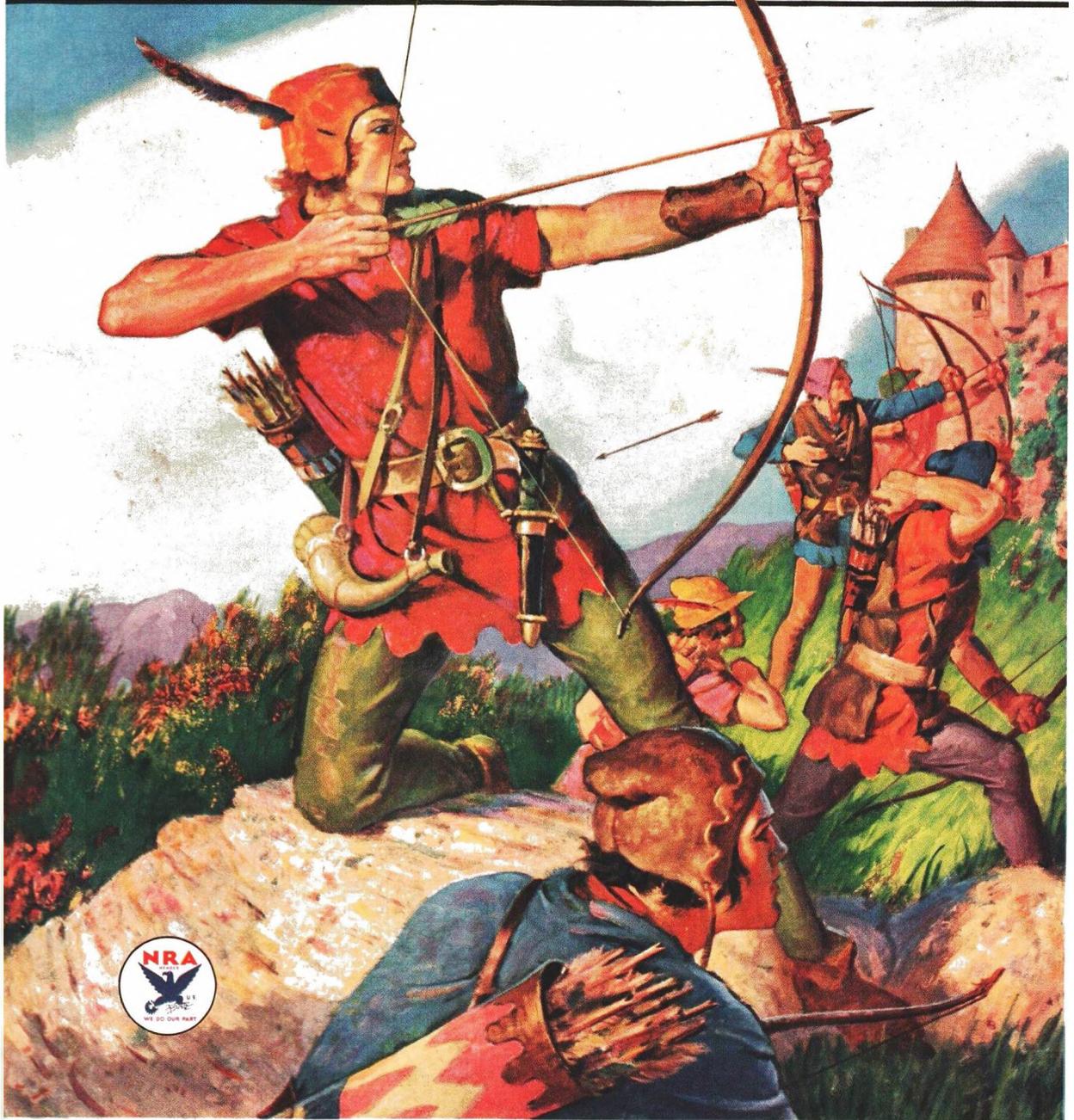


The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
Founded 1827
May 1934



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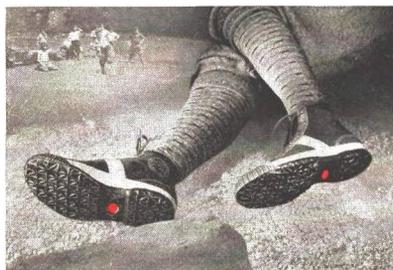
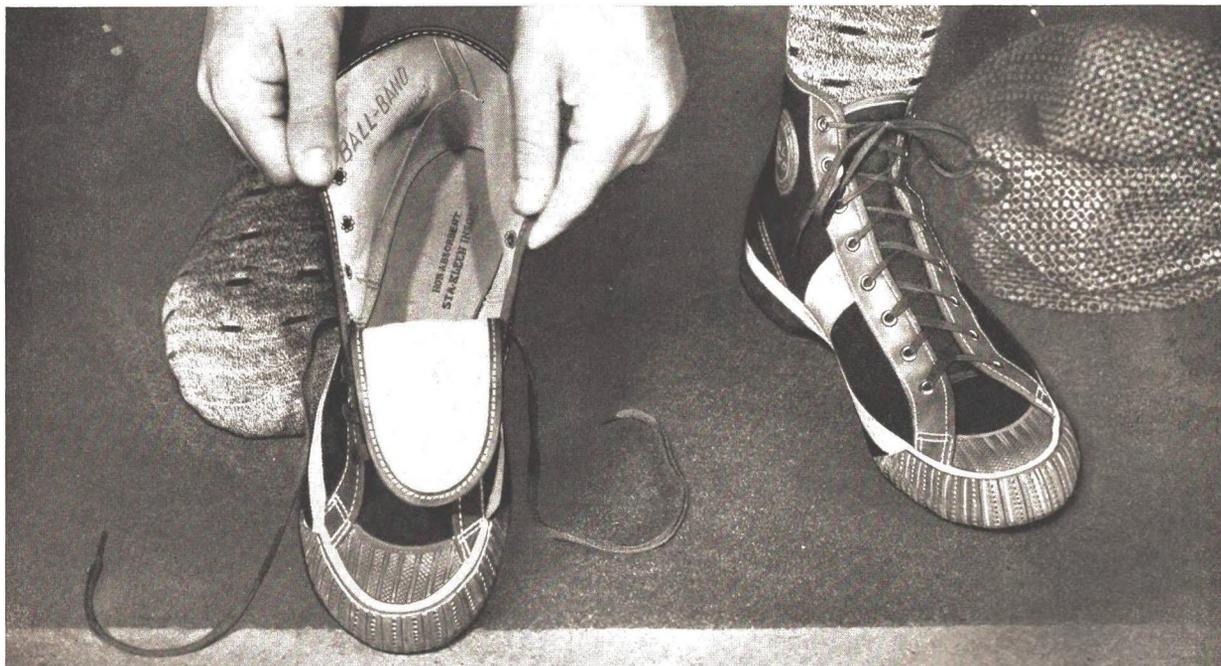
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● **HUSKY** . . . because they are carefully made of the finest materials and reinforced from heel to toe so that they can "take it." Every step costs less because they wear longer.



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Give those high-speed feet of yours a chance. Step into Ball-Band Sport Shoes every morning. Then, all day—and every day—your feet will be fresh and fast because your shoes are clean and comfortable. One reason is that the BALL-BAND STAKLEEN insole does not absorb perspiration or pick up dirt. It stays clean, as its name implies, until the shoe is worn out—and that takes a long, long time.

