The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
March 1931
Founded 1827

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What a difference there is between these cartridges and the kind you've been shooting in the past. You have the feeling that you've *done something* when you pull the trigger on a *Super-X Long Range .22!* Its report is a louder, sharper BARK, and you can hear the bullet go down the range with a high-powered W-H-A-N-G you've never heard before with any .22.

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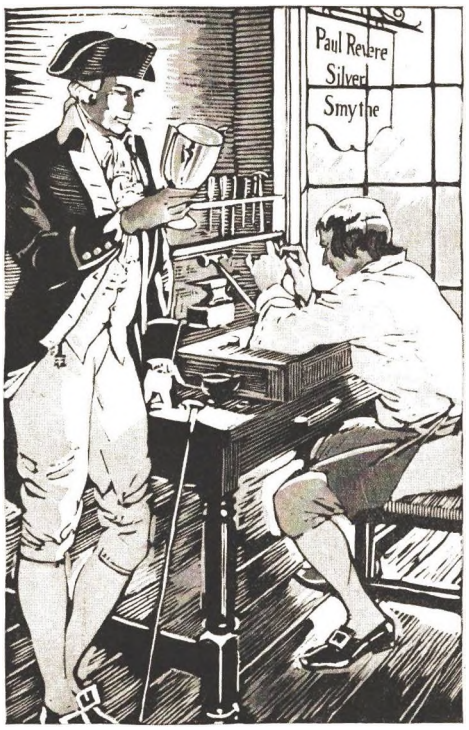

Carrying on a Fine American Tradition

through

THE FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

When Paul Revere was not engaged in making history with other Revolutionary War heroes, he could be found in his shop in Boston, working at the trade of silversmith taught to him by his father.

From his shop came beautiful salvers, pitchers and other metal articles, for which collectors now pay huge prices, not only because they were made by Paul Revere but because they are exquisitely wrought and delicately engraved.

For Paul Revere was an artisan who worked in the old guild tradition—a man who prided himself, above everything, on his expert craftsmanship. Indeed, it is probable that he took as much pride in producing a beautiful piece of silverware as he did in his famous midnight ride to arouse the New England Minute Men.

The men who built the Yankee clipper ships labored with a similar desire to produce the finest work of which they were capable. As a result they constructed sailing vessels that, in their day, carried the fame of American ship-builders throughout the world.

Many more examples of fine American handiwork could be given, but the two mentioned will serve to show that expert craftsmanship is an American tradition—among the finest that we possess.

And the boys who are entered in the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild are helping to carry on this tradition!

That makes it worthwhile, doesn't it, to take part in this splendid movement—even if there were not generous awards offered for careful workmanship?

And there is still another reason for entering. The mental qualities and manual dexterity these boys will acquire by completing the coach they are now building will help them in whatever field they enter later in life.

If any of you who read this page are not yet members of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, we urge you to enroll at once at the Cadillac-La Salle salesroom in your community. Members are now engaged in a coach-building competition for awards totaling over $50,000, including four university scholarships. The competition is open to all boys between 12 and 19 and the Guild furnishes complete plans and drawings for building the Napoleonic Coach. Your Cadillac-La Salle dealer will obtain them for you free. By entering now you will have enough time to make each part of the coach perfect. You will then have a better chance to win an award and you will get far more pleasure from the finished project.

When you go to the Cadillac-La Salle salesroom to enroll in the competition examine carefully the Cadillacs and La Salles on display. You will find them to be fine modern examples of the American craftsmanship that produced the exquisite silver plate and the fast sailing vessels of earlier times, and you will be encouraged to do even better with your coach.

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Complete your coach . . *and get this* HANDSOME CERTIFICATE

Your completed model coach should be shipped in time to reach Detroit not later than June 1. Now is the time to schedule your work, day by day, right through to the final finishing touches. Stay with the winners. Finish your coach.

EVERY MEMBER of the Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild who submits a completed coach in competition will be fittingly rewarded for his industry, skill, and determination.

Whether or not his coach wins an award, he will receive the Guild Certificate of Craftsmanship—a handsome document, printed in colors on heavy paper, with his name prominently inscribed. It is signed by the Guild officers. It is stamped with the Guild seal.

Here is a trophy which you will be proud to frame and hang in your room. All your friends will envy you for it. And best of all, it will be a tribute to your personal skill—something you earned by your own efforts and exertion—evidence that you have earnestly developed your ability and completed your work in the true Guild spirit.

Then, too, it is from the boys who receive this Certificate—and from them alone—that the winners will come who gain those other valuable awards—the four University scholarships of four years each, the trips to Detroit with all expenses paid, and the 882 other substantial awards in gold.

Stay with the leaders. Finish your model coach. Earn your Certificate of Craftsmanship and make an earnest, 100 per cent try for a major, worthwhile Guild award.

FISHER BODY CRAFTSMAN'S GUILD

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

Volume 105 March, 1931 Number 3

Price: 20 cents a copy; $2.00 a year, $3.00 for three years in the United States and its possessions; 25c a year extra in Canada; 50c a year extra in foreign countries.

The Back Swims Through

By Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

"HARD aport!"

"Aye, aye!"

The words reverberated through the State College tank, momentarily stilling the babbling murmur of the thousand rooters banking the pool, and giving warning to the tiring Tech swimmers that another assault upon their goal was under way.

The words had become famous since the middle of the Conference water polo season. A battle cry and a challenge. More than that—a chant of victory sung by Speed Herbert, State's right back, and Jack Bartley, center forward—the two swimmers who were carrying State toward her first polo championship.

Jack Bartley was thrashing down the center of the pool, straight for the Tech goal. He was dribbling the ball—a leather-covered sphere about half the size of a basketball. Bumping it along with his head as he surged forward, preventing it from bobbing out to the side with his alternately stroking arms.

To his right and ten feet behind, Speed Herbert, flattened out in a racing crawl, was boiling ahead like a destroyer, leaving far behind his desperately swimming opponent.

Well past the middle of the pool, Bartley turned slightly on his side. For an instant his right hand caressed the under side of the ball.

"Avast!"

As he yelled he tossed the ball into the air. It plopped a yard in front of Captain Herbert. Without abating his speed he imprisoned it within stroking arms, veered toward the side, and then cut in for the Tech goal.

To the right, Mayhew, State's right forward, had drawn his opposing back to the side of the pool. To the left, Morton had done the same thing. The path was clear.

Arms outspread in front of the ten-foot-wide net, the Tech goalkeeper waited tensely for the assault.

Speed's rush halted. The ball rose in his hand. He carried it back, and seemed to lift his body half out of water. With terrific force he threw. The goal keeper lunged for the corner of the goal too late. The ball bobbed lazily, mockingly, on the water inside the net. Speed buried his head in the water to hide a wide, exultant grin. Number Four play had worked again.

Sitting on the lower row of seats, unmindful of the roar that filled the tank, Coach Scotty Allen smiled to himself. Those two! Herbert and Bartley! Herbert with the speed and stamina of a Weissmuller. Bartley, a perfect running mate.

The timer's gun roared and the crowd rose spontaneously and yelled. A 5-to-2 victory over Tech was something to write home about. Tech was tough competition—almost as tough as Lawrence, the present champions of the Conference.

Fourteen tired swimmers slowly splashed to the side of the pool. Speed Herbert pulled his long, glistening body out of water to a sitting position. Bartley swam up, attempted to drag himself out of water, and flopped back in, exhausted.

"What's the matter, Bos'n?" Speed asked.

"Out of fuel, Cap'n," Jack replied, hanging wearily to the side, his blond hair plastered over his forehead.

Speed unceremoniously dragged his teammate's body out of the water over the edge.

"Get up and man the pumps," he said cheerfully, "or I'll put you in irons."

"Aye, aye, sir," Jack puffed wearily. "Also yo-ho."

They walked to the locker room arm in arm, unconscious of the bathrobes thrown around them by eager substitutes, unaware of the tribute implied in the glances cast them by rooters.

"That Number Four play," Jack said, when his breath was fully restored, "certainly worked to-night. I don't see how you do it!"

Speed Herbert grinned. The play was unorthodox, to say the least. Speed was a back, and his big job was to guard the opposing forward. On this play he had to swim almost the full length of the pool, take the ball from Jack, and make the goal. If he missed, he had to turn about and hike right back on defense—cover Jack's opponent. That took lungs.

"I just woke up too early," Jack grunted, throwing off the covers. "I always have a grouch in the morning."

In the locker room, Coach Scotty Allen spoke a few brief words of praise.

"We furnished an upset to-night," he said, "and we're going to supply another one before the season's over. We're going to beat Lawrence."

The team accepted the news in confident silence. Two weeks ago they would have been skeptical.

"We're going to win the Conference water polo title, and after that I'm going to see that Captain Herbert and Jack Bartley are seriously considered for the Olympic team." Fine wrinkles appeared around the coach's eyes. "I say that because I know they can stand prosperity."

He paused, and then went on:

"Our strength lies in our ability to use Speed on offense as well as defense. It's like having an eight-man team instead of seven." He turned to Speed. "Two games, now, you've worked that play. You've almost got it down pat. Next week, when we play Colton, use it only when you have to. In the Lawrence game, go the limit."

Speed went to the showers glowing. The Olympic team! A trip to Los Angeles in 1932! Ba-abee!

"Lay in provisions for a long cruise, Bos'n," he said to Jack. "We're bound for the land of sunshine and citrus fruits."

With a yank he pulled Jack under the ice-cold needles of his own shower. Jack howled, and in another moment the two were squirming and wrestling under the shower, spraying water in four directions.

"Cut it out!" bellowed Mayhew. "You crazy tars!"

As they were dressing Jack's lips curled in a humorous quirk.

"Get ready to be a bloomin' hero," he said. "Tomorrow the papers'll hoist you up on a nice, polished throne. I can almost quote 'em now: 'Speed Herbert, the sensational back, played a great game at forward!'"

Speed put on a contrite air. "I hate to steal your stuff."

"Oh, that's all right, old fellow," Jack replied airily. "No use being backward about coming forward—"

"At ease!" Speed chuckled. "As a punster you're a great polo player."

THE next morning—Sunday morning—at exactly seven forty-nine, Speed found himself staring, fully awake, at the ceiling of the Delta Bete dorm. He glanced for a moment at the ruffled blond hair of Jack, beside him. Then he felt under his pillow, pulled out Jack's watch, and looked intently at it. His face grew puzzled. What on earth had caused him to wake up at this unearthly hour?

"The Olympics," he said, aloud.

Jack emitted a protesting grumble and buried his head deeper in his pillow.

And the papers. The Sunday papers. Jack had wanted to read what they said about the swimming meet and the polo match. Unable to sleep, Speed got up, went downstairs, propelled his long pajama-clad figure out into the bright March morning, and rescued the paper from the front steps. Stepping gingerly with his bare feet through the snow on the porch he retreated into the house, conscious that two amazed ladies on the sidewalk were burning holes in his back. In another minute he was stretched out in bed reading the sporting section.

He scanned through the account of the swimming meet—won by State 38 to 32—and reached the subhead: "Herbert Stars in Afterpiece." His smile broadened as he read the paragraph that followed:

"Captain Herbert was the human torpedo that blasted the Tech defense. Twice he swam the full length of the pool and scored goals. Once, when his attack failed, he tore back on defense so fast that Tech couldn't take advantage of her chance to score. He played through the two seven-minute halves at top speed, and this writer is still wondering where he secreted that hidden supply of oxygen.

"Bartley at center forward stayed right with Herbert every minute, until the last part of the second half, when he tired noticeably. But that's as long as any swimmer could stay with Herbert and not collapse."

Speed nudged the unconscious form at his side.

"Read this," he said. "It'll put you in your place."

A muffled voice protested from under the covers. "Let a guy sleep."

For answer Speed rustled the paper temptingly. "You wanted to read it," he said.

"Oh." Jack turned over, blinked his eyes, and then saw the headlines. He took the paper, yawned, and read the story.

"'Tired noticeably,'" he growled. "That notice won't earn *me* any Olympic tryout." Then he blushed. "Not that I give a hoot about that."

"You stick along with Papa Herbert," Speed counseled. "We'll burn up the Conference with that Number Four play."

"And *you'll* make all the goals," Jack replied.

Speed looked at his bunkmate intently. "You don't care about *that*, do you?"

"No—I just woke up too early," Jack grunted, throwing off the covers. "I always have a grouch in the morning."

For a moment he sat in thought on the edge of the bed.

"Tired noticeably," he murmured. "I'd like to see the fellow who wrote that swim the hundred and the medley in the regular meet, and then play fourteen minutes of water polo. . . . You drag yourself out of the pool after the medley. Hustle into the locker room, get a rubdown, take a shot of pepsin so you won't be nauseated, get into a dry suit, get out and play polo. It's not—" he yawned—"exactly a soft life."

Speed watched the broad back of his roommate disappear through the door. Jack had growled about the play, and then about being overworked. That play had been developed because Speed Herbert could swim faster than anybody on the team, and because Speed Herbert could shoot goals.

"I wonder," he mused, "if Jack's developing an operatic temperament."

In the Colton game, the following Friday night, he wondered some more. With the score tied at one-all late in the first half, a golden chance came to work the play. Brick Jones, goal tender, had just blocked a Colton attempt and had thrown out to Richardson, left back. Richardson had tossed to Jack. The Colton team had started splashing for position.

At that instant, Speed yelled the familiar signal: "Hard aport!"

Jack's "Aye!" came ringing back, and the two started down the pool, Jack in the lead and Speed to the right. Into enemy territory they churned, and then Speed got ready for the next signal, "Avast!" and the pass.

But no pass came. He took two more strokes, glanced toward Jack. To his utter amazement he saw Jack swirl in the water, carry the ball out, and hurl it for the goal *himself*. It missed the corner of the net by a foot. Automatically Speed halted in place until the opposing goal tender threw the ball into play.

Jack had thrown the ball himself! He'd passed up an almost certain score for an outside chance. Play was resumed before Speed had a chance to figure it out. Colton was proving a lot tougher than the dope, and in a short while Speed gave up the puzzle as a bad job. At the end of the half the score was still one-all.

Early in the second half came another good spot for the play. Jack barked his "Hard aport!" imperatively, this time, and the answer came back. They scudded down the pool. This time Speed swam with his head turned constantly toward Jack.

He saw Jack stop in scoring territory, start to make the usual pass, then hesitate, and throw instead to Mayhew, in the far right-hand corner. Immediately Jack plowed forward, took a return pass from Mayhew, rose high, and slammed the ball past the goal tender for a score.

Thoughtfully Speed nodded his head as he swam back to position. Jack was out to make a few scores himself. He *was* developing an operatic temperament. Perhaps he was working for a reputation to bring to the Olympic tryout.

State won the game 3 to 1. In the locker room Jack seemed very cheerful.

"Another naval engagement, Cap'n," he said cheerfully, "and the enemy sunk. Not as well sunk as we'd like, but still—sunk."

Speed didn't reply.

"Now for Lawrence," Jack babbled on. "They've got fast ships and long range guns, but we—aha—we've got the gunners. Marksmanship!"

Speed puzzled. Jack had made two of the three goals to-night. And now he was talking about marksmanship. Was he kidding—or was there a subtle challenge in it? A declaration of revolt?

Of course, it might be that Jack hadn't passed to Speed because he was afraid of overworking the play. . . . No—that couldn't be it. Speed had called for the play only twice.

"Smatter, Cap?" Jack queried, "Struck dumb?"

Speed nodded noncommittally and walked to the shower. He wondered if he should say anything to Scotty. The coach hadn't been present to-night—he was out of town scouting Lawrence.

No—he wouldn't say anything to Scotty. He'd ask Jack about it as soon as they were out of the gym. Have a showdown. As they dressed side by side, he knew that Jack was casting curious glances his way. When they were out of the building, he turned abruptly to his roommate.

"Jack," he said, "why didn't you pass to me?"

Jack's head turned sharply, his eyes wide with astonishment. Speed wondered if it were feigned astonishment.

"Why—don't you know?" he asked.

Speed shook his head.

"You egg," Jack laughed, "you do too. You were covered!"

Covered! So that was Jack's alibi! Speed knew, for a certainty, that on both of those dashes up the pool he had been at least ten feet ahead of his man. What more did Jack want?

Yet Jack had made the statement in an utterly frank, sincere tone. Maybe too frank and sincere—as if he had prepared his answer in advance.

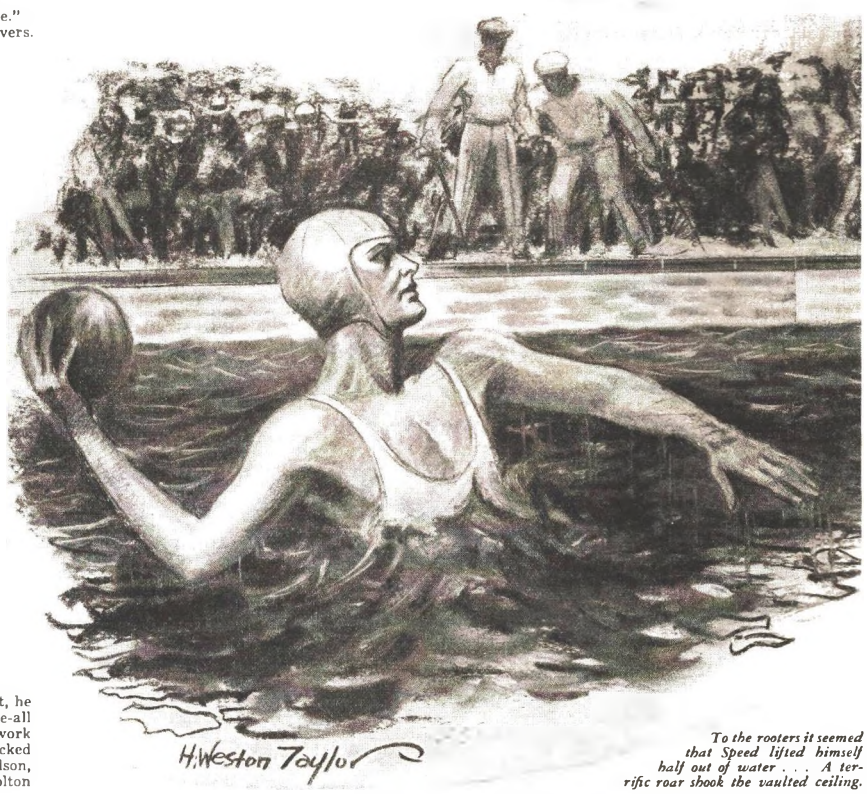
THEY reached the fraternity house in silence, turned on the desk lights in their study, and went to work. A strained air hung over the room. At eleven, Jack yawned ostentatiously and went to bed. Speed looked up after he'd gone.

It wasn't like Jack to steal another man's stuff—and then try to pull the wool over his eyes. They'd been running mates for two years. Frowning, the tall captain undressed.

The next day, at the breakfast table, Jack was extremely cheerful. The house, Speed reflected, had made much of him—and sometimes that wasn't too good for a guy.

"We'll go right through Lawrence," Jack volunteered to Speed, "like I go through my allowance."

"Maybe," Speed said reflectively.



To the rooters it seemed that Speed lifted himself half out of water . . . A terrific roar shook the vaulted ceiling.

"Maybe!" Jack repeated. "What kind of a word is that? Is it in the dictionary?"

"Right near the front of the M's," Speed replied.

"You're tightening up," Jack accused. "Relax."

Speed felt like saying: "I'm all right. *You* do *your* stuff—and don't worry about me."

Five days later, in the short interval between the end of the Lawrence swimming meet and the beginning of the all-important polo game, he did say that—in slightly different words.

State had lost the swimming meet by two points. But to the 1200 rooters banked around the rippling pool in the brightly lighted, vaulted tank, the water polo scrap was the thing. Speed Herbert and Jack Bartley had lifted the game into the spotlight. These two, with their unequaled dash, and daring play, were becoming ranked among the great.

And in the locker room, a few seconds before the team was due to go out—after Coach Scotty Allen had had his brief say—Speed Herbert drew Jack Bartley to one side.

"To-night," he said, "when I call our play, you pass to *me*."

Jack missed the tenseness in Speed's voice.

"Okay," he said, "if you're not covered."

Covered, again! The word implied that Speed might not be able to outstrip his man. There wasn't a polo player in the Conference he couldn't leave behind, and Jack knew it. The captain found himself growing hot.

"Don't worry about whether I'm covered or not," he said. "I'll take care of that."

"But—" Jack's face wore a protest—"if there's a man on top of you—"

"I've heard that before!" Speed kept his voice low. "To-night you forget yourself and pass to *me!*"

The implication in the words was unmistakable. Jack's head snapped up and there was fire in his eyes. For a moment he looked angrily at Speed.

"Do you think I've been hogging the show?" he said.

"What else can I think?" Speed replied.

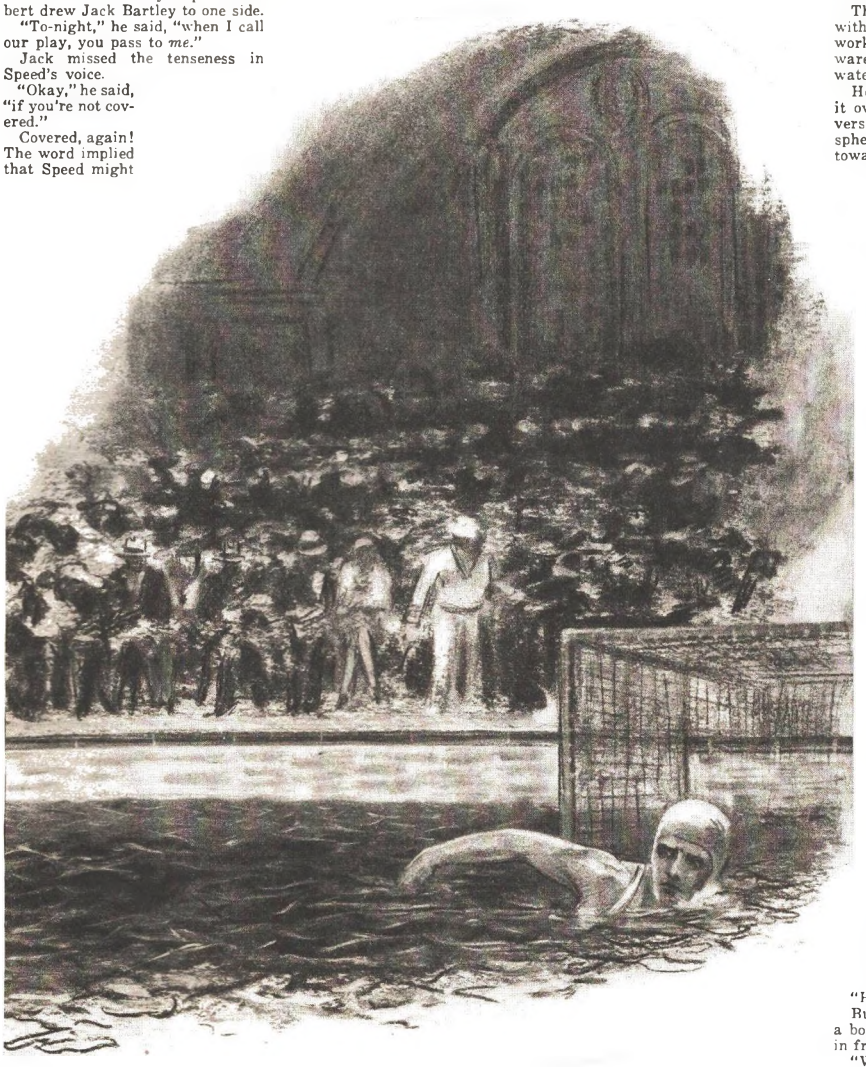
There was a moment of silence.

"All right," Jack said roughly. "I'll pass to you."

Speed nodded his head, and they walked out after the team.

THERE was a sudden, spontaneous roar when the two star players finally reached the pool. The Lawrence team was already in the water—seven of them, lined up along their goal, hanging to the end. The State men were dropping in. A few feet from each end, on the side of the pool, stood the two goal scorers, each holding a red and a white flag.

Dressed in a white shirt and white flannel trousers, the referee was waiting just across the pool. The timer stood beside him.



Speed felt his pulse leaping. To-night was the night! It had to be State's night. If Jack didn't co-operate, he'd have to score a few goals single-handed.

"Get into the pool."

It was Scotty Allen's voice, and obediently the captain dived in, coasted to the net, and took his position, his two hands grasping the edge, his back to the pool, and his legs doubled up so that his feet were planted against the side for the shove-off.

The referee tossed the ball into the water. With a long bamboo pole, on the end of which was a shallow cap, he held the ball in place exactly in the center of the pool. At the gun, the fastest man on each team would race for it. For State, the man was Speed. For the purple-clad Lawrence team it was Hopwood, star dash man.

Speed held up two fingers, meaning that if he got the ball he would toss it back to a guard. That was the usual play.

A hush fell over the tank. The gun boomed deafeningly. There was a tremendous splash as fourteen players literally leaped from the ends of the pool. Toward the ball, still held carefully in place, Speed and Hopwood raced—two streaks of foam.

Speed knew that he'd made a good start. He knew that he'd reach the ball first. And with the knowledge came an irresistible hunch. He'd tip the ball over Hopwood's head, swim around him, hook the ball, and slam it at the goal.

The play was possible. It had been done. A man with a good arm could pull it. And the reason it worked was because it caught the goal tender unawares. Thrilled with the hunch, he fairly burned the water.

He reached the ball with his right hand and flopped it over Hopwood's body. Before Hopwood could reverse himself, Speed veered around him, collared the sphere, and with a powerful body twist cannoned it toward the goal.

But the Lawrence goal tender had seen the play before. Lunging to his right he stopped it easily, and tossed it out to one of his backs.

The ball went to Hopwood, and Speed swam after him, half chagrined, half mad. But his anger cooled as he tried to catch Hopwood. Hopwood was fast. Hopwood was dribbling that ball down almost as swiftly as *he* could. Speed grinned under water and added power to his thrash.

He caught his opponent at the twenty-foot mark, hurried his throw, and the next instant Brick Jones had thrown out to Richardson. For the next three minutes the pool was churned with the crisscrossing lanes of speeding players. With unbelievable rapidity the ball traveled from one end of the pool to the other. It was a faster pace than human beings could stand, and when the ball went out of bounds even Speed was glad to tread water and do nothing but breathe.

TWO minutes before the end of the half Brick Jones batted down another Lawrence attempt, and the next instant Jack Bartley had the ball. Jack started up the center of the pool. Speed plowed after him, and the Number Four play was on its way, minus the heartening "Hard aport!" and "Aye!"

With satisfaction Speed noticed that he had a body length on Hopwood. Fast as Hopwood was, he'd never catch up. Speed was sure of it. The only thought in his mind as he burned through the water was—"Will Jack throw to me?"

Up near the Lawrence goal, Mayhew was drawing his guard to the right side of the pool. Morton was clearing the way on the other side. The path was open.

"There's no excuse if he doesn't throw it," Speed thought to himself.

After one quick glance at Mayhew, Speed kept his eyes to the left, on Jack.

Well into enemy territory Jack thrashed. Suddenly he stopped and carried the ball back. Then, to Speed's amazement, he paused, ball poised in air. Speed slowed uncertainly.

"He wants to throw it himself," Speed grunted. "Hurry up, you fool!"

At last Jack threw. Speed got under way, imprisoning the ball as he went, swerving right and then cutting in for the goal.

"Hopwood didn't catch up," he exulted.

But as he spurred up for the final dash to the goal a body scraped up alongside and an arm came down in front of him. Speed had one bewildered moment.

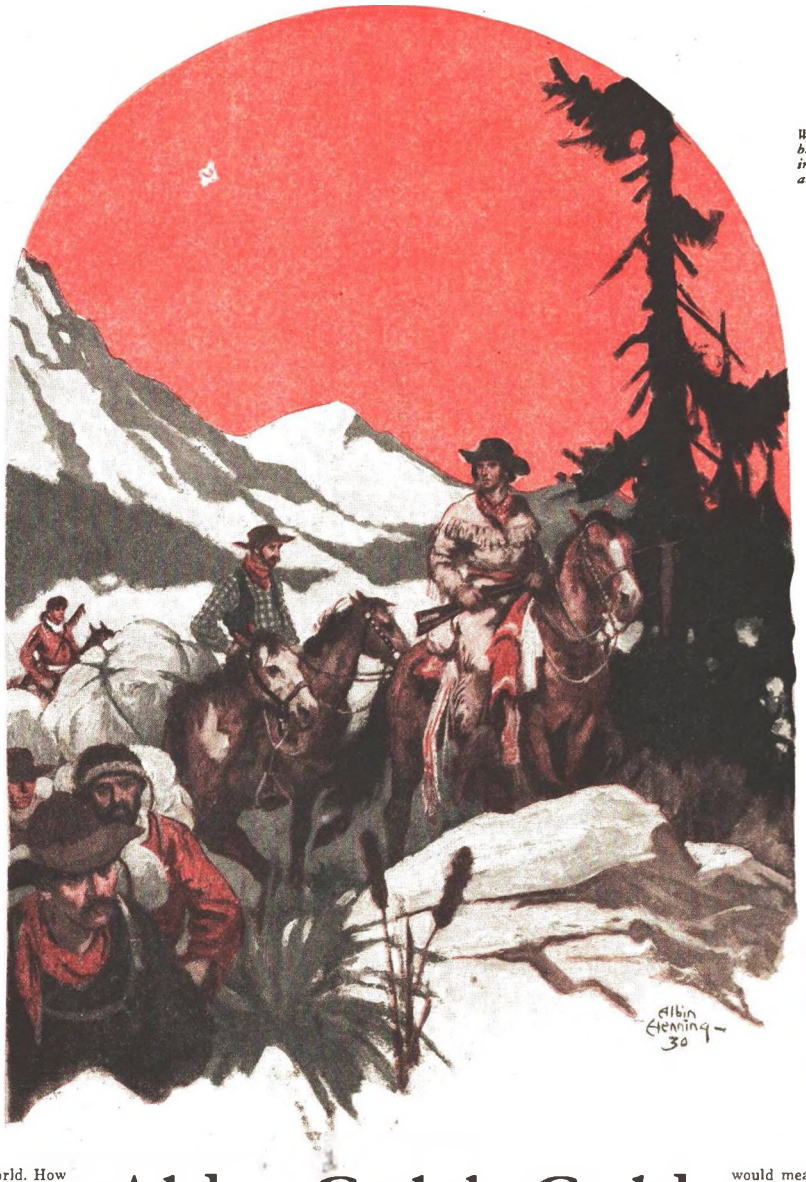
"Where did he come from? Did Hopwood catch me?"

Furiously he tried to bull his way ahead. His beating arms splashed the water into a foam. He felt himself clear and reached for the ball, then looked around puzzled. The ball had disappeared. The attack was going the other way.

Slowly the mists cleared from his brain, and he realized that someone had snaked the ball from him. He knew that he, too, should be going the other way. Jack's man—it was up to him to cover Jack's man, because Jack had gone over to cover Hopwood.

Well—it was too late now.

Slowly he swam down the pool, and as he swam a swelling roar of voices, (*Continued on page 32*)



We were off at last—with buckskin-clad Beaver Bill in the lead while my uncle and I herded the pack animals along.

Alder Gulch Gold

By James Willard Schultz

Illustrated by Albin Henning

Part One

IT was my eighteenth birthday, Sunday, July 30, 1863, and my fortieth day on the *Yellowstone*, a Missouri River steamboat.

We were now two thousand miles—by the channel—from my home town, St. Joseph, Missouri, and approaching Fort Benton, in the north central part of what is now Montana, at the head of navigation of the great river. Standing beside my Uncle Ben Wilson on the forward end of the hurricane deck, I stared at the big two-bastioned fort and the several hundred lodges of an Indian camp just below it. I could hardly believe that it was I myself, Henry Wilson, out here in the Far West, bound for the gold mines of Salmon River, somewhere in the Rocky Mountains beyond Fort Benton.

There came and stood with us a new and most likable acquaintance, Beaver Bill; a tall, lank, long-haired, smooth-shaven, buckskin-clad man who had come aboard at Wolf Point, several hundred miles below. He was a trapper and trader, and seemed to have taken a liking to my uncle and me. He was teaching me the Indian sign language, which it was well to know, for one could converse in it with all of the tribes of the plains.

"Well, my tenderfoot friends," Beaver Bill said, pointing to the fort, "there she is, the greatest fur trade center in all the world. How many buffalo robes do you think the steamboats took from there last spring? Twenty-four thousand robes, by gum! And thousands of beaver, wolf, elk, deer, and antelope hides. Yes, sir, that was what the American Fur Company got at this westernmost post last year from just four tribes!"

"Why, then the annual killing of buffalo by all the plains tribes must run into hundreds of thousands!" exclaimed my uncle.

"And the buffalo will all be killed off in time," I added.

"Yes, but while they last there's good money in trading with the Indians for the robes," Beaver Bill answered. He looked at us a moment and went on: "See here, Mr. Wilson, you and Henry know nothing of gold mining, and mining is sure a gamble. Now I've taken a real liking to you two, and I'm going to make you a sure-thing offer. Put what money you have in with what I have and we'll buy three four-horse teams, three wagons, a good supply of goods, and camp-trade with some of the Blackfeet tribes next winter. What I mean is, we'll travel right with the Indians, camp with them, keep them supplied with the things they need—we can get the goods we want from the fort here and sure make a lot of money."

"Let's do it, Uncle Ben," I said eagerly.

But my uncle turned away and stood looking down upon the swirling, muddy current of the river. At last he straightened up and faced us. "That's a good offer, Bill," he said, "but my heart is set on the gold diggings. I've got to give them a try. I can't go in with you."

"Man, you've sure got the gold fever." Beaver Bill shook his head. "Well, if you don't strike gold, why, just come back and look me up. Hello, we're almost in. Now you two are going along with me. Old man Dawson, the factor of the fur company, is a friend of mine and I'll get him to give you beds in the fort while you're here."

The *Yellowstone* was an American Fur Company boat; so we landed directly in front of the fort, some hundreds of yards below the town of Fort Benton, which consisted of a row of fifteen or twenty small log buildings facing the river, one of them the Overland Hotel and the others mostly saloons. As soon as the gangplank was run out, there was a mighty rush of cursing, jostling passengers, who all wanted to be first ashore and on the way to the hotel with their few belongings.

BEAVER BILL, my uncle, and I remained on the upper deck until the rush subsided, and then went quietly over to the fort.

There we met the kindly Scotch factor, who told us to help ourselves to blankets and buffalo robes and sleep in the trade room as long as we remained in town. We had supper with the factor, his comely Indian wife, and their two bright young sons, and then adjourned to the office room of the fort where I listened to the talk of the three men.

Mr. Dawson deeply deplored the discovery of gold on Salmon River. It meant, he said, the beginning of the discovery of other placer mines, and the invasion of the country by hordes of gold seekers, farmers, cattlemen, and business men. All that, he said, would mean the extermination of the buffalo and the consequent utter demoralization of the Indian tribes.

Beaver Bill agreed with the factor, but my uncle heatedly declared that the United States was destined to become the greatest country of the world, and nothing must bar the early settlement and development of it from coast to coast, and from Mexico to Canada.

A knocking upon the office door interrupted the argument. Four men hesitantly entered and one of them said to Mr. Dawson: "Boss, we're plumb scairt! We've got a lot of gold dust that we took out of Alder Gulch, and there's some bad men layin' for us up in town. Will you obleege us by keepin' our dust in your safe overnight, and until it's time for us to board your steamboat tomorrow and light out for safer parts?"

"Yes, I'll keep it for you but, first, where is Alder Gulch?"

"Alder Gulch? Why, it's a new discovery—not two months old. Guess we're the first to come out, the first out this way anyhow."

"Yes, but where is it?"

"Well, the Alder Gulch creek runs into the Jefferson River, one of the Three Forks of the Missouri and—"

"Indian country! Blackfeet country! The miners won't last long when the tribes learn they're there," Mr. Dawson interrupted.

"Boss, you're wrong. There's enough miners in Alder Gulch right now to lick all the Indians in the country—more than a thousand of 'em. And they're flockin' in from Salmon River, Bannock, Salt Lake City, and farther places. Why, in two months there'll be ten thousand men workin' the Alder Gulch placers."

"Is it a rich discovery?" my uncle asked.

"Rich? The richest ever struck in all the world. Why, in less than a month, us four here made our stakes."

"Mined all you wanted in that short time?" Mr. Dawson asked.

"No, not all we wanted. But you see it's this way. Alder Gulch is plumb dangerous. Lots of bad men there, robbin' and murderin'! We didn't dast stay there any longer. And, anyhow, we've got enough to set us up in good shape back in God's country."

"Huh! You tenderfeet are too timid!" Beaver Bill exclaimed. "Too easily scairt! I'd like to see any of them robbers get away with my dust if I was minin' there."

"Maybe they would and maybe they wouldn't," spoke up another of the four men. "Anyhow, I'm aimin' to get myself and my stake back into safe, law-abidin' country."

"Yeah," growled Beaver Bill, "you want to get back into penny ante country—where nothin' excitin' ever happens, where the people live in such an all-days-of-a-sameness way that they hardly know they're alive."

None of the four answered, and I was pleased that the arguing ended for I wanted to see the gold dust they had. I wondered where they had left it. I was surprised when they produced from different parts of their persons a number of small, tightly filled buckskin sacks, and made four little piles of them upon Mr. Dawson's desk. Why, all the gold dust in the four piles would be worth only a few hundred dollars, I thought, and yet these men said they'd made their stakes!

JUST then one of the four tapped his little sacks proudly. "Ain't that a lot for less than a month of work?" he asked. "Six hundred and sixty-six ounces it weighs—fifty-five and a half troy pounds—about twelve thousand dollars' worth at eighteen dollars an ounce, the goin' price here. And down home we'll likely get twenty dollars an ounce."

Another man spoke up. "Mine ain't quite so much; she weighs a trifle under nine thousand dollars."

The two other men modestly valued their stakes at seven and eight thousand dollars.

Thirty-six thousand dollars' worth of gold in those little sacks, and for less than a month of work by four men! All at once I wanted to be a miner in Alder Gulch! My uncle gasped and stuttered, as he asked to be allowed to see some of the dust.

"Sure you can see it," one of the men replied, and poured the contents of one of his sacks out upon a sheet of paper. The dust wasn't fine, glittering stuff as I had thought it would be; it was dull yellow and the particles were of various sizes, from that of a pinhead to that of a dried pea.

"So that's gold dust! The precious stuff! At last I've seen some of it. Well, if hard work gets results, I'm going to mine a lot of it!" my uncle exclaimed.

At that, Mr. Dawson looked at him rather pityingly, and one of the miners said gruffly, "'Tain't so much work as luck that gets the dust; where one strikes it rich, a hundred never get a grain."

Mr. Dawson opened his safe, and the four men put their treasure in it. They then left the fort, and shortly afterward my uncle, Beaver Bill, and I went up the river bank to see Fort Benton town.

We swung along without much talk, each wrapped up in his own thoughts, but just before we came to the first of the straggling buildings of the town, Beaver Bill called a halt and said, "Wilson, this here new discovery, this Alder Gulch, is sure a rich one."

"Yes, it must be," my uncle agreed.

"Do you know," Beaver Bill went on, "I've a good mind to go with you and young Henry here and give it a try."

"Good!" My uncle smiled all over. It would mean much to us to have an experienced man with us.

"But I'm going with you two on one condition," Beaver Bill added. "If we don't strike it rich before October first, then you're to go in with me in the winter trade with one of the Blackfeet Indian tribes."

That didn't please my uncle so well, but he finally agreed to the condition and we all solemnly shook hands.

Then we went on up the main street of Fort Benton. It was just a dusty road paralleling the river bank, and the buildings along it were few and scattering.

Beaver Bill led us into the largest one of them, Bourrasa's saloon, a long, wide log cabin of one room, thronged with fur traders, trappers, wolfers, bullwhackers, mule skinners, and passengers from the *Yellowstone*. Beginning at the left of the doorway, a shining bar ran up the room for thirty or forty feet, and three bartenders behind it were busily quenching the thirst of the crowd at the rate of two bits per drink. All up and down the room were poker tables and faro layouts, and there wasn't a vacant chair at one of them. The gamblers were quiet, intent upon their cards. But the restless crowd round them and at the bar all but drowned the rattle of poker chips and coins with their talking, singing, and laughing.

The talk of our fellow passengers was all about ways and means of going on to the Alder Gulch discovery. They offered the fur traders and trappers exorbitant prices for teams and wagons, but couldn't buy a single horse. I asked Beaver Bill how we were to go, and he told me calmly: "Leave it to me, son. We'll get there all right."

We went directly to the lodge of the head chief, Big Lake.

MY uncle and I soon got tired of the boisterous crowd. We were about to suggest to Bill that it was time for us to return to the fort when a young fellow not much older than I lurched in, supported by two men, and began calling loudly for drinks.

I stared at him, hardly able to believe my eyes. But that was certainly Jim Brady!

My heart suddenly went down. Jim and I had gone to school together back in St. Joseph, but he was no friend of mine. He had taken to running round in St.

Joseph with a tough crowd from the river front and had resented it because I had refused all his invitations to join it.

"Think you're too good for us, do you?" he had finally flung out, and after that he had gone out of his way to sneer at me.

He had refused to fight me in the open, but I had felt sure he wouldn't hesitate to thrust a fight on me if he could catch me in some lonely spot when he had his gang behind him. I had been wary whenever I was round the river front, and it had been a relief to me when Jim Brady had finally left town several months before. As a matter of fact, he had been hustled out of town by his family after he and his gang had robbed a store. The Bradys had influence, and they had managed to get Jim out of jail and then had sent him away from St. Joseph.

Now he was here in Fort Benton. He hadn't been on the *Yellowstone;* he must have come up on an earlier steamboat. Well, I hoped he wasn't going on to Alder Gulch.

"Look!" I muttered to my uncle. "There's Jim Brady."

Jim couldn't have heard me, but he turned round just at that moment and looked straight at me. Then he left the bar and came lurching toward me.

"Hello, Henry," he said, with a slanting grin. "Pretty far from your safe little home, aren't you? What you doing here in this wild place? You on your way to Alder Gulch too?"

I nodded. He was drunk and I wouldn't get into a row with him. "Yes," I told him, "my uncle and I are going to try mining up there."

"Well, I'll see you there, you bet, and what yellow dust you slave for, getting it out of the ground, will maybe somehow come my way—"

"Oh, shut up! You're crazy!" one of his companions told him, and again supporting him, they led him out of the saloon.

"He seems to be planning, as usual, to prosper without working," my uncle said dryly.

Standing near us were the four miners who had stored their gold dust in Mr. Dawson's safe; and now they came closer and whispered that Jim Brady's companions were the two who had followed them down from Alder Gulch. The miners felt sure that the two would have attempted to kill them for their little fortunes the first night out from Alder Gulch if they hadn't overtaken a small party of other miners who were on their way to Fort Benton. A man in this party had recognized the tall, dark one of the two as Yreka Jack, and the other one as Red Hughes, and had quietly warned all the rest that these two had unsavory reputations.

"Prison birds, probably," said my uncle, "and that young fellow with them, from our home town, has all the makings of another one. I'm sorry he's interested in Alder Gulch."

So was I. But I had got over my first unreasoning depression. After all, it wasn't likely I'd see much of Jim Brady.

We went back to the fort, and as we turned to enter it and seek our beds, I looked longingly at the great Indian camp below, plainly visible in the bright moonlight, and remarked that I wanted very much to visit it.

"So you shall, youngster—to-morrow morning," Beaver Bill answered. "There's where we're goin' to get our travelin' and campin' outfit."

I went to bed wishing that it were already morning and that we were setting out for the Indian camp. I was so obviously happy and excited that my uncle and Beaver Bill laughed at me.

Yet before I slept my thoughts went back to Jim Brady. The sight of him had been more disquieting than I was willing to admit even to myself.

Chapter Two

WE finished breakfast the next morning just in time to see the departure of the *Yellowstone.* All night men had been busy loading her with the rest of the winter trade in furs. My uncle and I each handed Captain Marsh a letter for my uncle's wife, my Aunt Betty, the only mother I had ever known. The four miners we had met bade us good-by and good luck, and went happily aboard with their precious gold dust once more concealed upon their persons.

When the boat had swung out into the stream and headed for her far-off destination we returned to the fort and, with the two Dawson boys, started for the Indian camp.

The great camp was that of the Pikuni, one of the three Blackfeet tribes. We went directly to the lodge of the head chief, Big Lake, with whom Beaver Bill was well acquainted, and the chief invited us to enter and motioned us to seats upon its most comfortable couches of buffalo robes. Big Lake, a man of about forty-five, was of medium height and build, had a very intelligent and kindly face, and his smile was very winning as he passed Beaver Bill his huge long-stemmed pipe, and inquired whence he had come.

There followed some talk, Bill telling of his experiences in trading with the Assiniboins, and the chief giving some account of the activities of his tribe during the past winter. Bill then asked the chief to have his camp crier announce that he—Bill—wanted to purchase a good lodge, ten strong and gentle horses, and seven pack saddles, the payments for them to be made in the goods at the fort.

"What do you want them for?" Big Lake asked.

"The lodge is for my two friends here and me to live in; the horses for us to ride and to pack with our belongings; we are going up there where white men have discovered yellow metal, somewhere near Shield-Floated-Away River, and ourselves dig some of it out."

