

The

YOUTH'S COMPANION

JULY 1936

combined with

American Boy

Founded 1827



PRICE
10c

Mosquito Fleet by **Morgan Farnell**

One Year \$1.00

Jamestown, Kans

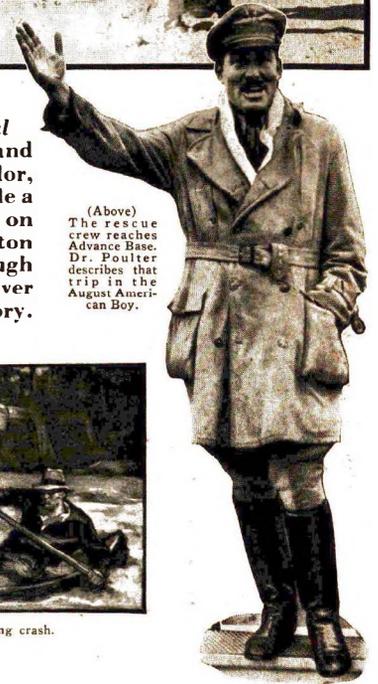
The Great Outdoors

ANSWER the call of pulse-quicken- ing summer adventure and come outdoors with *The American Boy*. Read stories from all over the world. Travel to the South Seas for the climax of *Hurricane Weather* . . . Or crawl through the snake- infested, treacherous, beautiful Okefino- kee Swamp with Johnny Ames, a new *American Boy* character. You'll meet

him in the August issue, in *The Federal Agent* . . . Come to Cherbourg, France and laugh at the efforts of your favorite sailor, that goofy Midshipman Lee, to smuggle a dog aboard a battleship. Or stand on a big bridge with fog thick as cotton around you and a steamer coming through the draw, and feel someone stick a revolver in your ribs. *Toll Bridge* is the story.



(Above) The rescue crew reaches Advance Base. Dr. Poulter describes that trip in the August *American Boy*.



In the August issue you will join Col. Roscoe Turner in the air race, London-to-Melbourne.

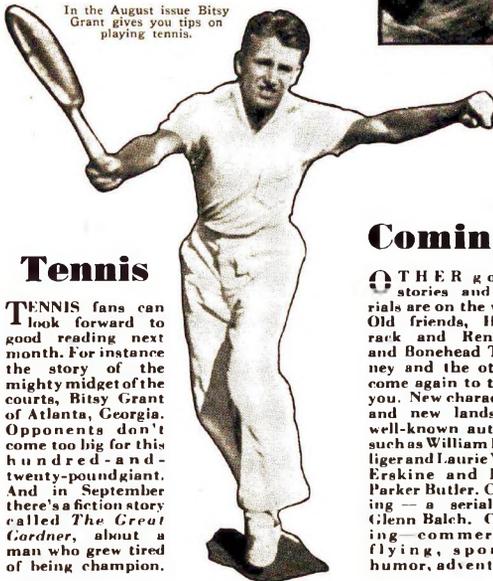
75 Below Zero

RADIO messages from Admiral Byrd, alone for months 123 miles south of Little America, had become irregular. Something was wrong. Could he be reached across crevasses and frozen snow wastes? Told by Doctor Poulter, second in command, in the August *American Boy*.



Before Luke could dip the ash blade, they struck with a splintering crash.

In the August issue Bitsy Grant gives you tips on playing tennis.



Tennis

TENNIS fans can look forward to good reading next month. For instance the story of the mighty midget of the courts, Bitsy Grant of Atlanta, Georgia. Opponents don't come too big for this hundred-and-twenty-pound giant. And in September there's a fiction story called *The Great Gardner*, about a man who grew tired of being champion.

Coming!

OTHER good stories and serials are on the way! Old friends, Hide-rack and Renfrew and Bonehead Tierney and the others come again to thrill you. New characters and new lands by well-known authors such as William Hey-liger and Laurie York Erskine and Ellis Parker Butler. Coming—a serial by Glenn Balch. Coming—commercial flying, sports, humor, adventure!

The Bush

THE name Luke Castleman meant a good deal at prep school and in the Long Island younger set. To young Crombie up in the Northern Ontario country it didn't mean a thing. But a trip to the interior, with whirling rapids and long, tortuous portages, and nerve-shattering hours of stumbling through the bush taught something to Luke and Crombie both. Meet them in *The Bush*.

Lost!

IT'S the last leg of the London-to-Melbourne air race, and you're sitting beside Roscoe Turner. In the blackness below is tiger-infested jungle. Fuel low. Your radio crackles a message from Allahabad: "Colonel Turner is lost. The Americans are overdue." It's Turner's own account, in the August issue.

Subscribe Now!

Your subscription is nearly out, renew now in order not to miss the good issues coming. The *American Boy* is a bargain at the regular newsstand price of ten cents. For one dollar you can have twelve issues; for two dollars you can have thirty-six issues, which amounts to less than six cents a copy! Renew NOW!

On Newsstands
10c a Copy

The YOUTH'S COMPANION Founded 1827
combined with
American Boy
7430 Second Blvd. Detroit, Michigan

THE AMERICAN BOY, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
 One Year \$1.00 / Outside the U. S. \$1.25
 THREE YEARS 2.00 / (In News Stands for a Copy)
 Enclosed is \$
 Please remit by check or money order.
 Send *The American Boy* starting with the
 Name
 Address
 City
 State
 SEND HIM A GIFT
 CARD SIGNED

A Fourth of July Story

Illustrator:
MANNING
deV. LEE



The alarm rang out: "Enemy aboard!"

Mosquito Fleet

by Morgan Farrell

T'S a daring scheme, Captain, and it might work. Still, it will sound a bit cracked to the sober gentlemen we have to convince."

Robert Morris, who had taken upon his broad shoulders the burden of finding money to finance the American Revolution, had just heard the enthusiastic Captain John Barry propose one of the most extraordinary schemes in the annals of naval history.

He turned his back on the handsome naval captain and stood looking out the window of his low-ceilinged drawing room, out across the snow-covered Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The year was 1777, and the light of the December afternoon was fading rapidly.

Impulsively, Barry reached out his big hands and spun the stout, almost corpulent, Morris around, and saw that he was smiling.

"But I'm sure we can do it, sir."

"We?" murmured the older man. "And what are we going to do about these court-martial charges hanging over you?"

Barry stirred uneasily and ran his fingers through his reddish hair. Earnest, dashing, he wore the uniform of a captain of the Continental Navy—dark blue coat and breeches, red waistcoat with yellow lace at throat and wrists. He stood well over six feet. "I don't know, sir. I shall do whatever you say."

Morris sat quietly a moment. "It's not easy, John. I, a supposedly levelheaded banker, go to the committee and say: 'Since we have no ships of war left, gentlemen, I think it would be a good idea to attack the British Navy with row-boats.' I then point out that this idea was conceived and will be executed by an officer now up for court-martial on charges of insubordination. And the charges were brought by Mr. Hopkinson, ranking member of the Navy Board of Pennsylvania." He frowned. "Suppose you tell me what happened."

The young officer took a chair. "It was like this, sir. Mr. Hopkinson ordered me to sink my ship *Effingham* to keep her out of the enemy's hands. We were up the Delaware at the time. I told him I didn't think there was much danger of capture. He replied that General Washington did think so and that he had considerably more regard for the General's orders than he had for my opinion and that I should immediately scuttle the frigate."

"Immediately," Morris interrupted, "and you delayed a month?"

The captain leaned forward earnestly. "Surely there is no need to recall the hard time we had to get Congress to vote any ships, let alone those three frigates. I wanted to save the ship whose keel I had laid with my own hands."

"Naturally. Go on."
"Well, I hauled the frigate alongside the steep bank so that she would sink on an even keel. Then I could raise her later. It was slow work stripping her because the board would not send us any able-bodied men."

"But the charges said they did."
"Oh, to be sure. They hoisted a half dozen invalids from the military hospital onto their weak pins and sent them down under a drunken sergeant." Morris smiled. "Never mind the details."

"Well, sir, Mr. Hopkinson came down about the third day and began to whine around. Was she sunk yet? Why not? When would she be? He fussed with this and meddled with that, gave orders to my men and made a general nuisance of himself. I was seething inside but kept my mouth shut."

"You did?" Morris raised his eyebrows. "Then how does it say here that you 'in the most indecent terms refused to execute the orders?'"

The sailor threw back his head and laughed a ringing, reckless laugh. Sobering quickly: "I had gone up the bank to have more lines made ready to keep her upright, when I heard a confused yell. I looked back just in time to see my beautiful *Effingham* roll over, away from the bank and, with a great splash, go to the bottom on her beam-ends. That meddling lubber from the Navy Board had ordered my men to knock out the sea plugs on one side of the ship and over she went."

Morris waited a moment before suggesting: "It was then, I take it, that you said something."

"It was. I asked him what the devil he meant by giving orders behind my back. 'Go along,' he says, 'and mind your business, you scoundrel.' He was trying to save his face at my expense, you see. So I shouted: 'Blast you, if you'd minded your business as well as I do mine, my ship would not be in this fix.'"

Morris nodded agreement. "Well, that wasn't so bad. Was there anything else?"

"There was, too. He said to me: 'Sir, you never did mind your business.' I said: 'You're an infernal liar.' And I went for him but some people got between us and hustled him away."

He stopped. The older man sat, head down, ruminating.

He was the foremost American to realize his country's dependence on a navy and to try to get one built. Throwing in the great weight of his wealth and personality and with the strong support of the clear-minded Washington, he eventually had got Congress to vote for thirteen frigates. Three of them were building in Philadelphia when General Sir William Howe finally made up his mind to occupy that city. Three others, safe at White Hill near Burlington, New Jersey, were ordered destroyed by a panicky Congress who feared they would fall into Sir William's clutches.

Morris knew the hot-headed seaman opposite him to be brave, positive, equal to any emergency. Presently he said, "So you plan to harass British supply ships with a mosquito fleet of rowboats and galleys. Is that it?"

The young captain leaped up and paced the floor excitedly. "The King's navy has a thousand ships and thirty thousand guns but they are not all in one place at one time. We'll pick them off one by one. You shall see. By heaven, if we have no navy we can fight King George with ships' boats!"

"It sounds preposterous," said Morris half to himself, "but I believe you can do it. Well now," he cried, rousing himself, "leave the diplomacy to me. You go back to Burlington and make your preparations."

Both men rose.

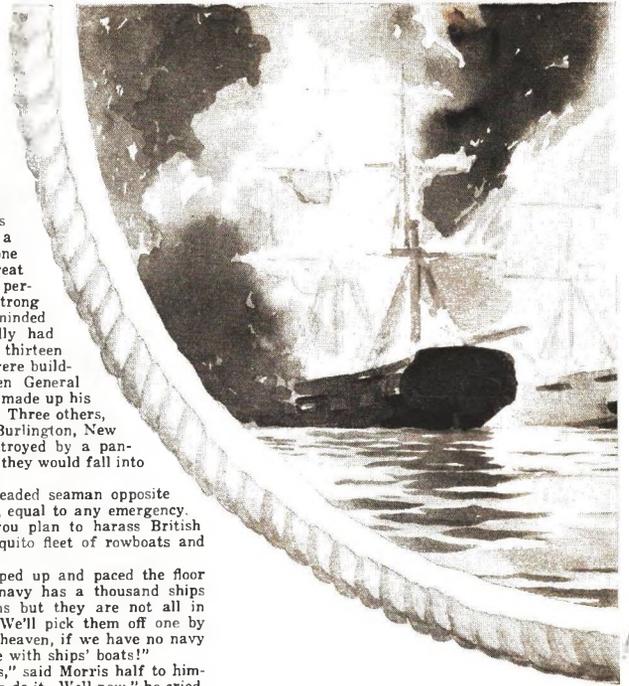
One dark night, a month later, four ships' boats pushed off into the swift current of the Delaware below White Hill. It was Captain Barry's squadron, off on its first marauding cruise. He was in the leading longboat with his second in command, one Captain Daugherty and seven men. Each of the other three smaller boats had a crew of five, commanded by an officer of the nonexistent navy of the United Colonies. There were twenty-seven men in all.

Ahead of them was an all-night row of twenty miles downstream, past the British forts at Philadelphia and into the widening river below. Somewhere, about dawn, the young commander expected to run into a loaded convoy of British supply ships.

Twenty transports and supply ships from Newport, escorted by five of the King's men-o-war, were due off the capes of the Delaware.

The fleet had buffeted a succession of snow squalls during its run down the Jersey coast and there was a good chance that the convoy had scattered. They would, most likely, straggle into the bay in detachments of a few ships each, with or without warships. It might be possible for Barry's little pack of terriers to pull down some great, limping hulk. If he had any bolder ideas he kept them to himself.

The night was clear and bitter. Sharp winds sang mournfully over



the low shores and mud flats. It was a brown and desolate country, covered with patches of old snow and alive with marauding Hessians.

Captain Barry, muffled to the nose in a heavy cloak, lounged in the stern sheets talking softly with Daugherty, who had volunteered for the expedition. Barry saw that the tide was at flood. The swirling eddies of the backwaters indicated that it was about to turn. Wind and tide would be with them.

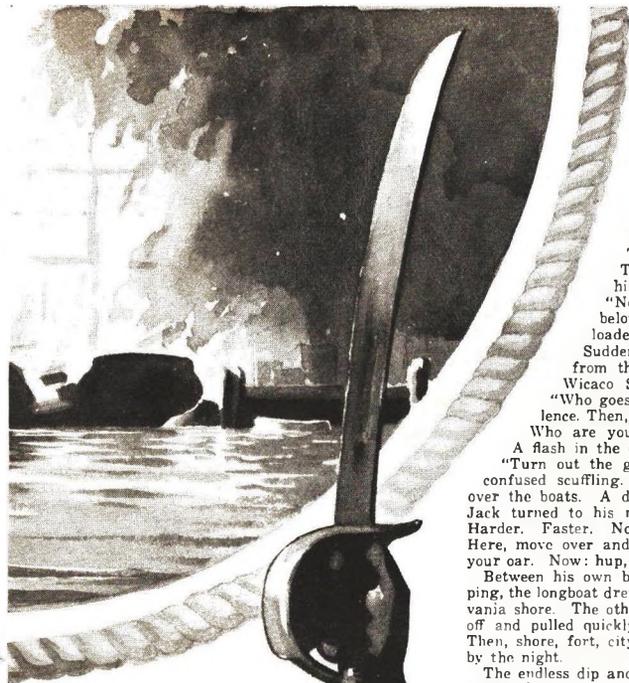
Forage and supplies were scarce around Philadelphia, for the retreating Continentals had burned all they could lay hands on. The very existence of Sir William Howe's army of some fifteen thousand, and of the Tory inhabitants of Philadelphia, depended upon the steady arrival of the supply squadrons.

They were living riotously in Philadelphia that winter of 1777-78. Tory ladies loved the accomplished British officers and the officers adored the Tory ladies. A young major named André was the life of every party.

Supplies cut off? Ridiculous. Famine? Insane! All they could possibly want came in on the British ships—tea, preserves, pickled oysters, condiments, smoked fish, flour, sugar, rum. And hovering over the wallowing supply vessels were the smart and shining frigates of Lord Howe.

Yet, twenty miles northwest, at Valley Forge, lay an army of specters, hungrily watching and waiting. And still less than twenty miles to the north, among the ice floes, four small boats whirled southward with the current, coming nearer and nearer.





Occasionally Barry and Daugherty would relieve two of the oarsmen at the muffled oars. There was little talking and the boats dropped swiftly and silently downstream.

Four hours had passed since they left White Hill. The captain raised himself. "Looks like a steeple over there." He waited, straining his eyes through the darkness.

Suddenly he cried, softly, "It is! It's Christ Church. There's the Presbyterian Church on the right and the State House spire on the left." He cupped his hands and called lowly to the other boats. "Make no noise, on your lives."

The shadowy forms of Clifton's and Mifflin's wharves came dimly out of the darkness. Lights in the sailors' taverns on Front Street threw the dock sheds into sharp silhouette. It was long after two in the morning but the grog shops had plenty of customers, against regulations.

Dim lights from the windows of houses picked out the broad way of High Street and the wharf at its foot. Three vessels, which looked like supply ships, were tied up there. The two captains were so intent upon the vessels, each with the same wild thought in his head, that they drifted close to the shore.

They looked at each other. Then, as he sank back in his place, Barry sighed: "No, we'll wait till we get below. They're probably unloaded."

Suddenly, across the silent water from the bastion at the foot of Wicaco Street, rang a challenge, "Who goes there?" A moment's silence. Then, peremptorily, "Boat ahoy! Who are you? Answer or I'll fire."

A flash in the dark and a sharp report. "Turn out the guard! The enemy!" A confused scuffling. Musket shots crackling over the boats. A drum beating "To Arms." Jack turned to his men. "Bend to it, boys! Harder. Faster. Now—one, two, three, four. Here, move over and let me have the end of your oar. Now: hup, hup, hup!"

Between his own brawny pull and his hupping, the longboat drew away from the Pennsylvania shore. The other boats had held further off and pulled quickly out of the line of fire. Then, shore, fort, city and all were swallowed by the night.

The endless dip and lift of the oars went on for two hours more, broken only by the changes of relief. A silver shimmer of light crept into the blackness around the toiling boats. It spread slowly, farther and farther away from them into the dying night—the first touch of a wintry dawn.

John Naughton, a volunteer commanding the second boat, sighted them first. "Sail ahead!"

he called quietly, but his voice came across the still water like a shout.

They could just make out the bluff bows and high, black sides of a square-rigger at anchor, perhaps three hundred yards away. Captain Barry scrutinized her closely.

"She's not a warship," Daugherty whispered. "Maybe an armed merchant. There's another one off her starboard beam. And another astern of them both."

The light was growing stronger. "By gad, there's a warship on the other side. Over to the right. Back water, there," Barry whispered to his oarsmen.

He waved his hand over his head in a circle, the world's oldest rallying call. The other boats, their oars dipping cautiously, came nearer.

"Thompson, Fitz Simons, Naughton," he called softly to the commanders of the other three boats. "Yonder's a naval vessel. The other three are merchantmen. It looks like the advance guard of the convoy."

"Why not make a reconnaissance now and see what's behind?" suggested Naughton.

"Reconnaissance be hanged!" came the peppery reply. "We haven't the time. We'll attack the warship at once."

The hardy faces of the volunteers showed only agreement with this mad plan.

"We'll come up on her from the far side, her port side. When I wave my cutlass three times, board her. No firearms. Boarding pikes and cutlasses'll do it. Do you understand?"

A general acquiescing nod. "Well, then, good luck go with you." He waved them away.

The boats pulled swiftly around in a great arc, halting at a point about a cable length to the westward of the warship. She was a trim-looking, big schooner—twenty-four guns.

The commander of the mosquito fleet stood up in his flagship and scanned the British cruiser intently. His keen eyes picked out two sentries on deck, one lolling against the house forward and one leaning contemplatively over the taffrail. Beside them rested their muskets with bayonets fixed. There might be other guards on the far side of the ship.

He spoke quietly to the men in his own boat: "We'll touch her just aft the foremast. You four get the sentry up there. Don't let him fire. Then cross the deck and take any men on the other side. The rest follow me. Ready to pull away!"

He turned to the other boats, waving his cutlass. He pointed it toward the sentry aft. Naughton in the nearest boat nodded. The boats leaped forward in line. A short, silent dash. They touched the ship's side together. Barry leaped first, caught hold of a coaming and pulled himself aboard. His gallant twenty-six swarmed after him.

At that instant another sentry, hidden by the foot of the mainmast, saw them. His musket cracked. One of the Americans clapped his hands to his stomach and doubled up.

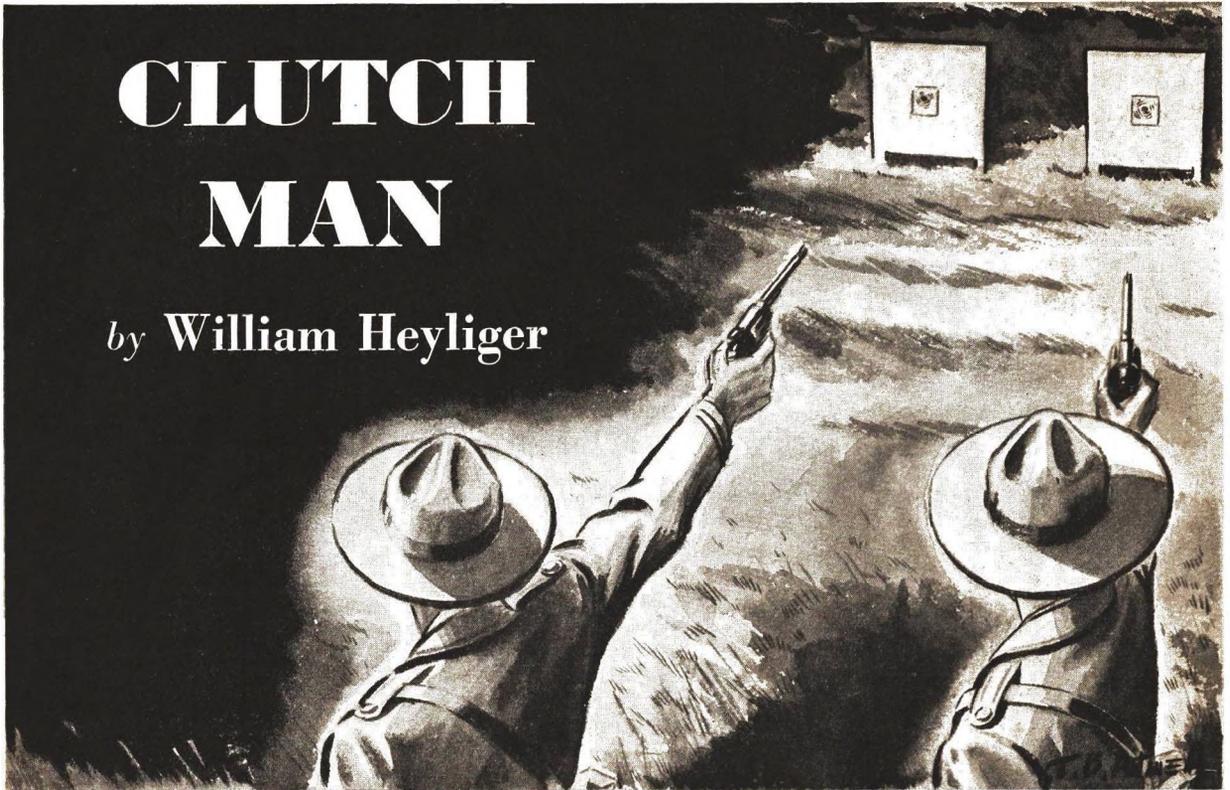
(Continued on page 33)



He turned to the other boats, waving his cutlass. The boats leaped forward in line. A short silent dash.

CLUTCH MAN

by William Heyliger



JOE MORTON fed cartridges into the revolver and was haunted by the story in the *Evening Telegram*. The fresh target, tacked to the range butt, seemed to bear a flaming, taunting headline:

KEN BOLES A CANDIDATE
Captain of Storm King High Target Team
Yearns for Labrador

Joe snapped the gun shut. Why, he asked himself, had Ken Boles waited so long to ask for a place with the Ethan Scott Expedition? His own application had been put in weeks ago and life, somehow, had seemed to date from that hour. In the Scott library, hung with trophies, the explorer had talked of the far corners of the earth, of hard trails and cold camps, of danger and daring, and Joe had drunk it all in. That was when he had begun to dream, to dream passionately. If he had known then that Ken Boles wanted to go . . .

At the left end of the firing line a revolver barked in rapid fire—five shots in ten seconds and then repeat. The spacing of the explosions was uncanny, almost like the measured beat of music. Nobody but Ken, Joe knew, had that gift of machine-like, deadly, unhurried regularity. Peril might lie in those Labrador wastes, and skill with firearms would count. Count heavily. And Scott would take only one boy along. He rubbed the barrel of the revolver along his sleeve.

Behind him Bill Hager spoke: "How, Joe?"

"All set."

Hager's voice became a drone: "All ready on the right? All ready on the left? All ready on the firing line?"

Joe's arm came up. Ten shots in twenty seconds. Rapid fire had always been his weakness—bad timing and worry strain. That's where Ken had been. Labrador might produce emergencies where a man had to be able to shoot unerringly and fast.

Hager's whistle piped the command to fire.

Joe squeezed, and the recoil threw the barrel high. He cocked and came down upon the target and fired again. His nerves began to clamor. Was he shooting too slowly? Time seemed rushing away and his ears were strained against the expected shrill of the time-up whistle. He'd have to get the shots away faster. He knew instinctively that the third shot

A story of steady nerves, good eyes, and a prize far greater than a mere target triumph

was bad, that he had jerked and the sights had not been centered.

Miraculously the first burst of five was finished. He reloaded. His right hand was clammy with sweat and he tried to rub it dry. He couldn't have the gunstock slipping around in a moist grip. Behind him a car lurched up the rutted mountain road to the range. A motor died and popped. Mr. Scott's car always gave that pop when the ignition was shut off. Joe's eyes ached.

He began to shoot. Four, and still no whistle. He fired again and dropped the revolver to his side. "Under nine seconds," Hager shouted in his ear. "Both times."

Joe glanced slowly at his friend and grinned. The grin was stiff. Momentarily he felt all in, gone. How could Ken shoot so casually against the second-hand of a watch?

The bitter tang of burnt powder hung in the air. As he walked toward the butt Hager strode on one side of him and Mr. Scott walked on the other. He counted the punctures in the target. In the first white ring he had three nines. Far from the black core another yawning hole gave him a six. That was the hurried shot on which he knew he had been off.

"How much?" Hager asked eagerly.

"Six bulls," said Joe. If he hadn't been so far off on that one shot! But he was always ragged on at least one. Usually two or three.

Ken Boles, recording the practice scores, came along the firing line. "How many, Joe?"

"All."

"Two completed bursts? Who held the watch?"

"I did," said Hager.

"Oh!" Ken gave the word a long queer sound.

Hager flushed hotly. "Look here, Ken—" The captain ignored him. "What was your rapid-fire score, Joe?"

"Ninety-three," said Joe.

Ken entered the record. "I had a ninety-seven."

"Ninety-three isn't what you'd call bad shooting," Mr. Scott observed.

Ken swung around genially. "Hello, Mr. Scott. N—no, ninety-three isn't bad. Not if you turn it in regularly. Too bad Joe can't hit the nineties in the team matches, isn't it?"

Ken closed the score book and put a pen away. More cars crawled up the hill and into the clearing as the men of the Storm King Gun Club gathered for practice. Mr. Scott drewled a question: "All your boys through, Ken?"

Ken's hand made a gesture. "Didn't I promise I'd always have them out of the way when the men came up? Least I could do, considering the club lets us use the range."

"Commendable," Mr. Scott murmured.

Men were talking, loading guns, spreading out along the firing line. Joe left the range with Bill Hager, and together they trudged the sandy, rutted road that wound down through the New Jersey hills to the town. The echo of pistol shots reached them on the wind.

"Well," Bill Hager said at last, "he did it again, didn't he?"

Joe Morton shifted his cartridge belt and said nothing.

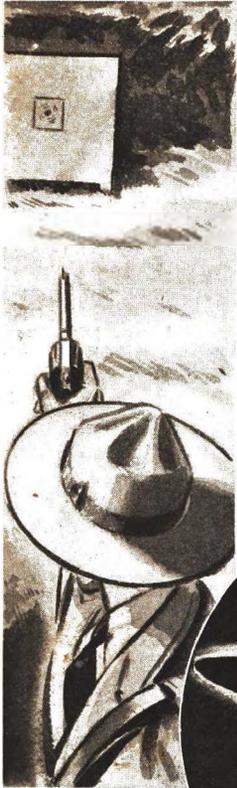
Hager made a vicious kick at a stone and sent it hurtling into a sand pit alongside the road. "Always there with the little dig. Always ready to tell somebody what a great man Ken is and what a small dot somebody else is. 'Too bad Joe can't hit the nineties in the team matches, isn't it, Mr. Scott?'"

"I don't do it in the matches," Joe said honestly. "If the team had its own range," Hager burst out, "and its own coach—"

"Skip it," said Joe. "That's old stuff."

It was old stuff. And talking only made it worse. If the high school team did have its own range and a coach, then the team wouldn't be saddled with Ken Boles and his superior ways. Ken would be just a team member.

Not that Ken Boles wasn't a good man with a



revolver. Joe wanted to be fair. A swell man—by far the best the team had. Confident and graceful and nonchalant. A cool head, a steady hand, a sharp eye and a sense of rhythm almost as precise as a stop watch. The sort of fellow who filled the eye. And yet

Illustrator:
T. B. ATWELL

Joe fired fuster. Nothing mattered but his gun and the round, black ball of the target.



Joe Morton, marksman.

when a fellow had so many gifts why did he broadcast himself?

The feet of Joe and Hager left the sand ruts and struck macadam. They paused at a corner of the town. Hager spoke: "He hasn't it sewed up, has he?" "What do you think, Bill?"

