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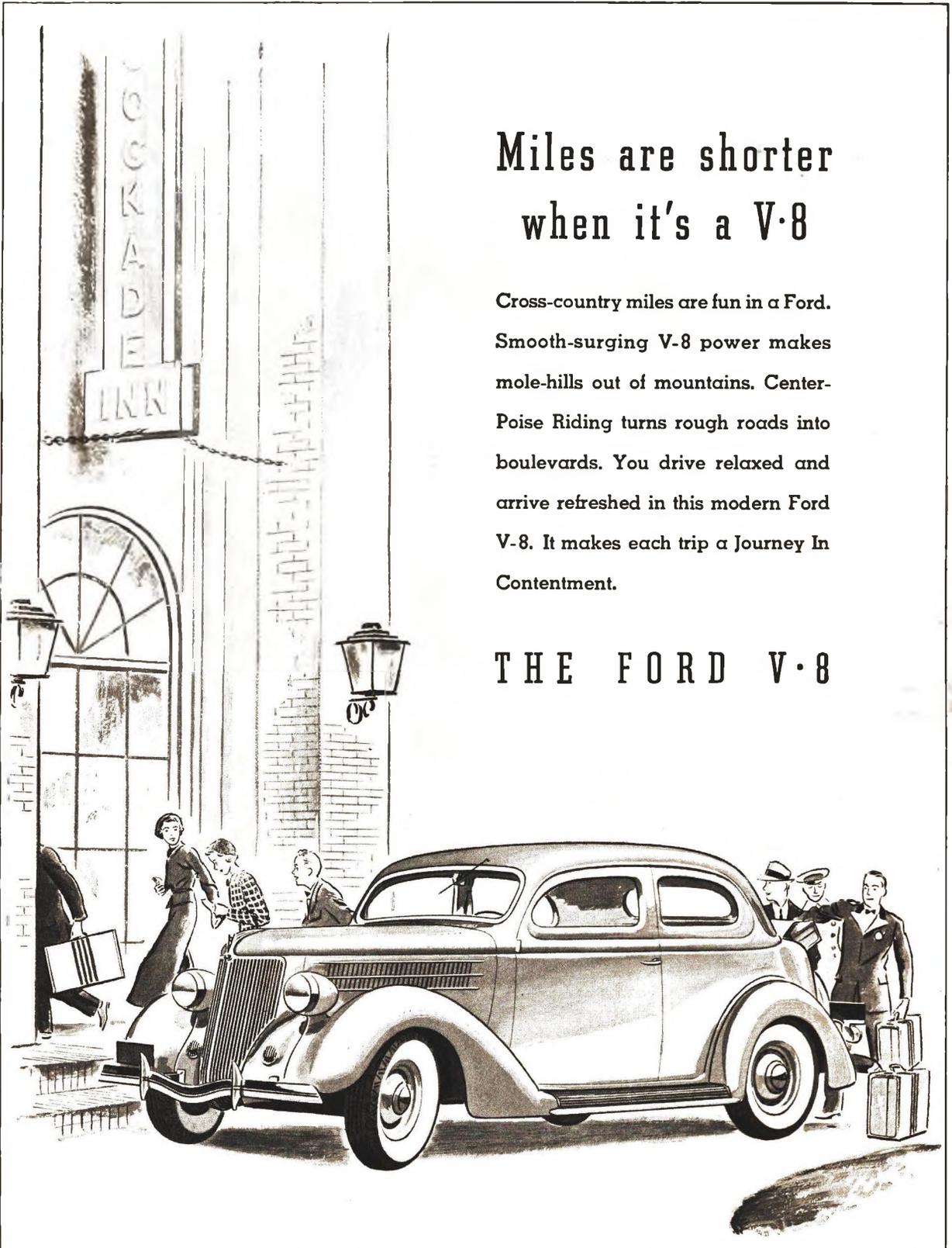
*A Story of Little America, Where Breath Freezes Solid*

**Play Tennis With Bitsy Grant, Mighty Atom!**

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### THE FORD V-8





Illustrator:

PAUL  
BRANSON

# Dog in the Double Bottoms

by Robb White, III

**M**IDSHIPMAN LEE walked morosely down the wandering side street of Cherbourg. He was tired of France. He was tired of looking at cathedrals, palaces, chateaux; tired of having people try to sell him blankets, shawls, and souvenirs. He was tired of not knowing what he was going to get to eat when he ordered ham and eggs, tired of listening to a very foreign language and not being able to answer.

Lee, as a matter of fact, was both homesick and bored, and for a sailor those are serious ailments. The only thing that helped was remembering that it was the last day in port and there was only the Atlantic Ocean between him and home.

The dog wasn't very happy, himself. Lee noticed that as he went by the window. The dog, a white American pit bull, was sleeping in a cage in one of those pet shops, frowning as it slept, with wrinkles of sadness between its eyes. Even the triangular ears were drooping with sadness.

Lee stopped outside the shop window. He leaned against the corner of the building and considered the dog with a great deal of sympathy. A pet shop in Cherbourg, France, was definitely no place for an American pit bull. It was no place for anything, even a Pomeranian.

The dog opened its eyes and looked at Lee without hope as if it had seen thousands of people staring through the window and nothing ever happened. So

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## The story of a midshipman, a dog and an amazed admiral

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it closed its eyes again. But Lee noticed that one ear remained cocked in his direction and that the dog was even sadder than before.

Midshipman Lee had been in the Navy long enough to know that there are a great many things naval officers can't do. They can't ride bicycles, they can't go to inspection in bedroom slippers, and they can't bring dogs on battleships—unless, of course, they're admirals, in which case they can. But Lee went into the pet shop, strode up to the cage and said, "Hello, dog."

The dog woke up again, stretched with all four paws and a yawn. Lee looked at him for a long time and the dog looked at Lee. Then Lee sat down in a chair and thought about the dog.

Finally, a Frenchwoman who was skinny and old and had no business around animals interrupted Lee's thinking by asking him in very rapid French what he wanted. All the French Lee knew was "how much?" "too much," and "no"; so he said, "How much?"

The lady answered with a rapid burst of French so Lee said automatically, "Too much."

Then he reached in his pockets and got out all the French money he had and added it up. He had forty-seven francs, six centimes. He held out five francs to the lady. For a second Lee thought she was going to faint but she rallied and began to scream at him. Lee put all the money back in his pocket, patted the dog, and got as far as the door before the lady caught him and pulled him back into the shop.

Lee opened the dog's mouth and peered into it. Then he shook his head and said, "Non." Then he started for the door again. The lady rushed up and by a process of opening and closing her fingers, signaled fifty francs. Lee held up ten fingers. She screamed and sat down in a chair. Lee thumped the dog judiciously and shook his head some more. The lady opened her hands four times—forty francs. Lee held out thirty francs. The lady broke into tears and took the money, while Lee opened the dog's cage. The dog jumped all over him.

Holding his trousers up with one hand because the belt was being used as a leash, Lee quickly led the dog down a narrow alley and through some more winding streets away from the center of the town. When he was sure that no Navy people had any business where he was he sat down on the curb and looked at his purchase. "Speak English?"

From the expression on the dog's face as he cocked his head Lee decided he did. "Good," he said, "because I've got a lot to tell you. In the first place, dog, I don't rate owning you, I don't rate bringing you aboard, I don't rate keeping you; in other words, I don't rate anything. However, that is neither here nor there. I feel that it is my duty to take you out of this depressing country.

"Now the first thing is to get you aboard. Are you an intelligent, helpful dog?"

The dog stood up on Lee's best white cap cover and wriggled himself eagerly.

"That helps. If I can keep you out of sight until we sail in the morning they can't deport you before we get to the States. So, if you do exactly what I tell you I think we can make it all right.

"Now, how about my belt? Are you going to stick around if I take that off your neck?"

Lee put his belt on, and with the dog trotting obediently alongside they started back toward Cherbourg. After a good many stops at various types of stores Lee reported to the sea wall. All the way out to the ship Lee wondered who was midshipman officer of the deck, and what the dog was going to do. Both questions were important for if the O.D. was a decent fellow then the inspection would be fruit. But if he was a heel then it wouldn't be so easy. In either case if the dog cut up there'd be trouble.

Lee struggled up the narrow gangplank lugging a bulky black sack. "Hmmm," he said, as he saw the flaming top of Red Magruder waiting for him on the quarter-deck. Of all the officers in the Navy it would have to be Magruder's watch that afternoon. Nothing could be more unfortunate. Red was particularly fond of jamming any little business that Lee might try.

"O.K., dog," Lee whispered as he fell in ranks for inspection, "now is the time." He put the sack down very carefully and stood at attention as Magruder came down the line inspecting the purchases of the others of the liberty party. Men had food, fruit, souvenirs, books—Magruder passed them all. Finally he got to Lee. He stood very still and looked at the sack lying on the deck. Lee did too. The sack went up and down quite gently in one spot, otherwise it was all right.

"What you got in that bag?" Magruder demanded. "Well," Lee said, sticking his hand in the sack and feeling the dog's cold muzzle, "I've got a bottle. An empty bottle." He pulled out an empty, green bottle, and set it up on the deck.

"What for?" "The color, Red. Don't you think that's a nice color?"

"Hmph. What else?"

"Three oranges." Lee fished around and put the oranges down beside the bottle. One of them rolled across the deck and landed in the scupper. Red was looking at that and didn't see the sack give a sudden lurch.

"Well?"

Lee put the bottle and two of the oranges back in the sack and took out a paper box. Magruder looked at it questioningly.

"Confetti," Lee said.

"So?" Red opened the box and a mess of bright colored paper blew all over the quarter-deck. Lee clapped the lid on and returned the box to the sack. Then he pulled out the bottle again. "There's that bottle," he said. He put the bottle back and patted the dog soothingly on the head, for the dog was getting more restless as the inspection continued, and the sack was moving in little spasms. Lee disclosed a toy train engine with a spring motor. He wound it up and let it run until it hit the barrette of a turret. Nose jammed against the barrette, it whirred and finally ran down.

"For my sister," Lee explained; "she wants to be an engineer."

"Come on, come on," Magruder growled. "What you got in the bag?"

"My goodness," Lee said, "I'm showing you. Here's a flute." He showed Red a tin flute. The dog made a funny noise but Lee played on his flute so it was all right.

"You got any non-reg clothes, perfume, or jewelry?"

"Of course not," Lee announced indignantly. "Here's that bottle again."

"Fall out," Magruder ordered the assembly. "And stay off the quarter-deck. Lee, pick up your toys, and sweep up this confetti."

"Aye, aye, sir. Stow this gear first?"

"Why the hurry? It isn't going anywhere, is it?" Lee hoped it wouldn't go anywhere. As he swept, he kept a sharp eye on the sack so that every time it made a move to go somewhere else,

Lee just happened to be there to stop it. Finally the quarter-deck was regulation again and Lee started below with his bag. As he passed

Magruder, that insistent fellow said, "What have you got in that bag?"

Lee put the bag down and pulled out the bottle. "Remember?"

"Yeah. Take it below; I'm tired of looking at it. Then you report to me," Magruder said, with an evil glint in his eye.

"Aye, aye, sir." Lee hurried below. The sack swung over his back, he climbed awkwardly down the narrow steel ladders into the bottom of the ship.

Past central station, the magazines, the storerooms and compartments, he went until finally he reached the double bottoms. In a small watertight compartment he carefully closed the port, and after listening for a long time, let the dog out of the bag. The dog jumped around on the steel deck, his claws making scratching sounds, and his short barks raising a terrific uproar in the small space.

Lee took the dog's head in his hands, and explained that he would have to keep absolutely quiet and lie down on the bag until he came back. Lee took the train, the bottle, flute and confetti out of the bag and made a bed for the dog.

Then he changed into white works and went topside. Magruder had been relieved of O.D. duty and was waiting for Lee in the port aircraft.

"Hello, Red. You want me?"

"Let's see what we can do about a little cleaning up. You haven't done any for some time, have you?"

"How can you say that, Red?" Lee said, aggrieved, as they started forward. "I just got through cleaning the entire ship yesterday all by myself."

"That was yesterday."

"What are we going to clean now, Red?" Lee asked, as they went below.

"We aren't going to clean anything. You're going to scrape the double bottoms, and when you get through that, you're going to paint same."

"My goodness," Lee said, "we will be busy, won't we?"

They climbed down the same ladders Lee had used not long before. "Seems to me we ought to start astern and work forward," Lee suggested, when they were on the deck above his dog.

Magruder handed Lee a chipping hammer and said, "Start right here, and work across." Then he leaned against the door Lee had carefully shut, shoved his cap back on his head, and said, "We'll get to work now."

Lee got the floor plates up and began chipping at the paint.

The steel rang melodiously to the impact of the hammer and filled the place with noise. Lee was grateful for that, because if the dog did bark a little Red couldn't hear it above the sound of the chipping. He began to work harder so that there was a constant clatter going on all the time. Red sat down, with his back against the door and idly watched Lee working. Occasionally he would make a sly remark, but Lee ignored him and furiously attacked the steel walls. Lee wanted to get out of that vicinity as soon as possible.

After a while Lee looked up to find Red pressing one ear against the door, his face wrinkled in puzzled thought. "Hey," he called, "come here!" Lee obediently climbed out and walked to the door.

"Do you hear anything?" asked Magruder.

Lee listened carefully. He couldn't hear anything except the dog scratching at the door and whining. "Yeah," Lee said, "sounds like it's down here." He indicated the compartment on the other side of the passageway. Magruder listened over there for awhile. "Can't hear it there," he announced, coming back.

"Must be somebody scraping paint forward," Lee remarked.

Before he could say anything else, Red pushed open the door.

From the darkness of the compartment the dog gave a tremendous growl. Red came flying out and slammed the door behind him.

"Say," he yelled at Lee, "there's a wild animal in that place!"

"Did you see anything?"

"See anything! I saw a great beast about this big." Magruder made signs of a thing about six times as big as the dog.

"My goodness," Lee said. "You'd better get someone to help catch it. Bring a strong net or something. I'll guard the door until you come back. It might break out of this steel."

"No, it couldn't do that. Come on, we'll both go. I'll get a heavy piece of canvas and some rope."

"Don't you think I'd better stay here?" Lee asked. "Someone might open the door, you know. It would be terrible if that thing got loose."

"No. You go after a net. I'll get the officer of the deck."

"O.K.," Lee sighed.

Red started up the ladder, and his back was turned just long enough for Lee to open the door. "Good-by, dog," he whispered. Then he followed Red up the ladder.

With a piece of heavy canvas, a coil of two-inch Manila rope, the commissioned officer of the deck, Red, and two husky sailors, Lee went below to the compartment. They lined up on each side of the passageway. Lee volunteered to open the door. Then Red noticed it was already open. They all pressed into the small, bare room. Red flashed his light around. There was absolute silence as the spot of light traveled along the steel floor. The light passed over the bottle, the flute, the toy train, the confetti and the oranges, then came to rest. Everybody was quiet. One of the sailors let out a long breath.

"Lee," Magruder said.

"Sir?"

"There's that bottle again."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what's this all about?" the commissioned officer wanted to know. "Where's your wild animal?"

"Someone," Magruder very slowly explained, "must have opened the door, sir."

The officer said, a little sourly, "I don't think a battleship is the best place for wild beasts to be roaming about, do you, Mr. Magruder?"

"No, sir."

"Find it. When you do, would you mind showing it to me personally?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The officer stalked up the ladder, leaving Lee and party stranded in the passageway.

"I'll go this way, Red," Lee volunteered bravely, "and you and the sailors can go that way."

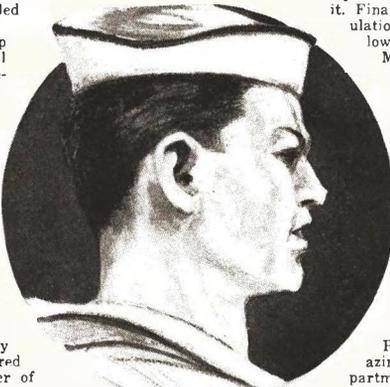
Red, standing in the doorway, flashed his light again on the little row of Lee's belongings. The green bottle reflected the light nicely, Lee observed, making a pretty contrast with the yellow of the oranges. Suddenly Red snapped on the overhead light. Even from where he was Lee could see nice white dog hairs on the black bag.

Red walked slowly over and picked up the bottle. Holding it in his hands he looked at Lee. "Is there any particular reason," he asked, "why you've suddenly begun stowing your gear down here?"

"No, Red. I just thought it was a convenient place, and it wasn't being used for anything." "You didn't see anything resembling a dog down here, did you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Red, there was a dog here once. I remember seeing a dog. Want me to see if I can find him?" Lee asked hopefully.

Red ignored the question. "You wouldn't know, of course, who the dog belonged to, where it came from, how it got aboard, (Continued on page 28)

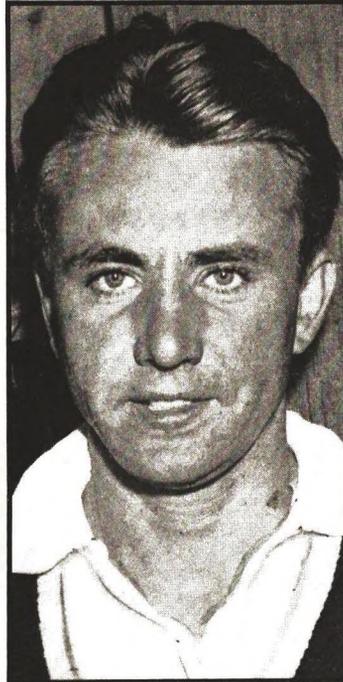


Midshipman Lee



The dog

## Study your errors, advises Bitsy Grant, mighty midget



Bryan M. Grant, Jr.

## Grant keeps his eye on the ball. It's rule Number One



# He Gets Them Back

THEY used to call tiny Bryan M. Grant, Jr., the Giant-Killer. But they don't any more. He's a giant himself, now.

Not that he's any bigger physically. He's still five feet four, and he still weighs around a hundred and twenty pounds. But he's now ranked so high in the Sacred First Ten that he's nothing less than a tennis giant. Only two men are placed above him—the veteran Wilmer Allison, who soared to the height of his career by licking Frederick J. Perry last year for the United States Championship, and second, Donald Budge, explosive young Californian.

Before we go any further, let's see this famous Atlantan. We'll want to know what a man's like who, in spite of smallness, has at one time or another in the past five years beaten every outstanding amateur tennis player in the country.

We drive down Peachtree Street, Atlanta, to where Bitsy and his friend Malon Courts are playing. We lean against the fence and watch.

Malon Courts is not a bad player himself. He's got a sharp-angled drive that's practically ungettable. Ungettable, that is, for anybody except Bitsy Grant.

Courts serves. It's good; Bitsy returns cleanly, goes up in time to volley Courts' drive. Courts gets back, and they play deep. Whack! whack! whack!

Courts becomes aggressive. He puts one on Bitsy's left sideline, the next one on the right sideline—and as Bitsy starts back for the left, smacks the right sideline for the putaway. Bitsy's off balance, out of position, and headed wrong—but he goes for that ball, sliding, scrambling—and gets it! His soft chop is angled by Courts for what seems like another putaway, but Bitsy gets that one, too.

"My gosh," you whisper to me, "look at him get those impossible shots!"

I answer: "You're watching the greatest retriever in tennis."

"Isn't that stretching it?" you ask. "He may be the cleverest tactician or the best placement artist. He could be practically anything except the greatest retriever."

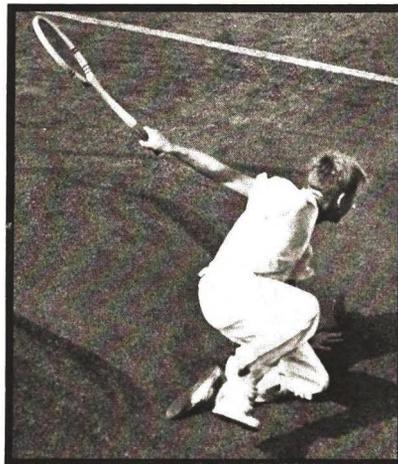
## by Vereen Bell

He's too small. It takes one of these long wiry guys to be a retriever."

About this time Bitsy dives at a hard one. Somehow his racket connects—then Bitsy sprawls to the clay. But the ball goes back over the net.

You're being convinced. "I still don't see how he does it," you say, dubiously.

"No. But he does it."



Bitsy tumbles, but the ball goes back.

"Well, why? Why does he bother with those crazy shots? Why doesn't he simply let 'em go?" you insist.

"He'd just rather get 'em back." By this time Bitsy has recovered, and he begins to show something else. He's got a tremendous wallop, that Grant, for a little guy. Placements? He's worse than cyanide when he starts placing. It's Courts who's on the hop now. Bitsy takes the point on a pass. He takes the next serve on the up-bound and thus shaves enough time off the shot to catch Courts flatfooted for the point and game.

Bitsy's serve isn't his strong suit. It's the part of his game that's most handicapped by his size. But it isn't as weak as you'd think. He can hit a dime with it. And he's learned a deceptive twist—the ball always bounces the wrong way.

With the intense concentration that seems to be with him always, he serves. Courts outguesses a twist, returns neatly. Bitsy chops, the ball drifting down just over the net. Courts comes up, makes a smooth retrieve. Bitsy kills the shot with a blistering drive. Bitsy loses the next point on a heart-breaking net cord. Then he runs out the game quickly on plays consisting mostly of deep, fast top-spin drives.

It's this new offensive strength that has shoved Bitsy Grant into the upper strata of American tennis. He used to have only that uncanny ability for getting the ball back. When Grant was in high school he played against Big Bill Tilden in an Atlanta exhibition match. Tilden afterward said Grant wasn't a tennis player—he was a marathon runner. Even so, that marathon running got Bitsy tenth ranking in 1930.

In 1933 and 1934 Bitsy was ranked seventh; in 1935, tenth again. He picked up all sorts of titles, of course, in the 1930-36 period. But in 1930 he won the national clay tournament by beating Junior Coen of Kansas, and that, his first important championship, still ranks as Thrill No. 1 for Bitsy. Clay is his best surface. On it he hasn't an equal.

In spite of his successes, Bitsy realized that his game wasn't what (Continued on page 24)

# The Federal Agent

by Vereen Bell

**T**HREADING its deliberate way through the tangle of Jacksonville traffic, the slab-steel bank car turned west. Tomorrow—pay day. Fifty thousand dollars worth of payrolls to be delivered.

The bank car moved into the crotch of a Y-fork. The maze of traffic became hopelessly, unexplainably confused. The bank car went easily into low. Suddenly, with the abruptness of summer thunder, a powerful construction truck plowed through a shadowy opening, its solid bulldog front raking mirror-surfaced tonneaus and ripping off streamlined fenders.

Steel and steel crashed as the wild truck hit the studded side of the armored car and locked it up-angled in a twisted mesh of metal.

Immediately gun muzzles slid over the door and through the slot in the side of the bank car—all covering the excited driver of the construction truck. He didn't seem to see the guns. He waved his hands angrily and sputtered in a foreign tongue.

The guards withdrew their guns and relaxed, and the driver thrust his head belligerently out of the door and poured a torrent of abuse at the truckman. His oaths were cut short by the staccato rattle of a Thompson gun. Three men had appeared from

nowhere—two of them with machine guns and the third with a sawed-off shotgun. One had sprung to the running board of the car and thrust the muzzle of his gun through the small door opening. There was an explosive thrum of firing, and the driver and the guard were dead instantly, and gun smoke curled playfully out of the door top.

The guard in the rear of the bank truck had slid his gun muzzle back through the safety slot. For a moment three machine guns hammered, and slugs splattered on the side of the payroll truck like hot gray mud.

The surviving guard did well. But he couldn't see everything. He couldn't see that the third bandit had slipped into the front of the car and crawled over the bodies of the other guards.

"All right, Stonewall Jackson," the bandit snarled through the communication square, "take a deep breath."

The guard jerked around, and the bandit touched the hair-trigger of his sawed-off shotgun. The guard crumpled. The bandit quickly snatched a bunch of keys from the belt of the dead driver. One of them would unlock the rear doors.

The loot was transferred to the swift little car that sat idling fifty feet down the curb, with the erstwhile construction truck driver at the wheel. The three bandits jumped in and the one beside the driver snapped: "Let's go, Babe. And don't slow down this side of the Okefenokee!"

Leaving three dead guards, a wounded bystander, and a stolen construction company truck, the little car shrieked its tires and swerved away into the traffic.

The mournful booming baritone of his voice disturbed the flat noonday stillness of Okefenokee Swamp as Johnny Ames poled his boat through the black waters of lower Billy's Lake.

"I ain't got no mammy,  
She's gone away.  
She's with the angels,  
Far, far away."

