The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy

15¢

JULY 1937

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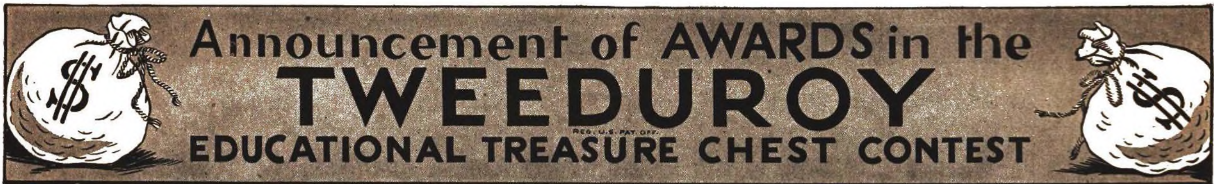
"Stained Gold" by James Willard Schultz



GRAND PRIZES

$1,000 Scholarship	Senior Group	H. W. C. Furman, Bennettsville, S. C.
$1,000 Scholarship	Junior Group	Robert Lee Deitrich, Baltimore, Md.
$500 Scholarship	Senior Group	Earl Stanley Chappell, Wichita, Kansas
$500 Scholarship	Senior Group	Coleman Finkel, Baltimore, Md.
$500 Scholarship	Junior Group	Donald Feitel, New Orleans, La.
$500 Scholarship	Junior Group	Frederick Hartley, Wheeling, W. Va.

MAJOR PRIZES

SENIOR GROUP

Beasley, William T., Jr., Salina, Kans.
Carpenter, Gene, Louisville, Ky.
Carnell, David W., Simsbury, Conn.
Chandler, Robert, Elyria, Ohio
Cron, Myron H., Houston, Texas
Hill, Harold F., Los Angeles, Cal.
Jacoby, John N., Easton, Pa.
Jay, John, Elkhart, Ind.
Keenan, Leo F., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Keiser, Jere, Beaver Falls, Pa.
Kilpatrick, Jack, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Lusk, Fickett, Aberdeen, Miss.
Paine, Noble, Clinton, Ind.
Penny, Franklin F., Ironton, Ohio
Penney, John Addison, Ironton, Ohio
Ruffin, Jac., Memphis, Tenn.
Sheffer, James Wm., Nowville, Pa.
Stricker, Henry, 3d, Newark, N. J.
Wheeler, Bernard Justice, Jarratt, Va.
Zumwinkle, Robert, Minneapolis, Minn.

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Brittle, David F., Weaverville, N. C.
Bolton, Frederick John, Adams, Minn.
Brumage, Louis Lynn, Portsmouth, N. H.
Burgert, Harry S., Kansas City, Mo.
Button, Ned, Bellingham, Wash.
Crow, Robert Adrian, San Francisco, Cal.
Danziger, Maurice, Springfield, Mass.
Fersons, Jimmy, Corpus Christi, Texas
Frank, Warren E., Grand Island, Neb.
Gotsch, Herbert M., Jr., Forest Park, Ill.
Landesman, Herbert, Morris Plains, N. J.
Leander, Erik, Albany, N. Y.
Merrill, Richard Douglas, Lowell, Mass.
Murphy, Bradford G., Colorado Sp'gs, Colo.
Owens, Edgar L., Altoona, Pa.
Phillips, Donald T., Jr., Lake Carmo, N. J.
Sherburne, James R., Indianapolis, Ind.
Siegel, Norman J., Jackson Heights, N. Y.
Troy, Michael W., Montgomery, Ala.
Wilson, John, Glendale, Cal.

SPECIAL PRIZES (SENIOR GROUP)

Adams, George, Detroit, Mich.
Albert, Robert E., Greensburg, Pa.
Allinger, Edward C., Lakewood, Ohio
Anderson, William W., Kansas City, Mo.
Arient, Frank, Chicago, Ill.
Armour, Richard, St. Joseph, Mo.
Bagley, Charles P., Audubon, Iowa
Balass, Tony, Akron, Ohio
Barrett, Robert W., Bozeman, Mont.
Benley, Malcolm, Baton Rouge, La.
Berg, Clair, Gretna, Neb.
Berger, Robert, Philadelphia, Pa.
Berkowitz, Irving H., Belleville, N. J.
Berlyn, Sumner, Worcester, Mass.
Bernstein, Saul, Bronx, N. Y.
Bertin, Eugene, Jr., Muncy, Pa.
Bigotti, William, Hazleton, Pa.
Black, Robert, Altoona, Pa.
Blount, Ira, Memphis, Tenn.
Boley, Joseph, New York City
Boodman, David, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Boutcher, Benjamin C., Denver, Colo.
Boucher, Robert, Upper Montclair, N. J.
Bowmaker, Edward, Schenectady, N. Y.
Brendze, Robert, Chelsea, Mass.
Briggs, Gifford, West Point, Ky.
Brodeur, L. Leonide, Worcester, Mass.
Bronxon, Irvin P., Hamden, Conn.
Brown, Andrew T., Lakewood, Ohio
Brown, Claude Lamer, Crichton, Ala.
Bunch, John, Providence, R. I.
Burke, Cyril, Scranton, Pa.
Bushnell, Jack, N. Kansas City, Mo.
Cantor, Morton, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Calbert, Duane, Decatur, Ill.
Carson, J. Wood, Salem, Ore.
Carver, Francis J., Altoona, N. Y.
Cayce, King, Bay Village, Ohio
Chiesa, Robert, Braintree, Mass.
Chmura, Joseph, Chicopee, Mass.
Cobbey, Maxwell E., Tampa, Fla.
Coffey, Jack A., Kansas City, Mo.
Cogbill, Allen H., La Grange, Tenn.
Coben, Irving, Chicago, Ill.
Cooper, Marvin, Savannah, Ga.
Crawford, Robert Wentworth, Putney, Vt.
Crowe, Richard G., Tuscumbia, Ala.
Cullen, Walter Robert, Leslie, Mich.
David, John, Tottenville, N. Y.
Davis, Althea, Melrose, Mass.
Demsey, Jack, Jr., Wilmington, Cal.
Dise, Joseph C., Glen Rock, Pa.
Doebereiner, Harland E., Macedon, N. Y.
Dunham, Darrell Robt., Pierceton, Ind.
Dworken, Harvey J., Rocky River, Ohio
Earhart, Earle F., Avenmore, Pa.
Edwards, Robert Nelson, Waseca, Minn.
Ehrman, William C., Jr., Amherst, Ohio
Einhorn, Aaron, Detroit, Mich.
Ernst, William M., Uniontown, Pa.
Feltman, Harry H., Jr., Marshall, Texas
Field, James J., Fulton, Ill.
Fleet, Irving, Tallahassee, Fla.
Freid, Norman Theodore, Detroit, Mich.
Frost, David A., Evansville, Ind.
Gandy, Joyce, Society Hill, S. C.
Garland, M. F. Jr., Bradford, Mass.
Garland, Theodore W., Bradford, Mass.
Gosieski, Chester Felix, Racine, Wisc.
Goss, Robert, Des Moines, Iowa
Gould, Prescott W., Douglaston, L. I.
Green, Gordon E., Takoma Park, Md.
Greenwood, Ivan A. Jr., Aurora, Ohio
Griffiths, William, Tamaqua, Pa.
Gruesen, John J., Duluth, Minn.
Gudaitis, William V., Wilkes Barre, Pa.
Hanlon, Marion L., Sterling, Kans.
Hay, David Earl, Lawrence, Kans.
Helbing, Dick N., Toledo, Ohio
Hemingway, Billy, Macon, Ga.
Hennigan, Edward Thomas, Dunmore, Pa.
Henskers, John O., Highland Park, N. J.
Heston, Wm. M. Jr., Toledo, Ohio
Hill, Thomas C. Jr., Hempstead, Md.
Hoberman, B. G., N. Chisholm, Minn.
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Howell, John E., Lula, Miss.
Hughes, Robert, Rosedale, N. Y.
Hutto, Hubert, Mineral Wells, Texas
India, Bert M., Kansas City, Mo.
Ivens, Robert W., Trenton, N. J.
Jamor, Bertram, Wheeling, W. Va.
Jardine, C. T., Joliet, Ill.
John, Robert S. Jr., Waukegan, Ill.
Johnson, Robert, Binghamton, N. Y.
Johnston, Thomas P., III, Bristol, Tenn.
Johnston, Bill, Jr., Chattanooga, Tenn.
Judkin, Warren, Ansonia, Conn.
Kanter, William, Long Beach, N. Y.
Kashmann, Joseph Robt., Hartford, Conn.
Kinen, Walter, Martell, Nebr.
King, William, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Klein, Harold Edwin, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kopf, Milo Robert, Toledo, Ohio
Kopp, Shelby O., Woodstown, N. J.
Krahl, Nat Wetzel, Houston, Texas
Kraus, Burton, Pittsburgh, Pa.
La Belle, Joe, Flint, Mich.
Langland, Bob, Minneapolis, Minn.
Legg, Wilbur Stephen, Windfall, Ind.
Lewis, Herman, Putney, Vt.
Mackie, Joseph H., Detroit, Mich.
Magee, Billy, Lansing, Mich.
Martin, Gerald E., Pasadena, Cal.
Martin, Ronald, Eskridge, Kans.
Meskill, John, Clifton, N. J.
Miller, David D., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Misebach, Edwin C., Bloomfield, N. J.
Morphew, Alan T., Plainfield, Ind.
Morris, Ernest H., Charlotte, N. C.
Morris, Howard L., New York City
Murphey, S. Byron, Philadelphia, Pa.
McCawley, Benjamin, Bardstown, Ky.
McCormick, John, Jr., Omaha, Neb.
McCullen, Alpheus A., Durham, N. C.
McLeod, Randall A., Maxton, N. C.
Nadziejka, Edward, Paterson, N. J.
Naylor, Scout Rex, Buckhannon, W. Va.
Nelson, Robert, Philadelphia, Pa.
Neu, Harold, Stockton, Cal.
Nicholson, Branson, Trenton, S. C.
O'Brien, James, Iowa City, Iowa
Olmstead, Sammy Carter, Beebe, Ark.
Olsen, Gene H., Kinsley, Kans.
Parker, Robert Porter, Star City, Ark.
Parkinson, Jimmie, Vidette, Ga.
Pastor, Jerome, Dayton, Ohio
Pelton, Warren J., Toledo, Ohio
Perris, Arnold, Cleveland, Ohio
Piechura, Joseph, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Pomeroy, John H., St. Petersburg, Fla.
Porter, Robert, Santa Ana, Cal.
Price, John C., Palestine, Texas
Pugh, Sinclair, Smithfield, N. C.
Quillian, John R., Gainesville, Ga.
Rambo, James, San Jose, Cal.
Ramsey, M. W., Jr., Kansas City, Mo.
Resnick, Raymond, Binghamton, N. Y.
Roberts, Billie E., Curtey, Ala.
Roohl, Harvey, Ithaca, N. Y.
Ryan, Gordon G., Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Saltzman, Allen Norman, Bronx, N. Y.
Schimmel, Paul E., Toledo, Ohio
Schmitz, T. E. D., Jr., Santa Monica, Cal.
Schultz, Herbert, Philadelphia, Pa.
Schweppe, Louis, Trenton, Mo.
Scott, Harlan G., Ft. Peck, Mont.
Scott, Lee, Jr., Daytona Beach, Fla.
Shampanier, Melvin, Scranton, Pa.
Shephard, G. Van W., Needham H., Mass.
Shirrell, Robert Donald, Niles, Mich.
Shestack, Jerome, Philadelphia, Pa.
Silverfield, Seymour, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Small, La Forest, Jr., Lisbon Ctr., Me.
Smith, G. N. (Jerry), Springfield, Ill.
Smith, Lawrence J., Wichita, Kans.
Smith, Paul Johnson, Baltimore, Md.
Smith, Romeo, Savannah, Ga.
Spicer, Melville H., Wisconsin Dells, Wisc.
Staff, Howard, Chicago, Ill.
Steinmann, Ralph, El Paso, Texas
Stewart, Lewis Orlo, Brandywine, Md.
Stoeckle, John D., Sturgis, Mich.
Struck, Stuart N., Cuba City, Wisc.
Swanson, Richard Segur, Concordia, Kans.
Taylor, Phelps P., Jr., Pennsboro, W. Va.
Tennink, William W., Catonsville, Md.
Toloiner, August A., Bronx, N. Y.
Triest, William E., Harrisburg, Pa.
Uhl, James J., Columbus, Ohio
Valcourt, Alfred, Fall River, Mass.
Vickrey, Richard A., Washington, D. C.
Votey, Edwin Scott, 2nd, Scarsdale, N. Y.
Walden, George B., Jr., Indianapolis, Ind.
Walsh, Norman Joseph, Dorchester, Mass.
Walter, Vernon, Bozeman, Mont.
Warrwick, Marlyn, Silverton, Ore.
Waters, R. Alan, Cranford, N. J.
Webb, David W., Louisville, Neb.
Webb, Harry Lee, Rocky Point, N. C.
Weir, William A., Lansdowne, Pa.
Welch, Arthur Stephen, Milton, Mass.
Westlake, Merle T., Jr., Colerton, Ohio
Whittaker, Joseph, Cleveland, Ohio
Willey, Richard, Cincinnati, Ohio
Williams, Paul, San Jose, Cal.
Wolfe, Harold P., Jr., Paterson, N. J.
Wright, George, Lumberport, W. Va.
Yudkin, Warren, Ansonia, Conn.
Zuelke, Edward, Alberton, Mont.

SPECIAL PRIZES (JUNIOR GROUP)

Abelew, Howard Jay, Rye, N. Y.
Adriance, Clare J., Baldwin, Kans.
Adriance, Keith W., Baldwin, Kans.
Allison, Alfred P., Philadelphia, Pa.
Allison, James R., Dodge City, Kans.
Avera, Harmon, Athens, Ga.
Bacon, Roger William, Niles, Ohio
Baker, David Hugh, Kendallville, Ind.
Baldwin, Robert C., Hooversville, Pa.
Banta, Richard A., Bridgeport, Neb.
Beals, Joseph, Jr., Holden, Mass.
Beron, Leonard, Scranton, Pa.
Blackman, Leslie F., Omaha, Neb.
Beuke, Greg, Wichita, Kans.
Bochmier, Gene, Seattle, Wash.
Bowne, Clement Jay, Ionia, Mich.
Bowyer, Carolton, Norfolk, Va.
Braaten, David, Dedham, Mass.
Broad, Charles, Jr., Detroit, Mich.
Brolin, William A., Anaconda, Mont.
Brooke, T. G., Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.
Browning, Tom, South Euclid, Ohio
Bruce, Bobby, Dallas, Texas
Burke, John, Scranton, Pa.
Burn, Joseph T., Society Hill, S. C.
Butler, Robert F., Philadelphia, Pa.
Campuzano, F. R., W. Philadelphia, Pa.
Carnila, John, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa.
Christian, Gordon, Columbus, Ga.
Clair, James Henry, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
Cleary, Paul C., Norwood, Pa.
Collier, David, Lakewood, N. J.
Collum, Thomas Eugene, Hixson, Tenn.
Colver, Jack, Tenafly, N. J.
Conley, Bob, Detroit, Mich.
Craig, Forrest F., Jr., Homestead, Pa.
Craine, George, Chicago, Ill.
Daeschner, Bill, Avon Lake, Ohio
Dalzell, Alden, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Davison, Harvey, Champaign, Ill.
deForest, James, Rochester, N. Y.
Deruyter, Artie J., Sioux Center, Iowa
Dethlefe, Arthur, Omaha, Neb.
Detjen, Edson R., Newark, Del.
Djetrick, T. E., Cedar Falls, Iowa
Donahue, Phillip, Rockford, Ill.
Duncan, Alvin E., Union, N. J.
Dunn, Edward, Englewood, N. J.
Dunst, Carl, Jr., Milwaukee, Wisc.
Edmondsond, D., Fort Smith, Ark.
Elby, Frank, Memphis, Tenn.
Erlanger, Herbert, New York City
Eshelman, Jr., W., No. Wilkesboro, N. C.
Fairbank, Robert L., Tinley Park, Ill.
Faulders, Charles R., Santa Cruz, Cal.
Faulkner, Jimmy, Columbus, Ga.
Fenlon, Leslie K., Jr., Clinton, Iowa
Fetherston, Bennett, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Finkel, Lawrence, Bronx, N. Y.
Finke, Robert M., Forest Hills, N. Y.
Ford, John, Jr., W. Asheville, N. C.
Frankel, Jack Williams, Bronx, N. Y.
Frazier, Todd Mearl, Onarga, Ill.
Freeland, Thomas H., Catonsville, Md.
Frey, Leonard H., Lansdowne, Pa.
Frye, Joe Fred, Lake Cormorant, Miss.
Garner, Abram I., Harrisburg, Pa.
Gaven, Allan, Jeffersonville, Ind.
Gehrig, Eugene J., Wauwatosa, Wisc.
George, Jimmy, Kansas City, Mo.
Gerard, Anthony, Waterbury, Conn.
Ginoli, Eugene, Peoria, Ill.
Graham, W. F., Jr., W. Lafayette, Ind.
Grant, James C., Jr., Seattle, Wash.
Graves, Will N., Jr., Edgerton, Wisc.
Gruener, Glenden, Chicago, Ill.
Guggino, Nicholas, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hale, Dannie Payne, Knoxville, Tenn.
Hammett, Frank, Jr., Athens, Ga.
Hassid, Morris, Baltimore, Md.
Hazel, Harold F., Toledo, Ohio
Harding, Clyde, Bethlehem, Md.
Harris, Bill E., Meriden, Conn.
Harrison, T. A., Amityville, N. Y.
Harrington, L. J., Jr., Baunite, Ark.
Heath, Raymond, Newport, N. C.
Heidish, Robert, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hendricks, Walter Dean, Elyria, Ohio
Hepburn, Robert J., Hanover, Pa.
Hessell, Herbert, Salem, Ohio
Hexter, Robert, St. Paul, Minn.
Higgins, Gerald, Peabody, Kans.
Hoban, James William, Chicago, Ill.
Hodges, John N., Silver City, N. Mex.
Hoffman, Ralph M., Milwaukee, Wisc.
Holm, Bill, Roundup, Mont.
Horne, Eugene, York, Pa.
Howenstine, Bill, Elyria, Ohio
Jamison, Lee F., Central City, Iowa
Jergensen, James Peter, Harlan, Iowa
Jewell, William Mayer, Dubuque, Iowa
King, George S., Woodbury, N. J.
King, Malcolm, Galva, Ill.
Kingsmill, Billy, New Orleans, La.
Kirsrow, E. H., Stevens Point, Wisc.
Kliensky, Bernard L., Binghamton, N. Y.
Knipple, Harry, Lincoln Park, Mich.
Kohlnepp, Elmer, Halethorpe, Md.
Lacey, Frank Michael, Fountain, Colo.
Laher, Donald S., Jr., Everett, Pa.
Laird, Robert James, Elgin, Ill.
Landis, David M., Jr., Camden, N. J.
Latimer, Ralph W., Canton, Mass.
Leavitt, Arch Deane, Turner, Me.
Lee, Richard Edwin, Chicago, Ill.
Leonard, David, Lincoln, Neb.
Levine, Richard, Webster, Mass.
Linhardt, John, Woodhaven, N. Y.
Linnehan, John D., Ellsworth, Maine
Logan, William, Braddock, Pa.
Marcotte, Terry, Momence, Ill.
Marks, Leonard, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mathes, Roger V., Dover, N. H.
Mattox, W. A., III, Webster Groves, Mo.
Mayer, D. Stephen, Richmond, Va.
Miller, Grover, Fort Lewis, Wash.
Monce, John Edwin, Cincinnati, Ohio
Morgan, James Louis, Conemaugh, Pa.
Mueller, Harold H., Jr., St. Louis, Mo.
Muirhead, George R., Traer, Iowa
Mullin, Leo, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Murphy, Creed, Holly Springs, Miss.
McBurney, Jin, Chicago, Ill.
McCann, Earl T., Jr., Ware, Mass.
McDonald, Billy, Chicago, Ill.
McDonough, R. B., Garfield Hgts, O.
McGuire, James Wm., Indianapolis, Ind.
McMordic, Billy, Dallas, Texas
Niedrmeyer, Fred, Milwaukee, Wisc.
Norton, John Thomas, Minot, N. D.
Olsen, Dale Nance, Kinsley, Kans.
Parkstrom, B. Bert, Perth Amboy, N. J.
Peters, George, Elmhurst, Ill.
Petree, Hugh Conrad, Salisbury, N. C.
Philpin, Pat, Muskogee, Okla.
Pinsker, Robert B., Brockton, Mass.
Pohl, Eric Maurice, Detroit, Mich.
Porter, Thomas Ward, Catawba, S. C.
Priest, Rush, Boyersford, Pa.
Provost, Robert D., II, Encinitas, Cal.
Quigley, Bruce A., High Point, N. C.
Ramandanes, George, Erie, Pa.
Reeves, Willis Ward, Hazard, Ky.
Reynolds, Harold, Jr., Red Bank, N. J.
Richards, T. M., Pompton Lakes, N. J.
Riel, Roy, Springfield, Mass.
Roberts, Leighton, Walnut Cove, N. C.
Roberts, Littleton S., Sheffield, Ala.
Rosenberg, David P., Kew Gardens, L. I.
Roy, Carleton R., Vermillion, S. D.
Savage, Lon Kelly, Charleston, W. Va.
Sawyel, G. C., Dormont, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Schwartz, Elaine, Superior, Wisc.
Schwappe, Earl, Trenton, Mo.
Schwartz, Arnold, Bronx, N. Y.
Seitz, John Russell, Racine, Wisc.
Sheehan, Billy, Springfield, Mass.
Smith, Mansfield, Worcester, Mass.
Snider, Harvey R., Seattle, Wash.
Spille, Edward M., New Brunswick, N. J.
Sprouls, George James, Philadelphia, Pa.
Stacy, T. S., Jr., Binghamton, N. Y.
Steiner, Donald Gene, New Britain, Conn.
Stewart, Fred Morris, Topeka, Kans.
Stith, Charles, Estherville, Iowa
Swift, Roger, Tulsa, Okla.
Thomas, William S., Jr., Denver, Colo.
Tintinger, Calvin R., Cascade, Mont.
Tkacheff, Joseph, Jr., Waterbury, Conn.
Tomek, Arthur R., Two Rivers, Wisc.
Van Acker, Benjamin, Rensselaer, N. Y.
Vernon, Tommy, Nebraska City, Neb.
Vogel, Gerald W., Passaic, N. J.
Walter, Allyn, Warfield, Ky.
Ward, Joe, Sharon Hill, Pa.
Weinstein, Bernard, Waterbury, Conn.
Welis, David, Minneapolis, Minn.
Weyeneth, Rich, Seattle, Wash.
Whittle, Arnold, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wilkinson, Duane, Polk, Neb.
Williams, Van Wiley, Abilene, Kans.
Wilson, Dick, Syracuse, N. Y.
Witherington, Jerry C., Ocean View, Va.
Woodruff, Sage, Birmingham, Ala.
Wright, Eugene, Lumberport, W. Va.
Wyan, Robert, Norwalk, Conn.
York, Edward D. L., Toledo, Ohio
Ziegler, Robert Carl, Nazareth, Pa.
Zimmerman, Jeremy, Lake Bluff, Ill.
Zorn, Ralph, Closter, N. J.

Boys, here are the winners!

The complete list of alert American lads whose question papers were adjudged best of the thousands who competed in the nation-wide Tweeduroy Treasure Chest Contest.

To the 446 winners our congratulations.

To the thousands of others who came so close to success our heartiest wishes for better luck next time.

To every Tweeduroy boy our assurance that your Tweeduroy school clothes will continue to give you the service and satisfaction you naturally expect of them.

HOCKMEYER BROS., Inc.
345 Broadway, New York

In The Morning Mail

CONDUCTED *by* PLUTO, *the* OFFICE PUP

The Youth's Companion, Combined With The American Boy for July, 1937, Vol. 111, No. 7. Entered as Second Class Matter Nov. 28, 1905, at the post office at Detroit, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Circulation, Business and Editorial offices: 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Published monthly. Copyrighted 1937 by The Sprague Publications, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Price 15c a copy, $1.00 for one year, $2.00 for three years in the U. S., its possessions, and Canada. Elsewhere 50c a year extra.

THE Office Pup moved restlessly in his chair. "Boss," he said to the editor, "I feel a ballad coming on."

"A tale of your heroic deeds?"

"Yes. A saga of high courage and iron nerves, done in swinging rhyme. Something to set the blood tingling—"

"Let me recite one," the editor suggested.

"You!"

"Yes. It came on me last night, along with a high fever and a touch of palsy. Listen—"

Getting to his feet and striking a pose the editor began:

"YOU'VE heard how Plute, the Office Pup, has done his deeds of daring. He's told the tales himself, I think, no lurid phrases sparing; but has he ever mentioned how, alone and minus gun, he routed twenty jungle beasts in combat, one by one?"

"This is going to be good." The Pup settled back comfortably.

"He found himself surrounded once. Whichever way he turned, the eyes of bears and ocelots, of lynx and lions burned. Now most of us would quail, I think, if any way we turned, the eyes of even half a bear and two small tomcats burned. But not the reckless Office Pup, for danger was his dish; to face a score of mammoth brutes had always been his wish—"

"That's me all over," the Pup said, waggling his whiskers fiercely.

"Don't interrupt— He picked a lion from the group and scampered to the fray, and grabbing hold of Leo's tail he chewed the thing away. He leaped upon an ocelot and pushed it on its side, and with his needle-pointed teeth he punctured ocey's hide. He tweaked the tiger's whiskers and he gouged the hippo's eyes; beginning at the toes he cut the grizzly down to size.

"He jumped a big rhinoceros, and starting at the horn, he gnawed the spinal column like a hired man eating corn. He cowed a crouching leopard till its fierceness was a rumor, and chewed a panther's gullet in a jugular vein of humor. Thus ends the tale. The carnage done, our hero now departs, leaving behind, for animals, some unrelated parts. Which proves, my friends, the Office Pup cannot be lightly bluffed—"

"You're right there," the Pup remarked.

"Not in an Exhibition Hall where animals are stuffed."

"I thought there was a catch in it," the Pup whispered. "An editor has to have his fun. But I reckon I'm just as good as he says, anyway."

THE Pup picked up a letter from the morning mail stacked on his desk and started to read. "Here's a subscriber who says that he has taken *The American Boy* for about ten years. Gene Saffell, N. Georgetown, Ohio. He likes our stories and believes our issues have been getting better and better, but wants a story based on farming. We'd like nothing better than to oblige him. We've been looking for good farm stories, but somehow few authors seem to write them."

Rutherford G. Montgomery, right, calls the above country "home."

"Of course," the editor said, "a lot of our stories have small town or farm backgrounds. Jim Tierney is a farmer of a sort. We carry quite a few ranch stories. There's 'Grizzly Bait' in this issue, for instance."

"THAT isn't exactly what Saffell means. He wants a story *about* farming. And one of these days we hope to give him what he wants. Going back to 'Grizzly Bait,' here's some information about the author, Rutherford G. Montgomery:"

Montgomery lives in the high country of Gunnison, Colo., which is also the home of Gilbert Lathrop, author of our Square-jaw Davis railroad stories. Snow lingers on the slopes above Gunnison almost until June, and it's late in May before the trees begin to fill with leaves.

Montgomery was born in North Dakota. He studied law, served in the World War as an aviator, and taught school. He is now judge of the county court in Gunnison, but studies nature and writes stories on the side. He has published over eighty short stories and is the author of four books, "Troopers Three," "Call of the West," "Broken Fang," and "Carcajou." The last-named is a story of the wolverine and was selected by the Junior Literary Guild as the best book of the month for older boys. Montgomery reports that Lathrop keeps a pet alligator in his bathtub.

"WHILE we're on the subject of ranches," the Pup said, "let me recommend 'Riders of the Rio Grande,' by Glenn Balch, a book about stolen cattle, mystery riders, and a Philadelphia private school boy who goes West a tenderfoot and comes back a cowhand. Some of our readers followed it as a serial in *The American Boy*. It can now be obtained in book form from the T. Y. Crowell Co., 393 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for two dollars. There are forty-two horse and cowboy illustrations by R. F. Elwell that make the book fairly bristle with action."

"Here's a question you can answer, Pup," the editor said. "Ken Blake, Long Island, New York, has a mutt and his friend has a purebred Spitz. He wants to know which kind is best, the mutt or the purebred."

"THERE'S no answer to that, Boss. *Your* dog is always best, no matter what his blood lines. America is a land of mutts, and we're doing pretty well. The Irish, the Germans, the Swedes, the Italians, and the Scotch are so mixed up here that there are few pure blood lines left, but we seem to produce our share of brains and ability."

"Not a bad answer—for a mutt," murmured the ed.

"Boss, here's a swell postcard about the serial 'Wildcat,' which ends in this issue. It's from Dick Mattiza, who comes from Houston, Texas, right where the oil flows thickest."

Says Mattiza: "I've just finished reading the latest installment of 'Wildcat,' and I feel so good I thought I'd write you. When the first installment appeared, I figured that it would be inaccurate and padded with false facts, and I started watching closely for errors. But Heyliger is doing a fine job, and I for one appreciate it. You don't know how good it feels to read a story laid in and around your home town, and to read facts. The story fits. I've hung around oil wells some, and I seem to recognize most of the characters. Also, I'm really 'pulling' for Gene and Pete! Give us more Claudy, Tierney, Hide-rack, Morgan, West Point, and ballads of Pluto."

MATTIZA will be interested to know that Heyliger stayed at the Ben Milam Hotel in Houston while he was getting facts for the story, and spent most of his time in the fields and laboratories of one of the large oil companies. We're delighted to have this further

TEST FOR ATHLETES!

FOOTBALL
What is razzle-dazzle football?

BASKETBALL
Which is the best way to dribble?

SWIMMING
Can you do the crawl stroke properly?

HIGH-JUMP
What is the western-roll?

TENNIS
Which is the correct way to do the forehand drive?

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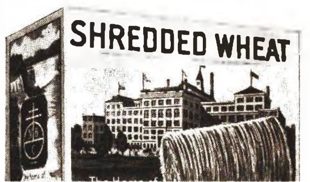

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I want my copy of "Sports Secrets" right away. I have cut the picture of the Shredded Wheat biscuit from the *front* of *two* Shredded Wheat packages and enclose them together with 10¢ in stamps, or a dime to cover postage and handling.

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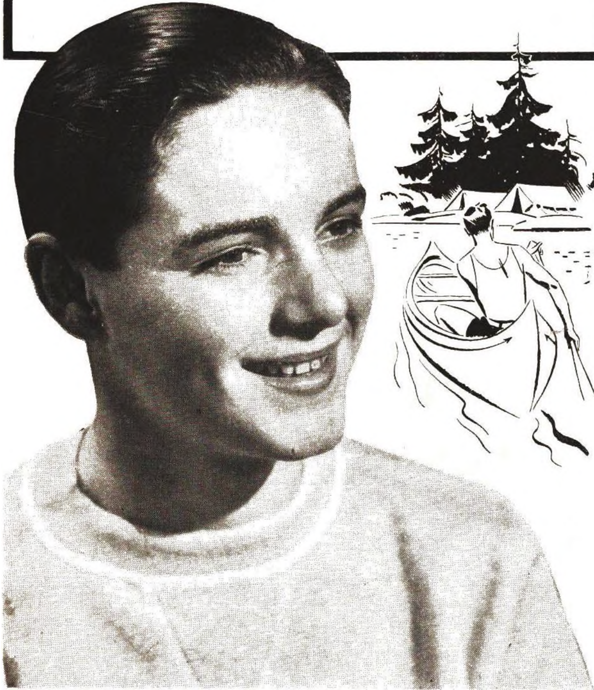


Summer Sun and Water are Hard on Hair!

use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

SUMMER camp life may leave you tanned, healthy and fit as a college halfback—but it often plays havoc with a head of healthy hair! That's why you'll find so many veteran campers and counsellors making Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" part of each day's routine.

A little Vitalis rubbed briskly on your sun-baked scalp goes a long way towards rousing needed circulation and reviving limp, lifeless, "rope-end" hair. Then, too, the pure vegetable oil in Vitalis aids in protecting the supply of needed oils that are dried out by sun—washed away by water.

On Sundays and "Visitors' Days" in camp, you'll find Vitalis is especially popular. It gives your hair a well-groomed, manly appearance... brings it a good-looking lustre with no "patent-leather" shine. Your hair is easier to comb, easier to keep in place. So be sure to stow away a bottle of Vitalis in your camp kit—and help keep your hair healthy, handsome with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

1. 50 SECONDS to rub—circulation quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—hair has lustre but no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

evidence that Mr. Heyliger's vocational stories are distinguished for their accuracy. His next serial will deal with the Chesapeake Bay oyster beds.

Craig Jackson, one of our old-time readers, was looking through his old copies of *The American Boy* the other day, to see which stories were his favorites. He reports that "Haunted Airways," by Thomson Burtis, was the best serial of its kind ever to appear in the magazine. It was a story laid in 1975, dealing with the thousand-mile-an-hour airplanes of the future. We hope to have other stories of that kind soon. There's something about them that stimulates the imagination.

Dick and Raymond Beving like Connie Morgan. Bing prefers Pluto.

And here's a round of applause for our newest feature. Says Mac Maupin, Okmulgee, Okla.: "I'm writing to tell you how much I enjoyed the Batty Corner in April. I hope you'll put more of these Brain Twisters in the magazine." We're busy snaring new puzzlers all the time and we hope to publish a batch of them next month. *Have you fans any to contribute?* We'll pay a dollar apiece for those with a good twist.

HERE'S a reader, Walter Cass, Cleveland, Ohio, with a list of interesting requests. He wants African jungle stories (we have some), doughboys in the World War (none on hand), stories of the old West (how about "Stained Gold" starting in this issue?), Foreign Legion (none at present), Bonehead Tierney (lots coming), and pirate stories (none at present, but we have hopes).

Cass wonders why Tank McPhail never wins in his stories. That's because Tank is one of those natural-born goats; but he's good-natured and sporting about his defeats, and that's as important as winning all the time.

In the last two years, reports Harold Klemp, Merrill, Wis., the best stories have been "Wind in the Rigging," "Hurricane Weather," "Beaver Woman's Vision," and "Mill in the Woods." The authors of all these stories will be in again. Howard Pease, author of the two sea stories listed above, returns in September with "Foghorns." Klemp wants a cartoon contest, and we hope to oblige him this coming winter.

