The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
...nded 1827

March
1934

PRICE 20 CENTS

A New Harold Titus Seri

Pounding Down the Stretch!

April brings the smashing climax to a record mile!

Lee changed his stride to the choppy hip action of a sprinter. Longfield ahead of him was a blur. "Run the last quarter because you have to!"

"PACE-SETTER!" Lee Westby, Currier College miler, made of pace-setting a fine art. His form was flawless, his running easy, and he fooled even experienced campaigners like Murphy of Perry and Vernor Longfield of Hanover. Lee gained points for Currier without ever winning a race! "Pace-setter!", *The American Boy's* April track story by B. J. Chute, is a story of strategy on the cinder track and comedy in the dressing room. It brings the brisk exhilaration of springtime, and the promise of baseball, track, and tennis stories to come!

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HERE are the titles that will mean hours of fun when the April *American Boy* arrives on your doorstep: "Comrades of Samar," by Frederic Nelson Litten; a story of Jimmie Rhodes, pursuiter, rocketing over the turbulent coast of Haiti, looking for a shipload of contraband rifles. . . . "The Case of the *Lucy M.*" by James B. Hendryx, in which Connie Morgan ventures out on the treacherous ice of the Arctic Sea to solve a mystery. . . . "Hide-rack Meets a Killer," by Glenn Balch, the story of a red-gold collie and a powerful, snarling half-wolf half-dog. . . . "Keeper of the Refuge," Harold Titus' serial of the men who protect our forests and the enemies who would destroy them. . . . "Wilderness Debt," Kenneth Gilbert's story of a giant bull moose, a half-starved lynx, and a blundering little porcupine. . . . Then there's our "Friendly Talks" page, chatting helpfully with you about school and home problems, and about interesting men and books. . . . Our "In the Morning Mail" department conducted by Pluto, the Office Pup, where readers express their opinion on a hundred things. . . . Our stamp department conducted by Kent B. Stiles, leading authority on stamps. . . . And short features of all kinds, too numerous to mention.

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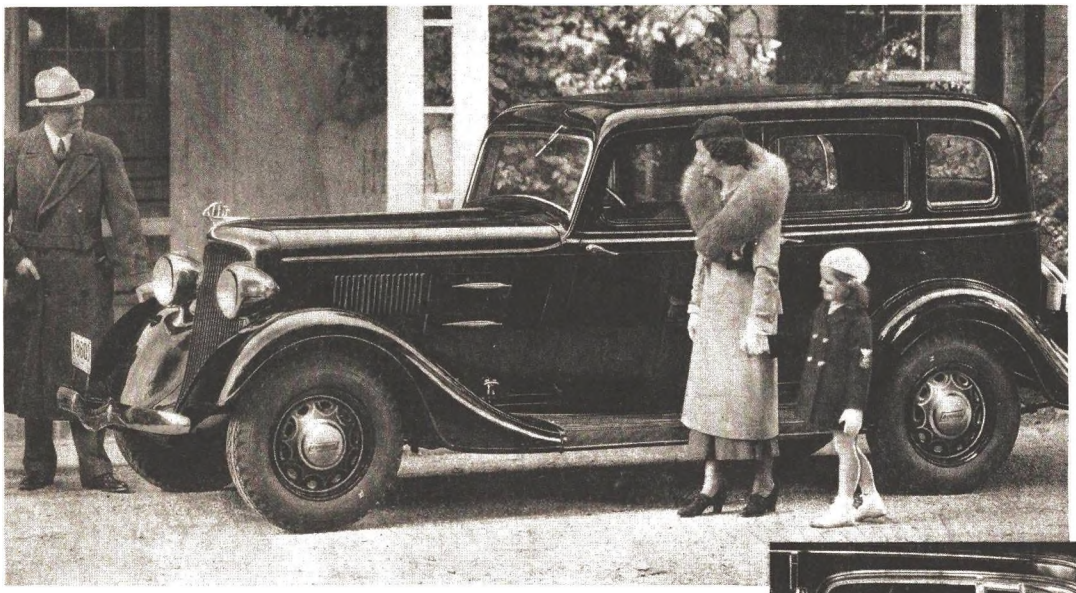
FULL MECHANICAL STORY OF 1934 PLYMOUTH SIX



THE DE LUXE PLYMOUTH (*above*) is shown in the big picture, and perfected ventilation below. The whole window can be dropped. A crank raises the windshield.

Here's the Reason why Plymouth is called the Best Engineered Car in the Low-price Field

YOU'LL SEE a lot of interesting new features in the Plymouth for 1934. But it isn't new features alone that are important—Plymouth is a whole new car built for better riding!

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* * *

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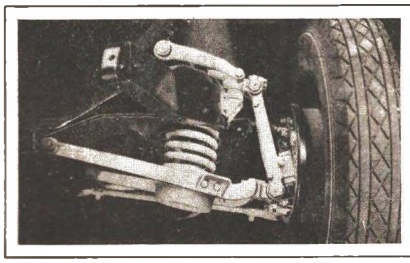
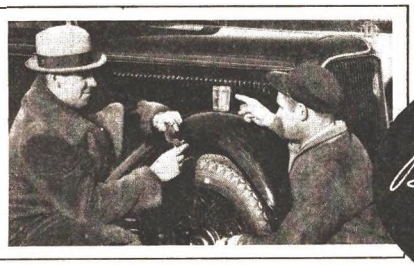
All of these features work together to make Plymouth easy to handle, smooth and comfortable, always under control. But Plymouth is the only car in the low-price field that has them all—that's the important thing to remember.

Go see the many other features of the new Plymouth at the nearest Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler showroom, and you'll agree that Plymouth really is the best engineered car in the low-price field.



INDIVIDUAL SPRINGING on the Plymouth is shown above. It is simple, accessible, dependable. A double-acting shock-absorber is a part of each wheel suspension.



A PRACTICAL TEST of Floating Power. The engine is racing, but the glass of water does not tremble. Suspending the motor *in balance* is the secret.

IT'S THE *Best Engineered* CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD

MARCH, 1934

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Keeper *of the* Refuge

by

Harold Titus

Topping barked: "Come on, kid!" And Red, his heart in his throat, dropped the water bags and followed.

Illustrated by MANNING DEV. LEE

A Gripping Story About the Men Who Protect Forests and Wild Game

Chapter One

TROUBLE was brewing in the Ten Cent River country, but the tall, red-haired boy with the knapsack on his back couldn't know that.

Trouble was coming up—a tiny, orange flare of it first; then a blue tendril; then a ragged, gray-green pennant. But no one except the man who had started this trouble could know about it just yet.

Even the lookout in the hundred-foot forest fire tower that the boy had passed three hours before could not know it, for a stiff west wind held the telltale pennant close to the ground. So, though the lookout continually swept the horizon with his gaze, he knew little except that it was a fine May morning and that the country was dry as a bone and he'd better keep his eyes peeled.

The boy with the knapsack was having trouble of his own. Financial trouble. If he didn't find a job pretty soon, he reflected, his stomach was going to have a thin time of it!

"The sheriff would say that it served me right," he grinned to himself, ruefully.

Two days before, the sheriff, the last person Red Clarke had said good-by to, has tried to thrust a ten-dollar bill on him. "Just a loan, Red—you can pay it back any time."

Red's gray eyes had grown dark with gratitude, but his chin had set itself more determinedly than ever.

"Thanks a lot," he had said, "but I'll get along all right—I'd rather not take it."

"You're too dog-gone independent," the sheriff had growled, reluctantly pocketing the bill.

But Red had not been too independent to take advice. He had asked for it, and now—just to hear the sound of a human voice—he repeated aloud what the sheriff had told him.

"He said to go on until I found a job I liked, in a country I liked, among people I liked. I hope I hit it before I get too hungry."

He shifted his Mackinaw to the other arm and let his long legs out another notch.

"Now this country's swell!" He looked up at towering maples and birches that made the virgin forest through which his road ran—the first virgin forest he had ever seen. "But it doesn't seem to be occupied this spring and unless it's occupied how am I going to find people I like, let alone work? Oh, well," he concluded, "don't borrow trouble!"

Good advice but unnecessary. He wouldn't need to borrow trouble. Not with that ominous pennant of greenish gray growing so rapidly. Not with a man running at top speed through the chopping just ahead. Trouble had already started Red Clarke's way!

But Red didn't know even that a slashing lay ahead. He knew only that four hundred miles lay behind, between him and the country which had been home, and that so far he'd had no luck at all in landing a job.

Nevertheless, the forest and the forest dwellers fascinated him. When a partridge, ruff swelled, skittered across the road, he stared at it wide-eyed with an unconscious, excited smile. And when a porcupine sniffled at him from a tree, he stopped and watched it with the manner of one who has known too few things for too long.

Red spent so long getting an eyeful of the porcupine that the smudge off northwest lifted slightly and

the lookout in the tower thought he might possibly be seeing something and studied it with his field glasses.

Just as Red emerged from the timber into cut-over country, the distant lookout cranked his telephone and excitedly called his superior. That smudge had grown to a threatening cloud. Real trouble was brewing in the Ten Cent country!

But Red didn't know it. Completely unaware of it, he had stopped short, breathless at the sight of his first deer, drinking at a roadside spring.

"You beauty!" murmured Red.

He crept forward, eager for a closer look. But he had not taken a half dozen steps before the deer threw up its head, gave him one amazed, stiff-eared stare, and bounded away with a flaunting of his white tail.

"Just the same, I saw him," Red consoled himself. "A live deer. Plenty live! This sure is swell country!"

With the deer out of sight, however, it was not so attractive-looking right there. The forest was gone; scattering brush grew in thin patches, with an occasional blackened snag testifying to the fact that forest fire was nothing new on the Ten Cent. Still, a deer had been there at the spring only a moment before.

"Jing!" breathed Red. "Another might come along for a drink. Stomach, let's eat here!"

He spread his jacket, unslung his knapsack, and took from it a sandwich for which he had spent one of the few precious dimes he had left.

He bit into it—and then his head snapped to a listening cock. Something was coming through the brush! Another deer? He crouched down to be out of sight. Waited.

Feet thumped; something crashed; then, not far away, a clump of spruces beside the road was parted and a man's head appeared. He looked cautiously up and down but saw no one. So he jumped the trickle from the spring and ran across to an opening on the other side—and went down as if he had been shot.

But he had only tripped. He scrambled up cursing, too furious to notice Red, now standing erect and staring, and dashed on to vanish in the brush on the other side.

"What's his hurry?" Red wondered. "And why does he go ramming through the brush when there's a road? But maybe he's on a road that crosses there."

Sandwich in hand, Red went curiously to find out.

There was no crossroad but once steel rails had crossed there. They were gone and some of the ties that had been left were rotting. But two of the ties were still square-edged and firm, and between them was pinched a rubber heel. Undoubtedly the running man's!

He had caught it and, thrown off balance, had gone down, wrenching it off. Then he had scrambled up, too furious to realize that he had left the heel behind, and had dashed on.

Red pried the heel loose and saw that it was not worn much. It might come in handy; so he stuffed it into his pocket, not realizing that he was linking himself with a chain of events which would plunge him headlong into grim adventures.

Meanwhile, the lookout in the distant fire tower cranked his telephone continually and shouted into it and set trucks rolling and men scurrying and a great organization functioning as the ominous smoke cloud spread and thickened!

Chapter Two

RED CLARKE had no set destination. He was going, perhaps, to the ends of the earth, and he wouldn't have been in any hurry about it if he had had a few dollars to go with his dimes.

He had had a little money three days before, but he had spent most of it squaring up Uncle Dan'l's grocery bill. The sheriff down home had growled about that. He had argued that Uncle Dan'l had run that bill and that Red certainly owed the old man's estate nothing after the way he had been worked ever since his father and mother had died and he had gone to live with the bachelor uncle.

But Red had said that what property Uncle Dan'l had left was already gobbled up to satisfy other obligations and he was the last of the Clarkes and didn't want it said that they didn't pay their bills.

The bank, it happened, was taking the farm on the mortgage; one neighbor had taken the cow for a debt; another the chickens; the implement dealer had taken back the tractor and when Red had been worried for fear it wasn't worth what was owed on it the dealer had declared that Red had kept it in such good shape that he'd make money on the deal.

"Where'd you get this cash you paid the grocer?" the sheriff had asked. "I know old Dan'l never let you have a red cent!"

"Made it repairing tractors for neighbors."

"When? For over a year now, ever since Dan'l's been bedridden, you've been head nurse and housekeeper as well as chief tiller of the soil on these cussed hills!"

"Oh, I had some evenings; and some rainy days," Red had answered lightly and then had added, with rare gravity: "I know Uncle Dan'l had a hard name but you've got to make allowances. He's been sick for years. He hasn't been himself. Maybe you think I was overworked but if it hadn't been for him who'd have given me a home? Besides, for a long time I've been big enough to clear out if I didn't like it, haven't I?"

The sheriff had given him a long look. "That's so. And you didn't pull out because you're too danged decent. Well, what're you goin' to do now?"

"Don't know what I'll do," Red had said. "I don't want to farm. I've had enough of that. But land seems to be in my blood. I've got to make acres do things. Don't know what. But I'll find out. I'm going places. I've been out of high school two years and I've never been fifty miles from this spot since I can remember. I'm going north and west—to new places. I want something different. I guess you understand."

The old sheriff had nodded. He had understood. Years ago, North and West had called him too.

"Go ahead," he said soberly. "The world's your oyster. Go on, son, until you find work you like, in a country you like, among people you like. Then you'll be happy."

Something had swelled Red's throat then—and the swelling rose again even now as he tramped along, with the lost heel in his pocket, thinking of the old sheriff and his kindness. If he could have taken money from anyone, he could have taken it from the sheriff.

He'd got to get a job soon! He wondered how many times he'd asked for one in those four hundred miles. But nobody had needed him. Well, perhaps hope lay ahead.

He had eaten breakfast in the county seat, Tincup, and had been told that the next town was thirty miles on. It was a long hike, and there wasn't much travel on this road. He wouldn't thumb, of course, but if a car should come along and the driver should want company—

The powerful machine hurled itself at the grade as if enraged. The front end began to tilt. "Now!" he yelled. "All of you!"

"Whew!" he whistled, and turned his head as he caught the roar of a car coming up behind him. "Look at that boy step on her!"

The oncoming car was a truck, and there were men standing behind the cab. It bore down on him. But it wasn't going to stop—it was going to roar right by. No, it wasn't!

Suddenly the brakes squealed and the rear tires clawed at the road and then the driver beckoned impatiently to Red.

"Going some place?" snapped the man, who wore a conservation warden's uniform.

"Sure!" said Red.

"In a rush?"

"Not enough to bother."

"Able-bodied?"

"Ought to be!"—with a grin.

"Get up behind, then. You're drafted to fight forest fire."

"Zowie!" thought Red. "This is great!" He grasped a body stake and swung up as the truck leaped forward.

A dozen others were sitting or standing among racks of shovels and axes and what not. Two were Indians; the others whites. All wore the pacs and heavy jumpers of the North country. One man grasped Red's arm to support him as he wriggled out of his knapsack.

"Where's the fire?" Red asked excitedly.

"Hang on!" was all he got by way of a reply.

He had to, for the truck was bucking and canting furiously. Soon things got even worse, for they left the road to follow two wheel tracks that wormed northward through the brush. Roots and chuck holes, sharp rises and steep pitches kept the truck careening wildly.

"He'll never make it!" Red gasped to the next man. "He'll have this buggy in little pieces any minute."

"Every big fire's a little fire once," the man said, pulling his hat down tighter. "Way to keep 'em small is to get there now."

They breasted a sandy grade, lurched over the ridge, and could see the fire beyond. A long, ragged line of gray-green smoke rolled up, driven by the stiff wind. Behind it, a thousand stumps and snags blazed and crackled, each sending up its blue vapor to trail along in the wake of the heavier cloud.

"She'll run like sin!" a man rumbled. "Country's like tinder!" another exclaimed. "We'll earn our dough!" growled a third.

So the job meant money, Red realized, but that was unimportant. He was going to help fight a big forest fire! His first. He trembled a little. But the other men were tense, too, and they were evidently old-timers at it. He needn't be ashamed of his excitement.

As their truck swung out of the ruts beside another truck that had already halted, and Red piled off with the others, he saw a tall, lank man with a drooping mustache gesturing out orders.

". . . two more men to the rear. Dry as it is, she'll crawl agin the wind if we don't check her. Fred, take six men and try to wing in the south flank. On the jump!"

The men began snatching up tools, and the tall leader whirled to speak to the warden who had driven Red's truck.

"Jimmy, we've got a fire!" he ejaculated, while his penetrating eyes swept over the new arrivals, lingering for an extra second on Red. "Boy, she's hot! Tractor's laying a line ahead of her. North flank and part of the front are covered. Send your men to meet the tractor—two to every twenty rod, each with a shovel and a pump between 'em. You take charge."

Red moved eagerly toward the truck for a shovel, but the tall leader's voice stopped him.

"Hi, you redhead there! Ever been on a fire?"

"No, sir."

"Or been in the woods much?"

"No, sir." With an odd misgiving rising.

"No place for a greenhorn," the leader said to the warden and Red's spirits went down with a bump. "Can't risk scorching or losing a kid from outside. Here, young fellow!" He reached into the truck cab. "These are water bags. Drinking water's in that white cream can on the other truck. You fill up and follow these men. Walk up and down the line and keep the boys fresh and don't get out of sight of somebody. Mind that, now! Not out of sight of somebody for a minute! That's for your own safety."

For a moment Red burned with resentment. So he was to be water boy! He wasn't good enough to do any real fire fighting, huh? But the next instant he had himself in hand. He grinned, grabbed the bags and filled them, and followed the warden and his cluster of men at a trot.

In spite of the lowly part assigned to him, eagerness surged up in him again. Off to the north a tractor was roaring; someone excitedly shouted orders. A man appeared through the smoke swinging an ax at a stout sapling, and after a moment the tractor loomed behind him, rocking, reeling, bashing over the down trees, crashing through a clump of brush, dragging a sulky plow that rolled up a wide furrow of raw earth.

Red stared, breathless, almost incredulous. He had driven a tractor in some tough spots on Uncle Dan'l's hilly farm, but he had never known a machine could do a job like that. Old roots snapped and popped out; the heavy bumper that protected the radiator calmly bunted down trees as thick as his arm. The tractor twisted and canted and reared and pitched, but it kept going and Red felt a vast admiration for the driver.

"Here, kid, gimme a drink!" A man whose eyes ran tears from the smoke grasped a water bag and drank greedily, and Red went on down the line, following the furrow.

He saw a fire running toward it, phalanxes of flame scudding before the wind. In most places when the blaze reached that trench of bare earth they died out, but where they were strong enough to leap across, the men on guard knocked them down with hard-flung shovels of sand.

Without the tractor, holding the front would have been impossible, and Red soon saw that the single furrow wasn't always enough to make the job simple. Three times he came on groups of men working in a fury of effort to blot out fire that had been blown over.

A truck roared somewhere and men came lugging a ten-gallon cream can of water between them, setting it down beside an empty hand pump and trotting back to distribute more.

A light pick-up truck bounced and twisted through the stumps and brush, bringing additional equipment. A man ran through the smoke, repeating an order in a hoarse shout. Far off the tractor thundered.

It all seemed like bedlam to Red, like utter confusion.

But it was not confusion, he realized when he went back to refill his water bags.

The tall leader was on his knees, a map spread on the ground, a man on either side. He talked rapidly but coolly.

"If we can hold her here," he said, "well and good. But if she breaks out on us, she'll race across this quarter mile of grass and hit Herbert's fresh pine slashing and make monkeys of us!"

Red's hands trembled as he pulled the stopper from the water bag.

A man ran toward them through the smoke. "Everything's jake on the rear!" he panted. "Bert wants one more man."

"Take one from the north flank," said the leader. "And come back to report how they're making out."

A car approached rapidly and the driver leaned out. "Power pump's deliverin' water to Hoot Owl corner, Tip-Top. It cuts the water haul down by half a mile."

"Good! Tell Larry to fill his cans there. Jump!" The car turned around and scooted away.

So the thing was all organized, each detachment doing certain work, these runners keeping the man—what had he been called? Tip-Top?—informed of needs and progress. He was like a general in battle and now he was saying:

"If she *should* hit that slash, she'll go into the refuge sure! Nothing on earth could stop her but rain, and there's no rain in sight!"

Red had paused an instant to look over the men's shoulders at the map, and now Tip-Top glanced up.

"Oh, you here?" he asked sharply. "We can get our own drinks, kid."

The rebuke stung and Red hurried away, disgusted at himself for letting his thirst for information distract him from the job given him.

The tractor had turned around and was rolling a second furrow against the first. Presently it overtook Red, and the boy looked enviously at the driver. A job like that amounted to something!

"Who's Tip-Top?" he asked a worker. "What's his real name, I mean."

"Topping. Tip Topping. He's keeper of the refuge."

"Oh," said Red blankly, wondering what a refuge was, but he had no time to ask because a thirsty man beyond was beckoning to him.

A HALF hour later, going back to refill, he found Tip-Top listening to a runner who was saying: ". . . got to have three more men! She's getting away."

Topping frowned. Then said sharply: "Take three from Jimmy. Tell him to string the rest out. Wish the fresh boys'd get here. I don't like the look of things!"

Red tensed at the man's tone. Then, coughing from the smoke, he turned to stare at the pick-up as it bounced toward them.

"Tip! Alec's out!" cried the driver.

"Out? Out?"

"Clean out! Hit a rock and fell off the seat and his arm went under the plow. It's busted bad."

"Great guns!" Topping groaned. "And not another tractor driver this side of town!" He broke off and squared his shoulders. "You hit for headquarters and telephone town!" he snapped. "Get the garage and tell 'em to send a tractor driver as fast as—"

"Tip! Tip-Top! Where you at?"

"Here!" Topping yelled back through the smoke. "Right here. This way!"

A gasping runner emerged from the murk. "She's across!" he croaked. "Across, and runnin' like crazy!"

Topping whirled on the man in the car. "Get on after that tractor driver!"

"Listen, Mr. Topping!" The words leaped impulsively from Red. "I'm a tractor man."

Topping looked at him sharply, almost hopefully; then doubt rode into his eyes and, after that, annoyance.

"Nothing doing. It's no place for kids. Or greenhorns."

Red's face flamed. He had deserved the leader's earlier rebuke, but not this one. Of course he was young, and green—but he had something that was needed on this job!

"Listen!" he cried again. "I know all that, but I can drive a tractor, I tell you!"

"Yeah? Well, I can't use just any tractor driver.

I've got to have one I *know'll* do!" And he started to turn away.

But Red sprang forward. Unconsciously he laid a detaining hand on the man's arm.

"Look here, Mr. Topping! Maybe I'm not so hot but it seems to me that in a pinch the smart thing to do is to use any old haywire rig that's handy instead of sending away off for something better!"

The man's face darkened, and he jerked his arm free. Then he froze for an instant, glaring at Red, looking him up and down, hostile and menacing. Abruptly, he turned away.

"Do as I told you!" he snapped at the man in the car. "You"—to the runner—"hold it down here until you're relieved."

Red's temper was coming up. Ignored, was he? Scorned!

And then Topping turned back and barked: "Come on, kid!"

Red, heart in his throat, dropped the water bags and followed.

The fire was across, all right. Flames were running through the brush, licking greedily at everything in their path. Topping muttered as he skirted that ragged semicircle of fire, with Red at his heels. Men, beaten at the line, had retreated and were fighting desperately—but losing ground every moment.

A rabbit hopped wildly before them. A song sparrow fluttered up into a low bush and dropped back into dancing flame. . . . And then Topping was running forward, shouting like a wild man:

"Get back, you! Get your tools and get out! Get out!"

He ran faster, yelling and motioning, and Red saw a little marsh on beyond where last year's grasses were standing waist high. Fire licked into it and even as Red looked the flames leaped higher, with a rush and a roar. The marsh seemed to explode!

But that wasn't what had made Topping yell. He was looking at the pine on ahead, and in the pine were three men, circling the marsh.

With a noise like the ripping of canvas, a hurricane of fire leaped from the marsh into the pine tops. The trees twisted and writhed under that blast which, gathering force and frenzy, leaped from clump to clump with a sound that brought out a clammy sweat on Red.

He saw the three men threatened by the leaping inferno shield their faces with their arms and scuttle for the open; saw a rain of burning needles and twigs shower the littered ground. A wall of flame, a solid mass of fire, orange and lemon and greeny white, swept through the point of that grove.

And then, surprisingly, the thing was all over. There was more pine down wind but the fire in the near-by tops had burned out.

"Get behind it, now!" Topping ordered. "Worry it, best you can, but if she commences to get hot, beat it out of that pine. All anybody can do with a crown fire is to run and pray for rain!"

He looked around at Red and said gruffly: "Come on!"

The tractor stood where it had thrown its driver. The man had been carried off to a place of safety. The ax men were throwing sand on the unfurrowed fire and Topping called them in, raising his voice again then to summon others from the north where the line was reasonably safe.

"Get her going," he said to Red, and the boy felt as if he were on trial for an offense.

But he spun the crank; and the motor caught and roared. Topping came close as Red mounted the seat, and doubt, misgiving, apprehension marked his expression; it was the look of a man whose all hangs in the balance with the odds against him. Yet he spoke calmly:

"What we got to do is this. We're holding her everywhere but here. We got to get a line around this loose fire. There's slash ahead of it and we've got to keep as close to the front as you can so we'll have some chance to loop her in again if she breaks out. We can't throw away an acre now. In this wind we don't dare backfire. Got to fight it as we've been doing. I'll walk ahead and you follow; if she gets too hot, sing out."

Red nodded. Would he follow? Straight into the fire itself if necessary! His pride was up.

He turned the tractor around and dropped the plow point, took a fresh grip on the wheel, and opened the throttle.

Saplings grew thicker here. Two more ax men appeared. Men with shovels and hand pumps came up from the rear, ready to make a stand at this new line. Trees fell and Red roared through the openings made for him. He edged in to the right as Tip swung that way. Heat scorched his face and from the tail of his eye he saw flame dancing.

He dipped into a shallow ravine and charged up out of it again. A hill loomed before them, the side of a long tongue of land that reached out toward the oncoming fire. Topping came back and signaled a halt.

"First of the fire's at the base of that point!" he cried hoarsely. "She'll go uphill at a gallop. After she hits the top, it's only twenty rod to fresh slash! We've *got* to stop it before it hits there or it's good night. You'll never make it up that grade ahead—you'll have to follow back a quarter of a mile along this valley to where the grade's easier."

His face was drawn. Red knew why. A quarter of a mile east and a quarter of a mile back again along the top of that ridge! That meant half a mile, and to drive that far would give the fire a chance to run.

"Look!" the boy cried, pointing. Flames were already dancing up the hill. Soon they would reach the crest and leap toward that fresh slash. And fire couldn't be stopped once it hit slash!

A sapling was just falling before the hard-swung axes, and Red slid off the seat.

"Lop off those limbs!" he cried, to the ax men, peering at the hill ahead. It seemed to go straight up! "Strip 'em off!" he urged as the men stared. "I want a lever. Quick!"

Topping held a spotted fawn.

Though he was a stranger, a kid, a greenhorn, his manner was compelling and the axes swung.

Topping asked sharply: "What's the idea?"

"To get straight on, somehow. If we go around we're licked and—"

"You can't! You couldn't put just the tractor itself up that hill, let alone dragging a plow!"

"And I couldn't get her up there in time by going around!"

"But—"

"Where do you want this?" an ax man asked.

The stout sapling was twenty feet long. At Red's gesture they lifted it, carrying the butt toward the tractor. The boy shoved it over the heavy bumper and down under the frame so that it projected like a jib boom.

"Four of you get hold of that, will you?" he said. "Toward the out end. When she starts to rare, put your weight on her. And hang on! Because I'm goin' to pop it to her. Let's go!"

He leaped to the seat and started the tractor forward with a lurch. The men had dropped their axes and Topping, getting the idea, joined them. On either side men with shovels stood staring. It looked like a crazy scheme to them, Red saw, and maybe it was. But he was going to *try!*

He gave her the last notch of throttle and the powerful machine hurled itself at the grade ahead as if enraged. The front end began to tilt and he leaned forward in the seat. The radiator cap commenced to teeter.

"Now!" he yelled. "Now—all of you!"

They swung their weights to the sapling. It bent beneath them but the leverage brought the tractor down again. On it bobbed, fighting the men up ahead until, with bellies across the pry, they lifted their feet from earth to hold it down and were borne along upward.

The tracks commenced to slip; the tractor halted, roaring frenziedly; went on a foot—two—three. Again she rared, and Red braced his toes to keep himself from slipping off the seat.

Men from behind ran up, dragging another sapling. Then they knew what was needed! Good.

The slipping tracks threw dirt behind but Red did not dare check. The second lever went into place, men bore down, the tractor caught footing and staggered upward.

He was halfway up. The heat was intense. The men on the pries showed their teeth as they fought to hold down the threshing levers. Red winced as a flying brand touched his cheek and bit and stung. Thirty feet to the right, flame consumed a small pine. He strangled from the pitchy smoke and sobbed a little because he was doing all he could and so much more needed to be done.

Three quarters of the way up and men behind were pushing, as if that could do any good. The pitch was steeper. The front end inched higher despite the men, dangling like dolls on a twitching string.

Red shut down. He backed. He jerked at the line controlling the plow.

"Trench it with shovels there," he choked. "Can't make—"

Indeed, it was all he could do to get up without the plow. Behind, shovels turned the earth where he had left off; the motor bellowed madly and up they went. It didn't seem possible that the tractor could keep her tracks on the ground. Although relieved of the drag of the plow she'd be going backward any instant, and Red got ready to fall free.

He slapped at a brand on his breast and choked from the thick smoke. His eyes were in torture, his lungs seemed to be shriveling. His hair was singeing and things danced before him. . . . Then men's arms were waving jubilantly, and he was on the level, dropping in the plow point once more, rocking and reeling across the flat, pitching down the other side of the ridge, edging to the right, getting closer and closer to the fire while men behind took their stations to back up his new-made furrow.

He leaned far backward, now, to keep his seat. He drove her fast and hard because he was a little dizzy and a fog seemed rising inside him.

Then someone was yelling, a hand was tugging at his shoulder. He threw out the clutch and stared dully at that other furrow he was crossing, a double furrow this time. He was done; he had finished his loop!

"It's enough!" Topping was yelping in his ear. "She can't get past that crew now!"

Red shut the motor down and drew a long breath. He touched his scorched cheek gingerly and looked down at his shirt with a great hole burned in the shoulder. The blistered paint of the tractor, he saw, was flaking off.

Topping's hand still rested on his arm and the fingers were closing tightly. They looked at one another with exultant grins, and something in the man's eyes put Red in a glow.

"Can you drive a tractor?" Topping growled softly. "Boy, can you drive a tractor!"

Chapter Three

TOPPING tried to get Red to wait until he could get some ointment from a first-aid kit for that blistered cheek, but Red insisted on turning back at once. He had learned enough about fire to realize that more than one furrow must be turned if the men on the line were to have a decent chance to mop it up. So he kept on and it was dusk before he finished.

When the crew was relieved, quite a group stood around Jimmy, the warden, as he entered their names in the time book. Red would have been amazed if he had known that it was because they wanted to find out who he was.

"Clarke—Ben Clarke," said Red when the warden asked his name.

"Bet they call you Red!"

"Sure. Only school teachers knew my real name down home."

"Where's home?" Topping put in sharply.

"Why — right now it's over in that truck," Red grinned. "At least, that's where my knapsack is."

"Huh," grunted Topping. "Just going through, eh?"

Red explained that he was looking for work and was headed no place in particular.

"How'd you like to have a hot meal and a pretty good bed?"

"Try me and see, sir!"

"Don't stand around here, then. Come along," Topping said. "Everything's set for the night mop-up, Jimmy. I'll drop back later."

He led the way to the pick-up truck and as Red opened the right-hand door, something in the cab said: "Bra-a-ah!"

"Jemima!" growled Topping. "Forgot you. Well, Red, you'll have to hold him on your lap."

"Why, it's a fawn!" *(Continued on page 48)*

The Great Whang-Poo!

by

Franklin M. Reck

Illustrated by

DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

In the midst of the roar Bob let go, swung out into space, grabbed his knees, and did two complete somersaults.

THE rivalry between Bob Randall and E. Pemberton Jones was as natural as it was fierce. You could hardly expect Bob Randall, working student, to love Pemb Jones, campus society man. As it was, the greatest swimming race between the two was entirely unofficial. It occurred at the water carnival, and the outcome was affected first by the great Whang-poo, and second by Carlo, the diving dog.

You'll know all about Carlo and Whang-poo in a minute. Neither would have become famous on the State College campus if the Athletic Council hadn't gone broke and Coach Scotty Allen hadn't gathered the varsity swimming squad in his office to tell them so.

"There's no way out of it," Scotty finished, in the deep silence of the room. "We can't afford to send a team to the National. Training is over and you can founder yourselves on pie a la mode." He took one look at the squad—his best squad in four years—and moved toward the door. "If you're going to hold a post-mortem here," he said with a forced grin, "be gentle with the furniture. My salary's been cut in half and I can't pay for any breakage."

For a long moment, after the door clicked shut, there was a deep silence. Then a discordant wave of ironic, disappointed chatter. And finally, out of the chatter, an idea. Dick Feldman, lean, fast-thinking 220 man, was the father of it.

"Why not go to the National anyhow?" he inquired. "Nothing stands in our way except a mere thousand bucks! Why not stage a water carnival and raise the dough?"

Sam Potter, Conference 440 champion, looked at Dick inquiringly. "What is a water carnival?" he asked plaintively. "You mean a show like the Aquatic Club held last year?"

"Sure."

"That was horrible entertainment."

"But we'd put on a good one! Clowns, acrobatics, canoe tilting, have a girl fall in the water and be rescued, dive through flaming hoops, get a lot of publicity—"

"Wait a minute!" Potter interrupted. "Suppose we *did* put on a good show? How much money could we raise?"

Dick Feldman thought a moment. Then: "The gym seats a thousand. At a dollar a head—"

"You couldn't collect a dollar a head. The Aquatic Club charged 35 cents and the customers went away groaning. It was a flop. Just mention water carnival and the student body will desert the campus."

"Could we get away with 75 cents?"

The answer was no, but Dick Feldman was busy with pencil and pad. He figured that the net profit from a capacity house at 75 cents would be $700 and that it would cost $80 to send one man to the National. They could send a squad of nine men.

"And there are ten first-string men," Dick finished. "We'd have to leave out someone."

Mutely the squad turned to Fred Foss, who, as captain, should say which man should be left behind.

Fred grinned. "Passing the buck to me, eh?" He began enumerating on his fingers: "Larry Seeds, diver. Feldman, 220. Sam Potter and Harve Kruse, 440. Duke, backstroke. Stew, breast. Me in the dashes, if it's all right with you fellows. And Coach Scotty has to go, of course. That makes—let's see—eight." For a long moment he paused. "The ninth man will have to be either Bob Randall or Pemb Jones."

There was an embarrassed silence. State had three topnotch hundred-yard men. Captain Fred Foss, who could turn in 52 flat, was the best in the Conference. The other two were Bob Randall, who, by consistent practice, had brought his time down from 57 to 54. And Pemb, high-hat and lazy, who did 54 with ease, but got no better.

The squad glanced at J. Pemberton, tilted back against the wall, his tan topcoat open, and tan gloves lying across a neatly creased knee. Their eyes crept to Bob Randall, dressed in a roll sweater and worn trousers, standing in a corner and glancing at his shoes. Two rivals, with different outlooks, who had scrapped like wild cats all season for the title of second-best. The silence grew painful, until Dick Feldman relieved the strain with another idea.

"I've got it, men," he said brightly. "We'll hold a time trial at the carnival, Fred, Pemb, and Bob competing, to see which two will go to the National. It'll make a swell climax!"

"Why do that?" Pemb objected instantly. "If you're picking men on their records, I've done 53.2 in practice, and that's better than Bob's ever done."

There was an amazed silence. Bob Randall flushed and looked off into space. Everybody else was uncomfortable. And then Dick Feldman became brutally frank.

"If you can do 53.2," he said to Pemb, "you shouldn't be afraid of a showdown at the carnival. Furthermore, Bob has beaten you as often in competition as you've licked him—and there are those of us who think he's getting better than you."

Pemb's flat cheeks turned fiery red. "All right," he spat out, "let's have the trial. If I can't beat a man who splashes as much water as Bob, I'll quit swimming."

Bob's body became rigid. He knew his form wasn't as finished as Pemb's. He also knew that he was improving steadily. A great longing swept over him to settle this rivalry once and for all. To lick Pemb so badly that he could sweep Pemb's well-groomed superiority forever into the discard.

"Let's have the race," he said, his eyes fixed steadily on Pemb.

"Maybe—" Duke Harris began, then hesitated. "Maybe Pemb could pay his own way. Then everybody—"

"I'm not paying my own way," Pemb said shortly. "If I'm good enough to

go, I'm good enough to have my way paid."

"So be it," said the practical Dick Feldman, drawing his chair closer to Scotty's desk and reaching for a pad. "Now, what kind of show can we put on?"

"We'll turn the whole freshman squad into clowns," Larry Seeds said promptly. "I'll get the home ec gals to make some of those 1890-model bathing suits. And I'll do a burlesque diving stunt. Let me have charge of the clowns—"

"I'll take on canoe tilting," Duke Harris offered.

"I'll do a trapeze stunt," a second-string man put in.

Pemb, his poise fully recovered, leaned forward graciously. "Put down Carlo, my collie, for a dive off the 15-foot tower."

"Swell," Feldman said busily. "And I'll get me a long-tail coat, silk hat, and boots. We've got to have a ringmaster, and I think it's wonderful of you all to select me."

"Can't we get the sororities to put up booths in the hall leading to the pool?" Bob suggested. "You know — fortune telling, ring games, roulette, candy and cake. We can rent the booths and make something that way."

The door opened and Scotty Allen entered. He looked at the eager, busy squad with a puzzled frown. "What's going on here?" he asked.

"Ask no questions," Feldman replied instantly. "Just sit down and be quiet. We're all going to the National, and we're busy."

Scotty moved over to the telephone table and sat down upon it, and as the chatter resumed, a broad smile curved his keen face.

"Now," Feldman said, briskly. "We've got a rough program for the world-famous, nonpareil Scotty Allen Water Circus, the most stupendous attraction of the age. I'll handle the show. But we've got to fill that hall at 75 per head, and that means publicity. Good publicity. Bob Randall, you work on the *Student*—you take charge. And you suggested the booths—take charge of them, too. Fred Foss, you ask the dean of men if we can have a week from Friday, and tell him not to permit any competing attractions for that night—get tough with the old boy and don't take no for an answer. Duke Harris, you take charge of tickets and ushers. Seeds, you handle clowns and costumes. And who's an engineer? Sam Potter, you take charge of all equipment—trapezes, platforms, and lights. All right! The Greatest Show on Earth is under way!"

Under the driving leadership of Dick Feldman, who became boss by common consent, the show quickly took shape. It had to, with only ten days remaining before the big night. Inside of two days every act was under rehearsal, the news was spread over the campus, the co-operation of sororities and college officials secured, and six committees in charge of programs, tickets, costumes, property, booths, and publicity were working overtime.

Only three men were exempt from actual participation in stunts. Those three were Bob Randall, E. Pemberton Jones, and Fred Foss, who would compete in the special hundred-yard dash. Fred Foss, the fastest hundred man in the Conference and likely winner in the National, was sure to go. The real race would be between Bob and Pemb.

Pemb somehow avoided the swirl of advance preparations. His one contribution was to bring his beautiful collie down to the pool for rehearsal. Bob Randall, on the other hand, found himself swamped with jobs.

For instance, the booths. He dug up free lumber from the department of buildings and grounds, organized a crew of carpenters, begged decorations from the dramatic classes, and held countless meetings with sorority committees.

And publicity. He wrote stories for the *Student*, kept a camera man busy taking pictures, and organized a crew of artists to turn out hand-painted posters in the basement of the college bulletin room.

On Monday, with eight booths assured, posters spread all over the campus, and a front-page story in the *Student*, Bob paused and drew a long, satisfied breath. But his satisfaction was short-lived. Before the day was out he felt a vague discontent. Listening to the comment of students in classrooms and on the walks, he knew that the great Scotty Allen circus was not taking hold. There was interest, yes. And sympathy for the general idea. But the campus had seen water carnivals before and had been disillusioned. Five hundred self-sacrificing students might attend, but that meant only half a team at the Nationals. Decidedly something was needed.

"A special stunt of some kind," he murmured. "Something sensational—and mysterious."

All through a two-hour chemistry lab he wrestled with the problem. He gazed abstractedly at the bottles on the shelf over his table, and his eyes focused on a label reading "Magnesium." And slowly, as he gazed, an idea began to take form.

