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American Boy

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JANUARY
1938

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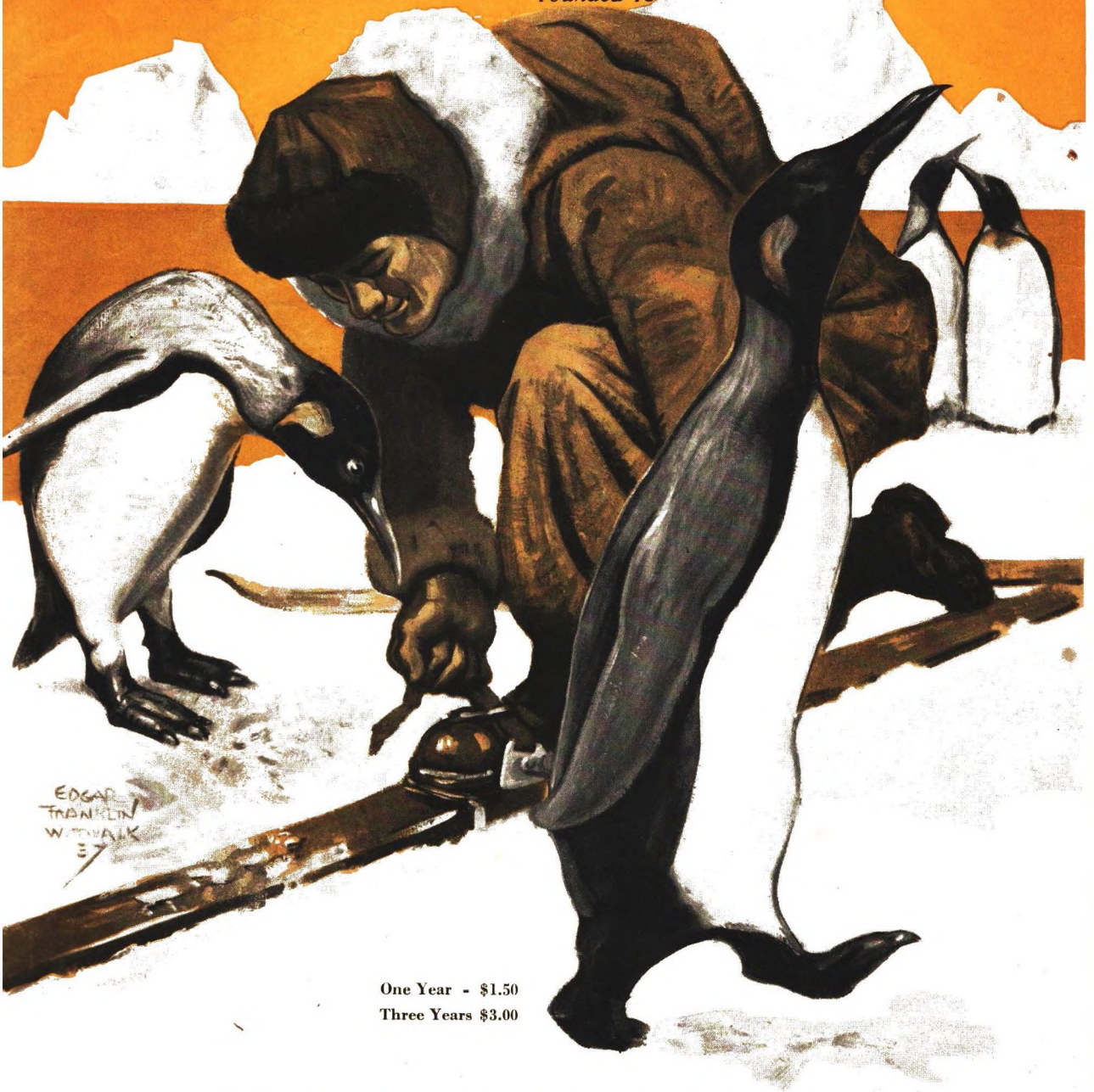

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Donn Kelly, Undercover Man, Takes His First Assignment in

"THE MYSTERY OF THE MALLARDS"

Paramount pictures the Winning of the West

AGAIN the hoofs of the Pony Express thunder on the Santa Fe Trail. Again the Wells Fargo stage coaches rattle through the prairie night, their guards' hands clasped to the butts of their trusty carbines. For Paramount swings across the screen the thundering story of the winning of the West and of Wells Fargo, that he-man outfit which dared a thousand dangers a minute to carry mail, gold, and its precious human freight between the Mississippi and the roaring gold fields of California.

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In The Morning Mail

CONDUCTED *by* PLUTO, *the* OFFICE PUP

The Youth's Companion, Combined With The American Boy for January, 1928, Vol. 112, No. 1. Entered as Second Class Matter Nov. 23, 1935, at the post office at Detroit, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Circulation, Business and Editorial offices: 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Published monthly. Copyrighted 1938 by The Spengler Publications, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Price 15c a copy, $1.50 for one year, $3.00 for three years in the U. S., its possessions, and Canada. Elsewhere 50c a year extra.

"HERE'S an engaging letter," Pluto said to the editor, "from Kenneth Peeters, an Iowa farm boy. Listen: 'I'm recovering from an operation, and to pass the time away this afternoon I dug out my first *American Boy*. It is the March, 1927, copy. That's a long time ago, Pluto, ol' boy. Over a decade—in fact so long ago that *In the Morning Mail* wasn't even a feature yet. I discovered upon investigation—a simple matter as I have every copy in chronological order—that it started in October of that year and became a department in November, 1928.'" Pluto read. "Gee, I'll soon be old enough to join the Dog Scouts, Boss."

"Yes, and I remember you when you were nothing but a nutty idea in Mitchell V. Charnley's head. Charnley, who is now a professor of journalism at the University of Minnesota, was at that time on *The American Boy* staff. He used you in an article or two, and readers liked you, for some reason. So when we started the Morning Mail column, you were elected to conduct it."

"Remember the year I asked for Christmas presents?" Pluto said reminiscently. "I got dog collars, dog biscuit, and—"

"—and a bone with some meat left on it. The bone was sent by a boy from the Pacific coast, and by the time it got here, Nature had had her way with it."

"I KNOW just where I buried that bone. It needed burying about as bad as any bone I ever saw," Pluto admitted. "Peeters goes on: 'Well, the football season is here again and likewise the corn-shucking season. Farmers are about to harvest the biggest crop since 1932. There will be several million farmers slamming ears against the bangboards as they harvest the several billions of bushels. . . . Farmers attend local, state, and national husking contests as enthusiastically as football fans. The national contests are attended by over a hundred thousand people.'"

"Peeters is right," the editor spoke up. "The national husking events draw bigger crowds than any athletic event in the country."

"'Of course,' Peeters continues, 'much of the crop in the midwest is today picked by machines. We have an outfit that has harvested our crop for eight years and with it I average about twice as fast as the world's record for hand-pickers, which is forty bushels in eighty minutes as set by Elmer Carson in 1936.'"

"WHICH gives you an idea," the editor said, "of what interesting work modern farming is getting to be. Incidentally, old-time readers like Peeters will be glad to see the return of Thomson Burtis, which occurs in this issue with 'The Mystery of the Mallards,' the first of a fast-paced new series of stories on the immigration service. Burtis's Russ Farrell air yarns used to be among the most popular in the book. Then Burtis deserted magazine work to go to Hollywood and write for the movies. This will be the first Burtis story we've had in years."

"Elsewhere in this issue is an article on Larry Tetzlaff, the young herpetologist. Since the article was written, Tetzlaff was bitten by one of his snakes—a poisonous cottonmouth. I understand that the quick use of serum saved his life," said Pluto.

"There's another angle," the editor said. "Remember the article and pictures we ran on Ross Allen, the boy who has a snake-serum farm in Florida? Well, the venom that was used to make the serum that saved Larry Tetzlaff's life came from Ross Allen's farm. Which shows just how important snake farms are."

"Tetzlaff had to stay in the hospital for awhile, although he finally got completely well," Pluto reported. "But the cottonmouth that bit him died!"

"Maybe Ross Allen should develop a serum to save the lives of snakes that bite Tetzlaff," the editor said.

"A NEW book that our readers will be glad to know about," Pluto said, "is 'Zuppke of Illinois' by Red Grange, published by A. L. Glaser, Incorporated, 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and selling for two dollars."

"Story of a famous coach told by his star pupil, what?"

"Yes. And full of lively anecdotes that give a book a nice bull-session flavor. One yarn is about the time Zuppke, then a high school coach, told his team to go down and hit their men *hard*. A player named Ghee took Zuppke too literally, and laid out the first opponent he met with a haymaker to the jaw! When the rival school's officials protested, Zuppke is supposed to have said, 'I can't take Ghee out because I haven't anybody to take his place, but I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll forfeit this game to you and start another one, with Ghee in it.' Another Zuppke legend is built around the time he nominated himself for president of a national coaches' association, made his own campaign speech, and was elected—the only vote against him being his own."

"Nice reviewing, Pup. What else does the mail offer?"

"HERE'S a letter from Canada, and the name sounds familiar. Yep, it's Bill Francis, of Vancouver, British Columbia, who wrote us about logging-camp work in 1935. Later he fought a twenty-five-square-mile fire that kept him working sixteen hours a day. But he didn't mind the work because he made more money those ten days than he had the whole month before. This summer a company sent him out into the tall timber to watch for fire near Squamish, B. C.

"He says about that job: 'I packed in (on my back) over an old unusued horse trail for about twelve miles and set up my silk tent, and made my fireplace on a sandy bar on the bank of a river. I had a great time cutting out trail and roaming around for the first month, but then it suddenly got rainy and things were not so hot. One night after I had retired to my bed of boughs the river came up, and when I woke up about two a.m., I was nicely marooned on a little island. What was worse, my cache of milk, butter and soup had been in the river. I took my flash and went fishing for the stuff, and managed to get nearly all my cache up safely onto my island. When the water went down I went home.'"

"BILL'S good letters click regularly," the editor said. "F. Harvey Morse, of Elmhurst, N. Y., has the wrong idea about this column, I'm afraid. He says: 'To begin with I want to tell you I feel like a fool, writing to *The American Boy* Office Pup, but for lack of something better I will proceed. Your magazine is swell, and all that, but of course I couldn't say anything else or I wouldn't get your supercolossal portrait.'"

"He *has* got the wrong idea. We're not looking for back-slaps on this page. What we want is interesting letters—whether they like the magazine or not, or even mention the magazine—doesn't have anything to do with getting quoted."

"Morse doesn't like the Claudy stories. He does like Tod Moran, Hide-rack, Johnny Ames; and Robb White and Litten stories."

"TED LEPON, of Cleveland Heights, Ohio, liked the article 'How Footballs Are Made'—says it contains more good cracks than the sidewalk in front of his house—and he's hot under the collar because we didn't tell who wrote it. Well, the author was Franklin M. Reck, managing editor of the magazine, and where he got such goofy ideas I don't know.

"Lepon is an amateur cartoonist rapidly losing his amateur standing, and he passes on a hint to others with drawing talent. You can draw posters for school dances, and cartoon signs for barber shops, shoe stores, drug stores and other such places. 'It's lots of fun,' he says, 'and it brings spare cash to fill up those holes in the ole pocket.' A picture of Lepon waging a losing battle against a lawn mower is elsewhere on the page."

Pluto shuffled through the letters. Suddenly his face brightened.

"What's up?" the editor asked.

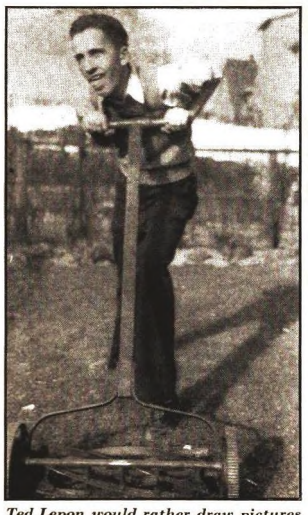
"Boss, where is Boulder Dam?"

"It's in Nevada, of course."

"I believe you looked it up since you wrote the Alaska Cruise article in the November issue," the Pup accused. "In that article you said it was in Colorado, and Kenneth Down, of Las Vegas, Nevada—which is just thirty miles from Boulder Dam—got pretty riled about it, although he admits he likes the magazine fine, otherwise."

"What I meant," the editor explained elaborately, "was that Boulder Dam was on the Colorado River."

Now's the time for all good men to come to the aid of Pluto. He wants to know what kind of stories you like, and anything about yourself that you care to say. Just write him thus: Pluto, The American Boy Office Pup, 7430 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.



Ted Lepon would rather draw pictures than push lawn mowers.

The Mystery of the Mallards

by

Thomson Burtis

and

Inspector Frank J. Ellis

A smashing story of immigration undercover work

Hal's shot at the motor had winged the pilot. The motor died and the nose dropped.

AT ONE MINUTE after 9 A.M., Donn Kelly, brand-new immigration inspector, was sitting in the still unfamiliar office he was sharing with Hal Peters, another very new inspector. Hal had not arrived. Donn, in civilian clothes, was occupying his time in gazing at his shiny new badge. There were a lot of reasons why this youngster who looked barely eighteen had graduated from the border patrol to his present station. Donn was thinking of them now.

Everything led back to his father. Not that Donn owed his new position to favoritism, to the mere fact that he was the son of Regional Director Kelly. But the wise, keen elder Kelly had trained his son himself in observation of events and understanding of men, had provided the tutoring that enabled Donn to speak five languages fluently, and had given him a trip around the world to learn certain special things and meet certain special people. To all these things and more Donn owed his new position, and he knew it.

The telephone broke in on his thoughts. Motherly Mrs. Dawes, the operator on the sixth floor, was calling him. The widow of an inspector who had died on duty, Mrs. Dawes had known Donn for years.

"Somebody wants an official," she chuckled. "How do you feel about your first call, Inspector?"

"I'm not too busy," Donn said solemnly. Then: "Inspector Kelly talking."

"I'm John Evans. Got a ranch on the Alero pike five miles south o' Harwell," came a nasal twang over the wire. "Remember that storm we had last night? Well, some fine-lookin' airplane must o' had a forced landin' around daybreak. Anyways, it's settin' in a field about half a mile from my house, and there ain't hide nor hair of anybody to be seen. Now I figger that—"

"Thanks. We'll be out to take a look," Donn said quietly. "Now just where do you live?"

After patiently extracting the information and persuading the excited rancher to hang up, Donn telephoned the inspector in charge. He was talking with him when hungry-looking Hal Peters lounged in.

"Sure, Donn. Go out and take a look," the chief said genially. "Take Hal with you."

The lean, gangling Peters listened limply to Donn's story. He always seemed bored, but Donn had never known him to miss a trick when the going got tough.

"Rainstorm, ship went bad, pilot went out to the road and thumbed a ride on some milk wagon to get supplies," Hal drawled. "Sending one inspector out is ridiculous enough. But to waste a second, especially a man of my caliber—"

"Ever since I've known you, your ambition has been to be a man who does nothing," Donn grinned.

"That's a dream I had when I was young and foolish," Hal corrected him mournfully. "Now I just want to be the assistant of a man who does nothing. Well, let's get it over with."

Bowling along through a golden California morning, the twenty-five-year-old Hal, who looked older, and the twenty-one-year-old Donn, who looked younger, were silent as only friends can be silent. The orphaned Hal had been like a foster son to Kelly senior and an older brother to Donn. He was in the service for that reason. But Donn was senior to him as inspector by one day, and senior to him by much more than that because of his lifelong training.

They were noticeably dissimilar in appearance. Hal was six feet one, and so thin he looked taller. Donn was five feet eleven, but his body was so compact and perfectly proportioned that he seemed almost small until one stood alongside him.

He was a step ahead when they left the car at the Evans ranch, and goat-bearded little John Evans, coming out to meet them, regarded him disapprovingly.

"Young, ain't yuh?" he barked.

"But willing," Donn smiled serenely. "Where's the ship?"

As Evans pattered along with them, his tongue twanged incessantly. There was tracks leadin' from that plane, and if yuh asked him there was a lot of heathen Chinese workin' around on ranches that had no right in this country, and he figgered—

Donn and Hal allowed him to figger to his heart's content while they walked carefully around the shining new Wahlberg plane. Both young inspectors were silent and intent. Donn's gray eyes studied the tracks on the damp ground. Quite a number of men had got out of that plane. He looked at the rear cockpit. The seats had been removed—more men could be packed in if they all stood.

"One of 'em smoked Luckland cigarettes. That's a clue," Hal remarked sardonically.

The footprints led away from the plane. Donn started walking alongside them, studying them with an all-absorbed concentration. Hal took the other side of the footprints. Evans followed.

Presently Donn stooped and picked up the butt of another Luckland cigarette, a hundred yards from the plane. They went over a fence. In the next field the men had walked abreast, instead of single file. There were six separate sets of prints. Donn and Hal merely nodded at each other. The trail led on through an orange grove. Suddenly Donn stooped again and picked up a curiously shaped cone of paper. In silent, suppressed excitement, he held it up.

Illustrator: GRATTAN CONDON

"Do tell!" Hal said with pleased surprise, and joined Donn in inspecting it.

"Got somethin'?" squeaked Evans.

"This is the way Orientals roll cigarettes," Hal explained, blandly instructive. "Like a funnel, see? This little end goes in their mouth—no tobacco in it."

Donn was heading on. The other two followed, with Evans looking half triumphant, half awed.

Then Donn pounced on another cigarette butt. He motioned and Hal came up to study the label on the warped stub.

"Mallard," he said. "New one on me."

"English cigarette," Donn said slowly. "Special brand, sold in two or three of the best clubs in London."

On he went, the butt in his pocket. They found other funnel-shaped bits of paper, some more Lucklands—and then they came to a thick grove of eucalyptus where all but one of the men had evidently stayed hidden. There were three more Mallard butts there, at least a dozen little funnels—and no Lucklands.

"The American pilot went somewhere to phone," Donn said. "The Chinese stayed hidden."

"But who smokes Mallards?" inquired Hal.

"That's what I'd like to know," Donn said absently. "You go back with Mr. Evans, get the number of the ship, telephone the office, and have it traced. Then get a pair of overalls and be a country boy interested in aviation if the pilot shows up. He had to telephone from somewhere for transportation. I'll find out where."

Hal nodded, and he and Evans started back.

Donn took up the dim trail of the Luckland smoker. It hit the macadam highway, and was lost, but the footprints had angled southward to the road. Walking south, Donn found the first house locked; there was no one around the little ranch. Donn went on and in the next two hours he covered every house within the radius of a mile, asking whether a stranger had wanted to use the phone early that morning. No, not at any of those places. Donn started back to the locked house. And all the while he was wondering:

"Who, mixed up in a bunch of Chinese, smokes one of the most expensive foreign cigarettes in the world?"

He reached the little ranch and this time, as he entered the yard, he saw a Luckland cigarette butt. It was only half smoked. That had been a characteristic of the butts left by the nervous smuggler.

A middle-aged, lantern-jawed man in overalls came around the corner of the house. From scraggly mustache to liquor-laden breath, he was as run-down as his ranch.

Sure. A man had telephoned. Fifteen-cent call. He didn't know the number he had called. Donn had it from the telephone company within five minutes. The rancher hung around uneasily while Donn called the office and gave the number for investigation.

At the other end of the wire, the chief said crisply, "Just a minute. I think that's the number of the new little airport we've traced the ship to. . . . Yes, that's it."

"See you soon," Donn said casually, to cut off further conversation, and hung up. He turned to the run-down rancher. "I want to pay you for that call. Got change for a ten?" And he held out the bill.

The rancher took a roll of bills from his pocket—several tens and some fives.

"Never mind. I just found some change," Donn said, giving him fifteen cents. Then, abruptly, he demanded, "How much did that pilot give you to keep your mouth shut about the Chinese he loaded in cars down the road a piece?"

The rancher sputtered nervously, his eyes craven.

"You've just got yourself a bottle to celebrate. How much did he give you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about! I—"

"Talk, or you're under arrest as an accessory!" Donn flashed his badge. "How much?"

"I don't know nothin'. Git out o' my house or—"

"How much?" Donn stepped closer. "Quick!"

The rancher tried to stare back defiantly, but fear flickered in his face. He shuddered convulsively, and gulped. "Fifty bucks," he mumbled. Then broke into shrill pleading, "It wasn't none of my business! I ain't done nothin'! But I been broke and I—"

Donn changed his tactics. He spoke reassuringly, calming the man. "You stay right here," he wound up. "I'll be back soon."

Swinging out of the house, he walked back to the eucalyptus grove where the contraband Chinese—and the man who smoked Mallards—had been hidden. He searched for tracks beside the highway and found them. The men had been loaded into cars right there where the run-down rancher could see them plainly.

He returned to the house and strode into the cluttered living room after a preliminary knock. The rancher looked up uneasily.

"Well?" he blurted.

"How many Chinese were there?" Donn asked.

"Five."

"And the pilot and another American or an Englishman."

"No, sir! Just the five Chinks and this here pilot! I seen 'em and I swear that's every one of 'em!"

A half hour of steady questioning failed to shake his story. He stuck to his count of five Chinese and no extra white man, and said that the Chinese had been loaded into the baggage compartments of two new sedans.

When Donn finally started back to the Evans ranch, his trained mind was focused on two things. The first was that, with an expensive new ship and good new cars, this smuggling ring looked new—and big. The second was that the man who smoked Mallards was either a very important Chinese indeed, or a faked one—and if a white man disguised as a Chinese, he was probably far more dangerous than a hundred of the usual stealthy border crossers.

At the Evans ranch, an excited Mrs. Evans let him in and told him where the telephone was. As he was about to pick up the receiver he saw Hal, in overalls, Mr. Evans, and a stranger in flying clothes walking toward the house.

"I'm your nephew," he told Mrs. Evans quickly. "Go out and tell your husband that."

Then he got the office. "Look up the report on all Europeans now in Mexico, and see how many privileged-class Britishers there are. See you later."

Evans and his wife, Hal, and a grinning, fair-haired young man came in as he hung up. The flyer had a button nose, a Norwegian accent, and an amazingly shy, sunny smile.

"Promised Larson here a piece o' your apple pie, Mother!" announced Evans. "Larson, this here's my nephew—er—Tom Ralston."

The little rancher was bursting with importance, his big wife was twitching with nervousness, and Hal was silently enjoying the situation. Donn set out to make himself likable, and soon had the attractively homely Norwegian talking freely. After describing how he had been shot down while flying for the United States in the war, Larson went on:

"Then I become picture pilot, see? My golly! A dozen times I almost break my neck, and starve to death too! Yah. Then I get my bonus and what do I do? First I get married. Yah. Then I make payments on a house and a car. Then the baby come along. Yah. Now I got nothing but my wife and my baby, and a little job to keep us from starving. Funny, ain't it? Yah."

He chuckled, but there was the shadow of tragedy in his clear gray eyes.

For a long moment Donn lost his taste for his job. And after Larson had taken off in his repaired plane and the two young inspectors were driving back to town, Hal remarked:

"Sometimes this job smells bad, doesn't it?"

"It isn't the job you smell," Donn said shortly. "It's the traps people stumble into, good guys like Larson. The law's got to smash the traps before a lot of Larsons get hurt."

"Yeah." But Hal's lean face was somber.

He was as attentive as Donn during the meeting in the chief's office, and listened alertly when the chief stood up and snapped out his conclusions.

"It's a new ring with plenty of money. There were two other new Wahlbergs out last night, and probably twenty contraband foreigners were safely delivered in Chinatown this morning. Hal, you go through on undercover work at the pasture lot they call an airport. Donn, you fly down to Tia Juana, see why our undercover men there have fallen down, and supervise ferreting out an entirely new setup. I'll rush you down the list of Europeans. Get going! These fellows are fast workers, and if your Mallard cigarette hunch is right, there's no telling how many high-class criminals are paying small fortunes to get in here!"

"You'd think that type would use forged passports," Hal remarked.

"They've finally got wise to how many cute tricks there are in the way we doll up papers," snapped the chief. "But any man willing to go through the Chinese underground to get in here must have very important reasons for coming."

"And a mighty bad record that prevents him from getting in under his own power," Donn put in. "So long, Hal. I'm on my way."

He delayed his packing only long enough to telephone his father, recuperating in a San Francisco hospital. He explained his mission, they joked a little, and then said a carefully casual good-by. *(Cont. on page 33)*

Donn's gray eyes studied the tracks on the ground. Quite a number of men had got out of that plane.

Presenting:
Six-Man All-Americans

These are the spark plugs of six-man football's biggest year!

by **Stephen Epler**

Inventor of Six-Man Football

The Line

Clayton Wynne
Hulbert, Ark.
End

Elmer Hoffman
Gillett, Wis.
Center

Joe Birt
Prescott, Iowa
End

Hubert Johnson
Hudson, S. Dak.
End

Morris Williams
Egeland, N. Dak.
Center

The Backfield

Max Nunn
Davidson, Okla.
Quarter

Houstan Spear
Tallahassee, Fla.
Half

Erwin Sweet
Hardy, Neb.
Full

Yokichi Itoh
Three Forks, Mont.
Back

Wallace Bailey
North Bend, Wash.
Back

WALTER CAMP, father of American football, for years selected football's All-American team annually. Most football fans knew about his All-American selections but few knew that in 1880 Camp succeeded in having the number of players on a football team reduced from fifteen to eleven and that he urged teams to play with even fewer players when they couldn't get eleven players together.

In his "Book of College Sports," back in 1889, Walter Camp said: "Many times the sport is not undertaken because it is not possible to be sure of twenty-two men. Now this is a great mistake; for even if short six men almost all the plays can be effected and the sport be just as enjoyable and equally good practice."

The success of six-man football verifies Camp's statement. In 1934, four small high schools in Nebraska attempted to play football with ten less players on the field and found it even better than Walter Camp predicted. In a span of three years six-man football has spread to more than a thousand schools from Maine to California, and from Washington to Florida.

THE AMERICAN BOY is honoring 130 of the outstanding six-man football players of the high schools of America. The first ten are awarded gold footballs, the next twenty are given silver medals and the remaining hundred receive All-American certificates of merit.

The small high schools that play interscholastic six-man football have an average enrollment of 38 boys. The average squad size is 14, which means that nearly two-fifths of the boys in these high schools are playing football under competent supervision. Presenting the First Ten:

Clayton Wynne

Left end, age 17, 6' 3", 198 pounds, junior, Hulbert, Ark. Coach: H. N. Rowland.

Clayton was recognized as the outstanding six-man football player in Arkansas by all who saw him play. Towering three inches above six feet and lacking only two pounds of being in the 200-pound class, he was an excellent pass receiver, a deadly tackler and a sure blocker. Even though the Marion team, 1936 champs, assigned two men to cover him, Wynne caught 13 out of 14 passes to bring victory and the championship to Hulbert. His leadership helped weld the team into an efficient football machine. Clayton is a "B" student and a leader in student activities.

