

The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
April 1934
Founded 1827



COVER PAINTING BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

"The Case of the Lucy M," by James B. F.

PRICE 20 CENTS

THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION

a mitten and a glove
The DIFFERENCE *between*
is the DIFFERENCE between sneakers
and **Keds**

The makers of Keds now present an entirely new series of fabric-and-rubber shoes—a new *kind* of canvas footwear—Scientifically Lasted by shoe experts and built with a remarkable new Shockproof Insole. The revolutionary features of the new Keds have established them as the most perfectly fitting and most comfortable canvas shoes ever made.

The new last is the product of lengthy study and the most careful research by the country's foremost authorities on shoe design. It was developed through practical tests on every kind and type of foot and has been proved, by actual wear, to provide ease, fit and protection never before found in canvas footwear.

See the new Keds—examine them closely: Note carefully the way they fit along the sole, at the instep and around the ankle. Note, too, such important Keds features as the Full Breather Top; the Extra-strong, Special Fabric in the upper; the Pressure-Applied Sole; the Special Reinforcements throughout; the Pull-proof Eyelets; and Keds' practical washability—in any washing machine.

Keds alone offer *all* these features. Be sure you get them *all* by insisting upon genuine Keds.

Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

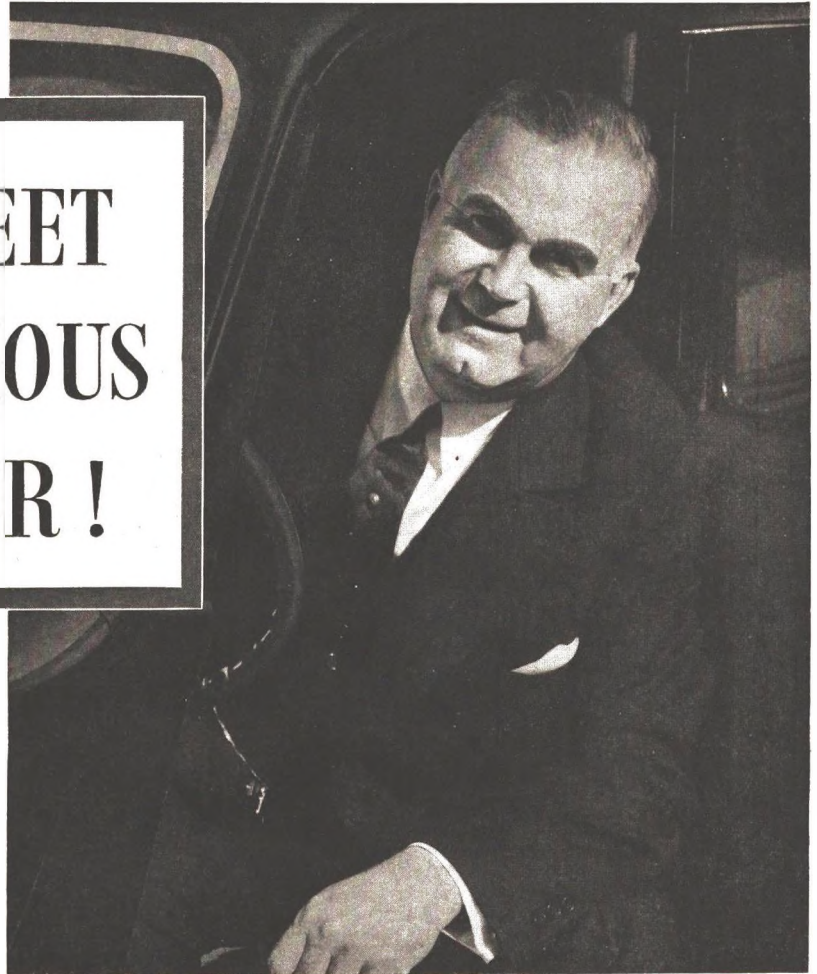


The New Shockproof Insole

Air-filled sponge rubber cushions the foot in the new Keds. The Shockproof Insole puts new *spring—new life*—in foot action. It adds to endurance by lessening fatigue. It protects feet by absorbing jolts and jars. You actually walk on a layer of live air!

United States  Rubber Company

Boys—MEET
THIS FAMOUS
ENGINEER!



Let Fred Zeder give you
the low-down on the new
PLYMOUTH

HE'S A "REG'LAR FELLER" if ever there was one! And you can bet he knows plenty about automobiles. Mr. Zeder's official title is "Vice-President" . . . and he's in full charge of Engineering for Chrysler Motors. Read what he has to say about the new Plymouth.

"YOU young fellows certainly keep us stepping to give you everything you want in an automobile. But I'm confident we've put a lot of things in the new Plymouth that you're going to like.

"First, we knew that you liked *big* cars. Well, you've seen the Plymouth . . . and isn't she a big, substantial-looking automobile?"

"But the first chance you get peek under the hood at the engine. That new Plymouth engine is a real power-plant! And it has something you don't find in any of the other low-priced cars. You know what I mean—patented Floating Power!"

"Boys, there's a real improvement in the automobile! For Floating Power engine mountings absorb all engine vibration. That saves a lot of wear and tear on your body—and

it adds a lot of extra life to the body of the car.

"Brakes are next in importance. Plymouth has four-wheel hydraulics. You can't beat 'em! They stop you quicker than any other kind made.

"We've got another fine feature in the Plymouth—a safety-steel body. It's strong steel reinforced with steel. Wooden bodies were all right in the slow-moving age when I was a boy. But motorists today need the extra protection of a modern steel body.

"We've got all those things in the new Plymouth plus Individual Front Wheel Springs. They take the bumps out of the road just like Floating Power puts an end to engine vibration.

"And just stick this thought in your mind—Plymouth gives you all *four* of these vital features—and none of the other low-priced cars gives you more than one. I'm not a salesman, boys—so I'm not going to ask you for an order. But when you or your family are looking around for a new car, I wish you'd just remember these things I've told you."



AT LEFT is the new De Luxe Plymouth Six Sedan. Plymouth prices begin at \$495 f. o. b. factory. The Plymouth Six is the lowest priced six-cylinder 4-door Sedan in America. Prices subject to change without notice. Duplate Safety Plate glass all around optional at low extra cost.

IT'S THE
BEST ENGINEERED
LOW-PRICED CAR!

PLYMOUTH SIX \$495

AND UP
F.O.B. FACTORY
DETROIT

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

AIRFLOW CHRYSLER

Grantland Rice says:

"THE AIRFLOW CHRYSLER IS LIKE A WELL-TRAINED ATHLETE . . . PERFECT BALANCE, TIMING, SMOOTHNESS, SPEED AND POWER"



Tomorrow's Car Today!

GRANTLAND Rice . . . the great sports authority . . . visited Chrysler's hide-away engineering camp in the Northwoods when the final tests of the new Airflow* Chrysler were being made. He describes the experience in

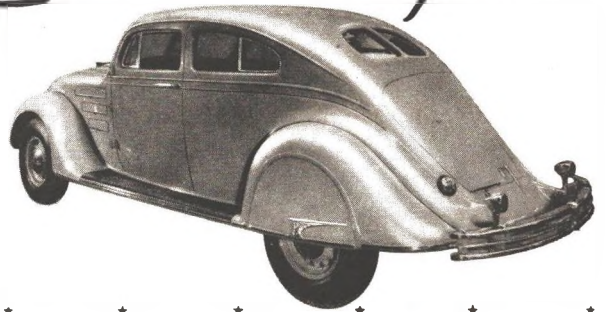
terms of the sports he knows so well.

"This amazing Airflow Chrysler seems to pay no more attention to the road it runs on than a bullet does the air it flies through.

"We took twisting backwoods trails . . . frozen, rut-bitten clay . . . snow-packed hollows and hurdles . . . with the rush of a rocket . . . without a quiver . . . without a lurch . . . without even the suggestion of a jolt.

"I was interested to learn from the engineers that the secret of this ride lies in balance and timing . . . the same factors I have discussed so often in connection with champions of the sport world.

"Like a crack athlete, the new Airflow Chrysler has flowing smoothness of style. And like any great champion, it shows to best advantage when the going is the worst . . . the greatest



test of form there is for human flesh or moving metal."

Chrysler has prepared an interesting book which describes the romantic development of the Floating Ride. We'll gladly send it to you free. Address Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12210 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Four Distinguished 1934 Models

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, \$1245.

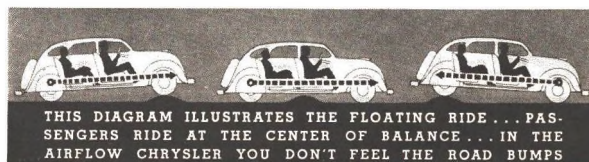
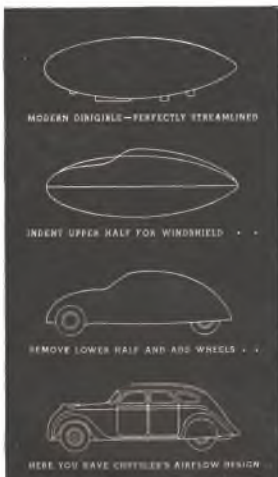
CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 110 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe. All body types, \$1495.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase. Individualized body types, prices on request.

1934 CHRYSLER SIX . . . With independently sprung front wheels . . . for a leveled, cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower, 7 body types on 117- and 121-inch wheelbase. From \$725 up. Four-door Sedan, \$795.

All Prices F. O. B. Factory, Detroit

TRADE MARK COPYRIGHTED 1933—CHRYSLER CORPORATION



THIS DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATES THE FLOATING RIDE . . . PASSENGERS RIDE AT THE CENTER OF BALANCE . . . IN THE AIRFLOW CHRYSLER YOU DON'T FEEL THE ROAD BUMPS

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

Entered as Second Class Matter, January 6, 1932, at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Publication Office: 180 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Administration Offices: 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Published monthly. Copyrighted, 1934, by The Sprague Publications, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Price 20 cents a copy. By subscription, \$2.00 for one year, \$3.50 for THREE YEARS in the United States and its possessions, 85 cents a year extra in Canada, 50 cents a year extra in other countries. Foreign remittances must be made by bank draft, postal or express money order, payable to U. S. funds.



Trenton and Currier runners shot forward. Parker getting a split-second lead that couldn't be protested.

Pace-Setting Is All Right, but Wearing a Halo Is Bad!

by

B. J. Chute

"ON your marks!" Forrest Booth of Currier College dug his right foot deeper into the cinder track and grinned encouragingly at a teammate, Lee Westby. Lee grinned back confidently and eased his weight a trifle. The taller, more rugged Forrest found himself wondering why Lee was never caught napping at the gun. The deceptively relaxed ease of Lee's starting crouch had caused more than one starter to hold the pistol and check on it.

"Get set!" Forrest stopped wondering and concentrated his entire attention on listening for the pistol shot. Currier and Perry students held their breaths, their eyes riveted on the six crouching figures in the lanes. The dual meet had seesawed back and forth—one second or even third place might decide the outcome.

Crack! The pistol spoke sharply, and the runners lunged forward coming up quickly out of the crouch into the nearly erect carriage of the mile runner.

"Boy, look at him run," gasped a spectator, as Lee Westby shot into the lead, running easily, his arms swinging.

Lee didn't hear the remark. He had a certain job to perform in this race and as Jim Murphy, captain

of the Perry team, lengthened his stride, Lee grinned inwardly. He knew that Murphy was wondering if Lee were pacing him, to wear him out before the grind of the last half mile. Murphy, he knew, was eying him suspiciously.

But Lee's smooth, graceful body action was enough to convince any skeptic that he was the real article and no pace-setter. Murphy narrowed the gap between them as they passed the quarter-mile markers. Behind him was another runner wearing the Perry green, determined to keep up with his captain as long as possible and assure a second place.

Forrest Booth and the other Currier runner, Dick Lloyd, trailed well behind, seemingly undisturbed by the strategies about them. And Lee, still in front, knew that Currier strategy was succeeding again.

At the beginning of the third quarter mile, Lee be-

gan to tire. His legs no longer moved easily but stiffened as the muscles tensed and cut down the length of his stride. He slipped back into second place, third place, fourth.

Jim Murphy, temporarily out in front, fought against the wave of chagrin and weariness that threatened to overwhelm him. To be taken in by an old gag like that, when points meant so much! Quick sideways glances showed him that he was running parallel with the two Currier leads, Booth and Lloyd, and they settled down grimly to fight it out on the home stretch—the last quarter mile that is the roughest going in the race.

"Come on, Forrie!" "Yea, Dick!" "Stick with 'em, Jim!" Currier and Perry rooters hung deliriously over the wire fences and pounded the wooden posts. "Come on, Forrest! Come on, boy! That's the way! Come on!"

Forrest was holding a precarious lead, Jim Murphy and Dick behind him fighting for position. The white string gleamed for a moment, then dropped to the dust as Forrest breasted the tape and stumbled headlong into the arms of an official.

A moment later, the last runner—Lee—came in, panting and weary, to receive the hearty commendations of a delighted coach, who pounded his three

runners on the backs indiscriminately. The judges conferred hurriedly, then announced the results: "Booth of Currier, first; Lloyd of Currier, second; Murphy of Perry, third."

Currier enthusiasts shouted deliriously, and Coach O'Brien shoved his charges toward the dugout. "Chase yourselves," he urged. "We'll let you know the results as soon as we get 'em."

Inside the training room, Forrest and Dick slumped wearily on benches, and their chubby trainer busied himself with tape and towels. Lee yawned and reached for a towel.

"Nice running, you kids," he remarked. "You got us off to a good start," Dick said. "I didn't think an old-timer like Murphy would swallow the bait, but he took it, hook, line and sinker. What'd you think of it, Forrie?"

"Mmmmm," Forrest grunted noncommittally, struggling with a shoe lace. Nobody knew just what poker-faced Forrie thought. He was slow and deliberate on the track.

"Oh, that's what you think?" Dick registered surprise. "Well, you should know. Forrest Booth, Currier's great mile runner, was quoted as saying that he thought the race was splendid, the weather lovely, and the view all that could be desired. He also showed a tendency to confide his life history to the reporter, who barely escaped with his notebook."

Forrest broke the lace and flung the shoe at Dick, who dodged it expertly.

The trainer picked the shoe up and regarded it disapprovingly. "That's no way to treat it," he began, but the sound of running feet in the hall cut him short.

Buzz Chester, student editor of the Currier News, burst into the room. "We popped the cole vault," he gasped excitedly. "I mean we copped the pole vault—first and second—and if we can get the broad, they can't beat us." He sank onto a bench and fanned himself with his hat. "Gosh, Forrie, you sure ran a swell race. You too, Dick. Lee gave you a swell send-off, didn't he? Well, I must pop. Let you know in a bit how the broad goes." He shot out the door, only to reappear suddenly. "I forgot," he panted. "Coach said to tell you to hang around until he comes in—he wants to see you. Toodle-oo." He dashed out again, leaving his hat behind him.

"Perpetual motion machine," Forrest commented, picking up the hat and setting it rakishly on an electric light fixture.

Dick snorted. "Dizzy guy, but he's more fun than a circus. Say, Forrie, I think you and I owe Lee a vote of thanks."

Lee, slender and blond, reddened with embarrass-

ment and pleasure. "That's all right," he mumbled.

"Well, I think you deserve a heap of credit, getting Murphy's number for us that way. I couldn't have crossed the white ahead of him if he'd had any sprint left." He paused and eyed Forrest questioningly. "Could you?"

"No," Forrest admitted honestly. "I couldn't have."

"Well, then," Dick spread his hands in a triumphant gesture, "the vote of thanks is in order. Consider yourself appreciated, Lee. I for one am darned grateful. Also I understand that tuna fish do not thrive in the jungles of Peru."

"What?"

"Just trying to tide us over an awkward moment," Dick murmured soothingly. "I meant nothing by it. Methinks I hear Buzz Chester pattering down the hall again. Also methinks he is accompanied. Perhaps he intends to wrest that chapeau from us by main force. Gentlemen, prepare yourselves for a fight to the finish."

Forrest laughed and walked over to the door, opening it just as the cherubic Buzz dashed through, with the result that they went to the floor together in a heap. After a moment of confusion, Buzz sorted himself out and sat up.

"This is known as welcoming the bringer of good tidings," he moaned, rubbing his head and glowering at Forrest.

Lee offered a hand and pulled the injured editor to his feet. "Spill it," he said eagerly.

"We won the meet—by two and a half points," Buzz announced.

Lee leaped upon him in glee, and Forrest grabbed at his leg. Dick stared for a moment at the three active figures on the floor, then flung himself at the heap joyfully, just as the coach came through the door.

"Speed" O'Brien, who had earned his nickname in high school and college racing, regarded the group on the floor with astonishment. "I should think you'd had enough exercise for one day," he remarked blandly, hauling Forrest to his feet and pushing him firmly down on a bench.

"Never get enough exercise," Buzz panted, trying vainly to get his tie from under his ear. "Just love to play little games with these roughnecks. Just love it," he added bitterly, kicking Dick in the shin and nearly precipitating another fight.

"Hold it," the coach advised. "I want to tell you fellows about a few things, while I still have them on my mind. But, first of all, that was fine racing. All three of you—" He broke off as ten or twelve boys in track suits pushed through the door and into the room.

"Where do we go from here, boys? Where do we go from here?" chanted the leader, waving a javelin around, to the imminent peril of everyone.

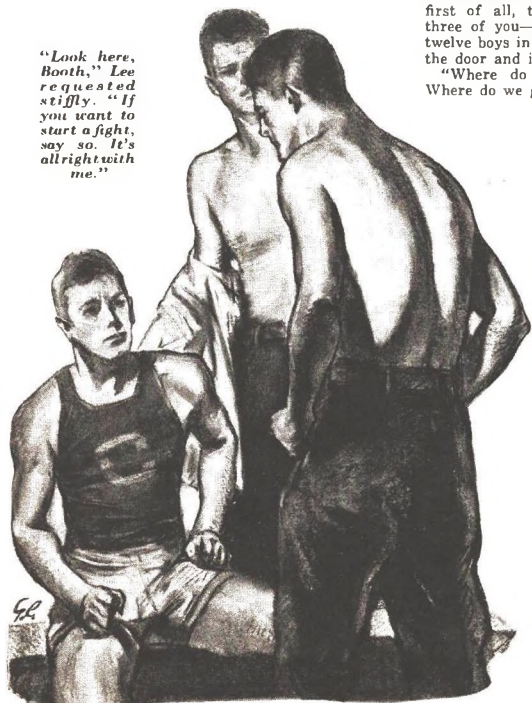
"You go in there," said Speed, pointing sternly at the room beyond, "and stay there without tearing down all the fixtures. Get me?"

"You've given me a swell idea," the javelin waver chortled. "I never thought of the fixtures." He showed a disposition to continue the conversation, but the coach rose threateningly to his feet, and the group hastily piled into the other room, adding a reluctant Buzz to their ranks.

Speed sat down again and laughed. "No wonder my hair's getting gray. Where was I? Oh, yes, saying it was a good race. Well, there were one or two things. Dick, you still show that tendency to tie up toward the finish. And, Forrest, you want to lengthen your stride even a little more." He paused and looked at the slender Lee approvingly. "You certainly gave them a splendid start, boy. I'd have been willing to bet dollars to doughnuts that you couldn't pace Murphy, but you fooled both of us. That counts just as much with me as coming in first."

Illustrator:

GRATTAN CONDON



"Look here, Booth," Lee requested stiffly. "If you want to start a fight, say so. It's all right with me."



Lee grinned self-consciously, and then noticed that Forrest was looking at him strangely. There was a long silence, then Forrest said, "Get a move on, kid, and we'll walk back to the Hall together. We've got Latin to study."

Lee grabbed hastily at a shoe.

Lee laid down his Latin book with a sigh and ruffled his hair peevishly. Forrest glanced up from the opposite end of the table in Number 14, Dixon Hall, and laughed. "Done?" he asked maliciously.

"If by 'done,' you mean the assignment, no, I'm not," Lee admitted. "But if you mean me—yes. I can't face another declension."

Forrest read another line or two in the book he held, and slipped a bit of paper between the pages. Lee nodded his satisfaction, and they both tilted their chairs back against the wall and propped their feet

He changed his stride from the long swing of the distance runner to the more choppy hip action of a practiced sprinter.



Lee blinked in surprise. "Why not? No, I don't particularly like it, but if it does any good getting you off, I'd just as soon."
 "I see. It's none of my business, of course, but why do you stick to the mile? You could go places in the half."
 "Well, Terry and Jim are all we need in that event. There's no place for me there, and anyhow," he hesitated a moment, "well, this is something I can do for the school. It satisfies the coach, and if it's okay

star miler—was gazing fixedly at the starter's gun. Forrest mentally assured himself that Parker was planning to "beat the gun" and get an undeserved lead. Let him! If he wanted the race that way, he could have it.

"Get set!" Dick, on Parker's other side, straightened and riveted his eyes determinedly on the cinder track ahead, equally confident that the Trenton star would "beat the gun."
 "Go!"

Trenton and Currier runners shot forward, Parker getting a split-second lead that couldn't be protested. Lee sprinted. It was his job to get a first place and hang on to it for the half, and he intended to do it, as he had in other races. But an unforeseen element upset his own and his coach's plans. Dick, running strongly, passed him up and then swept ahead of Parker. Lee groaned—Dick could never hold that pace.

Then Forrest, as angry as Dick over Parker's sportsmanlike start, disputed possession of the inside track with Parker, and finally took the lead of the runners. Lee fought desperately to hold his place, to get in front and hold his teammates back. At the quarter-mile he forged ahead, his natural sprinting ability asserting itself, and Dick eased off a trifle.

At the half, Lee still held the lead by a matter of inches, with Parker, Dick and Forrest running shoulder to shoulder. Lee wondered wearily what had possessed his teammates to run themselves ragged at the start, and then realized he was losing ground himself. His muscles ached, his breathing was labored, his feet seemed to be weighted with lead. Within sight of the three-quarters mark, he began to drop back—second, third, fourth. . . .

The three leaders shot into the home stretch, neck and neck, calling upon some hidden reserve of energy for the final sprint. The crowd roared in frantic encouragement, and the finish judges peered anxiously at the track, anticipating a dead heat.

They were wrong. Parker breasted the tape a good six inches ahead of Forrest, who stumbled in behind him exactly level with another Trenton runner. Dick crossed the white an instant later, and Lee trailed in behind with the also-rans.

The runners shook hands perfunctorily as the announcer read the results, and Dick, Lee and Forrest trotted across the oval toward the lockers. Arrived there, they answered the trainer's eager questions about the race, received his sympathy, and sat wearily on benches, staring gloomily at each other.

"I wanted to win that, if only to beat Parker," Dick muttered angrily.
 "Same here." Forrest stretched out on a bench and looked at the ceiling unhappily.

"What'd he do to you?" Lee inquired curiously.
 "Young innocent," Dick sighed. "He beat the gun. He watched the starter's finger on the trigger, and then broke when it was too late for the starter to check, but before the gun went off. Nice timing," he admitted grudgingly. "He must have it down to a science. It makes a peach of a racket."

"Too bad, too," Forrest agreed. "He's a good enough runner without pulling that kind of thing. Darn it, it makes me sick." He pulled viciously at a loose thread on his sweater.

"What makes you sick?" Speed O'Brien stood in the doorway, hands in pockets, a look of displeasure clouding his usually cheerful features.
 "Parker?"

"Yes, sir."
 "I don't blame you. He makes me sick too—and so do you."

Forrest sat up suddenly. "Me?" he exclaimed unbelievably.

"You and Dick." The coach leaned up against a locker. "You lost that race, because you let your tempers get the best of you. If you'd used your heads, either one of you could have showed Trenton your heels. Why didn't you let Lee pull them out—you could have licked them in the sprint. Instead of that, you got mad, decided to show Parker up, and lost the race." He turned toward the door, opened it, then glanced back. "You lost us the meet, too," he added. "Trenton won by half a point." The door closed gently behind him.

Lee shifted uneasily. "I wish you fellows had let me give you a start," he mourned.

Forrest straightened suddenly. "Why didn't you keep on racing the second half mile?" he demanded. "I don't mean running—I mean racing."

Lee stared. "I couldn't. I was dead beat. You know I'm a lead man, a pace-setter—"

"I know it, all right," Forrest interrupted furiously. "Nobody knows it better than I do. You've used that for an excuse to quit in every race this year. Yes, I ought

(Continued on page 34)

with him, I guess it ought to be okay with me."
 Forrest's hand traveled to the electric light cord and jerked it down, plunging the room into darkness. "But I should think," he protested softly, "that you'd want to have something to show for it."
 Lee frowned. Good old Forrie, the big ox, had been acting funny lately. Looking at Lee out of the corner of his eyes, dropping an occasional remark that Lee couldn't quite understand. Lee gazed into the darkness, wondering.

"All ou-u-ut for the mi-i-ile." The announcer shouted his warning for the last time, and Forrest tightened his belt, extremely aware of the sinking sensation that always preceded every race he ran. He grinned at Dick and Lee and took his lane.

His knees felt weak and he was hardly conscious of the starter's steady, "On your marks!" He noticed that the man to his left—Parker, the Trenton

up on the table. Forrest drew a deep breath of relief.

"Tired?" Lee asked.
 "A bit. Murphy kind of pushes a fellow to the limit." He hesitated, and his rock-hewn face grew quizzical. "Lee—"

"Here," said Lee amiably.
 "Do you like coming in last in all the races? I mean—I beg your pardon. I had no business to ask."



She approached him again and thrust out her left forepaw gingerly. If she could flip him over, tumble him down the shelving bank, he would be helpless.

A Story of Wilderness Combat Beside a Forest Lake

Wilderness Debt

by

Kenneth Gilbert

Illustrated by PAUL BRANSOM

FOR days now, Iskut, the giant bull moose who ranged the rolling Cassiar hills, had been mad with a vindictiveness directed against the world at large. At night there hung in the sky the soft love-moon of fall, and to the insane Iskut it seemed that the world had conspired to keep him from the side of the mate who, instinct told him, was somewhere in this northern wilderness. Therefore, Iskut was willing to battle any living thing that would stand and fight.

Big and black and very shaggy was the bull moose, and the hairy "bell," or pendant, hung from his neck nearly to his knees. Sleepless and restless as he had been for days, his red-rimmed eyes smoldered as he came out at the edge of a muskeg flat and stared around for sight of an enemy.

But there was no enemy. The muskeg flat, with its scattering of spruce trees, was silent and empty, washed by the thin light from the rising moon, the pools of water between the clumps of bunch grass showing like black mirrors. Iskut shook his antlers, and then lifted his nose while he sampled the air. But the night was windless, and the air brought him nothing save the soft, warm odors of the swamp. Instead of reassuring him, this fact seemed to enrage him, for he flourished his antlers again, and fell upon a saskatoon thicket. This he punished unmercifully, flailing about in the brush until it was demolished. Even that gave him little satisfaction. He was simmering with hate, and there was slight comfort in battering a defenseless thicket.

At last, hopefully, he flattened his head and antlers and sent over the flat the rough, unmusical call of his kind, deep-toned and utterly suggestive of the wilderness—"Br-ra—br-ra—br-a!" Statuesquely he stood there, listening for an answer. At last, from afar, came a reply, faint and brief. A moose cow had heard his summons.

Iskut twitched his ears appreciatively, and put all his lung power into another effort. This time no

answer came. Nevertheless, he had marked the direction whence came the reply, and now he moved off through the brush with alacrity, pausing now and then to voice his call, and listening for a reply. But none came.

Still Iskut went on. He was assailed by the fear that he would be unable to find the cow who had answered him, and in his hot impetuosity he broke into a run. Crashing through the brush, he came out at last on the shore of a marshy lake, less than a half mile in diameter. There he paused again, listening.

But he did not repeat his call. Instead, he began moving along the shore, silently as a weasel, for all his tremendous size. No longer did he pause to thrash the brush with his antlers. As he moved on, his great ears twitched back and forth as they sought to pick up sounds from afar. There was something uncanny about the single reply he had heard. It had sounded natural enough; yet at the same time there had been something in it that awakened suspicion.

Suddenly, as he was about to pass the mouth of a sandy gully where a small creek debouched into the lake after winding through a maze of birch and aspen, he stopped abruptly, and listened again. His nostrils twitched, as they caught a strong, catlike scent.

As Iskut stood there, the great hackles of hair

about his foreshoulders lifted themselves, and his glowing eyes became red with blood. Then, without warning, he bawled terrifically, lowered his antlers, and charged.

Other visitors had come to the marshy lake this night. The first of these was a bulky porcupine, a fat and rather querulous old fellow who, muttering to himself, had descended from a tall aspen whose higher limbs he had painstakingly stripped of all bark and tender twigs. The porcupine was accustomed to go for long periods without drinking water. Apparently the sap from the trees satisfied his craving for liquid, and he was well content to remain aloft for long periods. There was safety aloft—safety from the few animals who dared to disregard his quills in their hunger for fresh meat.

Yet there were times when, in seeking a new tree or a drink of water, he was compelled to leave his lofty citadel. The big porcupine, as he moved toward the lake for a drink, took his time and managed to keep as sharp a lookout as he could with his poor eyesight. He had traveled perhaps a hundred yards, and was almost at the lake where the creek emptied into it, when the thing happened.



A full-grown female lynx, ravenously hungry, was trotting silently along the lake shore, hopeful of surprising a muskrat feeding among the reeds, or some prowling mink. Coming to the mouth of the creek, she turned along its bank, looking for some log on which to cross. Thus it was that she came face to face with the old porcupine.

She stopped, a vindictive snarl wrinkling her lips and revealing her strong, white, cutting incisors. For an instant she wavered, her hatred of the prickly little animal almost overcoming her natural caution, for she knew well what would happen if she tried to break through that phalanx of spears. Her greenish-yellow eyes flamed with cold fire; yet she stayed well back from the porcupine.

The latter, seeing the lynx, immediately went into an attitude of defense. Her presence disturbed him, although he had vast confidence in himself and the protection nature had given him. Nevertheless, he understood that his throat and belly were not covered with spines as was his back; so he humped himself, put his nose between his paws, and seemed to grow twice his natural size. In the thin moonlight, the porcupine appeared to grow whiter, as though he had gone pale with anger at sight of the lynx.

Ordinarily the lynx would have passed on, with perhaps an explosive snarl of disappointment. But now she was famished, and she determined to use her craft to get behind those erected spears. Crouched flat, she began moving slowly toward the porcupine.

The latter hesitated a moment, then began backing away, his quilled tail lashing this way and that. The lynx paused and waited for him to become quiet. Then she approached him again, and thrust out her left forepaw gingerly, the pad uplifted, the long, retractile claws unsheathed. She had observed that just to the left of the porcupine was a steeply shelving sand bank. If she could hook a claw into his underjaw, she would, with a deft flip, turn the porcupine over and allow him to roll down the bank.

Then, before he could recover himself and go into an attitude of defense, she would be on him, ripping out his tender, unprotected belly. Thereafter, she would gorge herself on the succulent, bark-flavored flesh, and go her way, leaving behind an empty skin of porcupine quills, none of which had harmed her, as evidence of how this prickly bur of the forest may be safely opened.

While the porcupine, with his chirring warning, continued to back stupidly, she carefully inserted one long claw in his underjaw, and turned him over sharply. Then, as he went end over end down the bank, tail lashing and legs spread helplessly, she gathered herself for the leap.

But she never took it. As she was about to leave the ground, a terrific bellow sounded in her ears, and out of the corner of one eye she saw the mighty Iskut charging down upon her.

The bull moose hated lynxes, although ordinarily he ignored them. Now they suggested enemies to be fought, and here was one in plain sight. Once let him get the female lynx beneath his powerful forehoofs, and he would crush out her life in an instant.

The lynx understood this well, and had no stomach for such a battle. With a squall of rage, she leaped backward and vanished instantly in a clump of brush. Her disappearance was so abrupt that Iskut was confused. One instant he had seen her before him, and then she was gone.

Abruptly he ended his charge and looked around. He saw the porcupine there, but forebore to trample it into earth. The porcupine was not only too humble a foe, but the moose, insane though he was, still had enough caution left to understand that such an act would mean filling the tender flesh above his hoofs with spines. There was no way of combating the defense of the lesser animal. So Iskut merely backed away, snorting fiercely, while the porcupine, regaining his feet again, humped himself and waited patiently for the attack.

It was not forthcoming. After another blast of rage at the cowardly lynx and this prickly bur of the woods, Iskut turned and stalked majestically away in the brush.

The porcupine heard him go, and as silence settled over the place once more, the small gladiator with the spines bethought himself of the safety of his tree top. Gone was his desire for a drink of water; he would wait until he had recovered his composure, and until the woods seemed more free of enemies. Slowly, and with rattling quills, he retraced his steps, nor did he stop until he had set his sharp claws in the bark of the tree and begun to climb.

He felt no gratitude toward Iskut for having saved his life. The porcupine was too dull-witted a creature to understand that much; he was content only to stay up in the tree until he had forgotten his narrow escape.

And remain aloft he did, until the following afternoon just before dusk. Then, his enemies forgotten, he came down the tree and waddled to the near-by lake. There he slaked his thirst, nibbled at a few tender shoots of aspen that grew along the shore—and then froze into an attitude of immobility!

There was a soft but steady impact of feet on leaves, the crackling of brush. Then, out of the woods, appeared two men—one a grizzled guide, the other a big-game hunter, the newness of his shooting clothes proclaiming that he had not been in the

wilderness long. They paused to survey the lake, then came on again.

At sight of them, the porcupine became vastly disturbed. He had never seen a man before, but he remembered now his narrow escape from the lynx, and the big moose that had stood over him. Dull-witted though he was, he associated these newcomers with danger, and the sight of them threw him into a mild panic. He determined to take to the trees.

The nearest aspen was perhaps twenty yards distant—too far for him to reach swiftly. Beside him was the thick trunk of a big spruce. Turning to this as better than nothing, he went rattling up the bole of it, while the two men came on slowly. He was safely within the sheltering screen of its limbs when both men came to a stop directly beneath.

The man with the gun sat down with his back to the tree, while the guide walked a short distance into the woods until he came to a big birch. From this he stripped off a large piece of bark and began fashioning it into a cone perhaps two feet in length. Then, back at the tree once more, he squatted down beside the other man and raised the horn.

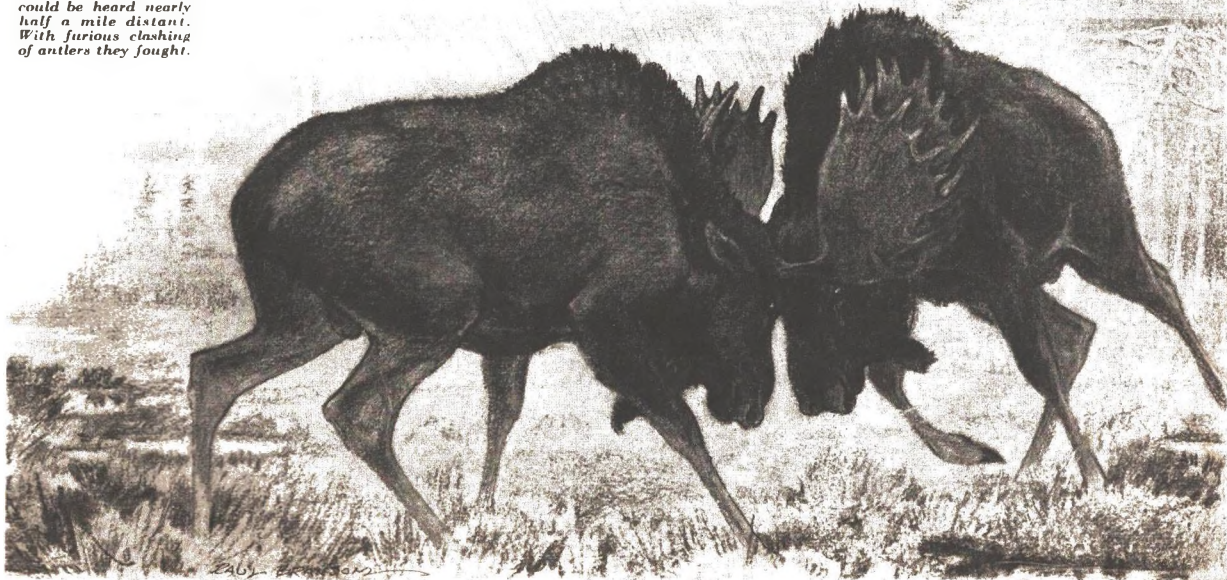
Into it he breathed a long, lugubrious note, ending with a short, sharp catch—"Who-ah! Who-ah! Who-ah!" Then he settled back to wait, the silence unbroken, save for the murmur of the creek close by.

After a few moments, the guide repeated the call, pointing the horn toward the ground, then lifting and waving it until the sound seemed to hang tremulously over the marshy lake. *This time it was answered!*

Clear and deeply resonant in the distance came the reply—"Br-ra! br-ra!" It was repeated several times. Old Iskut himself was coming to the promised tryst!

Travers, the guide, settled back contentedly. "Won't be long now," he told Crane, his employer. "Chances are it's that big bull whose tracks we saw down at the lower end of the lake. Yuh want to be ready, because he won't give yuh but one chance.

The impact when the two came together could be heard nearly half a mile distant. With furious clashing of antlers they fought.





Still yearning for combat, Iskut plunged into the lake and swam to the other side.

Above all, yuh want to keep cool! He's so big and savage that he might charge yuh unless yuh drop him the first shot!"

Crane nodded, and his fingers tightened on his gun. He was thrilled, for the rumble of the great bull who had answered the cow-like summons the guide had uttered was enough to quicken the pulses of the most experienced hunter. Crane had never seen Iskut, but nothing less than a mighty bull could have voiced that roaring response. He settled himself more firmly against the tree, every faculty alert, while the northern sunlight fell swiftly.

Unknown to either man, the porcupine crouched on a limb just above them, patiently waiting for these awe-inspiring humans to depart.

After routing the lynx, Iskut traveled fast and far, still seeking the mate that fate had denied him. From one lake to another he roamed, now and then pausing to utter his short, bellowing challenge. Twice it was answered by other bulls, but he saw no cows nor heard them.

The first time his invitation to battle was accepted by another bull, Iskut was crossing a muskeg flat. This was at dawn. For several minutes the two bulls had been hurrying toward each other, uttering short grunts of rage. Now Iskut emerged from the woods first, to discover the other bull standing at the edge of the timber, regarding him.

Iskut paused only long enough to see that the strange bull, who had wandered down from the Glacier Creek district, was a big one, and unusually black. Then Iskut charged.

The other met him halfway, gladly, it seemed, as though the strange bull had known loneliness and a yearning for combat as poignant as that experienced by Iskut. The impact when the two came together could be heard nearly half a mile distant. Then, with furious clashing of antlers, they fought.

It was a bloody battle. Big though the Glacier Creek bull was, he was no match either in strength or fighting craft for Iskut. That doughty warrior, after the first clash, leaped back and feinted. Then, as the Glacier Creek bull gave ground, Iskut flung himself forward.

Purposely he missed the lowered antlers of the other, and shot by. But as he was about to pass his rival, he dealt a mighty side blow with his heavy antlers, and the points buried themselves in the other bull's shoulders. Bellowing in agony and fury, the Glacier bull whirled on Iskut so fiercely that the latter was all but caught napping.

Nevertheless, he turned the situation to advantage.

Leaping free, he closed so abruptly with the other that the Glacier Creek bull was unprepared. Back on his haunches Iskut bore him. Mercilessly, Iskut punished his foe.

The Glacier Creek bull regained his feet, whirled, and fled, Iskut pounding behind him. Triumphant, the mighty Cassiar bull voiced his contempt of all foemen.

He stood there long enough to watch the other bull

disappear, then turned away. An hour later his challenge was answered again, as he came out on the shore of a marshy lake. But when he reached the spot where the second bull should have been, he found no foeman there. The second bull had thought better of it.

Still yearning for combat, Iskut thrashed about in the scrub for twenty minutes, then plunged into the lake and swam to the other side, as though his boundless energy must find outlet in violent effort. He came out at last among the reeds and walked noisily into the brush. There he stood still, listening, the water trickling off his matted coat. Suddenly the hackles over his shoulders rose again, as a strong, rather musty smell assailed his nostrils.

For a full minute his nose wrinkled as he sought to place the direction from which the scent came. Then, his eyes flaming redly, he began stalking silently through the woods. Coming out at the edge of a glade, he hesitated a moment, then lowered his antlers and, with a terrifying bellow, charged.

A hundred feet away, garnering berries by the mouthful, a morose old black bear looked up quickly. He was unaware, of course, that his scent had been carried by the wind to the sensitive nostrils of the moose, or he would have betaken himself from this dangerous vicinity. As it was, he had no time to flee before Iskut was upon him.

At this season, the bear, big though he was, wanted no trouble with such a gladiator as Iskut. Yet, cornered, he would fight to the last.

In years gone by he had slain many a calf moose that he had found unguarded by its mother. Between Iskut and all bears there existed a feud, for the giant bull, in his immature days, had nearly been killed by one of the black assassins. Iskut had escaped with his life, but with several deep claw marks on his flanks. The fear of bears was in him at all times save during the love-moon, when he was ready to battle anything. Now, insane as he was, he determined to be avenged.

Rearing on his hind feet like a skilled boxer who sets himself for an adversary's rush, the bear dealt a fearful blow as the bull moose shot past. Had the bear turned and fled then he would have made good his escape. But he sought to follow up the fight.

As he stepped closer for a second blow, a terrific side-sweep of Iskut's tremendous antlers caught him in the ribs, even as it had done the Glacier Creek bull. With a squeal of rage, the (Continued on page 42)





Hide-rack Meets a Killer

by

Glenn Balch

TOM BENSON and Willard Rudd, two Eastern museum men who had arranged with Dad for a trip into the wild Salmon River crags after specimens of our Idaho mountain goats, arrived at our cabin on the Middle Fork late one fall afternoon. Benson was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a fine tanned face. Rudd was older, with slightly graying temples, but just as active. Both had the smiling alertness of outdoors men and were all enthusiasm over our tall timber and towering mountains. I liked them at once. But a third and unexpected member of the party I disliked the instant I saw him.

When Tom Benson opened one of the rear doors of the sedan, a snarling grayish-black form burst forth, and hurled itself straight at Hide-rack, my big collie, who was extending his customary welcome to newly arrived guests by means of his friendly brown eyes and wagging tail. Hide-rack's mouth snapped shut so quickly that it seemed to clip the end off his disappearing tongue and, eyes wide with surprise, he leaped lightly aside.

But a light stout chain, fastened to a ring inside the car, brought the savage gray streak up short in the midst of its leap.

"Turk!" Tom Benson shouted sharply. "Cut that out!"

The gray dog cringed, and turned red-rimmed eyes on his master. He was a big, rangy, heavily-furred animal with short, erect ears and a long, keen muzzle crisscrossed with scars. As large as Hide-rack, he had a splendid, beautiful body; but in his eyes and his curled lips there was viciousness and cruelty.

"Sorry," Tom Benson apologized to me and Hide-rack. "I forgot about him."

Dad surveyed the gray dog with shrewd eyes. "Part wolf?" he guessed.

"And meaner than any wolf ever was," declared Willard Rudd emphatically. "The rest of him must be hyena. Tom ought to be banned as a public nuisance for lugging that killer around."

Benson laughed good-naturedly. "Willard doesn't like my dog," he explained. "I'm not sure I do either. But I admire him immensely; he's so untamably fierce. A prospector just below the arctic circle gave him to me a year ago. He'd tried to make a sled dog of him and had failed. I swore I'd tame him, even if he was a mature dog when I got him. It's been a year of fight, and I wouldn't say that I've won—yet." He looked down at his fang-scarred left hand. "I guess I'm crazy; but I don't like to admit defeat. And at least I've got him so that I can control him."

"Yeah—with a whip," Rudd reminded him. "He'll always be a wolf."

"Maybe so," Benson admitted. "Just the same, he's got some of the stuff in him that made Napoleon great. I've never seen his match in fighting. The man who gave him to me said that he had killed a dozen opponents in the dog pit. But you needn't worry, Chet," he added, turning to me. "We'll keep

him away from that nice collie of yours."