He pushed the boat up to the landing and threw the anchor—a rusty auto cylinder head—upon the planking. A string of bass and jackfish, a

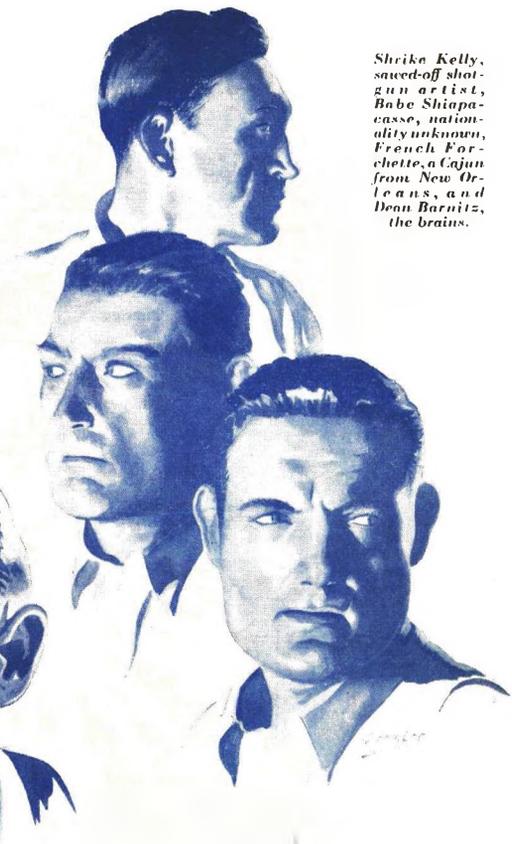
"Reach high, coppers—  
and leave your guns bel!"  
barked a voice from the  
bushes.

Illustrator:  
MANNING  
deV.  
LEE





The moon's light diffused over the ghostly drab shacks of the tie-cutters' deserted camp.



Shrike Kelly, sawed-off shotgun artist, Babe Shiapacasse, nationality unknown, French Forchette, a Cajun from New Orleans, and Dean Barnitz, the brains.

rod and reel, and a long-barreled small-caliber pistol followed. Johnny Ames got out of the boat and gathered up his things and started the long walk over the footbridge that crossed the slough of mud and cypress knees and fire-gnawed stumps and petrified logs.

"All de darkeys am a-weepin', Massa's in the cold, cold ground."

By the time he'd sung another dismal piece the footbridge ended and he came to the clearing where, that morning before day, he had parked his topless fivver.

He stopped. There was another car beside his now—a small sleek coupe—with an out-of-state license. Beside the car stood a young man with a clipped yellow mustache and a curiously fair complexion. He wore riding breeches and shiny riding boots. Johnny saw that his hair was very blond and thin almost to baldness.

"Ames?"

"Right, Johnny Ames."

"Maher's my name. You're a deputy sheriff? And warden for the Lenny Lumber Company?"

"Well, I'm warden. Deputy too, but I'm not called on to do much sheriffing."

Maher's answer was like a whipcrack. "You're going to be called on now, Ames. I suppose you heard about the pay-truck massacre down in Jacksonville the other day?"

"Pay-truck massacre? No," Johnny answered, startled. "You see we don't get news here until it's kind of stale."

The look on Maher's face carried a trace of scorn. "I didn't know anybody lived far enough in the backwoods not to hear of *that* holdup."

"We'd've read about it the next time I went into Fargo for the papers."

Maher flipped his coat lapel. A badge glittered. "This mob crossed a state line in a hot car. That let me in. I'm with the Department of Justice. Federal Agent."

"G-man!"

Maher nodded. "There're three men dead and nearly fifty thousand dollars missing. I'm looking for the men that did it." There was a grimace about Maher's well-blocked face that wasn't pleasant. "I've tailed these four killers. I'll need your help, now. They're somewhere in the Okefenokee Swamp."

"They oughtn't to be hard to find," Johnny couldn't resist saying. "The Okefenokee only covers seven hundred square miles."

Maher ignored that. "I'm not trying to hurt your feelings—but you won't be much help if there's fighting. The city-bred torpedo has tricks you aren't familiar with. Still, as a guide you'll be useful."

"For a minute it seemed like I was going to be in the way," Johnny snorted. He jerked his thumb southward. "Come on. We'll have to wait until daylight tomorrow before going in—if your men are hiding in the Okefenokee, there's no hurry. They're in here for a while. You can stay at my shack to-night. Follow my fivver."

It took nearly an hour to cover the ten miles of



rough, rutty sand road that led out from the boat landing to Johnny Ames' shack. On the back porch, Maher sat down and watched Johnny begin cleaning his fish.

"When was this robbery?" Johnny asked.

"Friday."

"A man came down here Wednesday and hired some boats from me. Tall, gawky sort of fellow. Said he was bringing some friends on a fishing trip down here. They'd go in, he said, and stay until they got through catching fish. Might be two weeks and might be a month."

Maher slapped at a stinging yellow fly. "Well?"

"They came. Early Saturday morning. Four of 'em."

Maher's interest at once awakened. "Did you get a good look at 'em?"

"The one that came first, like I told you, was sort of tall and sour."

Maher's mustache twitched. "That *could* be Shrike Kelly. He's a sawed-off shotgun artist."

"One was big and dumb and foreign-looking."

"Babe Shiapacasse! Nationality unknown."

"Another," Johnny went on, deftly sipping the slim white belly of a jack, "was older than the rest. Square-faced. He didn't talk much."

"That's French Forchette. A Cajun from New Orleans."

"The last one was small and redheaded. Bitter kind of a fellow."

Maher's eyes glittered. "Dean Barnitz—the brains. You had your hands on the whole mob!"

"I didn't know there were any robbers running loose."

Maher sat down. His face was alive with an electric determination. "No—you couldn't have known, being way out here in the stick like this."

Johnny's knife savagely decapitated a black bass. He didn't much like that last crack. "I was suspicious of them, Maher."

Maher's glance was amused. "Why?"

"Being a rube has its advantages," Johnny said. "Those eggs planned a long fishing trip—and didn't even ask if the fish were biting. If you were a fisherman, Maher, you'd see that that was funny."

The amusement was no longer in Maher's eyes. "I don't have to be a fisherman to see that."

"I followed them into the swamp—stayed nearly a mile behind. I could follow their voices and the twisted lily bonnets. It wasn't hard." Johnny grinned: "Cats, they were slow! They'd never tried poling boats, I guess. They've got a lot to learn, those city guys."

Maher was too excited to notice that Johnny was thrusting at him. "You mean you know where they are?"

Johnny nodded. "They're in a deserted tie-cutters' camp up in the Minnie's Lake country."

Maher growled: "Smart work. Ames, I'm going to get that crowd."

They went inside and made plans. After listening to a description of the country around the deserted camp, Maher decided not to send for more men. His theory was: the fewer the men, the fewer

chances of a slip-up. The campaign called for a surprise attack—stealth. Two men could be stealthier than a posse.

When they completed their plans and had nothing to do but wait, a tight silence fell between them. Maher—smooth product of city blueblood. Johnny Ames—descendant of hard, unpolished swamp pioneers. It wasn't strange that there should be a silence. Aside from the job ahead, they had nothing in common.

In continued silence they ate supper and cleaned up. Afterward, by the yellow light of the kerosene lamp, Johnny oiled his long-barreled .22 automatic pistol.

"You were shooting that coming down the lake," Maher observed. "Gators?"

"No, snakes. And turtles—they eat fish eggs. The last snake I shot was a cottonmouth."

Maher gave a slight shudder. "Cottonmouth—that's the poisonous variety, isn't it?"

"The swamp's full of snakes—all kinds. The cottonmouth moccasin's worst. Watch out for him."

Johnny walked over and unhung his guitar from the wall and strolled out on the porch, adjusting the thumbscrews. He sat down and began singing. Johnny liked his songs plaintive and mournful.

"To save Floyd Collins,  
This was their battle cry,  
We'll never, no, we'll never  
Let Floyd Collins die."

Between tunes Johnny played aimless chromatics until he thought of something else to sing. *Nellie Gray* was next. When he had finished he was surprised to see that Maher was standing in the moonlight by the door.

"Don't stop," Maher said hesitantly, "I came out to listen. Wonder if you'd mind playing a song I like—my favorite?"

"I don't know any of these new hotsky songs," Johnny answered.

"It isn't anything like that. It's—*Suwanee River*." Johnny's wandering fingers played a chord. Then:

"Way down upon the  
Suwanee River,  
Far, far away,  
There's where my heart is  
turning ever,  
There's where the old folks  
stay. . . ."

They sang, both of them, and when the song was over, the silence fell between them again. But now the silence was comfortable.

The moon's light diffused over the ghostly drab shacks of the tie-cutters' deserted camp deep in the Okefenokee. From one of the shacks came the glow of a lamp. Inside, four men sat around a grimy table.

"This place ain't to my liking," one of them spat. He was small and redheaded, with reddish-brown eyes—Dean Barnitz.

"Me neither," shivered Babe Shiapacasse. "Snakes everywhere!"

"Forget snakes, lily. I was talking about the bulls. This camp's too close. Tomorrow you and Forchette pack some grub and do a little exploring. We're gonna have to stay in this swamp plenty long—and we better get a good hideout." He turned to the Cajun. "Forchette, you think you and Babe can find something?"

The Frenchman nodded woodenly. "Thees swamp she does not makes me any difference. The good place—I find him."

"Okra. Shrike and me stick here with the gelt. Tomorrow we'll set that big brownie gun up over the boat run on the edge of the prairie. We'll take turns.

If any coppers come, they'll have to come by boat, and that means they'll cross the prairie." Barnitz's smile was nasty. "They won't never know what hit 'em."

The gaunt Shrike Kelly looked up from ramrodding the short barrel of his automatic shotgun. "Ain't no elbows coming in here looking for us. This hideout's the goods."

"The gun covers the boat run just the same," Barnitz rapped out. "If I left it to you lugs, we wouldn't last two days. But no hot seat for this baby."

"Oh, nuts." Babe Shiapacasse yawned uneasily. "I'd go to bed but for find a stinking snake on that cot."

Barnitz sneered. "Want Uncle to tuck you in?" The others laughed. Babe moved to the shadows at the far end of the shack. He muttered something in a foreign tongue. It wasn't understandable, but at any rate he wasn't wishing them a pleasant good night.

Sunrise in the Okefenokee is no different from sunrise anywhere else. No different except that there are thousands of moss-hung cypresses through which to observe it, and an abundance of bonnet-covered water to catch and reflect its glory. And if you're pretty well in the interior, and haven't been noisy in getting there, a dozen or so old bull alligators may flatten their heads just above the water and bellow a thunderous accompaniment to the sunrise.

George Maher and Johnny Ames heard the gators. Johnny was standing in the stern of the boat, propelling it forward with a long forked pole. Across

the prairies—broad stretches of bonnet-covered water—they made good speed. But the prairies weren't everywhere. Sometimes there were narrow water runs choked with maiden cane and so shallow they'd have to climb out—sinking hip-deep in the boggy sponge of the bottom—and shove the boat to deeper water. Sometimes they had to lie flat in the boat to squeeze under low-hanging hurrah bushes.

About noon they stopped at one of the nameless little islands that dot the swamp to rest and eat their canned lunch.

"How much longer?" Maher asked. "Two or three hours," Johnny told him. "We'll leave off talking after we get started again. Voices carry a long way in the swamp. There's a little prairie about a quarter of a mile from the old tie-camp. We'll cross it and leave the boat up the run a piece. Then we can ease through the swamp and pull the surprise act you mapped out last night."

They were well-fitted with arms. Maher wore two big army .45's, and he knew how to use them. Yesterday afternoon Johnny had seen him make sieves out of rusty tomato cans. Johnny had his pump shotgun and the little .22 pistol.

They pushed on. Wood ducks lifted quickly off the water ahead and flew to giant cypresses. On one of the islands, a black bear was so busy eating blueberries that he didn't notice them until they were only a hundred yards away. Then he crashed heavily away through the brush.

About mid-afternoon they reached a small prairie of water and blazing fire-leaf and saw-grass. Johnny touched Maher's shoulder and indicated that this was the place they were to leave the boat.

A deathly stillness hung like a mist. There were no birds—no water turkeys, nor herons, nor gannets. And the tie-camp was too far to have the birds scared Funny.

Johnny nosed the boat gently into the mouth of the boat run. At that moment the clatter of a machine gun wrecked the unearthly silence and a geyser of water in front of the boat splattered them.

"Reach high, coppers—and leave your guns be!" barked a voice from the bushes, and for emphasis another geyser of bullet-churned water rose beside them.

There was nothing to do, of course. Johnny and Maher raised their hands.

"You're a hot guide," Maher muttered, "leading us into a machine gun ambush."

Johnny didn't answer. He was a hot guide. He swallowed hard and watched the little redheaded man move out of the bushes. This was Barnitz, he guessed.

The man held a revolver level and walked to them. He flicked Maher's lapel—the badge flashed.

"Thought so!" he spat. His glance moved to Ames. "You're the rube we rented the boats from."

"I'm the rube." Barnitz saw the deputy's star, then. "Two cops! A G-man and a whittler. Good."

His manner changed. In businesslike fashion he gathered up firearms and climbed into the boat.

"Start poling, rube. Follow this run. I'll tell you when to stop."

At the hideout a tall, sunken-cheeked bandit—apparently the only occupant of the camp—helped truss them up in one of the filthy cobwebby shacks.

"Whyn't you knock 'em off, Barnitz? This is a lot of trouble."

"Yeah, but I thought of something better. Suppose somebody found 'em with bullets in 'em? They'd turn the heat on for us. But sup-

(Continued on page 25)



When the gunning started, Barnitz blew for the swamp.

## Lesson No. 3--Stopping the Car



Sketches by Ralph Moses. Courtesy National Safety Council.

# Learn Good Driving

by Ray W. Sherman

### They're on the Way!

HIGH SCHOOLS are beginning to realize that they are the logical institutions to teach safe driving. At least ten Eastern states have set up high school courses in driving and traffic safety.

Fifty high schools in New Jersey offered a credit course in driving last year, and New Jersey is planning a course to be given in ALL high schools in the state this fall. And why not? Oakland, Calif., began to teach driving to students several years ago, and now accidents involving drivers between the ages of sixteen and twenty have dropped thirty-three per cent in that city.

The Motor Traffic Club of Garfield High, Akron, Ohio, has a classroom course in driving. Minnesota and Indiana have prepared driving manuals for high school students to study. Indiana requires twenty hours of traffic-safety instruction a year in every school.

Pennsylvania State College, Purdue University and New York City have begun to train high school instructors to teach safe driving.

Nearly all of these high-school courses need to expand their study to include road work, but they're on the way. Show this article to your principal, this fall. What is YOUR high school doing to teach safe driving?

**Y**OU'VE taken two lessons in driving now. You've learned how to steer, how to feed gas, to start, stop, shift gears and slip the clutch. These are important, of course, but we now come to a part of driving that is perhaps more important than all the others—*how to stop*.

Right now you know as much about driving as thousands of drivers on the roads. But you aren't good enough. In fact, it's because of these thousands of drivers who know so little that we go on year after year having automobile accidents.

If you look over the accident record of this country you'll find that many of them were due to poor work in stopping. So let's find out the how and why of this stopping and do it right.

The very first thing I want to impress upon you is this: your car weighs *two tons*. In the automobile show it is a shining, lovely thing. It even looks light and birdlike. But it isn't. It's *four thousand pounds* of metal and rubber and things, mostly metal.

Many cars weigh less than two tons. But by the time you add spare tires, gas, oil and water, and load them with several hundred pounds of human freight even the light cars are perilously close to two tons. Many cars will weigh more than that. And when you get out on the road with your car *you* and *you alone* are the pilot of this two-ton projectile.

It can inflict terrible damage. Bumping anyone at twenty miles an hour is like dropping a two-ton safe off a one-story building on him. And driving at thirty miles an hour into another car coming at thirty is like driving off a nine-story building. If you'll keep that in mind you'll do some serious thinking before you try to do tricks with an automobile.

Here's another fact to fix in your mind. Many accidents occur because this two tons of automobile went just a few feet farther than the driver wanted it to. Maybe three feet. Maybe ten. *Never forget* this: at twenty-five miles an hour, which today is a rather poky speed, your two tons of automobile is moving thirty-seven feet in just a single second.

Swing your arm in seconds. Measure off on the ground thirty-seven feet. And imagine that for every swing of your arm *two tons* is moving that far. That's a little different picture than most people have of an automobile. Many of them who drive eighty miles an hour don't know how. They don't realize that they're hurtling two tons down the full length of a football field in less than three seconds. There are many other things they don't know also, and those we'll get to later on. Elsewhere with this article, in a table,

are, with fractions left out, the distances you go in one second for speeds from ten to one hundred miles an hour.

There's a real reason for all these figures and all this emphasis on them. The reason is that we're going to talk about stopping in terms of feet and seconds, and see if we can't show you how to save seconds and thereby avoid accidents with this two tons of automobile. Let's get in the car. You sit beside me and watch my feet with one eye and the road with the other.

Now, our job is saving seconds, isn't it? Very well, watch my left foot. It's on the floorboards under the clutch. I'll pick it up quickly and put it on the clutch pedal. How long did it take? About a half second. We're now doing twenty-five miles an hour in a built-up neighborhood, where the houses come out close to the corners. At twenty-five miles an hour that half second wasted about nineteen feet.

So, if you've been watching my feet during the time we've been taking these lessons you will now understand why in traffic or in a built-up area, where quick stops may have to be made, I always drive with my left heel on the floor and my left toe lightly touching the clutch pedal. That's to save that nineteen feet in case I need it. Had we been going fifty, that half second would have saved us thirty-six feet. A half second means a lot, sometimes.

Then here's another thing. The right foot. Getting the left foot to the clutch does little good if we don't at the same time get the right foot to the brake pedal. So, when we're coming to a corner that is unusually bad, notice that I shift my right foot over to the brake pedal, all ready to jam it down if some wild man comes tearing across with a car.

In traffic, where sudden stops may be needed any time, I always drive with my left toe touching the clutch pedal and my right foot frequently shifting in the air over to the brake. Back and forth goes the right foot. It makes a lot of work for the right leg but remember: *good driving is work, not play*. The only other safe way is to drive so slowly that you clutter up the street. And that isn't safe for other drivers.

In a little while we'll go over in the subdivision again, where there's no traffic, and let you do these things. I also want you to practice something else. That is, doing your stopping early. You'll have to train yourself to do this, for it seems to be natural for drivers to do their stopping late. If you have one hundred feet in which to stop, and it is going to take sixty feet to stop, the habit of entirely too many drivers

is to do all the stopping in that last sixty feet. Common sense tells you to do your stopping in the last seventy, saving the final ten feet for safety. You can't tell what's going to happen to your automobile. Or the other fellow's either. So, if you've been watching me you may have noticed that I start to stop just a little before it seems necessary. I take a second of time early and save it up for use at the end if I need it. It's terrible to arrive at the end of the stop and find you need an extra second and haven't got it. Do your stopping early.

There's one other act I want you to get. It is also a saver of seconds. It has to do with compression. Compression is the braking power in the engine which causes it to hold the car back when you're not feeding gas. Good drivers learn to use this power.

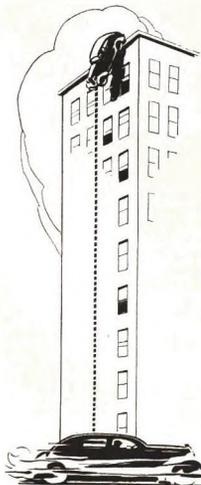
I'll run along at thirty-five miles an hour, stop the gas and push out the clutch. Notice how the car keeps right on going. I'll get up to thirty-five again, stop feeding gas, and leave the clutch in. Notice now how the engine tends to slow the car down.

When you're making a gradual stop don't push your clutch out till you're down to a very slow speed, nearly stopped. To stop, push on your brake, using both brake and engine to slow the car. Then, when you're nearly stopped, pop the clutch out. Some drivers, no matter what speed they're going and no matter how much room they have to stop in, always push out both pedals for a stop. Don't do that. Never jam both pedals except for a short emergency stop.

Now we'll run over to the subdivision and let you practice these things I've been showing you. Here's a good spot. I'll stop the engine and let you start it. You haven't done that yet. However, it's very simple when the engine is warm. First, turn on the ignition. That turns on the spark plugs. Until you do that there's no spark in the cylinders. Then shove the clutch out as a matter of habit because, especially when the car is cold, it takes some of the load off the starter. Press the starter and as soon as you hear or feel the engine start to turn under its own power take your foot off the starter. Later we'll take up cold engines, a matter which bothers even the oldest drivers.

All right. Go ahead. Two blocks up the street we'll imagine there are apartment houses on each corner, built close up so you can't see the side street. Let's see you take that. Remember—left toe touching the clutch. But be careful there's no pressure on the clutch pedal or your clutch will slip and wear. Here's the corner, so slow down, right foot all ready to pop over to the brake if necessary. Okay, all clear, go ahead.

Four blocks up the street is a light, we'll imagine. It's going to be red when you get to it. Traffic on our street would be running heavy. That's it, do your hard stopping early. Leave the last few feet for an emergency if you should need it. And don't be like the driver who slides up to the light and nearly stands his car on end with an abrupt stop in the last few feet. (Continued on page 26)



Two cars bumping head-on at thirty is like driving off this building!



THE boy flicked a speck of dust off his handsome brown jacket and yawned. His wrist watch showed him it was eight o'clock, though he never would have guessed it from the bright afternoon light outside. In fifteen minutes the train would be due at Lac Rideaux. He languidly stuffed his magazines into one of his traveling bags. Big, expensive bags they were—pigskin with gold-plated fittings. Neatly embossed on their sides were his initials—"L. G. C." They stood for Lucius Gerald Castleman.

The porter grinned down at him. "You gettin' off, nex' stop?" he asked.

"Lac Rideaux," Luke nodded, and rose to be brushed off.

"Yassuh!" the darky chuckled. "You goin' to find yo'self right in the middle o' the bush!"

Luke sat down again to wait. The same landscape he had watched at intervals all day was still rolling by. Ragged, grim-looking spruces growing on the edges of swamps and the sides of rough ravines. Small, lonely lakes. Winding streams full of snags and fallen trees.

"The bush," he said to himself with a superior smile. "They can have it."

As one who had been to Switzerland and Glacier Park, and taken an auto trip through the California redwoods, Luke was unimpressed by this Northern Ontario country. Really, he couldn't see why his father had wanted him to come up here. There were no majestic mountains, no giant trees, no real scenery. Why did everyone speak of the bush with such reverence, almost fear?

At first he had found a thrill in the tiny settlements along the single track. Most of them had a Hudson's Bay Company store, a dozen low log houses, and a red frame station building, all huddled at the edge of the woods. A few roughly dressed white men and Indians lounged on the platform, and there were big mongrel dogs sniffing at passengers who got out to stretch their legs. But after eight or ten hours, these scenes had become monotonous.

The train slowed and Luke went back to the door.

# The Bush

by

Stephen W. Meader

Strung out along the track, the cabins of Lac Rideaux looked much like those at all the other stops. As Luke stood there on the platform beside his luggage, a lanky fellow in ill-fitting store clothes and a gray cap approached. He was about Luke's age, but taller. He had sun-bleached brown hair, and his skin was burned a deep red-brown.

The stranger sized Luke up with steady blue eyes. "You lookin' for Crombie, the guide?"

"Yes," the city boy replied. "My father wrote Crombie about my coming. I'm Luke Castleman." He spoke the name with due importance. At prep school and in the Long Island younger set it meant something.

The other nodded. "I'm Donald Crombie. Dad told me to take care o' you. This your stuff?"

He picked up one of the two bags and walked off, evidently expecting Luke to take the other. The heir to the Castleman fortune looked around in vain for a redcap. Somewhat ruffled, he seized the heavy valise and followed.

Young Crombie led the way back along the settlement's single dirt street, and stopped in front of a neat log house. "Mrs. MacRae, here, takes lodgers," he announced. "Had supper?"

"I dined on the train," Luke answered stiffly. "A good thing," said Don. "The grub in the station lunchroom ain't much to brag about. I'll bring a duffel bag up here to put your things in, 'round seven tomorrow. I suppose you've got flannel shirts—breeches—high boots—regular woods outfit? Okay. We'll get off in the morning."

Luke knocked on the door and was admitted by the elderly Scotchwoman. In the small, clean bedroom to which she led him, he unpacked. Then he stood staring out of the lone window.

Beyond was a brief space of stump pasture where a cowbell tinkled mournfully. Then the dark, forbidding wall of the forest. It looked wild enough in that weird half-light. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad up here, after all. Luke had been rather scornful when his father suggested the three weeks' trip.



*An eddy was sweeping the stern in toward a big rock. Before Luke could dip the blade they struck with a splintering crash.*

## *A story of rapids, moose, and a sudden wilderness disaster*

**Illustrator:**

**FRANK VAUGHN**

What he had wanted was a month at a dude ranch in Wyoming. Ho, hum! He went to bed. Don Crombie, looking somehow bigger and more at ease in his woods clothes, called for him at what seemed a very early hour. He looked approvingly at Luke's expensive boots and fine camera.

