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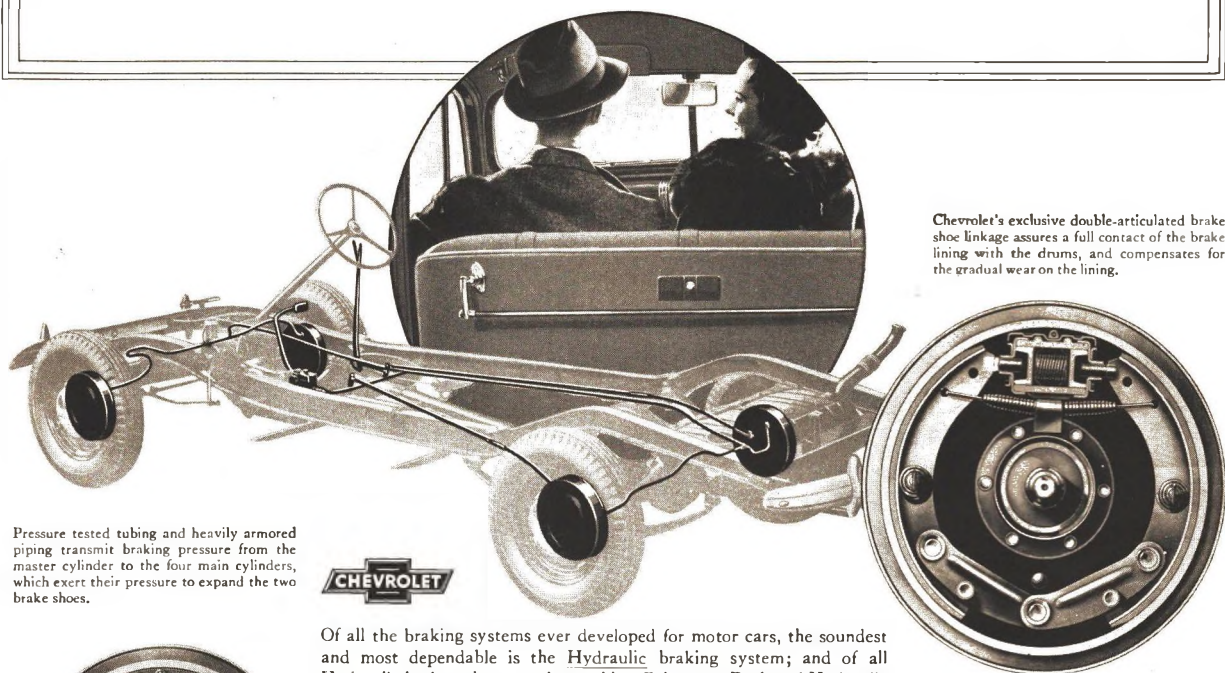
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## SWAMP MAN by VEREEN BELL

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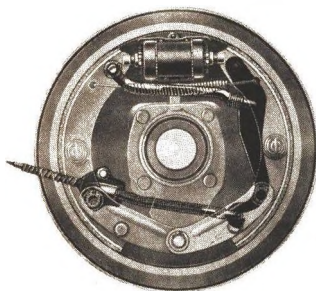


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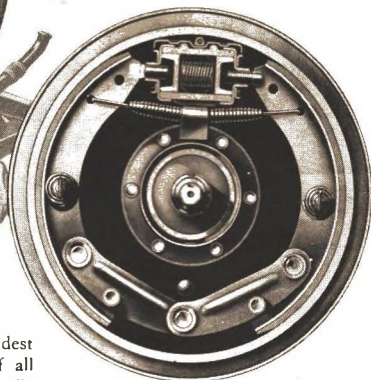
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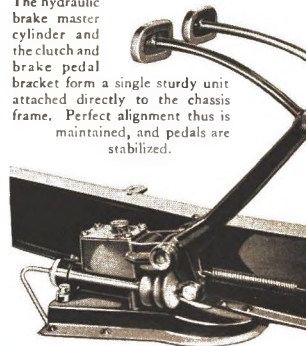


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# CHEVROLET

## The Complete Car - Completely New



# Swamp Man

by

Vereen Bell

Illustrator: MANNING deV. LEE

FROM the little shack on the edge of the Okenekee Swamp the mournful music of a guitar drifted into the hot, still afternoon air. Johnny Ames, long, loose-jointed deputy sheriff and warden for the Lenny Lumber Company, sat on the porch in that blank and slightly sad state of mind that always came over him when he caressed the strings of his guitar. Under the live oak tree in the front yard lay Big Bogie Jones, Johnny's colored man Friday, who could head up a barrel of syrup with one hand, if you ever could get him fully awake.

Johnny finished his song, singing the chorus:  
*Wasn't it sad, wasn't it sad  
 When that great ship went down?  
 Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?  
 Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,  
 Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down!*

Big Bogie rolled over appreciatively. Johnny plunked the strings and came out of his vacuity long enough to look up the rutty, sandy road that led to Fargo and wonder when Maher would come back. Maher was a federal agent sent to the vast Georgia swamp on the trail of Jacksonville payroll bandits. Last week he and Johnny had shot it out with two of the bandits, killing one of them. Barnitz, the brains of the organization, had escaped into the swamp. The other two hadn't been seen. So the manhunt was

now marking time. Only silence came from the swamp.

But maybe Maher, who had gone to Fargo for groceries and the mail, had heard something.

Big Bogie brought Johnny back to the business at hand.

"Play some mo', Mister Johnny," he mumbled. "Play somepin that'll wake me up good, somepin frolicky. I'm fixin' to get up from here and go lookin' for that sow that got loose."

The guitar thumped into a faster tempo. Bogie listened a minute, then he sat up and grinned.

Suddenly the song stopped. One of the bear hounds in the yard had raised its head.

"Car comin'," Johnny said. "Guess it's Maher."

Bogie looked worried. "Mister Johnny, I wish you'd stay 'way fum that man. He's goan git you shot dead; then what I'm goan tell yo' papa on Judgment Day? 'Fore de Lawd carry him away yo' papa tol' me to take de best kind of good care of you."

A bedlam of hound voices arose as the dogs appeared from everywhere and ran forward to challenge the car that stopped at the front gate.

George Maher got out of the car and wiped a handkerchief over his blond, thin hair. His fair skin was taking a lot of punishment from the south



He almost slipped from his perch in excitement.

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In his right hand Barnitz held an ax with a short handle that could be thrown in one swift movement.

Georgia sun. Drawing a long package and a couple of letters from the back of his coupe, he came into the yard.

"What's the news, G-man?" Johnny asked.

Maheer grinned. "Wiley Gillis killed a big rattler in his front yard the other day, and Mrs. Stephen's well is going dry, and Bo McManus's mule is sick and he thinks it's got the hollow tail."

"That ain't the kind of news I mean," Johnny answered.

Maheer sobered and wiped his face again. "No. No news. If it wasn't for the FBI men on the other side, I'd say the rats had slipped out."

"You got to remember this is a big swamp," Johnny said, unfolding his hard, angular body. He looked at the long package and the letters Maheer had brought. "What you got?"

Maheer held them out. "All of it's yours," he said. The first letter was from *Rod & Gun* magazine. Johnny knew Pemberton, the editor, who had come to Okefenokee bear hunting the fall before.

"Dear Ames:

"We've been asked to test a newly developed rifle, and I'm sending one of them to you because you're where you can try it on something big and mean.

The rifle is, in effect, a high-powered .22. It's chambered for a special steel-jacketed cartridge with a heavy load of powder. The manufacturers claim that it will do anything a .306 will at half the expense, which would make it quite a gun.

I've sent one to the Rockies, one to Alaska, and the other one to you. Try it on the toughest critter you've got in the swamp and let me know what happens. We've made all the usual ballistic tests but want something a little closer to actual hunting conditions.

Regards.

Sincerely,

Bill Pemberton."

They opened the package and assembled the long, beautiful rifle. Johnny slid it to his shoulder and sighted along the gleaming blue barrel.

"Purty, ain't it?" he said.

"What're you going to try it on?" Maheer asked. "Bear?"

"Gator. If it'll kill a big gator dead, it'll kill just about anything."

Johnny filled a tin can with earth and handed it to Maheer. "Let's see how this gun shoots. Don't want to monk around any gators with a gun that won't shoot straight. You take this can and throw it just as far and hard as you can."

Maheer felt the weight of the can and looked at him in surprise. "I can throw this almost as far as a baseball."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Johnny said. He flipped one of the long, slim cartridges into the magazine. "G'on. Let'er go."

Maheer got set and flung the can hard. It traveled up and

away in a swift, curving trajectory. Johnny followed the diminishing can over the well-cut sights of the rifle until the instant it started falling. Then he squeezed the trigger, and the gun barked sharply.

"Got it," Johnny said. "Phoosy. How d' you know whether or not you got it?"

"I had the gun on it. I can tell." Maheer laughed. But when they got to the can, they found a neat little hole in each side of the can.

"Shoots straight, I guess," Johnny offered. "But wait till tonight, when we aim it at a big bull gator. Then we'll see whether it's got power."

They walked back to the porch. It was then they remembered the other letter that Maheer had brought. Johnny looked at the awkward, sprawling handwriting on the envelope. "Mr. Johnny Aimes, Care Mr. Bo MacManis, Fargo."

"Hey," said Johnny. "Look, it ain't got a stamp."

"Mr. McManus, the postmaster, gave it to me," Maheer told him. "He said a man who'd been in the swamp fishing left it there at his store for you."

Johnny opened the soiled envelope. The letter was crudely written on a piece of brown paper obviously torn from a paper sack. It was from old Lige Baker, who stayed on the far side of Billy's Island, tending his cows that roamed the swamp for their living.

"Dere Johnny:

I have not see you for a long time. I am havin a misery in my back. Exception that I am fine and hope you are the same.

Johnny they is a man hear with me who acks unty funny and I will tell you about him. Too days ago this fellor come stumbling into my ole shack moskeeteret and hongry and dang nere crazy. I fixed him up and now hes better. Hes still a little crazy on the subjeck of okefinokey swamp and he gits me to tell him evy thing I know about it and you know thats plenty so most of the time Im twkin about okefinokey swamp and hes settin there eatin it up.

Johnny I have see a lot of fellors in my day and I no when one aint just rite. This fellor dont tell me his name and hes got a mean look in his eye. First redheded man I ever see that I thot

was a bad egg. You bein a warden for the Comepany you better come see about him somtime.

Im goin across Billys a-cowhunting tomorrow and maybe will see sombody fishin that will give this note to you.

The weather hear is fine but purely hot. Two of my heffers has got the screwworms. Be comin.

Your ole friend

Lige Baker."

Maheer sucked in his breath sharply. "That's Barnitz he's talking about!"

"Sure is," Johnny agreed. "Our job's cut out for us now, Maheer."

"This time I'm not taking any chances," Maheer said. "I'm going into Fargo and wire for a couple of FBI men. They'll be here by morning."

"You can't wire tonight," Johnny said. "The depot closes at six o'clock and you'd never find Agent Mulligan after dark if there's a poker game within three miles."

Maheer muttered an impatient oath. Used to urban efficiency, he never got used to the easy, haphazard life of the Georgia backwoods country. But there was nothing to be done about it.

After supper he went out the yard and strode restlessly around in the dark. He had located his man and he wouldn't be at peace until he was closing in on him.

Finally he came back into the house. "Well, let's do something. Waiting gets on my nerves."

"We could go try out that rifle," suggested Johnny. "There's a gator hole about a mile from here."

That suited Maheer. "Let's go."

They gathered the necessary equipment, including the solid little rifle, a powerful electric spotlight, and a long pike-pole which carried on its end a bayonet that had belonged to Johnny's grandfather in the Confederate army. In a narrow, flat-bottomed boat they shoved into the shadowy gloom.

Crossing the narrow lake, they entered a slough, and the boat had to be propelled with a forked pole. After an hour of swishing through the crisp wet bonnets, Johnny stopped poling and attached the spotlight to his hat. He moved to the front of the boat.

"You take it now, Maheer," he said. "We're not far. We got to be awful quiet."

Around them the faint luminescence of the rising moon filtered through the stately cypresses, silhouetting them like thin ghosts with moss-hung hair. Frogs croaked and a night bird of prey sent an eerie, echoing cry across the water prairie. Far away came the lonesome call of a wildcat.

Ten minutes later the whisper of bonnets against



"Okay, pull him in," Johnny said, grasping a squat muscular hind leg to draw it closer. But as he spoke the bulk came to life and thrashed the water with shattering, Leviathan force.

the boat ceased, and they drifted into slightly deeper water. Johnny switched on his light, and the long beam moved along the green maiden-cane that grew upon the top of the water near the shore.

Ten years ago the swamp was so full of alligators that it was said you could walk across it on their backs. But now they were much less plentiful, killed by the hundreds for their hides. Even so, they were by no means extinct, especially in certain sections, such as this one.

The beam picked up a pair of shining eyes to the left, but Johnny turned it elsewhere. Those eyes had been too close together, indicating a small alligator. Another pair glowed in the blackness; too small again.

Suddenly the beam stopped, fastening a twin reddish glow far down the water. A big gator. Johnny raised the rifle. Ordinarily he would have eased closer, but this was a test of the gun. He'd shoot from here. He raised the rifle, held it motionless for a full ten seconds, picking up the sights in the beam from his forehead. Then he squeezed the trigger.

The gun barked flatly. There was a grunt and splashing of water. Then silence.

"Hit him?" whispered Maher, then remembered the can he'd thrown that afternoon.

"Move ahead quiet and fast," Johnny said, clicking out the light.

Johnny heard slight disturbances in the water... gators coming to the tops to investigate that curious sound. The roaring reverberation of a shotgun would have sent them diving into the mud of the bottom. If this gun had sufficient power, it'd have plenty of advantages over a shotgun.

Suddenly Johnny motioned for Maher to stop. A great dark bulk, only faintly distinguishable in the blackness, lay just ahead. The boat drifted beside it. They leaned over-side.

"Okay, pull him in," Johnny said, grasping a squat muscular hind leg to draw it closer. But as he spoke the bulk came to life and thrashed the water with shattering, leviathan force.

The great flailing tail struck Johnny's chest, knocking him out of the boat as if he had been a papier-mache man. Johnny sank into the black murk and came up gasping for the air that had been driven from his lungs by the blow.

Maher reached over-side and helped him back into the boat. They sat there for a few minutes, resting from exertion and shock. The alligator had disappeared.

Finally Johnny picked up the pole and turned the boat homeward.

"Boy," Maher said, angrily, "what I'd tell that Pemberton about his pea-shooter

would be plenty!"

When Johnny got home he wrote to Pemberton on a penny postcard, the only kind of stationery he ever used, and placed it on the mantel.

"Dear Mr. Pemberton:  
I tried out your gun last night. I shot a gator but it did not kill him. It is not as good a gun as they say it is.

Yours truly,  
Johnny Ames."

At four-thirty next morning Maher cranked his car. "I'll be back before night with some more federal men," he said. "We'll have Barnitz by noon tomorrow."

Presently the sound of the motor faded in the distance.

"I'm gonna look for that sow down by the ribber this mornin'," Big Bogie said from the doorway. "Go ahead," Johnny said. "I'll clean up."

Three hours later, tragedy appeared.

After the sun had climbed just above the trees that surrounded Johnny's place, Big Bogie came back, striding solemnly out of the early morning shadows with the body of an old man in his arms. Silently he entered the house and laid the sodden corpse of Lige Baker gently on the worn horsehair davenport.

For a long still moment, neither Johnny nor Bogie spoke. Then:

"He was floatin' down the Suwannee, Mr. Johnny, tied to an ole pine log. I see his hands and feet around the log," Bogie said.

Johnny placed his hand upon the damp gray head, and moved it quickly.

"Clubbed," he said.

"Mister Johnny—" Bogie began hesitantly, "—how come Mr. Lige is floated off down the ribber on a log? In the old days that was the way the moonshiners fixed up a tattle-taling man."

That was it, Johnny suddenly realized. Barnitz had somehow discovered that Lige had sent the note in to Johnny, and he had killed him. Then, his newly-unbalanced brain full of Lige's swamp lore, he had added a grisly flair to his work by shoving the corpse into Billy's Lake for the ignominious cortège of an informer.

Johnny explained to Bogie, then he examined the body more closely. Evidently Lige was killed the day before. Whereupon Barnitz had probably plunged deeper into the swamp, hoping to run across his two gangster companions, but above all hoping to escape the law that had



Johnny's gun lay almost under him, useless. Then, with an incredibly swift movement, Barnitz flung the small ax.

been aroused by Lige's note.

If Barnitz was to be caught, there was no time to lose. "Bogie, put some cans of corn' beef and salmon and a box of rifle bullets into that old knapsack of mine. Then take my rifle and the other stuff and put 'em into a good boat. Tie that young mute hound at the landing," Johnny said.

The mute hound had no name. Since he ran without giving voice he would become lost on a bear trail and was therefore useless. He had never been named or trained, but he had a good nose and would trail any scent you put him on. Now, on a manhunt, his muteness would be a virtue.

Bogie was gathering up Johnny's equipment in the kitchen. "Ha'n't you better wait till de gubvner man come back, Mr. Johnny?"

"That'll be too late. You'll have to take Lige to his son in Fargo in my flivver, Bogie. If I'm not back in a week, better bring the government men into the swamp and try to find out what's wrong."

An hour later Johnny had reached the foot of Billy's Lake. He paddled his boat in swift, grim strokes. Lige Baker had been a friend of his father's, and a friend of his. A simple kindly man with native courage and no vices or enemies.

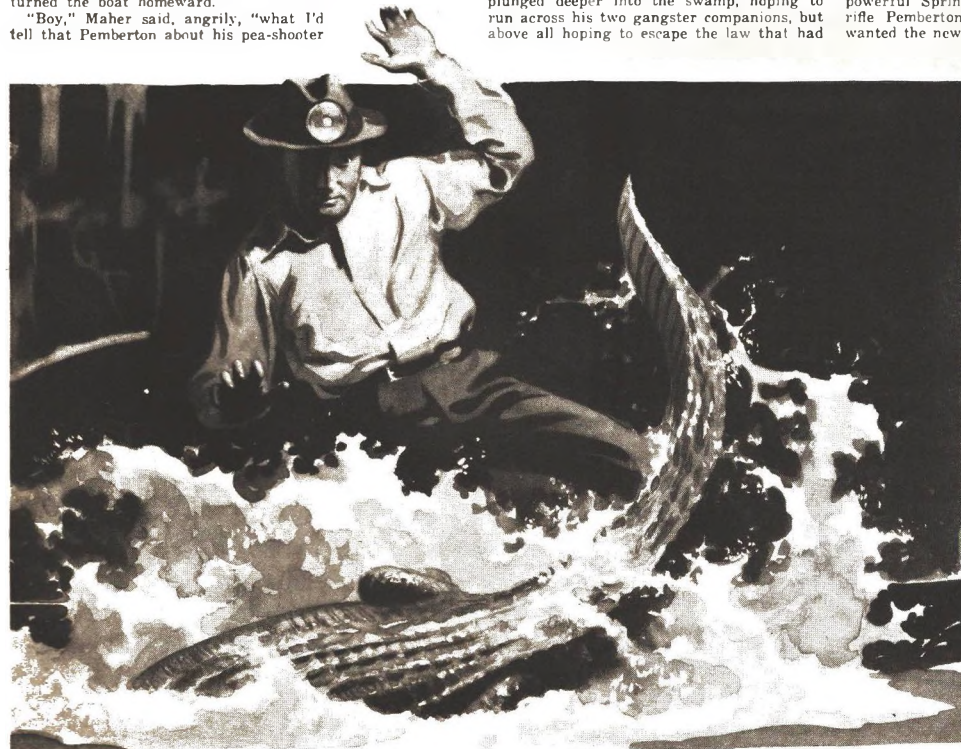
The young hound stood in the front of the boat, panting with eagerness. Always before he'd been tied at home when there was any excitement.

Suddenly Johnny stopped paddling and stared at the things in the middle of the boat. Instead of his powerful Springfield rifle, there lay the little new rifle Pemberton had sent! Bogie had thought he wanted the newest gun. Frantically Johnny tumbled the equipment around, but the big rifle was not there.

For a moment he considered turning back. Yet he knew he could not afford to lose that time. He began paddling again, uneasy at having to depend on a gun in which he had no faith.

Several miles to the north, moving steadily, confidently, and without haste, was Dean Barnitz, red-haired, city-bred gangster and fugitive from justice. There was no doubt that Barnitz's brain had become unbalanced by the torture and fear that he had undergone while lost in the great swamp. Barnitz, the invincible, had been suddenly buffeted by an enemy which fought with unfamiliar weapons—quagmires, trembling earth, heat, venomous snakes, and hunger and thirst, and unseen terrors that had no names. After being physically repaired at the hands of old Lige Baker, Barnitz's vague and almost imperceptible

(Continued on page 28)



# A Pair of CAPTAINS

The floor wasn't big enough  
to hold both Eddie and Bee

by

Harold Keith

**B**EE SMITH was a wonderful basketball captain—a cool, crafty three-year veteran who could move and think in the same split second. One of those greats that comes along once every decade.

Everybody said he was the greatest basketball captain ever developed at Prescott—until Eddie O'Brien came along. Then everybody wondered which one was the greater, and that's what this story is about.

We had a green team at Prescott Bee's senior year. Bee was the only letter man back from the previous season, consequently we took some pretty stiff lickings, especially early in the season before our passing and floor play had time to smooth up. And before we got Eddie O'Brien.

Take the Kimball game, played early in January on the Kimball floor, for instance. Kimball had a big veteran team and walloped us 38 to 24. But she'd have licked us by thirty points if Bee Smith hadn't got every ounce of skill and fight out of our sophomore club. He kept us chattering noisily and hustling hard despite the beating we were taking. The coach says that kind of a team looks good even in defeat.

If you've played any basketball, you probably know the value of a good captain. The coach, of course, is the most important figure in the development of a team. But once the game starts, the command falls to the captain. He has to do the thinking, direct the attack and defense, and take the general responsibility. Bee could do that.

Despite the Kimball defeat, everybody felt good in our dressing room afterwards. The morale was high. Kimball had a great team but we had made them play basketball. The coach was satisfied. As he passed from player to player in the shower room, he had a cheery word and a kindly back-slap for each of us.

"Good game!" he told us. "We're going to have a basketball team before the year is over."

Then one day a stranger reported for practice, a handsome black-haired fellow in a smart double-breasted blue serge suit.

"I'm Eddie O'Brien," the new boy said, pleasantly, as the coach checked him a uniform. "Just transferred my credits from Samuels Junior College. That makes me eligible here, doesn't it?"

He was a well-knitted fellow with a bold jaw and chin. But the thing that stuck out about him was the amused and tolerant expression he constantly wore. As though this basketball thing was old stuff to him and he knew all the answers.

"Glad to meet you, Eddie," replied the coach. "Sure you're eligible if your credits are all in shape. Played much basketball?"

"Yes, sir. Four years at Blackwell High and two at Samuels Junior College."

Out on the court he warmed up with the seconds. Then the coach formed two teams for a scrimmage. Bee Smith and a manager were putting new laces in a basketball, over on our playing bench, and the

coach held Bee out of the scrimmage.

Jake Sturgiss, second team guard, had a lab on Mondays and wouldn't be out for an hour yet and the coach had no one to put in his place. So he turned to Eddie O'Brien.

"In pretty good condition, O'Brien? Like to get up a sweat?"

"Yes, sir!" Instantly the new boy peeled off his sweat shirt and stood ready, a cocky grin riding his handsome face as he took his place at guard on the seconds. He tested the feel of the floor with his suction soles and hitched up his trunks. He seemed perfectly at home on our court even before the coach tossed the ball up.

Dan Gibbons, our center, got the tip-off. I came in fast for it but Eddie O'Brien had been watching me like a cat. I must have done something to give away the play. Anyhow he had it figured out and drove in ahead of me to take the ball several inches over me. He could sure throw himself in the air. Jumped like he had springs in his legs.

But we stole the ball from a second-teamer and broke fast down the side line to score an easy goal. The seconds, who had resisted rather passively, trotted back to the center circle, looking sheepish but saying nothing.

But Eddie O'Brien didn't like it.

"Come on! Come on!" he barked. "Let's get goin'! Let's get serious about this!"

Surprised, the seconds looked at him, some startled and others resentful. Again the ball went up and again the varsity scored.

This time Eddie O'Brien rode the seconds hard.

"What's the matter?" he scolded them. "Think you're supposed to let 'em score just because they're the varsity? Come on! Let's tighten up!"

On the next tip-off he

wrested the ball from Harry. I lunged at him but he pivoted around me like a hoop around a barrel, dribbled deeply into our defense, drew us out of position with a feint to pass left, then bounced perfectly to big Frank Cavanaugh, the second team center, who came lumbering in wide open to score from the side.

"Nice ball, O'Brien!" boomed the coach, and tossed it up again.

Then the seconds began to catch the new boy's spirit. They rushed the ball down to their goal only to have two shots drop off. But Eddie O'Brien, jumping into the air like a trout, kept fighting the rebound and on his third attempt dexterously flipped the ball back into the meshes with a twist of his left hand. Goal!

Now the seconds were cheered up! Led by Eddie O'Brien, they waded into us and during the next ten minutes fought us off our feet, scoring 11 to our 8. The new boy had them up on their toes. He made them forget they were the seconds. And he showed everybody that he was a born basketball captain.

The coach halted the play to let us blow and then Bee Smith walked right out on the floor and up to Eddie O'Brien.

"Nice goin' out there!" he congratulated Eddie, his face eager. "Say, we need you. You're coming out regularly from now on, aren't you?"

That was Bee Smith all over. Where the average captain would have been jealous, Bee wanted Eddie O'Brien on the Prescott team because he knew a player like Eddie would strengthen it.

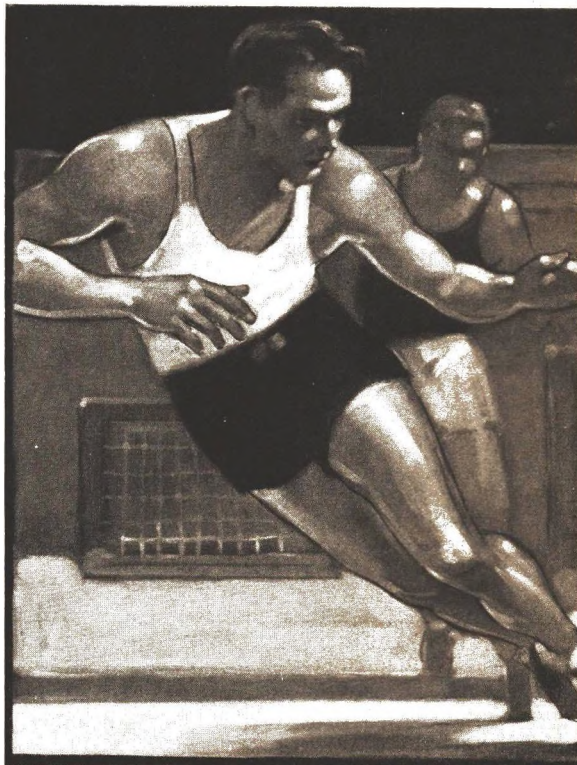
The coach came back and made the introductions. Instantly Eddie's hand came out and behind it was a warm friendly grin.