Elmer Hoffman

Center, age 17, 5' 11", 161 pounds, senior, Gillett, Wis. Coach: Tom Lindow.

Elmer's center passes were accurate. He carried the team with his fiery spirit, was a hard tackler and good place kicker. He blocked eight punts and recovered two for touchdowns. Elmer lives on a farm, walks four miles to school, finds time to play in the band, play basketball and track, be class president, earn "A" grades and help with the farm work.

Joe Birt

Right end, age 17, 6', 160 pounds, senior, Prescott, Iowa. Coach: W. C. Schulz.

Joe's pass-snagging ability together with his superb play in other departments of the game gives him a place on the All-American elevenette. Joe scored 24 points on passes in two games and carried the ball on end around plays for long gains and touchdowns. His sure tackling was feared by all opponents. At crucial times Joe was the spark plug that inspired his team to maintain their victorious record. His brilliant blocking was responsible for many gains. Joe plays basketball, edits the high school paper, and is a *(Continued on page 25)*

Coach Daniel Lewis Hoffer

Tumbling *With* Champions

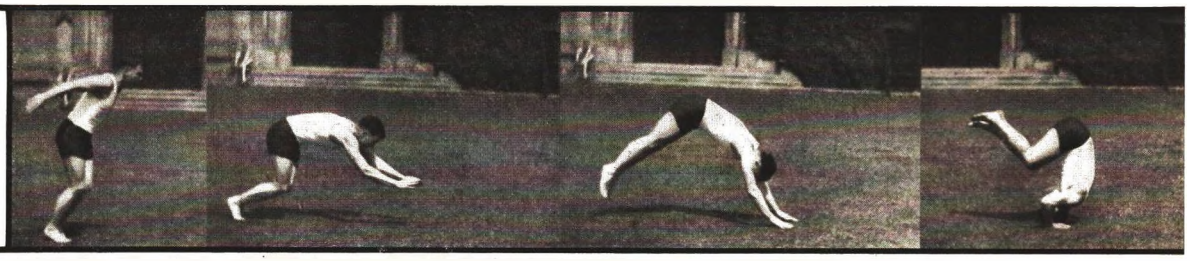
by James Sterling Ayars

Photographs taken for THE AMERICAN BOY by Bell & Howell. H. A. Wilde, photographer

Here's an answer to that hankering to do something with your carcass besides slouching it in an overstuffed chair. You won't be Hot Stuff at first; tumbling takes a little talent and a lot of hard work. So don't start off by trying a row of back handsprings ending in a full-twister front somersault. Get yourself in shape, then work on fundamentals. Your teachers are experts, stars of Daniel L. Hoffer's championship University of Chicago gymnastic team. They're Bob Scanlan and Ed Nordhaus, daring young men without any trapeze.

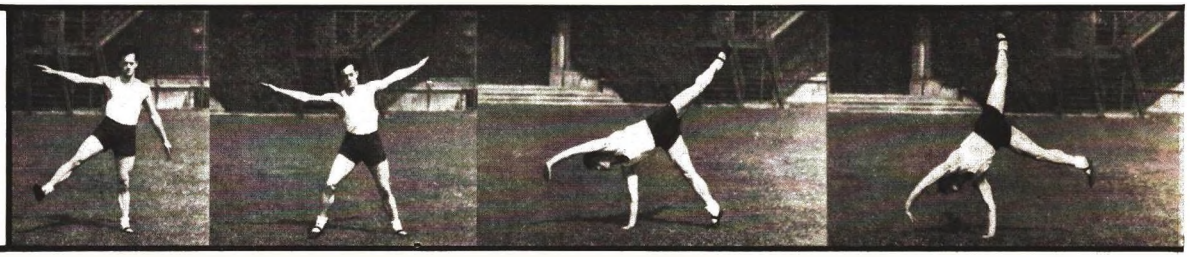
Although the movements go straight across from one side of the double spread to the other, each page has its own captions. Read all of a caption on this page before going to opposite page.

FRONT SOMERSAULT



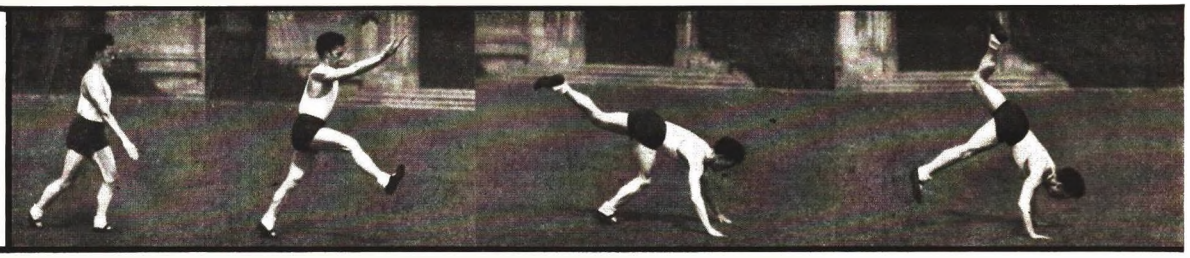
Bob Scanlan shows you how to do a simple front somersault. You'll see that grace is half of tumbling. Scanlan leans forward like a diver, watching the spot where he'll land. He dives, with toes pointed and arms bent to absorb shock. His head is pulled in, his

SIMPLE CARTWHEEL



This is the cartwheel done properly, not back-yard style. Ed Nordhaus gets balanced, then raises his right leg, shifts his weight smoothly to his right, and starts rolling like the spokes of the wheel he's imitating. Speed isn't important—keeping in a verticle plane is.

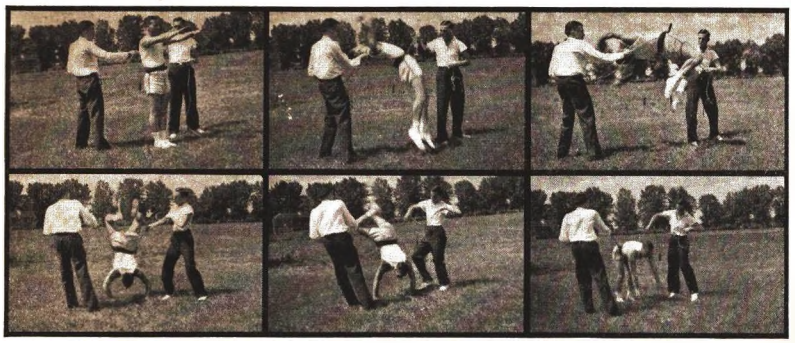
FRONT HANDSPRING



The front handspring is mainly balance plus arm power and momentum. Ed Nordhaus takes one step, but you may need more. He starts off as if he's going to do a handstand. Notice how his arms are bent for the big push. Just when the body passes the

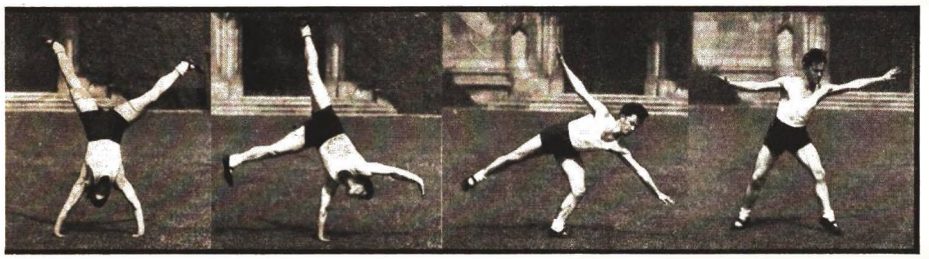
BACK SOMERSAULT

Nordhaus makes a back somersault look easy. He throws his head back and shoves off, with his back smoothly arched. Then the legs are drawn over rapidly, and centrifugal force keeps him aloft. He spins backward with his hips as an axis. He grasps his knees



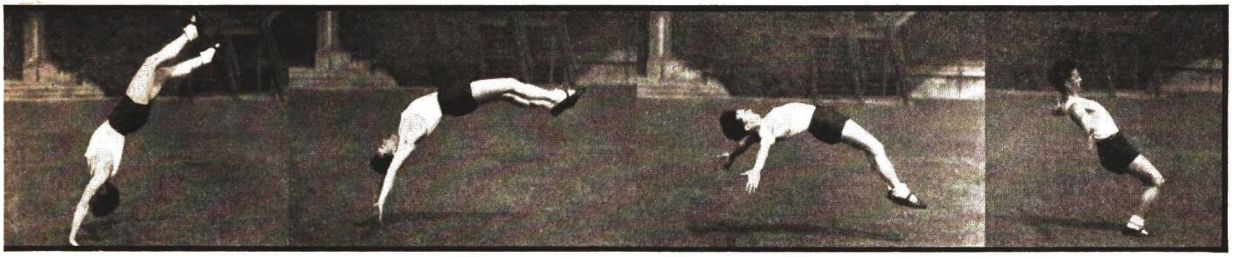
The sport-equipment companies' gift to the beginner is the practice belt. Using one of them, Jack Boswell, high-school footballer, tries a back-something. His husky helpers and the belt avert an unhappy landing.

arms ease him to the ground, and he begins to roll. You'll notice that only the hands make more than a fleeting contact with the ground. By tucking—grasping his ankles—he speeds up the roll.



Halfway through the maneuver, Nordhaus is verticle, with arms and legs straight. Nordhaus keeps that old wagon wheel a-turnin' with not one jerky degree in the whole three hundred and sixty.

Ed Nordhaus does a handstand in the best possible form.



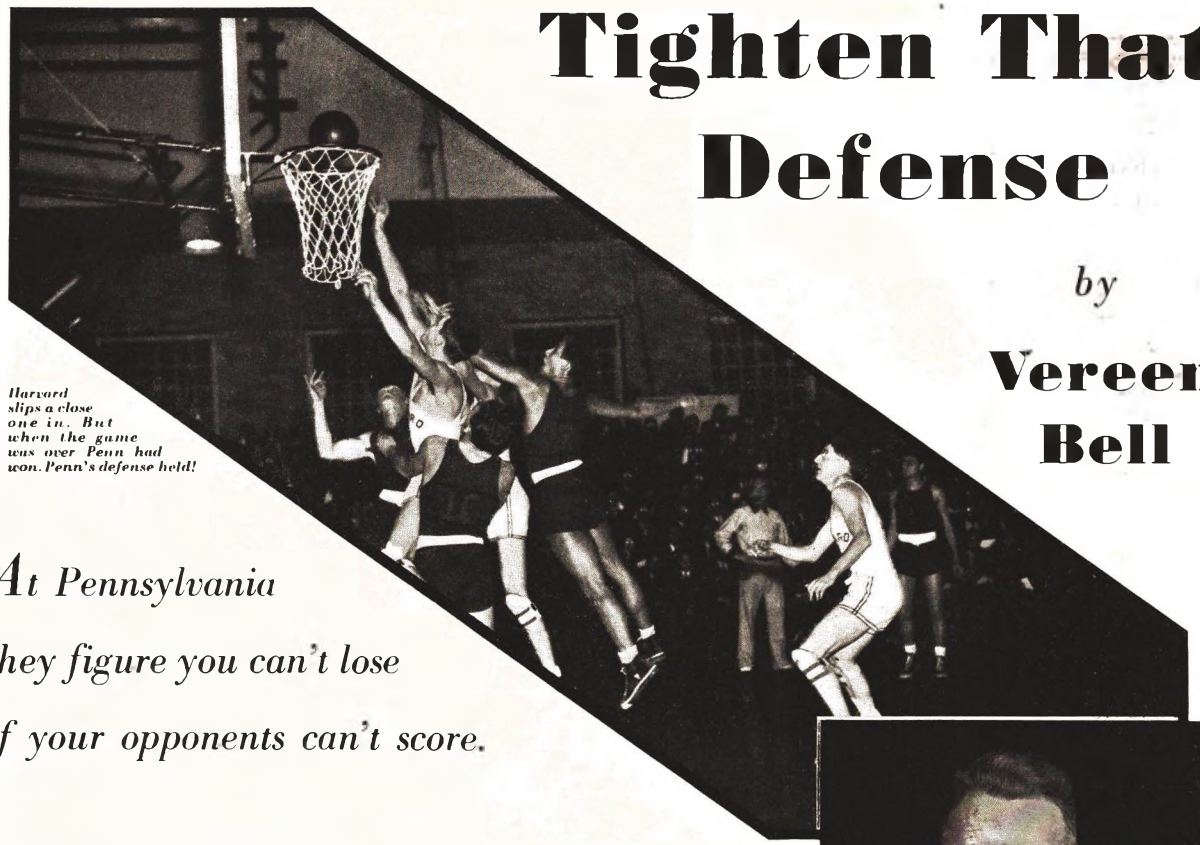
verticle comes the shove-off. The use of power doesn't prevent Nordhaus from maintaining a graceful arc that ends only when he's on his feet. In landing, you'll keep your balance better if you look straight ahead instead of at the ground.

in a tuck that helps prolong the momentum. Nordhaus lands, legs bent to take the shock. At right he shows how *not* to start the back somersault. Weight too far forward, muscles cramped, ungraceful.

Tighten That Defense

by

Vereen Bell



Harvard slips a close one in. But when the game was over Penn had won. Penn's defense held!

At Pennsylvania they figure you can't lose if your opponents can't score.

THAT was a wild night in the Palestra. Six thousand Alumni Day basketball fans watched Penn battle Princeton on the glistening floor of Pennsylvania's famous court. The game was to be the last in league play for both teams. Penn, the new champion, was fighting for an undefeated league record. And Princeton had a healthy urge to see that Penn didn't get it.

In the first two minutes after the second half, Princeton led 14-13. That looked bad for Penn. The half over and Penn still trailing! What kind of championship team was this?

Both teams score. The count moves to 17-all. And then business picks up. Hanger sinks a flashy side-court shot for Penn. His teammate and co-captain, Murray, barges down the court, dives into the melee, and emerges with the ball, which he promptly flips through the basket. Penn gets four more points when Menzel and Dougherty join in the fun. In no time the score has leaped to 25-17! From then on Penn's lead is never threatened. The game ends 44-30—and Penn accomplishes the feat of going through a league season undefeated. Few basketball teams do that.

For a while, Princeton seemed to have a good chance for victory. Then something happened. What was it?

We remember suddenly that Penn seems to have a habit of coming from behind to win. Against Dartmouth, Penn trailed 9-13 at the half—and came back to win 34-22. Against Yale, before 10,000 spectators jammed into Penn's million-dollar field house, Penn trailed 15-18 at the half—and came back to win 33-30. Against Georgia Tech, Penn scored her winning point in the last thirty seconds of the game—score: 31-30.

Is Penn a last-half team because they're slow starters, or because they don't put out until they have to—or what? Simply this: Penn is a defensive team, and deliberately so. Whereas other teams work on the premise that you can't win if you don't score, Lon Jourdet's team knows that you can't lose if your opponents don't score.

Lon Jourdet has had some little success with this defensive strategy of his. Let us, as they say, look at the record. In 1913 Lon Jourdet was captain of Penn's basketball team — and incidentally, varsity end on the football team. In 1914 he returned to coach the basketball team. From then until 1920 Penn won four Eastern Intercollegiate League championships, or four out of six. Jourdet left Penn, and returned as head coach in 1930. In 1933 Penn again won the league championship. They won it also the next year. In 1935-36, Penn was second in the league. And they won the title in 1936-37 for the third time in four years — and without losing a league game!

Here's the University of Pennsylvania basketball team that won the Eastern Intercollegiate League championship without losing a single league game! Back row, left to right, Menzel, Mischo, Einziger, Hanger, Coach Jourdet, Murray, Dougherty, Steinman. Front row, Kozloff, Brickley, Hauze, Englblom, Stanley, Barrett, Centino.

Basketball coaches don't entirely agree with the theories of Coach Lon Jourdet of Penn. But they dread to meet his teams.

So Jourdet's system is evidently worth investigating. Probably Jourdet's first notable contribution to college basketball came in 1916. Defense, in those days, was somewhat different. Every man played his opponent from basket to basket, which called for something extra in the way of stamina.

One day Coach Jourdet invited Greystock, a crack pro team, out to scrimmage with Penn. The pro team ran the Penn boys ragged. Jourdet sat with his chin on his fist and watched. Then an idea came to him. He called the team in.

"Listen," he said. "Let's try something. When you lose the ball, drop back to home territory and wait. When they come down, pick up your man."

Jourdet admits that the system didn't bewilder the pros. But Penn's defense did improve a little—enough for the coach to suspect that he had stumbled onto something.

For weeks afterward they worked on that five-man defense. It wasn't long before Jourdet *knew* he had something. And he proceeded to demonstrate, at the expense of rivals who *(Continued on page 24)*

"Are you willing to sign a sworn affidavit that it is the genuine bill of sale for this pistol?"

Connie Morgan Breaks a Case

by

James B. Hendryx

Illustrator: FRANK VAUGHN

"AND NOW, Connie," smiled Inspector Jack Cartwright the morning after the arrest of Pierre Beaulieu for stealing Paul Leduc's traps, "how does it feel to be back on the force, again?"

"Back on the force?" laughed the boy, from his seat on the counter of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post at Fort Norman. "Just helping on a couple of cases doesn't make me a policeman, does it?"

"No, son," replied the inspector. "I wish it did though. Living in the North as you have ever since you were a little shaver has given you a training we got only after we decided to become policemen."

"Yeah, Jack Cartwright," piped up Old Man Mattie, "but you don't need to think jist 'cause me an' Connie jumped in an' done Joneses' jobs fer him that we're in the police agin—not by a dang sight, we ain't! We're too dang busy to fool around with policin'!"

"What are you so busy at?" asked the inspector.

"Busy at! Cripes' sakes—we're busy goin' places—that's what! Look at the places we ain't be'n!"

"Where?" grinned the inspector.

"Where! How in the heck do I know where? How kin anyone know what's where he ain't be'n to? That's why we're goin' there. If you police would use yer head, like me an' Connie does, you wouldn't be askin' all them fool questions."

"Hold on!" laughed the inspector. "What I meant by Connie's being back on the force is this: you two are headed upriver to Simpson. So am I. It's more than three hundred miles of upriver paddling—and I'm saddled with two prisoners, Kemper and Beaulieu. I'm appointing Connie special constable to accompany me upriver with the prisoners. I thought maybe he'd help me out."

"Why, course we'll help you out!" exclaimed the oldster. "Like I claim—if you police would use yer head, you'd know dang well we'd help you. Yer a better man than Jones, ain't you?"

"Well—I hope so," grinned the inspector.

"Then don't it stand to reason that if we'd help a dang cuss like Jones we'd help you? You jist go ahead an' app'int us special constable, an' we'll git yer prisoners up to Simpson fer you without losin' hardly any of 'em."

When Connie had been sworn in as a special constable, Inspector Cartwright turned to him: "Beaulieu is a good riverman. I'll take him with me and slip the cuffs off him so he can paddle the bow. We'll take all the duffel with us. You put Kemper amidships in your canoe, with Mattie paddling the bow and you the stern. Leave the cuffs on Kemper so he won't try any monkey business, like tipping the canoe over. He's a bad actor, and he knows that with the gold robbery and hooch-running we've got on him he's due for a long stretch. But he also knows that a manacled man can't swim for any distance; so he won't take any chances.

"Beaulieu won't start anything. He's shrewd enough to know that his theft of those traps won't draw him a very long sentence. And I'll inform him that any move to escape will draw a resisting-an-officer charge that will more than double his time."

Supplies for the trip were requisitioned and loaded into the inspector's canoe, the prisoners were brought from the fur loft where they had spent the night, and the outfit headed upriver.

On the tenth day out they landed at Fort Wrigley after an uneventful trip, to find Sergeant Rickey

impatient to start on his annual patrol to the eastward before the freeze-up.

"How's the rookie constable coming along?" asked the inspector.

"Good."

"Go ahead, then," said the inspector. "I'll send Corporal Smedley here when I get to Simpson."

Beginning at the big bend where the North Nahanni River flows into the Mackenzie from the west, a long chain of islands stretches for many miles upriver. Reaching the first of these islands, the outfit camped for the night.

The prisoners had not liked each other from the start. Kemper taunted Beaulieu with being a petty thief. The half-breed retorted by boasting of the short sentence he would receive, while Kemper must spend years in prison. Night after night this bickering went on, no one paying any attention to it.

It was at this island camp that Connie, lying awake in his blankets after the inspector and Old Man Mattie were asleep, heard Kemper boast that if he could get away, he'd pull out of the country and never do another tap of work in his life.

Next day he noticed a growing restlessness in Kemper. The man now began to grumble about being kept handcuffed while Beaulieu was allowed to go unfettered.

"You ain't got no right to keep a prisoner handcuffed in no canoe, nohow," grumbled the man. "S'pose the canoe would tip over? Where'd I be at, with my hands chained together?"

"The canoe won't tip over if you keep in the middle of it."

"Well, I know my rights — you don't dast to jipperdize no prisoner's life."

"You can take that up with the authorities when you get to Fort Saskatchewan," grinned the boy.

Along in the afternoon they passed an island upon which was a deserted and dilapidated log cabin, and the boy noticed that Kemper's eyes never left it until the canoe had passed. He noticed, too, that the man's attentions seemed riveted as closely on the next island, a narrow strip of land only a hundred yards long and sparsely sprinkled with scant spruce.

That night they camped on a larger island, and after supper the inspector filled his pipe and stretched out beside the fire, his shoulders resting on his packsack. Old Man Mattie and Connie disposed themselves comfortably, as did the prisoners, for it was yet too early to chain them to their tree for the night.

"Did you notice that island cabin six or eight miles back?" asked the inspector, as he sent a cloud of tobacco smoke to mingle with the smoke of the campfire.

"Yes," Connie answered.

"A man was murdered in that cabin, three years ago—and it's the only unsolved murder in this area since I've been in command."

"You may get him yet," said the boy.

Inspector Cartwright shook his head: "I'm afraid not," he said. "Three years is a long time, and we never did have much to go on, even at the start. This man Channing was living in that cabin while looking up oil leases. He was known to have a large sum, amounting to several thousand dollars in cash, which he carried in two wallets and a money belt on his person. I warned him of the danger of carrying so much cash, but he disregarded the warning with a laugh.

"Then along in August he received a new shipment of money from the States. It was sent in by special messenger, and was turned over to Channing in the presence of myself and Mr. Gaudet, at Fort Norman. The amount was thirty thousand dollars.

"That was the last time I ever saw him alive. Three weeks later some Indians setting fish nets found his body in that cabin on the island. I took personal charge of the case and we went over the ground carefully, time and again, in hope that the murderer had left some slight clue. But we learned nothing other than that Channing had been shot twice, once in the chest and again in the head. His money belt and a valuable watch were gone. We picked up everyone along the river for questioning, and checked their stories the best we could—not a very satisfactory job where men live as much alone as they do here in the outlands. We had to accept their alibis, for the most part, there being no evidence against them."

As the inspector talked, Connie watched the two prisoners out of his half-closed eyes. Beaulieu listened to the recital with interest. Kemper stared at the ground as if he only vaguely listened. When the officer had finished, Beaulieu spoke up:

"*Oui*, I'm know 'bout dat, me. P'lice git me. All tam talk—w'ere I'm go? W'ere I'm be'n? W'at kin' of gon I'm got? W'ere I'm git de money for buy de trap? I'm git so scare I'm ain' know w'ere I'm be'n, myself. I ain't keel M's'u Channing, an' you bet I'm glad w'en dey let me go."

The inspector grinned: "Yes, I remember." He turned to Kemper: "We picked you up too, I recall."

The man nodded. "Yeah. But you cops is fools if you think the one that got Channing's money would hang around the river. He'd git out of the country pronto, so he could spend it."

"You may be right," answered the inspector. "But we've kept a pretty good check on everyone who has left the river. The man who killed Channing is still around here."

"They prob'ly couldn't no one come in an' out by the river without bein' spotted," Kemper said. "But someone could of slipped in from the Yukon an' out—an' don't never think they couldn't."

"That's possible, of course, though not very probable. But if there is any such thing as the perfect crime, it looks like that one was it."

Connie shook his head doubtfully: "I don't believe there is any perfect crime," he said. "There's nothing a man can do, no matter how trivial, that doesn't leave a trail of some kind. Almost every criminal makes mistakes. The best part of it is that some mistake he makes years afterward may pin the crime on him as definitely as anything."

The inspector smiled: "I know where you learned that."

"Sure," answered the boy, "from that fingerprint and microscope expert that came up to instruct us last year. I believe it, too."

"Well," said the inspector, "these new-fangled scientific methods are fine, but they're kind of hard for us old fellows to catch on to. And as for mistakes—this murderer hasn't made many so far. But a murder case is never closed until there's a conviction."

He found the paddle and slipping the light craft into the water, began paddling noiselessly downstream.

At Fort Simpson, Connie was welcomed with open arms by Mrs. Cartwright and the two Cartwright children, with whom he and Old Man Mattie were great favorites. The oldster immediately began to regale them with wondrous tales of the adventures he and Connie had experienced in the Arctic.

With the two prisoners safely locked in their cells, Connie sat with the Cartwrights on the screened porch of their quarters, and gave a more authentic, if less colorful, account of the finding of Old Man Mattie's long-lost ship. When he had finished, the boy turned to the inspector:

"Why don't you turn Kemper loose?" he asked casually.

"Turn Kemper loose!" exclaimed the officer, eying the boy keenly. Then he added, with a smile, "You're joking, of course."

"No. I mean it."

"What? Here we've got one of the most vicious men in the whole North safely locked in a cell and you're suggesting that I turn him loose! In the first place—I have no authority to turn him loose. And if I had, I—"

"Let him escape then," interrupted the boy. "Don't do it till tomorrow night though. In the meantime Old Man Mattie an' I will slip back downriver. I'd kind of like to look over that cabin where that man Channing was murdered. That story interests me. I'd like to have a try at breaking the case."

The inspector raised his eyebrows. "Oh, I see. But what's Kemper got to do with it?"

"Kemper is the man who murdered Channing—I *think*," Connie said.

"Come, come!" exclaimed the inspector, just a suspicion of impatience in his tone. "How can you say that when you never heard of the case till the other night? I told you that we picked Kemper up and could pin absolutely nothing on him!"

"Maybe," Connie said, "the crime *was* perfect—for a while. But Kemper has made mistakes since then. An' if he makes just one more, we'll have him—an' Channing's money too."

"Nonsense!" But then he turned abruptly on the boy: "Go ahead—I'll listen while you get this harebrained scheme out of your system."