Big Lake became very thoughtful. "Ah!" he exclaimed. And again, at intervals, "Ah! Ah!"

And at last: "Beaver, my friend, we are much concerned about this yellow metal discovery by the whites, for it is in one of the very best hunting places in our great country. Only a few days ago some of my young men passed that place of discovery of yellow metal and saw there, digging it, hundreds of white men. And the fire-boat that arrived here yesterday brought more than a hundred whites, all upon their way to that discovery.

"Beaver, my friend, we are much worried about this discovery. Not that we care for the yellow metal—we have no use for it—but because it attracts so many white men, who, while digging it, will kill great numbers of the animals which furnish our food and shelter and clothing. Worse than that, we fear that they may come in ever increasing numbers to seek yellow metal in other parts of our country, and in time destroy all of our food animals, and of course us too. We can not decide what to do about it: go up there where they are digging and kill them off, or let them remain there. Now tell me what you think about it!"

"The yellow metal that the whites are digging up there is very seldom found. It is not likely that there is more of it anywhere in your great country. So, my friend, this I advise: Let the digging go on. The whites will soon take out all that there is of value to them and go away, and your animals will become as plentiful there as they ever were," Beaver Bill replied.

"My friend, your words are the same as those of Big Knife (the factor) and we all know that you two are our real friends. Therefore, we take your advice. The whites up there may continue their crazy digging. And as you have become infected with their craziness, we can do naught but assist you to join them. I will furnish you with all that you ask of us, the horses, the lodge, and the saddles. But we will assist no others to go up into that part of our country. That we decided yesterday."

So saying, the chief turned to his women and began consulting them about the outfit we required—so the Dawson boys told me.

"When do we start?" my uncle asked Beaver Bill. "To-day?"

"Not to-day," Tom Dawson replied. "The chief's women say they must get the leather for your lodge from their friends and that it can't be ready for you before to-morrow night."

"Well, at that we'll reach the diggin's far ahead of the crowd," said Bill.

SITTING next to me was a boy of about my own age who had given me a friendly smile and nod when we entered. He was Eagle Carrier, the son of Big Lake, Tom Dawson told me. I now recalled my slight knowledge of the sign language and signed to the boy: "Have you many buffalo killed?"

He clapped a hand to his mouth, the sign for surprise, astonishment, and in turn signed: "You, now arrived here from far country, how know you so quickly Indian sign talk?"

"He, sitting there, Beaver, taught me. Very little sign talk I know."

"You shall know it all. I will teach it to you. Yes, many buffalo I have killed. Many elk, deer, antelope. Fought twice with Cutthroats, killed one Cutthroat, took his gun. Three real bears I have killed. One of the bears very strong, very angry. Do you understand all that?"

I did not, not half of it. But Jim Dawson repeated the signs and told me the meaning of them—that Cutthroats were Assiniboin Indians, real bears were grizzlies—and so then and there increased my knowledge of the wonderfully expressive silent talk.

"You and I are of about the same number of winters; let us be friends," Eagle Carrier signed.

"Yes," I replied.

"Real friends always, as long as we live."

At that, the Dawson boys and Beaver Bill were surprised. It was rarely that a member of the Blackfeet tribes offered his friendship to a new acquaintance, more rarely still that he offered it to one of different blood, they said.

"Yes. Real friends. As long as we live," I answered, greatly pleased.

"My friend, you must now have a name," Eagle Carrier signed on. He paused, consulted his father, grimly smiling, and then continued: "I give you a

In April

"HIGH UP IN THE TREES"

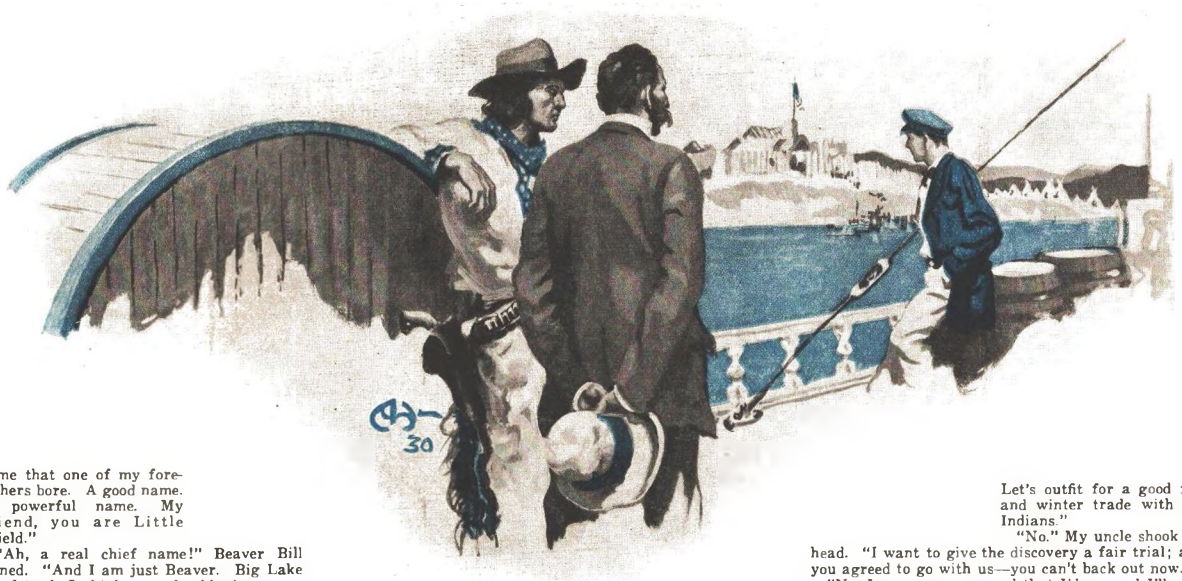
The story of Joe Trent, Valley high jump champion, who works for Joe Trent, first and last.

It's a track story with a high kick and a sudden twist.

By

Nelson L. Frederick

With long leaps my horse carried me down the steep slope and right into the herd.



From the deck of our steamboat, we could see clearly the big two-bastioned fort and the Indian camp just below it.

name that one of my forefathers bore. A good name. A powerful name. My friend, you are Little Shield."

"Ah, a real chief name!" Beaver Bill signed. "And I am just Beaver. Big Lake my friend, I think you should give me a better name."

There was a general laugh and then Big Lake replied, "You do not need a chief's name, Beaver, to prove the brave heart that you are."

Bill gave a little laugh of embarrassment and was considering what answer to make to that when four men from town came noisily into the lodge. They were Jim Brady and his two friends and another who was evidently a townsman, for he said to Bill, "Hello, old trapper," and then addressed Big Lake in the language of his tribe. The three stood near the doorway, staring in at the circle of us, and when Brady saw me he grinned that malicious slanting grin of his and said, "Well, if here isn't Henry again! What you doing here?"

"Sitting down, as you see," I answered shortly.

"You don't say! Well, I'll sit right down beside you. I'm tired," he said, and came stamping over to the couch where Eagle Carrier and I were sitting with a little space between us. Giving Eagle Carrier a rude shove, Brady came heavily down upon the couch. Eagle Carrier glared at him and seized a rifle in a buckskin slip that lay at that end of the couch. But before he could pull the slip from the weapon, his father spoke sternly to him, and he reluctantly moved over to his father's couch.

"Huh! Mighty touchy, isn't he?" Brady snorted.

"You young tenderfoot fool, don't you know better than to shove an Injun like that? Or to set down without he asks you to?" the townsman exclaimed.

"You pretty near got it, young fellow," Beaver told Brady. "If it hadn't been for his father, your friends would now be totin' your body out of here."

Brady made no reply. He was frightened now; his face had turned a pasty white. He kept his head down but covertly watched Eagle Carrier, who now had the rifle stripped of its case.

AGAIN the Fort Benton man spoke to the chief and at Big Lake's short reply turned once more to Brady and said, "Yes, and now see what you've done—made the chief mad, too, and he won't sell you a single horse."

"Well, he don't have to," Brady replied, rising. "Come on, take us to some of the other Indians. I guess some of them will be glad enough to sell us what horses we want."

Then Eagle Carrier leaned forward in his seat, pointed to Brady and angrily addressed him, suddenly ceasing with a sweep of his arm and the closing of a menacing finger.

"What did he say?" Brady asked.

The interpreter hesitated, shook his head, and replied, "Oh, never mind."

"Well, I'll tell you," Beaver Bill offered. "He said that if ever he meets you outside this place you're goin' to cry. Meanin' by which, that he'll kill you."

Jim Brady said nothing to that and hurriedly followed his companions out.

"He's sober this morning," my uncle remarked.

"And he'd better be sober if he ever meets Eagle Carrier anywhere outside this Fort Benton town!" Beaver Bill exclaimed. "He sure has made an enemy of him."

Leaving my uncle and Bill talking with the chief, I went with the Dawson boys and Eagle Carrier to see the sights of the great camp, and found it all tremendously interesting.

DURING our stroll, we met several gatherings of young men, to whom Eagle Carrier introduced me as his new real-friend, Little Shield. Many of these young men, upon learning that I was going to the yellow metal diggings in the mountains, advised me that I would be far better off if I would travel and hunt with them; for hunting, the running of herds of buffalo with horses, the shooting of real bears, the outwitting of the ever watchful bighorns, was great fun, heart exciting, whereas the picking and shoveling of the hard earth was hard work, terribly wearing and degrading.

I saw, here and there in the camp, passengers from the *Yellowstone*, trying to buy horses with which to go on to Alder Gulch; but not a horse would anyone in the tribe sell, and by twos and threes the would-be buyers went dejectedly back to town.

Upon returning to Big Lake's lodge, we found his women at work upon our lodge. They had covered a circle of ground fifty feet in diameter with twenty-two buffalo-cow skins, the uneven edges of them everywhere overlapping, and one of the women was now cutting away the overlaps, so that the skins fitted snugly against one another. The other women were sewing together the edges of the fitted pieces with large buckskin needles and heavy buffalo-sinew thread. My uncle and Beaver Bill were watching the work of the women.

We returned to the fort at noon, and had just finished dinner when an employee hurried in to tell Mr. Dawson that a steamboat was in sight, rounding the bend below, and we all went out to watch its approach. It proved to be the *Lucille*, with freight for the fort and about a hundred passengers. They came pouring off, all excitement about the Alder Gulch discovery, eager to get horses and get started without delay.

Beaver Bill told them that the Indians wouldn't sell them horses, but they wouldn't believe him.

"You mean to tell us that an Indian won't sell anything he's got?" cried one man. "You're either crazy or joking. An Indian will sell anything he has for a little money."

"Of course he's jokin' us. Come on, fellows, let's go buy what we want of them and get started for the diggings as soon as possible," cried another, and with that they all started running toward the big camp.

"Gosh, Wilson, what a madness a gold discovery makes!" ejaculated Beaver Bill. "What sufferin's and disappointments! Not one in fifty of this crowd of tenderfeet will ever strike it rich. Many of 'em will never get to Alder Gulch. After all, I don't want to have any truck with the rush. Let's not go there. Let's outfit for a good fall and winter trade with the Indians."

"No." My uncle shook his head. "I want to give the discovery a fair trial; and you agreed to go with us—you can't back out now."

"No, I gave you my word that I'd go, and I'll stay with you. But I don't like it. Well, here goes for the fort and the outfit that we've got to buy. You have the list of it all? Good!"

Having once done some placer mining in California, Bill knew exactly what we needed for that work: light, long-handled shovels, double-pointed picks of sweeping arc, gold pans of seamless sheet iron, and some carpenter and blacksmith tools. These, with the provisions and our bedding and personal belongings, were wheeled to one of the warehouses, and there we sorted them and put them into a number of *parfleches*, very large rawhide envelopes.

That afternoon Beaver Bill brought Big Lake and his women in to the fort and had them select such goods as they fancied in return for the horses, lodge, and other things with which they were outfitting us. Our bill was surprisingly low; only a little more than three hundred dollars.

"Why, the ten horses alone are worth at least five hundred dollars and the lodge a hundred more," my uncle exclaimed.

"Yes. But Big Lake is my friend," Beaver Bill replied shortly.

After the work of making up the packs was completed, I again went with the Dawson boys to the Indian camp, where Eagle Carrier for a long time held us spellbound with tales of his adventures on the great plains and mountains of the vast hunting ground of his people.

Factor Dawson had charged us to invite Big Lake and his son to have supper with us all in the fort, and they gladly accepted the invitation. It was considered a very great honor to sit at the table of the powerful white chief, Big Knife. We all enjoyed the meal of buffalo steaks, beans, bread, marrow grease in lieu of butter, stewed dried apples, and coffee.

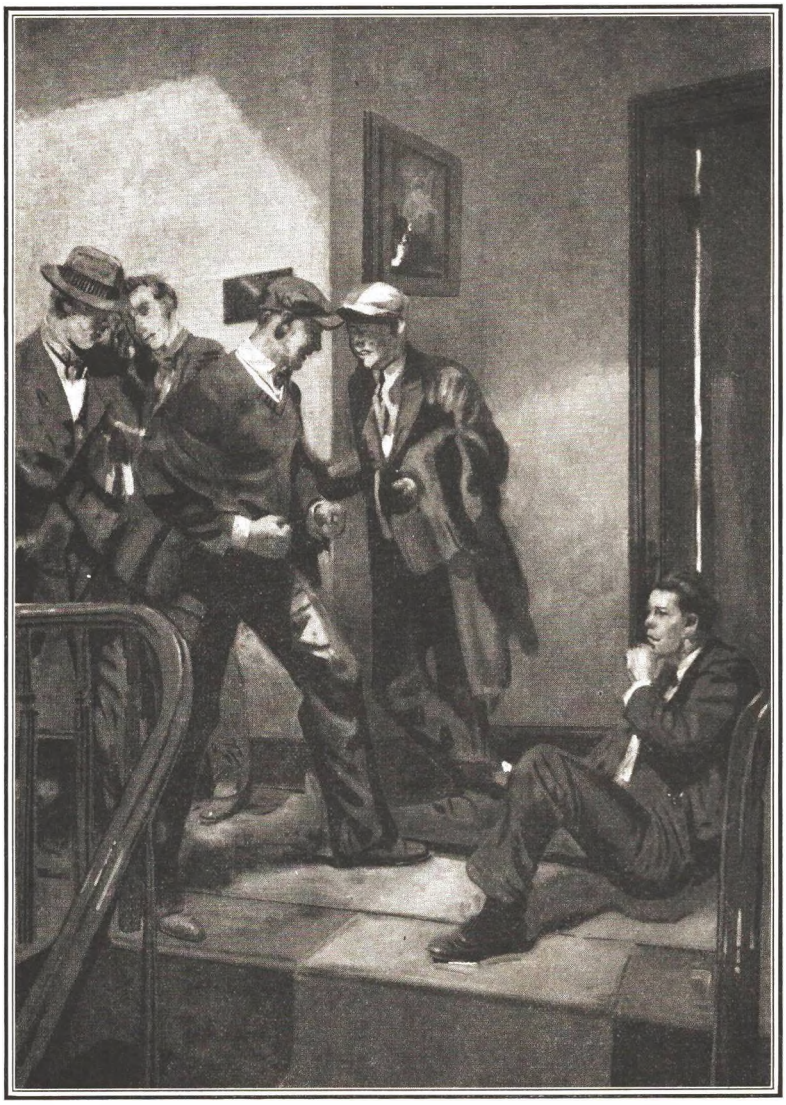
AFTER supper, we youngsters sat with the men for a time while they smoked and talked with Big Lake. Presently, however, Tom Dawson nudged me. I looked round, and Eagle Carrier signed: "Let us four go outside."

When we were out in the moonlit court, he said, "My father has never allowed me to go up to Many Houses at night, but I should like to go. I want to see the white men having their good times—dancing, gambling, singing—as I have heard they do after Sun goes to his home in the west."

He seemed to be addressing me particularly, and when one of the Dawson boys had interpreted what he had said, I replied, "It is fun to watch them up there. Yes, let us all go."

We sauntered up the dusty road paralleling the river, on to the first of the row of straggling log cabin homes and saloons that the Indians had named Many Houses. The usual crowds were milling in and out of the saloons and the Overland Hotel. We edged our way through to Bourrasa's saloon, and looked into it through an open window at the right of the doorway.

The faro and poker tables had been shoved against the wall, and in the cleared space men were dancing a quadrille with a number of gaily dressed young women who had arrived on the *Lucille*. Jim Brady was in the set that was near (*Continued on page 57*)



Larry staggered back, bumped the wall, and slid down until he sat upon the floor.

Punch Medicine

By Donald H. Farrington

Illustrated by Frank Spradling

LARRY BRICKLEY, sitting sprawled on a stool while Mike O'Toole, the boxing coach, laced on his gloves, felt a twitching of his stomach nerves as he looked across at Tom Cooke. That afternoon as he and Les Smith, his roommate, had walked across the Classon campus to the gym, he had vowed that it wouldn't happen again. Yet here he was, holding himself tense so that he would not fidget, trying hard not to breathe faster, and slowly giving way to that throbbing spot of apprehension in the pit of his stomach.

Tom Cooke, varsity lightweight boxer, shifted his position, yawned, and called across the ring. "Let's go, Mike. I've got a date at the library at half past four."

"Good," said Mike, leisurely lacing the right glove. "I'm glad to see you studying once in a while."

"It isn't books," Cooke answered, laughing.

Larry took a deep breath, held it, and was conscious of the quick, excited pulse that throbbed in his neck. He moved the laced glove restlessly. Les leaned across his shoulder.

"Too tight?"

Larry shook his head. It wasn't his own glove that bothered him; it was the glove that lay in Cooke's lap. Above the gloves were thick arms and stocky shoulders. Cooke looked heavy enough to be a welter; actually he was a lightweight, thanks to a pair of thin legs that cut down his poundage. His build above the waist gave him the hitting power that had brought him through to two Conference championships. When Tom Cooke landed solidly, particularly with his right, you felt it. The pit of Larry's stomach gave that quick, convulsive throb.

"Watch out for his trick of starting the right, stopping the punch, and then whipping it on," Lester said ruefully. "I'm always a sucker for it."

Mike was lacing the other glove. The wrist that the laces encircled was hard and sinewy. Mike prodded the flesh with one finger.

"A good wrist," he said. "But you don't give it a chance."

Larry had heard it before.

"With a wrist like that you ought to be able to snap his head back. Instead, you just tap. And when he comes in after you, instead of stopping him short with your left, you dance away."

"It's my style," Larry said defensively.

"It's not a good style—you give the other fellow confidence—make him think you're afraid," said Mike, as he scrambled through the ropes. "This time, go to it."

Les pulled the stool away, and Larry arose in his corner. In the two years that he had come out for the boxing team he had often listened to Mike's blunt criticism, but this was the first time the coach had hinted at cowardice. His throat felt dry, and when he swallowed the muscles seemed to contract.

"Step into him," Les begged in a hissing whisper. "Let him know you're present."

Larry wet his lips. Yes, he'd step into him. He braced himself to do it, gathered himself, almost held his breath as he sought to steel his will. But when Cooke, arrogant and contemptuous, came tearing across the ring, Larry abruptly wilted. Using his footwork, he evaded the rush and jabbed. There was nothing behind the punch—he was pulling away even before it landed. He knew it, and a feeling of weak chagrin overcame him.

Tom Cooke laughed. "Cream puffs," he mocked. His right moved.

Larry, in a panic, danced away again. Abruptly he stopped, moved in quickly—but not too far in—and shot with his left. The jab missed. Instantly he went into a clinch and tried to tie his opponent up. Cooke's right found the convulsive spot in his stomach. Larry hugged the arm with his elbow so that he couldn't be hit again.

"Break," Mike said wearily.

Cooke, exasperated and with nothing to fear, swung with his right, missed, and left himself wide open. Larry's glove flashed and merely tapped.

"Step into him," Les implored. "Cross him hard."

But Larry, watching that threatening right, continued to dance on nimble, retreating legs.

The round ended. Larry, walking back to his corner, avoided Mike O'Toole's eyes. Les slipped the steel between the ropes and fanned him in an accusing silence. Across the ring the varsity boxer laughed a little too loudly and chatted with his second.

Two more rounds to go, and then this practice bout would be over. Larry's stomach squirmed. Thus far he had avoided that right, but there was always the chance of a punch getting home. Twice it had caught him, the first time in the clinch and the second time as he was dancing away. Six more minutes to watch the thunderbolt tied up in that right, to avoid it, to block and sidestep, to retreat before each furious charge.

"Start the comedy," Mike called.

Larry winced. He realized that Mike, after two years of careful coaching, was growing weary of a student who would not learn. Les broke the accusing silence.

"All right, Larry; show him something. Stick that left in his face. You're the baby can do it."

Larry's lips gave an appreciative grin. That was Les all over. Les, with the freedom of a roommate, might accuse him bitterly and bitingly, but he would let nobody else utter the same accusation. His heart warmed. Good old Les—

"Look out!" Les cried sharply.

Abruptly Larry's wandering thoughts focused, and he stepped back in time to avoid a right that whizzed past his chin. The varsity fighter, thrown off his balance, was a mark, but Larry, shaken by that narrow escape, could not co-ordinate mind and muscle quickly enough to take advantage of the opening.

"You ham!" Les said in scorn.

Larry knew it was true. What was the matter with him that he felt that cold dread of Cooke's right? Why did that lump of ice form in his stomach the moment he looked across the ring and saw Cooke in the other corner? Larry didn't like Classon's lightweight champion. The joy with which Cooke kept after an outclassed boxer—the joy with which Cooke punched a defenseless opponent—filled Larry with contemptuous dislike. But he disliked other men, and did not fear them.

HE was back in his corner again. Mike O'Toole, to show his distaste for the exhibition, turned his back to the ring and examined a punching bag.

"Going to make a fight of the last round?" Les snapped. "Take off those gloves and I'll take a smack at him."

"He gave you enough yesterday," Larry said, striking back.

"At least I fought him," Les replied bluntly.

Larry didn't answer. He was concentrating his mind, steeling his determination. He'd go out and stick his left in Cooke's face and put something behind it. Suppose he did get cracked with the right? It wouldn't kill him, would it?

His lips were grim. The moment Mike called "Time!" he bounded across the ring, a burning flash of speed. His left moved like a snake. Yet, even before it found the mark, instinct chilled the dictate of his will. Instead of stepping in solidly he held his body back and merely strained to reach the target. The varsity boxer, taking it on the chin, grinned.

"You couldn't break an egg," he taunted. "Come on, mix it. This isn't a sprint."

Larry sidestepped nimbly.

"Let's make a battle of it," Cooke invited. "You'll have to show something pretty soon or Mike will get sour and throw you off the squad. I don't want to see that happen, Larry. You're useful to me. Three rounds of chasing you is as good as three miles of road work."

Larry longed to leap at the champion and to meet him in one wild and furious exchange. A power, a fear greater than the force of his will, paralyzed his desire. He kept away, dancing, sidestepping, weaving. And so the tame bout ended.

Mike met him in his corner. "I wonder," the coach said darkly, "if a good blow, square on the chin, wouldn't wake you up?" He appeared to consider the thought. "Every great boxer has had a good left. You've got a good left, but what do you do with it? If Les had that left—" He stopped short and went toward the gym office. "Want to see you, Cooke," he said as he passed the other corner.

Then he stopped a moment in thought, turned, and walked back to Larry.

"I'll keep you on the squad through the final tryouts. In that time, if you show something, you can stay. If you don't, I'll have to let you go."

Tom Cooke, who had walked over to listen, laughed.

"Well, Larry," he chuckled, "you can't say I didn't warn you."

He caught up a bath robe and swaggered after the coach. Larry, climbing through the ropes, went slowly toward the showers.

Les, silent, was at his heels. He stepped under the water, came out dripping, and began to rub himself briskly with a harsh towel.

"Want me to give you an alcohol rub?" Les asked curtly.

"If you don't mind."

"You know darned well I don't mind. What are you going to do about that speech of Mike's? He served notice on you to fight or get out."

Larry was silent.

"Going to quit?"

"No," Larry spat.

LES whistled and rubbed alcohol into his roommate's muscles. He was still whistling as they came out of the gym and headed for the campus. A winter dusk had fallen, and the street lamps gleamed faintly in the half-darkness. The day had turned cold, and the air smelled of snow.

"Funny," Les mused. "I'm willing to go in there and trade punches with him, but he has it on me. You're twice as fast as he is, but you won't wade in. I can carry him along for a round and a half and make it interesting. You can't—or won't—carry him along at all."

"Why the won't?" Larry demanded irritably.

Les shrugged. "That's what's funny. You're too clever for me—I can't lay a glove on you. Yet you run away from Cooke from gong to gong. Don't you think that *is* funny?"

Larry's nerves, strained harder to-day than they had ever been strained, snapped. "Are you trying to tell me what Mike told me?"

"What did Mike tell you?"

"That I was yellow."

"I've often wondered about that," Les said slowly. "Are you?"

Those last two words seemed to hang in the air, and Larry went sick and miserable. With sudden, naked clarity he saw that this question had been in Les' mind a long time. But to have Les actually ask it—

Larry sighed. He continued to walk along, his gait unchanged, but his mind was in chaos. You couldn't ignore a question like this. You couldn't get sore about it—not with Les. You had either to admit it, or lie.

All at once the heart that had driven him into the ring to meet Cooke was tired of the internal fight. Tired of the pretense. They came to the campus. He stopped.

"Yes," he said rapidly, "I'm afraid. I've tried to put something behind that left. I can't. I pull my punches. I'm afraid to get in close for fear that right hand will reach me. I grow sick in the pit of my stomach the moment I see him sitting there. He acts so blamed strong and confident. I've fought it. I've called myself names. It doesn't do any good. I guess Mike is right. I'm just yellow." He turned his back upon the campus and strode out toward the street.

Les ran after him and caught him by the arm. "Larry!"

"Let me go," cried Larry, and pushed his friend away. "Get your supper. I can't eat now."

How far he walked he did not know. When the turmoil left his blood and his thoughts grew calm and clear, he was in a distant part of the town. It had begun to snow. And he was hungry.

He ate in a lunch wagon, sitting on a high stool in front of a marble-topped counter. The attendant, serving his regular evening customers, chatted volubly, but Larry ate in thoughtful silence. What would Les say when he came back to the room? Instinctively, he dreaded the interview. It might reveal that he had lost his roommate's self-respect. However, it had to be faced. He paid his check and went out into the winter night.

AS he came up the stairs of the dormitory he could hear laughter and the sound of many voices from Cooke's room on the third floor. All year he had regretted the fact that he and Les were quartered directly across the hall from that room. Even now, as Cooke's voice sounded, that icy nerve in his stomach throbbed and quivered. He turned the knob of his own door.

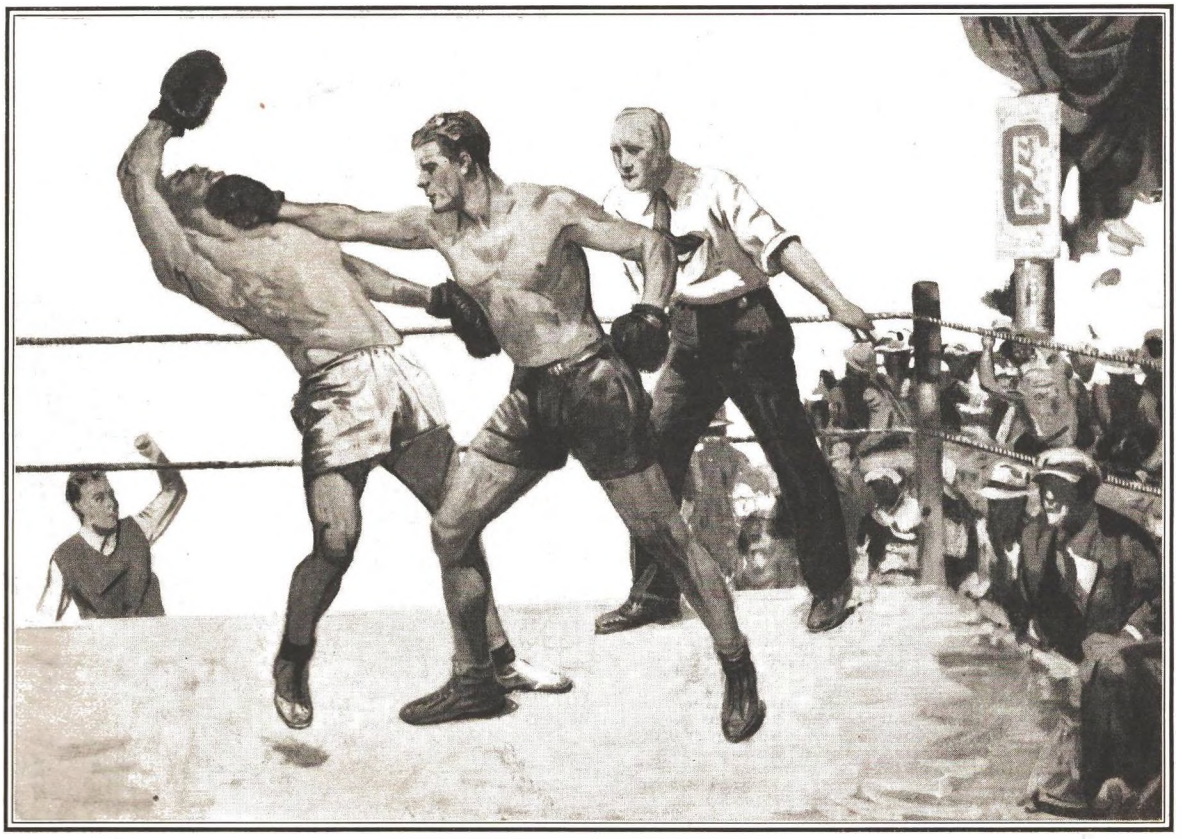
Les gave him a quick glance. "Feel better?"

"Yes."

"Any supper?"

Larry nodded. "Downtown."

There was snow on his overcoat. He brushed it off and draped the coat on a hanger. And then, because he had to do it sooner or later, he turned squarely around and looked at Les. (*Continued on page 47*)



The crowd was on its feet. Here was a champion slipping!

Trouble in Burnetta

By Laurie York Erskine

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

RENFREW, clad in mufti, dismounted from the train at Maravale and proceeded to the hardware and implement store that Wolfe had named as a rendezvous.

All very mysterious, Renfrew reflected, as he reread the letter that had sent him to this wild mining country:

"Wolfe believes that the situation in Burnetta is an exceedingly dangerous one. Wolfe is a young man on the force, but he isn't afraid of spooks. There must be something to it. He suggests that you proceed in mufti to the railroad town of Maravale and meet him at the hardware and implement store of Cuzzens & Co. Wire him at what time he may expect you."

There was the implement store; and there in the dim rear of the long room was the touch of scarlet color that indicated the presence of Constable Wolfe. Renfrew entered and hailed his colleague. Wolfe greeted him, exchanged nods with Verne Cuzzens, and led Renfrew into the seclusion of an office at the rear of the store.

"Major Renfrew," he said, "I can't tell you how glad I am to see you. I didn't want to make too much of a howl, because I'm new on the job, and can't be sure. But there's trouble in Burnetta."

Renfrew tipped his chair back against the wall and studied the young constable shrewdly. It was hard to tell about a new man's reaction to his first difficulties. It might be that Wolfe was exaggerating a very simple situation; it might be that he was underestimating an exceedingly serious one; or it might be—panic.

"Trouble?" asked Renfrew gently; and the blunt, brown eyes of Constable Wolfe, the firm, frowning face assured him that panic was out of the question.

"Yes. There's some queer undercurrent going on up there that I can't understand. I can't help feeling that it lies way back, the source of it—way back in the old country."

"England?"

"No, Italy. They're all Italians up in Burnetta. Mine workers, you know. The place is practically an Italian village. Stores, banks, lawyers, churches, and all."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, it all centers around a man named Bandino. Baccio Bandino. Everything was all right until he came back. Then things started."

"Back from where?"

"The States. Chicago, I think. He was born in Burnetta, and brought up there. He was a woodsman. One of the best in Ontario. About twenty years ago, when he was in his early twenties, he went off to the States and was engaged in business down there. Importing olive oils and fruits from Italy. Wines, too, I guess, before they went dry. He must have done pretty well, because he's a rich man now. He married in the States and has a little boy, a kid of six or seven. It seems he got into some trouble in Chicago. A shooting scrape of some sort that brought him into contact with the police. I'm getting a report on that. He returned to Burnetta about a year ago last April."

There was a pause while Renfrew studied the troubled face of the young constable.

"He came here to hide?" he suggested.

"Darned if I know," complained Wolfe. "Listen. When he first arrived the whole village turned out to welcome him. They made a regular fiesta of it, just as if he'd been Mussolini himself. It was a return of the prodigal son, only this time the prodigal had money. He bought land, lots of it, all around the village. He built himself a big frame house, and engaged a married couple and several Italian women to run it for him. He made a park and built a swimming pool for the kids of the village. He became the great man of Burnetta. All the people worshiped him, because he helped the poor through their difficulties, and entertained at his big house as if it were a hotel. A big man, Bandino—big, generous, fine."

"Yet he's the villain of the piece?"

"That's what we've got to determine. It started about a year ago. Bandino had a row with a man named Fermelli, over some land. Fermelli came to us and said that Bandino had threatened to kill him. We investigated, but Bandino defied Fermelli to prove it, and declared that he could prosecute Fermelli on a much graver charge if he wanted to—"

"What charge?"

"He wouldn't say. Merely said he could take care of himself. The dissension spread. Gorla, the banker, took sides with Fermelli. Gorla's a big politician — he holds office and runs the town. But when they brought suit against Bandino over the property, Bandino won.

"Then a queer thing happened. Gradually, the whole town began to lay off Bandino. People stopped going to his house. They forbade their children to bathe in the pool. They walked around the block to avoid passing him on the street. Everybody. They treated him as if he had leprosy.

"I thought he must have got into trouble with the church; so I took it up with the padre, but he knew nothing about it. Bandino never came to the church any more.

"Then Silvio Gorla, the banker, came to me and said that Bandino must be made to leave the town. He was a menace, said Gorla. I asked why. Gorla declared that Bandino held a grudge against several prominent citizens, and meant to put them out of the way. The people, Gorla explained, believed that Bandino had the Evil Eye, and that his friendship marked a man for death. Undoubtedly he was evil. He had left the States because of some gun-fighting trouble. Gorla begged me to deport Bandino before he started trouble."

"Why?"

"WELL, it's beyond me. I've tried to investigate it, but the people are impenetrable. I can't get anywhere with any of them. No one will come out with a concrete charge, but they're all busy oiling their shotguns. I tell you there's trouble in Burnetta, and we've got to get it straightened out. It may be too late now."

"Why do you say that?"

"Two strangers came into the village this morning. Bad eggs, they seemed to me. You know what it means when men start importing thugs into town."

From the front of the store a loud voice resounded.

"Sounds as if somebody's calling for you," remarked Renfrew. "Who's your friend?"

"Bandino!" cried Wolfe. With Renfrew's question, a large and excited man had entered the office where they sat, and completely ignoring the presence of Renfrew, had burst into a torrent of words.

"I am a peaceful man!" he cried. "Peace! Peace! It is all I want! All that I desire! But they are going too far, my friend! They are driving me too far!"

Renfrew turned his appraising regard upon the

"Don't be fools," warned the manacled Renfrew. "All you

newcomer. Bandino was a tall, thickset Italian of the dark, Neapolitan type. His face was square, his complexion swarthy. Black hair showed thickly under his black felt hat, and his eyebrows were black and heavy, clouding his face with a sinister sullenness that was relieved only by the bright intensity of deep brown eyes.

RENFREW listened keenly to the man's excited protests. He had tried to live peaceably, was the burden of his complaint. He had desired to find happiness in Burnetta, but "they" had gone too far.

"You mean," Renfrew interrupted him suddenly, "that you are unwilling to commit a murder!"

The excited man turned to him with a cry.

"You know!" he cried. "How do you know?" With animal grace he pounced around to face Wolfe. "Who is this?" he demanded. "Is it a policeman?"

"Never mind that," said Renfrew. "You are willing to place your troubles in the hands of the police, aren't you?"

For an instant the man stared at him, and Renfrew was conscious that a veil had fallen upon Bandino's excitement. The Italian had become suddenly stony.

"In this, yes," said Bandino. He was no longer excited, no longer vehement. He spoke coldly, guardedly.

"What is your complaint?" asked Wolfe.

"It is that doctor," said Bandino. "That Lazzarini. He would not come! He would not attend my Beppo —my little boy. And it may be too late, now."

His coldness disappeared as he gazed from one policeman to the other with shining, angry eyes.

"I knew Lazzarini was one of them," he explained. "I knew that he was no friend of mine. But here was Beppo, sick! He was on fire! And Doctor Blythe, Doctor Sperro, they were away! So I went to Lazzarini, and he would not come!"

He stopped dramatically, staring at them.

"You are sure the boy is seriously ill?" asked Renfrew.

"Yes! Yes!" Bandino wrung his hands. "I have brought him here, to the hospital, and they say he may not live!"

"Lazzarini knew it was—serious?"

"I went to him, and I pleaded. I told him all that I knew. How the boy was talking like a crazy one. How he was burning with fever, and—and sick. But he wouldn't come. So I took Beppo in my car to him. But he would not look at the child!"

A fury of indignation arose in the man's eyes, and his face turned suddenly into an ugly mask as the blood suffused it.

"We'll look into this at once," said Renfrew. "I shall see the doctor myself. To-night. But tell me, Mr. Bandino, why is it that the doctor will not attend your boy?"

Instantly Bandino turned again to stone, staring at Renfrew with inscrutable brown eyes.

"He is my enemy," he said.

"Yes," said Renfrew coolly, "and it seems you have many of them. We want to know why, Mr. Bandino, and we want you to help us find out the truth about the situation here. Will you help us?"

Bandino stood for a moment like a graven image.

"Baccio Bandino can take care of himself," he said finally.

He said it with a wealth of contempt, as though he were defying the police to protect or hamper him. Having said it, he turned on his heel and strode away through the dim cavern of the store.

"Jolly old fellow!" remarked Wolfe, uneasily.

"Vendetta," said Renfrew thoughtfully.

"Eh?"

"Vendetta," Renfrew repeated. "This affair goes back to some feud or conflict in the past. There's trouble in Burnetta, all right. Let's ride out to the village before it gets dark."

Burnetta consisted of a few straggling streets of frame houses set down in the midst of wooded hills that were scarred by the mine workings. On all sides of the village the forest stretched out over miniature mountains. Wolfe and Renfrew stopped in the darkness of a secluded side street to visit the police office. Wolfe turned over to Renfrew papers describing in great detail the growing feud, and Renfrew read them while Wolfe opened the afternoon's mail. A muffled exclamation from Wolfe announced his satisfaction at a letter he had just opened.

"Here it is!" he cried. "All about the mystery of Baccio Bandino. Read it and weep!"

"What's it say?"

"It's from Boston. Tells all about him. Bandino was in an importing house there from 1908 until 1924. In November, 1924, he was arrested for the attempted murder of a Sicilian named Squarci. They had a gun fight. Bandino was acquitted. Self-defense. December 18th, 1924, his house burned down and his wife was killed in the fire. And on December 20th, 1924, he left Boston with his little son and was next heard of in Chicago. There he killed an Italian named Squarci in a gun fight. That must be the same man he attacked in Boston—"

"What else?"

can do is run. Get out of this country and get out fast."

"He got away all right. The indictment was quashed. But he evidently had to leave Chicago. Paints a pretty bad picture, doesn't it? Bandino's evidently a dangerous customer. Golly, I see it all, now!"

"What do you see?"

"Why the situation here. Gorla, Lazzarini, Fermelli—all these good Italians have heard about Bandino's criminal activities, and they're afraid of him! That explains their ostracizing him, and it explains why they won't tell the whole story to us. They're afraid of him, Renfrew! Scared to death!"

"Perhaps," said Renfrew slowly. "But there was something about this man Bandino. . . . Anyway, I'm going up to see Doctor Lazzarini before I'm too well known here. Where does he live?"

"Up the main street to Bandino's park, then turn left, cross the creek, and out along the Maravale Road about a mile. It's a big brick house. I'll take you in the car."

"No, thanks. I'll stroll out alone. I may not want to be a policeman for the first few minutes."

The house of Doctor Lazzarini was oddly isolated. It was built with its back to the creek, and a wide grass plot lay between it and the Maravale Road. In the blustering darkness of the autumn night, Renfrew had difficulty feeling out the brick pathway that ran along a little lane to the front porch. Through a stained glass window in the door a faint glow came. Yet Renfrew was taken completely by surprise when a flash light was thrown on his face and a voice from the blackness behind the light spoke harshly.

"What d'ya want, fella?" it demanded.

Renfrew stared serenely into the light.

"I'm calling on the doctor," he said evenly.

"The doctor?" A descending note of disappointment sounded in the voice. "Oh, the doctor, sure. Ring the bell."

The flash light was snapped off, and Renfrew saw a dark figure slide away to the far end of the porch. He rang the bell.

There came to the door a tall, dark gentleman with glowing brown eyes like those of Bandino. But the face of Doctor Lazzarini, unlike that of Bandino, was long and thin.

"I am Doctor Lazzarini," he said.

"I'd like to talk with you," said Renfrew.

WITHOUT a word the doctor ushered him into a sort of living room where two more dark gentlemen sat with wine glasses in their hands and their feet stretched out toward a comfortable fire. They stared at Renfrew with somber gravity.

"Through here," murmured Lazzarini.

He led Renfrew through a small, heavy door, into a study. There, in the glow of a single large lamp, he examined his visitor.

"You are sick?" he asked, and his eyes were darting eagerly over Renfrew's imperturbable face, his

heavy, rich topcoat, his well-fashioned clothes. There was a slightly baffled expression in his eyes as he sought vainly to read in Renfrew's calm demeanor a meaning for the visit.

"No," admitted Renfrew. "My business is one of investigation. There is a man here, Doctor Lazzarini, who excites my curiosity. I thought you might be able to tell me something about him. His name is Bandino—Baccio Bandino."

Instantly Doctor Lazzarini underwent the same change that Bandino had undergone in the face of Renfrew's curiosity. The man turned to stone.

"Who are you?" he asked guardedly. "What affair is it of yours? How is it that you—"

Renfrew's inquiry was interrupted by the great voice of Bandino. There was a crash as the front door burst open.

"Come out, hound of a charlatan!" Bandino cried. "Stand away from me, Gorla, Fermelli! I have come to see this doctor who allows children to die!"

Renfrew saw Lazzarini stiffen for an instant, then leap to his desk where he whipped open a drawer and seized a pistol. Renfrew was at the door of the study before him. Pushing the doctor back he flung the door open and saw Bandino standing in the living room with a rifle in his hand, holding the two men at bay.

At that moment the door to the porch swung back and a little dark man appeared behind Bandino's back. With amazing alacrity the big Italian swung about. There was a shattering report as his finger pressed the trigger, and the little dark man crumpled to the floor.

"One of your hounds, Lazzarini!" cried Bandino. He swept the room with a glance of burning hatred and contempt. "He thought I did not see him!"

Turning on his heel, the extraordinary man plunged into the blackness outside.

Lazzarini, Gorla, and Fermelli would have plunged after him, but again Renfrew was first at the door. He stooped and took from the hand of the dead man a revolver that was still warm from a shot just fired.

"Wait a minute!" he cried. They stood, bewildered, in front of him. "I am an officer of the Mounted Police. You have to explain, Doctor Lazzarini, why you have a paid gunman here to guard your doorway. This man fired at the same time as Bandino did."

"But Bandino! That murderer! He must not escape!"

"He will not," said Renfrew, but he heard with deep misgivings the sound of Bandino's car speeding off into the night. "We'll find him. But now none of you must leave this room."

WHILE Lazzarini bent over the body by the door, Renfrew telephoned Wolfe. In a few minutes orders for the arrest of Bandino were speeding by phone and wire to block every avenue of escape. In a few minutes, Wolfe had joined Renfrew at the house of Lazzarini.

Renfrew quietly explained what had happened.

"The doctor," he concluded, "had very unwisely engaged a bodyguard. He fired at Bandino, but missed. Bandino didn't."

"You're lucky, Doctor Lazzarini," said Wolfe grimly. "Bandino came here on no friendly visit. His boy died an hour ago in the Maravale hospital."

"What!" cried Lazzarini. He turned ghastly gray for an instant. Then blood came back, and he exchanged with Gorla an inappropriate smile.

"He will not return!" he murmured.

"Not now!" grunted Gorla.

Renfrew seemed, meanwhile, to be staring through the men rather than upon them. His mind seemed far away.

"If he is captured," he remarked abstractly, "it will be difficult to prosecute him. He would no doubt go free—"

"But he cannot live here again!" cried Gorla quickly.

"On the other hand," continued Renfrew serenely, "there seems to be no case against anyone else. You must hold yourselves ready for questioning, gentlemen, and you, Doctor Lazzarini, will no doubt have to explain the presence of this bodyguard."

Renfrew and Wolfe drove thoughtfully back to the post. Wolfe, entering the little office, immediately set about building a fire, while Renfrew industriously dictated telegrams into the phone. Finally, pipes alight, they sat together before the blaze. Wolfe broke the silence.

"What's it all about?" he cried. "It's no ordinary ill feeling between these men. Gorla, Lazzarini, Fermelli, the whole village—they're afraid of Bandino!"

"We've got to have more men," said Renfrew quietly.

"You look for more trouble?"

