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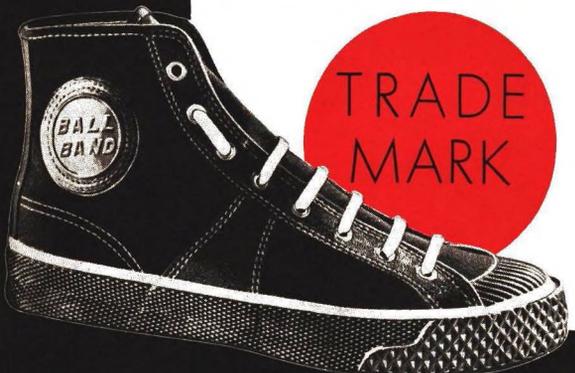
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# BALL-BAND

## NEWS

From the 6-Man

### FOOTBALL FRONT

**I**N WINTER, football activities are at an ebb, but the national six-man rules committee has been anything but idle. The members have been sending out questionnaires, talking to coaches, and voting on changes that represent the desires of the majority of schools playing the game.

The revised 1938 rules are now ready. They are included in the Official Handbook printed and distributed at cost by the Sports Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Price for single copies, 20 cents; for lots of 25 or more, 15 cents.

May we present the national rules committee, which has done this work for you, without pay: Chairman, Stephen Epler, Teachers College, Columbia, originator of the game; Conrad Orr, co-ordinator of six-man football for Montana; W. H. Roselius, acting president, Hebron College, Nebraska, where the first test game of six-man football was played in September, 1934; L. F. Rice, principal, Velva Agricultural School, co-ordinator of six-man football for North Dakota; P. F. Neverman, secretary of the Interscholastic Athletic Association in Wisconsin, where six-man has gone over with a bang; Winton Simmons, Memphis coach, who helped introduce the game to Arkansas; Franklin M. Reck, managing editor of THE AMERICAN BOY.

Six-man football bids fair to set an all-time record by establishing itself as an interscholastic sport in five short years—faster than any other game. Twelve hundred schools played the game last fall. At least 2,000 schools will play the game next year.

**T**HE Wabash Valley League, composed of 103 high schools in eastern Illinois and western Indiana, is busy organizing itself into six-man circuits for next fall. This spring a six-man football clinic will be held at the Indiana State Teachers' College, Terre Haute, under the direction of Arthur L. Strum, director of athletics, and Orvel Strong, coach of the laboratory school. Equipment, gate receipts, selection of a field, and coaching will be discussed, and demonstration games played for the coaches of the conference.

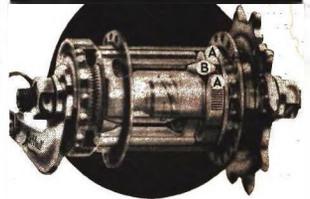
A six-man clinic and demonstration will also be conducted at the University of Louisville during spring practice. Purdue University is installing a six-man football course in its physical education department.

Will six-man football create better college players? Yes indeed, says Sheldon Beise, backfield coach at the University of Minnesota. He says it will produce more accurate tacklers and blockers. Because of the speed of the game and its open character, it will produce better ball handlers—and how coaches will welcome that! It will improve college passing. Best of all, it will make for a more alert defense. Defensive men can't loaf in six-man! Each player must carry his load.

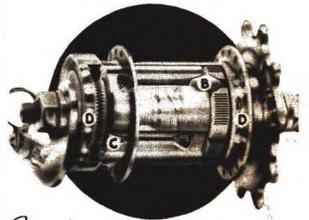
The Washington School for the Blind, Vancouver, Wash., has sent for a handbook and will play six-man football! We're asking for further details.

NEXT MONTH: A DISCUSSION BY STEPHEN EPLER OF THE 1938 RULES REVISIONS. BE SURE TO READ IT!

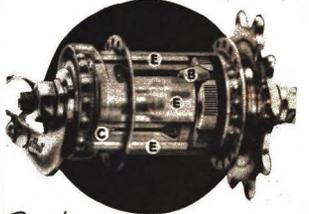
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# IN THE MORNING MAIL

CONDUCTED BY PLUTO the OFFICE PUP

The Youth's Companion, Combined with The American Boy for April, 1938, Vol. 132, 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: 740 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Published monthly. Copyrighted 1938 by The Sineque Publications, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Price 15c a copy, \$1.50 for one year, \$3.00 for three years in the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Elsewhere \$1c a year extra.

**T**HE Office Pup twisted into an imaginary wind-up and delivered an imaginary pitch toward the editor's desk.

"Boss, the baseball season is just around the corner and it's high time we published a list of baseball definitions, so our readers will know what the game's all about. Everybody seems to like those nautical definitions we carried a while back. They want more glossaries. Everybody wants 'em."



Porter Anderson, Seoul. Korea, has a Manchurian dog.

"John Boase of Maywood, California, wants 'em. Bill Von Schallenberg, Fresno, California, wants 'em. Bill has a dog just like me—he says it was dropped on his head when it was a puppy, too. John G. Perch, Gomer, Ohio, says that he and his classmates read the nautical terms in the school library and they all liked 'em. Theibert L. Exter, Akron, Ohio, not only liked 'em but offered a couple of new definitions. He says a pinnacle is the top of a mountain and a ferry is a little creature with wings that you meet in ferry tugs."

"Get on with your baseball definitions," murmured the editor.

"I shall, but before I begin, do you know what a glossary is?"

"What is it? I mean, yes. I know what it is."

"A glossary is a store where they sell glawes." The Pup pawed through the mail. "Now where is that letter with the baseball terms? One of our fans wrote a swell list, but I've lost his letter."

ternational—part Chinese, part Airedale, and part everything else."

Another traveler is Harlow E. Lichtwardt, who says that there are no other American boys within a hundred miles of his home at the American Mission in Hamadan, Iran (Persia). And our old friend Porter Anderson, Seoul, Korea, who has acquired a Manchurian dog, Rex, pictured on this page. To these world travelers, greetings from the Office Pup.

"Now that spring is around the well-known corner," says Pluto, "maybe some of you fellows are thinking of a cabin in the woods." Jack Stealey Miller, Oneida Castle, N. Y., is hauling himself a lean-to out of left-over lumber. It'll be stained brown with a green paper roof, and equipped with doubledecker bunks and a cot. Hurry up, summer!

"George Musgrave, Washington, D. C., went into the Congressional Library and looked up the first issue of THE AMERICAN BOY, dated November, 1899. No cover. Rough paper. Fifteen departments. No color. Twenty-four pages. You have to compare the magazines of today with those of forty years ago to appreciate the tremendous strides made in printing, pictures, color, and stories. Musgrave's picture is on this page."



Bright Hanna's pet pulled a "fox pass" while playing.

Not being able to find the letter, the Pup presents the list from memory. Here it is:

**liad** and the *Odyssay*.

**Strikeout:** Make a beginning. As, "Strike out for yourself."

**Doubleheader:** Two men diving off the same springboard at the same time.

**Screwball:** A crazy fellow.

**Umpire:** A lot of countries belonging to one government. As, "The British Umpire."

**Batter:** Comparative of good. "I feel batter."

**Bleachers:** Women who turn dark hair into blonde.

**Run down:** Not feeling well. In need of cod liver oil.

**Fly:** An insect.

**Foul:** A bird.

**Foul tick:** A bug found on a bird.

**Pitcher:** A photograph. "I saw your pitcher in the papers."

**Pop up:** Appear suddenly.

**Bobble:** Made with soapy water. "I'm forever blowing bobbles."

**Liners:** An ocean-going passenger ship.

"This," said the Pup, "should at least give our readers a start toward understanding our national pastime, thanks to the unknown Morning Mail fan."

"It is pastime you were getting to work," said the editor.

"Vry well," sighed the Pup. "I'd like to present Wayne Smith of Poplar, Montana, who has spent vacations in the Canadian wilderness and Yellowstone Park. Next summer he is going on our Alaska Cruise (announced on page 4). His picture is on this page."

"Among our world-traveling stars no doubt this month is Bill Gentry of the Canadian School, Chengtu Sze, West China. His father is a missionary doctor in Chungking. They play soccer at his school, and everybody reads his copy of THE AMERICAN BOY. Bill has two dogs, one pointer and one in-



Wayne Smith is going to Alaska.



Geo. Musgrave looked up the first issue of The American Boy.

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Go to an authorized Schick dealer He will demonstrate the shaver to you and show you that a boy can learn to shave with it in a few minutes.

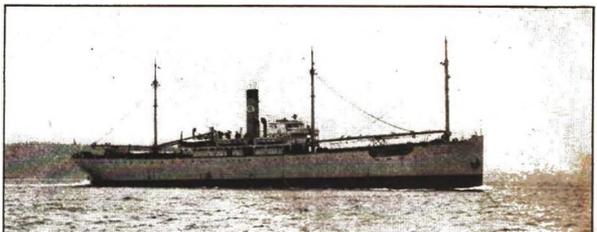


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SHIPS have personality. Captains and engineers—and passengers, too—always speak of ships as human beings. They say affectionately, "She's trim—she's sturdy—she's seaworthy." They think of a ship as a friend, with traits and whims as real as those of your classmate.

To more than a hundred boys the Dellwood will be a friend and companion this summer. Because of the heavy advance enrollment in THE AMERICAN BOY Alaska Cruise, we're glad we have the Dellwood instead of the Cordova. The Cordova, veteran of our 1935 and 1936 cruises, was fine and we say goodbye to it with regret. But the Dellwood is 120 feet longer, has three times as much space for deck games, and can accommodate 150 where the Cordova could only accommodate a little over 100.

The Dellwood is a youngster in age, but a veteran in service. She was built in 1920. She has a gross tonnage of 3923, a beam of 46 feet, a length of 332 feet 9 inches, and oil-burning triple expansion engines developing 1800 horsepower.

In the service of Uncle Sam, she cruised the Pacific repairing the big cable that carried wire messages between Alaska and the States. She has circled the globe as a cable ship.

In 1933 she carried personnel and supplies between the States and Alaskan canneries, and a year later she was remodeled by the Alaska Steamship Company to accommodate more passengers.

For about twelve days, the Dellwood will be your private yacht as she cuts the smooth waters of the famed Inside Passage and noses her way to a score of canneries and fishing villages in the fjords of Southeastern Alaska.

If you haven't read previous issues of THE AMERICAN BOY, perhaps you're wondering what the Alaska Cruise is. We can't tell you all about it in the space allowed, but here's a thumbnail sketch:

It's a six thousand-mile vacation cruise leaving Chicago July 2, open to all boys between the ages of 12 and 20. A low-cost train-and-ship cruise planned to your taste with leaders selected by the magazine. A rodeo, Coulee Dam, gold mines, mountain bus drive, Navy Yards, sightseeing in Helena, Spokane, Portland, and Seattle; inland hikes to snowbanks and salmon streams, to totem poles, canneries, fish traps—these are a few of the thrills crowded into the trip.

Your leaders: Willard Hildebrand, ex-member of Michigan's championship football team; forester, and camp counselor; Dave Irwin, Arctic explorer, conqueror of the Barrens. The latest addition to our staff is Dick Hubbell, graduate in journalism from the University of Washington, photography expert. Hubbell will edit the cruise newspaper, the Malemute, bound copies of which will be given to every cruiser as a souvenir of his trip.

THE AMERICAN BOY promises you a good time as you roll through the Northwest past plains and mountains to Seattle and Alaska. For boys west of Chicago a special rate will be figured. With enrollments steadily coming in (55 by February 22) we suggest that you send for the cruise folder now. It gives you all details. Just fill out the coupon herewith, enclose a three-cent stamp to cover mailing costs, and get ready for a travel vacation arranged the way you want it.



Dick Hubbell will edit the Cruise newspaper.

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The fat buy-boat captain looked down at Tom from his wicker chair in front of the pilothouse. "You one of them tonger fools?" he grunted.

# River Man

## Chapter One

HIGH overhead in the blind pallor of reluctant dawn, unseen ducks called in early flight. Wet fog blended gravely with a world of salt water and the March morning was raw with a sharp, penetrating chill. Gradually, as the dawn grew, the fog thinned to wispy spirals of vapor. Here and there a patch of open water appeared. Soon the scattered patches became the narrow, sedge-lined run of Long Creek.

The loose, rickety catwalk of a planked, homemade dock ran drunkenly through the sedge. Tongers' canoes, silent and without sign of life, were tied to the rambling dock and to each other. Daylight fell pallidly on wet, shining boat bottoms and washboards, on wet culling boards that still held scattered oyster shell, and on a forest of moist, dripping tong handles slanting up from canoe bottoms. A breath of wind stirred the sedge and a dry stalk rasped against the dock. The sky began to show a penciling of pink.

Another long, dawn-to-dusk day was beginning for the oyster tongers of tidewater Virginia.

Clay Randall, waking in the cramped hunting cabin of the *Lucy Lee*, was reluctant to move. There was fresh hay in the ticking that served as a mattress and a freshly stuffed mattress was luxury. He looked across the cabin to the other bunk and met the eyes of his brother Tom.

"No breakfast unless we gits us some cookstove oil," Tom drawled.

Clay threw back the blankets, and shivered in the raw chill of the Chesapeake morning. "You rousing out, Tom?"

Tom Randall yawned through his red beard. "Ain't much use until you git back with the oil."

Clay made the dock by the process of working his way from boat to boat. Planks of

the catwalk wobbled loosely under his feet and the incoming tide was rich with the savor of salt marsh. The shore showed only a barn and a weather-beaten store—the inevitable store found on every creek where oyster tongers gather as the day wanes.

A man filled the oil can from a pump and made out a ticket. "Tell Tom that's twenty gallons on the book," he said.

Lugging the five-gallon can, Clay went back to the *Lucy Lee*.

Tom had cleaned the wicks of the two-burner stove. "Did you think to bring store bread?"

"No."

"Likely we got plenty. There ain't much water in the jug except for coffee. You'd best git some while I'm fixin' up the eggs. You might tote in some bread."

Clay said impatiently, "Why don't you keep a list and mark down as we run out of things?"

"I ain't never starved yet for forgettin'," Tom said mildly. "You set on learnin' me gear you got in high school from Schoolmaster Milton?" The red-bearded man chuckled good-naturedly. "Maybe I'll git around to it when I'm too old for much else."

Clay's shrug was resignation. "Pay for the bread?"

"What's the meanin'? You know any store where I ain't good for ten cents?"

"I was told to tell you you were down for twenty gallons of oil on the book."

Tom Randall's face flamed with swift rage. "Since when does a Randall have to be called out for his debt? You stay here. I'll go myself!" He caught up the water jug with violent hands.

Clay watched him leap from boat to boat, a fury of a man in tonger's denim and tonger's high rubber boots. The boy was used to these sudden rages. They came and went, like the squalls that lashed the Chesapeake, and usually they were harmless. Yet Clay's face was

by

**William  
Heyliger**



When Tom paused to resin his fiddle bow, Clay asked, "Tom, am I twenty-one?" Resin and bow were motionless. "Why you ask?"

The tidewater  
grimly watches  
a lonely rebel

sober as he broke eggs into the hot pan. Hot-blooded Tom Randall could be a dangerous man when aroused. Evidently, though, this was not to be one of the dangerous days. Roaring song through his red beard, Tom came swinging back to the *Lucy Lee*, his bread under his arm.

"That mention of what's on the book meant nothing," he announced. "You take curious notions." He helped himself to eggs and paused to hold up the new loaf of bread. "How many slices we git from this, Clay?"

"I don't know," Clay was mystified. "I thought you was learned practical things like keeping check." Tom shook his head. "Don't it take away the keen of your appetite not to know?" All at once he shook with laughter and cracked Clay between the shoulders with a hilarious hand. "Ain't that a twist on the schoolmaster?"

The boy's shoulders stung. He said, "You put me through high school and laugh at what I was taught. Why did you bother?"

"I don't rightly know," Tom said slowly, and wiped his dish clean with a slice of bread. "Lots of river brats in my time got no schoolin' and Mammy and Pappy couldn't much more'n make out their names. Might be because there ain't much livin' left along the river and I was fixin' to set you up to make out elsewhere." He stood up abruptly. "Cast off."

The engine throbbed and the *Lucy Lee* slid out of Long Creek and rode toward the oyster rock of the James River. Clay, scanning the river, counted tongers' boats. About one hundred twenty-five this morning, and there were days he had counted more than five hundred canoes. But oystering along the Chesapeake was getting to the point where it didn't pay to buy a license. Yesterday he and Tom had caught eighteen bushels of seed oysters and John Simon's buy boat had paid them thirty cents a bushel. Five dollars and forty cents for two men and a boat on a dawn-to-dusk job!

A police boat of the Commission of Fisheries foamed up the river keeping watchful eyes on the tonger fleet. The *Lucy Lee* rolled in the cutter's wash and Tom swung the wheel and circled.

"Still looking for it?" Clay asked.

"I found it once, didn't I?" Tom demanded. Yes, Clay thought impatiently—once. That had been a month ago. With the first lift of the tongs that morning, they knew they had struck a virgin jag of oysters. In two days they had tonged one hundred forty bushels, and then Tom had decided the occasion demanded a return home to Sweet Water to celebrate. They could come back later, he said, but they had not found the jag again.

The engine throttled down and died, and Clay dropped the anchor. Standing on the washboard, swaying easily, Tom let the tongs down to the seed rock eighteen feet below. Slowly, in a series of digging pushes, he forced the tong handles together. Then he brought up the long handles, hand over hand, swung the iron-toothed tongs into the boat, and dumped the catch upon the wide culling board that ran the width of the canoe.

Clay needed only a glance. "Shell."

"Missed her ag'in," Tom said. He swung the tongs out from the boat and dropped them back into the tide.

"There must have been a thousand bushels in that jag," Clay fretted.

"Easy that many." Tom worked the tong handles together.

"All of three hundred dollars at the buy boat."

"Maybe more."

"That's nice to think about, isn't it? Yesterday we caught eighteen bushels."

"Can't always have the luck," Tom said.

"No—and when we do have it, we throw it away."

Clay's tone was bitter.

The tongs came in again and emptied on the culling board. Tom rested them there while he stared at Clay with smoldering eyes.

"I've lived tidewater for thirty-five years. I ain't never been a hired man on a stop-and-go whistle and I reckon I ain't never goin' to be. I'm a free river man and I tong when I git an urge, and when I git an urge to quit I quit. You objectin'?"

"But we had three hundred dollars right in our hands," Clay pleaded, "and we threw it away."

"And if we don't hit another one," Tom shouted,

"whose fault?" His face had flamed. "How much bottom is left for a free tonger to work? Ain't they leasin' oyster bottom more and more to the oyster barons? John Simon and others. How about when there won't be nothin' left but the public rock? What right the oyster barons got to gobble up the bottom? Ain't God put oysters there for everybody? But the tonger's gittin' starved out. There's more and more private plantin' beds."

"Somebody's got to plant oysters, Tom, or some day the tidewater will be barren."

"What's to stop the Commonwealth of Virginia tongin' the rock and plantin' seed oysters for everybody like God meant?"

"WHERE'S the money coming from—I mean for enough plantin'? There's a little public bottom planted, but what does it amount to? Usually few oysters and hard to find. The Fisheries Commission gets no appropriation. It has to live on its license fees. It isn't given an extra dime."

"Ain't the Commonwealth of Virginia got money?" demanded Tom.

"Money must be appropriated by the General Assembly. Tidewater's only a small part of Virginia. The other parts won't vote money because they'd have to pay a big share. Don't you see, Tom, if there's no leased bottom there's no plantin', and if there's no plantin' there's no market for seed oysters. Then what becomes of the tonger?"

Tom's face was hard. "That the gear Schoolmaster Milton learned you?"

"But it's true."

"He's been learnin' you a mind that ain't the mind of your kin. It ain't fit a man should git schoolin' ideas and turn from his kin." Tom Randall shook his head ominously and dropped the tongs into the river.

Clay's hands, gloved for protection against sharp shell, worked at the culling board. Here was a full-grown, marketable oyster, here a sprinkling of small, almost pearl-colored seed oysters attached to old oyster shell. Clay dropped the few seed oysters to the floor of the canoe, pushed the mature oyster safely aside, and swept the bare shell overboard.

Again Tom brought up the dripping tongs and again Clay culled. Again and again. An hour passed in silence. A John Simon buy boat came up the river and splashed out an anchor. Tom spoke then, gruffly.

"What's the catch?"

"Two bushels."

"Sixty cents an hour for two men and a boat."

But John Simon's doin' right smart with oysters."

Clay stepped up to take his turn upon the washboard while Tom culled. A light wind from the northwest, crossing the outgoing tide, had begun to produce a restless chop; it took skill and strength to handle the tongs against the run of the tide and the pitch of the canoe. But Clay kept them going down and coming up.

Hard, steady, backbreaking work! But if you loved the river, if you were born with a hunger that wouldn't let you leave the river, and if you had an idea—

The idea had been with Clay for two years, but he had kept it locked away. Why run the risk of a violent quarrel with Tom about something that had no more solid substance than a dream? To carry out that idea would take money, and when did either he or Tom ever have any spare money? Not much chance to make any either unless—unless he could guess the number of navy beans in the glass jar behind the counter of Matt Griggs' store. Clay's heart gave two or three swelling throbs.

Behind him, shell swept like angry hail from the culling board, and Tom shouted, "Can't you hear English?"

Clay started, looked around.

"I said I ain't tongin' oysters for John Simon for thirty cents an hour."

Clay came back to reality. If Tom felt an urge to quit, he'd quit. Clay brought up the tongs, dumped their catch on the culling board, and washed the rakes in the tide. Then they made for the John Simon buy boat.

Several hundred bushels of seed oysters were piled upon the buy boat's deck and Captain Abe Ironsides, an enormously fat man, sat in a wicker chair in front of the pilothouse and complacently puffed at a black, foul-looking pipe. A tonger's canoe was unloading on the starboard side; Captain Ironsides' fat arm motioned Tom Randall to port. A member of the buy-boat crew heaved a line and Clay made fast. A boom swung from the mast and a rope played out and dropped a bushel basket to the *Lucy Lee*.

Clay dug into the catch with an oyster shovel and filled the basket. Machinery rattled and the basket swung over the side of the buy boat and was dumped. Captain Ironsides marked a pad on his knee and called a sing-song chant.

"One a two." Which meant that this was the first bushel to come aboard from this second tong boat.

A basket came over the starboard side. "Four a one." The fourth basket from the first boat.

Another basket from the *Lucy Lee*. "Two a two."

Four and one-third bushels went aboard the buy boat. Captain Ironsides sent down a dollar bill, a quarter, and a nickel in the basket.

"You boys ain't making to quit on such a small day?"