"Why—" Hager's eyes, gazing down at his dusty shoes, were bleak with a loyal distress. "That's the answer, I guess," said Joe. He turned down the street toward a brown house, a lawn and an encircling hedge. Even Bill Hager thought Ken Boles would win the Scott trip!

The hedge across the front needed trimming. Joe brought clippers from the barn and began to snip. His mind was full of heart-wrenching pictures. The mounted head of a wild boar in Mr. Scott's library, elephant tusks, an alligator on a huge shelf, its yawning jaws still capable of sending a shudder through a living spine. Hard trails, cold camps, daring and danger!

Joe sighed. The hedge was finished. He dried the clippers as his father came along the street. "Seen the Telegram, Joe?"

"Yes, sir." "Ken's a better shot than you, isn't he?" "Much better."

Mr. Morton gave him a quick, keen glance. "How is this going to affect your chances? Mr. Scott is going to select his boy on something besides pistol shooting, isn't he? Scholarship, all-round ability—" "Ken's scholarship is as good as mine," Joe said slowly. "He's got me shaded in athletics."

"Then you figure target shooting is the straw that will tip the scales his way?" Joe didn't answer. But his dad had hit the nail on the head. Aside from range work he and Ken were about a stand-off. But range work was more than a straw. In a wilderness expedition, shooting was important.

After supper, in the twilight, he crossed the yard to the old barn that had been transformed into a garage. Climbing the ladder to the loft he snapped on a light. A target was tacked to the beam—his prize score. One hundred at rapid fire. Practice, of course. His lips twitched. Ken was right—he had never been able consistently to hit the nineties

in team matches. And Labrador called only to men who could shoot straight any time, any place.

There was a workbench between two windows, and the tools of a pistol enthusiast. A small pot for melting lead, a bullet mold, a scale for weighing powder, caps, empty shells, a small machine that poured the powder into the shell and then crimped the brass around the bullet. He was working at the machine when somebody whistled downstairs. Feet mounted the ladder.

"Listen!" said Bill Hager. "This match with Taft High next Saturday is the last."

Joe loaded another shell. He had thought of all that. His last chance to make a showing. He dropped the finished shell into a box.

"Ken will probably call two practices this week," Hager went on. "You can get in more than that. Half a mile this side of the bridge the railroad embankment makes a swell backstop. I'll hold the watch."

"How often?" "Every afternoon you don't go up to the range." "That will take a lot of your time, Bill."

"Heck!" Hager jeered, "don't you worry about my time. I'll get paid for it. Bring me back some caribou horns."

Joe Morton laughed, but his eyes were filled with new light.

Tuesday afternoon they went to the railroad embankment and he worked on four targets.

Forty shots, rapid fire. He went overtime on the first burst of five; after that he was always inside the whistle. His last three targets gave him a 91, a 93 and a 92.

"Didn't I tell you?" Hager yelped. "You'll be right on everybody's heels."

The gun was hot. Joe waited for it to cool and

That's not a bad idea. You need it. How were the scores?"

"Fair," said Hager. He folded the paper targets and placed them in his coat pocket.

Ken gave him a thin smile. Then: "Practice tomorrow, Joe. No more straggling up to the range in twos and threes. We'll meet outside the school at 3:15 and go up in a body."

"What's that for?" Hager demanded.

"You a member of this team?" Ken asked blandly. "As a matter of fact it's a new rule I've made. As captain I'm responsible to Mr. Scott who got us the use of the range and I'm not going to have fellows fooling around up there and getting into mischief."

"Sweet potatoes!" Hager fanned himself. "You're getting round-shouldered, Ken. Must be the weight of your responsibilities."

Ken gave him another thin smile. "Tomorrow," he said pointedly, "I'll hold the watch on Joe."

The glory of those three 90 targets was gone. Joe felt hot. Why did he let Ken's manner, Ken's madly-ingeniously superior criticism, get under his skin and goad him? He turned grimly to his friend.

"Got time for one more, Bill?"

Hager's stormy face lighted. "Atta boy. Don't let him get you down." He tacked a target to the improvised butt.

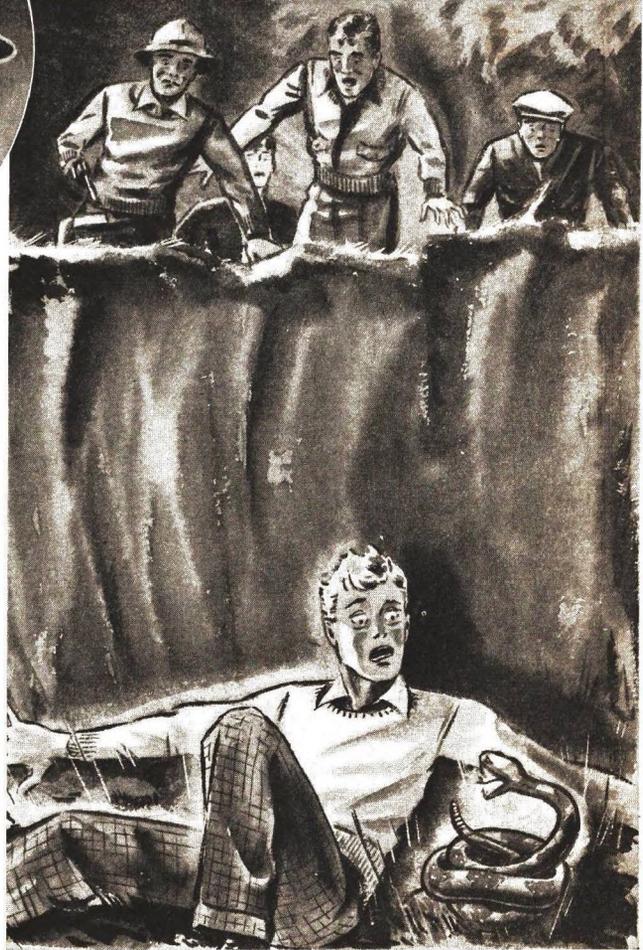
But Ken's visit took its toll. Joe found himself jerking the trigger instead of squeezing. He couldn't stop it and his arm trembled badly. Hager held the watch, and squirmed, and wanted to shout, "Too fast, Joe! too fast!" The last shot was fired and Hager went to the target.

"Eighty-two," he called back.

"That had?" Joe's voice was tight.

"Well—" The loyal Hager tried to find words. "That's out of your system, anyway."

But Joe knew nothing was out of his system. That was the way Ken Boles rubbed him—and might always rub him.



Hager seemed frozen, petrified. The dancing mischief was gone from his eyes.

Next day the team, escorted by a sprinkling of students, trailed up the rutted mountain road toward the range. Joe found Ken beside him murmuring confidential instructions and advice. The trick, the captain explained, was merely a matter of timing. Of course, some fellows didn't have it and never would get it—they didn't have the knack. Not exactly dumb, but—well, they didn't have the knack. Joe listened and began to stew up inside.

Abruptly Hager pushed through the straggling line and walked on the outside of the captain. "Sounding off, Ken?" he asked pleasantly.

He might have been one of the mountain trees. Ken remained aloof, ignoring Hager. "It's this way, Joe—"

"What way?" Hager interrupted, unabashed. "Rapid fire?"

The captain flushed. "Boy, what a gusher I am. You've been talking a lot about rapid fire lately, haven't you, Ken? Bad psychology. A captain ought to understand psychology, don't you think? Suppose Joe gets thinking too much about a stop watch and not enough about his target? That might mean a bad score against Taft. And then, of course, there's Labrador."

Ken's self-sufficient calm was denied. "If you don't get out of here—" he began in a blaze of anger.

"Going," Hager said mildly. He took a dozen steps forward, walking close to the edge of the road, close to the edge of the yawning, rock-strewn sand pits. He looked back and spoke with mock deference, and Joe saw the dancing mischief in his eyes. "This far enough away from you, Ken?"

Still looking back Hager went on. His right foot touched the edge of a cliff.

"Careful," Joe called sharply.

Hager jerked his head around to watch his footing. At that moment the sand crumbled. For an instant he clutched at air, trying to regain his balance. Then his body seemed to slither and fold up, and he tumbled grotesquely down into the bottom of the pit.

Somebody called a hilarious "Yea, Hager!" The crowd milled about the pit. Hager, lying prone on his back, didn't move.

Joe leaned over the edge. "Hurt, Bill?"

Hager didn't answer. Somehow he seemed frozen, petrified. The dancing mischief was gone from his eyes. It was as though he stared in a sort of horror at something—

"Rattler!" a voice shrilled hysterically.

And then Joe saw the snake. Evidently it had been sunning in the pit. Now it lay, coiled and deadly, very, very close to Hager's shoulders. Its head was poised, steel-sprung, ready to strike.

What Joe did then was done instinctively,

without conscious thought. His right hand moved, the gun leaped from its holster. Perhaps he sighted—afterwards he couldn't tell. Flame roared in a red burst from the barrel.

The snake leaped as though some invisible force had lifted it from the ground. It struck the rock, writhing madly, and then stretched out slowly and twitched.

Joe threw a foot over the edge and slid down into the pit. Boys slid after him spraying sand before their heels. Hands reached for Hager and hauled him to his feet. He sat upon a boulder and was deathly, violently sick.

"How's that for rapid fire?" he gulped weakly. Ken bustled and flustered. "If you had kept out of my way, Joe— Are we going to stay here all day because a rattlesnake was killed?"

Joe's shooting that day was dismal and ragged. Only 90 at slow fire where they gave a man all the time in the world. Time firing—ten shots in forty seconds—brought him a low 82.

"Reaction, Joe," Hager comforted. "Forget it." Ken came along the line to hold the watch for

rapid fire. "A man can't shrug off bad shooting," he remonstrated. "Not unless he's satisfied to do bad shooting always."

The captain's voice had been loud. He was letting the whole world know about it, Joe reflected. He fired, cocked, and fired once more.

"Too bad," said Ken, and clucked sympathetically. Joe bit his lips and went on shooting. When the last shot was out of the gun Ken slipped the watch into a pocket. "Let me know how bad it is," he said, and walked away.

Joe counted the target. A 72. Very bad! Impassively he gave the score to Ken.

"You'll do better tomorrow," Hager insisted. "Let's hope so," the captain murmured, and closed the book.

Next day the *Evening Telegram* carried headlines:

HIGH SCHOOL BOY'S QUICK SHOOTING SAVES CHUM FROM RATTLER

At supper time Hager came over to the house, walking rapidly. "Mr. Scott sent for me," he said breathlessly. "Wanted to know all about what happened yesterday."

Joe couldn't keep the eagerness out of his voice. "What did he say?"

"Huh? Nothing. He only asked. How long after I fell in the pit before you shot? How close to me was the snake? He had me draw a diagram showing where everybody stood. Where were you and where was Ken? Asked the same question several times."

"What question?"

"How close was the snake?"

Joe said a slow, "O—o—h!" The last hope of Labrador went out of him. He saw what Mr. Scott had been driving at. A snake a foot from a man's head and somebody with a gun throwing fast lead! Throwing lead with a possibility of hitting the man! Labrador wouldn't want a cadet who took chances and risked circus shots.

But if the snake was given time to strike, he asked himself desperately, what then? Punctures in Bill's neck or face and venom in his blood stream. A rotten place to be hit; impossible to doctor. It was either a case of shoot fast or— Or what? Who knew? Sometimes, if you stayed motionless, a snake didn't strike.

The rest of the week passed slowly. It didn't hurt so much now. Once you knew that your chance was gone, the sharp ache was over. The worst of it, anyway. Joe continued to practice at the embankment and on Friday shot again at the range. His score was good.

"Well, if you can do that tomorrow," Ken began.

"I'm going to do it tomorrow," said Joe. Not that a good score tomorrow would mean anything, but he wasn't walking out on the job.

The morning of the match brought in a clear, cool day with only a touch of wind.

(Cont. on page 28)



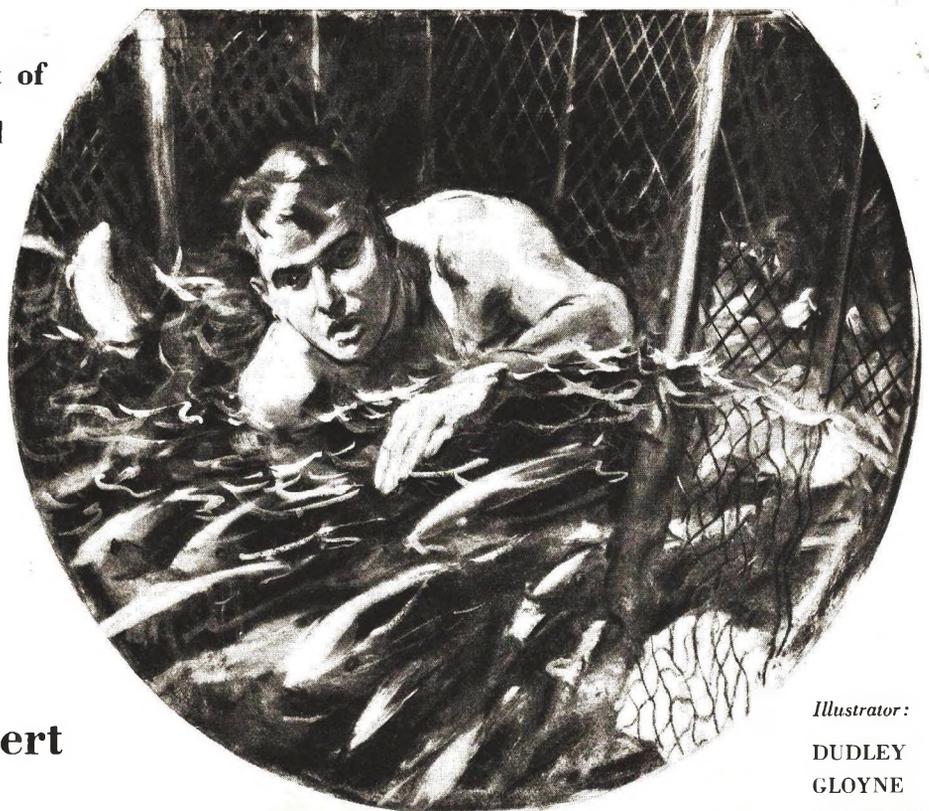
Ken glanced at the targets in Hager's hand and then at the still hot gun. "Rapid fire, Joe? You need it."

Beyond the blanket of fog Dan Boyle faced sudden danger

The Trap

by

Kenneth Gilbert



His face, blue-white with the chill of the water, was uplifted as he lunged through the opening.

Illustrator:
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS

HALF crouching, Dan Boyle strained forward to listen. There were no footsteps. Only midnight, and the sullen, ominous ocean.

"Who's there?" he whispered. His voice was low and tense. In his lean, strong face he felt the fog, dank and soft like wet wool. He heard the sea fifteen feet below, chucking to itself, lapping at the piles supporting the plank on which he crouched. He couldn't see the water, nor the plank. He couldn't see anything.

"Who's there?" Fog swirled in and choked off his whisper, and he swung the beam of his flashlight in a vain attempt to penetrate the mist. There was nothing there. There were only Dan Boyle and thousands of salmon milling in the trap he guarded.

He pocketed his flash and crept cautiously up the planks of the runway toward the watchman's shack. The planks led out over the trap and one misstep would plunge him into icy Alaskan water.

"Scary as a kid," he chided himself. Here he was, watchman at the Uniak Island only a few days, and already hearing spooks! He laughed. The shack would be warm and welcome. Once he was inside it, his fears would vanish.

His boots slipped on the sopping planks and he heard the tide as it swirled through the heavy wire mesh of the trap jutting out toward deep water. It gurgled and sighed.

In spite of himself, the ghostly sound reawakened his fears. "What has been happening at Uniak?" he asked himself. "Will they come back?" And his accent fell strangely on *they*.

The big Uniak fish trap had been newly driven that spring, and because of the strong currents and deep water, it had been costly. Storms had wrecked the pile driver and they'd found a workman in the mechanism, badly injured. Of course that could happen any time—it was just luck.

The first watchman at the trap had been Janssen, a fellow with great shoulders and worried, far-away eyes. Janssen had disappeared and fish had been stolen from the trap. That wasn't unusual either. Fish pirates had worked their tricks before this. They had probably kidnaped Janssen. One of these days he'd show up.

Next they had sent out Pete Flack, another watchman. Six weeks later they'd found him half dead behind the shack, a cruel bruise across his head, and the fish gone. He was in the hospital now, too sick to talk.

Then Dan, hoping for some clue to the disappearance of Janssen, had volunteered for the job. Dan had found Janssen interesting. He had been the only workman to accept Dan at the cannery. To the others Dan was another college kid taking work that belonged to their own men.

Janssen had been everywhere. Dan remembered their talks at night, when Janssen had hinted of monasteries in forbidden Tibet, of a cattle farm in South Africa, of pearl diving in the South Seas. In those conversations Janssen had never seemed to be addressing Dan; it was as though he talked to himself. Yet the sheer breadth of the man's travels had thrilled Dan. What tales he could tell, once a fellow really won his confidence.

And Janssen had shown Dan a trick that had yielded hours of fun. With a white-painted board and a pronged spear he had shown Dan how to spear fish. It was swell sport.

So Dan had gone to Seymour, superintendent of the cannery, and applied for the watchman's job.

"You're asking for a tough assignment," the superintendent had grinned. "Evidently you don't believe Uniak is haunted. That's what the Indians say, you know."

"I thought I might get a clue to Janssen's disappearance," Dan replied.

The superintendent looked puzzled. "What gets

me is how they're taking the fish!" he burst out. "The webbing is untouched. There's no sign that they've brailled the fish from the spiller!" He looked keenly at Dan. "Do you have an idea how they do it?"

"Maybe," said Dan noncommittally. "Let me go out there, anyhow."

The super had given his permission. And now, a few days later, Dan found that the isolated trap was getting on his nerves. It was spooky!

Suddenly he halted, alarmed. There was a faint odor in the air—the odor of strong tobacco, a kind Northern Pacific fishermen are fond of. The taint of it was so light that at first he thought it must be imagination.

He fingered his light and listened, but there were no unaccountable sounds. Crouching in the opaque darkness, with the clammy fingers of fog stroking his cheeks, he strained to catch a warning of danger.

Just inside the shack was his rifle. If he could get to it. . . .

Suddenly he felt a shifting of weight on the planks behind him. They gave slightly as somebody moved forward. Dan turned and crept backwards. Was there, he wondered, a chance to get the rifle?

He was near the shack now, but as he turned something stirred behind him. He knew then. There was someone between him and the shack. He was trapped on a narrow runway, invisible enemies before and behind.

His feet braced wide, the muscles of his smooth shoulders relaxed, he waited. Then he could stand it no longer. "Who's there?" he barked, and snapped on his light.

The white beam illuminated a wild haggard face, bearded and glistening with moisture, within three feet of him. The apparition held him transfixed.

"That man! It was. . . ."

Feet pounded on the planks and strong arms gripped him from behind. He struggled, lashed out fiercely. He was jerked around, something swung, and light blazed through his head.

He was plunging giddily, falling from what seemed a tremendous height. He struck the surface hard, felt himself en-

He's Going to Alaska and Panama!

KENNETH GILBERT, author of the story on this page, will be one of the leaders on both the Alaska and Panama Cruises to be conducted by THE AMERICAN BOY this summer! Gilbert has lived much of his life in the wilderness of the Cascades and the British Columbian Rockies. He knows the ways of wild animals from intimate, first-hand contact. If you'd like the privilege of knowing him, traveling with him, hearing his stories and seeing his wild-life movies, turn to the Cruise announcement on page 29.

gulfed in icy water, going down, and down. He tried to swim, but the boots and oilskins held him like an anchor. His fingers touched the trap webbing and, his lungs crying for air, he began to climb hand over hand. A moment more and he had his head above water.

Somehow the shock of the sea cleared his senses. Weakly, his head aching, he pulled off his slicker, then wriggled out of his rubber boots.

Clinging there, he could hear the subdued voices of the pirates as they worked; no doubt they thought him dead. The callous way they had struck down Pete Flack and left him there proved that they were potential murderers.

But Dan Boyle was determined to live. He knew that he had half of the Uniak Island mystery solved and given a little luck and opportunity he'd solve the rest of it.

"I've got to get out of the water or I'll go stiff," he murmured.

Freed of all but his trunks and shoes, he began swimming alongside the web, looking for a place to climb out. Something brushed his right leg and he saw a tiny wake and bubbling whirlpools. Salmon! Somehow he had fallen *inside* the trap!

Instead of landing outside the piling, he had caught on some projection and dropped within the webbing; yet which compartment it was he had no way of knowing. His only hope was to swim out, and these traps were a labyrinth of wire mesh channels! Setting his jaws to fight back the bitter cold, he began stroking in the direction where he guessed the opening might be.

He crossed one compartment of the trap, and began feeling along the mesh. The tide was running strongly now, and he felt himself dragged along with it. It ought, he calculated, to carry him toward shore and free of the trap.

Now and then he felt the salmon touch his legs—cold sleek things in the darkness. It seemed they were becoming more numerous. Of a sudden they thickened about his body, slid over his shoulders and along his middle, and he felt himself literally drown-

ing among thousands of fish. He was in the spiller! Somehow, he had misjudged the tide. If he had beaten against the current, he would have worked himself clear. Instead, he had been carried along by the bewildered school of fish, until now he was as much prisoner as they.

Moreover, he was in grave danger now, for they were packed so closely in the spiller that he had all he could do to keep himself from being forced under. Sharp fins gashed his hands and feet. But gradually, too, he discovered that the milling fish had a definite drift of their own. The phosphorescent flashing in the water likewise gave him a line of visibility below the fog which hung just above the water. Suddenly he saw men in a boat just outside the trap.

They had cut a hole in the webbing perhaps two feet square, and had let down the piece below water. Through this opening they had thrust a wide, white-painted board, and this was held below the surface. As the salmon in the spiller discovered this opening and swam out, their bodies became momentarily visible against the white board. As fast as they could work their spears two men were jabbing the fish and throwing them to a third, who distributed them about the big dory.

They had no light; none was necessary. The white board and the gleaming fish gave the spearmen perfect targets. A short distance away they would not have been seen, and they worked silently and swiftly.

No doubt the fish pirates cleverly replaced the cut piece of webbing each time, and as there were other patches where drifting logs sometimes broke through, the trick had not been discovered.

What to do now, however, was the important thing if he was to keep from being drowned. He might reach a corner of the spiller and manage to climb out of the slimy death, but that would betray his presence to the fish pirates. They believed him dead; next time they would make certain of it.

Nor could he see, in his grim despair, how he could climb. The wire mesh offered only finger holds; there was no way of getting his feet into the small

openings. All the time he was losing strength by the churning of the fish. Desperately he decided there was but one thing to do, and he did it. He forged straight for the opening toward which the fish were driving, and where the pirates waited! With each stroke his purpose took deeper root. It was a reckless challenge to death; but if it worked...

Suddenly he was there. His face, blue-white with the chill of the water and ghostly from the evil phosphorescent glow, was uplifted as he lunged through the opening. He timed his charge at the instant both spears were buried in separate fish. And as he struck the board he let go a blood-chilling scream that was half intentional and half terror. He felt the webbing scrape and gash his shoulders and he kicked through.

For an instant he saw their horror-drawn faces—the faces of two half-breeds and a white man. That they believed him a dead man come to life there was no question. He bounded upon the slippery board and they saw him, muscular, bare and ghostly. For an instant they were stricken with terror.

That instant gave Dan Boyle his chance at life. He seized the handle of the white man's three-pronged spear, on which was impaled a gleaming salmon. The unexpectedness of the attack caught the man off balance. Dan wrenched the spear away. The white man, still dazed with surprise, sprawled backward. Dan gripped the gunwale, and with the painted board for a foothold, he heaved himself into the dory. Now he wielded the spear handle like a club as the white man lunged. The man staggered. Reversing the spear, Dan jabbed at the nearest half-breed. With a shriek the breed leaped back, tripped and toppled over the side, still clutching the other spear.

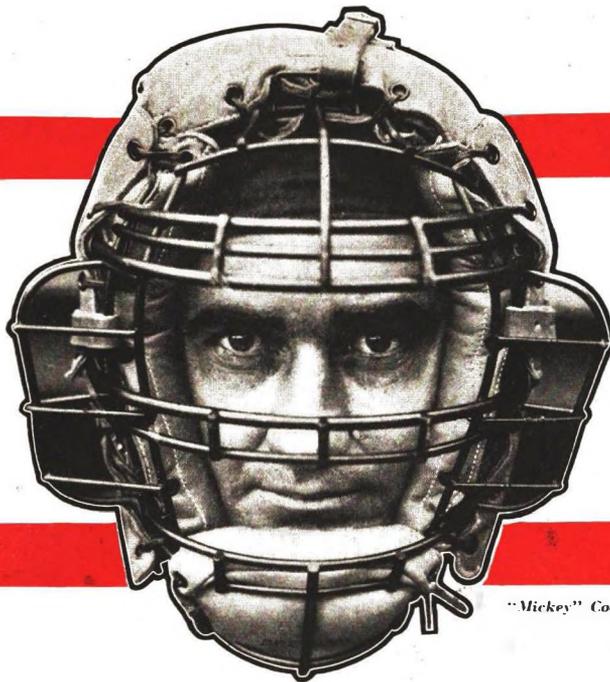
The other half-breed covered, too fear-stricken to move. But the white man, quicker witted, dived for Dan's legs, and the watchman stumbled. Yet there was no foothold in the bottom of the fish-laden craft, and Dan twisted free. His spear was gone. He swung at the pirate's bearded face.

Now, too, the half-breed (Continued on page 31)



Dan Boyle knew that he need expect no quarter, for he had a secret now which his opponent realized must never be told.

*Meet the knight
in pads and
armor---the man
who bears the
shock of battle!*



*Learn how great
catchers can
lift an average
team to pennant
winning heights*

"Mickey" Cochrane, Detroit Tigers.

Catchers Win Pennants

by H. G. Salsinger

AFTER the Philadelphia Athletics were beaten four straight games by the Boston Braves in the World Series of 1914, Connie Mack dismantled what at the time was considered one of the greatest baseball machines ever organized. And he started, early in 1915, to build another championship team in Philadelphia. It was a long and heart-breaking job. For fifteen years Mack tried out more than 600 players and he was finally rewarded when, in 1929, his team won the pennant.

There was much ado over the victory. A few days after his team officially became champions of the American League a newspaper reporter asked Mr. Mack what player he regarded as having been most responsible for his team's success and without hesitation he answered:

"Jimmy Dykes."

"Jimmy Dykes?" gasped the interviewer.

"Yes, Jimmy Dykes," reiterated Mr. Mack.

His answer puzzled the reporter. On the Philadelphia roster of 1929 were some of the great stars of baseball. There was Mickey Cochrane, greatest of the modern catchers; Al Simmons, one of the best outfielders of all time; Jimmy Foxx, a slugger who had begun to rival Babe Ruth; George (Mule) Haas,

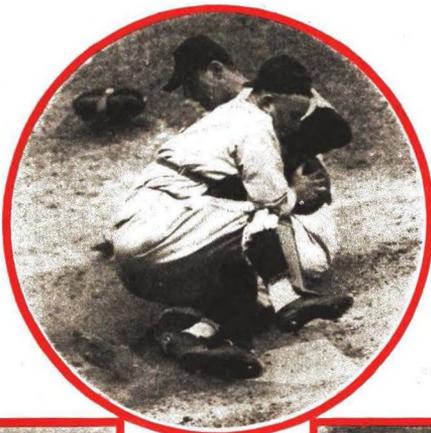
Edmund (Bing) Miller, Robert Moses Grove, and others. Yet he named Dykes as the man most responsible for winning the pennant and ending his 15-year baseball drought.

Several years before, Dykes was considered as all through with big league baseball. (Strangely enough he is still playing.) Mack had decided to get rid of him and Detroit wanted him. Dykes was so sure of coming to Detroit that he walked into the clubhouse and selected his locker, but before another season came Detroit changed its mind and decided that Dykes was not needed. Mack had to keep his pudgy infielder and now he credited him with winning a pennant.

All these things passed through the mind of the newspaper reporter and he finally said to Mr. Mack:

"Just why do you say that Dykes was the man most responsible for winning a pennant for you?"

Mr. Mack explained: "On every club there's one man who can make the difference between first and second place, or lower. This one man is generally referred to as a spark plug. He is an aggressive player who has the knack of lifting a team by his own exuberance. With (Continued on page 24)



Above: Out at the plate! Gabby Hartnett blocks Hank Greenberg in the 1935 World Series.

Left: And Gehrig misses a run when the Washington catcher dives for him.

Right: Goslin gets safely back to third. But the catcher's throw almost caught him napping!