After ham and eggs at the station, they swung a twenty-foot canoe out of the rack and moored it by the dock. "Now pass me those things as I call for 'em," Don commanded.

Luke repressed a desire to ask him who his servant was last year, and did as he was ordered. Boxes, bags, bedrolls and a light wall tent were packed amidships. An ax, a rifle, paddles and setting poles completed the cargo.

"Okay," said Crombie. "Take the bow, an' we'll start."

A gentle southerly breeze favored them all that morning and they had made more than twenty miles when Don steered in toward a wooded point.

"We'll get lunch here," he said. "Then we can camp at the foot o' the lake tonight. Down Reckless River it's a hundred an' fifty miles to the Albany. We can come back up the Kamwash by way o' Loon Lake, an' it'll make just a nice three weeks' trip."

Luke had done some paddling in Maine and the Adirondacks, but five solid hours of it had put an ache in his shoulders. He was glad to lie on a ledge in the sun and let Don prepare the meal.

Plenty of butter went into the skillet. Then corned beef hash out of a tin. Four fresh eggs were fried, and Don deftly cut big slices of bread with his hunting knife. "All right," he called cheerfully, "let's eat."

With the wind still aiding them, they reached the end of the lake by five that afternoon.

"The first carry's only a couple o' miles down, an' there's a good camping place at the foot of it," Don explained. At the moment Luke was too tired to

care. They landed at the head of a rough-looking rapid, and began unloading.

"Three trips ought to do it," said Don in a matter-of-fact tone. "You take a shoulder pack an' one bedroll."

The city boy struggled into the straps of a heavy knapsack and swung the cumbersome bulk of a sleeping-bag over his shoulder. The guide meanwhile had burdened himself with a hundred-pound grub box and two or three other items, slung from his head by a tumpline. He strode away over a narrow trail, and Luke staggered in pursuit.

That portage was the roughest walking Luke had ever encountered. In places he waded through wet muck that came nearly to the tops of his boots. Then there would be a ledge to scramble over, or a few fallen logs, sprawled knee-high across the path.

At last he saw open water through the trees, and Crombie

*(Continued on page 33)*



*He'd fallen over a stump in the trail. Just a minute and he'd get up, but it was such a good place to rest...*



Someone was trying to make his way down to the toll house.

*With a great steamer in danger,  
Neil studies his history lesson!*

# TOLL BRIDGE

by

Paul Stockton

Illustrator: EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

**F**OG hazed across the low river country that night as Neil Mason drove his little car along the levee road. It made driving slow. At midnight he was supposed to be at the toll house on Bridge No. 3 to take over the graveyard watch. Presently, from the gloom ahead emerged the lights of the little toll office.

Buck Collinson stuck his head out the Dutch door. "About time," he called. "Five minutes after midnight."

Neil swung his car out onto the narrow parking space opposite the office. "How's business?"

"It's been okay. The rush's over now, though, seems like." Buck opened the office door for him. "I guess you'll have plenty of time to get your studies done. What's it tonight? Math again?"

"History. Feudal age." Buck Collinson snorted as he buttoned his suede jacket. "I can't see how studying tripe like that'll get you anywhere."

Neil agreed wholeheartedly, but he didn't say anything. He opened the cash drawer, counted the money, and signed a paper showing he had received one hundred and forty-three dollars from the outgoing shift. "What's in these envelopes, Buck? Bills paid?"

"Yep. Some o' the trucks dropped 'em off when they crossed tonight. Three hundred and two dollars. Better watch that drawer careful, too. Remember that holdup last month."

Neil grinned as he closed the money drawer. "Don't worry. This boy knows how to use a pistol."

"That so?" Buck Collinson's dark face showed concern. "Listen, brother. If any tough birds come along asking you to hand over that cash I'd advise you to do it. I ain't too keen about taking flowers to you in the hospital—or to your funeral, either."

"I'll watch my step." Neil nodded his sandy head slowly, his gray eyes thoughtful. "It's No. 2 those guys have been after lately, isn't it? More money there."

"Yep. But more lonesome here." Buck opened the door. "See you next week."

Buck's small red coupe disappeared into the fog toward the mainland. Neil stood at the door until the sound of the motor receded into the distance. For eight hours now he would be alone. Even the cars and trucks that passed during the night would be relatively few, for Toll Bridge No. 3 was no longer on the main artery of travel between Sacramento and the Bay. And on a foggy night there would be even less traffic. Pulling up his coat collar he walked out. His shoes rang loudly as he advanced to the middle of the lift and leaned over the rail, facing upriver. The tide was on the ebb. He could hear far below him the current washing softly against the steel and masonry foundations of the towers. Through the fog the colored lights were only dimly visible. But Neil was not worried. The telephone from the other bridges always announced the approach of a steamer. When word reached No. 3 on a thick night there was plenty of time to switch on the foghorns.

Crossing to the downriver side he found the lights there even more obscured. No matter. Toll Bridge No. 3 had never yet been the scene of an accident.

A heavy truck, roaring up the incline from Marsh Island half a mile away, sent him hurrying on to the other safety barrier beyond the lift. The signal was in perfect working order. He waited for the truck to emerge from the mist and then jumped upon the step and rode back to the office. The truck, carrying a load of asparagus, was on its way to the mainland and the early market in San Francisco.

"Foggy," said Neil.

"It's like cotton," the driver grumbled.

Neil had the driver sign the slip, and then listened

to the truck's departing rumble. Silence once more pressed close about him.

Time now for a little real work. Slamming shut the upper half of the door he turned to the high desk and opened his history book. *The feudal system*, he read, *was the direct outgrowth of a need for protection in a world not yet civilized.* He read slowly, intently, just as he always did when alone on the graveyard shift.

Neil worked every week end on Toll Bridge No. 3 and also when the regular men took their summer vacations. It was a good job and paid most of his expenses at college. Moreover, he usually had time for his studies.

Tonight, for some reason, he didn't seem able to concentrate. Maybe it was because Buck Collinson's jibe still echoed in his mind. Buck was right too, Neil decided. There was no connection between the old feudal age in Europe and this modern machine age in America. Reading this stuff was not only boring; it was useless as well. But an outline had to be ready for his history instructor that day.

Again he turned to his book. *When a runner announced the coming of an enemy to the lord of the castle*—Neil settled himself on the stool. This was better. He read with mounting interest. The only sound in the little office was the soft purr of the electric stove at his feet.

Interrupted only twice during the next hour he was deep in his outline of the Carolingian period when he abruptly started. His pencil dropped to the desk. The bridge lights winked once—twice! Then darkness surrounded him.

He waited for the lights to flash on again. He was not concerned—yet. Over at the substation across the delta islands the night engineer always switched the bridge onto another line when anything like this occurred. But always before, Neil suddenly recalled, the juice had gone off when a storm was raging in the Sierras and sweeping down into the valley. On a still night with only fog hanging over the river country any interruption in the service was unusual.

Uneasily, he watched the glowing units of the

electric stove gradually grow dim. Maybe he'd better telephone the substation. Often during the small hours of the morning he had to raise the lift to allow a sea-going cargo carrier to pass. Before he phoned, however, he'd see if the line which served the motor was also out of order.

He flung open the office door and made his way slowly into the motor shed. He lighted a match—he had left his flashlight on the seat of his car—and pulled down the big switch. The motor began its whining whirr. He was relieved. It was only the lights, then.

Back in the office again he felt for the telephone. He lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Hello," he said in a voice that rang loud in the confined space. "Operator!"

No answer. Not even a faint buzz sounded over the wire. He shivered. The line was dead.

Seated rigidly on his stool, he tried to collect his thoughts. If only the electric lights had gone off he wouldn't feel so apprehensive. But the telephone too! No coincidence, that. Something was up.

On the instant he slid off the stool. He took a step toward the little drawer at one end of the desk. When his fingers came in contact with cold steel and his hand closed round the butt of a pistol he gained new courage.

Cautiously he turned to the door, leaned out the upper section and listened. The fog seemed to blot out any sound. The money! He whirled, opened the cash drawer and felt around in the back until he found a soft cotton bag. This he hurriedly filled. He'd leave ten or fifteen dollars in the drawer.

Deciding where he would hide the money, he went out and hurried toward the Marsh Island end of the bridge. In the center of the steel roadway, he stopped. Here on the lift would be a safe place. Feeling his way to the rail he dropped the bag at his feet. If the lift had to be raised, the bag wouldn't slide, since Toll Bridge No. 3 had a vertical draw. And the bag wouldn't be seen there, on a thick night like this. His hand felt for the revolver in his pocket. He drew it out, broke it. His fingers ran over the brass bullet heads. Loaded.

At that moment came the muffled sound of a car approaching from Marsh Island. He could hear the motor as it sped up the incline. Casual fare—or enemy?

Enemy . . . through his mind flashed a sentence he had read an hour before. *When a runner announced the coming of an enemy the first order given was to raise the drawbridge.* As though impelled by an urgent command Neil turned and raced for the motor shed. The steel lift, raised like a great elevator between him and the approaching car, would cut off the enemy.

In the shed he struck a match and pulled the heavy switch. A whine rose from the motor. Firmly, he pressed a second switch up into place. There was a loud rumble—the steel section of the bridge was slowly lifting.

Then a thought struck him. Suppose it was merely an innocent fare coming? But the safety barriers had dropped when the lift began rising, and while the car might break through, with fog like this it wouldn't be moving fast enough to go on off the bridge. Taking a deep breath, he waited. The oncoming car was still traveling toward him from Marsh Island. He could hear its motor clearly now; the car was almost up to the bridge. An instant later he caught the muffled crash of breaking wood. The car had broken through the safety barrier.

Neil stood utterly still. He heard the swish of sliding tires against the moist bridge floor and a curse that ripped through the fog. The car had come to a halt. Good. There was now no danger of the man's catapulting into the river. Or would it be two men? He recalled that it had been two men who had held up Buck Collinson a month before. A black sedan, Buck never tired of telling, had driven up to the toll office, and while the driver kept him covered with an automatic a confederate had rifled the money drawer. Suppose the same two men were now across there in the darkness?

He could see very little. The damp fog, pressing about his face, beaded his eyelashes with moisture. High above him was the vertically raised midsection of the bridge, stretching from the top of one tower

*At that moment from the river came the clang of a bell. Feverishly he began sounding the horn again.*



to the top of the other. No sound of any kind came from across the open river. He turned back toward the toll office. What if another car came from the mainland? Would it mean only another broken safety barrier?

Quickly he felt his way across to the little parking space. He climbed into his car, started the motor, switched on the lights, and drove into the roadway. When the lowered barrier pole hung directly across his headlights he stopped and got out, leaving the lights on to show the barrier. In his ears was the steadily growing sound of another motor. He listened. From the mainland a car was coming.

His hand went to his pocket. He drew out the revolver and, standing well back in the shadow of his car, faced the safety barrier. Now he was ready.

Out of the fog emerged two headlights, shining wanly through the mist. The bumper and radiator of a car took form as it slowed down and drew to a stop directly in front of Neil's own lights. The arriving car was new, and black.

A voice rang out. "Steamer going through?" Neil's voice was firm. "Stay where you are. I've got you covered."

There came a startled grunt. "What's this?" Neil moved forward a step. The rays of his headlights disclosed the head and shoulders of a middle-aged man leaning out of the car window. "You're not very complimentary, young man. I'm Dr. Grover—on my way to see a Marsh Island patient. Who'd you take me for?"

He listened in silence as Neil briefly told him. Then he nodded. "The other car can't get across?" "Not a chance."

There was no hesitation in his reply. "What can I do to help?"

"Turn around and go back to the first house from the bridge. That's the Stevens' place. Ask Mrs. Stevens to phone Buck Collinson and have him get in touch with the sheriff. Tell him to phone the substation and the telephone company too."

Dr. Grover smiled faintly. "Good thing my call's not too serious." His head disappeared. The car backed away, and turned. A moment later its red tail light vanished into the fog.

Neil was alone again. Somewhat uncertainly he glanced over his shoulder. Behind him lay the abyss that dropped away to the river far below. He looked up toward the steel tower—and his heart almost stopped.

High above, on the up-raised lift, he could faintly make out the beam of a flashlight against the steel girders. He gasped. He had forgotten the ladders that led up the towers on each side of the lift. Someone was trying to make his way down to the toll house. How many were coming?

Neil ran past the motor shed to the base of the steel tower. Putting his ear against the ladder he listened. Footsteps, clearly audible, were descending in the darkness.

"Who is it?" he shouted. Silence.

Without hesitation he raised his revolver, aimed at the sky, and pulled the trigger. The shot cracked loudly, echoing down the river.

"Better not come down!" he shouted up into the fog.

There was no answer to his challenge. The beam of the flashlight had vanished.

Again he put his ear to the ladder. The footsteps were still descending. Evidently the man was not to be easily stopped. Maybe he'd better take aim—show he meant business. If he could just hit the steel somewhere, not really plug the fellow. But in this darkness—

At that moment, from upriver and appallingly close, sounded the dull blare of a whistle. His

body went taut. Steamer! Neil forgot the man on the ladder.

Once more came the muffled blare of the whistle, even closer this time.

He knew that sound. No river steamer, this, but one of those sea-going carriers that loaded grain at Stockton for the East Coast. Every safety device on Bridge No. 3 would be needed. And the lights were out! But the foghorns might be still working.

He rushed into the shed, swung down the horn switch and, holding his breath, waited for the sound of that first long wail of warning. But no sound broke the stillness. The foghorns were dead.

In a panic he swung about. That great deep-sea freighter was in danger. Bridge No. 3 was in danger. Desperately he flung himself outside. Then the headlights of the car caught his eye.

Instantly he raced across the bridge. Springing into the roadster, he clashed the gears, swung around and slithered straight for the void at the center of the bridge. The car stopped within two feet of the edge. He switched on his lights. Their gleam, pointing downward, would be seen by the approaching ship. Then he jabbed the button of the powerful horn, and the stillness was shattered by a blasting warning.

Between sounds Neil listened. He caught the faint clang of a bell, the steady throb of the steamer's engines. A red light was slowly approaching—the port light on the ship's navigation bridge. Then port-holes suddenly came into view. But the great ship was losing headway. He breathed easier.

Suddenly the lookout on the forecastle head raised his voice. "Bridge twenty feet off starboard bow!" At once a powerful searchlight on the navigation bridge flung its rays through the fog. The light leaped down to starboard, then swung back in a wide arc to port.

Abruptly Neil started. Something blunt and hard was pressing against his ribs. He turned his head. The shadowy figure of a man stood at the car door. His face was masked, his hat pulled low over his eyes. "Where's the coin, buddy?"

"In the office." Neil tried to keep his voice steady.

"Twelve bucks? Come clean, buddy, if you don't want to find yerself floating face down. Where's the rest?"

*Swiftly, Neil searched in his history book for a passage he vaguely remembered.*



The money had become unimportant to Neil. The thing that counted now was to get this steamer through in safety. "I put the money in a bag," Neil said quickly.

"Well, hand it across—quick."

"It's on the lift. Near the center of the span."

"Is this straight?"

"Can't you see all I want is to get this freighter through?"

"Okay. If it ain't there"—the pressure against Neil's side increased—"I'll be back. Now—where's that rod you cracked at me with a minute ago?"

"It's here on the seat beside me." Neil tensed.

If the bandit would lean across in front of him for the gun, he might be able to lay him out with a quick jab. Neil inclined his head toward the seat. "There it is. You can reach it."

"Yeah?" the bandit snarled. "Listen, tricky. You do like I say. You pick up the gun and throw it overboard, and throw it quick."

For one wild moment Neil considered trying to bring the pistol into play, but that would be certain death. "All right," he said, resignedly, and lowered his hand to the dark seat. Suddenly his fingers grasped something that was not a pistol. Then he remembered—his flashlight. Almost without conscious thought, he flung the flashlight out of the car. There was only a blur in the dimness as the object cleared the rail.

Because of the sound of the steamer's wash the splash of the flashlight in the river was almost inaudible. But they were both listening for it, and they both heard it.

"Okay," the man grunted. "Remember—if the dough ain't there, I'll be back."

He turned and faded into the mist. Quickly Neil grabbed the revolver and brought it level, and tried to see the bandit. At that moment from the river came the clang of a bell. Neil dropped the gun, whirled. He was forgetting his job. Feverishly, he began sounding the horn again.

Craning far out, he gazed past his windshield. The blurred outline of the ship's wheelhouse drifted slowly by. Then a lifeboat hanging from its davits swam vaguely past. Two lighted cabin portholes drew abreast and disappeared downstream. The freighter had passed through Bridge No. 3.

Weakly, Neil crawled from his car. By thunder, that was close!

Suddenly he raised his head. On the other side of the bridge a car was starting. He heard it turn and speed away toward Marsh Island. The man had found the bag all right. Neil clenched his fists. Why had he told him? Well—too late now. There'd be a nice little report to write in the morning.

Wearily he entered the motor shed, pulled down the switch and heard the low rumble of the lift as it descended. Yes, the bag was gone. There was nothing he could do but wait for Dr. Grover to return.

The doctor came in about fifteen minutes.

"Mrs. Stevens helped me to do the telephoning. Buck Collinson wasn't home yet, but I left word with his landlady."

"Thanks a million, Dr. Grover." Neil's voice was low, tired.

"How about the car? The men didn't get the money, did they?"

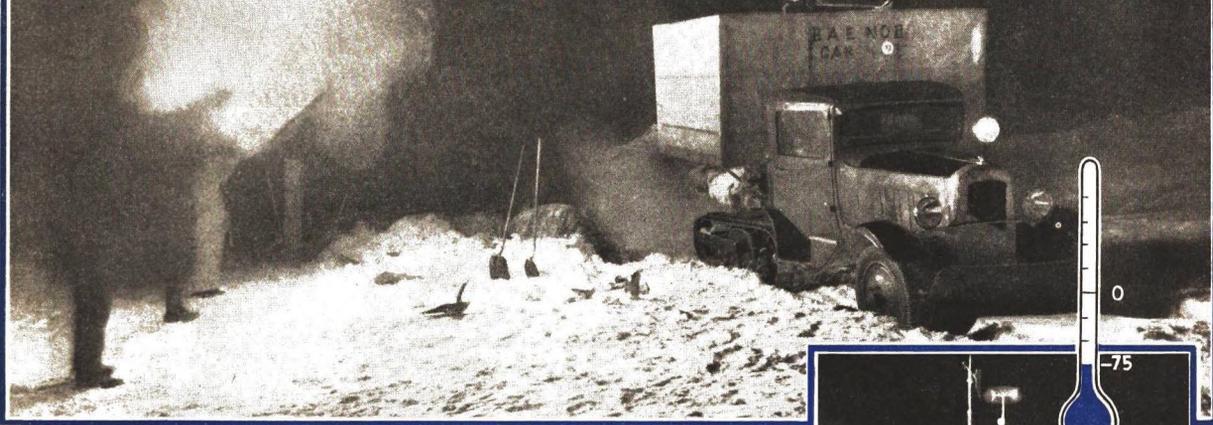
Neil's shoulders sagged. "Yeah. It was one man. He got it all."

"He did?" The doctor stared at him in the dim light. Presently he said, softly, "Sorry, Mason." He cranked the car. "Well, I'll see you in about an hour."

Afterward, the sheriff and his deputy arrived. Soon followed a telephone linesman and a trouble shooter from the electric light company.

(Continued on page 29)

# 75° BELOW ZERO

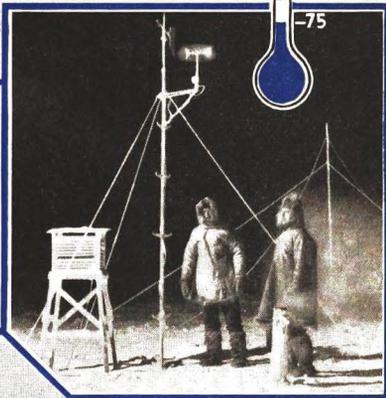


When they stopped fifteen minutes to adjust the generator, the motor and battery froze solid.

## Death Lurked Near at the End of the Earth as Told to Franklin M. Reck

by **Thomas C. Poulter**

Senior Scientist and Second in Command of Antarctic Expedition 11



Advance base, Little America, Antarctica. Admiral Byrd lived here alone for nearly four months. Note the smoke-stack of his house.

**D**OCTOR THOMAS C. POULTER would probably object to being called a hero. Yet this man and a few courageous companions battled through blizzards, temperatures that reached below zero, wastes of snow, dangerous crevasse areas, and the blackness of the Antarctic night to reach Admiral Byrd in his lonely but 123 miles south of Little America. This is Poulter's story as he told it to us. The story of a smiling six-footer, senior scientist and second in command of the Second Antarctic Expedition, a man more interested in meters than heroes. It's the intimate, first-hand account of how Poulter and his trail mates won through to Byrd on August 11, 1924, after two vain attempts and incredible hardships.—THE EDITORS.



Doctor Thomas C. Poulter.

**I**T was on March 25—the afternoon of the long Antarctic day—that Admiral Byrd left the base at Little America, and went down to the advance station, 123 miles nearer the South Pole. Late in April the sun went down for its four and one-half months leave of absence. Not until early in August did we definitely say to ourselves: "The Admiral is ill. Something

Snow lies deep in Little America!



to have a weather station far enough away from open water so that the observed weather would be truly Antarctic weather and not affected by open water, as would be the case at Little America. Now the original plan was for three men to occupy the station, but so many things happened at Little America to delay us that we did not have time to get supplies and equipment out there for three men. Among other things, a crack developed entirely around our camp, and the piece of ice that Little America was on was tilting with the waves. Since it was therefore impossible to put three men at the base, and for psychological reasons we thought it unwise to put two men there, we decided to occupy the station with one man.

Admiral Byrd decided to go himself. He did it because he refused to let any subordinate take the risk. He couldn't send two men because two men, if imprisoned together in a single room for a long time, get on each other's nerves. They start scraping about the way the other parts his hair, or hums under his breath, or sips his coffee. In a month they're at each other's throats. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police know this, and have a strict rule against letting two policemen share a wilderness outpost for any length of time.

Little America is situated on the Bay of Whales, a tiny arm of the Ross Sea. There's no life there now except for waddling, inquisitive penguins and seals, but during the time of the second Antarctic Expedition it was a city of fifty-six men. Scientists, aviators, doctors, radio men, truck drivers, cooks, living comfortably in well-built houses. And a hundred and fifty husky dogs.

The purpose of the advance base was

to have a weather station far enough away from open water so that the observed weather would be truly Antarctic weather and not affected by open water, as would be the case at Little America. Now the original plan was for three men to occupy the station, but so many things happened at Little America to delay us that we did not have time to get supplies and equipment out there for three men. Among other things, a crack developed entirely around our camp, and the piece of ice that Little America was on was tilting with the waves. Since it was therefore impossible to put three men at the base, and for psychological reasons we thought it unwise to put two men there, we decided to occupy the station with one man.

Admiral Byrd elected himself to the job, and his word was law. And he went down there with the matter-of-fact poise of a man going to his cottage for a week end.

When he departed there were fifty-five of us left at Little America, with myself in command. We communicated with Byrd regularly three times a week and listened for his signal at a stated hour every day in case we were unable to make contact at the scheduled time. Meanwhile, we were a busy contented lot, living

(Continued on page 22)

# Friendly talks

## WITH THE EDITOR

### A Fish Story--No Moral

THREE fellows went trout fishing the other day. They got up at five, piled enough equipment into the car to outfit the Grand Banks fishing fleet, and took a rutted country road to a swift, clear stream in a wilderness of balsam and pine. They kicked off their shoes and put on bulky waterproof waders. Over the waders they put on a fisherman's jacket, full of pockets. They jointed long bamboo poles and rigged up gut leaders, sinkers, and hook. Over their heads they slung creel and fishnet. Around the neck went a bait can. Into their jacket pockets they stuffed extra leaders, sinkers, hooks. On their hands, wrists, face and neck they daubed citronella to discourage mosquitoes. Then, bravely and with determination, they forced their way through the underbrush and tree limbs to the banks of the stream and stepped in. Battling the swirling current they worked downstream, slapping mosquitoes, snagging their lines on sunken logs and overhanging branches, slipping and catching themselves. This went on for eleven hours, with a brief time-out for lunch, and when twilight fell their total catch consisted of four brook trout, none over eight inches long. With their mighty catch they rode wearily homeward, and as they approached town they crossed a bridge that spanned the selfsame stream they had fished. A young chap was sitting on the bridge rail dangling a line into the water. His total equipment consisted of a straw hat and a can of worms. He had eleven fish, three of them beauties. Such is life in the wide-open spaces.

