' back down to Nevada City to see the trial?"

"What trial?"

"Why, they're goin' to try Ives and Long John and Hilderman and old Tex. Haven't you heard? They've arrested 'em for murderin' Thiebolt and are bringin' 'em to Nevada for trial."

"No, I hadn't heard. How did you get the news?"

"Don't know how it came. Somebody brought it several hours ago. Well, so long."

So Ives and some of his crowd were Thiebolt's murderers. I was riding along thinking of this when suddenly I saw Jim Brady just ahead.

"There he is!" he shouted, pointing at me. "That's him!"

Then two men sprang out into the road aiming their revolvers at me. One of them seized the bridle of my horse, and the other said, "Young fellow, you're wanted. We arrest you. Just you come along quiet."

"Who are you? Why are you arresting me?" I asked.

"We're deputy sheriffs, that's what we are, and you'll know soon enough why we want you. Now mind, come quiet!"

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As the man who had seized my horse led the animal down a lane running to the right of the road, I looked back and saw Brady and the stranger who had come for me looking after me and laughing.

Right then I knew I was trapped!

Chapter Ten

WE stopped before a small log cabin and the man who had kept close at my side reached up and snatched my revolver from its holster.

"Get off your horse! Quick!" he said.

There was nothing for me to do but obey. The other man unlocked the padlocked door and the two of them thrust me inside and slammed shut the door.

"Henry! They've got you, too!" I heard, and then in the dim light from two small panes of glass set high up in the rear wall of the cabin I saw Southmayd coming toward me.

"Yes. A man came after me, said you were sick and wanted me. Then two others held me up and threw me in here. Jim Brady is in it. He pointed me out to the two."

"They got me just as easily. A man I'd never seen before came up to my place and told me that Charlie Ames, a man who once worked for me, was sick and wanted me. I came down at once. This is Ames' cabin. When I stepped inside, three men fell upon me, knocked me down and took my gun. They have a guard posted outside now."

"They got us easily. What fools we were."

"No. They took the surest way. The call of a sick friend is always answered."

"But what does it mean? What are they going to do to us?"

"Wish I knew."

"They've got Ives and Tex and some others for killing Thiebolt, and are bringing them to Nevada City for trial," I said.

"When did you hear that?"

"Just now as I was coming into town. Fairweather told me."

"So they've got George Ives. Henry, that explains why we're here. The gang doesn't intend us to appear at the trial and tell what we know about Ives."

"I can't understand how the news of the arrest of Ives got here so soon, when we didn't know anything about it in our town," I said.

"Some one of the gang at Long John's brought it, of course. Hm! Henry, we've got to get out of here. Let's look around and see if there isn't some way."

We stole quietly round and round the four walls, listening, looking through the few cracks in the mud chinking, seeing no one on guard. There were no cracks in the chinking of the front wall. I began gouging a small hole with my knife between two logs at the right of the door, but almost at once I heard, close outside: "Quit, or I'll shoot right through there!"

We sat down upon the bunk and after Southmayd had filled his pipe and had it going, he said: "Henry, I don't understand how you could have let those two men hold you up right here in town. Why didn't you ride over 'em, shoot 'em, or yell for help?"

"They took me so by surprise that I didn't have time to do anything," I answered. "How could I get out my pistol when they were pointing theirs at me? And I didn't dare shout for help."

"Well, that's so. But didn't anyone see them hold you up?"

"There were three or four men farther up the road, but they didn't seem to pay any attention to us. It happened very quickly, and I was led right off the road and down here."

"H'm! Well, we're out of luck. I guess we'll have to stay here until after that trial ends—"

There was a sudden pounding upon the door. "Hi! Is anyone in here?" a voice called.

"Yes. Yes. Let us out!"

"Who are you?"

"Leroy Southmayd and Henry Wilson!"

"All right. Get away from the door. Look out, now."

We heard a murmur of voices, a "Now!" of command, and at the impact of a log of wood the door crashed in, the log coming with it. Out we ran and found ourselves face to face with Mr. Simpson, the grocer, and others we didn't know. After all, the men I had noticed up the road had seen the roughs hold me up and take me to the cabin. They had gone up to Hall and Simpson's store and told of it. But the tough element of the gulch had so terrorized the miners that Simpson had been some time in getting a few of them to come with him to investigate. As they had approached the cabin, a man loafing in front of it had walked around to its rear and disappeared.

"We had a discreet guard," Southmayd said dryly.

Neither Simpson nor our other rescuers were able to recognize our assailants from our description of them. Jim Brady was the only one connected with the affair whom anyone had recognized, we realized as we all went up to Hall and Simpson's store.

THERE Southmayd and I each bought a six-shooter to replace those the roughs had taken from us, our second purchases of the kind in a short time. But we followed the advice of the men who told us not to go about the town looking for Brady and the others in the plot against us.

Southmayd went home with me. We found Nevada City thronged with miners from Virginia City and several outlying diggings, all of them excitedly awaiting the arrival of the posse with Thiebolt's murderers. Southmayd and I went on to our lodge, and Mrs. Snow gave us a good dinner. We remained in the lodge, knowing that the crowd's noise would tell us when the prisoners arrived in town. Eagle Carrier returned from his hunting and I told him of my experience of the morning. He was all for starting out at once to find Brady and kill him, and Mrs. Snow and I had to use a lot of persuasion to quiet him.

Just at sunset, loud shouting told us that the prisoners were arriving and we hurried to join the crowd awaiting them. They came riding in surrounded by their twenty-five captors, and were greeted with loud cries.

"There they are, the dirty murderers!" howled the crowd. "Let's hang 'em now," . . . "Hanging's too good for 'em!" . . . "Let's pull 'em off their horses and burn 'em."

But Gallagher, the crooked deputy sheriff, and other men in the road agents' gang kept shouting, "No! No! They're innocent." . . . "Give 'em a fair trial." . . . "Take 'em to Virginia City, where they'll get an honest trial."

The posse, backed by the good men of both Virginia City and our town, refused to listen to either the angry crowd or the crooked gang. They drew their guns and held off everyone while two of their own men dismounted the prisoners, put them into a near-by log cabin and bound their legs with light log chains, padlocked. Then different members of the posse were appointed to guard the prisoners during the night, and the crowd dispersed.

My uncle and Snow were among the guards appointed, but Beaver Bill, tired and hungry, went back to our lodge with Southmayd and me. While he was eating supper, he told us briefly about the experiences of the citizens' organization. Leaving Nevada City, they had gone slowly down the Stinking Water valley and reached Long John's wikiup at early dawn. They had surrounded the place, routed out Long John, led him to the very spot where Thiebolt had been killed, and accused him of the murder. He had denied it, and had finally said that George Ives was the murderer, and that he was then in the wikiup.

Back they had gone and arrested Ives and several others of the toughs there, including Long John and George Hilderman. On the homeward ride, Ives had seemed more unconcerned than any of the others in the gang, insisting that he could get plenty of alibis to prove his innocence.

"He'll get off and go free yet!" I exclaimed angrily.

"No," said Bill. "No." And his face was very stern.

