The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
February 1931
Founded 1[illegible]

Cover Painting, "The Seal Hunt," by Frank Spradling

"THE LAND OF NO SHADOW," by Carl H. Claudy

PRICE 20 CENTS

$2.00 A YEAR

EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY

LIGHT You needn't "bust-up" a peck of fun when darkness steals in early. Put Eveready Flashlight Batteries in your flashlight—and you'll have a bright, white path all the way home. Eveready will give you service for many months.

POWER Eveready Dry Cells are little barrels chuck-full of vital sparks. They hustle for months and months, popping ignition wherever you want it. The best "juice" you can get for motors, doorbells, buzzers—for tricky circuits of all kinds.

RADIO 89 unnecessary trouble-spots are done away with in Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries. 60 soldered connections and 29 thin wires used in ordinary "B" batteries are eliminated. For all battery-operated radios.

Eveready's are dated—your guarantee of fresh, full-powered batteries

Manufactured and guaranteed by NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC. General Offices: New York, N. Y.
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE AND CARBON CORPORATION

UCC

Building a Motor Car with Diamonds

Do you happen to know where a jeweller keeps his diamonds?

Except when they are on display in his window, he keeps them locked up in his safe or vault. He does this to protect them from bandits and thieves—for diamonds are extremely valuable. The finest diamonds, when cut by a master gem-cutter, are worth as much as $800 a carat. There are about 151 carats to the ounce—so you can see that even the smallest collection of diamonds would be worth a fortune.

Diamonds are generally thought of as ornaments. People wear them in rings, in scarf-pins, or incrusted in bracelets and necklaces. The kings and queens of olden days wore diamonds in their crowns—for no other gems are so resplendent.

There is another use for diamonds, however—one which will surprise you, if you haven't already heard about it.

Diamonds are used in the Cadillac factory in the making of Cadillac and La Salle engines—because no other substance can attain and hold the precise degree of accuracy necessary to Cadillac's standards. Diamonds will cut the hardest metals known. Steel, bronze, iron—and even emery—yield before the diamond.

The machine illustrated at the right, used to finish connecting rod bearings, shows one use that is made of diamonds in the Cadillac factory. Cadillac's connecting rod bearings must be finished with extreme accuracy, for the rod must fit the wrist pin and crankshaft with absolute exactness in order to secure absence of friction and looseness. The perfection of these fits has a great bearing on the length of life and service of the engine. The slightest looseness would cause the bearing to be hammered out of shape under the power of the motor.

This illustration shows a native African miner being inspected before he leaves a diamond mine. The most careful search is made of every miner to make certain that he is not secreting a diamond anywhere about his person. Even cuts on his body are the object of scrutiny—for miners have been known to escape with diamonds hidden in wounds!

To assure this precise degree of accuracy, the connecting rod is fitted with bronze and Babbitt bearings, which are fashioned to exact size on the machine shown in the illustration. *The cutters in this machine are genuine diamonds*. Any other cutting tool would wear away too rapidly to give the precise control necessary to Cadillac's standards.

If an opportunity ever offers for you to make a trip through the Cadillac plants, Cadillac cordially invites you to do so. You will find it extremely interesting to see, with your own eyes, just how carefully Cadillac and La Salle cars are built—for there are other processes just as interesting as Cadillac's use of diamonds.

$50,000 in Awards for Boys

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

Join the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild

CADILLAC-LA SALLE

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors
DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

CHRYSLER
STRAIGHT EIGHTS

A supreme test of automobile construction. A 10,000-pound elephant supported on roof of a Chrysler Eight Sedan. Even under this tremendous strain, all doors and windows open and close with normal ease.

NEW SAFETY BODIES OF ENORMOUS STRENGTH

THE new Chrysler Eight has a *safety* body of rigid steel—a steel front, steel sides and a steel back, all flash-welded and fused together into solid walls of one piece and bolted directly to the frame—a body impervious to road strain and temperature changes—a body with no joints to produce rattles or squeaks.

Body and frame are united as one, without a wood sill between them, and with the contours of the body fitting and merging with the contours of the frame. Result—the body reinforces the frame and the frame reinforces the body.

Thus is achieved a new kind of strength that spells a new degree of safety—strength that is illustrated by the spectacular test pictured here, made recently before the public at Coney Island, N. Y. Still another advantage, all doors are of die-formed steel, insuring not only rigidity but an exact fit to the thousandth of an inch. Such doors *cannot* warp or jam.

This advanced body construction is but one phase of the car's story. The new Chrysler Eight is conspicuous for outstanding beauty. Smartness is enhanced by its extremely low center of gravity.

The Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with its *dual high* gears and quick, quiet, easy gear shift makes possible new heights of smooth, visible, efficient performance. Chrysler internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes give a further sense of security at all speeds.

One drive in a new Chrysler Eight brings home the fact that Chrysler engineering has distinctly elevated the standards of eight-cylinder motoring. Greater safety—finer, smoother performance—richer comforts—all beckon to you in a new Chrysler Eight.

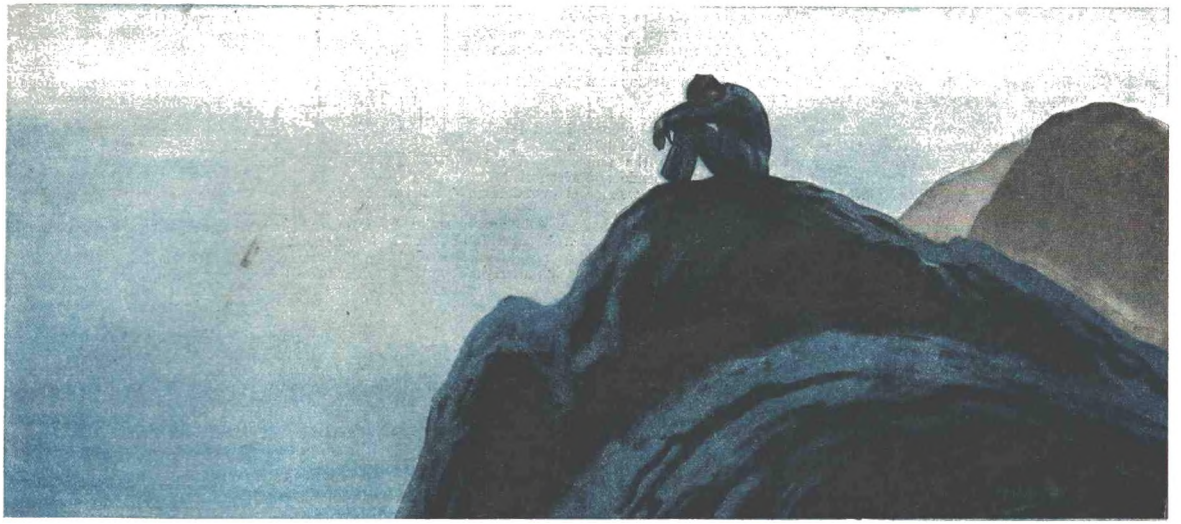
CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Coupe (with rumble seat) $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*Five-Passenger Sedan $2745; Close-Coupled Sedan $2845; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2945; Sedan-Limousine $3145.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CUSTOM EIGHTS, *bodies designed by LeBaron—Coupe $3150; Roadster $3220; Convertible Coupe $3320; Phaeton $3575. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

Volume 105 February, 1931 Number 2

Price: 20 cents a copy; $2.00 a year, $3.00 for three years in the United States and its possessions; 25c a year extra in Canada; 50c a year extra in foreign countries.



I was alone . . . There were just these rocks, the gray sea, and I.

The Land of No Shadow

By Carl H. Claudy

Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee

THE following established facts cannot be controverted:

(1) In the *Morning Post* of January 3, 1931, this advertisement appeared for the first time:

> WANTED—Young man, physically strong, courageous, no home ties, unmarried, some knowledge of science. Applicant must be willing to "take a chance" for fame and fortune. Can learn interesting details by addressing Box 756.

(2) The same advertisement appeared January 7.

(3) Alvin Gaylord left our boarding house on January 4, and never returned.

(4) Dr. Kurt Arronson, professor of physics in the university, author of "Mathematics of the Atom," "Logarithms of the Fourth Dimension," etc., disappeared from his home January 10, and has never been heard of since.

(5) On December 28, 1930, he purchased from the Graham Clark Co. three boxes each containing a dozen cans of soup, three boxes each containing a dozen cans of meat, ten tins of crackers, a box of twelve tins of apple sauce and cranberry jelly, four cooked hams in cans, ten one-pound packages of cheese and two cartons of matches.

(6) On December 29, he purchased from the Colonial Hardware Co., a saw, an ax, a crowbar, a coil of half-inch Manila rope, a thirty-eight automatic, two boxes of cartridges, and a small flash light.

(7) On the same day he purchased from the sporting goods store a gymnasium springboard. He bought also the heaviest sweater he could purchase, two all-wool blankets and twelve two-quart canteens.

(8) All these purchases were delivered to his house, 89 Hillerton Road. I saw the sales slips of these purchases on his desk and of course the stores will confirm the purchases and the delivery drivers substantiate my statement that all these boxes, materials, and apparatus were delivered.

(9) They, also, have disappeared, except the springboard, which was burned.

(10) On January 10, fire broke out in Dr. Arronson's laboratory, apparently from some defective wiring in electrical apparatus of some size, set up in the middle of the room. Little damage was done, except to the apparatus, which was hopelessly ruined.

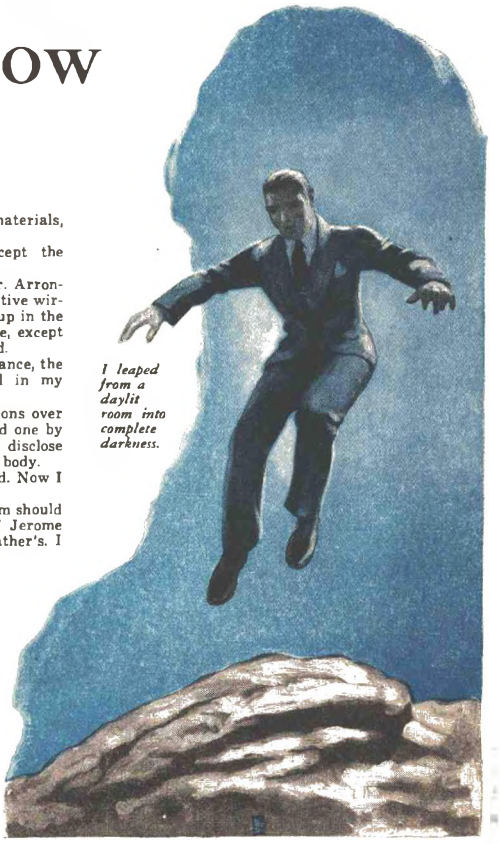
(11) When I was examined for life insurance, the three physicians reported nothing unusual in my physique.

(12) Several different medical examinations over a period of several days in this hospital, and one by the entire medical faculty of the university, disclose that my heart is now on the right side of my body.

(13) All my life I have been right-handed. Now I am left-handed.

(14) In the Horological Institute's museum should be by now a Swiss watch marked "Gift of Jerome Llewellyn Berkman." The watch was my father's. I carried it for ten years. Now it is like no other watch in the world; the hands turn anti-clockwise, and the figures on the dial, which once read 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., like your watch, now read 12, 11, 10, 9, and so on up to 1, which is where the 11 is on all other watch dials. I have just given it to the orderly to mail to the Institute.

(15) I list as "evidence" the fact that Alvin Gaylord and I both knew that the university power house, with its great generator, is just a mile and a quarter from Arronson's house. We had learned that in our surveying course. But I want to make it very plain that I had never translated distance into paces—I thought of it in feet, and in miles and fractions. It's a little comfort to remember that now.



I leaped from a daylit room into complete darkness.

A Long Story Complete in This Issue

Such is the "evidence," all of the most circumstantial and shadowy character. It doesn't explain to the world the disappearances of Gaylord and the professor. Yet it cannot, I think, be altogether disregarded. Galileo was persecuted for insisting that the world moved. Da Vinci was laughed at for believing a heavier-than-air machine could support its own and a man's weight in the air. Röntgen was dubbed "crank" when he first told the world of seeing through solid matter. But they told their stories. I tell mine.

Some day someone will discover the secret of Dr. Arronson's huge coils and tubes and again adventure into the "Land of No Shadow." He should begin his journey in the neighborhood of Dr. Arronson's house. He will find the Cross I erected, and if he will, he may lift away the rocks—but of that I will speak later.

You must forgive the "I" in this story. It is too weirdly personal to set forth otherwise. Furthermore, I am the only man on this earth who knows it.

I, Jerome Llewellyn Berkman—Jerry to my friends—am twenty-two years old, an orphan. My roommate, Alvin Gaylord, was also tieless, and my age. Both of us were seniors in the university. Both of us were strong, athletic, healthy. But there the resemblance ends. Al was a fine student, specializing in mathematics and physics—he claimed to understand Einstein! I just lucked through in both math and physics.

In the three years we had roomed together we had crawled into each other's hearts. I mustn't be sentimental—but Alvin was like a brother—never mind.

On January 8, he called my attention to that advertisement, and I laughed. But Al Gaylord didn't laugh.

"Young man—no home ties—knowledge of science—" he repeated thoughtfully.

Now I know that he answered it. He went to Dr. Arronson's house. I know now he went through the coils. All I knew then was that he just disappeared.

When he didn't come back to the boarding house for dinner I notified the police and the university authorities. But he had no family; he had no debts; he had no property. There were no clues.

He was like a brother and I loved him. But what could I do? The police had said, "We'll find him," but they didn't.

And then I saw the second advertisement. I read it a dozen times—then answered it, giving my age and qualifications. It might give me a clue to Al. Next day—January 8—I received an answer from Dr. Arronson, telling me to call at the Hillerton Road address. I wish I'd kept the letter—but you probably wouldn't believe it genuine.

I went to Dr. Arronson's house about noon. Did you ever see Dr. Arronson? Queer little chap—bald as an eagle, great high beak of a nose, eyes like two Roman candles squirting fireballs at you; meek little voice that made you think him a meek little man. Very dry and precise, and with a queer quality of eagerness, a breathless reaching out from his mind to yours that not only made him famous as a physicist but as a teacher.

I'd never cottoned to him because I detested mathematical physics, but I didn't dislike him. Al liked him a lot. Like everyone else in the university, I respected him tremendously. Even now I won't say that he was cruel or inhuman—at first.

THE first thing he made me do was promise I wouldn't reveal what he was about to tell me, until he gave me leave or died. Of course, I don't *know* he's dead—but he's gone. I guess it's all right for me to talk, now.

Anyhow, I swore.

"How much mathematics do you know?"

I told him.

"Know anything about Einstein?"

I didn't—or scarcely any.

"Are you willing to adventure, take a chance, risk your life against the certainty of undying fame and all the wealth you can use?"

"Sounds good," I said half skeptically. "I like excitement."

The scientist began a long lecture on the cosmos, particularly the mathematical conception of it, with special reference to the fourth dimension. You can find it all in books; so I'll condense it to one queer analogy.

"Imagine a world consisting only of an enormous plane, on which live flat beings who know only the two dimensions of right and left, forward and back. We'll call it Flatland," he began. "Of the third dimension, up or down, they know nothing. In their world, a line is like a wall is to us; they can go around it, but not over it, since they know no such idea as 'over.' If I should pick up one of these queer Flatland dwellers and move him over the line of a complete circle, I would put him in prison for life—and he wouldn't know how he got there. He went 'up' (and he knows no 'up') and then 'down' on the other side of the line (and he's never heard of 'down').

"Or I might lift him up from his familiar Flatland and put him in another Flatland, a quarter of an inch away. Let's suppose he lives on a large sheet of pink paper! I put him on blue paper. His home has disappeared. He doesn't know where he is. The color of his world has changed. His old world may be only an eighth of an inch above him, yet he can't see it, because he knows only two dimensions. 'Up' doesn't exist in his consciousness. Understand that?"

I said I did—child's stuff. Had it in physics many times.

"Good! But can you understand that there may be another three-dimensional world, very close to this one, yet unknown to us because it's removed from our world a certain distance along a dimension at right angles to the three we know?"

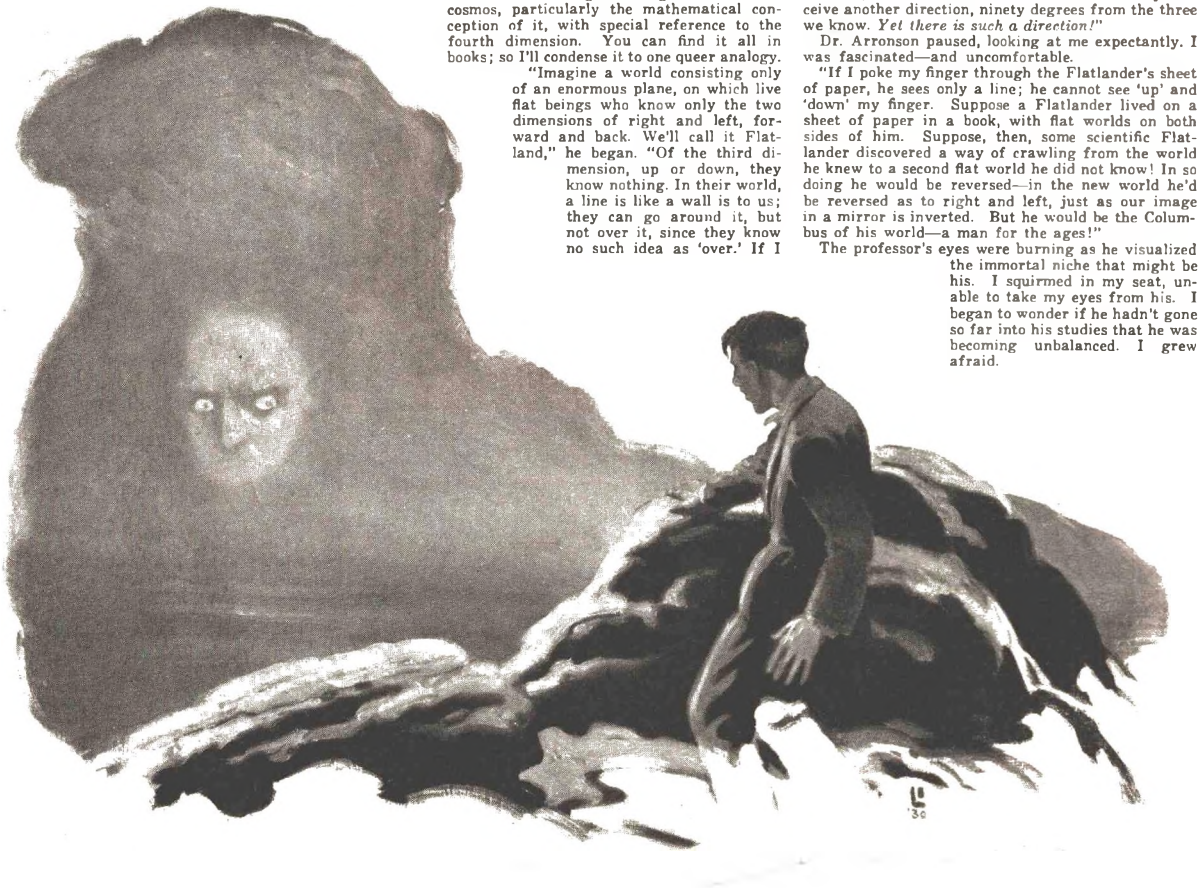
I knew that as a mathematical conception, of course. We can draw lines, make planes, combine planes into solids—but we cannot construct a four-dimensional figure because we know only three dimensions.

"Nevertheless," he went on, "there is another three-dimensional world a short distance from this one. I don't know the exact distance, but it is not very many feet. It is as invisible and intangible to us as the blue plane would be to the pink Flatland dweller. Knowing no 'up' or 'down,' he cannot conceive of another Flatland close to him that he can't see or know. He knows only the dimensions, length, and breadth. We know also altitude. These make the familiar frame of reference by which we explain the position of anything. The chair you sit on is four feet from the east wall, ten feet from the north wall, its seat is thirty inches above the floor! But for the fourth dimension, we have no name. We cannot mentally conceive another direction, ninety degrees from the three we know. *Yet there is such a direction!*"

Dr. Arronson paused, looking at me expectantly. I was fascinated—and uncomfortable.

"If I poke my finger through the Flatlander's sheet of paper, he sees only a line; he cannot see 'up' and 'down' my finger. Suppose a Flatlander lived on a sheet of paper in a book, with flat worlds on both sides of him. Suppose, then, some scientific Flatlander discovered a way of crawling from the world he knew to a second flat world he did not know! In so doing he would be reversed—in the new world he'd be reversed as to right and left, just as our image in a mirror is inverted. But he would be the Columbus of his world—a man for the ages!"

The professor's eyes were burning as he visualized the immortal niche that might be his. I squirmed in my seat, unable to take my eyes from his. I began to wonder if he hadn't gone so far into his studies that he was becoming unbalanced. I grew afraid.



In the fading mist, I saw a face. The eyes—living, sentient, looking at me—struck terror into my heart.

"Now—if somebody could discover a way of going from the world we know to the other world, distant from ours by an unknown amount along the fourth dimension, think what it would mean!"

The professor drew a long breath. I began to get interested. The idea of finding new worlds was gigantic!

"I have devised a means," the doctor said, speaking very slowly and significantly, "of moving a three-dimensional solid along the unknown fourth dimension. I won't bother you with details, but electrically I can set up such a strain in the ether that a three-dimensional solid can move along the fourth dimension. I have 'punched a hole' in the space of both worlds, much as my finger might punch a hole in two Flatlands pressed tightly together. I have found a pathway, and along that path a human being can go; a human being with courage, with adventurous spirit, with nerve."

"And what will he find at the end of the path?" I was becoming gripped, like a man living through a queer nightmare.

"I don't know." The professor spoke musingly. "I don't know! If I knew, I'd adventure myself. But I haven't the courage. I am old. I have little strength. That's why I advertised for a strong man with courage."

"Is that where Gaylord went?" I asked.

The professor's eyes fell. "Craylor?" he asked, mispronouncing the name. "Who—who is he?"

But I was not deceived. Somehow I knew that Al had answered that advertisement. Doubtless the professor had sent him on this insane adventure! I began to feel sure of it—even though I felt in my heart that the whole thing was impossible.

"Tell me some more!" I pleaded. I wanted the whole story before I had him committed to an asylum, or went to the police and accused him of murdering Gaylord.

The professor rose. "Come!" he commanded. "I will show you."

He led me to an adjoining room—it might once have been the dining room of his house. Light from three large windows illuminated it. It was bare of furniture except for a small chair and table. In the center of the room stood a large frame about seven feet square, of what looked like black glass or enameled iron. It was surrounded by many coils of wire. There must have been hundreds of them.

Its four sides were covered with glass tubes of strange shapes, containing what appeared to be an unusual arrangement of grids and filaments, something like radio tubes, or perhaps X-ray tubes—I'm not much of a scientist.

In front of this frame was a gymnasium springboard. To one side lay an open case of red rubber balls.

"Walk around the frame, but don't touch it. Look at it. Step through it—*don't touch it!*"

The apparatus was screwed to the wooden floor. Behind it was empty space for ten feet, then the north wall of the room. In front of it was the springboard.

"Stand on the springboard and jump through the frame," suggested the professor. "It's quite easy—"

I hesitated. Why, I don't know.

"Like this." The professor stepped on the springboard, teetered up and down a minute, then jumped through the frame. He landed on his feet but staggered a little, and fell awkwardly on his hands and knees.

"You can do better than that," he said as he rose. "I'm too old—"

I stepped on the board, took a good jump, and landed on the floor six feet beyond the frame.

"Well?" I asked.

The professor placed the chair opposite the edge of the frame and motioned me to sit. So sitting, I could see both in front of and behind the frame, but not through it. I was looking west, toward a window in the opposite wall.

The professor pulled a switch and pushed the handle on a rheostat. The tubes around the frame began to glow softly. A very low soft hum, something like that of a connected loud speaker when nothing is coming over the radio, filled the room.

"Look carefully!" commanded the professor.

IT'S hard to find the right words. For perhaps five minutes nothing happened. Then I noticed that a fog of darkness began to gather in the space beyond the frame. It began as a small spot and spread very slowly, gradually obscuring the wall opposite me. The window slowly disappeared. I call it a fog—it was more an absence of light. Yet the room was in broad daylight from the windows.

I suppose I watched this strange phenomenon develop for fifteen minutes. Then the professor picked up one of the rubber balls and tossed it through the

The light went out of his eyes and the blood from his cheeks as he saw my face.

frame—toward the north—into the darkness. It didn't fall to the floor. It simply disappeared.

"That's funny!" I said. It was funny, too. "Do that again!"

"You do it!" suggested the professor. "You throw the ball, hard. But as you get up, don't go north of the frame. Don't step into that dark area!"

I didn't. I got up from my chair and stood beside the springboard. I threw a rubber ball into what appeared to be a midnight black curtain in a black frame—I threw it hard enough to hit the wall and bounce. The ball disappeared.

It was uncanny. Not the ball disappearing, but my feeling. That darkness in the midst of light. . . . I felt as you might if a bottomless hole opened suddenly at your feet, deep in which lay something fearful, unknown. Now I know I was looking at something no other man had ever seen before—Al and the professor excepted.

The professor cut one of the rubber balls in half; it was hollow. The rubber inside was yellow. Red outside, yellow inside.

"Throw again!" suggested Dr. Arronson. "If you throw often enough and hit—something—just right, you may get a ball back!"

"Hit what?" I asked. "There's nothing there to hit but the wall—"

"Well, throw!" begged the professor.

I stood in front of that frame and threw fifteen rubber balls as hard as I could. They all disappeared. But the sixteenth ball came back. And then my eyes did pop, I guess, because the ball was yellow. It had gone in red.

"Cut it open," suggested the professor, handing me a knife.

I did. Inside it was red.

"It turned inside out," explained the professor, "as it bounced back."

"How can a hollow sphere turn inside out?" I demanded.

"That's as incomprehensible to you as how a Flatlander could be picked up and turned over is to him!" retorted the professor.

The professor shut off the current. The blackness disappeared as if—well, it just wasn't! I expected to find the floor covered with rubber balls. I could see none.

"You have seen my hole in space, my door to the other world," went on the professor. "I have thrown through that frame soup, canned meat, tools, a gun, rope, canteens filled with water—everything I think a pioneer could want. Now I want you—if you have the nerve—to take a running jump from that springboard through that frame. I don't know where you'll land, but it will be somewhere. Something solid is there, or the rubber ball wouldn't bounce back. If it can bounce back, you can jump back. Jump through. Look around. See what kind of world it is—then come back and tell me!" The professor's voice grew curiously eager. "Come back and tell me—and you'll be the most famous man in the world!"

"Why the springboard?" I asked. "Why not just walk through the frame?"

"There is always the possibility of failure of the current," pointed out Professor Arronson. "A jump from the springboard minimizes the time of travel. If you just climbed through and anything happened to the current through those tubes and coils—" He paused.

"Well?"

"You'd be cut in two!" answered the professor.

I determined that if I tried his foolish experiment at all, it would be *via* the springboard! Then a new thought.

"Suppose I come back turned inside out?" I suggested.

"The ball *bounced* back! It was subjected to a compressive force, which 'over there' must have moved it along the fourth dimension."

THIS was an explanation that didn't explain. Still, I tried to act as if I believed all this bunk. The experiment with the balls was queer enough—but so are conjuring tricks queer.

What wasn't a trick was Gaylord's disappearance. And Gaylord was like a brother. Athletic, cheerful, courageous, wholesome chap—you know the kind. I had no proof, but I was convinced Gaylord had gone through that frame. Well, I'd go after him. I'd jump through it at once—for Gaylord.

"All right!" I agreed. "Turn it on. I'll take a chance."

"And you'll come back—in a day or so—and tell me?" he demanded, rubbing his hands, a wild light in his eyes. I didn't like it, but—Gaylord was my buddy.

"Of course I'll come back!" I humored him. "As a matter of fact I'll come back immediately—"

"I will keep the current on—you can depend on it!" the professor assured me.

I ought to have suspected that statement. I didn't! He turned it on. The light grew. The blackness spread again. Again the curious low hum. I walked forward in front of the springboard to look at the frame.

"Don't go so close!" cried the professor sharply.

"Why not?" I stood still, close to the frame. Nothing happened. But then I heard something unexpected. You won't believe it. I didn't myself. I heard the soft *swish, swish* of waves breaking on an unseen shore. As if there were a subterranean sea, hundreds of feet below the house.

I thought something was the matter with my ears! At least that's what I thought until I saw that the professor didn't want me to hear the sound.

"What's that noise?" I demanded. "Sounds like waves—"

"It is some curious electrical effect!" he answered promptly. "I don't understand it, myself. It's not important—"

All the same that strange *whish, whish* of an ocean where no ocean could possibly be, made my heart beat faster. But the professor said the right thing, just then.

"I don't want to over-persuade you," he suggested gently. "Of course, if you're afraid—"

I was afraid, all right, but I was thinking of Al, too. And I reasoned that if it were all a hoax, I'd just land on the floor.

"I'm not afraid!"

I flung my defiance at him through my teeth, took a short run, landed solidly on the end of that springboard, and jumped forward with all my might into the blackness in the frame.

HOW can you describe an experience that is like no other experience you ever had? I passed from a daylit room to complete darkness. There was a sudden absence of pressure inside of me, as if I were dropping in a swift elevator. Yet I had no sensation of motion! I was no longer hurtling through the air. I—I felt queer. I suffered no pain. Yet I was being torn to pieces inside with hideous discomfort.

Violent, unfamiliar, disrupting sensations, as if a tornado were pulling me in all directions at once. Yet I felt no wind, no sense of external force. Whatever happened occurred inside of me, not outside. I was a bundle of horrible, disintegrating sensations. Nor had I any sense of time. I must have landed in a fraction of a second. Yet I died a thousand deaths. I seemed to dissolve and become reassembled. But why try to describe the indescribable?

I lost consciousness, I suppose, but whether in passing through the coils or after I struck, I don't know. I have no memory of landing. And I must have hurt myself as I landed, because I was badly bruised.

Breaking waves, somewhere below me, sounded in my ears as I slowly recovered consciousness—the regular *swish, swish* I had heard through the blackness in the laboratory. I suppose I was an hour getting my senses back. Opening my eyes I stared into a gray pall, like an overcast sky. Shutting them again I saw the professor, the frame, the laboratory.

After an unknown interval, weary to the point of exhaustion, every muscle and fibre in me protesting against moving, I pushed myself half upright and looked around. I don't much care if you believe me or not. At least I won't blame you if you don't. I didn't believe my own eyes.

I was on the extreme edge of a rocky cliff at least sixty or seventy feet above the rocky shore of the sea. Overhead was a sky that seemed one toneless hue. No horizontal line separated the sea and sky. At first I thought it was fog; then it seemed that sky and sea actually became one common substance—delicately shading into each other until you couldn't tell them apart.

I looked at the edge of the cliff, so near my feet. Had I jumped two feet short I must have been dashed to pieces on those rocks, seventy feet down. Shuddering, I drew back from the abyss and looked to right and left. The cliff terminated at my right in an impassable wall. To my left it stretched out until it, too, faded into the blend of sea and sky. Behind me was a rocky mountain, going steeply up. Almost under my hand was a rubber ball. Ten feet away lay another ball, near a small automatic pistol.

I looked down again cautiously, and saw some of the things Professor Arronson said he had tossed through his "hole in space." The rope coil, several wooden cases, broken open, their tin contents scattered about. On the rocky cliff beside me I found the sweater, the flash light, the tools, and four of the canteens. The lighter objects he had thrown through had landed on the cliff—the heavier, not thrown far enough, had missed the cliff and fallen to the rocks below. I might have missed the cliff, too.

"This is all nonsense!" I said aloud. I closed my eyes. "I am Jerome Berkman. I am in Professor Arronson's laboratory. I have just come from Mrs. Whipple's boarding house, and I must go back there to dinner. The street cars pass this house a block away. People I know are all around me. Be sensible!"

I opened my eyes on a rocky cliff, sixty or seventy feet above a gently moving sea, watching a sky fade out into nothingness.

I tried again. "See here, it's not in the power of the human body to propel itself, even with a springboard, more than ten or fifteen feet. The springboard is within ten feet of the north wall of the laboratory. I jumped. I landed. I couldn't have fallen down far. I couldn't have gone through that wall! Therefore, I am not more than eight or ten feet from the springboard, and Professor Arronson!"

I called to him. "Dr. Arronson! Dr. Arronson! Can you hear me? Answer me—"

No answer, of course. I didn't use my brain. I was just reacting like a child, hollering for help in a strange situation. It was too absurd, sitting on a high cliff over a lonely sea, yelling for Arronson, though one part of my brain told me he *must* be but a few feet away!

I stopped my silly yelling to talk to myself again.

"Look here!" I said loudly. "Look here! I'm dreaming. That's it! I'm asleep in the laboratory."

MY feeling of unreality is hard to describe. I suppose it was at least an hour before I realized its cause. One of the rubber balls focused my mind on it. Picking it up idly, I held it in my hand, feeling it. Suddenly I spoke aloud:

"Why, it isn't red! Or yellow!"

Neither was it! It was a neutral gray. Then I understood the feeling of unreality. I saw no color anywhere. Gray rocks, gray sea, gray sky—different tones of gray; some dark, some light, but no red or blue or green or yellow. Everything was like a photograph, which is real to our minds only by convention. No wonder I thought I was dreaming!

I spoke aloud again—it got to be a habit. "I can see, but there is no color—only shades of light and dark. There must be a source of light without color. Yet how can white light, which gives shadows of light and dark, exist without color?"

But no source of light was visible. No sun. Then I noticed something perhaps more terrifying than any part of my experience. Objects cast no shadows! I stood up. I cast no shadow. I held one hand above another, and the one below was as "bright" as the one above. The cliff cast no shadow on the sea. The gray ball on the rock beside me cast no shadow on its gray surface. My hands were gray, my clothes gray and without shadows!

I don't know why that simple fact scared me so, but it did. I tried hard to convince myself I slept, but I knew I was awake, and horror descended upon me.

"Don't go too close!" cried the professor

It was the unreality! You can stand the loss of anything except the familiar appearance of the world.

The thing that brought me out of my paralysis was the realization that my mouth was dry as cotton. I crawled slowly over to the nearest gray canteen, every muscle and nerve protesting against the effort. I was less sore than utterly weary. My very bones seemed tired.

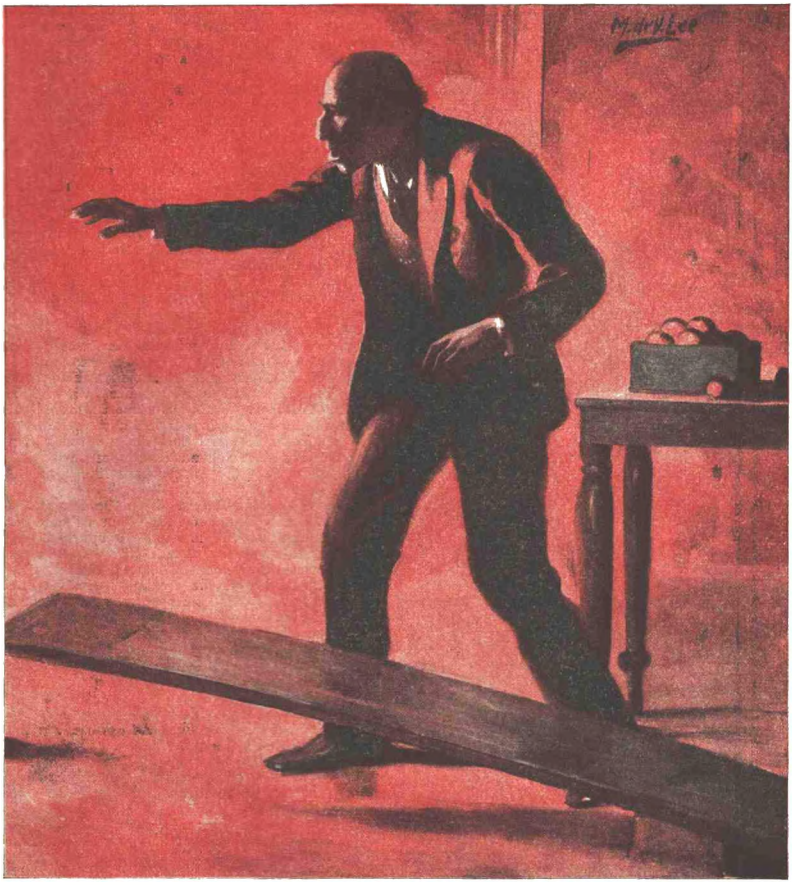
I managed to get my hands on the canteen, unscrew the top, and drain it. Although the water was warm, I felt better. Somehow the touch of the familiar canteen, and the wetness in my mouth, restored some of my waning courage.

I decided, at last, that I couldn't sit forever on a gray cliff and watch a gray sea! I had to do something.

How long had I sat there, anyhow? The hands of my watch pointed to five minutes after nine. That was nonsense! I couldn't have been there eight hours! I looked again, narrowly, and saw the second hand going around backward. In some strange way my watch was reversed, not inside out as the ball had been, but as if I looked at its face in a mirror. Unless it was the absence of shadows, nothing was so horrible as this, because it was dreadfully unnatural—impossible.

However, I was becoming accustomed to the unnatural and the impossible. The whole thing was impossible. One strange phenomenon more or less didn't make very much difference. Five minutes past nine by the hands was five minutes of three by the figures. I had been—wherever I was—some two hours.

To lay out some course of action was imperative. But I was tired. Like a man who had barely survived some harsh experience, I was sapped. Crawling slowly and wearily to the brown bundle that was a blanket, I cut its cord with my pocket knife. I didn't notice that I used my left hand. Knowing only that I was tired, I wrapped myself up, automatically wound my watch and went to sleep!



sharply. "You might be cut in two!"

I woke hungry and thirsty. Translating the reversed figures told me it was four o'clock; yet I knew I had slept more than an hour. Actually I must have slept almost the clock around. The terrible weariness had left me and the thought of food and drink was strong.

Stretching, I looked for a way down to the rocky shore where the broken cases of food lay. I found it a hundred yards to my left. The descent was difficult, but I am young and active and my stomach called imperatively.

THE gently breaking waves, more like those of a bay than an ocean, made me feel more at home. Foam, white crests, damp smell, all were familiar, but there was not a seaweed, crab, or any living thing on that shadowless shore.

I picked up a can from the first broken wooden box. Its label made no sense. HEINZ SOUP is what I saw. Stupidly I regarded it. Even the letters were strange. Then it came to me. "Heinz Soup," not only spelled backward but with the letters reversed in structure. I saw them as in a mirror.

Reverse or not, SOUP or soup, my stomach craved it! With my knife I cut open the can and drank the contents; few meals have ever tasted better. I opened a second can of different variety, too starved to translate and learn if I ate chicken or vegetable.

When I was through I sat and looked at my hands —my photographically uncolored hands—and wondered. For I had used my knife with my left hand and even now held the empty can with its jagged edges in that member.

I was left-handed. The watch was left-handed. The letters read backwards. . . . I could make no sense of it.

"I'm glad I'm not turned inside out, as the ball was!" I said aloud.

Perched on a broken box, I considered my next move. Slowly I came to the realization that I might be here a long time. I'd better take an inventory of the supplies that would support life until I found my way back from this left-handed land of no shadow to the familiar workaday world I knew.

On the rocks about me, scattered over perhaps thirty feet, were four broken boxes of soup, three of tinned meats, nine tins with pressed in tops, dented but unbroken, that yielded hard-tack, a box of mixed apple sauce and cranberry, three cans of cooked ham, four packages of cheese and a carton of matches.

But the boxes were not full!

Cans of soup and meat were missing. The professor had spoken of ten tins of crackers, and there were but nine!

"Alvin!" I gasped. "Al!"

And then I shouted aloud and danced a solemn gay little dance, all alone on that eerie gray beach. Some of the cans were missing. Alvin had taken them! If he had loaded himself with provisions, Alvin was alive! He was here—here in this strange place!

I shrieked at the top of my lungs—"Al—Al—Al!"

There was no answer save a dull and sodden echo from the high cliff behind me. But that couldn't still the joy in my heart, the mad happiness of knowing I wasn't alone! I wore myself out calling, shouting, crying for my friend.

I gave up, temporarily, and went to the top of the cliff after a canteen—a joyful trip. I remembered that the professor had sent a dozen canteens, all presumably filled with water, hurtling through that "hole in space." I had observed only four on the rocks where I had slept. Alvin must have taken eight of them. All, I suppose, he could stagger along under.

Which way had Al gone? Certainly he hadn't climbed up higher than the cliff on which I had landed—the mountains beyond were forbidding. Al must have walked along the rocky shore. To the right or to the left?

I could think of no reason why he should choose one rather than the other. My jump from the springboard was north. I landed on a cliff, turned around, and faced a sea to the south. If the points of compass were the same "here" as on the earth—subconsciously I began to accept the unthinkable hypothesis that this was indeed another world than the one I knew—then the beach ran, roughly, east on my left hand, facing the sea, and west to the right.

Which way would Alvin have gone—east or west? The shore to the east looked more passable. There were fewer bowlders. I strung the three remaining canteens about me, loaded up with a dozen cans of soup and meat by tying them in my shirt with the twine that had been around the bundle of blanket, and started down the cliff.

ON the beach I built a little pile of rocks, stuck a board in it, and penciled a message: "Al—I have gone up the beach to the left, as you face the sea. Jerry."

On the cliff top I built another cairn of stones and left another message. If Alvin had gone west and should return, he'd have the comfort of knowing he was not alone.

My insane watch told me it was half past five. Whether it was morning or evening I no longer knew. But I did know, now, that no sun rose or set in this strange environment. I thought of Coleridge's Kubla Khan and the "sunless sea." I dubbed the cliff Kubla forthwith. I laughed at the title, but underneath I was sick with terror of the unknown.

Half past five. The university was closed for the day. The generator in the physics laboratory had shut down. Mrs. Whipple was about ready to ring the dinner bell. People were hurrying home in street car and automobile. Cops stood on corners blowing whistles—and I walked a rocky beach within a few rods of all that. And yet I was alone. Alone—or insane.

"Insane people never think they're insane!" I told myself, but that was no comfort. Yet—I *knew* I was sane, just as you know it. I *knew* I was alive, just as you know it. I *knew* I was not asleep, just as you know it.

With my load of canteens and food I walked along the gray beach. I suppose I went fifteen or twenty miles, and in all that distance land and sea exhibited no change. Rocky cliffs to my left, gray sea to my right. The beach—it was more rock than sand—seemed almost perfectly straight. But as I could not see more than half a mile ahead of me, and as the beach over which I walked disappeared into nothingness half a mile behind, I had only a mile of beach under observation. The stretch might be the segment of some great arc and I wouldn't know it.

Nowhere did anything grow. No seaweed, crab, bird, lichen, tree. Nothing but bare, gray, photographic rock.

I sat down at last, ate some soup and meat, and went to sleep. The rocks were not comfortable, but I am hardy. I did not suffer from chill, even without the blanket.

I don't know how long I slept. Six or seven hours perhaps. I woke with a start. Something had wakened me—some change in my surroundings; some alteration in conditions. I stared at the gray sea. The waves were as gentle and slow as before. The sky and sea still melted together half a mile away. Yet something had startled me—

I got up and turned around, slowly. Then I stood very still, frozen to immobility by something I thought I saw.

Down the beach, just about where sea and sky and land all came together in the fading mist, I saw a face. It was huge. I knew it must be a half mile away, yet it seemed very close. It was colorless. The nose and mouth were too vague to describe, but the eyes—living, sentient, looking at me—struck terror into my heart.

The face showed only an instant; then it was gone.

I think I would have gone mad had my attention not been attracted at that moment. I heard something—a sound so faint it was scarce a breath, and yet so startling, so filled with portent and amazing hope I could not believe my ears.

I listened again. As faint as the thin gray ghost of a sound, as delicate as a spider web of a cry, I heard it. A mournful, pitiful, hopeless whisper, directionless, distanceless.

My own name: "Jerry—Jerry—"

NO man ever heard his own name under stranger circumstances. I answered at the top of my lungs.

"Here—here I am! Where are you? Al—Al—where are you?"

I stood motionless, (*Continued on page 46*)

"If," the coach said with biting emphasis. "If! In not one game have you given the driving game a fair shake."

Too Much If

By William Heyliger

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

WHEN the basketball season ended for Arrowhead, Phil Baker knew that the Arrowhead five had been beaten by one man. And the sardonic sports editor of the Arrowhead *Times* would probably head to-morrow morning's story:

TOO MUCH DUTCH

Well, Phil reflected, too much Dutch Hannah would be about right. Dutch had raced up and down the floor until Arrowhead had grown wobbly trying to keep him in sight. After that the blue Oxford team had fed him the ball and he had dropped it in. Twice in that last quarter, Phil, making weary attempts to block, had fouled—and Dutch had sunk three of his four foul shots. That last foul, two minutes before the final gun, had sent Phil out of the game on personals.

In the locker room the team sat in exhausted apathy. Mr. Newton, who taught English and coached the basketball team, went about the room whistling quietly. Presently Jack Parry, the captain, sighed and stripped and took his shower. Then when the last player was dressed, Mr. Newton spoke.

"Dutch has another year with Oxford, hasn't he?"

"I wish he hadn't," Parry said bitterly. "That guy's poison."

Mr. Newton smiled. "I'm rather glad he has. Next winter we'll treat Dutch to a surprise. We'll do a neat little job and pull his cork."

"Not if he's as good as he was to-night," said Phil.

"Iffing again," Parry said wearily.

"Heck!" grunted Coe, the center. "He's always iffing."

Phil shrugged. If the others wanted to be fools and chase rainbows, why should he close his eyes to facts? Privately, he felt that his mind was intensely practical and that his brain was just a little keener than theirs. He looked at Mr. Newton and waited — and Mr. Newton looked hard at him. "I want to see Parry and Baker at 3:15 to-morrow," the coach said abruptly.

"I'll be there if nothing happens," came a mimicking voice.

This time Phil flushed.

And yet, when he walked into Mr. Newton's English room the next afternoon, his step was jaunty. He called a greeting to Parry, but the captain answered with a curt "Hello," and stood up and moved toward the door. Phil looked at Mr. Newton in surprise.

"Isn't Jack in on this?" he asked.

"Jack got here a bit early," the coach explained. "I'm through with him. Over here, Phil."

As Phil moved toward the teacher's desk he had the feeling that the captain and coach had been talking about him. Oh, well! He shrugged his shoulders and sat down.

"Without Dutch Hannah's speed," Mr. Newton began, "Oxford would be sunk. I think I see a way to meet Dutch, next year, with speed that will be a little faster, better sustained, than his own."

PHIL'S eyes glowed. And yet, even in his enthusiasm, his answer was characteristic. As he thought over the team he didn't see where such speed could be produced.

"That's great," he said thoughtfully, "if we can do it."

"We can do it. Not the whole team—some men are naturally slower and heavier of foot than others. But Arrowhead has two men who can give a little surprise party to Dutch."

"Who are they?"

"Parry—and you."

Phil gave the matter judicious thought. "I don't know whether I can be made that fast—"

"You are that fast," the coach said impatiently. "Last night you stayed with him for almost three quarters. Then he lost you because you didn't have the stamina. We're going to see that you develop it."

"How?"

"Running—just running."

Phil sat back and considered. The coach, watching him, was touched with conflicting emotions. There were things about the boy he liked—his level-headed lack of vanity, for one. You could tell him that he was as fast as Dutch without worrying about how much swell-headedness would follow the information. But his habit of coolly considering what he was told was exasperating. He had got into the habit of expressing doubt over every new proposal. His manner often made the entire team hesitant—uncertain. It robbed them of their fire.

"It's too late for running," Phil said finally. "The track team wouldn't bother with a new man so late in the training season."

"Did I say anything about track?"

"Why, no. But if I'm going to run, where else will I run?"

"Roadwork. Both you and Parry. Five afternoons a week. Once in a while a sprint; once in a while a three-mile breather. You'll develop tireless legs. You'll have a pair of lungs that will never strain for air. You'll have the stuff to start a game like a streak and keep streaking until the final gun."

Phil thought it out. "That sounds like possibilities," he said at last.

"It sounds like probabilities. When Dutch gets the ball he'll find you in our forward zone of defense. You'll make him step. If he filters through he'll find Parry ready to carry him along. He'll be forced to play at top speed every moment, and he won't be able to stand it. And when he cracks—" Mr. Newton spread his hands. "We'll tie up next year's Oxford game and send it home."

Phil caught the coach's enthusiasm. He started to speak, and then something in the man's eyes stopped him.

"I'm shifting you to forward."

"Forward? I've always been a guard."

"Next season you'll play forward—you and Parry. We'll keep Dutch hustling when Arrowhead has the ball. You and Parry. It's going to be a bad night for Oxford."

Phil thought that out, too. "If I can only get the mechanics of the position it will be fine," he conceded.

"You can," Mr. Newton said drily.

"I don't know," Phil said seriously. "Forward's a lot different."