"During the whole distance from Norman to Wrigley," Connie said, "an' until we hit that chain of islands at the big bend, Kemper was perfectly content to sit in the bottom of the canoe without complaining. One night I heard him tell Beaulieu that if he could get away he'd leave this country forever, an' wouldn't have to work any more—in other words, he had money. I didn't pay any attention to it, figuring he was only tryin' to impress Beaulieu. I didn't know about Channing then. *(Continued on page 28)*

The Mayor *of* Bridgeport

by **Gilbert A. Lathrop**

"But Meester Road-amast'," cried Jose in anguish, "I been on duty over twenty-four hours without rest—" "Anyone but a blind man would have seen a lipped rail," the road-master snapped.

Illustrator: ALBIN HENNING

THEY arrived late. All the way from Mosca to Sage a downpour had raged at engine 866. It had streamed over the cab windows, obscured vision and forced Engineer Square Jaw Davis to peer into the night with his head outside. And then it had slashed into his bulldog face.

To young Chuck Herman, Square Jaw's fireman, it had been almost equally vicious. It had kept him down in the deck shoveling coal. His back ached and his grin was tight.

Square Jaw grumbled as they stowed their gear in lockers and splashed across the yard to the lunch counter. Inside it was warm, and they ate ham and eggs and drank coffee slowly, drying out. They'd finished and had been sitting there waiting, saying nothing and hoping the rain would let up, when the deep-throated steamboat whistle at the boiler house blared out.

Chuck jerked erect. He strained forward to count the whistle blasts. One . . . two . . . three . . . he waited, tense. Would it be four, that most dreaded of all railroad signals—call for the wrecking crew? Then it came, mournfully vibrant. Slowly it died into the storm-drenched dawn.

Square Jaw eyed Chuck questioningly as they hurried outside. In the crashes of lightning men were running toward the wrecking cars. Chuck's mind flashed over grisly pictures—a long string of cars crumpled in the canyon, an engine crew jammed against a hot firebox.

"Wonder who's in th' ditch?" said Square Jaw, low voiced.

Chuck shook his head. "There was a fruit train following us out of Mosca."

"They'd be turnin' a high wheel," said Square Jaw.

Chuck stepped into the rain. Running toward them was the night foreman. "Hey, you fellers." Panting heavily, he pulled up beside them. "You've got to take out th' wrecker."

"Who's in th' ditch?"

"Extra, twelve four, fruiter, nosed into a mud slide in th' canyon an' turned over."

"Who's hurt?" Square Jaw's voice was almost a whisper.

"Fireman broke his leg when he jumped. Engineer didn't get a scratch. Head brakeman shook up some."

Square Jaw wiped at his forehead. Great relief seemed to have fallen over him. "That's good." He became suddenly irritated. "What's th' half-witted idea, makin' Chuck an' me double back with th' wrecker?"

"You're all I got. Main line's got to be cleared to traffic."

Square Jaw scowled and clamped his lips together tight so his chin came toward his nose. He grunted and set off for the 66. "Get goin'."

A swift story of rough-weather railroading and a loyalty that wouldn't accept any discharge

They wheeled out of Sage twenty minutes later. Rain poured down from a dirty gray sky. Behind the 866 were a tool car, a block car, a bunk car for the wrecking crew, a dining car and the "big hook" or wrecking crane. Stuck in the notch cut in the throttle stand were Square Jaw's orders. One of them instructed extra 866 to pick up all section men between Sage and mile post 458, scene of the derailment. Square Jaw had scowled even deeper than usual when he read that one.

Since the section houses were spaced about every eight miles Square Jaw had to stop several times while gangs of tool-laden men climbed aboard. At Drywash, last sidetrack before they reached the wreck, Square Jaw set the big hook on the siding and ran his engine around and nosed into it. Only one more section crew remained to be picked up. They were now deep in the canyon where towering walls of granite loomed bleakly above the track, where the crookedest part of the division lay.

With the big hook ahead of the locomotive Square Jaw proceeded cautiously. He rounded a sweeping left-hand curve and closed his throttle. Ahead the Bridgeport section house sat against the cliffs. Square Jaw blasted three longs followed by three shorts on his whistle—the call for section men. The door opened and out hobbled a squat little man with shoulders wide enough for anyone six feet tall. He was followed by eight children stair-stepping from the young-

est. As he hurried toward the engine, the little man, a shade under five feet, clamped a wide-brimmed sombrero on his head. Chuck laughed at his appearance. He looked, he thought, like a big hat moving of its own volition. He had been called "Big Hat" by the railroad boys until some wag had hit on a better name. Now he was "Mayor of Bridgeport."

"Mornin', Mayor," hailed Chuck.

The Mayor pulled off his hat. "Morning, Meester Chuck," he greeted. Then the words tumbled out anxiously. "The wreck? Where ees he? Ees anyone hurt?"

"Fireman got a broken leg is all, Mayor," said Chuck.

The Mayor brightened instantly. His white teeth flashed. "Ah, that ees not so bad, then."

"Don't stand there like a plumb idiot!" bawled Square Jaw. "This is a wreckin' outfit, not a sightseein' tour!"

"But yes, Meester Square Jaw," said the Mayor. His hat flopped back on his head and he loped toward the tool house.

Square Jaw faced his fireman with smouldering eyes. "Looks like yuh'd keep them furriners in their places, 'stead of gettin' chummy with 'em."

"But everybody likes the Mayor, Square Jaw. He's a real character. And," a little heatedly, "I haven't seen you refuse the cigars he gives you every time he has a chance."

"It'ud suit me if he'd lay off that cigar givin'. I don't like him, never will. Givin' him, a danged furriner, an annual pass like he was somebody, an' him flaggin' us about every trip to ride to Sage after a loaf of bread. Makin' me stop an' pick him up—" The enormity of the Mayor's offenses overwhelmed Square Jaw. He slapped the throttle open and stared angrily ahead.

Chuck turned his back, crossed the cab and put his head out the window. His shoulders heaved convulsively. Mustn't let Square Jaw see him laughing now. But it was a joke the way Square Jaw blew up every time the Mayor flagged him, made him stop his passenger train and pick him up when he wanted to go into Sage for groceries and supplies. Square Jaw took it as a personal affront—this squat Mexican making him stop a hundred-thousand-dollar string of varnish so he could ride it.

They rumbled across the curved bridge, a wooden structure over a usually dry arroyo. Water gurgled under it now. The rain still came down soddenly. Not far ahead they found the wreck. The 1204 had plowed toward the river, drive wheels in the air. It would be a nasty job righting her.

Square Jaw halted. The Mayor came grunting into the cab, pulled off his hat with one hand, offered Square Jaw a cigar with the other. In his eyes was the affectionate expression of a good dog. "Meester Square Jaw," grinned the Mayor. "I forget to give you thees at Bridgeport."

Square Jaw started rumbling deep in his throat. He made no move to accept the token. "Listen, Jose," he clipped, eyebrows standing above his eyes like little horns, "yuh can't afford to be buyin' me cigars when yuh got eight kids to support. Next place I don't smoke 'em. I smoke a pipe. Put it back in your pocket an' don't offer me any more!"

Had Square Jaw deliberately kicked the little section foreman in the face he could not have hurt him more. He dropped the cigar in the deck, pulled his sombrero on his head and slunk from the cab.

"That was rotten, Square Jaw." Chuck's voice was full of disgust. "The Mayor got more kick out of giving you cigars than anything in his life."

"I don't care," shouted Square Jaw at the top of his lungs. "I want nothin' from that furriner. It makes me mad every time he flags me at Bridgeport!"

Chuck stuck his head out the window. Cold rain spattered on his bare neck. He watched the Mayor begin packing ties from the block car. There was strength, plenty of it, in that squat frame. He swung the hundred-and-fifty-pound ties easily on his wide shoulders.

Square Jaw and Chuck returned to Sage about noon that day. The last thing Chuck saw as they slowly backed away from the wreck was the Mayor, working like a well-kept machine. Chuck knew the little man would have to keep working until the wreck was picked up and the main line ready for traffic again. The sixteen-hour law did not affect section men.

They were called on time the day following. While they waited for orders in Sage the wrecking outfit came chuffing in from the west, towing the battered 1204.

The roadmaster came up below the cab. "I want to ride out to post four fifty-eight with you. Let me drop off there."

"Yuh'll have a chance. I'll be slowed to a bare walk," said Square Jaw.

The conductor handed Square Jaw his orders, and number 7, passenger train, pulled out.

They made running time to Bridgeport. The Mayor was not about. Probably still cleaning things up at the wreck, Chuck decided. He wondered if the Mayor had worked steadily. Probably had. Wheels must be kept turning on railroads.

They rumbled slowly across the curved bridge. The arroyo was dry again. Another sharp curve and they saw where the wreck had been. The Mayor, looking utterly weary, flagged them forward.

Square Jaw pulled out on his throttle. The 866 blasted and tugged at her train. Suddenly Square Jaw swore and jerked his air valve to emergency. They halted almost at once, but not before Chuck felt the bucking plunge when part of the engine went on the ties.

Square Jaw dropped off. Chuck followed. Four pony trucks and two sets of drive wheels were off the rails. The Mayor, eyes bloodshot, shoulders drooping, was trying to explain. The roadmaster came running from the coaches.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"We're off th' track," growled Square Jaw.

The roadmaster took a single look. Then, fixing the Mayor with angry eyes, he rapped, "Kind of a rotten job of track repairing, Jose."

"But Meester Roadamast'," cried Jose in anguish, "it looked all right. I been on duty over twenty-four hours without rest—"

"Anyone but a blind man would have seen a lipped rail. It's still lipped for that matter." The roadmaster pointed.

Jose dropped down on a chunk of rock and clasped his head in his hands.

"Sorry, but I'll have to give you your time." The roadmaster spoke coldly. "Pack up your things at Bridgeport. I'll send a new foreman tomorrow."

Jose leaped from the rock. Tears streamed over his cheeks. "But Meester Roadamast'," he cried, "my wife, my eight babies—"

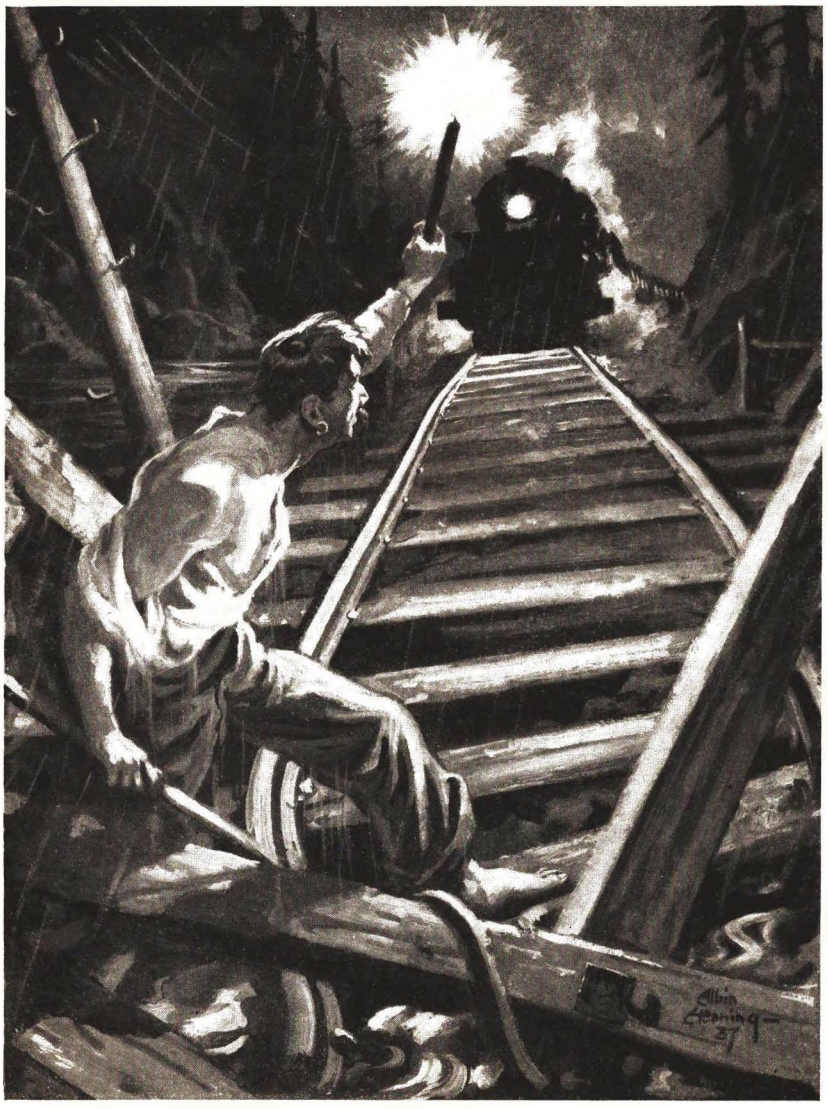
The roadmaster shrugged. In a derailment like this someone had to pay. Jose was the foreman in charge. He had failed. It was an expensive derailment. The wrecker would have to come from Sage to get the heavy 866 back on the rails. He shrugged and walked away.

"I call it a shame!" Chuck told Square Jaw while waiting for the wrecker. "The Mayor worked his heart out for more than twenty-four hours. Then because he slipped a little when he was exhausted, he's fired."

Square Jaw said, "He won't be eternally flaggin' us from now on."

It was late afternoon when they chuffed their train westward again. The sky was still heavily overcast. The air was warm. Thunder rumbled ominously through the canyon.

(Continued on page 31)



The flare painted the track and surrounding walls blood red. The Mayor waited. One minute. Two. Then the headlight swayed around the curve.

They're Doing Things!

Presenting a herpetologist, auto-racer, chemistry shark, model-builder, odd jobbers

To College on Snakes

SIX years ago, Larry Tetzlaff of Kalamazoo, Michigan, started catching snakes. Today, at age seventeen, he owns a collection of live snakes valued at a thousand dollars. Furthermore, he's a recognized authority on the reptiles, and is going to college on the income from his hobby.

Larry's chief source of revenue is lectures. During the winter months, a sign on the front porch of the Tetzlaff home offers a twenty-minute lecture for ten cents—with plenty of takers. The lecture accompanies a tour of the neat glass cages which line the walls of the Tetzlaff basement, enlivened by the handling of a few of the more spectacular pets, such as a Chinese Dragon or a rock python from India. There is a deadly coral snake and a defenseless Michigan hognose and a little seven-inch ringneck. There are ill-tempered Florida black snakes and mild little garter snakes. And scores of others.

Snakes are putting Tetzlaff through college.

Larry's more formal platform lectures are in high demand. In the past year he has given more than a hundred of them, transporting his snake cages in the back of the family car.

Larry himself has collected all the native snakes on field trips. Right now he's planning a trip to the Florida Everglades. Snakes from other regions he buys from collectors.

To catch snakes, Larry uses either a forked stick, a noose, a hook, or wooden snake scissors. Catching them, he says, is easy.

At least one day each week must be devoted to cleaning the cages and sunning the snakes. They must also be examined for mites, and scraped if these pests are present.

Once he lost a valuable diamondback rattler when the cage was accidentally left too long in the sun. Ten minutes is the limit of exposure in the glass cages. On sunny days the boys rig up a canvas pit in the backyard and give the snakes their liberty in this.

Larry's interest in herpetology naturally decided his choice of a career. He plans to take a college degree in biology. And some day he hopes to have a farm where he can raise poisonous snakes for serum, rare snakes for zoos and collectors, and, just for the fun of it, plain snakes in the grass.—*by Margaret Day Travis.*

Bob Ballard, Derby Winner

AMONG the outstanding doers of 1937 put down Robert Ballard, 12, of White Plains, N. Y. By defeating more than 120 contestants in the Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio, last August, Ballard won an all-expense four-year university education, and he told the Chevrolet Motor Company, national sponsor of the Derby, that his choice of schools was the University of Minnesota. The picture shows Ballard with Wild Bill Cummings, Indianapolis Speedway champion.

"Wild Bill" Cummings congratulates Ballard.

Mandel Won an Education

DEPOSITED in a bank to the credit of Teddy Mandel, fourteen, Detroit, Michigan, is the sum of $5,000 to be spent on a college education. The money is first prize in the junior division of the 1937 car design contest conducted by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild.

The inspiration for Mandel's prize-winning car model came from the streets of Detroit. At home he had a rectangular block of balsa wood. In his mind he had a half-formed idea of the kind of car he wanted to whittle out. Why not, he asked himself, combine in his car the best lines of existing cars? So he walked the streets, day after day, with a gigantic T-square in his hand, car hunting, following out his idea of studying all lines.

When he came to a car he liked, he measured it. He measured the heights of roof, doors, fenders and running board, and jotted down the figures in his notebook. His dream car began to take shape. He decided to adopt the streamlined rear end of one make of car and the rounded front end of another make. From a third make he adopted steps instead of fenders.

He combined his various ideas into a rough sketch of sleek smoothness and then laid out side, front, and plan views on graph paper. After drawing the outlines on the block of wood, he roughed out the model on a band saw, shaped it with a block plane, and finished it with a safety razor blade and sandpaper. To form a smooth, rounded joint where fender meets body he filled in with plaster of paris and shaped it with a ball-end tool.

He cast his wheels of lead and cut the tread with a sharp tool of his own design. He put on seven coats of surfacer and sanded each one. On top of that he put seven coats of quick-drying lacquer. He colored the top and fenders a rich mulberry shade and the body a creamy brown.

His finished model was a front-engined job of rare beauty. Not satisfied with that, he built another model with a rear engine, and in the regional contest his front-engined job won first prize and his rear-engined model took third. The front-engined car went on to win the national championship and a college education.

In building these two models, Mandel spent several hundred hours at the workbench. He is now building two other models, not for any contest. When asked why he was doing it, he replied: "When I entered the contest I bought four blocks of balsa wood and only used two of them. I've got two blocks left and might as well turn them into cars." So he will be spending several hundred more hours transforming his remaining blocks of wood into his idea of what future autos should look like. Why quit a good hobby merely because there's no contest?

Mandel will be a "model" student.

Mandel comes from a craftsman's environment. His father is a carpenter and his older brother won a university scholarship with a Napoleonic coach model. All of the Mandel family are handy with tools.

Ferguson knows his test tubes.

Chemistry Shark

CHEMISTRY students at Indiana State Teachers College were a bit amazed when thirteen-year-old Bob Ferguson of Seelyville, Indiana, joined their class as a special student. They were *really* amazed when Bob took top honors in both midterm and final examinations. Professor Wilkinson says Bob's a genius, but Bob won't admit it. He explains that several years ago he received a toy chemistry set for Christmas, and that's what got him started. Next year he enters high school. His future teachers are studying hard so they can keep up with him.—*by John F. Sembower.*

They're Odd Jobbers

IN West Allis, Wisconsin, if you want to hire somebody, no matter whether it's a dance orchestra or a boy to take the dog for a walk, the chances are you'll find what you're looking for at the Student's Co-op Odd Job Agency.

In order to make extra money, West Allis high-school students decided to pool their abilities. When the pooling was completed they found they were able to give almost any kind of odd-job assistance anybody could want. They do such stuff as window washing, painting, gardening and furnace firing, of course. But in addition, they have students qualified to teach music, swimming, life saving, or academic subjects. They can furnish dance orchestras or entertainers. They will even perform such personal services as social escorting, guiding, walking dogs and caddying.

If a new boy comes to town and wants a date, the Co-op will examine his references and for a small fee introduce him to a charming girl. Or if a lady who is moving has some artistic bric-a-brac which she's afraid to trust with a truckman, she gets in touch with the agency, and the bric-a-brac is transported by art-conscious students.—*by G. H. De La Vergne.*

Barent van Waldron

Spins a yarn about a man who couldn't use his great strength

Illustrator:
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

The Minnesota Gup

SCOOP STEVENS, sports editor of the *Manillus Saber*, was impatiently waiting for me in front of the gym. His freckled face was alive with excitement.

"Did you hear about the gup?" He tried to sound casual, but the effort was futile. Scoop was bursting with news.

"No," I said. "I've been over to the hospital talking with the coach."

"How's he feeling?"

"Good as anybody with a smashed leg and strained back could feel, I guess. He tries to be cheerful, but the wrestling team worries him more than all his injuries from the accident. What's the news, Scoop?"

"News?" Scoop's eyebrows went up. "Who said I had news?"

"Cut it out. That face of yours reminds me of a puffed-up frog. You're just full of secrets. Open up."

Scoop grinned. "Come up to the mat room, Art. I'll show you the eighth wonder of the world. The gup from Minnesota!" We started up, but my thoughts were elsewhere. Managing a military-academy wrestling team isn't an easy job, even when things go right. And when things go wrong, they seem to keep on going.

First it was Jo Moore, the snappy little 118-pounder, who was thrown from an excited cavalry horse and brought in with his arm broken. Next came the auto accident that put Lieutenant Gerling, the wrestling coach, in the school hospital, leaving me the job of piloting the team along.

I had plugged the 118 gap with Harley, a hard-training product of the north woods upstate. My next worry was the light-heavy position—left open by graduation. Big Bill Stetson was better than nothing, but only a little better.

You see, last year we had won the National Military School Championship cup for the second time. If we could win again, the cup would be ours—permanently!

Naturally every school in the East was sitting up nights thinking out ways to stop us. Fort Keefe Academy, because of their crack light-heavy, Zellmar, would give us the most trouble. Zellmar was out for an individual title this year. He hadn't been defeated.

And right there my thoughts stopped. Because, as Scoop and I topped the steps to the wrestling room, I saw the gup. And the sight of him halted me on the step.

He was stripped and standing on the scales talking to Du Mond, our 145-pounder. Tremendous shoulders, almost as thick as his waist was wide, balanced by a ridiculously long pair of legs that had known plenty of hard work, made him a picture of muscular symmetry. He was about a thumb's length over six feet, with a lean, darkly-tanned face and aquiline nose. I wasn't prepared for anything like that.

Scoop nudged me. "He's real. The incarnation of old man Atlas!"

I was watching the scale beam drop down at 173. From the tall slimness of him, it was easy to see that he was hard as granite all through.

Du Mond introduced us. "This is Ed Bunsen, a gup from Minnesota. Bunsen, this is Art Manning, cadet lieutenant of A Company and manager of the grappling squad."

We shook hands. Bunsen's smile was friendly but he looked puzzled.

"He's not calling you names, Bunsen," I explained. "Gup is our way of saying 'New Boy.' After one year at Manillus you become an Old Boy. What barracks are you in?"

"Company A, second floor."

"Good. You're in my company. Get some equipment from Du Mond and we'll go up and you can work out with Bill Stetson."

"Wrestled much, Bunsen?" I asked, as he climbed awkwardly into the ring with Stetson.

"Long as I can remember," he replied. "At home we wrestle every day. My father was Minnesota champion."

"Good. In collegiate wrestling we don't use full Nelsons, toe holds, or any punishing arm locks. Also, no strangles."

He nodded and pulled off his sweat shirt.

Although this was only a practice workout, a great deal depended upon the outcome. If Bunsen were as good as he looked, we could face Nichol Academy and Fort Keefe with a stronger team, one that might have a slim chance to keep the title.

As I gave the signal, both grapplers came out of their corners. That is, Stetson did. Bunsen simply walked a pace, stopped, and waited.

They felt each other out carefully for a moment, moving round and round. With a shifty, weaving dive, Stetson feinted for Bunsen's arm. Then he

Stetson dropped low and came smashing in with a straight tackle, connecting just above Bunsen's knees.

dropped low and came smashing in with a straight tackle, connecting just above Bunsen's knees.

It didn't seem possible, but Bunsen braced himself and absorbed the jolt. He tried for a front headlock, but Stetson had shifted his attack and tripped Bunsen from the rear.

Bunsen's jaws clicked shut with a snap as he landed. And before he could have realized it, Stetson had clamped on a reverse wristlock and was cranking him over for a pin!

Then Bunsen's prodigious strength came into action. Despite the powerful leverage of that wristlock, he straightened out his arm and shook Stetson off as if he were a child.

Stetson's face registered astonishment. Such a hold could have been broken only by a super strong man.

Bunsen's long arms wrapped themselves about Stetson's waist in a hard full-body hold. The varsity grappler flung his legs out wide and stiff, heels on the mat. He bridged with his neck on Bunsen's shoulder, trying to sit out. His breath sucked in, and with a downward lunge of his elbows he tried to break Bunsen's grip. But the gup was a human leech of colossal strength. He missed several chances to pin Stetson. He missed because he didn't know how. Strength was his only weapon.

Stetson fought grimly. After trying all his tricks, he coasted along to catch his wind. It was then that Bunsen tried to twist his man over and hold his shoulders on the mat.

He actually lifted Stetson clear of the mat, and without apparent effort, stood him on shoulders and neck.

As I expected, Stetson did a quick neck spin, twisted out of the gup's grip, and broke free. A perfect escape.

Bunsen arose looking as sheepish as a small boy. "I'll catch him next time," he said, apologizing for letting Stetson get away.

Around Stetson's waist was a fiery red welt where Bunsen's steely arms had locked themselves. Scoop nudged me and said in an awed tone: "The gup nearly cut Bill in two parts. What an arm!"

"Sure, he's got the muscle," Du Mond cut in. "But what that Tarzan doesn't know about wrestling would fill the Library of Congress."

By this time it was evident that Stetson had the gup's number. No two men on the squad could begin to match the gup's strength, but a clever fellow could turn it against him.

Stetson set himself and let go a straight tackle. It caught Bunsen high on the legs. Again he withstood the jolt. But this time he made a mistake. It's a mistake most amateur wrestlers make once—no more.

Bunsen leaned over and clasped his mighty arms around Stetson's body. I felt sorry for the gup because he had walked into a trap. Clever Stetson had baited him into the reverse flying mare.

With the deftness of a ballet dancer, Stetson swung both his feet under Bunsen's legs and sat down *hard!*

Incredulity was on Bunsen's face as he was tossed straight over on his head. And smashed flat on his shoulders. Stetson held both arms in a neat lock, and spread his legs wide to prevent the twisting Bunsen from turning over.

Any cagey wrestler in Bunsen's place would have twisted and rolled his shoulders off the mat. Simple. Instead, with all his power, he hugged Stetson's back *into his chest!* He was pinned flat.

Then to my horror, I saw the grimace of pain freeze on Stetson's sweat-streaked face. He gave a short painful gasp. His lips turned chalky. He mumbled something and collapsed in Bunsen's arms.

It was several long minutes before Stetson could talk. He looked about the group of anxious faces and singled out the new boy.

"Bunsen," he managed, his face contorted with pain, "you're—great. The team needs your kind. Anyway—I don't think I—can wrestle any more this season—I—I . . ." And he fainted.