"And I'll keep Hide-rack away from him!" I promised.

"Are you going to take him in on this trip?" Dad asked.

"Yes," Benson replied. "It'll do him good. And besides I don't dare leave him with anybody."

He went to the car, got a long, black dog whip, and expertly split the air into two or three pistol-like explosions.

"Come here, Turk," he ordered.

The dog approached sulkily. Without the slightest hesitation, Tom Benson reached down and unsnapped the chain. I half expected Turk to fly at Hide-rack, but he seemed strangely docile.

"Heel," Benson commanded sharply, and turned and walked away.

Obediently Turk fell in behind him. Benson circled the car and came back to us.

"You see," he assured Dad, "I can manage him all right. It has taken a year to train him, but he never leaves my heels now without my permission. And some day maybe I'll throw away my whip."

"And he'll chew your arm off," predicted Rudd.

"He's your dog," Dad said, "and of course you can do as you like with him. Don't worry about us."

Soon we were on our way. At the other end of a long row of rocking, canvas-covered packs I could see Tom Benson's lean shoulders and fine black head. In his right hand was the coiled dog whip that he carried constantly when Turk was unchained. The big gray dog, I knew, was following sullenly behind Tom's horse, his natural desire for freedom restrained by fear of the whip.

I looked to the right, where, twenty feet up the slope out of the dust, Hide-rack marched sedately. The magnificent collie, hard as nails after months of mountain travel, was a superb picture of strength and grace. He was as large as the gray dog, but was gentle and kind where Turk was fierce and cruel. Hide-rack's world was a peaceful, protected one, with a master to love and obey and a horse herd to guard and control. Turk's life had been a fight—a continuous bitter struggle against forces that he hated and did not understand.

Savage fierceness had been trained into him by cruel, greedy men who wanted victories in the North country dog pits. He was driven by hate and fear—hate of everything that kept him from following the free, wild instincts of his wolf ancestors, and fear of black, stinging whips with shot-loaded butts that could be used like clubs. He combined the magnificent courage of a fine dog with the cunning and cruelty of a wolf, and it gave him a terrible power. Running with a wolf pack, he would have been king. In the domesticated world he must always be in a state of armed truce, his flashing teeth ready to slash and rip at an instant's notice.

"Boy," I said emphatically to Hide-rack, "you've got to stay away from that Turk dog. He isn't human. I don't want you to get all chewed up. So you tend strictly to your own business, young fellow, and let him alone."

"All right," Hide-rack answered by a nonchalant wag of his tail.

He was letting me do the worrying, and I did plenty. I knew Hide-rack could hold his own with any ordinary dog but I didn't want him to get mixed up with this trained killer out of the mysterious North. I was uneasy all the time.

Yet I realized that Tom Benson had the routine of handling Turk well developed. He kept the dog with him and the whip handy whenever the animal was unchained. At all stops, he immediately fastened Turk to a stout tree.

"I keep him with me all I possibly can," Benson said once. "It's a nuisance, but I have a hold on him and I mean to keep it. I want to win, and win fairly. I want to conquer Turk and make a good dog out of him without breaking his splendid spirit and courage."

"The only time that tiger'll ever be good is when he's dead," Rudd declared with the easy frankness of complete understanding. "You haven't been able to plant any love or respect or kindness in his heart; all you've been able to put there is fear. He obeys you because he's afraid of your whip. You'll be lucky if he doesn't get his teeth in you again."

Tom Benson looked at his scarred left hand with a rueful grin. "I suppose," he said slowly, "I should have shot him then. But that would have been admitting defeat."

At the end of three days of riding through mountainous, heavily timbered country gorgeously dashed with rich yellows and browns and reds from Jack Frost's autumn paint brush, we came to the shores of a crystal-clear little mountain lake that snuggled under two great granite peaks where white, shaggy, sure-footed herds of mountain goats ranged.

"There's a lot of big fellows up there," Dad informed our guests. "You'll have no trouble getting good specimens for your museum."

We pitched permanent camp close to the lake, stretched the tents, brought out the folding table and chairs, and put up the cook fly. Benson chained Turk to a stout tree thirty feet back from the camp and cleared the brush from around it. With my big collie's intelligent assistance, I hazed the horse herd down the canyon to a grassy flat and watched while they spread out, feeding hungrily.

That night, before crawling into my sleeping bag, I called Hide-rack into the tent and tied the door flaps securely. "You sleep in here on this trip," I told the big dog sternly.

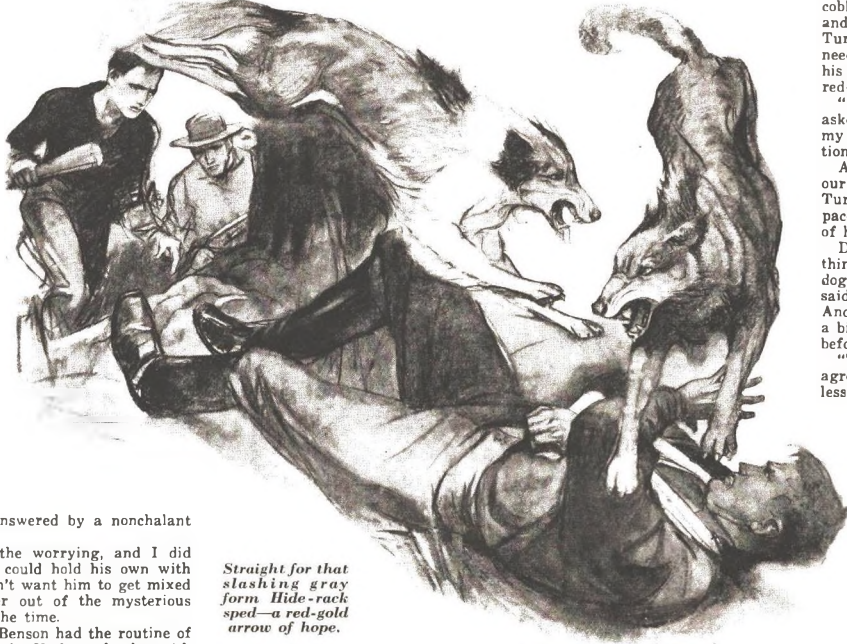
My father looked up from unlacing a boot. "Not

taking any chances, are you, Chet?" he said with a grin.

"No, sir," I replied emphatically. "Any time it's necessary to put up a scrap, Hide-rack can do it. But I don't want him chewed up when there's nothing to gain. And that Turk dog is a trained fighter."

"Hide-rack is a pretty good hand at taking care of himself," Dad commented, blowing out the candle and sliding into his blankets.

Snuggled down in my warm blankets, I was just falling asleep when my ear caught a faint, almost inaudible tinkle above the lulling night noises of the forest. Immediately I became fully awake; I listened intently, and after a little interval I heard the sound



Straight for that slashing gray form Hide-rack sped—a red-gold arrow of hope.

again, faint but unmistakable. I became aware of an almost soundless shuffle in the dry pine needles. Something was astir in our camp!

Dad's regular breathing showed that he was asleep. I kicked my feet out of the covers and slipped on my boots. Hide-rack pushed his cold muzzle into my hand. With the dog at my heels, I silently untied the tent flaps and stepped out into the chilly air.

Outside, the noise could be heard plainly and I immediately located its source. Turk, his gray body dark against the shadows, was trotting slowly at the end of his chain around the tree. Around and around he went, chain slipping on the bark, never halting, never pausing, never making any noise except for the tinkle of his chain now and then and the monotonous shuffle of his paws as he trotted ceaselessly on and on, always against the pull of the chain. An unbroken spirit fighting against something that it could not understand; a tragedy of thoughtless breeding and heartless early training.

Watching, I felt a surge of sympathy for the splendid animal. Life for him must always be a battle—an inner conflict between instincts so hopelessly scrambled by breeding and training that his great heart could never find peace this side of Death. Tom Benson was nursing a futile hope. An existence securely anchored on love, such as my great collie's was, was impossible to Turk because the faculty of affection had been bred and beaten out of him by men who desired merely a flesh-and-blood fighting machine for the dog pits.

When I went to sleep an hour later, the clink of the chain and the shuffle of paws were sounding steadily in my ears.

Early the next morning, after a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs, our two guests set off up the slope after the magnificently elusive mountain goats. Since they wished to make a careful study of both the animals and their environment, they were in no hurry to get their specimens and had refused Dad's offer to accompany them.

"We'll wear Ace Foster out, dragging him over

these crags at a snail's pace," Tom Benson had said to Rudd with a grin. Then he had turned to Dad: "Thanks a lot, Ace, for offering to trail along, but we won't bother you now. We may ask for your help later."

"I'll be ready any time," Dad had assured him. Left alone, we set about the task of straightening up the camp. Later in the morning, while Dad was cutting a supply of dry wood, I took Hide-rack and went to look at the horses. They were scattered over the flat, feeding contentedly.

"Everybody's happy," I said, forgetting for a moment the gray wolf dog.

Back at camp Dad and I had a noon dinner of baked beans with pork, topped off with hot peach cobbler. I fed Hide-rack and then turned to look at Turk, who was lying on the needles, his nose between his paws, watching us from red-rimmed eyes.

"What about him?" I asked Dad, with a jerk of my head in the dog's direction.

Apparently realizing that our speech concerned him, Turk got up and began to pace restlessly at the end of his chain.

Dad shook his head. "I think we'd better leave that dog entirely alone, Chet," he said. "He's too dangerous. And besides Tom gave him a big feed of raw beef just before he left."

"That's okay with me," I agreed indifferently. "The less I have to do with him, the better I'll like it."

But it wasn't to work out that way. I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when, suddenly going into a furious rage, Turk slammed all the weight of his hard-muscled body against the chain—and a weak link parted.

Almost unbalanced by the jerk in mid-air, the big grayish dog landed spraddle-legged, his eyes fastened on the unsuspecting Hide-rack, who was busy with his pan of scraps fifty feet away.

"He's loose!" I exclaimed. "Dad sprang to his feet. "Now we have got trouble on our hands!" he muttered.

For an instant Turk was confused by his unexpected freedom; then he crouched and, with a few inches of chain dangling from his collar, started creeping towards the collie.

"Hide-rack!" I shouted. The big collie raised his head. He saw Turk, realized that a battle was impending, and slowly his lips began to curl back from his fangs. Hide-rack wasn't a coward and he didn't propose to run.

"Get a gun," I shouted, and with the words I leaped to a near-by tree and grabbed a rifle that leaned against it. My beloved collie shouldn't have to fight that trained gray killer!

"No," Dad objected quickly. "Don't shoot him. I'll handle him."

He took Tom Benson's coiled dog whip from the sloping roof of a tent. Dad had mushed dogs in Alaska and a dog whip was a familiar tool to him.

"Turk!" he shouted, and the snaky black tip of the long whip exploded like a firecracker just above the dog's back.

But Turk knew that the voice wasn't that of Tom Benson; he knew that it wasn't the only voice he had ever deigned to obey. And whips had cracked about his ears before. So without even a glance at Dad, the gray wolf dog, lips snarled back and eyes gleaming, crept on, quicker now, towards Hide-rack, who stood alertly waiting.

I put the rifle down and grabbed a club. I couldn't stand by and see the big collie badly hurt because of that gray killer's lust for battle.

But Dad wasn't going to permit a fight if he could prevent it. The long black whip curled through the air again, and this time the punishing tip bit deeply into Turk's side.

The gray dog gave a hair-raising snarl of pain

and whirled around! Hide-rack was forgotten—he hurled himself at Dad! Snarling, his lips drawn back from his merciless fangs, he launched himself straight at Dad's throat!

I tried to yell and sprang forward in a frenzy, swinging my club up to strike—and Hide-rack came racing forward too!

But Dad didn't need our help. He knew both ends of a dog whip! With a lightning-quick shift of his hold, he brought the shot-loaded handle of the whip down on the gray dog's flat skull. The great steely body went limp and landed in a senseless heap against Dad's long legs.

Dad, his breath coming fast, looked down, admiration in his eyes. "It's a shame that such courage and spirit couldn't have been trained to a useful purpose," he said regretfully.

He reached down, grasped the dog by the scruff of the neck, and dragged him into the circle that had been beaten in the pine needles by Turk's own restless feet. When the wolf dog regained consciousness, he was securely fastened at the end of the repaired chain. And as before he lay on his belly, nose between his paws, watching us from red-rimmed, expressionless eyes. The next opportunity would find him as unhesitatingly quick to attack.

The sun had been behind the western peak for nearly half an hour when Tom Benson and Willard Rudd trudged wearily into camp that evening. Neither had seen a goat but they had discovered some promising sign.

"They're up there," Rudd said positively. "Plenty of them. And that's great country," he added enthusiastically. "It's rough and rugged and hard, but grand and magnificent! We've had a fine day."

"We're going back in the morning," Tom Benson said. He moved towards Turk, casually picking up his whip. "Come on, boy," he said to the dog, un-snapping the chain, "we'll go down to the creek and you can get a drink."

He moved away towards the gurgle of the water; Turk followed silently at his heels.

"Tom's too careless," Dad observed as he watched them go.

"Don't I know it?" Rudd agreed. "But you can't tell him anything. He thinks he's just about got Turk tamed."

Coming back from the creek, Turk passed within fifteen feet of Hide-rack; but didn't even indicate that he was aware of the collic's presence. Plenty smart! I felt easier when I heard the catch snap into the ring on the gray dog's collar. He lay down at the end of his chain, stretched his scarred black nose on the needles between his gray forepaws, and silently watched us while we ate supper. His red-rimmed eyes were cold and gleaming. I wondered what could be going on in the distorted brain behind them—and shivers ran up my back. I laid my arm across Hide-rack's shoulders and pulled his warm, silky body to me.

That night I woke with a start and lay tense, listening with a queer sense of dread. Was something moving stealthily outside our tent? Could Turk be loose again?

Holding my breath, I strained to hear. Faintly, then, through the thick blackness of the night, came the tinkle of a chain and the shuffle of tireless paws. Turk was still padding round and round his tree, a prisoner. I sighed with relief. Yet I could not shake off a chilling sense of danger, and it took me a long time to go back to sleep.

Benson and Rudd were off again early the next morning. But the third member of the party lay with his grayish-black body sprawled across the path he had worn by two nights of ceaseless traveling. His under jaw and throat pressed against the pine needles between his front legs, his ears were relaxed against his flat skull, and his bloodshot eyes followed our motions tirelessly. He lay there for hours, absolutely still except for his eyes. I wondered if he never slept.

The collectors hit hard luck that day. About two o'clock in the afternoon they came back down the slope. They had lost all their fine briskness of the morning. Rudd was carrying both guns; Tom Benson's face was white and strained and he held his right arm awkwardly.

"What is it?" Dad asked anxiously, hurrying forward.

"Tom's hurt his wrist," Rudd said with concern.

"He slipped and fell on it."

"Pretty painful?" Dad's touch was expert.

"Feels like two toothaches," Tom admitted.

"Punch up the fire and put some water on, Chet," Dad directed. "Then bring me the first-aid kit."

When I got back with the kit he had completed his examination of Tom's wrist. "Nothing broken," he announced. "Just a sprain. It'll probably feel pretty mean for a couple of days. But a good rubbing with this liniment and a soaking in hot water will help."

An hour later Tom was resting easily in a camp chair, his bandaged right wrist supported in a sling from his neck—and his mind on the job.

"We'll be back up there in a few days, Willard," he insisted. "And we'll get our specimens. And pick up some more data. I'd like to get my eyes on that big fellow whose tracks we found at that spring. Bet he's the granddaddy of the whole goat tribe."

"He'll be there again," returned Rudd. "Let him wait. We need a rest anyway, and we can whip our notes into shape. I'll get those I took yesterday." And he dived into his tent.

Dad and I were busy at the fire and Hide-rack was sprawled in the sun fifteen feet away when Tom, obviously feeling much better, strolled over to Turk's tree. He stooped and stroked the dog's scarred gray skull kindly with his left hand. Turk endured the caress.

"Come on, boy," Tom said presently, clumsily unfastening the chain. "We'll go for a walk. The exercise will take some of that spleen out of your system."

They moved away under the trees, Tom strolling slowly, the gray wolf dog following at his heels.

Dad watched them go. "That's a strange power Tom has over the dog," he observed, with a shake of his head.

They had been gone perhaps ten minutes when Rudd came out of his tent.

"Where's Tom?" he asked.

"Gone for a walk," Dad told him, with a nod up the canyon.

"Where's Turk?" There was anxiety in Rudd's voice.

"Tom took him."

"The fool!" Rudd fumed. "Here's his whip."

He indicated the coiled black leather hanging from a branch stub. I knew what was in his mind; but it came to pass with overwhelming suddenness.

"Turk!"

It was Tom's voice, and the word rang out under the trees, shattering the stillness like a gun shot. That one word was a reprimand, a command, a warning, and a threat! We had heard it before, but this time it held a new note, a sharp blending of consternation, surprise, and fear.

Under the trees a hundred yards away we could see them. Tom stood erect, but the upper part of his body seemed ready to recoil. His left arm was raised in a futile threat; his right was jerking in its sling. His eyes were fixed on the gray form of the wolf dog.

And Turk, twenty feet away, his lips snarled back from his long white fangs, his black-tipped ears flattened against his gray skull, was creeping slowly up on his master! He had recognized the fear in that command which he had so long reluctantly obeyed; he had realized that his master did not hold the dreaded dog whip. Bitter rebellion had blazed up in him, a mad desire for freedom, and a crazed lust for revenge—blind revenge on many men through one. All the stored-up hate of his dog-pit days surged in his veins.

Rudd shouted a sharp warning, grabbed the dog whip, and ran towards Tom. Dad jumped for a rifle. But Turk charged before he could level it! I ran after Rudd, snatching up a heavy stick.

Tom swung his left arm forward to protect his face and throat just as Turk launched his powerful gray body in an ascending lunge—the characteristic attack of a killer. I saw the wolf dog's mighty jaws close on that fending arm.

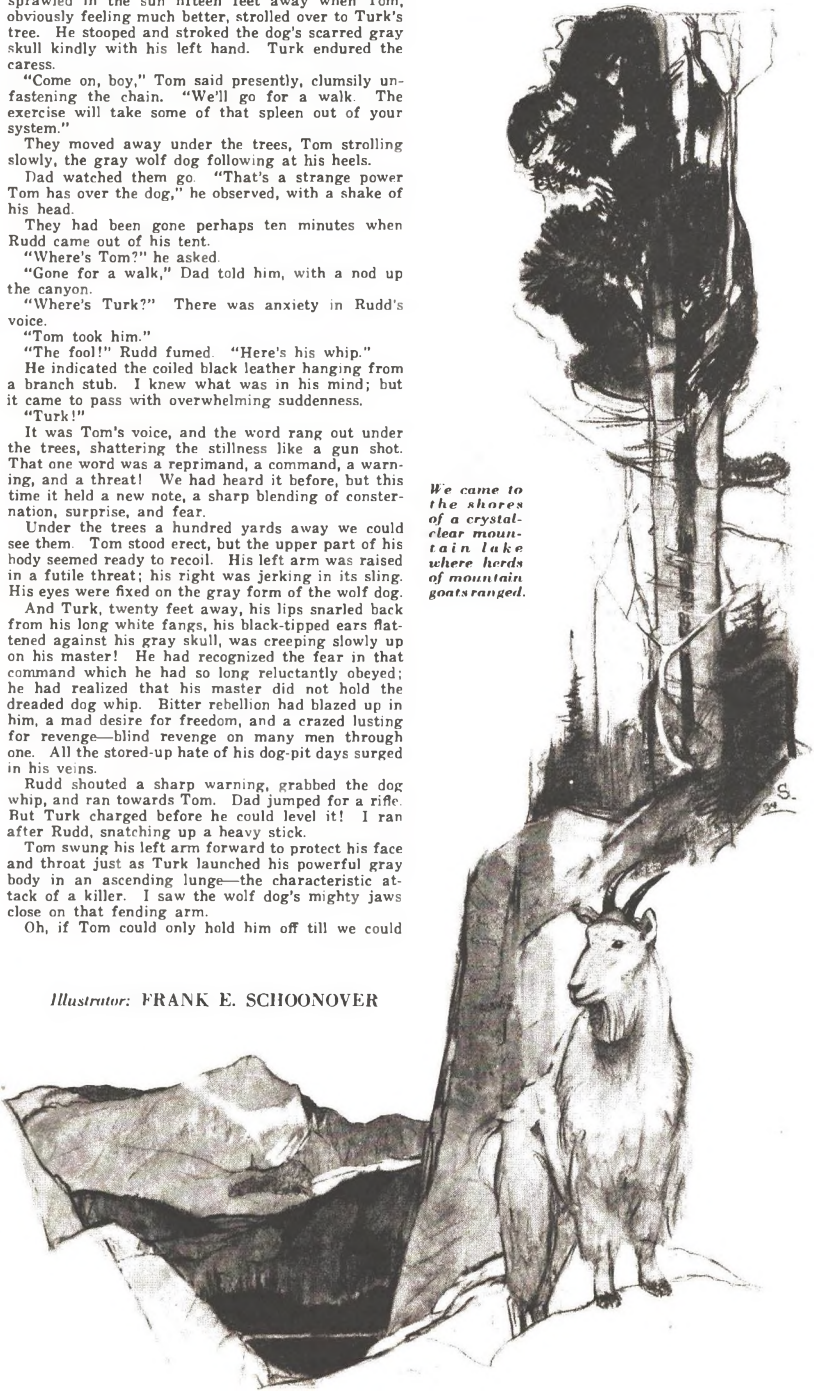
Oh, if Tom could only hold him off till we could

get there! I was up even with Rudd now, running my best. Dad was behind us with his rifle.

"Fight him off, Tom—we're coming!" Rudd shouted.

But just then Tom's heel caught on a half buried root and he fell heavily on his back. Like a flash Turk released his arm and tried for his throat. Dog-pit training! His long black muzzle darted downward with the speed of a striking snake. Only by a desperate effort was Tom able to shunt it aside with his elbow. If those slashing teeth once fastened in that tanned throat—

The wolf dog was press- (Continued on page 19)



We came to the shores of a crystal-clear mountain lake where herds of mountain goats ranged.

Illustrator: FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Comrades of Samar

The Story of a Heroic Marine Tradition

by

Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by WILLIAM HEASLIP



IT was autumn in the tropics, the season of torrential rains, of hurricanes—and fog.

But Lieutenant Jimmie Rhodes, leading his native cadet squadron along Haiti's coast on a bright September afternoon, was not concerned with weather. His thoughts were on the flight order clipped to the map board of his amphibian.

"Patrol shore line for smuggler craft," the order read.

Rumors had reached Haiti's capital, Port au Prince, of a vessel steaming for the Haitian coast carrying rifles to the revolting natives. Rifles would add fuel to the revolt, and it was up to Aviation to stop the ship.

Jimmie gazed at the Corsairs flying beside him, and smiled confidently. He had been detailed from Selfridge Field to train these black cadets and they had proved themselves in the months past, bringing glory to the Army Air. He had been helped by the Marines—Lieutenant Bucks and the hard-bitten old-timer, Sergeant Hashmark Geraghty. He owed them plenty. Jimmie watched Lieutenant Bucks cruising to his left, then glanced behind him into his own cabin. Sergeant Geraghty sat in the "ice-box" below decks, radiophones clamped over his ears. He looked up.

"A ship's S. O. S. is comin' through, sir," he said. "Very faint. Must be a hurricane somewhere in the Carib—wait, she's giving her position." He listened a moment, then gave a cry of amazement. "She's on the rocks off Point Ouest, the island of La Gonave!"

"What vessel?" Jimmie asked, his voice sharpening. "I missed her call letter," Geraghty replied. He stared at the receiver dial. "Why, it's—it's the wave length of the *Kitteredge*!"

"The *Kitteredge*!" echoed Jimmie. Yes, the Navy transport was due in Port au Prince today. He looked west over the quiet sea, at the shadowy island of La Gonave, and suddenly laughed. "Hashmark, give the gobs a break—they wouldn't pile up on the rocks in a dead calm!"

Geraghty bent over the radio again.

"The signal's faded out," he said.

"Jimmie's black eyes narrowed.

"We'll stand by," he ordered briefly. "Radio Bucks to finish this patrol and wait for us at Anse-à-Galets on the east end of La Gonave."

He banked for the island and the roar of exhaust lifted to harsh thunder. In ten minutes he swept over Anse-à-Galets barracks and cruised on, following the island shore with its mangrove swamps. Then, beyond the western headlands, the smoke of a vessel showed.

"The *Kitteredge*!" Jimmie cried. "Not wrecked at all!"

The transport lay at anchor in the lee of the cliffs, sailors moving unhurriedly about her decks.

"I've got her spark," said Hashmark. "The *Kitteredge* didn't S. O. S. She got a call from an unknown vessel; left her course to help it, scraped a reef, and is standing by to survey damages. They want to know, sir," Geraghty went on, "if we'll ferry a sick man to Port au Prince."

Jimmie hesitated. He should join his patrol.

"Tell 'em oke, Hashmark," he answered.

Planing downward to the water, he taxied to the *Kitteredge*. With Geraghty following, he climbed the sea-ladder to the transport's deck.

At the ladder head a group of Navy men in tropic whites waited. A pleasant looking officer stepped forward.

"I'm Captain Rutledge, in command," he said.

Jimmie introduced himself and Geraghty. Hashmark walked aft to Marine quarters.

"We're having coffee for'd," Rutledge said. "If you'll join us, I'll explain about the passenger we're asking you to carry."

As they moved along the deck, Jimmie asked: "Commander, what about this phantom S. O. S.?"

Rutledge frowned. "A mystery, Lieutenant. We picked up the call and steamed to the position given. We found no vessel, but we got a nicked wheel for our pains. The reefs are charted too. We shouldn't have hit anything—but perhaps the channel buoys are adrift."

He led the way to the foredeck awning. The officers seated themselves and a messman brought coffee and sandwiches. A young ensign was staring at the gloomy cliffs and the Point Ouest lighthouse just visible on a distant crag.

"An ugly spot to shipwreck," he remarked.

Rutledge smiled at Jimmie. "The *Kitteredge* would be a rich prize for the Caco revolutionists. We've a thousand issue rifles below. Now, about this passenger. It's Sergeant Terence Hartigan. Perhaps you've heard of him. He was with the Lost Battalion on Samar, in the Philippines, and has been on warrant duty in this ship. But his mind has suddenly cracked." The commander pointed at the gulls wheeling over the wireless string. "Terry says those birds are his dead comrades of Samar. He keeps calling to the gulls."

Jimmie remembered the story of the Lost Battalion. He remembered how they had become lost in the jungles of the Philippines, how they had struggled on, fighting insects, hunger, disease, and treacherous natives.

"A brave man," the commander went on. "It's a pity he should go this way—he'd infinitely prefer a bullet—" Rutledge stood up quickly. "That's Hartigan now, Rhodes, with your sergeant. Stand, gentlemen, he served in Samar."

The officers were on their feet, hands lifted to visors in the traditional salute to veterans of Samar. The man marching up the deck with Geraghty was old, Marine blues hanging limply from his thin frame. But he walked with his chin up, like a Leatherneck, and halted with a heel click before Rutledge.



"Sergeant Hartigan, present, sir." His face changed as he stared at the sandwiches. "Commander, my mates are starving."

An officer held out the plate. Hartigan took it and moved to the rail. Gulls began fluttering down and Terry fed the birds, calling them by name.

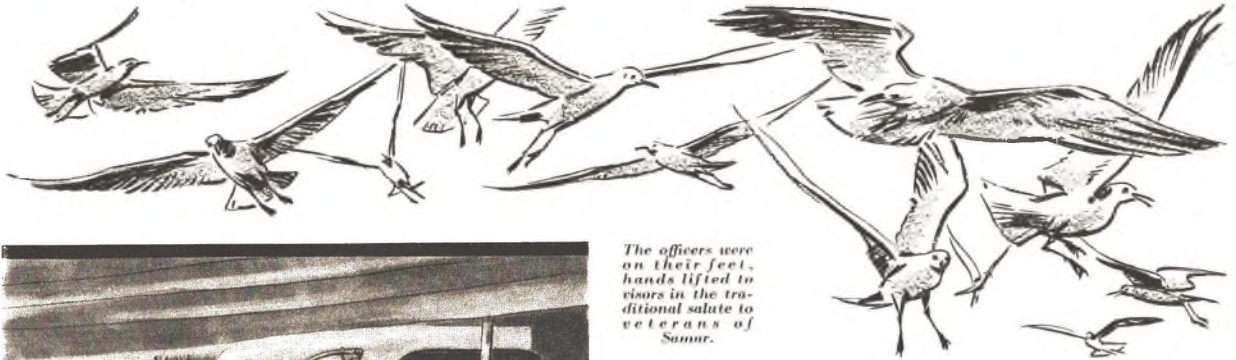
"His comrades' names," said Rutledge, low-voiced. "It's rather gruesome. Terry isn't safe with us, and we won't reach Port au Prince until tomorrow."

"There's a vacant seat in the Loening," Jimmie said eagerly.

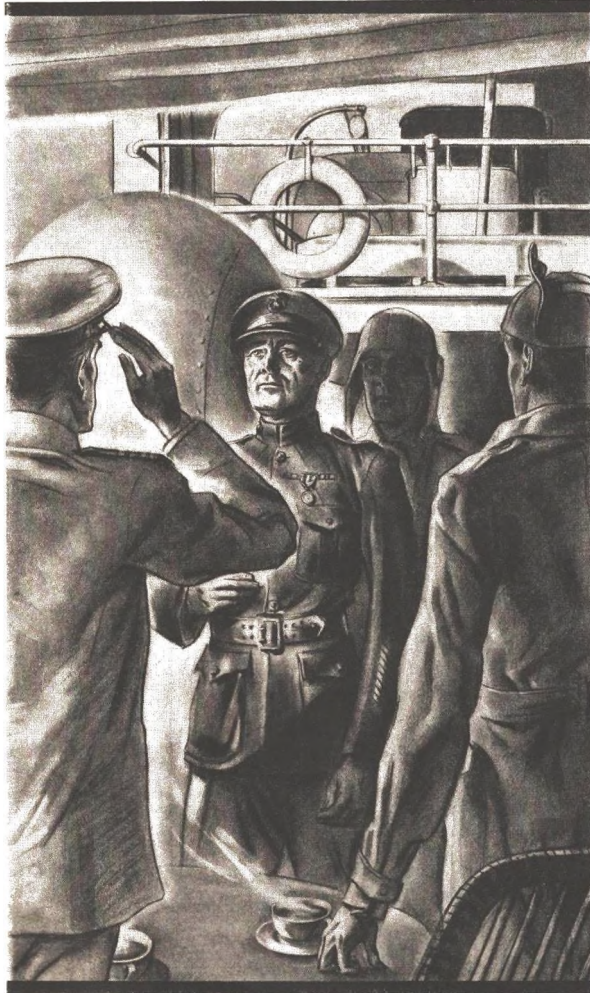
A thin band of white, masking the horizon line, was rolling toward the ship and Jimmie knew the island would soon be enveloped in fog.

It took only a few minutes to pack Hartigan's belongings, but before Jimmie was settled in the pilot's seat of his Loening, with Hartigan and Geraghty in the cabin, they were lost in a sifting gray mist. A feeling of worry touched Jimmie.

He pulled the starter knob and the triple blade kicked over in a drum fire of exhaust. The ship slid



The officers were on their feet, hands lifted in riors in the traditional salute to veterans of Samur.



greasily over the water. Smoke from the cold motor billowed against the lookout glass. When it cleared the island cliffs had vanished in the fog. For an instant Jimmie saw the dim shape of the *Kitteredge*. Then it, too, faded out.

A hoarse bellow sounded through the soupy air. "That must be the siren on Point Ouest," said Jimmie. "I'll take a long run seaward and zoom her clear." He taxied swiftly into the white-banked mist. Again the foghorn blared, and Geraghty cried sharply:

"That siren's in the wrong direction, sir! It's out to sea!"

Jimmie shook his head. It *couldn't* be out to sea. He drove the heel of his palm against the throttle ball and rocked the *Loening* off. But as she rose, a shadow sprang before the whirling blade. Jimmie kicked right rudder, spun the wheel hard right. The amphibian banked sharply, staggered in a sudden glancing impact against a towering rock.

As he whipped her level she struck. Brine sprayed

littered the floor and the air siren was a mass of twisted metal.

Circling the tower a band of revolting negroes crouched, eating their evening meal. Two men sat on the lower steps apart from the rest, listening to the bellow from the fog. One, a black giant with heavy-lidded eyes, said anxiously:

"What if the captain does not follow the false siren?"

"He will follow," answered the other—a sallow white man. "Si, and wreck his vessel on the reefs. Then we shall attack, and take a thousand rifles. My plan, Cornaille!"

"*Agbeto*, the Sea God, sent the fog," muttered Cornaille. "Your first plan failed. True, you tricked the captain with your wireless call; yet he escaped the reefs, despite the buoys which we set adrift."

"Luck will not befriend him twice," returned the other. "But we must first eliminate that aviator. Send a squad to finish him, and then send your men to the cove to guard my black airplane."

high and trickled down the lookout glass. Something crashed to the floor behind him.

"The radio set left her moorings!" Geraghty yelled.

The amphibian shuddered on, rolling up a huge bow wave. His nerves tingling, Jimmie stared blankly at the portside wing. It was crumpled.

"What happened, sir?" cried Geraghty.

"I must have hit the cliff," said Jimmie grimly. "We'd better hail the *Kitteredge*. This ship won't fly."

Suddenly the hull scraped bottom, and the *Loening* grounded on a narrow strip of sand. He stared at a black cliff rising dizzily into the mist. "And I thought we were flying out to sea!" he murmured.

Hashmark lifted a rifle and sprang into the shallows.

"I'll signal the *Kitteredge*, sir."

As the echoes of the gun shot died, again the foghorn blared. Hashmark wheeled and called from the shore:

"Y' hear that, sir? It is out at sea!"

With Hartigan, Jimmie splashed the few feet to the misty shore.

"Hashmark," he said shakily, "has the keeper moved the light into the Caribbean?"

But the keeper of the light lay dead in the lamp tower, a machete sunk deep into his skull. Crystal fragments of the light

Cornaille crossed to the *Caco* and gave an order. Six men rose, gathering their rations of cassava cakes and millet. They started off into the fog, toward the spot where Jimmie had cracked up on the shore.

"We must act carefully, Romero," murmured Cornaille hoarsely, "or I shall have lost all; I, who was War Minister of Haiti!"

"I will make you dictator," answered Romero. "Look how I have fooled these whites. I spread the rumor of a vessel bringing arms to Haiti, and while they patrol the coast we rob *their own vessel* on this island!"

Far down the shore Geraghty lowered his smoking rifle and turned to Jimmie Rhodes.

"The *Kitteredge* doesn't answer. We must 'a drifted farther than I thought. An' no radio! We're marooned, sir."

Jimmie watched the mist roll in. By now the squadron had reached *Anse-à-Galets* on the east point of the island; they'd be waiting for him there. The thought was dismaying.

"Hashmark," he cried, "I've left the coast wide open! I've got to reach a *Garde Post* and contact *Anse-à-Galets*."

"There's *Grande Vide*," said Geraghty. "It's somewhere near Point Ouest. I'll get the map." He waded to the *Loening* and returned, carrying a second rifle and his service 45. "We might need these if we're hiking to *Grande Vide*," he explained.

They spread the map on the sand. Hartigan peered over Jimmie's shoulder. Dusk was coming on, dimming the printed sheet.

"Here's *Grande Vide*," Jimmie said. "Seven kilometers west along the shore."

But the old man, his eyes glowing, pointed at a circle on the map that marked *Anse-à-Galets*.

"Here's *Balangiga*," he cried shrilly, "where we started for. Fifty-three Marines and thirty native scouts left *Basey*. We never got halfway. The mosquitoes were the worst of it!"

"That was in the Philippines," Geraghty began.

"Eighteen days we marched," Terry went on shrilly. "Fever in the water and no grub. We ate the leather of our belts, an' men kept dropping back till there was only eight. An' fifty-three left *Basey*. The relief met us on the eighteenth day. The comrades don't forget. They'll help Terry when the time comes."

As his voice ended, a steamer's whistle blasted faintly through the fog.

"It's the *Kitteredge*, getting under way," said Geraghty.

"We'll find a path up these cliffs," Jimmie suggested, "and get direction from the light."

Hashmark handed him a rifle, and gave Terry Hartigan the service pistol. For several hundred yards they waded the shallows until they found a path that led them to the top of the cliff. Jimmie looked around bewildered.

"Where's the light?" he cried. "It should be visible for miles!"

Jimmie searched the fog, but he knew that the beacon wasn't burning. He listened to the soft lap of the waves, his heart thudding queerly. Then, through the silence, came the dull rumble of escaping steam and three distant whistle blasts.

"The *Kitteredge*," Jimmie cried. "She's on the reefs!"

He broke into a sprint along the cliff's rim toward the sound. As he ran, a pink glow lighted the fog to seaward. Suddenly a fusillade of firing rang from the beach below. Jimmie plunged through the thickets and looked down.

In the shadowy mangrove trees darts of rifle fire

were spurting. Out to sea, where the surf murmured on the reefs, the deck lights of the *Kitteredge* blazed redly through the fog. Geraghty pushed to Jimmie's side.

"Caco!" he said sharply. "Must be a hundred. Look, sir, boats puttin' out from shore. They mean to board the *Kitteredge*!"

A gun crack put a period to the sentence, and a bullet whistled close over Jimmie's head. The shot came from the trail ahead.

"Ambushed!" cried Geraghty. He dropped to the brush. Jimmie heard the click-clock of his rifle bolt. He knelt too, thumbing back the hammer of his Springfield. But Hartigan stood staring into the fog. "Comrades!" he called.

Geraghty leaped to his feet again, just as a volley of firing broke out. He staggered as if hit, then recovered and dragged Terry down into the brush. Jimmie tensed. Hashmark was wounded! But the sergeant's Springfield crashed, and a wave of relief flowed over Jimmie.

He marked the rifle flashes in the fog ahead. There were six. Six against three, if you counted Terry.

"We'd better strike inland, sir," Geraghty muttered, "or we won't make Grande Vide."

His voice broke queerly and Jimmie stared at him. But Geraghty, without waiting for the order, began crawling for the jungle, circling the flame-spruts on the cliff. Jimmie beckoned Hartigan and trailed him, flattened to the jungle grass.

The three reached cover and rose cautiously. Mosquitoes swarmed from the grass. Geraghty struck at them uncertainly, then started on again.

"Hashmark," Jimmie whispered, "you're heading into the jungle."

But Hashmark ran on with a queer stumbling gait. Jimmie followed down a slope into a grassy clearing. The sounds of gunfire grew faint and faded out. Again he called guardedly: "Wait, Hashmark."

As he spoke, Geraghty fell heavily and didn't get up.

"Carry on, lad," Hartigan cried, "till my comrades come!"

"Quiet!" Jimmie whispered.

A bullet snapped and he turned. The luminous fog showed the figure of a Caco dimly silhouetted on the ridge only a short distance behind. He lined his rifle sights and fired. The Caco on the hilltop staggered and a sack that he carried strapped to his shoulders fell. But he snatched it up and vanished below the ridge.

A clean miss! Jimmie shook his head and waited, the stock of the Springfield hugged against his cheek. But the hilltop remained silent, and he crept to Geraghty. The sergeant was tugging at his first-aid pack. An ugly bullet gash above his ear was bleeding freely.

"You're hit!" Jimmie cried.

Hashmark laughed. "That Caco barely nicked me." Jimmie took a bandage from the kit and made a triple wrap about the wound. A dark stain soaked the cloth, but Geraghty said impatiently: "Let's go. It'll be morning now before relief from Port au Prince can reach the *Kitteredge*." He rose, and looked about him dizzily. "Head's a bit addled. You lead, sir."

"Better wait till my comrades come," came Hartigan's shrill voice. "You'll walk in circles. It's a death trap, this island of Samar."

The echo of his voice spread through the mist: "Sam-a-ar!" Hashmark struck at a cloud of whining insects, but his hand fell and he weaved groggily. Jimmie eased him to the ground.

"I'm washed up—for this hike," Hashmark said faintly. "I'll wait—with Terry. Push for Grande Vide—send help to th' *Kitteredge*—"

Blood dripped steadily from the mosquito-cruled bandage on Geraghty's temple and Jimmie knew Hashmark would never make Grande Vide.

"Leave one rifle—and the .45," Hashmark mur-

mured. "I—can—stand 'em off. . . . If not, there's only two of us. Fifty Marines aboard the *Kitteredge*."

"It won't do, Hashmark," Jimmie said. He couldn't leave Hashmark, with Caco all around.

Geraghty reached for the rifle, grinning feebly. "I've got—this situation—in hand, sir. . . . But can you find the trail?"

Jimmie straightened with decision. "I'll make it. A patrol from Grande Vide will contact you within two hours."

He studied the hilltop ahead for some moments, then moved up the trail into the fog. He walked slowly, trying to orient himself. Suddenly the mist parted, showing a grassy valley.

On the valley floor the jungle grass rose shoulder-high. Mosquitoes, stirred by his passage through the grass, weaved in whining spirals around his head. He snuffed them up his nostrils; they settled moistly on his face, stinging viciously.

But it was only seven kilometers to Grande Vide. He pushed on. He must hurry! It would be morning before the coast guard could reach Point Ouest.

He walked a long way through the valley until it ran out into swampy lowland. Jimmie halted. This wasn't the trail. He should have reached the coast before now. Mosquitoes rose in clouds until his cheeks, even his eyelids, itched with the poison stings. He glanced at his wrist watch in dismay. Ten-thirty! He'd been on the trail an hour. Yet it was only a few miles to Grande Vide.

He'd mistaken his direction, no doubt of that. Jimmie tried to picture the island as he'd seen it from the air. Of course! The hills lay north and south! He should have cut across that ridge instead of following it. He turned back, striding faster now.

Hills lifted dimly in the fog and he swung right, over their crests. But the trail seemed to lead nowhere. At last he reached a river blanketed by mist. He turned and followed the gravel bank. The stream led into the deep jungle and ended in a slimy morass.

Jimmie's muscles had begun to ache. The mosquitoes, circling hungrily, stabbed him with relentless malice. But the battalion of Samar had marched for eighteen days through jungle worse than this. Jimmie's shoulders lifted. He moved on once more.

When he looked at his watch again it was after midnight. Jimmie knew then that he was lost. A wave of dismay swept him. Lost—on an island ten kilometers wide!

The jungle deepened. Ropy creepers tripped him; *bahonda* thickets blocked his path. He broke through, but the sharp-hooked thorn slashed his clothes to tatters. He stumbled blindly up a (Cont. on page 49)



A camp fire blazed on the beach, and six black men sat by it, rifles across their knees.





"Is that why you shot him?" rasped Durn suddenly, glaring into the man's eyes.

The Case of the Lucy M

by

James B. Hendryx

Illustrated by J. ALLEN ST. JOHN

IT was nearly noon of a short arctic day when Connie Morgan and Old Man Mattie arrived at the little mounted police detachment at Bernard Harbor, on the bleak shore of the ice-locked Dolphin and Union Straits. Constable Durn and Wolff, the trader, rose from their checker game to greet the newcomers and help with the dogs.

"We've come from Fort Simpson," explained Connie, as Constable Durn added fresh coal to the fire. "Simpson!" exclaimed Wolff, bushy-faced and big. "Well, I'll say yer a long ways from home."

"How's things at Bear Lake?" asked Durn. "Couldn't say," smiled Connie. "We came by way of Fort Rae."

"Fort Rae!" cried Durn, staring at Connie incredulously. It seemed impossible that this youngster, sturdy as he looked, could have come through the swamps and barrens of that route!

"Yes. You see, Ottawa's expecting a rush of prospectors into the Coppermine country in the spring and they got the bright idea that maybe there was a short cut by way of Slave Lake. So Inspector Cartwright sent me to find out."

"And we found out," interrupted Old Man Mattie, the white-haired ancient who had attached himself to Connie. "We found out that a lot of chechahocs are goin' to lose their lives if they ain't careful."