At midnight, my uncle and Snow were relieved from guarding the prisoners. The next morning they informed Southmayd and me that we were to appear as witnesses for the prosecution of Ives. They wanted us to tell how he and his companions had held up the stage and robbed us. We were willing enough.

There was a bigger crowd in Nevada City that morning than there had been on the day before. The miners all up and down the gulch were out in full force to attend the trial of Ives. His friends were out too, chief among them Deputy Sheriff Gallagher, who had engaged four lawyers to defend Ives.

EAGLE CARRIER wanted to see the trial, but Snow and Bill were strongly against it, fearing that some of the many toughs in the crowd might do him real harm. His aunt, too, said that the town was no place for him on that day, and he reluctantly went again up in the hills to hunt.

The miners chose Judge Byram for presiding officer of the trial and selected two able prosecuting attorneys. Then, after much wrangling, it was decided to hold the court in the open,

APRIL

By Ruth Campbell

Wanton gypsy April
Dances on the hill;
Her ragged scarf's a wind-blown cloud,
Her hat's a daffodil
The gay notes of her laughter
Are heard in singing rain
With violet eyes and dimpled smile
She beckons Spring again.

And Spring will come a-running
In answer to her glance.
And all the world will follow
To join her gypsy dance.
While over field and furrow
And stream and tinkling falls,
The birds will pour their music
In joyous madrigals.

before the cabin in which the prisoners were confined. The whole body of the miners would be the jury, with twenty-four of their number as a sort of advisory jury, to guide them.

At three o'clock, finally, Judge Byram and the prosecuting attorneys got up into a wagon standing before the cabin, the prisoners were brought out and seated round a fire near it, and the court announced that George Ives would first be tried for the murder of Nicholas Thiebolt. An hour later court adjourned, nothing at all having been accomplished. The miners went to their homes angry at the delay that the defense had succeeded in putting upon the proceedings.

During the day, Southmayd and I had gone several times round and round in the great crowd in the hope of finding the toughs who had trapped us, but we didn't see one of them. Nor did we see Jim Brady.

Upon our return to camp that evening, we found Eagle Carrier in the lodge, singing, and complacently smiling about something that he would not divulge. His aunt had biscuits in the Dutch oven, the coffee pot boiling, and two huge frying pans of meat upon the coals of the fireplace. "*Kahkitsoyit*—you will eat," she announced, and we hungrily complied.

I thought I had never tasted meat so good, and spoke of it. Southmayd and my uncle agreed with me. Beaver Bill and Snow said not a word; kept on eating. We wanted to know what kind of meat it was, and Beaver Bill replied that we had eaten enough young pig in our time to know it when we saw and tasted it.

At the end of the meal, however, Mrs. Snow spoke to Eagle Carrier, and reaching back he drew from under a square of canvas the skin of a large mountain lion!

"And that," said Mrs. Snow, "is what you all are eat, big pussy cat his meat."

Well, it was good meat. In appearance and flavor, just like the meat of a yearling pig.

Eagle Carrier signed to me: "They were two, he and his wife. His wife escaped but I go early to-morrow to kill her also."

On the following morning when the court convened, the miners' advisory jury announced that the trial must end at or before three o'clock in the afternoon, and the statement was loudly applauded. The trial began with attempts to establish alibis for Ives. Just as the first testimony was proved to be false Tom Delavan came running into the crowd, shouting for Snow, for my uncle, for Beaver Bill, for me, and we went to meet him.

"You've been robbed!" he said breathlessly. "And Mrs. Snow is badly hurt! You'd better hurry home."

We tore our way out through the crowd and ran to camp, and found Mrs. Snow sitting just outside the lodge, moaning and holding a hand to a wound just above her right ear, from which blood was dripping. The curtain of the doorway was thrust aside, and when we looked in we saw that our newest cache had been raised. And in many other places round, the ground had been tested and gouged with the shovel before the thief had struck the cache. But he had missed our main cache of dust, the one between the doorway and the fireplace.

Mrs. Snow said she had been sitting on my couch, sewing a moccasin, when a man suddenly entered and struck her with the butt end of a revolver, knocking her senseless. But as she recovered consciousness, she had seen the man leaving the lodge. She had crept to the doorway to watch him. He had mounted a horse, my horse, and ridden down into the gulch, up out of the far side, and off into the hills.

She had started to come for us but had found herself too weak to walk. As she sank to the ground, however, she had seen Eagle Carrier returning from his hunt with another mountain lion, and signing him to hurry to her, she had told him what had happened, pointing to the robber just going over the top of a high hill. Eagle Carrier had instantly dropped the lion from his saddle and gone as fast as his horse could carry him to overtake and kill the thief. Yes, and she knew that he would do it. And yes, she knew for sure that it was my horse that the thief was riding. And where was the dead lion? Why, there behind that growth of sagebrush.

So it was. A large sleek female, the "wife" that Eagle Carrier had mentioned, neatly shot at the base of her skull.

"How much was there in the cache?" Southmayd asked.

"About fifteen hundred dollars' worth of dust," Beaver Bill answered.

"Let's run in your band of horses, saddle a couple, and go after the fellow," Southmayd said to me.

"No, sirs, you don't do any such thing!" Beaver Bill all but yelled. "You're witnesses in this here trial. The future of this here gulch depends on how it comes out. You've just natur'ly got to be on hand and tell what you know when called on."

"Yes, and we can leave it to Eagle Carrier to take care of the robber," said Snow as he bathed his wife's wound, which wasn't serious.

"Yes. Don't you afraid for my relation. Eagle Carrier, he is goin' bring it back that dog white man's scalp, your gol' dust, too," Mrs. Snow put in.

SO back we went, to the trial, leaving Snow to nurse her. We edged our way back into the group of witnesses just as the bull train owner was telling how Ives had robbed him and then tried to kill him. The man was on the stand—the ground in front of the judge's wagon—a long time, the lawyers for the defense trying in every way to confuse him, but without success. Then several other witnesses were called for the prosecution and for the defense, and three o'clock came, and still the trial dragged on and the great crowd became impatient for its ending. But when Wilbur Sanders, one of the prosecuting attorneys, called Long John to the witness stand, and announced that he had turned state's evidence, the inner circle of loyal miners gave sighs of satisfaction, and out on the fringe of the crowd the friends of the prisoners cursed.

Long John was on the stand until nearly dark, hectored by the defense but not once deviating from the testimony he had given. The main point of it was that Ives had come into his wikiup on the day of the murder and told him and others that he had killed Thiebolt—that Ives had said: "When I told the Dutchman I was going to kill him, he asked for time to pray. I told him to kneel down then. He did, and I shot him through the head just as he commenced his prayer."

That did create a sensation. There were exclamations of horror from the crowd. But from the toughs on the outskirts of the crowd came cries of "Liar! Hang Long John!"

Judge Byram then announced that the trial was ended, and the advisory jury of twenty-four retired to a near cabin to return in half an hour with the verdict, "Guilty."

The crowd broke into a roar. The majority roared with approval, but Ives' friends howled protests and began threatening judge and jury and vowing vengeance on the prosecution lawyers. Nevertheless, the motion was made and carried that the assembly adopt the verdict of the advisory jury. In the deep silence that followed, Wilbur Sanders, as brave a man as ever lived, stood up in the wagon and said: "I move that George Ives be forthwith hanged by the neck until he is dead."