Poor Bunsen. He stood there in all his glorious strength so ill at ease. I saw a misty glaze in his eyes as he tried to find some words. Holding Stetson, he looked around the group, a bewildered, pitiful figure.

He said huskily, "I didn't mean to—"

I gave the gup a nod. "Things happen."

Bunsen refused to leave the hospital until we heard the report of the X-rays.

"Three fractured ribs, intercostal displacement, and possibly a fractured sternum," said Dr. Watters. "Stetson can't wrestle this year. That's certain."

It was a difficult thing, breaking the news to the coach.

He lay there in bed making the best of his uncomfortable cast. "Well, Art," he said dryly, "if they put Stetson here in the room with me, we can worry together."

It was evident by his tone that he had given up all hope of keeping our first place in the National Conference.

"But, Coach," I said, "what about Bunsen?"

"You said a minute ago that he didn't know a wrestling hold from the manual of arms."

"I can help him a lot, since he's quartered in my barracks."

"Enough to get him ready for Zellmar of Fort Keefe?"

Zellmar, of course, was something else again. He

Holding Stetson, he looked around the group, a bewildered, pitiful figure. He said huskily, "I didn't mean to—"

was a light heavy of the first caliber; mere strength would be nothing against him. The *New York Times* had run his picture in roto last Sunday. "Clever, fast," they said, "and the smoothest one-hundred-and-seventy-five-pounder in the country. Zellmar sets an all-time high in prep-school wrestling."

Lieutenant Gerling said, "The worst part of it is losing the title cup. If we could get another no-defeat year, it would be ours."

"I know it, sir. No school ever had it two years—and we may not again. It's surely up to Bunsen. He's our only hope."

Scoop came to my room just before taps that night.

"I dropped in to see Stetson. They'd given him a shot to ease his pain," he told me.

I said thoughtfully, "I spent about an hour with Bunsen tonight. He's just sick over the whole thing."

"He needn't be. The fellows all know how it happened. Say, where'd he get that strength?"

"His father runs the largest ice plant in Minnesota. He works in the plant and peddles ice during the summer. His wrestling, near as I can find out, has been in icehouses and on the ground."

Scoop's eyebrows wrinkled. "In icehouses? Don't savvy."

"Icemen's pastime. I told him tonight that with Stetson out he would have to carry the responsibility of the light-heavy position in our next two meets."

"I'm not sure he'll do much, Art," Scoop offered.

"He's *got* to do much. He'll learn a lot in four weeks. And he's in condition. That's something."

For two weeks we worked with Bunsen teaching him groundwork from the referee's position—side rolls, skips, head pulls, blocks, counters, and offensive tactics.

It seemed hopeless.

He could see how to do *(Continued on page 29)*

DOOM TOCSIN

by

Carl H. Claudy

The Preceding Chapters

TED DOLLIVER believed amazing things one moment and disbelieved them the next. But he did admit that back in Alan Kane's University City laboratory he had heard the dreadful far-off ringing of what seemed to be an underground bell—and as he flew the *Narwhal* down a mighty inner passage, he heard that sound again.

Above the roar of their huge transport flying boat, he caught Alan's frenzied shout: "Land her, Ted, land her! It's the tocsin—*it's the death bell!*"

Ted knew he must bring the plane down. But to what? . . .

Big Ted Dolliver, who had explored the world's wildest corners, and slightly built Dr. Alan Kane, a young scientist who was fully a hundred years ahead of his time, had shared many adventures but never one more dangerous than this.

Alan was grimly certain that somewhere down inside the earth was a monster bell which was rung at regular intervals by beings with at least some of the faculties of men. Painstaking experiments had convinced him of this.

He knew, too, that disaster threatened the world. A strange disaster—a flood of gold!

Some unknown gold runner was bringing in gold by the ton, adroitly unloading it on all the civilized countries, making it a sinister threat to the security and happiness of millions of people. If gold ever became as common as iron, its value would drop almost out of sight. It could no longer be the backbone of any monetary system, and while the world was trying to establish a new monetary base, prices would soar, business would be ruined—millions would starve.

Alan and Ted were an army of two, out fighting for millions of lives, flying to dam the flood of gold.

Alan was sure the gold came from the unknown interior of the earth. Its high specific gravity proved that it came from no known source. His bell experiments had convinced the young scientist that the earth must be hollow, with its interior inhabited by sentient beings. A gold runner from the world outside must have found a passage to the unknown region inside. He and Ted must find it too. . . .

They had found a queer wild polar passage, entered it, and flown on down, on and on for hours, until at last they saw land ahead—and heard that torturing sound.

"*The death bell!*" Alan cried once more.

Chapter Five

COLD apprehension gripped Ted. But he kept his head; he must land the ship. Yet how could they escape the power of that torturing sound by landing?

Even as Ted asked himself the question, he became aware of a growing feeling of relief, an easing of body and spirit. *The sound was dying out.*

Almost exultantly, he brought the *Narwhal* down, landing without difficulty on the small waves of a quiet ocean. Overhead was an unknown ceiling of mist; the distant horizon was only a blur marking the meeting place of sea and mist.

"We're here," Alan said quietly.

"Yes," growled Ted, "we're here, wherever that is."

He taxied to a small estuary, found a harbor, and anchored. In the rubber boat they rowed ashore to a beach lit by queer red and pink and purple lights, now dim, now brilliant. Behind the beach stretched a tropical landscape, though the temperature was not tropical. A gentle breeze fanned the leaves of oddly fronded trees, and the landscape changed hue almost momentarily as the flickering fires that seemed the

Illustrator: MANNING deV. LEE

Ted got a glimpse over his shoulder and thrust Alan farther on up. "Climb, climb!" he cried.

There was light below earth—and immense beasts, dwarflike men, and ever-present danger

only sun in this strange land wove their spectral patterns.

The air was heavy with the scent of strange vegetation; heavy with the mist that, far beyond, met the ocean on an oddly unreal uphill slant of water; heavy, too, with the weight of barometric pressure.

Ted noted that the trees, tall, cylindrical, heavy and coarse in bark, stood straight for the most part, as if winds were neither frequent nor strong. Rain evidently fell plentifully, as the green was lush and vivid, contrasting with the soil, which was more rocky than earthy. The trees seemed to grow in earth-filled cracks, openings in the granite—if it were granite.

"Poor soil for spoor," Ted reflected, and wondered what sort of queer animals roamed this land.

There was another heaviness that they soon grew to accept as a part of life in Subterrestria, as Alan named the unknown land. It was a heaviness of spirit. Even the cheerful Ted found himself brooding over death and pain and misery.

"Look here, Alan," he demanded, "are you sad for any reason?"

"I think it's electrical," the scientist answered cryptically. "Yes, to answer your question, I'm depressed—but for no reason I can point out."

Ted shrugged. At least he felt oddly light and strong. He lugged supplies from the boat, and began preparing a hot meal. He had difficulty, however, in keeping himself from sudden movements, from upsetting his cooking utensils and stove. Everything he touched seemed curiously light. Unless he made a conscious effort to saunter, his steps became giant strides.

"You're having trouble with gravity," Alan remarked. "It's less inside the earth than outside, for the earth pulls two ways on you here."

"Nonsense!" protested Ted, thrusting previous convictions behind him. "We can't be inside the earth. If the earth were hollow, the shell would have to be much heavier than we know it is."

Alan grinned. "How do we know how heavy the crust is? We've *assumed* that it's of the same material all the way through. But is it?"

"Isn't it?" asked Ted.

"Geologists have estimated that in round figures the earth is forty-four per cent by weight oxygen, twenty-three per cent silicon, ten per cent aluminum, ten per cent iron, not quite seven per cent calcium, magnesium, and sodium, about five per cent potassium, and the rest, all the other elements. But as the weight of the earth is known, this can't be right if the earth is hollow. And as we're inside it, it *is* hollow!"

"Humph!" grunted Ted.

Alan went on calmly, "If a large part of the inside of the earth's crust is gold of a specific gravity nearly twice that of the gold we know, the earth might easily have the same mass that's ascribed to the supposedly solid earth and yet be hollow."

"How can one gold have a higher specific gravity than another?"

"Incredible pressure might condense it. If gold can be compressed, it will weigh more. And the wildcat gold we're trying to trace had a lump in it that was heavier than it should be!"

"How about the air pressure?" demanded Ted. "It ought to be double, triple—maybe a lot more."

"I've no doubt it is!" answered Alan. "But as gravity is less, the pressure won't be calculable according to barometric laws on the surface."

"Do you seriously mean to tell me that I'm walking around on the inside of a shell, my feet toward the surface of the earth we know and my head toward the center of gravity somewhere up in those misty colored lights?"

"That's it exactly. Our feet are pressing down on the inside of the earth's shell, just as back home they press down on the outside of the shell. Gravity is less here because there's a pull up as well as a pull down—the pull up being from the other side of the shell, over our heads. If it weren't—"

He broke off, staring down. Ted looked down too and stepped forward in amazement to pick up a small object.

"Thirty-eight Colt shell!" he ejaculated. "We're not the first ones here then."

"Of course not. There's no known outside source of this heavy gold, no surface source. It must come from inside the earth. Heavy gold is found in Paris. Someone brought it. Someone, then, must have been inside. I expected to find some sign of another man, but not so soon. That's luck! Here, help me open up this chest."

"That fool box! What else you got in it besides the gimcrack clothes and helmets?"

Alan did not answer. With Ted's help he unlocked the lid and threw it back. The queer-looking metal helmets lay in carefully made recesses. They looked somewhat like football headgear, except that they shone with chromium and wires led from the areas that might cover a man's ears.

Removing screw caps from metal vials, Alan poured into the helmets a strange liquid with a pungent odor and a silvery appearance. "Now, Ted, listen and listen hard, because I may not be able to tell you this when it needs telling."

"My ears are wide open." Ted was back at his stove, stirring mightily at some savory mess. "Food smells good, doesn't it?"

"Listen!" Alan took the pan away from him. "This is vital, Ted. That tocsin—you heard it in the plane."

"Yes. You had me scared, calling it a death bell. I was glad when the thing stopped."

"If it hadn't stopped ringing, we might be dead!" Alan's voice was grave. "I should have seen to it that we were wearing our protective outfits. Look here, Ted—that huge bell, diaphragm, rod, circle of metal, or whatever it is, creates vibrations that will snuff out your life like so many jolts of electricity. Yet we have to find it, to locate the immediate source of the gold. The only way we can find it is to follow the sound."

"That's a lot like chasing a stream of machine-gun bullets right back to where they're coming from," grunted Ted. "Sounds risky."

"It is risky! But these helmets have a sound filter that I believe will soften the terrific vibrations enough so that we can live in spite of them. The suits will protect our bodies—I hope. I spent a good many weeks on these outfits, Ted. I'm convinced no man can live long near the giant bell without some such protection."

"Bosh!" answered Ted. "Expect me to believe I can be hurt by a sound? Thunder's never killed anyone, has it?"

Alan ignored that and went on: "These helmets make their own sounds, which act as a counter-irritant. Do you remember, from your courses in physics, how two lights can fuse and make darkness, and two sounds can nullify each other and make a silence? These helmets can't nullify that mighty vibration, but I hope they'll keep us alive. Now, Ted, I want you to put on that suit—it's light and fairly cool—and keep it on. The helmet you don't need to wear until the sound begins, but the suit you must have on always. You can't get into it in a hurry."

Ted grinned incredulously. But he doffed his outer garments and put on one of the shining suits of "scaled underwear," as he called it.

"Now that that's done, come on and eat," he urged.

Alan sighed. He had no way of knowing that Ted was feigning indifference to ease his friend's tension. Actually Ted had a keen desire to try on the helmet and to test its efficacy. He even began to wish for the horrible sounds that had tormented him through the geophones. Would Alan's outfits really protect? Was there truly to be such power in the awful sounds that without the outfits the sounds would actually permeate, perhaps disintegrate, their flesh and bones?

But he said nothing of all this. He devoted himself to eating and to making Alan eat. Not only that but he got him to laughing at his antics with a spoon. Both of them had trouble in getting their spoons to their mouths; their arms had a tendency to overshoot the mark.

"Wonder what we weigh. Wish I had some scales," Ted remarked.

"Only a spring balance would do," answered Alan. "By a beam scale you'd weigh the same as on earth, since your counterbalances would lose as much in proportion as you have. But we have a spring balance." He got it out of the chest. "By this we'll weigh about thirty per cent less than normal."

"You try it." Ted grabbed the spring balance and held it high while Alan swung to the hook. The scale read just a fraction over one hundred pounds.

"And normally I weigh one hundred forty-three," said Alan. "Maybe I can hold it for you."

Ted laughed but handed over the balance. To his surprise Alan was able to hold it while he swung to the hook. This time the scale reading was higher.

But Ted protested, "Only one hundred fifty-one! Why, I weigh two hundred fifteen."

"When you're outside," grinned Alan.

"All right, all right!" Ted snorted. "We're inside the earth. It's hollow. We weigh thirty per cent less than we do outside. The tocsin is a man-killer. Some guy got here before we did. We have to hunt the gold by the sound, stay alive, fight the guy who got here first—and then what?"

"Then," said Alan, "we make it impossible for him to bring any more gold to the surface."

"Murder?" Ted's tone was incredulous, protesting.

"Don't you know me better than that?" Alan demanded. "We'll simply claim all this land in the name of the Union—and let Congress pass non-immigration laws!"

"Sounds fine," Ted said ironically.

Alan smiled and fell silent. He knew well enough that his plans might miscarry.

As soon as conversation lagged, the uneasy feeling returned. Ted strained his ears. He heard the faint lapping of quiet waves, the whisper of a breeze through the fronded trees—and something more. Instinctively he swept Alan to the earth with a savage push and fell prone beside him. As he fell, he heard something whine through the air above them.

Yet there was no sound of gun report. Rolling over, Ted looked narrowly at the trees. Some leaves that were growing low down seemed to wave more than the others. His thirty-eight leveled, he pumped four shots viciously whining into the cover.

A thin, wild cry came from the trees. With gun ready, Ted crawled slowly toward the underbrush. Alan watched alertly. What had made that thin cry? What had Ted hit?

Chapter Six

THE next instant Ted sprang to his feet to stare curiously at something small and almost monkey-like that came tumbling out of the leaves. It moved forward on all fours, with one leg dragging. Then, seeing Alan and Ted, the thing stopped and tried to turn, but Ted made a clean football tackle and held it fast.

The thing's small face was twisted in terror and its huge ears flapped painfully. It was clothed in skins. In one clawlike hand was an odd metal rod, obviously made of gold. One leg was bleeding.

"Not bad, to hit him without seeing him!" grunted Ted. "Alan, here's the first citizen of the interior republic. What'll I do with him?"

"Let's bandage that leg," was Alan's practical answer. "That's just a flesh wound, I think."

He got out a roll of bandage and bound up the wound while Ted held the struggling ape—or human being. Holes fore and aft of the fleshy part of the thigh showed that the bullet had gone straight through.

"Now what?" asked Alan as he finished.

"Feed it!" And Ted lugged the captive over to the camp stove, held him down with one great hand, and thrust a bowl of beans before him. The thing in skins sniffed, looked narrowly at both his captors, then put the bowl to his lips and sucked down the contents in great gulps.

"Knows what to do with it!" snorted Ted. "It's your move, Alan."

Alan's moves were simple but effective. Seating himself by the captive, he smiled and offered his hand. Thing-in-skins recoiled. But Alan continued to make friendly signs. Presently he poured a drink from a thermos bottle and handed Thing-in-skins the cup. That completed their conquest. The little being drank thirstily, looked at his bandaged leg, fingered the cloth tenderly, then suddenly flung himself prone on the earth and set Ted's foot upon his neck!

"And it was I who bandaged him and you who shot him," mourned Alan in mock seriousness. "Such gratitude!"

"Bosh! He doesn't know I shot him," answered Ted. "How can a savage like that know anything of firearms?"

"Have you forgotten the cartridge shell?" asked Alan. "But I think you're right. Well, let's see what we can do to establish communication."

Pointing to himself, he said, "Alan." To his companion, "Ted." Then he pointed to the visitor. A blank stare was the only reply. The hairy ears still flapped painfully, and the wizened monkeylike face was still terrified.

Alan repeated, slowly. "Alan—Ted. You?"

This time something like a grin twisted the small features. Thing-in-skins beat his breast vigorously. "Jamish—Jamish!" he gasped. "Ah—lin, Teed, Jamish. Jamish!"

"So far, good!" Alan looked at his watch. "We'll hear the bell pretty soon now. Ted, what effect will it have on our friend here?"

"If he lives here and hears it all the time, it evidently doesn't hurt him. But look at those ears! You'd think it would kill him. How soon is pretty soon?"

"If the bell rings on schedule, we'll hear it in five minutes. Better get your helmet on."

With that Alan handed Ted his helmet and adjusted his own. He showed Ted how to leave the sidepieces open, so that normal hearing was not interfered with, how to close them tightly about the face in a hurry, and where a small switch was located. The switch, when thrown, produced a wild buzzing noise that Ted found unendurable.

"Better the bell than that!" he gasped.

"You won't hear either, at least not much, when you hear both!" was Alan's paradoxical answer.

Thing-in-skins watched the helmet adjustment with alert, somewhat puzzled eyes. He was certainly more like a human being than a lower animal; and his clothes, the pouch at his waist, and his oddly shaped weapon, all spoke of at least an elementary knowledge of the arts. Yet there was a curious suggestion of something four-footed about Jamish—a furtive air, like that of a wild animal who slinks through underbrush.

Ted, with his helmet adjusted, looked around again at the low bushes, the crawling creepers. Many were three-leaved. He wondered uneasily if any of them were poison ivy.

"Can't understand why these plants grow so thick," he said aloud. "It isn't very hot and the soil's mostly rock. But this vegetation's almost tropical. How come, Alan?"

"Electrical influence?" hazarded Alan. "I've read of electricity's having a marvelous effect on plant growth, and our celestial fires are obviously strongly electrical."

Just then a sound stole through the air, barely perceptible. But at its first faint reverberations, Jamish sprang erect on his one good leg and stared nervously down the beach, his ears cocked forward.

At first muffled and sepulchral, the vibrations soon swelled to a rending clangor. Hastily, Ted closed his ear flaps. He had doubted the power of that sound; he still doubted it. Yet he found it unendurable. Even with the flaps tight against his ears, the vociferation came through. Now a crashing, clanging diapason, the sound swelled and spread, until it seemed to permeate the trees, the beach, the water—and Ted's whole body. Hastily he snapped the switch. To his surprise only a faint buzzing resulted, and the piercing, petrifying crashing died away to a tintinnabulation—disagreeable, affronting, sickening, but endurable.

Both Ted and Alan watched Jamish curiously. He did not cover his ears. Crouching on the one good leg, his face a wrinkled mask of pain, from the corners of savage bright eyes he in return watched the two strangers. When he saw them remain comparatively unaffected by the stupendous crashing, the blasting agony of that incredible sound, again he flung himself forward to grasp the nearest foot—which happened to be Alan's—and set it upon his neck. He was, he seemed to say, their admiring slave.

Once, twice, and yet again the sound swelled in an impossible crescendo to unspeakable misery and torment, each time slowly dying to a quiet overtone. At the third crescendo Alan glanced at the ocean. He caught Ted's arm and pointed. Unbelievably the waves had disappeared, and in their place was a shaking surface, chased and crisscrossed by queer figures. They reminded Ted of the sand patterns made on a glass plate when a violin bow is drawn across its edge in the familiar physics experiment. But even without this demonstration he could no longer have doubted the physical power of the great bell. In every fibre of his body he knew that without the protective suit, and helmet, he would be either insane or dead.

The final ululation died away into silence. Alan unfastened his ear flaps and removed the helmet. More slowly, as if loath to give up the protection of his, Ted followed suit. Alan turned on him in triumph.

"Well, how about it?" he demanded. "You still laughing at my outfits?"

Ted grunted. "Shrimp, I give in, but—say, I can't get up any enthusiasm about tracking *that* to its lair! Are you really going to?"

Alan nodded. "Of course I am."

"Of course *we* are," Ted sighed. "It's south, and a little west—that is, if the points of the compass are the same here as on top of the earth."

"Perhaps Jamish will guide us!" answered Alan. "Ted, row out to the *Narwhal*, and see what the barometer says."

"All right." Ted laid his helmet in the open chest and prepared to depart.

"Take it with you," commanded Alan. "The bell might ring off schedule."

"All right!" Ted groaned, and grabbed up the protector.

The *Narwhal* was anchored a hundred yards from shore. Ted rowed out slowly, thoughtfully. The little bay was perhaps half a mile across. It appeared much like any other harbor except for the shifting colored lights that played ceaselessly upon water and shore, the alternations of brightness and dimness, and the queer mistlike appearance of the air, which made a fathomless colored ceiling and veiled the farther shore. The waves had resumed their gentle lapping with the ceasing of the vibrations. But Ted's thoughts were heavy and apprehensive.

He moored the little rubber boat and stepped on board the *Narwhal*. He determined no barometer reading, however. The needle stood at 0 inches!

"Funny!" ejaculated Ted. "Busted by pressure? Nonsense. I haven't been conscious of any greatly

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abnormal pressure. Man can stand six or seven atmospheres only for an hour, and we've stood whatever this is for a good many hours."

He puzzled over the instrument for some time; then shook his head and decided to return. Let the shrimp figure it out—that was his job.

He stood for a few moments in the *Narwhal's* bows and looked at the shore. The water, chameleon-colored in the shifting lights, was placid, almost lethargic. The trees against what passed for sky—mist filled with color—made a strong jagged line. The solid green of the underbrush and trees, the shifting yellow of the strand, the black blob of the tiny rubber boat at the end of its rope—all this spelled beauty and spoke of peace.

But there was no peace in the air, nor in Ted's mind. . . .

He rowed back and found that in his absence Alan had worked magic. He and Jamish were engaged in something much like a conversation. It consisted of grunts and expressive monosyllables from Jamish and gestures and interrogative noises from Alan, but the results seemed satisfactory, for Alan promptly announced:

"Ted, it's about two days' journey on foot from here to the tocsin. Jamish indicates that it's four ringings away. Well, what's the pressure?"

"Nothing," answered Ted. "Needle's at 0. Busted, evidently. Why are you grinning?"

"That's what I thought you'd find. Any sound powerful enough to still waves and produce vibration patterns in the ocean would break any aneroid cell."

"If you knew it, why did you send me?"

"So you'd know it too, mastodon. You haven't been very credulous, Ted. You've got to be convinced that the bell is about the most dangerous force you ever combated. If you scoff at it, you make our expedition impossible."

"Why impossible?"

"I shouldn't want to go home alone." Alan's smile was casual but his eyes were grave.

"I see." Ted flushed shamefacedly. "All right. I'll believe in the thing, shrimp. But why doesn't it kill our friend Jamish?"

"His nervous organism is accustomed to it—he was born to it, I suppose. But probably it will kill anyone who gets too close to it."

Ted nodded silently. He was growing more and more aware that they were planning a grim trip. And he didn't believe Alan was right about Jamish's making a good guide. Ted had no faith in Jamish. Moreover, he didn't see how the little native could guide anyone anywhere with that leg shot through and through. Ted didn't realize, however, the recovering powers of a wild animal's body—and Jamish, apparently, was a little more than an animal.

They made camp where they were for what they called the "night," although there was no difference in light between night and day. Ted insisted on mooring the *Narwhal* with every available rope, pulling her inshore as close as he dared. He was haunted by the recollection of the time bomb that Hall Steenerson—he was sure it was Steenerson—had planted in her back at the far-away flying field near University City.

An old campaigner, Ted also insisted on watches. He took the first one himself, and was sitting there thoughtful and depressed when suddenly the mists above him tore away, disrupted perhaps by some upper wind. Ted saw deep into the widening rift. Instead of a fathomless mistiness, color-shot by hidden auroral fires, before his wondering eyes grew a huge map—a map gray and black, a map of an unknown continent, and unknown sea. Through thousands of miles of space, suddenly cleared of mists, Ted saw the other side of the gigantic hollow ball that held him—and gasped with the grandeur, the unholy, enormous impressiveness of something not hitherto seen of men. . . .

He awoke Alan with a touch. "Look!" he whispered. "Look!"

Alan had not looked his fill when the clouds returned, as suddenly as they had parted; it was as if the underworld had wished the invaders to see its immensity, then had veiled its great face from mortal eyes.

Alan would sleep no more, but made Ted lie down. The big man was instantly asleep. It was some time during the small hours that Jamish slipped away. One moment he was apparently asleep, curled up in a ball; the next, while Alan's head was turned, he was gone!

Alan waked Ted to tell him.

"Well, what of it? You ought to be glad he got well so quick. I never thought that foot-on-neck stuff meant anything."

A few hours later the underbrush parted and Jamish returned—triumphantly bearing a limp, furry body. He threw it at Alan's feet.

For a terrible interval the beast tried to circle the tree and seize his prey, while Ted, shaken and tired, dodged and whirled and half-circled out of reach.

"Sloit—sloit!" he declaimed, and then made motions of eating.

Alan examined the furry beast curiously. It had somewhat the appearance of a large beaver but no tail and much more slender legs. Alan placed it in the rodent family. Ted was interested in the manner of its death. The animal had a crushed bone above the eyes.

"How come?" Ted grunted.

But he spent little time in speculation. Fresh meat was welcome, and he skinned and cut up the strange bit of subterrestrial fauna with some eagerness. Jamish took his raw; Ted and Alan waited for a stew that proved unexpectedly good.

"Just the same, I can stand it if we don't see any big brutes," Ted remarked.

In the middle of the meal they grabbed their helmets, for the terrible peeling of the distant bell again assaulted their ears. Alan oriented the sound as best he could, slowly turning his head from side to side to determine its direction. His pocket compass placed it at south southwest. When the last of the blood-curdling and nerve-destroying sounds had died away he pointed, raising his eyebrows. Jamish nodded.

Alan was particular about the packs Ted made up for them to take, insisting on certain containers from the chest. The chest itself he consented to leave. Ted was equally insistent on arms, ammunition, a rope, a knife for each, condensed food, matches, and a flashlight. He wanted to carry some dynamite cartridges but finally gave it up.

He refused to let Jamish carry anything. "Don't trust him!" he grumbled. "He disappeared once—he may again."

"But he came back, idiot! And brought food!" Alan protested.

Ted was adamant, however, and Alan deferred to Ted in the mechanics of an expedition. Ted had learned campaign wisdom in Africa.

As an experienced campaigner, Ted looked lingeringly back at the *Narwhal* when they stepped off the beach into the underbrush. In the plane lay their only hope of returning to the world they knew. And they were leaving it—to track down the sound of death, to endure depression and misery and abomination, dolor and grief and torment.

But what must be done must be done. Ted shrugged and followed Alan and Jamish into the bush.