The month's mail brings a letter from triplets, all of them readers of *The American Boy*, sixteen years old, living in Villanova, Pa. There's one boy and two girls. The boy buys the magazine, but being outnumbered he seldom gets to read it first. The two girls—they sign the letter—are Marion and Dorothy Stewart. They don't bother to give their brother's name.

JUST to give you a brisk touch of winter in this July issue, we're publishing a picture showing Tom Rash of Purple Springs, Alberta; one of his calves; his collie, Laddie; and a fourteen-foot snowdrift. On top of the snowdrift are two black specks, close together. One of the specks is Toots, a white fox terrier who catches about three hundred gophers a year, and the other is Gypsy, who wants to trade fleas with Pluto; Gypsy's fleas have taken up permanent locations in places she cannot scratch.

Another picture on this page shows Richard Beving, Wellsburg, Iowa, senior in high school, his brother, Raymond, a junior, and their Spitz dog, Bing. Dick wants Connie Morgan stories (there's a new series of Connie Morgan-Old Man Mattie yarns starting this fall), and Vereen Bell yarns (lots coming). He likes the Richardson self-management articles, the last of which appears in this issue.

The white is snow. The black spots are Tom Rash and his pets.

James Nycum, Hines, Wis., also has a word of appreciation for the Richardson articles. He says: "They're interesting and helpful. His last article on making alibis was an eye-opener for me. I found, after reading the article, that I was using the good old alibi more than I thought. Keep his articles coming because I'll be looking for them."

WE'LL close this month with a greeting from Jack Roemer, who is attending a boarding school at Chateau de Bures, Orgeval, France. They play basketball there, he says. Incidentally, he asks for more air stories like "Zero-zero Squadron," and we're glad to say that his request will be granted.

The Pup wishes everybody a swell vacation with lots of tan and no blisters, lots of fish and no snags, plenty of chow and no after-effects. Drop him a note and tell him what kind of a summer you're having. Don't forget those Brain Twisters for the Batty Corner. Address the Pup care of *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

COMING NEXT MONTH

HERE are some reasons why you should be on the watch for next month's *American Boy:* A HEAD FOR FIGURES, by Frank Bunce, is a mining story in which two young prospectors locate what they think will prove a valuable vein of gold, only to discover that three tough gentlemen are hanging around waiting for them to make a strike. A story proving the value of ingenuity and—of all things—mathematics! . . . In THE FIREBALL, by Harold Keith, you will meet a tall country pitcher who could do just about anything with a baseball except throw it slowly. You may think there's no need for a pitcher to have a slow ball, but that's the mistake Blaze Hull made, as a little fellow named Slow Ball Allen will prove to you. . . . Have you ever walked through the woods with an eerie feeling that you were being followed, only to realize that you were simply imagining things? That's what happened to the young sheeprancher in THE WATCHER ON THE ROOF, by Kenneth Gilbert—except that the rancher *wasn't* simply imagining things! . . . PASSENGERS FOR PANAMA, by Howard Pease, is an exciting and realistic story that takes you into a South American revolution. With his ship's cargo tied up by the insurrection, Tod Moran ventures into the mob-ridden capital to get permission to unload the cargo. Imagine his predicament when he finds himself in the midst of a screaming mob as the companion of the most hated man in the country! . . . If you were introduced to an aardvark or a hydrax, what would you expect to see—a giraffe or a serpent? August presents pictorially some of the strange animals you find in zoos. Other pictures that tell a story deal with prehistoric machines and salty life on a halibut schooner.

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

Curiously, my partner dipped his hand into one of the sacks and poured into the palm of his other hand what appeared to be dull yellow gravel.

Stained Gold

by James Willard Schultz

Illustrator: FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

IT WAS in October, 1864, when all four hundred lodges of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet Indian Confederacy were encamped on the Missouri River twenty miles northwest of Fort Benton, that Three Bulls came back to us from raiding the Sioux.

Never can I forget the day, for it was on that cool autumn afternoon that I first saw in one pouch more than seven thousand dollars in yellow gold dust. Now I wish that I had never seen it.

My partner Charlie Carter, called by the Indians "Beaver Child," and I were living with the Pikuni, trapping furs. No longer was I the tenderfoot, Frank Rive, who had come up from St. Louis to seek adventure. Now I was called Lone Man, the boyhood name of Three Bulls himself. I was unmarried, but Charlie Carter had an Indian wife, the loyal Paiot'aki.

The camp rose with a great shout when Three Bulls and his warriors, dressed in their war clothes, their horses red-painted and befeathered, came charging into camp singing a victory song, waving enemy scalps, and driving before them more than a hundred head of enemy horses. Charlie Carter and I were standing out in front of our lodge, and straight to us rode Three Bulls astride a black horse.

"Beaver Child, my brother," he announced to Carter, "I have something for you. Later on I will bring the present to your lodge."

"Good. We will have a smoke, and you will tell us all about your raids. You seem to have had good success," Carter answered.

"We owe much to my powerful visions! Hai! It is a strange tale that I have to tell you."

The old warrior went on to his lodge followed by his happy, singing, shouting women.

It was dusk when he came in to us, lugging a parfleche pouch. Carter told him to sit beside him and he did so, first dropping the pouch. It struck the ground with a sullen thud. A heavy thing!

Three Bulls said, "Beaver Child, if this is what I think it is you will be pleased."

With that he unlaced the pouch and took from it two cylindrical buckskin sacks about eighteen inches in length and six inches in diameter, and passed them to Carter.

Curiously, my partner untied one, dipped his hand into it, stared, and poured into the palm of his other hand a sprinkling of what appeared to be dull yellow gravel.

"Frank!" he shouted. "Gold dust. Gold dust, and plenty of it!"

Three Bulls nodded wisely. "Is it not the kind of yellow gravel that white men are digging in our Three Forks country?"

Carter nodded, and looked soberly at his friend. "Three Bulls, have you and your war party been killing white men?"

"They who owned these sacks of yellow gravel were killed," Three Bulls replied instantly, "but not by us." And then, after a moment: "I have a strange tale to tell you.

"When we left you, my warriors and I traveled for many days along the valley of the Big River that you call the Missouri, searching always for the Parted Hairs—the Sioux—for so had my powerful visions directed. We traveled only at night and hid in the daytime.

"One morning, at dawn, we stopped in the upper end of a long wide bottom overgrown with big cotton-

woods and thick stands of willows. We still had some meat of a buffalo we had killed, and several of my men urged that we roast and eat it. They were angry when I would not let them build a fire, but I felt that enemies were not far off. With two on watch we slept until the afternoon. As Sun was disappearing, we awoke, all very hungry, but still I would not allow a fire to be built.

"'Is it that you have had another vision?' Big Man asked me.

"'No. I have a strange feeling here within me—a feeling that we must be very cautious,' I answered.

"Just as I said that, we heard shots and loud yells at the edge of the river. Then all was as still as before. My men looked at me in wonder and Red Bird's Tail spoke: 'Chief, powerfully are you favored by Him Above. Tell us what we now shall do.'

"I motioned them to follow me into the bottom. We crept with great caution through the dusk, and as we neared the lower end of the big grove we heard talk and laughter, and saw the glow of a fire. We passed eight saddled horses tied to the willow brush. At last we saw eight men sitting around the fire roasting and eating meat—eight Parted Hair men! I whispered an order that went all along the line, and we crept nearer to the feasters. Sighting my gun at one, I waited a little, then shouted 'Shoot!' and pulled the trigger.

"Oh, ho, hai! Powerful, our shooting. Every one of those Parted Hairs toppled over! We rushed in to count coup upon the dead, and lo! a little way back from the fire lay three white men, scalped. Drawn up on the shore of the river was their boat. We knew then that the whites had stopped to cook and eat, and the Parted Hairs had crept in and killed them.

"Around the fire were scattered the blankets, food, and sacks of the whites. For my share I took a new gun that had belonged to the whites, a blanket, and a pouch that contained these two sacks of yellow gravel.

"My men thought the yellow gravel worthless, but I said that I would carry it home to you. That night we hurriedly ate and continued down the valley. Four mornings later we discovered the camp of the Parted Hairs, and when night came, without difficulty, we drove off the fine band of horses you saw us bringing in. And now, why not a smoke, my friends?"

Carter passed the big pipe he had filled and said: "This gravel is valuable. We must go in to Fort Benton and inquire about the white men who owned it. If there are relatives, the gold is theirs. But if we hear of no rightful owners, then you shall trade it for white men's goods."

Three Bulls raised a protesting hand. "No. I have given you the yellow gravel. A present is a present. I will have nothing more to do with it."

"Frank and I must go anyhow, to learn what we can about it. Will you go with us?"

"But why? The whites stole the yellow gravel from our country. So it is ours to do with it as we please." But when Carter did not reply Three Bulls gave in: "Oh, well. I will accompany you. I am in need of tobacco."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes. Let us go early."

After another pipe Three Bulls returned to his lodge and Carter and I examined the gold dust. The two sacks of it weighed, we guessed, about twenty-five pounds, and Carter said it was worth $18 an ounce. Then a pound of it was worth $288. Twenty-five pounds was worth $7200!

"If we can keep it," Carter said slowly, "this will be pretty nice for us, Frank. And Paiot'aki will be getting a lot of new blankets, shawls, gowns, and other women's things."

All evening Paiot'aki had sat silent and stern-faced. Now she said emphatically:

"Beaver Child, none of that yellow gravel shall be used for me. It is bad luck gravel. It will cause us great trouble if you keep it. As you love me, take it from our lodge and scatter it in the river where none may ever get it."

"Woman! Have you gone crazy?" Carter exclaimed. "Why, the yellow gravel in these little sacks is worth more than all the beavers we have trapped in the past two winters."

"I care not if it be worth all the beavers in our country! I beg of you to throw it away."

"A woman's fears," scoffed Carter.

"Poor white man," Paiot'aki cried angrily. "The Above One gives Indians warnings, and the white man is too dull to heed."

Slyly Carter winked at me and led the talk to other matters.

It was about ten o'clock the next morning when Carter, Three Bulls, and I left our horses before the big gate of Fort Benton and strolled in to seek Factor Dawson. We found him in his office, chatting with two of his employees, Charles Chouquette and Louis Trombley. Pleasantly they greeted us, and after a little talk Carter repeated Three Bulls' tale, and then dropped the two sacks of gold dust on the factor's desk.

On came the frightened, stampeding herd, smashing through brush, making a deafening noise.

Dawson stared at them, and exclaimed, "Charlie, there are mighty few people who would ever tell anyone about this!"

"You bet you. You're too honest," said Trombley.

"And you want to find the owner of the dust?" Dawson continued.

Carter, embarrassed, grinned defiantly and said, "Well, that's no more than right, is it?"

"Perhaps not. Anyhow, I can tell you right now who owns the dust. You do. But it's stained gold."

"Why? Tell us about it."

But just then Joe Bellaire and Ralph Richards, free trappers like Carter and me, came in with their Pikuni wives, and Carter had to tell our story again. They were all excited over it, particularly Bellaire. He sprang to the desk, hefted the sacks, and loudly estimated their value at ten thousand dollars.

"Bellaire, you're interrupting us! Sit down and be still," the factor exclaimed. And then, when the Frenchman had subsided: "We can't leave Three Bulls out of this; so you, Chouquette, interpret to him what I have to tell about this stained gold.

"More than two weeks ago, three tired white men, each with a sack upon his back, came limping in here and asked about the chance of getting passage on a steamboat down the river to the States. There wasn't any chance—the last boat of the season was well on its way to St. Louis. They were so put out that I offered to sell them a small boat so they could work their way down. They jumped at the offer. They said they'd been mining up in Alder Gulch, had made

a big stake, and were anxious to return to their homes in St. Louis. I could see they weren't miners, not with their soft, smooth hands. And their clothes and fine boots explained them—they were gamblers, mining camp toughs.

"I sold them blankets, provisions, and a rifle, and they each gave me ten ounces of gold dust from the sacks they carried. Then they pulled out and I said to Chouquette, 'Good riddance to bad rubbish.'

"How bad they were we soon learned. We got it all from Joe Brown, who came down from Alder Gulch after a load of flour. One of the best claims in the Gulch was owned by a queer old miner named John Beal. The claims above it and below it were paying better than ten ounces—$180—a day. But Beal wouldn't tell what he was getting. He discouraged all visitors, and nobody knew where he came from or if he had any relatives.

"Well, one morning, John Beal didn't appear at his claim, and when neighbors went to his cabin, they found him lying beside his bunk with his head crushed in. Near the fireplace a freshly dug hole in the earth floor showed that someone had discovered his cache and had killed him for it. The vigilantes investigated and found three card sharps missing from the camp—Sacramento Bill, Tom Sykes, and Sawed-off Harry. They had completely disappeared; they weren't on the road to Bannock, to Gallatin City, or to Bozeman. Without question they were the three men whose bodies Three Bulls and his warriors found, and this was John Beal's gold dust. But there's no finding John Beal's relatives; so it's all yours now, and bloody gold it is. Because of it, directly and indirectly, four white men and eight Indians have been killed."

"By gar! Eef it was drippin' blood, me, I'd like to haf it," Bellaire exclaimed.

Said Three Bulls to the factor in Blackfeet: "Big Knife, you sold the three white men a gun. Is this it?" And he drew from its buckskin case a new Spencer carbine.

"That must be it. Wait. I have the numbers of that lot of carbines right here." Dawson took the carbine and got out an invoice. "That's the gun all right," he nodded after a moment.

That settled the identity of the three boatmen. Carter was now the rightful owner of the gold dust. We all went over to the trade room and discovered that it weighed twenty-eight and one-half pounds—was worth $8,208.

"Ha! Such reeches. For Carter! And all for nothing," Bellaire groaned.

Carter urged Three Bulls to keep at least half the gold dust, but the old warrior shook his head. A gift was a gift. He would take back none of it. If Beaver Child cared to give him some tobacco and some cartridges for his gun, that would be good. In no time he was the possessor of five pounds of tobacco and two hundred cartridges.

Said Carter to me: "Well, Frank, half this dust is yours. How about leaving it here with Mr. Dawson for safe keeping?"

"No. I don't want the responsibility," the factor declared.

"Well, then we'll have to hang onto it," Carter said reluctantly.

We made a few purchases and started back, leaving Bellaire still exclaiming over our good luck. It seemed to hurt him that we had received the gold for nothing.

It was dusk when we reached camp. We unsaddled our horses and went into the lodge, where Paiot'aki had a hot meal waiting. She groaned when she saw the sacks of gold dust.

"So! You brought back those bad luck sacks!"

"Our own sacks now. Sacks of yellow gravel that we can trade for anything we may want. And here is something I got for you," Carter replied, tossing into her lap a bright-hued shawl.

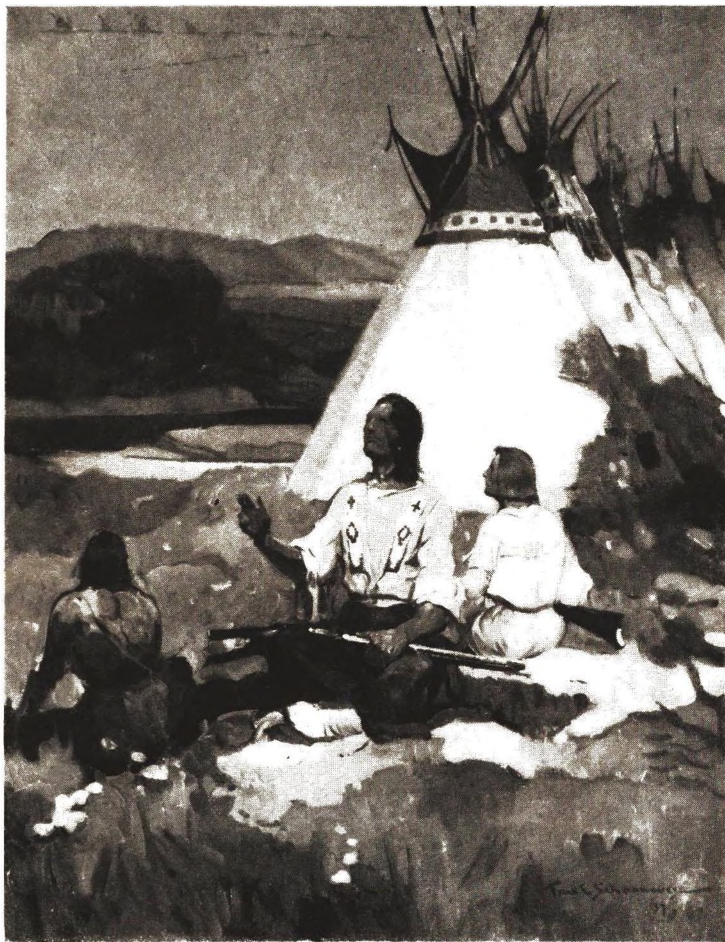
"I will not take it—"

Charlie laughed. "I've spent none of the gold. I got this with some of our beaver skin money."

Paiot'aki smiled with relief. "Then will I wear the pretty wrap. But, oh, I wish you had not brought back those bad luck pouches. I can not bear to look at them."

"You don't have to look at 'em. I'll put 'em out of sight," Carter replied, and thrust them into a parfleche pouch in which he kept his various small articles of daily use.

Paiot'aki sighed.



"Ah! Cold Maker is upon his southward way," Three Bulls remarked.

Chapter Two

ON THE following day Bellaire and Richards came over from the fort and set up their lodges close to ours. Like us, they intended to camp with the Pikuni tribes if the chiefs decided to hold their winter hunt where beavers were plentiful. The Pikunis preferred to hunt buffalo, but we free trappers liked to camp with them, and so be safe from enemy war parties.

After setting up their lodges, Bellaire and Richards and their wives gathered in our lodge. There was to be a council of the chiefs that evening to decide where the tribe should winter. Three Bulls had promised us to make strong talk for the Musselshell River country because that stream and its tributaries teemed with beavers. We told Richards and Bellaire about this, and the four of us planned to attend the council and also argue for that location.

As we idly smoked, Bellaire's wife, Antelope Woman, said to Paiot'aki that she would like to see the yellow gravel Three Bulls had given to Beaver Child.

"It is in that pouch there. I can not bear to look at it. I would not even touch it," Paiot'aki replied.

"Kaiyo! Now I am disappointed," the other exclaimed. "I wanted so much to see it. My man says it is worth more than all the goods in Big House."

"See it you shall," said Carter, and produced the two sacks of it, handing one to her.

Then while she and Richards' woman were exclaiming upon the weight and the beautiful color of the stuff, Bellaire took up the other sack and fondled it with such a fiercely greedy expression that he sickened me. I never had liked the man, with his shifty eyes, thin-lipped mouth and long, coarse black hair. What a contrast he was to the kindly faced, blue-eyed, generous Richards! That they had come West together seemed a poor reason why they should continue to be partners.

Reluctantly Bellaire passed the sack back to Carter, saying: "That fool Three Bulls! Givin' it away all for nossing! Richards, how'd you like to have it?"

Richards smiled. "I have plenty. What I make by trapping will do me."

"Yes, but think! To have eight t'ousan' dollars, an' next summer go on steamboat to St. Louis an' have one grand time. Ha! what fun that would be."

"Not for me. My fun's right here."

"Oh, you. Pooh!" Bellaire exclaimed disgustedly.

It was dusk when the camp crier announced that the council would be held at once in head chief Big Lake's lodge. The thirteen minor chiefs, a few noted warriors, and several medicine men were already gathered in it when we four entered and joined the circle. Big Lake had two large stone-bowled pipes already filled for the occasion, and when they were lit and going around, the chiefs began discussing the best location for the winter hunt.

Several favored Yellow River. Others spoke for various sections of the vast Blackfeet territory. Then Three Bulls asserted that best of all was the Musselshell River country. There the plains were alive with buffalo and antelope, and in the near mountains were countless deer, elk, and bighorns. His choice was greeted with loud acclaim, and we trappers were elated.

But the next moment old Red Plume, most powerful medicine man of the tribe, said decisively: "No, we will not go there, nor to (Continued on page 37)

On trial---Bonehead and the Volunteer Fire Department!

Jim Tierney, Smoke Eater

by

John A. Moroso

"I want what's coming to me." Silas was sweating hard and twitching in his chair. "I ain't to be scared out of my rights by any city slicker."

A PINK glow, deepening to red, covered the velvet background of the wooded western slope of the Palisades at two o'clock one hot August morning. Down in the valley the descendants of the early Dutch settlers snorted in their sleep as the dogs began to yelp and bark an alarm.

"Hi, shet up!" came the command from window after window.

James Tierney, retired New York detective, poked his fat face from his casement and looked below to see if his huge mongrel Rover was on the job with the rest of the village mutts. He beheld the noble animal outstretched on the cool grass, his sides heaving, asleep at the switch as usual.

"Hey, Rover!" he shouted. "Git up! Git up! A swell watchdog you are! Git up!" Then he saw the color in the east and roared out the one word, "FIRE!"

Plunging into his pants, Bonehead, or B. H. as his friends called him, clattered down the stairs, out to the road and rushed for the fire house of the Old Faithful Volunteer Fire Company, of which he was honorary chief. Swinging wide the door, he turned loose the siren; and shortly the volunteers came rushing up, hitching their suspenders over their shoulders. With them came Rover, honorary mascot of the company, yawning like an alligator.

The firemen grabbed their high rubber boots and coats, got into them, proudly affixed their badges and clapped on their leather helmets in reverse, prepared to combat the flames, "To Do or Die," as the motto over the entrance of the fire house bade them.

Elmer Bogert, the chief, clambered to the driver's seat of the automobile hose truck, his brave smoke-eaters piling in on the neatly folded hose.

"Hey!" yelled Tierney. "It's too far for the dog. Wait a minute." He grabbed Rover and boosted him into the truck.

The bell clanging a warning to the villagers to clear the way, Elmer pushed his booted foot on the accelerator and the truck leaped to the middle of the road like a man jumping a puddle. It landed on all fours with screeching brakes, spilling firemen and mascot into the air. They leaped back to their places and the truck raced across the railroad tracks and started onward and upward.

Halfway to the conflagration the radiator top blew off in a cloud of steam.

"Water!" came the hoarse command from the chief. "Water!"

Nozzleman Phil Flotard knew where there was a spring and rushed for it, immediately rushing back and demanding a bucket. There was no bucket. "Come on, men!" he shouted. "Follow me." They followed, each scooping water in his helmet and dripping it down the red-hot throat of the radiator.

"All set! Here we go!"

An explosion reverberated down the hillside from the conflagration.

"Si Reykendik's cider mill!" shouted Pete Westervelt. "That was a bar'l of cider blew up."

They could hear the crackling of the ancient hand-hewn timbers and then, WHAM! Another bar'l exploded.

"Hold fast!" cried Elmer. "We got to git some speed out of her!"

Old Faithful responded with a bitter spell of coughing. Like the ancient Jerseyites aboard her there was no chance of her dying. As long as there was stovepipe wire to hold her together she would go on, and as long as cider was made in the land her brave company would keep above ground, shrinking gradually until they just disappeared.

As they reached the old mill two minor explosions sounded.

"Two more kaigs gone," said Flotard.

"Stretch the hose!" ordered Elmer through his brass trumpet. "Be lively, men!"

Out they piled and the hose was stretched but there was no hydrant within a mile of the coupling so the smoke-eaters abandoned the hose and rushed back to the truck and grabbed picks and axes. They attacked the massive stone walls. Soon a great aperture was made and out rolled a bar'l of cider, miraculously saved. It was immediately rolled to a cooler spot.

"Broach it!" commanded the chief. "Taste it. See if it's hard or sweet cider."

Phil Flotard tasted it and rendered judgment. "Sweet," he said. "But good, by gum." And he coupled himself to the bung until his thirst was quenched.

As the pink fingers of the dawn traced the eastern sky, the men of Old Faithful rolled down the Palisades, full of sweet cider and cinders, their duty done as always.

In the late afternoon following the destruction of the Reykendik cider mill the members of Old Faithful Volunteer Fire Company trickled into headquarters. A discussion of the struggle with the flames was well under way when Constable Oswald Gurrig entered, a sheaf of papers in hand, passing from man to man and presenting each with a slip and the one word, "Speeny." He always wrote the word "Speeny" instead of "subpoena" because it was easier.

"Speeny?" gasped each fireman. "What fur?"

"Speeny to appear before Justice of the Peace Clarence Greatbottom Tuesday morning, nine o'clock sharp."

Examination of the document proved it to be a subpoena for appearance as witness in the case of Silas Reykendik against the Old Faithful Volunteer Fire Company. The subpoena charged that said Old Faithful Volunteer Fire Company did collectively and individually appropriate, seize, take, purloin, steal, unlawfully remove and feloniously, deliberately and heinously drink thereof until empty one bar'l of sweet cider, the property of said Silas Reykendik.

"Sugar!" snorted Pete Westervelt.

"Sugar!" echoed Phil Flotard. "'Tain't nuthin' to worry about. Won't answer any such speeny."

Old Man Deacon, lean and brown of skin, with a beak that would have made an eagle envious, pawed his paint-brush beard reflectively as the eyes of his brother smoke-eaters turned to him questioningly. George Deacon was the sage of the borough and the villagers pointed to him with pride.

"Well, boys, I'll tell ye," he said in a voice that seemed to have retired to the upper part of his nose. "Ye might be thinkin' to ignore Si's complaint but I reckon it would be safer to obey the speeny. Them Rykendiks is the trickiest lot of people that ever come over from Holland. They're mean, too."

"I'll say he's mean," piped up Tierney from a dark and cool corner, Rover sprawled at his feet. "He's got the Widow Philbauer's boy Dick working for him for six dollars a week and every week he takes out a dollar and a half to cover his employer's liability. That don't leave the boy hardly enough to pay the interest on the mortgage on his mother's little cottage."

"Who holds the mortgage?" asked Pete.

"Si does, of course."

"He aims to foreclose her. Anybody can see that."

"And he's had a couple of other fires, all covered by insurance," said Old Man Deacon. "And this morning I asked Dave Tate, our real estater and insurance agent, if the old mill was covered. He said it was, for four thousand dollars."

"Four thousand dollars?" There was a chorus of incredulous whistles.

"Four thousand dollars," repeated Old Man Deacon, "and it warn't worth forty dollars. But he got the insurance on the claim that it was an historical landmark, being built in 1645 by his great-great-great-grandpappy."

"How'd he say the fire started?" asked Tierney.

"Said he was setting a rat trap down below the earth level in the mill and the flame of the candle touched off the cobwebs and before he could do anything about it he was 'most trapped and had to scuttle out. There wasn't any place he could telephone for he never had a phone in his house, although he's got enough stock in the telephone company to build and equip a hospital for the poor."

Illustrator: R. M. BRINKERHOFF

In a corner he found two glass gallon bottles—the kind used for cider.

"Could there be enough cobwebs in the cellar to start a good fire?" Jim asked interested.

"There was more cobwebs in that cellar when I looked in it last year than I ever could expect to see in five lifetimes."

"Bet he set 'em off," everybody said in chorus.

"But Dave Tate ain't in any hurry to pay that loss," Old Man Deacon informed the company. "He figures out that the two other fires give Si a lot of velvet and he ain't entitled to any more. He told me he was going to talk with his people over in New York and see whether they'd allow him a little money for an investigation. Dave says if he gets the money he's going to hire Tierney to work on the case."

"Gee," said the Bone, hauling himself from his chair, "I'd do that little job for nothing. But there ain't anything of the old mill left unburned except the bar'l we emptied."

"He's a smart man, that Si," offered Elmer Bogert. "He comes right out and admits he burned the old mill himself by accident. That very admission will be in his favor if he has to sue the company for the insurance money."

"I know he's a smart man," agreed Tierney, pulling on his old flapping straw hat—the farmer kind of hat, for he still posed as a farmer. "I know he's smart and I've met some smart people in my time as a detective, some of 'em so smart they put themselves right smack in prison."

The village legend was that Silas Reykendik had become a recluse in the old Dutch stone house of his ancestors because of disappointment in love. In the prime of life he had become engaged to Mrs. Abby Van den Burgh, a widow living in a splendid house with great barns and fertile fields down in the valley. Old-timers remembered Si's courtship and his failure to appear at the church for the wedding and the subsequent sensation when it became known that the widow had been living on her capital until the last dollar was gone and all of her property was heavily mortgaged. That Silas was broken-hearted because he failed to annex the lovely fields, the great house and the fine barns was evident. After that disappointment he hated women, rich and poor.

A thin little man with a straggly white mustache half covering his tight lips, his bald head brown as a berry from tilling his own vegetable patch, with knobby elbows and knees and black, shoe-button eyes, he loved nobody and nobody loved him.

David Tate consulted the insurance officials in New York and was allowed expense money for an investigation of the mill fire and also given the aid of one of the company's detectives. The arson-detective posed as an adjuster and reported to Jim Tierney on the front porch of his little cottage.

"Mr. Tate sent me to you," explained the dapper gentleman, swinging a cane lightly. "My name is Alpheus Anderson."

"My name is Tierney, Jim Tierney," said Tierney, pulling up a chair for the visitor. "You a detective?" Jim's round little blue eyes registered astonishment.

"Yes."

"You'd never know it."

"Thanks, Mr. Tierney. You a detective, Mr. Tierney?"

"Yus."

"No one would ever guess it."

"Thanks, Alpheus. I guess I'll have to get me a walking stick and a pair of spats."

"Please don't. I suppose in your correspondence course as a detective you were warned to dress inconspicuously."

"No. I was never told anything about the kind of things to wear. What I learned was to just hang on, keep my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut."

"Ever land any crooks?"

"About nine hundred or a thousand, I guess."

"Tierney, Tierney. . . . I think I've heard that name."

"Bonehead Tierney, the detective."

"What! You're not kidding?"

"B. H. Tierney for short."

They got down to business after Jim's housekeeper, Mrs. Maggie Murphy, had invited the gentleman to midday dinner.

"I've studied the records carefully, Mr. Tierney," began Mr. Anderson.

"Just call me Jim," suggested Tierney.

"Jim. And find that this Reykendik bird has taken my company for at least six thousand dollars so far and hopes to take us for four thousand more."

"He'll take anything that ain't nailed down."

"Is there anything left of his cider mill?"

"Just the original brown sandstone blocks and parts of the heavy hand-hewn beams of oak. The beams were so old and hard they was 'most fireproof."

"He said, I believe, that the fire started in the cellar."

"Yus."

"And Mr. Tate tells me that barrels of cider exploded."

"They did, all except one. The Old Faithful Volunteer Fire Company saved it and drunk it."

"Ha! Well, with the beams so hard and big wouldn't the shower of cider check the flames in the cellar?"

"They might."

They decided to visit the ruins immediately after dinner. Maggie fed them bountifully and they piled into Mr. Anderson's car and were off up the Palisades.

"I'd like to interview the owner right here at the scene of the fire," said Alpheus.

"Okay. I'll go up to his house and send him along. I'll wait up there in the yard for you."

Panting and sweating, Tierney informed Silas that the adjuster was waiting for him at the ruins of the mill and threw himself into an old chair under an oak tree. "I'll wait here for the two of you," he said. "Don't be too long. I got to rehearse the Old Faithful Silver Cornet Band this afternoon." Silas ducked back in the little one-story colonial home of his original ancestors and Tierney heard him locking up. As he came out he turned a big brass key in the front door and stuck it in his pocket.

"Please don't be too long," called Tierney after him.

Suddenly and remarkably refreshed, Tierney rose from the decrepit chair and began to stroll about the place. He examined a ramshackle tool house and found some strong wire. To throw open the great old-fashioned lock of the front door was but the work of a few moments and he stepped within.

Dirty? Yes, but the walls, the original walls of the seventeenth century, showed no seam or crack, for the early Dutch settlers made their mortar of lime and straw, both for plastering and for setting the stones of the walls.

Not a creak came from the wide boards of the floor, not a sag under foot. The first settlers had builded well in their heroic, if greedy, struggle in the wilderness.

Jim found the kitchen and it was just as it had been in its beginning, a great open fireplace with trivets, huge andirons, a spit for the roast, an oven on one side, a low hand-hewn bench before it. There were kerosene lamps in each room and two kerosene oil heaters for winter. There were no pipes to freeze—Silas depended for his water on a well near the kitchen window. In a corner he found two glass gallon bottles, the kind used for cider. One was filled with kerosene and the other was empty. In the front room was a pile of newspapers. Silas threw nothing away.

There was no dog nor any sign of a cat. Such creatures cost money to feed. In a corner cupboard was bread, but no butter, half of a boiled ham, salt and pepper, potatoes, onions. Jim thought it better to end his inspection and stepped back to the open, locking the door with the wire and returning the wire to the tool house.

Alpheus Anderson, despite his walking stick and spats, became quite popular in the village under the sponsorship of Tierney. At the meetings in the fire house he played a fine game of checkers, got a big laugh out of jokes that had been embalmed with the Pharoahs of Egypt and thought nothing of ordering three dozen hamburgers from the restaurant. The inevitable followed. He was made an honorary member of Old Faithful and a large badge was pinned on his chest.

In the hearing before Squire Greatbottom in the matter of the rescue and consumption of the bar'l of cider he was invaluable. Old Faithful had no money in its treasury with which to hire a lawyer and so Alpheus was asked to represent the company. When court was called to order in the large room over Pete Westervelt's hay, grain and feed store the accused volunteers, in full dress or parade uniforms, faced Silas Reykendik as he took the witness chair.

"Will you please tell the court, Mr. Hick, I mean Rik—have I the name right?" began Alpheus.

"Reykendik," prompted the squire. "Just call him Silas to save time."

"Just tell the court about that cider, please."

"They ain't nawthin' to tell 'cept they broke down the walls, committed burglary, rolled out the bar'l and drunk it clean empty."

"You saw them do this?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell them not to drink your cider?"

"No."

"Isn't it a time-established custom to serve the firemen with refreshments during and after a fire?"

"'Tain't any custom of mine. I make cider to sell."

"Just to find out whether this is a case of grand larceny or petty larceny I would like to ask you the value of that cider."

"Dollar a gallon, fifty-two gallons to the bar'l, fifty-two dollars."

A wild chorus of protests went up in the courtroom.

"The apples for that cider was all choice, hand-picked apples," added Silas to justify his extortion.

"It was full of worms!" shouted Phil Flotard. "Big ones, too. You had to bite 'em in half."

"What you are really after is fifty-two dollars from the pockets of these brave firemen, isn't that so?" asked Alpheus.

"I want what's coming to me."

"And of course that means you want the four thousand dollars insurance money also?"

Silas didn't answer.

"I'll repeat the question."

"This ain't got anything to do with the insurance."

"I ask for a ruling from the honorable court," said the inquisitor suavely.