"Mighty glad to meet you, Bee," he said.

In the locker room, afterward, Eddie O'Brien got acquainted rapidly. He had fine personality and this, added to his unquestionable basketball genius, was enough for the seconds. They were his, to a man. Anybody who could lead them to a practice triumph over the varsity must have something on the ball.

When I came out Johnny Sanders, sports editor of our school daily, was waiting for me. Johnny's a cocky, skinny little guy who wears horn-rimmed specs and gives the soda clerks Hail Columbia when they forget to put two dippers of ice cream in his malted milk. He isn't afraid of anything and knows sports from lacrosse to horseshoe pitching.

"Say, Tom," he buttonholed me, "who is this new



Then Bee corkscrewed the length of

hero who gave the seconds the big hypo just now?" "His name's Eddie O'Brien," I told him; "why?" "Oh, nothin'," replied Johnny; "just thought I'd seen his mug somewhere before."

He walked into the coach's office and began to thumb through the basketball guide. Finally he found what he was searching for. I looked over his shoulder and there was Eddie O'Brien's picture—with four other All-Americans—in the high school section. Below the photograph of Eddie was this cut-line:

"Edward O'Brien, of the Blackwell, N. Y., high school team, was the unanimous choice of officials to captain the All-American high school five. O'Brien is a wonderful shot and floor man, but an even more brilliant team captain with plenty of experience to qualify him for the job. Captain of his high school team all four years." "Why all this careful sleuthing?" I asked Johnny. "I don't like him," snapped Johnny. I was astonished. "You don't like him?" I burst out. "For Pete's sake, why not?"

"I don't like the way he smiles," said Johnny, and walked off.

But the campus liked him. It buzzed with excitement when it heard how Eddie O'Brien had rejuvenated the seconds. The significance was plain. With Eddie in our line-up alongside Bee Smith, Prescott would be a hard team to stop. We might even be able to give that fast-stepping Kimball team a go when they visited our court early in March in the last game of the season.

Our next game was with Scott College on our court. They'd beaten us three points at Scott two weeks before but they couldn't begin to match us now that we had Eddie O'Brien.

The coach had started Eddie, figuring the sooner he could be broken into our style of attack, the stronger we'd be for the hard games at the close of the season—particularly the final contest on our home floor with all-victorious Kimball.

Eddie O'Brien was a whiz. He scored seven baskets against Scott. Our rooters, forgetting Bee Smith for the moment, went wild over his spirited, aggressive playing, raising the roof every time Eddie foxed a Scott player with his puzzling feints, his tricky passing or his perplexing change-of-pace dribble. He could really carry the mail.

I looked back, from time to time, to see how Bee Smith was taking it. But Bee was enjoying it, revel-

ing in the smooth rippling power Eddie O'Brien's presence gave our team, and was content to stay in the background, feeding the other players and accustoming them and Eddie to the general team plan.

But as the second half waned, Eddie O'Brien, who'd been a captain all his life, began to take charge of the team, regardless of the fact that in Bee Smith we already had a great captain on the floor. I figured it was more or less instinctive with Eddie. All his life when he'd seen something wrong out there on the court, he'd probably trained himself to act in a flash to prevent it.

Once Dan Gibbons, watching the ball, let his opponent in the man-for-man defense get away from him and streak down the floor unguarded. Bee's quick eye spied him and so did Eddie's. But Eddie didn't wait to let Bee do the warning.

"Dan!" he shouted. "Get back! I'll take your man—you take mine!" and the exchange was made smoothly.

Another time, when we were resting in the court following a time out, Eddie turned to Bee. The game still had about eight minutes to go.

"Now'd be a good time to try that number three block play the coach showed us," Eddie suggested. "Their guards are growing careless and following our forwards almost to the free-throw line."

But Bee shook his head. "Believe not, Eddie. I just saw Harve Williams, the Kimball coach and Lance Buford, his captain, in the stands yonder. They've probably driven over to scout us."

Eddie laughed, a little unpleasantly. "Shucks," he scoffed, "they wouldn't catch the play. Besides the game's nearly over."

But Bee disagreed. "Harve Williams is a plenty smart coach," he said. "And that's a sweet play. I don't want to show it to him now, when he'll have time to plot a defense for it. Let's wait and show it to him the night we play him."

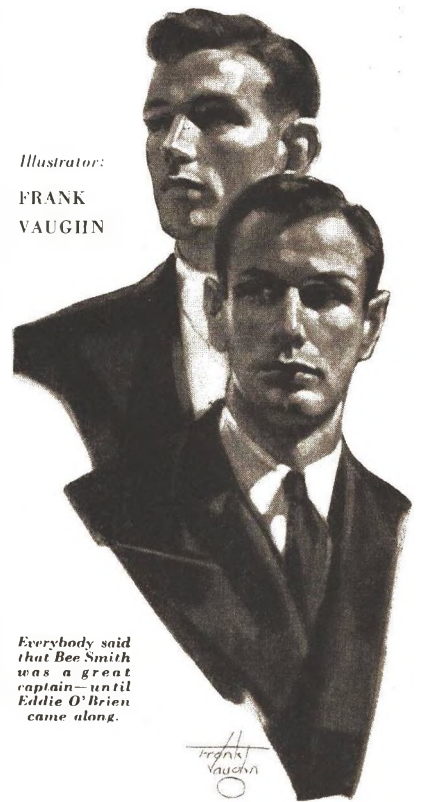
"But how are we going to master it if we don't ever practice it in a game?" asked Eddie, bristling a little.

For answer, Bee just laughed tolerantly and, reaching over, good-naturedly mussed up Eddie's hair.

After the game a bunch of us were down at the corner, and naturally Eddie O'Brien's great playing was discussed. Everybody was talking about it and everybody was all pepped up over the rejuvenation

Illustrator:

FRANK VAUGHN



Everybody said that Bee Smith was a great captain—until Eddie O'Brien came along.

Frank Vaughn



the floor on one of those long, twisting dribbles of his, turning his hip into Lance Buford as Lance smashed into him.

of our team. I've never seen a campus get worked up in so short a time. Everybody was talking about a victory over Kimball.

"Basketball's not the only game O'Brien's smooth at," put in Harry Hittle. "He was down at the union this morning watching 'em play billiards and Earl Jobbins, the house man, invited him to have a game of straight rail. Earl's the best billiard player in town, but Eddie O'Brien trimmed him two straight. He sure pushes a mean cue."

"Yeah," growled Johnny Sanders, who was listening, "he's one of those versatile guys! Coaches the basketball team, plays in the band, and leads the cheering between halves." Jamming his hands in his pockets, he stalked off.

In the games that followed Eddie was more and more daring in his usurpation of Bee's captaincy. It hurt the team. We kept winning but the scores were closer than they should have been.

The coach saw it, and coming home on the bus from the Carter game he asked Bee about it. But Bee is peculiar that way. He won't squeal on anybody.

"Aw, it's just a habit with him," Bee told the coach. "He means all right. And he's a swell team player. He'll feed and pass to anybody that's open."

But the coach wasn't satisfied. "It hurts a basketball team to have two captains out there," he said. "Believe I'll go over and have a talk with him." He walked up front where Eddie was sitting and, without attracting much attention, drew Eddie over into an empty seat.

Eddie took it beautifully. In fact, after the coach got through Eddie voluntarily got up and came over to where Bee and I were sitting.

"Bee," he said, "somebody ought to kick me in the pants. But honest, I don't mean to do the bossing. Seems like when I get in a basketball game and see something go wrong, I go kinda haywire and try to correct it without thinking it might be another man's job. I'll do better from now on."

"Aw, forget it, Eddie," laughed Bee. "That's O.K. Say, how'd you like to play a hand of bridge? Come on, Tom," he told me, "rustle yourself a partner, and Eddie and I'll take you on. What do you say, Eddie? Ever play bridge?"

Could Eddie play bridge! He played it just like he played basketball, billiards and everything else. Smooth. He and Bee won seven straight rubbers

and Eddie personally bid and made three small slams and one large one. Boy, could he go!

Well, it looked like the coach had that one solved. But he didn't. Eddie kept his place for a couple of games and then got to running things again. He was a natural leader and a shrewd one, just like Bee. Many of the suggestions he made were good ones. But he always made them in a way that threw Bee in a bad light with the rest of the team.

The coach yanked him a couple of times but that didn't cure him, either.

The climax came after the Greenfield game, at Greenfield. We led, 35 to 31, but they had better substitutes and with two minutes to go, we were fagged and Bee had used all his time-outs.

Eddie trotted up to Bee during an out-of-bounds violation.

"Let's freeze the ball," he advised. "We're tired but we can kill time that way and keep the ball away from them."

But Bee shook his head.

"We're too tired even to freeze the ball. We'd only drop it or throw it away. They'd score fast as the referee could throw it up. What we need is a rest." And walking up to the official, he called time out.

"My gosh," protested Eddie, following him and speaking in plain hearing of the players on both teams. "Why give away points?"

Bee ignored him. "Let's lie down and rest," he told the rest of us and while we slumped to the floor, panting, he got a wet towel from the side lines and sponged off our faces and arms.

The referee walked up.

"Sorry, Captain Smith," he said. "That's your fourth time out. Greenfield gets a free shot."

"O.K.," said Bee, and went on sponging.

Greenfield missed the free shot whereupon Bee calmly waited until his minute was up, then ordered another time out.

Then Eddie O'Brien angrily confronted him.

"What's the idea?" he demanded hotly. "Are you trying to give the game away?"

This time Bee couldn't ignore him.

"I'll take the responsibility," he replied, coolly. But his eyes were blazing.

Greenfield made the second free throw. But the long rest had given us new strength. We not only held Greenfield scoreless but tallied the last basket

of the game ourselves when Bee bounce-passed cleverly to Eddie who leaped into the air to make a beautiful twist shot over his shoulder. We won, 37 to 32.

Next day I was over at Eddie's room studying when somebody knocked.

"Come in," called Eddie, and Bee Smith walked in. "Hello, Bee," said Eddie. "Sit down?" He was leaning against the back of his chair, nonchalant and handsome, his smile a brazen inquiry.

Bee went straight to the point. "What's the matter with me as captain?"

Eddie shrugged but never lost his maddening grin. "Nothing," he drawled, "except that I'm a better one."

Their eyes met defiantly.

"Supposing you are," said Bee, "no team can do its best with two captains. One poor leader is better than two good ones. And I'm the guy they elected."

Eddie's grin grew more and more derisive.

"Yes," he said, "but they didn't know about me when they had the election. Aren't you loyal enough to want the team to have the best leadership?"

Bee stood looking at him, contempt in his face. Then he spoke, madder than I'd ever seen him.

"Loyalty? Do you call it loyalty to find fault out there on the court in front of the whole team when we need to be pulling together? I don't give a whoop what you think of me but when you start breaking up the team, that's going too far! I ought to take you down behind the stadium and punch some sense into that swelled head of yours."

For once, Eddie lost his mocking grin. Tossing his book away, he suddenly stood erect.

"O.K.," he said, coolly. "Why wait? Let's go."

They walked through the frosty air to the stadium and pulled off their coats. I followed them. They were about the same size, both stout wiry fellows of about a hundred and sixty pounds with Eddie a shade taller but Bee a bit more compactly built through the shoulders.

Bee wasted no time. He rushed in fiercely but Eddie hooked a stinging left and right to the head and danced out of range. But Bee, scarcely feeling the blows, charged again and drove four stiff punches into Eddie's short ribs before Eddie could push him off and throw a long left to the neck. A third time Bee plunged in savagely and although Eddie clipped him to the side of the face he got inside Eddie's guard and with head down

(Continued on page 26)



"They want Bee," Eddie said brokenly. "I—I can't seem to stem them up."

Frank Vaughan 1930





In most places, Irwin found the Eskimos to be cheerful, friendly people, willing to pose for the camera.



Proud parents gladly held up their children and grinned when Irwin said, "Hold it!" in Eskimo.



Everywhere Irwin met hospitality—except at one village.



There's a look of contentment here that probably means, "Plenty seal meat for next winter."



It's the ambition of every mother to raise a mighty hunter of polar bears and seals.

## David Irwin's story of one white man against a tribe of Eskimos

# "KOBLUNA!"

by

Franklin M. Reck

THERE ARE good Eskimos and bad Eskimos, hospitable Eskimos and rowdy Eskimos, just as there are good and bad, hospitable and rowdy people wherever you go on the face of this earth.

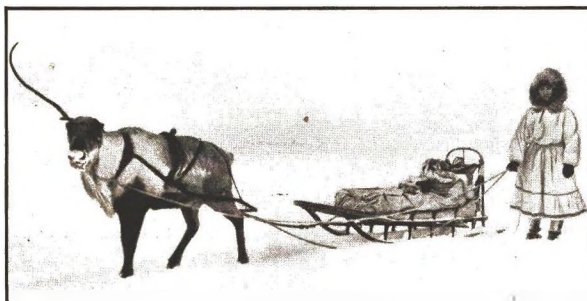
The more civilized people are, however, the less dangerous their rowdiness is likely to be, because civilized people know when to stop. The Eskimo doesn't. He might carry his rowdiness to the point of sticking a knife in your back or shoving you through a hole in the ice.

All this David Irwin knew as he followed his dog team over the icy surface of the Arctic Sea. He had spent two years among the Eskimos and he could speak their language. He had made enemies and been in danger of his life. And at the moment he felt the tingling exhilaration of a man who knows he is heading for trouble.

It was May, 1934, a year before the world learned that David Irwin had succeeded in traveling alone across the treeless, frozen desert known as the Barrens. He was in the middle of his great adventure, exulting in his ability to keep alive in the Arctic, with only his own strength and a team of dogs for help.

If you'd like to know just where he was, get out a map of Canada. Run your finger tip up the boundary line between Manitoba and Saskatchewan until you come to the shore of the Arctic Sea. Slightly to the right there's a block of land called King William Island, and to the south a peninsula juts up from the

Reindeer to some, but caribou to you.



mainland to meet it. That neck of land is the Adelaide Peninsula. It was on the Adelaide Peninsula that Irwin expected to find trouble.

Just two weeks ago he had stopped for a few days with the hospitable Angalelik, a powerful leader among the Eskimos. Angalelik had a boat and could

sail to Victoria Land for supplies, which gave him great prestige among his fellows. He knew the police at far-off Cambridge Bay. His influence extended for a thousand miles along the coast.

Irwin had explained his trip to Angalelik. He had told how he hoped to explore King William Island where a great British explorer, Sir John Franklin, had lost his life along with all his crew. This had happened many years ago, he had explained, but perhaps he could find records of the tragedy—perhaps even the ship's log.

Angalelik liked the young explorer and wanted him to stay a while, but Irwin was eager to be on his way before summer arrived.

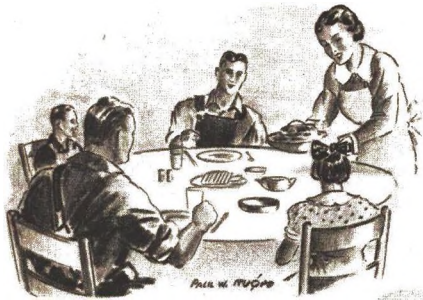
"Where will I find the next villages?" he asked.

"On Adelaide," Angalelik replied. "But they are bad ones there."

Bad ones! Those simple words were Angalelik's warning to a young, foolhardy white man and Dave Irwin felt a thrill of excitement course through him. Angalelik was telling him to be on his guard when he approached the Adelaide Eskimos!

And now, two weeks out from Angalelik's headquarters at Parry River, Irwin was approaching the peninsula. To visualize him and his team—a lonely string of tiny dots on the immense Arctic Sea—you must know the country. You must erase all your ideas of what a landscape should be, because this is like no landscape you ever saw.

He was riding over a twelve-foot  
(Continued on page 32)



Drawings by PAUL W. RUOPP

# Friendly talks

## WITH THE EDITOR

### On Being a Son

WE'VE just had a letter from a father who has been thinking back to the days when he was a son. He discusses the absorbing topic, "Mistakes I Made As a Son," and what he says is so interesting that we're going to quote from him. To provide us with the necessary background to understand his remarks, he tells us something of his home life. He had a brother and sister. He lived in a comfortable house and always had enough to eat, although it was necessary to work during the summer to earn money for school. In other words, his was an average, fairly successful, family. But his home life could have been happier, he says, had he known then what he does now. He wants, especially, to help present-day sons understand their fathers better. And in that friendly spirit, without mincing words, he plunges into his subject.



### The Capital I

PERHAPS the biggest mistake I made (he says) was the general one of selfishness. I seemed to think that my parents were solely responsible for maintaining our home as a cheerful, restful place in which to live. It never occurred to me that I should sacrifice my own plans for the sake of the family interests. I remember once my father promised us a Fourth of July picnic at Bartley's Grove. The day came, and Dad said that we couldn't go because we ought to haul in the rest of the hay. Repeated rains had delayed the hauling in so long that we still had eight or ten loads to get under cover. Neither my mother's gentler persuading nor my father's promise of a picnic the following week consoled me. That the crop represented money to all of us meant little to me. That my father would do the hottest work up in the mow failed to register. I felt that an injustice was being done, and I told my folks so. In fact I harangued and argued so long that Dad's patience broke, and . . . But we'll draw the veil over the painful scene that followed.



### Parents—Be Perfect!

AS a son I was, at times, an in- tolerant specimen. Parents, I decided, were supposed never to make mistakes. Therefore, whenever I caught Dad in an error I considered it a serious offense, to be harped upon as long as possible. I had things nicely gauged. I was usually able to stir Dad to the boiling point but not to the exploding point. What a joy I must have been at those times! I



failed to appreciate the good things my parents did for me. Bicycles, new clothes, and Christmas presents I accepted as the divine rights and perquisites of sonship. I assumed that my parents were tireless. Never, inwardly, did I grant them the privilege of being weary, impatient, or unreasonable. I know better now. I know that parents get tired, make mistakes, and are human enough to expect gratitude from their sons. I wish I had known—then.

(End of letter.) This being the season for New Year's resolutions, how about framing one on the family—something, for instance, about meeting your father halfway?

### Dad Lacked Style

THE mistake I made as a son that brings the most painful flush to my cheeks is the false pride that developed during my first year of college and lasted—thank goodness—only a year. It showed its head twice—once when I was home during Christmas vacation, again when Dad dropped in on me, at college. Although the college wasn't far from home, I had purposely stayed away for three months, in order to experience a greater thrill when I came home for Christmas. But when I got home I was disappointed. I noticed many little things about the home that didn't suit me—table manners, pronunciation of words, style of dress, topics of conversation. In the midst of my dissatisfaction the preacher called and my father was unshaved. By side glances I tried to convey my disapproval, and when the minister left I told Dad in plain words what I thought of his untidiness. My outburst surprised Dad so completely that he was squelched. He didn't have a word to say.

### Know Your Rocks

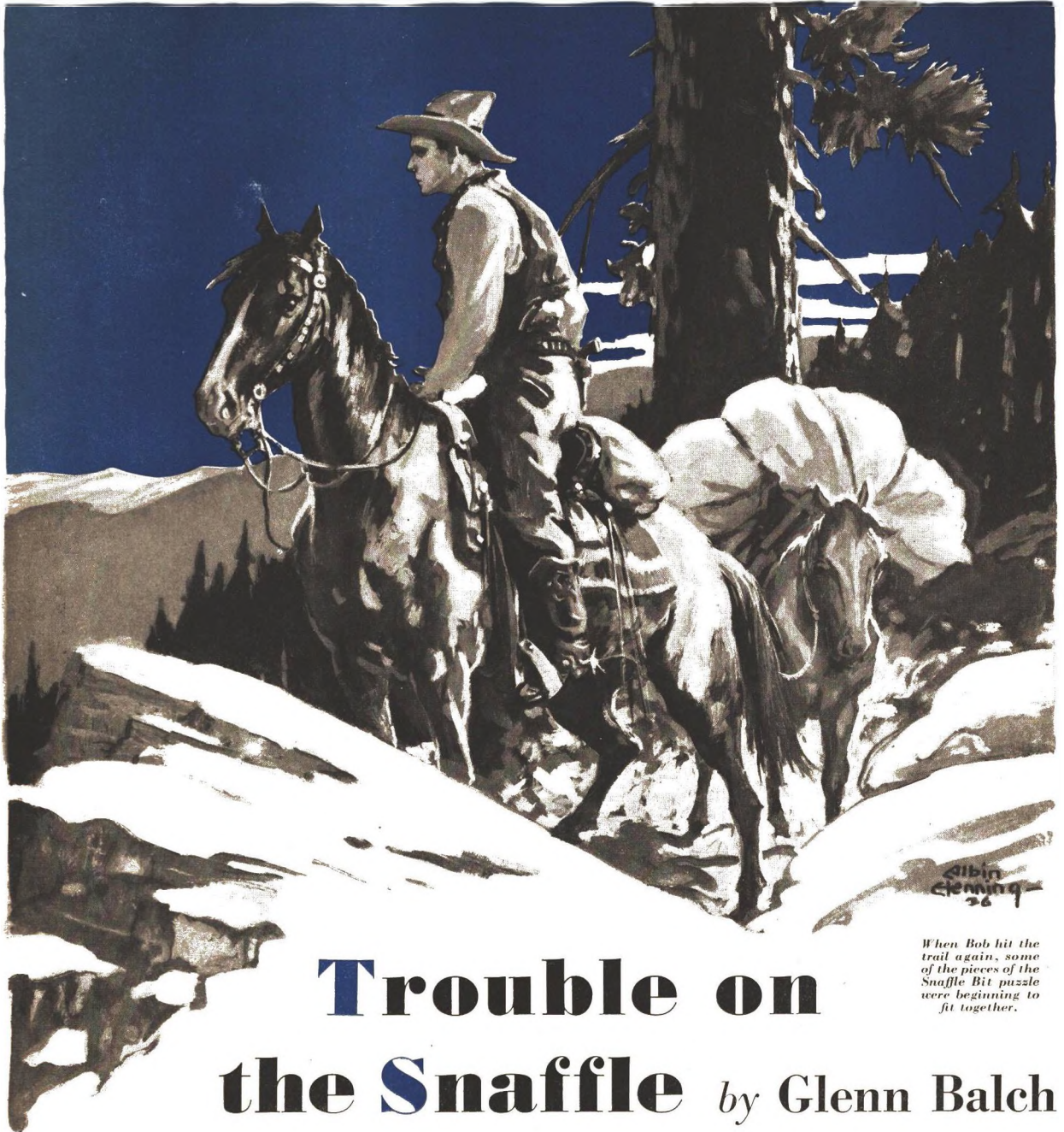
IN the last hour we have just completed a journey around the earth. We've gone down into mines and climbed high mountains, and even traveled back in Time to the days when the earth was populated with gigantic reptiles. We've stood at the crater of Mauna Loa, the dignified volcano that is too well-bred to do anything but pour out its lava in a quiet stream. We've gazed at Vesuvius, which spouts explosively like a political orator. We've gazed in awe at the colorful strata of rock that were formed in the ocean and lifted two miles to become the Canadian Rockies. We've watched glaciers scraping and gouging the surface of the earth like a gigantic carpenter's plane. We've learned that the moon causes tides not only in the ocean, but in the earth itself—at Pittsburgh, for instance, where the solid-rock surface rises two feet! It's all in the book, "Down to Earth," (University of Chicago Press) written by two teachers of geology who know how to make things clear and interesting. The price, \$5.00, isn't great when you consider that the book has 500 pages and literally hundreds of rotogravure photos. It's an especially valuable book if your hobby is collecting rocks—shiny rocks, crystalline rocks, black, green, blue, and yellow rocks—each with its own fascinating story of our changing earth.

### He Wasn't Good Enough

MY second display of false pride was even worse. Dad had been driving downstate to visit a business concern and at dark found himself, quite unexpectedly, in my college town. He decided to stay over with me. This time he was clean-shaven but his haircut left something to be desired and his coat and trousers didn't match. My reception was downright cool! That night I was part of a double date for the senior play. I simply left him. Later Dad found out about the play and went by himself rather than be left in the dormitory. Believe it or not, the usher placed him directly behind us. And believe it or not, when I saw Dad out of the corner of my eye I got our party to change seats. From what my brother told me later, Dad never completely recovered from that rebuff. It cut him too deeply. And it cut me, too, when I was old enough to have more sense. There are other mistakes I made as a son, but perhaps I've told enough here to help a few present-day sons on the road to understanding.

### Value Yourself

A FAMOUS novelist, speaking from the lecture platform, said something startling the other day about persons who do things and persons who don't. The novelist was quoting a chemist who proved by chemical analysis that a static person was worth about a dollar. In the average adult there's enough fat to make seven bars of soap, enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop, enough iron to make a small nail, enough potassium to rid your dog of lice, enough sulphur for a couple of boxes of matches, and enough magnesium to set off a toy cannon. Total commercial value of the static person, ninety-eight cents. But set these static elements in motion, and you have Man, who conquers the wilderness, explores the mysteries of science, battles disease, who writes, entertains, and builds the world we live in. Man in motion may be worth untold millions of dollars. Static man is worth just ninety-eight cents. What will your worth be?



# Trouble on the Snaffle *by Glenn Balch*

## The Preceding Chapters

"SO Sheriff Bud Lawrence is on my trail for the murder of Merv Yardley, is he?" Bob Garrison grimaced and reined his bay horse into the Oregon mountains bordering the Snaffle Bit Ranch. He wasn't surprised. Strange things were going on at the Snaffle Bit.

Weeks earlier in New York a sick stockman, John Forrest, had hired him to come to the ranch. "An old friend of mine, Merv Yardley, owns that spread," Forrest said. "Something is wrong out there. Rustlers, maybe. You hire out to the Snaffle Bit as a cowhand and find out what's going on."

Plenty was going on, Bob learned. A month earlier old Jan Whitehouse, one of the ranch hands, had

gone riding for strays and never come back. A couple of weeks after that Merv Yardley had disappeared. According to Kirk Bell, they'd found his body later in Wolf Canyon, destroyed beyond identification by heat and buzzards. Bell said he evidently had been ambushed.

Ever since then a stranger had ridden the Snaffle range. When anyone tried to approach him he galloped into the hills.

All of the cowhands, except Kirk Bell and sixteen-year-old Hoss Yardley, regarded Bob with grim, tight-mouthed suspicion. They packed guns. Why? What was behind this ominous silence?

Illustrator: ALBIN HENNING

Weeks of work brought Bob a partial answer. Hoss revealed that an unknown man had been blackmailing his father. The name "Clark Matson" was written on the blackmail notes. And from figures on a scrap of paper he found, Bob guessed that a Snaffle Bit hand, the surly Dude Landon, knew something about the notes. But who was the mystery rider? And what fate had met Yardley?