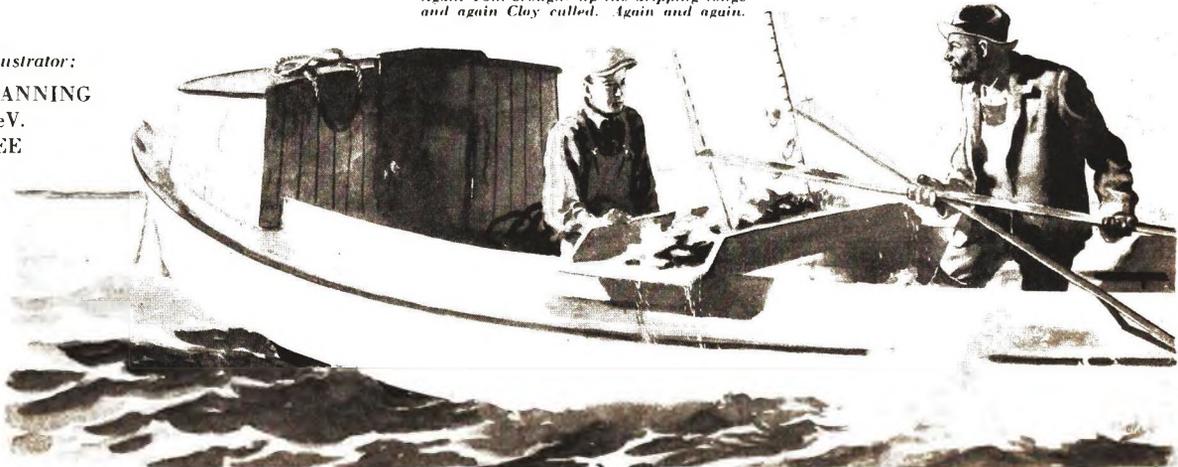
Tom threw off the line and the *Lucy Lee* began to drift. "John Simon's the only one makes a big oyster day. All a tonger gits is gas money home."

The buy-boat captain grunted. "You one of them tonger fools? You heard about those fifty acres in York River John Simon planted with three-year oysters last September? His men went up with a drudge yesterday to see how they come for market. Not enough good oysters to pay to drudge up—mostly ice-killed last winter. Ten thousand dollars' worth of oysters gone."

Tom Randall said, "When I git me around to weepin' for John Simon I'll let you know." (Cont. on page 21)

Again Tom brought up the dripping tongs and again Clay culled. Again and again.

Illustrator:  
MANNING  
DeV.  
LEE

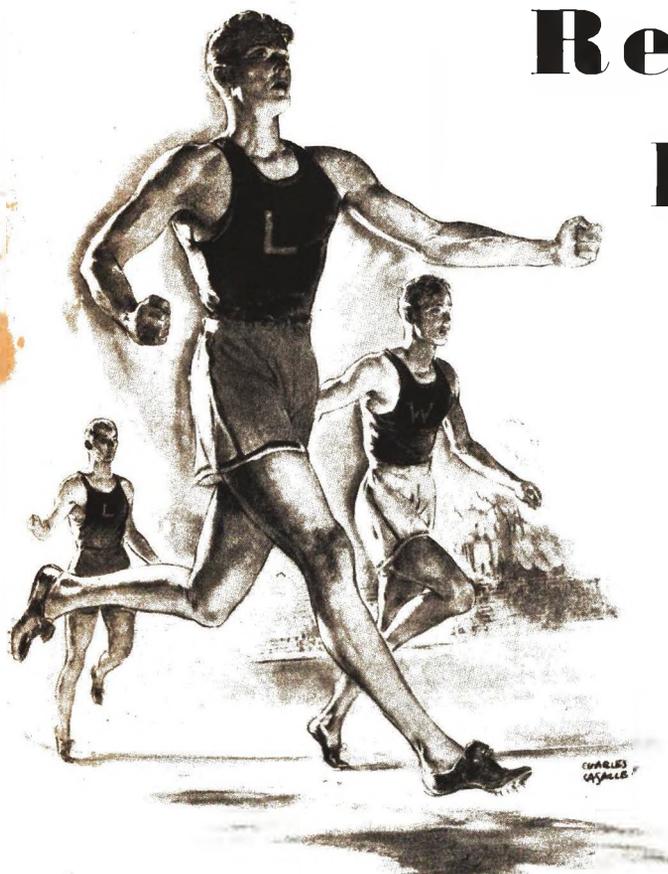


# Red Blake's Brother

by

## Rolland H. Upton

Illustrator: CHARLES LASALLE



*They wanted him to run Wilson off his feet, did they? Very well, he'd show them plenty. The kid brother's legs reached into longer strides.*

**T**HE starter's gun barked sharply and Red Blake's brother leaped into the lead. Red Blake's brother had a name of his own but no one ever used it. He was just kid brother to the greatest mile runner Linfield College had ever seen.

The boy dug his spikes into the track and set a pace that was far too fast. No one could sustain it for the mile that lay ahead, but there was just a chance that Wilson of Westmore might try.

"Your job," the coach had said, "is to run Wilson off his feet. Because you're Red Blake's brother he'll be afraid to let you get too far ahead. Do you think you can keep it up for two laps?"

"I think so," the kid brother had said. There was a lot more to say but he didn't say it. You couldn't launch into the story of your life when there was a lump in your throat. The coach would laugh if you told him that this was your race, that you felt fit and strong and ready, that after two years of jogging along beside the great Red Blake while he kept in shape something had happened to your own legs and wind. Most of all you couldn't tell him how fed up you got at being Red Blake's brother. Maybe it would help to wear a placard that read, "I'm Sam Blake, an individual."

Sam stole a glance over his shoulder. Wilson was rising to the bait. He was leading the rest of the field and pounding down the track only three yards behind. Red was bunched among the others, running the well-balanced race the coach had planned.

The kid brother increased his speed slightly, burning up energy a careful runner ought to conserve. Already breath was coming hard. He wondered if Wilson felt that way, too.

The shortness of breath was only natural considering the unusual speed. He really felt in good form. If only the coach had let him run his own race. He was better than any of them guessed. The day Lund had beaten him in practice he had

had a blister on his heel, but he knew it would sound funny, after being outrun, if he said anything about it. Sam was still rated the third man on the team—the man who must be wasted to burn Wilson out.

The track curved before him and Sam swept around toward the back stretch. Those steps he heard behind him would be Wilson's. The Westmore runner would not try to pass on the outside of a curve. He would wait until the track turned straight again.

Coach Warner was standing at the end of the curve. He would remain there until the finish of the third lap when he would saunter over to the finish line, feigning an indifference he could not possibly feel. Was that a flash of approval in the man's eye? You couldn't be sure of anything you saw in Warner's eye. Wilson was certainly running too fast.

The other runner was almost abreast of him as he raced down the back stretch. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, he increased his speed. Wilson matched

it. Everything was working as the coach had planned.

For the second time the kid brother saw the low white curb of the running track ease into a curve and he knew that he was not far from the end of the quarter-mile lap. Wilson was again close behind him. It was a wonder the fellow hadn't become suspicious.

Sam kept his eyes on the track where his spiked shoes ate greedily into the distance. No—not his shoes—a discarded pair that belonged to Red. They were the descendants of a long line of shoes he had worn that once belonged to his older brother. "There's no sense in throwing these shoes away. They just fit Sam." Mother Blake was a thrifty woman. The shoes weren't important. But it was hard to forget about the bicycle.

That Christmas when he was nine and Red was eleven he had wanted the shiny little bike in Horton's window. It was just his size and he knew Red was going to have one. He had been given a bike all right—Red's old twenty-eight-inch frame, painted over. "It's simply foolish to throw that good bicycle away. Now that Red's got his new one it's just the thing for Sam." Funny how a fellow couldn't forget little things like that.

As the kid brother finished the turn Wilson drew up to him. Sam forced his tired legs into a faster rhythm. Already his lungs were bursting. His mouth was dry and each breath he took felt as though someone were slashing the inside of his throat with a knife. The Westmore flash must be an iron man to stand that pace.

But Wilson was standing it. Together the two leaders swept down the track. Timers at the quarter-mile station gasped incredulously and compared their watches. The rest of the field was stretched out far behind them. Only the great Red Blake was within striking distance.

The great Red. "Oh I know—you must be Red Blake's brother." "You must feel awfully important, having a brother like that." "Do you keep a scrapbook of Red's career?" "Aren't you proud to look so much like your brother?" Snatches from a dozen conversations beat foolish time to his stride as he forced his legs into the killing pace.

Suddenly Wilson was tiring. His face showed it and he was running off form. Odd that a runner of his experience should fall for such an old trick. It wouldn't take long now, if he could only stand it a few more hundred yards. What was it the coach had said? "Two laps." Perhaps he could do it.

In the back stretch his breathing became easier. This would be his second wind. He was glad for every moment of his workouts with Red, glad for the natural stamina that belonged to the Blakes. They wanted him to run Wilson off his feet, did they? Very well, he'd show them plenty. The kid brother's legs reached into longer strides.

The Westmore star was breaking badly now. It was pathetic. Wilson had a fame almost equal to Red's. But he was through. The way he held his mouth, the almost vacant look in his eyes, the wobble in his stride—they left no doubt of that. He was dropping back. (Continued on page 17)

**His knees wobbled,  
his breath stabbed,  
but his rubber legs  
ran—funny habit!**

# Some Movie Actors

*Come on around behind the screen  
and meet a lot of lively actors*



*Perfect actors, posing for the pictures with a fine natural grace. That's art! But perhaps the credit should go to the photographer.*

*A LOT has been written on picture making in Hollywood, mostly about glamorous movie people with headline names. But there's a special class of very good movie actors that has been neglected—the screen animals. You've seen them in pictures. Here's what they're like—in person!*

**A**LTHOUGH not really old, she is one of the veteran actresses of the screen, having been in the movies for some twenty-five years. No trouser has a better record for behavior. She never gets temperamental, never tears up her contract, never has divorces.

She still has all the charm she had in the early days in the films. When I met her, there were on her face traces of makeup from her last picture, in which she was painted with lampblack to resemble a rock—which comes to life. She regarded me with polite interest, meanwhile sprinkling straw upon her back and gently waving her ears. Anna May, the Indian elephant, has played in more than three hundred pictures, and no other animal actor can touch that record.

She is owned by Zoopark, of Los Angeles, which is one of the places that make a specialty of renting animals to the movies. In the flesh



*Robin Hood's horse is valued at a thousand dollars.*

*The faun enjoys movie acting but prefers riding in the back seat of his owner's car.*



Anna May, as looks go, is a bit on the plain side. Makeup does wonders for her, though, just as it does for human actors. In pictures Anna May displays sweeping, magnificent tusks, but these, being attached to her modest stubs, come off afterward. If the script calls for an African elephant—African elephants are usually too mean and stupid to train—big false ears are slipped over Anna May's comparatively small Indian ones.

Anna May doesn't seem to have any of the traditional eccentricities of elephants. When her keeper, Joe Metcalf, cleans up, mice sometimes run from beneath Anna May's platform floor. She has great sport in catching them with her trunk and slamming them against the



*These two lion cubs are Gloria Youngblood's fellow actors in "The Golden Follies." She seems to like them but that right-hand cub has a sardonic smile.*

brick wall, disregarding all legend about mice and elephants. She also forgot something once.

"Now let me show you Jackie, the Tarzan lion," my guide, Mr. Raub, said. But on the way to see Jackie we passed an odd-looking rustic bridge. There was no water beneath it.

"What's that?" I asked, curiously.

"A scene from *Jungle Princess*, with Dorothy Lamour, was taken here," my friend said. "In the picture, a crowd of big apes come swarming through the jungle to rescue the girl. . . ."

I remembered the scene—by closing my eyes I could see it again, vividly. Dense jungle, weird shadows, and a band of giant apes swinging across a jungle bridge . . . beneath were swirling black waters . . . the huge beasts crossed and plunged into the matted tropical undergrowth . . .

" . . . and this is the bridge," Raub was saying.

The mighty jungle bridge was, in actuality, only about twelve feet across, and complete only on one side—the side toward the camera. The huge apes? They were little rhesus monkeys, not much bigger than a house cat. The scene, you see, was done in miniature. The little monkeys were released from a cage in an artificial jungle of willow branches and palmetto leaves. The only avenue of escape led across the bridge; so they ran across it, while the cameraman, standing in a foot of swirling jungle water fresh from the spigot, shot the scene.



Afterward there was some trouble in recapturing the monkeys. About fifteen escaped into the residential section near by and established a minor reign of terror which lasted several days. One named Horace really had the time of his life, scattering chicken feed all over somebody's yard, honking the horns of parked cars in the dead of night, making faces at little girls through windows, tearing up mail, carrying newspapers to the tops of houses, and moving from one place to another by going hand-over-hand down telephone wires. Most of the monkeys were finally trapped and caught, including Horace, but a few disappeared.

We passed on to the bird cages, whereupon somebody said:

"Look at that crow. Look at that crow."



*If Melvin Koontz, the cat man, wants to wrestle with Gertie, the jaguar, straight across two pages, let him do it. We prefer to pet plain cats.*

"What did you say?" I asked, turning to Raub. "I didn't say anything," Raub answered. "The talking crow said that."

I finally spotted the talking crow among the others. He says "Hello," when you greet him. He says "Look at that crow," whether you say anything or not. His tongue isn't split. Another fallacy; Raub says, that business of splitting crows' tongues to make them talk.

Next to the crows were some vultures. Ugly critters. In making the picture *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, these vultures were filmed in a prison cell where they attacked a man. Tearing him, and fighting among themselves, they furnished a scene so successfully repugnant that it probably won't stay in the picture. You'll be relieved to know that the "man" was made of horse meat.

**Movie horses have to be used to lights, noise, and action. Witness this battle scene from "Robin Hood."**

Zoopark has some of the most charming big cats imaginable. Jackie, for instance, is a handsome lion as ferocious as a puppy. When Melvin Koontz, the cat man, walked

# Live in Cages

by

## Vereen Bell

into his big outdoor cage, Jackie ran up and began affectionately shoving him around with his hindquarters, the way a dog does. Raub and I joined Koontz in the cage. Jackie paid no attention to me, even when I not too confidently stroked his fine mane.

You've undoubtedly seen Jackie in the movies. He's been in most of the Tarzan pictures. He's the lion that roars at the beginning of an MGM color picture. In *The Half-naked Truth*, with Lee Tracy and Lupe Velez, a lion, as a publicity stunt, was brought by a Hindu into a hotel room full of people. The lion was Jackie, and the Hindu was Koontz. Jackie's latest picture is one that hasn't been released yet, with Jack Oakie and Edward Everett Horton.

Because of his majestic good looks, his intelli-



In a scary "Robin Hood" scene owls fly in front of Will Scarlet's face. They are guided by black threads attached to their feet. Owls can't be trained.



Anna May, veteran elephant actress, has played in over three hundred pictures. She plods patiently through her scenes, perhaps a little bored, perhaps more than a little proud. No telling.

*Jungle Princess*, where a fine and likable tiger was killed by a native spear? The tiger was Beauty, a Siberian tiger owned by Zoopark. Here's how she meets her fate: Around her torso is a tigerskin belt, in which a spear is fastened. Unseen to the eye, a fine piano wire is attached to the end of the spear. Beauty is made to lie down, with the spear apparently protruding from her sleek hide. Now, camera: Beauty lies still for a moment, then, on signal, gets up. From outside the scene, the man on the other end of the piano wire jerks it hard, so that the spear flies out of Beauty's belt and away. Cut. Then the film of that scene is run backwards so that the order—tiger down, tiger rising, spear out—reverses to: spear in, tiger falling, tiger down. Beauty, being a healthy animal, can stand a lot of that sort of dying.

The big cats were being fed as Raub, Koontz and I strolled along the cages. The animals preferred no company at meal time, and made noises to that effect when one of us came too close to their cage and meat. At the end of the row a vicious-looking jaguar was working steadily on a piece of ex-horse.

"That's Gertie," Raub said. "Thirty-one years old."

At the sound of her name, Gertie looked up, saw Koontz, and gave a kittenish whirl of pleasure across the cage.

"She's the sweetest animal in the place," Raub said warmly.

"I'll get in there and wrestle with her if you want me to," Koontz offered.

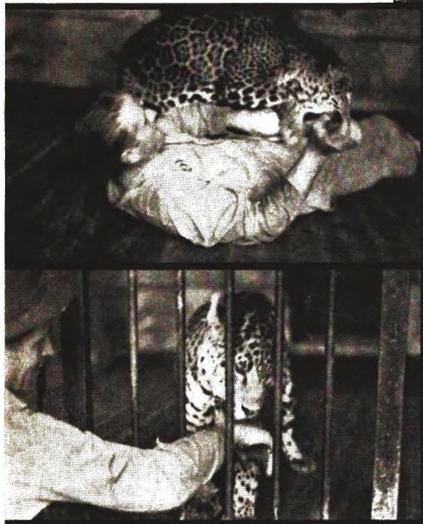
"Fine," I answered.

"Better wait until she finishes her meat," Raub warned.

"Oh, I'll take that out," Koontz said, and reached his arm into the cage. While Gertie licked one hand, Koontz pulled her meat out of the cage with the other—Raub and I meantime holding our breaths for fear of seeing the jaguar perform an amputation. Notwithstanding her docility, Gertie's allowing her meat to be taken was amazing. Even my little cocker spaniel wouldn't have permitted that.

Koontz opened the cage and climbed in, and he and Gertie rolled about the place in an alarmingly convincing mock battle. According to what seemed to go on, Koontz should have come out of there on a stretcher, disemboweled and battered, and his face in ribbons. But the only injury was to his cigar, which he had forgotten to take out of his mouth. He tossed Gertie's meat into the cage again, and we left. I looked back, and Gertie was standing at the bars, forlornly watching Koontz's departure.

In picture work, if an animal actor forgets himself



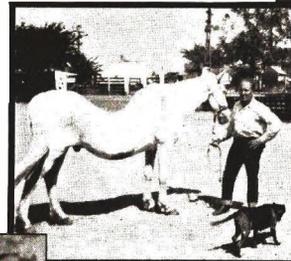
Well, well—the wrestling match that started on the other page now winds up with Gertie's kissing Koontz's hand. She's a good jaguar, but we still prefer cats.

gence, his ability to perform like a circus dog, and his harmlessness under all circumstances, Jackie's cash value is high, probably being around \$25,000. He gets \$100 a day for studio work. He isn't thrust into any really dangerous scenes. Animal stars have stand-ins just as human stars do. When the script calls for the lion to run through a jungle fire, a double is used for Jackie.

Incidentally, one cat part in a picture is often played by several animals. Each leopard, say, has a specialty. One is trained to spring from a tree onto a man, another to leap a wall, and another to swim a jungle stream. Each one contributes his specialty to the characterization. The audience, being of course unable to tell one leopard from another, thinks one animal is doing all those things.

A story in which an animal is killed taxes the famous Hollywood ingenuity. Naturally they can't actually slay a valuable animal actor. The real thing probably wouldn't be nearly as good as an imitation anyway. Remember, in

Buddy, the puma who had the strange friendship with a deer in "Sequoia." Remember?

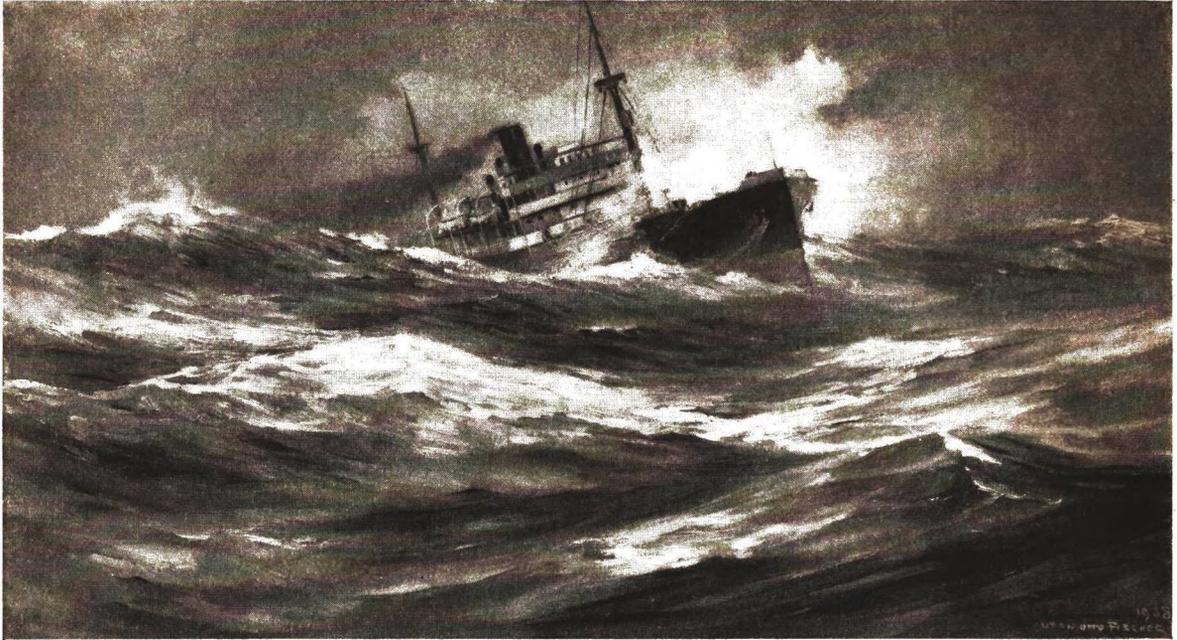


MGM's famous lion— you've heard him roar. But he doesn't mean it. His name—Jackie.

The sway-back horse who carries his oats in comedies.

and attacks somebody—and most of the big-cat actors do, sooner or later—he is immediately and permanently out of a job, no matter how small an injury he inflicted. Buddy, the puma, is one of these. In *Sequoia* Buddy played the puma who had the strange friendship with a deer, remember? Later, in working on another picture, Buddy made a pass at a human actor, and his movie career ended there. Now he's just another zoo exhibit.

Polar bears give trainers less co-operation than almost any other big animal. They don't look vicious, with their white woolly fur and mild eyes, but many trainers have been injured—some fatally—by trying to civilize one of them. (Continued on page 20)



The pounding wind exploded into a gale and dug the slate-gray sea into gigantic furrows. For more than a week, the little tramp freighter averaged hardly eight knots an hour.

# The Far Horizon

*Nash left the Navy by request---then came the gale*

**I**N THE WIDE entrance hall of one of Richmond's fine old houses, Nash Hampstead, ex-United States Naval Academy, Class of 1938, waited uncertainly. He was in civilian clothes, with two snow-splotted suitcases standing behind him. After a moment he heard an irregular, familiar step in the upper hall and his father, Major Jackson Hampstead, came down to meet him.

The shrapnel-stiff knee that had caused the major's retirement from the regular army was so well managed on the stairs that it actually added to his look of dignity, and Nash knew better than to offer any help. They shook hands and went into the living room.

"I'm the reception committee," the major said. "Your mother and Amoret are in Charleston, and I didn't call them back for this—this occasion."

"Thank you, sir," Nash muttered. "They'd probably be too easy on me, and I'm not asking for that."

Major Hampstead raised one hand. "Don't depend upon me to be hard on you. You've been in the Navy and you've been disciplined by the Navy. Of course, I'm a little curious. You didn't write many details."

Nash hesitated, his face somber. If he could only spare his father. But it was too late for that.

The major smiled, faintly, and began to feel his way. "You're not going to tell me that after all it was Kingsley who hit the guard?"

"No, sir, I'm not. The papers got the story straight. I hit the guard and let King take the blame."

As Nash spoke, he made himself meet his father's eyes. He caught the sharp flicker of pain in them, and there flashed into his mind, stabbing him, the recollection of another time when he had met those keen gray eyes. On the day he had dashed in to tell the major with a flourish that he had passed the United States Naval Academy entrance examinations. His father had grinned at his excitement, but Nash had caught a quick gleam of pride, high pride. And now—

"That's hard to believe," his father was saying slowly. "Mind reviewing things a little? It all hap-

by

## Millard Ward

Illustrator: ANTON OTTO FISCHER

pened the night of the game with Virginia, didn't it? You and Kingsley were A.W.O.L. and the guard caught you coming in?"