Friendly talks

WITH THE EDITOR

Take an Undersea Cruise

WE envy Mr. J. E. Williamson. For hours at a time, Mr. Williamson has lived and played on the bottom of the ocean. Part of the time in a diving suit. More of the time in an air-tight steel chamber, peering through a thick glass window. He has explored the wrecks of old ships. He has seen sharks glide up to his window, leer at him curiously and pass on into the undersea twilight. He has sat a few feet away from a giant squid with arms fifteen feet long. Williamson's undersea chamber is ingenuity itself. It is connected with the ship above by a flexible steel tube, large enough for a man to pass up and down. By a system of signals he can direct the ship's course, so that he can cruise above the ocean floor, eighty feet below the surface, watching the brilliant fish swimming through their fantastic coral gardens. Williamson has the distinction of being the first man to produce undersea motion pictures. We're glad he has recorded his experiences in the book, *Twenty Years Under the Sea* (Hale, Cushman and Flint \$2.50). It's good reading.

Platinum has recently been converted by scientists into gold.

He Felt Useless

A STORY has come our way that is worth telling. It's a simple story, but then most good stories are simple and understandable. This one is true. It deals with a high school student who had firmly decided that he was no good. He had grown up in a neighborhood of huskies who could outrun him, outjump him, pin his shoulders to the ground, and throw a ball farther. Jack—that isn't his real name, but it will do—developed a bad case of the blues. He decided that there must be something wrong with him if he couldn't hold his own among fellows his own age and younger. He entered high school half-heartedly, made a faint stab at studies, and spent most of his time in vain wishing. Wishing, mainly, that he were an athlete so that he could tell a few of his schoolmates where to dismount.

The human eye is more sensitive to green than any other color.

Then Decided He Wasn't

PERHAPS you're suspecting by this time that Jack took a physical culture course and converted himself into the school's Samson. What he actually did was sit down, write an essay, and submit it in a contest. When a letter came back enclosing a check and a letter of congratulation, Jack was literally bowled over. After the shock of surprise passed away, he sat down and took a good look at himself. He decided that here was something he could do—he could write! He began to believe that there might be other things he could do. He could think, for instance. It took thinking to compose an essay. And he could talk—he'd never had great difficulty in expressing himself. That was the turning point. In his senior year, Jack was president of his class. He was a debater. He ranked high in his studies. He even found a sport that suited him—he made the swimming team.

Take a Look at YOU

THERE'S something great about Jack's story—something big to dig out and clearly understand. As we see it, it's this: Jack didn't begin to make a success of himself until he had sensibly catalogued his own strong and weak points. Until he had formed a clear, objective picture of himself. Then he quit wasting time in activities for which he wasn't fitted. He became too busy to exhaust himself in useless wishing. He found a field in which he could work and began to make the dirt fly. His inferiority dropped away and his self-respect increased. Upon this solid foundation he built three years of high school achievement. The effect of all this on his personality was amazing. In his senior year he was voted the most popular student in his class. "But," he told us confidentially, "I didn't let that go to my head."

Elephants' hearts beat less than half as fast as a human's.

Plant a Tree

MANKIND owes a heavy debt to trees. They give shade. They protect houses from high winds. They help hold water in the soil, thereby preventing floods. Turned into lumber and paper they go into boats, magazines, houses, and baseball bats. They provide homes for birds. They give beauty to the countryside. There never was a treeless picnic. So, when the American Tree Association suggests that we plant a tree this year, to be dedicated next year on the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, we heartily concur. Thirty-five million trees were planted in this country to honor the 200th anniversary of Washington's birth. We hope seventy million are planted this year. A few

WILD HORSES



SOMEWHERE there are wild colts, fleet as arrows. Somewhere, out in the sweet spring weather, Cropping the tangled grass there are colts That have never known the creak of saddle leather.

OUT in the hills of a far-away country The black-maned horses that have never been bound By bridle or halter are grazing and drinking From pools of silver in the rust-red ground.

SOMEWHERE in the world there are wild horses, Running and racing. On some far hill, Their dark manes cloudy with wind, they are poised With heads up, listening, tense and still.

tips for your Scout troop or high school club, in case you decide to plant a tree: Get your tree from a reputable nurseryman. Until you're ready to plant, keep the burlap covering around the roots wet. Don't expose the roots even for five minutes to the sun. When you set the tree in the hole, trim off broken roots with a clean cut. Fill in the earth around the roots with your hand, using good, rich garden soil. Use a tamper to firm the earth. For further advice, ask your nurseryman.

Asphalt highways are now being reinforced with cotton fabric.

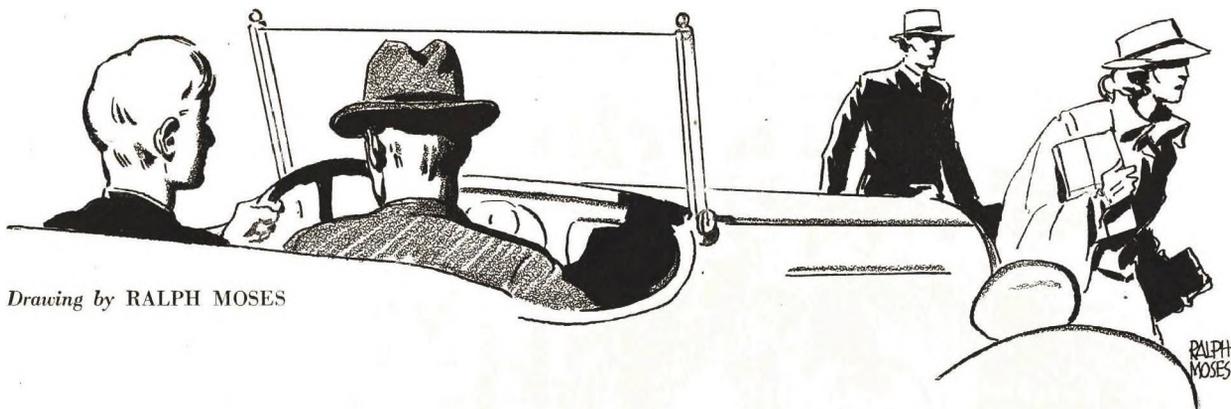
Hats Off to Grove

AS we sit at the desk jotting down thoughts, a pleasant spring breeze is blowing in through the open window—a much pleasanter breeze than will blow over this hustling city when you read these words late in June. The baseball season is well under way and the World Champion Tigers are struggling along with a crippled line-up. Ten stories below us, in a parking lot, there's a scoreboard. Boston is playing Detroit and Robert Moses Grove is winning his fifth victory of the year, shutting out the Tigers with five scattered hits. We don't know what's got into Sir Grove. Two years ago he was all washed up. His arm was dead. His pitches came to the batter as large as a grapefruit and with nothing on them but a dab of rosin. Now, once again, he's the rawhide terror of the mound. Mr. H. G. Salsinger, in our June baseball article, tells us how it happened. He points out that Grove is now pitching with his head as well as his arm. Where he used to overpower batters with dazzling speed he is now resorting to cunning and control, to a curve ball and a change of pace. In that case he's probably in process of acquiring one of the most impressive lifetime records in the history of baseball. The next time he comes to town we're going out to the park, provide shelter for a wandering hot dog (with mustard), and watch him unfold his magic.

Astronomers have discovered a new planet in our solar system, only one-third of a mile in diameter, and a paltry few million miles away.

Watch the 1500 Meter

WE find ourselves wondering if Glenn Cunningham will win the 1500 meter race at the 1936 Olympics, next month. Whether he does or not, Cunningham is surely one of the most amazing track athletes who ever lived. He was burned so badly in a schoolhouse fire that doctors despaired of his life. When he recovered they said regretfully that he'd never be able to run as other children did. To prove them wrong, he began trotting to and from school. He ran, instead of walked, everywhere. In June, 1934, at the Palmer Stadium in Princeton, he ran the greatest mile ever run. He set a world record of 4:06.7, and he did it on a heavily taped, sprained ankle. Two weeks later, in Milwaukee, he chased Bill Bonthron to a world record in the 1500 meter. Experts fear that Cunningham has passed his peak but we're still clinging to hope. With his ability to overcome handicaps, we believe he'll make a race of it, in Berlin. It will be something to watch, that event!



Drawing by RALPH MOSES

Test Your Own Driving Habits Against the Right Way

Learn Good Driving

Lesson No. 2--Slipping the Clutch

by

Ray W. Sherman

LAST time we were out in the car you learned to steer, to feed gas, to shift gears, to start and stop. You can now drive—after a fashion. You have had, right now, as much instruction as many drivers get before they are turned loose on the roads.

It won't be long before you *are* turned loose on the roads, in the thickest traffic the world has ever known—much thicker than it is now—and faster. And there'll be no teacher beside you, no one to counsel and help. You'll be entirely on your own.

You can do a good job—or a poor one.

You can drive safely—or have accidents.

It will all be up to you.

Accidents are something to be ashamed of, for most of them are due to poor driving. Wouldn't you feel swell to come home and say, "Dad, I'm sorry, but I jammed a fender today."

Dads are peculiar. I know because I've been one for more than twenty years. Most of them are very sorry over serious accidents but get very upset over little things like dented fenders. Denting a fender does seem like throwing money out the window.

So, let's be a good driver—but not a trick driver. A good driver is one who can do tricks if he has to but doesn't. Be like that. Don't be a show-off.

There are certain things that make driving safe. There are certain things that make it unsafe. If you learn these things before you get put into that whirling mass of automobiles you have a pretty good chance of coming out with a record of which you can be proud.

One of these simple, little things that help make driving good or bad is the handling of the clutch. Thousands of drivers who have been at it for years still don't know how to handle the clutch, and the result is they are always in danger of having accidents. If you get the handling of the clutch down pat it will help make driving pleasant—and safe.

In case you don't know what the clutch is, let's explain. You know that a gasoline engine is different from a steam engine. In a steam engine that steam pressure is stored up in the boiler and the engineer can open the throttle just a little and let in such a small amount of steam that the piston will hardly move. That enables him to start easily.

But a gas engine is different. What you let in when you open the throttle is just a fog made up of air and gasoline vapor. There is no pressure yet. The pressure doesn't come till the mixture is inside the engine. Then the valves all

close and the spark plug acts like a match to a fire-cracker and there is an explosion.

So, you see, if you didn't have some way of disconnecting an explosion engine from the rear wheels there would be a terrible yank at the start. It would be just like another car slamming your rear end.

So, the automobile engineers did two things. First they put in a gearbox, or transmission. This is a set of gears which give different speeds and power. These gears connect the engine with the rear wheels. And in one position, neutral, no gears are connected at all. First speed gives a lot of power and not much speed. Second gives not so much power but more speed. Third, or high, gives the least power and the most speed. The power gears are used for starting, for steep hills and such places. The high gear is used on the open road.

Now, suppose you want to start. You want to be in the most powerful gear, which is low. Half of the gears in the gearbox are hitched to the engine and the other half hitched to the rear wheels. You want to connect two of them. The gears that are attached to the engine are turning. Those attached to the rear wheels are not. You know what would happen if you tried to jam the teeth of an idle gear

into the teeth of a moving gear. There'd be a terrible grating and grinding and you'd probably knock off a few teeth. So the engineer worked out another device—the clutch.

We said half the gears are attached to the engine. They are. But between them and the engine is this clutch. Clutches are of various kinds, but the simplest explanation of how they work is the coaster brake on your bicycle. Your brake presses against the hub of the wheel. As you press lightly the wheel tends to slow down. The brake is slipping on the hub. When you press harder the wheel slows some more. The brake is still slipping on the hub but not so much. Finally, if you press hard enough, the brake and hub become practically one piece and the wheel locks tight and the tire slides on the ground.

The difference between a clutch and a coaster brake is that the brake is for stopping something and the clutch is for making something move.

In a clutch are two shafts, one coming in from the engine and one coming in from the gearbox, or transmission. To each shaft is attached a round plate. A very strong spring presses one of these plates against the other so hard they stick tight and move as one piece when you're rolling along the road.

When you push down on the clutch pedal with your left foot you force these plates apart, despite the effort of the spring to hold them together. When you let up on the clutch pedal this spring shoves these plates back together hard and they become practically one piece.

This clutch is one of the most useful parts of the car. Learn how to handle it and you can smooth out your driving wonderfully. If you don't learn

how to make full use of it your driving can become a terrifying, nerve-wracking, dangerous performance. Some drivers always have the clutch either fully in or fully out. They are driving either with the engine pulling strong or not at all. They know nothing of that wonderful in-between ground where the clutch slips.

So, let's learn to slip the clutch. Your engine is running at idling speed. You are in the driver's seat. Press down on the clutch pedal. Shift into first gear. Now, feed the gas a bit strong but don't make the engine roar unduly. Then, holding the foot throttle in the same position all the time, begin slowly, very, very slowly, to let the clutch pedal back out.

The clutch now begins to take hold, but it hasn't taken hold at all strongly. One-half of the plates are whirling rather fast, with the engine. The other half of the plates, attached to the gears and rear wheels, (Continued on page 31)

Are You a Menace?

TWO out of every three automobile deaths are caused by driver's mistakes. And statistics prove that drivers of high school age are making more mistakes than those of any other age group. Their record is bad.

Yet high schools can help turn out drivers who don't make mistakes. At State College, Pa., High School a young professor taught sixty students the theory of safe driving. Then he took them out on the road and taught them **HABITS** of safe driving. After they had driven a year and a half, he checked up. Not one had so much as scratched a fender.

SCHOOLS in Bergen County, N. J., began to teach driving several years ago. The course now goes beyond textbook studies. Parents, the school faculty and dealers lend the classes cars for actual road work.

Does your high school have a course in driving? A thorough course that takes you out of the classroom and onto the highway behind the wheel and ingrains in students the **HABITS OF SAFE DRIVING?**

This article, the second in a series of six by a well-known automotive expert, is only a starter on the theory. We suggest you check your habits against it, then save all six of the lessons in a scrapbook and show them to your high school principal.

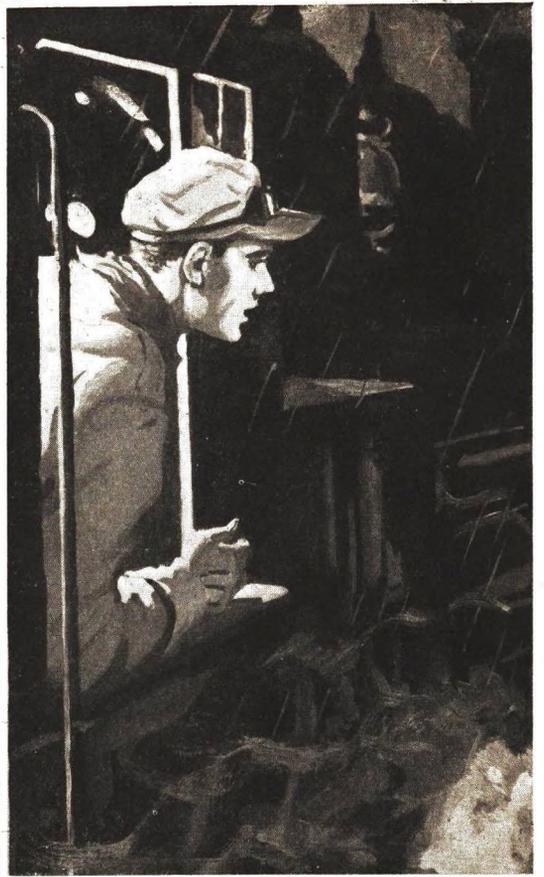
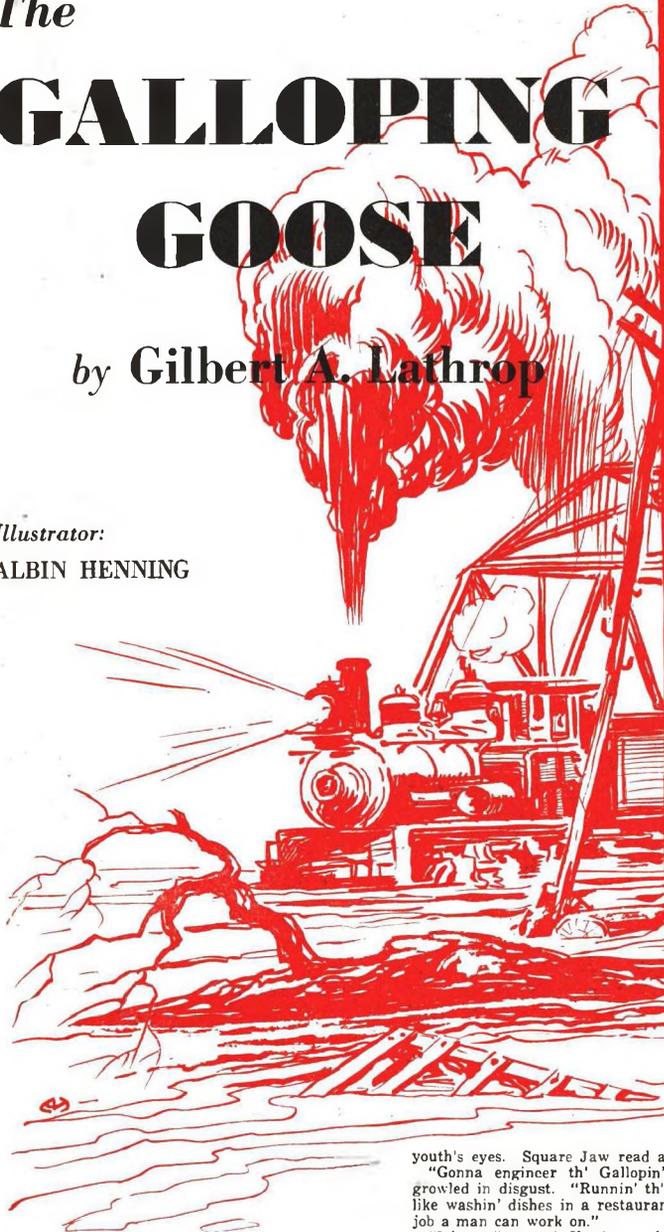
INTEREST HIM IN A COURSE THAT COMPLETES THE JOB OF SAVING TWENTY THOUSAND LIVES A YEAR!

The GALLOPING GOOSE

by Gilbert A. Lathrop

Illustrator:

ALBIN HENNING



Square Jaw was yelling something

THE whole west end division roared with glee when young Chuck Herman was assigned engineer on the Galloping Goose. Many of the men had been a little jealous of him from the first, for almost from the day he hired out as fireman he had held down a passenger turn with Old Square Jaw Davis, engineer. And he was about the only fireman who had ever got along with the cantankerous old fellow for more than three round trips.

From passenger service to the Galloping Goose! That was good, too good to keep under their belts. They made the best of it.

Chuck first knew about the change when he was handed a message in Mosca, west terminal. It read: "On your arrival in Sage this evening you will be transferred from fireman on number two to engineer, engine 166 on the Coalton branch." It was signed by the master mechanic.

Chuck crossed the gangway eagerly and extended the message to Square Jaw. There was pride in the

youth's eyes. Square Jaw read and snorted.

"Gonna engineer th' Gallopin' Goose, huh?" he growled in disgust. "Runnin' th' Gallopin' Goose is like washin' dishes in a restaurant, about th' lowest job a man can work on."

"I know," agreed Chuck, puzzled and hurt. "She isn't much for looks, speed or anything else, but she handles a lot like any other engine, and she pulls cars."

Square Jaw came as close to grinning as he ever did. The corners of his mouth twitched and his bushy eyebrows moved up and down. "Reckon in time yuh'll advance from hogger on th' Gallopin' Goose to flunkey in charge of th' wheelbarrow on th' cinder pit," he said.

Chuck flushed with anger. "Sure," he exclaimed hotly, "poke fun at her and the man assigned to run her. Maybe she isn't much alongside these big, modern locomotives you're running, but she's my first!"

Square Jaw took up his long oiler and gave vent to a sarcastic, derisive laugh.

Because he was boiling inwardly Chuck said no more. After they blasted out of Mosca tied to a string of twelve all-steel Pullmans he stayed down in the gangway to avoid Square Jaw. He shouldn't have been so hotheaded, he knew, but still, it wasn't fair to rib him about his first engine.

It was not until they topped Solar Summit and

began the drop down the east side of the mountain that he slipped up on his seat and extended his head and shoulders out the window. Square Jaw's weathered old face twisted into an affectionate smile behind Chuck's back, and then he let his train drop down the heavy grade like a bucket dropping down a well. The old fellow loved to turn a high wheel and today he was making the best of it.

Near the bottom of Solar Summit were the twin bridges. These massive steel structures were almost a quarter of a mile apart and crossed two branches of the same river. When engineers built the O. S. line they found it cheaper to bridge and fill in between than to construct a single bridge over the shallow valley.

Square Jaw ripped across the first bridge. The steel under-structure clanged and rattled under the terrific pounding of the train. They clipped out over the high earth fill, then smashed across the second bridge. Chuck idly looked down at the twin streams of water. The river was low this time of the year, barely a trickle in either.

It was not until they were ready to go home at the end of their run that day that Square Jaw spoke again. "So you're gonna fly th' Gallopin' Goose, huh?"

Chuck flushed. Square Jaw was carrying the ribbing too far. "I suppose your first engine was a shining monster like this one we're in now," he said sharply. "Or didn't they make them back before the Civil War?"

Square Jaw snorted, but before he could reply Chuck swung off into the night and left him standing there, alone, muttering.

Chuck was called as engineer the following morning. He went down to the roundhouse to find his new engine, the 166, sitting out on the cinder pit



from the ground. Chuck stuck his head out the window to hear him. "Train may go down any minute!"

track, steamed up and ready to go. Not much of a locomotive, this Galloping Goose. She was a Shay engine. Instead of side rods she had cogs and gears. She was a little thing alongside her massive freight and passenger sisters, but she had been delivering service to the O. S. for years. She was squat and dirty. She had a footboard instead of a pilot.

Chuck grinned fondly at the 166. She might not be the fastest or the best engine on the O. S. but she could outrank any of them at making noise. Geared down as she was, like an auto in low, she blasted when making twelve miles an hour as rapidly as a passenger engine making ninety.

The steepness of the grade leading up to Coalton made it necessary to use a Shay engine. Dragging fifteen empty steel coal cars Chuck and the Shay blasted out of town. At first the rapidity of the exhausts worried him, made him think her wheels were slipping, but he soon grew used to that and before they were at the mines in Coalton he had begun to love his little charge. She asked no favors. Open her throttle and she would keep turning her wheels as long as the cogs held. She reminded Chuck of a faithful old mule. She might take all day to reach a given spot, but given time she'd reach it.

Before he'd been running the 166 a week Chuck was so genuinely fond of her that the jibes of the other engine men went unheeded. Let 'em poke fun at him and his engine. They were a part of the railroad game as much as the oldest passenger engineer and his modern giant of an engine.

Chuck came into Sage that evening on his little, noisy pet, looked her over and entered the locker room. Square Jaw Davis and a couple of freight engineers were there. All of them looked up as Chuck entered and all of them grinned.

"Here's Old Gallopin' Goose in person," greeted Square Jaw.

Chuck flushed as he turned to the register.

"Reckon hogheadin' that Shay is about as low as a feller can get," remarked another.

"Unless it's flunkeyin' in th' cinder pit," taunted Square Jaw. He felt hurt at the way Chuck had avoided him, and his affection for Chuck drove him to hurt in return.

Chuck spun around angrily. "The one sixty-six is all engine, just the same," he said.

All three laughed heartily at that. Then Square Jaw barked, "Maybe you're right, but she won't be all engine much longer."

"What do you mean?" asked Chuck.

"I hear th' company's gonna junk her," laughed Square Jaw. "They got a little Mallet ordered to take her place on th' Coalton branch an' th' Gallopin' Goose is gonna be made into scrap with acetylene torches."

Chuck paled. Going to junk the 166? Cut her into scrap? Why, they couldn't do that. Not after all the years of faithful service she'd given them. They couldn't. She was his engine. Let them pull her out of service, spur her out near a depot as a monument to the past if they wanted to, but they couldn't make scrap iron of her!

Chuck told the trio as much and was rewarded with more laughter.

"She's just a scrap heap," Square Jaw scoffed.

Chuck completely lost his temper. Hands on hips he looked at them with flashing eyes and shouted:

"You fellows have always poked fun at the Gallopin' Goose, as you call her. You've never stopped to think of the thousands of dollars that little engine has made for the O. S. Railroad. You've never stopped to give her credit for handling her trains, winter or summer, sunshine, rain or snow. She's more faithful than most of the new engines you're so proud to run!"

They argued more, Square Jaw sarcastically, Chuck defiantly. And in the end Chuck stormed out, furious.

In the next few days the rumor about the 166 being scrapped was verified. Just as soon as the new Mallet arrived from the locomotive works she would be placed in service on the Coalton branch and the 166 would go under the torch.

Then the rainy season set in with daily torrents, cloudbursts, lightning and thunder. Every afternoon found black skies overhead and a hard downpour of rain. The O. S. operated their trains as usual.

Twice Chuck met Square Jaw in the locker room, but the old fellow turned stubbornly away, and left Chuck biting his lip. "If that's the way he wants it," he said savagely, "it's okay with me."

It was after one of these downpours of rain that Chuck found himself near a short sidetrack below Coalton. On the sidetrack were two empty cars and he had orders to pick them up. The sidetrack was lower than the main line, graded with adobe. It looked thoroughly wet and unstable and Chuck remarked as much when the head brakeman cut the 166 from the rest of the train.

"Think that grade will hold the weight of my engine?" Chuck called down.

The brakeman shrugged. "Don't ask me," he shouted back; "all I know is we got orders to get them two cars."

Chuck chuffed ahead, over the switch, watched the brakeman throw it for the side track and backed slowly over the points and frog. He held the 166 to a slow crawl. Water squashed out from the ends of the ties and the ties themselves seemed to sink deeper into the mud.

Chuck was almost to the empty cars when without warning the whole fill under the 166 let loose. There

was a sickening lunge, a breath-taking movement, and then the engine settled over on her left side with what sounded like a sigh of pain. Chuck was thrown against the hot boiler, fought his body away from it and finally succeeded in crawling out his cab window. On the soggy earth once more he looked wildly about for his fireman.

"Joe!" he shouted. "Joe!"

"I'm okay," came the welcome response. "I felt her goin' an' joined th' birds."

Chuck heaved a sigh of relief, then took stock of the damage to the 166. She didn't seem to be badly wrecked. Mud and water came up on her boiler several inches.

"Want to kill th' fire in her?" asked the fireman. Chuck hesitated. If the Shay were no more damaged than she looked she

could still make it into Sage under her own power. "Not necessarily," he replied. "I had the boiler well filled with water. Let the fire burn down to a bed of red coals. Then if they get her picked up in time we can build up a fire and run her in under her own steam."

The wrecker chuffed up on the scene an hour later. The big hook bodily lifted the little engine in the air, swung her around and set her back on the rails. But the chains sadly marred her jacket and tore off the sander pipes and the running boards.

The road foreman of engines who had come up with the big hook looked at the Galloping Goose with a calculating eye.

"From a casual inspection," he said, "it will take about a hundred and fifty dollars to put this engine back in service, and she isn't worth it, now that she's to be junked. I'll use a small freight engine up here until the new Mallet arrives. We'll take down the cogs and gears on the Shay so she can be shipped to the back shops. Acetylene will soon make pieces out of her."

Chuck turned away. So this was the ignominious end of years of faithful service. Junked!

"I didn't knock the fire on her," he suddenly said, turning to face the road foreman. "Might as well run her into Sage under her own power."

The road foreman nodded. "Since it'll be her last trip, okay," he consented.

The trip into Sage was like a funeral procession to Chuck. The 166 seemed to know her days were numbered and she groaned and clanked in every

joint. Before they reached Sage the skies opened up again in a steady downpour of rain. The whole landscape seemed to weep. Jagged flashes of lightning etched themselves against the western sky.

"Main line seems to be catchin' plenty," Chuck's fireman called across the boiler top.

Chuck nodded. But rain shouldn't bother the main line with its slag ballast, perfect drainage and plentiful rriprapping.

It was almost six o'clock when Chuck backed his engine slowly down the cinder pit track and halted her. The hostler was waiting to take charge.

"Number six just pulled out fer th' west a few minutes ago," he told Chuck and flipped water from his hat brim. Outside the rain still beat sullenly down.

"What made them late?" asked Chuck.

"Found a mud slide ten miles east of here." Chuck nodded. He began gathering up his belongings and placing them in his valise. There was a real pang in leaving the Galloping Goose. It was like parting from one grown into a real friend.

Chuck let himself down to the cinders. Crouched forward against the torrents he ran toward the locker room. Inside it was dry and cheerful. The roundhouse foreman was there and a freight crew just in from the west were cleaning up after the grime of the road.

"—plenty high," the freight engineer was saying. "Don't remember ever seein' th' river up like it was when we crossed th' twin bridges today. Water was cuttin' at both approaches to both bridges."