Before Bob found the answer, the blundering sheriff swore out a warrant charging him with the elder Yardley's murder. "Beat it into the hills, cowboy," Kirk Bell warned Bob. "I'll meet you with fresh supplies day after tomorrow in Wolf Canyon."

It was then that Bob headed into the mountains, a fugitive from the sheriff.

That night he squatted in the glow of his camp-

*When Bob hit the trail again, some of the pieces of the Snaffle Bit puzzle were beginning to fit together.*

fire and compared the writing on one of the blackmail notes with that on the envelope of a letter Forrest had given him to deliver to Yardley. Forrest's secretary, Raymond Thews, had addressed it. "By George," Bob cried to himself in an incredulous half-whisper, "it's the same!"

Two days later, as he lay waiting in Wolf Canyon for Bell, he saw a rider coming up his backtrail, a rifle balanced alertly across his saddle. He came stealthily, like a hunter stalking deer. Bob lay motionless, waiting.

### Chapter Eighteen

BOB recognized the bay pony first, then the slim body of the rider, his unconscious grace in the saddle. Bob frowned. What was Hoss Yardley doing here, armed like that? Was it possible that Kirk, unable for some reason to come himself, had sent the boy? Then why the rifle? This didn't fit somehow.

Hoss came on, following the trail which passed some forty yards below the tree under which Bob was lying. Bob kept so still that even the bay pony did not know he was there. Streaks of sweat on the bay's shoulders and hips showed that his rider had been pushing him. Hoss halted below the tree and leaned forward to study the trail in the dirt. Bob realized that it was inevitable that he would be discovered; those tracks led straight around the shoulder of the ridge to the thicket behind in which his horses were tied. It was useless to wait any longer.

"Hello, Hoss," he said to the boy in a low clear voice.

Hoss Yardley's head jerked up; he threw startled glances about, half lifted the rifle.

"Here I am, here," Bob called, getting up to his knees.

And the next instant he found himself looking down the muzzle of the high-powered rifle which Hoss Yardley carried.

For a surprised second Bob Garrison believed that young Hoss Yardley had not recognized him; but immediately he knew that the boy, as he sat on his horse with his rifle grimly trained, did recognize him. And in that brief flash of thought, Bob knew he was close to death.

"Wait, Hoss," he said earnestly.

"What is it?"

The boy's answer was slow in coming. "You know what's the matter," he said bitterly, keeping the rifle to his shoulder.

Bob Garrison stepped out of the shade into the sunlight, pushed his big felt hat back and the bright light fell full on the clean-carved features of his face. "No I don't," he told the boy.

"Yeah?" young Yardley growled angrily. "I'm fixing to shoot, cowboy." The bay pony under him was standing like a rock and the rifle barrel was almost as steady.

"Don't you reckon you ought to tell me why first?" Bob said.

"Sure," cried Hoss, "I'll tell you why: you killed my dad!"

Bob felt beads of cold sweat stealing out on his forehead. His tongue became dusty in his mouth. But he knew he had to keep up his courage, and when he spoke again it was in a clear convincing voice. "That's not true, Hoss."

The boy did not answer. The tired bay pony sighed loudly.

"Why do you think I shot your father?" Bob asked. "Because you're ridin' the horse that was tied in the thicket above the place where Dad was ambushed," Hoss declared bitterly; "that's the horse the killer rode. The horse you rode."

"What?" Bob cried, genuinely surprised. "That bay I'm riding?"

Hoss Yardley nodded grimly. "That's him. I've been waiting for days to see who rides him. But," the strain was beginning to tell on the boy and his voice broke, "I didn't think it would be you, Bob."

"It wasn't," the young horsebreaker asserted quickly. "I never saw that bay before the day I came to the Snaffle, the day I saw you try to bulldog the steer in the corral. I don't know how he got under my saddle. I came here riding a buckskin, honest."



Following the stealth, he had finally stopped and begun digging.

"Prove it," Hoss demanded, contemptuously.

Bob felt his tongue going dusty again. How could he prove it? The man who had sold him the buckskin in Dade! Would Hoss be satisfied with that? Bob had opened his mouth to speak, when a third voice cut in sharply.

"He can prove it," Kirk Bell, unnoticed by either of them in the tenseness of the situation, had come around the shoulder of the ridge on which Bob stood. He sat on his horse quietly. Bundles of provisions were tied to his saddle. "I saw him, the first day he came. He was ridin' a buckskin. Put that rifle

down, Hoss; you've got the wrong man."

The rifle muzzle wavered, then lowered slightly. "Then what's he running from the sheriff for?" Hoss demanded.

Kirk Bell urged his horse forward. "Because he don't want to go to jail," he explained. "He wants to be free, so he can help find the man who ambushed your dad."

Kirk's horse moved on steadily until he was between Bob and the muzzle of the rifle. Bob's knees suddenly felt wobbly and he sat down heavily on the pine needles. He felt weak and sick, and buried his face in his arms. Presently a hand touched him lightly on the shoulder. He did not look up.

"I'm sorry, Bob," Hoss Yardley's voice said. "I just had it figured wrong. But you sure ought to quit riding that bay horse."

"Yeah, Bob," remarked Kirk with his familiar chuckle, "it begins to look like that bay has got more against him than that buckskin you ditched. Boy, but you draw trouble like a fresh brand draws flies!"

### Chapter Nineteen

BOB camped that night in a wooded ravine well back into the high rugged ridges of the mountain range. From the head of Wolf Canyon he had cut across country at a diagonal to pick up the trail of the mysterious rider. Night caught him before he had found it. He made camp with little anxiety,



The man looked at Bob, helpless surprise in his eyes. "But... but... you know John Forrest?" he asked.

a mile or so below his own camp. Could he have been mistaken? He watched closely. No, he wasn't mistaken; there it was again, stronger this time. And again. Now it was steeper, the young fir stood out in weird relief from its fellows. "Somebody's building a fire there," Bob said to himself in a half-whisper.

Now he could see the flames, tiny leaping tongues of fire. A dark figure moved into the circle of light. Another figure came out of the darkness. They squatted there beside the fire.

"Well I'll be a locoed steer!" Bob exclaimed bitterly under his breath.

They were hard on his heels—these two grim-faced officers of the law. He was less than a mile ahead of them; instead of the days he had counted on he had only minutes. By daybreak they would be on his trail again. Bob groaned. No chance now of catching the mysterious rider; he'd be lucky if he wasn't in jail tomorrow night.

But how did they do it? He shook his head slowly. He had certainly underestimated their tracking ability. Maybe these Oregon trailers were different from those he had known in Arizona. But reason told him that the officers could not have been to the Wolf Canyon breaks and unraveled that puzzle of sign there. It just wasn't humanly possible. Why, it had been nearly sundown when he left there himself. But still here they were. Then understanding came.

"Well, of all the tough breaks!" he cried to himself.

He hadn't underestimated the sheriff's tracking ability. He knew now what had happened. When the sheriff and his deputy had reached the place where he had cut the mysterious rider's sign they had taken the wrong trail.

They had followed the mysterious rider's trail instead of his; they had never been to the Wolf Canyon breaks and would never see the intricate puzzle of sign that he and Kirk and Hoss had left for them there. Bob grinned and groaned at the same time. Tough luck, but it couldn't be helped; no use to cry about it. And he wasn't caught yet.

After one last look at the fire about which the two officers squatted, Bob turned and made his way carefully down the slope to his own camp. There he rolled up his blankets, made his pack and caught and saddled his horses in the dark. Bud Laurence would get a surprise too, in the morning, when he found that Bob had been camped within a mile of him.

Bob swung up on Kirk's sorrel and reined him up the canyon, leading the pack-horse close behind. By daybreak he expected to be miles away from there. It meant giving up the opportunity, for the present, of trailing the mysterious rider; but Bob felt that he had to look out for himself first. If he was to accomplish anything at all, he had to stay out of Bud Laurence's clutches.

Bob held to the canyon bed, choosing a route when possible through the openings where the grass grew thick. That wouldn't throw the officers off his trail, but it would slow them down. And wherever possible he increased the gait to a trot. The sorrel was willing and able, but the tired pack-horse lagged. Bob reflected that he would probably have to leave him before the night was over.

As Bob continued upward, the walls shut the canyon in until it was only a narrow twisting ravine. The sorrel rounded a shoulder of the canyon wall and Bob was suddenly surprised to find himself within the circle of light given out by a campfire. Quickly he twitched his horse to a halt, but too late. The tall, heavy-shouldered

(Continued on page 37)

for before he had left Wolf Canyon he and Kirk and Hoss had held a council of war and the results, he believed, were certain to mystify Bud Laurence and his deputy.

The area of the meeting had been purposely cut up into a puzzle of tracks, and when the bay horse with the peculiarly shaped hoof moved off, he went in the direction of the Snaffle Bit ranch. Bob was now riding Kirk Bell's leggy sorrel. He was glad to be rid of the bay and he felt certain that the officers would be delayed at least a day in working out the puzzle at the head of the canyon.

But after Kirk and Hoss had left, Bob had done something that he believed was of even more importance than muddling the trail. He had taken the shovel he'd found and ridden down to the spot in the canyon where the swath of dead bushes began. Following the swath, he had finally stopped. Risking a lot of lost time, he had begun digging. When he hit the trail again, some of the pieces of the Snaffle Bit puzzle were beginning to fit together.

It was long after dark when Bob decided to camp. He wanted to pick up that trail as early as possible the following morning. After turning his horses loose he made his camp, ate cold meat and bread for his supper. He didn't propose to take any unnecessary chances with a fire, for things had reached the place where they must be brought to a climax quickly and Bob somehow felt that the strange man who persisted in riding the Snaffle Bit range held the key to the situation. Bob had to find him at the earliest possible moment.

The youthful rider permitted his mind to range back over the newest developments of the case. It seemed a fact that the good bay horse which Kirk

Bell had ridden back to the ranch was the horse that had carried Merv Yardley's ambusher to Wolf Canyon; a fact well enough established at least to make Bob a temporary fugitive from the law and almost get him shot.

Then the man who traded that bay for his buckskin was likely well mixed up in the trouble. That was the reason for the strange method he took in getting rid of the bay horse. "If," Bob murmured to himself, "I could find that man, he would at least have a lot of explaining to do. Wish I had known who he was the day I found that bay standing under my saddle. Boy, but I would have been on his trail in a hurry."

His thoughts went to Sheriff Bud Laurence and his deputy. If his theory was correct this pair was now camped somewhere in the rough country lying to the northeast. Or maybe they had reached the Wolf Canyon breaks; but the puzzle there would surely stump them until morning. Bob knew Bud Laurence's bulldog type; he would never give up till he caught his man.

As a precaution, Bob decided to climb the ridge to the right of his camp before going to bed and have a look at the country below. On a jutting shoulder of the ridge he began a study of the blackness lying east and north of his position. In the daytime a vast stretch of jumbled broken wooded terrain would have met his eyes; now it was only a blank flat darkness. Bob searched for a tiny pinpoint of light far off that would indicate the officers' camp. He gazed in the direction of the Wolf Canyon breaks; no light there. Bob grinned to himself; he wouldn't have to worry about Bud Laurence for the next two or three days.

As he turned to retrace his steps back down into the canyon, the youth's eyes swept through the trees below. He started, leaned forward intently. His eye had caught something like a flicker of light on the green crown of a young fir down in the canyon

# He's an All-around All-American

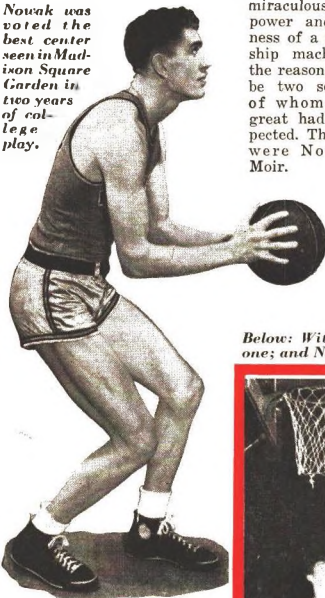
by  
Vereen Bell

WHEN Coach George Keogan was arranging Notre Dame's 1936 basketball schedule, in spite of the fact that his previous season hadn't been outstanding, he decided to follow the old Notre Dame policy of picking the toughest teams he possibly could. The effort was very successful. In years to come, mothers will probably scare their children into obedience by showing them the 1936 Notre Dame schedule.

And the funny thing, Coach Keogan didn't know what kind of team he was going to have. Of course there were some likely recruits from last year's freshman squad, but sophomores are always unknown quantities.

As soon as the season got under way, Keogan knew that a coach's dream was coming true. A great team was taking shape under his eyes. About the middle of the season the folks over at Notre Dame realized

*Nowak was voted the best center seen in Madison Square Garden in two years of college play.*



that their team miraculously had the power and smoothness of a championship machine. And the reason seemed to be two sophomores of whom nothing great had been expected. Their names were Nowak and Moir.

In his freshman year he made the team without any trouble.

"Wait until he tries to beat some of those varsity players out of their positions," people probably thought. "He's too big. A man that big can't have enough smoothness and co-ordination."

Nowak came out for the varsity. It was then that he really began to play basketball. He

class by scoring 260 points for a new individual Notre Dame high.

As a whole the team won twenty-two games, lost two, and through a score-keeper's error, tied another.

But this story is about Nowak. What about him? On what did he make All-American?

"It's like this," says Coach George Keogan. "Nowak's got everything. You can't say Nowak's good because of his passing, or something like that. Sure, he can pass. He handles the ball like a grapefruit. But he can shoot, too. And he can take 'em off the board. And he gets the tip-off. You see, Nowak's good all around."

That's Nowak's quality—all-aroundness. It's a little funny about Nowak. He

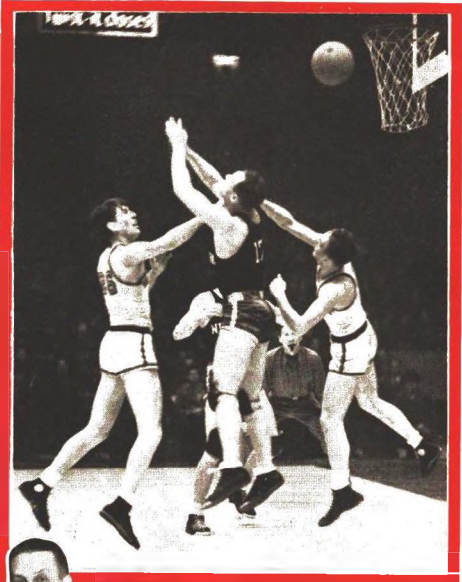
came to Notre Dame very quietly, without the fanfare that accompanies a lot of athletes. In fact nobody had ever heard much about him. He was merely another boy from South Bend who liked to play basketball.

In his freshman year he made the team without any trouble.

"Wait until he tries to beat some of those varsity players out of their positions," people probably thought. "He's too big. A man that big can't have enough smoothness and co-ordination."

Nowak came out for the varsity. It was then that he really began to play basketball. He

*Coach George Keogan follows the old Notre Dame policy of picking the toughest opponents possible.*



*Nowak's mainly a contact man, but it's dangerous to let him get too close to the basket, as N. Y. U. has here!*

was plenty good. He had to be plenty good to beat Co-captain Marty Peters out of his position.

His size? Nowak's six feet six, but he's not one of those gawky abnormals. He's just big. Trimly built, he weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, and his movements are almost catlike in their grace.

During the season Nowak showed that he had something besides size and muscular co-ordination. He had that competitive intelligence that makes the difference between a good athlete and a champion. There are plenty of times in a game—any game—when situations arise that the coach hasn't told a man about. There are two reasons why he hasn't told him about them; one is that a coach could hardly foresee all the possible situations that could come up; and, second, if he did, and tried to teach you a solution to each one of them, you'd end up hopelessly confused. Smart coaches don't try to hide behind an intelligent player with a lot of book rules.

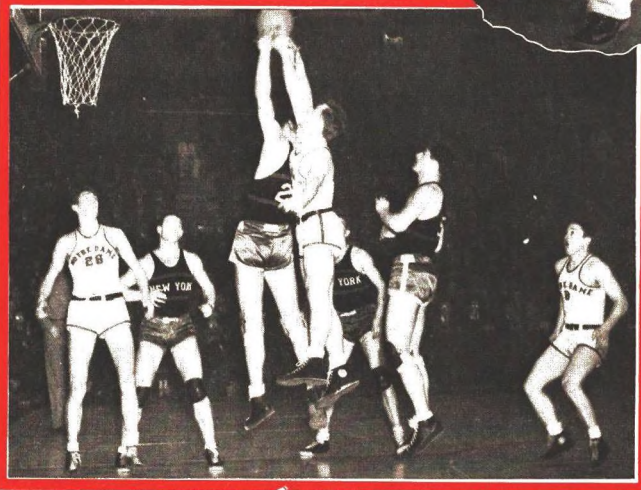
Suppose, for instance, that you are under your goal, alone, and two enemy players come down the court, one of them with the ball. What are you going to do? If you attack the man with the ball, he simply passes to his teammate who calmly shoots the goal. Or if you attack the teammate, the man with the ball continues his progress, rises to the backstop and sacks a neat snowbird shot, which makes you feel pretty silly.

Here's the way Paul Nowak would play it: "Feinting, of course, is no discovery of mine, but in this case I've found it especially useful. If the two players were coming down on me, I'd feint to the man with the ball—make a lunge at him, in other words—then dive back to cover the teammate. The man with the ball will either shoot or pass. If he shoots he's off balance and will probably miss. If he passes, you're already guarding his teammate, and by the time the teammate can find an opening past you, your reinforcements have come.

"It's the psychology of the trick that makes it work. You see, the man with the ball is expecting you to go for him. So when you make toward him, he usually loses no time in doing what he has subconsciously planned to do—pass to his teammate."

Nowak's good (Continued on page 24)

*Below: Witty of N.Y.U. and Ford of Notre Dame go up for the tip; and Nowak is poised to get that tip if it comes his way.*



# U. S. S. Jaloppie

It takes more than wind, sea and hunger  
to get the better of a fighting navy man!

by

Robb White, III

THE small navy fighting plane went hurtling like a bullet just out of reach of the heaving sea. The song of the motor was almost submerged by the wilder song of the wind. Gray rain slashed at the stout, thin fabric and forced the plane down, forced it closer and closer to the monstrous sea heaving itself slowly up, reaching with hungry wave-fingers for the flying thing just above it.

Lieutenant Myers, in the forward cockpit, glanced at the airspeed meter, frowned, then looked at the altimeter whose needle was trembling around zero. "Fool ensigns," he muttered angrily. "Ought not to let 'em off the ground. Go into a panic every time it rains."

Lieutenant Myers twisted around in his seat, the safety belt going tight across his hips, and looked at Ensign Lowell Burke's head aft. Burke's face was dripping wet, his goggles dull blotches of water. Lieutenant Myers shouted uselessly, feeling the words snatched out of his mouth by the streaming wind, "Hey! Jack it up, Mr. Burke. You're not driving a submarine."

Burke grinned and raised one flat hand above his helmet and moved it around and around. Ceiling zero.

Lieutenant Myers looked overhead and saw the rain whipping off the trailing edge in a thin, hard sheet. Ceiling zero, he thought; if Burke could fly a plane he could get it up a hundred feet. Lieutenant Myers stared ahead angrily, making up his mind to signal for the controls and show that guy aft what to do with a plane before a wave made fish bait of them both.

Suddenly, through the haze of rain, Lieutenant Myers saw a shape rising from the sea. Shouting, he twisted around again. But Burke had seen it too, and was already opening the motor as Myers jerked his hand up and signaled and yelled for the controls. He grabbed the control column and it was dead in his hands. Again he signaled frantically, peering into the swirls of rain at the gray bulge rushing across the foaming sea. Why in the name of heaven didn't that helpless idiot give him control, Myers thought wildly, and cursed all ensigns.

In the cockpit aft Lo Burke had changed from a good-humored young ensign into a machine as delicate as a surgeon's fingers. He forgot the lieutenant and his stupid yelling for control. Shifting control with that obstacle ahead of

Illustrator: WILLIAM HEASLIP

"Are you hurt, sir?" Lo yelled above the storm.  
Myers stared at Lo savagely but did not answer.



them would be suicidal, what with the sea inches below and the plane dead under the weight of rain. He thought all that in a flash and it was gone and he was just a machine.

Through his hands, his feet, his eyes and ears he could feel each nerve of the fighting ship he was flying. In a language he understood he heard the plane talking to him—talking to him above the crash of the rain and the mad sea. Like a thing above the plane begged and promised. Give it a break, let it live, don't wash it out on that massive thing stuck into the sea—and it'd give until the wings came off, until the motor tore itself to pieces.

Lo talked back to it with his motionless lips, his steel fingers on the controls. Lo, adding his own strength to that of the motor, jammed his plane up into the sodden air. Without enough lift to float a balloon he drove the fighter up.

The island's wave-beaten edge slid under the pontoons. Sheer cliffs rose into the gray sky. Lo saw the towering, misty peaks. There was no chance to turn, nothing to do but drive on—staggering up and up—and sit in your cockpit and pray.

Without fear or feeling Lo drew back on the control column and the plane battled its way up. The air made no vacuum over the quivering wings, and the motor alone, wide open, straining at its hold-down bolts, pulled the ship up.

Lieutenant Myers was screaming again. "You fool! Jack it up. Up!"

The plane climbed the jagged, volcanic peak, and at the top it stalled. The motor could not go on.

Jamming the stick forward, Lo let the ship fall down the other side, hoping to get speed enough to carry them clear and let the motor catch on.

It wasn't enough. Lo knew they would never clear the long beach. Holding on until even hope was killed, he finally dragged back on the column and went up into a dead stall and sideslipped down to crash.

In a split second it was all over—the rock and sea and rain had dragged the fragile, man-made ship down from the air. With stone hands they crumpled the wood and fabric and duralumin thing on the very edge of the island it had almost conquered.

Lieutenant Myers pulled his legs out of what was left of the transmitter. With cautious hands he felt all over his body, but except for a gashed knee he was unhurt. Crawling through the wreckage of the smashed wing, he came face to face with Ensign

Burke, his goggle glasses completely gone and his face bloody.



Burke scrambled after him and they crouched under a rock out of the storm and silently looked at the wreckage.



Plunging crazily the Jaloppie floundered and staggered through the raging sea. It was

"Are you hurt, sir?" Lo yelled above the storm.

Myers stared at Burke savagely but didn't answer. He dragged himself up and stumbled out of the plane. Burke scrambled after him, and they both crouched behind a rock out of the storm and silently looked at the wreckage. Wiping his face free of blood with his sleeve, Burke took off the goggles slowly and, swinging the empty frames in his hand, said, his voice a whisper, "What a shame."

"I'll say it's a shame," Lieutenant Myers snapped bitterly. "That was the most shameful flying I've ever seen."

Lo turned slowly and stared at his superior. "Sir?" he said.

"Yes, shameful!" the lieutenant shouted. "Why didn't you turn? Why didn't you go around? What was the matter—were you scared so stiff you couldn't even move your feet? Why didn't you give it all it would take—get up speed and go on? Did you have to wash it out with a dead motor? Of all the helpless, ineffectual, stupid performances—" Lieutenant Myers broke off suddenly. Instead of yelling, his voice went low and cold. "I signaled for control and you ignored it. That is insubordination, Mr. Burke."

"Yes, sir," Lo said, quietly. "There wasn't time to shift control, sir. We would have gone head on into the mountain."

Lieutenant Myers stared at his inferior with cold eyes. "Have you ever heard, Mr. Burke, of a little poem—'Yours not to question why—'?"

Lo saw Myers' hard, bitter eyes, saw in them the unending hostility that had fired them from Lo's first days at Annapolis. They hadn't had much in common. Born on the coast, Lo had grown up by the sea, with a tiller hugged to his side. Myers, from the sand hills of Nebraska, had never seen the sea before coming to the academy. And as a first-classman he had felt inferior to Plebe Lo and had tried to cover it up by ragging him, by asserting his authority of rank, by hating him. Lo understood it all.

But he knew the sea as Myers never could. He knew if anything was to be done, he must do it.

Lo got up and walked slowly around the wreck. Both wings, the pontoons, the propeller and elevators were smashed completely. Only the fuselage and rudder were in any shape at all. Wondering how they had come out of it alive, Lo stood still and watched the sun bursting suddenly through the cracking sky. The storm had gone as suddenly as it came.

The sun studded the rocks with gleaming mirrors and drained from the angry sea all its gray.

It played on the star and rings of blue, red and white; it etched U. S. NAVY on the under side of the crumpled wing; it slid down the colors on the rudder. It touched the gold of Lo's shoulder bars and glinted off the wings on his chest as tears rose in his eyes and he blinked them away.

Turning, he looked then at the hunched figure of Lieutenant Myers. Speaking slowly, Lo said, "This is Aves Island, sir, about a thousand miles due south of Jamaica, four hundred miles southwest of Cuba." Myers looked up, his eyes angry. "I know that, Mr. Burke, and so you needn't tell me that it is a rock without vegetation or fresh water or inhabitants—nor any chance of our leaving it alive."

Lo looked at the calming sea, then at the plane lying in a shapeless heap on the beach. Turning, he said, very quietly, strength again in his voice, "Yes, we will."

"What do you mean? I suppose now you think you can make that thing fly again?"

"No, it'll never fly. But it will float."

"Straight down," Myers snapped.

"To Cuba, if you're man enough," Lo said, shortly.

Lieutenant Myers stood and walked over to plant himself squarely in front of Lo. "Mr. Burke, you're forgetting your rank."

"Yes," Lo answered, looking into the man's eyes. "What good is rank when you and I stand here on this uninhabitable island with nothing to do but die? If you'll forget it too, forget that I crashed you here, and help me, we can make Cuba. If you won't we'll probably die here. I can't do it alone."

"Rank is not a thing to take off like your jacket, Mr. Burke. We will stay on Aves until help comes and during that time it will be well for you to remember that you are an ensign."

"Help isn't coming," Lo said slowly. "This plane is at large for a month more, and even if we're missed they'll search the Gulf of Panama, not the Caribbean. It doesn't take but four days to die of thirst. But—if you'll help—we'll take the wings, the motor, the flippers and landing pontoons off. We'll put the wing-tip floats on the fuselage to act as outriggers. We'll reverse the rudder. For a mast we'll use a leading edge. For sails, parachutes. We'll glue this thing together, cover the cockpit openings and hope it good so it won't leak. Then we'll sail back to Cuba."

"Not we, you," Lieutenant Myers snapped. "Even if the thing would float I'm convinced, after your exhibition in the plane, that it would be certain death to risk a voyage like that with you. It is not a question of bravery, Mr. Burke, but of ability—judgment—skill—things which you've already demon-





something unbelievable there in the pitch darkness with the rain slashing across them and the waves crashing all around them.

strated are lacking in you. Not only that, a real sailboat couldn't live that far. This is Aves, Mr. Burke, not Tortuga across Guantanamo Bay."