Chapter Seven

THE subterrestrial underbrush was not heavy and the three made good progress, though the fronded trees grew thickly. Many trees were felled, whether by blight, wind, or other cause, Ted could not determine. They did much climbing over and under, and much wriggling through, but Ted speedily discovered that they followed a faint path of sorts. A bent branch here, a barked tree there, and monkey-like footprints on a patch of brown earth all indicated that Jamish had been this way before.

Presently Jamish stopped to point silently to a patch of soft ground. Alan and Ted stared, wondering. Ted whistled. Before them was a great three-toed impression, some ten inches across. A heavy footprint, and it suggested toes and claws almost incredible in size.

"Merciful cats!" cried Ted. "What sort of a brute made that?"

"Dinosaur?" suggested Alan.

There was only the one print. They looked at it long, then went on. The ceaseless changing of hue made the landscape a riot of color; green trees became purple, black, then yellow. But presently Ted found he could tell the fundamental color—the color natural to the object in a light nearly white—no matter what hue was cast by the spectral fires.

There were few insects, he realized thankfully, and the underbrush, though tangled, was not nearly so difficult as some he had seen in Africa. He was glad, for if the brute that had made the great footprint appeared, he figured that the only possible safety lay in climbing a tree. He hoped Alan could climb fast.

Thinking such thoughts and following Jamish with a weather eye cocked for movement in the trees, Ted strode along the weird trail.

After four hours he called a halt for food and drink, stopping beside a small stream. Jamish seemed less tired than either Alan or Ted. They were amazed at the small native's power of recuperation. He still limped, but when Alan examined his wounds he found them almost healed.

As Alan straightened and stretched wearily, Jamish disappeared.

"Seems to be a habit!" snorted Ted. "Now if he had one of the packs, where would we be?"

"He'll be back," retorted Alan.

Almost as he spoke, Jamish reappeared, carrying a collection of roots. All but one he dropped at their feet; that one he commenced to eat, looking at the two with bright, eager eyes.

Alan picked up a piece of root and bit it—then spat it out. "Whew!" he cried. "Quinine bitter!"

Ted took a bite, chewed thoughtfully, and removed the mass from his mouth. "And how! Jamish, old socks, we appreciate your hospitality but—"

Jamish looked distressed. Laying a clawlike hand on Alan's arm, he offered the root again. Then he rubbed his ears vigorously and pointed over the unmarked course ahead. Seeing that they didn't understand that, he threw back his head and uttered a long-drawn-out wail so like the sound of the great bell that Ted was startled.

"I've got it!" cried Alan. "He's trying to tell us that this bitter stuff is good for us when the bell rings! Well, that's interesting, if true, but I prefer the helmets and suits!"

At the moment it seemed to them only a small incident, unimportant in this queer land of strange events.

After an hour Ted filled the canteens with fresh water and ordered the march resumed. All the afternoon they followed Jamish as he held to a path they could not see.

"We ought to hear the bell again before long," said Alan at last, looking at his watch. "Better get your helmet on, Ted. If we're really getting closer, the sound won't be any more pleasant."

"How do you suppose Jamish stands it?" Ted demanded as he adjusted his helmet.

"I've been puzzling," answered Alan. "Must be something like this. This bell, or whatever it is, is a part of the life here—it's a signal or a command or a religious observance or what have you. These people are born to it, live with it all their lives. It may be that the bitter roots in some way work a protection in their organisms against the disintegrating power of those terrible vibrations. Quinine deafens the taker. Perhaps the bitter root deafens the natives. But perhaps, also, Jamish can't stand the vibrations close to the bell. Have you noticed that he's leading more slowly?"

Ted nodded. "Can't say I blame him—I'm not especially anxious myself to get close to that bell, and I'm not keen about big footprints."

"Mastodon, you're a son of Ananias. This is just the kind of thing you like best."

Ted couldn't deny that and wouldn't admit it; so they went on in silence.

Occasional birds flashed before their eyes—birds with unusually long legs and small wings. Sometimes a small animal was disturbed in the brush. They saw the beaverlike animal and another that looked like a slender-legged fox, a curious creature with a thick tail that went backward, Ted declared. But Alan pointed out that the tail was probably a trunk and that it was hung on the animal's front, not rear.

"Whoever heard of an elephant only two feet high?" retorted Ted. "Look at him skedaddle!"

"I don't know about elephants two feet high," answered Alan, "but here's our dinosaur again." He pointed to a soft bit of ground.

There were two prints, and Ted paced off the distance between them. "Nine feet for a step," he said in a small voice. "Alan, a pistol wouldn't do much to a brute twenty feet high, with skin a foot thick."

Alan shrugged.

Everything they saw of animal or bird life moved swiftly. They themselves moved with unusual speed, their steps long, their jumps prodigious. Both accepted the decreased gravity as a natural explanation, and thought no more of it, except to be glad the difficult journey was thus made easier.

All at once Ted paused. He had heard a faint sound in the distance. Jamish cocked his sensitive ears, then fled for the nearest tree, and climbed it as fast as a monkey could. The sound increased—it sounded as if a tree were falling; then as if a heavy body were crashing its way through underbrush. . . .

"Up, up, Alan!" cried Ted. "Drop your pack and climb!"

Alan shed his pack and sprang at a tree, and Ted climbed after him. Neither was more than halfway to the branching fronded leaves above when with a hissing roar something broke through the forest and stood, glaring and panting, in their little glade.

Ted got a glimpse over his shoulder and thrust Alan farther on up. "Climb, climb!" he cried. "Don't stop to look—*climb!*"

Half a minute later, both were perched in the branches, perhaps forty feet from the ground. Then Alan had his first look, and drew in his breath. Below raged what might have been the behemoth of the Bible—a monster with a huge reptilelike body and slender legs; with a lashing tail, scaled like an alligator's, a long neck, and a small and wicked head, gashed with a mouth that displayed sharp and tearing teeth. The beast stood twenty feet high, and they looked down into savage eyes and a great hissing mouth only fifteen or twenty feet below them. Could the monster tear up their tree? If they were spilled upon the ground, would they be trampled, torn, eaten?

Shifting in the crotch of the limbs beside Alan, Ted drew his gun.

The great beast charged forward and crashed headlong into the tree. Ted threw two mighty arms around Alan and hung on. The tree bent halfway to the earth under the impact—then sprang back to upright as the huge animal below recoiled.

Taking swift aim, Ted shot. The bullet hit the long neck, and they saw a scale fly. The beast gave a hissing bellow of rage and again charged the tree—once more it bent to earth and again the explorers clung to the swaying pendulum with all their might. But one of Ted's hands slipped, and as the tree sprang back to vertical, he was catapulted to the ground.

Alan's cry of horror and a yell from Jamish, evidently a spectator from his aerial perch, were simultaneous. But both were swallowed in the hoarse breathing of the enraged beast; almost as Ted reached the ground, falling on his feet as a cat falls, the great animal leaped forward. Ted had just time to put Alan's tree between them.

Then, for a terrible interval, the beast tried to circle the tree and seize his prey, while Ted, shaken and tired, dodged and whirled and half-circled out of reach. Ted had the advantage of small size, of maneuverability; the beast had the advantage of limitless strength. It rushed the tree and butted it. Ted sprang back, afraid that the tree might come crashing down upon him. The huge animal, its mouth slavering and hissing, darted forward and around—Ted as quickly dodged the other way. Around, around, around—halfway back—forward again. . . .

There was determination in the beast's wicked reddish eyes, but Ted was fighting for his life—his life and Alan's. He dodged and whirled and sprang, desperately, ceaselessly.

Alan was shouting frantic directions from above. Jamish's thin wail was an undertone to the hissing and grunting of the beast. But Ted had ears and eyes only for the terror before him. . . .

The struggle could not go on indefinitely. The day had been tiring, and before long Ted was almost exhausted. He thought as he swerved and dodged:

"End, maybe—well, go down fighting. Next time he draws back to rush I'll step out, kneel, and risk it all on one shot. . . ."

But it was not to be. Alan entered the battle. Unable to make Ted understand that he should get behind another tree, and leave him room to descend, the slim scientist took his life in his hands, slid down the tree trunk, clung halfway until the beast again drew back for a rush, then dropped beside Ted.

Ted cried out in despair. He knew Alan could not last at this terrible game of hide-and-seek. But he had not counted on Alan's strategy. The beast now had *two* quarries to hunt! Dodging behind the tree nearest Ted's, Alan drew the attack of the dinosaur—if that was what it was—and thus gave Ted time for a shot. The great hulk of maddened animal rushed Alan's tree. As its lowered head struck the trunk, there was a cracking, crashing sound, and the tree broke off. Immediately in front of the brute was his prey. With a yell of desperation, Ted leaped, and even as the great paws clutched at Alan, Ted sprang straight into the air, flung his left arm about the creature's neck, and thrust his automatic squarely against one of the raging eyes.

The muffled report of the gun, the spurt of blood, and the maddened scream of the animal, were simultaneous. The beast backed away from the tree, tearing at its damaged head with both forepaws. It staggered, wavered, then dashed away through the trees, screaming, hissing, blinded—conquered.

They watched it for an instant. Then Ted gripped Alan's shoulders.

"You've got nerve, shrimp!" he muttered. "I couldn't have won if you hadn't come to the rescue."

Alan said nothing. There was no need. And Jamish, descending head first, did talking enough. His jabber was evidently a combination of wonder, admiration, and incredulity.

After resting, Ted insisted on pushing on a little farther. "Want more space if that brute comes back or brings his mother or grandchild!" he said. "My word—and I used to think shooting lions was exciting!"

But they did not walk long. As they came into a region where the trees were farther apart and the path more clearly defined, Jamish, who was in the lead, suddenly broke into a wail of despair, then fell to his knees and put his head in the dust. In front of him, in a slender framework of boughs, bound together with freshly cut creepers, lay what had once been a being like Jamish.

Ted and Alan looked long, mounting horror in Ted's face, intent interest in Alan's. The little being was clearly dead—but what dreadful death had he died?

"Merciful powers!" cried Ted. "Alan, what could have happened to him—it?"

Alan did not answer. They stared at the hairy thing that had once, for all they knew, been blood brother to Jamish. Now it was shrunken, weazened, as if with age. Yet it was not age that had marked the elfin face but horror and fear and a great agony.

"Looks as if all the blood and all the bones had been sucked out of him!" whispered Ted.

Alan nodded, still not speaking.

"What did it, Alan?"

Ted could think of no death—and he had seen many queer deaths—that would produce this peculiarly shrunken, wizened, caved-in appearance. Strange thoughts raced through his mind; a small body subjected to immense pressure might look like that; so might a body appear which had had blood sucked from it by some vampire of the ancient myths; perhaps a great python, coiled, might crush, crush until all life was gone, and leave his victim so. . . .

The great beast must have done it. What a death to die—in the jaws of that monster! Ted shuddered. It might have been his horror that kept him from thinking of another explanation.

As they stood there, faintly, far off, the bell sounded, then swelled, nearer, louder. They dropped packs to don helmets hastily. More clearly than ever before, the blasting, booming note held menace and evil, a curse. Anguish,

(Continued on page 24)

THE WINNER!

HOBBIES . . . sports . . . vocational articles—all these are in high demand, according to the good letters entered in the November "What Do You Want to See in *The American Boy*?" contest. "Give us political stuff," one future statesman asks. Another boy pleads, "I want to see the magazine left just exactly as it is." Sam Brimacombe, of Sundridge, Ontario, who came in neck and neck with the winner, takes second—and five dollars—with a swell letter asking for articles on getting along with other people. The winner of the ten-dollar first prize is Carl E. Adams, a farm boy from Anderson, Missouri. Here's what he says:

"As a constant reader of *The American Boy*, I wish to take this opportunity to ask for my type of stories. My brother was a subscriber to the *Youth's Companion* for many years, and when it merged with *The American Boy*, he kept on subscribing. It is full of interesting articles, stories and serials which we enjoy. However, we feel you are overlooking one of the largest and most interesting vocations of all, namely, agriculture.

"Born on a large wheat farm in northwestern Kansas, I began learning agriculture from the ground up, so to speak. After finishing high school I worked on a modern dairy farm near the Oklahoma state line. Next I worked on a 1,000-acre pinto-bean ranch near Denver. From there to the irrigated section of Colorado. I am now driving a fruit truck for a large fruit farm in the Ozarks.

"Many farm boys (and girls) of my acquaintance have read our magazines. Asked why they never subscribed, they would shrug their shoulders and answer something like this, 'Oh! it's a good magazine, but they don't pay any attention to the farm boy or girl.'

"You see we know we are in a major industry, and we're proud of it. Therefore we dislike being ignored. Perhaps your authors can't see anything exciting or interesting in it, but there are things going on around us every day that would form the basis for a wonderful story. So I'm going to ask you to put William Heyliger, or some other good author, on the trail, have them turn out a good serial that does us justice, then sit back and watch the 4H Club subscriptions roll in."

Besides Carl E. Adams and Sam Brimacombe, the other prize winners, each capturing one dollar, are:

Wilbert M. Winter, 17, Johnson City, Tenn.; Art Eastman, Jr., 16, South Bend, Ind.; Art Cooley, 15, Phillipsport, N. Y.; Douglas Petty, 10, Ida, La.; John Hert, 17, California, Mo.; Stephen Still, 18, Akron, O.; Bruce D. Sellman, Towsen, Md.; Robert Siggelkoe, 14, West Haven, Conn.; John Metcalf, 14, Westwood Hills, Calif.; Willard Blair, 13, Brownfield, Tex.

And good letters from the following get a well-deserved Honorable Mention:

Gypsy Damaris Petty, 17, Ida, La.; Victor Smith, 19, Ettingville, L. I., N. Y.; J. William Norman, Jr., 16, Gainesville, Fla.; John P. Bedell, Blairstown, N. J.; Lyonel Chew, 14, Ottumwa, Ia.; Ward Ransdell, 16, Kenton, O.; Donald Badcon, 19, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Earle R. Purser, 17, Monroe, N. C.; Chester Toren, 17, Holland, Mich.; Lorin Lucius, 12, Solon Springs, Wis.; Robert Felgate, Higginsville, Mo.; Wayne Close, 19, Bowling Green, O.; Harry Schlichting, 18, Cedar Falls, Ia.; John Foster, Tulsa, Okla.; Robert Lueder, 14, Omaha, Neb.; Vernon Brabham, Jr., 14, Moultrie, Ga.; Allan G. Ballard, 15, Cranford, N. J.; Paul Jekel, 15, Holland, Mich.; Charles W. Lindquist, 13, Harvey, Ill.; James Booth, 19, Crescent, Okla.; Abram Farnam, 18, Atkinson, Ill.; Leonard Lourie, 17, Youngstown, O.; Lawrence Davis, Leesburg, Fla.; Henry Cesary, 18, Worcester, Mass.; Carl Sutherland, 17, Chariton, Ia.

Above, the Standard Ford V-8 Tudor . . . *Below*, the De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor

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We're building two new cars for 1938—the Standard Ford V-8 and the De Luxe Ford V-8. They are different in appearance, but they have the same mechanical excellence—the same 112-inch wheelbase.

People liked our 1937 car so well that they bought more of them than of any other make. We have improved on that car in the newly styled Standard Ford V-8 for 1938. But some folks asked also for a bigger, finer car with the same Ford advantages in it. For them, we designed the new De Luxe Ford V-8.

The De Luxe Sedans have longer bodies with more room and finer appointments. De Luxe cars are equipped with the 85-horsepower engine. They give added motoring satisfaction at low Ford prices. The Standard is even lower priced than the De Luxe. It has pleasant new lines and well-tailored interiors. It offers again a choice of V-8 engine sizes; the powerful "85" or the thrifty "60."

Two cars, two engines, two price ranges. Whichever you choose, you get the same basic Ford features. Whatever you pay, you get a car built soundly to serve well.

desolation, and despair were in it; it sickened and tortured them. Once, twice, three times the unspeakable vociferations clanged and clamored through the heavy air. Once, twice, and again Alan and Ted cringed and shook, though both had the protective ear flaps closed and the counterirritant buzzing going full tilt in their ears.

The sound did not seem to affect them wholly through their ears. They felt it in their flesh; it crept into their bones—blood and marrow and nerves responded to the dreadful vibrations. Without their suits, Alan reflected, they must have perished.

The bellowing died to a bombilation, to a cadence—to a whisper almost as terrible in its threat as the bellowing. Finally it died away to silence. . . .

Alan removed his helmet. "How about the harmlessness of my little dinner gong now, mastodon?" he gasped.

"I'm all sold on your suits," answered Ted wryly. "Didn't feel any too happy as it was. What's the principle of the suits, Alan?"

"Those scales absorb vibration; each acts as a brake on the others. It's the same principle used in any sound deadener—to slow up vibration, make it gradually less and less, absorb energy. These vibrations are energy; terrible energy. The suits keep the worst of it from bones and flesh; the helmets and the countersound to some extent protect our ears. But will the protection be enough when we are closer?"

Before Ted could answer Jamish sprang to his feet to leap at Ted, and drag him to the shrunken body on its bier of boughs. Pointing, Jamish shaded his eyes with his hand, then looked ahead through the trees. Giving his imitation of the sound they had just experienced, he nodded violently to the dead thing before him.

Ted looked at Alan.

"I thought as much," said Alan.

"He means—you mean—the *bell killed him?*"

"Yes. Through the disintegration of vital fibers, I should say."

"But that's—that's incredible. How can sound *kill?*"

"It's more than sound, mastodon. We hear the sound, yet we feel the vibration. It's all a matter of magnitude. The electric current that rings a doorbell will cause a skin tingle—multiply it enough and you have an electrocution. The stream from a garden hose won't knock a dog over, but a hydraulic mining stream will move rocks by the ton. Ever stand close by while a fourteen-inch gun was fired?"

"No."

"Men stuff their ears with cotton, rise on their toes, swallow; yet a burst eardrum is not unknown. Imagine ten thousand such guns going off in your ears within a few seconds. What would they do to you?"

Ted stared.

"These vibrations seem like that—only perhaps more so. We're up against something pretty overwhelming, Ted."

"We'll camp here. I want to think."

Again the heavy depression descended upon Ted. He recognized the feeling and knew that it was not a form of personal fear. But the closer they came to the bell the less he liked the prospect of Alan's going headlong into unknown dangers.

It was during Ted's watch that the drone of an airplane filtered through the fronded leaves. It was only a faint buzz in the dim distance behind them but to a pilot no other sound is like that of a radial motor, wide open. He laid a quiet hand on the sleeping Alan. The scientist woke, with every faculty alert—Ted had taught him that—and listened.

He nodded. "Plane, of course. Could it be the *Narwhal?*"

"Be yourself!" snorted Ted, to whom the same uncomfortable thought had come. "Do you think these monkey men can fly?"

"Not the monkey men, no," agreed Alan. "But *someone* flies gold out of Subterrestria."

"I thought you didn't look surprised," grumbled Ted. "So you expected it. My word, look at Jamish!"

The small native clung to a tree, his face a mask of terror. His wild gaze sought them. Then he pointed to the sky, to the shrunken remains before him, to the unknown region before them—and cried again his feeble imitation of the tocsin. Over and over he did it, each time pointing to the sky, to the body, to the unknown region of the bell, and then giving the cry.

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

Tighten That Defense (*Continued from page 10*)

chose to ignore his new system. In the 1917-18 season Penn lost just two games on her entire schedule. The next year they lost one. And during the regular season following they didn't lose any. They were invited after that 1920 season to a national championship play-off with the University of Chicago, which they promptly won two games to one. All of which just about convinced everybody.

Lon Jourdet is a lithe and youthful man with a quick grin, and a touch of early gray at the temples. Basketball coaching, with him, is an exciting side line; his business is advertising—he's a partner in a Philadelphia agency.

When you start investigating basketball systems, you find many a strange contradiction. For instance two of the 1937 champions, Pennsylvania and Stanford, use systems that are directly opposite. Jourdet's good friend Bunn, the Stanford coach, produces teams that are offensive from the first whistle. Their defense is only a necessary evil to be tolerated for the purpose of regaining the ball to start some more fireworks. Jourdet's teams are essentially defensive. Coach Bunn believes in fast-break teams; Coach Jourdet had rather compromise between the fast and slow breaks. Coach Bunn doesn't hesitate to change a new man's shooting style; Jourdet not only hesitates, he refuses.

So, you say, since they differ almost all the way, one of these coaches is wrong. Both are modern, intelligent and, incidentally, personable coaches. Both had teams that were conspicuously good. Which is wrong? Neither, of course. In short, the right system is the one that wins. As long as more than one system can produce the desired end, basketball will never become static; and teams will have individuality, and personality, and color.

In this day of streamlined, break-neck basketball, Coach Jourdet as a theorist is among the minority, and yet his victory record is little short of amazing; so he must have something worth listening to. His ideas on defense will be valuable to *any* team.

"It's not that I minimize the importance of offense," Jourdet says. "It's just that everybody else seems to minimize the importance of defense."

High schools, he says, are especially delinquent in teaching defense work. Every year he gets among his candidates boys who have been scoring phenomenons in high school. These usually flop miserably in scrimmage with college players simply because they're meeting—for the first time—a well-organized defense.

The same thing happens to college teams meeting Penn. And therein begins Jourdet's team strategy. In effect Penn gives the opposing team the ball and says, "Now let's see what you can do with it." The opposing team, which perhaps has been touted as a high-scoring aggregation, finds that it can do very little with the ball. Puzzled and a little exasperated, the opposition's morale drops a couple of notches. And they're getting tired, about the last of the first half, because offensive play takes more energy than defensive. Then, with no apparent effort, Penn begins to glide ahead, irresistibly.

Those last-minute finishes make for dramatic basketball. Once or twice they got too dramatic for comfort. The week-end of February twelfth furnishes a couple of good examples. Penn, always in demand for big-day games, traveled to New York to play Columbia Friday night of Columbia's Founder's Day. The game was an important one, for Columbia, last-year champions, had to be kept down. And it being Founder's Day, Columbia would naturally play just about fifteen per cent better than they knew how. When the final gun sounded, Penn had won by just 42-40. The Penn team at 12:10 hopped the train for Ithaca. They had trouble letting down after that game. Nobody slept. Next day, far above Cayuga's waters, Cornell's Junior Prom week was going full blast. Sixteen hours after they'd gone out to meet a determined Columbia team, Penn sleepily jogged out to meet an equally determined Cornell team. The game was close. Cornell led most of the way. When there was just seven minutes to go, Cornell was *ten points* ahead. But when the game ended, Penn was four points ahead and in possession of the ball!

As may be imagined, Coach Jourdet's practice sessions stress defense. The ratio of ball-handling practice to shooting practice is about 9 to 1, with shooting on the short end. Here's a scrimmage drill that Jourdet likes: Three men are given a goal, which they, without getting past mid-court, must protect against four opponents. The first offensive man stands outside the defense as a feeder. The other three offensive men go in and try to get open to shoot.

When the defense gets possession of the ball the play ends, the ball is given to the feeder, and the whole thing starts over again. It's grueling work, but it quickens reactions, and teaches the defense how to guard and trade.

Trading, of course, is simply swapping opponents. It's done when an opponent gets away from a teammate and improves his scoring position, whereupon you yell "Take Smith!" and cover the loose enemy, leaving Smith for your teammate. Trading can be overdone, and when it is it often gums things up pretty badly. It should be used only as an emergency measure.

The principles of individual guarding are mighty important at Penn—as they should be everywhere. The first essential is to stay directly between your opponent and the goal. The angle counts, too, because the opponent may feint and go around you. And there are sharpshooters who can score a one-handed shot right past you if they get a three-inch view of the goal.

As for stance, your feet should be placed so that you are comfortably balanced, and mobile. Keep low, with hips dropped and knees relaxed. If you're too high you can be easily faked.

When your man moves to one side, go with him. Don't cross your legs. Move with a sort of side shuffle, so that you can always change direction.

Jourdet doesn't spend much time on dribbling. He believes that dribblers are born and not made. Furthermore, he thinks dribbling tends to hurt team play. If there's any choice at all, he'd prefer a pass to a dribble.

As mentioned before, the Penn coach doesn't try to change a player's shooting style—provided, of course, the player has developed a style. Any effort to alter the style may throw the player off altogether. Each man's own method is probably for him the most natural way to shoot anyhow, no matter how unorthodox.

Many of the players at Penn, for instance, are freak-shot artists. Menzel, who can pick up a basketball with one of his big hands, is deadly with a one-handed push shot. Mischo has a one-hand pivot shot which, with his back to the basket, he tosses over his shoulder. Imagine trying to guard that one. Dougherty uses an underhand flip style, the ball leaping away almost faster than the eye can follow. Murray has style eccentricities, but tends towards orthodoxy. Barrett, in contrast to the others, is absolutely orthodox.

It's interesting to observe that Penn had no glittering scoring stars last season. Menzel and Dougherty were high scorers for the team, but they were about tenth down in the league scoring. And they led their teammates by only a few points—the leaders were closely bunched. That indicates teamwork. More practically, it means no opposing team gained anything by bottling up any one Penn player.

The outstanding man on Penn's team last year was co-captain Franny Murray. Jourdet is apt to grow eloquent when speaking of Murray.

"He has an amazingly intense competitive spirit," the coach says. "I always gave him the toughest opponent, and he always outplayed him."

Francis Murray is a name well known to football fans. He was rated one of the best halfbacks in the country last year. He never played basketball until he came to college. But by his sophomore year he was one of the team's mainstays, and he was elected captain in his junior year. In his senior year he was co-captain with Roger Hanger. At the end of the basketball season Murray was presented with the 1915 Class cup awarded annually to the senior who "most closely approaches the ideal Penn athlete."

Generally there are two types of passing attack, the fast break and the slow break. In the fast break, two or three offensive men go down the court at fire-engine speed, hoping to get open by sheer speed of attack. Slow-break teams are content to let the defense get set, then they go leisurely down and try to sift through. Penn uses both types of attack. When they are able to catch the defense unorganized they charge down the court with bewildering speed. But if the defense got set, then the slow break is used.

When a boy begins to look forward with distaste to practice, he needs a rest from the game. You can't play your best if you're not enjoying yourself. After his teams get in shape, Jourdet often lets them coast by calling off practice.

If your team has lost its eagerness, maybe rest is needed instead of more work. And remember Coach Jourdet's other axiom, too. The reason your team loses isn't always that you aren't scoring enough—often it's simply that your opponents are scoring too much. The remedy? *Tighten that defense!*

Presenting Six-Man All-Americans

(Continued from page 7)

member of the glee club and dramatic club. Prescott High School has 37 boys in school with 17 out for football.

Max Nunn

Quarterback, age 17, 5' 9", 160 pounds, senior, Davidson, Okla. Coach: Frank Williams.