The coach's eyes narrowed. "Some day," he said, with gentle emphasis, "you'll smash into a new idea with all your heart. Without any ifs. And you'll be surprised at the result."

Phil flushed painfully at the cutting emphasis behind the mild words.

Out in the hall he shook his head impatiently. Was he expected to be a machine that swallows things without digesting them? Didn't they want him to use his brain? It was natural for Mr. Newton, as coach, to get warmed up over an idea, but why should he get sore because a fellow was cagy enough not to make blind promises? Suppose it flivvered? Dutch Hannah was no fool. What if he, too, built up speed and stamina?

"The trouble is," Phil told himself, "that most people have one-track minds. They see only what they want to see." He prided himself that he was not like most people.

YET he began his running. The first day he went out alone and covered two miles at a stiff pace. He ended breathing easily. The next day he ran with Parry.

"What do you think of this stuff?" he asked. "My wind's all right now."

"I'm letting Coach do my thinking," said the captain.

"Nobody does my thinking for me," Phil retorted. He sprinted out and drew ahead, and Parry made no effort to catch up with him.

"Another canned brain," Phil decided. Well, thanks be, he wasn't built that way.

June came, and Phil met Mr. Newton in one of the corridors.

"Going off for the summer?"

Phil nodded. "Sussex County."

"Hilly, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. Pump your legs up and down those hills. It's great stuff."

"If I have time for it," the boy said, after a moment of thoughtful silence.

"Suit yourself," the coach said abruptly, and walked away.

It was an ultimatum, a notice that the boy either could take the suggestion or come to a day of settlement, later. But Phil took it literally to mean exactly what it said.

And, strangely, now that the compulsion was gone, he found that he liked running. The exercise stirred his blood, put iron in his muscles, and gave him a glow of well-being. Slowly he conquered the stiff grades of the hills. His legs grew thicker; his chest became deeper. And he came back in September brown, and hard, and fit. He expected to be grilled as to the amount of work he had done over the summer, and was surprised that the coach didn't question him. It wasn't necessary.

PRACTICE started late in the month. For the first few days Mr. Newton gave them passing and shooting to accustom them to the feel of the ball and the feel of the court. The best of last year's plays were retained, and the first team took on the second for three-minute quarters. At once Phil and Parry showed a brand of speed that was to mark their play for the season. They stepped around the seconds and left them helpless and bewildered.

"They've got wings in their shoes," one of the scrubs wailed.

Mr. Newton took it calmly. "See it?" he asked Parry and Phil.

The captain was enthusiastic. Phil pursed his lips.

"I'm not so sure," he said gravely. "This is only second-string opposition."

"It's as good as some of the first-team opposition you'll meet," the coach barked. "Man, you're a flash, and a flash is hard to stop any place, any time."

"Well—" Phil paused. "If I get used to the forward job—"

Parry became irked. "If!" he exclaimed. "You are getting it, aren't you?"

"I don't know," Phil said seriously.

"You'd know if you quit iffing!"

Phil was nettled. "I'd rather *if* now than alibi later."

"Is that a crack at me?" the captain demanded.

Mr. Newton stepped in. Parry went to his locker, and the coach walked with Phil to the end of the room. The boy was flushed and resentful.

"Why did Jack have to hop on me?" he asked bitterly.

The coach wanted to bring peace, but he also wanted Phil to see himself.

"Jack is right," he said calmly.

Phil's head snapped up. "Right?" he exclaimed.

"There's always a time," said the coach, "after you've weighed a matter, to plunge in and push it through."

Phil boiled inside. Hop in blindly! That's what the coach wanted him to do. Swallow somebody else's idea. Well — he wouldn't. And his lips shut tight over his resolve. He'd be a yes-man for nobody.

FROM that day, there was a change. Since the coach didn't want him to "if" he didn't say anything. He accepted orders without comment and, when Mr. Newton outlined the new plays and threw them up for discussion, he gave neither criticism nor praise. The coach was alarmed. He preferred a player who questioned his judgment to a spiritless clam.

"What do you think, Phil?" he asked.

The boy shrugged. "We'll know more about 'em when we try 'em," he said shortly.

With one exception, the court strategy showed power, deceptiveness and scoring possibilities. The one weak plan called for delayed passing in the center of the court until either Phil or Parry had broken loose, and then a quick, long heave to the player who got clear. Mr. Newton tried to draw Phil out.

"Doesn't seem to go, does it?"

The boy shook his head.

"Probably too many men handling the ball or too much uncertainty as to just when to heave," the coach suggested.

"Probably," Phil agreed. He went off to his locker room. "Fat chance you've got to draw an opinion out of me," he thought. "You'll never riddle me again." He had become a tight-lipped, bitter, suspicious rebel.

"No interest," Mr. Newton sighed, and began to check over the substitutes for the man he'd put in Phil's place. Indifference, he couldn't tolerate. He'd give the boy his chance, but if he faltered—

Phil didn't falter. Arrowhead played its first game away from home. Wallingham had always been a good, strong, rugged trial horse, and Arrowhead tradition held that the team that scored 40 points against Wallingham was in for a rich, creamy season. That night Arrowhead rolled up a count of 68, and the chartered busses came back with wild tales of a forward who made greased lightning look like slow motion. Phil Baker had captured scoring honors with thirty-one points.

Next day they gave him a wild, acclaiming cheer during auditorium. Mr. Newton, watching his face, saw that it did not change.

"He's holding something bottled up," the coach decided. It was apparent now that the boy had a grievance. The coach suspected what it was but didn't know what to do about it. He decided to wait. As long as Phil played the kind of basketball he was playing, things would go well.

A Latin teacher leaned over and touched the coach's arm. "Looks like a big season for you, Newton."

"Perhaps," said the coach. Where would the team be if its fastest man went sour?

But Phil continued to flash. His footwork was bewildering, and sapped the vitality of players who tried to guard him. The teams that decided to cover him with two men found that such strategy left Parry loose—and Parry was almost as deadly. Sunset Heights, Dinwoodie, Paramus and Clinton all crumbled before the avalanche, and no team was able to hold Arrowhead below forty points.

The newspapers took notice. For two years Dutch Hannah had been the state's scoring ace, but now a marvel had appeared who bettered Dutch's score by at least five points to the game. Each Monday the papers published the individual scoring records, and slowly Phil's lead grew. Then he and Dutch were featured in the standing in bold-faced type.

"Don't watch those figures," Mr. Newton warned. He was afraid that the boy would suddenly start to worry about his own standing rather than the chances of the team.

"I'm not even interested," said Phil.

He wasn't. A great loneliness had descended upon him. In the locker room discussions he, who had always been ready with his doubts and his questions, no longer took part. Now he found that the squad—Parry and Coe, Ryan and Atwell, the guards—no longer looked to him to contribute anything. He had made of himself an outsider, an alien.

"And all because I won't be a tame rabbit and swallow other people's ideas," he told himself. "If I'd let other people decide what I should do everything would be all right."

AND yet, in spite of the loneliness and the inward resentment, he continued venomously to play superb basketball. Those steel legs, those elastic lungs, never seemed to weary. Beaver Lake, after holding Dutch Hannah and Oxford to a 21-18 score, fell before Arrowhead 41 to 17. That night Phil rose to glory. That night, for

Phil took the leather against his chest and with almost the same motion leaped and shot.

the first time, he threw aside his doubts and began to think that he would be able to handle the great Dutch all through four fast quarters.

And the next day Mr. Newton, aware that the time had arrived to take full advantage of the speed he had built up, changed the style of play.

"Hereafter," he said, "we'll play for the quick break. No more delayed offense. From now on—a driving offense. That means we'll almost never pass backward. We'll not dribble unless we have to. We'll drive—drive—drive."

It was apparent that the change had been discussed with Parry. He glanced eagerly at the others.

"With no passing back," Coe asked, "what do we do if we're cornered?"

"Shoot for the basket and follow the shot." The coach leaned forward. "Don't you see what it means? We'll keep the opposing team on the run. We'll give it no breathing spells at all. And we're in better shape to stand the running."

"Aren't you grading us with Phil and Parry?" Ryan asked.

"You're all faster," the coach said simply. "You've had to step along with them. It's given you legs."

"But no dribbling—"

"Passing is faster," said the coach. "We have the speed—let's make it count for the most. We have three weeks before we meet Oxford. In three weeks we'll have the system pat."

Coe began to chuckle. Atwell threw back his head. Phil stiffened with resentment. The fools! Swallowing ready-made opinions as though they were sugar-coated pills! Doubtful, and yet afraid to hold to their doubts! Suddenly all the corked-up resentment of days was released.

"If we're winning," he demanded, "why change?"

Mr. Newton was glad to see him come into the discussion. "We're not changing, Phil. The plays will be the same. We're simply running them under greater pressure."

"But if a system is winning—"

"If you can keep your head when all about you—" Coe chanted.

Phil gave the center a cold stare and went down to his locker, and failed to note the look of concern in Mr. Newton's eyes. The team stayed grouped about the coach. Phil heard the drone of their voices as he dressed. They were still discussing a speed system of which he would be the pivot. And he had walked out—alone.

After that he was lonelier than before. He weighed the new system in his mind and found fault with it. If a team tried to keep up a driving attack it might go haywire. Men needed breathing spells now and then. They had to collect their wits. He decided that if he didn't like the system he'd have it out with the coach, regardless of consequences.

The team, in practice, had trouble with the new system and Phil nodded his head wisely. Players forgot, and passed back or dribbled—or else, with their minds holding fast to what was expected of them, they passed erratically and made impossible heaves at the basket. Five days later they played Stanton Military, and won by a score of 23 to 18. Stanton had been smothered by Oxford a week before.

Phil went out alone and covered two miles at a stiff pace.

The newspapers were of the opinion that Arrowhead had slumped. "No team," wrote the sports editor of the Arrowhead *Times*, "could hope to continue such a sensational attack. Even Phil Baker, Arrowhead's flashing forward, played a leaden-footed game."

Phil read it with a sour smile. Perhaps they'd learn that it pays to "if."

Against Warrentown the team did better, but it was not the old team of dynamite, shrapnel and high explosive. The score was 39 to 20. Phil sank fourteen of Arrowhead's points.

"We'd have beaten them 70 to 20 if we hadn't tried to drive so hard," Phil said to himself disgustedly.

THE Hawthorne game came along—just five short days before the all-important Oxford game. Phil entered it a confirmed rebel. Hawthorne wasn't easy. He decided to calm the team, steady it, if it started going wild on the fast-breaking offense.

For the first quarter the speed offense went well, and Arrowhead scored 12 points to Hawthorne's four. Phil began to have his doubts. Perhaps it would work. But in the second quarter Hawthorne staged a desperate rally. With the score 17 to 11, Phil intercepted a pass in the middle of the floor. The driving offense called for Parry and Coe down the floor as fast as they could go. A quick pass to Parry. A sudden assault on the basket.

But Parry wasn't quite far enough down, and his guard was pressing him. For an instant Phil debated whether to throw well ahead of the racing player and trust to Parry's speed, or to wait for a surer pass. He dribbled, held the ball. Hawthorne set her defense. The opportunity was gone.

Phil tossed the ball back to the running guard and penetrated the defense. In another moment he received a return pass and neatly tossed a basket. He grinned inwardly. That was one spot where a bit of cool-headedness had given the team two points.

From that moment on he deliberately modified the driving attack whenever he had the direction of the play. He found Coe and Parry looking at him with raised eyebrows—doubtfully. And after the game, when he sat by himself dressing, he found the coach staring at him with thunder in his eyes.

Phil didn't flinch. He returned the coach's gaze squarely—ready to defend himself. For a moment the coach was too angry to speak.

"I tried to play your game," Phil said.

"But you reverted to-night to the old game," the coach said, trying to keep his rage under control. "Why?"

"Because it works better," Phil said defensively. His eyes fell under the fixed gaze of the coach. "If a team is geared up too fast—"

"*If*," the coach said with biting emphasis. "*If*. In not one game have you given the driving game a fair shake."

Phil looked up, surprised, but the coach continued.

"You've had reservations in your mind ever since I introduced it! In the second quarter, to-night, you should have passed to Parry. I know the guard was pressing him. But Parry was fast. He'd have outstripped his man. He'd have scored! More important, you'd have kept up that first-quarter pace and worn Hawthorne to a frazzle!"

"It didn't look to me like a good chance," Phil said stubbornly.

"For the first time to-night," the coach said sharply, "the fast break showed smoothness. Look at what we did the first quarter! We could have kept that up and overwhelmed 'em. Furthermore the team would have gained confidence. But your little stunt slowed up the whole attack. From the second quarter on, Hawthorne had chances to get its breath. As a result she ended up strong, fighting hard, and we were lucky to win by nine points."

"But if we'd gone erratic—" Phil said the words faintly because now, in the light of the coach's words, they sounded weak, unconvincing.

"What chance will we have with Oxford, playing the game we did to-night? We need super-speed to beat Dutch Hannah. All season I've been building to get that speed. Now, at the critical moment, you throw me down."

Phil tried to answer, found his throat choked, and remained silent. He had used his head—tried to reason things out—and this is what he got for it. Subtly he knew that the coach was right, but blindly he refused to admit it.

"During the game," Mr. Newton said, "I was tempted to take you out—kick you off the squad."

"Well—go ahead!" Phil rose to his feet, facing his coach with wild eyes, and there was a touch of hysteria in his voice.

"Do you want me to?"

The calm question brought Phil to his senses. Miserably he sank down on the bench and started drawing on his socks, bending his head to hide the tears in his eyes.

"I think I understand," the coach said slowly. "You think I object to your iffing. I don't." He paused. "It's all right to use your head. It's all right to question things. But—" He looked at the boy gently—"there are times when you must take the experience of others. There are times when you must work with heart and soul for the man in command. You have hidden behind your ifs. You've used them to excuse inaction. You've overdone it."

The words were no longer biting, and Phil was able to look at them and to search his own soul and to know that he was in the wrong.

"I don't know whether it's too late now, or not," the coach went on speculatively. "The team will be pretty uncertain after to-night. With their pivot man not co-operating, they'll slow up." The coach's voice took on a hopeful note. "But there are four days of practice left and we might turn the trick. Will you help?"

For a moment there was silence while Phil struggled to clear his throat. Then, head down, he said:

"I'll do all I can." After another pause he added huskily—"and there'll be no iffing."

Mr. Newton looked down on the bent head. He knew what the words had cost. He restrained an impulse to grip the boy's shoulder. He didn't give any indication of the satisfaction he felt. With the single word, "Thanks," he walked away.

THE team went at its first practice doubtfully. Whenever the scrimmage became hot, it turned uncertain eyes toward Phil. And the uncertain eyes were surprised to see a silent, intent player, driving with all the fire that was in him. Passing more instantly, and farther in front of the runner than he ever had. Running down the floor with greater speed. Intercepting passes. Deciding instantly what to do and then doing it with unerring accuracy. By his very drive he geared up the team a notch faster than it had ever been.

The practice ended with a breathless squad excitedly babbling. Hope took the place of uncertainty. And as the coach watched the silent Phil, he smiled.

It was a loose-muscled, untensioned team that gathered in the locker room a half hour before the Oxford game. Coe, with a lot of important jumping to do that night, lay back on a bench while Mr. Newton bandaged his ankles. Parry went upstairs to take a look at the crowd, and was back almost at once.

"Oxford knows all about the way Phil and I have trained for Dutch," he announced with some excitement. "It leaked out some way. It was in the Oxford paper to-night."

The coach looked up from the center's foot. "How does that change things?" he asked calmly.

It didn't. Phil saw that. They had what they had, and Dutch had what he had. Printed words couldn't alter the condition. Not now, anyway. It was too late. He strapped on his knee guards and ran up the stairs with the team as it went out to practice.

And yet, something inside of him chilled as he saw Dutch down at the other basket. This was the fellow who had run them ragged in other seasons, and now he seemed bigger, stockier, more capable than he had ever been before. One of the Oxford players spoke to Dutch, and he turned and waved to the Arrowhead team, and grinned.

"It's not worrying him," said Atwell.

"No." Phil swallowed. The Oxford ball missed the basket, and Dutch was after it, a streak of purring legs.

"Are we supposed to be as fast as *that?*" Ryan asked in alarm.

"Heads up!" Parry called sharply. Phil had missed his turn in the practice line, and the ball had bounded past him.

Cheer leaders went into contortions. Voices thundered back and forth across the hall. Songs broke forth in swelling choruses. Presently the practice was over. The substitutes retired to their bench, and the team stood in front of Mr. Newton. They expected instructions, advice, warnings. The coach spoke but one sentence. (*Continued on page 57*)

Build an All-Weather Twin Pusher

By Merrill Hamburg

Secretary of the Airplane Model League of America

HERE is an outdoor twin pusher that conforms to the new National Aeronautic Association weight rules. It's a sturdy, all-weather ship that will outfly a gusty wind—the right ship for this summer's outdoor model airplane contests.

Model builders will remember the big step taken by the N. A. A. last year when it announced that in all official contests, outdoor ships must have at least 125 inches of wing area; wings must be double-surfaced; and—most important of all—ships must weigh at least one ounce for each 50 square inches of wing area. In other words, outdoor ships must be heavier!

Nearly all builders realized the need for these rules. They knew that in the past, flimsy indoor ships had won outdoor contests. They knew that a lucky air current would give the lighter ship a tremendous advantage. They knew that the outcome of the contest depended mainly on the air conditions at the moment of launching, and that the best ship frequently didn't win.

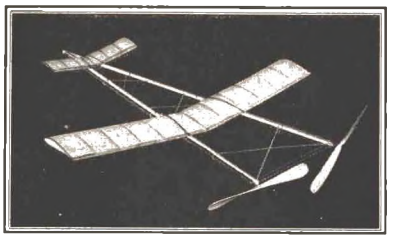
Yet, at the 1930 contests conducted by THE AMERICAN BOY in Detroit last June, many ships were too light, and had to be weighted down with BB shot, nails, and extra rubber, to conform to the rules. Then the Weather Man took a hand to demonstrate that the light ship is the wrong one for outdoor contests. A sharp, gusty wind proceeded to crack up one plane after another.

But the Weather Man wasn't able to injure the ship of Lawrence Hankammer, Des Moines contestant. Nor did Hankammer have to add BB shot and nails. Months before the contest he had decided to distribute the extra weight demanded by the new rules where weight was needed. He had designed a ship that was heavy and sturdy throughout. And although he didn't win the national contest, his twin pusher was conceded to be one of the best-flying, best-constructed of them all. It delivered two flights, in bad weather, of 235 and 110 seconds to win second place.

This article describes Hankammer's model. It has a heavier wing and stronger frame than previous twin pushers. It has ingenious clips to hold the wing and elevator to the frame. It even has a propeller shaft support so that the propeller will run true, down to the last revolution.

The League has prepared no kit for this ship. All the material required is readily obtainable at any model airplane shop. Here's what you'll need:

One 1-16 x 2 x 36 in. balsa strip for wing ribs; one 1-16 x 1 x 18 in. balsa strip for elevator ribs; two 5-16 x 5-16 x 18 in. balsa leading edges; three 1-8 x 1-2 x 18 in. trailing edges; one 3-16 x 1-4 x 14 in. elevator leading edge; four 1-32 x 3-16 x 40 in. balsa cap strips; four 1-16 x 5-16 x 40 in. balsa longeron side pieces; two 5-8 x 1 1-4 x 12 in. balsa propeller blocks; one 3-16 x 3-8 x 6 in. balsa strip for clip blocks; one 1-16 x 5-16 x 18 in. balsa for bulkheads; three sheets Jap tissue; one can of thinner; one can of banana oil; one tube of cement; five 1-16 x 1-4 x 15 in. bamboo; 70 feet 1-8-30 flat rubber thread; two pieces of music wire, one .035 diameter and the other .026 diameter; two drilled thrust bearings; four brass washers; and small rubber bands for wing and elevator clips.



The new outdoor twin pusher.

Start with the wing. Study the drawing, noting particularly the Eiffel Pescara 400 airfoil with its camber on the lower surface as well as the upper. This wing surface is most efficient when tilted upward at a one degree angle.

Construct the two halves of the wing separately. The 13 ribs are cut out of 1-16 in. flat balsa and the front ends cut off so that they may be butt-jointed to the leading edge. To save weight, cut three holes out of all except two ribs, which will be used for the end ribs of the wing.

Both the leading and trailing edges should be shaped to fit the airfoil of the wing. To shape the leading edge, it's best to use a template cut out of brass, similar to the one shown in the drawing.

When the ribs are glued to the leading and trailing edges—don't glue on the center and end ribs until later—cut the leading and trailing edges to a length of exactly 17 1-2 in. Then place the tip ends of the halves under books so that the tips will be just two inches off the table. The centers should be resting on the table with the spars overlapping about 1-16 in. With a sharp razor blade, cut down through both spars at the same time so that you can glue the two halves of the wing together in a neat butt joint. Put the center rib in place when you glue the halves together, and then glue on the end ribs.

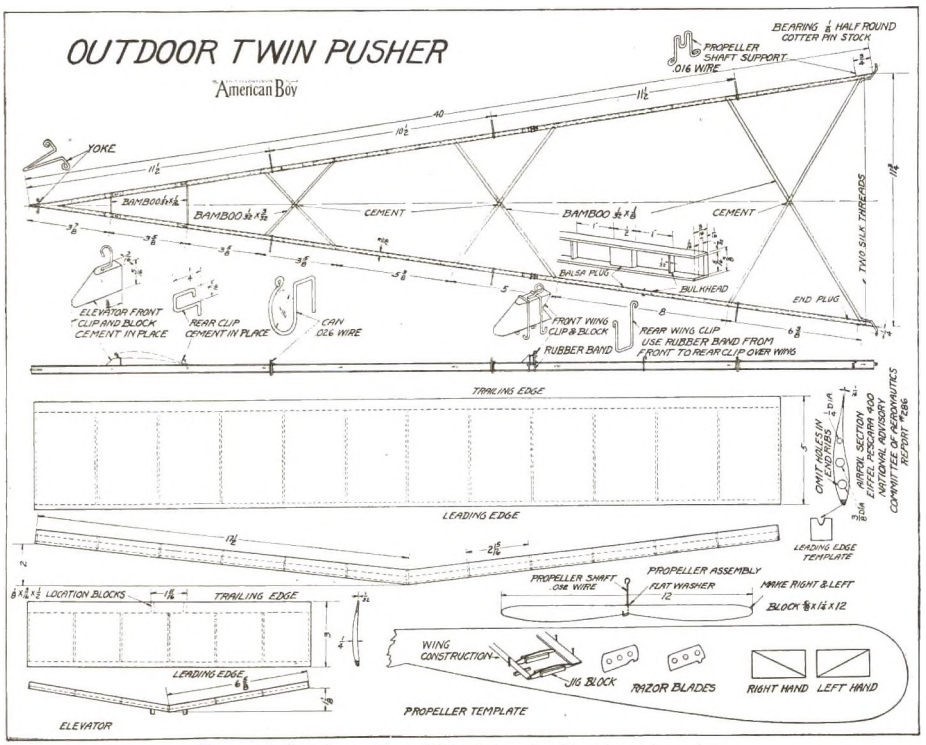
THE wing is covered with Jap tissue. Be sure to iron out all creases in the paper before you begin. The covering is then done in the usual fashion. (If you're just beginning to build model planes, send five cents to the A. M. L. A. and ask for the A. M. L. A. manual. This tells you not only how to cover wings, but gives you a complete technique in model plane building, including the carving of propellers, bending bamboo, shaping balsa, and making wire parts. No builder should be without the A. M. L. A. manual.)

The elevator is constructed in the same way as the wing and needs no further explanation except for the two small location blocks. These blocks are glued to the trailing edge after the frame is made, to keep the elevator in position on the "A" frame.

The "A" frame consists of two built-up balsa longerons joined together with bamboo braces. The top and bottom strips of each longeron are 1-32 in. thick, 3-16 in. wide, and 40 in. long. The side strips are 5-16 in. wide. The bulkheads are spaced one inch apart, and inside the two ends of each longeron are end plugs two inches long. Notice, in the detail drawing, how bulkheads 1-32 in. thick are alternated with plugs 1-2 in. long. The plugs add both weight and strength. Be sure, in constructing the longerons, to keep all strips aligned so you'll have a straight job.

The drawing gives you the size and location of the bamboo braces. You simply slit little holes in the longerons at the proper places, and insert the sharpened ends of the braces. Don't glue any of the braces in place until you have lined up the frame so that the open ends are just 11 3-4 in. apart.

The drawing shows you the yoke at the closed end of the frame, the location of the metal cans that enclose the motors, and the two thrust bearings at the open end. An innovation in Hankammer's model is the propeller shaft support, which is glued to the longeron just 3-4 in. from the thrust bearing. The propeller shaft runs in the "U" of this support, the purpose being to keep the propeller from wobbling when the motors start to run down.

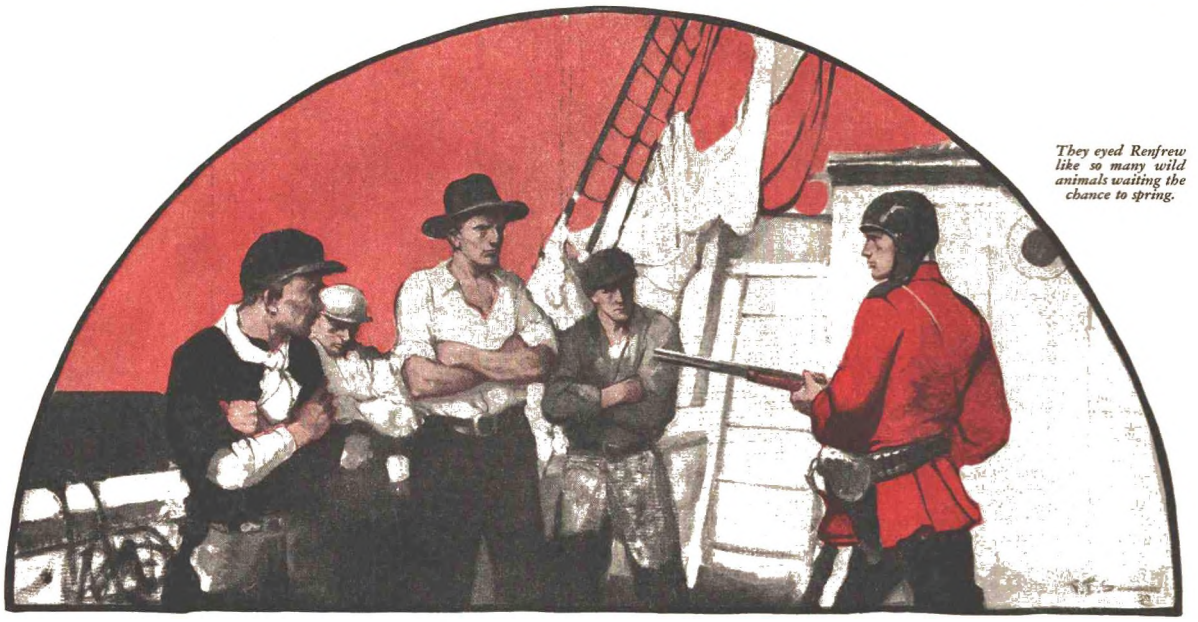


The new built-up frame gives additional strength without increasing weight.

The side view of the frame shows the method of holding the wing and elevator in place. The wing blocks and clips are shown in detail. They're especially valuable because they not only hold wing and elevator firmly in place but are easily adjusted.

The two propellers on the twin pusher turn in opposite directions to neutralize the torque, or twisting force. The A. M. L. A. manual will tell

(*Continued on page 44*)



They eyed Renfrew like so many wild animals waiting the chance to spring.

Renfrew Cleans Up

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

ON a morning in late September a cabin airplane with a pontoon where its undercarriage should have been skimmed down upon the surface of Banning Lake, Ontario, and taxied up to the landing stage of the forest warden station. From the cabined fuselage of the plane emerged three Royal Canadian Mounted policemen, clothed in their bright uniforms.

In torn, mud-stained clothing Renfrew stood on the landing stage and greeted them. He took from Corporal Keelan, in charge of the detachment, a package and some papers that the corporal had brought for him, and disappeared into the privacy of the warden's cabin. Some twenty minutes later, when he came out into the bright sunlight again, he, too, was clad in scarlet.

It was fine to see him, as he stood there in the entrance to the cabin and felt himself in uniform again. It was a long time since he had worn the red coat of the Mounted. Yet he was as fit and trim, he carried his strong, athletic body with as much spring and litheness as did the younger men about him. And the sheer gladness that shone in his gray eyes as he emerged from the warden's cabin gave him an irresistible magnetism.

He called Keelan's little detachment to him and led the way into the cabin. They were glad to follow him.

Within the cabin Renfrew spread out on the warden's table a rough-drawn map. Beside it lay the papers that Keelan had brought him.

"These," began Renfrew, indicating the papers, "are reports on the men we want. The map is my own effort to give you an idea of the country we'll find them in." He picked up the typed reports. "The most important of our men," he said, "is Roderick Morvain."

"Morvain?" exclaimed Constable Scott. "We've had men tracing that chap in the maritime provinces for three months!"

Renfrew nodded.

"It's down here in the report," he assented. "Campbellton, New Brunswick."

"That's right," said Scott. "I was posted there. Something to do with forged clearance papers. He took out a schooner."

"Exactly. Morvain, it seems, has a considerable record. He's a sailor who's been arrested in the last ten years for everything from seal poaching and kidnapping to bootlegging. A year ago last spring he was in Canada, avoiding United States authorities. He drifted to Campbellton, and arrived there at a time when the schooner *Viola* was laying in stores for its yearly voyage to a place called Forster at the mouth of the Abonnissi." He placed a finger on the rough map.

"This is a map of the place," he went on. "You can see that Forster lies in a big triangle of forest land enclosed by the forks of the river. There are quicksand swamps right across the southern boundary of it, barren country shuts it off to the north, and the falls and rapids of the Aoonnissi make it inaccessible by river. So the only decent way to get in there is by sea, and as a result it's visited only once a year by the *Viola*."

"And what is there to visit?" inquired Keelan, his lips curling in a grin.

"For us," said Renfrew, "there are a few dead bodies, a murderer at bay, and a hundred armed Indians to protect him."

THEY looked up at him with varying degrees of incredulous delight.

"That sounds pretty good to me," murmured the youthful Scott.

"Tell us all about it, daddy," pleaded Keelan.

"Well, Morvain found out from the commander of the little schooner that old Forster had a good thing and that every year the *Viola* went up and brought out some thousands of dollars' worth of furs. So Morvain purchased the schooner with worthless promissory notes and manned it with three sailors who'd do what he told them, and took two gunmen along for good measure. Dook Fowler was a western desperado, and Sandy Dakers came from the Boston slums. With this outfit he sailed up north, landed at the mouth of the Abonnissi, and put old Forster out of the way. He used a clever trick to do it, too. He talked the Indians and breeds into a state of revolt, and founded a preposterous sort of empire up there. As near as I can make out, Forster was tried by a mock court and condemned to death. His body they dropped in the quicksand."

"How did you learn all this?"

"The force sent a policeman, Brundage, up there to investigate, and they drove him out of the country in such a way that he would have to cross the quicksand swamps. But he got through. I went up there by plane to investigate things last week. Had to shoot the two gunmen to get out again, but I found the constable, Brundage, and he gave me the particulars. Now we've got to go back and clean up."

"You say the gunmen are out of it?"

"I'm pretty sure they are. They looked a lot dead."

"Then we've got only Morvain and the sailors."

"And the Indians and breeds. Morvain has them in a state of absolute rebellion. They fired after us when we made our escape in the plane."

"I should think Morvain and his sailormen would have sailed away in the schooner by now," suggested Scott.

"I hardly think so," said Renfrew. "Brundage set the boat on fire before they got him, and it's beached at the mouth of the river."

"And we fly up there in planes and—clean up, as you put it?"

"That's it. We've got the big cabin plane that brought you fellows up here, and a light two-seater. We can carry back any prisoners in relays, and have the two-seater for scouting."

"Fine. And when do we start?" asked Keelan.

"Soon as you're all ready. Have your guns in shape and bring ammunition. It may be necessary to use it."

Gravely they left the cabin to make their preparations. Renfrew went out and talked briefly to Pierce and Bennett, pilots of the two ships, and the two young airmen grinned contentedly when they learned what was in store for them. This adventure, it would seem, held the promise of very active service.

SOME hours later, while the sun was still high, Renfrew was once again looking down upon that strange triangle of forest land that lay within the two forks of the Abonnissi as a rich prize might lie clutched between greedy arms. There were the quicksand swamps that had nearly taken his life such a few days before, the ridge of lava rock where Morvain's riflemen had waited to prevent his return from the wilderness, and the lake above the trading post. As they flew across the lake toward the little bay at the mouth of the Abonnissi, Renfrew looked for the schooner. It was gone. Morvain, it appeared, had flown.

The two planes landed on the placid water of the bay, and together they taxied toward the rough wharf. They had planned their landing very carefully. Realizing that their approach would be detected while they were miles from Forster, Renfrew had guessed that if a warm reception were planned for them, it would be prepared at the inland lake. By flying to the bay they would be able to land long before anyone up at the lake could reach them.

Seeing no sign of a human being anywhere about the wharf, Renfrew decided to gamble on the accuracy of his guess, and gave the signal to land by leaping from the seat of his plane to the wharf. His three red-coated comrades followed him. Alert for resistance they ran immediately to the shack at the head of the wharf and took possession of it. Scott was sent up the road a short distance to act as an outpost.

"This where the schooner was?" asked Keelan, as soon as their position was secure. Renfrew nodded.

"They must have got the kicker going," he said. "We've got to get after them as soon as we get our bearings."

"But we haven't got the fuel. The two-seater hasn't enough to get back on, and the cabin ship won't have, either, if we chase schooners with her."

Scott came dashing up to the shack from the road.

"Indians!" he announced. "Whole blinkin' tribe of 'em, coming down the river road. Stand by!"

WITH Keelan, Renfrew, and Lynch—the third of Renfrew's comrades—close behind him, he hurried out into the clearing, and the four redcoats stood there, listening to the sound of many men approaching down the river trail.

"One man is enough," whispered Renfrew hurriedly. "Into the shack, Keelan! You two get back in the brush! Come out one at a time."

The three redcoats had hardly disappeared from sight before a tall Indian appeared at the point where the river trail turned into a clearing. Close behind him were many other Indians, who gathered in a crowd behind their leader as he stood studying the apparently lonely man of the Mounted.

Renfrew, standing still as a statue, gravely inclined his head. He was studying the Indians closely, and noticed with relief that they were not armed.

"You come in peace?" he asked.

The tall Indian smiled broadly.

"Yes," he said eagerly. "Peace. We make peace. Much bad. Bad." And he burst forth in a torrent of Indian words.

"He says," remarked Keelan, coolly stepping forth from the shack, "that they've been heap much fools, and begs you to overlook any little murders they've committed."

A shadow passed over the tall Indian's face when he saw the second policeman appear, and his face, like the faces of those who were gathered behind him, became a study in consternation when Scott and Lynch quietly stepped out of the brush on either side of the clearing, and proceeded to take positions behind the crowd of natives.

"Tell them," said Renfrew gravely, "that we can make no bargains. But if they do all they can to help us punish Morvain, they can be sure of fair treatment."

WITH dramatic gravity Keelan relayed this advice to the Indians. Then he stood with Renfrew in impassive silence while the Indian made a long speech in return, accompanying it with many wide gestures toward all outdoors.

"He says," interpreted Keelan at last, "that his people have been made dupes by the bad white men. That the bad white men have gone away with the boat and taken all their belongings with them. The bad white men made them kill good men by trickery, and they can show us where the bodies are of all who were killed. They will also do whatever the redcoats require of them, and if we get the bad white men, they will kill them for us if we want them to."

"We've got to get that schooner," said Renfrew, a sudden urgency creeping into his voice. "Ask him when it sailed."

Keelan conversed with the tall Indian extensively.

"Morvain took the three sailors with him. They got the boat's engine going last night. They sailed away before dawn this morning," he said at last.

"Good," said Renfrew, his face lighting up. "That gives us a chance to catch 'em. Let Bennett take the cabin plane back to Banning and bring back all the fuel he can carry. You fellows stay here, examine the Indians and get all the evidence you can. Pierce and I will take the two-seater and look for that schooner."

"But suppose you find it?" cried Scott.

"I'll go aboard and hold Morvain until you fellows come and join us with the cabin plane. Come after me as soon as it gets back."

"But you'll be alone!"

"Yes. But Morvain isn't a lunatic. He won't attempt to kill me until he thinks he has to."

"Let me go!" cried Keelan. It was Keelan's way of telling Renfrew that the plan was suicide. Renfrew smiled his understanding.

"I'm the logical man," he insisted. "I know the background of the case, and I can handle the plane if anything happens to Pierce. There's no danger, you know. The plane will be there, waiting for me, and I can always hop into it and fly. But we're losing time."

He turned to the wharf.

"Take care of the Indians, Keelan. And get out over the bay as soon as the cabin plane gets back. O. K.?"

"Yes!" grunted Keelan. "O. K." Then, impulsively, he grabbed Renfrew's hand and shook it vigorously. "Keep awake!" he cried, feelingly. "They're devils!"

He stood like a statue staring after Renfrew until Pierce lifted the little craft into the air. Then Keelan turned back to his job.

"Dead bodies," he said to the tall Indian. "We want 'em!"

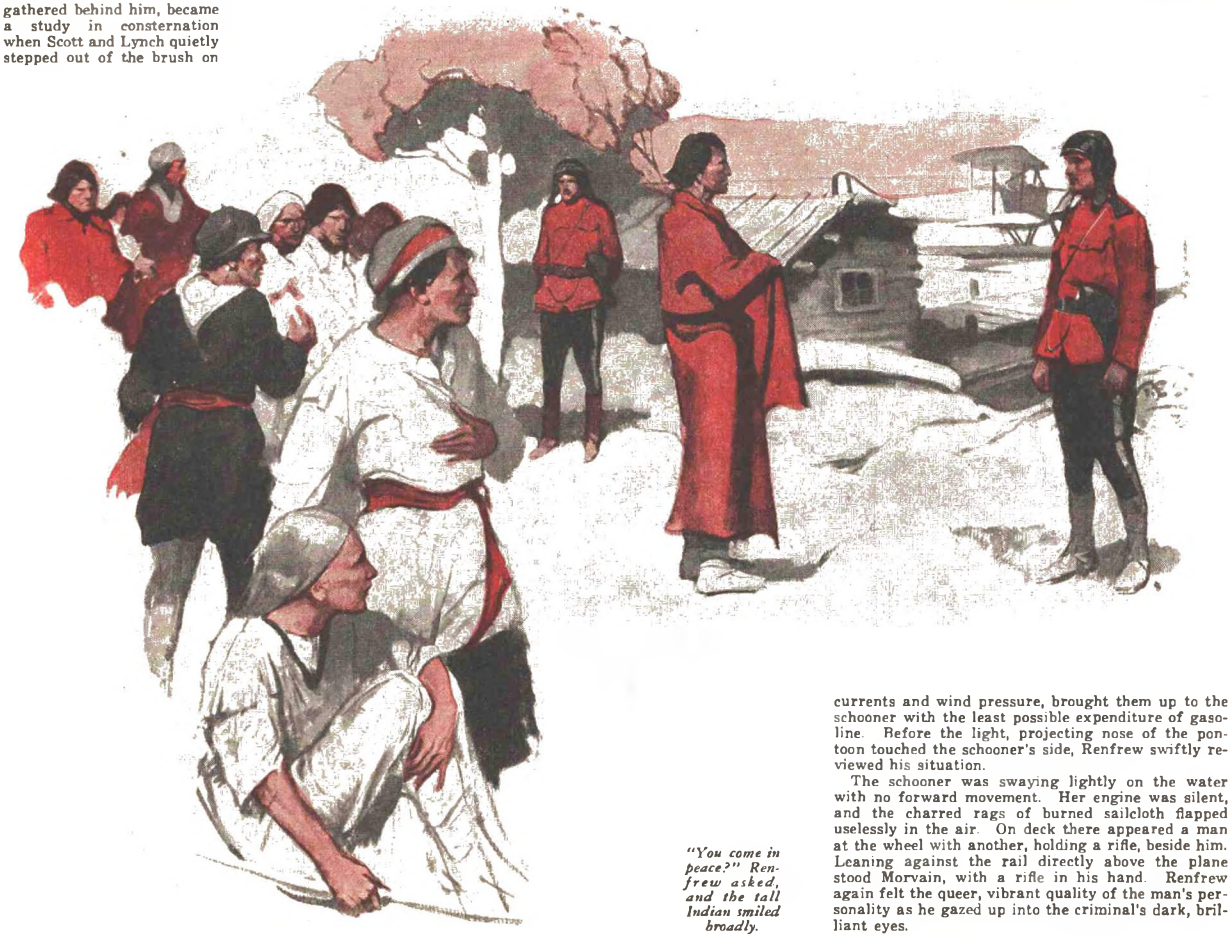
RENFREW and Pierce had been out for more than an hour, soaring over the hazes that clung to the bay, combing the shore line for a sight of the schooner *Viola*. Their fuel was low, and if it became exhausted before they could get back to the shore, it might be as hard for Keelan to find them as it was for them to find the schooner.

Then, suddenly, it was below them; a toy vessel almost a mile to the east—a mile farther out from shore—and the fuel was running low. Calmly Renfrew ignored the chances against him. Turning to Pierce, he pointed to the distant vessel. Pierce pointed to the fuel gauge. Renfrew shrugged his shoulders and again pointed eastward.

"Land close as possible!" he bawled against the roar of the motor, and Pierce understood.

With great skill the pilot maneuvered his plane in a long glide which, taking every advantage of air currents and wind pressure, brought them up to the schooner with the least possible expenditure of gasoline. Before the light, projecting nose of the pontoon touched the schooner's side, Renfrew swiftly reviewed his situation.

The schooner was swaying lightly on the water with no forward movement. Her engine was silent, and the charred rags of burned sailcloth flapped uselessly in the air. On deck there appeared a man at the wheel with another, holding a rifle, beside him. Leaning against the rail directly above the plane stood Morvain, with a rifle in his hand. Renfrew again felt the queer, vibrant quality of the man's personality as he gazed up into the criminal's dark, brilliant eyes.



"You come in peace?" Renfrew asked, and the tall Indian smiled broadly.

"What do you want?" demanded Morvain in his resonant voice.

"I'm coming aboard," said Renfrew quietly, and as Pierce shut off his motor he swung himself down upon the pontoon, ducked under the prop, and climbed out to its nose.

"You're not afraid?" demanded Morvain, mockingly.

Without answering him, Renfrew made a nicely calculated leap upward from the pontoon and grasped the rail of the schooner. With a pull and a quick vault, he was over it and stood beside Morvain.

WITH rifle still in hand, Morvain stood nonplused and stared at him. Renfrew returned the criminal's gaze with the knowledge that the first move of an extraordinarily dangerous and delicate game had been in his favor. Morvain would not use violence until he learned just how he stood.

"This vessel," said Renfrew evenly, "is in charge of the police. "You are under arrest, Morvain, and I warn you that anything you say will be used against you."

Morvain, his eyes still gleaming into Renfrew's own, lifted the muzzle of his rifle so that it covered the redcoat's chest. Renfrew stood motionless, his hands at his side, the holster of his pistol buttoned.

"What for?" demanded Morvain, and his thick voice was a warning—the menace of a storm about to break.

From the tail of his eye, Renfrew saw that the man on the bridge was deliberately drawing a bead upon him with his rifle; on the glittering expanse of water, the plane was bobbing gently away from the schooner's side. Renfrew felt exceedingly alone. A wrong word, the slightest unconsidered tone or movement would cause the pressure of a trigger finger and quick death.

"For conspiring to overthrow the dominion government," he declared in a clear, firm voice. "*Put down that gun!*"

Morvain grinned with evident relief. He had expected the charge to be murder. But Renfrew could not charge murder unless there were bodies, and the Indians might not be able to find the bodies of Morvain's victims in the quagmire. So, now at least, his only case against Morvain was conspiracy.

"Why should I put down the gun?" Morvain sneered.

"To protect yourself," said Renfrew dryly. "If you fire, you hang."

Morvain moved, and Renfrew saw rising in the criminal's eyes the intention to do murder.

"Don't fire!" he warned calmly. "If I die, a plane will carry the news to Ottawa in less than three hours!"

Morvain's rifle dropped slowly, and the demoniac gleam that had arisen in his eyes died away in a film of cunning thought.

"You expect me to surrender?" he asked.

"I command you to surrender," said Renfrew. "Give me that rifle!"

He snapped out the command with a sudden intensity, daring everything on the result. Again he scored. Without another word Morvain surrendered the rifle.

"And now?" he inquired, mockingly.

Renfrew studied him. The cunning glitter had not gone from Morvain's eyes, and it betrayed him. He was not surrendering completely; he was merely bowing to the need of the moment. Renfrew had the upper hand; but he had yet to prove that he could keep it. And he knew that the plane, his most potent weapon, had scarcely fuel enough to rise from the water.

"Go and take the rifle from your man on the poop," ordered Renfrew. "Take it by the muzzle and point the stock toward me."

Keenly he watched Morvain obey him. There were now three men staring down at him from the poop, one of them, Morvain, holding the rifle as Renfrew had directed. Where was his fourth enemy? Renfrew considered the matter carefully, knowing that the least mistake might result in death.

"Where's the engine room?" he demanded suddenly.

"Under here!" snapped Morvain.

"Good! Throw that rifle down here. As near my feet as possible!"

Viciously Morvain obeyed, wishing that he dared throw the gun at Renfrew's head.

"Now come down to the deck!" continued Renfrew's cold, insistent voice. "Stand at the foot of the ladder with your arms folded."

Silently the three desperadoes followed his instructions while the air became electric with the tension of their increasing resentment.

"Now," commanded Renfrew, profoundly conscious of that tension. "Call up your man from the engine room!"

Morvain stared at him a moment, glowering.

"Call him!" snapped Renfrew.

"Wittig!" bellowed Morvain.

"Hey?" rumbled a response from below.

"On deck!" Morvain relieved his feelings by a stream of curses at the unfortunate engineman. "Turn out, d'y'hear me?"

There emerged from the hatch a tall and angular seaman who blinked at the sunlight.

"Fold your arms," commanded Renfrew, "and stand with them!"

For a moment he stood and considered the situation: the four men standing in line with arms folded; the rifle lying some three paces away from him toward the bow; the certain fact that some or all of these men carried small arms on their persons; the necessity for possessing himself of those small arms.

"Throw up your hands!" The words leaped from his mouth with a resonance that betrayed the tension he felt.

Morvain's lips widened in a grin, but with his three men he obeyed.

Renfrew unbuttoned his holster, opened the rifle and emptied it of its charge. He then drew his revolver, placed the rifle against the rail, walked over to the rifle that Morvain had thrown on the deck, and stood over it, regarding the four men. They eyed him like so many wild animals waiting the chance to spring. With a peculiar grace he fell to his knees, and without taking his eyes from his prisoners, picked up the rifle, opened it and emptied it. He advanced, then, upon his prisoners.

He was conscious of the delicacy of the situation. Single-handed he was about to disarm the four men who, but for his sheer bluff, had him in their power. At such close quarters he could not possibly account for more than one of them if, together, they offered resistance. And this would be their last chance. His security now hung upon the unfathomable thoughts that moved in the remote chambers of four dark and ruthless minds.

It therefore came as a complete surprise when, as Renfrew took five pistols from them, not one of them offered the slightest resistance. This passivity, this meek surrender to the humiliation he imposed upon them, did not relieve the tension of Renfrew's dilemma. It was too preposterous, it was too far out of character in such a scoundrel as Morvain. It meant that, somehow, Morvain had reserves of wit or armament he could still call upon.

"Show me a locker!" commanded Renfrew. He now stood with a loaded weapon in each hand, one in each side pocket of his tunic, and two more in his breeches pockets.

Morvain walked to a doorway that opened low between the line of the poop deck and the floor of the main deck. There was a padlock and hasp upon the door, and this Morvain opened with a key that he took from his pocket.

"Put 'em in there," he sneered.

"Stand where you are!" Renfrew said calmly. "Wittig, take those two rifles and put them in the locker."

Hesitantly, with many glances at Morvain, the big sailor obeyed. Then Renfrew broke the revolver he held in his left hand and spilled the cartridges on the deck.

"Put this with them!" he ordered, and tossed it to Wittig.

With a tense consciousness that every action exposed him to sudden attack, he coolly went through the same procedure with the rest of the pistols he had taken from his captives. Then, with his own revolver and Morvain's automatic in his hands, he herded Wittig and Morvain back to their places in line. Taking the key from Morvain, he then securely padlocked the locker into which the arms had been stored.

HE turned from this stage of the game with a profound sense of relief. If danger came now, it could not, at least, come without warning. For the moment he was no longer in danger from a sudden shot—a bullet in the back. But his predicament was by no means solved.

For his next move he had two alternatives. He could settle down grimly to holding these men under his guns until the cabin plane arrived with his reinforcement, or he could get the engine started and take the vessel back to Forster. Of these two procedures the latter appeared to be the most logical. It would hasten matters to have the *Viola* on its way to land, whether the cabin plane arrived on time or not.