"Oh, they can get through that way," Connie said. "But they'll know they've been places. What's doing here on the coast?"

"Checkers, mostly," grinned Durn. "The natives are stayin' good, an' they've got plenty to eat this winter. An' there aren't many white men to bother with."

A hulloabaloo outside brought the trader, Wolff, to the door, where he stood peering at a dog outfit that had halted a few yards distant.

"It's Cheklov, that Roosian I told you was winterin' east of here on Victoria Land," Wolff said to Durn. "He'll be wantin' supplies."

He reached for his cap and stepped from the room. A few minutes later he came back into the room, followed by a short

man with a barrel chest and enormous shoulders. "This here's Cheklov," explained Wolff, his face working with suppressed excitement. "An' he's got a story for the police."

"A dead man," began Cheklov, as his thick fingers fumbled nervously to loosen the hood of his twilled parka, "is on a boat."

Durn sat up straight. "What boat?" he asked. "Where?"

The Russian pointed toward the north. "Across the ice. Victoria coast. Froze in behind a point." He spoke in short, jerky sentences, his eyes darting swift, nervous glances from one to the other as he threw back the parka hood and exposed a thick mat of dark hair.

"Go ahead," said Constable Durn quietly. Connie listened intently. Victoria—the big island across the Dolphin Straits. That was a remote spot

for a murder. Old Man Mattie's faded blue eyes were sparkling with interest.

"I come along an' see the boat," the Russian continued. "A stovepipe comes through the deck. No smoke. I holler. Nobody holler back. I climb on deck an' go below. In the cabin lies a dead man on the floor. He have been shot. He are froze, an' the blood have run along the floor an' froze, too. A strong box is open on the table. On the table and floor is scattered some papers. I do not like this place, an' I come away."

Constable Durn stared fixedly at the man for several moments. "Who shot him?" he asked abruptly, as the man figured under the gaze.

"I do not know." "How long has he been dead?" "He is froze. I can not tell."

"Didn't you see a trail of any kind?" "No trail. She snow in the night before I come to the boat."

"Who is the dead man?" "Lindstrom. It is his boat." "Why didn't you tell me his name in the first place?" asked Durn.

Cheklov wriggled nervously. "I tell you now," he ventured, lamely.

"Lindstrom," explained Wolff, "is a kind of pardner of the Great Dane."

"Who is the Great Dane?" Connie interrupted, his face alight with interest.

"A trader up the coast," Wolff went on. "The way the talk goes at Aklavik, Lindstrom come into a lot of money from the old country last summer. So he bought the Lucy M, and last fall the Great Dane told me that he'd gone in pardners with him. He claimed that Lindstrom was stakin' him to trade east along the coast to Bathurst Inlet. An' that Lindstrom himself was goin' to hire a native crew an' run the Lucy M either to Banks Land, or Victoria, an' then discharge the crew an' winter up there, trappin' an' tradin' with the natives."

Constable Durn nodded thoughtfully. "That explains where the Great Dane got

A Story of Connie Morgan and a Mystery Ship Found Frozen in the Arctic Sea

all his supplies last fall. I'll send a native for him. He may be able to throw some light on this business."

"He ain't home," said Wolff. "I was down his way a week ago an' he wasn't there. There was a note on his table sayin' that he'd gone to Bathurst on a tradin' trip an' wouldn't be back till the first of the month. It'll be three, four days till he gets back."

"We'll wait, then," said Durn. "Corporal Sampson ought to be back by that time, too."
"What's the Great Dane's real name?" Connie asked.

"Jensen," Wolff replied. "He's been along the coast for years. Tried his hand at everything from trap-pin' to whalin'. He's a big powerful cuss—stands about six foot four. He's winterin' about eight miles east of here."

Durn turned again to Cheklov. "Did you know Lindstrom was winterin' on Victoria Land?"

"No."
"When did you find it out?"
"Two days ago. When I find the boat froze in."
"You've kind of looked on Victoria Land as your own private property, haven't you? You've been the only trader there."

The Russian nodded reluctantly.
"You don't want any neighbors over there, do you?"
Cheklov shrugged, and remained silent.

"You don't want anyone else hornin' in on your stampin' grounds, eh?"

The Russian shook his head. "No," he admitted. "Too much man—no good."

"Is that why you shot him?" rasped Durn suddenly, glaring into the man's eyes.

"No! No! I ain't shoot him!" cried Cheklov in sudden terror.

Durn looked soberly at the frightened man. "You might as well come clean, Cheklov. Did he attack you? You've got a right to kill a man in self-defense, you know."

"No! No! I don't kill him. I don't even go in the cabin! I have told what I know. I will go back now, when I buy my supplies from Wolff."

"Buy?" asked Durn abruptly. "You mean you brought down some fur to trade to Wolff?"

"No fur. Money. Easier to carry."

"Money! Where did you get money?"

"From Lindstrom. He buy my fur."

Durn's eyes narrowed, and he smiled, grimly. "So that's it? You just told me you didn't know Lindstrom was on Victoria Land till you found him dead on his boat. Now you claim that Lindstrom bought your fur. Dead men don't buy fur, Cheklov."

"You do not understand! I did not understand! Lindstrom come in the boat an' buy my fur before the freeze-up. He go away in the boat. I don't know he stay on Victoria Land."

"Where did Lindstrom buy this fur?" Durn pressed.

"Where's your tradin' outfit located?"

"On Victoria coast, hunder an' fifty mile east of here."

Connie visualized the place. Victoria was a great island, separated from the mainland by a wide stretch of frozen sea.

"You said Lindstrom's boat was froze in north of here—is that right?" Durn asked.

"Yes."
"How far?"

"Forty mile—mebbe fifty. Bad ice—plenty open lead—take two days."

"All right—then if your outfit is a hundred an' fifty miles east of here, what were you doin' forty or fifty miles north of here? Why didn't you come straight across the mouth of the straits?"

"Bad ice," answered the Russian. "I follow Victoria coast north to find chance to cross straits."

Durn shook his head regretfully. "I'm afraid I'll have to hold you, Cheklov."

"No! You make the big mistake! I got to go back now. My people need supplies. Pretty soon they git hungry."

"When Corporal Sampson comes back, I'm takin' you to Aklavik," Durn replied with stern finality.

Search of the man and his outfit yielded the five hundred dollars that he insisted Lindstrom had paid him for his fur—but no more.

"I've know'd Cheklov for a long time," the big trader said. "I don't believe he'd kill a man to rob him. Lindstrom had about twenty thousand. Why didn't Cheklov take the rest?"

"He probably did—and hid it," Durn said.

Wolff said no more, and the prisoner was locked in the trader's storehouse pending the return of Corporal Sampson.

Back in detachment, Connie turned to Durn. "I suppose we ought to go and look the boat over," he ventured.

Durn nodded. "I can't go myself," he said, "until Sampson comes back. Besides, I want to talk to the Great Dane."



"I'll go," Connie said eagerly. "My dogs will be rested up by tomorrow, and I'll really enjoy the trip. I've never been north of the coast."

Constable Durn grinned. "Go to it, if you want to. But I'm afraid you won't uncover anything new. Cheklov lied when he said he didn't know Lindstrom was on the coast. And he resents the intrusion of other white traders. He went many miles out of his way to go past Lindstrom's boat."

Connie nodded. "It looks bad for the Russian," he admitted. "But still, you'll need more evidence than you've got."

"Of course," Durn agreed. "I'll need the body. You might bring it in—and those papers Cheklov said were scattered around. There might be something in them."

Traveling on sea ice was a new experience for Connie Morgan. This was the first time he had ever ventured into the Arctic Ocean north of Canada. High pressure ridges and leads of open water caused long detours. Seals lay along the edges of the leads, looking for all the world like men wrapped in blankets. Every few seconds one would raise its head and peer about, then drop its head for a few seconds' more sleep. Now and then Connie and Mattie caught sight of a white bear prowling along the leads in hopes of catching a seal less alert than his fellows. Following the bears at a safe distance were white foxes, eager to devour the leavings of the bears' feasts.

The action of the tides caused movements along the leads and ridges—movements that were accompanied by thunderous crackings and grindings.

"Have you ever been out on the sea ice before?" asked the boy, after one such rumbling crash.

"Yup," answered Old Man Mattie. "Went across to Banks Land once with Storkerson. We dang near didn't git back."

Late in the evening they came to a broad lead that seemed to stretch indefinitely in both directions. "Gosh!" cried the boy. "What'll we do now?"

"Camp!" replied the oldest calmly. "That's the only thing we kin do. In the mornin' it'll probably be froze over, or closed up, or somethin'."

"Yeah," grinned Connie. "But what if it decides to widen?"

"Well, we'll let her widen, then," replied the oldest philosophically. "We can't do nothin' to stop her. If she does, we'll go around the end. There ain't no lead so long it ain't got an end to it."

They camped, boiling a pot of tea over the little stove and munching boiled caribou and bannocks they had brought from detachment. In the morning the

lead was closed with a shell of clear green ice.

"I wonder if it's safe to cross," said the boy, eyeing the young ice dubiously.

"Well, it either is or ain't," replied the ancient. "We got to try it an' see."

Stepping out onto the smooth surface, he drove an ax into it. Water welled up from the scar, and the old man stooped and measured the thickness of the ice with a finger.

"Dang near two inches," he announced. "We got ice to spare, with the load we got. I tried to cross Lake Athabaska once on an inch, with a bigger load than we got!"

"Did you make it?"

"No—but I would of if the ice hadn't broken. Come on, let's go! We won't git nowhere standin' around augerin'."

With this final word, the oldest struck out into the smooth young ice and headed for the opposite side of the lead. Snatching a coil of babiche line from the top of the lead, Connie followed, with the dogs trailing him, their toenails making scratching sounds on the slippery surface.

They made the crossing in safety and resumed the journey on the rougher old ice. The day was a wearying task of working the sled over lower ridges and detouring around higher ones.

Toward noon of the brief sunless day, mountains loomed ahead, and Connie checked his course with the compass. Old Man Mattie glanced at the instrument and saw that the needle was pointing at right angles to their course.

"Hey!" he cried, "we're s'posed to be goin' north, an' accordin' to that dang compass we're headin' straight west!"

"That's right," Connie laughed. "I checked the position back at detachment. You see, the magnetic pole is on Boothia Peninsula, which lies due east of here. So a north course is due west by compass."

Old Man Mattie snorted disdainfully. "By jickity, you wouldn't ketch me carryin' around no dog-gone fool thing like a compass, which if you want to go north, you got to go west!"

"It all depends on where you are," explained the



With a cry of terror the man turned and hurled himself on Cheklov, striking the match from his hand.

boy. "You've got to know the approximate variation of your position from true north."

"Huh," sniffed the ancient, his beard bristling indignantly. "You got to know where you're at or you can't use yer compass. And if you know where yer at, you don't need no compass, 'cause yer there already. They ain't no good, an' never was! Take me, now. If I want to go some place, I jest hit out an' go. If I git there, all right—an' if I git some-where else, that's all right, too. One place is as good as another, anyhow."

"But," reminded Connie, "we started out to find this boat, and we've got to go where it is."

"Yeah," grumbled the oldster, "that's the trouble with police. They've alius got to be goin' where someone else has been. It's the folks that hits out an' don't know where they're goin', an' don't give a dang, that finds new places."

The boy laughed but there was a twinkle of admiration in his eyes for this man who knew the North as few men know it. Eagerly he resumed his journey toward the coast that sheltered a boat containing a murdered man.

At nine the next morning they reached a long point, beyond which they could see the unfortunate *Lucy M* locked in her frozen berth in a little bay. They hurried down to it.

Clambering over her side, Connie descended to the cabin and stood in the doorway. For a moment he stared into the dim interior. It was just as Cheklov had described it. The strong box stood open on the table. Papers were scattered about the floor and the table top. The dead man lay on the floor, evidently where he had fallen forward as he had risen from his chair to face his murderer. Blood had oozed from beneath his chest and lay in a frozen pool on the floor. The man wore no outer garment over his shirt, which was open at the throat. The strong box had not been forced.

Stepping into the room, Connie took in each minute detail. He recovered a brass rifle shell from the floor where it had evidently been ejected from a rifle in the hands of a man in the doorway. The boy remembered that Cheklov had carried a rifle of that calibre. He returned the shell to the exact spot where he found it. A glance at the corpse showed that the bullet had passed completely through the chest. Step-

ping over the body, he found where it had hurried itself in the bulkhead directly opposite the door. Probing revealed that it had penetrated some two inches into the hard wood.

Connie, who had pulled off his mittens, found his fingers stiffening in the extreme cold. There was a small coal stove in the cabin, its pipe leading up through the deck. Stepping to the stove, the boy opened it. He found kindling and coal all laid, and was about to apply a match when suddenly he paused, his eyes once again centered on the corpse. Who had laid that fire? And why? Certainly the dead man hadn't laid it, and then sat down to work bare-handed, with his shirt open at the throat. No man could work in that deadly chill without freezing.

Had the murderer laid it? But there must have been a fire in the stove when he shot Lindstrom. If that fire had gone out, why had he laid another and then gone away without lighting it? There was certainly nothing on this desolate coast to frighten him away in sudden panic.

Connie's hand rummaged through the lumps of coal and the kindling. Suddenly his eyes widened. Hurdled he jerked the kindling from the stove. A section of yellow oiled paper showed in the stove—paper drawn tightly over a cylindrical core. A moment later he stood looking at the thing he held in his hand—a stick of dynamite!

He lifted two other sticks from the stove, each with a cap in place. Stooping, he pulled an old shirt from beneath the stove and discovered other sticks—thirty, in all. Enough dynamite to blow the *Lucy M* into a million pieces! The sticks beneath the stove contained no caps. The murderer probably figured they would have been detonated by the explosion of the three in the stove.

No wonder the murderer hadn't taken the trouble to destroy the evidence of his crime. He figured that whoever came to investigate would light the fire so conveniently laid, and a few moments later the evidence, the *corpus delicti*, the investigator, and the whole boat would be blown from the face of the earth. The boy scowled as he recollected the shifty eyes of Cheklov. Cheklov, who had lied, and who had a gun of the calibre of the shell in the cabin!

Carefully Connie spread the shirt over the sticks of dynamite beneath the stove, leaving the pile exactly as it was. The three capped sticks he hid carefully among the blankets of the bunk, and then proceeded to re-lay the fire, exactly as he had found it, except for the deadly explosive.

"I guess that'll be about all," he muttered to himself. "I don't think I'll touch the body or the papers, as Durn suggested. I've got a hunch we'll be coming back after I have a talk with Corporal Sampson."

As he stepped toward the door, Connie's eyes were arrested by a smudged spot on the ceiling directly in front of the door. Both ceiling and bulkheads were coated with a film of soot. Evidently, because of the short pipe, the stove had smoked until the whole cabin was coated with a thin film of sooty particles. The ceiling was low—scarcely six feet from the floor.

Fumbling in his pocket for a magnifying glass, the boy stepped to a point directly below the smudge and studied it minutely. The smudged spot was some four inches in diameter, and under the glass showed fine lines as though it had been made by the hairs of a fur cap or mitten. Or possibly even by the hair of a human head. No soot particles had been deposited since the smudge had been made.

Connie glanced at the man on the floor. His head was bald, and he was not more than five feet seven. If the smudge had been made by someone bumping his head on the ceiling, it had clearly not been Lindstrom. The boy's brow drew into a puzzled frown as he remembered that Cheklov was even shorter—and that his head had been covered by the hood of a twilled parka, and not by a cap of fur.

Stepping from the room, the boy carefully examined the rest of the little craft from stem to stern, but found nothing of interest except the fact that there was no fur aboard her. Yet Cheklov had said that Lindstrom had bought his fur before the freeze-up and had sailed away. Had Lindstrom disposed of the fur?

"Well, what did you find?" asked Old Man Mattie, when the boy rejoined him at the dog sled.

"I found that it was a murder, all right. I'm leaving things just as they are so Corporal Sampson can see them."

"Ain't you goin' to take the body back, an' them papers, like Durn said?"

"No. Going to leave everything just as it is. Let's go."

"Well, by jickity!" exclaimed the oldster with a toothless grin, "there's one dead man at last which we don't have to bury him, nor haul him around!"

As Connie pulled up at detachment two days later he met Corporal Sampson and knew instinctively that here was a real policeman.

"I heard about your long patrol," said the corporal. "Inspector Cartwright sent orders that if you didn't show up by spring to patrol into the barrens and find you."

Constable Durn appeared in the door and looked at Connie's sled. "Where's the body—an' the papers I told you to bring back?" he asked.

"I decided, after looking things over, to leave everything as it was," answered Connie.

"But I ordered you to bring 'em in."

"I'm working out of Fort Simpson," retorted Connie, slightly irked. "I'm under orders from Inspector Cartwright."

Sampson turned to Durn. "You better slip out and fetch the Great Dane here," he said calmly. "Don't tell him anything, except that I want to see him."

When Constable Durn had gone, Connie told the corporal everything he had learned on the boat.

The older officer nodded thoughtfully. "We seem to have a pretty clear case against Cheklov," he said. "I had him on the carpet for a good three hours yesterday, and I don't like the way he talks. He was nervous and got all crossed up in his statements. And your finding that 30-40 empty shell on the floor almost clinches the case. Cheklov's rifle is a 30-40."

"That's right," agreed Connie. "And yet, somehow, I'm not so sure. Cheklov may have just been rattled. You must remember that he has been living for a long time away from contact with white men."

"That's possible," admitted the corporal. "But how about the shell?"

"I've got a good magnifying glass," Connie said, "and I believe it will show whether or not Cheklov's firing pin fired off that shell. Cap dents in empty shells are almost as good as finger prints for identification purposes, if you have a good glass."

"Right enough," agreed the corporal instantly. "And then," added Connie, "there's that smudge on the ceiling. Cheklov is a short man. He couldn't have bumped his head on the ceiling, and he wasn't wearing a fur cap. That smudge was made by fur."

"The Great Dane's a big man," said the corporal speculatively. "But if he was a partner of Lindstrom's, why should he want to kill him? Especially when their partnership promised good money for the Dane?"

"Anybody that could have visited the boat would be a fair suspect," said Connie. "When the Great Dane gets here, let me put my glass on his fur cap. If there are soot particles at the crown, he'll be more than a fair suspect. Especially if he's carrying a 30-40 rifle."

Corporal Sampson thought (Continued on page 32)

Published Monthly by
The Sprague Publications, Inc.
 GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Editor.
 ELMER P. GRIERSON, Business Manager.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION
 combined with
American Boy Founded 1827

GEORGE F. PIERROT, *Managing Editor.*
 ESCA G. RODGER, *Fiction Editor.*
 FRANKLIN M. RECK, *Assistant Managing Editor.*
 MARTIN A. KLAVER, *Assistant Editor.*
 MARK L. HAAS, *Art Editor.*

Friendly Talks With the Editor

A Wingless Rooster

ROOSTERS are fairly prevalent. You find them shaking a saucy comb in the barnyard. You find them upside down, and swimming in luscious gravy, on your own dinner table. You find them, no longer any good, lying in the middle of public highways. But not often do you come across a rooster who is the honor guest at a great scientific museum. The Smithsonian Institution, at the moment, is host to one. This rooster is an individualist. He was born without any wings. Smithsonian scientists, studying his general personality and character, report that he behaves like any other rooster until you put him on a table and then spread cracked wheat on the floor. He looks at the wheat with a very natural covetousness, but he hesitates, having no wings to steady him, to make the jump.

Some Wings You Ought To Have Now, we're a bit reluctant to compare you to a rooster. We don't like to think of you, barefoot in the spring mud. We'd shudder at the thought that a hungry fox might eat you, or a skunk. We don't like to think of you all brown and roasted on a platter—where would our subscription list be, then? Nevertheless, we can see a certain connection. The Smithsonian's rooster doesn't manage very well without wings, and neither can you. Both of you need your stabilizers. We'd like to suggest some wings that, if you care to make use of them, will keep you a whole lot steadier than the other fellow. Good reading is one pair. The right kind of friends is another. Hard work is a third. Then there's the habit of using your head, of promptly doing jobs that are assigned to you, of being loyal and just and courageous. The Smithsonian's rooster can't help it if he hasn't any wings. You can.

A Schoolboy You Should Know

WHEN you sit in chem class, what do you think about? Let us tell you of a young college sophomore named Charles Martin Hall. It was exactly 52 years ago that young Hall sat listening to his Oberlin chemistry professor. The professor, Frank Fanning Jewett by name, was describing aluminum. Aluminum was then a semi-precious metal, selling at about \$10 a pound. There was aluminum ore in ordinary clay, the professor explained, but no one had ever found a practical way to get it out. Because of its lightness, he added, aluminum was ideal for many purposes. If anyone could invent a method by which aluminum could be produced in large quantities, at a low price, he would be doing the world a very great favor.

Would Electrolysis Work? Young Hall went home and thought it over. Aluminum, in large quantities, at a low price! It was a challenge. He read every treatise on aluminum that he could find. He talked to anybody who would listen. He re-studied his chemistry and physics. He set up a crude laboratory in the family woodshed. Finally, after various furnace tests had failed, he thought of a new kind. It was electrolysis, by which an electric current is made to flow through a mixture. In this process sometimes the electricity, as it flowed from the positive to the negative poles, would break down compounds into simple elements. It seemed worth trying.

The Fault Was in the Crucible So Hall bought himself a cheap crucible, which is a clay pot in which metals can be melted. He set up a battery, with wires leading to his workbench. After many experiments he melted some cryolite, which in its molten state, he had found, would dissolve purified aluminum ore. He put in the ore,

connected his wires, and turned on the electricity. For two hours he paced the floor. Then, nervously, he disconnected the wires and poured out the molten mass. Nothing had happened. . . . What was wrong? Perhaps, Hall reasoned, the clay crucible contained enough impurities to wreck his experiment. So he lined it with pure carbon. Then more cryolite, more aluminum ore, more electricity, and another two hours of hectic pacing. This time, when he poured out the cryolite, he found some little globules of shiny metal. He had found the way to extract aluminum!

Success Beyond Dreams Exactly two months later Paul Heroult, a young Frenchman, applied for a patent on the same process. But Hall had won. Five years after his discovery, aluminum had dropped from \$10 a pound to less than \$1. Today you see aluminum all around you. Your mother uses aluminum utensils, an aluminum vacuum cleaner, perhaps an aluminum washing machine. Motor bus bodies have aluminum to thank for their strength and lightness. Hall, once a green college sophomore who had paid special attention to a chance remark in chem class, built himself a great fortune. In 1914 he died. It is pleasant to recall that he left most of his money to Oberlin.

Englishmen, and Americans

YOU won't enjoy reading this editorial. We don't enjoy writing it. But we've been thinking about what it contains, and we think you ought to, as well. Not long ago we had a good talk with Dr. William Beebe, naturalist and explorer. We asked him why he did so much of his undersea diving—to study fish—in Bermuda. Favorable conditions is one reason, of course. But another important one, according to

Dr. Beebe, is that the English are much more interested in science than Americans. They appreciate research, and they are much more co-operative. When an Englishman finishes his day's work, Dr. Beebe says, he's likely to put on shorts, grab his butterfly net, and become an amateur naturalist. Or, he has some other hobby of an intellectual sort that helps him see the value of scientific research. Some day Americans, we hope, will be that way too.

How Lakes Breathe

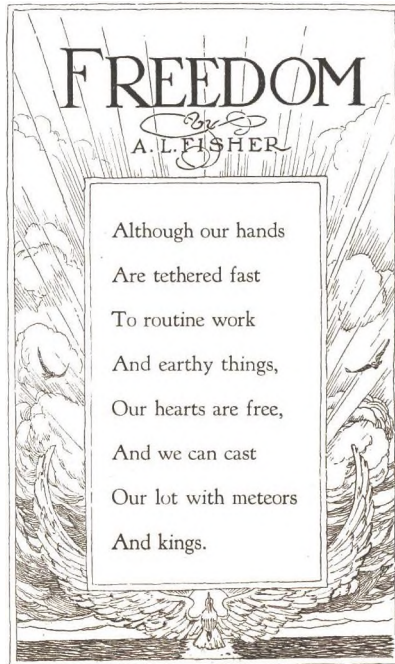
THE more we read and learn, the greater is our admiration for Mother Nature. Did you know, for instance, that lakes know how to breathe? Professor Jacob Reighard of the University of Michigan once rowed all over the surface of one, dropping a weighted thermometer. He found that while the temperature at the boat side was 52 degrees, the temperature twelve feet down was ten degrees cooler. That set him to thinking. He knew that during winter, when ice formed, the surface temperature was 30 degrees, but that the water below stayed at a higher temperature. Then the warmer water would rise while the colder water would sink. Thus the whole lake would turn over and breathe, and thus it was kept fresh and aerated. Just Mother Nature's way of preventing stagnation of lake waters.

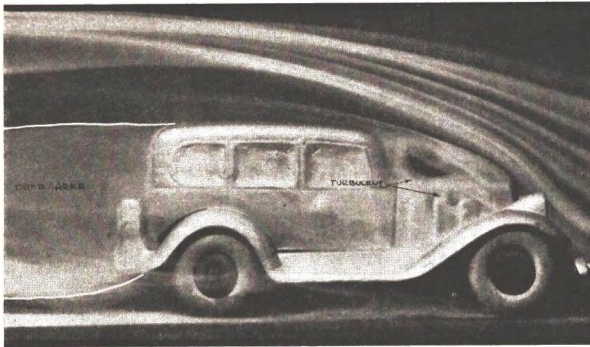
For You, Too

RECENTLY one of our readers, Billie Gilbert of Cedarville, Ohio, wrote us asking where to study to become a landscape gardener. We wanted better advice for him than we felt qualified to give, so we sent his inquiry to Alfred C. Hottes, associate editor of *Better Homes & Gardens*. The last part of Mr. Hottes' letter is rather broad in its application. No matter what vocation you're planning on, we'd like you to keep it in mind. Read the next paragraph.

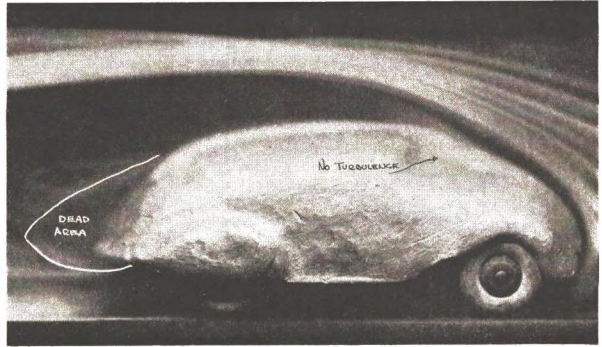
Your Attitude Toward Your Work Says Mr. Hottes to Billie Gilbert (and to you): "You might find after talking with somebody in landscape architecture that this wouldn't be the course you want at all. Get all the discouraging aspects answered in your own mind, and if you are not intensely interested as the result of all the distressing advice you can get, you are not very keen about landscape architecture, after all. If you are really serious about it, you must answer these questions in the affirmative: Are you interested in drawing? Are you intensely interested in plants and do you already know four or five hundred? Do you think of landscape architecture as an opportunity to be of great service in making the world a more beautiful place in which to live? Or, do you think of it solely as a money-making profession?"

Which Kind Will You Be? Pay especial attention to Mr. Hottes' last two questions. They're for you, when you plan your future. America, we think, is due for a period of stabilization. Year in and year out, its industries will expand much less rapidly than in the past. Indeed, we may have to shorten hours, in order to give a job to everybody. There will be, from now on, less willingness to hire just any sort of a man. Employers are going to pay more and more attention to education and training. The fellow who thinks only of his pay check is going to get left. The fellow, on the other hand, who picks a vocation because he loves it, who studies for it because he honestly wants to give it more than the next man can, is likely to find his life happy and successful. But the dollar-getting chap, the chap with a cheap or casual attitude toward his work, is likely to spend most of his time hunting a job.





Here's what holds back your car—whirlpools and dead area.



Compare the air currents here with the picture on the left.

What Is Streamlining?

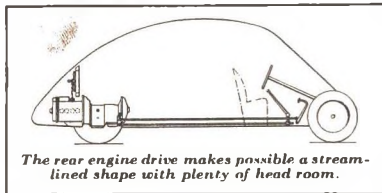
by

Dr. Alexander Klemin

Director, Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second article on streamlining by Prof. Klemin. Last month he showed that air resistance increases as the square of the speed, that an auto going 50 miles an hour wastes about two-thirds of its fuel overcoming air resistance, and that birds and fishes, through streamlining, can attain high speeds with a small power plant. In this article he discusses automobile design. Next month he's going to tell you about the trains of the future.

IN our first article we sketched the lines of air flow for the ordinary automobile and for the streamlined car and compared their air resistances. Perhaps some photographs of the actual air flow will show the merits of streamlining even better. Two of the photographs shown herewith were taken in a small wind tunnel at New York University. Both show the air being drawn rapidly past the model of an automobile. Ahead of the model there is an ordinary hair comb and on the prongs of this comb are placed a few drops of a chemical called titanium tetrachloride. When air passes over this chemical, fine steady smoke lines are produced. The smoke is evil in smell, and the observer is apt to gasp and draw his breath, but a good camera and a powerful



The rear engine drive makes possible a streamlined shape with plenty of head room.

electric floodlight will give splendid pictures of the flow.

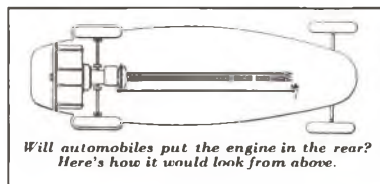
Compare the picture of the conventional sedan with the photograph of a good streamline form. The conventional sedan has eddies or whirls ahead of the windshield and a large region of slow stagnant air at the rear. The streamline car has no eddies in front, and the stagnant area at the rear is reduced to a minimum.

When the "gasoline buggy" replaced the horse, it was only natural that the automobile designer should copy the general contour of the horse and wagon for his body design. The engine was placed almost exactly where the horse used to be.

When, in 1931 or 1932, the automobile manufacturers finally recognized that greater speeds demanded attention to air flow, they sloped their windshields back a little,

rounded off the top at the rear, and told of the streamline cars they had built. Yet the 1932 car, rounded though it is, is little better than the early sedan. Its basic form is only a slight improvement over the early days. It has all sorts of projections and hindrances to the air flow, such as mudguards, exposed wheels and axles, bumpers, head and tail lights, license plates, bugle horns, running boards, door handles and spare tires, each and every one doing its best to ruin the flow.

Finally, late in 1933, there appeared a real air flow car with splendidly shaped windshield and grace-



Will automobiles put the engine in the rear? Here's how it would look from above.

fully sloping top. The fenders guard the front wheel and merge imperceptibly into a clean running board. The side panels at the rear hide the wheels almost completely and blend smoothly into the body. The radiator itself instead of meeting the air bluntly head-on slopes back and merges into the hood. The headlights project only a little at the front. The spare tire is hidden in a casing. Here, the eye tells us and tests by the engineers confirm, is real progress.

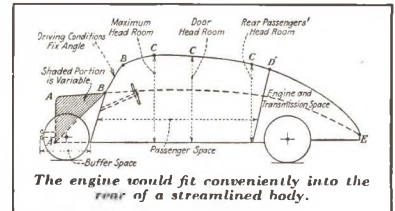
The public at the great automobile shows was first

Here's a three-wheeled car with a rear-engine drive.



surprised at the radically different lines, then convinced of improvement, and finally filled with admiration.

The French people have contradictory characteristics. In some respects they are most conservative. Their peasant farmers still use kerosene lamps and hide their money in their stockings because they're afraid of banks. Yet Eiffel built his famous tower in Paris long before the American skyscraper, and the Suez Canal, joining the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, was built by French engineers dozens of years before the Panama Canal. Their automobiles, on the aver-



The engine would fit conveniently into the rear of a streamlined body.

age, fall below ours in quality and numbers, but their engineers are more willing, perhaps, to try out novel ideas.

This explains why at the latest Paris Automobile Show the visitor saw car streamlining carried so far. The Chenard-Walcker-Mistral is a light two-door sedan. Its wedge-shaped radiator shell is mounted well forward and is tilted quite sharply back. At each side the panels of the hood sweep out over the wheels and finish in a straight edge parallel with the ground. The front wheels are therefore completely inclosed except at the sides. The headlights are mounted flush in the fenders themselves. The rear fenders are formed by an outward sweep of the body side panels, and the rear wheels are entirely inclosed. A fish-shaped tail at the rear is of excellent aerodynamic form. The Mistral is aerodynamically "clean."

Yet neither the American air flow car nor the French Mistral are at the end of possible progress. Look at the picture showing a car in which airship form has been very closely adhered to. This car has a length of 19 feet, far more than the largest present-day cars. Owing to the bold streamline effect this car is also very broad, and provides liberal space for the passengers. Notice how roomy the car is!

The designers of this car obtained their airship form with rounded nose and tapering, narrow tail by putting the driver and one passenger (Continued on page 43)

Keeper of the Refuge

by
Harold Titus

The Preceding Chapters

WHEN Red Clarke headed up into the northern forest country and landed a fire-fighting job, he had no idea that he was plunging into a grim war.

For two years, after high school, Red had run a hilly farm for his crusty old bachelor uncle. Then his uncle had died, creditors had taken the farm, and Red had started north, with little left except his amazing skill in handling tractors.

It was good luck for him that he ran into a forest fire and was drafted to help fight it. When the fire crew's tractor driver was hurt, Red begged for his place and finally won it. He sent that madly careening tractor up an impossible slope to stop the advance of fast-leaping loose fire, scorched his face and singed his hair and made a reputation!

"Boy, can you drive a tractor!" growled "Tip-Top" Topping, keeper of the Ojibway State Game Refuge and head of the fire fighting.

That night Red went home with Topping, to the refuge headquarters, and after Cliff, the lame young cook, had given them a hot supper, Red eagerly asked questions about the refuge—and learned that he had been fighting in a war.

That fire had been set!

Lannin, a big land dealer and banker of Tincup,

wanted to get control of all the land west and south of the refuge. He planned to sell it to rich sportsmen and make a fortune. Employed by the state to buy up that land, which was needed for the protective work of the refuge, Lannin bought it but refused to turn it over. He had all but little old Herbert Bush's holdings, and he meant to have those. He had hired

a man to set that fire on the old fellow's land, and Herbert had been warned that a bigger fire would wipe out his Ten Cent Lake property if he dared sell his land to the state.

Topping's fire fighters had found heel marks at the place where the fire had been started. The fire bug had worn rubber heels with seven nail holes in each and a star in the middle.

"Why I saw him then!" exclaimed Red. "Saw him running, and he caught his heel between those old railroad ties, jerked his foot out, and went on running. I picked up the heel, and here it is!"

Topping's spirits soared. With the heel they could trap the fire bug and stop Lannin's plotting!

That night Red, happy over his new job as substitute tractor driver, slept in an extra bunk in Topping's room; and the heel was safely stowed away in Topping's desk drawer.

Safely? Later in the night, when Topping and Red were sound asleep, a shadow stole into the room, a groping hand closed on the heel, and then the intruder crept out again.

Chapter Four

THE shadowy figure slipped out of the building and stole down along the edge of the swamp to where another shadowy figure waited.

"Get it?" came in a whisper from the waiting figure.

"Yes—here! Take it!" A shaking hand passed over the rubber heel.

"Good! Lucky I come out to check up!"

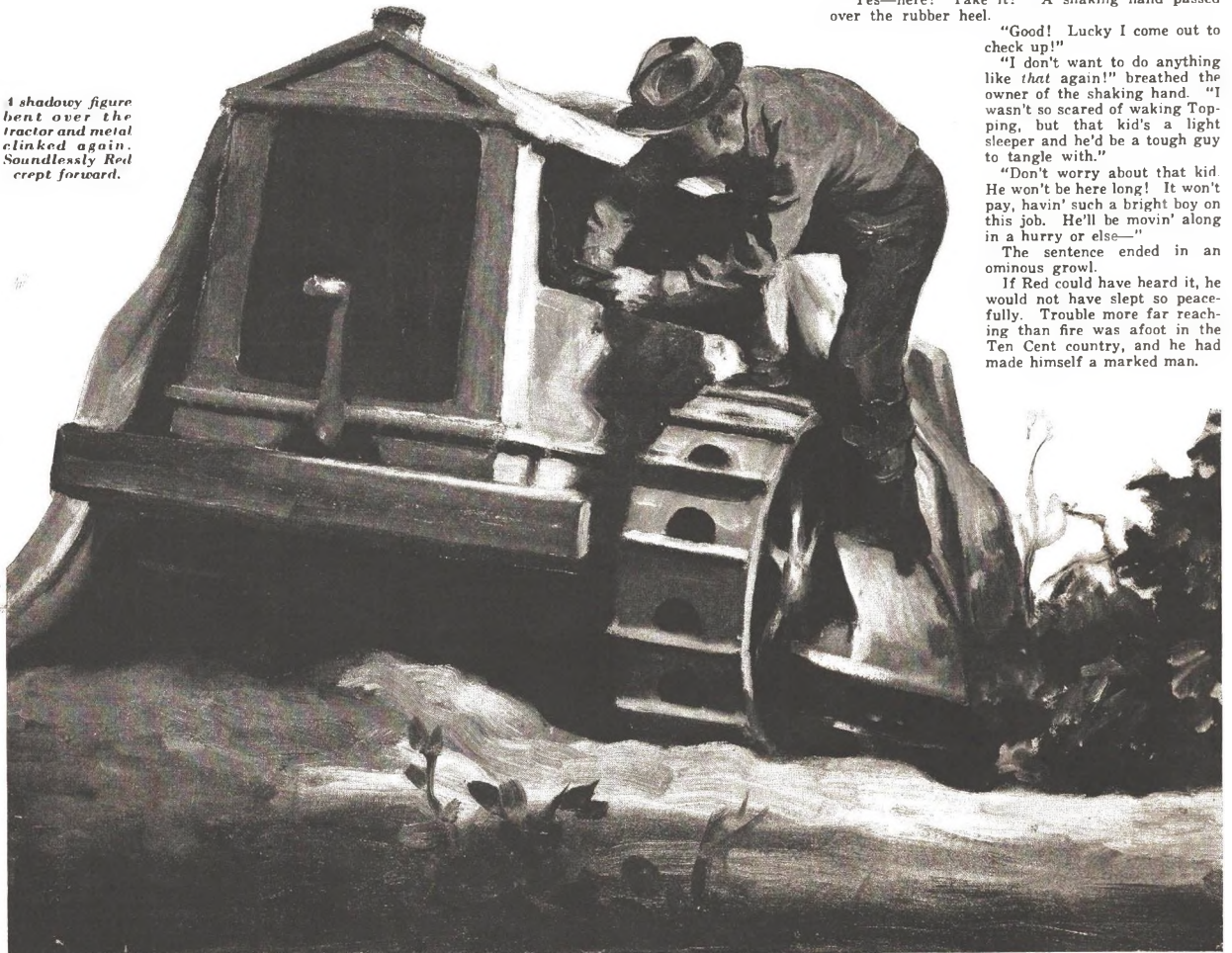
"I don't want to do anything like *that* again!" breathed the owner of the shaking hand. "I wasn't so scared of waking Topping, but that kid's a light sleeper and he'd be a tough guy to tangle with."

"Don't worry about that kid. He won't be here long! It won't pay, havin' such a bright boy on this job. He'll be movin' along in a hurry or else—"

The sentence ended in an ominous growl.

If Red could have heard it, he would not have slept so peacefully. Trouble more far reaching than fire was afoot in the Ten Cent country, and he had made himself a marked man.

A shadowy figure bent over the tractor and metal clinked again. Soundlessly Red crept forward.



Red was used to being up with the sun and he woke early the next morning. Bewildered for a moment, by the feeling of unfamiliar surroundings, he sat up abruptly—and found himself staring through the window at gorgeous, dawn-stained clouds.

The tips of a spruce forest were inked against the eastern pink and their reflections as well as the pigment of the sky were caught in the mirrorlike surface of a little lake. Red drew a ragged sigh of delight and turned his attention inside.

The deer antlers on the wall, though ghostly in the interior dimness, seemed curiously alive. The bearskin rug was a great black shadow on the floor. The wolf pelt on the back of Topping's chair seemed a crouching thing that had stolen in out of the wild.

But Topping, still sound asleep in the other bunk, suddenly began to snore peacefully, destroying the illusion of lurking danger. Red grinned, slipped out of bed, dressed hastily, and went outdoors.

At his approach a rabbit hopped for the swamp, zigzagging through low brush, sending out a shower of dewdrops to catch for an instant the jeweled glory of the dawn. Birds sang in a rising chorus and a flying duck squawked overhead. Red breathed deeply of the keen, pungent air, his blood tingling.

"Zowie!" he whispered to himself.

Stove lids rattled in the kitchen and he swung around to the door.

"Morning!" he called to Cliff.

The lame young cook whirled to face him. "Oh!" The word seemed to break forth involuntarily. "Oh—mornin'."

"Did I startle you?" Red's grin apologized. "Say, can I bum soap and a towel somewhere?"

"Soap's on the wash bench outside. Towels in that corner." The lame boy curtly jerked a thumb toward the corner and turned back to his stove.

Red slanted an eyebrow, and then shrugged. Cliff, it seemed, had before-breakfast moods.

On the lake shore Red slipped off his clothing and ran in, catching his breath at the sting of the water. He hadn't known water could get that cold and not freeze! He plunged and soaped, and soaped and plunged until his white skin glowed, and then, floundering ashore, rubbed himself frantically with the coarse towel until a fine warmth spread through his long, well-knit body.

He was pulling his shirt over his head when a cackling voice hailed him:

"Bathe often?"

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Bush!" Red smiled at the little man, who was standing outside the doorway of a tiny log cabin. "Yes, pretty often. At least I try to get the worst off now and then."

"Fav'ble sign!" the old fellow said. "Fav'ble sign, bathin' frequent."

He squatted on the ground and arranged sticks of firewood. Red, buckling his belt, regarded him with a puzzled frown. Last night he had thought the man's hair was gray and his beard black but it certainly was the other way around.

As Mr. Bush lighted what was evidently his cooking fire, the boy walked near, rubbing his hair dry with the towel. He stared interestedly at two hides stretched on the cabin wall, one half again as large as the other. The little man, ignoring him, rose and scuttled indoors, and after a moment emerged with a coffeepot.

"What are those hides?" Red asked.

"Tryin' to make a joke, are ye?" Mr. Bush snapped, shoving the pot into the fire. "Tryin' to git me to say something so you can say something fresh back to me?"

"Why, no, sir! I asked to find out. I'm new in this country and I'm pretty dumb about a lot of things."

"Hm. Fav'ble sign, admittin' dumbness. Most folks're dumb. Terrible dumb. But they won't admit it. That biggest hide's off a wolf; t'other's off a coyote. That's a good wolf hide; the varmint was young and tough."

He paused, looked up at the boy, and blinked—quite approvingly, Red realized—and reflected aloud: "Two fav'ble sign. Bathin' frequent and admittin' dumbness. Hm."

He skipped inside again and Red, smiling to himself, turned away.

Tip-Top was just emerging from the headquarters building. "You beat me up!" he called. As he drew near he remarked quizzically. "You getting thick with Hubert already?"

"Hubert? I thought it was Herbert."

"And you're not the first! You saw Herbert last night; this one's his twin brother."

"Twins! I thought there was something different about this one! Why, the colors of their hair and beards are just reversed!"

"Right. And if they ever shaved and kept their caps on, most folks couldn't tell one from the other. Herbert's the logger. Hubert's a state trapper, assigned here to keep the wolves down. They're pretty smart old fellows, but folks have always made jokes of 'em and they're suspicious and keep to themselves. They're both hard to handle, but it's really Hubert here who runs the Bush family."

"I see. So when Herbert said last night, 'We talked it over and changed my mind,' he meant Hubert had advised him not to sell his land to the state and risk having other property set on fire?"

"You've got it. They've both got some money and Hubert's quit everything but trapping. He likes doing that, and he's a smart trapper. But tryin' to make him follow an order is like—"

"Mr. Tip-Top Topping!" interrupted Hubert Bush's cackling voice. "Mr. Tip-Top Topping, Two-toes is back!"

"You don't say!"