"Yes, sir. It was plenty dark but he saw us and tried to stop us, and in the scuffle I hit him. There was someone coming and King and I wanted to get away. I got away but King didn't. I wanted to come out and say I'd done the slugging, and King talked me out of it. Said the guard couldn't even be sure there were two of us. Said he'd get off easier himself if I'd keep out—worse for two to tackle a guard than for one. He talked and talked, and I kept out. I let him take the blame." Nash stopped, his mouth rigid.

"I see." The major's voice was colorless. "You've filled in the part I couldn't get. The papers told the rest. How when Kingsley's case came up, the guard swore that two men had resisted him and the one who had hit him was you."

"He must have cat's eyes—but it's all right," Nash jerked. "His testimony finished me of course. I'd been A.W.O.L., I'd hit a guard, and I'd been a worm. What little I could say to defend myself wasn't worth saying. King said it for me, but it still wasn't worth saying."

The major's silence agreed. Nash found that his head was sinking, and he raised it sharply. "Say anything you like," he urged. "I know it's the first time any of us ever got—canned

from the Army or the Navy. I've smeared the family record. Say what you like. I've got it coming. I—"

His father's taut gesture stopped him. Nash waited, white lines around his mouth, fighting the feeling of ruin.

At last the major spoke. "It's too soon, I suppose, for you to have planned the next move, now you're out of the service?"

Nash's voice grew stronger. "No, sir. I've seen a man already and I've got a job in a merchant ship. You know I made only one cruise, and then that summer aviation stuff. But the sea sort of got me. I've always liked sailing, you know."

The major blinked. "Merchant ship? You mean something like the *Brittany* or the *King George*?"

Nash smiled at last. "Not exactly, sir. The *Cape Fear*'s a tramp freighter, and you could pretty nearly put her into one of the *Brittany*'s funnels. But it'll be seagoing."

"At least you'll have some rank, won't you? Because you've been at Annapolis, even if—"

"That's what I thought," Nash said. "But it seems I get credit only for the six weeks out of the cruise that I was on deck. I'll have to serve one year and ten and a half months as a seaman before I come up for my third mate's license. I can't even get able seaman's papers for a while."

The major stared thoughtfully before him. "Well," he said, "I'm no sailor but I've seen something of the ocean. And I'll admit that in going after a mid-winter job aboard an undersized tramp, you haven't picked any soft spot. That's enough for the present." A blur came before Nash's eyes. He didn't deserve toleration, he felt. And his father was giving even more than that.

At dawn the next day, however, when Nash had left the house and was on his way to Norfolk to join the *Cape Fear*, it seemed to him that his great-uncle's statue, from a bronze horse on the avenue, stared at him coldly, and that in the next block his marble great-grandfather would not look at him at all.

The following afternoon the *Cape Fear* sailed with general cargo for Glasgow and Liverpool. She was a blunt, well-decked freighter of five thousand tons, with a rough strength about her that cheered Nash through the fast, hard work of sailing.

During the early days of the voyage, the sea was moderate. But as the *Cape Fear* continued her climb to high latitudes, wave troughs deepened and whitecaps spat out in the dull gray light.

Nash felt the change from a point near a commission in the Navy to the fo'c'sle of a tramp freighter, but things might have been worse. All his messmates asked of any man was that he be reasonably clean and quiet, and Nash saw so little of the officers that their uniforms seldom reminded him of his loss in rank. The *Cape Fear* wasn't so bad, he told himself; he had flung away one chance but she was giving him another. If he could make good on her, some day he might catch again that gleam of pride in his father's eyes.

But there were times when the going got tough. One wet day, toward the end of the second week at sea, the bos'n put him to scrubbing the paint of the wireless shack. It was unsheltered work in snotlike discharges of spray and gusts of rain out of the north.

With Nash on the job was Old Joe, an able seaman, stooped and deep-wrinkled but with a look of unconquerable alertness. From him Nash took the trick of tying the sleeves of his oilskin coat tight to his wrists with rope yarns, but still when he reached above his head to wash the top of the bulkhead, the slippery gray soda water he was using trickled down his arms. Soon his fingers were numb with cold, mere icy hooks molded around his ball of waste. He clenched it grimly and went on scrubbing, straining to keep his footing on the wet, rolling deck.

"Maybe we freeze to deck," cheerfully suggested Old Joe, lurching to hold his balance. "Then it be easier."

Before long Nash's work brought him to the forward window of the shack. Inside Sparks sat at ease. He was a long-legged boy, younger than Nash, but he wore, instead of dungarees, a well-fitting blue uniform with brass buttons and zigzag stripes of gold braid on the sleeves. He was tilted back in a cushioned swivel chair, feet up, ear phones in place on his head all right, but reading a highly colored magazine there by the comfortable heat of the radiator at his elbow.

Nash grinned sardonically at Old Joe. "Following the sea's a dangerous business, sure enough. Look at Sparks. He's likely to doze off any minute and fall out of his chair."

As the old seaman snorted and chuckled, the shack door slammed and Sparks came out in a light, belted overcoat, bound forward toward the saloon. He paused and critically considered their work.

"Listen," he said, "don't you go off and leave a lot of streaks on the window. It looks terrible."

Nash straightened, but before he could say anything, Sparks had swung on. Grimly Nash measured the distance from his sodden ball of waste to the narrow nape of Sparks' neck.

Old Joe shook his head. "No good to throw. He got easier job than us. But the sea love us."

They both ducked as a sheet of spray flashed over the rail, but it smacked them squarely.

"You see," Joe gasped. "She kiss us right in the mush."

The voyage slipped back into routine until a few days after the ship sailed from Scotland on her westward passage. Then the pounding wind exploded into a gale and dug the slate-gray sea into gigantic furrows.

For more than a week, the *Cape Fear* averaged hardly eight knots an hour; then one lightless day her total run was less than forty miles. At nightfall, she hove to, headed into the fantastic seas, making nothing at all; and Nash, in his bunk, lay and listened to the shattering thunder of the propeller when the ship's stern was thrown entirely out of water.

In the unlighted morning, grim with wind and threatening rain, the messman managed to fight his way aft with breakfast, and men cautiously filled their coffee cups only a quarter full. Nash and the day men were waiting for the bos'n's orders when the chief mate came with him into the messroom. The mate's red, angular face was annoyed, and worried.

"Radio antennae's carried away from the mainmast," he said.

Silence. He waited. Spoke again: "Got to reeve a new halyard, that's all—and then set it up."

This time the silence was even heavier. The block on the mainmast for the antennae halyard was fully seventy feet above the plunging deck.

A hard grin spread over the mate's red face. "Well, haven't we got any seamen back here? Nobody man enough to go aloft in a breeze of wind? His look scorched over Nash to the able seamen who were

on day work—Old Joe, an erratic Greek, and an undersized Maltese.

Still no answer. The mate turned. "Bos'n," he said, "I'm not ordering anybody, but I want to get that radio working. It's kind of a radio day outside."

"I don't know," the bos'n said. "Carlsen's off watch. But maybe he'd go. He's a seaman. He was in windjammers."

"Call him," the mate said. Carlsen came out of the fo'c'sle, dungaree trousers pulled over long gray underwear, yellow hair wild. "Yes, sir," he said. "What is wrong?"

The mate told him, and he lunched to a forward porthole and looked out. When he turned back, his face was stolid.

"Is the ship in trouble, sir?" he asked. "We need help?"

"No. But it's a radio day. I don't like ours not working."

Carlsen slowly shook his head. "No good. We are hoarse to. Can't do nothing. Somebody else need help, we can't help 'em. No good."

The mate himself lunched to the forward porthole, and looked up at the bare, swinging mainmast head. "Well," he said, "I wouldn't order anybody. Not me." Old Joe burst out, "By golly, Mr. Mate, I go up! Square-rigger? Huh! I am A.B. in three-skysail yarder when Johnny Carlsen is cabin boy in herma-phrodite brig."

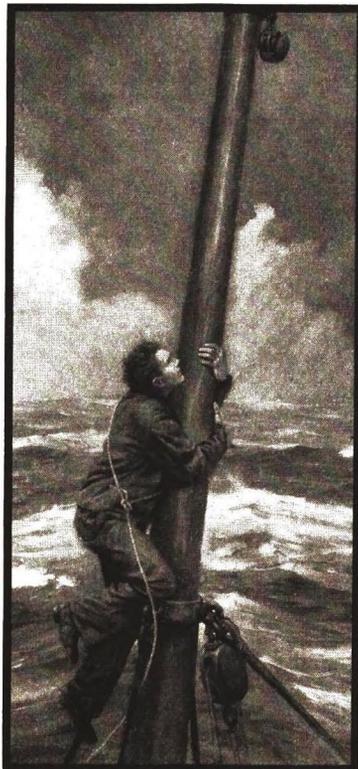
Even Carlsen grinned, but the mate shook his head. "Not you, Joe, you're too—what I mean is, you're too good a man to risk."

The look that came over Joe's face somehow reminded Nash of his father. Determined, invincible, those two. All at once, he found himself leaning forward, his muscles taking oddly the strain of speech.

"I'll go up," he said. The mate stared. "You're an ordinary, aren't you? What makes you think you can do it?"

"I know I can, sir," Nash said. "I can climb." "You've got the build for it," the mate said. "And there's not a thing to it but the climbing. But you understand it's not an order."

On deck the wind forced down thought in Nash's mind but left his intention clear and fixed. A little



When Nash had embraced the mast so that the wind thrust him against dry hard wood instead of into space, he felt a passionate relief.

knot of men struggled after him to the foot of the mainmast. There he found the new halyard already lying in a crisp coil.

"All we need is the end of this line through the block up there," the mate said. "The rest we can handle from the deck."

The bos'n took up the new halyard and made a long, loose bowline in one end. "Hang this over your shoulder," he said. "And it won't bother you while you climb."

Nash took a step toward the mast, but Old Joe stopped him. Without speaking, Joe took the line, brought palm and needle, beeswax and sail twine from his pocket, and put a trim, hard whipping on the end of the line.

"You won't have no time to be working it through the block when you get up there," he said.

The bos'n nodded approval. The mate looked at the hard-whipped end and said, "Good."

Six feet above the deck, about the base of the mainmast, a heavy frame of steel plates held the butt ends of the cargo booms. Nash climbed onto this by a ladder and made his way to the thick steel shaft of the mast itself. Looking down, he saw Old Joe's furrowed face turned to the mate.

"Sir," he said, "let me take the wheel while the young fellow's aloft. Maybe I can hold her down better than now."

"Right," the mate said; "go ahead." Nash turned with the light line looped across his body, and began to mount the forty-foot vertical steel ladder fastened close against the face of the lower mast. This climbing was easy although it took him through a space of low-driven, gaseous smoke from the funnel, and the tremendous pitching of the ship threw ten times his own weight on his arms and body.

At the crossstrees, which was merely a narrow steel plate braced out on either side of the mast, the steel lower mast gave way to a wooden topmast about thirty feet long, tapering quickly but too large, where Nash stood, to be climbed. And at the cross-trees, the comfortable steel ladder ended.

From each end of the crossstrees, however, wire stays an inch in diameter, set taut by turnbuckles, reached upward to eyebolts in a steel band two-thirds of the way up the topmast, where fore-and-aft stays also were made fast. From there to the truck, the mast was small enough for a strong, clear-headed man to swarm up it.

Nash reached out from the mast, gripped the nearest topmast stay, and clung to it as it swung and leaped with explosive force. His close-fitting watch cap brushed against the wire and was loosened a little. Instantly the wind cut it from his head, so that he saw it carried almost on a straight line through the air, vanishing in haze and spindrift far astern. He felt for a dizzying moment that if he should let go his hold, his body would go floating through the air forever.

Then, gathering himself, he shifted his hand grip above his head, twisted both legs around the rough wire, and climbed. He hung inside the wire, his face tilted up so that he entered a swaying world from which all life but his own had vanished, leaving only an infinity of wild and cloud-blackened air.

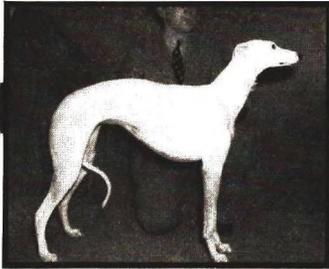
A sharp ache had come into his arms by the time an upthrust hand touched the eyebolt in the wooden topmast. When he had embraced the mast so that the wind thrust him against dry hard wood instead of into space, he felt a passionate relief though he dared not relax.

He stood erect with his feet on the eyebolts, took the mast in a hard embrace, and began to work his way upward. He knew that he must not look again at sky or sea or deck. It was at this stage of his climb that if Old Joe let the ship fall off a sea so that she rolled deeply he would be snapped off, out and down.

But the mast continued its steady sweeping rise and fall. Nash kept his eyes and thoughts fixed upon the buff paint of the wood before his nose in spite of the aching of his arms and the gathering sickness of strain inside him. Queer that those little fissures in the wood never weakened a spar. . . . Uneven streaks there where the paint had run down. . . . Wrinkles on the drops that had dried at the ends of the streaks. . . . At last the mast was slender in his hands and the small wooden halyard block within his reach.

He cleared the line from his shoulder, feeling that he had judged his own powers accurately but hoping nothing would happen to put more strain on his endurance. Then his eyes focused closely upon the halyard block and he saw that it was split almost in two, half of one cheek sagging, and the sheave ready to fall out.

Nash's first effort to think came to nothing. As he hung, with arms and legs locked about the mast, rain began in a fine stinging spray. Under its whipping, he realized that he could not go down for a new block and reach this height again, with the mast wet and slippery. Yet he (Continued on page 33)



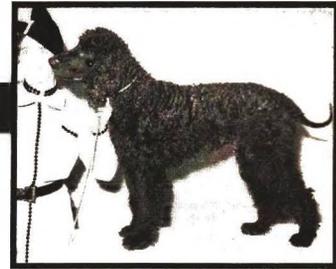
GREYHOUND

A streamlined speed-merchant with a racing stride as long as a college broad-jump. Six-foot fences are just low hurdles to him, and he can reel off the furlongs for long hours without fatigue. A rather undemonstrative gent is Grey; but if you like rabbit RAGOUT he's the one to catch 'em for you. You'll find him carved on Egyptian tombs, which shows the Pharaohs liked THEIR rabbit—s—tew.



ST. BERNARD

Dignified and noble, he lives at a famed hospice in the Swiss Alps, and patrols the passes for lost wayfarers. Around his neck is a tiny cask of stimulant to give the traveler strength to grip the big fellow for the stumbling journey to safe haven. A good-natured, kindly hero, the St. Bernard, but no pet for a city dweller—he needs an Alp or two!



IRISH WATER SPANIEL

Irish is like the U. S. Marines—on land or sea he always has the situation well in hand. Study of his family Coat-of-Paws discloses an ancestry of hunting hounds and—of all things—the poodle. So Irish is both tough and smart. He'll break skim ice to retrieve duck in the winter marsh and can swim like a fish. He's "the tops" if you live near lake or stream.



DACHSHUND

Born under a bureau some say—and many a fox wishes he'd slayed there. His low center of gravity enables him to follow Ere'r Rabbit through hollow logs with ease; he may even yodel a bit if it's good hunting. Cleanly, even-tempered—with a gait that resembles "truckin'." You'd like him under your bureau.



COCKER

A "good competitor," this fellow—at finding and retrieving birds he's hard to beat. A most satisfactory house guest too, well behaved, intelligent, and merry. His wants are few—but he regards his master as a veritable Sir Galahad. You'll have to live up to his reputation.



SETTER

Gallant and devoted—a pal who will never let you down. He's handsome too; silky coated, his tail a feathery brush. In Merrie England, when men hunted with net or noose, he learned to "hold point," to retrieve with gentle mouth, to range wide and swiftly. Follow him into the field with a camera—you'll keep THOSE pictures always.



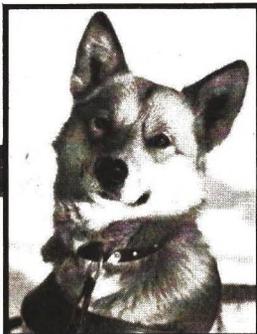
ENGLISH BULL DOG

Ugly old warrior with a heart of gold. Your kid sister may poke her finger in his evil, bloodshot eye, and he'll not even growl. In fact he likes being knocked about; his ancestors were trained to fight bulls—to hold on to death or victory. English is still SOME pants-gripper; only red pepper snuff will cause him to let go. He'll teach you stick-to-it-iveness and devotion.



BORZOI (RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND)

First cousin to the greyhound, but more handsome and much stouter of heart. Czars and grand dukes of old Russia followed Borzoi to the snow-clad steppes, where he coursed the great Siberian wolf, following by sight not scent, and engaged the killer in a battle to the death. Borzoi is courageous, quick to learn, and faithful.



ESKIMO DOG

Husky is his name and nature. He'll mush on over the trail as long as there's snow to grease the runners of your Yukon sled. Courage is his heritage, he's no quitter. But feed him frozen fish each night you're on the trail, or you may wake shoeless in the Arctic dawn. You see Husk knows the Eskimo proverb: "If no MUKTUK (rubb), then MUKTUK (Moccasins)." He's not a dog for warm climes.



GERMAN SHEPHERD

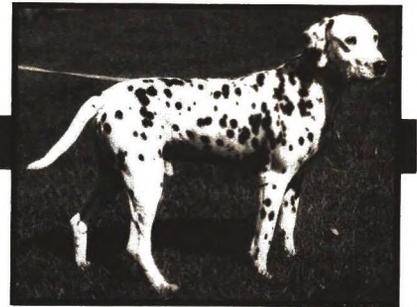
He's been given a bad name, called "man-eater," "killer," "vicious." Yet you will find him guiding the blind through crowded city traffic, or faithfully herding sheep in lonely hills. A bit reserved, this fellow. You must prove yourself before he gives his friendship. But once it's given, he's faithful unto death. A grim fighter; neither asking nor granting quarter, but withal his master's gentle slave. A pal to grow up with.

# YOUR

THIS span of life is short, but he has traits that never die; fidelity, unselfish devotion, courage. He's generous, and will forget ill-treatment with the first kind word. A good sportsman, he can take it without a whimper. His sense of humor is keen; and accurate, too—except that he believes his master can do no wrong.

HOWEVER, you can try to BE what he THINKS you ARE—at least you can show him intelligent and honorable treatment. Here are ten "rules of the game" which, in fairness to your dog, you should abide by:

1. Gain his confidence by never deceiving or abusing him.
2. Develop his character and mentality by training him to obey commands (and if you wish) by teaching him tricks.
3. Do not beat your dog. A light switching and thorough shaming are enough—and it is not necessary to shout at him either.
4. Talk to a veterinarian about



DALMATIAN

From Adriatic shores comes this keen-nosed fellow, whose white coat is spotted black or brown. He's often called "Coach dog," for he loves to follow horses, and in olden times guarded the coach while his master tarried at the inn. Like his pointer cousin he will range the fields all day with you and never tire.



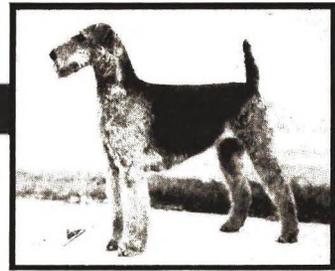
**CHOW**

He hails from North China, where, as the natives say, the winters are always "three coats cold." But cold doesn't bother Chow—he's as well-furred as his Eskimo cousin. As for famine, he'll fight for his grub if needs be—that lion's head of his is matched by a lion's heart. In fact he'll fight at the slightest provocation, the huckleberry-tongued rascal—and you'll like him at the slightest provocation, too.



**SCOTTISH TERRIER**

"Hoot mon, dinna laugh; muckle th' fox I've bolted in th' auld days!" ... It's true. When "bolting the fox" (chasing Reynard from his den) was a major sport in Bonnie Prince Charlie's day, Scotty was right in there pitching dirt. His breed is the oldest indigenous to the British Isles; so, though his limbs are short, the legs of his family tree are long. Solemn, deliberate, dependable.



**AIREDALE**

This rough and ready Yorkshireman comes from the Dale of the Aire, wearing a "dale" of an air. His saddle of black wiry fur conceals him when night hunting. He's a mighty hunter, is related to the otter hound, is therefore otter-ly fearless, and will attack even the silver-tip grizzly, though he hadn't otter. No dog has a more cheery disposition. A pal you'll never give the aire!

# DOG

when to worm your pup, how to guard against distemper, rabies, fits, mange, and other canine ills. 5. Provide a clean, dry, warm place for your dog's sleeping quarters. 6. Feed him an approved ration (no chicken bones) once daily, at the same hour, the same spot, from the same pan; and see that he has fresh drinking water always. 7. Brush, bathe, and de-flea your dog regularly. 8. Do not allow him to roam the streets, run through the neighbors' shrubbery or garden, chase chickens, bark unduly. Consideration for others is a mark of breeding in dog or man. 9. Give your dog a long romp twice a day if possible. 10. Gain his respect by being firm, and his affection by being square.



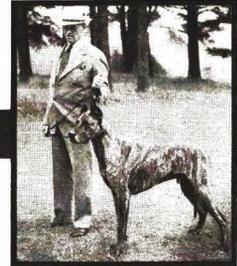
**POINTER**

Silky coat and rawhide muscles! He has leather lungs too, and if there's a moon he'll keep you awake all night with his baying. He came to England with William the Conqueror and has the Norman's courage. In the field no dog will try harder, and few are the quail he misses. He is pushing the setter for the title of All-American bird-dog, but to his folks, he's just a hootlicking rascal who digs lie-holes in the mistress' flower beds.



**BOXER**

His origin is mysterious Tibet, where in ancient times he was trained for battle. A giant beast, his fame and breed spread throughout Europe, and old tapestries showing stag and boar hunts carry his likeness. In later times boxer's strain was crossed with smaller dogs (the terrier and bull perhaps), and now he's of a size to join your family group. You'll like this dog—he's pal and bodyguard combined.



**GREAT DANE**

Once this good-natured giant hunted big boar in the Black Forest for Bavarian Barons. But that was centuries ago, and the Dane has been reduced to pulling two-wheeled carts in modern Germany. But he's not worried about that. His pride is as strong and his spirit as high as ever, and unless your ancestral hall is oversize, Dane will not deign to scratch his fleas therein.



**MONGREL**

Sometimes, and most unkindly, called cur. His pedigree is a cross-purp puzzle; he may have a Rolls-Royce chassis and a box-car body but don't scorn his brains. Many famous "thinking dogs" of the stage and screen are mongrels. And for loyalty he can't be beat.



**BOSTON TERRIER**

He's in the feather-weight division, but thinks he's a better battler than his uncle Bull, and will tackle a Bengal tiger if Ben galls him. His hulking brow hides real brains, he could claim I-Eta-Katta honors in any college of Tomcatology. Clowning and doing tricks he loves—life is a laugh to him.

**COLLIE**

His courage and resourcefulness are legend. Blizzards, the hungry wolfpack, bullets from the rustler's gun—none of these hold terror for the collie. An implacable, slashing fighter, he will play nursemaid with gentle fidelity. He'll teach you self-discipline.



**PEKINGESE**

A pop-eyed Pluto-crat from Peking's palaces, where he has lived for two thousand years. After Peking's capture (1860) some of his family moved to Britain and sat on laps of dowager duchesses. This has made him very haughty and short-tempered. Though quite intelligent he is by no means the peke of puppyriety.