But how was he to go about it? These men were as tractable as so many tigers. Why were they so docile now? What had prevented them from killing him?

First, his uniform, and the respect it had won throughout the North. Second, reflected Renfrew, there was Morvain's confidence that no serious charges against him could be proved. "Conspiracy to overthrow the dominion government." Those had been Renfrew's first words to Morvain. Morvain knew that no charge more serious than conspiracy could be proved unless Renfrew could find bodies to support a murder charge. And he'd never find the bodies—Morvain was sure.

For a moment Renfrew considered taking Pierce on board to assist him. He decided not to. Pierce and the plane constituted the greatest power of his bluff. If Pierce remained in the plane these men would assume that he could leave to report the death of a redcoat and bring back his avengers before Morvain could travel fifty miles! Renfrew would have to work alone, and as he set about getting the vessel under way, he prayed that Pierce would have sufficient fuel with which to follow.

"Start your engine!" he ordered Wittig.

Wittig disappeared down the hatch, and Renfrew herded Morvain and the two others onto the poop. There he leaned against the stern rail while Morvain stood, his back toward Renfrew, at the wheel, and the other two stood on either side of him, their backs also turned.

Renfrew could pick no flaws in his arrangement. His captives were now completely at his mercy, and he in a position that allowed both relaxation and watchfulness.

He waited, but nothing happened. No sound came from the engine room. The vessel drifted tranquilly in the slight wind. The plane bobbed lightly before its bow. There was no movement, no sound. Renfrew sighed. His hours of tension, then, were not yet over.

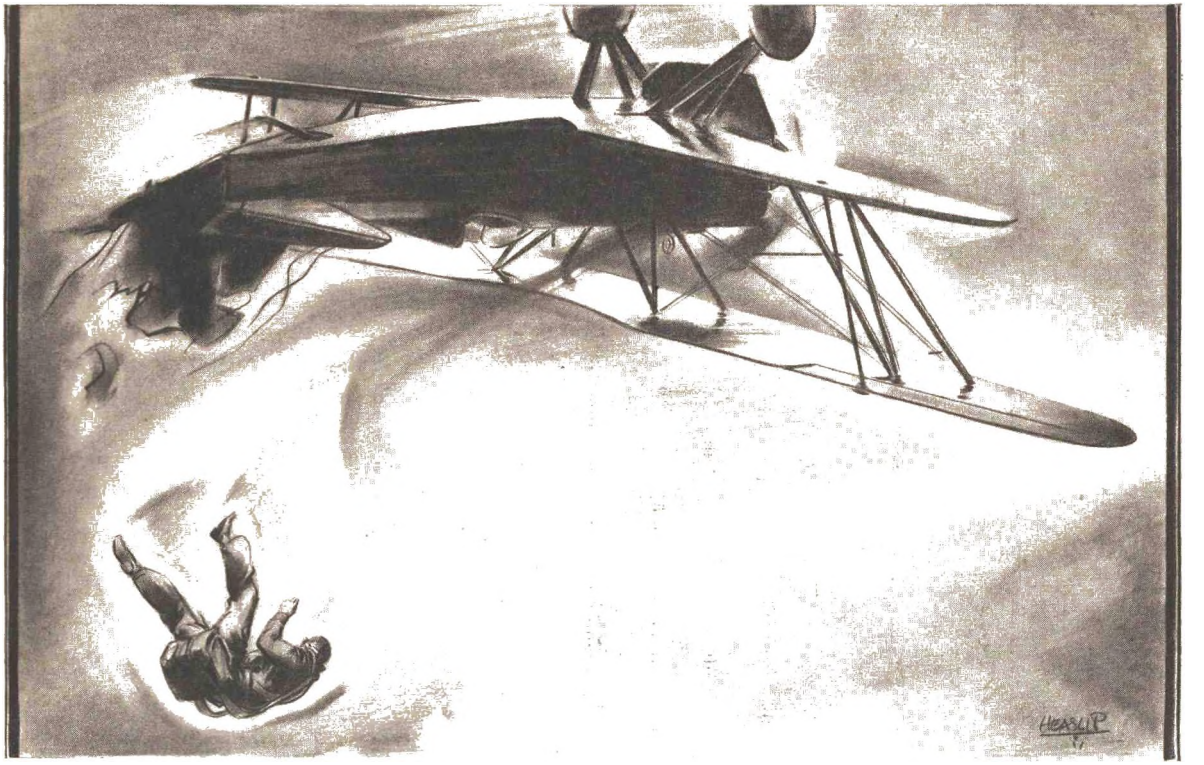
"You," he commanded, tapping one of the sailors with his gun. "Go down and find out why the engine doesn't start."

He spoke with great coolness, but with a sense of foreboding in his heart. Soon the man appeared again on deck, his scowling face and bulging shoulders showing above the poop rail.

"Wittig says he can't start de engine!" he snarled—and Renfrew knew he lied.

In that instant the dangerous thing happened. The sailor's lie, his insolence moved Renfrew to anger.

"Tell him," cried Renfrew in a cold clatter of rage, "that if the engine doesn't start within (*Continued on page 36*)



The ship had been thrown on its back—he had fallen out of his cockpit and was shooting downward, head over heels!

Special Detail

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrated by William Heaslip

The Preceding Chapters

WHEN Lieutenant Russell Farrell of the Army Air Service went out looking for trouble, he found it! Russ had obtained three months' leave and had flown up from Texas because Fred Ridgeway, his closest friend, needed help. Ridgeway was the manager of the Municipal Airport of Collins, New Jersey. He had promoted the airport, persuading three well-to-do men—including his father's old friend McCormick, the shrewd political dictator of Collins—to help him finance it. But someone had started in to ruin the airport, and Ridgeway hadn't been able to check the ruthless game or uncover the ringleader.

Planes had cracked up, landing lights had gone wrong, passenger ships had barely escaped grave accidents. Ridgeway had nearly gone wild.

Then Russ, under the name of James Farwell, had come flying up in *Belinda*, his personal plane, flying adventurously, excited under his cool exterior, shooting at a barrel bobbing in the ocean just to work off his surplus energy—he had been permitted to carry a machine gun for target practice.

After that, things happened fast!

Before Russ could land on Ridgeway's field, another plane came down in a spin, carrying a dead pilot, a man with a machine gun bullet hole through his body. Russ was arrested for murder—was released on fifty thousand dollars' bail, put up by the McCormick crowd—was torn away from a consultation with Ridgeway and McCormick by a strange telephone call—and was offered a blind job as a flyer for men he felt sure were Ridgeway's enemies.

They needed another expert airman. They knew Russ would be desperate because of the murder charge against him. They offered to see that he was never tried.

Russ agreed to take their job. He knew Ridgeway and McCormick would approve. What better way of getting at the bottom of the airport trouble?

Flying alone, on his way that night to the appointed meeting place with the unknown enemies, he was attacked by another plane. He forced it down, and discovered that his attacker was Frank Hawkins, the head of a flying school that had been using Ridgeway's airport. Hawkins was a cool, quiet man who had been sympathetic with Ridgeway's troubles. Russ was utterly bewildered by Hawkins' attack until Hawkins accused him of deserting Fred Ridgeway.

With the situation explained, Russ flew on to the meeting place. In a lonely, isolated house, he met big King Kieran, the rollicking leader of the gang; Coleman, another flyer; and Tony, a rat-eyed little helper.

Russ was adroitly convincing them of his usefulness as an ally when a plane flew over and dropped a note warning the gang that "James Farwell" was really Russ Farrell, the famous Army flyer. Russ hurled himself at the window in a mad hope of escape. King Kieran tackled him. Russ's head hit a chair.

When he came to, he was bound hand and foot, roaring through the night in a plane with Coleman and Tony.

Chapter Eight

AS Russ lay there on the floor of the roaring plane, physically uncomfortable and mentally depressed, he felt too played out to think. He could see no ray of hope.

He was in the power of two men who hated and feared him. They were carrying him off in the middle of the night—bound, helpless. He had no idea where they were taking him, could see no chance of escape.

But even if by some miracle he should escape, he had accomplished nothing. He could identify the men he had met, but certainly the rendezvous back in the New Jersey hills would not be used any more. Getting track of the men again wouldn't be so easy. He had done nothing to help clear up the airport troubles—and back of all the thoughts that tormented him was the consciousness that he had been accused of murder and that almost any jury would pronounce him guilty.

For a while Russ felt only dull despair, but as the plane drove steadily on through the night, he got himself in hand again. Once more his mind struggled with the tangle of events, searching for clues. He wondered how much Hawkins had told Ridgeway about their battle. It seemed to him that the flying school man had still been a little suspicious of him. If now he completely disappeared, Hawkins would probably feel justified in his suspicions and would try to turn Fred Ridgeway against him.

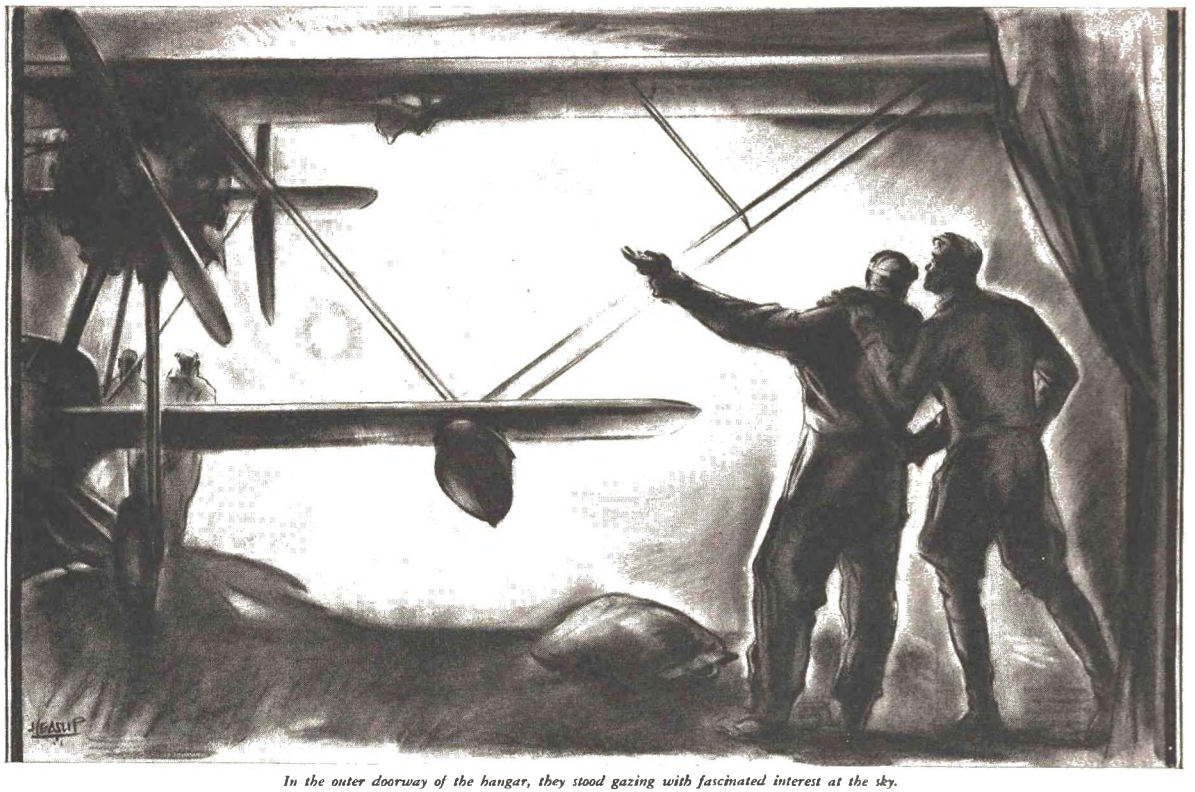
"He's a hard-bitten guy," Russ told himself. "I wonder—"

But there his thoughts took another path. Hawkins had said he had happened to see a picture of him in some old aviation magazine—that was how he had learned he was Russ Farrell and not Jim Farwell. Had some other flyer, someone belonging to King Kieran's gang, also seen that picture? That must be what had happened. And then the flyer had instantly taken off to drop the note of warning down to Kieran!

Russ wished he hadn't made that break for freedom back at the isolated house. He told himself that he should have kept calm, stuck things out. Perhaps he could have persuaded the Kieran crowd that his being Russ Farrell in no way altered the situation.

He reflected again on the slim possibility of escape. He wondered where this ship had come from. Had it been concealed in that hangar at the emergency field? It must have been, he decided, and it was considerable of a ship, too. The motors sounded like Liberties to his expert ears and the ship was a biplane with the pilot's cockpit jutting forth in front of seventy-foot wings. Of one thing there could be no doubt—King Kieran and his men were acting boldly, in full confidence that their protection was powerful enough to save them from the consequences of their acts.

Suddenly the roar of the motor decreased and the ship nosed down abruptly. Then they were gliding



In the outer doorway of the hangar, they stood gazing with fascinated interest at the sky.

down in sweeping circles and Russ realized that a landing must be close ahead. He couldn't see a thing from his position on the floor of the cabin, and it seemed an eternity before the ship was leveled out in a straight gradual dive and the motor cut to idling. The bomber landed like a feather and as Russ felt it trundling along the ground he wondered again what he would have to face.

"Better be ready for anything," he told himself grimly.

THE ship taxied for a distance and then stopped. There were the voices of men outside and Coleman opened the window at his side after running out the motor.

"Are we first in?" he yelled.

"Yes."

"He'll be along in a minute," Coleman stated. "How about Charlie?"

"Ain't due for another hour—left late," was the reply from the unseen man outside. "Got Farrell with you?"

"Yeah!" snarled Coleman and a moment later he was making his way down the cabin toward Russ.

He glowered down at Russ. "I hope you make just one false move so we can get rid of you quick," he said harshly.

He stooped down and loosened the bonds around Russ's ankles, but he didn't touch the rope that kept Russ's arms bound tightly to his sides. Russ sat up and got awkwardly to his feet.

"Don't take it so hard," he said curtly. "You're all wrong about me. There's no need of going into a panic."

"You don't say," snarled Coleman, prodding his prisoner up the passageway toward the door. "I don't suppose you ever heard of Russ Farrell."

"Oh, I'm Farrell all right, but what of it? Why do you suppose I came here under an assumed name?" Russ inquired, and added flippantly, "You fellows are going to lose a good man by keeping me on the side lines."

He climbed down the steps, almost falling, bound as he was, and looked round him quickly. The field was nestled on the floor of a tiny valley that split towering, heavily wooded mountains.

"Must be in the Pennsylvania or Virginia mountains," Russ told himself as his gaze focused on the three men standing in front of him.

"So this is him, huh?" one of them said, in the Southern mountaineer's drawl.

He was of medium height, gaunt and rawboned, and dressed in a hickory shirt and overalls. The second man, a dark handsome chap of about twenty-five, was dressed in breeches and boots and had the cool, alert air of a flyer. The third man was Tony.

"Yeah, this is him," Tony spat. "Looks like Kieran and Wasserman are going crazy. Kieran'd take a chance on anything and we've got to stand the gaff!"

His hard little eyes flickered over Russ's rangy form as he added, "If I was running this shebang we wouldn't have no boarders."

Russ shrugged. Then for a moment he forgot the vicious little dark-skinned man as he comprehended the meaning of what he saw behind his captors. The field ran north and south between the mountains and on its long western edge there was an almost vertical slope or hill, a natural cliff of earth and rock. It made a solid wall forty feet high bounding the field at that edge. Just about in the middle of it there was a big opening, evidently the entrance to a cave. It was illumined dimly from within and Russ stared at it fascinated as he made out the vague outlines of two big ships looming up in its depths. While his gaze remained fixed on the opening two men came out trundling a dolly—ready to roll the bomber into the cave.

"This is sure a hideaway!" Russ said to himself.

"Well, what are we going to do with him?" came Coleman's heavy voice as he walked up beside Russ.

"I know what I'd do with him," snarled Tony.

"Oh, you do, do you?" blazed Russ, suddenly on fire with resentment at the whole situation and at the savage little outlaw in particular. "You've got a lot to say when a man's got his hands bound up, haven't you?"

"Yeah," snarled Tony, "and you've got a lot to learn!"

With his dark face twisted in a sort of rat-like rage, he took two quick steps forward and hit Russ, putting all the strength in his lean, wiry body behind the blow. It landed on Russ's jaw and he went down like a log.

"That's enough of that," roared Coleman. "You, Tony, get out of this!"

There were white lines round Russ's mouth as he got awkwardly to his feet. The young mountaineer glanced contemptuously at the little dark outlaw.

"That wasn't pretty," he chided him gently.

The third man, the young flyer, said nothing, but stood watching with an inscrutable expression. Russ was incapable of speech. Beside himself with anger, he strained impotently at his bonds.

"Listen!" Coleman said suddenly. "Quick! Get him in! That may be Kieran all right, but then again it may not be."

The men were lifting the tailskid of the bomber to the dolly. The mountaineer and the flyer each took a wing tip and the big ship was trundled toward the cave as the drone of a distant motor came down to Russ's ears.

"Come on, shake it up!" growled Coleman, and all of them started swiftly toward the shielding cave.

The light was switched off just before Russ reached the entrance so he got no idea of the interior of the cave. Everyone stopped in the opening, and the gaze of all was concentrated on the eastern sky. In the silence Russ detected a familiar note in the snarling drone overhead. Whoever that flyer was, he was flying *Belinda!*

The next moment, the little monoplane hurtled into view across the wooded peaks, and three long flashes from a pocket flash light relieved the anxiety of the outlaws in the cave. They relaxed immediately.

"I didn't know what might be up," Coleman growled. "Here we got Farrell, and maybe half a dozen men could have followed him over to the house and chased us here. Dog-goned if I'm going to stand for this business any longer. This thing has got to be run right, Kieran or no Kieran!"

A MOMENT later the cave was lighted again and Russ saw with surprise that it was electrically illumined. Then he realized that a small home power plant had been installed at one side of it. He could see three ships, and he noticed with mounting surprise that they were all amphibians—they had both pontoons and wheels and could land equally well on water or land. Through an opening to his right, as he faced the shadowy cave, he caught a glimpse of an inner room that had been hollowed out of the earth. Guardedly gazing round the outer room used as a hangar, he saw that just behind the outer opening of the cave there had been lifted to the ceiling a big sheet of canvas painted to blend in with the hillside and camouflaged further with scattering bushes.

"When that thing's let down I'll bet you'd have to be good and near before you'd guess there's a cave here," Russ thought with mounting wonder.

Belinda was coming down for a landing now, but Russ paid little attention to that. What in the name of common sense did all this mean? Here was a secret landing field back in the remote reaches of the Southern mountains, with ships hidden in a huge cave—amphibian ships, when they must be at least a hundred miles from any big body of water. Surely Kieran's crowd hadn't gone to all this trouble merely to construct a base for operations against the Collins airport.

As *Belinda* came taxiing to the line and Russ made out the outlines of Kieran's big figure in the cockpit, a sense of relief swept over him. It would be better to have King Kieran around than to be forced to depend on the mercy of the sullen Coleman and the vicious Tony. Russ's fists clenched themselves as he thought of Tony's blow.

"Wait till I get at that little rat!" he said between his teeth.

Then Kieran came taxiing to the very door of the cave. His square face was slightly grimed with oil and as he grinned over the side of the cockpit the white flash of his teeth seemed fairly radiant. He had flown without a helmet and his thick, blond hair had been wildly ruffled by the wind. With careless confidence he taxied the ship right into the cave, cut off the motor, and pushed up his goggles.

"Well, how do you like the new ship, boys?" he roared. "Farrell, take a good look around you, for you're going to be here a long time!"

In spite of himself, Russ grinned back in answer to that flashing, wolfish smile.

Kieran leaped to the ground. "Let's step into the parlor, boys, and see what's to be done. How about Charlie?"

"Ain't due in for a half hour or more," growled the mountaineer. "Got a late start."

Kieran nodded.

"When did you come to?" he asked Russ as they all started for the doorway of the big inner room.

"Oh, quite a while ago, after we got in the air," Russ told him and then flared impulsively, "I wish you'd tell that little bounder there to keep his hands off me when my hands are tied. If I had anything to give you, I'd give it all for just one chance to teach him something!"

Kieran's face changed swiftly. They were at the inner doorway and he whirled to confront Tony, who shrank away.

"What have you been up to?" Kieran rasped.

"Oh, Farrell got fresh and Tony just took a sock at him," Coleman answered for him.

"So that's it? Listen, you rat!" Kieran strode over to Tony and picked him up by the back of his neck and his belt. "I've never wanted you around and I don't like you," he roared.

The other men stood motionless as if afraid to interfere in any way.

"Why they insist on having you around I don't know," Kieran roared on, "but one more false move out of you and I'll break every bone in your body!"

He was holding Tony clear of the ground, shaking him savagely. "Got that?" he snarled, with a final shake.

Tony nodded, his face gray-white but his eyes glittering.

"Well, now, remember!" barked Kieran.

He flung Tony from him, and the little outlaw landed in a heap on the dirt floor of the outer or hangar room.

"Now pick yourself up and get in here," ordered Kieran.

As he led the way into the inner room, he turned to Russ and suddenly his square face lighted up with his flashing grin.

"Saved you the trouble of larruping the little rat," he chuckled.

Russ was staring in amazement. He hadn't expected Kieran to do any disciplining on his account.

"I always did like a man with a lot of guts," Kieran proclaimed, beaming on Russ. "You certainly messed up a lot of plans by taking a chance, and right in our den too, but we won't have any hard feelings about it. What of it? Who cares?" And he threw back his head and laughed uproaringly.

Coleman cast a brooding look at his amazing chief. The mountaineer smiled vaguely and the silent young flyer looked at Kieran with a sort of dumb worship in his eyes. Tony, his tight lips almost blue in his twisted face, came on into the hollowed-out room without a glance at any of the others. Russ did not know what to say or what to think. He stood looking round him uncomfortably until surprise at the room in which he found himself forced a remark from him.

"Say, this is quite a place!"

It was. The room was about forty feet square with two doorways, the hangar room doorway and another, and a big opening in the far side of the ceiling that Russ concluded led up to the surface of the ground somewhere above for ventilation. There were comfortable bunks, a phonograph, several chairs, cooking equipment in one corner, and in another, heaps of maps, some spare instruments, and a set of bins for spare parts.

"Not bad, not bad," chuckled Kieran. "Though I don't know how much longer we're going to be able to use it now that you've stuck your nose into things."

"Sorry," Russ said grimly. "I realize I'm about as welcome as a rattlesnake in a bed."

"Oh, not so bad as that," Kieran told him jovially. "Pete, cut off those darn ropes so Russ can stretch himself. That'll be better, eh, Russ? Now don't you get the idea you're not welcome to our happy home. Your being here just makes things a little tougher, that's all. And who wants everything to go easy? No fun in that! We'll manage somehow—we'll get by!" Again Kieran threw back his head and laughed loudly.

Russ wondered if the blond giant could be playing a part. No, it couldn't be that. Kieran was just utterly sure of himself. He was evidently accustomed to sweeping aside all obstacles with careless confidence, and he had such faith in his ability to meet any emergency, that he refused to be annoyed.

"Kieran, you're playing the fool!" The speaker was Coleman, confronting his chief with flashing eyes.

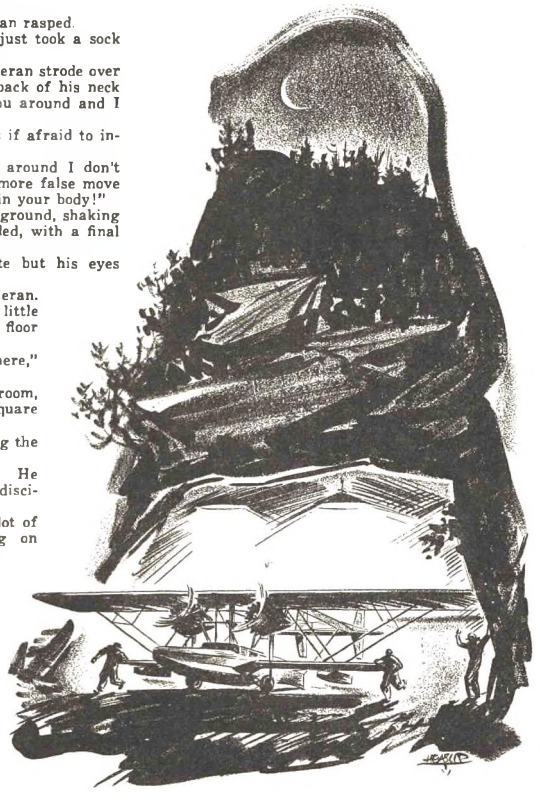
"You don't say!" mocked Kieran.

The mountaineer was cutting Russ's bonds now.

"I do say. You're a great guy, and we get along fine, but you're turning into a nut. Why take a chance on a fellow like Farrell with his hands untied? Can't you see that we're just one jump ahead of being ruined right now?"

"Don't be so scared," Kieran grinned.

"I am scared!—and I don't intend to stick my head into a noose, Kieran. How do we know how many people knew where Farrell went? How do we know that we aren't being trailed right now? How do we know that Ridgeway and his crowd won't come right down here on us any minute, all set to wipe us out?"



"Suppose they do?" And Kieran still grinned. "We aren't cripples."

"Well, I'm fed up!" Coleman snarled. "What was the idea in bringing Farrell here? Want to give away the whole thing and ruin our business?"

"It's about time we moved anyway," Kieran told him cheerfully. "Never stay in one spot too long. We'll just settle Farrell here for a day or two, pull off our little stunt, and disappear into thin air. I've got plans."

Coleman glared. He was fairly shaking with fury; yet he somehow seemed dominated even in his rage by the smiling blond giant who towered over him.

"Now, Sam, don't get all wrought up," Kieran blandly urged. "Pete here is calm, isn't he? And Jack? Don't worry about being trailed. It's all right. A certain flyer is going to report that he sighted a wreck in the mountains about fifty miles from here, with plane and pilot practically burned up, and that wreck will pass as Farrell's long enough so that we can cover our tracks."

"Well, that makes it a little better," drawled the mountaineer, looking relieved.

"See here, all of you!" Russ said suddenly.

AS he spoke, he was aware that Tony, who was sitting back on a bunk, was staring at him steadily. But he went on with only a casual glance in Tony's direction.

"You've all got me wrong," he told the outlaws emphatically. "I'm Russ Farrell, yes. But I hadn't figured that would mean anything to you. Just an army flyer—"

"Sure, that's all," Kieran grinned. "I suppose you are going to tell us that you've just learned to fly and don't amount to much."

"Well, no." Russ stretched his newly freed arms and sank into a chair. "But just tell me this. Why do you suppose I came up here under an assumed name with three months' leave in my pocket? Why do you suppose I came over to see you? I want to make some money!—and if I throw in with you fellows I can do it!"

"Now, now," Kieran reproved him. "Can that stuff, Russ. You're a friend of Ridgeway's and we know it. I admire you for what you're trying to put across, but you're out as far as we're concerned. We'll just keep you quiet and go on about our business."

"And what's that?" Russ grinned, chancing the bit of impudence.

"Well, it's considerable business," Kieran grinned back, and it was obvious that the big outlaw was feeling very proud of himself.

He seemed anxious, in a way, to impress Farrell. Suddenly his face grew serious and he leaned forward.

"What a help you'd be to us if you were only in earnest about throwing in with us," he reflected, half under his breath.

"Of course I'd be a help," Russ agreed calmly.

Coleman shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose you've got to talk," he growled at Kieran, "but I'm sick of listening to you." He turned to the mountaineer. "Come on, Sam, let's keep an eye out for Charlie."

The two strolled out into the hangar room. Kieran absently watched them go. Then he turned back to Russ.

"You and Frank Hawkins tangled up on your way over to see us, didn't you?" he asked with a thoughtful frown.

Russ nodded. "Funny thing, too. He figured I was giving them the slip and going to tie up with you folks, and I had a hard time getting away from him. Nobody trusts me," he added with a grin.

For a moment there was silence and then Kieran got to his feet and began striding up and down.

"All my life I've been taking chances and winning," he proclaimed suddenly, "and I'm going to take one now!"

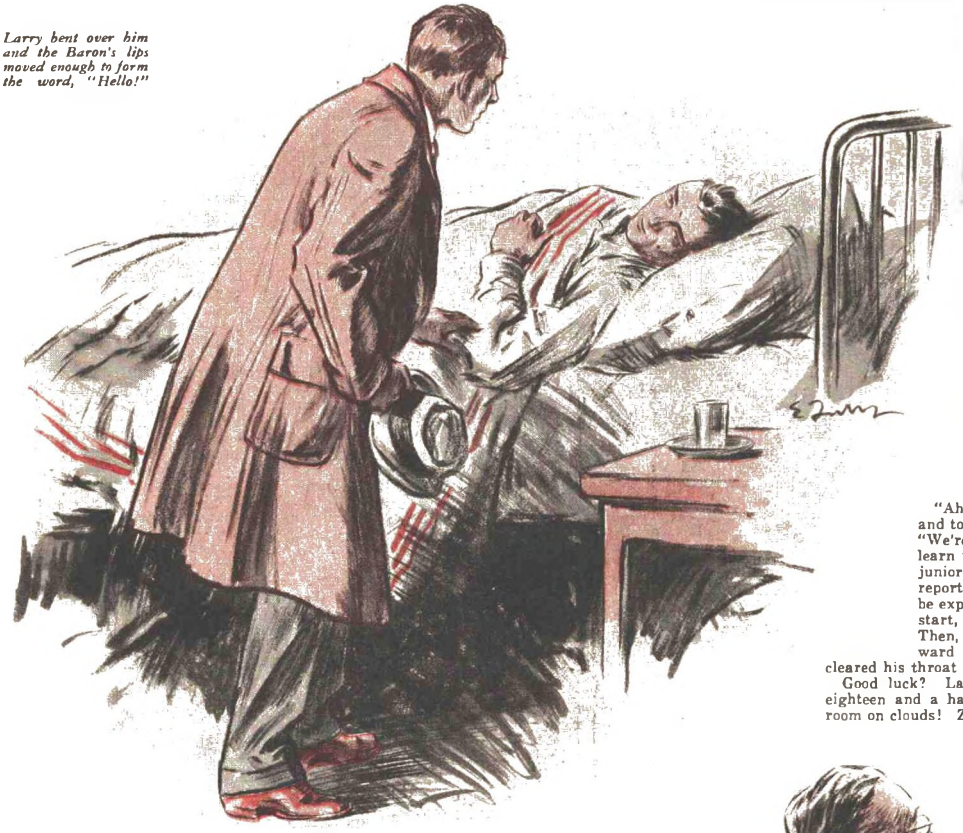
Yet the light in his eyes had lost its glow; it was cold and glinting. He walked up and down studying Russ for some time before he spoke again.

"If I'm wrong you can't do any harm, for we'll be gone, and if I'm right you'll be the key to the whole situation," he said finally as if to himself. "I don't suppose I'll ever dare to use you, but dog-goned if I'm not going to give you the lay of the land just in case you might prove sometime that you're on the level—and it's all on account of this Hawkins thing. I didn't know about that when I landed at the house."

"How do you know about it now?" Russ inquired.

"Oh, I have ways," chuckled Kieran. "Now see here, Russ, this is how things lie. The people I'm working for are right. They're big and they're straight. That airport in Collins was used to double-cross them. A certain gang of grafters owned a lot of real estate out by that independent airport south of town. Understand? They bought up the land when they thought they (*Continued on page 34*)

Larry



Larry bent over him and the Baron's lips moved enough to form the word, "Hello!"

"DOG-GONE it!" Larry Pennock fumed to himself. "Why don't they put a fellow at *doing* something?"

For ten days, now, Larry had been a member of the Vulcan Motor Truck Company's local sales division. How he'd longed and yearned and hoped to get a selling job! Now he had it. And what of it? For ten days, he'd been only a name, so it seemed, on the office pay roll.

"Maybe," he said to himself, "I'm supposed to be soaking up atmosphere or something. But what I want is action!"

He had listened enviously when, late in the afternoons, the older men, the salesmen, had come in from their territories with vivid accounts of their adventures—of their daily voyages in their cars, their calls on prospects, their victories in terms of sales.

"But for me," he had muttered, "there's nothing to do except sit!"

Of his own accord, he had buried himself in reading, browsing through Vulcan advertising, through old copies of the Vulcan Sales Bulletin—through anything pertaining to Vulcan that came to his hand.

And now, at the oldest flat-topped desk in the sales department, Larry Pennock, newest recruit in the local sales division, read with mounting interest a borrowed "bible."

A red, limp-leather volume, this "bible" of the Vulcan Truck, packed with rules and regulations for Vulcan representatives. Every senior Vulcan salesman owned a copy, lettered in gold with his name. Larry had borrowed Lynn Bowman's copy. To Larry's surprise, Bowman, the veteran of the Vulcan's sales crew, had hesitated at the request.

"Maybe you don't know it, youngster," he had said, "but some of the stuff in there is more or less confidential—intended only for executives and senior salesmen. The bosses are fussy about it. But—oh, well, I guess your reading it will do no harm. Go ahead!"

And now Larry, tugging absorbedly at his sandy forelock, was delving into a chapter headed, PRIVATE DEALS. He wondered what a private deal might be — and read:

"In every contact with the public, every Vulcan representative is governed by the ethics that govern the company. The prices he quotes are the company's prices. Private deals, such practices on the part of the salesman as the splitting of his commission with the customer or with any of the customer's representatives, are prohibited—"

"Pennock!"

With a start, Larry looked up to see, standing at his desk, the Vulcan's general manager, the round-headed, close-cropped Frederick Lowen. The book! Gosh! The more or less confidential book! And there, on the cover, was Bowman's name!

"I'd like to see you for a moment," Lowen said crisply. "In the conference room."

The conference room—in that grim place, as Larry well knew, many a Vulcan man had gone on the carpet. His heart pounding, he rose and followed Lowen through the door into the cubicle of frosted glass. Lowen closed the door and went straight to the point, but not about the book at all. Unsmiling, the general manager said:

"We've decided to place you under the supervision of one of the senior salesmen. You'll be his apprentice, his junior. You'll help him in his work, and you'll learn what he has to teach you. The choice lies between two seniors—Lynn Bowman and Baron Slade. Which would you prefer?"

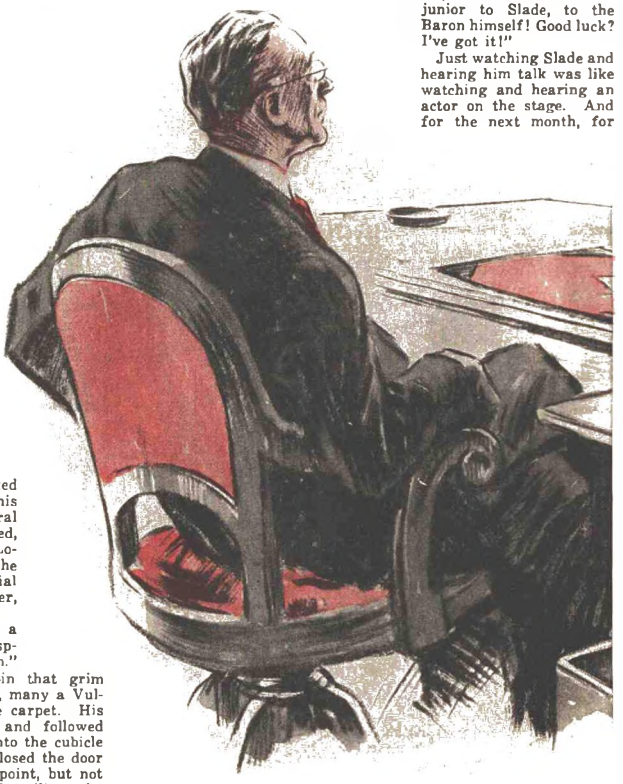
FOR a second, Larry hesitated, mentally comparing the two men. Bowman, the plodder. And Slade! Larry's eyes lighted. Slade, nicknamed "the Baron," the star of the local crew; the best-dressed man in the whole organization; Slade, the witty, with an answer to everything! Of course, Larry reflected, sometimes Slade was sarcastic, but—

For just a second he hesitated; then he said soberly: "I believe I'd prefer Mr. Slade. I think he can give me what I need most—confidence in myself. And—thank you, Mr. Lowen, for the opportunity!"

"Ahem!" Lowen cleared his throat, and to Larry he seemed to soften a little. "We're merely giving you a chance to learn to sell. However, your work as a junior will be closely watched. Slade will report to me about you regularly. You'll be expected to make good, right from the start, by showing promise. That's all." Then, unexpectedly, as Larry turned toward the door, the general manager cleared his throat again and added: "Good luck!"

Good luck? Larry Pennock, junior salesman at eighteen and a half, walked out of that conference room on clouds! Ziggity! "I went in there," he was thinking, "expecting trouble, and I come out a junior to Slade, to the Baron himself! Good luck? I've got it!"

Just watching Slade and hearing him talk was like watching and hearing an actor on the stage. And for the next month, for



For twenty minutes Larry talked—

Shoots at the Top

By Arthur H. Little
Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

two months, Larry watched and listened—and traveled. Alongside his senior, in Slade's big, tan coupe, he ranged an eighty-mile circle, whose center was the factory in Midburg. With Slade he walked into the entrances of only the biggest of customers. Listening to Slade, he heard discussions of trucks, not in units of one to a sale, but in fleets.

True, it wasn't all riding and listening. At times, so it seemed, a junior wasn't so much a beginning salesman as an errand boy—tramping on foot through smoky industrial districts, canvassing, waiting in murky anterooms, carrying messages. And Slade, when there was important talking to be done, did the talking himself.

"But I'm learning," Larry told himself. "And I'm learning from the best salesman in the business!" Then the ghost of a sigh. "If only I could sort of understand him better!"

For Slade had revealed himself as a hard man, indeed, to understand. In the office he was jaunty, smiling, seemingly care-free. But when they were alone together, out in the territory, he'd often scowl and snap Larry off.

"Cranky, sort of," Larry reflected, "as if something worried him!"

Then, later on, as they grew better acquainted, the Baron began to talk; and Larry listened, uneasy and somewhat embarrassed, when he spoke bitterly of the Vulcan company, its policies, and its executives themselves. Of the company's president, Slade said: "Robb's an old fogy! Years behind the times! Hasn't the remotest idea how to meet competition!" And of General Manager Lowen: "I take nothing from him! He treats the other salesmen as if they were children. But he doesn't check up on me!"

Shocked, Larry wondered: "What would they do to him if they knew he talked like that?"

BUT a fellow had to learn. Now and then Larry asked questions. Once he mentioned the word he had found in Lynn Bowman's "bible"—ethics. Again he was shocked.

"Sunday school stuff!" Slade snapped. "Believe me, kid, in business it's every man for himself! Get *yours*—and get it first! Ethics! That's something no man can afford until he's rich!"

Another time Larry hesitantly asked about selling methods. What was the best way to learn what to say to a customer—out of the sales manual the company provided?

"That stuff in the book!" Slade snorted. "Boloney! Just another of Old Man Robb's yearly fads, and written, mostly, by the old man himself. A man'd be a monkey to try that junk on a prospect! Me, I use methods of my own. Personality! Dominate 'em! Wear 'em down. Out-think 'em and outguess 'em—and make 'em like it! That's the answer, kid. That's the method *you've* got to learn!"

Larry wondered—and worried—too, about what he saw of the Baron's relations with some of the prospects. With some of them, for some reason, it seemed Slade wanted to talk alone. "Wait outside here," he would say. "I'll be out in a minute." Often the minute would stretch to a half-hour, and when the Baron would emerge finally, Larry's heart would chill a little to see that he was tight-lipped and grim.

In particular, Larry wondered about the Southport Steel Corporation, on Lake Erie, thirty miles south of Midburg. There Slade called on a man named Armstrong, the Southport Steel's purchasing agent. Lately, the coupe had gone there often. But only once had Larry caught a glimpse of Armstrong, himself; and that was the occasion on which Larry, waiting in the corridor outside the purchasing agent's office, had heard the two men raise their voices in anger, and Slade, coming out, had paused in the doorway and said to the man in the room:

"Well, that's my proposition, and not a nickel more! Understand?"

An odd way for any salesman to talk, Larry thought, to the purchasing agent of a concern to which the Vulcan was trying to sell a fleet of trucks!

Yes, Slade was hard to understand; and as time went on, he seemed to be growing harder. What ought a fellow to do? Speak about it to somebody?

"No!" Larry told himself. "I picked my own senior and I'll keep my mouth shut and stand the gaff!"

Meanwhile, without talking much about it, he studied. Spare minutes of his lunch hour, he ranged the plant, soaking up knowledge of how Vulcan trucks were built. Evenings, at home or under a lonely electric bulb at his desk in the offices, he plowed through Vulcan literature — sales letters, advertisements, the Vulcan sales manual, with its standardized selling talks.

These talks he determined to memorize. And he found them awkward in spots, phrased in words a fellow wouldn't use very often in conversation.

"Slade doesn't think much of this stuff," he said doggedly, "but I think a smarter man than I am wrote it, and it must be *some* good!"

He tried rehearsals. Pacing the floor, back and forth past his desk in the evenings, he talked to imaginary prospects—talked the stuff from the book. If only he could try the stuff on somebody — not a regular prospect yet, but someone! And finally, one rainy night in early December, someone came along.

Bending forward across his desk, Larry was emphatically addressing his own empty chair.

(*Cont. on page 40*)

talked from the book—to the all-important man behind the desk.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

Published Monthly by
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, President.
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GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, Editor.
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February, 1931 Vol. 105; No. 2

Friendly Talks With the Editor

These Times

WE are well started on the new year. To many, 1930 was a year of difficulties and losses and apprehensions. The air is still full of forebodings and even the most intelligent people go about in a cloud of gloom. The difficulties and losses of 1930 were real, of course, but the sad forebodings concerning the future are silly. The most healthy man must have a day of illness. In the finest summer there will be a day of chilly rain. But a cold in the nose or even an appendicitis operation doesn't mean that you're destined to be an invalid for life; nor does a day of rain mean that the sun has been snatched out of its place never to shine again. The basic good health, the fine constitution, is there and soon medicine bottles will fly out of the window; the sun is still above, and presently the fogs and clouds will be dissipated. Storms go more suddenly than they come.

Games

ANY normal boy is ambitious to make a place on his high school team, and especially on his football team. That is proper. For three or four years he enjoys playing that game, enjoys the practice even, enjoys the coaching. In high school the game is a sport and is played for pleasure. If he is an excellent player he looks forward very properly to making his college team. But, as the game is developing, he is likely to be disappointed. In college, all too frequently, football is not a sport. In many cases, it has been made drudgery, and even though the player remains an amateur, he finds that his college verges on the professional. Too many colleges while demanding strict amateurism from their players handle those players in a halfway professional manner. We believe this is wrong. We believe football, for which we are enthusiastic, is in danger. We, in common with many college players, demand a return to the days when football was played for fun.

To Be Remembered

THERE is no finer feeling than that which comes to one who, after years of absence, returns to old friends to find that he is not forgotten.

Jealousy

WHY is it that a man who is very good in some line almost always is jealous of some other man who is good in that same line? An artist who can paint a beautiful picture is jealous of other artists who paint beautiful pictures; successful real estate men are jealous of other successful real estate men. Fine actors are jealous of fine actors; good bankers are jealous of good bankers. And why? We can't figure it out. No one man can paint all the fine pictures or handle all the real estate or operate all the banks or play all the parts. We can't for the life of us see why any man who is doing his job well should worry about anybody else in the world. No man can do you any harm if you are doing your job; and it is a great deal better for you if other men in your line are making a success than if they are failing. Never waste time being jealous.

Dad

IF you will remember that the only difference between you and your dad is that he has more experience and responsibility than you, you will have done a good job of work. Remember that your dad likes the same things you do, wants to do the same things you want to do, understands what you are up to—because he would like to be up to the same things—and, in short, that he is nothing but another boy who is prevented from working at it by the necessity for supporting his family. And also that his experience has shown him some of the mistakes and futilities of his boyhood. But don't forget that he sympathizes with your mistakes, because he made the same ones himself. Of course he still makes mistakes, and one of the bad mistakes some fathers make is to get it into their heads that because they are a few years older and have a good job they must be dignified. We are all against dignity in fathers.

Wasting Time

THE other day we heard a man complaining about wasting time because he had put in a couple of days loafing and enjoying himself very much. He figured he had wasted time because he could have used those days to make quite a little money. Now we figure it the other way; we figure that a great many of us waste valuable time making money when we might use it enjoying ourselves to beat the band. The finest thing money can buy is pleasure. So if we spend a couple of days and get pleasure in return, it seems to us we have done a good job of earning.

Alibis

WE have an idea the world admires a boy who can take a beating as a sportsman should even more than it admires the victor. We don't like alibis. We don't like to hear fellows explain why they were beaten, or claim that they could have done better if they hadn't a corn on the big toe, or if they hadn't eaten green apples yesterday. Vanity is an odd animal, and we all have it. But the fellow who can keep his vanity in his pocket and never let it become visible, is doing a pretty swell job of work. And alibis are nothing but vanity turning somersaults. We are all inclined to play a game too much for the sake of winning and not enough for the exercise and the pleasure we get out of it. If we play the best we can and put up a good fight we should be proud of it, even if we lose, for any man is entitled to be proud of having done his best. If, actually, we are under par and do not play the best it is possible for us to play it is pretty scaly to talk about it and to rob your opponent of some part of the pleasure he has earned by beating you. And, we notice, most alibis are of doubtful authenticity. Even if your listeners hear you out politely and say nothing, they'll size you up all too accurately if you offer alibis. Better take your lickings and come back another day.

Stage Fright

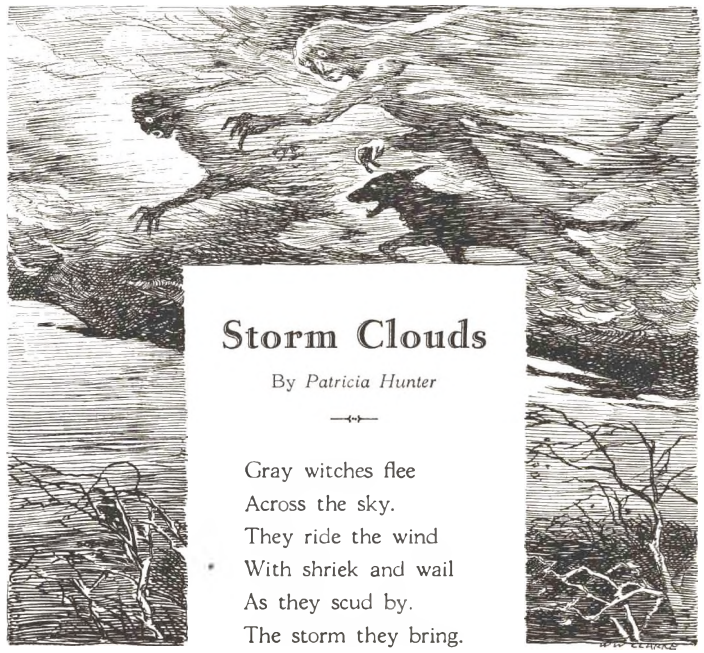
STAGE FRIGHT is a bothersome ailment, and a silly one to have. We saw a basketball game recently in which the home team was trailing the bigger, stronger visitors by 15 points at the end of the half. The home team put in a brand new forward to start the second half—a little sophomore who had never been in a varsity game before. "He'll be afraid of his shadow," prophesied the lugubrious rooter on our right. But that little sophomore didn't have a shadow—or if he had, the big visitors couldn't find it! He was lightning, that forward. He shot and passed and dribbled and fought; he made brilliant baskets himself, and just as brilliant helping passes to his mates. What's more, he inspired his team to move at his gait, and they just about ran the big fellows off the floor. The lead was too great—the home team lost by two points—but it was what the books call a moral victory. And we liked that sophomore not only because he played a whale of a game but also because he simply got in there and did his job, regardless of the fact that it was his first test.

Ideas

NOT long ago, in Pittsburgh, they dedicated a memorial to a boy who had ideas. His name isn't so important, though you'd recognize it if you heard it. The important thing about this boy, and the man he grew to be, was the fact that he blossomed ideas as a horse-chestnut tree blossoms bouquets. When he was fifteen, he blossomed an idea for a rotary engine—this was seventy-five years ago—and built it. A few years later he saw laborers struggling and grunting and heaving for hours to get a freight car back onto a track. "That's wrong," he said. "Now with a device like this—" He blossomed an idea for a "frog," a pair of angling rails over which the off-the-track car could be pulled right back on by its own engine. What's more, he built a "frog," organized a company to manufacture it, sold it to the railroads. In the half-century that followed he had literally hundreds of ideas, all brought to his busy brain by things he saw. He followed up his ideas, and when he died recently he had a company of 60,000 employees working with him!

Follow Up

"I HAD a notion that I could get what I wanted," said this boy once. "I got it by hard work." He had his ideas—and he followed them up. Those *two* things made him a man other men will remember. Ideas *plus* follow up! Other fellows have had fine ideas, but a good many times they haven't carried them out. They've lacked the Pittsburgh's boy's follow up. He wasn't the kind who thinks of a lot of things that *might* be done but never gets around to doing them.



