The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
Founded 1827

FEBRUARY 1936

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COVER PAINTING, "HIDE-RACK", BY PAUL BRANSOM

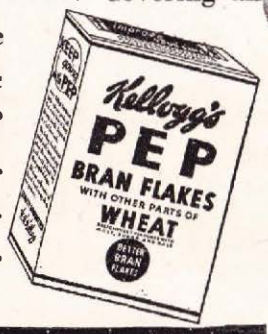
The Infra-Red Destroyers by Carl [illegible]

SO . . . YOU WANT TO BE AN ATHLETE

THERE are two things a boy must have to be a star in sports. First, he must know what to do. Second, he must have the energy to do it.

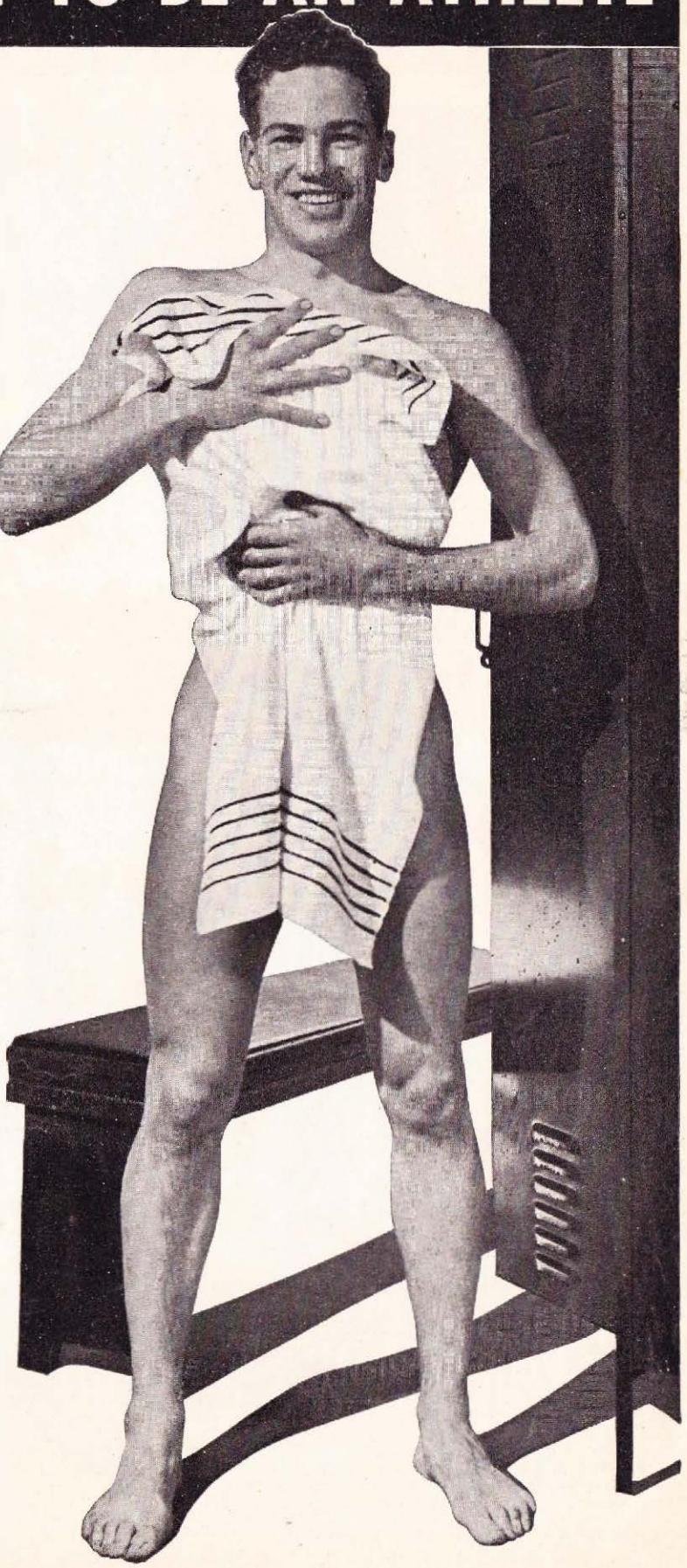
Here's your chance to get both these things. Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes are delicious with milk or cream. Crisp flakes of toasted wheat. Packed with food for energy. They digest easily. Release nourishment quickly. There's enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Every package has expert coaching printed on the back. The things you need to know. Covering all important games and sports. One panel free with every package you buy. Get Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes from your grocer. Always oven-fresh and delicious. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



THIS FREE COACHING WILL HELP

Expert coaches and players have written these important tips on popular sports. Men like Bill Tilden, Gene Sarazen, Buster Crabbe, Ward Lambert, Nat Holman. You get a free lesson in sport on every package of Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. Save the package panels. Collect a complete sports library. Your grocer has what you need to help you become an athlete.



Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES

It was eleven days later that the second meteor plunged into the town of Amityville. There was no crowding this story off the front page.

The Infra-Red Destroyers

by Carl H. Claudy

Illustrator: WILLIAM HEASLIP

Prologue

August 25, 1938.

THE radio room was bathed in an even light that filled all corners, dispelling every shadow. Yet to the elderly man wearing thick, dark glasses the room appeared filled with shadows—shadows menacing all that made his life worth living, shadows that threatened the peace of all mankind.

"I — I — it's marvelous — and — and terrible!" he gasped.

The tall, fair-faced scientist with the narrow eyes laughed in triumph, and Dr. Jurghens' laugh, at the moment, was not a pleasant sound.

"They are coming," he answered, "and I hold the key. Perry, it delivers the world—to us."

"But—but you can't *do* it! It would—it would mean thousands of deaths—why, the whole world might be wiped out!" There was passion in the old voice. "You can't accept—you mustn't."

The scientist laid down the book in which he had been recording numbers. Strange signals, filling the room with their faint buzzing, now ceased and the laboratory grew very still; still in its lonely isolation high in the New York hills; still with the threat that only two men in the world had heard.

"I *have* accepted," said Dr. Jurghens quietly. "If you won't join me, Perry, that's your misfortune."

The older man watched the scientist narrowly. If there was fear in his heart there was none in his face. "The kid is downstairs, you know," he said evenly. "Young Hertford."

"I do know. I can use *him*."

At the cold fury in the voice, and in the glare of the merciless eyes, the old man read that he knew too much. . . .

October 4, 1938.

A white-faced boy with a strained expression faced the jury as it filed in. The courtroom was very still. In a front seat a woman in black bit hard on a handkerchief stuffed between white lips, so that no cry would disturb the deliberations of the tribunal, or banish her from the tragedy she watched.

The lawyers for the defense sat nervously at their table. The prosecutor and his staff rested easily in their armchairs, content with what they had accomplished. With the evidence presented, only one verdict was possible.

The courtroom, drab and gray, was crowded with nervous witnesses, curiosity seekers, lawyers, professional jurymen, sensation-hunting women — the usual crowd that throngs a murder trial. On the bench a grave-faced judge waited in silence until the jury was seated.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

Useless question—why else would they return in two hours? Had they remained out a day or two the defense might have hoped for a hung jury.

"We have." The foreman's large Adam's apple moved rapidly up and down. Doubtless he felt self-conscious over his supreme moment in the spotlight.

"How find you the defendant — guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty, but we recommend clemency."

A strangled cry burst from the woman with the handkerchief. The boy took it on the chin. He was already pale to whiteness.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The judge was courteous, impersonal, remote.

"I am innocent, Judge. I swear I didn't do this thing! Oh, I know, the evidence is convincing—but circumstantial evidence has been wrong before! I tell you I did *not* kill him, I did not, I did not. . . ." His voice shook with passion.

Silence. Then:

"This court is not unmindful of the remote possibility that convincing circumstantial evidence may point in the wrong direction. And this court takes also into consideration the youth of the defendant

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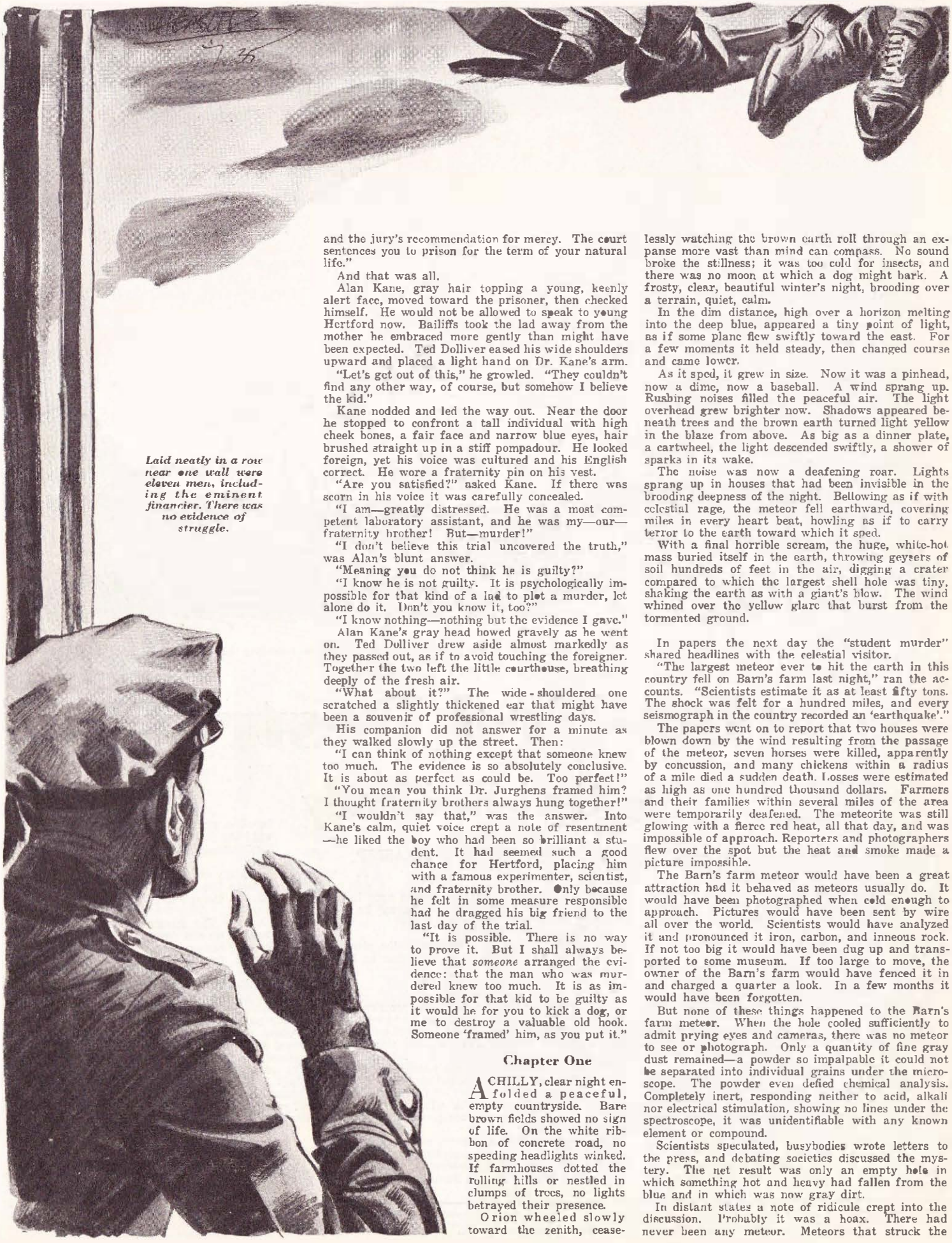


Laid neatly in a row near one wall were eleven men, including the eminent financier. There was no evidence of struggle.

and the jury's recommendation for mercy. The court sentences you to prison for the term of your natural life."

And that was all.

Alan Kane, gray hair topping a young, keenly alert face, moved toward the prisoner, then checked himself. He would not be allowed to speak to young Hertford now. Bailiffs took the lad away from the mother he embraced more gently than might have been expected. Ted Dolliver eased his wide shoulders upward and placed a light hand on Dr. Kane's arm.

"Let's get out of this," he growled. "They couldn't find any other way, of course, but somehow I believe the kid."

Kane nodded and led the way out. Near the door he stopped to confront a tall individual with high cheek bones, a fair face and narrow blue eyes, hair brushed straight up in a stiff pompadour. He looked foreign, yet his voice was cultured and his English correct. He wore a fraternity pin on his vest.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Kane. If there was scorn in his voice it was carefully concealed.

"I am—greatly distressed. He was a most competent laboratory assistant, and he was my—our—fraternity brother! But—murder!"

"I don't believe this trial uncovered the truth," was Alan's blunt answer.

"Meaning you do not think he is guilty?"

"I know he is not guilty. It is psychologically impossible for that kind of a lad to plot a murder, let alone do it. Don't you know it, too?"

"I know nothing—nothing but the evidence I gave."

Alan Kane's gray head bowed gravely as he went on. Ted Dolliver drew aside almost markedly as they passed out, as if to avoid touching the foreigner. Together the two left the little courthouse, breathing deeply of the fresh air.

"What about it?" The wide-shouldered one scratched a slightly thickened ear that might have been a souvenir of professional wrestling days.

His companion did not answer for a minute as they walked slowly up the street. Then:

"I can think of nothing except that someone knew too much. The evidence is so absolutely conclusive. It is about as perfect as could be. Too perfect!"

"You mean you think Dr. Jurghens framed him? I thought fraternity brothers always hung together!"

"I wouldn't say that," was the answer. Into Kane's calm, quiet voice crept a note of resentment—he liked the boy who had been so brilliant a student. It had seemed such a good chance for Hertford, placing him with a famous experimenter, scientist, and fraternity brother. Only because he felt in some measure responsible had he dragged his big friend to the last day of the trial.

"It is possible. There is no way to prove it. But I shall always believe that *someone* arranged the evidence: that the man who was murdered knew too much. It is as impossible for that kid to be guilty as it would be for you to kick a dog, or me to destroy a valuable old hook. Someone 'framed' him, as you put it."

Chapter One

A CHILLY, clear night enfolded a peaceful, empty countryside. Bare brown fields showed no sign of life. On the white ribbon of concrete road, no speeding headlights winked. If farmhouses dotted the rolling hills or nestled in clumps of trees, no lights betrayed their presence.

Orion wheeled slowly toward the zenith, ceaselessly watching the brown earth roll through an expanse more vast than mind can compass. No sound broke the stillness; it was too cold for insects, and there was no moon at which a dog might bark. A frosty, clear, beautiful winter's night, brooding over a terrain, quiet, calm.

In the dim distance, high over a horizon melting into the deep blue, appeared a tiny point of light, as if some plane flew swiftly toward the east. For a few moments it held steady, then changed course and came lower.

As it sped, it grew in size. Now it was a pinhead, now a dime, now a baseball. A wind sprang up. Rushing noises filled the peaceful air. The light overhead grew brighter now. Shadows appeared beneath trees and the brown earth turned light yellow in the blaze from above. As big as a dinner plate, a cartwheel, the light descended swiftly, a shower of sparks in its wake.

The noise was now a deafening roar. Lights sprang up in houses that had been invisible in the brooding deepness of the night. Bellowing as if with celestial rage, the meteor fell earthward, covering miles in every heart beat, howling as if to carry terror to the earth toward which it sped.

With a final horrible scream, the huge, white-hot mass buried itself in the earth, throwing geysers of soil hundreds of feet in the air, digging a crater compared to which the largest shell hole was tiny, shaking the earth as with a giant's blow. The wind whined over the yellow glare that burst from the tormented ground.

In papers the next day the "student murder" shared headlines with the celestial visitor.

"The largest meteor ever to hit the earth in this country fell on Barn's farm last night," ran the accounts. "Scientists estimate it as at least fifty tons. The shock was felt for a hundred miles, and every seismograph in the country recorded an 'earthquake'."

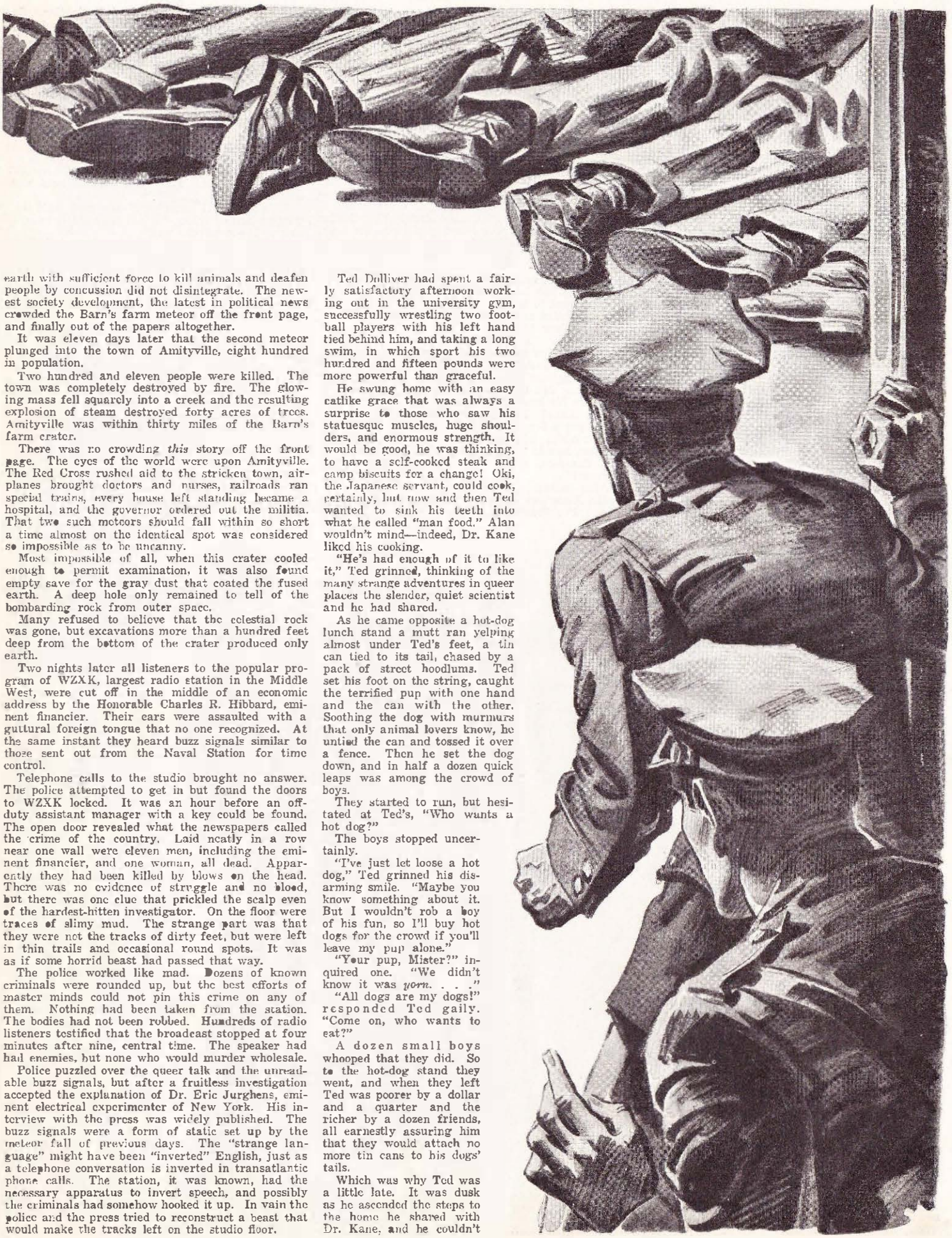
The papers went on to report that two houses were blown down by the wind resulting from the passage of the meteor, seven horses were killed, apparently by concussion, and many chickens within a radius of a mile died a sudden death. Losses were estimated as high as one hundred thousand dollars. Farmers and their families within several miles of the area were temporarily deafened. The meteorite was still glowing with a fierce red heat, all that day, and was impossible of approach. Reporters and photographers flew over the spot but the heat and smoke made a picture impossible.

The Barn's farm meteor would have been a great attraction had it behaved as meteors usually do. It would have been photographed when cold enough to approach. Pictures would have been sent by wire all over the world. Scientists would have analyzed it and pronounced it iron, carbon, and inneous rock. If not too big it would have been dug up and transported to some museum. If too large to move, the owner of the Barn's farm would have fenced it in and charged a quarter a look. In a few months it would have been forgotten.

But none of these things happened to the Barn's farm meteor. When the hole cooled sufficiently to admit prying eyes and cameras, there was no meteor to see or photograph. Only a quantity of fine gray dust remained—a powder so impalpable it could not be separated into individual grains under the microscope. The powder even defied chemical analysis. Completely inert, responding neither to acid, alkali nor electrical stimulation, showing no lines under the spectroscope, it was unidentifiable with any known element or compound.

Scientists speculated, busybodies wrote letters to the press, and debating societies discussed the mystery. The net result was only an empty hole in which something hot and heavy had fallen from the blue and in which was now gray dirt.

In distant states a note of ridicule crept into the discussion. Probably it was a hoax. There had never been any meteor. Meteors that struck the



earth with sufficient force to kill animals and deafen people by concussion did not disintegrate. The newest society development, the latest in political news crowded the Barn's farm meteor off the front page, and finally out of the papers altogether.

It was eleven days later that the second meteor plunged into the town of Amityville, eight hundred in population.

Two hundred and eleven people were killed. The town was completely destroyed by fire. The glowing mass fell squarely into a creek and the resulting explosion of steam destroyed forty acres of trees. Amityville was within thirty miles of the Barn's farm crater.

There was no crowding *this* story off the front page. The eyes of the world were upon Amityville. The Red Cross rushed aid to the stricken town, airplanes brought doctors and nurses, railroads ran special trains, every house left standing became a hospital, and the governor ordered out the militia. That two such meteors should fall within so short a time almost on the identical spot was considered so impossible as to be uncanny.

Most impossible of all, when this crater cooled enough to permit examination, it was also found empty save for the gray dust that coated the fused earth. A deep hole only remained to tell of the bombarding rock from outer space.

Many refused to believe that the celestial rock was gone, but excavations more than a hundred feet deep from the bottom of the crater produced only earth.

Two nights later all listeners to the popular program of WZXK, largest radio station in the Middle West, were cut off in the middle of an economic address by the Honorable Charles R. Hibbard, eminent financier. Their ears were assaulted with a guttural foreign tongue that no one recognized. At the same instant they heard buzz signals similar to those sent out from the Naval Station for time control.

Telephone calls to the studio brought no answer. The police attempted to get in but found the doors to WZXK locked. It was an hour before an off-duty assistant manager with a key could be found. The open door revealed what the newspapers called the crime of the country. Laid neatly in a row near one wall were eleven men, including the eminent financier, and one woman, all dead. Apparently they had been killed by blows on the head. There was no evidence of struggle and no blood, but there was one clue that prickled the scalp even of the hardest-hitten investigator. On the floor were traces of slimy mud. The strange part was that they were not the tracks of dirty feet, but were left in thin trails and occasional round spots. It was as if some horrid beast had passed that way.

The police worked like mad. Dozens of known criminals were rounded up, but the best efforts of master minds could not pin this crime on any of them. Nothing had been taken from the station. The bodies had not been robbed. Hundreds of radio listeners testified that the broadcast stopped at four minutes after nine, central time. The speaker had had enemies, but none who would murder wholesale.

Police puzzled over the queer talk and the unreadable buzz signals, but after a fruitless investigation accepted the explanation of Dr. Eric Jurghens, eminent electrical experimenter of New York. His interview with the press was widely published. The buzz signals were a form of static set up by the meteor fall of previous days. The "strange language" might have been "inverted" English, just as a telephone conversation is inverted in transatlantic phone calls. The station, it was known, had the necessary apparatus to invert speech, and possibly the criminals had somehow hooked it up. In vain the police and the press tried to reconstruct a beast that would make the tracks left on the studio floor.

Ted Dolliver had spent a fairly satisfactory afternoon working out in the university gym, successfully wrestling two football players with his left hand tied behind him, and taking a long swim, in which sport his two hundred and fifteen pounds were more powerful than graceful.

He swung home with an easy catlike grace that was always a surprise to those who saw his statuesque muscles, huge shoulders, and enormous strength. It would be good, he was thinking, to have a self-cooked steak and camp biscuits for a change! Oki, the Japanese servant, could cook, certainly, but now and then Ted wanted to sink his teeth into what he called "man food." Alan wouldn't mind—indeed, Dr. Kane liked his cooking.

"He's had enough of it to like it," Ted grinned, thinking of the many strange adventures in queer places the slender, quiet scientist and he had shared.

As he came opposite a hot-dog lunch stand a mutt ran yelping almost under Ted's feet, a tin can tied to its tail, chased by a pack of street hoodlums. Ted set his foot on the string, caught the terrified pup with one hand and the can with the other. Soothing the dog with murmurs that only animal lovers know, he untied the can and tossed it over a fence. Then he set the dog down, and in half a dozen quick leaps was among the crowd of boys.

They started to run, but hesitated at Ted's, "Who wants a hot dog?"

The boys stopped uncertainly.

"I've just let loose a hot dog," Ted grinned his disarming smile. "Maybe you know something about it. But I wouldn't rob a boy of his fun, so I'll buy hot dogs for the crowd if you'll leave my pup alone."

"Your pup, Mister?" inquired one. "We didn't know it was *yorn*. . . ."

"All dogs are my dogs!" responded Ted gaily. "Come on, who wants to eat?"

A dozen small boys whooped that they did. So to the hot-dog stand they went, and when they left Ted was poorer by a dollar and a quarter and the richer by a dozen friends, all earnestly assuring him that they would attach no more tin cans to his dogs' tails.

Which was why Ted was a little late. It was dusk as he ascended the steps to the home he shared with Dr. Kane, and he couldn't

see very plainly in the gloom of the hallway. He heard scuffling noises, however, and discovered that a stranger was silently struggling with Alan Kane. Ted reached out one predatory hand, plucked the offender away from his friend as he might a kitten, and held him, struggling, in an iron grip.

"What's up, Alan?" he inquired quietly.

"Oh, let me in, let me in—it's after me, it's after me! Please, please, Mister, let me in. . . ." The man sobbed incoherently.

"Let you in where? What's after you?" inquired Ted, puzzled.

But no intelligible answer could he get, only moans, terrified cries and, "Let me in, let me in, it's right *there*, after me. . . ."

"Bring him in and let's find out," suggested Alan.

Wrinkling his nose at a strong smell of alcohol Ted ushered the terrified man into the peaceful, homelike study.

"Now you *are* in—stop crying! Alan, tell me what happened."

"Nothing to tell. Heard something beating on the door, went to it, and this person dived at me, trying to get in apparently, although I thought he wanted to play football. You came at the right moment." Alan looked rather ruefully at his slender physique. "I wish *I* could manhandle assailants as you can, Ted."

"Well, what have *you* got to say? What's it all about?" Ted looked narrowly at the man he had brought into the house. Nondescript clothes, a foreign face, a workman by his hands and faded blue shirt. "You look harmless enough!"

The man looked wildly around the room, then at his captors, tried the door, then gasped once or twice.

"I'm—I'm sorry. I—I was frightened."

"I guessed that!" observed Ted drily. "Do you *always* try to commit mayhem and burglary when you're scared?"

"Huh? I didn't commit anything. I . . . I was walking alone, quietlike, going home. I had just had a drink. Then—then someone grabbed me. From behind. A lotta big hands on my necktie. I jumps. I got away. I ran. Twice more I felt them grab me and, Mister, believe it or not, *there was nothing there!*"

"You mean you didn't see them," corrected Alan.

"I don't. I mean there wasn't nothing. No man or beast or nothing . . . just a ghost! It was light, plain as day. They grabbed me and I ran and—and tried to get in 'cause there was a light in the window. What you going to do to me?"

"Imagine the one drink was ten," said Ted to Alan. "Let him go?"

Alan nodded. Ted led the shivering man to the door and shoved him out. He didn't want to leave. There was a strong odor of whiskey in the vestibule when Ted closed the door after him.

"He ran up the street as if he were still frightened." Alan turned from the windows as Ted came in. "Queer, isn't it?"

"Queer whiskey some of these chaps drink!" scoffed Ted.

"Perhaps, but the papers, and life generally, are full of queer things these days."

"You mean the meteors?"

"Yes, and also Jurghens' explanation of the radio murder." Alan's voice was crisp. "His explanation of the buzz signals doesn't make sense."

There was scorn in Alan's voice. Ted grinned. "There you go, sneering at a fraternity brother again!" he laughed. "The explanation sounded all right to me."

"Jurghens is smart," Alan snapped. "He was smart when we lived together at school. His explanation was intended to sound all right to the dumbbells of this world, but it's arrant nonsense. Now, *why* should he rush into print with such an asinine statement?"

"Reporter got it wrong, maybe," Ted said indifferently.

Kane thought over the peculiar circumstances of a learned man talking nonsense for popular consumption until Ted interrupted him with, "What say we eat, camp style?"

That night the third meteor fell, completely destroying the town of Booneton, taking 107 lives.

Booneton is 387 miles east of Amityville and 11 miles south of University City.

Chapter Two

"GENTLEMAN see Dr. Kane." Oki bowed ceremoniously from the hips.

"Who is it, Oki?" Alan Kane stretched his slender length in his easy chair and put down his book. From the couch Ted Dolliver swore softly under his breath. He didn't like to be disturbed in his after-dinner loaf.

"Gentleman newspaper, come talk," answered Oki.

"Oh, tell him Dr. Kane is out!" snapped Ted. "He doesn't want to be bothered."

Alan smiled at his friend. "I can guess what he wants. Show him in, Oki."

"Oh, well." Ted got up slowly.

"Don't bother to move, mastodon," Alan said cheerfully. "He just wants my views on the meteors."

A young man followed swiftly on Oki's heels into the room. His thin lips wore a determined expression. In his hand was a package.

"Dr. Kane? I'm Humphrey of the *News*. May I ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly. Sit, won't you? This is Mr. Dolliver."

"Seen him in the university gym—Hercules, Ajax and Sampson, rolled into one. Dr. Kane, these meteors!"

Alan waited.

Mr. Humphrey abruptly held forth his paper package. "I've found something," he said. "I wasn't satisfied with the story or the investigation. So I did some rooting around in the Booneton crater and found—this!" He unwrapped the paper. "I don't know what it is and the chief says I'm crazy to think there is a story in it. Says it's just a piece of ash. I think he's all wet."

Alan interestedly picked up the proffered object. It was perhaps eight inches long, half as thick, and of an indeterminate shape. It was a dark gray, shot with black, and crumbled slightly at his touch. It had a feel of unreality, but Alan was enough of a psychologist to discount this. His knowledge that the object might have come unknown millions of miles from the depths of space probably accounted for the sensation. But the reporter's next words made him pause.

"Seems unreal, somehow," the man said in a puzzled tone of voice. "I just can't see it twice the same. It—it bothers me!"

Dr. Kane looked at the reporter, then at Ted. His expression grew very serious. His precise mind rebelled at the thought that an object could change shape in one's hand.

"Looks like volcanic ash. Silicon, perhaps some iron and aluminum. I couldn't tell until I analyzed it," answered Alan.

"I don't mean that. Let me show you."

There was strained eagerness in the reporter's voice. He laid the object on the study table under the lamp, turned it this way and that. "Look at it from here—half close your eyes!" he suggested.

Alan stood beside him and squinted at the object. "Hm!" he said slowly. "Take a look, Ted?"

Ted rose lazily and stretched before he joined the two. He also squinted, and as he looked the indefinite outlines momentarily took on sharper angles.

"Looks like the remains of a gear wheel," he said. "What of it?"

Alan raised a grave face. "Much, if true. But of course, it might be merely a chance resemblance." He became lost in thought as he peered at the unreal gray blob under the study lamp. Gear teeth! Could there be a machine shop somewhere in outer space? Finally he turned to the reporter.

"Will you leave it with me? I'll think it over. Maybe there *is* a story in it."

"Tomorrow?" suggested Humphrey. "The story is hot, now. It'll be a dead cat in a short time."

"Not if that exhibit is what it might be," answered Alan emphatically. "Yes, come back tomorrow."

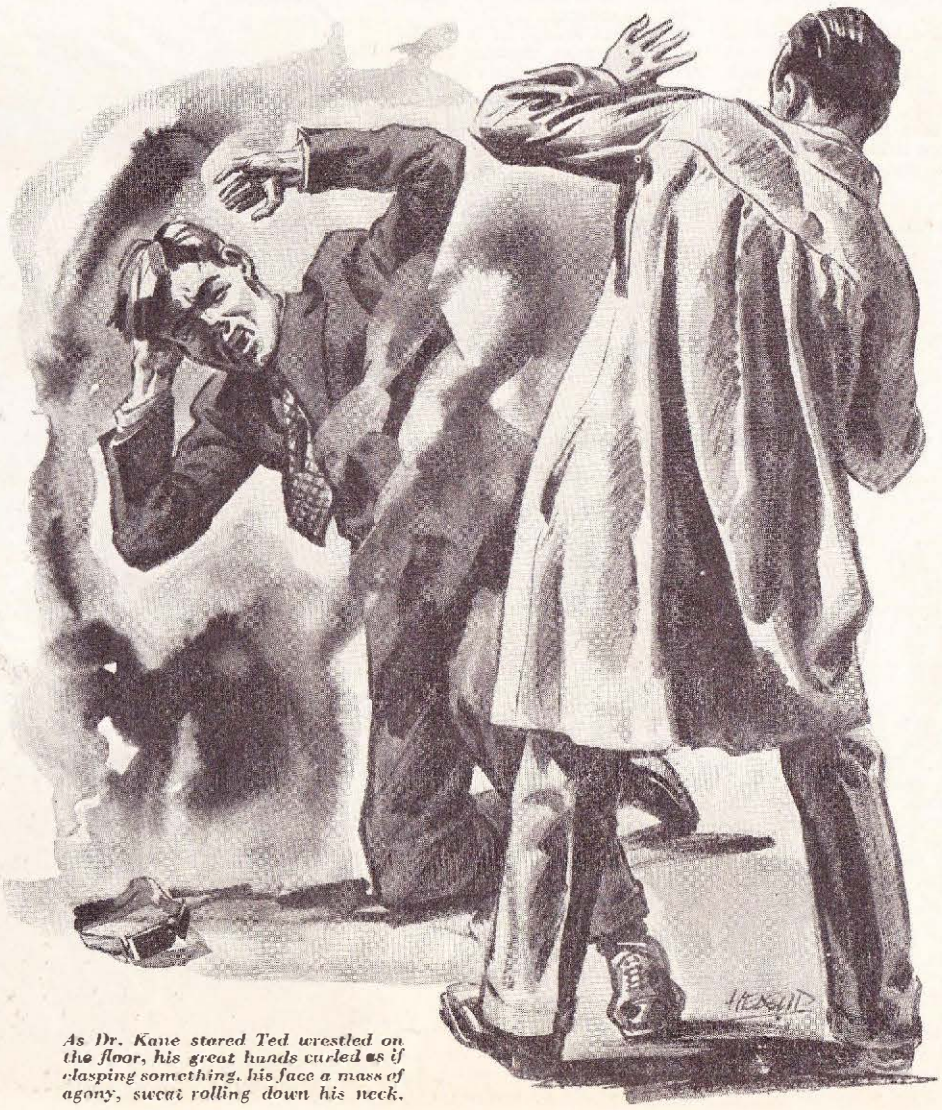
The reporter took his leave. Alan spent the evening looking at the object while Ted read magazines and yawned.

Next morning's paper carried the shocking news that Gordon Humphrey, star reporter of the *News*, had been most foully murdered on his way home from his night's work. There was no clue to the murderer, no fingerprints, no weapon. The reporter had apparently been struck down by a sandbag. His skull was fractured and the authorities concluded that he must have died instantly.