Bob flailed into the end feeling suddenly weary. He had failed. But as he climbed out of the pool he looked up in surprise. What was Dick yelling?

After the lab was dismissed, in a fever of excitement, he sought out Sam Potter. He found the husky distance man putting platform sections in place at the springboard end of the pool.

"Sam," he said abruptly, "how would you like to thrill one thousand awe-struck spectators with the most hair-raising, death-defying feat of the ages?"

"Swell," Sam replied indifferently. "Help me shove this section one foot to the right, will you?"

"Let that go for a minute," Bob replied, "and listen." He took Sam out of earshot of three students who were rigging curtains in front of the platform. "First of all, are you or are you not the best gymnast in school?"

Sam patted his chest and strutted. "Have you forgotten how I beat E. Pemberton Jones for the Gymnastic Cup last winter?" he asked.

"You beat me, too," Bob conceded. "Here's what I had in mind—"

He explained his idea swiftly, and when he stopped, Sam looked at him in amazement.

"Do you realize you're asking me to break my neck?" he said indignantly. "It's 50 feet from the ceiling to the pool!"

"You can't break your neck over water, you nut!"

"But how about this comet stuff?"

"Leave that to me. I know a couple of chem sharks." Bob's eyes were sparkling. "In two days we'll have the campus upside down, and Friday night we'll be turning 'em away. It's just what we need! Listen, Sam! Think what this means for Scotty—to have a full team at the Nationals—"

"All right—all right." Sam shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "I'll be the great Whang-poo. You win. Only listen—" he looked at Bob closely, noting the drawn face and frowning eyes—"if you don't lick Pemb Jones I'll never speak to you again. You're working too hard. If you keep on this way, you won't even be able to race Friday."

Bob laughed. "I'll take care of myself. Just remember not to breathe a word to anybody."

Sam turned back to his work. "Twice I've asked Pemb to help me on properties, but he couldn't be bothered," he snorted. "He isn't doing a thing except bring Carlo down here."

"Carlo is a swell dog," Bob replied instantly.

"Yeah," Sam grunted. "If I had my choice of roommates I'd pick Carlo, and stick Pemb in the back yard, nights."

Bob grinned. "Be at the post office tomorrow right on the minute," he said. "And we'll introduce Whang-poo to the school."

The Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street of the campus was the crosswalk between Central Hall and the post office, where engineers, ags, home economics and science students met and passed. And the busiest hour was from 10:50 to 11:00 when classes changed. At exactly 10:49, a squad of R.O.T.C. students marched to the crosswalk, where a small platform had been erected, and took up posts on all four sides of it. From the post office two men in clown dress came forth bearing a banner reading: "Who Is Whang-poo?" And at 10:50, the campus got its first look at the mysterious gentleman. He came from a car, escorted by Dick Feldman, and mounted the platform. A long black robe like those worn in fraternity initiations covered him from neck to ankles. Long, pointed slippers peeked out from under the gown, and it was apparent that he wore black tights. A monk's cowl was pulled up over his head and his face was covered with a black mask.

For five minutes the growing crowd listened while Dick Feldman, sporting his long-tail coat, boots, top hat, and whip, harangued them on the mysterious masked man. On the fringes of the crowd Bob Randall listened to the comments and grinned. A hand touched his arm and he turned to see his rival, Pemb Jones, at his side. "That's Sam Potter, isn't it?" Pemb asked in a loud voice.

Unceremoniously Bob clapped a hand over his mouth and drew him away from eager ears.

"I didn't mean to handle you so roughly," Bob apologized, when they were well out of earshot, "but this stunt depends on secrecy. You shouldn't have talked so darn loud."

"What's up, anyhow? Why all the ballyhoo up there?" Pemb asked irritatedly.

"Just a little gag to pack the house," Bob murmured. "That's all."

"You don't need to be so blamed mysterious. It *is* Sam Potter, isn't it?"

Bob groaned. "Not so loud! *(Cont. on page 44)*

Illustrated by ALBIN HENNING

Then Armisted saw the trail. A trail leading from the cabin, but no trail approaching it! What could it mean?

The Man in the Bunk

by James B. Hendryx

THE man beside the stove kicked viciously, and with a sharp yelp of pain the lame dog staggered to his corner and dropped onto his bed of spruce boughs.

There was a swift movement in the little cabin, the sharp smack of a well-placed blow, and the man by the stove crashed against the wall, slithered to the floor, twitched for a moment or two, and lay very still.

Seconds passed as John Armisted stood with clenched fists, frowning down upon the man on the floor. "You had it comin'—kickin' a lame dog for brushin' against yer leg! You've been askin' for it a long time—an' now you got it!"

The caribou steak sizzled and sent up little curls of appetizing smoke. Picking up a fork, Armisted took his partner's place at the stove, turned the steak in the pan, added a handful of tea to the water in the pot, shook it, and set it aside. From the oven he removed the pan of bannocks that Weston had made and set it on the table. The frying pan, still sizzling, followed, and Armisted filled two tin cups with scalding black tea. Then he stepped to the man on the floor and prodded him in the ribs with the toe of his moccasin.

"Grub's ready," he announced. "Get up!"

The man didn't move. Stepping to a low bench beside the door, Armisted dipped a cup into the pail, and dashed the icy water into his partner's face. When the figure didn't move, Armisted bent closer, and noticed what he had not seen before—that the man's eyes were open but unseeing. The fixed eyeballs were wet with water from the tin cup, and tiny drops of water stood out on the blond beard.

Stark horror gripped John Armisted. Weston was dead!

"No!" he cried aloud, as his fingers tore at the buttons of the man's heavy shirt. "Wake up, Herman! I didn't—"

Armisted's voice broke off as he realized that Weston would never wake up. In his twenty-five years of knocking about the edges of the world Armisted had been brought face to face with death in many forms. He looked upon it merely as an incident—the final incident of a life. But this was different. He, John Armisted, had killed a man!

The feeling of panic passed as swiftly as it had come. John Armisted was a self-sufficient man. A cool head on square-built, capable shoulders had carried him through adventures that had cost lesser men their lives. He must think. And he must eat.

Seating himself at the table, he cut the caribou steak squarely in two and transferred half of it to his plate. Force of habit, that—to cut the steak exactly in two. It didn't matter, now. Prying a bannock from the pan, he soaked it in the gravy and bit into it hugely.

As he ate, his thoughts dwelt for a moment on the events leading up to this moment. Fifteen years before, he had worked with Herman Weston on a salmon boat out of Ketchikan. The season over, he had drifted inland to the mining country, and Weston had gone his own way. Then, late in the past summer, he had accidentally run across Weston at Aklavik where Weston had just been discharged from a whaler. He had offered the man a partnership in a trapping venture and Weston had jumped at the offer.

Armisted frowned as he cut into the other half of the steak. Weston had turned out to be a poor trail man and a hater of dogs. But not until they had built this permanent camp on the bend of the river flowing into Lake Mackay had Weston's true character developed. Weston had turned sullen. In his contempt for animals he had set traps carelessly, and abused Armisted's dogs. Petty bickerings had developed into violent quarrels.

Then Ivan, the big lead dog, had his thigh slashed in a mix-up with a trapped wolf, and Armisted made him a bed in the corner of the cabin until the wound should heal. Weston objected to the arrangement, holding that the place for a dog was out of doors. Armisted explained that in Ivan's case this was impossible. As leader of the team the huge brute had maintained his authority by the primal law of claw and fang. Once the other dogs realized that the great leader

Another Connie Morgan Story!

There was a swift movement in the little cabin. The man by the stove crashed against the wall.

was crippled, they would tear him limb from limb.

Weston sneered at the idea, but Ivan remained in the cabin. And tonight, as the big fellow had walked from his drinking pan back to his corner he had brushed against Weston's leg, and Weston had kicked him with a vicious, full-leg swing that had sent the crippled animal staggering into his corner. The brutality had made Armisted see red, and he had struck —a swift blow that had caught Weston just below the ear. And now Weston was dead.

Armisted didn't regret the blow. The unexpected result of the blow, he deeply regretted. What to do? If he went to the police with the story, he knew that no charge of murder would be booked against him, but a charge of manslaughter most certainly would. That would mean a long prison sentence, and Armisted was a man of the open. The mere thought of a prison stifled him. He would never submit to it.

His eyes rested on the long-bladed hunting knife still grasped in Weston's hand. The man had been using the knife to turn the meat in the pan. Armisted could say that Weston had attacked him with the knife, and that he had struck in self-defense. His reputation on the vast frontier would uphold him. Armisted smiled scornfully.

"An' how," he asked himself aloud, "was that reputation earnt? By lyin'? Not by a dog-gone sight, it wasn't! I won't go to the police with no lie. But I won't go to prison, neither."

For a long, long time John Armisted sat at the table, sipping his tea. Once again he spoke aloud:

"I'll give myself an even break. Chances is this cabin will rot down before any other man comes this way. The only choppings I've seen within a hundred mile are at least twenty years old. Weston won't be missed. He wasn't known in the North. I'll pull out an' camp for the rest of the winter in a tent. I'll put him in bed, an' make it look like this was a one-man outfit. If the police come along, an' conclude that he died natural — all well an' good. If they suspicion somethin's wrong an' ask me questions I'll tell 'em the truth. I call that fair enough."

John Armisted was a methodical man. He rose from the table, washed and dried the dishes, and deliberately began making up his trail outfit. All of his own belongings he packed upon his sled. All of Weston's he left in the cabin. In the division of the fur he was scrupulously honest, leaving exactly half in the cache. "His heirs, if any, can have it," Armisted murmured.

Making up the bunk with Weston's blankets and robes, he carried the dead man across the room, removed his outer garments, and laid him between the blankets. He placed a chair beside the head of the bed and set a cup of water and a partially filled bottle of pain-killer on it. He left the stove and half of all supplies, taking with him a small Primus stove and the supply of petrol.

When the sled was packed, he called Ivan, made him comfortable on the load, then harnessed his dogs and headed northwestward along the timber line, by the light of the moon. A storm was brewing, Armisted noted with satisfaction. In a few hours snow would come and bury his trail forever.

Daylight found him twenty miles from the cabin, and as he made camp the snow came. For two days he holed up in his tent, and when the storm let up on the third day, he continued his journey, holding just within the timber.

A hundred miles farther on, wolf and fox sign became more plentiful than at any place he had seen. Following the sign, he bent his course sharply to westward and continued on for fifty miles where he made a permanent camp in a spruce thicket on the bank of a small, nameless lake.

Trapping was good, and with rifle and deadfalls he made a fine catch. Late in January an unexpected thaw sent him rummaging through his outfit for his sealskin mukluks—those Eskimo boots that so efficiently keep feet dry in wet weather. They were not to be found. With a muttered imprecation Armisted remembered that he had used them late in the fall, and had thrust them under the bunk to dry slowly.

He frowned uneasily. Alyo, the Killishiktomuit woman, had made those mukluks, and people on the coast would recognize Alyo's handicraft. She was the best mukluk maker in the tribe—and she had added a few touches to that pair. They could be instantly identified as John Armisted's mukluks. If the police should come along and find the cabin, they would eventually link the dead man with Armisted.

Dawn found John Armisted on the trail, striking in a long diagonal directly for the cabin.

At Fort Simpson, Inspector Jack Cartwright looked up with furrowed brow from the communication he had been reading. With the furrows deepening, he stared out the window where the wind-driven snow swirled and eddied about the corner of the building.

"Winter's hit us early this year," he said. "This is the third storm in two weeks."

"I'm glad of it," smiled Connie Morgan, deputy policeman, neatly snipping a piece of sinew and holding up for inspection a beautifully made pair of caribou skin trousers. "I'd rather travel with the dogs than in a canoe any day."

The inspector regarded the pants with approval. "I didn't know you were a tailor. Where'd you learn that trick?"

"Learned it from an Eskimo woman one winter up north of the Endicotts."

"An' what I claim," cut in Old Man Mattie, the trailwise and half-cracked oldster who had permanently attached himself to Connie, "them's pants! A man could freeze to death runnin', in these here regulation britches—but not in them!"

The inspector grinned. "You've been in Eskimo country, Connie? Way to the coast?"

"Yes, sir, I've been along the coast east of the Colville. Bleak country."

The inspector nodded. "And I've got a bleak patrol for somebody. Ottawa wants some information. They anticipate mining activities next year along the Coppermine, and they're wondering if there isn't a practical route by way of Great Slave Lake. It looks to me as though there might be, if there aren't too many portages. From Mackay, a route might be worked out to Point Lake that would stay inside the timber line all the way."

Connie was already leaning over the desk, his attention concentrated on the map. Presently he looked up, his eyes shining with eagerness.

"A couple of months from now, we'll know all about it," he said. "When do I start?"

The inspector frowned. "It's a long patrol, son, and a mighty tough one. I figure it somewhere around eight hundred to a thousand miles. You'd have to go to detachment at Bernard Harbor for supplies."

"Fine!" cried the boy. "I've never been east of Great Bear Lake. According to the map, here—"

He was interrupted by a snort from Old Man Mattie: "Map! Huh! Once you git back off'n the main rivers them dang maps is wrong as they could make 'em! They put lakes where mountains is, an' stick in mountains where it's flat. Dogs an' canoes is what takes a man places—not maps! When me an' Connie get back, we'll tell you all about it."

Inspector Cartwright eyed the cantankerous oldster dubiously. "You're pretty old to tackle a trail like that," he said. "If I didn't know that Connie is one of the best—"

The old man's white beard seemed fairly to bristle. "Looky here, Jack Cartwright, you ain't old enough to tell me what to do! You think yer smart because yer hair's turnin' gray around the edges! But, by Jickity, my hair an' whiskers has been plumb white since the Mackenzie was a crick! An' besides, you don't s'pose I'd let Connie go kihootin' off in that dang country dependin' on one of yer maps, which they ain't worth the powder to blow 'em up! You take that country up there! It's jest a chain o' lakes with rivers joinin' 'em."

"Can a man run the whole chain in a canoe in the summer without too many portages?" asked the inspector.

"Sure he kin," retorted the ancient, "onlest he had one of yer dang maps an' would try to paddle his canoe up a mountain, er carry it acrost a deep lake."

When the oldster had gone stamping off to gather his personal effects for the trail, the inspector turned to Connie. "Better hit across to Fort Rae and outfit there. You can travel light to Rae. Take your pick of the dogs. If Mattie's a drag on you, just say the word and I'll have him detained here."

Connie grinned. "He's one of the best men on the trail I ever saw in spite of his age. As for dogs, I'll pick out nine good police dogs and use Leloo for a leader."

Early the following morning Sergeant Rickey and the inspector stood in the doorway of detachment and waved farewell to the patrol. "Take your time," said the inspector. "See you in the spring."

Ten days later, when the two pulled into Fort Rae Connie's great white dog Leloo, half huskie and half wolf, had his team licked into submission and pulling smoothly. They spent two days outfitting for the long trail, and pulled out again. As Old Man Mattie had predicted, the map was none of the best, and much time was consumed in exploration and correction work. January found them on Lake Mackay where, from a base camp, they began exploration of the best route to the Coppermine. The shorter and the more obvious way was to go due north some thirty-odd miles to Lake du Gras and north through Point Lake and Red Rock.

Old Man Mattie was for recommending this route.

"But," argued Connie, "Lake du Gras is beyond the timber line. Inspector Cartwright particularly suggested working out a route to Point Lake that would hold to the timber. If there's going to be a stampede to the Coppermine, the chechahcos will go blundering off into the barrens without wood—and a lot of 'em won't come back."

"Well, who in thunder would give a dog-gone if they didn't? There's too dang many chechahcos, anyhow—an' always was!"

Connie grinned. "It's the job of the police to look after 'em. Look at the map here. If we can work out a route by way of Grizzly Bear Lake and Winter Lake, and that bunch of unnamed lakes to Point Lake, we'll keep within timber all the way."

The ancient scoffed without deigning a glance at the map. "Yeah, that's what it looks like on the map. But the map don't say nothin' about muskeg an' sloughs an' swamps."

"But how do you know it's all low ground in there?" the boy asked.

"How do I know? Ain't I been into it? If you was to send chechahcos in there, not a dang one of 'em would come back! You wouldn't even find what's left of 'em!"

"Maybe you're right," admitted Connie, "but we've got to see. There may be a route you overlooked."

"Huh," snorted the ancient.

After two weeks of exploration, Connie was ready to agree with the oldster. "I guess you're right," he admitted. "We'll pull out in the morning for Lake du Gras. The chechahcos will have to be warned to pack wood with 'em. They'll be back in the timber before they get far downriver from du Gras, anyway."

Next day, as they left Lake Mackay, it turned warmer. Before noon the snow had softened under one of those rare midwinter thaws that the trail musher hates. Connie and Old Man Mattie had removed their snowshoes and were slogging along ahead of the dogs, following the course of a small river that emptied into Lake Mackay. Before long, the last wind-twisted tree would be left behind and they would emerge into the barrens.

As they threaded a narrow gorge a sharp cracking sound caused both to whirl in their tracks. Instantly Connie took in the situation. The thin shell of ice that had formed over the rapids had softened under the thaw, and the heavily loaded sled had crashed through, dragging the wheel dog with it. The other nine dogs were pulling and straining at the harness in a vain effort to keep from being dragged under. Even as they looked, another dog was drawn backward over the edge to disappear in the racing water as his team-mates clawed frantically for footing in the soft snow.

Connie sprang toward the gaping hole, drawing his sheath knife from his belt. Old Man Mattie, grasping Leloo's collar, threw his weight into the pull.

Throwing himself flat on his belly, Connie wriggled swiftly to the edge of the break. Even as he reached it, another dog disappeared with a howl of terror. Plunging his arm into the water, Connie slashed at the heavy rawhide harness. One tug let go, and the shift of the terrific load nearly swung all the straining dogs from their feet.

Again and again the boy slashed. Just as the fourth dog was about to go under the other tug gave way. The sudden release caused the dog to be jerked from the hole where the ice was already cracking. With his free hand, Connie grasped the dog's hind leg as it flashed past him, and the next instant was being dragged to safety.

"That was a close call," said the boy, as he helped the uninjured oldster to his feet.

"Yeah," agreed Mattie, gravely. "An' she's a close call yet. No grub. No blankets. How many matches you got? An' how many shells?"

The old man's words brought Connie up short. Here they were, on the very edge of the dreaded barrens, and their whole outfit, even their snowshoes, was rolling along somewhere under the ice.

"It must be three hundred miles to Fort Rae in a straight line," said the boy.

"Yup. Fort Reliance would be nearer—but a long ways too far to do us any good."

"Let's take inventory," said Connie. "Lucky I was carrying my rifle. There are eight or ten shells in it, and I've got—let's see—seventeen more in my pocket." As he talked, he removed a waterproof match box from his pocket, and counted the matches. "Twenty-six," he announced. "That's the whole layout. One rifle, twenty-five shells, twenty-six matches, and a knife apiece."

"I got thirty-two matches," announced the oldster.

"When the snow freezes we might make Fort Reliance on the crust," said Connie.

For an answer, Old Man Mattie pointed toward the northeast, where heavy snow clouds were banking ominously. "More snow comin' before the crust kin make," he said. "We can't make Reliance, or nowheres else."

"We can go until we drop," Connie said grimly. He had never been in quite as desperate a situation before.

Old Man Mattie grinned. "We'll work on a new outfit," he said. "Shoot a caribou, an' we got meat an' snowshoes. A couple more will give us robes. We kin make us a sled 'long as we've got timber an' knives, an' we kin whittle out some triggers an' spindles an' make deadfalls to save shells."

Connie looked at the oldster with a gleam of admiration. "We might even finish the patrol," he said, smiling in spite of himself. *(Continued on page 35)*

"Just one thing to do," said Connie. "I'll hit back to timber and get a stick to make a new runner."

Colonel Harnle gave the two pilots a terse nod, then faced the President. "Benoit's mountain camp has but one outlet. If we attack at once, he's trapped."

Tell It to the Marines!

by Frederic Nelson Litten

THE clock in St. Anne's had just struck ten on a hot tropic morning as Jimmie Rhodes, commanding Haiti's Aviation Corps, and Lieutenant Bucks of the Marines strode through the barracks doorway of the governmental palace in Port au Prince. They'd been called from the flying field by Colonel Harnle, chief of the Garde d' Haiti, who was now in conference with the president of the island republic.

Jimmie, with a nod to the guard on duty, turned to Bucks as they entered the small waiting room.

"Wonder why the colonel sent for us?"

A copy of the daily *Nouvelliste* lay on a chair. The tall Marine officer picked it up.

"Here's why, Pursuiter." He quoted from the headlines: "Martial law declared. . . . Ports closed. . . . Revolt may sweep the island. . . ."

"Tell it to the Marines," laughed Jimmie.

Bucks grinned in response. These two, underneath the bantering rivalry inevitable when Marine and Army flyers meet, were close friends. They had been tested by fire, together.

"Martial law *is* declared," Bucks repeated. "We're here for a council of war. Too bad the cadets aren't ready."

Jimmie scoffed at the slighting reference to the native pilots under his command.

"Not ready?" he asked. "The U.S. Army trained those boys. And when the Army trains 'em they stay trained. We could put on a show today that would chase Richthofen's circus off the air."

Before Bucks could reply, the captain of the palace guard stepped into the room. "*Mes officiers,*" he said, "the commandant asks for you."

The two pilots followed him into the maze of dark corridors that lay beneath the palace, and at last emerged at the foot of a great staircase leading up to the state rooms.

"Some labyrinth!" Bucks said. "Did you keep track of all the turns, Army?"

Jimmie, mounting the stairs, grinned. "The Army never gets lost," he said.

But as they passed the audience chamber his face sobered and his mind reverted to the business in hand. How far had the revolution spread? The captain halted at a door guarded by two sentries.

"*Entrez,*" he said, and Jimmie Rhodes and Bucks stepped into the room.

Five men were grouped about the council table. Devesant, President of Haiti, a thin, worried-looking man with saddle-colored skin, sat at the head. Cornaille, war minister, a giant black, sat at his right. Across the table Colonel Harnle with two of his staff bent over a military map. Harnle gave the pilots a terse nod, then faced the President.

"This is the situation," he said. "Batraville is mobilizing in the north, and Vaudrin on the southern coast. But Benoit, the strongest of these bandit leaders, holds the border area. He has made a grave strategic error—his mountain camp has but one outlet. If we attack at once, he's trapped."

Cornaille, war minister, shook his great black head. "Why attack?" he rumbled. "Revolt sweeps the island and the press has cabled it to all the world. Is it not better to make peace while we may? Even if it means that you, my President, must abdicate?"

President Devesant started. But Harnle spoke: "Our troops, well-armed and disciplined, will defeat this bandit mob. President Devesant need not abdicate."

Cornaille's expression changed.

"Your words, *mon commandant,* are but an echo of my wish. But these Caco are jungle men, and cunning. How will you trap Benoit? I am minister of war—should I not know the plan?"

For some moments Harnle gazed silently at the gigantic black.

"We propose to force Benoit's retreat through the canyon of the Riu Grise," he said at last, "and trap him by a rear action from the Valley of the Lakes."

"The Valley of Monsters!" Devesant exclaimed. "Surely you will not send soldiers there? They will be afraid to go!"

"We'll not send troops through the Valley of the Lakes—or Monsters, as you call it," Harnle interrupted patiently. "I know their superstitions even though I don't believe their stories of dragons." He smiled. "We'll send bomb planes into that end of the canyon. Our infantry will come through from the other end first, and the planes will cut off Benoit's retreat."

Cornaille's blunt fingers drummed the table top.

"*M'sieu,*" he said, "our President speaks truth. This border region is a place of horror to every Haitian. They believe the tales of monsters dwelling in the river canyon; of scarlet witches that lure men to death in the quicksands of the valley."

Harnle's lip curled. He faced the President.

"The decision rests with you, *M'sieu.*"

Devesant drew up. "Attack, then," he said abruptly, and pushing back his chair, walked from the room.

Cornaille, rising to follow, bowed to Jimmie Rhodes and Bucks.

"*Mes braves,* I wish you good luck. And you will be safe, even in that valley, for you do not land."

Harnle took from his portfolio an envelope and handed it to Jimmie Rhodes.

"The plan of attack," he said. "A secret plan, for there are spies everywhere. Even in the war min-

Cornaille, war minister, shook his great black head. "Why attack?" he rumbled.

istry, perhaps. And you *will* make a landing in the Valley of the Lakes."

Bucks looked up quickly. "Beg pardon, sir, but is it safe to land? That valley's spotted with quicksand flats."

"A reconnaissance has been made," Harnle replied, "and a safe landing area marked by red flags. Rhodes and you will lead your squadron there before sunset tonight. A rocket from the mountains will signal the infantry attack. You will then take off, proceed to the canyon, and bomb it from the air. I look to Aviation, Rhodes, to block Benoit's retreat."

Jimmie saluted gravely, the colonel nodded, and the two pilots crossed to the door. As they walked down the corridor Bucks said:

"It *is* treacherous, that valley, monsters or no monsters. It's on the old road to San Domingo, the Boca Cashon trail. Two years ago a fellow from the *British Geographic* went over it for specimens of red flamingo. A month later a squad found his body in the quicksands."

Jimmie didn't answer, but a dim warning touched his thoughts. Haiti, island of black magic—anything could happen here. But a haunted valley, where monsters lived, seemed preposterous. He laughed—and then suddenly a thought struck him. At the head of the big staircase he stopped.

"Bucks, we should have a map of that valley. I'm going back to get one from the chief."

Bucks nodded. "Not a bad idea. I'll go on, and wait at the car." He started down the steps into the tangle of tunnels below, and Jimmie turned back into the corridor.

A minute later he returned with the map, descended the great staircase and entered the tunnel. Other tunnels led off to right and left, and it was hard to tell which one led to the courtyard. It *was* a labyrinth. Moving cautiously through the gloom he came to an intersection and turned left. He wished Bucks had waited for him—Bucks knew these tunnels.

There was another turn ahead, one that seemed strange. Jimmie followed it a long way and came at last to a closed door. He pushed the panel. It swung silently open, and a whisper reached him faintly in the darkness:

"—I am to send this message by drum signal to Benoit." At the word "Benoit" Jimmie stiffened. That was the bandit chief who held the border region — the man they were to trap in Riu Grise canyon! He listened breathlessly. "The Aviation makes a landing in the Valley of the Lakes, on the Boca Cashon trail, at a spot marked by four red flags. Benoit must dispatch a runner to the valley, and *remove the flags*. . . ."

Jimmie went cold. He didn't know the voice, but the message spelled disaster. His veins were pounding as he waited, listening. But the conference had reached an end.

"I go now, *M'sieu*," said the voice.

Footsteps moved toward the door, and Jimmie flattened against the corridor wall. A dim figure approached. Acting on instinct, Jimmie stepped forward, and his arm lashed upward through the shadows. The impact of his fist was scarcely audible. He caught the figure as it fell, and eased it to the floor.

From the room beyond came the click of a latch. The second man had gone out by another door. Jimmie wondered who he was. Well, at least he had one spy, and the message would not reach Benoit. Striking a match, he moved into the room.

Dusty boxes lined the walls. The floor was piled with mildewed bunting from some palace fete. Returning to the corridor, Jimmie lifted the unconscious man, carried him back into the room, securely tied him with bunting, and hastened out through the maze of tunnels.

At the palace gates, Bucks waited in the squadron car.

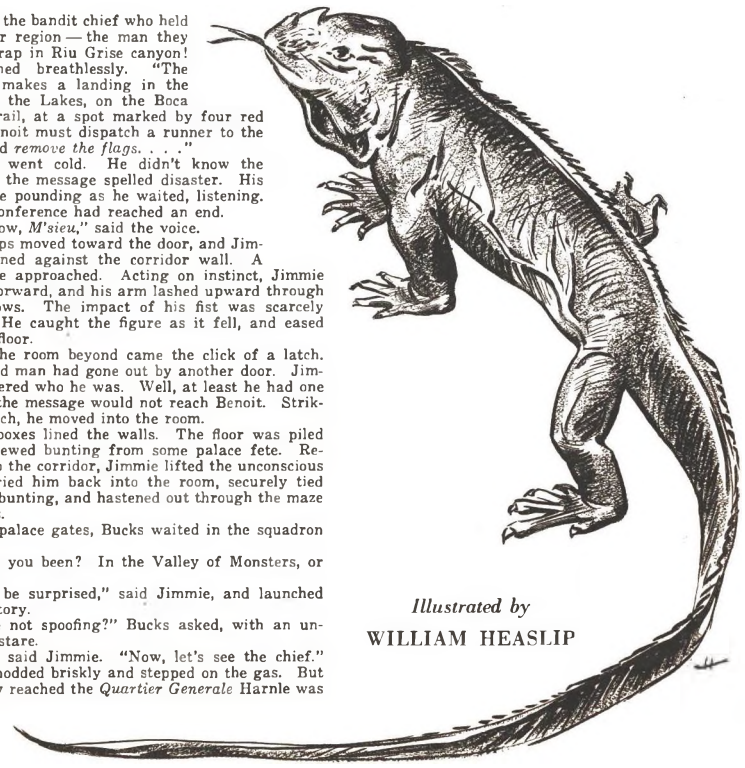
"Where you been? In the Valley of Monsters, or what?"

"You'd be surprised," said Jimmie, and launched into his story.

"You're not spoofing?" Bucks asked, with an unbelieving stare.

"Fact," said Jimmie. "Now, let's see the chief."

Bucks nodded briskly and stepped on the gas. But when they reached the *Quartier Generale* Harnle was



Illustrated by
WILLIAM HEASLIP

not there. He had left for the mountains to command the Garde assault. Jimmie didn't know the adjutant on duty; so he went out to the car again without saying anything about his adventure.

"The chief's gone," he said. "I didn't tell the adjutant."

Bucks shook his head. "I'd tell him. Yes, and put that spy behind bars. Suppose he got away?"

"He won't," said Jimmie. "If he did and got his signal through, it would take four hours for a runner from Benoit's camp in the canyon to cross the valley and pull up the flags. In six hours we shove off. I'll take a chance on the two hours. Let's go."

Meanwhile, a car, jogging over the Boca Cashon trail, came to a halt at the outpost town of Jimani on the Dominican frontier. A corporal of the *Guardia Nacional* and two soldiers, drowsing against the barracks wall, fumbled for their rifles as a man sprang from the driver's seat. The man crossed to the shade and pushed up his sun helmet, disclosing a thatch of carrot-colored hair and blue reckless eyes.

"*Buenos dias, Capitan,*" he greeted breezily. "Meet Regan, of News Reel, U.S.A."

The corporal frowned, but Regan, gazing out over the flats, smiled in anticipation as he spoke again: "So this is Haiti! Okay if I shove on, isn't it? I couldn't get a passport, but what's a passport between two old friends?"

Regan paused and looked at the corporal expectantly. Around the corner of the barracks trotted two dusty mules loaded with camp gear. A stout German wearing khaki shorts followed, thumping the burros with a stick. He stared at the news reel man.

"Ach! They refuse you also!" He shook his club at the nearest guard. "I also want to get into Haiti!"

"How long have they been holding you here?"

"Two days."

Regan, whose orders commanded him to get action pictures of the Haitian trouble, looked at the sleepy soldiers again. They shook their heads slowly.

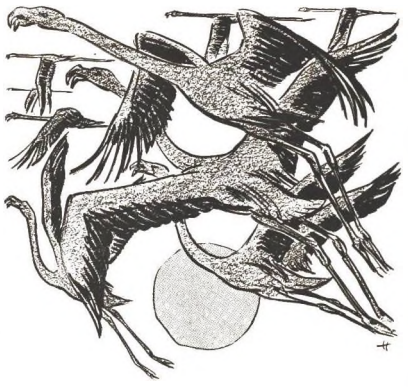
"Now, General," the American pleaded, "you wouldn't say no to Regan! Listen—" He clinked two Dominican dollars noisily.

But the corporal caressed his long mustache indifferently. Regan studied him thoughtfully.

"Some *mostacho*, eh?" he said at last. "Wouldn't the *capitan* like a picture of himself behind it? Something for the parlor mantel? I've got the stuff to do it. You get a snappy photo, I get a pass to Haiti—*sabe?*"

The soldier looked puzzled. "No *sabe*," he replied.

Regan looked disgusted. "Oh, well, I'll show you what I mean." He crossed to the car and lifted a black barrel mounted on a tripod which he planted



on the seat. "Now then, look at the little birds—"

But as he touched the handle of the Akeley camera, the rifles of the two guards clattered to the sand. "*Canon maquina!*" cried the corporal hoarsely.

Regan looked at them amazed. "*Canon maquina!*" he muttered to himself. "Why, they think the Akeley's a machine gun!" Suddenly a gleam of reckless humor crossed his face. Gripping the camera crank, he slid into the seat.

"Haiti bound!" he shouted. "Gangway—or else!"

The soldiers fell back, but the German prodded his pack mules to the car.

"Wait!" he called. "I am Doctor Kunkel, on a scientific mission of great magnitude. Let me go with you."

Regan stared. "Say, you know there's a Caco war in Haiti, don't you?"

"War!" cried the German impatiently. "It is not important. The Museum has ordered me to determine if I. Rhinolaphus is kin to the prehistoric iguanodon."

Regan blinked in awe. "Your language stops me, Doc, but pile your stuff aboard. Hustle—the boys may get wise to this camera any time."

While the doctor loaded his dunnage in the car Regan kept shouting warnings at the guard. "Steady, all! . . . *Alto*, or I'll fill you full of celluloid!" The last bag aboard, Doctor Kunkel climbed to the seat beside Regan and the car started down the rutted trail. As the town of Jimani faded in the haze, the German smiled. "Your quick wit — ah, it was wonderful!"

Regan grinned. "Not strictly my idea, the camera stunt. I read of a lieutenant over in France who captured a squad with an Akeley!"

But the doctor wasn't listening. His eyes were fixed on the desert waste ahead.

"Herein," he declared, waving a pudgy hand, "lived, perhaps, the great iguanodon—a giant lizard. A hundred million years before us, when the world was but a misty shallow sea, this valley was the habitat of monsters."

The news reel man looked obediently out over the valley. Heat spirals shimmered on the flats. In the distance stretched a wide, mist-hung lake. Gloomy mountains lifted on the far horizon. He didn't know that airplanes would soon settle down in this valley, or that in a canyon beyond a force of revolutionists under Benoit waited to strike.

"Monsters belong here, all right," he said. "Say, there might be a picture in it! 'Hunting the Prehistoric Whatcha-call-'ems!' I'll take a few shots with you—if I can't get some war."

An hour passed. As they neared the lake, the trail grew indistinct. The sun blazed down and the air was stifling. Regan mopped his forehead.

"Talk about Death Valley—this is it! Any film I get goes in the developer tonight. I ought to give it a projector test."

"Projector?" echoed Doctor Kunkel.

"A hand machine for showing film," Regan explained. "Runs off the car battery. I always test my strip on tropic jobs. If it's heat-spoiled, sometimes I retake the shot."

The car jogged on, skirting the reed-fringed shore line of the lake. Across the valley chalk-white cliffs gleamed under the mountain shadows. The yellow sand was dotted with thorn. Suddenly the doctor cried:

"Stop! Rhinolaphus! Observe him—nibbling on the cactus!"

Regan stopped the car and peered into the thicket of cactus. He saw the darting shapes of the lizards. While he threaded film on the camera spool and began turning the crank, the doctor, removing a net from his ruck sack, crawled into the brush. Regan cranked the Akeley till the film ran out.

Presently the doctor returned. "I have a specimen!" he cried.

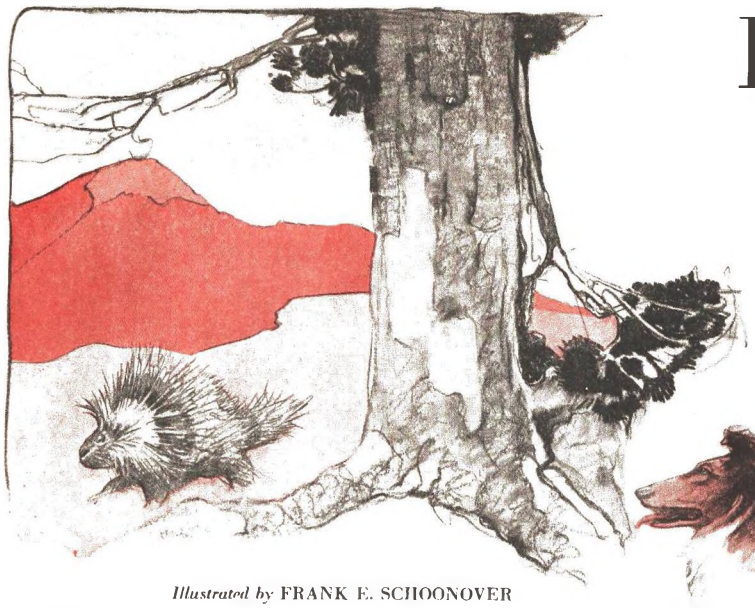
Regan pointed south across the yellow sand, to where a squad of men marched.

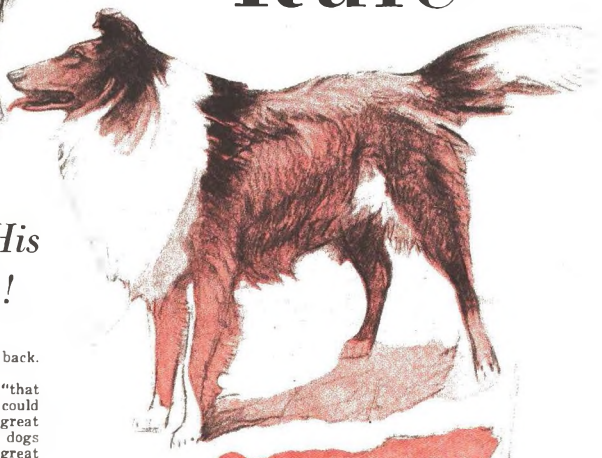
"Caco," he said coolly. "Natives."

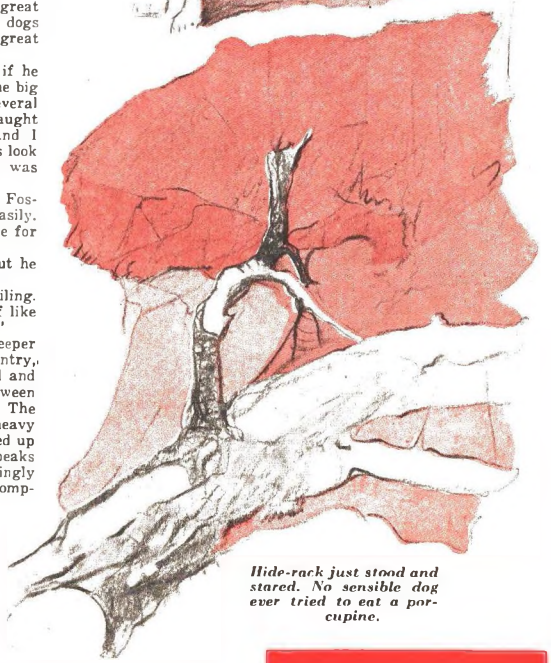
Regan studied the cliffs beyond the wide valley. A canyon broke the face of the cliffs, and a river boiling from it formed a delta that ran out into the flats. The canyon mouth was narrow and brush-choked—a good hide-out. *(Continued on page 33)*

On a distant slope a rocket signal burst. "It's the attack!" he groaned. "And the squadron is grounded!"

Hide-rack Uses the Golden Rule







Hide-rack just stood and stared. No sensible dog ever tried to eat a porcupine.

Illustrated by FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Insults? A Dog Can Bear Them if His Master Insists. But There's a Limit!

by Glenn Balch

HIGH-ROCKING, canvas-covered packs, round slick rumps, switching tails, the pungent odor of trail dust and horses—Dad and Hide-rack and I were headed into the wild Middle Fork of Idaho's Salmon River country with another party of Easterners who wanted good fishing and were willing to pay well for it. The big red-gold collie and I were at our usual places at the tail of the pack train.

Just another trip? No, this one was already earmarked trouble. In front of me, on an agile, wiry buckskin, rode a tall, slim young fellow of about my own age—almost seventeen. I had looked forward to Hal Thompson's coming along with his father and his uncle on this trip, but the wealthy Baltimore boy had soon shown that to him I was only the guide's son. Of course he had a right to ask me to do things, but his manner made me resentfully conscious of the difference between my scuffed boots and rough clothing and his finely tailored breeches and shiny imported boots, and I saw red whenever he called Dad "Foster" in a supercilious sort of tone.