Storm Clouds

By *Patricia Hunter*

Gray witches flee
Across the sky.
They ride the wind
With shriek and wail
As they scud by.
The storm they bring.

The guns in Wally's port battery cracked, and a flock of brilliant sparks burst around the pole.

FIGHTER DODSON

By Warren Hastings Miller

Illustrated by George Avison

THE old *Montana* had gone out of commission to have her turbines cleaned and guns elevated to modern ranges, and Ensign Wally Radnor, U. S. N., found himself promoted to lieutenant junior grade and ordered to the *U. S. S. Houston*.

'Stanguey Brooke and Lieutenant Crinky Sproule, otherwise known as the Brains, sat beside him in the motor sailer that was taking them out to the *Houston*, but the rest of the old crowd on the "Mont" had been pretty well scattered by the detail office. Oiseau Brown now commanded a V-class sub; so did Wright, of Number Two turret fame. Commander McCracken, gunnery officer of the *Montana*, had gone on up to take a sixteen-inch gun ship.

That left Wally strictly on his own, and he wasn't enjoying it much. They might set him to inspecting pickles on the *Houston*. The fact that he had been crack junior gunnery officer of Battle Division Six wouldn't mean a thing now. Such is fame in the Navy.

He and 'Stanguey were eying the *Houston* critically as they neared her. She was one of the new ten-thousand-ton cruisers—a long, lean thing. A miniature battleship, having eight eight-inch guns in turrets and a wicked secondary of five-inch.

"You'll get gunnery aboard her, flatfoot, of course," 'Stanguey said to Wally. "They say Commander Hodson, of the *Florida*, is ordered to her as gunnery officer. Good thing for little Wally! At least Hodson knows that you exist."

Wally chirruped a contented rat squeak. Sure Hodson knew him! Hodson knew him well and unfavorably for the *Montana* had licked the *Florida* in battle practice, plenty and often.

The motor sailer was coming alongside now and Wally was looking up at the armored gunfire control perched in the cross trees of the *Houston's* steel tripod mast. Good thing, that. At last our navy was to be no more hampered by basket masts, in which every telephone wire and communication tube might be destroyed with one shot. And up there he would help fight the secondary battery—if he didn't have to inspect pickles.

They boarded the cruiser and reported to Captain Burton, a solid and husky young captain in his forties, with blue eyes and heavy, weather-beaten cheeks. He assigned 'Stanguey to bridge duty; then turned to endorse Wally's orders and hand them to him.

"Report to Commander Dodson, Radnor."

Wally's face became blank. Dodson? Did the captain say Dodson? Was there a Dodson as well as a Hodson on this ship?

Wally managed a salute and staggered out of there, bewildered. Dodson? Who was he? Wally saw himself looking after bedding and laundry, polishing brightwork, and painting, his only thrills those of anchoring and getting under way.

He went gloomily down the wardroom corridors seeking this unknown Dodson. Hodson he knew—the brilliant and swanky gunnery officer of the *Florida*. One of the old crowd of Division Six, all of whose dreadnoughts were temporarily out of commission.

Wally thought hard. Certainly if the *Houston* had a gunnery officer, he'd know his name. But he'd never heard of Dodson, and therefore Dodson must be something besides gunnery. Which meant that Wally was out of it. Dag-gone everything!

HE knocked at the door marked "Commander Dodson" and entered. A short, stocky individual turned in the swivel chair at his desk to greet him with a brief crack of a smile that barely exposed his upper front teeth. He had twinkling blue eyes, reddish hair—what there was of it—and was sunburned dark as an Indian.

"Lieutenant Radnor reporting, sir," said Wally and proffered his orders.

He looked at his new commanding officer in an effort to place him, and gave it up. He'd never seen the man before.

Wally himself was over six feet tall, husky, gifted with a homely and freckled face, warm brown eyes, and a mop of dark brown hair. He seemed to fill all the stateroom as he stood doubtfully eying the short man in the chair. What a contrast Dodson was to big, rangy McCracken, whom Wally had adored consistently for three years of service on the *Montana!*

The commander grinned that tight smile again.

"Heard about you, Radnor," he said. "McCracken's famous cub, weren't you? How 'bout making you assistant gunnery officer of this ship? Think you can swing it?"

Ohgeegosh! Wally felt that he was seeing things! The fellow *was* gunnery officer of the *Houston!* What was more, he was talking about appointing Wally to the second most responsible gunnery position on the ship! Feebly Wally protested that he was just a junior grade lieutenant.

"That's all right," shot out Commander Dodson in jerky, clipped barks. "Got four fine division officers for turret lieutenants, but none of 'em has any fire-control experience. And you have. Been readin' up on you, Radnor. Just the man I want."

Wally blinked. He had no idea he was famous, but of course McCracken must have said some nice things about him in his departmental reports. His mind was soaring in the clouds. Assistant gunnery officer of a crack new cruiser!

"Well, sir, if you insist!" grinned Wally.

"Good!" said Dodson briefly. "Here's the dope. We go out to-morrow for our first test against three subs—scout duty, you understand—and they'll try to sink us. A submarine's the only enemy a cruiser like this has, really. We can run down any destroyer and run away from any battleship. So the Department wants to see how good we are, taking care of ourselves against a flock of subs. I've got to have a topnotcher up there in the secondary fire control."

The commander waved a hand up in the general direction of the fighting nest perched in the tripod mast high above them.

"We fire the new sub-calibre spotting shell; the submarines shoot flash-head torps. I take the ship and the main battery; you run the secondary. Do any stunt you like up there. Think you're up to it?"

His blue eyes sparkled on Wally. Quite a party this was going to be, Wally gathered. The *Houston* would be cruising off the Newport submarine base, just as if she were an enemy ship. The subs, three of them, would come out gunning for her. You could fire at any periscope you saw.

THIS new spotting shell that the *Houston* would fire was an invention of the Ordnance Department. It gave a bright flash like a Roman candle when it struck the water. You could aim it right at a sub, and even if you made a direct hit you'd do no damage. The flash-head torpedo was old stuff. A sub could fire it at a ship and it would give a convincing bang when it struck, but wouldn't hurt the steel plates. The damage done would be estimated by the umpires according to where the torpedo struck. A real battle was going to be staged here, true to war

conditions, the cruiser using her speed, range, and maneuvering power, the subs their invisibility and craftiness.

"Who commands the enemy, sir?" Wally asked.

DODSON looked up the War College dope sheet on the proposed test battle.

"V-9 flagship, Lieutenant Wright commanding; V-8, Lieutenant (j. g.) Winthrop Brown—"

"Wow!" blurted Wally. "Family party, sir," he added as the commander looked at him inquiringly. "You may have heard of Oiseau Brown and the flare-back that we nearly had on the *Montana*. He saved a lot of lives by some quick action. He's a shark with a tin fish, sir. Came out of the S-class subs to join us on the old *Montana*."

"A Reserve chap is his second in command, I see," said Dodson, examining the dope sheet again. "One James Bickfield, Ensign."

"Dummy Bickfield!" whooped Wally. "We'll have to watch our step with that bird aboard, sir! He's a Gloucesterman and knows all these New England waters like a fish. He and Oiseau together will give us a run for our money, you bet! Brown and Bickfield in V-8!"

"Plot thickens," grinned the commander, exposing two upper teeth in that tight smile of his. "Well, good shootin' does it. We know most of the sub tricks. Let go at any barrel you see. There may be a periscope inside it. Same goes for floating spars and wreckage. And the ship goes on war footing today, Radnor. Men sleep at the batteries, signal corps at the searchlights. How's our new signal officer? Good man?"

"Fine as they make 'em, sir," Wally assured him. "Crinky Sproule was of the old *Montana* crowd. Joined ship with me to-day. You can depend on him."

The plot thickened the moment Wally got back to the steerage country after that interview with Commander Dodson. But not as Wally had expected it to. For there he found that all the *Houstons* were sore at their unknown gunnery officer. His first intimation of it came from 'Stanguey.

"Well, what sort of lemon did we draw in the typographical error, boot?" 'Stanguey greeted his friend.

"Huh? Typographical error?" asked Wally, mystified.

"That's what they call him aboard here," 'Stanguey enlightened him. "We all thought we were going to get Hodson, off the *Florida*. Seems some darned typist in the detail office got her D's and H's mixed and sent us this Dodson instead. Asiatic Station man. Nobody ever heard of him before—and the gang's sore. With all the good dreadnought officers to choose from, we get a nobody."

Wally growled belligerently. 'Stanguey had already ranged himself with the prejudiced crowd on the *Houston*. They were all Atlantic Fleet men, clannish, hostile to outsiders. And who could be anybody with a name like Dodson?

"Aw—pipe down, glittering bauble!" rumbled Wally in that growl of mock ferocity with which he rose to an argument. "Dodson's all right. He'll fight this ship, and don't you forget it."

"Yeah?" said 'Stanguey. "Little old Spanish War gunboats and four-inch forty calibre popguns—that's all *he* knows! He's been down in the Sulus and on West River patrol, Canton, for the last five years. Pirates and Moros. Small stuff. This is a real ship, oaf!"

Full of gossip was 'Stanguey. And prejudiced, like the rest of them. Wally felt a surge of loyalty to his new chief. He hardly knew Dodson himself, and certainly his personality was not impressive compared to either McCracken or Hodson of the dreadnoughts. But somehow he made Wally think of General Grant—unknown and unimpressive, but a born fighter. That was it—Dodson was a fighter. Not a battle-practice expert, where everything was arranged beforehand.

"He's the man for this job, just the same," Wally retorted. "Betcha Dodson has seen more real fighting than all the G. O.'s in our fleet put together! We got Oiseau and Dummy and Wright against us this trip, and Dodson'll handle 'em."

"I heard about Oiseau and Dummy and Wright," agreed 'Stanguey, unchanged. "They'll take this Dodson mistake for a ride all over the bottom of Long Island Sound, Hairy Ape!"

"*Blaa!*" said Wally. "Anyway, he's appointed me assistant gunnery officer—so Oiseau and Wright *ought* to have a pie."

"You?" yelped 'Stanguey and then fell over him with glee. "One good thing he's done, anyhow! Listen, fellers!" and he went on to tell the news abroad in the Steerage.

It made Wally feel embarrassed. Their attitude was that with one famous dreadnought man in charge of the secondary the ship could hold her own, even if Dodson was a dud.

Wally didn't like it. Dodson, he felt certain, could stand on his own feet—not on Wally's reputation. But one glance about the Steerage told him that further argument was useless. They were ranged against Dodson. Perhaps their disappointment at not getting an Atlantic fleet man was the chief cause. Perhaps one of the ensigns was a particular friend of some other gunnery officer who had expected the job. Well—to-morrow would change things—one way or another.

Next day the *Houston* steamed out to the patrol beat assigned her by the War College. It was a thirty-five mile beat between Martha's Vineyard and Block Island. She was supposed to be an enemy cruiser scouting off Newport, and our subs were supposed to come out and smack her down.

Whether they succeeded or not was up to Wally, high in the forward fighting top, commanding the five-inch guns, and to the commander down in the conning tower, handling the eight-inch. It was anyone's weather. A fresh nor'wester was piling up choppy whitecaps all over the Sound. To the north was the green line of the shore, a white fringe of surf gnashing on its reefs.

Anywhere in those waves might be a periscope. V-8, V-9, and V-10 were all laying for the *Houston*—and Oiseau and Dummy had V-8! With the *Houston's* high speed they could not hope to catch her. Their stunt was to get somewhere near her path, then come up suddenly and let go a torp.

A hundred pairs of eyes were watching from the *Houston*. There were nests of lookouts under Crinky Sproule, the Signal Officer, each man having a sector of the sea under his binoculars. There were eyes at the pointing and training telescopes of every gun; more eyes in range finders, sweeping arcs of the sea; and three particularly responsible pairs—Wally's, Captain Burton's, and Commander Dodson's.

And, within twenty minutes, *"Mark! East a half north!"* came through Wally's telephone receivers from a lookout.

"Mark! 84-23!" he translated it instantly in degrees to the port battery guns down below. Their long, lean muzzles were swinging while Wally was planting his binoculars on the spot.

Out there was an oyster pole where no oyster pole had any business to be. Wally tingled all over. What was it? Marker buoy? Something attached to a periscope? Nope—it was moving! He swung the directorscope on it and let go.

Crackety-crack-crack-crack! popped the sub-calibres in his port battery, and presently a flock of brilliant sparks burst around the pole. And meanwhile the receivers were squeaking in his ears—

"Hold fire! It's a ruse! Watch out!"

The barks were coming from Commander Dodson down in the conning tower, but they were all too late. Wally could see four torpedo tracks coming for them now. They had started from a point at least five hundred yards to the right of that pole, and were diverging so as to cover two whole lengths of the *Houston*. Back her, stop her, or keep on ahead, one of the torpedoes would be a sure hit!

Dodson was trying desperately to turn the ship enough to dodge through those four torps, but it was not a bit of use. She swung out to meet one of those white tracks while Wally cursed himself. He saw through the ruse now. That pole was stepped in a dory, towed awash five hundred yards astern of the sub—he could see the gleam of a dory's gunwales in the waves as he looked more intently. While he had been smothering the pole with his fire, the sub had raised her periscope five hundred yards ahead, taken good aim, fired a salvo of four torps, and submerged.

Just like Oiseau and Dummy to try a low trick like that! It was too late to find their periscope now. And where were the other two subs?

Bong!

The ship was hit. A bright flash and the rise of a column of water alongside, well forward, announced it. The *Houston* kept on turning at full speed, then slowed down and seemed to crawl. That meant that the umpires had estimated the damage and had given her a reduced speed. A groggy ship already!

"Watch out, Wally, for cat's sake!" came Dodson's voice up the phone. "They'll try a sacrifice hit, next. If you see one periscope sticking up, give it one gun and hold the rest for the real bad egg. Tough luck! They've cut us to eighteen knots because of that hit."

Not a word of reproach for Wally's precipitancy in firing on the pole. Wally attended to the reproaches himself. He, the crack young gunnery officer, had been neatly taken in, that trip! Dodson was a fighter. Like Grant, the more danger they piled on him the more grimly he fought them off. The pole ruse hadn't fooled Dodson. Now he had guessed out the sub's next move and was ready for it.

WALLY swept the seas incessantly with his binoculars. He was sure that Wright and the other sub had let them pass, so as to have the *Houston* in a trap between them and the sub with the pole. They would come up off to starboard somewhere; most probably sacrifice one sub to get her, as Dodson had warned.

The ship was zigzagging irregularly now. At eighteen knots, which was precisely the speed of the subs when submerged, she could no longer depend on high speed to get away from them.

And presently an electric shock wriggled through Wally as he picked up in his glasses a white curl like a feather in the waves, about two thousand yards off. Periscope emerging!

"Mark, SW by W!" came instantly from the lookouts.

"Mark! 236-15!" yelped Wally. "Starboard Number One take her!"

The gun cracked off rapid fire while Wally was swinging his directorscope. It was the sacrifice periscope all right! But where was the other one? Tensely he searched the waves near-by. Nothing. And then he saw it. Just a sparkle of sunlight on glass, buried in a wave slope near the other one. Already the first sub was swamped with bright flashes from Number One's fire. But before he could get the cross hairs on that second periscope—

Bang-bang! Bang-bang!

Those were the eight-inch turrets below him. Wally added a salvo burst of his own. Seconds passed, tense, exciting. Then four bright flashes burst all around that sparkle of glass out there.

Meanwhile a single white torpedo track was growing out toward them from it!

"Track! Track! Track!" came delirious yells from the lookouts. Things were happening in a jangle of confusion through Wally's telephone ears. He heard the umpire snap out, "Both subs *out!*" Good! At least they'd got two of the three subs!

Then Dodson's sharp order—

"Port helm, Captain! Port, *hard!*"

Meanwhile Wally saw the winks of his own spotting shells out there. His five-inch had been quick, but the commander had been quicker. He had stopped Wright, or whoever it was on that V-boat, from firing more than one torp before he was put out of action.

That torp was nearing them swiftly now and Wally held his breath. The long bows of the *Houston* swung out to meet it—to face it head on. Ship and torp weren't fifty yards apart. Not time enough for the turn, thought Wally, clicking his teeth regret-

fully. But the bow swung past that oncoming track, missed meeting it by feet—and the torp scurried past, parallel to their long side, and harmless.

"Close call, Wally!" came Dodson's voice cheerily amid the roars of delight from all over the ship. "We'll have to cut and run now. Haven't got a chance against that bird astern! He has the same speed we have, you know."

Cut and run—when they had just gloriously sunk two of the enemy? For a moment Wally's soul rose in protest. Then he realized that Dodson was showing sense. He fought with tactics, not miracles. Oiseau Brown and Dummy Bickfield in V-8 would play all around him and shoot when they pleased if the *Houston* waited for them to catch up. The only way the sub could get ahead of the cruiser was to use her surface speed of twenty-two knots. To do that she'd have to come up. Not to be risked, with gunners like the *Houston's*.

The ship bore away for Block Island. She carried a list to port. The umpires had insisted that several bottom tanks be pumped full just as if those compartments had been blown in by V-8's foxy shot.

Wally was busy computing how much he would have to allow for that list in his firing elevation for the battery. There'd be so much minus for starboard, so much plus for the port. And it differed for every gun down the line. Truly she was a groggy ship! Wally expected a lot of aggravating misses, over and under, when V-8 next showed up to be fired at. She was toiling along astern, chasing them, he was sure.

V-9 and V-10 had come up and were waving congratulations at them as the ship passed their position. They were out of it.

But Dummy and Oiseau were not. Also Dummy knew these waters like a book. If there was any daring way to get at them through the reefs off Block Island he'd put Oiseau onto it.

"Eh, Wally?" came up Dodson's voice through the phone. "Catch 'em on the surface, that's our game, see? We'll play hide and seek with 'em around Block Island."

Cheerful and unconcerned was Dodson. His ship was in bad shape and the enemy had all the advantage of him in both speed and concealment but, like Grant, he never dreamed that he was beaten.

"Watch out for Dummy, sir, if you're going to try that game," cautioned Wally. "He knows every tide rip in this end of the Sound. He'll pop up on us where we're not looking for him."

"The Gloucester Reservist? All right. I'm lookin' for some trick from him!" Dodson chuckled breezily. "We'll put over one of our own, mebbe."

WALLY didn't see how he was going to do it, but steadily the ship bore on for Block Island. They could see its high radio tower at the south end and Sandy Point lighthouse on the north. Some five miles long from north to south was Block Island, shaped like a ham, with its butt end south. It had two reefs with surf breaking over them at low tide, Southwest Ledge, and Sandy Point Bar, the latter extending for a mile north of the lighthouse. Midway between north and south, the island was extremely low.

That it was a good island for a game of hide and seek, Wally began to appreciate as the cruiser rounded the buoy on the north end of Sandy Point Bar. She turned south, passing the line of troubled waters that marked the bar underneath.

So far, not a vestige of V-8 had they seen. She was following them, at about the same speed, and was undoubtedly watching through her periscope safely enough. The wash of the latter couldn't be seen beyond two miles in a whitecapped sea.

PRESENTLY they passed behind the land and the high ground of Clay Head blocked all view of the sea to the eastward.

"Stand by, Wally. Catch him on the surface now, if you're quick!"

It was the happy, cheerful voice of Dodson, and Wally could almost see the commander's sunburned dome of a head and twinkling blue eyes as the order came in over the telephone. What he could not see was how they expected to catch Oiseau and Dummy on the surface when all Block Island hid the view to the east, where V-8 was now.

Nevertheless Wally called his battery to order with the command, "Stations!" and had every pointer and trainer at his telescope.

The ship slowed down, waiting. Dodson was evidently figuring out what V-8 would do when her prey disappeared behind the Island. Obviously she would come up and use her fast surface speed to run for a favorable position to catch the *Houston* when she came around the island again.

Wally thought of Southwest Ledge. It would be just like Dummy to poke around in that dangerous neighborhood where no one would look for him! And the *Houston* had to pass between that southern ledge and the island to get back on her beat again. There's where the sub would wait.

On the other hand, she might head for Sandy Point, on the theory that the *Houston* would double back and come back around the north end of the island.

Wally looked at his chart. Poor chance for a sub to get any enemy ship that way, with the bar between them! But there was a hole in it, a narrow gut having twenty-two feet of water between the shoals. V-8 could hardly make it, even at present high tide, but it would be like Dummy to try it.

The commander, however, was thinking about neither of these alternatives. He gave the sudden order—

"Full speed ahead, Captain! Stand by secondary!"

The ship jumped ahead. And then Wally saw his strategy. They passed beyond the high ground of Clay Head—and almost immediately a wide pond ashore opened out. It cut Block Island nearly in two. A narrow strip of beach with a road on it and a car scudding along was all that lay between them and the wide horizon of the sea to eastward. And on that sea, not a mile out, was a submarine's tower, already leaning crazily as she dived in all haste! She couldn't fire a torp through Block Island but the *Houston* could fire shells over it!

"Range 4100! Fire!" yelped Wally.

A second for sight setting. Then—

Whang! Whang! went both of Number One's eight-inch below him.

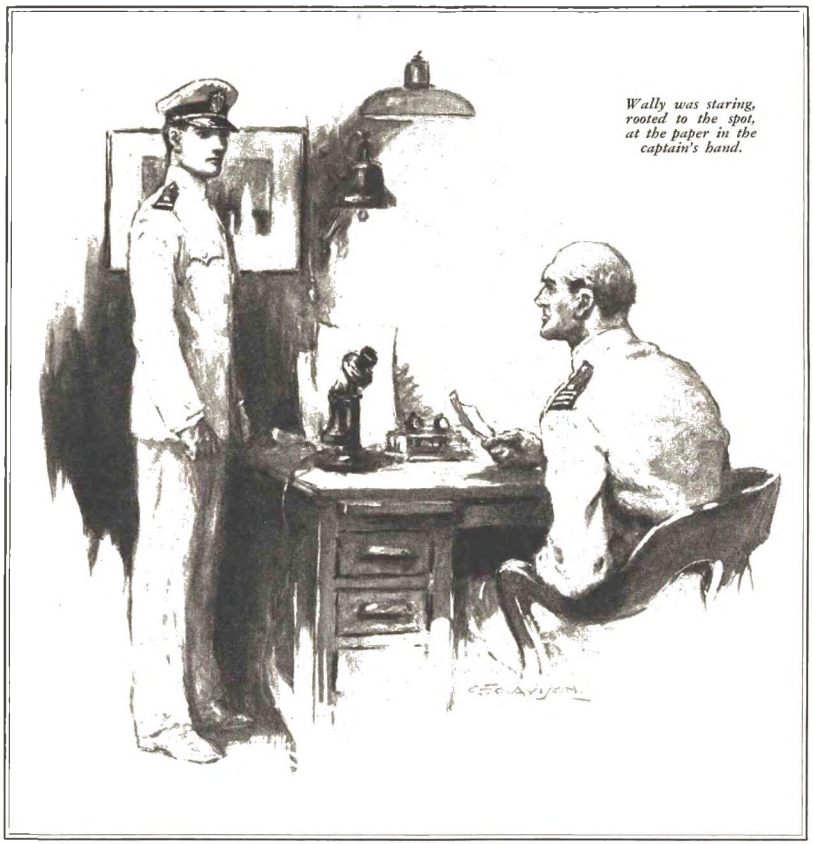
Crack! Crack! Crack!

Those were from his own port Number One, as fast as it could be served.

Anxiously Wally looked for the spots. He was a fast guy, that range finder. He'd worked the lenses and given the range in about one second, and he might have been wrong.

But he wasn't, for fireworks began exploding all over what was left above water of the submarine's tower. Oiseau and Dummy were both below and diving their best in the storm, but the commander had been too foxy for them. It was he who had spotted the significance of that pond on the chart, with its clear view out to sea over Block Island. He had caught the V-8 neatly on the surface!

"Submarine *out!*" Wally heard the umpire decide. Then the jubilations below in the conning tower.



Wally was staring, rooted to the spot, at the paper in the captain's hand.

IT was over, the first test of a new eight-inch gun cruiser against submarines. And the *Houston*, hit, groggy, bereft of her speed, had won out because a stumpy little man with twinkling blue eyes persisted in not understanding that he was beat.

Wally climbed down out of the tripod mast to make his report on the battle. He was completely satisfied with his new G. O. and was glad to serve under him. At the foot of the mast he ran into Captain Burton's marine orderly.

"Captain wants to see you in his office, sir," the orderly said.

Wally hurried there. He expected a wigging for having let go so rashly at that pole and let them in for a hit. But all Captain Burton had to say as Wally entered his office was:

"Lieutenant Radnor, did you put in that correction for our port list when we fired on V-8 over Block Island pond?"

"Why—no, sir!" said Wally, aghast. To tell the truth, he had forgotten all about it in the excitement of battle.

"Then Dodson must have done it, while we were waiting. Couldn't have made a sure hit, if he hadn't. Thinks of everything, that man! That's all, Lieutenant."

The captain smiled with a twinkle of his eyes as Wally saluted.

But it wasn't all, for Wally was now staring, rooted to the spot, at a large paper in the captain's hand. It was a round robin, signed by all the wardroom officers and asking for the relief of Commander Dodson on the score of inexperience with great gun director firing. Those disgruntled martinets in the Steerage had carried the matter to an issue!

Their eyes met over the paper and Captain Burton grinned and shook his head. (*Continued on page 39*)

The captain was standing in a shallow, stone-lined depression that must once have been the cellar of a house.

HARD-BOILED

By Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by Grattan Condon

SERGEANT PINKY GREENE surveyed "A" Company with a doubtful grin. The outfit was stretched before him in two ranks, the four platoons, numbering less than thirty men each, looking woefully scant.

The line dipped and rose over the uneven ground, bulged forward in the middle to avoid a shell hole, and swayed backward on the left to miss a shattered tree stump. He couldn't get 'em any straighter—not on this ground.

Mentally, he compared them with the "A" Company of training days. Then they had been two hundred and fifty men, trim and smart, with new uniforms, neatly wrapped putts, shoes rubbed supple with oil. Now they numbered one hundred and ten, with torn putts curled at the edges, shapeless hobnails, wrinkled and patched uniforms. Coats bulged where buttons were missing. Tin hats were perched at all angles to suit the comfort of the wearer. The faces beneath the hats were brown, lean, and drawn. The postures lacked the stiff erectness of training days.

"A nice outfit to present to the new captain," Pinky thought. "A nice flock of bums."

He opened his mouth to order them to straighten their helmets and square their shoulders. Then he decided against it. These men were scrappers—not parade soldiers. They'd been scorched by fire—scorched and twisted—and tempered. The new captain would understand. Pinky had heard that Captain Barnard was a regular army officer, veteran of the Champagne-Marne defense, and Chateau Thierry. "The captain'll know what we've been through," he decided.

So, without further delay, he did an about face and saluted Lieutenant Templeton.

"All present or accounted for," he reported.

"Take your post," murmured the officer.

Pinky saluted again, about-faced, marched toward the company, turned smartly by the left flank, strode around the right guide and took his place in the file closers behind Private White.

"Rest!" barked the lieutenant, and the company relaxed.

The sergeant glanced down the line. He saw a coat with a ripped seam, a mud-caked leg, an unfastened canteen cover, and began to worry.

"Whitey," he said to his inseparable buddy, "pass the word down for the gang to police up a bit, and when the captain comes to suck in their guts."

"How can you suck in your guts when you ain't got any?" retorted the blond private. "The next scrap, the first guy I'm gonna shoot is the mess sergeant. He fed us carrots again to-day. Dried carrots—"

Pinky was silent a moment. Whitey had been sick after the noon chow. Whitey had been gassed in the last scrap and didn't have sense enough to admit it. "Go on; pass the word," Pinky said softly. "Tell 'em to police up. This mob can't even button their pants any more."

"Hey, you guys!" Whitey whispered hoarsely, loud enough for everyone to hear. "Button your pants—sergeant's orders!"

"You nut — that ain't what I meant," Pinky growled. "I want 'em to fasten their canteen covers and—"

"Nev' mind the pants," corrected Whitey. "Button the canteen covers—"

THERE was a stir through the ranks. Lieutenant Templeton took a quick glance around, faced the company, and yelled:

"Atten-shun!"

Pinky, snapping to attention, glimpsed a tall figure striding through the trees. The swinging legs wore wrapped puttees, just like the men—leather boots were a give-away to German machine gunners. The uniform was olive drab wool—not serge. Pinky felt a tremor go through him. The new captain knew his business!

The sergeant strained anxiously for a look at Captain Barnard's face. He saw a head, carried high. Beneath the straight line of the helmet, a smooth, browned face. Flat cheeks. Slightly outthrust jaw. It was the face of a man who didn't fool. Nervously the sergeant fingered the thong on his pistol holster.

The captain was talking to the lieutenant now. Then his head swung around to the company. Pinky thought he saw a sudden gleam light up a pair of direct, appraising eyes.

"I wish we'd taken more time to police up," he fretted silently.

"At ease!" called Lieutenant Templeton.

Murmurs ceased as the company snapped to the parade "at ease" position. The two officers marched to the right flank of the line and began an informal inspection. Pinky watched the men come to attention as the captain addressed them, and relax as he passed on.

The captain stopped at Dombroski, just in front of Whitey. Pinky could hear his voice now. It was quiet, hard, without a trace of friendly ease in it.

"Your name?"

"Private Dombroski, sir."

"You're an automatic rifleman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who's your ammunition man?"

"Haven't got any, sir."

"Why not?"

"Got bumped off."

Without turning his head, the captain asked Lieutenant Templeton the name of the sergeant of the first platoon.

"Sergeant Greene," said the worried lieutenant.

"Sergeant Greene," the captain called out. The words sounded like chunks of steel.

"Here, sir," Pinky responded, walking swiftly around to the front of the company. He stopped within a few feet of the officer and saluted. As he looked for the first time directly into Captain Barnard's eyes, he felt a shock of surprise. The captain wasn't much older than he was! A couple of years, maybe, but not a day over twenty-five.

"Why haven't you appointed a new ammunition carrier for Private Dombroski?" the officer was asking. His lips seemed scarcely to move.

"Just been back from the lines two days, sir," Pinky replied.

"You might go up again to-morrow. If you leave all details until the last minute you'll forget half of 'em."

"Yes, sir."

Flushing, Pinky saluted and walked back to his position. The outfit had been eight straight days in the lines. Sapped of every drop of energy. Drained to exhaustion. And the new captain was bawling them out for not doing what could be done any time during the next week.

"Probably shoving a little regular army discipline down our national guard throats," he thought philosophically. "He'll be all right in a few days."

HE watched while the officers finished the front rank and started down the rear rank. He heard the captain coolly call Lieutenant Templeton's attention to torn equipment, missing buttons, unshaven faces. The inspection reached Whitey.

The captain's eyes swept him from head to foot, stopped at the gas mask hanging at Whitey's hip, and widened.

"What happened to your gas mask?" he asked quickly.

"Shell fragment hit it, sir," Whitey said steadily.

"Pull it out—let's see it."

Whitey extracted the face piece and held it up. The captain took it, pushed a finger through a rip in the rubber, turned it over and glanced at the broken nose clip. He turned to Lieutenant Templeton:

"This company," he said unemotionally, "is in worse condition than any I've ever seen. I think you'd better have Sergeant Greene personally escort Private White to Fleville as soon as formation is dismissed, and get him a new gas mask. We'll see about the rest of the company after mess to-night."

Pinky drew in his breath. Fleville was five kilometers away and chow was just about an hour off. Besides, Whitey was all in—even if he wouldn't admit it.

The captain walked around to the front and called the company to attention.

"Strange as it may seem," he said clearly, "we're fighting a war. This company is under the impression that it's come back here for a rest. It hasn't. It's back here to get ready for the next scrap. There'll be formation at eight to-night to get new equipment. Breakfast at six in the morning and formation with combat packs at seven." He turned to Lieutenant Templeton. "Dismiss the company."

As the ranks broke up, Whitey turned to Pinky.

"Come on, Sergeant," he grinned. "Take me down to Fleville and get me a new bib."

Pinky was glaring after the retreating form of Captain Barnard.

"I'm not taking you anywhere," he said disgustedly. "You wait here."

"Where you goin'?" queried Whitey.

"To see the captain," Pinky replied, starting off.

"Be careful," Whitey warned indifferently. "He's a hard-boiled guy, he is." And he added, mockingly, "I'll be waitin' here for you!"

Pinky caught up to the captain before the corrugated iron shelter that served as company headquarters.

"Sir," he saluted, slightly out of breath.

The captain turned, glanced at him, and stopped.

"Why aren't you on your way to Fleville?" he asked.

"Sir," Pinky went on swiftly, "Private White is sick. He was gassed in the last advance, and ought to be in hospital. I'd like to go to Fleville alone."

"How do you know he was gassed? Does he say so?"

"No, sir—"

"Then he probably isn't," the officer concluded with a slight touch of irony in his voice. "Don't let your men put anything over on you, Sergeant. Report to me when you get back from Fleville."

"Very well, sir," Pinky said, controlling his mounting anger with difficulty.

HE hadn't gone more than a few steps when the captain called him back.

"By the way, Sergeant!" he said. "About this gas business. In the next advance, nobody is evacuated for gas. If I catch you giving anybody permission to go back for being gassed you'll regret it. Understand?"

For a long moment they looked squarely at each other. Pinky hotly, the captain coldly. Pinky's temper flared—he forgot himself.

"What do you mean?" he burst out. "Do you think we're going to sniff a little gas and then run away? Think we're a home guard outfit?"

The captain's eyes widened, danced a moment with bits of flame, then cooled off.

"I'm not questioning your courage," he said gently. Then his eyes hardened and his face became suddenly strained. "But I'm not taking any chances," he finished, and there was a harsh rasp in his voice.

Pinky stared at him dumfounded. For a bare instant the captain had been friendly, man-to-man. The eyes had been warm, the face softened. Then he had suddenly reverted to chilled steel. Why?

The captain sensed Pinky's bewilderment and his face became a frozen mask. "You've had your orders," he said gruffly.

Dazed, Pinky walked back to Whitey. The captain had as much as said he'd stand for no cowardice. Why did he assume "A" Company was yellow? It was true that a lot of guys ran out on the war under the camouflage of gas. But it was dirty to jump to the conclusion that "A" Company was that kind.

The sergeant glimpsed Whitey leaning against a tree waiting for him, and his resentment seethed. He had seen Whitey crumple in a dead faint on the long march back from the lines; had watched the blond private vainly try to eat, for the last two days. And the captain, blast his regular army hide—

"Did you win the war?" Whitey chuckled as the sergeant came up.

Pinky shook his head. He gazed into his friend's hollow eyes.

"Listen, Whitey," he said. "You crawl into your pup tent and stay there. I'll get that mask for you."

"Nothin' doin'," said Whitey. "If the captain catches me, he'll make me stand in a corner with my face to the wall. He's a hard-boiled guy."

"You don't know when you're half dead," growled Pinky. "Go on into the woods and hide."

"Not me," Whitey said. "I need my exercise. Let's go."

"I could knock you over with a feather," Pinky retorted. "Go to bed."

And Whitey, knowing that Pinky's mind was made up, went. Alone the sergeant started for Fleville.

SHORTLY after the noon chow, next day, Captain Barnard called Pinky to company headquarters. The officer was sitting at a field table, a map spread out before him.

"I'm sending you on a little scouting expedition this afternoon," he said.

Pinky, his interest aroused, directed his gaze at the map.

"Here's Chiry," the officer said, quietly. "And here's Nantillois. We're at this spot. I want you and Private White to report to me with full packs at two o'clock. You'll march directly to Chiry, take a look around—" He paused—"go from there to Nantillois, and then come back here. The entire distance is about twelve kilometers. Report to me when you get back—before five o'clock."

"Did you—" Pinky was slightly uncertain. "Was there any message—"

"No," the captain replied. "Just report to me."

And then Pinky understood. A twelve-kilo march with full packs! Punishment. His face flushed. The captain was going pretty far. The sergeant and the captain looked at each other. Pinky's jaw was thrust out, his eyes afire. But the captain, seated, outstared the non-com.

"Yes, sir," Pinky finally said stiffly.

"Take this map with you," the captain said evenly, "so you won't get lost."

Sergeant Pinky and Private White trudged wearily into Nantillois, scuffing up dust at every step. Pinky was carrying two packs—his own and Whitey's. Whitey, staggering slightly, was two paces behind. Sweat was rolling down their faces, blinding them.

"If Captain Barn-yard was here," Pinky said huskily, "I'd kill him."

"Not me," said Whitey, gazing vacantly at the sergeant's hobnails. "I'd tie him down and tickle his feet with feathers."

"—make him walk barelegged through barbed wire," added Pinky.

"—stake him out in the sun, pour molasses on 'im, an' let the flies go to it," continued Whitey, coughing.

"What'd he say to you last night?" Pinky asked, dustily.

"He just peeked in the pup tent, saw me stretched out, an' asked me why I wasn't in Fleville with you."

"Wha'd you say?"

"Nothin'! I couldn't think of nothin'! Then he asks, 'Were you gassed in the last advance, Private White?' And I says, 'No, sir, I jus' got sick eatin' too much'."

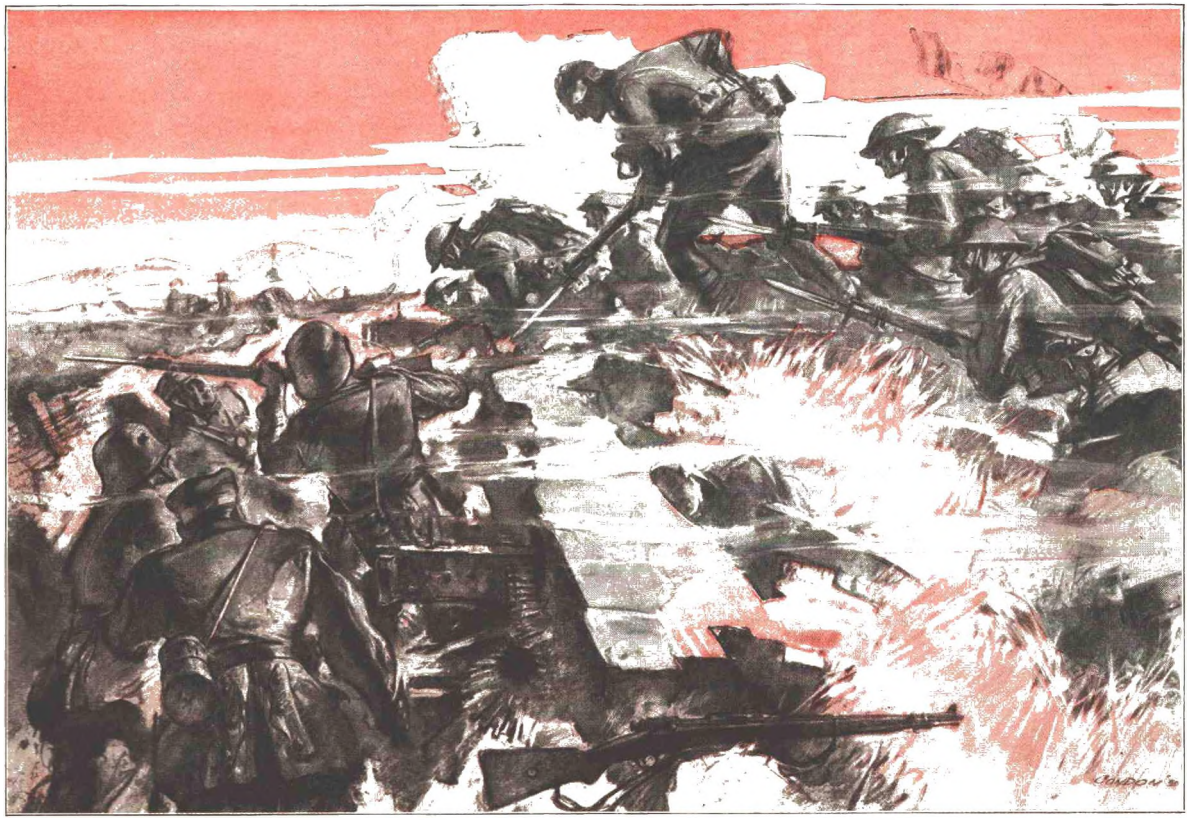
"You crazy hunyak," Pinky burst out, turning half around. "Why didn't you tell him the truth?"

"An' have 'im think I was trying to crawl out? Nope. The cap'n's a hard-boiled guy, Sergeant. He's a tough baby."

During the next three days, Captain Barnard lived up to Whitey's estimate of him. From seven in the morning until five at night, he sweated the company through close order, chased them over hills and valleys on extended order, wore them down on the manual of arms, and drove them unmercifully through the strenuous paces of bayonet drill. The company growled and muttered—all except Whitey. And Whitey, living up to his own estimate of courage, hung on by sheer grit and said nothing.

Pinky gave grudging admiration to the cool young demon who was flaying them into condition, but in his heart there grew a cold, crystallized anger. In a couple of days—or three, or four—they'd be called up into the lines. There'd be the usual advance, with the odds getting stiffer every foot of the way. Sooner or later, far ahead of

(*Continued on page 37*)



Pinky stumbled at the gray uniforms. Leaped the jagged wall. Lunged at the nearest figure.

THE Pup thoughtfully licks his chops with his long tongue, while he reads a letter from James Stone, Palo Alto, Calif.

"Stone says that I can't climb a tree," Pluto says to the editor. "I've never even tried. I've never had to. In fact, I've never run from anything in my life —not even from a cobra."

"Heh—heh," the ed laughs quietly.

"It's a fact," insists the Pup. "Haven't you ever heard how I licked Kid Cobra, champion lightweight scrapper of the lower orders? You haven't? I'll recite it."

Whereat the Pup declaims this famous ballad:

How many fans remember, in the fall of Umpty-three,
How Pluto fought Kid Cobra in a twenty-round melee?
The stadium was packed that night with many animules—
The underdogs below the seats, the pigeons up on stools;
The horses neighed incessantly, and donkeys brayed as well,
While Pluto's fleas, in boxes, gave the Canine College yell.

The dope said Cobra had the edge; it was no idle hunch,
For Cobra was the King of Snakes, with poison in his punch.
The battle started cautiously, like any title fight,
Kid Cobra leading with his tail and Pluto with his right.
The Pup then tried an uppercut as he came dashing in—
Alas! the blow was harmless, for Kid Cobra had no chin.

The rounds slid by and Pluto knew his title hopes were wrecked—
(You cannot hit a dangling rope with very much effect.)
"What good, a solar plexus blow," Plute murmured at the gong,
"When Cobra's solar plexus is four feet six inches long?
How can I close his lidless eyes, or hit his leaping phiz?
How can I punch him in the wind? I don't know where it is!"

They clinched and Pluto found himself most thoroughly entwined,
With Cobra leering in his face and hitting from behind.
The Pup gave up, his spirits drooped, he didn't even growl.
Instead he lifted up his nose and howled a mournful howl.

And then a miracle occurred! Kid Cobra fell away,
And as the howling softer grew, the Kid began to sway.
"I've charmed him!" gasped the startled Pup. "I've made the Cobra dance!
I've got him in my power now! Oh, baby, what a chance!"

There is no need to finish this—you know as well as I
How Pluto won the title in the twinkling of an eye
By chewing on the Cobra's tail—and if the scene is rending,
Remember that the snake deserved a very painful ending.

"That poem," the Office Pup comments, "is practically a classic."

"I'm glad it's finished," the editor says, relieved. "Now you can get down to the Morning Mail."

"You don't appreciate art," the Pup sniffs, turning to the batch of Morning Mail letters. "Before we start, I want to extend my sympathies to Pal, the dog belonging to Eunice Goolsbey, Sandpoint, Idaho. Pal is recovering from a gunshot wound. If some guy shot him maliciously, I hope that guy is fed a diet of cement and water, and the cement sets as fast as he eats it. My sympathies also to Warren Brandon, Palo Alto, Calif., whose dog Buster was poisoned. And more cement and water for the poisoner."

And now for the many interesting comments on the magazine. W. H. Collins Jr., Wilson, Ark., says that he and a friend of his aren't much interested in model airplanes, and would like instead to learn how to build a radio set. Have you ever thought of becoming a radio amateur, Collins? An amateur is a man who builds a short-wave set. With this set he can talk over the air, in telegraphic code, to any of the thousands of other amateurs situated all over the world.

It isn't hard to become an amateur. The American Radio Relay League, Hartford, Conn., issues a booklet for ten cents that gives you plans for simple receiving and sending sets, instructs you in the code, and gives you all the necessary rules. You may join the A. R. R. L. if you wish—membership costs $2.50 and includes a subscription to QST, the official magazine of the league. Just write the league at Hartford.

A lot of fans, this month, declared themselves vigorously in favor of futuristic and mystery stories. Arthur Silliman, Hibbing, Minn., writes: "What about a futuristic story? I'm getting hungry for one."

"I asked in my last letter for futuristic stories," John Harich, East Cleveland, Ohio, reminds the Pup, "and there has been no prospect in the Morning Mail for one. Woe is me!"

Woe is you no longer, Harich. Some time during the coming year we're going to tell you the story of a professor who discovers the secret not only of neutralizing but reversing the force of gravity, and who takes two young men with him to explore the planet Mars! It's by Carl H. Claudy, who will tickle the heart of J. Hamilton Williams, Toronto, Canada, Harich, and all other lovers of mystery, with his "The Land of No Shadow" in this issue.

Did the Pup hear someone asking for a thumb-nail sketch of Mr. Claudy? Here it is, written by the author himself, especially for Morning Mail fans:

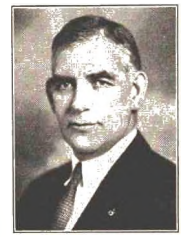
"Born, Washington, D. C., 1879, when very young, probably in a library; at least Mother and Father were always either reading or writing books.

"After high school I went to work at everything or anything, mostly the latter. At nineteen (1898) I tried prospecting in Alaska and changed from chechahco to sourdough (tenderfoot to experienced trail man) in six months. Collected various disabilities and injuries, had many adventures, and returned broke to civilization.

"Tried newspaper reporting, sold another story or two, became first assistant and then editor on a small, mechanical-scientific sheet. In 1904, flattering myself that I had 'learned to write,' I started as a free lance and have been at it ever since, except for two years as a New York *Herald* reporter.

"Wrote my first little yarn for THE AMERICAN BOY in 1905; have been guilty of about fifteen or sixteen books not including three that will be published this year.

"Have two boys, both brought up on *Youth's Companion* and THE AMERICAN BOY. The younger, Bill, a high school senior, thinks THE AMERICAN BOY the finest magazine in the world and Dad the finest writer!



Carl H. Claudy.

"Favorite sports: Boxing, swimming, rowing, canoeing, football, tennis, baseball. So long ago it's hardly a boast to say it, I rowed in an eight and played guard and center on the famous old Columbia Athletic Club eleven.

"Favorite hobbies: Freemasonry, chess, detective stories, cats and dogs, camping, motors.

"Favorite faults: Laziness, inability to go to bed at a reasonable hour; a 9 to 5 office hour complex.

"Favorite hope: That AMERICAN BOY readers like *The Land of No Shadow!*"

"Thank you, Mr. Claudy," acknowledges the ed. "From the number of books you have written, I judge that when you're 'loafing' you're actually thinking up new plots for stories!"

That brings us to the month's best letter—the winner of five bones from Pluto's salary for February. It's from a girl—Miss Helen Gerbert, Athens, Ala., who has some fine ideas on the real meaning of education. She says:

"As an ardent Morning Mail fan, I became very interested in the Riedel-Stafley debate discussing the price of success, and I am making my contribution to the debate in the terms of the value of an education.

"We are often asked the question: 'Is an education worth while?' and my answer is 'Yes, indeed—the right kind! whether you get it inside or outside of school.' By an education I do not mean acquiring a conglomeration of facts half-learned, and others half-forgotten. I mean the training of the mind to think seriously and critically. When we have obtained that power, we learn to criticize our environment and explore our own possibilities, and in so doing we gain self-command and poise.

"I am thoroughly convinced that an education will make my life more complete. Of course, we are all working toward some kind of career and we know it is advisable to put every ounce of energy and will power behind it, for physical comfort in this life means a great deal. But to subordinate human interest, friends, religion and adventure, to power and possessions, doesn't seem sensible. Life is measured by our capacity to receive experiences. By putting business before everything, we may forget the real goals of life—culture, growing personality, a maturing mind, a ripening character, and a sense of fulfillment. These achievements require activity and the right use of leisure time, which is the true test of an education. A career may be absorbing, but loneliness has a way of creeping in, and can be warded off only by an abiding interest in people, and the power for intellectual enjoyment."

From time to time we have carried bits of news from the winners of the Dude Ranch contest conducted last spring by THE AMERICAN BOY through the co-operation of the Dude Ranchers' Association and the Burlington and Northern Pacific railways. Now comes an experience of Ralph A. Allen, New York City, third place winner in the contest. He had a great time at the Lazy K Bar ranch of Paul Van Cleave, the Tee-O-Bar Ranch of Chris and Dave Branger, and Shaw's Camp, all in Montana. He even learned to rope calves!