"The question touches and appertains to the bar'l of cider rescued from the flames," the court ruled, "and if there hadn't been no flames there wouldn't have been no rescue of the bar'l of cider. And if there hadn't been no cider in the old mill there wouldn't have been no four thousand dollar policy placed onto the mill. Therefore, the court rules that the question is permissible and important in this proceeding, is okay in fact, and if Si don't answer he kin go home."

"Now, will you answer the question?" demanded Alpheus to a chorus of chuckles of delight.

"What be the question?" demanded Silas.

"The question is whether you are after not only fifty-two dollars for the cider but also four thousand dollars for the old mill."

"I'm after what's coming to me." Silas was sweating hard and twitching in his chair. "And I want you to know," he blurted, "that I ain't anybody to be scared out of my rights by any city slicker. I can get my own lawyer at the right time. Don't need any lawyer now for this hearing."

"Following the learned court's ruling," said Alpheus solemnly, "that the prior question was relevant, competent and material, or in a manner of speaking okay, I will now ask you how you came to set fire to the mill."

"The question ain't got anything to do with the bar'l of cider," snorted Silas.

"The court rules that it's got plenty to do with said bar'l of cider," ruled the squire. "As the court pointed out, if there hadn't been no flames there wouldn't have been no rescue of the bar'l of cider and if there hadn't been no cider in the mill there wouldn't have been no insurance money onto the mill and now the court rules that if there hadn't been no insurance onto the mill there wouldn't have been no fire at all because there ain't any buildings burn down what ain't covered by insurance—leastwise not in these parts. The plaintiff will answer the question."

"I set fire to the mill," came in a feeble voice from Silas, "by lighting the cobwebs from the candle when I was setting of a rat trap in the cellar—accidental. I tried to put it out but couldn't. I was most suffocated. There wasn't no telephone anywhere and soon the mill was all in flames."

The siren at the fire house shrieked out the noon hour.

"Your honor," reminded Alpheus, "it's lunch time and I've arranged with Ed Short to have a good meal served in his hotel for the members of Old Faithful. Will you join us?"

"Ed Short puts up a swell meal," replied the court.

"It's bribery!" screamed Silas.

"Bribery?" asked Squire Greatbottom. "Lemme tell you somethin', you little runt, you better spend your lunch hour in gettin' a good lawyer. And if you make any more cracks at the court, the court, as soon as he can get you outside, will pop you in the eye."

"Yes," agreed Tierney, joining in the proceedings for the first time, "I think it would be best for Silas to get him a fine lawyer. He'll need him before he gets through with this proceeding. I been engaged to help Alpheus find out all about that fire and I always like to earn my money."

Panic came into the heart of Silas Reykendik. While the firemen, the squire, the city slicker and Tierney were feasting in Ed Short's Railroad Avenue Hotel he summoned from Hackensack, the county seat, the Hon. Zeb E. Schlosswinger, former judge, former congressman, former supervisor, considered one of the most astute lawyers that ever wiggled a client out of trouble. The Hon. Zeb, knowing that Silas had plenty of money, hurried to the village and immediately collected his retainer of two hundred dollars. He was impressively present when court reconvened, a heavy man with great shoulders under his alpaca summer coat, a waving mass of iron-gray hair, a wide brow and a heavy jaw. His favorite method was to browbeat witnesses and he was deemed mighty good at it.

"Who does this gentleman represent?" he demanded haughtily of Squire Greatbottom as he waved to Alpheus Anderson.

"I represent the company that issued a policy on the cider mill of Silas Reykendik," replied Alpheus promptly.

"And this, er, person?" He waved to Jim Tierney.

"I represent the LAW!" announced Tierney.

"In what way, if you please?"

"Investigator, employed by Alpheus Anderson and his company."

"Investigating what, if you please?"

"How the cider mill got on fire."

"As I understand it," gravely said the lawyer, "this is an investigation of the appropriation of a barrel of cider."

"Same thing," the court assured Mr. Schlosswinger. "I ruled on that this morning. Proceed with the case. Take the witness chair, Silas."

Tierney and Alpheus rubbed heads together for a few moments, the former holding on his knees a large cardboard box.

"We'll ask the plaintiff to step down," began Alpheus.

"What's the matter?" demanded the court.

"We wish to place Pete Westervelt on the stand."

Pete climbed into the chair.

"On the day before the burning of the cider mill did you sell anything to Silas Reykendik?" asked Alpheus.

"I did."

"What did you sell him?"

"Bag of mixed chicken feed."

"Anything else?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Two gallons kerosene."

"How did he take away the kerosene?"

"In two one-gallon glass cider jugs."

Silas leaned over and *(Continued on page 27)*

"Well, boys," he said in a voice that seemed to have retired to the upper part of his nose, "I reckon it would be safer to obey the speeny."

King *of the* College Courts

by James Sterling Ayars

WARM and dazzling, the sun of a late June afternoon blazed down on the bleachers facing a clay court where two perspiring young men batted a white ball back and forth across a net.

"*Advantage, Sutter,*" the umpire said.

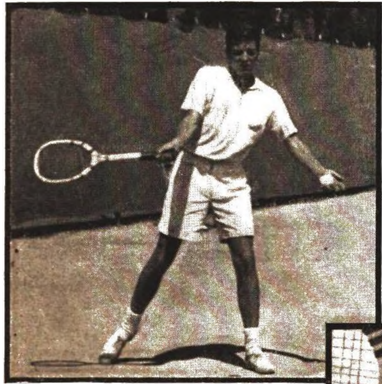
The ball went across the net again. Back and forth. Then it suddenly flicked white at Vernon John's base line, and bounced into the backstop untouched.

And with that point, nineteen-year-old Ernest Sutter, Tulane University junior, became king of the college courts. He had just won the Intercollegiate Tennis Championship.

Ernest Sutter, intercollegiate tennis champion.

Tennis fans with even bad memories will remember another Sutter—Clifford. Cliff and Ernie are brothers. It was only a few years ago that Cliff was a nationally ranked American star. After graduation from Tulane in New Orleans, Cliff Sutter gave up competitive tennis and went into business. So when Ernie began learning the game he had expert advice any time he wanted it.

Cliff Sutter saw to it that his young brother started right—that he learned his strokes correctly. Once a tennis stroke is incorrectly formed it's almost as hard to unscramble as an egg. The beginner who seriously wants to build a good game should always start under competent coaching. And then he should practice endlessly—often in front of a mirror so he can discover his errors in stroking.



The forehand stroke at the baseline. The ball is in front of his left breast.

Ernest Sutter started his serious tennis competition in 1929, when he was twelve, by entering the Southern Boys' Tournament. He didn't win. He was beaten rather ingloriously in the first round. But Cliff wouldn't let him worry.

"There's plenty of time," Cliff told him. "It doesn't matter if you lose occasionally now. The main thing is to build your strokes."

So Ernie built them. He built first his forehand and backhand. Then the serve, followed by the volley, the overhead, the chop, and the drop shot.

Ernie learned that before the stroke can be properly made, your balance and position must be right, and this means footwork.

Footwork is important. In making a forehand stroke, the weight of your body shifts forward from right foot to left, and vice versa with a backhand stroke. And an imaginary line drawn through your shoulders should be approximately perpendicular to the net in making either stroke.

Ernie Sutter beginning the follow-through on a backhand stroke.

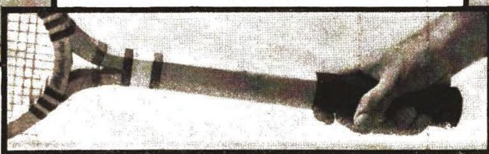
Ernie Sutter's strokes and service are orthodox. He uses comparatively little cut on the ball in his service. In the final match of the 1936 Intercollegiate Championships, he defeated colorful Vernon John of the University of Southern California, who had probably the most spectacular serve—an American twist—in the field of eighty-two. John's chop, too, had a vicious underspin that made the galleries gasp. But Ernie Sutter's dependence on sound tennis fundamentals brought him through the match in straight sets.

Position is most important in advanced tennis. Immediately after hitting the ball, you should return to a position midway between the side lines, unless you're trying to outguess your opponent, as Ernie often does. You're then well placed to go to any point in the court for the return. Nothing in tennis is more important than being at the right place when the ball comes. In taking the net, go in fast—be ready when your shot is returned.

In tennis, just as in baseball and golf, keeping your eye on the ball is a necessity. The position of the opponent can always be watched with peripheral vision—out of the "corner of the eye." The location of the net and boundary lines can be sensed through long experience on the court. But the ball itself must be seen with the full vision at all times.

Once stroking is learned, the game of tennis becomes one of headwork and strategy. Ernie has his brother and his Tulane coach, Emmett Pare, as examples of players who have frequently won against opponents superior in the mechanics of the game.

Below: Top picture shows Sutter's grip for the forehand stroke. At the bottom is the grip for the backhand stroke. Note that the handle has been turned and the position of the thumb changed.



Serving. Note that Sutter's eyes are fixed on the ball.

Ernie's heady too. For example, his opponent in the Intercollegiate finals last year, Vernon John, was known to be a skillful net man. John's overhead smashes were lethal. So Ernie didn't lob in trying to keep John away from the net. Instead, Ernie tried passing him. He sent the ball skimming over the net and straight down the side line. And it worked. When John shifted to stop the side line passing shots, Ernie sent the ball skimming across court. The passing game was so successful that in the second set Ernie tried even to coax John to the net!

In the same match, Ernie had difficulty with his serve. So, instead of running the risk of netting the first ball with a terrific serve and then double-faulting, he served the first ball moderately so he'd be sure it went into the service court. His drop shot, by which he tried to coax John to the net, also refused to work well. So he abandoned that. *(Continued on page 32)*

GRIZZLY BAIT

by

Rutherford G. Montgomery

Illustrator: CHARLES LASALLE

THE ASPENS parted and clusters of blue berries on the top branches of a service bush swayed in the gray dawn as Half Step, the giant of Hazy Mountain, thrust himself forward. His hoary shoulders marked the grizzly as a patriarch, and his broken claws attested to his age. One of Half Step's small eyes was blue-white, like a shining marble. That eye saw nothing. His other eye was red with the lust of the kill.

Half Step was stalking a weaner calf feeding at the edge of the meadow. His powerful forearms swept aside the bushes. For a brief second he glared out at his victim, then hurled himself upon the unwary calf. The young whiteface went down with a frantic bawl that was instantly crushed in his chest.

Half Step tore at the carcass and glutted himself upon the tender meat. His rumbling growl carried far down the slope as he turned away from the blood-stained circle of trampled grass and moved slowly away toward the blue peak where he intended spending the day. The sun was an hour high as he entered his cave far up on the side of Hazy Mountain.

Ted Denby reined in his black and stared down at the mangled carcass of a white-faced calf. Dismounting, he examined the kill. His wind-tanned face was grim. Regret stirred within Ted as he bent to examine Half Step's tracks. A grizzly gone bad always worried him.

An angry voice made Ted look up. A man with gray whiskers and piercing blue eyes leaped from a horse and strode toward Ted at an awkward, high-heeled walk, his worn chaps flapping.

"That brute again!" The man paused and shoved his Stetson back on his forehead. "I'm danged if I don't raise Ned with Grizzly Denby, that no-account old fool! I sent word fer him to come up here and get this killer."

Ted smiled widely. "Grizzly Denby sent me up to do the job. I was just looking over the tracks."

The old man stared at Ted, then snorted angrily. His eyes blazed. "You?" he snapped. "I sent for Old Grizzly himself, not a kid!"

Ted Denby's smile faded and his mouth tightened into a thin line. He had been on the point of introducing himself as the son of the famous old trapper, Grizzly Denby. Instead he said softly:

"I'm what you get—sorry you don't like my looks."

"Sorry! I offered Old Grizzly three hundred bucks to get this job done! I'm losing calves by the dozen. That old bear has gone blood-mad. I want action."

"I take it you're Henry Hanks, owner of the Bar K?" Ted was smiling again.

"I am and I won't be swindled! I'm losing stock every night!" Henry Hanks' words crackled.

"I'll get this fellow," Ted said calmly.

"Yeah? Well, you got just twenty-four hours to do it in. I'm sendin' a rider over to Cedar Breaks after Old Grizzly and that's a twenty-four-hour trip." Henry Hanks got out an ancient pipe and began shoving tobacco into it.

"In that case I'll have three days," Ted corrected. "Grizzly Denby is in Twin Forks tending to business."

"No matter, I'm sending a man after him." Henry Hanks glared. "What's yore name?"

"Grizzly Ted."

"Did yuh ever see a grizzly?" Hanks asked sourly.

"Yes. But if I'm to do a quick job I should have some dope on this one."

Henry Hanks frowned deeply, then he spoke. "Old Half Step has been in these hills for years. He's had two slugs put into him. One gave him a bad eye, and the other got him a crippled front leg. But we never bothered him much on account of he never was a cattle killer. Then all of a sudden he goes mad and starts killin' calves as fast as he can get to 'em." Hanks shrugged his shoulders. "That old boy is smart. Them two bullets taught him a lot. Nary one of my riders has reported seein' him in the past six months."

"Now that he's taken to killing he'll be smarter," Ted said.

"How'd you ever figure that out?" Hanks asked sarcastically.

Ted's cheeks flushed but he made no retort. He'd show the old fire-eating rancher what he could do. But grizzly bears are seldom rounded up in three days, without a pack of trail dogs. That knowledge disturbed him.

"What do you aim to do first?" There was a glint in the old man's eyes.

"I'll make a trap set and use a live pig for bait." Ted faced Hanks. "Do you have a pig?"

"I got two pigs and if anything happens to either of 'em the cook'll make you hard to find." A grin lurked at the corners of Henry Hanks' mouth, softening its grimness.

"I'll use one of them," Ted answered with assurance.

"That's nice," Hanks answered dryly. "An' I'll lay you a nice bet old Half Step gets our pig and you don't grab a hair off the bear."

"We have to use traps—Grizzly Denby had no dogs not in use, and he knew you couldn't wait. I have two traps on a pack horse just over the ridge."

"No dogs! I'll bet he's up here with dogs afore I get through with him." Henry Hanks turned to his horse and mounted. "Sendin' me a sapling of a kid to save my calf crop!"

Ted smiled thinly and lifted his hand as Hanks galloped away. He'd show the old codger. Then he bent over the tracks. But would he? Three days was a short time, and the ancient grizzly was wise, and mad with blood lust.

Six hours of careful trailing revealed the general direction of Half Step's den. It seemed he always traveled down the barren ridge and crossed over the aspen-choked slope, but never in the same place. Ted selected the ridge as the place where the killer would most likely catch the scent of the pig.

Getting the Bar K's cook to allow the use of a pig was not an easy task, and Henry Hanks finally had to come to Ted's aid with an order. Shorty, the king of the mess shack, waved a cleaver in the air and shouted:

"That thar hog better come back. It took me a plumb week to herd him up here, and I don't aim to feed them hams to no bear!"

"The pig will get away and the bear will be trapped —I hope," Ted said.

By sundown that night the pig was safely lodged in a pole pen. On the two low sides of the pen Ted set his bear traps. Their deadly jaws were hidden by straw and leaves. Each was anchored with a huge log.

Ted sat that evening and listened while Henry Hanks spun yarns about the killers he had been troubled with in the forty years he had owned the Bar K. He finished off with a tribute to Ted's father.

"An' I always gets Grizzly Denby up here when the old bear or a lobo or a big cat gets to takin' the calves. Once he trailed up here and cleaned out four lions for me. He's dead sure on bear, too. When he gets here you watch him work."

The next morning Henry Hanks was at the corral when Ted saddled his black mare.

"Thought I'd ride along and see about the pig," he greeted Ted. "You might need a lot of protectin' if that porker got et up."

Ted forced a grin. Somehow he did not feel as enthusiastic as he had the day before. But he was impatient to know what had happened up on the ridge. The horses struck out at a gallop.

Nearing the trap set the horses gave warning that they smelled bear. Ted and Hanks dismounted and fastened them securely to keep them from bolting. Hanks was plainly eager to get to the set. They

His reputation at stake, Ted played hide-and-seek with a peeved grizzly

Groping for the flashlight he snapped the beam full into the face of the killer. Half Step met the blinding light with a bellow of rage.

strode into the thicket where the set had been made. The neat log pen and the surrounding bushes were a mass of confusion. Hanks leaped forward.

"You caught him!" he shouted. Then he added sourly, "But he got away."

Ted stepped forward and stood looking at the wreckage of his set. The green logs of the pen were scattered about. Both traps had been sprung and hurled into the bush below the set. Hanks spotted them and his eagerness cooled instantly. With a frown he turned on Ted.

"Looks like he figured out your game," he grunted.

"Trap-wise," Ted said briefly.

"And Shorty's pig?" Hanks snapped.

"I'm afraid Half Step dined on pork just before dawn this morning," Ted answered frankly.

Hanks walked toward his horse. "Don't come askin' for no more pigs," he growled.

"Wait!" Ted demanded.

Hanks turned. "Well?" he growled.

"I need that other pig. Once a killer has tasted pork he'll return for more. This fellow will be back here by dawn tomorrow."

"He'll come right here and get Shorty's other pig. Then that cook'll go loco and shoot up the camp." Henry Hanks squinted at Ted. "Yore traps don't seem to worry Half Step."

"I'll stay on set and use my rifle," Ted explained grimly.

Hanks' bright blue eyes met Ted's and held for a moment. In the gaze of the rancher there was a new respect for the hunter.

"None of my boys would be caught on set waitin' fer that fellow. It'll take a lot of lead, son. But by gum, if you're game to shoot it out with old Half Step I'll herd that pig up here myself." Henry Hanks was impressed and willing to admit it.

A new pen of stout, green poles, covered with cross braces, was finished. Henry Hanks made good his offer to deliver the live pig. He drove it up the mountain to the set. He and Ted lifted it into the pen. Henry Hanks looked about.

"Where you settin' yoreself?" he asked.

"I figured on that spruce tree, but if the wind holds I'll have to hide in the rock pile above the pen," Ted answered.

"Better not chance sittin' on that pile of rocks." Henry Hanks shook his head. "That old killer would come over that pile like it wan't there."

Ted picked up his Kraig and smiled. "I'm using a hundred-and-eighty-grain boattail bullets. They smash hard."

"Yeah, but Half Step ain't no ordinary bear. He weighs over a thousand pounds, son."

"My Kraig has stopped 'em before," Ted answered. He began sliding brass cartridges into the magazine of his rifle. The Kraig was cut down and refitted with a deeper drop to the stock and a narrower grip. It carried the finest of sights and was oiled and shining.

"Well, good luck." Henry Hanks held out his hand. "Get that killer and I'll take back everything I've said. What's more, I'll see that you get other work in these parts."

The owner of the Bar K galloped away and Ted walked to the pile of stones where he was to take up his vigil. A flaming sunset painted the sky red and gold. Above him towered the steel-blue peaks of Hazy Mountain, mottled and marked with designs of white snow. A purple haze shrouded the timber line and stole softly down into the valley, where wooded slopes glowed pale green in the failing light.

Ted made himself comfortable behind a big rock. He arranged himself so as to face the slope. Half Step would be very likely to come from above, along the top of the ridge. Ted felt certain he would hear the big fellow approaching. At his side lay a long-range flashlight, for use in case the killer came after the moon had waned.

An hour dragged by. The stars came out with a brilliance that made the heavens shimmer in a haze of silver. Through the high, thin air they seemed very close overhead. Then the moon thrust its golden arc over the ragged sky line and lighted the slope. Patches of inky shadow bordered by white moonlight lay in uneven design upon the ridge. Heavy dew drenched the grass and made it glisten.

From the snow banks above the wind kept blowing gently, giving a snap to the air that hinted at summer frost. Ted's hands began to grow numb and his feet chilled. But he did not stir. He might have been a part of the rocks about him so motionless did he remain.

Midnight came and he was forced to flex his arms and move his legs. For ten minutes he risked the ruin of his plans while he stirred circulation back into his legs and arms, then he went back to his cold vigil.

In his pen the pig grunted sleepily, unaware that he had been placed there to attract a savage killer. Early morning hours moved slowly and three o'clock came. The moon had wheeled far across the sky and the light was at its poorest. Ted felt his flashlight. His nerves tensed, for he was sure he heard a sound in a thicket on the right. His straining eyes revealed nothing but his hunter's instinct told him something was moving behind the screen of aspens below.

Ted's fingers gripped the cold barrel of the rifle. He slid off his right glove and steadied the Kraig. A faint shuffling sound came to him, then a sniffing and finally a low grunt. Ted's blood quickened. Half Step was coming for the pig!

But the great grizzly did not come as Ted had hoped and expected. Instead he circled the set. This worried the hunter, for the killer might wind him and run away. Half Step fooled him in this, too. He did wind Ted but he didn't run away. His eager jaws were dripping saliva as he sniffed fresh pork. When he smelled man scent a great rage surged through him. His one good eye located the crouching hunter.

Ted heard the killer break cover. Instantly he saw the looming bulk of the grizzly bearing down upon him. The old fellow had reared up and was walking. Ted was instantly aware that Half Step was truly a mad bear, a killer without the sense to fear man. His rifle came up, but he could not see the front bead through the receiver. That was bad. Groping for the flashlight he snapped its beam full into the face of the killer.

Half Step met the blinding light with a bellow of rage. From an ambling walk he swept into a rushing charge. Ted steadied the flashlight along the side of the Kraig and pressed the trigger. There was a metallic click, but no smashing recoil or sharp report. Frantically Ted pumped another cartridge into the barrel and pressed again. Again the metallic click! It flashed through Ted's brain, before he leaped away down the slope, that he had greased the Kraig's bolt and that the cold air had thickened the grease until the pin lacked power to sink into the primer.

Abandoning the Kraig and the flashlight, Ted sprinted madly for the tree below the pen. Half Step

charged after him roaring savagely, his long claws lashing out and his fangs gleaming in the moonlight.

Ted got to the tree and swung himself upward with the agility of a cougar. Half Step's claws tore at the bark under his heels but Ted scrambled to safety. Seating himself on a limb Ted looked down at the killer. He was disgusted at himself for not wiping the rifle bolt. The night had been colder than he had expected.

Half Step raged around the tree, but Ted knew he was safe. Old grizzlies never climb trees and Ted had nothing to fear. Finally the killer turned his attention to the wakened pig. The porker was squealing and jumping about in his pen. The bellowing of Half Step had driven him to a frenzy. The old killer walked around the pen searching for hidden traps. When he had satisfied himself that no steel lay hidden under the grass and needles about the pen, he advanced and attacked the green aspen poles. With mighty blows he demolished the pen, hurling the side poles far into the brush. Smashing his head through the opening he had made, he seized the squealing pig.

Angrily Ted watched the big fellow feast on Shorty's supply of pork. Half Step refused to drag his kill away. Almost under the tree he devoured the pig. Daylight had brightened the slope when he finished. Through the frosty light Ted heard the beating of horse's hoofs. Henry Hanks was coming up the ridge trail.

Half Step heard the sounds, too, and he rumbled deeply. With a savage snarl at Ted he made off up the ridge. Ted watched his course as long as he could see the killer. He was still straining his eyes when Henry Hanks rode up. The ranch owner sat on his horse and surveyed the scene. Suddenly he burst into laughter. His mirth stung Ted more than angry condemnation would have.

"Did you shoot at him?" Hanks finally managed to ask.

"No, I didn't," Ted admitted truthfully.

"He scairt you so bad you stayed up that tree after he left!" Hanks slapped his leg and roared again.

Ted slid down from the tree. He was so disgusted with himself and so angry that he did not take the trouble to explain anything. He strode to the rock pile and got the Kraig. Seating himself on a rock he removed the bolt and wiped it dry of grease. Hanks was still chuckling to himself.

"Shorty will be waiting for you with the cleaver," he said grimly. Then he added in a milder tone. "Well, son, you needn't feel too bad. Grizzly Denby will be here late tonight and he'll rid us of that varmint. Come on down and have a good breakfast."

"Sorry. I aim to do a bit more hunting," Ted answered shortly.

"Ain't you goin' to get your hoss?" Hanks asked as Ted started up the slope.

"Won't need her!" Ted shot back.

Hanks shook his head and rode away chuckling. The boys at the ranch would sure get a lot of fun out of the story when he told it. He didn't blame Ted for not wanting to return with him. He expected the boy to slip in and get his horse without seeing anyone. Henry Hanks was certain he had seen the last of the youthful hunter.

Ted took the trail of Half Step where he had last seen the killer. The heavy dew left clear trailing and Ted trotted along, eager to locate the grizzly's den before the sun ruined trailing.

The trail wound upward, always headed for the barren reaches of Hazy Mountain. Twice it wound through meadows and along rocky rims, twisting and circling but always going up.

At the barren timber line Ted had to go slow. Over rocky ledges and piled granite slides he followed the trail by claw scratches and pad marks. The trailing grew slower until he was moving at a crawling pace, stopping often to check and compare traces of rock scar.

The trail led into a wild crevice that seamed the face of a mighty cliff. Ted caught his breath. He pumped the cartridge out of the Kraig and tested the pin's click, then reloaded again and entered the crevice. He had a feeling that he had, by luck and patience, trailed the killer to his lair. There would be no upper outlet to this crevice.

Slowly Ted made his way upward. The crevice was narrow and its floor was littered with bowlders and slabs of granite. It was a bad spot to meet Half Step and Ted began to wonder if he was taking too foolhardy a step. He remembered what his father had always taught him, never to take chances with a grizzly in close quarters, remembering they are seldom killed with one shot. Ted wiped cold sweat from his forehead. He halted. Then the memory of Henry Hanks' roaring laughter and the thought that the old rancher would tell a very much colored story when he arrived at the ranch made his lips tighten and his eyes darken. Holding the Kraig ready he began climbing again.

A hundred feet up the crevice he came to a shelf some fifteen feet wide. Beyond the shelf he saw the black opening of a cave. The tracks of Half Step were easily located now. The killer had worn a path straight across that rocky shelf. Ted slipped the safety on the Kraig and moved noiselessly forward.

At the mouth of the cave he halted. Blackness met him. He listened but heard nothing save dripping water deep in the cavern. The question now was, how far back must he go to meet the killer? Any distance in that moist blackness would take nerve. Ted pulled out his flashlight and tested it against his palm. The battery was strong and the light sharp. Stepping forward he moved slowly into the darkness. After going a few yards he halted to allow his eyes to adjust themselves to the gloom. The blackness had changed to shadowy gray, broken by the reflected light from the opening. Ted moved on a few yards and halted to listen. The dripping water came from the left, but the cave seemed to widen on the right. He might chance using the flashlight.

Snapping on the beam he played it ahead. As it swept to the left he saw one lone spot of fire gleaming at him. At the same instant a rumbling roar shook the cavern, and the point of light wavered and advanced. Half Step was coming to meet him!

Ted dropped to one knee. His heart was pounding madly but the hand that pressed the trigger of the Kraig was steady and firm. The beam of the flashlight played over the shaggy killer, revealing his gleaming fangs and gaping jaws. Slowly the great bear raised himself and advanced with his huge forepaws striking out with lashing blows. This time Ted felt the blasting recoil of the Kraig and flame spurted from its muzzle. Mingled with the roar of the gun was the savage scream of the grizzly.

Pumping the bolt, Ted fired again, straight at the round revealing spot of light that held on the grizzly's massive head. But Half Step came on at a shuffling gallop which hurled him upon Ted like an avalanche. A third time Ted fired and the flame from the Kraig almost reached to the charging bear. This time he held his aim higher, but Half Step did not crash to the floor of the cave. His flailing arms reached for Ted.

Dropping to the floor Ted rolled over and over, still clutching his rifle. He felt a row of claws sweep over him, ripping his jumper and shirt to ribbons, and a second later he felt searing pain—those lances of bone had found his flesh. But the crushing blow he expected did not land. Instead he heard Half Step crashing on toward the opening of the cave.

He got to his feet unsteadily and moved along the wall toward the ragged patch of light which marked the opening. When his eyes became accustomed to the glaring sunlight, he saw a great hulk of grayish fur twitching at the mouth of the cave.

When Ted returned to the ranchhouse, Henry Hanks and the hands were at supper. Ted had changed his clothes, dressed his flesh wound and washed up when he joined them at the table.

"Well, here's the grizzly hunter!" sang out Hanks. "He finally come down outa the tree!"

The others snickered. Somebody laughed. Then they all began laughing uproariously. The cook heard the noise and stuck his head in the door. When he saw Ted he almost exploded with rage.

Ted was oblivious to the whole business. He calmly took his place and began filling his plate. He looked at the empty potato dish. When there was a pause in the merriment, he held the dish and said, "More potatoes, Shorty."

"More p o t a t o e s no-sir-not-from-me-you-don't!" barked the cook in one furious string of words, and that started the laughter all over again.

Ted shrugged, went on eating. His attitude puzzled them. The joshing gradually waned. They became silent, watching him eat. Finally Henry Hanks said, "Well?"

Ted laid down his fork. Under the nose of Hanks he placed a check, made out to himself, Theodore Denby, for three hundred dollars, with the signature line blank.

"Say," said Hanks, "are you Old Grizzly Denby's son? Why in—"

Ted stopped buttering a biscuit, and casually put his finger on the blank line. "Sign there."

"What for?" expostulated Hanks. "For tree sitting?" He laughed at his joke.

But nobody laughed with him. For upon the check Ted Denby laid the clean, enormous and worn claw of a very dead grizzly.

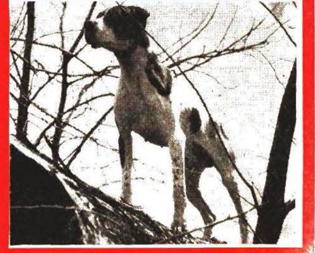
The cook was the first to break the awed silence.

"If you'll hand me that dish, Mr. Denby," he said softly, "I'll be getting them potatoes."

The ranch owner sat on his horse and surveyed the scene. Suddenly he burst into laughter. "Did you shoot at him?" he finally managed to ask.

Photos by H. Armstrong Roberts

Here's a nice litter of setter puppies. From birth to maturity, setters are handsome dogs. If you had your choice, which of these would you take?



(Above) Pointers are bold bird-finders. This one's good chest and legs mean stamina. (Left) The affectionate disposition of setters like this one makes them ideal pets.

Good Dogs Never Die

by

Victor McNeill

The story of a man's search for the perfect bird dog

IN EVERY bird dog owner's life there's one dog that stands at the top. He's not perfect—no dog is. But there's something about him—his stride, or his point, or maybe you don't even know what it is—that sets him apart and makes him, faults and all, forever your favorite dog. He'll have his worst days just when you're trying to show him off, of course, and there'll be weeks when he seems to be slipping, even to you. But it won't really matter in the long run. He'll come out of his slumps, you know: he's *the* dog, still.

Of my dogs, Gypsy started with the best chance. Gypsy was a setter, planned as carefully as any botanist plans a new and beautiful flower. Gypsy was to be the best of them all.

The mother was one of my own dogs. She wasn't a fast dog but she did have accurate sense of smell and a hunting heart that I wanted in this wonderful dog I was planning. The sire was a magnificent Llewellyn, bold and wide-ranging.

The litter was born in June. I knew that picking the best pup out of those six would be a tough job. They were all handsome. Two of them were rather strikingly marked. They were white and liver—the liver was almost maroon. I'd never seen that exact color in a setter.

When the pups were six weeks old, I knew which one I was going to keep. He was one of those aristocratic liver-and-whites. I had plenty of reason for selecting him. He was the biggest, and his coat was most luxuriant, and he had the best-shaped head. Furthermore, his nose was strongest—he could smell a piece of meat at least a yard farther than any other pup. He could outrun anybody else in the litter. Finally, I liked the way he'd crawl into feeding pan and, braced there growling, with food oozing between his toes, stand off the whole bunch. He had speed, nose, spirit, and looks. He was the puppy I wanted.

When he was a couple of months old, I fired my shotgun over him to see if he were gun-shy. He didn't flinch. So I forgot about the gun-shyness. One afternoon just after autumn had come, without a gun, I took Gypsy into the woods with a fast dog. Gypsy started after him, playfully. It was funny, watching him follow that fast dog. He'd come back in a minute, tired and puzzled, I thought. But he didn't. Presently he swung away from the other dog and made a wide circle to the left. I watched, amazed. Gypsy didn't know it, but he was hunting!

At home, Gypsy was an affectionate puppy. Every morning I'd let him out of the kennel yard and take him to my study, which was a renovated room in the barn. He'd lie there beside my desk all day.

When pecans in the orchard ripened, crows began lighting in the tree and disturbing the peace with their raucous caws. I brought my gun out to the study, and whenever I'd hear the crows, I'd slip a couple of shells into it and ease just outside the door to take a shot at them.

Then, one day, I saw Gypsy slink behind the desk when I picked up my gun.

That was the beginning. Gypsy was a heartbreaker. Gun-shy!

I'd put a lot of hope into that dog. I wasn't satisfied to give up. I tried a treatment prescribed by professional trainers.

I let Gypsy skip a day's feeding. Then, next day, I went to the kennel yard with a cap pistol and a plate of food. He began eating. But when I fired the percussion cap, he dropped, gave me a hurt and sad look, and moved away.

(Cont. on page 25)

Know Your Bird Dog Terms

Point: to indicate the presence of birds by remaining motionless, with the nose in the general direction of them.

Cast: a swing in a new direction in search of birds.

Range: 1, to hunt at a distance from the gun; 2, a dog's manner of covering his territory; 3, the hunting ground itself.

Flush: to alarm the birds so that they rise and fly from cover.

Boldness: lack of caution—getting close to birds at risk of flushing.

Covey: three or more quail that move and feed together. Coveys average between ten and twenty birds.

Single: a quail that has been separated from his covey.

To make game: to locate birds.

These dogs represent the cream of the crop. They're field-trial dogs—bird-hunting champions.

Friendly talks WITH THE EDITOR

The Fourth

THE flags will be out on the Fourth. There will be parades, and orations, and fireworks and picnics, and our thoughts will go back to that day in 1776 when a group of far-visioned men in knee breeches and buckled shoes signed a document beginning: "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another . . ." And a little later: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness . . ." From the Declaration, our thoughts will rove to the patriots and generals who carried this dream of human freedom closer to reality—Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, Morris, Adams, Franklin, Ethan Allen and Nathaniel Greene. These men framed a new idea in government, fought a war to establish it, and then proceeded to put it in such good order that it is still running.