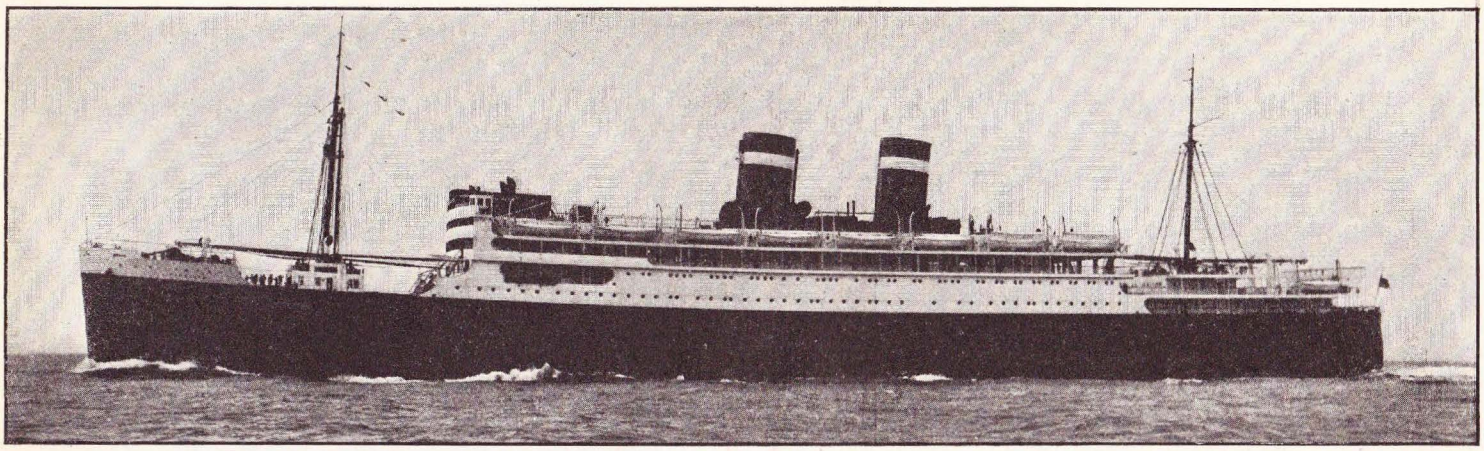
The puzzling feature of the case was that four creditable witnesses saw him hurrying away from the *News* Building. Suddenly he staggered and fell. The witnesses swore that no one was within a hundred feet of him at that instant. A thrown object might have hit him, of course, but where was the object?

Humphrey was well enough known in newspaper circles so that his untimely passing was a national story, but the event was wiped off the front pages almost immediately. The fourth meteor fell in open country, killing no one, but stunning inhabitants for miles around and making an

(Continued on page 31)



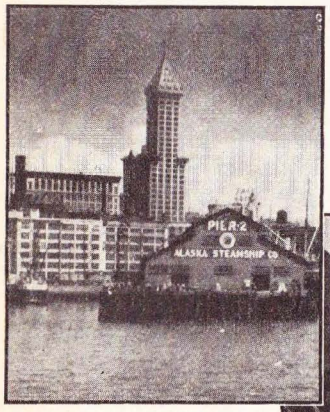
As Dr. Kane stared Ted wrestled on the floor, his great hands curled as if clasping something, his face a mass of agony, sweat rolling down his neck.



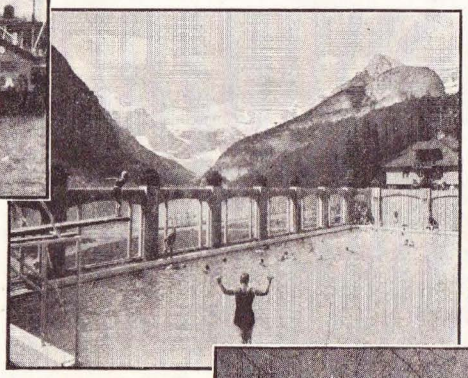
Here's the liner that will take you vagabonding down the Pacific and through the Canal to the Spanish Main!

Going Round America!

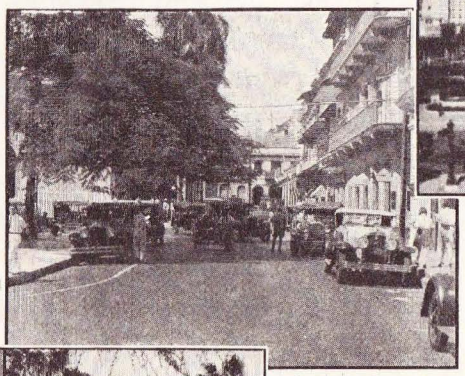
Spend Your Vacation on a Vagabond Trip Under American Boy Sponsorship



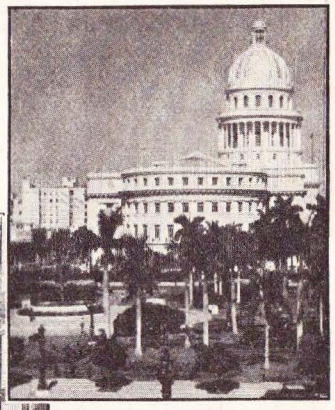
Alaska Cruisers will leave Pier 2 for the Inside Passage.



Coming home, you'll splash in the heated pool at Lake Louise!



Ancient Panama, city of romance!



You'll go sightseeing in Cuba's lovely capital.

THIS summer a ship will steam into the port of Panama and unload an eager, adventurous party of American Boy readers. These readers will go sightseeing through the bustling, palm-lined streets of this tropical city.

They will take a road out of the city to a spot a few miles away, where stands the vine-covered ruin of an ancient tower. A peaceful spot now. Yet this old tower is a monument to a grim, heroic page in the history of the Spanish Main. It is all that is left of the ancient city of Panama, captured and destroyed by Captain Henry Morgan in 1670-71.

American Boy readers will be standing on the very ground that was drenched by the blood of buccaneers and terrified Spanish civilians 265 years ago. *You* may stand on this ground, too, and recreate the grim, tattered mob that stormed the defenses of the richest city in the West Indies.

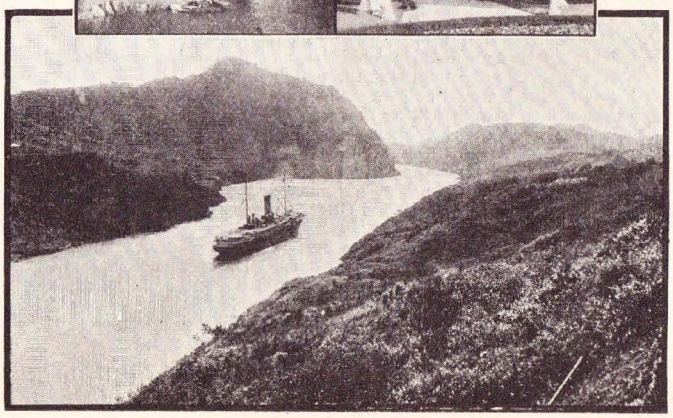
Panama, Alaska, a summer camp on beautiful Puget Sound. . . . Any one of these vacations—or all of them—may be yours if you decide to go on one of the Cruises offered by The American Boy this summer. Non-profit, low-cost Cruises that give you, under competent leadership, a thrilling combination of train travel, sightseeing, summer camping, and ocean vagabonding.

Read the brief itineraries at the end of this article. Then write the Cruise Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich., enclosing a three-cent stamp to cover postage and mailing costs, and ask for the Cruise folder describing eight Expeditions, any one of which will give you a memorable vacation this summer.

But first, listen to the story of how Captain Henry Morgan captured Panama, so that when you set foot on the site of the ancient city the battle will live again in your mind. . . .

Round-America Cruisers will see Central Park.

You'll stroll down palm avenues in Los Angeles.



Through famed Culebra Cut with The American Boy!

When Morgan took Porto Bello in 1668, the President of Panama, a fine gentleman with a sense of humor, sent a message to the stocky, blunt Englishman — a message with a note of reluctant admiration in it.

"Tell me," the message went, "with what weapons did you capture so strong a fortress as Porto Bello?"

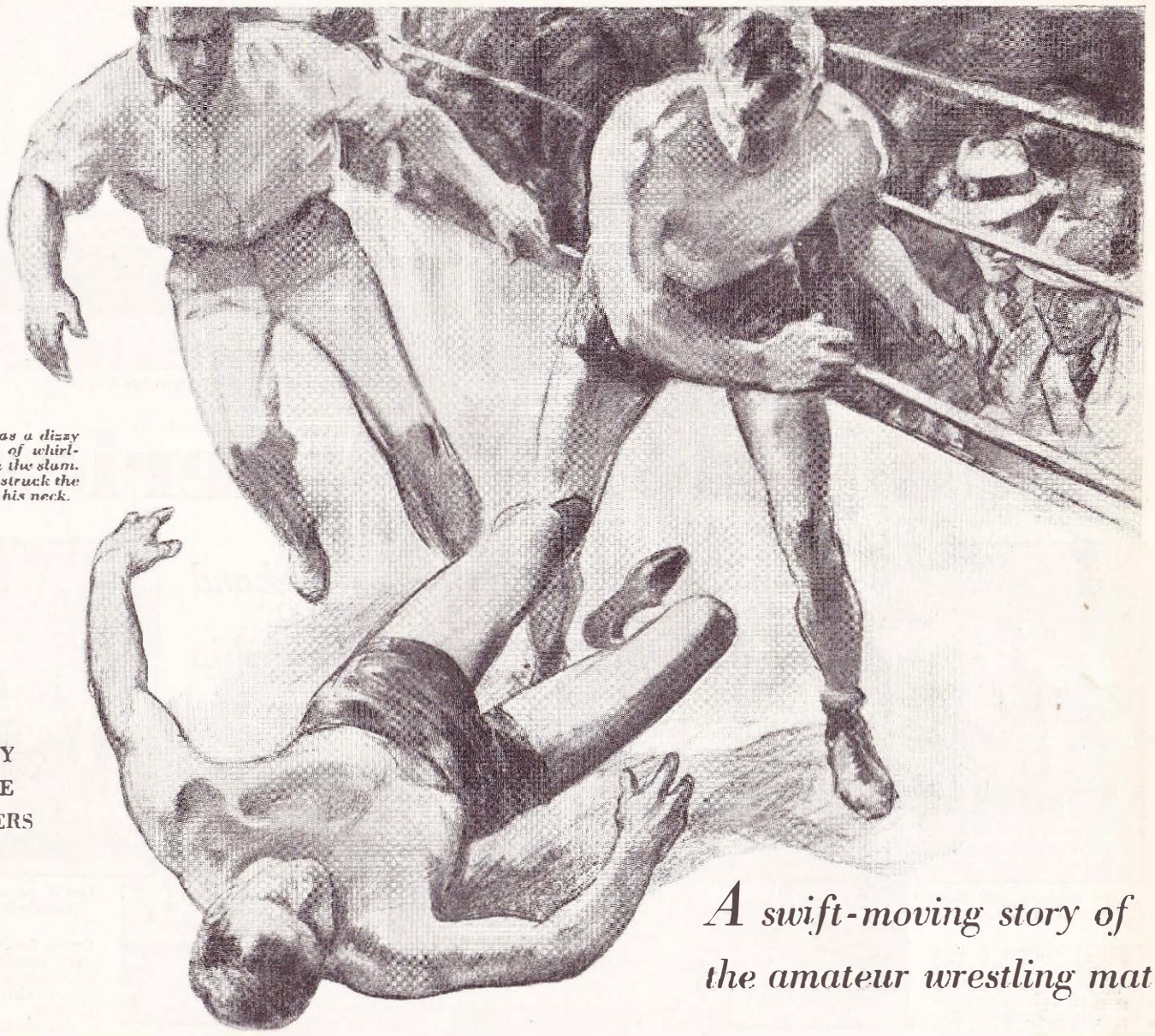
Morgan had a sense of humor too. He sent back a pistol, a few balls, and a handful of powder.

"With these," he replied. "Keep them. One of these days I'll be down to take them back."

The President's reply was confident—and threatening. "You'd better not come down here! You won't fare so well as you did at Porto Bello."

The President knew what he was talking about. To reach Panama Morgan would have to march sixty miles through jungle. He would face ambush every step of the way. When he reached his goal—if he reached it at all—he would find a strongly garrisoned, well-fortified city — the greatest city in the West Indies, protected by stout walls, cannon, and troops of cavalry and foot soldiers.

But there must be something in the tropical air of the *(Cont. on page 36)*



There was a dizzy moment of whirling, then the slam. The mat struck the back of his neck.

Illustrator:
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS

A swift-moving story of the amateur wrestling mat

Joseph's Brothers

by

Vereen Bell

JOE GARDNER circled warily, keeping his feet wide and firm-set against the mat. But he wasn't looking for an opening. An opening wouldn't do him any good because his muscles were tight with nervous terror.

He thought of the spectators. He wondered if they knew of his fear. He wondered if they knew his mouth was dry and cottony, and that his arms didn't go where he told them to, and that there were two Riley McEvers, instead of one, weaving in front of him.

Riley's quick thrust went through his guard, and Joe felt steel fingers bite into his shoulder, felt the pull of Riley's great weight against the lever of the hold, and he went down to his knees. The pressure increased, and Joe thought that the ligaments of his twisted back would rip loose.

"Go down, Froggy!" Riley snarled under his breath.

Froggy. . . . He hadn't heard that in a long time. They used to put frogs in his clothes because they knew he was afraid of them.

Joe went down.

"Puckett's advantage!" said the referee.

Riley's arm slid into a half Nelson, and again the torture of resistance spread through Joe's back. He was being slowly rolled. Curiously, he felt relieved. The Nelson would go through until he was on his back. He could bridge, but it wouldn't do any good. Sooner or later he would tire, and his shoulders would sink to the mat, and the match would be over. The match would be over and he could go out and never look at a wrestling mat again.

Yellow. He knew that, but he didn't care any longer. In a few minutes Riley would pin him.

Then he went over and bridged immediately to keep a gap under his shoulders. Riley McEver lunged in against his chest, pressing down.

"Down, Froggy," he said hoarsely.

Froggy! Suddenly a blue anger flared. Joe slid his weight and shoved upward. The maneuver was grotesque. A combination back somersault and head spin. But it worked. Joe came up.

Scalding fury—anger at a lifetime of going down—drove him recklessly at the waiting wrestler.

Riley dropped to his knees and shot his arm through Joe's crotch and rose, lifting Joe with him.

Joe saw the blur of spectators as his brother spun him. There was a dizzy moment of whirling, then the slam. The mat struck the back of his neck.

Darkness.

Joe Gardner's family life had been a little mixed up. Joe's mother had been married twice. The first husband had been Thursday McEver, the toughest planing mill foreman Puckett Lumber Company had ever had. McEver got things done, and the big shots weren't too inquisitive about his methods.

When Thursday, Junior, was seven and Riley was one, their father met his death under a runaway boxcar on the mill's siding. Some time after that the widow took another husband—Ralph Gardner. Gardner was a sawmill man, too. A lumber grader. He had worked under McEver and had felt the iron of McEver's fist. But Gardner was mild-mannered and reasonable. A man had to take things off his boss, he said.

A year after that, Joe was born. Joe didn't like to remember his childhood. But the memory of the rough shack in the mill town would always stick with him.

In a way, you couldn't blame Thursday Jr. and Riley for the way they treated Joe. In the first place, they both had a lot of old Thursday McEver's blood in them. Too, mill towns in those days were inclined to be tough.

What a kid got in mill town, he got with his good right hand. Joe didn't get much. All he got was what his brothers gave him, which, too often, was only a smack on the ear.

But still, it was hard to blame them. Especially Thursday. Thursday wasn't exactly right, upstairs, at times. His stomach must have had a lot to do with it, because often his food would disagree with him, and before the day was over there'd be trouble. Somehow he'd go out of his head, and he'd knock down anything that got in his way, whether it was dog or cow or man or woman.

Thursday, at seventeen, was the strongest man in mill town. When he lost his head that way, there were only two things to do. One was to get about six good men and overpower him. The other was to run to the planer for Ralph Gardner.

Gardner would talk to him. Sometimes he'd have to talk to him for thirty minutes, with Thursday rocking in front of him, bleary-eyed and panting. But finally Thursday would allow himself to be led off to bed, and when he woke up he'd be all right, never knowing anything had happened.

It was different with Riley. Riley always knew what was going on. He believed that might made right. He could squeeze your hand so tight you were glad to grovel in front of him. Or, if you managed to get a running start, he'd bounce a rock off your head at twenty-five yards. He seldom missed.

The fact that anybody could live through a childhood like Joe's ought to show he had something, if only stamina. Then, when Joe was fourteen years old, his father died with the flu. A year later his mother went too.

After that, Joe didn't see any reason for hanging around. So one night he left for Kingsport. He took with him what few clothes he had, his father's thick watch, and a hope that he'd never see his half-brothers again.

The chances were, of course, that he'd run across them sometime. For, although Kingsport was a full-sized city, it was only six miles from Puckett Mills. But even with that, five years passed before he saw either of them.

Joe worked for the big Kingsport Printing Company. He had turned out to be a commercial artist and was coming along nicely. The big window in the art room looked down on the Kingsport Athletic Club, and Joe stopped off at the club sometimes to take a swim or a workout on the bars. One day he passed the big window and saw a blackboard in front of the club. The distance was a little long, but he could make out the words "WRESTLING TONIGHT. Kingsport A. C. vs. Puckett Mills A. C."

At five o'clock, when he got off, he went over to the club. In the lobby he met Gregory, the wrestling coach.

"You've got a match against Puckett Mills tonight," Joe said.

Gregory nodded. "And a hard one."

"Have you weighed in yet?" His voice sounded unnatural.

"Yeah."

"Who have they got in the heavy divisions?"

Gregory drew out his list. "Skinner, 165, Westley, 175, McEver, unlimited. You looking for somebody, Joe?"

"Not exactly. Thanks."

Gregory turned to go, then stopped. "Why don't *you* come out, Joe? Amateur wrestling's the real article. You'd like it." The coach's gaze took in Joe's big, lithe frame. "You've got the build for it. And you know how to handle yourself—I've seen you on the bars. What do you weigh—hundred and eighty?"

Joe was pale. "Something like that. But I don't think I'd be interested."

Gregory shrugged. "All right." He jerked his thumb toward the auditorium, where workmen were putting up the seats. "Coming around tonight?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

But he did come around that night. Somehow, he found himself wanting to see Riley. Maybe the years had sandpapered some of the rough edges off him.

Puckett Mills had a good team. They won two of the first five matches by clean falls. That put them in the lead, 10-9. In the next bout, the 165-pound class, they won by a time advantage of two minutes, and made the score 13-9.

Kingsport's brawny 175-pounder, Gaffney, turned the tide. He pinned his sawmiller opponent in exactly three minutes. The lead shifted to Kingsport, 14-13.

After the clapping that followed Gaffney's quick victory, there was a tense silence of expectancy. The match had climbed to its highest point. The final bout was at hand. Unlimited!

Kingsport's unlimited man was White. He walked to the referee for inspection. Then Joe saw Riley McEver rise from the bench and strip off his sweat shirt, exposing long, nicely-muscled arms and a chest that was deep and square. He crawled through the ropes into the white glare of the lights.

Riley wasn't bad looking. There was a clean cut to his jaw that made Joe wonder if this was the boy who had once broken his nose with a broom handle. He didn't wonder long.

The wrestlers shook hands and backed off. For a moment they sparred with their hands. Suddenly McEver raked his fingers down White's face. The Kingsporter's head snapped back instinctively, and in that instant McEver dived at his knees and knocked him down—hard.

Before the referee could signal the advantage, McEver jumped free, allowing White to regain his feet. There was a surprised mutter among the hundreds of watchers. What kind of a maneuver was that?

Joe knew. In amateur wrestling, punishing an opponent is out. An orthodox wrestler would have followed up his opportunity and kept White down, and writhed and sweated until he had him pinned or the advantage was lost. It was tedious and hard.

Joe prayed that he would faint. Then, in his desperation, he recalled how his father used to talk to Thursday.

Joe knew Riley didn't intend to work that way. He was going to browbeat White into submission, then flatten him.

The question was just how much the referee would let him get away with. On many holds the borderline between legality and illegality is pretty vague. The hammerlock, for instance, that Riley clamped on White didn't *seem* to have too much angle—but it had White sweating.

Riley kept to his rough tactics—the referee cautioned him repeatedly—until White was almost out on his feet.

Joe felt sorry for both of them. He felt sorry for White because he understood what he was going through. He'd gone through years of it himself.

But the sympathy that he felt for Riley was deeper. Riley was a man going through life with a wrong idea. Might *didn't* make right. For instance this very wrestling bout. Riley was good—no doubt of that. But a scientific wrestler—which White was not—could have made a fool of him.

Joe left the club that night in a thoughtful mood. The end of the unlimited bout had come quickly. A slam from a hip lock, and the referee's flat hand couldn't slide under White's shoulders. McEver's bout by a fall, Puckett Mills' match.

Joe's mood persisted throughout the next day. It held him in its cold grasp until he finally admitted that there were two things he wanted to do. The first, to prove to Riley that he was off on a bad tack. The second, to prove to himself that fear of his brothers could no longer control him.

After the office closed, Joe went to the athletic club and again looked Gregory up. "Have you another match with Puckett Mills this season?" he asked.

"Two more. The next one's in a month," Gregory told him.

Joe waited a moment. Then: "You said something to me about coming out for wrestling."

"You've changed your mind," Gregory grinned. "Come on. Let's get you outfitted."

They walked to the elevator and went down. The basement was full of the smell of soap and healthy sweat and rubbing alcohol. The coach stopped in front of the white-enamel scales.

"Take off your clothes and let's see what you weigh."

In his shorts, Joe stepped onto the scales. One hundred and eighty-four.

With half-closed eyes, Gregory regarded Joe's shoulder and back muscles—the strip-steel of them was plainly printed under the skin. Gregory looked at the flat stomach, and the long, lean thighs.

Finally he said: "We won't be able to take two pounds off you. You'll have to wrestle unlimited."

"That's what I want to do," answered Joe.

"Maybe White will change your mind about that," Gregory told him dryly. "Come around about eight tonight. We'll have you some tights and stuff. A week or so will give you an idea of what wrestling's like."

Ten days later Gregory watched the two unlimited wrestlers—White and Joe Gardner—locked in the center of the practice mat. There was something about Joe. He was agile as a Japanese, and he had a definite sense of balance and co-ordination that must have been a distant cousin to his deftness with crayon. But, although he always held his own against White, he never seemed to be able to pin him.

After practice, Gregory joined Joe on the way to the showers.

"You're coming along all right," he began. "Of course, you're much better defensively than otherwise. You've got a knack for getting out of tight places. But you've no drive, Joe. Two or three times tonight you could've flattened White if you had been a little bolder." They walked on a way. "Keep plugging, Joe. Learn to bore in. If you'll pin White, I'll put you in a match."

Three nights before the second Puckett Mills match, Joe threw White. The actual fall happened quickly, so that no one saw exactly how it was done.

Joe helped the loser to his feet.

"That was slick," White admitted. "Just what did you use?"

Joe grinned. "Sleight of hand."

Later, Gregory said, "You've come a long way, Joe. You've got a lot of science—a lot more than I taught you."

Yes, Joe thought, he *had* come a long way. But it hadn't been easy. He'd worked. He'd watched other wrestlers. He'd tried new holds, new ways of getting old ones. He'd sweated on the parallels and horizontals until he was as wiry as an acrobat.

He thought of mill town, and of Thursday McEver and Riley, and the days when he used to run from them. Yes, he'd come a long way.

"We're wrestling Puckett Mills Friday," Gregory said. "You're the unlimited man."

On Friday night, the score of the matches was 12-11 in Puckett's favor when the unlimited bout came.

Joe walked out onto the mat. When Riley faced him, he smiled and said, "Hello, hayseed."

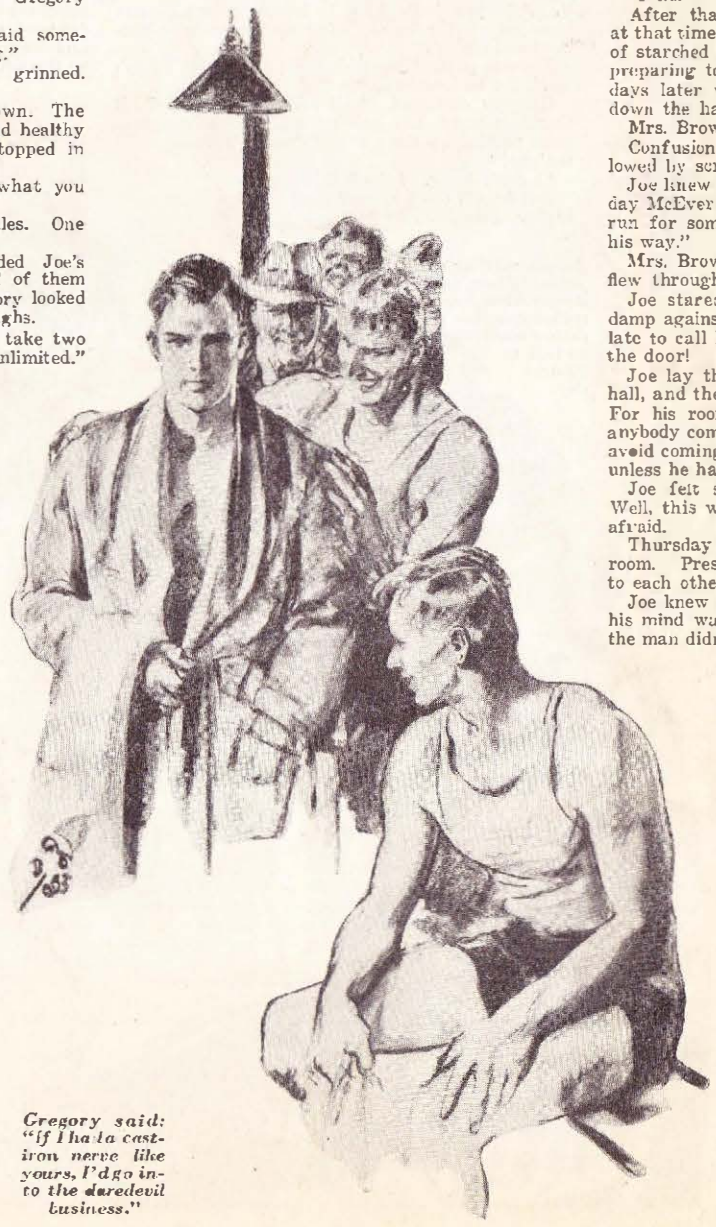
Riley looked at him scornfully. "It's *you*." He held out his hands for the referee's examination. "Watch yourself, dumpling. We haven't forgot how you lammed out on us."

Joe's wrists went cold, and he could hear the loud nerve-beat in the lobe of his ear. Suddenly he felt sick, and he knew that his fear *could* still control him.

For five minutes they wrestled, Joe keeping up a desperate defensive. Then, abruptly, came the anger that drove him recklessly at the waiting McEver. There was a moment of dizzy whirling and the grinding smash of the spine joints . . . and darkness.

Joe had heard about the torture of having to live in the prison of a plaster cast. Now he knew how it felt. He lay in a hospital bed encased from his neck down. About the only muscles he could use were the ones in his face and neck. In that absolutely helpless position he must lie for weeks. Lie there and think about being yellow.

"How long'll I be here?" he asked Gregory when the coach visited him.



Gregory said: "If I had a cast-iron nerve like yours, I'd go into the daredevil business."

"Pretty long," Gregory said. "Months. You've got a couple of fractured vertebrae."

"That sounds bad."

"It is bad, but the worst of it's over. The worst of it was the other night. The doctor said you wouldn't live. But you're smooth. You fooled him." Gregory went on: "At least you won your match. They gave it to you on a foul. Body slams from a standing position are out, you know. Unnecessary roughness." The coach faced Joe. "The papers said you and McEvers were brothers. That right?"

"Practically."

"It seems sort of funny that—well—" He didn't finish. He stood up. "Gotta go. I'll be coming back. Keep your chest out."

Joe had a hard time of it, lying there day after day in his straightjacket of cement. He thought how good it would be to get up and walk around the room once—just once—each day. Even to flex his arms would be wonderful.

He was thinking thoughts like that one day when his nurse came in. His nurse was elderly and kind and prim, and she wouldn't think of addressing him by anything less than his proper name.

"We've a patient from Puckett Mills down the hall, Joseph. Someone mentioned that he is your brother or something. His name is Thursday McEver."

Joe knew the rest. Thursday McEver, with his old illness. The doctors here could help him if anybody could. He'd get the proper diet, and that counted for a lot. But Thursday—they'd have to watch him.

Mrs. Brown must have understood that Joe didn't want to talk.

"If you'd like me to, I'll read to you some."

"Fine."

After that, Mrs. Brown read to him every day at that time. She'd settle herself with much crackling of starched linen, and open the magazine. She was preparing to read to him at the regular time three days later when a warning shriek came from far down the hall.

Mrs. Brown sprang up. "My heavens!"

Confusion. Then a man's bellow of defiance, followed by screams of sheer panic.

Joe knew what the noise was about. "It's Thursday McEver! He goes out of his head. You'd better run for some men—strong men. And don't get in his way."

Mrs. Brown's lips were ashen. She wheeled and flew through the doorway.

Joe stared at the door, and he felt his skin go damp against the pores of the cast. *The door!* Too late to call her. He'd forgotten to tell her to close the door!

Joe lay there and listened to the noise down the hall, and the fear in him was like a physical agony. For his room was at the end of the corridor, and anybody coming down the hall would have to turn to avoid coming in. Thursday McEver didn't ever turn unless he had to.

Joe felt sweat-streams on the side of his face. Well, this was one time when he had a right to be afraid.

Thursday turned into the corridor that led to Joe's room. Presently three nurses followed, gesturing to each other nervously.

Joe knew by his brother's stride that the thing on his mind was escape. Thursday was going out, and the man didn't live who could stop him. Ralph Gardner might have stopped him, but he was dead.

A lone interne came up from behind and stepped quickly through the group of nurses. He caught Thursday's arm. Thursday wheeled and the heel of his open hand sent the interne against the opposite wall, stunned.

It seemed days before Thursday got to the door. In Joe's half-blind horror, the madman's red-shot eyes had already found him. He would come into the room and know he was trapped. Joe wouldn't have a chance. He'd be dragged from the bed, or struck where he lay—and Thursday wouldn't have even a faint hint of what he was doing.

McEver came into the room and stopped as if to get his directions. The big vein in his forehead stood out blue and angry, and his breath was shortened as if he were in pain. He looked at the figure on the bed. There was no recognition in his glazed eyes.

"They can't keep me in here," he snapped.

Joe prayed *(Cont. on page 41)*

Hang Around *the* Post Office

Les Wade lay flat on the afterdeck unwrapping the pot line tangled around our propeller shaft. "Blast it, Don!" he growled. "Turn her, I said!"

An adventure on the rock-bound Maine seacoast

by

Selden M. Loring

Illustrator: ANTON OTTO FISCHER

ALONG toward three o'clock, when both my hands were blistered from turning our old tub's flywheel, I began to wonder if I ever would get to Three Mile Island. Les Wade still lay flat on the afterdeck unwrapping the pot line tangled around our propeller shaft. Every so often the boat hook he was using would slip and he'd yell and catch himself from rolling overboard.

I sucked a broken blister and listened to the far-away mumble of a plane. It grew louder, a queer, fluttering beat coming from the west, but I couldn't see the plane because Indian Bay and the sky were one aching glare of golden light.

"Blast it, Don!" growled Wade, scowling over his shoulder. "*Turn her,* I said!"

I moved the flywheel slowly to port until he grunted. A minute later the boat hook swept up a trailing length of the green-slimed rope.

"'Nother loop off. . . . Least you could do is pay some mind to a feller's orders, seeing 'twas you fouled her!" The hook dipped again, grating along our keel. "Maybe you figure a man my age enjoys crampin' his crop flat for an hour—"

"I was listening to a plane," I explained.

Les snorted. "You got little to do! Turn—easy."

"It was a small motor." I inched the greasy flywheel another quarter turn and the intake sucked and clicked. "It's stopped now. Must've landed."

"Shut up! Hold it!" The boat hook swayed and prodded. At last Les paused to swab his face and bald head. "That plane landed at Three Mile Island, so git your mind onto *our* motor."

"How could you see her?" I demanded, for through that sun blaze I could barely make out the black bulk of the island four miles away, and Les was too deaf to have heard the motor.

"Didn't, but they's nobody lives on any island only Basset at Three Mile, so where else would she go? Maybe I can't tell the kind of motor by the noise of her, like smart college fellers," he growled, jabbing viciously at the tangled line, "but I c'n use my head—an' that saves me a whole lot of trouble. . . . Come up, darn you!" The boat hook swished a loop clear. "Save me more trouble if other folks'd use theirs! Beats me how ever I come to go shares with such a helpless ninny!"

"I offered to dive under and cut the line loose."

"And then dive forty foot more for my lobster pot, likely! You're blamed full of help—afterwards!" He went on poking and grunting and grumbling until I switched the subject by saying it seemed sort of funny none of the Bassets had come ashore to Indian Harbor yet. The Bassets were millionaires who had a summer place on Three Mile Island.

Les pounded at the propeller as if he were chopping it off. "Don Callendar, the Great I-Am!" he snorted. "All educated, and don't know nothing! That chauffeur they brought with 'em that looks like a detective, he comes over in the tender every night after the mail. Everybody knows that!"

"Everybody that hangs around the post office, evenings."

"You could do worse. Back her!"

Because I was so taken up with mulling over this detective-chauffeur I turned the flywheel the wrong way, thus pulling from his hands the boat hook that was thrust into the tangled rope around the propeller. Les snatched at the whipping boat hook and squalled, "*Back her,* you fool!"

For a moment he strained at the bowed shaft, then grunted with relief. "Dang near lost it! Yup, there's a lot of interesting talk in the post office, nights. Old Basset, he's had four letters since he come, all from the same feller, looks like, with the address printed on 'em in purple pencil. You know, the kind that inks your tongue like blueberries when you lap it."

"Indelible pencil—like this?" I held up the letter Ben Carter, our postmaster, had given me, and Old Wade sat up smartly on the deck.

"Where'd you git that?"

"Ben knew we'd be coming out past Three Mile, so he asked me to deliver it."

Les leaned over the side again. "You Callendars were always close-mouthed cusses!" he complained.

"I thought of course an Old Post Office Settler would know all about it."

"You'd learn a sight more *there* than you ever will loafing in Perley's stinkin' garage every night! Basset's chauffeur didn't come to town yesterday."

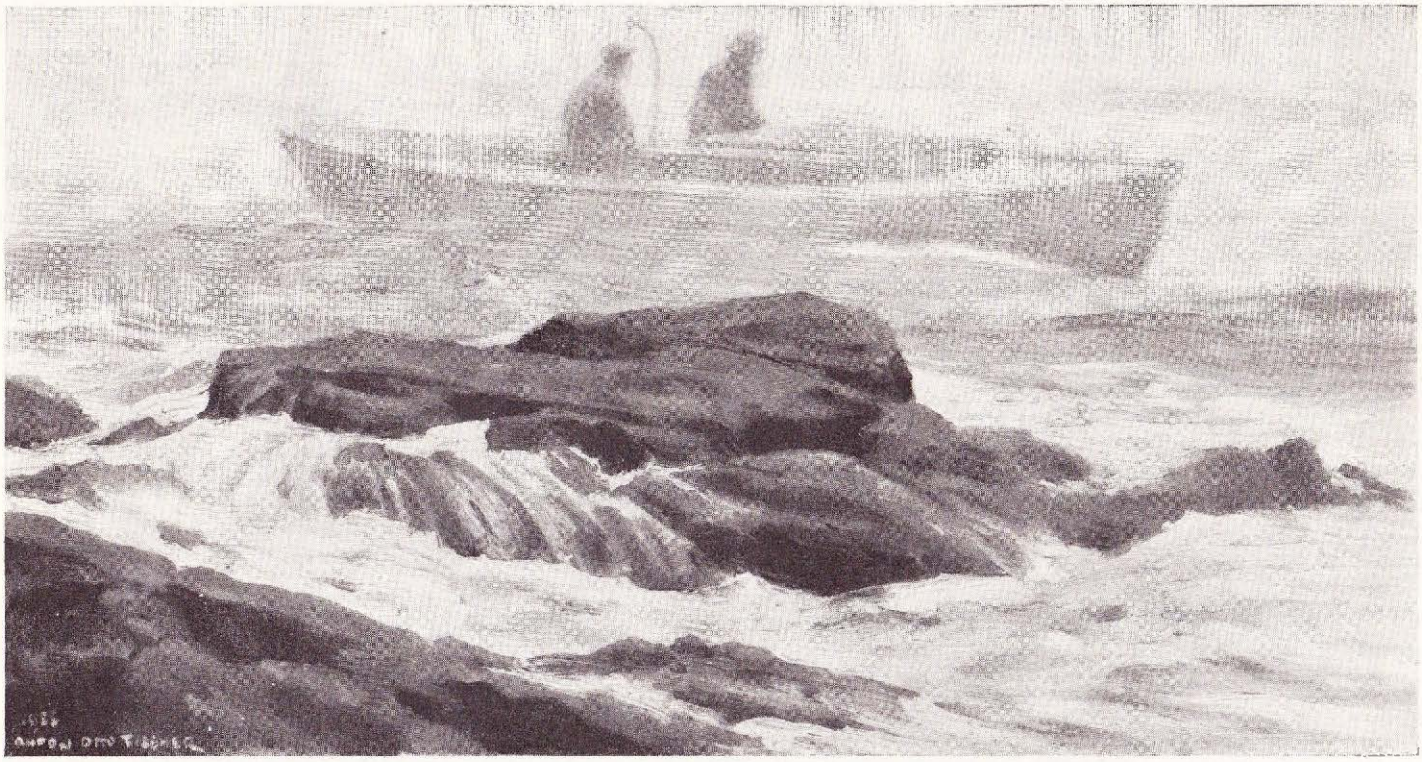
"Didn't, eh?" I settled back on my heels. The May sun was hot and the boat with its box of decayed pot-bait smelled riper than a mud flat. But I was comfortable, and here was some hot gossip to chew over. Who could ask for anything more?