**OLD ENGLISH SHEEP DOG**

He enjoys herding cattle and cares little for barbers. He's lived in Britain since the days of the Roman conquest; perhaps he grew the whiskers, then, to hide from Caesar's legions. Old English is sober, faithful, a good companion; and he will catch the hare despite the hair which he is heir to.



**WIRE-HAIRED FOX**

As the picture shows, he loves to excavate. In medieval times he was trained to dig foxes from their holes, hence his name. A Scottish ancestor willed him his wiry coat. The fold-over ear is the mark of all terriers. Liquidating rats, or the iceman's trousers, is his specialty.

# The Mallards Come Home to Roost



*The silent group of immigration men stood alertly scrutinizing the approaching stranger. He came on nonchalantly, and his green eyes looked amused.*

SILENCE brooded over the chaparral, broken only by little rustlings that served to accentuate the menacing quiet of the forsaken strip of Mexican border territory. So dark was the moonless night that a shadowy black shape waiting in an opening in the mesquite was completely undiscernible from the road, twenty feet away.

The shape was an automobile holding five men and four rifles, and four of the men wore the uniform of the immigration service.

Suddenly the fifth man, a big fellow who wore the sombrero and boots of a border rancher, spoke up in a soft drawl. "When I tipped off you boys about what I heard, I didn't figure it'd be this important," he said.

Inspector Donn Kelly, behind the wheel, smiled. This mission was the most important thing in the world to him right then. With luck they might bring down the last of "the border-flapping Mallards," as Hal Peters called the men they had been following for months—an elusive flock of smugglers directed by a leader who always smoked Mallards.

Chief Ramsay, the inspector in charge of the Los Angeles office, answered the big rancher. "It's plenty important, Mr. Knight," he said. "We're hoping to nab the last gang in a powerful ring that's been smuggling both ways—slipping the loot from U. S. robberies down into Mexico, and bringing undesirable aliens and what-not up from Mexico into the States. We've had two ace inspectors, Kelly here and Peters, running down the ring. They were nearly killed on undercover duty a little while ago, but they got the leader. And yet this last gang—"

"Keeps carryin' on without the leader?" drawled Knight.

"Yes. We've checked and we're sure there's only this one gang left operating. Nab this last lot and we've wiped out the ring! So your tip was important. Things are moving slow though. It's after two. You're sure this was the road they figured to use tonight?"

"Positive," stated the rancher. "These two *hombres* came into my gas station, as I told you, and then went into the hamburger stand. The cook was in the rear, and they didn't know I was standin' the other side of the wall. What they says was: 'The patrol's been watchin' this road off and on for a year and never seen nothin', and she's safe as a church tonight!'"

"Maybe part of our gang—maybe small-timers," young Donn Kelly said quietly. "Look!" he added.

The lookout behind the chaparral had risen. He waved for silence, and doubled back to the sedan. It was lanky Hal Peters. "Think I heard a car coming, slow," he whispered. "Not a sign of a light, though. Listen!"

For a moment the taut group could hear nothing. Then they caught the faintest whisper of sound. It grew a little louder but still was barely distinguishable.

"Why would one car be idling along, without lights, at this time of night?" whispered Ramsay. "Hal! Get back to the road. When that car comes opposite us, we'll flash our lights on it. You stop it. Stand

this side of the road, so the lights will show your uniform!"

Hal, doubled over, flew back to his cactus. The others waited. There was no sound save the whisper of the unseen vehicle. At last, sliding around a slight curve, its dark bulk glided toward them.

"Now!" snapped Ramsay.

Donn snapped on his lights. At the same second Ramsay turned on the searchlight at the right of the windshield. Hal, rifle in hand, rose from the cactus.

But his shout was unheard. At the sudden glare, a second burst of light lit up the roadway, a mighty motor roared into life, and the black coupe shot forward.

Donn needed no orders. Instantly he sent his car into the road, slowing just enough for Hal to swing aboard before he settled down to swift pursuit.

The coupe was fully three hundred yards ahead, going like the wind. Slowly Donn's foot sent the accelerator down to the floor. His eyes were frozen to the narrow dirt road ahead. Chuckholes, ruts, hummocks, he swerved around skillfully. He saw the car ahead veer slightly, and searched the road for the reason. It was not his fault that he saw it a bit too late, for the obstacle the other car had passed without slackening speed was a deep depression in the road, which, by some trick of shadow, was absolutely invisible until his big sedan was within ten feet of it.

The sedan crashed into the hollow, and the wheel was almost twisted from Donn's hands as the wheels hit the steep farther side. He was forced to grind on the brakes to keep control, and lost a precious hundred yards before he was back in stride again.

"That fellow knows this road like a book!" Donn shouted.

"I've seen him smelling around here before!" roared Knight. "Sure he knows it!"

A quarter of a mile ahead, the fleeing car swooped round a curve and disappeared. Donn, his motor wide open, roared on after. No slowing up—he could skid that curve!

The sedan screeched round the curve in a wild but steady-handed skid. The next second five voices simultaneously screamed a warning. For the lights shone on the coupe, set squarely athwart the road less than thirty feet ahead!

To the left of the completely blocked road was the

*monte*, an impenetrable thicket there. To the right was a deep ditch.

Donn jammed on the brakes—the screaming of the brake drums sounded like tortured cries. At the last possible second he turned the wheel to the right, then sharp to the left. The car skidded into the ditch, but its progress was still forward. Its right side hit the farther wall with a thud, and the big machine slid up that ditch on its side.

Donn was thrown heavily to the right. He maintained his death grip on the wheel, and consequently his head was snapped forward against it. Half stunned, he tried to right himself.

"Anybody hurt?" he asked weakly.

All started to climb out, talking excitedly. No one except Donn had been more than jarred. The rancher was wrathful and emphatic.

"That fellow deliberately stuck his car across the road to crack us up!" he ground out. "He can't be more'n a few hundred yards away. Let's—"

"We'll take a look at that car first!" snapped Ramsay.

For the moment Donn was completely uninterested in what was going on. Hal Peters came over to where he was sitting, on the tilted running board of the sedan.

"Nice work, kid," he said. "Okay?"

"In a minute," Donn told him.

"Come on, boys—let's look her over!" Ramsay called impatiently, and Hal answered the summons, leaving Donn on the running board.

As the expert immigration men investigated everything from the spare tire to the floor boards of the coupe, Knight hunted for tracks. His flashlight held low to the ground, he proceeded in circles, muttering imprecations. Donn watched. His head was clearing, but it seemed wisdom to sit still a little longer.

"I've found the trail!" the rancher shouted from twenty feet away. He was standing on the outside edge of the ditch. "Just one set of tracks—he was alone! Let's go!"

"Wait a minute!" Ramsay answered impatiently. But the rancher disappeared into the dark mesquite like a bloodhound on the scent.

"Plenty of nerve," Donn thought.

Five minutes later, as Donn still listened to Knight's exploratory crashing through the brush, the immigration men straightened.



Illustrator: GRATTAN CONDON

## Duty plunges Inspector Donn Kelly into a nightmare of border traps

by

Thomson Burtis  
and  
Inspector Frank J. Ellis

"Not one sign of anything unusual about the whole doggone layout!" Ramsay said unbelievably. "Just another car—"

"Boys, there ain't no tracks after a few feet from the ditch!" called Knight as he emerged from the chaparral. "Let's get goin'. That guy ain't far off and I for one aim to get him, and get him pronto!"

"Sort of bloodthirsty, aren't you?" a new voice asked casually, and from the thick foliage of a low tree a dark figure dropped almost at the rancher's feet.

The stranger's hands were up as he walked toward the area lighted by the lamps of the two cars. Knight strode behind him, like a guard. Donn got up and joined the silent group of immigration men who stood alertly scrutinizing the approaching stranger.

The man was tall and magnificently built, but his thick dark hair was a defiant tangle and his face looked as though it had fought a few fast rounds with a buzz saw, and lost. The nose had been broken, a long scar ran along the right cheek, and the eyebrows looked puffed—they were a fighter's eyebrows. Their owner came on nonchalantly, and his green eyes looked amused.

"Immigration men, eh?" he said easily. "Why didn't you say so?"

"Why didn't you stop down the road?" snapped Ramsay.

"Why should I stop in the middle of the night in this forsaken country?" countered the stranger, dropping his hands. "Think I want to be robbed or—"

"You saw a man in uniform on the side of the road."

"I did not! And if I saw one at this time of night, I'd still run like all get out," was the tart reply. "I'm a respectable citizen, and I'm not stopping in the deep night for anybody who steps out and waves a gun at me. Why didn't—"

"Why were you running with your lights out?" Donn interrupted quietly.

"Battery low—trying to charge it."

"Why did you throw your car across the road?"

"Because I thought I was being chased by a pack of thugs, and I aimed to crack 'em up and save myself! I still think I showed good sense."

"Who are you?" asked Ramsay.

The stranger produced his driving license. "George Minturn, mining engineer when I can get work. I spend a lot of time driving back and forth to Mexico, trying to connect up with a Mexican mine somewhere."

Further questioning failed to shake him, and when Knight kept growling out doubts, he grew somewhat belligerent. "Look here," he snorted. "I sympathize with you hounds of the law, but I don't figure that I've had such a good time myself, and—"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head!" barked Knight.

"Listen to the two-gun man from Texas!" Minturn sent back. "Who do you think you are?"

With an oath, the big rancher leaped forward. Before anyone else could make a move Minturn stepped forward to meet him. His left flicked out, and his right was cocked. The left stopped Knight, a right-cross that was like the strike of a rattlesnake flogged him.

Then Donn grabbed Minturn, and Ramsay stopped Knight as he scrambled up.

"None of that!" Ramsay said sharply. "Behave yourselves! Come over here with us, Knight! Minturn, if you make a move, we're all good shots!"

"So that's where I stand," Minturn growled. "Used to be a fighter, I take it," the quiet Donn said casually as he released him.

Minturn did not deign to answer. Donn left him standing there and gathered with the rest around Ramsay, far enough away so that Minturn could not overhear their talk.

"It seems obvious that Minturn was driving a pilot car—scouting the way for a cavalcade of the contraband cars behind him," Ramsay said tersely. "If he turned on his lights or the motor roared, that would be their signal to turn back."

"Right!" rasped the rancher. "And I'm in this thing permanent now, sure as my name's Tom Knight. If there's anything I can do—"

"Plenty," smiled Ramsay. "We've stupidly lost, tonight. But I'm going to bottle every road—secretly. This road seems important. Donn, you and Hal are going to work in Mr. Knight's filling station or restaurant, as he chooses. One of you nights, the other days. Now for telephone arrangements."

And he went on to lay out the plan in detail.

So it came about that next day Donn and Hal were covered attendants presumably working for

Tom Knight. The rancher's large fruit ranch lay back a little distance from the highway, but he had set up a gas station and hamburger stand on the road and, with no near competition, did a fair amount of business.

On every road running north and south in a territory spreading twenty-five miles east along the border from Tia Juana, other inspectors and undercover men were stationed at strategic points, watching day and night for any suspicious truck or caravan of cars. In Tia Juana itself, undercover men of many nations and races were alertly looking for signs of a prospective delivery of human contraband.

Up in Los Angeles, Minturn was passing the hours in jail—"Leading an easy life," Hal grumbled. Donn and Hal were making themselves useful. It was apple-harvesting time and labor was scarce; so the two regular service station attendants were handling apples while Hal and Donn attended to cars.

Life flowed along with outward tranquillity but increasing tension for three days, and then one evening there came a long-distance message from Los Angeles. It was Donn who talked to the

chief. He hung up the receiver slowly, and turned to the waiting Hal.

"They couldn't get a word out of Minturn," Donn said. "So they had to let him go. Within an hour after he was released from jail, he was found on the edge of Chinatown, beaten and knifed and probably left for dead!"

"Hm," Hal mused. "Now what do you make of that, Watson?"

"Looks as though they were afraid he'd squealed, or might squeal eventually. One thing's sure—they're a gang of killers. Hello, what's Knight got?"

The big rancher was coming toward them with a tray. "Sweet cider, right out of the press!" he announced as he set down the tray, which held a large pitcher of cider and two glasses. "What you boys lookin' so serious over?"

Donn told him about Minturn, and Knight shook his head. "That's tough—but I think he got what was comin' to him. I hate these smart crooks."

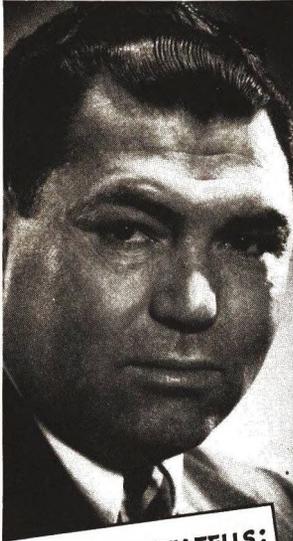
He cocked an ear northward as the rising drone of motors hummed through the still night air. "Here come my apple trucks," he said. "Maybe my brother Ed's ridin' one. I want you boys to meet him. He's mayor of Alta Noma, and he runs that town right. And he owns a fine string of markets between Alta Noma and Frisco. How about havin' some cider?"

"Don't mind if I do," said Hal. He quaffed a glass with enjoyment, and wandered up the path toward the ranch house.

As he disappeared, two big trucks marked *Knight Markets* drew into the station. Tom Knight, grumbling good-humoredly because his brother Ed hadn't come along, chatted with the husky drivers while Donn got busy gassing and oiling the trucks. When they rumbled off along the highway toward the circling road that led back to ranch house, packing sheds, and barns, Donn stretched and yawned. (Continued on page 29)

The smuggler's car was going like the wind, but Donn sent his battered little ship roaring on ahead of it.





**JACK DEMPSEY TELLS:**  
**HOW TO**  
**GUARD**  
**YOUR CHIN**

WHETHER he's talking about fighting or shaving, it pays to listen when Jack Dempsey tells how to take care of your chin. The "Manassa Mauler" has a beard that's a terror. And shaving with him is important, for every night in his famous New York restaurant he meets people from all over the world who have come to see "the Champ."

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## Paul G. Hoffman, President of Studebaker, Says—

**D**URING the past twenty-five years I have known many world-famous racing drivers. Ab Jenkins, Harry Hartz, Tony Gulotta, Cliff Bergere and Ralph Hepburn are all friends of mine. On a race track they may be speed demons, but they have always been good sportsmen. On the highways their good sportsmanship takes the form of safe and courteous driving. Just recently Ab Jenkins, who holds more speed and hill-climbing records than any other man living, had this to say: "The average boy takes a hundred chances in every thousand miles he drives that I wouldn't dare take because I found out years ago that the way to keep out of a jam is not to get into one."

Ray Sherman's articles are worth careful reading, but I wish it were possible for every boy to take a ride with Ab Jenkins or with any other first-rate racing driver. It would be dramatic proof of the fact that the experts know it is smart to drive safely.

*Paul G. Hoffman*

# Ed Boyce and the Fast Car

by **Ray W. Sherman**

## Safe Driving No. 3

**T**HE Boyce family for years had gone in for the smaller cars. It was Dad Boyce's theory that if you didn't pay too much for a car you could turn it in oftener and have more new cars. But the family wanted to try a bigger one and before they got through, the salesman for the larger car won the argument.

They all liked the new car—even Dad. It had a heavier feel when it rolled over the roads. The wheelbase was longer. The engine seemed better whether it was or not and it seemed as though the car drove with no effort at all. Ed beamed at it.

Ed loved to roll along the pleasant streets of town, glide out into the country, and let the new car ignore the hills. He finally came to feel himself almost a part of it and as the days went by became more convinced that you couldn't get 'em any better no matter what you paid.

One lovely day he took Sis and another girl out over the country roads. Up hills. And down. The girls chattered in the back seat. Ed just drove—on and on. He was sliding over long straight concrete when up ahead he saw a truck of some sort. He figured he would pass it and be on his way, but traffic appeared in the other lane of the road and Ed decided to slow down. Before he knew it, he was screeching the tires on the concrete, but to no avail, and he shoved the grille into the back end of the truck.

The farmer who was driving the truck stopped, got out, and came around to make the usual inspection. Ed did likewise. So far as could be observed the only damage was a scratch on the rear end of a none too new truck and a beautifully messed-up grille.

"Going a little too fast, sonny?" the farmer suggested.

"Brakes didn't hold very well," said Ed, as he ruefully surveyed the mess. "Looks to me as though they were holding," said the farmer. "Your wheels were locked. Look at those tracks."

Ed looked. Sure enough. For many feet back along the concrete were marks that showed only too plainly that the brakes had done noble work. They had locked the wheels in the final feet of the crack-up. The car had given the best it had. Something must have been wrong, however, and Ed tried to figure it out as the farmer went on his way and he himself drove home, rather sedately.

Ed knew he had been going fast. In fact, he was well aware of it. But he didn't realize what he was doing. He hadn't intended to go so fast, for he wasn't in any hurry and wasn't going any place. But this larger car was a marvelous piece of work. With the old

car Ed could tell by the feel of it just about what the speed was, but this car didn't seem to have any feel at all. The result was it kept going faster and faster and continued to ride like a boat in flat water.

The first time Ed found himself doing eighty-five miles an hour without realizing he had climbed that high, he was a bit shocked and slowed down. But the car seemed to have that habit. It rode so well at high speeds that it was forever getting away from him. And he finally got to the point where it didn't worry him if the car did get to going pretty fast.

But he should have worried because he was heading for trouble, almost as fast as an amateur trying to walk a rope across Niagara Falls. Ed's trouble was that he didn't know how to handle a car at the higher speeds. All the instruction he had ever been given had to do with moderate speeds. He had climbed up into a realm of high speed where everything was different. And he was a stranger in a strange land. Every year there are accidents because drivers go fast and don't know how. Forty-mile drivers hit sixty. Sixty-mile drivers hit eighty. And they are dumfounded when they find their manner of handling a car at lower speeds is useless.

Here's one thing they don't suspect. It takes a bomb dropped from a height of a mile nineteen seconds to reach the earth. That's traveling, what? And at eighty-five you're covering a mile in forty-two and three-tenths seconds yourself. You're going almost half as fast as a falling bomb in its first mile. Furthermore, you, your passengers, and your car may weigh more than the bomb. Is it any wonder that the average driver is hopelessly lost when he attempts to do eighty-five without training and experience? He may come out all right, but if he does it's luck. For if any handling of the car is required, he simply hasn't the driving education necessary.

Ed never should have driven that fast unless an emergency required it. And he never should have even thought of driving that fast till he had learned how. Before a driver attempts sixty he should drive many miles at forty-five and fifty. He should do many miles at sixty before he thinks of doing seventy. And before he attempts eighty or anything like it, he should make sure both himself and his car are fit and the road perfect.

One of the important factors is wind resistance. At low speeds it doesn't matter. At high speeds it is terrific. The wind is trying to hold you back, pushing hard on the front of the car, and if there is a side wind there is a whole new set of figures—you have both head wind and side wind to consider. At a low speed, a slight deviation from the course doesn't matter. At high speeds it changes the wind pressure. Ed didn't know this.

Also, he didn't realize that he was piloting two tons of metal and things, including precious human freight, one hundred twenty-five feet a second—a mile in forty-two and three-tenths seconds. The tires were taking a terrible beating. They weren't merely rolling over the road. They were clinging to the road, bending, stretching, and straining, to push the car into that eighty-five-mile wind. The rear wheels wanted to go forward. The two tons of car with an eighty-five-mile wind in its face wanted to go anywhere but forward. Speed cars have wind rudders. Ed had none.

Ed also never had been told that it is nearly three times as hard to stop at eighty-five as at fifty. Twice as hard to stop at eighty-five as at sixty. And he didn't realize that trying to pull a car down with the brakes at eighty-five sets up a heat in the drums that could be disastrous. Your stopping difficulty increases as the square of your speed. Squares: 50, 2500; 60, 3600; 70, 4900; 80, 6400; 85, 7225; 90, 8100.

What caused Ed's accident was simply this: When he saw the truck he figured he would operate as he had at lower speeds. He didn't know that at eighty-five it would take twice the stopping distance needed at sixty. So he didn't begin to slow down soon enough and there wasn't room to stop. His bad estimate was due solely to the fact that in high speeds he was a stranger in a strange land.

Letting a car get away from you is bad business. A driver should always watch his speedometer needle and know what he's doing. He should learn of the changes in conditions as speeds increase. Many a driver, after fast travel over good concrete, slows down—so he thinks—as he enters a town only to find his "crawl" is fifty. Watch the needle.

A skilled driver is a driver who

1. Has had many miles of experience.
2. Has been taught what to do in all emergencies and has successfully met some of them.
3. Is fully awake to the physics and mechanics involved in all situations at all speeds.
4. Keeps his car in perfect condition.
5. Doesn't take chances.

Ed Boyce was a long way from being

all of this and yet he drove a mile in forty-two and three-tenths seconds. He didn't know he was setting up a problem in physics to which he didn't know the answer. But he knows now that a skilled driver figures things out before he drives fast.

*Chris Kane, driving along blissfully, saw a truck coming, moved over, and slipped off into a soft shoulder. Chris went into a panic, and so did his car. All unnecessary—and dangerous. Want to know what to do if you hit a soft shoulder? Then watch for next month's safety article, "Chris Kane and the Soft Shoulder."*

## Red Blake's Brother

(Continued from page 7)

Sam had accomplished the purpose for which he was sent into the race.

Wilson spoke. The words came thick and distorted but the kid brother understood them.

"So—long—sap."

That was funny. It was Wilson who had been the sap. What did he mean? Sam kept running.

At the turn ending the second lap he glanced over his shoulder. Wilson was ten yards behind now and five yards behind him Red was closing the gap. The great Red Blake was coming up. "Red Blake," Sam could see the papers saying tomorrow, "took the lead at the halfway post and was never headed after that point. Wilson of Westmore and the younger Blake had staged a duel in the first part of the race but neither seemed to have the stamina to carry them the whole distance."

No stamina. A fellow couldn't run his best half mile and then go on for another one. The track straightened before him as he neared the end of the second lap. He could quit now. His work was done.

But why quit? What if his throat was on fire? What if his legs were made of rubber? He was still ahead wasn't he? It would be something to make those newspaper fellows give him credit for three laps—almost three anyway.

He forced air deeper into his lungs. It hurt but it kept him going. Funny how a fellow's legs could feel so weak and still stay under him. Must be habit. You got used to keeping them

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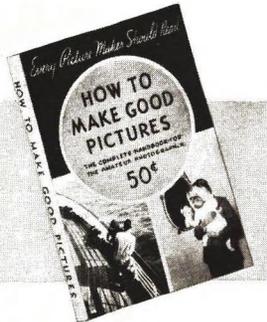
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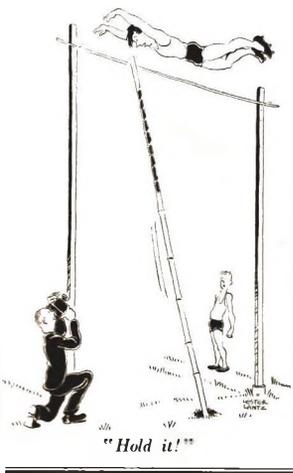
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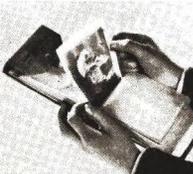
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under you when you ran a mile every morning.