"Yes, this is Aves," Lo answered, his voice steady. "And what are we going to drink? What are we going to eat? We've got at least forty days before we can even hope for a search party—forty days on this island, Mr. Myers, without water—without food—without hope. But it won't take that long. In three days we'll be crazy from thirst—in four, dead. Think that over."

Lo walked down to the plane and began hauling the tangled wing out from under the fuselage. In a little while Lieutenant Myers came over. "What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"Make a sailboat of this fuselage and go to Cuba," Lo answered.

Myers shook his head. "It isn't possible. The structure couldn't stand it. Sailboat, bah!"

Lo swung around and looked at the man, his eyes hard with anger. "Out in the sticks where you come from you think a sailboat is something the kids wade behind in a duck pond. Well, let me tell you something, Mr. Myers. I'd rather be sitting on the tiller of a thirty-foot sailboat in a blow than any battlewagon built. Sailboats may go up and down plenty but they don't plough through. Are you with me or are you going to stay here and kill us both?"

For a moment Lieutenant Myers stared doubtfully at Lo, then he grasped the tangled wing and began tugging.

Lo grinned. They worked together in silence.

In the next flaming dawn they stood on the beach looking at the craft anchored off the leeward shore. Lit by the sun, washed by the gentle sea, it rode high, only a few inches of the rounded fuselage in the water. But lack of draft was compensated for by the wing-tip float rigged on the port side. The single mast set forward, was cockeyed. The sharp tail of the reversed fuselage made a splendid bow, and the motor block, carefully covered with doped canvas, formed a square stern to which they mounted the rudder with a complicated system of aileron cable and inside pulleys. The whole thing was down in the stern, but to Lo it looked like a boat.

"That thing will never reach Cuba," Lieutenant Myers declared.

Lo looked at it and grinned a little. "Sure, it will," he answered. "That jaloppie will go anywhere if we handle her right, sir."

Lieutenant Myers shook his head slowly. "All right," Lo said, his voice hard again. "It's either that or this." He pointed with his foot at

the single, two-quart container nearly full of rain-water, all they had been able to gather.

Myers looked at it too, and together they waded out to the boat. Casting off the anchor line, Lo said, grinning again, "The U.S.S. *Jaloppie* leaves Aves Island for Guantanamo, Cuba."

He settled down, holding the tiller, while the boat drifted closer and closer to the rim where the trade wind, coming over the island, began again to toss the endless sea into waves. "Raise the jib, sir," Lo requested. "Little more on it, sir. That's high. Now two-block the mainsail until it wrinkles a bit at the luff. Now, sheet in that jib. That's well."

Finished, Myers sat down, pulled the tarpaulin over the opening and battened it. "Now what?" he asked.

Lo looked at him steadily as he sat there with the tarpaulin around his shoulders. "Mr. Myers," Lo began, speaking slowly, "this isn't going to be fruit, sir. We're in for a beating, take my word for it—a beating that'll make washing out that plane seem like playing dolls in the backyard. If we're men enough we can make this jaloppie float until it reaches Cuba. If we aren't—" Lo stopped and turned his thumb down. "Just wanted you to know, sir," he ended.

"I don't need any pep talks, Mr. Burke," Myers answered acidly. "It is merely a choice of drowning rapidly or dying slowly of thirst. I prefer the former."

Lo ignored this. "You'll navigate, sir? We'll make about two miles an hour to leeward, I'm afraid."

"Very well."

"We'll take watch and watch on the tiller, sir, and we'll have to bail more or less steadily from the seepage."

Myers nodded and looked forward as the boat pitched suddenly and the jib filled with a snap. Something cold and choking rose in his throat as he looked at the tumbling, white-crested water around him. Then he looked at Lo who was calmly sheeting in the mainsail as he hugged the tiller against his side. The lump in Myers' throat gradually melted and he could breathe again. And as he watched the only sign of what Burke was thinking was the set of his mouth—tight shut, grim.

After the first tense moments were over Lo had time to look at this thing they had made. Floating high and light, it skipped around on the rough water, but it didn't pound forward and the wing pontoon worked very well with its jury rig. The sails were clumsy and flat but they held the wind. The duralumin mast strained at the shrouds and stays but it

looked stout enough if nothing happened. And with only his and Myers' head above the tarpaulin that covered the cockpits they had practically a waterproof kayak.

Lo kept his eyes flicking from the luff of the sail to the sea, to the compass secured above the tarpaulin, then back to the sails and sky and sea. An unceasing movement while his arm and hand moved the tiller from starboard to port as the boat skidded and sideslipped.

The seas were high under the strong wind but in that bottomless ocean they were not breaking at the crest. Soon Lo got their rhythm and could count on every seventh one of the waves being larger and tougher than the others. Their bobbing shell plunged down the crests, labored in the troughs and climbed up the next long slope.

At noon Myers took a shot of the sun and announced their position on the chart. He checked it with a line from Aves for a fix. "Since seven o'clock we've made thirty miles," he said.

Thirty miles—Lo thought of that as he sat through the long, blazing afternoon, with the water sparkling metallically around him. Aves finally slipped into the grave of the horizon, and when Lo looked and found it gone and the sea a blank limitless thing, a wave of depression came sweeping down over him. Fatigue began to creep into his body as he nursed the *Jaloppie* up each endless wave and nursed it teetering down and guided it through the whirling trough and waited for it to gather itself and start the long, weary climb back to the top—only to do it again.

At last, an hour or so before sunset, he said, "Will you take it, sir?" and slid from under the tiller. "Just keep her head up, sir, and as close to north-northwest as you can. Ease her in the squalls and watch the seas, sir."

"Very well."

Lo slid down into the bottom of the boat, asleep before he touched the floor boards. But it was a short sleep and he was snatched out of it when a green, massive mountain of water tumbled on them. Staggering, drenched, the *Jaloppie* lived through it somehow and Lo took the tiller from Myers whose face was dead white and whose hands were frozen to the handle.

Lo said nothing. He had seen that before. Some men, he knew, were natural boat handlers. Others could never in their lives get the feel of a boat and the sea. Lo relaxed as much as he could and knew then that he would have to stay on the tiller until they reached safety or died. It was as simple and as awful as that. (Continued on page 31)

# Blind Date

by

Dwight  
Wendell  
Koppes

Illustrator:

R. M. BRINKERHOFF



"Maybe you ain't never heard of the law, young feller," he pronounces.

"INITIATIONS," says Connie, "are stupid. Why any pledges stand what the Gamma Sigs do to them I can't understand. Especially Homer."

"What we do to 'em this year will be plenty," I grin knowingly, "—and especially to Homer."

We've stopped off at the Cave, which is a popular soda shoppe here at Carter U., for a tide-me-over after Economics 253. It's snowing outside, and there are melting snowflakes in Connie's hair. Very pretty effect.

Connie stirs her chocolate malted with a straw, and nudges one of my ten-and-a-half canalboats with a size four galosh.

"Tank," she says, with the same look in her eyes that made me give her my Gamma Sig pin last May, "please go easy on Homer. He's different."

"Rough Week," I point out to her, "wears 'em all down to the same size. Homer won't be overlooked, honey, don't worry."

I mean it, too. And being initiation chairman, I'm in a position to handle 'em like I please. Rough Week, which is the period of horseplay that precedes our formal fraternity initiation, can do a lot for a lad, and what it can do is just what Homer Leffingwell needs. He may be an A student and a swell tenor in the glee club, but he's no more a man's man than Little Jack Horner. You know the type.

While I'm demonstrating my masculine firmness, Connie tosses her head and gives me both barrels. "Tank McPhail, you're a bully! You sit there and gloat over the prospect of beating poor pledges—and they're probably handcuffed and blindfolded so they can't protect themselves."

"Gamma Sigma initiations are secret," I say with becoming dignity.

But Connie isn't through.

"I don't care about the rest of the poor saps who are dumb enough to take it," she concedes. "But Homer's different. He's sensitive. There's something fine about him—something, well . . ."

"Yeah, something. But not much. Look, Connie," I flare, "don't tell me you go for this Leffingwell lily. Don't tell me—"

Connie zips up her suede jacket and reaches for her books.

"I couldn't tell you anything, Tank!" she says. When Connie acts like that it's the go signal, so I pay the bill and we head for the dorm.

I'm easy-going and indulgent, but this growing instinct of Connie's to mother Homer is beginning to rub me the wrong way. But I got to admit she's awful important to Ol' Tank, and while she'll take a lot from me, it's a good policy to humor her now and then.

So I dangle a date in front of her nose, which has assumed the angle of an anti-aircraft gun. The date I outline is for the Renwood—a ritzy dance house—on Friday night; and to refuse a combination of the Renwood and Tank McPhail is really to *refuse* something.

Connie thaws a bit. She pats my arm and smiles. "You're sweet, Tank," she coos. "I've been mean—and the way you initiate your pledges is none of my business. It's only that Homer—"

"Here's something else: Homer'll be there, too," I divulge, suddenly. "With a date."

"But what about Rough Week. How can he—"

"Leave it to me, baby—just get ready for a date you won't forget."

It's funny how a swell idea comes to you sometimes, right while you're talking.

When I get back to the house, the gong's ringing for chapter meeting.

On account of being such a popular man on the Carter campus, I get around to the other fraternities quite a bit, and tonight it's been the Beta house for dinner after leaving Connie at the dorm. Popularity always makes those who don't have it jealous, so I'm not surprised when Dink and Watty and the rest climb on the saddle to give me a riding as soon as I check in.

"Fancy seeing you here," says Watty, bowing and taking my hat.

"The chapter waits upon your pleasure, Mr. McPhail," Artie Coltrap contributes. "Perhaps you will recall that there was a little matter of a chapter meeting mentioned when last you favored us with a visit."

"The gong," adds Dink Anders, taking my arm and pointing, "heralds the occasion to which Brother Col-

trap has alluded. No doubt you have forgotten Gamma Sigma's quaint custom of ringing a gong to—"

"Gong and let me be," I crack like a flash. It's clever little comebacks like that that make everyone giggle when my name is mentioned on the campus. We go into the chapter room, and when the grip is passed and the secret ritual performed, Chaplain Chalfant stumbles through the ritual prayer, then turns the meeting over to me.

"Brother McPhail will outline the plans for Rough Week and Initiation," he says.

Gamma Sigma has the reputation of having the toughest initiation at Carter. It lasts a week—which is about four days longer than Homer Leffingwell will last, the way I have it figured out.

"And on Friday night, before formal initiation," I wind up, "there'll be the usual thirty-five mile summons."

That's where each freshman gets a slip of paper telling him to walk several miles into the country and look under a certain stone or something. There he finally finds another slip of paper telling him to come back to the house and look in the intramural swimming team loving cup on the mantel in the den. There he finds a slip sending him out into the cold world again. That goes on all night, and each pledge has to go alone. It's mayhem if a pledge is caught bumming a ride.

"Brother Coltrap and I," says Watty, at this point, "wish to offer our services as murder-stagers, as we did last year. You will recall that the episode proved both diverting and successful."

Watty Chalfant can talk. It didn't just happen that he was last year's Washington's Birthday orator. And he can act, too. The fake murder he and Artie put on for the benefit of two of the pledges last year was a hot number, and the chapter roars its approval at the suggestion.

The gag is that Artie and Watty hide in an empty farmhouse on the Columbus pike. When a couple of fagged-out frosh go past looking for a summons sometime during the night, Artie starts yelling and bawling out Watty, who is dressed like his wife, in what seems to be a family ruckus. He chases her

## Meet a new American Boy character, Tank McPhail, the dizziest bloke that ever took his own medicine!



"but you're under arrest."

out into the yard, firing a shotgun, and she (Watty, I mean) falls screaming and dying in the snow. Red ink makes swell blood. Last year we scared a couple of pledges almost into unconsciousness. "Let's hope there's snow," says Dink Anders, "so the red ink'll show."

"We'll rehearse it a couple of times," says Artie. "And we've got the pledges all picked out—Betteridge and Leffingwell."

Betteridge plays the harp in the Darlington High orchestra, and I've told you about Leffingwell. It's a good combination, but I've got other plans for Homer.

"Okay on Betteridge," I ordain. "But Homer's my special property on Friday night. He's set for a big evening, I mean."

The chapter knows pretty well how I feel about Homer so they select Foley to replace Leffingwell. It may be a tough evening for the rest of the pledges, but it's going to be Friday the Thirteenth for little Homer, the way I have it planned.

The Renwood in Columbus isn't exactly the Coconut Grove or anything, but it goes through most of the motions, and the food is fair. Laddie Buck and his Buckeyes specialize in the sort of music that's on the other side of the record, if you get what I mean. But I got no kick.

The best way I can describe Connie and me on a dance floor, we're pretty much the type of couple that gives artists ideas. Connie has festooned the body beautiful in great shape, and I guess it will be a long time before the Carter coeds get over the way Tank McPhail wears a dinner jacket and handles his feet. I'm not bragging—I'm just telling you.

After a couple of shuffles, we go to our table and order dinner. We've got the celery and ripe olives pretty well licked when Connie brings up the subject I've been expecting.

"You said Homer Leffingwell would be here," she says. "Not that I believed you, of course."

"Nice crowd for a Friday night," I stall.

"He's probably being beaten and thumped and bashed about in the best Gamma Sig style right now," Connie insists. "I can't imagine you not in at the killing."



"Listen, McPhail of Carter," says the manager, his jaw out, "do like I tell you and take that dummy out NOW!"

"I couldn't bear the sight of blood," I grin. "I have a very special feeling where Homer is concerned, you know."

Connie sniffs. She's about to let me have it again, when the food arrives and the band goes into a waltz at the same time. The food smells good and the tune sounds romantic, so she pats my hand and smiles instead.

Our table is right on the edge of the dance floor, and we watch the couples dancing while we eat. We're waiting for dessert when Connie first spies Leffingwell.

"Why, Tank! There's Homer!"

He's due about now, all right, but I don't see him until Connie points him out to me. He's dancing on the far side of the floor, facing us. He sees us at the same time we spot him. From the back, his partner looks almost real. She's a blonde, like Connie. From where we sit she looks like the belle of the Renwood.

It's a great moment for me.

"Little Homer's done himself proud," I grin. "I didn't know he had it in him."

"Who's the girl?" Connie asks.

"I wouldn't know her name, but Homer could probably tell you. Why don't you call them over, while I make sure nobody's snatched the flivver?"

"Tank," Connie croons softly, "I've been terribly unfair to you. Thank you for being so sweet to Homer."

She gives him the come-hither, and he sort of winces but starts maneuvering his skirt toward our table. It's an exit cue I couldn't miss, knowing what I know.

I'm gone long enough to let the three of them

get acquainted. After the way Connie's just patted my head for being nice to Homer, I kind of feel like I've kicked a kitten. But then I think about Connie's be-nice-to-Homer campaign and the way she seems to go for him, and I've got no regrets.

It's about time to go back and put Homer through the rest of his program, so I get under way. As soon as I catch sight of our table, I can see that Homer and partner have left it. Connie's bending over the table, her head on her arms.

I'm there in a second. Then I see my mistake. Yeah, you got it right, wise guy. It isn't Connie—it's Homer's dummy. The dummy I told Homer to make and bring to the dance instead of running summons. The dummy that's supposed to make Leffingwell look like the lily he is, in front of Connie. The dummy that Homer is scheduled to drag around and treat like a hot number all evening while everyone laughs and makes nasty cracks, and even Connie finally joins in the fun.

Only the lily's gone off with Connie, and I'm stuck with the dummy!

While I'm wishing I'd never left the table, and wavering between boiling Leffingwell in oil and slicing him into cold cuts when I get my hands on him, people are giving me the bird and laughing as though there was something funny. I grab the check and start to leave, but the manager rushes up under full sail.

"Take that with you," he snaps, pointing at the dummy.

"Out of my way," I tell him. "I'm McPhail, of Carter. I didn't bring that dummy, you dummy, and I'm not—"

"Listen, McPhail of Carter," says the manager, his jaw out, "do like I tell you and take that dummy out now. You're spoiling the atmosphere of the place with your monkeyshines. Take her—it—out before I call the police!"

What would you do? I take the darned thing under my arm, and stroll nonchalantly toward the foyer, keeping my dignity. The crowd roars, but they got no cause, for I make my exit magnificently.

At the coatroom the check girl enters into the spirit of things—just another name on my private murder list.

"May I help the lady with her wrap?" she coos after pooh-poohing anybody who would wear a derby with a dinner jacket. A couple of doormen chortle.

"Ask her," I glare. "A couple of dummies like you ought to understand the same language."

But the check girl insists on putting a fur coat and a hat on the dummy, which Homer apparently checked when he brought it in. Homer certainly didn't fool when I told him to make a dummy!

My car's parked right across the street from the Renwood. I'd dearly love to chuck the dummy into the street, but there's a cop standing on the corner who might feel the same way as the manager, so I trundle the bundle across to the car, toss her into the back, and start to Carter.

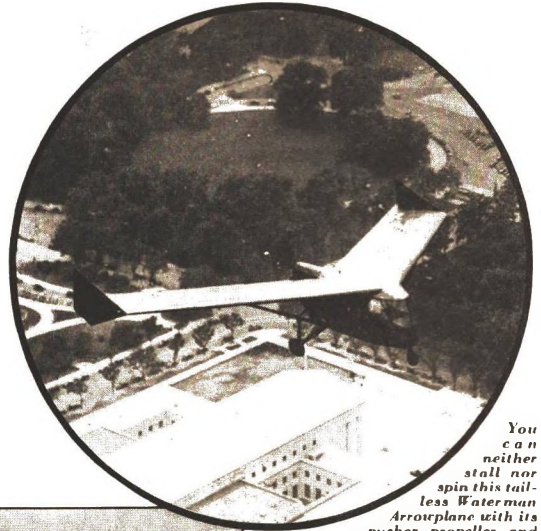
One thing about the dummy—she doesn't stick up for Leffingwell. She doesn't care what I say about him. And the case I state against him is strong enough to make even a dummy wince.

But I haven't got (Continued on page 24)

# The Shape of Planes to Come

by

Joseph Wheatley



You can neither stall nor spin this tailless Waterman Arrowplane with its pusher propeller and automobile motor.

**TOMORROW'S** aircraft. What will they be like? Well—transport planes will cruise at three hundred miles an hour and hop across America in eleven hours. They'll burn cheap oil and fly at twenty thousand feet, up where the air is thinner, above most of the earth's weather, with their passengers sealed in pressure cabins and provided with oxygen.

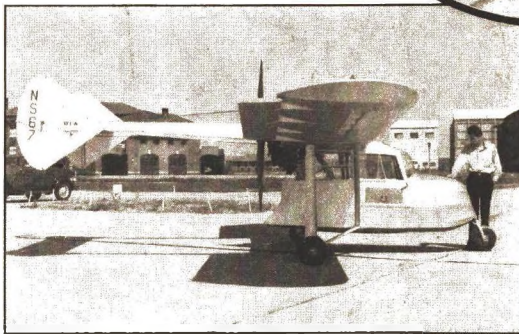
You'll be able to hop off from New York at eight in the morning and have dinner, not in Los Angeles, but four or five hundred miles out over the Pacific on a China-bound *Clipper*.

If you doubt this, come down to Langley Field and talk with Dr. George W. Lewis, able director of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. It was the NACA that increased the efficiency of air liners nearly forty per cent by developing the monoplane design now in use by the big transports of today.

"What's the next step in aviation?" you ask Dr. Lewis. "What can we look for first?"

The first step he names promises to be one of the greatest advances in aviation history: blower-cooled Diesel engines built so well into the wings that only the propellers—and they'll be the pusher type—will be exposed. This at one stroke eliminates the drag of bulky engines, lowers fuel costs and increases profitable flying range and pay load.

Nearly all of tomorrow's planes, Dr. Lewis says, will be equipped with flaps and tabs. Flaps are those long narrow sections of the wing's under surface that



Another low-priced flivver plane that flies itself, the two passenger *Wreck*.

can be opened downward in the rear. Open flaps decrease landing speeds and take-off distances, thereby adding to your safety.

Tabs, those movable extensions of the rudder and elevators, are the plane designers' way of putting the slip stream to work. The pilot, instead of struggling to move the huge rudder and elevators of a twenty-ton ship, easily manipulates these tabs, and they and the slip stream move the control surfaces for him.

Tomorrow's planes will be much larger, especially the flying boats. Compare the *China Clipper*, the flying boat now hopping the Pacific on regular schedule, with the NC-4, the first plane to cross the Atlantic. The NC-4 was the giant of its day. Its weight empty was eight tons, its useful load six tons. The world marveled at its size.

The *China Clipper* has a weight empty of more than twelve tons and a useful load of thirteen and a half tons. And already Boeing Aircraft Company out in Seattle is designing new giants—six flying boats for Pan-American Airways' transoceanic service. Each of these air liners will have a gross weight of more than forty tons and will be capable of carrying more than sixty passengers, with sleeper accommodations for forty.

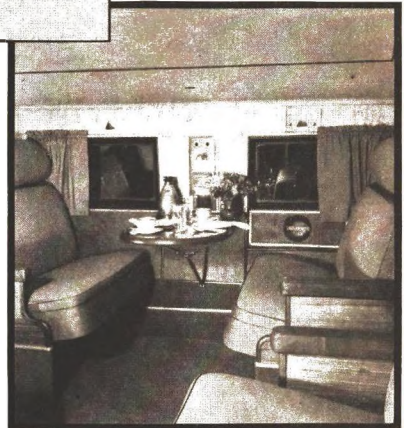
They'll have a wing-spread of 152 feet, a length of 109 feet and an overall height of 28 feet. Top speed will be about 200 miles an hour.

These Boeings will be internally-braced, high-wing, all-metal monoplanes. They'll contain two full decks, the upper deck containing control cabin, crew's quarters and baggage compartment, and the lower deck containing passenger accommoda-

tions, galley, lavatories and dressing rooms. They'll be four-engined, with passageways through the wing to the engine nacelles for inspection and servicing in flight.

The first of these superclippers is expected to be completed late in 1937.

Or if you want to hear about really huge ships, talk to Igor Sikorsky, who lives and works ten years ahead of his time. A Rus-



Double berth at night, breakfast nook in the morning—there's new comfort in this Douglas sleeper plane.

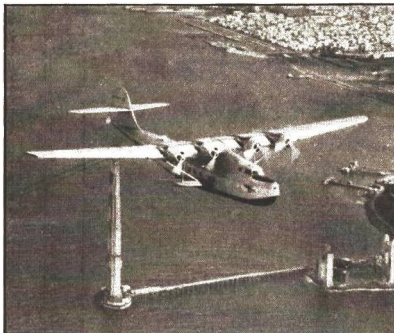
sian count who became an American citizen twenty years ago, he has designed, built and flown twenty-five-ton flying boats. But these are mere mosquitoes compared to the eagles he is building and the others he is planning.

He has an eighty-five-ton flying boat designed, and he says that "within a few years one-hundred to two-hundred-ton ships will be successfully turned out." He casually predicts that "these ships will of course fly nonstop from New York to London."

These luxurious cruisers of Sikorsky's will contain promenade decks and dining rooms and will cruise at three hundred miles an hour. They will fly at from fifteen to twenty thousand feet altitude—with oxygen released in the cabin.

In these giant ships will be instruments that will take the blindness out of blind flying. In spite of the radio compass, radio beam, blind-landing instruments and sensi-

(Continued on page 27)



Above: *China Clipper* roars over Golden Gate.



Right: Giant new four-engine Boeing bomber.



## His answer became a slogan — — the slogan became a creed

N EARLY forty years ago, a young woman secretary held a letter before her employer and said:

"This man asks for more information, for literature. He says he wants to know how he can be *sure* that the car we make is a good one."

James Ward Packard stared out of the window a few moments, then swung around toward the waiting girl.

"Tell him that we have no literature—we aren't that big yet. But if he wants to know how good an automobile the

Packard is, tell him to *ask the man who owns one.*"

That was the origin of Packard's slogan: *Ask the man who owns one.* This simple, sincere answer summed up a man's perfect faith in the product bearing his name. Because of its sincerity, and its sound common sense, it has become one of the most familiar slogans in American life.

But to the makers of Packard, it is more than a slogan—it is a creed. It is a guiding principle dictating that every Packard sent out into the world *must be*

so fine that there can never be a doubt as to the answer its owner will give.

Today, with the addition of the lower-priced Packard 120 and Six to the magnificent Twelve and Super-Eight, the obligation imposed by Packard's slogan becomes broader than ever before. Yet never before has Packard been more willing to rest its reputation entirely upon the experience of *any* Packard owner.

We invite you to see the new Packards, to ride in them—better yet, to drive one. But above all—we urge you to "Ask the man who owns one!"



# In The Morning Mail

CONDUCTED by PLUTO, the OFFICE PUP



**DEAR PLUTO,** writes Jim Shirk, Minneapolis. "First of all, here's a vote of thanks for a swell magazine. I'm glad to see the Morning Mail back and wish you would devote more space to it. Let's have more stories by William Heyliger on commercial subjects and a few stories about college life other than athletics."

Well, Shirk, it just happens that we can grant both your requests right off the bat. Next month brings you the first installment of William Heyliger's new serial, "Wildcat," the story of two young engineers who risk their last dollar—and considerable more—in a Texas oil well. Mr. Heyliger spent five weeks in the land of derricks and dynamite getting ideas for it, and when you read it you'll feel the thrill of sinking thousands of dollars in a hole that may or may not produce a fortune.

As for the college story other than athletics, turn to "Blind Date" in this issue. It's about fraternity initiations and we think you'll like it. It introduces you to a brand-new author and a brand-new character. The character—none other than the great Tank McPhail—you'll meet in the story itself. But we'd like you to know the author, Dwight Wendell Koppes, so here's his sketch, written by himself:

BORN and bred an Ohio Buckeye, without much choice in the matter. The year was 1904, which makes me 32—but that doesn't allow for the centuries that passed between issues of *The American Boy* when I used to watch for the postman during the "Mark Tidd" days of my own boyhood. I met Tank McPhail and his pals for the first time when I matriculated at Ohio Wesleyan University—and by the time the college authorities offered me a Phi Beta Kappa key and assorted varsity letters as an inducement to leave the campus, I had accumulated quite a bit of lore—should that be gore?—that only recently struck me as short-story material.

Following graduation I spent seven years with General Electric in Cleveland as assistant advertising manager, during which time I married a former Ohio Wesleyan co-ed—just another campus romance. Finally we decided to "see America first," packed the car and whisked to our first terrace. You must come over some time and hear about our travels in forty-four states, Canada and Mexico.

I've been wanting to find time to tackle a bit of magazine fiction ever since leaving college, but only recently has the opportunity offered. With the publication of my first yarn in AB, my first reaction was to hope some reader might find in it one small part of the delectable your magazine always brought to me.