"I had a novel experience with a calf while we were riding herd at the Tee-O-Bar," Allen writes. "I was practicing with a rope that I had, on the smaller calves in the herd. I misjudged the size of one calf. I roped him, all right, but when the noose had settled over his head, he began to run. I whipped the rope around the saddle horn just in time. He came to the end of the rope and stopped dead, then wheeled around and charged the other way. The jolt, when he reached the end of the rope, almost threw me off the horse. I got down, took the rope in my hands and walked towards the calf. He bucked and snorted. I managed to slip the rope off of his neck. Boy! he was a big one.

"Another time I rode a cow the length of the corral and just when I thought I had won, I went sailing up into the air and landed with a thud. It was exciting while it lasted. If you think a cow can't buck, just try one!"

There'll be other chances for AMERICAN BOY readers to win great trips. Watch the contest announcements!

"Tell the boys who claim the match box collecting championship to pull in their necks," gently advises Burchard Baker, Wausau, Wis. "I have 635, all told, and in that collection I have one or more from every state in the Union."

Baker wrote his letter, however, before he read the January issue, telling of Evarts A. Graham's collection of 1300 boxes! Graham hails from St. Louis.

"In your November issue the back section of the magazine had small type," complains Carl Kondo, Los Angeles, Calif. "I don't like it at all!"

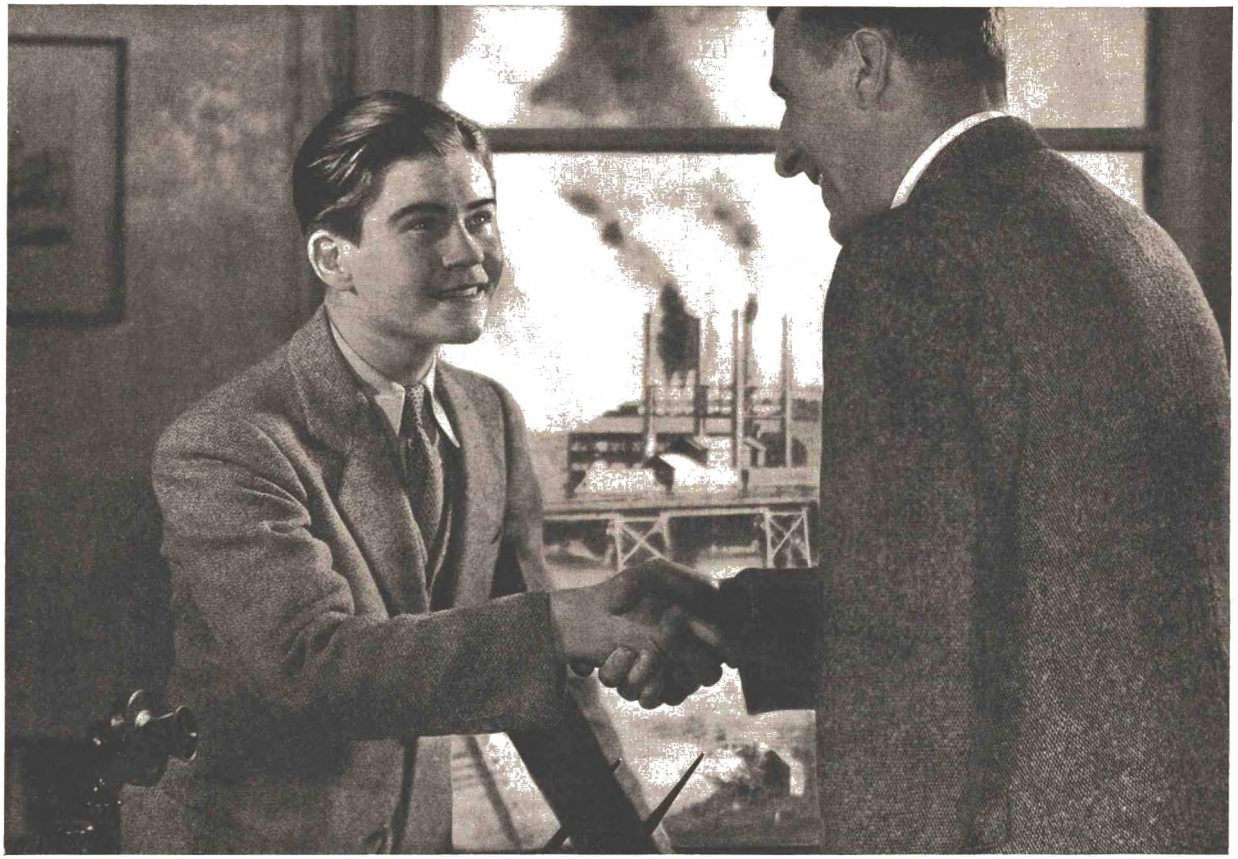
Sorry, Kondo. What we did was give you one more story than we otherwise would have. The small type isn't going to be a regular thing.

This month brings two far-off letters. One is from Anchorage, Alaska. Denny O'Neil, at Anchorage, asks for pirate stories. Strangely enough, the other far-off fan, Richard C. Fidao, Athens, Greece, also asks for a pirate serial. There'll be one during the coming year—another story by Rear-Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans. Watch for "Ghosts of the Scarlet Fleet."

"And that," says the Pup regretfully, "brings us to the end of our space. The letters this month were great, but let's have more of them. I'll read and acknowledge 'em all and quote from as many as the editor will permit. And five dollars from my salary will go to the most interesting letter of the month."

Mail your letters to Pluto, care of In the Morning Mail, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

BILLY JONES' TRIP THROUGH THE BUICK FACTORY—CHAPTER No. 1



Billy learns that the Buick plant is the largest fine-car factory in the world

Billy (*shaking hands with Buick Factory Manager*): Well, here I am, all set to learn about Buick.

Factory Manager: Good for you, Billy. This is your first visit to Buick Headquarters, isn't it? Will you be in Flint long enough to visit the whole Buick plant?

Billy (*eagerly*): Why, I'll be able to see everything in one day, won't I?

Factory Manager (*smiling*): Not everything, Billy. But what you do see will be mighty, mighty interesting. Look here! (*They stroll over toward window.*) The Buick Factory is really several separate factories all grouped into one carefully planned unit. It's the largest fine-car factory in the world.

Billy: And does Buick build the entire chassis right here?

Factory Manager: Yes. Unlike some manufacturers, Buick builds practically the entire car right here. That way we are certain of maintaining Buick's high standard of quality and also save considerable money. This we put back into the car in the form of increased value.

Billy: I bet when the first Buick appeared on the streets no one imagined that 2,400,000 more Buicks would be built.

Factory Manager: No. Nor did anyone ever dream that many of those early Buicks would continue to serve their owners for more than 20 years. Or that the majority of all Buicks ever built would still be registered for service today.

Billy: That proves that Buick builds real quality into its automobiles—I don't wonder that Buick gets 56 out of every 100 sales of eights in its price class—more than the combined total of the 14 other makes.

Factory Manager: Yes, Buick *does* build quality into its cars, Billy. If everyone could see, as you're going to, how carefully every Buick is built, how every part is checked and tested before it leaves the factory, there wouldn't be any doubt as to which car everyone would buy. It would be the Buick Valve-in-Head Straight Eight. Here's the guide now to take you through the factory—see you later, Billy.

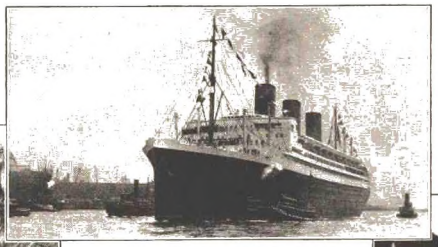
Enroll Now in the
Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild
Awards Valued at $50,000
See Your Buick Dealer

THE EIGHT AS
BUICK
BUILDS IT
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

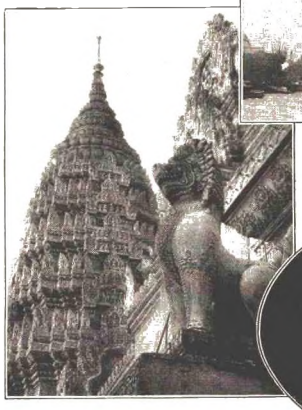
WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

FREE TRIPS TO PARIS!

France Awaits the Best Essay Writer!



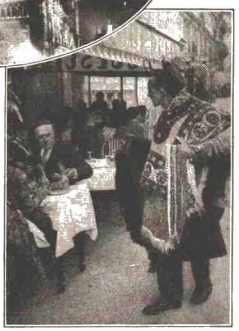
You'll visit this Indo-Chinese palace at the International Colonial and Overseas Exposition.



You'll climb the Eiffel Tower, and you'll see the fountains play at famous Versailles.

You'll sail out of New York harbor on a great French Line steamer—perhaps the "Ile de France"!

You'll gaze at the cathedral of Notre Dame, where kings have worshiped for centuries!



You'll stroll along the colorful boulevards with their sidewalk cafes.

CONTEST fans! Sit up straight and listen to great news. One of you, next July, is going to Paris. Fifty of you are going to win gold, silver, and bronze medals, to be presented by the French Government!

Give yourself one minute to digest the news; to visualize yourself stepping aboard a giant French Line steamship at New York, playing deck games, waiting eagerly for your first glimpse of France, your first sight of the famous Eiffel Tower . . . Now—read on and find out how to make your dream come true.

The trip to France will be awarded to the boy or girl who writes the best essay on the subject:

"Why I Want to Spend Ten Days in Paris"

THE PRIZE trip will cover all the winner's expenses from New York to Paris and back to New York. *The winner may also take a chaperon of his own choosing—an adult—whose expenses will also be paid.* Travel will be first class. The party of two will be the official guests of the French Government. Transportation between the winner's home and New York must be paid by the winner.

Paris will be the Mecca of the world, next summer. The winner will see more than the glorious Notre Dame; more than the Eiffel Tower; more than the Tomb of Napoleon, the Louvre, with its world-famous paintings; more than boulevards, parks, cathedrals, palaces and museums! For next summer, Paris will offer the world its heralded International Colonial and Overseas Exposition.

The countries of the globe will be concentrated in the 250 acres of the Bois de Vincennes. African huts, Indo-Chinese temples, the mosques of Turkey, bazaars of Algiers, Eskimo igloos—the buildings, the customs, the natives themselves, of every land, will be contained in a single park. For her share in the Exposition, America is erecting on the banks of the Seine an exact replica of George Washington's home, Mount Vernon.

You may be the one to see this great Exposition. To make sure that your chance is ns good as the next one's, read these instructions:

First, write to the On - to - Paris Editor, The American Boy, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. (*Enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage*), and ask him for the two booklets, "Why Paris?" and a special one about the Exposition. The first one will give you scores of suggestions for subjects around which you may construct your essay. The second will tell you about the Colonial display.

Second, dream for a while of Paris. Think of the magnificent palace at Versailles, where the court of France reached its greatest splendor, and where the Great War was officially concluded. Visualize the beautiful Place de la Concorde, where once the guillotine stood. Dream of the Louvre, where kings once lived, and where the world's most renowned paintings and sculptures are displayed. Think of sidewalk cafes, of a gay and friendly people, of gendarmes and tooting taxis!

Then, while the fever is on you, write your essay, "Why I Want to Spend Ten Days in Paris."

You'll watch the gay stream of life eddy through the Place de l'Opera.

Heed These Rules!

KEEP the essay to 400 words. If you run a few words over you won't be disqualified, but preference will be given the shorter ones.

You must be under twenty-one to be eligible.

If you win, you must go yourself. The prize is not transferable.

Get your entry in by March 10! Mail it to the On-to-Paris Editor.

Write clearly, or typewrite, your essay on one side of the sheet only. Put your name, address, age, and the name of the school you attend (if you attend one), at the top of each sheet. Don't ask us to return your essays—keep a carbon if you wish (And, of course, enclose your best reading ballot on page 43.)

In addition to the prize trip, the French Government will award ten gold medals, ten silver, and thirty bronze medals.

This contest is made available to you through the co-operation of THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine with the French Line, the French Government, George Harrison Phelps, Inc., and the American Committee to the International Colonial and Overseas Exposition.

Honorary judges are: Wallace Brett Donham, dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, and officer of the Legion of Honor of France. Paul Claudel, French Ambassador to the United States. Armand Sieper, General Secretary of the French Chamber of Commerce of New York. George Harrison Phelps, Chairman of the American Committee to the Exposition. C. Bascom Slemp, U. S. Commissioner-General to the Exposition. Jean Tillier, Resident Director of the French Line for the United States and Canada. Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor of THE AMERICAN BOY, will be executive judge.

A Ranch Dog Asks for Education

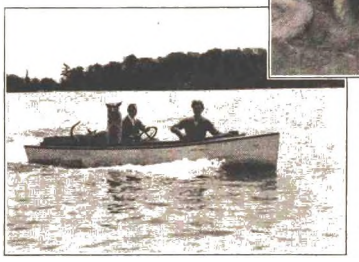
And Larry Trimble Plans the Pup's Course

DEAR A. B. Readers:

Out on a Montana ranch there's an ambitious young German shepherd dog who has wheedled his master, a Western cattleman, into writing me about his education. And his master writes the kind of letter you can't help wanting to share.

So I've dismissed a lively class of my own German shepherd pups, great-grandchildren of Strongheart—the famous dog I had the fun of training for the movies—and am sitting down at my desk up here on our private island in the St. Lawrence to send you the letter about this up-and-coming young Montana dog, and also my answer to it.

Larry and his pups watching the river traffic.



Larry Trimble, his daughter Jan, his dog Etzel, and Etzel's kid brother Geri.

Left—Skipper Etzel and his crew.

Right—Tea time on the island, with Etzel as kettle-carrier.

Here's what the ranch pup's master wrote to me:

"I read with great interest your letter in the August AMERICAN BOY, telling about the kindly attention you gave to the case of Don, the German shepherd friend of William T. Oldaker, of Madison, Indiana. I have a German shepherd pup eight months old, and when I told him about what you are doing for this other dog, he barked, 'You write to Larry and see if you can't get a hunch or two about my education.' My pup tells me he wants to be head herdsman and chief of police on my cattle ranch. He tells me he would do anything under the sun for me if I could just learn to talk his language so I could make him understand what I want.

"I used to be a school executive and I know how to educate children; but here on the busy ranch, I find it very, very slow work to learn how to understand my dog and to make him understand me. This pup is so intelligent and so loyal that he must not be ruined by a poor education. Can you help us? I have the German rules for police training, but they don't fill the bill.

"How can I make this pup understand that I don't like to have him pick up dung and filth about the stables?

"How can I make him understand that sometimes I shall have to leave him at home when I go away?

"How can I make him understand that I want him to give me notice when a strange person appears, but that he must be still and polite and not growl after that?

"How can I make him understand that if he wants to be chief herdsman he must be more serious and not so playful? That he must walk along quietly behind the cattle and not run them? (I am getting some results by means of a thirty-foot leash, but it doesn't seem quite right.)

"How can I make him understand that I want him to go round a bunch of cattle and stand in an open gate to keep them from going into a field as I drive them along the road? Or that I want to leave him at an open gate to keep cattle out?

"This pup is named Siegfried. He says he can live up to his name if I give him a chance. He certainly is teaching me some wonderful things, and if you can help him a little, I believe I can give him this chance he wants. He is a great-grandson of a pair of the dogs in the German battle-fields; and is said to be a cousin of two dogs you bought in Spokane, but I have always doubted this.

"Cordially yours,
Geo. P. Koebel."
(Of Manicke, Montana.)

This is what I wrote back to Mr. Koebel:

"I'm glad you enjoyed my August letter to the readers of THE AMERICAN BOY—but I'll bet you didn't get as big a kick out of it as I got in reading yours to me.

"Well, you certainly have begun to train your dog in the best possible way—that is, by being eager to learn from him. What I have been able to learn about dogs has come through being tutored by them. I've not found any books that were any real help. Now what you two, you and your dog, need most in working out your joint education is time. Fortunately you'll have that.

"Don't worry because your pup is playful and not inclined to take a serious attitude toward his duties. At eight months of age he is still a baby. Most of the difficulties you've been having with him are due to his perfectly natural puppy way of looking at life. He'll outgrow this frivolous attitude.

"Working him on a line is the best way. Keep right at it.

"Don't be in a hurry to work him with cattle. It's enough that he has become accustomed to them and doesn't fear them or worry them. No proper shepherd dog is ready for really serious work with stock until he's a year or more old.

"Breeds of dogs are like races of humans in that the breed or race that achieves a high state of mental development is slow to reach maturity, physically and intellectually—the longer the period of growth the greater the heights possible of attainment. A precocious puppy is apt to be like precocious children, easy to spoil because we are tempted to force them educationally beyond themselves. To push a naturally smart individual beyond himself results in confusing his mind and often causes him to go on a mental strike and suddenly to quit wanting to learn anything new. All this you know, of course. I'm merely calling your attention to it.

"Now young dogs learn as much or more by what they absorb through association than they do by definite instruction. For instance, if your dog is much with you, he will learn the truth about your attitude toward people and life in general just by being on intimate terms with you.

"Your letter and in particular your question about how to make Siegfried give notice when a stranger appears and yet be quiet and polite after that inclines me to conclude that you are by nature friendly and ready to welcome all who come your way. Some shepherd dogs are like that. Some are born suspicious of all strangers, just as some humans are.

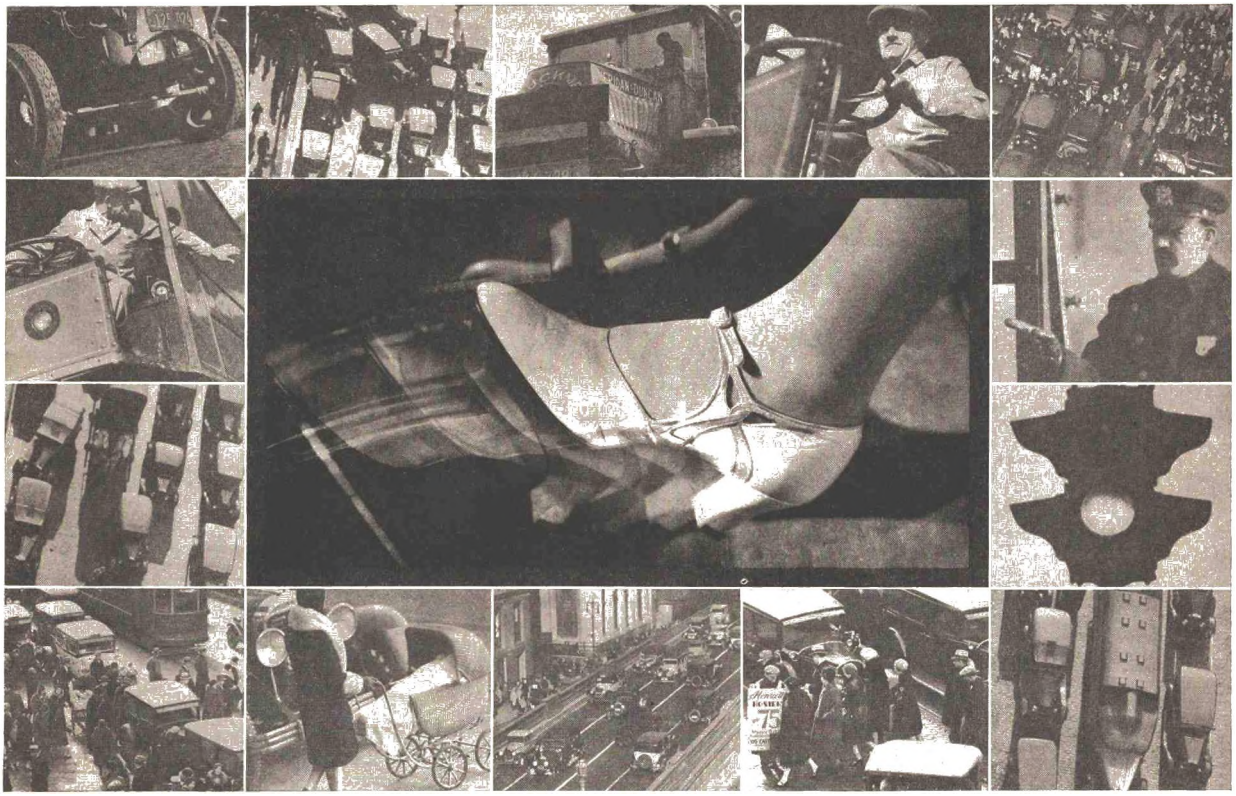
"If your dog is already inclined to look on all people as friends, regardless, you can by your attitude give him to understand that he should be reserved at first, and by going a step further you can teach him not to make up to people until you give him permission to do so. Now when you see people approaching call his attention to the fact, and let him see that you are wondering if they really are O. K.

"If a friend comes along, wait until he is near before letting the dog see that you recog-

(Cont. on page 57)

The neighborly Harris cottage, home of melt-in-your-mouth apple pies—ask Larry!

DON'T LET *Clutch Foot* SPOIL THE FUN OF DRIVING



HOW HUPMOBILE'S NEW FREE-WHEELING DRIVE EMANCIPATES YOU FROM THE CLUTCH

Up and down! Brake and de-clutch. Shift and re-clutch! Up and down!

That's what Hupmobile has banished with its new Free-Wheeling Drive.

You are not a slave to the clutch when you Free-Wheel in the New Hupmobiles. You have to use it only to start or back up. Shifting from second to high or high to second . . . is accomplished entirely by a flick of the finger.

Just move the gear-shift lever in the usual way . . . and let the clutch alone! Yet that is but a beginning of Free-Wheeling. Motor drag and vibration are gone. Tenseness has disappeared.

You breeze down straightaways, motor idling, foot off the accelerator, traveling on momentum unchecked by the drag of the motor's compression.

Free-Wheeling is no mere addition to the New Hupmobiles. It is a new principle around which the whole car is built. It is a new driving sensation, a new feeling of freedom that puts the Free-Wheeling Hupp far ahead of conventional cars.

Experience Hupmobile's new Free-Wheeling drive. Ask your Hupmobile dealer for a trial spin to sample for yourself the delights of this new drive. It's on all models, at all prices. And new low prices, at that!

NEW LOW PRICES

Century Six 70 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan $995 . . . Century Eight 90 H. P. Free-Wheeling Sedan $1295 . . . 100 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan $1595 . . . 133 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Sedan $1895 . . . 133 H. P. Eight Free-Wheeling Custom Sedan $2295. Non-Shatterable glass at slight extra cost. These prices F. O. B. Factory for standard equipment.

Free-Wheeling HUPMOBILE

Sixes and Eights

Special Detail

(*Continued from page 19*)

were going to get across a bond issue to put a big city park out there some years ago. These grafters wanted to get rid of their land at a profit; so they double-crossed the people I'm working for and tell them that the new municipal airport is going to be established out there with transportation lines and good roads and all that, and these people sink a fortune buying up the real estate these grafters secretly owned. Then the grafters go and put the airport where it now is and use the profits on their shifty sales to buy up land around the new airport. I don't want to say anything against your friend Ridgeway, but maybe you see now what the McCormick crowd is up to."

"Cragen told me as much," Russ said thoughtfully. "And he also tipped me off to Ridgeway. Ridgeway's getting his, too."

RUSS made that up out of whole cloth, but he said it convincingly, like a man whose eyes have been opened to his own friend's deceit. He looked up at Kieran with a disarming grin.

"Cragen's a good egg," he said warmly. "Is he head of your crowd?"

For a moment Kieran's brow was creased in puzzled thought.

"Cragen?" he said doubtfully.

"He's the man who sent me out to meet you," Russ explained.

"Oh!" Kieran laughed heartily. "He gave you a phony name. Sure—he's the guy. He's heading the fight for the south airport. And he's one of New Jersey's A-1 citizens."

Russ had his doubts. Any man who—under cover—would try to ruin an established airport couldn't be such a hot citizen. But right now he was playing a part.

"I liked him right off the bat," he said sincerely.

"We're after two things," Kieran went on, warming up to his story. "We're out to break up the McCormick crowd and stop their grafting, and we want to give Collins a good airport where mechanics and pilots watch their step and ships can make safe landings."

Russ grinned a little. "Of course you've had nothing to do with all this trouble that has given the present municipal airport a bad name," he drawled.

"Not so much as you think," Kieran returned. "But I have an idea I know who's making the trouble."

"Anyhow," Russ said idly, "you're planning to have the other airport, the one south of Collins, designated as the official municipal airport."

"Yes—and enlarged and properly run. That will send up the value of real estate around there, and my people can get their money back," beamed Kieran. "I told them I'd handle the whole job and I didn't want anybody to butt in, but somebody is butting in and I'm going to put a stop to it!"

"I hear that Hawkins is moving his school over to the independent airport," Russ remarked casually.

Kieran looked surprised. Then, thoughtfully, he nodded his head.

"Only thing for him to do," he said, "with things going the way they are. Yet I sort of thought he'd stick to McCormick and Ridgeway through thick and thin."

"Matter of money," Russ told him.

"Huh!" Kieran snorted. "Couldn't McCormick put up dough enough to keep him running?"

Russ felt baffled. There lurked in his mind a doubt about Hawkins. Yet the flying school man didn't seem to be in touch with this opposing crowd—Kieran appeared entirely sincere in his bewilderment at the fact that Hawkins was moving his school from Fred's field.

"All this kid stuff, cracking up a few ships and all that makes me tired!" Kieran said suddenly, and his contempt was that of a self-satisfied boy who is confident he is better at the game than other boys. "I'd like to know what numbskulls are behind that stuff—the boobs are ruining all my plans, in a way. Well, King Kieran and his merry men are going to strike quick and sudden and then it'll be all over. Our unknown assistants who are doing all this kindergarten stuff may be a great help to us, at that."

Russ nodded indifferently, but under his casual manner he was on fire with anxiety. What did Kieran mean? — "strike quick and sudden and then it'll all be over!" Instinctively, Russ knew that some incredible disaster was going to hit Fred Ridgeway and his airport. Kieran's bosses, powerful and doubtless in control of the opposite political party, would not be satisfied with halfway measures.

Suddenly Coleman appeared in the doorway.

"Charlie's coming in, and something's wrong!" he barked, his face contorted with excitement. "He gave six flashes!"

"Yeah?" Kieran bounded out into the hangar room, and Russ followed him.

He heard the motor as he got closer to the outer doorway—heard two motors, in fact. Another amphibian was coming in for a landing. It taxied rapidly to the door, and almost before it stopped, the mountaineers and Coleman had the dolly under its tail and were wheeling it in. The pilot was still in his seat. The camouflaged canvas was let down as soon as the ship was safely in.

"Jack, sit here at the doorway and watch—sky and everything!" Kieran told the silent young flyer.

The big leader spoke crisply, his voice vibrating with his fierce delight in an emergency.

Russ watched wonderingly as the newly arrived pilot climbed out, carrying a water-soaked pneumatic bag which he threw on the floor. He was a tall, thin man of about thirty-eight, with a long bony face and heavy-lidded eyes. He had an air of unutterable weariness about him as if life in general were a burden too heavy to be borne.

"Take a look at them wings," he said listlessly. "There's more holes in them than there is in a sieve. I got hopped, plenty."

"Whereabouts?" snapped Kieran.

"Around Belton. Scout ship."

A tingle ran through Russ. The chances were that if the amphibian had been pounced on by an armed plane, the attacker was either Hawkins or Ridgeway. Some way, somehow, they must have discovered more than Russ had himself. Perhaps they knew the meaning of these amphibians!

"Did you give him the slip?" Kieran demanded.

"No, he must have run out of gas. He had me dead to rights but all of a sudden he started down. I took some shots at him—maybe I hit him. He flew off all right though. But how did he know I was coming? That's what I want to know."

"I knew we ought to move," said Kieran. "After all, this smuggling by air isn't new."

"Smuggling! — of course," Russ thought swiftly. "These men must fly out to sea and pick up a valuable cargo of some sort."

"You're right, Kieran," Charlie said, wearily removing his helmet. "Who's this?"

His heavy, dull eyes rested briefly on Russ and as Kieran told the story in clipped phrases, Charlie showed absolutely no signs of interest.

"Better get the stuff out of the way quick," he said sleepily. "I'm going to turn in. That dog-gone fishing boat was an hour late and the water was rough too. It's a big shipment though."

Kieran picked up the pneumatic bag and balanced it expertly.

"Heavy enough, if the stones are any good," he acknowledged.

"Jewels," Russ thought swiftly. He knew that the duties on precious stones were high, and that down on the Mexican border the patrol had had trouble recently with jewel smugglers.

Somehow Russ felt relieved. He would have hated to think of boyish, enthusiastic King Kieran's being mixed up in the slimy business of drug smuggling.

THE horse-faced pilot shambled wearily into the inner room, and Kieran sent a tolerant grin after him. Then the big leader strode over toward the outer doorway, where both Coleman and Jack were stationed. Kieran had the pneumatic bag in his hand, and the three held a low-voiced conversation. Suddenly they stopped talking. Dawn was just breaking, Russ could see, and all three men were gazing with fascinated interest at the sky.

Russ tensed, listening. Then shivers began to run down his spine. He heard the far-away drone of an airplane.

Kieran grabbed the glasses from Jack and peered at the sky through them. Finally, without removing them from his eyes, he roared:

"Get Charlie!"

Jack dashed in to get the horse-faced pilot. Russ stood there quietly, masking his surging excitement. He saw Tony come out of the inner room, his face sullen, his eyes on the ground.

Charlie came wandering out mournfully, showing no trace of the excitement that was burning up the others.

"Does that plane up there look anything like the ship that jumped you?" Kieran demanded.

It seemed to Russ that there was little alarm in the outlaw leader's excitement. His tautness was due rather to a whole-hearted joy in the big moment of suspense. Russ himself was conscious of surging, unreasoning delight in this moment of anticipation.

But for Charlie, life held no tingles. He took a bored look through the glasses.

"That's the boy," he stated. "Looks like he's wise, doesn't it?"

Swift inspiration came to Russ. He walked quickly over to Kieran.

"It looks as if Charlie had been trailed here, doesn't it?" he asked coolly.

"Sure does!" snapped Kieran. "We're getting too careless around here. We should have been dragging those fake bushes and trees out into the middle of this field instead of gassing away with you."

Evidently they had means of camouflaging the fact that the clearing before them was a landing field.

"Well, he's flying round here now," Coleman muttered. "Guess we're sunk unless we can keep him from getting back. Suppose he's got a radio on his ship?"

"Just a minute!" Russ put in. His voice was very quiet, but there was a quality in it that turned every pair of eyes his way. "Here's my chance to prove something to you boys. You have a fool idea that I'm sticking with McCormick and Ridgeway—regardless of the fact that they fell down on me in this murder case! All right, I'll show you where I stand. Give me just a twenty-minute supply of gas in my ship—if that's all I have you'll be sure I can't get away from you—and I'll go up and bring that scout down!"

For a moment there was complete silence. Three pairs of eyes, Kieran's, Coleman's, and Jack's, were searching Russ's face. Charlie gave him a weary glance, and Tony a baleful look. At last Kieran spoke.

"That bird up there's got guns on him," he said slowly. "He'd knock you off before you got three hundred feet above the ground."

"My ship can fly rings around his," Russ interrupted. "Crank her up right in here, get her warm, pull this curtain aside, and I'll be out like a shot out of a gun. You can't let that fellow leave here to get other ships and come boiling back to investigate you and—"

"You're dog-goned right we can't!" With that roar, Kieran returned to his high, swift enthusiasm. "It's the only thing to do, boys. We'll let Russ bring this bird down! Then we get the ships ready, pull our stunt to-night, have the boat waiting, and make our get-away!"

"I know," Coleman began, "but you can't send Farrell up to—"

"All I ask is twenty minutes' gas," Russ cut in with a rush. "Good heavens, Coleman, I can't escape!"

Kieran settled the question.

"All right, Russ, up you go. Come on, boys, get her ready!"

It was an order that could not be disobeyed. The next moment the men were in a mad rush of preparation.

(*Continued on page 51*)

The Class in Unnatural History Will Come to Order!

A rough-looking beast is the bison—
He scares what he fixes his eyes on.
He has a big hump,
Two horns and a rump,
And a snout with a couple of flies on.

You *Can* Write Poetry!

The Office Is Swamped With Lyrics

"YOU can write poetry."

So we confidently stated in our December Poetry Contest announcement, and we backed up our statement by offering to pay $25 for the winning poem, $20 and $15 for the next two, and $10 for every other poem we could buy for later publication.

Mind if we repeat that statement now?

You *can* write poetry.

Ordinarily a contest judge grows a bit grumpy about the time he wades through his five hundredth entry. He loses his appetite, his hair begins to fall out, and he develops a tendency to scream when somebody carelessly drops an "h" in the next room. But the judges of the poetry contest, after they had read 2208 entries averaging two poems each, came sauntering into the editor's sanctum actually smiling! Their nerves were under control, their cheeks wore the bloom of health, and they had gained in weight.

"Read these," they said happily, putting a stack of the best entries on the editor's desk. "They're great."

"Talk about variety," reminisced another judge. "There were poems in praise of all the seasons; pirate ballads; tributes to Mother and *The American Boy;* dirges and ditties, odes and epics. Poems of nature. Poems with a moral. Rapturous love songs. Hundreds of sensitively expressed thoughts."

A conference followed. Reluctantly the committee selected the three prize winners. Reluctantly, because there were so many good ones that we had a difficult time deciding which three deserved special honor. We salved our consciences, however, by selecting no less than 21 additional poems for later publication! With great reluctance, the judges decided not to buy the poem by David Boatright, Van Buren, Ark., written in crayon on a handkerchief, about the boy who had no nose to blow because he had knocked it off when it was frozen!

Evidently a few readers misunderstood our announcement and sent in poems written by another. One entrant submitted Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"!

The Fugitive

By David W. Mastin, 17, Boonton, N. J.

First Prize—$25

The crab tree like an ugly dwarf
  Lay sprawling in the moon,
But oh! its knotted arms were full
  With the sweet leaves of June!

Beside the moonlit lane there lay
  A little house of stone;
Close to the sprawling tree it lay,
  Darkened and alone.

No one had thought, to see it lie
  So darkened there, and still,
That it would startle suddenly
  At hoof beats on the hill—

At the sound of hoof beats coming thick
  As hail in summer rain,
Pittering through the trees, and then
  Muffled along the lane.

The little house winked fearfully
  A shining, furtive eye
That closed again, and slept beneath
  The quiet curve of sky.

And there was silence as clear and soft
  As the dew on the hushed grass;
What was the shape that wavered there
  In the lane? Did a shadow pass

Out of the door of the darkened house,
  When the moon plunged into a cloud?
The horses' hoofs beat on the stone—
  Rang threatening, and loud!

But the little stone house slept dark and still;
  Not even a faggot's glow
Lay on the hearth, when the riders searched
  The chimney black and low—

The chimney and the empty rooms,
  With their squatting empty chairs;
Only the phantom shadows fled
  Up the echoing, crazy stairs.

The riders cursed and rode away.
  The crab tree saw the light
Of the low moon on their crests and spurs—
  For it had keen eyes that night!

The crab tree like an ugly dwarf
  Lay sprawling in the moon,
But oh! its knotted arms were full
  With the sweet leaves of June!

A Chimney Speaks

By Emily Tuchfeld, 15, Jackson, Tenn.

Second Prize—$20

Alone against a starless sky.
Who is lonelier than I?
I, who once had all around me
Four white walls, and up and down me
Green vines spread.

In the winter all men loved me.
To the cold gray clouds above me,
From the roaring fire inside me,
I'd fling smoke, to tease and chide the
Clouds o'erhead.

Once so proud, I now look down
To bits of wood and charred ground.
Withered too my coat of green,
And the clouds have laughed and seen
My bricks, once red!

A silhouette against the sky.
Is there a lonelier sight than I?

Old House

The house of an old citizen of Delavan.

By Virginia Gage, 12, Delavan, Wis.

Third Prize—$15

A proud old house,
Gray and weather-beaten,
Holds up its head
Like an old general.

Dim lights
Shine through its shuttered windows
Like the dreams of past glory
In an old soldier's faded eyes.

The Other Winners

Here are the twenty poets whose entries we are buying at $10 apiece, (two from one poet) followed by a hundred honorable mentions, listed alphabetically:

Evelyn M. Amuedo (17), New Orleans, La.; Laura May Bedillion (16), Miami, Ariz.; Janet Biersach, Milwaukee, Wis.; Jack Carpenter (15), St. Louis, Mo.; Clifford Meigs (16), West Allis, Wis.; Betsy Emmons (16), Minneapolis, Minn.; Milton Feher (18), Cleveland, O.; Virginia Gage (12), Delavan, Wis.; Polly Mae Hall (16), Aliquippa, Pa.; Harriet Kenline (16), Dubuque, Iowa; James I. Kittle (17), Crystal Lake, Ill.; Viola Kundert (18), Minneapolis, Minn.; David W. Mastin (17), Boonton, N. J.; Wayne A. Nicholas (18), Yankton, S. D.; John O'Donnell (16), Frostburg, Md.; R. Ward Stewart (17), Northfield, Minn.; Emily Tuchfeld (15), Jackson, Tenn.; William E. Willis (16), St. Joseph, Mo.; Sidney Wolfson (16), New York City; Clarence H. V. Young (20), Constantine, Mich.

Honorable mentions: Ruth Allen (17), Miami, Ariz.; Anne Baggerly (19), Jeffersonville, Ind.; Lucy Bailey (19), Ontario, Calif.; Homer Baker, Jr. (15), Saranac Lake, N. Y.; Betty Beeley (15), Detroit, Mich.; Carl Bottume (17), New Haven, Conn.; Waldemar O. Breuhaus (12), Lowell, O.; Roger J. Brock (14), Lancaster, N. Y.; Philip Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carol A. Brueggeman (15), Chicago, Ill.; Lora Bryming (14), Olympia, Wash.; Veda Bundy, Lexington, Ore.; Ora Ann Bussard (16), Hagerstown, Md.; John Caldwell (17), Terre Haute, Ind.; Lucybeth Cardon (16), Logan, Utah; C. M. Cassidy (18), Chisholm, Minn.; Elizabeth Caswell (18),

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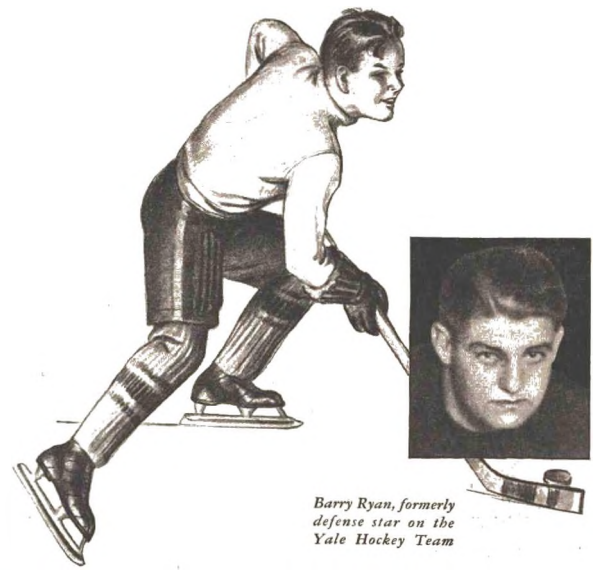


Barry Ryan, formerly defense star on the Yale Hockey Team

Training advice to young athletes

by a famous hockey star

"HOCKEY is a great game—fast and hard," says Barry Ryan, former Yale hockey star. "To play it a boy must be strong and rugged—have good wind and plenty of endurance."

How to keep fit

"Here are a few training rules which, if followed, I find will keep any fellow in good condition for hockey: No smoking. Eat plain, nourishing food. Get nine hours sleep a night in a well ventilated room. Lots of leg exercises and exercises to develop the wind. And above all, safeguard your health. A good way to do this is to keep the hands free from germs by washing them often with Lifebuoy Health Soap, which removes germs as well as dirt."

The Life Extension Institute tells us that 27 diseases may be spread by germs picked up by the hands and carried to the mouth or nose.

And that's why this famous hockey player advises boys to wash hands frequently and *always before eating*—with Lifebuoy. He knows what a good health habit it is.

Get the Lifebuoy habit

Lifebuoy is fine for the bath, too—gets off dirt and sweat—prevents body odor—peps you right up. And it helps keep a fellow's skin free from pimples that spoil his looks.

Make the "Wash-up Game" part of *your* training. Mail the coupon for a free Wash-up Chart and a "get acquainted" cake of Lifebuoy.

Renfrew Cleans Up

(*Continued from page 16*)

the minute, I'll come down and start it myself!"

Instantly he realized his mistake; saw it in the scowling mask of the dark sailor who sneered up at him, in the unmoving backs of Morvain and the others. He had made a threat and he must keep it! The beasts were growling now! The tigers were restive!

"He says he can't do it!" came the evil wail of the sailor.

Renfrew leaped to his feet.

"Morvain!" he snapped. "Go up for'd! Stand in the middle of the deck where I can see. You—" he flung his command at the sneering dark one—"join Morvain! You stand at the wheel!" he ordered the fourth.

They took the positions he had indicated, and he looked them over. It was the best he could do. From the engine room hatch he would be able to see Morvain and the man with him if they made any move toward the engine room. The man at the wheel could not leave the poop without his seeing it.

Thus prepared, he proceeded about the extremely dangerous business of turning his back upon the animals. He did it quickly, suddenly, vaulting the poop rail directly above the engine room hatch and literally dropping down before the amazed and startled Wittig. Instantly he pressed his revolver against the engineman's side.

"Start that engine!" he cried in a voice of deadly intensity. "Quick! A dead thug means nothing to me!"

Wittig's face turned gray with the shock of fear, and he turned instantly to the engine. Quickly, with the fear of death upon him, he manipulated cocks and flywheel, and almost immediately a roar of exhausts answered him.

"Throw it into gear!" cried Renfrew, and the boat lurched forward as the propeller turned. Then it occurred to Renfrew that he could not turn his back upon Wittig, who had wrenches and a hammer at hand.

"Get up in front of me!" he commanded.

As though hypnotized, the man scrambled up to the deck, and Renfrew followed. As he clambered upward, the vessel lurched crazily to port, and as he clutched at the ladder to keep from falling, he heard a dim and rending crash up near the bow. He realized instantly that the thug at the wheel had steered the ship into the airplane. He reached the deck with a single leap, shoved Wittig aside with one blow of his shoulder, but Morvain had already pulled Pierce over the rail from the wreckage of a sinking airplane, and, as he did so, had snatched Pierce's revolver from its holster.

RENFREW realized at once that the whole fabric of his power was torn in shreds. With the plane gone and Morvain armed, the tigers were loose for the slaughter.

With Pierce, pale and bewildered at his right, and the dark, scowling sailor at his left, Morvain stood against the rail, gun in hand, and watched Renfrew approach. Renfrew, slowing his pace, walked slowly forward, his revolver at his hip. Each man had the other covered point-blank with his gun. Neither spoke until Renfrew reached a point two paces in front of Morvain.

"Drop that gun!" commanded Renfrew.

But Morvain turned to the sailor at his left.

"Tie him up!" he cried, jabbing a thumb toward Pierce.

Snatching a rope from near-by, the burly sailor advanced on Pierce.

"No!" cried Renfrew. The sailor hesitated.

"Tie him!" roared Morvain. And behind him, Renfrew heard Wittig and the man who had been at the wheel smashing at the hasp of the locker that contained the guns.

"Go on!" cried Morvain, and the sailor lunged toward Pierce. Renfrew, dropping his revolver so that it hung upon its lanyard, leaped forward and struck the man on the point of his jaw. He put all the power of his arm into the blow, and the man crashed to the deck. Morvain fired, but Pierce had seized his arm. Renfrew turned to wrench the gun from Morvain's hand. Then he was crouching back against the rail, Pierce beside him. Facing the pale fury of Morvain. Facing the two who came from the locker bearing arms that they had loaded from the cartridges strewn on the decks.

"Shoot the red-coated swine!" cursed Morvain.

"Gun in m'pocket!" whispered Renfrew to Pierce. And as Pierce took Morvain's automatic from Renfrew's breeches pocket, Renfrew caught the eyes of Wittig and the man beside him. For a moment he held them, paralyzed in hesitation.

"Then give me a gun!" cried Morvain, and sprang at the two sailors. Renfrew who, in that moment, could have ended his dilemma by a fusillade of bullets, unhesitatingly chose the more dangerous alternative.

"Hold on!" he cried, and into those two words he put everything of authority that the human voice could hold.

Morvain turned with a queer stiffness to stare at him, rifle in hand. Wittig and the other stood, fascinated.

"You can kill me now!" cried Renfrew. "One shot will do it, and I can't account for all of you! But kill me, and you hang! There's a cabin plane on its way here now with three uniformed policemen. You can't get away from them. And they're looking for me!"

He was speaking with marvelous rapidity, and his eyes leaped like flame from one to another.

"Yeah!" blurted Morvain. "Looking for you! And they won't find you. Or him!" He jerked a thumb toward Pierce. "We'll fix you so you sink to the bottom, and they won't be able to prove murder because they'll never find your bodies."

From the men beside him a queer sound emerged. A sound that was like the growl of wolves about to make their kill. For an instant they were poised on the point of springing.

"Don't forget," said Renfrew, "if my men don't find me, they'll drag for me. They know I'm on this boat. Kill me and you're open to a murder charge. What do you say?"

"They might find you," muttered Morvain. He drew a deep breath and innumerable drops of perspiration glistened on his brow as he stood stiffly with his rifle upon Renfrew and made his decision.

"They might find him, boys!" he cried at last. "But the other man they'll never find! They can't prove murder." And he dropped the muzzle of the rifle with an expression of cunning satisfaction.

"Take their guns, Pierce!" Renfrew's voice was cold as iron, and as unyielding.

But the moment had passed. The tigers were under control again. Even Morvain, though he did so reluctantly and thoughtfully, surrendered his rifle without a murmur.

Again the arms were stored in the closet. Again the crew was herded up on the poop. This time Pierce took charge of the engine, and Renfrew conducted himself more leniently toward his prisoners. They were tamed tigers, now, and when the schooner pulled up to the wharf at the mouth of the Abon-

nissi, Renfrew was sitting with Morvain, Wittig, and the dark sailor, playing cards. . . . But he was hugely relieved when Keelan and Scott came over the side.

Keelan whispered just three words to Renfrew.

"We've found it," he said.

Immediately, to the fury of the prisoners, manacles were produced and the four rogues chained together.

"You are all under arrest," explained Renfrew, "for the murder of Anthony Forster."

The bellow of an enraged beast burst from Morvain's lips.

"But there's no murder if there ain't no body!" he cried. "And you can't ever find that body!"

"No. But the Indians could," said Renfrew. "While we've been sailing, the Indians you trained to do what you ordered have shown us where you ordered them to bury the dead!"

Hard-Boiled

(*Continued from page 27*)

their artillery, they'd run into a tough spot. What would this military machine do then? The answer was plain. He'd drive them on. Just as he was driving them now. Hurl them up some impossible hill until "A" Company was nothing but lifeless heaps of uniform.

For as yet, Captain Barnard had given no hint that he considered a soldier anything but a steel-jacketed bullet, to be expended without emotion when the situation demanded it.

Two days later, the tough spot arrived. The company was stretched out along a road, halfway up a hill. Along the crest of the hill ran a low stone wall, constructed from what had once been the buildings of a small village. Behind that wall were German machine guns, placed to sweep the surrounding country for a thousand yards in any direction.

How the company had reached the road, just two hundred yards from the hilltop, Pinky never knew. They had started early in the morning, protected by a light mist. When the mist had risen and the fire had begun to get hot they had run wildly ahead. That's all he remembered, until he found himself, hoarsely panting, face down in the dirt, not five feet from where he was now sitting.

He looked about him and marveled that so many men were left. There were at least ninety of the company lying along the bank. Ninety men, after two days of fighting! Lieutenant Templeton had got nicked in the leg early in the advance, yesterday morning. Dombroski and Wilkie and Potts had been killed and eight or ten wounded in taking a small woods yesterday afternoon.

Pinky closed his eyes in an effort to shut out the memory of that little woods. They had reached the *Ravine aux Pierres* and rested a moment. The captain had ordered them to their feet and told them to advance into the woods. The first man over the edge had dropped with a bullet through his forehead. The rest had hesitated.

At that moment, Whitey, gaunt and exhausted, had dropped to the ground, and the captain had gone over to him and ordered him up. Whitey had shaken his head, and the captain had coolly fired a shot into the ground not two inches from his leg.

Then the officer had told the rest of the company flatly that the last man out of the ravine would get a bullet in his back. The way he had said it had compelled belief, and the men had scrambled.

Pinky remembered stumbling into the woods, men dropping, hoarse cries. Germans in stained *feldgrau* uniforms had come walking out, haggard, afraid, relieved. Good-looking fellows, in spite of their condition. One of them had asked him for a cigarette, and he'd handed over a pack. He recalled the surprised, grateful look on the man's face. He recalled Harris, Frankel, and Smith moaning on the ground.