The track turned and his feet had to follow it. Just the change to running on a curve made his knees feel as though the joints worked sideways.

There was the coach. I'm still leading, old Straightface. What do you think of that?

The coach wasn't looking at Sam. His eyes were focused about eight yards behind the leader and he didn't seem to feel too happy about what he saw. The track was straight now. Sam could risk a look for himself.

There was Red all right. Nearer than he'd been before and Wilson was right with him. That was funny. Not giving up, eh? Red would soon fix that.

No! It wasn't Wilson! It was Finley, that Westmore fellow nobody knew about. Where had he come from?

Wilson was out of it anyway. What had he meant by that remark? Wilson was the sap. An idea forced itself into

the boy's tired brain. Wilson had mistaken him for his brother! That's why he'd said, "So long, sap." And Red had sped up his race to keep within striking distance of Wilson—not knowing the threat that waited in this Finley's flashing spikes.

If Red was great he would have to prove it now. Finley had run a better race. He hadn't spent himself early, chasing the leaders. Now he was matching Red stride for stride.

The second turn of the third lap was before Sam. Unless he slowed too much, he knew that the runners wouldn't pass him until he reached the straightaway. He forced himself to keep ahead. He ought to have enough for that. Then they could have the last lap all to themselves. His rubber legs were holding up around the curve.

The three-quarter marker was not far away. Why didn't they pass? Here was one now. That would be Red.

But it wasn't Red. It was Finley. Where was Red? Sam couldn't see him, or even hear his spikes. Was Red crazy? He mustn't let Finley break away at this stage of the race.

Painfully Sam invested the energy it took to look over his shoulder. Red was four yards behind. Fatigue was written on every line of his face. His stride—the famous Red Blake stride—was not the same. What a mistake he had made to follow Wilson so closely!

Sam knew Red would not quit. His great fighting heart would drive him on. He was Red Blake. Sam tried to plan some way to help his brother. But he could think of nothing.

They had reached the first turn of the last lap. Sam knew he couldn't force his legs to take that curve again. They weren't rubber any more. They were wax—melting wax. He could feel them running into queer shapes as though he were a museum figure left in the sun. He ought to laugh. He would laugh, too, only he had no breath and his mouth wouldn't work.

Where was he? He was in the middle of the turn, still running, and Finley was trying to pass him on the outside. Sam was running from habit. Good old habit. Swell guy. Habit. Doggedly he would force Finley to finish the turn on the outside.

He didn't have any lungs any more. There was only a red-hot hole in his throat through which the wind was making funny noises.

Finley was still even with him. It would only be a moment now. The

time had come when his legs weren't going to work any more no matter how hard his brain drove them. Why didn't Finley pass? Why didn't he take the lead so a fellow could quit? It was wrong to torture another runner this way. Why didn't the big stiff go on?

Through the haze that was forming in front of his eyes Sam could still see the low curb that bounded the inside of the track. He had to stay close to that. It was like driving a car in a heavy fog. Mustn't lose the white line. Suddenly it tried to get away from him. Or was he wandering away from it? This must be the turn. That was it.

Finley was still abreast of him—trying to pass on the curve. Fool! Why hadn't he done it back there where he had a chance? It didn't matter. They would be around soon and then the Westmore man could slip ahead.

The white line quit curving. Now Finley would put an end to all this foolishness. He stole a glance toward the runner. What was it the gladiators always said? "Hail, Caesar! We who are about to die salute—"

The look on Finley's face shocked Sam into a moment of clear understanding. Finley was tired. He looked as though he carried all the weariness of a dozen races. He was breaking!

Finley was tired! The fact thundered its way into Sam's wavering consciousness. This thing he was racing was not a machine, after all.

Sam forced blasts of hot flame into the hole in his throat. He made his arms swing to help his legs. He must look funny to those people in the stands. There were a lot of faces in front of him and one of them belonged to Straightface. Only it wasn't a straight face now. It had a lot of funny expressions in it. Sam would have to figure them out some other time. A piece of wool touched his chest and his legs refused to take any more orders.

"All right, don't crowd. Give him a chance to get his breath." It was Straightface, looking after somebody important. Who? Him? Him, the kid brother?

From somewhere a loud-speaker was booming out an announcement. Sam caught the words, "—new conference record." A busy-looking little man walked by with a notebook. "Hey!" he shouted. "Who's the other redheaded guy, the one that finished third?"

"Don't you know?" a voice from somewhere answered. "That's Red Blake. Sam Blake's brother."

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"It was 2:30 A.M. The radio in our car barked our number, 'Crystal Pier, a drowning, rush.' From the pier, my partner, Richard V. Disney, of 3230 Whittier Street, and I, heard faint cries.

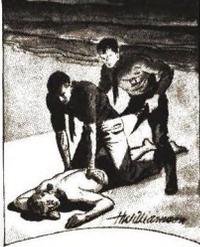
"When I reached the man he was about done for. As I battled the undertow to bring him in, he slipped from my grasp and sank.



"Together, Disney and I brought the body ashore, and then...

"With the glow of the flashlight on that cold, pallid face that seemed stilled forever, we tried artificial respiration... and it worked! If ever a man was saved by the faithful performance of fresh DATED Eveready batteries, this man was.

(SIGNED) Ernest Saftig

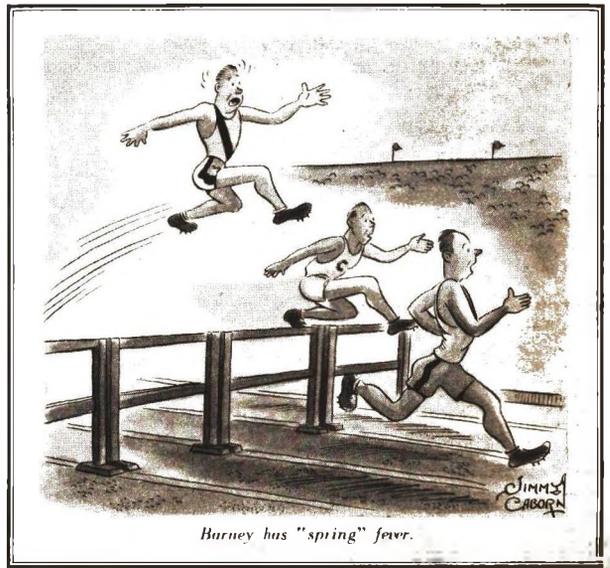


"In the darkness I couldn't find his body. Then Disney gave me his flashlight, and because it kept burning, I was able to locate the victim by diving.



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- Perhaps you'd better give them up, and look on page 33 for the answers.
1. Can you read the following message?  
Stand took 2 taking  
I throw my
  2. Lord Shortbrecks MacScanty, during the Yuletide holidays, invited his retainers to a banquet at MacScanty Castle. But the cost of the feast worried the parsimonious nobleman, so after the guests were gone, he summoned his man, Angus, and inquired how many had been fed. The faithful retainer, departing to the kitchen, soon returned and stated: "Cook doesn't know how many guests there were, milord, but every two had a dish of rice between them, every three a dish of broth, and every four a dish of meat. And there are now sixty-five dirty dishes in the sink."  
Lord MacScanty groaned loudly, but could not compute the number of guests who dined at his expense. Can you?
  3. Included in the words listed below are two species of snakes. What species are they?  
LOSER      WINNER  
MULTIPLIER      VIPER  
ADDER      ASPEN  
COBOLD      COATI

4. During the rout which followed the defeat at Waterloo, three of Napoleon's marshals, about to cross the river Dyle, were fired upon by a Prussian sniper hidden in the brush on the opposite shore. Marshal Ney heard the report of the rifle, Marshal Gerard glimpsed the smoke of the discharge, and Marshal Grouchy saw the bullet strike in the muddy shore at his feet. From the facts stated, give the order in which these officers became aware that they were being fired upon.
5. Julius Caesar, while waiting with his friend Mark Antony before Gate IX of the Circus Maximus, glanced at his ticket, which was for Seat Twenty, and jestingly inquired: "Mark, how can you take one from nineteen and leave twenty?"  
Mark Antony gave up. Do you?
6. King Cheops, builder of the great Egyptian pyramid near Cairo, propounded this question of All-a-bord, his chief mason: "If a brick weighs seven pounds and half a brick, how much does a brick and a half weigh?"  
The chief mason answered King Cheops correctly. Do you know the answer?

7. All-a-bord then came back at the royal Cheops with the following: "King, what is 115 times 16 ounces?"  
This had the mighty monarch stopped. How about you?
8. The Duke of Twiddletwip, in lightsome mood, composed the puzzle poem given below. He said that he left out four four-letter words, all spelled with the same four letters.  
Patrick Mc... was an Irishman bold,  
Alone he would... o'er the heather.  
Every... of hay, he left as it lay,  
With never a... for the weather.  
Can you supply the four four-letter words, spelled with the same four letters?

9. Three per cent of the population of Twiddletwip Cheepings (Lord Twiddletwip's country seat) have but one leg, and fifty per cent of the rest have no shoes, but go barefoot.  
How many shoes are needed for each hundred of the population?
10. Which of the following statements is correct?  
1. Our Atlantic seaboard has twice the coastline of Alaska.  
2. All acids are injurious to the eyes.  
3. China is a republic.  
4. Sherlock Holmes was not the most famous detective of fiction.  
5. New York City has a greater population than all New England.

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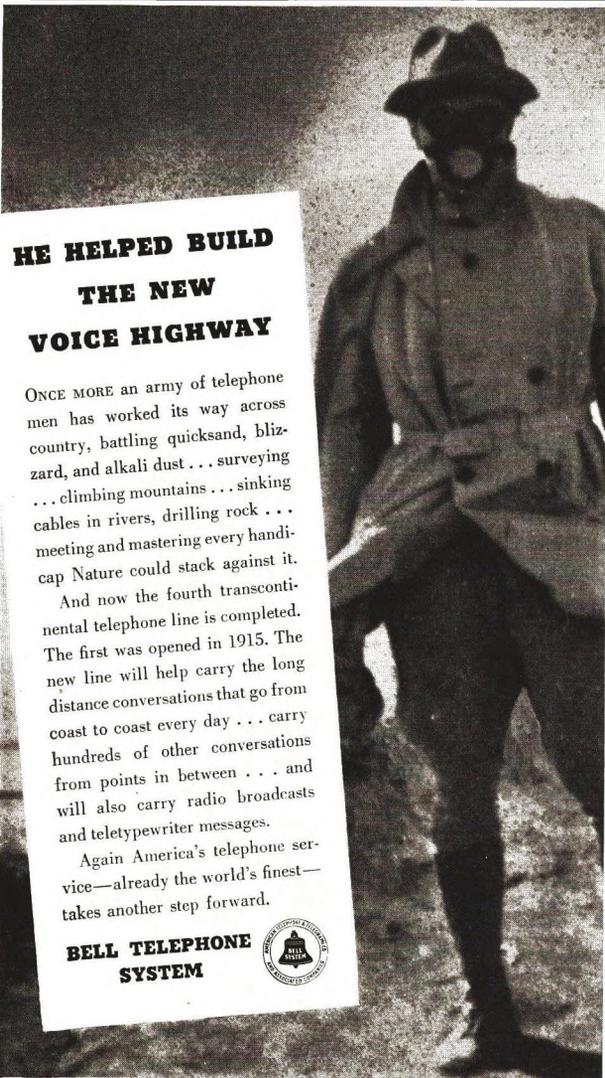
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## Some Movie Actors Live in Cages (Continued from page 9)

Not all movie animals are wild beasts, of course. Pictures demand thousands of horse actors, and most of these horses are provided by Ace Hudkins, former lightweight boxer, and his brothers, Ab and Clyde. Hudkins' horses are accustomed to the blinding glare of huge arc lights, to fantastic camera cranes, and fearsome apparatus that would scare the ordinary dobbie half to death.

When Warner Bros. embarked on the most ambitious outdoor picture they have ever attempted, "The Adventures of Robin Hood," they contracted with Hudkins for sixty of his best animals.

The fine riding horses used by Errol Flynn, who enacts the immortal Robin

Hood, Olivia deHavilland, who is Maid Marian, and other stars, are valued at a thousand dollars each. They earn fifty dollars a day when working on location. The other horses earn fifteen dollars a day, and if this seems high wages for a horse, it must be remembered that horses work only part of the time, and when they're not working the expenses go on just the same.

In some of the woodland scenes of "Robin Hood" a young faun lends his graceful presence. His rise to movie fame began with a tragedy. In Colorado, some hunter shot his mother and callously abandoned the baby. Mrs. Verna Cover discovered the faun, nursed him on a bottle, and made a pet of him.

When casting for the picture was in progress, Mrs. Cover loaded the deer into the back seat of her open touring car and took him to the studio. He was just what the director wanted. He offered to transport the deer by train to Chico, where the outdoor scenes were being shot, but Mrs. Cover shook her head.

"Chief would be scared on a train," she said. She opened the back door of the car, Chief gracefully leaped in, and they were off. Chief is a confirmed tonneau-rider and thoroughly enjoyed the 600-mile ride to Chico.

"Robin Hood" brought happiness to a half dozen stray dogs. They were awaiting destruction in the Chico dog pound when the director appeared and gave them a chance to appear in the movie. They did their bit, and during the process made fast friends of members of the troupe.

When the company was homeward-bound, every one of these dogs was on the train. They had been adopted, and now they're living in the pleasant homes of Hollywood.

Animals on location get the best of care. "Robin Hood" used three owls and a trained squirrel. The owls got daily rations of hamburger (without onion) and the squirrel had all the nuts and small grain he could eat. They were kept in comfortable cages protected from the weather and had daily outings so they wouldn't get sluggish.

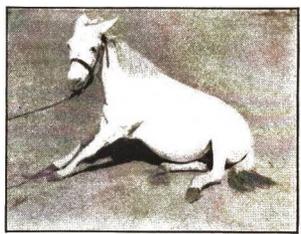
When the famous picture, *What*

the way home, he bought a white duck at a market for \$1.50. He took it to his house, put a grain of corn in the cuff of his trousers, and let the duck peck it out. When the fowl learned that there was food in those trouser cuffs it would waddle along after Comport.

"Have you got the duck?" the director asked when the properties were being assembled. "Okay, let's see him do his stuff."

Comport transferred the corn to the actor, and the duck presently was following the actor everywhere he went. The director signed up Comport and his "trained" duck at \$150 a week for eighteen weeks.

Months later, after the contract expired, Comport was enjoying a peaceful Sunday dinner when the phone rang.



A good comedian in a down moment. brooding about life. And probably getting ready to do something about it.

It was the director of *What Price Glory?*

"Be out here tomorrow with your duck," he said; "we've got to retake some scenes."

"All right," Comport agreed cheerfully. But when he went out to the barnyard, the \$150-a-week duck was missing. He called out the household and a frantic search was begun. It ended when somebody remembered that Sunday dinner had consisted of roast duck—and they discovered that the movie duck had been cooked by mistake!

But Mr. Comport was equal to the tragedy. He went back to the market, bought another duck, trained it, and took it to the studio. The retake scenes were shot and nobody knew the difference.

Modern sound pictures have caused movie-stock men to sharpen their wits a good deal. In the old days you could direct your animal actor by voice. This can still be done in scenes with no dialogue, by taking the shot silently and adding the sound afterward, but otherwise the cues are mostly in the form of gestures. For another thing, the animals have to make sounds themselves sometimes, now. If you see a picture in which a cow moos, there's a good chance that the cow belongs to Comport, and that her calf has just been taken away from her.

Cows, in fact, are Comport's specialty. He was originally a dairyman. When the studios kept renting his cattle for pictures he decided, twenty-seven years ago, to make movie-animal-renting a full-time business. But probably his best-known animal is the ludicrous sway-back horse that you see in comedies and in pictures like *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. The horse got that way, Comport thinks, by being ridden as a colt. Comport has a variety of animals, even a trained skunk.

You'll find another conglomeration of creatures at Curley Twiford's place. When I reached his address Curley was away. He arrived as I was going up



When Buddy, the puma, made a pass at a human actor, the big cat lost his movie job. Now he's just another zoo exhibit.

*Price Glory?* was being filmed, the director wanted a trained white duck. He called on L. F. Comport, who has specialized in handling movie stock since 1910.

"In the picture," the director told him, "the duck follows a soldier around him, 'the duck follows a soldier around this French village, see?' A humorous bit. You be here with a duck that will do the job."

"You bet," answered Comport. But, although he had some ducks, not one was either white or trained. So he worried around a while, and finally, on

the steps of his house. He opened the door, and I stepped inside, expecting to see his wife or somebody. There was a violent patter of feet from many directions, and suddenly there was before us a reception committee consisting of: one half-grown coon, very mischievous, some rabbits, and a couple of small dogs. These creatures and others share Curley's living quarters—he's a bachelor, needless to say.

Curley's other movie actors include: trained wild rats for gutter scenes—price \$7.50 per day—and a golden eagle with an eight-foot wingspread—price \$50 per day. In *Marco Polo* the eagle is a desert message carrier. He recently made a short picture, *Eagle's Revenge*, in which he steals a baby. To make the actual seizure scene, a real baby is padded well and tied to the eagle's feet. But in the next shot, where the eagle is flying high with its prey, a dummy has been substituted.

The eagle, raven, and a great horned owl were captured by Curley in Death Valley when they were young. He trained them himself. Curley says that a great horned owl can always vanquish a golden eagle in a fight, in case you'd like to know. Maybe the owl should be our national bird instead of the eagle.

Movie-animal men usually try to have as wide a variety of creatures as possible, in order to fill the weirdest demand the studios can make. Carl Spitz, though, specializes in dogs only. He's got scores of them in his neat kennels.

The star dog, whose salary is \$500 a week, lives in Spitz's house. This is Buck, a magnificent St. Bernard, who played in *Call of the Wild*. The story of Buck's skyrocket to fame is typically Hollywoodish. When the director of *Call of the Wild* was assembling a cast, he told Spitz to bring out a dog to play the lead role, a dog to double for the

lead, and some "extra" dogs. Buck, who had little training, was taken along to be the double.

But when the director saw him, he said, "That's the dog."

Spitz corrected him in his best German accent. "No, *this* is the lead dog," he said, pointing to the splendidly trained animal beside Buck. "You are mistaken, sir."

"You're the one who's mistaken," said the director. "That dog there is the one I want."

"But he isn't trained!"

"All right, you've got two weeks. Train him."

"Impossible!" protested Spitz.

But two weeks later the dog was trained. Buck played the lead, and attained stardom.

One of the hardest things about training dogs for the movies is getting a good-natured animal to fake an attack on a man. Usually he's taught to do it by cue. In *Call of the Wild*, for instance, Buck was trained to attack on hearing the word "tough." The plans called for Reginald Owen to aim a kick at Buck, and say, "So this is the dog that's tough!" whereupon Buck would lunge out and bite him. But two complications appeared. Offstage, Owen and Buck were friends. Owen refused to even fake a kick at the dog, and Buck, in turn, declined to attack. Owen gave in first. But Buck's half-hearted viciousness grew to be a problem. Then somebody had an idea.

There was one man on the location party—a technician—whom Buck disliked. It occurred to somebody to let Owen wear this technician's fur clothes. And that idea saved the scene. Buck got scent of the man he hated, and when his cue came he sank his teeth into Owen's well-padded mukluk with a convincingness that was wonderful.

Interesting business, training movie animals!

## River Man (Continued from page 6)

The *Lucy Lee* backed away, swung about, and began the long, homeward run to Sweet Water Creek. Of the tongers who work the public rock of the James River, few come from the coves and creeks of the river itself. The search for oysters brings them from almost every section of tidewater Virginia, white man and black man alike. Arabs of the tidewaters of the Atlantic, all week they crowd into alien creeks and sleep and live in the cramped hunting cabins of their canoes, returning to their home creeks for the week-ends because Virginia law does not permit Sunday tonging.

The wind, freshening, began to kick up a sea. Clay, shucking the few dozen market oysters the tongs had found, clutched a can of evaporated milk in the hunting cabin and braced himself against the pitch and roll of the canoe. This wasn't Saturday—a tonger's leave day. This was Wednesday, and Tom Randall was going home.

The nose of the *Lucy Lee* dipped, and Clay gripped the handle of a cockpit lest their dinner slide from the stove. "Tonger fools!" Captain Ironsides had snorted. Not exactly fools, Clay thought with compassion and understanding, but the seed of a stock that had long been the underdog. Almost from the year Virginia was colonized, the scattered dwellers of the tidewater found themselves at bitter war with a rising landed aristocracy that sought to keep control of the colony exclusively in its own hands. And so the tidewater had bred a fiercely assertive, recklessly independent generation, and another, and another. Now the landed aristocracy was gone. But another aristocracy, the voice of the tidewater cried, held another kind of

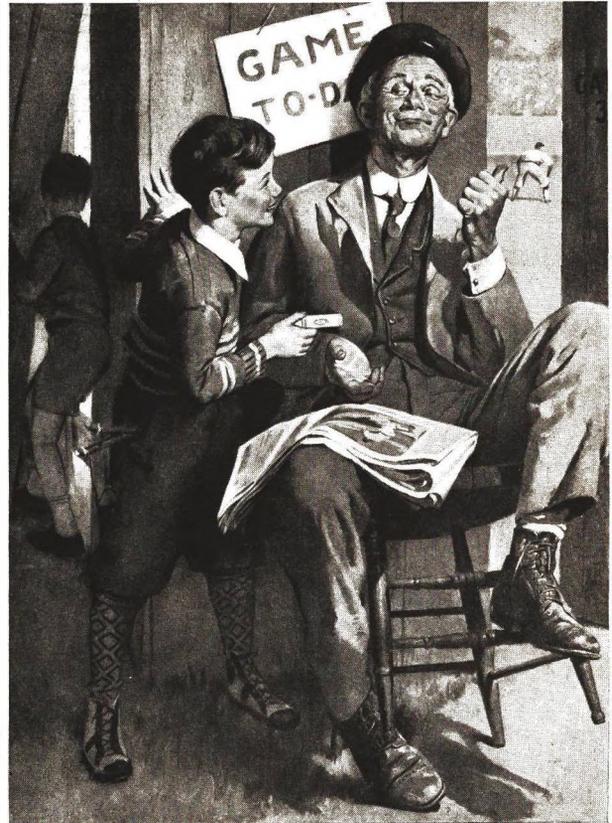
land. Land under water. Oyster bottom.

And tidewater independence, bred in the bone for those three hundred years, now clung to what it saw as freedom. A tonger scorned regulation and worked when and as he would, taking the order of his going and his coming from no man.

The milk in the pot smoked and the oysters curled at the edges. Clay dropped in a lump of butter, ran two bowls, two spoons, and a loaf of bread inside his denim shirt and lurched aft with the stew. Sitting alongside Tom, he ate. A flight of bombing planes droned toward Langley Field and a coast guard cutter slid past, her brass gleaming and her crew snappy in their smart blue. The *rut tat tat* of riveting hammers echoed from the shipyards at Newport News and Clay saw men swarming like ants over the steel skeleton of an airplane carrier.

"I'd hate to be caged in a shipyard," said Tom. His arm, in a wide gesture, took in the mouth of the river and the yawning stretch of Hampton Roads. "Tongin' ain't so bad. At least you can call yourself a free man."