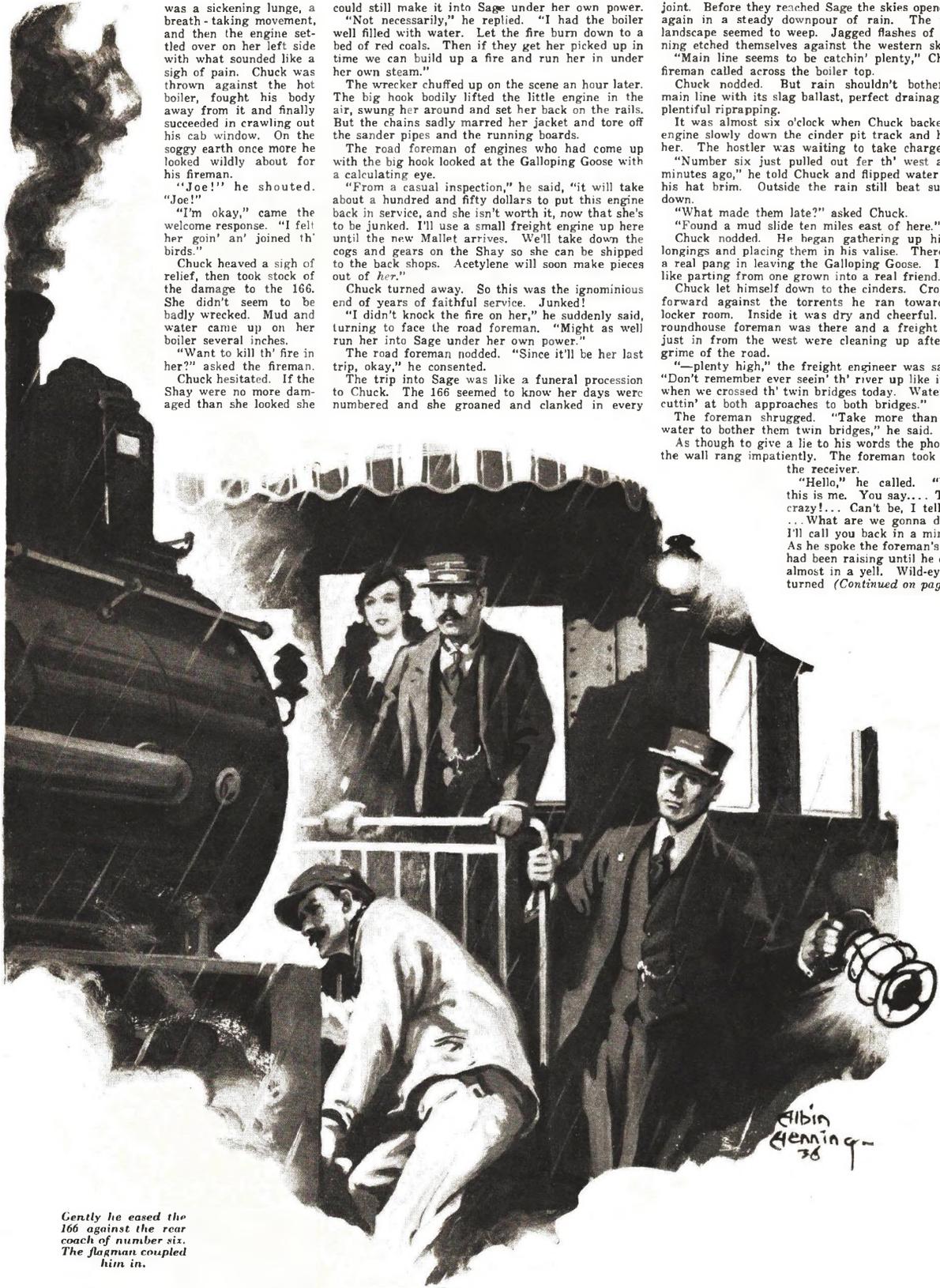
The foreman shrugged. "Take more than high water to bother them twin bridges," he said.

As though to give a lie to his words the phone on the wall rang impatiently. The foreman took down the receiver.

"Hello," he called. "Yeah, this is me. You say... That's crazy!... Can't be, I tell you.

... What are we gonna do?... I'll call you back in a minute."

As he spoke the foreman's voice had been raising until he ended almost in a yell. Wild-eyed he turned (Continued on page 26)



Gently he eased the 166 against the rear coach of number six. The flagman coupled him in.

Albin
Hennig
36

Introducing the genial
brigand, Hippolyte
Legrande, pearl hunter



"Look, my friends. A perfect black pearl. Is it not a beauty?" His husky voice rose to a high pitch of excitement.

Illustrator:

ANTON
OTTO
FISCHER

Saturday, Nov. 16
Entered Takatoa lagoon through
Leeward Pass. Dropped anchor
off Tululu Motu.
Log of the *Island Belle*

Hurricane Weather

The Preceding Chapters

WHEN Stan Ridley and Tod Moran sailed Ridley's fast little schooner *Wind-rider* out of the harbor at Papeete and away into the lonely South Seas, they found themselves tangled in a grim mystery.

Wayne Latimer, a secretive American doctor, had chartered the *Wind-rider* and hired Stan and Tod as crew. "I want to study tropical diseases," he had said, smiling disarmingly.

Stan knew that he was concealing something. What was he really after? Why was his sole companion Bori, a treacherous and surly native diver?

Stan had made inquiries before sailing, but they had only deepened the mystery. He knew that Latimer had chartered the schooner *Island Belle* at Rarotonga and sailed for Suva, in the Fiji Islands. He knew that the doctor had reappeared a month later in Rarotonga and reported the *Island Belle* lost at sea. But from Suva had come another story—that Latimer's crew had sailed away in the middle of the night without him.

Then, when they were well away from Papeete, skimming across the world's loneliest ocean, Latimer announced that their destination was Takatoa, an atoll in the Dangerous Isles. Stan blanched. Takatoa, on the rim of nowhere! A place of sunken reefs, treacherous currents, typhoons!

At Takatoa disaster struck them. Mooring the *Wind-rider* outside the barrier reef, they tried to

by

Howard Pease

take the whaleboat through a narrow opening into the quiet lagoon. A wave catapulted them into the sea and the undertow carried Tod under a ledge. Bori rescued him, badly slashed by coral.

Disturbed by the accident, Dr. Latimer took Stan aside and divulged the real purpose of his trip. "I've come here to find my brother, John Latimer," he said, and added: "John is the family black sheep. Three months ago he wrote me, asking for five thousand dollars, and hinting at some scheme to make a fortune.

"Instead of sending the money I came myself, chartered the schooner *Island Belle*, and caught up with John and a half-caste friend of his at Suva. They stole my steamer and left. Bori says they came here."

Stan believed the story—at first. But that evening the doctor and Bori went out to the schooner, ostensibly to bring it around into the lagoon by another entrance. The schooner never returned. Tod

and Stan were stranded, without a ship, in the lonely native village of Takatoa.

Three days later, however, Quong Sing, the Chinese trader, reported that Tioni, the chief's son, had sighted a schooner wrecked on a sunken reef. With Tioni, the two whites canoed south through the tempestuous lagoon to investigate.

They found more than they expected. On Tululu Motu—a small island—they discovered Bori, tending a fire in front of a hut, and watched him from the brush, unseen. Beyond Tululu Motu they found the *Wind-rider*, safe and whole, bobbing at anchor!

Under cover of night, Stan and Tod boarded the schooner and crept silently along its deck. A life ring caught Stan's eye. He read the black letters on the ring and his eyes widened in disbelief.

The words were not *Wind-rider*, but *Island Belle*!

Chapter Nine

STAN repeated the name to himself—the *Island Belle*, registered at the British port of Rarotonga. Puzzled, he moved aft again.

The warm smell of food drifted up to him from the galley, then the faint odor of fresh paint from the cabin portholes. He dropped to a crouching position at the corner of the open companionway leading below. The stern deck now was plainly in view. There, flat on a mattress, lay a man asleep. His form was clearly outlined beneath a thin white covering.

A shadow moved across Stan's line of vision.

Turning, he saw Tod standing upright in the well of the companionway. Stan slipped around, passed him with a nod, and entered the cabin.

A wan light, filtering through the portholes, revealed the well-known table in the center and the two empty bunks at one side, one above the other. Without a misstep he gained the tiny passage that led forward to the galley. His hand found the knob of the locker. He pulled it down and reached in, searching. The locker was empty. Had Dr. Latimer taken the weapons with him on deck? He swung down another locker door. His fingers came in contact with the worn cover of a book that seemed, somehow, unfamiliar.

With a start of dismay Stan lifted his head. From the stern deck came a low, husky voice speaking in French: "Who's there?"

Stan's eyes opened wide in amazement. It was the voice of a total stranger.

Rigid, he stared at the square of moonlight framed by the doorway. Tod Moran was moving slowly up the steps. Flinging aside all thought of weapons Stan swung about and rushed after him. Halfway up he stopped short.

"A thousand devils!" muttered that strange voice. "Who are you?" The man stepped forward from the awning. The moonlight flooded down upon him. Stan had never seen him before.

It was Tod who first found his voice. "We are looking for Dr. Latimer."

"Doctor Latimaire? I have nevaire hear of him." The stranger spoke in English now, though with a foreign accent to his words. "Have you not make some mistake? This is the schooner *Island Belle* of Rarotonga. I am her skipper. What do you want?"

Tod and Stan stood frozen. The moonlight revealed a heavy-set fellow of medium height, black of hair, his blue pajamas stretched tightly across a barrel-like chest. A pistol in a holster hung loosely from his hips.

As the two did not answer, a smile twisted the corners of the man's mouth. His small eyes seemed almost to twinkle. "But pardon, messieurs," he said, "I have not welcomed my two guests who bring me this unexpected pleasure. One minute. We shall light the lamp in the cabin."

Tod and Stan drew aside as he went with a catlike tread down the steps. Stan turned, watched him strike a match at the lamp hanging in the deck head, and in amazement saw him throw out his hand to them in a gesture of welcome.

"Come. Nevaire shall it be said Hippolyte Legrande has failed to show honor to his guests. Be seated. White men are scarce in these waters. Is it not true? One leetle minute. I find a drink for you."

Tod clutched Stan's arm in a grip of steel. "Careful," he whispered. "Say nothing. Wait."

Without another word he went down the steps and entered the cabin. Stan, his mind in a whirl, followed and dropped to the bunk beside the table. Hippolyte Legrande! Why, he knew that name! For years it had been familiar to him. One of the shrewdest pearl buyers in the whole South Seas.

Stan searched his memory. What was his schooner called? Not the *Island Belle*. No. Now he had it—the *Kona*. A hundred-ton vessel manned by a native crew and commanded by her half-caste owner, Hippolyte Legrande. Everybody in Papeete had heard stories about the fat and amiable Hippo Legrande, who drank hard liquor, drove a hard bargain, and indulged in questionable deals frowned upon by the other buyers.

The man returned to the table with a bottle and glasses. "A most pleasant surprise," he said warmly. "We drink on it, eh?"

"No thank you," said Tod in a calm tone that belied his gleaming eyes, "but we should like to ask you a few questions."

The pearl buyer airily waved a thick hand. "As many as you wish, monsieur. And who is it I have the pleasure of entertaining on the *Island Belle*?"

"My name is Moran," Tod said, dropping to the bunk. "And this is my friend, Stan Ridley of Papeete."

"So?" Hippolyte Legrande threw his great bulk into a chair and drew it up to the table. He smiled across at them, his fat face just a trifle too eager, his dark eyes sharp and restless beneath his thick black brows. "Not Stanhope Ridley by any chance?"

"My father," Stan asserted coldly.

"Ah, messieurs, well I knew him. A fine man." Hippo waved a hand. "I think Mr. Ridley knows me, too. From Papua to Pitcairn everybody know Hippo. In London, in New York, in San Francisco, people hear about me." He paused and his gaze crossed from Stan to Tod. "You doubt? But it is true. Listen. Two years ago a writer from London take a trip with me. He put me in his book of travels—

me, Hippolyte Legrande. He call me the cleverest crook in the whole South Seas." The big man beamed upon his guests, then heaved a sigh that rasped asthmatically in his throat. "I only wish that was true. But I am not always so clever as that."

"You're too modest, Monsieur Legrande," Tod assured him dryly.

Monsieur Legrande laughed. "Call me Hippo."

Everybody call me Hippo. Yes, my friends, Hippo Legrande is known to all the world." He nodded proudly, raised his glass and studied it. At length he cleared his throat. "Now tell me what you do on Takatoa. In years and years no white men come here. I am surprised."

"We're surprised to find you here," Tod countered.

"Me, I come to fish the lagoon. Who knows—it may be a valuable fishing ground. So, I think, Hippo will make Takatoa a leetle visit, send down a diver or two and get some samples. If good, then I ask the governor in Tahiti to lease me this property for one year." He leaned forward. "And how did you arrive?"

Stan clenched his fists under the table. The sheer nerve of the man was superb. Did he think he could bluff them like this? On their own schooner?

Tod managed a disarming smile. "We came here with Dr. Latimer, who chartered Ridley & Son's schooner *Wind-rider*. Have you seen him, Monsieur Legrande?"

"No. No, I have nevaire seen him."

"That so?" Tod's face did not change a line. "Our schooner was very like this one. May I ask, Hippo, where you got this vessel?"

"Assuredly. I once owned the schooner *Kona*, but I lose her to my creditors. Fishing has been bad these last few years and the shell very poor. The price is low, too. But I have good luck last season and I buy this schooner."

"And do you mind telling us where you got her?"

"Certainement. I pick her up in Rarotonga, five months ago. She's not so fine as the *Kona* but—"

He paused to light a cigarette, and before he could go on, Tod put another question. "I noticed on shore a native named Bori. Am I by any chance mistaken in that?"

"No," Hippo Legrande nodded amiably. Leaning back in his chair he locked his fingers across his huge paunch. "I signed on Bori at Vairoa, an atoll south of here. Bori has been so long at sea he prefers to sleep on land." Clouds of smoke issued from his thick nostrils.

"I suppose," commented Stan bitterly, "it's so cold that Bori must keep a fire burning to-night."

"Ah, Monsieur Ridley, you jest! No, Bori tends the fire to guide my crew back to the motu. They are out tonight in the whaleboat."

Stan stared at him with hostile eyes. He sat up straight. "Could we speak to Bori, Monsieur Legrande?"

"Assuredly—if one of you care to go ashore for him. I will be delighted if my diver can help you in any way." Across his fat face swept a complacent smile.

Stan stood up. "A native boy brought us here in an outrigger. The dialect used in these atolls is somewhat different from Tahitian. You speak Paumotuian, Monsieur Legrande?"

"A leetle bit, my friend."

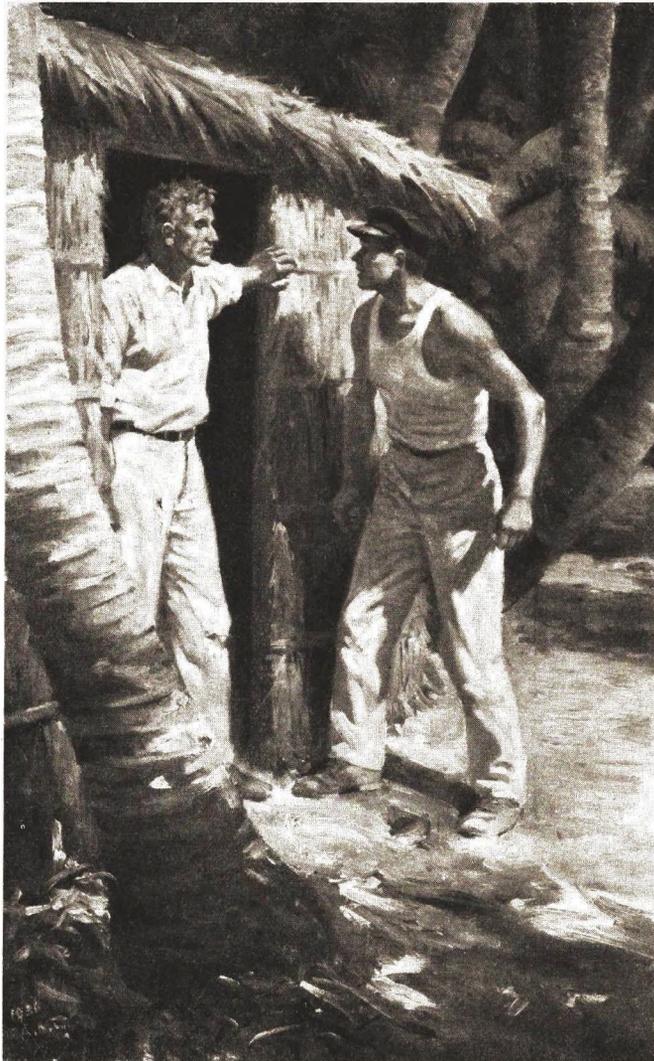
"Would you ask this native boy to fetch Bori?"

"With pleasure." Hippo Legrande heaved himself out of his chair.

Under the table Stan's foot touched Tod's. "Will you go with Hippo, Tod?"

"Sure thing." The young seaman rose with alacrity.

Stan remained standing until the pearl buyer disappeared up the steps with Tod at his heels. Then he darted forward to the passageway, flung down a locker door and reached in. He brought forth a canvas-covered book. Throwing it open to the first page he held it up to the light. There, in a large sprawling hand, were written the words: *Schooner Island Belle — Rarotonga*. He flicked the pages. One glance informed him it was the log of a voyage eastward from that port.



His face was unshaven and his eyes, like burnt-out coals, were staring straight out into the clearing.



He swung about. There stood another native. He was surrounded. Hippo's crew had come to take him back to the schooner.

Thoughtfully he put back the book and closed the locker. For some time his mind had been putting two and two together, and now out of the jumbled events of the past few days rose the story Dr. Latimer had told him. It was the *Island Belle* that Dr. Latimer had chartered at Rarotonga for his voyage to Suva. It was the *Island Belle* that young John Latimer had stolen, setting sail with his half-caste friend. That half-caste, of course, was Hippo Legrande. But this ship was not the *Island Belle*. It was the *Wind-rider* in which the doctor and Bori had chugged south for Leeward Passage three nights ago. Where was the doctor now? Where was his young brother?

Footsteps rounding the cabin thrust these questions from Stan's mind. He was again seated on the bunk at the table when Tod and the pearl buyer came down the steps. Tod's face wore a puzzled expression. Hippo Legrande was smiling as amiably as before.

Stan's eyes glittered with suppressed fire. Oh, if only this man would come out into the open and admit he had taken over the *Wind-rider*! Why didn't he say it was his own schooner that had been wrecked on the reef?

Tod sat down beside him on the bunk. It was evident that, for the present, the young seaman thought it best to play Hippo's own game. "Any luck with pearls this season, Hippo?" he asked blandly.

The pearl buyer dropped into his chair. "Pretty fair—pretty fair. At Vairoa we fish the lagoon for the first time in seven years." The man's small eyes glittered. "Pearls—a few were brought up. Would you care to see?"

"Would we?" Tod sat forward. "Now you're talking, Hippo."

The half-caste got up, walked lightly to the passage, pulled down a locker door, and came back with a small black box. Placing it on the table before them he threw back the lid. He paused dramatically,

then, moistening his thick lips with his tongue, took a square of dark velvet from the box and onto it poured perhaps a hundred pearls—and at least twice that number remained in the box.

"Look, my friends. I buy these from the divers and later sell them to the Chinese bankers for shipment to France." With a fat finger and thumb he picked up a round pearl of a scintillating dark color and held it up to the light. "A perfect black pearl. Is it not a beauty? Ah, if only more like this could be found here at Takatoa I could retire to Paris for the rest of my days!" His husky voice rose to a high pitch of excitement.

Suddenly into Stan's mind leaped a thought that made him double his fists under the table. Now, before Bori came, was the time for him and Tod to get possession of the schooner. It was two against one, and even though Hippo had a pistol at his belt they might take him by surprise and overpower him. They could weigh anchor, start the engine, and make their way north across the lagoon to Quong Sing and the native village. Once there they could pick up a couple of Paumotuans to help them sail the *Wind-rider* home.

Stan turned his gaze upon Hippo. He was searching the black box for another pearl, and Tod was leaning over the table. Stan stood up. How could he get Tod's attention? Somehow he must make his friend understand his plan.

To his ears at that moment came the murmur of native voices and the scrape of wood against the *Wind-rider's* hull. Tioni and Bori. Stan's hopes fell. Too late now.

"Ah, there they are!" Hippo Legrande lovingly replaced his pearls in the box and took it back to the locker.

"Hallo!"

Stan looked up to see Tioni peering down into the lighted cabin. A moment later his impudent little face was obstructed from view by the sturdy form of the diver coming swiftly down the steps. As the

Tahitian approached the table he gazed at Hippo with a questioning expression upon his bronzed countenance.

"Hello, Bori," said Tod easily.

Bori inclined his head, but made no reply. His eyes were fixed on the pearl buyer.

Chapter Ten

HIPPO LEGRANDE, smiling, seated himself in his chair. "These men, Bori, are friends of mine. They wish to ask you a question or two." He spoke softly, a coaxing tone in his husky voice. "It seems there has been some mistake. They—what you say?—suffer under a misapprehension. Will you please set them right?"

Bori nodded in silence. His gaze crossed to Tod and then to Stan.

"I just wanted to ask you, Bori," began Stan, "about Dr. Latimer. Is he here?"

Bori spoke slowly in a voice low and musical. "Who you mean?"

"Dr. Latimer. The man who hired you in Papeete."

"I hired by Monsieur Legrande," replied Bori.

"And when was that?"

"Oh, long time ago."

"You see, my friends?" Hippo threw out his hand in a quick gesture. "You have made mistake."

"Oh, no, we haven't," snapped Tod. "Bori came to Takatoa on the *Wind-rider* with us and Dr. Latimer."

"That so?" Hippo's eyes grew wide. "When did you ever come here before, Bori? Why did you not tell me? Do these men speak the truth? You know them?"

Bori shook his head, and his eyes swept Tod and Stan, then settled again on Hippo's face. "These men?" he answered. "I never see them before." "Uri Maupiti!" Stan was on his feet, his cheeks flushed, his voice hoarse with anger. "Dog from Maupiti, you lie!"

At the insult, Bori shot him a hard glance, bright and filled with hatred. One hand went to his waist as if to draw a weapon from the folds of his *pareu*.

Hippo, with pantherlike grace, sprang from his chair. His eyes were points of steel as he glared at the native. "Now you may go," he said abruptly. "Wait on deck till you get further orders."

Bori inclined his dark head. "Oui, mon capitaine." Without looking at Stan or Tod he turned and made for the steps.

Hippo gazed after him thoughtfully. "If you have lived long in the South Seas, Monsieur Ridley, you must know that words like those may mean a knife at your throat." For a moment he looked at Stan. "I myself know Bori speaks the truth, for did I not hire him as a diver many weeks ago?"

"Maybe you did," Stan returned heatedly, "but that was in Rarotonga—or was it Suva? Wasn't it at Suva you stole the *Island Belle*?"

"So!" Hippo rested his weight on the edge of the table, his leg swinging. In his voice was a quality of calculated insolence. "And what, my fine friend, do you know about Suva?"

"Not a thing, Hippo." It was Tod Moran who hurriedly answered the challenge. "You must forgive my friend. Sometimes he's a little hot-headed." He fixed Stan with a meaning glance.

"Now, calm down, Bantam."

Stan dropped back to the bunk with a sense of futility and chagrin. Trembling, he raised his hand and wiped the sweat from his brow.

Hippo chuckled. "We forget this boy's words. Was I not young once myself?"

"Thank you." Beneath the table, Tod pressed his fingers firmly round Stan's knee. "White men, Hippo, can't be quarreling when they're a thousand miles from any port."

"Precisely, my friend. Shall we drink to that?" He poured himself a generous portion. "Bon! Now will you excuse me one leetle minute? I am obliged to speak further with Bori." He swung himself to the floor and went lightly up the steps.

"Stan!" Tod lowered his voice. "Forgive me. But we mustn't let on how much we know. The thing to do is to lie low and then maybe we'll get some idea of what this is all about." He paused and his eyes swept the cabin. "There couldn't be another schooner just like the *Wind-rider*, could there?"

"Don't talk rot. Just take a look at this blanket on our bunk. Recognize it?"

Tod looked down. "I wouldn't be sure about that, but I certainly do know this oilcloth cover on the table. Well, we'll just have to play along with Hippo and see what happens. Anyway, what else can we do?"

"Do?" Stan's voice was tense. "There's a lot we can do. When the outrigger's gone why can't we grab that pistol at Hippo's belt? We could lock him here in the cabin, start up the engine and be lying off Quong Sing's trading station by morning."

"I've been thinking of that," Tod answered reflectively. "But first I'd like to wait long enough for Hippo to get a little bit tight. If he keeps on drinking he may loosen up and let something slip."

A feeling of renewed hope flowed through Stan. So Tod had been making plans all along! He might have guessed it. He looked up, his face alight.

"I'm a numbskull, Tod. You've got the right idea—"

At that moment Hippo came down the companion, more pleased than ever. "I keep Bori aboard. The fire, it is no longer needed. The whaleboat is coming round the point."

Tod met this bit of dismaying news

with fortitude. "Has the boat been up the lagoon, Hippo?"

"No. She come in through Leeward Passage. It is a leetle trip my partner make this afternoon. I did not expect him back so soon." He nodded with satisfaction as he dropped into his chair. "We have time for another drink." He refilled his glass. "We forget this unpleasantness, yes?"

Tod leaned across the table. "Maybe we could go back to Tahiti with you, Hippo. Are you putting in there?"

"To Tahiti? No, I do not sail there, my friend. I stay here a few weeks until the schooner's holds are filled with shell, then I go perhaps to Rarotonga. You might find it interesting if you help clean the shell. Who knows—you might even find a pearl!"

"Pearls?" Tod's eyes shone for an instant with unfeigned eagerness. "By thunder, Hippo, that sounds swell."

"Good." Hippo poured himself an-

TAXIDERMIST



"Boy! You sure know your stuff!"

other glass. He downed it at a gulp, smacked his lips, reflectively held up the empty glass. "For a long time now I think perhaps this Takatoo lagoon make me rich."

Through the open portholes came the muffled sound of oars and the murmur of voices. Hippo straightened.

"Now, my friends, you will meet my partner. In his way he is a great man. You will like him, too. He is a droll chap." The pearl buyer smiled broadly and his paunch shook with silent laughter. "What a surprise this will be for him!"

Stan waited expectantly. Who would be coming in the whaleboat? Dr. Latimer? No, more likely it would his younger brother, the black sheep of the family. Stan's jaw tightened. Once face to face with either of the Latimers he'd manage somehow to get the truth about Hippo and what he planned to do with this schooner. Footfalls sounded on deck. He tried to count the men. Two, three—four! He gave it up. There must be a boatload at least. He heard the scuff of shoes and the soft slap of bare feet. Boxes thudded to the deck.

Hippo rose. "I'll bring him down while the natives unload."

Tod spoke in a voice apparently meant to be casual. "How many in your crew, Hippo?"

"Oh, just four Kanakas. You will see. They have been with me for years." He shot a cool glance at the two youths. "They are accustomed to obey my commands without question."

Stan listened to Hippo's departing footsteps with a mounting feeling of uneasiness and gloom. Four natives under the control of Hippo Legrande! What chance had he and Tod now?

"Well, we're in for it," Tod murmured under his breath. He was sitting perfectly still, his eyes on the table, his tone dejected.

Stan nodded. He felt the blood ebb

slowly from his face. "What'll we do?" he whispered.

"Do?" Tod swung about and faced him. "We'll sit tight and wait—that's what! I don't believe Hippo's a really bad sort. We're in no danger."

"But the *Wind-rider* is! He means to run off with her."

"Yeah? And just how far could he get? He wouldn't dare put in at a single South Sea port if your father broadcast a description of this schooner."

"I know. But it may be a month or two before we could get home to tell Dad. In the meantime—"

"Pipe down! Here they come."

Hippo Legrande was swinging down the steps. After him came a man who was small and slender and quick of movement. Stan stared. Obviously this dark-haired newcomer could not be young John Latimer! This man without doubt was French.

"My friends, allow me to present

opened, a frying pan heating over the kerosene stove, the rattle of a coffee pot. Stan sat in silence, warily watching the men at the table.

"Give me a drink," said Duval. "Merci bien." He poured half a glass and sipped it slowly, his thin face puckered in a frown.

"Work completed, Duval?" Hippo drew up a stool and turned his weary eyes upon the man.

Duval gave Stan the impression of a man whose thoughts were wandering far away from this lonely schooner anchored in Takatoo lagoon.

"I asked, Henri, if your work was finished."

Duval nodded. "Certainement—as far as I am concerned." His malevolent gaze crossed to Stan and Tod. "And these men—what have you decided to do with them?"

"Did I not tell you?" Hippo leaned forward, a waggish smile upon his swarthy countenance. "They remain here aboard the *Island Belle* as our guests."

"I see." Duval nodded as he eyed them intently.

There was something about that easy acquiescence that Stan did not like. There was also something about Hippo's tone that gave him a thrill of fright.