Solemnly, while the roughs stood as if paralyzed, the motion was put and carried. Then it was that Ives broke

(*Continued from page 67*)

down. He wept, begged for time to write to his relatives, for time to pray.

Someone near-by shouted: "Ask him how long a time he gave poor Thiebolt to say his prayer!"—and an ominous growl went through the crowd. But Ives was allowed time to settle his affairs, and left all he had to some of his tough friends.

During the wait, a long pine pole was projected from the front of an unfinished log cabin and a noosed rope fastened to the end of it. Under this was placed a large drygoods box from a near-by store.

When all was ready a group of stern-faced men led Ives to the box and made him get up on it. The noise of the crowd died away, and everything grew deathly still. I was within ten feet of Ives. He looked squarely at me with miserable eyes, but I couldn't pity him.

The noose was adjusted around his neck. Said the judge, "Men do your duty."

Out went the box from under Ives' feet, and in a minute or two he was dead.

The advisory jury had obliged Ives' fellow prisoners to witness the hanging, but they were now released from custody because everyone was worn out by the long trial and it was certain that they could be arrested again whenever they were wanted. Then we all went our various ways, leaving the roughs to bury Ives.

As we of our camp, and Southmayd, who was still with us, neared our lodge, we heard Eagle Carrier within it singing loudly, fiercely, a song that Snow said was one of the victory songs of his tribe. When we entered, Eagle Carrier looked up at us from his couch, smiling proudly, but did not speak until he had finished the song. He then brought out from under his blanket pillow three slender buckskin sacks of gold dust and tossed them across to Beaver Bill.

"There are your sacks of yellow metal," he signed.

THEN before any of us could speak, he brought out from under the blanket a belt to which were attached two revolvers in their holsters, and added, "These are mine—my takings." And to me: "Little Shield, your horse again grazes with your herd and your saddle is there by the doorway."

"You killed the thief!" I said.

"Yes, I killed him, your enemy and mine."

"By the two-headed bull of the mountains!—he means Brady. Then Brady was the thief. He killed him!" Bill exclaimed.

"What? It was Brady who raised our cache, and he's dead?" my uncle faltered.

"He's dead all right, I guess," Bill replied, and signed to Eagle Carrier to tell us all about it. He did so, Snow interpreting so that my uncle, Southmayd, and Delavan could also get the story.

"The thief was still in sight, riding over the top of one of the hills across, when my aunt pointed to him, told me what he had done. I was very angry. I said to my aunt, I vowed to Sun, that the thief's blood should pay for the blood that was running down the side of her head.

"I took after him, rode a long time before I again got sight of him; then gained upon him so slowly that Sun was low before I was so near that he began firing his two many-shots short guns at me. Not stopping to take aim, but looking back and firing as he rode; so of course he could not hit me.

"And then I got near enough to him for my purpose. I dismounted, I knelt, I took careful aim, I fired. Sun was good to me; my bullet struck him in the center of his back. He was dead when I got to him.

"I went past him to his horse—your horse, Little Shield. Tied to the saddle was a cloth sack. It was heavy. I felt of it, felt inside it the little sacks of the yellow metal that he had stolen from this lodge. I led the horse back to your enemy and mine. I took from him only this belt and the two many-shots short guns, and then I gave him, his body, to Sun. There. I have told all."

"Short, and plain enough," said Beaver Bill.

Said my uncle: "What a pity it is that the young man took the wrong road. Well, I feel very sorry for his father and mother. We shall have to bury him and then write his parents that he was killed by the Indians. Tell Eagle Carrier that he must take us out to the body to-morrow."

"You tell him," Eagle Carrier said to Snow, "that I gave my enemy to Sun. Therefore his body must not be touched, far less put under the ground where Sun cannot see it. No. I will not take anyone to where lies my offering to Sun."

And though my uncle pleaded with him to change his mind, to take us to the body that we might bury it, Eagle Carrier was obdurate; that which had been given to Sun was sacred to the great Traveler-of-the-Blue. And in all of Alder Gulch, none save us in that lodge ever knew what became of Jim Brady.

Said Beaver Bill, when we had lain down for the night: "Well, well! Well, well! Just think what big events are sometimes caused by the most trifling acts. Palmer shoots a grouse and the murder of Thiebolt is revealed. Ives is hung for the crime, and Brady is killed because the trial of Ives gave him the chance to steal our gold."

"Yes, and if Palmer had not shot the grouse, Ives would probably be holding up another stage this very night," said Southmayd, grim-mouthed.

Quietly I lay and listened; and it came to me even then that those wild days we were living, those days in which good and bad were so closely intertwisted, were part of the making of a people.

THE END.

Men Who Won't Be Licked!

(*Continued from page 39*)

Burghley, the hurdler, was entered. Burghley had never run the half mile before, and he had already run his two hurdles.

Our half milers were topnotchers, among them Red Haggerty, I.C.A.A. A.A. champion for two years. What a glorious upset that race turned out to be! The man whose best previous time was 2:02, won the race in 1:55:4. And Burghley came in second with 1:57!

There's no accounting for that victory on the basis of form or running ability. Those men pulled themselves together and said: "We may be no good, but we're *going to win.*"

Lord Burghley doesn't have ideal form in the high hurdles. He rides them. Through the effort of getting over, he halts slightly at every hurdle, instead of striding over. Yet he does 14:4, and wins one championship after another. He makes up in fight for his lack of form.

At the 1928 Olympics, a field of brilliant Americans were entered in the 400 meter low hurdles, and while two of them were fighting it out for first place, Burghley came from behind and took it from them both.

Gene Record, Harvard's hurdler, has that same spirit. Before the 1930 Intercollegiates, held in the Harvard Stadium, members of the squad were discussing the competition they'd have from the Pacific Coast men. Record was

worried about Pagliotti, the University of California hurdler.

On the day of the meet, I happened to be standing near Pagliotti when one of our hurdlers came out and stepped over a few sticks. The California men watched him closely.

"That's Record," one of them said.

They silently studied my man's form.

"He's pretty good," one of them finally concluded.

Record came out a minute later, and I told him how the California men had mistaken another man for him. I repeated their respectful comments.

"They're afraid of you," I said.

That seemed to be the spur Record needed. It was comforting to know that he wasn't the only man seeing ghosts.

"Go over the low sticks for exercise," I told him. I wanted the Coast men to see a little more.

I didn't let Record go over the high sticks. His form isn't quite so smooth. Although he's tall—over six feet—his back is arched like a West Pointer and it's hard for him to bend forward going over the high sticks. He doesn't look so good—but he's a fighter.

So the Californians got an eyeful of him stepping over the lows. When the 120 yard high event came around, Record beat Pagliotti, and won the Intercollegiate championship in 14:9. The added bit of confidence he received when he learned that the Californians were afraid of him, helped turn the trick.

I've already mentioned the time Soapy Waters was beaten by a pacemaker. Two years later, in 1925, he got beaten by the Englishman, Douglas Lowe, one of the greatest half milers of all time. But in this defeat, Soapy was great.