Hobbies? Tennis, golf—and just being outdoors in the sunshine. Dislike going to bed, getting up, zero weather and politics.



Koppes likes being out in the sunshine.

THE month's mail brings many letters from foreign subscribers. There's a note from Charles Alva Hardie who lives in Uberlandia, Minas, Brazil. He likes "Trouble on the Snaffle."

"I've read only the first installment," he says, "but it's pretty hot already."

Arthur Tjenken, who goes to St. Peter's School in Villa Alemana, Chile, also votes for "Trouble on the Snaffle."

"My school," he adds, "is out in the country, and we are quite near a stream where we can fish, bathe, and sail our boats. My hobby is stamp-collecting and my favorite sport is tennis."

THEN there's a pleasant note from James W. Kerr who has just moved to Mokpo, Korea, and sends four yen for his subscription. Kerr tells us a surprising fact. We had always thought that the first armed battleships were the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, built during the Civil War. Yet, on an island near Mokpo, there's a statue to a Korean general who invented an iron-clad ship that defeated a Japanese fleet over three hundred years ago!

"Another old-time warrior," Kerr says, "spilled calcimine in the harbor. The invaders, seeing the white water as they came up at night, thought it was rice spilled from the supplies of some huge army. They retreated in terror, thus again saving Korea. Some distance out in the harbor is the place where the fleet of the great Gheung Khan was wrecked by one of Mokpo's fierce storms, thereby saving Japan from the mighty Khan."



In the courtyard of a Scottish castle, Henderson displays his kilts.

LETTERS like these from Brazil and Korea give a fellow the itch to travel. They remind the Pup of a poem that perfectly expresses this great longing to shake off the dust of the home town. The poet admits that people may be much the same everywhere. He realizes that a rose in far-away Carthage may smell the same as the rose in his own back yard, but—he ends plaintively:

"How can I tell until I smell  
The Carthaginian rose?"

## What's Coming!

WILLIAM HEYLIGER, ace writer of vocational stories, has done lots of traveling for THE AMERICAN BOY. He has gone to a New England fishing town, a New York state mining town, a midwest manufacturing city, and a Virginia county seat to gather material for his stories on engineering, saddle packing, newspapering, and mining. But his most memorable trip, we think, was when he boarded an oil tanker in New York, last winter, bound for the oil fields of Texas. He came back browned from the Texas sun and weathered with alkali dust, sat down at his typewriter, and poured out a story at fever-heat. Finally the day came when he wrapped up the manuscript and sent it to us with a letter, "I have tried to get some of the epic sweep of empire-building into this," he said. "Whether he succeeded or not, you be the judge for yourself when you start to read, 'Wildcat,' next month. We think he did. In fact when we had finished reading the story, we felt very much like throwing off our dignity and yelling, 'This is a yarn!'"

AMERICAN BOY readers have made friends with a memorable list of dogs, among them Derry, the bounding terrier, and Hilde-rack, the golden retriever. Next month you'll meet a new dog, a youngster called Mister Galahad, and if you like most dogs you'll LOVE this fellow. He'll give you his paw willingly and he'll lick your hand if he can find it—he's blind, you see. The fact that he's blind doesn't hurt his sunny disposition at all, and in the story he is able to set his master straight on a very important point. The author is Vereen Bell.

WE HAVE no accurate facts on the speed attained by a hockey player when he rushes down the ice on attack, but we believe he goes about as fast as a good hundred yard dash sprinter. That being the case, when he collides with an opponent the crash can sometimes be heard in the next state. It takes a man with a flaming competitive spirit to play hockey, but it usually happens that a player with that kind of spirit is willing to fight at the drop of a hat. That's why hockey games so often produce fireworks. You may expect fireworks in February's hockey story, "The Masked Raider," by Franklin M. Reck.

WHEN a first plebe at the Naval Academy tangles with a six-foot upper classman for the favors of a young lady the odds aren't exactly in favor of the plebe. But the odds don't seem to bother the underdog hero in "Midwinter Drags," Millard Ward's boxing-day for you, coming in February. Incidentally, this is the first time in our history in which a girl has figured so prominently in the plot of an AMERICAN BOY story, and the Office Pup awaits your verdict with becoming humility and no little anxiety.

LEUTENANT LAWRENCE OUYER used to be in the air service until an illness prevented his flying any more. Then he went into a service that was exactly the opposite of aviation—the anti-aircraft. But, though he is engaged in the business of bringing airplanes down rather than keeping them aloft, there's still flying in his air stories. Read his "Zero-zero Squadron" in February and tell us what YOU think.

WE CAN almost hear the grins of welcome that spread over the faces of readers when the amiable, blue-eyed detective, Jim Tierney, ambles onto the pages of THE AMERICAN BOY. He'll be walking in on you in February, his iron derby cocked jauntily on his head, his ample waistline fortified with Maggie's pie. The title of the story is "E. H. Tierney, O. T. I." We'd like to tell you what the initials stand for, but that's part of the story.

And that's the way yours truly, the Office Pup, feels about it. Maybe the Swiss mountains are very much like the American Rockies. Perhaps the Mediterranean is no bluer than the Chesapeake. But just present him with a ticket to Naples or Geneva!

And if you have the same urge to go places, you'll be encouraged by the experience of Arvin Henderson, Ridgeville, Ind.

HENDERSON was inspired by an *American Boy* article—"Germany on \$200"—to take a trip to Europe. He's seventeen years old, a senior in high school, and he can't speak any language but English, yet last summer he bicycled 1,632 miles through seven countries and had no trouble at all. He went over on a freighter, stayed in youth hostels at a quarter a night, and otherwise saved money. He spent only \$300 for the entire summer, \$45 of which went for presents. Travel is both cheap and safe, and if Europe will just settle down and forget war for a while, we heartily recommend a low-cost trip through the lovely countryside of England and continental Europe. If you want to know more about youth hostels in foreign countries, write Isabel and Monroe Smith, American Youth Hostel, Northampton, Mass. There's a picture of Henderson on this page. He had traded his shorts for a Scottish friend's kilts, and he here the Pup, that's a trade!

TRAVEL dispels a lot of illusions. If you went to China you'd have a hard time finding a bowl of chop suey. It's really an American dish. If you went to France you wouldn't find many waxed mustaches. If you met a bewhiskered Turk in an alley in Istanbul, you'd probably find that he was a soft-hearted chap with a boil on his neck and a couple of kids at home.

It's strange, the ideas we hold about regions other than our own. A chap from Florida decided to visit an *American Boy* reader, Jack Barter, in Thessalon, Ontario, one summer. He looked up Thessalon on a map and discovered that it was just north of Lake Huron. "Hm," he thought. "Practically the Arctic circle!" So he brought along heavy clothes, and when he got off the train at his destination in Ontario he was wearing a winter overcoat. And the first sight he saw on the street was a girl with a tennis racket, wearing shorts, her knees bared to the pleasant, 80-degree breeze.

WHILE we're on the subject of travel, here's one *American Boy* subscription that rivals Halliburton and Lowell Thomas for globetrotting. It's the subscription of William Edward Burr, Jr., now of Leavenworth, U. S. Army.

The magazine started coming to Burr for Fort Sheridan, Ill., followed him to Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, trailed him to Fort Eben Allen in Vermont, thence to the Army War College in Washington, D. C., and now to Leavenworth. There's a picture of Burr on this page holding his Ethiopian setter in his arms.



From left to right: Ethiopian setter; Ed Burr, *American Boy* reader.

ALONG toward spring, *The American Boy* will carry an article suggesting twenty workable ways of earning spending money. Meanwhile, the Pup will be glad to learn how you are turning your spare time into cash.

Pluto, in fact, would like to hear from you on your hobbies, pets, vacation plans, what you think of *American Boy* stories, or anything else of interest. A signed portrait goes to the writer of any letter quoted in this department.



# SPEAK, DUKE!

IT'S pretty satisfying to come home after school and pour out a big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. These crisp, golden flakes are always delicious with milk or cream—and they give you plenty of energy for winter sports too.

Another time when Kellogg's taste good is just before you go to bed. They digest easily and help you to sleep.

Be sure that the pantry is always full of Kellogg's. They're kept oven-fresh by a patented WAXTITE inner bag.

Better made, better flavored, better packed—by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



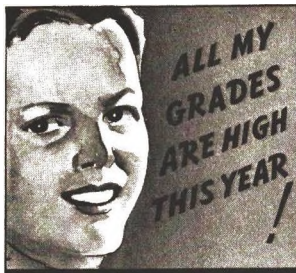
HUNGRY, ARE YOU?  
SO AM I. NOW  
ASK FOR IT.  
SPEAK DUKE!

WOOF!  
WOOF!

GOOD DOG! NOW  
I'M GOING TO GET  
MY AFTER-SCHOOL  
SNACK.... GOOD  
OLD KELLOGG'S  
CORN FLAKES  
AND MILK!

Nothing takes the place of

*Kellogg's*  
**CORN FLAKES**



**BOB ALWAYS GOT LOW SCHOOL MARKS UNTIL...**



**"COME CLEAN, PETE HOW DO YOU DRAG DOWN THOSE GRADES?"** **"ALL I KNOW IS, BOB, I TYPE ALL MY THEMES."**



**"PETE WAS RIGHT. IDEAS DO COME FASTER WITH A TYPEWRITER. WISH I'D KNOWN ABOUT REMINGTON'S 10¢ A DAY OFFER SOONER..."**



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**He's an All-around All-American** (Continued from page 14)

at anticipating a man's next move. This faculty isn't intuition; Nowak watches the man's eyes. The player with the ball usually looks in the direction he's going to pass—or shoot. Sometimes there'll be a tricky man who purposely looks one way and throws another, but you quickly learn to be suspicious of him.

"One of the most important things in basketball of course is practice. But you don't necessarily have to practice on a fine gymnasium court with a regulation ball. 'Sandlot' basketball can teach you plenty. But the thing you'll learn that will stay with you longest is footwork," says Nowak. "And proper footwork is essential to smooth ball-handling."

Footwork counts heavily in defense as well as offense. You must be balanced so that you can move in practically any direction immediately. This is best done by "shuffling" your feet, rather than lifting them or crossing your legs.

This mobility will save your team a lot of points. It's sometimes more important than aggressiveness. When you see a man getting ready to shoot, you should be able to get to him. It's a rare player that consistently makes baskets with somebody rushing him all the time.

A vivid illustration of that is the Notre Dame-New York University game. New York University had loomed all season as the team to decide whether or not Notre Dame was really great. They were tough, those Violets. The year before they'd been the outstanding team of the country, and most of the members of that championship team were back.

The game was to be played in Madison Square Garden. The sale of tickets was heavy—all seats were sold three weeks in advance.

The newspaper guessers went into action. They admitted that Notre Dame

was a formidable opponent, but on the other hand, N. Y. U. was practically unbeatable. The dopesters gave N. Y. U. the edge. When the time came for the N. Y. U.-Notre Dame game, there were seventeen thousand people in Madison Square Garden, and according to Coach Keogan, who ought to know, that's the largest crowd that ever turned out to see a basketball game.

The teams came out for warm-up practice. N. Y. U. looked good. Those fellows didn't seem able to miss the basket.

Before the game started, Coach Keogan again gave his Irishmen the warning he'd been giving for weeks.

"Jump right on their necks from the tip-off," he warned, "and stay there. If they ever get set for a shot, it's just too bad."

Keogan was right. Given a split second to put both feet on the floor, any Violet was a deadly marksman. They proved it at once. Rubenstein got a free shot—and made it. Then Schulman beat Moir to Nowak's tip-off, hooked-passed to Maidman. Maidman tossed to the center, Terjensen, and went in. Terjensen feinted, and suddenly Maidman, standing in the clear, had the ball again. For just a moment he had time to find the goal with his eye. That was enough. The ball swished through without touching metal. N. Y. U., 3—Notre Dame, 0.

But the Irish could do some of that, too. Moir took a pass from Nowak and dribbled twice and with one hand pushed the ball through a quick opening—it hit the hoop, bounced up, and fell through the netting. The tip-off again. Nowak got it, passed to Ford. Ford bounced to Ireland, Ireland started in, but was suddenly spun around by an opponent. The whistle blasted. Foul!

Ireland poised, took his time. His second throw was good. Score—N. Y. U., 3; Notre Dame, 3.

Then the Irishmen began staying on top of their opponents. From that moment on, N. Y. U. was never permitted to get set for a shot. On offense, the play seemed to pivot around Nowak. He was the center of all movement. He was always coolheaded, even in the hottest furries. His big hands handled the ball with grace and dexterity, as if it were something they were most familiar with. Because of his position as contact man and passer, he let the forwards do most of the shooting; but when he shot he rang.

The Irish went into the lead. Smooth, accurate, and surefooted, they took charge of the basketball game. At the half the score was 25-13, in favor of Notre Dame.

In the second half, N. Y. U. tried to speed up their play. They tried to take in the lost points by sheer power and energy. But the Irish didn't give them time to shoot. And the Irish stayed ahead.

When there were but six minutes to play, a sudden N. Y. U. run of goals put them within six points of the Irishmen. The Violets tried to turn on even more steam, but it just wouldn't work. In spite of their furious effort, the Irishmen began pulling away again. The Violets were covered and out-classed and there was absolutely nothing that could be done about it.

Then the final gun barked and the game was over. Score, Notre Dame, 38; New York University, 27.

It was after that great game that Nowak was voted—by sports writers who were basketball experts—the best center seen in two years of top-notch basketball playing at Madison Square Garden.

Nowak's got his best years ahead of him. But he really made himself good back in his younger days, when he learned—as you should—to be good all around!

**Blind Date** (Continued from page 19)

her home yet. Wait till I tell you. Going out of Columbus the weather isn't so bad but once we're headed south on the pike the snow is coming down practically solid, and the wind pitches the old puddle-jumper from side to side with Mrs. Homer doing a rockabye-baby in the back. I'm glad it's only nine miles. My headlights might as well be birthday candles. But I'd go through a forest fire in a celluloid overcoat to catch up with Homer, so I lurge right ahead.

It must have been about halfway home that we do a sidlesip into a ditch. The ditch itself isn't so bad, and me and the other dummy—by this time I've got to admit that Fixer McPhail is the mug of the month—get no bones broken.

"How's your head, Myrtle?" I call back to the inert skirt. "Any sawdust spilled? Mine all seems to be here."

And then I think of Homer, and give the crate the gun. But the tires are smooth, and pretty soon I've dug me a cute little trough into the mud, right up to the hub cap. Nice going!

There's a lane across the road, so I pile out to find a house and telephone for a tow. Then I think of the dummy, and decide I may as well take it along and chuck it in the woods along the lane leading to what I fondly hope is a house. Myrtle is so lifelike that I feel kind of ungallant lugging her under one arm.

There's a house all right, after

a couple of million snowdrifts and a few cast iron tree trunks, but here O! Tank gets another kick in the pants. It's empty—and it's the old farmhouse where the lads staged last year's murder for the delight of the pledges. And I remember from last year that there isn't another house anywhere near it. There's nobody around. By that time I get to thinking maybe it isn't my lucky night.

On the mush back toward the stranded sulky, I pretend the dummy's Homer, and that's fun. I grab what I wish was Homer by the ankles, and bash the nearest tree until there's nothing left but sawdust, and the fur coat. That and the hat look too good to throw away, so I carry them back to the car.

When I get there, there's another car pulled up beside mine. About time I get a break!

"Got a rope?" I yell to the two fellows standing beside my bus.

"You won't need it," growls one of them, pointing a gun at me and flashing a light in my face. "Put up your hands!"

You can imagine what happens to the McPhail front at that!

"Say, what the—what goes on here?"

"Search him, Henry—he's probably got a couple guns." They're disappointed when they don't find any arsenal.

"What'd ya do with the gun?" grunts Henry.

"Swallowed it to destroy the evidence," I crack.

"Put on the bracelets," snaps the master of ceremonies, putting away his cannon. "He's probably hid the gun, but that won't do him no good."

I don't get mad easy, but you got to admit I been through a lot for one night.

"What gun? Say, who the heck are you two thugs?" I demand. I can be tough when I have to.



It's a hobby. He gets the autographs of all the explorers.



One of them pulls back his coat and turns the flashlight onto his vest. Besides some assorted gravy spots, there's a shiny metal star.

"Mebbe you ain't never heard of the law, young feller," he pronounces, "but you're goin' to. We're officers of this county, and we're arrestin' you on suspicion of murder!"

He grabs me by the arm, and opens the door of his car.

"You take the evidence, Henry," he says as he shoves me in. "It'll be needed at the trial. I'll stay here and look for the body."

Henry grabs the fur coat and hat out of my arm, and gets in beside me. We're off in a bevy of backfire.

The jail isn't a bad place to pass on the way to chapel, but it's no swanky hoo-doo to wake up in. Imagine me, the famous McPhail of Carter, in jail!

Last night I was so punch-drunk by the bad breaks that I gave up when they pointed out my cell and pallet. But now that I see my cage and my keeper in broad daylight for the first time, I really do get sore.

"Listen, Henry," I roar, "I'm Tank McPhail of Carter University, and you can't—"

"We just found out we can't," grins Henry. "They's been a mistake made."

I jump, and there's Connie and Homer smiling sweetly at me through the bars. Artie and Dink and Watty and the rest are behind them—the whole chapter.

"Come on out, honey," calls Connie. "You have a breakfast date with me. Or are you really a murderer?"

"Our mistake, Tank," titters Watty, and the chapter seems to think it's awful funny. Henry starts to giggle too. I stand up, glaring.

"We did the murder too well," gasps Artie Coltrap, between ill-mannered guffaws. "Betteridge and Foley thought it was the real stuff, and reported it to the sheriff as soon as they could get to a telephone!"

"And then you come along at the scene of the murder with a woman's hat and coat," contributes Henry. "What'd ya expect me an' the sheriff to do?"

"Arrest the hat and coat," I tell him. "Get me mine."

Homer steps forward. I notice he hasn't been laughing—and good reason. "I'm sorry, Brother McPhail—" he starts to say.

"On second thought, hold that coat a minute," I tell Henry, and start rolling up my sleeves for a little exercise.

But Connie interferes.

"It wasn't Homer's fault, sugar," she tells me. "I made him leave the dummy and bring me home. You needed a lesson."

I notice she's still wearing my pin, so that part's oke. But I push her masterfully to one side.

"Listen, lily," I grit at Leffingwell, "we won't wait for a paddle. I've been thinking about a certain spot on your chin for a lot of hours, and now's as good a time as any to—"

Homer pulls back his coat, and there's the Gamma Sigma pin on his vest—two hands clasping over a heart outlined in pearls.

"You've forgotten that the pledge class was initiated last night after summons, Brother McPhail," he says politely.

"Gamma Sigma," intone the others. I drop my fists helplessly. Brother Leffingwell, it is now. And right there I show the stuff that people have learned to expect of Tank McPhail of Carter. Go down with a grin, that's my motto. I take Homer's hand.

AS a practical joker, Tank McPhail may have his faults, but as a political master mind he's unbeatable. Well—almost unbeatable. Look for "Wheels Within Wheels" in a spring issue.

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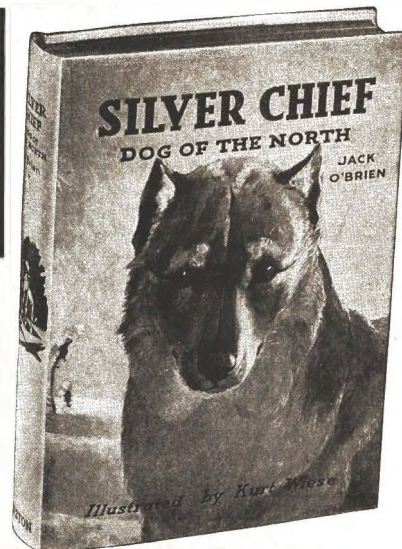
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## A Pair of Captains

(Continued from page 8)

and elbows close to his sides, pumped jolting short-arm punches into Eddie's body. Both were breathing savagely and fighting silently.

Again Bee hurled himself in but this time Eddie split Bee's cheek with another left-hander. Bee charged again and the knuckles of Eddie's right fist laid open a long cut under Bee's eye. I began to feel anxious for Bee. Eddie O'Brien could fight just like he played basketball, billiards or bridge. And as he punished Bee, his face never for a moment lost its taunting smile.

But Bee kept storming in, relentlessly and tirelessly. Soon his stubborn tactics began to tell. Eddie's breath was coming fast. Suddenly Bee shifted his attack. He banged a left to Eddie's jaw and closed Eddie's eye with a solid right-hander. I could see the flesh under it purpling like a grape. For the first time I began to feel that Bee had Eddie going.

One minute later Eddie lay on the ground, beaten to exhaustion. Bee spat into the dust and stepped back.

Eddie crawled to his feet, swaying dizzily. He brushed off his clothes, blinked out of his good eye to get his bearings, and looked at Bee with an amused crooked grin. Although he'd been soundly whipped, he still seemed to dominate the situation, and still wore his mocking smile. Bee hadn't been able to knock it off him.

"Well," said Eddie, derision and amusement showing in his battered face, "so what?"

Bee gave him a long look and then walked in disgust.

The coach saw all the abrasions and contusions and heard about it, and summoned Bee and Eddie and myself. He talked to Bee and me first. Bee wouldn't tell him about Eddie's behavior during the Greenfield game but the coach had seen that something was wrong and soon pumped the whole story from the rest of us.

"Well," said the coach, quiet resolution in his face, later when only Bee and I were with him, "I've got to kick O'Brien off the squad. He's a swell basketball player but an incurable troublemaker and nothing we try will change him."

I saw Bee look up at the coach and start to speak. I knew what he was thinking about. Despite Eddie's dangerous meddling, the team was stronger with Eddie in than with Eddie out. And the game against powerful Kimball loomed one week distant.

That was Bee for you, every time. Always thinking about the team.

Then he made a suggestion that was staggering.

"Coach," he said thoughtfully, "how do you think this would work? Let Eddie be captain against Kimball and see how he goes. He knows basketball and we'd do twice as well under one leader. What do you think?"

"No soap!" the coach declared. "It's your team and your job and your last varsity game. Besides, how do I know he'd make us a good captain against a strong team like Kimball?"

Bee grinned wearily.

"You saw him drive the seconds that first night, didn't you?" he said.

But still the coach wouldn't hear of it. I saw that Bee really wanted it, so I stepped outside while they were talking. I figured Bee could do a better job alone. And he must have. Because when we squared off against Kimball, the coach had called Eddie into his office and informed him of his new command.

Bee had gone around and explained the whole thing to the other men on

the team. He'd also seen Johnny Sanders and made him promise not to write anything nasty about it. Bee was the only guy who could ever have made Johnny do that.

Eddie O'Brien took it soberly. It put him on the spot. He'd been hollering all year for a chance to run the team and now he had it—in the biggest game of all. It surprised him, too. Nobody told him where the suggestion came from. Bee had given orders about that.

I've never played before a crowd before or since that was as big as the one that saw our game with Kimball. While we were dressing in our locker room we could hear the mob stomping and whistling wildly, and when we burst out upon the court for our warm-up the noise was deafening. I looked up and on all four sides the galleries were loaded to the ceiling.

When that Kimball team stepped out on the floor, an electric thrill shot through you. Big, fast and beautifully-built, they rammed home ball after ball in their shooting drill. And how skillfully they could handle a basketball! It leaped off their fingertips like something alive.

Eddie accepted his task coolly and gamely. He was perfectly at home as the referee introduced him and Lance Buford, Kimball's captain, in the center circle before the game started. I felt sorry for Bee Smith. By rights it should have been his privilege, and it was his last game, too. But Bee stayed in the background. I looked at him. He seemed kinda quiet and was taking it swell.

Just before the ball went up, Eddie huddled us.

"A good team can be licked, same as any other team," Eddie told us, "so let's wheel and deal against these babies! Make your passes true and you'll be surprised how quick the baskets come."

But it was Kimball that mostly did the wheeling and dealing.

A strong zone defense was the surprise package they sprang on us. Harve Williams must have figured that one out when he scouted us against Scott. Although they hadn't used it against us in the earlier game on their own court, they knew it to perfection. Their three front line players were so big that they could almost touch hands as they spread the width of our narrow playing floor.

Eddie soon discovered that our pivot game was practically useless since Kimball intercepted nearly every pass thrown into the scoring zone. Moreover the Kimball style of defense was less tiring than our man-for-man, and once a Prescott pass was intercepted the Kimball front line had the fresh speed and start from an excellent position for a quick dash to our basket.

Soon they were leading, 11 to 4, and our crowd began to bellow impatiently.

Desperate, Eddie tried every court wile he knew, but the stubborn Kimball guard would not be pierced. Bluff passes, bounce passes, hook passes—Kimball stifled everything.

As the Kimball margin slowly grew, our team began to grow discouraged, and doubt Eddie's tactics. And yet Eddie O'Brien never gave up. He drove us for all he was worth, his shrill voice rising above the crowd's roaring and his lean brown body dripping sweat. He was a thoroughbred, I'll say that for him. He looked twice as good to me losing than he'd ever looked winning. Sometimes it takes a licking to bring out the best in a guy.

Soon Eddie saw that we were rapidly becoming a whipped team, mentally as well as actually. Even though he strove

to rally us with all the resources at his command, it was no use.

We launched a couple of small counter rallies but they were only the dying throes of a team that was hopelessly confused and licked. Kimball came back savagely, storming down court for goal after goal. Despite Eddie's pleading and the big crowd's vociferous demand, we resisted listlessly. We'd lost confidence in Eddie's command. During every time-out, or every tip-off huddle, he could see by our eyes what was the matter. We wanted Bee Smith.

Then with Kimball leading 27 to 11 the half ended. In the dressing room, we had a jolt. Eddie O'Brien, with wet eyes, confronted the coach.

"They want Bee," Eddie said, brokenly. "I—can't seem to steam them up. Let Bee take them."

With that confession—and all of us knew how much it cost him—we all began to like Eddie O'Brien. Before we'd admired his basketball ability, but none of us felt we were really close to him. But now that he had elected to take his bitter medicine like a man, right out in front of everybody, we all suddenly felt warm and good.

The coach quickly reorganized our attack and put Bee in charge. Eddie was slumped down between two subs, staring sightlessly at the floor. Bee walked over to him, sat down beside him, and throwing one arm around Eddie's drooping shoulders, looked up at the coach.

"Coach, we want this guy in our line-up the second half. How about it?"

"O.K.," grinned the coach.

Bee stood up. He threw a keen look around at each one of us, a cool challenging look that made every man's spirit leap. Before we knew it, we were on our feet, ready to follow him anywhere!

Reaching down, he rumbled the hair on Eddie's dejected head.

"Come on, boy!" he said with grim softness that pulled Eddie O'Brien together and in some magic way instantly swung him to his feet, too.

Ollie Speaks, who guards the door of our dressing room, described our exit afterwards.