"I'm afraid," broke in Tod, "we can't stay here much longer, Hippo. Six miles back to the village is too far for Tioni to paddle the dugout alone."

"Ah, but I insist you stay, my friends. It will be so great a pleasure! Was I wrong in taking it for granted?"

Stan sat up straight. "What do you mean, Hippo?"

"I mean, my friend, that your Pautotuan boy is on his way back to the village. I told him the *popaus* would stay aboard this schooner as my guests."

Stan grew rigid. Stay here? But they couldn't. There was too much to be done. They must search for Dr. Latimer—find out what sort of treatment had been handed out to him by these two scoundrels and their ruffian crew. For he was convinced, now, that Latimer wasn't in with these men. Speechless, he stared across the table.

On the pearl buyer's fat face was a determined expression. Duval's thin, sallow countenance with its unshaven cheeks repelled Stan. He stole a quick glance at Tod. The grim set of his friend's jaw revealed that he too knew they were prisoners.

A tremor of apprehension ran through Stan. His mind was suddenly flooded with fear. Oh, if only he could get away from the smiling Hippo, the ruthless Duval, this hot and stuffy cabin. It was air he wanted—air! He rose to his feet.

Quick as a flash Duval's right hand moved to his rear pocket. A second later the man shoved an automatic across the table, barrel pointed.

Stan paled. He sank back to the bunk. He could hear the slap of water against the schooner's hull and the hiss of a breeze through the cordage. The deck beneath him swayed as the *Wind-rider* tugged persistently at her anchor.

Chapter Eleven

STAN lay in the darkness of the lower bunk, his gaze fixed upon the moonlit square of the doorway. It was after midnight, he knew. The warm, heavy atmosphere of the cabin was so stifling that his body was damp with sweat. Tod's uneven breathing came to him from the berth above. Still awake, Tod. Was he too trying to figure out some way to escape with the schooner?

By this time, surely, Hippo and Duval would be asleep beneath the awning. He listened. Bori was again patrolling the deck. The soft slap of his bare feet was just audible. Well, one thing in their favor was the fact that the native crew had gone ashore. Doubtless Hippo knew he could trust

Bori to raise an alarm if the two young white men made any attempt to get away. Bitterness welled up within Stan. From the bunk above came whispered words:

"Stan, are you asleep?"

Stan jerked up to one elbow. "I'll say I'm not."

Tod leaned over. "We've got to get out of here."

"You mean leave the *Wind-rider*?"

"Sure. What good will it do us or your schooner if we're held down here all the time? The ship won't go away. Hippo intends to stay here awhile to fish the lagoon."

Stan nodded thoughtfully. "If he really does, you can be sure it's illegal. He has no right to take this shell."

"Would it pay him?" Tod asked.

"Plenty. This lagoon hasn't been fished for years."

"There you are! We'd have time to go for help."

Stan's breath came fast. "I know a way, Tod, if we could be sure Bori would stay on the afterdeck for a few minutes. There's a door in the galley that leads into the storeroom. We could climb to deck through the hatch and swim ashore."

"Could we make it back to the village without a canoe?"

"Sure we could. By swimming out to the reef we could walk along it to the windward motu. It might be hard going, but it'd be safe."

"All right, if Bori settles down on the afterdeck we'll try it."

They waited tensely, but presently it became evident that Bori had no intention of settling down anywhere. His steady tread came and went as he strode forward and aft to starboard.

At length Tod climbed down from his bunk. "There's no use waiting all night," he whispered. "I've a plan, Stan. You're going alone."

"Alone?"

Tod nodded. "Now listen. I'll go sit on the steps, and keep Bori on the afterdeck while you slip through the galley. Try to reach Quong Sing and have him send to another atoll for help. Try something—try anything!"

"All right. I'll do it." Stan nodded in the darkness. "But first I'd like to take a look into that hut on the motu. I've a hunch that's where we'll find the doctor."

"I doubt it. If the doc were really there, would Hippo leave him alone without even Bori to watch him?"

"No," Stan admitted, "not unless the doc were in with Hippo on this deal. Maybe, though, the other natives are there, watching." Suddenly a thought made Stan's pulse race. "Tod, suppose something has happened to him? Suppose he's hurt?"

"I never thought of that." Tod reached for his friend's hand. "Stan, things look pretty bad right now, but we'll find a way. I want to stay here, keep my eyes open and do some tall thinking while you're gone. Watch your step now, fellow. Ready? I'll keep Bori occupied. Good luck!"

Stan watched his friend cross to the doorway, hesitate there for an instant, then slip forward and seat himself on the steps. He was wearing only a pair of shorts, and his muscular shoulders and chest gleamed in the moonlight. No more than a moment passed before Bori's dark form loomed above him.

"It's too blamed hot below," complained Tod. "Mind if I sit here for a while?"

At the top of the companionway Bori dropped to his haunches and silently gazed at Tod. Plainly he was suspicious. His hand moved to his *pareu* and remained there. What was he fingering—a pistol? A knife?

Stan sat up in his dark nook. He slipped into his singlet and trousers, then put on his canvas shoes. Dressed as he was it wouldn't be so easy to swim, but he couldn't walk on the coral reef without shoes, and he'd need

clothes when the sun beat down.

With the utmost care he stood up and crept forward to the galley. Once there he breathed more easily. Let's see—he'd better take some matches. His fingers found them without trouble in their place above the stove. Two more steps and he was kneeling at the forward bulkhead, turning the knob of a small square door.

He pulled it open. Pitch darkness lay before him. He thrust in his hand and felt about in a wide circle. The way was clear. Cautiously he dropped one leg over the high casing. His foot came in contact with a box. It held his weight. Soon he was inside the narrow hold, the door closed behind him.

He struck a match and found himself standing on a half-open case of liquor. The match flickered out, but he had seen enough. Quickly he tugged at the boxes, building a firm platform to stand on. He'd have to hurry, he told himself, or he'd suffocate in this airless compartment. When he finally climbed atop the pile, reached up and pushed against the hatch cover, he felt a gust of triumph go through him. It wasn't battened down!

Cautiously he slid it to one side, took a firm hold on the coaming and pulled himself up. A moment later he crouched on the moonlit deck. He waited with lifted head. No sound aft.

It took only a second to replace the hatch cover. Shielded by the rise of the galley he crept forward to the very bow. He knew every foot, every inch of this schooner. Gently he swung himself overside and dropped quietly into the water.

He struck out for the open lagoon, swimming with long easy strokes in the direction the bowsprit pointed. He wanted to put at least a hundred yards between him and the schooner before he made for shore. His shoes dragged at his feet, and he remembered that this lagoon of Takatoa was shark infested. With a conscious effort he thrust the thought aside. As he turned his head to breathe, his gaze swept the silvery surface. Better not go too far into deep water, he thought. He turned and made for the point of the motu.

When his hands touched sand he stood up and waded ashore. Safe in the shadow of the bush he paused. He glimpsed the whaleboat some distance down the beach. Would the native crew be watching the hut?

Directly inland was a spot where dying embers shone in the clearing. The moon flooded the place with light and revealed the hut close against the pandanus thicket. The warm smell of tropical vegetation filled his nostrils. He went toward the fire, and near the pile of glowing ashes stopped and listened. Silence.

He advanced boldly to the hut. "Dr. Latimer!" His voice echoed loud in the stillness.

For a moment there was silence, then he heard a movement in the darkness within. "What's that?"

A quiver of relief ran over Stan. It was the doctor's low vibrant tones that he remembered so well. He took a step forward. "It's Stan Ridley, Doctor. Are you alone?"

"Yes," came the reply. "I'll be right out."

A tall figure, emerging from the gloom of the hut, stood with one hand resting on the matted frame of the doorway. The moonlight disclosed a young man Stan had never seen before. A sudden, blinding realization came to him.

"You—you're John Latimer?" he burst out.

"Yes. How did you know? Who are you?"

"My name's Ridley. I came to Takatoa with your brother on the *Wind-rider*. Where is he? What has Hippo done with him?"

The other shook his head sadly. "I don't know."

Clean
as the cleanest!

**HARD WAX
LUBRICANT**
Lengthens Barrel Life
Makes Super-X
EXTRA-CLEAN

**EXTRA
PROTECTION**
Through Patented
LUBALLOY
Coating

Double Protection For Your Rifle!

You've never seen cartridges any cleaner than Super-X long range .22's. You never will! They are EXTRA-CLEAN in your hands! EXTRA-CLEAN in your rifle!

Super-X bullets provide D-O-U-B-L-E protection for the bore! The hard, smooth invisible wax lubricant INCREASES AND PROLONGS ACCURACY. It isn't a sticky grease, therefore it will not carry dust and grit into your gun.

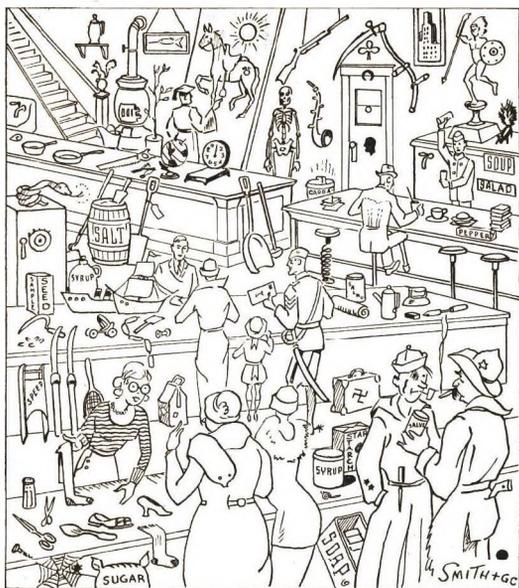
The Luballoy (lubricating alloy) bullet coating PREVENTS LEADING! Permits softer lead in Super-X bullets which, unlike hard lead bullets, conform to the bore and mushroom on impact!

All this, in addition to rust-preventing, non-corrosive priming, greater power, longer range and easier stalking. Mail Coupon for full particulars.

Western
Super-X

Look for the Red, Yellow, and Blue Western packages! Super 22's come in all sizes. Solid or hollow point bullets.

Western Cartridge Company, Dept. G-33, East Alton, Ill.
Mail full particulars of Super-X, the EXTRA-CLEAN, long range .22, to:
Name.....
Address.....
Post Office..... State.....



How Many Words Start With Letter "S"?

We will pay you \$100.00 just for looking at the above picture and writing down all of the words starting with the letter "s" that are represented in the picture. Provided your list of words is the largest scoring list of words we receive. You will immediately be able to start your list with such words as "sugar," "soap," "syrup," "starch," "shoes," "scissors"—and it will be easy for you to add several more words beginning with the letter "s" to your list of words. Just study the picture for a couple of minutes, and then get your pencil and paper and see how big a list of "s" words you can make. Forty prizes will be awarded for the forty largest scoring lists of words we receive.

\$234.56 40 Prizes To Be Given Away

The amount of the First Prize you will receive will be \$100.00, provided you send us the best scoring list of words. Second Prize for the second best scoring list of words will be \$50.00; Third Prize will be \$25.00; Fourth Prize will be \$15.00; Fifth Prize will be \$10.00; the next 34 prizes will be \$1.00 each and the Fortieth Prize will be \$0.56.

48 Promptness Prizes

If you hurry and mail your list of words right away, you may win a Garnishing Set as we are going to give a Garnishing Set absolutely free for the first list of "s" words received from each one of the forty-eight states. This Garnishing Set consists of four pieces for making potato and butter balls, making latticed potatoes, slicing cabbage, peeling fruits and vegetables, coring apples and scaling fish, with many other uses.

Write your list of "s" words on only one side of the paper and do not include any words that do not start with the letter "s" or are not represented in the picture above. The list containing the largest number of correct words with the fewest incorrect words will win First Prize. The remaining 39 prize-winning lists will be selected on the same basis. Lists having more incorrect words than correct words will be discarded. Proper names, prefixes, suffixes, obsolete and foreign words and incorrectly spelled words will be counted as incorrect. The latest edition of Webster's New International Dictionary will be used for verification of words on your list. Full duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties and no list of words will be accepted if postmarked later than midnight, July 31, 1935. All lists of "s" words to compete for the 40 cash prizes are to be mailed to:

Picture Puzzle, 17 Capper Bldg., Topeka, Kan.

Here's How to Earn Money!

Thousands of boys and young men all over the United States are earning money as American Boy representatives. You can do likewise. No experience required. Write today for The American Boy Agents Plan.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION COMBINED WITH THE AMERICAN BOY

7430 SECOND BOULEVARD

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Puzzled, Stan looked at him closely. He was tall, perhaps twenty-five years old, and blond like his brother. Instead of the immaculate figure Stan knew so well, however, here was a gaunt man whose white shirt and trousers hung loosely on his frame. His face was unshaven, his hair rumpled, and his eyes, like burnt-out coals, were staring straight into the clearing, looking at nothing.

"I've only a minute," Stan hurriedly went on. "Are you working with Hippo and Duval?"

"With those blackguards?" There was bitter hatred in his voice. "I was once. Not now, though."

"And you don't know where the doctor is?"

"No, but I fear—anything! Duval—if you only knew him as I do. He'll stop at nothing! I'm not even sure he doesn't intend to leave me here. There's absolutely no way I can escape from this island."

"Oh, yes there is," Stan spoke eagerly. "You can go with me north to the village. We'll talk on the way. How about it?"

Young Latimer stepped forward into the clearing. "You've come almost like an answer to my prayers."

"Hurry up then. We'll follow the beach round toward the reef."

Stan turned and went rapidly past the dying fire. A sudden cry from behind made him whirl. John Latimer had walked straight through the pile of hot coals and was now stamping his shoes beside it.

Stan peered at him in surprise. "Didn't you see it?"

"A fire? No." The man's words ended on a harsh note.

At that moment, from the direction of the schooner, there came a call, loud and insistent. Stan quivered. His absence must have been discovered.

"Hurry up, Latimer," he jerked out. "That's Hippo shouting. He may be calling to his native crew on shore. Let's go!"

Young Latimer moved forward with slow, deliberate steps. Stan regarded him in mounting amazement. What in thunder was wrong with the chap? There was childlike uncertainty in every step he took.

"What's the matter? Tired?"

The other countered with a question of his own. "Have you a canoe?"

"No. We'll have to swim out to the reef and walk along it. But we can make it by morning."

"Then you go alone."

"But why?" Irritation crept into Stan's tone. There was no time to waste. "Don't you really want to come?"

"Want to?" There was the agony of despair in the voice. "I'd give anything in the world if I could. I simply can't."

Stan moved closer. He searched the man's face. "Why not?"

Young Latimer didn't reply. His hands were clenched at his sides; his lips moved soundlessly; his eyes gazed straight ahead.

Those eyes—like burnt-out coals. Something stirred deep within Stan. A sudden, dreadful suspicion tapped at his mind. "You—you can't see well?"

"No," John Latimer whispered. "Now you understand why they left me here alone. I'm blind—stone blind."

At the despairing words a tremor of pity surged through Stan. He forgot for the moment that Hippo Legrande was calling to his outthrust crew; he forgot John Latimer's past; he only knew that here before him stood a young man who walked in darkness, alone and without hope. "When did it happen?" He put out a hand and touched the other's arm.

A quiver shot through it. "Nearly two weeks ago—or was it two years? We'd been having a party on board—we got into words and it ended in a fight. I drank too much, I guess. Any-

way, I found myself next morning lying on the open deck with the sun beating down upon me. It was nearly noon and I'd been lying there for hours. The sun did it, I guess. When I got up I couldn't see. I begged them to take me back to some port where we'd find a doctor. They couldn't, of course. They didn't dare. Oh, they've been kind enough. Why shouldn't they! Wasn't I the one who furnished the schooner?"

"You mean the *Island Belle*?"

"Yes. It was a vessel my brother chartered." He choked on his words. Abruptly he turned an inquiring ear. "That's Hippo?"

"Yes, he's still calling. His whale-boat's ashore here."

"You'd better go then. I'm all right."

"But your brother. Couldn't he do anything for you?"

The man shook his head somberly. "He didn't have a chance. You see, we ran the *Island Belle* onto that sunken reef three nights ago. It was my brother who came to our aid, who took us off to his schooner. And when Doc knew what Hippo and Duval intended, he made a fuss. That was a mistake. He should have been more careful and waited. I think they put him ashore on one of these motus." A tremor ran through him. "Find him, Ridley. He came down here for me—and now, and now. . . ."

"I'll do my best," Stan promised. "But can't I help you too?"

"Me? Oh, don't waste your pity on me. I don't need it. I've been a chiseler, a thief, an outcast." The man lifted his head, listening. "Someone's coming. Hurry!"

Sick at heart, Stan turned away. Between him and the beach a bushy-haired native was approaching on swift bare feet. He swung about to the left. There stood another native. He darted backward, terror-stricken. Another savage faced him in the moonlight.

He was surrounded. Hippo's native crew had come to take him back to the schooner.

Chapter Twelve

BACK ABOARD the *Wind-rider* Stan passed the next day in weary monotony.

Early that morning Hippo Legrande had called his native crew and set out in the whaleboat for some unknown destination up the lagoon. After his departure Duval had seated himself in a canvas chair under the awning. Whenever Stan or Tod approached he either frowned or cursed under his breath. In self-defense they finally rigged up a tarpaulin on the foredeck and flung themselves down beneath it. Rori swam overside at frequent intervals, and soon the two boys were doing likewise.

Between swims they lay on deck under the tarpaulin talking in low tones. "Do you suppose Hippo's gone up to the village?" Tod asked. "Maybe to hire pearl divers?"

"Or calling upon the doctor," Stan suggested.

"Where do you think the doctor is?"

"Don't ask me." Stan looked out across the lagoon. "We're sure of one thing at least, Tod. Dr. Latimer's on the square. If he's safe on one of these motus, and we can find him, we'll have an ally."

"I guess you're right," Tod acknowledged. "It doesn't look, though, as if we'd get a chance to look for him."

Stan nodded. With Duval watching them every minute from the stern deck they might just as well accept the fact that they were powerless. There was a vindictiveness about the man that made you shiver. Stan looked across at his friend.

"Whatever Hippo is up to this morning, you can see that Duval isn't very keen about it."

Tod snorted. "That bird isn't pleased about anything. Who is he, anyway?"

"LAST ONE IN'S A MUD TURTLE!"



Be FIRST... always... with U. S. Chain Tread Balloon Tires

Whatever the game is, you're ahead when you ride on these famous bike tires. They're sure-footed on gravel, sand or muddy roads. They're speedy on any road. They break all endurance records for long, hard service.

Ask your Dad about U. S. Tires... he probably has them on his automobile right now. And these bike tires are built for you by the same "U. S." Master Craftsmen.

See your U. S. Dealer today about U. S. Chain Tread Balloons.

LOOK AT THESE FEATURES



Cross section showing how this famous tire is built.

1. **Tempered Rubber** — Toughest rubber... made possible by a secret, exclusive process — means many miles of extra wear.
2. **Heavy Cord Construction** — Two plies of strongest cord fabric give that extra strength for which U. S. Auto Tires are famous.
3. **Cable Strength Beads** — Strands of super-strength wire vulcanized into the rubber, give utmost strength and flexibility.
4. **Non-Skid Tread Design** — The famous chain design protects against slipping on any road in any weather.
5. **Fits All Types of Wire Bead Rims** — Easy to put on and take off.
6. **Snappy, Sporting Appearance** — A tire you'll be proud of, with its nifty jet black tread, and knurled side wall.

Even with all these features U. S. Chain Tread Balloons are priced surprisingly low.



GIANT CHAIN BICYCLE TIRES

With the GRIP that NEVER Slips

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber Products, Inc.

Catchers Win Pennants (Continued from page 11)

us that man was Dykes. His enthusiasm was infectious and he pulled the team up with him."

Who and what wins pennants?

For nine years Detroit had never been able to finish higher than fourth. In seven of those years Detroit finished lower than fourth. After the 1933 season Detroit had to secure a new manager since Stanley Raymond Harris had resigned to go to Boston.

Detroit had complained of weak pitching. Men expert in baseball said that Detroit's pitching was not as bad as painted. Detroit had some of the best pitching talent in baseball, but what the club needed was an expert catcher to handle the pitchers.

All this entered into the club discussions when it came time to select a new manager. The choice fell on Gordon Stanley Cochrane. He was the No. 1 catcher of the Philadelphia team and generally regarded as the best catcher in the game. So Detroit paid \$100,000 cash for Cochrane, made him manager, and in his first year he won a pennant. His team lost the World Series to the St. Louis Cardinals in the limit of seven games but won the title in six games from the Chicago Cubs last year.

Cochrane wanted to be a great track star. While attending school at Bridgewater, Mass., he used to train in the evening, when the town was asleep. For his practice sprints he chose a road that led past the cemetery. When he came to the cemetery he thought of ghosts and spooks and ran all the faster.

Cochrane was the fastest man in a fast field at Philadelphia. What recommended him to Detroit was not his speed, for he had begun to slow down, but his intelligence and aggressiveness. He knew how to handle pitchers, and he made the Detroit staff the best pitching corps in the league.

And so, while five years previously Dykes was given the main credit for making the Philadelphia Athletics pennant winners and world champions, it was certainly Cochrane who raised Detroit to the peaks in 1934 and 1935. Cochrane was the spark plug.

Let's look at another catcher:

The 1935 pennant race in the National League was looked upon as a two-team race between the New York Giants and St. Louis Cardinals. The Giants led until after midseason and then the Cardinals passed them. It seemed certain that St. Louis would win, but in the last week of the season the Chicago Cubs went into first place at the tail end of a 21-game winning streak and the reason was Charles Leo Hartnett, known far and wide as "Gabby." It was Hartnett's catching and Hartnett's leadership that brought the Cubs through.

When, near midseason, Hartnett was carried off the field in Pittsburgh, Charlie Grimm, the Chicago manager, groaned:

"There go our pennant chances."

But Hartnett recovered, came back, and returned the pennant chances to the Cubs.

A catcher is the heart of a team's defense and often he is the soul of it. The success or failure of a pitching staff depends much upon the catcher, except where the pitchers are all well-drilled veterans. Great catchers develop young pitchers and lead them through the tight spots.

It takes a great catcher to make a ball club great and you have never heard of a great club that did not have an outstanding catcher. Not alone is the success of the pitching up to the catcher to a large degree, but the work of the infield and outfield revolves around him. He places fielders according to the pitch and batter.

A catcher, doing the thinking for

a pitcher, will frequently do a better job than the pitcher could do for himself. One instance to illustrate the point:

The Philadelphia Athletics and New York Yankees were engaged in an important series. Connie Mack started Jack Quinn who, at the time, was the only spit ball pitcher in the big league. He also had a curve and a fast ball but he did his most effective work with the spit ball because his was the only one batters ever looked at.

The game started and Cochrane kept calling for fast balls. Quinn would shake his head, wanting to pitch the spit ball, but Cochrane kept demanding the fast ball. This went on inning after inning and as they were walking back to the bench in the sixth inning Quinn said to Cochrane: "Don't you



Charles "Gabby" Hartnett led the Chicago Cubs to a pennant.

think it's about time to throw them something else?"

Cochrane pointed to the scoreboard. It showed six ciphers for New York. He told Quinn, "Take a good look at that board and you'll see why I'm calling for fast balls. When they start hitting, it will be plenty of time to call for something else."

Cochrane kept calling for fast balls and Quinn had to keep pitching them and he shut out New York. It was smart work. Every batter who faced Quinn kept looking for the spit ball and by pitching nothing but fast balls he had them constantly off stride. But it was the catcher's thinking, not the pitcher's.

One of the most spectacular pitching feats on record was delivered by Tommy Bridges in the sixth and final game of the World Series last year. Detroit needed one more victory to win the title and Bridges was assigned the task of cinching the championship. Chicago depended upon the left-handed Larry French. It was a splendid pitchers' battle. At the end of the eighth inning the score was 3-all. Stanley Hack led off for Chicago in the ninth inning and drove the ball into deep center for a three-bagger.

Here was probably the most critical spot in the series. Score tied, a runner on third and none out in the ninth inning! Bill Jurgens was up. Bridges struck him out. French came next. He tapped an easy grounder to the box and Bridges threw him out at first after bluffing Hack back to third. Two out and Augie Galan at bat. He sent a fly to left for the third putout and the side was retired with Hack still on third. Detroit scored a run with two out in the last half of the ninth and the World Series was over.

Bridges had retired three men in succession on ten pitched balls of which nine were strike balls. And he accomplished this feat with curve balls.

Until Hack hit his three-bagger Bridges had relied on his fast ball and then, when the crisis arrived, he was switched to the curve ball by Cochrane. The batters who had seen nothing but fast balls up to that time, and who came to bat prepared to hit fast balls, were completely crossed by the curve.

A similar switch provided another thrilling chapter in World Series competition. That was in 1926 when the New York Yankees and St. Louis Cardinals fought it out for supreme honors. With five games played the Yankees had a three-to-two margin and needed only one more victory to win the title, but in the sixth game the great Grover Cleveland Alexander went to the box, beat them 10 to 2, and tied up the series.

The seventh game was played on a cold, dark October afternoon. Autumn never produced a drearier day. A mist hung over the Yankee Stadium as the teams took the field and Rogers Hornsby sent Jesse Haines, a fast-ball pitcher, against the Yankees. Fast-ball pitchers have an advantage on dark days when weather conditions make it harder for the batter to follow a pitched ball.

A home run by Babe Ruth gave the Yankees a one-run lead in the third but in the fourth the Yankee defense cracked and St. Louis scored three earned runs. New York scored another run in the sixth and the Cardinals were leading by a single run.

In the last half of the seventh Haines walked Combs. Koening sacrificed and Ruth was intentionally passed. Meusel forced Ruth at second with a grounder, leaving men on third and first, two out. Gehrig was up, and after Haines got two strikes and one ball on him he lost control and gave a base on balls, filling the bases with two out and bringing up the dangerous Lazzari.

Haines had injured a finger on his pitching hand and at this point Hornsby took him out. Now, what would Hornsby do? Who would substitute for Haines? The stands were in an uproar; the time for a victorious stroke was at hand.

Then, from far out in left field, a giant in uniform started a slow march toward the infield. It was Alexander, who had pitched the day before, coming into the game as relief pitcher. He pitched a few warm-up balls and then got down to work on Lazzari. He struck him out on three pitched balls and each was a curve that broke sharply over the inside corner of the plate. New York was set down with the bases filled and Alexander held them scoreless in the eighth and ninth and cinched a World Series for St. Louis.

Two World Series were decided because the pitching suddenly shifted from fast balls to curves.

Great catchers know when to shift. "Let well enough alone," says Cochrane. "As long as a pitcher is getting by with a certain pitch there isn't any reason to try another."

Simple logic, but only great catchers follow it.

"I love to play against that club," said a great batter to me one day, naming a certain big league team. "It's always a pipe for me. I make 'em pitch to me the first time I come up and make a mental note of the rotation of curve, fast ball, and change of pace. It's never yet failed that the rotation used on me the first time will be the rotation every other time I come to bat, and I know what every pitch will be."

There are many catchers like that. They are known, professionally, as receivers. They go through the mechanical motions but are lacking in strategy. Catching consists of much more,

as I have tried to show, than merely catching a ball thrown by a pitcher, tossing it back to him, throwing to bases when runners are attempting to steal, fielding bunts, taking throws from fielders when men are trying to score, tagging runners, catching foul flies and fielding grounders in the radius of the plate. This is the mechanical side of catching. The more important is the strategical end of it and includes working the pitcher properly and controlling the infield and outfield, placing the fielders properly at all times, signaling to infielders on pitchouts, breaking up hit and run plays and squeeze plays, and setting a winning pace for the remainder of the lineup.

Pitchers must have complete confidence in the catcher and in his judgment. The catcher must know the pitcher thoroughly. He must steady him, watch his stride, correct him when he is taking too long or too short a stride, losing control and stuff. He must help him over the tight spots and give him complete support, morally as well as mechanically.

Great pitching staffs make great teams and great catchers make pitching staffs great. One of the best catchers of the early days was Charlie Bennett of Detroit. He won a 15-game World Series in 1887 with two pitchers, Getzein and Baldwin. Later Buck Ewing, one of the best two or three catchers in history, made New York supreme with the aid of Keefe and Welch, two splendid pitchers.

The New York Giants had their best pitching in the days when Roger Bresnahan caught the deliveries of Mathewson, McGinnity, Ames and others. Bresnahan has had few equals and is the only catcher, outside of Cochrane, who ever was lead-off man in a batting order. When the Chicago Cubs became supreme in the National League their catching was done by Johnny Kling and the big four of their staff were Reulbach, Brown, Pfeister and Overall.

"The important thing in trying for pennants is to work your pitchers in regular order," said Connie Mack. "If you don't have to break up your rotation and can work them all in their regular turns with the right amount of rest for each between games, then you'll go somewhere."

And keeping the pitchers working in regular rotation is where a good catcher helps.