*The dirigible, Hindenburg, only 200 feet shorter than the ocean liner, Queen Mary, carries 51 passengers as contrasted with the Queen Mary's 4,000.*

### Gypsy Caught One

THERE was a fourth member of that fishing party—a cocker spaniel named Gypsy, four months old and so black you couldn't see him when he stood in the shadow. When the first trout was caught Gypsy was allowed to sniff it, and he yapped and bounced around in great excitement at the sight of the squirming catch. He eagerly inspected each of the next three trout and seemed to get a fairly clear idea of what was going on. At any rate, when the three men returned to the car, Gypsy came galloping out of the underbrush carrying in his jaws a fish that had been dead for several days. Proudly he laid it at his master's feet, as if to say, "You're not the only guy who can catch fish." There was a look of great reproach in his eyes when his master tossed the fish aside. Gypsy probably thinks human beings are a little queer in the head.

*Harbars on the American side of the Great Lakes are growing deeper and those on the Canadian side shallower, Army engineers say, through an imperceptible tilting of the bottom.*

### Hollywood Bound?

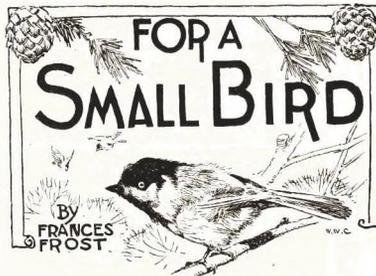
IF you want to get a job in Hollywood, not as an actor but in some other capacity, take a tip from W. P. Hendry, personnel chief of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and start preparing for it as early as your second year in high school. If your hobby is radio, you're a future sound man with a starting salary

of \$35 a week. If you're a photography bug you can become a third assistant cameraman at the same salary. Or you might get a job taking "stills" of the stars at a starting salary of \$45 a week. If you have the twin hobbies of photography and chemistry, figure on being a laboratory man—maker of prints—at \$35. If journalism is your interest you can become a junior writer at a starting salary of \$50. If you have the artistic bent, study architecture and interior decorating and plan on becoming a designer of sets at a beginner's pay of \$35. Musicians receive \$10 an hour while recording and the union scale for rehearsals. But whatever job you want in Hollywood, don't apply at a studio and say, "I can do anything." Come there with definite training and specific abilities. The employment offices of Movieland are crowded with young hopefuls, and the fellow with the best chance is the chap who has diligently pursued some hobby in high school—radio, photography, chemistry, art, or music.

*Snakes—mainly king, water, and milk snakes—are becoming increasingly popular as household pets.*

### They've Gone Up

WE recall three young chaps who were model airplane enthusiasts a few years back. One of them went on to take aeronautical engineering at the University of Michigan and is now a pilot for one of the big air lines. Another transferred his skill at making scale model planes to the construction of a Napoleonic coach and won a four-year scholarship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild contest. The third established his own business—that of making fine working models of machines, yachts, cars, and inventions. All of them pursued their love of craftsmanship into a career, and all of them, we feel confident, will be thoroughly happy and successful at it. They're doing what they like to do.



The chickadee who in the winter wood shook three notes through the firs and flickered past the snowy wall and stood on frosted hemlock burs, teetering, shaking out his stubborn song—that small intrepid bird, now when summer's sun burns high and strong, may still be clearly heard chuckling among the trees, his little throat, brave and softly feathered, holding a fearless and a friendly note for blue or silver weather.

### Unskillful Drivers, Attention!

THIS paragraph is addressed to the bad drivers, the fellows who speed up to a stop street and jam on their brakes, turn right from the middle of the street, stop without signaling, and follow the car in front too closely for comfort. The magazine is now running a series of six driving lessons by Ray W. Sherman, who himself has driven cars ever since the days when twenty miles an hour was a perilous speed. We've often suspected that articles of this sort do little good because only the good drivers read them. Good drivers are interested in the subject. The headline attracts them. They devour information on safe and sane driving. That's why they're good drivers. The bad drivers go merrily on their way, scorching the brakes and racking the engine, ignoring both the printed word and the lessons they themselves might draw from their experiences on the road. If you're a bad driver—if you even suspect that now and then you have behaved foolishly on the highways—we strongly recommend Ray Sherman's article on page 9.

*The cicada, scurrying this year over the eastern part of the United States, is the longest-lived of all insects; it lives 17 years.*

### Irwin Went Hungry

DAVID IRWIN, Arctic explorer, had a fantastically bitter experience. In Peterson's Bay, an arm of the Arctic Ocean, he saw two seals crawl up on the ice to sun themselves. Since he and his three hungry dogs had eaten nothing but fish for many weeks, those seals looked to Irwin's ravenous eyes exactly like carcasses of prime beef. He managed to crawl within a hundred yards of them on the thin, rubbery ice. Taking careful aim, he killed them both. But the ice was too thin for him to go out and bring them in. There was his food—precious, life-giving meat—within a hundred yards of him, but it might as well have been a hundred miles. He retreated to shore and waited impatiently for the ice to freeze solid enough for him to venture out. Meanwhile his dogs went out, ate their fill, and came back with bulging sides. Carrion birds took their share. Irwin waited. The third morning he looked eagerly toward the bay and where the seals had been there was nothing. They had broken through the ice and disappeared forever. Irwin survived that experience and many others in his 3,600 mile Arctic trek. The whole story, gripping and fast-moving, is told in "Alone Across the Top of the World." (Winston, \$2.00.)

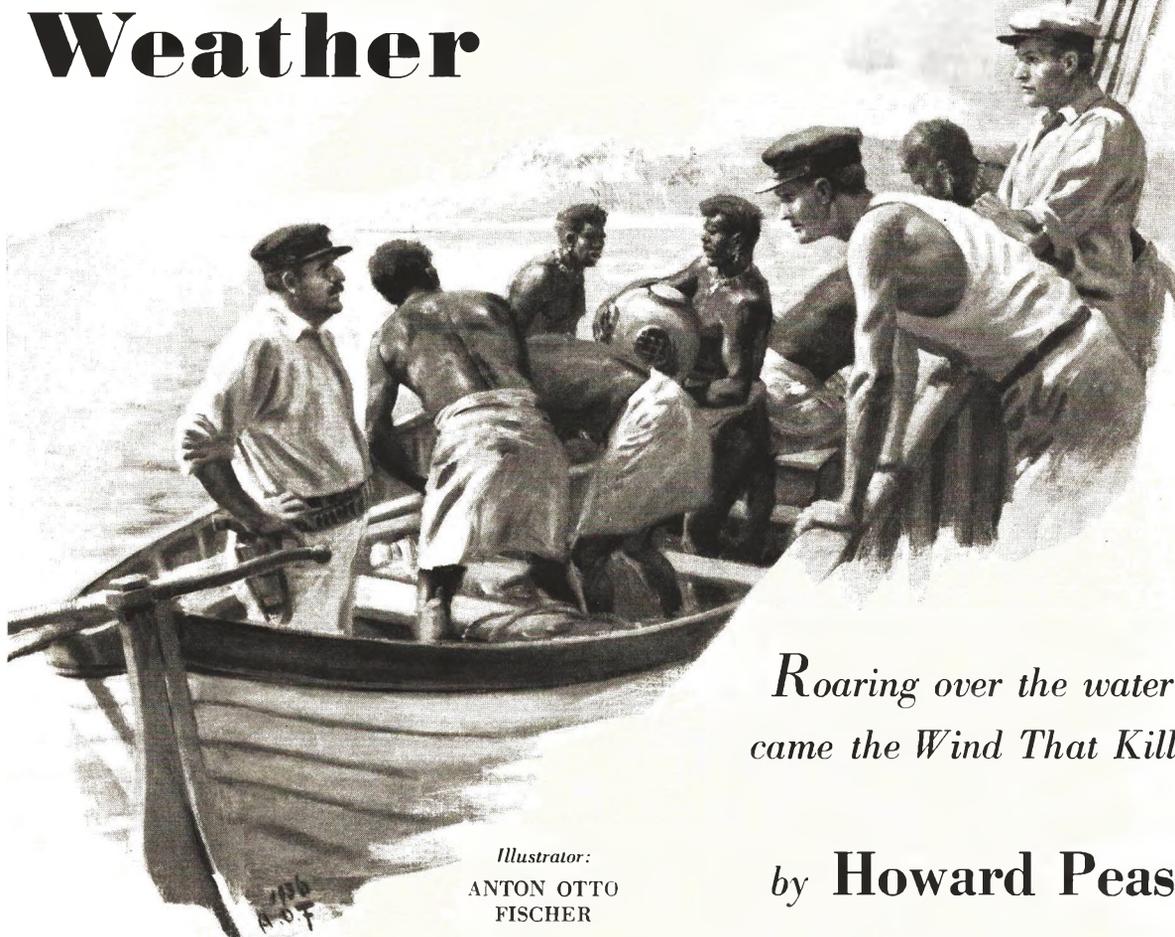
*Remains of the world's largest dragon fly, two and one-half feet long and 150 million years old, have been found in Kansas.*

### Be a Hobbyist

THE more we talk to men who have made successes in their chosen vocations, the more we're convinced of the importance of hobbies. Roy Chapman Andrews, director of the American Museum of Natural History, while in Beloit College, made a hobby of birds and animals. He studied bird migrations and followed the tracks of rabbits in the snow. He learned to stuff animals. He spent more time on his natural history subjects than all his other studies combined. His enthusiasm for his hobby led him straight into his career.

# Hurricane Weather

Into the whaleboat was placed an old and heavy diving suit with a detachable helmet: "How about our going along, Hippo?" Tod asked.



Illustrator:  
ANTON OTTO  
FISCHER

*Roaring over the water  
came the Wind That Kills!*

by **Howard Pease**

## The Preceding Chapters

**H**OT-HEADED young Stan Ridley hadn't been looking for trouble. Neither had his husky companion, Tod Moran. But when they chartered Ridley's schooner *Wind-rider* to a stranger and sailed into the South Seas for an unknown destination, they found it. Plenty of it.

The stranger, a tall secretive American doctor, Wayne Latimer, had been extremely anxious to get started. And once they were well away from Tahiti, he ordered, "Head for Takatoa."

"Takatoa!" Stan cried, blanching. "We can't go there. It's in the Dangerous Isles, on the rim of nowhere. There's nothing there but uncharted reefs, treacherous currents and typhoons."

Latimer's hands clenched. "Nothing on earth shall stop us," he said fiercely. "My brother is there—in trouble—and I've got to find him."

Nothing did stop them, not even a waterspout. But soon after they reached Takatoa trouble began in earnest. Dr. Latimer and Bori, a native diver and the fourth member of the *Wind-rider's* crew, went scouting and happened onto the *Island Belle*. She had smashed on a sunken reef.

On board were swarthy, barrel-chested Hippolyte Legrande, four cutthroat natives, a ruthless little Frenchman named Duval, and John Latimer, the brother.

Dr. Latimer rescued them. And then Duval and Legrande turned on him and, with Bori's aid, stole

Takatoa, Mon. Nov. 18

Barometer falling steadily. Sky becoming hazy. Long low swells increasing in force. Every indication of the approach of a tropical hurricane.

Log Book

the *Wind-rider*. When John Latimer tried to oppose them, they marooned him on Tululu Motu, an island near Takatoa.

Three nights later, scouting through the lagoons in an outrigger canoe belonging to Tioni, the native chief's son at Takatoa, Stan and Tod found the *Wind-rider*. They boarded her, crept silently along the moonlit deck—and came face to face with Hippo Legrande.

"Welcome, messieurs," he greeted, smiling and gracious, despite the heavy pistol that swung in a holster across his hips. "Welcome to Hippo Legrande's schooner, the *Island Belle*."

It was Tod who first found his voice. "Where is Dr. Latimer?"

"Dr. Latimer?" Hippo frowned quizzically. "I have nevaire hear of him. You must have make some mistake."

Everyone aboard the *Wind-rider* continued the pre-

tense. Even the treacherous Bori denied having ever seen Stan or Tod. Why? And why did they call this schooner the *Island Belle* when plainly it was the *Wind-rider*? Who was Duval? Had these people left Dr. Latimer marooned on the wreck of the real *Island Belle*, to die in the first storm?

One thing was certain. Hippo and Duval wasted no love on each other. Two days later, when Hippo calmly began preparations for pearl diving, Duval's surliness flamed into fury. "When do we leave this infernal place?" he cried. "Do you not understand every day counts? What if I am too late?"

Too late for what? Stan didn't know, and Hippo's answer, as he stood fat and smiling at the rail, gave no clue. "Are you sure they will not put you back in prison?" Henri, you better leave everything to Hippo. Hippo won't fail."

## Chapter Thirteen

**W**HEN Stan came on deck soon after sunrise he found Hippo at the rail gazing off to the northeast. "I do not like that sky one leetle bit," the man observed with a frown. "I think a storm blows up."

Stan followed his glance. Above the palms of Tululu Motu the sky was mottled with red and violet tints. Through a mist the sun was rising, a halo around it. The air, utterly still, was warm, moist and oppressive.

"How's the barometer?" Stan asked.

"Falling, my friend. Not too steady, either. You

hear that surf? The swells get bigger, yes?"

Stan listened. From the reef behind the motu came the dull booming of the surf, louder than the day before. To his mind rose the picture of the schooner *Island Belle* lying broadside on the sunken reef. Under the increasing lash of such seas the Rarotongan schooner would soon break up.

He looked across at Hippo. "You'll be putting off the diving for today?"

"No, my friend. That storm is not close. No, we fish today and see what kind of shell we get. Then if we have to put to sea to ride out a storm I will know whether to return to this lagoon."

"And if the shell is good, Hippo?"

"Ah, then it will take more than a hurricane to keep Hippo Legrande away from Takatoa."

Not till nearly eight o'clock did the canoes get under way. Stan and Tod watched with envy the loading of the whaleboat. Into it was placed an old and heavy diving suit with a detachable helmet.

"How about our going along, Hippo?" Tod finally asked.

"What?" The pearl buyer looked up from the boat. "You do not want to stay here with Henri?"

"We'd rather go with you. We'd help, Hippo."

"And you would give no trouble?"

The two gave their promise. Anything was better than sitting idly on the schooner.

"Bon." Hippo threw out his hands in a gesture of acquiescence. "You man the pump."

The whaleboat, with the three outriggers trailing behind, soon started after the flotilla of canoes already gliding across the glassy water toward Leeward Motu. Stan and Tod sat in the bow. The natives, on the middle thwarts, dragged at their oars. Hippo, slouched in the stern with one hand on the tiller, talked merrily to Bori at his side.

"Now, my friends," sang out Hippo, "we shall see what hides in Takatoa lagoon."

Stan called across the oarsmen. "If you weigh anchor tonight, Hippo, do we go with you?"

Hippo threw back his head and laughed. "Why should I take you two along to eat up food? No, you stay here so you can take passage on the first trading schooner bound for Tahiti."

"And Mr. Latimer—the man in the hut?"

"Oh, him? Certainly. He goes along."

Stan's lips pressed tightly together. If Hippo sailed the *Wind-rider* out Leeward Pass, which direction would he take? Surely his course would not point westward for Tahiti or Rarotonga. Yet would he dare go north to Honolulu, or south to New Zealand? East then to South America? At the thought he plunged into gloom. If the *Wind-rider* sailed away to the east he might never see her again.

The whaleboat was halfway across the lagoon when a large seagoing outrigger detached itself from the other canoes and drew up alongside. In the stern sat a dignified old warrior whom Stan recognized as the chief Utato, and in the bow sat Tioni, grinning and shouting, "Hallo—hallo!" Hippo ordered the whaleboat stopped and a lengthy argument took place between him and the old chief.

"What's it all about?" Tod murmured.

Stan shook his head. He was intent upon Tioni. "Tod," he whispered, "I think that little monkey wants to tell us something." He spoke louder. "Hello, Tioni."

"S'ock 'em in jaw," replied Tioni. He looked at them across the five or six feet of water between whaleboat and canoe.

Tod sighed. "Now I wish I'd tried to teach him something useful."

"Scram," said Tioni.

"I'm sure he's got a message for us from Quong Sing," Stan whispered.

Tioni was manifestly trying to bring the bow of the long seagoing outrigger closer to the whaleboat. But if he had a message from the Chinese trader he had no opportunity to pass it across to his white friends.

Suddenly, with a quick gesture of anger, Hippo ordered the whaleboat on its way. "Sacré tonnerre!" he cried. "What imbeciles are these Paumotuans!"

Stan watched the chief's canoe glide swiftly off toward the flotilla. "What's the matter, Hippo?"

"Ah, do not ask. These natives, they demand I do not use this diving suit. He says I agreed on naked diving and not machine diving. They are jealous, these witless natives."

Tod grinned. "Are you going to use it?"

Hippo shook his head philosophically. "No. The machine it is old, anyway. Perhaps it leaks."

The Kanakas pulled at the oars in silence until Hippo gave the order to stop.

"I give two canoes to my men," Hippo explained quickly. "I let you two boys help Bori in the third. Me, I stay in the whaleboat and direct the diving, but I shall remain close to you. Is it agreed?"

Everyone save Bori nodded. Yet, though his dark face broke into a scowl, he didn't protest. The three

canoes were pulled alongside and into them the equipment was loaded.

"You stay near-by," Hippo said gayly as Stan swung out his paddle. "My men explore the ground toward Turtle Islet."

With the lithe grace of one completely in his element Bori picked up the end of a rope that lay in a great coil in the bilge of the canoe. To this he deftly tied a piece of old rusty iron to be used as a weight. Next he attached a galvanized iron bucket. All this he swung into the water on the outrigger side.

"Hold," he said to Tod.

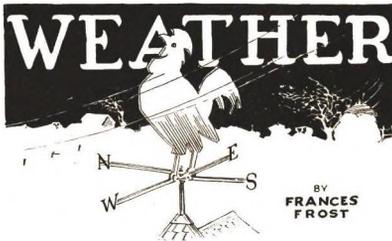
As soon as Tod had grasped the line firmly, Bori took up a glass bottomed box perhaps two feet square and shoved it a few inches below the quiet surface. Gazing down into the depths he nodded as if satisfied. "You take this box," he told Stan.

The diver produced a pair of water goggles from the folds of his *pareu*. Placing these carefully over his eyes, he turned to the right and left as if to make sure they were in correct position. With a familiar movement he drew a canvas glove over his left hand. A long sheath knife he fastened securely to his belt.

Satisfied that all was in readiness he slid feet first into the water. For several minutes he filled his lungs with air until the smooth brown muscles of his chest grew taut, expelling it quickly with a whistling noise. He twisted one leg round the rope and caught it deftly between his toes. Then, grasping the line above his head near the gunwale, he nodded. "Drop!"

Tod loosed his hold and drew back quickly. The coil of rope whirled with a hiss as the diver shot downward. Stan stared at him through the glass-bottomed box. So clear was the lagoon that the reflected sunlight now illuminated the depths perhaps sixty feet below.

Bori was descending rapidly, his *pareu* a flash of red against the browns and purples of the coral background. When still some distance from the bed of the lagoon Bori loosed his hold on the rope. Kicking his heels he turned and swam, using his arms



The ragged hill blew pines along the sky; hen-hawks were circling wings flung taut and high.

And in the fields the wind pushed down the wheat; and meadow-mice went scuttling brown and fleet

through sloping grass; and the thistles' tops flew off; and the narrow river hurried brown and rough.

The mischievous wind, that day, was intent on trouble: it knocked the scarecrow down, bent the corn double,

whirled the gilded cock—the weathervane—perched on the barn, from sun to approaching rain,

from west to south to west . . . Then the wind went still, and rain like smoke drifted across the hill.

and letting his legs trail. His dark form grew blurred as he reached the bottom and began feeling around for an oyster amid the sand and coral. Stan saw him take the knife from his waist. In another moment he swam toward the trailing rope and placed an oyster in the bucket.

Again he moved away, searching. How long, Stan wondered, had he been below? One minute—going on two. Another oyster was brought to the bucket. How the seconds dragged! Tod leaned over Stan's shoulder to look through the glass.

Down in the emerald depths Bori suddenly straightened, placed his feet upon the coral and kicked himself upward. Bubbles floated up through the water, breaking with little plops on the surface. It seemed an interminable time to Stan, however, before Bori's brown body shot waist high out of the water. Grasping the outrigger boom with one hand he threw back his head and breathed with labored gasps, his face convulsed with pain.

Neither Tod nor Stan spoke a word. At last Bori looked their way. "Too shallow here," he said. "Move twenty feet ahead."

Tod nailed in the rope and dumped four oysters into the bilge. Fluted and shaped like a fan, they were at least a foot across. Bori swam beside the canoe until they reached a new spot. "You see shell?" he asked Stan.

"Yes—plenty. But it must be at least seventy feet deep here."

"That is nothing," scoffed the diver. "I go down over a hundred."

Tod was prying open the black-lipped shells with a knife. The oysters he tossed into a bucket of water, the shells into the bilge. "I don't see any pearls," he said in disappointment.

Stan laughed. "Wait till the men dissect those oysters tonight. If they find one good-sized pearl in every few hundred they'll be lucky."

"Suppose a big pearl is brought up?" Tod asked.

"Does Hippo pay more for it?"

Stan nodded. "Maybe once in ten years a native will find a pearl that'll bring enough to keep him in ease for the rest of his life. Generally, though, they come to Papeete and spend it all in one grand spree."

As the morning wore on toward noon Bori crept into deeper and deeper water until he was bringing up shell from a depth of twenty fathoms. As he broke the surface his face was drawn into lines of agony that steadily grew more pronounced.

Now and then Hippo drew up alongside to take some of the shell aboard the whaleboat and exclaim over its beauty and size. He would sell it to button and knife manufacturers. On one of his trips he frowned.

"There is a big shark bothering the divers," he explained. "One of these Paumotuans, he get the flesh ripped off a leg from the knee down. I must go to his aid. That is not a good thing to happen this early in the diving. Now they are talking about the last time when three men were killed." A deep sigh rasped from his throat. "They had forgotten about that until ten minutes ago."

Bori, resting now between dives, nodded solemnly. "I see this big shark. He is twice as long as a man. But he did not bother me. I have my knife ready if he comes too close."

After Hippo's departure Bori turned to Stan. "You see shell below?" he asked.

Stan peered through the glass. "We're drifting over a ledge about thirty feet down. Some shell there. The ledge falls away pretty deep."

"I try ledge first, then explor: the bottom."

The rope whipped over the gunwale at Bori's swift descent. Stan, gazing through the glass, saw the diver gain the slope of the ledge where rainbow-colored fish disappeared like a flash into dark crevices in the coral bank.

"I don't like the looks of this place," Stan said in a low tone. "Anything could be hiding in those holes."

Water washed over the outrigger log as Tod leaned over to look down into the box. "I wouldn't be sorry if that big double-crosser got a scare."

Stan didn't lift his gaze from the diver at work below. "Would you want to see him lose a leg?"

"It might serve him right," Tod retorted.

In that submarine garden far below, Bori was cutting and wrenching loose the filaments that held an oyster to the ledge.

"Look," cried Tod abruptly. "Isn't that a shark?"

Stan saw it then. Swimming rapidly up from the depths was the long sinister form of a shark, its receding lower jaw opening and closing as it approached the diver. Evidently Bori saw it too, for he turned quickly to face this deep-sea monster, at the same time holding his knife upraised.

Stan breathed easier when he saw the long shape glide away in a sweeping curve and plunge downward again. But the next instant his heart missed a beat. From a cleft in the ledge directly behind

Bori the long snake-like form of a giant eel shot outward toward the unsuspecting diver. A conger eel—one of the most dangerous cannibals of these lagoons! Although only part of its thick body extended from its hole, at least six feet of its greenish brown length swayed through the water toward Bori. A shiver of horror went through Stan. The ugly head suddenly fastened itself to the diver's arm just below the elbow.

Caught unawares, Bori swayed on his perilous footing. His hand opened. The knife dropped from his grasp. The glistening blade spun through the water and disappeared. Stan caught his breath. With only one naked hand to fight, how could the diver break that relentless grip on his arm?

Stan's frantic gaze swept the lagoon. With a pang of despair he saw that the nearest canoe with its divers was a quarter mile distant. Too far. They'd never get there in time.

"Stan, what in thunder is that thing?" Tod asked.

"A conger eel! It'll hold Bori there till he drowns. And he's dropped his knife."

"Well, here's one." Tod grabbed up the knife he had been using a moment before. Throwing off his hat he plucked at his shoelaces. "What are you doing?"

"I'm going down."

"You can't. It's too deep for you."

"Can't I?" Tod's tone was grim. "Maybe not, but Bori saved me."

Tod, at the sight of the struggling diver below, had apparently forgotten that Bori was their enemy. He saw only a man fighting death in the translucent depths below.

"Here, I'll take the rope," cried Stan.

Tod slipped overside, turned in the water and kicked his heels.

Stan wound the rope round his knee and, leaning over the box, gazed through the glass with frightened eyes. Tod was descending swiftly, pulling himself down by the weighted rope. He had not even paused on the surface to fill and refill his lungs with oxygen. How long could he remain below? The terrific pressure at that depth would pound against his eyes, his nose, his ears.