Needles ran along Clay's spine. Tom roared a song into the wind, and now Clay ceased to resent his brother's happy-go-lucky improvidence. Tom was what he was. Out past the river mouth the swells caught them. The *Lucy Lee*, burying her nose, took water over the bow. Spray soaked the boy to the waist. Standing beside the tiller, his head thrown back, he watched a heaving expanse of whitecaps and thrilled to the reckless rise and fall of the canoe. This was the life he loved. His thoughts ran far ahead of the boat—to a scant two hundred or so seed oysters secretly planted in Sweet Water Creek and to a



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jar of beans behind the counter of Matt Griggs' store.

That afternoon they rounded a low, barren point and were in the Sweet Water. The sand bar that guarded the creek lay white in the slanting sun. Beyond the sand bar lay a reedy shore, a shaly dock, the forty or fifty scattered houses of the tonger village and, at the dock head, Matt Griggs' store.

Because of the sand bar, tongers' canoes rarely went inside and a score of canoes were tied to mooring stakes. The *Lucy Lee* drifted down upon its own stake and a bobbing bateau. Clay made fast and went over the side to the smaller boat. Tom, following him, took the oars.

They had to work in among the bateaux tied up to the dock. "Looks like all Sweet Water's come in from the rock," Tom said. He saw a blue sedan parked outside the store and chuckled. "Likely the schoolmaster's come to git mail and give wisdom." Tom's good humor had returned. His shoulders swayed with a hard, careless grace as he led the way into the wide, sprawling store.

Noisy argument halted momentarily as the door opened. The long sitting-plank laid across kegs of nails, the lounging place of the store, was deserted. Men in tonger denim and tonger boots crowded around a customer who faced old Matt Griggs.

The storekeeper pounded the counter. "What do you know of oysters, Milton? You never tonged an oyster in your born life. You think everything can be got out of books?"

Allan Milton, principal of the district high school, remained calm. "A great many things can, Matt."

"What's book learning got to do with getting a living off the rock? What's book learning got to do with the Commonwealth of Virginia handing over to private money the oyster bottom that belongs to you, me, and everybody? Today there's talk of making the seed oyster price twenty-five cents a bushel. And a tonger has to take whatever the oyster barons want to give him or else sit home without cash to buy a hog jowl."

"But why leave himself at the mercy of the oyster planters?"

"You know something else to do?"

"I've been trying to tell you. If they drop the price of seed oysters, stop tonging. Run a trotline and sell your crabs."

"And have the crab packer give a dollar a barrel? I've seen that price."

"I've seen the price ten dollars a barrel in the spring when crabs were scarce, and so have you. Why not pay attention to peeler crabs? There's money in peelers if they're handled right."

"You trying to tell us tide-water men how to handle them right?"

"Perhaps," Milton said patiently, "one of your own river men will soon be able to tell you." He swung about. "Aren't you planning to trotline and specialize in peelers, Clay?"

"Yes, sir."

A voice drawled disdainfully from the crowd, "You aimin' to prove your say by a boy?"

Clay was conscious of Tom's clouded eyes studying him.

"Can't any of you see it?" Milton pleaded. "I wasn't born a tidewater man, but I'm not an outsider. This is my community; I want to see it get ahead. Why stick to one line of work when you can follow three? A man can tong, a man can trotline, and he can plant a few acres of leased bottom."

"A tonger leasing bottom!" Matt Griggs growled.

"Yes. Leased bottom has come to stay. Why let the big planters slowly absorb everything? Three

acres, properly planted with seed oysters, can be a little gold mine on the side. After three years a man can tong his own oysters and sell them to the shucking plants for sixty cents a bushel. If he wants to grow half-shell oyster, barrel oysters, he can get a dollar thirty-five a bushel."

There was a silence more eloquent than sound.

Matt Griggs said ominously, "You telling Sweet Water to take lease?"

"Tongers lease bottom in other parts of Virginia."

"No Sweet Water tonger'll turn traitor. We call for free bottom. Ain't that right?"

A murmur ran through the grouped tongers.

"It ain't for law to give to nobody." The storekeeper's voice shook with passion. "Where's the five thousand tongers there was? Gone by half. Go see the bound'ry stakes on leased bottom warning tongers off. Go see the watch-houses with men sitting guard with rifles. Guarding rich men's oysters. Guarding John Simon's oysters. I have tongers on the book who can't pay their stove bill with tonging gone poor on the rock, but John Simon gits rich on oysters. John Simon gits oysters any time he gits an urge to drudge."

"Not for sure." Tom Randall chuckled unexpectedly. "I was savin' to tell it. Yesterday John Simon sent out to see how his York River bottom was comin'. There wasn't enough to bother. Ten thousand dollars of oysters ice-killed last winter."

"You're sure, Tom?"

"I got it from Abe Ironsides."

A wispy string of an old man lifted his voice in rapture: "It's the hand of God. It's a punishment on John Simon. God won't stand to let we'uns starve."

"Nonsense!" Milton snapped. "Suppose Simon has lost ten thousand. What good does that do you? Can't you understand that without private planting there's no market at all for seed oysters? Stop private planting and soon there'll be no oysters except those on the natural rock. Some day the rock will be exhausted. You've got to look ahead. A boy should be able to see it. Can't you see it, Clay?"

"Why Clay?" Tom Randall drawled, his voice dangerously quiet.

And suddenly all the store was still. Was the schoolmaster feeding river boys outside opinion? The tongers looked from Milton to Clay. The boy's feet were hot in his boots and a pulse throbbled in his throat.

"I asked you once, Schoolmaster," Tom drawled again. "Why Clay? You been preachin' your mind to Clay special?"



"I couldn't afford a pair this year, but I'm having just as much fun anyway."

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Allan Milton sighed. "I've been trying to talk to all of you." He took some mail from the counter and went out to the blue sedan.

Inflamed passion lingered in the store. But a tonger's voice cut the tension.

"You shut him, Tom."

Tom Randall's great shoulders shrugged. He turned to the counter. "A sack of flour, Matt, and a ham shank. Mark it in the book."

Clay knew that another squall had blown over. Tom's attitude swayed the group. The men were drifting into talk.

The boy's hard pulse quieted. As Matt Griggs sawed through a ham, he studied the jar of beans. Two weeks from Saturday a tradesman's scheme to bring in trade would drop \$150 into somebody's pocket. One guess for every twenty-five cent purchase.

Clay's eyes grew hot. How many inches high was the jar? What was its girth? One hundred fifty dollars—a tonger fortune. He thought of the seed oysters secretly planted in Sweet Water Creek.

"Buy some navy beans, Tom," he said.

Matt Griggs looked up from the ham. "You want a hundred-pound sack?"

"Half a pound."

"Beans?" Tom Randall was surprised. "I never saw you with a belly for beans." He looked at his brother, glanced over the counter, and then roared with laughter. "He's aimin' down on your bean prize-money, Matt."

"Somebody gits it," said Matt Griggs. "What you doing with so much wealth, Clay?"

"I haven't won it yet."

"You ain't been listening to Milton?" the storekeeper asked with dawning suspicion. "A little leased bottom maybe?"

"He's a Randall, ain't he?" Tom demanded in sudden temper. The babel of voices had stopped. Imperiously he passed through the tongs and down to the dock.

But once in the bateau, he worked out his gust of rage at the oars. Clay was glad to sit silent. Two miles above Matt Griggs' store, Tom swung the boat, and presently it scraped bottom. Their boots sucked through the soft bottom as they squashed toward the shore. Here, in a clearing in the piney woods, was their home.

The house was a small, unpainted three-room cabin, stoutly built. Clay threw open doors and windows and went out with a pail to the pump. They had been gone five days and, after the fashion of river men living alone, had left disorder behind them. Dishes from a breakfast five days old were on the kitchen table and the beds were tumbled.

The living room was furnished with a wood-burning stove, a faded sofa, two faded upholstered chairs, and a marble-topped table. The floor was bare and scuffed; clothing littered two of the chairs. In one corner a triangular shelf of unpainted wood held a box of shells and, beneath it, two shotguns leaned against the wall. All the house spoke of men who lived in rough carelessness—all except the guns. The guns shone. Clay made the beds and straightened the living room. Tom had said nothing

of Matt Griggs' thrust, but Clay felt uneasy. By and by, in the dusk, they ate at the kitchen table, silently. Satisfied, Tom shoved back his chair.

"I cooked," he said. "You clean." He walked out of the kitchen.

Clay washed the dishes. After that he measured cardboard, cut it into inch squares, and made a flour-and-water paste. When he went into the living room, Tom was stretched out on the sofa.

"This," Tom said, "beats a huntin' cabin for comfort." He watched Clay busy with cardboard and paste. "What you fixin'?"

"Making an inch-square box."

"What for?"

"For measuring Griggs' bean jar. I've been studying it—how many inches high, how many inches around. Tomorrow I'm going to fill this box with beans and count. Then I'll know how many beans fill a square inch. If I figure the jar right I can get close to how many beans she holds."

Tom stretched. "Pretty keen on that bean prize, judgin' by looks. You got a reason?"

"Yes."

"I didn't hear you tellin' Griggs."

"It was none of his business."

"It might make out to be mine." The box was finished, but the paste was still wet. Carefully Clay laid it on the floor. "It might," he agreed.

"I'm waitin' to hear," Tom told him softly.

It was all very quiet—too quiet. At last Clay spoke.

"A man gets his own thoughts. Tom. Two years ago I began to wonder about the Sweet Water. It looked good for planting. Two inches of oyster mud and then hard bottom. Two years ago I had a bushel of seed oysters brought in from the rock—"

"Who by?"

"Will Cully. I was in second year at high school and Will was tonging with you on shares. I suppose he thought I wanted the oysters for some fool trick. When there was no one to see, I planted the creek. A week ago I found five of those oysters. They're mammy oysters, Tom. Shaped out big, and full and fat—a man might get a dollar fifty a bushel for a barrel oyster like that. The Sweet Water's what I thought it would be."

Tom asked, "How come you got a thought to plant?"

"Mr. Milton was talking in class—"

"Schoolmaster Milton," Tom said, his drawl deadly.

"But he was talking to us in biology class, Tom."

"I reckon he wasn't talkin' by accident. You thinkin' of planting big in Sweet Water?"

"If I can."

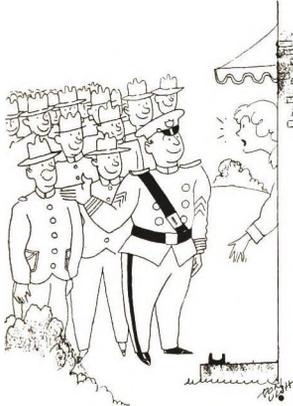
"With this here money of Griggs'?"

"If I win it."

"How you aim to stop Sweet Water tongs takin' oysters from the bottom you plant?"

Clay's throat tightened. "There's a law to prevent a man tonging from a leased bottom."

Tom lay motionless. Presently he said: "If I hadn't sent you schoolin', this mightn't have happened. I ain't never thought to see you turnin' agin your kind. The Sweet Water won't be sweet no more."



"Well, here we are. I got your note requesting my company at dinner."

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"Times change, Tom."  
"I didn't look for it in a Randall."  
"I want to stay on the river. These days a man can't live by tonging alone. But if a man tongs and plants a little leased bottom besides, then it's different. Can't you see it, Tom?"  
"You ain't just makin' talk?"  
"I mean it. It's the only way I see to stay on the river."

A rising wind murmured through the pines and the house was filled with the restless motion of great trees. The kerosene lamp flared and smoked.

"Storm's makin'; I best see to the boat." Tom Randall's boots came off the sofa and thudded against the floor. He walked toward the door, a great bearded hulk of a man. The lamp threw his shadow against the wall in menacing proportions.

Clay forced himself to speak. "Let me try to show you this my way, Tom."

"What's to show? There's only one way. You've lived your life seein' bottom leased away and the tonger comin' to worse and worse." He turned at the door and Clay saw his eyes. They smoldered with fanatical heat.

"The day you do it," Tom Randall drawled, "you ain't no longer kin of mine."

**Chapter Two**

THE storm was short and violent. Tom Randall, coming back from the creek before it broke, went directly to bed. Clay thought: "This will linger between us until some day there's a reckoning." Yet there was no dallying in his mind with surrender. Steadily, he filled the small box full of beans, counting slowly. Methodically he destroyed the box and left the beans on a kitchen shelf. In the bedroom Tom's breathing was heavy and regular. Clay undressed in the dark.

His mattress was hard, but it was not the mattress that kept him awake. Nor did the storm, lashing through the pines, disturb him. What kept him tossing was the sharp memory of the volcanic violence in Tom's eyes.

It was all, Clay thought, so needless and so blind. The old days when a man could tong bushel upon bushel of market oysters from the natural rock were gone. And if tonging could offer at best only an insecure living, then the salvation for the tonger was a little leased bottom of his own.

But try to make Tom see it! Or Matt Griggs, or any of the lean, weather-bitten tongers of the village. To the Sweet Water the denial of any man's right to lease bottom was a faith, a religion passed on from father to son. If he leased a little bottom, they would declare hotly that the Sweet Water had spawned a Judas. Tom would rage. A Randall disowned by his own people would strike Tom deep in his pride. Clay sighed in the darkness of the room.

Clear daylight was in his eyes when he awoke. The storm was over, his brother's bed was empty, and his nostrils caught the odors of frying ham and baking-powder biscuits. He dressed hurriedly and made for the kitchen.

Tom was testing biscuits with a sliver of wood. He rumbled a satisfied sound and took the biscuits from the oven. This might have been any carefree morning when they were home from the rock—but Clay realized suddenly that the beans were gone from the shelf.

"Got your appetite right handy?" Tom asked. "Put on plates and fetch fresh water."

"Re right back." Clay lifted the water pail and went outdoors.

Scanning the ground, he moved toward the pump. Fifty feet from the cabin he stopped short. Among the trees lay a paper bag, split open, and a wide scattering of the beans bought yesterday.

Clay worked the pump handle slowly. That bag, hurled from the cabin, told its own story. It contradicted Tom's casualness. Nothing that had happened last night would be forgotten, nothing that had been said would be unsaid. But for a while, anyway, they would go on as though nothing had happened. Clay picked up his pail of water.

They sat opposite each other and ate ham and biscuits and ham gravy. Tom broke open his fifth biscuit.

"Sun's warmin'," he said.

Clay nodded. This was talk that said nothing! Day after day they'd talk that way and laugh and joke—and always be waiting for something to happen.

He said, "What are you doing today, Tom?"

"I had an idee I might fiddle a spell. Or I might not. I ain't plannin' my day ahead."

"I'm going to build my crab floats."

"That the schoolmaster's idee?"

"Not exactly." Clay kept his voice as casual as Tom's. "It happened to come up in biology class."

"I like oysters?"

"About the same." He pushed back his chair. "There may be money in peelers."

"Can't do no harm to try," Tom admitted.

Clay thought, "They'll let Allan Milton teach anything so long as he keeps away from leased bottom."

He went out to the pine logs that had to be squared on one side for use in his floats. As he swung his ax, the cabin door banged and Tom tramped toward the creek. With a brief gesture of farewell, he rowed off in the bateau.

Clay, left alone, went steadily on with the long, slow process of squaring the logs. He found that swinging an ax made him hungry. He ate heartily at noon, and was glad when Tom came home ravenous and cooked a big supper.

After eating, Clay left the dishes to wash later and went back to his floats. He brought four squared and notched logs together to form a long, wide oblong. Kneeling, he began to slat the bottom, leaving spaces between the slats for the circulation of water.

As he worked, he thought, "If I intend to trotline, what will Tom do on the rock?" He nailed on the last slat, returned to the twilight-shadowed cabin, and began clattering dishes.

"What about the rock, Tom?" he asked casually.

Tom understood the question. "I had Will Cully on shares once," he answered from the old sofa. "Will ain't a mammy hand at the tong but can come handy at the cullin' board I aim to make out."

"What will you give him—half?"

"Thirds. He liked for to have halves,



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but I wouldn't give half. Not when I'm boat owner and he's mostly cull boy."

Clay washed a pile of plates the second time. "You've already spoken to him?"

"Yes. I met up with Will today."

Clay picked up the plates, absently, and put them away unwiped. Was Tom already marking out their separate ways?

In the morning Clay returned to the labor of building two more floats. The day was soft and languid. Tom, sitting with his back eased against a tree, drew his bow across the strings of the violin. For hours the clearing was filled with a thin, wailing melody that sang a note of plaintive sadness.

"That," Tom said at last, "is right satisfyin' fiddlin'." He saw that Clay was heading for the bateau. "You makin' for the store?"

"Yes. I'll need crab bait." "You might tell Griggs to hire me out two mules for plowin'. I aim to plant me some 'taters and garden sass while tongin's poor."

Ducks, tightly wedged, flew north across the creek. The water was so dark it seemed black, save for a momentary swirl of silver as the oars came out. Excitement stirred in the boy. If he could lease ten acres— it would take time to plant ten acres, a long time, but ten acres would mean a small kingdom of contentment.

Only a few bateaux were tied to the Griggs dock. In one of them Will Cully, young and thin and sandy-haired, tied short lengths of bait cord to a trotline.

"I thought you were going tonging with Tom," Clay said.

Will's voice, slow and hesitant, had a constant note of abashment. "You know how Tom is. Sometimes he gets an urge to tong and sometimes he don't. When he don't, I'll be made ready to trotline." He coiled part of the fin-

ished line. "You goin' ag'in your own folks and joinin' up with the oyster barons?"

"Who said that?" Clay demanded.

"Just talk. I hear it at the store."

Matt Griggs' store and the talk of the store were the factors Clay had to fear. The store was the center of the tonger village; around it all life flowed. From store verdict there was no appeal.

Three tongers lounged on the sitting-plank and Allan Milton bought goods at the counter. The tongers eyed Clay. Matt Griggs shoved the last of the principal's purchases toward him and turned toward the boy.

"You wanting something, Clay?"

"Pickedl tripe," said Clay. His eyes were on the jar of beans.

A voice came from the bench. "You hear about Chad Tucker, Matt?"

Griggs nodded. "Wico Creek boy. Maybe nineteen years old. Leased him two acres. Got it about half planted when somebody raised question as to legal age. The Fish Commission had to take his lease away."

"You mean the commonwealth will lease bottom to a minor?" Milton asked.

"It's been done and if nobody objects it stands. You listening, Clay?"

"About what?" Clay asked blandly, but his lean jaw muscles twitched. He hadn't thought of age. His eyes went to Allan Milton in silent appeal and the principal lingered.

Matt Griggs slowly counted out the tickets that gave the purchaser the right to guess at the number of beans and appraised the boy covertly. "Rightly, Clay, tickets should go out for cash-money trade."

The Randall in Clay blazed unexpectedly. "We don't ask favors, Mr. Griggs."

"Did I say so?" Matt Griggs demanded hastily.

"It sounded no less."

The thought of an enraged Tom

Randall disturbed the storekeeper. "Ain't Tom always been my friend?"

"Tom might think different to hear you." Clay took the tickets from the counter and went stiffly toward the door. The fury that burned in him frightened him. He had seen Tom in a raging frenzy and had always feared the latent temper in himself.

From the blue sedan parked outside, Milton said, "Want to talk to me, Clay? I must run these things home at once; hop in."

They drove through a treeless street, past the small, scattered, white houses of the tongers and, turning, ran down to a slightly larger house on another part of the creek. Milton got out and went with his packages along a shrub-bordered walk. When he returned he sat in the car and waited.

"Ready to talk?" he asked at last.

The boy stirred. He said, "Can I find out for sure how old I am?"

"Don't you know? According to school records—"

"I know. I should be twenty-one. That may be guess age. I have to know for sure."

Allan Milton said with compassion, "Griggs was talking at you, wasn't he? Clay, it's going to be hard."

"It won't be any harder," Clay said grimly, "than trying to make a living as a tonger."

"Do you know where you were born?" "Dicksville. That's down in the salt marsh toward North Carolina. We were always shifting around."

"If you wrote to the Bureau of Vital Statistics—" Milton stopped suddenly. "Clay," he said, "there may be trouble here. For a while, for quite a few years after 1905, I think, the Bureau of Vital Statistics was abolished. If you were born in the period when no official records were kept—"

"You mean I can't prove my age?"

"Not necessarily. There'd be the

doctor; there'd be Tom. An affidavit from either one would be accepted."

"I see. Well, I've got to be going." "I'll run you back." Allan Milton started the engine and swung the wheel. Soon they were back in front of the store.

"If I can be of any help, Clay—"

"You've been a heap of help already."

Halfway out of the car Clay hesitated.

"If I write a letter Griggs may see it."

"You mean an envelope addressed in your handwriting? I'll write the bureau. I'll let you know."

Tonger eyes watched Clay from the doorway of the store. Matt Griggs, red-faced and forbidding, met him at the entrance.

"You're picking friends Tom won't like," the storekeeper said harshly.

"Tom wants to hire out plow mules," Clay said. He turned his back on the man and took the path to the dock.

He rowed home slowly, blind for once to the purpling blue of pine, the tranquillity of water, the vista of golden sunset. Would Tom tell him about his age? Not, the boy felt, if Tom suspected why he wanted the information.

In the cabin kitchen, Tom washed thin, delicate dandelion leaves in a basin of water. He drew good-humoredly, "You see anybody at the store?"

"Will Cully and Mr. Milton."

Tom ignored the mention of the schoolmaster. "What was Will doin' Fixin' to trotline?"

"Yes."

Tom chuckled. "I may get me an urge to tong regular and disappoint Will."

After supper the fiddle was brought out again. Thin music wailed through the cabin and Tom Randall's eyes closed in ecstasy. Presently he paused to resin the bow.

"Tom, am I twenty-one years old?"

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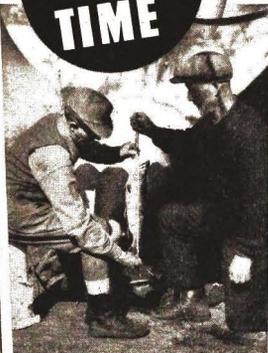
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Resin and bow were motionless. "Why you ask?" "Seems as though I should be coming on to vote."

Suspicion leaped into Tom's eyes. "I never hear you pester to vote." "There comes a time, I reckon." "You ain't been hearin' now about some Wico Creek trouble?" "What trouble?"

Tom Randall studied the boy with a hard intensity. Slowly a veil fell across his face. He put the violin aside.

"I ain't knowin' for sure how old you are," he drawled softly. "Pappy had somebody to mark it down for him, but Pappy's gone to Glory. I don't reckon I ever see where it was marked down."

### Chapter Three

CLAY finished building his floats and skidded them into the creek; the small garden was plowed; Tom did a haphazard job of clothes washing and prepared to go back to the James River seed beds. Nothing more was said of legal age, of voting, or of trouble at Wico Creek. But Clay knew this was only another truce. Would Tom leave him the bateau or keep it moored outside the bar? Both of them needed it. A tonger had to have a small boat to make into the Sweet Water on his home comings; a trotliner had to have a boat to go over his line. Of course, Matt Griggs would rent him a boat. But the rent would eat into profits.

Saturday morning Tom departed in high good humor to lay in supplies for the *Lucy Lee*. He came rowing back somber and glowering.

Clay thought, "Griggs told him I was riding with Mr. Milton." It would goad Tom to have the Sweet Water talking about a Randall.

Clay tried to make talk. "What time are you making off Monday, Tom?"

"Sun-up. I'll sleep aboard. You come down with me tomorrow and fetch back the boat."