THE meet was held in the Harvard stadium some time after the close of school. Soapy was up in the mountains and was able to get down to practice only twice. He did some walking in the mountains, but no running. Everyone conceded Lowe the victory.

On that day, to beat Waters, Lowe had to run the half in 1:53:2! It was simply a case of fight.

Vernon Munroe, our quarter miler, has a fighting heart. Record and Munroe, with Cummings and Hennessey, set the world's indoor mile relay record, and won the outdoor event at the Penn Relays, last spring.

The indoor event took place in New York and was one of the greatest races I have ever seen. Holy Cross, with McCafferty running anchor, was the favorite, and McCafferty was almost a New York idol. Harvard wasn't given much more than an outside chance.

I puzzled a great deal over the race, and finally decided that for the preliminary heat I'd run my men in this order: Hennessey, Cummings, Record, Munroe.

"Give Munroe a lead," I said to the others.

I wanted to save Munroe as much as possible. Furthermore, Munroe is a strider. He has great running form, and if he's thrown off-balance he's ruined. By the fourth lap, the field is sure to be strung out, and Munroe could run his race.

The team did just that. They gave Munroe a nice lead and we won the heat without being pressed.

Then came the finals. I switched the order, running Munroe second and Record last. The teams lined up, Holy Cross at the pole, Harvard next, and four other teams outside.

And there I made a mistake. I gave Hennessey orders to get the pole by the first turn.

"Get a shoulder in front," I said. "Get that pole with the jump."

Hennessey did it. He got enough lead on the Holy Cross man to get a shoulder in front, but he couldn't quite get to the inside, and a bump from behind sent Hennessey flying up the bank. He lost his stride, and by the time he had re-

(Continued on page 74)

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

Left—Venezuela's stamp honoring Simon Bolivar. Center—Newfoundland's new air mail stamp, showing the Narrows, St. John's, with a sailing packet below and above an airplane starting a trans-Atlantic flight. Right—A "wild man of Borneo," shown on one of the stamps commemorating North Borneo's 50th birthday.

At Washington

THE Post Office Department has approved a design for the 2c stamp that will be issued in the fall to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Battle of Yorktown. It will be red and black, of the size of the current special delivery, and will carry a center portrait of George Washington flanked by heads of Rochambeau, representing the French army, and Admiral de Grasse, representing the French navy.

The series that will commemorate the birth of Washington in 1732 is expected to comprise denominations of ½, 1, 1½, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 20, 25, 30, and 50 cents, and $1, $2, and $5. Lower values of normal size, will carry the first President's portrait; the others, larger, will present scenes identified with his life. Also there will be a 2c envelope with a picture of Mount Vernon as the design. These bi-centennial stamps will be issued one at a time, as soon as printed, beginning late this year.

Meanwhile suggestions for other U. S. commemoratives are reaching the Post Office Department, but it remains to be seen whether they will be issued.

Representative Edwards of Georgia has introduced in Congress a bill that would direct the Postmaster General to print an issue to recall the 200th anniversary, in 1934, of the settlement of the Salzburger Colony at Ebenezer, Georgia. The Salzburgers, or German Lutherans, driven out of Austria by religious persecutions, fled to other countries. Some landed in Georgia in 1730 and founded a colony at Ebenezer four years later. Mr. Edwards' measure was offered at the request of the Georgia-Salzburger Society.

Representative Banks of Pennsylvania has asked the Post Office Department to issue a stamp in 1932 to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the landing of William Penn.

Civic interests in New Jersey have requested the issuance of a 2c to commemorate the completion of the bridge across the Hudson River between New Jersey and New York.

Maryland's tercentenary will be celebrated in 1932 and the Post Office Department has been petitioned to put forth a commemorative.

Representative Ackerman of New Jersey, a noted philatelist, recently introduced in the House—and Senator Kean of New Jersey in the Senate—a bill which would authorize the overprinting of "Drought Relief" on one billion current 2c stamps. These would sell at three cents each, each extra cent to be given to the American Red Cross and be devoted to the drought relief fund. Use of this emergency stamp would be voluntary on the part of the people.

America's Story

A NEW book has been published that will appeal particularly to you who are interested in the educational aspects of philately. It is "America's Story as Told in Postage Stamps," by Edward M. Allen, headmaster of the Mohegan Lake (N. Y.) School. Its nearly 200 pages, including indices, contain a compact history of the discovery of America, the founding of our republic, and the development of our civilization. The coming of the Northmen, of Columbus, Balboa, Magellan, and of the English, French, Dutch, and Norse colonists; the American Revolution; the conquest of the Northwest; the various Presidential Administrations; the Civil War and the Reconstruction period, and the United States of our own times—all these have, associated with them, United States stamps with significant designs, and with these as his background the author tells his story entertainingly. Designs are described, dates of issue given, and colors and denominations are mentioned. Scattered through the pages are spaces for 130 pieces of postal paper, which the reader may affix, thus illustrating the book himself from his collection.

This is a volume that should be on the bookshelf of every collector and in all school and public libraries. It is published by Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 270 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The price is $2.50.

Abroad

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC: Details regarding the revolution commemoratives are now available. A civilian flanked by army officers, with the spirit of Victory in the background, is the design of the ½, 1, 3, and 5 centavos, or normal format. On 2, 12, 20, and 30c horizontal oblong stamps are pictured marching soldiers, a woman waving a flag, and airplanes.

Australian Commonwealth: Air Commodore Kingsford-Smith's world flight has been postally recalled. His plane, the *Southern Cross*, and the two hemispheres are pictured on 2 and 3 pence values for ordinary postage and on a 6p for air mail use.

The fortress of Wiipuri as shown on one of Finland's new Red Cross series.

Belgium: The flight by two Belgian aviators, Van Linder and Thery, from Belgium to the Belgian Congo, has been commemorated by appropriately overprinting Belgium's current 5 francs air adhesive.

Bulgaria: Four stamps commemorating the marriage of King Boris of Bulgaria and Princess Giovanni of Italy, have reached the United States. Portraits of the two feature the designs.

Colombia-Salvador-Venezuela: Stamps are now available that various Pan-American republics issued last December 17, the centenary of the death of Simon Bolivar. They include: by Colombian Republic, a 4 centavos blue reproducing the famous painting "The Death of the Liberator," and semi-official air adhesives overprinted "Simon Bolivar 1830-1930;" by Salvador, air stamps bearing Bolivar's head and a flag, in denominations of 15, 20, 25, and 40c; and, by Venezuela, upright pictorials presenting a picture of a famous monument erected to Bolivar and inscribed with the same dates, in values of 5, 10, and 25c.

Dominican Republic: The hurricane semi-postals described on the February page have been overprinted for use as air stamps.

Finland: The series commemorating the founding of the national literary society a century ago comprises two values—1 marka brown presenting a portrait of Elias Lonnrot, philologist, whose works include a Finnish-Swedish dictionary; and 1½m blue picturing a harp among clouds with a brilliant star shining. Inscribed are "Finnish Literary Society" in the native language and the dates 1831 and 1931. Finland has issued also a Red Cross set with designs showing a church, a castle, and a fortress.