The signal caller for the All-American sextette is Max Nunn. He rates "A" in the classroom and is second to none on the gridiron. Oklahoma coaches were agreed that he was the outstanding player of the year. Max is a great blocking back as well as a dangerous open field runner. His defensive ability is on a par with his offensive skill. The undefeated Davidson team scored 553 points to the opponents' 66. Davidson was the first high school in Oklahoma to play six-man football. Eleven of the 23 boys in high school are on the squad. Max is class president, an outstanding basketball player and wrestler.

Stephen Epler, inventor of Six-man Football.

Houstan Spear

Halfback, age 18, 6', 165 pounds, senior, Florida High School, Tallahassee, Fla. Coach: Don Loucks.

Sure tackling and excellent ball lugging make Houstan an All-American halfback. He averaged 12 yards per try on 78 attempts at carrying the ball. His fighting spirit and fine sportsmanship won the admiration of his opponents. His speed made him dangerous on end runs and enabled him to intercept a number of passes for touchdowns. Florida High pioneered six-man football in the state of Florida. Houstan ranks high scholastically and his modesty makes him one of the best liked boys in school.

Erwin Sweet

Fullback, age 16, 5' 9", 170 pounds, senior, Hardy, Neb. Coach: J. A. Quade.

In 1934 Erwin was on the sidelines watching his older schoolmates playing the world's first game of six-man football. Next year he made the team and in 1936 and 1937 played a prominent role in making Hardy High the championship team. Erwin excels in every department of the game. He is a deadly tackler, a sure blocker, and an agile runner. His punts averaged 45 yards. Against Chester High, the school that originated six-man football, Erwin scored five touchdowns. Hardy had a fine defensive record. Opponents scored only once while Hardy rolled up a total of 235 points. Thirteen of Hardy's 34 boys are out for football. Erwin is a basketball and track star, vice-president of his class and active in 4H Club work.

Hubert Johnson

end, age 17, 5' 8", 140 pounds, senior, Hudson, S. Dak. Coach: G. L. Wright.

Hubert was a fine end on a great team that won over all its South Dakota opponents and split a two-game series with the strong Rock Valley, Iowa, sextette. Hubert's teamwork and fine spirit were his outstanding qualities. In one game he caught nine out of eleven passes and converted three into touchdowns. Hubert plays basketball, baseball, is a class officer, plays in the band, took part in the class play and is a member of the local chapter of the Future Farmers of America.

Morris Williams

Center and quarterback, age 17, 5' 11", 171 pounds, senior, Egeland, N. Dak. Coach: B. P. James.

The Egeland sextette has never known defeat. This season they scored 333 points while holding their opponents to three touchdowns and one safety. Of the 34 boys in high school 15 are out for football. Morris, playing defensive center, made over half of his team's tackles. He crossed the goal line 16 times, made 12 try-for-points, and threw seven passes for touchdowns. Morris is an honor student, district declamation winner, member of the basketball team, track team, band and glee club.

Yokichi Itoh

Halfback, age 16, 5' 7", 135 pounds, senior, Three Forks, Mont. Coach: N. R. Stevenson.

This diminutive back and son of the land of the Rising Sun is one of a crop of brilliant six-man players produced in Montana. Yokichi never allowed the opponents to complete a pass in his defensive territory. He had the knack of blocking two tacklers on the same play. His punting helped Three Forks win the conference championship. Yokichi trains faithfully and is an inspiration

ORDER YOUR HANDBOOK

SIX-MAN football has taken hold in the United States because it is fast, full of action and scoring, and fun to players and spectators alike. It is no accident that it has spread from 50 schools in 1934 to more than 1,000 in 1937; that class teams in universities, clubs, troops, and sandlot teams have taken it up.

Now is the time for the schools in your district to plan for next fall. Meetings must be held, a schedule arranged, and equipment obtained. All this takes time, and you can't start too soon if you want to play an interscholastic—or neighborhood—schedule next October and November.

The Official Six-man Handbook has been prepared for you by Stephen Epler with the help of a national committee of leading six-man coaches and school principals. It was written with the beginning school in mind, and in addition to the rules, its 64 pages contain 45 diagrams of plays and formations, coaching suggestions, a list of books on coaching, suggestions for organizing a league, and a questionnaire that will help the national committee make desirable rule changes in the future.

You can obtain single copies for 20 cents. If you want 25 or more copies to distribute to schools in your state, the price is 15 cents each. Send money and order to the Sports Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Show This to Your School Coach

to his teammates. He played forward on Three Forks' championship basketball team.

Wallace Bailey

Back, end and center, 6' 3", 210 pounds, senior, North Bend, Wash. Coach: M. D. Meek.

This all-round, All-American player from

Oles Spear, Turrell, Ark., went from eleven-man to six-man.

His 120 pounds of dynamite possess keen football sense and tremendous fighting spirit.

Kenneth Anderson

Center, age 17, 5' 6", 135 pounds, senior, Fontanelle, Iowa. Coach: Mr. Harp. Kenneth's aggressiveness and speed made him a power on defense. He was skillful at blocking kicks and a clever offensive man.

Mike Sutich

Fullback, age 16, 5' 9", 155 pounds, junior, Sand Coulee, Mont. Coach: A. B. Quaker. Mike is a triple threat back, a clever defensive man, and a superb blocker. A number of coaches named Mike the best opposing player they had seen.

Donald Wagner

End, age 17, 5' 9", 160 pounds, senior, Poynette, Wis. Coach: N. Messmann. All coaches of Poynette's opponents named Don the best opposing player. Don shone like a diamond on defense and scored 64 points on passes.

Reuben Gabe

End, age 19, 5' 10", 152 pounds, senior, Wakpala, S. Dak. Coach: B. L. Logerwell. Reuben is a genuine All-American. He is a full-blooded Sioux Indian and a brilliant pass receiver and open-field runner. Wakpala played its first season of football and won seven of its eight games.

Michigan, N. Dak., had a squad of fourteen.

Left: Mel Lovell, Runnells, Iowa, silver medalist.

the Pacific Coast qualifies as back, end or center. His aggressiveness and teamwork are outstanding. Wallace was acknowledged the best defensive player in the league. His kicking, blocking and open field running helped North Bend win the league championship.

The following twenty receive silver medals, and together with the First Ten make up the 1937 All-American six-man squad:

Russell Kirk

Quarterback, age 18, 5' 8", 140 pounds, senior, Hector, Minn. Coach: C. F. Beckman. Russell's generalship and leadership helped Hector High to win every game. His open field running was brilliant and pass catching exceptional.

Carl Carlson, Coleharbor, N. Dakota, spark plug.

M. A. "Cotton" Fuller

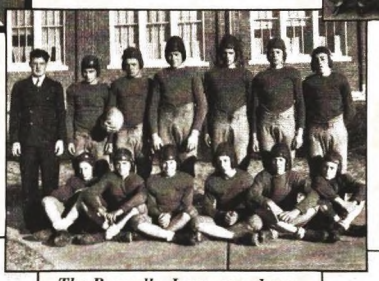
Center, age 18, 5' 10", 145 pounds, senior, Weaver High, Frederick, Okla. Coach: F. Young. Cotton is an aggressive center, small but dynamic and fast. This is the first year his school has played football, but Cotton has taken to football like a duck to water.

James McGrath

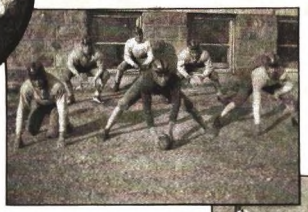
Quarterback, age 18, 5' 6", 120 pounds, senior, Sheldon, N. Dak. Coach: C. A. Hutchins. As captain and signal caller, Little Jim was the spark plug of the team.

Jason Jones

Quarterback, age 18, 5', 140 pounds, junior, Wheat, Tenn. Coach: L. E. Davidson. Jason was captain of an undefeated team. He is a sure tackler, deadly blocker, and superb open-field runner. With the score tied Jason returned the kickoff for a touchdown to win their important game.



Right: Dazey High, North Dakota, six victories, no defeats.



Below: Haynes, North Dakota, runners-up for the state championship.

Above: Washek, North Dakota, undefeated in 1937.

Right: John O'Connell, Fox Lake, Wis., ballhawk and medalist.

The Runnells, Iowa, squad was hard to beat.

Page High won the championship of North Dakota.

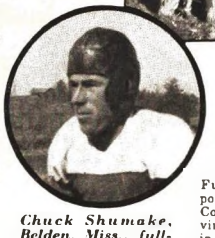
Left: Wallace Warry, fullback, was a big factor in Page's victories.

Warren Miller

Quarterback, age 16, 5' 9", 150 pounds, senior, Stratton, Nebr. Coach: K. W. Lenser. Warren had a stiff-arm that opponents remembered. His brilliant playing kept Stratton undefeated and his change of pace and hula hips made him a dangerous ball carrier.

Charles Shumake

Fullback, age 19, 5' 10", 175 pounds, senior, Longview Consolidated H. S., Belden, Miss. Coach: O. C. Pound. excellent punter and place kicker. His speed and shiftiness made him a brilliant broken field runner. John was always alert to recover fumbles and capitalize on every break.



Chuck Shumake, Belden, Miss., fullback, of an undefeated team.

Melvin Lovell

Fullback, age 19, 5' 9", 175 pounds, senior, Runnells, Iowa. Coach: K. W. Copeland. Melvin is one of the best blockers in Iowa. His defensive work was brilliant and he is a first-rate kicker and accurate passer.

Hector, Minn., coached by C. F. Beckman, was undefeated.

Right: Toots Gary, Tyronza, Arkansas, silver medalist.

Kermit Larson

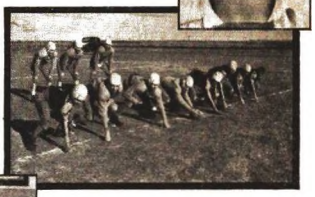
Quarterback, age 17, 5' 9", 167 pounds, junior, Dazey, N. Dak. Coach: R. G. Berg. Kermit is one of the reasons why Dazey has been undefeated for two seasons. He is one of the best kickers and passers in the Northwest. Dazey has 18 boys enrolled and half of them are on the squad.

Oles Spear

End, age 20, 6' 1", 190 pounds, senior, Turrell, Ark. Coach: E. R. Upshaw. Oles was a tackle on an eleven-man team before moving to Turrell, but he soon developed the all-around abilities a six-man end must have. He was a tower on defense, a good blocker and Charles' ability to keep his team working as a unit was a large factor in keeping Longview undefeated and untied. He is a triple threat back, a sure blocker, and strong defensive player.

Left: Jim McGrath, Sheldon, North Dakota, quarterback, won a silver medal.

Below: Donnybrook, N. Dakota, had a rangy squad.



Donovan Gary

Halfback, age 17, 5' 10", 150 pounds, senior, Tyronza, Ark. Coach: J. Patterson. Donovan was a great blocking back. His blocking was responsible for his teammates' runs and his defensive work was brilliant.

Ralph Parker

Fullback, age 17, 5' 11", 185 pounds, senior, Simms, Mont. Coach: E. F. Bivins. Ralph is rugged, yet shifty and speedy. His bullet passes are accurate. He carried the brunt of the defensive work and is an excellent blocker and ball carrier.

John O'Connell

Halfback, age 17, 5' 8", 143 pounds, senior, Fox Lake, Wis. Coach: E. G. Mumm. John is an superb pass catcher. He was fast in getting down under punts and expert in keeping his feet.

Clarence Potts

Quarterback, age 18, 5' 11", 155 pounds, senior, Rock Valley, Iowa. Coach: P. S. Billey. Rock Valley, one of the pioneer six-man teams in Iowa, closed a successful season. Clarence, an excellent punter, tackler, blocker, and field general, played brilliantly for Rock Valley High.

Carl Carlson

Halfback, age 17, 5' 9", 161 pounds, senior, Coleharbor, N. Dak. Coach: E. H. Knalson. Coleharbor, conference champion, had a well-developed lateral passing attack and Captain Carl was usually on the receiving end. His passing, blocking and leadership made him one of North Dakota's most brilliant backs.

Dan Dolan

Fullback, age 17, 5' 11", 168 pounds, senior, Peshtigo, Wis. Coach: C. A. Schacht. Dan was the spark plug of an undefeated team. His cool leadership dominated crucial situations, his passing was superb and his defensive play of the highest calibre.

Here's the hard-hitting squad from Ray, North Dakota.

Wallace Warry

Fullback, age 17, 6 feet, 175 pounds, senior, Page, N. Dak. Coach: S. Doubervich. Wallace captained the team that won 10 straight games and the North Dakota championship. He was hailed by many as the best back in North Dakota.

Six-Man Has Grown

IN 1934, the year six-man football was born, not over fifty schools thought enough of the infant game to try it. Next year reports from state high school athletic organizations revealed that the game had spread to twelve states and was played by about two thousand boys in 156 high schools.

In 1936, six-man had spread to over twenty states and to Canada. Nearly 550 high schools had teams and over seven thousand boys were taking part. These boys came from groups that had never before experienced the fun of playing organized football. They were the intramural boys who were too young or too small to make the varsity and could only stand on the sidelines and watch, and the boys in crossroads high schools who didn't even have a varsity to watch. About forty per cent of the boys playing six-man are on intramural teams and the rest compose the varsity six-man football teams of the smaller high schools.

Nineteen thirty-seven is the banner year for six-man football. In September and October, 1937, *The American Boy* published articles describing the game and offering the official handbook containing rules and coaching tips, at cost. (An announcement on page 25 tells how the book may be obtained.) Three thousand schools and clubs sent for the handbook. Grade schools, high schools, playgrounds, neighborhood clubs, and university intramural directors took up the game. A professional six-man league was organized in Los Angeles.

Newspapers, radio stations, WPA recreational directors, and Scout leaders wrote the magazine for information and help in forming leagues. The number of high schools playing is estimated at from one thousand to two thousand, and the boys tasting the fun of football a la six-man number from twenty thousand to forty thousand.

North Dakota, one of the leading six-man states, has more schools playing six-man than are playing eleven-man football. Nearly one hundred high schools, two hundred consolidated schools, and over twenty-five hundred North Dakota boys play six-man. Wisconsin, Ohio, Montana, Alabama, Tennessee, and other states, have made six-man an official fall sport.

The University of Georgia obtained 100 of *The American Boy* official handbooks and told the high schools of Georgia that the university would send them one free if they would try the game. In a few days, 96 of the books had been given out.

Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and other states, have had demonstration games to show other schools what the game is like. "Biff" Jones, coach of the Nebraska Cornhuskers, Coach Bierman of the Minnesota Vikings, Tom Stidham of Oklahoma, and Coach Bible of Texas and other famous coaches are boosting the game. "Biff" Jones expects some of the Nebraska six-man players to be future players for the Cornhuskers. The University of Detroit is using six-man as an intramural sport. Chick Meehan, of Manhattan College and Jim Crowley of Fordham employ six-man football occasionally in varsity practices. Dr. Mal Stevens, coach of New York University, is a six-man booster. These coaches like the game because it produces good ball handlers and fast starters.

How the Honor Roll Was Selected

THE local coach knows his own players best. He sees their hidden faults and weaknesses, he knows who missed the block, started too soon, ran a little too wide, or cut in a little late. The coach of the team observes, too, who made the block that made that long run possible, who acted as a decoy so cleverly that his teammate was wide open to receive the pass that scored the winning touchdown, and who inspired the despairing team to come from behind to win the game.

The coach of the opposing team watches his opponents with a keen eye. He must adapt his own team's defense and offense to the strengths and weaknesses of the opposing players.

The expert judgment of these two types of coaches is the basis of *The American Boy*'s All-American Honor Roll. The local coach was asked to name the best player on his team and to answer a long series of questions about the player's ability. The same coach was also asked to name the best player of all the opponents who had played against his team. These reports from local coaches were sent to the state selector of each co-operating state. The state selector then picked an all-state six-man team and sent all reports to Stephen Epler who made the final All-American selections.

Only eight players—but that's a team and two substitutes! Denton High, Montana, won the championship of its league last year.

Every state was asked to make nominations for the All-American team. Most of the leading six-man states cooperated by appointing state selectors. If your state is not represented, have your coach let your state organization know that next year you want your state included. Choosing the best players of the thousands of boys playing six-man football was a difficult task and undoubtedly mistakes have been made. However, the complete data secured from the local coach has helped the selectors to present a group of outstanding players who fully deserve the national recognition they have received.

Why a Six-Man Honor Roll

THE AMERICAN BOY is proud to honor a group that is too often overlooked when the honors are passed around—the boys in the small high schools. These high schools of under two hundred enrollment make up seventy per cent of all the high schools of America. The players in the large universities and big-city high schools are the ones who receive the headlines and make the honor teams. But not all good players come from big schools. That is proved by the number of outstanding professional stars who were never heard of in college. The small schools, every day, are producing men who can pass, run, and kick with the best of them, and with the aid of hundreds of coaches and selectors, *The American Boy* presents 130 of these stars in this issue.

Probably the greatest value the Six-man All-American Honor Roll may have is the inspiration and motivation it will give the forgotten boys in the small schools. Coach K. W. Lenser of Stratton, Nebraska, in his letter to Mr. W. H. Roselius, the Nebraska selector, sums it up well:

> I think the plan of *The American Boy* magazine in selecting this All-American team is a splendid one, because the coach in the average small high school has difficulty in motivating his work. The opening night of practice this year I mentioned the fact that *The American Boy* magazine was sponsoring an All-American team and that, of course, the basis for selection on the honor roll would be all-around ability, not so much touchdown runs and individual brilliance, but blocking, tackling, aggressiveness and team play. I emphasized the point that every man on the squad had a chance to make this All-American team. What boy doesn't dream of being an All-American? The morale of my entire squad was many times better this year than last year, and I give credit for the transformation to the All-American idea sponsored by *The American Boy*.

Winners of All-American Certificates

John Urban, fb, Hanover, Mass.; Alan Olsen, hb, Hebron, Neb.; Lloyd Schmid, e, Minnewaukan, N. Dak.; Bill LeCroy, fb, Altoona, Ia.; Sam McDonnell, hb, Moore, Mont.; Joseph Vengroski, e, Roslyn, N. Y.; William Schreck, fb, Dayton, Wyo.; Cy Bond, hb, Marion, Ark.; Douglas Sturtevant, hb, Darien, Wis.; Jack Anderson, Jr., e, Tipton, Okla.

Delbourne Krueger, fb, Danube, Minn.; Ercel Vancil, qb, Macomb, Ill.; Ernest Akkerman, e, White, S. Dak.; Glen Goldston, e, South Harriman, Tenn.; Richard Buswell, hb, Tower City, N. Dak.; Henry Levering, hb, Doon, Ia.; P. L. Counce, e, Hughes, Ark.; Frederick Nott, fb, Donnybrook, N. Dak.; Gerald Barber, qb, Denton, Mont.; Herbert Gilbert, fb, Palisade, Nebr.

Raymond Sapp, fb, Wyanet, Ill.; Robert McCullough, hb, Hobson, Mont.; Vernon Coffey, fb, Des Lacs, N. Dak.; L. V. Bell, e, Armorel, Ark.; Robert Waller, e, Coleman, Wis.; Don Anderson, qb, Parks, Nebr.; Charles Smith, e, Page, N. Dak.; Addison Gormley, e, Bondurant, Ia.; Gilbert Wethern, hb, Geraldine, Mont.; Paul Hudson, fb, Coalfield, Tenn.

Lester Barnes, hb, Hudson, S. Dak.; Richard Beck, hb, Haynes, N. Dak.; Eddie Johnson, e, Clinton, Wis.; Louis Stotts, qb, Wilson, Ark.; Clifford Dennis, fb, Butte, Nebr.; Everett Dodge, e, Buffalo Lake, Minn.; Charles Ewey, fb, Nashua, Mont.; Irvin Stiles, hb, Sykeston, N. Dak.; LeRoy Nervenfort, qb, Des Moines, Ia.; Charles O'Hara, e, Hanover, Mass.

Virgil Rackley, e, Hollister, Okla.; Raymond Terrell, hb, Water Valley, Miss.; William Bellingham, qb, Cascade, Mont.; Raymond Brown, e, Morristown, S. Dak.; Chisley Billings, c, Marion, Ark.; Harry Daniels, fb, Monarch, Wyo.; Irvin Frey, hb, Ree Heights, S. Dak.; Sam Dick, e, Frazer, Mont.; Earl Dionne, hb, Lena, Wis.; Christ Frank, hb, Wishek, N. Dak.

Melton Hanna, fb, Frederick, Okla.; Jarold Mills, hb, Lynch, Nebr.; Jack Cotter, e, Prescott, Ia.; Gordon Montom, e, Renville, Minn.; Eugene Spotted Horse, hb, Ethowoods, N. Dak.; Neal Bridenhaugh, hb, St. Lawrence, S. Dak.; Leland Ramharter, fb, Roy, Mont.; Morris Rowlands, qb, Cambria, Wis.; Eugene Mongeon, e, Rolette, N. Dak.; Ronald Cates, hb, Stratton, Nebr.

Harry Rother, qb, Roslyn, N. Y.; Theodore Rill, fb, Michigan, N. Dak.; Douglas Collins, e, Fort Yates, N. Dak.; Dean Keil, hb, Belgrade, Mont.; Miles McDonnell, fb, Gillett, Wis.; Chester Sander, fb, Ray, N. Dak.; Harold Potter, hb, Tipton, Okla.; J. Czirr, e, Hardy, Nebr.; Irvin Giese, fb, New Leipzig, N. Dak.; Horace Brown, e, Hulbert, Ark.

Zane Ketchum, fb, Reeder, N. Dak.; Marvin Westby, hb, Rensville, Minn.; Ceriello Nunzio, e, Roslyn, N. Y.; George Fannith, hb, Max, N. Dak.; Rob Young, e, Dayton, Wyo.; Vergil Russell, qb, South Harriman, Tenn.; Irving Jacobson, e, Granora, N. Dak.; Frank Johnson, fb, Darien, Wis.; Francis Frank, qb, Carpio, N. Dak.; Verne Beattie, e, Rutledge, Ia.

Roy Sandstrom, fb, Plaza, N. Dak.; Raymond Jensen, e, Hector, Minn.; Paige Miller, qb, Turrell, Ark.; Roy Hovey, hb, Van Hook, N. Dak.; Stanley Hansen, e, Madison, S. Dak.; Harold Shilks, e, Hanks, N. Dak.; Tom Jenkins, hb, Three Forks, Mont.; Herbert Gibson, fb, Litchville, N. Dak.; Winston Miller, hb, Buffalo Lake, Minn.; Robert Rist, e, Velva, N. Dak.

Robert Parker, qb, Marion, Ark.; Kenneth Wolf, hb, Medora, N. Dak.; Lyle Sears, qb, Prescott, Ia.; Phillip Johnson, fb, Binford, N. Dak.; William Conroy, hb, Geary, N. Dak.; Charles Reed, hb, Manhasset, N. Y.; Floyd Niehaus, e, Doon, Ia.; Harvey Billings, hb, Drake, N. Dak.; Alford Simpson, e, Sharon, N. Dak.; Howard Ernst, e, Portland, N. Dak.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As this article goes to press, more news comes in from the six-man football front. Two national motion picture companies have made short features of the game. Scores of principals are writing in to say that they are organizing leagues for next fall. If your school is planning to take up the game, now is a good time to start. Send for the official handbook (there's a coupon on page 25) and arrange a meeting of nearby schools. It takes time to organize a league.*

Connie Morgan Breaks a Case (*Continued from page 12*)

"Next day he made two more mistakes. The first was in suddenly deciding that he didn't want to be handcuffed. The second was in showin' undue interest in the cabin as we passed it, an' in the next island above—that little high, narrow island.

"He made the fourth mistake that night when you were tellin' the story. He pretended not to be listenin' but I watched his hands, an' they kept clenchin' and unclenchin' as you talked.

"His fifth mistake will be when he hurries back to that island to get the money he took from Channing's dead body an' cached."

The inspector listened intently until the boy finished. "I don't believe the murderer cached the money on the island. We could find no evidence of any cache."

"You searched the wrong island—the one with the cabin on it," smiled the boy. "The cache is on the little narrow one just above that one. Kemper was smart enough to know that you wouldn't waste any time on the little island. You can see all over it from the river. Why should you search it? Kemper never took his eyes from it as we passed. He didn't know I was watchin' him, his back being toward me in the canoe."

"But—suppose Kemper should give us the slip?"

"Not much chance. Let Corporal Smedley go downriver to Wrigley—he an' Brock can watch the river so Kemper can't get past—no one livin' can run that water in the dark."

Inspector Cartwright was silent for a long time. Then, suddenly, he spoke: "All right! Maybe it's a fool scheme—but I'll take a chance. It certainly would be great if we could clear up the only unsolved murder we ever had. But remember this—after three years, it'll take *plenty* of evidence to get a conviction! When do you want to start?"

"Right now," answered the boy. "If you'll give Smedley his orders, we'll pull right out."

"Don't see the sense of taking the old man along," said the inspector.

"Is that so!" piped up a voice from just around the corner of the porch. The next instant the face of Old Man Mattie popped into view, his white beard belligerently abristle. "Well, let me tell you, Jack Cartwright, if you think I'm goin' to let Connie go rampsin' off ketchin' yer dang murderers fer you, an' me not along to look after him, you've got another think comin'! You jist try to keep me from goin'! You won't have no more luck at it than you did when you sent me upriver that time you claimed I was crazy! Too bad all you police ain't crazy like me an' Connie—an' mebbe you could ketch yer own dang thieves an' murderers—"

"Good night!" cried the inspector as, with his hands over his ears, he followed his laughing wife into the house, leaving the oldster in undisputed victory.

The following afternoon Constable Ames, whose duties at Fort Simpson detachment included care of the prisoners, stepped into the room that held the three barred cells. Carelessly tossing a partially filled packsack into a corner, he called back over his shoulder: "I'm leavin' this packsack with the grub in it that Corporal Smedley wanted for his trip into the bush, Inspector. He can pick it up in the mornin'. I checked the supplies—two days' rations."

"Right," answered the voice of the inspector. "By the way, Ames, open that outside window. With the sun beating down on the roof, it must be hot as Tophet in there—it is here in the office. You can close it when you give the prisoners their supper."

Ames opened the window, and went out. At supper he reappeared with the trays, and waited, leaning idly on the window sill, gazing out over the river. When the prisoners had finished their meal, he took the trays, shut the cell doors, and passed from the room.

As the door closed behind him, Kemper's eyes shot a glance toward Beaulieu who sat on his bunk in the semidarkness, with the one empty cell between. The half-breed was taking off his shoes.

"Goin' to bed?" Kemper called.

