The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with

American Boy

10¢

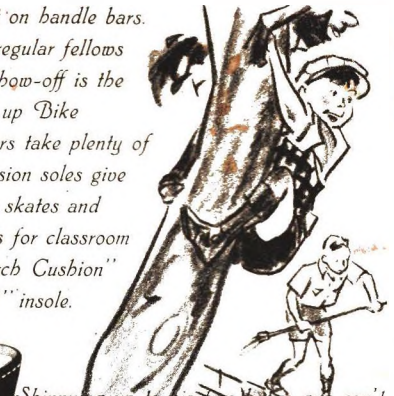
APRIL 1937

One Year $1.00

Three Years $2.00

Bat-Boying *for the* **Yankees** *by*

Elbows up and feet on handle bars. Trick riding that regular fellows can't resent if the show-off is the guy who talked up Bike Keds. Sturdy uppers take plenty of punishment. Extension soles give anchorage for roller skates and suggest Bike Keds for classroom wear. "Flexible Arch Cushion" and "Shock-Proof" insole.



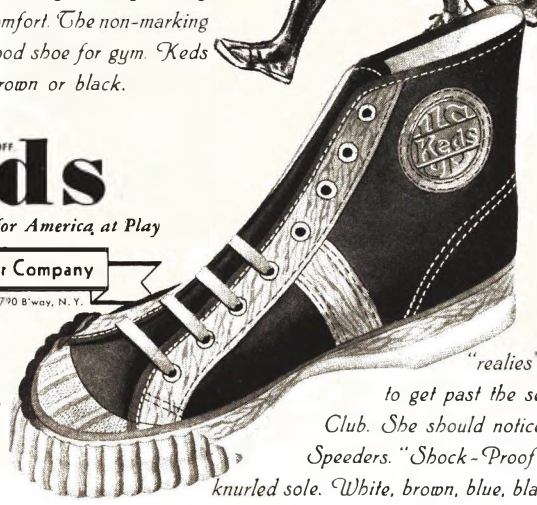
SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE

FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION

Shinnying up to his tree hut, a guy can't help feeling superior to a board fence walker. With ankles protected by strong live duck, he jeers at his rival below as the tire tread soles of his Keds Speedarch grip the trunk of the ancestral elm. Eyelet bands widen at the oamp to give four thicknesses of fabric where needed. Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" and "Shock-Proof" insole.

He'll stretch it to a three bagger if it lands fair. What the new Keds with the Ventilating Sole has done to his speed on the bases is the mystery of the playground. Air pump action is the secret. He enjoys understanding the engineering principle as much as the extra comfort. The non-marking crepe type sole makes this a good shoe for gym. Keds "Shock-Proof" insole. Brown or black.

Ready to get into the game at the first chance, the spectators on the fence wear best-looking Keds Supreme oxfords. They are good looking enough to wear to school, yet strong enough for tennis and all outdoor sports. Keds "Shock-Proof" insole. Smooth vulcanized crepe sole. White or navy blue.



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Keds

The Natural Shoe for America at Play

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc., 1790 B'way, N. Y.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes. $1 to $2.50

SCIENTIFIC LAST

That's what he said. No girls allowed. Not even for a bribe of "immies" and "realies" can a girl hope to get past the sentry at the Stag Club. She should notice his new Keds Speeders. "Shock-Proof" insole. Crepe knurled sole. White, brown, blue, black, or maroon.

In The Morning Mail

CONDUCTED *by* PLUTO, *the* OFFICE PUP

The Youth's Companion, Combined With The American Boy for April, 1937, Vol. 111, No. 4. Entered as Second Class Matter Nov. 23, 1935, at the post office at Detroit, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Circulation, Business and Editorial offices: 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Published monthly. Copyrighted 1937 by The Sprague Publications, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Price 10c a copy. $1.00 for one year, $2.00 for three years in the U. S., its possessions, and Canada. Elsewhere 50c a year extra.

PLUTO turned to the editor.

"Well, boss, we started something when we put a girl in our February story, 'Midwinter Drag,' and let her play a leading part."

"What do they say, Purp?" the ed asked.

"Tommy Johnston of Bristol, Tenn., whose dad is president of King College in Bristol, is enthusiastic. He says 'Midwinter Drag' is the best story he's ever read, and he's taken the magazine for eight years."

"I thought it was pretty good myself—"

"Wait! A reader who signs himself W. O., from Flint, Mich., says that if we print another story like 'Midwinter Drag' he'll stop buying the paper."

"Ouch!"

"On the other hand," the Pup went on, "if W. O. stops buying the paper his place will be taken by A. Giannico, Yonkers, N. Y., who says, 'When I read "Midwinter Drag" I resolved to get *The American Boy* every month. I enjoyed this story because it had a little romance to it.'"

THE editor nodded. "Many of our readers are going to parties—"

"But," interrupted the Pup, "Michael Warren of Seattle believes in keeping girls out of the magazine. He's in favor of letting them go to the movies alone. Ralf (he spells his name that way) Bilderback of Bristol, Pa., seconds the motion with a vigorous, 'Let's keep it a man-and-boy magazine.'"

"Generally speaking," said the ed seriously, "that's what we're going to do. Once in a while girls may enter into our stories, but not too often. After all, the reason we carry a variety of stories is that we have to please a variety of tastes. We could hardly expect to please every reader with every story."

"Very well said," the Pup exclaimed. "If you work hard for a couple of years, you may make an editor yet."

"Thanks, Inky Paws. That's decent of you."

"Don't mention it. Getting back to girls, Bill Stedman, Catonsville, Md., expresses your ideas just about right. He says: 'I notice that girls are getting into your stories. That's oke by me, but don't let girls get too prevalent.'"

The Okefenokee Swamp is no place for a typewriting dog.

"That's the idea," the ed agreed. "What else do readers say, Four Eyes?"

"They like Tank McPhail, the campus Big Shot who made his modest low in the January issue. Walter William Carson, Jr., Plainfield, N. J., says that the big lunk is bringing some real fun into the magazine, and Arne S. Hansen, Lake Villa, Ill., shouts: 'Let's have more Tank McPhail stories. They're SWELL!' There's one in this issue, and another in the files for later publication. We aim to please."

"High-school students who read the Tank McPhail stories will get a good working knowledge of college fraternities and campus politics," the ed commented. "What else, Bristle-puss?"

"Poison darts?" asks the Pup. "Not for me, thanks."

"HOWARD LEDDY, of Elmhurst, Long Island, wants more stories like 'Mister Galahad,' the February story of a blind dog."

"How did that girl get in the magazine anyhow? The ed must have been asleep."

"We've lots of good dog material scheduled. There's 'Dog Man' in this issue, a Hide-rack story this summer, and two articles on dog training, also this summer. Incidentally, I think I'll read those dog articles myself to see if there are any tips on making office pups behave. What else, Flea-host?"

"Jimmie Kern, Caro, Mich., wants stories of the African jungle."

"We have no African jungle in prospect, but we expect to deliver the Ecuadorean jungle, complete with poison darts, honey bears, wild boars, and dugout canoes, in the May and June issues. Next, Bone-polisher!"

"More stories like 'Zero-zero Squadron' and 'No Man's Space.' From Kenneth W. Rychener, Pettisville, Ohio. Ditto from Fred Dorner, Wellston, Mich."

"Their wishes will be granted," the editor responded. "For the aviation enthusiasts we have Fred Litten's 'Gold Braid for Two,' in May, and for the Claudy fans we present 'The Creeping Danger' in June. Next letter, Scratch."

"THERE'S one from Oregon. Jack Shetterly lives in Willamina, thirty miles from the Pacific and fifty miles from Portland. The city is practically surrounded by sawmills and you can see timber for miles in all directions. Shetterly's father was traveling to Chicago, and a fellow-traveler pointed to an acre of trees in Illinois and said, 'There's quite a bit of timber!' Shetterly's dad just grinned and thought of the forests of Oregon.

"Our farthest-south letter this month is from Jack Sweet, Talcahuano, Chile, South America. He lives on a farm just 300 feet above the Pacific Ocean. His hobby is stamp-collecting and his favorite story is 'Trouble on the Snaffle,' our recent Western serial. Our farthest-north letter is from James Parris who lives at Dwight, Lake of Bays, in Northern Ontario, where the temperature hits forty below in the winter. His hobbies are biking, puttering with cars, stamp and coin collecting, canoeing, swimming, hockey and lacrosse, which is almost enough for one fellow, I should say. His favorite character is Johnny Ames, the hero of Vereen Bell's stories of the Okefenokee Swamp. There's another swamp story coming in June."

Vereen Bell told us a few things about the swamp the other day. It's down on the border between Florida and Georgia and covers about seven hundred square miles. Think of it as a great forested area cut up by streams and pools and bayous. There's lots of dry land in the Okefenokee, but almost anywhere you'll find water close to the surface. If you want a drink, all you need to do on some islands is to scoop a hole a foot deep. Clear water fills the hole instantly, and there's your drink. You can stand on a quaking bog, bounce yourself gently on the spongy ground, and see the grass wave fifty feet away.— It's a funny feeling—shaking what seems to be solid ground and watching the earth-ripples travel out from your feet! Besides alligators and water moccasins, the Okefenokee is the home of bears and lynxes.

NEXT month's self-management article deals with the habit of daydreaming, and distinguishes between day-dreaming that gets you somewhere and the kind that doesn't. You'll find it fun to read these articles with someone else—your dad, or your chum—and make them the basis for a discussion. The author, Dr. Richardson, is a consultant to the Southern Camp Directors' Association, and has contributed articles to leading magazines.

$80,000 — Awards for boys in the United States

Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild announces TWO competitions for 1936-37

of which one is new and entirely different

Four $5,000 University Scholarships

882 Cash Awards Ranging from $25 to $100

36 Trips to the 1937 Guild Convention

922 AWARDS IN ALL!

Here is the biggest and most interesting news that you have read in a long time. If you are from 12 to 19 years of age, you are eligible to try for a university scholarship, or for one of the many cash awards, or one of the all-expense-paid trips offered by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild in these two competitions.

There are TWO competitions THIS year!

1. Napoleonic Coach Competition

The Napoleonic Coach project remains the same as it has been for the past 6 years. In it, you build a miniature model Napoleonic coach to the same specifications as in the past. In this competition forty-nine boys have won scholarships ranging from $500 to $5000 during the past six years. This year, there are state and regional awards which add to the interest of the competition.

2. Model Car Design Competition

The Model Car Design competition is new and will appeal to all of you who would like to try your hand at something different. You start from scratch here. All you have to do is fashion a miniature automobile embodying your own ideas of motor car design. This competition has to do only with the outside appearance or design of the car.

So send in the COUPON at once

The requirements are simple. Decide now whether you choose to build the Napoleonic Coach or a modern automobile of your own design. Then fill out and mail the coupon for membership in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild.

As soon as we hear from you, we will send you free of charge your membership card, the official Guild button, and all the scale drawings, specifications, and instructions you will need to construct either the Napoleonic Coach or the scale model automobile of your own design.

These drawings, specifications, and instructions show everything to do in making your coach or car—step by step. You can't go wrong.

But the more time you have, the better job you can do. Don't wait. Fill out the coupon now, tear it out, and mail it at once.

There are no dues or fees. Guild membership and competitions are open to all boys in the United States between the ages of 12 and 19 inclusive.

FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD, 8-161
General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen: Please enroll me in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild for 1937 in the

☐ Napoleonic Coach Competition.
☐ Model Car Design Competition.

Also please send me my official membership card, button, and full instructions, free of charge.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

I was born on the ____day of_____19____.

Be sure to check the class in which you wish to be enrolled.

$80,000 in Scholarships, Cash and Trips. 922 Awards

1

Napoleonic Coach Competition
216 Awards, Cash Value, $32,650

TOTALS

Grand National Awards, 1 Junior and 1 Senior, 2 Scholarships - $5,000 each - - $10,000

1st State Awards
1 Junior and 1 Senior, in each of the 48 states and District of Columbia - $100 each $9,800

2nd State Awards
1 Junior and 1 Senior, in each of the 48 states and District of Columbia - $75 each $7,350

18 Regional Awards
A trip to the 1937 Guild Convention for 9 Juniors and 9 Seniors.

2

Model Car Design Competition
706 Awards, Cash Value, $47,350

Grand National Awards, 1 Junior and 1 Senior, 2 Scholarships - $5,000 each - - $10,000

1st State Awards
1 Junior and 1 Senior in each of the 48 states and District of Columbia - $100 each $9,800

2nd State Awards
1 Junior and 1 Senior in each of the 48 states and District of Columbia - $75 each $7,350

3rd State Awards
1 Junior and 1 Senior in each of the 48 states and District of Columbia - $50 each $4,900

Four cash awards of $25 each for both Junior and Senior in each of the 48 states and District of Columbia - - - - - - - $9,800

18 Regional Awards
A trip to the 1937 Guild Convention for 9 Juniors and 9 Seniors.

Rules and Regulations

In both competitions, the following regulations will prevail.

Boys 12 years old or older, and not yet 16 on September 1, 1936, compete in the Junior division. Boys 16 years old or older, and not yet 20 on September 1, 1936, compete in the Senior division.

All boys within these age limits are eligible for Guild membership.

There are no dues or entrance fees of any kind.

Each member shall receive, without charge, an Official Guild membership card and button, and a full set of Guild drawings and instructions.

The Napoleonic Coach competition closes August 2, 1937 at midnight.

The Model Car Design competition closes July 1, 1937 at midnight.

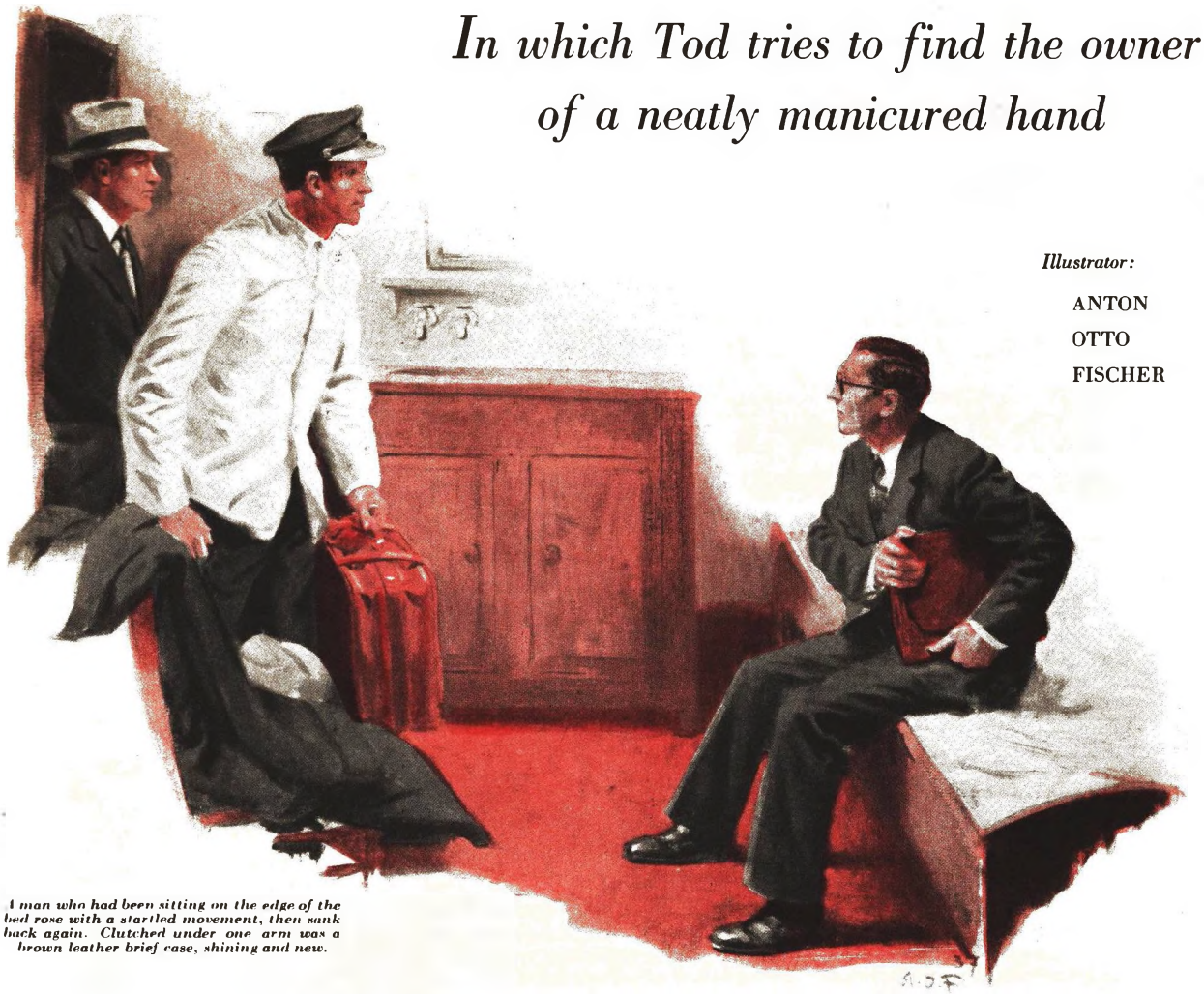
FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

An Educational Foundation sponsored by General Motors

GENERAL MOTORS BUILDING • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

In which Tod tries to find the owner of a neatly manicured hand

Illustrator:
ANTON
OTTO
FISCHER



A man who had been sitting on the edge of the bed rose with a startled movement, then sank back again. Clutched under one arm was a brown leather brief case, shining and new.

Night Boat

by

Howard Pease

TOD MORAN had no reason to suspect that anything serious would develop from that first little incident, curious though it was.

When, bag in hand, he boarded the river steamer *Delta Prince* at her San Francisco pier he had only one thought: Would he be able at this late hour to get a cabin for the all-night trip upriver to Stockton? He had had no time to telephone for a reservation.

The purser's office was on the cabin deck just inside the main saloon. "Any single cabins left?" Tod asked at the window. "I'd like an outside one if possible."

The purser nodded as he scanned the open book before him. "I can give you an outside stateroom on the upper deck. Sign here, sir. Stockton? We'll arrive there at seven in the morning." He looked up and craned out the window. "Steward! Show Mr. Moran to one twenty-eight."

A white-clad steward picked up Tod's bag. "This way, sir." He took the lead up an inner staircase, turned to port and went along a passageway that brought them out to the open deck.

The night promised to be thick. Already a drizzling rain was falling. As Tod followed the steward down the line of cabins, there was a low blare from the whistle on the smokestack just above him. Six o'clock. He had been just in time. The deck shook with the first vibrations as the paddle wheel began churning the water astern.

Before a narrow white door marked 128 the steward halted, fitted a passkey into the lock, flung back the door and switched on the light.

A man who had been sitting on the edge of the bed in the dark, half rose now with a startled movement, then sank back again. He was a small thin man, Tod saw, and he wore a neat gray suit. Clutched under one arm was a brown leather brief case, shining and new. A look of fright shone in the pale blue eyes peering at them through a pair of heavy glasses.

"Sorry, sir." The steward stepped back and closed the door. He turned to Tod. "A mistake, I'm afraid. Do you mind if I put you next door in one twenty-six?"

"Not at all." Tod drew to one side. "Have the purser change the number after my name."

Stateroom 126 was exactly like the one next door, with a single bunk and a washstand. After the steward's departure Tod opened his bag, tossed his pajamas onto the bed and put his shaving things on the shelf above the stand. Feeling immediately at home here in a ship's cabin he began whistling softly to himself.

In spite of the wintry evening the cabin seemed stuffy. Tod lowered the window sash. The *Delta Prince* was plowing across the choppy waters of the bay in a northerly direction with the gaunt skeleton of the new bridge dropping away behind them. After gazing for a moment at the revolving light on Alcatraz Island, Tod lifted the wooden shutters of his window to a point within five inches of the top. No passers-by could now glance into his cabin, yet there would still be ventilation.

At dinner, Tod found himself placed next to the man in 128. "Good evening," Tod said pleasantly. "Sorry to have barged in on you like that."

"It didn't matter." The reply came in a voice low and nervous. Not once did the man turn his head.

Tod glanced at him with interest. Perhaps forty years old, he had the appearance of a person who worked indoors. Behind the thick lenses of his glasses his eyes peered intently down at the menu card in

his hand. His thin pale face was crowned by thin pale hair which obviously had been combed with the utmost care in an effort to conceal a bald spot. Tod's glance traveled downward. Upon the man's knees and almost hidden by the tablecloth lay the same leather brief case. Tod quickly suppressed a smile. Funny little fellow. If the man carried anything of value—and somehow you couldn't imagine him having valuables to carry—why hadn't he left it locked in his cabin or given it to the purser to be put away in the safe?

Twice more Tod spoke to the man, but both times the perfunctory replies were in tones so low they were lost in the chatter of voices about them. A little rabbit of a man, Tod decided. No matter. The meal looked interesting, anyway.

Not until sometime after eleven that night did Tod's thoughts return to the man in the cabin next door. By that time the *Delta Prince* had left San Francisco Bay behind and was nearing Vallejo, where she would discharge cargo before steaming through Carquinez Strait to enter the deep-water channel of the San Joaquin River. Tod had strolled up to his stateroom, locked the door, taken off his coat and shoes, and flung himself down upon the bed to read for a while before turning in. The misty rain kept the upper deck deserted. The only sound was the steady throb of the paddle wheel at the stern.

He became conscious of movements in the stateroom next door. He heard the man in 128 go out, close and lock his door, and hurry aft. Tod turned a page of the magazine he was reading, vaguely wondering if his rabbitlike neighbor still clutched his brief case under one arm.

He had read only a page or two when he again heard footsteps. Half consciously he noted that they did not stop at cabin 128 but came on, soft and furtive. With a start he realized they had ceased just outside his window.

He looked up. In astonishment he beheld a hand slip through that five-inch opening above his shutters. It was a well-modeled hand, and well-manicured too. A soft white cuff protruded from the loose sleeve of an overcoat dark brown in color. Instinctively Tod rose on one elbow. The movement brought a strident twang from the springs of his bed. The arm at the window instantly withdrew.

Tod sprang to his feet. The nerve of the fellow! What in thunder was he trying to do—unlatch the shutters so he could get at the bolt on the door? Switching off the electric light Tod lowered the shutters and leaned out. Through the drizzle he caught a glimpse of a man in a loose topcoat disappearing aft round the turn of the deck. As the man passed through a square of light Tod noted that the topcoat was brown in color.

Tod's hand reached out and switched on the light again. Seating himself on the bed he took up his shoes. Ought he to go below and make a report? The captain, of course, would be in the pilothouse high above. Should he complain to the purser? It would only mean a lot of trouble, and what he wanted just then was sleep.

For some minutes he sat mulling over the problem. Finally he rose, donned his coat and hat, and went out. He wanted to see if the man with the frightened face and the rabbitlike manner wore a dark brown overcoat.

The steamboat was pulling up to the Vallejo wharf before he came across the mild little fellow. He stood at the forward rail on the covered promenade gazing down at the main deck. Tod drew up beside him. The man was not wearing any topcoat over his neat gray suit. He must have taken it off in the last few minutes.

"It's interesting to watch these roustabouts at work," Tod remarked casually as he leaned against a stanchion.

"Interesting?" The man looked him full in the face and, even through the pair of thick glasses, Tod again saw that strained, frightened expression of the eyes. "Oh, yes—very."

In spite of the awkward silence that followed Tod refused to retreat. There was something strange going on here tonight and, if he didn't miss his guess, this little fellow was in some way involved. "Make the trip often?"

"This is the third time in a month. I always take the Saturday night boat." The man squinted down through the rain at the roustabouts swinging the stage plank up to the wharf. "Those men look as if they could take care of themselves, don't they?" There was a hint of envy in his tone. "I suppose we all should be hard-boiled if we want to get along. We ought to fight our way ahead and let the other fellow take care of himself."

Surprised at the man's words Tod darted a quick glance his way. "It strikes me," Tod returned, "that those men are working together rather well. Don't we all have to work together these days?"

The other man sighed. "Maybe you're right. I used to think so myself—until recently." His subdued voice turned suddenly bitter. "Too often if you're willing to help the next fellow he'll simply step all over you and then leave you behind. He'll consider you just a weak sister who's not important."

The men were racing up the stage plank with boxes of groceries amid a rumble of hand trucks, but Tod wasn't watching. A feeling of sympathy welled up within him for this man at his side. What experience could have brought this gentle little clerk to this way of thinking? He turned and contemplated his companion again. Some point about the fellow tugged at his mind. Now he had it! The brief case was missing.

The man was peering across at him questioningly.

"I'm sorry," Tod apologized. "I didn't get your last remark. I just noticed you weren't carrying your brief case."

His companion gave a start. "You noticed?"

Tod nodded. "I wanted to warn you to watch your step if that case contained anything of value. A few minutes ago someone tried to get into my cabin."

An expression of alarm swept across the pale face. "Really? Perhaps I should be careful—although there's nothing in my case of any value to anyone except myself. Thank you just the same." He paused. "My name's Banning," he went on, hesitantly. "I'm on my way to Stockton for Sunday. Coming back on the boat tomorrow night."

Tod gave him his name. "If I can help you in any way, Mr. Banning, let me know. I thought maybe

Tod looked up. In astonishment he beheld a hand slip through that five-inch opening above his shutters. It was a well-modeled hand, and well-manicured, too.

we'd mixed up our staterooms and that somebody was really trying to get into yours."

"I'm sure you're mistaken. Good night, Mr. Moran."

Tod watched him cross the promenade and disappear up the companionway.

Waiting until the last bit of freight had been trucked ashore, Tod started to turn away when a shout from the wharf brought him to a stop. Two men were jumping from an automobile and rushing toward the stage plank. Tod grinned. They had made the boat in the nick of time. He watched them vanish below for a moment and then reappear as they came up the companionway to the saloon deck. One of the new arrivals was a tall, well-dressed man who exuded assurance and success; the other, apparently his assistant, wore a dark-blue suit that looked suspiciously like a uniform.

"Where's the purser's office?" The tall man threw the question at Tod from the top of the steps.

"Inside the main saloon. His window's closed, I think."

"We'll find him. Thanks." Both men turned away.

Tod climbed the steps to the upper deck. When he reached the port side he saw that only one cabin was lighted. That cabin was 128 and the door was open. He was passing without a glance when the voice of Banning brought him to a halt.

"Oh, Mr. Moran!"

"Yes?" Tod paused.

"You said you'd help me just now. Will you?"

"Why, certainly."

Banning regarded Tod with a look of entreaty. "Then will you keep this brief case while I go in search of the purser? I think I'll ask him to put it in his safe."

"So you've changed your mind?" Tod asked, smiling.

"Yes. Because someone's been searching this stateroom."

Tod's eyes narrowed. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." Banning's voice was slightly tremulous. "I found my door unlocked and I'm certain I locked it when I went below."

Tod glanced at the stateroom window. The shutters were halfway down. "Anything gone?"

"No—nothing."

"But why don't you take your brief case with you when you go after the purser?"

"I'm not sure I can find him right away—and I don't want people noticing my carrying this case around all the time. It might make somebody think I was carrying valuables in it."

"And of course you're not?"

"No."

Tod looked at the man uncertainly. How did he know he wouldn't be receiving stolen goods or something? "I'm sorry," he said. "I'd much rather not take care of your brief case."

Banning was visibly disappointed. "But why? Oh, there's nothing here but some rather important bank statements I'm taking to one of our clients in Stockton. They'd do no one any good but him."

Abruptly he looked up. Footsteps were coming along the deck.

Before Banning could rise two men pushed past Tod into the stateroom. "Hello, Banning." It was the tall, well-dressed man who had just boarded the steamboat.

"Why—why, Mr. Walters!" Banning got to his feet. "What are you doing here?"

"Just wanted to make sure everything was right." The man called Walters looked inquiringly at Tod.

"Good night, Banning," Tod said quickly. "I'll be turning in, I think. You won't need me now, will you?"

"Need you?" This time it was the stocky man in blue who spoke, in a voice deep and brusque. "What was this bird asking you?"

"Just to take care of his brief case for a few minutes."

"So that's it!" A gleam of triumph came into the stocky man's eyes. "We've got him all right, Mr. Walters. You say the word and I'll search him right now."

Tod stepped back out of the cabin. So this little rabbit of a man was making away with something, was he? Tod's lips drew down scornfully. At the door of his own stateroom he paused to fit the key into the lock. He heard a triumphant voice coming from 128.

"Here we are, Mr. Walters. Here are the bonds—safe in his brief case. Now we know who's been getting away with the stuff."

Tod entered his cabin and closed the door with a bang. He was disgusted. It just went to show—you never could tell by a fellow's face what he really was. And yet, didn't all this fit in with Banning's ideas—help yourself and let the other man take care of himself? Probably he'd been disappointed in not getting a raise in pay and then took money or bonds in return. It had been Banning, Tod guessed, who had tried to get into stateroom 126. Most likely he would have hidden the incriminating evidence under the mattress of Tod's bed. It would have been a comparatively simple thing for Banning to have waited until the *Delta Prince* tied up at Stockton for the day and Tod went ashore, then slipped next door to 126 and regained the things before the steward came to make up the cabin.

Tod flung himself on his bunk, while in his ears sounded the murmur of voices from the stateroom next door. Mr. Banning protesting his innocence, of course; and Mr. Walters trying to silence him. Well, that was that. They'd probably leave the boat at the next stop and take Banning back to San Francisco.

Tod rose and went to the window. He needed air. Dropping the shutters he looked out. The *Delta Prince* was steaming slowly against the current through Carquinez Strait. In another half hour they'd hit Antioch.

From the stateroom next door three figures emerged. First came Mr. Walters, then Banning with handcuffed wrists, and last the stocky man in blue who Tod had decided was the bank detective.

"Mr. Moran!"

Tod leaned out the window, startled at the tone of desperation in Banning's voice. The little bank clerk had stopped directly in the light that flooded from his cabin door and was gazing beseechingly at Tod.

"Mr. Moran, I'm innocent. Help me! You said you would."

"Don't mind him." Mr. Walters' thin lips moved in a smile of pity. "Now, Banning, please don't make a fuss. We'll leave the boat at Antioch and get a car to take us back to the city. I'll see myself that you have a good lawyer." He paused and, turning to Tod, spoke in a lowered tone. "You see, Moran, the bank has been missing certain bonds and small amounts of money for the last four months. Banning's one of the few men who could have got away with them. Then we noticed that after Banning made a trip out of town something would always be missing. I'm sorry about the whole thing, but we've caught him red-handed."

"I'm sorry, too," Tod acknowledged. He glanced at Banning, and the despair upon the man's pale face made him grow cold.

Banning's throat moved convulsively. "I knew you suspected me, Mr. Walters," he declared in a tone lifeless yet bitter. "But I didn't know what to do! I never thought anyone in our department would frame me like this. Those bonds were not in my brief case when I left the bank today."