Yet Tod was descending still. Helpless, fascinated, Stan watched. He saw Bori's eyes peering upward with a look of dreadful despair, all the while tearing at the relentless snake-like eel that gripped him.

Tod was there now, knife upraised. His hand shot out in furious thrusts that cut into the flesh of the eel. The conger writhed and coiled until its full length was churning the water in madly twisting movements. Suddenly it loosed its hold on the diver's arm. In a flash it turned and vanished into the hole in the coral. Instantly the two men shot upward.

It was Bori who first burst through the surface. With unbelievable vitality he leaped waist high, then dropped back to rest with one arm across the boom. Stan had never seen a face so wracked by pain. A low moan escaped his lips as he drew in the air. His whole body quivered in a spasm of agony and relief. The muscles of his chest heaved convulsively. His half-closed eyes were like slits of blood on his dark face.

The next moment Tod Moran shot to the surface. Stan reached over the gunwale and grasped his arm. It was well he did, for his friend went limp the instant he reached the surface.

Bori's abnormal breathing had gradually become regular, and now he climbed into the dugout and

helped Stan lift Tod over the gunwale. "He soon be all right," murmured Bori. He looked down at his own arm where the flesh was torn and bleeding. "He save me."

"Yes, because he forgot how you lied about us, how you lied about Dr. Latimer and the schooner." Stan spoke bitterly.

Bori turned his head. He tore a strip from his *pareu* and wrapped it around his arm. "We go back to schooner now," he said. "I dive no more today. Bad luck." At once he began hauling up the rope.

Stan took in the glass-bottomed box. "Bori," he asked in Tahitian, "where is the doctor?"

Bori seated himself on his haunches and dug his

"About the doctor. He's on that wrecked schooner." Stan flung out an arm and pointed to the northeast. "See that sky? If I ever saw hurricane weather that's it. Tod, we've got to get out there to that wreck."

"Tonight, you mean?"

"Yes, tonight. At this rate the seas will be running high by morning. And once the wind strikes—" He stopped short at the picture his words brought to his mind.

Through the still air came the distant boom of the surf. Louder, more insistent, more prolonged than before, the dull sound rolled across the lagoon. That warning beat, so clamorous, so menacing, seemed suddenly like the tumultuous throb of Stan's own heart.

## Chapter Fourteen

WARNING!  
Hurricane swing-  
ing south from  
Equator toward  
Paumotus.  
Tahiti Radio  
Broadcast



Tod hastily lowered the sail. At every stroke of the paddles the rolling thunder of the breakers grew louder. Why was Tioni taking such a mad plunge as this?

paddle into the water. "We go back," he replied. Stan looked across the lagoon. How hot and close it seemed! And yet the sun's rays were dimmed by haze. In the northeast the sky was growing dark. He reached for a paddle. "Bori, where is Doctor Latimer? You know?"

The native answered over his brown shoulder. "He is safe."

"But where? On one of these motus?" Bori hesitated. "No. You ask Duval. He and Hippo sail your schooner to South America. Duval going back to France."

Though the words gave him a wrench Stan pressed on. "And the doctor?"

"He is on the *Island Belle*."

"You mean the wreck on the sunken reef?"

"Yes. Duval left him there. He is safe. Any way, till a storm comes over."

"A storm?" Stan looked up at the strangely weird halo about the sun, at the dark clouds banked on the horizon. "There's one coming right now."

Bori shipped his paddle and turned his head. "You say nothing to Hippo."

"All right. I won't."

Tod looked across at Stan. "What you two birds talking about?"

Stan suppressed a quick retort. So Hippo refused even to consider the doctor! Under that surface of genial friendliness there lay then a streak of hard ruthlessness. Well, it was up to Tod and himself, then. Hippo was speaking again. "Yes, all goes well. It is only Bori I am a leetle bit worried about."

Stan looked up from his bowl of *poi*. "What's wrong with Bori?"

"Ah, he is feeling *triste*—what you call down-hearted. He says he have bad luck today when that *pahi* catch his arm. He stay on the motu to have the natives help him in one big ceremony tonight. He thinks a fire dance will drive away the evil one."

"A fire dance!" Tod looked up, interested.

"Yes. I shall go and watch. Would you care to come along?"

"Would we!" Tod's voice was eager.

"Then you plan to dive again tomorrow?" Stan asked.

"Certainly. Why not?"

"But if this storm comes over?"

Hippo's fat hand went out in a gesture of scorn. "How do we know the storm come this way? Bah, we may get only a leetle blow." Hippo wiped his mouth on his hand, leaned back in his chair and sighed in contentment.

Later, while Oro was clearing the table, Tod and Stan strolled forward to the bow.

"Things are looking up, Stan," Tod said. "We're free to come and go as we please. Let's hope Hippo's good humor keeps up."

Stan glanced up at the night sky. Although stars were coming out overhead they were pale and blurred by the haze. "Tod," Stan's voice was low. "This is our chance. We've got to find a canoe and make for that wreck on the reef. We can get hold of Tioni and ask him to help us."

"Yes, and what would you do with the doctor if we found him?"

"Send him north to the village. He could stay there."

"Okay," Tod spoke thoughtfully. "We'll watch our chance."

"Ready, my friends?" Hippo's husky voice came from aft. "We go ashore now for the fire dance."

Stan was surprised when Duval appeared and took a seat in the whale-boat. Swiftly the natives shot the boat across to the beach. In the clearing Stan could see the Paumotuans already seated around the glowing coals of a fire. The schooner's company, white men and natives alike, took their places at the edge of the circle. Stan found himself between Hippo and Tod. Sitting cross-legged on the ground he looked eagerly about.

In the center of the group of natives lay a huge pit perhaps fifteen feet long by a third as wide filled to the brim with coals and red-hot stones. The warm, heavy air was filled with the tang of wood smoke.

Stan's gaze crossed to the thatched hut. In the doorway sat the tense figure of a man, listening and staring sightlessly out into the clearing. A pang of pity went through Stan.

He felt a tug at his arm. Turning he beheld Tioni squatting on the ground directly behind him. The boy peered into his face. "Hallo," he whispered. He grinned up at Stan for a moment, then turned his eyes to the glowing pit in the circle. He too was eager to watch the ceremony of the ordeal by fire.

Abruptly into the ring of waiting natives stepped the dark figure of Bori. A new *pareu* of blue and white was wrapped tightly about his loins. His tall, muscular body was taut with nervous excitement, his gaze lifted to the stars. Stan looked up. Above the plumed heads of the coco palms the moon was rising.

Utter silence fell upon the waiting circle. Bori raised his hands over his head and, as he clenched his fists, the muscles of his arms swelled until Stan feared that the wound made by the conger eel would break open. Several native drums of giant hollow bamboo began beating a low steady rhythm. The diver remained quiet, waiting.

Softly, like the freshening of an evening breeze, a chant rose from the lips of one of the natives. Slowly it was taken up by the circle until every man, woman and child was singing.

Bori stirred. With stiff movements he danced slowly round the immense pit of gleaming coals. At every fourth beat he paused and his body for an instant remained absolutely still, his elbows close to his sides, his palms upraised. On the next dull thud of the drums he swung into action again, circling the fire.

Gradually the tempo increased. The drums beat faster; the chant grew louder; the dancer sprang forward in great leaping movements. Stan's gaze dropped to the pit of hot stones and coals. Did Bori really believe he could walk across that fiery furnace bare-footed?

Stan's eyes fastened themselves again upon the dancer. He was spinning madly. Now and then he stopped, stood frozen for an instant, then whirled again.

The tremulous tattoo had quickened until the throbbing notes pulsed through Stan's very being. He rubbed a hand across his eyes as if to ward off the spell, but his fascinated gaze was drawn back to the dancer who stood now at one side of the glowing pit.

Not once did Bori look down. As the wild beat increased in intensity he began his dance across the red-hot stones.

An expression of ecstasy suffused his dark face as his bare feet touched those glowing coals. Straight across the fire he danced. Around him floated a smoky mist. The muscles of his bronze legs took on a burnished glaze. His arms beat in quick strokes upon his chest. He threw back his head and joined in the chant of the natives. Then he was across. Instantly he turned.

The chant rose and fell. The drums throbbed. The vibrations swelled in a mighty uproar. He was dancing back across the fire.

With an effort of will Stan dragged his eyes away from the dancer. Hippo, Duval and the natives were intent upon the fire. Now was the time! He touched Tod's arm. With a start his friend turned.

Noislessly Stan pushed himself backward and, crouching, got to his feet. He brushed against Tioni. Reckoning to the native boy to follow he strode swiftly toward the bush.

When he had gained the deep obscurity of a pandanus thicket he halted and looked around. Tod was coming his way, followed by the Paumotuan boy. Around the fire no one had stirred. All eyes were fixed on the dancer. Here at the edge of the clearing the air seemed alive with the quick rhythm of the drums.

Not till Tod and Tioni reached his side did Stan turn. Then he struck off through the thicket toward the beach.

On the sandy edge of the lagoon he came to a halt. Drawn up there at his feet lay numberless dark canoes, bottoms up.

"I almost forgot about this," Tod murmured.

"Did anyone notice us leave?" "I think Hippo saw me, but I'm not sure." Tod's voice was awed. "By thunder, Stan, that dance was worth

seeing. If Bori can ever walk again I'll be surprised."

"Oh, he'll walk all right." Stan swung about to Tioni. "Tioni, we want to use your father's canoe. How about it?"

Tioni stared uncomprehendingly. "Let's show him what we want."

Tod led the way down the beach to a spot where the seagoing outrigger was tilted upon the sand. As he began dragging on the gunwale Tioni grinned and joined him, but not till Stan had thrown his weight against the outrigger boom did the heavy thirty-foot craft budge. Its mast swayed across the moonlit sky as they hauled it down to the water.

Tod waded out and stepped into the canoe. "Hurry up," he whispered.

Stan turned to take a last look along the shore. Through the air came the muffled throb of the drums and the cadenced singing of the natives. He stepped into the canoe behind Tioni and took up a paddle. "We'll steer out into the open lagoon, then swing south for the pass."

Without a sound their three paddles dipped as they got the canoe under way. Above them the moon shone mistily with a weird halo around it. The tremulous throb of the drums fell away behind. Ahead lay Leeward Pass.

## Chapter Fifteen

THE old chief's seagoing outrigger breasted the ocean swells buoyantly. Stan sat at the steering oar in the stern, his gaze roaming out across the heaving ocean which lay dark and silent under the moon. Tioni's back and shoulders gleamed pure bronze as he bent to the steady motion of his paddle. Although only the faintest of breezes was noticeable Tod raised the sail of pandanus matting to the truck of the bamboo mast.

Their progress was heartbreakingly slow. And they must make those five miles to the wreck and return before the storm broke. They had neither compass nor chart. They knew only the general direction. Only by studying the pale stars of the Southern Cross overhead and the palms of Takatoa astern could they set a course south by west for Hurricane Reef.



The octopus is the ocean's prize sucker.

## He Catches Himself

by C. HAMILTON LAWS

A GRIM-LOOKING beast, the octopus, with a ferocity that has been the subject of many yarns. You think of him hiding in his lair, ready to fling out his suction-cupped arm and pull in an unsuspecting fish. You've read of a giant squid reaching over the side of a rowboat and grabbing a fisherman for lunch.

Yet, when it comes to catching him, he's the ocean's prime sucker. As a matter of fact, he catches himself.

The octopus fisherman of Puget Sound lowers his rectangular traps to the sandy bottom—traps that are mere-

ly boxes open at one end. The octopus, looking for a cave in which to hide, comes upon the box and says, "This will do nicely." He crawls into the trap and stays there, even when the fisherman hauls the box to the surface.

Now and then an octopus hides alongside the box instead of in it, but obligingly he clings to it until the fisherman has him safely in the boat.

In case you're wondering who wants an octopus anyhow, be it known that the Orientals of the West Coast highly prize him as a table delicacy.

"Stan, let Tioni steer for a while." Tod's voice came from the bow. "By this time he ought to know we're heading for that sunken reef."

Stan moved forward and motioned for Tioni to take over the steering oar. A puff of wind filled the lateen sail until the sheet from the clew became taut. The outrigger swept ahead with more speed.

Presently Stan detected a muffled roar in the air. The sea, too, had become choppy. He knew what it meant. A hidden reef.

He peered ahead across the moving ocean. They must be near Hurricane Reef. "See any signs of the schooner?" he called out to Tod.

"Not yet. It's too soon, anyway." Too soon? It seemed to Stan they had been sailing before the wind for hours. He turned his head to look back. The moonlight, pale and fitful, revealed nothing but a boundless expanse of empty sea. Takatoa had vanished astern.

Abruptly his gaze riveted itself upon a giant wave that was bearing down upon them from windward. To his startled eyes it seemed mountain-high. "Look out," he cried to Tioni. "Hold steady!"

The Paumotuan boy glanced over his shoulder. A muttered exclamation rose to his lips. His hands tightened on the steering oar.

In another moment the mountainous swell towered above the stern. Slowly, almost gently, the canoe was lifted. Foam flooded past. Spray leaped high. For an instant they lay poised on the crest of the wave with a cavernous hollow yawning beneath them. Tod's paddle swung madly in the air. Held upright by the outrigger log they traveled forward with breathless speed. Then, as the wave rushed forward beneath them, they slid down stern first into the trough.

"Sufferin' shark's meat! See any more like that?"

"No, thank goodness." Stan spoke in relief. These mighty swells, he knew, came only occasionally, and always when a hurricane lurked in the offing.

Directly ahead the booming roll of surf echoed in thunderous reverberations. That monstrous wave must have reached the sunken reef.

"I see her," cried Tod. "Off to port. Look!"

Stan strained his eyes across the moonlit swells and saw a straight line of foam. He caught a glimpse too of a shadowy object less than a quarter of a mile away. He knew what that shadow was. The *Island Belle*.

Even as his pulse leaped in triumph he felt a tug of dismay and terror at his heart. The schooner on the reef seemed to be rocking from side to side.

"Hurry up!" Tod called out. "She's slipping!"

In desperation they dipped their paddles with long deep strokes. Gallantly the great canoe swept forward. In the stern Tioni babbled in delight. "*Pahi-pahi!*"—a ship! His voice shrilled out over the water like the piercing cry of a gull.

Stan felt the muscles of his whole body strain to the movements of his paddle. As they drew nearer to the pounding surf his eyes swept the line of foam in alarm. Not a thing was visible there but the crashing seas.

"Tod, where is she?" The question came, muffled, from his throat. "Where's the *Island Belle*?"

"She's gone. That big wave—"

Furiously Stan leaned on his paddle. "There'd be life rings aboard her. The doctor must be clinging to one. Put on more speed!"

When they came perilously close to the choppy water Tioni swung the canoe to starboard. Stan stood up, his feet braced in the bilge. With terror-stricken eyes he searched the churning water that stretched away to his right and left in the dim moonlight. No-

where could he see a single floating object. No life ring, no hatch cover, no spar bobbed on the surface. The *Island Belle*, battered by the seas, had crumpled under the impact of that last great wave. Even as he waited he knew she must be sinking downward fathom after fathom, lodging finally perhaps on some coral bank far below.

"We're too late." Tod's words were almost inaudible. Stan dropped back to his seat. His head throbbled.

"Duval did this," Tod exclaimed in a voice hoarse with fury. "Duval—and Hippo Legrande!"

"Let's go back." Stan's voice was tired. For the first time he was aware that every muscle of his body ached to exhaustion.

Tod called aft to Tioni. "Takatoa!" Tioni's reply rang out gladly. "Takatoa." He leaned on the steering oar.

Close-hauled, they beat their way to windward. A mist came down, and out of the mist a warm rain began falling. From a light drizzle it turned to a steady downpour that struck the swells with a hissing rattle. Stan knew what this meant—the hurricane was on the way.

Tioni finally shipped his oar, leaned over in the bilge and picked up a coconut. With a small ax he tore off the husk. Next he broke open the nut, quickly dug out the white meat, and began bailing out the water in the bilge.

"I'll do it." Stan took the shell from the boy's hand. Tioni, with a satisfied grunt, went back to his steering. Although presently the downpour ceased, the sky didn't clear. Blackness encompassed them. Off to the northeast there were intermittent flashes of lightning.

"*Matai rorofai*," explained Tioni.

Stan wondered how the boy could speak so calmly of the coming of the *matai rorofai*—the Wind That Kills. Had Tioni no fear of these hurricanes?

Stan set his teeth grimly. Let it come. What did he care! They had reached the *Island Belle* too late to save Dr. Latimer. The doctor had given his life in a fruitless effort to salvage a brother. Stan wished they had never come to the Dangerous Isles—into the net of mystery and intrigue spread by Hippo and Duval. He thought of his home and something caught in his throat.

He saw his father standing on the Papete water front. And old Madame Sunday beaming at him as she served breakfast on the porch. Would he ever hear her scolding voice again? Chilled and depressed he bent to his paddle.

Some time later he became aware of the rumble of a surf on their starboard beam. Strange. He looked that way in the darkness.

"Where is Tioni steering us?" he called out to Tod. "Takatoa ought to be straight ahead—not off to starboard."

"Maybe the seas are too high to get through Leeward Pass. I don't know."

Stan looked over his shoulder. Tioni's figure was barely visible in the stern. The Paumotuian boy leaned on his oar and swung the bow of the canoe toward the reef. The pounding surf grew louder.

Tod's voice grew frantic. "Say, where in thunder are we heading, Stan?"

Stan knew, now. "Straight toward the reef," he called. "I think Tioni's going to try to shoot the canoe across."

"Wait! I get out!" "Oh, it can be done." Stan laughed nervously. "This isn't a whaleboat, you know."

On through the darkness sped the canoe, while Tod hastily lowered the sail. At every stroke of the paddles the rolling thunder of the breakers grew louder. Why was Tioni taking such a mad plunge as this? Was it because he feared they might not make the motu before the hurricane struck?

Straight ahead a flash of lightning

revealed for an instant the palms of an islet.

Stan raised his voice. "When we scrape the reef, jump out. We'll have to drag the canoe across into the shallows."

"Sounds simple, doesn't it? Here we go!"

As they swept forward atop a wave a shout came from the native boy's lips. They were lifted high over the reef.

Even before the water began to subside beneath them Stan jumped overboard to a firm footing on the coral bank. Water swished about his knees, dragging at his feet.

Tod was already beside him, pulling on the gunwale. They must hurry, or the outrigger would be battered to bits by the pounding surf. Tioni joined them. The long canoe scraped coral. Then, as another wave washed over and lifted it, the prow slid swiftly into the water beyond.

All three clambered into the stern as it floated in the shallows. Taking up their paddles they headed for the motu. Before they were halfway across the shallows Stan heard a hissing sound high above them.

"The wind's coming," he said grimly. He knew now why Tioni had preferred to face the reef rather than steer around to Leeward Pass. They would never have made it.

A quivering motion went through the canoe as the bow hit an obstruction. So black was the night Stan thought for a moment there was a coral shoal in their path, but Tioni sprang out with a glad shout. They had reached the shore of Leeward Motu.

Without a word they dragged the bow well up on shore. Tioni hurriedly took up the painter of braided fiber and fastened its end to the trunk of an overhanging palm. In the darkness he pulled at their arms, motioning them inland toward the lagoon side of the islet.

Above them another gust of wind whistled through the fronds of the palm trees. Almost instantly it fell away, leaving a profound, disturbing stillness. Abruptly Tioni dropped flat on the ground. Stan heard the approaching hum of a great wind.

From a hum it swelled to a whine, then a scream. It roared across the motu with a deafening crash like thunder. Under the lee of a giant palm they crouched beside the trembling Tioni. They had reached the islet just in time. The Wind That Kills had struck.

The night went mad. The wind's scream increased to a roar so unearthly it might have been the ravenous spirit of an old Polynesian demon bent upon destruction. The fury was deafening.

Stan sat huddled in the darkness beside his two companions, his back to the wind. Bits of sand and gravel stung his face, his neck, his arms. He crouched lower, closed his eyes, and hugged his knees. But he couldn't shut out the appalling noise howling past.

Pandanus leaves, torn to shreds, hurtled through the air like stricken birds. Now and then a thunderous report split the air with the violence of an explosion—three trunks, snapping.

Tioni's hand closed over his arm. Stan looked up. The old palm was a ghostly pillar swaying in an arc above them. It might fall. They must get into the open.

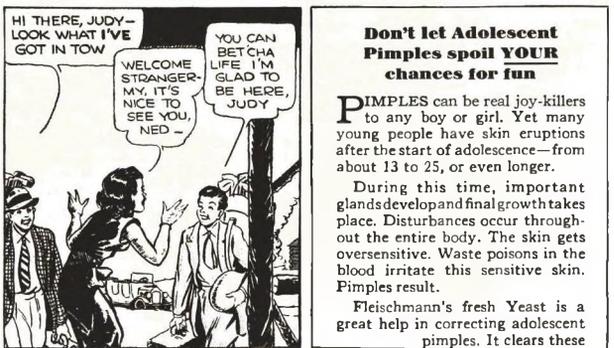
Digging his fingers into the gravel he crawled away. The wind pressed like a weight against his body. Out of the darkness a hundred sinuous arms seemed to be wrapping themselves about him. For a terrified moment he had a distinct impression that an overwhelming force was trying to tear loose his hold on the earth. It was pushing him toward the shallows—he would be swept into the sea.

(To be concluded in the September number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

**AW, QUIT IT, CAN'T YOU— just tell the fellows I'm staying home**



Ned's pimply skin made him shun the crowd until



**Don't let Adolescent Pimples spoil YOUR chances for fun**

PIMPLES can be real joy-killers to any boy or girl. Yet many young people have skin eruptions after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

During this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples result.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is a great help in correcting adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples go away.

Eat 3 cakes daily, one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.



*clears the skin*

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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ELMIRA, NEW YORK

MORROW  
Coaster Brake

## Seventy-Five Below Zero (Continued from page 15)

on a regular schedule. At ten every night we turned out lights, put out the fires, and opened the doors—remember that our roof tops were level with the snow and tunnels led to the doors.

Every two hours during the night, the night watchman made the rounds to see that all was well. We had breakfast at seven and did a hard day's work every day—meteorologists, biologists, cosmic ray experts, aviators, engineers, cooks. Everybody, from the top ranking officer down, took his turn at dish-washing.

Outdoors, temperatures of sixty below were common and one night the mercury dropped to eighty-one below. Perhaps you have wondered how we managed to remain comfortable in such temperatures. Well, we first put on two suits of woolen underwear, then a pair of woolen pants and a woolen lumberjack shirt. Over that we had a parka of reindeer hide, and to protect our heads we wore a hood of wolverine fur. Wolverine fur is especially good because it doesn't get stiff with frost. Ski boots and fur mittens completed the dress.

Face masks were necessary and the most satisfactory type was merely a windproof cloth on a frame, with holes for eyes and mouth. Frequently we had to punch the ice out of the mouthhole.

Yet the ice that rimmed the mouthhole had a use. It served to warm up the air we breathed. If that seems strange to you, remember that the air was fifty or sixty below zero and newly formed ice is thirty-two degrees above, so you can use ice to warm up air!

We noticed other strange facts while working outdoors in those temperatures. The carbon dioxide of our breath froze solid as soon as it left our mouths and this change from a gas to a solid caused a hissing noise. As we worked, we sounded like a bunch of angry snakes.

Also, we got tremendously thirsty. So thirsty that we scooped up snow and ate it. Not surprising, either, when you realize that we were breathing out moisture and taking in air that was almost entirely dry. Air at sixty below has only one-fiftieth as much moisture as air at freezing, and air at eighty below, only one five-hundredth! So, working outdoors, we were continually dehydrating ourselves, and if we hadn't replaced the moisture in our bodies we would have slowly turned into dried prunes.

Frostbites, if caught in time and properly treated, are perhaps less serious in the Antarctic than in climates where the freezing takes place less rapidly. Up here in the United States your skin freezes slowly, and the slower the freezing the larger the frost crystals that form in your skin, and it's the large frost crystals that rupture your cells and cause most of the damage. Down there, however, your skin freezes so quickly that the frost crystals are too small to do serious damage, if the frostbite is properly treated.

So any time we saw a companion's skin turning white, we yelled, "Hey, frostbite!" The victim took off a mitten, held the palm of his hand on the frosted area until it was thawed out, being careful not to bend the flesh while it was frozen, then massaged it to restore circulation—finally going on with his work. Alton Wade, our geologist, went out on the bay ice in the middle of the winter night and badly froze half his face. It was so puffed up that one eye was shut tight. Later he went

out on the trail for eighty days and his face didn't lother him at all. Imagine that in this country!

On into July we worked, confident that all was well at Advance Base. Late in the month I radioed the Admiral for permission to pay him a visit in order to make meteor and aurora observations.

I was particularly eager to do this because through the dry, clear air of the Antarctica we could see many times as many meteors as anywhere in North America. I wanted to pursue this study, and a few weeks at Advance Base would help.