Our Honor Roll

BUT there are men who lived and worked during the Revolution whose names do not appear on the roll of war heroes, but who had much to do with the future greatness of their country. We've put their names on a little honor roll of our own, and we present the roll herewith for your consideration. There's young Elkanah Watson, who was delegated by Congress to carry messages to Benjamin Franklin in Paris, during the Revolution. Watson spent five years in Europe and became intensely interested in the canals of Belgium, Holland, and France. He saw that canal transportation was cheap, and that where a countryside was served by a canal people were prosperous because the farmers could get their products to market and receive back goods in exchange. When he returned to this country, his enthusiasm so excited Washington that the Father of his Country promptly headed two companies to build canals around the rapids of the James and Potomac Rivers. Watson promoted the famous Erie Canal thirty years before it was started. "Connect Lake Erie with the Hudson by canal," he said in effect, "and New York will collar all the Great Lakes trade that now goes to Quebec." Elkanah Watson won no battles, but he *did* open the eyes of his country to the need for transportation to the interior. Hats off to the message bearer who saw the need for canals.

Boat Builder

THEN there's ragged John Fitch, the half-starved Connecticut Yankee, whose most distinguished service during the Revolution was fitting bayonets to guns. Fitch was handy with tools. He could repair a clock or a stove, make a buckle, or fashion a saw out of a flat piece of metal. Fitch had walked all over America east of the Mississippi. He had seen barges and flatboats floating down the Ohio, and when he returned to Philadelphia he thought that it would be wonderful if a fellow could put one of these new-fangled steam engines in a boat, so that heavy loads could be taken upstream as well as down. So, while the country was rejoicing in its new-won independence, Fitch was tinkering with steamboats on the Delaware, and getting laughed at for his trouble. In 1790, nearly two decades before Fulton's *Clermont*, Fitch was running a regular passenger service between Philadelphia and Trenton. His boat was forty-five feet long, with a firebox, an iron boiler, an engine with a twelve-inch cylinder, and a small cabin for passengers. It went eight miles an hour and performed satisfactorily all summer. It was called "The Steamboat" because there wasn't another one in the nation. For his work he earned jeers.

Auto Builder

NEXT on our list is Oliver Evans, who was just twenty-one years old at the outbreak of the war. While other people were thinking about guns and battles, Evans was thinking about machinery. He had a flour mill and he was wondering why it wouldn't be smart to grind the flour with steam instead of by hand. He also thought it would be a good idea to put a small steam engine into a wagon and make it turn the wheels. A fellow could make a wagon go fifteen miles an hour that way, he figured. He petitioned the Pennsylvania legislature for the right to build a flour mill, and the exclusive right to operate steam wagons on the roads of the state. The legislature granted his first request willingly enough, but when he started talking about wagons without horses they decided that he was crazy. Just to show them what steam could do, Evans built a boat and put wheels on it. He installed a steam engine and connected it to the wheels. Then he drove his boat through Philadelphia to the banks of the Schuylkill River, took off the wheels, and ran the boat down the Schuylkill into the Delaware, right down to the Philadelphia waterfront. Evans deserves a place on our honor roll as America's first automobile builder. He was a century ahead of his time.

Railroad Prophet

NEXT we present John Stevens of Hoboken, New Jersey, who was in his thirties when the war ended. We believe he served in the army, but his war service is less important than his interest in railroads. Immediately after the war, like every other intelligent man with a mechanical turn of mind, he became tremendously fascinated with steam. Most of the early steamboats had paddlewheels, but in 1804 Stevens built a twin-screw boat, like the big liners of today, and operated it between Hoboken and New York. Then a new idea came to his mind, and when New York talked about the Erie Canal in 1812, Stevens said, "Don't do it! Build a railroad." His exact words were: "Let a railway of timber be formed between Lake Erie and Albany. The angle of elevation in no part to exceed one degree. The carriage wheels of cast-iron, the rims flat with projecting flanges to fit the surface of the railways. The moving power to be a steam engine." Nobody did anything about it because there were no railroads in the country then. Stevens was thinking and dreaming twenty years in advance of the rest of the nation.

Eli Whitney

IN A small Massachusetts town, at the end of the Revolutionary War, there was an eighteen-year-old boy named Eli Whitney, about as handy with tools as John Fitch. This boy went South after the war, and lived on the plantation belonging to the widow of Nathaniel Greene, war general. Eli was so skillful at repairing things around the house that Mrs. Greene mentioned to him that the planters were looking for a way to take the seed out of cotton by machine. In a short time, Eli invented his cotton gin—a strange-looking assemblage of spikes and wooden rollers. An unskilled hand could clean fifty pounds a day with it. The cotton empire of the South rests on this little invention of Whitney's.

Heroes All

THESE men all lived and worked during the Revolutionary War, and in the years just following. It's proper, on the Fourth, to honor the Washingtons and Jeffersons. But let's not forget the less-known heroes of the Revolution—the men who used their keen brains and nimble fingers to usher in the day of the railroad, the steamboat, the factory, and, yes, even the automobile.

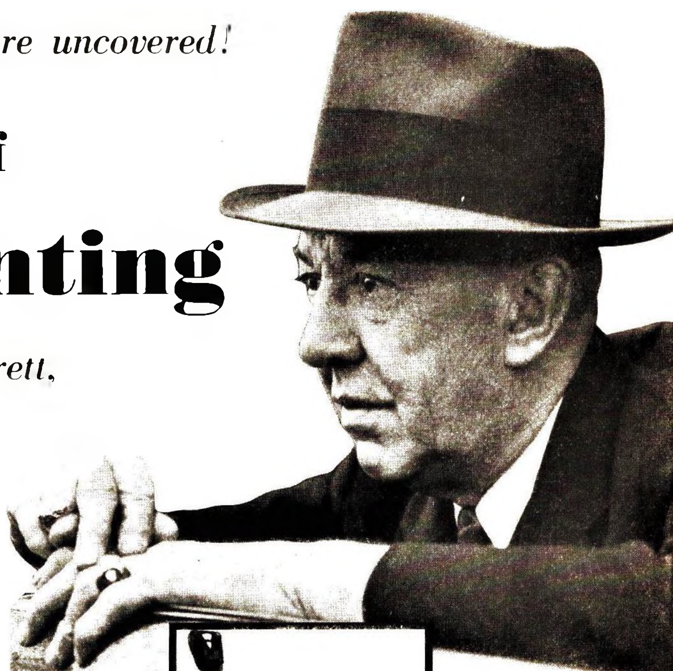
Here's the way baseball stars are uncovered!

The Job of Rookie Hunting

An interview with Charles F. Barrett, Major League Scout

by

Ed Staples



Charlie Barrett watches a young player in action. He travels all over the country in the never-ending search for baseball talent.

IT WAS a hot afternoon in the summer of 1925. Charlie Barrett, head scout of the St. Louis Cardinals, sat in a grandstand at Greenville, Texas, watching a young second baseman. Next to Charlie sat L. K. Wise, president of the Greenville Baseball Club.

Turning to Mr. Wise, Charlie inquired, "What's that youngster's name?"

"That's . . ."

But a roar from the crowd drowned out the rest of the reply. The batter had hit a little roller past the pitcher to the right of second base. The young second sacker sprinted for the ball. Too eager, he overran the ball completely and had to turn around to retrieve it. There was still a split second to get the batter at first. The youngster threw. But the ball went wide—the runner was on third base by the time it was recovered.

The inning dragged to a close to the tune of concerted booing from the crowd.

The fumbling kid was at bat now—trying to redeem himself. The first pitch was over his head. He cut at it with a mighty swish—missing it a foot. He swung at another ball in the dirt, and then took a third called strike.

As the youngster walked back to the bench, Charlie Barrett said: "Mr. Wise, I want to buy that second baseman for the Cardinals."

And Charlie bought him. That didn't mean that the player would join the major-league club immediately. First he would be sent to some minor-league club to improve and develop.

The scene shifts. In October, 1931, the Cardinals and Philadelphia Athletics met in the World Series.

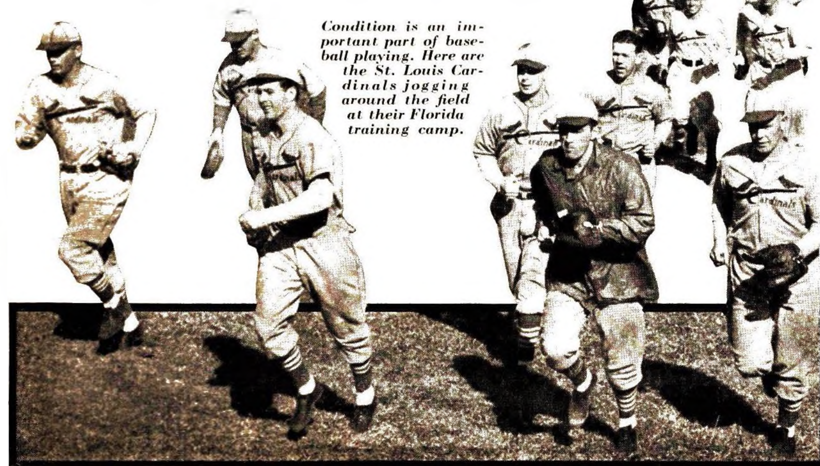
Charlie Barrett sat in a box at Sportsman's Park in St. Louis. And he watched the same youngster he had picked up for the Cardinals in Greenville. The kid played center field now. And he vindicated Charlie's judgment by running roughshod over Mack's mighty Athletics to become known as the "Wild Horse of the Osage." You recognize him now, of course. Pepper Martin.

Remember some of the records of that series? Martin's batting average was .500. His hits included a home run and four doubles. He stole five bases and scored five runs.

Sunny Jim Bottomley is one of Charlie Barrett's discoveries. Bottomley was with the Cincinnati Reds when this picture was taken. He's with the St. Louis Browns now.

Pepper Martin helped the Cardinals triumph over the Detroit Tigers in the 1934 world series. Last season he led the National League in stolen bases for the third time and hit for an average of .309.

Martin is only one of a great many players Charlie Barrett has discovered. For instance, Manager Charlie Grimm of the Chicago Cubs, Sunny Jim Bottomley of the St. Louis Browns, Gus Mancuso, New York Giant catcher, and Cy Blanton, Pittsburgh Pirate pitcher. Others include Ival Goodman, outfielder, and Al Hollingsworth, pitcher, of the Cincinnati Reds, and Jim Winford, the young Cardinal right-hander, and Arnold Owen, the nineteen-year-old Cardinal catcher who was voted by major-league managers one of the three outstanding rookies acquired by the big leagues for the 1937 season.



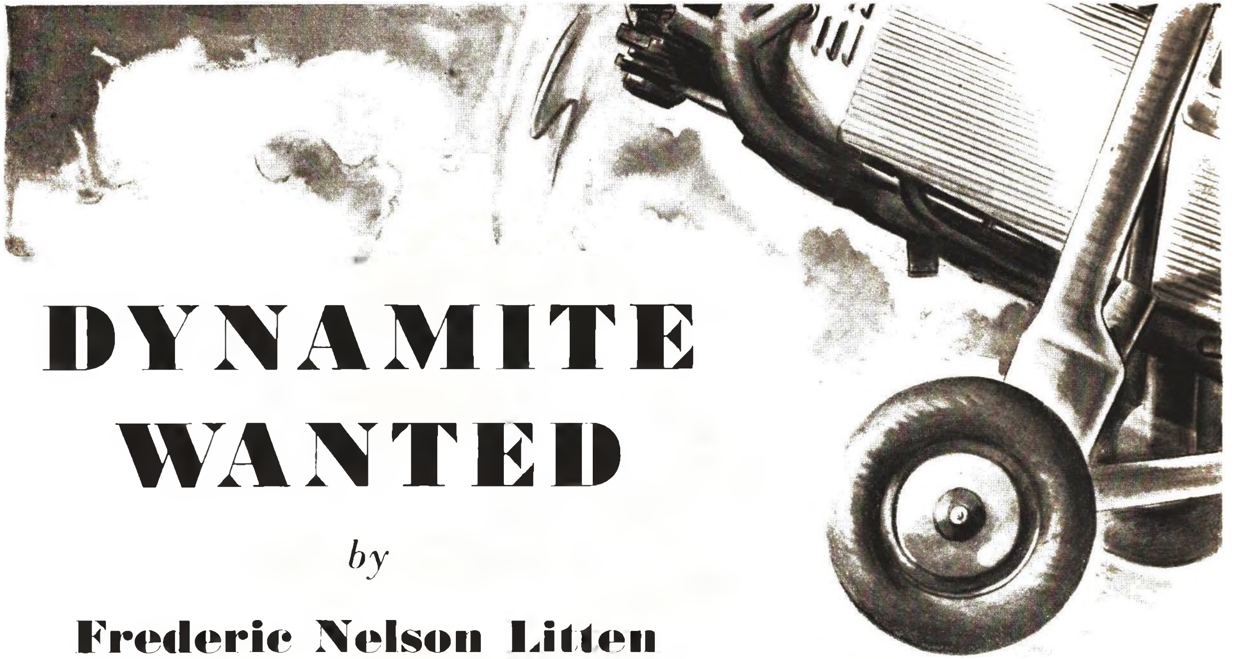
Condition is an important part of baseball playing. Here are the St. Louis Cardinals jogging around the field at their Florida training camp.

Those are just a few of the discoveries of this smiling, good-natured scout in the eighteen years he has been scouring the country in search of talent for the Cardinals. And he discovered many others in the ten years he scouted for the St. Louis Browns and Detroit Tigers before joining the Cardinals.

"Charlie," I asked him as he sat at his desk in the Cardinal offices, "give me the inside dope on this scouting business. Where do you find all these players?"

"I just scare them out of the bushes," Charlie said as he turned from a list of batting averages he was studying. Any small minor, semipro or amateur league is called a bush league. Players in those leagues are in the "bushes." Charlie's friends often kid him by saying that most fellows go out and beat the bushes to scare out rabbits, but that when he beats the bushes, ball players run out.

(Continued on page 35)



DYNAMITE WANTED

by

Frederic Nelson Litten

IN THE hangar office at Corzal, Pilot Johnny Caruthers of the Lomo Solo Shuttle was writing up the clearance sheet before starting out on flight. It was a still gray morning; cobwebby clouds hung over the Mexican Sierras, and ground mist covered the field like frosting on a cake. There might be a storm, thought Johnny, listening to the fry of static issuing from the radio across the room. A heavy burst crashed in the speaker drum and Tomas Coati, the dispatcher, looked up with a start.

"*Muy malo!* Surely, *señor*, you will not fly today?"

Johnny Caruthers laughed; weather was the least of a fellow's troubles on this run. As Stub Macklin, his little copilot, said, they'd fly through buttermilk if the ship carried a pay load. But customers were hard to find and, when you found them, anything but air-minded. Leery of planes. Like that engineer, McHake, who was building the dam in el Rubio canyon.

"Got to get McHake's business," Johnny reflected for the fiftieth time, "if it takes every trick in the bag."

He signed the clearance sheet and rose. "What's the barograph say, Tomas?"

Tomas Coati leaned over the glass-cased instrument and the big pilot watched him with approval. A good kid, Tomas; eager to learn, and fighting a big handicap. His people were blanket Indians—Tarahumaras, who lived in the mountains westward—and the weather instruments were "white man's magic" to Tomas. He stared apprehensively at the jiggly red-ink line on the paper drum.

"*Señor,*" he replied at last, "it say—two-seven point nine-two."

"Some reading!" exclaimed Johnny with a grin. "Must be a typhoon heading across the desert. It's two-*nine, muchacho.*"

Once more Tomas studied the barograph. He spoke again, his voice trembling: "*Por favor, señor,* but it *is* two-seven."

Johnny pushed back his chair and crossed the room.

"You've got to learn this, Tomas." He bent over the desk—his wide shoulders straightened with a jerk. "It does read two-seven nine-two! The gadget's haywire. There couldn't be a 'low' like that or the sky'd cave in on us!"

Tomas sprang to his feet with a frightened cry. "*Señor,* truly the sky may fall, or another evil come! My uncle—last night—saw the dance of the quail!"

"Your uncle saw what?" snorted Johnny.

Just then Macklin opened the door from the hangar, and grinned as Johnny chanted in a rather off-key tenor:

"*Oh, the other side of the mountain was all that he did see!*"

"*Señor,* no!" cried Tomas. "He saw the quail! Last night they danced—today there is death in the mountains! Come, you shall hear the warning from my uncle's lips." He ran through the door into the hangar, and the two pilots followed.

On a canvas engine tarp in the rear of the shed lay an old Indian, asleep. A thin blanket covered his shoulders; a greasy headband was tied over his straight black hair. Tomas knelt beside him and spoke sharply in a queer guttural jargon, but he did not wake.

"A deep sleep, *señores,*" the boy said. "Between suns he traveled from the forks of the San Pedro."

Macklin gave a soundless whistle. "The forks of the San Pedro? Come now, that's ninety kilometers into the mountains!"

"*Si, señor,*" answered Tomas. "It was there the drivers abandoned the *dinamita.*"

"Dynamite?" repeated Johnny Caruthers. "What dynamite?"

"For *el jefe* McHake," said the boy. "*Si,* the quail danced, and so the drivers of the burros ran away to shelter caves in the mountains. But you have been my *patronos*, and my uncle is *simpático;* so he came here to warn you. I think you laugh, but—" he glanced at Johnny—"there is that other warning, the reading of the bar-o-graph."

"The barograph?" questioned Macklin.

"It's gone wrong," said Johnny. He turned again to Tomas. "The dynamite—you say it was on the way to McHake's construction camp?"

"*Si, señor.* But the drivers abandoned the burros at the forks of the San Pedro. My uncle—I shall wake him?"

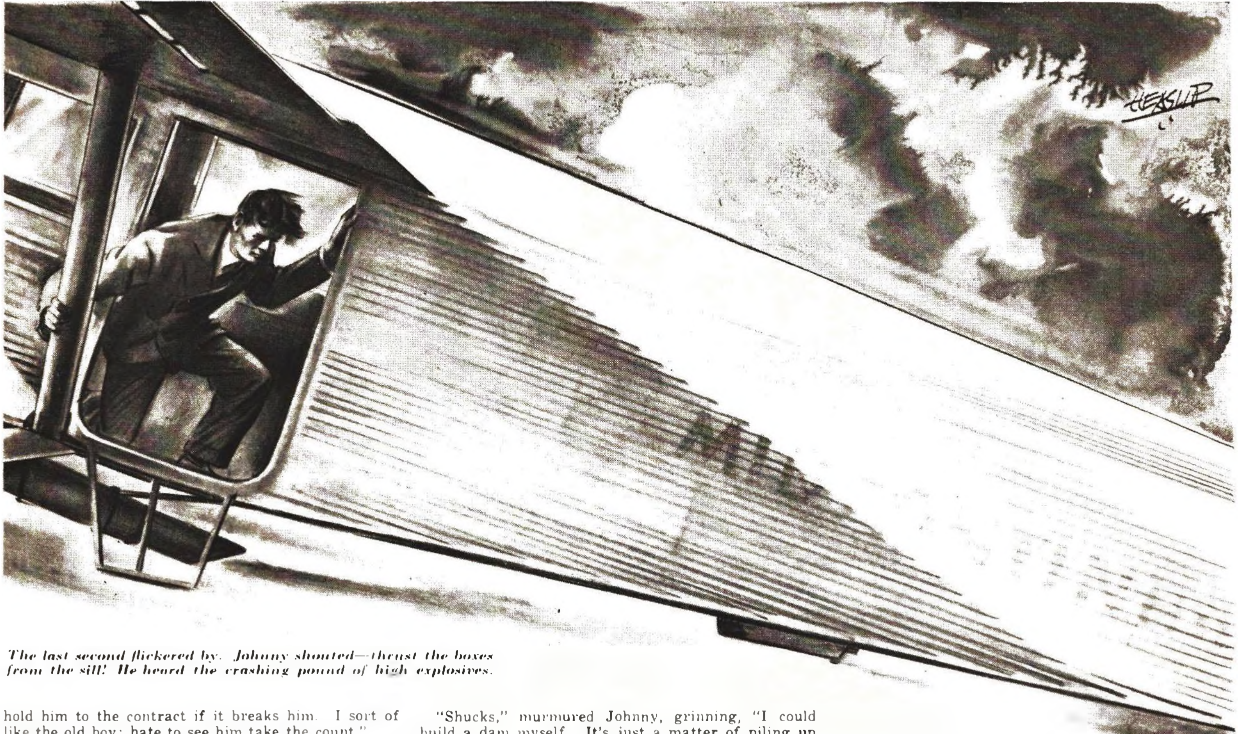
Johnny shrugged. "Never mind—I'll take your word for it, Tomas. When the old man wakes tell him *gracias.*" He walked back to the office.

Macklin followed and, closing the door, gave a doubtful laugh. "Man, scared by dancing quail, runs ninety kilometers between suns! That's one for Ripley."

Johnny's face held a puzzled frown. "I've heard the Tarahumaras are crack distance runners, but dancing quail are something new." He shook his head. "You know, losing that blasting powder puts McHake on the spot. He's fighting against time to finish the upper dam before the rains, and it'll take a week for another pack train to reach el Rubio canyon over those mountain trails."

Macklin shrugged. "We showed him he could save money using air freight, and got bawled out for our pains. He made some mean cracks about aviation, but maybe you don't remember."

Johnny laughed. Then he said slowly: "McHake's sunk his bank roll in the job, and Hachita Power will



The last second flickered by. Johnny shouted—thrust the boxes from the sill! He heard the crashing pound of high explosives.

hold him to the contract if it breaks him. I sort of like the old boy; hate to see him take the count."

"You've got it mixed," corrected Macklin. "You hate the ol' buzzard, and you'd like to see him take the count. Right?"

"Wrong," said Johnny, grinning. "I'd like to find his powder for him."

Macklin stared. "You'd what?"

Johnny Caruthers crossed to the airways map on the office wall. "We could swing south at Laguna, follow the San Pedro to the forks, pick up that powder and deliver it. All in a couple of hours. Get the picture, Stub? McHake's in a jam for powder—we deliver it by air. What's the answer? Business for Midcontinent."

"Business for the undertaker!" exclaimed Macklin. "Why, a fortune teller couldn't tell us where to find the river in this fog. If we did find it, can you land a ship in a canyon? I get the picture, but I don't fit into it. Dropping into an unknown canyon—high explosives—no, thanks, I won't have any."

"Civilian pilots are funny that way," replied Johnny. "Now in the Air Corps where *I* learned to fly, we were very fond of dropping high explosives. Hate to say how many loads I've dropped, in bombing practice. On target too," he added modestly. "I was high score with the 94th."

Macklin grunted. "If you drop this load, you'll never know the score. You're fooling, aren't you?"

"I'd like to try it," Johnny said.

For some moments Macklin hesitated. "It's goofy; we don't owe McHake a dime. But—let's go."

He opened the door to the hangar line and went out. Johnny Caruthers rubbed his chin reflectively. Snap judgment, this; but it might mean business for the Shuttle if they found the powder and delivered it. His thoughts went back to the day they tried to sell the engineer on air transport. What McHake had said about aviation was plenty. The service wasn't dependable; pilots were playboys—as compared with engineers, those supermen.

"Shucks," murmured Johnny, grinning, "I could build a dam myself. It's just a matter of piling up rocks in a canyon. 'Playboys,' huh? We'll show him."

As the roar of the plane came from the runway, he picked up his air maps, but then he halted. Tomas Coati was standing by the door.

"*Señor*," he cried, "again I beg you—do not fly today! When the quail dance, Death attends!"

Over the mountains a faint muttering of thunder rolled, almost like a warning, it seemed to Johnny. His thoughts repeated: *When the quail dance, Death attends.* For a long moment he stood still. Then he shook himself—he'd be crazy to take that Indian legend seriously.

"We're flying," he said. "It's our job, Tomas—and yours is to keep contact with us while we're in the air. Stay with that radio."

He opened the door and went out. The band of ground fog over the field had thickened, but there was plenty of room aloft—a ceiling of two thousand feet or better.

Macklin sat behind the wheel in the pilot's cabin and as Johnny dropped into the copilot's seat, he shoved the throttle forward. The Grober began trundling down the runway, her speed increased, and she climbed into the hazy sky.

"Turn south at Laguna," ordered Johnny, "and west again when we pick up the San Pedro."

"*If* we pick up the San Pedro," amended Macklin.

Johnny grinned, but he wished Stub would show a little more enthusiasm for this hop. He wondered too if Operations at Quesada would okay the flight. Maybe it *had* been a goofy idea.

As the ship cruised on, the fog grew heavier. Fingerlike shreds lifted and curled over the rims of the arroyos, smoothing the valleys to a floor of level gray. Johnny watched the earth fade out with a feeling of uneasiness. But the overcast held at two thousand; he could still pick up check-points.

Illustrator:
WILLIAM HEASLIP

A half hour passed and Macklin planed down over Laguna. Thousands of game birds nested on the swampy lake and the sound of the engine always set them flying, but this morning Johnny saw none.

"What's happened to the ducks?" he asked.

"It's the fog; even the birds are walking." Macklin frowned. "Why not call the main dam at Hachita and ask 'em if McHake's short of dynamite? If he's not, I'd say turn back."

Johnny slipped on the phones and picked up the transmitter mike. A voice reached him through crackling bursts of static.

"I hear someone talking," he said. "Why—it's McHake!"

"What's funny about that?" asked Macklin. "Hachita's on our frequency; they've installed a temporary hookup at the upper dam."

Johnny listened, trying to sift words from the static.

"He's worrying about the weather; asks if they've had a late report from—some place I didn't catch."

"He's got a right to worry," Macklin said.

An explosion of static crashed in the phones, and the voice was gone. Johnny drew off the headset and rubbed his ears.

"Storm's damped out the signal. Guess you'd better turn back, Stub."

The little pilot shrugged. "Now we've started this, let's finish it. The clouds are breaking over the mountains." He rolled down the wing, and the plane banked, heading south.

The sky was clearing. At the end of a half hour the fog had melted from the ridges and the sun made a brassy aura in the clouds. Johnny Caruthers gazed ahead through the cabin window; they should pick up the San Pedro any time.

But an hour went by before the river came in sight. It spread over a gravel wash in a rocky valley, blocked by boulders that had rolled from the mesquite-dotted hillsides. Johnny said, "Okay, Stub," and the plane skimmed into the valley. There was scarcely any ground fog now, just a thin mist clinging to the slopes. They followed the river ten miles; then Macklin gave a sudden cry.

"Look—the *mulos!* The whole flock, ganged up on that hillside! Watching the quail dance maybe."

Johnny saw them too, a dozen burros huddled in the mesquite, each with three square powder boxes secure in the pack lashings. Stub slanted the plane for the river bed and brought her in on the gravel shore.

"Ten boxes is our load," he ordered, pushing Johnny down the aisle. "But I can handle stock better'n Harry Carey. I'll hobble them thar animules, and if McHake's in a jam for the powder, we'll make another trip." He sprang from the cabin door and Johnny Caruthers waded after him through the shallows.

"Yippee-eye-oh, mules!" Stub shouted. "No use a-foggin' off—I'm a bulldoggin' waddy from the Pecos and I'm goin' to twist yore ears down, pronto!"

But the burros weren't impressed by Macklin's cow-hand lingo. They scattered up the hillside, and a half hour passed—with plenty of bulldoggin'—before the powder was stowed in the Grober's cabin. Macklin dropped into the pilot's seat, wiping grime and moisture from his forehead.

"Hoof marks all over me," he complained.

Johnny laughed. "Suppose those hoofs had landed on a powder box? You'd have a kick coming then."

A distant peal of thunder rolled and Macklin growled, "Your sour jokes have curdled the weather."

Johnny laughed again; he was feeling plenty good about the morning's venture. McHake would *have* to be air-minded now. A lucky break for him, and a good stroke of business for Midcontinent.

The Grober roared down the valley and hopped clear. Macklin leveled off, glanced at the compass, and frowned. There was reason to frown; the float was swinging wildly through a full half of the compass circle. He fiddled with the bearing screw, then straightened.

"The darn thing's haywire!"

Johnny recalled the barograph in the hangar office, looked again at the panel board. The gadgets had all gone crazy! The ammeter needle quivered and jerked; the air-speed pointer showed first zero, then two hundred; the compass float was spinning like a top!

The engine sputtered, backfired like a cannon. As the Grober's exhaust faltered Johnny heard another sound, a heavy sustained roar. He looked below—and fear laid a cold hand on his heart.

Billows of brown dust spurted from the ridges—boulders were rolling, tumbling down the slopes, and crashing into the canyons with a steady boom like salvos of artillery fire. The sky in an instant had turned eerie yellow, and the air seemed charged with strange electric forces.

For a moment Johnny could not move. He watched Macklin fighting the controls while the ship staggered and lost air speed, throwing flame from her exhausts. In that moment his thoughts scattered on queer trials. . . . Dancing quail—*death*. . . . If they cracked up with that cargo of powder in the cabin—

But the plane was climbing, rising in heavily hampered flight. . . . Macklin brought her level in the fringes of the overcast. He turned to Johnny, his face white.

"What's happening? Rockslides every place you look. But we've got to land—the ignition may quit any time."

Splinters of cold were running down Johnny's spine. "Try for Hachita," he said.

"Hachita?" echoed Macklin. "Which way? Can't get direction with this compass."

Johnny Caruthers stared at the spinning compass float, at the impenetrable haze below. Again the words of Tomas Coati came. He swept them from his mind, lifted the phones.

"If the radio's working, we can get direction from the signal."

A blare of static rattled in the disks, and—as if it were a signal—the engine of the Grober thundered up to rhythm! The gadgets on the panel board dropped back to normal reading; the plane, now that Macklin could tell what he was doing, leaped ahead, full power.

Johnny gave a cry—broke off. A voice was coming through the phones.

"—floodgates!" it cried hoarsely. "The dam is go—"

A sound like the splintering of wood cut off the sentence. But Johnny recognized the voice. It was McHake who had spoken, telling of some disaster at the dam.

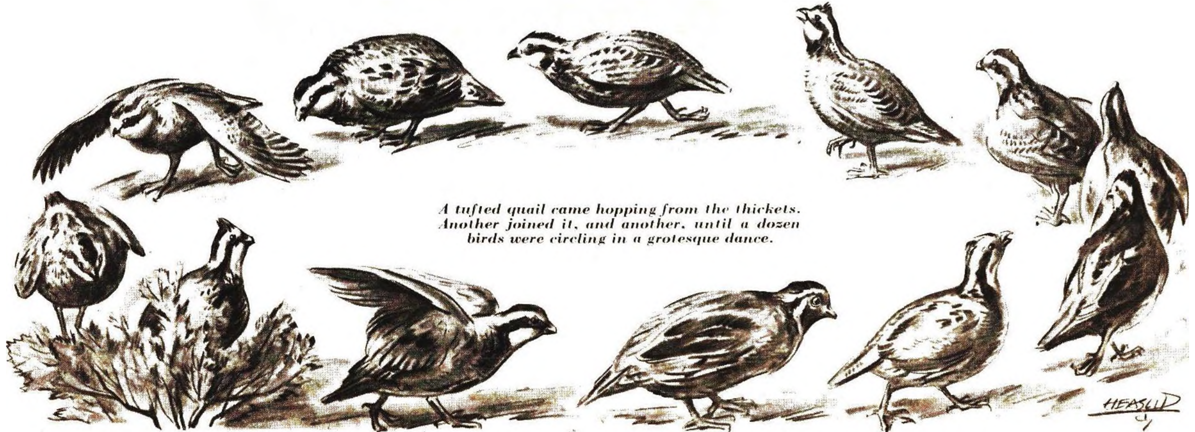
Disaster had swept the mountains too. Johnny looked again into the drifting haze. He felt his heart begin pounding under his flying coat and that cold fear return. They *should* stand by, help McHake. Could they reach the canyon? Would the plane fail again? He glanced at the compass; the float was steady—a pilot could lay course by it.

Suddenly Macklin laughed. "'When the plane's right, the weather's wrong.' McHake said that—and we don't owe him a dime. But he's in trouble. Let's push on."

Johnny nodded. The Grober banked and turned southward for the upper dam.

Daybreak that gray August morning found the crew on the upper dam at work. Five hundred men and fifty scraper teams swarmed the earth-fill rising between the narrow walls of el Rubio canyon. Air drills sent machine-gun echoes hammering through the gorge; mule skinners shouted strange Castilian oaths to the clang of steel and the rattle of loose rock. Behind the fill spread a blue lake, fed by a dozen mountain streams.

In the engineer's shack on the mesa rim, Hardrock McHake was studying the "night report" that his foreman, Jose Quez, had just brought in. The engineer's face, burned red by the Mexican sun, deepened a shade as he read the tonnage totals on the sheet. He looked up, his heavy jaw outthrust. *(Cont. on page 32)*



A tufted quail came hopping from the thickets. Another joined it, and another, until a dozen birds were circling in a grotesque dance.

A trouble shooter sets out to get a man

"You asked for it," growled Silvy, and his hand stiffened against Gene's chest. Gene swung his fist, fighting to keep his balance on the running board.

WILDCAT

by

William Heyliger

Illustrator: GRATTAN CONDON

The Preceding Chapters

"THE DEAL'S off!" Without warning, the hard-eyed head of the Penna Oil Field Supply Company hurled the words at Gene Brandon.

The three short words numbed the young engineer. For an instant he stood dazed, feeling as if a piece of the broad-arched Texas sky had fallen on his head. Then he braced himself and began to fight—as he and Pete O'Toole had been fighting ever since they had given up good jobs with the Soltol Oil Company to "poor-boy" down an oil well. After months of scrapping and struggling and enduring, success was in sight. They couldn't go under now!

"The deal was on yesterday," Gene flung at the swarthy supply man. "And we're in an oil sand; we're circulating and waiting for pipe. We can't bring in the well without supplies. You're not welching out on us without even giving us the reason."

He paused, his eyes hot with challenge, his thoughts tearing along an all too familiar path. He and Pete *couldn't* fail now. They'd dragged too many other people into this fight.

There was queer old Opie Beecher, who needed desperately the money he hoped to raise through their lease on his lands, the lease he had given them in spite of the protests of his unreliable brother Tom and shrewd Sammy Crisp, one of the crookedest lease-busters in Texas. Then there was Mac Lee, grand old driller, who certainly deserved a break. Also the young hotel clerk who had risked a thousand of his savings. And the Soltol Oil Company, generous with its help. And Silvy Malot, the grimly friendly Soltol trouble shooter who had built them apparatus on a gamble.

Gene's mouth grew hard as his thoughts tore on. If he and Pete got sunk now, they'd be dogged the rest of their lives by the recollection of people they'd let down. This evasive supply guy had got to come out and say why he had decided all of a sudden not to furnish the supplies they had to have.

"Why do you say the deal's off?" Gene prodded, eyes burning.