Mr. Walters shrugged. "Keep all this for your lawyer, Banning. Come on. Let's go."

The bank detective picked up Banning's brief case and bag. Mr. Walters had an extra overcoat flung over his arm.

Tod suddenly said, "Mr. Walters, whose coat is that on your arm?"

"This? Banning's. So long."

When they were gone, Tod stood staring after them, wide-eyed. Banning's overcoat was smoky gray in color. Who, then, had worn the loose, brown overcoat?

Tod sat down upon the bed, his thoughts in confusion. Was it possible Banning was telling the truth? Suppose some other employee of the bank were guilty—suppose that person were now trying to shift the blame onto the little clerk whom no one considered important? Tod rose. There was not a moment to lose.

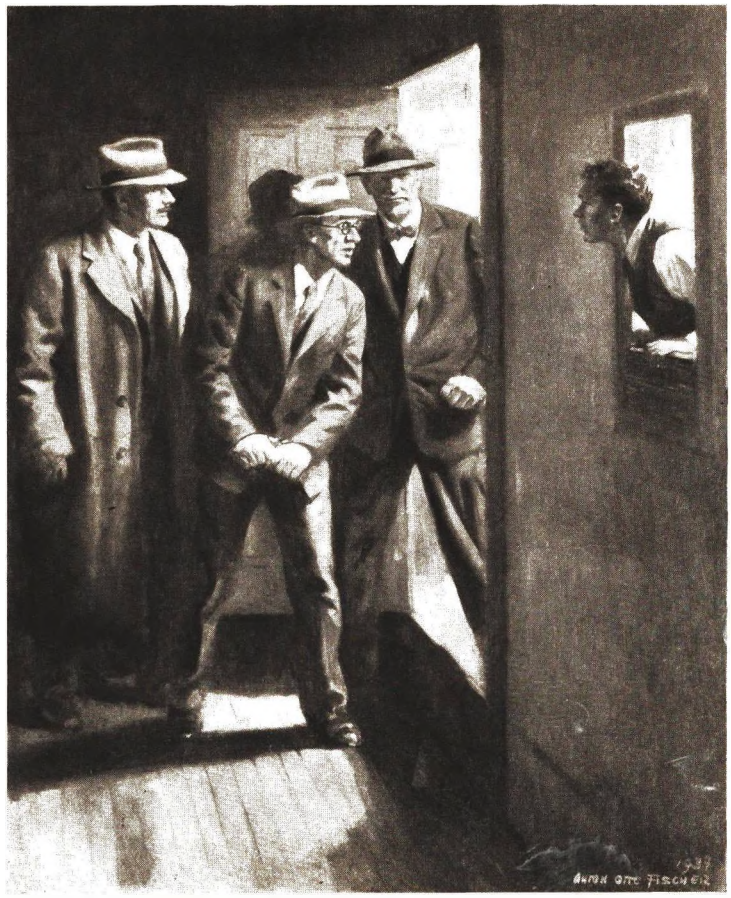
Within two minutes he was knocking at the purser's office. The window opened. "Yes?" The purser asked.

"My name's Moran," Tod said. "I'm in cabin one twenty-six. Will you please tell me if my name corresponds to that number?"

The purser flicked the pages of his book. "Yes, here it is. Moran—one twenty-six."

"But I wasn't given that cabin in the first place."

"Let me see. Oh, yes, I remember. The steward put Mr. Banning in one twenty-eight by mistake. It was one twenty-six he was originally given. You've heard about him? Too bad, isn't it? No one would suspect him, either." *(Continued on page 41)*



Tod leaned out the window, startled at the tone of desperation in Banning's voice. The little bank clerk had stopped directly in the light from the cabin door.

Meet McPhail, the lad with the winning smile and the razor wit!

Wheels Within Wheels

by

Dwight Wendell Koppes

NEXT TIME you read in your home-town rag where Mortimer Peabody or some such gets elected president of something at college, don't let it fool you. Probably the really big men on the campus elected him just because they didn't want the office.

Like my not running for senior president at Carter. Anyone can run for office, but it takes a lad with brains and personality to manage a candidate's campaign and get him elected. So I'm not surprised when the lads in our combine—which is a group of fraternities lovingly handed together for election purposes and then back to normal right after the voting—I say I'm not surprised when the lads make me political boss of our combine for the senior-class elections, which are next Tuesday.

I'm waiting for the customary candy-ankle up to the dorm with Connie after Sociology 409, when Dink Anders busts up behind his bifocals, lugging an armful of books like he always does.

"Tank," he says, looking as serious as a prof—which is not surprising when you think how much time he spends oiling them, "are things all set for Tuesday?"

"In the bag, my fran'."

"We're still running Paulson?" he wonders. "I haven't heard a word about it today."

Daphne Lomuller, a very unpretty coed, sauntered by just then. I gave her the famous McPhail smile. One more vote for the combine.

"Naturally you haven't heard anything," I divulge to Dink. "We're keeping it quiet until the strategic moment."

"Which is when?"

"I haven't quite decided," I admit, "but don't worry, son. Leave it to McPhail."

There's no point to telling him Watty Chalfant and Artie Coltrap, as usual, have a plan which I've promised to follow, as soon as they let me in on it. Sometimes you've got to pretend a little.

"At least the Tau Alphs ought to be tickled," says Dink.

"They're licking my hand," I inform him with the McPhail flair for confidence. "When we told them we would run their man Paulson for president, they grinned like starving Armenians at a food show. We made a couple of little promises to the rest of the clubs and they're all oke."

"I hope you're right," worries Anders. "The success of our faction in this election means a lot to me, you know—and to Gamma Sigma."

He's got a right to feel that way, at that. We haven't got any Gamma Sigs up for senior-class elections this fall, but the lads have slated Dink to run for student-body president in the spring, when we'll need a plenty strong organization to get him the nod. It's a case of swapping a couple of sergeants now for a general later on, which is the secret of most campus political combines.

"I'll do the driving and you do the riding," I soothe him. "You wouldn't bother Joe McCarthy about the way he was running the Yankees, would you?"

"No, but—"

"It's like that when Tank McPhail's the political brains behind *you*," I point out. "You're lucky."

"Maybe," says Dink, kind of dubious. "But—"

"Utsnay, Prex," I clap him on the shoulder and coax him into gear. "Here comes Connie—she'll help me get the gals lined up. See you lately, Dink."

I better not try to describe Connie Moe for you, or I might go gushy, which the McPhails don't do. But I will say that with her baby-blue eyes and her blonde hair, my girl's the neatest little trick at Carter and no fooling.

When we're easing down a side street and I've taken her books, I kind of outline how the election's going.

"With you getting us the votes at the dorm, sugar," I tell her, figuring she'll be thrilled to be conniving with McPhail, the master mind, "it will be a push-over. So line up your own sorority, and then—"

"Wait a minute," she objects, acidly. "Is it too much to ask the name of our candidate?"

"It's a secret, Toots—a matter of strategy. You just get the girls lined up for us, and we'll—"

"—condescend to accept their votes!" flares Connie. "How very gracious, Boss McPhail!"

I like Connie to show her spunk now and then, but I know better than to prod her *too* far.

"Now, Connie," I coo, "you've always—"

"We've always sold out for nothing!" she blazes. "You always tell us the candidate and we vote for him—and it's always a 'him.' This year you don't even tell us his name!"

"It's Snick Paulson, the Tau Alph," I concede. "But don't tell anyone."

By this time we're at the College Street entrance to the dorm, and Connie takes her books. There's a look in her eyes that I've learned to associate with trouble.

"Your orders won't cut much ice with me this election, Tank," she says, sort of cold and even. "I've just decided to run, myself."

"Run? Where?"

"Not run where—run *for*. For senior-class president. Against your candidate!"

"Connie! You can't do that—not with me managing—!"

"That's what I told the Phi-Pi faction last night," says Connie, turning to go in. "But I've changed my mind. You need to be taught a lesson about taking so much for granted—especially when it comes to a girl's right to vote as she chooses."

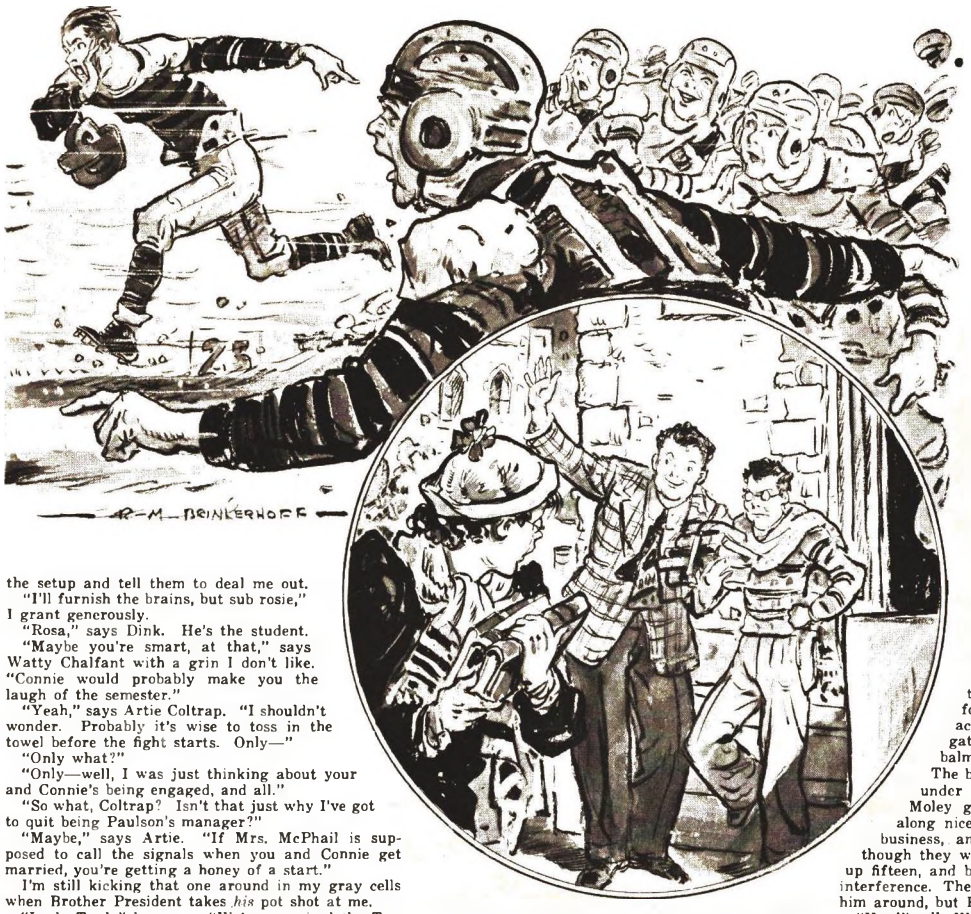
And with that she leaves me flat. I'm still standing there with my mouth open when she sticks her head out of the window on the landing.

"Votes for women!" she intones, striking a pose.

Maybe you've read about Snick Paulson. Last year he made five touchdowns against Wentworth, and scored a hundred and forty-three points during the season. He carries the ball through a broken field the way a scared bunny goes through Uncle Abner's corn patch. His punts average fifty yards, rainy days included. Maybe you noticed Grantland Rice gave him honorable mention last year.

Anyhow, it wasn't so dumb to put the finger on him for our candidate. He's a school hero during football season, which is now in full swing, and ought to draw the votes as Dobbin draws flies. Besides, the Tau Alphs are a close second to the Elks in numbers—not exclusive like the Gamma Sigs—and we can use their votes next spring when Anders runs.

I still think he's a cinch to win, but with Connie running against him I feel that it's up to somebody else to carry his blankets and feed him sugar. So when I get back to the house I inform the lads of



So help me, it's true. Paulson must have been conked on that last play, and now he's doing a Galloping Ghost toward our own goal line.

Illustrator:

R. M. BRINKERHOFF

the setup and tell them to deal me out.

"I'll furnish the brains, but sub rosie," I grant generously.

"Rosa," says Dink. He's the student.

"Maybe you're smart, at that," says Watty Chalfant with a grin I don't like. "Connie would probably make you the laugh of the semester."

"Yeah," says Artie Coltrap. "I shouldn't wonder. Probably it's wise to toss in the towel before the fight starts. Only—"

"Only what?"

"Only—well, I was just thinking about your and Connie's being engaged, and all."

"So what, Coltrap? Isn't that just why I've got to quit being Paulson's manager?"

"Maybe," says Artie. "If Mrs. McPhail is supposed to call the signals when you and Connie get married, you're getting a honey of a start."

I'm still kicking that one around in my gray cells when Brother President takes *his* pot shot at me.

"Look, Tank," he says. "We've promised the Tau Alphs to put Paulson over, and you've offered to run his campaign. If he should lose, it would look like dirty work at the crossroads and would reflect upon the honor of Gamma Sigma."

"We can't have that!" snaps Dink Anders. "It might ruin me in the spring!"

I snort at that one.

"I suppose it's better for me to be ruined in the fall!" I crack. But there's something in what Watty and Artie have said about letting Connie pull the boss act on me. Since I figure Paulson is bound to come through, I tell the lads, "Stop worrying, men. I'll string along."

So later I get Watty and Artie off in a corner of the den and demand to know what their gold-plated plan is.

"Don't think me inquisitive," I grumble in my best brand of sarcasm, "and of course I'm only the manager of this campaign. But I conceded a lot when I took your advice last night and told all the lads not to mention Paulson's name as our candidate. Now I've got a right to know why. What's it?"

"Simple," says Watty. "Tomorrow's Saturday."

I whistle, pretending I catch on. "You've got something there."

"And Saturday," says Artie, "we play Moley Tech. And that means—"

"Don't tell me," I barge in, suddenly getting it. "Paulson will go like blue blazes against Moley Tech, whom we beat last year twenty-seven to nothing. So we wait until after the game to—"

"To strike for a deluge of Paulson popularity while the iron of adulation is white-hot!" says Watty, as though he's reading it out of a book.

"Sure," I tell them. "I thought of that, too—that's why I was so willing to caution the lads to keep it quiet when you—"

"All right, Reynard the Fox," smirks Artie. "If you know all the answers, *how* do we announce Snick's candidacy after the game?"

I've kind of got a sneaking suspicion these two banties are trying to hand the razz to the Old Master, but don't think I can't cut *that* short.

Daphne Lomuller, a very unpretty co-ed, sauntered by just then. I gave her the famous McPhail smile.

"Mister Bones," I twang, "how *do* we blah-blah and blah? I'll bet your mother thinks you're clever, Arthur."

It's comebacks like that which make most of the lads on the campus shudder at the thought of matching wit with Tank McPhail.

"Skip it," Artie says. "Watty and I have it all worked out; just meet us at the Carter Print Shop at two-thirty tomorrow. Shall I go over it again, slowly?"

"By all means, Lug, if it's a good steep cliff you're going over," I crack. "But I'm not missing that Moley Tech game."

"You'll miss most of it," says Watty. "We don't mind doing your thinking for you, but you've got to help with the muscle work."

The game with Moley Tech, which is supposed to be nothing more than a pleasant tune-up for our Carter Conquerors, turns out to be a laugh on the other side of the bleachers when the three of us check in with less than five minutes to play in the last quarter.

The scoreboard slaps us in the face with the glad tidings that it's three to nothing in favor of Moley!

"Fix that scoreboard!" yells Artie. But the lads around us narrate that it is even so. Tsk-tsk.

"Paulson broke a leg?" demands Watty.

"Coach hasn't put him in," one of the Carter cohorts reveals.

"I get it," I crack, very nasty. "He's saving him for the Spring Formal."

"No," advises this lad, as though he thinks I meant it. "For the Highland game next week."

But the touchdowns our candidate makes next Saturday won't help us any next *Tuesday*. So I beller at the bench: "We want Paulson!"

I guess the coach hears me and recognizes my voice, because a whistle blows, and Snick Paulson lopes onto the lot and reports. The Carter contingent cuts loose with the grandpa of all cheers, and the dogfight is on.

The ball is Carter's, at about midfield. Nothing happens on the first play except that the boys build a cute pyramid that deposits the watermelon right on the fifty-yard ribbon. Then Paulson drops back.

"Neat!" gloats Artie, and whales me on the back until my bicuspids rattle. "A wide end run and it's all over but the voting! *'Paulson Is Hero in Last-Minute Win Over Moley!'* It couldn't be better!"

But the pass from center is wide and Snick has to go back to the thirty-three to recover. The Moley mongrels pile on him in the scramble for the egg, but when they unravel it still belongs to Carter. Paulson staggers back for his last chance to do the hero act, while the timekeeper cocks his gat. The stands have gone completely balmy.

The ball is snapped and Paulson tucks it under his arm. He starts toward the Moley goal, kind of unsteady but getting along nicely. His hips start that sashaying business, and he shakes off two tacklers as though they were flies in his forelock. He picks up fifteen, and by this time he's bid bye-bye to his interference. Then a Moley back hits him, and spins him around, but Paulson keeps right on going.

"Hey!" yells Watty, while the stands scream. *"The other way!"*

Sure you wouldn't believe it; you'd be cracked if you did. The mob in the stands *see* it—and they don't believe it either. But so help me it's true. Paulson must have been conked on that last play where he recovered the fumble, and now he's doing a Galloping Ghost toward our own goal line!

Furthermore he's in the clear. By this time he's got twenty-one assorted athletes spread all over the greensward. Buz Hortle, Carter end, gets up and chases him, but Snick falls over our own goal line just as Buz clamps onto his ankles, and the gun pops like a cap pistol in a boiler factory.

How do you like *those* crab apples?

So do we. It's a rare nifty on a football field, and at first we think maybe they won't count it. But when it's ruled a safety and the scoreboard reads: *Moley Tech, 5; Carter U., 0*, you could buy the Carter fans for a nickel a gross.

"Make mine a double arsenic," groans Watty.

"We—we must have lost," moans Artie.

"There *you* go again," I grinned. "Always first with the answers!"

The mob just sits there, but Watty grabs us and shoves us out of the bleachers. "Never mind that!" he yells. "What about our *candidate?* Come on!"

For the next couple of centuries we work as we never worked before, trying to keep ahead of the departing throng. We undo what we've taken an hour to do, in what is probably not more than fifteen minutes. It's been a thorough job of billposting that has kept us away from all but five minutes of the game, but we seem to be getting them all down before anyone sees them.

"I can't wait for your next nifty, you banty-brains!" I fling at the Tactic Twins as we rip off the last poster with the dismal drove on our heels. My meathooks are bleeding from yanking down the placards Artie and Watty have thought up, and I feel about as comfortable as Man Mountain Dean in a telephone booth.

"Could we help it?" whines Artie. "Could we anticipate—"

There's a bevy of guffaws behind us, and we linger only long enough to see we've missed one of the posters, tacked on Greasy Joe's lunch wagon. The poster reads:

Carry the Ball With
PAULSON FOR PRESIDENT!

After dinner I'm feeling kind of low and like I need sympathy, so I ring up Connie and ask her for a date. But it's no soap.

"You don't seem to realize," she reminds from the other end, "that until elections are over, we're enemies."

"Phooey from me to elections," I tell her. "You're still my girl, and I've got a right—"

"Maybe," she says. "But I'm busy tonight—a little matter of a date with a bonfire."

"Meaning what?"

"A rally. A vote for Connie is a vote for Carter! See you after elections—if you still want to play. 'Bye, now."

Naturally the lads in our hut don't go. Instead we stew around in the den, getting nowhere in nothing flat.

"Tank," says Dink Anders, "you've let us down. The Phi Pi's and their combine were smart enough to offer the senior-class presidency to a girl, which means that they will have every coed vote on the campus behind them."

"And," says Brother President, "there are one hundred and eighty-nine girls in the class to only one hundred and forty-one men. If all the girls vote for Connie—"

"Listen, brother pests," I snap—and don't think easy-going old Tank can't get tough when he's rubbed the wrong way too long, "if all the puppy politicians on this campus were laid end to end, it would be a darned good thing! You've got me in such a mess right now that I can't even get a date with my girl—won't that do for the present?"

"If Snick Paulson had kept on running the other way," sighs Artie, "it would have been a cinch. We had posters—"

"And there's another thing!" I bark. "I thought I was supposed to manage—"

"You are," says Watty. "Go ahead and manage!"

But Dink Anders doesn't quit easy.

"Paulson is out," he ordains, as if the thought is original. "He couldn't help it, and it's a tough break, but there must be some answer."

Artie Coltrap has it.

"Easy," he says. "We never announced Paulson as our candidate officially, so we're saved there. The few mugs that saw the poster this afternoon thought it was just a joke on Snick. So now we've got to choose another candidate—even the Tau Alphs would see that."

"Lovely," says Brother President. "Who?"

"Daphne Lomuller," I crack, expecting a chortle from the lads on account of her ugly pan and as a college man's picture of the ideal coed she's a bad dream generally. But no—

"Eureka, Kansas!" yells Artie. "Tank, you've got it! You make Gladstone sound like an overnight bag, son—what a politician!"

"What the—" I grope.

"Chalfant!" roars Artie, banging out the door. "Grab Tank and bring him along. We're going places, and don't worry about that election! With McPhail's brains it's duck soup. Next stop, Daphne Lomuller!"

I smile in my most superior fashion at the rest of the lads, and Watty and I trail after Artie Coltrap. I've got to admit I don't get it, but anything to save the McPhail front, which has been a trifle out of press ever since I got to be manager.

So I'm inclined to be indulgent with the Bungle Brothers as we pile into my Stone Age stumblebuggy and bobble toward the dorm, on the theory that anything is better than nothing. Watch that theory, lads—it's tricky.

On election day, we're as busy as a squad of one-armed paper hangers. What with herding in the voters, salving the skeptics and building up our candidate as a cross between Joan of Arc and Sweet Adeline generally, it's after lunch before I run into Connie in front of Hadley Hall.

"Hello, heart-throb," she tosses at me with that how-dast-you-you-dog expression in her eyes. "Where's the new soul mate?"

"You don't mean—

"Daphne—your trained seal. Your so-called candidate, Toots—the girl your third-rate brothers informed me you were out with when I called your house after the rally Saturday night. The girl you're running against me!"

It's my cue to titter. "So you can't take it," I grin.

Connie tosses her head. "Here's me smiling through my tears," she snorts. "Here's me laughing!"

I can see she needs a little fatherly advice.

"When you get into politics, sugar," I stroke her fur, "you got to be more thick-skinned. Especially if you're running against a McPhail-bossed combine."

"Wait till the votes are counted," she says haughtily.

"Sorry, honey-pie," I break the news gently, "but you're wrong. The candidate I pick wins. Daphne Lomuller is non-sorority, which means that she gets the vote of every non-sorority girl on the campus—and there are more of them than there are in sororities, of course. That splits the coed vote in our favor. You shouldn't ever reckon without McPhail the Crafty, Connie—let this be a lesson!"

She gives me a funny look and a funnier smile.

"If Daphne Lomuller wins this election," she says kind of deliberate, "I'll buy you an ermine shirt."

"If she doesn't," I call after her, "I'll send you a mess of orchids to wear to chapel!"

Right after that we get busier than ever. The polls close at five, and it's already after two. Artie and Watty come skating across the campus, looking as pleased as though they've hit the jack pot.

"Hey, Boss," says Artie, "guess what we did!"

"We locked three Phi-Pi mugs in a freight car," chortles Watty. "They can't vote for Connie!"

They explain that they found out the Phi Pi's were expecting some furniture, so they call Buz Hortle pretending they're the freight office. They tell him to bring some of the boys down to take a look at the shipment and direct them to an empty car on a siding. Three Phi-Pi seniors swallow the hook, and when they step inside the car Watty and Artie sneak up and slam it shut and lock it.

"Neat, lads," I enthuse. "'Bye, now—I've got a nifty of my own to attend to."

I haven't, but I think one up on the way to the girls' athletic field. Some of the lassies are practicing field hockey, and I find two of Connie's sorority sisters that haven't voted yet. I offer them a lift to the campus in my crate, take them out of the way, and pretend to run out of gas. I figure that by the time I get back with a gallon, it will be too late for them to vote. Don't ever say ol' Tank can't think up a few, too!

Only they must figure I been fooling, because when I get back they're gone—with my jalopie. And then it hits me like bad news from home that I've been so busy I've forgotten to vote myself!

But if you think that's a laugh, what about when I finally get back to the campus? They're posting the results in Hadley Hall, and only a few of the election committee are still hanging around.

"How bad did we beat them?" I grin.

"Bad," says the chairman, "if you play house with the Tau Alphs. Snick Paulson won hands down!"

Snick Paulson? How did *he* get back in the race? For once ol' Tank is speechless.

By the time we're back from the Tau Alph open house in honor of Paulson's election that night, I've recovered enough to have a good story ready for the lads. At least *I* think it's good—one of those nifties that ought to turn what would be a calamity to a lesser intellect to swell advantage. *(Cont. on page 35)*

We linger long enough to see we've missed one of the posters, tacked on Greasy Joe's lunch wagon. There's a bevy of guffaws behind us.

Bases loaded! Mel Ott doubles down the first-base line! Two Giant runs, and Tim Sullivan doesn't feel so good.

Bat-Boying *for the* Yankees

by Vereen Bell

Hot dogs and pop for hungry Yanks! That's part of the bat boy's job.

LAST SPRING the Sullivans were reading in the living room of their home, when Mary, who was reading the New York *World-Telegram*, gave a little squeal and called her brother Tim.

"Look," she said excitedly. "The Yankees are needing a bat boy."

Tim jumped up and looked at the paper. Then he slid to the floor and gazed at his sister with a thoughtful and slightly awed stare. "Bat boy for the Yanks!" he said.

"I'll bet you could get the job," Mary went on. "You've had experience and everything."

Tim wasn't so sure. "There'll be a thousand kids after that place," he said doubtfully. "But I'm going to be one of the thousand!"

Next day when Tim went out to Columbia University, where he was bat boy for the baseball team, he told Andy Coakley, the Columbia coach, of his ambition.

"Do you mind if I try to get the job?" Tim asked.

"We'd hate to lose you, Tim, but you can't pass up this chance. Tell you what—I know Joe McCarthy, the Yank manager. I'll write him a letter about you," said Coakley. "You write him, too. Then we'll wait around and see what happens."

Tim had been the Columbia bat boy three years. He had followed his older brother, Johnny. When Johnny got a job and gave up bat-boying, Tim had stepped into his shoes—literally, because he used Johnny's uniform.

As Tim began to be known and liked, the boys at Columbia gave him new activities. They made him football mascot, and immediately the Columbia football team stepped out and went to the Rose Bowl. They made him basketball mascot, and last season the Columbia basketball team won the championship.

When Gehrig homered in the fourth game, Tim was at the plate to shake his hand.

Tim was so busy bringing luck to his teams that he didn't have time to hope for anything like a job with the New York Yankees.

A few days after the talk with Mr. Coakley, Tim got a letter from Mr. Logan, clubhouse manager of the Yankees, asking him to come out to the clubhouse.

And then Tim really began to hope. If Mr. Logan wanted him to come out to the clubhouse, then that meant they were interested. Of course, they'd probably be interviewing a hundred other kids, but Tim was willing to stand in line all day for a chance at *that* job.

When he got to the clubhouse, though, there weren't any kids. Only a few baseball players wandering around. Tim was a little nervous. Maybe he was in the wrong building.

He approached two men who were talking idly.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Logan?"

"What you want with Logan, kid?" one of the men asked.

"Well, I'm after that bat-boy job, and he sent me a letter saying—"

"What's your name?" the man asked.

"Tim Sullivan. I—"

"I'm Logan. Come on and I'll get your uniform," he said, turning.

"Sir?" Tim asked in bewilderment.

Logan grinned. "You're a lucky kid—picked from two thousand applicants. You're the Yankees' *(Cont. on page 28)*

Joe stood rigid, with frozen eyes, while a frightened rabbit scampered across the clearing and the gallery laughed.

DOG

Two good dogs and a double duel!

Here's a war that everybody wins

—figure it out for yourself!

THE SECOND clash between Rodney Sanford and Tom came one afternoon about dark. The hunt itself couldn't have been better. The dogs had worked perfectly and the birds had been plentiful.

Preceded by the dogs, and sleek with healthy sweat, the horses had one-stepped along the little gravel road. There were four of them: one each for Rodney and Barclay, the visitor; one for Tom Kimball, the dog handler; and one for the negro who held the horses of the others during shooting.

They stopped in front of the Sanford manor, and two white-coated negro butlers came out and took the guns and bags.

"Nice hunt, Kimball," Rodney Sanford said in what was, for him, an affable tone.

"Excellent!" the flushed Barclay agreed. He'd never seen so many birds—nor dogs so well-performed.

"By the way," Rodney said, stopping in the gateway. "That young pointer—he's got something. Where'd we buy him?"

Tom grinned. "That's my own dog."

"Your dog?" The affability immediately left Rodney's voice. "You're new here, Kimball. Otherwise you'd know that we don't allow any dogs but ours on the plantation. It's a rule."

Tom didn't like that. Yesterday Rodney had said: "Big hunt tomorrow, Kimball. Barclay's a special friend. Use the best dogs." And Tom, wanting the hunt to be a good one, had taken his own Happy Joe along—and Joe had led the field in covey finds. But Rodney wouldn't understand.

"You'll have to send your dog away, Kimball," Rodney was continuing. "You can't give our dogs the best attention if there's one of your own to look after." Rodney turned to go, then added, "I suppose you've been feeding your dog with our kennel food?"

"Not exactly. You see, he likes chicken flesh, so I take him down to your poultry yard every afternoon and let him catch a couple of pullets. We have a lot of fun."

Barclay turned away to hide his grin. Rodney flushed an angry red.

"You're insolent, Kimball. We haven't much use for your kind around Cherokee. I've warned you before. Watch your step."

Tom didn't answer. He got back on his horse and headed for the kennels. He'd been warned before, all right. He knew where he stood with Rodney Sanford.

It wasn't the first time they'd clashed—the inoculation affair, a few days ago, for instance. And you didn't have to be a crystal-gazer to guess that it wouldn't be the last. Tom smiled a little ruefully. Everything had gone along splendidly until Rodney had come home.

But even with Rodney, it was still a good job.

The way Tom had got the job was a little unusual. When it happened, hunting season had been open about a week.

Most of that week Tom had spent in putting the finishing touches to the training of his young dog Happy Joe. Joe was almost two years old—full grown, but young in experience. Even so, he was fast as a whippet, and no dog who ever scented quail was stancher on point.

On the afternoon it happened, Tom was hunting Joe and Joe's dam, old dependable Countess Jane. As usual Joe was ranging wide. He was a stylist, Joe was. He had the build for it—long head, barrel chest, slim hips, and a little stomach hardly bigger than a man's fist. When he was away he traveled with his head high, and his tail tip whipped rhythmic circles in the air.