"You're no butler!" I had growled to Dad under my breath when we were getting ready to start. "You make guiding a professional job, and most of the men you take out call you 'Mr. Foster' or 'Ace.' But this slick-haired young dude starts right in—"

"Easy, Chet," Dad had grinned. "It doesn't bother me to have young Thompson call me 'Foster.' Don't let it rile you. Our job is to see that people have a good time on these trips—that's what we've contracted to do. It doesn't hurt our dignity if a guest lets himself be a little disagreeable. We don't get much of that, and it's all in the game. Let's be extra decent to young Thompson, and things will probably smooth themselves out."

"All right," I had said, feeling more cheerful again.

But things got worse instead of better, and Hide-rack played a big part in the trouble.

Hide-rack was a magnificent dog and fine company on the trail. He was so happy on that first day out that he fairly swaggered along, cocking his ears and wagging his tail and grinning up at me whenever he could catch my eye. I saw Hal Thompson turning in his saddle now and then to watch him.

"What's that dog's name?" he asked casually after a while.

"Hide-rack," I answered, and couldn't resist the temptation to brag a little about the big collie. "He's the finest dog in the Middle Fork, everybody says. Old Jabe McBride will give five hundred dollars for him any day. He'd make a crack sled dog, too. And one time he crossed a snowslide to save my life."

"Can he fight?" Hal drawled.

"I'll say he can!" I sent back. "He's licked a cougar."

"I'll bet," Hal said evenly, "that my dog back in Baltimore could lick a cougar, easy. He's a great Dane. They're the finest dogs alive. I'd rather have one great Dane than a dozen collies."

With that he rode on as if he had no further interest in the big collie. But he did have. Several times as the day wore on I caught him watching Hide-rack, and I thought there was a covetous look in his eyes. That night I was sure of it.

"Want to sell that collie, Foster?" Mr. Thompson asked easily. "I could give you a nice price for him."

I shot a glance at Hal, but he avoided it.

Dad shook his head, smiling. "No," he said. "We kind of like to have the big dog around."

The next day we pushed deeper into the Salmon River country, following a trail that wound and twisted under giant pines between two rugged canyon walls. The long slopes were clothed in heavy evergreen forests that reached up towards the mighty granite peaks towering against an amazingly clear blue sky. But Hal Thompson looked at Hide-rack oftener than he looked at the peaks.

"Mr. Thompson made another offer for Hide-rack today," Dad remarked that night in the privacy of our tent. "He talked real money."

"You're not going to sell him?" I asked quickly, while Hide-rack cocked his ears because he'd heard his name.

Dad smiled at my anxiety. "Of course not," he said. "But I can't understand why Mr. Thompson is so eager to get him. He's never seen Hide-rack do anything out of the ordinary."

"I know why," I snorted. "Hal Thompson wants

Hide-rack. And he thinks he's got to have everything he wants."

Dad rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "I reckon you're right," he said. "Hal's always had everything he wanted, and now he's taken a fancy to Hide-rack. And when he finds out that he can't get him, he'll want him all the more. I suspect you've been doing some bragging, Chet," he finished shrewdly.

I was a little ashamed of my bragging, and yet down underneath I was pleased at the situation. Hal had almost everything — including a perfectly balanced small-bore target rifle that I'd have given a summer's wages for—but he didn't have Hide-rack. He'd have to get along without the collie. Hide-rack was mine!

My secret enjoyment was short-lived, though, for Hal's interest in Hide-rack soon took a turn that worried me good and plenty.

There was so much spoiled kid in Hal that when he found he couldn't have Hide-rack, he let himself get edgy and spiteful. He was always looking for a chance to run the dog down, and he couldn't be decent to him. Hal acted like a four-year-old in a tantrum he wouldn't try to get over.

The first time Hal showed this mean little-kid side was during our third day on the trail. A gray porcupine, secure in its coat of barbed spines, waddled across a needle-carpeted stretch near the trail. Hal let out a whoop and spurred his buckskin after it.

"Here, here, Hide-rack!" he yelled. "Sick it! Sick it! Here!"

The big collie just stood and stared at Hal. Hide-rack had been taught that it wasn't the proper thing to chase and kill harmless forest animals. Besides, no sensible dog ever tried to eat a porcupine, thereby giving both himself and his master an exceedingly unpleasant half hour later when the quills had to be pulled out with pliers. So Hide-rack stood still and looked at Hal in puzzled astonishment.

"Heck!" Hal snorted. "That dog of yours is a coward. Look—he's afraid of that thing! What is it, anyhow?"

"It's a porcupine," I said. "And Hide-rack's not afraid of it."

"Then make him fight it," Hal drawled provokingly. "Why doesn't he go after it?"

"Because he knows better," I retorted.

"Sure he knows better," Hal jeered, getting off the buckskin and pulling his rifle from its scabbard. "He knows he'll get licked. He's afraid! He's a coward."

"He is not!" I snapped. "Here — what are you doing?"

"I'm going to shoot that thing."

"No, you're not!" I blazed. "That's a perfectly harmless animal. Let it alone!"

I knew that wasn't the way to get the right woods ideas over to an inexperienced, thoughtless hunter, but I was too mad to be tactful and maybe it was just as well. Hal was so astonished at the way I'd flared up that he lowered his rifle.

"Put it away!" I snapped, still raging. "You're not going to shoot that porcupine."

"Well, well," Hal said, trying to save his face with heavy sarcasm, "don't get so excited. If that's your private porcupine, I won't shoot it—even if your dog *is* afraid of it."

"Sorry I yapped at you," I apologized, cooling down and remembering that I was supposed to use sense in handling guests. "But when you live out here right along, you get to feeling that all the harmless forest things should have a chance. That's why we've taught Hide-rack to leave them alone. He isn't afraid, though!" In spite of myself, my voice got sharper again. "He'd fight a cougar in a minute!"

"Oh, yeah!" Hal slung back as he climbed up on the buckskin and turned him after the disappearing pack train.

I followed, uneasy and anxious. I hadn't been too good at smoothing things over. This porcupine business would make Hal edgier than ever, and he'd take it out on somebody. Dad maybe.

But Hal took it out on me—through Hide-rack.

That night, cold gray rain came streaking down from somber slate-colored clouds. The evergreens, the rhododendrons, and the chaparral all dripped drearily. The horses stood under the big pines with their backs humped to the wind. With all five of us forced to keep well under the big canvas shelter that protected our camp fire and dining table, there wasn't much room to spare. Hide-rack lay quietly at one side, but presently he was in Hal's way.

"Get out," Hal growled, and the toe of his boot landed with a thump in Hide-rack's ribs.

The big collie scrambled to his feet, gave one leap, whirled, and stood with the cold rain peppering down on his silky back, staring at Hal in surprised indignation. He couldn't understand such treatment.

I started up, ready to tell Hal Thompson what I thought of him. But a firm hand came to a casual rest on my arm.

"Hop over to the tent and get a pound of butter, Chet," Dad's voice requested calmly, and when I looked at him, I found his eyes warning me to go easy.

I did. I gulped back what I wanted to say and started off. Dad was right—I mustn't raise a row. Hide-rack wasn't really hurt, and helping to keep things smooth in camp was part of my job.

Just the same, I was sore. Why hadn't Mr. Thompson said something to Hal? But he probably thought anything his precious son did was all right. I stalked through the rain, after butter I knew we didn't need, getting madder and madder. Hide-rack followed me, tagging along into the tent and nudging at my hand, his tail wagging a vigorous plea to cheer up. He was more of a philosopher than I was. Hal Thompson couldn't upset his good humor!

I found a heavy cord and tied the collie to a corner peg. "You stay in here till it quits raining," I directed. "Nobody's likely to bother you here. They'd better not!"

I simmered down into a better frame of mind, but Hal Thompson knew I'd been angry and he was itching to keep me stirred up. As the days went on, he seemed to get a lot of fun out of insisting that Hide-rack was a coward and a sissy because he

With a roar the bear shook off the dog. Then her little near-sighted eyes became aware of Red and me, charging up the slope.

wouldn't chase chipmunks and squirrels; and he made fun of the collie's scarred left ear, which was really a badge of courage gained in defense of Red, my blooded Morgan saddle horse and Hide-rack's close friend.

Then, presently, Hal realized that he wasn't bothering either Hide-rack or me with such talk, and his wounded vanity and spoiled-boy meanness led him on into being pretty contemptible — he began plaguing the big dog every chance he got.

He'd step on the tip of Hide-rack's tail, and shove him into the creek, and once I saw him kick dirt into Hide-rack's pan of scraps at mealtime, apparently just to see what the dog would do. Hide-rack only looked at him and walked away. But I came near blowing up right then and there.

"Dad," I said that night in the privacy of our tent, "I can't stand this much longer. Hal's just laying himself out to torment Hide-rack!"

Dad nodded. "I know it, Chet," he said. "It's worrying me, too. I thought we could get Hal over his grouch and give him a good time. Mr. Thompson and Hal's uncle are having a grand trip. But Hal just sticks to his grudge. You've done pretty well, Chet, to hang onto your temper all this time."

"I'm about through!" I growled. "Dad, I won't have Hide-rack kicked around any longer!"

Dad looked at the big collie, and put his long, brown hand on the dog's head.

"Your feelings are really being hurt a lot worse than Hide-rack is, Chet," he said. "Hide-rack's not hurt, either in mind or body; he's as sound as a dollar. He's not going to brood about having his tail stepped on or getting that kick in the ribs. And in about ten days, Chet, this trip will be over and Hal will be gone and you and I and Hide-rack can live happily ever after." Dad grinned at me persuasively. "Come now, young fellow, let's try to get along without a racket if we can."

"All right, you win," I agreed. "But I'll sure be glad when Hal's gone!"

The next morning our three guests went fishing, Hal carrying a can of angleworms he had coolly ordered me to dig for him. Using worms when trout were striking flies! His father had suggested the more sporting fly; but Hal had insisted upon worms, principally, I felt sure, because he knew I didn't want to dig them. I heaved a sigh of relief when the three disappeared under the trees. Ten days seemed a long, long time right then.

That noon Hal went the limit. I think now that he must have done the thing from impulse —I don't believe he could have done it if he'd stopped to think. Dad had just poured him a cup of steaming coffee. He looked at it, and then scowled.

"Foster," he snapped, "bring me some more coffee. This has a hair in it."

He turned to toss the contents of the cup over his shoulder, and I saw his glance light on Hide-rack, who was lying half asleep in the sun ten feet away—and then he just lengthened his throw and the coffee splashed square on the dog! Hide-rack snapped mechanically at the place on his hip where the hot liquid landed, and scrambled to his feet. He looked about with surprised eyes to see where the attack had come from. Hal glanced at me and laughed. Maybe partly to cover embarrassment, but I didn't think of that then.

I jumped to my feet!

"Chet," my father said sharply, catching my eye with a stern look, "I think you'd better take Hide-rack into our tent and tie him up. He seems to be getting in the way."

There was cold disapproval of Hal's action in his voice. The two older Thompsons looked at Dad as if surprised. I wondered sourly if they hadn't seen what Hal had done.

Holding my temper with difficulty, I took Hide-rack to our tent, and then rubbed bacon fat on the angry red place on the big collie's hip.

"I'd like to sock that fellow on the jaw!" I growled under my b[illegible]

Hide-r[illegible] gave a funny little whine as if he might [illegible]ing, "Now, now, Chet."

Back at the table Hal refused to meet my eyes, but he seized an opportunity to impress us with his absolute lack of regret by complaining about the food.

"Why don't we have some fresh fruit, Foster?" he said. "Didn't you bring any decent grub?"

"There seems to be plenty, Hal," Mr. Thompson broke in with some sharpness. He wasn't wholly pleased with his son.

"I haven't any fresh fruit," Dad told the boy politely; "but there's a blackberry patch up on the hill. See it?" He indicated an area of low brush about a quarter of a mile up the slope. "The berries are big, sweet ones, too."

"I'll have some for breakfast, with sugar and cream," Hal ordered as if he were in a restaurant.

And he had them. I picked them myself that afternoon, chasing a friendly old mother bear and her cub out of the patch to do it. Hal ate his heaping dishful without comment. I hoped they'd choke him, but they didn't.

After that I kept Hide-rack tied in our tent whenever Hal was in camp, and so managed to avoid any further unpleasantness for several days. Hal knew, of course, where the dog was, but he pretended to ignore what I was doing.

He must have decided, though, that he'd have to get back at me for it. One afternoon after he had gone fishing, I untied Hide-rack, and the big collie wagged his tail and wandered off. But before long he came back at a run, with a tin can tied to his tail. The can bumped and banged along, with a handful of pebbles in it to add to the clatter. Hide-rack wasn't scared, but he was badly bothered and he had headed straight for me to get me to take the thing off. For once he seemed upset and affronted; he was a gentleman who was being badgered by a rowdy—and I, his best friend, wasn't doing anything about it!

"All right, Hide-rack, we've stood enough," I said between my teeth. Stooping, *(Continued on page 47)*

The Hargreaves Mystery

by

John A. Moroso

Sometimes a Detective's Trail Leads Him on a Cream Candy Hunt, and Even a Butterfly Chase!

Doctor Patat took a piece of the candy and ate it before Jim's popping eyes.

INSPECTOR SWEENEY, in charge of New York City's detective bureau, journeyed across the great George Washington Bridge with two carloads of friends to help Jim Tierney celebrate his fifty-ninth birthday on his New Jersey farm.

Under a great elm tree in the front yard of the retired detective's home stood a long table loaded with everything good to eat. Near the head stood Maggie Murphy, Jim's housekeeper, herself the widow of a policeman who had been killed in line of duty.

The visitors brought as a gift a new car equipped with a police radio. Their own cars were similarly equipped; Sweeney and his men had to be ready for action twenty-four hours a day.

"Three cheers for Tierney!" called Detective Paddy Fallon, peeling off his coat.

There was a spontaneous yell, liberally sprinkled with catcalls, that brought a pleased smile to the face of the fat detective.

"Gentlemen, I thank you," said Tierney, mopping his red-splotched brow, his round blue eyes alight with happiness. He drew back the chair at the head of the table for his old friend Sweeney.

The birthday car had been driven in from the road, close to the table, so that the party could get any radio call that might go out from headquarters.

While Maggie served cold drinks and the radio gave out its calls, Paddy Fallon demanded a speech. Tierney responded with a touching oration delivered with an occasional loud clearing of the throat, and then the party sat down to eat. For a half hour the detectives made inroads on the fried chicken, potato salad, homemade bread, and the three kinds of pie—open-face, lattice work, and hunting case.

"All squad cars stand by," came from the radio. "Cars 22 and 35 to Lexington Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. Holdup. Man killed."

The party ignored the call, which to them was mere routine. Shouts for a horn solo went up and Maggie brought Tierney his baritone instrument. Jim adjusted the horn, pressed it to his heaving bosom, filled his lungs, and puffed out a high note as a sample.

"I'll render the sextette from Lucy de Lammer More," he announced.

"Tim," said Paddy Fallon to his partner, "ain't he wonderful? There ain't nobody but Bonehead Tierney would try to play a sextette on one horn."

As the last long sour note died among the branches of the elm tree, Paddy jumped to his feet and demanded silence. A call was coming in for New Jersey from headquarters. The table became hushed, every man alert to catch the message from headquarters.

"Special for New Jersey. Inspector Sweeney stand by. Inspector Sweeney stand by." Sweeney jumped to his feet, ready to leap for his car.

Then from headquarters, instead of an alarm, came four voices, singing:

"How do you do, Jim Tierney, how do you do?
How do you do, Old Ivory, how are you?
When they put you on a case
You're a terrible disgrace
All you do is feed your face
How do you do!"

"Who pulled that?" demanded Paddy as the voices faded out. "Is that one of Jim's pals, Paddy Fallon?"

"How could I be over in New York and be here eating?" protested Paddy.

"'At's right, Paddy. My mistake—"

The radio began again. This time the inspector held up his hand. It was another call to New Jersey, and the words that came forth wiped the smiles from every face.

"Special New Jersey. Sweeney stand by. Sweeney stand by. Come in. Walter Hargreaves, capitalist, murdered in home. Carried three million insurance. Holding case for you."

Inspector Sweeney took Tierney back to the city with him. Hargreaves was a man of importance in financial circles and his murder would fill the newspapers. At the office Sweeney learned that his aides had sealed the room in which the dead man lay and posted men to keep anyone from entering or leaving his penthouse home high above Park Avenue. Gathering the pick of his homicide investigators, the inspector hurried with Tierney to the Hargreaves home.

In the death chamber, the police department photographers made pictures of the body as it lay on the floor beside a richly carved bedroom table. They took views of the room from many angles, for use in the trial should the murderer be apprehended.

On the table near the corpse was an open box of candy, its wrapping beneath it. As the finger-print men went to work with their enlarging glasses, brush and powder, and microscopic cameras, Sweeney and Jim studied the body at their feet. The financier was a man between sixty and seventy years old. He lay face upward. On the fingers of the right hand were grains of white-powdered sugar and the sugar-stained lips, now colorless in death, also showed that he had fallen as he ate from the box. Dropping laboriously to their knees the two men smelled the dead lips and looked at each other. There was the faint odor of wild cherry or almond. Cyanide of potassium, deadliest of poisons.

An examination of the candy box wrapping showed that it had been sent through the mail from Jersey City the day before. They immediately discarded the suicide theory. The experts examined the wrapping for finger prints, but if the person wrapping and mailing the box had left a mark it had been completely wiped out by handling and transportation. Only the make of the paper wrapping, the cardboard box, the make of the candy, and the Jersey City post office neighborhood afforded them clues upon which to start the man hunt.

Mr. Hargreaves was a bachelor and was, or had been, extremely wealthy. Sweeney summoned the butler, valet, housekeeper and other servants to the reception room and gently questioned them. All they knew could be summed up in the story of Dawson, the butler, who had been in the service of the dead man for over twenty years.

"Mr. Hargreaves had a sweet tooth," he said, "and was especially fond of a soft white cream candy like that on his table. But he always had it bought at the same store on Fifth Avenue. I never knew of his getting it anywhere else and never knew that he had ever been in Jersey City or knew anyone there who would send him his favorite candy. When he retired last night he was in splendid health. He had been greatly worried about financial matters for some

time, but he seemed to have rid himself of these worries. I found him dead on the floor this morning." The old butler broke into tears.

"Had he ever mentioned suicide?"

"No, sir," the butler drew up proudly. "He was the type to stick it out, sir."

"Thank you, Dawson," said Sweeney. "Now you must help us all you can. Murder by poison is the most cowardly form of killing. Pull yourself together and collect every scrap of correspondence to be found in the house. Bring it to me at police headquarters and we shall have all his business correspondence brought from his office. Someone who knew that Mr. Hargreaves had a sweet tooth and liked this particular kind of candy is the murderer."

"Yes, sir. I will collect every scrap of writing and bring it to you in the morning."

Sweeney and Tierney returned to headquarters in Center Street, passed between the stone lions guarding its entrance, and paused only to tell the newspaper men that the financier had been poisoned by candy sent through the mail. They went at once to the office of the chief and began a more leisurely study of the candy box and its wrapping. The address was in printed letters written in blue-black ink.

"It's strange that Hargreaves would even open such a box," suggested Sweeney.

"Yes, unless he was expecting to receive it," said Jim. He was feeling the texture of the paper as he spoke. "It's common wrapping paper," he added, "but it can be traced to the maker—which won't do any good."

"How about the ink, Jim?"

"We can make a chemical analysis and trace it."

"The pen?"

"It's a fountain pen. I think the box was addressed in the Jersey City post office."

"Can the box be traced, Jim?"

"Same difficulty as with the wrapping paper, Chief. But the candy won't be so hard to trace and that'll help. I'll tackle that first thing in the morning."

"You won't go back to the country tonight?"

"Nix. I'll just telephone Maggie to let out the cat."

In the course of a week the reports of the many men working on the Hargreaves case piled high on Inspector Sweeney's desk. These were carefully studied, and from the study a brief but complete history of the business and private life of the murdered man was written. Here were the facts:

The three million dollars of life insurance had been taken out during the past two years of the depression and were spread over many companies. The beneficiary for each policy was the Hargreaves Investment and Trust Company, incorporated in the state of Maryland and operating through a chain of small banks down South, mainly through the Carolinas. Many of the policies paid double premiums in case of violent death, but each had a clause of nullification in case of suicide.

Mr. Hargreaves, who owned a plantation in South Carolina, near Charleston, spent his winters down there, shooting and fishing and fox hunting. So well did he love the country and the people that he had expressed to his business associates the wish to spend his last days there. He wished to remain active to the last, directing his country banks, developing his cotton plantations, and pursuing his two fads, the culture of roses and the collecting of butterflies.

From the financier's personal correspondence the inspector learned that Hargreaves intended to present his butterfly collection to the Museum of Natural History when he had obtained the last rare specimen he desired.

There was no trace of scandal in Mr. Hargreaves' life. He was one of the several New York men of great wealth who went through life unknown to the multitude. Only death and the reading of a will made his great financial success a matter of public knowledge. The Carolina people loved him for his courtesy and kindness. In many of the little towns where he had established banks the farmers trusted him with their last dollar, despite the failure of scores of other banks. His record was an enviable one.

What act of his had aroused another man to murder? His correspondence revealed no attempt at blackmail. No servant or associate knew of any friendships in Jersey City.

The records of every drug store in Jersey City were examined for purchasers of cyanide. These purchasers, mainly chemists and photographic establishments, were checked. It took months to follow this line of investigation through Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond boroughs.

The summer passed and election day came. The whole country skirted the edge of financial ruin, and the people were in panic. The national bank holiday came and went. The Hargreaves Investment and Trust Company banks in the South suffered with all the rest, and had their founder lived through the winter, he would have seen all the efforts of his life smashed, his friends impoverished. But a strange situation had been brought about by his murder. The three million dollars of insurance would make his concern solvent. With this money the depositors were safe.

"There might be this as a motive," suggested the inspector during a night's conference with Tierney. "Some of these Southerners, knowing about the insurance and realizing that its payment would protect all depositors, sent him the poisoned candy and came up to Jersey City to mail it, so that suspicion would not be directed down there."

"Might be," agreed Tierney. "Kill one man, never mind how good he was, and save many from ruin and suicide. In that case we'll probably find the origin of the candy down in South Carolina. I can't trace it up here and I've talked nothing but candy all the time. I guess I'll head for his plantation."

Tierney arrived in Charleston in April when that ancient city was at its loveliest. Crepe myrtle topped the old brick garden walls, masses of coral color draped the budding pomegranate trees, and the air was heavy with the fragrance of roses and jasmine. At the Central Office of the Hargreaves Company he showed his credentials and was received with the courtesy and hospitality for which the city is famous.

Mr. Armbruster, head of the Charleston bank, took him to his home as guest. He was still greatly grieved over the tragic death of his friend and associate.

"Down heah, Mr. Tierney," he said, "such a thing is inconceivable, suh. Mr. Hargreaves hadn't an enemy in the South. An' the tragedy of it, suh. We were in great difficulties for a time, but with our new President at the helm of the nation, confidence has come back and our securities have gained in value so that we can pay one hundred cents on the dollar. The country people have stood by us nobly."

'Didn't the news of the three million insurance on his life save the situation for you?" asked Tierney.

"Not at all. It would have saved us if the President had not closed all the banks, but it was the bank holiday that saved us. We don't need that money now."

Tierney described how the *(Continued on page 31)*

Illustrator: R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Obadiah showed Jim a sealed jar. "When he catch de butter- ne put 'em in dar and they die quick."

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

Our Typewriter Adventure

AT your age—at any age, for that matter—little things count. We recall with especial vividness an important incident in our own life. It occurred when we were sixteen, and just graduated from high school. We had got ourselves a full-time summer job, at $6 a week. We worked for a stationery supply house. The salesmen went out and sold typewriter paper and ribbons, carbon paper, and the like, and we delivered the goods. If a salesman sold a typewriter ribbon, it was our job to take it to the customer and install it on his machine.

We Forgot How to Do It

We're thinking, at the moment, of our first typewriter ribbon delivery. It was for a peculiar old machine that soon afterward — praise be — went out of existence. We felt very important, and a little borne down by our responsibility, as we trotted down the street. When we got to the customer's office, however, we found to our dismay that we'd forgotten our instructions. We didn't know just how to install that ribbon. We wiggled gadgets and tinkered with spools, however, and presently everything looked fine. But after we'd left that office, we began to think back. We became more and more uneasy. Finally we realized the awful truth—we had installed that ribbon *backward.*

A Victory That We Still Remember

What to do about it? Go back to our company and let the customer re-install the ribbon without us? Or return to the customer's office, confess our mistake, and tackle the job again? We stood on the street corner, debating with ourself. Our face was red—we could feel it burn. Our knees felt wobbly. Our strongest desire was to flag a street car and go home, and never see either customer or our own boss again. But, luckily, we didn't yield. The next moment found us marching back to the customer. We found his stenographer fuming with exasperation, and hard at work with the typewriter. Her fingers were all messed up, and the look she gave us was a long way from sweet. Without a word we took her place, removed the ribbon, and put it back the right way. . . . It was a real victory for us. It gave us new confidence, new self-respect. If we hadn't gone back, we should have slipped a permanent notch in our own estimation. And today, as we remember that incident, we should be blushing. As it is, we're wearing a broad grin.

Fifty Million Dollars

LAST week we had dinner with a world-famous explorer, and we chatted of Mongolia and Borneo and Guiana. But one of the most interesting things he told us had nothing whatever to do with his profession. He described a club he belongs to, in New York, that is unlike any club you've ever heard of. It hasn't any name, nor any bylaws, nor any dues, nor any program. Once a month its twelve members gather at dinner; after they've finished their coffee they decide how they'll spend the evening. Last month they did nothing but talk. One member had asked a test question—"If you suddenly acquired fifty million dollars, how would it change your life?"

Ten Against Two

Everybody expressed his views. Ten of the men were scientists, explorers, teachers, musicians. They were interested in their work, not in money. They'd go right on, they said, plugging just as hard or harder, and giving away most of their fifty million. Two men, men who work in Wall Street, were the only ones to whom fifty million dollars would mean any change—they'd quit their work, they asserted, and find themselves a more congenial task. If there's any moral in this, it's that you don't need a lot of money to be happy. Pick a job you like. If you do it well, it'll yield you a comfortable living, and that's all you need. Leave the swollen bank roll to men who think such things are important. Ten to one they'll envy you, just as the two members of this anonymous club envied the other ten.

A New Word for You

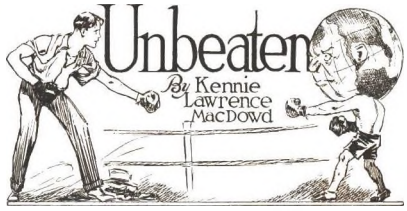
A NEW word has come into the American language, a word that is of especial interest to *American Boy* readers. It is "fericulture," invented by the Michigan Department of Conservation. We predict a brilliant future for it. Fericulture is the science of managing our wild crops, game and fish, in such a way as to provide plenty of fishing and hunting and still increase the supply. The wise Michigan conservationist doesn't propose to try to force game into areas unsuited for it. He doesn't propose to put bass in lakes where bass can't live naturally and productively. He doesn't propose to stock with trout a warm-water stream fit only for sluggish chub. No indeed. (Jump to the next paragraph, please—this one is getting uncomfortably long.)

Why the Trout Moved Away

Let's see how the fericulturist will operate. He finds, for instance, a stream long since deserted by trout. Log drives have cleared it of all its natural obstructions. Lumbermen have cut down the trees that shaded it and kept it cool. Silting-in has reduced the supply of natural fish food. The stream is one long monotonous stretch of gravel, covered by lazily moving water that alternates between extremes of flood and drought. A dismal picture. (Next paragraph, please.)

Fericulture Gets Busy

Enter the fericulturist. He installs a system of inexpensive dams, thus providing pools that will be cool and deep on the hottest summer days. He plants shade trees. With current deflectors he makes the stream a pleasant succession of pools and shallows. Thus he prepares the way for flats of vegetation, and for the growth of infusoria, plankton, and other minute foods that will tickle the palates of the most persnickety of trout. The fericulturist provides spawning beds, and hide-outs for young fish. At intervals he fixes up natural refuges—spots that are inconvenient for fishing, and ideal places for trout to multiply without interference. Such is fericulture, designed to make life easy for our game animals and fish. We wish it lots of luck.



You haven't got me down, World,
You haven't knocked me out—
I may have lost a round, but
Let's have another bout!

I'm not demanding favors,
Nor whining either, see?
You think I'll run from punches?
You'll get no yelp from me!

Come on with all you've got, then,
Put up your gloves! All set?
You haven't got me down, World,
You haven't licked me yet!

"Old Gimlet Eye"

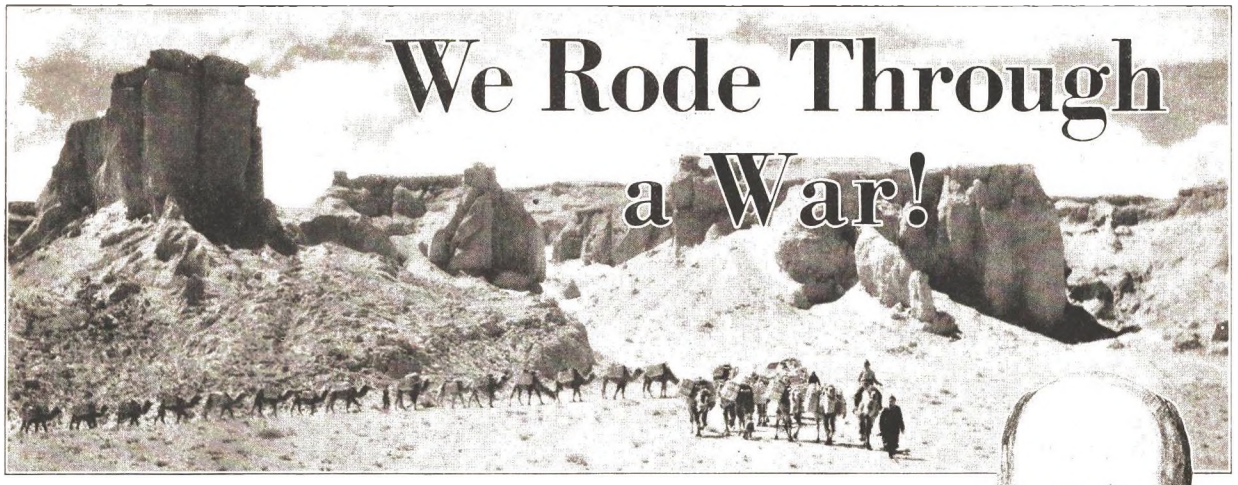
SOME day wars for commerce and for other people's territory will cease. Soldiers will become international police, dedicated to the job of preserving law and order. General Smedley D. Butler, the "fightingest" of all of Uncle Sam's Marines, has spent a lifetime doing just this sort of police work. If you think it doesn't offer roaring adventure, read Lowell Thomas' new best seller, "Old Gimlet Eye." Farrar & Rinehart is the publisher. Butler joined the Marines during the Spanish-American War, and as a 16-year-old lieutenant saw action in Cuba. At 18, leading the advance through the Filipino jungles, he survived a withering ambush and scattered the insurrectos from one end of the landscape to the other. In China he fought hand-to-hand with the fanatic Boxers. In Haiti he stormed a frowning Caco fortress, captured it by crawling through a drainage tunnel on all fours and mixing it up with the astounded rebel garrison. Butler banged his way through the streets of Vera Cruz, with snipers firing at him from the housetops. Bullets never worried him, and he finished every job he ever started. You'll find this new book grand reading. Perhaps, like us, you'll see in it a promise of the time when soldiers will fight for one cause only, the cause of peace.

A General Who Could Take It

General Butler—he was made a major general at the early age of forty-eight—had his own effective way of inspiring his men. He had no use for pride, or false dignity. More than once, as an officer, he helped carry the packs of tired-out soldiers, and the sight of him doing it put iron in the backbone of his entire command. The bigger the man, the less the pretense.

Science Declares War

NO two fingerprints are alike. Some have a loop pattern. In some the loop points toward the little finger, and in others, away from it. And so on. It's possible to classify fingerprints just as positively as the different species of plants are classified. Science is using this fact to track down the racketeer. A new identification file at Department of Justice headquarters contains the fingerprints of all known gangsters and kidnapers, divided into groups of approximately twenty-five. Thus if a kidnaper in Albuquerque or Oshkosh leaves his fingerprint on an ink bottle or a door knob, the police of those cities need only send a print of it to Washington to have it compared with the master file and full information shot back by telegraph. In connection with this new file is a card index in which each gangster is thoroughly described. These cards are not arranged alphabetically, by name, because it's too easy for a racketeer to use an alias. They're filed by description. A punched hole in one spot on a card means blue eyes; a hole in another spot means brown hair, and so forth. Police, anywhere, may rush a description of a gangster to headquarters. Headquarters will "set" a sorting machine according to the description sent in, and then drop the cards in the machine. The machine will pick out the cards that contain descriptions closest to the one that has come in. Back will go a whole slew of facts, by wire. Tough days ahead for criminals, and high time, too.



We Rode Through a War!

An Adventure Outside of Peking

As Told to Franklin M. Reck
by

Roy Chapman Andrews

Famous Explorer and Vice-Director of the American Museum of Natural History

The great Gobi Desert Expedition, led by Roy Chapman Andrews, which spent ten years collecting fossils and doing scientific exploration in Mongolia, had to battle all sorts of obstacles. And not the least of these were wars. Wars between Mongols and Chinese, Russians and Chinese, Manchurians and Chinese, along with a choice assortment of miscellaneous banditry. This article tells you how one war nearly wiped out an important part of the Expedition's staff of scientists!

Above: These are the Flaming Cliffs where dinosaur eggs were discovered!

Right: Roy Chapman Andrews, sketched by Robert A. Herzberg.

Below: Soldiers guard the gates of Peking!

THERE are safer occupations than riding back and forth through a war. For myself and four companions it meant facing machine gun fire, acting as a moving target for a string of outposts, running over two soldiers, and facing a firing squad.

If we had known what awaited us that day in 1926, we never would have left Peking. We knew there was a war—a full-grown Chinese war on the road between Peking and Tientsin, which was the very road we had to use.

But it seemed very necessary to make the trip. You see, I had just arrived in Tientsin from America a few days before and had come up to Peking with comparative ease. There were supplies awaiting the Gobi Desert Expedition in Tientsin and I felt that we simply had to drive back and get them.

The war was between General Feng-Yu-hsiang, who was defending Peking, and the Manchurian war lord, Chang-Tso-lin. Chang was advancing up the road from Tientsin and had reached a point 12 miles from Peking. Feng had started out to make a counter-attack, but before the opposing armies met one of Feng's generals was bought off. So Feng did an about-face and started back for the city.

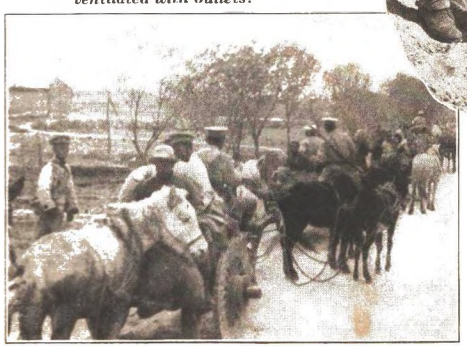
With one army rapidly retreating and the other army not advancing, the situation didn't seem very dangerous. Our car bore a large American flag and other signs indicating that our intentions were honorable and that we bore nothing but the greatest of goodwill toward all the world.

So, one morning we started out—a U. S. marine officer, three of the Expedition's scientists, and I. I was driving.

For a few miles all went well. We passed through the retreating Feng army, through No Man's Land, and past the outposts of Chang's army. Soon we would be into Chang's main body and entirely out of the danger area. We swept around a curve and

Tissue and gum arabic to save fossil bones!

On this road Andrews' car was ventilated with bullets!



a spurt of dust kicked up beside the car.

"Somebody's shooting!" one of my companions shouted.

"We just bounced a pebble," I replied.

I was wrong. Ahead of us was a marble bridge and from it a stream of lead was pouring. We were being fired on by a machine gun! The range was short and bullets were hitting the road just ahead of us.

I came to the world's fastest stop. While my passengers were diving into the bottom of the rear seat for protection I turned and backed the car, and started in the other direction.

In that short interval the gunner had discovered that his range was short. So he lifted it, but he lifted it too high. The spat of bullets hitting the road changed to the whine of bullets going overhead. Before he was able to adjust his sight again we roared around the curve, out of range.

Well, that was that. We had almost barged squarely into five first-class funerals, but why worry about a crisis that was past? Unfortunately the real crisis was yet to come. Chang's outposts, who had let us pass in one direction, now changed their ideas. They had heard the firing at the bridge. They saw us come tearing back. That made us fair game.

So we ran a gauntlet of hot lead, and if the Chinese hadn't been the world's worst shots we couldn't have got by the first outpost. As it was, when we roared by one of General Chang's advance guards, that gentleman would raise his gun and fire without even sighting along the barrel of the rifle. He was too interested in looking at us!

But as we approached one man, a cold fear assailed me. For that man bent his head to his gun in American fashion. He brought his sights into line and his muzzle on me.

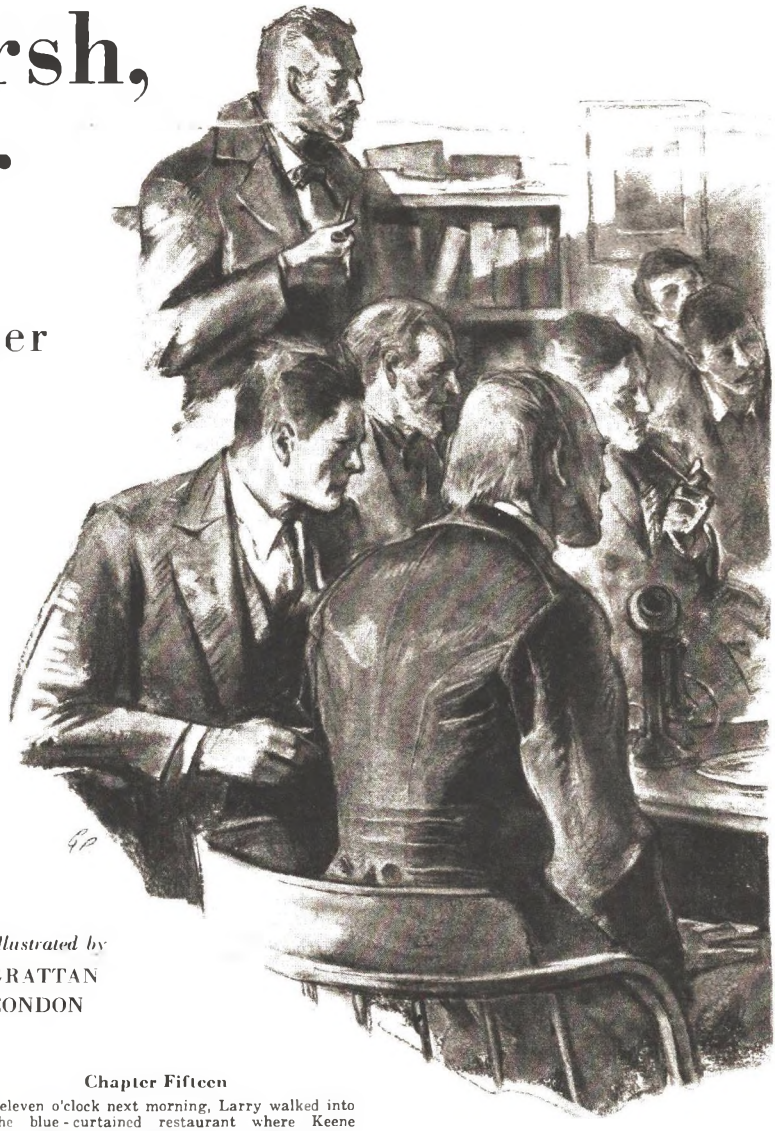
(Continued on page 43)

Larry Marsh, Packer

by

William Heyliger

Fish War on the Quoddy! And a Finish Fight Brewing in the Salt Air!



Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON

"YOU can't ram a sardine down a man's throat!" Larry told himself savagely. "If you could, I'd do it!"

He was desperate. So much depended on one little thing—getting Keene, the hard-bitten buyer for the Excelsior Continental chain stores, to taste a Sea Foam sardine. Was he going to lose out after all these months of hard fighting just because a bored buyer thought all sardines tasted alike?

Larry Marsh was in a war. It was a fish war, and far more experienced men than Larry had gone down in it. Merciless Old Jake Grimmer, Eastport's most powerful sardine packer, had forced most of his competitors out. He meant to ruin Larry.

John Marsh, dying, broken by Old Jake, had willed his closed fish factory and a little money to an unknown young cousin in a distant city—Larry, the only Marsh left. The red-headed young bookkeeper had dashed up from New York to Maine, exultant over his good fortune, only to find himself instantly forced into fighting Old Jake. Fighting to save his little inheritance. Fighting to save his self-respect—he couldn't shrink back and let Old Jake play pirate with his property!