"Our worthy postmaster must've thought the letter was all-fired important to trust it to me," I said idly. "But then, he was probably afraid *you'd* read it."

"Knew danged well I wouldn't go near the island, you mean! Can't mix me up with kidnaping!"

That made me laugh. There were fifty years between Les Wade and me, but we thought alike. "So that's how the Post Office Lodge figures this! The fellows at the garage dope it the same way."

"He fools if they didn't!" snorted Les, hunching on one elbow to knead his cramped neck. "Take a millionaire coming up to his summer place ahead of the season, *on* an island, *with* his youngster that ought to be in school. No one sees hide nor hair of 'em, only the chauffeur coming to town every day to



Old Wade felt his way. He skinned Ironstreak Point with twenty feet to spare, and wriggled between spattered shoals and granite ledges one after another.

get just one letter every day—with the address *printed* worse than my grandson could do it! You got to be dumber than plain stupid not to smell kidnapin'—you got to be educated! What's that one post-marked? There in your hand?"

"Liberty. Somebody knows his way around up here."

"Sure. They all come from little towns, right 'round this district. Only thing seems unlikely, a smart crook wouldn't use that in-delible pencil. It's noticeable."

"He doesn't know our post office."

"Don't get fresh. Turn her—slow."

The second blister broke with a sharp sting when I moved the wheel. "Seems to me we ought to get this letter out to Basset right away," I suggested.

Les was too busy to listen to me. "Something happened out there the day after the Bassets come. Doc Willet got sent for. Chauffeur fetched him and brought him back, and then got a prescription filled at Bellamy's. Bellamy says Mis' Basset must've had a shock, from the prescription. Doc don't say nothing, of course, only he swears there was no boy on the island."

"He'd have seen him, all right." I squinted across the sun-dazzle toward Three Mile; it looked silent and lonesome. "The kid runs wild there—always in a tearing hurry to get to the dock, or in swimming, or out in his boat."

The way I figured it, Basset had brought his boy up here early, to avoid a kidnaping threat. But if Doc Willet hadn't seen the boy, the kidnapers must've got him. It made me sick; he was a good little kid.

Les tugged at the pot line. "Can't get nothin' out of that chauffeur. Cap'n Pollet tried, last time he was in. Says, 'Where's that young Clay Basset that was goin' to sign on with me this season?' It's a fact; the boy did promise to, end of last summer, if his old man would let him. Nine year old, and spindly, too, and wantin' to ship on that old sardine trap! We all snickered, only the chauffeur. He looked right through Pollet, took the mail, and walked out without a word. Pollet was mad. There, blast it! She's clear!" He tossed the red and white float far astern, its line trailing and slapping the water. Then he rolled onto his back and lay puffing and rubbing his chest.

"Pollet's getting stepped on all along the line," I said, sitting back on the lobster box to stretch my legs. "He ran down to Three Mile yesterday to sell 'em some mackerel and Basset chased him off in a hurry. No mackerel."

Les quit nursing his ribs and shook his head at the sky. "Beats all what you close-mouthed fellers pick up with your long ears! Pollet never told us that." Considering the news, he built on it. "That clinches it," he decided. "Basset come down here to dodge kidnapers, but they got the boy, *dang 'em!*"

"But why should he run the captain off his island? Pollet's sheriff."

"Proves the point, for them with sense. Take a feller in communication with the kidnap gang, arranging the ransom—he don't want no one to get a smell of it, police in particular."

I grinned. "If the kidnapers knew Indian Harbor they'd steer clear of it! It's chock-full of supersleuths."

Behind me the gray fog was crawling inshore past Porcupine Island, smothering the wind as it came. Already it had wiped out the blue bulge of Cadillac on Mount Desert and blurred the rusty shore and the dark green pines and lighter hardwoods on Porcupine. We were six miles from Indian Harbor—an hour's run in that squat, underpowered bathtub. Longer, because we'd buck the ebb going into the mouth of Indian River.

"We'd better let the pots go today," I suggested, "and get this letter to Basset before the soup thickens."

Les humped his shoulders and steered toward Pickhandle Ledge. "Ain't no concern of mine. Did you line up with me to lobster so's you could go back to college, or to run errands for Ben Carter?"

That was a double-barreled slam. We both knew that all I'd make on lobsters at this market wouldn't keep me in Tech for half a term. I'd had to quit in March to get a job, but if Les hadn't talked me into helping him I'd have been as unemployed as most of the boys.

By the time I'd heaved up the second pot off Pickhandle and dropped one lobster into the box the fog was thick enough for Les.

"That'll be enough, Don," he growled, slamming the lone green victim into the box. He kicked the flywheel, slowed, and swung the boat over the deep end of the ledge where the black water lifted silently against the black rock and fell whispering away. "Drop her, and mind where the line goes!"

The slimy dark lattice of the pot splashed white foam and sank from sight and flung the line astern. With the smack of the float Les opened the throttle and the boat settled on her haunches and plowed north for Indian Harbor, while I sat down in the bow and pulled on a sticky, torn oilskin. The fog swirled around us now, thick and clinging and chill. Westward the sun's weak, yellow disk faded and vanished in the gray.

Above the thudding of our engine rose the muffled drumming of the airplane I had heard before, but this time it grew steadily louder and louder until it went over us like heavy wheels on a planked bridge. Les chewed his cold pipe, rolling a watery eye at the sound. "Where in thunder do they figure to go, headin' out to sea?"

"Maybe Bar Harbor, and they're looking for one of the hills to steer by."

"They'll git one—right between the eyes!" He stood up, craning to peer ahead. Little streamers of white hair fluttered around his bald dome. The tiller lines creaked as he moved the wheel enough to slide us past a long black ledge streaming with yellow and brown mottled weed that glistened in the pale light.

"Ridgepole," said Les. "We're comin' past the north end of Three Mile."

I reached back to throttle the engine but my finger slipped on the oily brass and killed it. Les glared. "Leave it be."

"I meant to slow it," I said. "We're going to take the letter in, aren't we?"

"Too late. We'll have trouble aplenty picking up the bell at the river, let alone nosin' in to Three Mile through them ledges!"

"It may be important—" I stopped with my hands on the flywheel. Out of the gray distance toward the island drifted a faint clatter like running feet; like little feet racing along the loose boards of a dock. I saw gooseflesh come out on my bare wrists.

Les bounced on the seat. "Come on! Come on! You're big enough to *start* her, ain't you?"

I swallowed. "I heard Clay—the Basset kid—"

"You danged fool! Want to stay here all night? You've got that letter on the brain! If 'twas important Basset would've sent for it, same as the others! If he don't care enough to get his own mail I ain't scrapin' the bottom out of my boat to fetch it to him!"

There was no arguing with Les Wade. Everyone in town was downright certain Basset was in trouble, and personally I'd have gone busting out to his place to offer my help—and probably got bounced off like Cap'n Pollet.

Les was different. As long as Basset discouraged visitors he wouldn't go within hailing distance of Three Mile. Basset had picked his course, so Les picked his—straight for home. Furthermore he took the short line from Three Mile.

It was lucky he didn't need help; going away to college spoils your nose for blind piloting. For me the homeward course through this wall of fog was a blank. We were the center of a small circle of water and the only sounds were the hiss of the bow wave and the thumping of our old one-lunger. Only once there was another sound, when a plane mumbled somewhere behind that curtain, too faint and far away to locate.

Old Wade felt his way or smelled it. He skinned Ironstreak Point with twenty feet to spare, wriggled over and between the spattered shoals and granite ledges one after another, and swung into the five-mile-wide mouth of Indian River where the water roughened a little with the pull of tide and current. After a while he throttled the motor and moved up to the forward wheel, his bristling, wrinkled neck

stuck out like a turkey and his head on one side.

I hated to hurt his feelings, but when I caught the soft *ping* of the bell-buoy on Frenchman's Shoal I pointed to starboard. "Off there, Les, I think."

"Don't want to know what you *think*—our bottom might not stand it." He scowled at the scoop of clear green water behind our bow wave. "Don't seem like we was west of the Frenchman," he muttered. He reached back a long leg to tap the throttle till the motor barely turned over, coughing gently. I pulled its cover tight to deaden the noise still more, and shoulder to shoulder we leaned our elbows on the wet shining deck and listened.

Miles away a truck whined uphill, clucked into high gear and was gone. Again I caught the throb of the bell, still without placing it.

Out of gray space floated a low, droning whine. Nearer and louder. Behind us. A plane roared overhead, flying high and slow, with now and then a stutter in the beat of her motor.

"Same plane," I said. "They're lost. They've been battling around up there ever since they left Three Mile."

"Never should've started." Les rubbed his ears to a glow. "Can't hear for a darn! Damp's got in 'em, likely."

He tucked his pipe in a vest pocket, dragged the battered, green-tarnished whistle out of the bow locker and jabbed the handle sharply. He listened carefully to the echoes from starboard and port, then grinned triumphantly. "Told you so! We're comin' in east of the bell! You listen!"

At that moment came the hushed clang of the buoy and this time, knowing our position, I spotted it. "You're a wonder, Les! Hold her steady and you'll crack it right on the nose."

"Don't aim to—scrape our paint," he chuckled, and kicked the throttle half open. The boat surged forward.

I heard a new sound—a fluttering whisper in the fog that could have been anywhere, astern or ahead. Les Wade's face was blank, intent on the buoy. The whisper mounted swiftly to a shrill whistle. Les jerked up his head, scowling.

The whistle was ahead of us—it leaped to a screeching roar and like a swooping hawk a plane burst out of the mist, dead in our faces. I couldn't move or yell. Wade's arm knocked me sprawling to the floor as he ducked and the shining floats screamed over us.

My shoulder cracked the bait box. I twisted in time to see the red plane smack the water astern, bounce in a spout of white spray and vanish in the fog. I heard it strike again with a long, slurring splash, and then the blanket of silence closed down around us.

Les straightened at the wheel, glaring back into the fog. "*You danged idjits!*" he bellowed.

"They're forced down," I said, struggling up all tangled in the slicker. "That prop was just turning in the wind! We'll have to go after 'em!"

"If I do, it'll be to give 'em a piece of my mind!" But he swung the wheel.

Voices, low and jumbled, muttered out there. Then a shout: "Hello, the boat! *Hey! Hello, there!*"

"Hello yourself!" snapped Les. "Stop squalling!"

The outlines of the monoplane showed dimly through the fog. It was a scarlet cabin plane floating calmly on its pontoons. But the two men crowding to its open door weren't calm. The bigger one wiped a hand across his face and stammered, "G-glad we didn't crack you, friend! Came p-pretty close, eh?"

Les cut the motor. "Just learning?" he asked insultingly.

The short man's square, dark face flushed. "Ran out of gas," he growled. "Lucky we heard that bell buoy. I took a chance it was that, and not a church bell five miles inland."

The first man laughed shakily. "Glad you guessed right! We started wrong when we left—" He stopped short and ran a nervous tongue over his lips, then said quickly, "Now that we've got our bearings we'll be O.K. if you can let us have some gas."

I didn't say anything. It was Wade's gas. And I didn't like the man's face. Too fat around the chin, and an ashen gray—but that might have been fright. His lips were fat and pale, too, and his tongue looked unhealthy.

Les sniffed. "Feller smart enough to run one of them things ought to have sense enough to stay down this weather. You like to knocked our heads off!"

The short man, who was the pilot by his leather jacket and his nerve, sat down in the doorway and reached a foot to our gunwale. "Don't you worry about us, pal." He pulled the plane slowly alongside until the wing slid darkly over my head. "How about a shot of gas?" he repeated, slipping down into the boat.

"Why, certain. Leastways, I guess we got plenty." Les puckered his forehead and sucked his teeth thoughtfully. "Let's see—I put in ten gallons this morning, and we ain't used over two or three for all we been out so long. This overgrown ninny with me tangled us in a pot line—"

The pilot grunted. "Why not measure your tank? We don't want to rob you." He was swinging the plane to get at his motor. I put a foot up on the seat and was reaching for the wing to help him when he bent over for an extra heave and the motion lifted his leather coat enough to show the flat bulge of an automatic on his hip.

It surprised me so that I dropped back beside the bait box, and the next minute the big man tumbled aboard, all clumsy feet and knees, dipping our gunwale a foot with his weight. He wrinkled his face in a grin. Long black hairs curled out of his nose and the stubble on his lip and chin stood out like black wires.

"Feels good to have something solid under me!" he said, with that same strained laugh.

"Pull up your socks and hang onto this crate," growled the pilot impatiently. Then he grinned at Les. "Five gallons'll ride this sewing machine far enough for us."

Les nodded, sucking his teeth. "I got plenty." He poked in a forward locker, pulled out a rusty bailing can and scrubbed its inside with a corner of his vest. "That's clean enough, ain't it?" he asked, holding out the can toward the pilot.

"Sure!" muttered the big man quickly. "Fill 'er up!" He rubbed his hands on his pants and licked his lips again.

He wasn't two feet from me; his tongue was an ugly purple. I felt a prickle of ice crawl up my back and my stomach shivered. I stared at Les meaningly, but he was in the bow with the two men planted between me and him. Even if I worked around them and up to him, I'd have to whisper so loud they'd hear me.

Les hadn't noticed anything. He still held the can out toward the short man. "Take a look," he said.

"O.K. *O.K.!*" The pilot waved it away. He'd brought the plane's nose alongside and as he stepped back he bumped me. If the butt of that gun had stuck out of his pocket an inch I'd probably have committed suicide by grabbing it. But after all, I didn't know who these men were.

When he bumped me the pilot turned with a grin that faded as he saw my face. His gray eyes squinted a little. He moved forward a step to stand with his hands on his hips, still between me and Les. His eyes flicked to his friend.

"Open the tank," he said. "I'll bring the gas." And the eyes were back on me.

The big man fumbled with the tank and glanced at me. His lips twitched and he looked away, and began to whistle under his breath.

Les Wade was crawling under the bow deck where our gas tank sits and I was puzzled. There was nothing but a shut-off at that end of the pipe; the drain cock was at the carburetor, right beside me. Crowded in under there Les was helpless. I could have kicked him!

I debated my chances. Any thugs who'd steal a kid must be yellow to start with, but there were two of them. The gun wouldn't matter if I didn't give the pilot time to pull it, but the other man? He'd unbuttoned his gray coat and he probably had a gun in a shoulder-holster.

Wade's voice rumbled from the dark cubbyhole, muffled and impatient.

"Danged drain cock's stuck!" he shouted.

Grunting and wiggling he worked himself half out again, lying flat on his back. I glared at him, twitching my head toward the big man, but Les was peering at the pilot beside me: "Let's have them pliers," he grumbled. "In that locker by your feet."

Before the man could stoop I had them. "Let me in, Les, I'll do it," I said, starting forward.

The pilot blocked me. "Stay there, bud. I'll give 'em to him." He reached for the pliers, watching me, his right hand still on his hip.

"That's right!" snapped Wade, scowling from the dark locker. "That idjit'll drop 'em overboard, or punch a hole in the tank! He's born to mess things! You get over by that airplane, Don Callendar, an' help that feller! And do as I say—quick!" he barked.

"I don't need any help," said the big man sharply as I dropped back beside him. His fingers fluttered at his black tie.

"You will—with Don handy!" chuckled Les, stretching out his hand for the pliers. "Come on, pass 'em!" he yelped. "Have I got to come out after 'em?" At that the pilot stooped forward to thrust them into the groping hand, and like a flying ax-head Wade's boot lashed up and cracked him square on the chin. "Hit *him!*" screamed Les.

Surprise lost me a split-second; time for the big man's hand to dart under his coat as I struck. He rolled with the punch, banging my ribs with a left that scared me, but I caught the black gun as it leaped out and drove it against his mouth. As he wrenched the gun out of my grip and swung it I ducked in against him and shoved. He stepped back, caught his knees against the gunwale, and we went down into the water between boat and plane.

The gun's blast as we hit the water deafened me, but I was whole. And I knew I had him. The instant the water roared around us he screamed and quit slugging to thrash and kick—my fingers were knuckle deep in his windpipe and my

(Cont. on page 30)

The whistle leaped to a screeching roar and like a swooping hawk a plane burst out of the mist.

HIDE-RACK WELCOMES VISITORS

by Glenn Balch

Illustrator: ALBIN HENNING

I DON'T know what the experts say about dogs, but to my way of thinking, Hide-rack, our big red-gold collie, has both a sense of humor and a smart mind.

Take that time I was washing the supper dishes in our cabin on the mountainous Middle Fork of the Salmon. Hide-rack wanted to get in the house and I was so busy that for ten minutes I ignored his scratching.

The next moment there was a growling, scuffling and snarling just outside the door, as if Hide-rack were tangling with a mountain lion. I grinned as I hurried to the door and opened it. Immediately the scuffling stopped. The imaginary fight was over and Hide-rack walked sedately through the door, not a hair ruffled.

That's what I mean when I say Hide-rack's both smart and humorous. If he wants to get in he scratches. If that fails he stages a mock scrap to arouse my interest. And if *that* fails he has a third way of getting what he wants—but maybe I'd better not mention that now.

As he came into the cabin I shut the door behind him, wooed him a bit, and went back to my dishes while he settled down beside the stove. I was almost finished when he raised his head and uttered a low growl. That's his way of announcing a visitor, and I knew now that he wasn't fooling.

The knowledge gave me a pleasant tingle of excitement. My father had ridden down the trail with an old prospector to look at a newly discovered ore ledge and would not return until morning. A visitor would relieve the loneliness. It might be Bern Sutton, the biological survey man. Or the forest ranger, or Jabe McBride, the old sheepman who wants to buy Hide-rack for a sheep dog. Or Tommy Newton, the herder. Dad and I live way back in the Idaho mountains, and visitors are always welcome. I hurried along with my scrubbing of the oilcloth table covering, hung the dish towel on its wire near the stove, opened the door, and heard horses' feet in the little hard-packed clearing before the cabin. We generally greet our guests from the opened doorway—it's a habit with us.

"Hello. This the Foster place?"

Two men had halted in the clearing. I could see their dark outlines in the early starlight.

"Yes," I replied, and followed it up with a typical mountain greeting: "Get down and come in."

Saddle leather creaked as the two men swung down. They came toward the door, leaving their horses standing with trailing reins.

"Ace here?" one of them asked in a friendly voice.

"Nope, he's gone down the canyon," I told them.

They stepped into the shaft of yellow light thrown through the door by the lamp and I saw who they were. The recognition cooled my enthusiasm for their company. They were two would-be tough characters of the mountains.

"Sure," I said with a heartiness I didn't feel. "Come on in."

My father and I knew Dee Floyd and Purdy Wells by reputation as boastful young bullies who were too lazy to work. We were pretty certain that they stayed in the high country not from choice but because the law outside was stricter and apt to look with disfavor on petty crimes like cabin breaking, trap robbing, calf stealing and the shooting of game out of season. It was generally understood by us mountain folks that they were always willing to undertake any kind of a petty act that had a few dishonest dollars in it. I thought of them as fellows more to be scorned than feared.

Lately several of the high country residents had returned to their cabins after absences of a day or more to find that their places had been thoroughly ransacked, and in one or two instances burned to the ground. This is about the most contemptible crime that can be committed in the mountains, where hospitality is second nature and a man's house and food, whether he happens to be at home or not, are always available to any chance passerby.

The finger of suspicion for these crimes had been pointing more and more certainly toward Dee Floyd and Purdy Wells. I recalled with some concern, as I stood there in the doorway, that the sheriff from the far-away county seat had ridden by our cabin just two days before, going over on Wiseman Creek to investigate a case of cabin breaking. And he had intimated to Dad that he believed he had the evidence he had been waiting for.

"When I come out," he had said grimly, "I think I'll be bringing a couple of guys with me that this country will be glad to part with."

He didn't mention any names, but I had my suspicions then, and they were doubly strong now as I watched the two men advance through the shaft of yellow light toward the cabin door.

"Cut it out, Hide-rack," I said in a low voice, to stop the dog's growling. I didn't feel any too easy. I remembered that we had a sizeable sum of money, payment for a recent packing job, under an overturned bowl in the cupboard. Still, Dee Floyd and Purdy Wells were generally believed to lack the courage for out-and-out robbery.

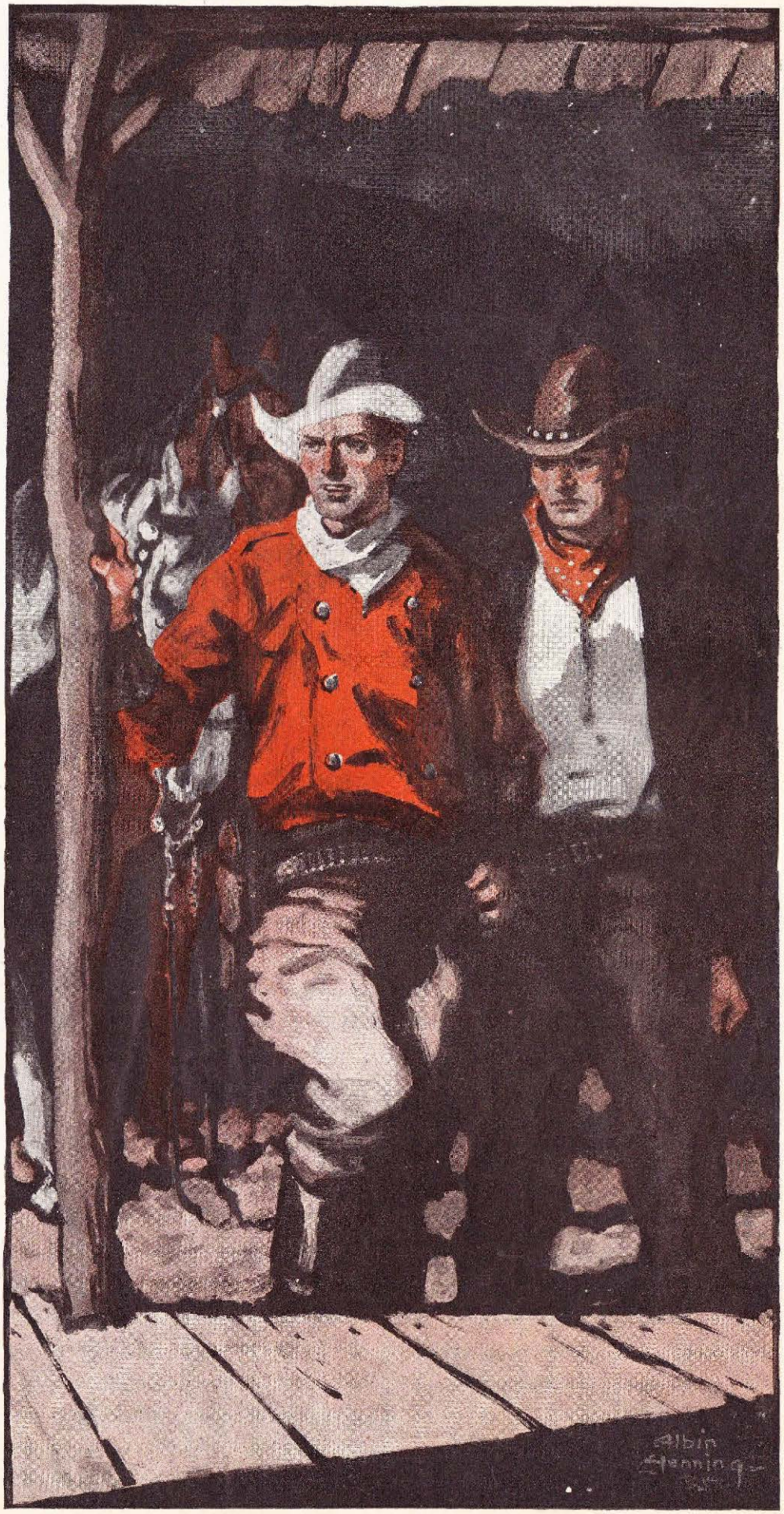
"We're a couple of prospectors from over on Jack Creek," Dee Floyd said in a very friendly tone that at once put me on my guard. "We're headed into town after a little blasting powder, an' we'd like something to eat. Reckon you could fix us up?"

That was like them, I thought. Taking advantage of the country's well-known hospitality after robbing most of its isolated cabins. But of course I could do nothing else. No hungry man was ever turned away from our door.

"Sure," I said with a heartiness I didn't feel. "Come on in. I'll fix up a feed for you. Shut up, Hide-rack."

The big collie had uttered a low growl as Dee Floyd entered. I knew it to be a reliable warning, based on the dog's keen and accurate instincts, but I had to play the role of host.

In Which Chet and His Collie Play a Split-second Game of Wits in an Isolated Mountain Cabin



"We're a couple of prospectors from over on Jack Creek," Dee Floyd said in a tone that put me on my guard.

Dee Floyd glanced down at the dog and said in a friendly voice, "Howdy, boy. How's the rabbit chasin'?"

He put out his hand and patted the dog's head, but Hide-rack didn't respond with his customary tail-wagging. Instead he contemptuously walked out from under Floyd's caress and went to his place by the stove, where he lay down and put his head on his big white-tipped forepaws in such a manner that he could see everything that went on in the room. I didn't blame him for disliking Floyd. He was the short, brawny type, with a face that looked rock-hard and unpleasant.

"Find yourselves seats," I invited the two men cordially. "There are a couple of left-over pieces of huckleberry pie, and it won't take long for me to rustle you up a feed of bacon and eggs."

They seated themselves, Floyd in a chair with his back to the wall and Wells on a bunk within arm's reach, I noticed, of our gun rack, where several rifles stood. Purdy Wells, I saw, was a slender, sullen-looking man.

"Now, this is sure nice of you," the brawny Floyd said. "We'd a got mighty lank, ridin' on into town tonight."

"Didn't you bring any grub with you?" I asked, well aware of the mountain man's custom of provisioning himself before he started on any trip, even a day's hike.

"No," Floyd replied. "You see, we figured on makin' it into town tonight. We're on a hurry-up trip. We've found some good-looking rock an' we want to get back an' open it up, so we're travelin' light."

This, I knew, was not true. Neither of them had ever done an honest day's prospecting in his life. They must have pulled out of camp in a big hurry. That was the reason they didn't have any provisions. Remembering what the sheriff had said, I believed I knew the reason they had left in such a hurry, and this knowledge didn't make that hard-earned roll of bills in the cupboard any safer. I decided to feed the men and get them out of the cabin and away from there as soon as possible.

"Where's Ace?" the thin-faced Wells asked, with a familiarity that I knew my father would have objected to.

"Down the canyon," I replied, stopping to put a stick of wood in the stove.

"That's too bad," Floyd declared. "We was hopin' to see him. Got a little business proposition to make him. When do you reckon he'll be back?"

That, I knew, was also untrue. These two men, who must have known my father by reputation, knew that he would do no business with their kind. In fact, their relief when I told them he was absent had been easy to see.

"I don't know when he'll be back," I answered casually, putting two

They galloped away at full speed, the sound of their horses' feet dying up the canyon trail.

plates on the table. I didn't look at them for fear they might see the concern in my eyes.

"Lookin' for him back tonight?" Wells pressed.

"Can't say," I replied briefly, and as I turned back to the stove I caught the swift pleased glance that passed between them. It was already after nine o'clock and they knew that mountain men don't customarily travel much after night. I couldn't help but take a dig at them, however, by adding, "I'll tell him you came by and asked about him. By the way, what's your names?"

I knew them well enough from a few casual glimpses in town, but I was satisfied they were not aware of this.

"Oh yes," Floyd said glibly. "I'm Ralph Hunt, an' my friend here is Bob Rice. I don't," he added somewhat doubtfully, "know for certain whether Ace will remember us or not. We only bumped into him once, down on the Middle Fork. If he don't remember, just say, 'It don't matter.' "

Their refusal to admit their true identities doubly confirmed my suspicions. I put the coffeepot over the firebox, where the stove was hottest. "Well," I said, "he might get back tonight."

Just then a low growl issued from the throat of the big collie, and I turned around to see that Wells had taken one of the rifles from the rack. He looked up, saw me watching him.

"Nice lookin' gun," he observed innocently, and familiarly opened the action far enough to see cartridge brass in the firing chamber. "Loaded, too."

"Yes," I remarked dryly, "we keep them that way. You know," I added, "that it's generally the 'unloaded gun' that goes off accidentally and kills somebody."

"Yea," Wells said with a crooked grin, and put the gun back into the rack.

I knew well enough that he had found out what he desired to know—whether the rifles were loaded or not. But that really didn't make much difference, because both of the men carried big heavy revolvers about their waists, a habit so common in the mountains as not to cause any comment.

Reaching for another stick of wood, I paused to pat the watchful collie's big handsome head. He hadn't failed to let me know when Wells had reached for the rifle. And I found comfort in the fact that if trouble developed I had at least one ally, and a good one at that. Yet I knew that for all his marvelous quickness and great strength and courage, he couldn't cope with hot lead fresh from a pistol muzzle. And I resolved not to sacrifice the big collie, even to save the roll of bills. We could earn more money, but there would never be but one Hide-rack.

I opened the door of the cupboard for coffee cups, then closed it quickly, and in spite of myself I know my face turned slightly crimson.

"What's the matter, kid?" Dee Floyd asked quickly, showing how closely he was watching me.

"Nothing," I replied, turning to face him. By now I had regained my composure. "Why?"

He gazed at me keenly for a second before replying. Then he said, "I just thought you was actin' funny."

I laughed, but it sounded hollow even in my own ears. "Not me," I declared boldly, opening my eyes wide with what I hoped was disarming innocence. But I could see he was still suspicious because, while I was looking at him, his red-rimmed eyes flicked to the cupboard and back.

I felt a little nervous and rather provoked with myself. I had acted strangely because I had noticed the green corner of a bill peeking out from under that overturned bowl. Why had Dad been so careless! If they ever started to search the cabin, they would find that money in less than two minutes.

Determined that my actions should not betray me again, I opened the cupboard door, got the two cups needed, and without undue haste placed them on the table. That little corner of green paper looked as big as a Navajo blanket among all those white dishes. I ached to push it out of sight, but didn't dare.

"Come and get it," I said, pouring the coffee.

Hide-rack got to his feet as Dee Floyd rose.

"Lie down, boy," I ordered quietly.

Floyd advanced to the table, but Purdy Wells remained seated on the bunk.

"Just fill up my plate an' bring it over here, will ya', er, Ralph," Wells said. "This bunk is a whole lot softer than them chairs."

"Sure, Bob," Floyd replied heartily. "I don't blame you either. That rough horse of yours is enough to make anybody sore."

He filled a plate with food and one of the cups with coffee and took it to Wells. Then he returned and sat down at the table, across from Hide-rack and me.

Standing with my back to the stove, I was well aware of the reason Wells didn't come to the table. It wasn't the hard chair that stayed him, but the fact that he didn't want to leave the vicinity of the gun rack. It was plain enough that the two men had become suspicious of me and weren't taking any chances on my getting my hands on a loaded gun. This meant that they were dubious about the success of their bluff of being innocent prospectors.

Suddenly it came to me, as I stood there warming my back at the stove and keeping one eye on Hide-rack to see that he didn't give way to his hostility, that there was a dangerous quality about the two men that was foreign to their bullying natures. There was something about them that suggested desperation, and immediately I became convinced that they actually were fugitives from the law, that the sheriff was really after them.

Then I knew that if they ever learned that money was in the cupboard, nothing would stop them taking it. Already they were hunted criminals and another robbery wouldn't make their situation much worse. Hardly had I arrived at this disturbing theory when Wells betrayed the fact that they *were* interested in money.

"Say, old chap," he said between mouthfuls, "we'd like to borrow a few dollars. Need it to buy that powder with. Ace won't mind, an' we'll pay it back in a few days. We're a cinch to strike it rich. Got any money around the house? I'll tell you what," he added, as a bright afterthought, "we'll give you a tenth interest in our claim for ten dollars. What do you say to that?"

That the man thought I might fall for such an obvious ruse to find out if there was money in the cabin provoked me. They must have thought I was a fool.

"No," I said firmly, "we haven't any money to loan. Besides my father handles all our money. If you want to borrow some, you can wait and ask him."

"But we haven't got *(Continued on page 33)*

The Finding of Leon Garonde

by

Laurie York Erskine

Broadknife chattered an abusive stream of words into the face of the young redcoat who had outwitted the proud savage before his people.

Illustrator:

FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

For Sandy, Broadknife had a special revenge

RENFREW came out to greet Sandy and Pat as they leaped from their ponies in front of his cabin. They followed him into the building and waited as he seated himself at a table where he had apparently been engaged in drawing a map.

"How did you make out?" he asked.

Corporal Sandy Blackton, recently out of Royal Canadian Mounted training depot, got his breath before replying.

"We lost the trail," he said. "There was a pretty good trail from the aspen canyon where you started us off, up to the meadow where that brown creek runs. But all signs of horses disappear when you get to where the creek runs out of a narrow canyon. We crossed the creek and spent all day yesterday exploring every inch of the other bank that a horse could tread. Then we rode up the creek through the canyon until we came to a waterfall that no horse could possibly climb. As far as I can see no horses ever went farther than that meadow below the canyon. The trail ends there."

Renfrew was silent for a moment.

"Horses can't fly," he said finally. "There must be some way out through that canyon. However, we can attend to that later. First we'll go up to the rapids and bring down those supplies."

Pat, the Indian boy, stepped forward, lithe and straight. His real name was Partridge Claw, but Sandy had dubbed him "Pat."

"How is Strondberg?" he asked quietly.

Renfrew glanced quickly at the Indian's serious, dark eyes. Strondberg, the criminal, had a right arm shattered by a rifle bullet.

"I've sent him out," said Renfrew. "Dan Cresson and LeCouvert took one of the boats yesterday morning. I believe they can get Strondberg to a doctor in time to save his arm. I sent Garth with them, too. That leaves us only two prisoners to look after and gives us a better chance of finding Leon Garonde."

"I doubt if you ever will," said Sandy. "I'll bet the old man is dead and buried here somewhere."

Renfrew smiled. With a small detachment of men he had come into this almost impassable wilderness to find the trader, Leon Garonde, who had disappeared from civilization. The detachment had split into two parties, the one led by Renfrew coming overland on horses, the other shooting the dangerous rapids of the Raiding by boat. The boat detachment had reached the group of cabins supposedly occupied by Garonde and captured a choice gang of cutthroats and fugitives led by Strondberg. But of the trader they had found no signs.

"Here we are in this big cabin and five small cabins with evidence that people have lived and worked here for a good many years. Here are two good river boats which suggest that Garonde carried on a traffic down the river, but we find nobody here but these four criminals. There is no sign of a fight, and no visible trail out of the valley. The only clues we've got to the disappearance of Leon Garonde are a piece of rope, and a trail showing that a party of horses was herded or ridden up to that brown creek since the last rain."

"And why is the rope a clue?" asked Sandy.

"Look at it." Renfrew took from his pocket a short length of rope woven from horsehair in a design of black and white. "Doesn't it remind you of something?"

"Broadknife!" cried Sandy.

"Exactly. The Beaver Indians with the black and white decorations who made so much trouble for you at Fort Regard. If I remember rightly, Broadknife, their seven-foot bundle of brag, promised to carve you up, didn't he?"