On that afternoon Joe seemed bent on showing Tom the country. They had long since left the land they started on. Tom had no idea where they were now. But as long as they didn't get on posted land they were all right.

Just when he decided to turn back, he realized that he had let Joe get away from him. Fifteen minutes of searching proved futile. And Tom Kimball was too good a dog trainer to use his whistle for a lost young dog. The chances were ten to one that, somewhere, Joe had birds.

Tom finally climbed a fence and saw him. Old Jane saw him too, and backed instantly. For Joe did have birds. He was standing erectly frozen, with his tail slightly elevated and his head up as if he were looking over a stump. It was a sight to make your heart pound.

But before Tom could reach the dog, a horseman trotted into view around a swamp head. He was quite close before Tom saw him. He reined in his horse.

Young Joe moved with supreme confidence into another point—and Gypsy, the champion, backed nobly.

MAN

by

Vereen Bell

Illustrator: PAUL BRANSOM

Something was wrong. Gypsy was lying in the shade, panting, paying no attention to Rodney's calls.

"Young man," the rider said, "you're trespassing."

Tom stopped, startled. He knew, now, where he was. He was on a game preserve. There were scores of preserves in that part of south Georgia—most of them owned by wealthy Northerners. More than likely he was in for a fine. Hunting on posted land was an expensive sport.

"I'm sorry," Tom said. "I lost my bearings. You see, my dog is a little fast and he got away from me." He studied the horseman. The man was rather elderly for a warden. "Whose land is this?"

"You're on Cherokee Plantation." The horseman dismounted. "Your dog's still holding his point."

"He'd be holding it tomorrow," Tom said.

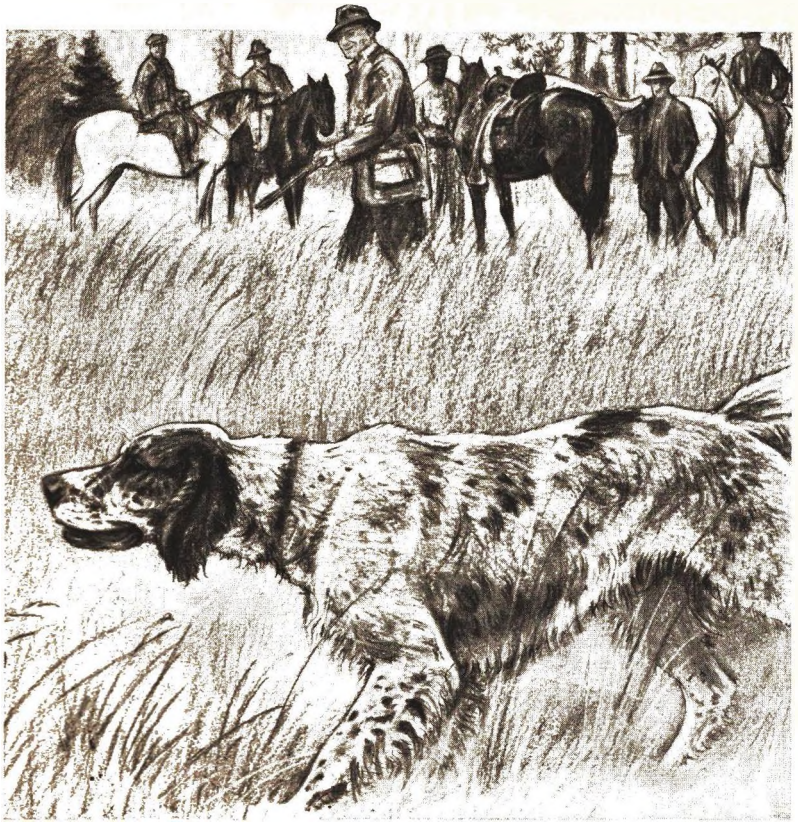
"Go ahead and flush the birds. Better shoot, too."

Tom gave him a look of grateful surprise. Then he leveled his gun and walked past the rigid Joe.

Whirr-r-r! The quail all got up together. A bird wheeled off to the left. Tom dropped one out of the mass, then turned and killed the wheeling one with the other barrel.

The dogs didn't break. Joe's lean hindquarters lowered expectantly, but he remained stanch. Then Tom clucked them on. Jane retrieved one bird. When Joe brought his bird in he got a hearty thump on the ribs for his good work.

"Your dogs perform nicely," the man said admiringly. "Who trained them?"



"I trained them. That's my business—dogs."

There was a moment of silence. "We're needing a dog man on Cherokee. Would you like to apply for the place?"

The man was assuming a lot of authority, Tom thought. "Say," he blurted, "just who are you?"

"I'm Henry Sanford. What about the job?"

Tom flushed. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'd like to try the job, of course." He rested his gun against a tree. "My name's Kimball, sir."

Sanford walked closer, smiling, and Tom knew what it felt like to shake a multimillionaire's hand. Henry Sanford was a multimillionaire, all right. There weren't two dozen wealthier men in the country. And there wasn't a man more generous. Libraries, hospitals, schools—Sanford supported dozens of them, and was ever on the lookout for more.

That such a man should offer him a chance to apply for a job gave Tom a big kick.

"We had to let our other dog man go," Mr. Sanford was saying. "He and my son Rodney disagreed about some phase of the dogs' training. Rodney knows a good bit about dogs himself."

Tom wasn't any too pleased about the implications of that bit of knowledge. Too many dog trainers could very easily spoil the dog. But he forgot about his uneasiness as Mr. Sanford went on.

"I'll let you know about the place in a day or two, Kimball. References, qualifications, and all that stuff, you understand."

Tom knew he'd be investigated thoroughly—and by the Great Sanford himself. That was one reason Sanford was great. He knew how to pick his men, and he did his own picking.

It was three days before Tom heard anything from the Cherokee Plantation job. The letter itself was a masterpiece of conciseness. It said: "You start Monday." And it was signed in the erect handwriting of Henry Alexander Sanford.

Cherokee Plantation was a world in itself. It was large for a plantation—twenty thousand acres, most of which were in open piny woods, interlaced with fire lanes and dotted with cultivated fields. A lake covered a thousand of the acres, and if you didn't get your legal bag of duck here any morning of the season it was because you were a pretty bum shot.

The center of the plantation, geographically and otherwise, was Magnolia Manor, a white frame house of some forty rooms. Most of the year the manor was vacant, with its shutters closed and its halls silent. Only during the winter was it regularly occupied. Then it swarmed with white-coated butlers and guests from New York and Boston.

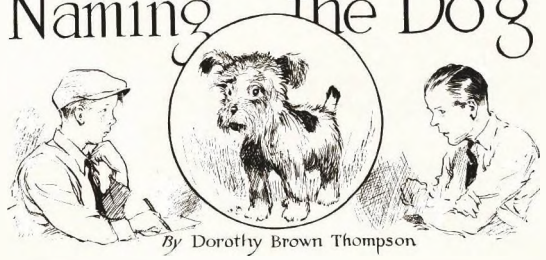
Cherokee Plantation had its own power plant, its own water system, and a telephone extension from Thomasville. There was a dairy, a laundry, a stable, and a garage capable of holding thirty cars and station wagons.

But it was the kennel that Tom liked. Three dog yards connected, and each had its own covered, concrete watering trough, and its own little row of adjoining doghouses. The houses were sprayed with disinfectant and freshly strawed once a week.

The kennel house couldn't have been better fitted. There was a big furnace-shaped stove for cooking dog food, and a hospital room with cabinets of medicine, surgical tools and tables.

"Your job," explained Hillery, the overseer of the plantation, "is to train the dogs, keep them healthy, and direct their management in general. You're also to be on the lookout for good dogs for sale. You'll have five men under you—an assistant trainer, a man to cook dog food, and three miscellaneous helpers." Hillery pointed to a white cottage on the brow of the

Naming the Dog



By Dorothy Brown Thompson

WHAT shall we name him? "Rover's" a misnomer—
Take him a block away, he does a homer:
Not "Spot" or "Blackie"—his uncertain color
Is like a faded doormat, only duller:
Not "Prince" or "Rex"—he isn't pedigreed;
He's much too leisurely to call him "Speed."

LET's go into the silence and endeavor
To think of something definitely clever. . . .
How about this? I got it like a flash—
He's such a mixture—we'll just name him "Hash!"

green hill. "There's your house. It's furnished—no rent to pay. Lights, water, one servant, a garden spot, a saddle horse—you get them too."

There must be a catch to a job like that, Tom decided. There wasn't, though. Rodney Sanford was worse than a catch.

Rodney came home about a week after Tom went to work. He visited the kennels immediately.

Tom was in the hospital room treating the dogs one by one, as his assistant brought them in. All the dogs were getting the same treatment—for distemper. Into the inside of each thigh he was making a hypodermic injection of two cubic centimeters of antitoxin. The job was almost finished. Twenty dogs had already been treated.

"Say," Rodney gasped, "what's that you're doing?"

Tom didn't look up. "I'm inoculating these dogs against distemper."

Rodney was struck with horror. "Why, you fool—don't you know that stuff'll kill my dogs?" He turned to the negro helper. "Why didn't you tell Kimball my rule about inoculating dogs?"

"I tol' 'im, Mr. Sanford," the negro said, "but he say he in charge of de dogs now."

Tom laid the syringe aside. Old-fashioned prejudices could appear in funny places, he was thinking. "Why are you so dead set against inoculation?" he asked.

"Just this: one of the best dogs I ever had died of distemper—exactly two weeks after I'd given him the serum!"

Tom shrugged. "The stuff's not infallible, of course. And your serum might have been too old. Or it might have been given too late."

Sanford wasn't listening. "How many dogs have you inoculated?"

"This finished the lot."

Sanford swore. "We won't have a living dog on the place in a month. Thank gosh Gypsy wasn't here for you to poison."

Tom jerked upright at that. Gypsy! The name was known to every dog man in the world. Champion Nile Gypsy II, of the famous Nile strain.

"You mean you've bought Nile Gypsy?" Tom asked.

Sanford nodded. "Seven thousand dollars."

Tom whistled. "But he's worth it."

"That," Rodney said a little less coldly, "is the first sign of intelligence you've shown, Kimball. I hope it won't be the last." He turned and walked out.

Gypsy came in six days later, fresh from a triumph at a Chicago bench show. He was a big, blue-eared, blue-ticked Llewellin.

"Gosh," Tom said, admiringly, "what a dog!"

The dog was enough to break through even Rodney's haughty crust. Whatever else was wrong, he liked good dogs. There wasn't the slightest doubt about that.

"Zowie!" he exclaimed. "Let's give him a workout, Kimball."

Gypsy seemed entirely willing to be worked out. After all, he had taken a long journey. He needed to stretch his silky legs. He stretched them all right. He found seven coveys in exactly one hour. That's a lot of coveys, even on a carefully kept game preserve like Cherokee. No doubt about it—Gypsy didn't have that little "Ch." in front of his name for flagpole sitting.

Tom worked hard in the following days, and except for Rodney, liked his work much. When he wasn't busy taking Northern visitors hunting, he was training Gypsy for the annual field trial at Miccosukee.

The setter wasn't long getting used to Southern briers and underbrush. He didn't seem to mind them—he took everything in his stride. Gypsy was exactly the name for him. He had a wanderlust, that dog. His heel would get to itching, and he'd be off. Of course, he'd circle back every now and then to see that you didn't get lost, but he liked to keep a lot of mileage slipping under those flying feet.

Tom, watching Gypsy sweep across the countryside, couldn't help thinking of Happy Joe. They'd make a pretty brace, Gypsy and Joe. Maybe Joe would even give the Llewellin a push.

But then, every man thought his own dog was unbeatable. There'd be no point in having a dog if you didn't believe in him. Joe couldn't run with Gypsy, really. And yet. . . .

Rodney often went along with Tom when Gypsy was being worked out. Tom didn't especially like that, but there wasn't anything he could do about it.

One Monday night the weather turned cold and windy. The next morning, thick frost covered the ground, and the wind was still blowing.

Rodney came to the kennels early, ready to go. "Going to take Gypsy out?"

Tom nodded. "Maybe the wind'll die. But the dog ought to get a little work in this kind of weather anyway. No telling what the weather'll be at Miccosukee."

If Gypsy objected to the wind, he didn't show it. He found four coveys in the first hour and held them all. He knew how to work into the wind, all right.

Then they came to the lake shore and ran into a tricky crosswind. Tom's knuckles were white on the saddle pommel. Gypsy would flush here, sure. No dog could figure out air currents that didn't know where they were going.

Even as he thought that, Gypsy broke his stride, then checked and froze. Tom dismounted and walked the birds up, and fired into the air. Then he clucked Gypsy on.

The dog couldn't keep it up much longer. The wind was treacherous—the kind that could slap you on both cheeks at the same time.

Then it happened. Gypsy, going at full speed, ran headlong into a covey of birds. Astonished, he stopped and watched the birds thunder away. He evidently hadn't got even a wisp of that quail scent.

Rodney shouted angrily. He apparently hadn't seen it coming.

Regretfully, Tom dismounted and loosened the quirt from his saddle. Gypsy didn't deserve whipping. But a dog must always be reminded of what's wrong.

Tom caught Gypsy by the collar, and struck him smartly across the flanks once. Then he let him go.

"Is *that* all you're going to give him?" Rodney demanded. He got off his horse. "I see, now, why he's flushing. You've let him get away with this before. Hand me that quirt."

Tom's eyes were flashing dangerously. "This was the dog's first flush. No dog can point something he can't smell. The wind's blowing the scent away from him."

Rodney snorted. "Alibi! Give me the quirt."

Tom held out the whip. "Hit that dog, Sanford, and I'll knock you down."

Sanford turned and surveyed him coolly. "You're fired, Kimball." Then he reached down and grabbed Gypsy's collar. The quirt rose and fell, followed by the dog's yelp of pain.

Seizing Rodney's arm, Tom swung him around. "Thanks for firing me, Sanford. I'd hate to have to bust my employer's son on the nose." Then he busted Rodney on the nose.

Deliberately, Tom mounted, lifted the reins. When he looked back, Rodney was still sitting in a gallberry clump, nursing his nose.

Tom would have rather had gout than to have missed handling a dog in the Miccosukee Field Trial. Since he no longer worked on Cherokee plantation, he wouldn't handle Ch. Nile Gypsy II. Rodney was doing that.

So that left young Happy Joe. Tom worked hard with him as the field trial approached. Joe didn't have a chance, of course. Not against dogs like Gypsy, and Scott's Corduroy Robert, and Sir Herbert of Grand Junction. And yet there was something about Joe's stride that you didn't see every day. He didn't have a chance, but . . .

The clubhouse at Miccosukee was already full of bird-dog talk the day Tom and Joe arrived. Tom reveled in it. He knew almost everybody in the house, and knew their dogs.

"I hear you're running Gypsy, Kimball," said a man from Alabama.

"I was. That's out, now."

"What've you got?"

"A derby. Happy Joe. By Glad Tidings Joseph out of Countess Jane."

The Alabaman grinned. "Good breeding, all right. But you're kind of optimistic, aren't you? Entering a derby in an all-age?"

Tom grinned back. "Maybe."

Later he sneaked out to the kennels and took a look at Joe. Tom wasn't alone. Other men had gone out too. You can't keep dog men away from dogs.

Joe was all right. He didn't like the wire that kept him from Kimball, but he was looking fit and properly taut. Tom moved toward a group of four men that were looking into another kennel pen.

The dog in the cage was Gypsy.

"Hello, Kimball," one of the men said. He indicated the setter. "That's the king, eh?"

Tom put his face to the wire. Gypsy was lying with his back turned.

"Hello, you old ham-head," Tom greeted him.

Gypsy didn't get up. He looked over his shoulder, saw Kimball, and thumped his tail against the floor a couple of times. Tom looked at the dog thoughtfully, his mind troubled.

"I hear you're entering a derby, Tom," said Riley from Ohio. "Don't you know a young dog hasn't got a chance?"

"They laughed at Fulton's steamboat, Riley," Tom answered. "Joe may fool you."

Joe did fool them. He fooled everybody. In the first series of the trials his bracemate was none other than the veteran Sir Herbert. But Joe wasn't impressed.

He yelped a couple of times just to show how glad he was to be hunting, and then he got under way. Joe wasn't thinking about titles and championships and stakes. He was thinking about birds.

Sir Herbert found the first covey, and Joe backed him the way a gentleman should. But Sir Herbert broke shot a bit. Not much, but just enough to even the odds a little.

After that, Joe didn't wait around. He made one beautiful cast after another, always coming out at the right places. He checked suddenly, paused for one breathless moment of suspended motion, then located and froze. He should have been an actor, that dog. The way he stood there, you'd have thought he was having his picture taken. Happy Joe, the stylist! Head up, tail high. Joe had birds!

When Joe stood both flush and shot, the judges looked at each other and got out their notebooks. Joe gave them plenty to write about. In the next half-hour, while Sir Herbert slipped hopelessly behind, Joe found two more bevies and picked up four singles just to show how versatile he was. Tom was so proud of his puppy *(Continued on page 39)*

See Europe on a Dollar a Day

by

Stanley Heiberg Koch

You'll sit down in the shade of a building and rest a while.

SO YOU want to go to Europe, and you don't want to wait until you are rich and forty.

Then consider this: You can see Europe for $150 plus $1 for each day you spend there.

And you'll not travel the commercialized trail of the tourist. You'll live and travel with the natives of the country. You'll enjoy a simple, carefree existence.

How can you spend this inexpensive summer abroad? There are three ways:

Go on your own hook, going where and stopping when you please.

Wholesome meals at youth hostels cost only a few cents.

The fuel cost of bicycling is an extra slice of bread at lunch.

Go on an organized American Youth Hostel Association tour, which, if you like to travel in a small, congenial group, is one of the finest possible ways to see Europe.

Or combine the two.

If you prefer to go alone, as I did last summer, or go with one or two companions, you first apply for a passport in the county clerk's office in your county. Your passport will cost you $10.

Then you join the American Youth Hostel Association, which costs you $1 if you are under twenty-five, and 25 cents for an international stamp admitting you to hostels in eighteen European countries. For membership, write to Isabel and Monroe Smith, National Directors, American Youth Hostels, Inc., Northfield, Mass. Your membership card admits you to any youth hostel in the world — and saves you loads of money.

For there are more than four thousand youth hostels scattered all over Europe within a day's bicycle ride of each other. And you can get a night's lodging in one of them for twenty-five cents or less. Managed by a house mother and father, the hostels have a day room, a kitchen where you may cook your own meals, a kitchen where you can buy meals if you don't want to cook, and usually a court with tables for outdoor eating.

When you write Isabel and Monroe Smith, ask them for rates and a description of the low-cost European trips sponsored by the American Youth Hostel Association. The ten-weeks' trip, with a choice of itineraries, costs $260 for those under nineteen, about half of which pays for third class passage on a regular liner. Even though you want to go alone, ask them what rates they can get you for your transatlantic passage, and ask them for a list of youth hostels for all of the countries you wish to visit.

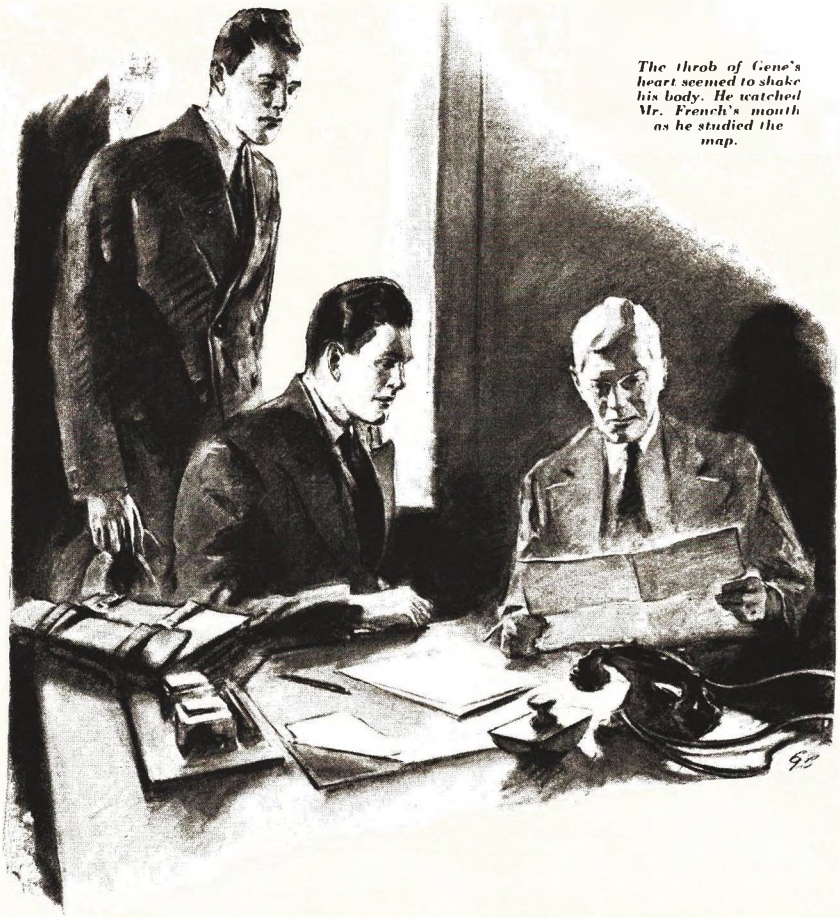
The cheapest way to get to Europe is by freighter. Round-trip fare costs about $120. It is not possible to walk down to the booking office the day you want to sail and get a passage, because you will find that all passenger space is gone. Four months ahead of time is not too early to make your reservation.

You'll stay overnight at palatial youth hostels like this.

Below: Koch's route took him to famous old Heidelberg.

You can get a complete list of freighter voyages to all parts of the world for twenty-five cents from Viking Voyages, 1265 Broadway, New York City, or you can write the AYH for details.

When you reach your port of embarkation, have the consul of each country you expect to visit visa your passport. Visas aren't necessary for Denmark, Norway, Sweden, *(Cont. on page 36)*



The throb of Gene's heart seemed to shake his body. He watched Mr. French's mouth as he studied the map.

WILDCAT

by

William Heyliger

The Preceding Chapters

THE MELLOW sweetness of magnolia blossoms hung in the Texas night; every vagrant breeze wandering over the Enciato country carried the haunting fragrance to Gene Brandon and Pete O'Toole. But they preferred the smell of gas. For gas *might* mean oil.

An unexpected whiff of gas, caught on a peaceful river bank, had set Gene dreaming. Why should he and Pete grind away year after year as seismograph men on a Soltol Oil Company's shooting truck? Wealth was waiting for them down in the ground. That whiff of gas was a sign!

Heart thumping, Gene had investigated the chances that oil lay under old Opie Beecher's run-down ranch there in the Enciato country. Had found a mixture of clays and sands that indicated uplift. Another sign of oil!

Though Opie Beecher had told him that Soltol had drilled there ten years before and had finally abandoned the project, Gene dreamed on regardless. Perhaps Soltol had blundered; seismograph methods had improved a lot in the past ten years. There might be oil.

Oil, oil, oil! In a blaze of excitement, carefully covered, Gene dashed back to Houston to find Pete and sell him a dazzling dream. They'd pool their three thousand of savings, get a lease from Opie Beecher, and "poor-boy" down a well!

"Nothing doing!" snorted Pete. "We'd lose our shirts. The old ranch would dry-hole on us. Or some lease-busting rat like Sammy Crisp would smash us. You're balmy, and you can count me out."

Just the same, he came in. Fiercely contagious, oil fever!

The sun-hazed Texas days trailed along. Gene and Pete asked for early vacations, and at last the vacations began. The two young engineers hurried out to the Enciato country. Satisfied themselves that the probability of finding oil on the Beecher ranch was strong. Defeated Sammy Crisp in a battle for a lease.

A queer battle. Tom Beecher, Opie's derelict brother, favored leasing to Sammy. Opie, however, and his dog Maverick, preferred to deal with Gene and Pete. In the end, the boys got the lease, but there was a curiously speculative look in Sammy Crisp's eyes when he left the Beecher place with the indignant Tom.

Gene and Pete headed back to Houston in triumph. Yet there was a shiver under their exultation—they were heading back to throw away the security of jobs, the certainty of pay checks!

Soltol's geophysical chief, Mr. Lane, accepted their resignations with grim yet friendly regret; suggested a fiery old-timer—Mac Lee—as their driller; nodded assent when they proposed getting Silvy Malot, Soltol's hard-eyed trouble shooter, to build them some apparatus.

That night Pete let off steam in a triumphant shout: "We're off!"

"Soon will be anyway," Gene grinned. But his eyes were grave.

Chapter Five

TEN DAYS after Silvy Malot agreed to build the outfit with which they hoped to find an oil structure, Gene Brandon and Pete O'Toole were through with the Soltol Oil Company. There was an exciting half hour in the geophysical department with everybody crowding around to wish them luck; and there was a warm handshake from Mr. Lane. Out in the sunlight of Main Street Pete stared hard at his final pay check.

"I didn't know it was going to be like this," he blurted.

"Like what?" Gene asked.

"Oh, you know—all washed up. When you realize that, it gives you an empty feeling inside."

"You'll feel better," Gene assured him, "when we get moving."

They had been moving, but not toward their dreams. Soltol had sent the seismograph crew into the gulf marshes. For a week their shooting truck had been a boat, and the recording instruments had floated on a barge. Before leaving for the marshes they had given a surveyor a property map and sent him to Enciato to lay down lines. Joe Janvier, the dynamiter, still brewing black Cajun coffee, had shown them an item in the Houston *Post*. Not much of an item—five lines—to the effect that they had leased the Beecher acreage for "immediate drilling." Few poor-boy outfits achieved the dignity of five lines—that is, unless they brought in a producer.

With those final pay checks in their pockets they came back to the Magnolia. The lobby pulsed and throbbed to its accustomed hectic talk of oil. The news stand clerk had saved them a week-old *Post*—"the story's on page fourteen, Mr. Brandon." A voice boomed from a lobby chair: "How many Texas fields have been dry-holed by one man and brought in by another?" The room clerk was cordial.

"Enciato, isn't it? I don't know much about that country. How does it look, good?"

"Good enough for us," said Gene.

The clerk leaned across the desk eagerly. "If you boys have a little acreage you'd like to sell off—"

Gene shook his head. "Not an acre." This, he thought, was the oil fields—its optimism, its hunger for speculation, its chuck-a-luck of blind chance. The room clerk was typical. Knowing nothing of the Enciato country he was nevertheless willing to put down his money on a random chance.

An elevator came down and Sammy Crisp, pink and pudgy, stepped out. "Howdy, boys!" There was nothing in his hearty, unforced greeting to indicate there had been a sharp battle for land that might hold untold wealth. "Going upcountry soon?"

"Soon," said Gene.

Pete O'Toole spoke pointedly. "The air's getting bad down here, Gene. Let's go up."

"If anybody should be sore," the lease-buster said

Oil men, on a shoestring! That was Gene and Pete, torn by hope and fear, out to win a fortune or lose their last shirts

Illustrator: GRATTAN CONDON

matter-of-factly, "I should have the privilege. I thought I had a lease right in my pocket and you boys snapped it away from me. Give and take. I never cry over spilled milk."

"Or over a telephone," Pete suggested.

A momentary surprise showed in Mr. Crisp's face. "I'll admit I was a little peeved when I telephoned to Lane," he said. "It got under my skin to be trimmed by two kids. Well, good luck and quick drilling. I mean that. Why not? I've picked up a few leases around the Beecher tract. Bring in a producer, boys, and I'll sell off what I hold for some real money."

The elevator shot them up to the third floor. Gene closed the room door and sailed his hat toward the bed. "You mug!" he said.

Pete bristled. "What did I do now?"

"Did you have to tell him we knew he'd phoned? Wouldn't it be better to let him think we were two innocent coots who didn't know our savvy? Now he'll think we may be a little bright and he'll step softly."

"Aw, nuts! I think he's bowed himself right out of the Beecher tract. Wasn't he open and frank tonight? He's got some leases. Why shouldn't he want to see us get a producer? If we tap oil on our land, his land is made. Let's clean up and eat. Then we can sit down and spend money on paper."

By ten o'clock that night the list of expenses had begun to grow alarmingly. They had already given Silvy one hundred twenty-five dollars. They'd have to buy dynamite—many cases of dynamite. They'd have to have the holes at shot points hand-dug, "augured down," in the language of the oil fields. They'd need not one pipe-lined hole at each point that could be used again and again, but a separate, twenty-five-foot encased hole for each shot. And it would take from two to three hours to dig each hole.

"We'll have to hire four negroes," said Gene, "at one dollar and fifty cents. That's six dollars a day."

"And four more to cut wood," Pete added, "and a mule team and a driver to haul it. Add in the diggers. Oh, my gosh! About four hundred and eighty dollars a month."

"We'll only need the diggers for a while," Gene pointed out.

Pete mopped his face. "Let's get the rest of it while our strength holds out."

"We'll have to dig up a secondhand truck. Convert it into a shooting truck to carry the dynamite and the tamping water. We won't make any shot-point record at the truck; the only record will come to the instrument truck. That may throw us off thirty feet in our computations. We'll have to risk it. We'll pick up a secondhand panel-body trailer for the instruments. We can haul it around behind my car."

"How much will all that cost?"

"About two hundred dollars for the truck and fifty dollars for the trailer."

"How about caps? The law won't allow caps and dynamite to be carried in the same truck."

"I'll carry the caps in my car."

Pete sighed. "About one thousand dollars the first month for supplies and labor."

"We haven't figured in the drill crew," said Gene.

Pete turned on the ceiling fan and opened his collar. He took out his watch, slipped a ring off his finger, drew a fraternity pin from a drawer, and laid the collection on the table.

"Got any jewelry and old clothes? I can see where we're going to strip to the bone and sell out."

The telephone rang. Gene answered it. "Come up," he said presently and turned to Pete. "Silvy."

"What does he want?" Pete demanded.

Silvy wasted no time telling them. "Some of the junk I need isn't in the Soltol discards. This is going to cost you boys some more coin."

"How much?" Gene asked quietly.

"Forty bucks. Aerials for communication are out. Too much dog for a poverty outfit. You can get along with an army field telephone." He held out his hand. "I'll take that forty now."

Gene said: "Wait here, Silvy; I'll go down and cash my pay check."

Pete stared at the floor. They had begun to eat into their second thousand. Silvy, whistling in soft unconcern, surveyed himself in the mirror and pinched his tie delicately. Gene came back with the money, and the trouble shooter put it away without bothering to count it. Pete fumed. Just as though forty dollars were change from a dime.

"Don't forget we haven't a fat bank roll," he said resentfully.

Silvy's eyes of chilled blue regarded him. "Don't forget you want a seismo outfit." He went to the door with a lithe, catlike, almost insolent stride.