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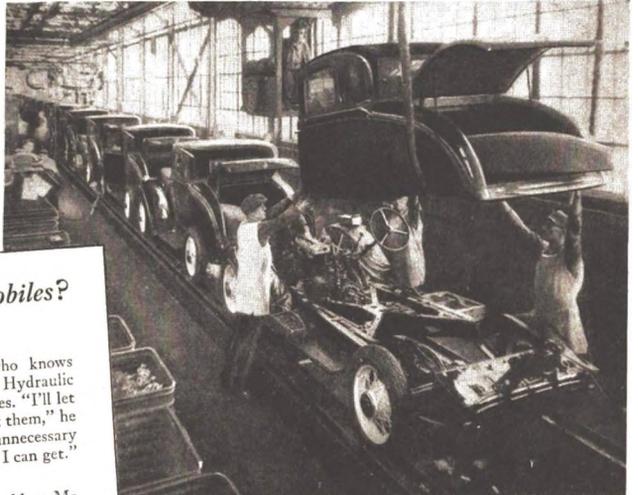
BALL



BAND

"I HELPED *Build* ALL THREE I KNOW LOW-PRICED CARS INSIDE OUT!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH B. V. FRIEDMAN OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN



*Do you fellows want the real low-down on Automobiles?
—Then read this man's inside story!*

WE HEARD that Mr. Friedman practically *lived* in his car. So scenting a good story, we went to see him. We asked if he'd looked at the leading low-priced cars before he finally decided to pick Plymouth.

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"I know the two things to look for in a car . . . *comfort* and *safety*. When you pick a car that's best on those two counts, you've picked the winner!"

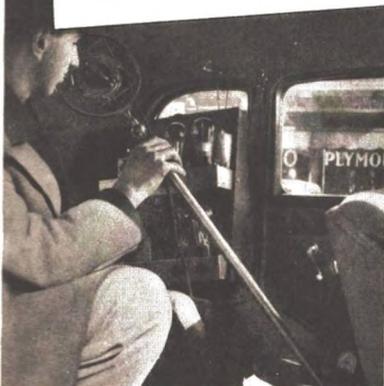
Naturally, Plymouth's Floating Power engine mountings and Individual Wheel Springing made a great big hit with him.

And, of course, anybody who knows cars as he does is *sold* on Hydraulic Brakes and Safety-Steel Bodies. "I'll let the other fellow drive without them," he says, "but I'm taking no unnecessary chances. I want the safest car I can get."

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The YOUTH'S COMPANION
 combined with
American Boy Founded 1827

VOL. 108 No. 5

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He lighted the eleventh match and discovered that he had passed within a few inches of a winze!



Illustrated
 by
 Dudley
 Gloyne
 Summers

Mystery Underground

by

Winston Norman

THIS dark, mysterious telegram is burning me up," Bill Hawkins complained bitterly to himself as the day coach of the Golden Gate Limited whisked him on through California. "If I live till I get to Dogtown, I'll blister my tongue telling my white folks what I think of such a dumb wire."

He unfolded the yellow paper again and scowled at it. It was addressed to William Hawkins, Cinnabar King Mine, via Lovelock, Nevada, and without any explanation whatever it urged:

BLOW INTO DOGTOWN AS SOON AS YOU CAN
 YOU'RE AN IGNORANT MUCKER LOOKING FOR
 WORK AND YOU NEVER HEARD OF ME REGARDS
 GRAHAM

Bill Hawkins, lately a high-class young shift boss, read the cryptic message twice and jammed it back into his pocket.

"Cockeyed!" he snorted. "But it sounds like my white folks, and it's an S O S all right."

Bill's "white folks" were Jim Graham, the longest, lankest, and finest mining engineer who ever went underground. Jim Graham had found young Bill Hawkins wandering the streets of Phoenix like a stray mule, had roped him, set him to work, and showed him the way to blast success from solid rock.

The telegram, therefore, was an appeal that friendship made a command. On getting it, Bill had instantly given up his good job in Nevada and started for California. He grumbled only because he was worried. Jim Graham was up against pretty hot trouble or he wouldn't have sent for him.