"Broadknife," breathed Sandy to himself. He had shown up Broadknife as the stealer of Sija, the horse with the golden mane, and humiliated him publicly. Was Broadknife in this wilderness?

"We know they hide out in the mountains, and they have no more liking for law-abiding white men than Garonde had, or Strondberg and his gang."

Sandy looked bewildered. "You mean there have been three different crowds in here?" he cried.

"I make it out something like this: After becoming known as a dishonest trader, Garonde comes into this hidden valley and makes friends with the Beavers who are hiding here. He persuades them that this remote country is all theirs, and that they must keep the white men out. That would explain the mishaps that have befallen everyone who has tried to enter here—the upsets in rapids, the brush fires, the man who was killed by a bear—"

Sandy laughed. "They go the Romans one better. They toss their victims to a grizzly."

Renfrew nodded. "And make the killing look like an accident. But along comes Strondberg. Garth and Ataskee, the Indian trouble maker, and Gomez are all hiding out here and Strondberg forms an alliance with them against Garonde." Renfrew's voice fell silent.

"And then?" cried Sandy.

"That's what we've got to find out," said Renfrew. "What happened to Leon Garonde? Where did he go, and what strange vengeance are he and his Indians planning?"

"Vengeance?"

"Yes. They have been turned out of their lair. Don't you realize that anyone who occupies it now is in the same danger as a man who lives in a wolf's den?"

Pat looked at him wide-eyed. "We'll have to keep a sharp lookout!" he cried.

"Yes," said Renfrew, "and you can be sure that if anything happens to you, it will not seem like murder."

The following morning Sandy and Pat set out in the remaining boat to pole and paddle their way upstream to the point, fourteen miles above, where five days before, Pat, Dan Cresson and LeCouvert had cached the supplies they were running down the Raiding. They started with the first ray of sunlight and Renfrew, left behind at the settlement, had a busy morning before him.

He had two prisoners to look after. Ataskee was an Indian desperado who had committed numerous crimes along the British Columbia coast. Gomez was a fugitive from civilization about whom Renfrew knew nothing.

To help with the chores Renfrew had Tatanka, his faithful Indian horse wrangler, and two Indians who had served Strondberg but who seemed now to be respectful of the Mounted Police. Another Indian was an invalid, his arm having been badly wrenched by the powerful LeCouvert in the struggle that had seen Strondberg overthrown.

Renfrew had made a jail out of a strongly walled room in the big cabin. He had barred it off with stout poles so that while he worked in the outer room he could at all times keep an eye on Gomez and Ataskee within. He was working on a detailed report when Pat came stumbling into the room and collapsed on a chair near the table. As Renfrew leaped to his side he rolled limply to the floor where he lay on his back, struggling for breath.

Renfrew knelt and gazed down at him anxiously. He had a great admiration for this Indian boy, educated among the whites, whose keen intelligence and cool courage belied his seventeen years.

Gazing up at Renfrew's concerned and anxious face as he lay there, fighting for breath, Pat forced a smile to his lips.

"Water!" he gasped.

Renfrew brought it and hoisted the boy into a chair. Pat had discarded his shirt and corduroys, and his body, clad only in a loin cloth and moccasins, was slippery with perspiration.

"I ran too hard," he murmured apologetically as he regained his breath.

"What's the matter?" asked Renfrew.

"The supplies," breathed Pat. "They're gone!"

"Stolen?" cried Renfrew. "Or was it animals?"

"They were stolen," said Pat. "We packed them so carefully in the rocks no animal could get to them. They've been found and taken away."

"But how? There's no trail, and they couldn't be taken from upriver. The only way is past these cabins!"

"That's why I came. Sandy told me to bring you the news as soon as I could. He's staying up there, trying to find the way they were taken."

Renfrew frowned, remembering Broadknife, the lordly, untamed savage who had sworn vengeance upon Sandy, the young redcoat, who had humiliated him before his people. Broadknife would know a way to get down to that inaccessible river bank. And if Broadknife found Sandy. . . .

"You must go back to him, Pat," said Renfrew. "Sandy's in danger."

The Indian boy leaped to his feet, his dark eyes wide and alert.

"Get some rest—"

"I don't need rest!" cried Pat.

"Then get something to eat. And hurry back. Take a pony and ride it as far as you can. Find Sandy and tell him to report down here immediately. I want you to come back with him at once."

"I don't need food," said Pat.

Renfrew smiled. The slim, athletic youngster, standing trim and clean-limbed, like a young tree imbued with life, was exhausted no longer. He clapped a hand on the boy's shoulder and turned him toward the door. "Remember the wisdom of Tatanka," he laughed. "'A lean horse runs well, but an ill-fed horse falls in the running.' Get yourself something to eat and take a short rest."

Pat left and ten minutes later Renfrew saw him riding the roan pony, galloping toward the river trail without rest or refreshment. Renfrew frowned. Then he sought out Tatanka.

"I want you to look after the prisoners," he said as he saddled his horse. "I'm taking Sija for a ride to see if I can find out where those horses went that Sandy and Pat were following."

"You will have some food first?" Tatanka asked.

"I can't wait. Broadknife is in the valley, and he's making trouble. I've got to reach Leon Garonde."

Tatanka shook a wise old head. "A lean horse," he said, "runs well, but an ill-fed horse—"

"I know," interrupted Renfrew. "But I've got to ride."

He spurred his horse toward the head of the valley and an hour later he was walking Sija sedately along the bank of a brown-watered creek that wound down from the narrow corridor of a stone-walled canyon. The sweat that saturated the pony's coat, her deep and steady breathing, betrayed the fast pace Renfrew had kept since he left the settlement. But it hadn't dampened the spirit of the strong-hearted little horse. Renfrew knew that in Sija, the horse with the golden mane, he had under him a mount that would take him where no other horse could go.

A half hour's inspection of the rocky meadow at the mouth of the canyon convinced Renfrew that Sandy and Pat had not been mistaken. There were many signs to show that a number of horses had been driven up from the cabins as far as this small, triangular field. But at this point the horse tracks disappeared. On the other side of the stream and all up the steep slopes were only the hoof marks of the ponies Sandy and Pat had ridden. It seemed almost as if Renfrew's dry comment that horses couldn't fly had been disproved.

But Renfrew didn't believe it. He realized that there was only one way in which the horsemen could have left that triangular meadow with its walled sides. It was a way that Sandy had discarded because it appeared to be an impossible way, but Renfrew knew now that it was the only one. He quietly rode Sija into the narrow canyon up ahead.

The walls on either side of the creek were so sheer and rough that they seemed almost to touch across the narrow crevice of sky high above him, but Renfrew studied them closely. He knew that Pat and Sandy had ridden up to the head of the creek and found nothing. Therefore the vanished horses must somehow have ascended or ridden through those walls.

In a little while he came to the waterfall Sandy had mentioned. Drawing rein, he sat with Sija's legs knee deep in the tea-colored water, gazing at a wide pool into which the cascade fell from a rocky barrier some thirty feet high. On either side of the stream a narrow shelf of shale formed the only bank between the water and the canyon wall.

Renfrew dismounted on this insecure imitation of dry land and sitting on a bowlder proceeded to undress. Leaving his clothes tied securely to Sija's saddle, he waded across the pool and clambered up the great pile of bowlders and rotten stone over which the waterfall tumbled. Under the high walls of the canyon his naked body, well made and muscular, seemed dwarfed to the proportions of a doll.

At the top of the barrier he examined the scene carefully. It looked as if the wall of the canyon had caved in, filling the stream bed with this Gargantuan pile of rock. Above it a deep pool stretched its dark, impenetrable surface back to a turn in the canyon. For a long time Renfrew looked at the rocks about him and at the face of the cliff from which they had fallen. Then he grinned pleasantly.

"Dynamite," he said, and grinned again as he saw Sija, down in the stream bed, cock her ears at the sound of his voice. "I said, 'dynamite,' Sija. It's the only thing that could have torn this cliff away. It looks as if Garonde went to some lengths to cover up his tracks."

With another look at the wall, he turned and plunged into the pool above the dam. With easy strokes he swam up the pool until he could see around the bend. He swam farther and found the exit he was looking for—a wide slope of shale that broke the wall of the cliff and ascended to the heights above. Scrambling up the shale he soon found the hoof marks of the horses that had ascended the stream to this point before the blast was discharged that had closed the canyon and covered the horses' trail.

Back at the top of the dam he appraised the job he had to do.

"You're coming up here, Sija," he said. "You and me together!"

And the magnificent little horse did. With a lariat about her neck and Renfrew on top of the barrier, guiding and encouraging her, giving her the weight of his body against the rope, she scrambled up the pile of gigantic rocks like a cat, pulling and clawing for foothold with toe and leg. And from the top of the barrier she slid into the deep pool and swam beside Renfrew like a dog.

Sprucely clad and superbly mounted, Renfrew must have appeared as if he had sprung from the earth.

The monstrous shape of the furious grizzly lurched forward. With a shrill cry Pat stumbled across to Sandy and threw himself in front of him.

After clambering up the steep shale slope Renfrew followed the trail of the vanished horsemen onto the grass-carpeted meadows of the upper ridges. When he first sighted the tall white man with the mass of snow-white hair crowning a hawklike face, he grinned at the man's amazement. Once more sprucely clad in his dry uniform, and superbly mounted, Renfrew must have appeared as if he had sprung from the earth.

Then the grin left his face as he realized the hours that had passed since he sent Pat riding up the river to warn Sandy. But he didn't know, as he greeted the strange old man on that high mountain meadow, that Pat had arrived too late.

Pat pressed the roan pony up the river trail as far as it was possible for a horse to move. Some three or four miles below the point where he had left Sandy Blackton the rugged bank of the river rose sharply in piles of rounded bowlders that could be covered only on foot.

Leaving the pony, Pat made his way forward in leaps and bounds, scrambling over and edging his way about rocks and ledges, keeping always along the water's edge so that he could first get his clothes from the boat where he had left them. He had tucked them away, with his rifle, under the forward deck.

At first he thought he had mistaken the place where they had beached the boat, but reaching the beach he could see the deep imprint of the boat's bow in the gravel. The boat was gone.

He clambered up to the high chaos of rock and bowlders where the supplies had been hidden, and only the remains of a small fire and an overturned kettle showed where Sandy had been awaiting him.

The overturned kettle instantly convinced Pat that Sandy had not returned to the settlement with the boat—a man does not abandon a good kettle in the wilderness. And then Pat remembered Renfrew's words: "Sandy is in danger!"

A queer change came over the Indian boy. He stood erect by the ashes of Sandy's fire and turned slowly, his sharp eyes examining every detail of the immense, chaotic wilderness that surrounded him. With his head thrown back as if he were sniffing the air, with every sense tuned to the point of snapping, he looked like a wild thing, keenly alert for danger. When he moved, his body was like a loping wolf's.

He leaped up over the rocks toward the steep bank of shale at the base of the cliff and pounced like a cat on the thing he had seen from the fireside. It was Sandy's stiff-brimmed felt hat. The white marks of stone showing in the felt and a red stain that slanted across the brim told Pat two things: Sandy had been wounded about the head, and the hat had been flung down or had fallen from the cliff above.

Pat flung the hat far down the river bank so that it could be picked up easily from the shore. Then his sharp eyes searched the heights above him.

It was a long perilous climb to the top with only thin ledges and occasional tree roots to help him, but his fitness of nerve and muscle brought him through. He stood on the rim of the cliff, breathed deeply, and then went scurrying along the rim in a crouching, undeviating lope that suggested a hound following a scent.

Persistently he clung to the rim, and soon he was rewarded by the clue he sought. From below, directly above the spot where the hat had lain, his sharp eyes had discerned a point at the edge of the cliff that had appeared worn. It was as though men might possibly have dropped a rope down the cliff—a rope that had been made fast to a tree from which the outthrust lower branches had been broken. The rope might possibly have caused that worn groove in the edge of the cliff, where the rotten rock had given beneath what might have been the weight of a man descending on such a rope. And there were marks in the shale below the cliff's edge that might have been made by the feet of a man descending.

It was toward that groove in the cliff's edge that Pat had climbed, and reaching it he saw that the possibility was a fact. There was the tree with its outer branches broken away, and the mark of the rope deeply worn into its bark. From that point a well-trodden trail led back into the woods. By that trail the robbers had come to drop their rope and bring up the hidden supplies, and by that trail they had come to surprise Sandy, attack him, and apparently take him with them.

Pat waited only to examine the trodden clearing, to determine by the marks of the hard-soled moccasins that the intruders were mountain Indians, and to pick up a bright brass button. Then he followed the trail into the forest.

He came out of the woods upon a mountain meadow, a field of clear grassland spotted thinly with trees. Angling across the meadow he ascended a rise that led to a rocky crown. He was picking his way through this shale-floored area when he heard the chattering voices of excited savages.

Then more than ever his body gathered in tense wariness, ready instantly to pounce or run. Slowly, as a creeping cat crawls up on a mouse or bird, he picked his way forward among the bowlders until suddenly he was flat against a jutting rock almost within touching distance of a magnificently tall Indian who spoke

(Continued on page 34)

Friendly talks
WITH THE EDITOR

Abraham Lincoln

WHEN we think of Abraham Lincoln, we think of the first scene in a great motion picture entitled, "The Birth of a Nation." It showed a small cabin with one door and one window standing in a clearing in the woods. The picture was dim with flying rain, the trees were swaying, and the underbrush in the clearing was contorted in agony. It was not a talkie, but the orchestra, in a crescendo of sound, filled the theatre with the fury of a hurricane. A subtitle conveyed the news that the date was February 12, 1809, and that inside the rude cabin, a baby boy was born. That storm, somehow, gripped everybody's emotions. We thought of it as a forecast of the torment that was to sweep the country fifty-one years later when this selfsame boy was to stand sadly on the steps of the White House, a shawl over his shoulder, and look out over a nation at war.

French doctors are attempting, with considerable success, to cure rheumatism patients by stinging them with bees.

Two Great Men

THIS month we are privileged to honor two men who guided the nation through its most dangerous storms—Washington and Lincoln. Both were men of ideas, of resolute courage, and compassion. To understand how far Washington towered above his fellows in the Revolutionary period, read James Truslow Adams' "Epic of America," published by Little, Brown, and Company. And for an intimate, gripping picture of Lincoln you can do no better than read again Sandburg's, "Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years," published by Harcourt Brace.

The entire population of Alaska could be put into the Rose Bowl and there'd still be thousands of seats for Californians.

Going Backstage

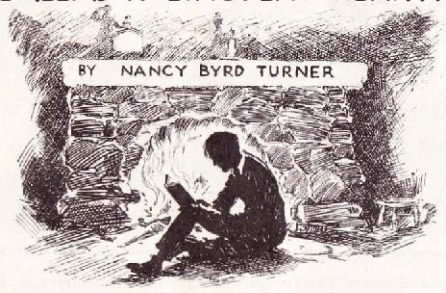
WE had the pleasure of going behind the scenes in one of the nation's largest department stores the other day. We promised not to mention its name, but it was one of the First Three. We were calling on a friend, an assistant buyer in the furniture department, and were in the middle of a pleasant chat when the buyer said, "Would you like to see what goes on backstage in this store on a busy day?" Would we! We leaped at the chance with unseemly glee, and the next moment we were transported into a world of activity that we never suspected existed. Two hours later, when we left the building to inhale the cold, crisp air of the Avenue, we were a bit breathless. We still are.

Every boy enrolled in Maybee Junior High, Monroe, Mich., is on the basketball team—and the team is winning games.

Chutes and Elevators

THE tour started quietly enough. The buyer pushed familiarly through a door marked "Employees Only," and we found ourselves in a storeroom half filled with a scattering of studio couches, davenports, and mattresses. In this room there were no smiling, polite clerks, no intent purchasers with sharp, bargaining stares. This room was businesslike and practical. On one side were two elevator shafts, each one as large as your dining room. Trucks came up these elevators—big heavy street trucks, all the way to the ninth floor, with loads of furniture to be unpacked and displayed. We wondered idly what a customer would think if one of these trucks should drive off the elevator, crash through the storeroom door, and appear on the sales floor. A grimy, practical monster breathing fire in the quiet elegance of the furniture department! But the buyer cut short our perverse imagination by pointing to a metal door in the wall. He opened the door and disclosed a spiral metal chute. As we looked, a package whizzed by, bound for unknown regions below. "To save time," he said, "all unbreakable packages are sent down these spiral chutes to the delivery department in the fourth sub-basement. Breakable packages are loaded into hand trucks and taken down the freight elevators. Want to go to the sub-basement?" We did!

BALLAD of LINCOLN'S HEARTH



Days were clipped at the turn of the year;
  Dark shut early with work all done.
He must read, he must read! but candles were dear;
  He lacked the price of a single one.
Candles for homes where the roofs were high,
  A cabin must fare as best it could.
When the sun dropped out of his winter sky
  He kindled a light from common wood.

Tallow and wick well out of his reach,
  He cut him a light from the hardy core
Of hickory, elm, and sturdy beech,
  Butternut, poplar, and sycamore:
Stuff long seasoned by sun and rain.
  Cured with the sap of the living earth—
Root and fibre and bark and grain
  It leapt to light on the shadowy hearth.

It wove on his book a pattern of flame;
  It burnished rafter and sill and beam;
It lighted old tales of valor and fame
  And things young dreamers have dared for a dream:
Rich pine rosin and cedar bark
  Painted a radiance on his face;
Glory burned in the chimney place.
  The cabin window flared in the dark.

Candles came dear for simple folk;
  Pennies were scarce. But his arm was good
And it hewed him a fire from ash and oak.
  There's a long light hidden in common wood.

A Busy Dungeon!

WE found peace and quiet—and efficiency—in the fourth sub-basement. Here, sixty feet underground, the spiral chutes ended. Packages were dropping out of them and landing on a moving endless belt a yard wide. Stationed along the belt were men taking off the packages as fast as they came and dividing them into three piles—packages to be mailed out of town, those to be delivered in town, and C. O. D. parcels. Thence they went into large baskets on wheels, up elevators to the street, and into trailer trucks—two baskets to a truck. On a busy Saturday, 40,000 parcels might go through this swift career of spiral chutes, endless belts, elevators, and trucks. In the fourth sub-basement we were also introduced to the Tube Room, another miracle of department-store system. The Tube Room is a kingdom of sales slips and cash. When you buy a pair of hockey skates up on the second floor, the clerk flips open a book and writes down the article of purchase and the price. If you charge it, he also writes down your name and address. Then, unbeknownst to you, he stuffs the sales slip into a small cylinder, sticks the cylinder into the mouth of a pneumatic tube, and temporarily forgets you. The cylinder is whisked through the arteries of the store by a powerful suction draft and ends up here in the sub-basement.

A diamond is the hardest, most imperishable and most brilliant of all minerals.

Credit and Cash

DOWN here the store decides whether it's safe to let you take the skates out of the store without paying for them. Your name and mine—the names of every one of the store's thousand charge-account customers—are written on cards and these cards show how promptly you have paid your bills in the past. If your credit is good, a girl sitting at a table stamps the sales slip with an OK, stuffs it back into the cylinder, and sends it back to the sports department. And shortly thereafter the clerk politely hands you your wrapped-up skates with a sales slip and a polite, "Sorry to have kept you waiting." Cash also comes down here via pneumatic tube, but all the cash cylinders are whisked on to a small room barred like a cell. Here girls sit pulling out dollar bills, silver, and sales slips. A hundred thousand dollars may go through their fingers in a day.

The lowly, fragile bee moth can instantly kill tuberculosis germs that are injected into it. Doctors wish man could kill them as easily!

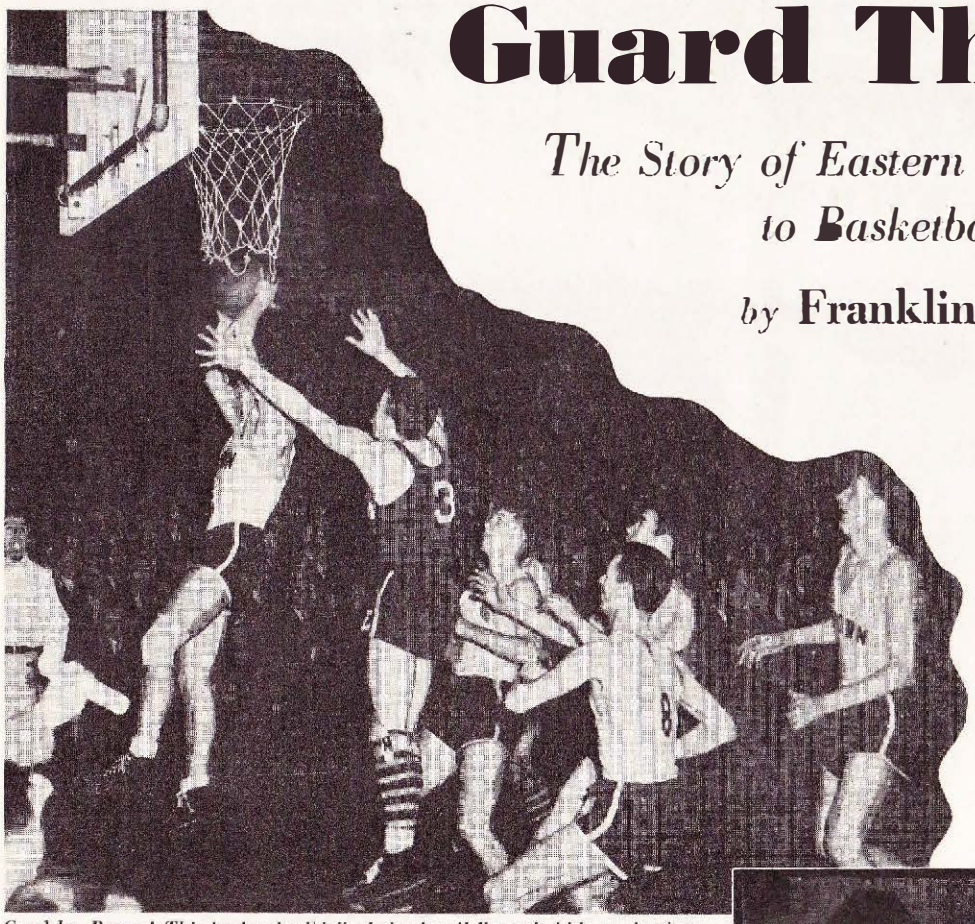
The Answer Is System

THE next time you go into a great department store, think of the world of storerooms, elevators, spiral chutes, and tubes, and the five thousand workers hidden in the mysterious world beyond the walls of the sales rooms. For every sales clerk there are two behind-the-scenes workers. Without them, you could never make a purchase on Tuesday for delivery Wednesday. When a store makes 140,000 sales in one day, one-third of them to be delivered to your home and mine, there must be smooth, efficient System backstage.

Guard That Man!

The Story of Eastern High School's Rise to Basketball Fame

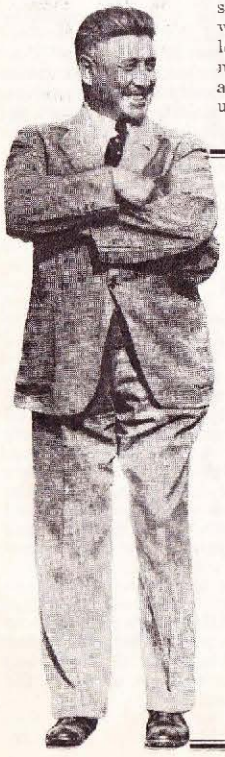
by Franklin M. Reck



Good-by, Brown! This basket by Edelin helped nail Brown's hide to the door.

EVERY March the town of Glen's Falls, N. Y., conducts a basketball tournament. The eight best prep and high school teams of the East are invited and the winner is considered the outstanding team of the North Atlantic seaboard.

Last year, for the first time, Eastern High School of Washington, D. C., was extended an invitation to compete. When the gun barked ending the tournament, Eastern High, the newcomer, was the winner, and Eastern's guard and spark plug, Lavelle Dean, was unanimously voted the leading player of the tournament. It was the first time any player had received a unanimous vote.



He's Played and Coached 35 Years

CHARLES M. GUYON, coach of the Eastern High basketball team, is an Ojibway Indian, born on the reservation at White Earth, Minn. Many famous Indian athletes have come out of White Earth. Their names are unknown to the present generation, but the fathers of *American Boy* readers will remember Guyon's famous brother, Joe, who played football for the Carlisle Indians and later for Georgia Tech.

Charles Guyon learned football, baseball, basketball and track at Haskell Institute and Carlisle Indian School. At Eastern High he has coached five Inter-high Basketball champions and tied two. His teams have won six South Atlantic tournaments and two metropolitan tournaments. In 1935 Eastern High reached the pinnacle of Eastern basketball fame by winning the gruelling invitational Glen's Falls tournament.

There was no question in the judges' minds about "Dopey" Dean. There was no question back in the nation's capital, or at Washington and Lee University, where Dean had won the most valuable player award in an earlier tournament. Nor was there any question in the mind of his coach, Charles M. Guyon. In his 14 years of coaching in Washington, Guyon can remember no basketball player who was better than Dean.

Sit down for a few minutes with Coach Guyon in his office at a downtown store and find out what makes a championship team and a player like Dean. With Guyon is Mike Kelly who coached the team in 1933 and 1934, winning the city championship in 1934.

Dean has been playing basketball almost as long as he can remember. He started in the playgrounds where he threw any kind of ball that was available, and by the time Guyon noticed him in gym classes at Eastern High he had already developed the knack of ball handling.

"The thing that made me notice him," Guyon tells you, "was his ability to take the ball off the backboard. He was skinny and small, but he had a way of leaping above the others and holding the leather without fumbling. He had glue on his fingers."

Dean rarely fumbled because he had learned the all-important lesson of catching the ball with the tips of his spread fingers and thumbs. The playground had taught him that if you let the ball hit the palm of your hand it will bounce out. Basketball skill rests in the finger tips.

"From the start he showed exceptional ability at guard," Guyon goes on. "For one thing he seemed to guess what the other fellow was going to do. He knew instinctively when his man was going to pass. He could read the other fellow's intention as plainly as some boys can read a book. As a result he blocked or intercepted more passes than any boy we've had around here. But that's basketball intuition. Some boys you can teach it to, some you can't."

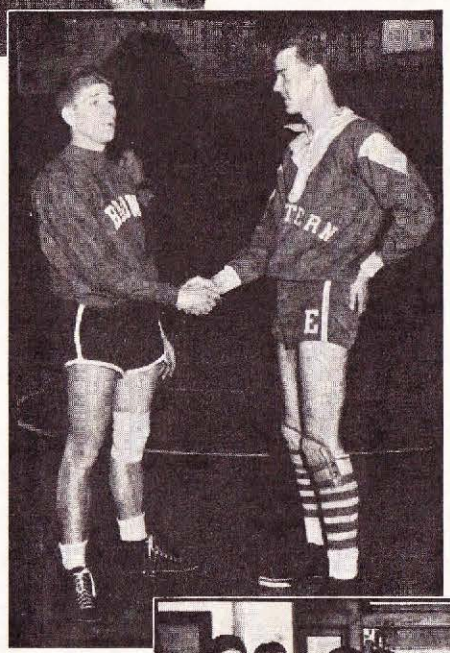
"Dopey" Dean first came to the notice of the city in Eastern's second game with Central High in 1933. There are eight teams in the city league and each team plays each other twice. Central had won 20 straight games. She had beaten Eastern earlier in the season 51 to 29 and expected to have no trouble this time.

But Eastern won the second game in a 35-34 hair-raiser, and one of the big factors in the victory was the guarding of Dean. He intercepted passes, broke up plays, and bottled his man. The game marked the beginning of the upward climb of Eastern to the top of Atlantic Coast basketball and the climb of Dean to individual stardom.

In 1934, with a well-balanced team, Eastern won the city championship. There were Dean and his running mate of playground days, Greydon Edelin, at guard, and these two gave the team great defensive strength. There were Nolan, Davis, and Bassin, sharpshooters, to do the scoring.

The prospects at the beginning of the 1935 season weren't any too bright. Nolan, Davis and Bassin had graduated. The team needed scorers and a center who could get his

(Continued on page 35)



Left: "Congratulations, Dean! You're the new champ!"

Below: Here's the squad that smashed all opposition.

Setting his candle on the floor, Connie grasped the dial and twirled it confidently.

Connie Morgan *in the* Arctic

by James B. Hendryx

Illustrator: MANNING deV. LEE

The Preceding Chapters

AT Bernard Harbor, on the top rim of North America, Sergeant Clay studied his records. "A ship named the *Aurora Borealis* left Sitka June 2, 1873, and was never heard of again," he said.

Connie Morgan sat up alertly. He and Old Man Mattie, half-cracked veteran of the Arctic trails, were on a strange quest. They were looking for a lost ship that Mattie insisted had been wrecked somewhere on Victoria Land. Mattie spoke vaguely of three men who had been aboard that ship—Joe and Pete and Darnley. He remembered a battle in which he had received a bullet in the shoulder. And a diary. Beyond that, the aged wanderer could recall nothing of his past.

"The *Aurora* was chartered by a man named John M. Trigg, out of New York. Captain, Joel Fairweather," Sergeant Clay went on. "First mate, James R. Darnley, second mate, Peter Berg."

"Joe and Darnley and Pete!" Connie exclaimed. "Those were the names. That's the ship! But who is Mattie?"

A study of the roster revealed nobody who might have been Old Man Mattie, and Connie was no further in the solution of the mystery when a trading ship took his party across the channel to Victoria Land. With Connie and Mattie were the Eskimo, Kumuk, and his wife, Ilayuk, who were returning to their home on the great island.

Two days' travel inland they met a tribe of 150 Eskimos on the shore of a large lake. In her native tongue, Ilayuk innocently introduced Connie as a great magician who could heal the sick, create caribou with his powerful telescope, and perform other amazing miracles. And it was this introduction that was nearly their undoing, for one surly Eskimo named Oolakjik announced that his wife was sick and wished Connie to heal her.

Connie saw instantly that her case was hopeless and sensed that the tribe might make trouble if she died. He made hasty preparations for departure, politely refusing to take part in a feast of half-decayed whale meat.

The party struck northeastward across Victoria Land until they hit the coast, intending to follow the coast line until they located the ship. And every mile put behind them added to their feeling of safety. If Oolakjik's wife should die. . . .

They came to a spot where abrupt mountains made further travel along the coast impossible. They'd have to inflate their sealskin pokes, buoy up the sled, and ferry their supplies across one hundred yards of open water to an ice floe and follow this floe across the bay, where travel along the shore would again be possible.

They had just finished ferrying all their goods to the floe when Ilayuk heard voices and the babble of dogs, and around the rock came twenty-five enraged Eskimos.

"Dey going to kill us," Ilayuk cried. "Dey say we kill de wife. Many people get sick from whale meat!"

Even as she spoke, the pursuers buoyed up their sleds and put out from shore. Connie fired, punctured the sealskin pokes, and the sleds sank. The party fled across the bay.

"They'll never give up," Mattie puffed. "They'll follow us wherever we go!"

Chapter Ten

OLD MAN MATTIE'S prediction that they would soon find the ship seemed optimistic as the party pushed on along the bleak, unexplored coast of Victoria Land. For days they fruitlessly made their way from one rocky headland to another.

Connie frowned with worry. He believed with Ilayuk that the Eskimos would try by every means in their power to get through the mountains and once more pick up their trail. The pursuers would be handicapped by the loss of the two sleds that had floated out to sea. With only two sleds left, the twenty-five infuriated men could not transport food enough for their subsistence. They would have to stop to hunt. But spurred by the desire for vengeance they would let nothing turn them from their purpose. Sooner or later there would be an accounting.

After passing the spur of mountains that had so nearly blocked their advance along the coast, Connie's party found themselves in a country only slightly less rough and broken than that behind them. The new sea ice thickened so that they no longer had to worry about carrying a full load on the sled, but pressure ridges, tide cracks, and open leads rendered ice travel almost as laborious as traveling on land.

The weather turned colder, and blizzard after blizzard slowed their progress. The Eskimos welcomed the storms because the wind brought an abundance of hard-packed snow for the construction of snow houses.

Connie and Old Man Mattie quickly acquired the knack of house building, and the four working together could build a hut in less than an hour. Connie was amazed to discover that his primus stove would heat the interior to seventy or eighty degrees.

The two Eskimos at first objected to Connie's demand that a ventilating hole be kept open in the roof just above the snow pedestal that supported the kerosene stove. Rather than try to explain the danger of death by carbon monoxide gas, Connie told them that the evil spirit controlled by the stove would certainly kill anyone who presumed to light the stove without first providing a suitable exit for the spirit directly above the flame. Thereafter the hole unfailingly appeared.

Old Man Mattie chuckled. "By jickity, you've got 'em so dang scairt that if they could figger a way to do it, they'd make the hole first an' build the house in under it!"

A week after their escape from the pursuing Eskimos, they crossed the wide mouth of a shallow bay on new ice. The past two days had been stormy and they had killed no game. Connie studied the surface of the bay with his glass. A mile out from shore a large floe had stranded in the shallows, its masses reaching forty or fifty feet above the surface of the young ice. Focusing his glass on the floe, he spotted a moving yellowish spot. It was a polar bear, and as Connie watched, it disappeared behind a hummock.

The two Eskimos were for unharnessing the dogs and bringing the bear to bay. Not wanting to risk losing a dog, Connie ordered the others to go ashore and start building the snow house while he walked out to the floe and stalked the bear. Upon hearing him shoot, one of them was to come out with the sled and help haul in the meat.

Taking his rifle, Connie headed out to the floe, shaping a course that would intercept the bear.

Coming down the river trail was a horde of shouting natives. Straight on toward the ship they came, grimly purposeful.

On a frozen hulk of ship, Connie and Mattie made their final stand

Reaching the floe, he climbed a hummock and cautiously surveyed the jagged mass that lay spread out before him. No bear was in sight, so he struck out onto the floe.

The going was exceedingly rough, and some two hundred yards from the edge of the floe he paused and dropped to hands and knees to peer over a hummock. Just as he rose to his feet, a low, spitting sound caused him to whirl in his tracks.

Not over twenty feet away, upon a hummock a trifle higher than his own, stood the bear, lips back, legs bunched under him for the final spring. Swinging his rifle around, Connie leaped backward just as the huge brute launched himself toward him.

Instead of landing on solid ice with his rifle to his shoulder, the boy found himself falling backward in a smother of flying snow. Greenish ice walls flew past, and he wondered whether he would wind up in the icy sea water. Then, suddenly, he struck with a dull shock flat on his back. Snow showered down upon him filling his eyes and mouth, burying his face.

In his ears sounded a horrible growling and snarling. Jerking his hand from his mitten, he clawed the snow from his face. The next instant his heart stood still. Scarcely a foot above him, as he lay flat on his back, four huge legs, terminating in great padded paws armed with long claws, were thrashing the air in frenzied strokes.

Connie closed his eyes and was aware that every muscle in his body had drawn taut to withstand the shock of those ripping, tearing claws. But no shock came. He opened his eyes and looked directly up into an enormous gaping mouth with its studding of yellowish-white fangs and its dripping pink tongue. The legs were flailing with redoubled fury. Connie could feel the wind of their passing fanning his wet face, and he could smell the hot breath that roared from the slavering jaws.

Gradually he realized what had happened. In leaping backward he had landed, not on solid ice, but upon the snow that bridged a crevasse—and the next instant the bear had landed there too. Both had gone down, Connie's smaller body reaching the footwide, snow-covered bottom of the crack, while the bear hung suspended above him, its larger body wedged firmly between the narrowing ice walls.

The boy's brain worked swiftly. He was safe enough for a moment, but the bear's frantic struggles might work him a little deeper into the crack, or the heat of his body might melt the ice just enough to allow him to slip the few inches that would put Connie's body within range of those wildly flailing claws.

"A dickens of a place to be," muttered the boy, as he began gingerly to move his legs and arms. His only possible chance of escape lay in working himself out from under the bear before those claws could reach him. He noted with relief, that they were apparently coming no nearer, though they were already so close that he dared not lift even a hand above the level of his body. Nor did he dare to turn over onto his face and crawl out. His elbows were pinioned to his sides by the ice walls, and were of no use whatever.

There remained only his heels, and the boy dug them into the snow, at the same time wriggling his body as much as the narrow space permitted. With a great surge of exultation, he felt his body slip an inch or so along the walls. Methodically he worked, digging and pulling with his heels, and inch by inch he slid along under those flailing, fanning, clawstudded feet.