Clay drew a quick breath. Tom, in spite of his wrath, was leaving him the bateau. "If I know when you're due back—"

"I ain't knowin'," Tom said roughly. "If you see the *Lucy Lee* moored, stop

by the store. Likely I'll be there. Otherwise, I ain't too weak to walk it through the woods."

Sunday afternoon Clay took his brother down the creek and out to the *Lucy Lee*. Will Cully, already on her, tinkered with the motor. Tom threw food and clothing aboard.

"Watch who you say to," he told Clay, and pushed the bateau away. It was his first reference to Allan Milton, an outsider to the Sweet Water who preached here.

Clay rowed back, heavy of heart. There were two Tom Randalls—the Tom who had left him the bateau and the Tom who could hate long and bitterly.

The clearing in the pines brooded in its isolation. A lonely place. But Clay had work to do. In the kitchen he lighted a lamp and began to figure. If the jar in Griggs' store was the size he had figured out, there might be, perhaps, 2600 beans in the jar.

He counted his tickets. Thirty-two. He put them in two piles of sixteen each, and began at 2440. He jumped his guesses by tens—2440, 2450, 2460. He reached 2600 and went on—2610, 2620, on up to 2760. He blew out the lamp and went to bed.

In the dawn he brewed coffee and made a hurried meal. Mist covered the creek, and the woods had the eerie stillness of an earth not yet thoroughly awake. He carried two barrels to the bateau; in the stillness they scraped along the bottom with a startling clamor. His oars dipped and took the boat into deeper water.

Alone on the mystery-shrouded creek, a solitary figure in a shut-in universe of water and pine, he baited a quarter of a mile of trotline, tying a piece of pickled tripe to each bait cord. Two hours later, with the last bait down, he rowed back to the beginning of the line. The sun had come up over the pines, a blazing, reddish ball in the still rising mists. Slowly he brought in the trotline, moving the boat along, dropping the line already scanned as new line came up. Four baits, five, six—and something clawed down below. He reached for the scalp net. A moving blur clung to a bait. The net dipped



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expertly, and the first blue crab went into a barrel.

Back and forth the boat moved as he followed the trotline, again and again, and the count of hard crabs mounted. At one o'clock, he brought in the line, coiled it on the stern seat, and rowed down to Matt Griggs' store.

"Anybody going out to the buy boat?" he asked.

"I hear Robert Foulkes is going," said Griggs.

Clay made out past the bar. The swarthy Foulkes was pouring gasoline into the tank of his canoe.

"Got space?" Clay asked. Failing to find a powerboat to carry him, he would have to take the long row.

Foulkes spat over the side. "You got Tom's agreement?"

"He left me the bateau, didn't he?" "I like to know," Foulkes answered shortly.

They were all, Clay thought, afraid of Tom Randall. And no tonger would give him aid unless sure Tom would not object.

This canoe did not have the speed of the *Lucy Lee*. They wallowed out into Chesapeake Bay.

The buy-boat captain was paying six dollars a barrel. "Git it while you kin, boys," the captain told them. "Any day now the bay drudges will start bringing in heavy catches."

Clay put nine dollars in his pocket. Next week, or tomorrow, the price might drop. Tonging or trotlining, you were at the mercy of the market. But if a man had a little leased bottom and the price wasn't right, he could leave his oysters there and wait.

The boy stopped at the Griggs store, bought three dollars' worth of groceries—and paid cash. Twelve more tickets—he might use some of them for jumping his guesses on the beans by fives. He rowed on home and found Allan Milton waiting in the clearing.

"I have an answer, Clay." "Bad news?"

"Yes. Your birth wasn't recorded." "I half expected," Clay nodded. Whatever his disappointment, his face was impassive. He turned to talk of his day's work, and Allan Milton listened with interest.

That night the Sweet Water was shimmering silver, and Clay sat on the gunwale of the bateau and listened to the melody of the frogs. If he could not prove he was of legal age, Tom might set out to thwart him. Slowly his jaw muscles set.

He slept and was up before dawn. Daylight crept through the pines as he laid his trotline. At the end of the long, silent morning, his catch ran two

barrels. Robert Foulkes took him out to the buy boat.

"She's three-fifty a barrel," said the captain. "The drudges begun to find them."

Crab dredges continued busy off the mouth of York River and prices continued to fall. Friday, by some strange quirk, the creek seemed to hold only crabs below the legal size and after three hours of work Clay gave up. He needed kerosene for the lamps and rowed down creek to the store.

Griggs' dock was cluttered with boats and canoes bobbed outside the bar. The tonger fleet was back; Clay made out the *Lucy Lee*. Coming up the path through the reeds, he heard a voice raised angrily in the store and his heart beat hard. That voice was Tom's.

Daylight framed the boy in the doorway. For a moment no one noticed him.

"It's the truth!" Tom roared. "I hear it from a Gloucester man who was told by a police-boat captain. John Simon aims to make bid for some barren oyster rock. They give it a nice name like makin' test to see if the barren rock can come good again. You know what that means?"

Passion shook the store. "Ain't the barons got enough with leased bottom?" "Soon a tonger can't mine his oyster free and will tong for wages."

Matt Griggs shouted, "You know what to do about this, don't you? Git us some tongers with grit enough to fight down on a—"

A warning voice called, "There's Clay, Tom."

The red-faced storekeeper broke off short. Hostile silence fell on the store. Tom Randall strode down the floor.

"How long you been here, Clay?"

"I just came."

"Ain't it early for takin' to a buy boat?"

"No crabs today. I came down for lamp oil."

"I stopped for lasses. Reckon I left the jug on the dock. You see?"

"There's no jug on the dock."

"You tryin' to argue me?"

Clay found himself caught in strong arms. In apparent good humor Tom wrestled him, but all the while he knew he was being definitely forced out of the store.

"If she ain't on the dock, maybe I laid her along the path," Tom called.

Clay didn't look for a jug. Sitting in the bateau, he waited. Twice voices shouted in the store and were instantly suppressed. By and by Tom came to the dock with the can of kerosene. Reckless excitement danced in his eyes and all at once Clay was alarmed.

The reckless excitement was gone in the morning. Tonging, Tom reported, had been fairish. Clay, setting out his trotline, found the run of crabs still below the legal size and quit at once. He came from the cabin with an ax.

"What's it for?" Tom asked.

"Winter wood."

Tom yawned. "Can't you rest yourself? Winter's still six months off." He fiddled and fell asleep in the sun.

"How did you split with Will?" Clay asked at supper.

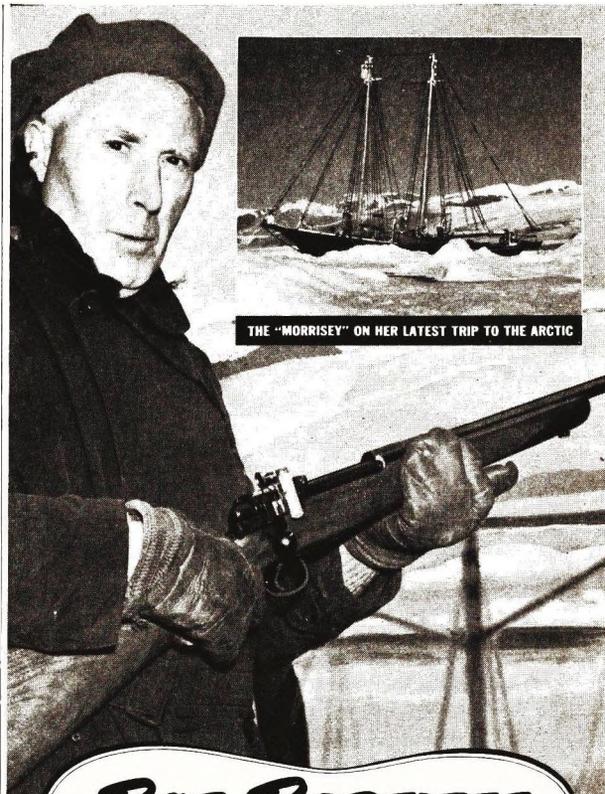
Tom grew embarrassed. "When I got thirds counted out I reckoned it looked too little. I made it halves."

That was Tom for you! His generosity was as quick as his violence.

Sunday Clay took Tom down to the canoe.

"I aim to be back Friday," Tom told him. "If you see the *Lucy Lee* tied up, don't bother. I'll be on business."

Business, Clay thought, meant some sort of tonger action against John Simon. Uneasiness grew in him. He didn't want Tom mixed up in a tonger war.



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On Monday, market crabs were still gone from the creek. Clay needed bait and made the journey to the store for tripe.

Matt Griggs said, "I aim to call the bean-money winner Saturday soon's the count's over. I've got to get all the tickets sorted by the number guessed so I can tell fast. If you get your tickets in Thursday, Clay, she'd help."

Anything, Clay thought, to make sure he did not blunder into the store next Friday. A suspected Randall!

Next morning the blue crabs were back. Clay's catch, for the first time, ran past two barrels. When his trotline was finally coiled, the third barrel was full. The latest price had been a dollar and a half a barrel. Four-fifty for his three barrels wouldn't be so bad!

But the price had dropped. He and Robert Foulkes found half a dozen canoes, their crabs still aboard, bobbing around the buy boat while the buy-boat captain argued from the rail.

"You hear that, Robert Foulkes?" a trotliner shouted. "He's offerin' seventy-five."

Another trotliner shouted, "I'll dump first!"

"That won't git you nothin'," the captain called down. "Seventy-five's all I can do. I got to follow others. You go to any buy boat and see if you git better."

The man finally took the low price. Clay had seen it happen before. A trotliner couldn't hold crabs; they were perishable and died. His own crabs went over the rail and two dollars and a quarter came down to him. Half of what he had hoped. And tomorrow crabs might be bringing fifty cents.

But the bay dredges abruptly lost contact with crabs and catches fell off. Prices went up to a dollar and a half again, but Clay never took out more than two barrels. Thursday he stopped at the store and gave Matt Griggs his tickets.

"She'll be a fair contest for all," said the storekeeper. "Schoolmaster Milton's to count. I wish you luck."

Clay thought, "You'd rather throw the money in the creek than see me win."

Friday the trotline brought in a single barrel of crabs. The buy boat paid two dollars.

"When prices go high you can't git a catch," Foulkes complained, "and when you git a catch you don't get high money."

Clay said nothing. He was looking at the Lucy Lee. She was tied outside the bar—one of a dense fleet of canoes. Dozens of bateaux were crowded in at Matt Griggs' dock, fastened boat to boat. A great many of them were strange to the creek! Evidently this rebellion was reaching out and taking in a far stretch of the tidewater.

Heavily Clay rowed home. Tom came through the pine woods at sundown. Clay heard him roaring song in the distance. Whatever had happened today had pleased him. He came into the clearing and ripped off his denim blouse and washed vigorously at the pump.

"How was tonging?" Clay asked. "It weren't worth the bother."

Clay frowned. With the tonging poor, Tom had remained away all the week. Had he been cruising through the tonger fleet passing out word of a meeting at Sweet Water?

Tom's head emerged from a towel. "I thought you aimed to go for peelers?" "Later," said Clay. "I wanted to get some money ahead." Peelers demanded much care. It would be hard to find time for both the trotline and the floats. "It gains a man to be heedful," Tom said in all seriousness and Clay began to laugh helplessly.

That night Tom, with his red beard cupped against his violin, played with wild abandon. The music beat against Clay's ears, full of mad threats, and his breath caught in his throat. . . .

Late Saturday they rowed down the creek to the store. The bean counting at last! As they neared the store, Clay's blood began to pound with excitement and hope.

Matt Griggs' place was jammed. Tom, shouting greetings and casually using his strength, made his way well inside. Clay barely wedged inside the door. He could see nothing but denim-clad shoulders a few inches from his face. The place was hot and humid, restless with tension. Talk drummed and hummed in a feverish under-current.

Matt Griggs' voice, genial, hushed the talk. He said: "Next time, boys, I'd best git me a bigger store. This here box has all the tickets arranged, starting with low guess and going up to high. This here's the jar of beans that means one hundred fifty dollars to some lucky tidewater man. So there won't be no talk of not fair I asked Schoolmaster Milton to make count. He'll everybody'll know what's going on, so it's count loud."

The crowd strained forward and Clay could breathe more easily. Something snapped.

"That's the bean jar seal," Griggs called. "She's broke."

Allan Milton began to count: "One, two, three, four. . . ."

Clay rubbed clammy palms against his blouse. If he got that hundred fifty, he could make his start. If he didn't— On and on went Allan Milton's voice: ". . . ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. . . ."

(To be continued in the May number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

**THEY WON CASH!**

OUR readers like AMERICAN BOY advertising. They like it because it catches the eye, is filled with useful information, and serves as a directory of merchandise in which they are interested.

So much we found from the results of our February contest—"What Advertisements I Like Best, and Why." But perhaps the attitude of AMERICAN BOY readers toward AMERICAN BOY ads can best be described by the winner, Sam Brimacombe, Sundridge, Ont., whose entry on the Schick Shaver and automobiles won \$10.

Brimacombe liked the Schick ad because it was straightforward and attention-getting. He also liked automobile ads because "they show that manufacturers consider boys to be intelligent beings with a high sense of value. The same is true of almost all adver-

tising in THE AMERICAN BOY. It pays the reader the high compliment of dealing with him in an interesting and intelligent fashion and is therefore well worth reading."

Second prize of \$5 was won by Larry Joseph Lee, Battle Creek, Mich., who favored Bell Telephone and Daisy Air Rifle. Third prize and \$3 went to Thomas Pulleyblank, Detroit, Mich., on Bell Telephone.

The next seven, winners of \$1: Robert C. Christopher, West Haven, Conn.; Paramount and Palm Beach; Edward Fiest, Sheldon, Iowa; Megow and Oh Henry; Gene Patterson, Adel, Ga.; Paramount; Bill Wall, Winlock, Wash.; Bell Telephone and Paramount; Louis Benepe III, St. Paul, Minn.; Schick Shaver; John Lyster, Bangor, Mich.; Corona Typewriter; W. A. Cromartie, Boston, Ga., Bell Telephone.

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## The Mallards Come Home to Roost *(Continued from page 15)*

"I'm sleepy," he confessed. "Well, you ain't had much sleep," Knight said. "Why don't you catch a nap on that cot in there? I gotta be up for the next two hours gettin' these trucks loaded, and I reckon I can see as much as you. Take another drink o' cider, and get a little shut-eye."

Donn followed this advice—with such enthusiasm that when he woke up he stared unbelievably at a ray of sunlight which was hitting him squarely in the face.

Just then Knight's grinning face appeared at the window. "That's what I call a nap!" the rancher chuckled. "You've slept nine hours by the clock! But you didn't miss nothin'! Two cars and a truck is the night's business, and I knew all three. Now get yourself some breakfast while I stay here—and then I'm gettin' some sleep myself. The trucks'll be back for more apples to-night."

Donn walked to the house with sleep-laden eyes and face sullen with self-condemnation. And in the bedroom he shared with Hal he found that lanky individual shaking his head as though to clear it.

"Sleep so hard I'm all worn out," Hal grumbled.

Donn was somberly silent as they took cold showers and ate breakfast. He seemed to be trying to put his finger on a thought that eluded him. All the morning he was quiet and withdrawn. But after he had answered a call from Chief Ramsay in Los Angeles, he came to life. He whirled fiercely on Hal Peters.

"We ought to be kicked out of the service!" he snapped. "The chief says the rumor's all over Chinatown that thirty Chinese were delivered last night!"

"Well?" inquired Hal—and then light dawned on him. "The cider!" he gasped.

"Exactly. No wonder we slept. We were doped!" The two were alone and Donn could speak freely. He fumed on. "And cars came up from the border, and transferred illegally entering aliens into the Knight trucks right under our noses, and they went north hidden in apples!"

The two youngest immigration inspectors in the service stared at each other bleakly. After a moment Donn spoke again.

"If we're right, it means that Knight deliberately put us on a false scent the other night, so that another road would be left open for a delivery that very night. That battle between him and Minturn was phony—I'm sure of it now. And Tom Knight's big-shot politician brother must be heading this last lot of Mallards. Why, if this Ed Knight has a chain of markets, he could employ a good many Chinese himself for a while."

"Sure!" exploded Hal. "And do you realize how much nerve they have?"

"And how easily Knight could bump us off, and tell a big story about smuggling cars' doing it!" Donn said grimly. "Now listen. There's another apple shipment tonight. Maybe they're pulling a series of deliveries. If we offered cider tonight—"

"We'll accept with pleasure," Hal drawled.

And offered cider they were that very evening, shortly after dinner.

"Here, top off your dinner with some prime apple juice," Tom Knight said heartily. "And then you might as well get yourself another good night's sleep. I got another all-night session, and I'll keep my eyes open."

"All right," Donn said. "And thanks.

It's great to get slept up." He pretended to take a sip of his cider, and rose, glass in hand. "I'm turning in right now, and taking this with me. I'll be sipping your health while I'm getting undressed."

"Me too." Hal got up. "Boy, this is good cider!"

"Glad you like it," smiled Knight. "Sure he's glad," Hal muttered when he and Donn were in their bedroom with the door closed.

Rinsing out an empty shaving-lotion bottle, they filled it with cider for analysis later on. The rest of the cider they poured out the window. They undressed rapidly, stretched out in the twin beds, feigned heavy sleep—and waited.

A long half hour dragged by. Then, slowly, the door inched open. Through his almost closed lids Donn could see, in the light from the hallway, Knight's face peering in. The rancher coughed loudly, and then switched the light on.

Neither of the deep-breathing inspectors moved. Knight gave a satisfied snort and turned out the light, just as the hum of nearing trucks came through the night.

Lying motionless, Donn and Hal heard Knight go out of the house, heard him greet his regular service station attendant, and knew that the two walked on toward the road. The young inspectors sprang out of bed and dressed swiftly, thrusting their Colts into the pockets of their service station coveralls. Like ghosts they stole through the open window, and clung to the shadows as they sped to hiding places behind two apple trees, twenty feet apart but both close to the big storage shed.

The trucks rumbled up alongside the big shed. Scarcely had the drivers swung down from their seats and joined Knight when Donn saw a sedan, driving without lights, slip silently into the driveway. Then he heard Knight's voice.

"All clear—step on it!"

The lights of the sedan flashed on, and the car sped out the driveway.

"Pilot car," Donn reflected, and waited for the next move.

Suddenly, from the direction of Hal's hiding place, came a low command: "Stick 'em up!"

What was happening? Don peered through the darkness. Looming blackly behind Hal was a vague shape. There came a subdued grunt of pain from Hal, and he slowly raised his hands. Donn tensed, ready to go to his help—and just then the lights of at least three automobiles suddenly swept the southern sky.

The gang's cars from the border! Donn was sure of it. He could hear movements and low talk from Knight and the truck drivers. More of the gang coming, and Hal was a prisoner!

Who had captured him? Had some ally of Knight's trailed them from the house? Well, anyhow—

Donn left his tree, traveled a soundless circle, and crept up behind the unknown enemy, now bending to finish tying Hal to the apple tree. With a sudden leap, Donn tackled the bending man around the knees. If he could only bring him down without a sound!

Instantly, however, the man's powerful body twisted, and he managed to turn on Donn, gun in hand. Donn thought in a despairing flash, "He can't miss me!"

But the gun did not speak. The stranger tried to bring it down on Donn's head. Donn, with a desperate lunge, caught his wrist. Then the struggle turned into a wild wrestling

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Presently Donn passed an official car, driving moderately a half mile behind the two trucks. Then he passed the trucks, and soon passed a second official car. There was no southbound traffic at six-thirty in the morning as they sped by a little airport where a mechanic was looking over a battered ship, and slipped on swiftly through the sleeping outskirts of Alta Noma. When they reached the business section they saw Garvey's car parked in front of an all-night restaurant. As they pulled up, a big Crescent sedan whirred down the street, traveling southward and traveling fast.

"Five men in it—probably an official car," remarked Hal. "Police got any Crescents?"

"Here comes the chief's car!" cried Donn, and his heart sank—Ramsay was traveling at top speed.

Donn rushed out into the street. The car ground to a stop.

"Ed Knight must have got suspicious!" Ramsay shouted. "See that Crescent? He's beating it to Mexico, and four of his top men with him. The boys are telephoning the border now. We've got one of Knight's men and he's spilled—"

But Donn heard no more. He had whirled and was rushing toward his car.

Grim thoughts were seething in his brain as he roared south. Down on the border there would be planes in the air—but much could happen in the sparsely settled territory between Alta Noma and the border. Ed Knight's gang would know all the tricky little roads, and of course they had their hide-aways. They might switch cars somewhere, hide the big sedan, and elude pursuit unless they were stopped quickly. If those five in the Crescent got away, to form the nucleus of a new smuggling ring, the months-long chase that had started with a Mallard cigarette butt would begin all over again. He'd got to stop them! . . . There was the place.

He sent his car swaying into the little outlying airport, thankful that his training had included fifty hours in the air.

The shabby mechanic was preparing to warm up the ship. Donn flashed his badge and, overriding protests, ordered the man to swing the prop. The motor caught on the second swing, and Donn did not wait to warm it up. Motor wide open, sputtering in heart-fluttering little coughs, he got into the air. He circled southward, and the motor began to drum along sweetly.

In a minute he was over the trucks, and as he sped down the road, flying low, he was looking back. He saw an official car come from the north to join

an official car from a crossroad and men from both cars swarmed out to take charge of the trucks.

"The chief and some men must be coming only a few miles back, but they can never catch that Crescent," Donn thought, and just then the Crescent came in sight, going like the wind.

Coolly Donn surveyed the terrain ahead. Not a landing field—but he alone could never stop them from the ground, anyway.

A long, straight stretch of narrow highway lay before him, and Donn's decision was automatic. He roared on ahead of the Crescent, on down to the southern end of that straightaway, and banked until he was pointing north. As he swooped down toward the narrow ribbon of road, the Crescent came in sight at the northern end. And there were no side roads for miles—he could trap them if he had luck!

He cut the motor, and leveled off twelve feet high, just above the chaparral which grew so close to the flanking ditches that there was not five feet of clearance for the wings. As the ship lost speed he pancaked her down, working toward the roadway and praying that his wings would not foul on the trees. Two hundred yards ahead, the Crescent was slowing down. He'd force them into the ditch—

He brought the tail down, and the wheels hit the dirt. The battered old ship had no brakes, and hurtled ahead as Donn strove to keep it on a straight course.

Then his face whitened as the big automobile loomed up and he saw its occupants swarming out of it. They were not going to risk the ditch—they were abandoning the car, leaving it to block the road. He himself was trapped!

He had just time to cut the switch with one hand, and fling the other in front of his face before the ship crashed head on into the two-ton car.

There was the hideous scream of grinding metal, the rending crash of shattering propeller and tearing linen. Then a small piece of wood from the propeller, traveling as fast as a bullet, thudded against Donn's bowed head, and a great ball of red fire exploded in his brain.

He came to lying on the ground, his head pillowed on Hal's lap. He raised it dizzily and looked around. Thirteen immigration men, reinforced by state highway patrolmen, were surrounding sullen, paunchy Ed Knight and four other captives.

Donn said weakly to Ramsay, who was smiling down on him, "Got here in time, eh?"

"Knight's through—and he's willing to tell all before anybody else does," the chief said. "Your Mallards are done ducks now, son."

"Where's Garvey?"

"He's a casual guy," grinned Hal. "Off on another job already. Sent his regards, and said he hoped we'd work together again sometime—without fighting!"