"Looks as if he wants me to do some sleuthing,"

Bill mused. "Well, I'll just drift into Dogtown on foot, looking hungry. If I drop off at Dutch Flat, I should be within walking distance of Dogtown. Hi—we're here!"

The conductor was calling Dutch Flat. Bill dropped off and the train whizzed on. He sought out the station master and asked about Dogtown.

"You'll get to it after about six hours of walkin' due north," said the station master, "if your hind legs hold out that long."

"My legs will hold out all right," said Bill, "but what about me personally? An army marches on my stomach."

He swung a blanket roll to his shoulders and started the northward trek. Some six hours later, as the sun

slanted low, he wearily topped a ridge and found Dogtown below him.

Two dozen ramshackle buildings sprawled along a single winding street on the far side of a mountain stream. Below the town, on beyond a grove of jack pines, he could see the gaunt surface buildings of a mine.

"That's the Seven-up," Bill said. "That's where my white folks will be."

Five minutes later he stood in the doorway of the office shack.

A draftsman glanced up coldly at the dusty young hobo, and then went on with his work. But beyond him a rangy man with steel-gray eyes involuntarily rose with a swift smile of welcome.

With an equally swift, forgetful answering smile, Bill took a step forward.

Then Jim Graham remembered. His smile changed to a warning frown. "What d'you want?" he demanded.

Bill stepped hastily into his role of a wanderer in search of work. His heart sank as he saw how haggard Jim Graham looked, but he played his part.

"I'm lookin' for a grubstake," he answered. "I'm an A-1 singlejack."

"Got all the drill men we need."

"What about a hoist? I been runnin' a hoist since the age of two."

"No go, son," Graham answered. "Hoist men are thicker than fleas with us."

With a pre-occupied gesture of dismissal, he picked up his hat and strode out past the job seeker. Once outside, he paused a moment

A Long Story Complete in This Issue



as if relenting. "But maybe we can use you somewhere. Come back tomorrow—I'm busy now." And he hurried away.

Bill set out after his quarry, who was traveling up the steep path toward Dogtown. "What d'you aim to use me at?" he insisted in loud tones. "Just a lousy muckin' job, I suppose! But listen. I want to know now! I'm flat and I got to have—"

They had reached a point where the trail was hidden from the mine by a growth of black oak. Graham whirled and grabbed the hobo's hand.

"Kid," he exclaimed. "I'm mighty glad to see you! I wondered if you'd come."

Bill grinned at his white folks. "Of course I'd come—you knew that." Then, after a long moment of silence: "What's the ruckus?"

"The ruckus is that you start work tomorrow as a roustabout. Three-fifty a day."

"Wait a minute!" said Bill. "When I got your wire, I was shift-bossing at seven a day. I chucked that, and now you cut me in half and—"

"Shut up," Jim Graham grinned, "and listen with both ears while I talk fast before somebody happens along. Here's the layout, Bill. You hire on as a roustabout, and then you find