But now—*now* they were up against it. The advance ahead of them wouldn't be anything like that into the woods. The woods had been just a rear-guard defense. The hill ahead was a stronghold. The sergeant lifted his eyes to where the captain sat, a few yards away, scribbling a report in a field message book. He had sent one report back an hour ago. Some time in the next hour, a reply would come up from regimental headquarters. It would say "advance"—that's what the orders always said. And then Captain Barnard would kick them to their feet and send them up—toward that wall. The sergeant shuddered and turned to Whitey. The private was lying beside him, eyes shut and mouth open.

Pinky looked at him for a moment, then slowly dug out of his pockets a roll of bills, a leather-covered notebook, and a letter he hadn't had time to finish.

"Whitey," he murmured, and waited until the private had opened his eyes. "This is as far as you go. Crawl into a hole some place, and when we go on—stay there. Take these—" he held out his hand—"you know where to mail 'em."

Whitey looked indifferently at the roll of bills. "I'm no banker," he said gruffly.

"Go on," Pinky urged. "No use letting some souvenir hunter get 'em."

"What's the difference if they pick 'em off you or off me?" Whitey asked. "If we've gotta say hello to Saint Peter, we'll go together."

Pinky cleared his throat. That was just like Whitey; they'd been through a lot together.

"Besides, how do you know you're gonna get plugged?" Whitey chided. "If a bullet's got your name on it, you'll get it. If it ain't, you won't. Let's eat."

Pinky grinned. A sense of fatalism like Whitey's was a good thing in this war—it kept you from worrying. He took a square of hardtack from Whitey's box. Other men, he noticed, were opening their boxes.

"Sergeant Greene," the captain called.

Pinky's heart gave a bound. The time had come! He gave a quick, significant glance at Whitey, gripped the private's ankle in a good-by

(*Continued from page 37*)

gesture, and crawled over to the officer.

"Tell the men to put away their iron rations," the captain said.

The same cold voice; the same flat, uncompromising tone. Pinky wondered what event, what crisis, would reveal anything human in Captain Barnard. He was about to crawl away to deliver the order, when his eyes, gazing downhill, caught a movement in the grass. He turned back to the captain.

"Somebody coming," he murmured.

"I see him," the captain replied.

The two watched, while a crawling form emerged and made its slow way toward them. The helmeted head lifted and Pinky recognized Captain Underwood, operations officer of the regiment. Must be something important. He looked at Captain Barnard's face and saw that it was surprisingly tense and grim.

CAPTAIN UNDERWOOD crawled up close to them and pulled himself to his knees under the shelter of the road bank. His face, too, was grim.

"What did you mean by that last message?" he asked, breathing heavily from exertion.

"Just what I said," Captain Barnard replied.

"You—you won't advance?" the operations officer asked incredulously.

"Not without trench mortars—or some kind of fire on the hill."

"The trench mortars were knocked out yesterday," the operations officer burst out, flushing angrily. "You know that!"

"I've got to have *some* help," the captain said coolly. "If I took the men over now, not one would reach the top of the hill alive."

Pinky, his mouth open foolishly, listened in amazement. Was this really Captain Barnard talking? Acting human?

"You've got to go!" the operations officer was saying. "This hill is holding up the whole regiment. They've got fire in three directions!"

"I know it," the captain replied ironically. "And yet you expect me to advance."

"You can make it," the staff officer urged. "I know it's dangerous. But it has to be done. You know the orders!"

"Try it yourself," the captain said politely. "Bring the regimental staff up here. Bombard 'em with typewriters."

The operations officer grew red. "Then you refuse to go over?"

The captain nodded. "I'm not going to start something when I know there's not a Chinaman's chance of finishing it."

"Very well," the staff officer said, husky with rage. "I'll send up another officer. Somebody with nerve enough to obey orders."

"Come yourself," invited the captain.

But the other, already crawling rearward, didn't answer.

Pinky was aghast.

"Captain," he exclaimed, forgetting utterly that he was talking to his chief. "They'll get you for that!"

"Not me," the captain said, and suddenly it seemed that the hard mask was torn from his face. Recklessness danced in his eyes. "I've been *got*, once," he added with a short, bitter laugh.

"But when you get back—"

"I'm not going back," the captain said.

Pinky stared unbelievingly at the man who had handled "A" Company more unmercifully than it had ever been handled—and who now wouldn't squander the blood of the men under him.

The captain turned a devil-may-care face upon Pinky.

"Bring the rifle grenade men here," he said.

Pinky obeyed. The captain's orders to them were brief.

"When I give the signal," he said, "I want you to drop a half dozen grenades inside that wall. Be sure they get over the wall. After the first volley, send two grenades over every thirty seconds." He paused. "If I yell—bring up the company. If I don't yell, stick here. Sergeant Greene, take command—until the new officer comes up."

There was a faint, relieved smile on the captain's face, as though he had made some important decision. Without further delay, he left the wondering group of men and crawled up the road beyond the left flank of the company. The road up there was closer to the top of the hill.

Pinky watched him as he cocked his automatic, fished a grenade out of his pocket and pulled the pin with his teeth.

Then, coming to life, the sergeant ordered the men to load V-B grenades into the tromblons that fitted over the muzzles of the rifles like bells on ancient muskets.

"Whitey," he said in a whisper, "the captain's going up alone."

FAR down the line, the officer lifted a hand. The rifle grenade squad set the butts of their rifles on the ground and slanted the muzzles toward the invisible hilltop. Their left hands grasped the barrels, their right hands nervously found the triggers.

"All right," Pinky hissed.

Six explosions shattered the air. Six grenades went twisting and turning skyward, reached the top of their arc, and began falling. A second later, a prolonged, detonated roar echoed from the hill.

In that instant, the captain lanced forward from his crouch and disappeared over the top.

"He hasn't got a chance," Whitey murmured in the silence following the explosion.

Pinky, intent upon his wrist watch, didn't reply.

"All right," he yelped. "Jones and Smitty."

Two more grenades screamed upward.

There was a short machine gun burst from the top of the hill.

Silence—then two more grenades. The men, blank and strained, listened for some sign of life from the captain.

Two more grenades.

Then, suddenly, pistol shots. An explosion. More pistol shots. Another explosion. And a hoarse yell that was unmistakably the captain.

"Come on, gang!" Pinky screamed, and without waiting to see who followed he scrambled over the bank and ran for the wall.

"To the right—the right!" he heard the captain yelling. He veered. He glimpsed Whitey running beside him, face strained like a quarter miler at the finish.

He leaped the wall—saw at a glance the reason for the captain's yell. A jagged wall ran straight back, dividing the hill into two halves. On the right side of it, gray uniforms were rushing forward. He stumbled at them, firing. Leaped the jagged wall. Lunged at the nearest uniform. Red flame seared through his mind, blotting out any consciousness of what followed. . . .

The flame passed, and he found himself standing before a gray uniform that had its hands upraised. There were other gray uniforms about. Facing them were khaki figures—his own company.

He looked down at his rifle. The bayonet was red. He puzzled for a moment. Then, drawing a breath, he pulled himself together.

"Let's march the gang over to the captain, Whitey," he said.

He climbed on top of the intervening wall and paused there a minute as the prisoners filed over. He looked about him. Most of the company seemed to have got through. Holden was on the ground, and Mitchell was holding an arm, but the rest seemed all right.

How had they got here at all? His eye ran along the low wall fronting the hill and counted four concrete emplacements. On the other side of the dividing wall were two. He began to understand. Those grenades had momentarily distracted the German gunners. Under their cover the captain had reached the wall. One man could do it—he might not be seen. Inside the wall the captain had tossed his hand grenades, emptied his pistol, yelled! He'd utterly cleaned out the emplacement on one side of the dividing wall and distracted the men on the other side.

THE captain was standing in a shallow, stone-lined depression that must have once been the cellar of a small house. Scattered about it were heaps of dirty gray cloth. One of the heaps rolled over and moaned.

"The captain must have dived into that place headfirst, and heaved his grenades from there," Pinky muttered to himself. "One man got here—a company would 'a' been murdered."

Whitey was standing just below him.

"This place is a regular fort," Pinky said to him.

No answer from Whitey. Pinky looked down and saw the private sway slightly, and stagger forward one step as if to catch himself. The sergeant leaped down from the wall.

"You hit?" he asked.

Whitey grunted. Pinky looked at him—noticed a grenade clutched tightly in his left hand.

"Throw that thing away," he said, "and sit down."

"'m all right," the private mumbled.

"Sergeant Greene," Captain Barnard called.

Pinky hastened over and leaped into the cellarlike emplacement.

"Detail two men to take the prisoners back." The voice was once more cold and hard.

"Yes, sir," Pinky replied.

"Let one of them deliver this message to headquarters. Take the rest of the men and move the German machine guns to the other side of the hill. Have everybody dig in—before they open any hardtack boxes, understand?"

"Yes, sir." The sergeant turned around. "Whitey! Jones!"

Jones leaped into the emplacement. Whitey, scuffling forward with half-shut eyes, half slid, half fell in beside the others.

"Take the prisoners back," the captain said curtly, "and report back here inside of two hours."

Private White was a curious sight.

His tin hat was pushed back on his head. His shirt was unbuttoned. His shoulders were drooping. His eyes, wide open, were staring at the captain insolently, and his moving lips seemed to be saying silent, impudent things.

For a moment the captain stared at him. His lips compressed and his eyes narrowed.

"Straighten up," the officer said sharply, "and try to look like a soldier."

"Captain!" protested Pinky, his flame of resentment flaring up again, "Whitey's—"

At that instant, a little round, corrugated object fell from Whitey's nerveless fingers. A grenade, with a fuse that began to sputter as soon as the hand that had held it had released the pressure on the safety. The fuse would burn just five seconds.

One second passed before the nerveless fingers let it fall. Another ticked as the grenade fell and bounced. It rolled into a crevice in the stone floor and lodged there.

The captain saw it first.

"GET OUT!" he yelled.

Pinky looked at the captain, startled. Only a little bit of life remained to the four men in the cellar—Whitey, Pinky, Jones, and the captain. But of them all, only the captain knew it. Their exhausted nerves failed to react.

The captain acted first. In agony he dived for the oval metal thing—fell upon his knees—reached out a lightning hand and tried vainly to grasp it. Then, with a groan, fell upon it.

In that instant, Pinky comprehended. A sputtering grenade! He hit Whitey a ringing blow on the side of the head and fell with him into a corner. Jones flopped where he was.

A tremendous roar. Pinky felt himself lifted a few inches and dropped. A long minute later, he tried to draw an agonized breath and choked. His eyes smarted. Every nerve in his body seemed to be loosened.

A burning smell—somehow damp and human—nauseated him. He trembled violently, and lay still, his arm thrown loosely over Whitey's shoulders.

THREE hours later, with the prisoners safely back and the new officer in command of "A" Company, Pinky and Whitey flopped wearily against the wall. Not far from their feet, a bayonet was stuck into the ground and from the hilt hung a metal identification disk. One of a thousand such graves, but to Pinky it was fraught with meaning, because he had dug it himself, and had helped deposit there the shattered thing that had been his captain. Whitey was due to catch a ride back to the field hospital as soon as the outfit moved forward.

The colonel had been greatly pleased at the capture of the hill. He even had mentioned something about a posthumous D. S. C. for Captain Barnard.

In his right hand, Pinky had a letter; in his left, a wrist watch and a field message book. There was also a dispatch case, slightly burned. The sergeant had fished the letter out of a bloody piece of the captain's blouse. The rest he had just—gathered up.

"Take this stuff back with you, Whitey," Pinky said slowly. "His family—'ll want 'em."

"Sure," Whitey agreed huskily, closing his eyes.

Pinky fumbled with the letter. The envelope was postmarked A. P. O. 47. The flap, he noticed, was torn open. Obeying an impulse, he fished out the contents.

"Headquarters Henty," it said at the top. "Henty" was the code word for a brigade.

His eyes roved to the signature. "E. N. Barnard, Brigadier General, U. S."

His eyes widened. Must be the captain's dad. Sure enough — the letter started "Dear Son." Regular West Point family, probably.

He read a paragraph—and another—and another. The third arrested him. It read:

"How can you say the men were gassed when most of them returned to duty within a week? You failed with your first command because you were too soft—too good-natured. The board has given you one more chance. This time, be hard-boiled! Make them step!"

Pinky drew in a breath. So that was it. . . . Captain Barnard, court-martialed, slated for the U. S. and disgrace. . . .

Pinky gulped angrily, ashamed of the queer, choking sensation in his throat.

"Whitey," he said gruffly. "Read this."

Whitey read the letter slowly, let it fall into his lap, and then fished out his canteen. His cracked lips, blue from fatigue, trembled slightly.

"He was sure one tough egg," he said. "Wouldn't he get a laugh if he saw a couple of sojers bawling over his grave?" He handed the canteen to Pinky. "Have one on him."

Pinky nodded, cleared his throat, and drank.

"Trouble in Burnetta"

By Laurie York Erskine

Manacled, bound, Renfrew surveyed his captors.

"Don't be fools," he warned them. "Get out of here—fast! And don't leave a dead policeman around."

But the leader only grinned evilly. . . .

A Mounted Police Story

IN MARCH

Fighter Dodson

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Written before the action," he said. "Maybe they feel differently now. I was shipmates with Dodson once, down in the Sulus. They don't know him, that's all. What do *you* think, Lieutenant?"

"What do I think, sir?" said Wally, his voice very earnest. "I think he's a wow. The only mistake he made, sir, was putting me on the secondary battery. I got taken in by that oysterpole ruse, sir. Commander Dodson didn't. And then, after we were hit, he goes right on fighting and beats me to that sacrifice sub. Then he runs for Block Island and catches Oiseau, just like a fox! Who'd have thought of firing *over* an island? And who remembered about our list correction and fed it to the guns while we had time for it?"

Captain Burton meanwhile had been tearing the round robin to little bits and dropping them into the waste basket.

"Nope," he grinned slowly upon the excited Wally. "I can't spare this man. He fights!"

Wally chirruped a rat squeak. The captain had said exactly what Lincoln had said when a bunch of martinets had wanted to shelve General Grant after Shiloh.

Larry Shoots at the Top

(*Continued from page 21*)

"Mr. Pennock," he was saying, "what we are offering you is not merely a mechanism that runs on four rubber-tired wheels, not merely a motor truck, covered with a hood and a body and six or seven coats of paint, but—"

"What the tarnation?" a voice broke in.

Larry whirled round. In the doorway that led to the factory, stood old John Metzger, the Vulcan Truck's night watchman, his lantern clutched in one hand.

Grinning a little, old John advanced a step or two into the room.

"What the Sam Hill," he inquired, "are you doin'?"

Here, at last, was an audience! Larry wheeled, leveled a finger at the older man, and picked up the thread of his interrupted discourse:

"As I was saying, Mr. Metzger, what we are offering you is not merely a motor truck, covered with a hood and a body and six or seven coats of paint, but economical, dependable, trouble-free transportation. Here, let me show you the testimony of some of our users!"

"Uh-huh?" said Old John, setting his lantern on the floor and himself in a chair. "Well, don't trouble yourself no further. I'm convinced! Just wrap me up a half a dozen."

Somewhat flushed, Larry grinned back and explained, "I was just trying out a sales talk."

"So I gather," said old John. "But down the hall, it sounded like a fight was goin' on in here. Recitin', eh? Well, want to do it some more?"

Larry nodded eagerly. "Yes," he said. "There's more here that I want to try. You see, I'm trying to gain confidence. Will you be the prospect?"

"All right." And old John settled himself. "Go ahead!"

FOR a half-hour, for an hour, Larry talked on, referring occasionally to the book, correcting himself when he made a mistake or omitted something. Part of the time, old John seemed to doze, and part of the time he gazed at the ceiling and fumbled at his watch chain. Then, suddenly, the old man roused himself and glanced at the clock.

"Yup," he said. "Got it down pretty good. But you need more practicin'. Well, gotta be makin' my rounds again."

Just then Larry heard someone rattling the latch of the street door. "Wait a minute, John," he said. "Somebody wants in."

Jingling his keys, the old man limped to the door, unlocked and opened it; and in out of the rain stepped Baron Slade.

"Odd time for *him* to be coming to the office!" thought Larry.

Slade went first to the telephone switchboard, busied himself there a moment, then came on toward his desk. Larry saw he was frowning.

"Well!" The Baron's voice sounded harsh. "What are you doing here?"

Embarrassed, Larry started to explain: "I was just reading a little. Just sort of studying—"

"Huh!" Slade cut in. "You two going to be here long?"

Old John already was on his way to the factory door. And Larry, sensing that somehow he wasn't wanted here, cleared his desk, hurriedly, then went to his locker for his coat and hat.

"Well," he said, experimentally, on his way to the street door, "well, good night."

Slade didn't answer. But as Larry was closing the door behind him, he heard Slade's voice say into his desk telephone:

"Hello! Hello! Give me long distance! . . ."

Out on the glistening sidewalk, Larry closed his coat collar about his throat and bent his head into the rain. He had plodded a half-block through the downpour, when he remembered something—that sales manual, back in his desk. He stopped and stood, pondering. Of course, Slade had acted as if he wanted to be alone. But there couldn't be any harm in slipping back quietly to get the book and coming right out again. And he'd have an hour yet to study at home before turning in.

He turned and went back. The main-office entrance, he knew, would be locked from the inside, but he could go in by the factory entrance, where old John had his headquarters.

And so it happened that, two minutes later, Larry, stepping quietly, entered the general office just in time to hear Slade saying into the telephone:

"Well, listen, Armstrong! That's the way it's going to ride, and that's all you're going to get. If you block me, I lose a deal. But you—you go to jail. Take your choice!"

Click! The receiver snapped back to its hook. Larry had stopped in his tracks, uncertain what to do. And then Slade looked up and his voice rasped out:

"Where've *you* been?"

What could a fellow say? What but the truth?

"I started home," Larry explained, "but came back for a book."

"A book, eh? What book? And were you here while I was telephoning?"

"I came back for the sales manual," Larry said, thinking it best to ignore a part of the question. "It's in my desk."

He could feel Slade's eyes watching him. One of the drawers in his desk resisted him and he tugged at it. He had cleared his desk-top hurriedly, he remembered, and the manual might be anywhere. The drawer came open and he ransacked it. Not there! Hastily, he ransacked another, and found the book.

"Oh!" Slade's voice, tinged with sarcasm, broke the silence so explosively that Larry jumped. "You found one, eh? Well?"

"Well," said Larry, tucking the book under an arm and hurrying toward the door. "Well, I'll—I suppose I'll see you in the morning."

"Yes!" and Slade's voice seemed grim. "Yes, I'll see you in the morning! . . ."

THE morning was gray, the rain still falling. "If it turns in and freezes now," Larry remarked to himself on the way to the office, "it's going to be a tough day for traffic—and I have a hunch it's going to be a tough day for me anyway."

Slade was already at his desk when Larry reached the office. He merely grunted when Larry tried a "Good morning," but there was nothing in the Baron's manner, yet, to portend what might come.

At his desk Larry attacked a stack of call reports. Slade's detailed reports of their calls always had been belated, and he had said to Larry some time before, "You fill 'em out! I can't be bothered." Now Larry was trying to bring his mind to the reports when Slade's voice said suddenly:

"Chuck that stuff and come with me! We've got a call to make."

Larry hurried to his locker for his overcoat and hat, and as he followed Slade to the big coupe outside, he was telling himself:

"Now it's coming! Now he'll take it out on me because I heard him telephoning!"

His wheels slashing through the rain, Slade headed westward to the Leavitt Road, then swung south. Larry waited for him to speak. But Slade drove in stony silence, out through the rim of the city, out swiftly upon the concrete highway of the open country.

Five miles, and not a word. Ten miles, and silence. Then Larry sighted the lofty derricks of the sandstone quarries at Amherst, and Slade spoke.

"We're calling," he said—and Larry felt that the tone was sinister—"on Shurtliff, of the Mid-Continent Stone Company. And you'll do the talking!"

Larry felt numb. "Me?" he asked.

The Baron nodded grimly. "Yes, you. I want to see if you've learned anything, so I can report to Lowen."

Larry's hands suddenly were cold. "But," he said, "I haven't talked to *any* customer yet—haven't actually tried to sell one. And this is an important deal!"

"You'll talk to this one!" Slade shot back, and added: "Let's hear you give him that stuff out of the book!"

In Larry's memory, afterward, that call on the Mid-Continent Stone was an out-of-focus picture of something that shook a fellow as if—as if he'd taken a beating!

He could remember a walnut-sided corridor, two flights of broad stairs, a walnut railing, and behind it a young man who led them through a ground-glass door on which appeared—foggily to Larry's eyes—the single word: PRESIDENT.

In the room, a huge walnut desk, and behind the desk, an iron-gray man in spectacles, to whom Slade said smoothly:

"Mr. Shurtliff, I've brought with me a young man who is making a study of transportation, and who'll talk to you about your trucking problems. Mr. Pennock!"

A challenge this! It didn't seem fair—but could he meet it?

His mouth felt dry, and his temples were thumping, but—he began to speak. First he'd ask certain preliminary questions prescribed by the sales manual. Crisply, quickly, the man behind the desk answered the questions; and Larry with fingers that trembled a little, jotted down the answers on a blank sheet he had drawn from his portfolio. "And the next question," he said to himself, "is the last! Then what?" Aloud, he asked the question:

"Of what does your tonnage consist mostly?"

Before the man behind the desk could answer, Slade's voice cut in:

"Stone, of course, Mr. Pennock. Aren't you taking a good deal of Mr. Shurtliff's time?"

Larry felt his cheeks flame. And, his eyes burning, his mind groping, he wrote in his blank: "Stone, of course."

Now, what next? What did the book say? He knew he was floundering, but he'd go on! Dimly, the images of words

Splashing Your Way!

Speed Herbert and Jack Bartley, twin torpedoes of the State College water polo team! The classiest pair in the Conference—until one of them got touchy. Great swimming, in Franklin M. Reck's—

"THE BACK SWIMS THROUGH"

Next Month

on a page came to him and seemed, as he spoke them, to be words in bursts with long gaps between:

"Because this is our first call . . . aim to establish . . . to establish contact . . . and leave with you an impression . . . an impression of Vulcan . . . Vulcan durability. As evidence . . . should like to leave with you . . . with you our Hundred Thousand Mile Book."

Larry knew that his fingers fumbled as the book came out of his portfolio. And then, again, he heard Slade's voice cut in:

"Is there anything in that book about trucks in the quarry business?"

"No," Larry answered, "but—"

"Then," came Slade's smooth voice again, "perhaps Mr. Shurtliff might be more directly interested in something else that you may have to show him. But pardon me, Mr. Pennock! Proceed."

Proceed? Show him something else? Slade knew that the portfolio contained nothing else that would apply. Proceed? The words were gone entirely now. "I'm out!" Larry's consciousness told him. "Out on my feet!" And dully he wondered: "How can I get out of here? I've got to get outside!"

It was Slade who answered that last—smoothly. Slade rose, picked up his hat, and said:

"Mr. Shurtliff, we'll not take any more of your time to-day. We'll come back later—perhaps when we have something to show you that bears directly on your business. Good morning, and thank you for listening to us."

SILENCE then from Slade as Larry, biting his lip, followed his senior down the broad stairs to the coupe and climbed in; silence as they swung out of the village upon the concrete highway. Silence—and a lump in Larry's throat.

The rain, Larry noticed dully, had turned to sleet; and the concrete here and there shone with new-formed ice.

Silence, and Larry looking straight ahead, as they roared through the open country, the coupe skidding, now and then, and careening. Silence until they rolled into the parking space at the Vulcan plant. "Now," thought Larry, "it'll come!" Then the Baron spoke.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you know the verdict—what I'd have to report to Lowen if I told him the whole story. In Shurtliff's office, you made us both look ridiculous! You proved, to your own satisfaction, I hope, that learning stuff out of a book makes a salesman a parrot. And a parrot can't think! For some time I've been thinking we ought to make some other arrangement. I'm going to recommend to Lowen that you be transferred to some other senior. But I'll give you a break. I'll tell him I think you need a variety of training. We'll let it ride like that."

Slade, the smooth! thought Larry. Slade, the trader, bargaining for silence—sealing a fellow's lips and getting rid of him at the same time! And Slade getting the better of the deal; for, no matter what the reason the Baron gave to Lowen, a transfer would look to the rest of the crew as if a fellow had fallen down.

The lump in Larry's throat had turned to lead as he climbed the entrance steps. "Dog-gone it!" he was telling himself. "It's so different from what I had hoped! And besides—I could have liked the Baron a lot!"

Larry's feet moved him toward his desk. It seemed the only place to go. Slade went straight to Lowen. The two disappeared in Lowen's office. The door closed behind them. And then—

Zing—zing!

The telephone on Slade's desk. Larry glanced around. Nobody near. The phone chattered again. Well, *somebody'd* have to answer it. Larry picked it up.

The receiver buzzed in his ear, the connection fuzzy. "Vulcan Motor Truck?" The voice sounded like the long-distance operator's. "Southport calling Mr. Slade."

"Just a minute," Larry began. "I'll—"

And then a man's voice, speaking low and jerkily, cut in:

"Hello! Slade?"

"Just a minute," Larry began again.

But the voice broke in: "I can't hear you, Slade! But I'll do the talking. This is Armstrong—Southport Steel. Listen, Slade, you get down here by two o'clock! The other guys were here this morning—you know the ones I mean—and they forced the deal so that it's up before the old man, but I've blocked it until you can get here. Your offer is O. K. with me now. I need the dough. But you *be* here. I'll see you when—"

"Wait a minute!" Larry fairly shouted. He wanted to hear no more of this! "You're not talking to Slade. I'll call him—"

He heard the sound of a step behind him. A hand snatched the telephone. Beside him stood Slade, his face close to the transmitter.

"Hello! Hello!" he snapped into the instrument. "Slade talking. What is it? . . . Yes! . . . All right! . . . All *right!* I'll be there!"

The receiver had snapped back to its hook, and Larry was turning away when Slade stopped him.

"Listen! Get this!" The Vulcan's star salesman spoke low, but to Larry his words seemed to hiss. "After this, you leave my telephone alone! Don't touch it! Understand!"

And before Larry could speak, Slade turned on his heel, clamped on his hat, and strode out of the office.

Larry, back at his desk, picked up his pencil and gazed at the stack of call reports. Well—*somebody'd* have to fill 'em out—even the one on the call on the Mid-Continent Stone. He bent to the task.

A HALF HOUR passed. The office seemed oddly quiet. Pretty soon there'd be a summons, most likely, from Lowen. An hour. The stack of reports was dwindling. And then—

"Pennock!"

In the doorway of the conference room stood Lowen, beckoning.

Well, here it was! His temples thumping again, Larry rose, marched to the cubicle of frosted glass, and followed Lowen inside. The general manager's face was grave. Yes, it was coming! Then Lowen spoke.

"Baron Slade," he said, "skidded into the ditch with his car somewhere between here and Southport about a half-hour ago and he's in the hospital at Kent, badly hurt. The hospital people just phoned me that he wants to see you."

Larry gulped. "He—he wants *me?*" he asked.

Lowen nodded. "Yes. Won't see anyone else but he wants you. Can you drive my car?"

Larry could only nod.

"All right," Lowen said. "Step on it!"

The world seemed a blur, but Larry stepped on the gas. The Baron—hurt! Out of Midburg he roared in Lowen's long sedan, out to the Kent highway. The big car swayed, but Larry clutched the wheel and trod the accelerator. Fifty—fifty-five—he knew the speedometer was climbing—fifty-eight. Bownhelm, a village that seemed only a passing shadow . . . Eaton . . . Garfield . . . Kent next!

The brick hospital among the trees—a long white corridor—a turn to the left through a door—a white-clad nurse on rubber heels—a high, white bed, its head tilted low—and on the bed, as white as the linen and very still, lying on his back, the Baron.

Larry bent over him and the Baron's lips moved enough to form the word, "Hello!" He seemed to smile, just a little. Then he twisted slightly on the bed and spoke:

"Turned 'er clean over, kid! Guess I'm smashed up from the hips down." A

(*Continued from page 41*)

pause, then with an effort: "I wanted to see you because—because I framed you, kid—at Mid-Continent Stone. Mixed you up and got you scared. . . . Maybe you knew, but I wanted to tell you." A long pause, now, and the lump came back in Larry's throat as he saw the Baron shake his head as if to clear it. Then: "Another thing. Southport Steel's closing a deal to-day for twenty five-tonners. If we're not there—they'll buy from competition. . . . You go down there—and stop 'em. . . . Yeh! Stop 'em. . . . Listen. Dodge Armstrong! . . . He's crooked! Expects half the commission. . . . Shoot at the top! See the president. . . . Name's Ira Williams. . . . Never mind what I've told anybody else there. Doesn't count. . . . You'll deal straight, kid. Best way, always. . . . My way no good! . . . And now—now you step on it!"

Gripping his hat, Larry straightened; but a gesture of the Baron's head drew him down again.

"And listen, kid—give it to 'em—out of the book! That's all you've got—but give 'em that! . . . And good luck!"

Once more in Lowen's long sedan, Larry stepped on the gas, out of Kent, northward for Southport. And in eighteen minutes by the clock on the dash, he was climbing out of the car, and twenty seconds or so later was talking to a gray-haired man at the Southport Steel's information desk.

"Mr. Williams is not in his office right now," the man said. "But I've instructions from Mr. Armstrong to send anyone from the Vulcan Truck straight to him. Boy, take this gentleman to 214!"

"Armstrong!" Larry thought as he followed the guide. "But maybe I can use him to get to the president in a hurry."

IN room 214, he faced the purchasing agent, and Armstrong instantly shot a double question:

"You're from the Vulcan Truck? Where's Slade?"

"In the hospital, in Kent," Larry told him. "His car turned over."

A pause. Larry, watching Armstrong, knew that he was thinking fast. Then: "Will he live?"

Larry nodded. "The doctors think so."

Another pause. Then: "What are you here for?"

Larry, too, was thinking fast, and he had anticipated the question. His first objective was to reach the president. "To see President Williams," he said. "Slade sent me."

As Larry had expected, Armstrong looked relieved. He rose from his desk. "I'll take you right up," he said. "I can get you to him immediately. And time, right now, is important."

Armstrong leading, they climbed two flights of stairs and turned toward a space at the end of a corridor enclosed by a rail. A young man behind the rail said to Armstrong, "He's out for a minute. But go right in." And following Armstrong, Larry walked into a big room with a massive, flat-topped desk in the center.

Armstrong glanced around quickly; then standing close to Larry, spoke low and fast.

"Slade sent you here with instructions, of course. Now don't make any mistake in what you quote the old man. He'll buy what I recommend. And I'm ready to recommend Vulcans—if Slade sticks to his agreement. Understand?"

"And now," thought Larry, "the scrap comes out in the open!" Aloud, he said:

"Yes—but Slade sent me here to deal on the level."

Armstrong's face, as Larry watched it, turned white. For an instant, the man seemed dazed. He groped for words.

"I'll—I'll—" he began, his voice low and cold with fury. "I'll—"

And at that moment, a door on the opposite side of the room opened and in stepped the president of the Southport Steel. A slight, gray man, with impressive spectacles, and a heavy gold watch chain stretched across his steel-gray waistcoat. Larry wondered vaguely where he had seen such a chain before. Then he found himself speaking—quickly, before Armstrong could.

"Mr. Williams," he said, "I am here in place of Mr. Slade of the Vulcan Truck, who had an accident on the way and was unable to come."

Armstrong had moved to the far end of the massive desk. But Larry kept his eyes on the gray, bespectacled president, who seated himself, briskly opened a desk drawer, and brought forth a slip of paper. From the paper, he looked up at Larry, looked sharply.

"You're sent on a deal like this?" he asked. "Aren't you — well, rather young?"

"I am," said Larry. "But I'm here!"

The president's gaze returned to his slip of paper. "Very well, then," he said briskly. "Let's get to the meat of this cocoanut—the matter of price. This corporation buys very closely. We scrutinize prices. On this proposition, we got figures to-day from two other truck companies. Now, what is your company's figure on twenty five-ton chassis?"

Larry consulted his price book, figured on the back of an envelope, and said:

"The net price to you will be $80,380."

The president wrote the figure on his slip of paper. Then he whistled softly. Armstrong leaned forward and spoke:

"You're sure of that?"

Larry looked again at his figures. "I am!"

Then he shot a glance at Armstrong. The purchasing agent's eyes were cold and hard.

"You're high!" Armstrong snapped. "Away high! You're higher by seven thousand dollars than your nearest competitor! And besides, the figure you have named is higher than the figure Slade gave me." He turned to the president. "Perhaps, Mr. Williams, we'd better postpone this matter until we can talk with somebody at the Vulcan Truck who is higher in authority than this young man."

Another challenge! And Armstrong blocking him! Well—"*Shoot at the top!*"

"Mr. Williams," Larry said, "I am representing the Vulcan Motor Truck Company! Not even our president himself could give you a lower price. It comes from our price book, and that is our law! If Mr. Armstrong believes that someone has given him a lower price, then there's been a mistake somewhere. And if our price is higher than our competitors"—his chin came up—"then it's because we're offering you more value!"

AGAIN Armstrong cut in. "Mr. Williams," he snapped, "you directed me to make a detailed study of all three makes of trucks. I did so. And my judgment is that the Vulcan isn't worth the difference!"

Larry felt his temper rising. But his eyes didn't waver from the face of the man behind the desk. There was the man to talk to—the man at the top. "Are you yourself familiar with the Vulcan, Mr. Williams?" he asked.

"No." The president shook his head. "I'm not. In these matters I follow the advice of Mr. Armstrong."

Armstrong again! But Larry held his eyes steady. Now for it! Shoot the works!

"But are you willing to listen," he asked, "while I state our case?"

"Well"—Mr. Williams spoke a little impatiently—"well, if you'll not take too long—"

Larry squared his shoulders. "Give it to 'em out of the book!" Slade had said. With a deep breath, he plunged:

"What we are offering you is not merely a mechanism that runs on rubber-tired wheels, not merely a motor

truck covered with a hood and six or seven coats of paint, but economical, dependable, trouble-free transportation!"

He paused. Was this, after all, the way to begin? What he was saying sounded high-hat. Was he boring the all-important man behind the desk? Well—got to go on!

"You will be interested in durability. Let me show you the testimony of some of our users. In this book you will find the records of Vulcan trucks that have run a hundred thousand miles and more, in many different kinds of service . . ."

He was leaving something out! It was at this point at Mid-Continent Stone that Slade had interrupted and sunk him! — and Armstrong, there, fidgeting as if about to ask a question! Larry's tongue grew thick. He faltered. His eyes dropped from the face of the slight, gray man behind the desk—dropped down to that heavy gold watch chain. His panicky mind fastened on it for a moment. Where had he seen?—and then he remembered! Sure! That chain was the twin of old John Metzger's!

And now, in a flash, so quickly that it amazed him, he was at home, on his own ground. That watch chain behind the massive desk was John's; and he was talking, not to the president of the Southport Steel, but to the watchman of the Vulcan Truck. His mind cleared. The words of the manual came back:

"And you'll be interested, Mr. Williams"—his voice was strongly confident now—"in the matter of economy of operation . . ."

He went into details of mechanism. When Armstrong cut in with a question, he answered it with a snap and went on. For twenty minutes he talked—talked from the book. Now and then, to emphasize a point, he brought a hand down firmly on the desk as he had seen Slade do. And finally he came to this:

"Haven't I convinced you now that, regardless of price, the Vulcan demands your serious consideration?"

The slight, gray man rose. Would he say "Yes"? Larry watched the impassive face, and his heart sank as the calm voice said:

"In so important a matter as this, you can't expect me to decide now."

A few minutes afterward, Larry was driving back to Midburg over the skiddy concrete. Well, he had tried! He had aimed at the top, and given 'em all he had. But, gosh, the deal was so big—$80,000!—

* * *

Ten o'clock on a morning three days later in the Vulcan offices. Larry at his desk, toiling over call reports.

"Pennock!"

Larry looked up, and rose. Before him stood Lowen. But this time there was no summons to the conference room.

"Pennock," Lowen said, "President Williams of the Southport Steel just telephoned me to send someone to see him. He has fired his purchasing agent, Armstrong, and he wants to close for twenty five-ton Vulcans. I've drawn up the order, ready for him to sign. And from what he told me over the phone, I think you're the man to go get his signature."

Larry gulped. He swallowed hard, swallowed again, then managed to speak.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated. "Gosh, Mr. Lowen!" Then, as a new thought struck him, his voice rushed on: "Would I—could I take the time to stop at the hospital and tell the Baron about it? He'll be pleased. You know, since his accident, he's—he's changed."

Lowen nodded. "Yes," he said. "He's changed. Yes, stop and tell him about this sale. And you can deliver a message for me. Tell him that when he's able to work, I've a job here that will interest him—even if he has to come in a wheel chair."

Again Larry gulped. And all he could manage to say was:

"Gosh, Mr. Lowen! Gosh—you're all right!"

Punch Medicine

By Donald H. Farrington

Imagine yourself sitting in a squared ring, across from a hard-hitting lightweight. The referee between you. The crowd yelling. Would it "get" you? It did Larry Brickley of Classon College. It made his stomach squirm and his throat contract.

IN MARCH

Send Them on Their Way!

(Idea—no more needed!—by Merlin J. Ferguson, State Center, Iowa)

THE best reading hounds are your messengers to us. Pluto in the lead! They'll bear your story choices straight to the editors. Just write on each dog, in order, the four stories you like best in this issue. Clip the ballot (or draw out another on a separate sheet of paper) and mail it to the Best Reading Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Remember—we've got to know your preferences if we're to give you the kind of stories you want!

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

Street .....

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

Build an All-Weather Twin Pusher (*Continued from page 13*)

you how to carve propellers and the drawing gives you the distinctive shape of Hankammer's props. Notice, on the drawing, that in order to guarantee that one propeller shall be right-hand and one left-hand, the end diagonals on the propeller blocks must be drawn from different corners.

In assembling the model, place the wing so that the leading edge is about 17 1-2 in. from the open end of the frame. The elevator goes on the front, at the spot indicated by the drawing.

Notice that the angle of incidence—front-to-rear angle—of the elevator is determined by the balsa block, and that the elevator is prevented from twisting on the frame by the two location blocks that fit inside the longerons.

Slip small washers on your propeller shaft to prevent wear between the thrust bearing and balsa propeller. Then put the shafts in your thrust bearing.

The two ten-strand, 18-30 rubber motors may now be folded and tied. Each strand is 40 inches long, which allows enough slack to enable you to get a few extra winds, but not enough to interfere with flying. One end of each strand is looped over the propeller shaft hook and the other is connected to the yoke by means of the S hook.

The sole purpose of the S hook is to permit you easily to disengage the motors from the yoke and attach them to the egg beater winder. Be sure to place the motors in the cans along the frame. Otherwise the tension will tend to pull the frame out of shape.

Before powering the ship, glide it to see if the adjustment is correct. You do this by holding the plane at the rear end and giving it a gentle shove. If the ship noses down too sharply, adjust the wing forward to increase the lift. If the plane has a tendency to nose up and stall, adjust the wing back.

For your first trial flight, 750 winds are enough. Although you can wind the rubber by hand for your trial flights, it's best to use an egg-beater winder.

It takes two boys to use the winder—one boy to hold the ship by the propeller end, the other to do the winding. Stretch the rubber to three times its length in order to get the maximum number of turns on the motor.

Hankammer gave his motors 1250 turns at the 1930 National Contest. In spite of a hard, tricky wind that cracked up ships on his right and left, he got consistently good flights all day.

Because he had designed his plane in the first place to conform to the weight rules; because he had followed the intent of the National Aeronautic Association to induce boys to build huskier, more reliable planes, he got consistent performance out of his craft on a day when consistent performance was almost impossible for the lighter ships.

You'll get the same kind of results if you follow the drawings carefully in building this championship plane. You'll have a ship that you can safely launch in a hard, tricky wind.

Remember that in good aeronautics, a model plane must have two qualities—the ability to fly a long time, and reliability. Hankammer's model has both—plus.

What Ship Would You Like to Build?

FROM League headquarters you may obtain reprints containing drawings, instructions and photographs, for any one of 21 different kinds of ships, including the outdoor twin pusher described in this issue. Hydroplanes that rise from the water, fuselage ships, a soaring glider, scale models, planes that have won championships!

The reprints cost only two cents apiece—or if you order fifty or more, one cent apiece. Send your check or money order to the A. M. L. A., American Boy Building, Second and Lafayette Blvds., Detroit, Mich.

You can get any of the following:

Indoor Pusher	Improved Baby R. O. G.
Outdoor Twin Pusher	Senior R. O. G.
Curtiss Hawk—Ford Tri-motor	Culver Tractor
Hydroplane	C-4 Indoor Fuselage Model
Indoor Commercial	Fokker F-10 A—Boeing P-12 B
Spirit of St. Louis	Outdoor Fuselage Model
All-Wood Models	Small Twin Pusher
High-Climb Baby R. O. G.	All-Wood Glider
Outdoor Twin Tractor	New Baby R. O. G.
Vought Corsair	1930 Indoor Endurance Model

1930 Outdoor Twin Pusher

Build a Different Model!

It's the builder who constructs something *different* who makes new discoveries in model aviation. By departing from regular design, he may learn facts of importance. Become an experimenter by ordering one of the following kits. A check or money order for the proper amount, sent to the Airplane Model League of America, American Boy Bldg., Second and Lafayette Blvds., Detroit, Mich., will start you on the road to new thrills.

Kit No. 13 .....$2.25
The Outdoor Twin Tractor. Two propellers, mounted on outriggers. Built-up wing. Recorded duration, four minutes! All the necessary material including rubber motors, balsa, bamboo, tissue, glue, finished metal parts, complete plans and instructions.

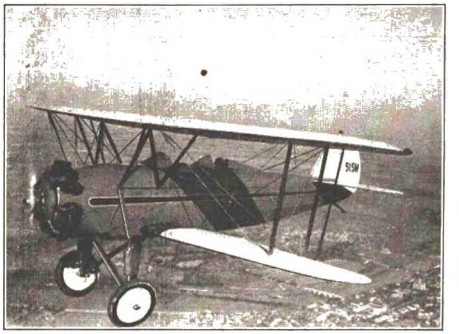
Kit No. 2 .....$.65
The Indoor Pusher. An easy-to-build, simple, and dependable performer. Try modifying the design to fit your own ideas.

Kit No. 18 .....$2.00
An Outdoor Fuselage Ship. It's a low-wing monoplane, designed by Donald Burnham, national outdoor champion in 1929, for all-weather flying. It has a built-up wing, enclosed fuselage, and landing gear. In 35 flights it averaged 90 seconds!

Scale Model Plans for the Stinson-Lycoming plane..$.20
Full scale-size drawings for this famous monoplane, with instructions and photographs to help you build a two-foot scale model.

By experimenting with new and different models you increase your skill as a builder. Order one, or more, of these kits to-day!

Build the Waco Taperwing!



GOOD news for scale model builders! The A. M. L. A. has just prepared for you the scale drawings for the Waco 300 Taperwing, one of the best-known and most successful open-cockpit ships in the history of aviation!

The drawings are exceptional. They contain more helpful detail than any other plans the League has prepared. There are photographs of the ship and engine. The complete control system is pictured. Wing ribs, struts, methods of jointing are given in enlarged drawing. To get the drawing, you have only to send twenty cents in cash or money order to the Airplane Model League of America, American Boy Bldg., Second and Lafayette Blvds., Detroit, Mich.

There's a reason for the great demand on the part of model builders for the Waco plans. Waco airplanes have made an enviable competitive record. They won first place in the Ford Reliability Tour in 1928 and 1929. In 1930 they took second and third, and were the only open cockpit ships to place within the first ten.

In the 1930 tour, Waco entries showed the quickest take-off and shortest landing of any ship. Throughout the 1428 miles of the tour, two Waco planes averaged 148 miles per hour—the fastest speed of any of the entries.

But the tour isn't the only event in which the Waco has shown its merit. In 1927, Charles Meyers won first place in the Class B Derby from New York to Spokane. In 1928, John Livingston won the transcontinental race from New York City to Los Angeles, winning all the sweepstakes prizes with his Taperwing—the ship you'll learn to build through the League's scale model plans. The Waco also won the international race from Windsor, Canada, to Los Angeles.

Waco's record, in fact, has been a long record of consistent top-notch performance. No wonder! The Waco has a top speed of 167 miles per hour and a cruising speed of 142! In other words it's a light, open-cockpit plane with the speed of a pursuiter.

That's the plane you will reproduce in a 24-inch wing span model, from the A. M. L. A. plans. The photographs give you an idea of the neat, smooth lines of the ship. Order those scale drawings and start building now.

Model Builders—Attention!

Next month—plans for the airplane model that brought the famous international Wakefield trophy from England to America in 1930! Designed by Joseph Ehrhardt, St. Louis, national outdoor champion. A ship that may win you the right to represent the United States in the 1931 Wakefield contest to be held in this country. Watch for more details—IN MARCH.

Join the League—invite your friends to join. Use this coupon.

AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA

AIRPLANE MODEL LEAGUE OF AMERICA
American Boy Building
Second and Lafayette Blvds.
Detroit, Michigan
Gentlemen:

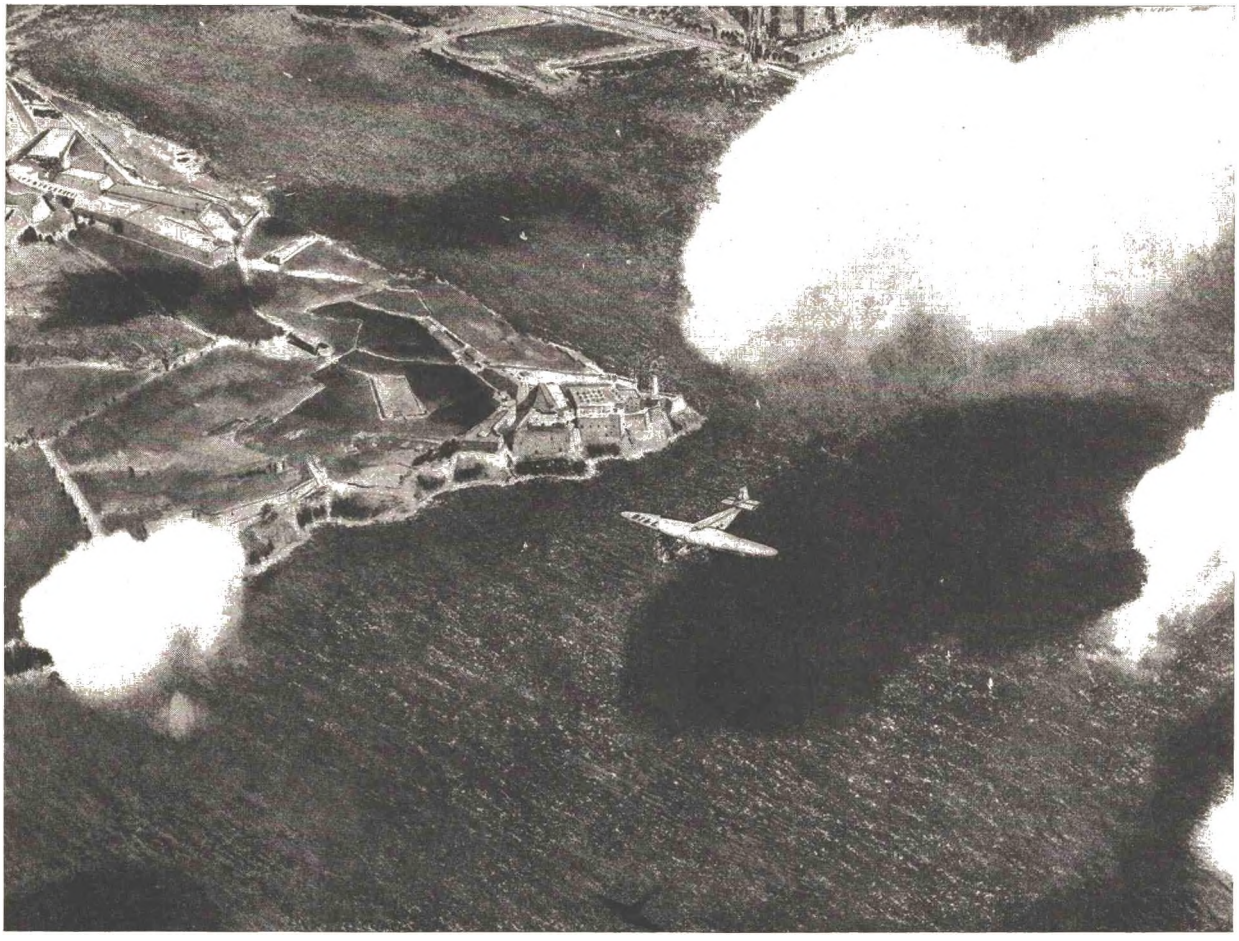
I am interested in learning about aeronautics through the building and flying of airplane models. I also wish to become eligible for official national airplane model contests and to enjoy other League privileges. Will you, therefore, please enroll me as a member? I enclose a two-cent stamp for postage on my membership card and button.

Full Name .....

Age .....

Street and Number .....

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



WE FLY . . .

You know the sudden breath-taking sense of exaltation when your car emerges on the crest of some magnificent headland from which you look for miles out to sea or over billowing rows of mountains below. What is that sensation? It is a sudden sense of power . . . a feeling that your limited human faculties have been miraculously extended . . . it is a very slight taste of divinity!