Catchers can win pennants. They can well be the greatest single factor in bringing a team to the top. And good catchers are rare. A scout complained to me last year that he had not seen one impressive catcher.

"They don't seem to be developing any more," he said. "I know of one squad of 118 players and there was only one catcher among them and he was one by necessity; he couldn't play anywhere else on his team. They don't seem to want to catch any more."

I asked Cochrane whether he knew of any reason why good catchers should not be developing and he gave the following explanation:

"They think it's too tough. After they get cracked two or three times by foul tips they look to one of the other positions. Catching is too hard work for them."

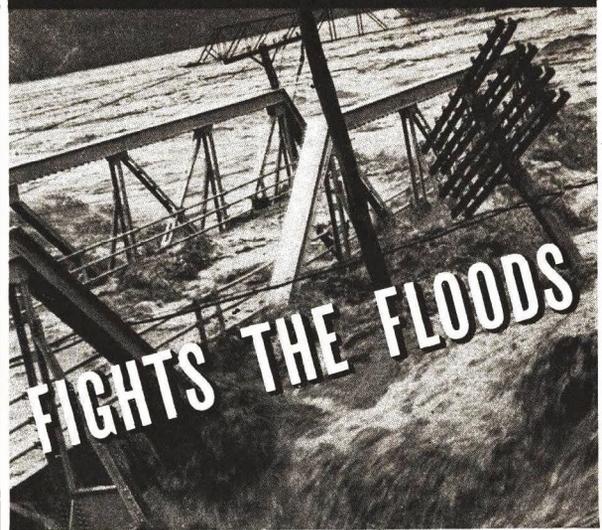
Regardless of the reason there has never been as insistent a call for capable catchers as you hear today. Pitchers and catchers but mainly catchers. A great catcher will lift an ordinary pitcher into the winning ranks.

It generally takes years before a catcher becomes established. As I said before, the mechanical equipment is not enough. He may be fast, a sure receiver, good under foul flies and on bunts, equipped with a splendid throwing arm and he may still be only what Babe Ruth describes as a "curve ball" catcher, meaning that every time the pitcher is in a hole the catcher will call for a curve ball; it is his solution for all problems.

The catcher will, when he becomes a first-class craftsman, have a complete knowledge of pitchers and pitching, plus a knowledge of batters. He will know the weaknesses of the batters and the strength of the pitchers and work accordingly. He will pull together his infield and outfield and manage to get the most out of the pitchers working with him.

He will become the soul as well as the heart of his team; its guiding spirit. His is by all means the hardest job in baseball and at times the most unappreciated, but the team he plays for will generally be no better than he is. Most of the pennants are won by catchers.

BELL SYSTEM TEAMWORK



LAST spring, from Maine to the Ohio Valley, rushing, savage water carried death, destruction and suffering to hundreds of cities and towns.

Even before the rivers rose, in some sections, the Bell System was mustering men and materials to meet the tragedy . . . to keep communications open.

When the floods struck, telephone buildings were barricaded . . . switchboards and machinery moved to higher floors . . . pumps installed and manned . . . and Western Electric factories and warehouses called upon to manufacture or deliver tremendous amounts of equipment to replace that destroyed.

In one week, during the disaster, 50 million feet of rubber-covered wire, a million pounds of copper wire, 200 thousand pounds of pole line hardware were rushed to the stricken areas. Telephone workmen from as far west as Michigan were moved into the eastern flood zones.

When Nature goes on a rampage, the spirit of co-operation and teamwork which Bell System men and women bring to their everyday jobs is magnified a thousandfold.

Emergencies such as these, serve to add emphasis to the value of America's unified telephone system.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

25-Piece ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTAL KIT

Original Cost of Parts, \$12.00
Special \$3.99
(Postage C.O.D. Extra)
Broadcast over your own radio—secret service detections in your home, listen in on private conversations—generate 110-volt electricity with hand-driven generator—build electric stove—thief detector—generate heat—radio-electro-plate, etc. Genuine commercial apparatus—NOT TOYS—salvage, bankrupt and surplus stocks purchased from large concerns. Contains: A.C. 110-volt generator—small D.C. motor—vacuum-tube transformer—test resistance wire—service microphone—giant magnet-copper anodes—test cords and clips—many other valuable pieces. Weight 10 lbs. Detailed instructions for 50 fascinating experiments.
GIVEN with each kit—Short Course in Electricity—Laboratory Bench Plans and Blue Prints! Send only \$5.00 or write for Free Catalogue and Booklet.
"20th Century Electronic Magic."
ELECTRICAL SALVAGE Co., Box 524-CC, Lincoln, Neb.

FOR real FUN Play A Soprani ACCORDION

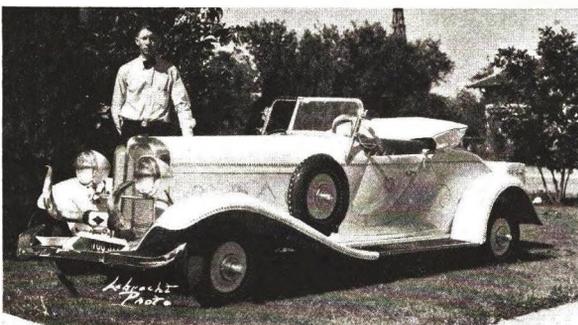
● If you want to be really popular, have all the fun, the center of attraction everywhere, just learn to play this thrilling instrument from Italy. A complete band or orchestra in itself, and an easy to learn to play. You'll master this Soprani Soprani in no time, and you'll have real fun from the start. Don't delay. Big future. Send postal for beautifully illustrated literature. No obligation. Easy terms. Write today sure.
SOPRANI, INC., DEPT. 120
830 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.

Two Beautiful Double Weight Professional Enlargements, 8 Guaranteed Never Fade Prints
25 CENTS COIN
CENTURY PHOTO SERVICE, La Crosse, Wis.



DU PONT DUCO Household CEMENT

Get YOUR FREE BLUEPRINTS FLYING MODEL AKRON FIGHTER DU PONT DUCO CEMENT makes models stronger. Quick-drying, easy-to-use, and light in weight. It is a favorite with model builders everywhere. To get your free blueprints, send red disc from 2c tube of DUCO Cement, DU PONT, Dept. D-3, Wilmington, Del. Choice of Plans for Wiley Post's Winnie Mae, Navy Hell Diver, Laird 400.



Here's the "Longhorn Special," thirteen cars in one!

He Built It Himself

by EDWARD B. COPE

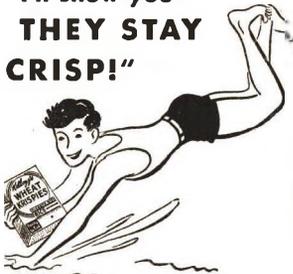
CANGWAY for the "Longhorn Special!"

Oliver Albert, Alice, Texas, farm boy, built the car himself from the parts of 13 different makes of automobiles. It required three and one-half years of spare-time work and he completed it when he was 21 years old. His only tools were those in his father's blacksmith shop.

Those decorative knobs are silvered harness studs—2,300 of them! On the front bumper is mounted a pair of Texas steer horns. The car rides on 20x4 airplane tires and its second-hand 6-cylinder motor sends it down the highway at 85 miles an hour. Albert built the car because he's interested in automotive mechanics, and at present he's handling car parts in a Gonzales, Texas, automobile agency. More than one successful automotive engineer got his start building homemade automobiles!

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

"I'll show you—
**THEY STAY
CRISP!**"



Enjoy a bowlful of Kellogg's Wheat Krispies tomorrow morning. A cool, refreshing, ready-to-eat cereal. Packed with nourishment you need. And that's not all—Wheat Krispies stay crisp in milk or cream.

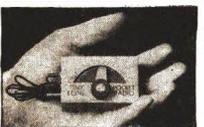
Just enough rice is blended with whole wheat to do the trick. You never tasted such delicious crunchiness! Get a big economical package from your grocer. Enjoy Wheat Krispies often. Always oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's

WHEAT KRISPIES

**High School Course
at Home Many Finish in 2 Years**

Some require no prior time and abilities permit. Equivalent to regular high school. Graduates for college. Standardized tests accepted. Diploma awarded. Credit for M. S. students already up to 50 miles—MUCH GREATER under good conditions—very little extra on interest. Can be used by ANYONE. ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS TO ASSISTANTS. Materials complete with program, phone and instructions. In use within 10 days. No books, notes, office, stamps, no license or any place you may be. **NO SUNDAY OR HOLIDAY DELIVERY—Take only a second to connect. THE ONLY 100% SATISFIED OWNERS. THESE ARE FACTS!** Send only \$1.00 and get everything I will give business or retail or mail \$2.00. **Send \$1.00.** Ideal gift. **State color.** Guaranteed. **ORDER NOW!** Please write on order.



**NEW!!
MIDGET
POCKET
RADIO**
**\$2.99
COMPLETE
POSTPAID**

TINTONE RADIO CO., Dept. A-7, KEARNEY, NEBR.

**Boys
AND
Girls
IT'S
FREE!**

**HARMONICA
PLAYING
MADE EASY**

**NEW COMPLETE HARMONICA
INSTRUCTION BOOK**

"Harmonica Playing Made Easy." The easiest and simplest Instruction Book ever prepared for the Harmonica. Tells you all about the different kinds of Harmonicas and how to play them. Explains how to organize Harmonica Bands. Send for your copy today—it's Free. Use coupon below.

M. HOHNER, Inc. 351 Fourth Ave., New York City
M. HOHNER, Inc. Dept. 596G
351 Fourth Ave., New York City
Please send me your new Instruction Book

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Address Canadian inquiries to
Hough & Kohler, Ltd., 468 King St. W., Toronto

The Galloping Goose (Continued from page 16)

to the others. His face was ashen and he kept licking at his lips.

"Number six," he finally managed. "Conductor set up his telegraphophone just called th' dispatcher. West twin bridge washed out just about th' time number six reached it. Square Jaw Davis got 'em stopped on th' big fill between th' bridges. Th' east twin bridge is washed under both end piers so bad six can't back up, an' she can't go forward. An' there's eighteen inches of water runnin' over th' top of th' east bridge!" He paused a moment, then: "Th' river is washin' at th' fill so it looks like it'll go out any minute! Every passenger is trapped on th' train!"

Chuck was on his feet, face white. "Why don't Square Jaw back 'em up?" "Both piers on th' east bridge are washed underneath an' Square Jaw's engine weighs almost two hundred tons. Conductor says th' coaches could be pulled across th' bridge if they had a engine that didn't weigh much."

"Why don't the passengers unload and walk?" "They're afraid they'll be washed away. They're just staying inside."

The foreman rubbed his hands together helplessly. "Dispatcher put th' proposition square up to me. An' I'm stumped. I ain't got a engine light enough to get across that bridge an' pull them coaches back to safety."

"Why haven't you?" Chuck's words rang through the locker room.

Every eye turned toward him. "What's the matter with the one sixty-six, the engine you fellows have been calling the Galloping Goose all these years?" he went on. "She weighs less than any one of those coaches."

"But she's all tore up from that wreck she had," argued the foreman. "I ran her into Sage under her own steam!" harked Chuck.

The foreman's face lighted. Turning he cranked the telephone, got an answer and yelled into the transmitter: "Give us orders to th' twin bridges, engine one sixty-six with right over everything. We're ready to leave right now!"

Chuck was running back toward his engine before the foreman finished. Dripping wet he pulled himself into the cab and then chuffed backward as fast as the Shay would turn a wheel.

The dispatcher met them at the main line switch, dripping wet, and handed Chuck a sodden tissue giving him right over every train from Sage to the twin bridges. He also removed every speed restriction. "Although I don't reckon you need anything like that," he added and grinned a worried grin.

Chuck pulled two blasts on his whistle cord and eased out the throttle. The little Shay leaped forward, gears clashing, exhausts coming with the rapidity of machine gun fire. It was almost forty miles to the twin bridges; forty miles, and the Shay at top speed would not run much over twenty.

She wobbled down the high iron, weaving from side to side, rolling, buckling and jolting. The landscape seemed to move past them at a slow crawl. Chuck kept wishing for a seventy-inch wheel under him, a seventy-inch wheel and a locomotive not much heavier than the Galloping Goose.

Rain slashed across the front window glass in wet daggers. Lightning flashed against the black cloud bank to the west. Thunder clapped like cannon explosions and still the little Shay engine bored into the storm.

An hour dragged past. An hour and thirty minutes. Getting close to the twin bridges now. She had been running

faster than Chuck believed possible. She had beat twenty miles an hour. But during that time what had happened at the twin bridges? Had the swollen torrent cut beneath the passenger train and were the engine and coaches even now in the river?

The Galloping Goose rounded a curve, straightened on the tangent leading to the east bridge. A fusee flared into blood red light, waved wildly across the track. Chuck saw a small group of men gathered together on the far side of the east twin bridge.

To all appearances the structure was as solid as ever. The top girders reflected the glow of his headlight wetly and were not sagged in the center. But no rails were visible! Instead a thick, brownish-red mass of water swept across the rails and cross-ties. These were under eighteen or more inches of water.

Chuck saw Square Jaw Davis wave a signal toward him. Even that far away Square Jaw's face looked like a patch of white paper. Chuck faced across the boiler top and saw his fireman looking questioningly toward him. The roundhouse foreman gazed fixedly ahead and licked at dry lips with the tip of his tongue.

"You fellows better unload here," shouted Chuck.

"Wha-who yuh gonna do?" quavered the fireman.

"Put this little engine across that bridge—if it holds up," said Chuck.

"Through that water?" asked the roundhouse foreman in disbelief.

"Through that water!"

The roundhouse foreman edged past the fireman, hesitated, turned back. "If yuh're gonna risk it, I'll play along with yuh," he decided.

Chuck blasted twice on his whistle. A white lantern near the end of the rear coach waved a violent come ahead signal. The 166 moved forward, slowly, as though feeling her way. Now the muddy water slashed against her pony truck wheels, rose on them until they were completely submerged. No wonder the passengers hadn't been able to cross the bridge. The torrent ran like a mill race, smashed against the right side of the engine and tumbled back in angry foam.

Now the flood was almost to the top of the drive wheels. The cogs and gears clashed and groaned, but kept turning. Near the center of the bridge flying spray whipped up and wet Chuck's face and shoulders.

With a shudder the bridge settled several inches under the weight of the 166. For a split second Chuck thought the entire structure would wash out, but apparently the piers came against solid bed rock again. With a final snort the Galloping Goose nosed out on the fill. Behind her was the bridge, badly sagged on both ends.

Square Jaw was yelling something from the ground. Chuck halted and stuck his head out of the window.

"Fill is cut under our train so bad

it may go down any minute. We been trying to get th' passengers to try to cross th' bridge, but they're afraid they'll be washed away."

Chuck nodded grimly. Then: "I'll couple into the train and pull it back over the bridge."

Gently he eased the 166 against the rear coach of number six.

The flagman coupled him in. Chuck cut in his air valve and leaned far out the window. "All right?" he yelled to the flagman.

"All right! Take 'em away."

As Chuck pulled his reverse lever to back motion he thanked his lucky stars that he had a Shay engine. He had no sand pipes with which to sprinkle sand on the rails, but the Shay rarely slipped. And she had unlimited power. The drawbar between her and the string of coaches tightened, clashed. The varnished string began moving backward at a crawl. The little Shay barked defiance to the night and the elements as she dragged the train toward the east bridge. The tender swayed as the wheels hissed through muddy water. This would be the crucial moment, this dragging the train through the eighteen inches of swift flood that tumbled over the rails and the bridge. If she slipped her drivers...

But she didn't. Like a determined bulldog the 166 tugged the train out on the bridge. Water hissed into the ash pans and clouds of sulphurous steam rose and filled the cab. Chuck coughed and strangled from it. Now the 166 rose sharply, found solid earth at the east end of the bridge. Chuck was facing ahead, watching the train in the glow of his headlight. Suddenly the center of the bridge settled still more. The roof line of the cars looked like a bent bow. The little Shay never faltered in her stride. One by one the coaches rose to the approach, straightened on solid track again.

A stop signal from the group on the ground. All of the coaches were across. Chuck raised his right hand and mopped his brow. Then half guiltily the same hand went to the boiler and patted it affectionately.

A man with a white furrowed face and a bulldog jaw climbed into the cab behind Chuck. He reached out a wrinkled hand to Chuck's shoulders and pulled him around, and then he smiled happily—more happily than he had since Chuck and he quarreled.

"She is," he said as Chuck gripped his hand, "sure a danged old wreck."

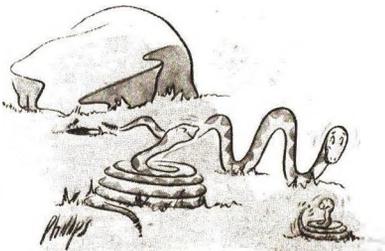
At the east end of the depot in Sage, under a corrugated iron shelter, sits a little engine, shiny in new black paint, with running boards and sand pipes. The rails on which she rests do not lead out to the main line and no smoke issues from her shotgun stack. No feather of steam oozes from her safety valves. The number on the tender is 166. She is dead to all appearances, but the railroaders working out of Sage feel that she lives inside, probably basks in the glory that is past and gone.

A copper plate is riveted on her jacket on the left-hand side. It reads:

THE GALLOPING GOOSE

This plate presented by main line engineers and firemen to a little locomotive who did things at the twin bridges that her modern, main-line sisters couldn't.

Occasionally young Chuck Herman and Old Square Jaw Davis pass her on their way to work together, and Square Jaw regards her affectionately and grumbles, "They oughta scrap old junk like that."



"Junior's so happy, dear, since he got his rattle."



CONDUCTED BY PLUTO the OFFICE PUP

PUP! What's the meaning of this? A girl's picture on the Morning Mail page?"

Pluto, the Office Pup, looked the editor in the eye. "Yep, boss. I decided that it was time we gave a little public recognition to the girls who read the magazine. This one is Doris Anne Smith of Minneapolis. Her favorite serial is *Riders of the Rio Grande*, the cowboy story that ran some time ago. (Another Western serial by the same author, Glenn Balch, is coming this fall.) She enjoyed *Guy Stry French Leave*, and *The Hawk*, and her favorite sports are basketball, swimming, and skating."

"Well, you're forgiven this time," the editor replied. "What's the other picture—the one of the fish?"

"That's from Charles Alva Hardie, one of our readers in Brazil. His father's a missionary in the Uberlandia region, along the Paranaiba River. This river, he says, has the most beautiful falls in Brazil and contains the largest fresh water fish he has ever seen. His favorite stories are *Hide-rack*, *Renfrew*, and detective yarns. He goes to high school, which is called *Guaia* in Brazil."

The month's mail brings a letter from a Japanese subscriber, Mr. Shiro Sawato, who lives in Yamanosita, Niigatoshi. Sawato has long wanted to visit this country, but finances haven't permitted. He is a chemical engineer with a rayon manufacturing company, and we echo heartily the sentiments in his letter. He says:

"I think it is necessary to have good understanding and kind friendship between nations to promote our goodwill, worldwide peace and prosperity. Being a foreigner I have not good knowledge of English. Please write to me in easy English."

Needless to say, the editor has written him, and hopes Sawato will occasionally send *The Morning Mail* interesting information on Japan.

Thomas Hartman, Somerville, N. J., has a deep and genuine affection for dogs. He says: "Every other house here has a dog for a pet and they bark all day and night but this doesn't bother me because that is the way they communicate. I'd rather hear a dog bark than a talkative person talk."

Hartman hopes some day to own two kennels, one for show dogs and one for homeless mongrels, and he ends: "I hope I haven't bored you, but if you like dogs, nothing on the subject of dogs should seem dry."



Help! Help! A girl in the Morning Mail!

William Bayliss, Titusville, Penna., has a dog named Tuffy who fights every other dog in the neighborhood and chases cars besides. In case your dog has the same trouble we're going to repeat our advice to him:

"Your dog is suffering from lack of discipline. Try this. Get a strong cord, about thirty feet long, and tie it to his collar. Then take him out for regular walks. When he starts after a car he'll reach the end of the cord and be severely checked. When he starts, always yell 'whoa' or 'boys!' First there's Bobby Latimer, from Baird, Texas. He sings the praises of the Lone Star state so convincingly that we want to pack up and go, especially now that the Texas Centennial is in progress!

Galveston (he shouts) is the world's largest cotton port. See the famed sea wall and beach. See Houston and the San Jacinto Battlefield, Texas' Yorktown! Take a jaunt to San Antonio and the Alamo, where Bowie



Here's the kind of fresh water fish they catch in Brazil!

and 140 more Texans fought to the last ditch for freedom! While in San Antonio see Randolph Field, the West Point of the Air! Then to Austin and see the largest stute capitol in the Union with a dome higher than that of Washington.

Ted Raub sings the attractions of Kingston, Penna. It's not only the "Garden Spot of America," but is in the center of the hard coal region—and the mountains invite you to hike in them.

Frank Howard lifts his voice for Los Angeles where the architectural styles of all the world meet—cozy English hungalows, Spanish haciendas, stern feudal mansions, rambling Southern plantation homes. Howard adds that he likes the feeling created by *The American Boy*. He likes "Friendly Talks" because they're sincere, and says that a sort of "happy family" feeling has been built up between reader and magazine in the articles and features.

We're pleased that Howard understands the spirit behind *The American Boy*, and we hope that the same spirit reaches out to thousands of other *American Boy* readers.

This month brings reports from scores of hobbyists. Robert Sanderson, Cave City, Ky., has 800 stamps from 119 different countries. He has 29 different kinds of woods and hopes to have 100 before he stops.

George Caisse, Westville, N. J., has a whole raft of hobbies. Count 'em: reading, writing, debating, quotes, nature collections (turtles, etc.), and short-wave radio.

You've been reading and enjoying the baseball articles by H. G. Salsinger and their world of inside information. Salsinger has reported no less than twenty-five World Series! Here's his thumbnail sketch, written by Salsinger himself:

My first baseball I bought for ten cents at Hnucek's Hardware Store on Main Street in Springfield, Ohio, where I was born and where I lived until I was 16 years old. The ten cents came from a rag peddler. I had sold him all the rags I could find around our house including one or two dresses belonging to my mother.

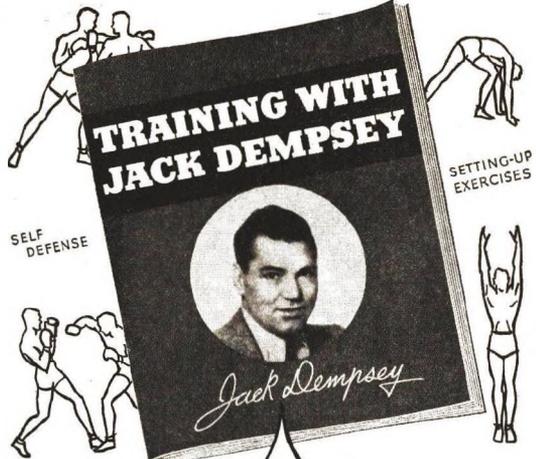
I already owned a bat given me by Jiggs Donohue, who then played in the Central League and lived around the corner from us. Jiggs was the hero of our end of town and our faith in him was repaid in 1906 when he led the Chicago White Sox to victory over the Chicago Cubs in the World Series.

Because I owned a bat and ball and was the accredited bat boy for the dazzling Jiggs, I became manager, captain and publicity agent, to say nothing of first baseman, for the Schaefer Street Reds, as we fondly called ourselves.

I have seen all the great ball players in the last thirty years and more than 4,000 major league games, but the Schaefer Street Reds are still a vivid memory. None of the Reds ever became good enough to even make a college nine although two of our outfielders developed into expert trapeze performers and have done their "death-defying" leaps under the canvas top for years. Our second baseman is now a banker of prominence, our catcher is chairman of the board of directors of an important steel company. The others have been more or less successful in commerce, finance and industry.

For my own part, I realized at an early age that it would be much better for the future of the game if I left the first-basing to the Donohues, the Chances, Chases, Sisters, Terrys, Bottoms, Foxxes, Gehrigs, Greenbers and the others. I felt that I would always be weak on an inside curve ball, pitched fast or slow, and so I have tried, ever since, to write about other sports and the things that I could never do myself.

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



JACK DEMPSEY says:—
"GET MY INTERESTING BOOK AND TRAIN WITH ME ON RIPPLED WHEAT"

Would you like to have Jack Dempsey give you personal instructions on the manly art of self-defense and how to keep fit? Well, here's a 52 page, illustrated book by the former heavy-weight boxing champion of the world and the most popular athlete in the country... In it you'll

find 12 easy lessons on self-defense, healthful setting up exercises, first aid rules and besides all this, a special chart for keeping your own record of physical development!

Rippled Wheat is a delicious, new, whole wheat cereal with a flavor you'll be keen about. Just try it!

Mail the coupon immediately and Jack will also send you his signed photograph.



I enclose one top from a package of Rippled Wheat and 5c to help cover the cost of mailing and handling. Please send me your signed photograph and your 52 page, illustrated book:

"TRAINING WITH JACK DEMPSEY"

Address: JACK DEMPSEY, c/o Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Dept. AB, Long Island City, N. Y.

YOUR NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

BOW ARROWS TARGET BOW MATERIALS

SEND 5c for 20 Page Catalog 90 Page Hand Book and Catalog 25c

L. E. STEMLER, QUEENS VILLAGE, L. I. N. Y.

MATCHES ALWAYS DRY!

If you carry a Marble's water-proof match box in your pocket. Absolutely water-proof—holds supply for several days. Made of sea-brown birch, 3/4 inch in diameter. Only 60c at your dealer's or sent post paid 6c one today. Write for complete P. R. K. Catalog.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Company
503 Delta Av. Gladstone, Mich. U.S.A.

RADIO CATALOG

Send for our new 150 page catalog—the leading Radio Supply Guide. Packed with everything new in Radio—latest Metal Tube Toys, Batteries and Auto Radios—hundreds of sets.

Four-Down Kits—Sound Systems—hundreds of parts at lowest prices. Write now for FREE Catalog.

ALLIED RADIO CORP. CHICAGO
433 W. Jackson Blvd.

STRING YOUR OWN RACQUET

Same Quality String At 1/2 Price

Special Introductory Offer: Good quality made waterproof racquet, 37 1/2 string, Colors Purple, Green, Red, or White—also White and Blue Spiral—will containing 12 lbs. extra string's wax, illustrated easy directions, money back guarantee. Send for Free Catalog and Money Making Plan!

MADE IN U.S.A. Send Cash, Check or Money Order \$1.00, which includes Postage and Insurance. TOOK SENT C. O. D. by If desired, the extra. P. O. TERMS STRING CO., DEPT. A-1, HAWKIN, N. Y.

MAN, WHAT SPEED!

Guaranteed Dayton Racquets have unusual speed, power and long life. Strong tubular steel frames and open "whippy" throats add additional speed and accuracy. Daytons can be used in any weather. Won't warp or crack. A press or cover is never needed.

DAYTONS GUARANTEED: The Eagle and Aviator models are guaranteed against string, frame and handle breakage for ONE YEAR; the Flyer and Cadet for six months.

Ask your dealer today to show you a Guaranteed Dayton Racquet—or write us for free literature. Dayton Racquet Company, Inc., 1227 Albright St., Arcanum, Ohio.

Dayton RACQUETS

TENNIS • BADMINTON • SQUASH

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

Need new tennis strings for your racket? See other players. Make money at home stringing their rackets. No experience needed. Earn up to \$100.00 a week. "Court-Tender" (blue and white spiral) all string for any racket (all rackets) & water-proof racket cover. For \$1.00 postpaid (cash with order). E. J. T. C. O. D. Money back guarantee. FREE! With order, stringing instructions, sample and price of other THOMPSON RACQUETS. Based on your racket. Make money stringing for others. Under name THOMPSON MFG. CO., 4323 Packard Ave., CHICAGO, ILL. "Court-Tender" Tennis Strings & Racket Covers.

CONQUERS NEW WORLDS

Amazing chemical discoveries are constantly opening fresh opportunities to conquer "New Worlds." Read about them in Popular Mechanics. Besides, every month this big 200-page magazine is crammed full of fascinating accounts and colored pictures of daring adventures, astounding scientific achievements in engineering, aviation, electricity, physics, radio. Special departments for home craftsmen and practical shop tips—easy to follow plans. Don't miss this month's issue—a thrilling record of the world's newest wonders—25¢ at all newsstands.

POPULAR MECHANICS

INDIAN SLIPPERS FOR ALL-ROUND WEAR



BASS INDIAN TANS

REAL Indian Moccasins with leather thong make ideal footwear for canoeing and camping. They're comfortable and tough. They're light. Get a pair of Bass Indian Tans for all-round summer wear. You can rove like a Redskin . . . quick and quiet. Give your feet new freedom . . . new ease.

Bass has a 60-year-old reputation for careful craftsmanship with quality leathers. Write for a free catalog which illustrates Bass Boots and Sports Footwear for every need. Send a post-card to

G. H. BASS & CO.
67 MAIN ST. WILTON, ME.
Makers of SportCoats and Bass Outdoor Footwear

Clutch Man (Continued from page 8)

A grand day for shooting! After breakfast Joe went out to the front porch and, sitting on the top step, cleaned and oiled his gun. The screened door opened and closed and his father stood looking down at him.