Larry had made friends: keen-eyed, sharp-tongued Ralph Graves, John Marsh's lawyer and good friend; Martha Dill, who gave Larry a comfortable room, the best of food, and unfailing encouragement; Pete Bannister, his competent factory foreman; the Renault boys, staunch fishermen of the fighting breed.

With the help of these friends, Larry had defied Old Jake and his undercover partner, Morry Hicks. With infinite difficulty, he had cleaned up the factory. He had conceived and developed the idea of a sardine sauce made from the tangy seaweed known as dulse, and he was packing a royally superb sardine. He had defeated Old Jake's efforts to keep him from getting fish, and he had a big pack of sardines all ready to sell.

But he couldn't sell. His costs were high; he must get a high price. And his sardines were worth it! But they were unknown.

If only Keene of the Excelsior Continental Company would give him an order, he could make a start and wedge his way into the market. Larry had come all the way from Eastport to Rochester to sell Keene. But the buyer wouldn't pay $3.25 a case, wouldn't believe one sardine could be better than another, wouldn't taste Larry's sardines.

Larry went back to his hotel bitterly discouraged. There was nothing to do but take the next train back home. He began to pack his bag. His mind, however, refused to stop struggling with the problem and presently, with three or four shirts clutched in his hand, he was pacing the floor. The trouble was that when he had urged Keene to taste the sardines, he had merely antagonized the man. It had been the wrong moment.

"Wish I could catch him off guard and hungry," Larry gritted. "Say—" a thought had struck him—"I'll have one more try before I go back to Maine, licked."

Chapter Fifteen

AT eleven o'clock next morning, Larry walked into the blue-curtained restaurant where Keene lunched. Heart beating fast, he took a chair near the buyer's favorite table. John, a napkin over his arm, came from the rear.

"Does Mr. Keene use that table every day?" Larry asked.

The waiter looked at him narrowly. "Usually."

"Do you wait on him every day?"

"Usually."

"Do you want to earn $5?"

John's face became a mask. "How?"

"Merely by putting some sardines before him. All you have to do is to arrange sardines I'll give you on some fresh lettuce and bring them to his table with a few hot toasted crackers. You don't have to say a word. Merely leave them there before you serve him what he orders."

"And I get $5 for that?"

"Do you want the money now?"

The waiter placed one hand upon the table and leaned forward. "Brother," he said, "there's a catch in this some place. Mr. Keene is one of my regulars, and I'm not giving him the short end. What's it all about?"

"I'm a sardine packer," Larry explained. "I came down from Maine to sell Mr. Keene sardines. I can't sell him because he doesn't realize how good these sardines are. He wouldn't taste them at the office; but if he finds them on his table in a restaurant—do you see it?"

John considered. "Sounds goofy to me," he decided. "Can you think of a better way to make sure he gets these sardines into his mouth?"

The waiter shrugged. After all, the world was full of loose nuts. "Suppose he eats your sardines and gives them thumbs down? Do I still get that five?"

"You can have it now."

John held out his hand. Larry dug two cans of sardines from his sample bag and a $5 bill from his pocket. The waiter hesitated. "Where will you be?"

"Right here."

"You'd better be, or I don't go through with it. If there's anything phony about this I want you on the spot." He went a few steps toward the kitchen and came back. "You eating?"

Larry ordered. He tried to calm his nerves, and forced himself to eat. Noon whistles blew, and the restaurant began to fill. And suddenly the door opened and Mr. Keene entered.

Larry found his breath coming hard. John came down the aisle of tables, gave him a cautious stare, and went on to Mr. Keene's table. Sounds hummed in Larry's ears, and he could not hear what was said. The waiter withdrew, and the buyer took a packet of papers from his pocket.

In a few moments John returned and placed on the table a plate of sardines temptingly arranged on crisp head-lettuce leaves and flanked by brown, buttered crackers. Then, with a doubtful glance at Mr. Keene, he hastily withdrew.

The door opened. Jake Grimmer, black and ponderous, stood upon the threshold. Behind him, immaculate and beaming, was Morry Hicks.

The buyer looked up over the papers, gave the plate a surprised stare, and went back to whatever it was he had been reading.

Larry waited, his hands cold and clammy. What a fool idea this had been! The man hadn't ordered an appetizer. Probably he wouldn't eat one. He might even resent having one placed before him—might curtly order it taken away. Yet this had seemed the only chance for Sea Foam Sardines.

The boy sat taut. The next two or three minutes meant so much to the Marsh Packing Company.

Just as Larry had concluded despairingly that the buyer wasn't even going to notice the appetizer again, Mr. Keene looked up from his papers and his glance fell once more on the sardines. One eyebrow cocked itself sardonically. Larry could almost have sworn he heard the man snort.

Now he'd motion to John and order the sardines taken away.

But no—Mr. Keene, tapping the papers into a compact sheaf, stuck them back into his pocket and picked up a fork! Perhaps that cock of the eyebrow had been hungry instead of sardonic. The tines of the fork played among the sardines, lifted one, and conveyed it to his lips.

Larry dared not watch. Seconds passed—a minute. Then the buyer spoke sharply. "John!"

The waiter, a table or two away, pretended not to hear.

"John!" Still more sharply.

Larry felt the nudge of a hand against his arm as the waiter passed him. He strained his ears to hear what the buyer said.

"Where did you get these sardines?"

John's voice was agitated. "If there's anything wrong, Mr. Keene—"

"Where did you get them?"

"If they're not all right, I can put my hand on the fellow—"

"What fellow?"

"The fellow who gave me $5 to put them on your table."

"Where is he?"

"Over there."

Larry had risen. Men at other tables were turning their heads. The buyer swung round.

"Oh!" he said slowly. His face became expressionless. "Had your lunch?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess you can stand another cup of coffee. Come over and sit down."

John hovered anxiously. "Everything all right, Mr. Keene?"

"Quite." The man ate for a while in silence. "What's in those sardines?" he asked abruptly.

"What I told you—a new sauce. What do you think of them?"

"Not bad."

Larry kept a grip on himself. No hard-boiled buyer like Mr. Keene grew excited over a sardine that was merely not bad. He drank his coffee slowly. Better let the man do the talking.

"You never sold us before, Marsh?"

"No, sir."

"How come you came to Rochester?"

"Your chain has a reputation for trying to find something a little better."

The buyer grunted. "You mean you couldn't get the brokers to take you up. So when you went broke—"

"We're not broke," Larry said coolly. That was true. They still had several hundred dollars.

The man gave him a swift, keen look and went on eating. "What's the price?"

"Still $3.25, Mr. Keene."

"That's asking big money."

"You're buying big fish."

"Oh!" Another swift look. "So I'm buying, am I?"

Larry plunged. "You know you are."

Another silence. Then: "How many cases?"

"Thirty-five hundred."

"That all you have packed?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you couldn't sell a case to the brokers. Humph! I knew you were broke." He threw down his napkin. "Come back to the office."

Larry clutched the handle of the leather case. Steady! The sardines weren't sold yet! They passed through the outer office and on into the inner room. Mr. Keene dropped into his swivel chair, picked up a pencil, and held it as if it were a pointer.

"Now, Marsh, let's get down to price."

Larry hoped his face did not betray his panic. "Three twenty-five, Mr. Keene."

The pencil swayed. "If you'll shave that a bit—"

The man wasn't talking $2.25 now. Larry took heart. "It can't be done, Mr. Keene. You've eaten that sardine. You know what you're buying."

The buyer's faint grin admitted his change of attitude. "Yes," he said. "I've eaten that sardine; I want it." He reached for a pad. "Let's do some figuring. We take the broker's 5%. That brings us down to $3.09. Then we take 2% for cash."

Larry hadn't known that. He waited.

"Now we're down to $3.03. And there's ½% for swells—"

"Mr. Keene, we pack carefully. You don't get spoiled cans."

"One-half per cent," the buyer insisted. "It's the way we buy all our canned fish." He figured. "Let's say $3 even." Then he stretched back in the chair and demanded: "Want to spend some money?"

"For what?"

"Advertising. We have an arrangement with many of our manufacturers whereby we carry their product in our advertising. We match every dollar they put in with a dollar of our own. You're putting out an unknown brand. It needs advertising."

"What would it cost?" Larry asked thoughtfully.

"Five cents a case. That's $175. We'll put in $175. Every nickel of that $350 will be used to promote Sea Foam Sardines. Well?"

Larry nodded.

Mr. Keene swung about. "Make out an order contract, Miss Allen. Thirty-five hundred cases Sea Foam Sardines; the Marsh Packing Company; the usual 5, 2, and ½% discounts; 5c a case for advertising."

The typewriter broke into a sharp clatter, and Larry felt the blood sweep through his veins in a wild tide of triumph. There was only one thought in his mind now—to get back to Eastport. He scarcely knew how he got out of Mr. Keene's office. With the contract in his pocket, he arrived breathless at the hotel to find there was a train out in twenty-five minutes.

"Have my bill ready and reserve me a Pullman chair." He dashed for the elevator.

He threw his things into his bag. As he stepped out of the elevator a bell boy rushed for the bag.

"Get me a taxi," Larry ordered, and made for the cashier's window. A half minute later he shot out of the hotel entrance and catapulted into the waiting taxi.

"You have eight minutes!" he shouted.

The driver made it in four. A railroad redcap went ahead with the bag, and Larry ran for the ticket window. Three minutes to train time! The announcer was crying "All aboard!" when he finally left the ticket window and sprinted across the floor. The gates closed behind him.

Panting, he reached his chair in the car, and the train rolled slowly out of the station. He'd done it—he'd sold the pack! Twice he took the contract from his pocket and read it through. Presently, after the first surging thrill was gone, he began to count what the sale meant.

Five cents a case for advertising had brought the price down to $2.95. At $2.95 they had sold the pack for $10,325. The profit, at 77 cents a case, ran to $2695. And with $10,325 to pack with—he figured rapidly. The next pack would run at least 4,600 cases. He grinned out jubilantly at the spring landscape.

By and by he beckoned to the porter. "How long is our next station stop?"

"Five minutes, sah."

"Will you file a telegram for me?"

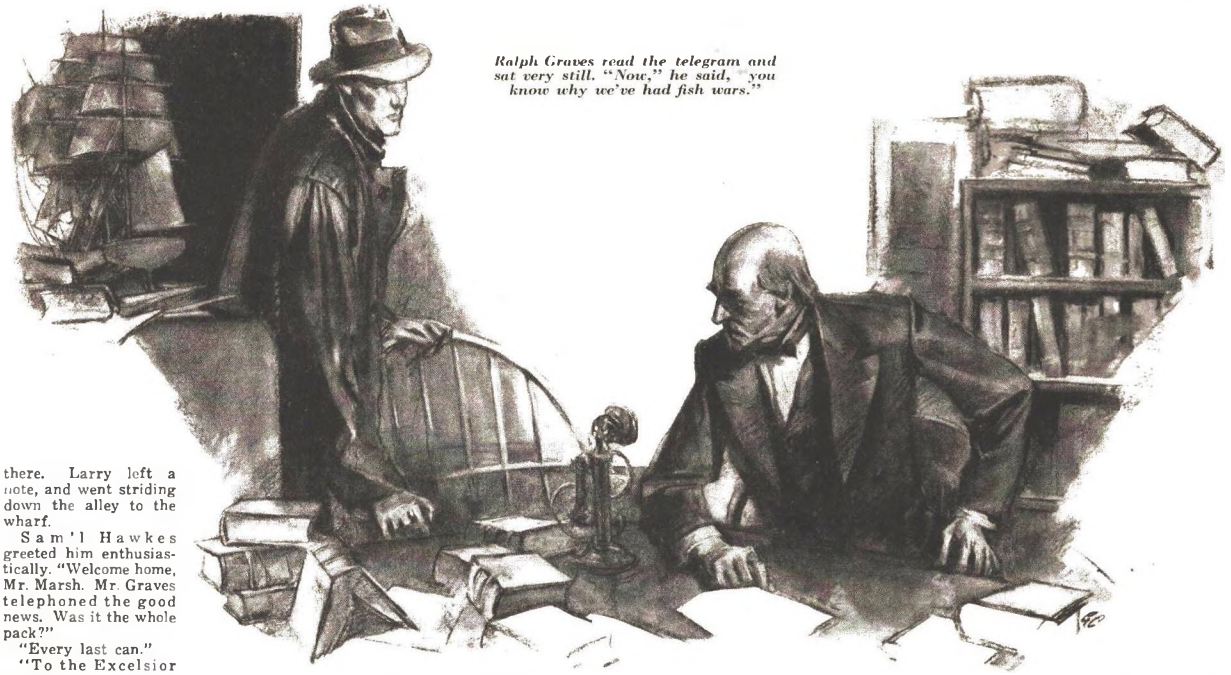
"Yes, sah." The porter brought him blanks.

Holding the yellow pad upon his knee, he wrote a message to Ralph Graves. It contained but one word:

"Sunrise."

Eastport at last. Larry stepped off the train to find a chill wind blowing in from the sea. The breath of the salt tides was in his face, the sky was a leaden gray, and smoky spirals of mist drifted with the wind. But the boy drank in the salt air in eager, grateful gulps. He was home!

A taxi brought him to Water Street, and he dashed up to Ralph Graves' office. But the lawyer wasn't



Ralph Graves read the telegram and sat very still. "Now," he said, "you know why we've had fish wars."

there. Larry left a note, and went striding down the alley to the wharf.

Sam'l Hawkes greeted him enthusiastically. "Welcome home, Mr. Marsh. Mr. Graves telephoned the good news. Was it the whole pack?"

"Every last can."

"To the Excelsior people?"

"Thanks to your suggestion," Larry answered. The dried-up, leathery old face broke into delighted wrinkles, and Larry slid the bag under a desk. "Where's Bannister?"

"Just back, I think."

"From where?"

"I don't know. Joe came down this morning, limping fast, and a little later I heard the *Larry M* making across to Campobello."

Larry frowned, puzzled. Bannister must have known he'd get in today. What unexpected thing had sent the foreman and the pilot across the harbor this morning? A noise came from below, and he hurried down. Bannister came out of the shipping room, chewing the everlasting match.

"Looked for you to make in about now," the man said. "Got three, four trucks signed on waiting to take over to the Maine Central freight house. How much you shipping?"

"All of it."

"Good price?"

"Two-ninety-five net."

The sea-puckered eyes showed a flash of approval. The voice said laconically: "Start making a new pack tomorrow."

Larry grinned. "That's fast work. What did you do—phone Castine as soon as you got the news from Ralph Graves?"

"Castine ain't on the chart this cruise."

"But—"

"Quoddy fish," Bannister said calmly.

Larry stared at him. Then he said slowly: "That's too fast, Bannister. It will make trouble—and we've just broken into the market. Grimmer has all these local weirs under contract."

"Ain't likely to be no trouble. Jake's done like I calculated. Getting heavy with fish; so he sends word to Abel Hanks that sardines from the Hanks weir ain't running right and he'll have no more. That leaves Abel ready to seine at four o'clock tomorrow morning and no market. Joe and me made across this morning and arranged for 50 hogshead. You running high on money?"

"Plenty for 50 hogshead."

"Plenty to pay off Saturday?"

Larry pulled at the red hair with a rueful look. "That's different," he said.

"Then it's lively to get them sardines over to the freight house. Once sardines is sold on signed order and delivered to the railroad the bank'll lend money. Ralph Graves can tell you how it's done. You'd best see him."

Larry was off up the alley, and was soon running up the lawyer's dark stairs. Ralph Graves, looking up as the door burst open, jumped to his feet, a gaunt, bony hand outstretched.

"Tell me how you did it."

Larry told him what had happened in the Rochester restaurant, while the lawyer paced a tortuous course between and around the scattered piles of law books.

"By the mighty, that was neat." He stopped short. "But that wasn't what you came here to tell me."

"No. Grimmer figures we're stuck, with no money left to buy fish, and he's throwing the weirs overboard. Bannister went out this morning and did business with Abel Hanks. We're taking 50 hogsheads tomorrow."

Ralph Graves smiled grimly. "That will be a jolt for Jake. What else?"

"Money. I can't make the Saturday pay roll. Bannister said with fish sold I could borrow—"

"Got an order in writing from the Excelsior people?"

Larry took it from his pocket.

"Send your fish to the railroad. Get a receipt for the delivery of 3,500 cases. Take the order and receipt to the bank tomorrow. They'll probably lend you $2 a case. Then they send out the bill of lading with a sight draft attached. That's the way most sardines are sold."

Two dollars a case meant $7,000.

Larry went back to the factory. Two trucks were backed up to the shipping-room door, and Bannister was supervising the loading.

"Got enough dulse mixed for a thousand-case pack?" the foreman asked.

"Mix it now," Larry told him, and up in the office he changed to overalls.

A short, busy afternoon—and then home to Mrs. Dill's supper and her welcome.

"Lad," said the smiling woman, "I'm glad for you. Ralph Graves made this a port of call to pass me the word, and I had him in quick what with the fear he'd begin hornpiping on the house steps and him a lawyer used to standing with dignity in the courts of law."

"I'd like to dance a jig myself," Larry admitted. "I think maybe I did when I went out of Mr. Keene's office—I can't remember how I got out."

Next morning Larry was at the factory at seven o'clock. The *Larry M* had already discharged its first loading of 25 hogshead. Fish lay salting in the brine tanks.

"Ready to blow for flakers and packers about eight," Bannister said.

"How are the fish?" Larry asked.

"Prime. Joe says a Grimmer boat sighted him while he was taking on and came in close to make sure."

Larry grinned cheerfully and dug in at the day's work. When the two trucks finally roared out of the alley with their last loads for the freight house, Larry rode with the driver of the second truck to the railroad yards.

"How soon can I get a receipt for this shipment?" he asked at the freight office.

"Check it at once."

A clerk went out with pad and pencil, checked the cases as they were unloaded, and wrote him a receipt. He hurried back to Water Street and the bank, and thrust his papers in at the cashier's window.

"I'd like a loan on this," he said. "About $2 a case."

"Two dollars?" The cashier shook his head. "That's impossible; our rule is not to lend more than $1.60 on the present market." He read the order. "Oh!" he said in surprise. "Two-ninety-five net?"

Larry tried hard to look casual.

"That's an unusual price, Mr. Marsh."

"That's an unusual sardine," Larry assured him with a happy grin. "If you can fix up a loan—"

"Certainly." The cashier grinned a little himself. "Two dollars? I'll make out the papers."

Fifteen minutes later Larry was out of the bank. Money to buy fish, money to pack fish—fish that would sell. He leaped up the stairway to the office.

"Mr. Hicks telephoned twice," Sam'l Hawkes told him.

"What did he want?"

"He didn't say. He seemed to be in a temper."

The genial Morry Hicks in a temper! Larry slanted an eyebrow, and went off to the hoist shed. Silver hordes of sardines churned at the sluice head and slid down to the tanks. The packing room was hot with steam and sweaty with the odors of oil and fish. At the packing tables, women worked with fast-flying hands. One or two caught his eye and smiled at him.

Presently Sam'l Hawkes' hand touched his elbow. "Mr. Hicks on the telephone."

"Marsh," Morry Hicks' voice barked over the wire, "you bought fish from Abel Hanks today."

"I did," Larry said calmly.

"I demand to know—"

"Do you?" Larry hung up the receiver.

A minute later the telephone rang again. "Marsh? We were cut off."

"No," Larry said. "I hung up. Demands rile me, Mr. Hicks. But if you want to ask a question—"

An inarticulate sputter. Then, more restrainedly: "I want to know why you bought fish from the Hanks weir."

"The fish were for sale."

"We have a contract with Hanks to sell only to the Grimmer factory. You knew of that contract!"

"I know," Larry retorted, "that you broke that contract."

There was nothing merry about the voice that sputtered: "The Quoddy is our territory, Marsh. I'm warning you off."

"I'll buy fish," Larry said flatly, "where I can get them."

"Marsh," Morry Hicks cried, "if you're looking for

war, you're likely to find it. Once we offered to take your pack at $1.60; now we'll wait and take it at a bankruptcy sale for a song. We'll wire our brokers to cut five cents under any price you quote. We'll tie you so tight your 3,500 cases will look like 3,500 gravestones."

"Easy," said Larry. "You can't do that, Mr. Hicks. There isn't a case of fish in the factory. They're sold."

"What's that?"

"They're sold—to the Excelsior Continental people."

The little man laughed. "Marsh, that's a good bluff, but you haven't been in this business long enough. You need more practice in calling your shots. The Excelsior Continental is one market nobody up here has ever been able to reach."

"Care to take a walk, Mr. Hicks?"

"Where to?"

"The Maine Central freight house. You'll find them loading our sardines for shipment tonight."

Abruptly, astonishingly, the laugh changed. It lost its rasp and rippled off into mellow mirth.

"No fooling, Larry?"

"You can check up."

"Bless my soul! You've actually sold the Excelsior. My boy, it's a miracle." The little man of amazing contradictions seemed actually to enjoy the news. "Bless my soul, won't that be a pill for Old Jake."

"You might tell him something else, Mr. Hicks."

"Eh? What?"

"You might tell him that we sold the pack for $2.95 net."

The chuckling good humor choked into a gasp. Larry, pressing the receiver to his ear, found it eloquent with a shocked and profound silence.

Chapter Sixteen

JUNE threw over the Narrows the sparkling beauty of summer splendor. Eager artists came with their rolls of canvas and found rooms among the families of the town. The sea breeze tempered the sun, and the salt tides were as blue as a deep, lustrous jewel.

Larry breathed deeply of the sea air and found life good. He had been worried about the Renaults, but Jean had said contentedly: "Larry, if you can get sardine along the Quoddy, it is best for you. But if it is this Old Jake and his big hand, then I sell you."

The Excelsior people sent him proof of their advertising. An inch of copy, set in a ruled box, stood out in the center of a half-page ad:

SEA FOAM SARDINES
The Sardine with the Deep-Sea Flavor
10c 3 for 25c

"That's money well spent," Ralph Graves told him. "I'd call it insurance guaranteeing the sale of the future pack. No reorder yet?"

"Not yet."

Larry thought of framing that ad and hanging it in the office. In the end, though, he took it home and gave it to Mrs. Dill. The woman got out her steel-rimmed reading glasses, and polished them carefully, and ended by taking the glasses off and blowing her nose.

"Hay fever," she said grumpily. "It allers comes on sudden-like."

Later he found her in the kitchen reading the page again. This time she smiled, in half-embarrassed admission of her pride in what he had done.

"Sea Foam Sardines is a good name," she said.

"It's music in my ears," laughed Larry.

But as the days went by, he sobered. He was beginning to worry again about the sardine supply. They had to depend on Abel Hanks' weir—Old Jake hadn't made the mistake of letting any more weirs get away from him. So far they had come out pretty well. Only twice had the packing been slowed up. One week the take had been small, and they had packed only three hundred cases; another week sardines had not come into the Hanks cove and there had been no fish at all. Only two slow periods. But those two made Larry uneasy.

"Will we get these short weeks often?" he asked Bannister.

The foreman shrugged. "Sometimes fish runs good, sometimes they runs poor, sometimes they ain't no fish at all. Calculate the whole fish business, from deck to keel, is a gamble."

Wasn't it though! Larry faced the fact grimly and sat down at his desk to figure at another angle of the gamble—the selling end. This, too, was worrying him again.

They now had 2,800 cases in the shipping room, and money enough to pack 1,800 more. After that, what? Would they have to shut down the factory once more and go through another period of helpless waiting? The Excelsior chain had had the Sea Foam brand on sale for five weeks in over two hundred stores. Larry ran the pencil back and forth through his fingers. Then, with abrupt decision, he put through a call to Rochester.

"Mr. Keene," he said over the wire, "this is Marsh. Yes, of Eastport. How are you fixed on Sea Foams?"

"Got plenty." The voice was abrupt.

"How are they moving?"

"Fair."

Larry winced. "Any idea when you'll be in the market?"

"None. Depends on demand. When we want more I'll let you know." The receiver clicked.

Larry went back to his desk. So the demand was only fair! Well, of course they had put a new product on the market, and people had to become acquainted with it. Progress would naturally be slow but—how slow?

The next week they packed 900 cases. Another 900 and they'd have to stop, Larry reflected at his desk. Rochester was their only market, and Rochester had not yet repeated.

But why all the eggs in one basket? Larry sprang to his feet and strode swiftly to Sam'l Hawkes' desk.

"Will you try your hand at another letter to the brokers? Give it to them strong; our product in the Excelsior chain and our ads in the papers. Let's show them we're moving along."

"Shall I send them samples?"

Larry nodded. "Yes. Ask Bannister to wrap them."

Sam'l corkscrewed his legs around the chair, twisted his tongue into his leathery cheek, and turned out a masterly letter.

"It makes me want to send in an order myself," Larry told him.

But the new round of letters was barren of result. The price, of course! The *Larry M* brought fish from the Hanks weir, and again the factory steamed, and sweated, and reeked. The shipping room reported 4,500 cases packed. That meant they were through. The factory would stand idle again.

Bannister brought up a new worry. "Calculate Abel Hanks'll be going over the side to call on Grimmer."

"To sell him?"

"Got to trade his fish some place. And Jake'll know we've shut down 'count of money. He'll sign Hanks on again sure."

That would mean going once more to Castine, and getting fish only when the Renault weir seined on an early morning slack. If orders began to come in—

Sam'l Hawkes appeared in the packing-room doorway. "Telegram for you, Mr. Marsh."

The message was from Rochester:

Ship one thousand Sea Foam Sardines.

"They're beginning to move!" Larry cried.

"Got to move faster'n that if we calculate to stay with a weir on the Quoddy," Bannister said quietly.

Larry nodded, the light dying out of his face. If it took Rochester another seven weeks to order another thousand cases, the Hanks weir would be lost to them. Well, anyhow, today's order meant $2,950. That would give them money enough to pack for another two weeks. Something might develop in two weeks—if he and Sam'l Hawkes dug in hard enough on the selling end.

Together the two worked persistently—sending brief, newly persuasive letters to brokers previously approached, and forceful first letters to carefully selected new prospects. Once Larry reluctantly drew travel money from his small bank balance and rode the day coaches down to Hartford, hoping to persuade the buyer of a recently started group of small suburban stores to carry the Sea Foam Sardines. But the pleasant-faced buyer, who was also the owner, shook his head soberly.

"I'm a shoe-string man at present, Marsh," he admitted frankly. "I'm just getting going, and for a while I'm not taking on any high-priced stuff like your sardines. Later perhaps—"

And Larry rode the day coaches back home, dropping off in Eastport tired and dirty and sunken-eyed. Still no order from anywhere.

It was the morning after he got back that he sat down and in desperation wrote Mr. Keene a letter that said:

> Our shipping room is cluttered with sardines that we are anxious to dispose of so that we can go on packing. You know the sales possibilities of the Sea Foam brand. I have 3,500 cases that I can send you at once. Why not take them all now and have an adequate supply on hand?

Four days later he had his reply:

> I see no reason why we should hold the bag for you. We'll buy merchandise when, as, and if we need it. Packing is your risk, not ours. If I tried to turn this company into a first-aid-for-manufacturers association we'd soon go out of business.

Another 1,500 cases had gone into the shipping room, and once more the factory lay dead. July had come to the Narrows, roses bloomed in Mrs. Dill's old-fashioned garden—and Grimmer's blue and yellow boats rolled and pitched through the tide rips and brought an endless stream of sardine herring to the Grimmer factory.

"Abel Hanks pushed off yesterday for a talk with

"Bannister," Larry jerked out, "I've sweated blood in this factory since last December. Grimmer isn't going to stop me now!"

Old Jake," Bannister said laconically.

So they had lost their one weir on the Quoddy. But something of the strength of the sea had come to Larry; he took the disaster quietly.

"Did Hanks send word he wouldn't sell us any more fish?"

"Calculate Jake would want it should be kept dark so's we'd think we was laying snug."

"Does Grimmer think we're fools?"

"Seems like Jake might be thinking most about the winter."

"I've thought of that myself," Larry said slowly.

For it had dawned on him that his problem was greater than the question of immediate sale. If the winter shutdown that came by law in December found them with only 4,000 or 5,000 cases in reserve, how would they get through until the weirs seined again the following April? He believed with a passionate faith that sooner or later the call for Sea Foams would quicken. Perhaps in the winter. What if they ran out of sardines? A brand once off the market might find it an uphill fight to get back. He could almost hear Mr. Keene's abrupt voice: "Can't depend on you, Marsh. No use in pushing merchandise that fails us when we need it."

He went out to the wharf and stood there lost in thought. An overturned dory, stove-in and water-logged, went past with the tide. He watched it grimly—there went something that had tried bucking the tide.

Suddenly he squared his shoulders with a defiant grin. "I'm not stove-in yet!" he announced to the world at large, and turned on his heel and strode back into the factory.

But the following week of inactivity and idleness wore on him almost unbearably. Daily he went to the factory from which the life was gone—and waited. Occasionally, he helped Sam'l Hawkes with an extra large lot of the follow-ups they doggedly sent out, but he found himself with an appalling amount of spare time on his hands.

Hour by hour he puttered at tasks that need not have been done and fought off a sick wave of dismay. There were times when the sea breeze brought the odor of fish from the Grimmer factory, and the only sounds were the cries of the gulls, the wash of the tide under the wharf, and the blare of the horns on Grimmer boats. These were the hardest hours of all.

There came a morning of steady, soaking, persistent rain. Buttoned into an oilskin he tramped along Water Street, turned down the alley, and climbed the dripping outdoor stairs to the office. Sam'l Hawkes, perseveringly trying once more to phrase a super-compelling sales letter, looked up at him with his bald head twisted sideways.

"Nothing this morning, Mr. Marsh."

Nothing this morning, or yesterday morning, or the morning before that. . . . If he went to New York and talked to brokers—but what brokers? If he only knew! But all his letters hadn't uncovered the broker who could see the chances in a high-grade sardine. The men he had approached seemed interested only in a product that promised quick commissions.

He walked to the window, and drummed on the rain-dimmed glass. If he only had work to do! Abruptly he turned and spoke to Sam'l Hawkes:

"I'm going up to the house for a while. I'll be back after dinner—and have a look at that blinger of a letter you're writing." He dug up a grin for the faithful, dried-up little man.

Sam'l Hawkes smiled faintly.

Water Street streamed in the rain. Larry tramped along, hoping that Mrs. Dill might be in a talkative mood, for more than once the indomitable woman had lifted him out of his troubles. But the house was locked. He fumbled under the oilskin for his key, and let himself in to silence and desertion. Evidently Mrs. Dill had gone off to do her marketing. While he stood moodily in the hall, the telephone rang.

"A telegram just came, Mr. Marsh," said Sam'l Hawkes' voice.

Larry's pulse leaped. "Open it—pronto! Is it from Rochester?"

"No, from New York."

New York? Larry's pulse died down a bit. "Oh, well—read it."

"It says, 'Quote price 50,000 cases Sea Foam Sardines delivery November first.'"

Larry's voice trembled. "Who is it signed by?"

"Davis, Lord & Chapman."

"Know them?"

"No, I don't."

"Call the bank, will you? See if they have any information about that firm. Fifty thousand cases?"

"Yes—50,000!"

"I'll be right over."

He dashed through the rain, slithered down through the wash of the alley, pounded over the rough planking of the wharf, and climbed the wooden stairs. Sam'l Hawkes rubbed his hands in a smother of excitement, but Bannister stood stoically chewing a match.

"What did the bank say?" Larry cried.

"They have an AA1 rating, Mr. Marsh."

Larry ripped off the wet coat. "How long will it take us to pack 50,000 cases, Bannister? Can we be ready to ship on November 1?"

The foreman answered slowly. "Calculate that depends."

"On what?" Larry unconsciously snapped the words.

"On Castine. With fish running good, the Renaults ain't likely to seine morn'n once a week, and we can't take fish except on early morning slack. Fifty thousand cases is heavy cargo."

Sudden silence. The rain drummed softly and persistently upon the roof.

"It's best we should know the course before we set sail," Bannister said quietly.

"Of course." Larry picked up the telegram from Sam'l's desk, read it, and put it in his pocket. "Bannister, why can't we take fish from Castine any time we can get them?"

"You thinking of night packing?"

"Yes."

"It's been done when fish get in by day. But suppos'n Joe don't make in until ten, eleven at night? You counting to scream a siren through the town at midnight for packers?"

Larry drew a hard breath. "There's at least a $35,000 profit tied up in that order."

"Calculate."

Larry's rising color betrayed a boy's strong emotions. But the hardening of his jaw was evidence of maturity—the past months had put iron into his natural determination.

"Bannister," he jerked out, "I've sweated blood in this factory since last December. Now I have a chance to put this business on its feet, and Grimmer isn't going to stop me!" Abruptly he caught up his crackling oilskin. "I'll be at Graves' office," he called back from the doorway.

Ralph Graves read the telegram and sat very still. Larry, jaw set, paced the floor.

"Now," the man said, "you know why we've had fish wars."

Larry stopped short. "I know why we're going to have another! If Grimmer thinks—"

"Easy."

"Easy? You tell me easy when that order, an order that will make us, is in danger because Grimmer has us tied? I'll—"

"You'll give that New York broker a price," said Ralph Graves.

There was an undercurrent in the man's tone that took the useless rising rage out of Larry and left him cool and cautious. He came to the desk.

"Where am I going to get fish?"

"Leave that to me."

"But if you couldn't help John Marsh—"

"John Marsh didn't have dulse." The sunken eyes burned.

Slowly the boy's hand made a submitting gesture that was something of a tribute. "All right; I'll leave it to you. On 50,000 cases they're entitled to a better price. I'll give them a rate that, after the discounts come out, will net us about $2.90." He paused, then broke out. "But, good lord, if after we're committed, you find you can't get fish—"

The lawyer's lips moved. "I said to leave that to me."

From the telegraph office Larry wired New York:

> Fifty thousand Sea Foams November one three dollars fifteen cents.

An hour later he had his reply:

> Accept price quoted November one delivery stop letter confirmation follows.

Larry's heart pounded. They were in for it now. Grimmer or no Grimmer, they had to get sardines.

"Bannister, I've taken that contract."

The foreman's teeth closed on the match. "Seems like we're in for another fish war, though this time Jake ain't fighting the same kind of sardine. I'd best make over to Deer Island and get the *John M* overhauled. Calculate we're going to need more'n one boat."

First Ralph Graves had seen something in dulse that changed the situation, and now Bannister saw it, too. Larry telephoned the lawyer.

"New York has wired acceptance of our price. Letter of confirmation coming."

"Bring it here when you get it."

The letter came in three days later on the night mail:

> This is to confirm our telegram accepting your price of $3.15 per case for 50,000 cases of Sea Foam Sardines, less the usual discounts, delivery to begin on Nov. 1 next, before which time we will advise you to which of our clients to ship the merchandise.
>
> We are export brokers, with a large South American trade. For a long time we have been hoping to find a sardine of individuality. When the Excelsior Continental stores advertised Sea Foam as the sardine with the "deep-sea flavor," we tried several dozen cans and found them fresh and delightful with a true deep-sea tang. We congratulate you upon the product and anticipate doing a heavy business with it.

Larry's chin set itself with granite tensity. Bannister was right—this meant war.

Old Ephraim's Tale

by

LeRoy W. Snell

Old Ephraim Truit, captain of
The schooner, *Leaping Shad*,
Sat down to spin a yarn one night
About some thrills he'd had.

Says Eph: The most excitin' night
That I can recolleck
Was one time when we put to sea
From out o' Turtle Neck.

All day a hurricane had brewed;
At night it reached its peak.
The thought of setting out from port
Left everybody weak.

"An' yit," says I, "these orders is
Plain orders an' we must
Port helm an' fight the hurricane
To Portugal, er bust."

The ragin' briny grabbed the ship
An' tried to make a wreck
Of *Leaping Shad* when we put out
That night from Turtle Neck.

My gallant mate, Gahoofus Plunk
A bearcat with the crew,
He ramped around an' cussed an' fit,
An' never missed a chew.

An' so we plowed through smoth'ring seas;
The gale was like a knife—
It ripped our sails and smashed our spars,
An' threatened ship an' life.

But when the lurid dawn come up
Across the scuddin' seas,
The hurricane had spent its force,
An' things commenced to ease.

And then, a shout! I turned to see,
Abaft our after deck,
As big as life an' twice as real,
Our coast line, Turtle Neck!

"What ho!" I cried. "Belay! Avast!
How come, and what's the cause?
We've raced through miles of seas, an' yit,
We're still jest where we was!"

The while I gazed, Gahoofus Plunk
Came aft with slinky tread
An', climbin' up the ladder, stood
With flushed an' hanging head.

"Uh, Captain Eph," says he at last,
"'Twas all my fault, I vum!
The anchor I fergot ter hoist—
Thet's why we're still ter hum."

I stood and thought a leetle while—
I'd fit the wave an' foam
Fer years, but never had I sailed
So fer and stayed ter home.

I looked at Turtle Neck an' thought
There's something funny here—
It *was* a harbor yestidday;
It's now a cape—that's queer!

An' then I knew! Dod-gast my spars!
The *Shad*, it sure was stout!
With anchor wedged, that ship had pulled
The harbor inside out!

War for the right to live and to pack. War for fish to fill a legitimate order. A light burned in the law office. He went up the stairs with the slow determination of one whose mind is made up.

Ralph Graves closed a seruffed, calfskin bound copy of the Maine statutes. "Letter from New York?"

"Yes."

"Do they say anything about the quality of the pack?"

"Yes."

The lawyer held out an eager, bony hand. "I was hoping for something like that." The letter crinkled loudly, and presently he laid it on the desk and sat thinking, his gaunt chin on his hands. "The Excelsior people weren't enough. We had to have a second big buyer to prove the first market was no accident. This letter just about fills our bag."

"With what?"

"Fish."

"Do we get them?"

"I think Jake Grimmer's going to find he's run into a storm that's too much for him."

The cleft chin did not soften. The lawyer was only thinking, and what Larry wanted was certainty. Well, if the man failed—they'd have two sardine boats, and they'd fight it out.

"I've waited for this day," the lawyer went on colorlessly. "I've seen man after man fight and go down with nothing left. But there were other men, more prudent, more cautious. They saw the folly of fighting Grimmer and got out while they still had something to take with them. There's money salted away in the banks, and the men who own that money come down to the wharves and stare out at the sea with wistful eyes. There isn't a thing in the world they know how to do but pack fish, and they don't dare pack. They're lost. But they're going to pack again."

Larry looked at him and said nothing.

"We have dulse," Ralph Graves continued. "Grimmer can't equal our sardine; he can't fight us on price. All he controls against us is weirs."

Larry's voice was as brittle as the lawyer's. "That's enough."

"Only so long as he can hold them."

Larry stood motionless. "You mean something by that, Mr. Graves."

"I mean that Grimmer's control of the Quoddy is over. All we need is capital. I think we can get that—now. Tomorrow I'll write to a dozen men who'd give their right eye to get back into packing. I'll ask them to meet us here Saturday night at eight o'clock."

"Will they come?"

"Yes. For I'll bait the invitation. I'll dress it with the one lure that would bring them here if they had to come on crutches." The sunken eyes smoldered again.

"I'm asking Old Jake," Ralph Graves said slowly, "to drop in on us at nine o'clock."

Chapter Seventeen

SOMETHING of order had come to the untidy law office. The piles of books were off the floor and back in their cases. The desk had been cleared of its litter, and now six half-empty plates of Sea Foam Sardines stood upon it. Yet, in spite of the flurry of neatness, it was still Ralph Graves' office. The dusty ship model held its place upon the dusty, old-fashioned safe, and the broken mast dragged down the miniature sails and canted drunkenly.

Men sat about the room in chairs the lawyer had rented from an undertaker, and smoked, and talked in low voices. They were middle-aged men mostly, and the sea had marked them as it inevitably marked its own. There was, in all of them, that same permanent puckering of the eyes that comes to those who search far horizons and face the blinding sun on salt tides. It was in the eyes of Tom O'Brien, thickset and hard-bitten; of Rufus Prince, spare and sinewy and watchful; of George Quirk, bold and blunt-looking; and of Amos Lightfoot and Salem Davis and Walter Birch. It was also in the younger eyes of Jean and Joe Renault who, quietly self-effacing, sat apart in the corner near the safe.

But of all the men there it was Tom O'Brien and Rufus Prince who held Larry in a pinch of sharp anxiety. Earlier, before the arrival of these veterans who had once packed along the Quoddy, Ralph Graves had warned him that as O'Brien and Prince went so would go the meeting.

"They were big men," the lawyer had said. "Not big enough to stand up to Grimmer, but big. They're still big. They got out of the wars early with their money, and they still have it. Now the town has invested them with a tradition of foresight and wisdom. If we sell them, we sell the others."

"And if we don't?"