"Yes. If we don't hear of Bandino's capture tonight, it means that he's hiding out near here. He won't forgive Lazzarini for the death of his little boy. And they will watch for him. I'm wiring a complete report and asking for three men."

"Have you any theory of what it's all about?"

"We have the facts. In 1924, Bandino had a gun fight in Boston with an Italian named Squarci. A month later his house is burned down and his wife killed. A few months later he kills Squarci in Chicago. Here in Burnetta he has difficulties with Gorla, Lazzarini, and the rest. Then his little son dies because Lazzarini refuses to attend him. To-night he comes, armed, to Lazzarini's house and kills the doctor's bodyguard. That much we know."

"Looks like a case of one Italian who's a bad man to cross."

"Yes. But why do they cross him? Why did they seek to drive him out of town in the first place?"

"They were afraid of him."

"But he could return and take them off guard."

"That's why they wanted him deported. Gorla was very particular about that. Bandino must be sent back to the States, he insisted."

"That would expose them even more dangerously to an unexpected return."

"Then why do you think they wanted him deported?"

"Because in certain communities in the States the Camorra is very powerful, and a man can be killed with some hope of the killer's escaping punishment."

"Camorra!" Wolfe leaped to his feet excitedly.

"That bodyguard of Lazzarini's was a gunman from Chicago. I examined his clothes and possessions. Then you overlooked—"

What the young policeman had overlooked was destined to remain a mystery, for at that moment Wolfe darted to the window with a sudden cry.

"That's fire!" he cried, and Renfrew strode to his side to see the sky bright with angry red and hear the shouts of many excited people.

AS they ran into the street a dull explosion sounded, and the two policemen trotted into the square to find the dam for Bandino's swimming pool blown to atoms and the great, hospitable house of Baccio Bandino a roaring furnace.

Renfrew and Wolfe worked for a while as firemen. They marshaled a force of helpers from the crowd, but found that the force melted as fast as it was organized. Finally they compelled their crew to work under threat of punishment. But before midnight the house of Bandino was a smouldering ruin. Renfrew turned from the hopeless task.

"They have blotted out all but one thing, now," he said grimly.

"What?" asked Wolfe.

"Bandino." Again Renfrew's eyes seemed to regard something infinitely distant. Then he spoke sharply, urgently. "They're in real danger, now, the fools! I'd better hustle up to Lazzarini's house. He'll need protection. You go down to Maravale and deputize some men. We can't trust anyone here."

Renfrew stood on the sidewalk and watched the tail light of Wolfe's car fade into a night that was already turning gray with dawn. He then entered the office, took his revolver from his traveling bag and filled his pocket with cartridges. Once more he made his way to the brick house of Doctor Lazzarini.

It was a time-honored and tested principle of Renfrew's to behave, when dealing with criminals, in the manner that might be least anticipated. Always do the unexpected thing.

In obedience to this principle he now approached the brick house of Doctor Lazzarini from the bank of the creek. As he passed below a shuttered first-floor window, he heard voices from the room inside, and he felt sure that wisdom might excuse the doubtful propriety of stopping to listen.

"—and then when Jack Squarci meets up with him, he'll be real sorry he didn't come across with the money in the first place." A dull, monotonous voice droned the words.

"If he had," purred a fine, tenor voice regretfully, "these things would have been avoided."

"But hurry. You must hurry!" Renfrew recognized the voice of Doctor Lazzarini. "Find him at all costs. It is certain that he will make for the States. He must. He has lost everything here. His son is dead, his home burned, and he is a hunted criminal—"

"It was foolish to burn down his house," purred the regretful tenor. "And destroying that pool. It will bring him back."

"It will drive him away!" reproved the cold voice of Lazzarini. "But you must follow him, both of you. Directly he crosses the line, notify Jack Squarci. He is waiting to avenge his brother."

"You will know him when you see him?" asked the dull voice. And a thin, strident voice, extraordinarily vicious, responded instantly.

"Know him? Didn't I fix up the first job on him? Didn't I shadow him and work in his store till we found how much he could pay? Didn't I write the letters? Fifty thousand we asked for, or his place would be dynamited. He could have paid it easy."

"But he was not like that," the mournful tenor purred. "He is a terrible man. For fifty thousand dollars he will fight, and kill—"

"But hasn't he paid?" The harsh voice of the doctor rang with a terrible triumph. "He has paid with everything he possesses. That is how the Order treats its enemies. And now he must be given over to Jack Squarci. He must be slain in the United States so that our people there will know that a man cannot flout the Cammora without paying. We have worked many months for that. Under the eyes of the stupid police we have driven him back to his death. It only remains for you to trap him."

"You're talkin' loud," warned the vicious one. "Is the window shut behind that curtain?"

There was the sound of one moving in the room and Renfrew leaped for cover. He darted around the corner of the house and found himself at the side of the high porch. Instantly a heavy body hurtled down from the porch upon him. Renfrew went down with a sinewy arm coiled tightly about his throat. He strove to free himself, but the attacker struck him sharply over the head. The world went black.

RENFREW recovered consciousness in the study of Doctor Lazzarini. He was sitting in an armchair. About his wrists were his own manacles. His feet were hobbled at the ankles by stout cord.

Through pain that stabbed his mind like a twisting knife, he heard as though at a distance, the voices that had sounded through the window. Gradually, he saw the faces of the speakers looking down upon him. There was the dapper face of Gorla, with its little, curled mustache; the lean saturnine face of Lazzarini, and the fat, triple-chinned expanse of Fermelli's countenance. Besides these three, two other men lounged in the room. One, near the door, had a parchment-colored skin that alone gave his features distinction. The other was remarkable for a weak viciousness of expression that made him seem as dangerous as a weasel at bay.

"This is serious," Lazzarini was saying. "He is a policeman, and he knows now who we are."

"It'll hold things up," regretted the vicious weakling.

"Don't be fools," warned Renfrew. "All you can do is run. Get out of this country and get out fast. And don't leave any dead policemen around. It's fatal."

"You are not so willing to die, hey?" mourned Gorla's plaintive tenor. "Don't let him be so talkative. You boys, get in your car. Make for the border. But also take this police spy for a ride and drop him off along the way. You understand?"

"Come on," urged Parchment Face by the door.

It was Fermelli who loosened the bonds about Renfrew's ankles. The great fat fellow was strangely gentle as he did it, and gave forth many small chuckles, like a

(*Continued on page 39*)

Bearing down on him, white water swirling from blunt bows, plowed a wide-beamed tug.

At Ten O'clock To-Morrow

By Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

IT was March—high-water time in south Louisiana. Dogwood and redbud blossomed in the swamps. The shallow lakes that fed the Gulf had overflowed into the marsh at Bayou City, and the water had floated out a line of stakes that marked a recent survey of the Criswell Engineering Company.

The stakes had to be replaced in a hurry. That's why Arch Garrett, early in the morning, with a bundle of new stakes and a sharpened hand axe loaded in his tippy pirogue, pushed through the night mists that still hung over Frenchman Bayou.

Arch was eighteen, an orphan, finishing his last year at the high school in Bayou City. He hoped to earn enough money to start the engineering course at Tulane in the fall, through the spare time jobs that Mr. Criswell, the contracting engineer in town, was giving him.

A mighty fine man, Criswell. These stakes Arch was replacing in the marsh covered the survey of a big job—ten miles of high-tension pole line to the salt mines on Slaveship Island. A barge load of tall poles was on the way, and the survey stakes must be reset that morning.

Arch's paddle dipped without noise. His lithe body swayed rhythmically, and he had traveled a good four miles when suddenly a shout, a harsh cry of warning, pierced the foggy mist. With a quick start of surprise Arch checked his upraised blade and leaned forward. For an instant all was quiet. Then came a grinding, splintering boom—a prolonged crash of heavy bodies splashing into the water—scores of bodies! Then—silence.

For a full minute Arch knelt tensely against the pirogue bottom, waiting. He called, but the only answer was an echo from the lofty cypress that lined the bayou banks.

Puzzled, he resumed paddling. A faint widening ripple stirred the water's surface and rocked the pirogue gently. He heard it lap against the reeds. Then the shore line curved where the bayou opened into Cameron Lake, and he pointed his craft for the high grass that marked the boundary of the marsh.

He was early; the sun would have to light the marsh before he could find the survey's traverse. He rested his paddle on the thwart. What had caused all that noise? He peered into the mist that enclosed him.

AN explosion like a pistol shot cracked sharp. Arch straightened with a jerk. Then he relaxed and smiled. It was the exhaust of a marine motor. As he stared into the fog, the noise of the exhaust grew deafening.

Then, like a torn curtain, the mist parted. Bearing down on him, white water swirling from blunt bows, plowed a wide-beamed tug, towing an empty barge behind her. Straight for his craft she charged. There was no time to clear the pirogue from her path. Arch stood up and glanced desperately about him.

There was just one thing to do. He leaped. Beneath the hull of the oncoming tug he dived. With frenzied strokes he knifed on down through the deep bayou. He felt the suction of the tug's propeller lift him—then thrust him deep.

Treading water, he waited for the long barge to pass. Then, lifting his shoulders, he lunged upward. His outstretched arm broke the water's surface—he rolled over on his back.

A deep breath or two and he was again alert. The tug had disappeared up river in the mist. Of the pirogue there remained a few splintered boards floating in the sluggish mid-channel current.

Arch Garrett pulled a slow overhand to shore, dragged himself from the water among the jutting cypress roots, and shivered.

"I believe that pilot tried to run me down," he murmured, breathing deep. "And my pirogue, confound it—he made kindling wood of that! If he ties up at Bayou City, he'll pay me."

He turned and began threading his way into the gloomy swamp, slapping at the swarms of mosquitoes and marsh insects that whined about his head. With a return of cool judgment he began to doubt that the tug pilot had tried to run him down. But why hadn't he turned around? And that rumbling noise just before—what about that?

Arch was late that morning for assembly, and Helen Criswell, daughter of Arch's employer, at the student counselor's table by the door, gave him a mischievous smile as he came through the hall. He leaned down and whispered:

"Want to take a cruise in the *Waterbug* this evening?" The *Waterbug* was Helen's speedboat.

"How kind!" She bowed. "Sorry, Arch, to have to mark you tardy when you offer me a ride in my own boat."

He grinned.

"No foolin'. I've got to set some new stakes in the swamp, and my pirogue cracked up this A. M. Your dad's in a hurry for those stakes. Barge load of poles due to-day, and the poles can't go up until the stakes are set."

Just then a teacher hurried up the stair and Arch

turned, but catching Helen's nod, concluded quickly: "Meet you at the dock at four."

"You'll miss track practice, won't you?" Helen whispered.

Arch smiled. He was a pole vaulter, but alongside the stake job, pole vaulting didn't seem important just now.

IMMEDIATELY after school in the afternoon, Arch headed for the dock. As the river came in sight, he saw Mr. Criswell on the deck of a stubby tug moored to the piling. A glint came into the boy's eyes; he had seen that tug before. This morning, down the bayou.

By the capstan in the bows stood Helen Criswell. Her father and a square-built man were talking in the shadow of the wheelhouse. None of them saw Arch as he stepped down to the deck. The strange man—probably the tug's captain—was talking loudly.

"They're bottomed, them poles, in eighty foot of water. I been draggin' the bayou with a four-gang grapple all day. You got cargo insurance—well, collect it, Mister. I'm gone from here to-night. It's lost me a day as 'tis."

"You take it cool, Wilkes, for a man who's been as careless as you have," came the engineer's reply. "It lets me in for a loss that I can't stand."

"How was I to know the chocks was loosening?" protested the tug captain. "Them poles broke a two-inch cable and slid off the barge 'fore I could get my engine stopped."

The boy started. Poles—slid off! Was that the noise he'd heard? Poles—tumbling off a barge?

"Try the grapples for another day, Wilkes," came Criswell's earnest voice.

"Nix," the tug captain said stubbornly. "Mister, them poles sunk in the deep water not more'n five hundred feet from this here wharf. They're gone."

Arch Garrett, hearing these words as he stepped round the corner of the wheelhouse, halted suddenly. The noise he'd heard had been four miles down river. He stared, puzzled, at the tug captain's back.

Criswell saw Arch and nodded.

"I didn't get those stakes reset this morning, Mr. Criswell," Arch said. "Like to take the *Waterbug*, and set them now."

Criswell absently agreed. His face was grim.

Helen, with a glance at her father, turned to Arch.

"I don't believe I'd better go, Arch, after all," she said.

Arch gave a disappointed nod and turned. She followed him from the deck and along the bayou bank to where the *Waterbug* lay in the Criswell boathouse among the hyacinth beds. He passed in the door and swung round.

"Helen, that tug captain lied. The poles went off his barge four miles down bayou. I know—I was there." Briefly he related his adventure of the early morning. "There's an old line and grappling iron somewhere in the boathouse, I know. Here it is."

He dropped the three-pointed hook and coil of rope on the cowled deck of the speedboat.

"This hook's too light to raise a pole, but if I snag one, I'll know it by the tar that will come up on the hook." He paused, to add seriously: "Helen, I'm going to find those poles."

The girl's troubled eyes met his; grew clearer.

"Somehow, Arch, I think you will," she answered. "It—it means everything to Dad. There'll be a big forfeit on this contract. He mustn't be delayed. And the poles—he says can't be replaced for more than a month. They're not a standard length—"

"Look for me with good news, before dark," he said again.

He climbed aboard the *Waterbug*, cast off and pushed out through the lilies to the center of the stream. The *Waterbug's* exhaust poured out a steady drumming. She flattened and began to plane.

FOUR miles the little craft slid down the somber bayou until the shore widened at the entrance into Cameron Lake. Here was where he'd heard that noise—and had been run down. He cut his spark and taking up the grapple, dropped it over the boat's transom and began to travel slowly downstream as the line paid out.

He had reached the shallow bottom, when with a snap the dragging line hooked fast. He felt a queer thrill as he bent the rope about a thwart and speeded his motor.

The grapple had snagged something heavy, for the *Waterbug's* stern sank low in the stream and she made no headway at all, but strained until drops of water squeezed from the taut line.

With disconcerting suddenness the hook gave way, the *Waterbug* leaped forward and threw Arch back against the motor. He cut his spark, hauled in the line with hands that were not quite steady. The triple hook broke water. He stared as it clattered on the bottom of his craft.

Clinging to one spear point was a tiny sliver of brown wood streaked with black. The boy bent over it, caught the acrid smell of creosote, and stiffened. He had found the poles!

With care Arch orientated his position on the bayou, marking two trees on opposite shores that lined up with the boat. Eagerly he cranked the motor. Back to Bayou City—fast as he could go!

Before he could start, the chugging of a launch hit his ears. Around the bend appeared a craft propelled slowly by an outboard motor. And crouched against her transom, staring at him, cold-eyed, was the tug captain, Wilkes. The man's first words added to the sense of menace his dark face inspired. Drawing alongside, he grasped the gunwale of the *Waterbug* and gave the craft a sharp glance of appraisal.

"I saw you hurryin' down here," he said. "What'd you come for?"

"That's my business," Arch replied shortly.

"Tryin' to show me up?"

The big man's arm flashed across the speed boat's rail. Arch felt the heavy fingers clamp his wrist. He swung a stiff left, but Wilkes jerked him forward on his face and rolled him over on the floor boards of the launch. The captain snatched up a two-foot length of pipe.

"Get up. Take your tow line." He swung the pipe. "The first wrong move, you get this between the ears."

Raging inwardly, Arch obeyed, while Wilkes swung the launch and headed upstream.

The dock at Bayou City was deserted. Alongside it lay the tug. A man emerged from the tug's engine hatch, looked about at the approaching launch, and waved. The captain ran in close to the floating lilies by the Criswell boathouse, and thrusting the end of his pipe weapon against Arch's back, ordered him to cast off the *Waterbug*.

With an angry stare about him, the boy obeyed. If only he could call to someone! But the wharf was empty, and the street beyond.

Wilkes moved on to the tug; the sailor reached down from the deck, grasped the painter of the launch, and warped it around a cleat.

"Climb aboard," ordered Wilkes. His voice was coldly threatening.

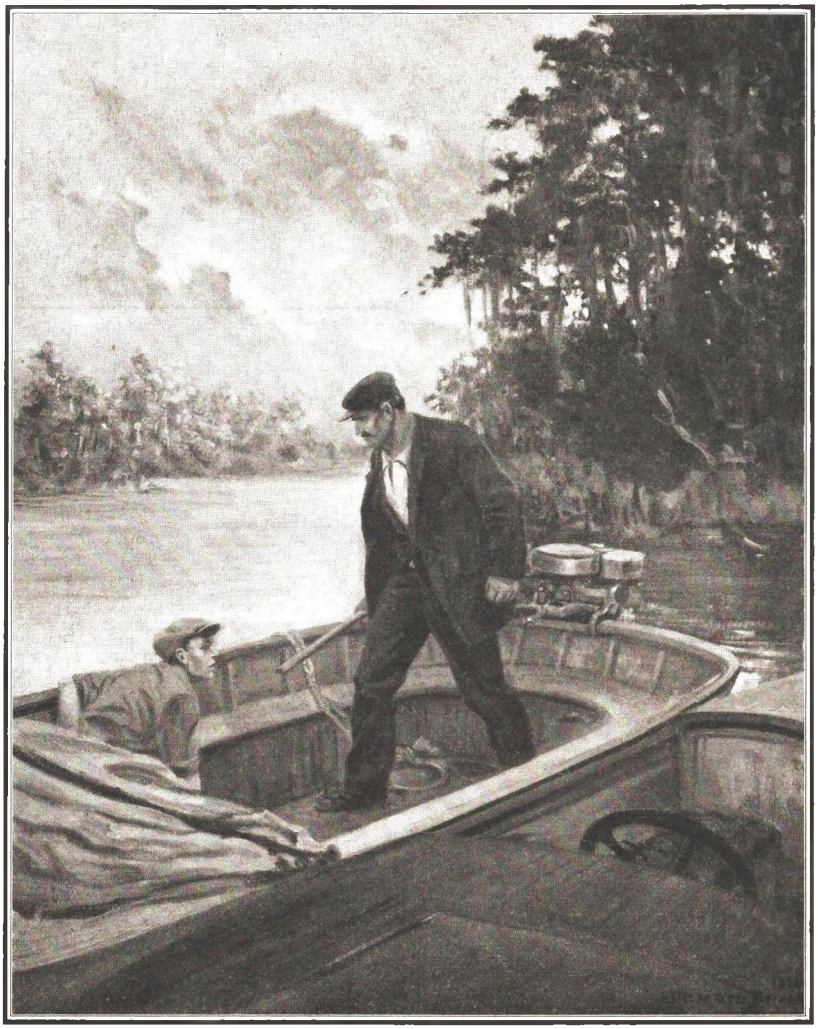
As Arch straightened on the tug deck, the sailor dropped a loop of rope over his shoulders. Instantly the boy leaped back. He must win his freedom now! His foot lashed out, caught the sailor at the belt line. The man doubled up, let the rope fall.

Arch slipped the noose free, sprang for the corner of the wheelhouse. On the deck lay a spike-ended pike pole used no doubt by the crew in piling the poles on the barge. As Arch sped along the deck his foot came down squarely on the pole. It coasted outward like a roller skate, and threw him flat.

He felt his head hammer on the hard deck. The whole world went black.

WHEN Helen Criswell left Arch Garrett at the boathouse, it was with a sense of renewed hope, a contagion of his confidence. Her father had con-

(*Cont. on page 46*)



The captain snatched up a two-foot length of pipe. "Get up. Take your tow line," he ordered.

Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League

Learn Baseball This Spring With Connie Mack's World Champion Athletics

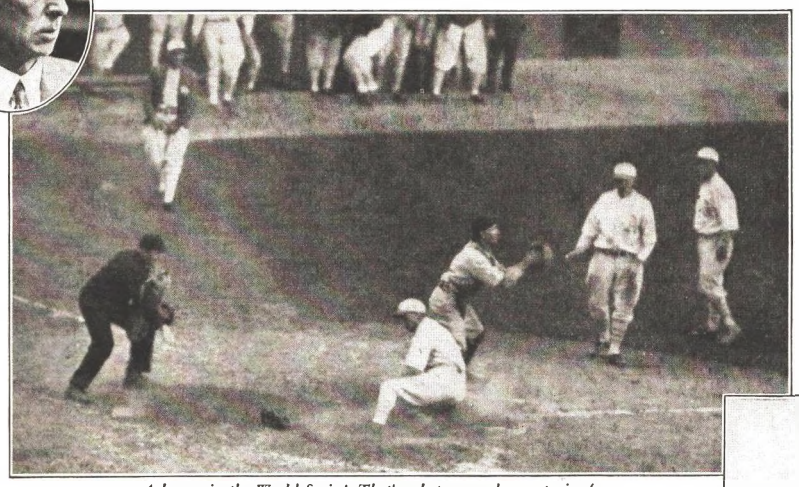
By Franklin M. Reck

BUSINESS of putting on your tie — brushing your hair — packing away your toilet kit.

After it's all over, you sit down in the washroom of the Pullman rather impatiently to wait for the end of your two-day train trip.

The thunder of the train takes on a rumbling note and you look out the window to see that you're crossing a wide river that merges with the flat country on either side in fields of swamp grass that are neither land nor sea. Out of the swamps grow occasional clumps of palms with leaning trunks and drooping fronds.

There's a tropical, primitive look to the scene. You almost imagine you can see naked savages with painted faces and feathered spears hopping out from behind those palms. You wonder for a moment if the entire west coast of Florida is like this. Then you pull a letter out of your pocket and read it for the fifth time.

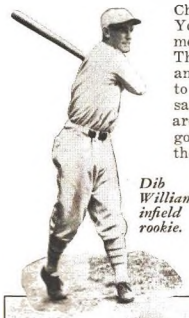


A homer in the World Series! That's what every slugger trains for. In the oval—Connie Mack, pennant winner.

"Our pitchers and catchers report at Fort Myers on the 24th, and our regular players on March 1. Will have my man arrange for your writer to stay at the Bradford Hotel with the team and will help as much as possible in the way of news.

Sincerely yours,
Connie Mack."

The letter is from none other than the veteran manager of the World Champion Athletics. You're the writer he mentions in his letter. The date is March 1, and you're pulling into Fort Myers on the same day that the regulars are supposed to report. You're going to spend two weeks at the spring training camp of the Philadelphia Athletics to learn how a major league club gets in shape.



Dib Williams, infield rookie.

You stuff the letter back in your pocket and gaze out the window. The train is entering the outskirts of the town. You see a cluster of whitewashed shacks, leaning crazily against each other, and in the bare dirt area between the shacks a twisted palm dolefully rising. The colored section.

You're brushed off. You put on your winter hat—you're just two days removed from a blizzard—toss your topcoat over your arm, and get into the aisle with the six other passengers in the Pullman who made the trip down from Jacksonville. Just ahead of you is a tall, broad-shouldered young chap, red-headed and quiet.

On the station platform a group of taxi drivers stand.

"Bradford Hotel?" you say tentatively, and one of them comes forward and picks up your luggage.

A quiet voice speaks just behind you.

"You going to the Bradford?"

The voice belongs to the tall, red-headed chap who got off the train with you. You nod, and the two of you pile into the taxi—a closed car of ancient vintage and four noisy cylinders.

"My name is Cramer," your co-passenger says, and holds out a hand that's long-fingered and hard.

You give him your name and ask him if he's joining the Athletics. He nods, and in reply to your questions informs you briefly that he played first base for Martinsburg, West Virginia, the year before, and that this is his second try-out with the Athletics. You're to learn later that he led his league in batting and that he can play nearly every position on the team.

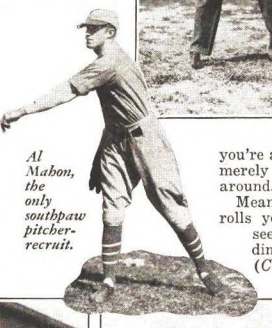
"Where'd you play?" he asks you.

For a moment you feel flattered and you wish you could tell him off-hand that you're the star minor league pitcher of the Portland Club, or an infielder from Nashville. Then you meekly confess that you're a magazine writer merely taking a look around.

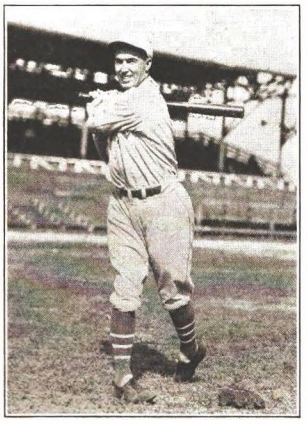
Meanwhile, the taxi rolls you through what seems to be an ordinary and pleasant

(*Cont. on page 36*)

Connie knows how to instruct pitchers. He used to catch them.



Al Mahon, the only southpaw pitcher-recruit.



Left to right: Roger Cramer, looking for an outfield berth. "Mule" Haas, regular outfielder. Roy Tarr, after the third-base job. Roy Mahaffey, seeking a mound berth.

The Overhead Shot

By Harold M. Sherman
Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

"You'd better go to the showers," the coach said quietly. "And while you're cooling off, think that shot over."

"SORRY, Mister Meadows, I'll have to be lockin' up now."

Old Hank Jamison, janitor of Hartley High School, made this announcement with genuine reluctance. It was nine o'clock at night and nobody was supposed to be using the gym anyway. But, as long as Bo Meadows paid for the electric light juice and the school board didn't object, no harm was being done.

"I need a few practices to perfect some trick shots," Bo had explained to Old Hank when making the arrangement. "Coach Earl would laugh if he saw me working on 'em; so I've got to practice in secret."

"But you ain't even on the team!" Old Hank had answered, somewhat puzzled. "You're too light for one thing. A big guard could keep you from gettin' your hands on the ball!"

"A big guard couldn't be as many places as I can be at once!" Bo had replied, spiritedly. "I may be light but I can make up for it in speed. And then—when the coach finds out I can make baskets that aren't possible—"

"What do you mean—ain't possible?" Old Hank had demanded.

"Wait and you'll see!" Bo had promised.

And the school janitor had nodded his head, doubtfully, and waited. This had been six weeks ago. Now, with the season more than half over, Bo Meadows' persistence had won him a place as right forward on the scrub team. But those close to Coach Earl declared that Bo had reached his limit.

"Coach says it takes heavier boys to stand the racket," explained Pete Osgood, proprietor of the Hartley Sports Shop. "Bo handles the ball all right but he's too small to take the knocks. He's one game little guy—but there isn't enough of him."

Bo Meadows recognized the handicap of being undersized. Recognized it—and took the only means of overcoming it. He was developing himself into a basket-shooting wizard. And to-night, thanks to old Hank Jamison's letting him get in these weeks of secret practice, he was ready to spring some surprises.

"Hold those lights a minute, Hank!" he called, as the janitor stood with his hand at the light switch. "I want to show you something!"

"Blaze away!" invited Hank, grinning. "I'm lookin'!"

Taking a position directly underneath the basket, Bo suddenly commenced dribbling the ball toward the side line. His back was to the hoop. Three long strides and then his arms flashed up overhead, shooting the ball up in a backward arch. He didn't even glance back to see where his shot might go.

"Jingo!" exclaimed an amazed Hank Jamison. "You made her!"

The ball had dropped through the hoop so cleanly it hadn't even touched the rim!

"But you can't do it again!" challenged the janitor, stepping out on the floor. "That was just an accident!"

"It was, eh?" grinned Bo. "Listen, Hank. I've worked out just the number of steps to take, starting from under the basket. I know just how hard to throw. I can make that shot eight out of ten times! Look!"

And Bo Meadows therewith proceeded to duplicate the performance.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" breathed Hank Jamison. "I suppose seein' is believin' but I'd just like to have you do it once more!"

"Anything to oblige!" rejoined Bo, willingly. "You see, I count—one, two, three—toss! and in she goes! Like this!"

And in she went!

"You've certainly got her down fine!" Hank admitted, with unstinted admiration. "But what's the advantage of fancy shots like that in a game? You'll never get a chance to pull 'em off."

"Won't I?" retorted Bo. "Hank—the guard doesn't watch you quite so close when he thinks you're not in position. I'll be dribbling away from the basket. My guard'll be behind me. He won't jump on me till I turn. And that'll be too late. Half the time I'll get the shot away."

Hank Jamison nodded. This fellow Bo Meadows had got under his hide. Something to a boy who'd kept plugging the way he had, all by himself, without any promise of a chance on the first team. Too bad he was so small.

"If you could really pull a shot like that in a game you'd be a *lulu!*" declared old Hank. "You ain't never done it yet, have you?"

"I've never tried," replied Bo. "I wanted to be sure of the shot first. The fellows'll pan me if I try it and fail."

"They sure will!" agreed the janitor, "and if things don't go right, you'll be lucky if you're not kicked off the scrub five!"

"I've thought of that, too," said Bo, soberly. "But here the season's half over and we're close to the big game against Tyler and I've got to do something unusual to make Coach Earl sit up and take notice of me. If I don't I'll never get moved up to the varsity and if I don't make the varsity before the Tyler game I'm sunk."

"Don't get worked up over it!" soothed Hank. "After all—few fellows your size even get on the scrubs."

"Never mind about my size!" protested Bo. "What do you think of this for another classy shot?"

And standing just inside the boundary lines in the corner of the court, he looped the ball. Again he judged the distance perfectly and the leather swished through the net.

"There's another spot where a guard doesn't usually cover his man," pointed out the midget forward. "A basket from that angle would stun him!"

"You win!" blinked old Hank, rubbing his eyes. "That's good shootin'—if you can do it in a game."

"When the right time comes," Bo grinned, highly satisfied, "I'll pull it. And thanks—Hank. If it hadn't been for your letting me practice here nights, I couldn't have developed these shots!"

"Keep the change!" rejoined old Hank, warmly. "I only wish the whole team had practiced along with you. A team of sharpshooters like that would sweep the league."

Hartley High School's basketball five was better than average. There were no eagle eyes on the squad. Good teamwork had accounted for most of the Hartley victories—that and fine defensive work.

"If our offense only matched our defense we'd make it hot for any five on our schedule," Coach Earl had said, and this statement became increasingly true as the season progressed. Hartley needed a basket shooter—someone who could give her the lead, and permit her to fall back on defense. Strong, uninspired defense was her chief virtue.

"A spark plug is all we need!" analyzed a rabid Hartley fan. "Some player who can get hot under pressure and take his teammates along with him. Give us a guy like that and we'll trim Tyler!"

A fair-sized gallery usually attended varsity practice sessions. This particular afternoon a larger crowd than usual surrounded the court because of the report that Coach Earl had offered the scrubs a dinner if they could give the varsity a real battle.

"Coach says he doesn't think we're trying against the varsity," complained Scrub Nolan. "Say—if we could beat that bunch we'd *be* the varsity! What's he expect of us, anyhow?"

"Search me," shrugged Boughey. "I'm playing as hard as I know how."

"You just think you are," declared the smallest member of the scrubs.

"Another county heard from!" jeered Scrub Lawrence. "Little Bo Peep! I suppose you're going to tear into the dear old varsity and win that dinner all by yourself!"

"I'm going to do my share," rejoined the scrub's midget right forward. "If we'd get fighting mad once, we might whip that gang of regulars."

"That only happens in fairy tales," gloomed Scrub Hartwick. "I'm resigned to the fate of a scrub. We're not supposed to win; we're supposed to take lickings."

A peculiar light gleamed in Bo Meadows' eyes.

"You're laying down before you start," he said. "If you want to do that, feed me the ball. Feed it to me!"

"Feed it to you?" Nolan, captain of the scrubs, was half skeptical, half puzzled. "What have you got up your sleeve?"

"Never mind—feed it to me," Bo insisted.

Nolan was willing to try anything. "All right," he agreed, not without relish. "The ball goes to you, and if you don't make good, you're the goat."

"That's all right with me," was the midget forward's unworried answer. "Just you feed me the ball."

THE varsity-scrub battle got under way. The varsity took the first tip-off, moved with machine-like precision down the floor, and made a basket.

"No dinner for the scrubs!" sang a side-line rooter.

Twice more the varsity scored against a vain scrub defense. So far the scrubs hadn't laid a hand on the ball.

"Get going, you guys!" urged Bo Meadows, when Nolan took time out. "Thought you were going to feed me that ball! Can't you even do that?"

Exasperated at the nagging of the smallest player on the floor, the scrubs went back into the game, captured the ball and whizzed it down the floor to the diminutive right forward who, instead of being in good scoring position, had lingered in a corner of the court. Back guard Tim Temple of the varsity waited in a strategic position for Bo to dribble out.

There he was in the corner—taking aim at the basket and letting go!

On the side lines old Hank Jamison moistened his lips, nervously.

"He's going to shoot," he murmured. "Now we'll see whether what he's been practicin' is worth anything in a game!"

A moment later and onlookers were electrified when Bo Meadows unexpectedly arched the ball high over back guard Temple's head and dropped it prettily through the hoop.

"What a shot!" someone yelled.

"*Luck!*" ranted back guard Temple, slightly peeved. And to himself—"He'd make that shot once out of twenty times!"

Bo Meadows only grinned and trotted back into position for the next toss-up at center.

Scrub team members, putting Bo's shot down as a fluke, were astounded two minutes later to have him duplicate it from the other side of the court, on a line with the basket. It was a difficult angle shot that the varsity had made no attempt to block.

"The little guy's good!" a spectator admitted.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet!" Hank Jamison declared, impulsively. "Wait till he really cuts loose!"

"Who are you?" demanded someone who didn't know the school janitor. "His dad?"

"I wish I was!" Old Hank returned proudly. "He's some boy!"

Bo Meadows felt a sudden surge of confidence. He had picked the right moment. He was showing his stuff! Time, soon, for that overhead shot—and it had to be good!

A varsity rally shot the score to eight to four. Then Bo, racing under the basket, saw his chance. He took a pass from Captain Nolan, dribbled out with his back to the hoop, counted carefully, and tossed the ball up over his head. Just as the ball left his hands he had a sudden moment of panic. In his eagerness he had thrown too hard. He looked around.

The shot had missed the hoop entirely and the ball had gone into the waiting hands of Temple. The back guard hurled it down the floor where it was speedily converted into another varsity basket.

Bo felt slightly sick in the pit of his stomach.

"What you trying to do?" demanded the irate Nolan.

"I guess I didn't judge my distance right," faltered Bo. "I can make that shot eight times out of ten!"

But even as he said it, he realized how unconvincing and egotistical it must have sounded.

Coach Earl had walked into the court. He stood looking down at Bo.

"You'd better go to the showers, Meadows," he said quietly. "And while you're cooling off, think that shot over."

Bo nodded dumbly. Coach Earl was death on freak stuff. No time, now, to explain that the overhead shot wasn't freak stuff to Bo. Without a word he left the floor, and as he passed into the locker room he didn't have the heart to lift his head and meet the eyes of Hank Jamison.

The old man stared mutely after him.

A week before the big game against Tyler a plague of the mumps conspired against Hartley's varsity squad. Coach Earl shuffled his available players about in an effort to present a formidable line-up, and in the shuffling Bo Meadows slowly began to realize one fact. Nearly every member of the scrub was to get a crack at Tyler— except Bo. The very play he had depended on to win (*Continued on page 42*)

"Listen, Hank," grinned Bo. "I've worked out just the number of steps to take. I know just how hard to throw. I can make that shot eight times out of ten."

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with American Boy Founded 1827

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Books

IT is amazing what a close and understanding and comforting friendship we can develop with books. They are always friendly and generally very true to life, except that they never find fault with us and are just there to be helpful. And if one has a lot of books, he can generally find some help in one or another of them for any set of circumstances or problems that may arise in his own life.

To the Scouts

CONGRATULATIONS, Boy Scouts of America! This year, there are just twenty-one candles on your birthday cake. Since the day of your birth—February 8, 1910—you've grown in strength, and stature, and helpfulness, every year. And now you're 609,000 strong. It's a fine thing you're doing—teaching boys the rare science of doing useful things. Congratulations!

Comeback

WE were watching a university swimming meet the other night. The third man in the dives was a tall, self-conscious chap who controlled his stage fright by a grim determination that was apparent to everybody. He went through his six required dives without error and was in the running for first place. Then came disaster. For his first optional dive, he tried the extremely difficult backward one and one-half, and hit the water with the flat of his back. Red-faced and ashamed, he disappeared into the showers. The other three contestants took their turns, and then the announcer called the name of our self-conscious one. There was a long delay that made us wonder what had happened. Finally our contestant emerged from the shower, walked intently to the board, poised himself, and did a beautiful front jackknife with a half twist. That, to our mind, was a perfect example of comeback.

Sequel

THERE'S a second part to the story. After his bad dive, the contestant was all for quitting. He had splashed water over the spectators. He had—he felt—made himself ridiculous. Rather than face that crowd again, he'd dress and go home. His teammates, however, literally forced him to finish out his five optional dives. He did—and won third place, earning a point for his team and a bronze medal for himself. Furthermore, the crowd gave him a tremendous ovation. . . . There are two ways to get out of a tough situation. One is to quit. The other is to fight. Our diver must be pretty grateful to his teammates.

Getting Up

A FELLOW recently told us that the toughest job he ever tackled was to select a suitable birthday present for a chum who already had about everything. We know a tougher job than that. Perhaps the toughest job any human being is called upon to tackle is that of getting out of bed these winter mornings. There are several ways of overcoming this almost insurmountable problem. One is to have too few covers on the bed, so that along about six-thirty you have to dress and run around the house to get warm. Another is to start thinking, the moment you wake up, of something interesting that's going to happen that day. We recommend the latter method. It works.

Our Man Friday

IF we're ever shipwrecked on a desert island as Mr. Crusoe was, we hope that the young fellow we rescue from the cannibals will turn out to be a keen thinker. It will be great to sit with him after dinner, on the sandy shore with the water lop-lopping near-by, and across the pile of oyster shells between us discuss the whole world and the men who make it. If our man Friday is one of these stir-you-up thinkers, we'll probably sit and talk till the moon is riding high over the island. What a night, what a night! And as a favorite candidate for the position of our man Friday, we hereby nominate Robert Riedel of Covington, Kentucky, because of a letter he sent in with our office pup Pluto's Morning Mail. We're passing some sample paragraphs on to you.

Self-Admiration

"NOT long ago," this Kentucky boy says, "a companion and I were talking about the attitude great men take toward themselves. My companion thought that after a man has accomplished something, he is entitled to a little self-admiration. The matter seemed to me pretty largely an arbitrary affair. I thought then, and still think, that egotism is a fault only in that it has a tendency to cut down our powers in much the same manner that certain habits detract from our health. The man who stops to look back every few minutes, and to talk about the distance he has covered, will take a good deal more time to climb a hill than the man who saves his breath and concentrates on the climbing."

Content to Sit Pretty

"THEN, too," Riedel goes on, "it must be remembered that the man who gets to the top of his hill and sits there perfectly contented with himself will never climb any higher. Figuratively speaking, there are hills in this world that no man has ever climbed, or ever will climb. It is also a fact that no man ever does as much as he is capable of doing. While a man is sitting and admiring his accomplishments, the world is being robbed of a good percentage of his talents."

Higher Hills

IN the end, Riedel thinks his way through to what strikes us as a conclusion you can't dodge: "Look at a man like Einstein," he urges. "Einstein figures out things that would give you or me a headache to imagine. Before the world has recovered from one of his hill climbings, he has climbed a new hill. From his point on one hilltop, he can see the many higher hills about him. For that reason, his own hill no longer seems high to him. 'No man who was truly great ever thought so.' Benjamin Franklin said that a long time ago, and he himself was a great man. If a man, from his perch on the top of his hill, can see no higher hills about him, he is blind; if on the other hand, he does see them and still admires his achievement unduly, he has an unbalanced sense of proportions. In either case he is not a truly great man."

Peace-Time Fighting

DURING the war, the airplane proved itself to be a great fighting machine. From the skies, it could screech down upon a regiment of marching troops, spray them with lead, and utterly demoralize them. A sort of spraying machine, to halt the ravages of man. . . . The airplane is still a great fighting machine. When the Southern planter sees a horde of deadly insects marching upon his fields of cotton, he calls up the Air Force. The pilot leaps to his machine, loads it with powder, and takes off for the scene of action. Back and forth across the battlefield he sweeps at a leisurely sixty miles an hour, leaving behind him a hundred-foot-wide path of destruction. Destruction for the insect, who planned to ravage man's supply of clothing. The airplane is a fighter in peace time, as well as in war. And we like its peace-time scrapping better.

Around Home

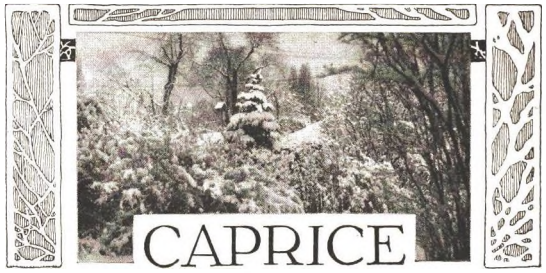
WE get things topsy-turvy, sometimes. Business has gone badly at school, let's say. We're ruffled and bad-tempered as a wet hen. But we bear it and grin when we're with our friends and our casual acquaintances; we summon our pride to help us, and we don't let on how we feel. Then when we get home we tear loose. We stamp our feet and kick the cat and make things generally disagreeable. Now, that's all wrong. Home is, by and large, the pleasantest place we know. The people who live there are the people we love most, the people we owe most to. *They're* the ones that deserve our smiles, and our good sportsmanship. Think it over.

Guaranteed Useful

A HIGH SCHOOL senior dropped in on us the other day to ask if we could tell him how to make a good fiction writer out of himself. We couldn't. As far as we know, there is no sure way of making a writer. But we did make four recommendations to him. Here they are. (1) You'll need a good background of information—so get the very best education you can. (2) You'll need to live intelligently and acquire understanding of the active life of the day—so in your vacations and in your first years out of school and college get jobs at which you can earn your living and at the same time learn a lot about different kinds of people in different parts of the country. (3) You'll need plenty of practice in expressing yourself—so write something every day. (4) You'll need constant stimulating contact with outstandingly good brains—so read at least two books a week, *investigated* books, recommended by reviewers or men in whom you have confidence. . . . That high school senior may not turn out to be a writer. He may be a salesman or an engineer or a lawyer or a plumber. That's all right. He can't lose by following our four recommendations. They'll put him ahead in any line. We guarantee them.

Jam

WE said to that senior: "You're going to college, aren't you?" And he said: "I don't know. I don't know whether I can get in. My high school grades are pretty low." Being polite, all we said was: "Ouch!" Then he explained: "You see I'd rather write than do anything else. So I've been spending a good deal of time writing stories, and I haven't been able to keep my other work up." We said: "You won't get anywhere on a soft, sweet diet. Better slide some bread and butter under your jam." He gave us a shamefaced grin and said: "You think I'm crazy, don't you?" We did, but we liked him.



CAPRICE

By EDYS SOMERS

Yesterday, the bushes stood
Radiant, trembling, in the sun;
The iridescent raindrops shone
Like jewels, each a perfect one.

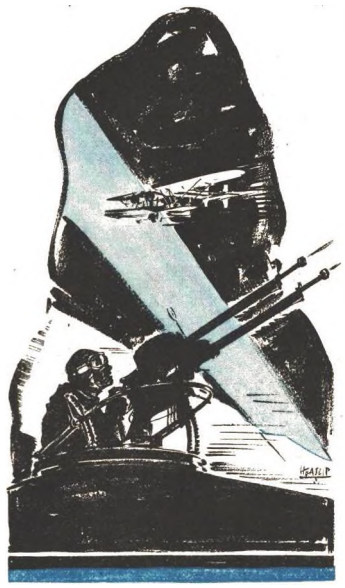
To-day they stand with white heads bowed
Beneath the weight of winter's snow;
Capricious March replaced their jewels
With ermine wraps, which do not glow.

Written in Pulaski School, Hamtramck, Michigan.

Special Detail

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrated by William Heaslip



The Preceding Chapters

"CAN I make Fred understand?" Lieutenant Russell Farrell of the Army Air Service asked himself, looking down on the friend he had captured and helped bind. "I had to do it, but will he understand? If he doesn't, we're both sunk!"

Russ had been in many a tight place as an Army flyer, but never had he needed his quick wits and cool courage more than he had in these weeks of private service. He had got three months' leave and flown up from Texas to help his closest friend, Fred Ridgeway, unravel an airport mystery. The thing was baffling. But someone was trying to ruin the Municipal Airport of Collins, New Jersey!

Ridgeway was the manager of it and all his money was invested in it. He had promoted the airport. His father's old friend McCormick, the canny political dictator of Collins, had helped finance it.

Then trouble had begun. Planes had cracked up, landing lights had refused to work, big passenger ships had barely escaped crashes.

There was another airport, a small one, south of the city but all the trouble was at Ridgeway's. And Russ, while flying up under the assumed name of James Farwell to help his friend, plunged at once into the blackest trouble of all.

Roaring along in *Belinda*, his personal plane, he was tempted into firing at a barrel bobbing in the ocean, just for the fun of trying the machine gun he was permitted to carry for target practice. Then before he had a chance to land on Ridgeway's field, another plane came down in a spin, carrying a dead pilot who had a machine gun bullet hole through his body.

Russ was arrested for murder!

The powerful McCormick crowd got him out on bail. Immediately after, Russ received a mysterious offer of a blind job as flyer for men he believed were Ridgeway's enemies. These men offered to see that Russ was never tried for murder if he would work for them. They needed another expert airman, and thought this wandering pilot would be the very man for them.