Admiral Byrd said we could go on condition that we would turn back if the going became bad, or if we could not follow the marked trail. I was given strict instructions to risk nobody's life.

"Follow the flags," the Admiral ordered. The previous "summer" we had set out flags to mark the 123-mile course. "If you lose the flags, turn back."



The tractor leaped across, but the second sled broke loose and plunged to the bottom of the thirty-five foot crevasse.

And all this time we didn't suspect that anything was wrong at Advance Base.

We set out in our tractor, a tiny ship in a sea of snow, with only our headlights and a searchlight to show the way. The tractor pulled two sleds, the first loaded with gasoline and the second with 3,000 pounds of food. This food was in addition to what we needed for our trip, and was to be cached at Advance Base to be picked up by the field parties in the spring.

We had also made up our minds that if the tractor broke down we would camp on the spot until spring. It wouldn't be safe to backpack to Little America because we might frost our lungs. Very likely we would die in the attempt.

There were five of us in the party; Bud Waite, radio operator; Bernard Skinner, tractor driver; Bernard Fleming, meteor and aurora observer; Carl Petersen, radio operator; and myself. Petersen and Fleming were to remain at Advance Base and the rest of us planned to return to Little America.

Four men sat in the enclosed cab of the tractor. One man sat on the hood, operating the searchlight, looking for the flags that marked the course. Inside the cab, we had a Primus stove for cooking. Our trail food was a ground-up mixture of everything required to sustain life. Ground meat, raisins, and a lot of other things, all pressed into bricks. It tasted terrible, but it was a balanced ration and it saved precious space. So we cooked this "hoosh," and ate it, and traveled three days and three nights without sleep.

Now the trail to the Advance Base wasn't simply a straight line due south. A few miles from camp we came to a

pressure ridge where the snow formed a miniature mountain range. We had a marked trail through that. Twenty-five miles out we came to an area of crevasses, around which we had to make a short detour. Fifty miles out we hit crevasses again, and had to make a longer detour all the way to the seventy-three mile mark. From there on the trail was a bee-line for the Admiral's hut.

Well, we got to the fifty-mile detour, but there we lost the flags. We swung the beam back and forth. We spread out in line of skirmishers, two men on each flank of the tractor, marching forward through the black night, keeping our distance by watching the searchlight, looking for a flag. We kept on looking, vainly and desperately, turning back to known points and starting over again, until the speedometer registered 136 miles. We knew then that we must either turn back or run out of gas. We had the Admiral's orders. We turned back.

Halfway back we struck a blizzard that battered us with sixty-mile force. We couldn't see a foot. So we stopped, pitched a tent, and with two in the tent and three in the cab, we went to sleep. As I have already said, we hadn't slept for three days and nights. I didn't stir from my sleeping bag for twenty-six hours.

At the end of that time the storm had spent itself and our tractor and tent were merely two smooth humps in a great ocean of snow. We dug ourselves out of it, went through the laborious task of starting the engine, and chugged on our way. Thirty-five miles from Little America we detected the beacon on one of the towers, and it was like seeing port after a month at sea battling hurricanes.

Eight miles from camp we radioed triumphantly that we would be there in time for the evening movies. But we reckoned, I'm sorry to say, without that capricious article known as the fan belt. We made substitutes out of alpine rope, but they soon stretched and became slack. The prestone boiled out of the radiator. We crammed snow down the radiator and went on, a few yards at a time. It took fifteen hours to go that last eight miles.

Back in camp we debated ways of navigating the course, and finally decided to use a compass and candles. With our compass we would line up two candles a mile apart, forming a north-and-south line. Each candle would be in a snow beacon enclosed in the snow with a pyralin window to protect it from the wind. Then, following the line formed by the two candles, we would travel a mile and set up another candle, checking with the compass to see that it was in line with the first two. A candle a mile, around the two detours, all the way to Advance Base!

There were only three of us on the second trip, because by now we began to fear for the Admiral's safety and suspected that we might have to bring him back with us. We had had several unintentional hints that all was not well. For one thing, we were often unable to contact him at the appointed hour and once we didn't hear from him for ten days. Then his messages became queerly halting and sometimes he wouldn't finish a sentence. In one message he mentioned something about his shoulder. Long before, he had asked for information on the relative fumes from gasoline and Stoddard solvent. Out of these hints came the horrible

fear that he was in distress—terrible distress.

We started out again, Pete Demas, Waite, and I. Pete and Waite were inside the cab. I sat on the roof to direct our course. Three miles out we reached the pressure ridges and could not find the flags leading us through. As we circled to find the opening, the tractor treads broke through the crust of snow covering a crevasse. Pete shoved down the accelerator and the machine forged ahead. I felt an awful bump and hung on for dear life. When I raised my head to look back, I found that we had safely traversed the crevasse, but the second sled containing the food had broken away and fallen into the crevasse, wedging one-third the way down in a thirty-five foot ditch!

It took us eight hours to dig down and haul the stuff back up. While we were working I took a photoflash picture of Pete and Waite. The picture is reproduced with this article.

Beyond the pressure ridges the clutch began to slip and at 23 miles we knew we'd never make it, so we left the sleds there and returned to Little America.

Two failures made us desperate, and we hurried our preparations for attempt number three. We knew that in June the gasoline motor furnishing power to the Admiral's sounding set had broken down, so that he had to turn a crank on a hand generator in order to send messages. We knew that to crank with one hand and tap out code with the other was a tedious task. But as we were busy with preparations, Byrd suddenly stopped in the middle of one of his messages. There was a pause. Then:

"Please don't ask me to send any more. I'm O.K."

That was the last straw. We got a new tractor ready and on August 8, shortly after midnight, we started out again in a temperature of minus 44. Regardless of storm, cold, darkness, and crevasses, we had to reach Byrd.

At 7:45 we picked up our sledges at the 23-mile mark. We hit the 25 mile beacon and safely made the short detour around the dangerous crevassed area. Snow crystals held us up for three hours—crystals that glittered like jewels in our headlights, dazzling and blinding us.

On the evening of the 9th we hit the depot of food at the 50-mile mark and started the longer detour. At 67 we came within ten feet of a tractor that we had left on the trail the fall before. That made us triumphant! Our candle-and-compass method of navigating the black ocean of snow was working!

But the ocean was no longer entirely black. The Antarctic spring was coming on, and in the middle of the day there was a rosy glow on the northern horizon that lasted for a few hours. And there was the aurora—in the south, it is called "Aurora Australis"—waving its luminous green banner over our heads.

It is the greatest neon sign known to man—that aurora. It is caused by exactly the same forces that light the signs on Main Street—electrons shooting through rarefied gas.

Beyond the 67-mile point a radio from Little America assured us that Byrd knew we were on our way. At the 73-mile beacon we hit the tracks of the old trail and we passed the 75-mile mark on a due south course headed as the crow flies for Advance Base. The

detours were behind and we were on the final stretch.

Then, in the midst of our triumph, came more trouble. Our generator began acting up and at 83 miles we stopped to fix it. We planned to stop ten minutes, but the job took twenty, and the extra ten minutes spelled disaster. In those twenty minutes our engine froze so cold that it wouldn't start. We rigged a canvas tent over the hood and put blow torches on the motor. By the time we got the motor heated we discovered that the storage battery had frozen. One thing after another happened, most of them due to the bitter cold of the Antarctic winter. It was 2:30 when we stopped to make our ten minute repair, and it was 8:30 when we finally got under way again.

An hour later I saw a bright light flare up on the southern horizon, burn for fifteen seconds, and die out. It could be nothing but a magnesium flare. And that meant the Admiral was top-side!

Another hour passed and I detected a dim light. (Later I learned that Admiral Byrd had soaked paper in kerosene and lit it.)

One more hour and we saw another magnesium flare, this time closer! Then faint flickers, more and more frequently. At last we caught glimmers that turned out to be two buckets of burning gasoline. Almost there!

At midnight on August 11, we stepped out of the tractor cab and walked forward to see Admiral Byrd, a lantern in his hand, standing in the snow waiting for us.

He was haggard and thin, but his words were so courteous and ordinary that they revealed nothing of his days of suffering. "Come down, fellows," he said. "I have a bowl of hot soup for you." And then going down the ladder leading to his hut, he stumbled.

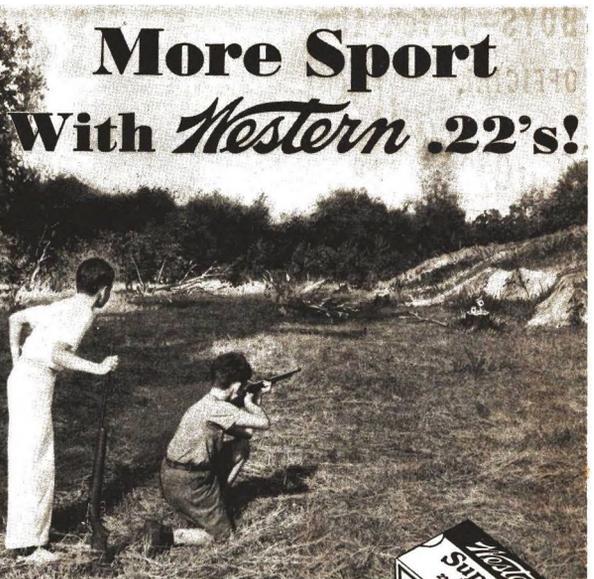
To the anxious listeners at Little America, Waite radioed the news that Byrd was weak from the effects of breathing stove and gasoline engine fumes in the confined space of his 9x13 room. Byrd himself didn't tell us the story but the mute evidences of suffering were unmistakable. There was the pile of empty cans under his bunk—he would never have permitted them to remain there had he been strong enough to police the shack.

There were the written instructions hanging from a nail, telling us what we should do if he failed to survive. There was his wasted form, his drawn face.

On May 31, overcome by the fumes from his gasoline motor, he had fallen unconscious in his tunnel. From that day until we reached him, he had struggled to carry on. His day-to-day meteorological records were complete. His messages, throughout June and July, had invariably ended: "O.K., Cheerio." He had fought the battle by himself, alone in the darkness, sometimes lying covered in his bunk without heat to save himself from the fumes, and when we reached him he was on the road to recovery. He had won his own fight.

We stayed at Advance Base 59 days—the four of us in a room built for one—and I spent the time observing meteors.

There was sunshine in the Antarctic when Pilot Bowlin came down in the plane to take Admiral Byrd and myself back to Little America. But the warmth in our hearts was far greater than any shed by the sun.



The boy shooting has one of the popular WINCHESTER Model 64 slide action, hammerless .22 repeaters. The other boy is the proud owner of one of the new WINCHESTER Model 69 bolt action repeaters.

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Come in small, medium and large sizes for both boys and their Dads. Each jacket has ventilated armholes and snap fastenings. The color: Bangor brown. At all good Men's Stores and Boys' Departments. If your dealer hasn't a genuine Paris Rain Jacket, send us your size with your remittance and we'll ship direct. Be sure to state your size—and while you're at it, have Dad order one for himself. Satisfaction guaranteed. Please state your height and weight.

A. STEIN & COMPANY  
1141 W. Congress St., Chicago

## He Gets Them Back (Continued from page 5)

it could be. One thing was hurting him constantly. As is natural for one of his terrific nervous energy, Bitsy had a temper. He was a racket-buster, a hair-tearer. If the ball took a bad hop, or if it slapped the net band and fell back, or if the racket turned in his hand, Bitsy sometimes exploded. Or maybe he just growled inwardly and went off his game for the next point or two.

It was the same fault that had hindered another athletic Atlantan when he was getting started—Bobby Jones, who turned out to be pretty good in his field, too. Jones used to lose his temper and break a club every now and then. Somewhere along the way he realized that his golf game suffered from these flare-ups. He began to study this defect, and to work for its banishment just as he would a persistent slice. Finally he built up a self-control that was famous.

Bitsy Grant reached some conclusions about his own temper. It had to be curbed. He sweated with his temper—and finally beat it. Immediately his game improved. Then he began building up his offensive play, until he could dish it out as well as take it, as the British say.

There's a lesson in that for those who let tempers run away with them. This anger that hurts your game is energy. Control it—and your game will absorb that energy and be actually strengthened.

As we go back to town, we're both thinking the same thing—what's this Bryan M. Grant, Jr., like in person? Well—we'll see.

The next morning we go downtown and to the Grant Building, which, incidentally, does not belong to Bitsy, even if it is the Grant Building.

On the elevator, we're thinking a lot of things—the heights this little guy Grant has reached in the tennis world, the way he went after those balls, that funny, accurate serve. . . .

"What's he like?" you ask yourself. We walk to a big insurance office, and are shown to the desk of diminutive sandy-haired Bryan Grant. After introductions, we all sit down and talk about various things.

Bitsy's a restless sort. He can't sit still. He wiggles. He puts his foot on the desk. He takes it down. He rocks back and forth in his swivel chair. At first we think we're boring him or something, and maybe we'd better leave. But then we realize that he's like this all the time—he's just got such an excess of nervous energy that he has to keep moving. There's a tie-up there with his tennis, somehow. You can't imagine anybody catching Bitsy Grant back on his heels in a tennis match.

It doesn't take long for the conversation to get around to tennis. Bitsy has just been notified that he's a Davis Cup candidate. We discuss the international matches, and the chances of the United States for getting the Cup back.

All this big-time tennis talk stirs our curiosity. We've always wanted to know more about the first-fighters. Take Wilmer Allison, for instance.

"What about Allison?" I ask. "He must be good, but—"

"Must be?" echoes Bitsy. "Wilmer is good. He's got everything. He belongs where he is."

"You've beat him."  
Bitsy waves his hand. "Wilmer has only one fault—he hasn't quite enough confidence in himself. Occasionally he lets some egg like me tip him over, but he's got a championship game, just the same. Boy, that match with Perry last year—I'll never forget it."

"What about Budge? You eliminated him at Forest Hills," I ask, rather pointedly.

"Budge was the United States star

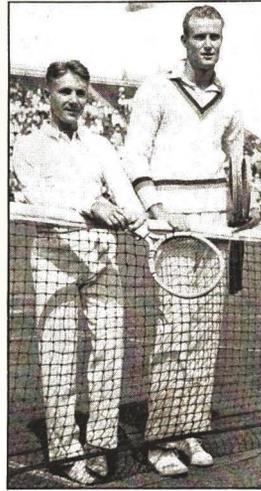
last year at the Davis Cup matches. And he's still on the climb. Budge is the man to watch."

"You're ranked above Frank Shields, Bitsy. He's not—"

"Shields dropped out of the competition for a year to go into the movies. You can't keep your game unless you stick in the competition. Even so he was a dangerous man to meet, and he's getting back into his stride."

"This Wood," I proceed, "he's erratic. Probably not a hard man to beat if you catch him right."

Bitsy gets a laugh out of that. "Yeah, but nobody ever catches him right. Sidney Wood is a man you can't figure out. When he's clicking, he's got about the best game in the world. And when he's off, it's so surprising that you get off too. He can play worse



Little Grant and big Stoeffen,  
tennis giants.

than you—and still win. Or does that sound funny?"

By this time I'm getting a little desperate. I haven't been able to get a squeak out of Grant on the subject of Grant. I suddenly remember his rival—young Frankie Parker.

"Frankie Parker—his picture gets into the paper often."

"Why not? After all, it's time for pictures when a prep school boy busts the first ten for three straight years."

"His forehead—"

Bitsy heads that off. "His forehead can be improved—and will be. But did you ever see that guy's backhand? My gosh, there's nothing like it. It's just sudden death to put one on his backhand."

Finally I give up. "Tell us something about yourself," I ask, point-blank. "How long have you been playing tennis?"

Bitsy retreats behind a mask of reserve. "Oh, ever since I was eleven."

"You've come a long way against some severe handicaps. How does one go about getting his game good enough to put him in the first ten?"

"There are certain tennis fundamentals, of course, that every tennis player ought to know—and use. Number one is: Keep your eye on the ball, always. Also, it's important to make all shots with your body sidewise to the net; with your weight moving into the shot. Then there are some rules that get pretty technical. But each player should analyze his own game. Find out what your faults and handicaps are, and overcome them—or, if that's

impossible—build up a defense for them."

I waited for him to illustrate that with personal examples but he didn't show any inclination to do it. So I said, "Your size, of course, was your handicap, Bitsy. Is that why you learned placement—to make up for smallness?"

Bitsy tapped his knuckles with a fountain pen. "I reckon so."

"How does one learn placement?"

"There's only one way—practice. Aim at a particular spot and gauge your misses."

"It seems to me," you put in, "that you'd lose a lot of games while you were learning."

Bitsy nods. "In practice matches, you have to forget the matter of winning. Watch your shots. Concentrate on each one as you make it. For practicing on footwork and stroking, a backboard is good. You don't need an opponent then. Also, you can practice through the winter, because a suitable wall surface can usually be found indoors."

"What are the things that go to make up a winning game?"

"Pace—mixing up your shots, doing the unexpected; power and speed—a hard putaway at the right time; and court strategy—getting your opponent out of position, and putting the ball where he's not. There are a lot of other factors. Stamina, steadiness, twist of the ball—they all count."

It occurs to me to remember these tips for my own game. I'd always thought I just had a bad racket. "Where do you get your love of tennis, Bitsy?" I ask him.

Bitsy's eyes brighten. "My dad used to play. Once was a Southern doubles champ. . . . And my brother—he played a lot. Good, too. It's in the blood, sort of."

He's probably right. It is in the blood, sort of. A colorful train of incidents in Bitsy Grant's career run through the mind: Taking Junior Coen at Chicago for the national clay court championship. . . . capturing his crack University of North Carolina tennis team. . . . licking Frank Shields in the finals at Rye. . . . eliminating the great Vines from the Nationals in 1933. . . . the time he played barefoot at swank Forest Hills. Perhaps you'd like to know the circumstances of that incident:

He was playing against the Spanish Davis Cupper, Manuel Alonso. He'd forgotten his spiked shoes, and was playing with regular rubber-soled shoes. A drizzle began, moistening the close-clipped lawn so that it was like glass. In his sneakers, with his scrambling method of getting to the ball, Bitsy was severely handicapped. He slid and slipped and fell like a beginning skater. And Manuel Alonso, moving gracefully and surely on his spikes, gradually pulled ahead.

It was a new sensation for Bitsy, seeing shots come over that he couldn't get back—couldn't even reach. He didn't like it. Since nobody at the club had a foot as small as his, there was but one thing to do. He pulled off his slippery shoes, and his socks. It wasn't a perfect arrangement, but it was an improvement. He could at least stand up. P. S. Grant won the match.

The high point of Bitsy's career was meeting Donald Budge last year at Forest Hills. Budge was one of the hot favorites of the tournament. He and Grant met in the quarter finals. Grant jumped in hard, and took the first set after some of the fastest tennis of the tournament. Budge began putting on even more pressure. His shots were the kind that whistle, and carom from the ground like rockets. But Bitsy, he likes to get 'em back.

So he did, putting a little whistle on his shots. A misty rain came as he took the second set. He needed only one more. Then Budge suggested that it was too damp and that play ought to be postponed until tomorrow. The officials agreed. Bitsy did also in spite of the fact that his game was hot as a pistol. The next day, Budge started taking up the slack. He needed two sets to pull even, then the other one to win the match. Bitsy needed one out of the three.

Budge's game had improved with a night's rest. He launched into the third set with the blasting style he's famous for. Bitsy's game, on the other hand, had cooled off considerably. It's impossible to stay hot forever. Budge returned Bitsy's casual shots with slashing power and he began to get a lead. He broke Bitsy's serve. He took that important set.

There was much conjecture in the stands. Budge was in stride. Was this going to be one of those magic comeback matches?

No, it wasn't. Grant again began getting them back, even those burning forehand drives—the kind that annihi-

lated Bunny Austin a few weeks before in the Davis Cup matches. The set went to 4-4.

Then Bitsy showed his versatility. When Budge was expecting one of those soft pitty-pat balls, he got a flat, blistering baseline drive. And when he was on his toes for a drive, he'd have to play a soft arched shot that would make any slasher grind his teeth.

Bitsy Grant broke Budge's serve. Score, 5-4. Then with characteristic steadiness, he took his own serve and won the match. Score, 6-4, 6-4, 5-7, 6-3.

"You were probably playing at your best that day when you took Budge," I suggest.

"Well, maybe so. But it wasn't a fair test of strength. Budge wasn't feeling well."

After you've left Bitsy and the Grant Building and are walking toward Five Points, you have a definite impression of the man you've been talking to—a flaming, competitive temperament wrapped up in a small package. Off the court—modest, restless. On the court—confident and steady. Bitsy Grant, the mighty midget!

## The Federal Agent

(Continued from page 8)

pose they find 'em just plain dead and not rubbed out. There won't be no heat."

"Yeah, but how you gonna—" Barnitz's blood-button eyes gleamed. "Snakes. Make it look like they stumbled into some cottonmouths. We'll leave a couple of dead snakes around."

"I'll look funny, both of 'em croaked by snakes," Kelly said dubiously.

"Not near as funny as both of 'em filled with slug holes," Barnitz retorted.

Kelly grinned. "Wish Babe was here to catch the cottonmouths."

"I'll catch the snakes. It's a crip. A stick with a looped string—I've seen it done in the newsreels." Barnitz paused at the door. "Keep an eye on these two daisies."

Johnny Ames looked at Maher. There was sweat on his brow and the neat yellow mustache was twitching. No wonder. Johnny knew how he felt. Death by cottonmouths. . . .

"How long does it take, Ames?" Maher asked. His voice was surprisingly steady.

Johnny shrugged. "Too long. Four hours—two days." First you get sick, then you turned blue and swelled up, and had nightmares of pain. It was not a nice death.

Johnny's nervous gaze wandered to the cots. Something green caught his eye, and the sight jolted against the backs of his eyeballs. A bill peeped from under the lid of the suitcase beneath the cot. Money! The suitcase contained the loot!

When he turned back around he saw that Maher had observed it too. Maher had come to recover that money. So close . . . only across the shack—and death.

Johnny's hopes were tight. But the window to the right of him was broken. Jagged glass would bite through the ropes. It didn't matter that Kelly would shoot before he hobbled halfway to the

window. A load of buckshot was better than a cottonmouth moccasin's fangs. Much better.

Still—Johnny hesitated—there was Maher. The death ahead of him was bad enough without having to die it alone. Johnny steadied. He'd wait, too.

From the swamp came a shout. Barnitz, coming back. He had his snakes.

Presently he came in. Two snakes, writhing and looping on the strings. The eyes of Barnitz, red like a weasel's. Two snakes on strings. . . .

"Not long, rube," Johnny heard Maher mutter.

"This is gonna be a nice party," Barnitz said suavely, but his eyes glowed with something other than suavity—something akin to bloodlust. "Lay 'em down, Kelly."

Kelly was pale. Nasty business, this. A shotgun was quicker. He shoved Johnny sprawling to the floor. Then Maher.

"Roll up the whittler's trouser leg. They'll think he wasn't looking—cottonmouth got him on the gamb. Too bad. And when the Federal tried to kill the snake another one got him on the arm. See?" Barnitz held one of the sticks out to Kelly. "Catch the snake back of the head. Loosen the loop and slip it off."

The snakes were angry. They hissed and writhed around their captors' wrists. White mouths gaped. They wouldn't need any urging.

Kelly looked at Barnitz. "The Federal first," Barnitz grinned. With his free hand he pushed Maher's sleeve back. "Now—let him have it!"

Kelly moved closer, hesitated. He wet his thin lower lip nervously. Then, with a sudden thrust, he jammed the snake's wicked head to Maher's wrist.

The snake

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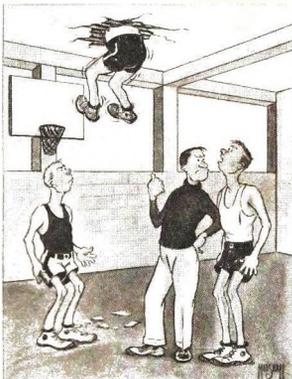
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struck hard—and Maher's whole body seemed to contract with the impact. When the snake had been moved away he looked at the little blue holes in his wrist. His jaw set, and he lay still, staring.

Barnitz turned to Johnny, and grinned that horrible animal grin. "You, now." He knelt beside Johnny's bared leg, and brought the hissing snake within an inch of the calf.

"Ready, rube?" Barnitz leered. "Don't be funny," Johnny snapped. Barnitz jabbed the snake closer. Immediately Johnny felt a twinge as if his leg had been stabbed with a fork. A spasm of pain raced up the nerve filaments. Johnny rolled over on his face and dug his trussed hands into the dry dirt floor.

"Let's come back later," Kelly suggested uneasily. "We don't have to watch 'em kick off."

Barnitz laughed. They went out. Johnny lay still a moment. Presently he turned and looked at Maher.

"How'd you like to be famous, city slicker?"