The man had paced round the desk. "I thought," he had said, "that I never wanted to see another fish war. I've changed my mind. We've too much at stake to surrender. If the others won't come in with us we'll fight it out with Grimmer alone. But united, we can surely bring Jake to his knees. Alone—"

"Alone," Larry had said heavily, "we may be whipped."

"Whipped?" the lawyer had rasped. "We may be smashed."

The word *smashed* hung in Larry's mind. Without Tom O'Brien or Rufus Prince—behind those calm, strong faces, he tried to read something of their thoughts. Did they wonder why Ralph Graves had brought them here? Or, finding fish awaiting them, did they guess?

George Quirk glanced at a watch. "You asked us here for eight o'clock, Ralph."

"What time is it now?"

"Quarter past."

Ralph Graves gave one of his rare smiles. "I like men to get settled comfortably before I talk to them." Still smiling faintly, he stepped to the desk.

The low voices stopped, and O'Brien slowly stuffed tobacco into the blackened bowl of a pipe.

"Gentlemen," Ralph Graves said, "I have invited you here with the expectation that tonight will see the rebirth of an industry that once thrived in this town. You have all sampled these fish. There's nothing I need say about them. You are sardine men. You know you've never eaten a sardine like that before."

Larry, watching the group, again tried to read faces. O'Brien struck a match and lit the pipe. George Quirk toyed with his watch chain and appeared preoccupied.

"You all knew John Marsh," the lawyer went on. "When he died, the Marsh factory came into the possession of his nephew, Larry. Every one of you heard the talk that ran along Water Street. Here was a green hand at the business who'd be torpedoed by Jake Grimmer before he knew his way about! Well, the Marsh Company is packing fish and selling fish."

"To one account," Rufus Prince said quietly.

"We've gone beyond one account, Rufus."

"We?" George Quirk demanded.

"I've put some of my own money in," Ralph Graves told him.

Larry saw that the announcement had an effect. O'Brien stopped smoking and Quirk's fingers rested motionless on the chain. The lawyer took a paper from his pocket.

"Do any of you know of Davis, Lord & Chapman?"

"Export brokers," O'Brien said briefly.

"How would you rate them, Tom?"

"High."

"They've ordered 50,000 cases of Sea Foam Sardines." The lawyer read the letter from the brokers.

Larry saw Prince and O'Brien exchange glances. It was Prince who spoke.

"Is that price right—$3.15?"

"Right."

"That's big money, Ralph."

"What do you get from the Excelsior people?" Quirk demanded.

"Three and a quarter."

O'Brien sat up straight. "Can you stand a difference of ten cents a case? What does that do to your profits?"

Larry could see that they were thinking in terms of sardines that packed for $1.87 and sold for $2.25.

"Very little," Ralph Graves answered. "We have quite a margin to play on."

"What does it cost you to pack?" Quirk asked bluntly.

The lawyer's lips smiled again. "Our books show a cost of $2.18 a case."

This time there was a palpable stir. To these men, who had seen profits shaved to the bone and factories closing in despair, here was a miracle.

Salem Davis spoke for the first time. "That seems almost unbelievable, Ralph. In round figures, what will you net on that New York order?"

"In round figures," the lawyer told him, "we take a profit of over $35,000 from that one order."

Silence. Tom O'Brien relit his pipe, and spoke, slowly.

"I'm thinking," he said, "I catch the drift of the wind. You have a fat order, and a factory, and not enough cash."

"Exactly."

"And yet," Quirk prodded, "you accepted that order without knowing if you could fill it."

The lawyer shrugged his gaunt shoulders and smiled.

"George," he said, "there was never any question of not being able to deliver. Aren't you sardine men? Isn't every one of you hungry to be back in your own business? There's no Jake Grimmer to fear now. Jake's old weapon has lost its edge. He can't cut prices on a sardine that's $1 above his class."

Only Larry knew that behind the lawyer's confident words lay fear and worry. The boy sat taut. How would this impress Tom O'Brien and Rufus Prince?

"If we had the money," Ralph Graves chuckled dryly, "none of you would get a smell of it. We're selling just a shade under a half interest for $80,000. That's a juicy investment. There's a $35,000 profit-plum waiting to be picked. It's an investment that's sure to pay a yearly return of 20%. Anybody hungry for a piece of it?"

Larry's hands gripped the pockets of his coat. O'Brien sucked at his pipe and Prince did not stir.

Quirk said: "I thought Grimmer was to be here tonight."

"Later," said Ralph Graves. His sunken eyes regarded O'Brien. "How much of this $80,000 do you want, Tom?"

The hard-bitten Mr. O'Brien puffed a cloud of smoke and said nothing.

Larry's hands became dry and hot. Over in the corner by the safe the Renault boys whispered, and Jean stood up.

"Mr. Graves," he said in his soft drawl, "me and Joe we are not heavy with rich money, but we have $1,000 and we will put it in with Larry Marsh."

"I'll take $5,000," said Salem Davis.

O'Brien spoke. "Put me down for $10,000, Ralph. How about you, Rufus?"

Larry heaved a soft, whistling sigh.

"I haven't made up my mind," said Prince.

Quirk broke in again. "Where are you going to get fish for a 50,000 pack? Grimmer has every Quoddy weir under contract."

Larry's breath stopped.

"There's Castine," said the lawyer.

"Six or eight hours from the factory. How are you going to do it with one boat?"

"Two boats," Ralph Graves corrected him.

"Two, then. There'll be times, with weather making, when it will be too rough for a sardine boat to go outside. There'll be times when a boat will be held up by fog and fish will spoil. Grimmer can't run you aground on price, but it seems he has you stopped at the weirs."

Tom O'Brien studied the bowl of his pipe. "Ralph, you'd better give me a day to think this over."

"Mr. Graves," Jean Renault drawled, "Joe and me we stretch a little and go in for $1,500."

Larry's eyes stung. One thousand, five hundred! It was hardly a start toward the sum they needed. But what a gloriously staunch gesture of friendship lay behind it. As he blinked back the moisture that clouded his eyes, heavy footsteps sounded in the hall. Ralph Graves lifted a thin, blue-veined hand.

"Gentlemen," he said sharply, "this should be Jake Grimmer. Let me do the talking."

"Anybody who aims to talk sardines to Old Jake," Amos Lightfoot drawled, "is welcome to the job."

Knuckles rapped upon the door.

"Come in," the lawyer called.

The door opened. Jake Grimmer, black and ponderous, stood upon the threshold. Behind him, immaculate and beaming, was Morry Hicks.

"Good evening, gentlemen," Morry said blithely. "It does me good to see you all together again. Bless my soul, it does. I—"

"Shut up," said Grimmer. His scowling scrutiny went from man to man to rest coldly at last upon the Renaults. There were two vacant chairs. He advanced toward them, a dreadnaught of a man, and sat down solidly and faced Ralph Graves.

"You sent for me?"

The lawyer nodded.

"What for?"

"To talk business."

"If it's fish, you're wasting time."

"Jake," said the lawyer in his toneless voice, "you ought to know me. If it were going to be a waste of time I wouldn't have brought you here."

The black head jerked impatiently. "Well, get to the point. What do you want?"

"The right to buy fish along the Quoddy."

"You don't get it."

Ralph Graves leaned across the desk. "I think we do." His smile was gone.

Tom O'Brien smoked quietly; Rufus Prince was watchful and sharp.

"Try it." The old man's voice was heavy with scorn.

"Jake, we intend to. We have an order from Davis, Lord & Chapman for 50,000 cases. That surprises you, doesn't it? The profit on that sale will run over $35,000. We're in the Excelsior Continental chain and the demand there will grow. We'll break into other markets here and there. We're due to take a profit of $50,000 out of this season."

Jake regarded him with stony eyes.

"Now, Jake, you may be interested in how we plan to use those profits. If we have to, we'll rent the Renault factory. In the Marsh factory we'll pack Sea Foams, but in the Renault factory we'll pack a standard sardine. It costs you $1.87 a case to pack. Our costs are higher, but we can get them down to $2 a case—you can't use all the Quoddy fish, and eventually either you'll lose money buying fish you can't use or you'll have to let some weirs get away from you and sell to us. We'll be able to pack for $2, or less. And we'll sell that pack for $1.77 a case. We'll lose 23 cents a case. But we can stand it, Jake, for we'll throw the profits from Sea Foams into our standard sardine. We can pack and sell over 200,000 cases at $1.77 and still break even."

"I've met price cuts before," Grimmer said sourly.

"This time, Jake, it's different. This time you'll be cutting against a factory you can't break. But we'll break you. Probably not this year. Maybe not next year, or the next. But in the end we'll break you."

Old Jake's inarticulate snarl denied the possibility.

"Oh, yes, we will," Ralph Graves insisted in his passionless tones. "You'll have to meet our price. When you meet it, we'll step aside and let you carry the market. Why not? You'll be carrying it at a steady loss of 10 cents a case. The moment you try to edge up the price, we'll come down on your neck with our pack and force you back to $1.77. We'll be making our profits out of Sea Foams, and those profits will be getting bigger all the time. But you'll have nothing coming in, and 10 cents going out with every case you sell." He glanced at the rosy little man who sat behind Grimmer. "How does that strike you, Morry?"

"Unpleasantly," Morry said frankly. "I like my profits."

"We all do," said Quirk.

Old Grimmer was a granite sphinx. Ralph Graves leaned farther across the desk, the gaunt face tight.

"Jake, let me make it a little plainer. We prefer to pack in peace, but if you want war, by the mighty, you can have it. We can make this cost you a good $40,000 a year. Not for one year, bear in mind, but for year after year, indefinitely. Year after year until you haven't enough money left to buy a tinker mackerel."

Tom O'Brien had ceased to smoke. The room was still—so still that once Larry thought he could hear the rush of the tide past the wharves. Yet perhaps it was only the indomitable look on Jake Grimmer's face that suggested the unswerving tide.

Indomitable? Larry, watching, caught a stricken flicker deep down in Old Jake's eyes. Such a look might have flashed for an instant in the eyes of a warrior of old who knew no bitterness like that of defeat. Suddenly the boy was aware of tragedy in the stillness of the room.

Morry Hicks refused to recognize it. "Jake," he said pleasantly, "it looks as if they have you stove in."

Old Grimmer flecked him with a malevolent glance, but otherwise the granite face did not change.

"Jake," Ralph Graves said in a dry rasp, "we have you where you've had many another man. You're out on a plank. Walk it, or come aboard."

The scarred veteran of a dozen bitter fish wars sat like a rock. Morry Hicks beamed as rosily as ever. Tom O'Brien rubbed his pipe along one trouser leg. A sea breeze came in through the open window.

Larry drew a deep breath—and in that moment his eyes met Jake Grimmer's. For a long ten seconds their look held, not in battle but in a sort of strange salute. Each paid silent tribute to the other's fighting mettle, and for an instant a faint smile, not unfriendly, gleamed in Old Jake's eyes. It died away, and again Larry caught that stricken flicker. Then it was gone, and the scarred veteran turned a granite face once more toward Ralph Graves.

"What do you want?" he demanded of the lawyer.

"Open weirs—from now on. Fish for any packer who wants to buy them.'

"What do I get?"

"We keep out of your market. You pack your fish and we'll pack ours."

The veteran stood up. "Monday I'll send a word to the weirs." He passed toward the door, impassive and dour, a giant even in defeat. And in his wake, still rosy and beaming, Morry Hicks went on nimble feet.

There was silence until the heavy footfalls had ceased to thump upon the stairs.

"Mr. Graves," came Jean Renault's drawl, "Joe and me we go hook, line and sinker for $2,000."

"I'll take $7,000," said Lightfoot.

Take Care of Your Feet!

By SELIG VAN LAURENCE

EVER try to play through a baseball game with a big blister on your foot? In the heat of the game you may have forgotten the injury, but it was there all the time, slowing you up, reducing your efficiency to the team. To play a good game of baseball, run a good race, last through three gruelling sets of tennis, you must have good feet!

Here's a good treatment for hardening the skin. It's a method of eliminating the blisters and tender spots before they're formed:

Soak the feet for two or three minutes in water as hot as can be borne. Then plunge them for 15 or 20 seconds into water as cold as you can stand it. Continue the alternate hot soaking and cold plunging for at least 15 minutes each night. And before you engage in sport, dust your feet, socks, and shoes with powdered boracic acid.

Start this hot and cold treatment at least a week before you go out for practice. Then, when the season opens, your feet will be ready to do their job.

If you have a small irritated spot on your foot, cover it with adhesive plaster before a blister forms. If the irritated spot is large, or extremely tender, dust the part with boracic acid, cover it with a soft, fairly thick pad of absorbent cotton, and tape securely in place with adhesive. You'll discover that you can wear a soft, thick padding without discomfort, especially if you fluff and loosen the cotton before using.

Tender spots are often due to poorly fitted shoes and socks. If soreness persists in developing, look for a better fit.

Blisters can be quickly healed by a minor, self-performed operation. With soap and water wash the area surrounding the blister, and daub it with a mild disinfectant. Sterilize your instruments in a strong solution of disinfectant before, during, and after using. Proceed thus:

Insert the point of a sharp needle at the blister's base—where the raised skin borders on the normal skin—and run it through until the point protrudes on the opposite side. If the dimensions of the blister are greater in one direction than another, put the needle through the longest way possible.

Then, with a safety razor blade, cut the skin of the blister the full length of the needle. The operation will require a steady hand but it won't hurt. Then lift out the needle, drain the water, and dry the spot with clean absorbent cotton. Pinch the blister slightly to open the slit, and drop in enough 2% solution of Mercurochrome to fill in under the loosened skin. Apply a small blob of antiseptic salve, cover with four or five thicknesses of gauze, and fix the bandage in place with adhesive.

Be sure to operate on blisters just before going to bed at night, in order to give them a chance to heal by morning. Don't remove the dressing in the morning unless you replace it with a new one.

These simple precautions will eliminate most of your foot trouble. You might as well deliver 100 per cent efficiency to whatever game you enter!

Walter Birch spoke for the first time. "Make my bit $5,000."

"Five thousand here," said Davis.

"Ralph," said Quirk, "I've seen too much of Grimmer not to need showing. You showed me. Put me down for $11,000."

O'Brien lit his pipe. "Ten thousand more for me. Twenty thousand altogether."

Rufus Prince nodded. "That's my share."

The blood sang in Larry's temples, and for a moment he was dizzy. Then his head cleared and left him with a wild tingle of elation. From the corner by the safe the Renault boys smiled at him. Ralph Graves totaled the figures.

"Seventy thousand," he announced. "Almost, but not quite. We want to make port with $80,000. How about you, Tom?"

O'Brien puffed twice at the pipe. "A man might as lief take a long stride as a short. I'll go another $5,000."

"Five thousand left," the lawyer called.

"Mine," said Rufus Prince.

And then they were out of their chairs, and Larry found himself surrounded. O'Brien and Prince announced that they would come to the factory in the morning "to knock around and get the smell of things again." Quirk talked boats. Boats could be bought for a song, and this was the time to pick up two or three more. Only Larry, looking over the heads of the others, saw the door open slowly and the roly-poly figure of Morry Hicks re-enter the room. The merry little gentleman coughed. The babel of voices stopped.

"Oh!" said O'Brien. "It's you."

"Tut, tut, Tom!" Mr. Hicks chided. "Who else would it be? The fish wars are a thing of the past and business is business. Since when has a ripe melon been cut along the Quoddy without Morry Hicks' wanting a little of the rind? Now, gentlemen, if you could use a little money—"

"No," said Ralph Graves.

The little man beamed upon the rebuff. "Larry, my boy, how about you? Surely you owe me a debt of gratitude. You ought to see that I get into this. If it hadn't been for the $5,000 I got for you in the beginning—"

"Morry," the lawyer demanded, "did you get him that money in the hope he'd make a go of things?"

Morry Hicks chuckled. "Bless my soul, no. I thought it was a length of rope he'd use to hang himself. Business is business. But seeing that I had a hand—"

"No," said Ralph Graves again. The word was final.

Morry shrugged lightly. "Well, then, good night and good luck. I didn't have much hope of worming in, but it doesn't cost anything to ask. If it were my sweet kettle of fish, no extra fingers would dip in." At the door he paused, and all at once he was sober. "Gentlemen, the old man has been hit hard tonight." And then he was gone.

"I've seen him hit men harder," O'Brien said dryly.

Ralph Graves buttoned the coat of rusty black. "That's true, Tom. And yet there's always something sad about the fall of a strong man. Well, that's over. It had to be." The blue-veined hand whacked the desk. "Tonight a new star rises on the Quoddy. It is a night that demands celebration, and I have arranged a little dinner of biscuits and fried chicken. Let's go."

Larry, still tingling, felt a pang of something missing. Bannister and Joe Long should be at this dinner. If the Marsh Packing Company had come into safe waters, it was partly due to their steadfast loyalty. But Bannister and Joe had gone off to Calais on business of their own. There was another, however—he crossed the room to the lawyer's desk.

"Mr. Graves, there's one person I want at this dinner tonight."

The sunken eyes glowed. "What person?"

"Mrs. Dill. She—she's been fine to me."

Long, bony fingers gripped his shoulder. "Larry, Martha would be tickled pink to hear that." The fingers let him go. "Come along."

Larry persisted stubbornly. "I want her there."

"Want her?" Ralph Graves gave a dry, cackling laugh. "You couldn't keep her away. We're having our dinner at Martha Dill's house."

They swung exultantly along Water Street, a group of sea-marked older men with a slim young redhead in their midst. A Marsh among them once more! A Marsh had come back to the sea to stay. . . .

THE END.

The Hargreaves Mystery

(*Continued from page 21*)

poisoning of the banker happened and explained that he would like to make an investigation of the candy shops in the city. Mr. Armbruster replied that there was a candy place in Meeting Street kept by a lady who had known Mr. Hargreaves for years. She made wonderful candy.

In a few minutes they were talking to a charming woman of the old school who made many a welcome dollar from the "Yankee" tourists in the winter and spring. She showed them the candy she had often made and sent to Hargreaves at his plantation house on the Ashley River.

"Did you ever send any to him in New York?" asked Tierney.

"No, he told me that he had a Fifth Avenue confectioner who made just what he wanted. But on his way back, late last spring, he took a dozen boxes with him."

"Have you any of that candy now, ma'am?"

"Yes, Mr. Tierney." She gave him a box.

"Do you always use the same make of box, ma'am?"

"Yes. I have bought from the same makers ever since I started."

"Thank you, ma'am."

Back in his room at the home of his host Tierney compared box with box under his stereoscopic microscope. They were undoubtedly the same make. Suddenly he recalled that the charming Mrs. Ravnel, the candy lady, had laughingly informed him that candy made in bulk could not be exactly the same as candy made by hands. Could it be possible that she, making the candy by hand, had put in the poison? He had brought with him a sample box of the Fifth Avenue candy as well as the box of poison candy. Here he could bring about an elimination and narrow his tremendous field somewhat.

He looked up a chemist, Dr. Leon Patat, a delightful old Charlestonian of French stock. One box he carefully labeled, "Mrs. Ravnel Candy," another "Fifth Avenue," the third, "Poisoned Candy." Dr. Patat would submit them to careful analysis to determine whether Mrs. Ravnel or Fifth Avenue had made the poisoned box.

Once Tierney had his teeth in a case he hung on to it like a bull terrier. In the morning he learned from his host the name of the man who had most at stake in the Hargreaves Investment and

Trust Company. This man was General Chester Hamilton who had been a colonel in the Civil War, a general in the Spanish-American war, and who had, despite his great age, managed to get overseas in the World War as a judge advocate. If the company had gone under, the general would have been dependent on friends for food and a bed to lie in. His plantations would have been taken from him and his hundreds of faithful hands would have been thrown out of work.

Tierney looked up the old warrior, dressed in immaculate white linen, seated on his piazza overlooking the harbor, an English setter at his feet. The general had the face and bright eyes of an old eagle. He chatted at length with his visitor.

"We loved Mr. Hargreaves down here, suh," he said simply, "and as for the insurance on his life I, for one, would rather have gone to the Old Soldiers' Home than to have had it help me in any way. We're used to poverty down here, suh. There was never any conquered people ever had to face what the South had to face in the 'Seventies."

In his own uncouth language Tierney told himself that his new trail was a large bowl of spinach. Heroic fighters, men unafraid of starvation, didn't send poison.

While the chemist worked on the candy he would go to the plantation home of the murdered man. He was saying good-by to his host, just before starting for the Ashley River plantation, when a long-distance call summoned him to the telephone. It was Inspector Sweeney.

"How are you making out?"

"Toughest case I ever had."

"Thought I'd tell you that the Hargreaves butler brought in a bag of waste paper found in the Park Avenue home. It was to have been sent out the morning the murder was discovered but in the excitement it was forgotten. We examined every scrap and found a sheet with ink-printed letters, as if a child had been experimenting with the alphabet. Don't know that it means anything. What do you think?"

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Jim. "I think a heap. Somebody in the house done that job. Get all the ink in the place and have it compared with the letters on the scrap paper and the letters on the wrapping of the poison box. And get the handwriting experts busy, too. I'll hop the next train back."

"Have you been to the plantation house?"

"Not yet."

"Better go there first and talk with the servants and look over the place, especially for correspondence."

"O.K." Tierney was off in a fast automobile and in three hours was admitted to the great white-pillared house by a white-wooled servant. Although the ancient black recognized Jim immediately as a "common" white person, he placed himself willingly at the detective's disposal.

Jim was unused to grandeur. To him the splendid Sheraton and Heppelwhite furniture of the mansion was just furniture. The crystal chandeliers and splendid oval mirrors were gimcracks.

Obadiah, the butler, pained in the heart, followed him as he ransacked each rare antique of its contents. At the end of the first day, the faithful servitor gave the visitor a bed after serving a dinner that would have delighted a king of France.

The evening came and the full moon made a patch of silver across the river and seeped like honey through the moss hanging from ancient oak trees. As he sat on the wide piazza, smoking a fragrant cigar, Jim found stirring within him an appreciation of beauty and of great peace.

Somewhere in the distance there rose the sound of music such as had never come to his ears.

"What's that?" he called to Obadiah, who stood behind his chair, thinking of his departed master.

"The fiel' han's, suh. They sings ebry night."

There must have been a hundred of them, natural voices filled with the pathos of slave times.

"I thought it was the angels singing," said Jim.

"They's singin' 'Come Away to Jesus,' suh."

That night in the big mahogany bed of the guest room Jim slept as he had never slept before, not dreaming of criminals, but of magnolias and soft music, and friendly, hospitable people. He pulled himself from the lingering glamour of the night, ate breakfast, and began once more his task.

I am a tree
Rooted deep in the past.

Snow and sleet
Through ages and ages
Have piled over me.
Each time—
The sun rose;
And they passed away,
Murmuring a silent farewell.

But I am a tree;
I am here to stay,
Rooted deep in the past.

Obadiah showed him Mr. Hargreaves' study, pointing to glass frames holding butterflies of most bewildering beauty. It was the famous Hargreaves collection that had been designed for the Museum of Natural History.

"Mistuh Hargreaves catch 'em all hisself," said Obadiah. He showed the visitor long-handled nets and a sealed jar.

"What's that?" Jim asked, pointing to the jar.

"When he catch the butterfly, suh, he put 'em in dar and they die quick."

"Poison?"

Obadiah nodded and handed Jim the jar. He unscrewed the top and smelled of it. From beneath a layer of cotton came the odor of almond or wild cherry —cyanide of potassium. Tierney felt the gooseflesh come and his hair crinkling. So here was where the deadly stuff was secured!

No motive for the crime could be unearthed on the plantation, where the lives and happiness of all the colored people depended upon Hargreaves. Taking the jar of cyanide with him, Tierney hastened back to Charleston. Some guest of the financier might have had access to the deadly poison and a fancied reason for using it. This would have to be investigated. He would have to check up every person that had been entertained in the great house.

Back in the old city Tierney visited Dr. Patat, the chemist. The old man had an interesting report. The candy marked "Poison" had been made by Mrs. Ravnel's own lovely hands and not by the Fifth Avenue confectioner. But there was no poison in the candy. Dr. Patat took a piece of it and ate it before Tierney's popping eyes.

"But, Doctor," said Tierney, "the autopsy showed positively that a lump of the candy containing cyanide had killed Mr. Hargreaves!"

"Did you have a good toxicologist study the case, Mr. Tierney?"

"The best in New York City."

"Then the answer is that only one lump of the candy in the box contained poison."

"There was only one lump used from the box, Doctor. What stumps me is how the poisoner would know that Hargreaves would pick out that one lump, the one in the lower left-hand corner."

"Someone who knew him well and knew his little mannerisms might have noticed that. It might have been a subconscious habit. I've noticed people with such habits. For instance, a right-handed man always filling his pipe with his left hand. He just happened to start filling his pipe that way and kept it up."

"A man must have been with him a lot to notice a thing like that," thought Tierney.

"Evidently," continued Dr. Patat, "the murderer must have felt certain that this would happen. An ordinary poisoner would have mixed the cyanide in the whole batch of candy. But this poisoner, careful of not killing some other person, just made a dose for one and placed that dose where he would reach for it."

"Just a little poison would do it, Doctor?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Hargreaves' murderer could have injected a deadly dose with a needle?"

"Yes."

Tierney paid his bill, gathered up his two boxes of the Charleston candy, and sought a telephone booth in the hotel near the city hall. In a few minutes he had Sweeney.

"Been trying to get you, Jim," came the inspector's voice.

"Anything doing?"

"Ink on the address and on the scrap paper lettering came from the supply in the Hargreaves house."

"Uh-huh."

"The job was done in the house, the candy taken to Jersey City and mailed there."

"Yeh . . . yeh . . . yeh. Wait a minute. I got some samples of the personal stationary he used down here, Chief. It's got a dove watermark in it. Look up them scraps and see if any of it is in the lot. Yeh . . . yeh . . . yeh. And smell all the South Carolina scraps, if any, for cyanide. Call me. I'll wait right here."

The return call came within an hour.

"Jim?"

"Yes, Chief."

"We've got a piece of that dove paper! It had cyanide crystals, very fine, on it."

"I'll be starting right back, Chief. That ends the case. Mr. Hargreaves took enough of the poison from a jar of it down here to kill himself, so that the three million life insurance would protect his friends. And he mailed himself the candy. But they didn't need the money at all. So nobody loses except Hargreaves. The banks are all safe and sound, and the suicide clause protects the insurance companies. Mr. Hargreaves was a fine man, Chief, but he pulled a boner this time. Yeh."

Tell It to the Marines!

(Continued from page 16)

If they could reach the canyon they'd be safe from the Caco, who were off to the right, traveling in a compact body parallel to the direction the car was taking. Then, on the flats ahead he glimpsed a spot of color—then another. His eyes narrowed. They were flags!

"Must be trail markers," he murmured. Suddenly he tensed. "I *heard* there were quicksands in this valley. Doc, here's what we'll do. We'll follow those flags across the flats and pull 'em as we go! Then the Caco can't follow!"

Planting the camera on the seat, he slid under the wheel, and sent the car away. Reaching the first flag, Regan tore it down, dropped it in the car, and started off. The wheels settled, churning up slimy mud. He shifted gears, and fighting to solid ground pointed for the second flag. The radiator was steaming when he reached it.

"Say, this'd bog a mule," he murmured. But the car, coughing harshly, crawled on toward the fluttering scarlet markers that had been planted to guide Jimmie Rhodes and his flight to a safe landing.

It was sunset when Regan reached the canyon. It *was* narrow. Only a thin strip of sky showed between the rims.

"A swell hide-out," he said. "There's sure to be some caves." He stared at the white, flat walls of the gorge. "They're like a silver screen. When night comes I might give that Rhino film a test. The walls would take the image perfectly."

"But the Caco!" cried the doctor.

Regan shrugged. "They'll be gone by night. Haiti's army's somewhere close. They're good too — officered by Leathernecks. I'll bet they're heading this way now."

Regan's guess was not far wrong. Beyond the other entrance to the canyon, Garde columns, screened by the jungle, watched the Caco sentries, and waited for darkness to attack. And high above, the cadet squadron, led by Jimmie Rhodes, cruised for the valley rendezvous.

As they roared on, clouds thickened on the west horizon, curtaining the sun. Jimmie watched the mountain gorge below grow shadowy. He frowned. The cadets were not seasoned pilots, and if darkness fell before they landed there might be crack-ups. He opened the throttle wider, and suddenly the mountains ended in sheer cliffs. The gorge broke through, and the Riu Grise spread fanwise into the gloomy valley. This was the spot where his bombers would cut off Benoit's retreat. He saw ahead a lake, gleaming like dull burnished steel.

Jimmie glided down above the desert and leaned out over the cowl, looking for the landing flags. The sun set while he winged back and forth, but no flags showed. A sense of dismay touched Jimmie, then his jaw set stubbornly. The flags were there, and he'd spot 'em.

Lower he planed. The reed beds and the yellow desert rushed past, close under his fuselage. Still no flags. The feeling of strain grew. He thought of the spy in the palace cellar. Had he escaped and sent the message to Benoit? Had Benoit removed the flags?

Twilight was dimming into darkness and the shadows of the cliffs crept out over the flat. Suddenly on the reedy shore below Jimmie glimpsed a splash of crimson color. A flag! He rocked his wings in the landing signal, and cutting back the throttle, glided toward the crimson gleam. The plane sank lower—he hauled back on the stick.

In that instant *the flag took wings!* A streak of scarlet careened upward through the twilight. Then the ship struck. Landing gears sent up a deluge of swamp muck and reeds as the Corsair plowed on into the quicksand. Jimmie gunned her wide and the prop blade scythed the mud. Then, with a wrenching bound, the plane rose clear, and a flock of birds rose with her—"witches in scarlet that lure men to death." They were red flamingos, nesting on the lake. Not flags, but birds!

Jimmie crouched in the bucket seat, fighting to gain air speed. The propeller, bent by its impact with the mud, whined dismally. He jammed the throttle wide.

Then he thought of the squadron, and turned to look back. The five-plane wedge was hovering above the flat. He saw Bucks make the landing, roll a few yards, and sink. Behind him the cadet planes vanished in a black barrage of slime. But Sergeant Geraghty's ship bounced on across the shadowy terrain and zoomed into the twilight. Geraghty, at least, had stayed clear!

"Two up." cried Jimmie exultantly. "We can clear the rest somehow!"

But with the thought the roar of his

(Continued on page 34)

My Personal Appearance

A Condensed Interview With Dr. William O. Stevens, Headmaster, Cranbrook School

PEOPLE get their first impression of you from your personal appearance. Neglecting your appearance is like giving yourself a ten-yard setback in a 220-yard dash. You may win the race, but only after you've overcome the handicap of a bad start. Try getting off to a *good* start with your school friends, teacher, or employer, by observing the following suggestions:

Stand straight. Pull up your diaphragm and keep the back of your neck against your collar. Test yourself by backing up to a wall and seeing if the back of your head and your shoulders all touch. An erect carriage adds to your self-respect.

Keep clean. Take a bath a day. Clean your teeth and your nails. Water, soap, and toothpaste are inexpensive and the dividends are big.

Shave frequently. A light fuzz gives away your age. A heavy one is plain carelessness.

Keep your hair trimmed. Don't give anybody a chance to ask for your dog license or your violin.

Keep your shoes shined and your hair smartly brushed. It pays to keep both ends neat.

Keep your hands off your face—it will stay in place without assistance.

Keep your clothes sponged and pressed. To save pressing bills, put your coat and trousers on hangers whenever you take them off. You can remove many spots with soap and a nail brush, many stains with a dab of gasoline or turpentine on a rag.

Keep your sports clothes clean. Don't wear your tennis flannels and sport shirt indefinitely. Even a dark sweater needs cleaning.

Look the world in the eye. It's surprising how an improved personal appearance enables you to face the world with increased confidence and a sense of equality.

(Continued from page 33)

motor broke and the Corsair slid off on a wing. He stroked the primer desperately, the engine caught again. He could feel the air-speed lag, but the ship flew on, the chalk cliffs sweeping toward him in the twilight.

He must turn back to the squadron. He banked, but as the wings tilted the roar of exhaust stopped. The Corsair shivered in a stall—he shot the stick ahead to dive her out. Too late.

A hilltop rose before him. There was a sickening shock. He saw the wings rip to tatters in a mass of thorn trees. Then his head hit the crash-pad—he knew nothing more.

Jimmie Rhodes lay on the hillside until the moon, lifting behind the mountain pinnacles, waked him. He sat up. Gritting his teeth, he staggered to his feet.

Slowly his gaze focused. He saw his Corsair, wrecked. Still he didn't remember what had happened. Then on a distant slope a rocket signal burst, and his thoughts cleared.

"It's the attack!" he groaned. "And the squadron is grounded!"

As if in denial, the drumming of a plane reached him from the valley. He turned, fighting back a flooding wave of pain. Yes, he could see the blue flicker of an exhaust, up above.

"Geraghty!" he cried. "He'll—clear—the ships! Until then I must block—Benoit's—retreat—" He nodded. "Rhodes—hold gorge," he muttered. "Got to, until the ships are clear."

He fumbled for his automatic as he staggered toward the cliffs. A river blocked his path—the Riu Grise. He waded dizzily in the current until he reached the canyon mouth.

Groggily he moved on into the canyon looking for a spot where he could cover the trail with his automatic. Moonlight filtering from the narrow slot between the rims showed the trail on the cliff-face opposite. The river made a sharp turn, and again Jimmie halted. He could see the trail plainly along that cliff. A good place for the ambush.

He tried to slip the safety of the 45, but his hand shook, and the automatic fell to the ground. As Jimmie bent to pick it up, he heard something hiss sharply. A fire-tongue licked across the gorge and struck on the cliff-face opposite. Then it vanished. It was only Regan, focusing his projector, but Jimmie didn't know that. It seemed uncanny—befitting this vale of monsters.

Jimmie knew that he wasn't thinking straight. He drew up angrily—then tensed. Something *had* moved in the brush above. Fingers clenched about the gun butt, he stumbled up the slope. But his legs gave way. He fell. A rifle blazed and a voice cried:

"Halt! I got you faded, Caco!"

Jimmie staggered to his feet.

"Caco! I'm Rhodes—of Air Force—Haiti—"

He stopped. A sharp metallic clatter echoed in the canyon, far off yet distinct. Rifle fire! Benoit's retreat was on! The voice on the slope spoke again:

"You're a Marine! What's the rifle fire? Caco on the war path? If you're scouting for a column, dig in here."

Jimmie shook his head. "I'm alone."

A light blinked on and Jimmie saw a car half hidden in the undergrowth, a round-faced German beside it, holding a pocket torch. A car—here—in this jungle gorge! He turned, bewildered, to the man who held his arm—a red-haired man with cool eyes like Hashmark's.

"You're a casualty, Marine! Bleeding like—" he broke off.

A sound like distant thunder swept in from the valley. It was Sergeant Geraghty's ship. Evidently Geraghty hadn't been able to clear the squadron. They were still stranded in the valley—and Harnle was looking to Aviation to block Benoit's retreat! He had to hold the gorge. As he cocked the automatic, the red-haired man said quizzically:

"That gun won't get you far, Marine." Suddenly Regan wheeled. "They're coming! Pile in the car—we'll try for the valley!" He snatched a canvas from something in the brush.

The chatter of sub-Thompsons rang in the valley, but Jimmie didn't hear them. He was staring at the black barrel of the projector planted in the thickets. Why, it was a machine gun! There were shadows moving in the brush below, machete blades gleaming in the moonlight. Then a rifle crashed.

The red-haired man said coolly: "There's a cave on the slope above," and once more seized Jimmie's arm. But a fusillade of shots broke from the thickets and Regan fell forward on his face.

Jimmie stumbled to the tripod-mounted barrel, his hands exploring in the darkness. There was no feed-belt, he noticed. Instead there was a round flat canister. No charging handle, either. Queer!

He reached for the crank, and touched a lever by it. There was a spitting hiss, and a white beam leaped from the gun muzzle and splashed on the cliff opposite. Jimmie gave a hoarse cry of dismay. This wasn't a gun—it was a movie machine! His hand fell, struck the crank, and gave it a half turn.

On the cliff face a shadowy form leaped out—a monstrous form. The thing was huge, its bloated loathsome body double a man's height and ten times as long. The blunt head, topped by a scaly crest, reared up and the cold eyes transfixed Jimmie. He shivered in spite of himself.

A shrill scream sounded from the canyon below. The rifle fire stopped. On the trail across the gorge, black men were falling to their knees.

In sudden understanding Jimmie gave the crank a spin and the monster on the cliff wall moved! Its snake head lashed out. Tearing from the cactus tree a hunk bigger than Jimmie's body, it ate greedily, saliva dripping from its jaws. A second monster crept from the darkness, and lifting its short forelegs, leaped at the feeding reptile. Fanged teeth bared, web-like talons lifted, the monsters clashed in silent, deadly struggle. In spite of himself Jimmie felt a thrill of fear. It was a scene from earth when Time was Not, from the lost ages before man.

Jimmie knew that the horrible vision was only a strip of celluloid, but the black men in the canyon who feared this Valley of Monsters, did not know. As the film flickered on, squad after squad of Caco stopped. Harried by Garde soldiers in their rear, afraid to pass the monsters on the cliff, they crowded terror-stricken in the river shallows.

Jimmie's head sagged. "Hold gorge—" he muttered. Then the film broke.

A square of white light splashed the cliff. As he fumbled blindly at the camera mechanism the Caco on the trail began picking up their rifles. Officers were calling the order to re-form. In the brush below, figures moved and started up the slope.

Jimmie reached for his automatic, a grim futile gesture. Suddenly, above the Caco yells and the bark of Garde rifles, came the drone of planes. A line of Corsairs wheeled into the moonlight, and crashing detonations echoed through the gorge below.

The planes had cleared at last and the retreat was blocked! As Jimmie crept to the shelter of an overhanging rock his foot caught two wires lying in the brush. They snapped, and the square of light on the cliff vanished.

In headquarters on the morning following, Colonel Harnle was holding a critique on the battle in the canyon. The Haitian staff was grouped about his desk. Jimmie Rhodes and Bucks stood at a window listening to the commandant.

"Six hundred prisoners. The air-ground liaison was successful. Our Aviation, and in particular, Lieutenant Bucks and Sergeant Geraghty who cleared the planes from the quicksand, deserve the highest praise. Rhodes must be commended also. He took no part in the action in the canyon—"

Harnle paused, and Jimmie smiled inwardly. No part, eh? They hadn't heard his story yet. The commandant went on:

"—but his capture of the spy in the palace cellar was important. The man has made a full confession, naming Cornaille, who has disappeared, as the head of a secret order called the Three Who Rule."

"The minister of war!" an officer exclaimed. "That's impossible! He must be crazy!"

Harnle nodded. "Yes, Cornaille's insane. His talk that morning in the palace—tales of red witches, river monsters—proves it." The commandant glanced at the battle summary on his desk. "Rhodes," he said, "can't you recall some details of the action in the canyon? The liaison was delayed; yet the Caco did not escape. What stopped them?"

Jimmie moved uneasily. He'd saved his story for the climax. But now he wasn't so sure. His story sounded pretty wild. Better let Bucks and Hashmark have the credit.

"Sorry, sir," he mumbled, touching his bandaged temple significantly, "but after my ship crashed I was—er—well—er—" His voice trailed off. Then he began again: "What about those civilians we found in the canyon, sir?"

"Send 'em out on the first ship," ordered the colonel.

Jimmie saluted and hastily withdrew. Bucks, grinning, followed down the stairs. In the Rue Mirabalais a Garde car waited, two men and a pile of luggage in the rear seat. One of the men, a red-haired fellow, beckoned Jimmie Rhodes.

"What's the word, lieutenant?" he called.

"Mighty sorry, Regan," Jimmie answered, "but you'll have to go."

"With no art—empty-handed!" cried the news reel man disgustedly. "I even missed the battle in the canyon!"

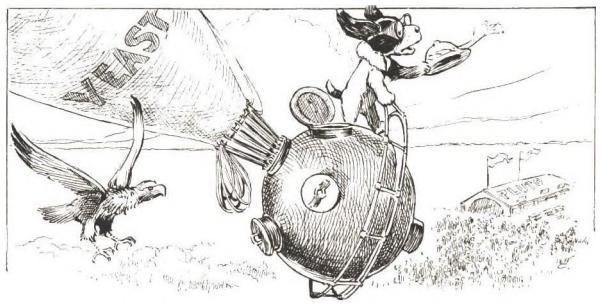
The stout man beside him laughed.

"*I* am not empty-handed." A cage rested on the baggage, and he pointed to it. Through the bars, cold venomous eyes stared at Jimmie. "Behold!" cried Doctor Kunkel. "Iguana Rhinolaphus!"

Bucks looked over Jimmie's shoulder. "Why, it's only a sand lizard," he exclaimed. "Small one, at that. I've seen 'em in the river canyons five feet long, and mean enough to whip an army."