At last he got the story. Tom Beecher was filing suit to break the lease Opie had given Gene and Pete. Tom declared that his eccentric brother was crazy. Believe that or not, Mr. Penna wouldn't take the extra chance of a suit that would hold up operations indefinitely.

Somehow Gene got out of the place. Out in the street he ran into Silvy Malot—and Silvy knew. Over hamburgers and coffee, the two bitterly discussed the suit and the chance that Tom Beecher could make people believe his brother was crazy. They argued violently, and sank into fierce silence.

Chapter Eleven

"PLENTY queer, this Opie Beecher's notions." Silvy Malot's chilled voice cut through the silence, taking up the argument again.

Gene shook himself, and an old nettle of irritation ran along his nerves. "Don't *you* ever do anything eccentric?"

"Nobody's ever accused me of being a nut," Silvy shrugged. "Tighten your checkrein. Cracking down on me won't get you anything. We've got to look at this the way it'll look from the judge's stand. What about this dog?"

Gene refolded the newspaper wearily. "Opie saw through Sammy; didn't want to give him a lease. So he went through a hocus-pocus of appealing to Maverick."

"Who's Maverick?"

"The dog. He said he went a lot on Maverick's judgment. Maverick snarled at Sammy. Opie knew Maverick liked us. So he signed our lease agreement. Can't you see how it went?"

"I'm thinking of what brand a court will put on it," said Silvy.

Gene sweated. Oh, but this suit was diabolically clever. Act by act it distorted the eccentricities of gentle Opie Beecher until they seemed fantastic. A court might well have doubts. And if a court had doubts that might mean the breaking of the lease and the loss of their field.

"Tom never thought this out," Gene cried. "His brain isn't clear enough."

"That's plain as a hoof print." Silvy tapped a fork against the counter. "You making any guesses?"

"Sammy Crisp?"

Silvy's eyes were cold pools of hate. "Maybe so. But he's left no trail. Nobody's seen Sammy and Beecher together. Which might be a good thing for Sammy."

The waitress brought more hamburgers, ordered by Silvy.

"Eat up," the trouble shooter ordered. "You have a hard day ahead of you."

"What doing?" Gene growled. "Riding back to Enciato?"

"Don't take it on your back," Silvy said scornfully. "Soltol's got money in this job."

"Dry-hole money. She's already got what she paid for. She knows there's oil."

"Do you think Soltol would toss you to some lease-buster? You don't know the company."

"I wouldn't blame them."

"What did Penna do? Sell you the idea you can't count on Soltol? Maybe yes, and maybe no. But if I had an oil field in my pocket I'd sure aim to find out."

Gene rallied. After all, why should he accept anybody's word as to what Soltol would do? He gulped down his coffee and said, "I'm riding."

"I'm riding too," Silvy nodded. "Riding herd; looking for a shorthorn named Tom Beecher." He got down from the counter stool.

Gene was alarmed. "Silvy—if you run into him—"

"When I need advice," the trouble shooter said, "I'll let you know."

Left alone, Gene turned to the public telephone and called Enciato. Pete answered.

"Did you see Penna, Gene?"

"Yes; no supplies. There's a suit—"

"I know. A guy was here and served papers. It's a suit to break the lease. I read the tripe."

"It may not be tripe, Pete."

"Don't I know that? What are you going to do?"

"Try to locate Mr. French."

"Talk to him," Pete pleaded. Suddenly he cracked. "If we lose this, Gene—"

Gene hung up. Nobody had to remind him of what would happen if they lost. Penniless and out of jobs. Oil companies might not want men who turned down steady jobs to wildcat. They'd be just two more poor-boy victims of oil. He called another number.

"This is Brandon. Could I speak to Mr. French?" He waited.

"Yes, Brandon?" a voice said.

"Could I see you today, Mr. French?"

"Certainly. Follow the driveway past the house until you see a small shack on your right."

Gene drove out of the heart of Houston. Near the city limits he turned into a pleasant winding road and strained his eyes trying to spot house numbers. Presently he swung the car into a driveway. A small shack showed through the trees on his right; the door was open. He stopped the car.

Mr. French was in overalls at a workbench. On the bench were miniature models of drilling rigs, of draw-works, and of mud-hog pumps for a rotary drill. The vice president of Soltol filed a strip of metal and spoke over his shoulder.

"Come in, Brandon. I'm at my Saturday hobby. I think I'm on the way to a drilling-rig improvement— You sounded urgent."

"This is urgent, Mr. French. There's a suit to break our lease."

The file moved on. "I heard that this morning. Months ago we caught the rumors of a suit."

Gene said slowly: "Why didn't you warn me?"

"Didn't you have enough on your mind?" Mr. French asked gravely. "Besides, we saw nothing to fear. Our land-and-lease department had made a complete search of the Beecher tract; we knew it was lease-buster proof. Nobody could foresee the type of suit that developed. Tom Beecher has been notorious for years but nobody dreamed he'd try to have his brother declared a lunatic."

"Mr. French, do you think Tom can win this suit?"

"He might."

Gene was incredulous. "You mean you think Opie—"

"Is peculiar? Yes. A great many persons are peculiar. Usually a man's eccentricities are trifling; but let a clever lawyer lump them together and stress them and they can be made to look suggestively sinister. That's your danger."

Gene felt harassed. "We're in the oil sand," he said bleakly.

"That's when a lease-buster strikes—after the field has been proved. You don't think Tom Beecher's alone in this? Somebody is paying him well to sell out his soul."

Of course. But—

"What can we do, Mr. French?" Gene burst out.

"Make sure this suit is beaten. Soltol will help you there. Bring the papers in the case to me. I'll turn them over to our legal department."

"But what about now?" It wasn't a question; it was a cry. "We have oil. We have a field. We need pipe and supplies. We're circulating and holding the well. We can't do that forever. We'll go broke, and then we'll have to quit."

Mr. French put down the file and turned on the bench, grave-faced. "Are you asking Soltol for immediate help?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"In what way?"

"Any way. Money, pipe, supplies. I'm asking Soltol to see this well through."

"And then lose it?"

"We'll assign you acreage," Gene argued blindly.

"What good would acreage be to us? We'd lose that, too, wouldn't we?"

The hedge clippers of a gardener filled the day with slow, musical, unhurried sound. From the distant house, sheltered by palms and magnolias, came the faint, clear notes of a woman's song.

"I'm sorry," Mr. French said quietly.

"Sorry!" Bitterness overwhelmed Gene. "That's easy to say. What's one more crushed poor-boy? Texas is full of them! You've got yours—you're a millionaire. What do you know about how men feel when they see everything wiped out at one sweep? When they're sunk? Nothing left but despair!" Abruptly he whirled and headed for the open door.

"Come back, Brandon." Mr. French's voice was calm. Somehow, the command in it reached through Gene's helpless rage. He turned uncertainly.

"Sit down," Mr. French said.

Gene sat down.

"You've asked me for Soltol money. That money isn't mine. Men and women have taken their savings and invested them in our stock. They look to us for security. We are their trustees. Don't you see that Soltol, as Soltol, can't risk these intrusted funds on a cloudy title?"

The madness went out of Gene Brandon. His eyes were on the floor.

"Let me tell you a story, Brandon." The man's voice was low. "Years ago there were four young men who borrowed capital and started to put down a wildcat. By and by they had oil on ether test; then they cored oil from the sands. They thought they had touched success. And then—the well blew out and took fire. It burned out to a complete loss. Left those men two hundred thousand dollars in debt. They struggled six years to pay that money back. Then, with the slate cleaned, they again took up the search for oil. This time they brought in their well. But nothing can ever wipe from their minds the tragedy of the day when they watched that first well burn. Despair, Brandon? That day the world seemed to die. I know, for I was one of the four."

A lump formed in Gene's throat. "Why did you call me back?"

"Wait here," said the man. He left the shack and went along the driveway toward the house. Presently he came back; he sat at the bench, and took a checkbook from his pocket and began to write. He blotted the check and held it out.

"My own funds," he said, "are not Soltol's."

The check had been made out to Eugene Brandon for $2,000. Across the left corner was printed: "Soltol Oil Company, Personal Account."

"A loan," Mr. French said. "Not too much, but it'll help. Keep your head up. You'll win out."

Gene choked. "I can't take this loan."

"Why not?"

"We'll probably lose it, and we won't be able to pay you back."

"I don't expect you to lose it. Soltol's legal department is going to fight this case with heavy guns. We'll call in experts to testify Opie Beecher is sane; we'll demand a sanity test for Tom. Some lease-buster's going to be taught a lesson."

Gene wondered how he could make that two thousand dollars go the farthest. Then an idea—an amazing idea—took root. Gene was out of his chair. "Good-by and thank you," he flung back and ran through the door. He whirred the starter, meshed the gears, and the car backed around the driveway in quick zigzags.

In the heart of Houston, traffic lights were with him. He slid into the curb in front of the Penna Oil Field Supply Company.

A man was at the outer door, closing it and turning away. Gene ran across the sidewalk.

"Mr. Penna!"

The man recognized him and frowned. "Now, Brandon; we went all through it this morning. Besides, I'm late for an appointment."

Gene held out the check.

The swarthy Mr. Penna gave it a casual glance. Abruptly his eyes sharpened and he looked up at Gene. After a moment he took a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened the door and stepped inside. In the graveyard hush of the empty office, he pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Brandon, I can give you two or three minutes."

Men rise to emergencies. Gene rose to this. Hope and fear had him in alternate clutches, but he made a deft thrust.

"If you intended to give me only a minute or two we could have talked outside."

Mr. Penna's annoyance increased. "This isn't a company check."

"I know that."

"It's French's personal check. Why did he give it to you? What's back of it?"

"Call it confidence," said Gene.

The supply man debated. "What's it mean? Frankly, if it's safe to do business with you we want to do it. This check isn't a trick, is it?"

"What do you mean?"

"It might be a friendship check. A check to be used only for effect. Credit bait. A check, to put it bluntly, that was never intended to be cashed."

"You know Mr. French. Do you think he'd play that game?"

"I'm asking you. I've seen some queer transactions in the oil fields."

Gene leaned across the desk, endorsed the check, and slid it under the man's nose. "Cash it."

The supply man was startled. "What for?"

"That check," Gene said, "is a down payment on pipe and supplies. You quoted us nine thousand dollars and insisted on six hundred acres because of the risk. With two thousand dollars cash in your hand our balance is seven thousand dollars. That takes quite a bit off the risk. So we'll cut you down on the lease and trade you in four hundred acres."

Plainly Mr. Penna was wavering. Three hours ago he had been sure Gene couldn't get a dime from Soltol, and yet here was an authentic check.

"Did French know about this suit?"

"Of course."

"It might have missed him. He doesn't go to the office on Saturday."

"Call him," said Gene. "He's at his home."

Mr. Penna did not reach for the telephone. One hand tapped the desk nervously.

"After all, all the confidence in the world is so much smoke if you lose this Beecher suit."

"I know that."

"You can't play around. You'll have to retain good lawyers. Good lawyers cost money."

"I have good lawyers."

"So? Who are they?"

"Soltol's legal department. Lawyers who specialize in lease battles."

A change came over Mr. Penna. He folded his arms, and sat back in his chair. His black eyes had begun to burn.

Presently he stood up. He walked to the water cooler, poured a drink into a paper cup, drank quickly, and threw the cup into a basket. Whirling, he strode back to the desk and tossed the check toward Gene.

"I don't want that."

The check fluttered to the floor. Gene did not stoop to pick it up. His knees were suddenly weak.

"Oil gambling!" the man said bitterly. "Two years ago I told myself I was through with these desperate long shots. I was going to sell oil-field supplies for cash and be satisfied with that. What does acreage gambling get you? You take twenty losses for the one time you cash in. I have a folder full of leases; I'll sell them to you for ten dollars. But once oil fever gets into your blood you never clean all of it out. What do I want with a lease that's under attack in the courts? Yet Soltol's in this. Soltol's taking chances. And where does that leave me? Pawing like a corralled pony! Brandon, I don't want that check. If I'm going to take a bite of this I might as well bite out a nine thousand dollar hole as a seven thousand dollar one. Cash is out. I want six hundred acres."

"It's a deal," said Gene.

They passed into the inner office. The man twirled the knobs of a safe and yanked open a heavy steel door. He slid out a drawer, picked up a sheaf of papers, and opened one of them. Gene signed first, a trembling, jerky signature. Mr. Penna scrawled his name and blotted the ink viciously.

Sitting there on the table, Silvy Malot remained calm. "All right, Tom," he said. "I guess the time has come for the rest of it."

"If this blows up in my face I'll never touch another poor-boy."

Gene found he could grin. "I'll bet you've said that before."

And suddenly the swarthy man was grinning an answering, rueful grin. "Every supply man has said that before. Boy, if you come through this with a proved lease, stick your money in the bank and go in for something safe."

"When do we get delivery?"

"I'll have the first truck on the road at five o'clock Monday morning. Anything else?"

"I can't think of anything at this minute."

"Then get out before you do."

Mr. Penna hurried around to the yard; a car nosed out into the street and was gone with a blast from the exhaust. Gene sat behind his wheel and laid his head back against the seat. At that moment he could not have driven a block. A poor-boy made money when he hit oil, but what a price he paid for it!

By and by he read the Penna contract again, and new life flowed in his veins. He started the car and drove in growing exultation. Houston was again a miracle city, glamorous and heart-stirring. Presently he pulled into a Soltol filling station and, while the attendant was servicing the car, telephoned again to Enciato. Pete must have been waiting for the call.

"How did you make out, Gene?"

"Swell."

"With French?"

"And Penna."

Pete's voice became shrill. "You mean the deal's on?"

"All the way."

"Gene! Now wait. I want to get this straight. You mean Penna's trading us pipe and supplies for acreage? Oh, sweet mamma!"

The night came down with a breathless beauty. The endless miles slipped away, hour after hour. The Spanish Trail Posada was dark and the eyes of an animal gleamed like coals out of the darkness. The headlights picked up the fill and Gene swung across.

Suddenly Pete O'Toole was on one running board of the car and Mac Lee was on the other. Gene stopped the car. Ollie Moore chunked burning wood under the pot and stood momentarily in an inferno of sparks. Circulating! Holding back the dynamic energy of imprisoned gas and oil!

"What happened?" Pete cried. "Spill it fast."

Gene spilled it. He finished: "So I have a copy of the signed contract in my pocket. Say, I've had only a couple of hamburgers since this morning. What's the chances?"

"I'm a-gittin' it," Ma called cheerfully. A match scraped and a lantern threw a yellow circle of light in the mess tent.

The camp was astir. Atwood and McGuire and Slim Pitts came from the bunk tent, and Gene answered more questions. He was glad to break off to sip hot coffee and devour cold meat and cold biscuits.

Mac Lee scrubbed his back against the tent post. "Ma, looks like me an' you sure a-goin' see N'York. An' one of the first things I aim t' do is t' ride three-four days in a subway. I been a-drillin' for years and seems time I had me a look-see how she is underground."

Gene found it hard to sleep. With pipes and supplies they'd bring in a well, barring the unforeseen, but would they be able to hold the field? In the end, no matter how good a fight Soltol's legal department put up, the court might declare Opie Beecher a man of unsound mind. Gene fumed and tossed, and never knew when he did doze off.

Dawn. A loud, contented yawning echoed through the camp; Pete O'Toole was awake. Soon he was washing noisily at the camp basin.

Gene joined him. "Does Opie know about the suit?"

"Yeah." Pete hung up the towel. "I went to the ranch house."

"How did he take it?"

"What you might expect. The loyal-brother act. He says Tom wasn't himself and somebody put him up to it."

Today there was nothing to do but listen to the soft pant of the exhaust and the subdued rattle of machinery as the rotary circulated. Every two hours Mac Lee tested his mud.

The camp droned through the quiet of the Sunday afternoon. Motors sped smoothly over the Spanish Trail and Gene's eyes grew heavy and dull. Dark came. The lights of a car turned across the fill.

Silvy Malot stepped out of it.

"Have you found Tom Beecher?" Gene asked.

"Not yet." Silvy's voice was hard. "Give me time. How'd you make out yesterday?"

Gene told of Mr. French's check and of its effect on Penna.

"I'm not surprised. Give a doubter a sniff of somebody else's confidence and he immediately wants to climb up behind and ride double."

Ma Lee banged the dishpan. The trouble shooter, silent and thoughtful, ate with the crew. The night deepened. Red flames licked under the pot. Traffic thinned out on the Spanish Trail.

Silvy Malot spoke sharply. "Look at this wild man coming."

Careening headlights leaped along the road. Brakes shrieked and tires squealed and whined in agony.

Silvy was on his feet. "He's coming in here. If he tries to cross the fill at that speed—" The trouble shooter leaped from the mess tent.

Headlights stabbed through the darkness and lit up the gap in the range fence. Mac Lee cried: "He ain't a-goin' t' make it!" The right front fender met a fence post and the night echoed the shattering clatter and jangle of metal smashing and folding up. There was a thud as a rear wheel struck the post. But the first impact had slowed the car. It seemed to jerk around; a rear fender collapsed. Hanging across the fill the car slid back gently, down into the shallow ditch.

Pete and Slim Pitts ran with lanterns.

One headlamp still burned. In the reflected light Silvy wrenched at a door. A man crawled out of the car.

Silvy said softly, "Hombre, I've been looking for you."

The light of the lanterns fell on Tom Beecher.

He was not hurt. He took an unsteady step; his hat was gone. They helped him up out of the ditch and he looked about him, bewildered.

"There seems," he hiccoughed, "to have been a slight accident. Call a garage. Tell them to make adequate repairs to my car. Tell them to send the bill to Mr. Samuel Crisp." He tried to walk and stumbled blindly toward the ditch.

"Not so fast, buddy." Silvy had him by the arm.

The befuddled man swayed. "Your pardon, sir. I think some reckless driver forced me from the road. The details are hazy; no matter. There should be a law." He blinked. "Your name, sir?"

"Malot."

"I am Thomas Beecher. Malot?" A hand fumbled through his hair. "I recall— yes, I recall distinctly. Mr. Crisp has been very much perturbed by a Silvy Malot."

"I'm Silvy Malot."

In the glare of the single headlamp Silvy and Tom Beecher stood apart. Gene and Pete had lost all power of movement.

Tom Beecher drew himself up. "Where is the way home?" Then he slumped and swayed.

Silvy had an arm under him. "Don't worry about that."

"Sir, I have my own car. Somebody—" A hand went across his forehead. "Somebody forced me off the road—" He stared foggily at the wreck. "You will take me in your car?"

Silvy purred: "With pleasure."

They went slowly toward a car parked back from the fill. Silvy said: "Easy, now," and Tom tottered on the running board and fell into the seat. Quickly the trouble shooter went around to the other side. An engine awoke and exploded.

Gene came to life and leaped for the car. "What's the play, Silvy? I want to know."

"My business," Silvy said, dangerously quiet. "Keep clear."

"You're telling me now. Turn off that motor." Gene reached inside the car.

Silvy's hand was against his chest. "Don't touch that ignition key. Telephone Soltol in the morning and get Lane. Tell him I was here, but that you don't know where I am or when I'll be back."

Gene's heart pounded. "You can't get away with this."

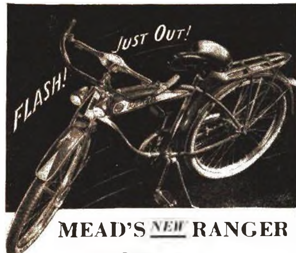
"Leave that to me."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get some information. I'm playing a lone hand."

"Where are you taking him?"

"I told you what to tell Lane. You don't know. Throw your bridle." *(Continued on page 27)*



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On Getting Along in the World

by **Dr. Frank Howard Richardson**

Self-Management Discussion No. 6

ONE way to have a good time, it seems, is not to worry too much about whether you're going to have one or not. In case that remark isn't entirely clear, let's illustrate with an incident.

At a college dance, Jack Murray found himself saddled with a blind date that had turned out to be a lemon. In his distress he signaled a friend, Lucky Larkin, to cut in, and much to his surprise Lucky did that very thing, thus enabling Jack to go to the refreshment counter, where cake was being served.

There, in a way of speaking, he drowned his sorrow in pastry and returned to the side lines to find something to swing. As he looked on, Lucky glided by. Lucky's partner was saying something and Lucky was chuckling. Both seemed to be having a swell time, and why not? Lucky's partner was not only good-looking but she seemed to have that certain something—

Jack squinted more closely and his mouth parted in surprise. Lucky's partner was still the blind date. The lemon. . . . A lemon that had somehow turned into a peach.

In his dormitory room that night, Jack growled out his disgust to Pete Sharpe, his roommate.

"Did you see the sour apple I had for a partner tonight?" he asked. "And did you see what happened to her after Lucky cut in? With me she buttons up her lip. With him—that guy has all the luck!"

Pete looked at Jack in none too complimentary fashion and finally said: "Jack, why don't you get wise to yourself?"

"What do you mean?"

"You and Lucky came here from the same town. You were both invited out, here and there, to the regular places. By the middle of the term Jack had more bids than he could accept and folks were leaving you pretty much alone. Can't you guess why?"

Jack flushed uncomfortably. He realized he was in for it.

"Go on," he murmured.

"Remember the big freshman reception? You came home early because you weren't having a good time. Lucky stayed and helped the faculty wives clear up the mess, even though he didn't particularly relish mess-cleaning. He wasn't looking for any rewards, but a couple of the wives asked him to dinner. He met a lot of nice folks and even got a part-time job out of it. And you—" Pete hesitated.

"You might as well finish," Jack said. "I can take it."

"Well, you know yourself you don't make much effort to talk to people, or see that they get chairs, or show sympathy for a lonesome individual who isn't having a good time. Have you ever written a bread-and-butter note?"

"What's that got to do with what happened tonight?"

"Simple enough. You drew what seemed an everyday, garden-variety girl. You did nothing to put her at her ease and she froze up on you. She *was* a lemon while she was with you. You were a lemon to her, too. Then Lucky comes along and helps you both out. Now, it's pretty hard to stay frozen up with Lucky nearby. So the girl thaws out and proves to be regular. And they both have a swell time."

There are Luckies and Jacks in every group. The Luckies have the gift of pitching in and helping. They never sit back and wait for a party to entertain them. Which makes more clear the statement at the beginning of this discussion that the way to have a good time is not to worry about whether you're going to have one or not. The difference between Lucky and Jack can be put in one word: Courtesy.

There's a difference, too, between mere politeness and courtesy. When Lord Chesterfield was on his deathbed and a visitor came to see him, it is reported that Chesterfield said, "Show the gentleman a chair."

When Chevalier Bayard lay lying upon the battlefield one of his soldiers brought him a cup of water. Bayard was about to drink it when he saw a common soldier eying him, not saying a word. He shoved the dipper away and flicked an eye toward the soldier.

"There's somebody who needs it worse than I do," he murmured, and drifted into unconsciousness.

BOTH incidents are probably fables, but they illustrate the difference between politeness, which may be a pose, and courtesy, which comes from the inside and is a part of a person's being.

Yet courtesy is a habit and like all habits can be cultivated through practice. One of the best practice grounds is at home.

If your brother's tennis racket needs restringing, offer to take it down to the shop for him.

Or, if you have been promised the car for the night, and some other member of the family has an emergency need for it, try this:

"Go ahead and take the car. I'm just going down to the show and it's right on the bus line."

A statement like that may be dangerous, especially if the other member of the family has a weak constitution. He may faint and have to be revived. But it's worth the gamble, so why don't you try it sometime?

Courtesy practiced at home soon becomes the normal behavior everywhere. A neighborhood party was in progress one night, when a guest from next door remembered that her dining room windows were unlocked and started to leave the party to lock them.

Another of the guests remembered that her house had been robbed a month before and she might be hesitant about going in. He leaped up and followed her to the door.

"Let me go with you," he suggested. Then: "Why don't you give me the key—I can lock them for you."

His action was instinctive. He had cultivated the habit of putting himself in the other's place. Nobody else at the party had remembered that the guest's house had been robbed and that she might feel a bit apprehensive.

THERE was another party at which the guest was an English writer. About midnight the party was over and the Englishman and his two hosts stood in the living room, which was littered with plates and cups. The guest knew that his hostess was without a maid.

"Let's clean this up," he suggested.

"Goodness, no," the hostess replied. "I can do it later. It's easy."

"But I want to talk," the man replied, "and we can talk in the kitchen as well as here."

So they cleared away dishes, scraped and stacked them, washed and wiped and chatted, and when they got through they all had the impression, somehow, that they had been having a very exciting time.

Courtesy can be practiced in a dozen little ways. At the movie there's the matter of keeping the toe of your foot out of the back of the person in front. There's the business of refraining from audible remarks while the big scene is going on. The scene may be funny to you, but perhaps your neighbor is taking it seriously and doesn't want his attention shattered.

Three fellows went fishing last summer, and one of the three was an expert at baiting and extracting hooks, untangling snarls, and handling fish without getting his hand cut on a fin. He wasn't even aware that he was spending most of his time getting his companions out of trouble and keeping their hooks in the water. He was having a good time. His sense of courtesy saw to that.

When a crowd of fellows is going somewhere, there's always one fellow in the crowd, more alert than the rest, who notices that Hank has a blister on his hand and is having trouble carrying the heavy suitcase.

"Let me give you a lift on that," he says, and the distressed one flashes him a grateful grin and accepts his help.

These are the little acts, natural and unstrained, that make life pleasant. They arise out of the desire to be helpful to others, and the fellow who practices them soon finds that people are glad to see him and eager to have him around.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the last of Dr. Richardson's series of self-management discussions.*

He's Champion at Fourteen

LAST September Dick Shaughnessy, a fourteen-year-old Dedham, Massachusetts boy, won the National Skeet Championship at St. Louis, shooting against more than two hundred of the best wing shots of the country. If you've ever shot skeet you'll realize what a feat *that* is. Skeet is a form of clay-pigeon shooting in which, following a regular program, fast targets are thrown at all angles. You try to shoot them with a shotgun. Some of the targets go straightaway, some go across at right angles, and a couple of impudent ones seem to try to fly into your face. It's a difficult sport for some people, but it's simple for Dick Shaughnessy.

Dick Shaughnessy became national Skeet champion in 1936.

Dick's father, who has a sporting-goods store in Boston, started Dick and his brother Bob shooting skeet at nearby gun clubs in 1934. Dick was twelve years old then. Both did very well for beginners, even from the first. Dick went into his first big competition in September of that year at the Great Eastern States Championships at Lordship, Connecticut. In the junior class he came in fourth with a score of 35 out of 50. The next year, in the same event Dick shot 43 and finished third. He continued to improve. At the first National Skeet Championships, held in Cleveland in 1935, Dick was fourth in the junior class, competing against boys of extraordinary skill from all over the country. His score jumped to 95 out of 100, which is a good average for anybody.

It was in 1936 that Dick Shaughnessy really came into his own. In September the second National Championships were to be held at St. Louis. Dick and his father flew out. Everybody knew Dick Shaughnessy would finish well up, but no one thought that a fourteen-year-old boy could stand a real chance against the best shooting talent of the land. Dick took the junior championship with 92 out of 100. Just fair. But the open event was what counted now. The first day of the 250-target program he shot 99 out of 100. The second day he got 100 straight. In two days' shooting he had missed one target out of two hundred! Fifty more targets to go, and under pressure. Dick shot 49 out of 50—and became the National Skeet Champion with a remarkable score of 248 out of 250!

The things that make a wing shot are good eyesight, coordination, and experience. Dick has also profited by good coaching. He practices regularly—the first rule of *any* sport.

That's one thing about skeet—you can have shooting practice any time. There's no closed season on clay pigeons!

Good Dogs Never Die

(Continued from page 15)

I picked up the food—a hard job, that—and walked back to the house. The second day I brought the food out again. Gypsy was hungry. He looked at me, the pistol, and the food. Then he began gulping the food. I fired the pistol. He flinched, but kept gulping. I shot a whole roll of caps, and Gypsy stayed to lick the plate.

I gradually increased the explosions—twenty-two rifle, torpedoes. He missed meals. But finally came to the noise.

Then one evening I brought the shotgun out, and a plate of raw hamburger. I let him smell the meat. When he took a mouthful, I moved back and pulled the trigger. I've fired shotguns for years, but until that moment I never knew how loud they really are.

Gypsy dropped, then crawled away as if I'd beaten him. With something like remorse, I put the gun away and returned to let him have the hamburger unmolested. But he wouldn't eat it.

After that, Gypsy was fed regularly, and there wasn't any gun around. But Christmas Eve night I returned from a hunt, and went to the kennel yard to put up the tired dogs.

Gypsy spent lonesome afternoons when I took the other dogs hunting—and he was glad when they came back. For a bird dog, what could be worse than having to stay at home while the others hunted? Thinking this, I went to the house and got food for the dogs. I brought my shotgun. I'd try to break Gypsy one more time.

Gypsy started eating. I released the safety, hesitated. He hadn't missed any meals lately. I touched the trigger. The gun roared.

Gypsy dropped to his belly, then rose and began eating. I fired again. Gypsy flinched, kept gulping the food. I emptied the automatic, and reloaded it. I shot a box of shells, and Gypsy cleaned the plate!

After that, Gypsy went hunting with us. But Gypsy was still a heartbreaker. Something within him had died. He'd point, all right, and was well-mannered. But the impelling, driving eagerness that's absolutely necessary in a first-class dog—the quality so apparent that day when he followed the fast dog—was gone. Gypsy would be a reliable, easy-going, good-enough bird dog. After the things I'd seen in him, I'd never be satisfied to own him as a mediocre dog. I gave Gypsy away.

It's strange, now, that I didn't expect as much of Ella, and yet she was well-bred too. Ella was a pointer. She was handsome and stylish, and a crack retriever. I remember the first covey of birds she ever contacted. She was about five months old, and absolutely untrained. She didn't know a single command. I was taking her along for her first lesson. An older dog found the birds, and was on point. Ella, having a very gay outing, bounced right past him with me yelling for her to stop and respect the point. Since she didn't know what I was talking about, she

Shooting Traditions Upheld With Western!

Members of Western Military Academy, Alton, Ill., rifle teams coached by Sgt. W. F. Pigg, U. S. Army. Winners of 1st and 8th places in Sixth Corps Area, Hearst Trophy Match. Left to right: *Front Row*—H. Garza, Monterrey, Mex.; *C. Young, Honolulu, Hawaii; *N. Polinsky, St. Louis, Mo.; E. Handlan, St. Louis, Mo.; *J. Bynum (Captain), Dermott, Ark. *Center Row*—J. Parham, E. St. Louis, Ill.; D. Engle, E. St. Louis, Ill.; *J. Barr, Springfield, Ill.; P. Scott, Newberry, Ind.; *J. Dupont, Houma, La. *Back Row*—F. Paulson, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; W. Norris, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; J. Livingston, St. Louis, Mo.; J. Lyman, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; W. Goez, Webster Groves, Mo.; D. Castles, St. Louis, Mo. (*Members of winning team).

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kept going. But the birds didn't flush. Then, fifteen feet in front of the point, she stopped, and moved her head slowly from side to side, as if a strange and intriguing scent had come to her. Suddenly the birds got up. I immediately understood why they hadn't flushed sooner. The covey was split—half were to the right, just where Ella had stopped. At the rise, I shot twice. Three birds fell, somewhat to my surprise. And Ella, who had never seen a quail nor heard a gun shoot, went in and found one of the birds and retrieved it to me. Then she returned, found another one—and retrieved it!

But that performance was Ella's best. Aside from her retrieving, which was remarkable, she never showed anything. In fact, Ella was pretty dumb. She liked to carry things in her mouth, which, of course, has some connection with her retrieving qualities. When she had finished eating her morning meal, she'd pick up her empty pan by the rim and carry it with her, all over the dog yard, everywhere she went. Not puppylike, tail and head high, with the air of having found something exciting, such as a dead cat, but casually, in her normal stride. She'd walk to the shade, put the pan down, and sleep for an hour. When she was ready to move elsewhere, she'd pick up the pan and saunter away.

One dawn in the spring I was about one-tenth awakened by the raspy shriek of a blue jay. The bird was panic-stricken. For the next two hours, while I dozed, I heard that crazy jay note of alarm, and when I finally got up, about seven-thirty, I investigated.

The first thing I saw was a hole under the kennel yard fence. Ella was out—which was nothing unusual. About this time, from somewhere, the blue jay croaked again, and Ella came trotting around the house. In her mouth was the noise-maker, a half-grown blue jay.

I knew instantly what had happened. Ella had escaped at daylight and had found the young blue jay in the yard and had been trotting calmly about ever since—for two hours!—with the blue jay in her mouth. The bird was unharmed—not even scratched. Nothing but a very foolish dog would do a thing like that, if you ask me.

When you went into the kennel yard, Ella's method of expressing joyful delirium at your presence was to pinch you on the thigh with her teeth. Another thing, she refused to stay in the yard with the other dogs, which was annoying but hardly criminal. What was worse was that when she got out she'd go self-hunting. On these lone-wolf hunts a young dog will chase rabbits and break up quail nests and do just about everything that is wrong. Ella was far from *the* dog.

The dog I like best came unheralded. I didn't train him. I like to think that nobody trained him—that he was born hunting, knowing bird scent, loving the smell of gun smoke.

About a month after the opening of the season I went hunting with a farmer friend who lives pretty far in the backwoods. It was the first time I'd ever been hunting with him.

He had two setters, Bob and Snow. Bob, Snow's sire, was about five years old and not a bad-looking dog. Snow was about two years old. You'd hardly call Snow handsome. He wasn't *too* homely; but he didn't look the way a setter should. His shoulders were a little too broad, and his head was too short and blocky. His coat was all right, though; lemon and white, and healthy.

"I hope he hunts better than he looks," I said, jokingly. It's not a good idea to speak seriously when you say that about *any* man's bird dog.

"Shucks, man. Them two dogs yonder will rub it on air other two dogs in this county. That's the truth, and you know the truth'll go from here to heaven," said Lige Thomas. That's not his name but it'll do.

As soon as Snow was away, I forgot that his head was too blocky and that his shoulders weren't quite slim enough. Because Snow had a stride as strong and smooth as a pigeon's flight.

But Snow had something of a father-son complex. He'd never hunted except with Bob, and from puppyhood he'd brought an inclination to let Bob take the lead, so that his own initiative hadn't been developed. However, it was Snow who found the first covey.

We were hunting in scrub-oak country, slightly rolling, with no briers. The dogs had been out of sight for perhaps five minutes. Then we saw them. Snow was lying motionless, sphynxlike, frozen.

"How much cream do you take in your coffee, Larry?"

Bob, behind him, was erectly backing.

"This is a big old covey," Lige said. We walked up behind the dogs. I got ready to stride on in for the flush, but Lige said: "Wait. Don't be in no hurry."

He was searching the grass ahead of Snow. Then: "I see 'em!"

He leveled his gun, and retreated about ten yards. "I'm going to shoot—then you pap at them that gits up."

I hoped the birds would flush before he could shoot, because no sportsman likes to see birds shot on the ground. But they didn't. His gun roared from behind me, and there was a violent fluttering on the ground. Several birds drummed up from cover, and I swung my gun to my shoulder. I singled out a bird—then saw it was badly hit and evidently falling—and moved my sights to another. I fired once, missed.

Bob had broken in and was among the fluttering birds that Lige had shot on the ground. Four had been killed. Lige picked up three, while Bob retrieved the other one.

Then, remembering the bird I had passed up because he seemed to be already falling, I went over to look for him. Lige and Bob came too. Snow had disappeared.

We couldn't find the bird. Then we saw Snow, coming back. He was still a hundred yards away from us, but we could see a bird in his mouth.

Snow came proudly, tail busy, and dropped the bird in Lige's hand. We both knew what had happened. Snow had watched the crippled bird that I mistakenly thought had fallen. After the shooting, he had gone to it. For a bird dog man, life doesn't hold many better thrills than that gives.

That night, riding back to the house, with Bob and Snow stretched out on the back seat, Lige asked me if I knew of anybody who wanted to buy a dog.

"Which dog are you going to sell?" I asked.

"The white one. Snow. If he ever gets away from old Bob, he'll be a stomp-down good one."

A week later, Snow was in my kennel yard. But he hasn't ever quite liked the arrangement. The first week or two, he wasn't sure whether he ought to hunt or not, with neither Bob nor Lige there. About the third week, he started coming out of it. He began hunting. Within a month he was hunting better than ever before. There was no Bob to depend on in tight places—Snow learned to hunt without him. He made wider casts and began depending on his own brains. By the end of that season he was a better dog than Bob.

I don't mean that Snow is perfect. But his faults seem to fit in well with his virtues. For instance, one virtue is speed—and a dog usually pays for being fast by flushing often. But Snow's also overcautious. When he strikes scent, he comes down. As a result he makes false points, but too, he rarely flushes. He hasn't a stylish point; although sometimes he points erectly, with head and tail up, it's more typical to find him couchant, belly to the ground, immobile. But what counts most is finding birds, and that's one thing Snow knows how to do.

He prefers a cold crisp day, with the temperature around the freezing point. He doesn't mind bushy country, but he'd rather there wouldn't be any briers, not because they hurt but because they slow him down. He likes to keep going, that Snow. With his head up and tail whipping, always keeping the wind just where he wants it, he'll drift out of sight over a distant roll of land. If he doesn't make game, he'll swing back in about ten minutes to get you relocated. He'd rather not waste this time, but he knows his duty and does it without fail. If he doesn't swing back, it's a pretty good idea to start in the direction in which he disappeared. You may have to look for him a long time. Then you'll find him, lying flat, head up, frozen, with a covey of birds in the cover just in front of him.

I said that Snow didn't quite like the new arrangement. I'm not sure what reasoning he used, but Snow has never retrieved a bird since that day Lige sold him. He'll find a dead bird, all right. But then he drops it and goes on hunting. He never puts it in your hand.

I thought that he just didn't know me, and that by next season I'd have won his friendship. But he didn't retrieve the next season, either. Remembering that day in the oak scrub country, when he'd retrieved so amazingly, I decided to take him back and let him hunt with Lige once more. I wanted to see him retrieve, even if it had to be somebody else he retrieved to. So Lige and I took him and Bob and another dog hunting. But something had very definitely happened. Snow found more coveys than both the other dogs—but he didn't retrieve even to Lige.

I'm not sure just what the reason is. Maybe he learned that Bob and Lige weren't necessary to hunting. Maybe he somewhat resents the fact that men always have to go afield with him.

Except when he's hunting, he's not a very happy dog. He never frolics, and there's nobody in the world that he cares anything about. Not that he isn't congenial; he'll wag his tail vigorously enough, or let you rub his ears, but you feel that it's mostly out of politeness. If he's not hunting, he'd rather be lying in the sun, quiet and undisturbed.

Some day he'll move on to another range. Maybe he'll find a happier hunting ground, where he doesn't have to bother with men; where the coveys all stick tight; where the weather's crisp and cold and the wind never gets high, and where there's no whistle to call him in, and night never comes. A place like that would suit him better.

Jim Tierney, Smoke Eater

(*Continued from page 10*)

whispered excitedly with his attorney.

"That's all," said Alpheus.

"I object to the questioning by Mr. Anderson," said the lawyer. "Has he been admitted to practice in this state?"

"Your honor," Alpheus answered for himself, "I have been admitted to practice in the courts of several Eastern states, including New Jersey, and I have the certificates to show this." He handed up a long envelope to the squire.

"Proceed," ordered the court.

"Mr. Tierney, please take the stand."

"I entered the house of Silas Reykendik shortly after the fire and found two one-gallon jugs in a corner of the kitchen. One was filled with kerosene and the other that smelled of kerosene was empty. I examined the lamps in the house and the oil stove and oil heaters. None had been filled recently. They was all more'n half empty."

"Your honor," shouted the Hon. Zeb Schlosswinger, "this is a serious matter, charging my client with arson. If such a charge is to be made it will have to be made in a higher court, not here."

"He isn't charged with arson," said Tierney.

"Did you inspect the ruins of the mill with me?" asked Alpheus.

"I did, and found that the heavy floor beams were burned from the top down, not from the bottom up."

"I'll ask for an adjournment so that I can consult further with my client," the Hon. Zeb said.

"There are only one or two questions left to ask," Alpheus informed the court.

"Proceed."

"Mr. Tierney, Silas Reykendik has declared that he accidentally set fire to the cobwebs in the cellar of the mill. In your opinion could the mill have been destroyed through such accident?"

"It could not."

"On what do you base your opinion, Mr. Tierney?"

"First because the beams were burned from the top down and second because fire is the result of combustion. There couldn't have been any combustion of cobwebs sufficient to make a hot flame."

"Can you make this clearer, Mr. Tierney?"

"Yes." The Bonehead drew from a pocket several crumpled sheets of cellophane, placing them in a heap in his left hand and lighting them off. "You see, there ain't enough fibre in this stuff to make a good heat."

"I have heard no one charge that my client tried to burn anything with cellophane," protested the Hon. Zeb. "This proceeding is irregular and absurd. I again ask for time to consult with my client."

"Just one more question," said Alpheus. "Perhaps only two or three and a lot of time will be saved."

"Proceed."

"Could cobwebs set fire to oak beams, Mr. Tierney?"

"Couldn't set fire to anything."

"Why?"

"Because they got even less fibre than cellophane. Cobwebs just shrivel up. There's some little blue flame but it ain't hot enough to singe the eyebrows of a gnat."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes. I can prove it. Gimme that cardboard box and a match." He opened the box and displayed a mass of cobwebs. "I got these cobwebs from the cellar of this very building and Pete helped me gather them. They're in a dry cardboard box. I'll set fire to them."

There was a puff of thin smoke that disappeared almost instantly, a faint blue flame and the container remained unscorched.

"Your honor," exclaimed the Hon. Zeb, "had I known the trivial nature of this case I would never have associated myself with it. All this time and trouble over a barrel of cider! My client will drop the complaint." Silas Reykendik was already clattering down the narrow stairs to the street.

"His four thousand and fifty-two dollars for mill and bar'l of cider has gone a-glimmering," laughed Tierney.

"You charge him with arson?"

"Not unless he wants us to," said Alpheus. "We only charge him with lying."

Wildcat

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Not until I know what you intend to do. If you think you're going to try tough stuff on a helpless—"

"You asked for it," growled Silvy, and his hand stiffened against Gene's chest.

Gene swung his fist, felt it strike Silvy's face as he fought for balance. He lost, and reeled off the running board. Pete O'Toole came running. But Gene's arms, instinctively seeking support, clutched him and they fell together.

Silvy Malot's car lurched across the fill. A red tail light disappeared in the Texas night.

Chapter Twelve

WHEN another Texas dawn came, Pete and Gene were haggard. They had spent the first part of the night phoning frantically, trying to locate Silvy. Then, when they were unable to pick up his trail, they had gone to bed to lie sleepless, wondering what would come of it.

The new day did nothing to lighten their depression. Gene gulped Ma Lee's early coffee and brooded on, his thoughts holding persistently to Silvy and Tom Beecher. A man with a cold, deadly temper and a trembling drunkard. Two men hidden away in some unknown corner of Texas. What was happening?

"You're to call Lane," Pete reminded him as they left the mess tent.

Mr. Lane's voice was annoyed. "Have you seen anything of Silvy Malot? He was to have been in my office two hours ago."

"He won't be in today," Gene said.

"What? That's not like Silvy. Why didn't he call me? Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Was he at Enciato yesterday?"

"Yes, sir. He asked me to tell you he wouldn't be in."

"You're sure you don't know where he is?"

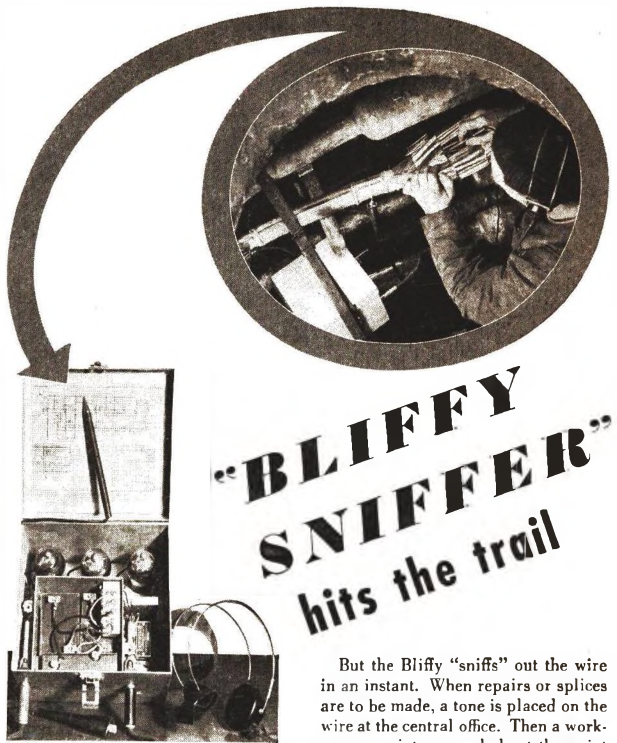
"I wish I did." The answer burst forth involuntarily.

It brought illumination to the man at the Soltol office. "Gene, has this something to do with the lease suit?"

Gene hesitated.

"So it has," Mr. Lane said. "Was Silvy alone when he left? Was he? Boy, don't answer that. If Silvy's putting a brand on Sammy Crisp, this may be serious."

Somberly, Gene hung up. Sammy Crisp might take care of himself, but what about Tom Beecher?



FROM its name (invented by telephone cable splicers) you might think the Bliffy Sniffer is a hound dog with a supersensitive nose. But the Bliffy can't bark, bite, see, or smell—it can only *hear*. It's a box containing an amplifying set, a head-phone, and an instrument shaped like a pencil.

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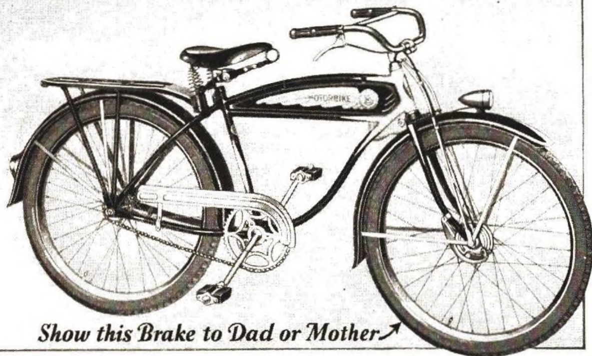

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Presently a wrecker arrived to cart off the smashed car. Silvy must have attended to that. But Silvy had driven south and this wrecker came from a garage north of Enciato. Gene spoke to the driver.

"Did somebody stop in about this wreck?"

"No, they telephoned."

"Where from?"

"How do I know? They just told me to come and get it."

The telephone horn blared.

"We've checked Sammy," Mr. Lane reported. "He's at the Magnolia. The man who made our inquiry blundered. Sammy's taken alarm. He's glued to a telephone trying to locate Tom Beecher."

Mr. Lane had evidently done some deducing. But he asked no questions; Gene gave no answers.

"By the way," Mr. Lane went on, "one of our drivers reported seeing a wreck at your place. He recognized Tom's car."

Gene thought weakly that there was no sense in trying to hide anything.

"Of course," Mr. Lane said, "if Silvy's hiding Tom, that's kidnaping. Kidnaping is serious business. On the other hand, that car means Tom was drunk. Silvy may have taken him away to look out for him and sober him up."

Again Gene hung up somberly. *Kidnaping!* That *was* serious. The thing grew worse and worse.

Even the arrival of the Penna trucks failed to cheer him. He watched gloomily while the third truck dropped a small crew of men to erect the separator and the storage tank. Behind him a voice spoke:

"What's eating you?"

"Nothing."

"Come clean," Pete demanded. "If there's any more bad news I want my share of it. This is a partnership."

Gene said: "Carrying Tom Beecher off last night may be kidnaping."

"Oh, my gosh!" Pete O'Toole's eyes were suddenly round with fright.

Sometime in the afternoon the oil string began to go down the hole. Twilight came early. Wearily the drillers ate in the mess tent; there was little talk. With no bits to sharpen, the forge fire was dead. The night came down black and starless.

"I had me a producer once," Mac Lee said out of the darkness, "an' then we git into heavin' shale. Now I got me another producer an' she comes law suits and kidnaping."

"But we'll pull through this," Pete cried fiercely.

Suddenly the driller shook his fist toward Houston. "No court suit's a-wrastlin' me down," he shouted. "We'll flow her in sure's there's a snout on a hog." He strode off toward the thin, high shadow that was the derrick.

The darkened hours crept around the clock. At midnight, they went to bed. At dawn they again began to run casing. The pumps panted, and the draw-works and the rig echoed loose clatter and clang. Breakfast was eaten swiftly. Another day was well on its way.

It brought no word from Silvy Malot, no news of Tom Beecher.

"Pete," Gene said desperately that night, "if we don't hear something by tomorrow we'll have to go to Mr. Lane."

"We should have done that before this," Pete said bleakly.

Fear ate at them in their sleep, and woke them at dawn with its torment. If it were anybody but Silvy—but it *was* Silvy Malot who had disappeared with Tom Beecher, and all they could think of now was the cold hatred in Silvy's eyes. How far would he dare go? How far had he already gone?

The day wore on. If Silvy in a mad, uncontrolled rage—Gene, dry-throated, dared not think of that.

Wiley Luce's crew began to dig a burning pit. Momentarily, the partners forgot Silvy Malot and Tom Beecher. A burning pit meant oil. Pete O'Toole clamored at the draw-works.

"When will you flow her, Mr. Lee?"

"A while yet!" Once more the driller was the whipcord wildcatter who had kicked up his heels on the porch at Jacktown and had vowed his youth.

Gene heard his name called and turned quickly. Opie Beecher walked toward him.

"Where's Tom?"

Prickles ran along Gene's spine. "I don't know."

"You're sure of that?"

"Positive. I don't know."

All at once Gene sensed that this was a new Opie Beecher. All the quiet gentleness was gone from the map. He was nervous, at a hair-trigger tension. His eyes were hard and cold.

"This here Sammy Crisp telephoned me. He says he's been looking high and wide for Tom, and seems like Tom ain't to be found. Sammy thinks he's been rustled off by Silvy Malot."

"Why should a lease-buster be interested in your brother?" Gene demanded. Any question that would give him time to marshal his thoughts. Dangers were multiplying. Opie *was* dangerous, now.

"That ain't the question for here and now. Where's Tom?"

At that moment the phone horn sounded. Gene leaped to it.

"Brandon?"

"*Silvy!* Where are you? You fool, don't you—"

"Skip it!" Silvy ordered. "Listen, Brandon. Be here at the Spanish Inn Posada at eight—get it? And bring Opie Beecher. I've got news."

"Silvy, there's the dickens to pay already. But if anything's happened to Tom Beecher—"

"Nothing's happened. Stop yammering."

"There may be trouble. Opie's mad—plenty."

"Bring him on. I'll handle this," Silvy said coolly. "Eight—get it?" He hung up.

Gene went back to Opie. "Tom is at the hotel with Silvy. We're to meet them there at eight. But you'll have to promise to come peacefully. Absolutely no harm has come to your brother."

"Your word on that?"

"My word."

The little, graying man nodded. "I'll come peaceful." He turned on his heel and started off, passing Pete with a curt nod.

Pete came on wide-eyed. "What's eating that bird?"

"Sammy telephoned him. He's looking for Silvy."

Pete whistled. "What a nice little helpmate Silvy turned out to be."

"I've heard from him," Gene said. "He's at the Posada with Tom. We're to be there at eight o'clock with Opie."

"What's happened?" Pete jerked.

"That," Gene told him anxiously, "is what we're going to find out."

Darkness put an end to drill operations. Supper was eaten, and the weary drill crew trailed off toward their bunks.

Gene spoke. "Pete and I have an appointment, Mr. Lee."

The driller's eyes met his briefly, but all Mac Lee said was, "I'll be a-settin' up for you."

They found Opie Beecher waiting at the car. The rancher stepped in without a word, and in silence they crossed the fill and drove along the road. One car stopped at the Posada a moment before them, another car a moment later. A man stepped toward them from the first car.

"Brandon and O'Toole?" he asked. "My name is Corliss; I'm from Soltol's legal department." A young man had stepped from the other car. "This is Mr. Andree, gentlemen. He represents Tom Beecher."

They passed into the hotel. Mustachio sprang from behind the desk. "If I could see the gentlemen alone." He drew Pete and Gene aside.

"I have a distress," he palpitated.

"Before, I dared not speak. They come, together, this Tom Beecher who is very drunk and this man with eyes of devil coldness. No one sees them again. They eat the good dinner in the room; the plates are put outside the door to be taken away. This Beecher he does not eat, for one good dinner is not touched. I hear him crying the wild cry. I would go to the door to listen, but what if devil-eyes opens the door? I ask you, gentlemen—"

"It's all right," said Gene. "I hope." He led the way up the staircase to the gallery and tapped on a door.

"Who is it?" Silvy's voice.

"Gene."

The door opened. Tom Beecher, a trembling wreck, got weakly to his feet.

"Opie! Thank heaven you've come. Save me!" His knees gave way and he dropped back into a chair.

Opie Beecher's step was menacing as he strode across the room to confront Silvy Malot. The two stood eye to eye—one man's eyes hard, and the other's eyes blue and deadly cold.

"What did you do to him?" Opie Beecher's voice was a whip.

"Don't you know a hang-over when you see it? I refused him liquor. He's going through the torture of a drunkard sobering up."

Tom clawed at the arms of his chair. "Look at his eyes, Opie!" he shuddered.

Opie asked again: "What did you do to him?"

"I kept asking him a question, that's all. Why did he start this lease suit?"

"It's his eyes—" Tom Beecher began to whimper. "I want a drink. A drink, do you hear? If I don't get—"

Silvy looked at him once. Once was enough.

Young Andree, the lawyer, spoke. "Mr. Malot, don't you think there's some explanation due for this extraordinary procedure?"

Silvy said: "Where's Sammy Crisp? I told you to bring him."

"I got in touch with him after you telephoned. When I called at the Magnolia, he wasn't there."

Silvy sat down on a table and swung his legs; his eyes watched Opie.

"Here's the story," he said. "I brought Tom Beecher here and he went to sleep. When he woke up, he clamored for liquor. He didn't get it. As time passed he pleaded and begged. I kept after him. Why did he start this suit? Who was behind it? The more he begged for a drink, the more I kept after him. Why had he started the suit?" Silvy's hand made a motion. "It had to be done."

Gene needed no picture of the scene. His imagination painted it starkly. Stronger men than Tom Beecher had quailed before Silvy Malot's eyes.

"Finally he cracked. I figured he would. I got the story. Sammy was to pay him five thousand dollars for starting the suit—twenty-five hundred dollars down and twenty-five hundred dollars the day the papers were filed. Sammy waited to file until we were in the producing sand and he knew the well would be a producer. It was Sammy who kept whispering rumors of a suit to the supply men. He tried to run a hobble all along the line."

A knock sounded on the door. Nobody noticed it. After a moment the door opened softly and Sammy Crisp stood on the threshold.

"So!" said Silvy.

Sammy's eyes went around the room taking count of everyone there—Pete, Gene, young Andree, Mr. Corliss. In such a gathering he was safe from Silvy Malot. The lease-buster stepped into the room.

"Go ahead with the conference, gentlemen," Sammy said.

Opie Beecher was staring at his brother. "Tom, is all this true?"

The trembling wreck muttered.

Suddenly Silvy drilled Tom Beecher with compelling eyes. "Answer that."

Opie whipped around. "I'll handle my brother."

"You're a little late," Silvy said coolly. He turned back to Tom. "Did you believe your brother was insane when you framed this up with Sammy? Answer me!"

Tom Beecher, fascinated by those icy eyes, shook his head like a man in a trance.

"Did Sammy really think he was insane?" Silvy pursued.

Again Tom's head shook. His voice managed to whisper: "No."

"A nice admission," said Sammy softly. "But hard to prove."

Opie Beecher said a harsh: "Tom, is it true you tried to sell me into court as an insane man?"

"Answer that!" Silvy blazed.

Opie stiffened. Wills clashed again and trouble brooded. A thought stirred Gene. Silvy Malot was living too late. Fifty years ago he would probably have cut a path through Texas with his guns smoking.

Tom Beecher mumbled haggardly: "Crisp got me drunk."

"You weren't too drunk to know there was five thousand dollars in it," Silvy spat contemptuously.

Opie Beecher wilted visibly.

Sammy Crisp spoke blandly. "Tut, tut, gentlemen. What's this going to get you?"

At once the lease-buster had the attention of the room. His glance included them all as he argued:

"Suppose you do get this suit thrown out? What of it? Don't forget I was after the original lease and that Opie put the decision up to his dog. I've got a complaint, too. What's to prevent me from suing—directly? As for any confession Tom Beecher may make—" Sammy shrugged—"that doesn't matter. I've committed no crime. I believe Opie's insane. Prove that I don't."

Gene paled. Sammy Crisp *didn't* believe Opie insane, but how could you prove it?

Nobody spoke. Sammy then went on. "So you gentlemen step from one law suit to another and you're no better off. Of course, if somebody should offer me money to step aside—"

Gene thought: "He's got us tied up. We're helpless."

"You double-crossing crook," Pete said thickly.

Sammy smiled. "That crack will jump my sell-out price about ten per cent or, say, ten thousand dollars."

The room was stunned. Then Gene remembered something.

"You've overlooked something, Sammy," he said. "We've all overlooked it. Even if you have our lease broken, Tom Beecher can't give *you* a lease. He's under legal guardianship. A court wouldn't let him give a lease."

Sammy's smile grew even blander. "That had occurred to me. But—gentlemen, I'll lay my cards on the table. I can keep this lease in the courts for at least six months. Going to court means more to you than to me. I have nothing to lose; a law suit won't worry me. But, frankly, I'd just as soon settle outside. My price is one hundred thousand dollars. For that I'll back out. Also," he added softly, "I'll agree not to stir up any agitation about a certain little instance of—kidnaping."

Gene saw Pete go white. Mr. Corliss's mouth grew grim. Kidnaping! Only Silvy Malot, whom the accusation might ruin, remained calm.

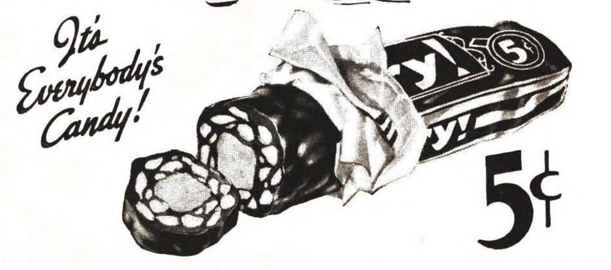
"All right, Tom," Silvy said, "I guess the time has come for the rest of it."

Tom Beecher hesitated. Sammy Crisp looked at him curiously.

"Spill it!" blazed Silvy.

Tom stammered. "Crisp—Crisp paid an alienist three thousand dollars to say from the witness stand that Opie is insane." He sagged again.

Everybody was stunned. Gene's mind groped. Why, *that* proved Sammy knew Opie wasn't insane! Therefore any



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suit he started was no good. Sammy could be charged with bribery! Sammy had held the whip but now, suddenly, the whip was in the other hand.

"What have you got to say now?" Silvy asked.

Sammy Crisp seemed to crumple. The color left his cheeks, and he mopped his face. Then a faint composure came back, and soon he was again the lease-buster who could win or lose with a shrug.

"It looks," he said, "as though I'll pass the deal. I don't often make mistakes, but I played this hand badly. I'll be going."

"Don't go too far," advised Mr. Corliss. "We'll have charges to bring against you. If we have to trail you down, you'll pay for it."

A moment passed. Sammy Crisp shrugged, resigning himself to the grip of justice. "I'll be around," he said, and passed out to the gallery with the nonchalant walk that was part of him, win or lose. "Good-by, gentlemen."

Gene sighed relief. Pete grinned a trembly grin.

Mr. Andree said abruptly: "I'll sign a discontinuance of suit. I hope you gentlemen realize I was made a victim. Sammy Crisp told me he had a case for me; the next day he brought Tom Beecher to my office. Beecher was sober and told a convincing story. The case seemed worth while. But— I've learned better."

"Well, boys," Mr. Corliss said, "I call this a good night's work."

Pete O'Toole exploded. "It's a honey!"

Gene watched Opie Beecher. The rancher went slowly toward Tom. The hardness had left him; Opie Beecher was an aging man upon whom had fallen the blight of betrayal.

"If you think there's an account to settle between us," Silvy purred, "you know where to find me."

"There's nothing to settle," Opie said. "Come, Tom." They passed out together. And once more Gene thought of the day he had seen Opie come through the oak grove with a shielding arm about his brother's shoulder.

Back in the room Mr. Corliss spoke. "Silvy, do you realize how serious this might have been? Suppose Opie Beecher had charged you with kidnaping his brother Tom! Technically, it *was* kidnaping."

Silvy leaned against the table, an unfamiliar humility in his eyes. "I didn't think of that until later. Then it was too late. I was in the saddle; I figured I might just as well ride it through."

"You did it!" grinned Pete.

Gene drew a long breath. "Let's go."

The Beecher brothers waited in the yard of the Posada. They got in, and Gene drove them home.

"I'm thanking you," Opie Beecher said. He led his brother toward the ranch house.

A lantern burned in the mess tent at the camp and Mac Lee and Ma sat at the table. Pete was running for the tent before the car had stopped.

"It's all over!" he shouted. "The suit's been dropped. Everything's clear."

Ma Lee went to the stove and stood with her back toward them. Gene heard little noises that were soft sobs. And he knew she was thinking of all the years through which the old driller had tasted only failure. But now failure had been met—and defeated.

They drank coffee and the partners told the story of the meeting at the Posada.

"Ain't I said time an' ag'in I hold with no lease-buster?" the driller demanded. "You see why, now."

Pete asked suddenly: "Ma, how is it going to feel to be rich?"

"Reckon it ain't a-goin' t' make much change."

"Your days of cooking over a hot stove will be past."

"Reckon not," Ma said mildly. "I've been a-fixin' Pa's chuck so long, looks like I could stand t' fix some more. Seems like, though, I could do nice with a clean-up girl."

The work of completing the well went on. Casing reached the top of the oil sand. Again cement was poured and given seventy-two hours to set. Then the bit went down again, drilling out excess cement in the casing and cement from the hole below the casing. Tubing and screening then went down.

Late in the afternoon Mac Lee would put on a night tower. Gene and Pete had seen wells "washed in." Clear water was pumped down to get the mud out of the hole, the water and mud coming up through the casing outside the tubing. This washing would go on for hours. By and by they would swab the well, sucking out the clear water. Slowly the weight of water on the oil sand would lessen until the oil and gas could begin to escape, to flow up out of the well.

Gene and Pete went to the Spanish Inn Posada to catch up on their sleep.

But they overdid it. When they woke it was ten o'clock. They dressed rapidly. They didn't wait for breakfast. They drove rapidly toward camp. Rounding a turn Pete suddenly clawed at Gene's arm.

"Look!" he cried hoarsely.

Above the trees rose thick, lazy clouds of black, sooty smoke. By this sign all the Enciato country would know that a well had come in.

Reason fled. They drove recklessly across the fill, skidding dizzily on the soft mound, missing a fence post by inches, sliding to a stop at last near the slush pit. Pete leaped from the car.

"Ride him, cowboy!" He danced in the mud.

"Yip—pee!" Mac Lee kicked up his heels.

The camp babbled. Slim Pitts stuttered: "G—g—gents, this here is sure a j-j-jack pot!" Orange tongues licked along the burning pit into which the driller had flowed the first run of oil and water and sediment, and the black smoke rose in thickening billows. *Oil!*

"A right-smart well," Mac Lee told them as the revelry of victory died down. "One thousand pounds tubin' pressure an' twelve hundred pounds casin'."

Parked cars began to string out along the road—men from the Enciato country dreaming sudden dreams that there might be oil under their land too; oil scouts, men from the major companies; oil reporters from the newspapers. The reporters talked to Mac Lee and left hurriedly in search of telephones.

Gene talked frankly to a group of land-and-lease men who wanted to dicker. "Soltol put dry-hole money into this well. Soltol stood by when we were jammed. Soltol played a part in killing the lease suit. What's the answer?"

"Soltol, of course," a voice said ruefully. "You might get a little better price if you shopped around."

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"Old Mac and the drill crew have a free hand with their interest, haven't they?"

"They feel the same way," said Gene.

So the land-and-lease men departed.

"We'll flow our potential tomorrow," Gene said.

"Have you opened any negotiations?" the vice president of Soltol asked over the telephone.

"No."

"Have you been approached?"

"Yes, sir. We're doing no negotiating. This will be a Soltol field. We know Soltol will play fair on price."

"Thank you," said Mr. French. "I appreciate your confidence."

"*Your* confidence made this well possible," Gene reminded him.

Gene called the oil and gas division of the State Railroad Commission; tomorrow an inspector would superintend the running of the potential test. He sat in the car and became drowsy with a quiet contentment. Pete opened the door and got in beside him.

"How do we stand on acreage, Gene?"

Gene figured it. Soltol had bought 200 acres, the day clerk at the Magnolia 200 more, and Penna had 600. The four members of the drill crew would receive 61 acres each—244 in all. That left 556 acres.

"Half of that for us and half for Mac," said Pete. "And Silvy gets his cut. Say, look. That clerk at the Magnolia paid a flea bite for two hundred acres. He had none of the worry or work and yet he'll come out of this with almost as much as you and me together!"

"That's poor-boying, Pete. We were darned glad to make those trades when we got them. We needed money and had to let acreage go."

"But if we had had money—" Pete was silent a moment. "We'd have 1800 acres to sell. With money you can pay your drill crew full wages, and buy pipe and supplies for cash. If you bring in a producer, it's all yours. You don't take what's left; you take a fortune."

Gene sat up straight. "What's on your mind?"

"Nothing," Pete said after a silence.

Opie Beecher and Maverick appeared across the ranch. Gene opened the door. The dog bounded into the car and tried to lick their faces.

"If you see Tom, you'll see a remorseful man," Opie said. "Is there any idea how soon I can count on royalties?"

"That depends," Gene said. "But within six or eight months."

"I could stand it a mite sooner," the rancher admitted. "I aim to leave Texas and take Tom away for a spell. New sights and new faces—seems like they might be a help."

Pete cleared his throat. "You tolerate a lot, Mr. Beecher. You're one man in a million."

"I ain't sure what's best." Opie Beecher shook his head. "Reckon if I had to do it again I'd do it hard from the start. Little too late for hardness now."

Time fled. The potential test ran 600 barrels.

Then there came conferences. Soltol's land-and-lease men arrived at the camp, went away and came again. The telephone horn blared.

Mr. French made his offer. "Talk to your men. Half cash, the rest to be paid out of oil."

Gene called the crew together and told them Soltol's offer.

"Boys," said Mac Lee, "I reckon that's jest 'bout my ticket. I say sell."

McGuire nodded. "I'm for ridin' her."

Slim Pitts was awed. "Santa Anna be blowed! Mac, that's money."

Gene telephoned the Soltol offices. "You've got customers, Mr. French."

"It's a pleasure," the vice president of Soltol said dryly, "to do business with men who don't want to hold an auction. How do you want checks made out?"

Gene had to use pencil and paper. To each of the four men of the drill crew, $30,500. Silvy's interest would run $7,500. Mac Lee's share was $139,000. He and Pete, after deducting Silvy's share, would be paid $131,500 together.

"How about you and O'Toole?" Mr. French asked. "Separate checks?"

"One check," said Gene. "We'll split it later."

"Next Tuesday morning at eleven. My office. The checks and papers will be ready."

Pete waited impatiently to get Gene alone. "What do we get, $65,750 apiece?"

"Well, not quite—perhaps."

"What do you mean, perhaps?"

"Look, Pete. Opie's broke. It'll be months before he starts to draw any royalties."

Pete looked at him queerly. "Are you suggesting that we cut Opie in?"

"Yes. He let us in here as poor-boys when he could have taken lease rental from Sammy. I think we ought to cut him in for three thousand dollars."

"Why three thousand dollars?" Pete demanded, grinning. "Do I look like a piker? Nuts! Make it five thousand dollars. We're oil millionaires." His face was flushed and his eyes were unnaturally bright.

"Oil fever," Gene warned.

"Sure!" Pete threw back his head. "I've had a taste of it; I like it. I want more."

Tuesday morning the adventurers of Enciato gathered in an office of the Soltol Building. Mac Lee appeared in a shiny, well-brushed blue serge suit; the drill crew wore clean boots and khaki. A corps of lawyers spread out papers. Mr. French's lips quirked with that shaft of kindly humor.

"Boys, it doesn't do Soltol's pride any good to be paying out money for a field we missed. You're to be congratulated. Poor-boys don't crack many eggs these days. Now, if you'll sign these documents—"

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Anyone who thinks turtles are slow-moving is crazy, Becker says. In hot weather they drive *him* crazy by jumping out of their crates and scuttling about the table. In a race between the hare and the tortoise, Becker would bet on the tortoise.—*Harold S. Kahm.*

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The lawyers bustled. Slim Pitts goggled at the pages of legal verbiage.

"What she say, Mac?" he asked.

"Like a bill o' sale for a mule," the driller explained.

"Oh." Slim signed laboriously, biting at his tongue and squirming his shoulders.

Mr. French distributed checks. He looked at his trouble-shooter. "Silvy, Soltol doesn't care to have its men in lease deals. Mr. Lane thought you'd build a breadboard and step aside. One more flyer like this and you're through."

"No more," said Silvy. "Building a breadboard was all I expected to do; everything else sort of horned in. I don't want ever again to touch lease-busting; the rules are too refined." He nodded coolly to Gene and to Pete and walked out of the room. Silvy would be Silvy Malot always—a dangerous animal to his enemies, and a lone wolf to his friends.

Slim Pitts stared at his check and gulped. "Thirty thousand dollars!"

"Look a-here you, Slim." Old Mac Lee impaled him with a bony finger. "You know what you do with that there check? You take her t' a bank an' put her away safe."

"You know what I aim t' do, Mac? I aim t' buy me slick store clothes, an' high-toned eatin' tobacco."

"I never seed you use eatin' tobacco."

"Santa Anna be blowed!" Slim cried indignantly. "Can't I a-give her away, friendly-like? A man's got t' do somethin' with his money."

The group moved toward the door. Gene, folding his check and putting it away, was left behind. He looked up to find Mr. French's eyes upon him quizzically.

"Any plans, Brandon?"

"A job."

"What? After bringing in a field? No more wildcatting?"

"Not for me," Gene said with conviction. "We were lucky. Another time we might not be. I'm putting this money away as a nest egg. Then I'm hunting a job."

"With Soltol?"

"Soltol wouldn't want me. I left to go wildcatting. That gives me a poor record."

"Not necessarily." The man mused. "Not if you've really made up your mind that you're through."

"You can take my word for that."

"In that event, why not come back with us—both you and O'Toole? You boys are different, but each of you has something. I'd like to see you both with a Soltol seismograph party. Men who can find oil for themselves should be able to find oil for us. Six or eight months with a seismo crew—and then party chiefs."

Gene said: "If I could talk to Pete—"

"Certainly. Take a week; think it over."

Gene rode down to the marble lobby. Pete, Mac Lee, and the drill crew had disappeared. He stopped at the bank with Soltol's check and mailed a $5,000 check to Opie Beecher. He returned to the Magnolia. But Pete was not in the room. A note had been pasted to the dresser mirror:

Gabbing with Mac. Wait around for me.

Gene waited. He waited three days. As he ate his Friday dinner in the dining room, Pete appeared with a jaunty step.

"Well," he chirped, "think of meeting you here!"

"'Wait around for me,'" Gene quoted coldly.

"Oh, that." Pete pulled out a chair. "I forgot to put in the word 'don't.'" He caught the eye of the waitress. "Sister, I have faith in this guy's judgment; give me whatever he's eating, and pronto. I'm dying of starvation."

"Where did you go—Europe?"

"Now, that's an idea." Pete leisurely unfolded a napkin. "I might decide to take in Europe at that."

"Mr. French wants to see you."

"Already? It doesn't take us oil magnates long to get together, does it?"

Gene sighed. "Magnates? You're out of focus. Sixty thousand dollars doesn't make an oil magnate."

"It's a start."

"Where *were* you?"

"Sssh! Don't be so impetuous."

They finished the meal in silence. The lobby, noisy with the noonday crowd, gave them excited attention as they waited for the elevator. Poor-boys who had gone out and done it! Gene slipped a key into the lock of the new room. Pete, bowing grandly, sailed past and looked about the room critically.

"Crude," he commented. "A few oil paintings, some silken drapes— Well, I suppose they can wait until next year."

Gene said grimly: "What's the matter with you? Gone balmy? Mr. French wants to see us."

"Us? I thought *I* was the big shot he wanted to see."

"Both of us."

"What's it about?"

"Jobs. We can go back where we left off. In six months we'll be party chiefs."

Pete yawned. "It leaves me cold."

"Why should it?" Gene demanded.

"I spent three days at Jacktown. I'm teaming up with Mac Lee. We're each putting up twenty-five thousand dollars. We're going to find more oil. Come across with twenty-five thousand dollars. We want you in with us."

Gene shook his head.

Pete pleaded. "Listen! This won't be like Enciato. We won't be poor-boying. We'll have money to work with."

"For how long?"

"Nuts! Didn't we find oil?"

"It took Mac twenty years to find it, poor-boying."

"Yeah? Well, this happened to be the first time he worked with trained seismo men."

"Pete!" Gene crossed the room. "Be yourself. You know oil gambling. Haven't you seen enough of it? Millionaires today; broke tomorrow. Take a good salary and keep what you have."

"What does Soltol call a good salary?"

"A seismo chief gets as high as three hundred and seventy-five dollars a month."

"Peanuts. I'm out for the big stuff. You heard Mac speak of the wildcat that ran into heaving shale? We're going back to that field. Mac figures he can locate a rig where we'll miss the shale."

Gene stared at him.

"Oh, I know the chances," Pete said, "but look what we get if we hit. The field's been condemned. We can pick up leases for the asking. Five years from now we may be riding through Texas throwing dollar bills out the window. Coming with us?"

"Five years from now you may not have the price of your breakfast. Listen, Pete—"

"Nix! I'm not being talked out of this. I told you at Enciato—I like the taste of this; I want more. Gene, I haven't much time. I'm to meet Mac at Penna's; he's looking over some equipment. Wants to specify the use of certain supplies on our drill jobs. Are you in? Yes or no?"

"No," said Gene.

"O. K., sweetheart. Don't forget I asked you. I'll take prize-steer beef."

They looked at each other steadily. Gene held out his hand.

"Good luck, Pete."

Pete's grin was twisted. "Not that, Gene. A handshake looks like good-by. It's never going to be good-by between you and me. I'll be seeing you."

He threw the door open and crossed the hall, swaggering toward the elevators. And thus Pete O'Toole went to meet his destiny. Which would he be—oil-field magnate or oil-field derelict?

Gene stood motionless for a long time. Presently he combed his hair and slipped into a coat. Blessed, he thought, is the man who knows the value of peanuts and can be content.

The elevator girl was breathless with excitement. "Mr. Lannin's given up his job. He sold his lease to Soltol." Mr. Lannin was the hotel day clerk.

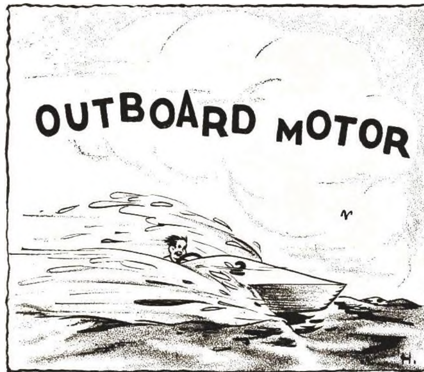
"That's nice."

"There's big money in oil."

"Sometimes," Gene said thoughtfully.

Outside, the Texas sun was friendly and warm, and the breeze off the Gulf was sweet with salt. He walked toward Main Street and the Soltol Building.

THE END

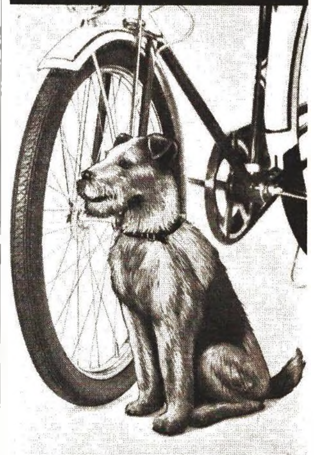


by GRACE NOLL CROWELL

SLIPPING the land-detaining tether,
Suddenly we are off together:
My boat and I beneath the sky,
A sharp wind blowing, and the cry
Of wild geese down the windy way.
A stinging lash of silver spray
Cutting my face, my eyes, my hair,
A wild exhilarating air,
And the mad water everywhere. . . .

MY BOAT, an arrow whose bright speed
Is like a racer in the lead,
Is like a winging bird set free,
Is like a bronco under me.
It splits the waves, it lifts until
It climbs a high green water hill,
And rushes on, while in its wake
Is churning foam and waves that break
Like surge upon some rocky shore,
Its sound lost in the motor's roar.
I am a part this heady hour
Of all earth's motion, light, and power.

"*Yes*, that's Ted's bike. I'll wait right here"



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King of the College Courts

(Continued from page 11)

"When a shot isn't working, and you can't make it work, stop using it," is Ernie's advice. After the match is over, the player can drill on the shots that didn't work during the competition. Common sense? Yes—that's what makes smart tennis.

In the semifinals of the Southern Men's Championships last year, Sutter had one of his hardest matches. The score was 2-all in sets. In the third set, the opponent, Art Hendrix, led, 5-2. One more game would give Hendrix the set and the match. Ernie Sutter started rushing the net hard—and that took courage. Hendrix was put on the defensive. Sutter kept rushing. He won the next game. And the next. And finally he won the set, 8-6. That gave him the match.

"I was lucky to pull out of *that* hole!" Ernie says in his New Orleans accent.

Strategy in tennis is merely outguessing the opponent. And that, Ernie points out, is often a question of choosing the right shot. You may make an offensive or a defensive shot. The lob is a good defensive shot, and the volley is a good offensive one.

Against his old doubles partner, Ramsay Potts of the University of North Carolina, his opponent in the Intercollegiate semifinals, Ernie used the lob effectively. Against John in the finals, he used the lob only two or three times, for he quickly discovered that the Southern California player had an overhead game hard to beat. Instead of the lob, Ernie tried passing John, and the strategy worked.

Almost always Ernie alternates in driving into first one corner and then the other of his opponent's court. The opponent has to cover a lot of territory, and he gets tired. Too, he often must hit the ball on the run, which is something no tennis player should do if he can help it.

In the final match of the Intercollegiates, Ernie had John running from one corner of the court to the other. Just when the Western player seemed convinced that his Southern rival was following this rule invariably, Ernie sent the ball down the right side of the court and followed it with another sizzling drive *down the same side*. John, already started for the other corner, failed to touch the ball. It struck the same spot as the one he had returned a second before.

Ernie Sutter has courage and strength; he likes the game, and he's willing to work and study and train. During the spring tennis season, he plays three or four sets three times a week under Coach Pare, and he plays three other days "just for fun." Sometimes he plays six sets a day in an effort to build up endurance. The next three or four years will tell how far he'll go. He's done pretty well already!

Dynamite Wanted

(Continued from page 20)

"Short again!" he thundered, pounding the drafting table with his fist. "Listen, you half-baked *tortilla!* You'll get this fill in place before the rains—or I'll feed you to the mountain lions!"

Jose Quez twirled his straw sombrero, unafraid. He had been the foreman of this pepper-seasoned *gringo* many years.

"Señor," he replied in graceful Spanish, "consider the *dinamita*. Or shall I say, consider that, since midnight, we have had none—for the burro train did not arrive. Tlasca, the Indian, received by signal fire a message, telling of strange happenings, *señor*, at the forks of the San Pedro. Some ghostly dance was seen; thus the *muleteros* ran away. The *mulos*, without doubt, are lost."

McHake cried in anguish, "And a ton of blasting powder with 'em!" He gnawed at his under lip. "I'm going loco on this project. Why did I ever take a job in these loony mountains?"

The foreman gave a sympathetic shrug. *"Quién sabe, señor?* It would not seem worth the while."

McHake sprang to his feet. "Not worth while?" he shouted. "Listen, you son of a don, *all* engineering jobs are worth while. This old globe wouldn't turn without the engineers. We avert the unavertible, untangle the untanglable—and we're finishing this dam before the rains!"

Jose shuffled his sandaled feet uneasily. "But, *señor*," he inquired, "can all this be done without *dinamita?*"

"Keep those air drills runnin'," ordered McHake. He waved toward the open door. "I'll get more powder, pronto."

Slowly Jose swung round. It was evident that the *jefe* had gone mad. He would get more powder, pronto! But *dinamita* could be purchased only in Corzal, across the mountains eight good burro-days. Did the *jefe* propose to fit wings on those burros? . . . Wings—Jose halted, a bewildered gleam in his dark eyes. His expression changed to hope, to conviction.

"Señor," he cried, "how beautiful a thought is mine! *Order that the dinamita come by air! Si, si*, in the machine that drones above the mountains. Those pilots—*they* are engineers indeed!"

McHake dropped heavily into the chair. His expression frightened the foreman.

"Señor," he faltered, "wherein does my thought fail?"

There was a pause; then McHake shook his head.

"You meant well, Jose," he said wearily. "I'll tell you about aviators. I tried 'em on a job down in Jalisco ten years back. . . . If the plane's right, the weather's wrong; so you can't go up. And if the weather's right, the plane's wrong; so you can't go up. And if you can catch both plane and weather right, which only happens leap years, why, it's the day for the pilot's manicure—and so you can't go up. Aviators—playboys!" He lifted a transit from the desk. "Get on the job. I'll be along and give you grade stakes."

Jose stepped from the office and McHake began setting up his transit. But it seemed that everything was wrong that morning, even the instrument. The compass needle was swinging thirty degrees west of the magnetic north. Time flew as he tinkered with the instrument. Presently a peal of thunder rolled in the distant mountains.

"Rain!" he muttered. "I knew it. I smelled it. And me with ten thousand tons of rock to break and set! I'll call Hachita again and see if they've got any dynamite."

A short-wave radio was fastened on the plank wall by the door. McHake switched on the battery current, and as he waited for the tubes to warm, gazed out over the mesa. The crest of the dam was visible in the gorge below and the west wall of the canyon, rising five hundred feet to the rim of the mesa

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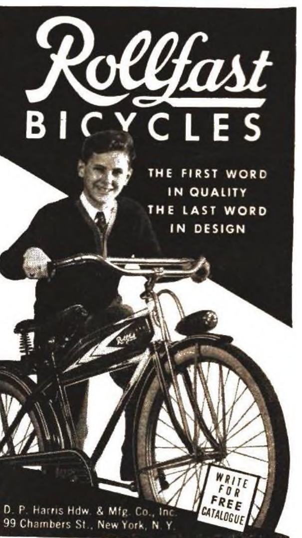

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opposite. The wall was a sheer rock face, except for one ledge that stood out like a shelf, directly over the dam. The engineer stared at the ledge.

"I could set churn drills on that shelf," he murmured. "Half a ton of powder in deep holes might crack off the cliff, finish the fill. Not good engineering practice—but I'll try it!"

A power hum was issuing from the radio. He lifted the transmitter: "Upper dam to Hachita. . . . Listen. I'm in a jam—no powder an' bad weather comin'. But I've figured a way to beat it. Get me half a ton of dynamite and, by Harry, I'll blast the ledge from the west cliff wall—"

A crackle of static interrupted; then a voice reached him, thin and far away.

"Observatory at Mazatlan; reporting—" static broke the message into queer half-words and phrases—"seismo—trem—magnetic line—of the disturbance—" Suddenly the radio went dead.

McHake let the transmitter fall and strode out to the mesa.

"Mazatlan reports—disturbance?" he repeated, gazing at the sky. "Maybe a cloudburst is comin' down the canyon." Cupping his hands, he shouted: "Jose! *Alto!*"

The foreman, halfway down the slope, swung round.

"Out of the canyon!" cried McHake. "Every man jack, mule, and scraper! Weather comin'!" He turned for the office. "I got to raise Hachita and see what it's all about."

At the door McHake stopped short. Something rustled in a clump of mesquite. A rattler maybe. No. A tufted quail came hopping from the thickets and staggered out over the mesa. Another joined it, and another, until a dozen birds were circling in a silly grotesque dance.

But McHake didn't laugh. He stood rigid, thinking, realizing. Dancing quail . . . a compass that said west was north. . . . The meaning of that interrupted message from Mazatlan suddenly was clear.

Whirling, he shouted: "Earthquake! *Terremoto!* Run for your—"

Under his feet the mesa twitched, to the right, to the left. The flimsy walls of the engineering shack bulged outward; the desk rocked, spilling maps and papers to the floor. Again that sound of thunder—but it was not thunder! Across the canyon boulders were dropping like apples shaken from a tree, grinding down into the stream bed. Shouts rang from the gorge, men and mules swarmed up the mesa trail, rock dust was lifting everywhere.

What had happened to the dam? McHake's eyes strained toward it. The dust clouds parted—he saw the rock-fill—still in place, the blue water of the reservoir behind it. A fierce exultance seized McHake; he shook his fists at the barrier of mountains.

"Done by an engineer!" he cried. "It's holding—"

Even as he shouted, a second tremor shook the earth, a vicious rocking quake. It hurled him from his feet, roof timbers cracked and splintered, the door fell from its hinges. McHake leaped up. . . . While he stumbled over the sill, again the mesa trembled.

But the third tremor was less violent; the earthquake was passing. The grind of falling rock died out, dust clouds slowly settled, the dam appeared once more.

McHake stared at it with stricken eyes. It had failed! A crack had opened close to the west canyon wall; water from the reservoir was jetting tons of loose earth through the break.

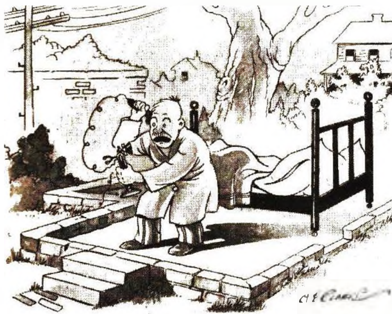
The engineer swung round, impelled by wild despairing thoughts. He'd call Jose—they might sandbag the break. . . . No good—the dam was gone. . . . Better call Hachita, warn them of the flood that would be racing their way.

He paused for a last look at his work washing to ruin in the gorge; and the ledge where he had planned to set the churn drills caught his eye. The rock shelf had split off from the cliff, the line of cleavage as true and straight as though a giant had driven an ax blade behind it. The ledge leaned outward but it did not fall; and it would not, for its base was rooted in the canyon floor.

To McHake that balanced rock was a symbol of the irony of fate. Another earthquake shock, and the ledge must have fallen. It might have choked the break and saved the dam. He laughed harshly, and stepping into the shack, lifted the microphone.

"McHake to Hachita!" he called. . . . "Open your floodgates! The dam is go—"

A roof joist gave way with a splintering crash. McHake sprang back, but he was not quick enough. The shack collapsed—a timber struck him down—and the room went spinning into darkness. . . .



"Hello, police? Come out here right away. Somebody stole my house."

Eighty kilometers across the mountains the shuttle plane had just swung south in flight for el Rubio canyon. Macklin, crouching over the controls, notched up the throttle to full gun. Johnny Caruthers watched the air-speed needle creep around the dial, till it reached a hundred forty and the plane racked with the roar of the engine.

"It's her top," said Macklin. "We'll make the canyon in a half hour. I wonder what we'll find."

Johnny wondered, too. He knew now that what they had seen was an earthquake shaking the mountains. Had the dam failed? And if it had, what could they do? Bring McHake out if he were living. . . .

The plane roared on; the clock on the panelboard ticked off slow minutes. At last a vaguely outlined tableland appeared between the peaks ahead, and Macklin spoke:

"The canyon's under that mesa rim." He checked the throttle, set the plane in a power-off glide.

Johnny opened the window and leaned out into the slip stream. The mesa was rising into focus; he saw men huddled in the brush, their faces white as they stared up at the plane. The flat was seamed like the palm of his hand and littered with rock fragments.

Macklin shook his head. "No chance to set the ship down. Look, there's a house fallen in! McHake's headquarters maybe."

He spiraled over the mesa, skimmed above the heap of splintered planking. Men were tearing at the ruins, but Johnny did not see McHake. The plane sank lower through the haze and the canyon came in sight.

"Finished!" Macklin said. His voice held a husky note. "Tough, Johnny. I feel plenty sorry for the old boy. . . . Look!" he cried.

Johnny Caruthers looked below again. He saw a figure crawl from the ruins of the office and move to the canyon rim. It was McHake. He stood there like a captain manning the bridge of his vessel when it sinks.

"He's okay," said Macklin gruffly. "We'd better turn back for Hachita. See if you can raise the operator."

Johnny bent over the radio and tuned up the volume. "Shuttle to Hachita dam!" he called.

A fry of static answered, then:

"*Señor* Johnny, it is you at last! I, Tomas, have stand by as ordered. I hear many signals, *señor*—and one, by *el jefe* McHake, is for you, I think. *Si*, he speaks of powder to be brought by air. *Atención, señor*, I repeat this message: 'Get me—dynamite—BY AIR—and I shall blast the ledge from the west cliff wall.'"

Johnny repeated: "Blast the ledge from the west cliff wall?" He gazed into the canyon. He could see the ledge. . . . Why, it was leaning outward from the cliff overhanging the dam crest!

The gap between the ledge and the cliff face was thirty feet in width. As he noted that, a vague thought stirred.

Macklin asked sharply: "What's Hachita say?"

The thought took form in Johnny's mind, and he straightened. Reaching out, he gripped Stub's arm.

"Listen," he jerked. "There's a chance to save the dam—if you can do the air work."

Macklin stared. "Air work?" he repeated.

Johnny shook him angrily and pointed down into the canyon.

"Dive on that ledge, and we'll drop a powder charge behind it—crack it off! Enough rock there to choke a dozen breaks. Give her the gun—climb! You'll need two thousand feet. When you nose over, *point for the gap*—and don't pull out till I give the word."

Stub stared at him blankly, but Johnny sprang up and crept back into the cabin. He lifted the first powder box and felt the floor tilt. The roar of the exhaust told him the ship was climbing.

Two boxes Johnny tied together, using the pack ropes, and dragged them to the door. He jerked the rip-wire from the door hinge—the plywood panel whipped away into the air stream. The blast from the propeller beat in his face as he knelt in the doorway. He pushed the powder boxes out over the metal sill plate—and waited.

The plane climbed on, then swung level. It nosed over and he could see the canyon far below, with the ledge a narrow shadowy slot behind it. The slot widened, growing in size.

Macklin was diving full-throttle now. The air stream rose to a steely whine; the exhaust was like the roll of thunder. Tears whipped from Johnny's cheeks; he shielded his eyes with his hand, watching the canyon wall leap upward. Stub's aim was true—the gap behind the ledge held line with the engine cowl.

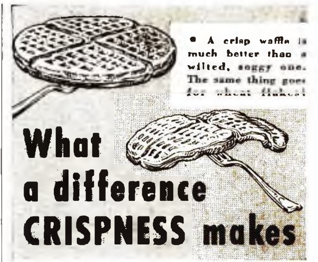
The last second flickered by. Johnny shouted—thrust the boxes from the sill! The plane zoomed, blacking out his vision, but he heard the crashing pound of high explosive, and the rumble of falling rock.

When his vision cleared, the plane was high above the mesa. Powder smoke was drifting down the canyon, and he saw an avalanche of broken stone flowing out over the dam, blocking the gap through which the water poured, choking it to a feeble stream.

The plane cruised northward, flying steadily. At last Macklin turned.

"McHake will be air-minded after this," he said with a shaky laugh.

Johnny Caruthers grinned, but his lips were white. It took plenty to make a man like McHake air-minded! It had taken every trick in the bag—plus an earthquake.



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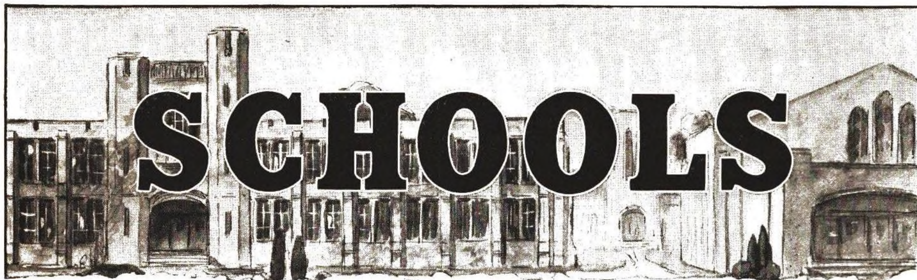

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SCHOOL ADVERTISING CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

The Job of Rookie Hunting (*Continued from page 17*)

"Do you find all of your players in the bush leagues?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, I get tips from friends all over the United States." He pointed to a card index file of names and addresses on his desk. "Of course, they send me on a lot of wild-goose chases. I once drove all the way from Houston, Texas, to Roanoke, Virginia, to see a college pitcher who had struck out twenty men in one game—only to find he didn't even have a good fast ball. He had made a great record because the hitters were no good. But it's worth all the disappointments. If you find one really great prospect in a year, you're doing a good job."

Charlie has traveled over a half million miles by train, automobile, bus, and airplane in quest of major-league talent. He's even invaded Mexico, Cuba, and Canada.

"What about Jim Bottomley?" I asked.

"A friend of mine gave me a tip on Bottomley," Barrett answered. "Jim at that time lived at Nokomis, Illinois, a small town not far from St. Louis. I had him come to Sportsman's Park for a trial.

"Jim made quite an impression upon me during that visit at the ball park." Charlie stopped a moment. "And I guess his baseball shoes had much to do with it. They weren't baseball shoes really, but just a pair of ordinary shoes on which he had fastened some spikes made by his local blacksmith. They had spikes only under the toes—none under the heels. I didn't see how he could walk in them, much less run. But those shoes told me something about Jim. The minute I saw them, I said to myself, 'That boy really wants to play ball.' And that's an important thing to know about a youngster.

"I got a pitcher and catcher to take their places and sent Jim up to bat. The pitcher tried to give him balls he could hit, but it seemed Jim couldn't do anything but miss.

"Finally he got hold of one. The last time we saw that ball it was sailing over the left-field bleachers. It was some while before he got hold of another one, but when he did, he slammed it up against the bleacher wall. I had him run that one out just as though he were in a regular game. He showed me some speed, too.

"I also had him throw some balls into the plate from the outfield, so I could have a look at his throwing arm. Like many young players, he didn't know how to get the ball in from the outfield. His first throw was high and looping. I explained that you have to throw the ball in low so it hits the ground a little back of the pitcher's mound and takes a couple of bounces to the catcher. Then an infielder can cut the throw off and make a play at one of the bases if he sees the ball won't reach the plate in time to keep the runner from scoring. Jim was quick to catch on, and when he threw the ball in again it carried to the catcher with a quick, sharp hop.

"In that tryout, I found Jim had the basic qualifications a boy must have to become a great player—speed, an arm and the makings of a hitter, and a lot of hustle and aggressiveness. These are the same things I had seen in Pepper Martin while watching him play down in Texas."

"But, Charlie," I said, "how can you tell that youngsters will make hitters when they miss the ball as much as Bottomley and Pepper Martin did when they were starting out?"

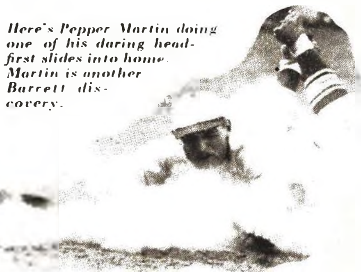
"Even when a player misses you can tell a lot about his hitting. When these boys stood up to the plate they had nice, easy, loose swings and a natural follow through—meaning they came all the way around with their bats whether they connected or not."

Charlie got up from his chair and went through the motions of swinging a bat to illustrate his point. He was a ball player himself in his younger days—an outfielder in the Texas League.

"You scout pitchers pretty much the same as other players?" I asked.

"Well, I give more attention to their delivery. They must have the same looseness in their delivery that a good hitter has in his swing at the plate. Ever notice Dizzy Dean, Carl Hubbell, or Lon Warneke work? They are so loose you'd think they'd almost fall to pieces; yet they have smooth deliveries that enable them to control the pitch and still put strength into it."

"Is there any one thing to which a young pitcher should devote most of his practice, Charlie?"



Here's Pepper Martin doing one of his daring head-first slides into home. Martin is another Barrett discovery.

"Yes. He should practice endlessly for control. You can fool the batters every time if you can put the ball where you want it. Many young players try for control by throwing at targets, such as a spot on a wall. But I have seen boys become almost perfect at hitting targets and still not have enough control to get by in a game. Pitching to batters is much better."

"What throws should a pitcher try to master?"

"A young pitcher should devote most of his attention to his fast ball. A good curve is also a help, although a few years ago I drove into Oklahoma City to watch a tournament of amateur teams, and signed up Jim Winford—a kid of seventeen then—who didn't have a thing in the world but a great fast ball. He now has a good curve and a knuckle ball. His knuckler has been responsible for some of the best games he has pitched for the Cardinals.

"I wouldn't advise a boy to learn a variety of pitches, such as the knuckle ball, screw ball, and sinker. There'll be plenty of time for that when he becomes a professional."

"How should a boy who wants to become a big leaguer prepare himself?"

"He should play ball every time he gets a chance. He should think baseball constantly and study the game. He should never miss a chance to see a major or minor-league team play.

"Charlie Grimm was that kind of youngster. In 1918, when I first saw him, he was with a Municipal League team in St. Louis. During the day he helped his father, who was a house painter. Charlie was so afraid he'd miss a little baseball that he didn't take time to change his clothes after work, but came to practice in his paint-spattered overalls. Charlie also sold peanuts and popcorn at Sportsman's Park, where he had a chance to observe the big leaguers first hand. It's no wonder he became one of the National League's great first basemen. He didn't have a lazy bone in his body."

"And now, Charlie," I asked, "how about giving some pointers on how young players should train?"

"It's important," he answered, "to get in good condition. But get into condition gradually. Never play in a match game until you have spent time getting into trim. I saw a pitcher's career ruined one time because he failed to take that advice. I'm speaking of Harry Howell, a member of the St. Louis Browns pitching staff around 1909. The Browns had an exhibition game scheduled at Dallas, Texas, early in the spring training season. Since all the players had not joined the team, Howell was sent out to fill in for one of the outfielders. He was given instructions just to toss or roll in any balls that came his way, and under no circumstances to throw hard. But the game became exciting. The score was tied two and two. A hitter was trying to stretch a single into a double. And Harry forgot himself. He loosed a rifle throw toward the second baseman. And instantly something seemed to snap in his arm. His great pitching ability was gone forever. Even an operation failed to bring his arm back.

"The first thing Frankie Frisch and the other big-league managers do when they take their teams South is to hold light workouts. The players toss the ball around easily and do a lot of running to limber up their arms and legs and to get their wind before they play any actual games.

"Wind is a lot more important in baseball than most people think. A fellow without good wind will slow down in circling the bases. A pitcher without it will lose his fast ball before he goes the full nine innings."

"Players sometimes develop sore arms and strained muscles after the regular playing season starts, don't they?"

"Yes. And one of the chief reasons is that they don't warm up properly before going into a game. Intelligent players realize that cold muscles can't do their best. You'll notice during a big-league game that no substitute goes in without warming up.

"The time for players to learn these things is when they are boys, through study and practice of the game. Even so, there'll be plenty that's new to them when they come into the big time. Did I ever tell you about the youngster we had in a spring training camp last year?"

And now I knew the time had come for one of those baseball stories without which no conversation with Charlie Barrett is complete.

"This boy," Charlie related, "was a pitcher. He seemed to have a good deal of stuff, but no control. The ball seemed to slip from his hand as he threw. So I yelled over to him:

"'Why don't you pick up that rosin bag there by the mound and dust some of the powdered rosin on your fingers?'

"He picked up the bag, but instead of rubbing it in his fingers he dropped it. The ball still slipped away from him; so I yelled to him again. He picked up the bag and after fumbling with it a bit, tossed it aside. And still he couldn't keep the ball from getting away. After the inning, I took him to one side and asked him why he didn't dust the rosin on his hand as I had suggested.

"'Why, I tried to, Charlie,' he said, 'but I just couldn't get that doggone bag untied.'"

SCHOOLS

(*Continued from page 34*)

KEMPER MILITARY SCHOOL
Junior College and High School
The oldest boys' school in the West (94th Year), rich in tradition and achievements. Successfully educates the boy mentally, physically and morally. Inspires leadership.
Fully accredited. Small classes. Personal supervision. Exceptionally high scholastic standards. Complete faculty of able educators.
Modern buildings: $200,000 gymnasium; indoor swimming pool and rifle range; fine golf course. Sports for every boy. Beautiful grounds (96 acres). *WRITE NOW for Catalog.*
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Trains for Character. 5th grade through High School. College Prep., or Business. All sports. Every boy can be on a team. Friendly teachers. Accredited. Study help assures Success. Five fire-proof buildings, 85 miles south of Chicago. Endowed. Payments. Write for free catalog:—Col. J. A. Bittinger, Supt., Box B, ONARGA, ILL.

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Highly trained faculty. Small classes and "Big Brother" plan keep cadets and faculty close. Every boy on some team. Well equipped gymnasium. Inspiring living conditions. Beautiful large campus. *Building boys is better than mending men.* Write for catalog. M. M. A. 157-C St., Mexico, Mo.

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Certifies to colleges. Lower school for younger boys. New athletic field in heart of wooded estate. *Address* Col. A. M. Henshaw, Box B, College Hill, Cincinnati, O.

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sports, polo, 120-ft. pool. Shell crews. Golf, boxing. Exceptional facilities. Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, Band. *Catalog.*
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Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. BENJAMIN N. BOGUE, Dept. 31, CIRCLE TOWER, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

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Episcopal — The American Rugby
A STURDY BODY, an alert mind, and a dependable character reward the boy who puts himself in harmony with St. John's training. He will be under supervision of men who are devoting their lives to the work. They are familiar with all the problems that face the thoughtful parent. Catalog.
377 De Koven Hall, Delafield, Waukesha County, Wisconsin.

Naval Stamp Pictures Academy Seal

STAMPS

by **Kent B. Stiles**

WHETHER you are a beginning stamp collector with but a few stamps or a seasoned collector with a valuable album, it is important that you keep informed about the stamp market as reflected by the stamp advertisements printed in the two adjoining columns. Read EVERY advertisement for somewhere in these columns you may find a bargain in the very stamps you need to round out your collection. The world's leading dealers are represented in these columns.

THE annual convention of the Society of Philatelic Americans will be held at Asheville, N. C., on August 26-28, and Uncle Sam will pay it postal recognition by releasing a special souvenir sheet of stamps. The Post Office Department's initial announcement did not say which stamp or stamps would comprise the sheet, but that information will probably be known by the time this July number of *The American Boy* reaches its readers.

Tributes of this character have been accorded with increasing frequency by various countries in recent years. Our own government has honored the International Philatelic Exhibition at New York in 1926 and American Philatelic Society's convention at Chicago in 1933. In 1934, it honored the National Stamp Exhibition at New York, the A.P.S. convention at Atlantic City, and the Trans-Mississippi Philatelic Exposition at Omaha in 1934; and the Third International Philatelic Exhibition at New York in 1936. Thus were produced imperforate varieties for normally perforated stamps (except for the White Plains souvenir sheet for the 1926 exhibition). Some foreign countries release new designs when commemorating philatelic events, but Uncle Sam does not.

France honors Jean Mermoz, aviator who was lost during a South Atlantic flight.

Netherlands commemorates the 1937 World Scout Jamboree.

Meanwhile Washington sprang a surprise in connection with the 5c value of the Army and Navy series. It had been officially announced, months earlier, that the Navy's 5c would illustrate the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Instead, this 5c blue has as its central design the Academy's seal. This is inscribed with "Naval" (reading up) at left and "Academy" (reading down) at right; and along the foot is the Latin wording *Ex scientia tridens.* An Academy graduate gives, as a liberal translation of this, "From knowledge comes sea power." At left of seal is a naval cadet in the uniform of the early days of the Academy; at right, a cadet in present-day uniform. "United States Postage" and "U. S. Naval Academy," each in two lines, are at left and right above the seal.

THE Army's 5c, also blue, has a view of the Military Academy at West Point as its central design. Washington Hall is at left and the North Cadet Barracks at right, in foreground; while at upper right is the Chapel, with the old Observatory farther in the distance at left. "United States Military Academy" is along the stamp's base. In upper left is "West Point" and "Duty · Honor · Country" in two lines. "U. S. Postage" is in a panel along the stamp's left edge.

An interesting philatelic development is that Ecuador apparently is "beating us to it" with a U. S. Constitution series! Uncle Sam's Constitution commemoratives, recalling the adoption of this famous document in 1787, are not expected earlier than September. Ecuador announced that it would release such a set in July—and the fact that such a series appears in a South American country suggests an appreciation of President Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy.

The air mail section of Ecuador's Constitution set, it was promised, would picture in three colors the American eagle hearing the United States flag, with a portrait of George Washington in upper left and Ecuador's coat of arms in upper right. The postage part would show a symbolic figure of Ecuador, Ecuador's tricolored flag, the Ecuador eagle, and the Chimborazo volcano. Each section would comprise 2, 5, 10, 20 and 50c and 1s and 2s. George Washington has been postally honored before by foreign countries. In addition to the United States and the Philippines, his likeness has appeared on stamps of Brazil, France and Poland.

THE German dirigible *Hindenburg* which met disaster at Lakehurst, N. J., on May 6 had thrice been pictured on stamps, all issued in 1936—by Germany on 50pf dark blue and 75pf dark green, and by Liechtenstein on 2fr violet.

Aircraft of the zeppelin type of construction are associated directly with more than 150 major and minor varieties of postal paper released from 1928 to date by eighteen governments, including the United States. Illustrated, in addition to the *Hindenburg*, are Germany's *Graf Zeppelin*, and Russia's *Pravda, Voroshilov* and *Lenin*. A specialized collection of all such stamps would cost more than $700.

In a collection of this character would logically be included two 1934 air stamps of Germany—2m with portrait of Otto Lilienthal (1848-1906) and 3m with a likeness of Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin (1838-1917). Lilienthal pioneered in construction of gliders and was killed during a flight in one after making more than 2,000 such journeys in safety. Zeppelin continued the work begun by Lilienthal and built the first of the type of aircraft bearing his name. The *Graf Zeppelin* and the *Hindenburg*, both built under the direction of Dr. Hugo Eckener, became Germany's modern-day successors.

May 24 is the date set aside by Bulgaria each year to celebrate the invention of the Cyrillic alphabet by St. Cyril and St. Methodius (brothers whom Czechoslovakia postally honored in 1935). The alphabet came into use about ten centuries ago, and Bulgaria now commemorates, with 1, 2, 4, 7 and 14l. stamps, the adoption of it at that time. To advertise Bulgarian fruit and vegetables in foreign countries, 1, 2, 4, 7, 24, 30 and 40l. have been released.

FOLLOWING political detachment of Burma from India, Burma's first stamps have appeared. These are provisionals—stamps of British India, fifteen values ranging from 3p to 5r, overprinted "Burma" in black capital letters. Definitives will be released in due time.

May 15 marked the 25th anniversary of the accession of King Christian X to the throne of Denmark. Danish commemoratives are 10o brown and 30o blue, showing the monarch on horseback; 5o green, Marselisborg Castle, the ruler's summer home near Aarhus; and 15o red, Amalienborg Castle, the royal residence in Copenhagen. Iceland issued 1, 4 and 40a commemoratives.

A newcomer to philately's gallery is Jean Mermoz, French airman who was lost during a South Atlantic mail flight last December. On a 3fr dark violet France has placed his likeness against a background of wings; and on a 30c black-green he is shown in the pilot's seat.

This Greek stamp commemorates the centenary of the founding of the University of Athens.

German 3, 6 and 12pf show a warrior gazing toward the sky; in his right hand is a spear, and in his left is a shield with the letters R L B. The latter are the initials of *Reich*

Stamp Collectors, Notice!

When a stamp dealer mentions "approval sheets" or "approvals" in his advertisement, it means that each person answering the advertisement will receive sheets of stamps sent on approval.

An approval sheet contains stamps attached to it. Under each stamp is marked the dealer's price. The collector may purchase any of the stamps at the prices indicated. All stamps NOT purchased are returned to the dealer; and, at the same time, money is sent to the dealer in payment for any stamps which are kept.

Approval sheets should be returned within the time specified by the dealer. No stamp should be removed unless the collector intends to purchase it. When returning sheets, the collector should tell the dealer specifically whether he wants further ones sent on approval.

A dealer advertising in The American Boy is not supposed to send approval sheets to collectors unless his advertisement clearly states that they will be sent.

1937 AIR POST ALBUM
New edition of Scott's famous loose-leaf album for air mails of the world, complete to Jan. 1, 1937. Just out.
$5.00 (plus postage)
SCOTT STAMP & COIN CO., Ltd. 1 West 47th St., New York, N. Y.
FREE—Scott's complete, illustrated price list

SCARCE ZEPPELIN & TRIANGLE!
Giant-sized Russian Zeppelin Stamp (cat. value 20c!) and Beautiful Lithuania Airmail Triangle (both illustrated); also big packet of 53 dif. stamps including Azerbaijan, Epirus, new Martinique, etc. & illus. lists—all for 5c to approval applicants!
WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO., BOX 400, CAMDEN, NEW YORK.

ALL FOR 5c!
Midwood Stamp Co., Dept. 3A, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Fidelity Stamp Co., Dept. 21, Barrister Bldg., Wash., D.C.

THE WORLD IN A PACKET—20c
Queen City Stamp & Coin Co., 604 Race St., Room 31, Cincinnati O.

TRIANGLES SCARCE DIAMOND AND AIRMAILS!
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105 DIFFERENT STAMPS
Including TRAVANCORE, ESTONIA, ALGERIA, etc., all for only 3c to approval applicants. EXTRA—TWO Scarce AIRMAILS added FREE if you act quickly (Limit one packet.)
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50 Italy 10c; 25 Italian Cols. 40c; 25 Africa 10c; 25 Asia 10c;
COVERT STAMP CO., A-712 E. & B. BLDG., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REAL BARGAIN! 30 Different ANGOLA
Cape Verde, Guinea, Portugal, Mozambique, and St. Thomas & Prince, with list of premiums and price lists, all for only 5 cents to approval applicants.
DEPRAW STAMP CO., BOX 93, OCEAN PARK, CALIFORNIA

CANADIAN CORONATION STAMP
will be used on replies to those sending 10c for our packet of 50 different Canadians, Newfoundlands, British Colonials, and asking for approvals.
AFFLECK, 98 Agnes St., Oshawa, Ont., Canada.

Collectors Illustrated Catalog FREE
28 pages featuring United States, Canadians, Newfoundland, British Colonials, Jubilees, Edwards. Sent for postage or entirely free.
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Drop us a postcard and we will send you by return mail a fine selection of commemoratives, air mails, and revenues. Write today.
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FREE! 25 Beautiful Stamps
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D. M. Ward, Dept A, Gary, Ind.

SCARCE "NEW ISSUES" PACKET!
LEIMERS, 35 Flatiron, Fort Worth, Texas

SCARCE AIRMAIL & TRIANGLE
MYSTIC STAMP CO., (Dept. 40) CAMDEN, NEW YORK

U. S. $1, $2, $4 and $5 STAMPS
Included in our packet of 25 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS given to new approval applicants sending 3c postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.
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SNAKE — VULTURE AND ELEPHANT TRIANGLES! 5c
SEMINOLE STAMP CO., PIMLICO, BALTIMORE, MD.

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New Mexican Special showing Indian Archer in action (as illus.) with 20 different Mexico and 25 different U. S. including old issues, commemoratives all for 5c to approval applicants.
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THE JUNIOR SIMPLIFIED U. S. ALBUM
STANLEY GIBBONS, Inc., 38A Park Row, New York City, N. Y.

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LEARN FROM AN EXPERT WHAT TO COLLECT!
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Here's a Job for You!
Looking for a job? Here's one that has given an attractive spare-time income to thousands of fellows like yourself. No experience required. No red tape. Write today for The American Boy Agents Plan. It offers a splendid way for you to earn your own spending money.
The American Boy
7430 Second Blvd. Detroit, Mich.

Luftschutz Bund (German Air Defense League)—giving the clue for the reason for the issue: the founding of the league, four years ago. And as postal propaganda suggesting Germany's political interest in Danzig, the latter has released 10 and 15pf stamps with the initials D L B—"D" for Danzig instead of "R" for *Reich*.

GREECE'S offering commemorating the centenary of the founding of the University of Athens proves to be a 3d orange-brown picturing the building guarded by an allegorical feminine figure holding spear and shield.

Irish Free State, which under a proposed Constitution would adopt "Eire" as its official name, promises high-value stamps with designs representing events in the State's religious history. "Eire" will not be new to philately, as all the State's definitives (except the postage dues) from 1922 to date bear the name.

"As postage stamps are supposed to represent the nation," according to Jiro Iseya, director of Japan's postal bureau, "all the present designs must be changed at this time when Japan ranks as a leading power." So, revising postage rates for the first time in thirty-eight years, Japan has begun issuing an entirely new series with modern designs. These have already added two portraits to the hobby's gallery—those of Count Heihachiro Togo, the admiral who defeated the Russian fleet in the Battle of the Sea of Japan during the Russian-Japanese conflict in 1904 (on the 2s); and K. Nogi, the great Japanese military leader at Port Arthur during the same war (on the 4s).

A stamp picturing the Hindenburg, German airship which crashed May 6.

Lebanon's president, named Edde, also is a gallery newcomer, his likeness being on a 10p which has an interesting accompanying design—cedar tree, lion and tiger, to symbolize the time when Lebanon was covered with forests abounding with wild beasts—and a Phoenician galley, to recall Lebanon's one-time maritime glory.

COMMEMORATING its founding five years ago, Manchukuo has issued 1½f carmine showing a planted field with sun and clouds overhead; and 3f green with a palace, temple, towers and turrets.

The *Wereld Jamboree* (World Jamboree) Boy Scout commemoratives of Netherlands are 1½c green and gray with Scout emblem; 6c brown and gray with drummer and flags; and 12c blue and gray with a head of Mercury.

The next Central American Olympic Games will be held in Panama in 1938. Months in advance, Nicaragua is giving the world's philatelists an opportunity to finance the sending of Nicaragua's athletes to Panama! Four Nicaraguan 1c stamps are being released for that purpose—one red, one blue, one green, and one yellow.

Stained Gold

(*Continued from page 7*)

any other place that you have mentioned. I have recently had two visions. In each I saw our great camp on Middle Creek. And it was new grass time. Green was the plain and green the timber. Well you know what the vision of new growing grass means: that we shall survive the winter and enjoy the coming summer. Sun, himself, gives us our visions. So, my friends, we must winter on Middle Creek."

Followed a long silence, broken at last by Big Lake: "Well, my friends, it is on Middle Creek that we winter?"

All assented save Three Bulls, who remained silent. Such was Red Plume's authority that the discussion was ended without further debate. Three Bulls accompanied us to Carter's lodge, and there said to him: "Well, Beaver Child, what about it?"

Carter replied that Middle Creek would be no place for us, as there were few beavers along it. "We'd better pack up at once and go to Musselshell River," he said regretfully.

Paiot'aki and the two other women immediately objected. We were all too few to attempt to winter in that part of our country, so constantly infested with war parties of enemy tribes. We should all be killed! They kept up their clamor till Three Bulls said emphatically:

"Matters not the bird's head! I go with you!" A slang expression, that, meaning, "I have no fear."

Three Bulls' women shrilled their dismay, but the warrior went on to say that he could induce two fearless friends, Ancient Man and Low Horn, to join us with their families. Bellaire said that John Bird and Henry Wilson, free trappers encamped just below Fort Benton, would be glad to go with us. In spite of the women's loud protests we agreed to set out upon our long trek early the next day, and then our visitors left.

We pulled out the next morning, Three Bulls and his friends and we free trappers, though Big Lake and other chiefs urged us strongly not to go down into that enemy-infested country and our women wailed that we were taking them to their end.

When, hours later, we neared Fort Benton, where we were to obtain our winter supplies and stop for the night, Bellaire went on to Bird and Wilson's camp to induce them to join our expedition.

At the fort Factor Dawson gave us hearty greeting and told us to use his big guest room and its broad fireplace in order to save putting up our lodges. Gratefully we accepted, and then began our trading. The women brightened up considerably as they selected various articles of use and adornment they had long coveted, but they again became sad-faced and tearful when the women of the fort gathered round and began talking of the dangers ahead of us.

At dusk Bellaire came in with Bird and Wilson and their families. They had readily agreed to join us, regardless of risks.

That evening Factor Dawson invited me alone to have supper with him and his good Gros Ventre wife in their comfortable quarters upstairs in the fort. Luxury of luxuries, we had for dessert big helpings of plum pudding!

I had long known that the factor had a fatherly liking for me, and now he urged me not to go to the dangerous Musselshell country. It was all right for the others, he said. That was their life. But I had a good education and could do better. He would give me a clerkship and in time I could work up to a fine position in the company.

His kind words embarrassed me. Confusedly I told him that I had given my word to go with the others. In the spring, perhaps, I would clerk for him if he still wanted me. And with thanks for the supper I left.

Softly I closed the door behind me, crossed the veranda in front of Dawson's quarters, and at the head of the stairway sat down and gazed at the moonlit, adobe fort. How massive and impregnable it seemed—what a fine place to spend the winter!

Strongly I was tempted to turn back and tell the factor that I would clerk for him. Instead I forced myself to go down into the guest room and to my bedding that Paiot'aki had made ready for me. All the others in the great room were stretched out and silent. A few dying embers in the fireplace gave me all the light I needed. I partly undressed, stretched out under my blankets, and was half asleep when I heard Paiot'aki speak in a low, beseeching voice: "Beaver Child, hear me. Do something for me."

"Well, what?" Carter grumbled.

"Throw away that unlucky yellow gravel, or leave it here in Big House."

"Cease bothering me about it. Sleep."

"You will be sorry. Soon you will wish you had heeded your poor woman's plea."

"An unreasoning plea."

Boys--Girls! Solve this Puzzle

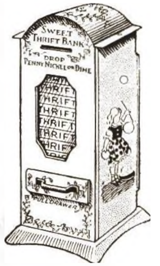
Get a Candy Bank

TELTIL OB-EPEP
RPTEE APN
YHTUPM YDTUPM
EDR GNIIDR OOHD
CAKJ NAD ILLJ

In this picture you are several characters taken from Fairyland, and beside the pictures are their names. Some of them you will know, and some of them you may not know. Untangle the letters and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the story book folks. For instance, the letters **Rptee Apn**, No. 2, when in their right order, spell **Peter Pan**. You will see him in the picture with his pipes, playing a jolly tune.

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

If you can put the letters in the correct order and become a member of my Junior Sales Club, I will tell you how you can get this Candy Bank FREE. The inside of this bank is full of chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the slot and pull open the drawer in the bank, there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil! A key comes with each bank so you can fill it with chocolate bars when empty.



After You Solve The Puzzle

Send in your answer to this puzzle as soon as you can. Try to be the first one to send correct answer. Start working this very minute and see if you can work out every name and send in the answer today. Write the names of the Fairyland characters on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, sign your own name and address, and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the correct answer to this puzzle and joins the Junior Salesmen's Club will have an opportunity to get this bank free. Send your correct answer to

BILLY WADE, JUNIOR SALES CLUB 301, TOPEKA, KANSAS

GUIDE-BOOK TO GOOD VALUES

WHEN you plan a trip abroad, you can take a guide-book and figure out exactly where you want to go, how long you can stay, and what it will cost you. To save you time, the obliging author has marked especially interesting places with a star, or two or three — so that when you land in Europe you know exactly where to go and what to look at.

The advertisements in this magazine are really a guide-book to good values . . . brought up to date every month. If you make a habit of reading them carefully, you can plan your shopping and save yourself time, energy and money.

Paiot'aki said no more, but I heard her softly crying and somehow I felt terribly depressed. Like the women, I was fearful of what the future had in store for us. But I had given my word; I would go with the others.

The next morning we made our farewells and struck out on the Missouri-Yellowstone trail of the Blackfeet tribes. After all, I thought, our caravan made a formidable appearance. We numbered nine men and three nearly grown boys, all well armed. And as Three Bulls had two women, Low Horn three, and Ancient Man two, there were in all twelve women, some of whom could fight if they had to. Anyhow, they and their six or eight children added to the strength of our appearance. Our saddle horses, pack horses, and loose horses were more than two hundred head.

Upon topping the plain we at once sighted herds of buffalo and bands of antelope—promises of fat meat as we wanted it. During the day I rode first with Bird and then with Wilson to become better acquainted with them.

John Bird was a big, powerfully built man, cold-eyed and boastful, and none too clean of person. His woman was a slender, attractive little Shoshone, whom, I soon learned, he frequently cursed and struck.

Henry Wilson was a clean-looking, pleasant-faced man of medium height whom I liked at once. He, too, had a Shoshone woman, a cousin of Bird's woman. Because of that connection he had met Bird at Ford Bridger, and together they had come north to trap.

That afternoon we made an early camp on Arrow Creek, built a corral for our horses in the timber back of our lodges, drove them into it, and told off three shifts to watch them during the night. That was the one sure way to prevent a war party from surprising us and running off our stock. The women, meantime, had set up our lodges in a close row, and procured firewood and water for the night. I glowed with satisfaction as I looked at our camp. It seemed formidable!

The night passed without incident and we were early upon the trail, Three Bulls and I riding well in the lead to hunt for meat. Buffalo herds were continuously in sight but it was not until we struck Wolf Creek that we saw a chance to go down one of its coulees and kill all we needed right on the trail.

Three Bulls wanted to do the killing with my many-shots rifle. I let him have it and he went on ahead down the narrow, deep coulee and right into the herd. In no time, with three accurate shots at close range, he dropped three fat cows.

"My gun is a nothing gun compared with yours," he said with great excitement. "With a quick movement of this handle another cartridge is in place! I shall have one like it when next we go to Big House."

We had one cow skinned and cut up by the time our party came on. They fell to work on the other two kills, and within a half hour we were again on our way with plenty of meat.

At four o'clock we unpacked in the edge of the grove at the junction of Yellow River and Warm Spring Creek, and soon had a corral built and the lodges up. Then Carter and I, much to Paiot'aki's disgust, caught some fine trout for our supper. We had to fry them ourselves; she would not touch them, for to the Blackfeet fish were horrible forbidden things. Just to tease her we made much of our feast, smacking our lips and enlarging upon the fine flavor of the fry.

Said she at last: "It was not enough that you persist in keeping that bad-luck yellow gravel. No. You had also to catch and eat those forbidden spotted fish!" And crying, she arose and went outside.

I began to regret our humor. "Almost, I wish we had never seen the gold dust," I said.

"Nor the trout either, I suppose! I wish that my woman had more sense. Confound these Indian superstitions, anyhow!" Carter answered.

That night, Three Bulls, Bellaire, and I took the first watch. There was a slight stir of warm southwest wind; the sky was clear, the moon at full. All about us wolves howled, coyotes yelped, foxes barked, and owls hooted. Occasionally a flock of ducks went hurtling southward over our heads, and from far heights there came to us now and then the honking of geese.

"Ah! Cold Maker is upon his southward way," Three Bulls remarked.

Our clock, the Big Dipper constellation, indicated that one-third of the night had passed, when we heard a steady rumbling up the valley of Warm Spring Creek. Three Bulls lifted his head, keenly listening.

"Buffalo," he exclaimed. "Many of them! Coming swiftly! Hurry, you two, to the corral, and if you must, shoot to turn them from it."

Even as he spoke he ran to the lodges to arouse the sleepers. Bellaire and I hurried to the corral, which was merely three or four strands of rawhide ropes stretched from tree to tree, with a few cuttings of willows and saplings stuck upright and tied to the rope. As we selected our stand, Bellaire panted:

"We can't turn them. They'll trample us to pieces!"

On came the frightened, stampeding herd, still out of sight but pounding down on us, smashing through brush, making a deafening noise. I glanced at our camp. Three Bulls and the other men, standing before the lodges, were already waving their blankets and capotes.

I turned to shout to Bellaire that we must do the same, and saw him climbing a near-by tree with the agility of a cat. I felt a sudden rage but forgot it as I caught sight of that oncoming stream, a heaving river of shaggy, sharp-horned heads and humped backs. A resistless, broad column of them as wide as the grove!

My heart almost stood still, but somehow I managed to fire at the mass of them coming straight toward me—I fired again and again at short intervals. Presently I sensed that I was splitting the stampede into two streams that were passing upon either side of the corral.

And then, suddenly, the herd was gone, and through the haze of dust that their hoofs had raised I saw Bellaire come sliding down his tree—and my rage returned twofold.

As I turned toward camp, I saw that one of our lodges was down. Three Bulls came to meet me and said that a few of the herd had sped right through camp, and one big beast had made a side thrust at Ancient Man's lodge, pierced the thick leather skin with its horn, and dragged along skin, poles, and all, until the lodge had fallen to pieces. But except for a few scratches the two women and two children who had been cowering in the lodge were unharmed.

As Three Bulls and I went on toward camp, Bellaire overtook us. We didn't speak to him, but his woman, fully aware of his flight up into the tree, said plenty to him. We went to where Ancient Man's women were comforting their crying, frightened children. The others were gathered around, all exclaiming at once, until Three Bulls suddenly cried:

"Stop talking, all of you. That herd was not running without reason. A war party undoubtedly frightened it. You women, hurry to put that lodge together while we men watch for whatever is to happen."

The lodge was set up and the women and children went back to bed. We men all remained on watch for an hour or more but, hearing nothing alarming, we finally left three on guard while we tried to get some rest. Our sleep was fitful, however, and we were all up with the first signs of dawn, well aware that a war party must be near.

Warily we ate, brought in and saddled the horses, and helped the women put on the packs and lash the lodgepoles in place. Soon we were off upon a branch trail that ran due east to strike the headwaters of Armell Creek.

By common consent Three Bulls was our leader. That morning he selected Low Horn and me to scout with him, well in the lead of our caravan. We were now in broken country, the trail running close to the foot of the Yellow Mountains on our right. We hadn't gone far when we unavoidably frightened a herd of buffalo that tore off along the top of a ridge toward the mountains. At that Three Bulls exclaimed:

"Unfortunate that we frightened *that* herd. It will draw to us the attention of any enemies who may be hereabout."

Twice during the morning we made wide detours to avoid alarming other herds, and often Three Bulls would say: "My heart is low. Something warns me that danger lies ahead."

So was it that Low Horn and I also became depressed, and extremely watchful of our surroundings. Our eyes ached, so intently did we scan each ridge and flat and coulee and pine-topped butte for signs of danger.

On and on we plodded, not stopping for a midday rest, for the trail to Armell Creek was long. Came late afternoon, and just as I was saying that we would make the stream without trouble, Low Horn silenced me. Suddenly checking his horse, he pointed to a pine-topped butte a half mile ahead.

"There on the right side of that butte, just below its timber!" he cried. "A rider crouching low upon his horse. Now he is backing down out of sight!"

"You are sure it is not a buffalo or elk?" asked Three Bulls.

"A rider. Plainly I saw him and his horse."

"Ha! Powerful is my sacred helper," Three Bulls muttered.

Our followers were all of a mile in our rear. We dismounted and waited for them to come on. Three Bulls said that the lone rider was, of course, a scout of a war party. We three would be crazy to go on alone and attack them.

Soon we were telling the others of our discovery, the women and children listening with exclamations of dismay and fear, the men in grim silence.

"Well, Three Bulls, advise us what to do," Carter said quietly.

"We will go on as though unaware of enemies hereabout, and at Armell Creek we will make a camp as strong as possible," Three Bulls answered, and when none made objection, he led on.

The pine-topped butte stood at the edge of a wide depression in the plain, its upper end about a mile away at the foot of the timbered slope of the mountains. There were no signs of the rider upon the butte as we passed it, but upon descending the slope of the depression, we saw a band of cow elk and young come running from the timber and go west. Evidence enough that they had been put to flight by the war party!

Sun was still more than an hour from setting when we arrived at the creek and hurriedly built our corral in a small grove of cottonwoods. We set up our lodges in a row, a few yards outside the grove and opposite the corral. Following Three Bulls' instructions, the women piled our belongings to a height of three feet or more around the inner edge of a center lodge. This would be their protection from bullets.

Before night fell all was in readiness for the coming of the enemy. We ate a hurried meal and as soon as it was dark sent the women and children into the barricaded lodge. In the others we built fires of long-lasting, half-rotten wood, so that the enemy might think they were occupied. We then crouched down in a row, in a patch of buckbrush between the corral and the lodges, to await the enemy's attack.

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

JULY 1937

YOUTH'S COMPANION

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FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

We Win

Englishman: "Odd names your towns have—Walla Walla, Schenectady, Oshkosh, Poughkeepsie."

American: "I suppose they do sound queer to English ears. Where do you live—London?"

Englishman: "Oh, no! I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton, and divide the rest between Bigglewade and Leighton Buzzard."

Located

"Did you ever hear of the straw that broke the camel's back?" asked the guest at a country hotel.

"I shore have," replied the clerk.

"Well, you'll find it in the bed I tried to sleep on last night."

On the Way

A shipment of mules had just come in and Sam, one of the darky helpers, made the mistake of going too close behind one. Two of his comrades caught him on the rebound, put him on a stretcher and started for the hospital. Sam came to on the way and looking up saw the sky and felt the swaying of the stretcher. Putting his hands down at the sides, he felt only open space. "Ma soul, I ain't even landed yet!" he yelled.

Beware!

The following notice was posted on the outside of the farmer's chicken house:

"Anyone found near this chicken house at night will be found there the next morning."

A Realist

A rich man, visiting his son at the university, thought it would be a good idea to have their photograph taken.

Arranging his subjects, the photographer suggested that the son should stand with his hand on his father's shoulder. The father objected. "It would be more lifelike," he said, "if he had his hand in my pocket."

Circus Hazard

"Say, did you hear about the wild animal trainer who got killed through a practical joke?"

"No. How'd it happen?"

"His barber put catnip in the hair tonic!"

Of Course

Lecturer (in a small town): "Of course, you know what the inside of a corpuscle is like."

Chairman of meeting (interrupting): "Most of us do, but ye better explain for the benefit of them as have never been inside one."

If Any

Tourist: "How's business here-about?"

Native: "It's so quiet you can hear the notes at the bank a block away drawing interest."

Reward

A millionaire's beautiful daughter was drowning at the seashore, when a young man plunged in and rescued her. The father was so grateful that he offered a large check.

The young man smiled modestly and replied: "I wish no reward. I did what any other self-respecting gentleman would have done."

The father was so insistent that the hero, to save an embarrassing situation, said casually: "Well, if you insist, just give me a golf club."

A week later he received a telegram from the father: "Have bought for you the West-end Golfers' Club, and am now negotiating for the Sunnyside Links."

Dialogue

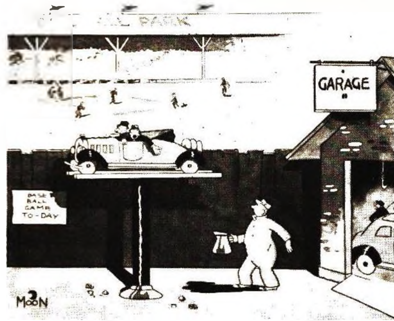
"You look like the man."
"What man?"
"The man with the power."
"What power?"
"The power of Hoo-Doo."
"Hoo-Doo?"
"You do."
"Do what?"
"Look like the man."
"What man?"
etc.

Why He Succeeded

The genius of a local man had carried him to big success in business without much aid of education.

He was asked to distribute the prizes at a school, and made the usual speech of good counsel.

"Now, boys," he said, "always remember that education is a great thing. There's nothing like education. Take arithmetic. Through education we learn that twice two makes four, that twice six makes twelve, that seven sevens make——and then there's geography."



"Do you mind if we stay up here until the game is over?"

Kept it to Herself

Mrs. Finnigan caught sight of her neighbor's new signboard, with the following inscription: "Washing and Ironing Done."

"Wud ye look at that!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Washing and ironing done, indeed! Shure she ain't one better than Oi am. Oi've had me washing and ironing done since yesterday, but you don't see me hanging out a signboard bragging about it!"

Frustrated Frosh

Frosh: "I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer).

Frosh: "I say, I guess you've gone out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

Co-ed: "I heard you the first time. I was trying to think."

Smoothing the Way

A road-sign painter suggests the following signs for railroad crossings:

"Come ahead. You're unimportant."
"Try our engines. They satisfy."
"Don't stop. Nobody will miss you."
"Take a chance. You can get hit by a train only once."

Our Language in Brazil

Here is an extract from a book written in English and published at Para, Brazil:

"The American Sellsman is typically of an energy which is to admire in the warmth of the tropics. Of a youthfulness generally he breathes lively and walks springly, searching his customers loyally for the firm his. Yet under the breast of the American sellsman beats the heart warmness, therefore let us give greeting smiles with two hands open to him, crying welcome to Brazil, Mister."

Versatile Papa

Indignant Father: "Do you think it is fair, Bobby, after I told you there wasn't any Santa Claus, to go and tell the neighbors I laid your Easter eggs, too?"

Musical but Dim

McDowell: "Well, and how do you like your new radio?"

McDermott: "It's grand, mon, but the wee light's vurry hard to read by."

In Training

Wifie: "What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?"

Hubby: "I just wanted to get him used to kissing his grandfather."

Juicy News

Farmer: "This, Madam, is a cider press."

Citybred: "How interesting! When do you run off the next edition?"

Something Wrong

Two farmers went along to see a billiards match in which two celebrated professionals were playing. Silently they watched the two pile up tremendous scores in masterly fashion, when suddenly one turned to his companion. "Is this billiards, Joe?" he asked. The other nodded, and his friend lapsed into silence. Presently he spoke again. "Here, Joe," he said, "then what's the game we play at the village institute?"

Or a Well Digger

Teacher: "Remember this, children, no one can ever reach success without starting at the bottom and working up."

Tommy: "What about a parachute jumper?"

No Exception

Plumber: "There, I have every one of my tools all spread out on the floor. In spite of all the jokes about plumbers I haven't forgotten anything. My helper is here with me and we don't have to go back for a thing."

Maid of the House: "I am sorry, sir, but you must have the wrong address. We have nothing for a plumber to do here."

Mistaken Identity

"Are you John A. Van Dorky?" asked the young man beside the cloak rack.

"No," was the surprised reply.

"Well, I am," came the frosty rejoinder, "and that is his overcoat you are putting on."

Narrow Perch

"Yes, mum," said the longshoreman, impressively shaking his head. "Once when I was shipwrecked in the Pacific I lived for a fortnight on a tin of salmon."

"Good gracious!" cried the old lady. "Weren't you afraid of falling off?"

Suspense

Old Lady (to parachutist): "I really don't know how you can hang from that silk thing. The suspense must be terrible."

Parachutist: "No, mum; it's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible."

Try It

Dumb: "Are you yawning?"

Dora: "No, I'm giving a silent Indian war whoop."

Discontented

"Are you really content to spend your life walking the country begging?" asked the old lady severely.

"No, lady, I ain't," answered the hobo. "Many's the time I wished I had a car."

NOW FOR THE STORY OF FREDDY MACE
WITH THE HELP OF FISK HE WON THE RACE!

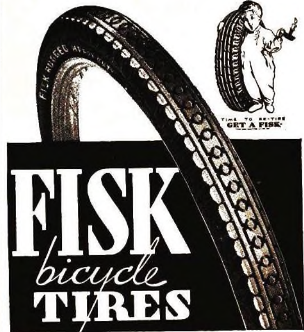
"Gee, Dad, how can I win that race . . . my old bike rolls so slowly?"
"I'll fix that, son, right away!"

"John, can you fix Freddy's bike to get more speed?"
"Sure, Mr. Mace, I'll put on Fisk tires . . . THEN watch it go!"

"Boy, I sure stepped along today! I've not only won, but I'm way out in front! How those Fisks help!"

And Freddy's not the only boy who's found out what Fisks can really do! They're fast, non-skid . . . good-looking . . . and long-wearing. Join the gang . . . order Fisks next time you buy tires . . . or make sure your new bike has them, for they're the best yet.

The FISK TIRE COMPANY, Inc.
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS.



Why Ford Makes 52 Kinds of Steel

ONCE steel was steel. When autos were young, the industry did the best it could with the few stock steels available.

Long ago, Henry Ford saw the necessity for developing new steel types to furnish a wider range of usefulness.

Today, the Ford Rouge plant steel mills are among the largest in the world —an industry within an industry. They can produce enough steel to build 3000 cars a day.

Henry Ford was a pioneer in this country in the use of alloy steel, and for years he has maintained a tireless search for better types of steel and better ways to produce them.

The study of all metals, their uses and behavior under many conditions, is fundamental in the excellence and efficiency of Ford manufacture.

Ford metallurgy has produced hundreds of special metals for use in building Ford cars. There are 52 types of steel alone.

Some of each type goes into every Ford car—or into the tools and machinery that make it. Each has been specially developed to increase strength, lengthen the useful life of parts—and decrease weight. Service and safety are built into Ford steels far beyond the dreams of past decades.

Recently, new hot-strip and cold-finishing mills were added, equipped with machinery and motors weighing more than 20,000,000 pounds. Ford experience in building automobiles enabled mill technicians to construct so well that lost motion is virtually eliminated, waste unknown.

Thus it is possible to build the finest materials in the world into frame, body and other important units. Nowhere else in the world is metal so carefully controlled in manufacture and so rigidly designed to do a specific job as in the great Ford plant on the River Rouge. No better steels than Ford steels go into any automobile at any price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

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EXCITER