"*Oui*, me, I'm sleepy. No git mooch sleep on de riv'."

"Guess I'll turn in myself," Kemper replied, and proceeded to remove his own shoes. But Kemper did not go to sleep. His senses were acutely alert, and he lay listening for sounds as the twilight faded into blackness. When Beaulieu's regular breathing told him the man was asleep, Kemper raised himself cautiously, and in his stocking feet crossed to the door of his cell and gave it a gentle push. Yes—it was just as he thought—Ames hadn't closed the door tightly, and his perfunctory twist of the key hadn't shot the bolt! And there on the floor in the corner was a packsack containing two days' rations!

Swiftly Kemper turned, jerked the blanket from his bed, wadded it up, and thrust it into the packsack. Then cautiously he crossed to the window, which Ames had left open, and glanced out. He lowered the packsack to the ground, slipped through the window, and stole stealthily toward the river, keeping his eyes on the two lights that showed—one in the police barracks, where Ames was reading a magazine, and the other in Inspector Cartwright's cottage. Reaching the river, he came upon a canoe upside down on the bank. Turning it over, he found the paddle, and slipping the light craft into the water, began paddling noiselessly downstream.

All night he paddled furiously, covering the distance that it had taken three days to cover coming upstream. Dawn found him at the uppermost island. He could run the rough water by daylight, stop and get Channing's money from the cache, then hit out across country, by a trail he knew, for the Yukon. He could get supplies and a rifle from an Indian who lived on a little lake, far back from the river.

At midday he approached the narrow little island above the one on which he had shot Channing that day three years before. Eagerly, keenly, he scanned the tiny, sparsely-brushed island.

He landed the canoe with a deft twist of the paddle, drew it onto the rocks, and ran swiftly to a low talus at the foot of a small rock ridge. Stooping swiftly to an irregular crack in the rock wall, he began feverishly throwing aside the loose rock fragments. One minute—two—and a low exclamation of satisfaction escaped him. There it was—just as he had left it three years before, the bundle done up in moosehide. Hastily he jerked the bundle from the hole and fumbled for a moment with the thongs. Then he opened the piece of hide to stare down at two leather wallets and the leather money belt, all bulging with good United States bank notes—as safe and as fresh as the day he cached them there. For long moments he stood gazing in gloating silence at the wealth in his two hands. Suddenly the silence was shattered by the sound of a voice:

"Drop it! An' stick 'em up!"

Kemper whirled to find himself staring squarely into the muzzle of a police service revolver—and beyond the muzzle, into the keen gray-blue eyes of Connie Morgan. Staring, also, into the muzzle of a rifle with a bore that looked big enough to crawl into—and beyond that muzzle, the watery eyes and bristling white beard of Old Man Mattie. It was the oldster's voice that carried on:

"Drop them wallets like Connie told ye—dang ye—er, by jickity, I'll pull this here trigger!"

The two wallets and the money belt dropped to the stones, and Kemper's hands raised slowly above his head as Connie advanced.

"Stick 'em out now," ordered the boy. He slipped the handcuffs on the outstretched wrists, and as the locks clicked home, he added: "You remember, Kemper, I told you the murderer of Channing would keep on making mistakes."

"How'd you git here?" faltered the man. "Where's yer canoe?"

Connie grinned: "On the bottom of the river, around in the shallows back of the island. There wasn't brush enough to hide it; so we sank it and held it down with rocks."

A look of calculating shrewdness came into Kemper's eyes. "I never killed Channing—nor robbed him neither!" snarled the man, as the boy recovered the money from the ground. "I jest happened to find this stuff here—I was fixin' to build me a fireplace to cook my dinner when I found this stuff under the rocks. I never seen it before. You ain't got nothing on me!"

Connie smiled. But he knew, secretly, that Kemper might easily be acquitted, after three years, if he stuck to that story.

"Don't sit there and sulk just because I wouldn't let you go out!"

Three days later, with Kemper back in his cell, Connie sat again with the inspector and his good wife on the Cartwright porch. "Anyway," the inspector was saying, "you recovered Channing's money and his watch. And that's something. If the man persists, though, in denying he killed Channing and that he merely discovered the loot by accident, we'll never in the world get a conviction."

"Remember that fingerprint expert that Ottawa sent up here last year to give us lessons in scientific police-work?" asked the boy, with seeming irrelevance. "I took the whole course, remember?"

"Say, do you think you might prove by scientific methods that Kemper did it?"

"It's what I sort of had in mind," nodded Connie. "That expert left all his stuff here for use in this division. Is it still here?"

"Yes, it's all over in the office."

"You said Channing was shot twice," continued the boy. "Did the bullets go through or not?"

"They stayed in. We recovered them. They're around somewhere. We figured that he was shot with a thirty-eight pistol. A rifle bullet would have drilled on through."

"We found a pistol at Kemper's—remember? We brought it along with his rifle and those papers that you thought might furnish information as to where he was getting his liquor. It was a thirty-eight, as I remember."

"That's right—but there are a lot of thirty-eight pistols along the river."

"But only one of 'em fired the shots that killed Channing," replied the boy, "and I'm bettin' I can prove it was Kemper's. In that expert's outfit is a powerful microscope, provided with twin mounts for bullet comparison. No two guns ever mark a bullet in the same way. There are individual scratches left on every bullet that prove it could have been fired from no other gun."

"I've heard about that," the inspector said. "See what you can do, Connie."

The following morning Connie, working with the microscope, established beyond a doubt that both bullets were fired from Kemper's pistol. Comparison with a test bullet fired from the gun showed that the lethal bullets corresponded in every particular.

"There's only one thing left, now," the inspector said, after the study of the bullets was over. "We've got to be able to prove in court that this pistol belonged to Kemper at the time of the murder. He could say he bought it from some Tom, Dick, or Harry who has since left the country."

Connie looked crestfallen. "That's so," he admitted regretfully. Then, suddenly, he brightened. "Wait!" he cried. "I think I have it! We'll get Kemper in here. I want to ask him some questions."

"Go ahead, Connie. It's your case."

Constable Ames brought Kemper in, snarling and defiant.

"Sit down, Kemper," said the inspector.

Connie stared at him for what seemed a long time. Suddenly he spoke: "We know you murdered Channing, Kemper—why not tell us all about it?"

The answer was a sneering laugh: "Smart cops, ain't you? If you got it all figured out, why should I tell you? You ain't got proof on me!"

Connie slowly nodded his head: "I guess you're right this time, Kemper," he said. "But we know you did it, and we're goin' to give you enough to put you away for a long time. First, there's the hooch-runnin' charges—an' when we go to trial we'll have plenty of evidence on that. Those charges will hold you for a year or two. Then the robbery of the Frenchman will be good for five or ten years. You'll also get a year or so added for the escape. And finally there's this pistol theft. That will be good for another two years or so!"

"What d'you mean—pistol theft?" snarled the man.

"You claim that this is your pistol?"

"Sure it's mine!"

"Not quite, Kemper. You stole it!"

"You lie!"

"Do you mean to stand there an' tell me you didn't steal this pistol from a man named Whittaker?"

"Never heard of no man named Whittaker! I bought that pistol!"

"Yeah?" smiled the boy. "An' I s'pose you can prove it, too!"

"You bet I kin prove it! You cops think yer awful smart—but there's other smart folks, too! I kin prove it—'cause the bill of sale is right in that box of papers you folks fetched down here yerself!"

Connie appeared startled. Opening the box, he ran through the papers. Finally selecting one, he drew it out and read it dubiously. "Anybody could forge a bill of sale," he said.

"That ain't no forged bill of sale!" Kemper raged. "You're tryin' to frame me into a long rap, but you won't git away with it!"

"Are you willing to sign a sworn affidavit that it is the genuine bill of sale for this pistol, and that it was bought on this date, nearly five years ago?" Connie asked tauntingly.

"Sure I'll sign the paper. It's true, too. I don't know nothin' about no Whittaker pistol!"

Inspector Cartwright made out the affidavit, and Kemper signed, after being duly sworn by the inspector in his capacity as notary.

Connie picked up the paper, read it, and sat drawing it slowly back and forth between his fingers. "All right, Kemper," he said. "If this checks with the store records in Edmonton we'll hang you for the murder of Channing, now—and you haven't a chance to wiggle out. Signing this paper so we could establish ownership of the gun on you at the time of the murder was your last big mistake."

With a snarl of rage, Kemper leaped toward the boy, but the husky Ames had been expecting just such a move, and he threw himself onto the prisoner in a beautiful tackle that sent both sprawling to the floor together. A moment later, Kemper, subdued, was led back to his cell.

"What was that Whittaker gun theft?" asked the inspector. "I don't seem to remember it."

Connie looked surprised. "Whittaker? Whittaker? I don't believe I recall the name, sir."

The Minnesota Gup

(*Continued from page 17*)

the hold, but when he started to work out in a practice match, he'd go tense all over and resort to his hard-muscle stuff. Every day it became worse. And the boys began getting fed up on the hard-muscle stuff.

It was as Du Mond said to me. "Art, I'd give my right ear to help Bunsen learn wrestling, but when he tightens up I can feel the skin come right off my arm where he grips. The squad wants to help, too. But they don't like that feeling of wrestling with dynamite."

"I know how you feel," I said gloomily. "But maybe he'll loosen up after he makes the first meet against Nichol."

The morning of the meet against Nichol found the team in perfect condition. I had rubbed stiff shoulder muscles until my hands were red and sore. The team to a man made weight without anybody's having to go in the steam bath. Beginning at 118, the weights go up in steps of ten pounds. You can be four ounces over but no more. Three of Nichol Academy's men were overweight. They ran it off. Of course that didn't help them.

In our matches we use a seven-man team without a heavyweight. Harley went in at 118, eager to carry the fight and get the first score. Lightweight bouts are fast and colorful.

In that cadet-packed gym the tension was intense. With all their hearts Nichol Academy wanted to block our path. The air reverberated with cadet cheering from both sides.

Then Little Harley rode his man for a three point score on time advantage. We dropped the 128-pound bout. That fall cost us five points. Du Mond, eager to avenge his team, put up the greatest wrestling bout of his life. He bulldogged his man around the ring unmercifully, finally clamping down with his bar hold. He won the fall in six minutes.

"Manillus, eight; Nichol, five," the chief timer called out.

Scoop came over to whisper: "The Minnesota gup is fighting every match there on the bench. Better do something."

I took Bunsen into the locker room.

"Forget your coming match," I said. "Warm up a little. When you get in the ring you'll be okay."

Bunsen was wide-eyed and about as steady as jello. "I'm so afraid I'll do something wrong. You know I don't learn the holds very fast and rules sort of bother me."

For fifteen minutes I talked to him about different things to get him relaxed. Finally Du Mond stuck his head in the door.

"All right, Bunsen. You're on."

"How's the score?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"Ted lost the sixty-five. Rolf won; pinned his man in nine minutes. They've got us fifteen to thirteen."

Bunsen licked his dry lips and stared at the moisture on his palms. "That means I have to get this bout."

"That's right," I said. "Even a time advantage will give us three points. Just don't let him pin you!"

We went out to the ring. Bunsen climbed under the ropes carrying with him our only chance for victory.

Back on the bench Scoop looked like a man going to his own funeral. As I dropped beside him he leaned closer.

"Well, Art, it's out."

"What's out?"

"The dope on Bunsen—that's he's a muscle man. The Nichol light heavy knows all about the gup. I was talking with a Nichol cadet who said this Towell is going to play smart and ride the ears right off our man."

I felt very weak in the knees. Bunsen might have had a chance against somebody who tried to outmuscle him. But Towell would simply outsmart him.

I looked up in the ring just as Bunsen was caught in a cross-body toss and neatly rolled out on the canvas. A mighty cheer from the Nichol cadets hit the rafters.

Another cheer. But this time it was from Manillus throats! Bunsen by sheer brute force had battled and slammed his way out of that pinning grip.

Towell came back on the rebound. With rapier swiftness he snared Bunsen off his feet and wrapped him in a grapevine scissors, clasping his hands around the gup's forehead. I thought he'd crack Bunsen's neck the way he bent his head back. With his blue veins bulging Bunsen was slowly being bent into a semicircle.

Towell hung on, making Bunsen fight to get away. In a flying maelstrom of arms and legs they rolled across the ring. Towell landed on top of Bunsen, who was now face down.

Instantly the Nichol grappler slipped in a bar hold. He had Bunsen half pinned when the unbelievable came. Even now I don't know how it happened, but Bunsen suddenly broke free. He grabbed Towell by one ankle, snapping him up in the air. Around Towell's waist went those powerful arms. Bunsen closed his eyes and hung on for dear life.

Four minutes later the referee was slapping Bunsen on the back and yelling at him to let go.

Bunsen opened his eyes and relaxed his grip. He didn't even know the bout had ended.

"I feel like Towell looks!" yelled the perspiring Scoop, above the bedlam.

But I couldn't talk. We had won by one little point.

The next day, Sunday, brought dress parade and many military duties. I couldn't get off to visit Lieutenant Gerling in the hospital, but Stetson, all swathed in his slings, told me of the coach's joy at the news.

"He knows," Stetson said, "that Bunsen saved the day. But he's afraid the gup will never get a finger on Zellmar."

"Zellmar *did* take over this Towell in three minutes," I admitted slowly.

"Don't mistake me, Art. The whole team is behind Bunsen. He's a swell guy, but he can't relax. We ought to tie up those—" Stetson stopped, and a funny look came in his eye. "Say, I think I just thought of something."

"What?" I asked politely.

"Tell you later. Let me mull it over first. Good night, Art."

I was leaving for two weeks at West Point the next day, so I went by to see the gup. Swinging a 150-pound bar bell around like a drum major's baton, the gup was in his room trying to develop more muscle.

"Put down that rock crusher," I told him. "What you need is more science and less muscle."

"How can I learn science if the boys won't practice with me?"

"They'd work out with you if you'd cut out the pile-driver tactics," I said. "Don't forget this, Bunsen. It's up to you to keep that cup at Manillus. Why, if you could get even a time advantage on Zellmar, you'd be the greatest gup in the history of Manillus!"

Bunsen sank to his cot, a look of ponderous responsibility on his face. "Nothing works on me," he said dismally. "Anyway, my father says strength can't be beat."

"Don't forget that Samson was trimmed by a clever woman," I retorted. "Brains will beat brawn any day."

Two weeks at West Point, where I took exams, kept me in agony of suspense. I found Scoop upon my return. Scoop knows everything about school affairs.

"Did anybody work with Bunsen?"

"Everybody. They wore him down to a frazzle every day. It took the whole team, one at a time, to do it."

"Huh?" I said in surprise. "They're working him out? How many bones did those arms of his break?"

"None," said Scoop mysteriously.

It all seemed very queer to me, but I didn't suspect any trick stuff—until later.

We met Fort Keefe in our own gym before two battalions of cheering cadets. I took Bunsen out during the first six matches to keep his mind off wrestling. But it didn't help. When we went out to the ring where he was to meet the great Zellmar, he was having a chill.

Then *I* had a chill. The score was 15 to our 11! We had lost three bouts on falls, winning one pin and two time advantages.

"Bunsen," I said, desperately trying to sound confident, "to win, we must pin Zellmar. Understand? Pin him! Go to it!"

At the referee's signal, Zellmar came out of his corner with a bound. No feinting or shifting. He corkscrew-tackled the gup with a terrific low smash.

Bunsen tried to get his legs under him. No time. He toppled over like a football dummy, his left arm caught underneath. I heard him suck in his breath sharply.

The match was like an old-time professional bout. Not the phony rough stuff of the disgusting modern pro bouts. It was hard, vigorous grappling

"He was disinherited—left without a scent."

that requires speed, brains, and man power. Zellmar and Bunsen had everything—between them.

Each time Zellmar clamped down with his notorious riding hold, Bunsen rolled. Usually Zellmar landed on the top. Time after time Bunsen regained his feet only to be tripped and flung down again. The pace of the match was staggering. No wrestler, I thought, could last ten minutes at that muscle-burning grind.

Bunsen carried his elbows close to his body. There was no place for Zellmar to shove in a half Nelson. Scissors failed, too, because there was always one elbow blocking the body-crushing clamp.

Zellmar tried everything. He had been sure of this match. Rumor had tricked him. Nothing worked on the gup. He was baffled. And so was I. Bunsen, somehow, had learned plenty.

But defensive wrestling wouldn't save us. We were four points behind Fort Keefe now. To win, Bunsen *had to get a pin!*

Zellmar, now on his knees, swung one leg over Bunsen's neck, hooked on a head-arm scissors, and dived forward. Bunsen was about to be pinned.

Then, as Zellmar tried to bring Bunsen's shoulder that last half inch to the mat, it happened.

Bunsen's long legs suddenly snaked over from somewhere and neatly hooked Zellmar's left arm. The Fort Keefe grappler loosened his right arm to break the hold. And that was what Bunsen wanted. Instantly he shifted and clamped the strong right arm of Zellmar in a Japanese short-arm scissors!

Zellmar let out a yell. He was forced over, by the leverage on his arm, face down. Bunsen closed on him with those long, powerful legs that slipped into hold after hold with a strange new precision.

The miracle dawned fully upon me: *Bunsen had learned to use his legs while I had been away!* But how?

Zellmar was panting harshly now. His body glistened. The white of his eyes showed in vague fear. Every move he made to escape was blocked. He was held tight. No use matching strength with the muscle man from Minnesota!

With Zellmar securely locked inside the gup's legs, his shoulders pinned flat, the bout ended in just five minutes. We won 16 to 15, and the cup was ours for keeps! The gym turned into a bedlam.

I climbed into the ring wanting to hug Bunsen. "You did it, iceman!" I yelled, helping them to their feet.

Zellmar wiped the sweat out of his eyes and stared admiringly at Bunsen. Bunsen grinned at him. Zellmar grinned back, and held out his hand. "You'll be a great champion," he panted. "Strongest guy I ever met."

Bunsen blushed to his heels. "It's more science than strength, isn't it, Art?"

"You ought to know," I replied. "From now on, you're 'Legs' Bunsen."

Bunsen stared down at his tights. "It's a funny thing, but I never knew I had legs until they tied up my arms."

Before I could find my voice the crowd surged in and grabbed the gup, and I was shoved over to a corner of the ring.

"What did he say?" I yelled at Scoop. "What about tying up—"

"Sure," grinned Scoop. "It was Stetson's idea. We tied up his arms so the squad could wrestle him without getting crushed. We didn't realize how much good it would do the gup. In ten days, not a man could pin him, even with his arms tied up!"

Somebody nudged me from behind. It was Stetson, smiling broadly.

"You caved-in yap, how'd you ever think of it?" I asked him happily.

He tapped the top of his head. "Brains," he said. "That's what it takes in this game."

The Mayor of Bridgeport *(Continued from page 14)*

Next morning in Mosca, when he was not called on time, Chuck went down to the roundhouse. Square Jaw was already there.

"Number eight late again today?"

"Yeah. Washout to th' west."

Another engineer, just in from the east with a drag of freight, clumped in. He nodded toward the pair, dropped his valise and said: "We got a new section foreman at Bridgeport."

"So they fired the Mayor?" asked Chuck.

"Yeah. I hated to see it. Always got a kick out of that little Mex and his big hat. Willing little bird, wasn't he?"

Chuck nodded. Square Jaw made no comment.

At 7 P.M. the caller found Chuck. "Yuh're booked fer eight-thirty. They got th' washout fixed."

Outside it was drizzling a little. To the east tongues of lightning played over the mountain peaks. Distant thunder rumbled. Chuck shook his head worriedly. "Coming down pitchforks and hammer handles over the canyon."

At 8:30 P.M. number 8 blasted into the east. Daggers of rain slashed against the cab windows, and Square Jaw was forced to buck them with his head out his cab window. The beam of the headlight stabbed into the storm-washed landscape ahead.

At Solar Summit the rain had eased to a slow drizzle again. But in the canyon below lightning glittered and thunder boomed. "Gonna get it in the neck tonight, Square Jaw," said Chuck.

"Yeah," agreed Square Jaw.

Down at the Bridgeport section house the Mayor paced the floor of the long dining room. His scant belongings were packed and ready to be taken away. Where? The Mayor had no idea. He'd worked all his life, almost, on the section, pulled himself up to a foreman's job. He felt no anger toward the roadmaster. It had been his fault, that derailment. But he'd been exhausted.

His wife and children bunched in a dark corner of the room and sobbed softly. The new foreman was hunched over a table making out reports. Outside torrents of rain rattled against the roof, ran in rivulets from the eaves.

Suddenly the Mayor stopped his pacing, looked at his big silver watch. He looked at his successor. "Number eight she ees 'most nine hours late?"

"Yeah." The lantern-jawed face above the reports did not look up.

"Thees rain," went on the Mayor, "nights like thees I used to walk the track if the train she was running."

This time the face lifted. "Did yuh get paid overtime fer it?"

The Mayor shook his head.

"Then yuh was a fool."

The Mayor nodded. Sure he'd been the fool. All that work, and now because of a mistake his job was gone. He shrugged and resumed his pacing, then turned to his successor. "Number eight, she ees not yet past. We should walk to the curve bridge? Tonight we have a cloudburst."

"Ain't no danger of th' curve bridge goin' out. A man'd be crazy to face that storm."

The Mayor looked at his watch again. Ten P.M. Number 8 was due along here in about thirty minutes. Meester Chuck would be on the engine, and Meester Square Jaw, the engineer who did not like him . . .

Abruptly he crossed the room and pulled on his slicker. He transferred his waterproof box of matches to his pants pocket. Then, planting his sombrero on his head, he let himself out into the storm. He ran hunched over toward the tool house. Inside he located two red fusees.

Stumbling over the ties the Mayor went toward the curved bridge at a lumbering run. Once he halted and listened intently. From ahead came a sullen roar which seemed to swell until it filled the canyon. His face went white and he stumbled on.

He rounded the curve, feeling his way forward. There came a brilliant flash of lightning. It illuminated a cataract of red-brown water, swirling pinion trees, driftwood and logs. The bridge structure had crumbled! Only ties and bent, twisted rails hung down on broken piles above the torrent.

The Mayor jerked off his slicker, felt the fusees in his belt and splashed on. He'd make it across the rails. They'd hold. They had to. Number 8 was coming up through the canyon on the other side.

He inched out on the ties, worked forward. The structure settled and he sprawled face down and clung desperately. Again he inched forward, now on his hands and knees. Upended logs smashed into the rails. Water tumbled over them. The Mayor scrambled forward, faster. He passed the center. Then suddenly it came. Branches of a pinon tree caught him and swept him off. He tried to swim. The swift, muddy water tossed him downstream. He slapped against a mass of driftwood. An undertow caught him and his head bobbed under. He was carried down . . . down . . . until it seemed his lungs must burst. Like a limp rag he was smashed between two bridge timbers. He saw a million shooting stars.

Then his body was caught by another current and shot upward. Sweet air touched his face and he moved his arms. An eddy had formed behind a mountainous mass of bridge timbers. Then solid bottom came under his feet, and the Mayor pulled himself to the bank.

He staggered toward the track, feeling for his fusees, his box of matches. He still had them. He kicked against a rail with his bare foot and hardly noticed the pain in the elation he felt.

He was still running when he heard the eerie warning of number 8. A long blast followed by a shorter one. Square Jaw was whistling for a curve.

With fingers that trembled the Mayor pulled the cap from one of his precious fusees. There was no use trying to ignite it by scratching the end of the cap. The cap was watersoaked. So he squatted, shielding his fusee and matches with his body. The blaze of the third match ignited the fusee. The resulting flare painted the track and surrounding walls blood red. The Mayor waited. One minute. Two. Then the headlight swayed around a curve. And the Mayor began swinging his fusee in a wide stop signal.

"Wha-! Wha-a!" Exhausts quieted. The Mayor heard and smiled happily. He had done well.

Square Jaw was chuffing up toward Bridgeport two weeks later when Chuck said: "I hear the Mayor will be out of the hospital and back to work in a week or two."

Square Jaw nodded.

"Just lucky he came through with nothing more than four cracked ribs."

"Yeah," gruffly.

"What's in that box?"

Square Jaw scowled. "Feller asked me to kick it off to Jose's wife when we go through Bridgeport."

"What fellow?" asked Chuck.

Square Jaw turned on his heat. "What business is it of yours, what feller?" he shouted.

Chuck grew silent. In the two weeks since the storm the bridge had been rebuilt; the rainy season was over. Chuck knew the man who had come to take the Mayor's place had been dismissed and the Mayor reinstated. Well, the Mayor rated it.

How Square Jaw felt was a question. Chuck had a hunch that the "feller" who wanted the box thrown off at Bridgeport was none other than Square Jaw Davis. And he was willing to bet that the box contained food, clothes and other necessities.

The fifteenth day after that they were coming east. Square Jaw had just whistled for Bridgeport. They rounded the curve and Chuck saw the Mayor, big as life, sombrero and all, standing beside the track. And he was giving Square Jaw a stop signal! Chuck grew more than interested. Here was the Mayor just back to work, and up to his old tricks of wanting to exercise his pass. How would Square Jaw react?

Square Jaw did not change expression. He closed his throttle, grasped his air valve and brought number 8 to a halt with the engine beside the Mayor. Square Jaw leaned out the cab and eyed the little Mexican.

"Goin' to Sage?" he yelled down.

"Please, yes, Meester Square Jaw."

"Climb up here an' ride with us, Mayor," said the engineer gruffly.

The Mayor was on the engine like a squirrel. His round eyes regarded Square Jaw questioningly as the old fellow tugged out his throttle. As Square Jaw settled back against the cab the Mayor half-fearfully reached toward his pocket, pulled out a cigar. Square Jaw started to scowl.

"Wait, Meester Square Jaw," implored the little fellow, "the railroad company he give me a hundred dollars for crossing the creek that night. So I have plenty of money for my wife, my babies, and a cigar for you, yes?"

Square Jaw's face began to crinkle. It broke into a wide grin. "Reckon yuh win, Mayor," he said heartily. "I'll smoke your cigar. An'," he added as an afterthought, "glad to stop an' pick yuh up any time yuh have to go into Sage."

"There now, you've insulted him by using a high chair."

Here Are Tips for Beginning Collectors

STAMPS

by Kent B. Stiles

WHETHER you are a beginning stamp collector with but a few stamps or a seasoned collector with a valuable album, it is important that you keep informed about the stamp market as reflected by the stamp advertisements in the columns adjoining this department. Read EVERY advertisement for somewhere in these columns you may find a bargain in the very stamps you need to round out your collection.

THE start of a new year seems a fitting time to tell you younger fellows—the ones just beginning to take an interest in stamp collecting—some of the things about this fascinating hobby called philately. It is a hobby filled with mysteries and surprises, as you will discover. But mysteries and surprises are a lot of fun; they add to the zest of living. That is one of the reasons why millions of persons are philatelists. And these millions who make stamps their hobby include not boys and girls alone but their fathers and mothers.