Jimmie straightened. *He'd* seen 'em bigger—and they *did* whip an army. But who'd believe it? He waved to Regan as the car moved off.

"Come now, Bucks," he said with tolerant affection, "a lizard five feet long? Tell it to the Marines!"



When Pluto Braved the Stratosphere

Undoubtedly the bravest dog who ever scratched a flea
Is Pluto, the Office Animal, of noble pedigree.
He's battled tigers, whales, and sharks, without a sign of fear,
And once he even soared above the well-known stratosphere.

The day he pierced the stratosphere, the sun was shining bright,
And millions gathered at the field to watch the famous flight.
The band was playing "Hail the Pup," and men began to swoon,
When Pluto walked across the field and entered his balloon.

He wore a woolen flying suit, a puggaree, and spats;
For company he took a book; for ballast, alley cats;
A tank of oxygen, a bone, some cocoa, and a cup;
A parachute in case of going down, instead of up.

"Good-by!" said Piute, and waved his hand. The crowd replied:
"Good-by!"
"Good-by again!" the Pup declaimed, and men began to cry.
"Once more, good-by!" Plute proudly called. "It's time for me to fly!
But ere I go I simply want to bid you all—good-by!"

The Pup's ascent was rapid—his balloon was named the *Yeast*—
And soon he reached an altitude unknown to man or beast.
But then, I'm sorry to relate, the accidents began:
A comet ripped his gas bag up, as only comets can.

An asteroid crashed in the door (sing do-re-mi-fa-sola)
A red-hot meteor whizzed by and scorched the Pup's gondola;
A half a dozen satellites upset him every hour,
On top of which—the crowning blow—his cocoa milk was sour!

Now all these accidents would make a lesser dog give up
But no such thought occurred to Plute, intrepid Office Pup!
Though stranded in the stratosphere, though stalled above the sky,
Though out of gas and gondolas, the Pup did NOT say die!

He built a sled of sturdy beams—the sun afforded plenty—
And bolted them with lightning bolts—in all he needed twenty—
He hitched eight huskies to the sled and mushed to earth and glory!
Where did he get his huskies? From the Dog Star! (That's my story!)

The Man in the Bunk

(*Continued from page 13*)

"I didn't lose the map and my notes."

"Humph," grunted the oldster. "Let's git goin'."

Despite their cheerfulness, they realized only too well that they faced a grave situation. If they saw no caribou within the next day or two, they'd starve. There were the dogs, but they wouldn't consider the dogs as meat except as a last resort. Connie decided grimly that Leloo he would never eat.

Darkness overtook them a few miles farther on. They built a fire, and took turns sleeping between it and a reflector of green spruce boughs. They had nothing to eat.

Next morning it was snowing and progress was slow. When hunger gnawed, they tightened their belts and pushed on. The dogs had eaten the harness during the night and were following in single file. At noon, the storm ceased and they plodded on through eight inches of soft snow.

Toward mid-afternoon they came to a fresh caribou trail, and their hollowed eyes lighted with sudden hope. Three animals had crossed the river only a short time before. Leaving Old Man Mattie with the dogs, Connie struck out on the trail.

"Come on up when you hear a shot," he said quietly.

An hour later, tired and weak with hunger, the boy topped a low ridge and spied the three deer feeding at the edge of a muskeg a good hundred and fifty yards away. In vain he scanned the terrain for cover that would bring him nearer. He was already at the nearest point he could hope to reach without danger of stampeding the animals. But it was growing dark. He must take a chance — perhaps their last chance of life. Lying flat on his belly, the boy rested his rifle on a rock and fired. One of the three caribou reared up, staggered a few steps, and collapsed in the snow. Connie drew a long breath of thankfulness.

That night the two feasted royally. They fed the dogs, made two packsacks of the caribou hide, and proceeded to carve every bit of meat from the bones. They even saved the sinews for future use. Part of the hide they cut into strips and dried before the fire.

The next day they cracked the bones for the marrow, and fashioned two pairs of crude but effective snowshoes. And the following day, with meat and marrow in their pack-sacks and snowshoes on their feet, they returned to the river and pushed on.

Three days later they were again out of meat, and on the fourth day were once more weak with hunger. This day, however, they failed to find any caribou sign. In fact, they had seen no evidence of caribou since Connie had made his kill.

The weather turned colder. Another day of weary stumbling, looking for a camp site—and just as darkness came on Connie halted abruptly.

"What ails you?" asked the ancient petulantly. "You can't git no place standin' still."

For answer, the boy pointed to the right bank of the river. "Am I crazy?" he asked, rubbing his eyes with his mitten. "Or is that a cabin?"

"Well—by jickity!" exclaimed the old man, staring past the boy. "It's a cabin, sure 'nough. An' it wasn't here twenty-five year ago!"

A few moments later the two paused before the door of the cabin and glanced about them. "Not a track anywhere around," said the boy. In spite of himself, an eerie feeling possessed him. "It's a cinch no one's been here since the snow."

Pushing open the door they entered. The interior was dark and very cold. Producing a match, the boy struck it and glanced hastily around.

"There's grub!" he called excitedly, his eyes sweeping the well stocked shelves.

"An' a stove!" cried the old man.

The match went out, and Connie struck another. The next moment he stiffened and stared at the bunk. Following the mounded blankets, the boy's eyes came to rest on the face of a man. He struck another match, advanced to the bunk, lifted the chimney of a lamp that stood on a chair, and held the flame to the wick. On the chair beside the lamp stood a tin cup half full of ice, and a partially empty pain-killer bottle.

"He got sick and died," Connie murmured.

But their immediate need was food. They found a sack of flour, the meat cache outside, the tea and the cooking utensils. In a short time they were sitting beside a roaring fire, eating ravenously. After they had finished, Connie leaned back.

"I'll have to find out who the man is, and take an inventory of his stuff for the public administrator," he said.

"He's got a bunch of fox an' wolf pelts on the cache," Mattie said. "Must be fifty."

"The rest of his outfit isn't worth much," said the boy, sweeping the room with his eyes. "I'll list his grub, sled, dog harness, snowshoes, and blankets—in fact everything he's got, and we'll requisition it. This is great luck for us. These supplies will see us through to Bernard Harbor."

Old Man Mattie rose briskly. "You go ahead with yer list, an' I'll clean up the dishes an' cut some wood fer mornin'."

An hour later the oldster stepped into the room with an armful of freshly split wood and found Connie staring intently at a pair of sealskin mukluks that he had placed on the table before him. Depositing the wood beside the stove, the old man picked up one of the mukluks and examined it.

"Them's a dang good pair," he said. "Look at that stitchin'. Them's Killishiktomuit mukluks—an' they're the best on the coast!"

"Killishiktomuit, eh?" repeated the boy, thoughtfully. "I wonder whose they are?"

"Why—his'n, of course," replied the oldster, with a jerk of his thumb toward the bunk.

Connie shook his head. Bending over, he picked up a pair of moccasins, and a pair of hobnailed pacs. "These are his," he announced. "I threw back the blankets and compared 'em with his feet. These mukluks are smaller."

"That's so," agreed the ancient, eyeing the assortment of footgear. "An' them mukluks ain't shrunk, neither. They're good mukluks, an' wouldn't shrink."

"This isn't a one-man camp," Connie said gravely. "It's a two-man camp. See that empty row of pegs on the opposite wall? And look at that bunk. It's a good deal wider than one man would need. Maybe this man didn't die of sickness, after all."

Connie frowned:

"Did you find out who he is?" asked the ancient.

The boy shook his head. "There isn't a thing in the cabin to show who he is. And that's another thing that looks suspicious."

By morning, Connie had discovered what he wanted to know. The man's neck was broken. Some kind of blow had killed him.

The boy looked again at the chair, the half glass of water, the pain-killer—all of it clever staging to conceal a crime.

"This is a murder," he announced soberly. "And whoever did it nearly got away with it."

"Did get away with it," corrected the oldster. "He's been gone a long time."

Connie shook his head. "The murderer who killed this man hasn't a chance in the world to get away. Those mukluks will convict him just as sure as I'm standing here. The native who made them will remember who bought 'em."

"By jickity, that's so!" cried the old man, enthusiastically. "Dog-gone it, Connie, they'd ort to make you inspector instead of that dang Jack Cartwright!"

Connie decided to take back the body of the man for further examination and identification.

Toward noon, with the dead man and all the supplies from the cabin on the sled and the seven dogs in harness, the outfit headed northward into the barrens. It had snowed during the night, completely obliterating the trail the two had made the evening before. The makeshift green-hide snowshoes had stretched to uselessness and Connie had thrown them away upon reaching the cabin. There was only one pair in the cabin. Connie wore these and insisted that the old man ride the sled. Thus it was that the trail of one sled and one man led away from the cabin, and no new trail led to it.

On the second day out, as they descended a rocky ridge, twenty miles from timber, the sled overran the dogs and smashed a runner against an outcropping bowlder. The impact also twisted Old Man Mattie's ankle.

"Just one thing to do," said Connie, after making the oldster comfortable in the blankets, among the rocks at the crest of the ridge. "I'll hit back to timber and get a stick to make a new runner."

It was fifteen miles back to timber, and Connie knew that he wouldn't be back until the next day.

"You keep the rifle here," he said, after a moment's thought. "Wolves are thick—and hungry. I'll be all right. As long as a man's on his feet, they won't bother him."

"Correck," agreed the oldster. "An' I got a scheme. We'll stand the corpse, here, on his feet an' brace him with rocks. That'll help keep the wolves away."

They proceeded to carry out the scheme, standing the body in plain sight on the very crest of the ridge, close beside the spot where Old Man Mattie was settled among the rocks in the blankets, with the supplies piled close around him.

"So long," cried the boy. "I'll take the dogs with me, so they won't get to prowling among the supplies during the night."

John Armisted traveled as fast as the sodden snow would permit, back to the cabin where he had left the body of Herman Weston. It was miserable traveling in the saturated snow, and from the start he was wet to the knees. Disgustedly he berated himself for leaving his watertight mukluks in the cabin. It turned colder and snowed on the second day, and Armisted suffered acutely in his icy footgear.

On the evening of the third day he came to the cabin. As he approached the door, he halted in his tracks and peered intently through the dusk. Where was Weston's sled? He had left it standing upright in the snow close beside the door! And the cache! He had left Weston's share of the pelts and several chunks of caribou meat in the cache, and now it was empty!

Then he saw the trail. A trail leading from the door of the cabin! The trail of one man, and a sled! But there was no trail approaching the cabin. What did it mean? What could it mean?

Armisted hastened forward and studied over the trail in the new snow. Weston's sled made that trail! Armisted had built the sled, and he knew its track! And those were Weston's snowshoes! No mistaking that track, either.

And then Armisted was certain. It was Weston's trail! Weston wasn't dead, after all! He hadn't killed Weston! He'd knocked him out—that's all! Why hadn't he tried harder to rouse him?

Pausing before the door, Armisted shuddered. What if Weston were still inside? He pushed open the door, entered slowly, and struck a match.

Weston was gone. He had recovered from the blow and now had headed for the coast. Then Armisted had another thought. Weston would never make it to the coast. There wasn't enough food—and Weston was a poor man on the trail. It was up to him to follow the man and save him.

Armisted lighted the lamp and peered under the bunk. Weston had even taken the mukluks that Armisted had come for. He built a fire and put on tea. His chest hurt. There was a pain in his lungs when he breathed, and he seemed strangely short of breath. Probably the excitement of finding that he had not killed a man.

A great feeling of peace settled down upon Armisted. He would dry out tonight beside the stove, and tomorrow he would hit out on Weston's trail. He could easily overtake him. Weston was a poor hand with the dogs.

Armisted sat suddenly erect. Dogs! Where had Weston got his dogs? Moving slowly, now, because of the increasing pain in his chest, Armisted stepped outside and examined the tracks in the snow. Yes, Weston had dogs! Where had he got them?

Armisted was sleepy. His head felt hot. He caught himself babbling about dogs. He called his own dogs inside and closed the door. Then he slumped down in his blankets on the bunk.

Morning found the pain in his chest more acute. His mouth felt dry, and his face and hands were burning hot. Moving with difficulty, he filled his pot with snow, melted it and drank the water at a gulp. He refilled the pot, and threw in a handful of tea. He tried to eat some smoked fish, but the stuff tasted like sawdust. He fed the dogs, and after a long time he harnessed them and took Weston's trail.

"Mush," he called weakly.

Eagerly the dogs strung out on the trail. Again and again Armisted stumbled weakly to his knees. At length he threw himself on the lightly loaded sled, babbling incoherently.

"Mush!" he cried, and fell to talking loudly as the feet of the seven great malemutes flew over the fresh trail.

Connie Morgan, returning from the timber, saw a dog sled hurrying, below him, along the trail he and Old Man Mattie had made the day before. Evidently the sled was loaded lightly and the man was riding. Who could it be? The team was making for the crest, just ahead, where the lone figure of a man stood straight and stark in the frozen silence.

Connie ran as fast as his snowshoes and the piece of timber he was carrying would permit. He gained the crest where Mattie waited, just as the strange dog team reached the summit and came to an abrupt stop. The huge lead dog was standing with hair bristling, growling horribly at the frozen man.

There was a movement on the sled, and a man reared himself above the huddle of blankets. His eyes caught the frozen figure. He lurched from the sled and staggered forward, hands outstretched, shouting in a fever-cracked voice.

"Herman! I thought I'd killed you! You had it comin', kicking Ivan when he was crippled! Gimme a drink of water—I'm burnin' up. Yer a rotten pardner, Herman, but I didn't mean to—"

The words trailed into incoherence as Connie reached the weaving man's side.

"John Armisted!" cried the boy, his eyes wide. "What's happened, John? Tell me! It's Connie Morgan! You remember me—at Ten Bow!"

But the man slumped heavily into the boy's arms, and gently Connie lowered him onto the sled. "This is Connie Morgan—Sam Morgan's boy. You know me—and Waseche Bill!"

The man's eyes opened, and he stared wildly into the boy's face. "Connie Morgan," he repeated, groping to place the boy in his mind. "Tell—Herman—I'm glad—I didn't kill—him. Just meant to hit him—fer kickin' my dog. An' don't let him—go to coast—alone."

Again the voice trailed into incoherent mumbling, and as Mattie rose from his rock shelter to look on in bewilderment Connie hurriedly made a bed for Armisted.

But it was no use. Three hours later Armisted was dead. His last waking moment was one of peace. He thought Weston was alive.

The boy spent the rest of the day mending the damaged sled. Old Man Mattie's ankle was much better, and the following morning they lay the two bodies on the frozen ground and erected a great cairn of stones over them. From the pieces of the broken runner, the boy fashioned a rude cross, into which he burned, with a heated nail, two names: "John Armisted. Herman Weston." Then he fixed the cross securely into the top of the rock cairn.

Seated on the edge of the loaded sled, Connie tore two pages from his diary—pages that had to do with a certain suspicion of murder—and burned them there on the snow. Then he made two more entries dating the first three days back. It read:

> "Found in a cabin on the bank of a nameless river flowing into Lake Mackay, the body of a man whose neck had been broken, undoubtedly by accident. Requisitioned supplies and started for the coast with body for identification and burial."

The other entry read:

> "Came upon John Armisted in the barrens north of Lake Mackay. Was half delirious with advanced pneumonia. He identified the corpse found in cabin as Herman Weston. Armisted died three hours after making identification. Both bodies buried under rock cairn on trail to Lake du Gras."

He read the two notations to Old Man Mattie. "I knew John Armisted," he said. "He was a good man. Well liked and well respected by everyone who knew him. When he said he didn't mean to kill Weston, I know he told the truth. He was no murderer. It was an accident that broke Weston's neck."

"An' from what Armisted said, Weston had th' blow comin'," agreed the oldster. "He kicked a crippled dog. But I wonder who this here Weston was? Did you know him too?"

"No," answered the boy, "not personally. But I know who he is. We've had orders since last fall to pick him up for killing a man on a whaler."

Working their way down the ridge, the two continued northward toward Lake du Gras, across the bleak plain of the barrens.

Five minutes later, Old Man Mattie stopped and looked back at the rock cairn that loomed high and black above the ridge.

"Look," he said. "It'll be a good guide fer them chechahcos."

The American Boy Contest

Tell Us Your Summer Plans and Win Cash Prizes!

SUMMER is a golden time. It's a season of outdoor sports, camping, job-getting, special study, and travel. A season when you can store up on health, tan, and new ideas for another year of work. And every summer can be made to count more heavily for you if you PLAN. Especially this summer, when many schools are closing in April and May.

So tell us what you're going to do in the hot-weather days to come. Travel? Study? Work? Concentrate on hobbies? Read and master certain books? Write us an essay, preferably under 300 words, on the subject: "How I'm Going to Make the Most of This Summer."

Be specific. If you're going to read certain books, tell us what books, and why. If you're going to earn money for college, tell us how many dollars you hope to make, and how. Be as helpful as you can so that others who read your letter will find ideas they can use.

For the best letter we'll pay $10. For the next two, $5 and $3. For the next five, $1.

Have your entry in our hands by March 15. Mail it to the Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Write clearly or typewrite your essay on one side of the sheet only. Put your name, age, address and year in school (if you attend one) at the top of each sheet. To save postage enclose a best reading ballot—there's one on page 43. Winning letters will be published in May.

When Pluto Went to Mars!

These Readers Won Prizes by Finishing the Tale of the Pup's Adventures

"GREAT Hambone Steak!" the Contest Editor exploded.

"You mean hamburg," said the Ed.

"I mean forests of T-bones, mountains of hamburg, whipped cream rivers, fleas like elephants, weird machines, horrible monsters I hope I never see, dog heavens, cat purgatories—"

"Let it go," ordered the Ed. "I gather you've finally judged the 'You Finish It!' contest we announced in January. Right?"

"Right! And those readers of ours finished me at the same time. Hundreds of entries! All kinds of handwriting! The weirdest ideas you ever heard of!"

"Never mind," said the Ed. "Let's have the winners!"

So here they are. First prize, $10, goes to Howard Sturtevant, 14, of Milwaukee, Wis. Read his essay and grin. Second honors, and $5, go to Paul Freehafer, 17, Payette, Idaho. The $3 check for third place belongs to Willard Nyquist, 16, of Minden, Neb.

Read below what Pluto and Bruno found when they reached Mars.

What! No Fleas?

By HOWARD STURTEVANT, 14
Milwaukee, Wis.

IT was the same ground as that at home that they stepped out upon; it was the same air and the same trees. Pluto and his companion began to wonder if there was any difference at all, for they even saw something resembling a village far off on the horizon.

After an hour of brisk walking they indeed came upon a village. A village that, to their consternation, echoed and re-echoed with the staccato barks of thousands of dogs. As they entered the village, they were stunned at what they saw. Dogs everywhere, big dogs, little dogs, striped dogs, spotted dogs, nothing but dogs.

"What the—! What can be the meaning of this?" cried Pluto.

"I suppose," answered Bruno, "that it's just the opposite of how it is on the earth. You know—dogs run the world, and not people."

Some dogs had men on leashes. Occasionally, even, these men were muzzled. Bruno noticed that farther down the street a man was getting beaten for biting a little bulldog. As they walked on through the town, Pluto saw a newspaper building. He decided that they would go in there, for, he thought, "Editors always have something in common."

As they walked in they heard the editor telling a reporter, "If a man bites a dog, that's nothing special. But if a dog bites a man, that's news."

"We're strangers here," said Pluto to the editor, a grizzly looking Airedale. "We just want a little information about Mars," said Bruno.

"You won't like it here," said the editor. "We're troubled with cats. There are hundreds around here."

"Do you call that trouble?" asked Pluto. "Now fleas or something like that are a real bother."

"What are fleas?" asked the editor.

"You mean you don't have fleas here?" cried Bruno.

"Never heard of 'em," barked the editor.

This was too much for poor Pluto. He suddenly shot out of the door and started across the street to the Court House.

"*The American Boy* will have to get on without me," Pluto called back. "I'm taking out citizenship papers."

With Pluto on Mars

By PAUL FREEHAFER, 17
Payette, Idaho

PLUTO stared in bewilderment at a tangled jungle of grass over twenty feet high that stretched away on each side of a path in which the ship had landed. Tiny creatures were scurrying by on all sides. Pluto bent down to gaze at them.

"Look, Bruno," he yapped excitedly. "These are animals—here's a dog less than an inch high! And he's got a tiny cat treed—I mean grassed."

"I don't like this, Pluto," Bruno whined nervously. "Things can't all be small like this. I—I—I wish I were back—"

He suddenly stiffened; then, with a yelp of terror, stuck his tail between his legs and tore for the space ship. Pluto turned to see a horrible thirty-foot monster crouching less than a hundred feet away. Its long, sharp mandibles and heavy, armor-like scales rattled menacingly in the dry air. Pluto felt his legs go weak under him. "It's a flea!" he gasped.

He turned and ran, desperately, hopelessly. Thoughts of home and the past came into his mind. Why had he always annoyed the Editor? Why had he bragged so of his adventures? Now had come the end. Killed by a flea!

Turning his head, he saw the flea give a mighty leap. He closed his eyes and cowered in the path. A heavy weight descended upon him, and he felt the mandibles grasp the back of his neck.

"Help! Help! Save me!" he gasped despairingly.

"Save you!" he heard a voice bellow. "I'll save *me*—save me five bones if you don't wake up, you lazy, good-for-nothing pup!" And the heavy hand of the Editor tightened upon the scruff of his neck.

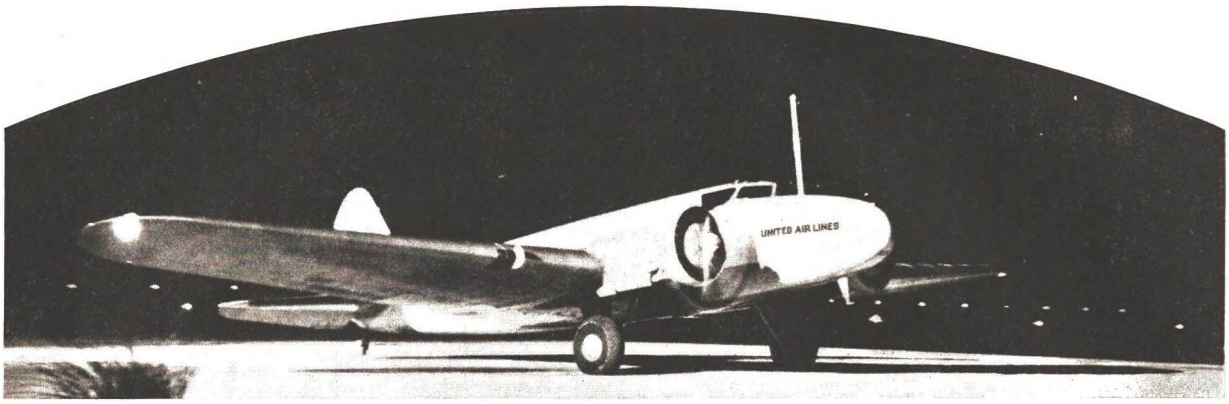
Pluto wrenched free and gasped in relief. Then, with a vengeful look upon his face, he savagely scratched at a flea.

THESE WON A DOLLAR

Paul Glenn (17), Ashton, Ill.; Leo Libowitz (18) Bronx, N. Y.; Ralph Miller (16), Corona, Calif.; Laurence Wales (17), Elmira Heights, N. Y.; Edison Walker (12), Redmesa, Colo.

HONORABLE MENTION

Jose Andonegui (13), Richmond, Va.; Vincent Baker (15), Enid, Okla.; Harold Brown (17), Puryear, Tenn.; Donald W. Calhoun (16), Due West, S. C.; Gerald A. Chappell (17), Manchester Green, Conn.; Thomas Donoho (14), Minneapolis, Minn.; Robert T. Fauth (17), Mount Vernon, Ia.; Lawrence Grauerholz (17), Kensington, Kan.; Phillip Keyes (17), Battle Creek, Mich.; Elmer Morgan (14), Scranton, Pa.; John Victor Peterson (16), Pomfret Center, Conn.; Irving W. Smith (16), Piffard, N. Y.; William Burns Sohn (17), Towson, Md.; Neal A. Truslow (13), Chestertown, Md.; Edward Wiles (15), Macksville, Kan.



Compare this ship with the first Wright plane at the bottom of the page! Streamlining makes for speed and smoothness.

What Is Streamlining?

by Dr. Alexander Klemin, *Director*

Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The world is just waking up to the fact that we have been tremendously wasteful in our transportation. Because of improper design of our autos and trains we have needlessly thrown away an unbelievable proportion of the fuel used to hurry us around the country at 50 and 60 miles an hour. This is the first of two articles by Professor Alexander Klemin, world-famous aviation authority. In them he will tell you what streamlining is, and how it will increase the efficiency of high-speed travel in the generation to come.*

The dolphin gets his speed not so much from power plant as from design!

FOR thousands of years we were a slow world. The fastest way to go places was to climb aboard a horse. When railroads were young, we hated speed so much that we passed laws limiting trains to 20 miles an hour. In their first flight at Kitty Hawk on December 17, 1903, Wilbur and Orville Wright went no more than 30 miles an hour. Their first plane was a fragile affair of sticks, wire, and cloth, weighing 728 pounds and equipped with a 16 horsepower engine.

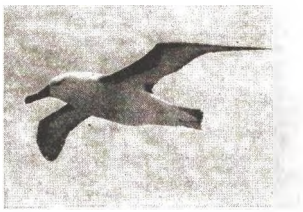
But now look at us! Our automobiles scoot through the country at 50 miles per hour and up. Passenger planes take us from New York to San Francisco in less than 20 hours! An Italian flies a Macchi-Castoldi seaplane 440 miles an hour!

It's true that airplane motors are lighter and more powerful than they used to be. But this marvelous progress in speed doesn't lie in the mere brutal application of motor power. It lies in "streamlining." In today's plane the maze of struts and wires has disappeared. Wings have little or no outside bracing. The motor is no longer exposed. Pilots and passengers are housed in a fuselage with a rounded bow and tapering tail. Aviation has led the way and ground transportation must follow.

Airplane builders, even with the help of scientific laboratories, needed thirty years to progress from 30 miles an hour to 440. They would have progressed very much faster if they had observed nature, the greatest teacher of speedy transportation.

With birds and fishes speed is a matter of life or death. They have to be fast if they are to catch their food and dodge their enemies. So, in the millions of years in which birds and fishes have developed, those species have survived that are capable of high speed. But birds and fishes, with food as their fuel and their bodies as engines, haven't been able to attain speed by power. Instead, by evolution, they achieved "streamline" forms offering the least resistance to motion through air or water.

The great soaring birds, such as the African vulture or the albatross, are almost miraculous examples of transportation engineering. Perfectly streamlined, uncannily sensitive to every uprising current of air, the African vulture beats his wings only for limbering up. He can mount from sight, drop to within a couple of hundred yards from the ground, climb a mile into the air, and cover hundreds of miles in a day—all with hardly a beat of his wings. The albatross can sail indefinitely at high speed over the surface of the sea, making use of the air currents created by the motion of the waves.

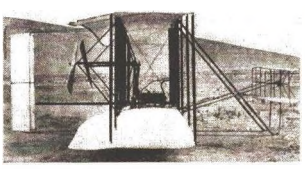


The albatross can soar for hours without flapping his wings.

Look at the photograph of the spectacled albatross of South Georgia. It has a rounded head or nose, marred only by the very necessary bill. Its body is rounded at the front and tapers and narrows gracefully at the tail. Its legs and feet are so carefully withdrawn that not a sign of them is visible in flight. The wings are long, graceful in form, fairly smooth of surface.

Engineers have for years tried to build a helicopter—an aircraft that can rise vertically off the ground—and have never really succeeded. Yet the common pigeon, blessed with a streamline body, can by suitably flapping its wings go straight up, hover in the air, fly rapidly forward, or alight to a dead stop.

On a recent visit to the New York Aquarium I was struck by the extraordinary way in which fishes will move around at high speed, infallibly guided by their tails, marvelously propelled by a few strokes of their fins. A fast fish like the dolphin has the smoothest, most beautiful lines. The huge whale is not so badly streamlined itself.



Wright's ship. The struts and wires churned the air.

Even lifeless nature has much to teach us. The raindrop in falling assumes a shape like that of the airship. Ditto the tear on the cheek of the beautiful movie star. Ditto a block of ice in a swiftly flowing stream.

There's no guesswork about the efficiency of the "teardrop," or streamline form. The wind tunnel—a device in which we can suspend an object, direct a current of air past it, and measure the results—has proved it. When a small flat plate is tested in a wind tunnel, it is found to have an air resistance equal to that of an airship form with a cross-sectional area sixteen times as great!

The air dislikes corners and violent changes of path. When it meets the flat plate with its sharp corners, the air does not close smoothly round at the back but is broken up into a series of eddies or "miniature cyclones," as they might be called. Those eddies or whirls absorb energy, and hence the plate experiences more resistance to its motion. The smooth lines of the airship allow the air to close in at the tail end with the least disturbance.

Nor is the flow round an ordinary automobile very good. There's a region of eddying at the front of the wind shield, another region of eddying or whirling at the rear. The wind has tremendous power, as anyone can tell who has held an umbrella in a strong wind. In human transportation, millions of horse power are wasted daily just in overcoming air resistance.

Next to the diagram of the flow round an ordinary automobile, we have shown the flow round a streamlined car. These two diagrams explain why so much of the motorist's fuel is wasted in overcoming air resistance.

If the air resistance of the flat plate, for a given area, is taken as 100, the air resistance of the 1933 sedan is 44, while that of the scientifically streamlined car is only 16 for the same frontal area. In other words, the 1933 sedan is only one-third as efficient as it might be.

Let's translate what that means into horse power. The horse power of the car engine is used in three ways: the mechanical losses in the transmission; the power used in overcoming the friction of the ground; and the power lost

in fighting the air. The ground friction depends only on the weight of the car, so the ground horse power is proportional to speed alone.

In air resistance the big loss occurs. Physics tell us that the air resistance increases as the square of the speed. Therefore the air *horse power* increases as the (square of the speed) times (the speed). In other words *the air horse power varies as the cube of the speed.* Now 4³=4x4x4=64, so that you can see how rapidly the air horse power piles up as cars travel faster and faster. And as the air horse power increases, so does the fuel needed to overcome it.

In the early days of the motor car, speeds were low and the air horse power was unimportant. Now with smoother roads and better cars, a speed of 50 miles an hour on the open road is quite common.

To average 50 miles an hour, a small car requires 26 horse power, and of this approximately 18.2 horse power is devoted solely to overcoming air resistance! The total fuel needed would be about 3.81 gallons per hour, and of this the air horse power would be responsible for 2.66 gallons.

Let's translate that into money. At 20 cents a gallon, a driver would spend in an hour's traveling 23 cents to overcome rolling resistance, and 53.1 cents to conquer air resistance. In other words, at 50 miles an hour the average driver burns up 70 per cent of his gasoline just to get through the air!

In another article, we shall describe how the automobile engineer, finally profiting by the lessons of the airplane and of the birds and fishes, is now creating the streamlined automobile. This modern car will give you greater speeds, and what is more important, considerable savings in fuel cost at ordinary speeds.

The automobile of today, though wasteful of energy in overcoming air resistance, has made much greater progress than the railroads. Four-wheel brakes have reduced the possibility of accidents. Better transmission, automatic mixture control, better starting methods, no-draft ventilation, better springing, all have increased ease of control and riding comfort.

The railroads haven't done so well. As early as 1845 a railway record of 45 miles in 52 minutes was made in England. That was eighty years ago, and there has been scarcely any improvement in speed since then! In fact the crack trains between New York and Chicago went back to a 20-hour schedule instead of the 18 hours they once maintained. Rail service, cleanliness, and comfort have been slow in development.

Now, in these days of change, the railroads seem ready to march forward.

Day coaches on some lines are cleaner. Pullmans are being redesigned so as to be more comfortable. In a few special trains sealed windows are used for lighting only, with clean air always supplied at the right temperature. And now the most ambitious plans are being completed for trains to run at a hundred miles per hour!

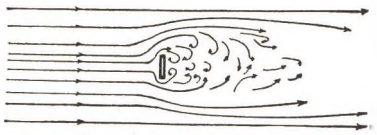
One way to secure greater railroad speed is to build immensely powerful locomotives and haul the trains faster by brute power. An attempt of this sort was actually made in Zossen, Germany, some thirty years ago. With a very heavy and powerful locomotive the experimenters attained speeds up to 130 miles per hour. The tests, however, proved too hard on the rails.

It's not by brute power that better speeds will be obtained. Just as in the case of the automobile, the locomotive has to overcome rolling friction and air resistance. To reduce rolling friction the cars must become much lighter, after the English fashion. This won't be done by going back to the fragile and unsafe wooden cars, but by substituting high-strength alloy steels or duralumin for the steel used today.

Again, as in the case of the automobile, *the air resistance of a train at 60 miles per hour is far greater than the rolling resistance.* Therefore trains must be streamlined. If trains are streamlined, they will develop greater speed with less power, and if lighter trains are built they will be able to run at the higher speeds without damaging the tracks.

So lighter and faster streamlined trains are the next great step in the history of American railroads. In our next month's article, we'll tell how the railroad people have followed airplane practice in their search toward speed and comfort.

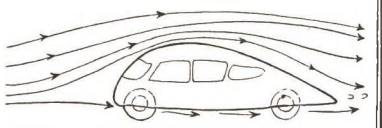
Air Resistance?



This flat plate, going through the air, has an air resistance equal to that of a streamlined body with a cross-sectional area sixteen times as great!

The streamlined form does away with eddies and whirlpools. It parts the air currents smoothly and allows them to join again at the rear with little disturbance.

The 1933 sedan is a compromise. Its lines are rounded but whirlpools still clutch the car and hold it back.



Here's the design that will reduce air resistance to a minimum. Will the car of the future look like this?

Do You Know That—

Fish sleep with their eyes open? They have to, because they have no eyelids. Bass and perch sleep on the bottom of the lake. Silversides and gar sleep under the surface. Ever try grabbing a fish while he was asleep?

Station KDKA in Pittsburgh is experimenting with a broadcasting antenna dangling from a balloon, 1500 feet above earth? The signals are stronger, they're discovering, and some day you may hear all your favorite programs via balloon transmission!

America has diplomatic representatives in 53 foreign countries and consular representatives in 325 leading cities of the world?

Pay in the foreign service ranges from $2,500 to $10,000?

Young men seeking employment in the Foreign Service must make formal application, pass written, oral, and physical examinations, have the approval of the U. S. Senate, and must go through a training school?

Two high school students, Claude Ferrier and Charles Harmon, bought a boat for $8.00, equipped it with lockers, awnings, seats and an outboard motor and took a two months' trip down the Red River and the Mississippi to New Orleans and back to their home in Ardmore, Oklahoma?

Orchard owners are now electrocuting moths? An electric light in the fruit tree attracts the hungry moth and high-voltage wires surrounding the light sizzle him when he attempts to fly close.

Scientists have now discovered a seven-leaf clover? It was found in the state of Washington by J. W. Thompson of Seattle.

The world's greatest bridge will be the Golden Gate bridge, to be built in San Francisco? Its suspended portion will be 700 feet longer than the George Washington bridge across the Hudson, and the roadway will be 220 feet above the bay at high tide! In the great suspension cables there will be enough wire to girdle the globe at the equator more than three times!

In 1933, 550,000 passengers traveled by air lines in the United States, an increase of 500,000 over 1929?

Regular air lines take you from New York to San Francisco in less than 20 hours?

The non-stop airplane flight record is held by Codos and Rossi, who flew from New York to Rayak, Syria, a distance of 5,657 miles, in 1933?

A woman was worth exactly two men among the Iroquois Indians? To discourage murder, the Iroquois arbitrarily set a man's value at 10 strings of wampum and a woman's at 20 strings, and required you to pay double the value for killing a person. Women inherited all the property and theoretically were the rulers of the Iroquois.

The new San Francisco-Oakland Bridge will be 8¼ miles long?

The Education of a Dog

Tips From the Trainer of Strongheart

Larry Trimble

"A little higher, boss. I can jump this!"

DEAR A. B. Readers:

Education does things for a dog. It makes him useful and happy and independent—and a good comrade.

Some months ago I told you about the early troubles of Etzel, the big German shepherd dog who is a grandson of Strongheart, famous dog star of motion pictures. As a pup, Etzel had a pile of troubles. At first he was sick and lonely; then a bad fright turned him into a dog hermit; and after that came a time when he didn't seem to have the courage to grow up, but wanted to live in a sheltered, make-believe world of his own. I finally succeeded in rousing him, however, and through schooling he has developed into a fine person, a genuinely companionable dog.

So many dog owners have asked me questions about Etzel's puppyhood problems and about their own dogs' troubles that I'm jotting down here some tips on dog education that have been accumulating in my mind. I shall give most space to the very young dog's problems, for they seem to be particularly puzzling to a good many owners.

It was Trimble's shirt before Geri and Vali claimed ownership!

As I worked with Etzel, I came to understand better than ever before that the problem of making a right start in the education of one dog is essentially the same with every other dog — and with every other kind of animal, for that matter.

There's a world of difference between the training of animals and what has to be done in order to educate them.

Strictly speaking, the object in training an animal is to get him into the habit of performing readily what usually are called tricks. But in educating one the object is first and last to help him develop all-round intelligence. For example, a common sled dog is trained to work in harness, to pull hard and follow the dog immediately ahead, a job that requires much physical effort but little use of his brain. The leader of a dog team, however, has to be carefully educated.

Punishment, under certain conditions, may be a necessary part of an animal's education. But I was astonished when a dog owner asked:

"Will you tell me how to punish my dog so that he will learn to do tricks like those I've seen circus dogs perform?"

At just about the same time I had a letter from Selma Zimmerman, an animal lover who is an expert with circus elephants. She said:

"I have had a great many wild animals for pets. . . . You would enjoy knowing my coyote, Wolfie. Talk about intelligence!

"Wolfie was only a few days old when I got him, just after he had been dug out of a den, in Oklahoma. Now he is seven months old, large as a collie, and very beautiful—not like one of those cringing, scraggly-looking coyotes you see in zoos.

"Being a bottle baby, Wolfie wasn't easy to raise, especially as we have traveled constantly right from the first. We have lived, when not on a moving train, in a portable dressing room. Of course I gave him the best possible care, just as if he were a child. But I'm used to that sort of job — in addition to Wolfie, I have five big babies. And elephants are *such* babies—"

Quite a job, mothering babies that weigh four or five tons apiece! But the mothering was part of their education. I knew when I read that letter that Miss Zimmerman's big babies were more than trained elephants — they were educated elephants!

And I wished this animal expert who could turn a coyote into a good comrade could have talked to the dog owner who was planning to teach his dog tricks by punishing him. I'm certain she would have told him that an animal should be punished for only one reason —namely, to discourage the doing of things that should *not* be done.

How do you like our profiles? Distinguished, huh?

It is true, however, that animals once were trained to perform in circuses and at theaters by the method of bribery and punishment; they were given rewards of food when they did what was required, and punishment that involved severe pain when they did not. But nowadays practically all animals that entertain the public are "schooled" by men and women who are educators rather than merely trainers. A brutal trainer of animals would have no place in a modern circus.

The important thing to know about educating any animal is that he must take pleasure in the doing of things that will help him to use his brain more and more.

An animal pupil starts to make real progress when he learns to feel happily rewarded in the knowledge that he has pleased his teacher.

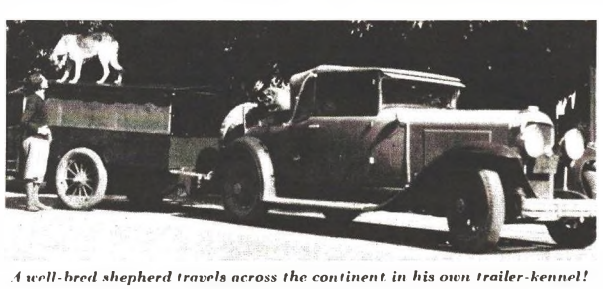
Success in training an animal, and especially in educating one, depends on how well a teacher can understand what his pupil knows instinctively.

All animals are born with two very strong instinctive desires that throughout their lives continually exert tremendous influence on the way they feel about everything. These two desires are to get food and to feel safe.

In educating a dog, one should never forget that his pupil belongs to the family of meat-eating animals. Meat eaters, far more than animals that are strictly vegetarians, are born ravenously hungry and with a desire to feel safe that can be even more intense than the desire to get food.

The act of a newborn puppy in satisfying his hunger usually takes care of his yearning to feel safe. A puppy is born blind, but with a very keen nose. So it is by the warm scent of his mother that he is guided to a first swig of good rich milk. And as the fierceness of hunger subsides, he becomes more and more aware of a vibrant protecting closeness that assures him he is perfectly safe. Then he falls blissfully asleep. And even while he is apparently dead to the world, he continues to feel a flood of comforting heat that his body absorbs from his mother's.