Russ took the job. Flying to a lonely house, he joined his mysterious employers, who turned out to be a gang of jewel smugglers headed by rollicking, friendly, big King Kieran.

But an odd thing had happened while Russ was flying to join Kieran's gang. He had been attacked by another plane, piloted—as he had learned by forcing the plane down—by Frank Hawkins, the keen-eyed, friendly-mannered head of an air school that had been using Ridgeway's airport. Hawkins had explained that he had thought Russ a traitor to Ridgeway, and Russ had flown on, to join Kieran and his men.

He was with them only a short time before a plane flew over to drop down a note. It was a warning to the gang that the new man was the famous Russ Farrell, not an unknown wandering pilot.

Russ tried to escape but was captured, bound, and carried off in a plane to a strange hideaway in the mountains where both ships and men could be concealed in a great cliff cave.

There Russ learned from the big, friendly, chance-taking Kieran that the outlaw gang had been hired to make trouble at Ridgeway's airport so that an influential group could boom the little independent airport south of Collins and make money from the sales of land around it. But Russ learned too that not all the trouble had been made by Kieran's gang. A third and unknown party had entered the game, apparently bent on making trouble for both sides.

In the midst of these revelations, came the sound of a plane scouting high overhead. It was out to make trouble for Kieran's gang, the gang felt sure.

Russ saw a chance and seized it. Arguing desperately, he got permission to go up—with such a limited supply of gas that he couldn't escape—and bring the scout down. Grimly determined, he roared up.

High in the air, he fought furiously—and brought down Ridgeway!

Then Russ continued to play the part of Ridgeway's enemy. Played it so well that he convinced Kieran and his gang that he had transferred his loyalty to them for the sake of personal gain, and also convinced Ridgeway himself.

Ridgeway, exhausted, beaten but still dully defiant, finally succumbed to sleep, in the inner room of that cave hideaway. Kieran and Russ talked, and Russ learned that the gang would soon make a final gigantic effort to ruin Ridgeway's airport. The attack would probably be made that night, and they were counting on Russ to help put it over. There matters were left.

Outwardly calm, Russ was inwardly on fire. What could he do?

Well, the first thing was rest. Russ slept. At three in the afternoon, he awoke. He found himself alone with Ridgeway in the inner room of the cave, though he could hear Kieran's voice in that queer radio room above and realized that men were moving around in the hangar or outer room of the cave.

Swiftly Russ got up, untied Ridgeway, and shook his friend awake. To save Ridgeway's airport, he must have Ridgeway's help—must make him understand that he was really loyal to him. *Must!*

Ridgeway's eyes opened. They seemed more normal. They were no longer bloodshot and dull.

Chapter Ten

RUSS met the gaze of those half-questioning eyes—met it and held it steadily.

"I did what I did deliberately—to get in right with these fellows," he whispered. "There's something big up and I'll know it soon and then you and I have got to crab it some way. Do you understand, old boy?"

Ridgeway said nothing. His eyes studied Russ. He seemed to be struggling for comprehension.

Russ looked swiftly back—far away, a sudden light glowed in the sky. A signal!

"Come, get up if you want your food," Russ said loudly. "Stretch your legs a little."

Ridgeway got up obediently and suddenly to Russ's tremendous relief, the old grin leaped into being on his face. At that second Tony came to the doorway leading in from the hangar room.

"Getting Ridgeway a bite to eat," Russ said carelessly.

Tony looked at them suspiciously for a moment and then leaned in the doorway watching as Ridgeway walked unsteadily across the big room toward the cooking equipment in a far corner. Russ casually lit the small oil stove, dropped bacon into a frying pan, and put on some coffee. Tony still stood watching.

"Understand things now, Fred?" Russ whispered without turning his head.

"Of course," Ridgeway whispered back. "I was a lunatic before—might have known you weren't shooting at me." Aloud he said, "Gosh, that bacon smells good."

"Maybe after you get some of it into you you'll talk," Russ returned.

Then bending over as if to examine the flame underneath the frying pan, he whispered, "How did it happen you came here?"

"Flew over to get Frank Hawkins and found out he's been double-crossing me. We've got him dead to rights. I'll tell you later."

"Hawkins!" Russ's head jerked up.

"Yes. Careful. We can't talk now." There Ridgeway spoke aloud again. "Where can I wash up?"

"I'll show you," Russ told him. "Tony, where can I get a gun? If this guy tried to make a break—"

"Don't worry," Tony returned grimly. "He can't get out except through here."

Russ felt sure that in spite of all he had done to prove himself, the little dark bandit was still suspicious. But coolly carrying off his part as an accepted member of the gang, he took Ridgeway into a small room opening off the big inner room — an improvised wash room equipped with huge buckets of water and a tin tub.

"All right," he said curtly. "Go ahead and wash up. Yes, take a bath if you want to." Then under his breath he muttered, "So Hawkins is a double-crosser, is he? Well, he's had me guessing. Know what he did to me?"

Ridgeway nodded.

"He's in with these fellows then," Russ reflected swiftly. "Kieran's foxy. He never let on. But never mind that now. Fred, as soon as I find out what's up we've got to escape or stop it some way. Whatever they're planning, it's something big and—"

There they heard Kieran's booming voice in the outer room. "Where are they?"

Russ stepped to the door.

"Just giving Ridgeway a chance to clean up and have something to eat," he told Kieran casually. "We want to keep him fit—he'll be more useful."

"O. K.," Kieran agreed. "Say, Russ, come on out here. You don't have to stay in there. Ridgeway can't get away."

RUSS swung out to find that not only Kieran but most of his men were in the big room. Kieran was striding restlessly up and down. Round the table were the mournful Charlie, the silent Jack, and Coleman. Tony was still standing in the doorway and his eyes were very bright now. Russ sensed something electric in the atmosphere.

"Russ," Kieran said, lowering his voice a little with a glance toward the little side room where Ridgeway was, "to-night's the night! You're all set?"

Russ nodded. "All set, under the conditions I laid down."

"All right!" boomed Kieran, and his grin flashed out. "That's fine. Now, boys, for the last time, if you have any objection to Farrell's throwing in with us, shoot it and let's iron it out."

No one spoke, but Russ was conscious that the eyes upon him were cold and questioning. Ignoring the fact, he pulled out a chair and sat down.

"In any event," Kieran told his men, "we'll work it so that Farrell can't hurt us. That's easy. As far as I'm concerned I want him and need him and any man who can do what he did this morning can have a job with me any time." He glanced round the circle, a challenge in his reckless, daring eyes.

Russ locked his legs around Kieran's feet and, with the parachute flapping out, the two fell off into space.

"We need him all right," muttered Coleman, "but I just can't believe that Russ Farrell—"

"You just can't remember what I'm up against," Russ told him, and turned blithely to Kieran. "I'm ready. I can't lose much, and I may gain a lot."

"Well, everything is all set," Kieran said with gusto. "Now listen—"

Russ listened tensely, growing cold with apprehension as Kieran, with all the confiding delight of a small boy, outlined their plan for the night.

"I tell you, Russ, we can't fail!" he concluded exultantly. "We'll put her through all right."

"Seems likely," Russ agreed. He spoke quietly, even casually. Not a flicker of his sick foreboding showed in his face.

But to himself he was saying over and over: "If they put that plan through, Fred's ruined! Ruined! And there's no telling how many may be killed or injured."

He could hear Fred splashing in the tub, and he was keenly conscious of all that went on round him. He knew that Coleman kept his eyes on him, and that Tony was standing watchfully in the doorway. Yet these subconscious impressions seemed to register in a separate part of his mind. It was growing dark already. Within two hours he and Fred must do something or—

Then, crackling down through that ventilation opening, came the buzz of a radio receiving apparatus. What message was coming? That buzz seemed to Russ like a warning. His heart began to pound. The sputtering up above grew louder. It was like the crack of doom to Russ. Hawkins knew that Ridgeway was aware of his treachery — now he would be coming out openly to fight. And Hawkins was a ruthless enemy! Was that message from him?

"Something coming in up there," Coleman was saying urgently.

"I'll get it," barked Kieran as he ran out into the hangar room, evidently bound for the entrance to the radio room.

Russ, with the feeling that the crisis was upon him, got quietly to his feet. The next few minutes might plunge him into a life-and-death battle. But right now he must be cool and casual.

"Guess I'll go in and see how Ridgeway's coming along," he said. "I don't like the idea of his buzzing round by himself in there, and he must be through now."

No one objected. He made for the little side room. Up above him the radio was still crackling away. Behind him was that little circle of latent enemies. He could feel their eyes following him. He was shaking with excitement when he got inside the little wash room, where Ridgeway had just finished dressing.

"Fred," he whispered hoarsely, "be ready. We've got to make our get-away right now!"

Chapter Eleven

THE lean Ridgeway stood and stared. His black hair was plastered down and he had used a razor he had found in the wash room. He looked fresh and rested, and at Russ's words the old-time sparkle glinted in his mocking eyes.

"What's happened?" he asked swiftly.

"I'll tell you later," Russ said. "We haven't a minute to spare now. We've got to be moving—pronto! Here's the idea."

He explained his plan in a rush of words, and started for the doorway without waiting for a reply from Ridgeway. At the door he turned to call back, "We'll give you your chance to talk in a little while now."

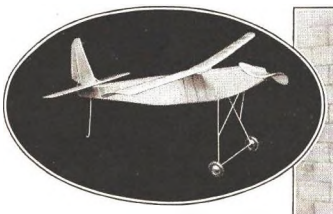
The radio was still snapping and buzzing its message down through the ventilator. But the sounds were partly muffled, and Russ couldn't catch the message. He found every eye turned on him as he walked casually out of the wash room. He could only hope that his face didn't betray any of the pent-up excitement inside him. His mind was working like lightning. Every faculty seemed sharpened to abnormal keenness.

He was on the alert to (*Continued on page 50*)

Build the Wakefield Winner!

By Merrill Hamburg

Secretary of the Airplane Model League of America



Above—The plane that brought the Wakefield Cup to America. Joe Ehrhardt, Wakefield Champion, with some of his model plane trophies.

HERE'S the ship that brought the Sir Charles Wakefield cup from England to the United States. Joseph Ehrhardt, St. Louis, national outdoor endurance and Stout outdoor fuselage champion, built it. And Joe Ehrhardt, as a member of the 1930 party of airplane model champions, went to London, flew his ship, defeated English, German and Canadian fliers, and took home the Wakefield Cup.

His winning flight was 155 seconds, 58 seconds longer than his closest rival! He established a new record for fuselage models in England.

Model builders all over the country are going to welcome this ship. Its performance in England, and at the 1930 national contests conducted by *The American Boy* at Detroit, proved its ability to fly in bad weather. It has the weight and power to force its way into a gusty wind. It's hard to crack up. It has exceptional endurance.

In every respect the plane lives up to the rules that make a ship eligible for American and English contests. The motor is entirely enclosed with the fuselage. The cross-sectional area of the fuselage is slightly more than 9 square inches, which is the required area for a fuselage 30 inches long. (To get the minimum cross-sectional area for any ship, divide the fuselage length by ten and square the result. That's the minimum number of square inches you must have at the fuselage's widest point.) The wing area is just over the 125-square-inch minimum. Its weight is 2½ ounces, the necessary weight for a ship of this size.

A glance at the photo will reveal some of the unusual features of the plane. The high landing gear gives clearance for the 17-inch propeller and lowers the center of gravity. A gust of wind won't upset this model! The special section at the rear of the rudder is framed with bamboo so that it can be bent to any angle.

Ehrhardt's plane is just the model to work on when you tire of the flying stick. It's not at all difficult to construct. You'll need the following material:

4 1-8 x 1-8 x 30 in. balsa longerons; 15 1-16 x 1-16 x 18 in. balsa bulkheads; 3 3-32 x 3-32 x 18 in. balsa for bulkheads; 3 1-32 x 1 x 18 in. balsa rib stock; 2 1-16 x 3-16 x 18 in. balsa wing spars—front; 2 1-16 x 1-8 x 18 in. balsa wing spars—rear; 2 1-16 x 1-8 x 18 in. balsa trailing edges; 3 1-8 x 1-8 x 18 in. balsa leading edge, wing and stabilizer; 1 7-8 x 1 1-2 x 17 in. propeller block; 1 1-2 x 1 x 4 in. balsa for front and rear plugs; 1 1-16 x 1-4 x 18 in. balsa stabilizer spar; 1 1-16 x 1-8 x 18 in. trailing edge for stabilizer; 2 1-16 x 1-4 x 15 in. bamboo; 2 2-in. aluminum disc rubber-tired wheels; 1 6-in. length .032 music wire for propeller shaft and rear hook; 2 3-16 flat brass washers; 3 sheets Japanese tissue; 1 large tube Wanner's cement; 1 can banana oil; 25 feet 1-8-30 rubber motor.

The A. M. L. A. is not offering a kit for this ship. Model airplane material is readily obtainable at reliable supply houses. Many boys prefer to use the materials they have at home and add only what additional material they need, rather than buy a full kit.

Before you start, study every detail in the drawings. If you go to work with an accurate mental picture of the different parts, you'll work faster.

Start with the fuselage. Note that it's simply a long box, tapered at both ends, with closely spaced bulkheads. The two side panels are just alike. Start with a side panel.

The best procedure is to make a full-size ink drawing of this panel. Lay over the drawing a sheet of waxed paper and on top of that a sheet of tissue. Stick pins through the paper along the longerons, as shown in the detail drawing at the bottom of the plate. Then cut your longerons to size, paint one side with banana oil, and lay them on the tissue between the pins. Next, cut your crosspieces to size, paint with banana oil, tip the ends with cement, and put them in place. That's all there is to it. Give the layout several hours to dry and the panel is finished.

Make the other side panel in just the same way. Then place both side panels on edge, over the drawing of the top panel, and hold them in place with blocks of wood as shown in the drawing. Now cut your crosspieces for the top panel, tip the ends with glue, and lay them in place. Add the crosspieces for the bottom panel, tie string around the whole to keep it in position while the glue is drying, and the fuselage is finished except for covering the top and bottom panels. That's a simple matter.

If you're a beginning builder, you'll want a copy of the A. M. L. A. Manual telling how to cover framework with tissue, bend bamboo, carve propellers, and perform all the other elementary operations of model building. To get the manual, send five cents in cash to the A. M. L. A., American Boy Building, Second and Lafayette Blvds., Detroit, Mich.

The fuselage, like the wing, is doped with a mixture of five parts of acetone and one part of banana oil, to shrink and waterproof the paper.

THE drawing gives you the size and construction of the landing gear. You can build it without any added instructions. Be sure, though, when glueing the struts to the fuselage, to scrape away the paper. It makes a stronger joint. Note the tail skid is glued to the left longeron, not to the center of a crosspiece.

The aluminum disc, rubber-tired wheels used on the landing gear are fairly heavy and serve to lower the center of gravity, thereby stabilizing the ship. Don't use light wheels!

You'll have no trouble with the wing. The drawing shows you the unusual wing section—one with both the upper and lower surfaces cambered. It shows you the internal construction with its two spars (members running the length of the wing) in addition to leading and trailing edges. In the lower right-hand corner of the plate is a detail drawing showing how the ribs are cut to fit over the two internal spars. The upper drawing shows you the blocks on which the wing rests, the front block a quarter of an inch higher than the rear, to give the wing the proper angle of incidence (front-to-rear angle of the wing.)

The wing is built in two separate halves. The A. M. L. A. manual, if you're a beginner, will give you all the necessary details on wing construction.

The stabilizer is built and covered in the same manner as the wing. Study the drawing at the right side of the plate. Notice that the stabilizer is streamlined—that its top and bottom surfaces are curved opposite to each other. Under the rear of the stabilizer, Ehrhardt has a wedge-shaped block that slants the stabilizer forward at about a three-quarter degree angle. In other words the stabilizer has negative angle of incidence.

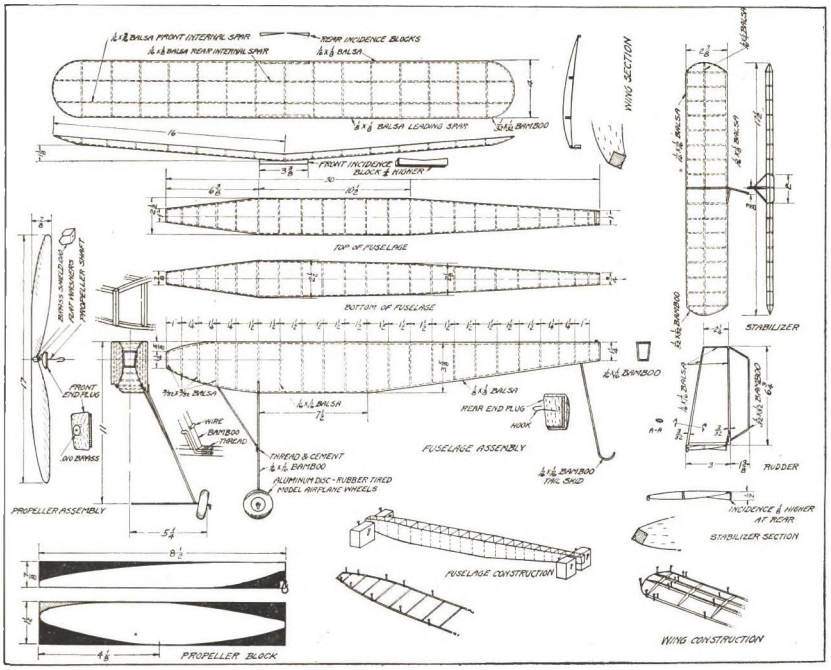
Rudder details are given in the drawing. Notice that it's a balsa frame except for the rear section, which is made of bamboo, to permit the flier to bend it as he wishes. The rudder is cemented in place on the stabilizer and braced by four small pieces of 1-32 x 1-32 bamboo.

The propeller is carved from a block 7-8 x 1 1-2 x 17 in. The manual tells you how to do it. The drawing suggests the distinctive shape of the blades on Ehrhardt's prop.

Notice in the drawing that the propeller is backed by a brass shield to prevent wear. The front plug—1 in. across the top, 7-8 in. across the bottom, and 1 1-4 in. high—is mounted right on the propeller shaft. The rear hook is in the rear plug. Both plugs are carved from solid balsa, to fit the front and rear openings.

The wing is held in place on the model by small rubber bands looped over the wing, under the fuselage, and

(*Continued on page 43*)



Star Stuff

By Arthur H. Little

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

"EIGHT-TEN, *already!* And no car in sight yet. I'll never get to the office. This is a sweet interurban line!"

Larry Pennock stood in the lop-sided doorway of the shack that served as a waiting room and glared out at the spattering rain of a dun-gray morning. For the fourth or fifth time, he looked at his wrist watch, then peered out through the paneless west window at the remoter reaches of an interurban right of way that, paralleling a gleaming strip of concrete highway, went rippling off into the distance.

"Eight-ten!" Larry muttered again. "And Lowen said he'd be leaving for his train at eight-thirty! I've *got* to report to him before he goes!" Then he smiled wryly to himself and added: "Gosh, how I dread it!"

Biting his lip, he leaned against the much-whittled door frame of the little makeshift waiting room at Stop 12 on the Midburg, Kent & Southern, and gave himself up to thought.

Monday morning, this—the dead line! A week ago this morning, bright and early at the plant in Midburg, Frederick Lowen, hard-driving general manager of the Vulcan Motor Truck Company, had called a meeting of the Vulcan's local sales force and, freely, had spoken his mind.

"This company," Lowen had said crisply to the men, "isn't getting enough fleet business! In case you don't know what a fleet sale is—because it's been a long time since any of you has turned one in—it's a sale of two or more trucks, to a single purchaser, all at one time. We're going to get more fleet business; and we'll start getting it right at home—here in the Midburg territory!

"Next Monday morning I leave for a trip through the South. Before I go, I want every man in this department to come to me with a workable idea that will lead to the sale of at least one fleet in his territory—to a customer who hasn't been sold Vulcans before. I want to see you do something creative! Understand, I don't expect you to *sell* the trucks by Monday—although there's no law against that! But I do expect from each of you at least one sound, practical idea that will lead to a fleet sale. Your names are up there on the blackboard, waiting."

Here the general manager had paused dramatically and as Larry, wide-eyed, had watched the unusual procedure, Lowen had opened a cardboard box on the desk before him and continued:

"Here's a box of silver stars. As each man comes to me with an idea I think is sound, I'll hang up one of these stars opposite his name. But I don't want any false alarms! For every silver star that goes up, I'll expect within a reasonable time the sale of a fleet. And—"

Another dramatic pause, while another cardboard box had come open. Then:

"Here's a box of gold stars." And to Larry's eyes they had seemed to shimmer as if really golden. "When one of you actually sells a fleet," the general manager had gone on, "I'll hang one of these opposite your name. Now get your brains busy!"

Larry, seated at the farthest desk in the room, had wondered if the order applied to him; and then an afterthought of Lowen's had answered the unspoken question.

"Pennock," the general manager had said, "this might as well include you. You rank as a junior and you're the youngest and newest member of the local sales division. But even a junior ought to produce ideas. I'll give you an advantage. Each of the other men will confine himself, as always, to his own territory. But because you're not attached just now to any senior salesman, I'll give you as your field the combined territories of all the others, and you can range at large—high, wide, and handsome. Wherever you turn up an idea, in any salesman's territory, if you originate the idea yourself, then it's yours. Is that fair?"

"Yes, sir!" Larry had said. "I think it's more than fair! And—and I'm sure I can turn something up!"

That was a week ago this morning. How easy it had seemed—then! Now, in the little interurban waiting room, things looked different. Larry glanced again at his watch. Eight-fifteen now.

And the office five miles away—five long, rainy miles!

AGAIN he peered out through the west window. Then he looked down at his clothes—at his Oxford-gray topcoat, at the knife-edge creases of the trousers in his herringbone suit of gray, which resembled a pattern much worn by the Vulcan truck's crippled Beau Brummel, "Baron" Slade. Larry recalled how the Baron once had said to him: "Buy your clothes carefully, kid, and keep 'em well pressed. Clothes go a long way toward making a salesman!"

"But I guess I'd better forget about clothes this morning," Larry muttered, coming to a reluctant decision.

He turned up the topcoat collar, pulled the brim of his soft gray hat closer over his eyes, and stepped out into the rain. He crossed the interurban tracks and started eastward on the gleaming highway.

"Creases or no creases, I'll walk!" he said to himself. "I'll look like a mess when I get there. But Lowen may be delayed and perhaps I can catch him. Anyway, he can't say I ducked him purposely!"

In a hundred yards, he felt rain water sloshing in his low-cut shoes. In another hundred yards, his trousers were two soggy cylinders, the bottoms twisting inward. And the shoulders of his topcoat, when he slapped them experimentally, seemed to splash. But his thoughts were at the office. Tramping on soggily, he reviewed the past seven days.

A week ago to-day he had bubbled with optimism. "I'll give you the whole Midburg field," Lowen had said, "and you can range at large—high, wide, and handsome!"

Larry recalled how the senior salesmen had reacted to Lowen's decree. Two or three had grumbled. "Fleet sales!" one of them had muttered after the meeting. "Business everywhere in a slump—bankruptcies!—customers going broke! And Lowen thinks we ought to sell motor trucks as if they were bunches of bananas!"

Others had busied themselves with pencils and note pads. Even Baron Slade, who, since his smash-up in his big coupe, had been organizing a new sales promotion department, twirled in his wheel chair and went scooting off across the cork linoleum toward his little office. Then, one by one, the men had gone out, each intent and silent, each to his territory. But Larry had sat on at his desk and planned.

He remembered that Baron Slade once had said to him: "Use your dome, kid! Learn! Let your curiosity run riot! Ask questions. Gather facts—gather 'em from anywhere and everywhere. You'll be surprised, pretty often, how useful a fact—even a little orphan fact that you find right at your elbow—can be! Then use your imagination and put 'em together. That's what business is, mostly—getting facts and putting 'em together and getting the right answer ahead of the other fellow!"

Facts? From memory and from records and memoranda in his desk, Larry had dredged up so many fleet-sale possibilities that the names and addresses filled a dozen pages in his notebook. Then, tight-lipped and silent, as the others had gone before him, he had hurried out of the office, climbed into his flivver roadster, and aimed its battered prow at the horizon.

All day Monday he had ranged, canvassing — in and out of the flivver and in and out of many business doors. "I'll run down every clue," he told himself. "Run it right to earth."

But Monday had proved a blank—nothing at all for a brisk day's work. Tuesday — another blank! Wednesday — still another zero. Half the week gone!

THURSDAY, however, had brought a variation. He had reached the office an hour earlier than the usual time. At the Vulcan entrance he had run into the postman, laden with the Vulcan's morning mail.

"I'll take the stuff inside for you," Larry had said, and had carried the load into the empty office and plumped it on a desk.

Facts! There was a whole stack of them—letters, orders, reports, information from here and there and everywhere. Could there be anything to help him?

Swiftly, his fingers had run through the stack. Nothing in it addressed to him. But halfway through

"Trouble?" the bald little man repeated belligerently. "Yeh! She stalled on me."

For a moment there was silence—silence while Larry felt his heart pound. Would they listen to him?

the stack, he had encountered something familiar—the long blue envelope containing the current week's copy of *Walsh's Automotive Weekly*, with its advance news of the industry. The *Weekly*, Larry knew, was office property, intended for the guidance of everyone on the sales force; and anyone might open it.

"H-m-m!" he said, and slit the envelope and drew forth the miniature eight-page newspaper. Swiftly he turned pages and scanned headlines. Mergers, reorganizations of automotive companies, the fluctuating prices of metals and of rubber. Nope! Nothing there. And then, on an inside page, his eyes found an item in bold-face type. He read:

> Next Wednesday's newspapers will announce that ground will be broken in April for the Continental Rubber Company's Avon plant. Plans for the plant have been held in abeyance for more than two years, but now construction work is to be rushed.

Avon! Larry bit his lip, thinking. Avon—right under his nose! Avon, the "shadow village." Avon with its weed-grown network of discouraged-looking streets and frost-tilted sidewalks, and here and there on the desolate prairie a lonely-looking house. Avon, the village that had been born in hope, was at last to get its tire factory. And here—here—was an idea for a fleet sale! That Continental plant would buy trucks, very likely, in flocks!

"And," Larry muttered to himself, "I've a right to turn this in as my idea. I've been the first in the office to see it!"

But then he had shaken his head and said: "No, somehow, this isn't what Lowen meant. It's not—not creative. I guess it's just another unrelated fact, an orphan to stow away!"

Then, his portfolio under his arm, his jaw set, he had gone out of the office, climbed into the flivver again, and sent it ranging.

By noon of that day, the flivver had developed a protesting cough but Larry, his brow wrinkled with worry, had only driven the harder. Late in the afternoon, back at the office, Baron Slade had asked:

"How goes it, kid?"

And Larry had shaken his head and told him: "Not so good! This star stuff's got me worried—I'm not getting in on it. Every clue I follow turns out to be a bust. Bankruptcies, or something like them. And when I haven't found that sort of thing, I run across the trails of the other fellows, working ahead of me, and have had to back out."

Friday—a blank!

Saturday, at noon, when every man on the force was required to be at the office, Larry had avoided the eyes of the others. For on the blackboard hung eleven silver stars, a star opposite every name but his.

"But I've still got until Monday morning!" he told himself, a little desperately.

Saturday afternoon, at about two o'clock, on the far side of Kent and thirteen miles from home, the flivver had quit for good with a devastated connecting rod. And now on this rainy Monday morning it still lay in the Kent garage, paralyzed.

And Larry trod the splashy concrete toward Midburg, marching in soggy trousers and dripping topcoat, to report to his general manager that he had failed.

HE was rounding a sharp turn in the highway, a hairpin curve that curled through a cut of yellow clay and swung into and out of the village of Avon. Suddenly, ahead of him, at the break of the bend, there loomed a decrepit touring car, motionless and almost crosswise of the road. And from beneath the car, protruded a pair of soggy legs.

Alongside the legs, Larry stopped and asked them: "Trouble?"

The legs went nimbly into action and brought into view a bald, bareheaded little man who, in the rain, looked up at Larry through spectacles slightly smudged. Larry knew him by sight. Occasionally he had seen him in Midburg or in Kent, busily hurrying somewhere. His name, Larry vaguely recalled, was Kraft—Felix Kraft.

"Trouble?" the bald little man repeated belligerently. "Yeh! She stalled on me. Most likely the battery's down!"

"Maybe not," Larry said. Perhaps he couldn't find places to sell fleets of trucks; maybe, now, he wouldn't catch Lowen at the office. But here was a man who needed help. "Perhaps I can fix you up. Got a dry cloth?"

Out of a pocket in a sagging door came a cloth. Larry splashed round the front end of the car, tilted back the right-hand half of the rusted hood, then lifted the top off the distributor. His hands busied themselves with the cloth for a moment; then he said, 'Now try your starter!" And the motor hummed into life.

"Thought so," Larry told the bald man, handing back the cloth. "The rain did it. Often happens with that model. Better cover your distributor with a section of inner tube. That'll cure it."

From under the car, the bald man had retrieved a misshapen hat, and he mopped it with the cloth as he answered.

"Thanks!" he said, his manner somewhat softened. "I'm much obliged. You see, I'd just come out of my place there, and when I turned onto the concrete, she quit."

"Is that your home?" asked Larry, looking back along the car's muddy wake.

Often he had passed this spot and wondered at it. From the highway, straight back through the side of the cut in the clay, ran a slender strip of land not more than twenty feet wide. Along each side of it, towered a tight-board fence, rough and unpainted—two lines of fence so lofty that the space between looked like a tunnel. And in the tunnel, far back from the highway, rose a structure of tar paper and clapboard and corrugated iron that might have been a squeezed-up garage.

The bald man turned and looked at it, then looked at Larry. "Yes!" he said. "It is!" Larry wondered why the tone was so fiercely defiant. "And I own it—every board in that house and every square inch of that land between the fences." He was waving his arms now, and Larry stared at him. "I owned more than that—acres of it—but that's what I've got left. And that's mine! My home—my castle! And no man can take it from me—"

AT that point came an interruption. Around the bend, heading eastward, swept a big blue sedan. Larry heard the bark of its horn, then the squealing of brakes; and the blue car skidded, turned part way around, righted itself, gently sideswiped the bald man's touring car, and came to a stop.

Instantly, the bald man burst into speech. "What's the matter with you?" he demanded of the driver of the sedan. "Can't you see where you're going?"—And then Larry thought he detected cold enmity in the tone that concluded: "Uh! It's you!"

"Yes," spoke up a voice from the sedan. And Larry's glance took in a middle-aged man, square-faced and grim-mouthed. "Yes, it's me! And besides being a fool in business, Kraft, you're a fool in driving. What did you stop there for?"

"I'll stop where I like!" the bald man shot back. "I'll—I'll—"

There he lapsed into incoherence; and, clamping his hat on his head, he climbed into his car and, with a clashing of gears, shot away to the westward.

Larry looked doubtfully at the man in the sedan, and then because his need was urgent he asked: "I

wonder if I could ride with you into Midburg?"

The square-faced man hesitated.

"All right!" he said finally. "Get in! But I'm in a hurry, and I can't take you out of my way!"

"If you're going to stay on this road," Larry told him as he slipped into the right-hand front seat, "you'll not need to go out of your way for me."

For a while, the grim-mouthed man drove in silence. But presently he growled out a remark.

"Walking into town in the rain, eh?"

"Yes," Larry told him. "I live back there near Stop 12; and I'd waited for over an hour for a car. So I decided to walk."

"Huh!" The man almost smiled. "Well, you could have waited there until doomsday and never seen a car! That line quit operating Saturday afternoon. It's busted! On the edge of bankruptcy!"

"Another bankruptcy!" thought Larry. "But this man seems to enjoy the idea!"

"Yeh, they're smashed," the man at the wheel went on. The thought seemed to move him to conversation. "The fools went crazy! Bought new equipment, expecting a boom in their business. Then the boom busted. They heard the rumor that the Continental Rubber Company figgered to build a tire factory at Avon. Well, the factory didn't come. And the line went broke."

Larry straightened in his seat. The Continental tire factory—that orphan idea he'd found in the mail—and the bankruptcy of the Midburg, Kent & Southern! Two facts. Slowly there began to form in Larry's mind the shadow of a plan. But he'd better ask more questions!

"Who are the stockholders?" he inquired, his tone casual.

"Farmers along the road, mostly," said the man at the wheel. "But they've got only themselves to blame! It was their road, and they didn't know how to run it. Farmers, bucking the game of business! They got what was coming to them!"

"What are they going to do?" Larry asked, his tone even more casual. "Try to get more money and go on?"

"Go on?" snapped the man. "They can't! They're meeting in Kent to-day to go through the motions of closing up the business. And that'll be that!"

Somehow, it seemed to Larry that the tone carried triumph. What could be this man's interest in the troubles of an interurban railway? Larry decided to feel out things a little.

"I suppose the failure will affect real estate values," he remarked.

"Huh!" grunted the square-faced man. "It will! It'll hit the poor fools that bought land along here, expecting to make a million in a year!"

LARRY'S mind went back to the incident at the hair-pin turn. "That man back there whose car stalled," he said, "he's a real-estate man, isn't he?"

"He *was!*" said the square-faced man. "Visionary, like all the rest of 'em, that Kraft. Came here when the rumor went out about that tire factory. Bought land with a little cash and a lot of credit and noise. Said he was going to lay out a subdivision good enough for millionaires. Landscape gardening and trees and fancy streets! All on paper—and that's as far as he got! Even if the tire factory had come, he couldn't have sold his lots, because they all faced the wrong way and the streets he planned were too narrow. Well, the tire factory didn't come, and he went under. Foreclosure! All he's got left is an alley on the edge of what was his subdivision. He held on to that somehow, and fenced it in and he's living there now like a squatter! Business man? Bah! He and his kind are dreamers—star-gazers!"

Star-gazers. Silver stars on the blackboard at the office, a star for every name but Larry's. Facts—the Baron had said—and putting them together. The plan—it was crystallizing now—might work!

The blue sedan, Larry realized a moment later, was swishing its bulbous tires over the glistening asphalt of Midburg. Ahead, on the left, was the red brick Vulcan office building.

Down its broad steps a man was coming, a man who carried a grip and hurried toward a taxicab, standing at the curb. Lowen! Could a fellow catch him?

"Excuse me—and thanks!" Larry blurted at the grim-mouthed man, then opening the door on his side, stepped out upon the running board, and shouted:

"Mr. Lowen!"

Lowen, one foot on the running board of the cab, halted; and Larry, as he ran to him, saw that the general manager was frowning.

"I'll keep you only a second," Larry said breathlessly. "I just wanted to ask you if it'd count if I reported to you now that I've an idea for a fleet sale but can't tell you yet what it is."

Still frowning, Lowen asked: "Why can't you tell me?"

"Well, because right now, it looks sort of"—and Larry groped for the word—"sort of visionary!"

Lowen chewed at his mustache, thinking, and Larry watched his face.

"Well, Pennock," the general manager decided, "it isn't strictly according to the rules but I'll tell you what I'll do. You write to me when you're ready to explain your idea, and if it looks sound and practical, I'll see that you're credited with a silver star."

"Thanks!" said Larry. "Thanks!"—and turned to dash up the Vulcan's broad front entrance, two steps at a time.

NEAR a window in the sales offices, looking out at the street from his wheel chair, sat Baron Slade.

"Well, kid," he said, as Larry burst in, "you look as if you'd swum a river. But I see you arrive in style, with a bank president as a chauffeur!"

"Bank president?" said Larry. "Wait a minute, Baron!" His words tumbled over each other. "I'm on the trail of something! But, first, who was that old fellow who drove me in?"

"That man!" exclaimed Slade. "Didn't you know who he was? Why that was Simon F. Scott, of Kent. He's president of the Kent Farmers Bank, and a

A Dirty Trick

A ver-ry dirty trick Sergeant Pinky played on Sergeant Lynch, when he sent worthless Joe Hadley to Lynch's platoon . . . There's fun—and tragedy—in next month's war story:

"REAR-END DYNAMITE"

By Franklin M. Reck

power in politics—chairman or something of the county commissioners. Old Square-Face they call him. Holds mortgages on about half the land in Kent County. And he owns—actually owns—the village of Avon. It was Scott who put a kink into the Kent highway to swing it into his village. And he loves to talk! Did he explain to you that everybody in the world is a sap except Simon Scott?"

"Practically that," said Larry. "But wait a minute, Baron! I'm thinking something through. Was he—old Square-Face—connected in any way with the Midburg, Kent & Southern?"

"Connected?" Slade exclaimed. "I should say he was—and is! His bank holds mortgages and notes against everything but that old railway's immortal soul!"

Mortgages and notes! But now, to Larry, the words seemed to take on a different, more ominous sound. Old Square-Face might put a crimp in his plan.

"Baron!" Larry said, and he knew that his lips were dry. "Listen! Where's your car—still in the garage here at the plant? Let me take it for two hours, will you? I've got to go to Kent—in a hurry!"

The Baron fished his pockets for his keys, found them, tossed them to Larry, then asked: "Fire or something?"

"Something!" Larry told him, with half a grin. "The Midburg, Kent & Southern quit operating Saturday. I'm going to a meeting of the stockholders!"

Slade was still staring in astonishment when Larry slammed the door, going out.

Bankruptcies and foreclosures and rubber tires! Larry's mind was running in high as he swung the Baron's tan coupe out through the Vulcan's graveled drive toward the street. A chance—but a long one—stepping unannounced into a situation like this. Gosh! And with old Square-Face in the picture! But maybe, after all, he wouldn't come into it—

And then, as Larry's front wheels found the pavement and he was advancing into second speed, a big blue sedan whirred past him, heading westward too. In it were two men—at the wheel, grim Simon F. Scott, and beside him a newcomer in the situation, the imposing ex-Judge Thomson of the Midburg bar.

Larry brought down the ball of his foot on the accelerator. "Old Square-Face," he said, "is in! But we'll step on it, just the same, for we're on the trail of a star!"

At the edge of town, the gates of a switch-track crossing swung down between Larry and the blue sedan ahead; and while he fidgeted, a freight train stretched itself across the highway and seemed to lie down for a nap. When the freight had shaken itself, finally, and moved on, seven minutes had passed—and the blue sedan was out of sight.

Larry trod the gas again. Kent, a county seat, was a good-sized town. Where would those stockholders be meeting? Maybe the courthouse. Farmers frequently met there. Try that first!

At the outskirts of Kent, he lifted his foot and the coupe coasted to the courthouse square. Larry climbed out. Inside the old stone building, he sprinted up a murky flight of stairs and peered in through a tall doorway. No! No stockholders' meeting there. Some kind of court business, with a judge on the bench. But wait a minute! That gray-haired man in the cutaway, talking to the court—yes, it was ex-Judge Thomson, who'd ridden to Kent with old Square-Face.

"Wonder what's up," Larry muttered. "Well, I've got to find that meeting anyway."

Down the stairs he went and out of the building. then paused on the sidewalk to think. Lodge room, maybe! Across the square at a dogtrot and up the stairs alongside the fire hall. The lodge room was locked and silent. Back down the stairs to the sidewalk. And then he caught sight of Kent's daytime police force across the street, leaning against a fire hydrant. Across, on a dogtrot, to him.

"Stockholders' meetin'?" said the upholder of the law. "Well, now, there's a lot of farmers' automobiles parkin' around the corner on Fourth Street, in front of Snyder's wagon shop. Maybe they're meetin' up in Snyder's loft."

"Thanks!" said Larry. "Thanks a lot!" And he dogtrotted again.

As he rounded the corner into Fourth, Larry saw that Snyder's wagon shop was, indeed, the focus of a congestion of parked cars. And among them stood the big blue sedan.

An outside stairway led up to the door of Snyder's big loft. Larry ran lightly up and heard above, as he ran, the sound of many voices raised as in argument.

His heart pounding, he stopped on the landing at the head of the stairs and looked in at the door on a long, broad room. At the far end of it, their backs to him, sat same fifty or sixty men. They sat on benches and boxes and kegs, ranged in an irregular semicircle about a man who seemed to be the chairman.

"Order!" he shouted, just as Larry reached the door. "Come to order and quit your gabbin'! You've voted to fire the salaried executives. We've settled *that* point! Now the question is: What're you goin' to do with the railway? Let's hear your opinion!"

A babble of voices again.

"One at a time!" boomed the chairman. "Watkins, what are you sayin'?"

AT the farther end of the semicircle, a man with a long red mustache got to his feet.

"I was just sayin', Mr. Snyder," he responded, "that I don't think we ought to lay down and quit. Can't the service be run cheaper, somehow? We people that live along the line, we need it! I make a motion that we re-finance and keep goin'!"

"Second it!" Several voices spoke in chorus.

Larry's heart leaped. Maybe, after all, there was a chance! And then—

"Just a minute!" In the center of the semicircle rose a stocky, commanding figure. Larry knew that back; and the grim voice was Simon Scott's.

"Just a minute!" Scott repeated. "Why vote on that? You can't refinance! You're loaded with obligations now, and you can't borrow more! Can't you get it in your heads that you're through? You're done!"

And, heavily, he sat down.

From somewhere in the semicircle, a voice spoke up angrily: "This is a meetin' of stockholders! We may owe you money, Scott, but we haven't been declared bankrupt—yet! So far, this is our own affair!"

As Scott rose again, through Larry's mind flashed the thought: "It's like a (*Continued on page 30*)

BILLY JONES' TRIP THROUGH THE BUICK FACTORY—CHAPTER No. 2

Billy learns a lot about Buick quality at a conference of engineers

Buick Chief Engineer (*introducing Billy to engineering executives assembled for regular morning meeting*): These are the men, Billy, who supervise all of Buick's engineering, experimental and testing work. Each morning we get together and discuss the results of the previous day's tests and experiments.

Billy (*examining Endurance Test chart*): And you keep a record of your work on these charts?

Chief Engineer: Yes! These graphs show the results we are obtaining from the various tests that are being run, both on units and cars. We can tell at a glance the exact condition of every part that is being tested. At times we work as much as two and three years in advance, checking and perfecting a new feature before it is adopted.

Billy: In other words, all of Buick's experimental work is done by Buick — not by the public!

Chief Engineer: That's exactly it, Billy. Before Buick offers motorists anything new, its worth must be proved through thousands of miles of actual use. There isn't another concern more jealous than Buick of the high standard of its material and workmanship.

Billy: I don't wonder — Buick certainly has the advantages, all right. Look at the men and the money and the machinery Buick has. And Buick's big advantage in engineering experience.

Chief Engineer: Experience dating back twenty-eight years, Billy — plus resources that are unmatched anywhere. A staff of over three hundred designers, chemists, engineers and scientists work day and night, month-in-and-month-out, to make Buick a better automobile.

Billy: I've often noticed that people never question the soundness of Buick's advancements. They seem to approve of everything Buick does.

Chief Engineer: People have come to know, Billy, that they can depend upon each new Buick, no matter how far in advance it is. Take for example, Buick's four new series of Valve-in-Head Straight Eights. They offer so many new and advanced features . . . the new safe and silent Syncro-Mesh Transmission, the new Engine-Oil Temperature Regulator, and the new insulated wood-and-steel Bodies by Fisher — besides hundreds of other mechanical developments —

Billy: — And right from the start the new Buicks went over with a bang, didn't they?

Chief Engineer: From the very first day of their announcement more people bought new Buick Eights than all other eights of their price put together! Today people are buying more than three times as many new Buick Eights as any other car in Buick's field.

Enroll Now in the
Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild
Awards Valued at $50,000
See Your Buick Dealer

THE EIGHT AS
BUICK
BUILDS IT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Star Stuff

(*Continued from page 28*)

three-sided game of checkers—with me waiting to move!"

Deliberately Scott hurled his answer at the semicircle.

"Besides being one of your creditors, I am also a stockholder! And I'll tell you something else! As a stockholder, I sent my lawyer, Judge Thomson, into court to-day; and by this time there's an injunction out, stopping this railway from further operation from this moment on! I've told you you're through—and you are!"

Larry had moved farther into the room, watching, waiting—waiting for the right moment to enter the fray.

At the near end of the semicircle, another man was rising. Larry recognized him—bald, bespectacled, little Felix Kraft, the real estate man who had lost everything but his subdivision alley.

"Scott," Kraft said, in a voice shaking with rage, "you smashed *me!* You sold me out and broke me. And now you're trying to smash these other men! But you can't do it! You hear me? You can't! I know what you're aiming at. You want that railway for yourself! Why you want it, I don't know. But you want it! And I'll fight you! I'm a stockholder, too—with one share of stock. I'll fight you to the last!"

"You'll fight me?" Scott sneered. "You'll fight me with *what?*"

His eyes wild, Kraft shook an impotent fist. "I'll—I'll—I'll beat you, yet!" he shouted, and then suddenly sat down and mopped his face with his handkerchief.

Larry looked at Scott, still standing unmoved, and said to himself, "And this is where I go in!"

HE strode forward; and as he went, he knew that his face was chalk-white. But he held his head high as he addressed the man in charge of the meeting.

"Mr. Chairman!" he said and realized that some fifty pairs of eyes turned to stare at him. "I'm an outsider. I'm not one of your stockholders. But I represent the Vulcan Motor Truck Company, of Midburg, and I have something to lay before you that fits in right here!"

Silence again—silence while Larry felt his heart pound. Would they listen to him?

Then the chairman spoke: "Well, what have you to say?"