France: The international colonial exposition, mentioned on the January page, will not be opened, at Paris, until May 1. France, however, has not delayed postally. The first of promised commemoratives have appeared—a 15 centimes gray-black and a 50c rose, with the head of an African native as the design. They are inscribed *Exposition Coloniale de Paris 1931*. Meanwhile France has issued an artistic 3 francs steel-gray showing the Rheims Cathedral.

India: The inauguration of New Delhi as the new capital city was commemorated in

February by stamps in values of ½, 1, 2, and 3 annas and 1 rupee presenting several Government buildings and a war memorial arch.

Italy: The trans-Atlantic flight by the squadron of planes from Rome to Rio Janeiro was commemorated postally.

Rumania: The recent national census brought commemoratives. *Recensamantul Populatiei*, signifying "the counting of the people," is inscribed. A map of Rumania is on the 1 leu, and a native woman carrying a baby is shown on the 2, 4, and 6.

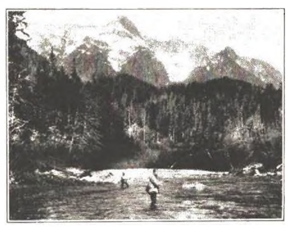
Russia: The 25th anniversary of the ill-starred revolution of January, 1905, has been recalled with 3 kopecs, 5k, and 10k stamps with designs of military character.

Salvador: An earlier hero has been remembered—General Francisco Menendez, once a President of the republic, who was born a century ago. A picture of the monument which is over his grave is the design, the values being 3, 5, and 10 centavos. The dates 1830 and 1930 are inscribed.

South West Africa: A new definitive series shows a gom pauw (a species of bird) on the ½-penny; Cape Cross and the Portuguese coat-of-arms on the 1p; Bogenfels, a natural rock arch, on the 2p; Government structures at Windhoek on the 3p; and various scenes, animals, waterfalls, trees, and buildings on other values. Adjoining stamps in each sheet are inscribed alternately in English and Afrikaans.

Here's Your Yellowstone Park Contest!

(Continued from page 26)



1. Your entry must be in by May 10!
2. You must be under 21 to be eligible.

The results of the contest will be published in the July issue. The two top placers will leave home about August 1. If you're to be one of them, write for that booklet now!

Honorary judges of the contest: Charles Donnelly, president of the Northern Pacific Railroad; Frederick E. Williamson, president of the Burlington Route; James Willard Schultz; Albin Henning; and Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor of *The American Boy*, who will be executive judge.

Do You Know That—

Meteorites each year add 100,000 tons to the weight of the earth? Thank goodness most of them disintegrate before they hit the surface!

* * *

A road runner—a bird built like a hen, and fast on his feet—seldom flies, but depends on his speed in running to get away from danger?

* * *

Not long ago, three men and a dog traveled 5,280 miles—all but a few miles by motor boat—from the mouth of the Columbia River on the Pacific Coast, all the way to New York City?

An Announcement to Airplane Model Fans

THERE will be no national A. M. L. A. contest in Detroit in 1931. The officers of the Airplane Model League of America have reached this decision only after much consideration, and it's with sincere regret that they make the announcement. And they wish you to know just why it has been necessary to take this step.

Previous contests have been supported in the following way: The Detroit Board of Commerce has generously contributed $7,500, or about half of the total cost. *The American Boy* has contributed its staff for the management of the contest; it has paid for the trips to Europe, and the final banquet; it has solicited from interested people added funds for the support of the tournament. In addition, *The American Boy* has supported and conducted the activities of the League throughout the year.

This year, however, the Board of Commerce, with money enough only to carry on its own activities, is unable to contribute its $7,500. The Board has approached other organizations, without success. And without this support, the officers of the League feel it best not to hold the contest in Detroit this year.

The following contests, however, will be conducted in Dayton, Ohio, this summer, under the direction of Merrill Hamburg, secretary of the A. M. L. A.: the Mulvihill Outdoor, The National Scale Model, the Stout Outdoor Fuselage, and the international contest for the Sir Charles Wakefield cup. The last two contests are for fuselage models—ships with built-up fuselages that entirely enclose the rubber motor. The Wakefield contest, which has never before been held in the United States, took place last year at Halton, England, and was won by Joseph Ehrhardt, American outdoor and fuselage champion. The date will be Monday, June 29. The place, Dayton, Ohio.

For further information on the above contests, and for general airplane model information, address Merrill Hamburg, Secretary, Airplane Model League of America, 300 Davis Ave., Dayton, Ohio. Until further notice, this address will hold good for all communications with the A. M. L. A.

Although *The American Boy* is not conducting the contests this year, the magazine will continue to publish airplane model articles. The magazine will still be your authority for the newest and most up-to-date ships. And during the coming year the magazine will publish the best planes developed in 1931.

On behalf of its membership of 400,000, the League wishes to thank the Detroit Board of Commerce, the hundreds of interested individuals, and *The American Boy*, for the impetus they have given model aviation during the past four years.

—THE OFFICERS.

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Cutting Expenses

A man running after a taxicab panted to the driver, "How much to the station from here?"

"Fifty cents," replied the driver.

The man continued to run, and after having covered another stretch asked breathlessly, "How much now?"

"Seventy-five," retorted the driver. "Ye're runnin' the wrong way."

Very Discriminating

Mrs. Smith hired a Chinese servant, and tried to teach him how to receive calling cards. She let herself out the front door, and when the new servant answered her ring she gave him her card.

The next day two ladies came to visit Mrs. Smith. When they presented their cards, the alert Chinaman hastily compared them with Mrs. Smith's card, and remarked as he closed the door: "Tickets no good; can't come in."

Roll Over

Nurse: "Good morning. I'm the new nurse."

Grouchy Patient: "You a trained nurse?"

Nurse: "Yes, of course I'm a trained nurse."

Grouchy Patient: "Then let's see you do some tricks."

You've Got to Watch 'Em

Notice in village paper: "I have been instructed by the Village Council to enforce the ordinance against chickens running at large and riding bicycles on the sidewalk."

They Love the Woods

"Isn't this an ideal spot for a picnic dinner?"

"It must be. Fifty million insects can't possibly have made a mistake."

Tattooer Maybe

"He may be a great artist," said the young thing, "but he certainly has a peculiar way of working. When I visited his studio recently and asked him about his work, he told me that he painted his best pictures on an empty stomach."

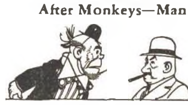
Tie That One

Smart Aleck: "I can tell you the score of the game before it starts."

I. L. Bite: "What is it?"

Smart Aleck: "Nothing to nothing—before it starts."

After Monkeys—Man



Comedian: "Look here, I object to going on right after that monkey act."

Manager: "You're right. They may think it's an encore."

Concentrated Composition

Teacher: "How is it that you have only written ten lines on "Milk" and the others have written pages?"

Pupil: "I wrote on "Condensed Milk," sir."

Painless?

Willie: "Hey, Mama! That dentist I went to wasn't painless."

Mother: "Why, did he hurt you?"

Willie: "Naw, but he yelled just like any other dentist when I bit his finger."

Pluck, Too!

"That's a swell job Joe's got playing the guitar."

"Yeh, he got it by pulling strings."