The popularity which philately has won for itself across the years can be simply explained. Ask yourself the question: "Why do people go to theaters, read good books, travel, visit museums of art?" They do these things, and others, to find relaxation and to enrich themselves mentally. The "others" include philately.

Rodo, Uruguayan philosopher, is pictured on one of Cuba's "Writer-Artist" series.

For relaxation and mental development, there is perhaps no hobby which surpasses stamp collecting.

PHILATELY is the broadest of the educational hobbies. The truth of this is recognized, and has been so attested publicly, by many of the world's leaders in the arts and sciences and in institutions of learning.

Postal paper, through its picturesque designs and informative inscriptions, *teaches* facts which it is essential to know in studying progress in civilization. It may rightfully be stated that ours is a more informed human race, regardless of nationality, because of the very existence of philately. Knowing no frontiers, no creeds, philately is a universal factor in the dissemination, among the peoples of the world, of knowledge which each of these peoples should have regarding the others—their aspirations, their history, their religions, their industries, their climates, their expansion, their architecture, their activities in war and peace, their mythology, their scientific achievements, and their geography. And a thousand and one other things.

Cuba misspelled Atlantil in this Salvador air stamp.

Through stamps we learn about all these. A piece of postal paper is significantly a true symbol of internationalism, and the collecting of its varieties builds worldwide understanding and appreciation. Through the frames of stamps we explore absorbing fields of interest and learning, for philately's panorama is unending. Its colorful kaleidoscope, constantly in motion, introduces fresh scenes and new portraits on the designs, alluring the vision and intriguing the mind.

By studying these designs, one by one as they are assembled, we experience cultural awakening, awareness of events both of the past and of current interest.

SUCH is philately's background picture, briefly sketched. The details will be painted in as we go along. These details are numerous; and they sometimes are so puzzling, for the beginning collector, that explanations are essential so that he can readily avoid pitfalls.

Presentation of such explanations will be the purpose of this series of chats, which will be continued from month to month. We will discuss such fundamentals as condition, perforations, watermarks, grills, albums, hinges, approval sheets, the standard album, values, errors, specialism and a host of others. Every hobby has its "tools," and these will be reviewed and their uses outlined. You, the beginning collector, will want to know about these fundamentals and tools—and you *should* know if you purpose to continue collecting—for surely, without knowledge regarding them, full comprehension of the hobby's delights and possibilities is not attained.

If you already consider yourself a veteran collector, you may consider the foregoing and what is to come as "old stuff" and so decide to "skip it!" Yet perhaps a reading of these chats will here and there present a helpful hint for even the more experienced hobbyist. Anyhow, don't begrudge the space the chats will occupy—for, once upon a time, you oldsters were also beginners and probably were eager for the knowledge which we hope the chats will provide.

If you have the 46-centavo commemorative (mentioned last month) which Honduras issued in honor of the United States Constitution, note how the colors, including red, blue, green, yellow, are actually interwoven into the pattern. This is because the stamp was manufactured by a process which is something new in philately's history.

THE postal paper of numerous Latin-American countries is made by a bank note company which has headquarters in the United States. The firm also produces paper money for various nations. A few years ago it developed, after years of research, a more effective method of safeguarding such money against successful counterfeiting.

The Honduras Constitution 46c was the first stamp ever made by this method, hitherto used only in making paper bank notes. The engraving is superimposed in such a way that all coloring is an absolute register throughout, and counterfeiting which could fool an expert is impossible.

U. S. Constitution commemoratives promised by Ecuador and Peru are being made by this method. They were to have been released many weeks ago. Now they are expected in January. However, preparation of one of these new plates for steel-engraving requires many months of painstaking work by a skilled artist, which accounts for the long delay.

The situation is intriguing because Latin-American postal officials, inordinately fond of colors, are expected to order more and more of their stamps made by this latest method, and so we may look forward to an increasingly gaudy panorama of hues and shades.

It is not anticipated that Uncle Sam will make use of the process. For one reason, expensive present-day machinery at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing would have to be scrapped. For another, our government is more interested in producing stamps for the utilitarian purpose of prepaying postage than in turning out multicolored bits of postal paper for collectors. The same does not hold true for all countries.

Cuba pictured Simon Bolivar on its Venezuela stamps.

Uncle Sam has been making his own stamps since 1894, and only a few have been in more than a single color.

PHILATELY suspects that Cuba tried to "pull a fast one" when releasing twenty-three stamps frankly to raise funds to aid the "Association of American Writers and Artists," an organization which the Cuban Government is sponsoring and which plans to

STAMPS CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

establish the "Editorial House of the Book of the Americas" presumably to produce the works of such authors and artists.

The stamps were on sale only three days, October 13, 14 and 15, and Cuba had previously announced they would not be valid for postage thereafter.

The plan smacked of speculation at collectors' expense, so the publishers of the American and British stamp catalogs informed Cuba that the series would not be recognized—on the theory that collectors were apparently being "exploited."

So the Government hastily altered its decision and decreed that the stamps would not be demonetized after all but would continue good for postage. Also, Cuba assured, the unsold "remainders" would not be turned over to any syndicate for sale at enhanced prices to collectors but would be converted into revenue paper through overprinting.

Thus Cuba belatedly but effectively "legitimatized" the series, which will be "recognized"—a conclusion which collectors will appreciate because the stamps are not only artistic but are sentimentally fascinating, particularly for Americans.

TWENTY-ONE of the stamps are each inscribed with the name of an American republic—ranging alphabetically from Argentina to Venezuela—and there is one for Canada. The other value illustrates the

Cuba's stamp for Paraguay brings a new face to philately.

ships of Columbus, symbolizing the discovery of America. The series comprises fifteen stamps for postage, two for special delivery, and six for air mail.

The designs are associated with the republics honored. An 8-cent postage, the tribute to the United States, bears a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Venezuela's 20c air offers a likeness of Simon Bolivar, the great Latin-American "liberator." On Uruguay's, also a 20c air, is the head of Jose Enrique Rodo, Uruguayan philosopher. Salvador's 10c air pictures Atlacatl (misspelled Atlacatl), an ancient Indian chieftain. On Canada's 2c postage is a view of a *paisaje tipico* (typical landscape) of mountains, trees and lake. Bolivia's 1c postage presents *paisaje montanoso* (mountainous landscape).

At this writing I have not seen all the designs but I learn that Paraguay's 5c postage brings a portrait which is a newcomer in our hobby's gallery—that of Carlos Antonio Lopez (1790-1862), who was military ruler, consul or President of Paraguay from 1840 until his death, and who once, through an ill-considered diplomatic move, nearly brought on a war with the United States.

Other new issues include the following:

Brazil gives us philately's first likeness of Jose da Silva Paes on a 300-reis which commemorates the founding of the city of Rio Grande do Sul. Paes established the first settlement, in 1737.

A series of nine and a miniature sheet from Albania commemorate the 25th anniversary of that kingdom's independence.

Marie Louise, a Bulgarian princess and daughter of King Boris, enters the gallery on 1-leva, 2L and 4L Bulgarian stamps.

Three Czechoslovakian current adhesives were overprinted "B.I.T." (initials of *Bureau International du Travail*) to commemorate the recent convention of the International Labor Bureau, at Prague.

Manchukuo has released 2-fen, 4f, 10f and 20f to commemorate the "Completion of the State Capital," Hsingking.

The Mystery of the Mallards

(Continued from page 6)

The following evening a very youthful, very new immigration inspector sat among a group of older men in a room at the U. S. Grant Hotel in San Diego. As Inspector Young, stationed on the border, talked, Donn studied the peculiar crew of undercover men, up from Tia Juana for this meeting.

Border Patrolman Jackson sat with his lantern jaw thrust out, sullenly resenting Donn's presence. Big Joe, half Chinese and half Negro, just listened. Manuel Garcia, a handsome young Mexican, was beaming with excitement. Brooding darkly in a corner was lean, aquiline-nosed Chris Lee, part white, part Chinese, part Yaqui Indian, and known far and wide as a tough *hombre*. Donn grinned to himself; he had a sweet lot of playmates.

Inspector Young was finishing his talk. "That's the long and short of it," he growled. "We've completely fallen down on the job of spotting this new outfit. Now, boys—in the light of all we know now, what have you noticed around that might have a bearing on the matter?"

"Three new taxicabs in Tia Juana," Manuel said quickly. "Good cars. Drivers seem to have plenty money, little business."

"Mexican?" Donn asked.

"Si, Señor."

"Any new Chinese faces?" demanded Young.

Big Joe, Chris, and Manuel shook their heads.

"Then they're bringing the Chinese in at night and hiding them. Where?"

"One of the laundries," Big Joe rumbled.

"May I make a suggestion?" All eyes turned to Donn, the man in charge of the case, and he went on: "These three planes have to land and take off at least thirty miles from town or they'd have been spotted. To refuel in Mexico, they need about two hundred and fifty gallons of gas, to say nothing of oil. The cars that transport the contraband to the landing field would have to carry the fuel. By watching the gas stations, and spotting a purchase of that kind, we might discover when the planes were due in."

"Excellent," snapped Young. "You boys each know men you can trust. Get jobs yourselves at the various stations or plant your men—as car washers or what not or ambitious fellows willing to work for little or nothing to learn the ropes. Cover every station. And, Manuel, you get to be a bosom pal of at least one of those new taxi drivers."

"May I make another suggestion?" Donn said quietly. "If Manuel becomes friendly with a driver who buys all that fuel, he may get an opportunity to put something in the man's food or drink to make him sick. Then perhaps Manuel or Chris—already planted by Manuel as a bad man—can take the sick driver's place. I'd like to know exactly how many Chinese start out of here—and whether they're all Chinese."

Young nodded assent. Then, one by one, they drifted out, Big Joe and Chris through back entrances.

Within two days, Donn knew that the web had been spun. Playing the part of a casual college boy, he wandered around Tia Juana and saw every gas station covered, Manuel fraternizing gaily with the taxi drivers, Chris Lee swaggering around as a wise and exceedingly tough *caballero*.

Donn knew too that up in Los Angeles Hal was an unpaid handy man around the airport, each of the flyers was being shadowed, and the chief was in communication with Scotland Yard. In dozens of the towns and cities of Mexico, every European who had landed in Mexico within the past year, and had not been known to leave, was being checked.

But day after maddening day went by without bringing Donn the information he needed. Big Joe, Chris, and Manuel reported only vague rumors.

Then, abruptly, Donn's new world broke into frenzied action.

Donn happened to be in Inspector Young's home when a telephone call came from the chief in Los Angeles. "Right . . . Right!" was Young's contribution to the conversation. He whirled on Donn.

"Hal reports ships fueled for a long trip tonight. Chief says you're to get everything set here, and fly to Los Angeles tonight. He also says he's just got your Mallard dope for you. Beat it—I'll have a naval plane ready for you at Coronado."

An hour later Donn was in the Silver Dollar restaurant in Tia Juana. Manuel slid in alongside him, drank a cup of coffee as he listened, and rushed off. A half hour afterward, at the Spanish-American Service station, Jackson reported a truck that had bought three hundred gallons of gas, and a quantity of oil. One hour after that, in Maria's Tortilla Hut, Big Joe reported the truck parked in back of the largest Chinese laundry in town. And back in the Silver Dollar, Manuel and Chris came in and ordered coffee. Manuel caught Donn's eye and then glanced significantly at Chris—the tough *hombre* was to drive one of the cars. Donn sauntered out and waited at the corner. When Manuel drifted by, Donn said rapidly:

"Jackson's in charge. Big Joe is watching the laundry. Chris must get every detail about the Chinese and the field, and memorize the numbers of the ships. He reports to Jackson immediately."

Manuel nodded. Later, as Jackson rushed Donn to the naval air station, Donn gave him his instructions, warning him to telephone the number of men to be smuggled as soon as he knew.

Shortly after dark the taut young inspector was winging up the coast line in a seaplane. He landed at Santa Monica, and just before midnight walked into the chief's office to greet the chief, Hal and a dozen other inspectors, all in uniform, Captain George of the Los Angeles police force, and Mrs. White of the customs service, who was anticipating smuggled jewelry or narcotics.

"Tonight's really the night?" Donn asked after a general "Hello."

"The planes left at eight," Hal said morosely. "And I feel like a heel."

"How come?"

"I've been out at Larson's house a dozen times—played with his kid and everything. He's a swell guy!"

"Never mind that," snapped the chief. "All set below?"

Donn nodded, and summarized his orders to the men below the border. Then he put an anxious question of his own, "What about the Mallards?"

"You can read the correspondence tomorrow. Briefly, the lay is this. Ten years ago Sir Laurence Folsom, wellborn but a wild egg, was jailed for a huge confidence game, swindling some fellow aristocrats out of thousands of pounds. It was strongly suspected, too, that he and a younger fellow named Humphrey Baldwin had pulled off a big jewel robbery. Both got out of jail in England six months ago—ruined. Young Baldwin disappeared completely three months ago. A month later Sir Laurence dropped from sight. And both smoked Mallards. Sir Laurence is considered one of the most dangerous men extant. It's entirely possible that he came to Mexico and is trying to enter the United States and join our first Mallard smoker, the one Donn spotted near John Evans' ranch. That's likely young Baldwin. But come—it's mid-

night and time to go. Captain George, we'll have a complete dragnet around Chinatown?"

"You couldn't get a pigtail through it," declared the captain as he got up.

The telephone rang, and the chief took the call. He listened. "O. K.," he barked, and turned. "It's from Tia Juana. A round dozen Chinese are on their way, boys!" His eyes went to Donn. "Big Joe broke into the laundry after they'd left—and found a dozen Mallard butts!"

Donn's eyes narrowed. "Those Mallards will drive me nuts. Every time I open my mouth I expect to hear myself going *quack, quack.* Do you suppose any white man would deliberately go through the Chinese underground—stacked like cordwood here and there, packed like sardines in cars, holed up for weeks in stuffy, smelly back rooms?"

"Sure," snapped the chief. "Here's a rifle for you, Donn. Come on!"

Soon after one o'clock the dozen immigration men and Mrs. White were hidden around the airport in clumps of eucalyptus. And there they waited until dawn was graying the sky.

The airport revealed itself as a long, narrow pasture lot, flanking a side road. At one end were two portable corrugated-iron hangars, a small tool shed, and a gas tank.

As though dawn were the signal, a hangar door opened. Two men pushed a shining Wahlberg on the line. When the first man climbed into the cockpit, Hal whispered:

"That's Coghlan—the boss of these works."

"Not the big boss though?" Donn whispered back.

"Not by a long shot. And I'll get the big shots if it takes the rest of my life! The rats, letting Eric Larson in for this—making him do their dirty work just because he's broke! And I have to help get him."

"Steady, kid," Donn whispered.

Then as the motor roared into life, he slipped over to the chief. "We'll never get the Chinese here, will we?"

"We'll get the planes and the pilots—and the dragnet will tend to the rest," the chief said comfortably. This was not *his* first case.

As the Wahlberg rose, three specks took shape in the sky. Coghlan flew west, and the immigration men saw the rendevouz in the air.

"Leading them to the automobiles," growled an inspector.

The ships disappeared. Donn waited with growing tension. He'd have given his shirt to be at that secret landing field.

"They're coming back!" the chief's voice rang out.

In single file the ships circled and came down for the landing. Three of them had hit the ground, and the fourth was leveling off when Kensington, a high-strung young inspector, could bear it no longer. Afterward he said he thought he'd heard the order. He leaped from cover, rifle in hand. Instantly, the rest of the officers burst into the open, each with a rifle.

The first three ships were helpless, in no position for a take-off. But the motor of the fourth went all the way as the lone pilot gave it the gun.

"Shoot at his motor—Donn, Hal!" roared the chief, and led his men across the field toward the other planes.

Donn knelt, Hal beside him, and aimed carefully as the ship roared toward them at an angle. As the rifle kicked against Donn's shoulder, a jet of gasoline spurted from the side of the fleeing ship.

The ship jerked into a bank just as Hal's gun spoke. That quick change of course brought the ship broadside to the kneeling inspectors. As they rose, Donn saw the pilot stiffen and then collapse. Hal's shot at the motor had winged the pilot. The ship wavered, and the pilot made a convulsive movement. The motor died, and the nose dropped.

As the two inspectors leaped forward, the ship dropped the hundred feet to the ground at a steep angle. It crashed on nose and undercarriage, and went over on its back, a quivering heap of wreckage that in a moment was licked by flames. But a dark figure was worming its way out of the inferno, and the two young inspectors tore forward.

"It's Eric!" Hal half sobbed.

Together they bore the stricken pilot from the area of terrific heat. When they laid him down, his eyes opened and he forced a smile as he looked up into Hal's anguished face.

"I—don't blame you," he whispered. "You will—be nice to Nora and—"

He was gone. . . . Donn gripped Hal's shoulder wordlessly. Then he left him alone beside the body of his friend.

His own heart was heavy, but he had to follow the trail. He found the other three pilots captives in the center of a ring of immigration men. A car that was evidently Coghlan's was parked by one of the hangars.

"Mind if I hurry into town in that car?" Donn asked the chief. "I've got an idea."

"Go ahead."

Thirty minutes later Donn was in the chief's own office, looking over the dossier on Sir Laurence Folsom and Humphrey Baldwin. Two things stood out. Baldwin apparently had no acquaintances in America. Sir Laurence had an intimate friend — Chauncey Roberts, Hollywood actor, had been his schoolmate at Harrow and his inseparable crony later.

It was barely seven in the morning, but Donn dialed the number of his friend Dick Stockton, casting director of the Mammoth studio.

"Donn Kelly, Dick," he announced. "Know a British actor named Chauncey Roberts?"

"Sure."

"Where does he live?"

"How should I know this early in the morning?" growled Stockton. "I've got the address at the office—"

"How's the memory? Know his phone number?"

"Yeah. Gladstone—"

"Call him right now, get his address on some excuse, and call me right back at the office, will you?"

A minute later the phone rang. "One twenty-eight North Carson, and I hope you never get another wink of sleep!" roared Stockton. "What's the—"

But Donn had hung up. Ten minutes later he was in the office of the chief of police, just in time for the flash from the outskirts of Chinatown.

"Got your Chinese—eleven of 'em," Chief Shaw said, receiver to ear.

"How many white men?"

"The drivers—that's all."

"I thought so!" A supposed Chinese was missing—and no white man had been captured to take his place.

Donn was out of the office like a shot. His car fairly leaped through Los Angeles, on through Hollywood, and up into the Hollywood Hills. In front of 128 North Carson, a gray coupe was parked. Pretending to look for trouble in his own car, Donn contrived to feel the cowling and radiator of the coupe. Both were hot. That car had been driven within the last fifteen minutes.

Looking like a weary college boy, he abandoned the examination of his car and started, with seeming hesitation, around toward the back door of 128 North Carson as if hoping to find an early-rising servant.

"Anything you want?" asked a heavy British voice as a very large young man opened the front door.

"Could I use your phone? My car stopped out here."

"Come in, come in! There's a bit of a celebration going on—old school reunion and all that."

Donn entered the living room on the heels of his host. Standing there, with a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other, was a tall, thin-faced man of forty. Donn had never seen him before but he knew him—*Sir Laurence Folsom!*

For a moment the man seemed like a coiled spring. Then as his keen glance swept over the tired-looking youngster who followed Roberts, he relaxed.

Donn's guarded eyes took in a crumpled package of Mallards on the table. They took in, too, the ruthless cruelty written on the very thin face of the man who was smoking one.

"Phone right here, old son," Roberts said, carrying the telephone on its long wire toward Donn.

Donn leaned casually against the front door. "Thanks," he said, taking the telephone. He leaned forward, toward the table, and smiled ingenuously. "Mallards," he said. "That's a new brand to me."

"Best in the world," Sir Laurence said, easily entering the talk. "That is, for an Englishman. Roberts here is a Britisher." He might have been speaking as American to American; he had carefully stripped from his words all trace of British accent.

Donn smiled again, set down the telephone, and thrust his hands in his pockets. One was on his badge, the other on his gun.

"And of course Sir Laurence Folsom is not," he said quietly.

For a second the Englishmen were like statues. Then, slowly, menacingly, both started toward him.

Donn's hands came out of his pockets—with his gun in one, his badge in the other. "I'm Inspector Kelly, Immigration," he said. "My badge, Sir Laurence."

He tossed over the badge. Sir Laurence looked at it, and then he looked at Roberts. The next instant both pairs of British eyes were measuring Donn.

"I wouldn't advise any rough stuff," Donn said evenly. "After all, every law-enforcement agency in the country will take up where I leave you off if you get me, Sir Laurence."

"I don't quite understand." There was a chilling undercurrent in Sir Laurence's suave voice.

"I tried to put myself in your place," Donn told him calmly. "We've traced you every step of the way. I thought you'd get rid of your Chinese disguise, and that if we picked you up you'd take the rap as a smuggler if necessary. If we didn't, your friend would soon get you out of the company you were in."

A vibrant silence fell. Then something of the thoroughbred's ability to meet disaster revealed itself in Sir Laurence. He relaxed into his chair.

"Amazing, you Americans," he drawled. "Sit down, Chauncey. Will you have a drink, Inspector?"

"Thanks, no," Donn answered.

"England wants me for no crime," Sir Laurence went on casually. "So I'm merely deported from here, eh?"

"That's all," Donn said. "Care to talk about Humphrey Baldwin?"

"Never heard of him," Sir Laurence smiled. "If he's a friend of yours, I'd like to meet him. And you and I may meet again, what?"

"That's beyond me," Donn said slowly. But he felt only too certain that he had not seen the last of this ruthless alien. This time, however, he had won. The man must leave the country after enduring grilling hardships in his effort to get in. Jubilance surged up in Donn—his first case, and he had won! Baldwin was still at large but Baldwin could wait. Sir Laurence was triumph enough for one day.

His voice was gravely even as he asked, "May I use the phone now, Mr. Roberts? Thanks. Dial Michigan 3241 for me, will you? I'm awkward at dialing with my gun in my hand. Then please hand me the phone so I can have some of the boys come out and get Sir Laurence."

Roberts grinned wryly. "Anything else I can do, old chap? We want you to be comfortable here."

"Yes, indeed," drawled Sir Laurence, and reached for the Mallards. "May I light one for you, Inspector?"

Donn grinned back. "No, thanks," he said. "It seems to be bad luck to smoke Mallards."

Next Month: Easy-moving, quick-thinking Donn Kelly, youngest immigration inspector in the service, combs a crackling border to find a lost man.

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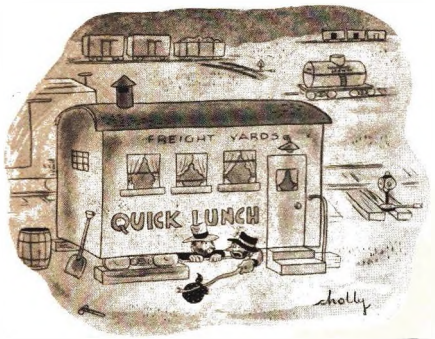
FUNNYBONE TICKLERS



"Are you SURE this is the fast freight for Denver?"

Skeptical

The one-ring circus was visiting a town in the hills. The folks there recognized all the instruments of the band except the slide trombone.

One old settler watched the player for quite some time, then, turning to his son, said, "Don't let on that you're watching him. There's a trick to it; he ain't really swallerin' it."

Wasted Pills

Doctor: "What is that patient of yours complaining about now?"

Nurse: "He says he got well before all of his medicine was gone."

Hats Off

A young flying officer, stationed somewhere near Egypt, while flying near the Great Pyramids, carrying out exercises in navigation and working with a sextant to discover his exact position, suddenly turned to the pilot and said, "Take off your hat."

"Why?" asked the pilot.

"Because, according to my calculations, we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."

Golden Opportunity

Mrs. Smythe-Brown was making the final arrangements for her big reception.

"Kate," she said to her new maid, "I want you to stand at the drawing-room door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Kate's face lit up.

"Very well, ma'am," she replied. "I'll do my best. I suppose the first thing that comes into my head about them will do, won't it?"

Lucky

"You say you served in the Great War?" said the restaurant manager, as he sampled the new cook's soup.

"Yes sir. Officers' cook for two years, an' wounded twice."

"You're lucky. It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

Good Suggestion

"I wish you would give me a name for a new brand of butter," said a dairyman to a customer.

"If it is like the last one you sent me, I would suggest 'Samson,'" said the customer.

Such Vanity

"How do you like that new mare of yours?"

"Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles."

To Match

"Now," began the architect, "if you'll give a general idea of the kind of house you need—"

"I want to have something," replied the husband, "to go with a door-knocker my wife brought home from New England."

Loquacious

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillbilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found the old man standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

Honesty

The prospective juror asked the court to be excused.

"I owe a man ten dollars," he explained, "and as he is leaving town today for some years, I want to catch him and pay him the money."

"You are excused," announced the judge, in a very cold voice. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like you."

The Passing Parade

The department store hired an efficiency expert, whose obsession was to move the department to a different part of the store every day. One day a section would be on the top floor, the next it would be in the basement, and on the third it would be placed where the restaurant had been.

After three weeks of this an old lady approached a harassed floorwalker and asked him if he could tell her where the notion department was.

"No, madam," he said wearily; "but if you'll stand here for a few minutes I'm sure you'll see it go by!"

"Say, pard, know anything about electricity? This thing's gone haywire."

Herb Lewis, speedy star of the Red Wing Hockey Team, points out a target, and his son George draws a bead.

ACTION?

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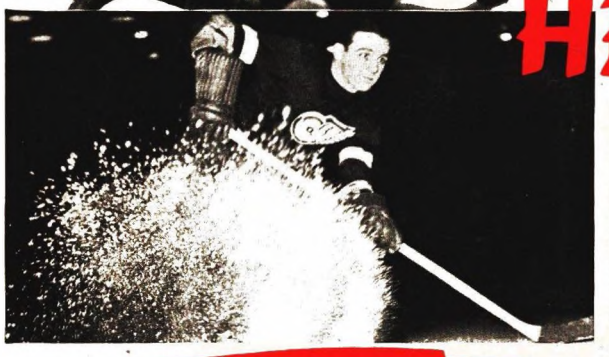

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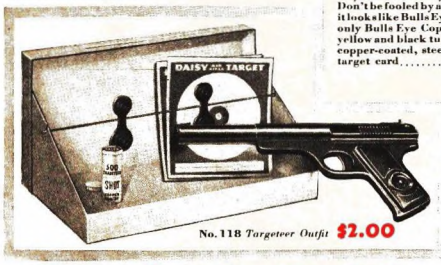

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