"I wish I could be up there today, Joe. I tried to switch an appointment at the office, but it was no go. Got to run along. How do things look?"

"Not so hot," said Joe.

"There's always a last minute," said Mr. Morton.

"I'm not folding up," said Joe.

They grinned at each other as though they held something in common. Joe's father held out a hand.

"Great! And no matter how they break—"

"Yes, sir," said Joe. There was something in his father's eyes that warmed him. It was swell to have a dad who understood!

The sun crept across the sky. Cars appeared as the men of the Storm King Gun Club gathered to drive the team up to the range. Ken climbed into Mr. Scott's car and sat beside the explorer. Joe moved toward one of the other cars.

"This way, Joe," Mr. Scott called. The cushion of the rear seat was soft, luxurious. Ken looked around at him.

"Not nervous now, are you?"

Joe wanted to laugh. Today Ken couldn't rub him along the raw. When you'd made up your mind to fight to the last minute nothing rubbed you.

The Taft team was already there garbed in forest green. Range officers marked out the firing line with lime.

An official called positions. Joe heard "Morton, No. 5 target," and looked toward his lane. Figures began to move up to the firing line.

Joe concentrated on a target and tried to shut out all the rest of the world. The tremor that usually rose in him was absent. He was ice, controlled and disciplined. To the last minute!

"All ready on the right, all ready on the left—"

The whistle shrilled.

Today the gun seemed molded to his hand, a part of him. He brought his arm up almost languidly. Explosions split the mountain quiet. Blue smoke drifted on the air. There had been days when reports so close to his ears had caused his taut nerves to twitch. Now the sights merely wavered gently. He fired.

Gunfire rolled along the line, falling into sudden silences, breaking out into quick, ragged volleys. He scarcely heard it. The universe had dwindled to a tunnel with his revolver at one end and a black bull's-eye at the other. He aimed and fired, aimed and fired.

A sense that was not part of him—a superior sense that seemed to stand aloof and to look on critically—told him that this was good shooting. Exaltation crept into his blood and still he remained icily controlled. The last minute might bring the fulfillment of a dream.

A final shot sounded from somewhere along the line. The slow-fire event was over. Ken, the captain of the Taft team, and the range officers joined the scorers at the butts. Presently an official was calling the standing:

"Boles, 100. Morton, 97—"

Joe looked down at his gun. Good shooting, but not quite good enough. Not in that event anyway. An old story—always not quite good enough where Ken was concerned. But if he kept up the good shooting, steady shooting—

The range officers called him.

Time firing now. Flame, and smoke, and roar and a haze of acid tang. The firing was faster. Joe fired faster, too. The haze blurred the target. Wind blew across his cheek and the target was clear. The man on his right coughed. He chained his mind to concentration. Nothing mattered but his gun and the round, black ball of the bull. The ball seemed to have grown smaller.

The tempo of speed was beginning to take its toll. Eye strain, nerve strain, muscle strain! Men began to crack under the pressure. Not only the pressure of glueing to their own targets, but the combined competitive pressure of every other man shooting to beat their scores. Some part of Joe grew slowly tense, hard, tight. And yet that same sense of critical appraisal told him he was still scoring high.

A lull! After the rolling blasts of gunfire the quiet seemed unnatural. This, Joe thought, was where the rank powder reek got you, where you could let down and relax. His nose smarted and he sneezed. Had he been good enough that time?

Ken was in violent argument at Target No. 1. Joe saw the scorers bring out a magnifying glass. And presently the captain came back in triumph to the line.

"Tried to gyp me out of a bull," he chortled. "I told them. Wanted to call it a nine."

Somebody asked: "What did you get, Ken?"

"Ninety-eight on that one."

Joe stood as though carved. Ninety-eight. He waited for the announcement:

"Morton, 92—"

Storm King was running away with the match, but a breath fluttered in Joe's throat. He had done his best today—the best he had ever done in competition. But his best was still not quite good enough. He had lost. Labrador was gone.

And yet, when the teams faced their targets again, there was no despair, no breaking of the spirit. For once rapid fire had lost its hazard. No haste, no hurry, no tremulous agitation! He was doing his job. Not a good enough job, but doing it, anyway.

Flame leaped in flashes and powder detonated in the crescendo of sound. All that had gone before culminated in a ceaseless roll of red fire and roaring bursts. And in all that welter of explosions the gun trained on No. 5 target flared in a constant, tenacious, unwavering rhythm while mysterious holes appeared in the paper as though some unseen hand ripped a hot finger through it at picked intervals.

Time-up whistles blew and the match was over. Without haste Joe emptied out the spent shells. Even lost Labrador could not take from him a cer-

tain inner satisfaction. When you went down to defeat with your gun steady you still had something left. He watched the megaphone go up to the announcer's lips:

"Rapid-fire score: Morton, 95. Boles, 94—"

"That will be something to tell Dad," Joe said to himself. A steady gun to the last—the steadiest gun of all at the finish. The big chance was gone, but this was a glory in itself.

The crowd milled around the team and Bill Hager pounded his back. Then he was shaking hands with the Taft team and hearing Ken's voice saying something about smoke in his eyes. His nostrils still stung and his head had begun to ache. Things swam a bit. A car slid into his vision and he looked about for Ken. But Mr. Scott leaned out across the wheel.

"Joe." A door swung open.

Joe stared.

"Riding down?"

It was nice of Mr. Scott, of course, but Joe wished the explorer didn't think it necessary to break the bad news gently. The car jolted into the rutted road.

"Nice shooting, Joe."

"The best I ever did," said Joe. He wasn't going to bluff. Facts were facts. The best he had ever done hadn't been enough to top Ken Boles.

"Target shooting," Mr. Scott mused, "is a grand sport. Builds something into a man—eyes, nerves, co-ordination. But with some men it gets to be something of a parlor trick like making the ace of spades pop out of a deck of cards. No bone to it, just a stunt. You come to feel the lack of bone." The man turned. "Understand, Joe?"

Joe didn't.

The car eased toward the pit into which Hager had fallen and stopped. Mr. Scott looked down toward the boulder-strewn bottom and whistled so softly that he didn't seem to whistle at all. The snake was gone, disposed of probably by carrier birds. And—Joe held his lips steady—Labrador was gone, and the aftermath of the team-match glory was gone, and he wished this ride would come to an end.

"Queer the ideas folks have about exploration," Mr. Scott said casually.

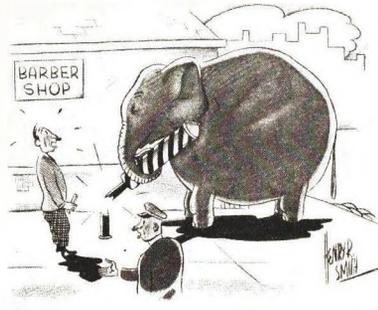
Joe stared straight ahead. Here's where he got it. Scott was easing him out with a lot of gab about exploring not being so hot, anyway.

"Danger? That's mostly storybook stuff. An intelligently organized expedition looks ahead and guards against danger. That's the reason why, when danger does come, it's the unforeseen. It's at your throat in a flash. Baseball players call it 'the clutch.' That's when you need bone—action—you need a clutch man. It isn't something you practice on a laid-out range. It isn't a white target exactly twenty-five yards away. It's the world crashing down around your ears. You never know what the clutch is going to be. That's what makes it a clutch. But you can always depend upon a clutch man whether the clutch is the charge of a wild animal, an avalanche, or—a rattlesnake."

Joe Morton's heart gave a throb that hurt. Why, why—he turned in the seat. His lips were parted and his eyes were filled with amazed disbelief.

"Like to read, Joe?"

"Y—yes, sir." The words were almost a whisper. "That's fine." The car moved away from the pit. A rabbit scurried off the road and disappeared into the brush. "You'd better start reading up heavily on Labrador," Mr. Scott said quietly.



"Yep, someone gave him a stick of peppermint candy once!"

It's Not Too Late!

Take an American Boy Cruise Vacation

JULY 2 will be a red-letter day for a small army of American Boy readers!

On that day they will gather in Chicago for the official start of *The American Boy Cruises*. Ahead of them will be glorious days aboard train and steamer, rodeos, mountains, lumber mills, sight-seeing on the Pacific!

It's not too late for YOU to spend your vacation traveling with *American Boy* leaders on a low-cost, all-expense Cruise. Send today for the folder describing our three tours—one to Alaska and two to Panama. The folder contains all necessary information as to route, price, what to bring with you. With it will come an enrollment blank for you to mail out and return to us. Act quickly, and you'll be joining *The American Boy* party at Chicago, or some place en route! Write the Cruise Secretary, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich., enclosing three-cent stamp and asking for the Cruise folder!

Chicago will be a fitting start to a memorable vacation. There you will meet the leaders—E. C. Wilson, professor of journalism at the University of Minnesota, former track star, captain of the Alaska Cruise. Major Allan Swinton, one-time Bengal Lancer and World War officer, decorated for bravery in action, writer of adventure stories for *The American Boy* and leading adult magazines. Major Swinton goes to Alaska, then to Camp Bainbridge in Puget Sound, where you, too, may spend part of your summer.

Carl H. Claudy, veteran of Gold Rush days, author of "The Infra-Red Destroyers," who captains the first Panama Cruise.

From *The American Boy* staff, Mark L. Haas, art editor, and Franklin M. Reck, managing editor, will be on hand to greet you and act as masters of ceremony at the send-off banquet. Harlan Tarbell, the famous magician, will entertain you at the banquet. During your day in Chicago you will go sight-seeing through the famed Field Museum, the Shedd Aquarium, and out to the great Brookfield Zoo.

As far as Seattle, Panama and Alaska parties will travel together in special cars, picking up more Cruisers

on the way. July 4 is *American Boy* day at the Livingston Round-up, and here you'll see top riders coming out of the chute aboard wild horses and raging steers!

At Seattle the Alaska party will board the S. S. *Cordova* for twelve days of sightseeing, fishing, and shipboard fun along the mountain-guarded waters of the Inside Passage. Glaciers, cannery ports, Indians, Filipinos, porpoises, and waterfalls will enliven

And you'll meet more leaders: Dr. E. I. Sorenson, your Cruise physician, a graduate of medicine at the State University of Iowa, now assistant surgeon at the great Coulee Dam; Kenneth Gilbert, writer of animal stories, who will show you wild-life movies aboard ship; Ed Hillyer, University of Washington graduate, who will run the ship's newspaper.

Incidentally, Mr. Gilbert, who has lived in mountain cabins and can tell you from first-hand contact of the habits of wild animals, the second Panama expedition, which goes south from Seattle shortly after the Alaska boat returns to its home port.

We can only give you a hint or two of the fun you will have en route. If you're going to Panama, for instance, there's that hike out to the ruins of the great city destroyed by the buccaneer Morgan in lusty pirate days. Later, on that same trip, there'll be a banquet at the Explorers' Club in New York, with Lowell Thomas as the guest of honor, and Captain von Hoffman on hand to greet you!

If you select the Alaska Cruise, imagine yourself pulling up to a land-locked harbor under the shadow of great mountains, trooping ashore, and watching a red-gold horde of salmon traveling by endless conveyor into a great cannery!

There's no space here to tell you further of the San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Panama, Havana and New York entertainment for those who select one of the Panama Cruises. But the Cruises are not expensive. We have purposely kept the cost as low as possible, passing on to you the advantage of group rates.

Here's your chance to take a vacation that's different. It's not too late—if you act now.



On the left is Roy Willis Holmes of Shamrock, Texas, who is going to Alaska, and on the right Jack Graham, of Seattle, Washington, going on the same boat.



Warren George Bohl of Flushing, N. Y., goes to Camp Bainbridge and Panama.



Edward A. Auran, Jr., Cresson, Penna., travels to Alaska.



John Swope Collins, Philadelphia, Penna., has chosen Panama and Camp Bainbridge.



Reading from left to right are: Earle Chester Moss, Providence, R. I. in Panama; James Allen Ford, Oakland, Calif., in Alaska; Frederick Albert Howard, Colville, Wash., to Panama; and Newton Orr, Ajo, Ariz., to Panama.

Now! THE GENUINE Lew Fonseca AUTOGRAPHED BASEBALL

With Lew Fonseca's Famous Instruction Book FREE

79¢

Lew Fonseca says: "Don't risk playing with taped or patched baseballs. They get so heavy and out of shape you can't hit or field them right—and throwing them may injure your arm. Play safe with a regulation ball!"

Here's a peach of an opportunity to get a real baseball at a bargain price and with it—absolutely free—a book that thousands of boys have paid 25c for—Lew Fonseca's 48-page book on how to play baseball, fully illustrated.

Lew's autographed baseball is built to big league standards—regulation in size, weight, shape and balance! Has a tough alum-tanned horsehide cover, double thread hand stitching—all yarn wound, cork-filled rubber center—like high-priced baseballs.

Cheap baseballs get lop-sided quickly but not this ball! It holds its shape—and, because it's standard size and weight, it protects your arm.

The Lew Fonseca baseball is the lowest-priced regulation ball—now special at 79c!

Get one today—with a free copy of Lew Fonseca's book which tells how big leaguers hit, bunt, field, pitch, run bases and use signals. If your dealer can't supply you, send the coupon to us and we'll rush your ball and book, postpaid—satisfaction guaranteed. Hurry—get yours while the books last!

GREAT WESTERN ATHLETIC GOODS

FREE! "What's What in Baseball" by Lew Fonseca, the Professor of Baseball! It shows you how to play ball as big league stars play. Free!—If you order a Lew Fonseca baseball now, at only 79¢. For the book alone, 25c per copy.

GREAT WESTERN ATHLETIC GOODS CO.
365 West Arthington Street, Chicago, Illinois

Send me Lew Fonseca baseballs (with a Free Instruction Book for each ball ordered). I will postpaid. The cards on arrival will be returned to me. Lew Fonseca baseball books at 25c each. Stamp or coin is enclosed.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Name of your Dealer _____

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE TO GIVE YOUR FULL NAME AND COMPLETE ADDRESS, CORRECTLY.

ARMY AND NAVY SUPPLY CO.
Bargains—Army, Sport Goods, Etc.
Hats, Coats, Shoes, etc. Send 10c for new catalog, to be redeemed on first order.
Army & Navy Supply Co., 4795 Lester St., Richmond, Va.

Be a MAGICIAN Earn Name and Fortune You start right! Study magic from top magicians. Have fun this summer! For COMPLETE plans, directions and diagrams send 5c (money order) or \$1.00 (check or cash).
MAGIC STORE, 72 LAFAYETTE BUILDING, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

BUILD A DIVING HELMET!
Not a top but a real, practical and useful diving helmet. Built by you from top materials. Have fun this summer! For COMPLETE plans, directions and diagrams send 5c (money order) or \$1.00 (check or cash).
R. W. Parlatan, 6 Waverly Street, Potomac, Md.

LOOK—101 TRIPS TO WASHINGTON!
Attract President's Inauguration or have glorious summer vacation. Hundreds in million prize and liberal cash awards for your help to inaugurate a new game apparatus. For full information send 5c (money order) or postal card to:
SAMMY CARD CO., Station E, Box 25-A, Atlanta, Ga.

"DIVING made easy!"
(AND SWIMMING!) This booklet, at the low price of 50c, will give you the best and most complete instructions for diving and swimming in your career! Send 50c money order today for booklet. Booklet is guaranteed to give you the most complete and up-to-date information on diving and swimming.
Aquatic Sports Pub. Co., P. O. Box 440, St. Louis, Mo.

CUT-TO-FIT KAYAKS PADDLE GIVEN
This is a combination land and water sport. It's fun and exciting. You can't get it any other way. Send 50c for complete instructions and paddles. Paddles are made of balsam, silver maple and birch. Color from 10c to 50c.
Featherweight Kayak, 14 ft. long, weighs only 25 lbs. Mail order for instructions, paddles and kayak. \$25.50.
Janssone Society Co., 3714, Illinois, Pa.

LOCKHEED P23A Fighter
Land and Seaplane Set
Send 3c Stamp for Catalogue.
MINIATURE AIRCRAFT CORP.

30 Days Trial!
New Ranger ZEPHYR

Streamlined! Electrically Equipped!
World's Finest Bicycle!

NOW! you can ride a genuine Mead Bicycle 30 days without paying for it! Return it at our expense if not satisfied. You don't risk a cent! Models as low as \$19.95

WRITE quick for new FREE color catalog, marvelous new picture, 1000 offers, SAVE MONEY! Mead. Don't buy ANY bicycle until you see our driving new catalog.

TIRES HAVE ONE-HALF on lamps, wheels, tires, etc. Drop us a postal... HURRY!
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. O-25, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Mead

EASTERN

VALLEY Forge MILITARY ACADEMY

AT THE NATION'S SHRINE



PREPARATORY for colleges and business. Boys 12 to 20. Also Junior College of Business Administration. Enrollment doubled in last five years. New fireproof dormitories, modern academic building and library, large recreation and dining hall, stables, gymnasium, increased faculty. High scholastic standards with special supervision for individual student. All sports, golf, polo, Country industry, Senior B. O. T. C., Band, Highest Government rating.

For catalog, address REGISTRAR — WAYNE, Pa. ★

★ **Carson Long Institute** ★

Boy's Military School. Education the whole way — militarily, intellectually, socially. Military training, labor, how to live. Prepares for colleges or business. Character building summer. Bays 12-18. Write for catalog. Box 20, New Bloomfield, Pa.

Allentown Prep

Accredited preparatory for all colleges. General and business courses. Vocational assistance. All-ages Junior-Adult Summer Camp. All sports. Bays 12-18. Write for catalog. L. W. F. HACKETT, Head Master. Box 5, Allentown, Pa.

PEDDIE

Specializes in preparing boys for college. 102 graduates in last 5 years have entered such colleges as Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Harvard, 100 acres 15-month golf course. Summer session. 1st year. Write for catalog. Willcox L. Sauer, Headmaster, Box 17, Highstown, N. J.

PERKIOMEN

Convenient to N. Y. and Philadelphia. Accredited. Graduates succeed in leading colleges. New "special instruction" system. Vocational training. Individualized curriculum. Carnegie library. Athletics. Junior School. 14th year. Write for catalog. C. E. TOBIAS, N. A., Headmaster, Box 276, Painesville, Pa.

HOLDERNESS

In the White Mountains. College Preparatory and General courses for boys 12-18. Fully accredited. All sports, include culture. Two hundred acres of woods. Individual instruction and home atmosphere. New fireproof buildings. Junior dormitory. REV. EDIC A. WELD, Rector. Box A, Plymouth, N. H.

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

Respective college preparation under Brothers of the Christian Schools. Accredited. Small classes. Well equipped buildings on 100 acres near. Pool and ocean swimming. Single golf course. B. O. T. C. Junior. Treatment with care. Moderate rates. Catalog. Registrar, Box D, Oskdale, L. I., N. Y.

HARRISBURG

Academy and Institute. Specializes in preparing boys for college. 100 graduates in last 5 years. Graduates in 16 colleges and universities. 275 Junior College in business. Modern buildings. Fine campus. Swimming pool. All athletics. Moderate rates. Est. 1914. Arthur B. Brown, Headmaster, Box A-111, Harrisburg, Pa.

SEVERN SCHOOL

Country boarding school on Severn River near Annapolis. Prepares for colleges, West Point, Annapolis. College subjects for advanced students. Summer camps for competitive examinations. Water sports. Catalogue. ROLAND M. TIER, Ph.D., Principal. SEVERN PARK, MD.

BORDENTOWN MILITARY INSTITUTE

Half a century of accomplishment. ACCREDITED. Small classes. Boys taught how to study. Math made through college preparation. Graduates in 40 colleges. Business studies. Summer session. Near Trenton. Athletics. Catalog. REGISTRAR (Ext. 1), Sewell, N. J.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACADEMY

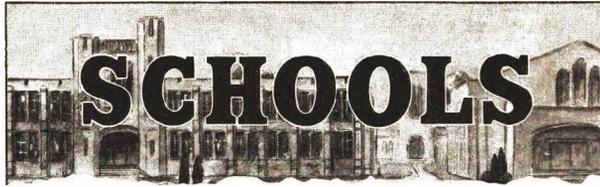
America's first naval preparatory school. Prepares for all colleges, Annapolis, West Point, Coast Guard Academy, Merchant Marine, Seamanship, navigation, Sports. Moderate rates. No extras. Separate Junior School. Numerous awards. Near Admiral S. S. Robinson, U. S. N. (Ret.), Capt., College, Box C, Yemassee River, N. C.

KISKI

Thorough instruction. Cultural home life. HEALTHY located in Allegheny. Well established preparatory school with discriminating patronage. Sympathetic teacher-student relationship. Graduates succeed in leading colleges. Business. Army Dept. Sports, golf course, gym, pool. Individual courses of study for boys. 10 to 18. Write for Catalog. President, Kiskadeeas Springs School, Box 31, Baltusburg, Pa.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING

A broad, basic, intensive course complete in one school year. Including: Design, Drafting, Air-conditioning, Electronics. Approved by education, endorsed by industry. 4th year. Catalog. **ELECTRICAL BLISS SCHOOL**, 287 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.



ON this and the following page you will find advertised the leading boys' schools of America. If you are planning to attend a private preparatory school you would do well to select your school from this list. Write to any of them for complete information, tuition fees, catalogues, etc. Mention of The American Boy when writing will insure prompt response.

SOUTHERN

RIVERSIDE

The nation's largest military preparatory school, with two complete school plants to which were added in 1935-36 buildings erected at a cost of more than \$100,000.00. Fall and Spring in the invigorating climate of Blue Ridge Mountains. Winter at Hollywood-by-the-Sea.

Varied program of activities. Aviation, mid-winter ocean sports, golf course, two gymnasiums, 112 swimming pool, tennis courts, complete equipment, recreation rooms. Latest sound picture equipment. 250 Acres campus. Separate Junior School.

The economy, record of achievement, and approval of parents at Riverside appeal to parents. Fall rate \$94.00 covers every possible expense. For catalogue, address Col. Sandy Boyer, Pres. Box B, Gainesville, Ga.

6 MONTHS IN BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

3 WINTER MONTHS IN FLORIDA

STAUNTON MILITARY ACADEMY

DISTINGUISHED military academy for more than 75 years. Prepares boys (10-20) for all colleges, universities, Annapolis, West Point. Able faculty. Separate Junior School. Catalog. Address: Superintendent, Box E-7, Cable Station, Staunton, Virginia.

MILLERSBURG MILITARY INSTITUTE

In the Heart of the Blue Grass. 4th Year. College Preparatory Department. Fully accredited. Thorough work—small classes. Modern buildings. All Athletics. Rate \$50. Junior School—for boys from primary to high school. Separate completely equipped modern plant and playground. Carefully supervised by house mother and resident instructors. Rate \$350. For complete illustrated catalog address Col. W. B. Nelson, Sup't., Box 188, Millersburg, Ky.

THE BOLLES SCHOOL

On St. Johns River. Boys or Government. Accredited. All 11th-12th grades. Internationally recognized fireproof buildings. Military and cadet training. Col. Nolan B. Painter, Pres., Jacksonville, Fla.

KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE

A School with a winter term in Florida. Preparation for college under ideal climatic conditions all year. Oldest private military school in America. For booklet, address COL. CHAS. B. RICHMOND, Pres., Box B, Lytle, Pa.

GREENBRIER MILITARY SCHOOL

12th year. Accredited. Near White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. All sports. Summer Camp. Catalog. Address: Box B, Col. H. H. HULL, Lexington, W. Va.

Florida Military Institute

A real school for real boys. College preparatory. Fully accredited. Modern equipment, all rooms with bath. All land and water sports the year 'round. Junior school. Total cost \$716. For catalog, address: COL. W. EUGENE JONES, Pres., BOX A, WALES PT., FLA.

Fishburne

Military School. Highest academic rating. Business course. R. O. T. C. All sports. 51th year. Col. M. H. Hudgins, Box B, Waynesboro, Va.

NEW MEXICO MILITARY INSTITUTE

High School and Junior College. Boys or Government. R. O. T. C. Col. D. C. Pearson, Commandant, Box N, Roswell, New Mexico.

CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY

Preparatory, Post-Graduate, Separate Junior School. 12 modern buildings. 400 acres. Rates \$200 and \$300. Address Col. H. B. Armstrong, Pres., Lebanon (Near Nashville), Tenn.

« G. M. C. »

ACCREDITED military preparatory school in Georgia's most historic location. Best advantages at \$495. Distinguished staff. Inspiring teachers. Jr. college, Jr. school. Sports. 58th year. Catalog. Open. Capt. C. Commandant, Box A, Milledgeville, Ga.

COLUMBIA Military Academy

Plant built by U. S. Gov. Department preparing for Government. Separate Junior School. Graduates and Junior School. Athletics. Catalog. Address: Superintendent, Box B, Columbia, Tenn.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. Able faculty. Small classes. Supervised study. Lower school for small boys in new separate building. Housemother. R. O. T. C. Fireproof buildings. 22nd year. 100 acres campus. 1000 ft. high. 19th year. Dr. J. J. Wicker, Pres. Col. N. J. Perkins, H. M. Box A, Fork Union, Virginia.

NEW MEXICO SCHOOL OF MINES

ONE of the Nation's outstanding mining schools. 4 year course in Mining, Metallurgy and Fuel. Engineering, and Mining and Metallurgy. Thorough instruction and close, intensive supervision. Splendid climate year 'round. All expenses included. Send for Catalog No. 40. E. A. WATSON, REGISTRAR, SOCORRO, N. M.

TENNESSEE MILITARY INSTITUTE

There's action—and plenty of it—at Tennessee Military Institute. All the major sports with variety, second and company teams. Golf, tennis, and swimming too! You'll be proud of T. M. I.—of the magnificent equipment, the 100-acre campus, the crack rifle team, the scholastic records. You'll like your fellow classmates. T. M. I. draws boys from many states. No nobby-pambys here—but fellows like yourself—not afraid to take orders, to study hard and play hard. And what fun you'll have on the annual 4 day encampment. Since 1874 T. M. I. has helped hundreds of boys choose a life work, and develop qualities that make for success. Prepares for college. Monthly payment plan. Catalog. REGISTRAR, Supt. Box 12, Sweetwater, Tenn.

GEORGIA

Military Academy

BUILDING PATRIOTIC AMERICANISM

Near Atlanta, same Management 36 years. Highest military and academic ratings, with "individual house plan" whereby boys live with teachers under tutorial system insuring accurate scholarship, sound character, healthy bodies. Classical, Engineering, Commercial, West Point — Annapolis Courses, certifying graduates to Colleges. Junior School, Boys to 13. R. O. T. C. Certified dairy herd. Moderate rates. For illustrated literature address SECRETARY, G. M. A., COLLEGE PARK, GA.

VIRGINIA PRESBYTERIAN SCHOOL

Boys, 12 years and up, are taught to be good citizens by careful development of character. Fully accredited college preparation. Small classes—students receive individual attention. Excellent staff and equipment. Healthful Piedmont Valley. Resident physician. Outdoor sports all year. Est. 1890. Catalog. Wm. M. Kemper, Headmaster, Box B, Danville, Va.

BLACK FOXE MILITARY INSTITUTE

California's outstanding school. Your son's happiness and progress merit your investigation. Attractive campus. Address 630 North Wilcox, Los Angeles

HARGRAVE MILITARY ACADEMY

MAKING MEN—NOT MONEY. Location: In beautiful Piedmont Section with superb climate. Character Building—New System under Student Control. Health—Resident Physician, Athletics under careful supervision. Equipment—Modern dormitories and gymnasium on 60 acres campus. All preparatory school advantages at minimum cost. For illustrated catalog, address Col. A. M. Comden, Pres., Box D, Chatham, Va.

Randolph-Macon ACADEMY

FRONT ROYAL, VA. At Northern Entrance of Shenandoah Valley. Military Accredited 44th year. Prepares boys for college or business through intensive study methods. New fireproof dormitory includes: class rooms and swimming pool. Gymnasium. 2-acre campus. All Athletics under expert coaching. Reasonable rates. For catalog address Col. John C. Boggs, Pres., Box B.

MID-WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY AND JUNIOR COLLEGE

6th year. High school and two years regular college work. Accredited high scholastic standards. All sports: beautiful 100 acre campus, swimming pool, gymnasium, music, debating dramatics, and athletics. Best of all—Military Training. Write for Catalog, Col. S. S. Salfire, 476 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

NEAR KANSAS CITY. 6th year. High school and two years regular college work. Accredited high scholastic standards. All sports: beautiful 100 acre campus, swimming pool, gymnasium, music, debating dramatics, and athletics. Best of all—Military Training. Write for Catalog, Col. S. S. Salfire, 476 Washington Place, Lexington, Mo.

CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY

ON LAKE MICHIGAN. Educates the whole boy. Stimulates his understanding. Discovers his aptitudes and aptitudes. Develops in him and poise. 422 graduates in 105 military units. Moderate cost. Catalog. 31 Parkway Way, Culver, Ind.

WESTERN MILITARY ACADEMY

Junior. Senior High School. Graduate Classes, 5th Year. Fully accredited. Unique plan giving athletic competition and water filled swimming. Modern swimming pool. Near St. Louis. For catalog, address: COL. R. L. JACKSON, Headmaster, Box 67, Fulton, Mo.

MORGAN PARK MILITARY ACADEMY

Nationally-known preparatory school with progressive educational methods develops the whole boy. Substitutes to Chicago public enjoy advantages of city. Small classes. All sports. Separate lower school 8th year. Not for profit. Catalog. Col. R. D. ABELT, Box 174, Morgan Park, Ill.

HOWE

Class. Mind. Success. Body. Episcopal school awaiting for college. Business courses. Rumpshabetic faculty. Sports. Military Junior School. 53rd year. Moderate rates. Burnett B. Houton, M. A., Supt. Catalog. 378 Academy Place, Zanesville, Indiana.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Read today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "HOW TO STAMMER" which describes the Howe Talk Method for regaining perfect speech. This method of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Howe Institute for 30 years since 1874. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. BENJAMIN B. HOWE, 300 N. CIRCLE TOWER, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Additional Schools will be found on next page.

Learn Good Driving (Continued from page 13)

is moving not at all as yet.

Keep letting the pedal out, very slowly. Don't change the engine speed. Now, do you notice that the car is beginning to move ahead ever so slowly? Your engine is going a bit fast, isn't it? And your car is moving hardly at all. That's because those plates are slipping on one another.

Now, let the pedal out just a hair more. The car moves a bit faster. Your engine speed hasn't changed but your car speed has increased a little. Now let the pedal out just a hair more. Don't change your engine speed.

As you keep letting the pedal out the car keeps going faster until the clutch is fully engaged and the car is moving at a speed which is determined by the speed of the engine. Then you regulate speed with the amount of gas fed with your right foot, all of which you learned when you learned to feed gas.

Now, get this. Until the clutch was fully engaged what was regulating the speed of the car? Your left foot, wasn't it? Your engine speed remained the same but your car speed changed. If you let your clutch pedal out farther the car went faster. If you pushed the clutch pedal in a hair the car went slower. In fact, you could jam your throttle to the floor and speed the engine up to the top and still drive your car one mile an hour.

Slipping the clutch is very useful in many places. Let's look at some of the things that may happen after you become a driver.

You want to move up six inches in a

parking lot. If you let the clutch pedal out full you'll lurch ahead dangerously. So, let the engine speed be what it may, and let the clutch pedal out very carefully until you're crawling. Then, when you've gone the six inches, shove the pedal in, snap on the brake—and there you are.

You want to turn around on a narrow country road. If you let the pedal away out you'll jump for the ditch. So, put the car in first, slip the clutch and, as the car starts to roll down toward the ditch, push the clutch pedal in and let it roll a bit farther with the brake slipping. Then, go into reverse. Slip the clutch again and ease the car backward. You can turn around in a very small spot in this way and get out of some tight holes. But be very, very careful that you don't accidentally let that pedal out too far, for, if you do, the car will dive ahead and you may land in the ditch after all.

You want to crawl in thick traffic for a few feet, maybe where there are pedestrians. You can crawl at a mile an hour with a slipping clutch.

You've stopped in the middle of a hill, with your foot brake on, or maybe hand brake. You want to start. Don't be afraid of the car rolling back down the hill. Get into first gear, give the engine plenty of power, let the clutch back rather quickly until it just begins to engage. Then, even though it continues to slide down hill a bit, don't be alarmed. Let it slide a foot or two or three, maybe even more. But catch it with a slipping clutch, easily and

confidently, and then let the clutch back and go on up the hill.

Also, if your stop in the middle of a hill is going to be only a few seconds, you can even get into a low gear and hold the car stationary in the middle of the hill with no brakes and only the slipping clutch. All this unusual slipping wears a clutch, of course. Use it only when you need it.

Sometimes you may want to kick your car along a few feet. Give the gas a push, quickly let the pedal out part way and kick it in again. The car acts as if a strong hand had given it a little shove.

You want to maneuver on a garage floor, or park in a tight spot, or make some other short move. Do it with a slipping clutch. You can even start a car in second or high with a slipping clutch, although that is not good practice, especially in high.

Long before my own boy was old enough to drive I laid a two-by-four across our driveway and made him roll the rear wheels slowly over and drop them gently on the other side. He started with the wheels touching the two-by-four, caught the car with the brake just as the wheels were at the top and slipped in down the other side with the brake. As a final test I even had him do this in high gear. It was a bit tough on the machinery but if you can do that you certainly can handle your clutch. Next time we'll take up a most important act that is not fully understood by thousands of drivers—*Stopping the Car.*

The Trap (Continued from page 10)

still in the boat came to life. With an unintelligible cry, he caught up a crooked fish knife, and sprang forward. But his feet slipped and he slithered face down in the mass of fish. The knife flew out of his hand.

Dan Boyle knew that he need expect no quarter, for he had a secret now which his opponent realized must never be told. The trick of the cut webbing was as nothing to the fact revealed when, back up there on the plank by the watchman's shack, Dan Boyle's flashlight had flared whitely in the gloom.

Though young, Dan had strength—the kind that came from long hours in the salmon cannery during the precious days of the annual fish harvest—and he needed that strength now. Before he could lunge forward, the man had risen to a crouch. They grappled. Back and forth in the rocking dory they wrestled and fought. The pirate gouged, bit, kicked and clawed. Dan felt the hands struggling at his throat, the thumbs punching for his eyes.

Abruptly something seized his ankle. Too late he remembered the breed. He went down with a crash. Salmon flopped and he felt them cold and scaly against him, their fins scratching and cutting. Salt water slapped over the gunwales.

He saw the white man catch up the fish spear and lunge at him. Dan flung himself aside just in time and the barbed prongs buried themselves in wood.

In one last savage effort Dan drew his knees to his chest and kicked out, again and again. He felt his shoes reach their mark and heard a body spill against the gunwale and lie still. He heard the breed mumble in terror and saw him cowering in the stern.

Thrilling savagely, he crawled to his knees, stiff, bruised, the salt water torturing the slashes in his body.

Then suddenly he remembered the white man lying there, and his glow of fierce, primitive exultation faded and left him hurt and strangely empty.

Sun was lifting the fog, and a freshening breeze sent ripples glinting and skittering over the water as the little trap tender, towing its scows, chugged alongside the trap. Even before they made fast, Dan could hear them exclaiming over the huge catch of sock-eyes in the spiller. And then Seymour, the cannery superintendent, swung eagerly up the plank runway.

Dan limped down to meet him. Back in the shack he had left the white man, sitting wearily.

There was wonder in Seymour's eyes as he stared at Dan, at his discolored features, the bruises and scratches. "What happened?" he asked quietly. Then his gaze went to the spiller, loaded with fish. "Pirates? But they didn't get the fish. How did you hold them off?"

Briefly Dan told him. Seymour wagged his head in disappointment. "Too bad they got away. It's the same gang that's been raiding traps all summer. They've stolen thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of fish. You'd have been rewarded, Dan, if you

could have captured them. Still, it's too much to expect. They were three against one."

Dan's battered features twisted in a grin and he started limping up the plank.

"Come and meet them. They are in the shack, the three of them, locked in."

"What? In the shack!"

The superintendent hurried now.

"Ever see any of them before?"

"Yes." Dan's face wrinkled in concern. "They're two breeds and—come on and see." He unfastened the hasp and called, "All right, come out."

The two breeds came out, hands tied behind them, sulking, blinking at the light. Dan waited.

"Janssen," he said, his voice low, "come out."

Seymour gasped. "Janssen!"

And then Janssen stood in the doorway, his head down, looking at the planks and green sea.

"I thought," the superintendent said slowly, "that you were dead months ago."

They all shifted uneasily. Presently, Janssen said, "Maybe it would have been better that way. I didn't want to kill Dan. I didn't know he was here. But after he saw me it was either him or me."

The trap tender's crew came up and, at a signal from Seymour, took the prisoners away. "Janssen is—strange," Dan said. "We used to be friends. It was he who taught me the trick of spearing fish. And that gave me an idea of how the fish pirates were operating."

"Better get some sleep, kid," Seymour said gruffly and gripped Dan's shoulder in his strong right hand. "You'll have more time to read your books now. The jinx of Uniak Island has been lifted."

"Even," said Dan as he sat wearily on the doorstep and smiled, "even if I did have to swim with the fish."



"You ought to know better than to lie in this hot sun after breaking into that popcorn patch!"

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

SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 30)

ONARGA MILITARY SCHOOL

Trains for Character. High grade through High School. College Prep. or Business. All sports. Every boy can be on team. Friendly teachers. Accredited. Study help as sure success. Five fire-proof buildings, 65 miles south of Chicago. Endowed. Payments. Write for free catalog.—Col. J. A. BILTINGER, Supt., Box B, ONARGA, ILL.

St. JOHN'S MILITARY ACADEMY

Thorough scholastic training under a faculty of boy specialists prepares students for college and life. Complete athletic and military program builds healthy minds and bodies, attracts boys from all 48 states. Healthy location in Wisconsin, land of lakes. Excellent equipment includes 14 buildings on 160 acres. Gymnasium. Swimming, skating, tennis, riding, golf, trapshooting. Band. 52nd year. Ask for Catalog, 376 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Wis.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE

Careless to colleges. Lower school grades summer boys. New athletic field in heart of wooded estate. Address: Col. A. W. HANCOCK, Box B, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

SHATTUCK SCHOOL

Episcopal. College preparatory. Business course. Military training. All athletics—8 coaches. 240 acres. Golf, swimming pool, gym. Power, tennis, a team his age and size. 75th year. Summer Session. Write for catalog, P. O. Box 100, Fairport, N. Y.

TODD

is liked by 100 Boys (6 to 18) of 1000 High Schools and 1000s of Parents. From: How from Chicago. Boat. Rides. Swimming. Rifle sports. Every boy on a team. Ship. Own in West. Catalog: Box 116, Woodstock, Ill.

ELGIN ACADEMY

100-year teaching plan. Accredited preparation for all colleges. General course. All sports, gymnastics, swimming pool. Endowed. Moderate rate. Catalog, Karl J. Stouffer, Esq., 223 Academy Pl., Elgin, Ill.

STAMMERING

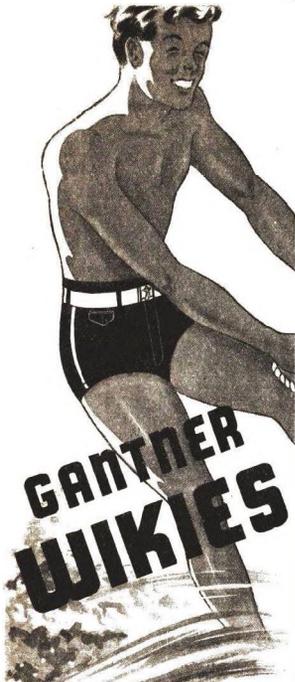
PERMANENTLY CONTROLLED. Write for free information about The Latest Techniques for the Cured. Letter V. Koster, Dir. Dept. Speech Correction Unit, 2816 Lorain Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

MISSOURI MILITARY ACADEMY

46 YEARS educating the mental, moral and physical boy. Instructs: spirit boys to heat efforts to study. Prepares for college, university or business. Fully accredited. Highly trained faculty. R.O.T.C. instruction. Swimming, tennis, football, baseball, basketball, training, wrestling, golf, etc. Fresh air, scenic views. Well equipped gymnasium. Beautiful lake campus. Summer Camp July 1-August 26. On beautiful Lake Taneycomo in the heart of the Ozarks. Under faculty supervision. Write for account or camp information. M. M. A., 157-B St., Mexico, Missouri.

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL

Junior College and High School. The oldest boys' school in the West (83rd Year), rich in tradition and achievement. Successfully educates the boy mentally, physically and socially. Inspires leadership. Full equipped small classes. Personal supervision. Exceptionally high scholastic standards. Complete facilities. 500,000 modern buildings. Indoor swimming pool and rifle range. Best golf course. Special for women. Beautiful grounds (86 acres). WIFE FOR BOYS. Catalog, 674 Third Street, Carlsbad, Mo.



Get real Gantner WIKIES "Copy-cat" swim trunks aren't as good. Look for the WIKIES surf-riding on the buckle! Built-in Supporter! Pocket Free-breathing Laxest belt. Stream-line leg... trim, patented waist. Quicker-drying!

Ask your dealer, or write giving age, weight, waist measure, choice of plain or fancy rib. State color—Navy, Pale Blue, Light Blue, Maroon, Seal Brown, White, Yellow. WIKIES... \$2.95
 Lo-WIKIES, fancy stitch, supporter... \$2.50
 BOY'S SUN, military stripe, supporter... \$1.95
 LO-BOY, plain rib, supporter... \$1.75
 SNAPPER Shirt, smart wool top... \$1.00

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. Z
 San Francisco or 1410 Broadway, New York City
 Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

HIGH POWERED TELESCOPE
 GENUINE AMERICAN MADE BROWNSCOPE
 Most powerful made for the money!
 10 power long range telescope. Can see moon's craters, or time on pocket watch & clock away. 25 sections. Approx. 3 ft. long. Full instructions, 100 magn. disk. Only \$1.99 postpaid. G. O. D. 24c extra.

Special Super Power 30X Telescope, \$1.99
 Similar to above but more powerful. Guaranteed to see 900 times larger in surface and 31 times as bright as the average pocket watch lens. Large field. Includes powerful microscope feature. Only \$1.99 postpaid. Brownscope Co., Dept. 17, 234 Fifth Ave., New York

ESKANOE KAYAKS
NEW LOW PRICES
Big Profits ASSEMBLE YOUR OWN KAYAK... IT'S EASY
 No experience required. In row alone. 10 ft. by 16 ft. — 1 to 4 persons. Safe, light, non-sinkable. Best materials. Complete cut to fit swimming life. Money Back Guaranteed. Ask for next's application blank.
KAYAK BOAT CO.
 Dept. A
 147 EAST 87TH ST., N. Y. CITY

NEW models EASIER TO PLAY
 Write for FREE BOOK
CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

cried. "Lend me ten men—sailors!"
 The *Alert's* sails broke out majestically and she heeled away for the Jersey shore, manned by the crews of the mosquito fleet and the new ten.

Barry had no idea of pitting his little four-pounders against the forty thirty-pounders of the frigate. He saw her quickly alter her course and take after him. He knew he could outrun her and thought to lead her over to the Jersey side and then beat suddenly back across the stream, into the sheltering mouth of the Christiana River further downstream.

As he sped through the icy waters toward the flat, eastern shores of the Delaware, his anxious eyes returned to the confusion at Port Penn. The captured supplies, he knew, were well on the road to Valley Forge. But what of the ships and the garrison? If the second British warship recaptured the transports, half his work was lost. Would Middleton—? Yes, he would, by gad! There they go!

A smudge of smoke began to rise slowly from the abandoned group. It grew thicker, darker. A faint glow touched its lower whorls. Dense, black clouds rolled suddenly out of the dark hulls. The glow reddened brightly. Sparks spouted upward. Rigging, spars, half-furled sails caught fire and burned like giant candles.

On swept the British sloop past the burning vessels. A glance showed that there was no saving them. So the warship came about, within gunshot of the fort, sails flapping.

Flame stabbed from her side and a muffled boom wafted across the water. Gad, the fort'll get it now, thought Captain Barry uneasily. Flashes now leaped from the Englishman's guns and the ripping booms of her volleys came to his ears.

Only muskets answered. There was no artillery in the fort. It was an unequal fight.

Barry watched, his heart pounding, his whole being aching to join the fray. Presently he saw the garrison assemble and march off through the thin woods—to fight again another day.

"Good boys!" Barry breathed, and turned his attention to his own ship. The bend in the river below New Castle soon hid Fort Penn from sight, but not before he saw the sloop luff and start after him. For the next hour he beat upstream.

He intended to snake his captured schooner so far up the winding Christiana River that the heavier British warships could not follow a long reach across the river straight for the mouth of the creek of refuge.

She was traveling fast. Suddenly a sand bar loomed out from beneath the water. With a lurch that sent all hands flying and her bow high out of the water, she grounded.

They manned the boats and pulled. They carried out kedge anchors and pulled some more. But it was hopeless. They could not budge her and the tide was again on the ebb.

The big captain paced the deck and swore smoothly and steadily. He watched hawk-like for the pursuers. He saw them when they proudly rounded the little point below the creek.

With one final explosion of wrath he took off his cocked hat and mopped his flushed brow. "Here they come, boys,"

he shouted. "They're too many for us to fight. We're going ashore right now. But first we'll fix this ship so they can't have her. We'll be back for her later. Now, then, overboard with all the guns but those two swivels. Point them down the main hatch and double load them!"

Over went the light, easily-handled four pounders. Into the boats went the crew.

Crash! The swivels roared out, knocking a fine, large hole through the *Alert's* bottom.

Barry remained in the lower Delaware until late spring, harassing the ships of Britain with his small boats. He worked with General Mad Anthony Wayne, who provided him with plenty of boats and men. These two kindred spirits, brave, dashing and intelligent, went joyfully to work to make Sir William Howe's sojourn in the City of Brotherly Love as hateful as they could.

Barry's rowboat navy took ships and cargoes on the pleasant waters of Delaware Bay, to the value of a million pounds sterling, inside of a few months. Finally the plague of scorpions was too much for the fat Englishman, and he left Philadelphia for good.

Then the dreaded blow fell. Barry received orders to report to the Marine Committee of Congress!

"It's that cursed court-martial, of

course!" he ruminated. "They didn't believe that story I wrote them. It was too solemn. I should have put some exuberance, some imagination into it!"

At Robert Morris' the committee awaited him. They sat ceremoniously around the long table in the low-ceilinged drawing room. At the head was John Hancock, president, and beside him, Robert Morris, vice-president. The others were Benjamin Harrison and Edward Rutledge of the Committee and Francis Hopkinson and Joseph Wharton of the Navy Board of Pennsylvania. It was a distinguished group. All but Wharton were signers of the Declaration of Independence.

They all looked up as Captain Barry entered and saluted, and each bowed gravely. Barry's quick eyes flashed over each face. Was there censure in those countenances?

Hancock was now speaking in his emphatic, sonorous way: "Captain Barry, I have the honor of transmitting to you a letter of appreciation of the signal assistance you have brought to our heroic, struggling army, from the commander-in-chief, General Washington.

"And it is with the deepest gratification that I convey to you the formal thanks of the Continental Congress. Your design was a bold one, its execution dexterous to the last degree. It has not been equalled nor is it likely to be equalled in this war, which, God grant, may soon end in the independence of this nation."

The young captain, standing at attention, flushed with embarrassment during this address, but even more deeply when his old friend Morris took his hands in his own and said, "And, last of all, I am proud of you, John Barry. You have justified my faith in you."

Then Barry shifted in panic. But the court-martial, he thought. What of the court-martial! Aloud he stammered, "But—but isn't there anything else, sir?"

"There is," replied Morris, turning to Hancock.

The president handed Barry an official paper.

"This," he said, "is your commission promoting you from number eight to number one captain in the Continental Navy. Proceed at once to Boston and take command of the *Raleigh* frigate."

He bowed to Barry and the members of the committee, who began shuffling their papers together preparatory to adjournment. Then Barry, who had been standing dumfounded, discovered his voice. "But, Mr. President, what about the—?"

Hancock turned: "About what, Captain?"

"The charges against me, sir," stammered Barry.

"Why, they have been withdrawn, Captain. Your apology was accepted."

Barry's face reddened. "But I didn't—"

A well-filled shoe descended upon his left foot. Morris' strong grip closed on his left arm and propelled him toward the door. "Indeed you did apologize, sir, and it was nobly done."

Then, dropping his voice, Morris said: "Be on your way to Boston. You don't belong among diplomats!"

He opened the door and, with a friendly push, sent a future father of the American Navy on to his destiny.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION Combined with The American Boy Founded 1917

Vol. 110 JULY 1936 No. 7

Cover Painting by Manning deV. Lee

Friendly Talks With the Editor..... 12

FICTION

Mosquito Fleet..... 3
 by Mignon Fyrell
 Clutch Man..... 6
 by William Heyliger
 The Trap..... 9
 by Kenneth Gilbert
 The Galloping Goose..... 14
 by Gilbert Lathrop
 Hurricane Weather (Cont.)..... 17
 by Howard Pense

FEATURES

Catchers Win Pennants..... 11
 by H. G. Salsinger
 Wild Horses (Poem)..... 12
 by Leon Ames Hill
 Learn Good Driving..... 13
 by Ray W. Sherman
 He Built It Himself..... 25
 by Edward B. Cope
 It's Not Too Late!..... 29

DEPARTMENTS

In the Morning Mail..... 27
 Stamps..... 32
 by Kent B. Stiles
 Funnybone Ticklers..... 35

Published Monthly by
THE SPRAGUE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
 GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS ELMER P. GRIERSON
 Editor General Manager
 FRANKLIN M. RECK, Managing Editor
 WALTER ADAMS, Assistant Editor
 VERREEN BELL, Assistant Managing Editor
 MARK L. HAAS, Art Editor

IF YOU CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS—
 Don't leave the job to your local post office. Notify us AT ONCE or, if possible IN ADVANCE. Otherwise you'll get your magazine late or miss it entirely! Help us to serve you promptly! Notify Circulation Manager, The Youth's Companion, Combined With The American Boy, 4320 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR—To have the magazine delivered at your home by mail, simply send your name and complete address together with proper remittance to The Youth's Companion Combined With The American Boy, 4320 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan, giving the issue with which you wish your subscription started. Subscription prices are \$1.00 for one year and \$3.00 for three years in the U. S., its possessions and Canada. Foreign countries give a year extra. Don't be cheeky or money order. On newsstands, 10c a copy.

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

WANTED TO BREAK IT

The champion athlete in bed with a cold was told that he had a temperature. "How high is it, Doc?" he asked. "A hundred and one." "What's the world's record?"

STALLED

"It is very hard to drive a bargain," said the fellow who had bought a car for \$10.00.

WHICH ONE?

"Hello, hello! Who is it?"
"Albert."
"Who?"
"Albert. A for apple, L for Lionel, B for Bertram, E for Edward, R for Robert, T for Tommie."
"Yes, but which of you boys is speaking?"

OF COURSE NOT

"Madam," said the menagerie man, "please keep your children away from the bear cage."
"You don't think my children would hurt the bears, do you?" asked the woman.
"No, but this bear almost choked to death on a knife in the pocket of the last boy he ate."

GREAT COMPLIMENT

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments?"
"Only in the winter."
"In the winter? How do you mean?"
"When the fire gets low, she says, 'Alexander the grate!'"

SUCCESS

As soon as tea was finished Farmer Beeton announced to his household that he was so tired of eating badly made bread that he would make the next day's supply himself.
"Good idea," agreed a visitor. "I'll lend you a hand if you like."
It was past midnight and still the amateur bakers were hard at work. The farmer's wife ventured to ask whether the bread was in the oven.
"In the oven?" cried Beeton. "We can't keep it in the kitchen, let alone the oven."

SIGHTSEEING

A foreigner wanted to see some typical Western mountain scenery, so he hired a car at Denver and told the chauffeur to do the best he could for him inside of two hours, which, he explained, was his time-limit.
It was rather a hair-raising experience, the car careening up hill and down dale at a terrific speed. However, the man-in-a-hurry was satisfied, and congratulated the driver when paying him off.
"But, I say," he remarked, "I'm afraid we must have run over something an hour ago. I distinctly felt a bump."
"Bump!" replied the driver. "Bump? Oh, that was the Continental Divide."

EPITAPH

Dentist's epitaph in a Connecticut cemetery:
"When on this tomb you gaze with gravity, cheer up! I'm filling my last cavity."

TIPS

A wealthy man, whose tastefully-laid-out gardens were often visited by the public, had an old gardener who was in the habit of showing parties round the grounds.
At such times he would, in a hurried, gabbling voice, explain the names of the flowers to the visitors. When nearing the exit gate, he would, however, pause and draw special attention to a pretty cluster of modest posies, and then, in a very significant tone, exclaim, "These, ladies and gentlemen, are forget-me-nots!"

MORE DIFFICULT

Visitor: "Are you having any trouble finding work for the unemployed here?"
Uncle Eben: "Nope. Our trouble is in getting work out of the employed."

THE CENTENARIAN

Reporter: "To what do you attribute your old age?"
Centenarian: "For the first 70 years of my life the motor car was not invented and for the last 30 years I have not been out in the streets."

SAD

Hotsy: "I wouldn't want to be a plumber."
Totsy: "Why?"
Hotsy: "It's too sad—always going around sounding taps."

HE FLU TU HY

"Hello, Smith, old man; haven't seen you for a long time."
"Been in bed seven weeks."
"Oh, that's too bad. Flu, I suppose?"
"Yes, and crushed!"

OUCH!

He: "I had a date with a professional mind reader once."
She: "How did she enjoy her vacation?"

HIS TURN

"I shall have to put you two sailors in this room," said the host. "You will have a comfortable night, for it has a feather bed." At about two o'clock in the morning, one of the sailors awoke his pal.
"Change with me," he said. "It's my turn to sleep on the feather."

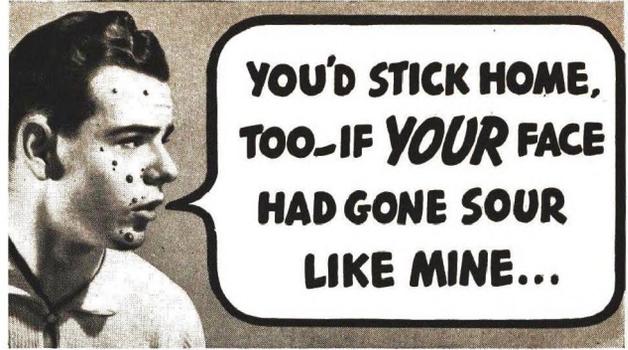
SOLOMON SAID IT FIRST

"Anything new in the paper today, George?"
"No, my dear—just the same old things, only happening to different people."



Samuel Golden

"Wilson hasn't felt right since Junior got his air rifle."



Joe's vacation looked like a complete washout until...



Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU want to shun your friends

A PIMPLY SKIN is a real social handicap to any boy or girl. Yet this condition is very common after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

During this period important glands develop. Final growth takes place—and disturbances occur throughout the entire body. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples appear.

But adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then ugly pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily, about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears.



clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

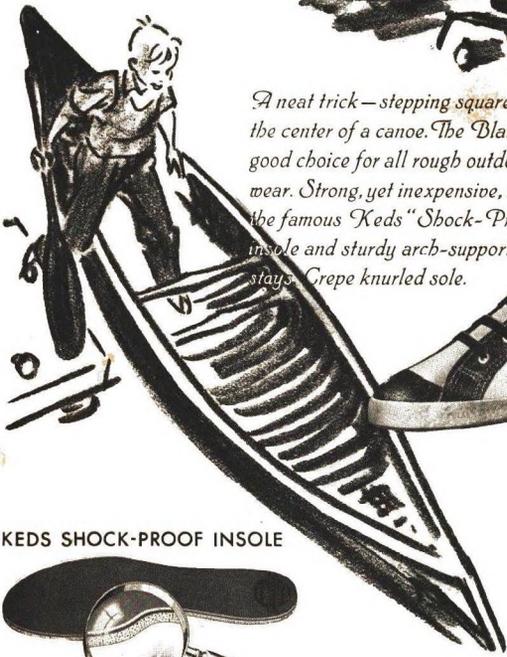


Hoisted on the porch rail, blue Keds Supremes are a source of great satisfaction to their owner. And—their smooth crepe soles are grand for tennis, softball, hurdling hedges, and even running to school.

A busy camper can't be bothered with shoes that break down with abuse. This smart fellow is wearing the Keds Klingtite—a new blue canvas shoe with arch-supporting stays and eyelet bands of the same color. The Klingtite is so well built that it is good enough for beginning basketball players. It has ventilating eyelets, slanting top, and "Shock-Proof" insole.



A neat trick—stepping squarely into the center of a canoe. The Blazer is a good choice for all rough outdoor wear. Strong, yet inexpensive, it has the famous Keds "Shock-Proof" insole and sturdy arch-supporting stays. Crepe knurled sole.



KEDS SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE



KEDS FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION



KEDS SCIENTIFIC LAST

Off to town after a couple of fast sets on the camp court. His tennis game has speeded up since he discovered that the Keds Majestic with the new Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion" is just what his foot needs. The uppers of bleached duck make a strong though light-weight shoe especially recommended for those who prefer the lace-to-toe type of oxford. Smooth vulcanized crepe sole.

The Natural Shoe for Growing Feet
71 styles for 71 individual preferences. They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes.

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC.
1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK


Keds
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

United States Rubber Company