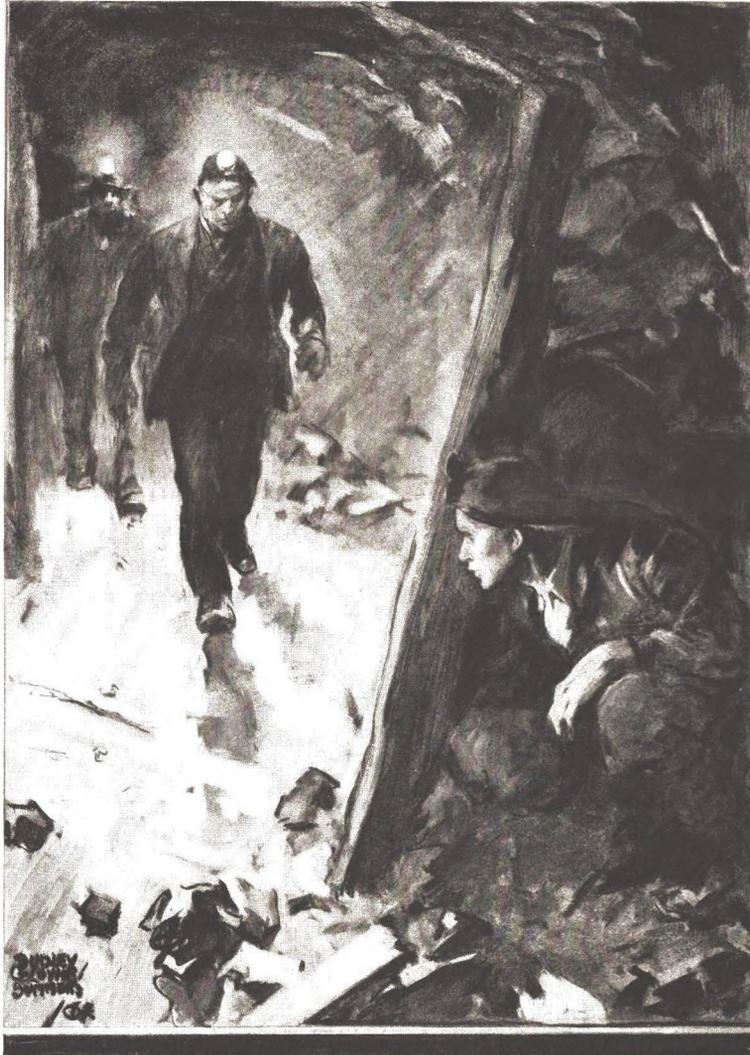
a lot of exploration work, and yet the mine didn't pay a nickel during the year he was on the job. What does that seem to prove?"

"It seems to prove," Bill observed, "that the Seven-up is played out."

Graham nodded. "That's what Renshaw's final report said, and he advised abandoning the property."

"Well?"

"Well, the owners of the Seven-up, all of 'em old-timers, hated to give up a property that's produced twelve million dollars in twenty years. Especially now that gold's gone up. So they asked me to come up here and give 'em a final run for their money. But their money's about gone. We're working only one shift a day, and it looks like a shutdown soon." Graham paused. "We'd better move along," he muttered, and started on up the trail.



The faces of the men were plainly revealed.

out for me what's become of a couple of million dollars' worth of gold."

Bill blinked. "A couple of million? Jumping Jezebel, even with gold going high-priced, that's pretty near two tons! You mean to tell me you've lost almost two tons of gold?"

"Not exactly," Graham said grimly. "But it's been sort of mislaid—and my professional reputation's at stake."

"You don't say!" Bill's tone was scornful to cover his worry—nothing could hurt Jim Graham like a blot on his reputation.

Graham smiled faintly, and plunged on. "Remember Renshaw, the man who made his name in South Africa?"

Bill nodded. "Said to be one of the smartest gold quartz miners in the world, isn't he?"

"That's the man, and he was superintendent here before I took over the job two months ago. He did

Bill followed. "Well?" he prodded again.

"Not so good," Graham grunted over his shoulder. "Here's a funny thing—a syndicate in San Francisco is feeling around to see if the owners of the Seven-up will take a million dollars for the mine as she stands. The attorney for the syndicate says its members are rich guys ready to take a gambling chance. Maybe so. But I happen to know that two members of that syndicate are close friends of Renshaw!"

"I get you!" Bill snorted. "Renshaw wouldn't let any friend of his sink a million in a played-out mine unless—"

was shaking, and he strode along faster.

Bill panted after him. "You don't have to stand for it," he muttered hotly. "You can tell 'em—"

"I can't tell 'em anything after the crooked deal's put through," Graham growled back. "I've got to tell 'em before. That's where you come in. Your job is to locate the gold."

"Just like that!" gasped Bill. "How do I go about it? What do I do?"

"Your first move is to spot the bunch here in the mine that's working with Renshaw."

"You mean he wasn't doing it alone?"