It took half an hour of desperate labor before his face was finally beyond reach of those pistonlike hind legs. Trembling slightly, he sat up and rested, realizing that his skin, beneath his double thickness of fur garments, was bathed in sweat.

Finally he stood up and took stock of his situation. Twenty feet above him he could see the hole through which he and the bear had gained their sudden entrance to the crevasse. Light poured brightly through the hole, so that it was not dark in the prison. Connie found his rifle half-buried in the snow a few feet from where he had landed. It had struck butt foremost and there was no snow in the barrel. The walls of the crevasse were about four feet apart at the top, and slanted together toward the bottom.

As he examined the crack he realized how extremely lucky he had been. Where he now stood, a few feet behind the bear, the floor of the crack was fully two feet wide. If they had fallen here, the body of the bear would have dropped squarely upon his own. Beyond the bear the crack narrowed until the walls met at the bottom—a condition that would have wedged his own body so tightly that he could never have worked himself out from under the bear. At no great distance in either direction the crevasse ended. In no place were there any projections or cracks or ledges to aid him in climbing out.

Picking up his gun, Connie fired three shots into the air as a distress signal. Old Man Mattie would know what they meant—if the sound of the shots carried that far.

"I'll wait until after dark before firing again," he said aloud. "They'll be hunting for me then."

It grew colder as daylight faded. It was around forty below at the bottom of the crevasse, Connie decided. He grew sleepy and curled up on the snow for a snooze, lulled by the bear's rumbling growls.

After fifteen or twenty minutes he awoke, feeling uncomfortably chilly because of his sweat-bathed body. Rising to his feet, he moved about a bit to induce circulation and then lay down for another sleep.

Connie wasn't bothered by the tenderfoot's fear that to go to sleep in extreme cold means that the sleeper will never awaken. He knew that if he wasn't too exhausted the cold would wake him up. So he took alternate naps and exercise, listening keenly for sounds of his party.

Without any great fear, Connie wondered if this narrow ice-walled room might be his shelter for the next thousand years. He recalled a book he had once read, "Ten Thousand Years in a Block of Ice," and grinned. "Imagine floating through eternity with a bear for company. . . .

Connie awoke from his third nap with a start. Through the renewed roaring of the bear he heard the excited voice of Old Man Mattie. Looking eagerly up, he saw Mattie's bearded face peering down at him from the hole in the snow roof of the crevasse. Beyond Mattie Connie could see the stars glittering.

"Let down a rope and haul me out!" he called, as the faces of the two Eskimos appeared.

A rope dangled down and Connie motioned it back

with a laugh. "Who you trying to rescue—me or the bear? Break a new hole over here! I'm not going to climb on that bear's back to get hold of your rope. He's mad at me anyway!"

It was the work of only a few minutes to haul Connie out. He shot the bear through the head from above and they spent almost the whole night in cutting it up, packing the meat across the old floe, and hauling it to camp on the sled.

Three days later they found their coast trail completely blocked by a rocky mountain spur ending in a high promontory that thrust out into the sea.

No young ice had formed along the base of the cliff nor had any obliging floe drifted in to afford them passage around. Far out to sea an ice field was visible, but it might be weeks or months before it would drift against the shore.

There seemed to be nothing to do but to strike inland along the base of the mountains and hunt for a pass through the range. This they did, carefully conserving their bear meat for emergencies. What meat they did eat, they ate raw, partly to prevent scurvy and partly because raw meat was more tender than cooked.

For two days they angled away from the coast over gradually rising ground. On the third day they descended abruptly into the valley of a river that cut through the range in a deep canyon. Clinging to the wall of the canyon was a shelf of ice some three feet above the present surface of the river. The ledge was at least eighteen inches thick and in most places several feet wide. It was a dangerous, but possible, road through the canyon.

While neither Kumuk nor Ilayuk possessed any vast amount of physical courage, both were eager to take a chance on the ice ledge. Better to go on than to wait and be overtaken by their irate tribesmen.

Connie, however, refused to venture into the canyon on the ledge without first exploring it. It might narrow down to nothing or tilt too steeply to maintain a footing. And once started they couldn't turn the dog sled around on such a narrow path.

Knotting a fifty-foot length of rawhide line about his middle, Connie entrusted the other end to Kumuk and Old Man Mattie with instructions to follow him along the ledge at the full length of the line. Leaving Ilayuk with the dogs, he stepped out onto the precarious pathway.

Connie discovered that the ledge, frozen solidly to the rock wall, maintained a width of from four to ten feet throughout the entire length of the canyon, a matter of some five hundred yards. Beyond, the valley widened.

They ran the outfit through the gorge in safety and struck off down the river through a maze of diminishing foothills. All during the following day, as they traveled northward, Connie noticed Old Man Mattie behaving queerly. Frequently he paused to scan the mountains, one mittened hand shading his eyes.

Toward evening, as they rounded an abrupt bend in the river, the old man uttered a wild whoop of delight and pointed to a curious, bifurcated pillar of rock that stood aslant in midstream:

"By jickity, I know that rock! This here's the river the ship's in the mouth of! I know them mountains, too! An' this here rock that looks like a man—I'd know it anywheres! 'The tipsy sailor,' we called it. We used to hunt musk oxes in these hills."

"Don't you remember the canyon we came through?" asked Connie.

"No, we didn't go out that way—me an' Joe an' Pete an' Darnley. We went out afoot. Crossed the mountains through a high divide — it must be a long ways west of here."

"How far is it from this rock to the ship?" asked Connie.

"I don't rec'lect, but it can't be far. We used to hunt along here an' pack the meat in."

And indeed it wasn't far. A few miles farther on Connie climbed a high hill and turned his glass seaward. Beyond two or three miles of rolling hills, he could see the level young ice of a considerable bay, and beyond it the blue haze of the sea. Focusing the glass upon the foot of the bay his heart gave a great leap. There, above the snow-covered crest of a rounded hillock, appeared two slender sticks to which a few shreds of cordage still clung—the masts of a ship! A smarting sensation bothered Connie's eyes.

"Mattie," he said unsteadily, "it's — it's there."

Chapter Eleven

AN hour later all four stood and gazed in awe at the trim schooner that lay, not as Old Man Mattie had stated, in the mouth of the river, but some six hundred yards east of the river and about the same distance inland from the shore of the bay. Two masts rose gaunt and grim from her snow-covered deck. She lay upon an even keel, firmly embedded in the soil to a depth of four or five feet.

The reason for her position beyond the river mouth became instantly apparent to Connie—the river had changed course in cutting through the dike thrown up by the ice, leaving the ship stranded on the loop of a horseshoe bend.

Walking around to her stern Connie read her name, still legible after more than fifty years of weathering: *Aurora Borealis*, and beneath, in smaller letters: "New York."

Old Man Mattie joined him. "I didn't rec'lect the name of her," he said. "But that's her, all right. You kin see fer yerself there couldn't no one sailed her out of here. But danged if I can figger what in thunder I'd be doin' on a ship that b'longs in New York."

"Don't you remember New York?" asked the boy. "Remember living there—years ago—when you were young?"

"Who—me? Nussir! I wouldn't live in no town—let alone a big one like New York, that's so dang fer away from everywheres."

"How do you know it's a big town, if you've never been there?" asked Connie.

"Huh—I seen pitchers in the newspapers down to Edmonton. Yussir. There was more'n a hundred streets, an' folks livin' on both sides of 'em—an' stores higher'n trees." The oldster paused and scrutinized the wind-packed snow. "It looks like if anyone was here, they went away. I don't see no tracks."

Snow, hard and wind-packed, had drifted against her port side to within a foot of the rail. Toggling the dogs, the four walked up the drift and climbed onto the deck. Fore and aft hatches were battered down and showed innumerable scratches where prowling bears had clawed inquisitively at the woodwork.

Forcing open a hatch they crawled down into the cold, dark companionway below decks. There were four tiny cabins and a larger cabin opening off the galley that evidently had served as mess room and lounge. Solid ice covered the floor of the engine room to half the depth of the firebox doors. The bunkers held several tons of coal. In the forecastle were bunks for ten men.

Lighting candles from the supply in the galley they forced a door in the bulkhead and entered the forward hold where boxes, crates, and barrels of supplies remained intact. In one corner were stored hundreds of cans of gunpowder.

"The whole crew must have left," said Connie. "They certainly didn't stay here until all their grub and coal was gone. Come on—let's see what we can find in the cabins."

The doors to three of the cabins yielded readily to shoulder pressure. The first two contained bunks, upon which were blankets, odds and ends of clothing, and a sea chest apiece that yielded nothing but more clothing. The third cabin held two chests, one of which was nearly filled with maps and books on Arctic exploration, navigation, hunting, and various scientific subjects. On the fly leaves of several of these books Connie read the name "John M. Trigg," written in a bold, flowing hand.

"Who was John M. Trigg?" asked Connie, abruptly. It was the name he and Sergeant Clay had puzzled over.

Old Man Mattie, who had been gazing intently about the room, wrinkled his forehead and shook his head in perplexity: "Seems like I've heard that name, somewheres. It couldn't of been Joe, er Pete, er Darnley," he said. "It must of been one of the others."

Stepping to a shelf that had been built against the bulkhead near the head of the bunk, the oldster raised a photograph that had fallen forward on its face. As he stared intently at it his eyes widened and seemed to glow with a strange fire.

"It's her!" he cried suddenly, in a voice pitched high and thin with excitement. "By jickity, it's her!"

Connie felt a queer tingle of excitement. "Who?" he asked, peering over the old man's shoulder at the picture of a beautiful young woman. She seemed to be returning his gaze with wise, understanding eyes.

"Why — why — it's her! I don't know who! I can't rec'lect. I never knowed 'twas anyone real! It's the face I see in dreams—allus the same face—an' it's *her!* Here she is—in a pitcher! What do you make of it, Connie? How do you figger it out?"

The boy shook his head. Taking the photograph from the oldster, he turned it over and read: "To Matthew, with love, from Celia." And below: "I will be waiting when your ship comes back from the sea." Slowly, his head nodded as he stared at the name "Matthew"—John M. Trigg—Old Man Mattie! This photo in John M. Trigg's cabin definitely identified Old Man Mattie, as Trigg.

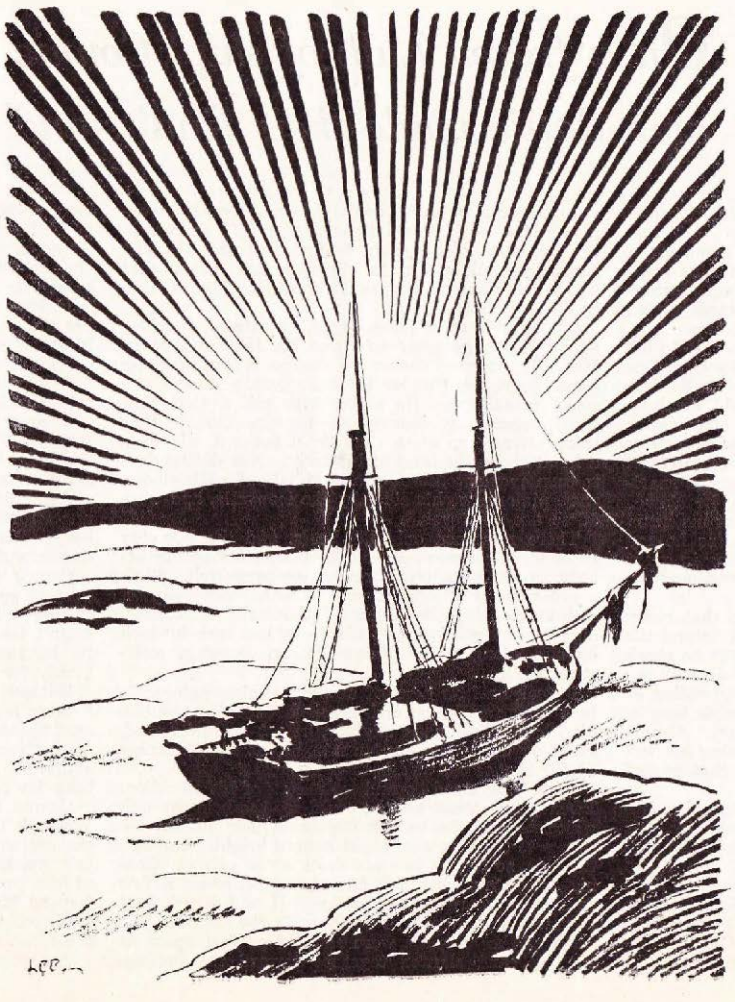
"I wonder who Celia was?" Connie murmured, as he returned the photograph to the old man's eager hands. "And I wonder if somewhere she's still waiting for a ship to come back from the sea?"

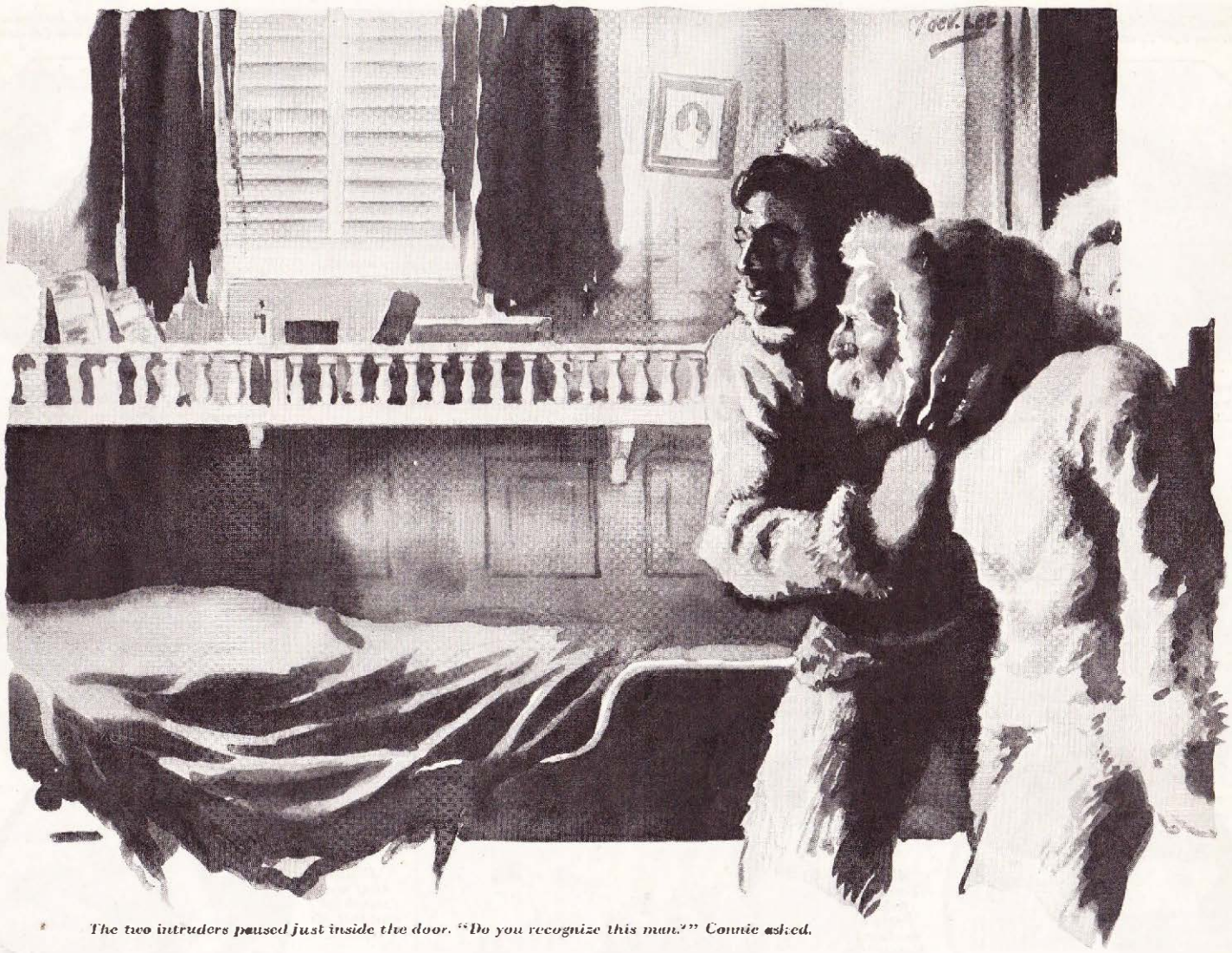
"Celia," repeated the oldster. "That's a girl's name—mebbe it's hers. An' if she's waitin' fer this ship to come back, she's got a long wait ahead of her." He returned the photograph to its shelf, standing it up carefully with its back against the wall.

"I guess," replied the boy, thoughtfully, "that the long wait is mostly behind her. Come on, let's see what's in that other cabin. We'll have to bust the door in."

The door of the locked cabin yielded reluctantly to the blows of a coal hammer. The two intruders paused abruptly, just inside the door, horror-struck. Above the edge of a rotted blanket a grinning skull was half turned toward them. Small patches of hair still clung to the discolored skull, and a fringe of detached hair surrounded it upon the pillow.

Kumuk and Ilayuk, who had been close behind the other two, turned at the sight and scurried panic-stricken up the ladder to the deck. Old Man Mattie piped up querulously: "By jickity, it looks like no matter





The two intruders paused just inside the door. "Do you recognize this man?" Connie asked.

where me an' you go to, we're allus findin' someone we've got to bury! An' this one will be the worst of all, 'cause the ground'll be froze harder'n iron!"

"Do you recognize this man?" Connie asked. "He must have been one of your shipmates."

"Reco'nize! Reco'nize! How in thunder could I reco'nize him? I never seen none of their bones!"

At one end of the tiny cabin stood a table, a sextant and theodolite resting on it. At the opposite end of the room, near the head of the bunk, was an iron safe about three feet square. On the top of the safe, within easy reach of the man lying in the bunk, was an empty glass, an open book, evidently the ship's log, a pen, and a bottle that had once contained ink.

Connie glanced at the last entry on the open page. The words were almost illegible: "Dec. 12. Fire out. Too weak to get . . . ." Glancing toward the little stove near the door, Connie saw that the coal bucket that stood beside it was empty.

"He became too sick to get coal from the engine room, and froze to death," said Connie soberly.

"Seems like there was more of 'em," said Old Man Mattie, brushing a hand across his forehead. "But I don't know. Seems like we was all fightin', or somethin'. All I rec'lect is Joe an' Pete an' Darnley —an' they're all dead but me."

"Don't you remember the captain's name?" asked Connie. "I think this is the captain's cabin."

"I don't rec'lect. Mebbe it was me or Joe or Pete or Darnley. I dunno."

Stooping, Connie manipulated the handle of the safe, but the door remained closed. "It's locked," he said. "Maybe we can locate the combination among the captain's books and papers."

"If we don't, we kin blow it open," said the ancient. "I seen some cans of gunpowder in the hold, along with them bar'ls of flour an' stuff. An' that reminds me—I'm dang good an' hungry! I seen a good cook stove in a little room down the alley, an' I'm goin' to build a fire in her an' cook up a big batch of pancakes! I ain't had a pancake since we left Simpson! Meat's all right, but a man likes a pancake once in a while."

"All right," agreed the boy. "You tend to the cooking. I'll build a fire in the mess cabin and then help Ilayuk and Kumuk put up the dogs and move our stuff aboard."

Neither of the Eskimos would eat or sleep in a dwelling in which a man had died. The whole ship was taboo. Instead they built a snow house a good hundred yards from the ship and moved their effects into it. Connie gave them the primus stove.

Old Man Mattie occupied the cabin containing the picture of his dream woman and Connie moved his bed into the mess cabin. After dinner when Mattie had retired, Connie carried the log book from the dead man's cabin to the mess room, lighted a couple of candles, and opened the book at the first page. The very first entry bewildered him:

"Dec. 13, 1872. Abraham Lincoln was shot, and then Columbus discovered America backwards." Below this incomprehensible statement, the entry became sane and logical: "Sailed at noon. Much grumbling among the men because of the date—Friday, the 13th. But Mr. Trigg scoffed at superstition, and no man of the crew refused to sail. As for myself, I am inclined to Mr. Trigg's view. Yet, as a sailor and shipmaster, I should have preferred to delay sailing until tomorrow."

On and on the boy read, missing no word of the daily entries of the long voyage down the coast, around the Horn, and up the west coasts of South and North America. Two different handwritings appeared, some entries being signed "F" and others "D". From them Connie confirmed the police record that the captain's name was Fairweather and the mate's Darnley, and that the ship had been chartered by one John M. Trigg, who was taking her into the Arctic for exploration purposes, but primarily to carry on a search for the Franklin expedition. He learned that Mr. Trigg was a young man with a scientific bent, who was completely dominated by the lure of Arctic exploration.

Since John M. was the son of a very wealthy banker and merchant, Cassius M. Trigg, he had chartered the *Aurora Borealis*, and set out to find Sir John Franklin.

Connie stared unbelievingly at the open page with its yellowed paper and its faded ink. So Sergeant Clay's facetious remark about Old Man Mattie's being related to the world-famous financier, Cassius M. Trigg, Jr., was no idle jest! "Why—he's his *brother!*" breathed the boy. "Brother!"

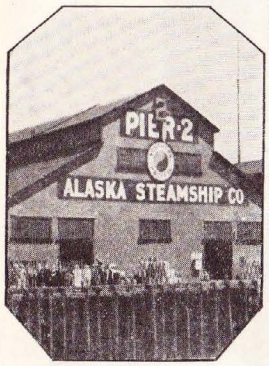
For a long time he sat there in the dim candle light of the little mess cabin as he strove to envision Old Man Mattie, the uncouth, lovable old outlander, as the brother of the man whose very name was the symbol for wealth throughout the civilized world. Books had been written about this man, and one could scarcely open a daily newspaper without encountering his name or seeing his picture. The boy remembered that for years the cartoonists had delighted in caricaturing his rotund body as a huge cash bag with head, hands, and feet attached, until "Cash" Trigg had become a world jest.

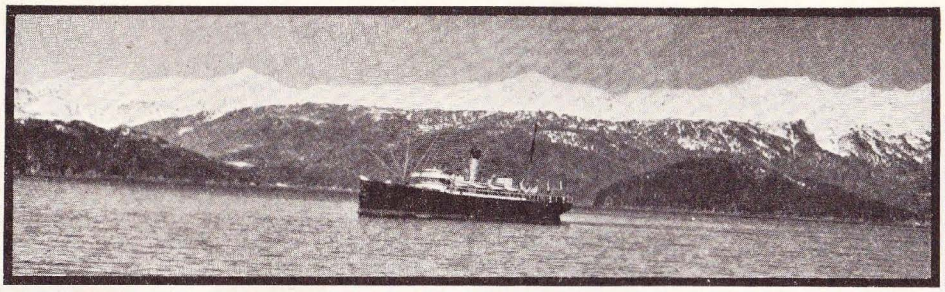
That, despite his great wealth, young Trigg had been very democratic and popular with the officers of the ship was instantly apparent from the entries in the log. At first he was always referred to as "Mr. Trigg." By the time the vessel had reached the Horn, he was called "Matthew." And after leaving the port of San Francisco, it was "Mattie." Mr. Trigg —John M. Trigg — Matthew — Mattie — Old Man Mattie! There was no question about it, now. And for a long, long time Connie sat staring at the blank wall of the bulkhead. He wondered if somewhere—back in New York, maybe—an old woman named Celia was still waiting for a ship to come back from the sea?

The log told how they sailed through Bering Strait and along the northern coast of Alaska, encountering very little ice. They had turned northward, skirting Banks Land, and encountered their first serious ice floes along the northern coast of that land.

(Continued on page 27)

Below: Your ship will leave from Pier 2, in Seattle.



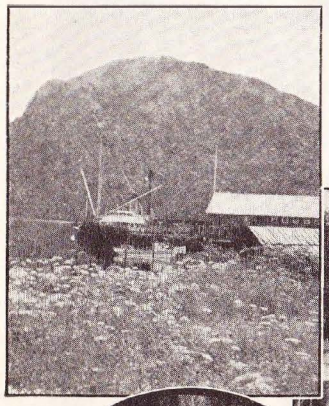


With the snow-capped ranges of British Columbia on your right, your steamer will take you north to adventure!

Below: Three of last year's leaders aboard the Cordova.

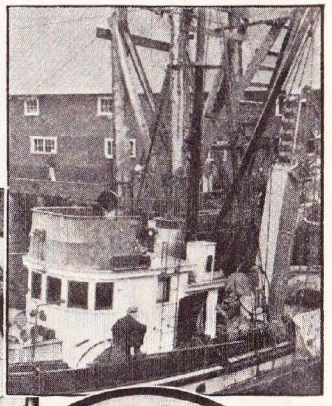
Alaska Bound!

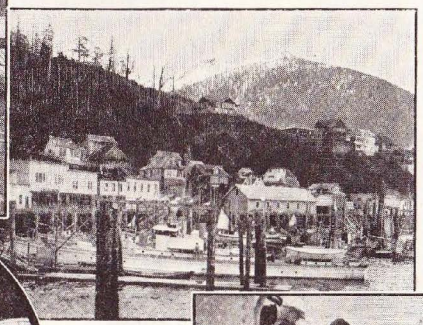
Below: Your ship will come to rest in sheltered bays.

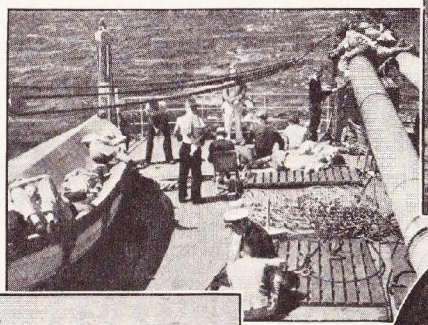


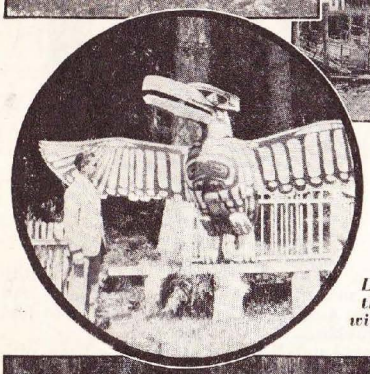
LIKE to go vagabonding to the land of mountains, glaciers, and scrapping salmon with fellow readers of The American Boy? Via air-cooled special cars to Seattle, then aboard your own freighter up the magnificent Inside Passage? There'll be chats with Indians, snow fights, sightseeing in Ketchikan, Juneau, Wrangell! All under American Boy sponsorship at the lowest cost the magazine can obtain. Feast your eyes on these pictures. Then send for the folder (see announcement, page 7).

Below: When the fishing boat arrives, canneries get busy!



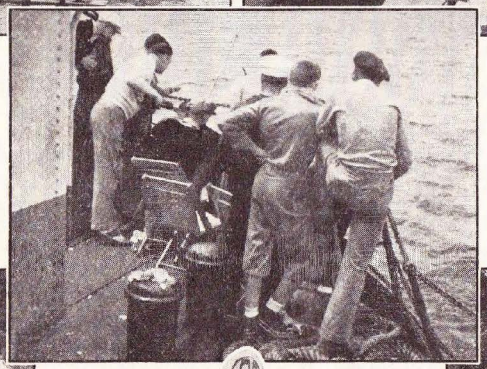






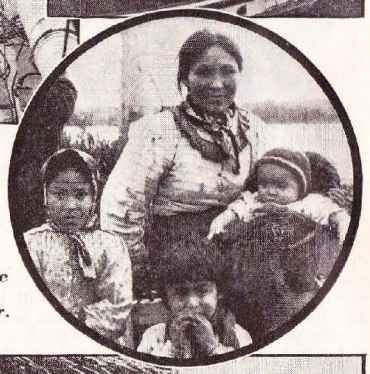
Above: You'll see fishing fleets at anchor in Ketchikan.

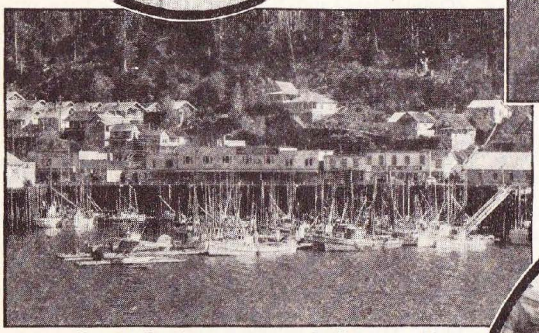
Left: Brilliant thunder birds will leer at you.



Above: Golf and sunshine and salt air topside!

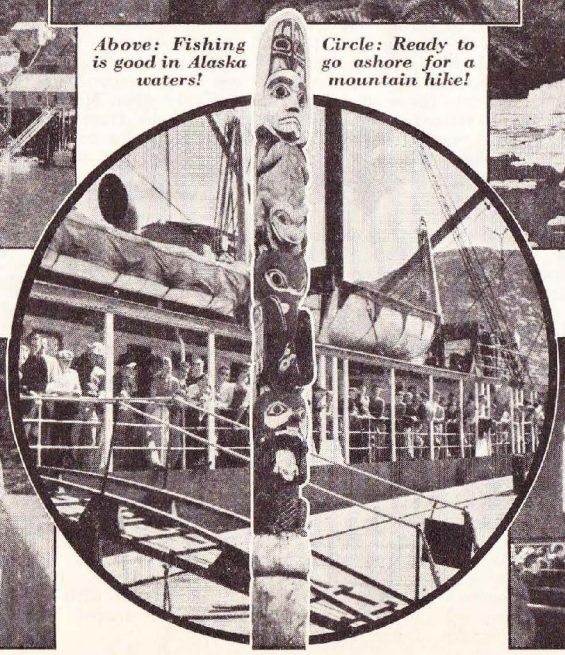
Right: Native Indians will look you over.

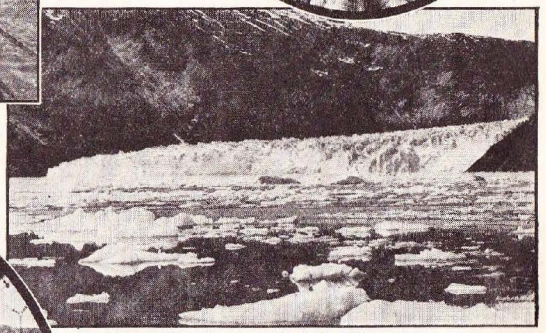




Above: Fishing is good in Alaska waters!

Circle: Ready to go ashore for a mountain hike!



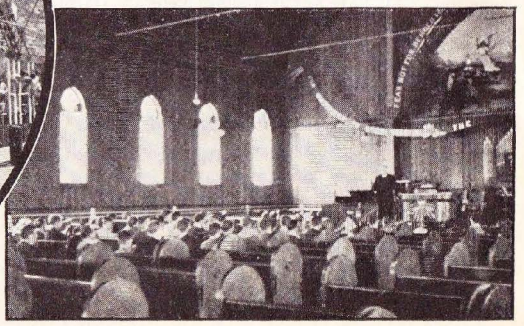


Above: Small Alaska towns are built on stilts and plastered against a mountainside.

Below: Last year's Cruisers caught 300 fish in two hours, over the side of the boat!

Above: Here's famed Taku Glacier near Juneau. Your boat will take you close in.

Below: 1935 Cruisers visited the great Indian-built church at Metlakatla.



Connie Morgan in the Arctic

(*Continued from page 25*)

From that time on, their passage had been one continuous battle with the ice until finally they were forced into the bay on the northern coast of Victoria Land to escape the mountainous drift ice that swept in upon them from Melville Sound. Thus it was that the ship had been hopelessly grounded in the mouth of the river.

Terror at their predicament had gripped the crew. Dissatisfaction and mutiny followed. They blamed John M. Trigg for their misfortunes. He it was who had scoffed at superstition and ordered the ship to sail on Friday, the thirteenth. Only the first and second mates, George Darnley and Peter Berg, and the cook, Joseph Lopez, had remained loyal to Trigg and the captain, Joel Fairweather.

The winter slowly passed with the vessel housing two armed camps—the mutinous faction under the leadership of the ship's carpenter, Sylvester Brant. In the spring, when it became apparent that by no possibility could the ship ever be floated again, the mutinous crew seized the boats, loaded them with supplies, and put to sea with the avowed intention of reaching civilization by way of the water, though there was not a navigator among them.

A pitched battle developed when the captain's party sought to retain possession of one of the boats—a battle in which one of the mutineers was killed and Captain Fairweather received a bullet in the knee. "Mattie" received a bullet in the shoulder and a blow on the head with a belaying pin that fractured his skull and left him all but dead upon the forward deck.

The last seen of the deserters was when their boats, under sail, passed from sight around the high rocky point at the entrance to the bay.

For weeks Mattie hovered between life and death, then began to improve with surprising rapidity. By the first of August he had become apparently as well as ever physically, though he could remember almost nothing that had occurred prior to the fight on the deck of the ship.

A council was called, and it was decided that Mattie should take Darnley, Berg, and Lopez, and make an attempt to cross Victoria Land. If they met no natives they were to continue on across to the mainland after the Dolphin and Union Strait froze over.

Captain Fairweather was to remain with the ship. His wound had left him with a stiff knee, and there were ample provisions and fuel on the ship to last until help came. The waters of the river and the bay teemed with fish, and the captain viewed his sojourn on the vessel as a great lark—recording that for the first time in his existence he could settle down to a life of ease and comfort, without a care in the world. Then followed an account of the departure of the land party.

For awhile the captain had kept a daily log, recording incidents of hunting and fishing, and the exploration of the near-by hills where he found extensive deposits of native copper, the metal outcropping in chunks nearly as big as a capstan.

The daily entries became weekly entries, and then mere fragmentary jottings of the more important happenings. The dates covered a space of more than two years until an attack of scurvy brought him to the last scrawled entry.

For a long time Connie sat idly thumbing the yellowed pages. If Pete or Darnley had lived, Captain Fairweather would have been rescued. But only Mattie had survived, and Mattie hadn't remembered. The log explained many things—Mattie's bullet that foretold weather better than a "barompter," his keen mind, his loss of memory, his gentle, courageous nature. Connie had heard of operations to relieve pressure on the brain. If he took Mattie to a surgeon, and the operation worked, Mattie's memory might be restored. But that might be a tragedy. It might lay bare to the old man a lost life and a lost love.

Once again Connie's eyes came to rest upon the first page of the log: "Abraham Lincoln was shot, and then Columbus discovered America backwards." The entry had been penned evidently before the ship sailed from New York. Therefore, it must mean something. But what?

"As if Columbus discovered America after Abraham Lincoln was shot!" he muttered. "And what does it mean—he discovered America backwards? Abraham Lincoln was shot in 1865 and Columbus discovered America in 1492. But what's that got to do with the *Aurora Borealis* and Old Man Mattie?" Suddenly the boy stiffened in his chair, his eyes on the open page. "The combination," he said, and laughed aloud at the simplicity of it. "18-65-92-14!"

Sweeping the candle from the table, he hurried into the room where the patch-haired skull grinned at him in hideous mockery. Setting his candle on the floor, Connie grasped the dial and twirled it confidently. 18-65-92-14. He tugged at the handle, but nothing happened. So sure had he been that he had solved the combination that he felt a keen sense of disappointment when the door remained obstinately shut.

Placing his ear against the cold iron, he twirled the dial again. He could hear a slight clicking of tumblers, but the sound meant nothing to his untrained ear.

He reversed the whole series of numbers. 92-14-65-18. The door remained locked.

Then he tried again. This time he started with 18, turned to 65, turning the dial clockwise—to the right. Then he turned to 14, moving the dial to the left—backwards—then to the left again to 92. With bated breath, he grasped the handle and gave it a pull, and the door swung easily open!

In the lower part of the safe was a complete duplicate set of navigating instruments. With trembling hands Connie took a key from a small shelf and unlocked two drawers. Picking up his candle, he carried them to the mess cabin and laid them on the table.

One drawer had six flat packages of currency, each package marked "$5000." The other drawer held two clippings from a New York newspaper. Holding one of the clippings close to the candle, Connie read a column and a half of fine print that appeared beneath a double column cut of the *Aurora Borealis*. The story described the ship, its personnel, its destination, and its objectives. It also told much about young John M. Trigg, widely and favorably known among the younger generation of the city as "Mattie" Trigg. He was described as a rich man's son who had an object in life other than to spend money and waste his time. Upon graduating from Harvard, he had fitted out this semi-scientific expedition, which was to combine adventure with purpose.