Sometimes a newborn puppy's craving for food is so strong and his efforts to get it so violent that he needs help, which his mother can give by tumbling him over and over until he is properly set to nurse. But a mother dog cannot always give help instantly when two or more puppies are scrambling and shrieking for food.



A well-bred shepherd travels across the continent in his own trailer-kennel!

Delay in satisfying a newborn puppy's desire for food delays also the satisfying of his desire to feel safe. He begins to yell because of hunger so keen that the nature of it is pain, and before long his cry becomes shrill with terror. This sometimes will throw the mother dog, especially a young one, into a state of sympathetic fright. Then the tones of her voice, meant to reassure her baby, are sharpened by fear—fear of the unknown—with which all animals are born and from which no animal ever becomes wholly free.

After such an experience a young puppy on falling asleep will twitch and cry out piteously, dreaming of an awful menace.

A terrifying early experience in living gives a puppy an impression that will stick always in his memory, though it may, if he is fortunate, become very faint. He may wake from his first badly troubled dreaming and get instantly busy at the maternal filling station. And should he on a number of successive wakings at once fill his young stomach with milk, and his memory storehouse with impressions of security, he will have made a good start toward happy doghood.

But suppose this same puppy has the ill luck to get somehow rudely wakened from his first badly troubled sleep. Suppose a little brother, greedily nursing, gives a violent kick that lands hard on our small dog's very sensitive pink nose, causing pain that interferes with his compass, his guiding sense of smell, and sends him in a panic right away from food and warmth — into empty, terrifying coldness.

With luck against our puppy, a bad early impression may be repeated again and again, and this can sadly affect his whole future. It doesn't take many severe frights during a puppy's blind period to make abnormally intense his instinctive desire to feel safe. Then he will come to weaning time a pitifully timid little fellow, and instead of gaining rapidly in self-confidence, he will still be needing from his mother a great deal of affection along with assurances of protection. But the chances are ten to one that her interest in him will have become suddenly replaced by cold indifference or worse.

At this time our puppy will be a lucky young dog indeed if he falls into the hands of some very human being, who will give him such care as Miss Zimmerman lavished on the little orphan coyote —"just as if he were a child."

To understand dog nature it is very necessary to know about what happens to puppies during the time when they should be properly weaned, and frequently are not — as happened with Etzel.

A puppy is not fully weaned as long as he feels in any way dependent on his mother.

To become independent of her in regard to food is the easy part of the weaning process; it is as good as done once a puppy has lapped milk from a dish. The hard part of this process is for a puppy to learn to stand on his own four feet. He must learn to do so literally, despite strange scents, sounds, sights, with his tail held bravely up, not letting sudden panic tuck his tail between his legs nor allowing his feet to take him yelping to his mother for protection.

The length of time needed to complete fully the weaning of puppies varies with different breeds. In general the rule is: The larger the breed, the longer the time.

A Pekinese puppy matures physically and mentally in less than a year. It takes a German shepherd two years to mature physically, and not less than three to mature mentally.

The more a dog may develop human-like intelligence, the longer it will be natural for him to remain a puppy, especially in his mind and at heart. So he will require more time for the weaning process, and he must be sure of great affection and unlimited protection from his mother—or from some human being to whom he transfers his own wealth of affection and trust.

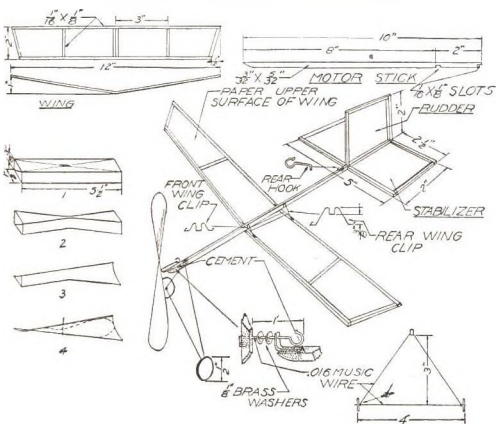
The young dog who has learned that he may rely upon his master has made a good start. From that point you can keep him moving happily forward until he has developed a fine confidence in himself. And that, after all, is the objective you're after.

Dogs take time. But they're worth it. If you're willing to watch and study your puppy, to think out what help he needs, to give him a real education, you'll turn him into a happy, self-reliant dog—and provide yourself with something rare in companionship.

Watch It Fly!

Here's the Model Plane for Beginners

By MERRILL HAMBURG



WHEN, a few years ago, a million boys on this continent were building every conceivable type of model airplane, one simple beginner's model held their fancy. Under the stimulus of the Airplane Model League of America, conducted by *The American Boy*, with trips to Washington and Europe as inducements for excellent work, these boys were turning out highly specialized and scientific flying and non-flying contest models. But no matter how far they advanced they continued to build and fly the Baby R. O. G.

R. O. G. means Rise Off Ground. Whether you're a beginner or an old-timer, you'll find the ship described in this article worth your time. It's sturdy, easy to construct, capable of rising from the floor and circling for three minutes before coasting to a landing.

Study the drawing before you begin. Note that there are no tricky bamboo parts to bend. If any of the metal parts seem too difficult you can buy them ready made, at any model supply house, for a few cents.

Start with the 3/32x5/32x10" balsa motor stick. Sand it and round the front end as shown in the drawing. For the thrust bearing flatten a small brad, drill a hole in it with a No. 72 drill, bend it to form an L and stick it to the front end of the motor stick with a coat of model airplane cement. No other type of cement will do.

Bend the rear hook from .016 (No. 16) music wire and cement it in place 2" from the rear end of the motor stick.

The rudder, formed from three pieces of balsa 1/16x1/8x2" is cemented to the top of the motor stick so that the rear edge is 1/8" off center to the right, when viewed from the front. This causes the plane to circle in flight.

Fit and cement the two stabilizer spars into notches cut into the motor stick for them. Cut the two short ribs to fit between the spars, cement them in place, and cover the stabilizer by painting the lower surface of its frame with banana oil and placing it on a piece of Japanese tissue stretched flat on the table. Immediately after you've done that, lift the entire piece from the table to prevent the banana oil from sticking to the table top.

Cover the rudder in the above manner and trim off extra paper with a safety razor blade.

Draw a full-size pattern of the wing on a sheet of blank paper. Cut the wing spars and put them in place on the drawing. Next cut the ribs and cement them in place. Construct the second half of the wing in the same manner, and cover both halves with Japanese tissue.

Join the two halves by placing one half flat on the table and the other with its outer edge resting on a book, so that the tip is two inches higher than the center. Cement the center ribs of the halves together.

Bend and cement the wing clips in place. Note that the rear clip is 3/8" higher than the front.

Carve the propeller from a 3/8x1/2x5½" balsa block. Step No. 1 in the drawing shows the blocks with diagonals drawn on the ½" surface and the ends. By following each step carefully, checking with the drawing at every stage, you can carve a satisfactory propeller. Note the long, flat V at the hub and the rounded tips. The finished hub is only 1/4" wide and 1/16" thick. The blade is only 1/32" thick at the tips.

Force your propeller shaft through the hub, bend the end U-shaped, and draw it back into the wood. Paint all sides of the hub with cement and let the cement harden. Slip two 1/8" brass thrust washers over the shaft to prevent friction.

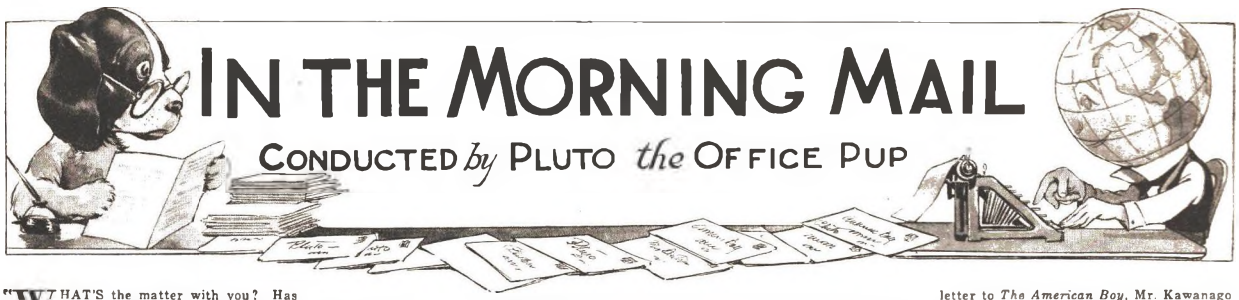
Bend the landing gear from .016 music wire according to the shape in the drawing and cement it to the motor stick 1¼" from the end. The wheels are cut from 1/8" flat balsa. The power plant—a single strand of rubber tied to form a band 8" long — is looped over the propeller shaft and the rear hook. Put the knot at the rear.

Attach the wing in about the position shown in the drawing and glide the model gently toward the floor. If it dives sharply set the wing forward. If it tries to climb, and goes into a stall, set the wing back.

Wind the motor by holding the motor stick between the thumb and index finger of your left hand with the propeller toward you. Turn the prop with the index finger of your right hand in a clockwise motion until the rubber motor shows a double row of knots. Launch the ship with a slight forward motion.

If the plane has a tendency to slip sideways and go into a spiral dive, the front edge of the wing on the dipping side must be bent slightly upward. You can do that by holding the wing over the steam from a teakettle — not too much steam! — and twisting the wing with your fingers. A little steam makes balsa flexible.

But the Baby R. O. G. doesn't take much adjustment. It's a sturdy little scout with great performing ability and not much temperament. Watch it fly!



IN THE MORNING MAIL

CONDUCTED *by* PLUTO *the* OFFICE PUP

"WHAT'S the matter with you? Has the impossible happened? Are you actually becoming modest? Or is the ed sitting on your chest? Well, get him off somehow, expand your sunken lungs, and blow us a breezy ballad." In the face of this stirring request from Kenneth Olson, Moorhead, Minn., the Office Pup can only comply. When his public commands, the Pup obeys. There's a ballad on page 34.

The Pup looked through a book recently that helped even HIM to understand how an automobile motor works! The diagrams and drawings are among the best he has ever seen. The book also contains opinions of 211,000 men and women about autos. If you write to the Customer Research Staff, General Motors, Detroit, asking for the Automobile Buyer's Guide and mentioning The American Boy, you will receive a copy FREE.

three local clubs

In Little Rock, Ark., Rosedale, L. I., and Province Lake, N. H., Morning Mail fans have formed local Kennel Clubs and Pluto, according to his promise in January, is sending them autographed portraits for their clubrooms. Each group sent in at least 15 signatures, which is the minimum required for a local club. The Little Rockians, who meet every Thursday afternoon and bring their dogs, are: Terry Feild, C. W. Jones, Red Ivy, Tom E. Bell, Jack Cartwheel, Ben Russel, Woody Castcart, Tom Moony, Charles Alas, Gene Wanyk, Roy Smith, Billie Burkie, Ray Bright, Dick Duncan, Homer Duncan, B. B. Miller.

The Rosedale clubbers, who discuss each week an *American Boy* story or article, are: William Sterbenz, Frank W. Holub, Elmer Merz, Robert Spears, Frank J. Holub, Howard Roth, Tom Pescod, William Csontos, John Colligas, Colin Bremner, Ray Hamilton, Howard Ives, Harold Kind, Walter Moritz, Howard Spears, Eugene Tomzack.

In the Province Lake group are: Harvy Nutter, Richard Smith, Chester Jones, Robert Jones, Earl Taylor, Kenneth Weeks, Donald Taylor, Roger Nutter, Ralph Ward, Percy Taylor, Sidney Sprague, Harold Croft, James Chase, Gene Moody, Sumner Taylor.

Leonard Barnes, Waltham, Mass., suggests an NRA code for schools — he recommends shorter hours, less home work, and higher marks!

he writes of forests

Harold Titus has dedicated his life to saving our forests. When you read his serial, "Keeper of the Refuge," starting in this issue, you'll realize how important forests are to the health of this country. Here's Titus' autobiography, to help you to know the man behind the story:

Harold Titus.

"Born in Traverse City entirely too many years ago. Started newspaper work on the old "Evening Record" here. Went to the Detroit "News" and University of Michigan later. A breakdown shoved me off the campus in 1911, spring of my senior year, and in the enforced leisure which followed I tried my hand at fiction. THE AMERICAN BOY had been buying my stories for some time; others began to take 'em on and I've been at it ever since. I've had hundreds of short stories published and a dozen novels. Punched cattle, mined, prospected; when settling-down time arrived no place was as appealing as my native soil.

"Having had Michigan outdoors as a playground when a youngster, I watched what was happening to our forests and wild life over a period of, say, forty-odd years. I became so concerned about it that after being discharged from the army I whittled out a novel of reforestation, 'Timber!', which caused more or less stir. Like it or not, I was marked as a working conservationist. I happened to like it. In 1927 Governor Green appointed me as a Commissioner of Conservation and I've served on that body since. I wrote 'Keeper of the Refuge' because I wanted boys to realize that the restoration of our wild life and forests is a long, involved process."

he sculps

Harry Hornby, Jr., Uvalde, Texas, models in clay for a hobby. He'll take a magazine story and illustrate it by sculpturing the characters and then taking a photograph of the scene. "And yesterday," he writes, "I received official notification from *The Haversack* magazine that one of my illustrations had been accepted. The check I received was greater than I'd dreamed!" Congratulations, Hornby, on turning your hobby into money!

witch doctors

Philip Doak, Grand Forks, N. Dak., likes F. N. Litten's stories of Jimmie Rhodes in Haiti, and wonders if the magical powers of the native priests are real or fake. That's hard to answer. Books have been written on the subject. Mr. Litten recently sent this office an *ouanga*—a little leather case inside which was a folded-up piece of paper bearing the crude pictures of insects and crosses. It seemed harmless to us, but if the *ouanga* were laid on the doorstep of a native Haitian family it would throw the dwellers into terror. In some cases, the recipients of *ouangas* have died. Mental state has a great deal to do with health. If you believe a black curse has been laid upon you — if you're as superstitious as many Haitians — you can actually become ill from fright. Haitians *bocors* (witch doctors) are skilled in the use of drugs, and possibly they use these drugs to increase their hold upon the minds of their victims.

Anderson Ashburn, 1620 W. First St., Winston-Salem, N.C., wants to start a national bicycle club. He wants letters on the subject and promises to answer them if he doesn't get more than a million!

the motto!

The Pup has selected a motto for the Kennel Club! After considering literally hundreds he has selected one that is brief, stirring, and to the point. Hereafter, inscribe on your banners these two words, and let your hearts swell when you see them fluttering in the breeze: "FLEADOM FOREVER!" Lawrence King, Englewood, Colo., is the author, and receives an autographed portrait of the Pup. Now let's have suggestions for a Club song.

thank you, sloan!

For one dog biscuit in good condition, the Pup thanks James Sloan of Hoosick Falls, N. Y. Now, if anyone wants to send a dog collar, a dog sweater, a crate of dog food, a leash, or a knock-down kennel, the Pup will be eternally grateful!

matters to discuss

Local Kennel Clubs, looking for a program, might take up the following questions. They were submitted to Pluto's Personal Service for the Puzzled, but he has so many things to take up, this month, that he hasn't time to answer them. The questions: "How can I keep my spaniel's ears from falling in her food?" by John Terry, Buffalo, Wyoming; "My dog Major won't let me pick the burs out of his ears —how can I remove them without getting bit?" John Pacey, Chalmers, Ind.; "How loud is the bark of a dogwood tree?" Franklyn Lauden, Cleveland, Ohio; "How can I persuade my brother to stop blowing the bugle?" Edmund King, Somerville, Mass.

here's your chance!

"A lot of boys would like to exchange stamps, coins, and news with fellows in China, Japan, France, Germany and other countries," writes Samuel Buck, Trego, Md. If you want to correspond with a foreign boy, Buck, write to the International Friendship League, Box 142, Back Bay, Boston, Mass. Inclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and mention *The American Boy*. In a few months you'll have a brand-new friend in another country! The League invites every boy to write in for foreign addresses.

and for japanese friends

Write Mr. Shinsuke Kawanago, Yonezawa Commercial School, Yonezawa, Japan. In his letter to *The American Boy*, Mr. Kawanago says: "It is the sincere wish of the boys of our school that they talk about their life and hear from the boys of your country, and exchange their drawings and pictures, and thus contribute to the peace of the world." We heartily approve and recommend that you write Mr. Kawanago at once.

mars and heyliger

From Frank Lilley, in far-away Tsingtao, China, comes a request for another interplanetary story like Carl H. Claudy's "The Master Minds of Mars." We haven't a Mars story on hand, but Mr. Claudy is going to give you another gripping science-adventure story before many months. Stanley Patronik, Altoona, Pa., nominates William Heyliger as the "all-subject writer on the All-American writers' team," and points out that Heyliger produces true-to-life stories not only on sports, but mining, canneries, and newspapering. Jack Bond, Pensacola, Fla., backs up Patronik by calling "Ritchie of the News," Heyliger's country newspaper story, the best serial of 1933! A Heyliger baseball story is on the way, and this fall there'll be another serial.

hail the great dane!

The Pup suggests that you elect the following officers in your local clubs (since the Kennel Club has no hard and fast rules, you needn't elect all these officers unless you wish to): Great Dane (president); Mastiff (vice-president); Setter (secretary); Scottie (treasurer); Police Dog (sergeant-at-arms); Lunch Hound (chairman of the refreshment committee); Pointer (chairman of the membership committee—he points out new members); Woofhound (chairman of the program committee). Instead of a gavel, the Great Dane should wield a well-dried bone, and he should call the meeting to order with these words: "The pack will come to order. Kindly sit on your tails, prick up your ears, and listen to the report of the Setter." Follow with the reports of other officers and your discussion of an *American Boy* story or article. Outside the door of your kennel put up the following sign: *"The American Boy Kennel Club, A Brotherhood of Fleamasons."* (Thanks to Tauno Mattila, Crosby, Minn., for the last suggestion.)

until next month

Your letters—more of them are coming in every day—are a big help to Pluto and the editors. Even though we can't quote from or reply personally to them all, we read them and discuss the hundreds of good suggestions they contain. Every fan quoted in this department becomes a chatter member of *The American Boy* Kennel Club and receives an autographed portrait of Pluto. Write him care of *The American Boy* Kennel Club, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

new hobbies

Richard Tucker, Los Angeles, Calif., who had his AMERICAN BOY sent to his hotel in Para, Brazil, during his recent trip to South America, has an unusual hobby. He collects sand. He has specimens of sand from the Amazon and most of its tributaries, from the Straits of Magellan, from the west coast of South America, from most of the rivers in the U. S. Using glue, he sticks the sand to small white cards. Richard's dog, Satan, has a collection of foreign fleas that he's willing to trade with Pluto. It's nice when dog and master are both collectors!

baseball

It's baseball weather, and THE AMERICAN BOY has on hand a limited supply of baseball reprints that you may have for the cost of the postage. Send a three-cent stamp to the Reprint Editor, THE AMERICAN BOY, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich., and we'll send you one of the following—as long as they last: "Try to Outguess the Batter," "Play Safe in Baseball," "Pitch to His Weakness," "Wait for a Good Ball," and "What Makes a Big Leaguer?" To save complications, if we run out of the one you want, we'll send you the next best. They're all good.

We Rode Through a War!

(Continued from page 23)

"This one," I thought, "will probably get me."

It didn't. It just clipped the brim of my Stetson hat.

We got into No Man's Land with not more than a half dozen bullet holes in the car and nobody hurt. And soon we were approaching four of Feng's soldiers — the point of his rear guard.

"Perhaps it'll be safer for us if we stop and pick these men up!" I suggested.

My companions agreed, and when we drew alongside the soldiers we gave them a lift, two on each running board. But as we approached Feng's main body, our four men became panicky, probably because they knew that they would be shot at once if their officers discovered that they had deserted their rear guard position. So, with the car going twenty, and quite without warning, they stepped off.

Meet a Chinese soldier, leaving his war!

One man fell to the road and a wheel ran over his hand. I stopped the car. The coarse gravel had acted like a grindstone, shredding his hand horribly. I put on a hasty tourniquet and offered to take him in to first aid, but he waved me away frantically. No, his officer would catch him!

We went on, and soon had to slow up because of the straggling army of men. Soldiers began to climb on the car. In spite of my protests, more and more climbed on until we actually had eighteen men aboard! Both running boards were jammed solid, others hung on the rear, two sat astraddle the hood, and the rifles were piled on the top. I couldn't see to drive. The car would barely crawl in low. Vainly I complained. These men spoke the Shantung dialect, and while I know three dialects, the Shantung brand is extremely difficult for me.

Then came the accident that set off the fireworks. One of the men precariously perched on the front of the hood fell off. A wheel ran over his leg, and the heavy load plus the gravel mangled it badly.

The Chinese have a great tendency to talk themselves into a rage. They yanked all of us out of the car, crowded close, and shouted and gesticulated themselves into hysterical anger. Finally, with their tempers whipped to a white heat, they lined us up against the car and drew back to finish us off.

They actually were raising their rifles when a mounted officer happened to ride up. He wasn't an officer of the company to which these men belonged but his arrival saved us.

Fortunately he spoke a dialect I understood, and I explained to him who we were and what had happened.

"All we want to do is get back into Peking," I said plaintively.

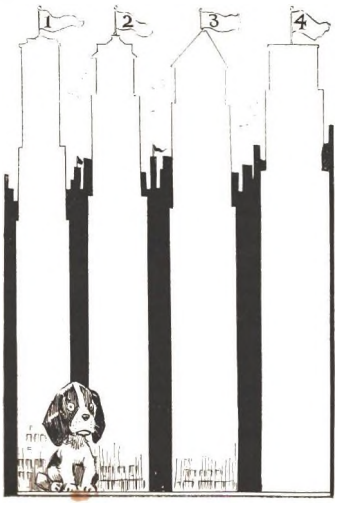
"You'd better not try to go through the troops," he advised. "I have no authority over these men and I may not be able to restrain them. Get off the road."

I could understand his point. They were an undisciplined, disgruntled rabble. And fortunately I remembered a little path, back a ways, that intersected the main highway. So we returned toward No Man's Land, found the path, headed out into the fields, and eventually reached a road that took us into Peking.

I had been too busy to be nervous and the others had met each crisis with courage. But late that night, hours after the event, one of the men came to me saying that he couldn't sleep. He was shaking like a man with the ague. The reaction had hit me, too.

So for two hours, under the stars, we walked the garden, patching up our shattered nerves. I have made it a strict rule, since that day, not to ride blithely back and forth, through a war.

Let's Have *Your* Choices!



WHAT stories and articles in this issue do you like best? Tell us, so that we can buy more of that kind for future issues. Just write the titles on the four skyscrapers, in the order of your preference, and mail the ballot to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

State Age .....

Idea by Bob Hanrahan, Detroit, Mich.

The Great Whang-Poo!

(*Continued from page 10*)

Yes — it is. But don't tell everyone!"

The next day's *Student* carried a picture of the robed figure, who reminded the readers, somehow, of a torturer of the Middle Ages. And glaring headlines propounded the question: "Who is Whang-poo?" The campus scoffed, and read, and got interested.

Thereafter, Whang-poo made daily appearances in classes, at the movies, and in the college commons, and always he was accompanied by a squad of freshmen military students, two clowns, and the tireless Dick Feldman.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes, Bob was making secret preparations that kept him long hours in the chemistry lab and the machine shop. With soldering iron, wires, metal, and a small spark coil he fashioned a queer contrivance. He sweated and worried and at last nodded with satisfaction. It would do.

On Friday afternoon he took a last look at the gym to see if everything was all right. His eager eyes sought the rafters. A bar was rigidly suspended about eight feet below the girders. And from one of the bar supports to the side of the pool a rope was dropped. All was well, and he solemnly shook hands with Sam Potter.

"Go home and go to bed," Sam said huskily. "You look like a ghost, working all night in the labs."

"You don't look so rested yourself," Bob protested.

"Caught a cold, running over the campus in black tights," Sam explained. "It's nothing. But you—if anybody is putting this show over you're the man. And there's not a man on the squad who doesn't want you to go to Chicago."

Bob blushed. "The best man will win," he said, embarrassed.

"He won't," Sam said significantly, "unless he gets some rest."

Bob shocked himself utterly by sleeping through until seven o'clock that night, with the show due to begin at 7:30. He woke feeling weak and sick, and pulled on his clothes in a half-fearful daze. He stumbled through the snow still sleep-befuddled and conscious of bad dreams. What if the big stunt flopped? Suppose Sam Potter got cold feet? What if the booths weren't operating? Suppose all this Whang-poo stuff failed to bring the crowd, after all? And what if Pemb Jones licked him in the big race? He couldn't bear that. He was better than Pemb. . . . Better! But Pemb was rested. . . .

He hurried along the slippery path, and knew that he was gripped by a horrible stage-fright. With a trembling hand he pulled his hat down over his eyes. The great Whang-poo! What a wild, senseless idea! If it flopped he was the laughing stock of the campus.

A shoulder bumped him. He looked up and became conscious that he was hurrying through a stream of students, muffled-up boys and girls who were laughing. He caught the word "Whang-poo," and shuddered. He realized they were all heading gymward and he knew he should be glad. Instead he trembled with terror. The fright of a leader gripped him—the man who takes much upon his own shoulders and then wonders if he has done right.

At the gym door the crush was so great he had to go round to the rear. He hurried through dark halls to the locker room and peeked out into the big pool ringed with seats. It was nearly full. Already two-thirds jammed, and people still streaming up the paths! Whang-poo had done his part! A full team would go to the Nationals.

The squad was in the locker room—Larry Seeds in his clown outfit, the frosh in their grease-paint and 1890 bathing suits, acrobats in skin tights, Dick Feldman, looking like Simon Legree—and they all took time out to pat Bob on the back and congratulate him on his advance publicity. Bob's brain began to clear. Strength and confidence flowed back.

The greatest show on earth really began to take hold when the debonair Larry Seeds did a neat one and one-half through a flaming hoop, held just above the surface of the water by two fellow clowns. It was beautifully done and the crowd suddenly awoke with a storm of applause.

The formation swimming by the women's class drew nothing but polite applause, but when Carlo, the diving dog, leaped gracefully from the 15-foot tower, the spectators roared their approval. Two gymnasts put on an excellent trapeze performance, and when one of them missed his catch and fell into the water there were loud yells of joy. A tumbling act went off smoothly. Occasionally there was a delay, but at a signal from Dick the band filled in with noisy music. The crowd grew hilarious over the canoe tilting battle, and when a planted spectator fell into the water there was an amazed spasm of glee.

Bob Randall, sitting in a corner and looking out on the gaily decked hall, smiled with relief. Everything was clicking smoothly, and all that remained for him was to see Whang-poo off, and race Pemb Jones in the hundred. He stretched his limbs and closed his eyes with a sigh.

And then, a hitch. A terrible hitch. A hand shook Bob's shoulder and he opened his eyes to see Dick Feldman looking down at him with worried eyes.

"Come with me," Dick whispered. "Sam Potter wants to see you."

With sudden misgivings Bob followed Dick into the locker room. Sam was lying on a bench, his eyes closed.

"What's the matter, Sam?" Bob asked in a hushed voice.

"Dunno," Sam replied with weak disgust. "Buck fever, I guess."

"Buck fever nothing," Dick snorted. "Your temperature's 102 or I'm a hyena."

Bob and Dick exchanged a glance of understanding. Sam's slight cold of the morning had developed into flu — or worse.

"Get Pemb to take my place," Sam whispered hoarsely. "He can do it."

Bob looked incredulous.

"He saw me practice it yesterday," Sam explained. "And then did it better'n I did."

Dick Feldman hurried out, and a few seconds later returned with Pemb Jones.

"Can you take Sam's place?" Dick asked anxiously, as they stood around the bench on which Potter disgustedly lay.

Pemb laughed scornfully. "And swim the hundred right afterwards?"

Dick looked around helplessly. Outside the audience was waiting.

"Better call the Whang-poo stunt off," Pemb suggested indifferently.

Bob shook his head. All week they had ballyhooed the great Whang-poo. It couldn't flop! He recalled the watchword of the old-time circus performer: "The show must go on."

"I'll do it myself," he said softly.

"You!" Dick cried out.

Bob nodded. Pemb could do it better, but Pemb wouldn't. And somebody had to.

Dick grabbed Bob's arm anxiously. "Put it off until after the hundred!"

Bob paused. He wanted sorely to win that hundred—but if he swam a grueling race he wouldn't have strength enough left to—to be Whang-poo. He turned to Dick a little grimly.

"Announce the great Whang-poo," he said. "Give 'em a long speech. It'll take me about two minutes to get ready."

Just two minutes later Bob stood inside the locker room door, ready. Outside, he could hear faintly the nasal voice of Dick Feldman, saying, "And now, ladeez and gentle-MEN, you are about to lay eyes upon the mysterious Whang-poo, the only living being—man or spirit—who flits like a comet from stah to stah—"

A spasm of apprehension gripped Bob. He was dressed in black tights. The monk's cowl and robe covered him, and the black mask hid his face. Around his hips the tights were ruffled, and his finger strayed nervously to the front of the ruffle and located the switch to a small spark coil concealed in the star-spangled cloth. With shaking hands he felt of two bell-like tube openings extending inconspicuously out from each hip—Venturi tubes to catch the air as he swung through space. Wires led from the spark coil to a certain spot in back, past which magnesium would flow, forced by air through the Venturi tubes. All was well.

And then he was stepping out into the light, ceremoniously escorted by Dick Feldman, and bowing deeply to an audience grown suddenly silent with expectancy.

Slowly Bob walked over to the rope extending from the side of the pool to the ceiling. In the utterly silent room he grasped the rope and started hauling himself up, hand over hand. Higher and higher he went, over a pool that seemed to become ridiculously small as he climbed. Halfway up he hung tight for a moment and got his breath. Below him was a sea of white faces. He smiled a bit and went on.

At last he was seated on the bar—a single, rigid, horizontal bar.

"The fanfare will begin in a moment," he thought quietly. "I wonder if I can do it?" He had ceased trembling.

He slipped the black robe over his shoulders, pulled out one arm at a time, and tossed the robe into the audience, far below. He still wore his mask.

How quiet it was! A strange little smile quirked his lips as he said to himself, "Here goes nothing," and turned, so that his body was resting on his hands. The band picked up the cue with a roll of drums that increased to a roar. There was a restless movement from the audience—a wave of sudden apprehension. Bob sweated in fear. It was time to start the giant swing. The giant swing! He laughed recklessly. Could he get around? With a finger he turned the switch on his spark coil.

He swung his feet tentatively, and then, suddenly, launched them out behind, shoving simultaneously with his hands. Tightly gripping the bar, he described his first arc downward. For better or for worse he was on his way!

As he swung down, air whistled into the Venturi tubes, forced powdered magnesium out of a small box at the small of his back, past the spark, through a cone, and into the air. The audience greeted the sight with a gasp. Fifty feet above them they saw a body swing down, and a sudden flash of white flame shoot out behind him.

And that was the cue for Dick Feldman to turn out the house lights. There were shrieks when the pool went black, and the only visible thing was a swinging flame above them, unbearably white.

Higher and higher the arc went, while the audience looked on in bated amazement. But clinging desperately to the bar, Bob was wondering if he could complete the circle. Long before this, he should have finished his first swing. If he didn't get over soon he would lose his grip and tumble helplessly, ridiculously into the water.

He gave one last great effort. His body swung up — up — until his toes pointed at the girders and he was doing a handstand on the bar. He was delicately balanced. Would he fall back or go over? For a long instant he poised there, and while he poised there was no flame.

Then he moved . . . on over. . . . Over! Bob almost shouted with exultation.

Over once, in a brilliant 360-degree circle of sizzling flame.

Over twice!

Over three times!

With pent-up emotion the audience roared, and in the midst of the roar Bob let go, swung out into space, grabbed his knees, did two complete somersaults in the air and then straightened his body. Luck was with him. He landed feet first, and as his body catapulted into the water, showering spray, the magnesium light went out with a spitting *sniff!*

The house lights went on. As Bob broke the surface he was conscious that he had wrenched his shoulder, that his hands were cramped from gripping the bar. In a deafening, wall-shaking roar, he climbed out of the pool, helped by a score of hands. Then they dropped away from him, and he stepped out on the springboard, and removed his mask.

Another roar, when they saw who it was.

An instant Bob stood there, triumphant, and then he trotted to the locker room. Fred Foss rubbed him down and Larry Seeds fed him a dose of pepsin to settle his trembling stomach. For five blessed minutes he lay still and breathed deeply, and then, clad in his varsity swimming suit, he was at the pool's edge with Fred Foss and Pemb Jones, ready to start the trial hundred.

Bob felt a strange exhilaration — a feeling of power. The show had gone on as advertised, and would go on to the end. And that was more important than winning a race. Something cold touched the calf of his leg and he looked down to see Carlo, the diving dog, snuffing him appreciatively.

"Thanks, Carlo," Bob murmured.

As Dick Feldman explained to the audience, this race would be as sweet a race as could be seen anywhere in the Conference, since State had the best three dash men in the league.

And it *was* a beautiful race. Down the first of the four stretches not an armstroke separated the three swimmers. Up the backstretch Fred Foss gained a half body length, while Pemb and Bob stayed arm to arm, head to head, and heel to flashing heel.

On the third stretch they burned the water in exactly that position as if they had been chained together. But on the final stretch, Bob—burning up his last ounce of strength—knew that Whang-poo had taken his toll. Pemb gained two feet, three feet, and held it up to the very finish.

Bob flailed into the end feeling suddenly weary. He had failed. But as he climbed out of the pool he looked up in surprise. What was Dick yelling?

"Fred Foss, first! Bob Randall second—"

Bewildered, Bob looked around. How could he have finished second? Then he understood. In the water a white body was splashing toward the ladder. Carlo!

Carlo, the diving dog, had leaped in upon his master, Pemb Jones, at the very finish and slowed him up enough to give the race to Bob.

Bob walked up to his rival.

"That wasn't fair," he said. "We'll swim the race over."

Pemb's handsome face flushed, and he looked at the ground. And then, in one sportsmanlike gesture, Pemb wiped out the score between them.

"No," he said almost inaudibly. For an instant it seemed that he was going to box Carlo's ears but instead his hand settled gently in Carlo's ruff. "I — I think Carlo knew best," he said.

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

TEACHABLE!

"Really, but I don't know a thing about golf," said the sweet young freshman girl. "Why, I don't even know how to hold the caddy! But I'd like to learn!"

WEIGHTY WISE-CRACK

The mountainous fat boy sat down next to a thin high school student in a crowded street car. The lean lad moved, and moved again, but the pressure continued.

"They ought to charge fares by weight," the slim boy burst out peevishly.

"It's lucky for you they don't," placidly retorted the bulky one. "It wouldn't pay to stop the car for you."

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

Examinations aren't so funny, but a teacher recently passed on this information, gleaned from examination papers: British subjects have the right to partition the King; the Pope lives in a vacuum; the Puritans founded an insane asylum in the wilds of America; nothing is whiter than the driveling snow; a palmetto is the child of white and black parents.

TERSE VERSE

We
De-
Spise
Flies

THE SCOFFLAWS

"Hey, kid!" yelled the game warden, appearing suddenly above the young fisherman. "Don't you know it's against the law to fish for trout out of season?"

"Sure," said the youth, "but when it's the season the trout don't bite, and when it's out of season there's all kinds of 'em. If the fish won't obey the law, I won't either."

TOO AMBITIOUS

First Flea: "Whatsa matter, Bill? Toothache?"

Second Flea: "Nope. Tried to bite an iron dog."

THE LATIN FOR IT

Football Husky: "Listen, sissy, I'm gonna smash your nose all over your face. I'm gonna push those teeth down your throat. I'm gonna black both your eyes—et cetera."

All-A Student (taking off his glasses): "You don't mean et cetera. You mean vice versa."

THEY BEAR UP SOMEHOW

Wig: "Don't you think that the courage of the American people in this depression has been remarkable?"

Wag: "Yes, indeed. Take New York City. There the Brooklyn Bridge is suspended, the subway is in the hole, the Empire State Building is up in the air, and the elevated lines have run over thousands of people. But the New Yorkers go about in a most unconcerned manner."

THEN HE TOOK SHELTER

She: "Do you call that a tent that you've stretched between those two buildings?"

He: "Oh, no, that's just a house-to-house canvas."

PROVERB

Where there's a will there's a lot of disgruntled relatives.

NO CHANCE FOR ARGUMENT

First Collegian: "Waiter, this butter is so strong it could walk over and insult the coffee."

Second Collegian: "And this coffee is so weak that it couldn't resent it."

HE KNEW HIS ALPHABET

"Jones," said the chemistry teacher, "give the formula for water."

"Yes, sir," said Jones, "HIJKLMNO."

"Whatever are you driving at?" exclaimed the teacher. "Do you think you're in kindergarten?"

"No, sir," said Jones. "You said yesterday it was H to O."

REVISED ENDING

Teacher: "Billy, why are you laughing?"

Billy: "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Teacher: "But you stay after school alone."

DIFFICULT SUBJECT

The class had been told to make sketches of what they most desired. One boy handed in a blank piece of paper.

"This is strange, Kenneth," said the surprised teacher. "Isn't there anything you want?"

"Yes," said Kenneth, "but I can't draw it. I want a holiday."

"Come now, Abner! None of your practical jokes!!"

TALE

Sail.
Gale.
Pale.
Rail.

EGGSTRAORDINARY

A lanky individual stepped up to the manager of the Dime Museum and asked for a job.

"I'm Egbert the Egg King," he drawled. "I eat three dozen hen eggs, two dozen duck eggs, and one dozen goose eggs at a single sitting."

"Sounds pretty good," said the manager. "I suppose you know we run four shows a day?"

"O.K."

"And on Saturdays we run six shows. Then, sometimes on holidays we run a show every hour."

Egbert the Egg King hesitated. "All right," he said; "but I must have one thing understood. No matter how rushing business is at the museum, I gotta have time off for my regular meals."

LESSON FOR TWO

"Hey, boss!" shouted the office boy, rushing into his employer's office. "How about gettin' off this afternoon to go to a ball game?"

"William," said the boss, "that is no way to ask. Sit here at my desk and I will show you how."

He closed the door behind him; then he knocked and entered with his hat in his hand, saying, "Please, Mr. Smith, may I go to the ball game this afternoon?"

"Sure!" said Billy quickly. "Go ahead. Here's 50 cents for the ticket."

THE WEIGH TO RUIN

Customer: "You seem put out, Mr. Jones."

Butcher: "I am. The inspector of weights and measures has just been in."

Customer: "Ha-ha! Caught you giving 15 ounces to the pound, did he?"

Butcher: "Worse than that! He said I'd been giving 17!"

WHEN OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

She: "My father's feet are bothering him so much he can't use them."

He: "What time shall I come up?"

POOR DEAR!

"Why are you crying, little girl?"

"'Cause my brother has holidays, and I haven't."

"Why don't you have holidays?"

"'Cause I don't go to school yet."

Stamps in the Day's News

By KENT B. STILES

THE Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been so busy preparing the revenue stamps made necessary by the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment that it hasn't found time to make much progress on the promised new Presidential series. It may be well into the new year before the stamps are issued, if they are issued at all. The Bureau is supposed to have completed drawings for designs including the heads of the twenty-nine Presidents from Washington to Coolidge inclusive, and 4½c, 18c, and 19c have been suggested as new denominations. But these reports have been neither confirmed nor denied by the Post Office Department, and the absence of a definite announcement indicated when this was written that Uncle Sam was not definitely committed to the idea of a Presidential portrait set.

One of the colorful set issued by Uruguay to commemorate the Seventh Pan-American Congress.

In a published interview Michael L. Eidsness, Jr., who last October resigned as Superintendent of the Division of Stamps and Chief of the Philatelic Agency, has criticized sharply the proposal that all past Presidents who are dead be postally honored. Some of them were, in his opinion, "merely successful politicians who rose to the highest office through the accident of political maneuvering rather than by the manifestation of superior merit" and accordingly "do not deserve to be remembered in stamp designs" when one considers that "there are a great number of men and women of unquestioned eminence who have been consistently overlooked." And he mentions Israel Putnam, Ethan Allen, Paul Revere, the Marquis de Lafayette, John Paul Jones, Robert Fulton, Eli Whitney, Samuel F. B. Morse, Thomas A. Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, Luther Burbank, and a host of others, including notables identified with literature, music, and art. He also thinks our stamps should illustrate the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Valley, Pike's Peak, Mount Rainier, Mount McKinley, and similar scenes.

"There must be something wrong with our present policy," according to Mr. Eidsness, whose opinion must carry weight because he was twelve years on the inside of things at the Post Office Department. "Other governments make the most of the possibilities of stamps as educational factors. We could do no worse than imitate their example."