Maher's regard was frosty. It wasn't a time for jokes.

"All you've got to do is die," Johnny persisted. "You'll be the first man to be killed by a non-poisonous snake."

Maher leaned forward. "Those snakes—they weren't cottonmouth moccasins?" Johnny managed to get to his feet. "You city folks don't know a cottonmouth when you see one. The snakes that bit us—we call them water moccasins, here in the swamp. But that's wrong. They're false moccasins—non-poisonous. They're colored like cottonmouths—and there are thousands of them in the Okefenokee."

"But the pain!"

"It'll hurt some. And slash a little." "I thought—"

"You couldn't have known, Maher." Johnny grinned. "Even a city slicker can't know everything."

Johnny hobbled over to the window with the jagged glass, and looked cautiously out. Barnitz and Kelly were out of sight, but he could hear them talking somewhere. Johnny raised his roped wrists above the glass.

"Groan a little," he instructed, and began sawing the ropes against the knife-edged pane. The last thread snapped. Johnny made his way to Maher, untied his hands. He noticed that Maher's wrist was swelling rapid-

ly. That wasn't so good. It took a steady wrist to handle a .45 pistol.

Their ankles were free presently. Johnny's leg throbbled as the pain seeped into the blood tubes, and little acid tracers stabbed up into his thigh.

Maher leaped to the cot and pulled the suitcase from beneath. The lid flipped back—money!

"We'll have to get this out," Maher said with slow eagerness.

"We'll need the guns. They're in the next shack."

Maher found a crack in the wall. "Barnitz and Kelly are sitting under that cabbage palm out front. I can go out this window and slip to the other shack for the guns."

Johnny looked at the small opening above the broken pane. "You're elected, looks like. I'd never get through that."

It seemed that Maher was gone an abnormally long time. But when he came back he had two pistols—a .45 and the long-nosed .22.

"These are all they left in sight," he said.

They moved to the door. Johnny carried the suitcase in his left hand.

"Barnitz is your man," Maher said, "if they try any funny business. I'll take Kelly."

Together they stepped outside. The bandits didn't see them. They were grinning about something. Near them lay two dead water snakes.

Johnny rested his weight on his good leg. "Barnitz—Kelly—you're covered."

The gangsters sprang up. Their hands ascended. Then, in a movement that was unbelievably swift, Kelly dived for the short shotgun that leaned against the cabbage palm. Maher's .45 roared, and Kelly spun half around.

When he straightened, Johnny's gun spat viciously, and Maher shot again. Falling, Kelly finally found the trigger of his shotgun, and buckshot spewed wildly to the left of them. Abruptly Johnny's legs gave way and he fell to his knees.

Maher's pistol was roaring again. Johnny's disordered thoughts ran into each other and he couldn't straighten them out. Why was Maher still shooting? Kelly was down. . . .

Maher's voice came, angrily. Johnny opened his eyes, and the fog lifted. The scene was vividly clear: Maher, looking toward the swamp, shelling out his empty pistol magazine. Kelly lying over his shotgun. The fronds of

the cabbage palms stirring, clanking metallically. Barnitz was not in the scene.

"Where's the other one?" Johnny demanded.

"When the gunning started, Barnitz blew for the swamp—and made it. I didn't see him until too late." Maher rasped. He turned, saw Johnny, and exploded.

"What happened to you?"

Two things had happened to Johnny. A buckshot had grooved his cheek. Another buckshot had wounded the hard flesh of his thigh.

"Stray shot," Johnny explained. "Kelly's gun wasn't on me, but the short barrel just scattered 'em everywhere."

"We better be moving then," Maher said. "We'll collar Barnitz later. The others too. But just now that leg of yours won't stand any more man hunting." Maher looked fondly at the suitcase. "We've got the dough, Ames. And Kelly's done. Even with your punctured leg, we're getting a bargain."

"We better beat it to that machine gun on the prairie. We don't want to give Barnitz time to circle back to it."

There was no one at the machine gun. They took the gun down and threw its parts into the dark waters of the prairie. The mud would swallow them—forever.

Night began to fall as they started back. That night was hard. Mosquitoes incessantly nagged them. Johnny was half sick and Maher wasn't feeling any too good. The sinister night sounds of the Okefenokee didn't help.

But they kept padding and poling. Dawn came. They rested awhile, pushed on again. They reached the lake, and the going was easier. Too, they were feeling better.

At the end of the lake they moved over into the headwater of the river. "We'll follow this stream," Johnny said. "It goes right past Fargo. We'll turn the money over to somebody and see a doctor. And I want to buy a guitar string."

Maher watched the changing shore line with interest. "What river is this?" he asked presently.

"This," Johnny told him, "is the Suwanee River you're always singing about."

Maher looked at him suspiciously, but Johnny didn't smile. Finally Maher grinned. "You can't expect a city slicker to know everything."

# Learn Good Driving (Continued from page 9)

Any fool driver can do that—if nothing slips. It's those slips that cause the accidents. You did nicely, too, in letting the engine help you brake till you were down to idling speed.

All this caution may seem unnecessary. As you drive you'll see thousands of other drivers *not* doing these things. You'll be tempted to neglect them yourself. When you do just remember those feet and seconds. Here's what can happen.

You approach a crossing with a light. As it changes pedestrians start to cross. You slide three feet too far and hit one. A fraction of a second saved would have avoided the accident.

A car ahead makes an abrupt stop as a light turns red. You slide five feet too far and bump him. Terrible argument. A fraction of a second would have saved the five feet.

A car shoots across a corner just as you get there. You try to stop but go a foot too far and damage both cars. A split second would have saved you.

You're driving rather fast on a country road. Curve ahead. You slow down, but not enough,

and go into it so fast you slip into the ditch. Starting to pull your speed down early and using the engine for a brake would have saved you.

You can imagine all sorts of emergencies in which a few feet more of street space would have been useful.



"Gentlemen, we must keep Pratt's grapefruit in the public eye."

This space is a matter of seconds and fractions of a second. Plan ahead.

It takes a driver—after he sights danger—from a half second to a full second before he *even begins* to stop. How far does he go in that time? You can figure it out from the table below.

The m.p.h. column means miles per hour. The f.p.s. column means the number of feet per second your car goes. Thus, at 25 miles an hour, your car goes 37 feet per second. If it takes you a full second to go into action after you sight danger, your car will travel 37 feet—the length of a long living room—before you get your foot to the brake pedal. Figure for yourself what the situation is at higher speeds.

m.p.h.	f.p.s.	m.p.h.	f.p.s.
10	15	50	73
20	29	60	88
25	37	70	103
30	44	80	117
35	51	90	132
40	59	100	146

The next lesson we're going to take up what may sound rather silly. It seems as though everybody should know it. But they don't. It's: *Using the Eyes in Driving.*





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starts his body turning to his right, all doubled up. He's still on his back and entirely under water. His shoulders are on an even keel.

As his legs begin to come around his left arm lets go. He takes a turning stroke with it. This stroke brings his body around so that he's headed toward the opposite end of the pool. He's still on his back. His legs are coiled, his feet against the tile. With a powerful leg push, he starts off under water, taking up the leg stroke before he loses momentum. As his head and shoulders come to the surface the arm stroke begins its smooth, alternating rhythm.

The turn is made under water to reduce resistance. The arm motion consists of what amounts to two not quite normal strokes, the first made with the hand against the tank. The entire maneuver is executed with great speed.

Like all champions, Kiefer swims long distances, striving tirelessly for

style and ease. Overdistance work, coaches call it. Kiefer thinks nothing of swimming a mile—sometimes two miles—day after day.

But there's a danger in too much distance work. It tends to slow the swimmer up. So, a week before an important race, Kiefer swims short distances for speed. If the race is to be 100 yards, he will dash the length of the pool six or eight times in an afternoon. If the race is to be a quarter mile, Coach Brauning will prescribe a fast swim of 150 yards followed by dashes the length of the pool.

Like all topnotch swimmers, Kiefer will tell you that swimming is an all-year proposition. It takes stamina, and stamina can't be built up in a month or six weeks. The best way to improve in swimming is to do some swimming every month of the year.

The Olympics are just ahead for Kiefer. But this will not mean his

first competition in foreign lands. With other members of the Lake Shore Athletic Club swimming team he toured six European countries in the fall of 1935. At Budapest, Hungary, he stood up and had his picture taken with Douglas Fairbanks and then went into the pool and broke the world's record for the 400-meter backstroke. Of the many trophies Kiefer brought back from Europe, the one he prizes most is a card from Fairbanks. He quotes it from memory: "You gave me the greatest thrill I've ever had. Doug Fairbanks."

Other people will be getting a thrill from Kiefer this summer. He is one of the new crop of swimmers that has sprung up since the 1932 Olympics. Along with Flanagan, Medica, Kasley, Gilhula, Degener, Wayne, and others, he will invade Berlin to challenge Japanese supremacy in the tank. Watch them go!

**Dog in the Double Bottoms**

(Continued from page 4)

or anything like that, would you? You don't know where the dog is now, do you?"

"No, but I'll find it," Lee started up the ladder.

"We'll find it," Magruder corrected him.

"Good idea," Lee agreed. "Two heads, you know."

In ominous silence, Red climbed the ladder, with Lee trailing along behind. They went to the radio room. One of the operators said a white dog had come in there, but had gone away again. The next trace they got was in the sailmaker's locker. The dog had looked in on the sailmaker, then had gone on. A machinist aft had given the dog a banana. Forward the Ward Room chico was still having the jitters. Amidships in the galley the dog had eaten some cinnamon buns before going down the engine room hatch.

"That's a very active dog, isn't it, Red?" Lee asked, after they had spent an hour searching for it. "Wouldn't you like to have a nice active dog like that?"

Red remained stonily silent until they were topside. Then they saw the dog walking sedately along beside the starboard rail.

"There it is," Red said. He began to run, yelling and whistling. The dog started to run too, ducking around number four turret to the port side. He started down the after hatch, changed his mind and ran forward with Red and Lee close behind him. Sailors, midshipmen and officers stopped to watch the chase as the dog disappeared around number one turret and then began weaving through the anti-aircraft battery.

Then, just as Red almost had him, the dog dodged into the admiral's cabin and got up on the admiral, who was taking a nap. The dog sat down as the admiral sat up. When the admiral moved the dog lay down in the bed, and watched the admiral fuming about while Red and Lee stood at attention in the doorway.

Then the dog noticed Red, and went for him with a low, purposeful growl. Red climbed up on the admiral's desk while Lee and the admiral grabbed the dog as it left the deck to join Magruder on the desk.

"Here, dog! Leave that alone," Lee ordered.

The dog stopped trying to eat Magruder and started licking the admiral's hand. Lee noticed that diplomatic gesture. But the admiral merely grunted and released the dog. Rebuffed, it lay down on the deck and gave the admiral a hurt look.

The admiral grunted again, less sternly, and turned away. "Well?" he demanded.

"We've been looking for that dog, sir—" Red began.

"Don't you know enough to stand at attention when addressing superiors?" the admiral asked.

"Aye, aye, sir," Red started to get to his feet on the desk, but the admiral blazed at him, "Not on my desk!" so Red put one foot tentatively down on the deck. The dog growled and lunged forward.

Lee said, "Here, dog! Behave." The dog rubbed against the admiral's leg,

then sat down on the admiral's foot. Magruder got down.

"That's better. What's the trouble?" asked the admiral.

"That dog, sir. Dogs aren't allowed aboard ship, you know, sir, and I was officer of the deck, and the dog came aboard and got away, and there he is, and he doesn't rate being here, and Midshipman Lee has violated—"

"Not so fast," the admiral commanded. "How did the dog get aboard?"

"In a black bag, sir."

"Didn't you inspect the bag?"

"Yes, sir. It had some confetti, a tin flute, a toy train and some oranges." Magruder looked at Lee. "And a green bottle."

"I thought we were talking about the dog," the admiral pointed out.

"We were, sir. The dog was in the bag, too."

"Did you see him?"

"No, sir, but the circumstances indicate that Midshipman Lee brought the dog aboard in the bag, and so the dog must be sent back again, because it is non-regulation for midshipmen to own dogs on ships, sir."

"What about admirals? Can they have dogs?"

"Well, sir, I don't think the regulations cover that."

During all this gabble the dog arose, went over to the bed and got the admiral's slippers and laid them respectfully on the admiral's bare feet. He looked up at Lee, then sat down again, watching Magruder.

"Hmph," the admiral said, putting his feet in the slippers. For some time he looked sternly at the dog. Then he turned to Lee. "Is that your dog?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"He's an American dog, sir. He was stranded here in France, and it's no place for him."

"So you'll just use a battleship to cart him home. What's his name?"

"Dog, sir."

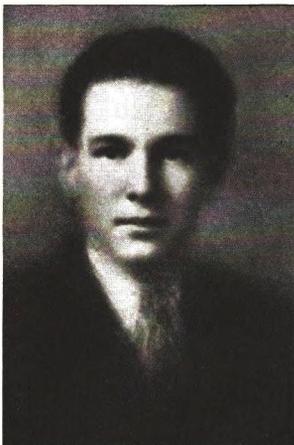
The admiral said: "I could probably get away with keeping the dog aboard, don't you think?"

"Possibly, sir."

"Very well. Let's hear no more about this." The admiral patted the dog. The dog pushed its snout up to be scratched, then yawned insolently at Lee and indicated that it was well aware of the difference between an admiral and a midshipman.

Bewildered and sad about the dog's actions, Lee followed Red back into the vitals of the ship without speaking. He picked up his chipping hammer and went to work.

All the way to Norfolk he chipped with that hammer, while Red silently looked on, and the dog idly sunned himself on the admiral's parade.



**He Doesn't Exist!**

If you wanted to shake hands with the boy in the photo, you'd have to shake 51 hands!

To make this picture the photographer took separate shots of 51 boys, focusing his camera so that the eyes were exactly the same distance apart for each boy. Then he printed the 51 negatives on one sheet of photographic paper, giving each negative 1/51st of the normal exposure. You're looking at the result.

What do you think of the typical American boy? Francis Galton, great British scientist who invented the process in 1878, says: "In a composite picture all that is a variation from the normal disappears." In that case, it's our conclusion that the normal chap is a likeable, keen, intelligent, thoughtful person.

## Toll Bridge (Continued from page 14)

When the deputy had gone back to town to broadcast the alarm Neil borrowed the sheriff's flashlight and entered the dark office. He sat down upon his stool and flung open his history text.

Behind him he heard a grunt of amazement. "What in thunder are you doing?" The sheriff stared down at the book. "Say, has this holdup got you batty? Are you studying?"

Suddenly the electricity returned. The lights flooded on. At once the fog-horns began sounding, mournfully.

Swiftly Neil searched in his history book for a passage he vaguely remembered. Something was hammering in the back of his mind, something he could not put into words; but he knew that if he could find the sentence, this half-formed idea would be clear. He turned a page. Then he straightened—he had it. *With the drawbridge raised the castle would be safe for weeks, even months. It was only when an enemy lurked—*

For some time he remained seated at his desk in silence. He drew out his pistol. When the sheriff came in the pistol had been returned to his pocket.

"I'm going to take your car and make a bee line for the Sacramento River," the sheriff said. "I've a hunch those birds might find their way blocked."

"Wait," Neil said. "How long does it take a car to go downstream along the levee road, cross the lower bridge and swing back up the mainland?"

"You mean to drive in a circle and come back to this point? About fifty minutes. In this fog, longer."

Neil took out his watch. "Then stay here. In half an hour the car you're hunting will be coming back."

"Are you cuckoo?"

"No," Neil threw him a friendly grin. "Like you, I've a hunch."

The half hour had almost dragged by when Dr. Grover pulled up on his way home from Marsh Island. "My patient was asleep when I arrived. Everybody sleeps but a doctor."

Three minutes later an empty truck rumbled up from the mainland. When it had disappeared toward the island shore the telephone rang. "Hi, Sheriff," Neil called. "Hear that? The phone's working."

The sheriff made several calls. At last he turned to Neil. "They've picked up five black sedans."

"But it isn't a black sedan we want," Neil insisted.

"I suppose," remarked the sheriff, "that it's really a yellow ice wagon that's been making these holdups."

Neil had his head out the Dutch door, listening intently. His eyes flashed with sudden fire. "Get ready, Sheriff. Here comes a car."

From the direction of the mainland a car was coming across Toll Bridge No. 3. Two headlights had broken through the curtain of fog. The car slowed down and drew to a stop at the narrow parking space opposite the office. It was a smart red coupé.

"That's your man, Sheriff," Neil's voice was tense. "Take no chances."

Buck Collinson flung himself out the door. "Say, what's doing?" he called. "My landlady said Dr. Grover left word for me to come."

The sheriff dropped his automatic to his side and turned disgustedly to Neil. "Now what do you say? It's only Buck."

Neil reached for the sheriff's pistol.

"I'll trade with you," he said quickly. He raised the automatic and pointed it directly at the man who worked the four-to-twelve shift. "We've got you, Buck."

Buck Collinson's dark face flushed. "What's the idea?"

"Stand right where you are," Neil commanded.

The sheriff looked across at Neil. He asked in a low tone, "You recognized the holdup man as Buck Collinson?"

Neil shook his head. "No, I didn't recognize him—or his voice either. But it was Buck just the same."

"He's crazy, Sheriff," Buck's laughter was far from steady.

"Maybe. But don't move." Neil's hand never wavered. "Remember, Buck, you told me that feudal age history was tripe? Well, you were wrong. It gave me my first idea."

"Yeah?" Buck's low tone was filled with angry insolence.

Neil spoke with intensity. "You weren't held up last month, Buck. You took the money yourself and told a tall tale about it. And tonight you cut the wires—and came near wrecking a steamer. Furthermore, you substituted blank cartridges for the ones in the company's pistol."

"Bilge!" The word came forth with an oath. "Prove it."

"We'll prove it. You see, I still have the revolver. Sheriff, give that revolver of mine the once over."

The sheriff at length looked up with amazement. "You're right, Mason. These are all blanks."

"And nobody but Buck could have put the blanks in," Neil explained. "Buck kept coming down that ladder after I fired because he knew there was no real danger from my revolver. Then, he told me to throw the gun into the river—which would have hidden that evidence forever. But I threw my flashlight instead, hoping for a chance to use the revolver later."

"It's a frame-up!" Buck challenged. Neil didn't take his gaze from the man's face. "Sheriff, maybe you'd better search his car. The bag's got the company's name on it."

Neil heard the sheriff cross to the small red car and open the door. After a short while came his comment. "Nothing here." Then the rumble seat was opened. A moment later there was a grunt of surprise. "Mason, here's the bag—and it's full!"

Even as the sheriff spoke Buck Collinson made a swift dive forward and flung himself at Neil's legs. Neil went down to the pavement. But the sheriff was at his side in an instant, and when Neil finally rose, Buck had handcuffs locked around his wrists.

The sheriff's face was grim. "It's a good thing I stayed, Mason. You know, I thought you were just scared."

"Maybe I was—a little," Neil admitted.

The sheriff grinned. "I also thought you'd gone bugs. Honest I did. I thought you were studying that history book." He paused. "Just what were you up to?"

"Reading about the feudal age, Sheriff. Look, I'll show you." Neil entered the office and came back with the book. "I'll read you the lines: *With the drawbridge raised, the castle would be safe for weeks, even months. It was only when an enemy lurked within the gates that imminent danger threatened.*" Neil stopped and looked across at the sheriff's prisoner. "Buck Collinson was the enemy within the gates."

## Postponed

We regret that LOST<sup>1</sup>, which was scheduled for this issue, has been crowded out at the last minute. It's Colonel Roscoe Turner's own dramatic story of the famous London-to-Melbourne air race. It'll be coming soon. Watch for it!

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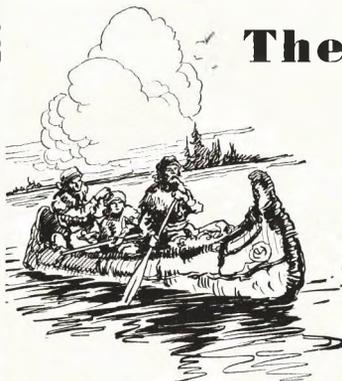
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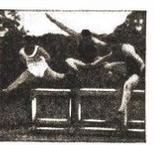
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by PAUL WYMAR

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He did. He took his typewriter and set out. During these months on the road, he began writing. He would sit down on his suitcase, rest his typewriter on his knees, and type away. By using these moments of spare time he managed to prepare dozens of articles.

"My first check came from the Cleveland News for a short-short story. That five dollars encouraged me to keep on.

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# SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 30)

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One of the Olympic Games stamps issued by Germany.

# STAMPS

by Kent B. Stiles

IT was unofficially indicated at Washington in mid-June that the Oregon Centennial 3c purple (mentioned on our June page) was to be issued about July 15, with first-day sales at Walla Walla, Wash., and Lewiston, Idaho. Design, a map of Oregon Territory a century ago, when it comprised what are now Oregon, Idaho, Washington and parts of Montana and Wyoming.

The Great Lakes Exposition is being held in Cleveland during these summer months. Normally, a commemorative stamp might have been issued; but the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has had a full program preparing the Rhode Island, Arkansas and Oregon "specials"; the Third International Philatelic Exhibition pane of four; and the promised "heroes" series. Hence the Post Office Department was obliged to refuse a deluge of requests for a Great Lakes Exposition stamp.

As indicated here last month, the first of these series is due early in August. On the 1c honoring Army men are the heads of George Washington and Nathaniel Greene. And on the Navy 1c are likenesses of John Paul Jones and John Barry.

And in telling you, last month, about this series, I erred in stating that William T. Sampson (to be honored, with Dewey and Schley, on the Navy's 1c) would be a newcomer to philately's gallery. His portrait appeared on the 16c of the 1906 set of the Philippines and on later stamps of that country.

**More Portraits**  
**MEANWHILE** other countries continue to contribute to our gallery; newcomers to it include E. Erasmus, Guericke, Macha, O. Onnes, Schaepman, Talma, and Voetius. Offhand, can you identify these seven?

Desiderius Erasmus (1466-1536) was a Dutch theologian, humanist and scholar. His head is on the 12c blue of a summer semi-postal series issued by Netherlands. Otto von Guericke, astronomer and experimental philosopher, was born in Saxony in 1602. It was he who invented the air pump. A German 6pf green with his head is commemorated as the 250th anniversary of his death, in 1866.

Karel Hynek Macha was a Bohemian poet and novelist. Born in 1810, he died at the age of 26. Two Czechoslovakian stamps—50h green and 1k claret—commemorate the centenary of his passing; the 1k is likewise in the form of a full-figure monument.

Dr. H. K. Onnes (1853-1926) was a Dutch physicist and professor of experimental physics; he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1913. Netherlands honors him on the 1/2c gray of the summer charity set.

Schaepman (1844-1903) and Talma (1864-1916) are relatively more obscure figures. Here's a chance for some research. I understand they were theologians. Their heads are on the 5c green and 6c rose, respectively, of the same Netherlands series.

Gisbert Voetius was a Protestant divine who was rector of the University of Utrecht early in the seventeenth century. In 1636 he founded the Trajectina Academy, and his face illustrates the 12c dark blue of two triangulars released by Netherlands to commemorate the tercentenary of that event.

On the 6c red we find the head of Minerva, goddess of the handicrafts and patroness of the guild of physicians.

You will recall that on the April page I did not identify Robert Henrik Rehbinder, one of the three personages whose portraits are on Finland's current Red Cross charity semi-postals. Rehbinder (on the 1/4m plus 15p) was Finland's Minister of State to Russia early in the nineteenth century. He was born in 1777 and died at St. Petersburg in 1841.

Uncle Sam's representatives taking part in the international athletic competitions at Berlin this summer can frank their letters home with German stamps inscribed *Olympische Spiele* (Olympic Games). These, with appropriate designs, comprise one of the handsomest sets ever issued, as follows: 3 plus 2pf gray-brown, gymnast on bar; 4 plus 3pf gray-blue, diver; 6 plus 4pf green, soccer football player; 8 plus 4pf red-orange, javelin thrower; 12 plus 6pf carmine, runner with torch; 15 plus 10pf brown-violet, fencer; 25 plus 15pf ultramarine, two oarsmen in shell; 40 plus 35pf violet, steeplechaser going over hurdle.

Cuba has issued two commemorative sets. The two stamps in the first set are identified with the unveiling of a monument to Gen. Jose Miguel Gomez, patriot and former president, and is inscribed *Monumento Gen. J. M. Gomez*; the 1c green in this set offers his portrait and the 2c rose illustrates the monument. The second set—fourteen values including airmail and special deliveries—are inscribed *Zona Franca de Puerto de Matanzas* (Free Zone of the Port of Matanzas); it publicizes the opening, in other words, that Tripolitania is established at Matanzas.