The other clipping was an editorial from another New York paper, highly commending young "Mattie" Trigg for his enterprise and scoring other rich men's sons as idlers. Among those scored was Cassius M. Trigg, Jr., Mattie's brother.

Carefully Connie returned the money and the clippings to the safe. Then

he crept between his blankets in the mess room. "Harvard—brilliant future for Mattie Trigg," he muttered. "The paper didn't predict any brilliant future for his brother, 'Cash' Trigg. I wonder what a 'brilliant future' really is? Which one has got the most out of life, Cash or Mattie?"

Chapter Twelve

NEXT MORNING, over their breakfast Connie told Old Man Mattie about opening the safe and finding the clippings about young John M. Trigg.

"Would you like to read 'em?" he asked. "They tell all about this rich man's son who headed this expedition."

"Nope. I don't care nothin' about no rich men's sons. I don't rec'lect this here Trigg bein' in the ship. Maybe that's him there in the cabin."

"The dead man was the captain of the ship," said Connie. "His name was Joel Fairweather, and he couldn't go along with you because he had been wounded in the leg."

"I thought I rec'lected some fightin'," said the oldster calmly. "It was tough luck—him not bein' able to come along with us. He died in a bunk, comfortable, anyhow."

"I found some money in the safe, too—thirty thousand dollars. That money belongs to you."

"Me!" exclaimed the oldster, in surprise. "Why does it b'long to me? You found it."

"It's yours because this was your ship. You chartered her."

"Oh, I did, eh?" The old man's tone was casual. "I kind of wondered what I'd be doin' on someone else's ship. Heck of a place to fetch a ship to, wasn't it?"

Connie sat looking soberly at the old man. He noted the pink checks peeking out above the grizzled beard. Mattie was one of those men whose bodies and minds never seemed to grow old. He might go on for years, hunting new Arctic trails, finding money and ignoring it, living simply, hardily, and courageously. Or he might be reunited with his brother—and perhaps with Celia.

"Mattie," Connie said in a casual, expressionless voice, "what if I were to find out that you were the brother of 'Cash' Trigg?"

The old man showed no surprise at the question. "You mean that old cuss that's so danged rich even his pictures in the papers looks like a money bag?"

Connie nodded.

"Huh! I'd go out and hide my gold in a new place."

"But he's got plenty of money—"

"An' in two days he'd have all mine. He'd get himself app'inted my guardeen. He's robbed plenty of people an' he wouldn't stop at his own brother."

"But you could live in New York—"

"Where all them strects is?" Mattie half rose from his chair, bristling with indignation. "What would I be doin' livin' in a house, an' no place to go but another dang street? Ef I had to live in New York I'd die. Not because I was sick er nothing, but jest because I wouldn't want to go on livin'."

Connie rose to his feet, his mind at rest. Why should he ruin one man's life to give the world a new sensational story to buzz over?

"Let's carry out the captain's bones and build a rock cairn over them," he said.

Mattie agreed at once. "Jest so we won't have to bury him," he said. "I'm danged tired of buryin' people which they ain't got no better sense than to get found in the winter when the ground's harder'n iron."

While Connie and Old Man Mattie removed Captain Fairweather's bones to a near-by hillock, Kumuk and Ilayuk took two of the dogs and struck out over the ice for a seal hunt. The dogs, Connie knew, would locate the little holes in the ice that the seals maintained for breathing. Kumuk would wait over the hole until a seal stuck up his nose for air. Then the harpoon would go into action. Ilayuk would enlarge the hole with an ax, and together they'd drag out the seal. It was the Eskimo way of hunting.

After building an imposing cairn over the captain's bones, Connie got his rifle and went out on the ice, leaving Old Man Mattie prowling about among the stores of the ship. He met Kumuk and Ilayuk returning from their hunt, dragging a seal.

"Kumuk say, he no lak we stay here no more," said the woman. "He 'fraid hees people come an' keel us."

Connie nodded. "Where are you and Kumuk going to live, Ilayuk?" he asked. "You can't go back to Kumuk's people."

"We go to M'kenzie Riv'. Ees good place to live, anyway."

Connie felt responsible for these two. But for him they wouldn't be outcasts now. He must see them safely through to the Mackenzie River country and he began to plan what they should do. The Victoria Land Eskimos, by now, were on the sea ice hunting bear and seal. It would be safest to cut straight down the middle of the great island. The straits would be frozen when they got there. But they must start early, before Kumuk's people, supplied with new sleds and dogs, trapped them aboard the ship.

"What big rabbits for such small game pouches!!"

"We'll have to pack all our grub," he planned aloud. "There's that meat cache we made when we hunted with the people by the lake, but they probably robbed that when they thought I made 'em all sick."

"No," replied the woman, with conviction. "Dey no touch cache. Dey keel us, but no touch cache."

"All right," said Connie. "There's plenty of grub on the ship." Some of the smoked meats were still good after more than fifty years. "We'll take what we need to last us to the cache. But we've got to get meat for the dogs. That one seal won't be enough."

The woman smiled. "Got to git seal for Kumuk, too."

"Come on, then," said Connie, laughing. "Leave this seal here, and we'll hit over to that lead and I'll shoot a few more. We'll hunt today, get the outfit ready tomorrow, and pull out the next day."

At the lower end of the open lead Connie shot two seals, which promptly sank.

"That's funny," he said. "They ought to be fat this time of year—and a fat seal ought to float."

He turned his attention to those upon the ice. They remained upon the very edge, and before he could draw near they slipped into the water. He shot two more at long range, but both flopped into the water and disappeared.

Watching them he noted that they would lie asleep, and then suddenly raise their heads and gaze about them, then drop their heads for another short nap.

Telling the Eskimos to wait where they were, he approached to within a couple of hundred yards of a basking seal. Then he lay down on the ice and started to hunch himself along sidewise, in order to look as much like another seal as possible.

He had approached to within seventy or eighty yards when the seal lifted its head and fixed its gaze on him. Connie lay still for fifteen seconds, then raised his head, and looked around, exactly as he had seen the seals do. Then, down went his head for another "nap." Again and again he repeated the process, while the seal watched him narrowly.

Finally, lulled into security, the animal lowered its head for another nap and Connie hunched a few yards closer. When the seal again looked around, it gave Connie only a passing glance before dropping asleep. The boy worked himself up to within twenty yards, took careful aim, and fired a shot that shattered the animal's brain.

Connie shot another seal by this method, and two miles farther up the bay he approached another. This one, despite a close range shot, flopped into the water. To Connie's surprise it didn't sink, and Kumuk brought it in with the harpoon. Five more seals he shot, after which Kumuk hurried to the camp for the sled and dogs.

Old Man Mattie solved the mystery of the seals that floated and those that didn't, as the two sat in the mess cabin that evening.

"The river empties in close to this end of the lead," he said, "an' anyone knows that anything will sink easier in fresh water than it will in salt. Out at t'other end the water's salt, an' the seals floated in it. Common sense shows that—not no maps, er compasses, er glasses, er watches."

Connie looked at his friend respectfully. "When we pull out of here, is there anything you want to take with you—books, or the ship's log? We'll have quite a load, with the dog feed and all."

"Nope—nothin' but her pitcher. An' we better take them bills. 'Course we both got plenty of dust back on the river, but there ain't no sense in leavin' all that money here."

Now that they were going to leave in two days, Connie felt a queer tension growing within him. An impulse told him to leave at once—tonight.

"I'm getting jittery," he told himself with disgust. "By the time the Eskimos arrive we'll be halfway down the island."

But they weren't. The next morning they hauled the sled up close to the side of the vessel and loaded for the long trip back. Ham, bacon, and beans were added to the large supply of seal meat, and the load waited only the addition of the light tent and the bedding to be ready for an early start the following morning. The ship's log he was taking along. The navigating instruments he put in the safe together with a note telling of their own visit. Then he locked the safe and scratched the combination numbers in the enamel just above the tumbler.

Hardly had he finished this task when loud cries from the two Eskimos sent him scurrying up the ladder to the deck. Kumuk and Ilayuk, followed by all the dogs, were scrambling over the rail and excitedly pointing.

Connie looked up sharply. Coming down the river trail was a horde of shouting natives. Straight on toward the ship they came, grimly purposeful.

At a distance of a hundred yards they halted and Ilayuk identified them as the same band that had been turned back at the ice floe. The two Eskimos grasped their rifles and Old Man Mattie came up from below, bringing his own and Connie's gun.

"By jickity, I don't like to shoot no one!" he cried. "But I don't see no call to stand around an' git butchered by no dang Eskimos, neither!"

"We won't do any shooting till we have to," said Connie quietly and turned to Ilayuk. "Tell 'em to stay back away from this ship," he ordered. "Tell 'em that if they don't we'll have to shoot with the thunder sticks."

After a short parley she reported: "Dey say we give up. Dey shoot."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth when the natives dashed forward to within thirty or forty yards and released a flight of arrows. With a loud cry, Kumuk fell writhing to the deck, an arrow buried half its length in his chest. With a scream of anger, Ilayuk swung her rifle to her shoulder and opened fire, resting the gun on the rail and working the lever as fast as she could. Old Man Mattie's gun roared again and again, and before Connie could make himself heard, three men lay upon the snow, and the rest were running back to their sleds.

When the others ceased firing Connie deliberately raised his own rifle and fired four times, killing the lead dog in each of the four teams.

"Better kill dogs than men," he said grimly. "We're going to try for a get-away tonight. They'll have a hard time following us very fast with their leaders dead."

Leaving Mattie to stand guard, they carried Kumuk below. The arrow, a copper-tipped one, had penetrated the Eskimo's chest and protruded at the back. Connie cut the shaft in two with his knife and withdrew it. Cleansing and bandaging the wound as best he could, he made Kumuk as comfortable as possible. But he had little hope of his recovery—the arrow might have pierced a lung.

Leaving Ilayuk with the wounded man, Connie returned to the deck and joined Old Man Mattie at the rail.

"They come an' got them three," said the oldster. "I don't think none of 'em was dead. They didn't try shootin' no more arrows."

Connie's face was drawn with worry. "They've got us in a tough spot," he said. "Part of 'em can hold us here while the others hunt. See — they're building snow houses!"

"Yeah—an' four of 'em crawled in Kumuk's house. I had a notion to take a shot at it, jest fer luck."

"Don't shoot unless you have to," said the boy. "Tonight we'll try to get away."

For a moment Connie watched them as they cut out square blocks of snow, not far from the river bank.

"I wish they'd gone farther back to build their houses," he murmured. "They might prowl around and see the loaded sled."

In the mess cabin Connie suggested flight to Ilayuk, carefully explaining that Kumuk's wound was very serious, and that he probably wouldn't live in any case.

The woman answered him with a ready smile: "Sure—we go. W'en night come. Dey no t'ink we go 'way. Kumuk no die. You feex my arm—you feex Kumuk. He no die. He git well, bye-um-bye."

Warmly patting the sturdy woman's shoulder, Connie returned to the deck. He arrived at Old Man Mattie's side in time to see a great commotion among the natives. They rushed into small groups, separated, bunched again, and pointed to the snow house that Ilayuk and Kumuk had occupied.

"What's the matter with 'em?" asked the boy. "What's got into 'em?"

"Danged if I know!" exclaimed the oldster. "You rec'lect I told you about four of 'em crawlin' into Kumuk's house. Well, a few minutes ago one of the others went over an' hollered in the door—an' then he crawled in. In a couple of minutes he come out an' begun to stagger around in the snow —an' then he fell down."

Suddenly Connie understood. "Those four crawled in there an' lit the primus stove. You remember I showed 'em how it worked when we were camped with 'em at the lake. They must have closed the opening over the stove—and they're poisoned by the gas."

"Gosh sakes! Look at 'em—they're leavin' their houses half finished an' pullin' out. I b'lieve they're goin' to leave us alone! They think you've got 'em bewitched!"

For a moment Connie dared hope. Then, with a sinking heart, he saw that they were merely retreating a half mile from the river bank and building there.

"At least," Connie gulped, "they're that much farther from the river. I don't believe they can overtake us without any lead dogs. And once we get to the canyon, we're safe."

"What d'you mean, safe?" asked the oldster. "We've still got a long ways to go after we git through them mountains."

"Yes," agreed the boy, "but not as far as they. Wait—and see."

Chapter Thirteen

WHEN DARKNESS settled, Connie lowered himself over the side, made a quick expedition to Kumuk's snow house and rescued the primus stove. It wasn't difficult—the natives were a half mile away and the stove had burned itself out.

Back at the ship, he lashed Kumuk as comfortably as possible to the top of the load, then harnessed the dogs.

Mattie and Ilayuk were ready to go, and without a backward glance they started. Keeping the ship between them and the Eskimo houses, they succeeded in reaching the river ice where they urged the dogs to a fast run.

Suddenly, from the direction of the Eskimo houses, a dog howled. Another took up the wild ululation, and another, and another. Glancing back over his shoulder as he ran at the tail rope of the sled, Connie saw by the wan light of the glittering stars that upright figures were running about among the dogs, and that other upright figures were running over the snow, cutting for the river in a long diagonal. He knew that these figures would be armed with short stout bows and copper-tipped arrows, and that they would follow closely, holding the outfit in sight while others came with sleds.

As he ran, Connie's eyes fell on his own bulging pack sack that hung loosely suspended at the tail of the load. The sled swept around a curve, a half mile ahead of the pursuers.

Increasing his pace, Connie ran along beside Ilayuk who was racing ahead of the dogs, her lips pressed in a hard, straight line and her rifle gripped firmly in her hand.

"Keep going as fast as you can," he panted. "At this rate we ought to make that canyon by midnight. You keep on going straight through on the shelf of ice. At the other end you wait for Mattie and me."

"W'y you no come, too?" asked the woman, quickly.

"I have a magic that will stop them at the canyon."

As he dropped back to Old Man Mattie beside the wheel dog, Connie noted that a few of the foremost runners had rounded the bend and were less than a quarter of a mile behind.

"When they get within bow shot, you turn around and blast at 'em with that old cannon of yours," he called. "It talks louder than my rifle and kicks up

a big smoke."

"Yeah, an' by jickity, if I hit one of 'em he'll know he got hit with somethin', too!"

"Shoot over their heads!" ordered Connie. "Just hold 'em out of bow shot till we hit the canyon."

An hour later a half dozen of the swiftest had approached to within seventy or eighty yards. An arrow struck close beside Mattie, who instantly turned and blazed away with his rifle. For the next couple of hours they were content to follow at a more respectful distance.

The mountain spur loomed close now, and presently the dull roar of water rushing through the gorge pulsed on the air. Connie yelled out, and Old Man Mattie pulled up beside him. Just as the sled, with Ilayuk in the lead, swept onto the narrow ledge of suspended ice, the boy reached out and jerked his pack from the load.

"Stop here and stand 'em off for a few minutes!" he ordered Mattie. "When I yell, you come and come fast!"

"Sure as shootin'!" replied the oldster, his old eyes brightening with comprehension as he saw Connie reach into his pack sack and remove one of the twenty-five pound sheet-iron cans of gunpowder they had found in the ship.

Dropping to his knees ten yards beyond where the oldster stood at the mouth of the canyon, Connie began to chop a hole in the ice ledge with his belt ax. Into the hole went the powder can. Hurriedly the boy cut a short length from a roll of fuse.

In the meantime Old Man Mattie's rifle roared, and roared again, as an ever increasing crowd of Eskimos bunched together a hundred yards back from the canyon's mouth. Suddenly out of this bunch charged a single figure, arrow nocked to the bow. He ran straight for Old Man Mattie.

"Git back there, you consarn fool!" Mattie bellowed.

The man came on. Old Man Mattie raised his rifle as the Eskimo paused on the very edge of the water, where it plunged under the ice. The Eskimo raised his bow. Old Man Mattie's rifle roared once. The native toppled sidewise into the boiling white water.

"It was that there dang Oolakjik that claimed you killed his wife!" called the oldster as he jacked another shell into the chamber of his gun. "I wasn't goin' to take no arrows off'n him!"

Down on his knees, ten yards away, Connie faced a desperate problem. The sheet-iron powder can was one of the old-fashioned kind that closed with a screw cap. Try as he would, the boy couldn't budge the cap. Tapping with his belt ax failed to loosen it and he had nothing, no wrench.

Only one thing remained to do. Connie hesitated, his lips compressed until they were a white line. He must take the chance! If the pursuing natives ever got through the gorge, he and Ilayuk and Old Man Mattie would surely be murdered somewhere out on the bleak plains of Victoria Land.

A single sharp blow with the corner of his belt ax blade would cut through to the powder. But suppose, in cutting through the stiff iron container, the ax should strike a spark? In that instant there flashed into Connie's brain the faces of many men that he had known — Waseche Bill, Dan McKeever, Inspector Cartwright, his own father Sam Morgan. These men wouldn't have hesitated.

Down came the blade of the ax! And the next moment, with a grim smile on his lips, Connie was calmly inserting the end of the fuse into the slit.

A match flickered and the fuse sputtered. Leaping to his feet Connie called loudly: "Come on — quick!"

Mattie didn't wait for further orders. Out of the tail of his eye he was watching that short, sputtering fuse. The next moment he was flying along the ledge, close on the heels of Connie, while a small group of the bolder Eskimos drew nearer to the mouth of the canyon, their eyes fixed warily upon the tiny sparks that rose from the sputtering fuse. They were fearful of the white man's magic.

Connie and Mattie had almost reached Ilayuk, who waited anxiously beside the tired dogs, when suddenly the whole canyon was illuminated with a blinding flash of light, followed by a dull roar that echoed and reverberated through the rock-walled gorge. The ice ledge, loosened for nearly half its length, toppled and crashed into the roaring white water below.

A month later they were at the little police barracks in Bernard Harbor. Sergeant Clay looked with unbelieving eyes at the musty log of Captain Joel Fairweather, master of the *Aurora Borealis*. He heard the strange story without comment, ejaculating only once when Connie reconstructed young Mattie Trigg as a Harvard graduate and man of ideas. Faithfully the sergeant promised never to reveal the old man's identity. As Connie finished, the policeman raised eyes that were glowing with the fire of great longing.

"Another mystery of the North cleared up," he said, his gaze fixed distantly on the log wall. "You went to unmapped country and you found a ship. Some men—" his voice became a whisper—"have all the luck."

Connie rose briskly. "We've got to be getting on," he said. "Mattie wants to crow a little over Jack Cartwright. Jack didn't believe there was a ship."

They bade farewell to Kumuk and Ilayuk who were accompanying the mail patrol to Aklavik. Tucked away safely somewhere beneath her skin clothing the smiling Ilayuk carried six flat packages of bills, each containing $5,000—a present from Connie and Mattie for her loyal services.

Kumuk, who was well on the road to recovery, grasped Connie's hand and shook it lustily as he rattled off a long lingo in his native tongue.

"Kumuk say," translated Ilayuk, "we buy tradin' boat. No go back Victoria Lan' no more. Sometam you com' back—we go some nudder lan'."

"By jickity, that's an idea!" exclaimed Old Man Mattie enthusiastically. "I rec'lect that on clear days up there by the ship we could see the mountains of another land, away off to the north. You git that boat, an' me an' Connie'll hunt you up in the spring! This was a mighty nice trip we jest had, but I'd like to know what's behind the mountains. There ain't nothin' in layin' around, is there, Connie?"

"No," grinned Connie, with a wink at the sergeant in command. "I guess we'll have to think up some new place to go."

THE END.

Hang Around the Post Office

(*Continued from page 13*)

other hand found his right. It was empty; I had him cold.

When we came up I soused him under again for shooting at me and had to break his hold twice before I got behind him with an elbow under his chin. He squalled and fought the water. Then a hand in my collar jerked me halfway out. That was Les.

"Come up, you butter-fingered fool!" he snapped. "You do beat all for messing things! Can't even stay aboard!" He twisted the screaming, gagging man out of my arm, hauled him alongside and slapped his face. "Shut up! You're all right—I've got you."

The man strangled, clawing at the brine in his eyes. "Get me out," he choked. "*Quick!*"

"You soak a while." Les hooked the frantic hands on the gunwale and grabbed my slicker. It ripped and he shifted to my belt and I came inboard with a surge of spray. Les snorted and stamped his soaked legs. "There you go!" He looked me over. "Missed you, did he? The Callendars was always fools for luck!"

Together we hauled the shivering man in over the side and lashed his wrists and ankles with pot line. Forward of the engine the pilot lay colder than a cod and tied up like a furled sail. Les had worked fast, but then Les is a whirlwind when he feels that way.

The red plane had drifted off, but not too far for me to haul it back with the boat hook. "Hold her alongside!" I panted, scrambling into her cabin.

"What you doin'?" demanded Les. "Leave her be an' come home!"

Behind the two seats in the cabin I found a fat, heavy suitcase. I dropped back into the boat, set down the bag and snapped the catches. The straining lid flew open.

"Great Jumping Jesabite!" Les goggled at the piles of bills—fifties, twenties, tens and fives. "What's that?"

"The ransom money, of course. It had to be there—at least it would be if we guessed right. Basset thought the letters had stopped coming—everything was set for the pay-off." I fished the crumpled, soaking letter out of my pocket and ripped it open. "It says, 'Three o'clock instead of noon.' That's why Basset wasn't expecting it, see? The meeting was all arranged and naturally Basset didn't expect this note, so he didn't send to the post office."

The big man swore and pounded his heels on the floor-boards. "All right, wise guys!" he snarled. "How's for splitting with us, and nobody say a word about this?"

I sort of hesitated. "Too dangerous," I mumbled. Wade's chin stuck out at me; for a second all his five teeth showed. Then he gulped and shut his mouth.

"No danger!" said the big man. "The kid's safe home. There won't be any backfire—"

"Close your trap!" I said. That was all I wanted to know. It wasn't a ghost I'd heard on Three Mile dock—it was young Clay Basset, safely back. "We'll find out right quick if the kid *is* all right—and he'd better be!"

Les sat down beside the engine with a thump, still hanging onto the boat hook. "Well, dang me black and blue—a Callendar can think, after all! How'd you know it was them, Don?"

"Same way you did, of course. I've got eyes, too! The purple stain on this big thug's tongue when he licked his lips. He uses an indelible pencil. At least, that made me darned suspicious. Then you guessed it, too — so that proved it."

Les shook his head. "I wasn't guessin'. I never thought to look at this feller, though."

"I kept trying to get you to." I stopped with my mouth open, staring. "Well, wait! Why'd you kick the pilot if you didn't suspect?"

"Ain't I said all along you'd ought to hang out at the post office more?" grunted Les. "They's lots of interesting things there—that little feller's picture, for instance. Been there for months. Seems he broke jail over to Thomaston, serving a life sentence for everything dirty on the list." Les winked. "Two thousand dollars reward, partner."

For a minute we just sat and grinned at each other.

The Infra-Red Destroyers

(Continued from page 6)

even greater crater than the other three. It dropped within seven miles of Oak City, putting telephones, electric lights and water supply out of commission, deafening a population of three thousand, and breaking every window in the town.

Oak City is 219 miles east of Booneton.

The nation—in fact the whole world—became suddenly astronomy conscious. Scientists in observatories were beset with inquiries. Fright amounting to panic afflicted the East. One meteor of such size was a curiosity, two a coincidence, three a warning, but four was a threat of such portent that the more neurotic Easterners fled their homes for other parts of the nation. *Four* meteors that disappeared after hitting. There must be some sort of *design*, some *purpose*, in that.

Railroad lines did a rushing business. Automobile roads became black with cars. Families sped away from the approximate east-west line on which the meteors had fallen, and hardy thrill seekers entered the zone of heavenly bombardment looking for fun and excitement. Governors called out the militia and policed the area of danger, and for the most part the mass movement was held under disciplined control, with a minimum of pillage in the deserted villages.

Radio and press did their best to allay the panic. Eminent astronomers insisted that the fall of four meteors of great size, while unique in history, was perfectly possible, and quoted statistics to prove that every day the earth received at least one hundred tons of meteoric dust, meteorites, bolides, uranolites. Great meteors of the past were recalled. The huge masses of meteoric iron known to exist in various parts of the world were dragged from books and published as front-page news.

Speculations as to the disintegration into dust of the monsterites, as the four were named, were as numerous as the scientists. The theory advanced by Professor Eric Jurghens in New York was the most popular. He developed the thought that as all meteors enter the earth's atmosphere at approximately a hundred miles above the surface, and travel at velocities diminishing from approximately twenty-six miles per second to one or two miles per second, the interior of all meteorites of any size must have the cold of outer space, or approximately absolute zero. The outer surfaces would be terrifically hot from friction. Therefore, the larger the meteor, the greater the temperature difference between outside and inside, and consequently the greater the molecular strain.

It was his idea that these extremes in temperature caused, not an explosion, but an *implosion*, in which the electrons and protons of the very molecules were crushed together, leaving only the impalpable, mist-gray powder. Other scientists made light of this theory and proposed others of their own, but "implosion" caught the public ear and Jurghens' theory was soon popularly if not scientifically accepted.

Panic wears itself out in time. When, in ten days, no more meteors fell, many of the fleeing people gradually returned to their homes. Others had shifted their homes permanently, and the traffic congestion lightened almost to normal. Within three weeks the government announced that "the acute situation is under control," and other news began to make its appearance in the papers.

"Here's an odd story." Ted passed the paper to Alan. "Third page. Heavy doors to radio station stolen. Isn't that a brand new idea, stealing heavy iron doors weighing tons?"

Dr. Kane read the story with interest. Station WRRR at Hennisport was a comparatively small station, and didn't broadcast after midnight. But it was a prosperous unit in one of the chains, and owned a handsome building with modern and heavy ornamental iron doors. These were always locked when the crew left at night. Some time during the hours between closing and dawn, the iron doors had been stolen. Not a mark remained to show how. The lawn was untouched and no signs of an explosion were visible. The night watchman had heard and seen nothing. A high wind had been blowing, which might have carried away the sounds of men working at the doors.

"It's not *possible!*" argued Ted. "Those doors weighed tons and the hinges were on the inside where a thief couldn't reach 'em."

"Yet the doors are gone," Alan replied.

"They must be somewhere," Ted said. "I wonder!"

"What do you mean, shrimp, you wonder? Of course, they must be *somewhere*."

Alan walked to a side table, thrust his hand into a pitcher, and brought out a piece of ice.

"It weights half a pound, perhaps. It is solid. In a few minutes it will have disappeared. Water will have to take its place. If I boil the water, in another few minutes, it, too, will have disappeared. Steam will have taken its place. Is the ice still 'somewhere' after the melting and boiling of its water?"

Ted stared, his face puzzled. "You mean—"

"I'm not sure what I mean. Only 'somewhere' is not an answer to what became of the stolen doors. But that thing—" Dr. Kane pointed to the gray object on the table—"is the answer to why Humphrey was murdered."

Ted had been associated with Alan in some of the strangest adventures ever to befall a human being, and he knew from long experience that the slender body was topped with a most unusual brain. He knew also that his friend had scientific caution developed to a high degree and wouldn't speak until he was sure of himself. But this time Ted's curiosity was too much for him.

"I wish you'd be more specific," he grumbled. "Do you think the doors were 'melted' like the ice and the resulting liquid 'boiled' into vapor?"

Alan drew his brows together. "Almost you persuade me you have a scientist's brain, mastodon!" he said. "I can't answer that, Ted, but something like that may have occurred. At any rate, I'm going to carry Humphrey's what-is-it to the laboratory. If you've nothing better to do, you might come along. We're walking on the edge of very deep water."

Ted did as he was told, wondering what his friend meant by "deep water." The walk to the laboratory was short and Ted sensed no danger as he moved along. In times past, however, Alan's invitations to enter the two-story white brick building had presaged queer adventures. His eyes brightened as he thought of them.

Ordinarily Dr. Kane discouraged visitors to the Aladdin's cave in which he worked wonders far in advance of the times. Alan Kane possessed the imagination of a novelist and was not afraid to experiment in strange fields. It was this strange ability to formulate queer hypotheses from the laws of nature that had brought him fame, even though some of his discoveries

were so outlandish that he would not publish them. Alan Kane was one of two or three men in the world who were always penetrating the fringes of the vast unknown.

Of independent means, he held his position as head of the physics department of the university merely for the quiet and peace an academic atmosphere brought him, and because he liked to teach. But Ted knew that Alan's heart was in the strange and mysterious building to which he was so seldom invited.

Just why Alan Kane should have as a personal friend and confidant a man whose every emphasis was upon the body—muscle, hunting, combat—was a puzzle to those who had no knowledge of the unbreakable bond spun by their weird adventures together. Ted knew that Alan, in his way, admired physical prowess. And Alan liked to put his science theories in everyday language that Ted could understand.

Alan carried the piece of celestial ash that the unlucky reporter had brought into the inner room of the laboratory. Ted stared hopefully, as he always did, at the odd chamber. On one visit a huge machine would be in the middle of the tiled floor. On the next, a collection of glass tubes and wires. Today what appeared to be a projection machine of complicated design held the center of the stage.

Alan unwrapped the object he had brought and laid it on a table.

"I've got a queer notion," Alan began. "Know anything about why we see things?"

"Do you mean the optic nerve, light, and reflection? Or metaphysical and philosophical speculations?" asked Ted.

"The former."

"Well, I know that light is reflected from matter. The lens in the eye forms a real image, inverted, on the retina. By means not known to us, nerve impulses are created that are translated by the brain as sight," answered Ted. So much he knew by heart.

"Exactly. Now, what are the essentials for sight?"

"Something to see, light to see by, an eye to see with."

"Right. Without something to see, there is nothing. Without an eye, man cannot see. Without light, there's no reflection, no image, no nerve impulse from eye to brain."

"Well?" growled Ted.

"Sometimes there is an eye, an object, and light, and *still* we do not see," went on Alan. "If glass is perfectly polished, it may be invisible in certain lights. And there are things—certain colors, for instance—that the eye cannot see with ordinary light, just as there are sounds no human ear can hear."

"I can't understand that—if it can't be seen it isn't a color, and if it can't be heard it isn't a sound."

"Ah, yes it is. The eye sees the spectrum from red at one end to violet at the other, but the camera sees infra-red beyond the red and ultra-violet beyond the violet. Shorter and shorter rays, such as X-rays, gamma rays, and cosmic rays, are beyond the visible spectrum. There are also rays beyond the infra-red rays."

"Then if there was such a thing as an object which reflected only ultra-violet or infra-red rays, it would be invisible to us in sun or electric light?" asked Ted, quietly.

Alan nodded. "Certainly."

"But there are no such substances!" Ted cried.

"Here, then, I'll show you!"

Dr. Kane opened the safe and from it carried what appeared to Ted to be a pair of blinkers, similar to those with which the bridles of skittish horses are equipped. Alan handled it tenderly, as if it were valuable.

"These are glasses." He handed them to Ted. "They are, as far as I know, the only pair in the world. They took me a year to make. The lenses, which are not lenses at all, but plane surfaces, are made synthetically of a substance that has the peculiar property of polarizing—I use the term for want of a better—of polarizing infra-red rays."

"Clear as mud!" objected Ted.

"Well, these glasses do something to infra-red rays, so that they *do* affect our eyes. With these glasses, reflected infra-red rays can be used to see by—dimly, perhaps, but we can still see. I want you to use them and watch."

Dr. Kane manipulated the projection apparatus. A low humming began, and through spaces in the lamp house Ted could see a queer glow.

Dr. Kane placed an easel in the center of the room, pinned up a sheet of paper, and invited Ted to examine it without the glasses.

"Don't see anything but blank paper."

"Think so? Look again with the glasses."

Looking through the lenses the paper seemed to change color, and on its surface appeared ghostly, waving designs.

"Now, account for that with your object, light, and eye, as factors for sight," suggested the scientist.

Ted shook his head.

"The design is written with an ink that is invisible to light rays of the ordinary spectrum. Under the projector it is reflecting infra-red rays. Infra-red rays do not affect our eyes, but when polarized with those synthetic crystal lenses our eyes can see a faint and ghostly red . . . and . . . for heaven's sake, Ted, what's the matter?"

As Dr. Kane stared Ted wrestled on the floor, his great hands curled as if clasped on something, his face a mass of agony, sweat rolling down his neck. Then he fell back with a grunt, jumped to his feet and glared.

"Alan, what did you do to me?"

"I did nothing—tell me, quickly."

Ted shook himself. It was characteristic that he spoke now with no excitement, and no apology for the strangeness of what he said.

"You were just finishing your demonstration. I was standing slightly behind you. Something touched me. I ducked—it's instinctive, I guess. A heavy blow fell on my shoulders. I whirled around and got something between my hands—it was clammy and soft, yet strong. It felt like—it felt like a big bologna sausage!"

There was no mirth in Ted's voice. "It struggled in my hands and threw me. Then it tore loose, I fell back, and—and that's all. . . ."

"Ted! That sounds incredible!"

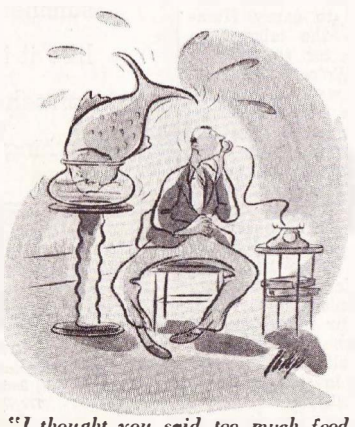
"I don't blame you if you don't believe it." Ted took off his coat, opened his shirt and pulled it off his shoulder. "Look for yourself!" he suggested.

Alan saw a red welt, as if Ted's shoulder had been struck through his clothes by some heavy object.

The scientist's face cleared. "Well, you didn't dream *that* anyway!"

Ted shook his great shoulders and pulled his torn shirt back into place.

"Ugh!" he grimaced in distaste. "It was cold, like a fish. Get on with your demonstration. Next time I get my hands on that—look here, Alan, you know I'm not bragging when I say I don't scare easily. I'm not afraid of men with spears or guns or tigers with teeth and claws. But I—don't—like to fight something—I—can't—see!" The words were dragged out, as if unwillingly. *"Alan, what was it?"*



"I thought you said too much food would kill the goldfish. Well, it didn't!"

Alan shook his head. He looked around the room thoughtfully and when he spoke his voice was very grave. "I should have shut the door," he said. "We walk in strange ways, Ted, you and I."

Ted rubbed his shoulder. Then, "Did you bring me here to see what your infra-red rays would do to poor Humphrey's ash piece?"

"Come to think of it, I did," grinned Alan. He walked to the side table for the Humphrey exhibit.

It was not on the table. Nor was it on the floor. The room was comparatively bare—there was no basket into which it could have fallen or piece of furniture behind which it could be concealed.

Humphrey's specimen had vanished!

They stared at each other. Then Alan's face lighted with the glow of sudden, blinding insight and Ted knew that his friend was hot on the trail of discovery. That look—it came always when they started some terrific adventure. There'd be action ahead, now!

But Alan's words were disappointing. "Fetch me an atlas from the office, will you, Ted? Bring a ruler. And *hurry*, Ted."

Wondering, Ted ran to the adjoining office and library and brought back the big flat book. Alan rapidly turned the pages, then placed the ruler on a map of the United States. For a brief space he figured and puzzled, then a look of dismay came over his face.

"The next meteor," said Alan a little wearily, "will fall on or near Washington. And very soon. We'd better long distance the Secret Service."

Ted lugged the suitcases into the Pullman drawing room, growling about Alan's luxurious travel habits, and scorning to let an undersized porter carry with two hands what he carried easily with one. The porter carried Alan's coat and cane. Ted tipped the porter gravely. "The easiest money you ever earned, George," he smiled.

Alan threw his coat on the seat but did not sit down himself. Instead he seemed unusually alert and expectant.

"Why this great caution?" Ted asked curiously. "And why, above all things, are you carrying this cane?"

"Wait until the train starts."

"And why the drawing room, shrimp? Getting big ideas in your old age?"

"There's a reason," responded Alan. But he refused to say more until the train was under way, and the conductors had collected tickets and were gone.

Then he locked the door, and to Ted's amazement proceeded to swing his cane violently and rapidly all over the compartment, high up near the ceiling, down under the seats, and in the toilet. Wondering, Ted watched him fence with his malacca, meanwhile getting deftly out of the way of the flying rod.

"I see," Ted said wisely. "You're not eager for a third member of the party—an invisible gent with a fishy touch."