"We didn't get a receipt," Pete complained after Silvy had gone.

"Want to call him back?"

Pete glared. "Nuts!"

Next day they drove to Jacktown. A very fat man, sitting in the shade of a black gum tree, took a corncob pipe from his toothless mouth and gave them directions. "Mac Lee? About a mile yonder to a sulphur dig and then a piece to the right."

They found the house behind a trim picket fence and rows of hollyhocks. A man sat upon the porch moistening his finger with his tongue and playing solitaire.

"We are looking for Mr. Lee," Gene called.

"No call to look farther," the man answered, and turned another card.

A pleasant-faced woman, ample and motherly, came from the house and drew water from the well in the front yard. Chickens scattered as Gene and Pete went up the boardwalk.

"Jest another card or two," the man drawled, and played deliberately. They had a chance to study him. Seventy years old—and yet whipcord. The sun had burned him a dark Indian red; his face was long and lean and square-jawed. A Texan face. Silvy Malot had a jaw like that. Lee's thin coat hung loosely; a gaunt kneecap bulged up under a trouser leg. Gene had the impression that he looked upon time-toughened hickory.

With a sweep of bony, powerful hands Mac Lee gathered up the scattered cards. "Jimmy Christopher! If I hadn't a-covered the deuce o' diamonds early I'd a-got it." He looked up at them out of eyes that the years had pinched and made small and watery. "What brings you out this-away?"

"We'd like to interest you in a drilling contract," Gene said.

One of the man's powerful hands fell to a bony knee. "I knowed it! I could smell oil fields when you stomped in the gate. Who wants I should do this here drilling?"

"We do."

"Company or poor-boy?"

"Poor-boy," said Gene. He had the sensation of a flutter in the hallway of the house as though someone had been listening.

Mac Lee stood up. Again Gene felt impressions. An old war horse sniffing the battle smoke. He stood, a tall mountain of a man, all bone and sinew, bent in the shoulders as great trees along the coast are permanently bent by the steady force of the winds that come off the Gulf of Mexico.

"Seems like I kin visit best when I git my back braced comfortable." He sat on the top step of the porch and wriggled his back against a post. The motherly woman appeared soundlessly and took the vacated chair. "I done my share o' poor-boyin'. Looks like them days is past. I figure I'm jest a mite too old."

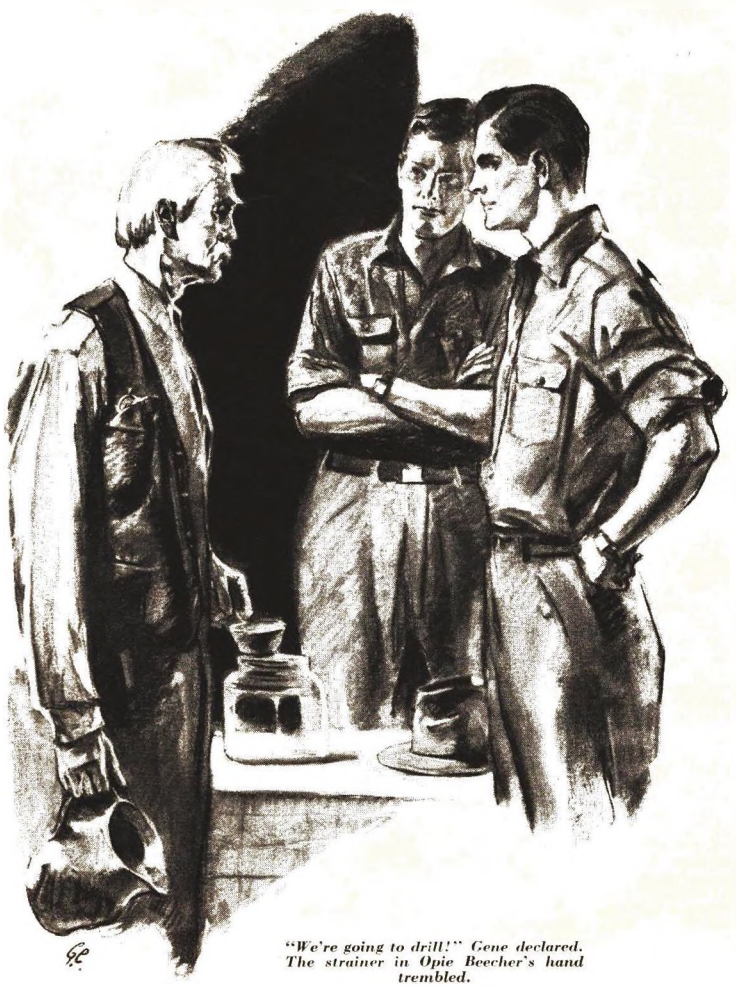
"You're far enough too old for such livin'," said the woman in the chair.

"Ain't I tellin' the boys?" He turned back to them. "How comes this here?"

"I found a fresh outcrop," said Gene.

"What kind o' outcrop?"

"Lissie sands up near the surface. And irregular Beaumont clays."



"We're going to drill!" Gene declared. The strainer in Opie Beecher's hand trembled.

Almost imperceptibly the puckered, watery eyes began to kindle. "That might say oil, sure 'nough."

The woman spoke anxiously. "Remember, Pa—"

"Shucks! Don't you fret, Ma. Ain't I been tellin' the boys? A mite too old. Not that I wouldn't like jest one more last— There, there, now; ain't I been tellin' them? Oil's chancy!"

Mrs. Lee rocked. "You ought to know, Pa."

"Don't I know? Now, you take this here Enciato country." The driller's voice had become dreamy. "I put down for Soltol up there. Must have been back 'bout 1925. We got us two dry holes; so the company orders t' tear down an' move. I argued strong, and the tool pusher an' the engineer was with me. I went down t' Houston an' argued some more. 'Tweren't no good. I told 'em there was oil. Told 'em I could jest feel oil in my toes." His hand smacked the knee. "An' there's oil up there."

Gene Brandon did not move.

"Where'd you boys git this here outcrop?" The question came suddenly.

"Off the Beecher ranch," Gene said slowly. "Off the very tract where you dry-holed. At Enciato."

"Yah—hee!" The old man was on his feet. His massive, gaunt shoulders shook. He swung his arms. "Oil? Yes, sirree. There's oil jest a-waitin'—seems like yesterday I told 'em t' make location a half mile northeast— But 'tweren't yesterday. 'Twere ten years ago. Ten years' a long time. I'm a mite too old for poor-boyin'."

But now there was nothing of age in the eyes. Mac Lee had become young again.

"Poor-boy? Shucks! Me an' Ma had our day o' it. Heat an' cold, rain an' chill, mud an' 'skeeters. No more for us. Now look; you boys don't want for t' go poor-boy. Here's why. I got me an old wood derrick. Ain't been used, and a lot o' wood has rotted. Cost all of three hundred dollars t' repair that there drill derrick. Then there's a rig crew t' pay t' put that derrick up on location. Then there's a foundation t' set for the draw-works. Then there's a shallow well t' dig for water. Lump it all together an' I reckon it comes nigh to five hundred dollars." He glanced at them sharply. "Can a poor-boy snake out five hundred dollars that-away?"

"It's all right with us," said Gene.

"Then there's maybe another hundred and fifty dollars t' pay out for firebrick for the pot."

"Tally," Gene said.

Mrs. Lee spoke. "Now, Pa; you be keerful. I'm a-seein' the signs. I ain't lived with you for forty years without knowin' the signs when you start a-leanin'."

"Me?" Mac Lee reproved her. "Why, me an' the boys here is jest talkin'. 'Tain't right t' let two nice boys go throwin' their money away reckless. Now, you take pot, draw-works, an' derrick. Can't walk 'em t' Enciato. Take three eight-wheeled log wagons haulin' by four mules each. Take maybe four days. Four days easy. That makes another hundred and twenty-five dollars. She's sure a'countin' up."

"Keep counting," said Gene. Money was melting before his eyes, but they had to have a driller.

And now the flame in the old man's eyes was almost fanatical. "Jimmy Christopher! You must be crazy. What comes if gear breaks? Who's t' pay for replacement?"

"We do," said Gene.

Old Mac Lee kicked a skittish leg and rubbed his back against a porch pillar.

"Pa!" Ma Lee warned.

"Now, Ma, you know I always said it. Oil? Why, there's oil sands a-waitin' there at Enciato fit t' make a man's mouth water. Waitin' right t' be digged down t'. I told 'em—a half mile northeast, but they jest wouldn't listen nohow."

"You was sure 'bout oil at Gopherway, Pa."

"Not sure," Mac Lee said; "not eggsactly sure. Not eggsactly. This, now, is different. This *is* sure. Seventy-two? Shucks! Seventy-two ain't old. Look at this here John D. Rockefeller a-playin' shinny. Reckon John D.'s 'most a hundred. Me, I ain't never felt so good. Me, I feel like a young squirt cowhand a-bawlin' his songs on the range. Eh, Ma?"

Ma Lee was grim. "You old maverick! Don't you know when you're beddin' down soft?"

Their eyes, across forty years of companionship and understanding, met, and held, and passed silent messages. Motherly Mrs. Lee sighed and stood up.

"I know when 'tain't no use for talk. Might's well git t' seein' ahead for the pack-up."

"Seein' as how you suggest it—" Mac Lee said judiciously.

Ma Lee flounced into the house.

"Both of you coming?" Gene glanced at Pete.

"Ma always comes along on a poor-boy," the driller chuckled amiably, "t' see that I eat fit. Ma's a top-hand with a skillet."

There on the wide porch, with a flock of chickens picking and scratching at their feet, they came to terms. The driller and his crew of four were each to be paid a dollar a day food money. If a producer came in each of the four roughnecks was to be paid off with a half acre of land for every two days they had worked. And old Mac Lee, in the event of a find, was to have half interest.

"You're sure you can get a drill crew on these terms?" Gene asked anxiously.

"When I tell 'em 'bout Enciato," Mac Lee answered placidly, "they'll spavin theirselves in a rush start. Don't you worry none."

But there was plenty to worry about as they drove away from Jacktown.

"You know what we're in for?" Pete snarled above the roar of the motor.

"I can add," Gene told him.

"You'd better make an affidavit; nobody'd guess it. Trailer, truck, dynamite, seismo outfit, derrick repairs, draw-works foundation, firebrick, derrick riggers, transportation—"

"You'll get out of breath," Gene chided.

Pete glared. "That comes to about seventeen hundred dollars. A large, round fortune of thirteen hundred dollars left. Did you ever try to eat the lining of an old shoe?"

"No."

"You'd better practice."

Gene's smile was a grimace. "You're forgetting the drill crew."

"I'm not forgetting anything. Five dollars a day for food for the drilling crew. We're in to spend seven hundred and twenty dollars a month. We have thirteen hundred dollars. When I went to school and studied division that meant we couldn't last more than two months. Think you can bring in a well in two months?"

"No." All at once Gene Brandon's voice was harsh. "Nor in four months. Five, maybe. But I'm in this and I'm in to the end. Drill down to the last, last inch. If I go broke, I'll get a job. I'll save my pay. I'll live on crackers and milk. When I get enough together I'll go back and start drilling again. If that isn't enough I'll go to work again. And I'll keep doing that until I dry-hole or produce."

He drove on, mile after mile, toward that never-ending Texas horizon. Pete was temperamental. But you could depend on him. *(Cont. on page 30)*

Gene ripped the seismo map from his pocket. "Where were those eight hundred acres, Mr. Lee?"

Be a Close-to-Home Naturalist

PHOTO BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

PHOTO FROM HOWARD CLEAVES

As Told to

Victor McNeill

by

Howard Cleaves

FOR THE NATURALIST there's adventure always at hand. A fox track in the snow, a snake shedding its skin, a field of yellow pitcher plants, a deadly black widow spider, a doe drinking at dawn—high adventure, these, for the nature lover!

That's all very well, you say. You'd like to be a naturalist yourself. But there's nothing that would interest a nature lover where *you* live.

That's where you're mistaken. There are thrills for the naturalist—everywhere.

Let me give you an illustration: One day in Binghamton, New York, as I was threading my way along a crowded sidewalk, I heard above the roar of traffic a strange bleating sound. Looking up I saw a bird descend in its darting flight and disappear over the parapet of a large department store building. There was no mistake—the bird was a nighthawk!

I crossed the street to the building where I had seen the nighthawk last, and hurried inside. When I told the manager of the store that I wanted to go up on his roof to look for a bird, he didn't understand. But, probably putting me down as one of those harmless eccentrics who might as well be humored, he notified the janitor that I was to be taken to the roof.

The janitor understood more easily. In fact, he was familiar with the birds.

"Sometimes I come up here about dark and they nearly hit me on the head, flying around and mewing," he said.

PHOTO FROM HOWARD CLEAVES

When Cleaves watches migrations, he rests his elbows on a small step-ladder.

The roof was divided in three sections, each section covered with a protective layer of gravel. The bird wasn't on the first section. We climbed the dividing wall and looked around. Still no bird.

On the third and last section, on the point of giving up, I suddenly saw the nighthawk.

"There she is!" I whispered.

The janitor couldn't see anything. He frowned, stared in the direction indicated.

"In that corner," I said. "Sitting there on the gravel."

Carefully, we moved closer. And then the janitor spotted the nighthawk, sitting motionless, her color blending with the gravel in a strangely effective camouflage.

No thrills near home? What about this nighthawk, a rural bird, who has adapted herself to city life, who lays her eggs—without a nest—on the gravel of metropolis roofs?

Some evening after May about dusk listen for a nighthawk in your city. A trained ear can hear the bleating call even above the noise of city traffic. You can identify the bird by its dipping, erratic flight and the touches of white on the underside of the wings. When you locate the bird watch it down. There'll be a kick in finding the nighthawk atop a ten-story building, motionless, eyes almost closed to heighten the camouflage. Probably there'll be a couple of young nighthawks, too, or maybe two brown-spotted eggs about three-quarters of an inch long.

And speaking of city birds, did you ever wonder about those half-tame pigeons that stroll about your streets, or whirl in brilliant flight overhead? They're descendants of the European rock dove, as all pigeons are. Your fancy varieties, pouters and carriers and the others, if allowed to run free and breed without interference, would eventually revert to type and again be slate-blue European rock doves. Nature can be persistent when she wants to.

Have you a pair of good binoculars, six or eight power? Then you'll certainly want to watch night migratory flights against the moon. You know, of course, that some species of birds migrate only at night. They start about dusk and fly until dawn. Sometimes dawn catches them still awing. If they happen to be over a big city, they'll drop to the first splotch of green they see—which, for all they care, may be Central Park, in New York City. There are other birds that migrate only during the day. Some aren't particular, flying day or night.

When you start studying migrations, you run into some peculiar and often inexplicable things. For instance, the amazing distances some birds cover. The golden plover lives in the arctic and winters in Patagonia, which is ten thousand miles away. The arctic tern, which lives even farther north, winters in the anarctic.

Another thing. In bad weather—fog, rain, snow—the migrating birds are forced lower, and consequently many hundreds of them are killed against skyscrapers, lighthouses, and projections like the Washington Monument. But here's a surprising fact: New lighthouses kill many more birds than long-established lighthouses. How do you explain that? Do individual birds remember the obstruction from one year to the next and change the course of the flight? Or is it that the careless, weaker birds are destroyed immediately? As an amateur naturalist, you might figure that out. But remember, a true scientist doesn't guess.

Try hunting, not with a gun, but a five-cell focusing flashlight. Most animals, fascinated by the light, will let you come close.

Watching bird flights across the face of the moon is good sport.

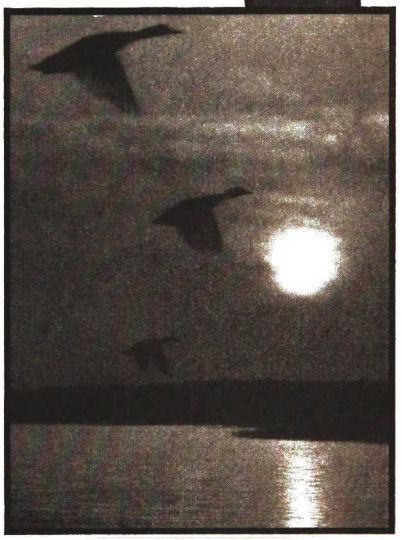
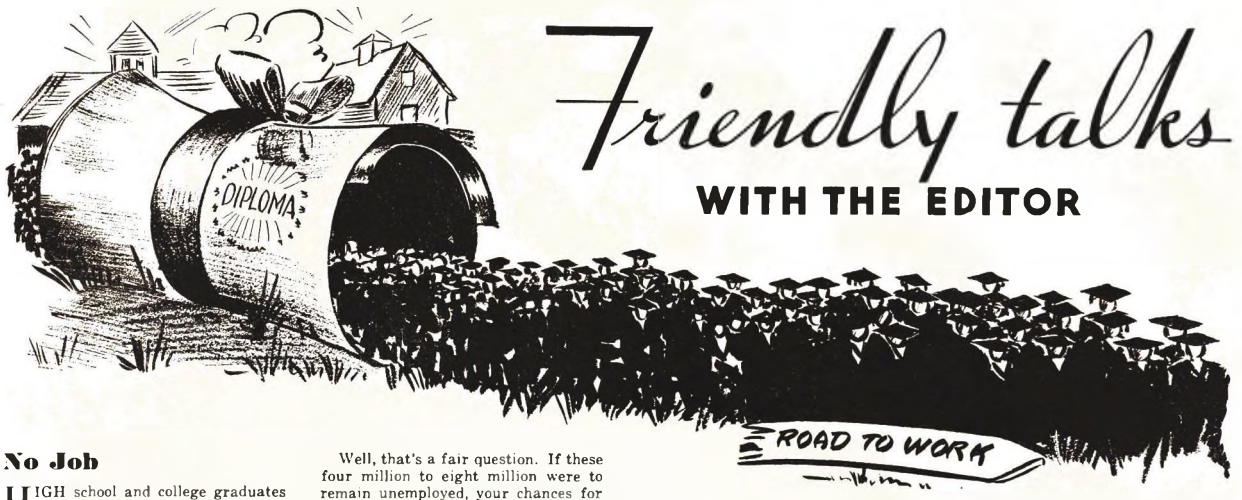


PHOTO BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

It's interesting, observing these night flyers. The best months are May and October, on nights when there's a full moon, and preferably a slight haze. This haze causes a halo around the moon which enables you to see the bird before he actually reaches it, and after he is past. Your front lawn is as good an observation point as any, *(Continued on page 27)*



Friendly talks
WITH THE EDITOR

No Job

HIGH school and college graduates are feeling better these days. A few years ago, an unpleasantly high percentage of them were unable to get jobs. One of the jobless wrote us at the time. For a year after his graduation from high school he tried to get work. During that time he lived at home, but his father couldn't well board him since the father, too, was out of work. One day the son walked out on the highway and thumbed a ride. He rode the brake beams of freight cars. He bummed through a half dozen Southwestern states, sleeping in fields and barns, occasionally getting a few hours' work as a harvest hand, at other times chopping wood and washing dishes for a meal. He managed to keep from starving and finally got back home. His shoes were worn, his clothes in tatters, but his eye had a glint in it. He was far from discouraged. He had traveled and learned the lesson of self-reliance. One of these days, he knew, he would get his chance. Times couldn't stay bad forever. He'd be needed—some day.

Well, that's a fair question. If these four million to eight million were to remain unemployed, your chances for personal success might be somewhat less. But no such army of men will be permitted to loaf in this country. One of several things will happen to them, all encouraging. Even in 1929, people didn't have everything they wanted. There weren't enough shoes, enough clothes, enough warm houses to go around. Economists say we can produce twice as much as we did in 1929 without satisfying all our wants. Without adding any new industries at all, we can use the four million-plus of unemployed in private industry. But a score of new industries *are* under way. The air-conditioning business is a mere babe—one of these days it will need lots of workers. Diesel engines are coming into their own. The whole aircraft industry is just getting started. Before long we'll be building supersafe flivver planes for the private owner. That will mean, in turn, private landing fields, airplane service stations, used-plane dealers, and a host of allied industries. New industry could use all of the four million—and more. But in addition to present industry and new industry, there are jobs that the Federal and state governments must do. For instance—

Federal Jobs

IT WILL take millions of men working quite a few years to make future Mississippi and Ohio floods impossible, but the job will be worth every cent it costs. The cleaning and repair bill of last winter's flood ran into hundreds of millions of dollars, and when the cleaning and repairing was done, the people of the Ohio valley were no better off than they were before. These floods are getting worse all the time—the next one may cost more. How much better it will be to spend those hundreds of millions on dams and reservoirs to hold the water back; on reforestation and the growth of pasture land, to prevent our most valuable national asset—soil—from washing down to the Mississippi delta! That's one job the government will do, and it will require you men who are now taking civil engineering and agriculture. Then there's slum clearance. We'll need an army of architects, carpenters and masons to replace filthy shacks with decent houses that won't bring a blush of shame to our cheeks when we look at them. Government and private industry will co-operate on this. There are parks to beautify, roads to build, recreation centers to lay out—jobs for state and Federal government to boss.

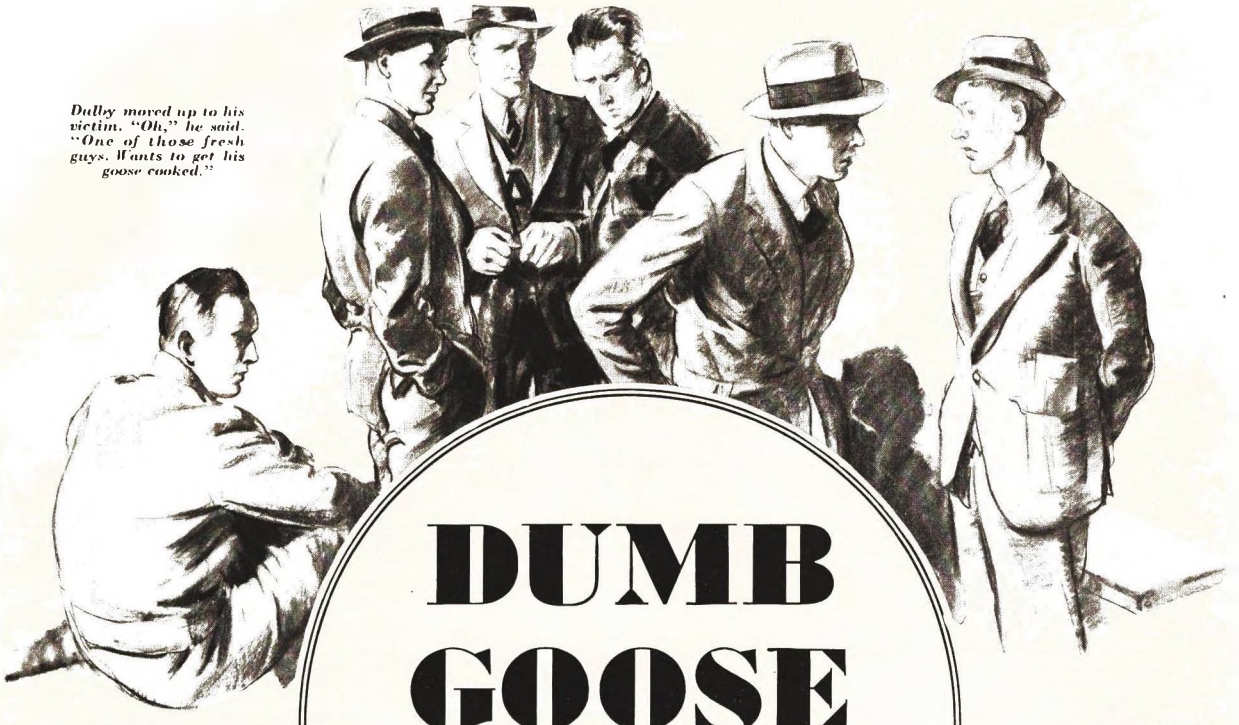
Your Choices

YOU see, then, that one of three things can happen to you. You may be employed in private industry that has already been established. You may be employed in new industry that we know little about, at present. Or you may be employed by the government in a lot of jobs that simply have to be done.

Meanwhile, there's no point in the average graduate sitting back and saying, "The country owes me a job." The highest rewards, either in money or prestige, will go as usual to the fellow with the energy to bestir himself. The day of initiative isn't dead and never will be. There isn't a department or factory or farm in this country that can't be improved. There isn't a machine that can't be made to do its job a little better. Our railroads, automobiles, and air lines will be vastly different ten years from now. Our homes and office buildings will be improved, our highways changed, our cities remodeled. We are, in fact, in the midst of one of the most exciting experimental periods of all history. And as long as we change and grow, there's a big opportunity for the fellow who is a little more thoughtful, more clear-sighted, more energetic than his companions. When you step out of school this summer of '37 our best wishes go with you. There are big jobs to be done.

An Idle Class?

THERE were thousands of others in the same boat as this boy, a few years back, but the number is decreasing. The University of Wyoming reports that two-thirds of its 1934 and 1935 graduates were employed within a month of graduation, and all of them within a year. Similarly encouraging reports are coming in from other schools. But in spite of improved employment, there are many young people who hesitate to believe in their futures. This country today, they point out, is producing almost as much as it did in 1929, and there are eight million out of work. Furthermore, a cabinet officer predicts that when we reach the 1929 level, there'll still be four million unemployed. We've improved our machines so much that it takes fewer workers to produce what we need. "How," they ask, "can opportunity be so great if we're to have so many unemployed people around? Some of us may succeed, but where will the average fellow land?"



Dulby moved up to his victim. "Oh," he said. "One of those fresh guys. Wants to get his goose cooked."

DUMB GOOSE

by

Donald Farrington

Illustrator:
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

DYNASTIES sometimes fall because of trifles. The dynasty of Joe Dulby, for instance. Dulby the Great.

The name of the trifle was Johnny Hoos. When the mid-February issue of the Arrowhead *Anvil* threw orchids at the baseball team, at Freel and McIsaacs, veteran hurlers, and at the one and only Joe Dulby, veteran catcher, it didn't mention Johnny Hoos. It didn't know Johnny Hoos. Nobody knew him.

Last year a freshman baseball coach had taken one look at Johnny and had passed him up. Snap judgment. But Johnny refused to be discouraged. His eyes had a habit of looking blankly bewildered, but there was no groping uncertainty about his thoughts, and he knew that a team with only two hurlers, Freel and McIsaacs, would be keen to find a third. Johnny folded his copy of the *Anvil* and walked toward the gym.

Rather, he gangled. He was thin, with a long, scrawny neck, and with loose arms that ended in awkward, heavy-knuckled hands. No use feeling sore, he thought without rancor, about what had happened in his freshman year; probably he didn't look like much of a pitcher. He peered uncertainly into the baseball locker room at four or five men already there. With his ungainly figure he must have seemed a goof made to order for a ribbing.

Dulby couldn't miss a chance like that. Getting up slowly from a bench he smiled, stretched leisurely, and winked at the other veterans.

"Are you," he asked gravely, "one of those men ready to die for dear old Arrowhead?" His eyes, starting at Johnny's feet, traveled all the way up to the scrawny neck. "I mean, by inches?"

Gangling Johnny Hoos stared back at him. "No."

"No?" Joe was shocked. "Weren't you taught any manners? What's your name?"

"Hoos."

"What?"

"Hoos."

Dulby grinned. "Imagine that! Did you say Goose?" His hands traced the exaggerated outline of a goose's neck.

Johnny Hoos said casually: "We have a scissors-grinder back home who thinks he's funny, too."

A titter came from the benches, and Dulby's face darkened. "Oh," he said. "One of those fresh guys. Wants to get his goose cooked." He moved up to within a foot of his victim and they stood eye to eye—Arrowhead's campus hero and a discarded nobody.

"Pipe down, Joe," a voice suggested from the benches. "You asked for it."

Joe made a mocking bow. "Mr. Ted Allen," he jeered. "The new keeper of the barnyard." His attention went to Johnny. "There's no hurry," he said thinly. "The cooking of a goose can wait. Once a goose, always a goose."

Pond, the coach, walked in then and the quarrel died.

Candidates began to crowd the locker room and Pond led the way to the dirt-floored baseball cage. There, at a pine table, Johnny filled in a card and was given an order for a uniform and assigned a locker. He was lacing his shoes when the locker next to his banged. Dulby, pulling off a shirt, looked down at him.

"So you're a pitcher, Mr. Goose."

Johnny thought it best to say nothing.

"Won't that be nice," Dulby purred.

Johnny's eyes stared blankly. Actually, his brain had never been sharper. He was thinking that a smart catcher like Dulby could make a recruit pitcher look very bad. He went back to the cage and stood around until Pond began calling a string of names. He found himself one of a group assigned to throw to Ted Allen.

Ted gave him a friendly grin. "Joe's all right, only sometimes he gets the idea he's witty. Don't mind him."

"I don't," Johnny said mildly. He cupped the ball in his fingers and wafted it toward Ted's mitt. Five days later he was still throwing with that same unforced motion.

"Some of the boys have been trying to grab Pond's attention by throwing curves," Ted told him. "The wise guys nurse their arms. You're one of the wise guys."

In a squad of sore-muscled pitchers fighting for places, Johnny's long spindle of an arm continued to remain loose and supple. Pond, coming among the battery men, took Ted's mitt and had a line of pitchers throw to him in rotation. Johnny's turn came and he let the ball go. Apparently he threw without effort; yet the ball exploded into Pond's mitt.

"Let's see a curve," Pond called, suddenly interested.

Johnny threw a hook. Again, apparently, there was no effort, and again the ball was a flame. For five minutes no other man of Ted Allen's string got a chance to show Pond anything.

"You gave him an eyeful," Ted murmured later. "You're going places."

Johnny's blank, peering eyes were noncommittal. If he went places, he would be pitching to Joe Dulby. He hoped that Joe had forgotten that first day in the locker room.

Next day he graduated from the string of prospects and was transferred to Dulby. Dulby the Great! Freel was on Johnny's left and McIsaacs on his right. He looked hopefully at Dulby. Dulby stared back at him, and suddenly there was a wall of ice between them.

"Let's go," the catcher snapped. Freel blazed a perfect strike.

Dulby's voice almost sang. "That's the way to do it, Free."

Johnny's turn was next. He pitched.

In dead silence Joe returned the ball to McIsaacs.

McIsaacs floated a tantalizing slow ball down the alley.

"That's the money ball, Mac."

Johnny Hoos felt a prickle of dismay. Dulby hadn't forgotten, then. He rifled a drop that sank beautifully at just the right spot. Dulby received the ball indifferently and without a word threw to Freel.

The cold unresponsiveness worried Johnny in spite of himself. Well, he could do one thing that might surprise a little enthusiasm in Dulby. He could give him the same fast ball he had given the coach. Winding up with deceptive ease, he swung his

gangling arm and the ball flashed toward Dulby's mitt.