Silly Question

And then there's the college girl who, when asked if she were going to include bacteriology in her course of study, chirped, "Oh, don't bacilli."

Prompt Punctuation

Rhetoric Teacher: "How would you punctuate this sentence: 'A pretty girl, walking down the street, turned a corner just as I saw her'?"

Bright Boy: "I would make a dash after her."

Hard to Tell

"I want an E string, please," said the violinist to the London music seller.

"I'm a new 'and at this business, sir," explained the clerk as he took down the box. "Would you mind picking it out for yourself? I 'ardly knows the 'es from the shes."

He Aimed but Didn't Please

Hubby: "I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone."

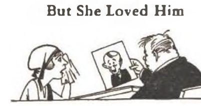
Wifey: "You missed it before. That's why it's gone."

Read All About It

Cora: "What's the matter?"

Student: "Nothin'. Just a bit dizzy from reading a circular letter, that's all."

But She Loved Him



She came to the police station with a picture in her hand.

"My husband has disappeared," she sobbed. "I want you to find him. Here is his picture."

The inspector looked up from the picture. "Why?" said he.

Les Femmes Incorrigibles!

"Will you give me ten cents to help the Old Ladies' Home?"

"What! Are they out again?"

Method in His Madness

Mother: "Freddy, Aunt Mary will never kiss you with that dirty face."

Freddy: "That's what I figured."

Ample Proof

Mistress: "You say you worked for the Van Twillers. Can you prove it?"

Maid: "I can show you some spoons and things with their initials on them!"

Reincarnation

"By the way, where did you get the plot of your second novel?" asked the publisher of a successful novelist.

"From the film version of the first," was the reply.

A Curio Father

Dick: "My dad is an Elk, a Moose, a Lion, and an Eagle."

Nick: "How much does it cost to see him?"

Vegetarian Love

"Do you carrot all for me? My heart beets for you and my love is as soft as squash. But I'm strong as an onion for you're a peach. With your turnip nose and your radish hair you are the apple of my eye. If you cantaloupe with me, lettuce marry anyhow, for I know weed make a pear."

Strawberry Bill

(*Continued from page 13*)

at the mental image of his helplessness. And Renfrew said that he could never prove his claim . . . not while Prothero held that letter.

With that consideration in his fevered mind, he fell asleep, and didn't awake again until Smythe came in with lunch. He ate it silently, and after Smythe had gone Bill went back to his thoughts again, and they burned hotly. . . . He himself burned hotly, with strange noises buzzing in his ears and strange fancies dancing in his mind. . . . But always there was the one prevailing thought flaming behind his hot forehead —he could prove nothing unless he got that letter.

Strawberry Bill, in short, was falling victim to a high fever. He had been in a high fever when Smythe brought him his lunch, and Smythe had left him to its ravages without knowing it.

Smythe still knew nothing of it when he returned late in the evening and found Bill's bed empty and the boy gone. But he did know that Bill had gone out with nothing on but his pajamas, and he knew that the boy had taken Renfrew's revolver with him, for the gun was missing from its holster. So, suspecting the worst, Smythe rode forth in the station car to hunt for Renfrew.

Renfrew, meanwhile, had put in a profitable day. At the village he had visited the land office and inquired about Prothero's title. The elderly, gossiping gentleman who combined the offices of justice and recorder of claims was more than willing to give him all the information he could.

Yes, Prothero had bought the land with the house and barns about fifteen years before. He seemed to have a good deal of money—oh, yes! The title was quite clear. Prothero owned the place all right, in his own name. Had he ever spoken of a brother? No, he hadn't. His only relatives seemed to have been an old man and a boy. A little fellow, a baby. A pretty little kid with golden red hair.

"Are they living with him now?" asked Renfrew casually.

"Oh, no. And, you know, I've never been able to understand just how—" The elderly justice allowed his voice to trail off into vague surmise.

"How what?"

Well, it had been strange. The old man—his name was Halloran—had been a queer, excitable old chap.

"He was constantly complaining that Prothero didn't treat him right," the justice went on, "and he said that if it were not for his presence the little kid would not be safe. He was very old, must have been about eighty, and his prevailing fear seemed to be that he might die and leave the baby unprotected.

"Then, when the child was about two years old, a telegram came from the war office, and the next day old Halloran came down here and hired Paul Norton to drive him and the kid down to the station. Paul saw them get on the train and, you know, they never came back. I asked Prothero about them once or twice and he said the old man was his sister's father-in-law—his sister had been dead for some time—and the boy was his sister's child. He said they'd gone back to live in the East."

THE obliging old justice would have wandered on indefinitely, but at that point Renfrew cut him short with the excuse that he must send some telegrams. But he didn't. Instead, he used the long distance phone.

First he got in touch with the orphanage at Toronto that the boy had described to him. From the superintendent he learned that the boy had indeed been found on the porch of the orphanage the afternoon of April 2, 1915. The child had only been able to say that he was waiting for his grandfather. Suspended about his neck with a piece of common twine had been a letter written in shaky handwriting and signed "Your father." It had advised the boy to go home to the farm of a Mr. Prothero, but on their communicating with Prothero, that gentleman had denied any knowledge of the boy. The letter had made rambling, incoherent allusions to hidden riches. No, they did not believe the letter was genuine. . . .

This done, Renfrew called Toronto again. This time he was connected with the office of the chief of police. But it was late in the afternoon before he received the report he desired. When it came he learned that Patrick Halloran, eighty-three years of age, had been received at the Mercy Hospital, Toronto, the evening of April 2, 1915. He was suffering from influenza and had died of that disease April ninth. The body was not claimed.

IN the meantime, while waiting for that report, Renfrew had been busy at the long distance phone, questioning the war office at Ottawa. From this source he learned that Corporal Patrick Halloran of the Canadian Light Infantry had been killed in action March 23, 1915.

For some minutes, as the evening closed down upon him, Renfrew sat in the lobby of the little hotel at Banning and pondered on these fragments of a family's tragic history. Clearer the story shone forth as he turned it over and over in his mind.

"Halloran," he murmured. "Strawberry Bill's name is Halloran. And I'm willing to swear that it's Patrick."

He arose and walked over to the office of the elderly, gossiping justice.

"I want to swear out a warrant," he said.

The little man was flustered.

"For whom?" he asked.

"For the arrest of Bruce Prothero," said Renfrew.

Feeling no need for haste, Renfrew dined at the little hotel in the village, and then started out in the darkness for the Prothero homestead. The last quarter of the moon was high above him as he reached it, and in the fair, sparkling night, he could see the lights of Prothero's house back through the woods. This time he turned his horse up the lane and proceeded toward the house at a sedate walk.

At his right hand a rail fence separated him from the wide, open field of Prothero's melon patch. Good, gallant Strawberry Bill—Renfrew remembered the boy as he stood alone, without power, and fought for his birthright. . . . Good kid, that . . . And suddenly, startling the quiet world, a spurt of fire flashed forth from the black line of brush between the house and the melon patch. Instantly another shot was fired from the forest beyond the patch. And from the black screen came a voice; the high-pitched, excited voice of a boy.

"Come on out here, you swindler! Come out where I can see you!"

Advancing across the open from the forest came limping the tall form of Strawberry Bill, clad in very ragged pajamas.