How immeasurably greater this sense of divine exaltation is when gliding high in the heavens, looking serenely down upon the colorful, silent world below! It is a feeling known only to those who have learned from personal experience the tranquil glory of flight.

Those who know the freedom of the airways find in the old paths of earth something nerve-wracking. . . a sense of restraint, of suffocation almost . . . much as the pioneer motorists looked back on the days when they sat in clouds of dust behind plodding teams of horses. Each month they find increasing pleasure in the pathways of the sky . . . slipping down to bright Havana, to Panama or Peru.

Unless you are too old to readjust your habits to new aspects of life, some day you will fly. Fortunate are those men and women who today recognize that the realm of the skies is offering a fresh lease on life. The blithe spirit of a new renaissance is in the air. It is hard for those who feel it to interpret its significance, though we see the faces of men turning upward, and we see the far places of the earth brought near in friendly communication.

The great tri-motored, all-metal planes of 1931 are truly yachts that bring you safety not only as sure as the safety of your yachts upon the sea, but as luxurious and as restful. These new planes free your thoughts from mechanical limitations, just as you are today above the concerns of the engine-room of a steamship and problems of navigation.

The pilot and mechanic in their forward control cabin have every mechanical device necessary for day or night flying in all seasons. Fundamentally the new plane is designed as close to mechanical perfection as possible, with all the strength and extraordinary performance ability for which Ford planes are famous. Beautiful as a jewel, it spreads its wings like burnished silver, to fly with the smooth grace of an albatross over sea, over land, over deserts or arctic wastes. Here, truly, is a yacht worthy of the modern man of spirit and imagination!

• FORD MOTOR COMPANY •

The Land of No Shadow

(*Continued from page 9*)

listening. Gentle swish of waves, a dull thump - thump - thump that was my heart. I held my breath.

Again I heard it—elusive, directionless, sourceless. I would have disregarded it as an illusion had it not been my own name. Maybe it was an illusion anyway.

Down on the rocky strand I sat and tried to think. No use yelling my head off. I knew, somehow, that it was an actual sound I had heard.

"It can't be at sea," I said aloud, scanning the empty wastes. "No boats around here. Boats mean men—"

I thought of that horrible, misty face I had seen. Could Al be in their power? I put the thought away—hastily.

"He can't be under the beach—there are no holes. He must be up on the cliff!"

I leaped into action. If Alvin was on those cliffs and could see and call to me, he must be so situated that he couldn't show himself or climb down. I ran madly along the shore, looking for a place to climb. The cliffs here were a hundred feet high, at least; not the cliffs of erosion but of volcanic origin—at least, they would have been volcanic on the earth I knew! Smooth and sharp—but colorless.

I saved my breath; I didn't call. Hunting systematically, at last I found a break in the cliff, a steep way of broken gray rock. I tried it without stopping to think of risk. Al must have come this way. Where Al could climb for exploration, I could go to rescue him.

After I'd scaled the first thirty or forty feet, hanging by toe and finger to the slightest projection, I knew that a slip meant a possible hideous death. To fall and break a leg was to starve. I thought of it, but I was no longer afraid. I was doing something! Maybe that will help you to think better of me.

Al was helpless or he would have shown himself in response to my first call. How helpless he was, I didn't know then!

At the top I fell over exhausted. For a few minutes I lay there to get my breath. Then I got to my feet and called again, loudly:

"Al! Al! Where are you?"

"Her-r-re!"

The answer was prompt, faint, but much stronger than before. It seemed to come from the level on which I stood—a rough and rocky plateau that stretched a thousand feet to a steep mountain that melted into the sky.

"I'm coming!" I yelled. "Call—every minute!"

I listened, straining. The answer came, faint but clear!

"In—the—hole!"

In the hole! What hole? I saw no hole.

The sound came from my left. I scrambled over rocks, leaped from bowlder to bowlder, recklessly.

After perhaps a hundred yards, I stopped.

"Call to me, Al—where are you?"

"Her-r-re! In—the—hole—"

The cry was stronger but of an eerie quality. It was no more Alvin's voice than is yours. It reverberated, echoed, hung in the air.

In the hole—in the hole—Al must have fallen into a hole. Perhaps he was injured! That was why he couldn't come.

I turned slightly to my left. "I'm coming—I'm coming!" I yelled, and scrambled on. "Call again—where are you?"

"Jerry!"

The answer was almost at my feet! I stood stock-still.

"Where! Where!" I yelled.

"Here—the hole—look out-t-t—"

This time Al's voice seemed husky, natural—and close!

Look out for what? I checked my course. Al wouldn't warn me without reason. I moved more slowly, choosing my footing. The call was apparently from the earth twenty feet in front of me—ah! I bit my lip. Almost at my feet was a hole—a circular, well-made, smooth hole. It was ten feet in diameter, at least, and forty feet deep. Its smooth walls, its perfect circular proportions, its perpendicular exactness made it seem the product of workmen. A well, perhaps, bored in rock.

APPROACHING cautiously I looked over the edge. "Al!" I cried. "Al!"

"Jerry-y!"

Now it was all Al's voice, infinitely relieved. And there he stood, forty feet down, curiously foreshortened as he gazed up. He was grinning. I must have been half-crying with joy.

"Jerry! Boy! I wondered if you'd come. That ad—I was sure you'd guess what I'd done!"

"Are you hurt?" I called to him, choking.

"Curiously, no-o-o-o!" his voice reverberated up the shaft. "But I can't get out-t-t-t!"

"I'll get you out!" I promised. "But—I didn't bring the rope, any more than you did! It's twenty miles away—fifteen anyway. How you fixed for food and water?"

"Food's gone. Have—half—a—canteen-n-n-n—"

"Stand by to catch!"

I looked down at Alvin, so short a distance away, yet so impossibly far from me. He stood close against the smooth wall. I swung a full canteen from its strap and dropped it, gently. He caught it. I fancy he restrained his eagerness. His movements appeared deliberate enough, but the canteen was long at his lips.

I wanted to ask him how he got there—how long he'd been there, but conversation was too difficult, with those infernal echoes. Explanations could wait. The job now was to get Alvin out. There was just one way. I had to go back for the rope.

"I ought to make it in twelve hours!" I called to him. "Can you hold out?"

"Ye—es!" His tone was musing. "I—hope—you—can-n-n—"

"Of course I can!"

There was a mutter; a whisper. It sounded—queer. Not like Alvin.

"I didn't get that—what did you say?"

"Good—old—Jerry!" His voice was full, hearty. "Go to it, boy. I—know—you'll—make it-t-t-t!"

I dropped him all the food I had carried, except two cans of soup. I figured I'd need those for strength, going. But I was worried about the water. I'd need a little.

"Can you hold out for drink?" I asked him.

"How—many—canteens-n-n-ns?" he called back.

I told him.

"Oh, plenty!" he cried. "One at a time, now-w-w-w!"

The words were like a douse of ice water. Al had always been unselfish. Yet here he was, telling me to give up all the water! Slowly, disappointedly, I dropped them—all of them.

"Bye—old fellow!" I called to him, with an attempt of heartiness. "I'll be back, soon as legs can carry me. Keep the old upper lip stiff—I'll be right back with the rope!"

"Sure you will-l-l-l!" Mutter, mutter, mutter, under his breath. I thought I caught a word, a syllable, a hint in the echoes—they made no impression, then.

I built a little cairn of stone ten feet from the lip of the hole, so I could find it easily. Then I found a better way down the cliff to the beach, where I built another cairn. I suppose I moved half a ton of rocks and piled them up. The cliffs were all alike, and if I missed the spot I might hunt for days and never find Alvin again.

After that, just to be doubly sure, I paced off two thousand steps, and from lighter rocks well back from the water's edge I built a second cairn that I could see from below. I dreaded that long cliff. I wanted to do everything humanly possible to guard against failure. Two cairns were better than one.

AT last I started. I was hungry and thirsty. I didn't mind the thirst—much. Alvin needed the water more than I did. Al was like a brother.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Think, think, think.

Alvin. In the hole. How did he get there? He isn't hurt. Should have asked. No matter. Ask him later.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Keep a sharp lookout for "Kubla." No need for water yet. Was Alvin out of his head?

Footsteps. Footsteps on the rocky beach of a phantom world that didn't exist.

Mouth dry—like cotton. Hot. Sweaty. I needed a bath. Bath . . . Why not a bath? Couldn't be any wetter than I was.

I walked into the water. It was slightly cooler than the air—not much. But it helped. I splashed in it, let the waves lap at me. I stooped over and dashed some into my face. Some of it got into my mouth.

I gave a wild shriek of laughter! *The water was fresh!* No wonder Al had taken all the canteens!

I put my head down and drank my fill. Al, having sense, had not assumed that because the oceans he knew were salt therefore this queer ocean was salt. Al had the true scientific mind. And he had given me credit for a little common sense.

I strode along the beach, feeling like a different man. Then I stopped. Why had Alvin muttered those echo-twisted words?

Ifeletyou. Ifeletyou. That was what they had sounded like. I put the meaningless syllables away. No use trying to figure them out.

Tramp, tramp, tramp.

Hurry, hurry, hurry. Alvin in the hole. Said good-by. Was cheerful. But

Trooping Into the Pages of Your Magazine

The World Champion Athletics!

Connie Mack! Eddie Collins! The battering Mickey Cochrane! Lanky Bob Grove! Towering George Earnshaw! The slugging Simmons! Smiling Mule Haas! They'll take you with them on their spring training trip to Fort Myers, Florida . . . Four installments of world champion baseball starting next month with—

"Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League"

Reported by Franklin M. Reck

—he said I could make it "if—they'll—let—you." Nonsense. Must have meant something else. What else could "ifeletyou" be? "If I'll let you?" No sense.

"If they'll let you." That's what he had muttered! Who could "they" be?

Had Alvin seen the face too? Had he been approached closely? That horrible face, with sentient, intelligent eyes! What would a man do—what *could* he do — if that face came closer . . . closer . . .

Tossing my head, I spoke aloud to a shadowy world where no shadows were:

"I won't be scared of a shadow!"

But I lied. I was scared. I couldn't talk myself out of being terrorized at Al's ominous words. Words hinting that there were "things" along the beach to waylay me.

Please don't laugh. I admit I was a coward. I'm not making any excuses. I told you this story wasn't a pleasant one from my standpoint. Scorn me all you want, but don't laugh.

They—they—they.

Tramp—tramp—tramp.

Rope waiting—if they've left it. There is no "they." This place is lifeless. The "face" was imagination.

But it was no use. I looked over my shoulder every two minutes. I strained my eyes at the ghostly meeting of sky and beach half a mile ahead, and half a mile behind. Half a mile is a long distance if you walk it, a short distance to get away from a face that peers at you with living eyes.

I'll skip the rest of that walk, except the last couple of miles. It was all the same, anyway — lapping sea, misty meeting of land and sky, rock, sand, desolation, grayness—and *fear*—

I BEGAN to recognize the cliffs. I was getting near Kubla. My queer watch told me I was about "home." I strained my eyes to see into the mist-like distance—of course the rope would be there! What could have moved it?

Out of the corner of my eye, close to the cliff ahead, I saw color. My head came around with a jerk.

Color! A sort of purple violet!

When I looked directly at it, it was gone. When I didn't look at it, it was there.

I walked up to the spot until I could see it, directly above. Nebulous, inchoate, a circular spot about a foot in diameter, it was like a violet vapor in the still air.

I know what it was, now. I'm a slow thinker. Alvin would have known at once had he seen it. But I mustn't get ahead of my story. I kept staring at this queer phenomenon.

It was fairly high above me, and it grew in size as I stared at it. When it was some eight or ten feet in diameter, it grew no larger. I thought I must be going crazy, for the light—if it was a light—began to make a noise—a faint sound, like a spinning top, a long way off. And even that didn't tell me what it was! Had my brains only worked there would be no Cross in the rocks, no empty ache in my heart—

But I was in a hurry to get that rope. I left the violet light that wasn't a light and the hum that wasn't a sound and tramped on. I counted my steps: two thousand six hundred and forty from the light to Kubla.

I found the rope. Nothing had disturbed it. In fact nothing was disturbed. The boxes, the blanket, the supplies, were just as I had left them. My note to Alvin was still under the little stone. I trembled with relief.

I was happier in mind than I'd been since I had arrived in this land. Eating a hurried meal, I rested, full length, for fifteen minutes. But I couldn't rest inside. Al was at the bottom of that hole, patiently waiting. Convulsively I leaped to my feet, loaded up with more canned food, coiled the rope over my shoulder, and started back.

I counted steps again—two thousand six hundred and forty to where I'd seen the orchid-colored glow. This time it wasn't there! Curious. I looked carefully, but there wasn't a sign of it.

I hate to tell you its absence made me nervous. But it did. There had been a light—now there wasn't a light. What had caused it, what had put it out, or had taken it away?

Now you know why I was nervous. Al had muttered something about "they." Had "they" turned off the light? Were "they" in the air about me?

Yes, I looked over my shoulder a lot on the way back. But I didn't see the face—then.

It was a much more tiresome journey than coming. I was tired! Yet I moved quickly because I wanted an end of being alone.

Hours of it, and then out of the ghostlike mist ahead I caught sight of the second cairn I had built close to the cliff. It looked friendly and inviting. I'd have Alvin out in less than half an hour!

I counted paces. The first cairn I had built, marking the spot where the climb up was easier, was just two thousand paces. I'd see it in a minute.

I counted fifteen hundred paces and stopped, bewildered. It must be right ahead! I walked on. Sixteen hundred—and began to feel a sudden fresh fear. Seventeen hundred—the beach was a flat! Eighteen hundred—nothing. Two thousand—no cairn!

My clammy wet clothes became suddenly chilly. Here was the spot where the cairn must have been. And no rocks.

In some miraculous way, Al must have got out, and moved them.

"Al—Al!" I yelled. "Where are you?"

Faint, thin, a mere wraith of sound, I heard the answer—

"Jerry-y-y-y-y!"

Then Al was still in the hole! I gulped. My hair rose. The thump of my heart sounded in my ears.

Had "they" moved the rocks? If the face was real, the body to which it must belong must be of enormous strength—strong enough to move a cairn of stones with a sweep of the hand. But a body of such size and strength must be, also, enormously heavy. And the sand held no footprints but my own. Besides, the world was dead. There was no food for a—a face.

I gulped.

What had moved those rocks?

DROPPING all my load but the rope, I flew for the easiest way up the cliff. As I ran I blessed my impulse to build the second cairn. Had I not done so I might never again have found Alvin! The cliffs all looked alike, the rocks on the beach were the same endless jumble, no landmark pierced the hazy air to show me where, in all that wilderness, Al waited patiently in a rocky prison.

It was the second cairn that located him. "They" had removed one pile of rocks, but hadn't noticed the other one, two thousand steps away!

Stark fear drove me on. Terror winged my leaden feet. There was a "they." I knew it, now.

The rope was heavy. My feet were aching boils. I paid no attention. I was trying to escape the Unknown Something that moved rocks from a beach without leaving a trace. I wanted human company.

I found my little pile of rocks on the lip of Al's hole without spending much breath in calling.

At the bottom of the hole sat Alvin, his arms wrapped about his knees. At my breathless call he looked up and grinned. Oh, the heartening power of that friendly, crooked smile, impishly twisting his wide mouth! For the moment fright left me. Al was safe! All was right with this altogether wrong world—

"Out of—breath. Five minutes—have you out!" I gasped.

"You found the ro-o-pe?"

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"Of course!"

Alvin said no more. But I noted the quality of surprise in his voice. If he hadn't expected me to find it, where did he find the grit for that grin?

Five minutes I spent in rest. The rope was strong, but only half-inch. I didn't believe Alvin could climb it. It was up to me to haul him up, hand over hand, so that the rope wouldn't fray.

"Ready now!" I called down "Stand by for the rope—"

One end of the line I tied about a rock that couldn't have weighed less than five hundred pounds. I mustn't make any mistake about this! If I dropped both ends of the rope into the shaft, Al was as dead as if buried!

Then I tumbled the rest of the coil into the hole. It reached all the way, with a few feet to spare.

"Make a loop for your feet, Al!"

He nodded. I saw him roll up his blanket, throw the roll over one shoulder, tie a loop in the rope and step into it.

I took a long breath, thankful that I had a pair of arms suited to a stevedore's job, and hauled.

He was heavy—a hundred and sixty-five, anyway. I pulled him up a few feet, put my foot on the rope, and took a turn about the rock. Then I reached down and hauled a few feet more.

Hard work. And risky. But Al came up, smiling cheerfully, confidently and unafraid.

Halfway up I snubbed tight and gasped—"Got to rest a minute—"

"Take your time."

The reverberations had stopped, he was that close to the top. Taking a fresh grip on the rope I hauled and hauled. He came within reach of my hands. I grabbed his left hand, let go the rope, took his other hand, and with one last heave drew him safely from his living grave.

We took one long understanding look at each other. Our eyes spoke worlds. Relief—unutterable joy. Then Al became matter-of-fact.

"You all in, or can you travel?" he asked.

I let go responsibility with the rope. From now on I didn't have to do any thinking. Al, who knew more in five minutes than I in all my life, was in charge.

"Pretty tired—but I can manage. Where do we go from here?"

"Down—back to Point Discovery."

His "Point Discovery" was my "Kubla." But I couldn't go that far without rest. I said so. Alvin nodded.

"Al," I said eagerly, "how did you get down there? What—"

Al has clear blue eyes, a wide, expressive mouth. But now a haunted look came to the eyes; the mouth drew into a line.

"That'll keep. We must get away—get away—"

The words were fraught with meaning. Without another word I nodded, rose, untied and coiled the rope, and we started for the edge of the cliff. Al didn't want to get away any more than I did!

WE got to the beach without adventure. I pointed to the spot where the cairn had been.

"It disappeared," I said.

"Not surprised!" Al answered. "Let's hurry!"

We tramped on in silence, and with every step I felt better. Al was alive, and free! I lifted my aching feet as if they had wings, and worry dropped from me as a discarded cloak.

The second cairn showed up through the mist. Al understood it without explanations.

"Smart work, Jerry!" he said warmly.

We tramped back towards Kubla for an hour. Then something happened to my legs. They're usually pretty good, but now they wilted under me. I stopped. My knees trembled.

Alvin looked back the way we had come.

"Far enough, I guess," he said. "We'll stop here. Shoes off, bathe your feet before you do anything else, and we'll eat."

I did as I was told, mechanically. We ate a can of meat. I intended to ask questions—but before I got the first one out, exhaustion grabbed me. I slept for ten hours without stirring.

I came to, much mortified, and we talked. Al told me how he had answered the ad, jumped through the coils, experienced that queer dissolving of his substance.

"Think of it, Jerry!" he burst out, his face alight. "This discovery will revolutionize the world. Greater than Newton, Darwin, Galileo, the names of Arronson, Gaylord, and Berkman. That is—" He stopped—"unless—"

"Unless what?"

"They!" he said, and his voice was low—fatalistic.

My heart tightened.

"Jerry," he said soberly, "I tramped along the beach, exploring—just as you did. I lay down to sleep on my blanket, and when I woke up I was in the hole."

"How did you get there?" My voice was weak.

"I don't know." Alvin grinned, rather wryly. "I slept too soundly. But *something* picked me up, blanket and all, and carried me from the beach. 'They' found the hole and put me in it —*or made the hole for me as I slept!*"

This seemed to me arrant nonsense.

"No human agency," I scoffed, "could pick up a sleeping man, carry him up that cliff, then lower him fifty feet into a hole without waking him."

"I didn't say it was a human agency."

As I felt the blood leave my face Alvin laughed gently.

"It was done by an inhabitant of this world," he said matter-of-factly.

"A world of phantoms! Gigantic, horrible ghosts!" I shuddered.

"Not a bit of it," Al reassured me. "This is a perfectly real world! Solid, three-dimensional! Close to our own!"

"Then why can't we see the—the inhabitants?"

"Because we can understand only the three-dimensional part! That's all our senses will permit."

I must have looked bewildered.

"Listen, Jerry," Al went on earnestly. "This land of three dimensions is also a land of four dimensions. In that fourth dimension Something thinks and moves and plans and executes! Something digs shafts in the rock of three dimensions as easily as you would draw a circle on the Flatlander's piece of paper. Something removed your cairn of rocks. Something wafted me sleeping to the cliff top and to the bottom of that hole—"

"Something with a—a hideous face," I put in.

ALVIN nodded. "I saw it, too, just as I woke up in the hole. It was leaning over." For a moment Al was silent. Then he put a hand on my arm. "Do you know, Jerry, I felt good when I saw that second cairn of rocks. It proved that 'they' aren't omniscient. They can overlook things just as we can!"

"Yet," I said, "'they' might be all around us, looking at us, examining us."

"Sure," Al said cheerfully. "We're just like the Flatlander in a two-dimensional world. He can't see you unless you are on his dimension. To get out of his sight you need only move up, away from his plane. These—shall I say people? Beings? Anyhow they inhabit a world of four dimensions. Unless they want you to, you can't see them."

I shuddered. The idea of giants with the faces of devils watching us from an invisible Somewhere and preparing—goodness knows for what!—was appalling.

"Where does the light come from?" I demanded.

"Sun, I suppose," answered Alvin. "Polarized in some queer way—all color filtered out of it by its passage through the unknown fourth dimension."

"And the way earth and sky fade into each other?"

Alvin laughed. "I don't know! Our five senses simply don't give us enough information about this land. We're Flatlanders, and we must seem ludicrously helpless to these—these faces."

I felt a sudden desire to get out of a world where we were helpless, incomplete specimens, back to a world that we knew. I said as much.

Alvin grinned. "We're driven to it by a very concrete and three-dimensional matter," he assured me. "Hunger! We have water, but only the food our thoughtful Professor Arronson tossed through the coils. When that's gone, we starve. We'd better go back—and next time come with a plentiful supply."

Next time! Not if I saw Professor Arronson first! Nor would there be a "next time" for Al, if I had anything to say about it!

Outside, I think I appeared nonchalant and unconcerned. Inside, my skin was liver-white and my flesh crawled and my hair tingled. Unknown eyes, looking at you from a fourth dimensional point of vantage!

"But look here!" I cried. "If this is an inhabited world, must those inhabitants necessarily be dangerous to us? Why not friendly? Interested? Hospitable?"

Alvin grinned again.

"Are you very gentle with an insect? Do you mind swatting a fly? We probably look so unfamiliar to the beings in this world that they won't give us credit for having feelings. I was jailed in a rock hole so I'd be there when I was wanted."

In the biological lab. at college are rats and guinea pigs, kept in cages until they are wanted. A tremor shook me.

"Come on—let's go!" I urged.

We hastened on toward Kubla. Every moment I expected some unseen thing to lay hold of me.

"Grub enough at Kubla for three or four days," Al said. "In that time we've got to find the way out."

Somehow I felt confident Al would find a way back. His ideas were better than mine.

The cliffs began to look familiar. I recognized a rock, here and there, on the beach. We were approaching Kubla.

I thought of the queer violet phenomenon I had seen just about here. I described it to Al, but for some reason I didn't tell him how it began as a spot and grew, for fifteen minutes, or how far it was from Kubla.

"Right here, or hereabouts," was all I said as to its location. "Queer violet light that I couldn't see except when I didn't look at it. When I got close it was up above, like a faint, vague circle of dyed air. It had a queer hum, like a top a long way off."

He shook his head. Would he, do you suppose, have understood it better had I told him of having paced it off to Kubla? I try to tell myself he would not. But—oh, I wish I had told him! Things might have been so different—no Cross—all of us famous! And now, the dull, hopeless years—

WE arrived. Everything remained as I had left it. The rubber balls were still scattered around on the cliff. The broken boxes and the food in cans were undisturbed on the rocks below. The little note I had left for Alvin was still under its rock. No one had been there. No—*thing*—had been there. I sighed with relief.

"So far," said Al cheerfully, "so good."

We did the obvious things—collected all the scattered food and made an orderly pile of it, climbed the cliff, gathered up the balls and put them in a

The Absent-Minded Tiger Prof

Told by O'Harra McSnort to LEROY W. SNELL

There was an absent-minded prof,
A tiger of Skidoodle,
Who taught a tiger jungle school
And thought things with his noodle.

So absent-minded was the prof,
He caused no end of worry.
He'd even leave his tail behind
When he was in a hurry.

And once (you'll hardly credit this)
When he was feeling merry,
He *ate* some water from the pool
And *drank* a missionary.

But listen while I tell you of
The tiger's greatest drama—
For absent-minded stunts it wins,
The tailored fur pajama.

One day, when pangs of hunger came.
As in his lair he brooded,
He saw a leg and tail with stripes,
And wondered who'd intruded.

Quite absent-mindedly he bit,
And soon the bite repeating,
He ate a hearty meal, nor guessed
His own self he was eating.

He howled with pain between each bite,
Which naturally piqued him,
Because he never liked to eat
The noisy type of victim.

But still he ate and ate and ate—
In spite of howls abusive—
Until he had consumed himself
From tail to neck, inclusive.

But when he came upon his face—
He paused in consternation.
"I've seen that face before," he said.
"I've eaten a relation."

Then guiltily, so sure that he'd
Of some close kin bereft it,
He hid his face behind a rock,
And walked away and left it.

cleft in the rock—Al tried to juggle three of them and laughed when he failed! He had a stout heart. His fear was under control.

Al wouldn't talk of how he had felt in that rocky prison. He had faced starvation—or worse. His only chance of liberation could have come from those —faces. Never had a man been so terribly alone as he. Yet he had come out with unwrecked nerves! But he wouldn't talk about it. He wouldn't answer my questions.

As I worked, I looked constantly about me. Nothing in the landscape was fearful. It was just lifeless, like an empty house. Yet within me swelled a rising tide of apprehension. Something was going to happen! The shadow of coming tragedy touched me with its cold edges.

A soldier to be shot at sunrise can brace himself for dawn and face a firing squad with what manhood is in him. In some country—I forgot which—a sentenced criminal is not told how long he has to live. He goes to sleep every night with the thought "it may be tonight." He never knows when the hand of the jailor will be laid upon him to lead him to the scaffold. He must keep himself braced all the time—or break down into a weltering mass of terror.

I didn't doubt Al's ability to find a way back. He'd solve the puzzle. *But could he solve it before the jailor came?*

We were resting at the base of the cliff when Al's hand grasped my arm, and Al's breath came hot on my neck.

"Look!" he whispered. *"Look!"*

He shrank down behind a pile of rocks, pulling me with him. The hand with which he pointed up the beach was shaking. Al's hand—shaking! I looked.

A quarter of a mile away *two* faces stood out of the mist; faces that changed as we looked at them! The mouths were lipless, and as I watched they disappeared. Beneath the faces, bodies — huge and barrel-like — took form, and then faded.

"Wonderful!" Al whispered. "They're in and out of the fourth dimension before our eyes! We see only part of them —like the Flatland dweller would see only the bottom of a man's foot on his plane. We see only what is in our three dimensions. . . . For Pete's sake, look, man!"

The beings drifted up to the cliff and *disappeared into it.*

"Gosh," Al murmured. "Three-dimensional matter is certainly no obstacle to them! No wonder they could dig that hole!"

The cliff was at our back. I looked around at it to reassure myself, and cried out, a strangled bitter cry. Alvin turned—and together we stared into the rocky cliff against which we leaned—stared into two huge eyes that were not eyes, at a face that was no more a face than are the feelers on a lobster's legs. We looked into eyes that were intelligent, sentient, understanding, reasoning—but eyes as impersonal, as inhuman, as monstrous as a nightmare. *Inside the living rock!*

If I could have fled into the cage of a savage man-eating tiger, and known that there I would not see those eyes, or be at the mercy of that stupendous impersonal cruelty, I would have cuddled to the beast like a baby to his mother. Anything to escape that inchoate, grisly *Thing* in the rock. . . .

It faded. It wasn't ready for us. Perhaps it had just wanted a good, close look. We fled up the rocks to the top of the cliff—fled without plan, or words. And up there my control snapped.

"Al!" I shrieked. "I can't stand it!"

I ran to the cliff edge, looked wildly in every direction for a way of escape. But there was nothing but gray sea and gray rock. I wanted to yell, or fight, or leap outward and end all this senseless terror.

Al was beside me in an instant, and his face was infinitely gentle.

"Come on, Jerry," he said, like a dad talking to his child. "Let's flop and get a little rest."

So great was his hold on me that I let him lead me away from the cliff, and wrap a blanket about me. And I slept—or rather fell unconscious from exhaustion.

AL and I woke up at the same instant. We were staring at each other, wide-eyed, sweating.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied.

For a moment we listened. There was a queer thumping in the air that was not our hearts. There were other sounds, muffled and ominous. Sounds that drew closer—and closer. "They're gathering," I thought, and in my heart leaped terror, reborn and fresh.

Al put his hand on my shoulder. He had regained control, completely.

"You've got a decision to make, Jerry," he said, very gently.

"Spill it."

"Would you rather take a dangerous chance on getting back home, or stay here and learn the meaning of all this?"

He waved his hand. By "all this" he meant that inexorable approaching mystery; that thump—thump—thump; those hideous invisible beings that seemed to be gathering from great distances, around us.

"Home, of course!" I answered, strained. "Is there any question about it?"

He didn't answer at once—I like to think that Alvin gave up in that moment a great ambition. He just looked off into space—then nodded.

"Just where did you land when you jumped through the coils?" he asked quietly.

Beckoning him over to the little note I had left for him, under a rock, I pointed.

"Locate the spot exactly," he commanded. "Lie down as you were when you recovered consciousness."

I did so—I couldn't forget. Two feet from the edge of the cliff, and almost between two sharp rocks.

"I landed there too," he agreed. "Just what did Professor Arronson say to you about getting back?"

I repeated the substance of his conversation: I needn't stay but a little while; I was to look around and see what I could see; he would keep the current turned on, so I could come back.

"That's what he told me!" confirmed Alvin. "What's your impression of the distance from the springboard to where you landed?"

"Six or seven feet—eight at the outside."

"That's my idea," agreed Alvin. "Then six feet out from the edge of this cliff is an invisible 'door' to our world—the back of the portal we came through. We don't see it, but we know where it is. We agree as to the distance. All we have to do is take a running jump from that spot and dive—"

He left his sentence unfinished—and looked at me oddly.

"Suppose we're mistaken? Suppose it's farther away than we think? If we miss it—"

This time it was I who failed to finish a sentence. The rocks, sixty feet below, were jagged, and menacing.

"You catch the idea, exactly!" grinned Alvin. "If it isn't there—we lose! But if it is there, we arrive in the room with the coils."

I looked down at the rocks and grew cold.

"Suppose we try!" suggested Alvin. "If we succeed, we can make plans for a better—and safer—exploration!"

I had reservations about coming back. The gold of Midas wasn't enough to tempt me back to this place, once I was out of it!

"On the other hand," he continued, "we have a great chance to see something no one in all the world has ever experienced. If we jump—and miscal-

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culate the 'door'—we die on the rocks. If we don't jump, at least we'll know something very interesting before we die some other way."

"What other way?"

He held up his hand for silence. Under the faint, *swish, swish* of the waves, beneath the beating of my heart, I heard that thump — thump — thump — those vague noises—

"That!" he said. "Don't ask me what it is. I don't know. But—it would be very interesting."

"Let's try the door," I said. I didn't have Al's scientific curiosity. "I'll go first. If I fail, you'll know we've miscalculated—"

Al laughed. "We'll let chance settle that. But first let's take all the precautions we can."

"How do you take precautions about diving headfirst off a cliff sixty feet high, trying to hit a hole in space you can't see?"

"Smooth off the cliff and get space for a good running jump," answered Al. "That crowbar ought to help. Then, of course, we'll throw a ball or a rock at our supposed 'door' to see if it's there!"

WE went to work removing bowlders. I felt that we were working against time—against the faint thump—thump that was growing louder all the time. Against the moment when the invisible gathering would manifest itself.

After we had smoothed off a path twenty feet long we ate—ham and apple sauce.

In the air was that pulsing sound, getting closer. And another sound like—like gigantic whispers. As though somebody were discussing us. I looked around for faces. At any moment something might enclose us—spirit us away. Perhaps forever.

"Better start, hadn't I?" I inquired. My voice sounded all right to me. I was glad it didn't tremble, like the rest of me—

"We'll toss a coin for it!" amended Alvin.

He spoke in a tone that meant what it said. I wanted to take the risk myself. But he gave me no time to protest.

"I'll toss it and you can call it!" he suggested. "If you win, you go. If you don't, I go. That understood?"

"You toss, and I call heads or tails," I answered. "If it lands what I call, I jump off the cliff, through the 'door.' If it doesn't, you go first."

"Word of honor, you'll abide by the toss?"

"Word of honor!"

Al took a quarter from his pocket. The familiar token looked odd in that strange world—a gray quarter, with nothing of silver about it.

"Ready?"

I nodded.

He flipped it high in the air.

"Heads!" I called as it went up. It tinkled on a rock, bounced, fell under the edge of another, right by Al. He picked it up, looked at it. It was tails.

"I go!" he announced.

He picked up a ball. "I'll throw just where I believe the 'door' to be. I'll keep my eyes glued to the spot where it goes through, run hard and jump for that spot. Then you follow—"

I nodded. I was limp inside. I believed in Al. But those rocks sixty feet down from the top of the cliff were suddenly savage, menacing.

Alvin picked up a ball and poised to throw, like a baseball pitcher. Suddenly he dropped his hand and walked up to me to lay his other one on my shoulder.

"Been a great experience, eh?" he asked. "Good old Jerry!"

That was all. He walked to the end of our runway, turned and threw. The ball was only a second in flight. It seemed to hesitate, to hang in the air a moment—*and then it disappeared!*

Al grinned at my cry of joy. Then he waved his hand. The courage of him! My hair rose. I twitched all over—then he was running, running down the little path we had made—

He flung himself over the cliff, straight out and a little up.

I have heard that a drowning man reviews his whole life in his last few seconds; that a man falling out of a high window lives his years over again before he strikes the ground. I never believed it. But it's so. While Al hung between rock and sky, I lived over again our lives together—studying in our room at night, getting a malted at the corner, walking across the campus. Several vacations we had camped together. Al, the versatile. Al running the high hurdles—

The hurtling body reached the top of its curve—I shut my eyes.

I can't tell you of the next few minutes. I didn't need to look to see if he made it—I *heard!*

I scrambled down the cliff as fast as I could go. He was dead—instantly, I think. His lips smiled and his face was peaceful.

I was alone—all alone. Al was dead. There were just these rocks, the gray sea, and I.

Forgetting the pulsing thumps, the undefinable whispers, I buried Al where he fell, under a cairn of rocks. From the boards of one of the boxes I made a Cross, using a rope to tie the pieces together. I set it firmly between two great bowlders, and tried to say a prayer.

Then I climbed the cliff. Why, I don't know. I didn't care.

I sat on the cliff edge and looked down at the Cross. I was as dead as Alvin. That *Something* was still drawing closer. Horror was enveloping me. But I didn't care. Too numb even for grief, I sat on the cliff edge staring out. And then came stark, poignant despair. I knew myself a murderer!

As I sat on the edge of the cliff and looked out over the great sea, *I saw again a spot of pale orchid violet light.* Just a faint, faint little spot, but it grew—slowly but surely it grew, until it was *square!* Square, and not five feet beyond the edge of the cliff. *Square*, the shape and the size of the coils on the frame! And it hummed—and so I knew.

The *round* violet glow I had seen two thousand six hundred and forty paces down the beach—the glow that hummed—was a mile and a quarter away. The university power house with its big generator was a mile and a quarter from Arronson's house. Al and I had measured it in surveying class!

THE square violet glow in front of me was Arronson's frame of coils! That glow I had seen down the beach was the university power house. Evidently any powerful electrical field in the world I knew, shone as a very faint violet glow in this one! Had I told Alvin how far from Kubla that first faint glow had been, he might have got the connection.

Why had the ball Alvin had thrown disappeared? If the "door" was open for the ball, why was Alvin beneath a Cross? I puzzled for a few minutes, my numb brain working slower than usual—then the answer began to come.

In Arronson's laboratory the strange "black light" had commenced as a small spot and grown until it had filled the frame. The orchid glow I had seen a mile and a quarter from Kubla had begun as a small spot and grown and grown—I suppose as the generator had increased its speed. The orchid glow now bright in front of me had commenced as a small, elusive, half-seen tinge of color—and had grown and grown!

When Al had thrown the ball the current must have been just turned on—Arronson evidently had *not* kept it on all the time. By some strange freak of ill luck, Al's ball had hit the little spot where the "door" had just begun to open. Wide enough for the ball, but not wide enough for Al.

Now the door was open wide for me!

My thoughts were a riot, my skin dripped with wet cold sweat, my heart died within me. Below was a Cross—there had been no need of it. Had we waited—had I had the wit to tell him the distance I had paced off! Or how the spot had grown!

"Don't bother me," pleads Jawbone Charlie, famous guide of the Nipigon River territory. "I've got something on my mind."

Granted, Charlie, but what we want to know is, where are you going to put your hat?

Paralyzed with hopeless regret, going mad with grief, rage welled up inside me as understanding came. He had lied, Arronson! He had promised to keep the current on!

We had believed him—Al had believed him. How should we know that current had been cut off? Arronson had promised, and broken his word.

Arronson, murderer! Arronson, coward, who couldn't adventure for himself. Arronson, who had taken the life of the best man I ever knew to satisfy his insane thirst for knowledge and for fame!

I cried his name aloud. I raged against him and his coils and his lie! I don't remember all I did. I tramped up and down, up and down the cliff, looking at the violet glow. I threw myself upon the rocks, and cried.

Becoming calm at last, I knew I had very little more time. Those pulsing noises in the air were closer. I looked around and through the air I saw a monstrous gray shadow fade into the mountain.

Fear returned. My rage at Arronson died down into a cold and deadly hatred. Somewhere about me, "They" were getting ready to act.

I drew my breath in, walked slowly to the end of the runway and faced the violet glow. Fear streamed out behind me as had the black light from the coils, but there was none in front.

I set myself, gathered my strength and ran—ran as if that dread and inexorable *thump* were already upon me, ran with all my might and main, down the rough path.

I sprang straight out and a little up, over the murderous rocks below, to the very center of that pale glow—

I LANDED on one shoulder. Sliding across the floor I brought up with a bang against Dr. Arronson's wall. Dazed for a moment, I thought I heard a low cry—then I crawled, groggily, to my feet. Behind me was the frame, the coils. The springboard had been pulled to one side. Facing me, his eyes eagerly interested, alight with wonder, was Dr. Arronson.

"Tell me!" he demanded. "Tell me—tell me! What—where—what is beyond?"

But the light went out of his eyes and the blood from his cheeks as he saw my face. All I could see was Arronson, the murderer.

He shrank from me as I moved towards him. I exulted! I would have liked to stop and watch him cower in terror—he who didn't know what real terror was!

I jumped and caught his wrists. I am big and strong and he was little and weak. I wanted to crush him with my hands—but there was a better way!

As a hammer thrower whirls the weight, so I used Arronson. He squealed—squealed like a trapped rat! Three times I whirled him around my head and then I let go! Arronson, murderer, flew feet first through his infernal coils, the blackness cutting off his yell of fear as if a knife had cut the sound—

"Go see for yourself!" I yelled after him. "See that Cross—see for yourself those living eyes! Try being a caged rabbit!"

I looked round the room—it was then I saw the sales slips of all his purchases of food and tools. They were on his desk. But I didn't take them. Now I wish I had—at least they would be tangible evidence.

I didn't disturb his coils before I left the house. He should have the same chance he gave me—better! I didn't turn off his coils. It was not my fault that his laboratory caught fire, not my fault that he has no "door" through which to return! Let him stay—and rot—and learn! Let him suffer whatever fate "they" provide for the witless humans who come to a world not intended for them.

THE doctors here are very kind. Everyone makes me as comfortable as he can. I have a private room. They keep the door locked but I don't mind. They talk soothingly. I don't blame them for thinking I am crazy—how can they help it?

They tell me Professor Arronson has gone away on a vacation, and that Alvin has gone with him! They try to bolster up this lie with tales of the purchase of the canned goods, the rope, the automatic, as supplies for a camping expedition! The red balls, they insist, are tennis balls, and the springboard, they tell me, was bought for a boy's gymnasium! At my strange watch, at my left-handedness, they just shake their heads.

"Just a case of over-study," they say. "Professor Arronson and Alvin will be back in a week or so, and then you'll be all right."

But I know better. I have seen—and in my dreams I still see a simple Cross. Beneath it lies all that is mortal of my friend. Somewhere there is—or was—Professor Arronson. Whether he died of starvation—or whether Something came over the mountain for him, I will never know.

Some day some man will rediscover the secret of the coils, and adventure again into the fourth dimension. Let him look for Kubla, and the Cross, and raise at least a flag for Alvin who died with a smile, the first true explorer of the Land of No Shadow.

Special Detail

(*Continued from page 34*)

Russ scarcely knew what he was going to do. Some way, somehow, he would either escape or bring the scout down. Surely the pilot up there must be someone from the airport. Somehow, that scout above had run on to the mysterious amphibian and had decided to investigate it. Possibly, Russ thought, he could explain by signals to the other pilot. Two captives, if they were allies, would have more of a chance to escape than one. But more important than that, if he actually succeeded in bringing that stranger down, his position with King Kieran would be solidified and he could perhaps find out all about Kieran's plans against Fred Ridgeway's airport and get a chance to prevent the outlaw attack.

THE nine-cylinder radial motor was starting now and as Russ, in the cockpit, started to tune it up, the roar of it, with the echo reverberating from the walls of the cavern, almost deafened him. A moment later he gave the signal. That other ship was still cruising round and round as if its pilot were either bewildered or making a mental photograph of the scene. A few seconds later the camouflaged curtain came up and Russ gave *Belinda* full gun.

The khaki monoplane fairly shot out of the opening as Russ, crouched low in his cockpit, took a last look at his instruments and then eased the ship off the ground. The motor was wide open and *Belinda* zoomed straight upward for a full seven hundred feet before Russ leveled off. He had only a twenty-minute supply of gas, and there was no time to lose. He must maneuver so that he was approximately at the same altitude as the other ship before a shot was fired. If that other scout should come roaring down at him, using the advantage of its altitude, he must fly as he never had before if he expected to survive. And he must have an opportunity to signal that other flyer—

For a moment the pilot above him made no move—was probably too astonished to act.

After all, Russ reflected, it was enough to make a man pause to see an armed monoplane come shooting out of the side of a hill. If it were only Hawkins or Ridgeway, they might recognize his ship. No, that would mean little. They would figure that he had been captured and that someone else was using his plane.

Russ was seventeen hundred feet high now and he had flown due south from the field in order to put as much distance as possible between himself and his prospective adversary while he gained altitude. The other ship, a biplane single-seater, had turned toward him and was steering a course that would intersect his own. Russ was still a thousand feet lower than the biplane and he was climbing *Belinda* desperately. Would that other man give him a chance to reveal his identity?

Russ's eyes never left the other ship. Though the cool morning air was rushing against his face, beads of sweat came out on his forehead, and he strained forward as if to help his own ship on.

The biplane was only five hundred feet away from him now and five hundred feet higher than he was. He brought *Belinda* up in a steep renversement and the next second she was scooting backward on the biplane's trail. He would cross the course of the other ship three hundred feet below it and a hundred feet to one side.

Russ lifted his goggles and turned his face upward. If only that other pilot knew him. At any second the biplane might nose down for a shot at him! This was inviting death, this daring to cross the guns of the man who must consider him an enemy. Russ trained for a glimpse of the man, but the wings hid the figure of the other pilot for a moment. Evidently, the strange flyer had not yet made up his mind what to do—wasn't going to shoot a man in cold blood.

THE next instant, a hawk-like face swept into Russ's view and he was staring upward into the countenance of Fred Ridgeway.

For a second a great feeling of relief swept over Russ. He motioned downward wildly, then tried to signal his desire for a fake fight preceding the landing. Down below, he could see Kieran and the others gathered at the door of the cave watching.

The two ships swept by each other, Russ two hundred feet lower than Ridgeway. Then in a breath-taking renversement Ridgeway's biplane had changed course and streaks of flame came from its guns. Russ threw *Belinda* into a frantic bank and the bullets just missed the tail surfaces.

"Fred doesn't recognize me, of course," thought Russ desperately, and a second later he was in the midst of battle. Ridgeway was like some relentless fate as he twisted and turned his plane and shot almost continuously. Either he had not recognized Russ or he believed him a traitor. Russ fought frantically, not only to save his own life, but to save Ridgeway's as well. Time after time he was forced to shoot because of the onlookers below, but he always shot at an instant when there was no chance of his hitting his friend. He threw his ship round until it seemed like a leaf in a tornado. A dozen times bullets zipped through his wings. If it had not been for the slight superiority of his plane over Ridgeway's, he would have been knocked down within the first two minutes.

The radial motor was wide open and Russ used every second of respite in an endeavor to gain altitude, but those seconds were few and far between. Again and again he risked death in an attempt to signal to Ridgeway but got no sign of understanding in return. He caught occasional glimpses of Ridgeway's face and saw that it was grim and set. Several times he could have knocked Ridgeway down. Didn't Fred realize it? Russ wondered.

Almost even now as to altitude, the two ships were chasing each other round in a huge circle. The frantic Russ couldn't see the slightest gleam of hope. He found himself pleading with inaudible words for Fred to understand him.

Suddenly the biplane went into a terrific vertical bank and came cutting across the circle. As the red spots danced in front of its guns, Russ dived despairingly. Would this ordeal never be over? Perhaps everything would end for him right now. He almost wished it would.

But he just escaped the last burst as he shot underneath Ridgeway and then threw his ship into a terrific bank while Ridgeway turned his own plane in a try for another shot.

The next instant, Russ was darting at right angles to Fred Ridgeway's ship. Ridgeway banked round and fired a burst a second after Russ had fairly stood *Belinda* on her tail in a mighty zoom. The tracers passed underneath him. The nose of Ridgeway's ship came up to get another shot but Russ had banked round and was rushing back before it could take effect. He shot a few bursts himself as he turned his ship, deliberately sending them two hundred feet above Ridgeway.

Everything was against him, he thought despairingly. How could Ridgeway know that those shots were not intended to take effect? Had there been

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any doubt in Ridgeway's mind at the start, there could be none now.

For a moment Russ was squarely over Ridgeway, flying two hundred feet higher, in the opposite direction. Suddenly the biplane curved upward in the start of a loop—Ridgeway was going to do the Immelmann turn and get on his tail. Instantly Russ sent *Belinda* curving upward also. The two ships ended up on their backs headed in opposite directions just as both pilots brought them level in a half roll, and their positions were unchanged.

On and on that battle raged, with two feather-like little ships flown by two master pilots performing every maneuver known to aerial warfare. They hurled themselves across the sky like two darting dragon flies. They fought with the fury of mad things on wings. The roar of motors was a continuous snarling drone of rage.

Through it all, Russ was filled with an aching desperation. This hopeless battle was the climax in the series of disasters that had been his lot since he had come to Collins. There could be only one end. He would not harm Fred, and he could not fight him off much longer. That twenty-minute gas supply would soon be gone. There could only be one end—

No! Wait! There was a chance. With a flash of inspiration, Russ made a new move.

Ridgeway was above and ahead of him, coming at him in a straight dive. Russ flung his ship to the left and then to the right to spoil Ridgeway's aim. The biplane came zipping down across his tail and at that moment Russ went upward in another Immelmann turn. He completed his turn just before Ridgeway, who was performing that same altitude-gaining maneuver, finished his. Ridgeway finished up one hundred feet higher than Russ and was just turning his ship as Russ was flying level through the sky. As Ridgeway came right up Russ was two hundred feet back of him.

Once again Russ came up in an Immelmann and for a second it seemed that Ridgeway did not know where he was. He was searching the sky for him and just located him as Russ came right side up again out of that half loop—a hundred feet higher than Ridgeway, headed in the same direction, and on his tail.

Down went *Belinda's* nose. The airspeed meter needle went steadily upward to two hundred miles an hour. Ridgeway banked to the right, but *Belinda* came round to the right too. Now Russ was diving at Ridgeway's tail at an angle, scarcely one hundred feet from him and fifty feet higher. At that second he could have poured his bullets into the biplane and the fight would have been over.

Ridgeway banked desperately to the left this time, but Russ followed remorselessly. The biplane was twisting and turning on itself as if trying to chase its own tail. Russ, with his head over the side of the cockpit and the air streaming so terrifically that it fairly tore the breath from his nostrils, never faltered. Ridgeway zoomed in desperation squarely ahead of him. Russ zoomed too, flying with an infinitely delicate skill that took account of inches.

Thirty feet above him and twenty feet ahead of him was the tail of the biplane. Deliberately Russ eased back ever so lightly on the stick as his left hand cut the throttle. One second later, with a mighty crash his all-metal prop was chewing through the tail surface of the biplane. He wrenched *Belinda* to one side before anything but the top had struck the tail of the biplane. The monoplane tore loose as he went into a dive.