There was only a dull sound when it landed. When his turn came again, Johnny uncorked an even faster ball, but there was no satisfying explosion in Joe's mitt.

Johnny became a little frantic. "I must be tightening up," he thought. "My speed is leaving me."

He tried harder and harder and found himself sweating with the effort. His control wavered and was gone, and at the other end of the pitching fairway Dulby grinned knowingly.

"This kid thought he was good," Dulby said to himself exultantly. "It won't hurt him to be taken down a peg. They don't tangle with Dulby and get away with it."

Two days later Pond came over to see what he had sent to the first-string line. Johnny overheard a three-word dialogue and knew that it was about himself.

"How?" the coach asked Dulby.

"You look," said Joe.

Johnny flushed with anger. Joe might have put in a good word. He threw to the coach and knew that he was a shade too stiff and self-conscious to throw loosely and naturally. And without that loose-armed ease, both his speed and his control faltered.

Next day a man who had been potential varsity was back with Ted Allen.

Johnny squirmed a gooselike neck and swallowed painfully. As he threw to Ted his soul rebelled. The set-up wasn't fair. He hadn't gone looking for trouble. Dulby had tried to make a fool of him and he had refused to take it.

"Come on, baby," Ted pleaded. "Show it to papa."

The warming quality of Ted's voice gave Johnny renewed courage. Slowly something that was gone from him came back. The ball slipped from his fingers and obeyed his will. Ted waited for him near the gym door after the practice.

"Was anything wrong with you last year, Johnny?"

"I didn't last long enough to find out."

"Is anything wrong now? You have stuff. I've seen it. Do you lose it at times?"

"Seems so," Johnny said, frowning.

"But you show me so much stuff—" The sentence faded and Ted gave a slow whistle that bespoke a dawning thought. "Is Dulby making you look bad?" he asked suddenly.

Johnny didn't bother to answer. What was the use? A pitcher was supposed to be able to take it, no matter what the catcher did.

"So it is Joe," Ted said, reading Johnny's silence. "I didn't think he'd carry things that far. If Pond spots this—" He left the thought unfinished.

Pond, watching Johnny working again with Ted, had begun to sense the difference. He spoke to Dulby.

"There's a gasket loose, Joe. Johnny's working well with Ted."

Dulby was suddenly watchful and sharp. "You've heard of in-and-outers?" he asked.

Pond nodded doubtfully. "Why doesn't Johnny have in-and-out days with Ted?" he asked.

"Johnny and Ted are pals. Maybe Ted's holding him up."

"Then you should be able to hold him up," said Pond flatly. "We need another starting pitcher."

Dulby flushed angrily. He felt no better when he saw Johnny rejoining Freel and McIsaacs in the first-string line. His eyes, once confidently superior, grew hard and hostile.

Johnny knew that he was getting a second chance. He called on his will power, and with Pond hovering near-by, he showed enough to make Pond nod his head approvingly. But the next day, vainly throwing a fast ball that refused to smack and thud, throwing at a target that was more like an iceberg, he found himself drawn-up and wild.

Dulby saw a chance to redeem his infallibility. "Didn't I tell you, Coach? An in-and-outer." Triumph crept into his voice.

That note of triumph was unconscious—and revealing. Pond began to see a glimmer of light. There had been talk—a word here and there—of a clash between Dulby and Johnny Hoos. Sometimes these clashes gave birth to enmity, and sometimes enmity became blind and destructive. Consciously he made no plan, yet a plan began to take shape.

A day later the team went outdoors. The batting cage was wheeled out, and Johnny did as well as Freel or McIsaacs. That told Pond nothing. He wanted a scale surer than batting practice. He wanted an acid test that would be definite and final—that would give him the truth about Johnny Hoos.

Forty-eight hours later the coach named a varsity and a second team, and sent them out to play nine innings. This, he reasoned, should provide the test. Some sort of test, anyway. He had sent Ted Allen to the second team and Dulby to the varsity—as usual.

To the bench Dulby the Great was bucking up Johnny Hoos. In reality Dulby said coldly, "Try to get it over the plate."

"Who pitches, Coach?" Dulby asked. His blood tingled. This was his game. This was where he shone.

"Johnny," said Pond. "Three innings. After that Freel, then Mac."

Dulby gave Johnny a slow, thin-lipped smile. Here, he said to himself, was where a fresh recruit got his.

Johnny was conscious of strings jerking in his body. Starting pitcher! That could mean only that Pond wanted to get a quick line on him. He was on the spot and he knew it. Out on the mound he found that all his world had crystallized to a focus that held only a batter and Joe Dulby. Today he could not get away from those superior, smoldering eyes that goaded him through the sight-holes of a mask.

He tried a burning fast ball over the heart of the plate and heard only a muffled thud as the ball hit Dulby's mitt. It was funny. Whenever he pitched to Dulby his fast ball seemed to leave him. He put more effort into his second pitch and Dulby had to drop to his knees to smother it.

"Take your time, Johnny." The catcher's chant held the overtone of a taunt.

Johnny wiped the clamminess from his forehead. He thought miserably: "Pitching is pitching, and I ought to be able to forget everything else." Dulby signaled and he sent the ball away. The batter hit the pitch to left for a double. The next man walked.

Dulby came down the fairway. To the bench Dulby the Great was doing his specialty of patting a pitcher's shoulder and bucking him up. In reality Dulby spoke only seven cold words:

"Try to get it over the plate."

Gangling Johnny Hoos was lost. The storm struck and he took punishment. Bases on balls were mixed up with hits, and the infield contributed an error. Seven runs were on the scoreboard when the second inning ended.

Dulby sat down and looked at Pond meaningly.

"I'm going to give Ted a little varsity work," the coach said.

"Sure." Dulby shrugged confidently. In the batting spree he had stood out—he had made a nice play on a bunt and nailed two men stealing. "What do I do, take the scrub?"

"Just sit here. I'll send somebody out with the scrub. I want you to watch something."

There was a strange quality in the man's voice. "Who's pitching to Ted?" Dulby demanded.

"Johnny," said Pond.

Joe Dulby's eyes widened and he sat very still.

Johnny, dropping onto the bench, heard the words and his head came up with a snap. His gooselike neck squirmed unbelievingly. He was to keep on pitching—to Ted. Bewilderment and a vast sense of relief united; he felt a slow lessening of strain. A comforting voice said, "Push over," and Ted sat beside him. Ted's hand was on his knee.

"Let's show them something, Johnny."

The ice flowed out of Johnny's muscles. He closed his eyes, and thought: "Ted's catching. Not Dulby—Ted." His chest rose and fell in a long sigh.

Ted nudged him. "There's the third out."

The mound seemed different to Johnny—everything was different. He swung his arm in the arc of a windup and shot the ball toward the plate. It landed in Ted's mitt with a resounding boom!

"Strike one!"

"Money in the bank," Ted yelped. "They haven't seen anything like this before."

No, Pond thought—they hadn't.

There were no bases on balls that inning, no hits, no runs. Johnny and Ted came together to the bench. And Johnny walked with springs in his feet.

"To the showers," said Pond. He nodded to Freel. Freel would work the fourth.

Dulby sat lost in thought and Pond had to speak to him twice. "What do you think of it, Joe?"

"Two lousy innings and one sweet inning," Dulby snapped. "I can tell you in a word. In-and-outer."

"I can tell you more than that," Pond said quietly. "He's a winner with Ted."

Outwardly, Dulby made no sign. But far back in the hidden recesses of his mind was an alarming picture. Evidently Pond looked upon the Goose as a starting pitcher. Then, whenever Johnny was started, Ted would catch. If Johnny developed into an ace he'd get the key games. Ted would get the same games—the big spots. He, Joe Dulby—Dulby the Great—would catch the less important games.

Crossing the campus, with the setting sun throwing shafts of gold against the tops of the blossoming trees, the thought of losing his throne filled him with panic. He'd end up as a nobody.

Lost in thought, he came to the angle where the campus bent away from the dormitories. His mind worked swiftly. There ought to be a way to stay on top— Why, there was a way. He'd play up to the Goose, pat him on the back, puff him up with praise. Was there a first-year pitcher on the squad who

wouldn't go nuts at a word of praise from Joe Dulby? The situation turned humorous; he laughed. This would be a joke on Pond, too. So the Goose was a winning pitcher with Ted, was he? Well, Pond had a surprise coming to him. The battery would be Hoos and Dulby.

"Goose," he said with disarming frankness as he donned his uniform next day, "I thought you were a false alarm, but in that third inning yesterday you showed plenty. All you need is a little polishing and I'll see that you get it. We'll be a battery that Arrowhead will remember for the next ten years."

Johnny looked at him out of blank, bewildered eyes. He knew that Dulby was making peace, but as he pitched, Dulby's motive was all too apparent.

Johnny tried to warm up—to feel free and easy and confident—but Dulby had painted a picture on his mind, and the picture would not change. All Johnny saw were the hard, hostile eyes that had mocked him through the long days of practice.

Dulby the Great sweated. This wasn't going to be so easy as he had thought. And now he worked as he never before had worked on a pitcher. A tide of anger began to rise in his blood, and it was with an effort that he continued to smile and to chirp. Didn't this scarecrow know what was happening to him? Didn't he realize he was getting a hand from Joe Dulby?

The catcher grabbed Pond as the squad trailed across the field toward the gym. "I have the Goose clicking now, Coach."

"Fine," said Pond. He said it absently. The next day, sending Johnny out to work with Ted Allen, he watched them intently.

Dulby snapped at Freel and McIsaacs. Freel flared and there were sharp words. Pond looked their way and McIsaacs called a warning: "Cork it up." After that Freel worked sullenly. The sound of Johnny's fast ball smacking into Ted's glove was an echoing rhythm.

Suddenly Dulby grew alarmed. The opening game with Remington was only five days away. He ought to get the catching assignment. . . . Ought? He was aghast at what the thought implied. Never before had he wondered if he'd get a game!

Pond, Johnny Hoos, and Ted walked back to the gym, an isolated trio, and Dulby didn't break in on them. He waited in the locker room until he and Johnny were alone.

"How did it go today, Goose?"

"Swell."

Dulby winced. "What are you trying to do, throw me down?"

"I never threw anybody down," Johnny said flatly.

Dulby stood there—Dulby the Great—and pleaded with a rookie pitcher. "String along with me, Goose. I know my job and you know yours. We'll set this campus on fire."

Johnny kept on trying—and tried too hard. The very strength of his effort defeated him. He began to force himself, to worry, to press. With that, all the loose smoothness faded. He slumped until he was almost at his worst.

Pond yanked him from the pitching line. "Rest," the coach ordered. A rest would take him away from Dulby. Pond was not blind to the fact that this new Dulby was working harder with Johnny than with either Freel or Mac, but the fact remained that Johnny was overwrought, and an overwrought pitcher might turn himself out.

Joe Dulby was bleak. Only three more days to the Remington game! There were times when he was appalled by the change that had come to his baseball fortunes; times when he thought wistfully: "If I hadn't tried any funny work—" In sudden gusts of rage he fought against completing the thought. Anyway, if Johnny wasn't pitching to him, Johnny wasn't pitching to Ted. He wasn't losing any ground.

Pond picked the team that would start against Remington, but left the battery open. That was strange. Usually Dulby was slated to catch and only the pitching assignment was left for decision. Pin pricks of apprehension ran along Dulby's spine.

"What's the matter?" Freel asked, curious. "Pond forgetting you're around?"

"Is that any skin off your nose?" Dulby snapped.

He grew morose and imagined that the campus was beginning to point him out. Dulby the Great, but not quite so great any more! He came to the gym the day of the game, and dressed, and waited. Once he found himself standing with his hands clenched, his knuckles white. This telltale sign infuriated him, and he forced himself to keep his fingers apart. He kept them rigidly apart all the while Pond was speaking to the squad.

"Johnny and Ted," the coach finished. "Everybody out."

Dulby sighed. Well, it was over.

Out in front of the stands Ted warmed up Johnny Hoos, and Joe took the pitching of Freel and McIsaacs. The stands would know what that meant. Ted Allen was the starting catcher and Joe Dulby the man who might have to do relief. Dulby, the once great! He could thank a skinny gawk for that! Freel threw a wide curve and he had to reach out for it. He wasn't angry. He was too tired for anger.

From the bench he watched Johnny Hoos and Ted go out together to start the game. Remington coachers talked to the batter, and Johnny, leaning forward to catch Ted's sign, seemed a grotesque misfit. His long arm came around in its windup, his body pivoted, and the ball sped plateward.

"Ball one!" The umpire flung out a hand.

Another pitch.

"Ball two."

A voice spoke from the bench. "He's missing the corners by a hair."

The batter walked. The Remington coachers became shrill.

Another man at the plate. He swung on the first pitch and the ball came to Johnny high, but he managed to slap it to the ground. The stands saw a pitcher who seemed all elbows and joints swoop down, pick up the dead ball and line a hissing bullet to first for the out.

But there was a runner on second.

Johnny watched the middle bag. He nodded to Ted's signal and threw without windup to the plate. The ball was hit down to short, a skimming grounder that offered no difficulties. The shortstop tried to throw the ball before he had it. And then there were runners on first and third.

The second baseman ran in to talk to the pitcher. Johnny, looking blank and bewildered, felt a shade of worry. It was his first game—he didn't want to blow up in his first test. With a touch of grimness he hitched at his trousers and planted himself. The ball leaped toward the plate.

The batter swung vainly. The ball, smacking into Ted's mitt, twisted out and rolled free. Only a foot or two, but enough to permit the runner on first to streak down to second. Potential runs rested on second and on third.

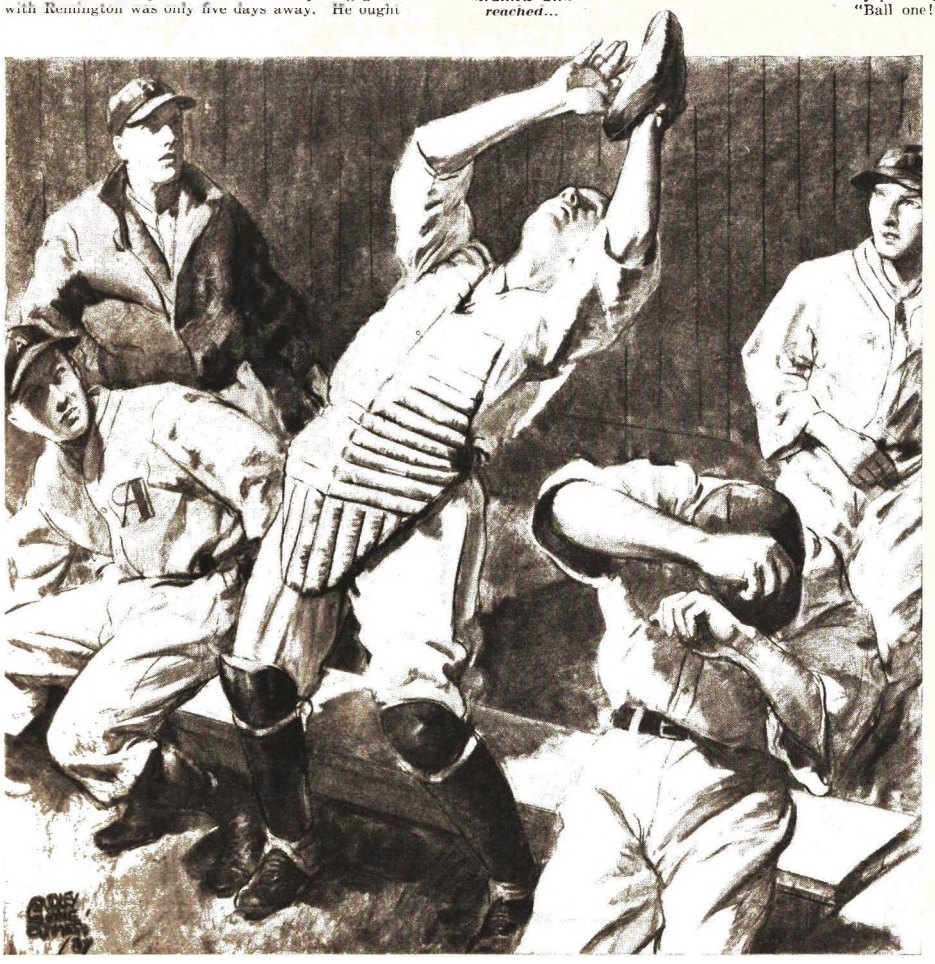
"I could have caught that," Dulby thought bitterly. No question but that Dulby the Great was the better mechanical catcher.

Out there on the mound Johnny Hoos began to wonder about himself. Men on base. Could he keep them from scoring?

Without windup he uncorked his full loose-jointed power in a fast ball. The batter hardly saw it. It landed in Ted's glove with a sharp boom that was heard by every fan in the park. And suddenly Johnny felt better. Ted's voice came to him, warming, encouraging. Johnny pitched again.

A foul twisted high into the air. Ted whipped off *(Cont. on page 38)*

Back, back, back, Ted went, after the high-twisting foul! Arrowhead substitutes scattered from the bench . . . He strained and reached...



On Making Alibis

Self-Management Discussion No. 3

by

Dr. Frank Howard Richardson

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We suggest that you read this over with your best friend or your dad. Then the two of you can get together on the experiment outlined at the end. You may get some good laughs out of it.*

BILL HOWELL stood on his own eight-yard line in the kicking position. He had kicked the ball regularly fifty yards in practice, and now it was up to him to get the ball out of danger and give his team a fighting chance to hold its one-point lead.

The ball came back to him waist-high. His protectors blocked the charging ends. He had plenty of time. Yet, unaccountably, the ball squirted off the side of his foot, traveled barely a yard above the scrimmage line, and rolled out of bounds just fifteen yards farther on.

The bad kick made no difference because his team stiffened and held, but Howell felt unhappy about it just the same. He limped off the field and went apologetically to the coach.

"I'm sorry about that bum kick," he said, and grinned ruefully. "Somebody stepped on my foot the play before. I could hardly swing it."

The coach slapped him on the shoulder. "Anybody'll get off a bad kick now and then."

Howell felt better. His pride and self-respect had been saved. But far underneath, he knew that the sore foot wasn't the reason for the bad kick. The real reason was nervousness. He had simply gone jittery thinking that he *had* to get off that kick. A tiny voice was telling Howell the truth—that he had given an alibi.

Alibis might well be called imps of all work. They serve a variety of uses. In Howell's case they excused a bad performance that really didn't need excusing. They also serve to get you out of work.

A neat alibi came to the aid of Phil Capper when he was boning math during the study hour. He found himself getting along fairly well, seeing a glimmer of light here and there, but the effort at concentration finally wore him down. He had never cared for math, and in the middle of a hard problem he suddenly recalled that he hadn't written home for two weeks.

A swell way to treat the folks, that. He closed his math book, drew a sheet of theme paper from the notebook and wrote, "Dear Dad—." But writing home was about on a par with math as far as Phil's tastes were concerned. Before he was half through his letter he remembered with a start that he hadn't told Fat Clarke about the parcels-post box that was waiting for him at the post office.

He walked to the rear of the study hall and gave Fat the information. They got into a whispered conversation about this and that. The study hour ended.

Phil had used the alibi overtime, first to get out of math and second to avoid finishing a letter home. The real reason he didn't do either was because they were chores he didn't enjoy. The excuse he gave himself was that he had to carry a message to Fat.

Before an alibi becomes a sturdy, full-grown imp, the owner has to believe in it himself. Bob Nelson is the easy-going type, always on the verge of flunking out of school. He's likable and smart enough, but he's never been worked up over anything.

Unfortunately for him, Bob had an uncle who died from what was called overwork. When Bob was packed off to school his mother cautioned him against working too hard. Now, when you ask Bob why he doesn't snap out of it, he says cheerfully:

"I figure it's better to keep my health than to get on the honor roll and have a breakdown."

He uses that right along and believes in it. A cast-iron, all-round alibi given him by his mother. There's some truth in it, but Bob overuses it and is on the road to becoming useless.

There are other alibis to justify laziness besides the Overwork Imp. Imagine yourself in summer camp for a moment. Harry and Mark hustle off to repair the diving board, leaving Mitch to put the tent in order and clean the fish.

Mitch proceeds to put the tent in order, then yawns and stretches out for a moment. When Harry and Mark return the fish are still uncleaned.

"I'm no good at cleaning fish," Mitch says affably. "I'm about as handy with a knife as a bear cub wearing mittens."

The No-good alibi is a dandy. It can be used for failing to tune up outboard motors, repair gadgets around the house, paint the bench, or make an announcement in meeting.

"I can't make a speech to save my life." A good line, even though the speech is only a two-minute announcement! It reflects credit upon you because it makes you seem modest and retiring. And think of the work it saves!

Red Hawkins was a pretty fair shortstop but a better actor. So, when his fraternity asked him to play on the house team, Red thought fast. He didn't want to come out and say, "No," because he hated to be thought mulish and selfish.

He remembered that in his physical exam the doctor had told him he had flat feet. He mentioned the fact regretfully.

"Flat feet nothing," a brother told him. "That's just an alibi. You're too busy hanging around the Mask and Wig. It's either the spotlight or nothing with you."

When anyone punctures an alibi and uncovers the real truth, the alibi-maker is likely to get rousing mad. Underneath most alibis there's a weakness. Red's weakness was spotlight fever. Nobody likes to have weaknesses pointed out in public. So Red proceeded to get indignant, and a lusty argument was on, with everybody's personal thermometer rising a notch.

There's a whole regiment of meek little alibis that serve us in the small things of life. Suppose you receive a letter from a friend containing a batch of snapshots taken during summer vacation. Two months later you find the letter in a pigeon hole.

"Dear Hank," you write. "I'd have acknowledged those swell snaps sooner, but I've been so busy making up work at school I haven't had a minute . . ."

The truth is that you just forgot.

You're part of a large family and you happen to be one of those washbowl dawdlers who likes to loaf in front of the mirror fussing with blackheads and the part in your hair. Bathroom monopolizers are never popular in a large family, and your sister tells you to hurry up. When you ignore her, your mother calls. You grow slightly indignant.

"You want me to look decent, don't you?" you call to the waiting family.

A subtle alibi for slow motion, that, and one that's well-nigh unanswerable.

Some alibis are less harmful than others. The psychologists say that we almost never give the real reason for doing the things we do. We make up "acceptable excuses," convince ourselves that these excuses are the real article, and then give them to others.

The trouble with alibis is that they prevent us from facing facts. The football player who missed the punt might better have admitted that he was nervous. His coach has helped other players conquer their nerves and could have helped him. But how can a man conquer nervousness if he doesn't bring it out in the open and face it?

Phil Capper might better have faced the fact that he was bored with math, and Bob Nelson should have realized that he was lazy. Mitch should have acknowledged that he didn't like to clean fish. At least he would have been honest with himself and others.

The second trouble with alibis is that

Some of Our Better Known Alibis

Blister on foot. Very useful in any chore involving walking.

A headache. Gets you out of a lot of studying.

Eyes hurt. Cuts your library reading in half.

I've been busy. Saves your answering letters on time.

I never was any good at figures. Excuses mistakes in math.

A husky cough. Lets you sleep late in the morning. (If you really have a cold, better stay in bed.)

I can't even drive a nail. Saves you from fixing anything around the house.

We could go on and on, but this is enough for a starter. Add to the list yourself.

they're habit forming. We fall into the habit of sleeping on one side or the other, dressing in a certain way, eating certain foods, drawing designs on blank paper when we're thinking, running our fingers through our hair. We have literally hundreds of habits, and one of the worst is making excuses for our own shortcomings. Before we know it, we find ourselves lying rather than telling the truth.

There's the fellow who got home an hour later than he'd promised to.

"Fred and I stayed up until eleven studying French," he explained to his father.

The truth was that he and Fred had closed their French text at nine-thirty and worked on the gasoline motor of a model airplane. That was a good enough reason in itself, but this fellow had the alibi habit so bad he preferred a wrong excuse to a perfectly legitimate honest excuse.

If you'd like to find out how you stand on this matter, get a notebook and date the first seven pages—one page for each day in the week. Get a couple of your friends to do the same. Then watch yourself and see how many alibis you make per day. Every time you find yourself giving a lame excuse, jot it down on the proper page. At the end of the week compare notes. You'll probably come out of the test with flying colors—but you'll learn considerable about yourself and how you think.

Next month Dr. Richardson discusses the pleasant occupation of day-dreaming, and points out the difference between the kind of day-dreaming that gets you somewhere and the kind that doesn't.

She Throws 'em Into the Jug

by

Hiram Jefferson Herbert

A wasp fashioned this clay jug.

FOR an insect that knows her stuff, consider the potter wasp. She fashions vases that are almost as attractive as the expert creations of man, and she has her own way of keeping meat fresh.

Her potter's wheel is a leaf. Her simple tools are her jaws and her forelegs. Beginning with an insignificant speck of mud, she labors continuously—stopping only when night comes—until her vase is completed. Then, swelling with pride at her handiwork, she dashes off in search of prey.

She stabs her victim with her lancet affixed to the tip of her abdomen. It doesn't kill, simply paralyzes. Into her jug she stuffs this prey, and deposits her egg upon the numbed body. Then she seals the mouth of the jug with clay.

When the egg hatches into a grub, there, close beside it, is *fresh meat* upon which to feed.

THE BATTY CORNER

TACKLE these brain-twisters at your own risk. Perfect score is sixty, so give yourself ten for each question answered correctly. If you've heard any of them before that's your good luck—provided you remember the answers. After you have worked all six puzzles turn to page 33 for the correct answers.

1. In his laboratory one day a chemist was experimenting with a strange new liquid which he had just discovered. Quite by accident a drop of the liquid fell into a circular pan of water which was nearby, and the chemist was startled at the manner in which the drop spread across the surface of the water. By experiment and observation he discovered that the liquid doubled its area every second, and that in exactly seventeen seconds the liquid covered the surface of the water. He knew the diameter of the water was twenty inches. Question: How long did it take this strange new liquid to cover exactly *half* the surface of the water?

2. A man went into a grocery store and bought six pounds of tomatoes at five cents a pound. He paid for them with two coins, one of which was *not* a nickel, and received no change. There was no tax on the purchase. What were the two coins the man used?

3. A man wanted exactly five gallons of water, but he had only two containers, one of which held seven gallons, and the other four, and both of irregular shape. Taking these containers to the well, he managed finally to get his five gallons. How did he do it?

4. A blind beggar died in Germany. The body was shipped to the United States. In New York a man named Joseph Schwartz, who was a brother of the deceased beggar, took charge of the body and paid all burial expenses. Later, when detectives were making a routine investigation they found that Joseph Schwartz had no brothers, dead or living, and had never had any. How could that be possible?

5. An old woman was selling apples on the corner. Along came a man, examined the apples in her basket, and bought half her stock plus half an apple. Then another man came and bought half the apples she had left, plus half an apple. Another man came and bought half the apples she had left, plus half an apple. When the last man had gone, the old woman had no apples left, and not one of them had been cut. How many apples did she have to start with?

6. What one word can have both these meanings?
   a. to electrify.
   b. to embarrass.

Be a Close-to-Home Naturalist

(*Continued from page 19*)

if you don't mind having the neighbors think you're a little odd. Your only equipment is a chair, binoculars, and a small stepladder. To keep the glasses motionless, which is absolutely necessary, you rest your elbows on the ladder. It's best, too, to eat only a light dinner the evening of your observations. After a heavy meal, your heart action is more labored. This increases the pulsations in your hands and arms, making it difficult to hold the binoculars still.

Don't be discouraged if you don't have much success the first night. One of the cardinal qualities of observing nature is patience. There's something of a trick to catching the flight with your eye. And it may be one of those nights when, for some unexplainable reason, the birds are not moving.

On the night of October 12, 1935, I counted 115 birds that crossed the face of the moon. This was between eight and eleven at night, with periods of rest. The total observing time was about one hour, which means an average of nearly two birds a minute.

Some of the birds you'll see are woodcock, thrushes, native sparrows, vireos, tanagers, and Wilson snipes. You'll see flights just over the tree tops, and others a mile or more up. Astronomers with powerful telescopes trained on the moon have reported birds flying at estimated altitudes of twenty-eight thousand feet—over five miles.

When you go on your next vacation, instead of radio, icebox and all the comforts of home, take a camera and a five-cell focusing flashlight. There's no greater sport than "jacking" animals and birds and insects at night.

"Jacking" is simply catching the eyes of an animal so the beam of your flashlight is reflected. It's done like this. Very quietly you move through the woods, swinging the beam slowly about. The flashlight is held just at your eye; you sight along its barrel in order that the beam reflected in the subject's eyes comes directly back to your own.

But, you say, suppose the animal isn't looking at you? Don't worry about *that*—he'll be looking at you, all right. You'd be surprised to know just how many observers you do have when you walk through the woods.

Once the animal is located, you move —very quietly—forward. The animal is not particularly disturbed by the light. You can come surprisingly close. After a while the animal will go about its business of feeding, and you can stand there and watch. Once he gets your scent, however, or hears you, the show will be over. I have been as close as fifteen feet—as close as I dared get—to a feeding skunk. In a canoe, I've been within twenty feet of a deer on the shore. But there'd better be a warning here. Don't take your gun along when you go jacking. Night shooting is illegal. You may get your deer, but you may also get six months.

After you've become proficient at jacking, you'll learn to identify eyes. You'll know that the eyes of spiders and moths mirror a silvery-white gleam, and that a reddish reflection probably means an owl.

And you'll realize that it's not necessary to go to far-away places to find nature thrills!

Your Best Reading Ballot

Idea by Charles Hoffman Detroit, Mich.

WHAT are the four best stories in this issue? Pluto, the Office Pup, peeking out over his newspaper, will be grateful if you'll write the titles, in order, in the spaces indicated. If there's any story you particularly DISLIKED write the title on the waste can. Add a sentence, if you wish, telling us why you didn't care for that story. Mail the ballot to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. You'll be helping us select stories for future issues.

Your Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Bat-Boying for the Yankees

(*Continued from page 11*)

new bat boy." And that, it seemed, was that.

After Tim recovered from the shock of discovering that he was really the bat boy of the New York Yankees, the next thrill was in meeting ball players who were famous all over the country. Gehrig . . . Gomez . . . Dickey . . . Lazzeri . . . DiMaggio . . . and all the others. They went out of their way to be cordial to the little seventeen-year-old Irishman.

Lefty Gomez, the Yank's crack pitcher, and George Selkirk, slugging outfielder, lived out Tim's way, and often after practice or a game one of them would drive him home. Too, Tim's friends included Iron Man Lou Gehrig, already one of baseball's immortals. It was to Gehrig that Tim first confided his growing ambition to be a ball player. They were sitting on the bench just before batting practice.

"Thought you wanted to be a lawyer," Gehrig said. "Change your mind?"