Renfrew saw him as he made that dauntless gesture, and from his position of vantage on horseback, he saw something else. He saw the form of a large man advancing through the vines on hands and knees—advancing on the boy with a shotgun in his hands.

Without a thought for what his unaccustomed mount might do, he turned the animal to the fence and, spurring, pulled it up for the jump. Catlike the horse pounced over, and Renfrew went thundering across the melon

(Continued from page 73)

patch to vault from the saddle and hurl himself upon the crawling man.

"Drop that gun!" he cried as his hand sought the man's collar—and Prothero stood in his grasp with wide-eyed fear on his face.

The boy hurried forward, and again Renfrew was standing between the two with the intense fire of Strawberry Bill's blue eyes watching his every move.

"You come to the house, both of you!" Renfrew ordered gruffly. "And I'll take that revolver, Pat!"

"Pat?" wondered the boy, as he handed over the weapon.

"Yes, Pat Halloran! That's your name, Strawberry Bill."

They reached the house, and Prothero, who had been silent, began to issue a stream of explanations.

"He came again. To my melon patch!" he cried bitterly. "I thought you had him in custody, and so I decided this must be another vandal, and I went out with the gun—"

"That's enough, Prothero," snapped Renfrew. "I've been checking up. You were given a farm to hold in trust for this boy, while his father was away at the war. He left the boy in your care. And the boy's old grandfather. You abused that trust. The boy was put in an orphanage. The grandfather disappeared."

"The boy has been lying—"

"Silence! I have a warrant for your arrest!"

The effect of that announcement upon Prothero was extraordinary. He turned pale, his mouth fell ludicrously open, and his eyes became haggard with a horrifying fear.

"No!" he cried frantically. "No! No! I'm not responsible for that! I swear it! I'm no murderer. The old man disappeared! He went away! I didn't kill him! He—he—ran away—"

"And left you in possession of everything here? That sounds thin."

"What could I do? He put everything in my hands!"

"But it all belonged to him, didn't it? The land? The money? And once he was out of the way—"

"No! No!" The man's fear was a horrible thing. He crouched grotesquely, knees bent, face upturned. "Why should I kill him? They—they hang a man for that! And it wouldn't help. The farm belongs to the boy's father. He was killed in the war. Before he left he gave me money to buy it, and other funds to hold for the boy. I was to keep it all for him, if Pat was killed. I can prove that! I have letters over there in the desk that will prove it. Pat's letters. The agreement we made. It wouldn't have helped to kill the old man. I couldn't do it, I'm no murderer. A weak, greedy fool, that's all. I wouldn't kill ——"

"No, not unless the man you wanted to put away came with a gun in his hand and gave you the excuse of self-defense or protecting your property from a marauder."

"No! I swear it! I wouldn't have shot him. And I'll make everything good. Tear up that warrant! That's all I want. I'll make everything good."

"Well, first," said Renfrew, "we'll collect those letters. And the letter left with the boy."

While Prothero cringed about the desk, procuring for Renfrew all the evidence he required to make good the claim of Strawberry Bill, Renfrew turned to that dauntless champion and found him bordering on collapse, with the red flush of fever diminishing the glory of his flaming hair.

"And is it mine, now?" whispered Bill.

"Yes. We can prove it, now. It's all yours, Bill."

"Gee, now I've got it, it doesn't seem as if I want it. I guess it was just the principle that counted."

RENFREW was poring over the letter, scrawled in shaking characters, that Prothero had just put in his hand.

"This was written by your grandfather, Bill," he said. "The poor old fellow must have done it as a last effort to gain your property for you. He knew Prothero, and was afraid of him. Hello! What's this? In the melon patch, eh?"

"Yeah," confessed Bill. "There was a raft of stocks or bonds or something that my dad had left for me, and there in the letter it says they're buried in the melon patch, and tells how to find 'em. The old man must have buried them to keep 'em from Prothero. That's why I came back here to-day. . . . Gee, but I'm tired. . . ."

He threw himself upon the couch, and while Renfrew collected from Prothero the last scrap of paper that would wrest the birthright of Strawberry Bill out of Prothero's greedy paws, Strawberry Bill fell into a profound and fevered sleep.

As soon as Renfrew was satisfied that Prothero had nothing more to reveal, he took from his pocket the warrant he had sworn out against the man, and before Prothero's eyes, he touched a match to it. The man stared, fascinated, at the flame that turned the warrant to black ashes, and breathed deeply his relief when it was finally consumed.

"It was a warrant for assault—assault against Bill, here," said Renfrew. "That's all we had against you. I wasn't arresting you for murder. The old man died of influenza in Toronto. He ran away from here. Suppose you follow suit."

And Prothero did.

Men Who Won't Be Licked!

(Continued from page 69)

gained it he was far behind. He handed the baton to Munroe fifteen yards behind the fifth man!

Munroe was all alone in back of the pack. Yet, against the class of the East, he made up that fifteen yards and gave the baton to Cummings three yards out in front!

I never heard a crowd go mad like they did that night. The hall was one wild shriek.

Cummings gave Gene Record a one-yard lead over McCafferty of Holy Cross. Around the track those two men went — McCafferty and Record —Record an eyelash ahead all the way. And here was the situation where nothing could take the place of fighting heart. Form became secondary. The competitive spirit everything.

Halfway around, McCafferty bumped Record — a natural, unavoidable thing in a scrap like that. But Record is a solid oak. He thumps the boards. The contact threw McCafferty off — not Record. They pounded around the last turn, and Record beat McCafferty to the tape. The time, a new world's record of 3:20:2.

I entered the same team in the Penn Relays a month or so later. And this race produced one of the most astonishing quarters I ever saw.

I put Munroe at anchor. For Yale, the anchor man was Engle, intercollegiate quarter-mile champion. For Holy Cross, McCafferty.

I won't go into the first three quarters of the race. I'll summarize by telling you that Munroe, on the last lap, was at least twelve yards behind the fourth man. The Penn man was leading—then Engle and McCafferty. It seems almost unbelievable, but Munroe, running free, and with nothing to throw him off stride, made up that twelve yards, overtook Engle and McCafferty, ran clear of the Penn man, and finished three yards in front.

A few minutes later, one of the timers told me that Engle had done his final quarter in 48:2. And here's a little problem for you. If Engle did 48:2, and Munroe gained fifteen yards on Engle, what was Munroe's time?

There's only one explanation when a man so far exceeds any predictable performance.

Good form is essential, but it doesn't quite tell the story.

Good condition isn't enough.

When it comes to the pinch, there's nothing to take the place of the will to win.

Contents for April

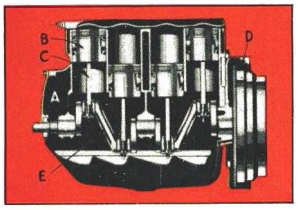
Cover Painting by *Clayton Knight*

UCC

Manufactured and guaranteed by National Carbon Company, Inc. General Offices: New York, N. Y. Other Eveready products are Eveready Raytheon 4-pillar Tubes, Eveready Hot-Shot Batteries, Eveready Prestone (anti-freeze), and Eveready Mazda Miniature Lamps. Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

INTERESTING THINGS FOR YOU TO KNOW

What Makes an Automobile Go?