"I heard the coach's knock and opened the door," says Ollie. "Then a breeze hit me. 'What was that?' I asked. 'That was the team goin' out for the second half,' somebody told me. But they went by me so fast I never saw a man! Honest!"

Then the ball went up and away we went! The coach had given us a new stratagem with which to combat Kimball's zone defense. He flanked them by sending Eddie and Harry into one corner and Ranger Logan, our center, into the other. Soon as Ranger and Harry had decoyed their men to the corners, Bee would bounce pass diagonally across court to Eddie as the latter dashed up from the end line into the open spot in the center of the Kimball defense, and Eddie would whirl, set and shoot almost in one motion.

The play is hard to stop if the pass is right and with the shot-maker speedy. We tried it four times in a row. Each time Bee's bounce was perfect. And three of the four times Eddie, moving like a streak of flame, dashed to the spot, stopped himself with a shriek of rubber, spun and putted perfectly. It was the prettiest shooting I ever saw against a set defense.

When Lance Buford called time to straighten Kimball out on it, our great crowd began to find its tongue. The scoreboard read Kimball 27, Prescott 17.

But now Kimball recovered its composure. We tried the play twice more, and also some variations off it, but they were watching Eddie like a hawk and tying him up each time, and gaining the ball on the jump-off to rush it down to our goal. But we were scraping like wildcats, too, and turned them back. It surprised them. They saw they were facing a different team this

half. But like the champions they were, they braced.

Now we were stumped. Again that great zone defense of theirs, with their five big players solidly protecting their third of the floor, stopped us dead.

But Bee Smith, like a quarterback on the gridiron, took a long look at the situation and called time out.

"We've got to spread them," he told us, and when play was resumed he planted himself and Eddie O'Brien, best long shots on the team, in back-court. Then whipping an occasional bounce to Ranger Logan, our pivot, and forcing the Kimball front line back with a bluff to go in, he and Eddie began to take quick return passes from Ranger and pepper the goal from set positions, about thirty feet out.

They were red-hot. The big crowd sprang roaring to tiptoe when Bee hooked the first long one he tried, a beautifully elevated cast, over the threshing hands of a Kimball forward.

Then Eddie O'Brien zipped a long one through off the bank, the ball soaring like a mashie shot and rebounding within the iron hoop before it grew quiet and dropped through.

That sobered Kimball and they pulled their front line out to check our deadly long shooting.

But that was just what Bee had planned. At last he had opened up their defense. He waited until he got them just like he wanted them and then presto! away we went! Eddie flicked a bounce to Ranger on the pivot, I sprinted in from the corner to screen Bee's man off, and with Ranger almost handing him the ball Bee flitted through the hole behind the block and laid the leather gently up against the backboard for a goal!

The reverberations of the roar that greeted that perfectly-timed play were barely subsiding when Eddie O'Brien did the same thing on his side of the court, Hittle screening perfectly.

And then when Kimball—with their coach substituting desperately—closed those two avenues, Ranger Logan, having nobody to pass to, jumped off his pivot spot into the air and forked the ball through cleanly with one hand from ten feet off! Sweet grandmother!

That one nearly brought the gymnasium down about our ears! The crowd shouted and whistled. The score was tied, 27 to 27! The great Kimball team was tottering! Lance Buford called time out to reorganize his own dazed forces and cool us off, but we were exultant. Try to stop us now!

We still felt that way about it even after they put on a counter-charge and took three points on a long side shot by Lance Buford, and a free shot. The foul was Ranger Logan's fourth but as our managers led him to the bench, wide-eyed and defiant, we still knew it was our ball game.

Eddie stole their tip-off and fed beautifully to Hittle who was open in the corner, and sank the ball. They fouled me, but as I stood at the foul line I never felt so confident in my life. Both balls went through and we led by a point!

Then Bee sewed it up for us by cork-screwing the length of the floor on one of those long, twisting dribbles of his, turning his hip into Lance Buford as Lance smashed into him under the goal, and then doubling into the air like a cat to thread the basket with Lance practically hanging around his neck! Zowie! When the gun cracked, we had won by three points.

There was so much confusion afterward that I really don't know half what happened. But I do remember the crowd's trying to get Bee and Eddie onto their shoulders. Eddie protested and good-naturedly fought them off. Then Bee winked at him, and Eddie hesitated, then grinned, and the next thing I saw was both of them, grinning and waving, being lugged off on the top of the mob!

# The Shape of Planes to Come

(Continued from page 20)

tive altimeter, pilots off the beam and lost in fog may have to fly blind. They don't know whether they are over valleys, mountains or water. Many a plane has crashed under such conditions.

But that picture is changing. Among the new instruments that have recently undergone tests is the "plane detector." This device enables the operator, sitting at his radio controls in a warm airport control room, to tell the pilot where his plane is at all times. And the pilot's map shows him the terrain below and in the immediate vicinity, and he can act accordingly.

Another new device is the mechanical eye. This amazing gadget can see through fog. Mounted in the pilot's cockpit, it flashes before the pilot the view from one to three miles in front of the plane, even in the thickest weather. When he is coming in for a landing, it will show him any obstacles in his path. This is possible because the eye of the camera can pierce fog where the human eye is helpless.

And there's a new radio device for private pilots not flying the radio beams. It's a receiving set with a loop antenna on top of the plane. The lost pilot tunes in any distant broadcasting station and, by rotating the antenna until the signals are strongest, determines the exact direction of the station from him. He then tunes in and finds the direction of another station, and on his map draws two lines in these exact directions to the stations. He knows he is just at the point where the lines cross.

In Akron, Ohio, Goodrich research

engineers working in a refrigerated wind tunnel have licked the problems of ice formation on wings and propellers.

When ice crystallizes on a wing, it destroys the wing's lift, and the plane gradually is forced down either to land or crash. To break up this ice and let the air stream blow it off, the engineers have fastened a long strip of rubber matting flat on the leading edge of the wing. Running lengthwise in this matting are three tubes connected to a supply of compressed air in the plane.

When ice begins to form, the pilot merely turns on the air and the tubes expand and contract alternately, breaking up the ice.

Ice crystals formed on propellers may become a weight of a ton or more when the blade is moving at high speeds. They'll tear it violently apart. Goodrich engineers solved that one by developing a rubber "slinger ring" which fits snugly on the hub of the propeller and, at the will of the pilot, feeds an anti-freeze solution, usually alcohol or oil, down the length of

the blades, making it impossible for ice to grip the metal.

Now, let's look over the most interesting flying of all—the planes you and I in a few years will be throwing around the skies for our own fun. By that I mean the low-cost, easy-to-fly, economical flivver planes that Eugene L. Vidal, director of the Federal Bureau of Air Commerce, is promoting. Probably they'll be powered by Ford, Plymouth or Chevrolet automobile motors. Already one company is powering its planes with a Ford V-8 motor.

Several months ago I flew one of these experimental ships—the Waterman Arrowplane, which has no tail, looks like a huge bat, and responds to the controls like a bicycle (and as an old bicycle rider, I know what I'm talking about).

Iloyd Juleson, veteran transport pilot now with the Federal Bureau of Air Commerce, took me up from Bolling Field on the outskirts of Washington. Since the engine and pusher propeller are in the rear and the cabin enclosed, conversation was fairly easy. "She'll do about eighty-five miles an hour now and we think we can improve that by cleaning her up (streamlining) and making a few changes in the motor," he told me.

Just as we swung over the Capitol's dome, he cramped the little plane into a tight

turn and we spun around. I glued my eyes on the altimeter needle. Would Congress appreciate any air visitors? Most other planes, I'm sure, would have gone into a dizzy, corkscrew dive, but the Arrowplane wheeled in a flat circle without losing a foot of altitude. The fact is, you can't put the Arrowplane into a tail spin.

And its inherent stability won't let you stall it—pull the nose up to a forty-five-degree angle and give the plane any chance and she'll regain an even keel.

After we'd flown over Washington for a while, Juleson said, "Take the stick." I took the stick and rubber pedals gingerly. Then I thrilled and grinned. I was piloting a plane!

I turned, dipped, spiraled and swooped. I swelled out my chest. Juleson may have noticed it for he deflated my ego. "Take your feet off the pedals," he ordered.

I did, and the ship sailed steadily. "Now turn loose the stick."

I did. We sailed on. The take-off and landing are the most crucial points in ordinary flying, but these new small planes will be easy to handle in both. The mechanic who wheeled the Arrowplane back to the hangar told me, "When we get through improving this job, all you'll have to do to take off is tuck the stick back to your stomach and give her the gun. And when you come in you can let the ship land itself."

What will we have to pay for such a plane? Director Vidal says, "If we can manufacture it in quantities the price will be under one thousand dollars." The manufacturers of low-priced cars are now experimenting on such low-priced planes.

There you have, then, a picture of what airplanes will be like, not in the dim and distant future, but in a very few years.



Bob Gilman

**THANKS-BUT I'M NOT TAKING THIS FACE ANYWHERE**

**-PIMPLES MADE JACK HATE TO BE SEEN UNTIL**

Y' MEAN TO SAY YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOIN' TO LOU'S DANCE - WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF STICKIN' AROUND HOME SO MUCH?

GOSH BILL, I TOLD YOU ONCE - SHOULD THINK YOU COULD SEE. A GUY CAN'T GO PLACES WHEN HE LOOKS LIKE I DO NOW.

DARN IT ALL - WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO GET A FACE FULL OF HICKIES WHEN THERE'S SOMETHING GOOD GOING ON

JACK BROWN - WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY NEW JAR OF FACE CREAM?

NOTHIN' MA - I-ER-I JUST BORROWED IT FOR THESE PIMPLES - GEE - I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET RID OF THEM

WHY YOU POOR BOY - YOUR FACE IS BADLY BROKEN OUT - I WONDER IF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST WOULDN'T HELP? I'M GOING TO CALL UP THE DOCTOR AND ASK HIM ABOUT IT

HERE JACK - YOU START EATING THESE YEAST CAKES RIGHT OFF - THE DOCTOR SAYS THEY OUGHT TO CLEAR THOSE PIMPLES UP NICELY

WELL, I SURE HOPE HE'S RIGHT- I'M SICK OF LOOKIN' SUCH A SIGHT

LATER WHAT'S ON TONIGHT JACK?

GOIN' OVER TO LOU'S AGAIN - GEE MA - IT'S JUST SWELL THE WAY THOSE YEAST CAKES PUT ME BACK IN CIRCULATION

**DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF GOOD TIMES**

THOUSANDS of boys and girls are made unhappy by pimply skin after the start of adolescence - from about 13 to 25, or even longer. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the system. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin -

pimples pop out!

Doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes daily - one cake before meals - plain, or in water - until skin clears.

*clears the skin*  
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Mention of "The Youth's Companion Combined With The American Boy" Will Bring Prompt Attention from Advertisers

# EASY to play



With an easy playing Conn band instrument, you can be ready for band or orchestra in 4 to 6 weeks. A sure road to popularity if you start on a Conn. Choice of the world's greatest artists. Magnificent tone. Many exclusive features — yet they cost no more.

Ask to see the marvelous new models now being displayed by Conn Dealers.

**WRITE FOR THIS NEW FREE BOOK**

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## MIDGET & Electric RADIO

World's Smallest Complete Radio

Has two multi-purpose circuits for AM or FM reception. HULLY IN SERIAL MIDGET GUITAR IN similar operation with beautiful steel tone and clarity at all stations on broadcast band and also for AM, FM, and short wave.

Four tube performance will cut distortion and noise for an extra special clear, lively character. Large speaker or speaker in suitcase. Ideal for apartment, office, or room — beautifully finished in mahogany.

Late improvements. Clearer, more beautiful reception in ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. Use 110 or 220 volt AC. Includes all tubes and checked. No extra cost shown. Send only \$2.00 — pay positive balance.

Colors: White, Black, Brown, Blue, Green. (Cabinet material same as above.) Complete, warranted battery, same price: ORDER NOW!

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COMPLETE OUTFIT \$1.49 Save One Half!

Develop your own pictures! No printing charges! No developing charges! No dark room! No chemicals! No fumes! No mess! No waiting! No trouble! No expense! No danger! No need for professional skills! No need for expensive equipment! No need for special dark room! No need for special chemicals! No need for special fumes! No need for special mess! No need for special waiting! No need for special trouble! No need for special expense! No need for special danger! No need for special need for professional skills! No need for expensive equipment! No need for special dark room! No need for special chemicals! No need for special fumes! No need for special mess! No need for special waiting! No need for special trouble! No need for special expense! No need for special danger!

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Official emblem on blade and sheath. A lifetime knife with keen 4 1/2-inch blade and beautiful red, black and brass polished handle. At all good dealers, or sent postpaid for \$1.75. Marble's Official Scout Knife No. 1500, with 4 1/2-inch blade, sent postpaid for only \$1.35. Write for catalog. (A-120) Dept. 100, 503 Dallas Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

**Marble Arms & Mfg. Co., Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.**

## Swamp Man (Continued from page 5)

dementia became crystalized: he could and would become master of the swamp.

Now, having left the comparatively high land of Billy's Island, and plunged into the treacherous, log-littered bog lands, he had no terror of the unknown. Every word of swamp lore that he had coaxed out of old Lige Baker had stuck in his mind with a peculiar tenacity. Not only that, but his animal instincts had somehow become sharpened, so that what he hadn't been told he knew by an awakened intuition.

Sometimes he sank to his armpits in watery rotting vegetation. Once he stopped and made a little jump, and laughed when a bush thirty feet away undulated. Cottonmouth moccasins and swamp rattlers furnished him with occasional amusement. He would grasp the snake by the tail and pop it like a whip, breaking its neck. Crossing one of the numerous little islands that dot the swamp, he saw a swamp rabbit crouched motionless under a brown pile of brush, betrayed in its camouflage by a bright frightened eye. Barnitz quietly picked up a lightwood knot and slammed it into the brush. He grinned and passed on, leaving the rabbit kicking in the leaves.

In the heat of midafternoon he became thirsty. Before he had drunk the black, tepid prairie water and almost become nauseated. Now, under the shade of a palm he dug a foot-deep hole in the earth which soon half-filled with fresh, cool water, from which he drank.

Before he had fled in blind stumbling panic from the only bear he had seen. Today, when he came upon a bear lazily digging palmetto buds, Barnitz rushed at it, arms waving, and the bear gave a mighty whoosh and scampered away.

Never did Barnitz's direction change. Sometimes he was crawling through thick underbrush, sometimes he was swimming, often he plowed through knee-deep muck; but always he went straight ahead without hesitancy or doubt.

Johnny Ames was glad he had followed his hunch to bring along the young untrained hound. In what was left of Lige's camp Johnny identified articles that would obviously have Barnitz's scent, and the hound was allowed to eagerly sniff them. Then, with the dog on leash, Johnny began following the dried tracks in the muck that led northeast.

Steadily they plunged on, stopping once or twice a day to eat, sleeping on the ground for about four hours at night, then taking the trail once more. It was slow, tortuous traveling; during the day the sun blazed down, mosquitoes followed in clouds, and the swamp seemed to mock the man who knew it best. But on the second day the hound was consciously trailing Barnitz, pulling at the leash, impatient to go faster.

By afternoon the scent was getting hot. Johnny, watching the eager hound, realized that they were not more than five hours behind Barnitz. He took the rifle from the pack on his shoulders and plunged on.

Mad Gull Thicket was not far ahead. No sensible man would attempt to penetrate it by night. Although only about two hundred yards wide at the neck, the thicket was so nearly impenetrable that it took over four hours to go through it. The natives said it was so thick you would have to back up to bat your eyes.

Maybe, Johnny thought, Barnitz would camp for the night on this side of the thicket, rather than risk having night catch him inside.

But when Johnny crawled through the muck and water of the last prairie this side of the thicket, he found no one. Barnitz had gone through.

"Well, hound," he whispered, wearily, "we missed a mighty good chance to end this chase."

Tying the restless, panting dog, Johnny took off his soggy shoes, strapped the rifle to his back, and climbed a towering cypress tree. Straddling a limb at the tree's scanty top, he could see for a mile in any direction.

A movement caught his eye, and he almost slipped from his perch in excitement. For just beyond Mud Gull Thicket, resting on a log, was Dean Barnitz. He was not five hundred yards away.

Johnny thought of Lige Baker, and he trembled with a deep hate at the sight of the man who sat just five hundred yards — and four hours — away. Five hundred yards was within rifle range. That is, Springfield range. And it was supposed to be within range of this slim rifle that was strapped to his back. Bitterly he realized that, except for Big Bogie's error, he could end the manhunt now by winging Barnitz just enough to keep him from getting away.

He unstrapped Pemberton's rifle and considered it for a moment. By taking a chance, he might wing Barnitz. But if he missed, he would alarm him; whereas now Barnitz probably thought himself to be out of danger, and therefore might be careless and easily overtaken tomorrow. Johnny raised the rifle's sight-leaf and found Barnitz on the front bend. One slow squeeze. . . . But he lowered the rifle, and dimly prepared to descend. A rifle that couldn't kill a bull gator certainly

wouldn't have an accurate five-hundred-yard carry.

Johnny was tired and disgusted, and he slept soundly that night. Too soundly. He awoke at four o'clock to find that his young hound had gnawed the rope leash in two and disappeared. That was really a bad break.

It turned out to be a worse break than Johnny thought. When about noon the next day he emerged scratched and bleeding, on the other side of Mud Gull Thicket, he found the dog. Found him hanging by the neck from a black-gum tree, dead.

After gnawing himself free, the dog had probably began again following the scent of Barnitz, which carried him through the thicket. About midnight, perhaps, he had found Barnitz, and innocently roused him by licking his face or something.

Now Barnitz knew he was being closely pursued. He'd probably decided to plunge on that night, and was by this time a full day ahead of Johnny. A tough break indeed. Johnny shook his head as if to clear it, then straightened. Tough breaks and all, he'd get Barnitz.

That afternoon Johnny lost Barnitz's trail. He didn't find it until a day later, and then it was so well-hidden that he followed it only at a snail's pace. Another day was almost gone when Johnny suddenly realized that Barnitz was following the eagles' nests, and then he knew he would finally catch him.

Fish eagles build a great four-foot nest of mud and sticks in the tallest tree in each prairie. No other eagles are permitted in that territory, so the next nest is about four miles away, in the next adjoining prairie. By using these as direction markers a tenderfoot can find his way out of the swamp.

Following the eagles' nests, Johnny traveled hard. Two days later, his canned food, carefully hoarded, gave out, and he began to wonder if Barnitz hadn't left the prairies and got away.

Night came, and Johnny lay upon the damp ground, discouraged and puzzled. From far to the northeast a wildcat yowled. Presently another one whined. Johnny sat up, intent on the sounds. When the next whine came, faintly, he got to his feet, slung his knapsack across his back, and started toward the sound. He was strangely refreshed, and there was a cold grim smile on his face.

At dawn Johnny, grimy and mudcaked and bearded, crawled to the clearing in which Barnitz had made his camp. A little fire smoldered against a log, and an empty croker sack that had held supplies lay nearby. Barnitz was not in sight.

Johnny lay motionless in the bull grass, puzzled. A queer uneasiness crept over him. The silence was appalling and strangely ominous. The little fire crackled with a tiny, delicate sound. Johnny turned his head slowly.

For some reason he looked over his right shoulder. And then he saw Barnitz, lying not ten feet behind him. Immobile, Barnitz was watching him with the expressionless malevolence and cleverness of a spider. His red-brown eyes were fixed on Johnny. His face was dirty, with matted beard. In his right hand he held an ax with a half handle that could be thrown with one swift movement.

There was no doubt that Barnitz had the advantage. Johnny's gun lay almost under



## Conifer Season

by FRANCES FROST

THE air is shaken by the steady blows of silver axes biting into timber; the sharp sound follows the bitter stroke; the limber boughs lean slowly across the sky, lodged in snows slipping from upper croches. An iron wedge tilts the great trunk toward earth; the living gasp cries out and opens, and the final crash shatters the white world even to its edge.

STUNG by resinous blood, the vibrant air glitters with hoarfrost; for a startled breath the hill is hushed; the sky stands blue and bare where an hour ago a tree knew not of death. Silent the pine lies, under the bright wind's flow, prone on the wood lot, spattered with stars of snow.



him, pointing toward the little fire ahead. He could not possibly swing it on Barnitz from that position.

Neither of them spoke. Johnny's neck ached. He was wondering what would happen next, when Barnitz suddenly, with an incredibly quick movement, flung the small ax straight at Johnny's head.

Johnny jammed his face into the ground, heard the ax whisper over his head. And in that instant Barnitz was on him like a beast.

Johnny rolled. There wasn't a chance to use the gun. Barnitz was raking at his face with savage fingers, battering him with the ferocity of a fiend.

Johnny doubled, caught Barnitz's head with a muscular leg, and lunged over. Barnitz fought free, made a dive for the rifle, and got a rabbit punch on the back of the head.

For a moment they faced each other, blowing like bulls. Then Johnny waded straight in with neither feint nor guard, and with his left hand grabbed Barnitz at the chest. Oblivious to the shock of the gangster's jabs, with right arm cocked he waited for an opening.

Suddenly he saw it, and he released that big boy right fist. It exploded against Barnitz's forehead, and Barnitz dropped as if he had been struck with a slaughterhouse maul.

It was some ten minutes before Barnitz completely regained consciousness. Thoroughly beaten, handcuffed, almost lifeless with despair and exhaustion, he looked up with lackluster eyes.

"How'd you know where I was?" he asked, puzzled and infinitely hurt because someone had defeated him at his own fascinating new game.

Johnny was making plans. They were only about two miles from the old canal. There he could get a boat and paddle into Folkston, from where an automobile would take them a hundred miles around the swamp on good roads to Fargo. Barnitz's insistent voice came again. Johnny looked at him.

"The swamp beat you, after all, Barnitz. Your canned stuff gave out and last night you cooked a rabbit or somethin'," he said. "Sometimes when wildcats smell meat cookin', they start whinin' that way."

"I heard 'em," Barnitz whispered. Johnny stood up. "Come on. Let's get started to the canal."

That night, with Barnitz in a hospital jail-cell in Waycross, Johnny sat on the front porch of his little house on the western edge of Okefenokee Swamp, and idly caressed the strings of his guitar. He was clean and shaven; he had been well fed by Bogie, and he had had a two-hour nap which ended just before dark.

Big Bogie lay under the live oak, humming softly and contentedly. Maher and two other federal agents sat on the steps, smoking and slapping mosquitoes. They had planned to start searching for Johnny the next morning.

Johnny sang mournfully: *Write me a letter; send it by mail, Send it in care of Birmingham jail.*

He stopped suddenly, pushed at a bulky, rolled-up something at his left. "Hey," he said, "what's that?"

Bogie answered him from the yard. "You know what that is, Mister Johnny. Thass a gator hide."

Johnny laid his guitar aside. "Who killed a big gator like that?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Johnny," said Maher. "You killed him, with Pemberton's little rifle. You see, the day after you left, Bogie found this big gator on the river bank. We examined him and found a steel-jacketed twenty-two bullet that had smashed straight into the middle of his spine. It must have killed him instantly. The gator we grabbed was the wrong one. Try to get me to do that again!"

The other agents laughed. Johnny didn't. He was thinking of Mud Gall Thicket, and the time he could have winged Barnitz from the cypress tree. He was thinking of the mute hound, and of punishment and pain of those three unnecessary days that followed.

Then he remembered something. He went into the living room and found the card he'd written to Pemberton almost a week ago. Carefully he erased the whole message, and began again: "Dear Mr. Pemberton:

I tried out your gun last week. I shot a gator with it, and it killed him dead. It is just as good a gun as they say it is. Johnny Ames."

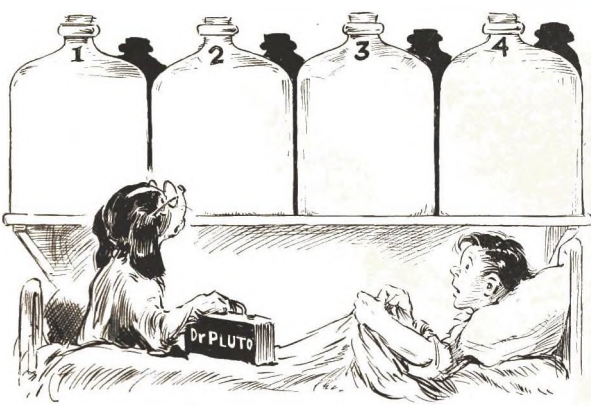


# Oh Henry!

A delicious combination of good things — finest milk chocolate — Spanish peanuts and caramel . . .

# 5¢

## What the Doctor Ordered



Ballot idea by Bernard Duffy, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

HERE'S a sad case. This fellow is suffering from boredom. Old Doc Pluto has the right idea, though—what the fellow needs is something from the January AMERICAN BOY. But there's a catch. Old Doc Pluto simply can't decide which medicine will cure his patient the quickest.

How about a little help? You'll not only save this poor bedridden creature from an awful end, but you'll help the editors prescribe stories YOU like best. Write the name of the January story you liked best in Bottle Number One, and others in the order of their appeal. Then mail your ballot to Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

Your Name..... Age.....  
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City..... State.....

Meriton of "The Youth's Companion Combined With The American Boy" Will Bring Prompt Attention from Advertisers

### THE BEST HEALTH HABIT KEEP TRIM WITH VIMM

Big Creator Strength For Better Health you need food and vitamins...  
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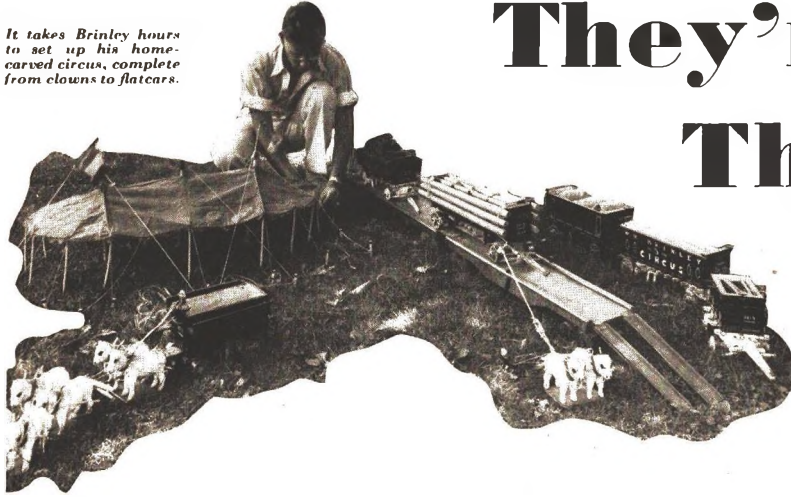
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FREE Literature  
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WITH SAFETY AND ADJUSTABLE SHOOTING FORCE COMBINED with Style — Beauty — Performance in the Practical — Accurate — Trigger — Safety — Economical and Hardest Shooting — with Boy Action — Summer Fire — Bear to hit the BULLS-EYE in Target Practice — or SHOOTER Small Game...  
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It takes Brinley hours to set up his home-carved circus, complete from clowns to flintcars.