"My idea," Larry began—his cheeks were burning now but his voice was firm—"is sound and practical! I offer you a way to continue your transportation service, and at a fraction of what it has cost you. Our company" — and many times he had heard Baron Slade speak this particular sentence — "will gladly give you terms so that you can pay for your equipment out of earnings, and will advise you about methods of operation." For a second here, he paused, and then, enunciating clearly and speaking slowly so that every word might count, he went on: "I propose to you that you organize a new company, to operate, not electric cars, but motor busses and trucks—operate them over the highway that parallels your right of way!"

Out of the corner of his eyes, Larry had been watching Scott. For an instant now, the square-faced man stood glowering, and then he shot a question at Larry.

"This bus line you talk about—would it pass through Avon?"

Avon! "This," Larry thought, "is what I've been saving!" To give his answer its fullest effect, he faced the chairman.

"Yes," he said, "the line *would* pass through Avon! And Avon would be the key-point and the biggest revenue producer on the route. For the newspapers will announce this week that in April the Continental Rubber Company will break ground for a tire factory on the village limits!"

Watching Scott, Larry saw the grim man nod his head. "Yes," he said, "for once, a salesman tells the truth! The factory *is* to be built. But"—and his voice turned harsh—"no bus line goes through Avon! I own that village!"

"You may own the village," Larry shot back at him. "But no man owns the highway!"

"I own that village!" Scott repeated, speaking slowly. "Get that? I *own* it! And I control the village government — and the village government controls the highway. Let any man send busses through there and I'll collect a license fee of five hundred dollars a day. Go ahead and send 'em!"

Foggily, now, Larry heard the chairman saying:

"Well, of course, if *that's* the case—"

And then Larry's mind cleared. "Wait a minute!" he said. "Where the highway enters Avon, it swings in a hairpin turn at the village limits. Who owns the land inside that hairpin?"

The answer came from Scott: "*I* do!"

"Hold on!" And Larry's voice rose clear. "Not all of it! There's a strip in there that you don't seem to remember—a strip that was planned as an alley! Mr. Kraft"—Larry swung to the bald little man—"does your strip lie outside the village limits and does it run clear through?"

Looking dazed, Kraft half rose and said: "It does. It goes clear through and it lies right smack against the village boundary."

"And," Larry pursued, "if we find another site for your home, will you sell or lease your land to a bus line as a cut-off?"

Slowly, Kraft rose to his full height; and Larry saw that now the little man was smiling.

"Young man," Kraft said, "when you fixed my car on the road this morning, I thought you were just a smart mechanic. But now I see that you're blessed with that most precious gift of the gods—imagination! Yes, young man, I will!"

As from a great distance, now, Larry heard Kraft, still on his feet, put a motion to the chairman—and then from a distance voices were saying, "I second it!" . . .

* * *

Three days later, in the Vulcan offices in Midburg, Baron Slade came trundling across the linoleum in his wheel chair, bearing a yellow paper, which he handed to Larry.

"Read that," the Baron said. "It's a telegram I'm sending to Lowen in Atlanta."

Larry read:

HAVE HUNG UP SILVER STAR PLUS GOLD STAR FOR LARRY PENNOCK FOR CREATING FARMERS MOTOR TRANSIT COMPANY AND SELLING THEM SIX FIVE-TON BUS CHASSIS.

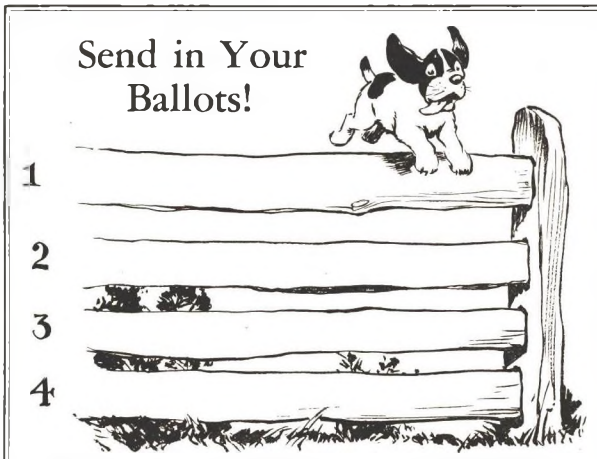
Two hours later, Baron Slade came trundling across the linoleum again. Again he bore a yellow paper.

"And here," said the Baron, "is the answer."

Larry read:

CONGRATULATIONS TO LARRY STOP WHAT IS WRONG WITH REST OF SALES FORCE DASH ALL HANDCUFFED OR SOMETHING. LOWEN.

Send in Your Ballots!



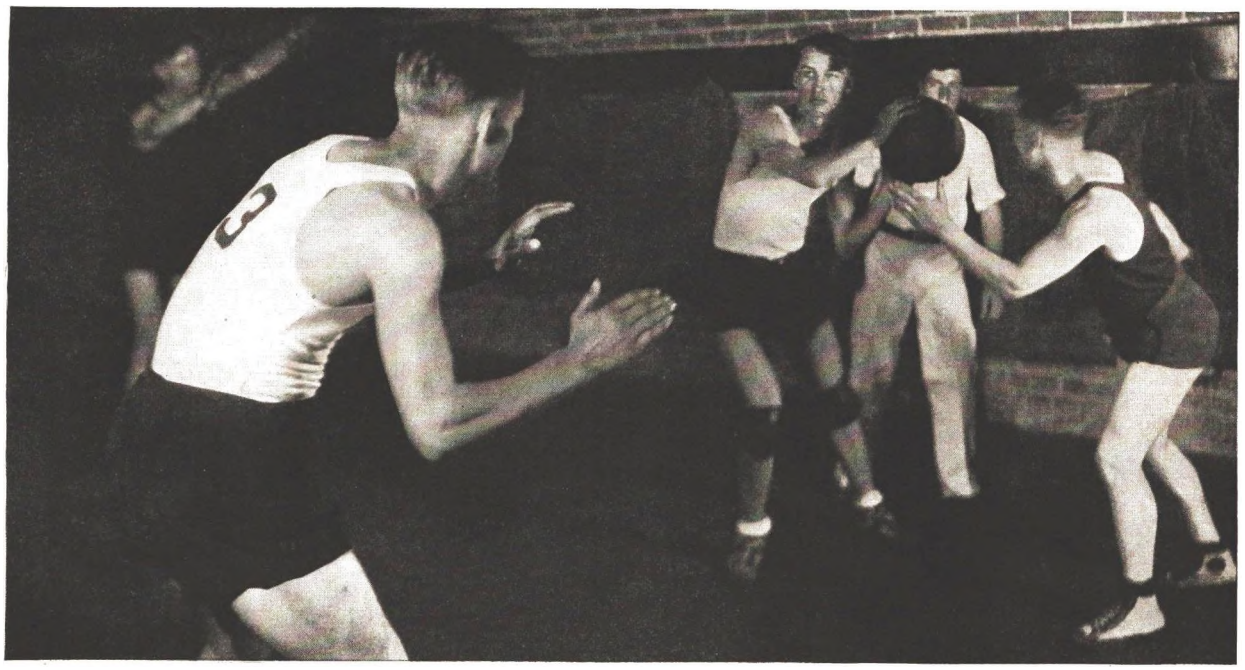
(Idea—no more needed!—by Charles Jackson, West Chester, Pa.)

WRITE on the fence rails, in order, the four stories you like best in this issue. Clip the ballot (or, if you don't want to cut the magazine, draw a ballot on a separate sheet of paper) and mail it to the Best Reading Editor, *The American Boy,* 550 Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Pluto, the hurdling pup, will accompany your ballot to the editor!

Your name ..... Age.....

Street .....

City..... State.....



Stories of Stars who were not "born" but "made." No. 10.

This three-letter man couldn't make his high school team

Five years ago, in high school, he was an athletic "failure." He went out regularly for every sport. Just as regularly he was dropped from every squad.

After high school, he went to a college that had over a thousand students. Here athletic competition was much keener. And yet, last year, his third year there, he was playing varsity end on the football team, first base in baseball and left guard in basketball!

He is one of the few three-letter men his college ever had. This year he is trying out for track, his fourth sport.

He *made* himself a star because he *trained* to become a star. He realized that most good players aren't just naturally good players. In any sport you've got to know how to *handle yourself well.* You've got to have all your muscles working together and working for you.

Few fellows are born with this ability; anyone can acquire it. And it's the secret of all athletic success. The key to it is footwork. Watch the "dubs" in any sport. They are the ones who trip and stumble and get all tangled up in their feet whenever they have a hard play to make.

Train yourself in footwork. Not only during the season, but all year 'round. Star players do. And here's something they've discovered: there's just one best shoe for developing footwork—the Shoe of Champions—Keds.

Keds have specially-compounded safety soles that make possible sudden stops and quick turns.

Keds' strong canvas tops give you sure support and Keds' famous insoles keep your feet cool and comfortable.

The best shoe dealers in your town carry Keds. Ask for Keds by name. Only genuine Keds have the name "Keds" on the shoe.

United States Rubber Company

Keds REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. **THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS**

Keds sell for $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and up to $4.00. The more you pay, the more you get—but full value whatever you spend.

Keds "Spring-Step"

A splendid basketball Shoe made on a new orthopedic last. Has heel cushion, arch cushion, and a shaped, felt-lined tongue. Comes in white or suntan.

Keds "Sprinter"

A medium-priced Keds with a tan and black mottled molded sole. In suntan duck with tan trimmings and a white toe strip to offset scuffing.

The Back Swims Through

(*Continued from page 7*)

followed by a sudden silence, told him that a disaster was in the making. In another instant he knew that the disaster had happened. Lawrence had made a goal.

"We'd have had the goal instead of they," he thought, "if Jack had thrown faster." A fraction of a second was all-important in polo.

For the next sixty seconds, Speed had his hands full guarding Hopwood.

"This guy," he puffed, "is fast. Maybe he *did* catch me."

And then came another chance for Number Four. Minus the familiar "Hard aport," and "Aye, aye," it started. Again Speed knew that he was ahead of his man, and as he widened the distance he knew that Hopwood couldn't have caught him the time before.

"This time," he promised, "the play will go through."

But it didn't. Once more Jack hesitated in the act of throwing, and this time he didn't throw to Speed at all. He threw far over Speed's head—to Mayhew, and Mayhew passed back to Jack who tried for the goal.

Something snapped inside of Speed.

"The big-headed sap!" he burst out.

He was too angry to see that the Lawrence goal tender had thrown out, and that the ball was arching over his head. He knew only that the game was being tossed away by a teammate who had gone wrong. He turned to get down the pool, and as he turned he brought his arm down in convulsive rage.

A sheet of water splashed out. Splashed all over Hopwood who was just behind Speed. And Hopwood, who had one arm up to receive the goal tender's pass, missed the ball completely.

A WHISTLE cut the air. Players stopped in place. The tank grew silent. The referee was beckoning with his arm.

"I guess you're wanted, Speed."

It was Mayhew's voice.

"Me?" Speed asked incredulously.

"For splashing Hopwood." Mayhew's voice was sympathetic.

With a sinking heart, Speed swam over to the side of the pool. Out of the game for deliberately fouling an opponent! Miserably he pulled himself out and silently he found a place on the bench.

With unhappy eyes, he watched Lawrence, playing seven men against six, make a goal. That made the score 2 to 0. But the goal also made him eligible for play again, and he looked expectantly toward Scotty Allen. Once back in the pool, and he'd make up for that unintentional foul. Rage at Jack had led him into it. From now on, he'd hold his rage back—until the end of the game.

He rose from the bench. Then he stopped. What was Scotty doing? Wilkie, a tall substitute, was standing beside him. The coach was patting Wilkie's shoulder. Wilkie was walking toward the end of the pool!

Wilkie, substituted for Captain Herbert!

Slowly Speed sank down on the bench. He tried to figure it out, and after a moment of aching thought he gave it up.

"In disgrace for fouling, I guess," he thought bitterly, and a wry grin came to his face as he thought of Scotty's promise, two weeks ago, to get him into the Olympic tryouts.

The half ended, and the exhausted team stretched out in the locker room. The second half started, and the revived team locked horns with Lawrence in the pool. The minutes passed, and Speed wondered tensely if he were going to get a chance to play.

"Why doesn't he put me in?" Speed fretted. But there was no sign from Scotty.

With four minutes of the half gone, Speed saw Number Four play start.

"It'll never work," Speed thought. "Wilkie's good, but he isn't *that* good."

DOWN the center of the pool, Jack burned the water. To his right rear scooted Wilkie, Hopwood hot after him. Lawrence players were yelling: "Watch out!"

"They're on to the play," Speed thought. "Even though it hasn't worked to-night, they're afraid of it."

And then Speed saw a repetition of what had happened in the Colton game. Instead of passing to Wilkie, Jack hurled the ball at the goal. And it worked! Incredibly it worked! The Lawrence goal tender had been looking at Wilkie! He hadn't expected the throw!

Speed grinned wearily. Jack was living true to form. He was taking the center of the stage—and getting away with it. Grimly the captain settled down to watch.

One minute later—a long time in water polo—the play again started. Once again there were warning yells from Lawrence men—the yells of men who were told to watch out for this play. And again the Colton game repeated itself. Jack tossed to Mayhew, took a return pass, and slammed for the goal. It was a perfect shot into the corner and the score was tied.

From that point on, the terrific pace began to tell. The battle developed into a deadlock. State was tiring. Lawrence was unnerved and bewildered. Speed knew that if he were in there, he could swim rings around 'em. He looked toward the coach, but Scotty was gazing at the pool.

Age-long seconds passed, and suddenly Speed could stand it no longer. He was willing to beg for his chance. If the coach only knew that the unpardonable foul had been only anger at Jack's big-headedness—

He slid over on the bench, grasped the coach's knee.

"Scotty," he said, in a low, shaking voice. "Scotty—put me in!"

Scotty turned his head.

"I'm sorry," Speed went on hurriedly. "I didn't mean to splash Hopwood."

The coach looked at Speed with eyes that held a hint of coldness.

"I know it," he said. "I didn't take you out for fouling."

The intentness on Speed's face gave way to bewilderment.

"I took you out," Scotty went on evenly, "because you seem to have got a sudden case of big-head."

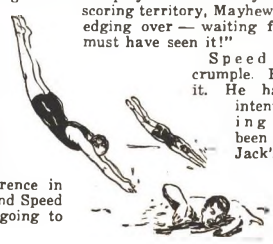
Scotty wasn't noted for mincing words.

"Me!" Speed gasped. "You mean Jack! Jack wouldn't pass to me—"

"He couldn't pass to you," Scotty went on. "You were covered!"

Covered! Speed's head was whirling. "B-but I was two yards ahead of my man!"

"Not your man," Scotty barked. "Mayhew's man! Lawrence was all set for the play! As soon as you got down to scoring territory, Mayhew's man started edging over — waiting for you! You must have seen it!"



Speed seemed to crumple. He hadn't seen it. He had been too intent on watching Jack. He'd been so critical of Jack's performance that he hadn't watched his (*Continued on page 34*)

To Boys who want real Racing Thrill **Johnson Motors** *offer* most . . . .

2 New Johnson Standard Twins at Johnson's lowest prices

EVER pilot a Johnson-powered outboard motor boat? If you have, you know what it is to sit at the controls of the kind of motors that have won so many speed records — more than any other two combined. If you have not, you have big thrills in store for you. No matter what Johnson you drive, you get twice the thrill — thousands of dyed-in-the-wool race enthusiasts will agree.

New Standard Models $109, $145!

This year Johnson has a big surprise — Two new Standard Model Motors — a Light Twin at $109 and a Standard Twin at $145! These motors are companions to the famous Johnson Sea-Horses — the record breakers. While a little smaller than some of the Sea-Horse models, they have many Sea-Horse features all sportsmen love — quick, easy starting — dependability and smooth, fast get-away. Standard Models are excelled only by Sea-Horses! Read their many advantages in the list below.

Standard Twin $145
f. o. b. factory

Electrically Started
Sea-Horse "32" $395
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A Matched Unit for $244

To make it easy for everybody to own a Johnson Matched Unit, Johnson offers the famous 14-ft. six-passenger Sealite Boat and the Light Twin Motor for only $244! Or you can buy the boat alone for $135. For a Matched Unit, $244 is the lowest price for which a genuine Johnson Motor and boat ever sold! And it's a pack of fun for the entire family!

Big Johnson Sea-Horses

These are the very same kind of motors that have won many speed records! If you want the real outboard motoring thrill, tell Dad you want a Johnson Sea-Horse. Get him to take you to your dealer's and show him all the many exclusive Sea-Horse features that have made these motors the most popular in all the world. Tell him all about the Johnson Sea-Horse features you'll find listed below. Show him the new Johnson Booklet, "Vagabonding Down the Rainbow Trail" that we will rush to you on receiving coupon. He will agree that Johnson is best! The new booklet tells *in detail* all about all Johnson Motors and Sealite Boats. Write for your copy today. Simply use coupon.

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***Light Twin*-3 *Horsepower*—$109**

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Water Cooled—Underwater Exhaust which silences noise and deposits all fumes under water . . . *Tilting Propeller* and *Shock Absorber Drive* which protect motor and propeller, making shallow water navigable and beaching easy . . . *Positive Pump Cooling System* to prevent overheating . . . *Liquidized Metal Finish* preventing rust and salt water corrosion.

JOHNSON SEA-HORSE FEATURES

***Sea-Horse* "32" *up to* $395**

Alternate Firing — smoothness of power flow increased 100% . . . *Release Charger* cuts starting effort in half . . . *Tilting Propeller* and *Shock Absorber Drive* protecting motor and propeller, making shallow water navigable and beaching easy . . . *Water Cooled Underwater Exhaust* silences noise and deposits fumes under water . . . *Pressure Vacuum Cooling System* prevents overheating . . . *Rotary Valve* assures full and even charges at all speeds . . . *Full Pivot Steering* for instant control.

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Please send free booklet,
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(Continued from page 32)

own. So sure that he could outstrip anybody in the Conference that he hadn't even thought of Mayhew's man.

"You started out as if you were going to play the whole game yourself," Scotty went on. "The very first play, you tried a long shot. A little later you tried to bull through Mayhew's guard and lost the ball. On top of that, you failed to get back on defense. You moped because you'd missed. Your mind wasn't on team play. I figured that Wilkie'd be more useful; so I put him in."

Speed took the rap silently.

"I guess," he said huskily, after a long moment of bitter silence, "I've been a bum."

"I'll say you have," Scotty agreed heartily.

For a rocking half-minute, Speed watched the game. He didn't know that Scotty's eyes were on his face. He didn't see the widening grin on the coach's face.

"Get in there, Speed."

Scotty said the words quietly, but Speed's head turned as if he'd taken one on the chin.

"Get in there," Scotty repeated. "And hustle. There's only a minute left to play. You're excused."

Like a man released from solitary confinement, Speed leaped from the bench. He almost slipped as he hauled up beside the referee. The whistle shrilled. Sudden silence fell over the tank.

Speed slipped into the water at the end of the tank, and the tired Wilkie crawled out, mouth open, gasping. A Lawrence man had the ball in mid-pool.

THE last minute of play started. With a convulsive shove that sent spray flying in all directions, Speed thundered for Hopwood. He reached there just as Hopwood flung up an arm to receive a pass. But Speed's arm was up, too. He batted the ball down, dribbled into the clear and passed to Jack.

"Hard aport!" he yelled.

A brief instant of silence, and then a surprised, glad, "Aye, aye!"

"This time," Speed resolved, as he spurted forward, "I'll watch out for Mayhew's guard. No more bulling through!"

But Mayhew's guard had learned his lesson. He no longer dared to pull away from Mayhew. State had just scored a goal because he'd edged too far from Mayhew. Speed had a clear path, and he was three yards ahead of the tiring Hopwood.

"Avast!"

Speed looked up and saw the ball plop in front of him. A perfect pass. He drummed ahead, the ball between his arms. This one had to be good!

There's just one way of making an attempt good in water polo, and that's to hurl the ball for the exact corner of the ten-foot wide net—the corner farthest from the goal tender—and to hurl it so hard that an outstretched arm can't stop it.

To the rooters it seemed that Speed lifted himself half out of the water. The ball banged into the corner with a protesting boom that reverberated through the tank. A terrific roar shook the vaulted ceiling.

* * *

In the locker room, Speed sat soberly on a bench, dressing, while Jack exulted beside him.

"When you made that last goal," Jack burbled, "the Lawrence goal tender looked at you like a doomed man. He *knew* he couldn't stop it. Boy—you made that one good!"

Speed was silent a moment.

"As a matter of fact," he said. "You made it good. I know now that Lawrence started the game all set for the play. You upset 'em. If I hadn't been such a bum—"

Jack laughed good-naturedly. "Think nothing of it, Cap'n—"

Scotty came by.

"Olympic tryouts in three weeks," he said laconically. "You two better not break training."

"I'll bet you a malted milk," Speed said humbly, "that I get kicked off the first day."

"You're covered," Jack replied promptly.

Ready for You!

The Detroit-Lockheed Sirius.

THE Detroit-Lockheed Sirius scale model drawings are ready! Prepared for *The American Boy* by the Lockheed engineers, these plans enable you to build an exact model of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh's transcontinental record breaking plane.

In 1929, officials of the Detroit Aircraft Corporation asked Col. Lindbergh for his idea of the most perfect airplane. He told them. Low wing, for great lift and minimum resistance; open cockpit, because air mail pilots are partial to them; complete streamlining—for speed. He wanted to know if a sliding hatch could be arranged to cover both cockpits in rough weather. The answer was the Sirius.

The Lockheed engineers originally designed the Sirius to fill Col. Lindbergh's personal requirements, but they produced an airplane that could readily be converted into a mail plane, or fast transport ship. The standard job is built with two cockpits containing dual controls, for instruction purposes, covered with sliding hatches of pyralin. Drawings for the retractable landing gear to be included on later models of the Sirius are not available. Please do not write for them.

The Sirius has an unusually high pay load of 1250 pounds, and a high speed of 178 miles per hour. Flying his Sirius, Lindbergh crossed the continent in slightly over thirteen hours!

The fuselage is available either in metal or wood construction, while the wing is built up on spruce spars and is covered with plywood instead of the usual fabric. Standard colors are—fuselage, black; wing and tail surfaces, red; and red striping.

Further construction details and hints for builders are on the scale drawings. Get yours now by sending twenty cents in cash or money order to the Airplane Model League of America, American Boy Bldg., Second and Lafayette Blvds., Detroit, Mich.

Even work is play . . . when you RIDE A BIKE

Dad sure is a good scout to give you an education. Show him the stuff you are made of, by earning your own pocket money. It's easy when you have a bike for a pal . . . because a bike brings so many profitable opportunities, such as running errands, peddling papers, delivering messages, etc. Show your appreciation for what Dad is doing for you by using your bike to earn during your leisure hours. You will discover that the bike turns work into play, just as it makes greater sport out of all play. If you haven't a bike, there are scores of ways in which you can get one and pay for it while you ride. The new models which your dealer will gladly show you are beauties . . . and they cost less than half what Dad had to pay when he was a boy. Anyway, write today for the little booklet offered on this page. It is full of happy suggestions for earning money and getting a great kick and a thrill at the same time.

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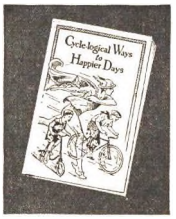


Read what doctors, coaches and great athletic champions say about cycling for health. See their pictures. Just write your name and address on a postal and say: Send me "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days." Mail to

The Cycle Trades of America
268 North Main Street
Bristol, Connecticut

Your local DEALER will show latest models

Swingin' Round the Grapefruit League (*Continued from page 19*)

small town. Finally you go down the main street, lined with palms, and pull up in front of a long, three-storied brick hotel. You're at the Bradford—spring headquarters of the World Champions.

A deep lobby with the counter at the rear. Along the left wall, as you enter, a row of writing desks. Along the right, porch chairs and settees. You glance eagerly at the few faces in the lobby to see if you can recognize Jimmy Foxx, Al Simmons, Grove, or any of the other regulars. But the faces are all strange.

You're assigned a room and the clerk tells you to hurry in to breakfast, as the dining room closes at nine-thirty.

There are only a few late risers in the dining room. At a table near you sits a lank young man clad in a brown sweater and brown trousers, talking to a small, thin-faced older man. The young man looks your way once or twice. There's something familiar about those features. Eyebrows slanting upward, lips half-parted, a cool, half grinning expression. That must be . . . sure . . . Mule Haas, regular center fielder.

A kind of a tingle passes through you as you remember the final game of the 1929 World Series. The ninth inning. Score, 2 to 0, favor the Cubs. Max Bishop on base and Haas at bat. Haas calmly waiting for the right ball and then hitting it out of the park for a home run, tying the score and sending thirty thousand people mad.

Haas is lounging more or less on the back of his neck—no mean feat on a dining room chair—with his legs spread out to either side of the table. A very relaxed person, you decide. And a keen-eyed one, too. He's looked you over, you realize, and has probably decided that you're not a ball player.

By the time you're through breakfast, you have the big second-floor dining room all to yourself. You hustle to your room, unpack your bag, and go downstairs to ask the way to the ball park.

"You're too late for the bus," the hotel manager tells you. "The A's have a bus that leaves regularly at nine-thirty and one-thirty. The park is a mile and a half away, straight out Royal Palm Avenue. I'll call a cab."

But you decide to walk. You want to get your bearings a bit—to anticipate the thrill of seeing your first major league club work-out. You walk along through the business district—a mixture of two-story brick buildings, and ornate, stuccoed Spanish type structures.

"Fort Myers almost became a resort," you conclude, "but didn't quite make it."

The street develops into a beautiful avenue lined with royal palms. There are good-looking residences on either side, and in the deep yards are cocoanut palms, all of them bearing clusters of the immense, brown-husked fruit. If only natives were clambering barefooted up the ringed trunks, the picture would be complete. You wonder if any of these houses are the winter homes of Henry Ford or Thomas Edison.

Out past the residence section the boulevard becomes a paved country road with a dirt road leading off to the right. At the end of the dirt road is the ball park.

You go down this road and enter a gate to the left of a small wooden grandstand. About thirty players are in the field, engaged in infield practice, ball tossing, and bunting. Along the first base line is a bench on which are seated newspaper men and onlookers. At the far end of the bench a man sits with crossed legs, right elbow on knee and chin in hand. You recognize the lean face, the beaked nose, the bushy eyebrows and the keen, all-seeing gaze. It's Connie Mack.

You decide not to introduce yourself to him just yet. You want to take in the scene first. Frankly, you're getting one huge, undisguised wallop at this behind-the-scenes look. The impressions start coming fast and thick.

There's Howard Ehmke, the tall light-haired veteran, pitching to a catcher who's down on his knees. A leisurely wind-up, the right arm back, then a flip forward, and the ball travels easily to the kneeling catcher, chest high. It's a graceful, effortless delivery. There's utter ease in it, and time after time, the ball travels to just the same spot. He used the same underhand delivery and that same slow ball to defeat the Cubs 3 to 1 in the first game of the 1929 World Series. You make up your mind that you're going to talk to him as soon as you get a chance.

Alongside Ehmke another pitcher is working out. Not as tall as Ehmke. More nervous in his wind-up. More speed to his ball. He's serious and eager.

"Who's he?" you ask a middle-aged man near you.

"Alfred Mahon, semi-pro player from Nebraska," the man replies. "Connie Mack say's he's got something."

It's rather unusual for a semi-pro to leap straight up to a tryout with the World Champs and you watch him interestedly. He's a left-hander—the only southpaw among all the pitching recruits, you learn—and he has an unusual crook to his wrist as he draws the ball back. His curve ball has a sharp break to it.

Another pitcher catches your eye. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a square-built frame. His face is wide and rugged and utterly calm.

"There's a boy who wouldn't be nervous in a pinch," you say to yourself.

The middle-aged man standing near you tells you who he is. Lee Roy Mahaffey, from Portland, Oregon. A recruit. Called the "iron man" because he pitched more than forty games last year and boosted a losing ball club into a respectable standing.

"Plenty of power and endurance in that body, isn't there?" the man comments.

You nod, and your eye travels about. There's Eddie Collins, one of the greatest second basemen in history, batting balls to the infield. Behind the plate is Mickey Cochrane, designated the most valuable player to his club in 1928, tanned the color of saddle leather, broad-shouldered, full-featured, aggressive.

Behind the backstop stands Mule Haas, big and leisurely—just as leisurely as he was at the breakfast table. He's leaning against a bat, his legs crossed.

Four camera men are busy lining up groups of players. They represent rival Philadelphia papers but they're working together, calling out the men they want, posing them at the end of a throw, swinging a bat, trotting past the battery of cameras, squatting on the ground, and every other conceivable way.

A new gang has just trotted out to the infield and Eddie Collins is batting to them and telling them to snap into it.

"There they are!" exclaims the middle-aged man.

"Who?" you ask him.

"Connie Mack's recruit infield," the man says. "His first-string recruits."

You look at the infield interestedly while the man—a Philadelphia sports writer—explains that Captain Eddie Collins and Connie Mack are strong for this group of youngsters. The most promising men they've had at training camp for years. Aggressive. Fast. Sure handlers of the ball. Strong arms. The man reels off their names.

"Roy Tarr at third. He's from McCook, Nebraska. Eric McNair, Knoxville, Tennessee, short. Dibrell Williams, Little Rock, Arkansas, second. Jim Keesey, Portland, Oregon, at first. Watch 'em. These boys are good!"

The ball bounds down to Roy Tarr at third. He come in on it fast, picks it up cleanly, and whips it to first. The ball travels on a line across the diamond to Jim Keesey. From there to second. From second to third. From third home. All of them taking it up.

"All right," yells Eddie Collins, "let's have a double play!"

He bats one down to short. McNair scoops it out of the dust to Dibrell Williams who touches second, turns, and whips it to first.

FOR ten hot minutes the recruit infield chatters and plays ball. Connie Mack rises to his feet and watches with a faint smile on his face. You walk over to him.

"Mr. Mack," you say.

He turns and looks at you. You realize suddenly that he's over six feet tall, very thin, and very erect. Beneath the lid of his panama is that eagle's face with its beaked nose, high cheek bones and furrowed cheeks. But under the bushy white brows the eyes are friendly and when you mention your name he replies in a soft voice that's eager and solicitous.

"Did you get fixed up at the hotel?"

You reply that you did.

"Have you met some of the boys?" he asks.

You shake your head and he immediately introduces you to several of the nearest ones. He calls Howard Ehmke over, and you have a chance to speak to the man whom Connie Mack calls an "artist" among pitchers. He introduces you to the tall, broad-shouldered George Earnshaw, huge right-hander who won twenty-four games and lost only eight in 1929. Earnshaw has a leather jacket on, and the sweat is rolling down his face. He's taking off extra poundage. Mr. Mack also points out Rommel and Shores and the veteran Quinn.

Meanwhile, the recruit infield practice is growing snappier and snappier. One-handed stabs, lightning throws. The ball traveling from base to base like a streak of chalk. Eric McNair, the nineteen-year-old shortstop from Knoxville, ranges far back of second to pick one up and scoop it to Williams at second. It's a hard chance, but he makes it look easy.

"McNair is about ready," Connie Mack says, nodding his head slightly.

There's a world of romance crowded

into those words. Here's a recruit who has played ball since he was thirteen. A Philadelphia scout saw him playing at Meridian, Mississippi, spotted him as a likely youngster, but decided that he was too small ever to make the major leagues.

But McNair continues to play. He goes to the Memphis, Tennessee, club. Memphis decides that he's pretty small and farms him out to Knoxville. And there the same Philadelphia scout sees McNair again. The scout recognizes him.

"He's bigger than he was," the scout mentally notes. "And he's only eighteen. He's going to be bigger yet—he's not through growing. I've missed a bet."

So the scout gets busy and signs McNair up for a tryout. McNair joins the Athletics late in the fall of 1929. With the championship pretty well tucked away, Connie Mack puts him in to pinch hit against Washington. The bases are loaded. McNair socks out a triple that puts the Athletics back in the ball game.

McNair reports in the spring at Fort Myers. And Connie Mack, watching him, says: "He's about ready."

His period of training and trial is over. He's been tested and seasoned. At nineteen he's to get his chance in the majors with a world champion club!

For a few minutes you watch the rookie infield with Mr. Mack, and then you stroll over to where Ehmke is tossing.

"I'd like to chat with you sometime," you say to him. "Want to get some dope on pitching."

"Sure," Ehmke replies. "You staying at the hotel?"

You nod.

"Catch me in the lobby sometime—I'll be glad to chat with you."

IT'S eleven-thirty, and the practice ends. The players trot to the clubhouse, a long, one-storied frame structure beside the grandstand. You perch on a low fence to wait for the bus to load up, meanwhile gazing out over the diamond to the tall pines beyond left field. The air is balmy. You take off your hat and hope that the sun will quickly paint your skin with the copper hue that adorns most of the ball players. A sedan swings around in front of you. Mr. Mack leans out the front window and calls:

"Going in to town?"

You hop off the fence with alacrity and climb into the rear seat along with a couple of ball players. You meet Dr. Youngman, driving the car, George Haas, more commonly known as "Mule," and Cloy Mattox, recruit catcher.

"I saw you at breakfast," Haas says as he shakes hands with you, "and wondered who you were."

Back at the hotel, you stroll into the lobby with Haas and the two of you settle down on the wicker furniture. Haas throws a leg over the arm of the settee and again ensconces himself comfortably on the back of his neck. You ask him about Cloy Mattox, the recruit catcher.

"He was with the club last year as warm-up catcher," he says. "Came to us straight from Virginia Polytech. Never been in the minors. He's showing up pretty well this year."

Haas is silent a moment.

"Some fellows don't like to be farmed out to the minors," he says. "I was farmed out plenty. Pittsburgh gave me a try and farmed me in turn to Williamsport, Oklahoma City, Pittsfield, and Birmingham. And after all that I played two years at Atlanta. I figure a fellow needs minor league playing before he can play in the majors. The only way to learn what to do in a pinch is to come up against the pinch time and again."

You remember how Haas broke in with the Athletics. The great Ty Cobb was playing center field for the A's. But Cobb was slowing up and played only part of the time. The rest of the time Haas played, and he made himself so useful in the field and at bat that he displaced Ty and earned himself the regular job.

"Does it take long to learn to play the batter?" you ask him.

"After one swing around the circuit," Haas says, "you ought to know where to play for every batter. But Mr. Mack tells us from the bench where to play."

"For every batter?" you ask, surprised.

"For every one," he replies. "Mr. Mack knows the peculiarities of every batter in the league. Only once in two years has he directed me wrong. That was against the Yankees, with Gehrig at bat. He had me go left center and the ball went right center. I missed getting to it by about a foot."

"But Gehrig is a left-handed hitter and they usually hit to right field," you protest. "Why did Mr. Mack direct you to the left?"

"Because our pitcher was delivering a fast ball and he expected Gehrig to time it late. Unluckily Gehrig was a bit ahead of the ball. In nearly every case, if you move where Mr. Mack tells you to, the ball will come right to you."

There's science to baseball, you decide, where outfielders move not only for each batter, but for each ball pitched! Playing the batter converts many an extra base hit into an out.

A couple of newcomers walk into the lobby. Joe Boley, regular shortstop, and somebody else you don't recognize. Haas leaps to his feet and greets Joe.

A lanky chap enters, grinning. A long, lean face; long neck, sloping shoulders. You recognize him instantly as Robert Moses Grove, the hottest smoke-ball pitcher in baseball. By Monday the entire club will be assembled and practice will start in earnest.

There are big times in store for you. Days out at the park while you learn how the mauling Jimmy Foxx, Mickey Cochrane, Bing Miller, Haas, and the other sluggers handle themselves at the plate.

Long chats with Ehmke and Earnshaw on pitching, with Cochrane on catching, with Eddie Collins on infielding, Miller on outfielding. Chances to observe all these men in the field.

Then a swing around the state with the team, traveling in big, comfortable busses to Miami, Bradenton, Tampa, and St. Petersburg. Games at these resort towns along the Atlantic and the Gulf, against the St. Louis Cardinals and the Boston Braves. Games in the so-called Grapefruit League.

A two-weeks' Florida vacation while you absorb sunshine and baseball wisdom from the World Champions!

Next month, you'll chat with Earnshaw, and watch batting practice with Connie Mack.

Do You Know That—

THE best place to catch trout is in a deep pool just below swift water?

* * *

The Igorrotes, head-hunting savages of the Philippines, are skilled in the smelting of gold, copper, and iron?

* * *

If you wish to make a tent, you may waterproof plain cotton sheeting by soaking it thoroughly in hot linseed oil?

* * *

When a cameleer wants to find his camel where he leaves him he makes him kneel and ties a rope about the doubled front leg? Thus the camel can't get up without capsizing.

* * *

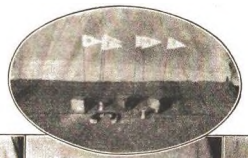
In glass factories there is a workman called the clay tramper? All day long he tramps clay with his bare feet. After the clay has been tramped for six months, pots are made for the molten glass.

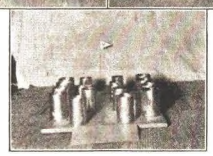
"Fore!" in a Five-Room Flat

Build Yourself a Portable Indoor Golf Course

By Raymond and Dexter Barrett

WE two brothers did it: First of all, we solemnly promised our folks that we wouldn't bang up the furniture or drive nails into the floor or walls. Then we decided that we'd use only such materials as we could get for little or nothing. After that, we designed our golf course and built it. The total cost was less than a dollar.





Top—Horseshoes, boxes, spools for holes. Next row, left to right—The Secret, The Soup, and Toll Bridge. Next row—The Loop, front and side. Bottom—The Maze.

Here are the nine holes. You can either lay them all out in your parlor and dining room, or you can lay out a single fairway, and place one hazard on it at a time. You can have great parties! Dad even invites his friends to play our course!

First of all, the holes are objects to hit rather than to drop into. We used metal spools, a pony's shoe, and square tin boxes. Our flags are pasteboard triangles on which are glued numbers cut from a calendar.

Our ground rules require that the player go through all hazards from the tee. If he misses, he must "tee off" again. Shooting out of bounds costs a stroke.

Ready to play?

Hole 1 we call "The Horseshoe" because the hole is a pony's shoe built up with pieces of wood to the height of an inch. (The picture shows it.) Your tee shot is a level putt through a cylindrical oatmeal carton. The carton is held steady by pieces of two-by-four on either side, to which the carton is wired. The bottom edges of the carton are sandpapered, so that the ball will enter without bouncing. An accurate putt will lead you straight to the hole, but if the ball wobbles through the carton and goes to either side of the hole, you'll have to waste a stroke to get back into line, because you can only enter the horseshoe from the front!

Hole 2. "The Secret." This is an uphill putt through a round mailing tube 25 inches long and 2½ inches in diameter, into a covered pasteboard box 6½ inches square and 4 inches high. A straight putt will lead the ball into the shorter mailing tube going straight toward the hole (see the picture). A putt that wobbles in the mailing tube will probably fail to enter the shorter tube. Instead it will roll out to one side or the other and leave you a long putt to the hole!

You can fasten the tubes to the inside of the box by strips of unbleached muslin glued to the tops and sides, and keep them in line by fastening them with wire to a long lath, as the picture shows.

Hole 3. "The Dog Leg." This is a carom shot off a stone barrier at the right of the fairway to a spool hole. (A metal spool, like the kind that adhesive tape is wrapped around, is best.) For the stone barrier we picked up a spoiled window sill from a stone cutter's rubbish pile. Near the hole, to trap a poor shot, is a sliding gridiron, or toaster, from an oven. If the ball gets on the gridiron, it costs you a stroke to get off. To "sink" the ball, just hit the spool.

Hole 4. "The Soup." This is a straight putt over a pasteboard bridge 3½ inches wide. The picture shows you how to build it.

Hole 5. "The Bouncer." This is a putt across the rug to the stone barrier and back across the rug to the spool hole, just to the right of the tee!

Hole 6. "Triplets." This is a level putt. The hazard is three sections of mailing tube, 13 inches long, laid flat on the rug, with their teeward ends close together. The middle tube leads straight to the spool hole. The side tubes angle slightly outward.

The tubes are held together at the teeward end with wire. They're spaced apart at the other end with blocks of wood, and held in place with a lath laid across the top and wired to them.

To make the hole harder, two-by-four bunkers are placed on the rug near the hole, so that if you go through a side tube you've got to putt back and approach the hole in a straight line.

Hole 7. "The Toll Bridge." If you make it in one, you're good. The picture shows you how it's built.

Hole 8. "The Loop." This hole isn't as hard to make as it looks, but since we did a lot of experimenting, we'll give you exact dimensions. The shell is made of a flat strip of pasteboard 54 inches long and 9½ inches wide. A suit box furnished the material. This strip we bent into a channel with a 3½ inch runway and 3 inch sides.

In order to curve the stiff sides, we slit them down to the runway, at 4 inch intervals, leaving 6½ inches at each end for approach and exit. The sections we overlapped and stitched with thread. By experimenting you can find out just how much overlapping is necessary.

To hold the loop in place we tacked the sides to blocks of wood and ran a lath across the blocks as the picture shows.

Hole 9. "The Maze." Here's a straight putt through a maze of tin cans to a block hole. First locate the cans on the flat board. Then, with an ice pick, drive two holes through the bottom of each can, and into the board. Drill small holes through the board at each pick mark. After that, it's an easy job to run picture wire through the cans and board, twist the wire on the under side of the board, and sink the wire into the wood.

Par for each hole is three, making par for the course 27. Can you beat it?

Trouble in Burnetta

(*Continued from page 16*)

cruel child anticipating the torture of a helpless dog.

But the two strangers were not gentle as they yanked Renfrew to his feet and urged him from the house. In a short lane that led to the road, a touring car stood. With the muzzle of an automatic jabbed in his back, Renfrew was shoved to the car to share the back seat with the weasel. In the driver's seat the man with the deathly pallor worked the starter.

"Good-by, Signor Policeman!" cried Gorla from the doorway. "May you have a fine ride."

Fermelli's fat chuckle sounded as the door closed, and Renfrew found himself alone with his deadly companions in the cold light of dawn.

The engine sputtered and spat as the driver warmed it in the cold. Abruptly he threw it into gear and the car leaped forward, stalled, and stopped.

A black roadster roared down the road and pounced to a stop across the foot of the lane. From the driver's seat sprang Bandino, a big rifle in his hands.

"Carrion!" he cried in a great voice. "I have come back to kill you!"

The parchment-faced driver fired instantly through the windshield, and the crashing detonation of the rifle answered. The man with the parchment face did not live to know that he had missed. Bandino fired again as the weasel-faced killer sprang from the tonneau, his gun spitting fire.

The killer fired three times, vainly, before Bandino, aiming carefully through the confusing tangle of car top and steel body, dropped the wretched man upon the running board.

The door of the house burst open and Gorla, Fermelli, and Lazzarini dashed forth, their revolvers in hand.

BANDINO scorned taking cover. He stood calmly at the foot of the lane, the open door of his car beside him, and turned his rifle on his enemies.

The three men fired at once. Renfrew saw the glass of Bandino's windshield shatter. At the same instant he saw the clothes covering Bandino's chest jump queerly as a bullet struck high above the heart. Bandino didn't seem to know that he was hit. Unhurriedly, but with swift precision, he turned his rifle on the three men just as a trap shooter might pick off clay pigeons. His gun crashed twice. Lazzarini pitched headfirst down the steps and Fermelli sat suddenly down upon the top step to crumple slowly over on his side.

Crouching behind the porch rail, Gorla fired again and again. In a panic, without taking aim, he emptied his gun and then picked up Fermelli's.

Beside the car, invisible to Bandino, the wounded weasel was dragging himself forward to draw a bead. Bandino saw that movement, and contemptuously ignoring the wild fusillade that Gorla played about him, he walked deliberately toward the car. The gunman fired, and missed. Again the rifle roared, and the prone figure twitched.

BY now Gorla was no longer hidden by the porch railing. Bandino was near the side of the touring car. He did not fire on Gorla. He walked with increasing deliberation, as though his legs were leaden. Reaching the side of the car he sat heavily upon the running board.

Gorla, who had now reloaded his revolver, triumphantly opened fire. His bullets snapped and rattled on the car's steel side. Bandino looked up. He had the grotesque aspect of a man who suddenly remembers something. He lifted his rifle slowly, obviously with great difficulty, and calmly drew a bead on Gorla, while Gorla's bullets rattled about his body.

Gorla shrieked out in despair. Hurling his revolver from him, he ran madly down the lane. Bandino smiled a slow, terrible smile, and turned his rifle. It roared once more, and Gorla was dead in the driveway. Then Bandino put down his rifle and let his head sink upon his chest. It was as though he were lost in some profound and sorrowful meditation.

"Bandino," cried Renfrew, softly.

The big Italian stirred. Slowly, with terrific resolution, he pulled himself to his feet. Holding tightly to the tonneau door, he turned and faced Renfrew.

"Take me," he said. "You are a policeman. Take me."

"You are hit," said Renfrew.

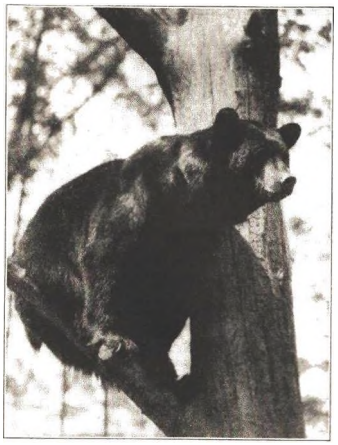
"That is nothing. It does not matter now. I will live or die. I will go to prison or hang. It does not matter. These wolves have taken everything I love. I have slain the wolves. I have no more need for life or liberty."