"Ain't you got hearin'? I do say it! I seed his track yesterday, and you can set yer mind on losin' a lot of your deer. He and his mate have denned somewhere, and it'll take a sight of venison to raise their pups!" He skipped back into the cabin.

"Who's Two-toes?" Red asked.

"An old wolf that's outsmarted all the trappers for ten years. Hubert'd give his right eye to get him. Start him talking about it sometime. Queer how he took up with you, Red. He won't even speak to most folks. Touchy. You must have the knack of making people like you."

They were passing the kitchen door at the moment and Cliff, catching Red's eye, turned abruptly away, his thin boyish face suddenly cold and masklike.

"People don't always like me," Red said ruefully, and wondered how he'd rubbed the other boy wrong.

But he forgot Cliff when he got to the breakfast table and found himself casually but cordially welcomed as one of the crew. The men were a husky, broad-shouldered, quietly confident lot, almost all young, and woods bred.

Topping sat at the head of the long table, with Red at his right. Across from the boy was old Pete Swanson, evidently Topping's lieutenant, and between the two passed talk of the job that piqued the boy's curiosity and made him impatient to get really into the life of this place.

But he had a special piece of work already laid out for him and Topping paved the way for that.

"You won't be ready for the tractor on Sixteen before tomorrow," he said to Swanson. "That'll give Red and me a chance to run into town on another matter."

The keeper was in high spirits, and Red knew that this was because he had hope not only of nailing the man who had set the fire but also of persuading Herbert Bush to sell his lands to the state after all.

Topping had sobered, however, when he returned to the dining room after a trip to his own quarters.

"Did you take that heel?" he muttered to Red as the crew clumped out for the day's work.

"Heel? No! You put it in your desk, didn't you?"

"Yeah. I did. But it's gone now. Sh!"—as Red exclaimed under his breath. "Wait till we're alone."

Topping conferred with Cliff about supplies needed, and Red noticed with interest that as he left the lame young cook he gave him a friendly clap on the shoulder. But most of Red's mind was on the missing heel, and as soon as the motor of the car was buzzing, he asked breathlessly:

"Do you mean somebody took that heel?"

"Well, she's gone. Figure it out."

Red whistled. "But who could have taken it? And why? And what are we going to do without it?"

"What can we do without it? That's the idea! It was taken to upset our case."

"But who could have done it? Could it have been anybody in the crew?"

"Might have been. But I hate to think of it. I've counted myself a pretty good judge of men."

"But we were alone. We didn't talk very loud. We weren't sitting near the windows. You'd closed the kitchen door—but where was Cliff?" Red had suddenly recalled the lame boy's startled, uneasy manner that morning. "Could he be the one?"

Topping tugged at his mustache savagely. "Always hate to change my mind about a man. I'd hate like sin to change it about Cliff. I've bet kind of heavy on him. The boy's unfortunate. He's got that withered leg to start with. Never had any proper bringing up and last winter got into real trouble. Was cooking in a restaurant in town when some money came up missing. They charged him with it and were going to give him a trip. He was such a forlorn cuss that it got my goat. I talked to him and to the judge, and promised to give Cliff a job and keep an eye on him if they'd put him on probation. He's been as grateful as a pup. I can't believe he'd double-cross me."

Red nodded, not wholly convinced but moved by Topping's interest in the lame boy. He pushed the argument no further; instead, he asked:

"Well, what are we going to do then?"

"We'll locate this fire bug and throw a scare into him and see if we can't make him confess. If you're positive about him and if he won't come across,



unless he's got an alibi we can't break down, we'll jerk him into court."

They parked the car before the courthouse and Red went with Topping on his errands, eyes on the alert for the man he had seen crossing the road the day before.

Their first stop was in a hardware store and as they entered, a familiar cackle came from the rear: "No, siree, sir, I don't sell ary acre to ary state! I'm goin' to hold my lands, and sell to rich folks who've got more money'n the state'll pay, I am!"

So old Herbert was already spreading the word that would relieve his other properties from the threat of fire, the word that would be like the clink of dollars to Lannin's ears!

Red recognized a number of men who had been on the fire the day before, but it wasn't until they entered a pool room where Topping bought some tobacco that the boy's searching gaze was rewarded.

"He's watching the Kelly pool game," he muttered as they emerged. "The man wearing a black slouch hat and a red and black checkered shirt."

"That'd be Baxter! He's worked for Lannin before, down on his fur farm. Tried his best this spring to get into my crew! You wait here."

Red was waiting in a ferment of excitement when the two appeared. Baxter, a fellow in his middle twenties, was looking into Topping's face with a challenging grin. The rubber heels of his pacs were obviously brand new.

"What's the idea, Tip?" he asked. "Got a job for me at last?"

"Want you to meet a friend of mine," Topping returned grimly. "This is Red Clarke, Baxter."

The fellow's eyes ran over Red with interest.

"I've seen Baxter before," said the boy.

"That so? Then you got one on me. I've never laid eyes on you."

"No. When I saw you, you were pretty busy."

"I don't get you," Baxter said, uneasily suspicious. "I'll explain, then. I happened to be sitting beside the road out west of here yesterday when you crossed. It was about noon."

"West of town? Well, now, that's quite interestin'!"—sarcastically.

"Yes, it is. I was eating my lunch beside a spring when you came running through the brush from the northwest." Red glanced at Topping, who nodded for him to proceed. "You stopped in a clump of spruce trees and looked up and down the road to make sure that no one was in sight. Then you crossed and hit down an old grade. You tripped and fell but didn't waste any time getting on your way again."

"All of that, eh?" Baxter's challenge was defiant enough but a fine sweat pricked out on his lip.

"Well, not quite all. You'd come a long ways and you were in a hurry because you didn't want any fire fighters to see you come from that direction."

"Huh!" Baxter snorted. "Kid, you're doing a lot of talkin'. What're you gettin' at?"

"Just this," Topping said quietly—"You're the party who touched off the fire we had yesterday!"

"Oh, so you're chargin' me with settin' a fire, eh? That's what all this is about, is it?" He was evidently worried and stalling for time, but when a man came out of a near-by office entrance, his face lightened and he swore and laughed.

"Tip, any time you want to put this kid on the stand to tell a judge what he's told me, just try it! I happen to have a witness of my own who'll tell where I was yesterday."

"Yeah?" growled Topping. He glanced grimly at the tall man who had joined them and now gazed from one to another with what Red thought were the coldest, hardest eyes he had ever seen.

"Good morning," the tall man said suavely. "Fine day."

"Mr. Lannin," Baxter cried, "what d'you think Topping's got up his sleeve now? He's chargin' me with settin' that fire he had yesterday!"

Lannin's face didn't change. "Indeed!" he said. "I've heard you had a fire, Topping. Too bad. But as for blaming Ralph here—preposterous!"

"Yeah. Ain't it!" Baxter grinned confidently. "That's what I told 'em. This kid here says he seen me runnin' through the brush out west yesterday noon and that they know I touched her off."

"Interesting!" remarked Lannin and his hard eyes fastened on Red. "What would you say, young man, if I told you that Ralph was with me all day yesterday?"

"I'd say this," Red flashed—"that I'd like to know where you were?"

For an instant, rage blazed in Lannin's face. Prominent citizen, dominant factor in local matters, he was not accustomed to challenge. Certainly not from a mere boy. But the next instant he had himself in hand again. Ignoring Red, he turned to Topping and said, quietly enough:

"We were out at my fur farm, Topping, all day

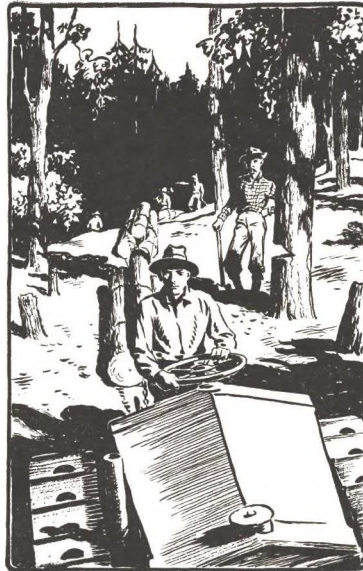
yesterday, surveying some lines. I'd be glad to swear to the fact in court."

"Got anybody else to swear to it?" the keeper demanded.

Lannin's color rose, but he answered with dignity: "No. We saw no one all day. Still, I think"—his eyes narrowed—"I rather think a jury of my neighbors would believe me as against this young stranger."

Topping's face betrayed his realization of the truth of this. He stood frowning, and a smile of triumph twitched Lannin's lips.

"I presume you feel you have a duty to perform," he said dryly. "If you think you must go ahead



with the case, we'll be ready any time." With that he turned to go, saying coolly, "Coming with me, Ralph?"

He was so contemptuously confident that Red's temper rose.

"Hold on here!" he snapped. "I'm new in this country; I've just gone to work for Mr. Topping. You and Baxter are framing up a story that'll make me look like a liar. And men don't like to hire liars!"

Lannin's cold eyes swung back to him. "Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Just this—you're not going to get away with it! I know Baxter wasn't out at your fur farm all day yesterday. At noon he was right where I said he was—out west of here, running through the brush and mighty careful to be sure that no one saw him cross—"

"Never mind, Red!" broke in Topping. "They don't fool me."

Baxter stepped closer to the boy. "You callin' me a liar?" he demanded.

"You heard what I said." Red didn't budge.

Baxter shook his fist in the boy's face and blustered: "Why, you—you—"

But Lannin stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. "Easy, Ralph. Don't bother with the young whipper-snapper. After all, we understand each other. All of us." He looked at the keeper and smiled coldly, challengingly; then went on: "Come, Ralph, we'll be getting along now. Topping, I'd be only too glad to have you try this upstart's word against mine in a court of law!"

They moved away, leaving Red breathing hard. "See?" growled Topping. "That's how they work it! Lannin would perjure himself to explain those new rubber heels on Baxter's boots—he'd do it, without batting an eye! And a rascal like that can run a bank and hog-tie a state! Well, there goes the plan for the refuge, I'm afraid. Lannin's right. He could make monkeys of us in court. And he's got Herbert so scared he won't sell to the state."

"But we can't let Lannin get away with all this!" fumed Red. "There must be some way of showing him up."

"Maybe so," Topping said heavily. "But Lannin's smart. He's spent thirty years buildin' up a reputa-

tion as a good citizen here. He's a financial power. He's dealt in lands and driven hard bargains. He holds the whip hand in the Tincup bank. Most people aren't wise to his crookedness. He's got a fur farm where he raises beaver and deals in illegal pelts of wild beaver, which are protected, under cover of his fur farm license. But can I prove that? Not a chance! I suspect some other things. But I can't prove them. Sure we've got to stop him." Topping's mouth set itself. "But first we've got to catch up with him. And it looks as if he'll ruin the refuge before we can do that."

If we can do it at all, Red thought. But aloud he urged doggedly: "Well, let's try, anyhow."

Topping looked at his new tractor man and scowled. Then, unexpectedly, he chuckled.

"Good kid," he said.

Chapter Five

Topping went on to do his errands, leaving Red to walk up and down the single block of Tincup's business section. He was strolling back toward the car finally, still pondering their complex problem, when a heavy-set man crossed the street and hailed him.

"Your name Clarke?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Thought so! Well, Clarke, I want to give you a little advice."

"All right," Red agreed cheerfully. "But who are you?"

The heavy-set man drew back his coat, exposing a sheriff's badge. "That's what I am, anyway. And the advice is for you to be pretty well out of this territory by sundown."

"But why?" Red asked in bewilderment.

"Because strangers stirrin' up trouble in this neighborhood ain't welcome, that's why! It's my job to prevent trouble, and the easiest way to do it is to get rid of trouble makers as fast as they show up."

Red stared. "Who sent you to me?" he asked slowly.

"Nobody. I just heard things. I'm headin' off trouble."

For a long moment the boy looked at the man. The sheriff was certainly exceeding his authority. In fact, he was abusing it. Red's temper rose again but he held his voice level as he said:

"Suppose you go back to the person you heard saying things and tell him I don't scare a dime's worth! Tell him I'm going to stay here as long as Mr. Topping will keep me on the pay roll, and maybe a little longer!"

He turned abruptly and walked on, leaving the man mumbbling.

"And that's that," Red said to himself.

But Topping had a different idea. When Red told him the story as the two got into the car to go home, the keeper sat silent for a while, tugging at his mustache, not moving to start the car. Then he turned slowly to Red.

"Kid," he said, "you're fired."

"Fired! Why—what—fired, Mr. Topping?"

"Yeah. Fired so you'll follow Blighton's advice and be on your way."

"But why?"

"For your own good. This thing's getting too hot for a young fellow to be dragged into. Lannin's getting vicious—he'll stop at nothing."

"And the sheriff takes orders from him," Red mused.

"Yes. You see Lannin elected Blighton sheriff. Lannin has other men under his thumb, too. He's been spreading slow poison about the Conservation Department ever since he got his options cinched on the land we want. He's got the old justice of the peace—Dowling—in such a state that he won't work with us on a case unless he just has to. The wardens have been taking game law cases over to Walkerton, which is ten miles farther, to get a fair trial. That loses Dowling the fees, and makes him madder than ever. Blighton is Lannin's man, Dowling is Lannin's man, and they'll both be out to get you if Lannin says the word. You've had the sand to defy Lannin, and now he's raring. I wouldn't think of letting you in for what they might cook up among 'em!"

"I see—the idea is that I'd better get out because the going may get rough?"

Red spoke quietly but Topping turned, looked closer into the boy's face, and then put a hand on his knee.

"Still want to take a chance, kid?"

"If I ran away because a bunch of crooks threatened me, I could never hold up my head again."

Topping drew a slow breath and his mustache twitched in a smile.

"I meant every word I said about your going—but I had a sneaking hope you'd argue with me!" he admitted. "I need a scrappy partner."

Red grinned back, and then they drove out of town,

drawn closer by their joint defeat in this first round of battle, but talking casually.

"What are those buildings?" Red asked, pointing out some squat log structures in the chopping.

"That's Benson's old Camp Seven. The buildings are pretty well shot, now. Berry pickers and hunters use 'em some. The barn's in fair repair. Somebody put a salt block in it last summer and the deer have been going right inside after it. They don't do that usually."

Red turned to look back at the buildings, but he didn't dream that the day was coming when he would have occasion to remember what Topping had told him about the salt lick in the old barn at Camp Seven. Occasion, indeed! Lying in the dark, deserted barn, bleeding and torn and bruised, he was to remember it only too well!

The night before, Topping had indicated that Red's stay in his own quarters was temporary but when Red reminded him of this on the second evening, he shook his head.

"We've been crowded into a corner, Red. We're going to have to fight things through together. We may as well share quarters where we can talk things over on the quiet when we have to."

That suited the boy perfectly. The following morning Red found himself on the job. Topping went out with the construction crew, although old Pete Swanson was in direct charge of it.

"We're building a permanent fire line," Topping explained. "Not just the emergency affair you saw yesterday, but a break sixteen foot wide straight through the timber. You see fire's the worst enemy wild life's got. It not only burns up birds and animals but it ruins a country. It kills little trees and seed bearers, and it eats up the fertility in the soil so that what does start to grow afterwards can't make so good a job of it."

Red nodded, and Topping continued: "You'll notice that these lines are pretty straight until they hit a grade. That's because in wild country every fire line should be a road to get equipment in on if fire breaks out. Second place, plowed and dragged as these lines are, a ground fire'll die out when it comes up to 'em. Third, if a big oncoming fire seems likely to jump over your line, you can start a back fire there to eat up against the wind and leave the main fire nothing to feed on when they meet. And now crank up that tractor and let's see if you're as good as we think you are!"

The crew had been ahead, cutting all the trees in the strip and piling the brush ready for burning. Red's job was to pull the stumps and snake out old rotted logs and plow and drag.

And the way he made that tractor perform all the first day caused old Pete to show his discolored teeth in a grin and remark:

"Yumpin' Yiminy, Ret! You bane make das ol' tractor yust talk!"

Red grinned himself and was wonderfully content that evening and worked enthusiastically all the next day.

But he frowned two mornings later when the tractor refused to start. The coils were soaked! True, it had rained in the night, but he had carefully covered the machine at quitting time and the tarp jacket was snugly in place that morning.

The next day the motor gave trouble again. It was nearly noon before he discovered that a piece of wiring had been replaced by another in which the copper strand had been cleverly cut and concealed by the insulation.

On the third forenoon his gas line plugged and patient search revealed that sand had been poured into the tank.

"I'll be blistered!" Topping growled as the two talked alone in the headquarters building. "Guess we'll have to bring the tractor in from the job every night!"

"That'll cost money. And it'll spoil our chance of nailing the guy who's monkeying with it." Red lowered his voice. "I figured on taking my blankets and sleeping out near it tonight."

"You and who else?"

"Nobody else! Whose fight is this, anyhow?" —with a grin. "If all the trouble makers wanted was to ball up the job, they'd put that tractor out of commission. But they're just doing enough to make it appear that I'm incompetent, and can't keep a tractor in order. That makes it my fight. Now one man can slip out of camp without being noticed. But if we get up a party, somebody'll find out. After our experience with Baxter's rubber heel, I'd like to bet the enemy's got a friend right in the crew."

There Red glanced toward the kitchen. But Cliff, the only other person in the building, was washing dishes. He was working too steadily and too noisily to catch any of their talk, Red again assured himself.

Topping finally consented to let Red go alone, and after dark the boy slipped away, bearing his blankets and wearing under the pocket flap of his heavy shirt a warden's bronze badge—Topping, disregarding his youth, had just sworn him in as an officer.

Brilliant northern stars arched above Red's bed on the ground, some little distance from the tractor. An owl hooted; a grouse drummed in the swamp. Red dozed and woke and dozed again. It was the sound of metal on metal that roused him. The sound was faint but it was close at hand. Red was instantly wide awake and up on one elbow, getting his feet under him—

A shadowy figure bent over the tractor and metal clinked again and a man grunted as if in impatience. Soundlessly Red left his bed and crept forward but the prowler's ears were uncannily keen. He turned and stared over his shoulder. Red sprang erect and rushed.

The prowler dashed off, swinging around the tractor, with Red hard after him—a measure of chagrin in his consciousness even at the moment because the fellow didn't limp. He had been willing to bet that if he caught anyone it would be Cliff.

"Hold on!" he yelled. "You can't get away!" But the prowler didn't stop. He ran along the cleared line so fast that Red couldn't close. Realizing that he wasn't gaining an inch, he suddenly dived!

He dived as a tackler would hurl himself forward in a football game. His shoulder caught a thigh, his arms twined about booted legs, and he and the prowler went down in a thrashing tangle.

A fist bashed Red's ear. He hunched himself farther up the man's body, and was crushed into the soft earth as the other rolled over. He squirmed until he was on top and then heaved himself up to pinion his opponent's arm.

But he was not in time. A hard-flung handful of sand filled his eyes. He gasped and fought blindly, clawing frantically to retain his hold, but the other tore free, scrambled to his feet, scooped up the fire line, and before Red could see again, even the sounds of escaping footfalls had been lost in the night.

"Didn't even find out who he was," Red grumbled to Topping the next morning. "He's a dead ringer for Baxter in size but that's all I'm sure about. Well, maybe I've scared him off for a while."

It seemed so, because for the balance of the week the tractor functioned perfectly. "A lull in the storm," Red grinned.

It was a good thing he didn't grow overconfident, for on Sunday three men sat in Lannin's office in Tincup and talked cautiously and planned with care, and every now and again the name of Red Clark was mentioned vindictively.

Chapter Six

THOUGH trouble hung over the refuge and Red shared Topping's apprehensions, the boy was determined not to spend too much time in worry.

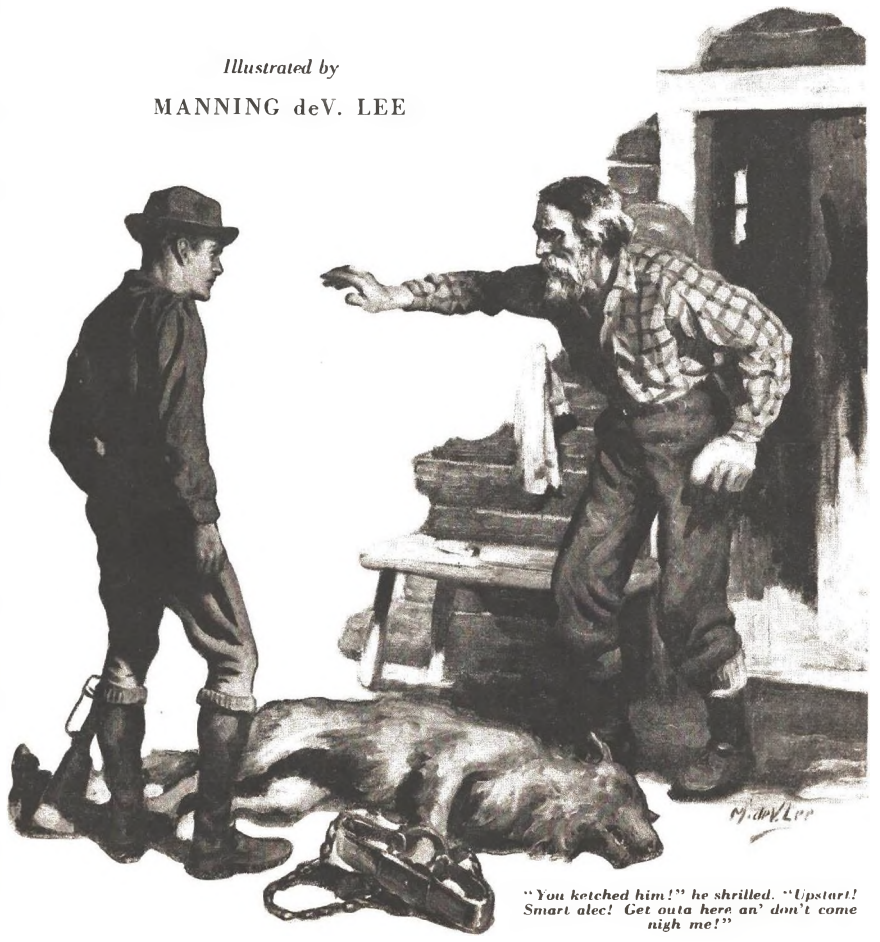
That first week he had pitched horseshoes one or two evenings and had played a little cribbage in the bunk house after dark. But he had most enjoyed sitting with old Pete or others of the crew, listening to stories about this new country and asking endless questions.

The orphan fawn had become Red's particular charge. He usually gave it its bottle, and the little animal would follow him about affectionately, blating, and wriggling its absurd tail.

"Yah. Das fawn all right now," said Pete, with a grave twist of his head, "but when he grow oop, watch out. Deer can be bat fer fallah skol dey git scart 'r mat."

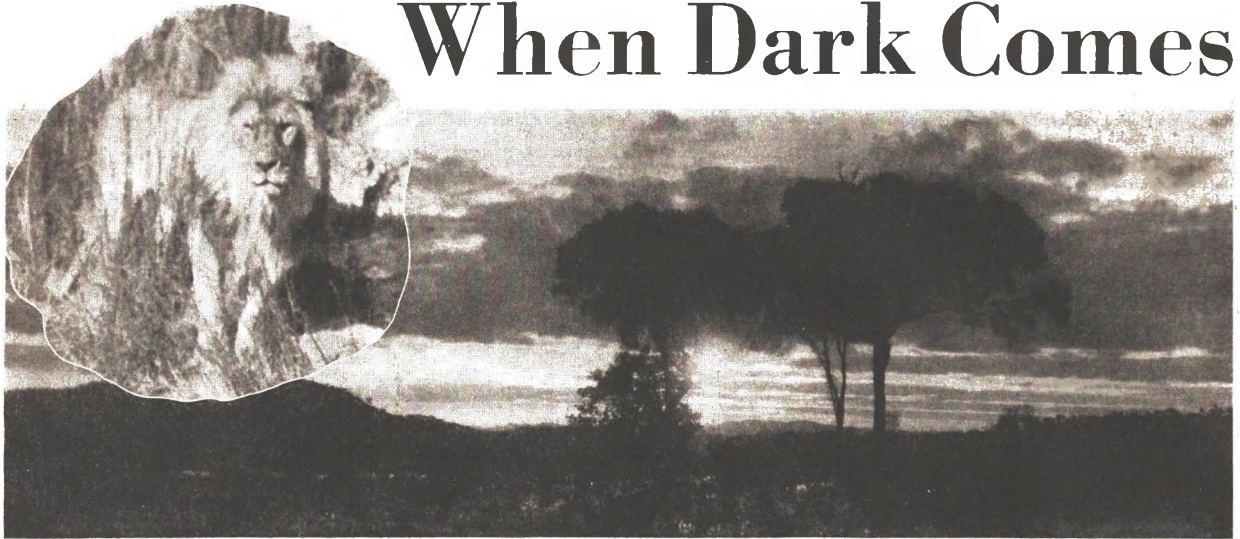
Red jotted that down in his mind as another item of knowledge. But he was to remember it later when in a panic of fear, bruised (Continued on page 28)

Illustrated by
MANNING deV. LEE



"You ketched him!" he shrilled. "Upstart! Smart alec! Get outa here an' don't come nigh me!"

When Dark Comes



When the sun sinks low, the strong take possession and the weak scurry for cover. And man is weak.

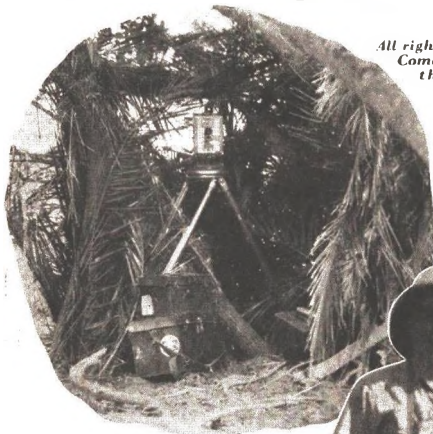
Introducing Africa's Roving Ruler of the Night

Told to Franklin M. Reck

by

Captain Carl Von Hoffman

Russian Explorer and Adventurer



*All right, Africa!
Come down to
the water
hole!*



Carl Von Hoffman.

WATCH THE VULTURES!

IF you see a flock of vultures circling in the sky above the African veldt you know that directly beneath them a lion has made his kill. When they quit circling and swoop toward the ground, you know that the lion has finished his meal and walked contentedly away.

That's only one of the signs that help you to understand the veldt. There are sounds, too, that tell you of the vivid drama that is constantly being enacted in the blackness beyond the comforting glow of your camp fire.

Captain Carl Von Hoffman, Russian army officer, Hollywood camera man, soldier in the Mexican army, explorer and ethnologist, has traveled Africa from one end to the other. In this article he takes you to his South African camp and introduces you to the lion, ruler of the Night Kingdom of the veldt. Another article by Captain Von Hoffman is scheduled for an early issue.

IN the African veldt there are two kingdoms—one a harsh, bright kingdom, realistic and safe and unromantic; the other a dark domain, shadowy and mysterious, with danger whispering in the air; and the border between the two kingdoms is night-fall.

I have spent years in the veldt—in those wooded hills and undulating plains of South Africa where the Changane-Zulu raise cattle and hunt and dance. I have come to know and respect the two kingdoms, and if you will spend 24 hours with me at my camp, I'll tell you why.

Let's assume that you find me on the trail, two miles from camp, just before sundown. You fall into step and hurry with me toward the shelter of tent and fire, while I point out to you that we're close to the boundaries of the Krueger National Park, a great game preserve 75 miles long and 8 miles wide, in which there are 4,000 lions roaming at large.

The world is still bright with the clear sunlight of the tropics, and man is the ruler of it. The antelope are still moving about in leisurely herds, feeling comparatively safe.

When we're still a half mile from camp a change occurs that tightens your nerves. As the sun meets the rim of the earth, shafts of many-colored light appear in the sky, like great searchlights. For a short time they play overhead, and then the curtain of night drops down so suddenly that your eyes cannot accustom themselves to the dark. A light breeze rustles the trees and the air turns cool.

All at once you feel that you're an unwelcome alien in a strange land. You know that around you the lions

and leopards and jackals and hyenas are rising to their feet, yawning and stretching, ready to start their nightly forays for food.

The nearest object has become unfamiliar to you. What was a rock in the daytime now looks like a crouching beast. That black branch lying across the trail is a snake. The more you look at it the more certain you are. And when the moonlight, sifting down through the moving leaves, plays along the branch you can see it glide a foot and stop. You hold your gun ready and move cautiously, almost afraid to advance. You're an intruder in the land of the carnivori, and you wish you were well out of it.

That's how you feel when night falls in the veldt. When you reach camp with me, you find a spirit of restlessness there, too. The dogs have risen to their feet, their noses are pointing toward the forests, their ruffs are bristling, and low, uneasy growls issue from their throats. Then, with a leap, the leader disappears into the dark and the other dogs follow.

But you don't worry about them. You know that they'll return to camp in the morning scratched up and bloody and tired, but with a strange pride in their lifted heads. At present you're interested in sounds that will tell you what is going on in the night kingdom of the veldt.

If you have never heard a lion roar, your first experience will send queer shivers up your back. It is like the roll of thunder, impressive in its majesty, as different from the contented roar of a zoo lion as the wild lion's outward appearance—lean and scarred, with bare patches of skin showing where brambles and fights have torn away the hair—is different from the sleek form of the zoo lion.

You'll hear other sounds—the cackling laughter of the hyena, perhaps the hiss of a leopard, and a great trumpeting and cracking of limbs as an elephant breaks through a thicket.

Then, if you listen closely, you may hear an angry growl, and you know that somewhere a lion is crouching close to the ground, his eyes fixed unwaveringly on a victim. Suddenly the air is rent by a sharp, frantic bray—a zebra's despairing cry for help. The cry is choked off and in the appalling stillness you hear a gruff barking as the lion calls to his mate: "I have killed! I have food!"

to the Veldt!



The water hole is Africa's great convention city. The hippos meet there fearlessly.

Unlike the leopard, the lion doesn't kill for sport. Where a leopard may kill a score of zebras in a herd, the lion will take just what he needs for food. And he is a businesslike, merciful killer. His leap carries him to the zebra's back and his hind claws dig into the zebra's haunches. One forepaw grabs the victim's chest and the other reaches for the mouth, shutting off sound. At the same time the lion's mouth closes over the back of the zebra's neck. His purpose is not to bite and rend, but to twist the animal's neck and snap its spine. By this time the lion's 400 pounds of weight has crushed the zebra to earth. Inside of a few seconds the victim is dead.

The lion is a fastidious eater. Before dining, he carefully rips away the hide, takes out lower intestines and buries them—the intestines are a delicacy that he invariably saves for later.

A great roar, contented and proud, tells you when the lion has finished eating and departed with his mate from the table. Then, from the near-by shadows, the hyenas creep eagerly toward the remnants of the carcass. The lion has had his share; now it's the scavenger's turn. He, too, eats his fill, and when he departs from the bones with a sneering laugh, there's little left for the vultures.

As the sun warms the veldt, the antelopes break slowly from their huddles and start grazing. All morning they feed, and by noon their thirst leads them toward the water hole.

At the water hole, the atmosphere is one of fear. When the herd arrives at the crest of land above the pond they don't immediately go down to drink. With parched tongues they wait—perhaps for hours—until they're sure it's safe. And there are signs to tell them.

For instance, the birds. If you were to sit with me at the water hole, you would see the weaver birds swoop down by the thousands, scooping up water as they fly, until the surface of the pond looked dappled, as though big raindrops were falling into it. Or you might see a near-by tree suddenly denuded as thousands of green parakeets leave it to flutter down upon the shore of the water hole, transforming the brown, hoof-pocked mud into a velvet green carpet.

If the birds come, there are no killers near the water hole. Some brave buck in the antelope herd senses that fact and dashes down to the shore to drink. Others watch him, see that he's un-



Next come the impallas. They approach the water hole cautiously.

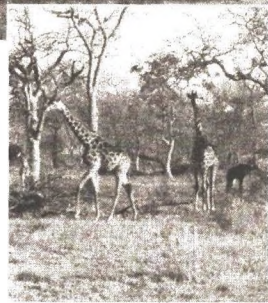
molested, and follow. Soon the entire herd advances, and they all crowd in so that they may drink from the very same spot from which the first buck drank. That spot, they know, is safe.

Other animals come down at their appointed hours. The wart hog with tusks like the kaiser's mustache, tail sticking straight up in the air. The wildebeeste, the impalla, and the zebra.

One morning I went to the water hole at six o'clock. A wildebeeste was first down that day and he scented me. Immediately he retreated to the high land and there he stood all day long, like a sentry, warning other animals away from the hole!

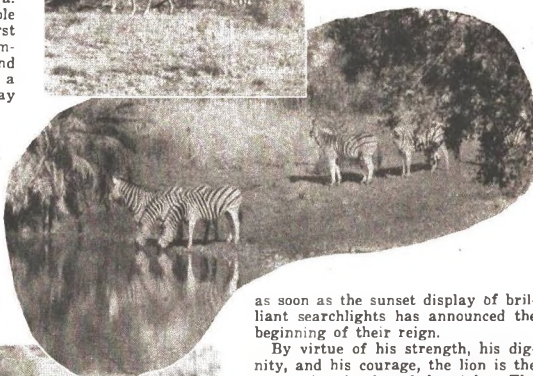
Once a kill has been made at a water hole, the animals cannily change the hour for drinking. They're not to be caught twice.

All day long the water hole is a scene of activity. But as the sun approaches the hills, the last herd departs for its nightly shelter. In their dens, the lions stretch their limbs and prepare to take command



For high living you've got to hand it to the giraffe.

Poor zebra. He's the lion's favorite repast.



Bad boy of the veldt. The hyena is nobody's pal.



Another mean chap. The rhino is an irritable beast.



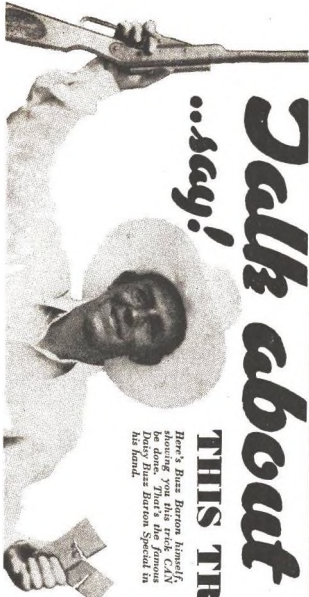
as soon as the sunset display of brilliant searchlights has announced the beginning of their reign.

By virtue of his strength, his dignity, and his courage, the lion is the unquestioned ruler of the night. The leopard, cunning and cruel, is Africa's gangster. The hyena, trailing the lion like a camp follower, lives off the scraps left at the king's table.

Like men of great strength and mind the lion doesn't understand fear. The zebras and impallas and wildebeestes are ruled by it. Fear governs their every waking moment. Fear bands them together at night.

That is the nature of the veldt and its kingdoms of Day and Night.

Editor's Note: Captain Von Hoffman, member of the famous Explorers' Club in New York, is a blood brother of the Zulus. His life has been one long adventure, first as a young officer in the army of Russia's czar, then with General Villa in Mexico, with the head hunters in the forbidden island of Formosa, and in Africa. His third and last article, to be published soon, tells of his most dangerous encounter.



..say! Talk about SHARPSHOOTING THIS TRICK HAS 'EM ALL STOPPED!!

Here's Buzz Burton himself showing you this trick CAN be done—just a few minutes' practice—and you've got it!

"You can talk plenty about the old 'dead eyes'—about Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone, and their cross-hairs. Sharpshooters? Well, there's a sharpshooter when YOU split the edge of a card at 15 or 20 feet Y-O-U! It's a sharpshooters' too. Maybe you thought the match-splittin' trick I told you about last month was tough one. Maybe so. But listen... get a good backstop—and old jack-knife. Stick on old visiting card or a thin piece of cardboard in the groove, and set it up in front of your backstop, with the thin edge of the card towards you. Now step off about 15 feet and go to it. I'm telling you now it's tough—PLENTY TOUCH—PLENTY TOUCH, even with a DAISY and BULL'S EYE SHOOT. But here's some inside dope—half the trick's in the air rifle you use. GET A DAISY... But here's some inside dope—half the trick's in the air rifle you use. GET A

Look Out, Buzz—Here's On Your Trail! There's a mysterious stranger hanging around—and it looks like he's got a NEW AIR RIFLE. We'll do some scouting around... see what we can find out about him and his rifle. We'll try and give you all the inside dope you can get. POP A HITTER!

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO. 240 Union St. Plymouth, Mich.



Keeper of the Refuge

(Continued from page 25)

and bleeding and almost hopeless, he faced the tightest pinch of his life!

Pete liked Red and went out of his way to teach the boy the elements of woodcraft. Red appreciated it all and was particularly grateful when on Sunday Pete guided him to a remote beaver pond where few white men had ever fished.

It was a clear June morning with the birds singing and a soft breeze blowing and the trout biting hungrily in the purple depths of the pool behind the beaver dam.

"They're whoppers!" breathed Red. "And look at 'em standing in line to get on my hook!"

But he sternly limited himself to just enough to feed himself and Pete and Topping, who would be the only ones in camp for supper, as all the others had scattered to their homes for the day.

Pete made Red lead the way out of the jungle, guiding himself by the sun, and they got back to headquarters late in the afternoon, just as Herbert Bush emerged from the swamp with a wolf carcass over his back.

"Well, Mr. Bush, we both had luck, I see!" Red called.

"What you got there, young feller?"

"Fish. Been fishing all day."

"That all ye caught?"—saying the bulge in the burlap.

Red nodded. "I stopped when I had enough for supper—but I could have caught a hundred!"

"Fav'ble! Fav'ble sign, stoppin' when you've got enough." He drew a sheath knife from his belt and knelt beside the wolf's carcass. "If more folks had done it, the country wouldn't have got to such a state a body's hardly got a place to go! Ruins the country, hogs does! Ketches all the fish, kills all the deer, cuts down all the timber. Makes me provoked, it does, seein' everything go to pot, done so by hogs!"

He continued to mumble complaints as Red watched him strip the pelt.

"By any chance, is that Two-toes?" the boy asked.

"Two-toes! Huh! No, sir, young feller. Two-toes don't git ketched so simple. Saw his track again today, but that's all I saw." He cut into a shoulder muscle carefully and extracted a small, bean-shaped nodule.

"What's that?" Red asked.

"Scent gland. One fer every foot. That's how one wolf'll know another's gone that way."

"Do you save them?"

"Of course! How'n tunket do you think I'd go traipsin' through wolf country without 'em? I put 'em in glycerin and when I go out on trap line I daub some on my moccasins and my pants so's wolves'll think I'm one of 'em. And you ask if I save 'em! But you ain't so bad, young feller. You bathe and admit dumbness, and—"

He broke off short with an intake of breath as the knife slipped and gouged his thumb.

"Gee, that's a nasty cut!" Red exclaimed. "I'll get some iodine."

"Iodeen! Iodeen!"—sucking at the cut. "Want to advertise me to Two-toes? Iodeen scent'll last fer days, fer a wolf. No, young feller. No iodeen! Got with Two-toes runnin' the country. Not to git him, I have. Got a reputation to hold up!"

How little things can accumulate importance! Today this was just a cut on a thumb; next week it would be an item of tremendous consequence. And, unconsciously, Red was getting prepared for it, too, because as he walked over to

the main building with his fish an idea began to take shape in his mind, an idea started by Hubert's querulous talk. It was weak and not clearly outlined yet, but a sort of idea nevertheless.

Tuesday, the spark plugs of the tractor had been tampered with, and work was held up for two hours. Red slept out on guard the next three nights and things went smoothly. Friday he stayed in and Saturday afternoon the timer went all to pot, cut, he reasoned, by a generous dose of emery dust.

"How do they know when you're not on the watch?" Topping demanded.

"Wish I knew," Red growled, and watched Cliff through the door as he worked in the kitchen. The lame young cook certainly avoided him. Why?

Help for Your High School Newspaper

WE have on hand a limited supply of folders dealing with the following subjects: newspaper make-up, feature stories, copyreading, headlines, news stories, ads, and a score sheet to enable you to evaluate your paper. In addition we have a 16-page booklet entitled "For the Adviser," loaded with good suggestions for newspaper making.

As long as they last, you may have a complete set of folders and booklets for the cost of postage. Send ten cents in cash or postage to the High School Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Practically and helpfully prepared by Prof. William L. Mapel, head of journalism at Washington and Lee University, the series will give you ready assistance in turning out a brighter, chatter, better looking paper.

WRITE FOR YOUR SET NOW

Guilty conscience? It didn't seem likely. How could Cliff be connected with the tractor trouble?

It didn't occur to Red that a camp lamp placed in a certain position meant one thing to a man lurking in the swamp and, set in another, indicated something else!

That night he slipped out again, blankets over his shoulder. He didn't know that behind him an innocent-looking lamp was soon warning a prowler to keep away from the tractor that night. But he did know that as he slipped out the doorway sounds of the most awful music he had ever heard fell upon his ears.

"What the dickens is that?" he whispered to Topping, who had worriedly come out with him, and Topping, troubled as he was, chuckled.

"Come on—I'll prove it's music!" the man promised and together they passed Herbert Bush's ancient flivver, which stood in the clearing, and went close to the lighted window of Hubert's cabin.

The Bush twins sat facing one another on backless chairs, silhouetted against the light with the color of their beards undistinguishable.

"Which is which?" Red whispered, stifling laughter.

"Herbert plays the squeeze box."

Then he had them straight. The one who sat with his head thrown back and his foot stamping while he manipulated a battered old accordion was Herbert. The one weaving to and fro on his chair with a squeaking fiddle tucked under his chin was Hubert. And the sounds that emanated from those two devices were beyond belief!

The twins came to the end of the piece they played and looked at one another.

"Any nominations fer next selection?" Hubert demanded, sucking at his cut thumb.

"I nominate, 'The Jam at Gerry's Rock,'" Herbert responded.

"Any others?" Pause. "All in favor say Aye!"

Together they solemnly chorused the assenting syllable. Then the accordion was lifted from Herbert's knees and the fiddle was popped under Hubert's chin.

"One, two, three, play!" ordered the trapper, and away they went into the lugubrious melody of the old logging camp ballad.

That finished, Hubert again called for nominations. Herbert wanted to play "Come All Ye Shanty Boys" but his choice was contested.

"Shanty Boys has been played too frequent," declared Hubert. "I nominate, 'Washed in the Blood of the Lamb.' Withdraw your nomination?"

"Withdraw nomination," said Herbert meekly. "You'd ought to put something on that cut. You might git blood pizen and—"

"One, two, three, play!" cut in Hubert somewhat testily.

Off into the music they went. And when they had finished, off into the darkness went Red, still chuckling. As Topping had murmured before heading back to the main building, Hubert certainly did run the Bush family. The thought was in Red's mind as he fell asleep under the stars, not to awaken until happy birds chased dreams from his head. When he awoke, he found that his hazy idea of the preceding Sunday had taken on far more definite shape.

That night he said to Topping: "It's plain that the gang who are plotting against the refuge would like to have you fire me. Why don't you do it?"

"Can't get along without you," Topping returned promptly.

"Thanks! But any good tractor man could do that job, and the gang may leave the tractor alone if another man is running it. Then the work will go faster. Of course, I don't want to leave. I want to see this thing through. And I'm getting an idea. Can't you put me on some other job until—"

"Mr. Topping! Mr. Tip-Top Topping!" Hubert's cackle cut in from outside.

"Yes, Hubert. What is it?"

"Blood pizen! Blood pizen, Mr. Tip-Top Topping! And with Two-toes in the country! Blood pizen!" And the old trapper popped into the room, excitedly holding aloft his left hand, swathed in bandages.

"Blood poison?" Tip got up. "Let's see."

He frowned over the angry-appearing hand. "Jemima, Hubert! You've got a mitt for fair!"

Red whistled under his breath at the appearance of the infected wound.

"That's bad!" he exclaimed. "It needs a wet application right away. I was reading up on first aid the other night."

"Better see a doctor, I'd say," remarked Topping.