# They're Doing Things!

*What do you do with your spare time? Here's what others are doing—*

## He Carved a Circus

**EIGHTEEN**-year-old William Brinley, Wallingford, Conn., has carved and sandpapered for nine years to complete his model circus. It's exact in every detail, even to the freight-car brakes and the chains in the harness for the six-horse hitches.

Brinley visits every circus that comes to his or near-by towns, stays all day to wander and watch and absorb. When he has found out just how a certain piece of the circus works, he goes home and begins to make it. He uses only a knife, plane, scroll saw, sandpaper and paint and brush.

The complete circus is so large he has thirty-eight model freight cars to haul it. It takes him seven and a half hours to set it up for exhibition.—Charlotte B. Sills.

## They Make \$200 Models

**OUT** of a diligently pursued hobby of making airplane models has come a sideline business for Lawrence McClellan and William Darrach. Curtiss Field airplane mechanics by day, they are professional model-plane builders after hours. They're so busy they employ three assistants.

One New York model collector paid them \$700 for three ships—a Boeing P26-A, a Curtiss P6-E, and a Consolidated PB2-A. Another model, built for the corporation operating the Steel Pier at Atlantic City, brought them \$275.

Both McClellan and Darrach began experimenting with model planes in their grade-school days. Several years ago people began to admire their models so much that the two builders began to sell them.

Intricate detail and fine workmanship account for the high prices. The models, built up with the internal structure of real planes, and with a skin of fabric or metal, are exact-scale reproductions, complete down to the trademarks and wing insignia. Like skilled

watch makers, they build their instrument boards with the aid of magnifying glasses.

Among models built by McClellan and Darrach you'll find a Curtiss JN4-D, four Douglas Transports and six Great Lakes Trainers. These trainers are used by the Phillips Flying Service for student instruction.

Perhaps the outstanding model by the two is a Stinson Transport with a thirty-inch wing span. It boasts a mechanism for retracting the landing gear, a water cooler, a miniature typewriter, a complete set of instruments, upholstered chairs, curtained windows, and Lycoming motors with metal propellers. Part of the cabin is removable so that interior details can be studied.

Both McClellan and Darrach are licensed pilots. McClellan soloed when sixteen. Together they own a Curtiss Junior. Last year Darrach flew it seven thousand miles through twenty states and two Canadian provinces in eight days. Some day they hope to build full-size planes.—Irene Robinson.



Pilot by day and model builder at night.



Lloyd Blue, upper left, harvests his school expenses from a three-acre plot of ground rented from his grandparents.

Penang, a weird palace of ornate carvings and live green snakes.

I've always wanted to travel. And after a year in college, I argued the man who hired bands for the American Mail Line into hearing my five-piece band play. And then I badgered him until he had a vacancy for us.

I was paid by the month: \$27.50 on the Alaska run, \$25 on the world run and \$40 on the three Orient runs. Aside from the money I spent ashore for souvenirs, all my expenses were paid.

We played in an enormous Chinese dance hall in Singapore. We played in a hotel at Penang, where the Englishmen became very enthusiastic over American music.

Of all the countries we visited, Japan was most interesting. Everything there is crowded, small scale. There is no such thing as a lawn or back yard, except for a few tiny gardens. Automobiles, bicycles and rikshas weave through the crowds. Radios bark everywhere. And look at these Japanese rules we picked up!

### Traffic Rules

At the rise of the hand of policeman, stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the

horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning "Hi, Hi!"

Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust box at him.

Give big space to the festive dog that make sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

Go soothingly on the grease-mud, as there lurk the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners to save the collapse and tie-up.

We—my flute and I—are back in college now, longing for those lazy hours on the after deck under the moon. Some day, perhaps, we'll go back.—Herbert E. Arntson.

## Potatoes Pay His College Bills

**LOYD BLUE** is rooting his college education from the soil. He is a potato grower in his own right.

Each summer this Carbondale, Colo., 4-H Club boy rents three acres from his grandparents and plants and harvests his potato crop.

He has found a ready market with home-town buyers. He gets double the price for ordinary-run potatoes—because he grows the best. The first year he cleared \$158, the second \$360, the third \$483. His crop is so large that during harvest season he employs from ten to fifteen hands. And his potatoes are so high-grade they've won him cash awards and trips to fairs.

And with that money he's going to college to learn more about farming.—P. R. Crouch.



Arntson, left, made his flute pay his way to such colorful spots as Kobe, Japan (below).

## I Blew Myself Around the World

**MY** flute and I have blown our way to Alaska, three times to the Orient, and once around the world—ninety thousand miles. And all in nine months.

We—my flute and I—saw enough to keep us in yarns for the rest of our lives. We were waylaid by Shanghai jinrikisha bandits. We took off our shoes in Kyoto and walked through the centuries-old Higashi Hongwanji temple that had been built with ropes made of human hair. We explored the ruins of Pompeii. We went through the snake temple in



## Do You Know That--

**T**WO men, both from Princeton, have kicked field goals from placement at sixty-five yards or more? DeWitt kicked one in 1902, Haxall in 1915.

Careful tests show that the difference between break-neck speed and careful driving, over the thirty-five miles to a neighboring city, produces an average time saving of only seven minutes?

Naturalists have counted bird feathers and found that birds dress for the season, wearing more feathers in cold weather?

Wood ticks—the kind you find on your dog—can live for three or four years without food?

Tests on 14,844 Minneapolis school students revealed that the flat-chested ones were more intelligent than the full-chested? The flat-chested were also usually heavier, taller and less prone to tuberculosis.

Wisconsin conservation workers will plant a billion fish in Wisconsin lakes and streams this year? That's more than seven fish for each person in the United States—if you can catch them.

The bones and flesh of a tiger recent-

ly sold for \$350 in China—much more than the skin would fetch? Chinese medicine dealers make them into what they consider a potent, strength-giving medicine.

Social leaders of America receive more than a million dollars a year for advertising testimonials? The Vanderbilt name brings the highest price.

A University of Kentucky basketball player scored thirty-four points in thirty-four minutes against Creighton last year?

In Fairbanks, Alaska, they play baseball at midnight under natural light—the perpetual light of the northern summer?

In the 1927 model of one of America's low-priced cars there were seven thousand parts? And in the 1937 model of the same car there are more than fourteen thousand?

Citizens of Boston pay more for brown eggs than white, but New Yorkers willingly pay more for white? It's just a matter of local prejudice.

The foreign-horn population of the United States is more Italian than any other nationality? Then comes German,

then English and Irish, then Polish. Nearly one-third of our Italian-born population lives in New York.

Bears and moose are increasing in numbers instead of decreasing, as is commonly supposed? Officials take the bear census by studying tracks at the edge of salmon streams and learning to know each bear's footprints.

On a recent Chicago-to-Denver dash the new streamlined, twelve-car Denver Zephyr averaged 83.2 miles an hour, clipping nearly an hour off the record set by the original Zephyr in 1934? Maximum speed was 116 miles an hour.

In times of food shortage Germany can now eat her trees? For three years German chemists have been making sugar of them. It is only half as sweet as cane sugar.

Hank Greenberg, Detroit Tigers' first baseman, was paid \$20 for each minute of play while playing basketball for the Brooklyn Jewels in 1934?

Scientists have revived animals suffering from electric shock by giving them a counter-shock?

Southern engineers are now using cotton in road building?



## BOYS

it's easy to earn  
MONEY and  
PRIZES, too!

**Y**OU'LL be surprised to see how quickly you can earn all the money you need to save or spend—and win skates, wrist watch, a football, and dozens of other swell prizes in addition to your cash commissions.

All you have to do is to show all the fathers and mothers in your neighborhood a copy of **THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE**. They'll want it right away, because it tells them all about bringing up children from the time they are young babies to teen age boys and girls!

It will be easy to make up a list of ten or twenty parents who will buy the magazine from you each month. And before you know it, you'll be jingling a bunch of money in your pocket and have plenty of credits for the swell prizes, too.

Come on, fellows. Hundreds of boys are having a jolly good time with this after-school job. Just return the coupon today so you can start to **EARN** all the **MONEY YOU NEED TO SAVE OR SPEND**.

Junior Sales Division,  
**THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE**,  
9 East 40th St.,  
New York, N. Y.

Yes, sir, I'm ready to start earning money. And I want these prizes, too. Tell me all about your plan right away.

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PARENTS' NAME .....

## U. S. S. Jaloppie (Continued from page 17)

Toward the next dawn it began to rain, and in five minutes the sea around them went completely insane as the wind tried to tear itself out by the roots. For hours then the *Jaloppie* and her crew took a driving. The first crash of the squall took the tough silk off the mast as though it were a spider's web, and they rode it under a bare pole. Plunging, crazy, the *Jaloppie* floundered and staggered through the raging sea. It was something unbelievable there in the pitch darkness with the rain slashing across them and the waves roaring and crashing all around them. All the familiar things of life seemed to go away, driven by the relentless, shrieking wind, and they seemed suddenly to be in another world—some fantastic world where nothing was real except the wind and sea.

For hours Lo crouched at the tiller, easing her as much as he could, peering through the spray-filled darkness to see the white lines of waves lunging at him—then easing her into them, sliding with them, not hurting her. He listened to the wind screaming through the cable rigging, jeering across the black sky at his effort to fight the sea. Below the sound of the wind Lo some-

times thought he heard voices talking; hollow, dead voices that chattered and screamed and occasionally laughed; hysterical laughter rising and rising into the screaming of the wind through the darkness. The *Jaloppie* talked to Lo then, reassuring, promising again as it had promised just before Aves, and though Lo knew that she was afraid, he pretended with her and laughed back at the hideous voices in the wind and shook his fist at the sea.

Beaten, torn, ragged, another tropical dawn burst on them and they were still afloat. Half awash, sails gone, rudder almost torn away, mast leaning crazily—they were afloat in a calming sea. They patched it up; two men now without

words, without anger, men driven only by the desire to live and fight their way across this treacherous sea to safety again. Two men and the *Jaloppie*.

They lived through that day and that dark night and another day and night and Lo sat at the tiller until he was numb with exhaustion and pain. His eyes blurred so that he saw ships and men and cities—he saw trees growing in the heaving sea, and when he blinked all that went away and there was nothing but emptiness around him and emptiness in his brain and stomach. When he rubbed the rough stubble of beard on his face his fingers could not feel it, and he looked to see if his hands were still there. And through it all Myers sat and bailed with a monotony as endless as the sea's.

Then, in another dawn, Myers spoke for the first time in hours. He spoke slowly, his voice trembling. "There it is, Burke," he said.

Lo's tired eyes could hardly see the blue bulge of Cuba and it was not until he felt Myers' fingers gripping his that he realized it was over. Lo looked down at the lieutenant's hand shaking his own—looked at Myers' face and heard him, as from a great distance,

saying, "You're a sailorman—a navy man, Lo! I was wrong."

And Lo could only tighten his grip and blink.

It was afternoon before they reached Guantanamo Bay with the fleet anchored there. As they passed the point Myers said, with returning spirit, "We'll run up the flag, Lo. This is a closed port."

Lo grinned and couldn't speak as Myers got from its oilcloth wrapping a small, silk American flag and with a string ran it up to the top of their cockeyed mast. There it fluttered bravely in the wind as Lo steered the craft between the battleships while sailors and officers crowded the rail to stare at the crazy thing drifting slowly past.

And then the *Jaloppie* gave up. Finished, its promise kept and its fight won, the old *Jaloppie* began to sink. Slowly the water crept up the sides and would not go down no matter how much Myers bailed her. Up and up it came as the *Jaloppie*, with their weight, went down into the water. It seeped around their legs, up their waists—steadily, while the *Jaloppie* lost way, its tiny sails no longer able to move it.

In the middle of Guantanamo Bay with the United States fleet anchored around it the U.S.S. *Jaloppie* went under, leaving Myers and Lo standing in water up to their chins while a gig plowed up alongside.

Lo and Myers watched the fiercely angry admiral as he yelled, "What are you two men doing there?"

"Sinking, sir," Lo answered. "And what is that contraption you've got under you?"

"That, sir," Myers said, his voice breaking a little, "is the *United States Ship Jaloppie*, Ensign Burke commanding."

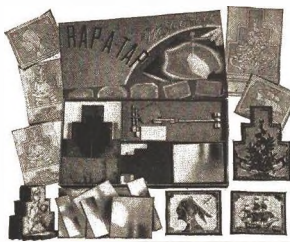
"Plane Four, Squadron Three, Lieutenant Myers, Ensign Burke, sir, reporting from observation duty, Panama," Lo said. And, as Lo and Myers grinned wearily at each other, the *Jaloppie* sank.



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layer of ice. It was part of the polar ice pack, and it probably wouldn't break up until August. Rough, uneven pressure ridges rose above the smooth expanse of sea to the north. Southward, the North American continent shelved upward in a low line of hills, and far inland he could see mountain ranges. The hills and mountains were barren except for moss and lichens, for Irwin was seven hundred miles north of trees. The sun was with him twenty-four hours a day, swinging high in the day and skirting the horizon at night. The sea and land were tinged with the transparent blue of ice and snow. The north wind, carrying a wet chill from the great ice pack, condensed into a dank fog when it reached the Arctic shore. When the wind was from the south the weather was clear.

Seals sunned themselves on the ice and slid off into the water when Irwin's sled approached. At great intervals a polar bear wandered across his path looking for a dinner of seal meat. Irwin's sled was well loaded with supplies and lashed to the top were his rifle and violin. During two years of Arctic travel his violin had been his constant companion.

The tall young explorer was striding along five miles offshore, taking in the weird scene, when a faint crack sounded on the air. The dogs heard, their ears pricked toward land. Irwin was about to whip them up when a louder crack sounded.

"A rifle shot," he thought. He looked toward shore and in the distance, where a small valley opened to the sea, he saw a cluster of igloos with little black figures running about. He called to his dogs and turned them toward shore. These were the natives that Angalik had said were bad. What did that mean? How bad?

He strode toward the inevitable meeting with head up, ready for anything. His rifle he left on the sled—to carry it might be interpreted as a sign of hostility. The figures became larger and he heard the single shouted word, "Kobluna!" (white man).

His eye scanned the enlarging scene. He was approaching a sheltered valley, good for hunting seal and bear. Chattered near the shore stood a group of igloos with caribou skins stretched over the roofs where the snow had fallen in. It was customary, he knew, for these Eskimos to patch their houses with caribou hide when the warm winds of spring weakened the roofs.

In the growing crowd Irwin saw women wearing long parkas, with youngsters hanging to the tails of the garment; other women carrying babes on their backs; men young and old. They were all tremendously excited, laughing, jostling each other, cutting up antics.

Irwin sensed instantly that here was a gang ready for horseplay. Ten yards away he stopped, warily looking them over, smiling. One young man grinned at a woman and patted his chest. Another mimicked Irwin's stride and erect carriage and was greeted with howls of laughter. One ugly-faced man eyed his equipment longingly—especially the rifle lashed to his pack.

The explorer knew that this was not the usual happy, childlike welcome of the Eskimo. These men were ready to make sport of him. Eager to show off in front of their women. Longing, perhaps, for his rifle and equipment. Irwin

# "Kobluna!" (Continued from page 9)

knew that if he didn't conduct himself exactly right they might seize upon any pretext to start a fight. The police never patrolled this way. If a young white man disappeared at this lonely spot, nobody would be the wiser.

One thick-set Eskimo walked out and insolently gave him a push on the shoulder. Irwin's reaction was instinctive. He swung his fist and the Eskimo ducked.

A babble of voices rose, urging the Eskimo on. The two men faced each other, but before they could close, a pack of dogs—a score or more—rushed down on Irwin's tired team.

Irwin grew plain mad. Someone had deliberately released those dogs. In the Arctic a man's dogs were his life.

He could get nowhere without them. With a doubled-up dog chain in his fist he walked into the snarling mass of fur, swinging the chain viciously and impartially.

Dogs yelped and ran from the pile-up howling with pain. He broke up the fight, but in doing so he broke the leg of a dog belonging to the evil-faced man who had longingly eyed his rifle.

This man walked toward his injured dog. A woman followed, taunting him, and Irwin knew the Eskimo language well enough to understand what she was saying.

"So you let a white man injure one of your dogs?" she shrieked.

The young Eskimo drew a knife from his belt and turned toward Irwin's lead dog, Amagal. A few feet away from the dog the Eskimo swung round and laughed at the crowd.

Irwin grimly decided that he was in for it. Good behavior would earn him nothing now. He'd make one appeal. If they didn't listen, he'd fight. Whatever happened, this man would not kill his lead dog.

He stayed the man with an abrupt gesture and addressed the crowd: "Here I come to you alone, and you set your dogs on my dogs. I was told that you were bad people, but I didn't believe it, and I came a long distance to see what you are like, inside . . . And see how you greet me. What kind of people are you?"

From the crowd an old hag spoke up. "We're a very unimportant people like you say. We don't amount to much. Not even good to look at. Don't mind us—we like to laugh and play."

The crowd grew silent. The ugly one with the knife dropped his hand uncertainly. Irwin knew that he must say something instantly. When one man is playing against the impulses of a mob, hesitation may be fatal. In the tension he spoke: "Me, I like to laugh and play too."

His unhalting Eskimo speech aroused the curiosity of the old woman. "Your *amaa alata* (mother and father) part Eskimo?"

"Yes," Irwin replied. It was an excusable lie. If these people thought there was Eskimo blood in him they might be less eager to do him harm.

The crowd was interested in him now. If he could only do something to heighten that interest . . . He thought of his violin. Forcing himself to move casually and deliberately, he turned toward his sled and unlashed his violin case.

"I have here something you have never heard," he announced.

The hostility of the tribe was momentarily swallowed up in curiosity. Disregarding the almost-zero temperature, Irwin brought forth the violin and bow, took off his mittens, and ran up and down the scale. The men and women murmured delighted approval and asked him to do it again.

"Would you like me play out here?" he said reproachfully. If he could get them to invite him into their houses he would become a guest rather than a victim.

The crowd led him to the largest igloo and Irwin entered, feeling much like a condemned man who has received a temporary reprieve.

Inside, the hut was like most igloos. Along one side was a snow bench covered with caribou hide, with moss underneath to take up the dampness of the snow. On another bench lay a half seal, with chunks of blubber alongside. In one corner there was an old dog with a litter of puppies. An Eskimo child was mauling the pups and the dog was nudging the child away with her head.

In this setting, jammed with people, Irwin stood and played his violin. He played "Turkey in the Straw" and Irish jig tunes. He played popular numbers. In the fishy odor of raw seal and unwashed bodies, his hands cold and stiff, he played with all his might.

They shouted with great glee and asked him to play certain numbers over again. It speaks well for their untrained ears that their favorite was "Poor Butterfly." One stalwart Eskimo came forward with the bold assertion that he could play the violin.

Irwin handed him the instrument and the man drew a few rasping sounds from the protesting strings. The crowd howled with derision.

And then the explorer met Johnny Cotton, one of the most famous Eskimos in the Arctic. Johnny and his family were only visitors to this tribe, but such was Johnny's prestige that he dominated it while he stayed. His home was on Prince of Wales Island—an area larger than England inhabited only by his small tribe.

The moment that Johnny Cotton put his stamp of approval on Dave Irwin the crisis was over. From that instant on, Dave was an honored guest—a man who possessed the power to draw music from a box and a few strings. With Dave finally accepted by the tribe, the customary feast was in order.

They sat in a circle. A frozen chunk of raw blubber was passed around and each person cut off a piece and began eating. Following the seal's liver. They ate it raw, for these people were Netchlingmut (Eaters of Raw Meat People).

Irwin learned that the ugly man who had started to knife Amagal was Johnny Cotton's brother. He stayed a month in the village, an honored guest among people who might have killed him for the sake of a gun and a rowdy prank.



Here's the Arctic one-man taxi—the kayak.



Who says Eskimo women aren't beautiful, or don't like fine clothes?



# Black Light!

Try a Few Home Experiments With Invisible Ultra-Violet Rays

by

G. CONRAD RANDOLPH



Last year in New Jersey, the heart of the beetle plague, the Type G-5 ultra-violet lamps trapped more beetles in an hour than any other method.

"TURN out the lights!" Detective Craig gave the order tersely and the room was plunged into darkness. The small group of officers drew closer to him as he snapped on the mysterious "black bulb." An eerie circle of violet light flooded the dark slab on which rested a single human tooth. As they watched, the tooth began to glow under the uncanny rays with a distinctly yellowish color!

The detective drew a deep breath. "Well, gentlemen, again the 'unseen light' has given us a clue that visible light failed to reveal. The remains are not those of a white man but an Oriental."

Not long ago a murder was committed in a large mid-western city and the body of the victim thrown into a drainage canal. Some months later the remains were recovered but in such condition that it was impossible to determine the race or color of the murdered man. The crime detection bureau, however, was equipped with a fluorescent lamp—a "black bulb"—and submitted one of the victim's teeth to the searching ultra-violet rays. When the tooth glowed with a yellowish tinge it indicated definitely that it belonged to an Oriental. With this important clue to work on, the criminologists followed the canal until they came to a factory where Chinese laborers were employed and a short investigation resulted in the arrest of the murderer.

That's just one instance in which fluorescence has helped capture criminals. But perhaps you're asking, "What is fluorescence and what does it have to do with me?" Can the average boy experiment with a "black bulb?"

First of all, fluorescence is that property of substances that causes them to glow in various colors when subjected to ultra-violet rays. When a beam of sunlight passes through a triangular prism of glass, its white light is split up into all the colors of the rainbow. This band of colors is known as the solar spectrum. But at both ends of these visible rays, or colors, are still other rays much more numerous, which are invisible. Those at one end of the solar spectrum are termed ultra-violet rays, and those at the other end are the infra-red rays. The ultra-violet rays, popularly called "black" light, produce fluorescence, or glowing in characteristic colors, when directed upon some substances.

Fluorescence is still a mystery that science hasn't fully solved. It is known that some substances are penetrated by ultra-violet light, and that this invisible light is transformed in some manner that makes it visible. In short, new light is generated or formed within the fluorescing substance.

A small bulb costing about 50 cents, similar in appearance to an electric light bulb but filled with argon gas,

will serve for home experiments. Let's see what you can do with an argon bulb at home in a dark room. Screw the little 2-watt bulb into a 110 A.C. circuit and snap on the switch. Immediately you'll see a violet glow, but this is not what produces fluorescence. The rays you do not see are the important ones.

Hold a small gob of common vaseline under the bulb, and the vaseline will glow with a beautiful turquoise blue light! Try a bit of mineral and vegetable oil from the kitchen pantry and you'll discover that the mineral oil doesn't glow at all and the vegetable oil glows with a yellowish green color. Perfect grains of rice will shine pale blue and cracked, imperfect kernels will give forth a brownish cast. Ladies with dyed hair beware of ultra-violet rays! Natural hair doesn't glow at all but artificial coloring glows with telltale fluorescence!

Stamp collectors use ultra-violet rays to detect glues, mutilages, and cements in patched specimens. Try making your own stamps glow.

Minerals show spectacular fluorescence. Under the influence of black light brown fluorite glows with a vivid green. Try for yourself other minerals and precious gems.

Actor folk use black light for striking stage effects. If you see two acrobats performing before a black curtain and one of them holds the other aloft at seemingly impossible angles, the answer is simple. The two visible acrobats are wearing suits covered with fluorescent paint and an ultra-violet spotlight is directed on them, making them glow. A third acrobat, wearing an unpainted suit and therefore invisible, is helping support the top performer.

At a certain seance a fake medium made a specialty of showing portraits of "departed" persons. An apparently clean and unmarked canvas would be shown to the visitors and then the lights would be turned off. After a short period, the glowing outlines of a person's face would shimmer from the canvas! This man's patrons were completely awed until an investigator disclosed that the canvas had been prepared with paints that became visible only when exposed to ultra-violet rays.

Today black light is becoming a valuable servant of man. With its help counterfeiters are detected, changes on checks and legal documents are revealed, and fingerprints invisible to the human eye are noted.

But the best part of it all is that you yourself can secure a simple, inexpensive argon bulb and do your own "detecting." You'll not only have fun, but you may make some important contribution to our knowledge of materials and how they behave under the invisible rays of your bulb.

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# What's New in the Basketball Rules?

by

JAMES STERLING AYARS

CHANGES in the high-school and college basketball rules for 1936-37 are few, but worth knowing. Almost everybody thinks that basketball is a pretty good game as it is; and therefore that it shouldn't be tampered with. To bring you up to date:

This winter you'll see a restraining circle outside the center circle. With its six-foot radius, the new circle is the same size as the free-throw circles. On jump balls at center and the free-throw lines, the two jumpers are the only players allowed inside these restraining circles until the ball has been tapped. On other jump balls players are required to remain "a reasonable distance" from the jumpers until the ball has been tapped.

The rule, of course, is to eliminate some of basketball's roughness. For a number of years, coaches have worked themselves into a lather discussing the roughness and confusion that seems to be brought on by jump balls. Many coaches have advocated even eliminating the center jump. This new rule is a compromise between the coaches who want to eliminate the center jump and those who want to retain it. As an experiment, restraining circles were used in some college games last year, and the effect seemed to be the one that was desired.

The second important change permits substitutes to talk as soon as they go in. Dr. Forrest C. Allen, of the University of Kansas, one of the advocates of this change, says it will eliminate suspicions of coaching from the side lines.

At a basketball-coaches' meeting, an Alabama coach wisecracked:

"Why not let the coach go out on the floor and tell the players what he wants? Then they won't get mixed up."

Coach Paul Hinkle of Butler University drew a big laugh when he said: "Is the substitute's message secret, or does it have to be open to the other team?"

You've known coaches who get the fidgets during a game. A coach with the fidgets can wrap himself into more positions than a contortionist. These movements are often interpreted by hostile crowds as signals to the team. Now that substitutes may go into the game with fresh directions, and communicate them immediately, the coaches are no longer under suspicion, and they can fidget in peace.

The number of time-outs allowed each team has been increased from three to four per game. The game has grown faster every year, so the rule makers provided more rest for the players.

Of interest to high-school players is this new provision: When a foul occurs at the end of the first or third quarter, the free throw is now to be attempted at the beginning of the succeeding quarter. Therefore play is resumed just as it does after other free throws.

There's a new interpretation on personal fouls. If in blocking a shot or pass, or in taking the ball from an opponent, a player contacts his opponent's hand with any part of his own hand, a foul is *not* to be called. This interpretation was inserted because some officials were calling hacking fouls that were too often not actually committed.

And that's about all. It's the same old game. Just a few gadgets added to the 1937 model.

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# FUNNYBONE TICKLERS



### Peaceful

Visitor: "You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for over thirty years!"  
 Inhabitant: "I have."  
 Visitor: "But really, I cannot see what you can find to keep you busy."  
 Inhabitant: "Neither can I. That's why I like it."