Yet neither was taken from him. The vicious, criminal character of all his enemies was easily proven. He had fought magnificently against the dread Cammora, that secret society of criminals that stretched its terrible network across the whole western world.

After his wound was healed Bandino was examined and acquitted of guilt. He had lost his wife and son, his home, all the things most men live for. But there was greatness in Bandino; a magnificent and dauntless spirit. His home gone, he built himself a finer, freer one. His family gone, he took the village of Burnetta for his family.

He built and worked and lived for the welfare of his people; and always he had some simple thought in mind. Never again would a boy of his village become a Fermelli, a Gorla, or a Lazzarini. While he lived the police would have no more trouble in Burnetta.

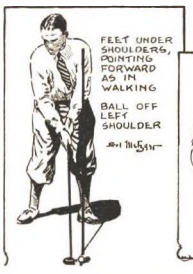
Bear Facts

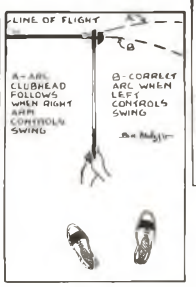


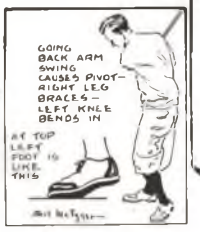
Painstaking, exhaustive research
Proves bears aren't addicted to church.
In streams they catch fish
Whenever they wish,
But they have to climb trees for their perch.

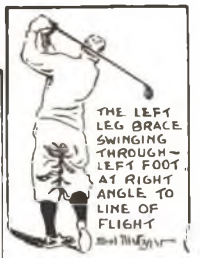
The Road to Par

By Sol Metzger









Good news for the fellow who slices, gets into traps, tops and three-putts! THE AMERICAN BOY herewith presents the first of a series of eight articles by Sol Metzger explaining the fundamentals of golf. Whether you've played a month or five years, it's a good idea to stop trying to make scores, and practice form. Mr. Metzger believes that correct golf is much simpler than many experts would have you think. In these articles, illustrated by the author's exceptionally clear drawings, you're going to learn the fundamentals of good form—a form that you can both understand and attain.—THE EDITORS.

1. The Golf Swing

AFTER Tony Manero won the recent $4,000 Pasadena open, the first golf tournament played with the new and lighter ball, he said of it: "I know the new ball won't go as far as the old one, so I've been trying to hit it harder than I should."

That's admission from a great golfer that pressing doesn't pay. Killing a golf ball gets it nowhere because the effort destroys timing and balance. It's the speed of the clubhead sweeping through the ball that gains distance—and that speed is a matter of timing rather than force. Otherwise little fellows like Gene Sarazen and Cyril Walker would never have been national open champions.

So, as you start out on the road to par, put it down that the golf stroke is not a matter of hitting power. The big championships I've seen support this belief. There, when stars suddenly lose their swings you'll see them stand with heels together taking a few practice swings. This stunt invariably restores their game. It enables them to regain what they've lost—timing and balance.

The basis of all golf is a correct, natural swing. Let's see if we can't explain just how the swing is made.

The stance is a natural one—feet under shoulders with toes pointing forward as in walking. The toes so placed prevent you from tending to tumble forward when club meets ball, as you surely would do if they were turned out at sharp angles. (Study Fig. 1.)

No rigidity or tension is the rule. Bend your body slightly forward. (Fig. 2.) The bend is not so much from the hips as higher up along the spine. Arms hang almost straight down. Don't reach out for the ball. That throws you off balance. Don't twist your arms unnaturally in gripping the club.

The stroke is a swing with the straight left arm, held firm but not rigid. That's why you play the ball off your left shoulder. (Fig. 1.) Your clubhead is at the lowest point of its arc when it is below your left shoulder. Here, also, it gains its greatest speed on the downswing.

Since the left shoulder is the center of the arc, the clubhead must go back and later come into the ball from *inside the line of flight*. (Fig. 3. Study it carefully!) Otherwise your drive will not follow the desired direction. To illustrate the incorrect swing, take your clubhead back slowly with your right arm. Notice that the clubhead describes an arc out beyond the line of flight. (Fig. 3 again.)

Now take the club back correctly, with a straight left arm. Don't hurry this backswing. Remember that the distance of your drive in no wise depends upon the speed of the backswing. In fact speed here upsets timing and balance. Watch the clubhead going back. When so moved it comes back *inside* the line of flight.

As you take the club back slowly your weight naturally shifts to the right. Brace your right leg to carry it and to prevent your body from swaying. A swaying body causes loss of balance. As you go back your left side will pull around. This is the pivot. (Fig. 4.) This automatic turn of the body needs no attention if you take the club back correctly. Like other details, the pivot takes care of itself if you swing properly.

The left leg action is also automatic. As your left side comes around it pulls your left heel off the ground and causes your left knee to bend in toward the right one. At the top of your swing that bit of your weight carried on this foot rests on the inside of the big toe and heel. (Fig. 4.)

The downswing is also a left arm swing. Start down slowly, pulling the club straight down the right side, gradually increasing its speed until you sweep it through the ball with maximum velocity. Your object is to sweep the clubhead through the ball, not to hit it.

Now the weight shifts again, this time to the left. To preserve your balance let the left heel return to the ground and straighten the left leg in order to have a brace to swing against. (Fig. 5.) Hips and body automatically slide to the left with the arm swing. Thus you can add all possible speed to the clubhead without in any way disturbing your balance.

Let me repeat. Don't try to hit the ball. Instead, swing the clubhead straight through it from the inside and on out toward the green you are driving for. That's the golf swing with both wood and iron. Until you so play it your game will be entirely a matter of luck.

Next month—the grip.

You'll Be Paris Bound!

If You're Winner of This On-to-Paris Essay Contest!

MOUNT VERNON, the home of George Washington, reproduced in every detail on the banks of the Seine, in Paris!

The Indo-Chinese temple of Angkor-Vat, rearing its great stairway and figured towers to the sky above a Paris park!

These sights—only a small part of the International Colonial Exposition to be held in Paris this coming summer—you will see if you are winner of *The American Boy's* "On to Paris" contest. The contest was announced last month, but there's ample time to enter—and to win—if you'll read the following instructions and act now.

A free trip from New York to Paris and back, next July, will go to the boy or girl who writes the best essay on the subject: *"Why I Want to Spend Ten Days in Paris."* Ten gold, ten silver, and thirty bronze medals will be presented by the French Government to the first fifty essays.

The prize trip will cover all the winner's expenses from New York to Paris, ten days in Paris, and back to New York. The winner may also take a chaperon of his own choosing—an adult—whose expenses will also be paid. Transportation between the winner's home and New York must be paid by the winner. The party of two will be the official guests of the French Line during the ocean trip, and guests of the French Government in Paris.

Here's your first step: Write to the On-to-Paris Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich., (Enclose a two-cent stamp for return postage), and ask him for the two contest booklets. One is entitled "Why Paris?" and gives you scores of subjects on which to base your essay. The other will tell you about the International Colonial Exposition to be held in the *Bois de Vincennes*.

Study the booklets. Dream of what a trip to the gay, colorful capital of France would mean to you. Then pull out a sheet of paper, write at the top, "Why I Want to Spend Ten Days in Paris," and begin your essay.

Indo-China, brought to France!

Mount Vernon in Paris!

Hold the essay to 400 words. Mail it to reach the On-to-Paris Editor by March 10! Names of prize winners will appear in the May *American Boy*.

You must be under twenty-one to be eligible. If you win, you must go yourself. The prize isn't transferable.

Write clearly, or typewrite, your essay on one side of the sheet only. Put your name, age, address, and the name of the school you attend (if you attend one) at the top of each sheet. Don't ask us to return your essay—keep a carbon if you wish. (And to save postage, enclose your best reading ballot on page thirty.)

This contest is made available to you through the co-operation of *The American Boy* Magazine with the French Line, the French Government, George Harrison Phelps, Inc., and the American Committee to the International Colonial and Overseas Exposition.

Sam Decides--and Defends His Decision

IN the December *American Boy* contest announcement, we asked you how straight you could think. You were Sam, sent as proxy by your friend Pete to vote for Bill at the football captaincy election—"for Bill, dead sure." Everyone thought Bill would win hands down, but it developed at the meeting that Bill had admittedly broken training the night before the final game, which was lost on his misplays. Randolph, a reliable end, was nominated. You felt then that Randolph would make a better captain. But you had promised Pete that you would cast your ballot for Bill, his friend and yours; so you found yourself in a tough situation, a mighty tough situation. How should you vote?

For the best decision we offered $10, for second and third, $5 and $3, and for every entry we printed $1 each. And we found ourselves in just as tough a situation as Sam was with no one to offer us a prize for deciding it. One minute we were convinced that Sam had only one choice, for Randolph, and the next we were argued skillfully, completely, into voting for Bill. We found your brand of thinking good, and as a result we're still convinced that both sides have a whale of a lot of strength.

In the final count, Bill had a slight majority over Randolph, but it was in number of votes only—Randolph's supporters had convincing arguments. A few contestants played safe and did not vote at all, but that was not the idea of James Sledd, Decatur, Georgia, who wrote, "The second of the three choices (not to vote at all) can at once be thrown out of consideration. It is purely negative; not only is it untrue to Pete's request, but it wastes a ballot that should be used to aid the just cause as Sam sees it." Sledd voted for Bill.

Into family gatherings, lunch room discussions and class debates went the Bill-Randolph argument, and every meeting resulted in forceful letters to the *American Boy* Contest Editor.

The only thing we could do, barraged by all this convincing argument, was to decide who interpreted the conditions most clearly and then developed logically his decision from those conditions. It took considerable argument among the judges to decide which essay did that, but finally the first three winners were selected, and fifty honorable mentions picked out. Unfortunately there isn't space for the third prize essay.

Following is a list that starts with the name of the third prize winner and then gives you the fifty honorable mentions, listed alphabetically. After that, the two prize-winning entries.

Special Mention

Manlio De Angelis (16), Connellsville, Pa., (Third Prize—$3); Sherman Albright (15), Willow City, N. Dak.; Donald Anderson (15), Grimes Pass, Ida.; Harry J. Appling, Jr. (16), Santa Ana, Calif.; Donald E. Boothroyd, Jr. (16), Loveland, Colo.; Russell Bramlage (16), Covington, Ky.; Lee Brooks (13), Oxford, Mich.; Everett Burtt, Jr. (16), Jackson, Mich.; William Carlson (16), Sandstone, Minn.; Archie Coleman (16), Salisbury, N. C.; Bill Corbett (16), Henryetta, Okla.; Nancy Jane Cummins (16), Duquesne, Pa.; Mary Cunningham (15), Alhambra, Calif.; George Davidson (19), Memphis, Mo.; LeRoy Davis (17), Williamsburg, Va.

Arthur LeRoy Enman (14), Fremont, N. H.; Jules Enrich (16), New York City; Caleb Foote (13), Belmont, Mass.; Robert N. Furnas (15), Peabody, Kans.; Daughtry Gatling, Jr. (15), Gates, N. C.; Wesley E. Hanscom (16), North Hyde Park, Vt.; Allan B. Herman (18), Waukon, Ia.; Lloyd Hersbeiger (19), Kalona, Ia.; Harold Hilberd (15), Gibbon, Neb.; Elma E. Hill (13), Athens, O.; Rowell Holt, Jr. (15), Charlotte, N. C.; Lester Johannigmeier, Granite City, Ill.; Esther Kamber (16), Winthrop, Mass.; Lawrence W. Kanago, Champaign, Ill.; Leslie Katz (11), Baltimore, Md.; Edward Kilmurry (16), Atkinson, Neb.; Jane Klausen (15), Newton, Kans.

Helen Mallard (15), Alameda, Calif.; Roland Marquardt (17), Tulare, S. Dak.; Earle C. May (13), West Chicago, Ill.; Mitsuo Miyamoto (17), Hilo, Hawaii; Philip R. Morean (15), Minneapolis, Minn.; William Morrison (13), Manistique, Mich.; Kenny Neilson, Granite City, Ill.; Donald Peterson (19), Maxwell, Calif.; Lillian Richmond (16), Granite City, Ill.; Hubert Rowe (18), Worcester, Mass.; Norman C. Rumple (16), Arlington, S. Dak.; Warren Scobey (14), Mount Vernon, Ia.; Arnold Sevareid (18), Minneapolis, Minn.; James Sledd (16), Decatur, Ga.; Irene Slye (14), Gladstone, Mich.; Carl Sontheimer (16), Paris, France; Melvin E. Wentz (19), Erie, Pa.; Cyrus Whitfield (11), Hurdle Mills, N. C.; Janet M. Wingerd (16), Chambersburg, Pa.

Sam Votes for Bill

By Everett W. Bovard, Jr., 14, Rye, N. Y.

First Prize—$10

SAM is going to vote for Bill. That's right, as I see it, and this is the way I figure it out.

In the first place, Sam isn't on the squad. He doesn't, presumably, know much about football. In this case, he has no right to use his own judgment as to who would make a better captain. Pete is on the team, and knows Bill. If he has a real interest in the team, he would not have instructed Sam to vote for Bill if he didn't think Bill would make a good captain, as good or better than any other player.

There are any number of reasons why Bill might have broken training with good cause. It might have been a matter of honor—some emergency—something that might embarrass a friend if told. Any of these might be more important than winning a game, or being elected captain. Pete, when he decided to vote for Bill, must have known about the misplays and, being a friend of Bill's, may possibly have known of the broken training and its reason. A star halfback would hardly risk the chance of losing the last, deciding game of the season for his team by breaking training rules the night before, without a mighty good reason, especially since he was being considered as a good man for captain.

And if Sam, after thinking all this over, is still inclined to vote for Randolph, he should remember that he was trusted by his friend to vote for Bill.

Sam Votes for Randolph

By Elizabeth Caswell, 18, Wichita, Kansas

Second Prize—$5

"GOOD-NIGHT! Now what'll I do?" Sam sat staring at his pen, while the talk about him rumbled on, interrupted occasionally by the voice of one who temporarily had the floor.

Bill had broken training the night before the big game. He admitted it. And Pete had said, "Vote for Bill, dead sure." But Bill had broken training. Could the star halfback be depended upon?

Sam was sure now that Randolph should have the place. Certainly he ought to give Randolph his vote—that is, Pete's vote. That was the trouble; it *was* Pete's vote, and Pete had said, "Bill, dead sure." Sam was in a pickle.

Perhaps Bill had had a real reason, and Pete, Sam knew, was big enough to give anyone the benefit of a doubt. On the other hand, why was Bill so stubbornly silent? Somehow—if Bill had been frank, given his reasons, or had stated cleanly and openly that he was, without reason, at fault, the thing might have been forgotten. Acting as he had, sullen and defiant, he had shown a streak in his character not altogether pleasant, certainly not desirable in the captain of a football team.

Well, Sam was sure how *he* would vote, and he felt he was sure how Pete, knowing the circumstances, would wish to vote. Yet was he not bound honorably to do as his friend had asked him to do?

Sam's neighbor at that moment pushed a stack of ballot slips into his hand. Still wondering, he took one and passed the others on.

At last he straightened perceptibly and gave his pen a vigorous shake to start the ink flowing. From a confused mass of quotations, stocked in his brain for English quizzes, there had suddenly popped out and given his thoughts a slap this sentence:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

He was bound honorably to represent Pete, not to follow bigotedly an instruction that Pete would, he was sure, have changed could he have known.

Randolph, he wrote upon his ballot, then capped his pen and breathed as if he had just finished a whole day's work.

The Overhead Shot

(Continued from page 21)

him recognition had operated to bury his big chance.

He was getting some attention—but not half the amount that Nolan and Lawrence were getting. He'd sit on the bench—that was about all.

"I've gone and done it, Dad," he said wearily to old Hank. "Coach thinks I was grand-standing."

"You stick to your guns," old Hank replied. "Let that overhead shot go. I was afraid it wouldn't work in a real game. Work on the corner shot. You'll get yer chance."

"But I can make that overhead shot eight times out of ten," Bo protested. "And I had to miss the first time I tried it!"

"Leave it alone," Hank said wisely.

"I won't get a chance, anyhow," Bo mourned.

"That's no way for you to talk," Hank growled. "No way at all."

TYLER always brought a crack basketball team to Hartley. Basketball was one sport that Tyler High specialized in. She had twice won the state interscholastic championship and twice been runner-up. And this season Tyler was shooting at another state title.

"Mumps Defeats Hartley Five," a Tyler paper had announced in advance of the game. Hartley gloomily conceded as much, with only back guard Temple and center Purcell of the original five in the line-up. The ranks of the other three were taken by varsity substitutes.

"Our offense is all shot," the Hartley paper summarized, "but Temple is the backbone of our defense. Perhaps if we play a strictly defensive game, holding Tyler's score down as low as possible, we may be able to make it a battle."

And this was the plan of action adopted as the game commenced, with Bo Meadows, one of six nervous substitutes, fidgeting on the bench. Nolan was sitting beside him.

"Gosh, Bo," Nolan whispered, a catch in his voice. "We may get into this thing—I'm all goose flesh!"

Bo forced a grin. "You, maybe," he conceded.

Nolan looked at Bo thoughtfully, but said nothing.

An epidemic may be a blessing in disguise. The first few minutes of play indicated that the outbreak of the mumps was actually a good turn for Hartley. Certainly the fans had never seen more dogged fighting than the patched-up Hartley team showed. All through the first half the underdog bared her teeth, and at the end of the first half, the crowd gave the makeshift Hartley team a shattering cheer. They had held the crack Tyler quintet to three field goals and a score of 11 to 5.

"They're six points ahead!" declared a Hartley fan, "but how they had to work for those six points."

In the locker room Coach Earl looked both pleased and thoughtful. He gazed at the five panting youths stretched out on rubbing tables. They had done well. He hadn't considered the possibility of winning, but now—if they only had a scoring punch!

"Coach," pleaded Nolan, "may I suggest something?"

"Go to it!" the coach invited willingly.

"Put Bo Meadows in to start the second half! Tyler's guards are playing down the center of the court. They're not watching the corners and that's one shot Bo is almost sure death on. I've a hunch he can help the score, if the fellows can get the ball to him!"

The midget forward, surprised at being recommended by a teammate, sat upright. He held his breath.

Coach Earl considered.

"There might be something in that," he said, half to himself. Then his eyes gleamed with sudden decision. "All right," he consented. "You go in. The rest of you fellows feed Bo the ball. But—no overhead shots."

The players nodded, some of them glancing at the midget forward with frank doubt.

"If he misses—?" inquired Temple.

"We'll be no worse off than we are now," said Coach Earl. "You four can break up their drive for a basket. You can keep their score down, and we may pick up points on Bo's sniping. That's not a bad idea. Nolan, you go in as running mate to Temple. You've had experience in feeding Bo the ball."

Nolan grinned, jubilantly. He hadn't expected that—but he was willing.

WHEN the team returned to the floor, the rooters, spotting Bo and Nolan, cheered faintly. Tyler players looked upon the midget forward with amusement.

"Putting in grade school fellows," said one. "Mumps must have been bad!"

But Tyler's estimate was somewhat revised when Bo, taking a pass from Nolan, converted it into a dazzling shot from the corner for the first score of the second half. 11 to 7!

Coach Earl sat up a little straighter. A few more like that, and Hartley would take the lead. If Bo didn't let it go to his head—didn't try any absurd grandstand stuff as he had in practice!

A moment later Bo raced for the other corner. A pass arched toward him. Frantic Tyler cries filled the hall.

"Look out!"

Again Bo was uncovered as he shot for the basket, but this time he miscalculated. The ball cleared the rim with a foot to spare and fell into the hands of a Tyler guard. Hartley's defense was ready. Tyler's attempt at a fast break down the floor was stopped. Bo trotted out from the corner, chagrined.

For three furious minutes play raged in mid-court. And then back guard Temple came into possession of the ball and made a lightning pass almost the length of the floor to a small figure who raced into a favorite corner. A Tyler guard dashed toward him as he bent at the knees, sighted carefully for the basket, and sent away the ball. It swished the net as it dropped through.

"Wow!" thrilled the crowd. "That little guy's a wizard!"

Temple and Nolan patted Bo on the back as they trotted into position for the next toss-up. Another basket would tie the score!

"Get that guy!" ordered the Tyler captain. "He's hot on those corners. Cover him!"

And now Bo Meadows found himself shadowed by one husky guard and watched warily by another. He dodged one way and ran into one, side-stepped and ran into the other. Meanwhile team members tried vainly to get the ball to him. Carefully Hartley stalled for a break. Eager to increase her lead, Tyler came out for the ball. That's just what Hartley was waiting for.

Bo dashed under the basket to get away from his clinging back guard. He was in the open for a fraction of a second. In that moment Nolan passed the ball to him but the pass was bad. Bo reached out, knocked the ball down and gave chase. His only chance was for an overhead shot. He counted to himself.

"One—two—three—toss!"

Up over his head the ball went. . . . and up over the top of the backboard—out of bounds! The bad toss had made him misjudge his steps.

"Rotten!" howled the crowd.

"What kind of a shot do you call that?" shrilled someone sarcastically.

Old Hank Jamison, standing near the end zone, recovered the ball and tossed it back on the court. He was sober-faced. Coach Earl motioned the midget forward to the bench.

"He never should have tried it," mourned the school janitor. "I told him this would happen!"

Bo walked miserably off the court. It had been his only shot. If the pass had been better. . . . He took his seat and watched Tyler crash through for its first basket of the second half—a long shot almost from the center of the floor. Score: Tyler 13, Hartley 9.

It was a grim, low-scoring, defensive battle. Bo raised his head and looked at the coach.

"I—I shouldn't have tried it, Coach," he said. "But I thought—"

Coach Earl made a gesture of dismissal. His eyes were on the play. Bo realized how ridiculous his shot must have appeared from the side line. Not even looking at the basket! A wild, overhead toss.

"Just the same," he said to himself grimly, "I can make that shot eight times out of ten."

TYLER scored again by rushing the ball through a stubborn Hartley defense that refused to yield. But Hartley, with the midget forward out of the game, had no scoring threat. Once Nolan looked desperately toward the bench, but the coach's face was uncompromising.

The scrap weaved over the floor, neither side scoring. The game seemed almost over.

With two minutes to go Tyler led, 16 to 9. And then a wrenched knee brought a sudden crisis. The Hartley right forward limped to the side line. The coach looked at Bo.

"You disobeyed orders," he said unemotionally. "You made a fool of your-

self trying impossible shots. But I've got to use you. Go in there."

Bo leaped off the bench, and as he trotted into position he heard a familiar voice behind the basket.

"Watch yourself now, Bo!" cautioned old Hank anxiously. "None of them fancy shots! Save them to show me! Just put that ball in, the regular way!"

To do just this was Bo's burning intention and he did it with the first pass he received. It was another uncanny corner shot—the kind he had been doing for five weeks. Score—Tyler 16, Hartley 11.

"That one works," Bo thought with mournful satisfaction, "even if the other one's gone bad on me."

THERE wasn't a second's time to waste. Bo's basket had suddenly galvanized the team into a fighting frenzy. Now, for some indefinable reason, with this dizzy little basket shooter back on the floor, a five-point lead didn't seem too great to overcome. The Tyler five, tired from an exhausting attempt to run up a score on a great Hartley defense, girded itself for a last stand to hold its apparently safe margin.

"Look out! He's in the corner!"

How the midget forward got there was something Tyler guards couldn't explain—but there he was, off to one side, with the ball whizzing toward him—and there he was, taking aim at the basket and letting go!

"She's in!" shrieked the crowd.

And the figures on the scoreboard showed—Tyler 16, Hartley 13! Fifty seconds yet to play!

Delirious teammates shook fists at Bo, pounded him, babbled incoherently in his ear.

"We'll get that ball to you again," gasped Nolan.

But Bo Meadows wasn't superhuman. He was sent spinning as he tried to catch the next pass and the ball went into the crowd. A foul was called and the midget forward toed the foul line with Hartley supporters begging, imploring him to sink it.

But he missed. A relieved roar went up from the Tyler stands. And the roar stopped as if a great door had been shut, when Nolan, playing over his head, leaped into the air six inches higher than the nearest Tyler man and batted the ball through the hoop.

Score: Tyler 16, Hartley 15.

Both teams, gasping with the strain of the contest, lunged into play as the ball went up at center for what might be the last time. Tyler captured it and threw back to a guard. Half a minute of stalling and the game would be hers.

Temple rushed at the man with the ball. Hurried, the man fumbled as he threw. Temple got it and looked about for someone to throw it to. Tyler had desperately blocked every Hartley man. Bo Meadows, in the far corner, was dodging about, trying to get free. The seconds were ticking unemotionally toward the game's end. A timer raised his pistol.

Temple had to throw—now. Bo broke for the only free area he could find—directly underneath the basket. Temple heaved the ball at him.

Bo saw that the ball would reach him. A moment of panic struck him. He caught the ball. If he could only dribble into a corner! But the corner was covered.

He had only a fraction of a second to decide. The only shot left was the shot that had banned him from the floor—the shot that had drawn ridicule down upon him. His teeth set.

One — two — three! Carefully he counted as he dribbled the ball out. Coach Earl saw what he was going to do and groaned.

His back to the net, Bo summoned all his nerve and—with steady muscles—threw. He didn't dare look to see if he had made it. Old Hank was standing near. He wanted to crawl behind old Hank and hide.

Bang! The timer's gun! A great game was over and the gym was resounding in a tumult of noise.

"It's all my fault!" sobbed Bo, utterly unstrung. Teammates were around him, steadying him.

"All your fault!" Nolan laughed. "You're a hound for luck!"

Bo looked up, dazed, to see Coach Earl looking down at him, half angry, half pleased.

"If I'd known you were going to pull that stunt again, I'd never have let you back in," the coach said. "You little nut, don't you know any shot's better than a blind one?"

Old Hank elbowed his way forward. "'Tain't a blind shot," he said. "Meadows, here, has been practicin' that shot five straight weeks—at night."

The coach looked at Bo with widening eyes.

"You've been practicing at night—for five weeks?" he demanded unbelievably.

"Sure," Hank volunteered. "He knew the only way he had a chance was to develop a shot the big guys couldn't guard. Bo can make that shot eight times outta ten!"

"I'll be switched," the coach said, slack-jawed. And then, as though he couldn't believe his ears—"Practicing at night, shooting over his head—"

"A runt's *got* to shoot over his head to make the team," Hank said decisively.

Build the Wakefield Winner!

(*Continued from page 25*)

over the wing again. In windy weather Ehrhardt ties a silk thread between wing tips and fuselage, to prevent the breeze from folding the wing back. The stabilizer is held to the fuselage in the same manner as the wing.

The plane is powered with ten strands of 1-8-30 rubber. Ehrhardt says that he gave the motor 1150 to 1200 turns, on his winning flight in England. For your first trial flight, though, three hundred winds will be enough.

The proper setting of wing and stabilizer you may determine by experiment—the manual tells you how.

When the model is finished and tested, fly it in all kinds of weather. If you've built it properly it will stand any number of bumps. The way to better Ehrhardt's duration record is to do lots of flying, to make experimental changes in design—and then to do more flying!

Join the League—invite your friends to join. Use this coupon.

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I am interested in learning about aeronautics through the building and flying of airplane models. I also wish to become eligible for official national airplane model contests and to enjoy other League privileges. Will you, therefore, please enroll me as a member? I enclose a two-cent stamp for postage on my membership card and button.

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'Board for the Orient!

Here's a Contest for Readers and Teachers

Two Free Trips to Japan and China!

The Honorable C. C. Wu, Chinese Minister, and Honorary Judge.

Above — A lorcha on the Yangtze; above, right—pavilion of the Temple of Heaven, in Peking.

Upton Close, Expedition Commander, (portrait by Rittenberg).

His Excellency Kotaro Debuchi, Japanese Ambassador and Honorary Judge.

Right—Aboard the Arizona Maru, Expedition ship.

Below — A Chinese troubadour and his fiddle.

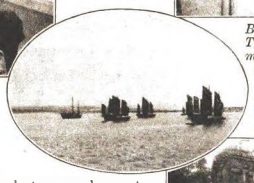
Griffith Ogden Ellis, American Boy Editor and Executive Judge.

Right — Mr. and Mrs. Close.

Below—Sampans on the Yangtze Kiang.

Japanese stick fighting, aboard the Expedition ship.

The vacant throne of Kubla Khan, Peking.



Below — The world's most beautiful idol, the Great Buddha at Kamakura.

GET ready to go to the Orient! Pack your suitcase for a three-month trip to far-off ports and strange places; to ancient cities that are now just names, beckoning from world maps, promising thrill and adventure. Prepare for a voyage that will take you to Yokohama, Tokyo, Peking, and Shanghai!

It's more than a dream. To two contest fans it's going to be a fact, this very summer.

In co-operation with the Pacific Era Travels, Inc., *The American Boy* is offering two prize trips to Japan and China, with all expenses paid from your doorstep and back to it. The trip will go to the authors of the two best three-hundred-word essays on the subject: *"Why I Want to Spend a Summer in the Orient."*

One trip is for readers of the magazine who are under twenty-one. The other is for teachers—grade, high school, or college teachers. The two winners — reader and teacher — will be members of the Upton Close Cultural Expedition, and will enjoy the personal chaperonage of Mr. Close, a foremost authority on the Orient, and of Mrs. Close. Twenty-five more contest winners, the runners-up, will receive books written and autographed by Mr. Close.

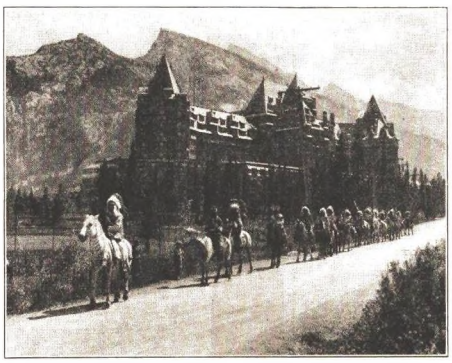
Before we go into the rules, let's tell you more about these two great prizes. Your trip will start right after school ends, in June. On the way to the Pacific Coast, you will stop, as guest of *The American Boy*, for two days at the mile-high resorts of Lake Louise and Banff, in the beautiful Canadian Rockies. You may either spend a day at each place, or select one of them for a two-day visit. If you live west of Lake Louise, *The American Boy* will send you there anyway, over the scenic lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

About June 24, you will board the Osaka Shosen Kaisha's *Arizona Maru*, at Seattle, for the trip westward across the Pacific. On board ship, with the other members of the Cultural Expedition, you will travel student class. That will be a lark, for all the ship's accommodations are student class, and completely devoted to the Expedition. Two weeks of deck games; of talks by Mr. Close, whose many years in the Orient embrace newspaper work, intelligence service for the U. S. Government, and acting as chief of staff for a Chinese general; and evenings of song and nonsense under Alice Close, concert singer and pianist.

In Japan you will visit Kamakura, with its shrines that date from the 13th century. You will see the magnificent tombs of the Shoguns at Nikko. You will go through the silk, lacquer, and porcelain factories of Nagoya, Osaka, Kyoto, Tokyo, Yokohama, —these places, with names like songs, will become familiar cities to you.

In China you will see the Ten Thousand Li wall, which we call Great, and which turned back the barbarians from China. You will visit Peiping (Peking), the jewel city of the world. Nanking and the tomb of Sun Yat-sen. Hangchow, with its gods of stone, its temples and pagodas!

And in both China and Japan, because of Mr. Close's reputation and wide acquaintanceship, you will meet high officials and be admitted to places that as a rule are not



Indians parade at Banff, in the glorious Canadian Rockies.

Early morning at Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies.

open to tourists.

The Asiatic trip lasts all summer—you'll be back in time for school—and is valued at $525, not counting the expense of your round trip to Seattle and the visits to Lake Louise and Banff, which *The American Boy* offers as an additional prize.

Heed These Rules

FIRST, write to the nearer of the two following addresses, (*enclose three cents in stamps for return postage*), and ask for helpful literature on the Orient:

Pacific Era Travels, Inc., 112 East 19th Street, New York City. Or the same company at 307 Crary Building, Seattle.

Second, get your entry in by April 10! We must have all entries by that date so that the judges may read them in time to publish the results in the June issue. (Do not write for advance information as to the winners.)

Other Rules

KEEP your entries to 300 words. Although longer entries won't be disqualified, preference will be given to the shorter. Typewrite, or write clearly, on one side of the sheet only.

If you're a teacher, put at the top of each sheet the word "Teacher" and the name of the school in which you teach. Put also your full name and address. If you're a reader—readers must be under twenty-one, to be eligible—put at the top of each sheet your name, age, address, and the school you attend (if you attend one).

Mail your entries to the Orient Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Don't ask us to return your entries—keep a carbon if you wish. (And as usual, enclose your filled-out best reading ballot on page 30.)

Note to teacher entrants: If the winning teacher plans to attend the National Education Association meeting at Los Angeles, special arrangements will be made for him to join the Cultural Expedition in Japan, later.

Honorary judges of the contest are: 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. Mr. Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor of *The American Boy*, will serve as executive judge.

Write to-day for that literature on the Orient. Then get busy and prepare your essay!

The Boy Who Learned How to Sell

By Arthur H. Little

LAWRENCE V. BRITT, sales manager of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, learned his first lesson in salesmanship while selling newspapers on the streets of a little town in Pennsylvania.


Lawrence V. Britt.

If you just stand off and look at a man, perhaps sort of noncommittally, and pipe "Paper?"—why, he may buy. Or he may grunt, shake his head, and pass on.

But if you make right for him with the paper outstretched in your hand, look straight into his eyes, and shout decisively, "Paper!" he is likely to stop.

And then if as you make for him, there's another newsboy rushing forward at your side, so that your combined rush becomes a good-humored race to get a paper to the man with the least possible delay, he'll not only stop but nearly always he'll buy. Young Larry Britt discovered this for himself.

Now in these later years when as sales manager for a great company he bosses an army of some 1,500 sales representatives scattered over the world, he appreciates all that he learned as a newsboy. "Selling papers taught me a great deal about psychology," he says.

Larry Britt was the sixth of twelve children of a former coal miner who had become a mine operator. He was born in DuBois, Pennsylvania. At five he entered school. At fifteen he was a high school graduate and the proud possessor of a job that paid him $3 a week.

But meanwhile, between five and fifteen, he had had his first tangy taste of selling. He sold newspapers. And he sold them differently.

To persuade a person, to convince him, you must impress. To persuade and convince him and then move him to action—to induce him to do what you want him to do—you generally must impress him dramatically.

For dramatic purposes, Larry Britt teamed up with another boy—and they raced to give service to prospective customers! Nearly always the winner would sell a newspaper. Which boy usually won? Oh, they alternated.

Britt tried his hand, also, at selling lamp wicks. In this activity, as in selling newspapers, his technique was highly effective—but the outcome of the venture was not wholly happy.

In a magazine appeared an advertisement to the effect that if any boy would sell a certain quantity of lamp wicks he'd win a prize. And the prize, as Larry Britt read the advertisement, was a three-fold one—a watch, a chain, and a charm.

He sent for the wicks. And then he sold them. From house to house he went, talking his wares. And he was a hard young man to whom to say no.

"You don't need any?" he'd say to a housewife. "Why pardon me, lady, but that lamp right there on the table needs a new wick this very minute. Will you buy the wick if I put it into the lamp for you and fix it all up? Yes, indeed, I'll be glad to do it for you—no trouble at all!"

And then he'd not only install the wick, but he'd hunt up the customer's kerosene can and fill the lamp and then, working fast—for there were many calls like this to make—he'd polish off the transaction by cleaning the lamp chimney.

He sold, you see, not merely lamp wicks but service—the service of illumination. Often his selling talk was a revelation of what his wicks would do.

"Lady," he'd say, "will you let me show you how much more light that lamp can be made to give? Thank you."

Then he'd pop in the new wick, refill the oil reservoir, burnish the chimney, light the lamp and then—

"Now, lady, if you'll just step into that clothes closet where it's dark, I'll show you the improvement!"

Young Britt sold his wicks. He sold his full allotment. Then he sent in the money—and waited.

When he finally found the precious package at the post office, he opened it with eager shaking fingers. And then his heart sank. For what lay in the box had turned green—tarnished perhaps in just the hours of the trip. And there was no watch—just a brassy chain and a tawdry charm.

At home, Britt re-read that advertisement. He had overlooked a hyphen. For the advertisement, as his disillusioned eyes now saw clearly, read like this: "Watch-chain and charm."

A blow. But he lived it down.

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At Ten O'clock To-Morrow (*Continued from page 18*)

cluded his conversation with the surly captain. He joined her, and the two started back to town. A block they walked in silence, then Criswell said:

"Bitter medicine—but I must make up my mind to take it. It's as Wilkes says. Salvaging those poles is hopeless. The channel's too deep."

The girl hesitated. Perhaps it would be better not to tell her father of Arch Garrett's mission.

"I'm sure Mr. Fournier will give you more time, Dad," she said. "Why not ask him?"

Criswell shook his head.

"You don't know Fournier. He insisted on the forfeit. There's no chance of an extension." He shrugged his shoulders wearily. "It's fair enough. His plant's torn out; can't start up his mine till he gets electric power."

Suddenly the girl touched his arm.

"There he comes now. Speak to him about it, Dad, please."

Criswell looked at the ground doubtfully. Helen watched Fournier approach. There was something uncompromising in his thin face, she thought.

"Well," Fournier asked, "what about it? Fourteen days till that pole line's ready, hey?"

"Fournier," said Criswell, "you know what's happened. Those poles are fifty-footers, creosoted. They can't be replaced in less than thirty days. I've wired everywhere. It set me back just that much—thirty days."

Fournier pursed his lips and frowned.

"You haven't forgot the forfeit clause, have you? Thirty days. At a thousand dollars a day. Thirty thousand dollars. Criswell, can you pay it?"

The engineer winced. Helen felt the pain in his set face.

"Fournier," he answered, "I've been in business twenty years. Ask anybody if Criswell ever tried to crawl out of a bad contract."

Fournier eyed him thoughtfully. At length he spoke again.

"This will break you, Criswell, won't it?" When the engineer didn't reply, he went on: "That barge captain—he's unknown here. You shouldn't have hired him. 'Course I know his bid for the hauling of those poles was low." He paused, then with a shrewd glance, said: "Give me fifteen thousand, cash, and I'll give you another thirty days. I figure the delay will cost my plant more'n that, but I'll go halfway."

This was the crisis, Helen knew. Her hands closed tight and she bit her lips to keep the tears back. Either way he should decide meant ruin to her father. Finally he spoke—as if the words were dragged from him.

"At ten o'clock to-morrow, Fournier, if you'll wait till then, I'll let you know. Fifteen thousand is a lot for me to raise, cold cash."

The salt mine owner nodded.

"All right. I'll meet you at the bank. At ten sharp. The offer's void a minute later." He moved on down the sidewalk toward the wharf.

HELEN left her father on the main street with a word of cheer that she was far from feeling. She turned toward home. The familiar street blurred in her tears. She ran up on the porch, through the quiet hall to her bedroom and sank down, racked with hopeless sobs.

How long she remained there, Helen didn't know. The strike of the chime clock in the library roused her. Five o'clock. The words of Arch Garrett flashed across her mind: "Look for me with good news before dark."

She rose; then in a sudden impulse, ran into the street and toward the Bayou City wharf.

The *Waterbug* was near the boathouse platform, but Arch was not there. She stood on the platform and stared across the few feet of water at the empty boat. Her throat pulsed dully at the thought that he had failed.

The grappling hook lay by the steering wheel. She stared at it and her eyes grew wide. Clinging to a spear point of the triple hook was a tarred sliver of brown wood. She looked hard at it and her heart beat wildly. Arch had found the poles!

Then she was running up the bank and along the street that led to town. Turning the corner of her own street she saw her father at the gate to their house. At the shrill note of crisis in her voice he swung sharply.

"Arch," she cried. "He's found them, Dad—the poles! But I can't find Arch."

Tense with excitement she told her father of Arch Garrett's mission. When she concluded, there was still a look of incredulity on Criswell's face.

"Helen, it can't be so. Arch would have come here post haste if he'd found them."

She seized his sleeve and forced him to go with her to the boathouse. Criswell drew the *Waterbug* to shore and lifted up the triple hook. When he laid it down, Helen saw the birth of new hope in his face.

"My dear," he said slowly, "I believe you're right. But what has become of Arch?"

Helen Criswell looked out on the slow-moving waters of the bayou, black now with the approach of night, at the deep shadows in the cypress trees, and a swift unerring intuition flashed across her mind. Arch was somewhere near.

On the tug alongside the dock a man appeared and cast off the forward line. A heavy thunder of exhaust broke out as the boat nosed slowly to mid-stream. Helen sprang into the speed boat and grasped the spoked wheel.

"That captain, Dad—he must have seen Arch. Get in, start the motor!"

Criswell obeyed, wondering. The *Waterbug* pulled alongside the tug. And Captain Wilkes, his face darkening in the twilight, leaned down.

"What's wanted?" he growled.

Helen stood up in the rocking speed boat and grasped the low tug's deck rail.

"Have you seen Arch Garrett?" she asked, her voice eager.

The *Waterbug* rocked dangerously, her grip tightened on the tug and she felt a round object underneath her fingers. A metal object, on the tug's floor, next to the hand rail. But her eyes, level with the deck, were fixed on a dark spot that held her fascinated. She was conscious of Captain Wilkes voicing a hard negative. Then something impelled her to pick up the round object.

Her throat seemed to constrict as, in the fading light, she recognized what it was she held. That dark spot on the deck suddenly became terrifying and sinister. The tug captain's surly voice broke in:

"I'm headin' for the Gulf. It's late; so stand clear. I'm goin'."

Helen sank down. Still in a daze, she moved the wheel and the *Waterbug* sheered off. The tug's screw began churning, the tow line to the empty barge grew taut, and the tow moved downstream.

The girl lifted the tiny object she had taken from the deck and stared again at it. She sprang up, her voice frightened, urgent.

"He's on that boat! I know he is! Dad, hurry. That man's gone away with Arch!" She shuddered. "There was blood on the deck, and look—" She held the round object in her extended hand.

Criswell took it from her. Darkness was falling and though he held it close, he could see only that it was a clasp pin—an enameled emblem. But Helen spoke again, her voice mingling fear and determination.

"We must get help and follow. It's Arch's pin—the emblem of the senior class at High. Hurry, Dad—oh hurry!"

Arch Garrett wakened with stark blackness all about. His head throbbed and swelled with pain. He tried to move; a rope bit his wrists and ankles. A gag pressed back against his jaws, half choking him.

There was the dim shape of a marine motor in the shadows near him. He was below deck in the engine hatch of Wilkes' tug. The tug was still at the Bayou City dock—at least it wasn't moving.

He roused to the noise of footsteps; and muffled voices filtered to him. One he recognized as Captain Wilkes'. The other was familiar, too, though he couldn't name its owner.

"—fell for it. Oh, he'll sign. At ten o'clock to-morrow, hey?" That was Captain Wilkes.

The stranger hissed a caution and Arch heard no more until the closing sentence, uttered in Wilkes' surly, grudging tones:

"Gimme a receipt then; something that'll tie you up in this if you try a double cross—" The voices receded, died, as the two walked down the deck.

After perhaps ten minutes the hatch cover slid open and Arch saw a square of blue sky with a pale star or two. The hole darkened as a man climbed across the coaming and jumped down. The newcomer peered uncertainly about him and fumbled at the engine. The exhaust barked harshly and settled to a steady muffled roar. A bell clanged twice, and the man threw back a lever. Arch felt the floor beneath him throb to the motion of the screw. He stiffened. They were under way.

Almost at once the bell rang again and the thrash of the propeller ceased. He heard voices, indistinguishable in the thump and clatter of the engine room. Perhaps it was Mr. Criswell. It was! He strained against his bonds—tried to cry out. He heard Helen's voice and struggled again.

The pilot rang full speed ahead, the screw churned, and with the rush of water sliding past the hull, hope disappeared. Arch watched the engineer climb to the deck. Dully he wondered what fate awaited him.

Then, like a searing white light, flashed the solution to the riddle of the lost poles. Wilkes had been bribed to lose them by that unknown man. Snatches of the captain's jeering talk recurred: "—fell for it—he'll sign—ten o'clock to-morrow." There was a plot in these words—against Criswell.

With a fierce thrust of his body Arch rolled over. His shoulder brushed against the engine base. There was a darkly glowing pipe above him. He dragged himself up to his knees. Then, dizzied by pain and the choking fumes of the exhaust, he swayed, and his head struck the pipe. The searing torture made him cry out—but the sound died in his throat.

Arch stared at the red exhaust pipe with a shock of sudden hope. He raised his bound wrists and pressed them against it. At once the rope charred through—the burned strands fell away. He stripped off the gag, and rose.

Listening a moment at the hatch coaming, Arch climbed to the deck. In the starlight he saw the engineer leaning against the deckhouse aft. Past the tug's stern was the flat expanse of the barge's empty deck, and almost at his hand, rolling gently to the motion of the screw, Arch saw the pike pole still crosswise of the deckboards—the pike pole that he had slipped on.