"Don't talk any more, Donn," Ramsay ordered. "You rate a nice ambulance ride and a week in the hospital."

Inspector Hal Peters let out an injured yowl. "What about me?" he demanded. "I'm worn to a frazzle! But is any beautiful nurse going to stroke my head? No, no, a thousand times no! I suppose I'll spend the next week in some road camp, pounding rocks while I find out whether a drunk driver's got a passport or not. Join the immigration service and develop your muscles!"

"Shut up and stop jouncing me," begged Inspector Donn Kelly, dizzily content in the knowledge that his Mallards had come home to roost. "I think we're doing fine."

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GIVE yourself this thrilling new experience in shooting. Get out your rifle. Load it with the NEW Winchester Leader Stayless .22 rim fire smokeless cartridges. Shoot your best—and enjoy the amazing accuracy of Leader .22s . . . at no increase in cost over standard prices for .22 rim fire smokeless cartridges.

New FLATTER shooting that cuts down guesswork sighting—less need for aiming above your mark at longer ranges.

New FINER accuracy—more shooting satisfaction—drills shot after shot right through the bull's-eye.

Actually, in Leader .22s you get finer accuracy than was possible only a short while back with the best special target shooting ammunition! Back of this new accuracy there are—besides 70 years of Winchester world leadership in manufacturing rifle ammunition—important new Winchester advantages. Of these, three are marked on the enlarged .22 Long Rifle cartridge at the right.

#### BESIDES IMPROVED SHOOTING

The finely balanced, new profile, solid lead bullet is lubricated—insures least barrel wear. The priming—newest development in the dependable Winchester Stayless and completely non-corrosive—prevents rust and saves cleaning. And the new, stronger brass case helps your rifle to easily extract and eject the "empies."

Ask your Dealer TODAY for the new Winchester Leader .22s. Buy them in .22 Shorts, .22 Longs or .22 Long Rifles at regular .22 smokeless prices.

Yes, a Copy for ME

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., Dept. 1-C, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.  
Yes, send me FREE the new folder telling about the new finer-shooting Winchester Leader Stayless .22 rim fire cartridges.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



Bailey, there is such a thing as keeping a song too simple."



On vividly-hued stamps with which Hungary commemorates the ninth centenary of the death of Stephen I (St. Stephen), the country's first monarch, are figures which include one of Silvester I, Roman pope in Stephen's time.

Sweden promises postage portraits of Carl von Linné, otherwise Linnaeus (1707-1778), who was a foremost scientist in the field of botany, and Jons Jakob Berzelius (1779-1848), noted chemist, on stamps which will commemorate the 200th anniversary of the founding of the Swedish Academy of Sciences.

Italy has honored Guglielmo Marconi (1875-1937), "wizard of the wireless," by placing his portrait on 20-centesimi rose, 50c violet and 1-lire 25c stamps inscribed with the name of this modern scientist, inventor of wireless telegraphy. Laurel leaves are included in the design, together with the familiar fasces, the symbol of Roman unity and today's Fascism.

ADD Spain to the countries commemorating the United States Constitution. The Loyalist Government at Barcelona has released a 1-peseta red, white, blue, yellow,



This is Spain's adhesive commemorating the United States constitution.

black, green, gray and violet illustrating the United States and Spanish flags in their original colors and New York's Statue of Liberty against a background of the sun's rays. The dates 1787 and 1937 are inscribed.

Egypt issued special stamps to direct the world's attention to the International Cotton Congress (January) and the International Convention of Telecommunications (February), both at Cairo.

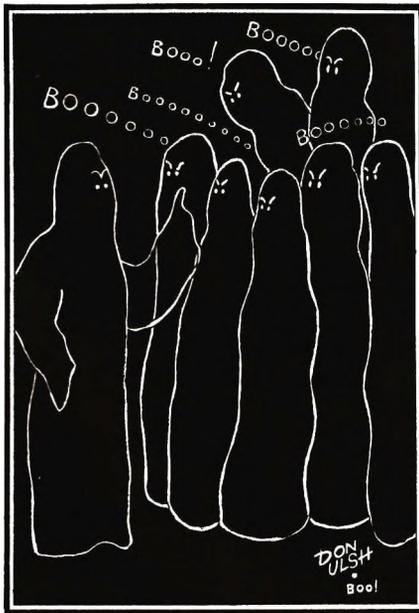
When Brazil recently began a series of discussions with other governments regarding production and price-control of coffee, Brazil's main commercial staple, Brazil publicized the conferences by releasing a 1200-reis stamp illustrating coffee branches with red berries and green leaves, coffee bags with the republic's flag in colors, and coffee beans in brown.

**Tongs**

IN THIS series of "chats for beginners" inaugurated in our January issue I have emphasized the importance of condition and of the use of only the best quality of hinges. I have urged use of a good magnifying glass to preserve eyesight. Before discussing watermarks, grills, perforations, etc., it seems advisable to consider other tools which are essential.

Tweezers are otherwise called tongs, and a pair may be purchased from almost any dealer at a small price. Every collector should possess this simple instrument—and constantly use it! Soiled and sweaty hands leave their inevitable smudges on stamps and gum, and careless fingers are apt to bend the perforation points. Thus stamps are damaged by being either dirtied or creased—and even the minutest damage detracts from a stamp's philatelic worth.

There are tweezers especially made for philatelic use, and the "business end" of each of the metal arms has a flat surface. Between these surfaces a stamp is readily held while being transferred or examined—and without leaving smudge-marks on surface or reverse and without tearing or creasing the perforations.



"Can't you guys ever forget I was an umpire?"

**The Far Horizon**

(Continued from page 11)

could not keep his hold on the bare mast during any length of work.

Sight of the quarter-inch steel band around the mast to which the broken block was made fast suggested a way out. A grilling way but the only one.

With one hand he clawed at the tight-drawn pocket of his dungarees for his knife, found it, and opened it in bitter effort with his teeth. Then, holding the handle of the knife in his teeth, he pulled up part of the line, which had acquired a strange springy weight in its long trailing downward, made fast a bight of it in the eyebolt on the mast, and put clear the long loop that had been hanging about his own body.

This loop, doubled, he passed around the mast above the steel band so that it couldn't slide down, slipped one end through the loop of the other end, and

**Batty Corner Answers**

(Continued from page 19)

- No. 1. I understand you undertook to overthrow my undertaking.
- No. 2. Sixty guests.
- No. 3. Adder and viper.
- No. 4. Gerard first, Grouchy second, Ney last.
- No. 5. XIX minus I leaves XX (Roman numerals).
- No. 6. Twenty-one pounds.
- No. 7. One hundred fifteen pounds.
- No. 8. Crea, race, acre, care.
- No. 9. One hundred shoes.
- No. 10. China is a republic.

pulling it tight upon itself. Then he replaced his knife in his pocket and, drawing on his scant remaining strength, he climbed higher up the mast until he was able to work his feet through the free loop of halyard and sink back carefully to a sitting position inside it.

The light Manila line cut wickedly into his thighs, and yet this seemed the finest seat he could remember.

Now he could look down. The steel plates of the well decks lay beneath him evenly red with rust so that the plan of the ship's hull lay stark against the terribly changing gray of the ocean. How small the freighter was! But he felt the indomitable strength of her riding and, looking down on the wheelhouse, he remembered Old Joe's hands inside, steadied by fifty years of the sea's ways.

The rain began to drive more heavily as Nash turned back to his work. He unshackled the broken block, then held it far out. Would they understand, down below? Upturned faces watched as he made the block fast to the halyard and lowered it. He saw the bos'n look at it briefly, then run forward toward the storeroom.

The line Nash sat on cut deeper into his thighs. Rain drenched his bare head and soaked through his clothing—but that edged danger was over. Working quietly, with stiffening fingers, he brought up the new block, made it fast, and easily passed the whipped halyard end through it. Then he looped the end in another bowline under his own arms and, feeling the men below pay out slack, made his way back to the deck.

There as the men gathered around him he felt suddenly as though he had been frozen and had thawed too quickly. Sweat broke out on his damp body, his face burned, and there was a lightness in his knees.

"You could have come down," the



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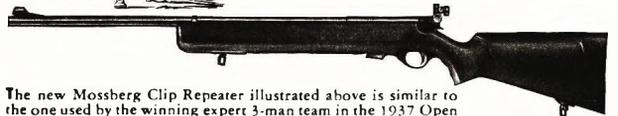
**BOYS! OWN THE RIFLE CHAMPIONS USE**



A beautiful, big .22 calibre target rifle... yours for only \$14.95

(Other full-sized Mossberg rifles from \$5.20)

Every boy wants a rifle and thousands are turning to the Mossberg because it's big, husky, accurate—and because very little money buys a gun that will shoot with the best of them.



.22 Cal. Clip Repeater 448 \$14.95

The new Mossberg Clip Repeater illustrated above is similar to the one used by the winning expert 3-man team in the 1937 Open Road for Boys National Rifle Match in which over seven thousand boys competed, also by the individual in the expert class who tied for first with a perfect score! That's the kind of accuracy you want in a rifle and that's what Mossberg builds into them. Notice the streamlined trigger guard, the ramp-click "super-accurate" peep sight and the hooded front ramp sight of exclusive Mossberg design. You can take on all comers with this rifle. 26-inch barrel, 44 inches over all, weight 8 lbs.



.22 Cal. Single Shot 268 \$6.15

And here is another famous Mossberg—Model No. 26B—of the same fine Mossberg workmanship. It's the safest rifle in the world. Loading port is at the side, out of line of the face—bolt action of improved design—new front and rear sights of exclusive Mossberg design, 26-inch barrel, weight 5½ lbs. And the price—get this—is only \$6.15. This is some buy!

(Model 26C same as 26B but with hooded gold head front sight and without swivels, \$5.20).

See your local Mossberg dealer today—or send for interesting free catalogue.

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**HERE'S A MODERN MECHANICAL MARVEL YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT!**

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Johnson dealers everywhere invite you to drop in for a friendly visit, just to learn what makes an outboard motor go. Take advantage of their invitation!

You may own several kinds of engines some day—in automobiles, airplanes, yachts. We sincerely believe, however, that you'll never have an engine that will give you a greater thrill than a fine outboard motor—not only from the standpoint of keen sport on the water, but from the enjoyment of its marvelous and unique mechanism. You'll never know what a thrill this is till you speed through the water in a boat powered by your very own outboard!

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**JOHNSON**  
Sea-horse OUTBOARD MOTORS

hos'n said, "when you found it was busted."

One of Nash's knees bent as he took a step.

"Go aft, Johnny," the mate said. "Get yourself a cup of coffee."

Nash got his coffee and then, himself again, spent the rest of the morning cleaning pots and brushes in the paint locker. Long before noon, his climb had become only an incident in the back of his mind except for the lingering warmth of the knowledge that he had done a good job for his ship.

But at noon the man who had just come down from the wheel looked at him with interest. "Lucky you got the radio putting out again, Jack," he said. "How so?" Nash inquired.

"Because around four bells Sparks picked up a little Dutchman, about two thousand tons, in a mess forty miles south of here. I heard the Old Man and Sparks talking about it. Her steering gear was gone and her forward hatch busted in, and it didn't look like she'd be around more'n a few hours. Her wireless shack was smashed in, too, and the apparatus half wrecked. Sparks said she came in pretty faint even with our antennae all the way up."

"Well," Carlsen interrupted, "we can't move. What did Sparks do? Tell the Dutchman good night?"

"Nope. He relayed the SOS on to the *Brittany* bound east two far north of here to get the Dutchman's own signals. And the *Brittany's* heading for her now with the wind on her tail!"

More reports reached Nash as other men came down from the wheel at two-hour intervals. The *Brittany* had found the Dutchman, she'd made a lee with her gigantic hull, she'd taken off every man.

Slowly there dawned on Nash the incredible splendor of his news. It meant that on his first voyage through his own strength thirty men had been saved. There wasn't any other way to look at it, was there? This would mean a lot to his father—only somebody else would have to tell him, and perhaps he'd never hear of it. Nash's surge of exultation lost its crest.

That evening the sea began to moderate and the *Cape Fear* fought her way back to her course again. Nash went up to the poop to watch, for no particular reason, the running of the waves. Old Joe followed him; and presently, because they were both watching the sea, Nash spoke with his thoughts unguarded.

"She scared me this morning, Joe. But that one time I was too smart for her. I thought about other things."

Old Joe grinned. "If the sea had brains, what chance there be for any man?" Then he leaned toward Nash confidentially. "But things ain't always tough. The mate say—he don't want it spread around yet—that next trip we go Out East. Days, weeks together, you could shoot pool on the main hatch. He's going to ask you to make the trip. You and me—the sea loves us."

"Maybe so." Nash drew a deep breath.

He drew another on a cold, quiet morning ten days later. The *Cape Fear* had passed Quarantine, and was heading up New York Harbor. Nash, scrubbing the lower bridge outside the captain's cabin, became aware as he scrubbed that something was doing in the harbor. A Coast Guard cutter headed an oncoming fanlike formation of yachts

and sight-seeing vessels, while close behind came a broad-beamed official craft, with a group of men in silk hats standing on her forward deck. And whistles were blowing and flags waving and signal bunting billowing! What was up? Suddenly a thought struck Nash. Improbable. And yet this might be—recognition. The deep breath he drew was ragged.

Just then the Coast Guard cutter came within hailing distance and an officer on her bridge lifted a megaphone.

"Captain," he bawled, "get that ship out of the channel as quick as you can, will you? There's a reception on for the *Brittany*."

Nash's face was suddenly scorching. A reception for the *Brittany*—and he'd been nut enough to think of recognition for himself!

A great mellow whistle set the air trembling and Nash, looking astern, saw the honored liner lying like a gleaming terraced city on the water. She would, he realized, have gone on to Europe and come back again while the *Cape Fear* was completing her westward passage.

During the hours when the reception at the city hall for the officers and boat crew of the *Brittany* would be taking place, the *Cape Fear* docked in Hoboken and lay in profound quiet.

Mail came aboard, and there was a letter for Nash, addressed in his father's writing. It was short, as the major's letters always were, but Nash

carried it up on the poop to read.

"Dear Nash (it ran):

"We were glad to have your picture post cards from Liverpool and Glasgow. The post offices of those cities look like handsome buildings, but they seem to need sand-blasting.

"We've heard about the storm on the North Atlantic, the rescue by the *Brittany*, and your own ship's good work. I don't know whether the last was big enough for the New York papers; so I'm enclosing a piece from the *Old Dominion Pilot*. Come to see us when you can."

Nash's fingers fumbled in their eagerness as he unfolded the newspaper clipping. Then his father knew! Knew that on his first voyage he'd made a start at redeeming that smear on the family record. It was like his father to say nothing outright, but his sending the clipping was recognition.

Nash scanned the printed story with growing intentness. At last, far down the column, a long distance from the headline about the *Brittany*, a closing paragraph with a small subhead said:

**"NORFOLK SHIP PLAYS PART**

"It detracts nothing from the credit due the *Brittany's* crew for heroic work to point out that but for the *Cape Fear*, a small American vessel out of Norfolk, the rescue might never have been carried out. The *Cape Fear*, although hoisted and helpless during the storm, repeatedly relayed messages between the sinking vessel and the *Brittany*."

Kenneth R. Quick, radio operator of the *Cape Fear*, shares credit with the *Brittany* for unfailing alertness and devotion to duty."

That was all. No mention of one Nash Hampstead who'd risked his crazy neck to get the radio patched up. Why, there must be! . . . But there wasn't. Nash stared at the clipping in a daze of disappointment.

When his mind cleared somewhat, he began to try to think of some way of letting the major know that he'd been a hero, but no solution came to him. He made so little progress, in fact, that presently he began to laugh.

Just then he saw the chief mate come out of the port alley of the amidships house and stand looking idly down into the well deck. The mate's uniform was faded, his buttons and sleeve stripes green-tarnished by salt, his red hair roughly cut. But he seemed relaxed and contented and, as his glance roved round the blunt little freighter, curiously proud. He thrust up his square chin to look at the mainmast head, as if remembering that a new ordinary had done a job of work up there. Eyes narrowed, he studied it, then gave a satisfied nod, and came aft toward the poop. When he saw Nash, he cocked his sandy-red eyebrows in surprise.

"Hello!" he said. "Got money; no go ashore? What kind of business is that for a sailorman?"

Nash grinned, and with that grin the last of his daze of disappointment slipped away. Immediate recognition of a good job wasn't so tearing important after all. Some day, somehow, his father would find out. Meanwhile—

"I'm going ashore, sir," he said. "But I'm saving most of my money for China."

The mate wandered on. "You'll like it," he said over his shoulder, "in China. Good men and good ships always do."

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION**  
**The American Boy**

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"What impressed me was the people—  
feed you right out of their hands."

**Fed on Evaporated Milk**

A farmer took a calf to town in a lumber wagon with wide-tired wheels. He drove up to the scales and weighed the wagon with the calf, and then drove around to the yard and unloaded the calf. On his trip back to the scales to reweigh the wagon, he had to drive through heavy clay mud.

After he had driven onto the scales, he waited a long time for the weigher who seemed to be puzzled over the result that he was getting. Finally the farmer, becoming impatient, asked:

"Waal, what did he weigh?"  
"By gosh, I dunno! 'Cordin' to my figure, he weighs sixteen pounds less than the calf at all!"

**At Hand**

Mother: "I told you to count to fifty, Tommy, before losing your temper. And now I find that you have inked your little brother in the closet."

Tommy: "I'm still counting, Mother, and I don't to have him where I can find him when I've finished."

**Helpful**

She: "Are you doing anything for that cold of yours?"  
He: "I sneeze whenever it wants me to."

# FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

**Not Interested**

"Open this door."  
"Can't, Key's lost."  
"Good gosh! What will you do if there's a fire?"  
"I won't go."

**Stinger Question**

Tommy was listening to some of his sailor uncle's adventures.

"You see, sonny, I always believe in fighting the enemy with his own weapons," said the uncle.

"Really," gasped Tommy. "How long does it take you to sting a wasp?"

**Garden Plot**

An Irish soldier in France during the Great War received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left, and she was going to dig the garden herself. Dan wrote at the beginning of his next letter: "Bridget, for heaven's sake, don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a large load of men in khaki arrived at Dan's home and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end. Bridget wrote in desperation, saying that she didn't know what to do as the soldiers had dug up the garden.

Dan's reply was short and to the point: "Put in the spuds."

**O. K. Walt!**

"Hey, Walt," cried a frosh up at the Delta Sig house, all in a flutter. "I see a large rat in the pantry. What shall I do?"  
"Shut the door," said Walt nonchalantly, "and let him starve to death."

**"Shave, Sir?"**

An advertisement that appeared in the columns of an Indian paper must be among the best examples of Babu English. Here it is, word for word:

"Mahomedsmen, hair-cutter and clean shaver. Gentlemen's throats cut with very sharp razors, with great care and skill. No irritating feeling afterward. A trial solicited."

**The Advantage**

Two small boys were having a tremendous argument.

"My dad's a mounted policeman," said Bill. "He rides a horse all day."

"That's no better than being an ordinary policeman like my dad," said Ted, proudly.

"Oh, but it is!" said the first boy. "If there's any trouble, he can get away quicker."

**Perhaps**

"What does the bride think when she walks into the church?"

"Aisle, Altar, Hymn."

**Whistles**

I bought a wooden whistle.  
But it wooden whistle.

I bought a steel whistle.  
But steel it wooden whistle.

I bought a lead whistle,  
And steel they wooden led me whistle.

I bought a tin whistle.  
And now I tin whistle.

**No Shore Leave for Cook**

Captain: "Where are you going with that saw?"

Messboy: "The cook says we're out of firewood and sent me to cut up the ship's log."

**A Moist Welcome**

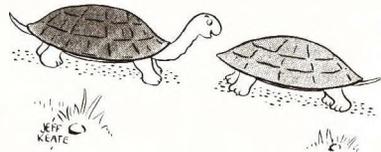
During the war American soldiers in England refused to have their spirits dampened by the dense fogs.

The colonel of a regiment, making a night tour of a certain camp, was challenged by a sentry who had been standing at his post for two hours in a driving rain.

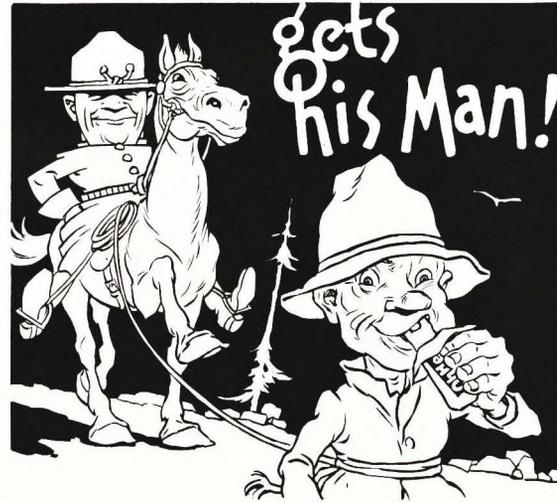
"Who's there?" said the sentry.

"Friend," replied the colonel.

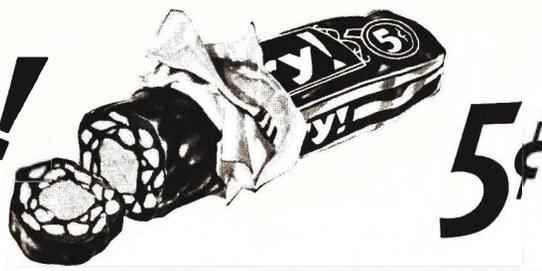
"Welcome to our mist!" said the sentry.



"Can you come out tonight, Mabel?"



IT'S TIME FOR **Oh Henry!**  
Everybody's Candy Bar!



5¢

FRESH CRISP PEANUTS • CREAMY FUDGE CENTER • RICH BUTTERY CARAMEL • FINEST MILK CHOCOLATE

# "You couldn't *give* me **Pants** without it!"



Millions now insist on the **TALON** slide fastener for trousers, because it's plain, common sense!



**NEAT!**

The TALON fastener makes you feel perfectly dressed. You *know* your pants are neat and seamlike. Never any bulges, no unsightly gaps!



**SPEEDS DRESSING**

The TALON fastener is *one* fastening instead of five. One slide and it's open . . . another slide and it's closed.

**CAN TAKE IT!**

The TALON slide fastener was designed for hard wear. It doesn't break off . . . and doesn't become damaged no matter how often the suit is cleaned or pressed!



**AND IT LOOKS!**

The TALON fastener works smoothly as long as you have the suit. It can't catch underwear. It locks at the top—ending all chance of embarrassment!



**HORSE 'N' BUGGY ERA . . .** Old-style flies often gap and bulge.



**STREAMLINED . . .** The TALON fastener is flat-lying, never gaps.

**G**OT a few minutes to spare? Go through the house and see how many articles you can find with the Talon slide fastener—clothes, luggage, handbags, galoshes and what-not! Plenty, aren't there?

Now, how about the Talon slide fastener *for pants*? Instead of *five* fastenings, *one* Talon

slide fastener. Sounds logical!

And it *is* logical! Millions now demand the Talon fastener on every suit they buy. It's durable and secure . . . fast and neat . . . smart, dependable! Be sure to get the Talon fastener on your next suit or slacks. Once you've tried it, you'll refuse to wear trousers without it!

**TALON Slide Fastener**  
made by **TALON, Inc.**



TRY THE **TALON** FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY