The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
Founded 1827

June
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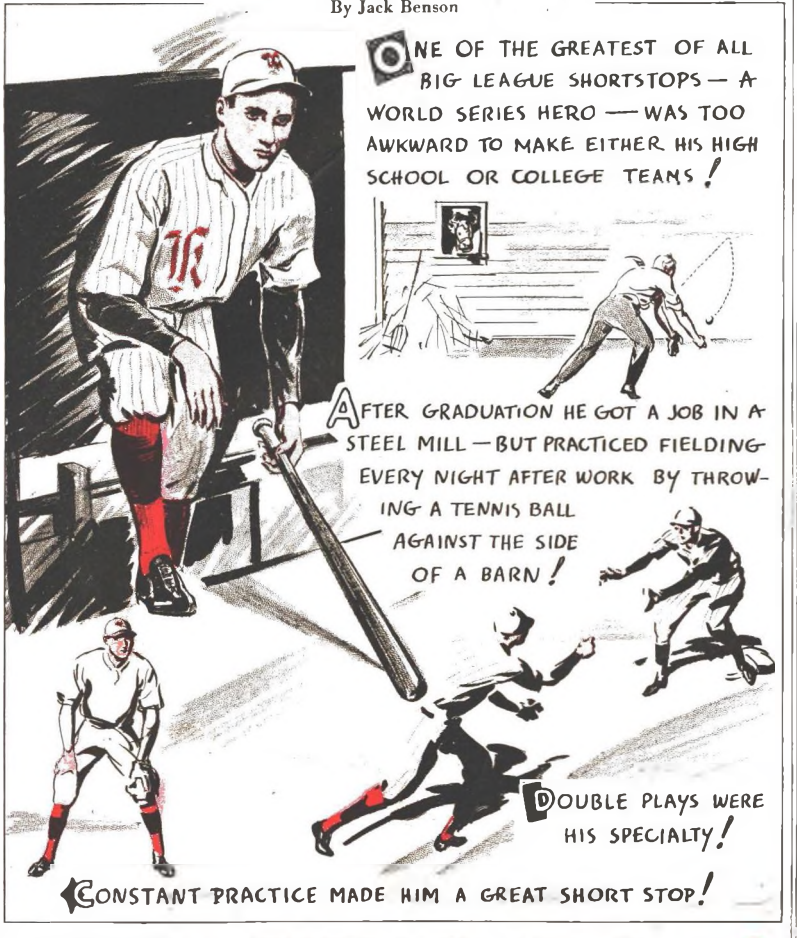
By Jack Benson



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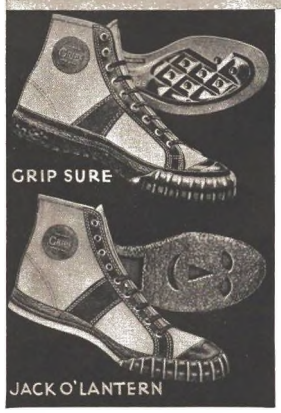

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Part of the Picture

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrated by William Heaslip

DAN SLOAN, camera man, swung his roadster round the corner for the short run down the private street of the Colossal studio. With practiced skill he slowed his speed, turned into the parking lot, and slid to a stop in a narrow hole between two sedans.

He leaped lightly over the rear fender to the ground and waved nonchalantly at Peg-Leg Peters, owner and operator of the lot. Without waiting for a ticket, he strode unhurriedly through the flooding California sunshine toward the main entrance of the studio.

Ever since, as an insatiably curious youngster, Dan Sloan had first seen the Colossal lot under his father's guidance, he had been a privileged character. That his father had been dead for four years had not changed matters. The elder Sloan had been Colossal's greatest director.

Dan's easy stride carried him quickly into the reception room of the studio. He was close to six feet tall, and in white sweater and white flannels, he seemed slender. Casual onlookers missed the breadth of his sloping shoulders and the depth of his chest. But they didn't miss the lean, square jaw, the high cheek bones, and the wide, alert eyes. Nor did they miss the carriage of the head with its impression of supreme assurance.

Despite himself, Dan felt unaccustomed stirrings of interest within him as he walked lightly past the half dozen seated people in the reception room. He was impatient to see the picture he had been working on.

He waved casually to the boy at the desk, who returned his wide grin with interest. The electric lock on one of the two doors that barred the public from the Land of Make-Believe clicked invitingly and Dan went through into the studio. He walked up a long hall which split two rows of offices and lounged unhurriedly into the sanctum of Mr. Arthur Graves, stout and jovial chief of publicity for Colossal's West Coast studios.

"What time are they running this super, four-star, extra-superb stoopendous epic of the desert?" he grinned, as he draped himself on the executive's desk.

"In half an hour," Graves paused in his dictation to say.

The executive didn't relish the insinuation that he flung adjectives about like other publicity men, and for a moment he seemed annoyed. Then as he met Dan's eyes, sparkling below their lowered lids, he seemed to relax. It was as if he said to himself, "What of it? After all, it's Dan Sloan."

"I think I'll ramble over to the cutting room and see what the butchers think of it," smiled Dan. "There were some tricky Akeley shots in it if I do say it myself. That is—if they didn't cut 'em all out."

"Oh, well, you know how that goes," Graves said. "I'll see you in the projection room. Did you have a good time?"

Dan's eyes were glued to his range finder.

"Good time!" Dan said with a careless smile. "Stuck on the desert for a month trying to swing an Akeley camera around on a bunch of galloping Hollywood Arabs, with the sand playing a tune on your eyes? Huh."

HE threw a smile at the publicity chief from the doorway and went out. Dan's smile gave his face an irresistible magnetism. As Mr. Happy Hadley, cynical and slangy first camera man on the desert picture, had said the week before:

"There's only one thing that saved you, with that pan of yours, from being an actor in spite of yourself. Your beezer photographs like a mountain range from the side. You've got a swell voice, lots of personality, but what a nose!"

It wasn't so bad as all that. Dan's nose was long and thin with a slight, humorous twist to it. Seen from the side it humped slightly in the middle. Yet it didn't spoil the comeliness of his face.

He walked down the hall, turned to his right, and emerged on a path that skirted a large lawn. Directly ahead of him, across the well kept open space, were long lines of huge enclosed stages. To his right the casting offices, the costume department, and storehouses provided a continuous barrier, and to his left the long line of dressing rooms for the actors completed the square.

The line of dressing rooms had the appearance of one side of a city street and were used as a street background for pictures. On the sidewalk stood a tripod mounted on wheels, carrying a microphone on the end of a long boom.

Back of the stages and dressing rooms rose huge skeleton structures—an ocean liner, a castle, false fronts of all sorts. That was the back lot of the Colossal studio.

As Dan walked around the path skirting the lawn, bound for the cutting room, a medium-sized young man with a shock of curly hair came hurrying out of the casting office. His wide shoulders were slumped forward and he walked with his eyes on the ground.

"Well, how's Wild William to-day?" Dan hailed him.

Mr. William Weatherby, youngest and at the moment most promising of the newer Colossal directors, stopped in his tracks. He looked up at the blond, smiling young camera man, and his sunken eyes held a peculiar glint in them. Weatherby's face was thin and haggard, as if he were under a nervous strain. He was the human dynamo of Colossal—a man who poured into his exacting work an untold amount of nervous energy.

"Could be better," Weatherby said, his voice hoarse from hours of bellowing at actors. "You busy?"

"Well, yes and no," Dan told him lightly. "I've got a date to see 'Disaster in the Desert' in a few minutes. Why?"

"Haven't you seen it yet?" demanded Weatherby curiously.

"No," Dan said carelessly. Inside him a vague premonition began tugging. "Got in day before yesterday and it's taken me until now to scrub the sand out of my skin."

Weatherby looked at him silently for a moment, his sunken eyes fairly boring into the youngster he had known so long.

"Well, then, I guess I'd better see you after you take a peek at the tintype," he stated.

"I hear that it's turned out to be a whale of a picture, to everybody's surprise."

"I guess it is," came Weatherby's husky tones as he took out a cigarette and lit it. "Cutting out deadwood can do a lot sometimes."

Dan nodded cheerfully, but inside the feeling of doubt increased.

"If I'm not at the projection room," Weatherby went on briefly, "see me in my office right after you get through. Don't delay either."

Without another word he started rapidly down the path, those wide shoulders rounded and his eyes on the ground.

"Now that's funny," Dan thought to himself. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well, I'll soon know what it's all about."

HE found himself looking forward with eagerness to seeing the desert picture, and that was a rare phenomenon for him. Pictures, in a way, were an old story to him. Since the age of twelve, Dan had followed his father on everything from little two-reel Westerns to so-called screen epics like "False Faces" that had cost a million dollars to make and had employed thousands of people in the shooting. During college vacations he had worked on the lot. Now, for no particular reason, he was drifting along as a highly paid Akeley camera man.

The Akeley was not the soundproof studio camera that was comparatively stationary. It was the panoramic camera used to follow action, such as the galloping of men or the stunting of airplanes. The art of the Akeley camera man is to keep the action constantly in the center of his lens, no matter how fast or widespread it may be. And he must secure sharp, clear photographs in spite of the action.

Dan Sloan, gifted by nature with talent and physical alertness, found that the difficult Akeley technique came to him with deceptive ease. He was just drifting, vaguely dissatisfied with himself and with a buried contempt for the unimportance of his work.

Up in the cutting room one of the women raised her eyes from the little machine through which the film passed, and told him, with a smile, that the picture was supposed to be very good.

"There were some trick Akeley works in it," Dan told her. "I'm anxious to see it myself. If it comes out all right I ought to get a raise."

The woman applied her eye to the lens through which she was looking at her film, and said vaguely, "I hope so."

Dan looked at her surprisedly. Everybody, he concluded, was acting funny this morning.

As he entered the dimly lit projection room, one of a line of similar small auditoriums, he found it filled with a buzzing group of two hundred people. In the rear under the projection booth itself, there was a row of desks on a raised platform. The production manager of the studio was at one, the associate producer in charge of the picture at another, the gray-haired director at the third, and a fourth was unoccupied. George Cromwell, the director, had been his father's closest friend and Dan had known him since boyhood days; so the young camera man casually dropped into the vacant seat.

"Hello, everybody!" he said with a smile. "I hear she's a winner."

"We'll soon tell," Mr. Cromwell told him quietly.

Down in the other seats the camera men, technical directors, sound experts, actors, publicity men, and a host of others connected with the picture, were waiting impatiently for it to start. Prints of that picture would encircle the world and on its entertainment value depended not only millions of dollars to Colossal, but perhaps the future careers of many people connected with it. The actors were thinking that a new star might be made; the technicians that an unusually ingenious miniature shot or a bit of effective lighting might bring them to the big boss's attention, the publicity men that they could write stories that would hit the front pages of the world. All were waiting with bated breath to see what their work had brought forth, even including, surprisingly enough, Mr. Daniel Sloan.

Dan glanced over the crowd to see whether Jimmy Perkins were sitting there. Jimmy had been

He realized that he was less than two hundred feet from the ground. He'd still be swinging when he hit it.

second camera man—that is, second Bell and Howell camera man—and was his closest friend. He spotted Jimmy finally, and moved down the aisle to sit alongside him, smiling back at the big boss and the supervisor and Cromwell.

For a second or two, swarthy Mr. Sax, one of the great powers in motion pictures, stared back at him thoughtfully. The supervisor and Cromwell were gazing at him with enigmatic eyes; they seemed to be appraising him.

Then, as if Dan's whole-souled grin had overcome their mental barriers, they relaxed and smiled back. It was as if they were saying, "After all, it's Dan Sloan, son of the man whose pictures made Colossal. He's different."

"Well, it won't be long now, hey, Jimmy?" Dan said as he settled himself alongside his friend and Hap Hadley, the first camera man.

The mahogany-faced Hadley, pulling at his huge beak of a nose and surveying the crowd with a jaundiced eye, looked at Dan.

"And after it's over," he said, "we'll find out just how much we got to rip out of it and how many retakes there are."

Dan's eyes focused momentarily on a young actor, sitting by himself, a few rows ahead. The actor was constantly smoothing his shiny, black hair. He was Barry Carew, the lead in the picture.

"Look at Barry," Dan whispered to Jimmy. "The king is off by himself so everybody will know who he is. Worrying about whether his black hair is combed."

Dan didn't have a very high opinion of Barry Carew. Barry, he felt, liked himself too well, even for a rising young star.

"Shut up—here she comes," Jimmy told him tensely, and suddenly the lights went off, music filled the room, and the title was glowing on the screen.

JIMMY PERKINS was small and eager, and now his sensitive, finely cut face was set and his eyes wide and unblinking. As if the tension had infected Dan, he, too, found himself watching the film with enthralled interest.

After all, if it should prove to be the knock-out that it was rumored to be, it wouldn't do him the least bit of harm to have been the head Akeley man on it.

The reels began to unwind on the screen, and as the time slipped by, Dan Sloan slid lower and lower in his seat as if to hide. Unconsciously his hands clenched at his sides. He said not a word, and neither did Jimmy or Hap.

It was a good picture, perhaps even a great one. The dialogue was great, the close-ups effective, but the Akeley shots. . . . Scarcely ten per cent of Dan's work was left, and of that ten per cent at least half was crude and amateurish in contrast to the beautiful photography of the rest of the film.

Dan found himself waiting for a certain final shot as if it were his last hope—the dream sequence. This was supposed to be a sort of Oriental fantasy with the hero and heroine riding a magic carpet. There his work would show.

The dream sequence finally came. It wasn't bad, but Dan realized that it had been cut to the bone.

The lights went on finally and for a long thirty seconds, as the buzzing audience applauded, Dan sat slumped in his seat, his eyes staring straight ahead of him, his mouth dry. Careless work. Just careless, indifferent work. Where there was so much that was almost perfect there was no room for ordinary second-rate work.

Red-headed Jimmy Perkins looked at him wordlessly. Jimmy's blue eyes were filled with regret.

"Not many of your shots left, were there?"

"Boy," stated Hap Hadley as they rose from their seats, "if they give you screen credit on this baby they ought to hang it on a Christmas tree."

Hap's seamed, leathery face gave no further indication of his thoughts. Hap Hadley had seen too many come and go. It was all in the day's work to him.

DAN strode swiftly up the aisle and for the first time in his life failed to notice the remarks thrown at him. It was a new experience to be ashamed. Jimmy was at his heels, and when they emerged into the golden sunshine that glared from the concrete roadway, Dan carelessly turned to him.

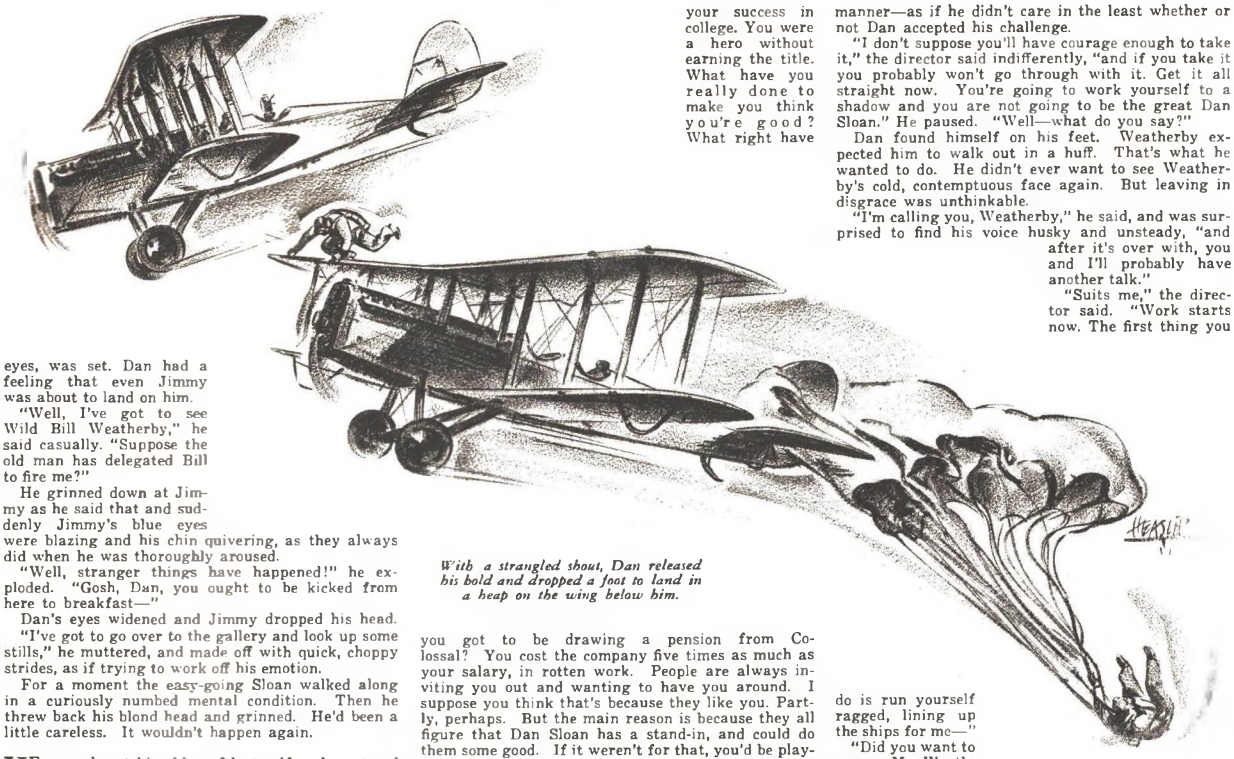
"Well, Jimmy, my boy, Hap Hadley's a known quantity, but *you* sure made good. Some of the swellest shots I ever saw—that one on the mountain—"

"Oh, it was all right," Jimmy interrupted him awkwardly. "Too bad there wasn't room for some of your stuff, like that charge down the hill and—"

"Don't be silly," Dan told him with forced cheerfulness. "And don't look as if you'd lost your last friend. I just did a rotten job, that's all. No wonder these studio boys have been looking at me cross-eyed this afternoon."

Dan knew what Jimmy was thinking—if he had been anybody else but Dan Sloan he would have been off the Colossal pay roll before this.

He glanced at his friend as they walked toward the office building. Jimmy's mop of red hair was tossing in the wind and he was walking with head down. His freckled face, with its short pug nose and dreamer's



With a strangled shout, Dan released his hold and dropped a foot to land in a heap on the wing below him.

eyes, was set. Dan had a feeling that even Jimmy was about to land on him.

"Well, I've got to see Wild Bill Weatherby," he said casually. "Suppose the old man has delegated Bill to fire me?"

He grinned down at Jimmy as he said that and suddenly Jimmy's blue eyes were blazing and his chin quivering, as they always did when he was thoroughly aroused.

"Well, stranger things have happened!" he exploded. "Gosh, Dan, you ought to be kicked from here to breakfast—"

Dan's eyes widened and Jimmy dropped his head.

"I've got to go over to the gallery and look up some stills," he muttered, and made off with quick, choppy strides, as if trying to work off his emotion.

For a moment the easy-going Sloan walked along in a curiously numbed mental condition. Then he threw back his blond head and grinned. He'd been a little careless. It wouldn't happen again.

HE was almost his old confident self as he entered Weatherby's small office. He dropped into a chair, put his feet on the desk, and said quizzically:

"Well, it's a good picture, Bill, largely because they cut out all my stuff."

"Yeah?" grunted Weatherby, laying down the continuity he had been studying. "Does it mean anything to you?"

"Oh, sure," Dan told him, his fingers drumming on the arm of the chair. "Sorry I didn't work out better, but papa never raised his boy to be a camera man—"

"Or anything else but the spoiled darling of the motion picture business!" said Weatherby.

Dan was shocked into taking his feet off the desk.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," came Weatherby's cool voice. "You're pretty much of a parasite around this lot, Dan. If it hadn't been for your name you'd have been kicked out before the picture was half done."

Dan's mouth tightened. There were two patches of flaming red on his high cheek bones.

"I've finally induced the big boss to let me fire you," Weatherby said, and under the matter-of-fact statement Dan detected stored-up rage. "But I'm going to give you one more chance—after I tell you a few things."

"Do I have to listen to them?" Dan queried in a last attempt at lightness.

Weatherby didn't answer. His hollow eyes were boring into Dan's.

"Dan Sloan, all-American quarterback," he recited, "the son of Thurston Sloan, and a conceited pup."

Involuntarily Dan started to get his feet.

"Sit down," Weatherby commanded, and some of the restraint was gone from his manner. Dan sank back in his seat.

"You're going to be told, whether you like it or not," the director went on. "Eight years ago your dad picked up Bill Weatherby—a guy who had spent his year after college making a fool of himself around Hollywood. He took a kid who had spent all his money and ruined his health, and gave him a chance. That's why I'm here to-day. You didn't know that, did you? That's the reason why I feel some curiosity to find out whether you are puffed up with something besides straw."

Dan said nothing. He sat there, his fingers digging into the arms of the chair. Within him, unaccustomed resentment was gathering.

"I know you backwards," Weatherby went on. "You didn't have to work for your success in college. You were a hero without earning the title. What have you really done to make you think you're good? What right have you got to be drawing a pension from Colossal? You cost the company five times as much as your salary, in rotten work. People are always inviting you out and wanting to have you around. I suppose you think that's because they like you. Partly, perhaps. But the main reason is because they all figure that Dan Sloan has a stand-in, and could do them some good. If it weren't for that, you'd be playing solitaire with yourself and crying because you didn't win. The company's been too tolerant to tell you before, and it wasn't until you slopped through the desert picture that I was able to convince them that you needed telling."

Dan started to his feet, but it was Weatherby's habit to do a good job of anything he started. One by one, remorselessly, he brought forth incident after incident, and his cold sentences were like so many probes exposing the careless psychology of Dan Sloan.

Before it was over Dan was white. At first he had wanted to fight, but now that impulse was gone. He was bewildered, angry, and silent.

Finally Weatherby stopped, and with the back of one hand rubbed his forehead wearily. He dropped into his chair as if momentarily exhausted. Then his eyes burned into Sloan's and his voice was a bit more tranquil.

"That's that," he said. "Now here's what I'm going to do. In the first place, I'm going to direct 'Wings of the Eagle,' a two-million dollar special that will be the first real air picture ever made, with all the trimmings."

Ordinarily Dan would have been astonished at the news, but now it didn't mean a thing. He was striving desperately to get hold of himself. It was as if his brain had been battered into temporary paralysis and he could not think coherently about anything. Vaguely he heard Weatherby's voice.

"You're going to be my head Akeley camera man."

Slowly the surprising information seeped into Dan's brain. With it came an icy resentment.

"Yes?" he said slowly. "Suppose I don't want the job?"

Weatherby didn't seem to hear him. "I'm not taking a chance on you because of your distinguished record as an Akeley camera man." The sentence dropped from his lips with such contempt that Dan winced. "I'm taking a chance for two reasons. One is your father, and the other is that I want to satisfy myself once and for all that you're worthless. You're going to be more than an Akeley camera man. I wouldn't know what to call the job you'll have, unless it's Fourth Assistant Director, but you're going to work as many hours a day as I do and you're going to be everything from errand boy to personal assistant. Before the picture is finished you will have made up for all the loafing you've done since you've been on the Colossal pay roll."

A Long Story Complete in This Issue

Dan stared at him. There was something brutally impersonal in the director's manner—as if he didn't care in the least whether or not Dan accepted his challenge.

"I don't suppose you'll have courage enough to take it," the director said indifferently, "and if you take it you probably won't go through with it. Get it all straight now. You're going to work yourself to a shadow and you are not going to be the great Dan Sloan." He paused. "Well—what do you say?"

Dan found himself on his feet. Weatherby expected him to walk out in a huff. That's what he wanted to do. He didn't ever want to see Weatherby's cold, contemptuous face again. But leaving in disgrace was unthinkable.

"I'm calling you, Weatherby," he said, and was surprised to find his voice husky and unsteady, "and after it's over with, you and I'll probably have another talk."

"Suits me," the director said. "Work starts now. The first thing you do is run yourself ragged, lining up the ships for me—"

"Did you want to see me, Mr. Weatherby?"

"Oh, hello, Parker. Come in!" grunted Weatherby. "Dan Sloan, Jay Parker. Yes, I want you to double on air stuff in 'Wings of the Eagle' for Barry Carew."

DAN started to speak but stopped himself. So Barry Carew was going to be the lead in one of the biggest pictures that Colossal had ever attempted! Barry Carew of the polished hair. Barry Carew—Dan's pet peeve.

"It will be six months' work," Weatherby went on. "The stunt stuff won't be too tough and most of it will be ordinary flying. Salary, one hundred dollars a week and your keep. Bonuses for the stunt stuff we'll settle individually."

Dan scrutinized the stunt man absently as Parker nodded his agreement. He was about as tall as Carew and possessed the same sleek, black hair. His features were fairly regular and his light blue-gray eyes were almost startling in contrast to his olive complexion and black eyebrows.

"Sit down a minute," Weatherby directed. "Barry's due here any second and you should meet him. Mr. Sloan, here—" Weatherby flashed a look at Dan and his mouth widened as he went on—"is a fair sort of flyer and is one of my assistants. He'll be in charge of getting ships for the Mohave location. Now about the stunts. At present, the script calls for two crack-ups, four parachute jumps, one walk-out to the tail—Oh, hello, Barry."

"Hello, Bill."

The young leading man, whose first real part had been in the desert picture just completed, walked into the office.

He was extremely handsome, from his curly black hair to his square jaw, but in repose there was something sullen about his tanned face. His dark eyes, shaded by lashes that were thicker and longer than the average woman's, reflected a moodiness that was the despair of Colossal Motion Picture directors.

He glanced at Dan but did not speak. From the very first day of the desert picture there had been an instinctive dislike between the two, and since an evening on location when they had almost come to blows they had not exchanged a word. To Dan, Barry Carew was just a ham actor with good looks and a fair recording voice, and to Carew, if appearances went for anything, Dan was a workman who was entirely beneath the dignity of a leading man's notice.

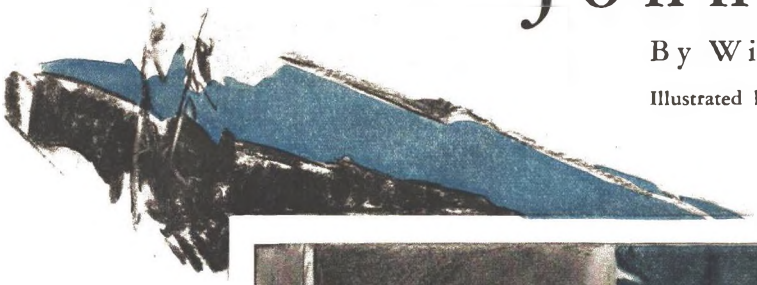
Carew was dressed within an inch of his life, as always, from sport shoes to loud silk scarf, and as he slammed his panama hat down on the desk, it was apparent that he

(*Continued on page 40*)

Johnny Bree

By William Heyliger

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers



Chapter One

"NINE-EIGHTY," said the man behind the bronze grille of the ticket window.

Johnny Bree blinked. "Money or marbles?"

"Nine-eighty," the ticket agent said distinctly.

Johnny sighed. "Please! Not so loud. You should mention wealth in a whisper." He shifted his belt and dug a hand into a trouser pocket. His fingers explored in search of every coin.

"Do you want a ticket?" the man behind the grille asked impatiently. The clock was creeping toward midnight, and he was tired.

"Any chance to ride without one?" Johnny grinned. He counted out the money—bills and half dollars and quarters and dimes. "Not much pasteboard for nine-eighty," he commented, holding up the ticket for inspection.

"People are waiting behind you," the ticket agent informed him coldly. He didn't like fresh young men.

Behind Johnny a stout, florid man coughed and muttered audibly. He had, he let it be known, ten minutes in which to catch his train. Johnny stepped away from the window and placed the ticket carefully inside the sweatband of his hat.

"Lose this," he informed the stout man, "and I'll walk."

The stout man glared. A red-capped porter, one of a hovering group, hastened forward to take the man's bags. Johnny picked up his own suitcase. The porters gave him a casual glance.

Johnny grinned. "Wise boys! I don't look like money."

He didn't. His suitcase was scuffed and worn. His clothing looked as if he might have slept in it—as he would do to-night. Oh, well, what difference did it make? He set his hat at an angle that cocked it toward one ear and strode across the wide stone floor of the Grand Central station. A moment later he was out in the high, dim, vaulted train shed.

He walked down a long, concrete platform, past hushed, darkened Pullman sleepers. Presently he came to the first day coach. A conductor and a brakeman stood talking at the car stops. Johnny halted.

"How are the seats?" he asked. "Any particular seat you'd recommend? I like them soft when I'm riding all night."

The conductor looked him over and spoke to the brakeman. "Getting breezy around here."

"Yeah," said the brakeman.

Johnny grinned. "That's no way to do, taking a crack at a cash customer," he complained good-naturedly.

He swung up the steps. The car was not one-third filled. Good! That meant he'd be able to stretch. He threw his suitcase into an overhead rack, unbuttoned his collar, eased his shoulders against red plush and laid his feet on the seat ahead.

Well, to-morrow he'd be at Minertown—and he still didn't know why he was going there.

Suddenly he dug his hand into that same trouser pocket and took stock of his wealth. One dollar and seventy cents! If he didn't find work at the mines, what then? There'd be no chance to get back to New York unless he hitch-hiked, and even if he hitch-hiked there would be the question of grub. One-seventy wouldn't buy very much. Johnny shrugged. Oh, well, he'd been hungry before.

THE train gave a slight jerk and began to move. Presently it emerged from under the ground, and the uptown streets of New York flickered past in long, narrow ribbons of light. The conductor came through for tickets.

"Found a soft seat?" he asked.

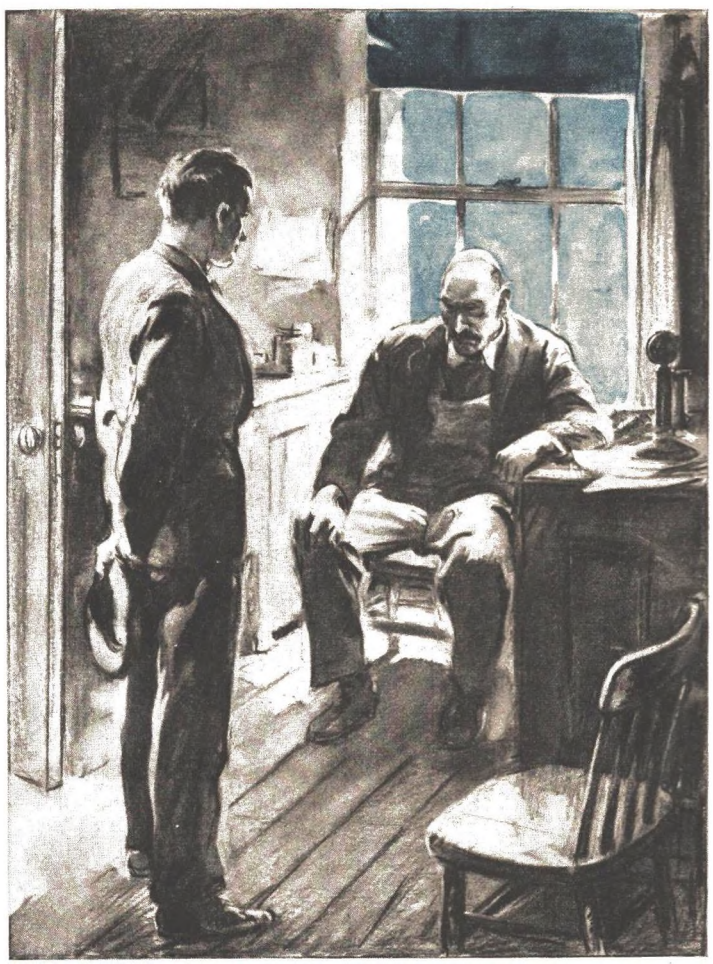
"Fair." Johnny yawned. "Tell my valet to call me at seven."

"Seven?" The conductor chuckled, and spoke out of a vast experience. "You'll be awake long before that with a stiff neck."

"Will I still have my shoes?"

"What do you mean?"

"Any chance of somebody's stealing them from my feet while I take a little shut-eye?"



"A tart apple, aren't you?" Baldy Scott growled. "Big Bill's son! You would be tart."

The conductor scratched his chin. "That's a new one, stealing shoes from a man's feet. Say, kid, just what kind of crowd have you been running around with?"

"You'd be surprised. A stiff neck won't last long, but I'd be in a mess if I lost my shoes." He settled back into the seat. "Tell the engineer not to blow that whistle any more than he has to."

"Want me to make it a written order?" the conductor asked in deep sarcasm.

"Sure," Johnny answered glibly, "and give me a carbon copy for my files."

He slept with the relaxed muscles of healthy youth. Once he awoke with a collar button pressing into the back of his neck, and shifted his position. Again he awoke to find the train halted at a station and mechanics tapping inquiring hammers about the wheels. The third time he awoke he knew that he was awake for keeps. His body was stiff and cramped, and his neck felt as if he would never be able to straighten it again.

He rubbed his legs, and stretched, and blinked out at a night that was on the threshold of day. The eastern sky showed a faint, pallid reluctant flush. Opening the suitcase, he took out a handkerchief and a towel and lurched down the aisle to the water tap. The handkerchief, drenched with ice water, took the last shadow of sleep from his eyes. All through the length of the car, men snored and muttered and stirred in restless sleep.

Daylight crept over the land as he washed. The reluctant flush had become a slash of red across a dark horizon. Outlines began to appear—black stretches of woods, gray patches that were clearings, and here and there the silhouette of an isolated farmhouse or barn. Johnny filled a paper cup and drank, and the cold water warned him that his stomach was empty.

He came back to his seat. A sleeper across the aisle moaned, and awakened, and glanced at a watch strapped to his wrist. It was, Johnny observed, an expensive watch. The man glanced across and caught his eye.

"Stopped," he said. "Can you tell me the time?"

"Quarter to five," Johnny answered.

The man moved gingerly. "Had to make this train on short notice. Couldn't get a berth—sold out. Sleeping on the end of your spine isn't my idea of a good night."

"Try sleeping on a park bench," Johnny observed dryly. "In the morning you pick the slats out of your back."

The man stared. "You don't mean to say you've slept on a park bench?"

"Why not?"

"But I always thought—"

"That only bums slept in the park," Johnny finished, with unruffled candor. "When you're out of a job you have to sleep somewhere."

"How old are you?" the man asked, a curious, half-protesting note in his voice.

"Nineteen."

"You're too young to have had such experiences."

"Am I?" Johnny asked coolly. "Well, don't worry about me. I'm healthy, and it's a great world. I manage to scratch along."

THE lamps went out, and the car was filled with the sickly light of early morning. The man across the aisle picked up his bag and went back toward the Pullmans. The sun came up over a ridge of the Adirondacks, and the last sleeper awakened. Suddenly Johnny was conscious that the car was heavy and stale. He opened his window and drew in a deep breath of the thin, keen mountain air. A negro in a white jacket appeared in the aisle.

"Breakfast is now being served in the diner. First call for breakfast!"

Johnny tightened the belt that ran around his lean, flat stomach.

The man across the aisle came back. He had shaved, and looked pink and fresh. The train stopped at a station, and Johnny saw a lunch-counter waitress fill a cup with steaming coffee. His mouth watered. Somebody up ahead was eating an orange; the sweet, pungent odor of the fruit was carried to his nostrils. His nose crinkled.

The man across the aisle spoke. "Coming to the diner for breakfast?"

"Not hungry," Johnny returned glibly.

The man hesitated. "I—I rather like company at a meal. If you'll join me—"

"Listen!" The boy's eyes were hard. "I don't panhandle my chow. When I eat, I pay for it."

"You misunderstand," the man said after a moment. "I don't invite panhandlers to be my guests."

One quick, shrewd glance, and the hard light died out of the boy's eyes.

"You mean that?" he demanded.

"Certainly."

Johnny sprang to his feet. "Let's go."

They made a strange pair, the man well-tailored and cast in the mold of respectability; the youth raw and vivid, and hard and lithe with the vigor of animal buoyancy. A waiter showed them to a table. The man scanned the menu, but Johnny's hot eyes took in the table light, the linen, the silver.

"I remember something like this," he said abruptly.

"Yes? Where?"

"Search me. Maybe I dreamed it. It's pretty foggy." His face after a puckered, thoughtful moment, came back to its habitual expression of cool unconcern. "Oh, well, what's the difference?"

But it appeared to make a difference to the man. "My name," he said, "is Arthur Sloane. What's yours?"

"Johnny Bree."

"I'm an insurance broker."

"And I'm almost broke," the boy said flippantly. "To-night, if I'm lucky, I may have a job."

"What doing?"

"Working in a mine. Digging out ore. Going to get into the steel business!" he finished with a grin.

Louie caught Johnny's arm. "The dynamite he go off."

"What put mining into your head?"

"What puts anything into a fellow's head? Anyway, it was my father's game."

"Oh! So your father was a miner?"

"I'll say he was—an engineer. He was the superintendent up at the mines where I'm going to put in for a job. That's a hot one, isn't it?"

HE devoted himself whole-heartedly to a breakfast of steak, potatoes, and hot muffins. Once, glancing out the window, he saw a narrow ribbon of water that ran parallel with the track.

"What canal's that?" he asked.

"That's not a canal; that's the beginning of Lake Champlain."

"On the level? That's a laugh on me, isn't it? I was born up this way."

He went back to his steak.

"Johnny," Mr. Sloane said, "you're not one of those young fools who run away from a good home, are you?"

"No," Johnny said serenely. "I said good-night to a lousy home. And I didn't run away. I didn't have to. I wasn't wanted."

"You mean your father—"

"No. I was just living with some people. Cousins. My father died when I was six. My mother was dead."

"And these cousins took you after your father died?"

Johnny nodded. "Maybe there was some insurance in it," he observed with calloused indifference. "They weren't both my cousins. She was, and she tried to give me a break. But he was a tough egg. As soon as I was sixteen he chased me out to work. About a year later she got sick one night and was taken off to the hospital. He told me he was filled up with seeing me hanging around; so I packed my things. I've come up in the world since then."

"Yes?"

"Sure. When I pulled my freight I had two pairs of socks; now I have four pairs."

The meal was over. Johnny let out his belt, and they came to their car through the Pullmans. Again the boy's eyes missed nothing.

"Class," he said. "I'd like to ride that way some day."

"No reason why you shouldn't," said Mr. Sloane.

"You're a sweet kidder," Johnny commented.

Lake Champlain, though still merely a canal, had begun to widen. The train roared past two boys fishing from a rowboat. Dark forests covered the mountain sides that slanted upwards in unexpected rises to form rugged, saw-toothed horizons. Johnny sniffed the odors of hemlock and pine, and was conscious of a vague, intangible excitement.

"It's the call of the land where a man was born," Mr. Sloane said quietly. "His first home."

"Home?" For the first time there was an edge of bitterness in the boy's voice. "Huh! A hot lot I know about a home." Then he caught himself and grinned to deny the bitterness.

The train whistled and there was a perceptible slackening of speed. The man reached for his grip.

"My station," he said. "I'm mighty glad that you and I met."

"Same here, Mr. Sloane."

"I think you're going to amount to something, young fellow." The man's eyes were half whimsical, half reflective.

"I'll remember that guess of yours," Johnny chuckled, "every time I get fired from a job."

And then the man was gone, and the boy rode on alone.

AMOUNT to something—get to be somebody? What a chance! If you had people behind you with scads of money you could get somewhere, but it was different when you were thrown on your own. Once he had thought he might get to be somebody. That was in high school—before he had been chased out to

get a job. After that it had seemed that being somebody wasn't worth the price. You studied at night, and denied yourself pleasure and sleep. You went short on grub so that you could buy books and pay for night courses. If you didn't get the breaks you were through. Oh, well, what was the difference? Give a fellow enough to eat, and a place to sleep, and a couple of dollars jingling in his pockets, and he had plenty.

Johnny cocked his hat over his ear and gave himself up to the animal contentment of a full stomach.

An hour later he left the train at a sleepy mountain station. A single taxi stood parked against the station platform, and a farmer unloaded boxes of maple syrup from a battered trunk. A telegraph key clattered noisily, and then was silent. A road wound off to the right, thinly spotted with houses. A road ran off to the left and showed only trees. Not a store was in sight—not even a policeman. Johnny grinned.

"I'm out in the sticks, all right," he commented. "And now that I'm here I'd like to know why in thunder I ever came."

A middle-aged man appeared from around a corner of the station. "Taxi?" he asked.

"How far to Minertown?" Johnny demanded.

"Six miles. Take you right out for two dollars."

"For how much?"

"Two dollars."

"Brother," Johnny said genially, "for two dollars I'd expect you to sell me the car, and then I'd have to owe you thirty cents. What road do I take?"

"Two dollars has always been the price," the taxi man said in an aggrieved voice.

"Has it? Now, what do you know about that? The birds up here can certainly take it on the chin, can't they? Which road, brother?"

"The one to the left," the taxi man said sulkily.

"Down where I come from," Johnny told him, "we ride six miles for a nickel and ask for a transfer. It's an old New York custom. Well, six miles is six miles and I'd better be starting."

"It's an uphill road."

"You would mention that, wouldn't you? But my motto is excelsior, brother. Onward and upward."

The taxi man spat. "Ever do six miles upgrade over a mountain?"

"Never. What's the answer?"

"The answer is that you're going to be danged sorry you started before you get there."

Johnny shifted the suitcase to the other hand. "Brother," he said with a crooked smile, "I'm sorry already. I'm sorry I took that night train out of New York. It looks as if I'd cut myself a piece of cake that's going to cramp me."

Chapter Two

THE road climbed, and dipped, and climbed again. Johnny, used to city streets, was glad it was paved. The suitcase, which had seemed fairly light at the beginning of the trip, began to take on a solid, pulling weight. He stopped on a planked bridge to rest, and watched a rushing, foaming mountain stream tumble past. He stopped again at the top of a ridge, and a squirrel fled up the trunk of a tree and a blue jay jeered at him with sardonic scorn.

"Go on," Johnny urged. "Laugh at me. Give me the razz. I deserve it." He picked up the suitcase and went on.

The tinge of excitement that had run through him on the train was still there. Was Mr. Sloane right? Was it the call of the place where you were born? All he knew was that an irresistible impulse had moved him. Something deep in his being had forced him to seek out this place. And he told himself, as he had told himself before, that he was a fool for coming.

In New York he knew his way around. Up here he would be a stranger, lost in unfamiliar surroundings. Yet he had spent almost his last dollar for train fare and had turned his back upon the people and the places he knew. What for?

At the top of the next ridge the driver of a truck rested his horses. Johnny stopped.

"Can you tell me where I can find Minertown?"

"About a mile along if they hain't moved it since morning." The driver chuckled at his own wit.

"How's things at the mine?"

"Looking for a job?"

"Yes."

"I hain't heard they've been taking anybody on."

Johnny scratched his ear. It sounded bad. And one-seventy in his pocket.

"Who's the big shot up there?"

"Mr Hague is the engineer in charge."

Hague? Johnny's mind went off into the dark and clutched at a shadow of memory. There had been talk at his cousin's of a man named Hague who had been his father's—

"Not 'Ore-Hound' Hague?" he demanded suddenly.

"You don't know him?" the driver asked, incredulous.

"Say," Johnny said breezily, "this bird and I eat out of the same dish." He walked off with a swagger, and began to whistle. "Ore-Hound" Hague! Hot baby! Why, Ore-Hound had been his father's assistant. What a break!

The weight of the suitcase was forgotten, and the last mile slipped away. He heard a faint, jerky clatter, and suddenly dust was in the air. He had a shadowy memory of dust, too, and he knew that he must be near Minertown.

Then the road turned abruptly, and the village lay before him, backed on three sides by those same rugged, saw-toothed hills. And off to his right was Lake Champlain, and dim in the distance the hills of Vermont. He looked at the village again, in its wide-flung hollow, and something strange tightened in his throat.

So this was where he had been born! Walking slowly, he passed a row of miners' cottages, squat, drab, weather-beaten shacks.

A loud-voiced woman, barefooted and barelegged, gossiped with a hidden neighbor and chopped wood in one of the littered yards. Frowsy chickens clucked in makeshift runs, and mongrel curs barked at him. An ore train labored up a grade and spewed soft-coal smoke over the cottages.

And always in his ears was that jerky, rattling clatter, and always in his nostrils the sting of strong dust.

The road turned to the left, and the business section burst upon him. It consisted of a bleak, sad moving-picture house, a general store with dirty windows, a post office, and a drug store miraculously clean amid its dingy surroundings. Two hundred

Baldy Scott turned to Louie Craille. "Take this man down, Louie," he said, "and break him in."

feet farther on was a house more pretentious than its neighbors, with a narrow porch across the front. A one-legged man sat upon that porch smoking a blackened pipe.

"Does this road lead to the mine office?" Johnny called.

"It do." The man arose with alacrity and stumped down the steps to the uneven, cindered sidewalk. "Is it a job you're after?"

Johnny nodded.

"You'll be needing a place to live. Take the advice of a friend and go to Pete Hogan's. He'll be feeding you well, and it's a real mattress you'll have under your bones. It's Hogan's I'm recommending highly."

"You're not Hogan, are you?" Johnny asked shrewdly.

"Hogan, and no other," the one-legged man admitted unblushingly. "If I blow me own trumpet it's only the truth coming out of me. And now about the mine office—you'll find a fork a little beyont. Go to the left to the red brick building. That's the office."

Johnny started on.

"Whist now!" Hogan called after him. "If any other thieving boarding-house man tries beguiling you, tell him it's Pete Hogan you're promised to."

Johnny turned, laughing. A queer town! "Where's the population?" he demanded.

"Sure," said Mr. Hogan, "the night shift's in me dining room eating me out of house and home, and the day shift's underground waiting the time to come up and make pigs of themselves at my expense. Not that I begrudge them a bite to eat, you understand. I'm a gentleman as far as me boarders will let me be. And when they go too far I just crack their skulls. It's a peaceful house I run, so I do. You needn't be afraid to come with me."

Johnny threw back his head.

"Do I look as if I'm afraid?"

Mr. Hogan ran knowing eyes over the wide shoulders, the deep chest, the thin waist. "You look as if you might be able to step around without a guardian."

"Lay a bet on that," the boy bragged, and swung on.

Five minutes later the drab cottages ended abruptly, and the mine property began.

Again came that queer tightening of the throat. This, then, had once been his father's kingdom—this barren plain of sprawling trestles and of thumping ore chutes, of foggy separating mills, of gaunt shacks at the shaft heads, of wide, yawning pits, and of gray, naked tailings piles. From those towering tailings piles came the noise that beat at his ears—the jerk and clatter of conveyor belts as they slowly climbed to the top of the mountain piles and dropped the ore-free, pulverized rock they carried up from the separating mills. Up there at the top the dust swirled in clouds and was driven before the wind.

The fork lay before Johnny. He turned left and tramped on to enter the red brick building. A woman came to the little reception hall window.

"Mr. Hague?" Johnny asked.

The woman's scrutiny was keen. "If you're looking for employment—"

"I'm looking for Mr. Hague," Johnny said blandly. "The name is Bree—Johnny Bree. He'll recognize it."

The woman withdrew, and he heard her speak into a telephone. After a moment she came back.

"Mr. Hague will see you. One flight up—first door to the left."

HE climbed stairs that had often echoed his father's footsteps, and turned in at an open door on his left. This had been his father's office. His throat tightened again, and for a moment he did not notice the clean-cut, rugged man who sat in front of a desk and eyed him sharply. The man spoke.

"You said your name was Bree?"

Johnny came to with a start and took off his cap. "Bree—yes, sir."

Johnny Bree strode away from the office as if a fury dogged his heels.

"I knew a man named Bree—William H. Bree."

"That was my father," said Johnny.

The man's hand shot out in welcome. "Old Bill Bree's son. I'm certainly glad to see you. Let's see, you couldn't have been more than six years old when you left here. Some relatives took you—cousins, weren't they? I thought so. The man seemed to take quite an interest in you."

"He got over it," the boy said casually.

"What's that? You're not living with them?"

"No, haven't been for two years. He invited me to fade; so I faded."

"But you're in school?"

Johnny's mouth twitched. "Do you know of any school that pays your room rent and buys your eats?"

"What *are* you doing now?"

"Nothing. I'm looking for a job."

A fleeting shadow of pain showed in Mr. Hague's eyes. Back in the old days he had worshiped Bill Bree. And here was fine old Bill Bree's son, a drifter, a vagabond in the making. It hurt.

"How many jobs have you held?" Mr. Hague asked in a level voice.

Johnny shrugged. "I don't know. Four—maybe six."

"What was the first one?"

"Office boy. The office manager was a buzzard. I got out of there."

"What was the last job?"

"Helper on an express wagon. I quit that one."

"Why?"

Johnny shrugged again. "I don't know. I had an itch to get up here. Maybe I got tired looking at the ears of two horses. It doesn't take long to get fed up on horses' ears."

"You get fed up on jobs pretty quickly, don't you?" Mr. Hague asked quietly.

"I won't stand for anybody's riding me," Johnny announced easily. "I'm independent."

"Usually we don't bother with what you call independence! We figure that the man who has it won't tie up with us—or with anybody. Why should I take a chance on you? Because your father was my friend? Your father would be the last man in the world to ask that. In fact, Johnny, I don't think your father would approve of you."

"No?" In spite of the nonchalant word, the boy flushed. "Why not?"

"Because your father was a sticker."

"Maybe he had something worth sticking to," Johnny said flippantly. Inside, he was filled with a cold dread. The job was slipping away, and he had one-seventy in his pocket. But it was part of his hard-boiled creed to hide his hurts under a mask of jauntiness. Crying, he had observed out of a premature wisdom, didn't get you any place. He picked up his suitcase.

"Where are you going?" Mr. Hague asked sharply.

"On my way."

"Licked, eh?"

The boy frowned. "What do you mean, licked?"

"You haven't the courage to stay here and convince me I ought to give you a job on your merits. Why, you wouldn't stay underground sixty days. A couple of pay days and you'd float (*Continued on page 47*)

The Great Woof Handicap

By Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

"IF you're a four-woof man, I'll eat my shirt."

It was me speaking. We were standing just outside the pro's shop—Jinx Miller and I—reading the list of handicaps posted for the caddies' tournament. The top of the list read like this:

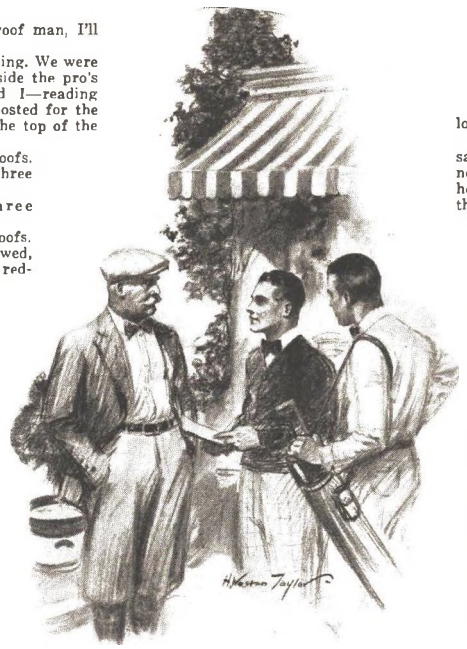
Wally Bangs—No Woofs.

Squirt Waters — Three Woofs.

Bob Randall — Three Woofs.

Jinx Miller—Four Woofs.

Other names followed, but what made me red-headed was that "Jinx Miller — Four Woofs." Because woofs were important. A set of clubs and a bag worth one hundred dollars depended on those woofs.



"Young man," Billinghurst said, amazed, "you showed remarkable control. Remarkable!"

Before we go on with this semi-tragedy, I guess you'd call it, I'll try to get through your dome just what those woofs meant. Wally Bangs — he's the head caddy on the list—shoots the Beverly Hills course in 90. That's the average of his five best scores for the previous season.

Squirt Waters — that's me — shoots 93. So, in a handicap tournament, Wally has to give me three strokes. But old Sodbuster Billinghurst—he's the queer duck who donated the prize—had made up his mind that this was to be a Woofer's Handicap. In other words, instead of getting strokes, we were to get woofs. If I got paired up with Wally, I was to have the privilege of yelling in his ear three times during the match. I could yell just as loud as I pleased, and naturally I'd yell just as he was starting his downstroke. I could use my woofs on any three strokes during the match. Got it? A nice, courteous, noisy tournament it was going to be!

WHAT knocked me over was that Jinx Miller rated four woofs! It was my tough luck to be paired with Jinx in the first round and I had to give him the right to use one woof!

"How did you get four woofs?" I challenged him.

I didn't say it any too gently either, because if there's one guy I don't like and ain't scared of, it's Jinx Miller.

"Four woofs is what I rate," Jinx replied in that high voice of his.

"When I played with you last Thursday you shot a 91," I told him. "The week before, against Tad Bennett, you made a 93. And once before, that I know about, you made a 92!"

I had the goods on him. But Jinx's round, good-looking face took on a hurt look. He thinks he looks like Walter Hagen. He's kind of broad-shouldered and husky, and it seems funny to hear that high voice popping out at you.

"And my next best scores are 96 and 98," he said indignantly. "Add 'em up and divide by five and you get 94. That gives me four woofs."

"You're a shark at arithmetic," I told him, "but your memory's none too good."

"What do you mean?" he asked, getting red.

"I mean that you probably forgot to hand in a couple of 90's," I shot back. "You don't rate as many woofs as a cast-iron dog."

"Are you calling me a liar?" Jinx asked, getting even redder.

"I've got a good notion to call you one, and see what you'd do." I was getting hot.

"Try it," Jinx threatened.

I clenched a fist and began thinking up some good, reliable fighting words, when Jinx looked over my shoulder.

"There's someone coming," he said, and his face looked kind of relieved.

I turned around and saw Bob Randall, the newest caddy at the club, heading our way around the eighteenth green.

"He's about two hundred yards away and not even looking at us," I said scornfully. "We can have it out before he gets halfway."

Jinx turned to the handicap list and his eyes stopped at the third name.

"Who's this Bob Randall?" he asked, trying to get off the subject of fighting. "I never heard of him."

I pointed to that figure coming our way around the eighteenth.

"That's Bob," I said. "He used to caddy at West Lake, but I got him to come over here last Sunday. He lives down our way."

"Gosh," murmured Jinx, "he must be pretty good. He's a three-woofer."

"Yeh," I answered, "but when he takes a three-woof handicap he's giving himself a bum break. Ninety-three's his score at West Lake, and that's about three strokes easier than Beverly Hills. He'll be lucky to do 96 here."

BY this time Bob was within hailing distance and I waved to him. When he came up, I introduced him to Jinx. Bob's about as tall as Jinx, but he's not so heavy. Just smooth muscle all over—not a bulge any place. He's one of these natural athletes. Everything comes easy to him. But he's not high-hat a bit. And his smile makes you his friend for life. Light hair, blue eyes, and a couple of freckles.

"I see you're entered in the tournament," Jinx said.

Bob shook his head. "I don't believe I'll play," he said.

Jinx looked surprised. A new set of clubs isn't to be sneezed at. And there were nine other prizes—matched irons, spoons, putters, a dozen balls, and so on.

"Why not?" Jinx asked.

"It wouldn't be fair," Bob replied, grinning.

Well, I knew what Bob meant, but Jinx didn't.

"You mean you ought to have a bigger handicap?" Jinx said, with a half a sneer in his voice.

A shadow crossed Bob's face. "No," he said softly, "the handicap's all right."

"Then why don't you enter?" Jinx insisted.

But Bob was looking off toward the river and didn't answer. That huffed Jinx, who doesn't like to be ignored.

"What do you mean it wouldn't be fair?" he asked. "You mean you think you can lick all the Beverly Hills caddies?"

Bob shook his head with a doubtful smile on his face.

"I just don't care to enter," he said.

"Well—" Jinx was all up in the air—"I can't guess riddles."

He turned to me. "When do we tee off to-morrow?" he asked. "Eight o'clock?"

"Suits me," I said agreeably.

"You two paired in the first round?" Bob asked, suddenly interested.

I nodded.

"Let me carry your clubs," he said to me.

I gave a whoop of glee. "You're on! I'll pay you a dollar!"

"You'll pay me nothing!" Bob scoffed.

"I'll pay you a dollar," I insisted, "after I win first prize."

Jinx laughed loudly.

At eight o'clock the next morning, Bob Randall and I were at the first tee. Jinx Miller showed up a few minutes later, with Tubby Ryan for caddy. We had a gallery—about twenty caddies who weren't scheduled to tee off until late in the morning.

Bob Randall had my clubs—all four of 'em. I've got a brassie that I use off the tee and on the fairway. I call it my one-pounder because it shoots straight even if it doesn't go far—sometimes I get 200 yards with it. I've got a midiron that's good for 160 yards, a number seven mashie that I use for approaches, in traps, out of the rough and for cutting the ball. My gooseneck putter I call Doughnut because it's a good sinker.

Tom McDonald, the club pro, walked up. He's a slender, neat guy, with a swing that sounds like the crack of a whip.

"All right, get going," he said, and nodded at me.

I teed up a Rocket with a couple of small cuts in it—the newest ball I had. I felt a bit on edge. I'd never had that many eyes on me before. I wondered if Jinx would pull his woof right at the start. As I straightened up, I turned my head without meaning to, and looked at him.

Jinx laughed, and with that laugh ringing in my ears I addressed the ball. I was so careful that my swing was weak, and the ball popped out about 150 yards.

Jinx's ball took a professional-looking hook and came to rest at the left edge of the fairway, 200 yards out.

"Nice ball," I said as we walked off. With us walked Wally Bangs as official scorer.

"As good as a woof," Jinx replied airily.

I was glad to see him head straight for his ball, well out of effective woofing distance from me. With Bob smiling at me confidently I walked up to where my ball was lying in a patch of clover. The first hole is 400 yards long, running straight as a die to a slanting green. With 250 yards to go, I pressed, and had the pleasure of seeing my ball slice around behind the traps bordering the green on the right. Jinx's second came to rest on the apron of the green.

I tried to do a Bobby Jones recovery from the rough and landed in the trap. Jinx was close to the pin in three and down in four. I took six.

We halved the second with sixes and got five apiece on the 350-yard third. I began to regain my confidence, and I decided that I didn't have to worry about that woof yet for a while.

The fourth is 170 yards long, and up to within thirty yards of the green there's no fairway—just wiry rough. If you get caught in that, good night!

Jinx took his midiron and slapped one into the trap to the left of the green. As he walked off the tee he started singing:

"Old McDonald had a farm! Eee-eye, Eee-eye, Oh!
And on that farm he had a dog! Eee-eye, Eee-eye, Oh!
With a woof-woof here, a woof-woof there!
Here a woof, there a woof, everywhere a woof-woof—"

By this time I was teed up, and Jinx stepped around behind me.

"He's not going to use his woof," I said to myself. "He's just trying to scare me."

I glanced at him, just to see that he wasn't in the way of my swing, noticed the wicked grin on his face, and then addressed the ball. "He's trying to get me on edge," I told myself.

TO avoid tightening up, I swung easily. Too darned easily! The ball took a couple of grasshopper bounds and came to rest about seventy-five yards out.

"Too bad," Jinx said helpfully. "If you'd asked me, I could of told you I wasn't going to woof."

I was mad—mad because I'd let him get my goat—and I walked off the tee without replying. It took Bob and me three minutes to find the ball. It was nestling deep down, six inches below the grass tops. I mowed my way out in three strokes and finally took a seven.

"That was raw," Bob said privately to me, "Jinx standing behind you that way."

"I shouldn't have let it bother me," I growled.

Bob shook his head.

"It's a cinch he's not going to woof for a couple of holes," he said. "Just go ahead and play your game."

I did. For the first time in my life I got a par five on the 510-yard fifth. Jinx took a seven, and I was only one down. I evened the match on the 410-yard sixth with another five to Jinx's six.

As I teed off for the seventh, Jinx started singing again:

"Old McDonald had a farm—" and quit when I straightened up.

At the end of the hole I was one down again, feeling a bit raw in the nerves. Jinx was singing his song all over the course and all I could think of was woofs.

The eighth is 155 yards long—a good, husky mashie pitch over Squaw Creek, which runs just in front of the green. Jinx laid his ball fifteen feet from the pin with as pretty a shot as I've ever seen. He wouldn't woof here—not when he had a chance for a birdie two.

As I teed up, Jinx sang under his breath, and when I addressed the ball, he stood around in front of me where I could see him. I bent my head down. Jinx opened his mouth. I started my backswing. Jinx drew in his breath. I could hear it. I tried to tell myself that he wasn't going to woof, but my ears just naturally expected it. I must have hesitated just the least bit in my swing.

The ball sailed up, arched downward, hit the far bank and dropped back into the creek.

"You shoulda known I wouldn't woof there," Jinx said helpfully. "Why woof on a hole you've got won?"

On the ninth—the hole that Squaw Creek crosses twice—Jinx started a new song:

"Oh, I ain't gonna woof no more, no more—
I ain't gonna woof no more—
How in the world can Waters tell
I ain't gonna woof no more!"

I lost that one.

On the second nine I began to get the woofs bad. Jinx took to standing either in front of me or behind me on every stroke, even though he usually had to walk deep into the rough to do it. And on every hole, he uncorked a new song—

"My little gray woof in the west!" "Singing in the woof!" "All de world am sad and woofey!" "You're the woof in my hot dog!" And a lot of others.

"It's not fair," Bob said, half to himself. "He's making that one-woof handicap good for about ten strokes."

"I suppose it's all right," I said. "He's not actually woofing, and I suppose I shouldn't let it bother me."

"It's not sporting," Bob said decisively. "I wonder if I ought to enter. I *might* be able to turn the trick."

"Why don't you?" I said hopefully.

"You know why," he replied.

I heaved a sad sigh and walked on. And I'm frank to say, with every hole, the distance I walked between strokes grew shorter. I was in the last stages. Once in a while, I'd hear a faint woof! from some other fairway, and my hand would shake. The old one-pounder went back on me and Doughnut lost his touch. My temperature rose, my pulse speeded up, besides which I suffered from loss of appetite and spots before my eyes.

Bob Randall got madder and madder every time Jinx pulled one of his almost-woofs. Bob didn't show it, but I could see his ears getting red.

"I wish you were in this tournament," I said mournfully, as I stood on the twelfth tee, five down.

"If you don't stage a comeback right now," Bob said grimly, "I'll disown you."

I looked at him surprised. His words sobered me so much that I shocked myself by hooking my drive all the way across the lake to the green, 200 yards away. I won that hole and the short thirteenth. And then I proceeded to get a good six on the 560-yard fourteenth. That left me two down. In spite of Jinx's concert I managed to halve the next two, and went to the seventeenth still two down.

The seventeenth is 380 yards long. For 250 yards the fairway stretches out in front, without a hazard of any kind. Then it takes almost a cliff-like dip to the green, and the entire slope is wooded. If you get a good drive, you can slap a nice brassie over the trees to the green.

I got a good drive to the right of the middle. Jinx's ball was to the left. Much to my relief he headed this time straight for his ball. That left me to make my shot undisturbed. If I could just carry that wooded slope a hundred yards in front, I'd reach the green in two and might be able to stave off defeat for another hole.

I took my time addressing the ball, and I had that good feeling as I started my backswing. And then—

"WOOF!"

It came like an explosion right in my ear, shattering my nerves, paralyzing my arms, and throwing me off my stance.

The little white ball went bounding down to the woods like a jack-rabbit. I looked around, and there stood Jinx, two feet behind me, grinning. He had sneaked over while I was addressing the ball. He went back to his ball with a satisfied smile on his face, and sent a long midiron shot well above the trees.

I had only one hope left—that Jinx had overshot and was in the rough beyond the green. But when I reached the head of the slope and could see through the trees, there was the ball, resting about thirty feet from the cup. The match was over.

With great effort I succeeded in shaking hands with Jinx as though I meant it, and proceeded back to the clubhouse with Bob. For a hundred yards we walked in silence. Finally Bob spoke.

"I'm going to enter," he said.

I stopped. Looked at him. A grin covered my handsome features. I let out a war whoop of joy.

"I hope," I said fervently, "that you get paired up with Jinx in the second round!"

BOB didn't draw Jinx in the second round, but he did in the finals. Bob beat his two opponents easily and Jinx won in the semifinals from Wally Bangs by using the same tactics he had used against me. The whole caddy roster was so sore about it by that time that they carried their protest to Tom MacDonald, and he passed a rule that the woofer couldn't stand in front of his opponent and go through the motions of woofing without actually taking his woof. He could stand behind at any time, but he couldn't do any pantomimes in front.

Old Sodbuster Billinghurst and nearly a hundred regular club members in addition to the caddies were gathered around the first tee at nine o'clock Thursday morning when the finals were due to start. In front of that crowd, Jinx would *have* to behave.

Both contestants must have been awed by the gallery—it's kind of tough on a caddy to have a bunch of regular club members standing around acting quiet and respectful—and they both topped their drives. And it didn't do 'em any good to see the whole danged gallery start trailing 'em as soon as they stepped off the tee.

Jinx cleared his throat and looked at Bob. Jinx, remember, had one woof to use, and Bob didn't have any.

"I've been practicin' woofs," he said, "and I can deliver nearly any kind, now. Which would you like to have—a high woof, a medium woof, or a low woof?"

Bob has a way of looking at you closely when you talk, and he eyed Jinx keenly.

"Well," he replied judicially, "there are high-pitched woofs and low-pitched woofs. Our house, for instance, has a high-pitched woof. But that doesn't bother my golf any."

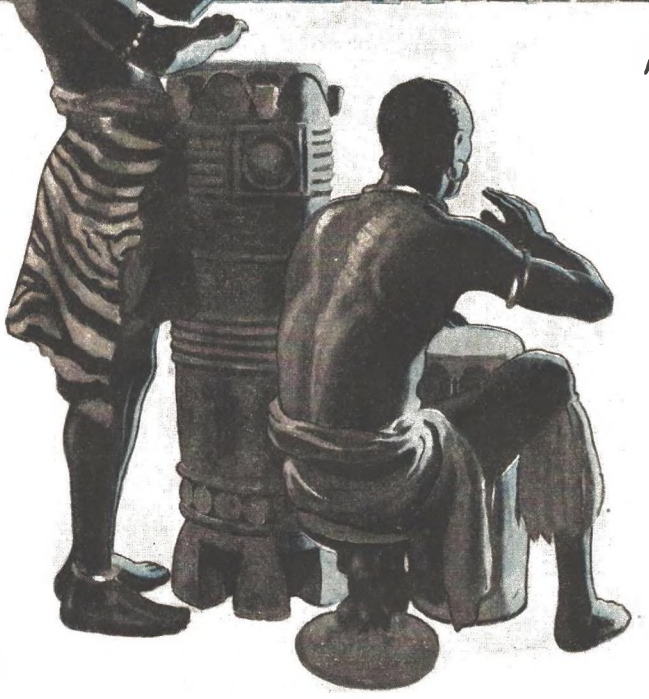
Jinx looked a little bewildered.

"Um," he said, noncommittal like, and spat at a dandelion.

"Your woof is leaking," Bob said helpfully.

Jinx shut his mouth tight, walked to his ball, and popped a weak brassie that left him a hundred yards short of the green. Bob laid his just off the green to the right. Jinx, however, had a peach of an approach that stopped fifteen feet from the pin and they halved the hole in five. The gallery clapped Jinx's approach and he grew cocky as he walked to the second tee. (*Continued on page 32*)

Jinx yelled: "E-ee-ahhh!" The club didn't waver. Down came the head with a nice whip, and the ball sailed away.



Two weeks, and the rolling of the drums had not ceased day or night.

The Funeral Drums of Mulolo

By Inglis Fletcher

Illustrated by Manning deV. Lee

STEPHEN MURDOCH—the White Leopard, the natives called him—stood listening intently. But no throb of signal drum came to him through the African twilight. The stillness was uncanny, disquieting.

The paramount chief Mulolo lay dying in the village across the river. For the past three nights, no signal drum had sounded in the village. It was as though the drums were dumb—waiting.

Murdoch was waiting, too, waiting for the first undercurrent of the trouble that would start with the death of old Mulolo. The young commissioner had been governing this lonely lake district only a few months, but he knew all too well that when Mulolo died there would be trouble. The witch doctors would match their power against his.

Lone white man though he was, Stephen Murdoch had already won recognition in this isolated district in the very heart of Africa. And he had won the enmity of the witch doctors. They feared him and fought him—fought him in mysterious, inscrutable ways.

"They'll take a hand in things as soon as the old chief dies," Murdoch told himself grimly.

He turned and was about to start out on his evening walk into the forest, ever necessary to replenish his meat supply, when he stopped almost in his stride. A low rumbling sound came from across the river. It grew louder—deep, dull, despondent.

"*Bwana*, Mulolo is dead," Kalaiti, his trusted gun bearer, said quietly. "The paramount chief is dead and the funeral drums sound."

Murdoch whirled to go back to the house. As he strode along, the sounds of the wailing of the women came to his ears. Wails and discordant yells from hundreds of throats floated across on the breeze from the paramount chief's village. Now he heard the signal drums pass on the news. From village to village, through forest, over river and mountain, the drums gave out the tidings that a great chief was dead.

Murdoch knew that the funeral ceremonies would last for weeks. Vast quantities of native beer would be drunk. For the paramount chief must be passed on to the spirit land with the ceremony and pomp befitting his high rank on earth. The mourners, never resting until they fell exhausted and slept where they fell, would dance for days and nights unceasingly in his honor. Men, women, and children would all take part, working themselves into a frenzy with the singing, shouting, and dancing.

And over all would sound the incessant throbbing of the funeral drums. From dawn to sunset, from sunset to dawn, the drums would roar. As one drummer dropped from exhaustion, the next would be ready to take his place. For not one instant would the funeral drums cease their talk, for the spirits must be warned that one of exceptional greatness was coming to them. This was the law of the tribes.

BUT it was another tribal custom that caused Stephen Murdoch concern. In the past, before the coming of the white man's government, a chief's favorite wives had always been buried with him—buried alive. This custom was one of the few against which the Government had set its hand. And its hand was a harsh one in this matter.

The young commissioner wondered whether his people would now remember the white man's law. Would not the witch doctors urge the sacrifice of Mulolo's wives? The knowledge of what had occurred among the Awemba tribes, not far away, came to Murdoch's mind.

When the great chief Chitimukulu had died, rumor had it that two hundred of his women had been buried alive in the same grave with him. After weeks of funeral ceremonies, dancing, drinking, and shouting, the frenzied wives had cast themselves alive into the grave, a natural cleft of bottomless depth in some great rocks, and thus the spirits had been satisfied.

The witch doctors would doubtless urge Mulolo's people to follow the old custom, to do honor to their departed chief. Murdoch knew he must prevent such a tragedy—but how?

Turning to Kalaiti, he told him to call Kapolo, another trusted servant. When Kapolo arrived, Murdoch told him to send out several of their best men to listen to the undercurrent of conversation in the villages, and to report to him at once if they heard any suggestion of Mulolo's wives' either killing themselves or being put to death.

TWO weeks, and the rolling of the drums had not ceased day or night. At the beginning, the drum notes had been low and throbbing. Now they were working up to a crashing volume of sound as the villagers, dancing and singing, grew more and more frenzied.

No word came from the men Murdoch had sent out into the villages. He grew more and more uneasy, though he knew that the task of these men would be difficult since any devilish work being fomented by the witch doctors would be kept secret.

Murdoch regretted for the hundredth time that Chuma-chu-pela, the powerful witch doctor who had been taken after the Natukwku murder case, had escaped in some unsolved manner a month before. Chuma-chu-pela would be eager to seize this opportunity to display his power before the people. He and his fellow witch doctors would be sure to work upon the natives by telling them that all great chiefs who had died in the past had been accompanied to the spirit land by their wives. Thus, the hearts of the spirits had been made kind toward the people. Now, if only Mulolo's wives were sacrificed, crops would grow, fishing and hunting would be good, and peace and plenty would come to the village. So the witch doctors would argue.

Murdoch knew that the superstitious natives, half frenzied as they were and greatly fearing famine and disease, would inevitably listen. It would be all too easy for the witch doctors, led by Chuma-chu-pela, to re-establish their hold over the villagers and to defeat the white man's efforts to establish law and justice.

As Stephen Murdoch sat on the veranda of the *Boma* house in a long deck chair, comfortable in the comparative cool of early morning, he turned the whole problem over in his mind.

It was one of those glorious days so common in that part of Africa. Birds were singing everywhere and the rippling of the river in front of the house was like liquid music.

Asleep, apparently, near Murdoch's chair, stood a great bird of extraordinary appearance. Ugly almost to hideousness, with a terrible weapon of a beak, like a bayonet, its bald head had only a few spare hairs on it. Around the base of the beak, a long gullet pouch of bare red skin hung down. Standing there, fully four feet in height, its dreadful head sunk down onto its shoulders, the bird looked like some deformed man, incredibly old. Occasionally it

opened one eye to show that it was not really asleep.

Murdoch turned his head and called to it in a soft crooning voice: "Come on, Ngodi, old man."

The bird opened its eyes, raised its head on a scraggy neck, and then spreading its beak, made a succession of weird chuckling sounds — "*Ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha, ha-ha-ha-ha*"—after which it stalked over to the chair.

Murdoch stroked it and the bird rubbed its head against his hand with evident content. Then it hopped up onto the back of the chair and, bending down, gently caressed the edge of Murdoch's ear with the very tip of its ghastly beak.

To Murdoch, it seemed unbelievable that such a monstrosity of a bird could be so affectionate. That beak could have taken out an eye with a single blow, but somehow he felt no distrust of it. He had made a pet of the bird from the time when it had been taken by Kalaiti from its nest of sticks high up in the branches of a fever tree near the elephant marsh, and Ngodi now followed him around like a dog. He was a marabou stork, of the tribe of scavengers and pariahs, but he possessed a weird love for his human master.

MURDOCH'S eyes roamed over the lovely scene before him, and for a brief space he forgot witch doctors and problems of government. Mighty *mtondo* trees raised enormous crowns of delicate feathery foliage fully one hundred feet into the air. One that grew at the edge of the river bank was covered all over with a mass of what appeared to be gorgeous crimson blossoms.

"That's funny," Murdoch mused. "That tree should have golden yellow blooms. I'll go and have a look at that."

He picked up his pith helmet and walked down the veranda steps, calling softly to the marabou stork, "Come on, old son—we'll go for a little stroll."

Again giving its quaint chuckles of pleasure, the bird stepped out after him and they went down the path along the river bank together.

Some thirty yards from the *mtondo* tree Murdoch stopped. The sight he found himself looking at was one of the most beautiful he had ever seen, even in that land of superlative beauty. The blossoms of the trees were birds! Birds in countless hundreds sat motionless, side by side, close ranked on every branch and twig of the tree.

Murdoch gazed at them, half dazed by their beauty. Then, without any warning, one of the birds uttered a sharp cry—a signal apparently. The whole tree seemed to burst into flaming life. The birds rose in a great cloud of crimson and maroon and swept away, following the river to the next big tree, where they settled once more.

The young commissioner started to retrace his steps towards the house, the stork strutting along a few paces in front of him.

As they came level with some dense shrubbery at the side of the path, there came from the depths of a bush a faintly whispered:

"*Bwana!*"

Murdoch paused and bent down as if to fasten his shoe lace. From the corner of his eye he searched the bush while he appeared to feel inside his shoe.

"*Bwana,*" came the whisper again, "I am Mulenga. I have news for you."

The commissioner sat down on the ground and took off the shoe, as if to remove a stone from it. His back was half toward the bush.

"*Bwana,* the witch doctors are at work," came the whisper. "They will meet several of the headmen from the villages to-morrow night at the time of the rising of the moon. They will show the headmen their magic and will throw the lots —*ombeza ula*—for guidance, and to see the omens. The meeting place is in the small open clearing by the big tamarind trees in the spirit grove."

"It is well," Murdoch said as he put on his shoe again. "You have done well, Mulenga."

Brushing dust from his khaki shorts, Murdoch returned to the veranda, the stork still following him.

As the two reached the steps, Kalaiti came up with a rifle he had been cleaning. Bending down towards the commissioner as if to show him something wrong with the breechblock of the rifle, he spoke quietly.

"*Bwana,* there is a strange talk in Mulolo's village. The people speak of a white rat which has been seen to enter the dead Mulolo's hut. They say it is a messenger from the spirits, sent by Mulolo to tell them things. The headmen have seen it, and the people say the witch doctors have spoken with it. Already they murmur that the spirit of Mulolo is restless because he does not hear talk of his wives' following him at once, to cook his food in the spirit land."

Murdoch lifted the rifle and looked through the barrel while Kalaiti, still speaking in a low voice, continued.

"Last night one of Mbewa's fowls lay down in the middle of his hut and died for no reason at all. As you know, *Bwana,* Mbewa is the new head chief, Mulolo's successor. The people speak together and say that it is a warning to Mbewa to close the funeral ceremonies as custom demands."

"By burying alive Mulolo's wives with their cooking pots and hoes?" Murdoch demanded.

KALAITI hesitated a moment before he replied, looking quickly over his shoulder, "I think the women will disappear before long, *Bwana.*"

Murdoch was silent a minute.

"A white rat! Do all talk of this?" he asked.

"Yes, *Bwana.* All know it is a messenger. It lives now in a hole in the hut, where the medicine men lock themselves in nightly and talk with it."

"What would happen were that white rat to die?"

"*Bwana,* it will not die. No trap could be set, for it would be seen. No cat in the village would kill the white rat. Is it not a spirit? The spirit of a dead boy of Mulolo's village is in it and Mulolo has sent him as his messenger to speak for him."

Murdoch nodded; then spoke thoughtfully.

"If there happened to be a more powerful spirit than Mulolo's about, a spirit who did not desire that the women should go with the chief to the spirit land,

"They say the white rat is a messenger from the spirits, sent by Mulolo to tell them things."

that spirit would doubtless send a more powerful messenger to kill the white rat."

Kalaiti nodded.

"I think the rifle is all right now," Murdoch said after a minute. "Put it in its case when you have finished cleaning it. Stay in the compound to-night. I shall probably need you to go out hunting with me tomorrow morning."

Kalaiti disappeared into the house and Murdoch dropped down again in his chair, to wrestle with this fresh problem.

For fully an hour or more he lay there, his eyes almost shut, his mind deeply engrossed. How could he prevent the sacrifice of the women? Force was out of the question. He had only about half a dozen native civil police available. Even if he used them successfully, which was hardly possible, the people would obey merely for the moment. Later the witch doctors would see to it that the women were secretly sent off to join Mulolo. A crocodile here, a snake there, a lion—there were many ways by which the medicine men could accomplish their ends with little risk of his being able to prove anything against them. No, force wouldn't work. He would have to block them by using their own subtle methods. There must be some way of—

Suddenly he jumped up, chuckling. He had an idea, if he could only work it!

Later in the afternoon Murdoch called in the station carpenter and ordered the walls of his bedroom whitewashed. The man set to work at once. At nightfall the job was not finished and the carpenter went home, leaving a barrel of limewash in the room.

Murdoch had a bed made up in the living room and Kalaiti came in to help him get some things ready for the shoot they were going on in the morning.

Soon after dusk that evening, the report of a gun sounded from near the chicken house. At the sound, Murdoch walked out onto the back veranda.

"Did you get it?" he called out.

"I laid up, as you told me, *Bwana*," Kalaiti answered. "I think it was a civet cat, after the fowls. I saw its eyes gleam; so I fired. But I have not hit it."

"Never mind. It will be frightened off—it will not come back for a bit anyway. You can go to sleep now."

Murdoch entered the house again, and went to bed almost at once. But he was restless that night and unable to sleep. In the middle of the night he went out stealthily onto the front veranda and stood listening to the drums, beating from Mulolo's village over beyond the river. He paced up and down the veranda several times in the dark, stopping frequently. As he paced slowly down near the edge of the veranda just before going in again, his foot struck something that seemed soft and quite heavy. He bent down and examined the object—Kalaiti had hit his cat after all!

Almost immediately Murdoch went into the house and into the bedroom where the whitewashing had been started and the barrel of limewash left for the carpenter. Later he put out the hurricane lantern he had lighted and went to bed.

THE next morning he left with Kalaiti to hunt leopards. They went due west for about three miles, then turned upon their tracks in a complete circle. They crossed these tracks again, carefully camouflaging themselves with small branches of trees and leaves. Then they lay down and quietly watched. Nothing happened—no one was following them.

When the heat of the day waned they made a large detour and went cautiously through the forest, crossed the river at a shallow point, and turned eastward. On both sides of the stream the forest, unbroken by any villages or garden clearings, was unending.

As the sun was setting in a glory of crimson and gold over the depths of the forest's green, they came to the jungle thicket which the natives used as a burying place and which they believed was the haunt of the spirits.

"Go around the edge of the thicket along the south side," Murdoch whispered to Kalaiti, "and look carefully for tracks. I want to be sure that nobody entered here before us. I will search the north side. Rejoin me here."

Kalaiti nodded and went off on his errand. The young commissioner searched his side carefully, but found no signs. When he returned he found Kalaiti waiting. A shake of his gun bearer's head told him all he wanted to know.

They now cautiously entered the burying ground.

Great tamarind trees towered up toward the invisible sky, their spreading tops meeting overhead. Darkness closed down on the two intruders. Around them, to well over the height of a man, was a wall of shrubby bushes, all thorn-clad, an unbroken jungle thicket except for ill-defined paths made by *dic dics*. These little antelope made whistling cries and escaped from under their very feet.

Baboons, monkeys, hornbills, and hyenas made weird night cries. A cold clamminess crept over Murdoch. Kalaiti shuddered and looked stealthily over his shoulder time after time.

With infinite caution, they crept over nearer the central open space by the giant tamarind trees. Old bones lay about on the ground, half covered with the rotting leaves and branches, bones of animals—and men. And an evil smell tainted the air around them. Glancing up, Murdoch caught sight of something in a small bushy tree above. A shudder went through him as he recoiled. In a light open crate of reed stems, about eight feet up from the ground, was a human corpse!

Nauseated, Murdoch moved on hastily. As they neared the open space by the tamarinds, he became doubly cautious. But there was no one inside the circle of trees.

SOME freak of nature had caused that space in such a thicket. Surrounded by tamarind trees, with their beautiful feathery branches drooping in long graceful curves, the thicket was edged with low thorn bushes. In the center, grew one lone tamarind tree. It was not more than twenty feet in height; yet no branch broke from its stem till about twelve feet from the ground. Then a mass of branches formed a thick crown.

At sight of that lone tree Murdoch suddenly smiled.

"Kalaiti," he whispered, "the spirits themselves have grown that tree there for us. Quick—get to work. Undo the sack. I'll place the cord."

Without delay Kalaiti removed Murdoch's rucksack from his back, and took a mysterious-looking dirty white object from it. It seemed soft and quite heavy.

"Get it upon that branch—quick," whispered Murdoch. "Lay it along the branch carefully—by the bend there. Good! Now tie the string to the end of it. Good! Loop it over that fork on the next branch there, right by the stem—the other side, you idiot—that's right. Now get down—carefully."

IN another moment, they were crawling in behind the thorn bushes beyond the lone tree. Breaking away dead twigs very carefully and silently, they lay flat, almost covering themselves over with masses of dead leaves.

Laying his rifle ready to his hand, Murdoch took hold of the loose end of the string that was tied to the white object in the tree. Then he felt for the revolver on his hip and changed its position slightly. All was well.

Small animals moved about below the bushes around them—jumping shrews, mice, even mongooses. Bats, with shrill squeaks, flitted about, hawking insects.

The distant drums throbbed ceaselessly.

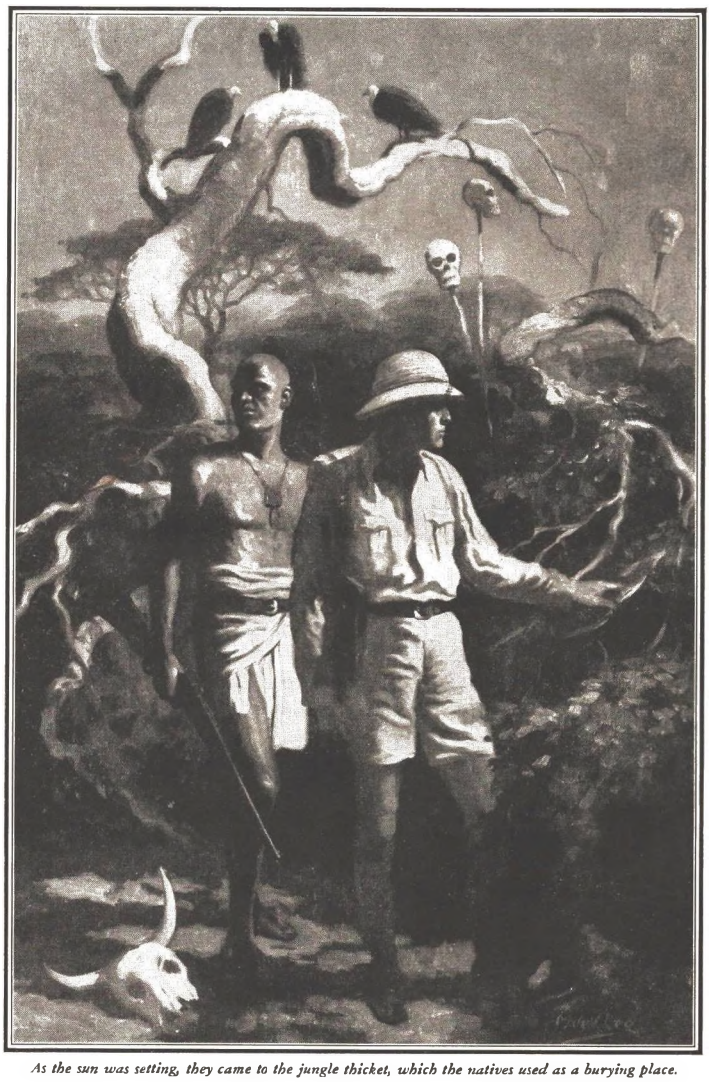
At last, from the far side of the clearing there came faint rustlings, followed by the snap of small twigs. A bush moved slightly on that far side. Murdoch saw a dozen natives enter, walking in single file. Glancing about them apprehensively, they came on and squatted down in the open space near the lone tree.

A native lighted a small fire and as it burned up brightly Murdoch recognized in the group one of the village headmen. Three men who were evidently the witch doctors moved into the circle and into the firelight. Then Murdoch saw the thin, evil face of Chuma-chupela.

The group of headmen sat huddled together. The three witch doctors sat apart. The headmen were draped in blankets, pulled up almost over their heads, although the night was warm, and they fidgeted about, glancing behind them apprehensively as a hyena howled near-by.

The witch doctors wore the paraphernalia of their trade: genet tails and tufts of feathers, with necklaces of leopard claws and crocodile teeth. They spread their medicine bags on

(*Continued on page 54*)



As the sun was setting, they came to the jungle thicket, which the natives used as a burying place.

Mark Tidd Back Home

By Clarence Budington Kelland
Illustrated by R. M. Brinkerhoff

The Preceding Chapters

MARK TIDD and Plunk and Binney and I had thought we were going to have a dull summer in Wicksville. And then four mysterious strangers appeared in town. Three of them were map hunters.

Mark and the rest of us had found half of a crazy map buried in our cave near the river, and we'd taken it and hidden it in the church belfry. But we'd put the box back where it had been buried before.

Then the four queer strangers had turned up.

The first was a hard-looking young man. He'd been tunked on the head and we'd found him unconscious on the river bank near the cave. We'd brought him to with plenty of water, and he'd walked away without thanking us. We found out later that his name was Price.

Then there was a red-haired young fellow who stopped in Mark Tidd's yard and ate pie with us and joked and said he was a duke's son.

And the other two strangers were a deaf-and-dumb man named Noddy and a fat old fellow called Zambo who carried a white cockatoo around with him.

We could see there was trouble brewing, and we watched those men. We found Noddy and Price talking back and forth to each other on slips of paper, and we used strategy and got the papers away from them.

Well, we learned from the paper talk that a man named Giovanni, who was dead, had given Price and a fellow called Nickerson—he was dead now, too—one-half of that crazy map. Then Giovanni had given Zambo and Noddy the other half. He hadn't liked any of the four and had planned to set them all fighting.

Price had buried his half of the map in our cave. Zambo had tricked Noddy and had their half all to himself. Noddy and Price had agreed to go in together to get Zambo's half away from him so they could put the whole map together and find the treasure—whatever it was.

But we couldn't figure out why the red-haired duke's son was hanging around. He didn't seem to know anything about the map.

Binney and Plunk and I didn't feel that we needed to mix into the affair. But Mark said we were soldiers of fortune serving our king by solving this mystery. So we kept on trying to solve it.

We took the papers we'd got away from Noddy and Price, and went over to the old iron foundry to hide them. We started to explore a big furnace-like cylinder where they used to melt down the iron, and while we were inside it Price and Noddy walked into the foundry. They'd followed us!

We kept quiet, and they finally went upstairs to hunt for us. Then Zambo came, spying on Noddy and Price but keeping out of their sight. And then I caught a glimpse of the duke's son outside. He was slipping around, spying on all the other three.

Funny doings! We didn't move. Didn't even wiggle. Just crouched down there, holding our breath and feeling pretty hopeless. If they didn't get discouraged and kept on hunting, why, sure as shooting, they would find us sooner or later, and then what?

"It's two against one, Price," says Zambo. "You'n Noddy ought to be able to handle me."

Soon Price and Noddy came downstairs again—and all of a sudden Noddy looked our way and started right toward us.

Chapter Nine

WELL, there we were inside that big cylinder-shaped thing where they melted iron, and Noddy walking across the floor with his eye on the door of it.

"We're goners," says I to Mark.

He took a look and then says, "L-lie down on the floor close to the d-door. It's d-dark in here."

That was our only chance; so we crowded down there as tight as sardines and never even breathed, and Noddy opened the door. It seemed like an hour that he stood there looking in. He didn't stick his head in, but just scrooched and took a long peek. Then he straightened up and left the door open and walked away. It must have been pretty black inside where we were, especially looking in from outside. We didn't stir. It was a couple of minutes before I could breathe again. After a while I felt Mark get up mighty cautiously.

"F-fellers," he says, under his breath, "there's only one chance for us and that's to c-c-create a diversion."

"What kind of a diversion?" says I.

"I got an idee," says he. "I wisht Zambo'd s-s-stick his hind end out from b-behind them b-barrels."

"Why?" says I.

"In the k-king's service," says Mark.

"Funny way to do a king service," says I.

"It'd be a fine way," says Mark. "I wisht Zambo'd do it."

"Holler and ask him," says I.

We watched those barrels a while and pretty soon we saw something move. I guess Zambo got cramped and kind of twisted around. Anyhow, something black that looked like the seat of his pants stuck out a couple of inches or so past a barrel, and right off Mark said to give him elbow room.

"What you going to do?" I says.

"I aim to f-find out if this here Zambo's got what they call self-restraint," says Mark. "He don't want to make no n-noise, and I'm just curious to see if he can be made to let out a holler."

And with that he took something out of his pocket and I saw it was his sling shot.

"You'll get us all ruined," says I.

But he took careful aim and then let her go. You could hear the pebble go plop as it hit, and then Zambo reared up and let out a yowl you could have heard down to the railroad station.

He reared himself into perfectly plain sight. He bulged right up in the air with a hand clapped to the spot where Mark's pebble had hit, and the cockatoo let out a yell and flapped up on Zambo's head and stood there screaming bloody murder.

Well, sir, you never saw things happen so fast in your life! Noddy and Price did a couple of circus jumps and broke for the window. They got to it before Zambo got himself sorted out and the bird's claws out of his hair, and they both tried to go through it at once—squirming and elbowing and making noises. And then Zambo screamed something and dived for them, just lambasting them with language.

YOU see he'd got it into his head they had shot him with something, and he didn't like it. He was provoked. But just as he got almost to the parts of Noddy and Price that were still inside the foundry, one of them squirmed through and the other went out right on top of him—and then they up and skedaddled.

Zambo, bird and all, took after them, and they were out of sight in no time.

"Well!" says I.

"It come out b-b-better'n what I expected," Mark says and kind of grinned.

"You might have got us all busted up," says I.

"But I didn't," says he, "and now we can get out of this p-p-place and go about our b-business."

"You took an awful chance," says I.

"It's all in knowin' when to t-take a chance," says he, pretty well satisfied with himself. "Crawl out

while we got t-time."

So we crawled out and made for the window, and I can tell you it was pretty slick to get out into the air again. But there we came in for another surprise, for just as we landed on the ground a voice says, "Well, well, well, I never did see so many people come out of one window."

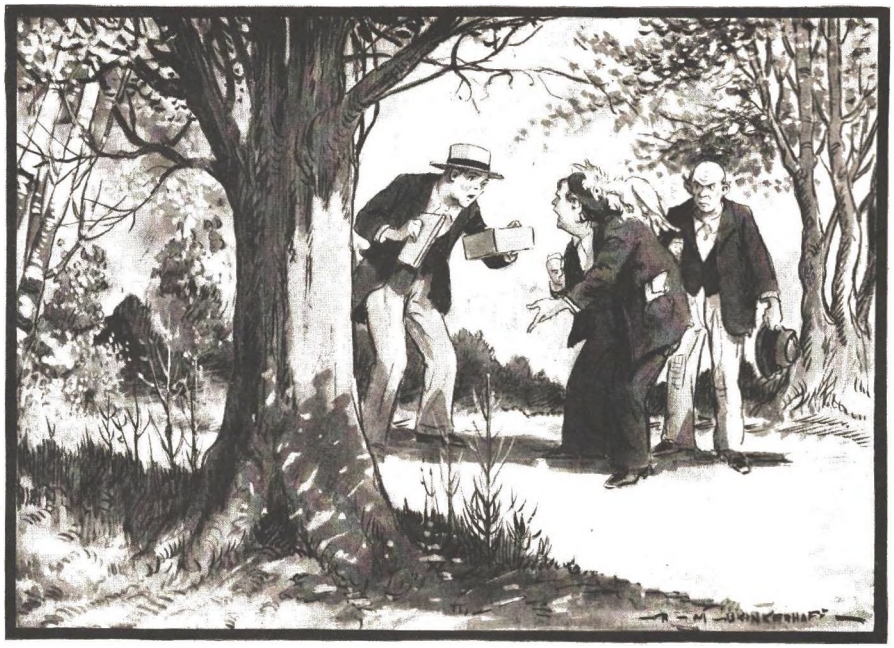
And there, looking down at us, was the young fellow with red hair who claimed he was a duke's son.

"How be ye?" says Mark.

"Pretty well, thank you," says the duke's son. "Been having a party in there? I feel slighted. Why wasn't I invited?"

"We didn't know you was able to go out in s-s-society," says Mark. "Where did them fellers go?"

"Away," says the duke's son. "But what were you boys doing in there?"



"It's gone," says Price, after he'd pried the box open. "Somebody's taken it!"

"When ye c-c-come to think of it," says Mark, "we wa'n't doin' much."

"Why," asked the duke's son, "did Price and Noddy follow you here?"

"Oh," says Mark, "you know 'em, do ye?"

"I've seen them about," says the duke's son.

"What I'd like to know," Mark says, "is this: Did Zambo f-f-foller us here or did he foller them?"

"If it will ease your mind any," says the duke's son, "he followed them."

"Much obleeged," Mark says. "That improves the s-situation. But say, Your Highness, or whatever it is you call the son of a duke, what be you d-d-doin' in this neighborhood?"

"Studying the songs of birds."

"What k-kind of birds? Cockatoos?"

"They're interesting," says the duke's son. "But listen here, you kids. Take a bit of advice from an aged man who has seen almost everything and suffered all the sorrows—give those three men a wide berth. They're not nice playfellows. They might muss you all up so your mothers would have to sew on buttons."

"Mister," says I, "you don't need to tell me that. I don't like em. You just get penned up tight like we were, and have them hunting you, all ready to snatch your scalp, and I bet you that enough cold shivers'll run up your back to make ice cream with."

THE duke's son nodded and then kind of frowned. "But what I don't see," he said, "is why they should be interested in you boys."

"I'll tell you," says Mark. "You s-s-see there's a conspiracy agin the k-king, and them three is conspirators. Us f-four is on the king's side and we cal'late to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. You, bein' a duke's son, will know how it is. We're kind of knight-errants and adventurers, as you might say. When we get through with these doin's and rid the king of his enemies, he's a-goin' to raise us to the nobility and give us a p-p-princess apiece to get married to."

"Is he crazy?" says the duke's son to me.

"I'm afraid," says I, "that he isn't quite all buttoned up in his head. There are days when he acts this way and you can't do anything with him. His family pays us to go around with him and watch him so he won't get into any mischief."

"If I'm c-crazy," says Mark, "the s-s-sooner you f-f-fellers stand out and get sunstroke, the better off you'll be. Say, Mister, what you got to do with all this? I hain't got you p-placed."

"Have you anybody placed?" asked the duke's son.

"You're a s-s-stranger in these p-parts," Mark says, "so it's for you to answer questions. We don't know you from a jar of p-pickles. This here is d-dangerous territory and a body can't tell friend from enemy. No, I cal'late you got to account for yourself before you get any information."

"Have you any to offer?" says the duke's son.

"You can go right on g-guessin' about that."

"And I'm afraid," says the duke's son, "you'll have to go on guessing about me. I'm a man of mystery and my ways are dark and devious. One day I wear the face of a villain to serve my purposes, and the next day I'm disguised as a member of the militia. Once I was compelled to play the part of a fat man who invents churns, and that was very hard, but the next day I had my reward, because I sat in a tree and sang like a canary. It was beautiful."

"I bet it was," says Mark.

"So," says he, "you'll have to take me on faith."

"If we was aimin' to t-t-take anybody on faith," says Mark, awful polite, "it would be you. But with the weather what it is and all, we had to leave our f-faith to home under the whatnot, and we hain't got any to use promiscuous. We kind of like your looks and we admire your m-manners, and the color of your hair is s-s-satisfact'ry to the soldiers, but we just can't tell you the secret of how we catch our mice, because maybe you hain't a cat."

"Say," says I, "if you two can't talk a little sense, I'm going fishing or something."

The duke's son got grave suddenly. "Boys," he said, "I don't know if you're just playing a game or what. But I want to warn you to keep away from those men and everything they have anything to do with. They're bad. They're very bad."

"What would you s-s-say if one of 'em warned us to keep away from you?" says Mark.

"Did any of them mention me?" says the duke's son, kind of intent all of a sudden.

"What if they did?" says I.

"It would be pretty bad," says the duke's son.

"Are you for 'em or against 'em?" says I.

"No use askin' that," says Mark, "'cause we know each of 'em's agin all the rest."

"How did you know that?" asked the duke's son.

"Mister," says Mark, "it'd astonish you almost half to death to know what we know about a heap of things. In addition to bein' knight-errants and adventurers, we're about the s-s-slickest detectives you ever heard tell of. We can f-find out anything. That's why the king sets so much store by us."

"Did any of those men mention me?" says the duke's son again.

Mark looked at him kind of speculating, and then he says, "Mister, maybe you're a b-bad one—I dunno. But there's s-something about you that don't seem so bad as them f-fellers. If I had to take my pick of four bad ones, and you were one of 'em, why, I'd pick you."

"Thanks very much."

"So," says Mark, "I'll put your m-mind at ease. They hain't never m-mentioned you, and so far's I know, they hain't aware there is such a person."

"Thanks again," says the duke's son, and he said it sort of from the bottom of his heart. "But won't you go further and tell me why those men followed you, and why they are interested in you, and just what you know about them?"

"Can't p-p-possibly be managed. Not till you g-give us the password and the grip so we know you're a m-m-member."

"Member of what?"

"Of the s-s-secret society of p-patriots that have banded together to save the l-life of the king and his t-throne. We got to be careful."

"How do I get those tokens?" says the duke's son.

"I hain't got the s-slightest idee," says Mark. "Maybe the king'd give 'em to you if you was to do him a great service. Or maybe when the secret service gets a chance to watch and judge you, they'll consider you worthy. Just now you're under suspicion about a foot thick."

"Do you know, fellows," says the duke's son, "I've an idea we're on the same side. Maybe we'll find our interests are the same. We may even be fighting shoulder to shoulder."

"Grand," says Mark.

"In any case, as long as you refuse to trust me, we'd better not be seen together. If those men con-

Zambo reared up and let out a yowl when

nect me with you, it might be bad."

"It might," says Mark.

"So good afternoon," says the duke's son.

"The same to you," says Mark, and so the duke's son went one way and we went the other, and I can tell you I had a feeling that we'd had a pretty busy day.

"Mark," says I, "I'm not coming out of the house again to-night."

Chapter Ten

NEXT morning we held a council of war in Mark Tidd's barn because it was raining, and we came to the conclusion we ought to concentrate on Zambo. I didn't care so much for that, but Mark said we had to.

"Why?" says I.

"Because he's got the other half of the m-map."

"Oh," says I, "and I reckon he ought to concentrate on us because we got our half."

"To be s-sure," says Mark. "And he would, too, if he knew we had it. We've got to see n-nobody finds out."

"And we've got to get Zambo's half," says Plunk, "so we'll know where this treasure is hid."

"That's the idee," says Mark.

"Getting that map off Zambo'll be about as easy as stealing the dome off the Capitol in Washington," says I.

"'Tain't a-goin' to be s-s-simple," says Mark, "but there wouldn't be no glory in it if it was. The harder a job is to do the more credit you get for doin' it."

"I want to be around," says I, "to enjoy what credit I get. I don't want it carved into any epitaph."

"The day," says Mark, "we p-put that there d-document into the hands of the king he can up and behead all his enemies, and he'll make us marquises."

"Think so?" says Plunk.

"Sure," says Mark. "King's know how to reward faithful subjects. They're not like us here in this country. Now if one of us goes out and saves the l-life of the P-president, what happens?"

"He invites you to dinner in the White House," says Binney.

"No," says Mark, "they interduce a bill into Congress awardin' you a special medal. And the Democrats up and v-v-vote agin it if you're a Republican, and the Republicans they vote agin it if you're Democrat. And the Senate says it costs too much, and the House c-c-claims it ought to be made out of tin instead of b-brass. And then the next P-President vetoes it on account of him not likin' his p-p-predecessor. But after two hundred and seventy-five years, when you're dead and gone, the local chamber of commerce takes it up and buys your great-great-grandson a drivin' hoss with the h-heaves."

"Is that how it goes?" says Binney.

"Yes. But take a king. What d-does he do?"

"I bite," says I. "What does a king do, Brother Bones?"

Mark took careful aim and let her go.

"A king," says Mark, "he g-g-gives you a purse of g-gold, and claps you on the shoulder with his sword, and lets the p-palace band play a tune, and says, 'Rise, Sir Binney Jenks, and go'n d-die for your country.'"

"All amounts to the same," says Plunk. "In either case you die."

"You think Zambo's got the other half of the map on him?" says I.

"Mr. Zambo s-s-says he's f-flyin' a f-flag of truce," says Mark. "He says to m-meet him out the river road."

"Cal'late so," says Mark.

"And we got to get it?"

"Them's our aims and intentions," says Mark.

"Then," says I, "we've got to get close to him, haven't we?"

"Yes," says Mark.

"I'd rather not," says I, "especially with him having that dog-gone bird. I'm not hankering to get my eyes picked out."

"B-better wear a catcher's mask," says Mark. "And it's time we started out."

"Say," says I, "I got an idea."

"Call the doctor," says Plunk.

"If Tallow's got an idee," says Mark, "we b-b-better listen to it because we may never git s-such a chance again."

"It's this," says I. "Do you suppose the fellow that buried our half of the map in the cave knows it isn't buried there any more?"

"That'd be Price," says Mark. "And I betcha he don't know it. He don't act so."

"When he finds it out," says I, "what's he going to do?"

"Go for Zambo," says Mark.

"Then we'll all be going for Zambo."

"Looks so."

"But," says I, "suppose they get the idea we got that half of a map. What then?"

"We're apt t-to have experiences," says Mark. "Come along."

Well, we didn't know much about this Zambo except that the other fellows were afraid of him, and that he had a cockatoo that kind of told fortunes. But we were going to get better acquainted and the time wasn't so far off, either.

We didn't know exactly where to look for him; so Mark said to scatter, two by two, until we found him, and then to keep him under our eye till we accomplished our purpose. We divided up, Mark and me, and Binney and Plunk, and they went west while we went east.

We wandered around doing this and that, but we didn't see Zambo for maybe an hour, and then all at once we came on him sitting on a stump in front of Browning's pasture, and his bird was walking up and down in the grass in front of him, and they were talking. At least Zambo was talking and the bird would let out a holler every once in a while. Mark and I stopped as if we were just curious and stood there looking on.

Zambo never even gave us a glance, but pretty soon he says to the bird, "Just look at who's lookin' at you, Augustus. Just look. Two as nice-lookin' boys as you'll ever see if you travel a lot. They look like kind-hearted boys, that's what they do. If I was you I'd turn around and make 'em a polite bow."

Well, that bird he turned around and let out a screech and he bowed just like a man, and then Zambo laughed and says, "If the nice boys would come closer and sit down maybe we could do a trick for them."

We edged closer and Mark says, "How old is he, Mister?"

"A thousand years," says Zambo, "and maybe more. And he's that wicked you wouldn't believe."

"You'd be s'prised what we can b-b-believe when we set our minds to it," says Mark. "What kind of a trick can he do?"

"He could scratch your eyes out if I was to tell him to do it," says Zambo.

"What for?" says Mark.

"He don't like eyes that see too much," says Zambo, and then he grinned all friendly enough and says, "Many strangers come to this town?"

"Some," says Mark.

"Now I'm wonderin'," says Zambo, "what a couple of nice boys could've done to get strangers interested in 'em. So that a couple of strangers foller them into an old foundry and hunt for 'em like they was a lost diamond. Got any idees about that, boys?"

"It must've b-been on account of the king," says Mark.

"The king! What king?"

"The king of this k-kingdom," says Mark, "that's vexed by conspirators and all. And maybe these s-s-strangers is hired assassins from s-some place a-tryin' to assassinate the k-king's right-hand men, which is us."

"Is he touched in the head?" Zambo says to me.

"Some folks claims he is," says I.

"There's things goin' on that I don't understand," says Zambo.

"It's an awful m-mysterious town," says Mark. "It allus was. There's s-secret chambers and h-hidden passages, and voices in the night, and fellers in dark cloaks and masks with r-r-rapiers in their hands."

"Is he allus this way?" Zambo says to me.

"Sometimes," says I, "he's worse."

"But you hain't told me why them strangers followed you into the old foundry."

"To try to get back the ruby," says Mark.

"What ruby? What you talkin' about?"

"The ruby that the king's pa won off of the Sultan of Turkey," says Mark, "and that is wuth a m-m-million dollars. And while questions is bein' asked, what was you a-doin' c-crouchin' down in that corner of the f-foundry?"

"I'm a curious fellow," says Zambo. "I jest can't see something secret goin' on (*Continued on page 61*)

Rear Guard

FROM a high saddle in the hills of the Massanuttens young Ira Webber looked out over the broad Valley of Virginia. Far to the west, the Appalachians lay calm and bright in the rays of the afternoon sun, and below, the northern fork of the Shenandoah River wound its silver coils through the green bottom land. But on that first day of June in 1862 the hearts of men were not in tune with the ancient peace of the great Valley.

Down from the north the light breeze brought a heavy, intermittent mutter, like the muffled beat of a giant hammer. *Boom—boom-boom—boom—boom.* Ira knew the sound well, for he had heard it more than once that spring: the distant roar of artillery.

All Virginia was aflame with war, and Ira's blood was racing. He was a Quaker lad, and had been taught that his only duty was obedience to the will of God, and that battle and bloodshed were the supreme wickedness of men. Yet that distant thunder set his scalp tingling.

Perhaps it was the blood of his Irish mother that roused this fierce excitement, so foreign to the peace-loving Quaker mind. Perhaps it was the knowledge that he had a relative somewhere among those blazing guns.

Less than ten days ago there had come to the house a strange man—tall, lean, and black-bearded, armed with a pair of huge pistols and a long, bright saber in a rusty scabbard. This was his mother's brother, James Farrell, a trooper in the irregular cavalry of Mr. Turner Ashby.

Uncle Jim had brought for Ira's father a beautiful gray colt, taken, he said, during the rout of the Federal army at Front Royal. But Hosea Webber would have none of Uncle Jim and his gift. He would not allow James Farrell to remain for so much as an hour upon his land. "A man of blood," "a robber," "a murderer," and "a servant of evil," Hosea had called the trooper. And so Uncle Jim had gone away.

All afternoon from his vantage point on the mountainside Ira had watched a long procession passing on the Valley Turnpike beneath him. Endless trains of wagons, endless columns of troops, battery after battery of artillery, all marching steadily southward. Occasionally small troops of cavalry galloped past in either direction, and the infantry gave way for them.

At dusk, when he collected his cattle to drive them home, the cannonading to the northward had ceased, and Ira knew that General Jackson's Confederate army was in full retreat down the Valley toward New Market and Staunton.

Old Isaac Block was seated in the kitchen when Ira entered the house.

"Aye, there'll be more fighting in the Valley," he was saying, "and this time the Yankees'll fetch 'em. I seen them on the Luray Road, thousands of 'em. They'll be through the gap to-night, and they'll cut off Jackson sure."

HE drew a plan in charcoal upon the hearthstone to show how it would be done. The Valley of Virginia, lying between the Blue Ridge Mountains and the Appalachians, is divided in two parallels by the Massanutten chain, on either side of which flow the forks of the Shenandoah. These mountains can be crossed by an army only through a steep and narrow gap, opposite the town of Luray on the east. The Federal troops, crossing the Shenandoah at Luray, were to descend from this gap to intercept the flying Confederates.

Ira's father looked on in silence, but Ira said:

"Jackson's men must be warned. Unless they are warned many men will die. It would be sinful to do nothing."

Hosea Webber regarded his son curiously. "No, lad," he said at length, "it is no matter for us to mind. To-day, to-morrow, or another day these men will fight and die. The sooner it ends the better. Do thou serve the Lord, and let the ungodly rage how they will."

"Amen," said old Isaac Block.

Ira paused helplessly. Surely what his father said was true, but—but — He burst out: "Then Uncle Jim—Uncle Jim will be killed?"

His father's face was dark and grim. "Dost thou speak to me of that drinker of blood—that bandit? He is nothing to me. He is nothing to my family. He is no uncle of thine. And take heed, moreover, not to dispute thine elders upon matters which pass thy understanding. There is a rod for such."

Ira turned away, crushed. His mother's face was immobile above her work. In the doorway his father's hand fell upon his shoulder. The voice was very gentle.

"Think no more upon it, lad. I tell thee truth that these things are not for thee. Think no more upon it, but go and feed thy cattle."

Ira plodded down the familiar path to the clean, log-built barn, a thousand thoughts battling in his mind. The sky was full of low, scudding clouds, and a forecast of rain filled the air. Upon the edge of the forest the whippoorwills were chanting. Somewhere in the dark, down there on the Valley pike, lay Uncle Jim. And even now there must be pouring through the gap a horde of armed men, intent upon his death. Mechanically Ira set about feeding the lowing stock.

Emerging from the barn, he looked where the lights of the house twinkled. Within sat his father and old Isaac Block, calm-eyed, slow-spoken, honest men. They were good men, truly, who would bear no part in bloodshed or destruction.

Down in the bottom lands of the Valley, people were rich and gay, but Ira had been taught that their

The orchard around the farmhouse burst into an ecstasy of bright flashes, and a whistling leaden wind swept the gray-clad ranks. Horses reared and plunged. Saddles emptied. . . .

By Henry A. Sutherland

Illustrated by Albin Henning

pleasures were sinful. Upon the mountains poverty and sobriety went hand in hand. The lad tried to think of the great issues of the war, but could make nothing of them. State rights? This was beyond his understanding. Slavery? He had seen negro slaves; laughing black fellows. Surely it was folly to fight over them. Ira could think only of Uncle Jim, and his danger. Uncle Jim—when Uncle Jim had come to the house, why had Ira suddenly remembered the young eagle that had once invaded his pigeon roost? His throat felt hot and tight.

A flare of lightning lit the Valley, and a distant crash of thunder reverberated among the hills: how like that other thunder of this afternoon! Rain began to patter among the leaves. A sob welled up in Ira's throat.

Turning from the house, he scrambled over the fence and broke into a stumbling run, headlong down the mountainside.

An hour had passed when Ira reached the rolling meadows of the Valley bottom, but it seemed much longer to him. His clothing was torn and disheveled. Wet though he was, his body was feverishly hot, and his throat was sore with panting. Rain had ceased to fall, and the reappearing moon showed the silver Shenandoah flowing before him. Noiselessly he slipped into the cool water, struck out for the opposite bank, and a few minutes later found himself upon the broad, hard Valley Turnpike.

The road was deserted. Not a sign remained of the army that had passed during the day. Ira threw himself down by the ditch to consider what to do. It was late. The air was sweet with spring, and only the cry of a mousing owl broke the stillness. He must hurry, he told himself. He must make haste to find the soldiers.

But presently a new sound came to his ears—shuffling steps upon the clay roadbed—and at the top of the grade the figure of a man appeared against the sky. As he approached in the moonlight, Ira could see that he was hatless. In his belt there gleamed an unsheathed bayonet, and his right hand trailed a long rifle. His head was bowed upon his breast, and he walked with a jerky, automatic shamble of exhaustion.

"H-hello," ventured Ira, as the man came abreast of him.

There was no reply. The figure lurched past without a turn of the head. The boy paused for a moment in wonder. Then, hurrying forward, he grasped the walker by the arm. The man sprang aside with a cry and swung up his rifle butt menacingly, but seeing that he was not assailed, lowered it again and came near the lad.

He was a soldier of the Fifth Virginia, he replied to Ira's query. Yes, he had seen the fighting; had marched from Winchester to McDowell, and from McDowell to Front Royal, Harper's Ferry and back again. Today, weariness had forced him to fall out of the column, and now he was trying to overtake his comrades.

"An' I reckon I was walking in my sleep when I passed you," he said. "What do you want to see General Jackson for?"

Ira explained his warning mission, but the soldier seemed to be not at all alarmed. He said: "There should be some cal'vry along this road somewheres. Likely they can direct you. Come along." And together they made their way southward.

They walked in silence. The moon was hidden behind clouds, and the road was dark. Once they heard a flurry of distant shots, but they met no one. It was long after midnight, when from the fields to the right came the clink of steel and the soft pad of hooves.

"Here comes the cal'vry," said the soldier, starting as if from sleep, and a patrol of a dozen horsemen turned south upon the road. The troopers halted beside them, and Ira was allowed to explain his errand.

"We never know where to find Jackson," said the lieutenant, "but we'll take you to General Ashby. Up with you. Quick, now."

A soldier offered him a stirrup, and Ira swung up behind the saddle. The infantryman was similarly mounted.

"Forward—hao-o-o-o," came the command, and the patrol resumed its march in the darkness. Moving now at a walk and then at a swinging trot their horses devoured distance. Occasionally from the shadow came the sharp challenge of a picket, but there were few halts, and save for the beat of hooves and the jingle of accoutrement they rode in silence.

At length they drew up and dismounted in a sheltered ravine, where a chain of little fires marked the rear guard's bivouac. Near-by, lines of horses stamped and jostled where they were picketed on ropes strung from tree to tree. Sleeping soldiers lay about the fires, and here and there one rose upon an elbow to regard the newcomers. The air was heavy with wood smoke and the sweet, pungent odor of the horses.

For the first time Ira began to doubt the urgency of his mission. He had pictured Uncle Jim and his fellows sleeping at the road side, all unaware of the enemies who were creeping through the dark to

destroy them. The calm order of the bivouac impressed him. No one who heard his story seemed to be alarmed. He thought of the vedettes and the pickets who had challengel them upon the road. He thought of the patrols passing and repassing in the fields far to the rear and on the flanks. It seemed to him less and less likely that this position could be surprised.

THE lieutenant now led him along the lines to where a man was seated upon a stump, in earnest conversation with a group of officers. Told to wait, Ira stood at a distance of about a dozen paces, while the lieutenant advanced, saluted stiffly, and made his report to General Ashby.

Ashby sat leaning forward, his spurred boots far apart, elbows on knees, and a long saber trailing the ground beside him. He was wrapped in a grey cloak lined with scarlet, his wide-brimmed hat aslant over his brows. He listened intently to the report, interjecting an occasional question, and finally, at the lieutenant's gesture, turned his glance toward Ira.

Ira stood transfixed. It seemed to him that those black eyes must pierce stone. There was nothing very terrible in the brown, black-bearded face; yet Ira felt small and confused. The general beckoned him near.

"Well?"

The lad began to retell the news old Isaac Block had brought to the farmhouse that evening, but he was interrupted at once. Exactly where on the Luray Road had the Federals been seen? At what time? How many of them? Mounted troops or infantry? Artillery?

Ira became more and more confused under the rain of questions, but he answered as best he could. At length the general turned to his staff.

"You see, gentlemen, we were none too prompt. They will be at Luray by this time. We must move more swiftly in the future. That's all. Thank you, lad," he said to Ira.

The boy was nonplused. He felt that his news was not yet told.

"But the gap!" he cried desperately. "Isaac Block says that the Yankees will come through the gap to-night. And he says they'll cut off Jackson sure!"

Ashby wheeled upon him, but his eyes were twinkling. "Isaac said that, did he? And you came how far—twenty miles—to warn us? Well, I'll be—"

He seized the boy by the arm, and shook it playfully. It was then Ira felt the magnetism that drew men to this bold rider. A light was playing in those reckless eyes.

"Son, most people think that General Jackson takes care of himself pretty well. The Yanks won't come through the gap to-night, or for many nights. Does that satisfy you?"

Ira felt very small indeed, but the general was not yet finished.

"I tell you what, boy, I like your kind. Come with us, and we'll show you how we handle Yankees. We'll make a soldier of you. What do you say?"

"No, sir," replied Ira. "I only want to see Uncle Jim. 'The Friends' are against bloodshed, and—and against swearing too."

"A Quaker!" ejaculated Ashby. "Humph!" And, turning to the lieutenant: "See if you can find his Uncle Jim."

"Over here, Bud," shouted someone as they left the general's fire, and Ira approached to find the red-haired young trooper behind whose saddle he had ridden to the camp.

"My name is Pat," the trooper volunteered, "and you're the young feller who came down to tell old 'Stonewall' Jackson how to fight the war, eh?"

Ira flushed angrily, but the soldier continued:

"Ain't your uncle, Jim Farrell, of Mr. Howard Winlock's troop? Well, he was out burning bridges this afternoon, and I 'spect he's up in the gap, now, felling trees to block the road. But he'll be here before morning, I reckon. And now, if you want, you can share my blanket."

Ira felt a sense of disappointment. But he was glad to share Pat's blanket, and together they stretched out, feet toward the fire, to sleep.

PAT had the soldier's faculty of falling asleep instantly, but Ira lay awake, pondering upon the night's adventure. Six hours ago he had fed his father's cattle on the little Quaker farm where he was born; where each day was the counterpart of its yesterday and its to-morrow. Now, he lay upon the ground in the midst of an armed camp, wondering what morning would bring. Patrols came and went. Occasionally a sentry barked his challenge in the darkness. And from the picket lines came the perpetual restless stir of the horses.

He awoke with a start, as the last clear notes of a bugle died upon the air. Pat scrambled to his feet, and carried the blanket with him, shouting: "Git up; we're moving."

It was dark, but the stars were growing pale against a cloudless sky. Fires blazed up as fresh wood was flung upon them. The camp was alive with shadows.

"Where's Uncle Jim?" asked Ira.

"Don't know, but he'll be around. Hurry," was the reply.

The horses were watered in the river, then saddled, and picketed on the lines again to be fed. These duties were familiar, and the boy assisted the young trooper. The men grumbled sleepily about their tasks. Breakfast followed, each troop doing its own cooking at the fires, and before it was yet daylight the soldiers began to break camp.

Troop after troop formed at the road side and marched off into the dark. A regiment of horse artillery rolled out of its park and took to the road, the wicked little bronze guns bobbing between their big wheels. Winlock's troop, which had marched at the tail on the preceding day, occupied a position well forward in the column. Ira watched with wide eyes.

"Yore uncle ain't here yet," said Pat as the troop prepared to march, "but he should be along soon. You

"SLAG"

By Arthur H. Little

Horror-struck, Larry Pennock watched the dazed workman trapped in the railroad spur—with a death train hurtling toward him.

The Story of a Feud in July

can ride his horse, if you'll ride him bareback. Jim has two horses, but he ain't got only one saddle."

The lad hesitated. He felt that he ought to go home. Yet he must see Uncle Jim. He wondered, too, what he could say to his father in explanation of his absence. But Pat was impatient.

"Well, hurry up, if you're coming."

With a sudden decision Ira gathered up the reins of the tall chestnut, and fell into the forming rank. Nobody paid him the slightest attention.

"Prepare to mou-u-nt—mount!"

"Left by twos—hao-o-o-o."

Pair after pair of troops moved one horse's length to the front, then wheeled to the left, southward upon the road. The world was fresh with dew, and the road was still damp from last night's rain. The creak of saddle leather, the tramp of many hooves filled the air. Presently, from far up at the head of the column, came a high-pitched singsong command. Repeated down the line, it grew louder and louder.

"Trot—hao-o-o-o!"

The horses quickened their pace, snorting and tossing their heads. Bits of mud flew up from their hooves. Gaps continually appeared between troop and troop, and the gait must be slackened or increased to close them up. In the graying light Ira began to see the soldiers among whom he rode.

They were a brown-faced, weather-beaten lot, their clothing thick with the dust of many days' marching. Their uniforms were a curious assortment. Some were clad in Confederate gray; many wore home-dyed butternut cloth. Ira could see several blue jackets, and Federal forage caps. But each man was armed with pistol and saber, and at each saddle hung a bright, new carbine, from the captured stores of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. They rode in route order, now walking, now at the trot, and again at an easy canter.

In the gathering daylight the spirits of the men rose, and they began to talk and joke. Among a body of men, by some mysterious means, news spreads quickly, and the troopers knew all about Ira and his mission of the night before. The lad found himself the butt of a hundred jests.

"Say, gin'ral, do y'all aim to win this here war to-day, or next Tuesday?"

"Now you're here, mebbe us poor fellers'll get a night's sleep once in a while."

"Boy, mo' better you'd gone to warn them Yankees."

Ira felt hot and cold at once, but he tried to bear their humor in good grace. He strove to remember that the Society of Friends were a people apart. He thought of Uncle Jim, and pressed on.

At the end of two hours' march they approached a ridge above a steep grade, surmounted by a stone wall buried in shrubbery. Soldiers were knocking loopholes between the stones, and at the big gaps Ira could see the grinning muzzles of cannon.

The troop rode over the hill and dismounted. At command, they seized carbines from their sheaths, and went to take their places at the wall. Every fourth trooper, Ira learned, was a horse holder, who held his own mount and those of three comrades, when the unit fought on foot. He stood irresolute, at a loss what to do.

But presently there approached a group of soldiers. One of them bore a long, old-fashioned squirrel rifle, which he solemnly offered to Ira.

"Gin'ral," he said gravely, "there's a-goin' to be a fight here pretty soon, an' you'll need this here rifle-gun to shoot Yankees with."

"I will not shoot," began Ira. "The 'Friends'—"

But the soldier cut him short with a wave of the hand.

"Sho', that's all right. This here gun won't shoot either. It's a Quaker gun."

The soldiers shouted with laughter, but the name caught their fancy.

"Hey, you Quaker Gun, come on up here!" shouted Pat from the crest, and from all sides Ira heard himself hailed as the Quaker Gun.

From the high ground the land sloped sharply down to the northward for perhaps a quarter of a mile. It was all open wheat fields crisscrossed by rail fences. Wreaths of morning mist lay low upon the meadows. The rear guard's line of battle ran just below the crest of the ridge, from the river some two thousand yards west, where its flank rested upon a precipitous round knoll. The troops lay upon their arms, smoking, and talking in low tones.

Time passed. Ira lay beside the wall, and felt his stomach drawing in with growing tension. Somewhere below a thrush was piping, and flies buzzed about the warm stones of the wall.

Then *pop* went a rifle, far out on the meadows, and *pop-op-op* replied its mates. Ira strained his eyes, but at first could see nothing. At length, on a far-away knoll appeared three tiny horsemen, who paused for a moment, then wheeled about and vanished. The rifles fell silent once more.

A clatter of hooves sounded behind the crest. A large patrol had ridden in. Ira rose to see, and sure enough, there was Uncle Jim dismounting from the gray colt.

"Uncle Jim! Uncle Jim!" he called, running toward him.

It was the same old Uncle Jim—worn, tired, and ragged, but with the same hawk face, the same bristling beard and brilliant blue eyes. The tall soldier stood thunderstruck.

"What in the name of—"

Ira hastened to explain, and James Farrell listened gravely. When the lad was done he spoke quietly, as if to a man of his own age:

"Thank you, Ira. You did right in coming, but now you must go, quickly. Take the chestnut, and go. You cannot be a soldier. You're big enough, but too young. You must obey your father. You know that he does not like me. He would say—"

The distant rifles burst out again in chorus, this time with a rising inflection. Sharp commands rang out along the ridge. James Farrell seized his carbine and rushed toward the wall. Ira followed.

A LONG line of men was advancing in open order across the fields, and the sun shone upon their dark blue coats. The gray outposts retired from fence to fence, pausing to fire as they fell back. Uncle Jim found his place, Ira at his elbow.

"Listen," cried the soldier, "you've got to get out of this."

"Let him stay," urged Pat. "He'll soon learn to fight."

"No," said Ira, rising to his feet—but the air rocked as a field gun crashed near-by. The piece recoiled six feet, dust spurting at its wheels. The lad heard the high, hoarse buzz of the shell as it sped away, and smelled the stinking reek of burned powder. Cannoneers pounced on wheel and trail, and ran the gun back into battery position. (*Continued on page 51*)

Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League

A Recruit Needs Stamina to Stay With the World Champion Philadelphia Athletics

By Franklin M. Reck

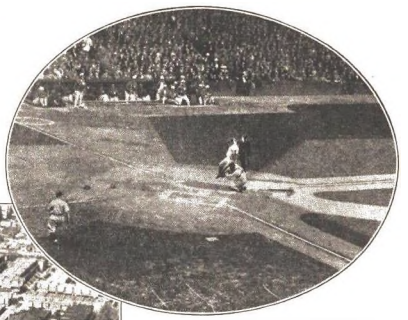
THE Grapefruit League is about to start. The natives and the wealthy Northerners who can afford to spend their winters in Florida are going to get their glimpse of big league teams in action. The World Champion Philadelphia Athletics are Miami-bound to meet the St. Louis Cardinals, past World Champs, in a two-game series.

Connie Mack studies every opposing batter.

Grove! His smoke ball is a blur of speed!

A tight decision. Safe at second.

Shibe Park, home of the World Champions.



Cochrane blocks the path and gets Hack Wilson.

Cochrane has a powerful throwing snap.

There's no late sleeping on this particular Saturday morning. The ball players are dragged from their beds at the cruel and unusual hour of 6:45, chased into breakfast at 7:00, and hustled down to the street, all packed up, at 8:30.

One long, luxurious bus accommodates the entire club. Some of the ball players and the sports writers are going in their own cars. You pile into the bus with the others. For you and most of the recruits it's the first trip through the Everglades across the state of Florida. For the recruits it's the first test against the heavy fire of big time pitching, the first defense against the heavy bats of men like the slugging Jim Bottomley and Tay Douthit.

The bus pulls out of Fort Myers and rolls down the gulf coast before heading inland through the Everglades. Tall liveoaks rise from the flat land and from their branches hang gray pennants of Spanish moss. Aerial plants, they are, and they droop like flimsy icicles from all the trees, giving the landscape a mysterious, unreal quality.

You pass orderly orange groves, gardens of tall banana stalks, and great tomato patches that negroes are plowing. Then you plunge eastward past the outposts of the last real estate boom and enter the dank barrenness of the interior. You turn to Mickey Cochrane, who is sitting beside you.

Cochrane was voted the most valuable player to his club in 1928. He hits a .340 clip and in the opinion of many is the best receiver in either league. He's black-haired and his skin is tanned the color of saddle leather. He's broad-shouldered, stocky, and quick in his movements. He looks at you with a friendly grin when you ask him questions about catching as it's done on a major league team.

"Receiving tips?" he repeats, and pauses a moment.

Then he raises his two hands and flops them around loosely. They're broad, powerful hands.

"Keep your hands relaxed and your wrists loose," he tells you. "That is the most important tip on receiving. If you stiffen your hands the ball will bounce out half the time. When the ball shoots in, let your hand give slightly. And always keep it relaxed."

You recall that Cochrane catches, among others, Lefty Grove, whose fast ball is perhaps the fastest in either league. He's the target for a never-ending barrage of curving, hopping balls that may be deflected by foul tips or may hit the ground. You wonder how he keeps from injuring his hand.

"Keep the right hand closed," he answers, "until the ball is in your mitt. If you do that your thumb is the only part of your hand that can get hurt."

As Cochrane demonstrates, you notice that his fingers aren't gnarled or bent as are some catchers'. He's had only one injury to his right hand. A scar between his thumb and forefinger shows where a pitched ball split the palm.

"Catch low pitches with the fingers pointed down and bring up the glove as you catch them. Catch high ones with the fingers pointed up, bringing the glove down."

That seems obvious to you, but the reason for it may not be. Some catchers bring the glove down even on fairly low balls and they cheat the pitcher out of strikes. With the glove coming up, the umpire is more likely to call a strike on a knee-high ball.

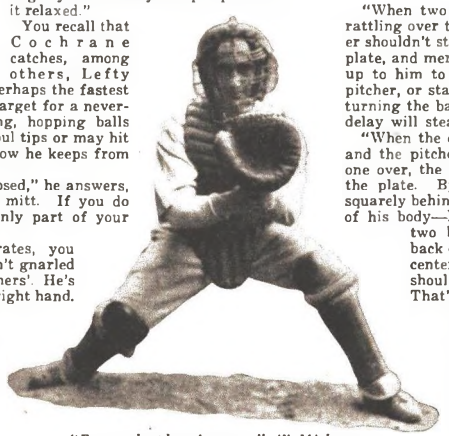
"When you're ready for the pitch, stand with the legs well spread and the left foot slightly ahead of the right," he goes on. "That gives you good balance. You can go to the right or left easily and you're in good throwing position.

"Watch the batter. You can often tell by his actions what he's going to do. He may shorten his grip to bunt. He may face a bit toward first base to lay the ball down the first base line. Then get ready to go after that ball!

"You may get on to the other team's hit-and-run signal. In that case you know the batter intends to hit and the man on first is taking a lead for that dash to second. Your stunt is to signal for a pitchout and catch the runner at second.

"You've got to learn the batters. Mostly, you can fool the free-swinging kind with a fast ball inside—one that goes past the handle of their bats. Hornsby, Ruth, and Foxx have some trouble with that kind of a ball. Wilson, we learned during the World Series, doesn't do as well with a shoulder-high ball. During the series we fed him first a low curve, outside, then a high fast one. Men who choke their bats, on the other hand, have a hard time with balls that cut the outside corners.

"The catcher can be a factor in pepping up the team. Remember that he's behind the plate, facing the other eight men. By his pep and fighting spirit, by a little talking up, he can often get the whole team on its toes. And his particular job is to steady the pitcher.



"Frame the plate for a strike!" Mickey says.

"When two or three base hits go rattling over the diamond, the catcher shouldn't stay crouched behind the plate, and merely play his game. It's up to him to walk out, talk to the pitcher, or stall a moment before returning the ball. Very often a little delay will steady him.

"When the count is three and two and the pitcher has to get the next one over, the catcher should 'frame' the plate. By that I mean, stand squarely behind it so that four points of his body—his two shoulders and two knees—form a square back of the plate. Out in the center of this frame he should hold his gloved hand. That'll give the pitcher a perfect mark to shoot at.

"Watch the pitcher during the first inning. He may have one pitch that's going better than his others. One day it may be his

(Con't on page 52)

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Loss

WE'VE rarely felt more keenly the sense of loss than we did when the startling news of Knute Rockne's death flashed over the telegraph wires. And we weren't alone in our feeling. You had only to read the papers to see the affection and respect and admiration in which this man was held, by everybody from the newsboy who, unwelcome tears in his eyes, said, "He always used to say hello to me," to the men who worked with him and the players he taught to play football. And we couldn't help noticing that the sorrow wasn't caused by the fact that Notre Dame's chances for another great football team this year were hurt. Nothing like that. We all felt deeply about Knute Rockne because of the man he was.

Champions

JOHN LAW, captain of Rockne's 1929 team, explained why. "Four years of play under Knute Rockne," he said, "meant four years of conducting yourself as a champion." Not conducting yourself as a champion between kick-off and final gun, nor merely during the season—four years of it. "Rockne hated slovenly men," Law went on. "He always insisted that a sloppy man in football was likely to be a failure at anything. He insisted that if a man didn't care for his uniform and his gear, he would not look out for his interests out in life." . . . Rockne believed himself in being a champion. A mediocre end when he started to play for Notre Dame, he plugged and worked and thought at his job until he had started a revolution in end play and got himself selected on the honorary all-Western eleven. A nervous, stuttering speaker when he became a coach, he schooled himself so diligently that he has been known for years as one of the most forceful, "punchy" talkers in the country.

Magnetism

IN fourteen years as head coach at Notre Dame, Rockne consistently produced great football teams. In four of those years his teams were undefeated. Rarely did they lose more than one game in an invariably hard schedule. There were many reasons for this success. One was that Rockne remained a pioneer. He opened up football. He made it a game in which headwork and alertness counted. He found new uses for the forward pass. He made "timing" a fine art. He developed the shift. He was a pioneer. Another reason for his success was that he could inspire men to do their best. More than one average player, inspired by Rockne's magnetism, has learned the joy of rising to undreamed-of heights—of being lifted out of himself in superlative playing. One of Rockne's captains was nothing more than a substitute in high school. Yet two short years of contact with Rockne transformed him into a topnotcher. And for that magic touch of leadership—the touch that made boys do their best—Knute Rockne will be long remembered. Because doing your best is the secret of happy living.

No Stars

IN all his years as a coach, Rockne never permitted his associates to talk much about ball carriers. The credit for touchdowns went not to the ball carrier, but where it belonged—to the TEAM. And there's another good lesson for life. When you start out for your goal, don't count too heavily on your individual brilliance. Count rather on teamwork. The scientist, seeking a new cure for disease, needs teamwork. He has to have reliable assistants who may be counted upon to conduct accurate experiments and put down accurate results. The head of a business needs good subordinates. The editor of a high school paper has to have a good staff. Any average person can carry the ball to the goal if the team clears the way.

Genius

ROCKNE would have been the first to laugh if anybody had told him he was a football genius. His success, he pointed out often, was based on such homely virtues as hard work, hard thinking, sportsmanship, sympathy. He didn't look for so rare a quality as genius in his players, either, any more than he did in himself. He asked energy, headwork, loyalty, fair play of his men; and he made champions of those who gave him what he asked.

Stock

A FRIEND of ours—high school senior—got to telling us the other day about how he takes stock of himself. "In my dad's furniture business," he said, "they take inventory every so often, so that they know exactly what they've got to do business with. I started thinking last year that I might find out something about my own personal business if I took inventory now and then, and I've done it every month since. I put it down in black and white, showing both assets and liabilities—everything from money in the bank to school grades. And my stock's going up!"

Play Square

IT seemed a good idea to us, and we said so. But we pointed out what seemed a possible weakness—that a fellow has to know himself mighty well, and be almighty honest in putting down the bad points as well as the good. Our friend grinned. "That's the toughest part of it," he admitted. "But I've found I can do it if I decide to, and the result is that I've crossed off one bad liability in the time I've been keeping record. I used to tease my kid brother Bill pretty badly, and while I knew I ought to cut it out, I just never got around to doing anything about it. But when it started coming up on the wrong side of the inventory month after month—like this: 'Bill got mad at me four times. Three times it was my fault'—well, that wasn't so good. The record's been clear of that for the last two months."

Poetry

WE heard a high school student say recently that only girls read poetry. That it wasn't written for real "he-men." Perhaps this mistaken idea of his is helped along by the fact that in school most courses in poetry are taught by women. Fellows sometimes fall into the error of associating poetry and the so-called poetic words with feminine tastes. The next step is to conclude, as this boy did, that men should have nothing to do with verse. Now that's an unfortunate mistake. It means that he's missing the fine pleasure of rhythm in words. He's missing the music inherent in well-written verse. Unless he corrects his mistake he'll never know the joy of a ringing line or the value of good thinking expressed clearly and compactly in verse. He'll miss a lot.

Superstition

AT a high school ball game we saw a batter raise a rumpus because he couldn't find the particular bat that had made a triple for him on his last trip to the plate, and after the game we accused him of being superstitious about it. He denied it, and he convinced us. "The bat I use is one that's just right for me," he explained. "It has the right heft and length, and I've taped the handle so it just fits my grip. I tried a lot of them before I got just what I wanted. No—I'm not superstitious. But I like to have the tool that's exactly suited to me." He was right. He didn't want that particular bat because it had made a triple for him; it had made a triple for him because he had taken the pains to find the tool that fitted the job he wanted to do.

Trips

IF we could have our way, every high school or college fellow would spend at least one of his summers making a long trip on his own—a trip that would take him to places he didn't know, let him meet people different from those with whom he'd grown up, and perhaps make him wonder now and then where his next meal was coming from. We wouldn't want him to miss the meal, but we'd hate to have him miss the thrill of facing a problem like that, and of beating it.

HILLTOP

By Patricia Hunter

From my home watchtower I can see
The moulded hills so gracefully
Curving round the valley's sweep.

Behind, the mountains, strong and tall;
Tree-clothed slopes, blue canyons deep,
A shadowed, lovely wall.

No sky so blue as this that spreads
From range to range, a canopy
High curved above the valley bed
Of patterned tapestry.

A hill, I have, to watch the world;
High where the oaks their leaves unfurl
To make a roof for me.

Here in my secret place up high
Between the valley and the sky,
Far and away above the whirl,
Is no monotony.

Arctic Patrol

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by Clayton Knight

THROUGH the chill February darkness hovering over Selfridge Field, the squadron bugler of the 94th began sounding "first call." In officers' quarters Jimmie Rhodes, coiled snugly between blankets, muttered uneasily and turned over on his cot. Then, as the vibrant notes were repeated, he sat up, groped for his patent switch cord, and snapped on the light.

"Roll out, Cowboy," he shouted to the sleeping McClellan in the next room. "To-day's the day! The Arctic Patrol's shoving off in just an hour. Up, string bean of the Pursuit, and at 'em!"

From the adjoining bedroom issued muffled groans. A voice protested thickly:

"Why they get us up in th' middle of th' night I can't see."

"In the middle of the night no one can see," answered Jimmie, shucking his bathrobe with a chilly grimace.

A deeper groan answered, and heels thudded on the floor. A tall, gaunt figure appeared in Jimmie's doorway.

"Snappy, eh, Lieutenant Cowboy McClellan?" said Jimmie cheerfully. "At six-thirty, too, when the old cerebrus is not supposed to hit full revs."

"Cere*brum*," corrected the lieutenant in disgust. "Cere*brus* was a dog—Greek myth. Ain't you had no education?"

Jimmie Rhodes shed his pajamas thoughtfully, oblivious to the cold.

"You do me wrong, Cowboy. No course in dog-ology offered at Virginia Military. And of course I only have your word for it that there *is* a Greek myth dog. I've heard of the Scotch collie and the Russian wolfhound, but the Greek myth is a new breed." He leaped up. "Now for a lawst jolly tub. In two days, Cowboy, we'll be flyin' over your home state. Touching. If I had the squadron band handy I'd give you 'When It's Lambin' Time Agin in Ole Montaner.'"

"There ought to be a summary court for officers who sing in bathtubs," replied McClellan feelingly.

But Jimmie had turned on the shower. Above its hissing rain his voice rose lustily, if not tunefully:

"You're in the air corps now,
And not behind a plow.
If you don't want to fly,
Fall out of the sky—
You're in the air corps now."

McClellan poked the fire in the round living room stove and shivered, waiting his turn. Jimmie plunged from the bath and whipped a towel across his shoulders.

"Wow!" he exclaimed, glancing at the frost-wreathed windows. "This weather'd make an Eskimo weep. Or blubber, I should say."

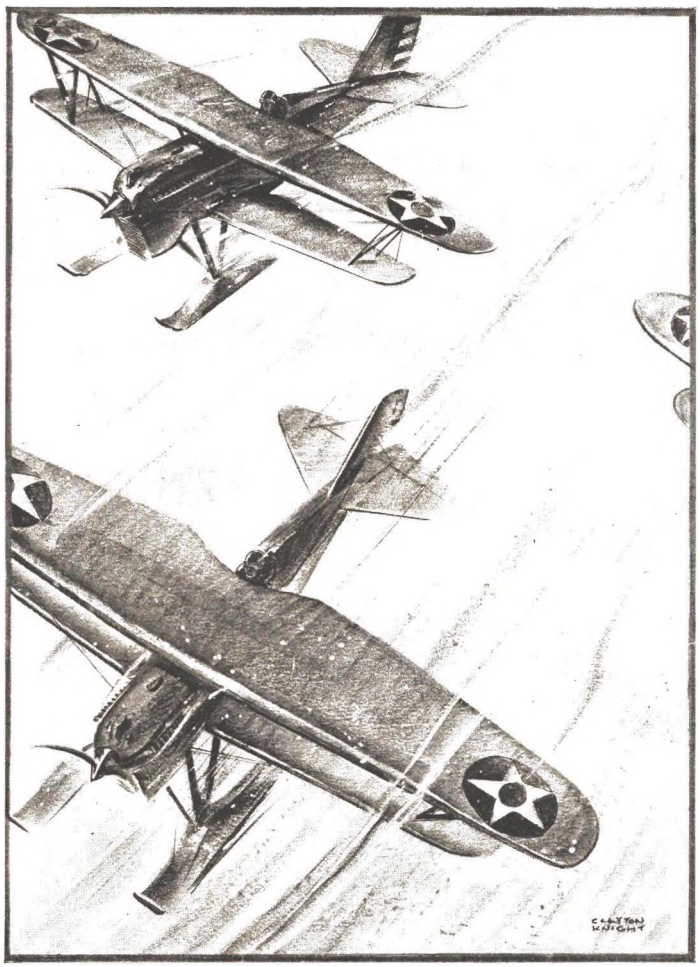
McClellan only looked pained. He stalked to his bath in silence. But when he emerged, he halted on the door sill and remarked:

"Cold, eh? A letter from my uncle in Great Falls says it dropped to fifty-two below, last week. Great Falls is on our course."

"You say the pleasantest things," murmured Jimmie. "Fifty-two below! Some drop . . . that's why they named the place Great Falls, I guess."

THE telephone on the living room table jingled. Jimmie finished buttoning his leather jacket, then answered it.

"Rhodes," he said. "Oke, Sergeant. . . . Yep, one piece of baggage each. . . . He has, eh? Well, I'll be over."



At noon the squadron planed into the valley of the Red River.

Replacing the receiver, Jimmie turned. "That reporter Stooks sure gripes me. Baggage allowance for this flight is one grip apiece. Sergeant Battle says Stooks is chiseling in with two. Well, I'm supply officer. Guess I'll have to beat it to the hangar. See you at chow."

Jimmie picked up helmet, goggles, and frost mask, also a check list of equipment from the table, and went out. It was not yet day, but over on the line the hangar buildings were all alight. There was a bucketing roar of airplanes warming up, and Jimmie Rhodes, as he hurried along Simmons Boulevard, could see the eerie flicker of blue-white exhaust in the darkness. Enlisted men passed him, talking tense-voiced:

"Hustle that last drum of prestone from Number 6, Jack—"

"Gotta have new safety cord on both skis—"

"Get the lead outa your shoes, soldier—"

The Arctic Patrol—the long heralded transcontinental hop—was shoving off at last. Three thousand miles of military flying in midwinter; a test of fitness for the First Pursuit. An eager smile touched Jimmie's lips. There was a big thrill in the thought that out of fifty pilots he was one of but a score selected to go.

"Lucky break!" he murmured. "Spokane, here we come!"

But his face sobered as he turned in the runway between Hangars 8 and 9. A trimotor transport rested on the concrete, engines chortling idly. By her cabin door stood Sergeant Battle and a stout little man wearing spectacles and a brand new flying coat. Jimmie heard the sergeant say obstinately:

"Mister, the ship's sway-backed now with baggage an' them extra ski."

"Can't you leave out a couple of skis?" the man asked.

"Not fer your suitcase."

The man laughed. He had not seen Jimmie.

"Get this, Sergeant. Washington gave me permission to accompany this flight. Publicity! If I need radio to contact with my paper, I take it, even if a few useless supplies are left behind."

"Good speech, Stooks," Jimmie said. "Only I'm supply officer on this little jaunt. One piece of baggage to a man."

The reporter turned, stared at Jimmie Rhodes.

"Lieutenant," he protested, "this broadcast set is ab-solutely necessary to our plan. You know there's a legion of radio amateurs throughout the country. I've arranged with individuals along the route at intervals of fifty miles to listen in. I'll be in touch at all times with the ground. The boys'll relay all news to the paper fresh and hot. We've got a low-wave receiver in the Spokane office."

Jimmie glanced at a heavy grip and a black box by the fuselage step. He looked into the loaded cabin. He repeated:

"Sorry. One piece of baggage to a man, the orders read. Have to take your choice. At that I don't believe a set will work against the ship's ignition. It'll damp you out."

"You can't post me on radio," said Stooks, his voice cool. "This is a special shielded transmitter I had built."

"Well, take your choice," said Jimmie, "the grip or the set."

The fat reporter looked at him searchingly. Then a resigned look came over his face and he bent over and unlocked his grip.

"Toothbrushes allowed?" he asked.

"Sure," nodded Jimmie agreeably. He turned to the sergeant and drew out his check list. "Everything in?"

"Everything," repeated Battle. "Ready to hop soon as Lieutenant Hines comes from breakfast." He frowned. "You're gonna need what's in this ship. Skis are too light. You'll crack up plenty of 'em 'fore you see this field again."

JIMMIE finished checking supplies and broke trail through the snow to the Officers' Club.

He was clearing the last crumb of bacon from his plate when the noisy chatter in the mess hall faded suddenly. Jimmie looked up. Two officers had entered—Colonel Sanford, post commander, and Major Brewer, commander of the group and leader of the Arctic hop. They strode to the center of the room, halted. The colonel coughed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "a last word to those of you who are to undertake this mission, justly named the Arctic Patrol. It is an epochal flight. Not in the history of military aviation has such a mission been attempted. Three thousand miles, in formation, to an objective. You will combat a triad of powerful enemies—storm, fog, and cold. My last word to you men of the 17th, the 27th, and the 94th is—*carry on.*"

A light storm of applause and clattering of cups followed the colonel's speech. As it subsided, McClellan bent over his plate at Jimmie's left and whispered:

"Wonder if I've got time for a couple more boiled eggs."

"How can you think of food after that speech!"

Jimmie said disgustedly. "Yours is the only dry eye in the house."

McClellan pulled a letter out of his pocket. "Mail for you," he said, handing it to Jimmie. "From the 91st Observation."

"From George Chandler at Crissy Field!" Jimmie slit the envelope, read eagerly what his friend of training camp days had to say, then laughed. "George says to get leave and come to Crissy from Spokane. They're starting spring maneuvers, spotting artillery fire. Fat chance."

"Why don't you storm the major?" Cowboy said.

"Me—a new officer—get leave?"

"I understand there'll be some ships, new P-12's, to ferry from Seattle next month," McClellan went on. "You might chisel an X.C."

"Storm it out of Brewer? Boy, I'll do it!" Jimmie cried. Then he blushed and started to his feet as Major Brewer's voice sounded behind him.

"McClellan—Hines," the major said. "A moment please."

Hines rose from his place across the table. McClellan got up and saluted. The major looked at them, his stern face deeply lined, his gray eyes steel hard, and said soberly:

"You two and Lieutenant O'Day are piloting the three transports. I just want to add this to the colonel's words." He paused and frowned. "You've heard it said, 'An army travels on its stomach.' This flight will travel on its transports. You three carry our mechanics, supplies, and replacements. To keep contact with the squadron is vital, if we are to reach our objective in the allotted time—six days. I shall count on you to push on."

He turned and moved off down the room. Jimmie, raising hand to forehead, bowed in turn to Hines and McClellan.

"Stomachs of the Pursuit, I salute you," he said, and forestalling a retort, started for the door. But as he plunged outside, the dawn with its hint of storm recalled something. He blushed and again muttered: "Storm it out of him. . . . I wonder, did the major hear that? He'll think I'm a fresh guy."

The three transports were shoving off when Jimmie reached the line. He watched them coast along the snow-glazed field. With elephantine hoverings they rose and soared into the gray sky. Hines was in the all-metal trimotor, McClellan flying the big green trimotor, and O'Day of the 17th in the smaller Liberty-powered ship.

Jimmie went into Hangar 8, wrestled into his fifty-pound fleece-lined flying suit. Adjusting his leather frost mask he picked up his chute and stepped outside again.

On the line, ground crews were loading baggage in the P-1's, and tinkering with safety cords on the mounted skis. The long runners and no wheels gave the planes the appearance of a flock of odd, web-footed birds. The eighteen pilots, grotesque-masked and shapeless in heavy leather suits and shoe pacs, might have been some queer new race, transferred from Mars. Jimmie hoisted himself into the cockpit of his ship. Sergeant Battle stepped up on the wing.

"Watch them skis, Lieutenant. First rough ice they'll go to pieces. Oughta have dural for ski bottoms!" he grunted. "Why not use sides of berry crates!"

Jimmie lifted his mask flap. "I got off one good pun to-day," he said. "Still, it's a berry crate idea—"

"You an' that newspaper guy," ejaculated Battle, blowing on his fingers, "'ud feed a forest full o' squirrels. But I say watch your ski landings."

He sprang down as the major's ship, hurling back white snow clouds, ruddered from the line. The row of P-1's broke and taxied to a "V." Jimmie's black eyes lighted. The Arctic Patrol, three thousand miles of romance, lay ahead.

Major Brewer led the squadron to an altitude of half a mile, then leveled and swung north. In five short minutes Jimmie Rhodes lost Selfridge Field and the glistening mirror of Lake St. Clair, behind him.

"Not so good, old General Visibility," he said, and poked his head out past the wind shield for a glimpse of the terrain below. The air stream pierced like a dagger beneath his mask, and he ducked to the cockpit's shelter.

But the wind was a tail wind, and hardly an hour passed until the wide expanse of Saginaw Bay showed in the squadron's lee. Cruising on, the terrain began changing. Cut-over pine and rolling ground appeared. It was just noon when the squadron swept over Saint Ignace, across the Straits of Mackinac on the north peninsula of Michigan, and landed in the frozen bay east of the city. The transports were already down.

Twenty-one smiling pilots ate a hasty luncheon in the airport hangar. They were jubilant. They'd covered almost half the distance to Duluth, their day's objective. Jimmie met Stooks outside the building talking with a snappy, bright-eyed youngster. The reporter called:

"One of my radio army, Lieutenant. Johnny O'Neil, call letter, 9-AK. I radioed him to meet me here with extra underwear. Legs get cold in an airplane."

"That oughta be news," responded Jimmie. "'Reporter purchases lingerie by radio.'"

"Oh, news," Stooks shrugged. "Afraid this flight'll be a washout on news. Too smooth sailing."

Jimmie felt a snow crystal brush his cheek, and looked up at the leaden sky.

"I'll work on the weather man a bit. He won't disappoint you."

IT was four o'clock and twilight when the Arctic Patrol hovered over Duluth. Jimmie's advance log, issued by Operations Office, said: "Good ice landing Robey Airport, east of city, south of aerial bridge." False cheer—the ice was rough as a collie's tongue and two ships wrote off landing skis in setting down. And at six the transports had failed to come.

Eighteen pilots, not so happy now, drained crank case oil and prestone from P-1's, and slid covers over cockpits. No need to stake the ships; the skis settled into the snow crust and froze. The mercury in a thermometer outside the hangar had retreated coyly to ten degrees below the zero mark.

A banquet at the hotel renewed the flight. In the lobby Stooks had an audience of newspaper men. A beady-eyed, hungry-visaged follower of middle age he introduced to Jimmie Rhodes as, "One of my radio army, J. Y. Dasher, call letter 12-DM."

"More underwear?" asked Jimmie politely.

"No, just contacting him," explained the reporter. "Where *is* that news you promised, Rhodes?"

"It won't be long now," answered Jimmie.

His prediction came to pass next morning. Arriving at the airdrome, the flyers of the Arctic Squadron found the mercury had notched on downward in the night. Twenty-five below, and dry powdery snow that danced across the flying field. Hot oil went into the crank cases, but it was ten o'clock when they shoved off. Three ships with broken skis were left to wait the coming of the transports, which were grounded somewhere eastward of Duluth.

"Carry on," said Jimmie Rhodes, fifth man in the formation, paraphrasing Colonel Sanford as he nosed his ship up into the gray opaque sky. But as he thought of Brewer's words, he grinned. A major operation had been performed on the patrol. It no longer traveled on its stomach. The three transports were far behind.

Eighty miles out they passed Devil's Lake, a blue-green sapphire with ugly broken hills for setting. At noon the squadron planed into the valley of the Red River and landed at Grand Forks. They had sandwiches in the hangar, washed down by scalding coffee. Major Brewer ate little. He took from his coat a batch of yellow telegrams and read them. Jimmie heard him talking with Lieutenant Yoder of the 27th.

"O'Day in the small transport is washed up. Crash landing. McClellan in the green trimotor froze his right outboard engine.

(*Cont. on page 44*)

They hustled out the extra skis, lashed the drums on, and tobogganed the fuel down.

BILLY JONES' TRIP THROUGH THE BUICK FACTORY—CHAPTER No. 5

Billy sees new Buick engines pass "some mighty stiff exams"

Billy (entering Buick dy-na-mom'e-ter testing room): Say—did I see a sight this morning! Nearly three hundred Buick engines all running full blast in one big room. Later on inspectors took them apart and checked the bearings, pistons, valves—everything. One of the men called it the "block" test and said it was given to every new Buick engine.

Dynamometer Engineer: We also put them to many more tests, Billy. Dynamometer tests, for example. That's the technical name for them, although they really amount to a sizzling "third degree". In these tests, new Buick motors drive big dynamos, designed especially for this type of work. This, of course, enables us to check certain parts of the engine a great deal closer than in either the "block" test or the "road" test.

Billy: What part of the engine are you testing here?

Dynamometer Engineer: The cooling system, Billy. You've heard of Buick's new oil-temperature regulator, haven't you?

Billy: You bet I have.

Dynamometer Engineer: Well, then, you know that Buick developed this feature to keep the oil at the *right* temperature, no matter how fast or how slow the car is traveling. Notice how slow the engine is running right now. It's been idling like that for hours. Yet the water and the oil are both at the same even temperature.

Billy: And uniform engine heat means better performance, doesn't it?

Dynamometer Engineer: And longer engine life, Billy, as well. Speaking of long life, in the next room are Buick engines that have been running continuously for almost a hundred hours . . . wide open! And the regulators have kept the oil in them, too, at the proper temperature.

Billy: One hundred hours without a stop! That's a *real* test all right.

Dynamometer Engineer (as they leave to see endurance test): Yes, it is. But the biggest test of all, Billy, is this: there are hundreds of thousands of Buick cars—5—10—15—even 20 years old, all in active service today. That, after all, is the best possible proof of the extra stamina and strength which Buick builds into its cars. People know that Buick builds soundly and well.

Billy: I'll say they do. Aren't more people buying Buicks than any other car of Buick's price?

Dynamometer Engineer: Three times as many, Billy. The truth is, the present Buick Eight models are so much in demand Buick is going to build them, without change, throughout the summer and coming fall.

Submit Your Model Coach

Nearly 1,000 awards will be distributed within the next few weeks by the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild. Give your coach a chance. Get it in before July 1. Even if you don't earn one of the 984 awards, you will still receive the Guild's handsome Certificate of Craftsmanship, for completing your coach.

THE EIGHT AS

BUICK

BUILDS IT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

In the Morning Mail

PLUTO, with one hind leg neatly crossed over the other, leans back from a high stack of Morning Mail letters.

"There's practically a universal call," he says, "for more of my adventures. Bob Bringham, Bath, N. Y., wants me to tell about the time I shadowed a criminal and brought him to bay. Ann Caskey, Reedley, Calif., wants to know if I've ever been to the North Pole. Wesley Small, Aitkin, Minn., says that I've never laid a golden egg. That's true—the only gold I've ever had I've mislaid. And Walter Kauzmann, New Rochelle, N. Y., wants to know about the time I fought the octopus. Well—"

"Something tells me," groans the ed, "that you're going to recite another of your ballads. Hurry up and get it over with."

"It won't take long," the Pup replies with dignity. Whereat he gets to his feet, and in a husky voice recites the following stirring poem:

How Pluto Fought the Octopus

Beware the leering octopus—his appetite is greedy.
He lives below the H-two-O, in caverns dark and weedy.
He has eight arms of equal length, all lined with slimy cups
That fasten on to passing fish, as well as Office Pups.
Now once there lived an octopus—his name was Abner Gore—
Who dieted on boys and girls who swam too close to shore.
The mayor called for volunteers to kill the hungry brute;
Of all the thousands, one stepped forth; his name—you guessed it—Plute!
A magazine he took along, and dived beneath a wave,
While thousands watched him swimming down to Abner's weedy cave.
Five minutes he remained below, and then he came ashore.
"I've got him, folks!" he yapped in glee. "Old Abbie is no more!"
"But how?" the mayor meekly asked, as Pluto wiped his paws.
"I fed him Ticklers till his sides were split with loud guffaws!
"He grew so weak with laughter that I felt no more alarm—
"I simply swam up close to him and knotted every arm.
"One arm I made a slip-knot, and I tossed it o'er his head—
"And when he tried to pull it off, he choked himself instead.
"I'd heard, you see," the Pup went on, "an interesting rumor—
"That octopuses mostly have a fatal sense of humor."

"Bravo," applauds the ed. "If you must go forth to battle, it's well to go armed with sharp-pointed humor. Humor is an especially good weapon for your battle with life. Have you picked the month's best letter?"

"You bet I have," replies the Pup. "It's from Louvane A. Fox, Jr., Worcester, Mass. He makes some interesting comments on 'Friendly Talks With the Editor'."

Here's Fox's letter:

"Dear Pluto: No—I'm not going to talk about the clean-cut stories in *The American Boy*, or the sports articles, or the many departments. In the several years that I have read the magazine, I recall few letters that have mentioned 'Friendly Talks With the Editor.' These talks keep a fellow up with the times in books, sports, and subjects of nation-wide interest. And they do more than that. They give a fellow a gauge by which he can measure himself and find out how he rates among his comrades.

"Many times I find that the talks act as a connecting link between father and son. They give us subjects for discussions of mutual interest. The talks take the conceit out of a fellow; they show him where his conceit may impair his usefulness. Incidentally, I've saved all the Friendly Talks, and hope some day to have them bound."

We hope Fox's letter will induce every reader to try out the Friendly Talks. That page, you see, is the most personal page in the book. It comes from the editor's heart. It exposes for you his own experience with people, and enables you to use that experience for your own guidance. Try it.

The Pup received a lot of letters, this month, commenting on the current travel contests. Caldwell Smith, Waco, Texas, says the contests are great. Ditto Robert Grant, Plandome, N. Y. And Louise Kiene, Topeka, Kan., says she has entered the Paris contest.

The spring travel contests—for trips to Paris, the Orient, Yellowstone Park, the Flag tour to Europe—are over, now, but there'll be more good contests like them in the fall. And no reader ever won a trip by saying: "Shucks—there'll be thousands of fellows entered, and I haven't got a chance." Start to figure, right now, that you *have* a chance! And as a starter try your wings on the Reporters' Contest announced in this issue.

On this page is a picture of Robert O'Neal. He lives in Greenville, Ill., and early this summer he'll be departing for Paris with an older companion of his own choosing. O'Neal entered the Onto-Paris contest and figured that he had a chance. His prize-winning essay was printed last month.

In past issues, many readers have asked for historical stories. There's one this month—a gripping story of the Civil War. And the author of "Rear Guard," Henry A. Sutherland, herewith presents his thumbnail sketch:

"I am a graduate of the University of Chicago and at present a reporter on the Butte, Montana, *Daily Post*. It is still a matter for debate with me whether I shall try to be a professor of American history or a newspaper man, but news writing is almost hereditary in the family, and I can hardly remember a time when I didn't tinker around the office of some sheet.

"While going to school and afterwards I was employed by Erwin, Wasey and Company of Chicago, an advertising agency, but left this firm about a year ago to satisfy the old urge towards newspaper work. Last April I drifted out to Montana.

"As for my writing, there is little to tell. I have done a baker's dozen of short stories, two or three of which have been published. 'Rear Guard' is my first attempt to write for boys.

"Montana is a veritable mine for enterprising writers, for it is still not so very far removed from the pioneering stage. X. Biedler, of Vigilante fame, until his death a few years ago, had a shop in this city just around the corner from the office of the *Daily Post*. There are still to be found more than a few old cow waddies who made the long drive from Texas with 'beef fer Uncle Sam's Injuns,' and there are several old mining camps, beginning with the former capital, Bannack, near-by."

Walter Surrey, New York City, wants an article on physical training. The magazine, he says, comes to the house in his name. But he is the smallest and youngest of three brothers. In the mad rush following the arrival of the postman, he invariably loses out. Surrey pleads for an article on conquering older brothers!

Two interesting comments, this month, on "Alder Gulch Gold," the western gold-mining story by James Willard Schultz. James M. Siler, Jellico, Tennessee, was disappointed in it. He thought it dime-novelish and not true to life.

E. L. Kilburn, Walla Walla, Wash., on the other hand, has some direct testimony to offer. Kilburn, 64 years old, was in Alder Gulch in the Eighties when men were still working the diggings. He says:

"I was acquainted with a lady who lived through the early gold rush days and I've heard her tell many stories of the exciting times in Alder Gulch. She told of the Vigilance Committee and their efforts to establish law and order. She'd look down the street some mornings and find several men swinging from signs and store fronts. She saw the notorious Slade hung, while his wife made her famous 12-mile ride from their ranch just over the divide, a pair of six shooters in her hand, to free him. She arrived a few minutes too late."

Those were dime-novelish times, and are a part of the fascinating history of our country. And Schultz is one of the best historians because he lived through those days himself.

The Pup regretfully closes, this month, by reciting some of the scores of hobbies that have come in.

Norman Jennings, Somerville, Mass., collects newspaper titles, and has over 50—some from Bern, Switzerland, Ireland, and Panama.

Earl Lehn, Elba, Nebr., collects Indian relics, and has arrow heads, skin scrapers, fleshing knives, and pottery.

George Ince, Kingston, R. I., collects picturesque historical maps.

There are many others, but space has run out. Address your letters to Pluto, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. You'll get a Pupcard reply. Pluto will read your letter carefully and give five bones to the most interesting letter each month.

For those who enjoy luxurious travel

YOU WANT, naturally enough, a motor car that is distinctively and favorably different from other cars—a car that you know is eminently fine, and one that is manifestly fine in the eyes of everyone else.

The Chrysler Eight De Luxe, now available in five luxurious body styles, is precisely that kind of motor car.

Before now you may have looked at moderately priced motor cars you thought were admirably smart, but—*look at this one, please.*

Before now you have ridden in moderately priced cars which seemed to be very rich and very comfortable, but we ask you—*ride in this one.*

Before now you have driven moderately priced cars you may have considered to be highly capable in performance, but again we ask you—*drive this one.*

Maybe this seems over-enthusiastic. Maybe we appear to be leading you to expect too much, even of a Chrysler. On the contrary. Chrysler Eight De Luxe fully justifies our enthusiasm. It will not disappoint your high expectations.

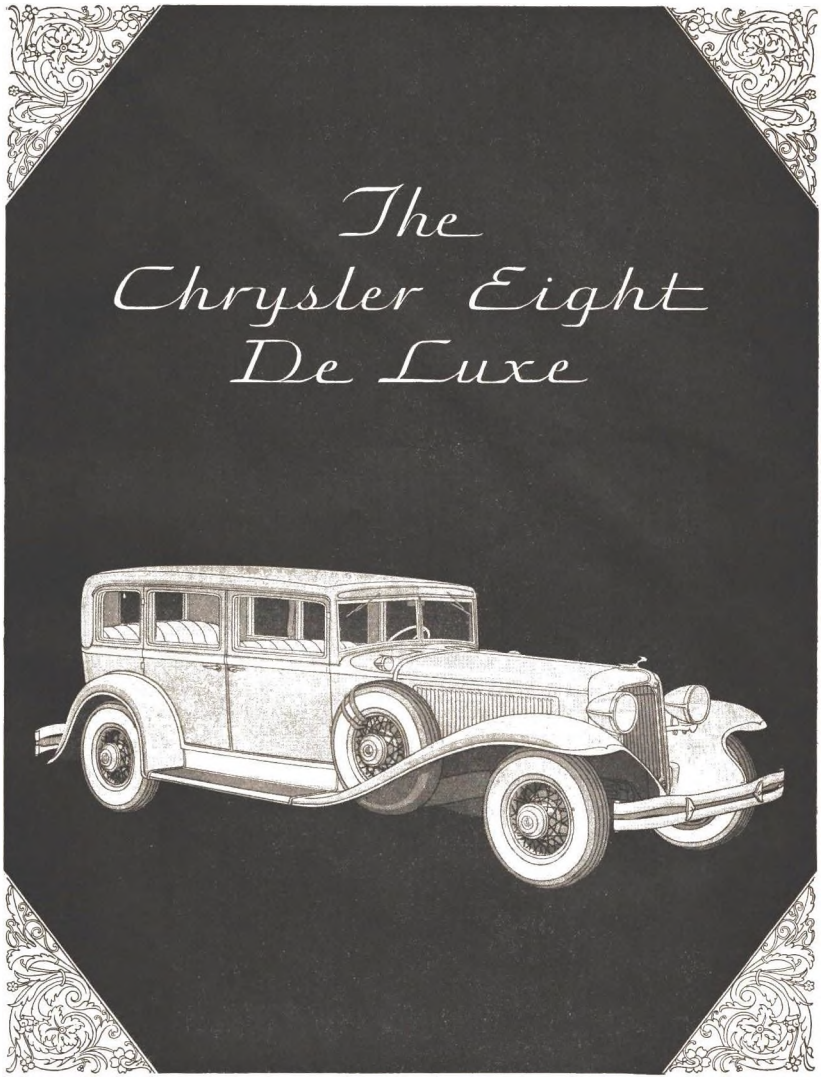
Chrysler's fine quality has gone into it. Chrysler's engineering genius has been lavished in designing it. We know the many, many tests we have given it. We know what the car will *do*. We know how it compares with other cars.

That's why we so confidently ask you to expect splendid things of the Chrysler Eight De Luxe.

This de luxe edition of the Chrysler Eight is patterned after the magnificent Chrysler Imperial Eight. It has that smart double windshield with chrome-plated frames; that lengthy sweep of line; that extremely graceful effect resulting from a low center of gravity; that visible staunchness that denotes a car of fine quality—that *aristocratic* look.

It has unusually *small wheels* and unusually *large tires*, maintaining normal road clearance, but greatly enhancing the car's smartness as well as adding much to de luxe riding comfort. Five wire wheels are standard—or four wood wheels and spare rim, if you prefer the wood.

Inwardly, the Chrysler Eight De Luxe is sumptuously spaced, upholstered, trimmed and fixtured. Bedford cord upholstery of extremely rich weave and quality. Floor carpetings of high-pile luxuriousness. Soft seat backs and cushions with the deep, embracing comfort yielded by Marshall-type springs—the very finest. There are interior sun visors. Interior panels, instrument board and window mouldings are of dark walnut finish.



These are but a few of the luxurious features of the car. Bodies are large and unusually roomy, built for restfulness. And as to performance, we repeat—*just drive one.*

It is a car of de luxe *power*, de luxe *speed*, de luxe *pick-up* and de luxe *smoothness*, as well as a car of de luxe style and appointments.

Its big, quiet engine is insulated from the frame by live rubber; has a perfectly balanced crankshaft, fully counter-weighted—and generates with ease a good 95 horsepower.

Eighty miles an hour—if you want to travel at eighty miles an hour—and if you don't want to drive that fast, the power that makes this speed possible enables you to "float" along at moderate speeds without consciousness of engine effort.

A vital factor of this large car's de luxe performance is the Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with Dual High gears. Two high gears instead of one. A high gear for city driving and another for the open road. Both gears are of a patented internal-mesh design, which means that you can shift from either high to the other in an instant, at any speed, without clashing.

Drive this Chrysler and "Learn the Difference." Learn new things about pick-up. Learn new things about speed. Learn the difference in ease of handling—due to pivotal steering and internal self-equalizing hydraulic brakes.

These de luxe models of the Chrysler Eight comprise a De Luxe Sedan, a De Luxe Coupe, a De Luxe Convertible Coupe, a De Luxe Phaeton and a De Luxe Roadster—each a model you can place alongside of any other car of similar price and realize at once that Chrysler value, like Chrysler performance and Chrysler style, is on the plus side in Chrysler's favor.

DE LUXE COUPE	$1525
DE LUXE ROADSTER	1545
DE LUXE SEDAN	1565
DE LUXE CONVERTIBLE COUPE	1585
DE LUXE PHAETON	1970

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FACTORY

Fun With a Camera

By Sam Brown

Figure 8.

TO TAKE GOOD PICTURES—

STUDY your camera before you load it. Find out exactly what you may ask it to do—then don't ask more.

Before taking a picture, be certain your shutter is properly set. With folding cameras be sure of the stop and focusing devices as well.

For snapshots, have the subject in the sun and the camera lens in shade. Use a large opening—"stop" is the camera-wise word. Box cameras give fairly clear pictures of anything beyond eight feet. With folding cameras, measure any distance under 15 feet and focus accordingly.

In snapping, keep the camera steady and level. Press it lightly against the body. Hold your breath as you shoot. Rest the camera on something solid for time exposures, taken indoors, or outdoors on cloudy days.

You need bright sun for fast-action shots. Stand at an angle of 30 to 45 degrees from the oncoming object, at least 50 feet away. Be sure your focus is right; and use a large stop.

Watch composition. Have one main point of interest in your picture. Get it against an attractive background—bushes are better than the side of a house.

Keep a record. Note the time, the light conditions, the kind of exposure, the stop and focus used. That way you'll know what to do next time.

Finally, experiment. Try a night picture of your own house. Take it on a bright moonlight night, with all the electric lights on and the shades up. Expose from a half hour to 45 minutes. Good luck!

Figure 9.

Figure 10.

Figure 6.

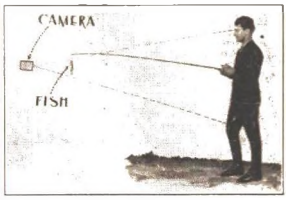


Figure 5.

ALMOST every fellow has a camera, and the array of snaps taken with these black boxes includes everything from Charlie's aunt to an art study of some he-mermaid standing with reluctant feet on the edge of the old swimming hole.

But—and it's a big but—how many amateur "snappers" have ever shot anything out of the ordinary?

Out of the ordinary! Remember the last time you went to the carnival, and saw your wonderful anatomy and physiognomy sent all cockeyed by the convex and concave mirrors? Funny, wasn't it? And didn't you wish you had a picture of yourself as you looked then?

Well, you can get one! The method is simple. Take a good sharp photograph of yourself, something as clear as Figure 1, and crease it lightly down the center. A snapshot of this, when developed, will assume the grotesque proportions shown in Figure 2. By creasing the photograph across the middle, you get the picture shown in Figure 3. And by creasing it diagonally, you'll get the bashed-in, wistful effect shown in Figure 4.

Remember that last fishing trip? When all you caught was a dinky little sunfish! Well, you could have saved the day if you had taken the good old camera along. Next time, try this: Attach your dinky little sunfish to the end of your line, and hold it up to the camera as shown in Figure 5. All ready — shoot! And because the fish is so much closer to the camera than you are, you get the picture shown in Figure 6 — something you can show with a touch of modest pride.

Figure 1.

Figure 2.

Figure 3.

Figure 4.

Another camera stunt on the same principle is the one shown in Figure 7. Looks as if this fellow would need to wear barges for boots, but his feet are quite normal. A friend got him to sit down with his legs stretched out comfortably and his feet up on a high stool. Then the friend got out in front and took the picture.

Did you ever dash around on a duck as the fellow in Figure 8 is doing? It's great sport, and a picture of you riding duck-back will surprise your friends.

First, draw the duck. Do this on a sheet of white cardboard, about eighteen by thirty inches. Rule your cardboard off into inch squares. With the squares as guide lines, you can easily sketch off the headless rider and the duck shown in Figure 9. Do this in pencil, and when you have finished, black it in with a good grade of India ink.

After that, it's only a matter of posing before a white background and holding the rider and duck up under your chin, as shown in Figure 10, while someone snaps your picture.

Then there's the hungry fellow who fell into the jam jar and couldn't get out—see Figure 11. Calm about it, isn't he?

For a similar picture of yourself undaunted by disaster, stand on a box that has been covered with black cloth, and have someone take a picture of you from a distance of about fifteen feet. The camera should be well anchored down so that it can't move. Next, get a big, clear jam jar and place it in front of the camera in such a position that the outline of the jar will be sure to extend all around your picture. Snap the jar *on the same film.*

Your finished picture will be like the one shown in Figure 11, and you'll get two comments on it:

"Dog-gone it, how did he get in there?"

"Yeah, and who let him out?"

It's best, if you want to get a real jam jar likeness of yourself, to pose someone else in your place, put the jar in front of the lens, and then move it backward and forward until your finder shows that you have it the right distance away. Your background should be plain black. You do not want anything else in the picture — you want to be alone in your element.

Figure 7.

Figure 11.

Win Fame and Fortune *with a Simple Snapshot*

Cash Prizes totaling $100,000 offered for pictures in Kodak's International Contest

$25,000 *in* U. S. Prizes

SIX PICTURE CLASSES

1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of *any* subject in this contest. Prizes will be awarded in 6 classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children.

B. *Scenes.* Landscapes, marine views, city, street, travel or country scenes, etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Detail, Interiors.* Art objects, curios, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries; statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children. (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.); farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE: Bronze Medal and $2,500

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	$500
For the next picture in each class	250
For the next picture in each class	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class	10

(847 prizes, totaling $16,330)

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

For the best child pictures made and entered in May and June from each of the 48 states, also the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Alaska:

First Prize, each state	$100
Second Prize, each state	50
Third Prize, each state	20

(153 state, territorial prizes, totaling $8,670)

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country will automatically enter the International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland

GRAND AWARD: Silver Trophy and $10,000

SIX CLASS AWARDS: Best picture in each class, a Gold Medal and $1,000

* * *

Total U. S. Prize Money	$25,000
International Awards	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world	59,000

NOTE that one picture may win a $500 class prize, the $2,500 grand prize for U. S. A. . . plus a $1,000 international class award and the $10,000 international grand award . . . a total of $14,000 for a single snapshot.

Only amateurs may compete. Pictures must be made in May, June, July or August

A CAMERA, a roll of film, some simple subject to photograph. That's all you need to enter the Kodak International $100,000 Competition!

It's all you need to win . . . for the kind of pictures *you* take are the kind wanted for this contest!

There are 1,000 prizes, totaling $25,000, for pictures from the United States alone. And first-prize winners in U. S. A. compete for international awards amounting to $16,000 more.

A simple snapshot may win $14,000.

No special skill, no long experience, is required in this contest. Picture *interest*, not photographic excellence, is what counts.

Only amateurs may compete, any picture subject may be entered, and the owner of a Brownie, a Hawk-Eye, or the simplest Kodak has the same chance as users of costly cameras.

For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

Winners of the U. S. prizes will be determined by a committee of distinguished judges consisting of Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, conqueror of both Poles by air; Mary Roberts Rinehart, foremost authoress; Rudolf Eickemeyer, eminent photographer; Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery."

See your dealer about a supply of film. Make lots of snapshots! Send in as many as you please. Clip the entry blank below. And enter to win.

* * *

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N. B. C. Red Network and Pacific-Mountain Network every Friday evening.

Read these simple rules for U.S.A.

1. This contest is *strictly for the amateur.* Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931. (Also see No. 14.)

3. An entrant may submit *as many pictures* as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases; provided that the pictures have been *made on or after* May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated *not later than* August 31, and that they reach Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)

4. Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer. Pictures may be made from roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made from plate negatives are not eligible.

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure *more than 8 inches* the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. *No coloring or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed.* Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures.

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form, or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply.

7. *No entries can be returned.* All mailings are at owner's risk. *Do not* send negatives with entries but be sure they are in your possession and *hold them* ready to send on request.

8. All pictures will be *judged solely on general appeal*—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners.

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a *tie*, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. Winner of first prize *in each class, including winner of U. S. Grand Prize,* will automatically enter the International Competition.

12. Although no entrant may win prizes on more than one picture, he may win *several* prizes with the one picture. Naturally, *the more pictures you send in, the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—or prizes.*

* * *

The following additional conditions apply to the offer of prizes for the best child pictures made in each state, during May and June, 1931.

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed under postmark not later than that day and must reach Contest Office not later than July 7, 1931. All entries in Child Picture Contest, including winners, remain eligible for further prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest.

Important! Do not specify classes into which pictures should go. Each picture will be placed in the class in which it is most likely to win. * So that judges shall not know the names of contestants, entries will be filed numerically and each entry acknowledged by a postal card bearing its number. *Please do not* write about entries. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the judging.

Entry Blank—*Clip it Now!*

Mail blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or back of any picture.

Name _____ (Please print)

Street Address _____

Town and State _____

Make of Camera _____

Make of Film _____ Number of pictures accompanying this blank _____

A. B. 8

KODAK INTERNATIONAL $100,000 COMPETITION *for Amateur Picture-Takers*

The Great Woof Handicap

(*Continued from page 13*)

"Here's where the old hook comes in handy," he said as he teed off.

The 450-yard second bends to the left about 175 yards out, and Jinx's ball took the curve coming to rest 225 yards away. Again the gallery clapped.

Bob's tee shot was behind a trap to the right of the fairway and his second sliced into the trees. He took a seven to Jinx's five and was one down. Then he proceeded to lose the third by overshooting the green, while Jinx, growing cockier, was well on with his second.

On the 170-yard fourth they both pushed midirons into the traps that circled the green and halved in fours. Their drives on the 510-yard fifth weren't ten feet apart, and as they drew close to their balls, Jinx grew generous.

"It's your honor," he said. "I think you're a little in back of me."

Bob replied by taking the brassie I handed him and smacking a 250-yard rifle shot that had the tough luck to roll into a trap just to the left of the fairway. Jinx was short but on good ground.

After Jinx had put his third just to the right of the green, he smiled affably.

"There are woofs and woofs," he said. "You take a good bear woof. That wouldn't be a bad one to use against a guy that doesn't like animals."

BOB was angling off toward the trap and Jinx followed just behind him.

"On the other hand," Jinx continued, "an Indian call lasts longer. You get more for your money."

Bob didn't seem to hear him. Drawing a spade mashie from the bag he stepped to his ball, took a full-arm swing and sent his ball a hundred feet in the air. It plopped on the green, 75 yards away and came to rest twenty feet from the pin. Jinx's jaw dropped.

Bob won the hole and got a big hand as he teed off for the 400-yard sixth. Jinx was silent as they walked off the tee after their drives. But when he saw that he had outdriven Bob by ten yards he recovered.

"If you prefer a musical woof," he said, "I can give you one that'll hit high C."

Bob, busy studying his lie, didn't turn his head. He didn't seem to hear. After a look at the green, two hundred yards away, he took a brassie and lined his ball straight to the pin.

Again Jinx looked blank. For his second he used a midiron and was short. Bob won the hole, four strokes to five. The match was even.

They halved the seventh in fives and on the 155-yard eighth—the mashie pitch across the creek—Jinx tried another bit of propaganda.

"Shall I take the woof now, Bob?" he asked.

Bob, bending over his ball, didn't even lift his head. His calmness was wonderful to see. Jinx walked around behind him and stood there grinning. His grin faded as the ball rose in a beautiful arc and came to rest on the far edge of the green. With his brows drawn together, he dug his mashie into the tee and popped his ball into the creek.

Bob three-putted but took the hole four to five. The woof expert was one down and I could see pleased expressions on the faces of the caddy gallery.

"Young Randall is playing golf," I heard Billinghurst say. "Up to here he's four strokes better than I've ever been."

"That isn't saying much," scoffed Billinghurst's crony, Scrub-the-ball Waldorf.

Jinx squared the match on the twelfth. That's the hole where you've got the choice of shooting 200 yards across the lake or going around. Bob decided to try for the green and went into the lake; Jinx kept to the right and took the hole four to six.

The 160-yard thirteenth is a beauty of a hole. The green is up on a little plateau and unless your tee shot is perfect it won't stick. Both Jinx and Bob rolled off and took fours.

The fourteenth is practically transcontinental. It's 560 yards long. About four hundred yards out the fairway bends sharply to the left and disappears behind a grove of trees. When you get beyond this grove you find that the green is at the edge of the lake.

The two drives were good, but Bob's second hooked around just short of the trees while Jinx's second was in sight of the green. I heaved a lusty groan and it didn't help my feelings any to have Jinx pointedly walk with us toward Bob's ball. But Bob took the words out of Jinx's mouth.

"This wouldn't be a bad spot for that woof, Jinx," Bob said pleasantly. I had to laugh at Jinx's expression.

Jinx had nothing to say as Bob went to his ball, but he didn't fail to stand close behind Bob. Out on the fairway the gallery was watching expectantly—waiting for the woof. I expected it myself, and from the serious look in Jinx's eyes I think he was going to use it. Going to—until he saw Bob face around toward those tall trees less than fifty yards in front of him.

Instead of playing out to the right, Bob was going to shoot over 'em! He carefully gripped his number five mashie and glanced at the trees. I held my breath. It would have to be a whale of a shot—high and far—to clear that grove! I held my breath while Jinx, confident Bob would never make it, relaxed and grinned.

BOB placed the head of his mashie in the rough behind the ball. Head down, he swung. There was tremendous body power in it. The ball sailed up and up. It disappeared beyond the trees. Still I held my breath—until I heard a loud murmur from the gallery, followed by hand-clapping. I ran over to Bob, gripped his shoulder, and shook him.

"Emperor Jones!" I chortled.

Jinx's mouth tightened.

Well, Bob's ball was nestling, white and pretty, just twenty yards short of the green. He took the hole with a six when Jinx dubbed his third and overshot his fourth for a total of seven.

Bob's advantage, however, was short-lived. Jinx took the fifteenth with a five to Bob's six and they went to the sixteenth all even. I could see that Jinx, with his woof still in reserve, felt confident. The advantage was all his. He was as good a player as Bob and he had plenty of fighting heart.

On the sixteenth fairway, Jinx took to walking close to Bob and singing under his breath, so the judges couldn't hear, a brand-new bunch of songs. "Three Little Woofs;" "Russia Must be Heaven for my Woof-hound Came From There!" and a lot of others.

I guess he was planning to work up his propaganda strong from now on. He'd be needing that woof pretty soon. But Bob was busy looking over the fairway ahead and gave no sign that he heard. The hole is 315 yards long and slopes down for three-fourths of the distance and then slants up to a high green with a steep apron in front. A pretty hard second shot!

Jinx shot first. His mashie soared beautifully, but hit a few feet short and rolled back down the steep apron.

"I think I might be able to do a neat horse's woof," Jinx persisted.

"I don't know," Bob said judicially as he took the mashie I gave him and stepped up to the ball.

He fell silent, addressed his ball, and swung. A neat slice of turf flew out. The ball went only fifty yards. I drew in my breath. Was Bob getting the woofs?

(*Continued on page 34*)

The White Ghost Story

7000-mile grind . . . at 60 miles an hour average . . . shows in black and white the sound reasons for buying a Free-Wheeling Hupmobile

Enjoy such amazing performance at the

Lowest Prices ever paid *for a* Hupmobile

CENTURY SIX SEDAN $995

CENTURY EIGHT SEDAN . . $1295

Three other Eights from $1595 to $2295

Prices are for standard equipment F.O.B. Factory

Choose your car on facts and figures!

Most ghost stories are thrilling. This one is. Most are fiction. This one reads like fiction, but it's the most solid, hardpan, convincing array of facts you could hope to find for guidance in choosing a car.

It took all claims and counterclaims through 7000 miles of merciless driving. Gave Hupmobile and Free-Wheeling the third degree. With a revolution counter under the hood to clock the saving in "engine mileage." With a clutch counter to prove how much less foot work you do.

And here is what every Hupmobile will give you today . . . for the lowest price in Hupmobile history. Here are the proofs . . . facts . . . figures. If you were the hard-headed purchasing agent of a big corporation you'd make your buying decisions on facts like these. Why not—as an individual?

* * *

. . . Time and again through 7000 miles the White Ghost demonstrated the savings Hupmobile Free-Wheeling brings you. Savings in motor wear and tear shown by the revolution counter which clocks the "engine miles." When you Free-Wheel, you ride "on momentum" . . . engine at idling speed. 20% to 44% fewer engine revolutions. Wear and tear and gas and oil bills are importantly reduced.

. . . 7000 miles of further proof of Hupmobile's saving in clutch work. Imagine 258 miles of *curves* and *hills*—with the clutch used only 43 times! That's what happened in the run from St. Louis to Kansas City—just one incident on the trip. Tests show that you use the clutch 67% less with Hupmobile Free-Wheeling. You never touch the clutch except to start or reverse.

. . . In the leading cities on the tour, New Orleans, St. Louis, Kansas City among them, safety commissioners, police chiefs, in some cases even "their honors" the Mayors, rode in and drove the White Ghost . . . and pronounced it *safer!*

. . . In 7000 miles every type of road and weather was met . . . and conquered. Gumbo and gravel. Macadam, concrete, brick, and wood block. Mountain grades. Famously dangerous curves. The White Ghost plowed through miry, slippery roads at 60 miles an hour when other cars were crawling. Took curves at 60 and out of them at 70 . . . when other cars slowed down to 30.

. . . Repeatedly, during 7000 miles—when icy, slippery roads appeared—the brakes were jammed on, and the White Ghost came to a stop straight as a railroad train on the tracks.

* * *

Just a few high lights of 7000 miles. But you can prove these facts to yourself in 7 miles. *Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Get the thrill of riding on the wings of momentum . . . in the White Ghost's twin now awaiting you in your dealer's showroom.*

free-wheeling HUPMOBILE SIXES AND EIGHTS

(*Continued from page 32*)

"A horse's woof," Jinx said happily. "That's my specialty."

"How about a donkey's?" Bob asked impersonally.

Jinx reddened. Bob tried his mashie again. The pitch was well played, but the ball rolled off the side. Jinx proceeded to pitch too strongly and rolled into the rough on the rear slope.

Bob finally got on the green and stood gazing down at Jinx, who was looking for his ball in the long grass.

"Are you in the wuff, Jinx?" Bob asked sympathetically.

Without replying, Jinx proceeded to cut grass and fortunately popped up on the green. They halved in sixes.

Two holes to go, and the match even! The 380-yard seventeenth is clear sailing for 250 yards, and then you remember the ground slants sharply down to the green. The whole slope is a thick grove of trees. This side of the grove on the right is a small tool house.

Bob found himself, after his first, in the rough fifty yards short of the tool house. Jinx's ball was behind the trees to the left, but instead of going to it, he followed Bob over to the tool house.

"Going to shoot over the house?" Jinx asked in amazement, as Bob stood before his ball.

"Right over the woof," Bob said.

And he did—over the roof and the trees, almost to the green.

Jinx pitched safe out to the fairway and approached accurately to the green. They halved in fives.

Still even and one to go!

Squaw Creek crosses the 475-yard eighteenth 300 yards from the tee, and as I looked at it, I knew why Jinx had saved his woof. So did the gallery, which, by this time, were more silent and tense than the two players.

JINX had a bit of tough luck on his drive. It was his best tee shot of the day—more than 225 yards—and it rolled into a trap that barged out into the fairway on the right. Bob's ball was safe just beyond the trap.

For once silent on the subject of woofs, Jinx walked to his ball, stood for a moment in the trap and studied the situation. It was nearly a hundred-yard carry over the creek. He played safe, laying his ball 25 yards short of the bank with a nice mashie niblick.

"Nice shot," Bob said, and prepared to shoot.

The moment had come. Jinx trotted around behind his opponent and edged up close. Bob had his brassie. The ball was sitting up nicely on the turf. Seventy-five yards away was the creek, and 175 yards beyond that was the green. A woof here might send the ball in the creek. That would cost Bob a stroke, and he'd be lucky to reach the green in four.

Jinx's mouth was open and his eyes eagerly alight as Bob started his backswing. His only chance was in making that woof good. At the top of the swing Jinx yelled:

"*E-ee-ahhh!*"

The club didn't waver. Down came the head with a nice whip. The ball sailed up on a rising slant, hit a hundred yards beyond the creek and rolled to within 25 yards of the green.

I stifled a joyous chuckle, but Jinx! Poor Jinx was completely flabbergasted! Ten yards away, Sodbuster Billinghurst and Scrub-the-ball Waldorf stood open-mouthed. There was a wave of applause.

Bob won the hole five to six when Jinx failed to reach the green with his third. Manfully Jinx walked up to Bob and held out his hand.

"Congratulations," he said.

"Thank you," Bob said gravely, looking at Jinx with that penetrating gaze.

They walked toward the clubhouse together.

"You sure—sure showed your stuff," Jinx said, still in awe.

"I did play a little better than I usually do," Bob admitted. "But you were too generous."

"Wh-what do you mean?" Jinx asked.

"I can't understand why you didn't use your woof," Bob went on. "You had a fine chance on the seventeenth when I was behind the tool house, and another good spot was on the last hole when I had to drive the creek."

Jinx stopped and stared. His lips moved uncertainly.

"*Didn't use my woof?*" he stammered.

Old Man Billinghurst walked up. He held out an order for a set of clubs.

"Young man," he said, his face still amazed at Bob's woof shot. "You showed remarkable control. Remarkable!" He handed over the order.

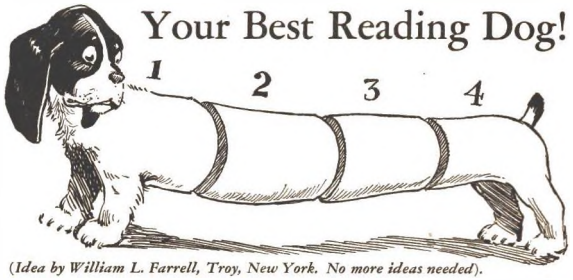
Bob took the order and smiled his thanks.

"I wonder," he said, embarrassed, "if you'd just as soon make this order for a hundred-dollar credit at a down-town store."

"Certainly," Billinghurst said, surprised. "But why? What do you want to do with it?"

"Buy one of these new electrical ear trumpets. An audiophone," Bob said. "I'm stone deaf, you see, and lip reading is tiresome no matter how expert you get."

Your Best Reading Dog!



(*Idea by William L. Farrell, Troy, New York. No more ideas needed.*)

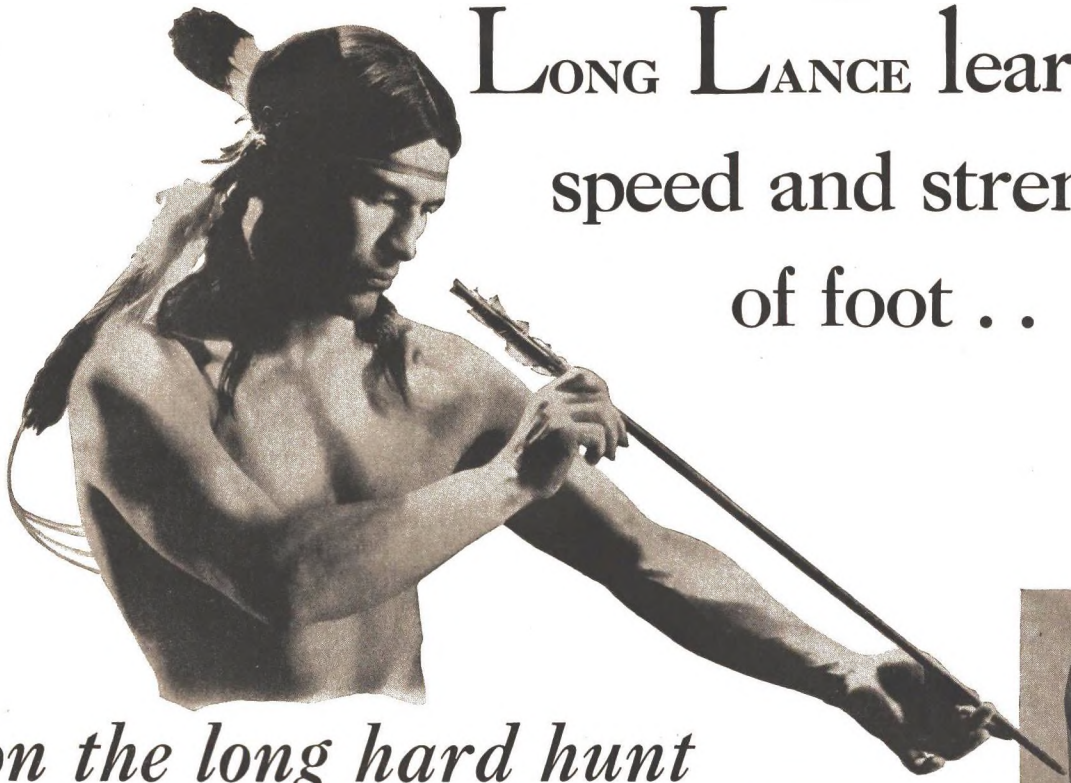
PLUTO, the Office Pup, has stretched matters a bit, so that he can bring back to the magazine your ballot for this issue. Write in the front section the title of the story you like best in this issue. Write the next three best, in order, on Sections 2, 3, and 4. Mail your ballot to the Best Reading Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., and we'll get you more of the kind of stories you like most.

Your Name ..... Age.....

Street .....

City ..... State.....

LONG LANCE learned speed and strength of foot . .



on the long hard hunt

THE TRIBE makes camp during the hunt. A scene from "The Silent Enemy," Paramount film in which Chief Long Lance, famous Indian athlete, author and soldier, plays the part of Baluk, the mighty hunter.

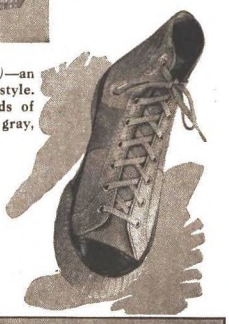
WHEN the tribe followed the caribou across snowy wastes, the hunter's swift, sure feet meant the difference between life and starvation. One of the greatest of modern Indians—Chief Long Lance—writes, "When we were boys, our famous warriors told us that the tireless strength of their feet and legs was most important in hunting and battle. Our moccasins were made to give our muscles freedom to develop."

The white man does not hunt his food through the woods—but swift feet and strong leg muscles are the chief weapons of the modern athlete. Chief Long Lance has not only lived the life of the prairie, he has also become a famous athlete, author and airplane pilot.

Throughout his life he has relied on swift, sure feet and leg muscles. In view of his experience, The B. F. Goodrich Company persuaded him to design his own sport shoe.

This is the Chief Long Lance Shoe. Go to your shoe store and try it on; feel its remarkable springiness and comfort. It trains your muscles naturally. Ask for Goodrich Sport Shoes.

Above (and to the left):—The famous Chief Long Lance Shoe. The cut-out shank gives perfect flexibility and the natural "moccasin tread" which develop leg muscles.



THE PONTIAC *(to the right)*—an ideal training shoe, with plenty of style. A sturdy sole fits it for all kinds of hard outdoor wear. In white, gray, khaki or buff.

Ask your shoe dealer about the Goodrich National Poster Contest *for boys and girls—Valuable prizes! Real fun!*

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Every boy can learn the Indian Sign Language from Chief Long Lance's booklet, "How to Talk in the Indian Sign Language." Eighty illustrations help you learn this language of scouts and warriors. Send for it now!

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Enclosed please find 10¢ in coin or stamps. Please send me "How to Talk in Indian Sign Language," by Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance.

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Goodrich *Sport Shoes*

Another B. F. Goodrich Product

Dayton Is Your Goal!

You'll Compete There for the 1931 Model Airplane Championships

Merrill Hamburg, Contest Director.

NIGHT flying, demonstrated by expert army fliers, especially for you! Comets of light, cutting brilliant curves against the black sky!

That's just one of the exceptional treats in store for the contestants who gather in Dayton, Ohio, June 29, 30 for the 1931 national airplane model championships. If you haven't already entered, there's still plenty of time, if you act now. Write to Merrill Hamburg, secretary of the Airplane Model League of America, 300 Davis Ave., Dayton, Ohio, and ask for entry blanks.

All flying contests—the Mulvihill Outdoor Endurance, the Stout Outdoor Fuselage, and the International Wakefield contest—will be held at the famous Wilbur Wright field. This is the experimental field for the U. S. Army Air Corps. Here, new ships and new devices are tested. Here, expert pilots perform every conceivable flying stunt in the necessary work of experimentation.

And it's here that you will get your greatest thrill, whether you win a prize or not. Through the courtesy of General Pratt, commandant of the field, all the latest types of army airplanes will be wheeled out on the apron, and pilots will be on hand to explain the ships to you. There'll be a "flight tutor" in operation—a cockpit mounted on a frame to test the cadet for "flight sense."

You'll see engine and wind tunnel tests. During the lunch hour you will receive lectures on airplane performance, and after lunch ships will be sent into the air to illustrate the points given in the lecture. A liberal two-day schooling in army flying!

In addition to the three outdoor flying contests, you may compete in the national scale model event. In this division, it's not necessary for you to come to Dayton. You may pack and express your model, and be eligible for the trophy and the $500 in cash prizes. Your scale model must reach A. M. L. A. headquarters by June 14.

In the Mulvihill outdoor contest, too, there will be an official National Aeronautic Association trophy and $500 in cash prizes. In the Stout Outdoor Fuselage, you'll compete for the Stout trophy and $175 in cash. In the Wakefield contest, you'll be competing for the international trophy brought to this country for the first time by Joseph Ehrhardt, St. Louis, last year, and cash prizes.

Unfortunately, since Dayton has no hall large enough, there will be no indoor contest this year.

Five winners—the first-place winner in each of the four divisions of the meet, and one other contestant yet to be designated—will win trips to Washington, D. C., in a Ford trimotor!

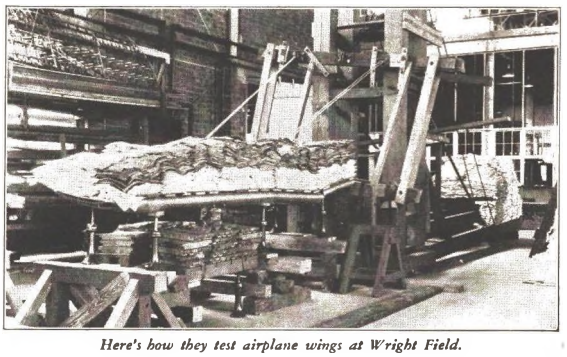
In addition to the competition, there will be a big banquet at the Biltmore Hotel, your downtown headquarters during the two days. And there will be sightseeing through the city, which is headquarters for many of the nation's largest industries. Great times are waiting for the 1931 contestants!

Write now to Merrill Hamburg, at the address given, asking for entry blanks and a digest of the official rules. You are eligible if you are under 21—in other words if your birthday was prior to June 28, 1910.

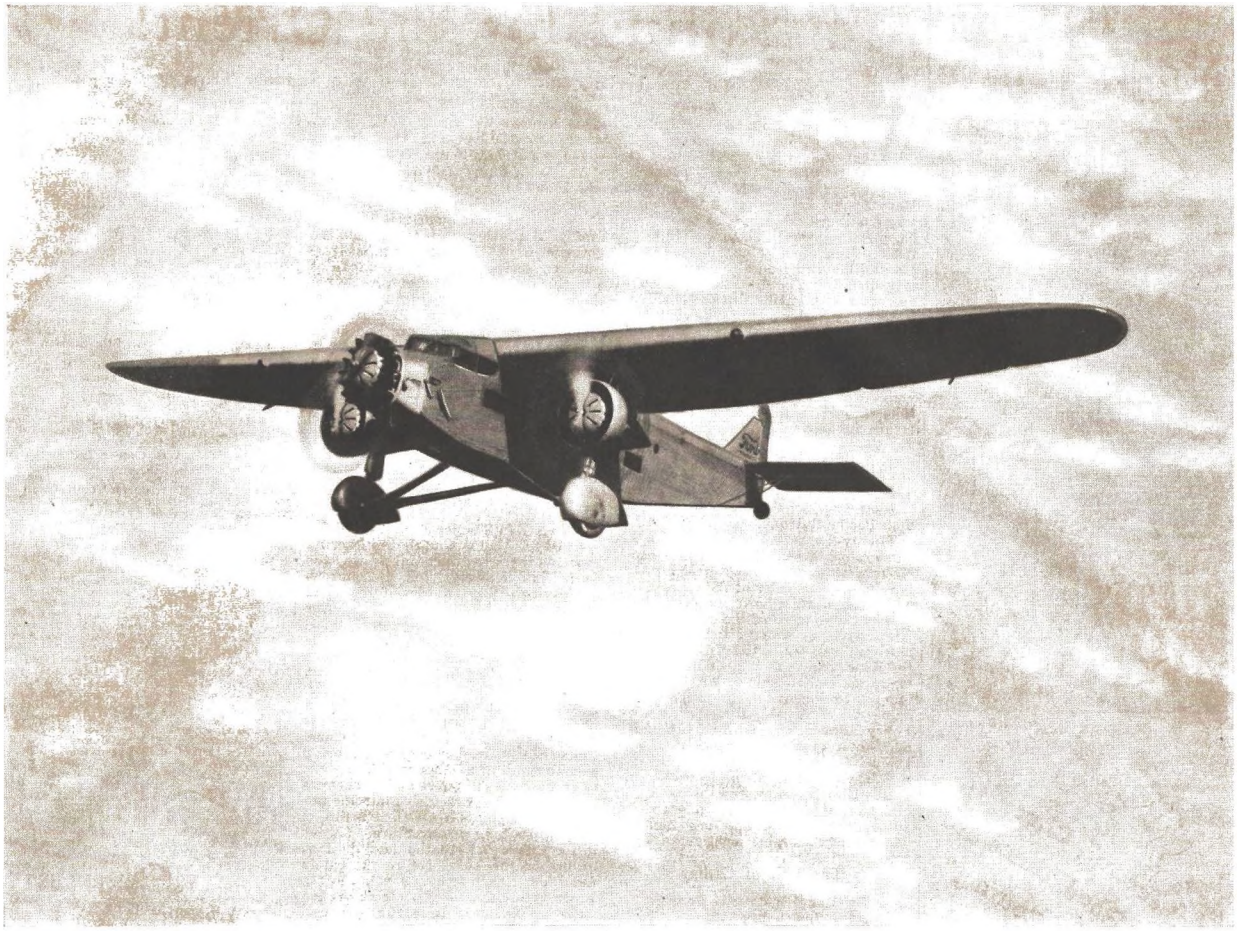
Your headquarters—the Biltmore.

In addition to the rules and entry blanks, you will receive a parent's consent blank, which must be filled out and brought to the contest in case you win one of the airplane trips. You will receive instructions on the reduced fare certificate. Unless you live in the Rocky Mountain district, or on the West Coast, you must ask the railroad ticket agent for a reduced fare certificate when you buy your ticket to Dayton. Then, if enough contestants have certificates, you'll be able to get half fare on your return journey.

Keep these rules in mind! There's plenty of time to get into the 1931 championships if you get busy now!



Here's how they test airplane wings at Wright Field.



METAL MEANS MODERN

METAL HAS always been the lever which has lifted the science of transportation through successive eras to new and higher levels of progress.

The flagships of our merchant fleets were once the clipper ships, glorious vessels fashioned of stout oak. Today the great liners which plough the seven seas are monster things of metal. The era of steel drove the clipper ships from the seas.

It was the discovery of the Bessemer process of making steel which paved the way for the tremendous development of our railroads. Steel rails replaced wooden straps, steel cars superseded cars of wood. Railroads exist today because of steel.

Knowledge of the use of metals made the tremendous growth of the automobile possible. The motor car has revolutionized all forms of transportation.

A new era in transportation has now dawned with the advent of the commercial airplane. Most of us have watched its development. Here again progress has been dependent upon metal and metallurgy.

The great Ford trimotor transports operated by most of the country's leading air lines are of all-metal construction, because metal construction is the modern way.

The strength and the safety of the great Ford transports are in their metal construction, for they are fabricated of duralumin, an alloy with the strength of steel but considerably lighter in weight. Both their structure and skin are fashioned of this alloy and rigidly assembled together with gusset plates and rivets of the same material, forming a structure similar to that of a steel building or bridge.

Metal construction has distinct advantages which are recognized by air line operators. Aside from its strength, which will carry it safely through serious storms, the Ford plane, because of its metal construction, is subject to low depreciation charges and low insurance costs.

The maneuverability of the Ford plane is comparable to that of a pursuit ship, which may, with grace and ease, be barrel-rolled, looped or flown upside-down. Control on the ground is as sure as in the air. The plane has a radius of action which permits pivoting on one landing wheel under its own power.

Stability is also one of the marked characteristics of these Ford transports, insisted upon at every phase of its development; for upon this feature depended the success of commercial aviation.

Today, as a result of these characteristics, the Ford plane, after millions of miles of reliable service under every possible condition, in the Arctic and the tropics, over sea and over land, has conclusively demonstrated its claim to safety, comfort and reliability in the air.

That is why Ford all-metal trimotored commercial planes are flown regularly on air lines everywhere!

• FORD MOTOR COMPANY •

Sailing for the Orient!

Virginia Teacher and Minnesota Boy Win Summer Trips

WHEN the Osaka Shosen Kaisha motor ship, *Arizona Maru,* slips out of Seattle harbor on June 24, carrying the Fifth Upton Close Cultural Expedition to the Orient, Miss Mary Spotswood Payne, of Lynchburg, Va., and James D. Kline, of Minneapolis, will be aboard. They won the two trips to Japan and China, one for teachers and one for readers under twenty-one, offered by *The American Boy* in cooperation with Pacific Era Travels, Inc., for the best essays on the subject: "Why I Want to Spend a Summer in the Orient."

As announced in the March and April issues of *The American Boy,* the winners' expenses will be paid from the time they leave their homes until they return in September. On their way to Seattle, they will stop for two glorious days in the Canadian Rockies as guests of *The American Boy* at Banff and Lake Louise—famous high lights in the trip over the scenic lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Twenty-five more essay writers, the runners-up in the contest, will receive books written and autographed by Upton Close, commander of the Expedition, and a foremost authority on the Orient.

Honorary judges of the contest were: His Excellency Katsuji Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador to the United States; the Honorable C. C. Wu, Chinese Minister to the United States; Mr. Roland S. Morris, ex-Ambassador to Japan; Mr. James G. McDonald, Director, Foreign Policy Association. Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor of *The American Boy,* was executive judge.

Following are Miss Payne's and James Kline's essays, and the names, in alphabetical order, of the winners of the autographed books, and one hundred winners of honorable mention.

The Call of Cathay

By Mary Spotswood Payne,
Lynchburg, Va.

First Prize—Teachers

"For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay."

CHINA, Chosen, Nippon, Formosa, Manchuria, Mongolia — how the names run on through our heads! From the days when we dug in the back yard, confidently expecting to tunnel through the earth and come out in the land where yellow men with long queues walked upside down, the spell of the East lingers with us. Once, in the harbor at Charleston, South Carolina, I saw a Chinese junk with her sails against the sunset; and the old longing to dig came upon me. Insistently it sounds—the call of the Orient.

For most of us the Orient spells beauty: the sharp black curve of a temple roof etched against the moonlit sky, the sheer majesty of snow-tipped mountains, the delicate loveliness of varicolored iris, the bowed bridges, the crumbling walls of old cities—everywhere, beauty!

But the Orient offers more; there is the mystery of age. I should like to spend a summer in the Far East in order that I might become better acquainted with a culture and a civilization that through dignity and age command the respect of youthful America. Even a short time spent among the people of the Orient, seeing their homes, entering their shops, watching them at prayer and at play, seeing their art in its natural setting, should give a basis for further study of the doctrines of Buddha and Confucius, and the effect of these beliefs on the thinking of China and Japan. I should also be much interested in observing the new attitude toward Christianity and the changes which it may have wrought.

As the old East is full of mystery, the new is full of progress. Every student of history is interested in the great cities of the Orient, their industries and their industrial problems; in the republican government of China; in the great spiritual awakening of Korea; in Japan as a world power. The modern progress of the old East is a newspaper romance to one who has never seen it for himself.

The important, awakening East lures me on; I dream of the ancient, flower-filled lands that await me.

Lands of Mystery and Hope

By James D. Kline, 16,
Minneapolis, Minn.

First Prize—Readers Under Twenty-one

HWANG-TI'S water clock softly drips away the hours, and the shimmering drops as they stealthily tinkle away the years into eternity tell murmurous stories of the past—stories of ghost-like sampans moving like phantoms over waters of jade, of laughing-eyed maidens darting from the shadows, of the fragrance of the Lotus and the breath of the Dragon. So fall the drops, softly, endlessly, eternally.

But the Orient has awakened. Japan has long found the spark of progress and is fanning it to a mighty flame. China is rubbing her eyes and peering over the wall at another world. I want to glimpse that progress and awakening and at the same time delve into the ancient philosophy of the Orient before it has lost its tang of adventure. I want to see China and breathe deep the fragrance of the Lotus before the petals fade and wither away. I want to see Japan before the Dragon's teeth are too dull to snap and his scarlet eyes lose the fire lit by Buddha and echoing temple gongs. I want to see the Orient in all its mystery as it was, and in all its magnificence as it is, and in all of its hopes and passionate dreams of what it will be to-morrow. I want to live with the Orient and learn to know its soul.

In Japan the age of the samurai has passed and rising shafts of steel point out the new path of advancement, but a gulf still lies between the East and the West and the world has yet to see the "meeting of the twain." I want to see the Orient to-day, with the gulf nearly bridged but the land still rich with the incense of forgotten centuries.

Hwang-ti's water clock drips away the hours; the Orient is lifting her veil and I want to be among the first to glimpse what lies beneath.

Winners of Autographed Books

Teachers

Marjorie Lamont Foskett, Fullerton, Calif.; Fay Hartman Newland, New Bedford, Mass.; Joseph E. Roop, Columbia, Mo.; Edna Stephens, Mountainair, New Mex.; Frances E. Taylor, Kansas City, Mo.

Readers Under Twenty-one

Henry Vincent Allen (17), Hoosick Falls, N. Y.; Philip Beckjord (17), Duluth, Minn.; James Carl (18), Waterford, Calif.; James McCabe Carmes (16), Canton, Ohio.; Vaughn S. Cossman (14), Wheatland, Wyo.; E. Conway Donoghue, Rochester, N. Y.; Francis Gapp (19), Lansdale, Pa.; Richard Hall (17), Eaton, Colo.; Sheila Hulehan (16), Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Rosalee Markley (16), Morris, Minn.; Borgny Mickelson (16), Duluth, Minn.; Robert Moats (17), Maquon, Ill.; Edward N. Novotny (19), Wauwatosa, Wis.; Margaret Park (20), Washington, D. C.; Fred F. Plimpton (16), Worcester, Mass.; Harry Provence (16), Greenville, Tex.; Kenneth D. Symington (15), Huntington, W. Va.; Mitsno Usui (14), Los Angeles, Calif.; Lloyd Wood (18), Peru, Ind.; Winn Zeller (19), Berea, Ky.

Honorable Mentions

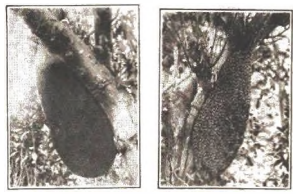
Teachers

Edith Adams, Holton, Kansas; Nellie P. Beaton, Reading, Mass.; George Beishlag, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. W. A. Black, Plainview, Texas; Rowena Bond, Seattle, Wash.; Iris M. Branagan, Cedar Falls, Ia.; J. E. Coleman, Paisley, Ore.; Laura Deming, Alliance, Ohio; J. E. Dobbins, Elkins, W. Va.; Mrs. Bertha Winn Finner, Tallahassee, Fla.; Mildred Friedman, Cleveland, Ohio; David J. Hartwell, Lexington, Mass.; Orval C. Husted, Sand Springs, Okla.; Alvin R. Kaiser, Kewanee, Ill.; Mary Bradford Kasson, Des Moines, Ia.; Frances Kleaveland, Muskegon, Mich.; Christal Murphy, Burlingame, Calif.; Ethel V. Nelson, Mountain Iron, Minn.; Isabel Ozersky, Youngstown, Ohio; Clara V. Rapp, Brockport, N. Y.; Genevieve Reinhart, Portland, Ore.; Elsa Schuler, Royal Oak, Mich.; Bess Rutledge Stevens, Lodge Grass, Mont.; Hazel Straight, Cumberland, Md.; Avis C. Wallace, South Manchester, Conn.

Readers Under Twenty-one

Theresa Adelman (16), Fairfax, Okla.; David White Ament (10), Braddock Heights, Md.; Arden A. Andreae (15), Evansville, Ind.; Walter M. Andress (18), West Chester, Pa.; Roy Averill (14), Canonsburg, Pa.; John Kingsman Beling (11), Harrington Park, N. J.; Ralph Bossence, Detroit, Mich.; Albert Burford (16), Texarkana, Tex.; Bernice Burkhalter (16), Sayre, Okla.; Waldemar B. Camphell, Yakima, Wash.; Malowe D. Case (20), Denver, Colo.; Elizabeth Caswell (18), Wichita, Kansas; Lauran Clapp (16), San Diego, Calif.; Conrad K. Clippinger (18), Dayton, Ohio; Selden C. Dickinson (16), Castalia, Ohio; Dan Edwards (17), Durham, N. C.; Donald C. Emerson (17), Milwaukee, Wisc.; Stuart Russell Ferguson (17), Puente, Calif.; E. B. Fincher (20), Amarillo, Tex.; Guy Gibson (17), Oconto Falls, Wisc.; Tom Givens (18), Hutchinson, Kans.; Dale Goldsmith (14), Catasauqua, Pa.; Edwin Gorder (13), Greyhull, Wyo.; Wallace J. Hackett (16), Norman, Okla.; Fred Hegelund (20), Alameda, Calif.; William Henderson (18), Natchez, Miss.; Stanley Henrici (15), Pittsburgh, Pa.; Robert B. Holtman (16), Sheboygan, Wisc.; Joseph Jones (18), Canton, Ohio; George P. Kirkpatrick (16), Piermont, N. Y.; Dorothy Kline (15), Lincoln, Nebr.; Vern Larson (18), Oswego, Ore.; Fred F. Lawrence (17), Tacoma, Wash.; Louise Leavell (18), Ocford, Miss.; Bernice Ellen Line (16), Rosemead, Calif.; Milton J. Lobell (18), Seattle, Wash.; William F. Madden (17), Cleveland, Ohio; Fred E. Markgraf (13), Independence, Kans.; Phil Maxwell (19), Phoenix, Ariz.; Richard Morgan (13), Downing, Mo.; Charles S. Morris (16), Highland Park, Mich.; Henry L. Mueller (16), Cape Girardeau, Mo.; Karl Luther Mumford (19), Ellicott City, Md.; Dorothy Ruth Mutz (18), Omaha, Nebr.; Pearl Etta McMullin, Longview, Wash.; Timothy O'Keefe (16), Northampton, Mass.; Wallace Palmer (20), Independence Mo.; James Parker (18), Eugene, Ore.; John Parsons (14), Bristol, Conn.; Robert Peale (19), Natchez, Miss.; Wm. G. Pfrang (17), Fond du lac, Wis.; Roy Hartman Pinkerton (17), Seattle, Wash.; Fenton Powers (16), Portland, Ore.; Walter W. Reaney (19), Ainsworth, Ia.; Vida Lenoy Reeves (16), Birmingham, Ala.; Gordon W. Richards (16), Allentown, Pa.; Fred Lee Roberts (9), Vining, Minn.; Betty Ryburn (16), Osborn, Ohio; Edna Rysell (16), Traverse City, Mich.; Alverna Schafer (17), Norwalk, Ohio; Richard Seiler (17), Ilion, N. Y.; David H. Setzer (16), Lakeland, Fla.; James Sledd (16), Decatur, Ga.; Allaire Smith (20), Seattle, Wash.; Frederick E. Smith (16), Everett, Wash.; John Smith (17), Tomahawk, Wisc.; Winona South (16), Seattle, Wash.; M. Stealey (14), Hagerstown, Md.; George K. Tacquard (16), Galveston, Tex.; Herbert Noe Tognazzini (19), Santa Maria, Calif.; Donald Thurman (16), El Paso, Tex.; Thomas Warren (14), Wilmington, Dela.; Wilhelmina White (17), Manitowoc, Wisc.; Merritt Wolfe (12), Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Carl W. Zanner (17), Washington, D. C.

Reading From Left to Right—



A HONEYCOMB, measuring four feet from bow to stern; a honeycomb with a full crew of wild Philippine bees aboard. Beware the Philibbees! They're hardy foes, gaily garbed in black and white, and their boarding pikes are barbed! One man tried to tame a crew of them, but after they'd stung three horses to death he gave it up.

Part of the Picture

(*Continued from page 7*)

was in no gentle mood.

"What's this I hear about my being in this air picture?" he demanded. "The casting office just told me to come and see you—"

"That's correct," said Weatherby. "You were a flying cadet for a while after the war, weren't you?"

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the tall actor, leaning across Weatherby's desk.

Dan noticed the unusually long sideburns that extended past Carew's ears. He could be spotted for a ham a mile away, Dan reflected. Funny how the public fell for a few good looks and a voice steeped with husky appeal.

"Since you can fly," Weatherby stated, "the audience will see you take off a couple of times with nobody else in the ship. Why, what's the matter? You ought to be turning handsprings. It will be the big picture of the year."

"Well, I don't want it," exploded Carew. "I don't have to be turning myself inside out in airplanes to make a living, and—"

"You don't?" Weatherby said curiously. "Six months ago you were taking milk off of front porches to eat. It's hardly tactful to tell Colossal what you will or won't do. Jay Parker, here, is going to be your double for stunts. I've seen a test of him. If you fall down on the job you're going to be kicked out of the picture and he'll do the lead. More than that, you'll be kicked out of Colossal. How long do you think you'll last if I put in a recommendation that you're a loafer and hard to get along with?"

For a moment the actor's turbulent eyes tried to stare Weatherby down. Then they dropped.

"All right," he said resignedly.

Dan glanced at Parker interestedly. At once he realized that Parker had the type of features that might screen well. He realized something else—that Parker's eyes had widened at Weatherby's words and his face had taken on the hungry look of a man who had waited long for his chance.

Then Parker's eyes met Dan's. The hint of a smile crossed the stunt man's face, and he jerked his head ever so slightly toward Carew. Dan nodded back, and it seemed that an understanding had suddenly sprung up between the two. Barry Carew glanced at Dan as if in search of somebody on whom he dared vent his spleen.

"Sloan going to be your Akeley man?" he demanded.

"Right!" snapped Weatherby.

"Why not save the cutting room trouble and not have any Akeley shots?" Carew inquired sarcastically as he picked up his hat.

Dan found himself on his feet as if propelled there by springs, and the next second he had spun the actor around. He had taken all the ragging he could stand, to-day.

"One more crack like that, and you won't have to worry about working in this picture," he told him furiously.

Weatherby came darting round his desk and pushed Dan back.

"Mind your own business, Sloan," he said. "Barry, get out of here. Parker, go with him to the wardrobe department to get measured for your clothes. Be back in this office nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

They went out without a word. Parker had a smile on his face as if he had enjoyed his visit tremendously.

"Now," Weatherby said grimly to Dan, "you start to work. Here's what you've got to do, and when you get ready to quit, let me know."

For a moment the eyes of the director and the young camera man met and held. Weatherby's whole attitude was that of a disgusted man with a worthless boy. Dan, for the moment, had but one objective in life. He cared nothing for himself, nothing for Colossal, nothing for the picture. He wanted only to be able to meet Bill Weatherby on equal terms and make him eat the words he had said to-day.

From that moment started a two weeks' ordeal so unlike anything Dan had ever known that he was like a man stumbling through a bad dream. His hours were from seven o'clock in the morning until midnight. His field of work included every department of the studio and all the country within fifty miles of Los Angeles. It seemed to Dan that every time he found a moment's rest the gaunt figure of Weatherby loomed up with a brusque, sardonic command on his lips. The harder Dan worked, the more brusque Weatherby seemed.

At times, a silent rage brought Dan almost to the boiling point. Then, just in time, would come the realization that Weatherby was trying to make him quit. He couldn't quit. He'd do the job—finish the picture—and then pay Weatherby back in a little private meeting.

It was a very thin, worn-looking young man who preceded the company by two days to the location at a dry lake on the edge of the Mohave. His nerves were frayed, his muscles tired, and his mind a sort of perpetual motion machine revolving constantly about one center—Wild William Weatherby. And those two days in the blazing heat of the desert didn't help his mental condition. Weatherby wasn't there, but nevertheless Dan worked like a slave, assisting the location superintendent in overseeing the erection of various fake buildings, and a camp for the extras. Dan intended to give Weatherby no chance to rag him when he finally did arrive.

The location was to simulate the secluded headquarters of a band of aerial smugglers preying on air mail ships. A ceaseless procession of trucks rumbling in from Los Angeles, carrying everything from camera equipment to wardrobe, from construction materials to spare parts for the ships, dropped their loads on the sand. The day before the cast was due to arrive, twenty airplanes came roaring in.

The principals and technicians of the company were to be quartered in the little desert town five miles away from the dry lake. The five hundred extras were to be housed in tents. There was food to think of. Sanitation. And Dan was responsible.

As he stumbled into bed the night before the company's arrival, he felt as if every detail had been attended to by himself personally. To-morrow Weatherby would be there, and life would be even more of an ordeal.

THE cast arrived the next noon in a long fleet of busses. From the leading one Weatherby stepped out, his megaphone in his hand. Dan tried to avoid him but the director singled him out.

"Sloan!" he barked. "Get ready to go up in half an hour for the first air shots. They've got to be good. I'm getting reports on the rushes every day and the first one that's bad, out you go!"

Dan looked at him without a word, and nodded. Two of the actors had overheard that, and Dan knew that Weatherby was putting him on trial before the whole cast. He flushed angrily and walked over to his ships.

The next two days were devoted to air shots, and Dan scarcely had time to eat. Not only did he have his regular Akeley work from the ground and in the air, but it was he who had to set up the automatic cameras on wing tips, motor cowling and tail, for air close-ups of the principals.

Dan scarcely saw Barry Carew, or

anyone else for that matter, except Jay Parker. The stunt man helped him to set up cameras after flying time was over. Dan found himself wondering how badly Parker wanted Barry Carew's job. It worried him slightly to see Parker around the ships all hours of the night.

"After all, I don't know Parker," Dan thought. "He might pull something."

The third evening on location Dan was setting up automatic cameras on the motor cowling and right lower wing tip of a little scout ship when Parker, dressed in uniform trousers, boots, and khaki shirt, found him.

"Is this the ship that our handsome hero is supposed to take off in?" he inquired.

Dan nodded.

The ship was at the end of a line of twenty planes and Dan was at work in the light of an electric lamp that was connected up with the portable lighting plant. Here and there at some distance actors, extras, and technicians were loafing around, or passing away an hour before they took their tired bodies to bed. The withering heat of the day was changing to the quick cold of the desert night, and by nine o'clock everyone would be under the covers. That is, everybody except Weatherby, fat Billy Towne, the assistant director, and Dan.

"I don't imagine Carew's looking forward to it," Dan went on. "But the public has to know that he really can fly."

"You know, I've got an idea he's as yellow as a pumpkin," Parker told him as he planted himself in the sand. "I've watched him a couple of times. He doesn't like the air at all, at all."

"I believe you're right," Dan agreed as he looked through the range finder of the camera he was attaching to the wing tip. He must make sure that the cockpit was exactly in the center of the lens. "He's going to have to loop this baby with all cameras working to-morrow, too."

"No wonder he wanted to turn down the biggest plum of the year! Scared!" Parker chuckled.

Dan nodded. He liked the stunt man. Yet he felt a vague distrust of him. Always in their casual chats together Parker had adroitly parried all of Dan's questions about his previous life. It would be easy for Parker to capitalize, somehow, on Carew's fear of flying, and displace Carew in the cast. Mentally Dan resolved that much as he liked Parker, he'd watch him.

"Well, how's she running?" came Hap Hadley's voice, as the first camera man strolled up to them. The lines in his hawklike face seemed like furrows as the light struck them.

"Bill's certainly putting pictures on a business basis as far as you're concerned, Dan," he stated. "Little Johnny. Man-of-all-work."

"Nothing else to do up here," Dan told him shortly.

"Well, there's lots of sleeping for me to do," announced Mr. Hadley. "By the time Bill gets through cracking up airplanes and throwing hams over the side of them, this troupe's going to be as crazy as he is. And if I had listened to my folks I could have been a nice respectable plumber with nothing on my mind—Hello, Handsome! You ought to be getting your beauty sleep."

BARRY CAREW, accompanied by Miss Lola Armitage, ingenue lead of the picture, was driving up alongside the plane in his crimson roadster. He got out and walked toward Dan and Parker. Dan didn't even look up. Hap Hadley glanced at the cameras lashed to the ship, then grinned at Carew.

"That mug of yours is certainly going to be shot from all angles," Mr. Hadley informed the actor as he strolled off.

"Why out here so late?" Parker inquired. "Going to sleep with your ship to make sure nothing's wrong?"

Carew walked around the ship nervously.

"What's the idea of the camera back here on the fuselage?" he asked.

"To get a good shot at the back of your neck," Dan told him morosely.

"It'll make the ship tail-heavy," Carew protested.

"Don't be an old woman," Dan growled. "It doesn't weigh enough to hurt. Weatherby wants shots from all angles. How are you going to get the effect of a dive if there isn't a camera pointed ahead?"

"How are you going to fly a ship if it's out of balance?" Carew said.

He was patently nervous, and Dan mentally agreed with Parker that the leading man didn't relish flying under the best of circumstances.

"Well, John Barrymore, you're going to fly it and like it," Dan told him. "What's the matter? Got your wind up?"

Carew stood there for a moment, his black eyebrows drawn together over stormy eyes. Then he gave vent to a contemptuous snort, turned abruptly, and walked hurriedly back to the car.

"When he snorts he snorts," remarked Parker. "See that look he gave you?"

"No."

"It was a dirty look," Parker grinned.

Utterly fagged out, Dan half stumbled as he walked around the ship.

"She's set now. I'm turning in. Night," he said abruptly, and walked to his tent.

He had refused to take quarters in town. He wanted to keep to himself as much as was humanly possible. As he passed Weatherby's tent he saw the haggard young director bent over a table, writing on the margin of a script. Hard as Weatherby drove his troupe and crew, he drove himself harder.

DIRECTLY after a six o'clock breakfast the next morning, Dan was mounting his Akeley on the rear cockpit of a battered De Havilland. He was to take off parallel with the scout ship that Carew was to fly, shooting the take-off. He also had to get some shots of Carew in the air.

Dan's pilot swung the ship around and started taxiing out to his appointed place. The motor of the scout was idling, Carew already in the cockpit in his flying clothes. As the De Havilland taxied past the tail of the scout, Dan stared curiously. The next second he had gripped his pilot's shoulders. The De-Havilland rolled to a stop.

Barry Carew had hopped out of the cockpit of the scout and was now waving a short control stick in his hand. Dan found himself running toward the growing group of excited people who were surrounding the leading man.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply, as he elbowed his way through the awe-struck extras.

"I don't suppose you know anything about it!" Carew shouted, his face as white as chalk. "Look at this!"

Dan took one look at the lower end of the short round stick. It had been sawed cleanly three-quarters of the way through, but the remaining quarter was splintered as if it had broken. He heard Weatherby's husky tones and a dozen excited remarks from the onlookers, but he paid no attention to them as he leaned over the cowling and looked at the metal socket in which the stick had been set. It had been sawed directly above the top of the socket. The

CADDYING FOR BOBBY JONES!

Howard Rexford—tall, seventeen, blond—carried Jones' clubs for ten days, at Merion, last September, while the emperor was winning his fourth major title of 1930. A great experience? Rexford tells you—

NEXT MONTH

(*Continued from page 41*)

lower end of it still remained in the socket.

"It was sawed from front to back," came Carew's half-hysterical tones. "See what the idea was? It was sawed only three-quarters of the way through. When I pushed forward on it to take off it would be all right, but when I pulled back on it suddenly it would break off. I'd be helpless because the stub is in the socket and I couldn't get the stick back in it again. Somebody was out to murder me, I tell you! If it hadn't been that I jerked hard on it by accident, it would have broken off in the air!"

"Pipe down a minute," advised Weatherby wearily. "We'll—"

"Pipe down nothing," raged the shaken actor. "There's only one person that could have done it!"

Dan dropped off the side of his ship to meet the actor's eyes. Carew was accusing him.

"I won't go into the air alone until somebody gets to the bottom of this!" Carew finished.

Dan's gaze swept the crowd briefly. There was suspicion in many eyes, sympathy in others. Mentally they were taking sides with Dan or the leading man.

Dan puzzled. Jay Parker must have done it. Jay had stayed up longer than he, last night—and there had been no guard on the ship. Parker had adopted this method of getting Carew's job.

"Don't get your wind up, Barry," Weatherby said shortly. "We'll get to the bottom of it later. We'll postpone your solo trip. Get that parachute ship ready, George. Cameras are mounted, aren't they, Sloan?"

Dan, in a daze, nodded.

"One on the wing and one on the center section," he mumbled. "None pointing forward."

"That's enough. Come on now, beat it, you people. Dan, you use the same ship you were going to use for the Akeley shot. Barry, get hold of yourself—you're no child. This is the only jump you'll personally have to make. Jay Parker, you're flying Barry, as I told you yesterday."

Weatherby's staccato commands whipped the company back into activity. The extras started to melt away. Carew, alone, seemed still upset.

"I'm just about through with this outfit!" he burst out. "All these broken down ships are bad enough, but I'm blamed if I'll fly while there's somebody around that wants to murder me."

"Shut up!" roared Weatherby. "We're going to get this shot in this light and get it now. Then we'll talk about the other thing. Sorry you have to make the jump but there's no way to fake this one, because the camera is going to be right in your face. Now hurry. I've got to get the air stuff finished so we can have a little quiet on the lot."

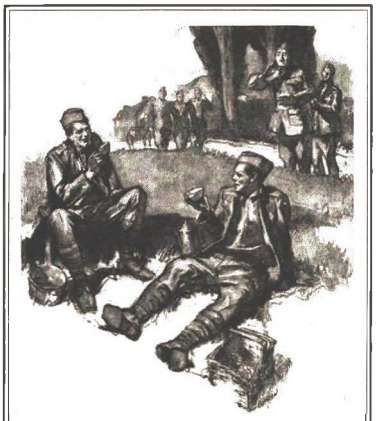
Dan nodded mechanically. The actual air shots were taken without sound, and the roar of the motor was later "dubbed in" on the film. But there were lots of dialogue shots to be taken, and for these there could be no noise on the lot except the sounds that the director wanted recorded on the film. While airplanes were flying, sound shots would have to wait.

Orders began crackling forth and the mechanics, prop men, and pilots leaped to do Weatherby's bidding. Just once did Weatherby meet Dan's eyes, and there was neither sympathy nor condemnation in them. Parker drifted over toward Dan and for a long ten seconds their eyes locked.

For a moment Dan was puzzled. Was he out of his head or was Parker asking as plainly as though he had spoken the words, "Did you actually do this?" For some reason Dan was unable to think clearly. For the moment he was licked, his brain too numb to function efficiently. Parker had done it, of course—must have done it. There were lots of people in the troupe who didn't like Barry Carew, but surely there was no one who would go that far. And Parker was the only one who would benefit by Carew's death.

Utterly exhausted in mind and body, Dan walked absently to his ship. Carew, he noticed, was so nervous that his hands shook.

FIFTEEN minutes later, up in the air, bent over the range finder of his Akeley and steadying himself against the air blast streaming back at him from the propeller, he prepared himself to take the first and last shot of Barry Carew making a parachute jump. Ordinarily he would have been filled with deep content at the thought of Carew's going through that ordeal. Carew had fought against it savagely, but Weatherby had forced him into it.



"Get Going, Soldier!"

BY FRANKLIN M. RECK

Rest billet. And real food! Good-by beans and slum.

But when Sergeant Pinky and Corporal White go briskly forth to find broiled chicken, they run slap-bang into large experiences.

NEXT MONTH

The ship in which Carew and Parker were flying was at the same altitude and flying parallel with the camera ship, fifty feet distant. Dan's pilot, experienced in camera flying, throttled slightly until both De Havillands were flying at the same speed.

Dan's eyes were glued to his range finder. He could see Barry Carew's face in the glass and his vision took in the cockpit, the tail of the ship, and a sector of the air above. He would have to follow Barry's course with instant accuracy as soon as he made the jump. He raised his hand, his eyes still glued to the range finder, and then dropped it. That was the signal that he was ready.

He saw Barry slowly get to his feet and place one foot on the seat, preparing himself for his jump into space.

Then, so suddenly that Dan could scarcely realize what was happening, the chute snapped out. Barry was jerked directly backward toward the tail. He had opened it prematurely.

Dan, cranking his camera automatically, saw the white folds of the chute wrap themselves around the vertical fin and rudder of the De Havilland. The actor's body, in a snarl of shroud lines, dropped off to one side.

Mechanically Dan swung the camera down until he was taking Carew's body, swinging helplessly ten feet beneath the tail surfaces of the De Havilland.

Then Dan came to himself. He strained forward, his eyes wide with horror, and stared down at the tragedy. Carew's arms and legs were helplessly entangled in a maze of shroud lines, and his weight was enough almost to stall the De Havilland. Parker was fighting desperately to keep control of it, his tail surfaces practically useless because of the clutch of the silk, and it was only a matter of minutes—perhaps seconds—before the De Havilland must inevitably start downward out of control.

And up on the trailing edge of the center section, its lens commanding the rear cockpit and the tail of the plane, that electric camera was clicking away like an all-seeing eye.

For a second or two Dan merely stared at the helpless figure below the ship. He saw now that Carew was unconscious. Probably he had hit his head on the tail surfaces. In any event, the actor was utterly unable to help himself, and even if the ship stayed under control he would be dragged to his death as it landed.

Then Dan found himself cutting the throttle and roaring into his pilot's ear. In his mind was the picture of that pitifully swinging figure below the other ship. His white-faced pilot nodded, and a moment later Dan, his parachute flapping at his thighs, was tumbling over into the front cockpit. He climbed out onto the lower wing, steadying himself against the air stream and inching his way out to the end of it. Parker was seventy-five feet away now—his ship angled steeply upward but kept in control momentarily by masterly flying.

Suddenly a thought hit Dan with stunning effect. Parker, not satisfied with sawing the stick, had probably seized an opportunity to pull the rip cord of Carew's parachute prematurely, and the last thing he would want would be Carew's rescue. Dan shoved the uncomfortable thought to the back of his mind as he edged to the tip of the wing. With one hand in the hand slot and the other one gripping the wing tip, he slowly let himself down until he was hanging over space.

A couple of feet from him was the wing skid. His body swayed backward in the air stream as he gathered himself. The hand gripping the wing tip released its hold, and for one torturing instant he hung by his left hand alone, as his right sought the wing skid.

FIVE thousand feet below him, hundreds of people were looking upward, motionless as so many stumps on the dazzling surface of the dry lake.

Again Dan hung by one hand as he brought his left over to the wing skid. Gasping with relief, he turned his head from the air stream to breathe as he crooked one elbow over the skid. Foot by foot, the expert motion picture flyer above him brought his ship over Parker's.

"Parker is doing his best," Dan thought. "That's funny—"

Then every faculty within him became concentrated on the ship below him. Foot by foot they eased over and he could see Parker staring at him. Now he was but five feet behind and ten feet above the upper right wing of the other ship. Suddenly the wing to which he was clinging seemed to swoop downward and forward, and with a strangled shout Dan released his hold and dropped a foot to land in a heap on the

wing below him. Then, his breath coming in gasps, he was clinging to the leading edge of the wing. It was easy to crawl along that upper wing and get down into the cockpit. Parker was roaring something into his ears now—

"When you get back there she'll go into a spin sure," the stunt man yelled. "Work fast! I can scarcely use the controls at all—"

Dan nodded, then facing toward the tail and digging his fingers into the linen to get a grip on the fuselage braces, he started crawling backward. The tail dipped down and he slid the last two feet. The ship was standing on its tail now, and then it swooped downward and to the right in a sickening dip.

Dan kicked the toes of his boots through the linen sides of the fuselage and his feet entwined themselves around two struts. Like an aerial acrobat, he reached out and tore at the parachute. The ship was spinning dizzily but he couldn't use his hands to hang on. Bit by bit he was untangling the lines, but in a few seconds he realized that the weight of Carew's body made his efforts useless.

With both hands he tugged on the shroud lines and slowly hauled the unconscious Carew upward. There was a moment of comparative calm as Parker succeeded in straightening into a dive. For a priceless few seconds it was level before it stalled again.

By that time Dan had Carew's body resting partly on the fuselage. Relieved of the weight on the shroud lines, he was able to tear the parachute loose from the fittings of the plane. The ship had started to spin again as he plucked at the chute itself, which was flattened around the vertical fin. The wind whisked it from his grasp like magic and the next second Barry Carew, still mercifully unaware of what was going on, was swinging downward below the billowing silk umbrella.

The ground was barely twenty-five hundred feet below as Dan, the light of victory in his eyes, started back up the fuselage. The ship was still spinning—a slow flat spin that made it difficult for him to hang on.

Why didn't Parker bring it out now? He looked downward at the pilot. Parker was pointing frantically at the tail and indicating that he was going to jump. Dan, aware of the fact that his own parachute would save him, looked back to see what was wrong. He comprehended instantly. One elevator control wire had been ripped from its moorings, probably by Carew's body, and Parker had no control over his ship.

As Parker started out on the right lower wing to make his jump, Dan found himself staring at the automatic camera pointing directly down at him.

"Gosh," he thought to himself as he hung on, "there's the greatest air sequence ever filmed!"

Parker's body hurtled through the air and Dan glanced downward. Barely two thousand feet below, the ground was rushing up at him. The danger of his position failed to register. There was that camera. . . .

He climbed up the fuselage like a monkey as the controlless ship lashed about in the air. For an instant he clung to the cowling. Then, standing up in the front cockpit, he tore at the magazine of the camera. He didn't know how close the ground was. He had forgotten everything except that that priceless film must be saved. The racing motor's roar had risen to a crescendo but it didn't occur to Dan to turn it off.

Finally, with the magazine clasped in his arms, he fell off the ship and pulled his rip-cord ring. He had one second of blessed peace as he swung through the air in great arcs, and then he realized that he was less than two hundred feet from the ground. He would still be swinging as he hit it.

He prayed that he might land on an up-swing, but that wasn't to be. A second or two after the De Havilland crashed in a billow of flame, Dan, on the down-swing of his arc, hit the ground almost sideways. Another and smaller explosion seemed to take place in his mind.

A hundred yards away, cursing the fact that he was not closer, Hap Hadley was bending over the range finder of his camera. He was getting two great shots.

DAN came to in his tent a few minutes later to discover from Barry Carew, Jay Parker, and Wild William Weatherby, that he was not badly hurt at all.

"Did you get the magazine all right?" was his first question as he sat up dizzily, feeling his bruises.

"Did we!" laughed Weatherby.

Dan stared around him with growing curiosity. What was Carew doing there?

"Well, I see you landed all right," he said to the actor indifferently.

Carew nodded, his eyes on the ground. He was twisting his helmet nervously in his hands. Outside the tent, Dan could hear far away voices talking excitedly.

"Came to just before I hit," the actor said with difficulty. "I just got here this minute to see how you were."

He hesitated, as if in embarrassment.

"Well, I'm O. K.," Dan said dryly.

"And I've got something to say," Carew suddenly burst forth.

Dan looked up curiously. What did Carew want to say? That he forgave Dan for trying to take his life?

"It's just this," the tortured actor went on, and he raised shadowed eyes to Weatherby. "I sawed the stick on that plane myself!"

For a moment there was silence. Dan had snapped upright again as though someone had stabbed him. Parker's jaw dropped.

"Years ago, I resigned as a flying cadet because I was yellow after a wreck," Carew went on doggedly, "and I wanted an excuse not to go up by myself. I'd never flown a scout."

There was a moment of silence in the tent. Weatherby smiled.

"This may turn out to be a pretty good troupe after all," he said.

The director turned to Dan, a softer light in his eyes.

"You got the greatest shot ever made," he said. "We'll write it in. You rest until after lunch and we'll go to work again. Come on, Barry."

The actor followed him to the door. Then he turned and looked at Sloan and Parker. There was a pleading look in his eyes. He cleared his throat.

"Any time you want to knock me all over the lot, it's O. K. with me, Sloan," he said.

"Forget it," Dan told him, grinning.

When the two had disappeared, Dan turned to Parker.

"Jay," he said, "I was sure you had cut that stick."

The stunt man grinned. "And I thought—"

At that instant Weatherby's head again showed itself in the tent door.

"Dan!" he barked. "How would you like to be my first assistant?"

"Huh?" asked the startled Sloan.

"Billy Towne is being yanked away from me to do a picture of his own. Goes back to the studio to-night. You know enough about pictures when you take the lead out of your feet. Haven't got anybody else; so I'll give you a shot at it if you want it."

Dan felt as if he should have turned it down with cold disdain. Here was his chance to tell Weatherby exactly where to get off. But what he actually stammered, his face flushed with pleasure, was:

"Ah-uh—sure!"

"And boy," Weatherby added, "if you think you've been ridden as a camera man, just wait until you start working with me twenty-four hours a day!"

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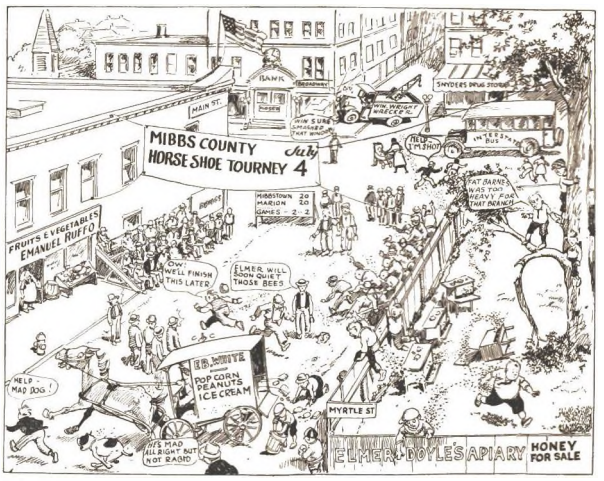

"BINGHAM!"

That's *you!* You're Beagle Bingham, reporter for the Mibbstown *Mirror*. Folks call you "Beagle" because you've a nose for news. It's a holiday, but you're on duty, wishing that something exciting would happen. And it's happened! That's your city editor calling. Up out of that chair!

"Yes, sir," you say, standing at the city editor's desk.

"There's a swarm of bees loose down town," says the city ed. "Don't know much more than that, but they're raising a rumpus. No telling what'll come of it—probably plenty. Dash out and cover it. Be back here in time for edition. Move *fast!*"

"Right!" you say, feeling for your pencil and copy paper, and out the door you go, hotfoot for down town. Once there, you see what's going on—our artist has drawn the scene for you. It's your job to get the facts—and the facts *only*, remember—and speed back to the office to write your story.

This is your chance to test out your observation, your sense of news values, and your ability to put your material down on paper in concise, entertaining fashion. Even if you never intend to work on a newspaper, you'll get a load of fun out of this challenge to your alertness and your knowledge of writing. If you *are* thinking of newspaper work, don't miss this chance to try yourself out on a real assignment. Any reader under twenty-one may enter. Here are the rules of the contest:

Keep your story within 300 words if possible. Write on only one side of your paper. Use a typewriter if possible. Ink is acceptable, but typing is to be pre-

(*Continued on page 56*)

The Arctic Patrol

(*Continued from page 26*)

He's at Nauganee. The all-metal had ski trouble, but made Duluth an hour ago. So I'm hoping Hines will get through."

Jimmie Rhodes rubbed a frosted cheek reflectively. So Cowboy was out. Tough luck. And Hines just into Duluth—with Stooks. Once more Jimmie glanced at Major Brewer. The group commander's eyes were troubled. It meant something to Brewer, that slogan, "Carry on."

ON the take-off out of Grand Forks, Hibbard of the 27th struck a snow-covered pocket on the field, and nosed over. He crawled from the wreck unhurt. That left fourteen P-1's to push across the plains of North Dakota.

"Carry on," repeated Jimmie Rhodes. His tones were sober.

They dropped into Minot, North Dakota, after two hundred weary miles, fighting a cross wind that gusted from the north. Into town to sleep.

And on that second morning a ship developed a cracked base casting. Thirteen P-1's bored through the sky for Glasgow, Montana, as a pale sun rose over the Missouri River bottomlands along the route. Jimmie Rhodes had moved up to Number 2, behind the major's ship. He glanced rearward at the thinned ranks of the patrol.

"Carry on," repeated Jimmie, still more sober now.

Into Glasgow as the clocks were striking noon. The air was choked by fine snow crystals, and on the landing field north of the city lay a white blanket three feet deep. A mechanic at the hangar shook his head and laughed at Jimmie's comment.

"*Deep* snow!" he scoffed. "Say, you ain't seen nothin' yet. When we have to dig to see out the second story windows, *then* we call it deep."

Jimmie walked on into the hangar. The thirteen pilots ate a silent meal, rubbing frostbitten chins and noses meditatively. Someone said a blizzard was forecast. Someone else hoped the weather man would be caught out in it. Then Major Brewer entered. His face was drawn, and there were heavy lines about his eyes. He addressed the squadron.

"We make Great Falls to-night. . . . Then over the continental divide into Spokane. It's storming in the mountains, but if it's at all possible we shall push on." He gazed at his men a moment. "This mission will be considered successful if one flight of six planes reaches the objective in six days. . . . There are two routes over the divide; north by Kalispell; south through Billings and Helena. So, at Great Falls, we shall form two flights. Lieutenant Taylor of the 17th will lead one group south; I shall take the other north." He nodded curtly and strode out to his ship.

They reached Great Falls by early

dark that afternoon with the predicted blizzard holding off.

And Great Falls had a royal welcome for the flyers. Jimmie dragged himself to the banquet, yawned sleepily in his soup, and at the meat course went sound asleep. The man beside him shook him awake.

"'Scuse me," he said. "But with all them knives aside yer plate I reckon yer head might bob down sudden and git stabbed."

"Thanks, it might," replied Jimmie sleepily.

He sat up. The man smiled at him. Jimmie returned his gaze. The stranger had a long, sad face that was vaguely familiar.

"Don't 'spose yuh know Lootenant Dave McClellan, do yuh?" asked the man after a pause. "Flyin' one of yer transports. Jus' left Nauganee. Relation of mine."

Jimmie found himself suddenly awake.

"He's my roommate," he cried. "You're not his uncle, Angus McClellan, are you?"

"Known by no other brand," the man replied, his face lighting. "You're Rhodes, I reckon, then."

They shook hands.

"But Cowboy didn't leave Nauganee," Jimmie resumed. "It's the all-metal, Lieutenant Hines piloting, that's pushing on."

McClellan shook his head. "Dave was at Nauganee. Left, headin' west again, this A. M." He smiled apologetically. "You see, I got the news by radio."

"By radio," Jimmie blinked.

"My boy," explained the other, "he's a radio amateur; a ham, they're called. The Spokane paper is followin' this Arctic Flight with amatoors. They got a man named Stooks—I reckon you met him—keeps the boys posted. They relay news along the line. My boy's handlin' Great Falls."

"Oh," said Jimmie blankly. Stooks' radio net didn't seem so foolish now, with news of Cowboy served up hot. "Where's Lieutenant Hines' all-metal? Did your son hear of him?"

"At Minot. Should be here in the mornin'," replied Angus McClellan.

AFTER the banquet, Jimmie drowsily bade his roommate's uncle goodnight and went to bed. A fierce wind rattling the window panes roused him the next morning. He looked out. The blizzard had arrived. The street beneath was hidden by thick whirling snow. In the hotel dining room, fifteen minutes later, a man said casually, "Forty-five below last night."

And the flyers found that Old Man Trouble had ridden into Great Falls with the blizzard. Out at the field the thirteen planes were buried wing deep in snow. The squadron returned to town again—and waited. That was the fourth day.

That night the blizzard ended, and early morning found the pilots on the field. But Old Man Trouble had done double shift. The planes were icebound, props would not turn, controls were frozen tight. Two tractors lumbered on to the field and all morning poured live steam into water jackets. A plumbing firm loaned Major Brewer a half dozen torches to blast frost out of the engine castings. The thirteen men, awkward in their heavy suits, numb with the biting cold for which no clothing was an armor, battled on. It was two in the afternoon when the last ship was turning over.

Then on the horizon appeared another plane with silver wings that gleamed dully in the threatening sky. The all-metal trimotor, Lieutenant Hines' transport. Cautiously it dragged the field and landed. Hines climbed out and after him the reporter, Stooks. The lieutenant looked frazzled. But Stooks' face was garlanded with smiles. He rubbed his hands by the warmth of the hangar stove, and chortled.

"We're here. To finish out the ride. That ham radio net of mine is going hot! Anybody seen a lad named Bob McClellan?"

A youngster—Jimmie Rhodes had noticed him about the hangar—stepped up. He had the dourly dogged look of all McClellans and an inquisitive uptilt to his nose. He saluted the reporter.

"You're him? Good," said Stooks. "Now then, this is the last leg of the patrol. I'm going to be pounding brass all the way into Spokane. You'll take my stuff till I raise Kalispell. . . . *Stick to your key.*"

Silently, in the manner of his clan, the lad saluted and went out. Major Brewer called the flyers to attention.

"We're shoving off," he said. "The weather forecast is not good, but this is the fifth day." The major hesitated — he was not given to emotional display. "This Arctic Patrol—do any of you consider its success not vital? If so, you are wrong. It *is* vital. A day remains yet to complete this mission. I'll quote the colonel's words and ask you not to think them trite: 'Carry on.'"

As Jimmie Rhodes walked out to the line he repeated, still more soberly, "Carry on." Then Lieutenant Taylor's flight took off into the hazy sky to fly the southward passes via Helena and Missoula.

Major Brewer climbed his ship, gave the signal, and rolled ahead. Jimmie, right behind him, pushed his throttle on. The planes gathered speed slowly in the soft deep snow. Fifty, sixty miles, Jimmie's airspeed meter said.

Suddenly the major's ship bounced, fish-tailed. She had struck a hummock hidden by the snow. Right before his prop blade, Jimmie saw it happen. With all his strength he slammed right rudder, saw a flashing shadow pass. Then his P-1 hurled into a dizzy ground loop. Seconds passed while he fought to right her. Something splintered—a sharp lurch—a thunderous crash. Jimmie cut his switches—felt his belt rip—went catapulting up into the air.

He staggered to his feet in a deep drift where he struck. The flight was cruising overhead, close down, with motors sputtering. He knew they meant to land. But his ship—he glanced at her crushed wing and twisted prop. Salvage—nothing more. They must not land.

He ran a few steps forward, halted, waved. He saw the major's helmeted head lean from the cockpit. The major, after bouncing, had picked up speed and got into the air. Jimmie waved again. He shouted hoarsely, "Carry on!"

TROUBLE BEGINS

—when Lieutenant Jimmie Rhodes of the army air corps meets Ensign Lucas of the navy. And it takes a life-sentence convict from Leavenworth to settle things.

A July story by
Frederic Nelson Litten

"ALIAS JOE PINEAPPLE"

(Continued from page 45)

The flight rose, circled the airdrome. They banked, strung out in column, heading north. . . . Jimmie Rhodes limped slowly to the hangar. Left behind!

Just after sundown Cowboy McClellan's green transport roared into Great Falls. Jimmie Rhodes, talking with Uncle Angus in the hotel lobby, found a cab and raced out to the airdrome. Cowboy was downcast.

"A fine heel I turned out to be," he told Jimmie, and dolefully opened the oil drain on the inboard engine. His co-pilot, a tech sergeant known as "Lefty" Wright, grinned wearily.

"We burned the wind gettin' here," he said.

"Think of me," Jimmie answered cheerfully. "Crashing when—" He stopped and held up a mittened hand. "Snowing again," he said.

Until almost midnight Jimmie talked with Cowboy and old Angus. Robert McClellan of Stooks' radio net was absent.

"Won't budge from his doo-dad in the attic," said his father. "Them leetle telephones glued on his ears. Says Stooks told him, *'stick to your key.'* "

"Wonder what he's heard," said Jimmie. "The major's flight should have made Spokane."

A sudden gust rapped against the window and the room phone rang. Cowboy answered it.

"Yes?" he said, then listened. He turned. "Night clerk. A wire just came from Helena. Taylor's flight is storm-grounded." Again the phone rang and once more McClellan answered. His shoulders lifted suddenly. "Bob? Yes, it's Cousin Dave. . . . What's that? Say it again—slow."

There was crisis in McClellan's voice. Jimmie rose from his chair. Cowboy let the receiver fall; it hung swaying from its cord, bumping the wall.

"He's lost Stooks' spark," Cowboy said hollowly. "Five o'clock, that was. He's been on an open key ever since, waiting. . . . Just now a message came, weak. It faded, but he got four words: 'Down—fuel gone—Polebridge'."

The room grew silent. Outside, the gale howled eerily. Angus McClellan spoke:

"Polebridge. . . . Must be Polebridge Lake on the south slope of Whitefish range. How they got *in there*—why, it's cut bank on all sides! They must be lost!"

Jimmie Rhodes crossed to the window. His eyes had narrowed. The reckless daring that had marked his face in the old days of Kelly Field was gone. He pulled back his tunic sleeve. The hands of his wrist watch read twelve-thirty.

"It's the sixth day, Mac," he said, turning to his roommate. "Fuel gone. . . . Well, we can load fuel on the trimotor."

"We can't fly a blizzard, Jimmie," Cowboy answered.

Jimmie nodded. "Seven hours till daylight. It may ease off before then. We can be ready."

McClellan rose and reached for his leather coat. "Wonder if we'll find a taxi," he said.

DAWN. A thirty-mile gale lashing snow across a drifted flying field. Snow that spilled incessantly from dull steely clouds. Only a faint horizon. By the transport's cabin Jimmie Rhodes stared up at that horizon and at the leaden dome of sky. He swung, lifting his frost mask.

"What say, Cowboy?" he called above the triple churning of the radial's exhaust.

The gaunt figure nodded and the two crawled through the cabin, over six oil barrels lashed to the holding struts, into the pilot's cockpit up ahead. McClellan settled in the right-hand seat.

"Take her, Jimmie. I'll spot check points. It's my meat, you know."

Jimmie grinned, folded the control wheel back, glanced at the three red knobs on the throttle block, then ahead through snow-splashed windows at the whirring blades of the radial engines. He could just see "Lefty" Wright, hunched forlornly beneath the wing tip. Lefty had wanted to go too.

Jimmie brushed his mask away. It wasn't needed in the cabin. Seven-thirty by his watch. He waved to Sergeant Wright. With the heel of his palm he shoved throttles forward. The trimotor thundered into the stiff gale and, borrowing wing lift from its force, rose in a steep climb. At five hundred feet Jimmie set the wheel for level flight. Cross-bucking gusts wrenched the big ship off keel, hammering the rudder bar against Jimmie's instep. McClellan pointed to the compass over Jimmie's head.

"Thirty north of west, till we pass Teton Ridge. Then due north. Two-Medicine Creek and the railroad lie a hundred miles ahead."

"Oke," said Jimmie, and once more bent forward.

The ship sailed on over the white terrain. Dishearteningly slow it seemed to Jimmie Rhodes. He moved the throttles up, but Cowboy shook his head.

"Nurse 'em along," he called, leaning down again. "You'll need full needle over the divide. Wind's always like a whirlpool in the Pass."

Jimmie cut the engine back. His wrist watch said eight o'clock. It seemed hours when the ghostly fingers of the Teton Ridge showed to his right. He moved the rudder, banked, and pointed north.

It was nine when he glimpsed the frozen ribbon of Two-Medicine Creek. Then they were suddenly into the foothills of the Rockies with a railroad winding in sharp curves between the crags. A quick charge of the gale flung the transport on her side. She slid down. Jimmie gunned her out.

Another fiercer gust lifted the ship and tossed her a hundred feet before her elevators functioned. The barrage of the divide began. Down—up. Staggering into salvos hurled by the wind, the trimotor battled. She leaped ahead, hung shivering in half stalls, bucked—and rode ahead.

Minutes fled away, but time had ceased to mean anything to Jimmie Rhodes. Lines of strain were deepening in his face. Out of the snow haze sprang cliff walls, menacing and black. Full-gun he dragged the ship over them. Canyons yawned, and down their floors skittered treacherous air torrents. She skimmed toothed rocks where the flaying wind had laid the scrub oak flat and scoured away the snow.

In the midst of the bewildering battle, Cowboy leaned across the wheel again.

"This is the Pass," he said, dryly informative.

Despite the tension Jimmie laughed outright. No one but Cowboy could have made *that* crack. Then Jimmie murmured, "Carry on," and with his voice the storm seemed suddenly to slacken. It was as if, having done its worst and brought *that* answer, it must admit defeat. Again McClellan spoke:

"Leave the railroad and turn north. We've made it, Jimmie—Whitefish Valley."

THE snow haze was clearing. Flakes still spattered the cabin glass, but the blind mist had gone. Ahead Jimmie saw a lake.

"Not that. That's Lake McDonald," Cowboy said. "But it's only ten miles more."

Ten minutes. Jimmie cried out sharply. Below, over his left wing, lay a tiny lake. There were ships on it—the lost flight. On a flat mesa ending in a steep-sloped bank above the lake rested the all-metal trimotor. Her wing was tangled in a thicket of white birch.

"Hines overshot," said Cowboy. "Lucky those saplings were there."

Jimmie nosed the transport down, side-slipping right and left. He struck the mesa and rolled his speed out fifty yards from Hines. For a moment he sat quiet. Then, drawing a deep breath, he crawled to the cabin door and opened it. Hines was plowing toward him through the snow. Lieutenant Reeves, co-pilot, followed. And after him trudged Stooks.

"Fuel!" shouted Jimmie. He unslung an oil drum and pried it toward the door. It dropped to the snow with a muffled thud. Hines, without speaking, fell in behind the steel cylinder and with Reeves' help, propelled it to the cut bank looking down on Polebridge Lake.

Cowboy and Jimmie trailed them with two more. Stooks fell in with the fourth.

The pilots on the lake below shouted as the first drum hurtled down over the bank. The shout abruptly stopped and Hines groaned. The drum had vanished into the deep overhanging drift.

"Soft snow," he cried, "and no crust! They'll all go that way! We're washed up."

Jimmie frowned at the craterlike rims all about the lake. He looked at Cowboy. McClellan's face was grim. There seemed to be no way in the world to lower the fuel to the ships below.

"A rope, maybe?" Cowboy questioned without hope. "Any in your ship, Hines?"

Jimmie swung, and gazed at the trimotor resting in the slender birch. Through her cabin windows something caught his eye. He started. Suddenly his hand cracked hard on Cowboy's shoulder.

"I've got it," he cried. "Hustle out those extra ship skis. We'll lash the drums on them—by gar! *Toboggan* the fuel down!"

That day, before the winter sun reached its meridian, six military planes were setting down on Newman Lake in Spokane Valley. Behind them, like a huge prehistoric bird, hovered a green transport. In her cabin Stooks, the reporter from Spokane, was holding forth.

"Suppose I'd left my radio?" he inquired with a triumphant smile at Jimmie Rhodes. "This Arctic Patrol would be on Polebridge Lake, right now."

"Suppose I'd thrown those skis out to make room for your radio?" said Jimmie, grinning. "The Arctic Patrol would be on Polebridge Lake for lack of fuel."

Stooks disclaimed the interruption with a bland wave of his arm.

"My hams brought this flight through," he maintained stoutly.

McClellan, at the transport's wheel, neatly set down the green ship, "on three." He pointed out the window.

"Major Brewer," he said. "Coming out to look us over."

Jimmie crawled through the cabin to the ground. McClellan followed. The major halted, answered their salutes.

"Still the sixth day," he said. "McClellan, and you, Rhodes, though I don't yet know where you fit in—the First Pursuit will not forget this. Nor will I."

McClellan spoke up: "Rhodes' idea, sir. His flying too."

"You're in a storm, Cowboy," muttered Jimmie.

The major looked up quickly and smiled.

"Storm?" he repeated. Then, with no seeming relevance, he went on: "Your ship's washed out, Rhodes. A Boeing P-12 will be ready at Seattle in a week. It will be your mission to ferry that ship in and—"

"Me?" interrupted Jimmie. George Chandler's letter rose in his mind. He remembered back at Selfridge his promise to storm out of the major a leave to visit Chandler at Crissy.

"You'll go by the southern route. By Frisco and Crissy Field."

"But I don't rate that, sir," said Jimmie. I—"

Major Brewer's smile broadened.

"No? Well, we'll say you—stormed it out of me," he answered.

Johnny Bree

(*Continued from page 11*)

off. It takes a man to work in a mine, and you're not a man. I can see through you, Johnny. You're yellow."

"That's a lie!" Johnny said hotly.

The man laughed. "How about your record?"

"Never mind my record. That's my own business. You've labeled me, and I won't take it. I'll make you eat that. What do you call sticking? Six months? Send me down there, and in six months from to-day I'll still be on the job."

"I thought six months would be your limit," Mr. Hague jabbed.

"What do you want? A year? Make it a year then," Johnny flung at him recklessly.

There was an interval of silence.

"Who's quitting now?" the boy taunted.

Mr. Hague's voice snapped. "I'll take you on that." Far back in his eyes little lights of triumph danced. "Report at the Big Bill change house at four o'clock. Ask for Scott—he's the mine boss. Know why they call it the Big Bill mine? Your dad sunk that shaft twenty-six years ago. Where are you going to live?"

The boy tossed an insolent head. "What do you want to know for?"

"You must give the company an address."

"I'll be at Pete Hogan's." Without a word of good-by he stalked out of the room.

From a window of the office Mr. Hague watched him swing down the road, easy grace in his stride. Big Bill's son, come back to his father's kingdom of steel! The boy disappeared from sight, and the man walked slowly to his desk, reached for the telephone, and called a number.

"Pete?" he said. "Hague speaking. There's a young hot-head named Bree coming down to live with you. Keep an eye on him and let me know how he assays. I'm interested."

He put back the receiver. Whatever the chance that had already sent Hogan across Johnny's path he did not know, but he gave thanks for it. For in this rough mining camp of men who worked hard and lived hard, Pete Hogan stood apart. One-legged Pete was one of the few boarding-house keepers who did not do a concealed business of selling booze to their lodgers.

Chapter Three

JOHNNY BREE strode away from the office as if a fury dogged his heels. At a grade crossing, one of the company's panting ore trains blocked his path. As he waited in impatient wrath, an automobile slid alongside him and came to a halt. Two men sat in it, trim and snappy in their service uniforms, keen in the glances they gave him. Johnny saw belts, a holster, the butt of a revolver. State troopers!

One of the troopers spoke from the car. "Don't remember seeing you around here, buddy."

"Just arrived," Johnny answered.

He saw that the troopers eyed the suitcase. So that was it! Down in New York the police stopped strangers who walked the streets at night carrying suspicious-looking bundles. Up here they asked questions even in the light of day. The part of the boy's nature that craved adventure tingled. Sounded interesting.

"Passing through?" the trooper asked.

"Not for a while."

"Job at the mines?"

"Yes."

"You haven't the mountain twang."

"I should hope not; I'm from New York."

"New York, eh? We don't get many of your tribe around here." The keen eyes lingered on the bulging suitcase.

"Want to see what's in it?" Johnny asked coolly.

"Guess not," the trooper drawled, after a moment of silence. "Where you stopping?"

"Hogan's."

A glance, a nod, seemed to pass between the troopers.

Somehow, Johnny got the idea that they liked the answer. The train passed, an aged crossing flagman retired to his shanty, and the car slid forward. A hundred yards on it stopped and when Johnny came abreast, the troopers were apparently absorbed in some legal-looking papers. The boy came to the boarding house and turned in. The car shot away and disappeared down the road.

Pete Hogan, on the porch, took the blackened pipe from his mouth. "Checking upon you, so they were," he announced.

Johnny grinned. "What did they think I had in the suitcase? Gold bricks?"

"Bottles," said Mr. Hogan laconically. "We're fairish close to Canada."

"Say!" Johnny's face flamed. "What do you think I look like? A cheap bootlegger?"

"You look like a fresh young swipe to me," Mr. Hogan said calmly. "It was a question you asked, and it was an answer I was after giving you. Did you stop in to bid me the time of day, or is it board you're wanting?"

"Board," Johnny said sulkily.

"Upstairs," said the one-legged man.

They passed into the house. Even here, shut off from the outdoors, Johnny was conscious of the jerky clatter of the conveyors climbing the tailings piles and of the thunder of ore down the chutes. A quick glance showed him there on the first floor a long, plain room furnished with scarred benches and chairs, a room with a bare pine floor into which the eternal dust seemed to have been ground. A dozen atrociously bad paintings, the work of some amateur artist, decorated the cracked walls. And in the rear was a rusty iron sink and a dirty roller towel.

Hogan led the way upstairs. Not until Johnny started to follow him, did he awake to the enormous size of the man. His one good leg was massive, his broad back seemed to fill the staircase, and his arms, swinging as he climbed with thumping steps, were thick and powerful. They passed rooms along the second floor hall, and presently came to another stairway. This time they came out upon a long, white barracks of an open attic. Hogan indicated one of the thirty beds strung out on both sides of the sloping roof.

"Guess again," Johnny said. "I want a room."

"And I'd like a coach and four," said Hogan, "but maybe it's not for me good to have it."

JOHNNY pondered this while he studied the man. Evidently Hogan had a reason for putting him here. And until he learned the ways and tricks of this strange community into which he had strayed, perhaps it would be best to take things as they came.

"All right," he agreed. "Where do I put my stuff. Where's my closet?"

"Closet, is it? What do you think this is, a millionaire's hotel? Sure, you get three square meals that's too good for you, and a bed that might be worse, and all for $9 a week. You put your belongings under your bunk."

"You don't say so. What's supposed to happen to them?"

"Likely they'll be gone when you're needing them," Hogan said serenely.

"Is that the kind of house you run?" Johnny demanded.

"There's nothing wrong with the

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house, but it's little good I'll say about me lodgers. However, if it's safety for your clothing you want, that will cost you twenty-five cents more a week."

"For what?"

Hogan took a circle of gummed red paper from his pocket, licked it, and pasted it on the wall above the bed. "For that. It's a warning to keep hands off."

Johnny laughed. "You don't mean—"

"I mean that nary a man will bother what's been signed with the mark of me protection," Hogan said.

And, somehow, Johnny knew that this strange cripple spoke the truth. He unlatched the suitcase. Underwear, socks, shirts—these he left in the case, but his other suit he folded and laid across the foot of the bed. Hogan, the crutch propped under his left arm, filled the blackened pipe and watched him.

"You must have some fine battles to uphold that," the boy said with a nod toward the red patch.

"Not any more," Hogan said as he lighted the pipe. The answer was like a flash of light in what it revealed. "When is it working you'll be?"

"To-morrow morning, I guess. I'm to meet a man at the Big Bill change house at four o'clock this afternoon."

"That would be Baldy Scott."

"Scott? Yes, that's the name."

"A tough man, Baldy," Hogan meditated aloud. "A good boss if he likes you, but it's fire on wheels he is if he doesn't. You'd better trim to his soft side."

"I trim to nobody," Johnny said, and strutted for the stairs, his hat cocked toward one ear.

Hogan stumped after him. "It's crowing like that I've heard before from young roosters," he commented. "They take the chip off their shoulders as they get older."

The porch was vibrant with the slow clatter of the tailings conveyors and the thunder of ore pouring out of the skips. The sun shone through a hard mist of dust, and the far-off Vermont hills were blurred with the first afternoon shadows. Up and down the road as far as Johnny could see, no living thing stirred. Human life seemed to have vanished. And yet he knew that far below the surface of the ground an army of men groped and wormed, and blasted and dug through the mountain walls. The dust stung his nostrils and he sneezed.

"You'll get used to it," Hogan said. "Got your work clothes?"

"No."

"You'll be needing them. Money?"

"A dollar seventy."

"And it was a room and a closet you were wanting! It's to Joe's you'd better be going—him that's near the drug store. He'll be after trusting you, but be sure you give him something every pay. You'll want work shoes and overalls and gloves."

Johnny held out his toughened hands. "Gloves?" he asked in scorn.

"Don't be a contradicting fool," Hogan said mildly.

Johnny bought the gloves. Joe, after taking his name, directed him to the Big Bill change house. He left the main road, and struck off through a side thoroughfare that was paved deep with tailings that had been hauled from the piles. The tough, dusty refuse made hard walking. He crossed a spur track, passed a short ore train taking rock from an overhead chute for the separating mills, circled a towering building and found himself at a mine shaft. As he stood there, a skip emerged from the lower blackness, slid to the top of the building, and dumped its seven and one-half tons of ore. Then the skip dropped, flashed past him, and disappeared into the blackness below.

The change house was on the other side of the road. Johnny found it deserted. It was a low, damp, stone building that carried a locker-room odor of water and of sweat. Steel lockers held the center of the room, wash troughs ran down two sides, and a string of open showers stretched along the rear wall. The slanting sun, striking in through the dusty, unwashed windows, fell pallid upon the wet, concrete floor. One of the showers dripped steadily.

Johnny's footsteps rang hollowly as he walked back toward the entrance. There was a small office on the right, and a clock on the wall told him that he had an hour to wait. He leaned against the wall and gave himself up to reflection. Mr. Hague had got his goat. He saw that now. The engineer had goaded him into anger and a rash promise. Not that he doubted he'd stay the year. This job had adventurous angles that he thought he was going to like. But suppose something broke? Suppose this was a washout and he wanted to get back to New York? He was tied and, like a sap, he had tied the knot himself.

The conveyors, never pausing in their work of dumping the refuse from the separating mills, droned endlessly. A company truck ran past the change house and left a trail of swirling tailings dust in its wake. For want of something better to do, Johnny began to count the trips of the two skips as they ran up and down the shafts in balance. Seven and one-half tons of ore every three minutes. One hundred and fifty tons an hour. Potential steel! Steel that would go into railroad tracks, steel that would go into the girders and plates of skyscrapers, steel that would form the hulls of steamers. Steel that would sail the seven seas and glint under the sun of eastern and western continents. His blood warmed.

The minutes passed. Presently a man came into view, and plodded toward the change house. A miner's lamp burned on his cap, and his blue overall coat was open. He paused in the doorway, blew out the lamp, and emptied it of its charge of soggy carbide.

"Your name Bree?"

"Yes, sir." Johnny, viewing the man's polished, hairless dome, knew him. This was Baldy Scott.

"Come in."

Johnny followed into the office. Instinct told him that the voice was not friendly. The man laid his cap upon a scarred desk, caught a chair with his toe, kicked it around and dropped into it. He was short and thin, and blanched with the pallor of men who spend their days shut off from sunshine.

"Hague tells me you're Bill Bree's son. Is that so?"

"Yes." This time Johnny dropped the "sir." Antagonism—the thing he called independence—began to simmer in his veins.

The man's face took on a look of grim satisfaction.

"I was afraid it was too good to be true," he said. "I knew your father; I worked under him."

Johnny said nothing.

"Yes, I was a slope boss. One day I carried dynamite on a slope skip down to the drillers. The hoist man, instead of lowering me at man speed, sent me down at ore speed. Something went wrong; the skip got away. I jumped and saved myself, but the dynamite was dumped into the bottom of a pocket. Thirty-six sticks at the bottom of an auxiliary pit with ore coming down on top of it. That was bad. It raised ructions. I said I had rung for man speed; the hoistman swore the only signal he got was for ore. Big Bill took the hoistman's word. I drew a two-week lay-off and when I came back, I wasn't slope boss any longer. I was back with the muckers. That happened fifteen years ago."

Johnny began to see light—and watched the man's face.

"I've never forgotten it. It was a raw deal. I vowed I'd get even." He glanced at Johnny as if expecting comment or some sign of concern.

"You're telling the story," Johnny said nonchalantly.

"A tart apple, aren't you? Big Bill's son! You would be tart." Scott stood up. "Report at seven in the morning."

Johnny walked out of the change house with the knowledge that, as far as he was concerned, the mine boss who could be hard was going to be hard.

Chapter Four

PETE HOGAN'S dining room gave Johnny a jolt of surprise. It was brightly lighted and spotless in its scrubbed floor and fresh walls. Muslin curtains were at the windows, a geranium budded in a brown pot, and a canary sang from an ornate cage. A clean white oilcloth covered the long table at which the boarders ate hungrily and noisily. Evidently Hogan, however little the rest of the house meant to him, took pride in this one room, for he sat apart humming, his crutch across the whole leg.

"That empty chair on the left," he said to Johnny.

Johnny slid into the seat. A youth on his left made room for him, and he had the impression that the young fellow looked sickly—washed out. Directly across the table sat a man with a scarred cheek who gave him a momentarily sharp glance, and a tall, lithe, mustached French Canadian in a vivid lumber-jacket. The Frenchman paused in his hearty eating.

"Welcome," he said, with a gay flourish of his fork. "You are a stranger, yes? I am Louie Craille."

Johnny gave his name.

"Bree? I never hear one name like thees before. You go work in the mines?"

"To-morrow. The Big Bill. Mr. Hague sent me there."

"Ah! You are friend of hees? Maybe they make you my partner. That would be good. I show you how to get out thees ore and make thees money."

The man with the scarred cheek spoke. "Up to your old stuff, Louie. Trimming."

Louie flashed a vivid smile that was without humor. "Some day, Meester Haddow, I, Louie Craille, will slap you down."

"You and who else?" Haddow asked coldly.

The youth on Johnny's left snickered. Louie flashed that same smile at him.

"You, Eddie Kipps, some day I break you in half."

Haddow spoke again. "When that day comes, Louie, you'll tangle with me."

Johnny sensed that these were old antagonisms. Along the length of the table the noise had died. Pete Hogan put the crutch under his arm and stood up. "Is it trouble somebody's wanting?" he asked softly.

The argument stopped.

Johnny had not eaten since morning, and the food was substantial—boiled beef, potatoes, cabbage, pickled beets, great pitchers of steaming coffee, and thick wedges of pie. Louie, finished with the meal, stood up, and made Haddow a mocking bow.

"Johnny Bree," he said, "I see you later."

He walked across the room, a gay, graceful figure, and stood talking to Hogan, who made no response. Haddow, still at the table, watched him fixedly. Presently Haddow nodded to Eddie, and the two walked out of the dining room together.

Johnny finished his coffee and his pie. He had come to a mining camp, it seemed, in which things were likely to happen. There was enmity among Hogan's boarders, and he was down in Baldy Scott's book to be taken for a sleigh ride. Oh, well, what difference did it make?

He expected to see Louie out in the big common room, but the French Canadian had disappeared. A Slav miner brought forth a violin, his countrymen gathered about him, and the room rang with the stamp of heavily shod feet keeping time to the music. Hogan yelled, "Soft pedal in there!" and the din eased. Johnny went out to the porch and found someone sitting there in the darkness.

"Ever work in a mine?" came Haddow's voice.

"No." Somehow Johnny liked the man.

"Take my advice, buddy, and turn in early. The first couple of days will be tough."

Johnny thanked him. "What do you do?" he asked.

"I'm a driller. Eddie Kipp's my assistant. That kid has something wrong with his spine; it keeps him thin and delicate. Louie's been riding him for months. He'd sock him, I guess, only he knows he'd have to sock me. Keep your eyes on that Frenchman. He's a trimmer. He thinks you're Hague's friend; so he'll string along with you. If he ever finds you in Dutch he'll trip you in a minute."

"I've met trimmers before," Johnny said after a silence.

THE Slavs were still filling the lower floor with music when he went up to bed. He stood at an attic window, and the mines were below him. Lights winked at him across the blackness—from the shafts, from the separating mills. And a trail of lights ran high into the air and outlined the tailings piles. As he lay in bed he could hear the rattle and clank of the conveyors, and the thunder of the skips as they dropped their ore. Here was a camp that toiled

PATRONESS

MRS. KARL D. KLEMM, of Washington, D. C., and Kansas City, Mo., is patroness for the boy Envoy of Friendship, to be selected by *The American Boy*, in the Flag contest announced last month. Mrs. Klemm is the widow of the late Karl D. Klemm, distinguished West Point graduate, who served in France during the World War.

Mrs. Klemm's envoy will join a party of 63 boys and girls who will go to England and France this summer with Colonel James A. Moss, President General of the U. S. Flag Association, to seal the pact of friendship with the boys and girls of Europe. Before leaving for Europe, the party will visit Mount Vernon, Fort McHenry, Independence Hall, and Valley Forge.

The American Boy will select two envoys at large—a boy and a girl. The boy's trip will be a memorial to Karl D. Klemm, and to his unselfish service to the Flag. The names of the two winners will be disclosed when the results of the contest are published in the July issue.

Rear Guard

(*Continued from page 22*)

James Farrell drew him down behind the wall.

"No, you can't go now. I don't know when you'll get home, with the Valley full of Yankees. You'll have to stay. Go and hold horses."

He sent Ira away with a shove. Bullets struck the wall and ricocheted away. *Zing-g-g-g-g.*

Ira crept over the crest, bending low. His stomach felt curiously empty, and the joints of his legs loose and wabbly.

"Hello, Quaker Gun."

It was a little man with a straggling beard who sat leaning against a tree, the reins of several horses in his hands. He was calmly smoking a pipe, while the animals cropped grass, or tore green leaves from the tree's low branches. The soldier grinned at Ira.

"Makes ye feel queer in the middle, don't it? But you'll soon get used to it, sonny."

The wall blazed with fire, the artillery speaking in salvos above the clatter of small arms. At intervals the sound slackened and all but died away, only to burst out in redoubled fury as the attack resumed. Ira crouched low and listened.

Presently the soldier said: "Go on up and look, if you want. I kin hold these horses."

As he spoke a low moan possessed the air, rising to a shriek as a shell tore through the tree tops to burst in a column of dirty yellow smoke, a hundred yards to the rear. The little man chuckled appreciatively.

"Got their artillery up already. They're learning."

Curiosity at last defeated fear, and Ira made his way over the hill to the wall. A tense line of men lay before him, eyes glued to loopholes, lips black from biting open paper cartridges. Hoarse commands echoed along the wall. Shouts. Curses. Ramrods clanked in hot barrels, and a tumbling stream of reports beat upon the eardrums.

Here and there on the slope lay a little heap of blue. Under cover of the fences the Federal troops were re-forming. Shells began to fall about the wall. From a distant depression a battery of artillery was firing.

Then, as it seemed to Ira, a curious thing happened. The cannon along the wall were withdrawn, and behind him, the lad could hear the clank and rattle of the guns as they limbered up and took to the road. Here and there along the line a troop pulled out of position and disappeared over the crest. Presently Uncle Jim turned and met the boy's eyes.

"You here? Well, come on, and hurry up. We're getting out of this."

Winlock's unit, too, was to leave the rapidly thinning line. And James Farrell was in Winlock's unit.

"Where's Pat?" Ira asked.

"He ain't coming. Get moving."

Pat lay curiously flat and still beside the wall. His red hair was red with a different hue, and the stones were wet. Ira hurried after the soldiers. They ran to the horses, mounted, formed ranks, and in a moment were galloping across a meadow, the roar of battle behind them. Ira sat firmly in Pat's saddle.

The morning's routine was repeated in the afternoon, and again and again thereafter. Every ridge, every watercourse was defended fiercely until the attacking force drew near. Then, troop by troop, the defenders melted away, until, when the Federals reached it, the position was deserted. This was rear-guard action, Uncle Jim said, and Ira soon learned the purpose of the continual skirmishing.

Down the Valley marched Jackson's army, twenty thousand strong. Before them they drove many prisoners and swollen trains of captured supplies. After them sped the pursuing columns of Union troops, but between lay Ashby's cavalry. Far to the left, far to the right his patrols met and clashed with those of the advancing enemy. Every crest blazed with the fire of his main body against the Federal vanguard. At each check the Federal troops must deploy, and assault in battle formation. That took time, and at the end of a week the Confederates were a day's march ahead of their pursuers.

But in war each maneuver has its cost. No day passed but some familiar face was missing at the bivouac. Ira wondered, sometimes, whether these lives were wisely spent. But James Farrell was sure of it, for his faith in the dashing Ashby, and the less dashing but more dangerous Jackson, was something akin to Ira's faith in God.

Upon a momentous occasion Ira had opportunity to see this Jackson, and to hear him speak. Along the lines one evening came a burst of cheering.

"That," remarked a soldier, "is either 'Old Jack' or a rabbit!"

And sure enough, there presently rode into view a tall man, hunched curiously in the saddle of a shaggy sorrel pony. He was dressed in a faded blue jacket, and a ridiculous little forage cap was perched over his eyes. At his side rode the splendid Ashby.

The men were on their feet, cheering, and the general nodded gravely to them. Ira pressed nearer, perhaps, than he should have.

"By God, sir, we'll hold them," Ashby was saying, and this strange soldier replied in low tones:

"God does all things well, General, but he is ill served by men who take His Name in vain." He jerked his right hand upward, in a curious gesture.

Ira wondered.

But the "Quaker Gun" was still a Quaker. He granted these wild riders courage, but nothing more. He must not fight. So Ira held the horses.

On the evening of the fifth of June the cavalry clattered through the streets of Harrisonburg, and camped beyond the town. Next morning they left the Valley Pike, turning south by east on the road to Port Republic. Then James Farrell saw a way by which to send Ira home.

"To-night," he said, "you will take the chestnut and ride to Staunton. Ask for Timothy Schofield at the courthouse, there. You can stay with his family until the Yankees leave the Valley."

A pang struck the lad at the thought of leaving Uncle Jim. "But—" he began.

"No 'buts.' You will do as I say. It is an order." And he pressed the boy's hand.

There was little fighting on the road that day. Only distant patrols maintained contact with the enemy. Winlock's troop formed the point of the rear guard, marching eight hundred yards or more behind the tail of the main body.

At dusk the cavalry was moving toward its bivouac. Before them rose a wooded hill, and to the rear lay a farmhouse with its surrounding orchards.

They were mounting the gentle slope when, without warning, a fusillade of shots crackled on the road behind. At a word of command the troop faced about, in line. A single horseman rushed down the road, shouting inarticulately. At his heels galloped another horse bearing an empty saddle. A group of officers came up at headlong speed—Ashby and his staff. Bugles pealed.

"Forward."

But even as they moved to obey, the orchard burst into an ecstasy of bright flashes, and a whistling leaden wind swept their ranks. Confusion! Horses

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reared and plunged together. Saddles emptied. Shouts—curses—and a scattering volley.

Ashby's big white went down, but his naked saber gleamed and flashed as he scrambled to his feet. The blast struck away his hat, but he sprang forward shouting: "For God's sake, charge!"

And he suddenly collapsed in the swirl of his scarlet-lined cape. That glorious rider would ride no more.

At the same volley, Ira's mount stumbled crop over neck, and the lad felt himself catapulted out of the saddle. Rolling, he struck something soft, and came to rest beside the body of a soldier. Hooves thundered about him as the blue horsemen swept across the field.

A burly man slashed downward at him from the saddle. Something hard and cold was in his hand—a pistol. Ira pointed it upward and pulled the trigger, the gun bucking in his hand. But the blue trooper bent double at the waist and slid slowly to the ground as his horse shied away. The lad rose to his knees, horror-stricken. In his hand was the big revolver. He threw the thing from him.

It was then that the tide turned. From the wood on the hillside wheeled a line of gray horsemen, and the shrill, ululating cavalry cheer rang and rang again as they plunged down the slope, their sabers flashing level. A horse passed Ira like a comet, the rider bent low over its withers, blade thrust rigidly forward.

The blue troop reeled at the shock. Men thrust and hacked furiously in the darkness, their horses' steel-shod hooves spurning the turf. Back and forth wavered the mêlée. At last it broke, and the battle passed over into the orchard, and to the fields beyond.

Ira rose dizzily to his feet. A little group of soldiers were raising something on a litter improvised from a blanket and a couple of carbines. It was the body of Ashby. The field was deserted except for the scattered bodies of the dead, and the groaning wounded. A wreathed pall of smoke hung above it.

A shock ran through Ira's body, for by the road stood Uncle Jim's gray colt, riderless, and cropping the young grass. Ira took the reins, and went to search among the fallen.

James Farrell lay at the edge of the orchard, with the starlight upon his keen hawk face. The boy's hand met the chill of death. Something choked him, but his eyes were dry. Had he, too, acquired the indifference with which the soldier regards death? He wondered somberly.

A few yards away he found the flung saber, and laid it at the fallen man's side. He picked up Uncle Jim's hat, meaning to cover the still face, but the stare of the open eyes arrested him, and he laid it instead upon the breast.

And now he must go home, for Uncle Jim had said: "You will do as I say. It is an order."

Men's lives are the common coin of war. First went Pat, a good soldier. Then Ashby, a great one. Now Uncle Jim, and all of the unanswered names upon the muster roll. The price was appalling, Ira thought. Yet Uncle Jim had paid gladly. But Ira, he had ordered home.

A Quaker Gun is a log painted to resemble a cannon. It is meant to deceive. A dummy that will not shoot. Yet Ira had fired one shot that night. One shot. He looked down at Uncle Jim, and a fierce joy welled up within him. But he looked again, and it ebbed away, leaving only sadness. No, he must obey. He must go home.

Down on the road the returning troops were forming, and presently the lad heard the singsong of the now familiar command:

"Forward—hao-o-o-o."

The troops moved off in the darkness.

With a decisive gesture Ira picked up Uncle Jim's long saber. Catching the stirrup, he swung into the gray colt's saddle, and thrust the blade into its scabbard. Then, without a backward glance, he galloped away, not toward Staunton, but after the cavalry, on the road to Port Republic.

Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League

(*Continued from page 23*)

curve ball. Another day it may be his fast one, and his curve may have gone bad. Then, in a pinch, call for the one that's going good. During the first game of the World Series, Ehmke's curve was working great. So well, in fact, that I didn't hesitate to call for it in order to get a third strike."

The bus is rolling along a macadam road that stretches straight to the horizon. For 36 miles it continues without a curve, like a ship's lane through a sea of swamp. You wonder where the Everglades are and you learn that you're in the middle of them. For the most part, the Everglades are swamp, inhabited by alligators, snakes, and in the winter by migratory birds.

Occasionally, in the tremendous expanses to either side of you, small clumps of trees rise like islands. You pass a settlement of Seminole Indians—a cluster of huts on a piece of dry ground, with the Indians sitting in front of the doors, wearing cast-off garments of civilization.

Along the road runs a wide ditch, filled with water. From the surface a long-legged crane rises and clumsily flaps away, his legs trailing.

"Catch me going to the edge of that ditch at night," mutters a ball player. "It's got alligators in it."

"Yeh," says another. "And the bus ran over a moccasin one night."

The road goes through a veritable jungle, with moss hanging from the trees and great vines crawling up the trunks. A dank, cool odor hits you. Then you're back in the open sea of swamp again.

"How do you handle plays at the plate?" you ask Cochrane.

"Get in front of the plate," he tells you. "Block the path of the runner so that he'll have to slide around you. The fraction of a second you gain in that way may win you the decision.

"If the ball is coming to you from left or center, you can face a bit toward third so that you can see the runner coming in, and learn whether he's going to slide in front of you or behind you. Spread your feet and keep your upper legs together—knock-kneed fashion—so that if he bumps you, you won't lose your balance.

"Before you tag your man, be sure you get the ball. Do one thing at a time. While that ball is coming toward you, concentrate on getting it. When it's safely in your hand, then put it on the runner. Don't lose your head."

Cochrane uses a light glove, not much larger than a first baseman's mitt.

"Some catchers use a heavy glove," he says. "I can't. It handcuffs me. You can't move a big glove around fast enough, and you have a harder time stopping the wild pitches.

"Furthermore, with a large glove, you've got to get that pitch squarely in the center every time. If it hits on the heavily padded rim it's likely to bounce off. The light glove, on the other hand, has a big hole for the ball to land in,

and there's just a small rim around the top. You can flex the glove—close your fingers around the ball.

"There's no padding in the center of my glove. I carry a slice of sponge inside. That saves your hand and doesn't prevent you from closing on the ball."

The bus rolls through fifty miles more of swamp and then a white tower rises out of the flatness. The city hall of Miami. Soon you're rolling through the residential suburbs, on a boulevard leading down to Biscayne Bay. You're in the city of sunshine, dog races, horse races, steam yachts, hotels, and no parking space. Every other building is a hotel. They sprawl out in front of you to block your path, lean over you threateningly, taper back disdainfully. Traveling slowly along crowded one-way streets you avoid them all and miraculously reach the McAllister, situated on a broad boulevard paralleling the bay.

AFTER lunch, the ball players put on their uniforms, and carrying their spikes in their hands, tramp through the lobby in stockinged feet, brushing past ladies in light summer clothes and men in flannels. At three you're in the press box at the ball park, eager to watch the recruits face their first big test.

But during the first three innings you forget the recruits in the amazing performance of Robert Moses Grove on the mound. The first Cardinal to face Grove—Taylor Douthit, center fielder—cracks out a double. That seems to peeve the lanky Grove, and he strikes out the next three men on eleven pitched balls! In the second inning he strikes out two more, and in the third, another pair. Seven strikeouts against the ten men that face him!

Grove is more than six feet tall, with a bony frame and whipcord muscles. His nose is beaked and there's a deep line running down his cheek to his mouth. He has a long neck that runs into a pair of sloping shoulders of deceptive width. With his loose-coupled arms and leathery strength, he's a perfect throwing machine.

His pitching technique is simple. He strikes the batter out by throwing the ball past him. But you wonder if it's advisable for him to call on his great speed so early in the season. Both Earnshaw and Ehmke have warned you against bearing down in the first three weeks. Won't he injure his arm? You ask about it after the game.

"Grove can get away with it," the older players tell you. "When he burns one over he's not straining his arm. When he holds that ball between his fingers it's at the end of a long whip, and when he flicks out that whip he gets speed without exerting himself."

In the first half of the third you see an exact duplication of what happened in the 1929 World Series. Williams, recruit second baseman, draws a walk. Mule Haas comes to the plate and stands there with the bat back of his left forearm. He indulges in no preparatory swings. He's utterly motionless. A waist-high ball comes over. The bat swings around. There's a *crack*. Far beyond the center fielder the ball drops and bounds away while Haas circles the sacks with Williams in front of him. Haas tied up the fifth game of the World Series by knocking out a home run with Bishop on base.

Mahaffey pitches three good innings. In the fourth, with men on first and second he makes Orsatti pop to short and Gelbert fly to center. In the fifth he gets three in a row, striking out the last man. You're impressed with the recruit's coolness on the mound.

Tarr shows up well in the ninth when he drives in two runs by bouncing a hot single off the third baseman's shoetops. McNair and Williams field well and Cramer, at first base, does a good job.

The custom, in these early games, is to use three pitchers and two complete teams in the field. Every man gets his chance to perform. Pitchers aren't permitted to bear down.

On Sunday, Ed Rommel pitches the first three innings for the Athletics and holds the Cards to two hits and no runs. Rommel, Cochrane tells you later, pitches only one curve ball in all that time. He holds the Card batters with fast and slow balls that cut the corners. Control does it. More and more, the importance of control looms up.

ALFRED MAHON, the semi-pro left-hander from Pilger, Nebraska, pitches the second three innings. In his first inning he gets his three batters in order. In his second inning he has trouble. He walks Gelbert, even though Cochrane, framing the plate, sticks out his glove and encourages him to put it squarely over the pan. Mancuso hits a sizzler at Mahon's feet, and Mahon falls victim to overeagerness. He fumbles and allows the runner to get to first. He walks Delker, a pinch hitter, filling the bases. The next two men hit, and five runs cross the plate.

You have a strong sympathy for the recruit. Connie Mack has told you at practice that Mahon has an exceptional delivery. His fast ball has a queer hop to it that puzzles the batter. But this is his very first test in good company. He's never pitched against any but sandlot batters. He must conquer that tightening-up of nerves before he can stick in the big leagues.

And then Tarr, third baseman, gets rattled under fire. In the eighth the first Card singles and the second walks. The third shows by his actions that he's going to bunt. Tarr sees it and plays up close. The batter bunts. Tarr dashes in. The bunt goes straight to the pitcher, but Tarr, intent upon what he's doing, goes after the ball. The pitcher gets it. Tarr fails to get back to third. The pitcher turns to throw to third and there's nobody covering the bag.

Williams shows up well. He makes two hits and plays errorless ball at second. Good stuff, for a man who's had only one year of minor league ball. McNair plays errorless ball, but you rather expect it of him. He's had lots of minor league experience and he spent part of the 1929 season with the A's.

On Monday the two teams travel to Fort Myers for a game and the work of testing the recruits by fire goes on. On Tuesday the club travels up to Bradenton for a fourth game with the Cards. And here, again, you see Williams come through. In the very first inning, with the bases loaded, he drops a Texas leaguer over first, driving in two runs.

Mahaffey, the recruit, gets his second workout, and again shows his control. Against his first batter, the slugging Douthit, Mahaffey mixes them up beautifully. His first pitch is low and inside, and Douthit lets it go by. The second is over, and the batter nicks it for a foul. The third is a fast one, shoulder high, and Douthit nicks it for another foul. The fourth is a slow ball outside. By this time the batter doesn't know what to expect, and when the fifth ball is over he swings weakly and pops to the second baseman. It's apparent that Mahaffey had the edge on the batter all through.

In the second inning, Mahaffey does a nice job of tightening down. Watkins, first up, singles. Gelbert, shortstop and good hitter, flies to right field.

HUNT, the next batter, singles to left. Mancuso triples, driving in two runs. It looks as if Mahaffey were going to blow sky-high. Luckily Hallahan, the pitcher, is next up, and Hallahan is a weak batter. Mahaffey strikes him out.

The next man, however, is Douthit, the lead-off batter. Mancuso is still on third. Douthit is a free swinger who uses the full length of his club.

Cochrane calls for the first one fast and inside. It cuts the corner for a strike. The next one is waist high inside, and Douthit swings. "The pitch

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The Funeral Drums of Mulolo

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the ground. One of the witch doctors took out a small gourd containing a duiker's horn, weighted at the base, and a goat's horn filled with medicine. Then followed a few old bones, a small dead land tortoise, animals' paws, and rattles.

Another witch doctor threw some dried herbs on the embers. A bluish smoke arose and the trees and bushes around reflected the glow of the reawakened fire. Now all three began to utter droning incantations.

When the incantations were ended, Chuma-chu-pela alone remained standing. Suddenly he bent down and picked up the half of a calabash gourd in which were several bones. He shook it rapidly; then, with a jerk, cast the bones out upon the ground. A deathlike silence followed while all three witch doctors gazed at the position of the bones as they fell, nodding their heads—slowly, up and down—like evil vultures.

AT last Chuma-chu-pela straightened himself again, carefully scrutinized the wall of forest, and finally began to speak in a high flat tone to the shuddering headmen.

"The spirits who are all around us now, very near us—watching us—the spirits tell us to do as our fathers always did. They say women must accompany their master, Mulolo, on his journey, to cook for him and attend to his wants. Already the chief grows impatient for his wives. It is not good—"

Chuma-chu-pela's voice lost its flat tone. It became venomous as he progressed.

"Why do we fear the white man—him we call 'the Leopard?' In this matter he knows nothing. All white men are fools. They shoot guns. They build big houses, but of spirit talk they know nothing.

"The Leopard is a fool also. He thinks he can stop us. Let him try! How can he do it? He has no soldiers, only a few police. He knows not even who *we* are."

Nods of approval came from the men around and Chuma-chu-pela went on.

"He will not know who causes the deaths of Mulolo's wives; so he will do nothing at all. His talk is like the stomach of a dead pig in the sun—blown up with air. Our lord, Mulolo, is weary of waiting. Not all at once, but one by one the women must be buried. Listen! You hear the drums sounding in Mulolo's honor? Even now we can hear the singing and dancing in his praise. He is expecting his wives. He knows they will come to him.

"But he grew weary of waiting for the first of them. The other spirits have mocked him. So he has grown angry and sent his messenger to us. Kabenge it is. Kabenge, who died last moon-of-planting-cassava. Kabenge has come down from the spirit world in the form of a white rat, and we have talked with him. He, Kabenge, tells us that the women must hurry to join their lord for Mulolo's heart is cold towards us. A little time—and he will cause the rains to fail and the crops to dry up and there will be no food—famine will eat us up.

"How do we know that it is Kabenge's spirit? Because, were he not a spirit, the cats in the village would have killed Kabenge! If there were any spirit stronger than Mulolo's it would have killed his messenger, the white rat."

There was a stirring among the listeners but Chuma-chu-pela went on.

"So the women must die, before the new moon comes. By the third sun it will be here. Even now trouble is upon us. Did not Mbewa's fowl die as warning? Now Chuula's goat is sick. A crocodile has taken Suka's dog. And no rain has fallen for many days—not since Kabenge, the white spirit rat, came."

Chuma-chu-pela's voice rose to a warning.

"Heed not the White Leopard but listen to the message of the white rat. Carry out Mulolo's commands, chiefs and headmen of the tribe! There is no spirit stronger than the white rat. Even the Leopard fears him. If there be any spirit stronger than Mulolo's messenger, let it come—"

A weird mewing cry came from a bush beyond the lone tree and there was a rustle in the tree.

Then, before the horror-stricken eyes of the onlookers, there swung in the air, halfway between the lowest branch and the ground—a great white cat! Head down, legs outstretched, hair bristling, it hung there. Supported by nothing—ghostly white—awe-inspiring. A spirit cat—terrible messenger of warning. A spirit messenger stronger than the white rat!

"*Maiwe—maiwe!*" cried the headmen in terror as they sprang to their feet, their eyes bulging with fear. Without pausing for a longer look at the apparition, they rushed pell-mell from the accursed spot.

Murdoch heard them crashing away in the direction of the village, their shrieks and howls growing fainter and fainter with the distance.

"*Maiwe—maiwe—maiwe—*"

He looked into the circle. Witch doctors, headmen—all were gone. Silence reigned again. Deep and utter silence, save for the throbbing of the distant drums.

With a signal to Kalaiti, Murdoch got up and backed out from his bush, rifle in hand. He let go the cord he was holding and the white cat dropped to the ground with a thud.

"That has done the trick, Kalaiti," he chuckled. "It was a nice shot you made in the dark last night. So many cats have gone wild about the *Boma* lately that this one won't be missed. And that limewash was a brain wave! We're pretty good as spirit cats!"

But when they got back to the *Boma*, Murdoch felt less exultant. The dancing and singing across the river were still in full swing. He looked at a calendar. In three days there would be a new moon. The funeral ceremonies would end at that time. They would end with Chuma-chu-pela still at large, plotting, for this was no time to recapture the witch doctor. And whatever plan Chuma-chu-pela had in mind would come to a head when the ceremonies closed.

The thought made Murdoch deeply uneasy. He knew that for the moment the white spirit cat had helped the situation, but he also knew he had to go further than that to outwit the witch doctors. He was at the end of his wits about the affair. Perhaps it would be well to consult old Metephele, his head house boy. The old Angoni was wise in matters of this kind.

THE following night Kalaiti sat near the fire in the dead chief's village, gravely talking with the men who were gathered in the *bwalo* (central meeting place). Several of the headmen who had been in the haunted burial ground were there, but Kalaiti gave no sign. He was often in Mulolo's village. It was rumored that he had found favor in the sight of one of the dead chief's youngest wives; so he came and went as he pleased.

The men listened gravely to him as he spoke, for was not Kalaiti, the Awemba, the confidential servant of the *Bwana Nyalugwe*? He might let fall words of importance as he talked.

"Why has he that name, the *Bwana*

Nyalugwe?" Kalaiti demanded. "Why do you call him the Leopard among yourselves? Why? Because you fear him. Because he outstrips you in cunning. He is not like the other white men that come with guns. They come this moon, next moon they get sick, and the moon after that they go away and you see them no more. They go into the big water to the side of the rising moon. These men are as the *M'kungu* fly. They are born in the water and come out of it. You have seen these men go out and try to hunt. Soon the buffalo or the elephant grow tired of them. These white men are afraid. Their guns tremble as they shoot. Then the bullet does not kill and the elephant or the buffalo grows angry—and the white man is killed. It is well—for they are great fools."

The crowd around the fire was growing steadily, but Kalaiti paid no attention. He now addressed the headmen, who listened without interrupting except by an occasional monosyllabic sound.

"But the *Bwana Nyalugwe* is not like them. He hunts the buffalo with cunning, excelling the buffalo itself. His gun speaks—*mpaah!*—and the buffalo dies.

"You laugh and say he is too young. You think he is like the others who open their mouths all the time but see nothing—they who put heavy boots of hard hide on their feet so the ground shakes with their tread and sticks are broken—and then say: 'There is no meat. The game does not run here.' These men are fools. But the Leopard's mouth is shut and his eyes are open. He moves with noiseless feet through the forest. His eyes look here and there—seeing—and his ears hear things."

Kalaiti stopped and looked about the circle. Several men shifted their position. Kalaiti began to speak again. There were other things these people must know, other things Metephele had told him to say before the headmen and the villagers.

"When a leopard comes to this village, what do you do? You send for the *Bwana Nyalugwe*—and he kills his little brother and frees your village.

"Only yesterday I heard him talk of hunting the great rogue elephant in the marsh so that your maize gardens may grow. For you, he does these things—why? Because his heart is kind. He brings no soldiers as do the Allamandi. He makes no man a slave. His heart is black toward the men who take slaves.

"He talks only good things for the village. He wants you to plant cotton. Then you can have money that the Government gives for it, to buy cloth for your wives that all may be happy."

KALAITI rose to his feet. He turned to the headmen who had drawn together and sat a little apart from the villagers. The chief sat in his place under the baobab tree. The affair had taken on the aspect of a native court, or *mlandu*, with all the high men in their places.

"But when you deceive him, his heart turns black. You know he punishes swiftly and fairly. He takes no bribes."

Kalaiti paused, looking toward Chuma- chu-pela who sat at the edge of the circle, his face half concealed by his cloth.

"None can buy him. It is not pleasant to try. When he hears such talk his tongue is then like a snake's tooth. Or when he hears talk of doing what he has said shall not be done—"

"Has he heard such talk lately?" interjected Kubalanjati, one of the headmen.

A flutter of renewed apprehension became noticeable among the men sitting around. They craned their heads forward to hear Kalaiti's reply.

"I know not what he hears, but there is little he does not know. To-day he is here—to-morrow he is there. Sometimes he carries a gun—sometimes, a

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butterfly net. From the upper lake to the lower river he goes. One day he is with us. The next day his tent is raised near the village of a chief who has been talking words of foolishness. The *Bwana Nyalugwe* sees the chief and says to him, '*Moni, moni*, my brother. My eyes watch always for your safety and your health.' Then the chief knows and speaks not again foolishly. Not again—he realizes that the *Bwana Nyalugwe* knows all."

A deep silence fell upon the crowd.

"Yesterday as we hunted together," droned Kalaiti, "the *Bwana Nyalugwe* spoke of white rats."

There was a stir. One man half rose but was pushed back by his neighbor, and Kalaiti spoke on.

"'Are white rats common in the village?' the *Bwana* asked me. 'I hear there is one at Mulolo's. I believe the people listen to its talk, thinking it comes from the dead chief. I do not like white rats. All rats should be gray; then they are killed by cats. Go to the village,' he tells me, 'and tell the people to listen not to the white rat. Before long the white rat shall be eaten by a white cat.'"

Kalaiti got to his feet and stood looking gravely upon those assembled.

"These are the *Bwana Nyalugwe's* words which I have now said to you," he declared. "I do not know what he means. *You* say among yourselves that he is mad. Perhaps he is mad. All white men are mad. Now I will go. It may be that he will want me to go to hunt the rogue elephant in the elephant marsh—or a leopard—or even a lion." And turning calmly, Kalaiti started to move off.

"Wait, wait a moment. Have you seen a white cat about?" asked Kubalanjati fearfully.

"No, I have not but I think *he* has," replied Kalaiti meaningly, and walked away toward the *Boma*.

Another step had been taken, but this was not the end. Though Chuma-chupela had not once spoken, Kalaiti knew that the witch doctor's silence did not mean that he was conquered.

At sundown the next day, Murdoch walked into the village, past the frenzied dancers, carrying his butterfly net. He saluted Kubalanjati.

"I have come to see if all your people prosper. If the children have food and the village women have good health."

"*Bwana*, the health of all the women is good," the headman assured him.

Then Murdoch walked across the *bwalo* and sat down with his back against Mulolo's hut. After a minute he shifted his position so that his fingers touched a hole in the base of the hut wall for a second. Then he took a stone from his shoe and got up. He stood for a moment watching the dancers. As he turned to leave the village, he said:

"I am glad to see *all of the women* dancing so strongly to honor the dead chief, Mulolo, especially as the *moliro* will end to-morrow night at the rising of the new moon."

The last day of the funeral ceremonies dawned. The drums throbbed and roared with redoubled vigor. To Murdoch the very ground seemed to rock under his feet with the rhythm.

He stood watching the village from his house. What would happen between then and nightfall, he did not know. Would all those women, wives of the dead chief, die according to the old custom—sacrificed to maintain the dignity of the chief in the world of the spirits? The next few hours would decide.

Kalaiti suddenly appeared, half breathless from running.

"*Bwana*, the white rat has been found dead in Mulolo's hut! The people say the Great Spirit has killed it because it spoke evil things. Now Chuma-chupela says that he has seen a white spirit cat and it has told him that the white rat was a liar—an evil spirit sent to torment the village."

Kalaiti laughed outright but checked the laugh instantly at the young commissioner's look of warning.

"He says, *Bwana*, that the white cat now tells him that Mulolo's heart is full of love for the *Bwana Nyalugwe*. That Mulolo does not want his wives to come to the spirit world for he has heard that the *Bwana* wants them to live—with you, he thinks! Oh, hee—hee—hee!"

The commissioner spoke sternly, trying to conceal a smile.

"Go away and recover from your shameless laughter," he ordered.

Kalaiti turned to go, hesitated a moment, and came back.

"*Bwana*, would a small advance of pay be possible? I think that Marupiya, Mulolo's last wife, will come to me now."

Murdoch smiled as he looked at his tall gun bearer. No wonder Kalaiti had fought to save the women!

"Come to the office in the morning, Kalaiti," he said. "In Africa, astonishing things are possible."

A few hours later, Murdoch stood with the marabou stork beside him, watching the sun go down in a welter of gold and the crescent moon rise in the evening sky. Suddenly he was conscious of a strange sensation. What was it? Deep, utter silence. Not a sound, not even the shrilling of a cicada, or the weird cheep of bats—

The blood seemed to rush to his head—his eardrums were bursting—

Then he realized. The drums! The signal drums had stopped beating at the rising of the moon! The funeral drums of Mulolo had stopped beating!

And as he looked, a procession of women, wrapped in faded blue calico, walked down to the river in a long line with their water pots upon their heads. Among them he saw the wives of the dead chief.

Young Stephen Murdoch wheeled about and went into the house to write his report to the provincial commissioner. He loathed writing reports, and he made this one brief.

After three months' mourning—he wrote—*the moliro for Mulolo is finished. The women have no sickness among them, and none has died accidentally. A tin of rat poison that I found among the medical stores was very useful in killing off a plague of rats that otherwise might have proved a serious menace to the village.*

He sat back with a sigh of relief. A weird chuckle came from behind him—the marabou stork stood in the doorway looking in. With a grin Murdoch got up.

"Past time for you to turn in, Ngodi, old son," he said. "But we've finished a big job. We'll celebrate—I'll take you for a bedtime stroll."

Next month: The White Leopard meets a maddened elephant—and a defiant chief! It's a startling adventure story that takes queer twists, "Here Are Elephants."

Reporters! Get That Story!

(Continued from page 44)

ferred. At the top of each sheet, put your name, age, address, and year in school—if you attend one. Get your entry to the Contest Editor, *American Boy* Magazine, 550 West Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., by June 15. Please don't ask us to return your stories—make a carbon copy to keep, if you wish. Winners will be announced in the August issue.

Don't forget to enclose your Best Reading Ballot. The Editors want it!

Prizes will be $25 for first place, $15 for second place, $10 for third, and $1 apiece for the next ten. Don't forget that the judges will favor the story that gives only the facts pictured, yet does not overlook essentials. They'll look for clarity, simplicity, and humor.

All right, reporters! Get that story!

Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League

(*Continued from page 53*)

went past his hands," Cochrane tells you later. Next comes a ball, high and inside.

So far, all three pitches have been inside. When Mahaffey winds up for the next one, Douthit steps back a bit so that he can whale the inside one. The ball comes over low and outside. Douthit, realizing that he's been crossed up, steps forward, swings feebly, and is out. Here, again, Mahaffey had a clear edge over the batter. And again, control did the trick.

On the way to Tampa you chat with Eddie Collins about infielding. Grantland Rice picks Eddie Collins as one of the ten greatest ball players of all time, regardless of position.

"The recruit infielder, these days," he says, "has to be able to bat. We don't worry much if he looks a little crude in the field. If he likes infielding, we can rub off the rough spots. But it's pretty hard to make a hitter.

"We look at a man's hands pretty closely. Big hands are an advantage. Of course there are good infielders with small hands. Cissel of the White Sox, for instance, has such small hands that I can hardly get my fingers into his glove, but he's a fine infielder. Nevertheless, big hands are a natural advantage. They give you just that much more area with which to stop the ball.

"We watch to see how a recruit times his pickups. McNair ordinarily times them just right. McNair plays like Everett Scott of the Senators—they say that Scott never got a bad bounce in his life. That's because he knows how to time his pick-ups. He moves forward or back just the right distance.

"Roger Peckinpaugh, on the other hand, almost always seems to get 'em between bounces. But he gets them just the same. He's got what we call an eagle's claw."

"I noticed you cautioning Tarr not to come charging in on a ground ball," you say. "Why is that?"

"Because Tarr has been playing on a skinned diamond," Eddie replies. "Strange as it may seem, a skinned diamond is slower than good turf. It's deader. The turf is springy and sends the ball along faster. If Tarr charges in on a hot grounder down here as fast as he did in Nebraska, he'll get a leg or arm knocked off."

THE team plays a game at Tampa and another at St. Petersburg. In the lobby of the Detroit Hotel, at St. Petersburg, several newspaper men are gathered with Collins.

"Isn't Williams pretty tall for an infielder?" one of the newspaper men asks. He has in mind infielders like Heinie Groh, Dykes, and Bishop, all of whom are short men. Collins himself is short. The short man has a natural advantage in that he's closer to the ground.

Collins, however, shakes his head. "Size doesn't make much difference," he says. "It's agility that counts. And suppleness. If a tall man has those qualities he can be an infielder."

"Some of the tall second basemen I've seen look pretty bad," the writer says.

"And I could name you a lot of good ones," Collins comes back. "Weaver, for one. He's big, but he can stand on a stool six inches high and touch his hands to the floor without bending his knees. He's loose-muscled. That's the necessary thing. Williams has no trouble going after grounders."

"How does Williams look to you?" you ask him.

"Mighty good," Collins replies. "He and McNair both. Baseball's not just a job with them. They like to play. It's fun. I could mention a lot of the other kind, but you don't hear of them long. All the good ones like to play."

Connie Mack enters with Mr. Tom Shibe, one of the owners of the club. Mr. Shibe's short and stocky frame and mahogany-tanned face form a sharp contrast to Connie Mack's lean height and his slim face patterned in furrows of keen good humor.

The discussion stays on recruits, and you turn to the veteran manager, who broke into major league ball in 1886, as a member of the Gilmore and Mack battery, called the "scissors battery" because both men were so long-legged.

"What trait of character do you like best to find in recruits?" you ask him.

"Willingness to work," Mr. Mack replies without hesitation. "Last year, young Shores came to training camp with considerable flesh on him. For a long time I debated whether to keep him or not. I thought he was going to develop a lazy streak. It was up to him to sell me on the idea that he deserved to stay with the club, and he did it. Did it by plain, hard work. I kept him and now I'm convinced that he'll develop into a first-rate pitcher."

"Where will Cramer fit in?" you ask.

"We haven't found out yet," Mack replies. "He can hit—and he can play almost any position. But he hasn't shown yet just what spot he likes best."

There are two games with the Boston Braves in St. Petersburg. Throughout March, the team swings around the circuit of the Grapefruit League. Then it moves by easy stages north, playing exhibition games on the way. The regular season starts, and until June 15 the club carries a heavy roster of players. On that date a baseball ruling says that clubs must be cut to twenty-five players. Some recruits have already been unconditionally released. Luckier ones have been farmed to the minors to get more experience. The luckiest of them all stay on with the club after June 15. These have made good.

In the middle of the season, when the Athletics are out in front by four games, in a pennant race that's hotter than the previous year's, you meet Eddie Collins in a midwestern city.

Mahaffey, you learn, is pitching regularly and has a winning record. The calm, big recruit is making good against the heavy bats of the American League. Williams is playing regularly at shortstop in place of Joe Boley who has injured his wrist. McNair has played occasionally, but the strain of constant traveling has worn him down more quickly than it has Williams. He needs to grow a little, to put on more weight, to develop more stamina.

Alfred Mahon, the sand-lotter with talent, has been placed with a good minor league club. He needs to overcome his nervousness under fire. Experience will do it.

Roger Cramer is still with the club, occupying the bench. He has a lot of talent both at bat and in the field, but Eddie Collins says that he hasn't shown initiative. His attitude of indifference is holding him back.

Of them all, Williams is the surprise. He's shown an ability to hit, to cover ground, to stand the strain. He's playing with fire and dash—keeping pace with Bishop at second, Foxx at first, and Dykes at third—and making Connie Mack smile with his ability to smash out singles against major league pitchers.

Williams, making up in talent and endurance what he lacks in experience; Mahaffey, with long minor league experience—these two have earned places above all the recruits who joined the World Champion Philadelphia Athletics in March at Fort Myers, Florida.

This ends the series of baseball articles.

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

Above at left—Stricken Nicaragua's air stamp showing the volcano Monotombo, revived as a design only recently. At left—Stamp commemorating the fourteenth exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of Egypt. Above—Twin South African stamps, in English and Afrikaans. The scene is Luderitz Bay, center of the diamond industry.

Monotombo

As these lines are being written Managua, capital city of Nicaragua, lies ruined, stricken by earthquake. Managua is in the shadow of Monotombo, a volcanic peak, 4,127 feet high. The disaster revives a dramatic philatelic incident—the use of a Nicaraguan stamp, bearing a picture of Monotombo, to defeat the building of a canal across Nicaragua nearly three decades ago. Panama was selected, instead—and here is the story:

Nicaragua's 1900 series illustrates this smoking peak rising beyond the shore of Lake Managua. It is said that when Monotombo smokes, there is no danger of an earthquake; but that when Monotombo is inactive, the natives are fearful.

In 1902 the United States Senate was debating the merits of two proposed routes for a canal—one across Nicaragua and the other across Panama. Opponents of the Nicaraguan route contended it would not be safe to build across that country because of the likelihood of earthquakes. Backers of the Nicaraguan proposal argued that volcanoes were extinct in Nicaragua and would never menace a waterway.

A French engineer, Philippe Bunau-Varilla, who favored the route across Panama, obtained a supply of the Nicaraguan 1900 stamps showing Monotombo, mounted them on pieces of paper, entitled them "An Official Proof of Volcanic Activity in Nicaragua!"—and sent one to every United States Senator.

By a narrow margin the Senate voted down the Nicaraguan route.

Mr. Bunau-Varilla later said:

"It was the last cannon shot of the battle. It decided the destiny of that long controversy."

Beginning with 1905 the volcano scene was banished from Nicaragua's stamps. In 1929, however, the country issued its first *correo aereo* (air post) adhesives, and not only restored it but inscribed "*Monotombo*" beneath it.

On the day of the recent earthquake a newspaper dispatch from the Canal Zone said that Panama Canal officials believed that "any canal in the vicinity" of Managua "would have suffered enormous damage" and that the disaster might "settle definitely the question" of constructing a second Atlantic-Pacific canal across Nicaragua.

Know the stories behind the designs on your postage stamps! That is what makes philately truly interesting!

A Bit About Geography

The most recent French colonial postal paper includes a series of twenty-two pictorials and ten postage dues from French Soudan, the former showing a native woman, the gateway to a West African city, and a local boatman with spear. These are the territory's first definitives in years. Why?

French Soudan's earliest definitives appeared in 1894. Then this West African country embraced 300,000 square miles and included parts of Senegal and French Guinea. In 1899 parts of it were apportioned among various French possessions in Africa, and what remained was in 1903 renamed Upper Senegal and Niger. Thus do we find Upper Senegal and Niger listed in our catalogs as a French colony, with stamps of its own from 1906 to 1917 inclusive.

Why did Upper Senegal and Niger then disappear? Because, in 1920, it again became French Soudan. The two are, you see, one and the same. When the name French Soudan was restored, remaining stocks of Upper Senegal and Niger stamps were overprinted *Soudan Francais*, in 1921, and for ten years these provisionals have been in circulation, and are now displaced by the long series of pictorials and postage dues.

French Soudan is not to be confused with British Sudan. Incidentally British Sudan has just issued its first "flying machine" stamps—various denominations of the current series overprinted "Air Mail."

St. Anthony of Padua

June 13 brings a religious anniversary enshrined in the hearts of Catholic Italy and Portugal. On that date, in 1231, Anthony, a follower of St. Francis of Assisi, died at Padua, Italy. In the following year he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX and he is regarded as the patron saint of Padua and of Portugal. Recently Italy issued commemoratives. On the 20 centesimi violet he is pictured entering the Franciscan Order. A legend represents Anthony as a worker of miracles and sets forth that his eloquence caused fishes to leap from the water to hear him preach; this legend is symbolized on the 25c gray. The Church of St. Anthony, in Padua, is shown on the 50c violet; and his death is illustrated on the 75c rose. There are several other values with appropriate designs.

One of the first air stamps of British Sudan.

Anthony was born at Lisbon on August 15, 1195, and it will be recalled that in 1895, seven centuries later, Portugal issued a commemorative set.

Fellahin

The Royal Agricultural Society of Egypt recently held, at Cairo, its fourteenth agricultural and industrial exhibition—and Egypt advertised it with special stamps. The exhibition enjoyed the patronage of King Fuad, himself a philatelist. The stamps, in rectangular format, are adorned with a bas-relief in ancient Egyptian style, representing three fellahin at work in the fields. A fellah is a peasant or cultivator. Values and colors are 5 milliemes brown, 10m carmine, and 15m blue.

Other Newcomers

Some of the most artistic stamps ever produced are South West Africa's new pictorials, described briefly on the April page. Perhaps the most striking design is on the 1 penny red and blue, showing Cape Cross, a promontory sighted by the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, when he rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1486. The cross illustrated is in the Capetown Museum. Offshore is a 15th Century galleon. The stamp's borders are decorated with figures similar to the primitive rock-drawings executed by aboriginal bushmen. The cross mentioned is one erected by Diaz at Angra Pequena, and the latter, now called Luderitz Bay, center of the diamond industry, is pictured on the 6p brown and blue. These stamps come in pairs, one inscribed "South West Africa" and the other *Suidwes Afrika*.

Finland's first stamp appeared in 1856, and the seventy-fifth anniversary is now being recalled by the issuing of two Finnish adhesives—1½ markas red and 2m blue—with the earlier design, a coat-of-arms, reproduced, and with the dates 1856 and 1931 inscribed. These will be in circulation until next February.

If tentative plans announced in Greece are carried out, philately will be called upon to help defray the expenses of preserving antiques in Greek museums. It is purposed to destroy all remaining stocks of present and past issues and get out a series which would sell at twice their face, or postal, value, the extra revenue to be used to maintain the museums.

The Road to Par

By Sol Metzger

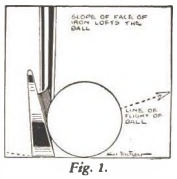


Fig. 1.

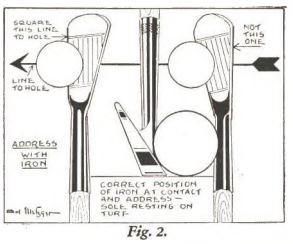


Fig. 2.

So far, Sol Metzger has told you about the golf swing, the grip, and wrist action. He has told you that good form in golf is natural, easy to acquire, not the complicated affair many writers pretend it is. In this article he tells you how to play your iron shots. Study his drawings as you follow the text. You'll get his point. And when you do, you'll be well on the road to par.

4. Iron Play

ANY professional will tell you that the weakest part of the game of the average golfer is his iron play. Also, that sound iron play contributes more toward lowering your score than any other factor.

Skill with the irons gave Chick Evans, never a long driver, the high honor of being the first American golfer to win both the national open and amateur titles in the same year, a feat that Bobby Jones alone has duplicated. Good iron play made Harry Vardon, known as the Father of American Golf, six times a British open champion.

The reason for this common weakness in iron play is the lure of long driving. We begin golf with the wood and ever afterward continue to practice almost exclusively with it. This is against the advice of Francis Ouimet, former open and amateur title holder and one of the keenest students of the game. He has told me that the real reason why so many ex-caddies win our national championships is because they were usually presented first with a player's discarded irons and thus developed their games.

The stroke for iron play differs somewhat from the wood stroke. First, the shafts are shorter, compelling us to stand with our heads almost over the ball. Second, the swing is more upright or vertical. Third, the objective is different. With wood, the greater the distance the better we fare. But with irons, used solely to approach greens, the distance must be exact—to the flag and no farther. To this end, iron faces are lofted to insure your hitting the ball upward into space. (See Figure 1.)

First, the preliminaries of the shot. The stance is open. That is, the left foot is back farther from the line of flight than the right. In driving the stance is square. This open stance faces your right side a bit more toward the hole at address and thus enables you to follow through correctly, an important point in iron play. Otherwise there is no change from the address for the drive. The grip and wrist positions are the same, except that the fingers of the left hand hold the club a bit more firmly.

Facing an iron at right angles to the direction line may prove confusing as the upper and lower edges of its blade are not parallel. Use the lower edge as your guide. Place it at a right angle to the direction line. (See Figure 2.) All modern irons have the sweet spot marked—the point of contact with ball. That is where you must stroke the ball. It is not in the exact center of the face.

Your knees are almost straight but not rigid, and your weight is evenly distributed on both feet.

The backswing is the same as in driving. The straight left arm, swinging from the shoulder and almost grazing the chest to insure compactness, takes the club back low. The backswing brings the clubhead slowly inside the line of flight. As in driving, the right elbow must remain close to the right side.

As your club goes back your weight naturally shifts to the right leg. The important point here is to lock your right hip in order to prevent the hips rotating as they do at this point of the drive. Instead of turning they will glide laterally to the right. This is a marked feature of iron play, as it prevents you from winding the club around your shoulders. It insures a more vertical back and through swing with arms close to the body. With this limited pivot your left heel will usually stay on the ground. (See Figure 3.)

The limit of the full backswing for the iron is reached when you can take the club no farther without loosening the grip of your left hand on the leather, or bending your left arm at the elbow. At this point you raise the club by cocking the left wrist. (See Figure 4.) Pause a moment at the top. Then start the downswing with the straight left arm, gradually speeding up the swing so that it's at its maximum at contact. It's a hit straight through, with the straight left arm. Don't let the wrists roll as they do when you drive. Instead, force the hands to go through with the palm of the right and back of the left upward. Hit through in that manner. (See Figure 5.)

Too many try to loft the ball by some odd stunt, such as dropping the right shoulder, going through, and scooping with the hands. That's wrong. It's important to keep the left side braced, the left shoulder, the hands and clubhead down. The loft on your club's face elevates the ball. In fact you hit your iron approaches down in order to get the ball up. That will be made clear for you in my article next month dealing with that most important feature of all iron shots—backspin.

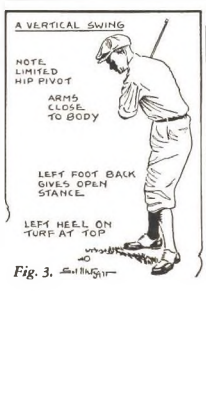


Fig. 3.

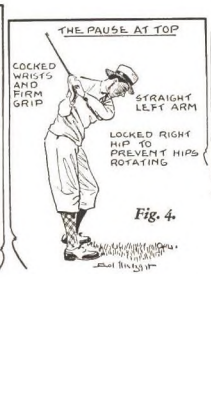


Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Right

"What is a primeval forest?"
"A place where the hand of man has never set foot."

Sympathy

A little girl was looking at a picture of the early Christians attacked by lions in the arena. Her mother saw she was crying and was pleased with the little girl's sympathy. "It is sad, isn't it?" she said. "Yes," sobbed the child, "look at this poor, thin little lion that hasn't any Christian."

Should Have Been Closer

Clip: "I think I caught cold while I was in the theater the other night."
Clap: "Why? Weren't the heaters working?"
Clip: "Yes, but I sat in Z row." (zero).

Nut So Many

Scotchman: "There's a fine building for ye. What dae ye think of it?"
American: "Say, that's nothing. We've got hundreds of buildings like that."
Scotchman: "I expect ye have. 'Tis an asylum."

Calm Rewarded

"Were you nervous the first time you asked your husband for money?"
"No, I was calm—and collected."

It Only Goes to Show

"Lady," said the beggar, "could you gimme a quarter to get where me family is?"
"Certainly, my poor man," she replied, "here's a quarter. Where is your family?"
And as he edged away he answered, "At de movies."

Started Stealing Jokes Maybe

Joan: "Well, what about the laughing pickpocket?"
Joe: "He couldn't take things seriously."

Cynic

Teacher: "If you subtract 14 from 116, what's the difference?"
Johnny: "Yeah, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too."

Diminishing Seventh

First Millionaire: "This is a workaday world we live in."
Second Millionaire: "Yes, work a day and play golf the other six."

Judicial Finger Moves

Judge: "Speeding, eh? Ten-dollar fine."
Culprit: "O K., Judge. Got change for a twenty-dollar bill?"
Judge: "Nope. Twenty-dollar fine!"

Truth Above All

Boy: "No, Mister, I don't want to sell this trout."
Angler: "Well, just let me measure him so that I can truly say how big the trout was that got away from me."

Probably True

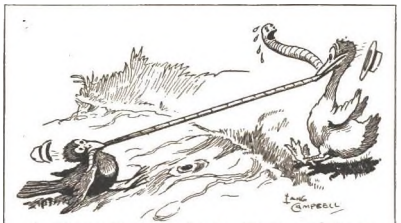
First Flea: "Where will you send little Hoppy when he grows up?"
Second Flea: "Oh, I suppose he'll go to the dogs like his father."

And Anyway, What's a Book or Two?

Freshie: "Say, mister, hold these books a minute."
Principal: "Little boy, don't you know I am principal of this school?"
Freshie: "Oh! That's all right, you look honest."

Simple, Isn't It?

Motor Cop (to professor of mathematics): "So you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"
Professor: "I am afraid I've forgotten it. But I remember noticing that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."



The Worm: "Hey, you, let up. That's stretching a good thing too far!"

Sins of His Father

Ping: "They say stupidity can be inherited."
Pong: "That's no way to talk about your parents."

Have a Good Time

Teacher: "I take great pleasure in giving you 90 in English."
Pupil: "Aw, make it a 100 and enjoy yourself."

Who's Zoo

Bill: "We got an Animal Family."
Dick: "How's that?"
Bill: "Well, Mother's a dear, Sister's a lamb, I'm a kid, and Dad's the goat."

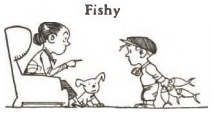
Old Jug

"This vase is over 2000 years old! Be very careful in carrying it."
"You can depend on me, Professor; I'll be as careful of it as if it were brand new!"

Dog-gone

"I'm crying 'cause my dog ran home."
"Where is that?"
"That's what I want to know."

Fishy



Mother: "Willie, I heard that instead of going to Sunday School this morning you played football."
Willie: "That isn't true, and I've got a string of fish to prove it."

Off on the Wrong Foot

Male Straphanger: "Madam, you are standing on my foot."
Female Ditto: "I beg your pardon. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."

Mark Tidd Back Home

(*Continued from page 19*)

without tryin' to find out what it is. No, siree." He stopped and patted his bird and the bird hauled off and bit at his finger and Zambo cuffed him and says, "Naughty, naughty." And then he says to us. "You got the look of nice boys."

"We are," says I.

"You got the look of boys that would do a favor for a fat old man that hain't got a friend in the world but his bird."

"We do f-f-favors faster'n Ma kin s-s-shuck peas," says Mark.

"Maybe you'd carry a message."

"We might," says Mark.

"To a couple of strangers of the name of Price and Noddy," says Zambo.

"They got a g-g-grudge agin us," says Mark.

"What for?"

"We played a j-joke on 'em," says Mark.

"What kind of a joke?"

"When one of 'em wasn't l-l-lookin'," says Mark, "we s-s-slipped a hip-hip-hippopotamus into his pants pocket, and it was so h-heavy it like to have lamed his back, and when the hip-hip-hippopotamus bit him just a little bite they b-both got mad and chased us."

"I never see one crazy just this way before," says Zambo to me.

"You haven't seen half of it yet," says I.

"Well, you're sane enough," says he. "Can you carry a message for me?"

"To those two?"

"That's the ticket."

"What's the message?" says I.

"Tell 'em I'm willin' to dicker," says Zambo. "You tell 'em, if they'll meet me somewhere and talk, it'll be safe—we'll consider we're under a flag of truce. And we can talk things over friendly and everything will come out nice. The two of them and Augustus and me."

"Are they afraid of you?" I asked him.

"Nobody was ever afraid of old Zambo," says he.

"Where'll I tell them to meet you?" says I.

"Now lemme see. Some nice place where we can talk private. You tell 'em to meet me by the river. There's a place up the road where there's an island, and you say I'll meet 'em right where the road comes down to the river."

"Near the cave," says I, and then I could have bitten my tongue off, because his eyes got all black and I didn't like the looks of them.

"What cave?" says he.

"The one the king d-dug," says Mark, "when he was f-figgerin' on buildin' an underground p-palace. But he got discouraged on account of l-losin' the map."

"Map," says Zambo, kind of fierce. "What map?"

"The map the old w-woman give him," says Mark, "so he could f-find his way around."

Well, sir, at the first mention of that word map, Zambo's hand had gone kerflap against the broad belt he had around his waist, and something told me that was where he had hid his half of the map.

"Did you ever hear them two mention a map?" says he.

"They d-d-don't t-t-talk about anything else," says Mark.

"Which one of 'em has got it?" says Zambo.

"Got what?" says Mark.

"The map."

"They hid it," says Mark, "in a h-holler tree and the wind blew the t-t-tree away. And that's why they got so excited."

Zambo scowled at me. "Is he talkin' any sense at all?" says he. "Does he know anything about a map?"

"You never can tell," says I. "But I reckon we can deliver your message, and what time do you want to meet those strangers?"

"At four o'clock to-day," says Zambo.

"I'll tell 'em," says I, and just then the cockatoo screeched and made a jump at me, and I jumped back, and Mark says, "Call off your eagle, Mister," and he did.

And then Mark winked at me and we started off down the road. Zambo stood looking after us in a strange kind of way that I didn't like.

Chapter Eleven

MARK and I talked things over and Mark decided we'd better be in on that four o'clock meeting, and then we went back down town and went past the old hotel down by the railroad station where Noddy and Price stayed. Price was sitting on the porch, tilted back in a chair all comfortable. Well, there were five or six loafers at the other end of the porch, making a sort of protection for us; so we didn't have anything to worry about, and we walked up to the rail and Mark says, "Afternoon, Mr. P-p-p-price."

He brought down his chair with a bang.

"What d'ye want?" he growled.

"Mr. Zambo s-s-says he's f-flyin' a f-flag of truce," says Mark. "He asked us to t-t-tell you that, and that he was ready to m-make some kind of an agreement with you. He says to m-meet him out the river road by the island."

"Where we found you tunked on the head," says I. "You know the place."

"What's he want?" says Price.

"He wants you and Mr. N-n-Noddy should be there at f-four," says Mark, "and he says it'll be p-peaceful. He wants to see you most p-p-p'tic'lar."

"Huh," says Price.

"Any answer?" says Mark.

"Noddy and me'll talk it over," says Price. And then, "Did you kids find some papers in that tool shed?"

"P-p-papers?" says Mark. "Did you lose some p-papers?"

"I want 'em," says Price, "and if you kids know what's good for ye, you'll hand 'em over."

"Ye m-might ask Mr. Zambo to give 'em to you," says Mark.

"Did you give 'em to Zambo?"

"Didn't say so, did I? Didn't come here to talk about p-papers. Come to deliver a message. What'll I t-tell him?"

"You tell him to be there, and if we decide to come he'll see us," says Price. "I'll give ye a dollar for those papers."

"G-by," says Mark. "We got b-business to look after. We're workin'. Can't neglect the king's affairs jest to d-deliver messages. Four o'clock was the time."

And with that he turned his back square and went waddling up the street, and I after him. It was pretty close to noon by then, and we knew the other fellows would be meeting us at Mark Tidd's house; so we went there and in a few minutes along came Plunk and Binney, and then Mrs. Tidd hollers out of the door that we'd better go home to dinner, but if we were so shiftless and worthless we were always going to be hanging around, why, we'd better come in and eat.

So we went in and ate. Then after dinner we loafed around a while and then Mark Tidd sprung the news on Plunk and Binney that we had a conference to attend.

"F-fellers," he says, "I got word the conspirators is havin' a s-s-secret meetin' to-day at four o'clock, and they cal'late to talk over things we got to know. We got to be there or maybe the king'll git kicked off his throne. If we can d-d-discover the s-s-secrets of these here conspirators it'll be a good job."

"Yes," says I, "and if the conspira-

(Continued from page 61)

tors discover us discovering their secrets, it'll be a good job, too."

"We got to be s-s-subtile like Injuns," says Mark. "We got to get to their meetin' place unsuspected and hide where we can listen. And we got to go a roundabout way and get there a long time before Zambo is apt to turn up, too."

"You bet," says I.

"Let's s-s-start now," says he.

SO we started. We cut off across the fields till we came out at the river half a mile above the island, and then we came sneaking back through the woods and underbrush without making any noise at all. Pretty soon Mark halted us and began to plan again, talking under his breath.

"'Tain't possible to l-locate just the spot they'll pick," he says. "So we got to do some g-guessin'. Zambo'll be here first. He'll wait down there alongside the road till they come. Huh. Now if I was a-goin' to have a p-p-private talk, where'd I go?" He stopped talking and looked around. "The b-brush is perty thick this side, and no feller goes crashin' into brush just for fun. They'll go the other side where it's clearer. There's a spot yonder by the big stone, that whopper with the f-f-flat top with a little grassy place around it. Nobody can see it from the road. I betcha they go'n sit there."

"And what do we do?" says I.

"We go'n h-hide so close we can hear, and we stay hid and l-l-listen."

"Hadn't we better post sentinels?" says I.

"Good idee," says Mark. "Binney, you kind of s-slink back the road a piece and watch. Just lay still, and when Zambo gets past you, make that there Bob White whistle you can do so natural. And when Noddy and Price come, make another one."

"All right," says Binney. "And then what?"

"Then," says Mark, "you might s-slide down this way a piece and listen, and if you hear any trouble goin' on put out for town to get the men at arms."

Well, Binney went back and the other three of us moseyed around to the big rock, and nothing would do but Mark must be helped up on top of that rock. It was a scramble, for it was over ten feet high. But it was kind of saucer-shaped on top and a good hiding place. Plunk and I finally scrambled up there too.

Then we all settled down to wait, and it seemed more than a year before we heard Binney's Bob White whistle, and then you can bet we were pretty quiet. In no time at all along come Zambo down the road with his cockatoo a-sitting on his shoulder, and you could see he was looking for a good place to have the meeting.

Well, Mark was a good guesser, because pretty soon Zambo came heading for the little grass patch in front of the big rock, talking away to Augustus as he came. "Here's a good spot," says he, "and we'll fetch 'em here if they come. And you'n me, Augustus, 'll sit with our backs against this rock. That way nobody can get behind us. And if I say sick'em to you, you sick."

So he went back to the road and waited and after a while we heard Binney go Bob White again, and then Noddy and Price came into sight. At first they wouldn't come close to Zambo, but he argued with them and finally they followed him over where we were hiding, and he sat down with his back against the rock. They stood facing him, but in a minute they sat down too.

Chapter Twelve

"NOW," says Zambo, "let's get down to business. Price, you got half the map. I got the other half and Noddy hain't got anything. But we're all in it. You can't do nothing without my half and I can't do nothing without your half."

"Give us your half," says Price, "and we'll find what's to be found and give you a third."

"When any findin's done, I aim to be there to see it," says Zambo. "Try another offer. Got the map on ye, Price?"

"No."

"Got it hid, eh?"

"Safe," says Price.

Suddenly Zambo changed the subject and says, "What was you after them kids for—chasin' 'em into the old foundry?"

Price scowled and then he says, "Noddy and I were writing back and forth to each other in a shed where it was safe, and all at once there was an explosion that sounded like a gun going off. We thought it was you taking a shot at us and we jumped up and got out of there."

"Leaving written talk lying all around?" says Zambo.

"Yes."

"And when you got your nerve and come back, it was gone?"

"Yes."

"And these boys got it?"

"We saw 'em around the shed. They must have got it."

"What I'm wonderin'," says Zambo, "is how they come to be snoopin' around that shed. And what they let off that firecracker for. It was a firecracker. I found the pieces of it. Now why were they interested in you two?"

"Don't know."

"And I suppose you'd talked plenty on those papers?"

"Plenty," says Price.

"Then," says Zambo, "we'd better come to an agreement quick before they do something about it. One of them boys, a fat one, kind of lets on he's crazy and talks about kings and dukes and conspiracies. But I was watchin' his eyes, and he hain't crazy none. And he was interested in me. Um. We've got to get the two halves of the map together so we can find what we're after and skip out of this country before them dog-gone boys starts trouble."

"We don't trust you," says Price, in a sort of growl.

"I tell you what—you can search me. I hain't got a thing on me can hurt you. And I'll be satisfied with a third. But we won't get nothing if we just fight one another till suspicion gets aroused. It's two against one, Price. You'n Noddy ought to be able to handle me."

"And the bird?" says Price.

"And the bird," says Zambo. "How about it?"

"If Noddy says so," says Price. "We're not getting any place as it is. A fellow's got to take some kind of a chance."

So he wrote back and forth with Noddy and in the end Noddy gave in.

"He says all right," says Price. "But, mind you, I keep my half of the map in my hands. You can keep your half. Maybe we can get the thing cleaned up this afternoon and get out of here."

"The hidin' place is apt to be around here somewhere, within a few miles," says Zambo. "It's got to be. Well, Price, where's your half?"

"Come along," says Price, "and I'll get it."

So they got up and moved away, and we heard them crashing off through the thickets. And Mark slid down off the big rock and says, "H-hustle, f-fellers."

So we followed and Binney came panting along, and we all cut up the hill where the going was easy. We knew Price was headed for the cave, and we knew we could get there first. So we footed for the spot and got there and got settled in good hiding places before they came in sight.

"There's a cave around here somewhere," says Price, "if I can locate it."

"You'd better locate it," says Zambo.

Well, they scrambled around until pretty soon they come on the hole and Price says, "Here it is," and Zambo looked inside and says, "Somebody uses it."

"Kids," says Price. "But they haven't been here for a long time. Look how rusty and all everything is. You wait and I'll dig up my half."

So he scrambled in and commenced to dig in the sand, and pretty soon he came to the tin box and hollered, "Here it is!" and then he came out, and the box was in his hand. He pried it open and then he let out a yell.

"It's gone!" says he. "Somebody's taken it!"

"Are you lyin' to me?" says Zambo, kind of dangerous, but then he took a look at Price's face and saw he wasn't lying.

"The question now," he says, "is, who's got it?"

"Nobody could have found it."

"But somebody has," says Zambo. "And nobody comes here but kids. So kids has got it."

"What kids?" says Price.

"Just for a guess," says Zambo, "that fat kid and his chums."

And when he said that, my hair came close to standing on end.

(To be concluded in the July number of The American Boy.)

Contents for June

Cover Painting by *E. F. Wittmack*

DECIPHER this message

AOWNWESTSD
ISDEOFDEMV ILUSCANAYO
NABROVNEFA LLSMECAPIS
INBOAFTTLE ATBNASOEOF
CEGDARTORE EOWEARRUTB
DBERSOLESE

... and win a PRIZE in the JUNE HOOD TREASURE HUNT

Secret writing played a part in the World War

Here is the HOOD TREASURE

FOR 2 BEST ANSWERS
choice of:

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Elto Outboard Motor
Old Town Safety Canoe
Old Town Boat
Agfa Ansco Motion Picture Camera
Grand Slam Golf Clubs in *Clark* Leather Bag
Columbia Bicycle
Camping Outfit for Two (*Fulton* tent, *Gold Medal* cots, chairs, *American Kamp-Kook*, blankets, *Wear Ever* utensils)

FOR 50 NEXT BEST ANSWERS
choice of:

Magnan Tennis Racquet
Ingersoll Mite Wrist Watch
Agfa Ansco Vest Pocket Folding Camera
Daisy Air Rifle
Blue Bear Archery Set
Wear Ever Aluminum Camp Kit
Wear Ever Canteen
Spalding Swimming Suit
Octigan Pitching Shoes
Dinky Link Obstacle Golf Set

RULES OF THE TREASURE HUNT:

FIRST · Solve the cipher message printed in the circle. To help you, Hood has prepared a thrilling book called "Secret Writing." It explains how to solve many kinds of ciphers. Send for this *free* book.

SECOND · When you have solved the cipher message, read it over *carefully*. Then read the 5 Hood Points in the box. You will find that the message contains 2 or more "key" words which *also* appear in *one* of the Hood Points. Find *which* Point!

THIRD · Now write a paragraph of not more than 100 words telling why you think this Hood Point is important in a good canvas shoe. Send your paragraph and your solution of the cipher to the TREASURE HUNT JUDGES, Hood Rubber Company, Watertown, Mass. Write your name, address, age and choice of the first and second prizes at the top of each sheet. The prizes will be awarded for the best paragraphs *plus* the correct solution of the cipher. Answers must be mailed by JULY 15th.

(Prizes will be presented in August)
[Winners will be listed in the October magazine]

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HOOD

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INTERESTING THINGS FOR YOU TO KNOW

Will you be in Detroit this Summer?

Final assembly line at the Ford plant

IF YOU are in Detroit this summer, be sure to pay a visit to the Ford Motor Company.

Visitors are always welcome and a staff of guides is provided for the regular trip through the plant. Every half hour during the day, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday, a party leaves the Administration Building. The tour covers two and a half miles and requires about two hours. Longer tours are provided when required by special delegations for special study. Because of the size of the Ford Industries it would take many days to see and understand each operation.

A great number of visitors are men and women who come merely as tourists to see first-hand the manner in which millions of motor cars are produced. Many are college students in groups, with their professors. Still others are engineers and executives who come to observe through experienced eyes the development of volume production and carry away an idea or suggestion that may help in their own business. Frequently there are official delegations from foreign countries—the great chemists, the great manufacturers, the great inventors, the great minds of all the world.

For the plants of the Ford Motor Company are in reality a mechanical university, dedicated to the discovering and working out of practical methods that will save time and steps in production, increase the income of workers and provide more of the comforts and luxuries of life to people everywhere. These new methods are of benefit not only in the making of automobiles, but in the advancement of industry generally.

The Rouge plant covers nearly eleven hundred acres and gives employment to many thousands of men. There are 92 miles of railroad track within its limits and a mile of docks where Great Lakes freighters unload iron ore, limestone and lumber. In this Rouge plant are the blast furnaces, coke ovens, foundry, open-hearth furnaces, steel mill, tool and machine shops, motor assembly plant, glass plant, body plant and by-product plant.

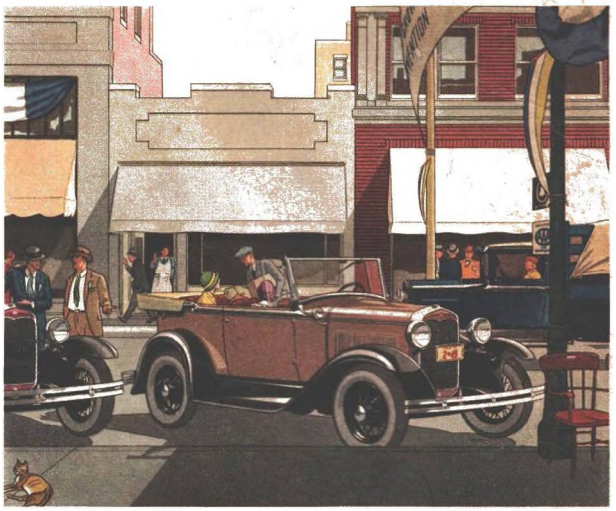
The open-hearth furnaces have a yearly capacity of 600,000 tons of steel ingots. The coal, iron and limestone bins have a capacity of 2,000,000 tons.

In addition to size, one of the things that will impress you most in your trip through the Ford plant is cleanliness. You find it at your first stop in the power house, which is as spotlessly clean as the kitchen of a large hotel. Though powdered coal is burned, the attendants wear white uniforms and there is nowhere any sign of dust or dirt.

As you follow every other step in the manufacture of the car—in the steel mills, the foundry machine shop, the buildings where glass is made and where the engines and the chassis are assembled, you realize more and more that the A-B-C of the Ford worker is "Always Be Clean."

Everywhere you see great activity, the steady, orderly flow of parts forming into the complete automobile, yet there is no suggestion of haste or confusion. On all sides, you note how machines have been used to take heavy labor off the back of man and how carefully the well-being of workers is safeguarded.

Air and light are regulated according to the needs of each department. Hospital treatment is furnished within the plants without charge. Men work on eight-hour shifts, five days a week.



This is the Ford De Luxe Phaeton—a dashing sport touring car distinguished by its low sweeping lines and beautiful colors. The distinctive tan top has natural wood bows and is easy to raise and lower. Upholstery is of genuine leather, with narrow piping. The wheels are finished in a different color from the body. The seats are wide and comfortable and are set well down in the car. Most exposed bright metal parts are made of Rustless Steel.

Many Balls and Rollers

HAVE you ever wondered what ball and roller bearings look like and how they differ? Here is one of each kind used in the Ford.

Note that each ball bearing contains a number of balls and each roller bearing is made up of a number of rollers.

Ball and roller bearings are important because they minimize friction and wear between moving parts. They are used at more than twenty places in the chassis of the Ford. This large number is an indication of the care with which the Ford is made.

There is Much to Do

THOREAU said that he could not get over his surprise that he had been born in the best place in the world, and in the very nick of time too.

If that was true of an American youth in 1817, how much more true is it of American youth today. But you need not go back so far; you are many times better off than if you had been born even one short generation ago.

That is how I answer boys who ask if there are any opportunities for them today. Boys of today have a thousand opportunities where boys of my day had one. Think of the hundreds of lines of business that did not exist even twenty-five years ago. Think of the instruments of experiment and progress ready for the use of ambitious young men today. Neither the opportunities nor the instruments existed twenty-five years ago. But now they are everywhere.

You have been born just in time to start at scratch with one of the best periods the world has ever seen. Men of my generation made a more efficient and comfortable world than we found when we arrived, and you will make a better one than we leave to you.

Henry Ford

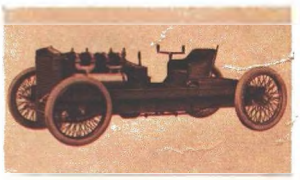
A rural mail carrier in Iowa drove a Ford over 73,000 miles in a year. The average load was 1200 pounds of mail. Practically the only expense for repairs was for new piston rings and a new generator bearing.

* * *

Ford cars demonstrated their ability for fast traveling by winning first and third prizes in an automobile race sponsored by the Automobile Club of Poland. The race was 2000 miles from Warsaw—to Lemberg—to Warsaw.

* * *

Two policemen in Terre Haute, Indiana, probably owe their lives to the Triplex shatter-proof windshield of the new Ford. Two bullets fired by bandits were found imbedded in this glass.



The Famous "999" Racing Car

SHOWN above is the famous "999" racing car built by Henry Ford and driven by him in a speed test in January, 1904. He set a new world's record on the ice at Lake St. Claire. Later the "999" was driven by Barney Oldfield. When he took the tiller, it was the first time Oldfield had ever driven a motor car. Previously he had been a bicycle rider.