"Well, I want to be a lawyer only if I can't be a baseball player," Tim explained.

The team had taken their places, with Selkirk at bat. They tossed the ball around, kidding each other, waiting for Captain Gehrig.

"So you want to be a ball player," Gehrig mused. "What position?"

"First base," Tim told him.

Gehrig held out his mitt. "Okay, kid. Let's see what you can do."

Tim stared at the mitt. "What?" he stammered.

"Sure. Get out there and hold down my sack a while."

Mechanically Tim slipped his hand into the first baseman's mitt of the great Gehrig and moved out to the diamond in something of a daze.

Tim had stage fright. His legs felt weak, and his mouth was dry, and the glove slid around on his hand. He'd played a lot of sandlot baseball—but these were major-league players!

They cheered when he took first base.

"Look who's rolled Lou for his job!"

Selkirk grinned at him, and Tim had a painful suspicion that he was going to pull the ball down first base way.

His suspicion was accurate. The first ball Selkirk hit was a bouncing grounder straight to him. Tim went for it, but his muscles were all tied up. The ball bounced off his leg and dribbled out of the infield.

They gave him the razz in no uncertain terms. But razzing was something Tim was familiar with. Immediately he felt his muscles loosen up.

Selkirk's bat cracked, and again Tim saw the ball coming to him, in fast little smoking hops. He sidestepped in front of it and went down. There was a satisfying smack, and that elusive ball was no longer elusive, but a captive in his glove. He tagged the base and pegged to Lazzeri at second.

Selkirk hit the next one to him, too, and again he nailed the ball.

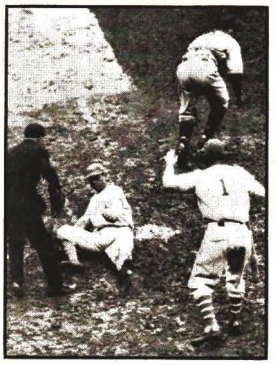
"*Now* you're hustling in there, kid!" they yelled at him.

A warm glow crawled over Tim; the stiffness and stage fright was gone. At that moment Selkirk swung at an easy one and missed.

Tim laughed. "Look at him," he shouted delightedly; "he's swinging like a rusty gate!"

The actual job of bat-boying for a professional team is a lot different from bat-boying on a college team, Tim found. Pro bat-boying is more like work, because you have to be on the job every afternoon that the team is in town. At Columbia all he had to do was pick up the bats after each player had been to the plate. He was paid a dollar a game. The Yanks pay him fifteen dollars a week and expect service. He has to be on the field at one o'clock. That necessitates a special arrangement at school whereby he finishes classes at twelve.

The first thing Tim does is put towels and the catcher's equipment on the bench. Then, before the game, he goes up to the umpire's room and gets two dozen baseballs. Often in a game they use up all the balls, and he has to go back for more. Some of the balls get battered and scraped; they can be used for practice. But a ball that lands in a spectator's hand is a total loss as far as the club is concerned.



Mancuso slides home in the mud and the Giants win the first game of the series.

During the game, Tim retrieves bats and sits around bringing the team luck. Incidentally, a bat boy is a bat boy, and not a mascot; but he's supposed to be a luck-bringer just the same.

After the game Tim gathers up the towels which are now soiled with diamond dust and damp with honest sweat. And he puts the bats back into the bat closet under the dugout.

It didn't take Tim long to learn all about the players. DiMaggio, for instance, has the heaviest and longest bat, it being only a few inches shorter than the tongue of a two-horse wagon. Crosetti's bat is lightest. DiMaggio is inclined to be serious; and he's the youngest man on the team. Pat Malone, on the other hand, is pretty much of a clown, always joking and teasing somebody; and *he's* the oldest player.

The players are only mildly superstitious. Monte Pearson, though, has a very positive aversion to autographing anything before a game he's going to pitch. Every afternoon when the players come into the clubhouse there's a big pile of balls for them to autograph. But if he's pitching, Pearson gives these balls the go-by. After the game, he'll autograph anything.

Usually the bat boy is left at home when the team goes out of town for games, but Tim did make two trips. The Yanks won both games, against Washington and Philadelphia. They positively smeared Philadelphia, beating them 24 to 6. Tim felt good about those two victories, because they reflected nicely upon his luck-bringing quality.

As a matter of fact, there were plenty of Yankee victories of which to be proud. Before the season was half gone almost everybody was predicting a Yankee pennant. Long before the

last game the pennant was a certainty, and Tim knew he was going to be bat boy in a World Series!

When it was known that the New York Giants had won the National League pennant the excitement that precedes a World's Series started. Tim found that he was in the limelight too. Two big radio programs engaged him and Tommy Troy, the Giant bat boy, for interviews. One was the Gillette Razor program, with Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, and the other was Rudy Vallee's Royal Gelatine program. But they were interviewed only on the Gillette hour, because when Rudy Vallee discovered that somebody had beat him to the two boys he naturally didn't want to do the same stunt. The bat boys got fifty dollars apiece for appearing on the Gillette program.

Tim and Tommy Troy became friends immediately. The only thing they couldn't agree on was who would win the World Series.

But a lot of people couldn't agree on that. Most people said the Yanks, and some even said they'd win in five games. The Giants were well supported, though, mainly because of the great Carl Hubbell.

And the Yankees had plenty of respect for Hubbell, all right.

"He'll take the first game he pitches," they admitted to Tim. "But by the second one we'll have him figured out."

They were at least partly right. Tim sat in the dugout and watched Hubbell take the first game. Before a great crowd that stayed throughout a drizzle of rain, the Ozark Portsider stopped Murderer's Row cold, something Tim—and plenty of other people—thought wasn't possible.

The guessers dived for their dope sheets, and began second guessing. If Hubbell could pull a stunt like that, then he could almost win the series single-handed.

But Tim knew the Yanks weren't worried. They had spotted the Giants that game. Wait till Hubbell pitched again.

The next day there was rain. The game was called, which gave Hubbell a chance to rest. On the following afternoon the Yanks got revenge in an 18-4 victory that smashed several varieties of World Series records. They got more revenge in the third game, winning 2-1.

Then Hubbell came to the mound again, and the Giant fans smiled. The Yanks smiled, too, only their smiles were just a trifle grim.

"You watch," Gehrig told Tim. "I'm pulling for the bleachers."

As soon as the Yankees came to bat it was apparent that they had learned something about Hubbell. They stood closer and swung shorter. And they began hitting him.

When Gehrig went to the plate in the third Tim watched him closely, remembering what he had said. The count went to two and two. Then Hubbell threw a curve ball that forgot to break, and Gehrig knocked it into the bleachers for a home run. The great Hubbell went out in the seventh. And the Yanks won their third game.

It was a different story next day, though. Hal Shumacher kept the Giants in the series with a marvelously pitched game.

And for the first time Tim saw the Yanks get nervous. The score was three and two in games. They felt that they were a better team than the Giants, but there was such a thing as getting the breaks, too. If the Giants took the sixth game to even the score, anything might happen in the seventh and deciding game.

Tim didn't see many grins in the Yankee clubhouse that last day. "We've got to have this game!" they kept saying.

Fitzsimmons, who had pitched amazingly well in the third game, was scheduled to go in again for the Giants. Lefty Gomez was selected by the Yanks.

Nobody was sure what Gomez would do. With a side injury bothering him, he'd been a little shaky in the second game.

As Gomez started out to the mound, Tim walked beside him and thrust something into his hand. It was a little Catholic medal.

"How about carrying this for luck?" Tim asked him.

Gomez looked at the medal, then slipped it into his pocket. "Thanks, kid," he said soberly.

The Giants proved at once that they were still in the series. As the game wore on, Tim watched them batter away at the 5-2 lead that the Yanks had run up in the early innings. Slowly, relentlessly, the Giants kept climbing. Gomez was visibly weak, but somehow he managed to hold on until the seventh inning. Then the Giants scored a run to narrow the score to 5-4, and put a man on first and third with only one out. All that was needed to tie the score was a long fly ball!

McCarthy took Gomez out, and in went Johnny Murphy from the Bronx. The winning run was on base.

Returning to the dugout, Lefty Gomez, sweat-grimed and weary, went straight to Tim. In his hand he held the medal Tim had given him for luck.

"If it hadn't been for this, kid," Gomez said, "I never would have lasted through the fifth."

Murphy pitched a few to the catcher, then nodded to the umpire. In the Yankee dugout there was silence; hands were clenched, jaws set. It was the tensest moment in the series, not only for Tim, but for everybody in the stands.

In his first World's Series, and in just about the toughest spot a pitcher can be put into, Johnny Murphy began pitching. Leslie, sent in for Mancuso, fouled out to Rolfe on the first thrown ball.

Then Ripple, the Giants' sensational rookie, was sent in to bat for Whitehead. Manager Bill Terry knew this was his big chance, and he was throwing everything he had into the battle. Ripple drove a ball into the right-field bleachers—it went foul by inches. Evidently he had the groove, so Murphy gave him an intentional pass.

Bases loaded! Koenig came to bat for Jackson. Tim held his breath. So did everybody else.

The pressure was on Murphy, but he didn't let up. He pitched to Koenig. When the count reached two and two, he walked around the mound, straightened, took his stretch, and threw in the third strike. Koenig was fanned with his bat on his shoulder for the last out.

The Yanks knew they could never be beaten after that. And they weren't. When the game was over, the Yankees had increased the score to 13-5—and won the World Series!

There was a lot of celebrating afterward, of course, with banquets and parties and dinners. Tim found out he was going to get $500 as his share of the series profits, and that was the final touch to a perfect season.

"I certainly am a lucky kid," he says, somewhat dazedly.

Two Columbia University teams that he mascotted won championships, and then his baseball team, the New York Yankees, captured a pennant and a World Series. Lucky? Maybe Tim is lucky in more ways than one!

Wildcat (*Continued from page 18*)

"There's a question before the house." Gene's elbow jabbed Pete's ribs.

Pete eyed him. "What question?"

"All in favor of getting out say 'Aye!' "

Pete exploded furiously. "Listen, you. I'm in this, and I'm in it for good. I'll live on milk and crackers too—and I don't like either one of 'em. The next time you call for the question, you're going to get something else with it. Understand?"

Gene grinned. "That's better."

Chapter Six

DYNAMITE fumes hung rank and still and bitter in the dry, arid heat of the Texas day. Muffled thuds shook the earth, and mud and water geysered sluggishly. Dynamite and caps were dropped into shot holes; tamping water gurgled from a leaking hose connected to the tank in the shooting truck.

When the water tank went dry the shooting truck had to be driven off for a new supply. The clutch of the truck slipped. Gene Brandon's clothing stuck to him soggily. Poor-boy outfit! Two young engineers trying to do the work of a whole crew.

Pete O'Toole labored at the instrument truck. Four long cables to be run out from the truck one at a time; four "bugs," or amplifiers, to be set into the ground to bring shot impulses to the recording instruments. After each shot he turned on a ruby light, locked himself in the darkroom compartment built into the truck, and developed his negatives. The darkroom was an airless sweathole. When each batch was done, he would throw open the door and stagger out, weak and dripping. Sweat blinded him. His neck began to rash. After each final shot there were four long, heavy cables to wind in upon their spools. His hands, losing strength, slipped on the reel handles; he leaned against the paneled truck and prayed for a breath of breeze.

The field telephone tinkled.

"Okay?" Gene asked.

"She came in swell."

"How would you like to stick your nose into a cold, foaming ice-cream soda?" Gene asked.

Pete exploded. "Can it, you! Isn't it bad enough to—"

"On to the next hole," Gene gibed. "You've now got up enough steam to make it."

Pete put down the telephone wearily, and climbed into Gene's car to haul the trailer off across the dry ranch. He tried to drink, but the water in the canteen had gone tepid. He poured it over his head. He looked at his watch and closed his eyes and tried to shut out the sun spots.

Arrived at location he unwound the cables and carried each amplifier to its place. The telephone rang as he plodded back, heavy-footed, from the last trip. Funny, he thought, how the all-alone feeling got you as the sun began to go down. In the immensity of the rice fields you had a whole seismo crew. Here he and Gene labored one-half mile apart, exiles in a sun-blistered solitude. Gene was only a voice out of the infinity of Texas space.

"Ready, Pete?"

Pete turned on the power. Then: "Hold it."

"What's wrong?"

"Train."

The railroad was some place beyond the horizon, yet the amplifiers brought in the vibrations of the train's passage so strongly that they would have been confused with the shot-impulse recordings. Long minutes passed before the way was clear for them.

Again Pete dripped agony in the darkroom. But suddenly the agony was gone. Three times that muffled thud shook the earth, and then the telephone rang.

"How were the pickups, Pete?"

"Swell. Listen! You've got it again." All the weariness was gone from Pete's voice.

Gene broke in eagerly. "Fast time?"

"Yes. Stands out sharp and clear. About the same as we picked up day before yesterday. No doubt about it now; we're closing in on a structure."

Spent bodies revived under the influence of a magic word. A structure usually meant oil. Not always, of course, but often. Then you were almost ready to go to town. Provided, of course, you did that little thing of picking the right location for your drill derrick.

The shooting truck crept into view, stopping, going forward, stopping again as Gene gathered up the field telephone. He drew alongside the instrument truck.

"Let's see them."

Pete handed him the still-wet negatives. A trembling graph of lines ran along the "pictures," broken suddenly by the quick, sharp angles that signified fast-time impulses.

Gene's voice throbbed. "Tired? We ought to do some computing tonight."

"Why not?"

"You look all in."

"Will you listen to what's talking!" Pete protested indignantly. "Go look at yourself."

They left the shooting truck in the field and drove off with Gene's car and the trailer. The shooting truck was empty. Tomorrow they would fill the tank with water and take dynamite from the red-flagged, abandoned cabin where the cases were stored.

That night at the Spanish Trail Posada Mustachio complained resignedly to the cook. "The gentlemen who think only of oil. They go like the wind. They scorn the good siesta. They gobble the good food. What can come of it?"

"Who am I to say?" the cook objected. "I live in peace."

But there was neither tranquillity nor repose in the room off the gallery that overlooked the palm-guarded yard. Feverish with hope,

Gene and Pete labored in the humid night. Insects, attracted by the light, sang outside the windows and twanged loudly against the screens.

Shirts opened at the throat, sleeves rolled up to the elbows, they "read" their seismo pictures—measured, and read, and platted. It was slow work, intense and exacting. By degrees, circles and swirls of contour lines enlarged upon their growing map of what lay under the crust of the Beecher land.

Gene's fingers trembled along a group of paralleling lines. "There it is. There's the dome. We're closing in from the north and the east. It's beginning to stand out clearly."

Pete implored: "Let's shoot south and west."

"Easy, Pete." The temptation to close in fast was strong. "We're not shooting a spot; we're seismographing a field. Something else may develop. We want all the information we can get. We'll need ten more days yet."

Ten days to wait! Ten days to hunger for reassurance. But they had to be positive. A misplaced drilling rig could ruin them. There couldn't be any second guess.

Imagination painted giddy pictures; they could not sleep. They talked in the darkness.

"Ever think of Sammy Crisp, Gene?"

"Some."

"That guy has me guessing. He knows we're here and he hasn't bothered us. Well, what does that mean? That he's taken his licking and called it a day? I'm beginning to think so."

While Pete lay stretched on the bed thinking it over, his arms behind his head, two voices arose from the yard. One was soothing but firm; the other was indistinguishable save for its note of incoherent indignation. The altercation died away.

"Some drunk," Gene reported. "They put him out."

Mustachio tapped upon their door. "Did the gentlemen hear? I am sorry. Tom Beecher was coming to talk to you. I put myself in the way. It is well?"

A memory came to Gene of Opie Beecher, warning them of his brother. "Did he want money?"

Mustachio said, simply, "He forgets there is a day to pay back."

When the Mexican had gone Pete said out of darkness, "I wouldn't put much past a guy who gets so low he's willing to panhandle."

Days passed. The hot and lonely labor of shooting the field went on. Pete, on pickup location near the ranch house, saw Opie and Tom Beecher together twice. The second time there was a quarrel over money. That evening Opie came across the grasslands as instrument truck and shooting truck stood together at the end of the day's work.

"How's it look, boys?" he asked.

Gene was putting away the telephone. "We know one thing for sure, Mr. Beecher; there's a dome here."

"Soltol knew that much ten years ago." The little, graying man ran the back of a nervous hand across his chin. "If there should come an oil sign—" He cleared his throat. "I'll thank you kindly to let me know."

Gene and Pete talked it over that night as they slaved over their seismo records. Was Opie hard-pressed for cash? But the puzzle lost interest as they watched the fascinating lines grow slowly on the record.

"See it now?" Gene asked. The structure was more clearly defined.

"Listen!" Pete was tense, fearful. "What Opie said is true—Soltol did know there was a dome. Was it our dome? We have enough here to locate it. Tomorrow we go out and check where our dome should be—and pray it's not the same one!"

In the morning, using pickup locations and shot points as monuments, and a compass for direction, they paced off distance. Presently they stood near the ruins of one of the slush pits. Cold claws clutched Gene's heart.

"The same structure Soltol found," Gene said. He tried to keep his voice controlled.

"And we thought Soltol's seismo work was sloppy!" Pete nodded slowly. "Well, the circus is over, the clowns can go home."

"Not yet," said Gene. "We still have holes to shoot."

"Why bother?"

"We still have dynamite. We paid for it. We started this job," Gene said doggedly; "we're going to finish it."

A blow snake slithered unnoticed through the short, parched grass.

"Okay, Gene. We're going to be the boys with the guts." Pete's laughter was not laughter at all.

Gene winced. "I got you into this."

"Nuts! I knew the chances. If we're going to shoot, let's get going. We have the day ahead of us."

It was a heavy day, with no hope to lighten it. Haze gathered on the horizon. Even in the shade sweat oozed and trickled. But at the end of the day they had shot as many holes as on any day since they had come to the ranch.

Tonight Mustachio had his reward; they did not rush through "the good dinner." They talked of everything—everything but oil. Coming up to the room neither mentioned seismo readings. With semitropical intensity rain broke out of the night, a torrential, crashing drum-beat of rain that was like a cloudburst.

Next day the Beecher ranch was churned mire. The truck bogged, and in trying to get it out they burned out the clutch.

"That clutch never was any good," Gene said; "I'll have to drive in to Houston for new plates."

Silence. Two men waited for the other to say, "What's the use?" Neither said it.

"Coming in with me?" Gene asked.

"I'll work on the computing," Pete said levelly. "We didn't touch it last night."

The storm had done damage. Here and there the road was bad, but none of the bridges was out. Early in the afternoon Gene stopped at the truck agency in Houston. Across the street stood the steel and glass walls of the Soltol garage housing the company's two thousand cars. Silvy Malot appeared from the garage and came forward lightly, catlike, on the balls of his feet.

"What brought you to town?"

"Burned-out clutch."

"Has this Beecher at the ranch a brother named Tom?"

"Opie has a brother Tom."

"I hear a hot story. Two blacklegs caught Tom when he was pickled and ran him into a crooked gambling joint. Before it was over, Tom had laid down a check signed with his brother's name. Opie had to pick it up to save Tom from going to jail. I hear it was a big-herd check."

That might explain Opie's sudden, pathetic eagerness to have them find oil. Opie's interest in oil probably meant that the check had indeed been big. Big enough to strip him and leave him desperately in need of money.

"If it was me," said Silvy, "I'd have let the louse rot in jail. Pride of family? Phooey. I've seen how it works out. Usually some fine family goes broke to save a black sheep who doesn't know what honor means. How's things at Enciato?"

"I'll let you know definitely in a week," said Gene.

Silvy's cold, blue eyes took him in. "Meaning it's not so hot?"

"Yes."

"Why stall?" Silvy asked contemptuously. He went back to the Soltol garage.

Gene drove back to Enciato, and

found Pete O'Toole prowling impatiently about the yard of the Spanish Trail Posada. "Where've you been?" Pete snapped.

Gene said: "What's the excitement?"

"Excitement? Plenty. Get upstairs."

In the room Pete spoke swiftly. "Look at it!"

"Look at what?"

"The map, dummy. Look." Pete was red-eyed, explosive.

Gene reached out suddenly for a chair. With his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands he stared down at the circles and swirls and drifts of lines.

"Pete!"

Pete spoke from the bed. "We were blind. Blind as bats. See what's developed? We should have known it."

"A graben—"

"Sure! A graben. Soltol found a dome and we found the same one. I don't know how they missed recognizing it as a graben. Maybe it was imperfect instruments and sour technique back in '24."

Gene stood up. "Wait, Pete. Let me think. A graben—"

Pete didn't wait. "It's like the keystone of an old masonry arch that has loosened and dropped below its normal position. As it drops it lowers the oil sand below the salt-water level. The oil is drowned out by salt water. Usually they drill off the center right down through the dome. It didn't work out here. Why? It's a graben. You can go right down through a graben until you lose your drill stem. There isn't any oil under the dome; it's on the flank. I tell you we've got it. You can't see it from the ground; it doesn't show. But down under the surface there's a graben sunk in like a trench. We've closed in on three sides—"

"There's a fourth side," said Gene.

Pete sighed. "Good old Gene Brandon, the icicle man. Keeps his feet on the ground. All right. We'll finish shooting before we shout."

In the cool dawn they installed the new clutch plates. They got the shooting truck out upon the flat grasslands. The tank of tamping water had begun to leak, but today that did not matter. All through the day they shot and recorded, and made their solitary journeys from shot point to shot point, from location pickup to location pickup. Gene telephoned from the last shot hole.

"We ought to finish tomorrow."

They finished at noon and, in the midday heat, sweltered over their records. Evening came. They ate and returned to the room. Lines were closing in now and joining like pieces of mended bracelet. They checked and double-checked. Nothing must be wrong. At last they were sure that the final two days of shooting had changed nothing, added nothing. The map showed the structure, the graben. To their experienced eyes it was as plain as though it were an open cut through a mountain.

They pounded the table and yowled. Oil sands! Some place below, hidden away. Oh, they'd find them. They'd drill down and capture this oil. A fortune in oil.

"What time is it?" Pete asked.

Gene looked at his watch. "One o'clock."

"We won't sleep tonight. Let's go to Jacktown."

"At this hour?"

"Old Grandpa Brandon!" Pete mocked.

Gene grinned. "Wildcat O'Toole! All right; let's go."

The inn was dark. They drove out of the yard.

Jacktown was 280 miles away, but distance means nothing in Texas. Texas is all distance. They took the dark road under a canopy of a thousand stars. The needle of the speedometer leaped forward.

Dawn found them twenty miles from Jacktown. Presently a spiral of wood smoke came from the chimney of Mac Lee's house.

"You're jest in time t' come git it," the driller called. "What brung you wild-ridin' this-away?"

"Hello, Rod. You're getting up in the world, I see!"

They sat down at the table. Mrs. Lee smiled at them and laid more ham in the hot pan.

"Structure," said Gene. "We've found it."

"Shucks! Never no question o' structure."

"This is a graben," Pete chimed in. "Soltol drilled right down through the top."

"A graben? You got a map?"

Gene produced the seismo computations.

"Depends on where you aim t' locate. Now, I got me an idee—" Mac puzzled over the mysterious contour lines of the map. "You boys been calculatin' where t' set up?"

"Here," said Gene. He marked the spot.

The old man's whole gaunt frame came alive. "North by east?"

"Yes."

"How far?"

"About one-half mile from the Soltol hole east off the center."

"I knowed it. Didn't I tell 'em strong? You hear, Ma." Mac Lee pushed dishes aside and traced on the tablecloth. "I can see it like it were yesterday. There was a magnolia tree—easy sixty feet. I told 'em t' drill down jest 'bout quarter mile west o' that tree. You know that there tree?"

"Just west of the tree is right," said Gene, fighting the surge of his pulse.

"You're sure we'll find oil?" Pete demanded.

"Sure's there's a snout on a hog."

"I hear you talk sure before," Ma Lee observed mildly.

Old Mac Lee turned on her. "Shucks, Ma. This here is different."

Ma said resignedly: "Whenever you're readied up, Pa. I'm most packed."

Old Mac Lee bubbled. "You boys scat back t' Enciato an' start gittin' burnin' wood for the pot. Reckon it won't take me more'n ten days t' get along with the derrick repairs an' have me a crew. Best t' leave money for derrick repairs an' firebrick."

"How much?" Gene asked.

"Four hundred and fifty should jest about do it."

Gene wrote him a check, and they drove back slowly towards Enciato. Alkali water, used while on shooting jobs in the west Texas field, began to get in its corrosive effects. Twice the motor of Gene's car boiled over and they had to stop to fill the radiator. The third time they rolled into a Soltol

filling station a mile from Enciato. A stocky, muscular negro, leaning against the soft-drink box, drawled languidly:

"You ain't got a job, boss, is you?"

Pete looked him over. "What kind of job?"

"Any kind of. I'se powerful handy."

"You live around here?"

"Yas, sah. My name am Wilcy Luce."

"Care for a wood-chopping job?"

"You show hit t' me, boss."

They made arrangements. Wilcy was to recruit a gang—four other men with axes and a two-mule team with driver.

"Us gits a dollar four bits a day for wood-cuttin', boss."

Gene said: "We'll try you out as the boss of the gang, Wilcy. We'll give you a quarter more."

Wilcy showed strong, white teeth in a grin of pleasure. "Yas, *sah!*"

"You and your gang get paid every night."

"Not for this here nigger," Wilcy said positively. "I gits my boss money on Sat'days, like a bossman. Yas, sah." He chuckled and shook his head.

Next day the wooded acres of the ranch echoed the mellow ring of axes and the soft, carefree slur of negro speech. The woodpile grew.

Gene wrote a note to Silvy:

A graben. That changes the whole picture. Evidently Soltol didn't know what it had. We're going to drill the flank.

Then he drove across the sun-drenched land to the ranch house. Only a few days ago there had been a cloudburst, but the ground was already baked. Opie Beecher, in the living room, slowly strained water into a wide-mouthed bottle.

"Yesterday I 'most drank some raw," he explained. "Reckon I had something hard on my mind. Don't aim to have such happen again."

The thought of "raw" water struck Gene as laughable. And what had been hard on Opie's mind? Tom? He said: "We're going to drill, Mr. Beecher."

The strainer trembled. "I take it you think it's a good chance?"

"We expect to find oil."

"I could stand for some," Opie Beecher said simply.

Next day Mac Lee rolled in on them in an old model T with high-pressure tires. Tall and gaunt, he threw up his head and sniffed eagerly. Away from the Enciato country for ten years, he nevertheless went without hesitation to the old drill holes. "This here one," he said dreamily, "went down fifty-two hundred. Snapped a cat line coming out o' the hole an' like t' wrap it 'round one o' the crew an' kill him neat." Gene and Pete showed him the outcrop and a fascinated gleam came into the old eyes.

"Had a hunger on me t' see it," Mac Lee said. They were back at his car. "Looks like I reckoned 'twould."

"You'll have dinner with us?" Gene asked.

"Ma packed me a snack t' sustain on. You say Sammy Crisp was snoopin' up this-away?"

"He wanted our lease."

"You sure on title?"

Gene thought of the two days he and a lawyer had spent searching title. "Positive," he said. "Too, Soltol had this under lease, remember. The company maintains a land-and-lease department; they don't buy blind."

The old man nodded. "'Taint often the major companies git hurt. Soltol's still got land hereabouts, too."

"What?" Gene almost shouted. "Soltol still holds land up here?"

"Sure. Seems a feller named Tompkins bought eight hundred acres off of Beecher. Wouldn't lease t' Soltol; had a cravin' on him t' go back East. So Soltol had t' buy him out whole."

Gene ripped the seismo map from his pocket. "Where were those eight hundred acres, Mr. Lee? I paid attention to nothing but the Beecher boundaries."

The driller showed them. Eight hundred acres, south of the Beecher ranch—directly south of where they would set up their drill rig.

"Reckon I'd best start," Mac Lee said. "These here eyes ain't what they was an' I don't aim t' get hung up on dark roads. You'll be seein' me a-comin' 'fore long."

The car drove away. Gene and Pete looked at each other. Their money was running low. They thought the same thought.

"What about this?" Pete demanded. "Suppose we bring in a producer and prove our field?"

"Then," Gene said hoarsely, "we prove Soltol's field, too. Tomorrow we go to Houston."

The marble corridors of the Soltol Building were cool after the dazzling sun glare of the Texas street. Gene and Pete rode up to the eighth floor in one of the bronze-doored elevators. Here there was a smaller marble corridor, soft lights and tranquillity. A woman sat at a reception desk.

"We'd like to see Mr. Anthony French," Gene said. Mr. French was vice-president of Soltol. Oil-field engineers expressed their opinion of him tersely: "There's a man." But Pete and Gene, invariably away from Houston on shooting jobs, had never met him.

The woman handed Gene a pad. It read: "Mr. —— to see Mr. —— about ——." Gene glanced at Pete and wrote carefully: "We think we have found an oil field."

A boy disappeared with the slip. Almost at once he was back. "This way, please."

"Fellow," Pete whispered anxiously, "keep your nerve."

A small, quiet man sat behind an enormous desk in the subdued luxury of the vice-president's office.

"So you think you've found an oil field?" His voice was pleasantly dry.

"Yes, sir."

"We're always interested in oil. A great many people come in here to tell us about oil. They are very much excited usually, and own land they are anxious for us to lease. And usually they lack the experience or training to recognize oil signs."

"We were seismo men under Mr. Lane," said Pete.

"Brandon? O'Toole? Oh, yes; I remember. Mr. Lane spoke of you. The

Answers to Questions on Page 26

1. Sixteen seconds. The area of the liquid doubled every second, so if it filled the pan in seventeen seconds, then it only half filled it the second before.
2. The coins were a quarter and a nickel. The problem said one of the coins was not a nickel. One wasn't —and that was the quarter.
3. The man filled the four-gallon tank and emptied it into the seven-gallon tank. He filled the four-gallon tank again, and poured as much of the water as would go, into the seven-gallon tank, or in other words, three gallons. So he had one gallon left in the four-gallon tank. He emptied the seven-gallon tank, and poured the single gallon from the four-gallon tank into the seven-gallon tank. Then he filled the four-gallon tank, poured the four gallons into the seven-gallon tank, and with the one already in the seven-gallon tank had five gallons in all.
4. The blind beggar was a woman, Joseph Schwartz's sister.
5. Seven. One half of seven is three and one half, plus half an apple, is four. So the first man bought four, leaving the woman three. One half of three plus half an apple is two. So the second man bought two, leaving the woman one. One half of one plus a half equals one. The third man, then, bought one apple—the last apple the woman had. And no apples had been cut.
6. Shock.

Beecher ranch—the one we drilled, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose, being seismo men, you shot the field and closed in on a structure?"

"Not the structure Soltol got."

"Why do you say positively you've made a different interpretation?"