He looked back. Ridgeway's ship had been thrown on its back by the shock and was trembling and—with its tail surface ruined—completely out of control. The next second Ridgeway had fallen out of his cockpit and was shooting downward, falling head over heels. Then a splotch of white appeared against the ground and a second later Ridgeway was swinging below his parachute in great arcs. His ship, in a vertical nose dive, shot past him, missing him by less than a hundred feet, and started spiraling down. It hit the ground on the edge of the airdrome and a burst of flames rose as from a funeral pyre. Ridgeway's biplane was lost, but Ridgeway was safely on his way down. Russ fully realized this at the very moment his motor went dead.

"That twenty-minute supply of gas lasted just long enough!" he reflected exultantly.

Chapter Nine

FOR a moment the red-headed young pilot, joyful over the success of his desperate plan and once more full of hope, considered spiraling around Ridgeway and trying to make him understand. But he rejected the idea almost instantly. The all-important thing now was to see to it that nothing should mar the impression he had made on King Kieran and the gang watching below.

As luck would have it, that aerial battle had been concluded almost directly above the airdrome. Russ pushed *Belinda's* nose down as he cut the switch and sent the monoplane hurtling toward the earth in a maximum dive. It darted down through the sky and went curving round the airdrome at two hundred miles an hour. He banked it round three hundred feet back of the airdrome as Ridgeway reached a point five hundred feet above him. With full top rudder, Russ sent his ship sideslipping downward to kill his speed and altitude and was landing while Ridgeway was still three hundred feet up in the air over the airdrome.

Kieran, Coleman, and Jack were bounding toward him as *Belinda* came to a stop, and Kieran's grin had spread from ear to ear.

"Great work!" he bellowed as Russ leaped from his ship. "How did it happen?"

"I didn't want to shoot him—we've got to find out something!" Russ sent back as they ran for the spot where Ridgeway would land. "So I waited my chance to get him alive."

"Mr. Farrell, I doff the plumed chapeau!" roared Kieran.

He was like an exultant boy as they waited for Ridgeway, fifty feet above them. Russ felt a sinking sensation as Ridgeway neared them and he saw the glitter in his eyes and the strain in his face. Ridgeway looked as if he had had no sleep for days. His cheeks were sunken, there were deep lines cut from nose to mouth, the look in his eyes was not good to see. But Russ forced himself to forget his stabbing sympathy and play the game.

"Well, well, we're awaiting you with open arms," he flung at Ridgeway with a taunting smile. "Better thank your lucky stars we wanted you alive and not dead!"

His and Kieran's arms outstretched broke Ridgeway's fall, and Kieran skillfully unstrapped the parachute. For a second Russ's eyes were only a few inches from Ridgeway's, but Kieran was close, too. Russ tried to make Ridgeway understand by one wordless look but the overwrought flyer missed the meaning of that look. Ridgeway was utterly bewildered. Undone and lost. He gazed at Russ as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Russ!" he said, and in his voice there was a desperate effort to understand. "You. . . ."

Russ laughed shortly. "Me," he said gruffly. The red-headed flyer didn't know what to say next. He had a part to play—before Kieran's eyes.

"I thought I recognized you, up above," Ridgeway went on in a flat

voice, his eyes growing wide with hurt wonderment. "Then, I knew it couldn't be you. I thought—you—were dead."

Russ choked. Then quickly he controlled himself and forced a sarcastic smile.

"You looked square at me up there," he said coolly, "and then you proceeded to do your best to kill me. I could have killed you twice—but we wanted you alive."

Ridgeway looked at his friend uncomprehendingly. Then, slowly, the fact began to sink in his mind that Russ Farrell had indeed brought him down—brought him down in the midst of his enemies. That was dirty. That was crooked. Rotten.

SLOWLY the worn-out face flushed with rage. His eyes burned, and one fist involuntarily clenched.

"So you're just a quitter," he said with slow conviction. "An overgrown, conceited quitter."

"So you're just a crook," Russ mocked in return. "Just an ordinary crook."

"What do you mean?" Ridgeway barked.

"I mean Cragen told me all about you," Russ went on savagely. "How you and McCormick were fattening yourselves at the expense of Collins! And then you get me up from Texas on a measly day rate to help you. Use me for your crooked work, pay me a few dollars, and send me on my way with a pat on the back!"

Russ laughed harshly, sardonically. Ridgeway grew purple.

"You liar!" he cried. "You—"

"Can that stuff," Russ said brusquely. "Don't forget that you let me in for trial for murder—with nobody able to do anything for me!"

Ridgeway's face knotted in a snarl that was half pain, half bitter contempt. He swayed as he stood. He seemed past words, past even the power of thought.

But Russ could show no mercy.

"Now get this, Ridgeway," he snapped—"the past doesn't go for a thing! One false move out of you and you'll pay plenty. Come on, King, we'd better get him inside and clean up this wreck here, or everybody will know where we are."

"Right!" agreed Kieran exuberantly. "Sam, you and Jack and Tony and Charlie hide that wreck, get Russ's ship into the cave, and set up those bushes and trees around. All we gotta do is last until night. I'm radioing the ship as soon as we get inside."

"So they have a radio!" Russ said to himself. "This certainly is an outfit."

"Well, well, well, Mr. Ridgeway, glad to make your acquaintance. Maybe you'll join us now as Russ here did. There's always a job for a good man," chuckled Kieran as he and Russ fairly hauled the shaken flyer toward the cave.

Ridgeway said nothing. He passed one hand wearily over his forehead as if in an effort to think. Russ was divided between exultation in his success and longing to ease Ridgeway's heartsick depression. But he continued to play his role.

"There's a lot we want to know, Ridgeway," he said curtly as they went through the hangar room of the cave into that big inner room.

Ridgeway looked at him indifferently—looked listlessly round the cave. He didn't seem to have any particular interest in his surroundings. He was like a man who was physically very ill.

"How did you get here?" Russ demanded. "And how did you happen to hawk one of those amphibians last night?"

Ridgeway's heavy eyelids lifted. He stared at Russ as if even yet he could not believe that the red-headed young flyer had deliberately brought him down. Then his face hardened.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he said slowly.

"Yes!" Russ bit off. "And I'm going to know!" He took a step forward.

Kieran, his hands on his hips, was gazing down at the two of them with absorbed interest. There was a slight smile on his handsome face and he was scrutinizing them as if they were two unusual and interesting specimens he had collected.

"You're going to talk," Russ went on, "and you're going to be quick about it. We haven't time for any fooling. You'll talk or you'll be sorry!"

"Think so?" Ridgeway said still more slowly. "Well, even if I would talk ordinarily, I wouldn't talk to a double-crossing, yellow crook like—"

Russ took another step forward, summoning all his will power to do the thing that must be done. Then his fist shot out, catching Ridgeway on the jaw—and the swaying, exhausted flyer went down.

"None of your wise cracks," Russ spat viciously. "Who or what I am is none of your business!"

"Now, now," Kieran said quickly. "No fighting! Ridgeway, we can get along without any insults from you. Russ, you blow up too easy."

"I do, do I?" Russ retorted, grimly watching Ridgeway pick himself up.

UNDER his grimness, Russ felt sick. He hated himself for that necessary blow. To hit Fred, exhausted as he was, like that! But if there had been any doubt in Kieran's mind as to where Russ Farrell stood, it had been swept away by that blow.

For another ten minutes Russ threatened and taunted Ridgeway as he and Kieran tried to get him to talk.

"Let him rest a while," Kieran said finally. "Maybe he'll get sense."

They tied Ridgeway's hands and ankles and put him in a bunk. Within a minute he had fallen into a sleep of utter exhaustion. Russ looked down at him with a hard, inscrutable expression, but the red-headed flyer's eyes were blurring—Ridgeway's drawn, lined face wrung his heart.

Kieran had walked over to the table to light a cigarette. The others were busy outside clearing up the debris and camouflaging the airdrome. As Russ followed Kieran he felt weak and shaky; yet his mind was unusually clear and keen. What had happened back at the airport he didn't know. But of certain things he was now certain. One was that Kieran was undoubtedly the head of a gang of aerial outlaws whose main activity was smuggling diamonds that were thrown overboard from ocean-going vessels. Another was that Kieran's gang had been retained by powerful interests that were trying to ruin the present municipal airport of Collins. And a third was that Kieran needed for some purpose an unusually expert flyer and so had persuaded himself to take a chance on Russ.

"Not much to go on," Russ told himself, "but it's more than I knew when I first dropped in here."

Kieran grinned rather soberly at Russ as the young flyer joined him.

"Well, what's on the cards?" Russ asked.

"We'll know before long," Kieran told him and for once the blond giant was thoughtful. "Listen, want to throw in with us in the big game, Farrell? Like to have you."

"What do I do and what do I get?" Russ demanded.

"You'll do one easy little stunt, probably to-night, and you'll get rich out of it. When you've done the stunt, we'll all be off to South America. The boat will be ready before we strike and everything is set and in South America, my lad, in the oil fields there is something fixed up that will make us all rich. No kidding, Farrell, I'd like to have you."

Russ reflected with narrowed eyes. Then he slowly nodded. "It's understood, of course, that I'll hear no more of that murder charge?"

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Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

One of the new air provisionals issued by Tunis.

Above — Ireland's new stamp commemorating completion of the Shannon River dam. At left —Italy's air mail stamp honoring Ferrucci has been overprinted for use in her Aegean islands. Below—In memory of Vergil, born 2,000 years ago, Italy has issued special stamps. Above is 75 centesimi rose, showing a woman at a loom, children, and a calf. The inscription is from the Georgics.

THE George Washington 1932 bi-centennial series mentioned in this column in December—stamps that are likely to appear before the end of 1931—probably will comprise eighteen varieties ranging up into the dollars values. Artists are now preparing sketches and the Post Office Department will announce the designs in due time.

"We hope to show, in stamps, Washington as a youth, as a civil engineer, as commander-in-chief of the army, and so on through his life," according to Postmaster General Walter F. Brown.

Mr. Brown has inspected a Washington portrait owned for many years by the Westmoreland Club, Richmond, Virginia, and perhaps the picture will be adapted to one of the designs. Believed to be based on Charles Wilson Peale's portrait painted in 1787, it represents Washington as a Colonial officer about the time of the Braddock campaign.

Meiji

WHEN the famous Meiji shrine was dedicated in 1920, Japan issued two stamps showing how it would look when completed. Recently a tenth anniversary series appeared, in values of 1½ sen blue-green and 3s orange-red. These present the finished shrine.

A structure held in such reverence as twice to be commemorated postally must be important. From the March, 1921, issue of THE AMERICAN BOY, we quote:

"Thousands of members of young men's societies are erecting a $20,000,000 shrine in memory of Emperor Mutsuhito on the Yoyogi parade ground near Tokio. Mutsuhito was crowned emperor on October 31, 1868, and he took as the title for his reign *Meiji*, meaning 'Enlightenment,' or 'Enlightened Peace.' Thus the shrine now building is known as the Meiji shrine.

"Construction was begun in 1915. Young men of Japan have contributed time and labor, helping to put in place more than 19,000 pieces of Japanese cypress timber. On the ground surrounding the shrine is to be built what will be the largest stadium and athletic field in all the Nippon Empire, and this place will become the center of athletic life for Japanese boys."

Other Commemoratives

IT was not to be expected that an event so significant in the history of Abyssinia as the coronation of Ras Tafari Makonnen as emperor, on November 2, would pass without philatelic result. Seven commemoratives appeared—1, 2, 4, and 8 mehaleks and 1, 3, and 5 thalers—with designs symbolizing the development of this land sometimes called Ethiopia. These supplement those of last April when this ruler adopted the title Emperor Hayle Selassie I, and the series distributed in 1928 when he proclaimed himself *Negus* (King).

Italy's Ferrucci commemoratives, described last October, have been overprinted with the names of various Aegean possessions—Calchi, Calimno, Caso, Castellorizo, Coo, Leros, Lipso, Nisiros, Patmos, Piscopi-Rodi (Rhodes), Scarpanto, Simi, and Stampalia. Calchi and Coo are new to philatelic nomenclature. For use throughout these colonies the Ferrucci air stamps have been overprinted *Isole Italiane dell' Egeo* (Italian Islands of the Aegean).

Albania's new series, in eleven values with views and a portrait of King Zog I as the designs, commemorate the second anniversary of Zog's accession.

Argentina's revolution commemoratives, instead of comprising only two values as at first thought, are in denominations of ½, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 20, 24, 25, 30, and 50 centavos and 1, 5, 10, 20, and 50 pesos. The 50p is a new high value.

The centennial of the death of Simon Bolivar, South America's "liberator," brought a commemorative from Colombia, in addition to the countries mentioned last month.

The inscription "1920—15 XI—1930" overprinted on Danzig's contemporary 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, and 75 pfennigs, and 1 gulden stamps, is significant of the Free State's adoption of its Constitution on November 15, 1920.

Italy's series recalling the birth of the poet Vergil 2,000 years ago was described last August. These stamps have now reached the United States and one is illustrated this month. Surely they are among the most artistic of philatelic vignettes. The various Latin inscriptions are from the early Roman's works.

Among the first stamps of 1931 is a series commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of North Borneo. This jubilee set has as its designs the head of a native on the 3 cents green, an ape on the 6c orange, a warrior on the 10c red, a view of Mount Kinnbalu on the 12c blue, a leopard on the 25c mauve, and the coat-of-arms of the British North Borneo Company on the $1 green, $2 brown, and $5 claret.

The promised Polish commemoratives were a 1930 series, instead of being issued in 1931 as European journals had indicated. They appeared on November 12, a century after the beginning of an insurrection against Russia. The uniform design is Poland's White Eagle escorted by two bayonet-armed soldiers clad as were Poland's warriors in 1830. Values and colors are 15 groszy blue, 25gr red-brown, and 30gr red.

In Russia two oblong horizontal pictorials complete the Soviet five-year industrial program commemoratives. The 1 ruble deep indigo pictures the central telegraph building in Moscow, and the 3r green and black a new view of the massive buildings erected in memory of Lenin.

Air Post

ALBANIA'S promised new air adhesives, of transverse rectangular format, are in seven values and two designs, one view being that of a modern city and the other that of ancient ruins. King Zog's likeness is on each.

Finland must be added to the growing list of countries issuing special stamps because of visits by the German dirigible *Graf Zeppelin*. "Zeppelin 1930" has been overprinted on the current Finnish 10 marka.

On the occasion of the recent International Air Post Exhibition at Paris a 1 franc 50 centimes blue-violet commemorative was issued by France.

The Presidential Palace with a plane close to the dome is the design on the new airs of Honduras, in values and colors of 5 centavos orange-yellow, 10c carmine rose, 15c green, 20c violet, and 1 peso reddish brown.

Winter brought three new airs from Newfoundland. For short flights there is a 16 cents, showing a plane above a forest scene, with courier and dog-team in the foreground. For longer journeys there are a 50c, showing the Narrows, St. John's, with an old-time sailing packet in the foreground and a biplane starting on a trans-Atlantic flight, and a $1, reproducing a map on which is traced various historic flights from Newfoundland to Europe.

In Tunis, 1 franc 50 centimes provisional airs have been created by overprinting this value on the 1.30fr, 1.80fr, and 2.55fr of the 1928 regular series showing the famous old ruins of the amphitheatre El Djim.

Special Detail

(Continued from page 53)

"Of course," Kieran assured him. "Don't worry about that. Now, Russ, we won't know until the radiogram comes in later in the day whether you're to do your stunt to-night or not. We must be dead sure the boat's ready and waiting. If it comes to-night you're in for a big night's work. We'll have a little food and then get some rest."

A half hour later Russ was lying in a bunk, his mind seething with a thousand plans. Kieran and Charlie and Coleman were also asleep but Tony, his little black eyes alert, was sitting in a chair on guard. It seemed to Russ that every time he opened his eyes Tony's gaze was resting on him balefully. Finally nature took her toll and the weary young flyer fell into a dreamless sleep.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Russ awakened. There was no one in sight but somewhere up above them, through the ventilation opening, he could hear Kieran's loud tones interspersed with the lower voices of two other men. Someone was moving round out in the hangar room but no one was visible. Russ raised himself on one elbow and stared thoughtfully over at Fred Ridgeway in the opposite bunk, still lying as if in a drugged sleep. Then with another swift glance round to make sure they were alone, Russ got softly to his feet and walked over to Ridgeway. Leaning over him, he shook him again and again. At last Ridgeway opened his eyes.

"Don't say a word, Fred," Russ whispered, swiftly untying his friend's feet. "You woke up—you're hungry and I'm going to fix you some food."

Ridgeway's eyes widened. It seemed to Russ that there was a more normal look in them. They were not bloodshot and dull any more.

(To be concluded in the March number of THE AMERICAN BOY*)*

You *Can* Write Poetry!

(Continued from page 35)

Wichita, Kans.; Phyllis Chadbourne (15), Holliston, Mass.; Gyneth Chapman (15), Spokane, Wash.; Caroline Claiborne (16), Des Moines, Ia.; Margaret Conto (15), Leechburg, Pa.; Steven Crouse (17), Dundee, Ia.; Lee G. Crutchfield, Jr. (19), Richmond, Va.; Almeda B. Daffron (17), Sterling, Colo.; Draper Daniels (17), Morris, N. Y.; Mary Elizabeth Davis (17), Concord, N. H.; Vincent G. Dethier (15), Boston, Mass.; Ruth Derringer (14), Detroit, Mich.; Sydney Eckstone (18), Chicago, Ill.; Elizabeth Eustis (17), New Orleans, La.; Virginia Fowler (16), Indiana, Pa.; Milton Frahme (17), Irvington, N. J.; Carl Francis (13), Gervais, Ore.; Holland Freeman, Westfield, Mass.; Fred Frese (18), N. Y. C.; Robert Friend (17), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hans Fuhrmann (18), Los Angeles, Calif.; Ruth Ann Galbraith (16), Hamburg, N. Y.; Francis Gillette (14), New Haven, Conn.; Pauline Goodrich (16), Dowagiac, Mich.; Eva Greenberg (17), Cleveland, O.; Marjorie Hamner (15), De Land, Fla.; Carl A. Heist (16), Lakewood, O.; Helen Hendricks (17), Spirit Lake, Ia.; Dorothy Hope Hodgkinson (17), Piney Point, Md.; James D. Hoover (14), N. Y. C.; Marguerite Hurrey (16), Montclair, N. J.; Frances Claire Jacobs (16), Los Angeles, Calif.; Helene Jamieson (15), E. Grand Rapids, Mich.; Lillian Johnson (15), Bloomington, Ind.; John Keith (20), Grantwood, N. J.; Franklin R. Kuhns (17), Allentown, Pa.; Charmian Leigh (13), Highland Falls, N. Y.; Irene Lewert (17), Scranton, Pa.; Peter Lewis (20), Seattle, Wash.; Chester W. Lindblad (15), Peekskill, N. Y.; James V. Liotta (18), Cleveland, O.; Ruth Little (19), Bliss, Ida.; Arthur T. Lougee (17), Andover, Mass.; Margaret Madden (15), Springfield, Ill.; Barbara May (17), Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Robert Miller (18), Maumee, O.; P. Schuyler Miller (18), Scotia, N. Y.; Anne Claire Morrison (19), Newark, N. J.; Henry Mueller (15), Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Arthur Herrick Murphy (17), Cambridge, Mass.; G. McClaran (17), Palatka, Fla.; Richard McKirdy (18), Washington, D. C.; Lois Nelson (18), Hastings, Neb.; Audrey Lee Owen (16), Salisbury, N. C.; Margaret E. Pace (16), Denver, Colo.; E. Thelma Peat (18), San Francisco, Calif.; Margaret E. Peck (17), Des Moines, Ia.; Forrest C. Pogue, Jr. (18), Murray, Ky.; Richard H. Radelet (17), Juneau, Alaska; Tom Ratcliffe (17), St. Louis, Mo.; William S. Resnick (15), Scarsdale, N. Y.; Marjory Reynard (17), Santa Barbara, Calif.; Bob Richmond (15), East Orange, N. J.; Robert Riedel (18), Covington, Ky.; Emerson B. Riffo (14), Kalispell, Mont.; Mary Lewis Rucker (15), Greensboro, N. C.; Ruth Rulon (14), Cleveland, O.; Harrison S. Sayre (17), Schenectady, N. Y.; Merrill Shook (16), Amsterdam, N. Y.; Carl A. Stoher, Jr. (12), Gallup, N. Mex.; Marjorie Swarts (14), Hornell, N. Y.; Frederick L. Sweetland, Jr. (17), South Euclid, O.; Mary Trapp (16), Muskegon, Mich.; Howard Underwood (17), Lock Haven, Pa.; Herbert S. Waldron, Avalon, Pa.; Hamilton Wallace (16), Central, S. C.; Mary Walter (15), Flossmoor, Ill.; Mary Louise Ward (17), Lincoln, Neb.; Philip Wether (17), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; John S. Weld (16), Rockford, Ill.; Lionel Wiggam (16), Indianapolis, Ind.; Eleanor Wiles (15), West Medford, Mass.; Emma Wirzburger (16), Plymouth, Mass.; Margaret Wood (17), Albany, Ore.

Do You Know That--

AN AMERICAN once crossed the English Channel by letting a large kite pull his boat?

* * *

The U. S. Weather Bureau has raised a string of kites 11,080 feet in the air? They had to let out three miles of line to reach this altitude.

* * *

By using kites to record humidity, air pressure, temperature and wind velocity a mile in the air, the Weather Bureau can forecast changes in weather about sixteen hours earlier than they would otherwise? That's because wind changes occur about sixteen hours sooner a mile in the air than they do on the ground.

* * *

A homeless dog named "Owney" traveled around the world by himself? He was first taken in by postal clerks in Albany, New York. One day he followed the mail sacks to the station and accompanied them aboard the mail train. A railway mail clerk sent him back to Albany. "Owney" got into the habit of taking trips and to safeguard him, mail clerks tagged him. Soon the tags began to show that he had been all over the United States, up into Canada, and down into Mexico. He trotted aboard a steamship for Japan, reached Yokohama and was decorated by the Emperor. From there he went on around the world, eventually getting back to Albany!

* * *

In shooting at moving objects, you must aim not at the object but at the spot it will reach by the time your shot gets there? Target practice on moving objects such as tin cans thrown in the air, bottles floating downstream, or rocks swinging at the end of a string, is fun, providing you select a safe spot for your shooting. Shoot either into water, or into a hillside.

"HOME SWEET HOME" TO AN INDIAN

AN INDIAN'S right at home in an Old Town Canoe. Because Old Towns are built Indian-fashion. In fact, a number of Indians help to make Old Towns! No wonder these canoes are light but strong; and so easy to handle—just as the birch-barks were.

Talk it over with your side-kick, and get an Old Town—the nearest thing to what the Indians used. $70.00 up. Write for the catalog now. It shows paddling, sailing, and square-stern models. Also rowboats; dinghies; big, fast, all-wood, outboard family boats; and speedy step-planes. Old Town Canoe Co., 1272 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

"Old Town Canoes"

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Up and Up Again

First passenger on Atlantic liner: "You know I am a literary person, I have contributed to the Atlantic Monthly."

Second ditto: "You have nothing on me. On this trip I have contributed to the Atlantic daily."

A Short Story

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick.
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick.
Boy jabbed the mule; mule gave a lurch—
Services Monday at the M. E. Church.

Doesn't Seem Right

Tommy: "Isn't 'wholesome' a funny word, Father?"

Father: "What's so funny about it?"

Tommy: "Why, take away the 'whole' and you've got 'some' left."

Safety First

The following sign is posted by the roadside as you enter a western town:

4,076 people died last year of gas.
39 inhaled it.
37 put a lighted match to it.
4,000 stepped on it.

Gentle Irony

A young hostess rushed up to George Bernard Shaw and asked him what he thought of the violinist who had just played.

Shaw: "He reminds me of Paderewski."

Hostess: "But Paderewski is not a violinist."

Shaw: "Just so. Just so."

Frothy Stuff

He rushed wildly through the hall. His face was contorted. Foam dripped from his lips. Children leaped from his path. He looked like a man gone mad. Finally he shouted: "Say — can't a fellow even brush his teeth any more without the water being cut off?"

Grief!

It was the first real snowstorm of the year and the teacher felt it her duty to warn her pupils before she dismissed them.

"Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time of year," she began solemnly. "I had a darling little brother only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in, and in three days he was dead."

The schoolroom was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Then a voice in the back row asked: "Where's his sled?"

Right—or Right

Cop: "Hey, you can't do that!"

Driver: "Why not?"

Cop: "Well, a right turn is wrong—the left turn is right. If you wanna turn right turn left and then—aw, go ahead."

Circumlocution—or Something

A small boy just starting to school who could not pronounce his "r" correctly was asked by the teacher to repeat this sentence after her: "Robert gave Richard a rap in the ribs for roasting the rabbit so rare."

The boy replied, "Bobby gave Dick a poke in the side for cooking the bunny so little."

Fresh Milkmaid

"How is the milkmaid?" he said with a bow.

"It isn't made, sir—it comes from a cow."

Just Because

Giles: "Fine day, to-day, Jarge. Spring in the air."

Jarge: "Eh?"

Giles: "I said Spring in the air to-day."

Jarge: "Eh?"

Giles: "Spring in the air."

Jarge: "Why should I? Why should I?"

Say What You Mean

Pat was applying for a job at the blacksmith's. The smith agreed to try him.

"Listen," the blacksmith said, "I'm going to bring this horseshoe from the fire and lay it on the anvil; when I nod my head, hit it hard with this hammer."

Pat obeyed his instructions to the letter; the blacksmith never nodded his head again.

Modest

She: "You sure think you are good looking, don't you?"

He: "Well, no, but what is my opinion against that of hundreds of women?"

Fishy

There was an old fisher named Fischer
Who fished from the edge of a fissure
Till a fish with a grin
Pulled the fisherman in,
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fischer.

Mr. Birdlet: "It beats all, Hepsey, how stuck up some folks are these days. Now there's that young upstart, Mr. Snowbird, putting on airs because he lives in an old silk hat. Who is he, to look down on tomato cans?"

O'My

Traffic cop: "What's your name?"

Truck driver (haughtily): "It's on the side of the wagon."

Traffic cop (trying to read the name): "It's obliterated."

Truck driver: "Yer a liar. It's O'Brien."

Kneaded Dough

Mother: "Jimmy, what in the world are you feeding the baby yeast for?"

Jimmy: "He swallowed my dime and I'm trying to raise money."

Bear This in Mind

The bear went over the mountain to see what he could see. He saw 59 lemonade stands, 76 tourists' camps, 100 barbecues, and 3,000 automobiles.

You Dog!

Waiter: "Here's your shortcake, sir."

Sarcastic diner: "You call that shortcake? Take it out and berry it!"

Bad Break

"I had a dreadful fall last night."

"Tell me all about it, Tom."

"My wife was talking, I hung on every word, and then, and then—"

"Yes, yes, and then?"

"Her voice broke."

Old Song—New Note

"Whose was that oboe I saw you with last night?"

"That was no oboe. That was my fife."

But More Kidding Than When They Were Kids

When the old man failed to help his wife into the auto, she said:

"You aren't as gallant as when I was a gal."

He replied: "Well, you aren't as buoyant as when I was a boy."

Just Bubbling Over

Salesman: "These shirts simply laugh at the laundry."

Customer: "I know. I've had some come back with their sides split."

Well?

Tommy: "I wonder where all the pins go."

Jack: "Can't say. They're always pointed one way and headed the other."

Poor Fish

First Pelican: "Pretty good fish you got there."

Second Pelican: "Oh, it fills the bill."

Baby Talk

Lady: "What is your new brother's name?"

Little Jane: "I don't know yet. We can't understand a word he says."

A Ranch Dog Asks for Education (*Continued from page 32*)

nize the on-coming person as a friend. When a stranger approaches keep the dog right at your side; don't permit him to indulge in impetuous greetings. Don't let anyone whom your dog doesn't already know make a friendly fuss over him. Explain that the dog is being trained and that promiscuous visiting is bad. For that matter, don't permit anyone to overdo the business of flattering him.

"SOONER or later your dog will begin to call your attention when someone approaches. When he does that you will join with him in being interested—not forgetting to call him to your side and keep him there while you speculate as to whether or not it is a friend or stranger who comes. You may even talk to your dog at such times, just as you would to a child you were trying to impress with the ideas you want your dog to accept. Not that your dog will be much helped at first by your words, but hearing yourself put your thoughts into words will help you to express your attitude in a way that will be clear in its meaning to your dog.

"Now at eight months your dog is still in the kindergarten age. And you can best further his education by grounding him in a few simple things that every sizable dog should know.

"First and most important, teach your dog to come to you instantly—no matter what distracts him, see to it that he does come every time you call him. The use of a line will insure obedience at first.

"Next, teach him to stay put when told. Tie him to something and as you start to leave him tell him to stay there. Teach him to halt at your word, and to hold the position, waiting your next command. I teach this halt-and-hold lesson by stopping a dog from preceding me through a doorway. After I have passed inside or out I then call him to me. I also teach him to go ahead of me through a doorway on command; this is easy as he generally is willing to do that. When your dog has learned that you always come back and release him after he has been tied up and told to stay there he will be well on his way to feeling it is O. K. for you to be away from home.

"If your dog has shown any interest in retrieving a stick or ball take advantage of that, for by playing the fetch-it-to-me game you can plant the idea of willing obedience in his mind quite readily. When he has come to enjoy retrieving a stick or ball, teach him to stand or sit beside you after you have thrown the object for him to fetch until you command him to bring it to you. After that, take a stick or ball he has come to regard as a plaything and let him see you hide it where he can easily get it. Then take him a short distance and send him back to bring the object to you. This teaches him to go places at your request.

"Then let him know that you have hidden the object but don't let him see exactly where, though preferably the chosen place should be one of the spots where previously he has seen you conceal the object. Repeat this part of the game often, seeing to it that he is keened up to the idea that you both are having a whale of a time. Then, when the object may have been concealed in any one of several places where he has already found it, you may collaborate with him in the search by standing a short distance away and guiding him by word and hand signals, assisting him to locate the object. In these lessons you can teach him to climb. Once he has discovered that you are interested in helping him in his fun of finding the object he will look to you for guidance and thus learn in the most natural way to go here or there at your direction. As he advances in these lessons, command him to 'halt' and 'hold it,' waiting for you to let him know where he is to go from there.

"If I owned your dog, I'd concentrate on teaching him these things I've suggested—give all the time I could spare to it for the next two to four months. By that time he'll be well on the road to being a competent herder of cattle or of sheep or, indeed, of humans, if you want him to be a police dog.

"Don't worry about his picking up filth around the farm. That's a trick all puppies are prone to and he'll outgrow it in time. That is, most dogs do. But you'll do well to teach him not to indulge himself in that manner, as such teaching will advance his habit of obedience.

"When you have him on the line, be on the lookout and when he is about to pick up some dung give him a sharp one-syllable order not to touch it, and enforce your command by a quick jerk on the line. After that call him to you and let him see that you are not displeased with him, so that he may understand your displeasure was occasioned by his interest in the dung.

"The main thing in educating a dog is to keep him with you as much as possible, though it is well to teach him to stay contentedly tied whenever you are pleased to tie him. Any young dog that is constantly allowed to run at his own sweet will, whether in a village or about a ranch, will never become the satisfactory dog he might develop into if kept busy learning what we wish him to know, instead of being given a chance to learn goodness only knows what unpleasant habits. The smarter the dog naturally is, the more certainly he needs constant handling.

"I'll be glad to hear how you and Siegfried progress in your mutual education."

With that, I wound up, sealed Siegfried's course of study into an envelope, stuck on a stamp, and sent it off.

It's great to know dogs and their masters all over the country—and great to have this chance to introduce them to you.

Yours,

Larry.

Too Much If (*Continued from page 12*)

"This game," he said, "will be won in the second half."

Out on the court Parry held them together for a moment. "No excitement, fellows. We'll take this game if we hold our heads. Coe will get us the ball. Then we'll do things."

Then they were in position. Parry's hand went up in a signal for the play. A whistle shrilled. The ball was tossed.

The Oxford center jumped too soon. Coe, timing the ball nicely, tapped it over to Parry. The captain rose in the air to meet it. Instantly Phil was off down the court.

His guard went with him, but he left the guard behind. Parry's pass was true. Phil took the ball and instantly lined it to Coe who had come along with the play, and kept on toward the basket. Coe passed to Parry. Phil, spurting, knew just where Parry's pass would catch him.

But a blue form, leaping headlong, almost intercepted the pass. Phil caught his breath. Dutch! How had the Oxford forward got down so fast? Instinct told him that he was covered. There was no chance to pass to Parry. Yet he made the motion to pass. It was a feint. The next instant he tossed past Dutch's outflung arm in a shot for the basket. The ball missed, and came down off the back-board. It was Dutch who recovered it.

Arrowhead's man-for-man defense swirled into formation. Phil cut across the court to pocket Dutch. But the Oxford star, dribbling brilliantly, got past him. The Oxford cheering section broke out in a roar.

Parry came up to meet the flying threat, and Dutch passed. The next moment somehow, some way, he had sifted past the captain. The return pass came to him almost under the basket, and he flipped the ball aloft. It came down, rolled around the rim, and fell through the netting.

It was two points for Oxford, and Oxford's cheer shook the roof.

PHIL, going back into position for the jump and wiping his hands on his pants, was stabbed with a grim, shocking knowledge. Dutch was faster than he. Once more Coe got the ball, once more Parry leaped for it, once more Phil streaked away and shook off his guard. Taking Parry's pass, he shot it across the court far ahead of his flying partner. Drumming feet beat a rhythm almost at his side. Dutch again! This time the captain did not return the pass for fear that Dutch would intercept. And before he could loop one toward the basket an Oxford guard forced him outside.

It was Oxford's ball. The pass from the side line was to Dutch; and Phil, striving desperately to get in front of the Oxford star, was too late. Up the court Dutch went with that deadly dribble. This time Phil, running with everything he had, came abreast and reached out to take the ball. Dutch, swinging it nimbly aside, passed backward. And Atwell intercepted.

Arrowhead let loose a shriek.

Dutch and Phil, running almost side by side, came flashing down the court. Phil was on the inside, toward Atwell, and the guard was able to flip him the ball. Instantly he stopped short and, as Dutch overran, passed across to Parry. Then, as Dutch floundered in an attempt to recover, he was past him and headed for the basket.

Arrowhead's shriek became a scream, only to choke, and sputter, and die.

Phil knew what that sound meant. Dutch was upon him. He spurted. Ryan, who had taken the ball from Parry, chanced a pass. A brawny arm flecked out in front of Phil and batted it down.

There was a wild scramble for the ball. The whistle blew with Ryan and an Oxford man on the floor gripping the leather. They jumped, and the blue-clad form flecked the ball to Dutch.

Another wild dash up the court. This time Phil, straining forward, stole the ball from under Dutch's dribbling hand. He lined the ball at Atwell, and Atwell fumbled. An Oxford guard scooped the bounding leather and passed back to Dutch. Finding himself covered by Phil, Dutch made a lazy pass to a teammate, leaped to one side, and took the return pass in the clear.

It was wild, delirious basketball—the kind that most teams can keep up only for a few minutes. Both Parry and Phil concentrated on Dutch. Dutch grinned and passed over their heads to a blue figure. And Oxford had four points.

The teams came toward the center of the court. Ryan looked questioningly at Parry.

"Taking time out?"

The captain's eyes flashed to Phil. "No. Coach wants a fast game. When we rest, they rest." He fell into step

(*Continued from page 57*)

with Phil. "Stick to him," he said in an undertone.

Phil nodded grimly. Oh, he'd stick, all right; but in his heart the old doubts and questions had arisen. It seemed that it was going to be too much Dutch again.

Oxford got the tap. Again it was sizzling, breathless basketball. The blue team tried a little fast passing of its own, but Phil clung to Dutch and, without their wizard to pivot upon, Oxford was baffled. Finding that passing got no place, Dutch spun away on another dribbling advance. Phil ran him to the side line, and he passed just before one foot went outside. A moment later he got the ball again, and gambled on a long shot for the basket.

It almost went through. Striking the rim, the ball bounded high into the air. When it came down it was met with a wild scramble. Twice Oxford hands, securing possession, sent it up, and twice it missed. And then Coe recovered.

PHIL, hovering on the outskirts, had waited for just this. Turning his back, he ran. For a moment he heard the slap, slap, as the ball was passed. After that it was a bedlam of sound that drowned all else. Twenty-five feet from the basket he raised his hand, and looked back. Several things he saw in a glance—that the ball had gone almost to midcourt, that Dutch was coming like the wind, that Parry had already passed. And then ball and Dutch came on together.

He ran again to reach the ball. No time now to watch for Dutch. He took the leather against his chest and, with almost the same motion leaped and shot. That leap saved him, for Dutch was almost at his side. The ball curved, and fell, and dropped through the basket without touching the rim.

"One more step and I'd have had you," said Dutch.

Phil knew it.

Parry was crying tensely—"The ice is broken! Let's go!" But Oxford was keyed too high. Over at the press table sports writers whistled and wondered if such speed could last. At the quarter it was 7 to 4, Oxford. And the half found Oxford still leading, 14 to 9.

"Nice work," said Mr. Newton when they got to the locker room.

Nice work? Phil wondered. He saw Ryan slumped upon a bench—the guard seemed pretty well used up. His own throat was dry. He reached for water, and rinsed his mouth, and let just a little trickle down. He unstrapped his knee guards, kicked off his shoes, pulled off his stockings, and wriggled his hot toes gratefully. His back touched the wall. He stretched out and surrendered himself to the luxury of rest.

When it came time to go back to the court it seemed to him that he was miraculously reborn and refreshed, as though he had been able to call upon some untapped reservoir of strength.

"I told you," Mr. Newton said, "that you'd win this game in the second half. I say it again. And I want to ask two questions. Parry, were you in distress at the end of the half?"

The captain shook his head.

"You, Phil?"

"No, sir. I could have gone on."

"Dutch was winded. I watched him. Now!" The coach's voice snapped. "Go upstairs and take them."

A rejuvenated team took the floor—and met a rejuvenated Dutch. Flash, and he was here. Dribble, and he was there. Pass, and he was some place else. Up and down and across the floor he and Phil fought it out. At the end of ten minutes Oxford had four more points. But Arrowhead had four more, too.

"I thought this fellow was all in!" Ryan groaned.

The tap, on that play, went to Dutch. A pass, and he was off without the ball. A pass, and he had it again. The famous dribble started.

Phil, in hot pursuit, all at once found that Dutch seemed slow. He stole the ball from hands that had thwarted him time and again. His pass to Atwell was a little wide, but Atwell got it. And as he swung about and darted off, he was struck with something queer on the face of Dutch.

Subconsciously his mind dealt with it. Dutch would be after him, of course, but that look— He took the ball and sent it underhand to Parry. A swerve to the left and he was in toward the center of the court for the return pass.

Where was Dutch? He darted a glance over his shoulder. Why, Dutch had not caught up—Dutch was *behind*. He shot to Atwell and, almost under the basket, took the ball from the guard and sunk it for a score.

And then he knew. The face of Dutch was the face of a man strained and breaking.

"Only three points behind!" Parry cried.

Phil's lips moved. "If we can get the tap now—"

Arrowhead got it. All night Phil had clung to a fleeting ghost, and now he found the ghost trying to cling to him. He heard Dutch's panting breath. Once, in passing, he got his feet crossed. Dutch lumbered in front of him. He spurted and drew away. And then he was down under the basket, and the ball went through the net, and Dutch lurched into him, and leaned upon his shoulder, and breathed through a wide-open mouth.

"One more point," came from Parry.

Oxford called for time out. The blue team gathered around its star, and he stood with hanging head. Presently a substitute came out from the Oxford bench. Dutch, after a feeble protest, walked with shaking knees toward the side line. There he sat, a crumpled, huddled figure.

"What a fight he gave us," thought Phil, and his heart warmed with a great respect for a worthy foeman.

The game, though it still had many minutes to go, was over. Parry dropped one from the side, Coe tossed a one-handed counter, and Phil sunk a long shot from almost center court. Oxford, winded and weary, collapsed. Arrowhead had a ten-point lead when the gun ended the battle.

There was a rush for the doors. Phil, running with the crowd, found himself in an exit jam. Momentarily halted, he saw Dutch and a group of Oxford players just ahead. He wanted to pat Dutch on the back, to tell him it had been a great fight. The hand he put forth was halted by a petulantly complaining voice. Dutch's voice—

"If I had known they were going to train that way—"

"Coach wanted you to do some road-work," another voice said.

"But how did I know they were making a set for me? If somebody had told me—"

"They did tell you—"

"But—" Dutch's voice again—"if I was too fast for 'em last year—"

The jam broke, and the crowd moved on. Phil, getting through the door, went down the steps to the locker room with slow feet. A moment before Dutch had been a great player who had gone down to defeat in a great way. Now—

"There are all kinds of ifs," Phil told himself.

But that fretful voice continued to ring in his ears. If I had known—If somebody had told me—He was only vaguely aware of the riot of victory that was taking place in the locker room. A shoe banged above his head against a locker.

"Wake up, Phil," a voice roared.

He smiled, and waved a vague hand. Oh, why did Dutch have to spoil everything with those ifs? A flush crept up through his cheeks.

Mr. Newton came over and sat beside him. "Anything wrong, Phil? You don't seem to be getting much out of this victory."

"I'm getting my own kind of kick." The boy pulled off his shirt. "Somebody else iffed himself out of a game tonight. Just as—just as I almost did."

The coach was slightly puzzled. Then he smiled.

"But you didn't—and we won."

Phil nodded happily. Gratefully.

Do You Know That--

THE photographer, in photographing the sun, exposes his plate only one twelve hundredth part of a second?

* * *

North of the Arctic circle the northern lights are bright enough to permit you to go hunting at night?

* * *

In Samoa, the flowing lava from a volcano, gradually approaching a church, divided into two streams and left the church intact?

* * *

In 1907, Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, built a great kite that lifted Lieutenant Selfridge 168 feet into the air and held him there for seven minutes?

* * *

For the last thousand years or more, Dublin fishermen have been making their fish line out of horsehair? For trout they roll a line of three hairs; for smaller salt-water fish, a line of twelve hairs; for cod, eighteen or more.

* * *

Eskimo boys play a game called *Kaluf-e-tak-toe-it?* Each boy has two whalebone weights joined with a thong 28 inches long. One boy tosses his weights high in the air, and the others throw theirs with the object of entangling his. The boy who fails to register a hit has to drop out.

* * *

You can make a watch for timing races, out of a cord and a weight? Suspend an object weighing about a pound from a beam so that the cord measures just 39 1-10 inches from the center of the weight to the point of suspension. Then, each oscillation of the pendulum will take just one second, no matter how far it oscillates. If you're careful you can even measure half and quarter seconds by this method.

* * *

Sir Wilfred Grenfell, famous doctor to North Sea fishermen, with headquarters in Labrador, once saved his life by killing two dogs and making himself a fur coat with their hides? He and his dog team had fallen through the ice into the water, miles offshore. Adrift on a cake of ice, he made himself a queer, crooked pole from the bones of the dogs he had killed, tied his shirt to it, and by constant waving, finally attracted the attention of a man on shore.

* * *

A forest ranger once saved the life of an air mail pilot by a bit of quick thinking? It happened beyond Reno. The ranger saw the pilot futilely bucking a raging storm in the mountains. He saw the pilot turn back toward Reno. He knew that by the time the pilot got to Reno it would be pitch dark, and without lights on the field the pilot had little chance of landing safely in that storm. So he telephoned the airport, and when the pilot arrived there, he found the field ablaze with light.

Contents for February

Cover Painting by *Frank Spradling.*

Want to Go Fur Farming?

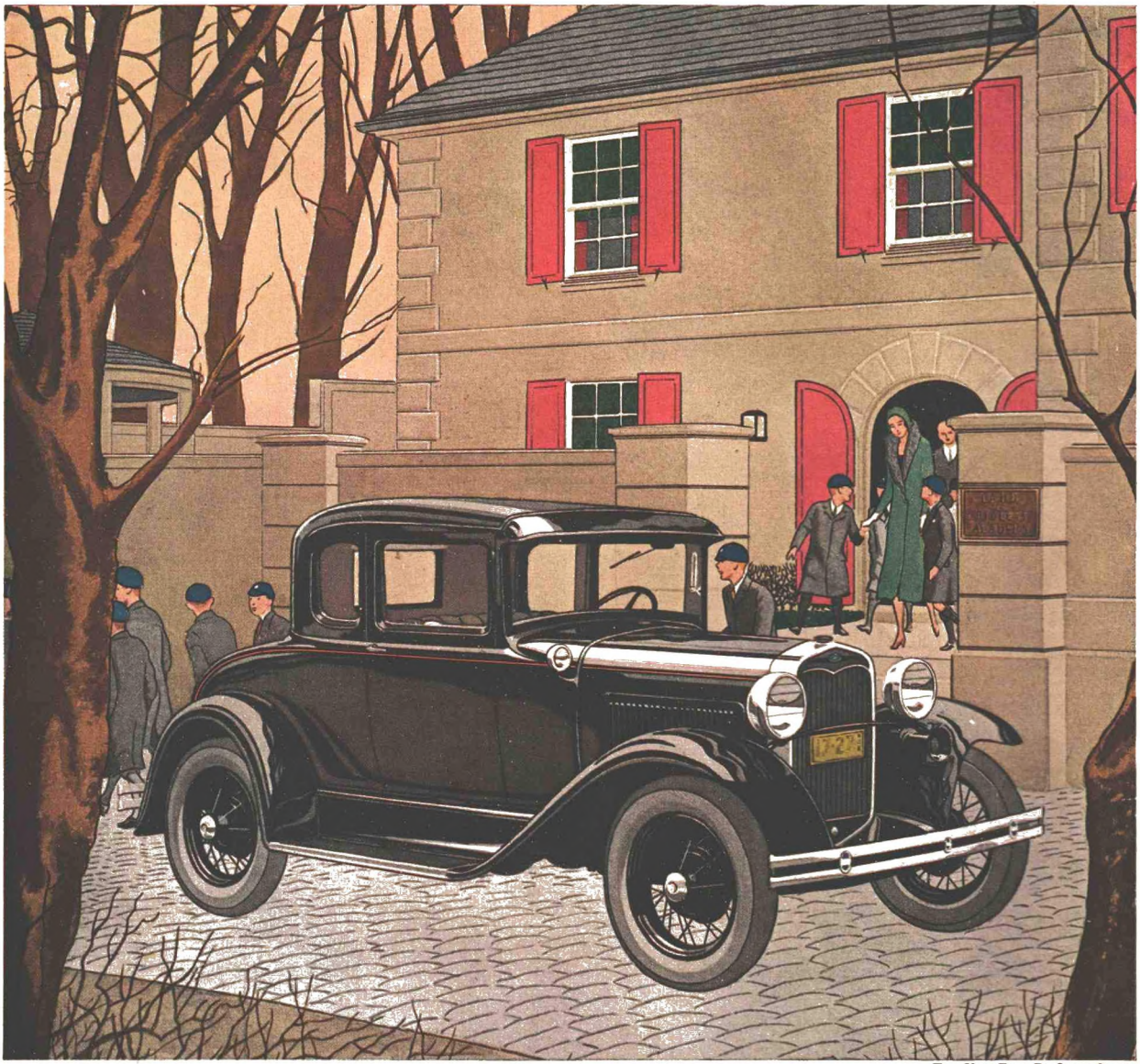
THERE are two treasure houses in Washington. One is the mint, where money is made; the other is the Government Printing Office, where a gold mine of information is stored. No matter what kind of enterprise you may decide to start, you're pretty sure to get reliable information about it in Washington.

For instance fur farming. Perhaps you've heard of the large profits to be made from raising minks or muskrats and selling the pelts. Maybe you've decided to become a fur farmer—nearly every boy has. Before you start, tap the treasure house at Washington for information.

For five cents you can get Leaflet Number 27, "Recommendations to Beginners in Fur Farming." Or Leaflet Number 8, "Mink Raising." Or "Farmers' Bulletin Number 869, "The Muskrat as a Fur Bearer." Just address your letter, money enclosed, to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

There's nothing like going into business with your eyes open.

The New Ford is an economical car to own and drive



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LOW FIRST COST, LOW COST OF OPERATION AND UP-KEEP, AND LOW YEARLY DEPRECIATION MEAN A DISTINCT SAVING TO EVERY PURCHASER

THE new Ford is a splendid car to own and drive because of its attractive lines and colors, safety, comfort, speed, reliability and long life.

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During the life of the car, the day-by-day economy of owning a Ford will amount to considerably more than the saving on the first cost. You save when you purchase the new Ford and you save every mile you drive.

Ford

Evidence of the economy of the new Ford is shown in its selection by large industrial companies which keep accurate cost records. Many of these operate fleets of fifty, one hundred and two hundred Ford cars and trucks. One company has eight thousand. The experience of these careful buyers is a dependable guide for you to follow in the purchase of a motor car. The reasons for the good performance and economy of the new Ford are simplicity of design, high quality of materials and care in manufacturing and assembling. Many vital parts are made to limits of one one-thousandth of an inch. Some to three ten-thousandths of an inch.

The more you see of the new Ford—the more you talk to Ford owners—the more certain you become of this fact. . . . It brings you everything you want or need in a motor car at an unusually low price. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.