"Doctor!" shrilled Hubert. "No, sir. No doctor! He'd tell me, 'Stick out yer tongue and say Ah, and it'll be a dollar.' Or maybe he'd squeeze my wrist and give me a pink pill. No, siree—no doctor! I got trust fer the young feller here. Do like he says, Mr. Tip-Top Topping!"

So Red got hot water and antiseptic tablets and set the inflamed hand in the solution.

"Tarnation!" mourned Hubert. "It makes me sick to my stomach! Blood pizen, when Two-toes is killin' left and right! I see where he drug down a big doe today. Got a chanet to git him

and show them other trappers what trappin' wolves is. Now blood pizen!" "Yes, he'll take a sight of deer," agreed Topping. "And you're likely to be laid up. You figured he took over forty deer last time he and his mate denned here, didn't you?"

"Forty's low! More'n forty! Tarnation!" Hubert looked from Topping to Red in distress. "Him a-runnin' and killin' and me not able to handle traps. Kin walk. Kin think. But handle traps? Not with blood pizen!"

Right then Red's big idea took on concrete form! He moved around behind Hubert and caught Topping's attention. Then he pointed to himself and stooped over as if bearing a burden and pointed at Hubert.

The keeper nodded, and cleared his throat.

"No, you can't handle traps, Hubert. But you can walk and think. Now if you had somebody to do the packing for you and to make sets just as you told 'em—say, how'd it be if I turned Red over as your helper?"

"Red? Him, you mean?" He twisted until he could see the boy. "Hm. Bathes frequent. Admits dumbness. Ain't no hog. Mebby. Might give me chancet to be champeen trapper, blood pizen and all!"

And that is how it came about that Red Clarke, tractor man, turned into trapper's assistant in the campaign against the old renegade wolf.

They set out the second morning, with Hubert's hand bandaged, and a bottle of antiseptic solution in his pocket to keep the swathing wet. Red carried traps, gun, trap scent, tarpaulin, and canvas gloves.

Hubert was not well. The brightness of his eyes denoted some fever. But another fever burned in him, too, the spirit of a man immersed in his task, and his enthusiasm infected Red as well.

They had daubed trail scent on their feet before setting out and followed a game trail through the swamp and out to higher land on the far side.

"Whup!" Hubert warned. "Whup, now! Trap right ahead!"

"Where?" demanded Red.

"Under yer nose! Hetwixt that charred stump and that fireweed. The drag's buried this way. Now drop a mite of trap scent there to freshen it up."

Gingerly, Red drew the cork from the flask containing Hubert's evil-smelling, highly secret concoction, and dribbled drops on the spot Hubert pointed out.

"Now what'll happen?" he asked.

"Happen! If we ain't left man scent, a wolf'll foller our trail! Curious, wolves are. Nosey 'bout their neighbors and relatives. 'Cousin so-and-so come this-a-way,' a wolf'll say to hisself. 'I'll see what he's up to.' He'll foller and come to this trap scent. 'Yum,' he'll say to hisself. 'Something good, cousin so-and-so was after. Yum,' he'll say, and go to scratchin' to see what it is—and *snap!* My wolf!"

Red grinned at the odd little trapper's talk, but he enjoyed it, and all day long he asked questions and lapped up information.

He learned how to reset a spring trap, keeping his canvas gloves, the trap with its chain and drag, and the small tarp on which he knelt all soaked in creek water so that he would leave no man scent. He learned how to trail a dragged trap, and with his rifle stopped for all time the evil work of a young coyote that had dragged a trap fully a quarter of a mile before the hook snubbed him securely. He learned why Hubert used drags.

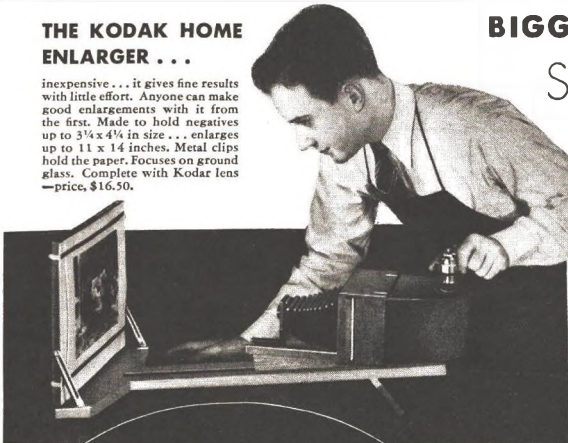
"If you fasten your trap tight," the little man explained, "when a wolf gits caught, he throws off so much scare scent that the next wolf who comes along says, 'Cousin so-and-so, he met trouble here. Me, I'll go yonder.' Which

PHOTOCRAFT for BOYS

Published for Boy Photographers by the Eastman Kodak Company

THE KODAK HOME ENLARGER . . .

inexpensive . . . it gives fine results with little effort. Anyone can make good enlargements with it from the first. Made to hold negatives up to 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 in size . . . enlarges up to 11 x 14 inches. Metal clips hold the paper. Focuses on ground glass. Complete with Kodar lens —price, \$16.50.



BIGGER THRILLS FROM SNAPSHOTS

"I've just finished some enlargements of my latest snapshots. Believe me—you don't begin to get the full thrill of a good picture until you've enlarged it . . . and the new Kodak Home Enlarger makes it easy.

"Since getting the enlarger I've decorated my room with some dandy pictures—and I made 'em all by myself, from the click of the shutter to the finished enlargement. Dad was so impressed with them that he asked for duplicates for his office.

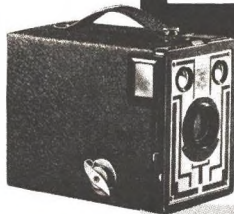
"Get one of these enlargers to round out your darkroom equipment."

Denny

IDEAL COMPANION FOR THE KODAK HOME ENLARGER

KODAK DARKROOM OUTFIT, No. 1

Here, in one compact set, is everything you need for home finishing. Develop and print your own snapshots . . . get *all* the pleasure out of picture-making. Make as many prints as you want. It's easy with this outfit . . . and the price is only \$8.75.



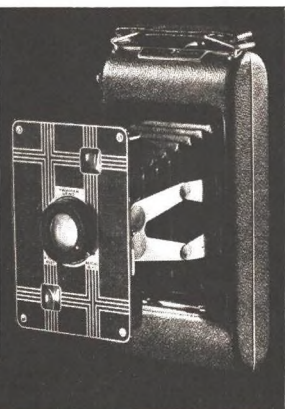
THERE'S REAL EXCITEMENT IN MOVIES YOU MAKE YOURSELF—

How would you like to be a movie director . . . cameraman . . . producer? You can—with the Ciné-Kodak Eight. This full-fledged movie camera makes movies at the lowest cost ever. Ask your dealer to show you some movies made with the Eight. Ciné-Kodak Eight, Model 20, costs but \$34.50.

BE PREPARED

. . . with the JIFFY KODAK

Simplest folding camera ever devised . . . ready for use in a "jiffy." Press a button—"Pop," it opens. Press another, "Click!" it gets the picture. Folding camera convenience, plus box camera simplicity. Twindar lens for sharp focusing. In two sizes—2 1/2 x 4 1/4, \$9—2 1/4 x 3 1/4, \$8.



A "SURE SHOT" FOR CAMERA HUNTERS

Here is the official Boy Scout Brownie—a favorite with the Tenderfoot, and Eagle Scout, too. Colored olive drab to match the Boy Scout uniform. Official emblem on the front. Takes 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 inch pictures. Meniscus lens. Price, \$2.50.

FREE . . .

A 76-PAGE INSTRUCTION BOOK "THE WAY TO BETTER PICTURES"

Send today for this valuable book. It gives you complete instructions. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.



Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____

A.B.—34

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

LOOK SPUD! SKYRIDERS!



YOU can't mistake this new moccasin-type Skyrider—even in sand. Its flexible, slip-proof, water-proof Gro-Cord soles feel light as a feather. You can jump a stream with the ease of a greyhound . . . and, best of all . . . you can give Skyriders all the hard knocks you want to. Your Dad probably knows who sells them. If he doesn't, write us for dealer's name and address.



Stock No. 5001

Note the thick Gro-Cord soles.

Bellemeade Shoe Co. Nashville, Tenn. A division of General Shoe Corp.

he does, and you don't get him. But with a drag, now, a wolf runs, and don't leave no scare scent at the set. Drag hook catches pretty soon, and there he waits. You get him, and he hasn't scared off the cousin who'll be comin' along there back where you'll set your trap over again. See?"

Old Hubert, once convinced that Red wanted to learn and was taking him seriously, talked incessantly day after day of things the boy should know and Red absorbed an incredible amount of woodcraft and forest lore while he hunted the renegade wolf with the old trapper. Moreover, he grew more and more convinced that the big idea that had budded on a Sunday night was well worth working on. At the end of the third day he went to Topping.

He found the keeper worried and depressed. Herbert had stopped in at headquarters that day to ask about Hubert's hand, and had refused even to talk about selling his land.

"Why don't we shift our attack on this land deal?" Red asked Topping. "Why don't we work on Hubert instead of on Herbert?"

"It happens that the land belongs to Herbert," Topping answered heavily.

Red grinned. "But Herbert takes his orders from Hubert!"

"Yeah. That's so. Well, Hubert's already told Herbert not to sell."

"I know—but why not convert Hubert? I believe we can. He and I are getting to be great pals. He seems to trust me a lot, and he tells me what he thinks about things. He was complaining again today about how civilization has raised hob with the country. And he doesn't realize that a refuge like this is the only chance of preserving wild life as he loves it."

Topping nodded silently.

"Now," Red went on, "let's go after him hard. Let's get his confidence, and get him interested in the whole refuge, not just in wolves. Then put it up to him that by using his influence with Herbert he can make it a paradise for game and see what happens!"

Again Topping nodded, and this time he smiled.

"Red, maybe you can put it over! Nobody else could. Nobody else has ever got friendly with a Bush!"

"Then you want me to go ahead?" Red asked.

"Sure," said Topping. "Go to it." Then they talked on for a while, so intent on the strategy of working out this plan that they did not realize they were standing just outside an open doorway. To be sure, they kept their voices low, but just inside stood a listener, so close that he could drink in every word. . . .

Chapter Seven

THE stubborn infection drained Hubert's strength. On their fourth day together he stopped occasionally to rest, and not until they came upon a place where a deer had been killed and eaten did he have much to say. But the print of a great paw that lacked two toe pads stirred him to a fury of comment.

"Two-toes!" he cackled. "That's him! Tarnation! There goes another deer!"

He fairly pranced in his chagrin, and Red couldn't calm him.

"Hogs and wolves strippin' the country!" he stormed. "Hogs and wolves ruinin' the woods!"

His excitement took toll of his diminished strength and he had to rest.

"No luck!" he panted. "By crickets, no luck! I've been lookin' every day fer a critter he's only half lugged off. Got to find a place where he'll come back at. Tarnation!"

The next morning Hubert was so miserable that Red set out alone.

"Mind all I've told you, young feller Red! the trapper warned him. "Don't fiddle with settin' new traps. Reset any that rabbits or porcupines have sprung."

Red nodded meekly, fully agreeing. But that very day he came upon a kill made by Two-toes and realized, thrilling, that the old wolf would be back—for less than half of the freshly killed deer had been dragged away!

For some time the boy did not go near the carcass, which lay in a shallow ravine; just stood on the rise above it and tried to recall everything that Hubert had told him.

At last he went to work—and if ever a boy took pains with a job, Red Clarke did that day! He set five traps about the dead deer, set each with painful care, tearing his tarpaulin in half so he could move about without touching foot to earth. He toiled for hours, and then fussed and fretted all the way home for fear that he had left some betraying sign.

He told no one about that set. He dressed Hubert's hand gently. He went early to bed and was awake long before dawn.

Boiling an early breakfast he set out, driven by eager anticipation. His heart fairly pounded when he stood and looked down into that shallow ravine again. The carcass lay as it had yesterday, but a trap was gone!

A trap was gone! Dark, damp earth showed where it had been buried. Red ran breathlessly forward and scanned the ground for tracks. There they were, larger than a big dog's! But each print was perfect. His spirits dropped suddenly. He had caught a big wolf, but it wasn't Two-toes.

Carrying only the rifle, he took the trail. Over a poplar ridge, along an alder swale, into hardwood, and toward the swamp. Down through a pool of stagnant water, over mossy logs, under a broken tree, and then—

Red stopped short, looking into the savage, amber eyes of the biggest wolf he had ever seen. The animal faced him, one paw lifted, caught fast in the trap, which was held now by the securely snubbed hook.

The wolf's fangs were bared, its ears lay flat. All about the ground was torn up, evidence of tremendous effort to escape. A thrill of admiration ran through the boy.

But, reluctantly, he brought his rifle to his shoulder. Like Two-toes, this big outlaw was a killer. To save the deer, he must die.

As the rifle rose, an ominous, ragged growl came from the big wolf's throat—and then broke short with the report. The wolf's head snapped sideways. Down he went, sagging away from the pull of the trapped leg; down on his side, with the fast-caught leg stiffly extended. And a shaft of sunlight, penetrating the thick cedars, fell upon that foot—that maimed foot which marked the famous renegade of the Ten Cent country!

All the way home, Red Clarke was saying to himself:

"I've done what he wanted to do! I've done what he's tried to do! I had the breaks, but I did it!"

Not that he was eager for glory. But now he'd rate high with Hubert Bush and could help shove through the refuge plans.

"Mr. Bush!" he cried, at the cabin doorway. "Mr. Bush! I got us a wolf!"

From within, a stirring. Then Hubert appeared, a wet bandage on his hand, a queer pride, a satisfaction in Red, shining in his eyes.

Red let the carcass fall at his feet. The old man started to speak, checked himself; stared; stooped and lifted that crippled paw.

Then he straightened slowly and all the fury of frustrated ambition was on his face.

"You ketch'd him!" he shrilled. "You ketch'd Two-toes! Upstart! Smart ale! You ketch'd him! Cheatin'! Cheatin' man with blood pizen! Cheatin' me outa ketchin' him! Git outa here! Git away! Don't come nigh me!"

QUALITY SUPREME SERVICE

IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

Only the boy who rides an Iver Johnson is getting the most out of bicycling.

America's Finest and Most Luxurious bicycle naturally rides easier, is built better and stronger and will outlast several cheaply made bicycles. Don't expect the same pleasure and service from anything less than an Iver Johnson.

Send for color folder 2-B showing many beautiful models, sizes and color combinations for boys, girls, men and women.

From **\$27.50**

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
17 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York, 95 Chambers St. Chicago, 108 W. Lake St.
San Francisco, 281 Market St. Montreal, Corbiere Bldg.

Going FISHING?

Send for This 96-Page Book of Fishing Facts FREE!

If fishing is your hobby you'll want this book. All new—11th revised edition. Fishing facts galore. Bait and fly casting lessons. Shows fish species in life colors. Articles by noted anglers. Shows new South Bend tackle in big variety. Write for "Fishing—What Tackle and When."

FREE! A Postal Card!

SOUTH BEND

BAIT CO., 8566 High St., SOUTH BEND, IND.

BOATS

at Lower Prices

Canoes—Rowboats—Outboard Motor Boats and more.

Please state kind of boat you are interested in.

Catalog Free—Save Money—Prompt Shipment

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. 172 308 Ave. C
PESHTIGO, WISCONSIN (Wash. plant) CORTLAND, NEW YORK

\$2.25 **NIGHT HAWK!**

Less Batteries

ELECTRIC BIKE-LITE

800 beam candle-power, 6 volts. Beautiful oval head design. Battery case is also toolkit. Uses four 1½ in. flashlight cells. Longest beam, brightest light.

side light! 2 models—polished chrome or silver finish **\$2.25**, (less batteries). See at dealer's or write for details on this and other bike accessories.

Delta

DELTA ELECTRIC CO. A Division, Ind. Dept. 2400

STUNT FLYING

Build a "SKY HAWK"

FLY UPSIDE DOWN
HAVE AN AIR CIRCUS IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD WITH THIS FLYING MODEL OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S FASTEST PLANES. . . . THE PROBLEMS INVOLVED AND SOUNDS LIKE A REAL SLEEF PLANE!

25¢ ASSEMBLED READY TO FLY!

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU MAIL 25¢ (COIN) FOR PLANE AND 5¢ POSTAGE AND WE WILL SHIP YOU THIS STUNT PLANE IN ITS OWN "MANGAR." SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

STRAITS CORPORATION
15425 HARPER AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

He backed within and slammed the door, leaving Red staring after him, heartsick at having lost a friend, numbed by the crashing of his hopes.

Topping shook his head ruefully when Red told him of the disaster; then tried to make light of it.

"Never mind," he said. "The old coot! Who'd have thought it! But don't take it so hard, Red. You couldn't help it. We'll just have to work out some other way of influencing Herbert to sell."

But Red couldn't see any other way, and he knew Topping didn't. Just the same—

"Of course!" he agreed. "We'll keep plugging. We'll find some way."

And these words, relayed to Tincup by an unseen listener, caused angry apprehension and started some cold-blooded plans. . . .

Old Hubert resumed his work. Even with one useless hand he would not be dissuaded and flared at Topping with such a show of rage that the keeper wondered if the queer old mind might not have cracked completely under the burden of bitter disappointment and jealousy.

"Plenty you can do," said Topping to Red. "We got no plan for the real job, now. Until we hit on one, I'll keep you busy."

So for a fortnight, Red did a little of this and some of that while he cudged his brain for an idea that might bring hope for the refuge.

Meanwhile, a man in Tincup rehearsed Swedish dialect. He told stories in it, and made comments in it, seriously and soberly. At times almost

desperately. Alone and in company—carefully chosen company—he twisted his tongue to master the Scandinavian accents. To some it might have seemed a silly undertaking. As a matter of fact, it was grimly serious. . . .

"That all, Red?" asked Kennedy, proprietor of Tincup's largest grocery store, along toward noon of a hot July day.

"I think so." Red consulted his list. "Yup. That's all. I'll load this stuff and be on my way."

He had just finished the loading when Kennedy called from inside:

"Oh, Red! Telephone!" The boy returned and picked up the receiver.

"Dot you, Ret? Yah? Dis's Pete." "Oh, hullo, Pete. What's up?"

"Ret, I got a yop fer you. Tip-Top, he says stop by ol' Camp Sefen. You know where dot is? Gude! Some warten, he says he lef' a fawn in das ol' barn. Tip-Top says bring him home. Be careful not to let him out. Hear all dot?"

"Sure, Pete! That'll make a playmate for the orphan, won't it?"

He hung up and left, rolling out of town unaware that two pairs of eyes covertly watched him go.

"I wouldn't want to kill him," muttered the younger of the two watchers.

His companion shrugged. "Maybe you won't. But if you do, no one else knows and no one else ever can know! This thing's planned right!"

(To be continued in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

"GOFORT" with a .22



The new timed-fire sport with disappearing animal targets. The nearest boy is timing with his wrist watch.

It Takes a WINCHESTER To KEEP Them Down!

UP pops an iron target—shape of a gopher or a woodchuck. Twenty—30—50 yards away. "Crack!" goes your Winchester "62" . . . Down goes *that* one! Quick—to the right up comes another! You are "Johnny-on-the-spot" with the "62"—ready, accurate. You can keep them down!

Gofort is SPORT! One to five targets can be used. The boys above have three . . . Timed shooting is wonderful training—for boy or man . . . And the Winchester Model 62 Repeater is just the gun to practice it with. Accurate. Dependable. Fast, snappy action. Finely balanced. Feels and handles just right for speed shooting. Gives you a choice of .22 Short, .22 Long or .22 Long Rifle cartridges.



A Second to Shoot. Yet You Nail Them..!

SHOOT a "62" and SEE! You'll like the man's-size shotgun type straight grip stock—the snappy action with new-design slide handle—the 23-inch round tapered barrel. The business-like sight equipment, too—Lyman bead front, Winchester 32B sporting rear. And the ample magazine capacity—20 Shorts—16 Longs—or 14 Long Rifles. If you wish, you can have a Model 62 that's chambered for .22 Shorts exclusively—no extra charge . . . A great gun for boys—but not for a minute only a "boy's gun"—you'll find that out when Dad gets his hands on it . . . Get your hands on one—see it at your dealer's—and go in for Gofort.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. NEW HAVEN CONN., U. S. A.

Use These Cartridges

Winchester STAYNLESS non-rusting .22s are always dependable, always accurate, and team up perfectly with your Model 62. That goes also for Western .22s. For long range, get the new Winchester Super Speed or Western Super-X—with 25% more speed, 60% more power.



GET THIS GUN BOOK

Winchester Repeating Arms Co., Dept. 1-C New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

I sign, detach and mail this coupon for a copy of the new Winchester Pocket Catalog of guns and ammunition—FREE.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

WINCHESTER

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers



Swimming at eleven-fifteen. Everybody in for a dip before lunch!

Organize a Stay-at-Home Camp

By H. P. ELSTON

"SORRY, Bill, but we can't send you to camp this summer. Money's tight. You'll have to go to Near Home Lake with us, I'm afraid."

If you're one of the many Bills in this country; if you find yourself going to the lake or seashore with the folks, instead of to boys' camp, there's just one thing to do. Bring the boys' camp to you.

Here's how it's done in Iowa. West Okoboji Lake is near the town of Spencer. Every summer the Spencercites go to their cottages on West Okoboji. But the boys—all ages up to 16—don't live with their parents. They live in an orderly city of tents, under the command of Adgrup Erickson, honor student at Spencer High. Under Erickson's directorship they have developed a program that would do credit to any boys' camp! Here's a sample day:

Personal appearance inspection at nine, with penalties for mussed hair, disarranged clothing, dirty hands and fingernails.



Personal appearance inspection at nine. Demerits for mussiness!

Policing camp until nine-thirty. Nature hikes, with bird, tree, and flower study until ten. Project work—building canvas canoes and model airplanes, making leaf prints—until eleven-fifteen.

Swimming until noon, with instruction in life saving. After the swim, lunch at your own cottage. Aggie Erickson, the director, "boards around."

In the afternoon, craft work—building model bridges and rafts, making name plaques from willow twigs, and so on.

At 3:45, a water frolic. After that, sailing and canoeing. And in the evening, camp fires and stories.

You can have as good a program as the Stay-at-Home campers of Okoboji. All you have to do is find a capable director. Your football coach, maybe, or some other teacher. A scoutmaster, perhaps. Each family pays him a dollar a week and takes its turn boarding him. If you can rustle up tents, the other cost is negligible.

If you can't afford to go to camp this summer, make your own!



The Modern Pony Express

BEFORE radio, telephone and telegraph spanned the continent, the pony express rider was the rapid means of communication. To the speed and the sure-footedness of his pony he trusted his life. Thousands of modern counterparts of the old pony express riders . . . the Western Union and Postal Telegraph messenger boys . . . depend on their bicycle tires to get them there and back safely. Many of them use FISK. Take a tip from the boys that know . . . FISK for SPEED with SAFETY.

FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
Chicopee Falls, Mass.



These Won Prizes Because---

They Know What They Want to Do Well and How to Write About It

"WHAT do you wish you could do well?" we asked *American Boy* readers in February. "Let's have it. No limits on the wishing!"

Whereupon hundreds of you whipped paper into your typewriters and started telling us what you wish you could excel at, what you hope to be, and how you want to live your lives. You did a splendid job of it, too! You chose worthwhile things to be ambitious about, and you wrote of them clearly, vigorously, and with humor. You made the contest one of the hardest to judge in many moons—and one of the most enjoyable.

You readers of the magazine want to do everything well, just about. Some want to knock home runs out of major league parks—and some aren't particular about the park! Others want to develop a serve like Tilden's, run the quarter in record-breaking time, hook trout like a master angler, trap, hunt, play all kinds of musical instruments (except the piccolo), learn self-control, be at ease at a party, and even loaf gracefully.

Still others are looking ahead. They want to be doctors, lawyers, ministers, chemists, newspaper people, writers, artists, accountants. Two girls want to be undertakers! One reader wants to learn to live well, another to be himself, another to laugh when the joke's on him.

First place goes to Edward H. Conitz, 20, of Blue Grass, N. D. The prize is a check for \$10. Splendid essay, Conitz! Second place, and \$5, go to John Sommerich, 14, of White Plains, N. Y., for his amusingly written essay on skating. Carolyn H. Swayne, 15, of George School, Penna., wins third place and \$3. Wish we could print Miss Swayne's entry—it tells why she wants to learn to shoot as well as the boy next door, and it's packed full of grins.

Here are the essays, together with the names of those given prizes of one dollar each and the entrants awarded honorable mention.

I'd Like to Work

By EDWARD H. CONITZ, 20
Blue Grass, N. D.

THERE'S just one thing that I'd like to do well and that's—work! I'd like to get out and make the dust fly.

I'm no invalid or anything of the sort. I'm strong and I'm healthy but I haven't developed enough capacity for work.

I didn't have much to do about choosing my vocation. The vocation chose me. I'm a farmer and that's a good reason for wishing I could work.

I want to be a credit to my community and to my nation. I want to do things to help the men who work out here on the prairies to feed themselves and the nation.

I want to be a sun-bronzed, weather-beaten man who can stand with his chest exposed to the wind and see the work that he has done well. I want to look out over the hills after a hard day of work and know that they are my hills and that I've earned them.

I want to build myself a home where there is happiness. I want to be strong in God and fearless. I want to see the beautiful things of life that poets write about.

One can have these things if he works and does his work well. That's why I want to work best of all.

To Skim on Skates

By JOHN SOMMERICH, 14
White Plains, N. Y.

SKATING! To be able to race, play S hockey, and cut figures on the ice, with my skates, not with my hind parts) is one thing I wish I could do well.

The way I skate now I need a rear guard. When I get home after skating I feel like a person after his first day's horseback riding. If I skate in the evenings I have to sleep on my stomach!

Racing, that's my real wish. To be a second Irving Jaffee must be as much fun as anything I can think of. To flash around a course ahead of the other fellows, and to be able to beat the gang! That's one dream I hope comes true.

I was talking with a friend of a friend of mine who knows how to skate. And I mean SKATE. He could beat a lot of fellows who I thought were going as fast as I ever hoped to go. Now I want to go even faster.

Anyway, he tried to teach me how. He finally gave it up as a bad job. I don't blame him much. I was down more than I was up.

But I'll take any amount of seat-cooling if I ever learn to skate. I can take it, even if my clothes can't. However, if I ever learn to skate I'll make up for the worn-out things.

Well, I'm leaving now for another attempt. Here's hoping I stay on my feet.

THESE WON A DOLLAR

Ramon Cervilla (16), Torrington, Conn.; Edward Gold (18), Philadelphia, Pa.; Robert A. Lee (17), Portland, Ore.; Karl Elmer Roberts (17), Sharon, Pa.; Ward Whitmore (14), Winnipeg, Man.

HONORABLE MENTION

Alfred Anderson (17), Akron, Ohio; Eugene Armstrong (14), Ames, Ia.; Richard W. Barry (12), North Attleboro, Mass.; James Bradford, Jr. (16), Kansas City, Mo.; Russell Bramlage (19), Covington, Ky.; Don Culbertson (19), Toledo, O.; Joe Fulton (16), Oconto, Wis.; Carrie L. Garner (17), Phil Campbell, Ala.; Jack Garven (18), San Antonio, Tex.; Francis Gillet (17), Bay Haven, Conn.; Lawrence Grauerholz (17), Kensington, Kans.; Myron Hans (19), Arcanum, O.; William Jolley (17), Fulton, Ky.; Erle W. Kable (20), Pittsburgh, Pa.; James Kirkpatrick (19), Grand Junction, Colo.; McKinley W. Krieger, Jr. (10), Washington, D. C.; Bud Nelson (16), Fergus Falls, Minn.; C. P. Peterson (15), Waukon, Ia.; Betty Phillips (17), San Antonio, Tex.; Harold Pwoda (16), East Alton, Ill.; Reed Recknagel (13), Narberth, Pa.; Steve Smith (15), Galveston, Tex.; Roy Sparkes (18), Owosso, Mich.; Irving Teicher (17), Detroit, Mich.; Eleanor Wentworth (15), Sittes, Idaho.

The Case of the Lucy M

(Continued from page 19)

a moment. "I'll tell you what we'll do," he said, at last. "While I'm questioning him you examine his cap and take a look at his rifle. If you find the soot, give me a nod—and the same if his gun's a 30-40. Then we'll—"

"I've got an idea, Corporal!" interrupted the boy, and lowering his voice he murmured a plan of action that would give them the evidence they needed.

The corporal smiled. "It should work," he said, nodding his head. "By George—it will work!"

Toward the middle of the afternoon Constable Durn arrived at detachment accompanied by the Great Dane, a huge

hulk of a man, who had to stoop slightly to enter the house. Connie noted, with a rapidly beating heart, that he was wearing a fur cap.

"Hello, Jensen," greeted Corporal Sampson. "Take off your cap and sit down. Where's Lindstrom?"

The question came abruptly upon the heels of the greeting.

"Lindstrom?" repeated the Great Dane, easing himself into a chair and tossing his cap onto the table. "I couldn't say. He come along in the fall, unloaded my supplies off the *Lucy M*, an' then went on. Said he'd winter somewhere north of the coast—on King William, or Victoria, or Banks."

5¢ IS THE NEW PRICE FOR FERRY'S PUREBRED VEGETABLE SEEDS

Buy at your neighborhood store in fresh dated packets

Play Tunes First Week on the P-A SAX!

Easy to learn that's why boys love the P-A Sax! Free Blowing! Long sure, easy to finger. No special talent required. Play your favorite tune first week, then rapid progress. Join the sax band or start your own orchestra in 3 months with any P-A Sax, Trumpet, Trombone or Clarinet. See your local P-A dealer. Try an instrument. Send postal for beautifully illustrated free catalog and full advice. No obligation. Easy terms. Don't miss this big thrill. Send postal, today.

PAN-AMERICAN
402 PAN-AMERICAN BUILDING, ELKHART, INDIANA

Moderate Price

Graduates! Send for 11-page Catalog Ornamental Ice & Snow. 1 cent. See! Send a dime or stamp for samples. Agents wanted for graduation business.

Thomas H. Nelson, 9 Oak Street, Oil City, Pa.

15 in. Flying Model of FRANK HAWKS' SIX CHIEF!

A perfect copy of the famous original! Guaranteed to fly! Fly now method makes model PAID 60¢. 10¢ easy and quick. Kit contains all parts, plans, instructions. Send for it NOW—no stamps, please.

INTERNATIONAL MODELS CO., 1778 Broadway, N. Y. City

SPRING IS OUTDOOR TIME... Make Things

Boats, Airplanes, Gliders, Fishing Rods, Bows & Arrows, Springboards, Models, Furniture, Camp Equipment

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW
Here's a truly remarkable "How-to-do-it" book! Every boy should have a copy. Fifty pages, 75 illustrations... crammed full of money-making and money-saving ideas on building and repairing things easily and permanently.

YOU WILL ALSO RECEIVE
at no cost, a generous trial package of CASCO Waterproof GLUE... the same super-strength, wonder-working adhesive used in big woodworking, furniture and sports equipment factories

CASCO GLUING GUIDE

Your hardware dealer carries CASCO in 10¢, 25¢, 40¢ & 65¢ sizes.

TEAR THIS OUT MAIL TODAY! (Save 2c.)

The Casco Mfg. Co., 41 America, Inc., 208 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send the CASCO Gluing Guide and Free sample.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

"You haven't seen him since he unloaded your stuff?"

"No."
"You and he are partners?"
"Yes. You see, Lindstrom come into some money from the old country—"

"How much?"
"Right around forty thousand dollars. He had twenty thousand left after payin' for the *Lucy M*, an' outfittin' us both for the tradin'."

"Go on."
"Well—that's all. He wanted I should go partners with him—him to furnish the goods an' me to do the tradin' on the coast. An' I done it."

"Done much trading? Made many trips?"
"Yes. Quite a few. Mostly along the coast toward Bathurst. I ought to have a lot of stuff for Lindstrom in the spring."

"Been over to Victoria Land?"
"No, I ain't been off the coast. I'm afraid of sea ice."

Beyond the table the corporal saw Connie Morgan push aside a fur cap and pocket a glass. Slowly the boy nodded his head.

"What's all this talk about Lindstrom?" asked Jensen.
"He's dead—that's all."

"Dead!" cried the man. "How?"
"That," stated the corporal, "is what we're going to find out. A fellow by the name of Cheklov found him dead in his boat. He had been murdered."

The Great Dane brought a huge fist crashing down onto the table. "Cheklov done it then—or got the natives to! He thinks he owns Victoria Land."

"How do you know Lindstrom was found on Victoria Land?" asked the corporal.

"Why, where else would he be? Cheklov found him, and Cheklov's tradin' post is on Victoria."

Across the table Connie Morgan quietly laid aside a rifle—and one again nodded, slowly.

"We'll be pullin' out for Victoria Land in the mornin'," said Constable Sampson, "an' sort of look things over. You might come along."

"It won't be no use fer me to go," said the Great Dane slowly. "I couldn't look at Lindstrom. We was partners."

"I guess I know how you feel about it," Sampson said, "but I'll have to ask you to go."

"I really can't. By the way—" Jensen seemed to have a sudden thought. "Me and Lindstrom made out wills in favor of each other. Mebbe I better go get his will."

"Constable Durn will get it," Sampson said. "He's staying here."

"But I—"
"Will you go voluntarily or under arrest?"

"Arrest!" cried the man, amazed. "What for?"
"Open charge, for the present. We might need you for a witness."

Jensen scratched his great thatch of graying hair. "All right—I'll go," he said. "Only don't let me get my hands on that Rooshian."

Early the following morning the five men set out with two dog teams. They made the run in two days.

Leaving Old Man Mattie on shore with the dogs, the four climbed onto the deck and Corporal Sampson motioned for Jensen and Cheklov to precede them below. One of the two had killed Lindstrom, and if Connie's plan worked, the two policemen would soon know which it was.

"Look out, Jensen—you'll bump your head!" Connie called sharply, as the Great Dane stepped through the door of the cabin after Cheklov.

The big man ducked, then turned his face ceilingward to scowl at the smudge directly above him.

"It's cold in here," said Sampson, standing near Connie in the doorway. "One of you light the fire."

Cheklov, who was nearest, opened the

stove door. "The fire she is laid," he said "You got a match?"

Connie handed him a match, and Jensen turned abruptly to the door. "I got to get my pipe," he explained, hastily. "I left it on the sled."

Corporal Sampson blocked the opening. "Your pipe can wait. Go ahead, Cheklov. It's cold in here."

Cheklov struck the match and thrust the flame toward the kindling. At the same moment Jensen made a frantic effort to pass Sampson. He recoiled as he felt the muzzle of the officer's service revolver boring into his middle.

"Stand back!" roared Sampson, "or I'll blow you in two!"
With a cry of terror Jensen turned and threw himself upon Cheklov, striking the match from his hand just as the blaze was about to ignite the kindlings.

"You fool!" shrielled the Great Dane. "You'll blow us all to pieces!"

The Russian drew back, eying the other in surprise. "What you mean—blow?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Yeah, Jensen," drawled Corporal Sampson from the doorway. "Tell us what you mean."

Only for an instant did the big man stand undecided. Then, stooping swiftly, he jerked the shirt from the thirty sticks of dynamite that were piled under the stove.

"Look there!" he cried. "Dynamite! I saw it—just now—stickin' out under the edge of the shirt! Lindstrom had it to blow his way through the ice with."

"You lie," said Corporal Sampson. "No part of that dynamite showed. But go ahead, Cheklov, and light the fire. We've got plenty of time to remove that stuff before it gets hot."

Again Cheklov thrust a match among the kindlings, and as the wood shavings cracked into a blaze, Jensen with a hoarse cry of horror made a dive for the door. But Corporal Sampson and Connie were expecting just that move.

Connie dived for the huge man's legs, tripping him, while Sampson brought the barrel of his heavy service revolver down upon the back of the Great Dane's head. With a long whistling grunt the mighty muscles relaxed. When, a little later, the man came to, he found his wrists embraced in handcuffs.

In the little coal stove the fire burned merrily, while Connie retrieved three sticks of dynamite, with caps affixed, from between the blankets of Lindstrom's bunk. He held them up before the sullen eyes of the Great Dane.

"Here's a 30-40 empty shell on the floor," said Sampson, stooping to retrieve the brass case. "I notice that your rifle's a 30-40, Jensen."

"So's Cheklov's," growled the Dane. Connie returned from the bulkhead and held up a bullet that he had dug from the wall.

"Here's the bullet that killed Lindstrom," he said. "It's a metal-jacketed one, Jensen. Just like yours. Cheklov's are soft lead ones that he casts himself. In a minute I'll show you that the pattern of your firing pin just fits the dent in the cap of that empty shell. You killed Lindstrom and took his money and fur."

The Great Dane's eyes wandered in horror from the bullet in the boy's hand to the magnifying glass he held in the other, and then to the accusing eyes of both officers. He moistened his thick lips with his tongue, and spoke flatly.

"You got me, I guess. I done it. I figured no one would come here before spring, an' the *Lucy M* would smash up in the ice. But I played safe. I put the dynamite in the stove, so if anybody came along they would be blowed to bits—with Lindstrom, an' the evidence."

"And I might have been blown up," Connie said, "if you hadn't tried to make me believe that Lindstrom would work in his shirt sleeves with his fire unlighted. It's the little mistakes that trip a man up, Jensen."



Fellows!
I'll show you how to be a Winner!

Have you ever wanted to do things in sports? *Real things*, I mean—like walking off with a couple of track meet honors. Or making your school's baseball team. Well, listen—you can, if you'll let me help you.

First, I want you to join the Grips Athletic Club. I want you to have the training instruction it provides free of charge. I'd like you to read the Club's own sports newspaper, "The Flash." It's chock full of specialized

training hints, live-wire stories and sports columns.

The G. A. C. is just breezing out in its second year. There's room for you if you act quickly. Drop in today and ask your Grips canvas shoe dealer for details—or, if you can't find him, drop me a note. Let's get started quickly, shall we?

Bob Brown
HEAD COACH
GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB



Here is the official badge and certificate of the G. A. C. Get yours and begin training without delay



The Racer is just one of the popular Grips shoes that are built for speed and accurate footwork. Your Grips dealer has other models on display.

GRIPS ATHLETIC CLUB

Sponsored by
Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Company
BEACON FALLS CONNECTICUT

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers



You got him!

Due to the Long Range Killing Power of

Western
Super-X .22's

"That 'chuck was 100 yards away, at least. But you got him. Now you know what Super-X long range .22's will do!"

Out of range of other .22's but still within range of Super-X is often the case in small game hunting. Super-X not only gives you longer range but *killing power* at the longer ranges. Your bullet CRASHES into its mark with 50% more power, due to Western's patented Double Action powder.

Super-X cartridges come in all .22 sizes — with solid or hollow-point bullets. Sold by dealers everywhere. Mail the Coupon below for free descriptive folder and other ammunition leaflets.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
453 Adams St., East Alton, Ill.

5 Reasons Why Super-X .22's Are Better Cartridges

-
- 1 **Western PATENTED DOUBLE ACTION POWDER**
 - 2 **NON-CORROSIVE PRIMING**
 - 3 **LUBALOY COATED BULLET**
 - 4 **BULLET EXPANDS AFTER STRIKING**
 - 5 **NICKEL PLATED CASE**

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY,
453 Adams St., East Alton, Ill.

Gentlemen: Send free Super-X long range .22 leaflet

Other Western ammunition leaflets

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

My Party Manners

*A Condensed Interview With Dr. William O. Stevens
Headmaster, Cranbrook School*

KNOWING what to do at a party is just as important as knowing what to do on the gridiron or diamond. More so, because you'll be going to parties all your life, and sooner or later you'll find football and baseball a bit strenuous. Fumbling your words or tripping your dance partner is just as disconcerting as fumbling a pass or falling over your own interference. You can build up your self-confidence by knowing what to do at a party. Here are some helpful rules that you'll find generally acceptable:

Don't let introductions get you down. Simply remember that the gentleman is always presented to the lady, the younger woman to the older, the younger man to the older.

Just say: "Mrs. Ferguson, may I present Mr. Brown?" Don't say: "Meet Mr. Brown," or "Shake hands with Mr. Brown."

If you're responding to an introduction, avoid saying: "Pleased to meet you." Instead, say: "How do you do?" An extended hand left hanging in the air is always an embarrassment. To avoid that possibility, never extend your hand on being introduced to a lady.

And never fail to take her hand if she extends it first. Always extend your hand when being introduced to a man.

Avoid placing hot cups or glasses with a wet base on polished surfaces. The rings left behind are sometimes impossible to remove.

Remember that successful conversation isn't a monologue. Rather it's the trading of ideas, the adding of a quick thought to the topic under discussion, the contribution of a new or humorous slant. Develop the art of responses. Avoid taking the floor for a lengthy discourse.

Upon taking leave, it's necessary only to say good-by to the hostess and host — and the guest of honor, if there is one.

At a dance in which there's a grand march, offer your right arm to your hostess.

If you've been a guest at a dinner, it's customary to pay a short party call, if possible within a week.

You don't need calling cards until you're of college age. When you have them printed, have your full name engraved. The form most generally accepted is: "Mr. Charles Wilson Adams."

Pace-Setter

(Continued from page 7)

to know you're a pace-setter." Lee sprang to his feet, fists clenched. "What do you mean—quit? I won't take that from anyone—"

Forrest put a firm hand on his teammate's shoulder and pushed him down on the bench. "Sit down," he said, "and listen. You've been going around with an angelic expression and a halo round your head, because you've been giving Dick and me a start, and you thought that was enough for anyone to do. Well, take it from me, it isn't. Running a race doesn't mean running half a mile and then quitting. We showed you today that we could lead you that distance, and still come home in front. So we don't need your services any more as a pace-setter. Get that?"

"Forrie!" Dick protested. "Cut it out. You don't know what you're talking about."

Forrest whirled on him. "Oh, don't I?" He turned back to Lee, who was staring at him in a paralysis of utter astonishment. "You said you were tired—dead beat. What do you think we are, in every race? Don't you think, when we go into the turn, that we have to make ourselves run? Don't you think we could quit at the half, as well as you? Almost all mile runners feel like quitting at the half, and they run the last quarter because they have to, not because they can. But you quit every time, when you think you've given us a little lead; when you think you've worn the other fellow down a bit. Swell running, that is." Lee opened his mouth to speak, but Forrest swept on unheeding. "If you want to quit cold halfway, all right; but for the love of Mike don't go around any more with that smug expression, telling everyone that you give us our starts."

"Great snakes!" Dick whistled softly between his teeth, but refrained from interfering in what was not his affair.

"Look here, Rooth," Lee requested stiffly. At first he had been amazed at Forrie's outburst. Now he felt a cold anger. "If you want to start a fight, say so. It's all right with me." "Thank you," Forrest returned iron-

ically, "but I wouldn't want to fight you. You might quit halfway through." He turned to the door. "I'll take my things out of your room tonight," he added, and strode out into the hall. The door slammed heavily behind him. "Gosh, Lee, I'm—" "Shut up," Lee snapped savagely, and leaned back against the wall, feeling very sick.

"It's a good thing," said Buzz Chester reflectively, gazing at the stadium field and seated on top of a fence post with one foot braced against Dick's broad shoulder, "that Forrest and Lee aren't javelin-throwers or shot putters. Being mere mile runners like you, they aren't armed." He sighed deeply. "Personally, I think their chilly silence is freezing the campus. I'll have to get me an overcoat." He leaned forward eagerly and nearly fell off his perch. "Say, Dick, is that Hanover's wonderful Verner Longfield that I've heard so much about?" He pointed to a tall, slender boy who was lounging against a stack of high hurdles.

Dick nodded. "Holder of the inter-school record for the mile. Beat out Dorseth of Columbia last year in all the middle distances. Holds the Eaton trophy for broad jumping."

"Stop," Buzz commanded, delivering a sharp kick that nearly cost him his balance. "How do you do it, Dick? I can't even remember my own name half the time."

"Sylvester," Dick prompted obligingly.

Buzz shuddered. "I mean, I want to forget it. However, I gather this Longfield menace is going to take a lot of beating. Am I right?"

Dick nodded.