"Because Soltol dry-holed twice right down through the dome—" Gene hesitated. "And stopped," he finished.

Mr. French looked up with quick interest. "A graben?"

"No question of it."

"Could I see your map?"

Gene laid the result of their seismo pictures on the table.

The throb of his heart seemed to shake his body. He grew aware of one of Pete's fingers moving in a stiff, jerky tremor. He watched Mr. French's mouth, as he studied the map. The lips reflected a scale of emotions—concentration, perception, and at length a grave thoughtfulness.

"I think you're right," Mr. French said. He lifted the telephone and dialed a number. "Mr. Lane, will you bring in the seismo map of that tract at Enciato? Yes; I know. They're here."

Mr. Lane came in with the map. "What do you fellows mean," he cried cordially, "trailing through this building without dropping in on me?"

"They think they have a revealing picture of that Beecher ranch," Mr. French said. He laid the two maps side by side. And now two men studied them.

"What's the proposition?" Mr. Lane asked. "Hoping Soltol will buy up your lease?"

Gene came to the desk. This was the moment.

"No. Soltol owns eight hundred acres directly south of where we intend to drill." His voice steadied. "It would cost the company a lot of money to put down a well. You'd run your chance of a dry hole; we run ours. But if we bring in a producer and prove our field, we also prove Soltol's. It would be cheaper for Soltol to throw money into our operation and watch results than to sink a discovery well of its own. If we get another dry hole on the flank after Soltol got two dry holes on the dome, it will have cost Soltol comparatively little to learn that despite all the seismo indications the oil is not there. On the other hand it might cost Soltol $30,000 to put down a well and get the same results. It looks like a good buy for Soltol."

Mr. Lane's eyes twinkled. "And for you?"

"For us, yes. We're poor-boying. We need money. By the time we get a drill rig going we'll be down to twelve hundred dollars."

"How much did you start with?"

"Three thousand dollars."

The vice-president of Soltol looked at the head of the geophysical department. He turned back to them. "Who is to do your drilling?"

"Mac Lee," Pete answered. "He thinks we'll get oil."

"I never knew Mac to think otherwise. A wildcatter's optimism."

"Not always," Mr. Lane objected. "He didn't have any faith in our Enciato drillings. He wanted us to move off and put down a third hole."

"Just where will you drill?" Mr. French asked.

Gene marked a dot upon the map.

"That's about where Mac wanted us to drill," Mr. Lane said suddenly.

Mr. French sighed helplessly. "How do these old-timers do it? They haven't an ounce of technical training."

Silence. Gene watched Soltol's vice-president. Once more the man was absorbed in the maps. A pencil moved delicately and followed lines.

"How much discovery money do you think we should invest?" Mr. French asked casually.

Gene swallowed. "Five thousand dollars."

"Is that what you call comparatively little? For two poor-boying gentlemen you are learning to express yourself in important money." There was a gentle, dry humor in the vice-president's voice. He waited a moment, then went on. "If Soltol goes into this, I suppose you would like to have your money quickly?"

"The quicker the better," Gene said fervently. "There's no question of title. But you'll want to check it, of course."

The warm eyes were reflective. "We'd expect an agreement that you'd go down at least four thousand feet. The oil companies have had cases where they paid discovery money only to have the wildcatter stop drilling and go off with what he had."

"We expect to sign such an agreement," Gene said, "and live up to it."

"Do you expect to remain in Houston for the day? Could you come in again at four o'clock? I'll have a definite answer for you then."

At length four o'clock came, and again they rode up to the eighth floor of the Soltol Building.

Mr. French said: "Gentlemen, we're going in with you. There are some papers for you to sign. Do you bank in Houston?"

Gene gave him the name of their bank.

"I can't give you a check today. There is some routine attached to putting a check through the treasurer's office. We will deposit five thousand dollars in your account tomorrow."

The papers carried an agreement to drill at least four thousand feet. Gene signed a ragged signature he would never have recognized as his own and blotted the paper. Pete dropped the pen, picked it up, and signed.

All at once restraint was gone. They were no longer poor-boys putting down their first well; Mr. French was no longer an oil millionaire. They were three partners in the restless gamble of oil.

"I'd like to be with you," Mr. French yearned. He straightened. "Core every hundred feet. Send us your cuttings; we'll have our geologists examine them. Six months from now we may be writing you another check and buying your lease."

"No other company will get a chance at it," said Gene.

Mr. French's lips gave that little corner smile. "Some other company may offer you more than Soltol."

"I don't think," Gene said slowly, "that would make any difference."

Pete winked impudently at the elevator girl and swaggered out into Main Street. Main Street was entirely too narrow for a young engineer who felt an urge to spread himself.

"Five thousand slugs!" he breathed. "Sweet music! I'm going to gorge. I'm going to order a fat steak off a prize-winning Fort Worth steer. Five thousand goozleberries!"

They ate at the Magnolia. They were halfway through the meal when Sammy Crisp's voice broke in upon them.

"Howdy, boys. How's everything?"

Pete gave Sammy an undecided stare. The lease-buster shrugged. "Why should we quarrel? If I know how things are going, I have a better idea of the value of my leases. After all, I may be able to throw something your way some day."

Pete gave him a ribald grin.

Sammy smiled, too. "Not if it would cost me anything, of course. Isn't that honest?"

This was Sammy Crisp in a new light. Open and without guile. What harm could he do them?

"We start drilling next week," said Gene.

Sammy's eyes were hungry. "I'll drop around occasionally while you're going down."

He lit a cigar, puffed complacently, and left them. Pete dipped into a finger bowl.

"After such a steak," he sighed, "I might even be misguided enough to like that guy. What say we roll?"

The semitropical night had come down—a night of stars, and of lush earth, and of flower scent and the salt evening breeze off the gulf. They left behind the flaming, carnival lights of Main Street, the shifting crowds, the colorful Southern shops. They ate up the miles. At eleven o'clock they parked in the yard of the Spanish Trail Posada.

"There is a message," Mustachio said, with a click of heels and a bow, "from the telephone. I have a number. The gentlemen are to call back. The Mr. Lee said he would wait if it were all night."

The telephone was on the lobby desk. Gene spoke to the operator. "Jacktown, eighteen."

Pete O'Toole strutted. "Probably needs another hundred dollars to repair his drill rig. Give him two hundred. We're in the chips. Talk big."

A voice drummed through the receiver, faintly metallic.

Gene said, "Brandon, Mr. Lee." He listened for a long time. Pete sat down and idly looked at a paper.

"Yes. Yes I understand," Gene said. "Well, if we need it, we'll have to get it. I'll mail you a check in the morning. Good-by."

Pete looked up. "What's the matter, Gene? You look sick."

"I am sick."

They went down the high, wobbling stoop. Gene sat on the running board of the car.

"We agreed," Gene said, "to supply any equipment needed by Mac Lee. He needs eighteen hundred feet of drill stem."

Pete howled. "What?"

"Eighteen hundred feet of drill stem. It may run to more than two thousand dollars. That shoots almost half of Soltol's five thousand."

Pete groaned. "I thought he had drill stem. What happened to it?"

"Cracked. Twisted. Gone. He checked today."

"Two thousand smackers," Pete wailed. "Move over, Gene, and let me sit down. I'm going to be sick, too."

(To be continued in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Wheels Within Wheels

(Continued from page 10)

So I gather the brothers about me in the den for a few words of wisdom.

"It'll be a long time," I prophecy, "before another political boss with the brains of Tank McPhail hits Carter."

"We hope," contributes Dink Anders. Sometimes I don't care for that guy, even if he is a brother.

"You were saying?" prompts Brother President with what looks like a glint in his eye.

Bluff may be a horrid word, but show me a big shot that doesn't dabble in it a bit now and then. So I drape my manly form against the mantel, and pretend it's a great moment.

"Using the name of Daphne Lomuller as our candidate," I condescend to divulge, "was perhaps the slickest ruse known to political history. She lost, but we have the good will of the non-sorority skirts for years to come. They're grateful that we even thought of Daphne, and they'll be behind Anders like the Solid South next spring. Don't try to thank me, Dink—it's been a pleasure."

"We kiss your feet," says Artie. "And Paulson, Maestro?"

"Paulson," I elucidate, "was elected under cover. While the coeds were splitting right and left over the two *official* candidates, every last senior man was *writing in* the name of Snick Paulson, our original candidate." I figure it must have been something like that.

"Except us," observes Brother President, kind of peevish. "We Gamma Sig seniors all tossed our votes away on Daphne. Why weren't *we* let in on your master maneuver?"

"Be big," I chide. "The end, like the fellow says in the book or somewhere, justifies the means, doesn't it? It had to be a secret to work. And I ask you, lads—who worked it?"

"Who, oh sage?" invites Watty.

"Three guesses, boys," I tell them loftily. You mustn't begrudge a man his moment of triumph.

Artie snorts. "Keep two," he flashes. "It was Connie Moe!"

"Connie!"

"Connie. I saw her leaving Hadley after the votes had been tabulated, and caught up to console her. She had a good laugh and then told me all about it. Said maybe you'd be interested. When we put up Lomuller to run against her, she knew the combination of the non-sorority votes and our faction would knock her galley-west. That was all right as far as it went, because she didn't want the office anyway. But there were two things about the mess that burned her to a lovely crisp."

"To wit?" prods Dink.

"To wit," Artie pursues with an evil grin on his ugly map, "the heartless way we'd chucked poor Paulson in his hour of disgrace, for one. But *this* was what really rankled: Connie had chosen to run only to turn our hero's damper down, and here he was in a fair way to slap her down with a drip like Daphne! That's what made Connie *really sore!*"

"And why not?" agrees Chalfant. I can feel the pack closing in for the kill, but what would you do?

"So," narrates Artie, the way a detective explains everything in the last chapter, "since she can't win and would rather die than take a licking from Honeyboy McPhail of all people, she goes cold crafty like Fu Manchu. She figures there can't be any men who really want Daphne for their president, and that they all will pity Paulson after the pangs of defeat by Moley Tech have eased a bit. So she drafts a couple of sisters and the three of them secretly coo all the senior lads except ourselves into a state where they lunge at the chance to write Paulson into the office. Neat, no doubt?"

"So she goes for this lug Paulson, does she?" I grate.

"Be yourself, Boss," chortles Artie. "You tried to use Lomuller, didn't you? That's how it was with Connie and Paulson. Simply a matter of stimulating worthy sentiment and cashing in on it for her own purposes, she says. But she defeated Maestro McPhail's female candidate and elected one you admitted you couldn't, with a recipe any pug politician ought to know—I quote Miss Moe, Brother McPhail. Who, she suggests, is the Brains Behind the Ballot now?"

"Remarkable!" breathes Dink. "I wonder if she would consider managing my campaign in the spring?"

I'm so sunk I can't even think of a crack.

"Did she say anything about—anything else?" I manage.

"Yeah," says Artie. "Something I didn't get—about the high price of orchids."

See Europe on a Dollar a Day

(Continued from page 15)

Finland, Holland, Belgium, Italy or Switzerland. The German visa fee is fifty cents, the French $3.34 and the Austrian $2.

If you plan to visit Germany, figure out how much money you will need and buy *travel* marks before you leave America, for you can't buy them in Germany. To encourage foreign tourists, Germany sells these travel marks for about three-fifths of the regular price for marks, and they'll buy you just as much.

Italy also has this special travel money.

Now, consider equipment. Travel lightly. You'll regret it if you don't. Buy part of your outfit at the European port of entry. It probably will be cheaper.

Take your clothes with you. I suggest a pair of shorts, a pair of long trousers, three pairs of sweat socks, a raincoat, a thin sweater, a heavy sweater or jacket, a heavy pair of oxfords for walking and a light pair for cycling, swimming trunks, pajamas, handkerchiefs, two towels, a small case of toilet articles, a sewing kit, a first-aid pack, a mess kit, three changes of underwear, two polo shirts, a diary, dark glasses, camera, pen, flashlight and hunting knife.

Carry your equipment in a light suitcase until you start cycling, then leave the surplus with the steamship company.

When you reach your port of entry, locate the youth hostel, give your hostel pass to the house father, pay the overnight charge and deposit your luggage. Except in England, smoking is not allowed in youth hostels, and you must be in bed by ten o'clock.

After getting located, ask the house father where to buy a sleeping sack, a bag-like affair made of sheeting. You carry this sack with you and the hostels furnish blankets. It will cost you not more than a dollar.

Buying a bike is easy. The countries are full of them. I bought a light but new bike for $10. You should have no trouble picking up a good secondhand one for $8 and then selling it when you finish with it. However, don't lose your sales slip; you can't sell the bike without it.

Your baggage-carrying equipment comes next. The best rig, to my notion, is two canvas saddlebags that strap on each side of the back wheel, and a round duffel bag with a zipper down the middle to strap on the baggage rack. If you plan to leave your bike and do any walking, substitute a pack sack for the duffel bag. Five dollars will buy these things.

You can get maps for nothing from touring clubs.

So far, your expenses should run about like this, exclusive of the trip to your port of embarkation:

Passport	$ 10.00
Youth Hostel Pass	1.25
Passage (round trip)	120.00
Bicycle	10.00
Luggage	5.00
Sleeping sack	.50
Incidentals	3.00
Visa (German)	.50
	$150.25

To that $150 add a dollar for each day you plan to stay in Europe, and whatever additional money you plan to spend on gifts and personal luxuries such as staying in hotels and eating in restaurants every so often.

To bicycle in Switzerland or Austria, join the Belgian Cycle Club to avoid paying a $30 deposit on your bike at the border of these two countries.

Languages will give you no trouble. Most Europeans speak English. And you can pick up enough of each language to get along anyway. Probably you'll ride with a native traveler for companionship. I had not been on the road for two days before I joined forces with a boy from Berlin. And two days later we added an English boy from South Africa.

Half of the joy of traveling is deciding where you are going as you go. I don't propose to tell you where to travel, but here's a perfect fifty-day trip with plenty of stopovers and side trips:

Dock at Antwerp and circle through Belgium, Luxemburg, Saarbrucken, Germany and back through Holland to Rotterdam—about fifteen hundred miles.

France is rather expensive; there are fewer youth hostels there. You'll find some, however, in the south. Switzerland, too, is expensive. But most of the other countries are unbelievably cheap.

Following the loop I suggest you make your first day's run south to the beautiful old city of Brussels, about three hours' riding, which leaves you plenty of time to see the city.

Over level country you'll easily average ten miles an hour. After the first few days, runs of sixty to eighty-five miles are easy. The early rising hour in the youth hostels makes it easy to put on many miles before noon, and then you can take it easy during the afternoon heat.

From Brussels ride south through Belgium to Givet, on the French border, and from there east through Luxemburg and Saarbrucken into Germany, crossing the Rhine at Mannheim. From Mannheim take the thirteen-mile run up the valley of the Neckar to famous old Heidelberg, site of Germany's oldest university. The old Heidelberg castle, crouching like a silent watchdog on the hillside above the town, is beautiful in its antiquity. And the Red Ox, the student tavern, is famous in its own right, for since 1368 the rulers of Germany have spent the evenings of their student life drinking beer at its tables.

To make a dollar cover a day's expenses is not as hard as it sounds, though next to impossible in America—except where there are youth hostels. Breakfast—rolls, butter, jam and milk—costs about 50 pfennigs (12 cents at the travel-mark rate) in a German youth hostel, or *jugendherberge*.

At noon you go to a bakery for half a loaf of rye bread costing 20 pfennigs. Then to a butter-and-egg shop for a quarter of a pound of butter at 25 pfennigs. And finally to a meat shop for a quarter of a sausage at 25 pfennigs. You're awfully hungry if you eat all this at one meal.

Now, a place to eat it. Here enters one of Germany's greatest institutions—the Gasthaus. These charming old German inns, as settled in the landscape as the trees themselves, beg the traveler to "light and set a while." So you pick out a table in the shade of a tree and spread out your meal. What could be more perfect?

Dinner at the *jugendherberge* that night will cost you about 60 pfennigs and your bed 30 pfennigs if you are under twenty-one. That makes the total necessary outlay for the day 1 mark and 70 pfennigs, leaving more than half of your original dollar for cakes, chocolate, and fruit.

Let's get on with the trip. From Heidelberg the road follows the Rhine valley south through Karlsruhe and Frieburg and east through the Black Forest, so different from our own forests, dotted as it is with hay fields and little white villages with red tile roofs. At Neustadt lives the wood carver whose hand-carved signs direct you through the forest.

We pass next through Donaueschingen where the Danube springs full-grown from the ground, and then into Constance on the Bodensee, right on the Swiss border. Here The Tower, finest *jugendherberge* in southern Germany, nestles in the shadow of the Austrian and Swiss Alps looming majestically at the end of the lake. If fancy calls, a jaunt into either Austria or Switzerland is easy. However, we will head east again on our loop.

For three or four marks, you can put your bike on a lake steamer and enjoy the beautiful ride up the Bodensee to Lindau, stopping off at Friedrichshafen, where Germany builds her giant Zeppelins. East from Lindau into the province of Bavaria it is even more beautiful than the Black Forest. On the right hand rise the Austrian Alps and all around are forests and the fragrant hayfields. At Fussen are two beautiful castles, built by Ludwig, the mad king of Bavaria.

In Oberammergau, resting beneath a huge cliff topped by a great cross silhouetted against the sky, the famous Passion Play is produced. And following Oberammergau is Garmisch-Partenkirchen, scene of the 1936 Winter Olympics. Of all that I saw of southern Germany, nothing was so beautiful as this little town, nestled in the valley below Zugspitze, the highest mountain in Germany. Every evening the cows are driven down through the narrow winding streets, their bells echoing across the valley in the quiet air. All the men wear leather shorts and all the women puffed-sleeve dresses with little aprons. If the *jugendherberge* is full, as it usually is, and if you can afford it, there is nothing so pleasant as to take a room in one of the private homes and every morning have a pretty little *fraulein* bring you breakfast on the balcony overlooking the town, with the mountains rising high on all sides of you.

Hard as it will be for you to leave Garmisch-Partenkirchen, the State Museum in Munich, the largest city in Bavaria, calls you on. It is the largest of its kind in the world.

From Munich we travel north to Nurnberg, where the great Nazi congresses are held, and then on to Wiesbaden, where we strike the Rhine and follow it past beautiful castles surrounded by vineyards that are world-famous for the wine they produce. Then on through Cologne, famous for its beautiful cathedral; through Dusseldorf and across the border to Arnheim in Holland; and finally to Rotterdam, where the Rhine flows into the sea.

And so, having really seen a good section of Europe, not like a tourist looking down on it, but from the ground straight at it, you return to New York on the next freighter.

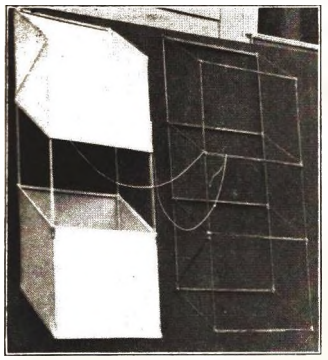
It is hard to put down in cold type all the things that youth hostelling means to one—the feeling of being close to the people, of making new friends (I have a book full of addresses from all over the world), the new understanding of a nation that has been so hard to understand before, dull pages from history coming to exciting life before one's eyes, and oh, a myriad of other things that help to broaden one's outlook and will in the years to come be one of the strongest forces in making this world a more amiable place in which to live.

Best of all, there is no age limit. Twelve or fifty, you're welcome.

So, when the wanderlust grips you this winter, get out the atlas, buy your passport and get ready to hit the out trail, the long trail, the open trail—the trail that is always new!

Build This New Type Kite

by HAROLD S. KAHM



This kite has never lost a contest.

GET ready to build a kite that ascends almost vertically, that has tremendous pulling power and that will carry up to three-quarters of a mile of string. It's called the Volta Fager, after the inventor. It uses the principles of the aviation-field wind sock.

Wind socks trail out firmly even when there's little breeze. That's because the sock is cone-shaped, and wind that blows into it is squeezed as it funnels through the gradually narrowing channel, thus creating a greater drag on the sock.

Volta Fager and his father, of New Orleans, have applied the principle in a kite that looks like a box kite, except that both ends are cut off at an angle. This increases the size of the openings into which the wind blows without increasing the size of the channels through which it must pass. Hence, a drag is set up. The kite has never lost a contest.

You'll have no trouble making the kite if you follow the instructions step by step. Note that in the first four steps you're making a jig—a *form* for making the kite.

Here's how to make this jig:

1. Get a smooth unwarped board 5½ inches wide, ¾ inch thick and 48 inches long. It must be exactly the same width throughout, and the edges must be square with the face (flat surface).

Photo No. 1—Lay the side sticks on the diagonal lines.

Plane the board, if necessary, to these specifications.

2. On each edge of this board tack a ¼-inch-square strip of wood, running lengthwise. Tack the strips flush with the face. Use brads ¾ inch long, so that you can take the strips off and put them on again. Use no more than five to each strip.

3. Now, on the board, lay out the design of the side of the kite. It's done like this:

a. Seven inches from the left end of the board draw a straight line square across the board and strips.

b. Ten inches to the right of this line draw another one, parallel to the first.

c. Eight inches farther on draw still another line across.

d. Ten inches farther, another line, making a total of four parallel lines across the face of the board.

e. Now, on the strip at the bottom of the board, locate a point 6 inches to the right of where the first line you drew crosses the strip. Call it point A. From this point A draw a diagonal line to the top of the first crossline you drew. Draw a second diagonal from A to the top of the second crossline.

f. On the strip at the bottom of the board, locate points B, C and D, each 6 inches to the right of the second, third and fourth crosslines respectively. Draw diagonals from these points to the tops of the second, third and fourth crosslines, as in the diagram.

4. At the ten-cent store buy two dozen round-headed screws ¾ inch long (No. 6), and a dozen small flat metal bracing strips such as are used on screen doors. How these materials are used will become clear later.

Your jig is now complete and you're ready to begin the kite. Follow each step carefully.

1. Make your sticks. Cypress is the best wood for them. You need:

a. Four boom sticks 3/16 inch by ½ inch by 28 inches.

b. Ten side sticks—five for each side of the kite. They are 1/16 inch by ¼ inch, and an inch or two longer than the diagonal lines on the jig.

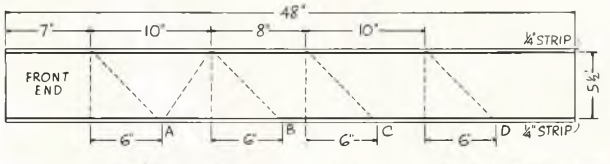
c. Eight cross sticks 1/16 inch by ¼ inch by 12 inches.

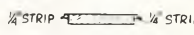
2. Dress the sticks with a smoothing plane until they are the right width and thickness.

3. Lay five of the side sticks over the diagonal lines on the jig and clamp them firmly in place with the metal pieces and screws you bought at the dime store—see photo number 1.

4. Now, trim the side sticks flush with ¼-inch-square strips you so carefully tacked on each edge of the jig. Then remove the strips from the jig.

5. You are now ready to mount the booms. Slip these 28-inch sticks into the same place occupied by the strips you removed in step 4, placing the narrower edge against the side sticks and the 3/16-inch surface against the jig. Mount one boom beginning at the top of the first vertical line on the jig, and it will extend to the top of the last line. Mount the second boom—the bottom one—from the bottom of the first diagonal line to the bottom of the last diagonal. Glue these booms to the side sticks and let the glue dry.





6. Unscrew the clamps and remove the completed side. Tack the ¼-inch strips back into place on the jig.

7. Now make a second side just as you made the first. You'll then have two frames, which when connected by cross sticks, form the completed kite frame.

8. To connect the two sides, mount four of the cross sticks crosswise of the jig, on the vertical lines you drew. Three inches of the sticks will extend over each side of the jig (see photo number 2).

9. Then, with the cross sticks on the upper side, raise the jig on cigar boxes and thin pieces of wood until it's just a little less than 6 inches off the workbench.

10. Slip the side frames under the ends of the cross pieces, line them up squarely with the cross pieces, and glue them there. When the glue has set, wrap all joints with No. 30 thread.

11. Remove the jig, clamp the remaining cross sticks to it and glue them to the side frames. Tie all joints.

12. When the glue has completely hardened, remove the frame from the jig and cover it—the frame—with a special paper called "kite paper," or with plain "Japanese tissue." These two are sold most everywhere. Stick the paper to the frame with mucilage.

13. Now make the bridle. Attach each end of a cord about 30 inches long to the bottom booms, about 7 inches from the front end. Tie the kite line to center of bridle.

That's all. You can change the dimensions but keep them in proportion to these.

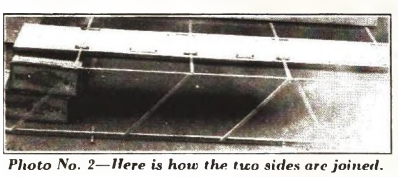


Photo No. 2—Here is how the two sides are joined.

SOUTHERN

TEXAS MILITARY COLLEGE

Healthy climate, friendly environment and well balanced military, scholastic and athletic program makes this one of the strong schools for boys (3rd grade thru Jr. College) in the southwest. Home Group Plan praised highly. Accredited. Moderate rates. Catalog
COL. A. WILLIAMSON, Box 14, TERRELL, TEX.

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL of MINES

ONE of the Nation's outstanding mining schools . . . 4 year courses in Mining, Metallurgical and Petroleum Engineering, and Mining and Petroleum Geology . . . Practical instruction; small classes; fine equipment, strong faculty . . . Splendid climate year round . . . All expenses unusually low . . . Send for Catalog No. 42.
E. A. WATSON, REGISTRAR, SOCORRO, N. M.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the heart of the Blue Grass. Fully Accredited. 44th Yr. College Preparatory and separate Junior School. Rates very moderate. For catalog address
Col. W. R. Nelson, Supt.. Box 637, Millersburg, Ky.

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

★ DISTINGUISHED military academy for more than 75 years. Prepares boys 10-20 for all colleges, universities, Annapolis, West Point. Able faculty. Separate Junior School. *Catalog.* Col. Emory J. Middour, Supt., Box E-4 Kable Station, Staunton, Va.

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

"MAKING MEN — NOT MONEY"
Accredited college preparatory and junior school in healthful Piedmont. Character building stressed by Christian faculty. All sports. Moderate rate. *Catalog.*
Col. A. H. Camden, Pres., Box B, Chatham, Va.

THE BOLLES SCHOOL

On St. Johns River
Accredited — prepares for College Boards or Government Academies. 8th to 12th Grades. Splendidly equipped fireproof buildings. Military and Naval training. For catalog address
Col. Roger B. Painter, Pres., Jacksonville, Fla.

CASTLE HEIGHTS

MILITARY. Preparatory. Post Graduate. Separate Junior School. 12 modern buildings. Endowed. Rates $575 and $675.
Address Col. H. B. Armstrong, Pres., Lebanon (Near Nashville), Tenn.

Fishburne

MILITARY SCHOOL. Highest academic rating. Business course. R.O.T.C. All sports. 56th year.
Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box B-1, Waynesboro, Va.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High School and Junior College
Every Boy Rides
R.O.T.C.
Col. O. C. Pearson, Superintendent
Box N, Roswell, New Mexico

Tennessee MILITARY INSTITUTE

TRAINS leaders; prepares for college or for business. Accredited. Superior faculty inspires boys to best effort. 160 acres, golf course, pool. Moderate rates. Est. 1874. *Catalog.* Col. C. R. Endsley, Box 12, Sweetwater, Tenn.

COLUMBIA Military Academy

Plant built by U. S. Government. Admission by Certificate from approved schools or examination. Special preparation for Government Academies. R.O.T.C. Post-graduate and Junior Schools. Athletics, including gym, swimming, golf, horsemanship. Address Department B, Columbia, Tenn.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

128th year. Accredited. Preparation for College. Lower School. Altitude 2300 feet. All sports. Summer Camp.
For catalog, write COL. H. B. MOORE, BOX B, LEWISBURG, W. VA.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A School with a winter home in Florida
Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private military school in America. For booklet, address
COL. CHAS. B. RICHMOND, Pres., Box B, Lyndon, Ky.

Randolph-Macon ACADEMY

MILITARY ACCREDITED 68th YEAR
Prepares for college through intensive study methods. Fireproof buildings. Supervised athletics. Reasonable rates. Catalog, address
Col. John C. Boggs, Principal, Box B, Front Royal, Va.

RIVERSIDE

Distinguished military preparatory school. Boys 10-20. Six months in Blue Ridge Mountains with winter session in Hollywood-by-the-Sea, Fla. Golf course, swimming, tennis, ocean sports, aviation. Catalog:
COL. SANDY BEAVER, Box B, Gainesville, Ga.

EASTERN

VALLEY FORGE MILITARY ACADEMY

Accredited preparatory school for boys 12 to 20 in historic location. New modern buildings. Sports: infantry, Cavalry, Band. *For catalog, Address*, Registrar, Wayne, Pa.

★ Carson Long Institute ★

Boys' 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.

PEDDIE

Specializes in preparing boys for college. 281 graduates in last 5 years have entered such colleges as Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard. 150 acres. 15 modern buildings. Junior school. All sports for all. School golf course. Summer session 72nd year. Write for catalog.
Wilbur E. Saunders, Headmaster, Box 4-2, Hightstown, N. J.

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

Exercise college preparation under Brothers of the Christian Schools. Accredited. Small classes. Well-equipped buildings on 167-acre estate. Pool and ocean swimming. 9-hole golf course. Junior Department. 56th year. Moderate rate. *Catalog.*
Registrar, Box D, Oakdale, L. I., N. Y.

KISKI BOYS 10-21

THOROUGH PREPARATION FOR THE BEST COLLEGES. SMALL CLASSES.
W. H. MacColl, Pres., Kiskiminetas Springs School, Box 34, Saltsburg, Pa.

MID-WEST

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Junior College and High School
83rd year. Noted for successful development of boys mentally, physically and morally. Fully accredited. Small classes. High scholastic standards. Modern buildings. $200,000 gymnasium, indoor swimming pool. Every sport for the boy. Marksmanship. 90 acres. Write today for catalog. Address
Col. A. M. Hitch, Superintendent
847 Third Street, Boonville, Missouri

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

EDUCATES THE WHOLE BOY
College preparatory. Junior college. 8th grade. Complete facilities. Infantry, Artillery, Cavalry. 414 graduates to 120 colleges. Moderate cost. *Catalog*
On Lake Maxinkuckee 41 Pershing Lane, Culver, Ind.