Finally Alan sat down, tossing his cane into a corner. He nodded briefly, his mind already on other things.

"I had some difficulty in making Chief Shelton of the Secret Service think I was not crazy. He wasn't very cordial. But I think it's a duty to go to see him, and I might as well warn you, mastodon, that your chances of coming out with a whole skin are not excellent."

"I'm frightened to death!" Ted drawled, stretching across both seats and lighting his pipe. "How come you're taking me into such deadly danger without the usual regrets?"

"Because you stand an equally good chance of being killed in University City," answered Alan simply. "Otherwise I'd be going to Washington alone."

"What's it all about?" Ted was healthily curious. "There's no fun being killed if I can't anticipate events. Do I fight for my life or just wait around for someone to murder me?"

Alan was sober. "The eleven in the radio studio just waited around—they hadn't a chance. Humphrey hadn't a chance. And there is more reason for them to kill us than any of their victims, so far."

"Them? Who is *them?*" Ted burst out ungrammatically.

Alan dug into his grip, finally producing several sheets of paper, some covered with neatly written formulas.

"I won't bore you with the details," he began. "I know enough mathematics not to be mistaken. Would you say, from what you have read and seen, that any of the monsterites weighed as much as ten tons?"

"More like a hundred!"

"Very well. Then the temperature generated on the surface was very great. But it could not have been great enough, even if the interior of the masses was absolute zero, as Jurghens so forcefully insists, to cause any such disintegrating effect on the molecules of which the meteorites are formed."

Ted let his pipe go out. "But what's that got to do with me being killed?" he asked. "Is the next meteor to hit me, and how do you know?"

"It is not you—it is we who risk being killed," answered Alan. "And of this I am certain. The monsterites were not meteors, and they did not fall accidentally."

The train pounded over the rails. Ted's jaw dropped. The clackety-clack, clackety-clack, clackety-clack of the wheels on the rail joints wove themselves into Alan's strange words—monsterites — not meteors — monsterites — not meteors.

Ted always made a great effort to understand his friend when he could. It was partly the pride of a strong man who dislikes being dependent for anything on anyone. But Alan's words didn't make any sense.

"All right, I'll bite!" Ted said at last. "They were not meteors—they were feather beds. They did not come accidentally from outer space, but from trolls in the nether regions. Go on with your story."

"They were projectiles, and they were fired from Mars or Venus," Alan announced quietly.

Ted stared, smiled, stared again. Then he refilled and lit his pipe. He looked out of the window at black night, through which lights, passing at full speed, appeared to flit like gigantic fireflies. The wheels pounded again in his head: projectiles fired—projectiles fired—from Mars or Venus—from Mars or Venus.

Sighing, Ted shook his great shoulders. "And what was inside them?" he asked slowly.

Alan nodded, well pleased. "You're on the track now, Ted. Well, I don't know what was inside them. But something evil. Something—inhuman."

"Electricity? Poison gas? An unknown force?" hazarded Ted.

"Worse than that, Ted. I think you have grappled with it. Something—sentient. Intelligent. Yes—super-intelligent. *And invisible!*"

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

Hide-rack Welcomes Visitors

(Continued from page 16)

time, we're in a hurry," Floyd objected.

"I can't help that," I retorted.

It was becoming evident that these men were not going to depart peaceably. There were too many things about the place that they wanted and needed — guns, ammunition, bedding, clothes, provisions and, of course, money most of all. If my deductions were correct and they were really fleeing from the sheriff; then they had a desperate need for either the equipment necessary to push deeper into the wilderness or the funds to permit them to leave the country once they got outside. Now they were becoming unable to keep their greed out of their eyes.

I realized that my only hope lay in getting them away from the cabin before they conquered entirely their reluctance to commit open thievery. Somehow I had to get them out of there. But how?

I racked my brain for a plan. If I could get hold of a gun I could frighten them away, but Wells' close watch over our rifle rack prevented that. I would have given almost anything just then to hear the clop-clop of Dad's Ruby mare coming up the trail. I listened intently, but I knew Dad had left not expecting to return until the following day, and there had been no reason, as far as I knew, for him to change his mind.

And then an idea came to me, a sudden daring idea. Maybe, maybe. . . . I glanced down at the big golden collie lying in quiet watchfulness near the stove. It all depended upon him. Maybe he would. Anyway, it was the only plan I could think of, and it *might* work. I started toward the door. Almost instantly my way was barred by Dee Floyd, dark and glowering.

"No you won't," he snapped vehemently.

I regarded him with wide innocence and surprise. Immediately he recovered a part of his friendliness.

"I mean," he amended rather lamely, "where are you goin'?"

"Well," I reproved, "you needn't be so tough about it. But if you have to know, my dog wants to go out."

"Oh, sure," he apologized, then grinned. "Sure. I didn't know your dog wanted out. Here, I'll put him out for you."

He snapped his fingers and began to call Hide-rack. "Here, fellow," he said. "Come on. Come on, I'll open the door for you. Come on."

Hide-rack didn't budge. He didn't, as a matter of fact, want to go out. He much preferred to stay inside where he could keep an eye on these men he didn't like. He didn't move at Floyd's command.

"Go on, Hide-rack," I ordered brusquely. "Go on. He'll open the door for you. Go on!"

The last two words were a stern command, one that the big dog had to obey. He got to his feet and moved reluctantly toward the door, giving me a perplexed glance, as if to say, "Well, why get sore at me, Chet?"

I was relieved when the door closed behind his white-tipped tail. Dee Floyd returned to his chair and resumed eating. Purdy Wells had finished. He stood up, stretching his arms, but didn't move away from the gun rack. I saw his eyes rove speculatively over the contents of the room.

"Get a move on, Dee," he said impatiently. "We can't wait here all night."

The opening was too obvious for me to overlook. "Dee?" I questioned boldly, from my place before the stove.

Purdy Wells' face turned red, and his companion came to his rescue.

"Dee's my middle name," Floyd explained to me hastily. "He calls me that sometimes."

"Yeah, that's it," Wells agreed readily.

"Yeah," I said sarcastically, "and I reckon Purdy's his middle name and you call him that sometimes."

"What's that?" Floyd barked, getting to his feet angrily.

"Oh, nothing," I retorted.

Floyd's red-rimmed eyes blazed. "Think you're smart, don't you?" he snarled. "Think you know a whole lot, don't you?"

All pretense at friendliness was gone now. The two men were showing themselves in their true light.

"Yes," I went on vigorously, "and I know why you're here. You're not going after any powder, and you haven't any claim over on Jack Creek. You're going out because the sheriff came in day before yesterday, and he's looking for you two."

I had a purpose in challenging them. I wanted to arouse their fear—their desire to be moving. And a little later, I hoped, something would happen to start them hastily on their way. Something unexpected and dismaying to a pair of fugitives.

The two bullies exchanged a quick, significant glance.

"Let's go through this dump an' beat it," Wells suggested, in open disregard of me. "We might need these rifles before we're out of this."

"You will not," I interrupted boldly. "Try any of your thieving around this ranch, and you'll get yourselves into serious trouble. My dad won't stand for it."

At that instant Dee Floyd grabbed me. Before I knew what had happened, his thick arms were wrapped about me. I kicked and fought and scratched, but it required the two of them only a few seconds to overpower me.

"You'll pay for this," I promised them, and all the time I was straining my ears, waiting and hoping. I noted with satisfaction that they were doing a hasty and not very thorough job of tying me to the chair.

As the two men, breathing heavily now, finished the task, there came a clawing at the door.

Instantly both of them stopped. Their heads lifted alertly.

"That's my dog," I said. "He wants to come in."

"Oh," Floyd said to his partner, an expression of relief coming over his dark cruel face, "that's only that blamed dog."

"Yeah, let him stay out," Wells grunted. "He might try to bite us."

That suited me too, but they didn't know it.

They stood up and surveyed their work for an instant. I feigned a desperate effort to get loose, then scowled at them.

"Just wait till my dad catches up with you," I said bitterly. "Just wait!"

"Come on, Purdy," Floyd said, "let's go through this shack."

They glanced about, then Floyd turned back to me.

"Kid," he said harshly, "if you've got any money about this joint an' don't want the place wrecked, you'd better tell us where it is an' tell us quick."

"Yeah," Wells added. "If you don't, we'll tear the dump to pieces an' then set fire to it. An'," he declared grimly, "we might forget to take you out."

But I knew these threats were just desperate attempts to get me to reveal where the money was.

"You'd better get away from here," I warned them, "and you'd better move fast. If my dad catches you here, he'll beat the daylights out of both of you."

There was a scratching at the door again. Wells whirled nervously, his

hand going to the black butt of his gun.

"Forget it!" his companion snapped quickly. "It's just that darned dog again. Come on, let's get busy. You take the bunks an' I'll frisk the clothes in this closet. We've got to be gettin' away from here."

He turned to the closet and began pulling the clothes off their pegs, feeling of the pockets with his hands. Purdy Wells stripped the bedding from my bunk, jerking each blanket off separately. I watched them calmly, thanking my lucky stars that they hadn't begun with the cupboard where that telltale corner of green paper was in plain view. But under my calm exterior I was seething, both with anger and hope. Outside the closed door in the darkness sat a big golden collie. I was depending upon him.

"Nothing in this junk," Floyd cried presently with disgust. He rudely kicked the clothes back into the closet with his foot.

"Say," Wells cried, turning to me from his fruitless search of the bunk, "haven't you got any money at all about this dump? Not even some chicken feed?"

I didn't even take the trouble to reply, but merely glowered at them and gave another tug at my bonds.

"I'll go through this bunk," Floyd said to Purdy. "You look in those dishes." He indicated the cupboard with a jerk of his thumb.

My heart sank within me as Wells started for it—then lifted with renewed hope as he halted. Outside the door there had come a sudden scratching of claw-studded paws on the hard earth. Hope leaped within me. Hide-rack hadn't failed. With startling suddenness he went bounding down the canyon trail barking loudly. Anyone who knew the least thing about dogs could tell that he was extending to somebody a joyous and enthusiastic welcome!

Inside the cabin both men became tense, glancing swiftly at each other, then at me. Their faces turned slightly pale. I glared at them triumphantly. I didn't say anything with my lips, but I hoped my eyes were looking plenty. Wells took two quick strides to his companion's side.

"Somebody's comin'," he said nervously.

"I hear 'em," Dee Floyd snapped viciously, and his eyes swung about the room furtively, like the eyes of a frightened animal. Both men listened intently. Down the trail Hide-rack's welcoming notes were still sounding joyously.

"What'll we do?" Wells asked.

Floyd didn't hesitate. "Let's travel."

They didn't give me another thought. Floyd turned, jerked the door open and hurried out into the darkness, his frightened partner following close on his heels. A few seconds later they galloped away at full speed, the sound of their horses' feet gradually dying up the canyon trail. I had gauged them correctly. Petty thieves with no courage.

Hardly had the sound of hooves died on the night air before Hide-rack entered the door that the fleeing thieves had left open. By this time I was half free of the hastily tied ropes. There was something cautiously guilty in Hide-rack's manner as he came through the door. He wouldn't meet my gaze directly, but watched me covertly from the corners of his eyes.

"You mutt, you!" I accused, but with a deep thankfulness in my voice. "You rascal! I'm onto you! If scratching doesn't get you into the house, you either stage a mock fight or run down the trail barking, as if somebody were coming. And do you make it sound real! Here, get off me! I've got to get that money and hide it."

The Finding of Leon Garonde

(*Continued from page 19*)

with a voice that bit like vitriol.

In a few quick, furtive movements Pat found a position from which he could see all that was going on. The tall Indian stood with several others about him on the edge of a bowl of gray rock that curved away from their feet into a gully twenty or thirty feet deep.

Then Pat saw that the tall Indian was Broadknife, the lordly Beaver, the leader of a tribe of mountain Indians that had never been tamed to the white man's law. And in the midst of the group stood Sandy Blackton. His face was deathly white and stained with blood that trickled from a gash that ran across his scalp above one ear. Two Indians stood on either side of him, holding his arms tightly down at his side, while Broadknife chattered an abusive, gloating stream of words into the face of the young redcoat who had outwitted and humiliated the proud savage in front of his people.

"You defeated me then," he was saying. "It is my turn now!"

And suddenly, at a signal from Broadknife the two Indians who held Sandy pushed him forward. Pat saw Sandy struggle for his footing, but the force of the shove sent the policeman beyond the downcurving rim of stone. His feet slid from under him and he went rolling down the steep granite to land with a crash at the bottom of the gully. At the same time some Indians farther down the rim of rock began hurling stones into the gully far from the place where Sandy struggled dizzily to his feet.

Pat saw Sandy stand dazed and tottering on the stony floor of the gully, and then saw him stare down toward the point at which the Indians were pelting with their stones. A look of unutterable horror spread over Sandy's face.

Leaning out from his hiding place, Pat stared up the gully and saw suddenly the thing that gave rise to Sandy's horror. It was a great, fur-covered body that lurched out from the shelter of a rocky mass, snarling up at the Indians who pelted it. Pat's heart stood still as he recalled the tale of the man who had been killed by a grizzly.

Instantly he saw the device and felt his helplessness as, unarmed, unclothed and alone, he looked down into the gully that was a closed pit with a starved grizzly bear at large in it. He saw the bear slouch into his view—a lean, mad animal, savage with rage and slow starvation, rearing to an unbelievable height as it snarled up at its tormentors.

Now Broadknife himself stooped to pick up a rock which he hurled down, striking the enraged bear in the face. It threw itself angrily up the rock, sliding down again in a futile clawing and scrambling that brought it terribly close to the place where Sandy stood staring with appalled and fascinated eyes. Sandy moved suddenly, darting toward the steep slope, and the bear saw him move. Instantly it turned, and as Sandy reached the opposite wall of the pit, it began to walk toward him.

Sandy clawed desperately at the wall of stone, scrambling upward a few feet to slide violently back into the pit—and the bear broke into a run.

Pat dashed upon Broadknife with a shrill yell, wrenched his rifle from his hands and plunged into the pit. He landed on his feet and fired quickly. With a howl of anguish the bear stumbled in his stride, regained his feet and whirled to face this new attack. Pat snatched at the bolt of the rifle. It wasn't there. It was an old-fashioned single-shot Winchester, and he'd fired the only shot!

For an instant the world stood still. Pat saw only the white face of Sandy who stood leaning heavily back against the opposite wall of rock, and the monstrous shape of the furious grizzly that lurched toward him. With a shrill cry Pat stumbled across to Sandy and threw himself in front of him.

At the same instant the world was shattered by the sound of a shot that clattered across the stone and shrieked in the air. And Pat found himself in a heap on the floor of the pit, staring at a mass of fur that lay scarcely five feet from him, jerking and twitching while life departed from it.

Pat stumbled across to Sandy, who stood petrified against the rock. As Pat touched him, Sandy drew away and looked Pat up and down.

"You're bleeding," he said. "All over."

"Just skinned myself on the rock," said Pat. "It's all right now. It's dead." But Sandy didn't relax.

"Pat," he was saying. "You came down here—you came into it with me—I'll never forget that, Pat."

And suddenly Pat laughed and flung his arms around Sandy. They hugged each other like brothers.

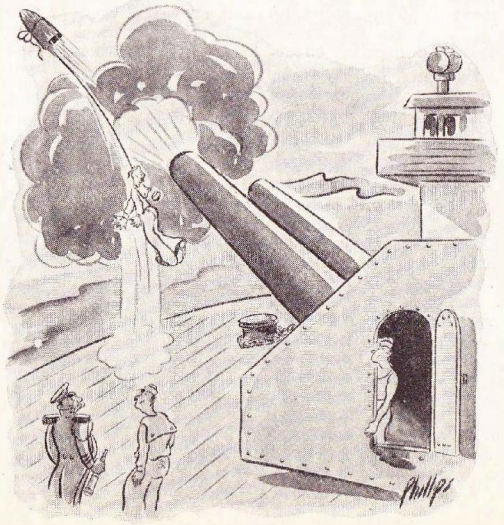
"It's dead," laughed Pat foolishly. "It's dead!"

"Yeah," said Sandy. His voice was husky. "Look!"

They both looked up at the place where Broadknife stood, and there was a tall white man whose hawklike face was crowned with a mass of snow-white hair. He was scolding Broadknife and his Indians just as an angry mother might scold a brood of mischievous children. Broadknife stood very proud and tall, but there was something in his carriage that suggested a big boy who had led smaller boys into trouble and been caught at it. Then a voice was shouting at them.

"Sandy! Pat!"

They looked up at the end of the pit and saw Renfrew, who had dropped a rope down the



"We wuz just tryin' to pull his tooth, Admiral."

sloping rock and was waiting for them. He hauled them out.

"I was a fool," he said, standing with an arm about the shoulders of each of them, so that they were like boys beside him. "I shouldn't have let you go."

"They took me," said Sandy bitterly. "They dropped down the cliff and jumped me."

"I was a bloody fool," said Renfrew.

"Did you see Pat?" murmured Sandy. "He came down in there with me. When there wasn't a chance. He came right down in."

Renfrew's arm tightened on Pat's slippery copper shoulder.

"Did you kill that bear?" asked Pat.

"No," said Renfrew. "I didn't get here in time. This man knew what Broadknife was up to, and I had to give him Sija so that he could get here in time to stop it." He pointed to the hawk-faced patriarch with the snow-white hair who now stood and gazed sternly after the retreating forms of the Indians. "He's the lad who killed the grizzly for you."

"Who is he?" asked Sandy.

"Leon Garonde," said Renfrew. "I traced him by the trail he had taken with the horses. It seems he has been trying to control Broadknife ever since he found refuge in this valley seven years ago. When Strondberg and his murderous friends came in, it was more than he could stomach, so he did the vanishing act again by a route he had planned in advance."

"But what route?" cried Sandy. "I could swear that Pat and I traced those horse tracks as far as any animal could go."

"With limitations," grinned Renfrew. "You see Garonde had looked forward to a day when he would be forced to vanish from his valley, so he very cleverly kept a dynamite charge in the walls of that canyon where the brown creek flows. He and the Beavers took the horses up the canyon, and after they had passed through he fired his dynamite and blocked the canyon with the waterfall that you thought no horse could pass."

"And no horse could!" cried Sandy. It was his tribute to Garonde's cleverness.

"But Sija did," said Renfrew. He was smiling with the remembrance of an unforgettable adventure.

Another chapter in the adventures of Renfrew, Broadknife and Garonde will be published soon.—THE EDITORS.

Guard That Man!

(Continued from page 21)

share of the taps. Guyon drew Dean aside.

"This year," he said, "you'll have to do some scoring."

How well Dean took on the assignment may be indicated by the Roosevelt High game in the city series. Guyon noticed that the Roosevelt coach had a small team out on the floor for the start of the game.

"He's putting in his second team," Guyon thought. "Planning to wear our first team down, then rush in his regulars."

To meet the strategy Guyon quickly put in his second team only to learn a minute later that the Roosevelt team out on the floor was actually the varsity. In the first half the Roosevelt regulars ran up a lead of 24 to 8.

In the third quarter Dean went in. In approximately nine minutes he scored 23 points all by himself and put the game on ice. In less than half a season Dean had added to his defensive ability an uncanny skill in finding the basket.

That little scoring spree was no accident. Dean had put in many hours of practice at the Eastern style of basket shooting. There are two styles of shooting when you have time for a set shot. In the Middle West the tosser stands with feet spread and one foot slightly advanced, on the theory that this position gives you better balance. In the East the tosser stands with feet close together. Dean uses the Eastern style.

His tosses are well-executed. He throws a chest shot with medium arch, delivering the ball with a supple, easy wrist action.

He's especially good, too, at hook shots to either side of the basket. This shot is usually delivered fairly close under the basket with the shooter cutting away from it. Many players fail to throw hard enough—they forget that they're going away. Dean doesn't. His basketball-trained arm gauges the distance subconsciously.

With Dean to help in the scoring, part of the offensive problem was solved, but Guyon still had to develop a center. He picked Orpha Shaner, 6 feet 2 inches tall, lanky in build. Shaner had plenty of spring in his ankles and knees, but he had to learn timing. The highest jump in the world isn't very useful if you go up at the wrong time.

Guyon worked with him on timing. He tossed up the ball at different speeds. He made high tosses and low tosses. He hesitated after blowing his whistle and varied this by tossing almost at the same time as the whistle.

He worked hours with Shaner until the center had learned to gauge his jump to any kind of toss, slow, fast, or medium. During the season Shaner got his share of the taps and Hollidge, one of the forwards, helped the situation by developing a rare ability to capture the taps of the other team. Between Shaner and Hollidge, Eastern got possession of the ball more than half the time.

Hollidge also surprised the coaches by becoming a great defensive player.

"What makes a good defensive player?" you ask.

"The main point is never to let your opponent get behind you," Guyon replies. "By fast footwork Hollidge always managed to stay between his man and the basket."

"It's important to make good use of your arms on defense, too," Mike Kelly adds. "Our boys stretch their arms out to the side, one straight out, one at an angle. Outstretched arms make your opponent feel that he has a barrier to throw past. He could easily make a bounce pass under your arms, but often he doesn't think of that."

At this point Guyon tells you of a new stunt on defense.

"When our boys are guarding," he says, "they frequently thrust one hand toward the opponent's face and wave it. That waving hand in his face disconcerts him and makes him forget where he's going to throw the ball."

You nod. Any moving object distracts the mind.

"I would say that the two most important factors on defense are the use of hands and the ability to switch," Guyon says.

To understand switching, let's go out on the basketball floor for a moment. You're a Red guard assigned to watch a Blue forward. The Blue forward cuts away from you. You're playing the man-for-man defense and it's your job to follow him, but as you start after him another Blue player cuts between you and your man, temporarily slowing you up. If you tried to follow your man, you'd be hopelessly behind him. So, instead, you pick up the Blue player who cut in front of

you. At the same time you yell, "Switch!" and your teammate picks up your man.

"Switching" is merely trading players. It's difficult to learn but important if you're to prevent an opponent from getting loose for a shot. Eastern learned it by constant practice.

And so, with "Dopey" Dean to take up the scoring burden, Shaner to get his share of the taps, and Hollidge developing an ability not only to capture the opponents' taps but to hound his man on defense, Eastern High sailed through the city championship with eight straight victories, added the metropolitan championship (which includes three outlying teams), and walked away with the tournament at Washington and Lee University.

Before we board the train for the all-important Glen's Falls tournament let's discuss Eastern's general training methods.

Early in November, 80 to 100 candidates report for practice. Guyon and Kelly let them handle the ball pretty much as they please, meanwhile watching them closely and noting the boys with exceptional ball handling ability.

The squad is cut down and worked out an hour and a half a day. In November practice is devoted entirely to fundamentals — passing, catching, footwork, and shooting — because these are the foundations of all good basketball. During the regular season they will take shorter practices and concentrate on shooting, but now they work on the basic points of good play.

In December they scrimmage university teams — Georgetown, Catholic U., and George Washington. These battles with older teams give them confidence. No high school team is going to seem quite so difficult after you've played a college varsity.

There is a fast professional league in Washington and Eastern High players pick up valuable tips from the pros. From Sam Stein, a pro player, they have learned the value of deception—of looking one way and passing another. Of making a swift move to throw an opponent off balance. These little moves are almost like the swift footwork of boxing but they are all-important in giving you the fraction of a second needed to dribble around an opponent or make a successful pass. They're worthwhile for *you* to cultivate if you want to make your varsity team.

In fact Eastern High has taken over the professional style of play. She uses the man-for-man defense. This takes condition, because instead of going into a five-man formation and waiting for your opponents to arrive, you immediately find your man and stay with him. But Eastern, playing this style of defense from early November until March, usually develops the necessary condition.

On offense, Eastern uses a short-passing, weaving attack. This type of offense, because of its many short passes, requires good ball-handling and footwork, and Eastern had an unusual practice stunt to develop both. Guyon puts two five-man teams at one end of the floor and has them both play for the same basket.

Imagine the result! The confusion is something to behold. With ten men working in close space—passing, shooting, pivoting and taking rebounds — there's a premium on fast action, split-second decisions, trick passes, and a quick eye. Eastern is strong for this kind of workout and credits it with Eastern's superiority over other teams when it comes to close work under the basket. Try it on your own varsity.

A word about Eastern's attack formation as explained by Mike Kelly. The team usually lines up with Edelin, Dean, and Hollidge in the front line (farthest from the basket), and Scheible and Shaner in the corners on either side of the basket.

Dean, in the center of the front line, may pass either to Hollidge or Edelin. If he passes to Hollidge, Hollidge cuts toward him and Dean runs between Hollidge and his man. That leaves Hollidge free for an instant, and he may work a similar maneuver with Edelin, or dribble in toward the basket, or pass to Scheible or Shaner if either man seems free. Scheible and Shaner are continually cutting out, trying to break away from their men.

It's a flexible attack with lots of alternatives based on the "screen" (cutting between your teammate and his guard). Guyon and Kelly don't believe in set plays because they don't give the players enough chance to play their own game.

With her short-passing attack and her man-for-man defense both keyed to a high pitch by the all-round ability of "Dopey" Dean, Eastern went north to the Glen's Falls tournament, the most selective, gruelling test of the East.

Passaic, Schenectady, and Brown Prep were the favorites. Nobody expected much of Eastern, and there was a sympathetic hope on the part of rooters that the newcomer would at least make a satisfactory showing. It would be unfortunate to have Eastern beaten too badly on her first appearance at Glen's Falls!

The two teams lucky enough to reach the finals at Glen's Falls have to play three games, one on Thursday, one on Friday, and one on Saturday. The whole town turns out and the gym is jammed for every game.

On Thursday Eastern proved her right to be classed with the other entries by beating Commerce High of Wooster, Mass., 43 to 33. The big test came in the second game against St. Francis High of Brooklyn.

In the first few minutes of play St. Francis ran up a lead of 9 points and the panting Eastern team called time to find out what was the matter. They discovered that two St. Francis players, after the tap, were switching places, with the result that Hollidge had lost his man. Without the aid of the coach they straightened the matter out and went back into action.

St. Francis' scoring stopped and Eastern began to crawl up. By half time Eastern was one point ahead in the swiftest, most nerve-wracking game of the tournament.

The last half was a see-saw with the teams trading a precarious one-point lead. With three minutes to play, Eastern was leading 24 to 23, and here St. Francis got a taste of Eastern's man-for-man guarding. "Dopey" Dean was everywhere, outguessing his opponent, deflecting low shots, and knocking down passes. "Farmer" Colley, substituting for Scheible, was hounding his man. Hollidge, Shaner, and Edelin, with their quick hands and alert feet, formed a barrier that St. Francis couldn't surmount.

In those last three minutes, with St. Francis desperately attacking, Eastern blocked every attempted shot but one *before it ever reached the backboard*. It was a great display of guarding.

The one shot that got to the backboard rebounded into the hands of Shaner. On the side lines Coach Guyon clearly heard Shaner yell to his opponent: "Now catch me!" And shoving the ball out from his chest in a mighty dribble he started loping down the floor at a speed that would shame the winner of the Kentucky Derby.

Shaner's guard had no ball to hinder him but he couldn't catch Shaner. Like a scared kangaroo the tall center went down the floor ahead of the pack and laid the ball over the hoop for a precious 26 to 23 lead. Less than a minute later the game ended.

In the final game Eastern met Brown Prep of Philadelphia, undefeated for two years, and conquered her 43 to 29.

Eastern reached the top of Atlantic coast basketball because of good condition, a fast, weaving attack characterized by accurate ball handling, and an alert defense marked by excellent use of hands and an ability to switch men. Setting the pace was the lanky "Dopey" Dean, 6 feet 1 inch tall, weight 170 pounds, a great defensive player who developed in one year a remarkable ability to shoot baskets.

Going Round America (*Continued from page 7*)

Spanish Main that fills men with reckless, insane courage. For in August, 1670, Henry Morgan, knowing the odds against him, assembled a band of 1200 gold-hungry followers, French and English, and began his long-heralded expedition against the treasure house of the West.

And such a treasure house! All the gold and silver of South America, the silks, gems and spices of the Orient, came to Panama for reshipment to Spain. There were a thousand houses, strongly built of cedar, the wealth-laden homes of rich merchants. There were two cathedrals filled with the richest of the church. Great storehouses laden with precious metals and fine cloth. Panama was the golden link in Spain's Colonial empire and Morgan proposed to shatter it.

He sailed his ships up the Chagres River to the Castle of Chagre. He had five large boats with artillery, 32 canoes, and almost no provisions. The flocks and herds along the road would yield their dinners.

Leaving 160 men to guard the large boats, the ragged band proceeded by canoe until the dry, log-choked streambed made further navigation impossible. Then, thrusting aside the green branches of the dripping jungle, they began a nine-day march that must go down in history as one of the great examples of human endurance.

They came to a settlement that promised food and found it deserted. The barns were empty of grain, the fields barren, the pens without livestock. Not a chicken, horse, or cow remained.

They forged onward, drawing their belts tighter about their empty stomachs, reached another settlement and found again that the inhabitants had fled, taking with them all food.

They encountered Indians who fired volleys of arrows at them and ran. Men began dropping with fatigue and hunger. They came to a house containing a stack of leather pouches, and they cut the pouches into strips, beat the strips between stones, soaked them in water, broiled them and ate them.

A day's march farther they found a barnful of dry maize. Scooping it from the ground in handfuls they ate it dry. In one tiny settlement the fleeing inhabitants had left a few stray dogs and cats. These the ravenous buccaneers killed and ate.

Five, six, seven days. . . . In desperation, the exhausted army nibbled at leaves and grass, and marched on.

On the ninth day they wearily crawled to the top of a hill, and there, spread before their hollow eyes, was a paradise. Down below, green meadows with cattle and mules grazing — the very mules that were used to carry the gold of South America to Porto Bello. Beyond the meadows, the towers and walls of fabled Panama. Beyond that, the blue of the Pacific.

With a hungry howl they staggered down the hill, slaughtered cattle, hacked the carcasses into pieces, stuck great chunks of dripping meat on their swords, half-roasted them in blazing bonfires, and fell to like a pack of snarling dogs. Then, their hunger sated, they retreated to the top of the hill and considered the problem of taking the city.

An unwary citizen was taken prisoner and brought to Morgan.

"What is the strength of Panama?" Morgan asked brusquely.

"Four hundred cavalry, twenty-four companies of foot soldiers, a hundred men to the company, and many Indians," the prisoner replied.

Morgan grunted. The main gate of the city, he learned, was protected by a fortress containing eight cannon and fifty men. It was going to be bloody business, capturing this town! And philosophically he stretched out on the ground and went to sleep.

The next morning the buccaneers fired their guns to make sure the powder was dry, ate a breakfast of beef and mule, and prepared to attack. Meanwhile, the defenders of the city marched out of the gates and staged a demonstration below.

Troops of horse wheeled and maneuvered in the meadow. Companies of foot soldiers took up positions near the wall, their guns loaded and ready. A yelling band of Indians appeared driving before them a great herd of bulls.

"They're too strong for us," one of Morgan's lieutenants murmured, and a score of men agreed.

They held a conference. "What do you want to do?" Morgan asked.

"Turn back before it's too late," the lieutenant replied.

"The President of Panama has sent out ambushing parties to cut off our retreat," Morgan said. "We have no choice but to go on."

"Better to lose our lives here than back in the jungle," one man yelled. "If we win, there's wine, and meat, and gold. If we lose we'll need no wine! Let's fight!"

And so, with a great shout, it was agreed. Grimly they marched down the hill and advanced across the meadow. The Spanish cavalry charged, but in the boggy ground the horses stumbled and fell and the ranks broke. Dropping to their knees and firing, the buccaneers soon dispersed the horsemen.

Next came the Indians, driving the bulls before them with the intention of stampeding the herd into the ranks of the attackers and breaking them up. But this strategy proved to be a boomerang. The bulls were poor soldiers. At the first volley from the buccaneers the frightened animals turned, milled, and overran their own troops, breaking up the ranks and preventing effective defense.

Morgan's men trotted forward, dropping, firing, and leaping up to advance again. The defenders ran back into the city and as Morgan's troops pursued them, the cannons mounted on the walls cut loose with charges of scrap-iron and small shot.

The field and road turned into a shambles, but the attackers reached the gate before it was closed and rushed through. And once through the gate the city was theirs.

They found a deserted town. The inhabitants had hid their wealth and fled into the hills long before. The President of Panama had disappeared with his official staff. The town was an empty shell.

The conquerors, however, did as well as they could for themselves. Every day they sent out a company of 200 men to ferret out the Spaniards and bring them in. These they tortured or held prisoner until the unfortunates revealed where their wealth was hidden. A great deal of family treasure was taken out of deep wells where the frantic master of the house had hidden it.

Morgan learned that a ship laden with gold and silver plate had taken to the open ocean, so he captured a ship in the harbor and sent one of his captains to look for the treasure craft. The search was fruitless.

There is some question whether Morgan burned the city, or the President himself set fire to it in order to leave Morgan nothing of value. At any rate the town burned down, its flames reddening the sky like a great funeral pyre signalling the death of Spain's colonial empire.

After six months of occupation, when Morgan was ready to return to the Castle of Chagre, he had enough treasure in goods and metal to burden the backs of 175 mules. As he started his retreat he took with him hundreds of prisoners. Each prisoner was allowed to buy his freedom—if he could get his friends to produce the money. And in this way Morgan added to his loot.

Yet, at the end of the adventure, when the spoils were divided, there were only 200 pieces of eight—about a thousand dollars for each man. For this paltry sum—the price of a few weeks' debauch in Jamaica—these rough men had suffered untold hardship, shed blood, and risked their lives.

And today all that remains to remind men of Panama's grim history is a ruined tower standing in a meadow near the Pacific end of the Panama Canal. American Boy readers will see that tower, this summer.

How would you like to spend your 1936 vacation under American Boy sponsorship? In co-operation with railways and steamship companies we have planned eight low-cost Expeditions that will just about let you write your own ticket. Here are some of the things you can do:

Travel to Seattle via special, air-conditioned cars and spend a summer at one of the finest summer camps on the Pacific Coast—Frank Moran's camp on Bainbridge Island in Puget Sound. There, under capable councillors, you'll enjoy ocean bathing, tennis, golf, handicraft and overnight hiking with the mighty Olympic Mountains for neighbors.

You can combine a shorter stay at camp with a vagabond cruise to Alaska on your own freighter, the *Cordova*, making daylight stops at Wrangell, Ketchikan, and Juneau, and poking up to famed Taku Glacier to see if a toot of the whistle won't break off an iceberg.

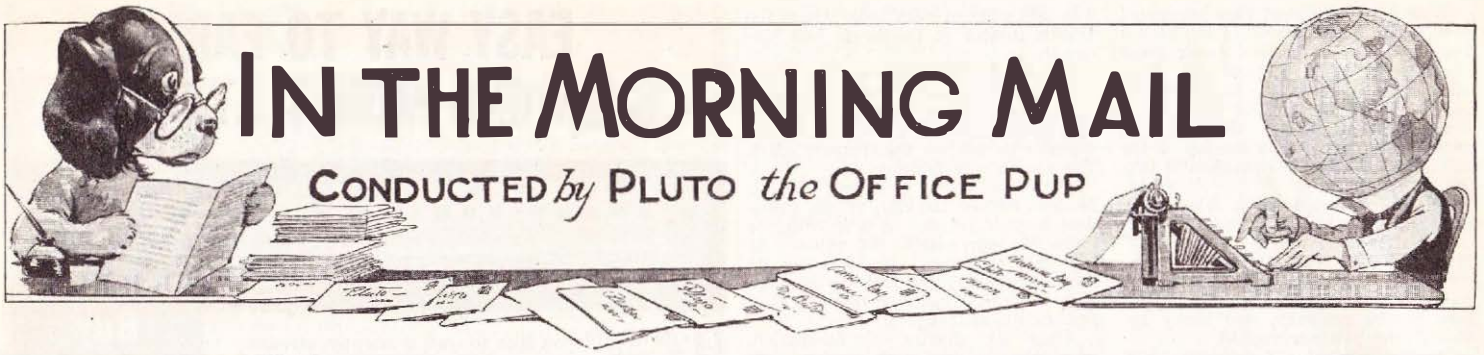
You can combine Bainbridge with an open-ocean trip to New York via the Panama Canal, with sightseeing in San Francisco, Hollywood, Panama, and Havanna.