"I always am," Buzz amended complacently. "It's wonderful. But, to be more practical, what have we got to beat him with? He's already paralyzed our little broad jumper here," he reached out a few feet and patted Slim Wakefield on the head with unnecessary force, "so that he won't be able to jump a mud puddle."

"Says you," Slim murmured. "Says me," Buzz agreed. "So we

FREE CATALOG ON HOODED POWER
E.L.T.O. and E.V.N.U.D.

"I NEVER SAW AN OUTBOARD MOTOR START LIKE THAT BEFORE!"

"THIS ONE ENJOYED'S SIMPLY STARTER THAT TURNS THE TROCK—NO CROSS TO WIND—JUST SHAR BACK ON THIS HAND GRIP...NOTHING TO IT"

Address: **OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION**
5512 N. 27th STREET—MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

DARING as the Men who Carry Them

No. 1560 \$1.75

Marble's is the knife that Rear-Admiral Byrd and practically all great explorers have carried during the past thirty years. Every Scout wants one—especially the new.

MARBLE'S Official Boy Scout SHEATH KNIFE

Official emblem on blade and sheath. A lifetime knife with keen 4 1/2-inch blade and beautiful red, black and brass polished handle. A knife that stands out in any crowd. Always ready to stand the gaff on hikes, in camp, or at home. At all good dealers, or sent postpaid for \$1.75. (C.A. 102)

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co. Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.

ZIP-ZIP SHOOTER

"THOUSANDS of boys are made happy with this wonderful Zip-Zip shooter, scientifically and practically made; if you like hunting and outdoor sports, get a Zip-Zip shooter with plenty of pep and force. If your dealer happens not to have them, order from us. Zip-Zip shooter **35c** or **three for \$1.00** send stamp, coin or money order.

AUTOMATIC RUBBER COMPANY, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Flower kit models have won more places in national contests than all other kits combined! Send for free catalog, No. 101, of our full line of **FLYING MODELS THAT FLY!** All kits described are complete, easy to build, and contain only best grade materials throughout. Price range from 59c up.

PIONEER MODEL BUILDER SINCE 1911

MODEL-AIRPLANE-SUPPLY-CO.
CHAMPAIGN - ILLINOIS



Camp IS NOT CAMP WITHOUT A Boat

AN OLD TOWN Boat adds a lot to vacation at a very low cost. There are models for every vacation need. Small, fast open-boats for fishing, outings or "trips to town." Large, all-wood, seaworthy craft for family use.

Old Town Boats are rugged and leak-proof. Perfectly balanced and reinforced to withstand all weights of motors. Speedy. Responsive. Send for a free catalog showing models and prices. Also dinghies, rowboats and all types of canoes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 554 Middle St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Boats"

must beat him in the mile. Even I can see that. And what have we got to beat him with?"

"Lee, Forrest. Me."
"Yeah, and Forrest and Lee are so mad at each other all they can do is sputter. And between you and me and the lamp-post here," he patted Slim's head kindly, "you, Richard, are not good enough to beat anyone named Verner Longfield. But Forrie—"

Buzz Chester paused. He had heard something of Forrie's outburst in the dressing room. He was as amazed as anybody at the sudden flare of temper displayed by the slow-spoken, quiet miler. It wasn't like Forrie to call his best friend a quitter.

"Maybe Forrie will show a burst of rage on the track today," he said aloud, "and run this Longfield lad into the ground. That would give me a first-rate story for the News."

"Don't you ever stop talking?" Dick asked hopefully.

"At night I do. But it's a strain, my friend, it's a great strain. However, there's Forrest now. I must go and inject some sunshine into his life. Would you mind taking your ears out of my way? Thank you." He jumped to the ground and started off after Forrest. Dick grinned and shook his head.

Forrest stopped piling cinders into a little mound with his foot and greeted Buzz with a "You here again?"

"Not exactly complimentary," Buzz reproved him, "but quite typical. Got any dope on the mile? Who'll win, and so forth? Strictly private, you understand; so don't be shy and retiring."

"Bet your hat on Hanover," Forrest advised shortly.

Buzz started at him, then reached up a hand to his dilapidated felt hat. "But why on Hanover?" he protested. "Where's your good old Currier spirit? Is this patriotic? Is this sporting? Is this—"

Forrest reached out and firmly pulled the editor's hat down over his nose. "Listen," he urged. "Bet it on Hanover, and then you'll lose it, and everybody at Currier will be just that much happier."

By the time Buzz had gotten his hat off his nose, Forrest was halfway across the field.

Half an hour later, the starter raised his gun for the mile run. Forrest mechanically smiled across at Lee, then recollected himself, and looked grimly ahead. Lee's eyes were stony, his jaw set in a hard line, his mind intent on the gun.

Cr-r-rack!

Lee and Verner Longfield led the way down the track at full speed. Every runner knew instinctively that it would be no easy race—it would be won on speed and stamina and nothing else. Longfield never bid for favors. They pounded along in their lanes at a sprint, and at the turn Lee jockeyed for an inside position. In spite of a desperate effort, he failed to get the two-yard lead he needed to cut in. Longfield held grimly to his side, and Lee gave it up, increasing his speed instead at the turn.

The crowd recognized a dramatic race and stood silent and anxious. Occasional shouts of encouragement died quickly to a bated hush. Forrest stuck with Turner of Hanover in second position, and Dick was close behind. At the half, the runners were closely bunched, and it was seconds before the crowd could see who had the lead. Then a great yell went up from Hanover supporters. Longfield, by a scant margin!

Lee Westby, lank and smooth-running, began to recognize the symptoms of fatigue. His head throbbled, his muscles ached, his throat was dry, and his feet stumbled. He had no idea of his relative position; he only knew that he must keep on running somehow.

The three-quarters mark was still ahead, and Longfield had gained again on the inside turn.

Lee's arms and legs moved from sheer force of habit. Something inside him wouldn't let them stop. Longfield ahead of him was a blur. A phrase pounded through Lee's mind—"run the last quarter because you have to." He changed his stride from the long swing of the distance runner to the more choppy hip action of a practiced sprinter. The change eased his aching muscles and brought new ones into play. At the last turn, he drew level with Longfield.

"Go on, kid," someone behind him urged, and he checked an impulse to glance back and see how the others were coming. He was deadly tired. The sustained effort at high speed had taken heavy toll, and he nearly fell as his foot scraped sideways for an instant. But the comforting motto of the distance runner, "Always remember that the other fellow is just as tired as you are, and probably more so," spurred him on. The tape showed far down the stretch, and Longfield had regained his perilous lead.

Lee summoned from some impossible source enough will-power to make him throw his body forward, across the line. It was a crazy stunt, a century snapp to a distance race. The line snapped just before Longfield reached it. A finish judge reached out a hand to steady Lee, and the rest of the runners straggled in seconds later.

Verner grinned stiffly to hide his disappointment, and extended his hand to Lee. "Boy, oh, boy," he gasped, "you sure can run. I hope I'll get a chance at you again."

"Thanks—very much." Chest rising and falling, Lee looked around for Forrest. He felt very oddly about winning a race and about something else, too, but was too tired to think what it was. Then he remembered. Quitter, that was it. Well, he'd shown Forrest what kind of a quitter he was. But wasn't he? Or was he? He felt confused and stumbled back against Coach O'Brien.

"Go to the lockers," said the coach, patting him on the back. "Hi, Buzz, you go with him."

In the locker room, Lee came face to face with Forrest. They stared at each other for a moment, then:

"Come to think of it," said Lee uncomfortably, "maybe you were right."

"Right?" said Forrest stupidly.

"Right—about my—quitting. I guess I had."

"You chump," Forrest exploded. "I never thought you were a quitter. I thought you were swell to pace for us but—gee—don't you see, kid? I didn't like your showing us the way to go home, and then spending the night at a hotel yourself."

Buzz regarded them thoughtfully out of childlike blue eyes. "An elegant simile," he mused. "I'll write it down. Now how did that go?"

He was completely ignored. Lee stared. "Do you mean you bawled me out, just so I'd—"

Forrest grinned. "You've always been a better sprinter than I am. Your form's smoother and your wind's better, but you'd just got the habit of setting the pace for someone else, and you didn't even try to finish. You didn't know what you could do. So I—"

"So you staged a swell locker room speech," Buzz supplemented. "The great Edwin Booth plays his greatest scene—"

"For the love of mud," Lee snorted. "And here you even moved your stuff out of my room."

"Oh, well, that's all right," said Forrest cheerfully. "You can haul it back again for me."

"A beautiful thought," said Buzz pensively. "It'll be swell training for our future champion."

20 BIG PRIZES

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT CHANCE to WIN a U.S. Golden Flash Bike or other VALUABLE PRIZES



FIRST PRIZE
A genuine U. S. Golden Flash Bicycle—the finest Bicycle money can buy. Equipped with genuine U. S. Giant Chain Treads.

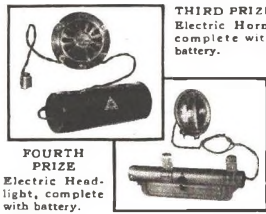
Four prizes every month for five months will be awarded.

The boy or girl who writes the most interesting story on "My Adventure on a Bicycle," or the one best illustrating the value of the bicycle will win each month, in order of merit. First prize-winning story will be printed in Open Road for Boys, with picture of winner. Be a real author and see your name in print.

Read These Rules and Start Now

Anyone under 18 years of age eligible. Manuscripts must be less than 300 words, written in ink on typewriter, on one side of paper only. Mail story with coupon below or copy of one properly filled out to address thereon.

Each story must be a true experience of the writer or some one he knows. Literary ability not necessary, as stories are judged for interest only. Last date to mail letters this month, April 30.



THIRD PRIZE
Electric Horn, complete with battery.

FOURTH PRIZE
Electric Headlight, complete with battery.



SECOND PRIZE
A pair of U.S. Giant Chain bicycle tires.

Why Experts Choose U. S. Giant Chain Bicycle Tires

Leading manufacturers select U. S. Chain Tread Tires as factory equipment because experts have found them the best.

The following features are built into every tire . . . NON SKID TREAD for safety . . . THREE PLYS of strong fabric all the way around for durability . . . FLANNEL RIM STRIP to prevent creeping . . . and PERMANENT WHITE SIDEWALLS with EBONY BLACK TREAD for appearance. Don't let anyone talk you into using any other tire. Follow the EXPERTS and insist on U. S. Chain Treads. It pays.

United States Rubber Company
WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RUBBER



U. S. RUBBER COMPANY, Bicycle Tire Division
1790 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Attached to this coupon is my true story:

My Name is _____

My Address is _____ State _____ St. _____

City _____

Name of Nearest U. S. Bicycle Tire Dealer: _____

Dealer's Name _____

Dealer's Address _____

To the best of my knowledge this story is true.

Signed (Parent or Guardian) _____

U.S. Giant Chains

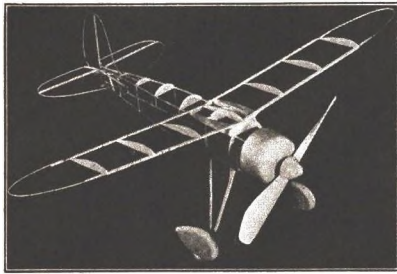
with the GRIP that never slips

A Streamlined Transport!

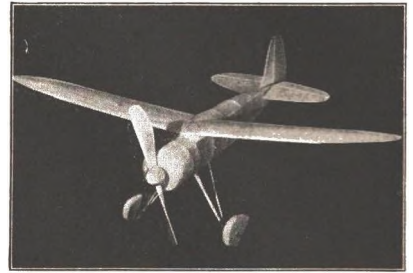
by

Merrill Hamburg

*Build and Fly
the 1934 Model
Fuselage Plane*



Study this for structural details.



All ready to take off!

FOR flying thrills, try *The American Boy* fuselage plane, 1934 model. It's streamlined down to the last strut and the design is up-to-the-minute. Fly it in your school gym and you'll think for a moment you're gazing at a 15-hour coast-to-coast cabin ship! There's nothing hard about its construction. Take a careful look at the picture of the uncovered ship. Fix the parts in mind. Remember that the drawing will cease to look complicated once you've started construction. You'll be referring to it a section at a time, and you'll find that it answers all your questions on the sizes of parts and methods of attachment.

- You'll need the following materials:
- 10—1/16"x1/16"x12" balsa strips for the fuselage.
 - 2—1/16"x3/4"x12" balsa wing spars.
 - 1—1/4"x1"x12" strip balsa for miscellaneous small parts.
 - 1—1/16"x3/4"x10" bamboo.
 - 1—3/8"x3/8"x6" balsa wing fairing blocks.
 - 1—1/4"x1 1/2"x7" balsa for center of wheel pants.
 - 2—1/32"x2"x12" balsa for ribs, covering of wheel pants, and formers.
 - 1—1/8"x1/4"x12" balsa front landing gear strut.
 - 1—3/32"x1/4"x12" balsa rear landing gear strut.
 - 1—1 1/4"x2 1/8"x2 1/8" cowling block.
 - 2—1" turned balsa wheels.
 - 1—1/2"x3/8"x6" balsa propeller block.
 - 1—sheet Japanese tissue.
 - 1—tube of airplane cement.
 - 1—2 oz. bottle banana oil.
 - 1—3/16"—24" rubber motor.
 - 1—rear hook.
 - 1—front hook.
 - 1—piece .020" music wire 6" long for shock absorbers.
 - 1—small front bearing.
 - 2—1/8" brass washers.

Start with the sides of the fuselage. Lay two 1/16"x1/16"x10 3/4" balsa strips on the table and mark off with a pencil the location of each bulkhead as shown in the side view. If you make a full-size drawing of the side of the plane on a sheet of paper, the two sides of

the fuselage can be laid directly on the drawing and cut to length with a razor blade before assembling.

Now cement the rear ends of the two sides together to form a flat V. Cement the bulkheads FF, EE, and so on, in turn until the entire fuselage frame is assembled. The front end of the frame can be trimmed so that the ends of the longerons (front-to-rear members) extend 1 1/2" in front of bulkhead AA.

The cowling or nose piece is cut from a solid balsa block 1 1/4"x2 1/8"x2 1/8", the grain running lengthwise of the plane. The nose can be turned up in a few minutes on a lathe. If you haven't access to a lathe you'll have to carve it out by hand to form a cylinder with a 2" diameter and 1 1/2" in length. To round the nose, draw a 1" circle on the front face of the block. Around the outside of cylinder 1/2" from the front face draw a line. With this line as

starting point, round the block as shown in the drawing. Make a tin or cardboard templet (see drawing) to check your curve as you proceed. Finish the operation with sandpaper. When the piece is properly shaped, drill a 7/16" hole through the center.

On the rear face of the nose piece lay out the 1 1/16"x1 3/8" rectangular hole, making sure that it is centered accurately on the block. Now carve out the hole, making it 3/4" deep.

The drawing shows bulkhead GG cemented to the rear face of the nose piece. This section is cut from 1/16" flat balsa and serves as a shoulder for attaching the paper to the nose when covering. After cementing the bulkhead the ends of the fuselage frame are fitted into the nose block and cemented into place.

The side drawing shows the shape of the rear hook. Push it through the rear post from the inside, bend the end to a square U, press this U into the rear

post and cement it in place. Two small 1/16" square spars are next cemented, one on each side, diagonally between the bulkhead FF and the rear post. (See the side drawing.) These pieces serve as the rear attachment for the fuselage covering. The space in the rear of these spars is left open to permit the hooking of the rubber motor to the rear hook.

Carve the tail skid from a small scrap of balsa 1/8" thick and cement it to the under side of the fuselage between the two lower longerons.

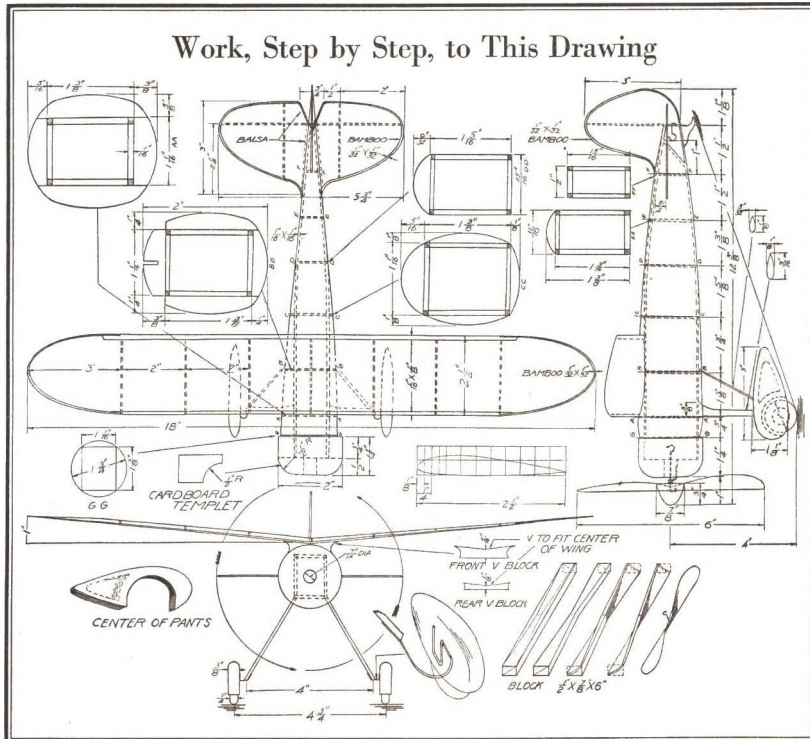
Make full-size drawings of the bulkheads AA to EE and cut the curved "former" pieces to fit over them. These pieces are cut from 1/32" sheet balsa. Cement them in their places on the fuselage frame.

The two front struts of the landing gear are cut from 1/4"x1/4"x2 3/8" balsa strips. These are 3/8" wide at the top where they are cemented to the fuselage but are curved to a 3/16" width

just below this point and sanded to the streamlined shape shown in the drawing. The rear struts are sanded from 3/32"x3/8"x3" balsa strips and cemented in position between the lower longerons at the rear of bulkhead BB and the lower end of the front landing gear strut. While cementing the struts rest the fuselage horizontally on a pile of books or small blocks so that the ends of the landing gear struts will just touch the work bench. Be sure to check to see that the two front struts line up and have the same amount of spread.

One-inch balsa wheels with turned tires are used on this model. If these are not available cut the wheels from flat stock.

The wheel pants are built up from three pieces of balsa. The drawing shows how the center section is cut away to give the wheels clearance. This section should be 1/32" thicker than the wheels. An additional section shown by the dotted line is cut away from the rear of the center section to save weight on the model. The two outside pieces are cut from 1/32" sheet balsa and cemented over the center



section, one on each side. When dry, the pants are sanded to the streamlined shape shown in the drawing.

A $\frac{3}{4}$ " bankers' pin serves as an axle. This is pushed through the pants and wheel and cemented in place. The pants are assembled to the landing gear by means of the shock absorbing clip shown in the drawing. The square U of this clip is first cemented to the inner side of the pants in such a manner that the round U extends out in front and is parallel to the ground. The other end is cemented as shown.

Now we're ready to construct the tail group. The vertical surface is the rudder and the horizontal surface the stabilizer. Note that bamboo is used in the construction of the curved parts. Bamboo becomes quite pliable when heated to just below the charring point. Make full-size drawings of the parts, place them on the work bench, and fit the bamboo to the curves.

Use a bamboo piece $1/16$ " x $\frac{1}{4}$ " to form the stabilizer, and split it later to form two halves identical in shape. It is not considered good practice to attempt to bend bamboo in smaller sizes than $1/32$ " x $1/16$ ", since it chars too quickly. Bend it first—then split it to size. Any open flame or heated metal may be used in bending bamboo.

Two $1/16$ " square balsa spars are cemented to the sides of the rear end of the fuselage. Their front ends should be $5/16$ " below the upper longerons, their rear ends even with the upper end of the stern post. (The drawing and the uncovered picture show these spars.) Since these spars determine the position of the stabilizer it is necessary that they lie parallel with the horizontal axis of the plane, so take care with them. The curved bamboo stabilizer frames are cemented to the front end of these spars, and the rear ends are joined to the stern post by means of the small balsa spars forming the V at the rear of the stabilizer. (See uncovered photograph.)

Next the $1/16$ " square balsa spars are cemented into the stabilizer. Two ribs, also $1/16$ " square, are fitted into the frame last.

The rudder frame is assembled in the same manner as was followed in the construction of the stabilizer. A $1/16$ " square balsa strip is cemented to the top of the fuselage between the rear post and the bulkhead FF. The front end of the rudder is cemented to the front end of this spar and the other end is cemented to the bottom of the stern post. A $1/16$ " square balsa spar is cemented between the top of the curve of the rudder and the upper end of the stern post.

Construct the wing over a full-size drawing laid on the table. Cut two $1/16$ " x $\frac{1}{8}$ " x 12 " balsa spars with a razor blade to fit the drawing. Trace the ribs on $1/32$ " sheet balsa and cut them out—seven of them. A templet can be made by drawing $\frac{3}{4}$ " squares as shown on the drawing on a piece of thin cardboard or sheet metal and carefully drawing in the curve of the rib. A slot $1/16$ " x $\frac{1}{8}$ " is cut into the nose of the ribs and a piece $\frac{1}{8}$ " long is cut from the trailing edge. The front spars are fitted into the slot in the nose of the ribs and the rear spars are butted to the trailing edge.

A bamboo tip is bent to fit the drawing and then split to form two tips, as was done in the case of the stabilizer. The ends of the spars are cut away so that the tips and the ends of the spars will form a continuous curve. (See the drawing of the wing.) To give the wing the shape of a very flat V cut the wing spars partly through at their centers and bend the tips upward. The wing tips should be exactly 1" from the top of the work bench when the center of the wing rests upon it. The center rib is now inserted and the spars and rib cemented in place.

The two small V blocks shown in the

drawing (below the front view) are fitted across the fuselage frame to support the wing. The V cut in these blocks must fit the V formed by the wing spars. Note that the front block is $3/16$ " higher than the rear block. The front block is cemented flat against the rear surface of bulkhead AA, the rear block is located $2\frac{1}{2}$ " back of the bulkhead AA between bulkheads BB and CC. A slot is cut into bulkhead BB to permit the center rib to fit down in the place when the spars are resting on the V blocks. The wing can now be cemented in position.

Next fit two blocks, one on each side of the fuselage, between the front and rear V blocks. Notice that the drawing (and uncovered picture) shows the bulkhead BB cut away to receive them. A curve is sanded in the side of these blocks so that the curve of the fuselage sweeps into the lower wing surface.

The model is covered with Japanese tissue. Cover first the tail surface, then the fuselage, and last the wings. The same technique is used in covering all the surfaces; the frame is first painted with banana oil and a smooth piece of tissue slightly larger than the surface being covered is laid carefully upon it. Cover the two halves of the stabilizer separately. When the oil is dry, sand or trim the surplus paper around the frame and fasten the loose edges by painting with banana oil. Each of the four sides of the fuselage are covered separately, the lower surface first, the two sides next, then the wing, and last the upper surface of the fuselage. The front end of the paper on the upper surface of the fuselage is cut to a V which fits into the angle of the wing. (See covered picture.) Shrink the paper by spraying lightly with water.

The drawing shows five steps in the carving of propellers. No. 1 shows the $\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{3}{8}$ " x 6 " balsa block with diagonals drawn on the upper and lower faces and the ends. (The end diagonals run in opposite directions.) No. 2 shows the block after the stock has been cut away from the face diagonals. No. 3 shows the concave side of each blade carved from the center to the end diagonals. No. 4 shows the blades with the convex sides carved out as in operation No. 3. No. 5 shows the center of the propeller cut away to form a flat V, and the tips rounded.

The blade is sanded smooth and a small hole made through the hub by pressing a pin through it. The shaft made from .020 music wire is pressed through this hole and the end bent to a square U which is pulled back into the hub and cemented in place.

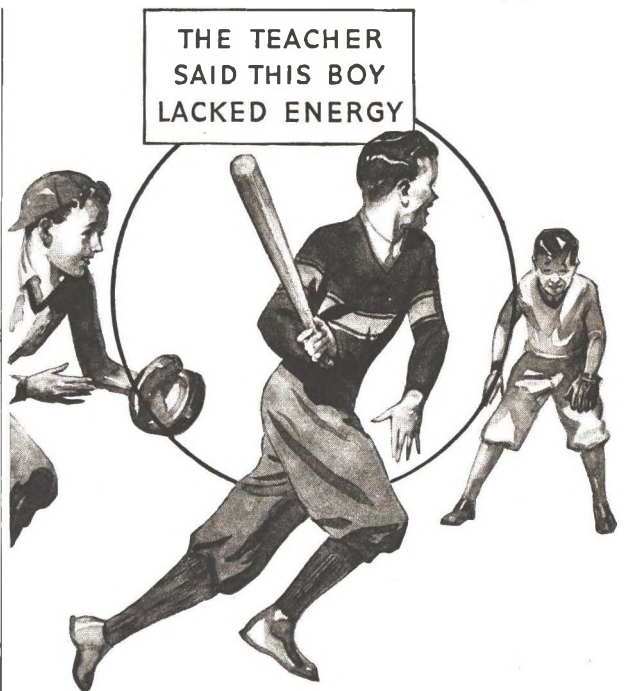
The propeller spinner is carved from a $\frac{3}{8}$ " x $\frac{3}{8}$ " x $\frac{3}{8}$ " balsa block. Cut a slot across the rear face and fit the propeller into it. Two brass washers are slipped over the hook and act as thrust washers, permitting the prop to turn freely.

The thrust bearing is made from a small cotter pin cut to length, the end drilled, and the drilled end bent upward as shown in the side drawing. This is cemented in the cowling so that it will project $\frac{3}{4}$ " in front of the nose.

If you have followed the dimensions given in the drawing the ship may be powered with two strands of $3/16$ " flat rubber. If you have built the ship heavily, you'll probably need four strands of $\frac{1}{8}$ " flat rubber.

If the model has a tendency to climb too sharply, warp the rear of the stabilizer slightly downward; if it tends to nose downward warp it upward. This can be done by holding the stabilizer over the steam from a slowly boiling teakettle.

The American Boy fuselage ship, Model 1934, is not at all hard to construct. Once you're started on it, every step will unfold clearly to you. Build it—and fly it—and you'll feel like an airplane designer, creating a new, up-to-date ship!



He's a husky, active youngster now — and at the head of his class!

LOOK at him swing that bat and send the ball far out over the center fielder's head! See how he flashes down the baseline... his sturdy legs going like pistons. What a runner! What a sturdy, husky youngster!

And yet it wasn't so long ago that his teacher said he lacked energy. He had no wind... no endurance. His legs felt as heavy as lead after running fifty or sixty yards.

One day he asked his Gym teacher how he could build up his strength and stamina. The teacher said, "If you want to build up your strength and energy you must be sure that the foods you eat contain plenty of carbohydrates, proteins and minerals. And here's a tip—drink Cocomalt in milk regularly. It contains essential food nutrients you need for developing a husky physique."

That very day he began to drink Cocomalt mixed with milk. He drank it at every meal and within a month he felt and looked like a new boy. He was stronger and sturdier. His wind was better, his muscles firmer. Not only that, but his school marks improved—and today he's a husky, active boy—and at the head of his class.

The way to sturdy development

When you mix Cocomalt with milk as directed, you actually add 70% more food-

energy to it—almost doubling the energy value of every glass you drink.

Cocomalt supplies extra carbohydrates that give you pep, energy, endurance. It supplies extra proteins that build up strength—put pounds of solid flesh and muscle on your body.

Cocomalt provides extra minerals—phosphorus and calcium. Furthermore, it is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D, which helps the body convert the food-calcium and food-phosphorus into strong bones, sound teeth, a husky chest.

You see, Cocomalt supplies essential food nutrients you need for building the physical structure which is your right and heritage.

Fellows, for strong, sturdy development—take the advice of leading athletic coaches and physical training teachers throughout the country—drink Cocomalt at every meal. It has a delicious chocolate flavor and you'll like it a lot served hot or cold. It's sold at all good grocery stores. Be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt and not a misleading substitute. For trial can, send name and address, with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. 14D, Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Prepared by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D.



Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk



They reach the island, they leap out of the boat, and gallop up the long winding stair, the doctor first, the faithful wife second, and William bringing up the rear. William is a small boy and hasn't much to bring up.

At the top the doctor examines the dead man and finds him still dead. "We must get the mortician," he says, and so they all turn and go down the winding stair, around and around, and around.

But as they reach the boat and commence to row sadly back to the mainland, strange things happen at the top of the lighthouse. Lying close to the keeper's nose is the parcel of parsley the faithful wife has dropped. The keeper likes parsley and he sniffs it. Then unconsciously he nibbles a bit of it, and before he knows it he's parsley revived. He sits up and eats a banana, which contains valuable proteins, and drinks a bottle of milk which not only has lots of calories but all the important vitamins! Completely restored, he falls into a deep sleep.

While this goes on, the doctor, the faithful wife, William, and the mortician have been rowing slowly, sadly to the island. Now they climb out of the boat, and wind slowly up the stairs—first the wife, then William, then the mortician, and last the efficient M. D. Around they go. Around, and around, and around. . . .

When they reach the soundly sleep-

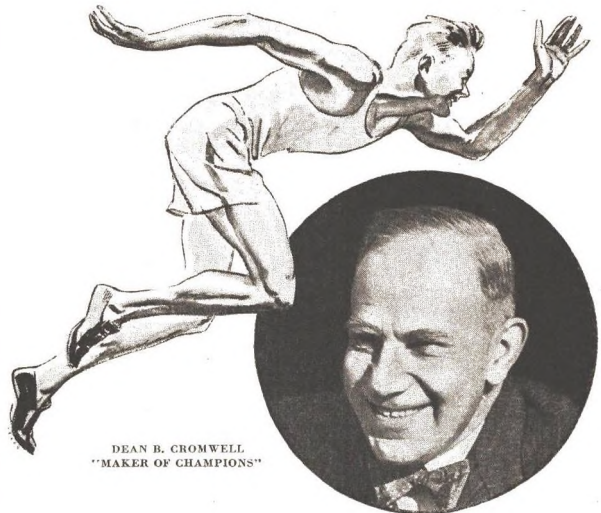
ing lighthouse keeper, they think him still dead. Tenderly they stoop down, and carefully they lift him up, the faithful wife and the mortician at the head, and the doctor and William each holding a leg. Gently they turn and start down the stairs of the lighthouse with their precious burden. Around they go. . . . Around, and around, and around. . . . With each step the burden becomes heavier and little William no longer believes that a burden the hand is worth two in the bush.

At last they arrive at the boat. Slowly and tearfully they start swinging the old man, in order to throw him into the stern. Just as they are about to let go, the mortician steps upon a jellyfish that has carefully placed itself there for that purpose. He slips!

The old man lands in the water. The cold bath awakens him, the salt water heals his wound, and he springs up like a young man of twenty, full of vim, vigor, and vitamins!

His wife turns to him with a glad cry while the villain, concealed in a bell buoy near-by, emits one hoarse cry and bites off his tongue in chagrin. As the doctor and mortician mourn over their lost fees and William looks for his pop gun, the faithful wife murmurs in the old lighthouse keeper's ears:

"Hurrah for the jellyfish! Now we can start going around together again."
THE END



DEAN B. CROMWELL
"MAKER OF CHAMPIONS"

SUCCESS HINTS FOR TRACK MEN

BY

Dean B. Cromwell

HEAD TRACK AND FIELD COACH
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Hide-rack Meets a Killer

(Continued from page 13)

ing his attack with unrelenting fierceness. We could hear his bloodcurdling snarl as his muzzle darted in and out, sparring for a hold. Tom was doing his best with only his left arm for defense.

"We can't make it," Rudd panted hopelessly.

And we couldn't. That snarling, slashing gray form would not be denied. And Tom's defense was weakening.

"Go on, Hide-rack! Sick him!" I heard Dad gasp behind me.

The big collie—he had been running at my heels! Dad, his eyes lighting on the dog, had seen in him a hope!

As the red-gold form of the magnificent collie swept by me, I added encouragement. "Get him! Sick! Get him, Hide-rack!" I panted. Now there was a cause worth fighting for!

Straight for that slashing gray form Hide-rack sped, long keen muzzle reaching out in front, heavily brushed tail floating behind—a red-gold arrow of hope. But would he be in time? All my will urged on the speeding dog. . . . He'd never make it. He couldn't. . . . Yes, he could! For that flying streak of collie collided head on with the savage gray fury just as Tom Benson's weakened defense was on the verge of complete collapse.

"Get him, Hide-rack!" I whooped.

The heavy blow knocked Turk clear of the prostrate man; but the gray dog was not to be so easily diverted. Paying no attention to the collie, he leaped back to renew his attack on the man. Again Hide-rack's shoulder bowled him from his feet, and this time my dog's teeth cut a gash in Turk's side.

At the collie's second assault, Turk forgot the man on the ground. Letting out a single tearing snarl, he whirled and drove at this persistent newcomer. With lightning-like speed Hide-rack bounded to one side. But he couldn't elude that savage gray streak! Trained in fighting tactics, the wolf dog changed direction practically in mid-air and his great jaws snapped together within an inch of the collie's foreleg. Turk was marvelously quick. But the effort cost him his balance; he lost his feet and rolled over twice.

Hide-rack saw his advantage and

seized it with characteristic speed of decision. Like a tongue of wind-blown flame he leaped after the rolling gray body. His long black muzzle reached out, and his strong white fangs fastened themselves in Turk's gray neck, not in front but behind, at the place where the backbone joins the skull, where the muscles are thick and tough. Down deep the collie's jaws took hold; his mighty muscles drove his teeth in—and they locked.

The impetus of the collie's rush stretched both dogs on the needle-carpeted soil. Turk struggled to his feet, snarling hideously. He tried to shake Hide-rack loose. No use—Hide-rack only sank his teeth deeper into those tough muscles, closer to the vital spinal cord that lay beneath them. Turk tried to use his own teeth but with his head forced down by the collie's grip he could find nothing except his own forelegs to attack. . . .

By the time we reached the spot, Turk, the mighty, ferocious veteran of the North country dog pits, was helpless and Hide-rack's fangs were slowly working their way towards the vulnerable nerve center. The big collie needed no assistance.

"Want me to shoot?" Dad asked Tom Benson, holding his cocked rifle ready.

Tom sat up slowly, pushed his blood-spattered left hand through his rumpled black hair, and looked at the straining bodies of the two dogs.

"I didn't think the dog lived that could do it," he muttered. Then, his eyes becoming alert, he looked at Dad. "No, don't kill him," he said. "I brought it on myself. It was my fault for giving him a chance. Turk wins. I'm going to turn him loose."

A little later we were back at the camp and Dad was working with antiseptics on the tooth marks in Tom Benson's arm. The seasoned outdoors man was casual about his injuries.

"I was in worse shape after I slipped on some icy steps a couple winters ago," he said with a grin.

His eyes lighted on Hide-rack. "That collie you've got there is a great dog, young fellow," he said to me.

"Yes, sir," I admitted promptly. "He is!"

"BOYS, to be a winner, a track athlete must be in perfect condition. Too many races are won and lost by a stride or less. A fellow who isn't 100% right physically hasn't got the final "kick" needed to hit the tape first. That's why a track coach has to guard against illness. Colds, particularly, take a lot out of a man. Many colds, sore throats, and other sickness that lower a man's speed and endurance are brought on by germs that are passed from the hands to the mouth or nose. That's why I like my track men to wash and bathe regularly with Lifebuoy Health Soap. For Lifebuoy removes germs and in that way helps prevent a lot of sickness that might mean losing a close meet. And you'll like Lifebuoy—it makes you feel clean—peps you up in great style!"

(Signed) DEAN BARTLETT CROMWELL

Sound advice for all boys

When Dean Cromwell gives advice on training, you can be sure it's worthwhile. He's developed many a

record holder and Olympic champion.

And he isn't the only coach who advises frequent washing and bathing with Lifebuoy. You'll find it in the training quarters of athletes everywhere, including the showers of the big league baseball teams. For, as health authorities report, 27 diseases can be spread by germs on the hands. And Lifebuoy removes germs—helps to keep athletes in winning shape.

Ideal soap for the shower

After a long drill on the track you can't beat a "Lifebuoy shower bath". In hot water or cold—hard or soft—Lifebuoy makes plenty of rich penetrating lather that gets off dirt and "B.O." in two shakes. Bland and non-irritating, it is great for the skin, too.

Don't you want to be a winner? Then follow the scoring method millions of other fellows have used. Let the Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart help you keep in training. Mail the coupon below for your Chart and a school-size cake of Lifebuoy.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

for face, hands, bath.

free

This offer good in U. S. and Canada only
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 124 Cambridge, Mass.

Please send me the Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart and a school size cake of Lifebuoy—both free.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

LIFEBOUY WASH-UP CHART

WASH UP	WASH UP	WASH UP	WASH UP
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44
45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56
57	58	59	60

REMOVES ALL GERMS ON ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

Analyze Yourself

By Mitchell V. Charney

DANNY BARTLETT is a good egg," you've often heard your friends say of a schoolmate (or you've said it yourself), "but—"

BUT! But he won't co-operate; but he isn't decently polite to his teachers; but he can't be depended on; but he insists on wearing dirty shirts; and so on. You can name a dozen examples of "good eggs" with that fatal "but" attached.

How about yourself? That's not so easy. It isn't hard to take a look at the other fellow and pick out his points, good and bad. But it's something else to stand off at ten paces from yourself and decide what your own "buts" are.

Yet boys in Roosevelt High School, Des Moines, and in other schools are doing just that. They're first finding out, by means of a simple "self-analysis chart," just what their faults are. And then they're taking their weaknesses to the mat, throwing them, and emerging better-rounded, more likable, stronger fellows.

Look, for instance, at the case of Charlie Hollis.

Charlie was a good-natured, easy-going boy. Everybody liked him, and liked doing things for himself. **BUT**—he didn't like doing them for himself. He wasn't dependable. He turned in his class work late; he couldn't be relied on to finish a job he had started. One day he made a self-analysis chart of himself, and he found himself woefully weak in that one characteristic.

So Charlie went to work on himself. He found out wherein he fell down in comparison to his friends. He discovered that his teachers and his mates were in the habit of saying, "Charlie'll never get it done on time." He knew that wouldn't do. And it wasn't long before he was showing a lot of improvement. What's more, he found that it was fun to have things done when they were expected.

Exactly how did Charlie accomplish this self-analysis? It's surprisingly simple. C. Elwood Drake, the husky young Dartmouth College graduate who is now boys' adviser at Roosevelt High, tells how you can do it yourself.

"Before a boy can get a good look at himself," Mr. Drake says, "he has to have a mirror that reflects him. The first part of your job is to make the mirror and draw your reflection in it."

On this page is printed the "mirror" Mr. Drake suggests—a simple chart on which are listed the elements that, in varying degree, make up a fellow's character and that must be adequately present if he's to be a success, either in school or after. Opposite each element is a scale on which one may rate himself.

"It doesn't look hard," Mr. Drake goes on, "and merely putting down a mark on each line and then connecting the marks with a zigzagging line isn't hard. If you've put the marks down accurately, the resulting zigzag will be a pretty fair 'reflection' of just the kind of boy you are. From this zig-zag you can easily pick out your weak points and start working to bring your 'reflection' all up to the average mark or above it."

you polite—not servile, or cringing, but just polite—to your instructors?

Honesty: This is a tough one. Truthfulness and honor—things you know all about—are part of it. But are you honest with yourself? Do you face your faults squarely? Do you recognize your weak points as well as your strong ones, or do you kid yourself about any of them? Without this kind of honesty, you'll find it mighty hard to draw a good "reflection" of yourself.

Co-operativeness: Is taking part in school activities fun? Do you like to work with your friends? Or do you have a tendency to want to work on your own? Would you prefer this to engaging in jobs a number of others are doing?

Dependability: Can your friends and teachers rely on you? When you promise to have a job done, do your friends know it's as good as finished? And are you loyal to your convictions?

School Citizenship: Is going to school pleasant? Do you take interest in school activities? Have you "school spirit"? Do you always vote in school elections? Do you think about school problems? Do you help to make your school a happier place in which to work?

Ability to Work With Hands: Are you "handy" at crafts work? Do you like manual training, drawing, lab work? Or do they irritate you?

Participation in School Activities: Do you not only rate yourself high on School Activities, but do you also do something about it? Do you get into things? Have you any school jobs?

Health: Not so easy as it sounds. Are your eyes, teeth, tonsils in good shape? Do you feel well? Are you often absent for sickness? Do you have colds or minor illnesses frequently? Can you work long and hard, and still have something left the next day?

Conduct: This needs no description! There you are. Study the explanations, make up a score sheet of your own, and draw your own "reflection." It will be fun, and it may be surprising. And if you really want to get the most out of it, listen to one more tip from Mr. Drake:

"Often boys find working together on self-analysis helpful. Ray Tibbetts, a good athlete and a member of the student council, had let his success go to his head. He had become rude and overbearing—but he didn't know it! When he made out his self-analysis sheet, he rated himself high on just about everything.

"But we had three of his friends rate him—keeping their identities secret—and he got a shock when he saw what they thought. For they put him low on courtesy and manners—made it clear that he was acting like a bully and a grandstander. He was man enough to take it, and now he's correcting his shortcomings."

Rating by friends may help you, too. Try to be honest with yourself; then get some of the other fellows to check you. You may want to have your club, or a group of friends, take up self-analysis and other-fellow-analysis as a project.

In any case, you'll find it fun. And you're likely to discover that you can raise your stock with your friends—and with yourself!

To help you in your judgments, here's a list of interpretations:

Abstract Intelligence: Is your school work hard for you, or average, or easy? Do you spend about the same time on it as do the other boys you know, in order to get "decent" grades, or do you spend more—or less? Do you have trouble in grammar? Is it hard for you to understand the meaning of the poetry you read in English classes? If others in your classes seem to have less trouble than you do, you should probably rate yourself below average on this line.

Mechanical Intelligence: Can you repair the family doorbell when it gets out of order? Have you done well in woodcraft? Do you understand anything about the working of an automobile motor? Or is it all Greek to you?

Social Intelligence: How easily do you fit into a group of boys? Do you feel at home in most natural social situations? Do you and your family get along well? If you don't, have you tried to find out what's wrong? Do you feel the urge to criticize outside-the-classroom relations of your school faculty and students?

Industry: Are you a good worker? Do you put things off? Can you give a lot of energy to things you have to do? Or is it hard for you to get yourself into action when there are lessons to get, or ads to sell for the school paper, or anything of the kind? Do you keep busy, or do you have lots of time on your hands?

Leadership: Are you an officer of any organization? When your class, or your group of friends, has some project under way, are you one of the planners and leaders? Or are you more likely to be one of the valuable group who carry out the plans made by others?

Personal Appearance: That's easy! Do you take pride in looking well? Do you see to it that shoes are polished, clothes pressed, hair combed? Do you wash your hands often enough? A look in the mirror will help answer this.

Courtesy: Easy, too. Do you like to think of the comfort of others in little ways? Do the girls in your school feel that you have "good manners"? Are

Self-Analysis Profile Chart

Name.....Age.....Date.....

Rank yourself on each characteristic listed below, placing a check mark (x) on the line opposite each characteristic at that point where you believe yourself to be. Notice that the scale goes from "very low (1)" to "very high (9)." Be truthful and honest in your judgments. Try not to underestimate or overrate yourself. Think through each item carefully.

	VERY LOW	LOW	AVERAGE	HIGH	VERY HIGH
	1	2	3	4	5
Abstract Intelligence					
Mechanical Intelligence					
Social Intelligence					
Industry					
Leadership					
Personal Appearance					
Courtesy					
Co-operativeness					
Honesty					
Dependability					
School Citizenship					
Ability to work with hands					
Participation in school activities					
Health					
Conduct					

After having rated yourself on each characteristic, connect the check marks (x) with a solid line. Compare this line with the "average" line and notice if you are above or below average in general.

FREE CATALOG ON HOODED POWER
ELECTRO AND EXHAUST

"SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL 'HOODED POWER'—I NEVER KNEW A MOTOR COULD BE SO GOOD LOOKING!"

"RIGHT, BUT IT ISN'T JUST LOOKS THAT MAKE A HIT WITH ME—IT'S THE CLEANNESS OF THE WHOLE CRAFT. NEVER A BIT OF OIL ON MY HANDS OR CLOTHES OR IN THE BOAT!"