★ HOWE ★

A Clean Mind In a Sound Body
Episcopal school preparing for college. Individual guidance program. Sympathetic faculty. Sports. Military. Junior School. 53rd year. Moderate rates. Burrett B. Bouton, M. A., Supt. *Catalog.*
347 Academy Place, Howe, Indiana.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Certifies to colleges. Lower school for younger boys. New athletic field in heart of wooded estate. *Address*
Col. A. M. Henshaw, Box B, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

★ ST. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

SUCCESSFUL college preparation under faculty of "boy specialists." Military training at its best. Sports, riding, golf, rowing. 16 buildings on 160 acres. Lake. 53rd year. *Catalog.*
347 DeKoven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Nationally-known preparatory school with progressive educational methods develops the *whole* boy. Suburban to Chicago, yet enjoys advantages of city. Small classes. All sports. Separate lower school. 63rd year. Not for profit. Catalog.
C.S.L. H. D. ABELLS, BOX 147, MORGAN PARK, ILL.

WENTWORTH

Military Academy and Junior College
67th year. 41 miles from Kansas City. Fully accredited. High School and 2 years College. Sports, stadium, non military Summer School.
Write Col. S. Sellers, 447 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

ONARGA Military School

College accredited. Teaches *"How to Study."* Boys aged 10 to 19. 85 miles south of Chicago. Winning athletics. Band. Endowed. Free Catalog.
Col. J. D. Bittinger, Supt., Dept. B, Onarga, Ill.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

49 years. Inspires boy to best efforts by teaching How to Study. Fully accredited. R.O.T.C. Small classes. Prepares for college or business. Separate Junior school. New, well equipped gymnasium. Large campus. Write for catalog.
M. M. A., 154-C, Mexico, Mo.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. BENJAMIN N. BOGUE, Dept. 28, CIRCLE TOWER, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

CAMPS

Eight Happy Weeks of Man building in Culver's NAVAL SCHOOL or CAVALRY CAMP (boys 14-19), also WOODCRAFT CAMP (boys 9-14). All land and water sports. Optional tutoring. 1000-acre wooded campus. Exceptional health facilities. Moderate cost. *Specify catalog desired.*
41 Lake Shore Lane Culver, Ind.
CULVER SUMMER SCHOOLS ON LAKE MAXINKUCKEE

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT SUMMER CAMP

NAVAL camp July 5 to August 30, on historic Toms River near famous Barnegat Bay. Sailing, navigation, cruises, land sports 75 miles from New York City. Rate includes uniform. Tutoring available. *Rear Admiral S. S. Robison, U. S. N. (Retired),* Supt. *Catalog.* Box 15, Toms River, N. J.

PAGE'S CAMP KIMOHO

Peaceful Valley, Colorado Boys 8-18
8 weeks mountain hikes, pack trips, horses, water sports, athletics, crafts, etc. 520 acres, private lake, lodge, cabins. Adjoins National Forest. One fee. For catalog write, Ted Page, Director, Grand Island, Nebraska.

CAMP CARSON ★

Hiking, swimming, hiking, rowing in the foothills of the Pilot Ridge Mountains in the Piney, great old-fashioned camp to build outstanding American boys. Eight happy weeks, $150.00. Limited to 100 boys. Address
Director Camp Carson, Box B, New Bloomfield, Pa., for catalog and picture booklet.

TOSEBO CAMP, 26th Year

For boys 8 to 16. Convenient Rich location. Every boy taught Speed swimming and Red Cross. Safe sand beach. Sea Scouts. Land "cruiser" trips. Boat Building. Horses. Baseball, Tennis, etc., canoe trips. Moderate rate. FREE CATALOG.
ROGER HILL, TODD SCHOOL, BOX 6, WOODSTOCK, ILL.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL'S FOUR-TRIBE CAMP

Shaw-Mi-Del-Eca

Near White Sulphur Springs. All sports. Cabins. Separate Camps for boys of different ages. Accredited scholastic work. Horse-back riding—no extra charge. Reasonable rate. Catalog.
Col. H. B. Moore, President, Box B, Lewisburg, W. Va.

● CAFLISCH CAMP ●

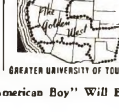
UNION CITY, PENNSYLVANIA
A REAL camp for boys 8-14. Physician available. Nurse. Trained counselors. Swimming. Crafts. Nature Study. Music. 150 acre farm, over 5 woods, one little French Creek. Under direction Arnold College Graduate. Apply: Mrs. R. M. Michael, Union City, Penna

WYOMISSING

Near Poconos. 2 hrs. from N. Y. and Phila. Horseback trips, 25 camp-owned horses and ponies, pets, Woodcraft, canoeing, Shop, Cabins. Junior group. All inclusive fee. Catalog. W. A. TRANSUE, Miniisink Hills, Pa.

Camping Tours

YOUTH'S CAMPING TOURS



Separate tours for boys — girls. Western tours shown on map. Eastern includes New Orleans, Smoky Mountains, Washington, New York, Old New England, Canada, Niagara Falls. 7th year. Prominent educators. All Sports. Tours leave your vicinity in June. 7 weeks. All expense $195. Catalog.
GREATER UNIVERSITY OF TOURS, Dept. U, 815 W. 58th Ter. Kansas City, Mo.

Dumb Goose

(Continued from page 23)

his mask and was after it, back, back, back. Arrowhead substitutes scattered from the bench and his leg guards touched the seat. He strained and reached. The ball struck near the tip of his glove, rolled down into the cup and stayed there. Two out.

Unspoken messages passed from pitcher to catcher. Good work! Ted crooned: "Come on, baby—only one more." Johnny threw a fast ball. The batter, hitting a fraction late, drove a long, screaming foul into far right field.

Ted came down the fairway. "Careful, baby. A hit means two runs and this fellow is dangerous."

"We'll handle him," said Johnny. It had never been "we" with Dulby.

He took his time and worked carefully. No more fast ones on the outside for this Remington gentleman. He shot for the inside corner and missed twice. Two balls and one strike. The Arrowhead bench stirred restlessly. The next pitch was a foul tip and went for strike two. Well, that was better. But the following pitch was low, and the count was three and two.

The stands were hushed. Dulby rubbed his hands together, and they were hot and dry. Pond did not move.

Another voice spoke from the bench. "He's got to lay this one over." A target ball right down the middle! And a hit meant two runs.

Johnny Hoos had never seemed more hopeless and inept. His gangling arms dropped. And yet there was no outer sign of nervousness. He reset his cap, glanced at the base runners, and peered toward the plate. He pitched.

"Wide," somebody sighed. There'd be three on the bases now.

The ball was blazing in more than a foot wide of the outside corner. The batter, tense, ready to hit, relaxed and let the bat sag.

And then, without warning, the ball changed its flight. It broke toward the plate. Not a sweeping break, but a break sharp and sudden. The batter couldn't bring his bat into position to swing. Ted, freezing to a miracle ball that spat into his glove, flashed a look back at the umpire.

"Strike! You're out!"

Words burst from Pond. "That's pitching. He had the nerve to break a curve in the clutch!"

Dulby still rubbed his hands. He hadn't been Dulby the Great for nothing; he had a catcher's brain. Pond was right—this was pitching. Great pitching. The season needed no diagramming. This meant that Johnny would get the hot-shot games and Ted would catch him. And the man who had once been king would sit upon the bench.

A tall, thin pitcher gangled toward the bench. The stands roared his name. He gave Pond an abashed grin.

"Good stuff," said the coach dryly.

"And I called him a goose," Joe Dulby muttered despairingly. Pond looked at him and he shook his head. "It speaks for itself, Coach," he said aloud.

At the other end of the bench, Johnny was frowning over a matter that had puzzled him a long time. He whispered to Ted. "It's funny," he said, "but my fast ball—I could never make it work with Joe."

"He was muffling it," Ted replied. "Catching it a little off center, so the padding of the glove would deaden it. There was never anything wrong with your fast ball."

"Oh." Johnny was silent for a moment. "Too bad he did a thing like that."

"Yeh," Ted replied. "He tried to cook a Goose and got burned."

Army Stamp Honors Southern Heroes

STAMPS

by Kent B. Stiles

WHETHER you are a beginning stamp collector with but a few stamps or a seasoned collector with a valuable album, it is important that you keep informed about the stamp market as reflected by the stamp advertisements on this page and the following page. Read EVERY advertisement for somewhere in these columns you may find a bargain in the very stamps you need to round out your collection.

THE TWO 4c brown values of the Army and Navy series were released at Washington in March, and three of the five portraits presented are of "heroes" new to philately's gallery.

The Army's stamp honors the Confederacy. It bears likenesses of Robert E. Lee (1807-1870), the South's great military leader who eventually surrendered to Grant; and Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson (1827-1863), who met an untimely end when shot accidentally by one of his own men in the dusk at Chancellorsville, Ohio.

The Navy's is identified with the Spanish-American War and illustrates heads of three admirals—George Dewey (1837-1917), who defeated the Spanish forces at Manila; William T. Sampson (1840-1902), naval commander; and Winfield S. Schley (1839-1911), who was senior officer of the United States fleet at the Battle of Santiago while Sampson was ashore.

Commemorating the Esperanto Congress at Rio de Janeiro last year.

The 5c blue denominations were scheduled for release in April—the Army's with a picture of the West Point Military Academy, established by Congress in 1802 at the request of George Washington; and the Navy's illustrating the United States Naval Academy established at Annapolis in 1845.

The two 3c purple stamps of this set were released on Feb. 18. In addition to portraits of Admirals Farragut and Porter, as described here last month, Navy's adhesives illustrate a warship of the Civil War period and bear the names *U. S. S. Hartford* and *U. S. S. Powhatan*, vessels which were commanded by Farragut and Porter respectively.

Aguinaldo's Stamps

SCOTT'S United States catalog has for the first time recognized the *Republica Filipina* postal paper issued nearly forty years ago when Emilio Aguinaldo, Filipino insurrectionary leader, was harrassing United States troops after Admiral Dewey's capture of Manila during the Spanish-American War.

Aguinaldo was president of the *Republica Filipina*. After leading a rebellion against Spanish authority in the Philippines, he had gone into exile at Hong Kong. When Manila surrendered to Dewey, Aguinaldo returned, ostensibly to assist the United States. Instead, he organized a native government, raised an army, and unsuccessfully attacked Manila. He finally took refuge in the mountains, and it was not until March 23, 1901, that he was captured by General Frederick Funston. In April he took the oath of allegiance to the United States and retired peacefully to private life.

The stamps now recognized are inscribed with the dates 1898 and 1899 and with "K K K," the latter signifying native words which mean "Sovereign Worshipful Association of the Sons of the Country." The issue comprises twenty-one major varieties divided into postage, registration, newspaper, revenue and telegraph stamps, and revenue stamped paper. The unused copies are less valuable than the ones cancelled or attached to covers, as relatively few were actually used during the existence of the postal system of the *Republica Filipina*.

What Price Postage?

A FRENCH statistician who is a philatelist has published figures indicating that if a collector should purchase, during each calendar year, an unused copy of every stamp issued by all countries, his cost would be an average of $600.

During 1932-36, he points out, Nicaragua led the deluge, followed by Mexico, among individual countries. When colonies are considered, however, Italy and her possessions ranked at the top. Among all governments, the United States was about at the middle of the list, with an annual average of eight stamps costing $1.20 mint.

The inquiring Frenchman says it would cost a collector on the average of 32 cents per unused stamp to acquire all postal paper issued each year.

Czechoslovakia is erupting with another job lot of postal issues which will be interesting if only because the philatelic gallery of newcomers includes an American-born woman—Charlotte Garrigue, a Brooklyn girl whose father was president of a New York insurance company. Thomas G. Masaryk, formerly president of Czechoslovakia, met her about 1880 at Leipzig, where he had become a lecturer in philosophy, and later he married her. Her likeness graces one of a series dedicated to child welfare.

Another stamp of the same set will honor Bozena Nemcova (1820-1862), novelist, described as "a master of idyllic narrative."

J. E. Purkinje, founder of Czechoslovak medical science, was born 150 years ago, and a commemorative bears his likeness. While the use of fingerprints as a means of identification dates back to ancient times, it was Purkinje, an eminent professor of physiology, who in 1823 first pointed out scientifically the permanent character of the

This is the stamp with which Egypt commemorated the ratification of the Anglo-Egyptian treaty assuring Egypt's independence.

STAMPS CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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 sent on approval.

An approval sheet contains stamps attached to it. Under each stamp is marked the dealer's price. The collector may purchase any of the stamps at the prices indicated. All stamps NOT purchased are returned to the dealer; and, at the same time, money is sent to the dealer in payment for any stamps which are kept.

Approval sheets should be returned within the time specified by the dealer. No stamp should be removed unless the collector intends to purchase it. When returning sheets, the collector should tell the dealer specifically whether he wants further ones sent on approval.

A dealer advertising in The American Boy is not supposed to send approval sheets to collectors unless his advertisement clearly states that they will be sent.

fingerprint; in a paper before the University of Breslau he adduced nine standard types of impressions and advocated a system of classification which attracted great attention. Purkinje is remembered also as the observer of the "Purkinje phenomenon"—that as the intensity of light decreases, green and blue become more visible than the other colors.

In October of 1916 an independent Czechoslovak division in the Russian army was sanctioned; and on July 2, 1917, these legions distinguished themselves at Zhorov. Stamps will commemorate the twentieth anniversary of that victory.

May 12 will bring the coronation of George VI and Elizabeth as king and queen of Great Britain—and also commemorative stamps, three each, by many British crown colonies. It appears that between 150 and 200 coronation commemoratives are in prospect.

Notes

RIO DE JANIERO, Brazil's capital, was founded centuries ago, but it was Francisco Periera Passos who, as one of the city's greatest lord-mayors, made it a modern municipality within the past century. Passos was born in 1836, and two stamps—700r grayish-black and 700r light blue—have been received which commemorate him. The oval design illustrates the *Praia de Botofogo*, a Rio de Janiero avenue on which stands a Passos monument.

Another Brazilian late 1936 issue, 300r green, has inscriptions including *Kongreso de Esperanto* (Esperanto Congress), the design being flags of nations, the Stars and Stripes included, grouped around a five-pointed star. This, like the Passos commemorative, came unheralded.

A Japanese New Year's Day stamp for franking seasonal cards.

The picturesque "Wedded Rocks" near the Grand Shrine of Ise form the design of Japanese 1½s red which was used exclusively for franking postage of cards delivered on New Year's Day.

20c and 50c Airs

IN anticipation of extension, on or after March 24, of the trans-Pacific air mail service to Macao and Hong Kong, the Post Office Department released at Washington on Feb. 15 two new high-value air stamps—a 20c green and a 50c carmine. In size and design they conform to the trans-Pacific 25c adhesive issued late last year but with the inscription "November 1935" omitted.

Effective with the extension, trans-Pacific air mail rates are reduced, the revised schedule being as follows:

From United States: To Hawaii, 20 cents; to Guam, 40 cents; to Philippines, 50 cents; to Hong Kong or Macao, 70 cents.

From Hawaii: To United States or Guam, 20 cents; to Philippines, 30 cents; to Hong Kong or Macao, 50 cents.

From Guam: To United States, 40 cents; to Hawaii, 20 cents; to Philippines, 10 cents; to Hong Kong or Macao, 30 cents.

At the time of Uncle Sam's announcement of these reduced rates, the British and Philippines postal administrations had not reported what rates would be fixed on mail from Philippines to Macao and Hong Kong, or from Macao to Hong Kong, or from Macao and Hong Kong to points east.

Our Post Office Department may eventually release further high-value air stamps, as 30c, 40c and 70c.

Coats-of-arms of cities illustrate new Estonian stamps—10 plus 10s green, Paisk; 15 plus 15s red-brown, Pakware; 25 plus 25s blue, Valga; and 50 plus 50s red-violet, Viljandi.

The centenary of the University of Athens is being commemorated by Greece with a 3dr.

Night Boat

(Continued from page 7)

"When was it," Tod rushed on, "that the steward told you to change the numbers of our staterooms?"

"Let me see. I think it was some time after dinner when he remembered to tell me. Sorry to have caused you any inconvenience."

"Sorry?" Tod waved the apology aside. "That was a mighty lucky break for Banning." He leaned closer. "Did anyone make inquiry tonight as to the number of Banning's cabin?"

"Why, yes. Now that you mention it, I remember. It was during the dinner hour. I'm afraid I said Banning was in your stateroom."

Tod's heart leaped. "You remember what this fellow looked like?"

The purser shook his head. "I'm sorry. So many people, you know—"

"Where is Mr. Walters?"

"You mean Banning's boss? In the dining saloon. They've locked Banning in the linen room. But he'll only be there for twenty minutes. They're taking him ashore at Antioch."

Twenty minutes! A feeling of doubt surged up within Tod. Could he hope to trace the man in the brown topcoat in that short space of time? Suppose this person had slipped ashore already? But no. The boat had not stopped after leaving Vallejo and it was while it was tied up there that Banning's cabin had been entered. "Purser," Tod said earnestly, "you've got to help us. Bring that book of yours and take me to Mr. Walters."

Somewhat uncertainly the purser complied. The long dining saloon was empty at this hour except for the two men from the bank who sat drinking coffee at one of the tables. Tod's eyes fastened upon a door just behind the men. Was that the linen room where Banning was being held prisoner?

"Mr. Walters." Tod drew up beside the table.

"Yes? Oh, you're Moran."

"Mr. Walters, I'm sure Banning is innocent. Listen." Tod dropped into a chair and quickly told his story. Walters and his assistant listened in silence. "The man in the brown topcoat," Tod ended, "is someone from your bank, someone who is guilty and is trying to put the blame upon Banning."

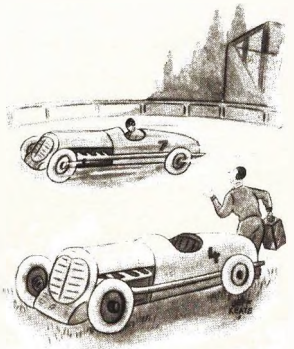
"Baloney!" The detective uttered the word in disgust.

Mr. Walters said, "I'm afraid you've allowed Banning to throw you off the track. He must be cleverer than I thought."

With an effort Tod controlled his voice. "How long has Banning been employed at the bank?"

"Fifteen years. What business is this of yours?"

Tod took a deep breath. "None—ex-



cept that I'd never forgive myself if I allowed an innocent man to suffer when I could prevent it. How many men in your department might have been guilty?"

"Let's see—five, I believe."

"And how many of those five men knew you suspected Banning?"

"Two."

"And their names?"

"Miller and Thornton."

"Did these two men know," Tod hurried on, "that you intended to board this boat at Vallejo and search Banning?"

Mr. Walters was noticeably irritated. "Yes. But you're wasting your time, Moran."

"Give me a chance, Mr. Walters. And give Banning a chance." Tod's gaze went the length of the dining saloon where, just over a red fire-alarm signal, a large electric clock was visible. "There are just twelve minutes left before we're due at Antioch. Give me those twelve minutes of your time! Someone employed in your department is on this boat besides Banning—and that person wears a brown topcoat—and is guilty."

"I don't believe it, Moran."

"Only twelve minutes, Mr. Walters. Eleven, now. Is that asking too much?"

"No." A smile lighted his face. "I give in."

The detective snorted in disgust.

Walters nodded. "Go ahead, Moran."

"Good. Purser, will you show your passenger list to these gentlemen? Mr. Walters, see if any name corresponds to an employee of your bank."

Mr. Walters glanced down the list, turned a page, then leaned back. "None here."

"I thought not." Tod's eyes gleamed. "Would you think it rather queer if either Miller or Thornton were aboard tonight under an assumed name?"

"I'd think it very strange."

"And if one of them wore a dark brown topcoat, would you admit he might have placed those bonds in Banning's brief case?"

For the first time Mr. Walters displayed real interest. "Certainly. But a brown topcoat! There are probably more than a dozen on the boat."

"But not a dozen men from your bank, I hope, hiding in a stateroom under an assumed name. We've got to arouse every person on board—get them out so you and Mr. Johnson can look them over."

The purser raised a forbidding hand. "Impossible. The captain would never allow it."

Tod's fingers drummed upon the table. He glanced at the clock. Seven minutes more. "Very well." He rose. "Then let's have Banning out for a moment."

Mr. Walters nodded to the detective. "Go ahead, Johnson."

The man in blue stepped across to the door of the linen room, unlocked it and motioned for the prisoner to come out. Banning emerged. "I heard what you said, Mr. Moran," he declared with vigor. "You're the only person who can help me now. And you—a stranger! Why do you try?"

"Didn't I tell you on deck," Tod returned, "that I believed in people's working together? Mr. Walters, may I have a word alone with Banning?"

Johnson drew an automatic pistol from his rear pocket and laid it on the table. "If he tries to run, I'll plug him."

"Put that thing away," said Mr. Walters quietly.

Tod drew Banning to one side. "Only six minutes before you leave this boat," he whispered. "And in those six minutes Mr. Walters and Johnson must see the face of every passenger on board."

"Six minutes!" An agonized expression crossed the little clerk's face. "It's too late now."

"No, it isn't." Tod's tone was brusque. "Do you know anything about ships? Well, there is one way of getting passengers on deck within two minutes. Look, Banning! See that fire alarm down there? If I were in your fix I wouldn't wait one second."

Banning drew himself up. "I get you." The manacles clinked on his wrists. He raised his hands, then dashed suddenly for the end of the room.

"Here—stop that!" Johnson was on his feet, his automatic poised. "Stop, Banning, or I'll shoot!"

"No, you won't." Tod stepped before him. "He's not trying to get away."

"So—you're in this too! Well, here's —" Suddenly Johnson's face grew rigid.

Through the dining saloon came the strident clang of the fire bell, prolonged, insistent, ominous. At once from every deck of the steamer other bells took up the sound.

"Stop it!" The purser dashed after Banning. "You'll go to jail for this!"

Banning turned and faced them. "I'm practically in jail already."

Walters rose uneasily. "A trick, eh? A mighty desperate one, Moran. But how can you expect me to look at every face aboard? Why, there are nearly a hundred passengers."

"I know it." Tod stood still. Johnson had grabbed Banning and was leading him back to the linen room. From all parts of the boat came sounds that bordered upon panic—doors slamming, women screaming, men's voices trying to quiet the rising tumult and clamor.

"Mr. Walters," Tod said quickly, "you take this deck. And Johnson, you look over the deck above. Report back here as soon as you can."

Johnson locked the door of the linen room upon Banning, then turned. "You want me to do that, Mr. Walters? All right. But if you want my opinion, this bird is a nut."

In another moment Tod was alone. The uproar aboard the steamboat gradually subsided. He heard the low blare of the whistle. Either the *Delta Prince* was announcing fire drill over, or she was edging up to the river front at Antioch.

The purser was the first one back. "The captain's furious over this, Mr. Moran. I'll lose my job, I'm afraid."

"No, you won't—not when Mr. Walters explains to him. Purser, there's one thing more I want you to do. Ask all the stewards if everyone came on deck. Quick."

"Okay, sir."

When Mr. Walters returned he shook his head. "It's hopeless, Moran. I did my best, but it came to nothing."

Perspiring profusely Johnson dropped into a chair. "Got any more bright ideas, guy?"

Tod stood with his hands clenched before him on the table. He had taken a chance. And it seemed he and Banning had lost. He looked up to find the purser coming down the length of the saloon. "Purser, did all passengers come out on deck?"

"Yes, sir." The purser drew up opposite him with a sigh. "Everybody, that is, except the sick man."

"The sick man?"

"Yes, sir. In stateroom one twenty-seven on the upper deck."

Mr. Walters leaned across the table, his eyes narrowed. "What's this man's name?"

The purser bent over his book. "Taylor. John Taylor. His stateroom is just opposite Mr. Moran's—on the starboard side."

"I see." Mr. Walters spoke in a voice suddenly grim. "Suppose you take us to this Mr. Taylor."

Up an inner staircase they went, along a passage and out to the open deck to starboard. Oblivious of the noise about them, the high-pitched laughter, the voices filled with nervous relief, they finally drew to a halt before a door marked 127. The stateroom was dark, the window closed.

The purser knocked. "Mr. Taylor!"

No answer came.

"Mr. Taylor! It's a fire drill. You must take your place at the proper station."

Still no answer.

"Open the door," barked Mr. Walters.

The purser stooped, unlocked the door and flipped the light switch. Tod glimpsed the outline of a man's body lying on the bed beneath a white coverlet. With his head deep in a pillow he faced the wall.

As they paused there, crowded in the doorway, a mutter reached them from the man in bed. "I'm sick—too sick to go on deck."

Mr. Walters took a step forward and leaned over the bed. He turned, and said incredulously, "It's Thornton!"

Tod's glance shifted to a line of hooks above the bed. Upon one hung a loose topcoat, dark brown in color.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy founded 1827

Vol. III APRIL 1937 No. 4

Cover Painting by *Frank Vaughn*

Friendly Talks With the Editor 20

FICTION

Night Boat 5
by Howard Pease
Wheels Within Wheels 8
by Dwight Wendell Koppes
Dog Man 12
by Vereen Bell
Wildcat (Cont.) 16
by William Heyliger
Dumb Goose 21
by Donald Farrington

FEATURES

Bat-boying for the Yankees 11
by Vereen Bell
Naming the Dog (Poem) 14
by Dorothy Brown Thompson
See Europe on a Dollar a Day 15
by Stanley Heiberg Koch
Be a Close-to-Home Naturalist 19
by Howard Cleaves
On Making Alibis 24
by Dr. Frank Howard Richardson
The Batty Corner 26
Build This New Type Kite 37
by Harold S. Kahm

DEPARTMENTS

In the Morning Mail 3
Stamps 40
by Kent B. Stiles
Funnybone Ticklers 43

Published Monthly by
THE SPRAGUE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, *Editor* — ELMER P. GRIERSON, *General Manager*
FRANKLIN M. RECK, *Managing Editor*
ESCA G. RODGER, *Fiction Editor* — VEREEN BELL, *Asst. Man. Editor*
MARK L. HAAS, *Art Editor*

IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS—

Don't leave the job to your local post office. Notify us AT ONCE or, if possible, IN ADVANCE. Otherwise you'll get your magazine late or miss it entirely. Help us to serve you promptly. Notify Circulation Manager, The Youth's Companion Combined With The American Boy, 7430 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

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 Youth's Companion Combined With The American Boy, 7430 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, giving the issue with which you wish your subscription started. Subscription prices are $1.00 for one year and $2.00 for three years in the U. S., its possessions and Canada. Foreign countries 50c a year extra. Remit by check or money order.

On newsstands, 10c a copy.

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Education At All Costs

The young man walked down the street, one shoe off and his coat turned inside out. A policeman stopped him. "What's the idea?" he demanded.

"Well, you see, it's this way," replied the young man. "I'm taking a course at a correspondence school and yesterday those darn sophomores wrote me and told me to haze myself."

Doing Her Best

Two ladies were attending a concert or something at the Town Hall. They looked about them.

"Nice building," said one lady. "What style of architecture is it?"

"I'm not quite sure," said the other lady, "but I think it's Reminiscence."

Hit and Run

Magistrate: "What induced you to strike your wife?"

Husband: "Well, your Wuship, she 'ad 'er back to me, the frying-pan was 'andy, and the back door was open, so I thought I'd take me chance."

Short Lived

Passenger: "I say, Driver, what is the average life of a locomotive?"

Driver: "Oh, about thirty years, sir."

Passenger: "I should think such a tough looking thing would last longer than that."

Driver: "Well, perhaps it would, sir, if it didn't smoke so much."

Credible

Native: "George Washington threw a silver dollar across the Rappahannock while standing right on this spot."

Tourist: "I can easily believe that. They showed me where he pitched his camp across the Delaware when the British were after him and it was a lot wider than this."

What It Means

"Dad, tell me, what does bankruptcy mean?"

"Bankruptcy, my boy, is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."

Speed

An Indiana farmer named Berg noticed that while his hired man, Jake, was very slow in everything he did in the shape of labor, he was a fast worker when it came to the table. Finally Mr. Berg exclaimed one day: "Say, Jake, I wish you would tell me one thing. How is it that it takes you all day to do any little job about the farm, and yet, when you have a meal of victuals before you, you leave everyone else behind?"

Jake replied: "Well, you expect me to work twelve hours a day but you allow me only one hour for meals. If you would let me work one hour and eat the rest of the time I could loaf along at the table just as I now do at my work."

Afraid

"Were you afraid, dear, while I was detained downtown?"

"I wasn't exactly afraid."

"I was afraid you'd be afraid."

"And I was afraid you'd be afraid I'd be afraid, so I tried not to be afraid."

Line's Busy

Johnny: "Mrs. Jackson, can I use your phone?"

Mrs. Jackson: "Certainly. Is yours out of order?"

Johnny: "No, but Sis is holding the window up with the receiver, Ma is cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece, and the baby is teething on the cord."

Youth Prevailed

A wealthy man engaged an English tutor for his son. "Take him up into the mountains," he said, "and break him of the habit of using slang. Don't let him talk to anyone but you."

"I will jolly well do that," replied the tutor.

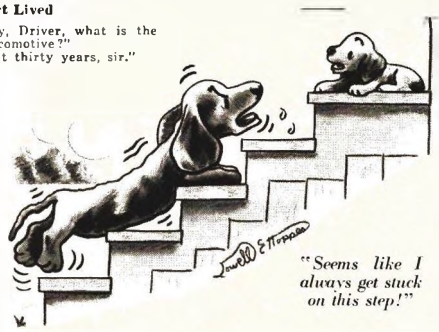
Two months later, the pair returned home. The anxious father rushed to the tutor for a report. "Did you have a successful trip?" he asked the cultured Englishman.

"You're dern tootin' we did," was the genteel reply.

Page Mr. Webster

One of the requirements in the written quiz was "define a bolt and nut and explain the difference, if any." A girl wrote: "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

The startled professor marked that one with a large "A."



"Seems like I always get stuck on this step!"

How Should He Know?

A traveling ventriloquist attended a colored funeral service out of curiosity. Just as they were about to lower the body into the grave, a voice from the casket seemed to say: "Let me down easy, boys."

Later one of the pallbearers was telling of the unnatural occurrence, although still ignorant of its cause.

"Did they go ahead and bury him anyway?" asked a listener.

"How do you suppose I know?" replied the dusky pallbearer in a voice that still trembled.

No Escape

They were climbing a lofty peak of the Alps, and she was standing a few feet above him. She turned around and gazed in wonderment. "What," he asked, "do you see?"

"Far, far below," she cried, "I see a long, white sheet stretching like a paper ribbon almost back to our hotel."

"Ha, ha!" he ejaculated. "It's that hotel bill overtaking us."

Unusual

Cop: "How did you knock this pedestrian down?"

Motorist: "I didn't knock him down. I just pulled up to him, stopped my car and waited to let him pass. He fainted."

The Carioca

Beta: "Did Clarice enjoy her date with Joe last night?"

Alpha: "She was never so humiliated in her life. When he started to eat his soup, five couples got up and began dancing."

Love Lorn

He: "I'm thinking of asking some girl to marry me. What do you think of the idea?"

She: "It's a great idea, if you ask me."