There isn't space here to tell you all the details: The Chicago banquet for those who join the Cruise at its starting place, with famed personalities as your hosts and Tarbell, the magician, to entertain you with unbelievable tricks; the trip to the Shedd Aquarium, to the Field Museum as the guest of Director Simms. . . .

The rodeo at Livingston, the trip through a paper mill, through the largest lumber mill on the Pacific Coast, the mountain hikes at Lake Louise and Banff in the rugged Canadian Rockies, the tour of inspection over U. S. warships at Seattle. . . .

Last year The American Boy conducted a party of 136 Cruisers to Alaska. The enthusiastic response of parents and boys has encouraged us to plan these more complete, more extensive cruises this year. The cost you will find pleasantly low. There'll be adequate leadership and every provision for your well-being.

Our Cruise folder gives all details of cost and itinerary. Send for it today.



IN THE MORNING MAIL

CONDUCTED *by* PLUTO *the* OFFICE PUP

"BOSS." The Office Pup planted one crooked hind leg on the radiator and scratched his ear with the other, meanwhile digging one forepaw into the stack of letters that covered his desk. "I kinda like that 'Hang Around the Post-office' story in this issue."

"Me too," the editor replied. "It's good adventure."

"Not only that," Pluto went on, "but I like the way it's told. Here you have an old man and a young one, sitting in a boat, fussing about tangled potlines and gossiping about the rich summer vacationers, and all the while they're really doing a swell piece of detective work. There they are, just sitting and talking, and then bango! Everything falls into place and the mystery is solved. Can you imagine anything more pleasant than sitting in a boat and solving mysteries?"

"Yes," the editor replied. "Sitting in a boat and fishing."

"Well, in a way that's like solving a mystery, too. Usually when I go fishing the mystery is where the fish are hiding. Incidentally—" the Pup pulled a letter from his stack—"here's a note from the author of the story, Selden Loring, that explains his intimate knowledge of Maine seacoast fogs and reefs and islands. He says that he was born in Boston and has spent most of his summers in Maine. He's a New Englander of the most rock-ribbed type and went through Harvard in two spasms."

"Why two spasms?" the editor asked curiously.

"One before the World War and one after. During the war he was in the automobile service of the French army and spent most of his time hauling horse meat and Senegulese soldiers up to the front line. He was promoted to lieutenant after going through the officers' school at Meaux. Then he came back, finished up at Harvard, and took up advertising design. He came by his urge to write naturally; he's the grandson, son, nephew, and even cousin of successful authors!

"Like all writers he likes to travel and takes frequent trips into Canada, lower Alaska, and the West Coast. I've never found an author yet who didn't like to go places and see things."

"And that includes Carl H. Claudy whose new serial starts in this issue," the editor supplemented. "Claudy's next trip will be with the 1936 American Boy Cruise to Alaska, and readers who take that cruise with him will be especially fortunate because Claudy, more than thirty years ago, went to Alaska to hunt gold. He'll be able to tell Cruisers how Alaska looked in the days of boom mining towns, reckless men, and sudden wealth."

"Ed," the Pup suggested, "inasmuch as Claudy is the headliner this month with 'The Infra-Red Destroyers,' let's take Morning Mail fans behind the scenes and show them just how an author works. More specifically, how *Claudy* works. I asked him a lot of questions a few weeks ago, and here are his answers. They're a whole textbook on the subject, How to Be an Author."

"All right, shoot."

"First I wanted to know how he got his ideas for stories. Claudy replied that he got them from his reading, from a stray word, or from a friend. Sometimes his son Bill, a medical student, gives him some strange fact that he can turn into a story. Sometimes it's a newspaper clipping. For instance he now has a clipping telling of the discovery of a frozen body, one hundred years old, in Norway. Some day Claudy hopes to write the story of a man who was frozen for a thousand years and then brought back to life.

"Once Claudy has the idea, he outlines the story in his mind, and since most of his stories deal with science there are facts to be checked. I asked how he checked them and he pointed out that his home town, Washington, D. C., has more scientists per square foot than any other city. He has contacts in the Smithsonian, the Medical Museum, Bureau of Standards, and the Naval Observatory. He has withdrawal privileges at the Library of Congress. And there are technical universities in Washington that are willing to answer questions.

"Major," a great horned owl, has a wing span of seventeen inches.

"Boys who think writing is easy should consider Claudy's work day. He goes to work at 8:45 and stays in the office until 5:45. At noon he sends out for a sandwich and glass of milk, gulps them down, and is back at his typewriter in fifteen minutes! He keeps writing until he's played out, and that usually happens after he's written 2,000 words. Then, for variety, he plots and plans, fixes the image of his characters in his mind, and so on. He keeps a full-time secretary busy.

"Unlike some authors he revises his stuff until his secretary can hardly read it. He cuts the pages apart, pastes in inserts, interlines and crosses out, pastes on other portions until his story looks like a combined Around-the-World railroad and steamship ticket! He makes two carbons of every story and files one in case he wants to expand the story into a book later. Before he's finally done with a manuscript, he has read it five times in the process of editing, changing, and checking!

"To Morning Mail fans who want to be writers, Claudy has this word of caution. You've got to have an aptitude for the written word to start with, he states, or you'll never be successful. But given that aptitude, if you're businesslike and can hold yourself to a strenuous schedule of work, you should be able to make a satisfactory living."

"Good advice," the editor approved. "And it's fun to know something of the sweat and labor that lies behind a story like 'The Infra-Red Destroyers.' Before we get off the subject of authors, readers might like to know that two of William Heyliger's stories, 'The Making of Peter Cray,' and 'The Builder of the Dam,' have been translated into Danish. That makes five of his books now available to Danish readers. And that, my purp, is a high distinction."

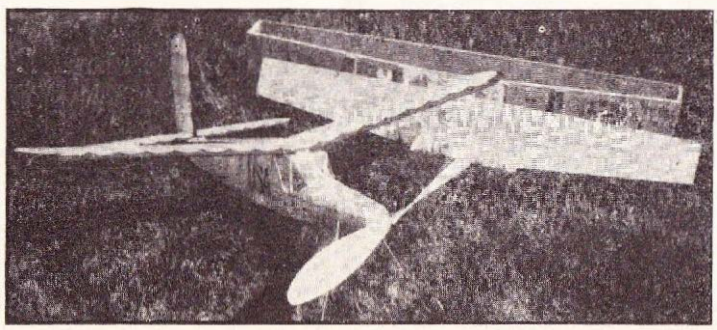
Pluto wagged his tail vigorously. "Before we get any farther, let's explain to fans what the pictures are on this page. The one showing the boy with a bird perched on his arm is G. Albert Payne, Hamden, Connecticut, and the bird is a great horned owl. Payne makes a hobby of collecting live specimens, and the owl is his prize exhibit. It's a youngster with its foot still undeveloped, but it already weighs four pounds and each wing measures 17 inches. Its talons are as long as your index finger and its eyes as large as a five-cent piece. Payne heartily recommends animal and bird collecting as great fun.

"The second picture shows Ellis Marshburn of Zephyr Point, Lake Tahoe, Nevada, with the cup he won by taking third place in our Japan contest of last year. It's a lovely cup with marvelous enameling and engraving on it, and typical of the splendid prizes given by the Japan Tourist Bureau to American Boy winners.

"The third picture," Pluto went on, "is the model plane that won the 1935 International Wakefield Cup. This cup, as most readers know, is offered by England to the plane that makes the best average in three flights. This contest is different from most in that the plane must take off the ground, which is a pretty stiff test of balance and flying qualities. Furthermore, the motor must be entirely inclosed.

Ellis Marshburn won third place and this trophy in the American Boy Japan contest.

"The winning ship was built by Gordon S. Light of Lebanon, Pa. It has a 40-inch wing span, a 5-inch chord, 200 square inches of wing area, and weighs 4.25 ounces. The 16-inch propeller is powered by 18 strands of ⅛ by 30-inch rubber, and the entire ship is ruggedly built to withstand damp English weather and wind. Light's victory is all the more remarkable in that he had to ship his plane to England and let an English proxy, Mr. T. H. Ives, fly it for him. Another amazing fact is that the winning ship took only one flight. It soared into the blue, circled high, and drifted over the English countryside as it circled. When they last saw it, it was still flying, and the stopwatches read 7 minutes 20 seconds. Dividing that by three, his average time was 2 minutes 26.6 seconds, and the nearest competitor was 5.6 seconds slower!



This model plane won the 1935 International Wakefield Cup for Gordon S. Light, of Lebanon, Pa.

"And here's an interesting letter from Edward E. Nelson, Morton Grove, Illinois," the Pup continued. "It contains some interesting facts about the magazine. Nelson has in his home every issue of The American Boy from 1902 to the present time. During this period, he says, Laurie York Erskine leads all authors with 94 stories printed. Charles Tenney Jackson is second with 83 stories, Clarence Budington Kelland next with 81, then William Heyliger with 77 and James B. Hendryx with 66. Think of it—Mr. Nelson has read The American Boy continuously for 34 years!"

"I know it," the ed replied. "It gives you a sort of happy-family feeling, doesn't it? When you get a letter from a long-time subscriber you realize how much pleasure there is in making friends and keeping them."

"This month's mail has lots of good comments on our two latest serials, 'Mill in the Woods,' and 'Connie Morgan in the Arctic,'" Pluto went on. "Reverend L. R. Cronkhite, Petersburg, Illinois, says that these stories are tops for effective characterization, picturesque settings, and good adventure. He has two daughters and one son, and they set aside Sunday afternoon for family reading. That's a pleasant custom, isn't it?"

"Here's a note from Doug Eckberg, Rochester, N. Y.," the editor said, "asking for more of Captain von Hoffman's adventures in Africa. He'll be delighted to know that we have several more in the files to be published as soon as there is space.

"Frank Mallory, Tacoma, Wash., wants more Hide-rack stories, and he'll have his wish amply granted. We have lots of them in the files. Incidentally, Glenn Balch, author of the Hide-rack yarns, is up in a snowbound cabin, high in the Idaho mountains, 45 miles from the nearest town and 7 miles over a ski trail to the post-office. Next month we'll tell readers more about how Balch spends his winters in the wilderness."

"What's that letter on your desk?" the editor asked, "the one that's so badly blotted."

"It's not blotted," the Pup protested. "That's just a letter from my friend Gumdrops, a cat belonging to Solomon Blechman, Mamaroneck, New York. Gumdrops signed her letter by dipping her paws in ink and walking over it. Those spots are her paw-marks. Gumdrops didn't like much what I said in the December issue about taming the cats in my neighborhood. She warns me that if I ever come to Mamaroneck she'll fix me so that I'll never write another pan!"

Before signing off for February, Pluto asks for letters. He'll be delighted to hear from you about your hobbies, school work, vacation plans, and your opinion of the magazine. If you have snaps of yourself, your pets, or your activities, he'll be eager to publish the most interesting. Every fan who contributes to this column (we wish it were larger so that we could quote from more of your letters) automatically becomes a member of The American Boy Kennel Club and receives an autographed portrait of Pluto, free.

Happy days!

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Poor Child

The car was crowded and the conductor was irritable.

"Where's the fare for the boy?" he snapped, as the father handed him one fare.

"The boy is only three years old."

"Three years!" sneered the conductor. "Three years! Why, look at him. He's seven years old if he's a day."

The father leaned over and gazed earnestly at the boy's face. Then he turned to the conductor.

"Can I help it if he worries?" he asked.

Silence

A stranger who was rather deaf entered a little Scotch church. He seated himself in a front pew and placed an ear trumpet on his knee. An elder of the kirk, who had never seen an ear trumpet, watched him with grave suspicion.

When the minister entered, the man lifted the trumpet from his knee, but before he could adjust it, he felt a tap on his shoulder and heard the indignant elder saying: "One toot, an' you're oot."

True to Form

Ambitious: "I'm going to be an aviator. I've been air-minded for years."

Rambunctious: "I guess I'll be a garage man. I've been low-headed all my life."

One Way Out

First Hunter: "We're lost!"

Second Hunter: "Great guns! Let's shoot an extra deer so the game warden will find us."

Advance Information

Diner: "This is a very small steak you gave me."

Waiter: "Yes, sir; but it will take you a long time to eat it."

Tragedy

Reporter: "Why all the gloom?"

Editor: "I received a letter yesterday informing me that I was the beneficiary of a large bequest; and in the rush I replied, 'Your contribution is returned with thanks'."

More Difficult

"There's only one thing worse than trying to shave with a razor after the wife has sharpened a pencil with it."

"What's that?"

"Trying to write with the pencil."

Nobody Cares

Tramp: "I ain't got a friend or a relative in the world, mum."

Housewife: "Well, I'm glad there's nobody to worry over you in case you get hurt. Sic 'em, Fido!"

Not Always

"Telephones are great time savers, aren't they?"

"Well, that depends upon who calls you up."

That's It

Woman Learning to Drive: "But I don't know what to do!"

Her Husband: "Just imagine that I'm driving."

Zu Knus

A most interesting new gnu
Was given, one day, to the zu.
Those who chanced to be there
Heard the keeper declare,
'Twas surprising what the nu gnu knu.

Brow-Beaten

Salesman (beginning to unroll his samples): "I'd like to show you . . ."

Merchant (emphatically): "No, no, I'm not interested."

Salesman (eagerly): "But couldn't I just show you . . . ?"

Merchant (firmly): "Not a chance. I'm not interested."

Salesman (wistfully): "Well, would you mind if I looked at them myself? I haven't had a chance to see them for three weeks."

Mixed Time

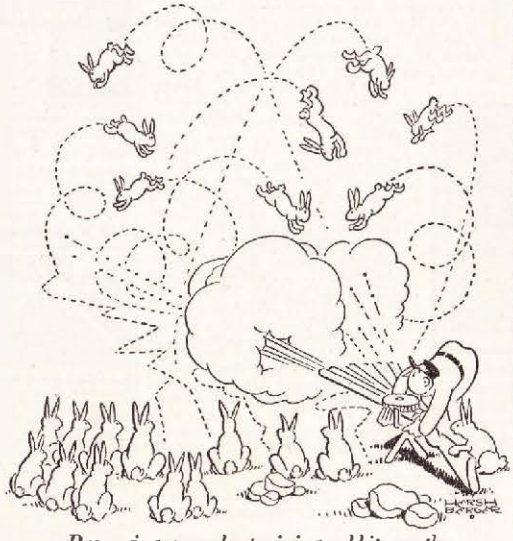
Teacher: "How can you tell the approach of winter?"

Pupil: "It begins to get later earlier."

Hardly

Albert: "Ma, kin I go out in the street? Pa says there is going to be an eclipse of the sun."

Ma: "Yes, but don't get too close."



Preserving game by training rabbits on the shot dodging range.

Must Have Been Somebody Else

Landlady: "Won't you try the chicken salad, judge?"

Judge: "I tried it yesterday, madam, and the chicken proved an alibi."

Told About the Tolled

She: "Aren't those chimes melodiously beautiful? Such harmony! So inspiring!"

He: "You'll have to speak louder. Those confounded bells are making such a racket I can't hear you."

Followed Through

A new police officer was being shown over his night beat. "You see that red light in the distance? Well, that is the limit of your beat. Now get along with you."

The young policeman set out and was not seen again for a week. When he did show up the sergeant demanded furiously where he had been.

"You remember that red light?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was a moving van bound for Chicago."

Back Chat

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of the "George and Dragon." "D'yer think you could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," roared the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off; but a few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" snapped the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" queried the tramp.

Cardinal Peter Pazmany pictured on this Hungarian adhesive, founded the great Catholic University of Budapest in 1635.

STAMPS

by

Kent B. Stiles

COLLECTING by specialization was considered in our December and January columns, with January's discussion devoted to stamps associated with literature. Science is another important branch of human activity, and there are stamps honoring anatomists, astronomers, botanists, canal engineers, chemists, electricians, histologists, inventors, mathematicians, medical authorities, naturalists, naval engineers, navigators, oceanographers, ophthalmologists, physicians, physicists, physiologists, radio operators, stratosphere research workers, surgeons, tunnel builders and others who have contributed to progress in science.

You will indeed have a representative collection if you assemble the ones here mentioned (the Scott catalog designations are within parentheses):

Abel (Norway A18). Albert I (Monaco A2, A5, A17, D2, SP1). Araujo (Salvador A82). Arosmena (Panama A10, A21, A26; Canal Zone A6, A7, A12).

Baraona (Honduras A25, A40). Berthelot (France A33). Boerhaave (Netherlands SP32). Bolyai (Hungary A47). Bougainville (New Caledonia A21).

Cabot (Newfoundland A25, A31). Cabral (Brazil A50). Cajal (Spain A109). Caldas (Colombia A103, A107). Cartier (Canada A4, A12, A72; France A52). Champlain (Canada A36). Columbus (U. S., Spain and many other countries). Cook (Aitutaki, Cook Islands, New Zealand, Nieu, Penryhn Island—and not forgetting U. S. Nos. 647 and 648 commemorating Cook's discovery of the Hawaiian Islands). Marie Curie (Turkey SP22).

Diaz (South West Africa A27, A28). Donders (Netherlands SP66).

Edison (U. S. A105). Eotvos (Hungary A39). Ericsson (U. S. A98).

Favre (Switzerland A43). Fedoseinko (Russia No. 751). Finlay (Cuba A62). Fulton (U. S. A85).

Gaillard (Canal Zone No. 98). Galileo (Italy PN3). Galvani (Italy A176). Da Gama (Portugal A54 to A61; Portuguese India A22). Gilbert (Newfoundland A112 to A125). Goethals (Canal Zone A36, A41). Gorgas (Canal Zone A35). Gramme (Belgium A66).

Haller (Switzerland SP73). Hodges (Canal Zone A38). Hudson (U. S. A85). Huygens (Netherlands SP34).

Im Hotep (Egypt A48).

Jacquard (France A51). Jai Singh II (Jaipur A16).

Kaczowski (Poland A47).

La Perouse (New Caledonia A21). Leibnitz (Germany A57). Leonardo da Vinci (Italy AP10, AP11, AP16). Lomonosov (Russia A67). Lorentz (Netherlands SP33).

Magellan (Philippines No. 243). Mendelcyeff (Russia A185). Minckelers (Netherlands SP31). Moscici (Poland A46, A50). Nachtigal (Germany A67).

Pacinotti (Italy A172). Pasteur (France A23). Piccard (Belgium A75). Popoff (Russia A68). Prince Henry (Portugal A46, A47, A48, A112). Pujol (Argentina A95).

Rousseau (Canal Zone A40).

Sarpi (Italy A128). Schmidt (Russia AP25, AP33). Semmelweiss (Hungary A38). Serdan (Mexico A75). Siverwright (Ecuador A60). Sousa (Brazil A104). Tasman (Tasmania A13). Toscanelli (Dominican Republic A13).

Usyskin, or Oociskin (Russia AP18).

Vasenko (Russia No. 750). Volta (Italy A84).

Washington as a surveyor (U. S., Philippines, Brazil, France, Poland).

Zea (Antioquia A57).

In any "science" collection, surely we must not forget aviation! Lindbergh winged his way to France. Byrd has flown to both poles. Other birdmen have made amazing journeys, some around the world. Knowledge of astronomy, navigation and other branches of science is essential to men whose adventures are in the air—and so stamps which recall fliers and their exploits, and airship and plane builders, have a logical place in any such collection. They include:

Brown, Hawker, Koehl and Pinedo (Newfoundland stamps). Barros (Brazil AP5). Bleriot (France AP2). Byrd (U. S. A127). Cabral and Continho (Spain AP17; Portugal A65). Carranza (Mexico AP2). Craiu (Rumania AP1). Darius and Girenas (Lithuania AP18 to AP22). Deve, Munch and Vernailh (New Caledonia Nos. 164, 165, and Nos. 171 to 196). Doronin (Russia (AP29). Fels (Spain AP15). Godoy (Spain AP16). Gusmao (Brazil AP1, AP6). Iglesias and Jiminez (Spain AP19). Kamanin (Russia AP32). Kingsford-Smith (Australia A8, AP2). Koppen (Netherlands AP3).

This Italian stamp commemorates the death of the operatic composer, Vincenzo Bellini.

Lepidevaki (Russia AP26). Levanevski (Russia AP27). Lilienthal (Germany AP8). Lindbergh (U. S., Costa Rica, Cuba, Panama, Spain). Lombardi and Mazzotti (Italy, Cyrenaica, Tripolitania). Mendez (Ecuador AP2). Molokov (Russia AP31). Santos-Dumont (Brazil AP2, AP4, AP8, AP11; Spain AP14). Severo (Brazil AP3, AP7). Sidar (Spain AP18). Slepnev (Russia AP28).

Trimotore (Italy Nos. 652-655). Ulm (New Zealand No. 305). Van der Hoop (Netherlands AP2). Vodopianov (Russia AP30). Von Gronau (Philippines Nos. 361-367; Surinam No. 508-514). Voronin (Russia AP24). Wigura and Zwirko (Poland AP2). Wilbur and Orville Wright (U. S. No. 649). Zeppelin (U. S., Germany, Iceland, Russia, Hungary, Greece, Egypt and other lands).

Nor do the foregoing complete the science collection. Stamps which picture the *results* of the ingenuity of scientists may be included; and the number of these is almost legion. Examples are Russia A129 and A136 and Irish Free State A6, hydroelectric power stations; Russia A128, telegraph station; Czechoslovakia A21, telephone exchange; Dominican Republic A40, A41, AP4, bridges; and there are many other bridge stamps. Radio towers and symbolism of radio signals are illustrated on various stamps. Airplanes and automobiles and steamships are products of science, and there are hundreds of postal illustrations of these.

The scope is broad. Your own judgment must dictate the limitations.

Portraits

MEANWHILE philately's gallery continues to expand. The newcomers include:

Austria, semi-postals: Prince Eugene Von Savoyen (1667-1736), 12 plus 12gr sepia. Field Marshal Laudon (1717-1790), 24 plus 24gr green. Karl Ludwig (Archduke Charles, 1771-1847), 30 plus 30gr carmine. Field Marshal Joseph Count Radetsky (1766-1858), 40 plus 40gr gray. Vice Admiral Tegetthoff (1827-1871), 60 plus 60gr blue. Field Marshal Conrad von Hotzendorff (1852-1923), 64 plus 64gr violet.

This unusual Italian commemorative is symbolic of Bellini's work.

Bulgaria, commemorative: Stefan Karaja (on 4L rose with Haji Dimitr). Karaja and Dimitr were of a group of leaders of sporadic military revolts which, beginning in 1828, led to Bulgaria's rebellion against Turkish rule in 1878.

Dominican Republic, on stamps to raise funds to finance erection of a building to house the Na-

STAMPS CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

tional Library and Archives: Jose Nunez de Caceras, ½c lilac. Gen. Gregorio Luperon, 1c green. R. Emiliano Tejera; 2c carmine. Jose Reyes, 5c ultramarine. Gen. Antonio Duverge, 7c gray-blue. Felix M. Del Monte, 10c orange. Fiso J. Peynado, 25c gray-violet. Salome Urena, 30c red. Gen. Jose Maria Cabral, 50c maroon. M. de J. Galvan, 1p black. Gaston F. Deligne, 2p sepia. These persons, renowned in their own country, are obscure in world history. The 3c violet honors President Trujillo, familiar to philately; and the proposed building is illustrated on the 20c olive.

Finland, commemorating seventieth birthday of Johan Julius Sibelius, Finnish composer, born Dec. 8, 1865.

Iceland, recalling birth of Natthias Jochumsson, poet, in 1835, 3a slate-green, 5a gray, 7a yellow-green, 25c light blue.

Luxemburg, annual semi-postal: Charles IV (1316-1378), Roman emperor and king of Bohemia (and son of John the Blind, Luxemburg SP14).

Another of the Bellini commemoratives.

Mexico, commemorating twenty-fifth anniversary of the 1910 revolution: Emiliano Zepata, rebel leader, 10c violet. Francisco I. Madero, a president, 20c orange-red air.

Norway, charity stamps to aid homeless persons: Fridtjof Nansen (1861-1930), explorer, statesman, humanitarian, 10, 15, 20 and 30 ore. Add Nansen to your science collection, as he was both zoologist and histologist; and to your literature collection, because he wrote extensively on oceanography, exploration and other subjects.

Russia, commemorating twenty-fifth anniversary of death of Count Leo Nikolayvich Tolstoy (1828-1910), moral philosopher and novelist (add him to your literature collection), 3k lilac and black, 10k brown and blue, 20k brown and green.

Russia, commemorating "Men of the Revolution": Mikhail Vassilievich Frunze (1885-1925), soldier (and, as a surgeon, should be in your science collection), 2k violet. N. E. Baumann, a revolutionist murdered in 1905, 4k lilac. S. M. Kirow, a Communist statesman assassinated in 1934, 40k gray and brown.

Spain: Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez (1599-1660), one of the world's greatest painters, 50c blue.

Notes

ARGENTINA is honoring a prize bull, "Faithful 20," which brought a record price at a Buenos Aires show in 1925, by placing his likeness on the 15c of a new pictorial set. Other designs are a symbolism of agriculture, 25c; a Merino ram, 30c; sugar plantation, 40c; oil well, 50c; map of South America, $1; fruits, $2; Iguazu Falls, $5; grapes, $10; and cotton, $20.

Recalling colonization of the State of Espirito to Santo in 1535, Brazil has issued a 300 claret depicting the arrival of Vasco Fernando Coutinho, Portuguese navigator, in that year; and a 700r blue showing the state's coat-of-arms.

The fiftieth anniversary of Italy's occupation of Eritrea is recalled with a 50c air stamp.

February brings the winter Olympic Games, and Germany has released commemoratives—6 plus 4pf green, skating; 12 plus 6pf carmine, skiing; and 20 plus 15pf blue, bobsled racing. Germany issued also 3pf brown and 12pf red stamps to recall the first Hitler *putsch* at Munich in 1923; the design is a Nazi trooper against a background of colonnade, and inscribed is *Gedenke des 9 November 1923* (in memory of the 9th of November, 1923).

Restoration of a monarchy in Greece had speedy philatelic result. Stamps of earlier vintage were overprinted "Nov. 3d, 1935," the date of the plebiscite by which the people voted for the kingdom.

Japan welcomed the New Year with a 1½ sen stamp with a picture of Mount Fuji. The border symbolizes pine, bamboo and plum-blossom, happy omens of the New Year.

Russia issued 3k, 5k, 10k and 20k stamps recalling the sixtieth anniversary of the birth, in 1875, of the late Michael Kalanin, president of the Soviet central executive committee. They offer various portraits of Kalanin.

Do You Know That--

In football, the kicker may now punt the ball out of a teammate's hands?

The *China Clipper*, largest seaplane ever built in the United States, weighs 25 tons, carries 43 passengers, has a 130-foot wing, cost $1,200,000, can carry 102.1 per cent of its own weight?

So full of philatelic mail was the giant *China Clipper* on her maiden voyage across the Pacific that her fittings had to be stripped and two crew members left behind to make room?

One Paris family out of ten eats horse regularly because dark-red sweet-tasting horse meat costs two-thirds the price of beef? Largest eaters of horse meat in the United States are dogs, who get it in prepared dog food.

The denser the metal in a flute, the better the instrument's tone? Hence a gold flute has a better tone than a silver one, a platinum one better than gold.

The horse is the Mongol's express; the camel his freight train? A good camel will carry a 500-pound load 70 miles a day and, if necessary, go 10 days without food or drink.

Joseph's Brothers

(Continued from page 10)

that he would faint. Then, in his desperation, he recalled how his father used to talk to Thursday.

"Easy, Thursday," he heard himself saying. "You're scaring these people."

"They can't keep me here!" McEver blared. "And *you* can't!"

"I'm not trying to. I'm staying here myself. Why don't you sit down? You're scaring the nurses. They think you'll hurt them."

Every word Joe uttered cost him heavily. Vaguely he realized that his voice sounded like his father's had.

"Don't you think you've run around enough now?" Joe asked. "Why—"

"I haven't run around. Ralph, I'm sick," said McEver. His eyes closed for a moment, and he swayed on his feet. "I'm going out. Don't try to stop me!"

"No—wait. Listen to me. There's no door over here."

"I'm going out." But he stopped.

"Listen to me, Thursday," Joe said. "Stay here. You're sick. You belong here."

He talked on and on, and McEver stood there listening. Joe didn't know half what he was saying. The tone of voice was the thing, anyway. Calm, reasonable, indifferent—with no ax to grind.

Finally the other internes came. They were stealing up on McEver when Joe stopped them.

"He's going. He wants to sleep."

Thursday turned wearily. "Yeah Sleepy."

After they had led him away, people came in to talk to Joe.

"Weren't you scared to death?" a nurse asked.

"No," Joe said.

He was surprised at his answer. He *hadn't* been. After the first few minutes he had concentrated on his voice, and on Thursday, and he'd forgotten

to be yellow. Joe lay quietly contemplating a miracle. He hadn't been afraid.

The other months of imprisonment went faster than Joe had expected them to. The months of convalescence—of moving his arms, and standing up, and learning to walk again—those months went fast, too.

By the time he was completely well and hard, the wrestling season was on again at the Kingsport Athletic Club.

Nobody had expected Joe to try to wrestle any more. But Joe had a job to finish. He got in shape. He trained until he could chin himself indefinitely. He could climb the pull-up rope to the ceiling in sixteen seconds, using only his hands. He could turn back flips until you were dizzy watching him.

Not bad, they said. Especially for a man weighing a hundred and eighty. But that kind of business wouldn't beat Riley McEver. Joe ought to practice eye-gouging and rabbit-punching.

"You think you're ready for McEver?" Gregory asked one night. "We've got a match with the Mill Club Wednesday."

"I'm ready," Joe answered.

On Wednesday, Puckett Mills led the match by 13-12 when the unlimited bout came. Riley McEver showed surprise when Joe stepped onto the mat with him.

Joe didn't say anything. His face was calmly expressionless. He walked across the mat and rotated his hands beneath the referee's eyes.

"All right," the referee said. "Wrestle!"

The bout started fast. Riley came in low and hard, like a fullback with one yard to go. He meant to end the match without any poking around.

Joe stepped aside and caught one of the hooked arms, jerking McEver erect. Dragging the arm over his shoulder, he gave a quick back-lift and twist, and McEver struck the mat spread-eagled.

"Kingsport's advantage!" the referee barked to the timekeeper.

But McEver rolled and sprang out of Joe's hurried follow-through.

"No advantage!"

They eased back into position in the center of the mat. McEver was regarding him with a puzzled expression. He advanced, and for a moment the wrestlers locked arms and heads. McEver's shoulder suddenly lurched brutally upward, snapping Joe's head back. McEver bored in for the leg hold, and got it. As Joe went down, McEver's elbow came up, punching a heartless blow into the solar plexus.

The referee didn't see it. And even if he had, there was no way of knowing it wasn't an accident.

"Puckett's advantage!"

But McEver's offending elbow cost him that advantage. As the elbow struck Joe, he seized it and writhed under it. Swinging his free leg for momentum, he rolled McEver adroitly upside.

"Kingsport's advantage!"

He tried to maneuver into a figure-four hold. He could tie McEver down forever with that.

But Riley was mad. He was coming up. A shove, a quick leap, and his feet were under him.

"No advantage!"

Suddenly Riley swerved and clamped on a vicious full Nelson. Joe's injured vertebrae ached with the strain. But before the referee could get there to break the hold, Joe dropped to one knee and sent the startled McEver flying over his back like a rag doll.

McEver recovered and came in raging. He tried everything in the book, and a good many things that nobody would think of putting in the book. But always Joe freed himself. He made Riley look awkward and wild. Riley swung at his face, and Joe caught the arm and spun Riley into the ropes. Riley tried a flying mare, and Joe slipped a hand under his knee and dumped him on his face. For every trick, Joe had an answer.

"Now," Joe said to himself, "we'll *wrestle* some."

Joe went to work. His wrestling wasn't the spectacular kind. He didn't leap and dive and slam. Smoothly and calmly he began molding McEver into strange shapes.

Watching, you'd think McEver was getting the best of it. Then you'd notice that his hands were locked and that his legs were hopelessly grapevined.

Joe's wrestling wasn't spectacular, but there was grace to it. Joe was a scientist. Only a scientist had a chance against McEver's strength and ruthlessness.

Then, after most of the allotted ten minutes had gone, Joe had to use something more than science. He had to meet strength with strength.

In some way, Riley snatched his legs free long enough to snap them into a deadly head-scissors.

Joe's skull ached with the pressure. He tried to turn, and the pressure increased—increased until the lights began to flicker. There were only two things he could do. The first was to lie there and lose on time—to give up.

Joe was tempted. He was tired, and it was the easiest way. But it was the way you did when you were yellow.

The second thing was to rise—if you could. If he managed to get to his feet with the help of Riley's own weight, he could shake free.

Joe did the second thing. He rose to his knees, lifting McEver. His head felt as if it were in a compress. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

Joe kept coming up.

He was erect. The spectators' enthusiasm overflowed, but their applause was quickly shushed by the referee.

Joe suddenly tilted his heavy-burdened head forward, at the same time pushing McEver down with his arms. The hold slipped a fraction, and Joe felt the sides of his face go raw.

Then McEver fell loose. Joe could have taken revenge by slamming him, but he didn't. He followed him down. As they fell, his hands were tying McEver up.

McEver landed flat on his back—and stayed there. Joe had locked on a crotch hold in midair. Out of the side of his eyes, Joe saw the referee's white clothes. Then he felt the sting of the referee's hand on his bare back. Fall!

Joe pulled McEver to his feet, then looked at the scoreboard. The lights were changing. They stopped at 15-13, and the fifteen was Kingsport's.

The unrestrained bedlam that followed the team to the showers was cut off abruptly as the locker room door shut. Inside, the team congratulated him. They knew what he'd been up against. Their praise was worth double.

Gregory said: "If I had a cast-iron nerve like yours, I'd go into the daredevil business. There's money in it."

It was all very pleasant. But Joe wasn't smiling. Something hadn't worked exactly right. His plans about Riley. Riley had come up from the mat with an amazed scowl, without offering his hand or saying a word.

That was what he thought until he finished dressing and walked out into the night, and saw McEver leaning against the wall, waiting. They fell in step.

"How'd you do it?" McEver demanded finally.

"How'd I beat you? I wrestled."

McEver was thoughtful. "Yeah. I guess that's it." He hesitated, then went on painfully. "You've had to take plenty off me, haven't you?"

"I've taken some."

McEver shook his head. "You've taken plenty. You're not the only one."

Joe realized that McEver was taking it hard—harder than would ever show. "Forget it."

They walked on. "I was thinking about going to a late show," McEver said awkwardly. "'Thunderbolt's' the picture. How about going with me?"

Joe grinned. "Nothing I'd like better. Come on."

He didn't tell McEver he'd seen the show.

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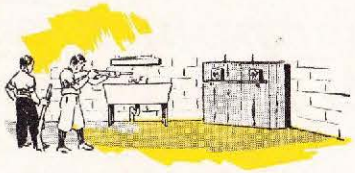

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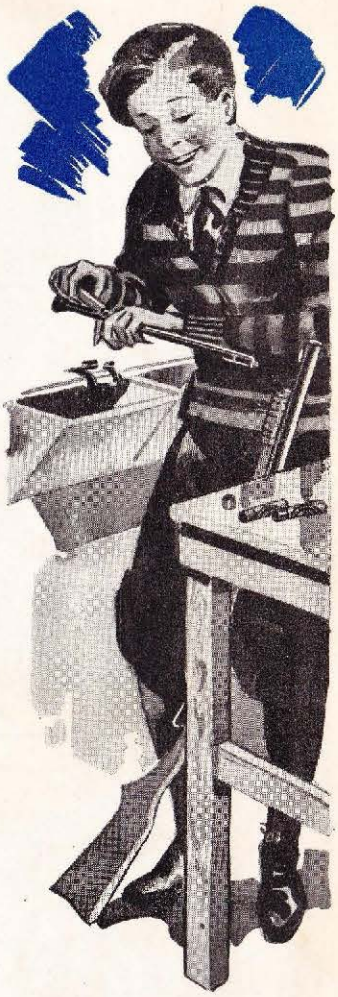

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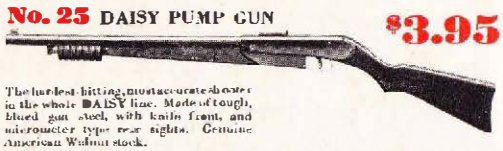

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