Address: **OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION**
5812 N. 27th STREET—MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

THE FAMOUS CAP BIG LEAGUE PLAYERS WEAR

KROMER'S BASEBALL CAP

Successful ball players wear the Kromer for regular or night ball playing. Improves playing. Absorbs perspiration; vents, non-fading. Wash often as you like—fade-proof, pre-shrunk, sturdy-looking. Colors—black, blue, white (black vinyl), red, green, Texas Stripe. Price 40c each. Size in Canada. One lot for teams. See us here in Canada. Sent direct on receipt of price or at your dealer. Give color and size.

KROMER CAP CO.
Dept. A-B, Milwaukee, Wis.

LEARN TO SWIM

Young and old can learn swimming, (famous crawl and other styles), beautiful Diving, Life Saving and Coaching in one-third usual time. A new, illustrated method compiled in book form; 18 lessons by a former National Champion. Correct body position, proper breathing, with arm and leg movements, can be mastered in the privacy of your room. Intensely interesting, practical, efficient. Prepaid anywhere. \$1.00. Order today.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF SWIMMING
P. O. Box 225, Duluth, Minnesota, U. S. A.

200 BOYS WANTED To Ride Rangers!

New Ranger Ace—24" double tube balloons electric horn.

30 Days' Trial

Now you can actually ride a genuine Mead Ranger 30 days without "buying for keeps." Then, if it hasn't given you complete satisfaction, return at our expense! Mead Bicycles have been famous for highest quality during the last 40 years, and you save nearly one-third buying direct from us. Get our new Color Catalog for full details... it's FREE!

\$19.95

Send No Money

The "Nottland" Motorbike shown in smaller picture is worth \$30—but get quickly and get it for \$19.95. Write today for Free Color Catalog of Mead Bicycles, motorbikes, mopeds, and special offers.

Everything for Bicycles

SAVE HALF usual cost on lamps, wheels, tires, equipment. Just send a postal.

CYCLE CO. Dept. P-23
Mead Chicago, U. S. A.

You Indoor Fishermen!

Here's How Gob Heming Held a Parlor Fishing Party—Try One!

By SIDNEY WEBSTER

"WHAT do you make of this?" Fred queried, as he handed a little white card to Smitty. Smitty looked at the card a moment.

"I got one too," he said. "I think we ought to wear gum boots."

"Or pumps," Fred smiled, as he looked again over the card. On it was sketched a fishing pole, whose line was unreeled to form the following words:

My parlor is a trout stream,
My dining room, a slough;
Come up next Thursday, if you'd like

To catch a fish or two. R.s.v.p.
Eight o'clock. Signed Gob Heming

"Maybe we're the fish," Fred suggested. "Are you going?"

"Sure Mike! Wouldn't miss one of Gob's parties for the world," Smitty stated emphatically.

Three nights later, promptly at eight o'clock, Fred and Smitty were ushered into the living room at Gob Heming's home, to shake fins with other members of the gang.

"Gosh!" Fred ejaculated, as he looked around the room. "Talk about the hole in the bottom of the sea! This is it!" The lights were all shaded with green crepe paper, and the walls were festooned with sea green cheesecloth to which were pinned fishes of all shapes and sizes. Floating just above Smitty's head was an inflated balloon fish, hung from the ceiling.

"Get a wiggle on!" the host shouted, above the racket of greetings, "and plank yourselves on these chairs."

"Get that man-eating shark away from the dining room," Smitty demanded, pointing to where Fatty Larkin was standing, with a rapt expression on his face and his nose twitching slightly at the aroma of food.

While a couple of huskies escorted

Fatty to a good, stout seat, Gob started passing around tiny booklets, made by folding four-inch squares of cardboard in halves. On the outside was printed, "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER." Inside, under a heading that read, "Scratch Your Scales on These," was a list of fish, with the letters changed around. Opposite each was a space in which to write the names with their letters in the proper order.

"You've got ten minutes," Gob announced, "in which to butt your brains against these. Get busy."

Here's the list, with the words corrected:

Fishwords—swordfish; aunt—tuna; lose—sole; krash—shark; hockdad—haddock; trobles—lobster; getsruno—sturgeon; hingwit—whiting; rainedsardine; uttor—trout; now min!—minnow; ordenful—flounder; stelmin—smelt; keepril—pickerel; potran—tarpion; grinher—herring; niphold—dolphin; hewla—whale.

"Time's up!" Gob announced, breaking an absorbed silence.

"Listen to him!" grunted Fatty. "I was just getting started."

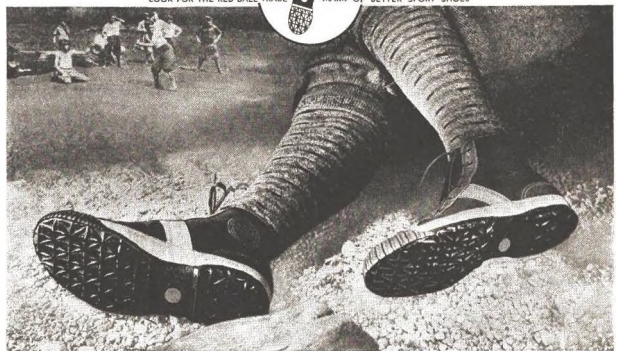
"Poor li' weakfish!" sympathized Smitty.

After Gob Heming had checked the books, he declared Donald Newton the winner with 12 correct names out of the 18, and gave him a doughnut for first prize.

"Next time you go fishing," he explained, "use this sinker."

After acknowledging the grateful bows of the honored Donald, he announced the casting contest, and called Fred up. He escorted Fred to one end of the room, handed him a light rod and line. At the end of the line was a hook with a feather fastened to it.

"Cast across the room into that pan," (Continued on page 42)



THEY CAN "take it" THESE HUSKY BALL-BAND SPORT SHOES

Yes, they are built for long, hard wear, these husky sport shoes. For Ball-Band uses only the finest materials and workmanship, and reinforces each shoe from toe to heel for greater strength. Then there's the STA-KLEEN insole that helps keep boys' feet healthy because it does not absorb perspiration or pick up dirt. See these famous 1934 sport shoes at your Ball-Band dealer's. Note the new, snappy styles, the new colors, the new sure-footed soles. Try on a pair. See how fine they look and how well they fit. Mishawaka Rubber & Woolen Manufacturing Company, 491 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana.



FAST ... because they always fit perfectly. They are light in weight and comfortable. And they give the flashing speed and the fast footwork that help win games.



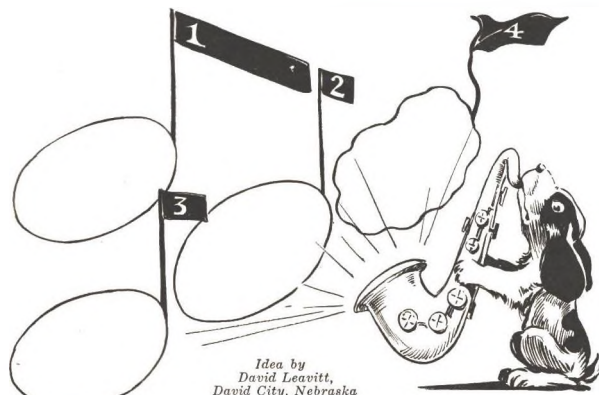
CLEAN ... because the non-absorbent STA-KLEEN insole and the ungluing AIR-FLOW uppers allow feet to breathe, and keep them healthy and comfortable.



SURE-FOOTED ... because specially designed soles grip the ground and hold firm on the most slippery surface. You can certainly "go places" with them.

BALL-BAND

Readers, Sound Your A's!



Idea by David Leavitt, David City, Nebraska

WHICH story or article sings the sweetest music in your ear? The sax-playing pup wants to know so that he can get more of the same, for future issues. When you've read the entire magazine, pick the four stories you like best, write the titles, in order, on the proper notes, and mail the ballot to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. That's your method of helping the editors plan your magazine.

Your Name.....Age.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

PINS 30¢ YOU WANT CLASS PINS—we have them! any letters, any year, any color. Silver plated, 1 to 12, 200 ea.; gold plated, 40¢ ea.; sterling, 50¢ ea. Silver plated, 12 or more, 50¢ ea; gold plated, 40¢ ea; sterling, 40¢ ea. Sterling silver rings as above, 1 or more, \$1.00 ea. Write For Free Catalogue, Medalist Co. Inc. Factory 5 Rochester, N.Y.

RINGS 1.50

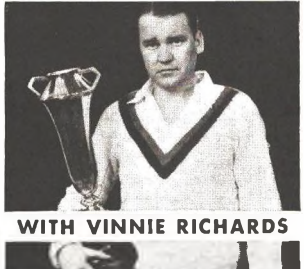
Print Your Own
Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Advertising etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Junior Press, \$5.30. Job press \$11 up. Power \$165. Easy rules sent. Write for free catalog with all details. The MELSER Co., V-27, Meriden, Conn.

EARN \$40 A MONTH
AT HOME!
"Yes, you can easily earn up to \$40 an hour at home stringing tennis rackets. LEARN BY EXPERIENCE. EARN in a few minutes. I've already helped many fellows make \$20 to \$40 and MORE per month. Each job pays 20¢! PROFIT. Think of it! Go into partnership with Dad or friend... your home is your office! Grab this great opportunity, plan now to make \$200 to \$500 each week! QUICK—write for FREE details to W. A. BOREL, Dept. 23, 84 809 W. Madison, Chicago, Ill.

Learn to MOUNT BIRDS
No an expert Taxidermist. We teach you at home. Game-Heads to tan skins. Mount with same skin common animals, squirrels, rabbit, frogs and pigeons. Big profits in spare time.
FREE BOOK Tells all about how to have a wonderful hobby and how to turn your spare time into Sure Profits. Free. Send Today. Don't Delay.
N.W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERM, 1084 Court Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

20X MARINE SPY-GLASS \$1.95
Frustrated
No. 308—All metal; black stipple enamel; 1 draw (nickel); cleared 16"; ext. 10"; tube 1 1/2"; objective F; full to power.
Well made, needs little care. Ppd. \$1.95.
No. 808—Telescope; 16 power; 5 sections; over 3 feet long. Brass; leatherette body; black metal rings. Ppd. \$1.25.
NEW Catalog F1—Mirrors and Telescopes \$1 to \$25; Air Pistols, Firearms, Knives, etc. Send money to F. J. LEE SALES CO., 35 West 32nd Street, New York

TENNIS STROKING



WITH VINNIE RICHARDS

See how a World's Champion plays his strokes! Send for Vincent Richards' free booklet illustrating and explaining in detail his forearm drive, backhand slice, forearm volley, overhead smash, backhand volley and service. All the most important shots in tennis in a form you can study and improve your game. Yet it costs you nothing! Fill out the coupon today for your free copy and full information about the world famous Dunlop tennis ball and racket. Clip coupon now.

CLIP COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET
Dunlop Tire and Rubber Co.
3111 Empire State Bldg., New York.
Please send me free copy of "Stroking with Vinnie Richards." \$2
Name.....
Address.....

FREE CATALOG ON HOODED POWER
 "I NEVER KNEW YOU WENT IN FOR OUTBOARDS!"
 "I NEVER DID UNTIL ONE ENVIROUR PULLED THIS ONE OUT OF HIS SEA BAG. IT'S SO CLEAN AND SMOOTH AND QUIET THAT NO-ONE IS LIKE SAILING!"

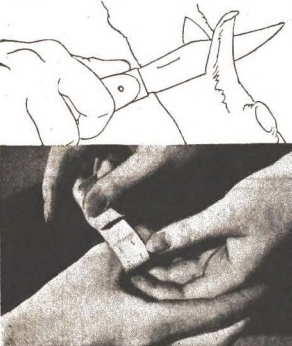
Address: **OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION**
 9812 N. 27th STREET—MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

CHICAGO SCOUT FLYING Roller Skates
A Wheel Within A Wheel

There's only one Double-Tread "Triple-Ware" Wheel "CHICAGO'S" are patented. They spin faster, run smoother—last longer.

Best Quality
 Demand "CHICAGO'S" The World's Greatest FREE BOOK! "How to Roller Skate," Games, etc. Send 10¢ if you want Gold p. Club Pk. Write Now!

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
 Roller Skates with Records for Over 28 Years
 4444 West Lake Street Chicago, Illinois



FIRST AID TO CUTS

Guard against serious infection by treating even small cuts with antiseptic—then covering them with Drybak Band-Aid—the only ready-to-use wound dressing with a waterproof adhesive strip attached. Cleaner, neater, safer—every Band-Aid is individually wrapped. In convenient tins at your druggist.

DRYBAK BAND-AID
 Waterproof

SEND THIS COUPON

with your name plainly written in margin with 5¢ in coin for packet of Drybak Band Aid and pamphlet "First Steps to First Aid". Address Dept. B-4

Johnson & Johnson
 New Brunswick, New Jersey

(Continued from page 41)
 the host explained. "Every man gets three tries."
 Fred made a very careful attempt, and missed by five feet.
 A chorus of hoots greeted his failure, but the derision changed to applause when a moment later, Pete Smith dropped the feather into the pan.
 At the end of the contest, Pete was the only man who had hit the mark twice, and he received for his performance a fifty-foot tape measure.
 "That'll be big enough to measure anything you catch," Gob remarked.
 "Well, it'll measure the bait, anyway," Pete qualified.
 The host next announced that everyone would now start to go fishing. "There are fish—paper fish—hidden in every part of the downstairs except the kitchen," he said. "The man who brings me the greatest number when I call 'Time' wins the prize."
 Jack Cummings proved to be the best hunter, and won a small pair of scales. "To weigh your catch," he was told.
 The next contest Heming called "Measuring Your Catch." A large fish, cut from paper, was placed upon the floor at one end of the room. At the other end, a huge sheet of brown wrapping paper was thumb-tacked to the wall. Each contestant leaned over the fish, measured it with his hands, then got to his feet and walked to the brown wrapping paper, attempting meanwhile to keep his hands the right distance apart. When he got to the paper, Gob marked the points at which his hands touched it, drew a line between the two points, and placed on it the initials of the contestant.
 The game became wild when the spectators tried to "fuss" each entrant into moving his hands. Fatty breathed so hard as he walked across the room, that his two hands moved in and out at least four inches. Fred won, and the genial host advanced with the prize.

"I take delight in presenting you," announced Gob Heming, "this genuine, multiple worm bait box."
 Fred looked dubiously at an old tobacco can with a hole punched in it. "The tobacco will kill the worms!" he protested.
 "Let that be a lesson to you," replied the host. "Time for eats!"
 Fat reached the dining room first. The table was covered with sea green crepe over which was laid a tennis net. At each place was a fish cut from paper with the name of a fish written on it. As each boy entered the room he received a slip of paper containing a conundrum whose solution gave him the clue to his place at the table. Of course, when Jack Cummings read on his slip, "What fish does one eat on bread?" he went straight to the "butterfish" place card. And Fred knew right away that "The fish that plays in the orchestra" was the "drum fish." But it took Pete Smith a long time to discover that "the fish that is always paid for at home" was "C.O.D.," and Smitty had to wait until everyone was seated before he found out that the "fish that sings deep" was "bass."
 The fish that struggles along, Fatty learned, is a "founder," while another at once knew that the fish with an odor is a "smelt." The fish that misers love proved to be the "goldfish" and the fish on which birds stand was the "perch." The one with the college yell turned out to be the "ray," and the one on which man walks was the "sole."
 After supper, Gob collected the gang around the fireplace for a session of fish stories.
 "The wildest one wins a prize," the host promised.
 Hilarious hoots acclaimed each story, and the result was in doubt until Fatty told about the lake where fish were so thick that he had to shove his bait down into the water with an oar.
 He won a can of sardines.

Wilderness Debt

(Continued from page 10)

bear fell back. The next instant he was beaten to earth under the sledge-hammer blows of the bull's great forefeet. The bear struck only once, and the blow cut Iskut's shoulder to the bone. Then the bear was blotted out, obliterated under sharp, pounding feet.
 Iskut didn't pause until the bear was a shapeless mass of black fur. The great bull was stamping out not only his fear of bears, but a lifetime hatred of them. At last, however, he ceased, winded by his exertions. He moved down to the lake again, where he waded into the water and drank deeply. Then he set off on a long ramble that took him to many other lakes.
 It was at dusk when the thing happened. He was making his way through the woods, bound for the lake he had visited the previous night, and where he had driven off the lynx, when he heard a sound that electrified him—the low, nasal call of a cow!
 Instantly he answered, and went thundering joyously through the brush. Again he heard her, and again he answered. Nor did he stop until he had reached the lake and begun working along the shore.
 Now he marked where she was waiting—near the mouth of the little creek that emptied into the lake. He paused but a moment to thrash the brush with his antlers. Then he hurried forward. A hundred yards from the spot where she should be waiting he paused cautiously.
 Suddenly he heard the call again, low and entreating this time. Reassurance came, and with an answering bawl, he stepped forth.
 Up in the cedar, the porcupine was

growing restless. After his first panic at sight of the men, fear left him. They seemed to be harmless enough. He fidgeted about on the limb above them and bethought himself of the nearby aspens, where he could eat. The cedar offered him no food. He decided to descend, keeping on the opposite side from where the men sat. Slowly and awkwardly, he began to back down the tree.
 The low moaning of the birch-bark horn, in the hands of the guide, didn't disturb the porcupine. Nor did he pause when the men changed their positions, and got behind the tree, until Crane, the big-game hunter, was directly beneath the animal.
 As a matter of fact, Crane never heard that light scratching of bark above his head, or if he did, he attributed it to a squirrel or some other harmless creature. Crane was concentrated solely on the idea of planting a bullet in the heart of the approaching moose. The guide had pointed out that Iskut might charge if only wounded.
 There must be no slip-up. Tense, watchful, yet coolly enough, Crane waited.
 When the bull paused at the edge of the brush, less than a hundred yards distant, the guide breathed into the birch-bark horn that low, pleading note. Then the guide, keeping the tree between him and the bull, moved silently to the creek and, stopping the small end of the horn with his finger, dipped the thing full of water. Back behind the tree once more, the man lifted the horn to the level of his shoulder and allowed the water to run out into the sand, with a rather loud, splashing noise.
 That was too much for old Iskut.

CAMPS

CAMPS Information

FREE catalogues and expert advice on A.L. Boys' or Girls' camps in U.S. (also Schools). Relative standing from official inspections. State Chartered Information Bureau. No fees. Address:—

AMERICAN CAMPS ASSOCIATION
 1212 C. Tower Building,
 New York City, N. Y.
 521 Field Annex,
 Chicago

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT SUMMER CAMP
 JULY 5 TO AUGUST 30
 Navy camp with navy atmosphere

It's new! It's different—the glorious, thrilling experience that awaits you at this national summer camp. Located on Long Island Sound, near the famous Harriet Bay. For boys 12-20. Tell Dad about it now—he'll want to send you when he learns all the facts which will send you your request.

Rowing, sailing, seamanship, navigation, land sports. Expert instructors. Several types of water craft. Frequent cruises. Cadets housed in modern school building. 15 miles from N. Y., 56 from Philadelphia. 625 includes uniforms, and tutoring in any high school subject.

REAR ADMIRAL SAMUEL S. ROBINSON,
 U. S. N. (Ret.), Superintendent
 Catalog, Box 18, Tarry River, N. J.

8 glorious weeks of Culver training this summer! Lake Michigan cruise for Midshipmen, Tipicacoo. Crew can trip for Woodcrafters.

CULVER
 SUMMER SCHOOLS
 Academic tutoring | Idealist | Moderate
 try hike for Troopers. Thrilling sports.
 cost. 4) Lake Shore Walk, Culver, Ind. on Lake Michigan

CAMP ELDERADO

1000 acres of land in the heart of the Adirondack Park. One of the finest and most beautiful camps in the Adirondack Park. All facilities. A complete program of instruction. June 18 - September 2. Col. Richard P. Kelly, Supl., Box 388-B, P.O. Box 110, Cairo, N. Y.

CAMP OUTLET

Island location in Adirondacks, free from back fish, mosquitoes, gnats. Staff of nationally known experts. All facilities. Swimming, fishing, water polo, tennis, soccer, baseball. Many canoe and mountain trips. Hosts for parents.

G. R. LONGSTAFF, 8832 Clinton Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMPS

Here you'll become a real woodsman, ride like a cowboy, canoe like an Indian. On mountain lake. Counselors are experienced and real "pals" for campers. Photography, woodcraft, and many other interesting and educational activities. Booklet "Adirondack Woodcraft Camps" free.

WM. H. ABBOTT, Dir., Box 63-A, Univ. Sta., Syracuse, N. Y.

GOEDENBERG MILITARY SCHOOLS FOUR TRIBE CAMP
Shaw-Mi-Dei-Eca
 Ideally located. All sports and camp activities. Accredited educational work. Home-back riding on our own horses—no extra charge. Reasonable rate.

Col. M. B. Moore, President, Box B, Lumberton, N. C.

MYSTERY!

Gold thieves, down in the dark shafts of the Seven-up mine! You'll meet danger, dynamite, and Elizabeth, the Mule, in Winston Norman's gold-mine story, "Mystery Underground!"

The May issue also brings a story of white fishing in the hurricane-tossed Antarctic, in "Below Cape Horn," by Jackland Marmar. There'll be a Jimmie Rhodes flying story, a rocketing track yarn, a hilarious crew-and-fraternity adventure, and a three-cornered scrap between Hide-rack, the red-gold collie, a timber wolf, and a purebred Persian cat!

Be Sure to Read the May AMERICAN BOY

180 N. Michigan Chicago, Ill.
 7410 Second Detroit, Mich.

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

Throwing caution to the winds, he stepped forth, and Crane's gun swept upward, the sights steady on the bronze-black coat of the giant. As the hunter pressed the trigger, there was a sharp, slapping sound, directly above his head. Unconsciously he flinched—and the metal-jacketed bullet merely burned the grizzled hair across one shoulder of the bull.

In a movement incredibly quick for a beast of such size, Iskut wheeled and was gone with a crashing of brush. Fear of wild creatures he had none, but these men who had sticks that spat lightning and thunder smote him with terror.

Cursing, Crane stood up and saw the porcupine for the first time. Despite his disappointment, the guide chuckled.

"That there porky was backing down the tree right over yo'r head," he deduced. "When yuh threw up yo'r gun, quicklike, yuh startled him, and he slapped the tree with his tail. Don't blame yuh for missin' that bull, Mr. Crane, but it was too bad, jest the same!"

"Too bad?" raged Crane. "It's so

bad that I'm going to kill this prickly beast, right now!"

He threw up the gun again, but the guide stopped him.

"No," he said firmly, "'twon't do any good, anyhow. Up in this country we don't kill porkies, unless we're starvin'. They're the only critter up here that a man can kill with a club. reckon many a starvin' man owes his life to 'em."

Then he led Crane away. From somewhere out on the darkened lake, a big loon, disturbed by the gunshot and the voices of the men, called loudly. It sounded to Crane like a burst of sardonic laughter, and he cursed under his breath.

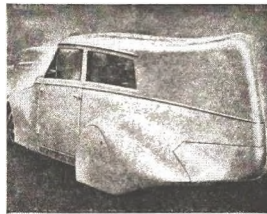
And the porcupine, likewise confused by the unusual noises, remained hanging to the side of the tree for fully ten minutes longer. Then he resumed his journey, reached his favorite aspen safely, and began feeding contentedly, as though nothing had happened.

Nor did he realize, any more than did old Iskut himself, that Fate had used him as an effective though humble instrument to repay the debt of life that he owed to the giant bull.

What Is Streamlining?

(Continued from page 21)

at the very front of the car, by using the front wheels as the driving wheels, and having only one rear wheel for steering. There are certain drawbacks to such a car in spite of its fine aerodynamics. A car with only one rear wheel is surely in greater danger of turning over than the four-wheeled car. It also seems a trifle risky to put the passengers right at the front end—an unpleasant position in case of a head-on collision.



This car with the rudder-like rear was produced in France.

Many other engineers are seriously considering putting the engine in the rear of their cars. Accompanying diagrams will show why. With the rear engine position it is easy to secure airship form and more room for the passengers. Furthermore, the transmission from the engine to the rear driv-

ing wheels is much shorter, lighter and easier. Whether these advantages will outweigh the hazards involved, the force of custom, and the accessibility and convenience of the front engine under a hood, is for the future to tell.

Whether the final perfect aerodynamic shape for the automobile will ever

be used is a real question. All engineering design is a matter of compromise. Everything cannot be sacrificed to reduction of air resistance, and it may be hard to improve on such types as the "Airflow" and the "Mistral." But the fact remains that real aerodynamic progress has been made, that the public recognizes it, and that the keenest minds in the industry will continue to work on the problem. The advantages of streamlining are too many to give up.

Where Would You Like to Go?

Here's a Trip-Planning Contest With Cash Prizes

WHAT country would you like to visit?

England, with its lovely Shakespeare country, its grim Tower of London, its Oxford and Eton and Stonehenge? France, with its boulevards and shops and battlefields? Some other country in Europe, perhaps where your great grandparents lived?

If you had the money and the opportunity, and could go only to one country, would you pick one of those countries where the ruins of ancient civilizations rise alongside modern office buildings? For instance Italy, with its Coliseum and Pompeii, Greece with its Acropolis, and Egypt with its great pyramids and temples?

Or Africa where there are still frontiers and native tribes and wild animals? The Orient, maybe? South America? Australia?

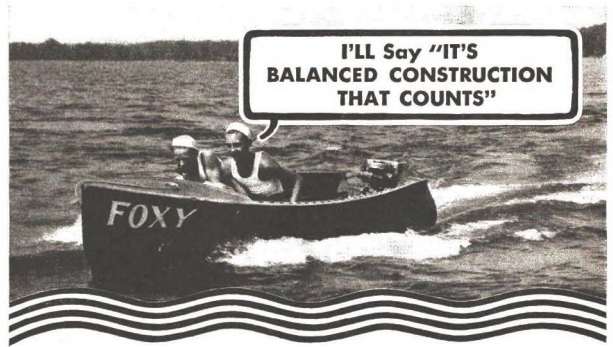
The world is waiting to be explored, and some day you will be boarding a liner and embarking on the glorious adventure of foreign travel. It's never too early to plan. The more you think about travel now, the more surely it

will come true. To encourage you, *The American Boy* offers cash prizes for the best 300-word essays on the subject:

"What Country I'd Like Most to Visit, and Why"

The eight cash prizes are: \$10, \$5, \$3, and five awards of \$1. The first installments, we hope, of the travel fund that you will build up, dollar by dollar, until you can buy a ticket to new lands and new thrills.

The contest closes April 16—your entry should be in our hands on that date. Mail it to the Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Write your essay clearly—if possible with a typewriter—on one side of the sheet only. Put your name, age, address, and year in school (if you attend one) at the top of each sheet. Please don't ask us to return your essay; keep a carbon if you wish. To save postage, inclose your best reading ballot—there's one on page 41. Results will be published in the June issue.



New Features . . . New Performance New Convenience . . . New Value

—all are combined with "Balanced Construction" to make the 1934 SEA-HORSE line the greatest Johnson has ever built!

No other factor is so important in outboard motoring as "balanced construction"—where speed and power are in "balance" with all working parts—not too little to perform brilliantly—not so much as to cause excess strain and short life.

See these new motors at your dealer's. Learn about the new patented Co-Pilot, the new Rubber Mounted Steering Handle, the new Carburetor Silencer, the new Light Twin and other important developments!

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
900 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterboro, Can.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES



Send for Your Copies

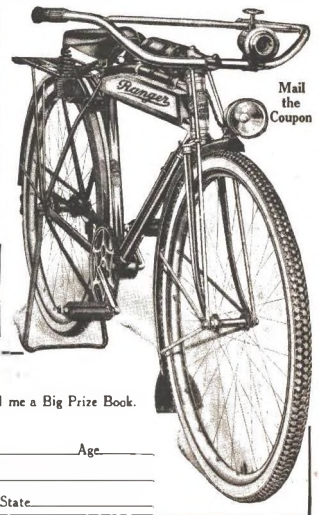
Don't buy any outboard until you know all about "balanced construction." Fully covered in this free booklet. Also get your copy of the 1934 SEA-HORSE Handy Chart, describing the new line of Seven Sturdy SEA-HORSES. Free. Write at once.

BOYS WIN THIS BICYCLE

And Your Choice of 300 Other Big Prizes!



Win this speedy motorbike and coast down the street like a rocket! Get a printing press, start a business, and make money. Win a watch, athletic equipment, your own clothing, etc. You can have your choice of 300 prizes—without cost! Make MONEY, besides. It's easy! Just deliver 3 well-known magazines to customers in your neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or play. Mail the coupon NOW. Start winning MONEY and PRIZES.



Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 367
The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio
Dear Jim: Start me as a salesman and send me a Big Prize Book. I want to win MONEY and PRIZES.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SCHOOLS

EASTERN

SOUTHERN

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

A broad, basic, intensive course for men of limited time, complete in one school year. Approved by employers and by industry. Modern buildings, 41 years' successful experience. Catalog on request.

BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
281 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

CARSON LONG INSTITUTE

★ Military School Educates the whole boy—physically, mentally, morally. How to learn, how to labor, how to live. Prepares for college or business. Character building supreme. Rates \$500.00. Write for catalog. Box 20, New Bloomfield, Pa.

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

Reserve college preparation under Brothers of the Christian School. Small classes. Well equipped buildings on 180-acre long island estate. Pool and tennis available. 9 hole golf course. R. O. T. C. Junior Dept. 1929 year. Moderate rate. Catalog. Registrar, Box 6, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

College preparatory and business courses. Small classes. Experienced teachers. Accredited. Graduation in 40 colleges. Summer Session. 36th year. Catalog. Registrar-General T. D. LAMB, Box 104, Bordentown, N. J.

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

Accredited preparatory school in historic location. New modern buildings. A faculty of specialists. Sports teams. Cavalry. Registrar, Box 100, Valley Forge, Pa.

PEDDIE Prepares boys thoroughly for College Entrance Board Examinations. His forms, including two grammar grades. Boys from 51 states. Modern buildings. 140 acres. Athletics for every boy. Riding school. 6th year. Summer Session July 16 to Sept. 1. Catalog. Roger W. Swatland, Box 4-2, Nightstown, N. J.

MID-WESTERN

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

ALTON, ILL. Wisconsin. 100-acre campus. 100 buildings. Accredited. Ages 10 to 19. "Character First." 5233 34th. CATALOG.

PILLSBURY ACADEMY

The small classes and personal interest of our instructor make this preparatory school popular. Modified military training. All sports, gymnasium, swimming pool. Special music course. Redwood Junior School. 1847 yr. Catalog. OLMAR F. RIBBON, Headmaster, Box 544, Owatonna, Minn.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Ordnance to colleges. Lower school for younger boys. New athletic field in heart of modern city. Catalog. Colonel A. M. Henshaw, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Effective preparation for college. Faculty of "top specialists." All sports. 140 buildings. Catalog. 344 DeKoven Hall, Oakfield, Wis.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

4th year. Fully accredited. 43 miles from Kansas City. Col. S. Sellers, 424 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

MORGAN PARK

In Chicago suburb. Combines human understanding with training of a military academy. College preparation. Small classes. Military system. Sports. Lower school. Not for profit. Catalog. COL. H. D. ABELLS, Supt., Box 144, Morgan Park, Ill.

He's over—with a surplus hour at constant practice. Typical Howe performance. Whether in sports, on drill ground, or in classroom, you will be helped by inspiring new teachers to achieve your aim. Thorough college preparation. Business courses. All sports on field and lake. Equipment modern and complete. Junior school. 49th year. DR. K. O. CROSBY, Rector. For catalog address: The Adjutant, Howe, Indiana. Hown boys come from 20 states.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

One of America's distinguished preparatory schools. Complete training of boys 11-18. Write for literature. Registrar, Box 64, Kable P. O., Staunton, Va.

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL OF MINES

ONE of the Nation's outstanding mining schools... Courses in Mining, Metallurgy, Parastat and Mining Geology, and General... Practical instruction, small classes, fine equipment, modern facilities... Send for Catalog No. 42. H. A. REED, REGISTRAR, SOCORRO, N. M.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High School and Junior College. Every Boy Rides. Col. D. C. Pearson, Superintendent, Box N, Roswell, New Mexico.

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

MAKING MEN - NOT MONEY. Accredited in National System offering all preparatory school advantages at minimum cost. Separate Junior School. For catalog, address Col. A. H. Camden, Pres., Box D, Chestnut, Va.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

Accredited. Near White Sulphur Springs. Altitude 2200 ft. Boys 8 to 21. All sports. Summer Camp. Catalog. Address Box B, Col. H. B. BOGGS, Lewisburg, W. Va.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

Oldest private military school in America. Write for booklet describing winter session on Gulf at Venice, Florida. Address: Col. Ches. B. Richmond, President, Box B.

RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY

Distinguished military preparatory school. Boys 10-21. Six months in Blue Ridge Moon Base with winter session Hollywood, Fla. Golf Course, swimming, tennis, ocean sports, aviation. Catalog. Col. SANDY BEAVER, Box B, Sealeville, Ga.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

A boy's development in dependability, initiative, personality, character depends on the school he attends. Since 1874 has been developing the finest possibilities in pupils from 44 states. Catalog. Box 12, Sweetwater, Tennessee.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited 42nd Yr. Catalog. Registrar and separate Junior School. Rates very moderate. For catalog address: Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt., Box 624, Millersburg, Ky.

Randolph Bacon ACADEMY

MILITARY ACCREDITED 42nd YEAR. Prepares for college through intensive study methods. New 6000 sq. ft. building. Supervised athletics. Address: COL. JOHN C. BOGGS, Principal, Box B, Front Royal, Va.

When Simba Came!

Behind a Thin Thorn Wall, Armed Only With Bow and Arrow, These Hunters Awaited Their Lion

Told to Martin A. Klaver
By ART YOUNG

NO one can tell what a lion will do, says Art Young, whose arrows have shot seven of them. He may charge, and he may not. But you can be sure of this—he will stand only so much before he acts. And once he attacks, he either succeeds or dies. Twenty-three times Art Young has been charged by lions, so he should know.

Lions, grizzlies, mountain lions, walrus, Kodiak bear, polar bear—all these have fallen to Art Young's arrows. Yet he will tell you proudly that he has never killed merely for the sake of killing. He shot game for food, for muscums, or to get rid of meat-eaters that prey on other animals. In this article he tells you of some of his experiences with lions.

FOR a long time the only sound had been the gnawing rasp of a wood beetle. Then even that sound stopped, and utter stillness rushed down like a vast black shadow. We lay without a whisper in our roofless boma, looking up at the close, bright African stars. The night held the whole world in silence, deep, watchful, breathless.

I could not help straining my ears, trying to pierce that impenetrable hush, striving to discover what was going on in the secretive bush outside. I heard nothing, but the sense of wild things moving in the dark, stealthily, furtively, stayed with me. It seemed to me that any instant the tension must snap—I caught myself tightening my muscles to be ready for it.

We were waiting for Simba, the lion, to come to the meat we had placed barely ten yards from us in the little clearing beyond our thorn barrier. When he came we would loose our arrows at him through windows in the boma. We had no other weapons. Would Simba come? Would he see us through the windows? Would he charge if our arrows struck home?

The profound quiet held. We waited, listening.

Dr. Saxton Pope and I, with Stewart Edward White, the novelist, had come to Leslie Simson's camp in Tanganyika Territory, British East Africa, to test out the arrow against lions. At home we had shot mountain lions and grizzlies, and I had a Kodiak bear to my credit.

We had found the arrow a merciful weapon, because it either kills quickly or leaves a clean wound that will heal in a very short time. But we had learned that it will not stop a charging animal, so our plan was to let White and Simson stand by with rifles to take care of too-persistent lions. Even then it was dangerous business. While we wait in our boma, let me tell you of one hunt.

Simson's camp was 6,000 feet up, in rolling, grass-covered plains. It was lion country with a vengeance—in our five months there I saw nearly 400 different lions. No wonder there was a government bounty on them! Twenty-three times lions tried to make cat-meat of me. One lion charge is really ample for a single lifetime. The sun was just throwing a leg over the horizon when we chugged away from camp one morning in Simson's flivver.

Soon we came on a big, tawny, maned lion, pacing majestically along through the grass. Behind the king came his retinue—we counted three jackals and 18 hyenas. Evidently this fellow knew how to kill.

We swung parallel to him and gradually closed the gap. At 60 yards he turned and

lay down, facing us. If we wanted to come closer, we could take the consequences. He wouldn't be pushed around any longer by a noisy, gasoline-smelling thing that followed him on four circular legs.

We stopped, piled out. Dr. Pope and I drew and loosed. Our aim was bad, but one arrow fell between his forepaws. Instantly he stood up, charged.

Now a lion can cover a hundred yards, loping, in seven seconds. At full speed he can do the distance in from four to five seconds. I think this was a four-second lion—and he was only ninety yards away. My bow weighed 83 pounds—to draw it required that much pull—and Dr. Pope's weighed 75 pounds. Our arrows were tipped with pointed steel blades, razor keen. But even if we hit this lion, he would be on us before he died. Arrows wouldn't stop him.

White didn't hesitate an instant. As soon as the king was on his feet, he hit him with a bullet. Simson smashed him again, at 25 yards, with his big double 577. Still he came on. At 20 feet White hit him a second time. Then that great yellow-brown body flashed into the air, launching itself straight at Simson to strike him breast high and bowl him over.

It was magnificent courage, superb single-mindedness!

Simson had one shot left. Calmly he aimed, fired. Then, like light, he dodged. He saw the massive maned head droop in the air, the splendid body slacken. Three yards further on he came to earth, still facing us, but dead.

Simson gave me a long look. The same day I bought his spare rifle. With lions it's best to take precautions.

But White had been away with Simson elsewhere when natives had come to our camp to tell us about a cattle-killer who was decimating their herds. So tonight we had no rifles for protection—the boma would have to serve.

I don't know how long that silence, absolute, oppressive, continued. I do know that a moon came up as we lay there. Then, without the slightest warning that anything had passed our boma, we heard a dull, moist, tearing sound, followed by the scraping of a rough tongue on flesh, an eager, avid lapping. Simba had come!

Slowly, noiselessly, we got up. There, in the brilliant moonlight, was a huge, black-maned lion, ripping at the meat. His mane stood out, silver-tipped, tremendous, in the moon rays. His body was mottled with black and silver where the leaves held back the white light or let it sift through. He was so close we could have tossed our hats on him. Sound-

Make Your Own!

HERE'S your chance to learn how to shoot the bow and arrow—and how to make your own for less than \$3—under the tutelage of Art Young, whose skill has brought down almost every kind of game. Do this: Send five cents (coin or stamps) to the Archery Editor, American Boy Magazine, New Center Building, Detroit. By return mail you'll get a copy of "Arrows in the Bull's Eye," by Art Young.

Art Young has always made his own bows and arrows—and he made them good enough in risk his life with them. Write today!

HERE'S A JOB FOR YOU!

Looking for a job? Here's one that has given an attractive spare-time income to thousands of fellows like yourself. No experience required. No red tape. Write today for The American Boy Agents Plan. It offers a splendid way for you to earn your own spending money.

THE AMERICAN BOY

180 N. Michigan Blvd. Chicago, Ill. 7430 Second Blvd. Detroit, Mich.

less we reached for our bows, already strung, and fitted our arrows. Soundlessly we drew, and at the whispered count of six we released the full power of the strained tough wood. A twang, and the arrows leaped whistling through the open windows in front of us. And then, action!

The king was hit! He sprang up in the air, roaring, whirled about all in one movement, then landed spraddle-legged ten feet from us. A low, terrific, blasting roar exploded right in our faces. Front legs apart, braced, he shook his terrible maned head from side to side. He wanted to charge and kill this thing that had stabbed him so deeply.

No doubt he saw us. No doubt the situation was crammed with danger. Hunters in the past had been seen by lions through just such openings, and the lions had leaped through the windows or over the top of the thorn wall to strike them down. The only thing to do was to stand still—to make the lion think we were inanimate.

He was in a majestic rage. Harsh thunder rolled up from his mighty chest until it fairly shook us. His tail lashed violently from side to side. Legs apart, he thrust up his regal head, jaws wide, defying us. Probably he



This lion was only ten yards away.

stood there thus only four or five seconds, but it was long enough. Then, finding no one he could strike, he turned, ran a little way, and fell dead.

We waited until morning before we went close to him. Then we found only one arrow in his body. Dr. Pope's shaft apparently had been deflected by a branch.

The conclusion we finally reached was that the bow is not the weapon to use in lion-hunting. But where the danger is not too great, it is far more sporting than the rifle, because it demands ten times more hunting skill, persistence, intelligence. It is hard to fail to bring down game with a rifle—with the bow it is a distinct triumph to succeed.

Before I end this second of the two articles I have prepared for readers of *The American Boy*, let me say there is one thing I want more than any other. It is that the youth of America will grow into true men and women, alert, clean-living, strong. I attribute much of my success as a hunter to the fact that I do not use alcohol and tobacco. I believe they help none, harm many. To deal fairly by your body and mind, stay clear of them.

That's the trail I am following now. Come with me.

Money to Be Made!

There's More Than One Way to Sneak Up on the Unwary Dollar

If you want money for fishing tackle, bicycle tires, tennis rackets, your college fund, a trip, or anything else, try one of the following methods of lining your pocket. They're practical workable tips straight from experienced dollar hunters.

F. E. Proctor, Jr., Crafton, Pa., paints porch furniture. He uses any kind of paint the customer wants and bills him for it. His prices are 25 cents for a table, 30 cents for a chair, and 35 cents for a swing. In six weeks he painted 48 chairs, 15 tables, and 24 swings for a total profit of \$26.55. He had no trouble finding customers. Men who work in an office, he discovered, don't like to paint furniture at night.

Dave Ruth, Avalon, Pa., turns phlox into bucks. He plants the fast-growing phlox in his back yard, splits the full-grown clumps into six small clumps and sells them to suburban residents at 35 cents apiece. He also supplies a nursery man in Pittsburgh at 25 cents a clump. As a side line he cleans porches.

Addison Beeman, Gooding, Idaho, converts his sunlit window ledge into money. In one-pound coffee cans he plants garden seeds such as tomato, egg plant and peppers. When the plants show their second leaves he transplants them to shallow boxes. When they're a little larger he transplants them to individual pasteboard boxes and sells them at a nickel apiece. Start them early, he advises, and prepare to collect.

Laurel Piper, Tallulah, La., takes care of gardens at 25 cents an hour. He does one garden each morning in the week and finishes by noon so that he can have the afternoons to himself.

Growing old-fashioned sage, Charles T. Faucett, Princeton, Ill., discovered, is profitable business. Buy the seed, plant it in your back yard according to

directions on the package—it takes only a little space—and in the early fall pick off the tender leaves. Dry them in an old dress box in the hot attic and sell them for five cents an ounce. The plants will continue to bear for several years.

Try turning your skill with hammer and saw into cash. Junior Argow, Rice Lake, Wis., made bird feeds 12" long, 8" wide and 7" high. He put on a peaked roof, painted the feeds green and white, put them on a stand, and sold them for a dollar. Materials cost him only a dime apiece. In marketing his feeds he used his best one for a sample. Net profit from the sale of ten feeds, \$9.

Emerson Gaze, Venice, Calif., co-operates with screen makers much to his own profit. They don't want to paint the screens, so he does it. He's earned as high as 50 cents an hour.

Boys in the Pacific Northwest find unusual ways to earn money. In sheep country they collect tufts of wool left by scratching sheep and sell bagful of it. In the prune sections they gather shriveled fruit and sell it for the value of the kernels.

Some go on digitals (foxglove) hunts. They find the medicinal plants along certain streams and roadsides. Chittam bark, used in making pills, also has value. Ditto pine cones, which may be marketed to the forest service.

Boys who live on the seashore collect and sell shiny agates to tourists. Others dig razorback clams out of the sand and sell them. Still others gather and sell huckleberries to the canneries. Flower lovers go into the mountains and bring back rare lily bulbs to nurseries.