The tug had passed out of the bayou into Cameron Lake. Arch could see the outline of the marshy shore, faint and far off. Even if he could escape and reach it, he might be marooned for days. The engineer stirred, turned toward him, and Arch dropped back in the shadows.

Then, as the man drew close, Arch stepped out and launched a vicious blow. It caught the engineer above his temple. He went down like a crumpled rag.

With a single glance at the prostrate figure, Arch drew again into the shadow of the cabin. A sense of futility possessed him. What could he do to escape? To get back to Mr. Criswell before ten to-morrow?

His thoughts were interrupted by the sharp clang of the pilot's bell. The tug swerved from her course, and ahead Arch saw the stern of a heavily loaded rice barge piled high with filled sacks, a single range light bobbing at the stern. It was a tow of three barges pulled by a tug that rolled heavily against her load. Wilkes' tug was overtaking it fast.

HOPE came again to Arch. The channel through the lake was narrow. Wilkes might pass those barges close enough for a jump! His lips pressed tight, Arch watched the tug he was on draw closer to the stern of the last barge, up ahead.

The engine signal clanged, "Slow speed." He heard Wilkes exclaim angrily as the tug failed to lose way, but Arch Garrett's eyes were riveted on the square end of the rice barge looming through the starlight.

The first barge fell abeam and his heart sank. Though the distance was dangerously short—so short that the wash of the blunt barge rocked the tug's rail under—the rice sacks made a steep wall rising from the very edge of the barge rail, and leaving no foothold on the deck. He couldn't jump it! There was no place to land!

The first barge slid astern. As the second one passed, Arch stepped to the rail, half minded to dive off and chance a rescue by the captain of the tow. But that was taking a chance. No one would see him. He must get onto a barge!

His glance swept round him wildly. It fell on the pike pole that still lay crosswise of the deck. The third barge was passing. He stared at the deck again—at the slender pole with its spiked end. He used a pole like that, or something like it, every day. In track practice—the pole vault.

Pole vault! He started. The thought grew and filled his mind. Suddenly he snatched the pike pole, climbed from the stern of Wilkes' tug to the empty pole barge, and began a charging run along the rough, planked deck.

The spiked pole was pointed like a lance in rest, before him. Two-thirds down the barge he flashed an instant's glance across the open water at the wall of sacks on the last barge. The momentum of his take-off became terrific.

With a sudden thud the pike pole stabbed the deckboards. In a whipping curve, Arch swung his body upward and saw black water flash beneath him. A desperate thrust for the last inch of distance, and his fingers left the pole! A fraction of a second that seemed ages long—then his knee and shoulder struck a yielding surface. He clutched at the rough sacks to stop his roll.

He lay quiet for a moment. His desperate vault had spanned the distance. He rose, looked about him, and as his gaze swung, he picked up on the horizon a twinkling point of light. A boat coming out from Bayou City, maybe.

Then, in quick alarm, he saw that Wilkes' tug had stopped, and was swung athwart the channel, blocking it. The sacks beneath Arch lurched as the captain of the tow slowed speed. The racket of exhaust ceased. He heard Wilkes' hail.

"Stand by! You got one o' my men aboard you—a thief. I'm comin' after him."

His face white, Arch prepared for the long swim to shore. He stripped off his shirt, already torn in his fight with

Wilkes that afternoon. His class pin—mechanically he felt for it, but it was gone.

A HIGH whining drone that for some time had formed a background for all other sounds broke suddenly upon his consciousness. It was a speed boat—drawing close. Cautiously he crawled around the sacks. The racket of the motor boat drummed a deafening staccato. Arch cried out as the approaching craft skimmed nearer on the waves. It was the *Waterbug*.

A searchlight broke out from her bows and cut through the night. The *Waterbug* danced closer to Wilkes' pitching tug and Criswell's voice rang out.

"Wilkes, we want Arch Garrett! I have an officer with me—you'll have to stand a search."

An instant later Arch was foaming through the water toward Wilkes' tug. He reached the rail and Criswell, leaning down, drew him to the deck. The deputy from Bayou City held the tug captain. A lantern by the wheelhouse glinted on the white face of Helen Criswell.

"I've found them, Mr. Criswell," Arch cried, shivering in the sudden let-down. "He hid them in the shallow water at the bayou mouth. There's something else—something that will happen at ten o'clock to-morrow."

"At ten o'clock to-morrow?" repeated Criswell, frowning.

"Yes—Wilkes, here, was bargaining with a stranger. The stranger said you'd sign something at ten o'clock!"

Criswell turned to Wilkes. The tug captain shook with fear and anger.

"Search him!" cried the boy again. "This other man gave Wilkes a paper—a receipt. Wilkes made him do it."

The tug captain gave a stark glance about him, but the pistol of the deputy pressed hard against his side. Slowly he raised his hands. Criswell, opening the wallet that the officer removed from Wilkes' coat, drew from it a folded paper. As he read it, his lips tightened. He turned to the deputy.

"This is the receipt of Henry Fournier. It reads: 'For value received, I promise to pay Jud Wilkes on demand the sum of one thousand dollars.' And at ten o'clock to-morrow—in forfeit of my contract—I was to pay Fournier the sum of fifteen thousand dollars."

The deputy nodded. He turned to the tug captain.

"Head back to Bayou City. You—and maybe Fournier, if I can find him—will get free lodging in the Parish jail to-night."

He pushed Wilkes forward to the wheelhouse.

Arch felt a hand touch his arm. He swung to face Helen Criswell. Her eyes were shining.

"You found them," she said, her voice trembling a little. And her smile was not far from tears.

Arch grinned. "I found 'em," he said. "And then Wilkes found me." With a perplexed frown, the boy turned to Criswell. "But how did you pick up *my* trail? How did you know I was on the tug?"

The engineer smiled. "Helen is to blame," he said. "A splinter of creosoted wood and a bit of metal were the clues."

Arch Garrett stared. At first he could make nothing of the words. Then facts began to shape themselves. At length, in wonder he exclaimed:

"I believe I've got the answer. Helen, where's my senior pin?"

She held out the little emblem. He reached for it. Suddenly he shook his head.

"No. Finders keepers. Maybe you can sell it to your Dad. If you ask me, I'd say it was worth fifteen thousand dollars to the Criswell Engineering Company."

Punch Medicine

(*Continued from page 13*)

"Anybody ever tell you," Les asked quietly, "that you're a better man than Cooke?"

Larry made a wry face.

"You're faster, and your punches carry just as much steam."

Larry stared.

"I'm telling you. You've both plastered me."

No question but that Les meant it. Larry sat down and stared at his hands.

"It's one of those queer mental kinks, the way you feel about Tom Cooke. Forget that yellow stuff. Mike's holding the final tryouts Thursday and Friday. There's only Cooke, you and me left as lightweights. That means I'll go on Thursday. He'll trim me. You'll take him on in the final. You'll beat him."

Larry continued to stare at his hands.

"You'll beat him," Les insisted. "You've got a week between now and Friday. Keep telling yourself that you're going to get him."

Larry threw up his hands. "I've been saying that to myself for months."

"Say it for another week."

Larry followed the formula. "I'll get him," he told himself fiercely over and over again. But on Thursday he knew that he had been unable to hypnotize either his imagination or his will.

He went to the locker room with Les, while his roommate got ready for his bout with Cooke. There were shouts, cries, cheers from the gym as bout followed bout. The students were enjoying it. Invariably there was as big a crowd in the gym for the tryouts as for any interschool meet. Even the cheer leaders were functioning.

Larry remained in the locker room until it was time for his friend to go out. He looked thoughtfully at the slighter Les. Les had taken all that Cooke could give him, for two whole seasons. Les had little skill—but he had an indomitable spirit. Never once had Les given way, even when he had been groggy and Cooke had continued to bore in. Why couldn't Les make that spirit of his carry him farther?

"Look here," Larry said suddenly. "You usually carry him into the second round. Carry him all three to-night."

Les gave it a thought. "That's an idea," he said, and pushed through the door to a glare of lights and a tumult of voices.

Larry took a seat in the gallery. He had wanted to second Les, but his roommate had taken the stand that it would be better for him to keep away from the varsity fighter until it was time to meet him. Yet, even up here, Larry's stomach twitched as the champion climbed into the ring. He heard somebody say that Cooke was always best in front of a crowd. He wet his lips. Then the bell rang. "Carry him all three," Larry whispered.

TO-NIGHT Cooke had caught a spark from the electric presence of the students. Larry was aware of it before ten seconds had passed. The champion was surer, quicker, more alert on his counters. Les, gamely boring in, met an attack that checked him, stopped him and beat him back.

"Les Smith's taking a lacing," said a voice.

Larry bit his lips. Les, resisting stubbornly, was backing, backing, backing. For every punch he landed, Cooke landed four. Cooke was irresistible to-night. A din of cheers heralded the end of the round.

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Cooke by a mile," said the same voice.

The second round began. Les made a valiant charge and proceeded to run into punishment. A flurry of stiff blows left him almost helpless. The fight was lost. He knew it.

AND Tom Cooke knew that he had won. Nevertheless, he kept after his man, his gloves shooting constantly for the body. He worked Les into a corner. Desperately Les countered and clinched. They broke. Cooke worked him into another corner. There Cooke nailed him—nailed him so hard that his arms dropped helplessly. And then Cooke drew back, his muscles tightened, and his right flashed with full power on an unprotected jaw. Les' eyes rolled and he crumpled just as the bell clanged.

"Cooke never lets up, does he?" said that same voice.

Larry shook with furious rage. To crowd in and punish a beaten man seemed to him to be cruel and unnecessary. Cooke was no man to represent Classon! This wasn't amateur boxing. This was prize-ring stuff! Cooke was turning amateur boxing into something else—something mean, and spiteful.

Larry sat all through the third round with the nails of his fingers biting into the palms of his hands. It came to an end at last. How Les stayed on his feet Larry didn't know. The riot of sound that had greeted the end of the first round was strangely muffled, and only feeble cheering greeted Cooke as he swaggered out of the gym.

Larry went down to the locker room and waited for Les. He came in at last wearing a brave grin of self-disgust.

"Got mine," he said nonchalantly.

"It was raw," Larry burst out passionately.

Les shrugged. "No use crying about it," he said.

And yet there was a certain hard light in his eyes that said that his words were merely a mask. He, too, had thoughts about Cooke. Cooke needed taming—but there was nobody at Classon to tame him. He dressed swiftly and together they went back to the room.

Les threw himself upon his bed with a grateful sigh and lay there staring up at the ceiling. Larry paced the room and muttered under his breath. Presently he heard Cooke come up the stairs with some of his friends. The varsity man, as usual, was talking—a little too loudly, a little too exultantly. Without thought, without consciousness of what he did, Larry yanked open the door and met the party at the head of the stairs.

"Cooke," he said in a strained voice, "it's time somebody told you something about yourself. You weren't satisfied to win to-night; you set out to humiliate a man who's whiter than you'll ever be."

"Humiliate?" Cooke said, flushing. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. That was cheap stuff you pulled to-night. Cheap."

Without warning Cooke's right fist swung. There was no chance for Larry to dance away. The blow struck solidly, and he staggered back, bumped the wall, and slid down until he sat upon the floor.

Voices babbled around him. They meant nothing. His head was miraculously clear. One hand braced against the wall, he arose to his feet. All he saw was Cooke. He took two unsteady steps forward.

And then arms were around him and bodies were in front of him. A voice said, "Do you nuts want to get us all into trouble?" A door opened and closed and Cooke and his friends were gone. Larry let Les lead him into their room.

STANDING there he felt his face gingerly. A look of awe was in his eyes. It was as if he suddenly visioned something he could not quite believe.

"Did you see it?" he asked.

Les nodded. "Got there just as he swung."

"What was it? His right?"

"His right."

"How long was I down?"

"Three or four seconds."

"Sure of that?"

"Positive."

"His right," Larry said as though speaking to himself.

The awe departed from his eyes; his shoulders straightened. Slowly he walked across the room.

"Where are you going?" Les asked in alarm. Without answering, Larry crossed the hall and knocked on Cooke's door.

The varsity man himself answered the summons. Inside that room all talking stopped. Cooke set himself.

"Looking for more?" he asked.

"No, no." Larry's voice was almost friendly. "I just wanted to thank you."

Inside the room somebody laughed nervously. Somebody else said hoarsely, "Don't let 'em start again."

"Thank me?" Cooke couldn't make it out, and he was suspicious of what he could not understand. "What for?"

"I'll show you," Larry promised, "tomorrow night."

He slept as one who knows no worry. Les, watching him keenly the next morning, found him restless and thoughtful. Twice Larry met Cooke—once on the campus, and again in the doorway of the science building. Each time his greeting was a noncommittal "Hello." Cooke viewed him doubtfully.

At eight o'clock he went to the locker room with Les and got into his trunks. Mike O'Toole came through the room and gave him a glance.

"I'd give a lot to see you show something to-night," he said. "If you could give me an excuse to keep you, I'd do it. You've got talent."

"I'll do my best," Larry said.

The coach didn't see the glitter in Larry's eyes. Larry was thinking of last night's bout and the merciless punishment Cooke had inflicted on Les.

Les, in turn, was looking curiously at Larry. All day he had struggled with the desire to discuss the coming bout, and had been unable to bring himself to ask questions. Last night, he knew, Larry had been all primed to tear in and hit. However, a hot pot often cools, and the resolution of one day may not be the determination of another. He couldn't quite tell whether Larry's calmness was a mask for his fear, or confidence.

It might be an hour before the bout was called. Larry slipped into a bath robe, found a newspaper, and sat with his back against a locker and read.

Tom Cooke arrived to an accompaniment of much talking. Larry looked up, nodded, and went back to his newspaper. Cooke kept glancing at that indifferent figure on the bench. Larry's apparent absorption in the paper annoyed him strangely.

"Going to make it a fight?" he demanded.

Larry looked up. "I'll try," he said mildly.

"Let's get out of here," Cooke said irritably, "and see some of the milling." He disappeared with his crowd.

Larry dropped the newspaper and stared across the room. An announcer called from the door.

"Larry! O Larry! Three more minutes."

Les could stand the suspense no longer.

"Got that icy spot in your stomach?" he asked.

"Not so much to-night."

THE preceding bout — the middleweight—was not quite over. Larry stood behind the last row of gymnasium seats, out of the glare. Students recognized him and gave him subdued calls of encouragement. Then the ring was clear and he went down the aisle.

His class started a cheer that swelled and grew. Larry, sitting there, stretched his arms along the ropes. The icy spot had begun to vanish. The throb of nerves was gone. It was the first time he had seen Cooke in the other corner and not felt himself tighten and tighten. He was conscious that he was loose, limber, free.

"Don't get nervous," Les warned, and tried to hide his own frayed nerves by busying himself with small affairs.

Larry looked up at his friend. The skin under Les' left eye was discolored. Cooke had landed that blow when Les had been against the ropes, both arms helplessly dropped.

The referee motioned, and Larry and Cooke came out to receive instructions. Cooke looked tolerantly at Larry and grinned. Larry cocked his head and looked up at the gallery. The two touched gloves and went toward their corners. The gong rang.

Cooke came out with one shoulder hunched, ready to crowd. Larry stabbed with his left, reaching in, far in. The blow merely slapped a hard cheek.

Les groaned.

Cooke grinned. It was going to be cream puffs again to-night. He feinted. Larry danced away. Cooke's right—that half punch that becomes a true punch—moved. Larry waded into the blow and planted his left against that out-thrust chin. Cooke's head snapped back as though it were on springs.

The crowd let out a sudden roar.

Les almost sobbed with relief. It *was* a new Larry. He saw Mike O'Toole grip the bottom rope and stare hard at the ring.

The varsity man had been taken by surprise. He still crowded, but he shuffled along uncertainly. Larry danced away.

"A one-punch fighter," Cooke sneered.

That left found his nose again—gently, softly. He shook his head, and suddenly rushed. Twice his gloves found Larry's ribs. They were solid blows, the kind that force a man to cover up and seek safety. Cooke laughed.

"Haven't got your old steam to-night," Larry said, and stepped in with that lightning left. Cooke's head snapped on his neck.

It was disconcerting to Cooke—just when he had inflicted two damaging blows—to have Larry step in and treat him with disdain. He was infuriated. His rush carried Larry to the ropes, and he got in a solid right before his opponent could clinch.

The blow hurt. Larry felt a sore spot in his ribs as he breathed. Over

Cooke's shoulder he saw Les' face above the level of the ring floor. The face was strained.

"Break," said the referee.

They broke, and instantly Cooke rushed. Larry, with no time to set himself, once more was swept against the ropes. A right and a left caught him before he could tie Cooke up.

Les coached in a frantic voice: "Keep away from him, Larry! Keep away!"

EVEN in the danger of the moment Larry's lips twitched with a queer grin. Les, after days of preaching to step in, was imploring him to keep away. The grin died. Keep away? To-night a wild and furious Cooke was battering him. No chance to keep away. No chance to dodge. He had to face it—and he realized suddenly that he wasn't afraid. And yet he knew that he could not take those solid blows for three rounds and stand up under them.

"Break," came the sharp command of the referee.

He was set even before they broke. He had to be ready. Cooke plunged right back at him. Larry let go with that lightning left and stopped Cooke short.

He got away from the ropes. The roar of the crowd was just a blur of sound. He had room now, and he danced away, and recovered from the punishment he had taken. His left flashed three times, and three times Cooke knew he had been whaled.

"Oh, Larry, Larry," Les called. It was a prayer.

Cooke had gone wild. Charge followed charge. Twice Larry's nimble feet took him aside, and he clipped Cooke as he passed. The third time Cooke's right caught him in the pit of the stomach.

His breath left him with an explosive gasp. He managed to get away and keep away. The breath came back to his lungs—he gulped it down. And the lips that should have been drawn forced a smile.

"Who ever got the idea that you were a slugger?" he asked. He tried a left and connected. He ducked a right, and stabbed the left again. Cooke, bewildered, tried a left himself, and just as the bell sounded, Larry stepped in and crossed with a right.

Les worked over him madly and poured advice into his ears.

"Keep away from the ropes. Fight him off with your left. Stay out in the center of the ring and pop him with the left. Don't let him get in close—he's too strong for you."

Over in Cooke's corner there was another outpouring of advice.

"Bull him, boy. Crowd him. Keep on top of him. Don't let him fight you at long range. He'll kill you with that left."

Les asked a question as the gong rang. "Is he hurting you?"

"Plenty," said Larry.

Cooke, following his advice, came with a rush. Larry feinted, weaved, and danced away from the charge. Another rush. Larry stepped in, timed his glove, and met the oncoming body with a jolting jab. Again he jabbed, and again. Cooke's head bobbed.

"Keep popping him," Les yelled.

Larry kept popping. Cooke, unable to get away from a glove that seemed to be everlastingly in his face, began to retreat. Those minor explosions, rapping against his jaw, scattered his wits. He began to swing wildly. Larry circled around him, popping, popping, popping. And each blow carried the power of a sinewy wrist and a strong forearm.

Tiring of swinging right-handers at a ghost who was never there, Cooke fell back upon his left. His straight leads fell short. His left started to hook.

"Cross him with the right," Les screamed.

Larry's right curved in a hook that traveled accurately to Cooke's chin. The varsity man staggered back. The next moment for the first time that night, he floundered into a clinch.

The crowd was on its feet. Here was a champion slipping.

Larry, with Cooke holding tight and leaning on him, could hear his opponent's heavy breathing. He caught a glimpse of Mike O'Toole. The coach's eyes were burning.

"Break!" The referee's voice had lost its frigid calm.

Like a rapier, Larry's left snaked in and out, hitting, hitting, hitting. Cooke's corner kept yelling for him to close in. But Cooke seemed unable to make up his mind. And, while he floundered in indecision, that left stabbed him again, and again, and again. In the din nobody heard the bell. The referee had to part them.

Larry, crossing the ring to his corner, dropped down upon the stool, stretched out his legs, and rested his head against the top rope. He was paying back Cooke for what he had done to Les. The air from Les' towel fanned around him with grateful coolness. He was tired. But a glance across to the other corner told him that there was one here more tired than he. Cooke's stomach muscles quivered as he breathed, and his chin was sunk forward on his chest. His seconds talked incessantly, but he appeared to pay no attention. Larry smiled with satisfaction. The score wasn't even yet—not by a long shot.

The gong clanged for the final round.

Larry catapulted across the ring. Before Cooke knew what was happening that tantalizing, destructive, snapping left was in his face once more. But now it was a stiff, battering blow. He fell into a clinch.

As Cooke leaned against him, breathing hoarsely, Larry knew that the fight was over. He couldn't keep hitting a helpless man. Cooke had his lesson. He continued to shoot his left, but now the blows were softened. They kept Cooke off balance, kept his head snapping, but they did not sting.

Once Cooke, trusting to find victory in one wild, lucky punch, lumbered forward with a furious barrage of sodden, crazy swings. Larry picked them off, knocked them down, or caught them on his elbows. Cooke, arm-weary at last from his own efforts, dropped his arms. He was a mark.

But Larry did not strike.

A yell of approval swept through the gym.

"Thanks," Cooke mumbled as they clinched. He was tired—beaten.

There was no question about the decision. A din of cheers rolled through the gym as the referee held up Larry's glove. Eager, friendly hands slapped at his back as he went through the aisle. Now that it was all over he could scarcely believe it. He had stepped in and beaten the varsity lightweight. And he had won as a boxer should win—cleanly and without malice.

Les held open the locker room door; he passed through. An instant later the door burst open.

"Where is he?" cried Mike O'Toole.

He caught Larry by the shoulders and shook him hard.

"I always knew you could do it if you took off the wraps. You had the speed, you had a fine left, but you didn't have the iron. What happened? Where did you get it?"

"Over in the dorm," said Larry.

"What was it?"

"Medicine."

"Medicine?" the coach said. "What medicine?"

"You told me about it yourself. You thought it might wake me up. It did."

The coach scratched his head. "It turned you into a wild cat. What was it?"

"One on the chin," said Larry.

Special Detail

(*Continued from page 24*)

catch the first sign of definite hostility. But he was sure Kieran's men had no more than the vaguest suspicions. That fight up in the air had been so deadly an affair that it must have been convincing.

He sauntered over past the table and toward the doorway beyond. Coleman and Jack still sat there quietly, though they turned their heads so that their gaze followed him. Tony was in the doorway smoking a cigarette. Russ wondered about the whereabouts of the two men who had brought out the dolly when he and Coleman had landed. He knew there was a tool room or perhaps another bunk house in the rear of the hangar room. They might be there or maybe they had gone to some village to buy supplies. In any event, he must keep in mind the possibility of their appearing at any moment.

"Must be quite a message coming through up there," he said idly as he lounged toward Tony. "Am I flying my own ship to-night?"

"Search me," Jack said. "I suppose so. I never flew one of those high-powered babies."

"Well, I sure would like to," Russ drawled as he started past Tony into the hangar. "Seems to me—"

He whirled like a flash and before the astounded Tony could make a move he had torn his gun out of its holster. Then he hurled the little bandit four feet from him and the next instant was commanding the room with his gun. Ridgeway appeared in the wash room doorway and strode swiftly toward the group.

"Don't move!" Russ said in low tones. "Not one of you!"

He was half crouched, his gun covering the stunned outlaws.

"Quick, Fred!"

FOR the moment Fred Ridgeway was the sardonic, mocking adventurer of old, his worries forgotten. A slanting smile was on his face as he strode toward the outlaws. In a second he had both Coleman's gun and Jack's.

"Get over there with the others," Russ commanded the shaking Tony.

The little outlaw's face was contorted and his beady eyes glittered as he reluctantly obeyed.

"I'll be right back," Russ coolly told the group.

The crackle of the radio had stopped. He ran out into the hangar room and headed for a ladder that was resting against the wall at the back of that outer room. The ladder led to a shelf of earth and there was an opening that he felt must be the start of a passageway leading back to the radio room beside that ventilating shaft. For a moment he listened—he knew he must catch big, reckless King Kieran off guard!

Ten seconds of that tense listening—then Russ went swarming up the ladder. He reached the shelf and flattened himself against the wall two feet from that dim opening. There he crouched while his eyes searched the hangar room below to make sure the two missing men hadn't come in from the tool room, and his ears strained to hear any noise up there above, beyond him.

In a moment he heard oncoming footfalls—someone was walking along that passageway and it must be Kieran. The opening was too low to permit even an ordinary man to stand erect as he came through. Certainly King Kieran must stoop.

Russ gathered himself together, gun in hand. He knew what he must do. Surprisingly enough, he didn't mean to take Kieran captive under the threat of his gun. He had the conviction that Kieran, gun or no gun, would throw caution to the winds and leap forward, and Russell Farrell did not want to shoot King Kieran.

A second later that leonine head thrust itself through the low doorway. The next instant Russ had brought his clubbed gun down on the big blond head. Kieran staggered and half fell. Russ threw himself on the big outlaw. A second later he had Kieran's arms pinioned while the dazed outlaw struggled weakly. Then Russ, using Kieran's own belt and shirt, tied him hand and foot there on the broad shelf of earth. Kieran's eyes were dull and glazed. He seemed half aware of what was going on, but too nearly stunned to make any move. He was staring at Russ as if the red-headed flyer were a figment of his imagination.

There was a paper in his hand and Russ snatched at it eagerly. A message was jotted down on it in Kieran's bold handwriting.

> They got wise to me through the warning to you at the house. But I got sprung out of jail all right, not by our people but by A. D. Then P. D. spilled all he knew and the situation is bad. Don't know just where I stand. Better lay low and keep Farrell and Ridgeway prisoners till I find out what's what. In three days A. D. will be in command of situation, ready to help us put through our plans. Will advise you later.

It was signed merely with the initial "H.". Russ didn't spend any time puzzling over that signature. He went down the ladder quickly and went running across the hangar room to the doorway of the big inner room. He was driven by a feeling that those two missing men might appear, grasp the situation, and ruin everything—put Kieran's crowd in command again. Then he and Fred would be finished for all time!

FRED had not wasted the minutes. He had evidently forced one of his captives to bind two of the others and he himself had bound the third. The three lay trussed up on the floor.

"Come on, Fred! You can ride *Belinda's* fuselage. We can't take a chance!" Russ shouted, and Ridgeway came running.

"Let's see whether she's all gassed and oiled," Russ said swiftly. "Then we'll break up these ships so they can't follow us or carry out their plans."

"Russ, what's it all about?" Ridgeway half exclaimed, half demanded, as they raised the shielding curtain at the doorway.

"Well, this is what they're going to do to-night," Russ gasped hurriedly. "They've got some incendiary bombs and ammunition. They've got it fixed so that the hangars over at the Collins airport, your airport, will be deserted and they were coming over to set the whole works on fire. Then that independent airport would get to be the municipal airport."

NEXT MONTH—when Larry Pennock, cub salesman, sells two Vulcan trucks to a tough customer, he lets himself in for a startling adventure.

"LARRY CALLS AGAIN"

By Arthur H. Little

"Good lord!" said Ridgeway. "Let's see if *Belinda*—"

"We've got to break up these ships first."

But that was not to be. Just as they had made sure that *Belinda* was serviced and ready to go, a shout reverberated through the cavern.

"Pop 'em, Jim!"

It was King Kieran's voice. Ridgeway and Farrell whirled, and saw two men who had evidently just emerged from that passageway to the radio room. So that was where the two missing men had been, Russ realized. The two stood as if paralyzed with astonishment, looking down at Kieran. A second later one of them was drawing a gun.

Russ and Ridgeway leaped for their ship just as a bullet zipped past them. Russ hurled himself into the cockpit, pressing the self-starter, and Ridgeway leaped on the fuselage, his hands gripping the cowling and his legs pressed to the side as if riding a horse. Russ gave *Belinda* the gun and the sturdy little ship leaped out into the darkness. One more bullet whirred close to them, and then they were out of immediate danger.

Fortunately, both men had put on their helmets and goggles while they were inspecting *Belinda*. "Fred won't be too desperately uncomfortable," Russ said to himself with relief. Ridgeway had told him the distance they must cover and the direction to take. They were only a hundred and fifty miles from Collins and *Belinda* had a four-hour gas capacity. Russ did not wait to gain a safe altitude before leaving the field, but sent *Belinda* squarely upward and eastward.

Soon they were two thousand feet high and the cool night air was as smooth as velvet. Russ took out of his pocket the message he had snatched from Kieran, and Ridgeway, his head and shoulders halfway down into the cockpit, read it.

THEN he shouted into Russ's ear: "That's from Hawkins. 'P. D.' is Pinky Dawson. He's the fellow who flew over and dropped that note to Kieran at that house. He's in the thing too. Hawkins tipped him off that you were Farrell, and sent him over."

"Then Fred didn't make any mistake about it—Hawkins is a traitor all right," Russ told himself.

"According to Kieran," he shouted into Ridgeway's ear, "another influential crowd in Collins wants to get McCormick out of power and then get that other airport declared the municipal airport. They'll make a lot of money out of it. Hawkins threw in with them."

"No wonder his ships were always cracking up on hidden logs and whatnot," Ridgeway returned.

It was strange, this shouted conversation three thousand feet in the air above the heavily wooded mountains, but handicapped though they were they were thinking things through. Russ realized it with an exultation that enabled him to think unflinchingly of all that lay so close ahead. If only those two men hadn't appeared—if only he and Fred could have cracked up those amphibians before they left! Now Kieran and his men would come roaring after them. Well, let them!

"Fred," he shouted, "how did it happen that Dooley—A. D. must mean Al Dooley—got Hawkins sprung out of jail?"

"I can make a good guess!" Ridgeway shouted back. "I've suspected for a couple of months that Dooley was trying to supplant McCormick as the big boss, but McCormick trusted him a hundred per cent. I'll bet Dooley's in this thing right up to his neck and—"

"I've got it!" Russ cut in. "Look here—Kieran was afraid all the time of being double-crossed and he said he didn't know a thing about that tri-motor's being tampered with or about a lot of the smaller jobs. Dooley's whole idea was to make the things happening at the airport convince the McCormick crowd that McCormick was losing his grip. As soon as he succeeded in getting McCormick distrusted enough, he would take over the reins, kick you out, put in his own men—and everything would be going fine at the airport and they'd win the election with Dooley as the big boss."

"You're right!" Ridgeway shouted with conviction. Then he added his own bit of keen guessing. "And Hawkins was playing both ways from the middle. He was approached by the crowd that wants the other airport to be the municipal one, threw in with them, and then told Dooley all about it. Dooley and his crowd want the airport to stay where it is—they've got real estate interests too. So Dooley sat back while Hawkins acted as a stool pigeon with the other people. Dooley let the Kieran gang help him try to ruin me!"

Ridgeway broke off, out of breath; then began again.

"The whole idea is to ruin McCormick and me. Then Dooley would win the election as the big boss, and probably Hawkins would get my job. The airport would be run right, and all the previous trouble would be laid to the inefficiency of Tim McCormick and me. Dooley's crowd would be sitting pretty, and King Kieran's employers would be holding the sack. You see, Russ, the logical place for the airport is just where it is, and the citizens of Collins would rally behind Dooley on that issue any time."

Russ was getting hoarse with shouting but he placed his mouth within an inch of Ridgeway's ear and roared back:

"That's why Hawkins doesn't want this business of blowing up your airport to go through—why this message tells Kieran to lay low. It would spoil all his and Dooley's plans if Kieran wrecked your airport. The other place would have to be the municipal airdrome at least temporarily then."

"Hawkins is playing stool pigeon for both sides," Ridgeway agreed. "The other side probably thinks he's using Dooley to the limit to help them. They may know that Dooley is trying to double-cross McCormick. But Hawkins will stick to Dooley in the end."

THEN both flyers fell silent as *Belinda* hurled herself across the towering peaks at one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Russ, with his eyes straining alertly into the night, mulled over the almost unbelievable situation. Could it be possible that planes were going to sweep out of the sky down on a modern city in the supposedly civilized twentieth century? Yet if gangsters could bomb buildings with impunity in the course of a political campaign, the idea of an air attack did not seem so preposterous at that. One did not need to scratch the surface of civilization very deeply to find the old primal impulses being expressed in primitive ways. The battle between crime and law and order was merely taking to the air.

"And dog-goned if I'm not an aerial-policeman!" Russ thought suddenly, and broke into a low laugh.

Then, as the twinkling, isolated lights below started to thicken into great clusters, and towns and cities began to roll away beneath them, his taut exultation gave way to sober thought. Beneath him was his seatpack parachute; he hadn't taken the trouble to strap it round himself. Fred Ridgeway could put that on and drop down to the airdrome without Russ's being compelled to land.

Russ didn't dare use the radio. Who could tell, with enemies on every side, whether a friend or foe would receive the message at the airdrome? And very possibly it would be received also at Kieran's rendezvous.

Of one thing he was reasonably sure. Kieran and his men must be on the way no more than fifteen minutes back of them, thundering over the mountain tops on their mission of destruction. Then they were to fly out to sea and would land alongside some boat that would take them to safety. Kieran would never back down now but would finish his job if possible, despite the odds against him.

For a minute or two Russ sat there and visualized again the amazing situation created by an amazing man; the hidden rendezvous back in the hills, the great amphibians flying out to sea to pick up cargoes of jewels, the little group of aerial adventurers ripe for anything and operating with sublime audacity. With a rollicking blond daredevil at their head! What a man Kieran was—astonishingly lacking in ability to see things straight, but tremendously likable.

They were getting closer and closer to Collins. Russ's mind was clicking along steadily. Occasionally he and Ridgeway exchanged shouted remarks as both men revolved the problem before them and the best way to meet it. Then, too, for the first time in hours Russ was conscious of the menace hanging over him, of the black charge that would confront him in Collins. Yet he had a feeling that somehow he could clear himself now. Nevertheless, the whole thing weighed on him—the maddening mystery of that ghostly bullet, the thought of poor Dave Kerwin, murdered in cold blood, the recollection of the circumstantial evidence that had piled up against him. Suddenly an idea came to him and he passed it on to Ridgeway.

"Fred, it's certain that King Kieran has powerful underworld connections or he couldn't carry on that jewelry smuggling," he shouted. "And his allies would probably keep posted about every plane bound for Collins. Do you suppose some of them knew that Kerwin was carrying all those bonds and tried to bring him down somewhere between Washington and Collins? They may have shot at him and, without meaning to, fatally wounded him, and then Dave—you know what an ox of a man he was—didn't die right away but tried to make the airdrome and all at once just collapsed."

"That might be it," Ridgeway shouted back. "Don't worry about that, Russ, anyway. Bad as it looks, the authorities can't be hard on you now."

That was what Russ had been telling himself; yet suddenly he was caught in a wave of depression. After all, things looked bad. He had been with the outlaws for days; Ridgeway was in ill repute in Collins; McCormick's power was crumbling and Dooley, Russ felt sure, would stop at nothing to solidify his power if he once got in. Suppose everything went wrong and the airport were wrecked. Then McCormick would be through and Dooley in power. In that case, Russ reflected gloomily, he might be railroaded to jail—or worse—because Dooley would want to prove to the people that all aviation tragedies would be investigated and punished promptly.

But he forgot it all as Ridgeway gripped his shoulder. What was up?—had Fred caught a sound or a sign of the Kieran planes? Swiftly Russ looked back. Far away, easily twenty miles back he thought, a sudden light glowed in the sky, just for a moment. It went out, then flashed again and went out again.

Those amphibians had landing lights on them and the emergency field on which he had first landed was in the vicinity of that aerial signal. Russ was certain now that Kieran's squadron was hurrying on its way. Those flashes of light had been a signal to someone on the ground. He looked at Fred Ridgeway wordlessly and Ridgeway nodded.

Russ's heart seemed to give a great bound as his hand automatically reached toward his parachute. The next hour would tell the story.

Chapter Twelve

TWENTY minutes later *Belinda*, her nine-cylinder motor wide open, hurtled across the edge of the Collins airport. Down below, the hangar lights were glowing and the landing lights came on to greet them. Russ cut the throttle all the way and looked back at Ridgeway.

The cool, whimsical Fred Ridgeway of old stared into Russ's eyes and smiled his one-sided smile in that brief second of calm preceding the storm. It was as if the two friends held a sort of silent communion. Their understanding of each other was deeper, for the events of the last two days had wiped away any last tinge of reserve on either man's part. There was no conscious thought on Russ's part that the chances were at least even that they would never see each other again, but perhaps that subconscious knowledge on both sides was responsible for that instant of eloquent silence.

Then Ridgeway grinned, raised his hand in a gesture of mocking farewell and, without ceremony, fell off *Belinda's* back. A second later his chute ripped out, making a grayish splotch against the earth, and Russ shoved the throttle all the way on again. He sent *Belinda* upward in a steep climb and banked around until he was pointed southwest again.

There were a thousand problems confronting him. The battle, if battle there were, must take place where fallen ships would not jeopardize people on the ground, and that meant it must be fought over the wide stretch of marsh land that surrounded the airdrome on three sides. There was a network of

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railroads crossing the marsh land on low trestles but he would have to take a chance on those.

Higher and higher Russ sent the little scout until at twelve thousand feet the air grew chill and keen and he was forced to adjust the altitude mixer on the carburetor to keep the motor running sweetly. As *Belinda* was at least forty miles an hour faster than the amphibians, he wasn't unduly anxious because he couldn't yet spot the enemies' squadron.

Down below Fred would be calling for help from Army planes on Long Island and preparing frantically to take the air himself if there were an armed ship available. Nevertheless for the moment, at least, stopping the amphibians with their cargo of death and destruction was up to Russ and Russ alone. King Kieran's original plan had been to come over between midnight and dawn so that no lives would be lost. On Russ now rested the grim responsibility of preventing loss of life.

He was fifteen thousand feet high when his restless eyes spotted tiny banners of flame five miles southwest of him and five thousand feet lower than he was. He was a mile or two southwest of the mile-wide stretch of marsh land that the amphibians must cross. Quickly he took account of the odds against him. There would be two men in each ship, one in the rear seat handling the free-swinging Lewis machine guns—the amphibians had front guns as well, but they were too large to maneuver easily. It was those rear guns with their wide range that would be his Waterloo—if there were a Waterloo.

He waited, tense, painfully alert. His eyes roved from instrument to instrument on the dashboard ahead of him. He was shivering with the cold but he was not conscious of it as his eyes focused again on the vague ships hurtling toward him. If only he were lucky enough not to be observed!

LUCK was with him to that extent, or so it seemed. The amphibians, flying in a diamond formation nearly ten thousand feet high, started into a full-power dive for the airport. Russ, behind and above them, breathed a little prayer to the flyers' gods as he nosed *Belinda* down and with the motor wide open flashed toward his prey. The needle of the airspeed meter swung slowly around until it was up against the peg—two hundred and fifty miles an hour. The monoplane was vibrating in every strut and spar now as it sped downward, with Russ hunched down behind his windshield like some hooded demon of the upper air.

He was but five hundred feet above them and five hundred feet back of them when the ships, as if their pilots had all observed him at once, suddenly banked in different directions and spread widely. Russ had his bead on the rear ship. With his head over the side of the cockpit, fighting the airstream that was like a solid substance battering at his face and striving to tear the goggles from his eyes, he pressed his gun control. A hail of bullets swept that rear ship. Without waiting to see their effect, Russ banked *Belinda* ever so slightly and darted toward the amphibian on the left. Again his guns sang their *rat-a-tat-tat* of death and the second ship suddenly seemed to come apart in the air. Probably one of the bombs that it carried had exploded.

The windshield broke into a thousand pieces in front of Russ's eyes. Like a flash he sent *Belinda* upward in a terrific zoom and then went into a vertical bank. Two hundred feet below him the gunners in the rear cockpits of the two remaining amphibians were firing at him ceaselessly. Now he was directly over one of them, twisting and turning his ship to spoil the aim of the gunner, whom he could see crouched on the floor of his cockpit. The leader—doubtless King Kieran—had left the fight momentarily and was climbing desperately.

Russ had no time to notice the wild excitement below him. Automobiles on distant roads had stopped, people were clogging the streets of Collins a mile from the scene of action, and down on the airport men were streaming across the field to safety.

In a second Russ made his decision. There was no time to waste. Two ships meant four sets of guns and the amphibians had all the advantage despite their size. He gambled all on his shielding air-cooled motor as he pulled back on the stick and gave his monoplane full rudder. It flashed over on its back and then as it swooped out of the upside-down dive, he was pointed at the ship directly below him. Hanging on his belt, he pressed the gun control just as the mouths of the rear-seat Lewis guns below him showed spots of red. He pushed the stick forward slightly, held his bead, and sent the grimly necessary hail of bullets into the lower ship. Bullet holes appeared in his own wing and something seared his arm. Then he saw the gunner below collapse and a second later the pilot had jumped, falling end over end—till his chute bellied out just as Russ's first victim crashed in the marsh land and a great ball of flame lit up the earth.

RUSS scarcely seemed to move in his cockpit as he brought *Belinda* out of that upside-down dive and she came level, flying at a speed that Russ had never experienced before. It seemed as if the little plane must shake herself to pieces but Russ, like some grim-mouthed figure of fate, pulled back on the stick with all his strength, and *Belinda* shot almost straight upward into the air.

As she went up, Russ was sweeping the sky with his eyes. Where was that other ship? Then he saw it! It was a hundred feet above him and a hundred feet to one side. Just as he saw it, bullets from its gunner perforated the fuselage behind him. Like a flash Russ used the remnants of his speed and keeping *Belinda* in that semi-perpendicular climb, banked slightly to his right as his guns spoke. Bullets ricocheted from his motor as he sent a burst squarely into the plane above him. He saw the gunner disappear. Had he been hit? Evidently he had.

At that second the pilot of the remaining amphibian swung his ship to the left as if to give his gunner a better shot. Russ was within fifty feet of the amphibian, cleaving upward at it, when that pilot—doubtless Kieran—made his maneuver. Russ's hand moved like lightning but he was not quick enough. With a rending crash his right wing knifed into the lower left wing of the amphibian.

The all-metal construction of Russ's sturdy monoplane was so strong that the wing did not snap off. It seemed to telescope into the lower wing of the amphibian and to bend back slightly. For a second Russ moved his stick frantically in an effort to tear loose. His motor was turning up wide open. Just as the gunner—it was Tony, Russ thought—pitched weakly out of his cockpit, a curious feeling of calm came over Russ. He knew that he himself faced death.

His ship and the amphibian, irrevocably tangled together, were half stalled in the sky, floundering round before the inevitable final dive—and he had no parachute.

Yet somehow Russ was not afraid. What had to be had to be. He thought with stabbing pain of all he must leave undone, but of himself he did not think at all.

Then, as if it had materialized out of thin air, a light glowed in the enclosed front cockpit of the amphibian. The ships had fallen off now to the right and in a slow spin were twisting downward. Framed in that lighted window was the reckless, ruddy face of King Kieran. His white teeth flashed in that indomi-

table grin of his as, with his seatpack parachute flopping at his thighs, he edged his big form out of the doorway of the cockpit to the lower wing of his plane. The spin was growing faster now and the huge outlaw clung to his strut for the moment as he beckoned to Russ.

King Kieran at that moment was a smiling, reckless god, defying death with ferocious joy!

SUDDENLY the blood was surging through Russ's veins. He unstrapped his belt and, clinging to the cowling, stood up in his cockpit. The tangled ships were spinning downward like tops now. The airstream clutched and tore at Russ as if trying to tear him from his last hold on life. He inched out on the wing, lying flat and clinging to the entering edge. He crawled across it, every atom of strength in his body concentrated in his fingers. All that saved him was that he was on the inside of the spin. There was nothing to cling to except that entering edge and he could have been thrown off at any second.

Kieran was waiting, and in his exultant smile was the greeting of a comrade in adventure.

Neither man had cut his motor and the combined roar of the two was like the maddening din in a high inferno. The universe was sheer bedlam, with those motors roaring, wires screaming in the wind, and the air blast apparently bent on tearing its victims loose and hurling them to destruction.

Russ, white-faced and blazing-eyed, finally reached the haven of the strut to which the smiling outlaw was clinging.

"Grab on to my feet and hang on," roared Kieran.

The ground was rushing up to meet them. It seemed less than a thousand feet below them as Russ locked his legs around Kieran's feet and embraced his knees in a bear-like hug.

"Yo!"

It was a wild exultant shout from Kieran and together they fell off into space. A second later, the chute flapped open. Two hundred feet from them the two ships, locked together like two beasts which had died in mortal combat, had gone into a straight dive and were streaking toward the ground. The wild snarling drone of their motors grew fainter, and suddenly peace seemed to descend on Russ and the world to adjust itself as if it had emerged from chaos.

"For it's always fair weather when good fellows get together!"

Kieran bawled the song in a powerful bass that made it seem like a roar of defiance to the world. "And you'd better stay with me for the next minute," he laughed.

It was almost as if the blond giant were suffering from a species of delirium. Russ thought he understood. The whole situation was meat and drink to King Kieran and under its stimulus he became like a boy, exulting in his participation in it. The two ships crashed with an explosion that could be heard for miles. The ground was only one hundred feet below them when Russ looked up at Kieran and spoke.

"See here, King," he said, "I've just got to pull my gun on you when we hit the ground. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

"Sure," roared Kieran. "Who cares? I'm stuck anyway."

"And after that," Russ told him as he prepared for the perilous landing, "you can bank on me to do all I can to get you a square deal."

"Don't worry," boomed Kieran. "It's all part of the game. All right, Russ, get ready, and don't get your gun wet in the swamp!"