### Too Quiet

"Painter, are you working?" she called for the third time, from the foot of the stairs.  
 "Yes, ma'am." Gruffly.  
 "I can't hear you working."  
 "Good night, ma'am," he exploded, "did you think I'd be putting it on with a hammer?"

### What Shall the Harvest Be?

Doolittle: "Have you planted anything in your garden yet?"  
 Bullfuss: "Only my watch, fountain pen, lodge pin, and seven leadpencils."

### Well-named

Ned: "Your grandfather is a witty man. He seems to be full of originality."  
 Ted: "Yes. We call him epigramma."

### Breaking It Gently

Air Pilot: "Have you heard the remark, 'See Naples and die?'"  
 Passenger: "Yes."  
 Pilot: "Well, we are over Naples and the engine is not functioning."

### Second Best

A Philadelphia firm advertising for a salesman received a reply from a man who said that he was the greatest salesman in the world. They engaged him and gave him three lines of goods to sell anywhere in the West. They expected him to do great things.  
 After he had been away a week, and they had received no orders, they were surprised to get a telegram saying: "I am not the world's greatest salesman. I am the second best. The greatest salesman was the man who loaded you up with these goods."

### Better Budgets

Mr. and Mrs. Jolly were going over the month's budget book checking up on expenditures. Mr. Jolly noticed one item reading, "HOK \$3," and another "HOK \$7," besides others scattered throughout the book.  
 "What are these HOK's?" he finally asked.  
 "Heaven Only Knows," replied his wife.

### Don't Whip Him

A Milwaukee school teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:  
 "Dear Teacher: Excuse John for being away yesterday. He played truant, but do not whip him for it. Two boys who was with in the morning licked him, and a man he threw a snowball at licked him, and a truck driver he hung onto licked him, and the man who owned a dog he hit licked him, and the grocery man licked him for taking an apple, and an automobile driver licked him for blowing the horn. Then I licked him when he came home, then his father licked him when he came home, then I had to lick him again, for sassing me for telling his father on him, then his father licked him for sassing me. So you need not lick him this time."

### Skip It

Jean: "Do they have July Fourth in England?"  
 Jane: "Of course not."  
 Jean: "Then what day comes after July 3?"

### Improved

Wife: "Now that I've had my hair bobbed, I don't think I look so much like an old lady."  
 Husband: "No, my dear. Now you look like an old man."

### Safe

Son (helping father in the garden): "I think the fish would bite today, Father."  
 Father: "Won't bite if you keep away from them. These weeds sure are bad!"  
 And the hoeing continued.

### Unique

Visitor: "This isn't a dwarf. He's over six feet tall."  
 Showman: "That's the wonderful thing about him. He's the tallest dwarf in the world."

### Practice Makes Perfect

"Melvin! . . . MELVIN!"  
 "What?"  
 "Are you spitting in the fish bowl?"  
 "No, but I been coming pretty close."

### Any Reward?

Tom: "So Smith got lost in his living room?"  
 Tim: "Yes; he had just returned home after spending the summer in a trailer."

### He Wasn't Suited

A painter contracted to paint the house of a tailor. He was skimpy and the resulting job was quite sketchy.  
 "About this coat of yours you put on the house," began the tailor.  
 "Well, is there anything wrong with it?"  
 "I should say there is! I asked for a coat and you gave me a vest."

### Hopeless

Patient: "My wife objects to my sleeping with my mouth open. What can I do about it?"  
 Examining Doctor: "Nothing, I'm sorry to say. Your skin is too tight; when you close your eyes it pulls your mouth open."

### Naturally

Teacher: "If Minnie, in Indian means water, what does 'Minnesota' mean?"  
 Johnnie: "Soda water."

### Try "Quarter of Five" Next Time

"What time does the next train come in?" asked Robert, age six, of an old rural depot agent.  
 "Why, you little rascal, I've told you five times before it comes in at 4:44."  
 "I know it," said Robert, "but I like to see your whiskers wobble when you say '4:44.'"

### Out of Line

A man who bought a new automobile, brought it back after trying it out a week and complained because he could not make the car stop so the letters on the hub cap were all right side up.

### Let Dad Answer

"All right," said the resigned father to his curious son, "you can ask one more question."  
 "Well, Dad, if I were twins, which one would I be?"

### Evidence

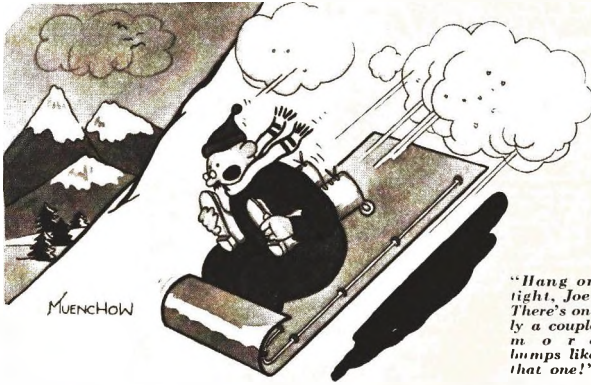
Barber: "Was your tie red when you came in here?"  
 Customer: "No, it wasn't."  
 Barber: "Gosh, I must have cut your throat."

### Undecided

She: "How did you get all banged up?"  
 He: "Skiiing."  
 She: "What happened?"  
 He: "I couldn't decide which side of the tree to go around."

### Well-trained

Vicar: "I have never christened a child who has behaved so well as yours!"  
 Mother (beaming): "I have been getting him used to it with the watering can for the last week."



### Progress

Doctor: "Is your insomnia improving any?"  
 Patient: "Oh, yes."  
 Doctor: "In what way?"  
 Patient: "My foot goes to sleep now."

### No Luck

Friend: "Going hunting without any cartridges in your gun?"  
 Hunter: "Yes, it is cheaper that way and the result is the same."

### Satisfied

A sleight-of-hand performer called to his assistance a bright looking chap from whom he borrowed a knife. He carefully wrapped it in a handkerchief and handed it back to the boy, who unwrapped it exposing a gold watch.  
 "Now," said the magician, "I shall change it back again."  
 "Oh, no," replied the youngster as he placed the watch proudly in his pocket. "I like it better as it is."

### "Aloha" and "Anuppah"

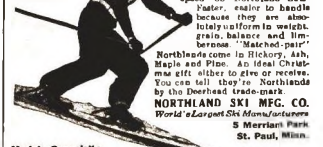
A traveling man who had been obliged three times to take an upper berth in the sleeping car "Aloha" has requested the Pullman Company to please name the next one "Anuppah."

### I Do, Your Honor

Judge (in dentist's chair): "Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth and nothing but the tooth?"

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Bob started to answer, then got up and moved out of the light of the campfire. After a few minutes' search he came to a buckskin horse grazing in the moonlight. He inspected the animal closely, and finally let out a little whistle of triumph. The horse was his own—Bucky! The mystery was solved! He returned to the fire.

When the man spoke, it was with deliberate caution. "Say," he inquired, "who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Bob Garrison, bronc rider. I've been looking for you a long time."

The big man rose to stare at Bob, and he found the young rider holding out to him a soiled, crinkled envelope. With a puzzled frown the man took the envelope, glanced at it, read the instructions written on it. Then he looked up at Bob and the lids of his deep-set eyes narrowed as if to hide what might be showing in them.

"But this says to be delivered to Mervin Yardley only," the man stated slowly.

"Well . . ." Bob replied, meeting his gaze.

The eyes of the big man dropped back to the envelope in his hands.

"You're too smart," he said shortly. "I was afraid of it that day I saw you examining that porcupine carcass."

Bob's lean lips twisted into a grimace. "And so I tried to scare me by throwing a bullet in my direction," he said.

"Yes," the other admitted. "You see, here's the way it was. I—"

"Wait," said Bob. "I'll tell you. You were being blackmailed. I don't know what for. But it was about to drive you insane, naturally. One day old Jan Whitehouse went looking for strays. He didn't come back. About two weeks later you happened to run across him and his horse in that out-of-the-way back ledge of Wolf Canyon. Both of them were dead. Evidently Jan had been riding up on the canyon when his horse shied at something and plunged them both to the bottom. But it gave you an idea. If the blackmailers believed you were dead, they'd leave you alone. So you went back and got Nate Turner, and together you buried Jan's horse; you scattered your clothes and watch and things around, then Nate left you. The next day probably you saddled old Rock and with a good slap on the rump sent him flying home to the Snaffle Bit. In a few days, Nate 'discovered' what was evidently your body. But to keep anybody from inspecting it too closely for things like teeth fillings and so forth, he got Kirk Bell to help him bury it right away. Thus Jan Whitehouse had disappeared forever, and Mervin Yardley was dead."

The man was staring open-mouthed at Bob. "My gosh! How'd you figure all that out?"

Bob shrugged. "It was the only way the thing could have happened. Getting rid of your horse was the first clue. The blackmail notes told me plenty. There was a dim swath of broken bushes that showed something had been dragged off from the spot of the 'murder,' but I didn't understand that until I found the shovel you broke and later covered in the woods. Then I realized that something had been dragged away and buried. I went to the place where the swath disappeared and started digging. When I found the remains of a horse, I knew I almost had the answer."

"You're overlooking one possibility," Yardley said slowly. "I might have shot Jan Whitehouse for the purpose."

Bob grinned. "I thought of that, too. But if you'd shot Jan Whitehouse, you wouldn't have been so hard up for fresh blood to smear on your saddle that you'd've had to kill a porcupine to get it. Nor would Jan's horse have had two broken legs!"

Yardley grinned. "You're right, son, all the way." His face sobered. "As

you say, I found old Jan that day at the bottom of the canyon. His neck was broken, but it wasn't very noticeable, and I knew in another day or two nobody'd see how he died unless they made a careful examination—and I knew, too, that Nate could see that nobody did that. It wasn't pleasant to do, this thing. Me and old Jan had our arguments, but we knew each other, and I don't think he would have minded." A desperate look came into Yardley's eyes. "Before you leave this place, son, you're going to have to promise to keep all this to yourself. You see, I still can't go back on account of the blackmailers."

"Well . . ." Bob hesitated.

Absently, Yardley had begun pinch by pinch, to tear the end from the crinkled envelope. Suddenly the man's fingers stopped.

"Who wrote that?" he cried excitedly, pointing to the writing on the envelope.

"Who wrote that?"

"The same man," Bob answered, "who wrote the blackmail notes."

"I know that," Mervin Yardley shouted. "But who is he? Who is he?"

"Raymond Thews, John Forrest's secretary."

The man looked at Bob, helpless surprise in his eyes. "But . . . but . . . you know John Forrest?" he asked.

"He sent me to the Snaffle Bit," Bob answered.

"What for? Did he know what was wrong?"

"Not exactly. He only knew that something was wrong. He would have come himself if he had been well enough."

Yardley's fingers were working at the end of the envelope again now.

"And his own secretary was blackmailing me," he murmured incredulously.

"But," he went on quickly, his fingers stopping, "those notes didn't come through the mail, and somebody got the money at the place where I left it. Thews couldn't have done that."

Rob nodded. "He operated through somebody locally. Here," he dug into his pocket and fished out a piece of paper that had the names of five months and some figures on it, "does this mean anything to you?"

Yardley's eyes widened. "That's a list of the amounts of money I gave and the months I gave it in," he cried.

"And do you notice the total is divided by two?" Bob inquired.

The big man's eyes narrowed to angry slits. "Yes," he said bitterly, "and it means plenty to me."

"All right," Bob said, "I'll tell you the name of the man who wrote it—Dude London."

"The sneakin' thievin' coyote," Yardley ejaculated. "Wait till I see him; I'll attend to him in short order."

His fingers resumed their tearing at the end of the envelope again, and the little strip of rudely scalloped paper fluttered to the ground. Mervin Yardley took the folded message from the inside and read it. Bob waited impatiently, and was surprised by the look of great relief that came over the big rancher's face as he finished.

"John Forrest *did* know what the trouble was," he told Bob as he folded the paper and put it back in the envelope. "He knew exactly what it was. Listen and I'll tell you, for I know now I can trust you. A long time ago when we were young, three of us cowboys rode into town one night for a frolic and while we were there an argument started and an officer by the name of Clark Matson got killed. There was a lot of wild shooting and John and me always figured it was a bullet from my gun that did it. We got away and nothing was ever done about it; but the thing has haunted me all my life, worse of late. And then a few months ago came this first note, telling me that the writer knew of the Matson affair and would give his information to the law unless I left a thousand dollars in a certain place. I have a wife and children now, and I

didn't want to be arrested. I was afraid they might hang me. So I left the money as directed. But that wasn't to be the end. More notes came, demanding bigger and bigger sums. I paid till I couldn't pay any more. Then I had to do something; had to stop those notes from coming some way until I could find out who was sending them."

"And," Bob cut in, "the only way you could figure out to do it was to get shot, you might say."

Yardley nodded. "If I disappeared the notes would quit coming; there would be nothing they could do. And meanwhile I would do a lot of investigating."

"You almost got me shot," Bob stated ruefully.

"I realized afterward that it was a foolish thing to do," Yardley admitted; "but I was desperate, and after I had started it I couldn't back out. I told my wife, of course."

"Well," Bob said, "now that you know who wrote those notes, it's easy to see how he got his information."

"Yes," the big man cried, "but it doesn't matter any more," he added joyfully. "John tells me in this letter that the third man who was with us that time years ago died just a couple of months ago and before he died he confessed that it was him, not me, that killed Clark Matson. Don't you see what that means, son? It means it wasn't me; I didn't do it. I'm free! Come on! Get your horse! I've got to get to the Snaffle Bit as quick as I can; I've got to tell Ethel. Catch your horse, Bob."

Bob grinned. "If you don't mind," he told Yardley. "I reckon I'll just take that buckskin. I've got into a lot of trouble by riding strange horses; but it just happens that I bought and paid for that buckskin."

Yardley's eyes opened wider. "Was that you?" he cried. "I'm sorry. It was a sneaking trick, but I just had to get rid of that bay I had tied in the thicket. His trail was just like a signature and they were pressing me too hard. I couldn't afford to have my plans ruined then. I was hanging about the ranch, hoping to sneak a horse out of the corrals when I came across that buckskin tied in the thicket."

"Well," Bob said, "it worked out all right. Something else, Mr. Yardley. If I were you I'd go to New York and have a good heart-to-heart talk with this man Thews. I've got an idea that in addition to being a blackmailer he might have something to do with this strange sickness which has kept Mr. Forrest in bed for the past few months."

"I will," Yardley said grimly. "Likely you're right. I'll see that Thews goes to a place where he can't do any further harm. But say, how can I pay you for all you've done? You've unraveled this thing; you've worked it all out. I want to do something for you—something big."

Bob shook his head. "Don't worry about that," he said; "John Forrest is taking care of all that. If you'll let me, though, I'd like to stay on the Snaffle a few weeks longer. You see, I've got to teach Hoss how to bulldog steers."

"Sure you can, my boy, sure; as long as you want," the big rancher answered heartily. "Say, who's that?"

He pointed down the canyon to two soiled travel-worn riders who, with grim looks on their faces and rifles balanced alertly across their saddle, were laboriously pushing their gaunt horses up the slope. The big man with the star on his vest was riding an ugly-headed roan.

"That," remarked Bob, "is a couple of fellows who sure have got a big surprise in store for them."

THE END

JANUARY 1937 *The YOUTH'S COMPANION* **American Boy** VOL. 111 NO. 1

Cover Painting by *Edgar Franklin Wittmack*

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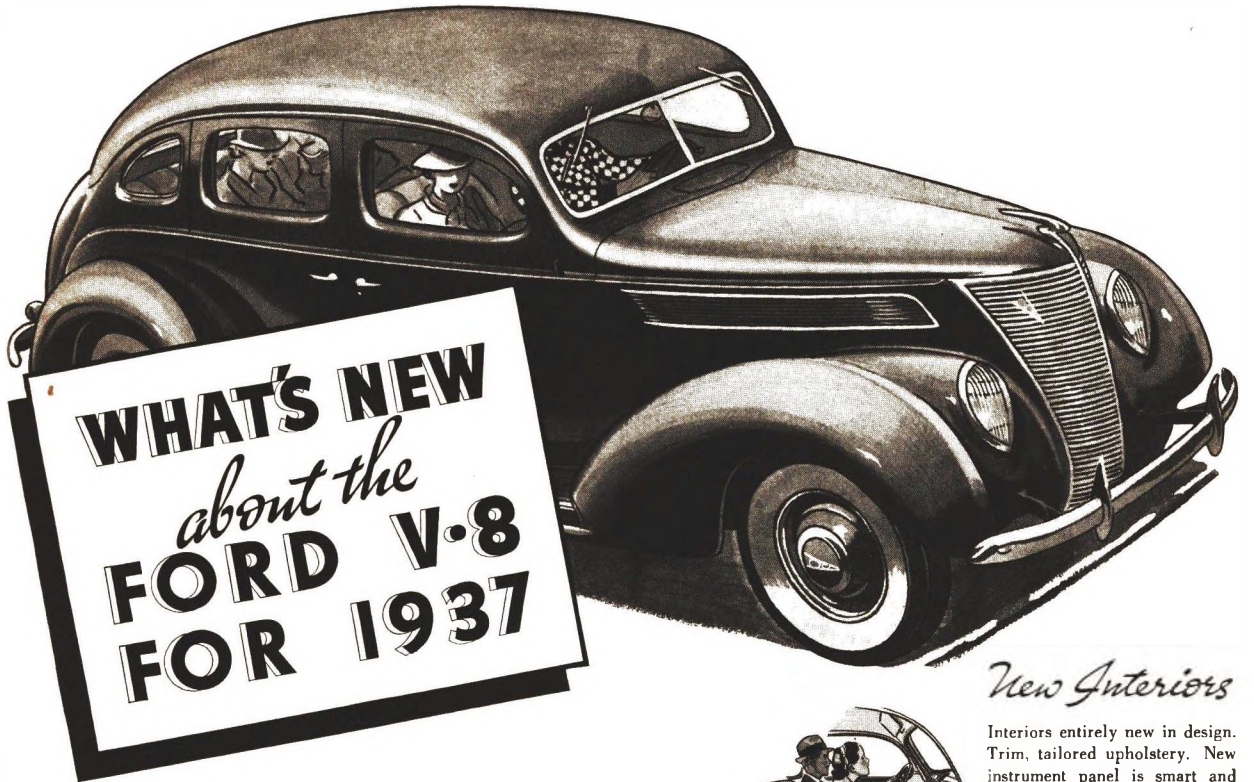
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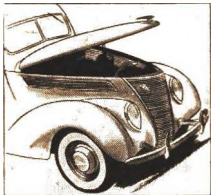
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Choice of two V-type 8-cylinder engines. The improved 85-horsepower V-8 engine delivers the flashing speed and acceleration for which Ford cars are famous—with unusually low gasoline consumption.

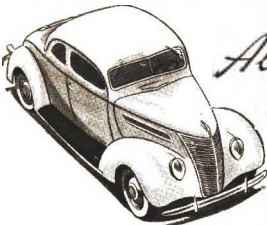
The new 60-horsepower V-8 engine delivers V-8 smoothness and quietness—even at speeds up to 70 miles an hour—with gasoline mileage so high that it sets an entirely new standard of modern motoring economy.

*New Design*



type hood hinged at the back. New all-steel top. Slanting V-type windshield opens in all closed cars.

The modern note in streamlined beauty. A wide, roomy car with a low center of gravity. Curves flowing fast from front to back and side to side. Headlamps streamlined into fender aprons. Modern lid-



*All-Steel Body*

Not an ounce of wood used for structural strength. Frame structure is all steel—sheathed with steel panels—top, sides and floor. All are welded into a single steel unit of great protective strength. Safety Glass in all windows and windshield at no extra charge.

*Easy-Action Safety Brakes*

You want two things in a modern braking system—dependability, and soft pedal action. The new Ford brakes give you both, with “the safety of steel from pedal to wheel.” Cable and conduit control type. Self-energizing—car momentum is used to help apply the brakes. About one-third less brake pedal pressure is required to stop the car.



*New Interiors*



Interiors entirely new in design. Trim, tailored upholstery. New instrument panel is smart and practical, with all gages grouped for rapid reading. Starter button on instrument panel. Parking brake at left under the panel. Adjustable driver's seat rises as it slides forward.

*New Quiet*



Engineered throughout for quiet. Newly designed springs are pressure-lubricated for silence. New methods of mounting body and engine, body insulation, new exhaust piping, muffler mounting, improvements in rear axle and drive shaft all contribute to a new standard of quiet.

*More Comfort*

By every modern standard of design the new Ford is big and roomy. The compact, modern V-type engine gives extra space in the body for passengers and luggage. Comfort of the Center-Poise Ride is further increased by smoother spring action. Larger, more accessible luggage space too.



YOUR FORD DEALER HAS LITERATURE  
 GIVING MORE INFORMATION

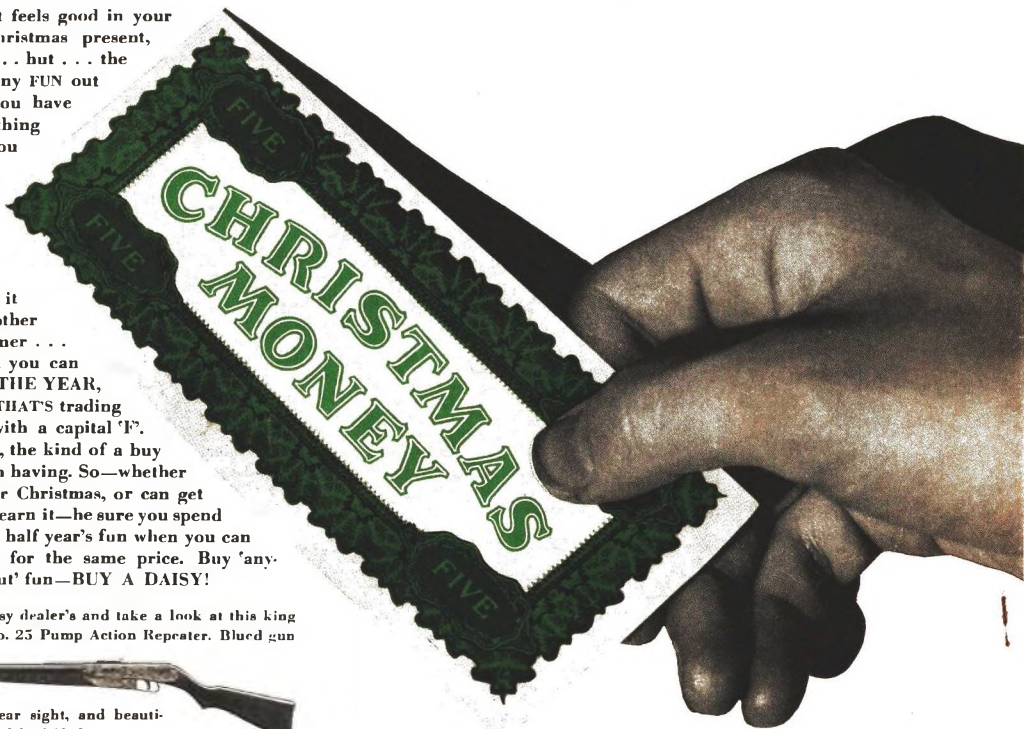


**FORD MOTOR COMPANY**

THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION

# BUY FUN WITH YOUR CHRISTMAS MONEY

Money is great stuff—it feels good in your pocket—it's a nice Christmas present, and it's nice to have . . . but . . . the only way you can get any FUN out of it is to spend it! You have to trade it in for something else to really enjoy it. You can spend it WITHOUT thinking and have LITTLE fun—or you can spend it CAREFULLY and have a LOT of fun. You can buy one thing and use it only in winter—buy another and use it only in summer . . . But BUY A DAISY and you can use it EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR, INDOORS AND OUT! THAT'S trading your money for fun—with a capital 'F'. That's careful spending, the kind of a buy that makes money worth having. So—whether you got your money for Christmas, or can get it from Dad, or have to earn it—he sure you spend it carefully. Don't buy a half year's fun when you can get a whole year's fun for the same price. Buy 'any-weather', 'indoors-and-out' fun—BUY A DAISY!



Go over to your nearest Daisy dealer's and take a look at this king of all air rifles, the Daisy No. 25 Pump Action Repeater. Blued gun steel with genuine American



Walnut stock, adjustable rear sight, and beautifully engraved jacket. A forced-feed 50-shot repeater with a thrill in every shot. Five other straight-shooting, hard-hitting models to choose from, too . . . and the price range is \$1.00 to \$3.95. ● And when you buy shot—don't take a chance on anything but Bulls Eye. Poor shot might jam in your shooting barrel, and, if it's out-of-round or rough, it won't shoot straight.



Insist on the best—use only Bulls Eye, the only official Daisy ammunition and the only shot that's tested and approved at the Daisy factory. Buy Bulls Eye, 225 shots, plus

FREE target card, for a nickel. ● For real sport, indoors and out, set up a Daisy Bell Target, slip a Handipad card into place, and start shooting. Every bull's-eye rings the bell. Organize contests; get the kids to all chip in and buy a prize. Give the prize to the one with the best five cards at 8 or 10 paces. Bell Target and 12 FREE cards—now only 25¢. Handipad, that really is a HANDY PAD of 25 cards, —only 5¢.



**\$1.00** buys you the sweetest shooting single-shot you ever laid eyes on. Model No. 101. Blued gun steel and natural-finish, hardwood stock. A real bargain.

**\$1.35** is all it takes for a complete target outfit. Daisy Model No. 101 Single-Shot, Daisy Bell Target (plus 12 FREE cards), Handipad of 25 target cards, and a tube of Bulls Eye, 225 shots of the only official Daisy ammunition.

**\$2.50** on the line and a famous Golden Eagle 1000-Shot Repeater is yours. The most beautiful air rifle ever built . . . gleaming copper metal parts; ebony-black, pistol-grip stock with Golden Eagle crest; telescopic-type sights—you have to hold it in your hands to realize what a swell air rifle this is!

**\$3.00** sets you up with a Golden Eagle, Bell Target, TWO Handipads and THREE tubes of shot (675 pellets).

**\$3.95** is all it costs to own the best air rifle you've ever seen—the No. 25 Daisy Pump Gun (pictured above).

**\$4.60** buys you the perfect combination—a No. 25 Daisy Pump Gun, Bell Target (plus 12 free cards), THREE Handipads, and FIVE tubes of Bulls Eye (1,125 shots).

## DID YOU GET YOUR FREE COPY OF "DAISY COMICS"?

There's still time to get one of these swell comic books . . . send for yours to-day. Thirty-two pages of funnies and interesting facts . . . Joe Palooka, Buck Rogers, lots of others . . . and a full-page portrait of Colonel Tim McCoy, famous western motion picture and circus star. And it's absolutely FREE . . . send no money. Just write your name, address and age on a penny postcard and mail it to the address below. Write now! . . . limited supply.



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY • 101 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

# DAISY AIR RIFLES