Look in the Scott catalog and you will find that regularly each year beginning in 1927 the Italian colony of Tripolitania has issued semi-postals commemorating the Tripoli trade exposition held every spring. Most of those stamps were extended ones in numerous designs, but this year is confined to two values, 50c violet and 1L 25c blue, in a single design: a native with elaborate costume and headdress. But even more significant is the fact that the 1936 exposition stamps are for the first time inscribed *Libia*. We may guess that this foreshadows the disappearance, except historically, of Tripolitania as a stamp-issuing land; in other words, that Tripolitania is being merged with Libya governmentally.

Two countries, Ecuador and Luxemburg, are commemorating the holding of stamp collectors' assemblies this summer. At Quito, Ecuador's First Philatelic Exhibition takes place on August 10-25, 2 and 5, 10, 20 and 50c and 1p triangular regulars illustrating a Quito monument to "fathers of the country," and 70c and 1p horizontal airmail depicting eagle and plane, are inscribed *Primera Exposicion Filatelica* and the date 1936. In Luxemburg an International Philatelic Federation convenes on August 29, and 10, 35 and 70c and 1fr, 1fr 25c and 1fr 75c stamps will show the municipal palace.

The Pan-American Postal Congress (the United States, Spain and the South and Central American republics) will in November meet in Panama for the first time, in Panama City. Panama accordingly promises commemoratives in ten values from 1/2c to 1b with designs including busts of Christopher Columbus, Simon Bolivar, and Francisco Garcia y Santos, the last named identified with postal developments. Also there will be six airmail, from 5c to 1b, illustrating buildings including Panama's Palace of Justice and Bolivar monument.

The next great stamp show, in which noted American collections are to be entered, will be PEXIP—otherwise the Paris International Philatelic Exhibition, to be held in connection with the Paris Universal Exposition on June 15-30, 1937. Even this far in advance France announces there will be commemoratives—5, 15, 30 and 50c, each bi-colored, as a block of four reproducing the design of France's first series, in 1849.

We mentioned last month a French stamp commemorating the 70th anniversary of the publication of *Lettres de mon moulin*, written by Alphonse Daudet, novelist. This is a 2fr ultramarine illustrating the Fontvieille windmill.



Karel Hynek Macha, Bohemian poet, who died in 1836, is honored by Czechoslovakia.

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An approval sheet contains stamps attached to it. Under each stamp is marked the dealer's price. The collector may purchase any of the stamps at the prices indicated. All stamps NOT purchased are returned to the dealer; and, at the same time, money is sent to the dealer in payment for any stamps which are kept.

Approval sheets should be returned within the time specified by the dealer. No stamps should be removed unless the collector intends to purchase them. When returning sheets, the collector should tell the dealer specifically whether he wants further ones sent on approval.

A dealer advertising in *The American Boy* is not supposed to send approval sheets to collectors unless his advertisement clearly states that they will be sent.

## The Bush (Continued from page 11)

easing down his pack on the bank. "Say—" Luke panted, "—how far did we come?"

Don laughed. "Tired?" he asked. "Sit down an' rest while I make the next trip. This isn't much of a portage—less'n half a mile. We'll have some that are two miles long."

Luke didn't sit down. He followed the other boy doggedly along the back trail, and again loaded himself.

"This isn't bad," Don encouraged him. "You ought to try it in June, when the mosquitoes get in your eyes."

Luke gritted his teeth and tried to keep pace with his guide's long, easy strides. He was all in when they reached the end of the carry, but he had not stopped to rest.

"Say—you do all right for a tender-foot," Don grinned at him. "Here—when you're rested, fix up your rod an' catch us a trout for supper. I'll pack the canoe in."

Luke chose a brown hackle out of his fly book. At the fourth try, there was a flash of silver spray and a speckled monster took the lure. A hundred feet of line sang out, and then Luke was reeling frantically. He played the fish for twenty minutes and his arms felt ready to drop off. Don had come in with the canoe, and twice Luke was on the point of yelling to him for aid, but his stubborn pride restrained him. If he was tired, the trout was tired, too. The rushes were shorter now, and the rests longer. He reeled in against the fish and saw the big, gleaming body struggling feebly, almost at his feet. Don landed it with the net.

"Nice fish," the woods boy commented, holding it up. "Round about four pounds."

Luke's eyes bulged. "Why, that must be a record!" he panted. "I never heard of a speckled trout that big!"

"A good one, all right," Don smiled. "But not real big for this country. One of my sports got an eleven-pounder last year."

Luke relapsed into resentful silence. He was too nearly all in to argue but he felt injured over the casual way Crombie had treated his trout.

Don cleaned the fish with half a dozen quick motions. Now he laid the thick trout steaks in the pan, and a subtle fragrance filled the air. The coffeepot bubbled cheerfully in the embers. Luke began to feel more friendly toward the world.

After supper, he even offered to help wash the dishes, but Don told him to sit still.

"This ain't much of a job," said the guide. "Take off your boots an' I'll get 'em greased up for tomorrow."

The warmth of an eider-down sleeping bag was pleasant that night, and the rest did Luke a lot of good. He woke at the sound of Don's ax, and came out blinking in the early sun.

"Guess I'll take a swim," he remarked, rubbing his bare body.

"I'm afraid you'll find it a mite cold," the woods boy answered. "Don't know as I would, if I were you."

Luke's stubborn streak was roused at once. He ran down the ledge and took off in a long, shallow dive. His hands, stretched in front of him, encountered some kind of slimy weed, and his knee scraped on a sunken log. He knew at once that only luck had kept him from breaking his neck. But the shock of the icy water drove even that thought from his head. He thrashed back to shore with frantic strokes. When he hauled himself out on the ledge again, he was shivering so hard his teeth rattled.

"Keep runnin' around!" said Crombie. "Start your circulation goin'. I'll get you a towel."

Luke danced up and down the ledge, rubbed himself violently with the towel, and soon felt a glow of warmth.

"Feelin' better?" grinned the guide, dexterously tossing a flapjack.

"Yes—" Luke's reply was gruff. He hated to make a fool of himself.

All that day they went on down the river. Moose sign was everywhere along the portages. Several times when they were toiling through swampy muskeg, Don stopped and pointed to tracks—great, deep prints of splay hooves in the mud. "You better keep that camera ready," he advised. "Might see one any time now."

Grudgingly, the city boy admitted to himself that this voyaging through the wilderness was fun.

They were away early next morning. Luke's eagerness to get a picture of a moose had increased. Twice they heard the crash of big bodies in the brush on shore, and several times bits of grass floating in the water had shown them where moose had been feeding a few minutes before. At each bend of the river the boy stared ahead expectantly.

"We're comin' to a rapids now," Crombie called from the stern. "Not bad, except there's a big rock at the foot. Get ready to paddle hard on the left when I tell you."

Luke eyed the white water without alarm. He had shot stiffer rapids in Maine. The canoe slipped down fast between the high spruce-clad banks. Looking ahead, the city boy could see a still pool below and—he stared—yes, a huge black bull browsing knee-deep in the water grass!

Hastily he seized his camera. For a moment he could not locate the moose in the finder. Then he had it. The big head with its spread of fuzzy summer antlers was lifted in alarm. Luke clicked the shutter and turned the film swiftly. They were closer now, and he could get a beautiful shot as the moose left the water.

"Paddle!" yelled Don behind him.

Luke waited a second till the big beast was squarely in the finder, then snapped the shutter again. When he put down the camera and grabbed for his paddle, the frail craft under him was slipping sidewise like a skidding car. An eddy was sweeping the stern in toward the big rock.

Before Luke could dip the ash blade they struck with a splintering crash. The canoe lurched to the shock, nearly tipped over, then righted itself again, hanging fast on a jagged knee of rock. Guiltily the boy looked back.

Don Crombie sprawled over the gunwale, a broken paddle shift gripped in his right hand. His left arm was crumpled queerly under him and his face was pale under the tan. With a grim effort he pulled himself back into a kneeling position. The arm still hung unnaturally at his side.

"We're all right," he spoke through clenched teeth. "There's a hole stove in the bottom, but we'll make it to



"The trouble with you is you're drunk with power."

shore if we can get off. Guess you'll have to do the liftin', though."

Luke's jaw dropped. "G-gosh!" he stammered. "Your arm's broken! I—I'm sorry, Don."

He took his paddle and climbed gingerly back across the tarpaulin-covered duffel.

"You can stand on the rock," Don said. "I'll go up to the bow. Then you shove off an' get ready to steer."

Luke got a foothold on the slippery boulder and held fast to the gunwale while the injured guide crawled painfully forward.

"All right," Don told him laconically. He heaved with all his strength and freed the canoe—then stepped in, as the stern shot by. They gathered swift headway in the final chute of the rapids, and their momentum carried them quickly across the pool. Luke beached the craft and stepped out in the shallow water.

Ten minutes later he had helped Crombie up the bank to a resting place under the trees, and had laid out the duffel to dry. "That was my fault," he gulped. "I'm sorry as—"

"Forget it," Don answered with a twisted grin. "Maybe things aren't so bad as they look."

But as they discussed the situation, Luke began to realize its full significance. They were more than a hundred miles from the nearest settlement. Their canoe was damaged beyond ordinary patching. And Don was not only disabled but in grave need of a surgeon. Both bones of his fore-arm had been snapped between the gunwale and the rock. He made no complaint, but Luke knew from the tense white line of his jaw that he was in agony.

"I reckon," the woods boy said, at length, "this thing has got to be set somehow. Think you could do it?"

"I'll try," Luke answered. But his fingers trembled as he touched the fracture, and when the other boy winced he stood back, shaking his head.

"All right," Don panted. "There's one other way—if you only knew the woods. Dad's got a party coming up the Kamwash. There's a Dr. Raeburn with 'em—a famous doctor from Chicago. If they're on schedule they'll be camped at Porcupine Rapids tonight. That's twenty miles straight north through the bush. But it's tough going—afoot—"

"I'll go!" Luke exclaimed. "I'll get there—if you can make out here alone."

It was nearly noon then. Nine hours of daylight left. He set to work furiously, putting up the tent—chopping firewood—making a sling for Don's arm out of a spare shirt—packing a knapsack for himself.

A furious energy made up for his awkwardness. He cut a pile of boughs for the bed and saw that his companion was as comfortable as he could be made. Then he slung the pack on his shoulders.

"Wish I had a compass to give you," Don said. "Keep the sun behind you the first couple of hours. Then over your left shoulder. When it sets, it'll be square on your left. With good luck you ought to make the Kamwash by sundown—it's the only big stream you'll see. Then keep headin' upstream. There's a portage trail the length of the rapids an' they'll be camped at one end or the other. If they're not there, wait. Dad'll know the quickest way to get back here."

He sank back on the boughs, gritting his teeth with pain. And Luke said good-by.

He didn't cast about for an easy way into the bush, but plunged straight into the tangled undergrowth. He had two days' rations and a matchesafe in his pack—a small hand ax stuck in his belt. He was pitting inexperience against the wilderness. If he had

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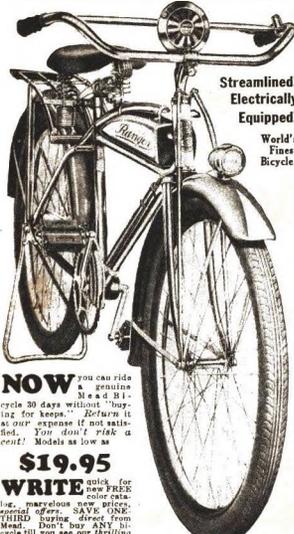
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known more about this undertaking, he might have been afraid. As it was, he had no time to think of anything but the immediate business of smashing his way through the brush.

The first mile or two was made difficult by dense covers of young spruce—"rabbit-bush" as Don had called them. Only a rabbit or a weasel could have gone through such places, and Luke was forced continually to find a way around. Often the taller trees hid the sun so completely that he worried about losing his bearings.

At last he came to higher, more open ground, where rocky ledges and fallen trees were his only obstacles. He made better time there. When his wrist watch told him it was three o'clock he figured he had come five miles. A quarter of the distance, and he was already tired!

After another hour he sat down on a rotting log to rest and get his breath. It was very still in the woods. The soft hush—hush of wind far above in the spruce tops, and an occasional drowsy cheeping of birds seemed to make the silence more intense. Even the Canada jay that had followed him, scolding, the first few miles from camp, had now deserted him.

His throat was dry. He hoped he'd strike some water soon. Ten minutes later his wish was ironically fulfilled. He came down a steep slope and looked eagerly for a brook at the bottom. Instead, his boots began to squelch in soft musk. He was at the edge of a musk-swamp.

Deary-looking tamaracks were all around him now—tall ghosts of trees, draped with gray squaw's whiskers. Thirsty as he was, he had no desire to drink from the stagnant pools that gleamed on every side. He plowed doggedly ahead, stepping on tussocks of swamp grass, sunken logs—anything that offered a footing.

It was impossible to hold a straight course, but he tried to keep his shadow diagonally forward and to the right. How far did this muskeg reach? he wondered with dread. It was like a nightmare—the yielding, soaking moss that clutched at his feet—the half-dead trees—the empty sky. Suppose he should step off into one of those black, treacherous pools and begin to sink. Fear made him hesitate, his tired legs trembling. Then he thought of Don, back there by the river, and stumbled on again.

Abruptly, half a mile beyond, the muskeg gave place to dry land. He panted up a ridge, hacked his way through a spruce thicket, and descended again toward shimmering blue water. Before him was a pretty little lake, shut in by high black forest. Gratefully, Luke ran down the bank and plunged his face into the cold water.

As he finished drinking he heard a loud snort and a mighty splash. Thirty yards up the shore a cow moose went scrambling awkwardly into the woods. The boy grinned and felt better. A look at his watch told him it was nearly six. Had he come half way? In another three hours it would be close to sunset. He pulled a chunk of bread out of the knapsack and gnawed at it as he struggled on.

After he circled the pond, Luke found himself in a new kind of country. The boles

of big, straight spruces shot up nearly a hundred feet without a limb, so closely were they packed together. Overhead, the tops made a solid green roof through which only a faint twilight penetrated. Once, when an opening in the woods gave him a view of the sinking sun, he found it was almost behind him. How long had he been bearing to the right? Panicky, he swung at a sharp angle and plodded on.

Light began to show through the trees ahead, and he emerged into a desolate tract of burned land. He had to clamber over charred trunks that had fallen in jumbled heaps. A mile of it and his hands and breeches were black.

Small streams began to cut across his path. Some of them were too broad to jump, and he waded above his boot tops to reach the farther bank. He was desperately tired now. With increasing frequency his heavy feet tripped over roots and branches. After one of these tumbles he lay still, wondering if he would ever find strength to get up again. Then, hardly knowing how he did it, he was on his feet and lurching forward.

Those last two hours were always hazy in Luke's mind. He could remember coming to a narrow lake that he took at first for the Kamwash. And he had some dim recollection of a cramp in his thigh that had stretched him on

the ground in agony for precious minutes.

The sun was gone, leaving a golden glow in the west, when at last he emerged on the bank of a swift-flowing river. He turned to the left, and slowly, painfully, followed upstream. A faint rumble in his ears grew louder as he advanced. A yellowish mound of floating froth swept by in the river. Then, ahead, he saw the rapids—tumbling white water that roared over jagged rocks. Porcupine, they called it. A swell name for those sharp, black needles. . . . He had fallen over a stump in the trail. Yes, it was a trail. Just a minute and he'd get up, but it was such a good place to rest. . . .

The next thing Luke knew, a wrinkled, copper-hued face bent above him and a hand was shaking his shoulder. "Hey!" called a voice. "Dis fella, she's 'sleep on de portage!"

Other figures surrounded him as he struggled to his knees.

"Is—is Mr. Crombie here?" he asked. A big man beside him nodded. "Here." And Luke gasped out his story. Crombie listened quietly. "His arm is pretty bad," Luke concluded. "The end of the bone was almost coming through the skin. Can you find him?"

"Yes," said Don's father. "You'll stay with the party, here, and we'll meet you at Lac Rideaux. Dr. Raeburn, if you don't mind traveling tonight, we can get there by morning. Just above here there's a stream big enough for a canoe, and barring one or two carries we can go all the way by water. You Tom, and Lewis," he spoke to the guides, "take good care of this boy. He's done quite a job today."

A night's sleep made Luke practically as good as new. There was a stiffness in his leg muscles and an ache in his back, but he had an appetite that made even the Indian guides marvel. The party went on, poling up river by easy stages. And three days later they were paddling across from the Kamwash to Lac Rideaux through a chain of small lakes and rivers.

Luke packed his share of the duffel over the last carry, and the three canoes shot down a winding stream into the big lake. One of the guides pointed off to the north-east. There was a dark speck in the blue expanse, and a rhythmic flash of lifted paddles. Gradually the canoes drew closer and Luke could see three figures in the approaching craft. The one in the middle waded, and a cheerful hail came across the water.

"It's Don!" he cried. "They got him, all right. Hi, boy!" The flotilla pulled alongside and Don Crombie stretched out his right hand to seize Luke's. The other arm was heavy with splints and bandages.

"We made it by morning," Don's father was saying. "None too soon, either. The lad was out of his head with fever, and the arm had swelled up bad. But he's in fine shape now, thanks to the doctor and this young bush cruiser, here."

Don grinned. "A good thing for me I had a real woodsman along," he said.

Luke shook his head. There was a lump in his throat, but he was prouder of that compliment than of any ever paid him.

"I guess," he said thoughtfully, "the bush must do something to a guy like me."

The YOUTH'S COMPANION Founded 1857

# The American Boy

Fol. 110      AUGUST 1936      No. 8

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Published Monthly by  
**THE SPRAGUE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.**  
GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS      ELMER P. GRIERSON  
Editor      General Manager  
FRANKLIN M. RECK, Managing Editor  
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**INDIGESTIBLE**

Teacher: "William, construct a sentence using the word 'archaic.'"  
 William: "We can't eat archaic and have it too."

**COMPLIMENT**

Student: "Am I handling this plane pretty well?"  
 Pilot: "Yes, just keep it up."

**THE IDEA!**

"I've heard that Mr. Jones walks in his sleep."  
 "Fancy, and they with two automobiles."

**REVERSED**

Teacher: "What is a geyser?"  
 Boy: "A geyser is a waterfall going up."

**FIRST AID**

Pilot (carrying injured passenger from his wrecked plane): "It's a lucky thing my crate cracked up in front of a doctor's office, isn't it?"  
 Victim (mournfully): "Yes, but I'm 'he doctor.'"

**COMPLETE PROTECTION**

A family moved from the city to the suburbs, and were told that they ought to get a watch dog to guard their house at night. They bought the largest dog that was for sale in the kennels of a near-by dealer.

Shortly afterward the house was entered by burglars, who made a good haul while the dog slept. The householder went to the dealer and told him about it. "Well, what you need now," said the dealer, "is a little dog to wake up the big dog."

**STILL HE LANDED**

The steamer was only a few feet from the quay when there was a sudden commotion, and a man came running madly from the dock gates, shouting to the officials to wait a moment.

Without pausing in his stride, he flung his bag on the boat, took a desperate leap and landed on the deck with a crash.

"Good!" he gasped. "A few seconds later I should have missed it."  
 "Missed it!" exclaimed the officer who helped him to his feet. "This boat is just coming in."

**WHAT TO DO?**

First Hobo (surveying stream of pleasure seekers): "I 'ates 'olidays."  
 Second Hobo: "Yes, makes yer feel comon when nobody ain't workin'."

**EXPERIENCE NECESSARY**

It happened at a summer camp. One small boy asked another: "Is this the first night you ever slept in a tent?"  
 "I don't know—yet," was the uncertain reply.

**CORRECTED**

The following correction appeared in a weekly paper: "Our paper stated last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force."

**IMPROVING THE RACE**

"That novelist says he took his characters from real life."  
 "He should be encouraged to keep on taking them," replied Mr. Growcher. "The fewer like them in real life, the better."

**THE GRADUATE**

"Look, that's the school where I learned to drive."  
 "You mean that's your alma motor?"

**THE CURE**

"Captain, how did you cure your kid brother of wanting to join the navy?"  
 Capt. Bees: "I took him out in the woodshed and whaled the tar out of him."

**ON EVERY HAND**

First Guest: "I'm sure I don't know why they call this hotel The Palms, do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."  
 Second Guest: "You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the whole staff keeps for the guests on the last day of their stay."

**WHAT ABOUT SALT?**

The professor of law had been talking steadily for more than an hour, and his class was becoming a trifle restless.

"Take any article, for instance," he droned on. "When it is bought it goes to the buyer—"

"What about coal?" interposed a weary voice.

The professor gazed over his glasses at the interrupter.

"When coal's bought doesn't it go to the cellar?" asked the youthful student.

**HIS PATIENTS LIKEWISE**

"Now that you are through college, what are you going to do?" one of his relatives asked.

"I shall study medicine and become a great surgeon," replied the youth.

"Can't help that," snapped the youth. "I shall study medicine, and those who are already in the profession will have to take their chances, that's all."

**A SOUR ANSWER**

Professor to Graduate: "Well, my good fellow, this is a great university. It is known in every corner of the world. When you leave here you can be proud of your background. Think of it. You have had every advantage a young man could desire. Your four years have been spent in profitable pursuit of the greatest thoughts of the greatest minds the world has known. Now the time has come for you to choose a profession. The world is entitled to expect a lot from you. What are you going to turn your hand to?"  
 Graduate: "I've got a job at the pickle factory."

**AT LAST!**

"I've an invention at last that will mean a fortune!"  
 "What is it this time?"

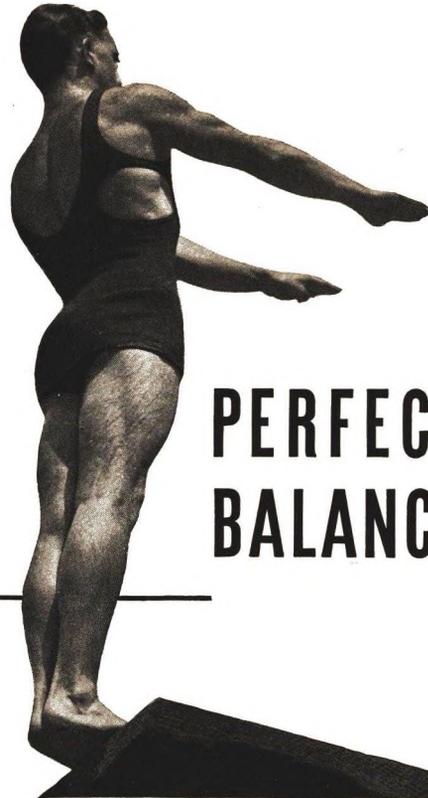
"Why, it's an extra key for a typewriter. When you don't know how to spell a word you hit that key, and it makes a blur that might be an e, an a, or almost anything else you like."

**SENTENCE REMITTED**

Male Straphanger: "Madam, you are standing on my foot."  
 Female Ditto: "I beg your pardon. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."

**THE NEWSPAPER READER**

Tourist: "Looks as if you were going to have a fine fruit crop."  
 Farmer: "Too early to say. It's only been ruined three times so far this season."



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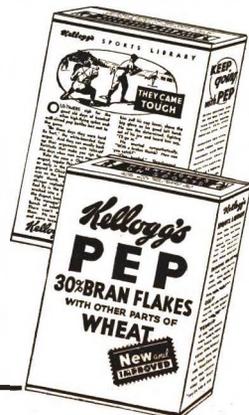
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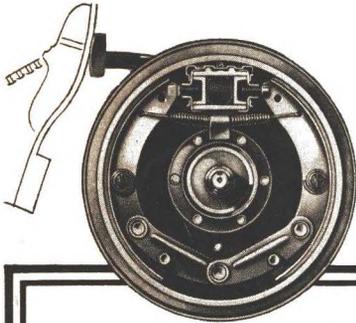
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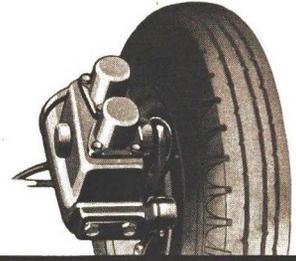
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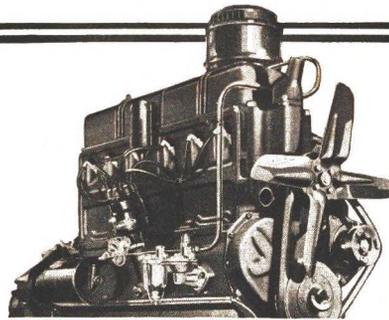


# CHEVROLET AND CHEVROLET ALONE

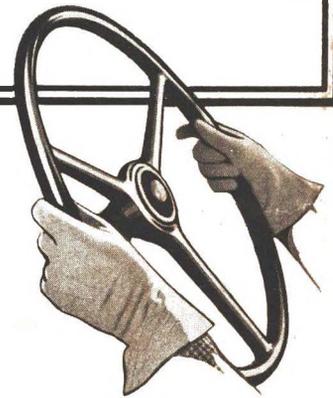
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