This illustration shows the Ford cylinder bloc (A), pistons (B), connecting-rods (C), flywheel (D), and crankshaft (E). The care with which these parts are made is an important factor in the smoothness, reliability, economy and long life of the new Ford.

IT IS always interesting to study the mechanical construction of an automobile and know what makes it go and why. Here, in a few simple words, is a description of how power is developed in the modern motor car.

The gasoline goes from the tank to the carburetor where it is vaporized and mixed with the right amount of air. From the carburetor this mixture is conducted through the intake manifold and intake valves, into the cylinders.

Here it is compressed by the up-stroke of the piston and then ignited by a spark which jumps between the two electrodes of the spark plug.

The piston is connected with the crankshaft by the connecting-rod. Therefore, as it is forced down, it pushes on the connecting-rod. The connecting-rod turns the crankshaft and the crankshaft turns the flywheel.

The power thus developed is then carried to the rear wheels through the transmission, universal joint, driveshaft, differential, and rear axle.

The complete movement of the piston in the cylinder is divided into four strokes. On the inlet stroke it moves to the lower end of the cylinder and draws in the necessary supply of gasoline and air. On the compression stroke, the piston moves toward the top of the cylinder to compress this mixture. The power stroke is the downward movement of the piston as the gasoline mixture ignites. The exhaust stroke pushes the used gas out of the cylinder and makes room for a fresh charge.

The mixture of gasoline and air enters the cylinders through the inlet valves. It goes out through the exhaust valves. The action of these valves must be carefully timed. Their opening and closing movement is regulated by the camshaft.

* * *

The mixture of gasoline and air in the cylinders of an automobile does not really explode. It ignites and expands with tremendous pressure. This forces down the piston with a steady, even push instead of the sharp, sudden jolt it would get if the mixture exploded. The burning mixture may reach a temperature of 2700 degrees Fahrenheit. Heat causes expansion. Expansion of the gases makes power.

An Age of Opportunity

THIS is an age of opportunity for young men. From among you boys—the very boys who read these words today—will come many of the leaders of business and industry tomorrow.

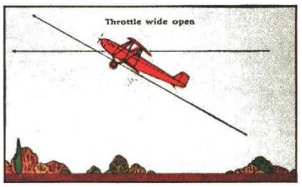
Success depends on character, education and hard work. You can never stop learning to do useful things and be of real service.

A great many things are going to change. We shall learn to be masters rather than servants of nature. With all our fancied skill we still depend largely on natural resources and think that they cannot be displaced. We dig coal and ore and cut down trees. We use the coal and the ore and they are gone; the trees cannot be replaced within a lifetime. We shall some day harness the heat that is all about us and no longer depend on coal—we may now create heat through electricity generated by water power. We shall improve on that method.

As chemistry advances I feel quite certain that a method will be found to transform growing things into substances that will endure better than the metals—we have scarcely touched the uses of cotton. Better wood can be made than is grown. The spirit of true service will create for us. We have only each of us to do our parts sincerely.

Henry Ford

Why an Airplane Stalls

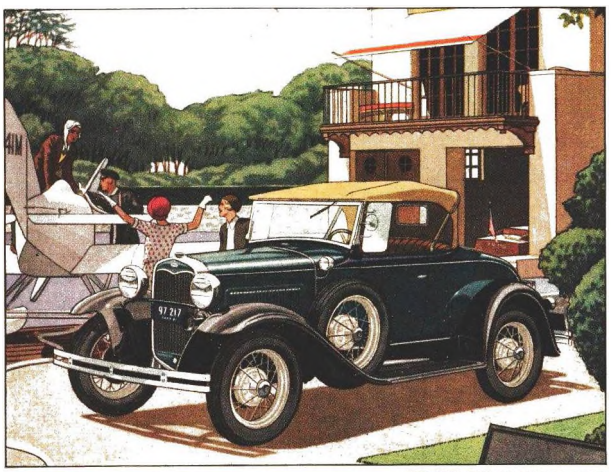


A common cause of stalling: Placing the airplane at such a sharp climbing angle that the plane flies in a horizontal direction at a speed less than the "minimum flying speed." Pilots call this "hanging on the prop."

IN order to fly, an airplane must maintain forward speed. An airplane's speed is measured by the rate it passes through the air, and not by its rate over the ground. It has forward speed even in a vertical dive—or when standing still in relation to the ground, if it is facing a stiff enough wind.

The minimum speed that will permit flight varies with different airplanes. In one it may be as low as twenty-five miles an hour, in another it may be as high as sixty miles an hour. This lowest speed at which an airplane will fly is called the "minimum flying speed." When the speed is less than that, the plane is "stalling," no matter how fast the engine is running.

In early airplanes a "stall" usually led to a tail-spin. Modern planes, however, are so designed that even a pronounced stall can be controlled, and need not lead to a spin. Experienced pilots are very skilled in detecting when an airplane approaches the stalling point, and careful pilots always make sure their speed is kept safely above that point.



THE NEW FORD DE LUXE ROADSTER

You boys who have the job of washing and polishing Dad's automobile will be glad to know that many of the exterior metal parts of the new Ford are made of Rustless Steel. This metal will retain its bright luster for the life of the car. All you need to do is to wipe it with a damp cloth, just as you do the windshield.

Before this metal was adopted by the Ford Motor Company it was tested for its resistance to seventy-six acids, alkalies, etc. Other samples were subjected to a salt spray for four hundred hours, the equivalent of forty years' service under the severest weather conditions. There was not the slightest suggestion of tarnish, rust or corrosion.

Making Glass in a Continuous Ribbon

THE Ford Motor Company was a pioneer in making plate glass by machinery in a continuous ribbon. Formerly, all glass was made largely by slow methods that had not been changed essentially in decades.

Today, the Ford Motor Company is making thirteen million square feet of glass annually in its plant at Rouge. Its method requires only about one-third as many men as the old way and has resulted in a saving of more than three million dollars a year. Savings like this are one reason why the Ford can be sold at a low price.

Every fifteen minutes the huge furnace is charged with sand, soda, ash, lime and other chemicals. This "batch," as it is called, is melted at 2550 degrees Fahrenheit, forming a molten mass.

The white-hot molten glass flows out slowly in a continuous stream on to a revolving iron drum and then passes under a roller which rolls it out into a sheet.

The next big problem is to cool this molten glass from 1400 degrees Fahrenheit to a point where it is cold enough to handle. The glass must be cooled slowly to prevent distortion. As it leaves the roller it enters an oven that is over 400 feet long. The glass, in a continuous ribbon 442 feet long, passes along on rollers through this oven. Thermostatically controlled electric heat with gradually diminishing intensity is applied to the ribbon as it passes through the oven. It enters the oven almost in a molten state and emerges cool enough to be handled with one's hands. The glass moves forward at the rate of about fifty feet per minute.

When the glass is cold enough to handle, it is cut into sheets the size of six complete windshields, and then ground and polished to crystal clearness by felt-covered discs. The entire process is handled by machinery, without danger to workers. Under the old methods, glass-making was considered dangerous.