Ten feet above the slimy swamp Russ loosened his grip. He dropped into the mud at a speed that drove his feet ten inches deep into it, but he wasn't hurt. A second later Kieran landed, and laughed as he looked into the mouth of Russ's gun.

(Continued on page 54)

BIG TIME MARBLES ----Third Episode

Stamps in the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

Above — One of Poland's new stamps commemorating the 1830 revolution. Upper right—Spain honors Lindbergh and his mythical cat! Right—Cuba's provisional placed in use on opening of Havana-Santiago air service.

UNCLE SAM somewhat amazed philately by issuing on January 16, more than a year late, a 2c red stamp "in honor of General Casimir Pulaski, the noted Polish patriot and hero of the American Revolution."

In *The American Boy* for July, 1929, we read that Representative Charles G. Edwards of Georgia had introduced a bill to authorize a commemorative "in connection with a national celebration to be held at Savannah, October 11, 1929." The date was the 150th anniversary of Pulaski's death.

That celebration was held and the stamp did not appear, so collectors assumed that the suggestion had been rejected. Fifteen months passed. Then, quite unexpectedly, the commemorative is issued in 1931!

The newcomer, of the same size as our regular 2c, reproduces an etching of Pulaski, made by H. B. Hall in 1871, which appeared in Jones's *History of Georgia.* "General Pulaski" is inscribed, together with the dates of his birth and death, 1746 and 1799.

U. P. U. Colors

HAVE you ever wondered why, almost invariably, Uncle Sam's modern 1c stamps are green, the 2c stamps red, the 5c blue? It is because the Universal Postal Union exists. Virtually all countries are members of this postal "league of nations," which, organized nearly seventy years ago, dominates international postal relations. Now U. P. U. rules are causing a change in the colors of some of Canada's stamps, thus providing new varieties for collectors.

At the time of the World War, Canada's 1c, 2c, and 5c conformed to the regulations. The postal rate for an ordinary letter was raised to three cents during the war emergency, and maintained subsequently; so from 1922 until recently the 1c was yellow, the 2c green, and the 3c carmine.

Several months ago Canada issued an entire new series, and again wrong colors—orange for the 1c, green for the 2c and carmine for the 3c—were selected, with violet for the 5c.

Then, unexpectedly, just after the stamps had been issued, Canada decided to return to the U. P. U. colors, and we now find the 1c green, the 2c carmine, the 5c blue, the 8c orange (instead of dark blue), and the 10c green (instead of brown).

Meanwhile four high-value Canadian pictorials, which will rank among the most beautiful of stamps, have appeared. The 12c gray presents the old fortress at Quebec long before the days of the modern Chateau Frontenac; the 20c brown a harvesting scene showing a tractor; the 50c blue the church at Grand Pre; and the $1 green a view of Mount Edith Cavell in the Rockies. A new Canadian 5c air shows Mercury in front of the globe.

Lindbergh's Cat

SPAIN'S most recent air series has designs recalling notable transatlantic flights by aviators of Spain and other countries. Notable among these is a 1 peso green that honors "Carlos A. Lindbergh" because of his New York-to-Paris journey. We find on it a likeness of the young American, his name inscribed in Spanish, the Statue of Liberty, and his plane, "The Spirit of St. Louis"—and in the lower right-hand corner sits a nonchalant cat. You remember that the first newspaper accounts of Lindbergh's flight, in May, 1927, erroneously stated that he had taken a pussy along with him. This is the first time that a cat has been pictured on a stamp!

Special Detail

(*Continued from page 53*)

Russ laughed too, unable to resist the contagion of that booming, rumbling chuckle.

"Pardon me!" he said.

"Sure," grinned Kieran. "Do I have to put my hands in the air?"

"Well, it's an old Spanish custom," chuckled Russ, "but we're in New Jersey."

"Good," stated Kieran. "Let's slimmer through the slime and see what we can see."

Together, still grinning, they started slogging through the marsh toward the airdrome.

VERY early morning many days later. Only the faintest glimmer of dawn in the east.

In front of the farthest and most secluded hangar of the Municipal Airport of Collins stood a small, high-powered monoplane, *Belinda II,* her outlines blurring in the gray light. Beside the little ship stood two tall flyers, shadowy figures blurring also in the early gray. They talked in low tones.

"Shortest three months' leave I've ever known," said Russ.

"Hate to see you go," Fred Ridgeway admitted. Then he added with a chuckle, "The city of Collins, she'll be sad too, especially when she learns you've slipped out on her like this. Collins was planning to give you a big send-off."

"I know," grinned Russ. "That's why I'm getting away now. I don't care for send-offs."

"Well, don't blame me if Collins mails you a loving cup and a medal and a *lei* of laurel," Ridgeway drawled. "The city is sure grateful to you for saving her from a bad bombing and giving her a chance to round up all the gangsters that were plundering her in sundry ways, and she's plumb remorseful because she tried to hang a murder on you."

"That murder charge certainly had me worried. I wasn't easy in my mind till that flying jewelry smuggler broke down and admitted taking a shot at Dave Kerwin."

"King Kieran guessed right when he suggested questioning that smuggler. King's been pretty helpful to the law."

"Poor old King!" A sigh escaped from Russ. "He's like a good-hearted kid who's lost part of his gang and suddenly realized that the rest are a bad lot."

"Yes," Ridgeway nodded, "and part of the time he's down in the mouth because he spilled enough information so we've sent the ringleaders over the road, and the rest of the time he thinks it's good enough for them."

"He's just nothing but a big, rollicking kid—with a lot of crazy ideas. But I can't help liking him, and I can't forget that he saved my life. I hate to think of his being penned in behind walls."

"Cheer up, Russ." Ridgeway's hand was on the younger flyer's shoulder. "Kieran knows he had it coming, and you've done your best for him. The authorities know the whole story of how he saved you, and they'll show him all the leniency possible."

"I know," said Russ slowly. He was silent a moment; then he said in a dif-

ferent tone: "I don't mind Hawkins' being sent up. He double-crossed everybody."

Ridgeway nodded, his face suddenly harsh. Frank Hawkins had played both sides. All on his own, he had taken after Russ that first night Russ had flown to make a rendezvous, and all on his own he had tried to put Russ out of the way. He hadn't wanted Russ in the picture at all. He hadn't wanted Russ to meet Kieran, because he knew the keen-eyed, red-headed flyer would be dangerous no matter where he was.

"Hawkins deserved what he got," Ridgeway agreed. "A good, long stretch—for attempted murder."

There was a grim little pause. Russ spoke first.

"Well, I must be going, Fred," he said. "I'm looking forward to the trip back in the new bus. *Belinda II* is a good little scout, as full of go as *Belinda I*. You and McCormick are good scouts too—handing me a new ship and paying me big money for three months of simple supervising."

"What else could we do?" drawled Ridgeway. "Under the circumstances it was up to us to replace your smashed plane. And with the airport running like clockwork now, we can afford to pay the simple supervisor who pulled us out of the hole. But you'd better take off, Russ, or Collins will be waking up. Good-by—and thanks."

Just that one word of fervent gratitude, but Ridgeway put all the rest into his grip of Russ's hand.

"Good-by." Russ returned the grip and turned abruptly to *Belinda II*. "Take care of yourself," he called from the cockpit. "You might take care of your airport too!"

"Right!" Ridgeway shouted back, with a chuckle in his shout. "And if I need help, I'll wire you."

Then *Belinda II* went roaring up.

"Git for home!" Russ urged her as they took the air trail for Texas. "It was a great old job while it lasted. But we'll ride with the regulars now—we've covered our special detail!"

THE END

In the Morning Mail

"WE have only three part-columns of space this month," says the Office Pup briskly, "so I haven't any time to argue with you."

"Good," breathes the editor thankfully.

"I am going to leap without further ado—without any ado at all—"

"Which?" asks the editor mildly.

"With very little ado," amends the Pup. "I am going to leap with very little ado—"

"That brings up an important question," interrupts the ed. "Just how much ado ought a fellow to leap with?"

"Let that pass," the Pup says hastily. "I am going to leap with practically no ado—"

"Aw, shucks," mourns the ed. "*No* ado?"

"Oh, well," the Pup relents. "If you insist, I'll leap with just a teenie weenie bit of ado—"

"That's better."

"You've interrupted me so often," the Pup growls.

"that I don't even feel like leaping. However, with just a teenie weenie bit of ado I will now leap to the prize winning letter. It's by Charles Mack of Philadelphia, who tells of an interesting way to use your back copies of *The American Boy*."

Fuller's dog.

Here's Mack's letter, winner of Pluto's five bones this month:

"Dear Pluto:

I've taken *The American Boy* for five years, and every copy is reposing in the attic. At the beginning of each season, I look up in my card index the articles on the season's sport. For instance, I read George Agutter's articles on tennis every year before the tennis season starts.

"In the card index I put down all the serials, their authors, and the months and year in which the serials ran. I make cards for every story or article that I think I may want to refer to later."

"Mack's suggestion," states the Pup, "is worth five bones of my salary any time. There's no better way of making your magazine useful than by indexing it so that you can refer to any article you wish, instantly. Suppose every reader had *The American Boy* indexed for the last ten years! He could refer every spring to the track article by Harold Osborn, Olympic champion. He could re-read the story of Red Grange. When he goes to college, he could look up the articles by Fred Turner, assistant dean of men at Illinois, on earning money. He could spend a Sunday with his favorite serial or short story. The ed and I heartily recommend that you start a card file now. It takes very little work!"

And now, with practically no additional ado, the Pup leaps to the month's thumbnail sketch. Hanley Tomlinson, Hampton, Iowa, in listing his favorite illustrators, places William Heaslip at the top. So this month's sketch is by Heaslip—he's the artist for "Special Detail" in this issue. The autobiography is illustrated with a portrait, done by the artist especially for *American Boy* readers. Says Heaslip:

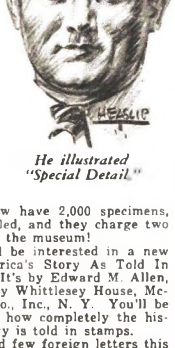
> "I was born in Toronto, Canada—some say with a pencil in my hand. Perhaps it was that, but neither parent withstood the shock of my arrival.
>
> "After a few uneventful years my instructors and I discovered simultaneously that I could juggle the human figure with more success than the mathematical kind. In the course of time I was apprenticed to become a lithographic artist—earning the magnificent sum of fifty cents per week. To encourage me further I was to receive a fifty-cent raise semi-annually for five years. Do you wonder that I heard and promptly answered the clarion call of war? I enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps and was sent down to Texas for training, up to Canada again to get ready for France—and who knows what? My dreams of being another great war ace came to naught, for Armistice came when I was at the finishing school of aerial gunnery. But I learnt much—I knew that if I survived the old Jennies I could stand anything, even cold-hearted New York, the Mecca of all who cherish illusions of Fame. Here I learned to fly around on my feet. I studied at the National Academy and at the Art Student's League. In between times I toiled at a job so that I wouldn't suffer from the malady of malnutrition.
>
> "I have never relinquished my interest in aeronautics . . . and find the illustrative and advertising field a most pleasant outlet for that interest."

And that brings the Pup, with no more ado than you'd expect under the circumstances, to hobbies. Garth Fuguay, Colorado, Texas, collects shotgun shells, and says that his rarest specimen is an old ten-gauge shell made entirely of tin!

Russell Stokes, Sewell, N. J., collects postcards with pictures of railroad stations, and has 30. Robert LeMassena, Orange, N. J., who passes on his *American Boy* to a crippled friend next door, collects railroad pictures and has 500.

Ralph Babcock, Great Neck, N. Y., collects postmarks! Recently he started a collection of 1930 postmarks, and already has 220 from 37 states.

Here's one for girl readers. Harriet E. McFarland, Barre, Vt., collects jewelry and now has a turquoise, two amethysts, two diamonds, a cameo, a firestone, cornelian, jade, amber and a set of lapis lazuli. She saw the crown jewels in the Tower of London but decided not to try to add them to her collection.



He illustrated "Special Detail."

So much for hobbies. What's yours?

Edwin A. Ellis, Jr., Keene, N. H., did an interesting stunt. With a friend, he collected nature specimens of various kinds and started a museum. They now have 2,000 specimens, classified and labeled, and they charge two cents admission to the museum!

Stamp fans will be interested in a new book called "America's Story As Told In Postage Stamps." It's by Edward M. Allen, and is published by Whittlesey House, McGraw Bill Book Co., Inc., N. Y. You'll be surprised to learn how completely the history of our country is told in stamps.

The Pup received few foreign letters this month, but Robert P. Evans, Baltimore, says that he used to live in Africa, and that his home was littered with the skulls of gorillas, leopard skins, monkey skins, two seventeen-foot python skins and a medicine man's headdress. Evans is strong for *American Boy* adventure stories.

From Canton, Georgia, comes word of a contest held by the high school to find which magazine in the library was most popular with high school students. *The American Boy* ranked first with 43 votes and *Popular Science* second with 37. Canton students liked the magazine for its "interesting and varied stories." The Pup would like to hear the results of other contests of this kind.

Edwin E. Standt and his friends in Pottsville, Pa., are organized into an astronomy club. A good, educational stunt.

The Pup herewith presents a picture of the English bulldog belonging to George H. Fuller, Riverside, Conn. The bulldog, Fuller says, is the most gentle-natured dog in the world, in spite of his fierce looks. Fuller picks as his favorite hero, Jerry Blanchard, captain of the basketball team in George F. Pierrot's Sheriton story, "The Assister." Blanchard, he points out, was a true sportsman because he sacrificed his own interests for the interests of the team.

And that brings us without any more ado than you can slip through the eye of a needle, to story requests. First, the Pup gives the floor to a flock of Mark Tidd fans, including Allen Honn, Campbell, Calif., and Bob Daniel, Plainfield, Ind. Mark Tidd arrives back home, and immediately gets mixed up in some hot detective work, in the April issue.

"How about a movie story?" Buddy Horwitt, New York, N. Y., asks. There's a movie-flying story, "Part of the Picture," in June.

And the sports fans! "Your sports stories keep me up with the latest in baseball, football and basketball," writes Vernon Lynch, Leona, Tex. "And your advice has helped me to play a better game in more than one sport."

Other sports fans who plead for stories and articles are J. W. Miles, Crowley, La., and Karl M. Torgerson, Red Lake Falls, Minn.

A raft of good things are coming for the sports fans: three more Philadelphia Athletics baseball articles; a whole series of golf lessons by Sol Metzger; track tips by Edward L. Farrell, coach at Harvard; track, tennis, and golf fiction!

And the Jimmie Rhodes enthusiasts: Peter Bay, Almond, N. Y.; Mabel Eileen Rogers, Huntsville, Ohio; and Dana Marshall, Lincoln, Nebr.

Jimmie returns in a series of flying adventures, next month.

The railroad fans are out in force! Carl Kopplin, Blue Earth, Minn.; Gilbert Shortz, West Albany, N. Y.; George A. Davidson, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Leslie Slacks, Sac City, Iowa; Weyman Holmes, Minneapolis, Minn.; and H. B. Mayers, Denver, Colo., are the chief pleaders.

There'll be a new Gilbert A. Lathrop story, soon!

And now, let's all be silent while the Pup weeps a tear for the letters that remain unquoted. Regretfully, and with a great deal of ado—in fact unlimited ado—he signs off, reminding you that he wants letters, that he'll pay five bones from his salary for the most interesting letter each month, that he'll read carefully every one he receives, and that his address is "Morning Mail," The American Boy, 550 W. Lafayette Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

This program is brought to you every month at this hour, through the courtesy of the Pluto Dog Biscuit Company, manufacturers of Tasty Tidbits for Mangy Mongrels. Pluto speaking.

Naval Reduction

"And how is your husband getting on with his exercises?"

"You'd be surprised—that battleship 'e 'ad tattooed on 'is chest is nothin' but a rowboat!"

Hot One

Nit: When was electricity first mentioned in the Bible?"

Wit: "When Noah saw the ark light on the mountain."

New Resolution

Jail visitor: "My good man, I hope that since you have come here you have had time for meditation and have decided to correct your faults."

Jailbird: "I have, mum, and believe me, the next job I pull, this baby wears gloves."

"Oh, I'm just feeding the fish."
"Yes—but I notice that you have a string tied to your gift."

A Ton or So

"I like you in a rather big way," said the elephant to his beloved one.

Just a Trifle

The seas were rolling heavily as the steward approached the wealthy retired banker at the rail.

"Anything I could get you, sir?"

"Yes," said the other wearily, "I'd like a small island."

If You Don't Like It, Suet!

I never sausage eyes as thine
And if you'll butcher hand in mine,
And liver round me every day,
We'll find some ham-let far away.
We'll meat life's frown with life's caress
And cleaver road to happiness.

Maybe It's a Goat!

Suspicious Old Lady (on the farm): "What's that stuff on those sheep?"

Farmer: "Wool."

S. O. L.: "I'll bet it's half cotton."

Her Face Is Her Misfortune

Woman at Masked Ball: "Here comes that man who has been following me around all evening. How can I get rid of him?"

Companion: "Unmask."

Little Things Count

"There's a young woman who makes little things count."

"What does she do?"

"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

Virtue Rewarded

"I shouldn't have eaten that missionary,"
Said the cannibal king with a frown,
"I'm about to prove the proverb old—
'You can't keep a good man down.'"

Railroad Radio

Joe: "I've got a railroad radio."
Jim: "A railroad radio?"
Joe: "Yeh, it whistles at every station."

Positively Not!

Policeman: "I think we've found your missing wife, sir."
Man: "So? What does she say?"
Policeman: "Nothing, sir."
Man: "That's not my wife."

Powwow Occurs

Indian: "Let's sit down and hold a powwow."

White: "I'll sit down, but darned if I'll hold one of those mangy curs."

Accommodating

Irate Customer: "Hey, this soup isn't fit for a pig."

Waiter: "I'll take it away and bring you some that is."

Maybe a Colonel

A preacher, fond of making very high-sounding and specific speeches, was preaching a funeral sermon. At the beginning of his address, he said: "We have before us here, only the shell of our beloved dead. The nut is gone."

Probably the Differential

"I'm troubled with a rumbling in my insides."

"Must be the truck you ate for dinner."

Lost Support

Wife: "Have you seen my new belt around the house?"

Husband: "No, but—"

Wife: "But what?"

Husband: "If you get any stouter, it will just about go around the house."

Quaeritur?

Professor: "What do you consider the greatest achievement of the Romans?"

Latin Student: "Speaking Latin."

About Face

Dear Old Lady (in curiosity shop): "I suppose this is another of those horrible futuristic paintings which you call art."

Urban Shopkeeper: "Excuse me, madam, but that is a mirror."

Danse Macabre

"The jig is up," said the doctor as his St. Vitus patient died.

Pickled Perkins

There was a young fellow named Perkins,
Who had a great fondness for gherkins;
He went to a tea,
And ate twenty-three,
Which pickled his internal workin's.

Double Trouble

Boss: "You are asking for a raise, eh?"
Employee: "Yes, sir."
Boss: "Well, give me two good reasons for it."
Employee: "Twins."

Half-Hearted

Employer: "Jones, call up the dentist and make an appointment with him for me—(gulp)—a-and—Jones—"
Secretary: "Yes, sir."
Employer: "Don't urge him."

Alder Gulch Gold

(*Continued from page 11*)

the window and during the pauses of the quadrille he and his partner stood not five feet from it, their backs to us.

Presently the fiddler shouted, "Balance to yer pardners an' grand change around!" And as Brady swung to face his girl, he saw us—saw Eagle Carrier particularly, I knew by the sudden flushed angry look on his face. Instantly, he stopped balancing before the girl, pointed to Eagle Carrier, and shouted: "That Indian out there insulted me! Just you watch and see me kill him!" With that he started running to the door, snatching his pistol from its holster as he ran.

Jim Dawson said swiftly to Eagle Carrier: "That one, your enemy! He is coming to kill you! Quick! Let's run!"

"No! I face my enemies! Let him come!" Eagle Carrier replied, drawing out his big knife and turning to face the doorway.

Chapter Three

THE men behind us, hemming us in there at the window, sprang back when they saw Eagle Carrier draw his knife. I could hear them exclaiming: "What's the matter with the Injun?" "What's he pullin' his knife for?" "Who's he mad at?"

At the same time I saw the crowd between us and the door of the saloon give to right and left as Brady came on, brandishing his pistol and shouting: "Look out! Let me through! Let me get at that dirty Indian! I'll teach him better'n to pull a gun on me!"

I had no weapon, nor had the Dawson boys. Standing just back of Eagle Carrier, they were crying: "Don't let that bad man shoot our friend! He is a good Indian. Don't let him be killed!"

But their hearers just stood and stared at us, open-mouthed. I saw we could expect no help from them. Well, then, I must face Jim Brady. I couldn't let him kill my new friend. I swiftly planned to meet Brady as he broke through the crowd—planned to seize his pistol hand and try to wrest the weapon from him.

I waited tensely for the right moment. Brady was about to come out clear of the crowd; someone was following him, one of his two friends, I thought. I got ready to leap forward. But just as Brady was breaking into the little clear space in which we stood, the man following him suddenly sprang upon his back and with both hands gripped his right wrist, slid to his feet, and fiercely jerked the would-be killer around to face him.

Bang! went Brady's pistol, but luckily it was pointed skyward and no one was hit. Instantly, the attacker wrested the pistol from Brady and as it thudded to the ground, struck him a sharp blow under his chin. Jim Brady toppled down upon his back and lay still.

His agile attacker, quick as a cat in all his motions, jumped upon the pistol with both feet as if to stamp it into the ground. But suddenly changing his mind about it, he snatched it up, discharged its remaining chambers, and then hurled it down upon the unconscious Brady.

"There, you peeg!" he exclaimed. "You would keel dis young one, dis, my good frien' Beeg Lake hees son? Now w'at you t'ink about eet, you bad man?"

"It's Tony La Chappell," Jim Dawson gasped in my ear. "A trader. He lives here."

The trader had turned to the crowd of us, still talking excitedly about Jim Brady: "Sure, he ees one bad man! He come into my house, he h'insult *la fille*, my leetle daughter Amelie. Ha! She ees slap hees face good an' me, h' I'm keek him out de door!"

"Good for you!" . . . "That's the way to treat him." . . . "Why'd he want to kill this young Indian?" cried some of the men as they closed in around us. But the Dawson boys and I didn't care to answer their questions and, with Eagle Carrier, edged away from them and got out of the crowd as Brady began to recover consciousness.

"That man, I was not afraid of him and his short gun," said Eagle Carrier as we made our way down the road to the fort.

"But he would have shot you had it not been for your good friend Wolf Head," said Tom Dawson.

"No, I should have killed him. I know it. Powerful, very powerful, is my sacred helper, that certain water animal of my vision," he replied.

When that had been interpreted to me, I asked what he had meant by it.

"It is that, like all young men of his tribe, he once went off somewhere by himself to stay for days and nights, fasting and praying his gods for help, and in his sleep he had a dream, a vision, his people call it," Jim Dawson explained. "He believes that a certain animal came to him and promised to be his lifelong helper, to save him from all dangers so that he may live to real old age."

"So that is why he did not fear Brady and his pistol."

"Yes."

I found myself envying Eagle Carrier. I wished that I too had belief in something that would keep me safe in time of danger. I felt sure that sooner or later I should have to face Jim Brady. Well, when that time came I would not, could not be a coward!

WHEN we had reached the fort, the Dawson boys and I told the factor and my uncle and Beaver Bill all about what had happened, while Eagle Carrier told the story to Big Lake.

When we had all stopped talking, Big Lake spoke soberly to Eagle Carrier.

"My son," he said, "I told you not to go up there at night. But now I say, go again and again and with your rifle; and if that bad white man again attempts to do you harm, take good aim and kill him!"

"Sound advice in such country as this," said my uncle, and the other men nodded.

During breakfast the next morning, came Eagle Carrier with word that the women could not complete their making of our lodge before night; so we had another day of leisure in the fort.

During the day, we learned that a number of the passengers of the *Yellowstone* and the *Lucille* had engaged a Salt Lake City bull train to haul their various belongings to Alder Gulch and were accompanying it on foot; and that all the other gold seekers were also on their way there, in walking parties of various size, scantily equipped with food and bedding.

"Well, if they can shoot they can eat," Mr. Dawson remarked, "for there's plenty of game along the way. And they can't freeze these warm summer nights. But, oh, how footsore and cross they're going to be before they strike the diggings!"

With the Dawson boys and Eagle Carrier, I again passed the greater part of the day in Big Lake's lodge and about in the camp. Near evening, the women making our lodge announced that it was completed to the very last stitch. Whereupon Big Lake had it spread out smoothly upon the ground and then, with red ochre mixed with a waterproof substance, he painted upon it at its extreme rear top a figure that resembled a Maltese cross. Beaver Bill and my uncle came over from the fort while he was doing it, and I asked Bill the meaning of the figure. But he merely smiled and said that the chief would explain it in his own good time.

(*Continued from page 57*)

He did, the Dawson boys interpreting: "There, I could not give the lodge to you without putting that on," he said, as he stepped back to view his finished work. "Of course, Beaver, you know what it is."

"Painting of the butterfly," Bill replied.

"Yes. The butterfly. Bringer of good dreams; bringer of good luck. And you will do well, the three of you, to remember that, and ask it to favor you when within the lodge you lie down at night to sleep."

The advice plainly embarrassed Bill. He hemmed and hawed, and finally answered: "Good, your words."

The chief's great herd of horses, several hundred of them, had been driven in from the near ridge, and he had his herders cut out ten of them, all fat, strong, and gentle animals, the ten he had promised us, and they were driven over to the corral at the rear of the fort. His women saddled other horses, and with them took the lodge and its lining and the twenty-eight lodge poles also to the fort, so that we might make an early start upon the long trail to Alder Gulch.

The factor, his wife and sons, Big Lake and Eagle Carrier, were up to say good-by to us, and as I was about to get up onto my horse, Eagle Carrier signed to me: "Before falls the winter snow, I shall enter your lodge."

"Good! Good!" signed I. "Come soon and with me a long time stop."

SO we were off at last. We attracted no little attention as we went up past the straggling cabins of the town, buckskin-clad Beaver Bill in the lead, my uncle and I herding the pack animals along after him. I felt more than proud of our outfit; it was so completely the answer to our needs, and so picturesque, so satisfying to the eye—with our horses, gay in their beaded and buckskin fringed straps, dragging our lodge poles; and our rifles across our saddle bows or within easy reach. Bill's friends, as we passed them, were loud in their praise of our outfit, shouting to him:

"Good for you, old-timer—you know how to do it!"

"You'll sure get there!"

"And come back to us with loads of gold dust!"

It was a well-worn and dusty trail that we followed up out of the Fort Benton bottom and out upon the great plain. Before noon, we began passing parties of men afoot, the late passengers of the steamboats, some of them with heavier loads upon their backs than they should have carried on that hot and all but windless day. Later on, we overtook the crowd that had engaged the bull train to transport their luggage to Alder Gulch. They were all keeping well ahead of the train to avoid the dust that it raised, and plodding wearily along. They stood and stared enviously at us as we forged on past them, our horses at a fast walk, almost a jogging trot.

Three there were, well in advance of the straggling column, whom we recognized before we overtook them: Jim Brady and his friends, Yreka Jack and Red Hughes, each with a rifle upon his shoulder and a six-shooter at his side.

They, too, stopped and stared at us as we overtook them, and I expected Brady to greet me with his usual jeering, "Well, if here ain't Henry again!" But to my surprise, he just stood and stared at us, scowling. So I said to him: "Hello, Jim. A long way from St. Joe, aren't we!"

His reply was a muttered something, so low I couldn't hear it—a curse, most likely. A moment more and we were past them, and I didn't look back. But I wished with all my heart that Brady weren't bound for Alder Gulch.

We came at noon to Twenty-Mile Lake, so called because it was that distance from Fort Benton. We allowed our horses to drink sparingly of its alkali water and pushed on, then well in advance of all the travel on the road, as was evidenced by herds of game along it. Presently Beaver Bill said that we would have boss ribs of buffalo for supper, and it was up to me to furnish them.

So it was that when near evening we saw a small herd of buffalo slowly trailing down in a coulee not far ahead, Bill told me to go on and try to kill one of them, a plump yearling or a two-year-old.

I was more than eager to attempt it. My heart was beating fast as I neared the rim of that coulee. I slowed my horse down to a walk; checked him several times and rose up in my stirrups to look down into it; and so at last saw the herd, peacefully grazing in its wide, smooth, and richly grassed bottom.

I STRIPPED the cover from my rifle and dug heels into my horse's flanks. He needed no urging. With long easy leaps he carried me down the steep slope of the coulee and right into the herd as the animals bunched together and ran up the coulee. Close to me, on my left, was a plump young buffalo. I fired, and down it went. Why not get another? I drew my revolver, with great difficulty holding both my rifle and my bridle with my left hand. My horse was taking me after a buffalo ahead on my left. We gained upon it; were soon beside it! I was about to swing my revolver exultantly, lean out and shoot, when suddenly the buffalo whirled and ran back. So did my horse—but without me!

I kept on, and hit the ground so hard that it dazed me. It was several moments before I could recover my breath and clear my eyes of the stinging tears in them. The buffalo herd had disappeared round a bend of the coulee. My horse? I painfully swung round and looked back the way we had come and saw him not twenty paces off, quietly grazing. My rifle and revolver? As I started to get up and hunt for them in the long grass I heard a far-off "Haw-haw-haw!"

Beaver Bill's hearty laugh! There he was on the rim of the coulee, looking down at me; I knew he had seen everything. And I had been so glad to think that no one had witnessed my fall! Well, anyhow I had killed a buffalo. There it lay, a couple of hundred yards down the coulee.

I soon recovered my scattered weapons. My uncle and Bill came on with our outfit, and all that Bill said was: "Well, young feller, for a tenderfoot you did well. All you've got to learn is to stay put in your saddle when your horse makes a quick turn-about, and you'll be a first-class buffalo runner."

We moved up to my kill, which proved to be a fat two-year-old cow, and in an amazingly short time Beaver Bill, with our help, had completed the work of prairie butchering. We took with us the tender hump—the dorsal ribs of the buffalo—the tongue, the liver and some side ribs. Placing these in one of the packs, we moved up to the point where the road crossed the coulee, and there Bill had my uncle write upon a piece of paper: *Clean fat buffalo meat a hundred yards down this coulee. Go get it.* Bill fastened the message to the top of a sagebush, and we went on our way, glad that we could leave cheer for some of the weary travelers behind us.

That evening we camped in a grove of cottonwoods in the valley of Sun River, forty-five miles from Fort Benton—and feasted upon the boss ribs of my kill, the hump, broiled. My uncle and I agreed with Bill that it was meat of wonderful tenderness and flavor.

We had camped all of a mile off the road and below the crossing of the river, hoping to escape the eyes of any Indian war party that might be prowling along the road. Sun River Crossing was a particularly dangerous place to camp as all the surrounding tribes knew that it was a necessary halting place for the whites.

As soon as it grew dark, we allowed our hobbled horses to go out in the treeless flat, where they could get the feed they liked best, the short, curly grama grass or, as Bill called it, buffalo grass. Bill took up a couple of his blankets and went with them to sort of close-herd them if he didn't sleep too soundly, he said. We had extinguished our cooking fire before dark, and made down our beds, my uncle and I, in the midst of packs that we had taken from the horses. We lay down and in a few minutes my uncle was fast asleep.

But I was too excited to sleep. I was living over and over my dash into the herd of buffalo. And I could not forget that I was camping out in a country of wild men and fierce grizzly bears, miles and miles from others of my kind. All up and down the valley, wolves were howling, coyotes shrilly yelping. I heard close by a rustling in the dead leaves of the previous year; a rattlesnake, perhaps. I shivered.

The rustling in the leaves became faint, fainter, ceased, and I breathed more freely. The full moon had risen and was now so well up in the sky that I could see clearly our surroundings, the scattering timber and brush. So I discovered when, hearing the sharp snap of a dead stick off toward the river, I sprang upon my knees to learn the cause of it. Nothing was moving out there.

But that stick had been broken by a four-footed animal or a man! I stared and stared. Presently I saw or thought I saw a slight quiver in a growth of young willows some fifty or sixty yards distant. I kept steady watch there, and after a time saw a shadowy figure emerge from them and steal to the shelter of a cotton wood a little nearer me. It was an Indian, I felt sure. He could not be alone I thought; his companions must also be stealing toward us. What should I do? For a moment or two I could not decide; then, crouching below the level of our packs, I crept to my uncle, put my hand upon his mouth, and whispered in his ear:

"Indians! Indians are here in the timber!"

(*To be concluded in the April number of* THE AMERICAN BOY.)

The Boy Who Learned How to Sell

(*Continued from page 45*)

At fifteen, in the office of a coal-mining concern, Britt took his first full-time job. He "made up" the miners' pay roll, wrestling with records and with the long names the miners had brought over with them from Poland and the hinterlands of Lithuania. There on a responsible, full-time job, spending his days close to elemental life, he was learning more and more about human nature.

His work was far from monotonous. Once a week, for instance, there was the matter of the old, black bag and the .38 calibre gun and the five thousand dollars. With the black bag and the gun, Britt climbed aboard a train and rode fifteen miles to a town that was big enough to boast a bank. At the bank he tucked the five thousand—the miners' pay—into the bag and, freighted with a fortune, journeyed back to the mine.

"No," he says, "nothing ever happened. But on every trip with that five thousand I got as much of a thrill, in imagination, as if I'd met both the James boys and Captain Kidd."

On his mine job Britt advanced to the affluent salary of $75 a month. Then he changed work—went back to selling. His job was to sell pneumatic hammers.

Next a job as auditor of a coal company, then marriage and a voyage across the continent to San Francisco, and then another job at selling—this time adding machines. Britt had struck his stride. His knowledge of office procedure and of psychology and of the art of salesmanship, knowledge acquired first-hand in the school of experience, armed and armored him now for the jousting field of business.

His progress was swift. Salesman, then agency manager in a small agency, then agency manager in a big agency, then district manager over many agencies, then assistant sales manager and next—general sales manager.

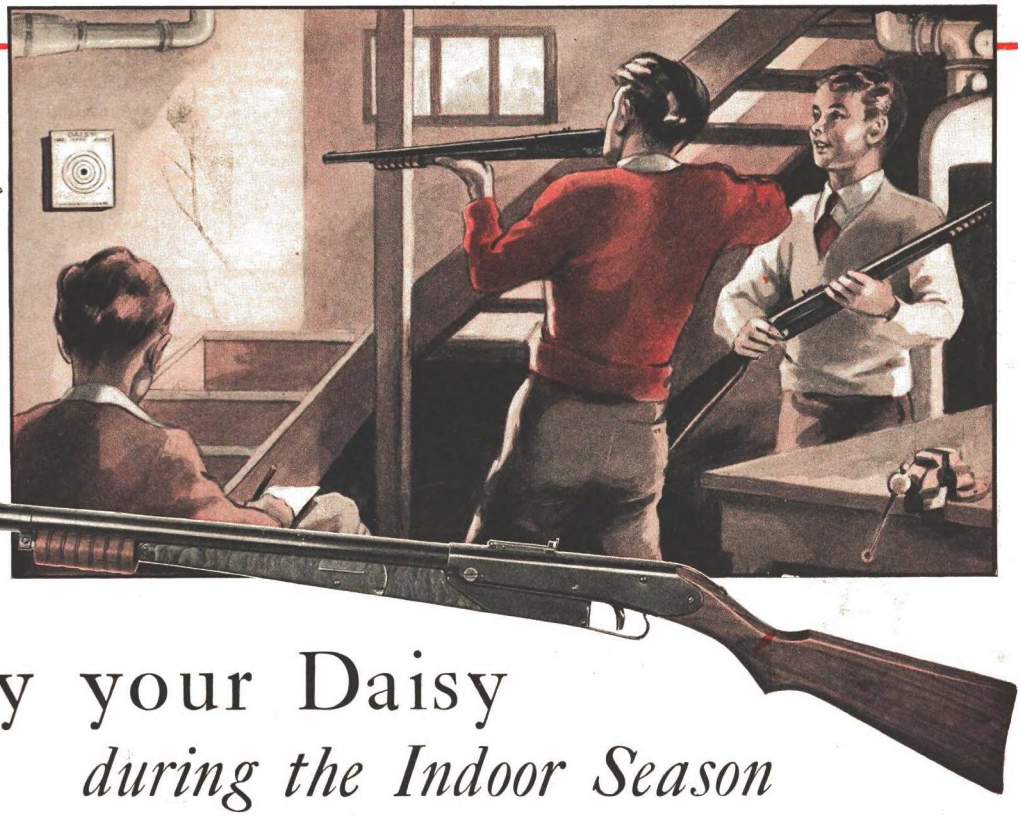
In his selling career, this ex-newsboy has heard and read a great deal about salesmanship; he has heard it discussed in salesmen's conventions and he has read about it in books.

"But the most valuable lessons to be learned in selling," he says, "are the lessons I learned selling papers. I think so highly of that early experience of mine that I've sent my own boys out selling papers, too. No, I don't know whether they've applied exactly the same methods that I did. But I do know that one of them, before he was out of high school, had earned enough to take a trip to Europe."

Contents for March

Cover Painting by *Alan Foster*

"The Happy Daisy Boy"—Registered



Enjoy your Daisy *during the Indoor Season*

The New Daisy Target

It's easy to rig up a target range of your own or to start a shooting gallery if you have one or more of these new Daisy Targets.

This new target is made from heavy steel, beautifully finished and so constructed that it folds up and can be easily carried in the coat pocket. The patented feature consists of a piece of specially woven canvas that hangs behind the cardboard target and, catching the shot, drops it noiselessly into the bottom of the box. The target in position is shown in the main illustration.

With this target you can shoot all you want to in the house or in the basement without any chance of damaging the furniture. Or you can start a shooting gallery and charge the other fellows enough so that in a short time you will have your Daisy paid for.

A supply of target cards are included with each target as well as instructions for playing the new Daisy Baseball game.

As this target is new, until the trade is supplied, we will be glad to send it direct from the factory prepaid on receipt of 50 cents.

RAINY DAYS and wintry weather are no bar to having fun with the Daisy Air Rifle. In fact, you can even have more fun sometimes indoors than you can in the open with your Daisy Air Rifle.

Hundreds of boys have written us about the target ranges they have rigged up in the cellar or the attic, and sometimes in the barn or the garage.

All you need is a clear space of 12 to 15 feet with a good solid background to stop the shots from flying and you can work out a shooting range of your own in which you can have a world of clean, wholesome fun.

It's a fine thing, too, to work up your skill in marksmanship so that when the warmer weather comes you can get out in the open and show the other fellows some real sharpshooting.

A little ingenuity will enable you to work up some clever targets. Better start with the standard circle target described elsewhere on this page and when you get so you can plant 9 out of 10 shots in the bull's eye, at a distance of 15 feet, you are ready to graduate into the moving target class. Pendulum targets are easy to rig up. Simply suspend a wad of paper from the ceiling with a string and set it swinging. When you can pick up a swinging target with your sights and squeeze the trigger so as to plunk it true in the center, you're getting along to the sharpshooter class. Then, when the bright days come and you can get outdoors with your Daisy you can show the other fellows some shooting that will make their eyes stick out.

Making Money With Your Daisy

We have received many letters from boys who tell us how they have made money by starting a shooting gallery, to pay for their Daisy many times over. The standard range is from 12 to 15 feet and boys tell us that the favorite charge is 10 shots for 5 cents, although many get higher prices. Try it sometime, it means lots of fun and after you have your own Daisy, the only expense is the steel shot and a little work in rigging up the targets. Here again, you will attract more customers by the ingenuity you show in working up attractive targets.

"The kind the boys prefer." We recommend the use of Bulls Eye Shot with Daisy Air Rifles.

See the Newest Daisy Models

If you think of the Daisy as only a toy gun, you've got a big surprise coming to you. Many of the best marksmen in America learned to shoot with the Daisy, and some of them still use it to keep their hand in, especially for indoor practice.

You will be surprised at their snappy lines and sporting appearance. Ask especially to see the new Improved Daisy Pump Gun —a 50 shot repeater that is built on the same snappy, sporting lines of the modern magazine hunting rifles such as explorers and big game hunters carry.

Take your Dad along and let him aim it—shoot it. Tell him that the safe, dependable Daisy shoots 50 times without reloading and is the finest and most accurate gun made for boys' use. He'll be surprised to find such a splendid looking gun sells for only $5.00. Other Daisy models $1.00 to $5.00.

BOYS—Get This Free Copy of the Daisy Manual!

Every boy should have a copy of this little book, written especially for boys. It tells you many valuable facts about air rifles and target shooting. Chapters on the care of your Daisy and how to form a rifle club and how to drill. We want every boy who reads this magazine to have a copy of the Daisy Manual. Write us, giving name and address, and we will send you a copy free by return mail.

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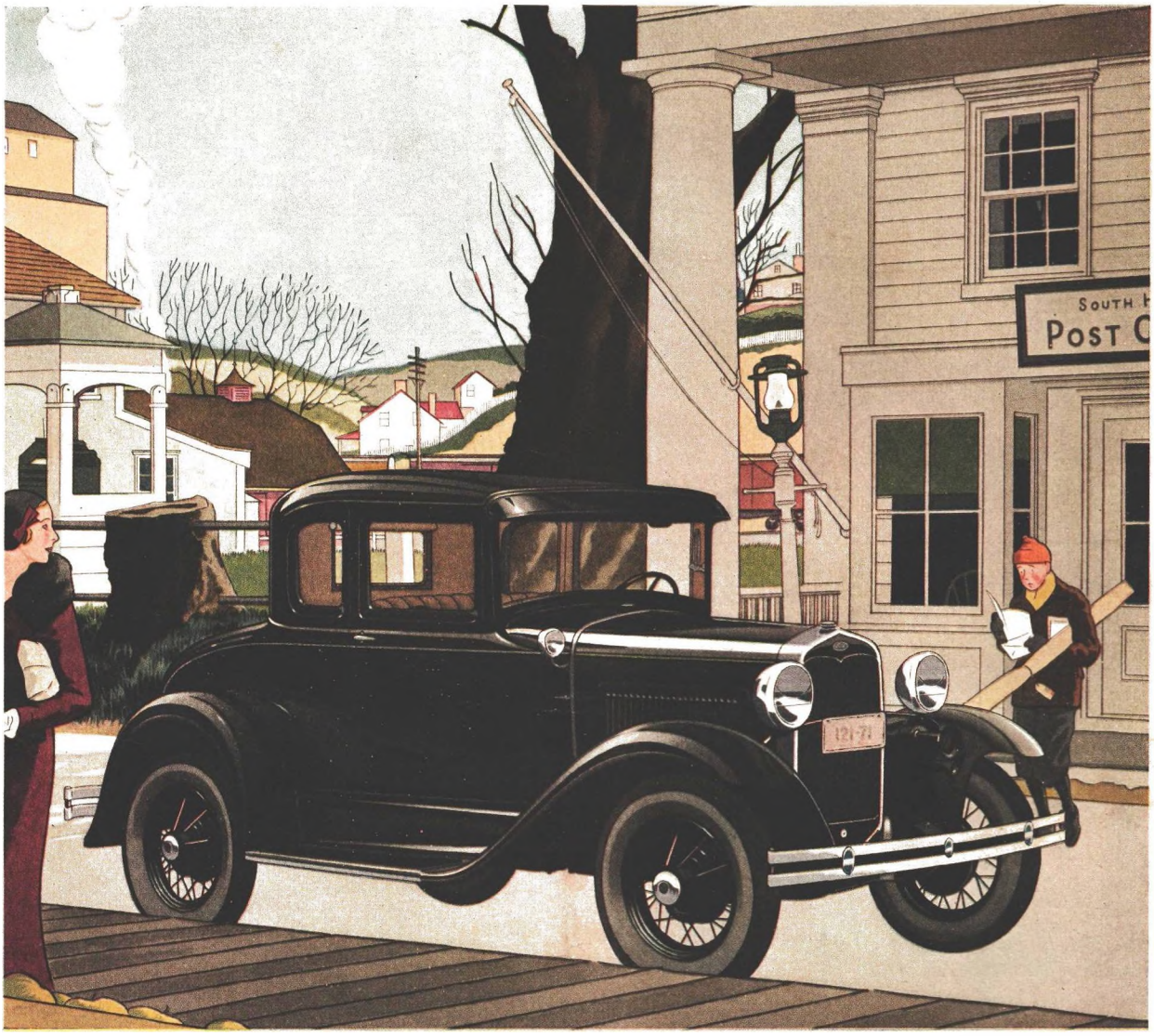

THE NEW FORD DE LUXE COUPE

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IN CITY, town and country, the new Ford is helping to shorten the miles and extend the limits of opportunity for millions of people.

It brings the open fields closer to the city and removes the isolation of rural districts. Daily it carries great numbers of men to work and home again, takes children safely to school and lightens the duties of women everywhere. Thousands of salesmen use it to cover larger territories and thereby render better service to their customers and the companies for which they work. Where heavy storms break down the wires, the Ford fights its way through mud and snow and enables linemen to make quick repairs, so that the business of the nation may go on. While you sleep, the Ford delivers the necessities of life to countless homes, and speeds a physician on a hurried call. Along darkened highways, policemen use its alert speed and reliability for greater protection to widening areas.

Wherever there is movement of men and materials, you will find the new Ford is an accepted part of the program of the day because of its low first cost, good performance and economy of operation. You may purchase it on convenient, economical terms through the Authorized Ford Finance Plans of the Universal Credit Company.