Meanwhile the Philatelic Agency, which Mr. Eidsness developed successfully, is moving from the Washington Post Office Building to quarters on the sixth floor of the new Post Office Building. According to Robert A. Fellers, superintendent of the Division of Stamps:

"We will have new equipment and additional accomodations for collectors, fully ample to meet all demands. The new quarters will be as up to date and modern as it is possible to make them."

And it is to be hoped that there will be additional clerks—enough of them to assure prompt filling of collectors' orders. In the past there has been delay, sometimes running into months, in sending stamps for which collectors have sent their money. The philatelic press has been vehement in its criticism, and so have *American Boy* readers in letters to me. Obviously the Agency has been undermanned, and the delays have left a bad taste on philately's palate. The Agency was established as a *service* institution and it has been bringing the Government profitable returns. Some of this revenue should be paid out in wages for more clerks so that individual collectors' orders, even though small ones, may be accorded reasonably prompt attention.

Just how profitable the Agency has been to Uncle Sam may be judged by the figures covering the final quarter of 1933. In those three months the sales totaled $210,000, representing the biggest quarter in the Agency's history! Receipts for the final two quarters exceeded $330,000; in that period perhaps 25,000,000 unused stamps were sold to dealers and collectors.

A Government institution so supported should give its supporters a square deal. Mr. Fellers, the new incumbent, says it will. It is high time!

Switzerland honors a famous teacher on its 1933 charity semi-postal stamp.

A Bit of Dutch History

IN 1590 a 23-year-old Dutchman, a successful merchant and economist despite his youth, publicly advocated "the establishment of a great commercial company, which, overcoming by combination of resources" the difficulties that deterred individuals, was to build up a flourishing trade between the Netherlands and America.

That youngster, Willem Usselinx (whose name, incidentally, is to be found spelled thirty-five different ways in reference books!) had been educated in the Azores, directly in the path of trade from Europe to both the East and West Indies. Visualizing the importance of colonial commerce for Holland, he returned to his native land and after many trials and disappointments founded the great Dutch West India Company. And so, in time, the Dutch colony called Curaçao, in the Americas, was established.

The colony was founded in 1634. This year, three centuries later, Curaçao is issuing a commemorative set; and on three of the values, 1 cent, 1½c, and 2c, we find a portrait of bearded Willem Usselinx.

Russia recalls the birth of the "Order of the Red Flag." The badge is at the top.

The other designs are equally significant historically. The 2½c, 5c, and 6c bear a likeness of Frederick Hendrick of Orange, during whose reign over the United Provinces of the Netherlands the colony was set up. Frederick Hendrick was a son of William the Silent, the 400th anniversary of whose death (1533) was postally recalled last year by the Netherlands and its colonies.

Honored on the 10c, 12½c, and 15c is Jacob Benckes,

STAMPS CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

admiral of a fleet that operated on the Caribbean Sea in 1672-73 against the French and English.

The head of Johannes Van Walbeeck was to have been placed on the 20c, 21c, and 25c. He was a philosopher, mathematician, and physician who, turning to the sea, conquered Curaçao from the Spanish in 1634. A suitable portrait of him could not be found, and so a warvessel of his period was substituted as the design, although the stamp is inscribed with his name.

Another admiral, Cornelis Evertsen de Johnste, is remembered with his likeness on the 27½c, 30c, and 50c. He, with Benckes, took New York City from the English in 1673.

Louis Brion, Curaçaoan navigator and military commander, has his portrait on the 1.50 gulden and 2.50g. Born in 1782, Brion at 17 became a soldier. In 1805 he repulsed the English trying to capture Curaçao, and in later years became an admiral for Colombian Republic under Simon Bolivar. Brion died at Curaçao in 1821.

Other New Issues

THE deluge continues, and we have room left this month for the highlights only.

The newspapers told you about what went on at the Seventh Pan-American Conference, at Montevideo in December. They failed to mention, however, that Uruguay issued commemorative stamps—3 centavos, 7c, 12c, 15c, 20c and 36c. These are unusually fascinating triangulars, each in three brilliant colors. The design is a dove in flight above an outline map of the Americas, and inscribed in Spanish "VII American International Conference." Below the dove is "Montevideo XII, 933," for December of last year, when the conference was held. Somehow the first digit of "1933" was left out in the stamp illustrated!

To raise money to finance operation of a new sanitarium—*Pro Sanatorio* is inscribed—Argentina has issued 2 centavos rose, 5c green, and 10c blue stamps illustrating the building and showing a woman giving water to an ailing man.

We find *Winterhilfe* overprinted on four of Austria's current pictorials. Thus are these regular stamps converted into semi-postals, each with an additional surcharged value, to finance winter relief work among the poor.

A monoplane in flight illustrates Belgian Congo's new air series—50 centimes and 1, 1.50, 2, 3.50, 5, 15, 30, and 50 francs.

A woman's face uplifted to the Cross is the design of Belgium's annual anti-

One of the first stamps issued for Basutoland, one of Britain's African possessions.

tuberculosis semi-postals — 10 plus 5 centimes black, 25 plus 15c violet, 50 plus 10c red-brown, 75 plus 15c olive-brown, 1 franc plus 25c claret, 1.75fr plus 25c ultramarine, and 5 plus 5fr lilac.

Fe e Energia! (Faith and Energy) is the keynote of a Brazilian 200 reis showing a man, mallet in right hand, gazing at the Cross. This stamp, of the same significance as Uncle Sam's NRA 3c, was issued in red in error, and reissued in violet.

British Guiana promises pictorials, designs to include Mount Roraima and Kaietur (Old Man's) Falls.

This year marks the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Canada by Cartier, and commemoratives are in the offing.

Gobierno Revolucionario and the date "4. 9. 1933," overprinted on Cuba's current 1 cent and 3c, suggest that the Revolutionary Government (the meaning of the two Spanish words) has postally commemorated its military and political triumph.

Egypt issued five commemoratives when the International Aviation Congress was held at Cairo in December. Designs and values: plane over landscape, 5 milliemes and 10m; Dornier hydroplane, 13m and 15m; Zeppelin, 20m. In February the Postal Union Congress assembled at Cairo, and a set of fourteen values, ranging from 1m to 1 pound, have as their common design a portrait of Ismail Pasha, founder of the Egyptian postal service.

France's promised portrait stamps have appeared. Honored are the late Aristide Briand, statesman, 30 centimes Prussian blue; Paul Doumer, President when he was assassinated in 1932, 75c red-violet; and Victor Hugo, (1802-1885), poet and novelist, 1.25 francs brown-red.

The Byrd 3c Imperforate

THE Byrd Expedition 3c was issued imperforate and ungummed, in sheets of six stamps each, and was placed on sale on February 10-18 at the Government's branch philatelic agency at the National Stamp Exhibition at Rockefeller Center in New York City. This is the smallest commemorative sheet ever issued by the Post Office Department and these special stamps were printed at the exhibition by employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The sheet measures approximately 3½ by 3¼ inches, and in the margin is the inscription, "Printed by the Treasury Department, Bureau of Engraving and Printing, under the authority of James A. Farley, Postmaster General, New York, New York, February 10-18, 1934—In compliment of the National Stamp Exhibition of 1934." The color, Navy blue, remains the same.

The sheets sold for eighteen cents each at the exhibition and may be obtained at the same price at the Philatelic Agency in Washington. Payment must be made in cash or postal money order, with three cents added for return postage.

Hide-rack Uses the Golden Rule (*Continued from page 19*)

I untied the string that held the can to his tail. Yes, it had been cut from an expensive tapered fish line. And the can was the one I'd filled with angleworms a few days before. All right. I wasn't surprised.

"I'm going to raise a row about this," I told Dad.

He didn't say anything, and I strode off in the direction from which the dog had come.

Hal sat on a big bowlder, fishing intently in the clear, shallow pool below, pretending that he didn't see me coming. I grabbed his shoulder and jerked him up off the bowlder.

"What do you mean by tin-canning my dog?" I demanded.

"Keep your hands off me," he flung back. And then he shook me off and laughed in my face. "How do you know I tin-canned your slinking dog?"

"He's not slinking!" That word burned me up. "And of course you did it! That string was cut from your fish line and the can was the one you had worms in the other day. I know you did it. And you're going to be sorry!"

Then he saw red. "Any time I'm sorry!" he snarled, and let drive at my nose with his clinched fist.

I ducked under his swing and drove back, catching him full on the chin. He staggered, took a step backward, and went sprawling down into the pool below with a great splash—shiny boots, tailored breeches and all! The pool was shallow; he couldn't drown. I turned on my heel and walked away, leaving him to get out as best he could. The last I saw of him, he was struggling up and sizzling with what he thought of me.

Back at camp I told Dad what I'd done, not too proud of it. And yet not much ashamed. Hal had had it coming. But what good had it done?

Dad listened, asked a question or two, cocked an eyebrow at me, and said nothing. I knew what he thought. Things had come out pretty bum, but I'd stood a lot and he wasn't going to reproach me now.

But Mr. Thompson had seen the scrap from a distance, and he came in all heated up.

"We'll start out in the morning, Foster," he said sharply. "The treatment my son received this afternoon makes it impossible of course for us to remain longer. I shall have to ask your boy to apologize."

Dad's eyes narrowed. "I'm sorry the trip has been spoiled," he said slowly, "but your son got just what he had coming to him. He brought it all on himself by tormenting the dog. He'll get no apology."

That was that! Dad believed that part of our job was avoiding useless trouble, but he'd stand by me like granite if a guest tried to put me in a false position.

Well, for the rest of that day, the atmosphere around camp was strained and unpleasant. Hal appeared, put on dry clothing, and sulked in his father's tent.

Bright and early the next morning, Dad and I began to strike camp, pulling down the tents, rollin,, up the beds, and packing up grub and equipment. I felt sober enough, but Dad wasn't blaming me.

"Cheer up, Chet," he said. "It couldn't be helped."

When we were nearly ready, I sent Hide-rack after the horses. As usual he led them in at a thundering gallop. Dad and I caught them, one by one, and tied them to trees until we could put the saddles and packs on them. Hide-rack stayed close to my heels—at my stern command. I wasn't going to have him made the victim of any last-minute meanness.

I was just cinching up the saddle on Red when from the slope above there came the crisp report of a small-bore rifle. I remembered then that Hal had picked up his rifle and announced his intention of visiting the berry patch.

The report of the rifle didn't interest me; but a frantic yelping that came close behind it did. I jumped to where I could get an unobstructed view of the berry patch. And then I gasped.

The yelping came from a bear cub that rolled and tumbled in agony among the berry bushes. And Hal—the crazy young idiot who didn't know enough to leave bear cubs alone—stood with his rifle ready, waiting to get in a second shot.

"Look out!" I shouted. "Look out—run!"

For right then, charging through the bushes farther up, out of Hal's sight, came the big, black mother bear, bursting through the brush like a mad bull going through picket fences. The agon-

ized yelping of her cub had transformed her from a shy, quiet animal that would rather run than fight into a savage, avenging half ton of raging fury. At that moment, she would unhesitatingly have attacked a troop of cavalry. Her big powerful body would absorb lead like a sponge, while the fierce purpose that burned back of her small black eyes would give her power to maul and claw and tear long after she should have been dead.

Mr. Thompson saw her and realized the danger. "Hal!" he shouted. "Hal, Hal!" Then, frantically: "Do something, Foster! Get a gun! Shoot her! Do something quick!"

Dad already had his rifle, was down on his knee; but the distance was too great and there was the possibility that a low shot would strike Hal. He shook his head hopelessly.

But there was a chance; a slim one—still a chance.

"Give me your gun," I shouted, throwing myself on Red's back.

Dad handed it up, butt foremost. The next instant I was spurring the big Morgan up the slope at top speed.

Hal had at last realized the danger. Now, rifle discarded, he was racing desperately down the slope, slipping and sliding, jumping brush and fallen logs.

Behind him the bear burst through the last fringe of berry bushes. She paused only a second to sniff in the direction of her yelping cub. Then on down the slope she came, a black-furred fury charging savagely down upon that flying figure which her instinct unerringly indicated as the cause of her baby's pathetic yelping. She was as grim and unrelenting as Death itself!

The big Morgan was giving me the best he had, racing up the slope, hurdling logs and low bushes, twisting through groves of young trees, bursting open tangles of chaparral with his mighty shoulders. He never refused a log, never failed to respond to the lightest touch of spur and rein. Up, up, up — over logs and brush; through thickets where I ducked low, closed my eyes, and hung grimly to the saddle horn; into brush tangles that tore at my feet and legs—every splendid muscle under that glossy satin coat giving its best all the time.

We were closer now. I could see Hal's white terror-stricken face. I saw its contortion as he made a desperate effort to increase his speed. He was between me and the bear. No chance for a shot even if I could have sighted the rifle from the back of the leaping, plunging horse.

The distance between boy and bear was becoming less each instant. With great bounds she was overhauling him, her mouth open, her lips snarled back from her gleaming teeth. . . .

Horseflesh couldn't do it. There wasn't a chance. Too much brush lay between us, too many obstacles that had to be detoured around or scrambled over. It just couldn't be done, not even by a horse as fleet and powerful and courageous as Red.

I was on the verge of pulling up and risking a shot, hoping desperately to frighten the bear, when a brilliant red-gold form spurted by me.

Hide-rack! The big collie, mindful of the command that I had long forgotten, had been following at Red's heels, doubtless wondering what all the excitement was about. Now he knew; now he could see Hal and the savage bear; now he realized why I was so desperately punishing Red up that slope. And he gallantly threw himself into the fray with all the mighty strength of his lean-muscled eighty pounds and all the splendid courage of his great heart.

"Sick, sick! Go get her, Hide-rack!" I shouted. "Save him, boy!"

The golden form split a brush thicket, cleared a six-foot log, and whipped through a grove of young pines. On and on it raced, up and up, black-tipped nose reaching out in front, white-tipped tail floating in the wind, red belly leveling to the ground between—a heart-warming red-gold bolt of courage.

They were rapidly coming together now, those three flying actors in that grim drama of life on the mountain slope—boy and bear bounding desperately downward, dog racing gallantly up. When their paths converged, what would happen?

"Sick her! Sick her!" I urged the dog, the encouraging shouts jerking from my jolted body. Red was picking his own path; I couldn't take my eyes from those flying forms above.

A shot rang out from below and a bullet whizzed by high over my head—in a useless attempt to frighten a bear whose instinctive fury had driven all fear from her mighty body.

They were drawing together now, those flying forms. Now only feet, split seconds, separated them! Hal faltered, stumbled—a huge snarling black snout smashed into him from behind and sent him sprawling into a tangle of brier bushes.

The maddened bear plowed in after him! But before her powerful, raking forepaw could inflict its first terrible punishment, a living red-gold lance hurled itself upon her, fastening long gleaming teeth in her tender flank.

The great bear let out a blood-curdling bellow of pain and rage, and transferred her immediate attention from the inert body to this upstart newcomer. A swipe of her forepaw knocked Hide-rack loose. He landed on the needles fifteen feet away. Again she turned her attention to the boy. Back Hide-rack went, and up her broad furry back this time; into the tender base of her ear he locked his long white teeth.

With a roar of rage the bear reared to her hind feet, shook the dog loose from his perch, and struck at him as he bounded out of reach. Then her little near-sighted eyes became aware of Red and me, charging up the slope. She whirled to face us, grim, deadly, defiant, asking no quarter and giving none—forepaws that could snap the horse's neck ready to strike!

I pulled the plunging Red to a halt within twenty feet of her, took quick aim with Dad's heavy rifle at the red gash of her mouth, and pulled the trigger, feeling even as I did so a stab of regret.

Once more the bear roared, in rage and in agony. Blindly she charged the spot where Red and I had been, blindly she plunged on down the slope—stumbled, fell, rolled—and came to a rest against a bowlder, belly up. Peace at last. . . .

I was shaking all over, but I managed to pull Hal out of the bushes. Except for a few deep scratches on his leg, he was unhurt, but he lay limp, almost exhausted by that desperate run and the shock of the experience.

Mr. Thompson came puffing up the slope, and dropped to his knees beside Hal, his face working. A few minutes later, satisfied that his son had miraculously escaped serious injury, he got to his feet and turned to Dad and me.

"A man can't say thank you for some things," he brought out huskily. "Words won't do it. But I'll never forget this—or that magnificent dog. And after the way Hal's used him! Mr. Foster, I apologize for—"

"Wait," Hal said weakly—he was sitting up now. "That's my job."

He looked at me and gave me a shaky, shamefaced grin, but he spoke to Hide-rack.

"Pup," he said, choking a little, "you're a prince! You're as brave as they make 'em, and you certainly know your golden rule. I feel like two dirty cents. If I could only make you understand—"

But Hide-rack interrupted. He understood the tone if not the words, and he thrust a forgiving black nose into Hal's hand.

"All right," said his wagging tail. "All right—let's call it square!"

Keeper of the Refuge

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Now ain't you a bright lad! Can tell a fawn from—from something else!"

The little, gangling thing stood shakily on the seat and sniffed at Red's extended hand with its black nose.

"Danged nuisance!" muttered Topping. "Get over, you pest, so's I can get in! One of the boys picked it out of the fire. Generally we leave 'em unless they're likely to get scorched. The does'll find 'em. But in a few more minutes this one would've fried. So we got to take him in and raise him by hand and stand for his blattin'! Well, get *in!* I'm hungry, if you aren't. Pick him up like a puppy. He won't bite much!"

So Red Clarke, who had never seen a deer before that day, found himself rocking along one of those rutted roads with a spotted fawn contentedly snuggling in his lap.

Topping had no more to say for a time. Red was rather glad of it. The tall, lank man was too crusty for comfort, and Red preferred to ride in silence, thinking about all he had seen and done, and now and then patting the fawn.

"Here she is!" Topping rumbled suddenly as the headlights revealed a stretch of country wholly denuded of trees, where great brush heaps stretched away in all directions. "Here's where the fire'd have been roaring by now if you hadn't been a tractor driver, young fellow."

"Lucky I happened along," murmured Red.

"Lucky!" snorted Topping. "If that fire had ever got in here we'd never got it down tonight and if any fire goes past the first night, still running, a man's got almost no chance of licking it without rain. No rain in sight; so it's certain this blaze would've run into the refuge and given that cedar a scorching it'd be years getting over. You're responsible for keeping it out!"

His tone was so accusing that Red chuckled. To cover it, he asked hastily: "What about this refuge, anyhow? I'm a terrible dumb-bell."

"You don't say! Why, this is the Ojibway State Game Refuge. It's a new project. My job is gettin' the new ones started, doing the rough work. When it gets easy I lose interest. This land we're on now is going to be a part of the public shooting ground that surrounds the refuge itself."

Red frowned in bewilderment. "I thought a game refuge was to protect animals. You mean you're protecting them and making it handy to kill them at the same time?"

"Sure! I see you've got the wrong idea, same's lots of folks, about conservation. Real conservation doesn't mean setting something aside, reserving it for no use. Real conservation is the wise use of what you've got. Take what you make each season. Take every year no more timber than you grow that year; take, near's you can calculate it, same amount of fish or deer that you've raised. So long's you only take this in-

crease you'll have a supply forever. Understand that?"

Red nodded.

"Now a good refuge serves lots of purposes," Topping went on. "Deer have got to have cedar swamp for food and shelter in winter; if they don't have it they'll perish. And with all the roads and autos we got, bringing out thousands of hunters, deer have got to have a handy place to get into even when it's legal to hunt 'em. We can't keep on the way we used to. We've got to give game places to go where they'll be safe when the guns get too many, or we'll kill too much.

"We've got six thousand acres of cedar swamp on this project, which makes winter food and shelter, and also a sanctuary when the guns get too thick outside. All around it is a strip of land —or will be—where the poorest man as well as the richest can always go and camp and hunt in deer season. Gives the hunters a place to go; gives the deer a fair chance to get away safe — all of which makes for sport. Get that?"

"Yes. I see."

"Here's the boundary fire line."

The car slowed and Red saw a plowed strip, perhaps thirty feet wide, angling across their road. On the inside edge was a row of posts supporting a single wire. Every few rods, he observed, was a metal sign warning hunters to go no farther.

"We've got fire lines all through it," said Topping, "or will have, because fire's the worst enemy wild life's got, and—"

"Bra-a-ah!" remarked the fawn.

"Hold your tongue! I'm talking!"

The fawn wriggled in Red's lap but the boy scratched the long, warm ears and it quieted. Topping went on, explaining more. On either side of the road, now, was a plowed strip and beyond these cedars grew as thick as in a hedge. The air was sweet with their aroma.

Soon they came into a clearing where squat buildings clustered with windows aglow.

"The boys have finished," remarked Topping. "Jemima, I haven't touched food since before sun-up. If that cook hasn't got some hot, I'll skin him—"

"Bra-a-ah!"

"Keep still, can't you? Worst thing about you fawns is your continual blattin'! Day and night; night and day!"

Grinning, Red followed the man to the door of a log building. Inside he saw a long dining table, flanked by benches.

"Hullo, Cliff!" Tip-Top greeted a boy in a cook's apron who limped on a withered leg out of the adjoining room. "Grub hot?"

"Sure, Mr. Topping. Oh, got a fawn?" —as Red stepped in.

"Yes, another thing to pester us. Red, this is Cliff. Bring that blatter right out here."

Red followed as Topping strode into the kitchen, asking the lean young cook for milk. For an interval the man was busy over the range, warming milk, adding water carefully. Then he took a baby's bottle from a shelf and, filling it, adjusted the nipple.

"Now"—seating himself on the floor —"give him to me."

Red knelt and put the fawn, its great eyes wide, between the man's knees.

"Come on, now!" Topping urged impatiently. "You got it to do and I'm a busy and starvin' citizen. Come here!" —as the fawn drew away from the nipple thrust toward it.

He tucked the fawn under one arm and, shaking milk from the nipple, rubbed it on the glistening nose. A pink tongue emerged experimentally, the struggles of the animal ceased. The nose went out, sniffing, the ears cocked inquiringly, and the eyes gleamed.

Topping began to chuckle. Pressing the nipple against the fawn's lips, he forced it between its jaws and all of a sudden the little animal was struggling to stand alone and bracing its feet and shoving at the bottle and suckling as if it had been fed so for weeks and wriggling its absurdly short tail in a paroxysm of delight!

Topping's chuckle ran into a laugh and he sat there holding the bottle and stroking the fawn until the last drop was gone.

"You pest!" he rumbled finally, sobering. "You nuisance! Now we'll have you under foot till fall!"

Red grinned to himself at Topping's renewed attempt at severity. It was no use. That hard-boiled talk didn't mean a thing. Not when it came from a man who hadn't eaten since dawn but had to feed a stray fawn before he could enjoy his own supper!

When Topping did start to eat, though, he did a job. And Red wasn't far behind. But hard as they ate, Topping found time to ply the boy with questions and before they were finished Red discovered that he had given the tall keeper most of the important information about himself.

"That's better!" Topping said, lighting his pipe. His keen eyes studied the boy. "Can you sleep tonight?"

Before Red could give answer the outer door opened and a little man burst in, slamming the door shut behind him. He wore a Scotch cap, which he removed, revealing a head almost bald. The fringe of hair about his ears was gray, but his close-cropped beard was black as night. His small, sharp eyes were bright with excitement.

"Mr. Tip-Top Topping," he said breathlessly, "I withdraw my offer!"

Topping snatched out his pipe. "You *what?*"

"Withdraw my offer. We changed my mind. We talked it over. I ain't goin' to sell ary acre to ary state! No, sir!" He shook his head violently.

"Why, Herbert!" Topping protested. "You can't withdraw your offer. You've given me your word."

"Said I'd sell, prob'ly; but after today I don't sell to no state! No, siree, sir! Not ary acre to ary state!" Again he shook his head.

"But see here, Herbert." Topping got up, and Red could see he was upset. "What's changed your mind? The money's on its way here."

"Can't help that. I've had a warning. That's what changed my mind!"

Topping put his pipe on the table. He looked out into the kitchen where Cliff was washing dishes, walked across and closed the door and, returning, said quietly:

"Sit down, Herbert, and tell me about it."

The little man didn't seem to notice Red. He leaned toward Topping as if they were alone together.

"It's this way," he whispered. "Last week, I'm in town tryin' to deal for my ties. I'm in the courthouse when they says I'm wanted on the telephone. I don't go much for telephones. Rather talk face to face. But I goes to this one and somebody says, they says, 'Mr. Rush, we understand you're goin' to sell your property in Indian township to the state.'

"'You understand correct,' I says, 'and who may this be speakin'?'

"They don't answer that. Instead they says: 'This is to warn you not to sell to the state. This is to notify you,' they says, 'that something'll happen to some of your property in Indian township soon. What happens will be a sample of what'll happen to your property on Ten Cent Lake if you insist on goin' agin public policy and sellin' to the state.'

"Then there was a click and that was all. Well, I took no stock in it, thinkin' it was some smarty's joke. Until this afternoon, I took no stock. But that was my property burnt over today, Mr. Tip-Top Topping. Yes, sir. My property. And it was a warnin' that if I sell to the state my Ten Cent Lake property'll be set a-fire! Yes, sir. And I can't risk that. I got five thousand dollars tied up in ties and poles there, waitin' till the market gits better. I got to play safe!" He bobbed his bald head in a nod so violent that Red stared at him in some alarm.

Before Topping could speak, the little man resumed: "So, Mr. Tip-Top Topping, I don't sell to no state. Not ary acre! I can't afford to have five thousand dollars burnt up!"

With that he got to his feet, slapped on his cap, jerked it down, and headed for the door.

"Wait, Herbert," Topping protested.

"No, I'm goin' to town now and spread the word that I won't sell to the state, so's that party who telephoned me that warnin' will hear it. It's no use tryin' to keep me here talkin'. I ain't sellin' an acre to the state. Not a single acre. And that settles it!"

"Now, wait a minute, Herbert. Hold on! Let me tell you—"

"You can't tell me nothing! No, sir! I've been told plenty. I've had my warning, and I'm not sellin' to the state." He had reached the door and opened it. "No, sir. I'm not sellin'!" he repeated, and dodged out, slamming the door behind him.

For a long moment Topping stood staring after him. Then he tugged at his mustache.

"Great guns!" he muttered. "When the commissioner hears *that!*"

He seemed so disturbed that Red hardly knew what to say. Finally he asked hesitatingly:

They're Silver-Tongued Globe Trotters!

FOURTEEN months and 40,000 miles of talking! That's the prospect facing M. Lyle Spencer (left) and Robert K. Burns (right), University of Washington students who are being sent around the world on a debating tour. They left Seattle February 8, and when they return in April, 1935, they will have given more than one hundred debates and lectures. International good will organizations are sponsoring the trip. How'd you like to talk your way around the world?

"What's it all about, anyway, Mr. Topping?"

The man reached for his pipe and relighted it grimly. "There's some dirty work going on, and it looks as if it might sink all our plans for this refuge."

He was silent for a short time. Then he roused himself and, after a glance at Red's keenly interested face, leaned forward and with a thumb nail drew lines on the oilcloth.

"Here's the refuge proper; six thousand acres, mostly all cedar, and state owned because the owner neglected to pay taxes. No good for merchantable timber, you see; too young. But it's the best kind of game cover. A refuge's no good, though, unless it can be put to public use. If private parties owned all around it, only those owners would benefit from the good hunting the refuge makes. Public hunting ground's got to be as free as highways.

"Now, to the east and north, we've got plenty of hunting ground, but over here on the west and south we're in trouble. Old Herbert owns about half of it, and a Tincup banker and land dealer named Lannin owns the rest, their forties being all mixed and checker-boarded up.

"A state always has to move cautiously in a thing like this. Some folks think a state's made of money and demand outlandish prices. So we hired this Lannin, in Tincup, to do the job quietly so the land could be bought for its true market value. No use getting stuck.

"He did a good job east and north for the state, but he did a better job for himself on the other two sides. He's grabbed every acre we need, except Herbert Bush's—got it all in his own name and did it so slick the law can't touch him. He's figuring, you see, to sell it off to private hunting clubs.

"Get the idea? Lannin's made a sucker of the state. It's got an investment of a hundred thousand dollars here now. It can't pull out and it can't go ahead because only half the project's any good to the public.

"Now, if Lannin can get Herbert's half he'll have a set of club sites that rich sportsmen will just scramble to buy, with the state holding the bag by administering a refuge for their special benefit. But if he can't get Herbert's forties he can't make any such deals, you see, because no club wants its holdings all busted up with public property. They want it all in a block.

"We figured that we had Herbert fixed. The commissioner agreed to allow him top value on his holdings, and Herbert gave us his word, sort of. But he wouldn't give us an option. He's a queer little fellow and scary about things — didn't like the idea of giving an option.

"Lannin must have got wise to the situation. He evidently set out to intimidate Herbert, and he's done it. Now he'll try to buy Herbert out and if he can do that we're sunk! It looks bad. Bad!"

He rose and paced the floor.

"So that fire today was only a warning after all!" breathed Red. "Just something to show what can be done?"

"That's it!" Topping halted and looked sharply at Red. Apparently satisfied by what his keen eyes saw in the boy's face, he said in a lower tone: "Red, we knew that fire was set. I had Neb Johnson around at the rear first thing. He saw where it'd been touched off in a brush heap. The fellow who did it came in and went out the same way. He wore rubber heels with seven nail holes and a star in the middle. His tracks were still fresh."

Rubber heels! A queer chill ran down Red's spine. Rubber heels! That man who had dashed across the road and caught his heel—

"What would happen if you knew who set the fire?" he asked, his spine still pricking.

"What would happen? Say! If we could work up a good case, we'd put that party behind bars so fast his head'd swim, and Lannin'd learn a lesson."

"I think I can lead you to the man if he's still in the country."

"*What!* What do you mean?"

"Just that." Red drew the rubber heel from his pocket. "Look here. Seven nail holes! Star in the middle! And the fellow who lost it was running away from the direction of the fire!"

"Say, what are you—?"

Rapidly Red told his story and a gleam of relief appeared in Topping's eyes.

"Know him again if you saw him? That's great! With Neb to testify, and this heel, and you on the stand—boy, I guess that'll put a stop to incendiary fires for a while! It'll take the scare out of Herbert, too. He'll switch back and sell to the state!"

"Probably Lannin will have to sell to the state, too, then, won't he?" Red ventured.

"Right! You saw that pretty quick. Kid, you've sure got something under your hat besides that red hair!" Topping nodded keen appreciation of Red's headwork. "Yes, then Lannin will have to sell, and at a reasonable price—he needs some money pretty bad if I'm not mistaken."

Topping paused a moment, and then went on: "Red, we'll look the citizens of Tincup over from top to toe—heel, rather. And when you pick out the fellow who lost this rubber heel we'll hail him—right there. Jemima!" He chuckled to himself.

They talked their plans over more fully and then Topping glanced at his watch.

"You look all in, Red. I've got to run back to the fire for a bit. I'll put you in the bunk house tomorrow but for tonight you sleep with me. Come on in."

He picked up a lamp and led the way into a room where two bunks were made up. As he dropped the heel into a desk drawer, Red stood looking about.

The walls were of logs, and the rafters of hewn timbers. A rifle hung across some deer antlers, a bearskin rug was on the floor, and a wolf pelt hung over the back of a comfortable chair. The fragrance of the forest drifted in through the windows, and there was a great stove to roar in bad weather.

Red drank it all in. What a place! And what a fine man Topping would be to work under. How he'd like to stay on here!

The man turned, and smiled as he looked at the boy's shining face.

"Make yourself at home; have a good sleep. I'll get you out early. Oh, by the way—" he paused halfway to the door—"sixty a month and board is all we can pay."

"What?"

"I say, sixty a month is top for a tractor driver."

"For a tractor—what are you getting at?" Red had begun to tremble a little.

"Didn't I mention it? Well, I've got to have a tractor man. I'd figured that since you're lookin' for a job you'd stay."

A sharp weakness assailed the boy's middle. He felt almost caved in. But he managed an unsteady grin.

"Why—why, sure. Th-thanks, Mr. Topping! I'll stay all right. Zowie—I never expected to get a job like *this!*"

"You're too blisterin' modest, young fellow," Topping laughed. "Well—pleasant dreams!"

Pleasant dreams? Why, he couldn't even sleep! Here he had actually found all the things the friendly old sheriff had told him to look for—a job he liked, in a country he liked, among people he liked! What a life this was going to be — what a life! He lay awake, exulting, until long after Topping had come back and turned in.

But he did go to sleep finally and when two sets of deep, steady breathing indicated that the occupants of both bunks were dead to the world, the door to the room opened cautiously, an inch at a time. Stockinged feet moved noiselessly across the floor, and a shadowy figure paused at the desk. Without a sound, the stealthy intruder pulled open the drawer into which Topping had dropped the rubber heel. A groping hand closed on the heel. The next instant, the noiseless feet were retreating across the floor. Then the door closed softly, and the room was empty of all sound but the breathing of the sleepers.

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

Contents for March

Cover Painting by *Russell Sambrook*

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"AUTOMOBILE SPRING FEVER"
When clothes are wet, the wind will dry them; when a room is full of smoke, a draft will clear the air.
New Measuring Sticks of Value
It was the original purpose of CLOTHING to cover one's body and protect it–but now that all clothes will do this, garments are no longer bought entirely from this standpoint–we consider details of comfort, durability and style. "Does it fit around ... shape?" "Will it hold its ... have freedom ... of move ..."
OPERATING ECONOMY
Owners responding to our question ... Ground of Public Opinion" mentioned ... the general subject of economy ... directly on operating ... plained on the op...
LOW LIST PRICE
...e best is not necessarily the ...ive–nor is the cheapest ...omical."
DEPENDABILITY
1934 1935 1936
A woman driver points out:
"The modern car is really a kind of SERVANT and perhaps there is no better way to sum up what ... from my car than to consider what ... a servant. We expect a ... efficient, ... adapt ... willingly, ... Over on ... are some ... on what goo... Scenes" to ... culty that mi... purposes to ... maxim...
OPERATING ECONOMY
Check off the items that are most important from ...
INSTRUMENTS Accurate, instructive maintenance ...
GASOLINE
...U took a short piece of cast iron ... smoothed off the inside, closed it up ... a plunger in the other en... ...mobile cylin...
APPEARANCE
...not a thing separate and apart; art ... ...y of doing things." —Elber...
...ists point out that in ...ar design it is impor... distinguish between ..."Fad," "Freak," ...
All of this empha... manufacturer's oblig... protect his custo... avoiding the passing ... at the same time provi... ...uets that embody ...
EASE OF ...
Every mile, yes, every minute of ... requires the operator to make ... upon these decisions and the ... they are executed frequently dep... driver and the passengers–as ... other motorists.
A good driver do... ...stinctively ... time ...
"The Mathematician's Paradise"
Now, if an ... hardly ... ...neer were writing this book, he co... ...emptation to devote at least ten ... designing of a "gear tooth."
...came ... ...used ... the ...
...that he has to work out in... ...signing a crankshaft you m... ...easily mistake them for D... ...Einstein's original wo...
...OMFORT AND CONVENIENCE
...was a time when People ...
...Tremendous Trifles
...Fewer keys."
..."Sympathetic Service"
..."3-spoke steering wheel for better view of instruments."
..."Make cars easier to ..."
..."Accessible tire valves."
..."Improve riding qualities."
..."Better ventilation."
..."Lots of ... for foot ..."
..."Make doors easy to open and close."
..."Spo... should no..."
...ellow-sounding ...oors"
...en the ventilators–don't ...t bees as passengers."
..."Sup...visor"
..."Readily visible inst..."
..."Smoother Riding ..."
..."Reduc... from c..."
..."Relaxed Riding ..."
..."Packets ... and plenty ..."
..."Easy gear shiftin..."
Safety glass that won't discolor.
...ole front seat.
Your Automobile Engine is a Chemical Factory
This goes into the engine
This comes out of the ...
...oint of the chemist, the ... The "raw materia... ...and carbon ... that ...
SMOOTHNE...
Smoothness bears a close relation to ... closely connected with economy ... owners pointed out "a smooth mech...
The railroad train, in contrast to the motor car, travels over a carefully constructed steel track which is cushioned on wooden cross ties. This track is really a part of the railway train mechanism. The automobile, on the other hand ... ...tented with all ...
While ... ...ioning ... ...priate ... ...wood ... Aside fr... ...of great... ...wood ...
SAFETY
When you take your position ... modern motor car, you ha... power than was avai... human being in th... YEARS AGO.
This moder... INDIVI... be m...
THE "4-CYCLE" ENGINE WORKS SOMETHING LIKE A CANNON
(1) LOADING
(2) RAMMING
(3) FIRING
(4) CLEANING
(3) Explosion or Power Stroke
(2) ...pression
...Car in a Glass Case
Suppose that ten years ago a brand new model had ... sealed up in a glass case–this case was sealed so ... nothing could happen to the car since ... today, in perfect condition, no dus...
In 1923 the price of this ... you give for it ...
$1500
But the comments went beyond the discus... broad generalities: – " – reduce bouncing" ..."eats", " – mellow-sounding doors", " – mo... ...ge space", " – make cars easier to keep ... Chromium visible from dri... ...
An Engine Works Something Like a Bicycle
...e connecting rod and crank... ...ft arm correspond to the ...'s feet working the pedals. ...engine uses gasoline as a ... The boy gets his power ... such things as spinach, ...eal.
...less than half th... ...tion but th...
"Plan Your Purchase in Advance"
FEATURE
NOTES AS TO MY PREFERENCES
Pedal ...
Radiator Fron...
Radio Aerial
The Most Important Purchase In a Lifetime
...is an era of careful buying. It is popular to be "Good ... ...inclined to make their purchases with greater ... ...insurance policy, the automobile ... ...purchase that the average ... ...manufacturer produces run into ... ...the past. The higher the price of the article ... ...may such a contin...
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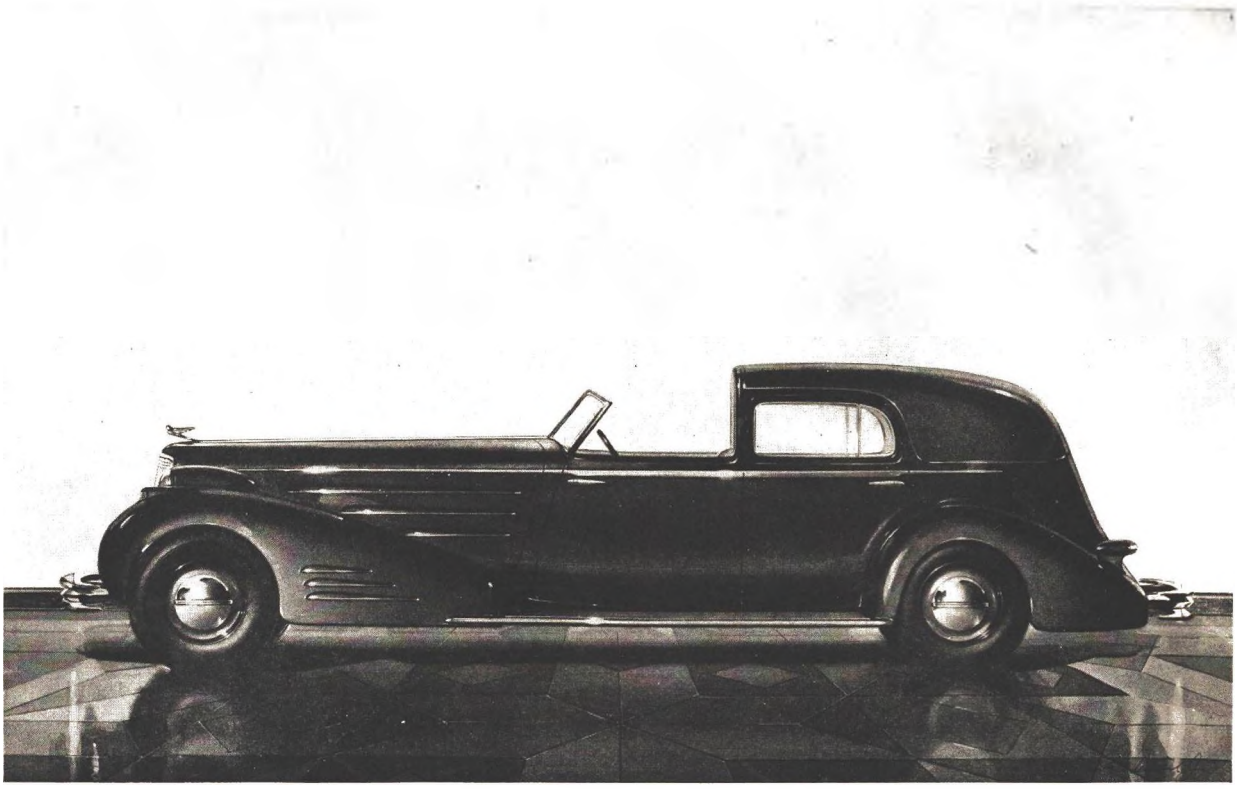

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