Every neighborhood produces its own ways of earning money. Look around you alertly. An incautious dollar may be snapping at your heels!

Set the Pace on your NEW WINCHESTER FREE WHEELING ROLLER SKATES

TRADE MARK
FREE WHEELING

THEY roll so EASILY—so smoothly—so FAST! They track right—none of that hard, leg-twisting effort to keep going straight. It is you that sets the pace with the skates Winchester makes!

They're built with all the skill and care—have the good stuff in them—that you expect from Winchester, makers of World Standard Guns. Fine steel, lighter and stronger. Reinforced chassis construction—real backbone. Free-wheeling Rolls, with double row ball bearings, that do not bind. Extra wide, double treads—that give more mileage, make you sure-footed. Live rubber shock absorbers that smooth out the sidewalk or pavement bumps.

Examine a pair of Winchester Free-Wheeling Roller Skates at the store. Six models to choose from—all of them Free-Wheeling.

FREE-SKATING SECRETS
Write for this Folder that gives tips on becoming a better skater. Send post-card today to Department 1-0.

WE CUT OPEN this Winchester Free-Wheeling Roll to show you the heavier, double tread, the double row ball bearings. All Winchester Roller Skates have them.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.

5-months...
(was \$1.25)
Foreign sub.
\$05 Extra

50c

SUBSCRIBE NOW!

\$1.00 ... 1-year
(was \$2.00)
Foreign sub.
\$05 Extra

Our New S-A "The Amateur's Tabloid Aviation Journal" For Builders

SPORTSMAN AVIATION AND MODEL PLANES

Twin. Can be built for \$350 or less. Enclosed cabin optional. Its perfect balance assures stable flight with utmost safety. And a speed range almost unbelievable.

SPECIFICATIONS:

Span	30 ft.
Chord	4 ft.
Artcol	Clark Y-15
Length	17 ft. 6 in.
Height	4 ft. 6 in.
Wgt. empty	350 lbs.
Wgt. loaded	575 lbs.
High speed	100 m. p. h.
Cruising speed	85 m. p. h.
Landing speed	25 m. p. h.

Model Builders—Join the ranks! Subscribe to **SPORTSMAN AVIATION** and get your copies for clever models of entirely original designs. Flying stick, fuselage and accurately scaled types. Modern, war time and old historical non-flying replicas. "The Aerodynamics of Model Flying," and other interesting and highly valuable articles by Prof. T. N. de Bobrowsky. Many interesting designs on Gasoline Engine Models, including new types of little 2-cylinder single and double throvs, vertical, inverted and opposed. Carburetors, ignition, spark plugs, and all the other accessories. Foreign staff writers

Announcing—Here you are, boys! What readers asked **SPORTSMAN AVIATION** to give them is now ready. Just what you, too, have been waiting for. A real true honest-to-goodness lightplane of good design, simplicity and low-cost. Our S-A "Moth"! A low-wing which every amateur will dream about. Powered by the highly successful LONG 35 h.p. "Harlequin"

include such well known modelers as Mr. H. Miller, librarian of a foremost English model club, and closely affiliated with all of Europe. Also kinks, reader's activities, super scale flying designs and rare war time photos by one of the world's greatest collectors of authentic World War pictures, drawings and data—Mr. Joseph Nieto. A new cartoon series by a West Coast artist and a time saving "Question and Answer" Department.

For Lightplanes, Sportplanes and Receptacles...

SPORTSMAN AVIATION

1403 University Station
MADISON, WISCONSIN

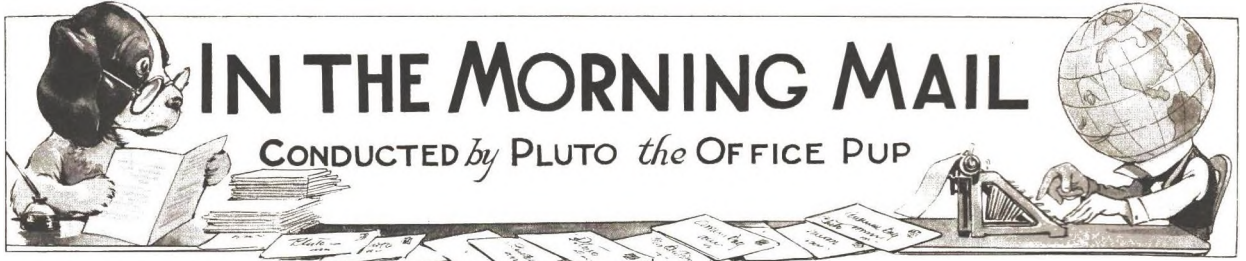
For Model Planes, Stick, Fuselage and Scale...

GIVEN Any 3 kits (Big Values) add. by nationally known companies with every 1-year \$1.00 subscription. Take your choice: Lockheed Vega, Boeing P-12F, Tezco Sky Chief, Spad, Fokker D-7, S.E.5, Col. Lindbergh's Lockheed Sirius, Green Albatross, Ford Trimotor, Hawk, Bellanca Arbutus, Consolidated Commodore, Cabin Antagiro, Balbo Savoia Marchetti, Curtiss F.A.B., Winnie Mae, Sikorsky Amphibian.

Drawings and Membership GIVEN with Every 1-year \$1.00 Subscription! No. 1—Complete set of enlarged detailed scale drawings for building your own S-A "Moth" 38 h. p. lightplane. Actually worth \$5.00 alone. No. 2—We will give your membership dues for one whole year to the Amateur Aircraft League (formerly L. A. A.), Leslie Lang, Chairman.

NOTICE: THIS COMBINATION OFFER IS NATURALLY LIMITED. SUBSCRIBE NOW!

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers



THE fourth and fifth local Kennel Clubs are now under way! In the Mill Valley, Calif., club the following members have banded together to discuss hobbies, reading, and *American Boy* stories and articles: Wallis Wenner, Jack Martin, Corwin Frazier, Ned Cory, Walter Watkin, Frank Gomez, Irving Stout, Charles Hansen, John Prew, Bob Manning, Jim Patterson, Harvey Worne, Herbert Basile, Wayne Sterne, Philip Jacks, Robert McDermott. The Moline, Ill., members are: Fred Allen, Hill Jackson, Lee Smith, Deane Allen, Jack Sundee, Fred Luecker, Hobart Prince, Bob Erwin, Jack Barber, Harry Johnson, Bill Ruekert, Al Jones, Keith Wind, Peter Allen. Anybody may form a club by sending me the signatures of 15 petitioning readers. You'll receive, promptly, an autographed portrait for your club room and a letter on organization and activities.

what a dog!

Wallis Wenner, who helped organize the Mill Valley Kennel Club, has a very courageous Scottie pup named Mac-tavish. Mr. Mac-tavish licks cats in the face. (I've never licked a cat in a fair fight, let alone in the face!)



Waterstown, Conn., secretary of a club called the I.A.C. Local Kennel Clubs might well copy that idea!

vocational stories coming up!

"I want more vocational and professional stories in the magazine," writes Deacon White, Montgomery, W. Va. "Since reading 'Ritchie of the News,' I have become news editor of my school paper. I intend to read the story again." John Olive, San Angelo, Texas, seconds this plea for vocational stories. We're planning more of them. "Keeper of the Refuge" started in the March issue and gives you a working knowledge of forestry and the important job of wild life conservation. And William Heyliger is now working on a new serial that will take you inside a manufacturing plant and introduce you to the problems of building and selling.

Kennel Clubber Royce Mills, Greenville, S. C., whose dog brings home live rabbits, now reports that his same dog leaped up into the air and caught a quail on the wing!

here's a dog hero

Pin a medal on the pointer dog belonging to Ray Govns, Glen Rock, N. J. She caught an owl that had been preying on smaller birds and saved the life of a bird then in the owl's clutches.

Edge C. Lewis, Downingtown, Penna., has been a subscriber to the *Youth's Companion* (and then the *Youth's Companion-American Boy*) for 62 successive years. He has just renewed his subscription for three years. Can anybody beat his record?

author and sports fan

B. J. Chute, who wrote "Pace-setter," the track story in this issue, is a dyed-in-the-wool sports fan. We asked him for his picture so that Morning Mail fans could see what he looks like, and he sent us the snow-drift snapshot shown on this page. Mr. Chute is in the snowdrift. His thumb-nail sketch:

"Born in Minneapolis and live now in the country, somewhere in the middle of about a hundred and fifty acres of woods. Right now I'm working in a real estate office and writing in my spare time. Got started writing because

of a passion for trekking around the country after high school and college basketball feuds which came hot and frequent around here. Addicted to football, hockey, basketball, track and nearly every sport that comes, as a fan. For personal use, my voice goes to hiking, swimming, skating and tennis. I also ski and create much merriment and happiness for my fellow man in the process. They say I look my best head-first in a snowdrift, but some thoughtful soul nearly always digs me out before the spring thaws. Very sorry I haven't a snapshot to send you, unless this portrait of myself skiing would do. You will find me about three feet below the surface in the middle of the snow pile—my usual location for that sport."

get your copy—it's free

We have on hand a limited supply of the following articles: "Getting Ready for Track," "Track Meet Where Size Doesn't Count," "Tricks That Win Points," and "Our Parlor Track Meet." The latter is an indoor party stunt. Any one of them is yours for a three-cent postage stamp, first come first served. If you want them all, send us six cents in stamps. Just write the Sports Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

signals—K-9

Wendell J. Hays, Aberdeen, S. Dak., has a police dog, Fritz von Hundenburg, who is athletically inclined. He plays a great game of football, though he has some bad characteristics, such as going out of bounds, getting offside, never waiting for signals, refusing to give up the ball, and getting mad when he's tackled. He's punctured two balls with his teeth.



"I live in a town so small that the census takers haven't found it yet," Donald Barnard, Bozertown, Mont., says. "Why not start a Forum and Apin 'Em department?" That's one purpose of this page, Barnard, so if you want to air your opinion on anything, just shoot me a letter!

new hobbies—try 'em

George Tanigo, Winters, Cal., keeps his eyes skyward, takes down registration numbers of airplanes, and identifies them. Samuel Davy, New Castle, Pa., collects insects and studies them under the microscope. Jean Trout, Cleveland, Ohio, keeps Guiana (not guinea) pigs. (Jean also has a pet snail named Ignatz.) Rexford Newcomb, Jr., of Urbana, Illinois (who sends his magazine to the local tuberculosis sanitarium),



Find the author!

from east of the Mississippi or west. The east, Sheldon, because we naturally have a greater circulation in the heavily populated sections.

you model aviators!

"I built an R. O. G. (Rise-off-ground model plane) four years ago," Dale Sullivan, Mason City, Ill., says. "Neatest little model I ever saw. I got more than my money's worth in fun, then sold it for 35 cents. It was sold twice after that and probably has a transatlantic flight to its credit by now." Joe Blackman, Llanerak, Pa., and Carl Muller, Bogota, N. J., and all other model aviation fans—there are plans in last month's *American Boy* for a sturdy little R. O. G. In this issue there's an easy-to-build fuselage model. And in later issues there'll be new treats for you. If you haven't built and flown your own ships, try it! You'll not only have a lot of fun, but you may earn some money, as Sullivan did.

Howard Pickell, Greenville, Mich., wants back copies of *The American Boy* for the years 1921, 1922, 1923, and is willing to pay for them. Write him if you want to make a deal.

the Amboy in movie-land

"Motion picture boys aren't immune to the fascination of *The American Boy*," writes E. Sawyer of the Columbia Pictures Corporation, Hollywood. "We had about thirty boys working on a picture entitled 'No Greater Glory,' and we turned them loose on some magazines. With one accord they went for *The American Boy*. So we took this picture of Jackie Searl reading the magazine and sent



Movie stars, all of them! When the director told them to rest, they ganged *The American Boy*.

has 6,000 stamps, 300 coins, 450 verifications of reception from radio stations, 600 match packets and a couple of hundred menus. Jack Fahey, Spokane, Wash., collects pictures of football players, studies them, and uses what he learns on the grid-iron. Bill McDonald, Glenwood Springs, Colo., studies people, and when he gets home puts down on paper all their characteristics he can remember. Of all those hobbies we'd rank studying people first; the ability to judge character is one quality a leader must have.

John Sheldon, Stockton, Calif., who takes care of rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons and a dog; works in a store after school; takes magazine subscriptions; acts as leader of a group of Friendly Indians, and teaches a Sunday School class, wants to know whether Pluto gets most of his letters from east of the Mississippi or west. The east, Sheldon, because we naturally have a greater circulation in the heavily populated sections.

it to you." The picture is published on this page.

Clark Collins, Birmingham, Mich., has been entering *American Boy* contests for five years and never won a prize, not even an honorable mention! That kind of perseverance deserves recognition. From now on, Collins, you're a Kennel Clubber.

speaking of pets!

"I have a pet crow that talks, laughs, says 'Hello,' cackles like a hen, pulls the cat's tail, plays with the dog and hides shiny objects," Arnold Whitney, Franklin, Vermont, states, and insists that he has proof. That's nothing, Whitney. The Pup's boss can do all those things. He talks, laughs, says "Hello," and hides a shiny object every time he puts on his hat.

a bouquet for the ed

"Your stories (not yours, Pluto) are in favor with me," Wes Gardner, Pittsburgh, Pa., states, "because they're not only interesting and packed with adventure, mystery, and life, but are accurate as well." Thanks, Gardner! Once in a while we break down and allow ourselves a pat on the back. But not too many, because overconfidence is bad in any profession.



Chatter Member George Hileman, Lakewood, Ohio, wrote a theme based on *The American Boy* interview with Art Young who built big game with bow and arrow, and got an "A" from his English teacher.

football shark!

Walter R. Couch, Sebastopol, Calif., is rapidly making himself an expert on football. He keeps a play-by-play chart of all leading college games, and has charts dating back to 1910. During football seasons he takes newspapers from all parts of the country, and saves the sporting sections. He has hundreds of game programs from nearly all leading colleges and his room is covered with football pictures and stories. His favorite *American Boy* stories, aside from football, are Connie Morgan and Renfrew. "Both my folks were in the Klondike gold rush of 1897," he writes, "and they remained in the North until 1908. They both always read and enjoyed the Renfrew and Connie Morgan stories and often remarked that both authors described the North and its people exceedingly well."

"Fleas in war, fleas in peace, fleas on the backs of the country doctor," says Gordon, Seattle, Wash. A good motto, David, but we already have one: "Let Fleadom Ring!"

canary fancier

"If you've never had a canary you don't know what you're missing," Harry Hendrick, Cliffside, N. C., writes. "It's fun to watch them build their nests, and what a thrill when the eggs hatch after three weeks of waiting!"

write us, please

The page this month is so jamful that the "Personal Service for the Puzzled" department got crowded out. I'll be back. Write us about anything. We read and acknowledge every letter. Everybody who gets a contribution printed on this page becomes a chatter member of The American Boy Kennel Club and receives an autographed portrait of Pluto, the Office Pup. Send your letters to the Pup, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

JOIN THE HAPPY CROWD THAT'S 'cycling



■ When the birds start singing and the frogs begin to croak—when the sun's rays warm the air and swell the buds—

Then's the time to go bicycling. Get your friends together—if they don't all own bicycles—go with them to the store where you got yours—

Organize a bicycle club—go places—see things—have real fun—get a healthy glow in your cheeks—wash those lungs out with pure air on a stiff pump up a grade. Join the bicycling parade of the states.



Write for the "Boys' Book on Bicycling"—to Cycle Trades of America, Inc., Bristol, Conn. Sent Free.

It's fun
TO KEEP FIT ON A BICYCLE

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

PLAY IN THREE SCENES

Diner: "I can't eat this soup."
Waiter: "Sorry, sir. I'll call the manager."
Diner (to manager): "This soup, I can't eat it."
Manager: "I'll take care of it at once. I'll call the chef."
Diner (to chef): "I can't eat this soup."
Chef: "What's the matter with it?"
Diner: "Nothing; I ain't got a spoon."

HER SPEED

College Freshman (1): "How come you write so slowly, feller?"
College Freshman (2): "Gotta. My girl can't read very fast."

SLOW COACH

Judge: "Why are you here?"
Motorist: "Driving too slow."
Judge: "Too slow?"
Motorist: "Yes, Your Honor, the speed cop caught me."

STUMPED HIM!

The long lean backwoodsman came to the sawmill for a job and the foreman put him to work feeding the whirling circular saw. A few minutes later the foreman came back to find the new man gazing dumbly at the bleeding stump where a finger once had been.

"My heavens," shouted the foreman, "what did you do?"

"I dunno," said the new man. "I just stuck my finger up to the saw like this—my gosh, there goes another!"

OBEDIENT

"Hi, there," yelled a mad farmer near Belle Plaine to a couple of youngsters caught red-handed, "what are you doing in my apple tree?"

There was a moment's silence. "There's a notice down there," finally one of them piped up, "to keep off the grass."

FOLLOW CAREFULLY

For customers who read English a Japanese firm whose product seems to be a sort of tea-flavored gelatine has printed the following directions on each package:

"Put a spoonful of 'Essence of Tea' in a china ware or a metallic package, as the quantity of one guest needs, and pours boiling water about three times upon it, mixing it into be thoroughly melted by stirring, then transfuses it into the mould of Jelly or the package like a bold tea cup that some what opens on the top, there can be made Jelly, leaves as it is while one hour and a half or two. In summer, further, keeps cold it in the ice-safe or the outside of it by ice, it becomes more quickly hardened. Without ices, it will be efficacious to keep it cool by water that needs to replace it several times. Pouring it from a mould into a plate, It will be easily come out, warms the Outside of it by tepid water. Melting it by hot water put a dash of wine or juice that you fond of in it, it will be more tasty. But you must lessen enough hot water that needed the quantity of wine or juice."

OR A MOUTH ORGAN

Teacher: "Tommy, name an organ of the body."
Tommy: "Yes'm. Teeth."
Teacher: "Teeth? What kind of an organ would the teeth be?"
Tommy: "A grind organ."

HIS SPLUNGE TO RUIN

Quip: "Poor McSwine took a drop too much."
Flip: "Couldn't anyone stop him?"
Quip: "No, he was a parachute jumper."

THE PLAIN TRUTH

Angry Motorist: "Say, this car you sold me can't climb a hill! You swore up and down it was a good car."
Dealer: "No, I didn't swear up and down. I said on the level it was a good car."

HANDY

Circus Manager: "You want to quit? What's wrong?"
India-Rubber Man: "Every time the Strong Man writes a letter he uses me to rub out his mistakes."

THESE HAIR MYSTERIES

"Waiter," said the cold-eyed diner, "there's hair in the honey, the ice cream, and the apple sauce."
"Really, sir! I can't understand about the apple sauce. The honey got it from the comb, I presume, sir. And, yes, we used shaved ice for the ice cream. But the apple sauce is very strange, sir. The farmer gave me his word that they were Baldwins."

EMPLOYER TAKE NOTE

Farmer Father: "What, you paid \$3 for this old laying hen!"
Farmer Son: "Yes, Father; I wanted one that was experienced."

GOOD IDEA

The minister was describing what happens to the sinner, using a ship drifting on the rocks as his figure of speech. A sailor in the audience followed him with deep interest.

"The waves dashed over her," the preacher. "Her sails are split! Her yards are gone! Her masts are shivered! She is drifting on the reef! Is nothing to be done to save her?"

The sailor stood up, eyes shining with excitement. "Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" he shouted.

A LOT OF DOG

After all, says the latest version, the frankfurter is merely hamburger dressed up in tights.

COWARD

Senior: "Why do you prefer blondes?"
Junior: "Don't tell anybody. I'm afraid of the dark."

BE CAREFUL, FATHER!

Father: "Son, this thrashing I'm going to give you will hurt me more than it does you."
Son: "Well, Dad, don't be too hard on yourself. You haven't been feeling so well lately."

THE BAIT

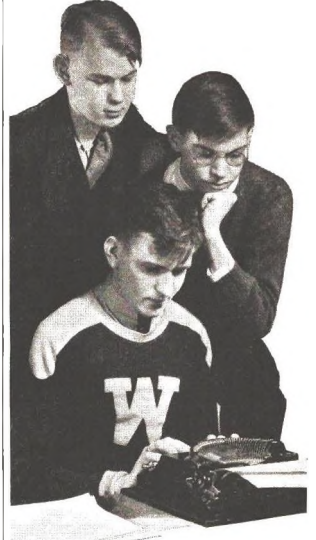
"Jim," said the taxi-driver's friend, "did you drop your billfold on the floor of your car?"
"Shh," whispered Jim. "I put it there and leave the door open. Funny how many people jump in for a short ride when they see it."

GIRLS DO

He sat down on the davenport.
"How are you feeling?" he said.
"Fit as a fiddle," said she, gaily.
"Fine!" he said. "Then you like having a beau on the string!"

POP POPS OFF

Son: "Yes, I'm a big shot at school now."
Pop: "Then let me have some better reports from you."



Be a LEADER!

a typewriter develops you for leadership

A LEADER is a fast accurate thinker. And fast thinking actually can be developed by the use of a typewriter. You'd notice it yourself if you had a Remington Portable typewriter. Why the minute you start using it, the right words tumble out of your head and appear on the paper in clear distinct type. It will even help you in school... writing compositions, translations, reports and stories for the school paper! (Tests show that typewriters improve marks 15% to 20%.)

When you go to college and enter business, you will find your sturdy little Remington Portable one of your best friends. Using it will help you develop the qualities of leadership that come from knowing what you want to say, being able to say it without stumbling!

Own your own Remington Portable

as little as
10¢
a day



You can't buy a better typewriter than a Remington Portable. Standard keyboard like big office machines... handy carrying case. With our 10¢ a day purchase plan it's yours before you know it. And remember, a booklet on how to type is included with each machine.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

REMINGTON RAND INC.
Dept. 204, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter on the 10¢ a day plan. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name _____
Address _____

Stamp Collectors Notice!

When a stamp dealer mentions "approval sheets" or "approvals" in his advertisement, it means that each person answering the advertisement will receive sheets of stamps not on approval.

BIGGEST 10c WORTH

Box, you can't beat this. 30 different U. S. including 15 commemorative. Air mail, etc., to approval applicants. Only 10c while they last. Send for your packet TODAY.

PROSPERITY PACKET FREE

Includes scenes from cataloging 60c. Stamp commemorative. Newfoundland, British Guiana, Greece (laying soldiers), 50 year old



SCARCE SUDAN AIR MAIL! We're beginning to see Eritrea has this stamp. It's the only one of its kind in the world.

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c

Also fully illustrated U. S. catalogue, indispensable for identifying U. S. stamps 60c U. S. stamps bought.

U. S. A. PRICE LIST FREE

Also fully illustrated U. S. catalogue, indispensable for identifying U. S. stamps 60c U. S. stamps bought.

THIS AD WORTH 25c

If you send for our approvals and buy 60c worth or more—large selection of U. S. & Foreign—reasonable prices.

CLIP COUPON AND SAVE MONEY. Image of a shoe and a coupon.

If you want to get the best shine you ever had and save money too, clip the coupon below. It will bring you a handy Home Shine Kit containing a real bristle dauber, a genuine lamb's wool polisher and a big tin of high-grade, economical paste polish.

Remember that good polish not only makes shoes look better, but actually preserves the leather and makes shoes wear longer.

2 IN 1 SHINOLA BIXBY'S SHOE POLISHES. Includes logo and address information.

paddle-box! If you look at the stamp through a magnifying glass you will see a structure raised slightly above the deck. That's it. "So the Canadians," says McDougall, "get the last laugh after all."

In Foreign Lands

CARTAGENA, seaport capital of Colombia Republic's department of Bolivar, was founded in 1533 by Pedro de Heredia. One of the oldest cities in the Americas, and once the richest, it was the first Colombian community to declare its independence from Spanish rule, early in the Nineteenth Century.



A trumpeting elephant adorns one of Eritrea's picturesque new sets.

Primo Volo Diretto Roma-Buenos Ayres (First Direct Flight from Rome to Buenos Ayres) is part of an inscription overprinted on stamps of Cyrenaica, Italy, and Tripolitania to commemorate the flight across the Atlantic to Argentina by Lombardi and Mazotti, Italian aviators.

Egypt's stamps, mentioned last month, commemorating the Tenth Congress of the Universal Postal Union, at Cairo in February, bear an inscription you can readily translate: Union Postale Universelle X Congress Le Caire, 1934.

Eritrea has distributed one of philately's most colorful and picturesque sets. On the 2 centesimi dark blue and 10c brown is a kneeling camel; 5c black-brown and 15c red-brown, a catch of giant fish; 25c green, a huge tree; 35c purple, native village scene; 1 lira blue-black, native ruins; 2L gray, a trumpeting elephant; 5L carmine, native man; 10L orange-red, native woman.

Comrades of Samar

(Continued from page 16)

slope and crashed into the trunk of a huge mahogany. Jimmie rose dizzily. Why, he could scarcely see! He touched his face and discovered that his eyes were swollen shut. He forced them open and looked at his watch again. The radium dial showed two o'clock. Panic seized Jimmie then. A voice seemed to echo through the hum of the insect horde: "Lost men always walk in circles. . . . It's a death-trap, Samar!"

Haiti has issued elaborate pictorials —1 centime green, Gun Gallery at the Citadel; 3c orange, portrait of President Vincent; 5c green, the Prince Aqueduct; 10c carmine, Fort National; 25c ultramarine, view of Sans Souci; 50c brown, dome of Christopher Chapel in Milot; and 50c and 1 gourd ari, plane above the Citadel walls.

A Netherlands unemployment relief stamp brings philately for the first time a portrait of Princess Juliana, who may some day be Holland's queen. The leopard is the emblem of the British colony called Nyassaland. This animal, on a rock in the rays of a background sun, is the distinctive design of a new set—1/2 penny green, 1p sepia, 1 1/2p red, 2p gray, 3p blue, 6p violet, and 1 shilling black and orange.

Once more our country's symbolic Statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, is postally illustrated abroad—this time on a Peruvian 10 centavos bright red. Soviet Russia has erupted with further commemoratives. One series recalls the shooting of twenty-six Commissars by counter-revolutionists at Baku in 1918.

April brings another centenary that is being postally commemorated—the transference on April 22, 1834, of St. Helena from control of the East India Company to the British Crown. (This was thirteen years after the death of Napoleon, whom the British Government had exiled to St. Helena in 1815.)

FREE BOOK



GIVES EXPERT ADVICE ON FOOTWORK IN SPORTS

WATCH for a window display in shoe, department, and sporting goods store windows. . . in which the book pictured above is reproduced in giant size.

HELPS YOU BECOME A BETTER ATHLETE

It lets you in on the sports secrets of stars, tells you how they play, and how you can learn their methods. By reading the great players' secrets and copying their motions as shown in the pictures, you should soon beat fellows who now beat you.

FIRESTONE FOOTWEAR COMPANY HUDSON, MASS.



Your Firestone dealer can give you expert advice on the kind of shoes to buy for any purpose. Ask him about Firestones or write direct for information . . . and send your dealer's name.

Firestone FOOTWEAR

Copyright 1934, Firestone Footwear Co.

3 OILS in 1

FOR BETTER PROTECTION



When you use 3-in-One—on your tools, bike, guns, skates—it protects better than ordinary oils. For it's scientifically blended to clean and prevent rust as it lubricates. Get a handy can or bottle and try it; see the difference! Sold everywhere.

3-IN-ONE

Fun and Profit

Have fun today and profit tomorrow with a Holton saxophone. Easy payment terms arranged. Shipped on six days approval. Write today for catalogue and details. Mention instrument interested in.

FRANK HOLTON & COMPANY
DEPT. 446 ELKHORN, WISCONSIN

CUTICURA SOAP

Acknowledged as a Protection against Skin Troubles

Price 5c. Sample free.

Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 121K, Malden, Mass.

CARTOON YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS!

DON'T COPY - LEARN TO ORIGINATE!

RAYE BURNS will teach you HOW to CREATE ORIGINAL CARTOONS at home that you can SELL! Course has 24 lessons and 600 illustrations. Send name and address for free details. Only \$2.85

RAYE BURNS SCHOOL, Dept. H-3, Box 2184, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

KNACK BATTING

FAMOUS SLUGGERS

FREE for the Asking

It's just like talking to Chuck Klein or Jimmy Foxx to read these two books about batting—they're so chock full of good tips on how to get more base hits, how to stand, and how to swing and size up the pitch.

"The Knack of Batting," written by that peerless slugger, George Sizer, tells you how to select and care for your bats.

"Famous Sluggers of 1933" is full of thrilling stories about the men who are making baseball history.

The same Louisville Slugger bats that have been the choice of these "Kings of Swat" for many years are on sale at your dealers. Send the coupon today for copies of the free books shown above.

HILLERICH & BRADSHAW COMPANY
Incorporated, 440 Finzer St., Louisville, Ky.

Louisville Slugger Bats

STANDARD WHEREVER

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER
HILLERICH & BRADSHAW CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

BASEBALL IS PLAYED

Please send me the free books checked below.

"The Knack of Batting" "Famous Sluggers of 1933"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Despair closed over Jimmie. The voice was Terry Hartigan's. The long night trail had led back to his starting point. He staggered up the ridge where Hartigan knelt, feeding a tiny blaze with grass. Geraghty was beside him. "I didn't—make it," Jimmie Rhodes said heavily.

Hashmark's face was a blurred shadow, but Jimmie knew his thoughts. Well, they were no more bitter than his own. He'd failed; the failure would cost many lives. Then Terry spoke.

"You tried," he said. "And now day-break's come, my comrades will lead us out." Terry stooped and gathered something from the earth—white millet grains. He swung his arm like a man sowing seed. "Comrades!" he called.

A flutter of wings answered; a flock of gulls swept from the fog, and began pecking at the scattered grain. Terry Hartigan spoke to them gently:

"Comrades, Terry led you through the jungle. Long ago, that was. But you haven't forgotten."

Jimmie stared. The gulls were moving down the slope.

"They'll lead us out," said Terry. "Come, lad." He touched Geraghty's arm and Hashmark staggered up. Jimmie lifted the rifle lying by the fire.

As he stumbled on his muscles tensed, and a feeling of crisis sharpened his blurred vision. He saw that the birds were following the trail of millet on the ground—the millet spilled by the natives Jimmie had shot at. Terry was moving ahead very slowly now.

Jimmie slipped the rifle safety and trailed Terry. Down a long slope they crept, with the murmur of the surf growing. The old Marine stopped and pointed.

Below lay a crescent of misty shore. A camp fire blazed on the beach, and six black men sat by it, rifles across their knees. Then Jimmie gave a low cry. Offshore, a black amphibian was rocking in the swells. He gazed at it, rubbing his swollen eyes.

Terry, still living under the illusion that he was in Samar, and that the time had come to attack, whispered:

"Lead on, sir."

But Jimmie Rhodes stood silent, staring at the ship. Vaguely it meant hope, the chance Hartigan had spoken of.

"The jungle's beaten you," Terry said slowly. "I'll lead, then."

Without waiting he wheeled and charged down the slope toward the camp fire. The gulls—Hartigan's comrades—rose screaming, and soared out over the beach. The Caco at the fire leaped up. A rifle volley sent shattering reverberations through the fog.

"Hit 'em, comrades!" Terry shrieked. His automatic hammered a grim song as he walked forward.

With the gun crack Jimmie broke into a desperate sprint, firing at the Caco as he ran. But Terry led, with bullets splashing sand about him.

Suddenly the older man halted. The gunfire had ceased. Through drifts of rifle smoke Jimmie saw the Caco running down the beach. But Terry Hartigan stood looking out over the fog-wreathed water. As he lifted his arm to salute, his voice rang clear:

"Coming, mates!"

Jimmie caught him as he fell. A bullet hole marked the breast of Hartigan's blue tunic and there were no heartbeats. . . . Sick despair held Jimmie. This would not have happened if he'd led the charge. His thoughts moved on, grim, self-accusing. Then Geraghty was shaking

him. He pointed to the black amphibian.

"That ship—if you can fly her, sir—to Anse-à-Galets. . . . Get Bucks and the squadron. The fog might lift, and they might reach the *Kitteredge* in time."

Something gripped Jimmie's throat. He was done; he could never fly a strange ship through the fog. Then he looked again at Terry Hartigan's body. Jimmie Rhodes drew up, a glow lighting his swollen face.

"This time I won't fail," he said. Lifting Terry in his arms, he waded out to the amphibian, Geraghty stumbling in his wake.

Before the Garde Post at Anse-à-Galets, Lieutenant Bucks stood watching the fog. He glanced at the six Corsairs on the beach, then turned to the cadets about the barracks door.

"The fog's lifting," he said shortly. "I'm shoving off to find Lieutenant Rhodes and—" He halted, listening. "A ship!" he cried, and ran out across the beach.

Soldiers were running from the compound.

"L'avion!" called one. "It is Lieutenant Rhodes!"

But as the sound of the motor grew, Bucks' shoulders fell in disappointment. "A double-engined ship," he muttered. "It isn't Jimmie."

Suddenly the mist parted, and a black amphibian, her motors blaring, swept in from the sea. Over the coral lagoon the ship roared. Her wings rocked as

the pilot dragged the beach. Bucks exclaimed again: "Romero—that coffee planter's ship. He'll crash—"

Then the fog-blinded plane struck, plowed through the sand and nosed over. Bucks, leading the five pilots, sprinted to the wreck. The cabin door hung loosely on its hinges, and a man was crawling through the opening. Bucks stared at his misshapen face, the clothing torn to rags. He backed away, but the man croaked:

"*Kitteredge*—on the reefs—Point Oust—attacked by Caco—"

"Jimmie!" Bucks cried. He wheeled, his gray eyes flaming. "Squadron! Ready ships for fight!"

As the cadets scattered, soldiers began tearing at the framework of the wreck. They brought out Geraghty, delirious with fever, and Terry Hartigan, his mind at rest.

The Corsairs, exhausts thundering, cannoned down the beach and bored into the mist, but Jimmie didn't see them. For him the day was ended.

A week passed. The *Kitteredge* lay in harbor now, at Port au Prince and a sister transport, the *Aucon*, was steaming out to sea with the *Kitteredge's* passengers. The Marine lieutenant turned.

"Army," he said, "I'm a bit proud of you today. That ride through the fog to Anse-à-Galets—the Leathernecks will not forget it, ever."

Jimmie shook his head and said nothing.

"Those rifles on the *Kitteredge* counted too," said Geraghty. "They was the contraband. Headquarters sweated that out of Cornaille after Bucks brought him in."

Jimmie knew they were trying to make it easy for him. But no one could do that. The Caco had been driven back into the jungle and the Marines aboard the *Kitteredge* rescued. But Terry Hartigan was dead. And he should have led, not Terry.

"Romero," said Bucks, making conversation, "claims he was forced down by fog en route to Cuba."

Geraghty's lip curled. "An' six Caco guarding his amphibian! You ought to get a laugh outta that, sir."

"Laughs don't come easy today, Hashmark," Jimmie said soberly. He gazed over the blue water at the *Aucon*, carrying Terry Hartigan to the States on his last cruise. Bucks' hand fell on his arm.

"Jimmie, you're not thinking straight. What was there ahead for Terry? What better way for a Marine to go?"

"It was the better way," Geraghty said soberly. Suddenly he swung, looking up.

Over the roofs of Port au Prince the squadron of cadet planes thundered, flying seaward. They banked, pointing for the *Aucon*. A pennant at the transport's forepeak fluttered down the halyards and a gun boomed in her bows. The planes sank lower, dropping flowers on a box draped with Marine colors on the foredeck.

Bucks and Geraghty stood to salute. But Jimmie stared at the ship. Above her masts the gulls were wheeling. And, as he watched them, he seemed to hear again old Terry's voice as it had reached him clear and strong on the fog-wreathed beach of La Gonave.

"Coming, mates!" it said.

The troubled frown left Jimmie's face. This was the better way. A Marine to the end, Terry Hartigan had gone to join his comrades of Samar.

Contents for April

Cover Painting by *Edgar Franklin Wittmack*

	Page
Friendly Talks With the Editor	20
FICTION	
Pace-Setter— <i>B. J. Chute</i>	5
Wilderness Debt— <i>Kenneth Gilbert</i>	8
Hide-rack Meets a Killer— <i>Glenn Balch</i>	11
Comrades of Samar— <i>Frederic Nelson Litten</i>	14
The Case of the Lucy M— <i>James F. Hendry</i>	17
Keeper of the Refuge (Cont.)— <i>Harold Titus</i>	22
FEATURES	
Freedom (Poem)— <i>A. L. Fisher</i>	20
What Is Streamlining?— <i>Dr. Alexander Klemm</i>	21
When Dark Comes to the Veld!— <i>Captain Carl Von Hoffman</i>	26
Organize a Stay-at-Home Camp— <i>H. P. Elston</i>	31
These Won Prizes— <i>My Party Manners</i>	32
Dr. William O. Stevens	34
A Streamlined Transport!— <i>Merrill Hamburg</i>	36
The Lighthouse Tragedy— <i>Analyze Yourself</i>	38
<i>Mitchell V. Charnley</i>	40
Where Would You Like to Go? (Contest)— <i>Sidney Webster</i>	41
When Simba Came!— <i>Art Young</i>	44
How to Make Money	45
DEPARTMENTS	
In the Morning Mail	46
Funnybone Ticklers	47
Stamps in the Day's News— <i>Kent B. Stiles</i>	48

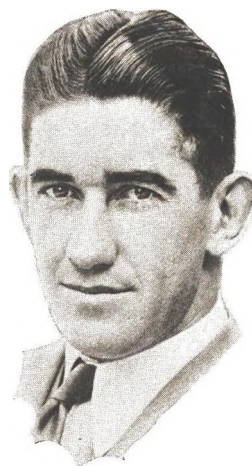
IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS—

Don't leave the job to your local post office. Notify us AT ONCE if possible. IN ADVANCE. Otherwise you'll get your magazine late or miss it entirely. Help us to serve you promptly. Notify Circulation Manager, American Boy Magazine, 167 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or 7420 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR—To have the magazine delivered at your home by mail, simply send your name and complete address together with proper remittance to THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION, 167 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich., along the issue with which you wish your subscription started. Subscription prices are \$2.00 for one year and \$3.50 for three years. (Canada \$5 a year extra; foreign \$6 a year extra.) An AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION subscription is the ideal gift for boys—every month something new, instructive and interesting.

MICKEY COCHRANE

says: "Baseball is and always will be this country's greatest spring and summer sport. Every boy in America who is physically able-bodied should play baseball. It's the best training I know for sportsmanship, team-work and the competitive spirit that wins in the game of life. • If you want to be a good ball-player, study the fine points of the game. Watch the stars in action, and read up on how they play their positions. Then keep yourself in good physical trim, and every chance you get, play ball!"



GORDON (Mickey) COCHRANE

Famous catcher of the Philadelphia Athletics, and newly appointed manager of the Detroit Tigers.

BASEBALL

THE Kellogg SPORTS LIBRARY

These diagrams from the Kellogg Baseball Book show how to make double-plays

Such illustrations as these show how to place your hits

Showing how to hold and release the ball for a curve

How two famous big-leaguers stand at the plate

How the bat is held for placing hits (left) and for free-swinging

BASEBALL season's just ahead! How would you like to have the personal advice of experts about how to play your favorite position? How to field a ball in any situation—how to pitch to a dangerous batter—how to stand at the plate to get the best distance and direction in your hitting!

Every angle of winning baseball is discussed by masters of strategy in the new Kellogg Baseball Book, now offered to boys!

You'll find the Kellogg Baseball Book a tremendous help in making yourself a better ball-player. There are 48 pages packed with sound baseball knowledge. Forty-five illustrations show just how to do it.

Start your own Sports Library!

The Kellogg Baseball Book is only the first volume of the Kellogg Sports Library to be issued by the Kellogg Company of Battle Creek. If you're aiming to be an all-around athlete you'll want to own every volume in this great series. So start right now by getting the Kellogg Baseball Book.

Get this book through your grocer

All you have to do to get the Kellogg Baseball Book is buy two packages of Kellogg's PEP from your grocer. He'll give you a copy FREE with your purchase. If he doesn't have a supply of books, send the tops from two packages of PEP to the Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Michigan, and a copy of the Baseball Book will be mailed you.

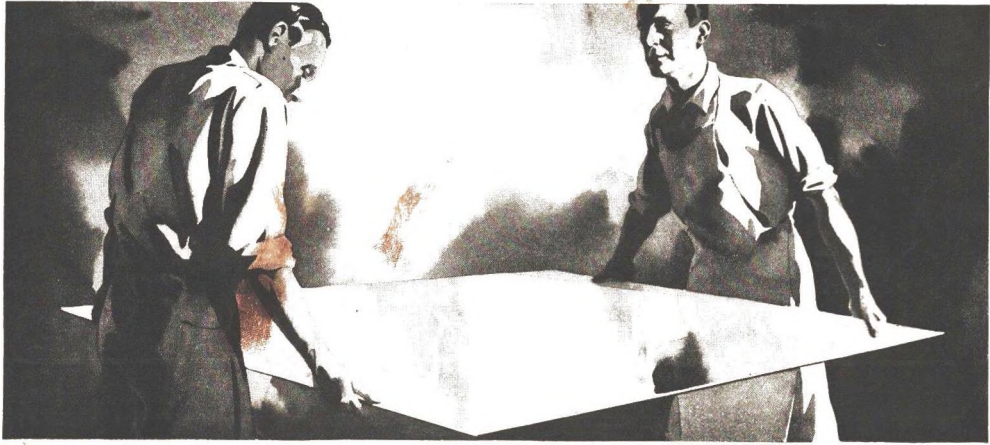
Probably you already know what a delicious breakfast bowl of PEP makes. Crisp, toasted flakes of wheat and bran. A nourishing energy food, mildly laxative.

Eating PEP is a splendid way to help keep you fit. Coaches know it. It's served regularly at many college training tables. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

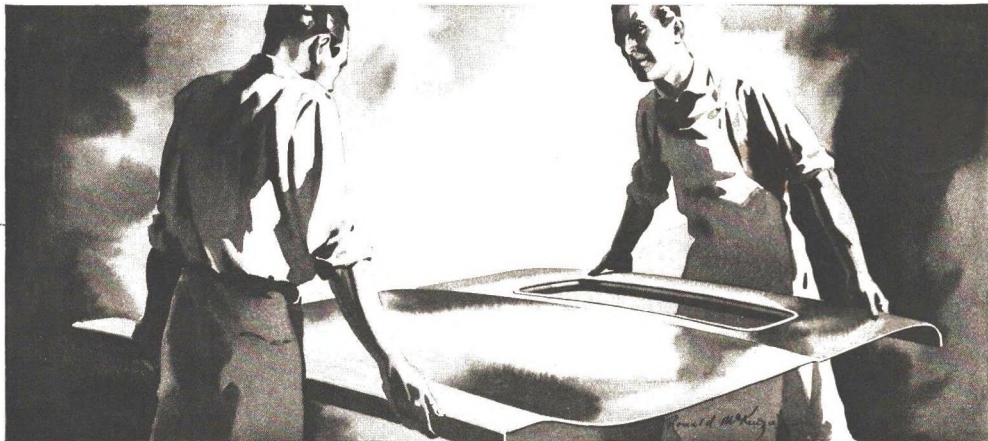


**Toasted WHEAT—
Plus Extra BRAN—
Ready-to-eat**

650 tons' pressure



changes this



to this

ANY BOY who's had metal shop work in school knows the thousands of taps it takes to shape a small sheet of metal into a desired form.

But here's the whole back panel of a Fisher Body, shaped by one mighty "tap" with 650 tons behind it!

The forms used here are iron dies—faced with tool steel—and it costs hundreds of thousands of dollars to get these forms ready for a new model.

The sheets of steel used are almost as long and wide as the top of your ping pong table—and it has taken years of work in the laboratory to perfect a steel ductile enough

to stand the strain of being drawn into a whole back panel or a whole side panel at one time.

What does all this add to the Fisher Body on your family's car?

Well, for one thing, it makes it possible to build the whole exterior of that body out of one continuous surface of steel, with the smallest number of welded joints.

And for another thing, it makes it possible to give that body a beauty of surface, a perfection of finish and a durability which are worthy of a General Motors car.