"Unless," Graham finished, "it wasn't so played out, after all, and there happened to be a fortune in raw gold hidden away in some stope or drift, ready to be pulled out and sold to the U. S. With gold so high, a new find might be a big temptation. I'm guessing, but I believe a couple of million dollars' worth of gold has been mislaid here in the Seven-up. It's bad business. Tough on those old-timers who hired me. And here's what's going to smear my name. There's a good friend of mine in that syndicate! I can't believe he knows what's going on, but when this raw deal gets out, I'm going to be branded as a shyster along with Renshaw! All those grand old-timers and every straight-shooting engineer in the country will think I'm just a paid crook—the syndicate's hired man. Kid, it burns me up!"

Jim Graham's low voice

was shaking, and he strode along faster.

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Bam! With dull thunder the face of the tunnel shattered, compressing a column of air that hit him with the gentleness of a pile driver.



"How could he?" Graham shot back. "He couldn't fool fifty men without help. There must be men in the crew that know it, too."

"Which ones do you suspect?"

"Nobody. Everybody! I'm in the dark, and I can't do any snooping myself because I'm boss and every move I make is watched more or less. That's why you're here. I needed a dumb roustabout that nobody would suspect; so I sent for you."

"Thanks!" said Bill.

His white folks didn't answer. They were getting into town now.

"The last place up the street on the left is where I live," Jim Graham presently murmured back. "A yellow house with a shingle roof. Sneak around the first night you get something to report. Better knock at the back door. Yee Wing, my kitchen mechanic, will let you in."

Bill's reply was sudden and irrelevant. "Threefifty!" he sang out, raising his voice for the benefit of a group of loafers before the combined store and post office. "That's penny-ante pay! Either I get a white man's wages or—"

"—or you roll up and roll out!" snapped Graham. "You roust at three-fifty or you keep on walking. Take it or leave it!"

"All right, all right!" Bill grumbled. "You're the king-pin. I'm bust, and what you say goes."

That night Bill dug in at Mrs. Green's boarding house for the duration of his sleuthing. Mrs. Green was a large woman with the kindly manner of a rattlesnake, but the food was fair and Bill's boudoir was clean. He would have slept sweetly if his dreams hadn't been haunted by Jim Graham's haggard face.

The first two weeks of Bill's search were unexciting enough. Most of that time, down on the 500-foot level of the Seven-up, he piloted Elizabeth the Mule.

Elizabeth was the motive power for a string of ore cars that ran through 2,000 feet of darkness to the dumps at the mouth of the old Tynan Adit.

When not in charge of the long-eared Elizabeth, Bill did odd jobs, the most important of which, from a detective standpoint, was distributing drill steel and timbers. This took him to the tunnel faces at various levels and gave him a chance to learn the workings and the crew.

He found himself sizing up the crew as an unusually honest crowd—all of them, from Walrus Mac, the good-humored shift boss out of Nova Scotia, to Carlos the Mex, a mucker from down in Sonora.

"I wonder," Bill mused, "if the Boss isn't imagining things? After all, there's no proof that there's any gold in the Seven-up. This is a dog-gone discouraging job. What I crave is something suspicious."

His craving found answer at last. Watching supplies, Bill discovered that mining materials had a way of disappearing. A shovel one day, a few lengths of

But on the following day, Bill made an acquaintance, through Elizabeth the Mule, that brought him surprising news. The shift ended, Bill had led the mule to her stall in what had been the blacksmith shop when the Tynan Adit was the only entrance to the mine. He left her munching an alfalfa banquet and turned to go.

In the doorway, however, appeared a stoop-shouldered, white-whiskered man with watery blue eyes. He pointed with an imperative thumb. "There's the currycomb," he said.

Bill scowled. "What of it? My job is punchin' that hay-burner's south end. I ain't her nursemaid." The old man's face went purple with anger. "You impudent young squirt!" he exploded. "You impudent son of a singlejack! I wisht you had spunk enough to hit me!"

Grinning, Bill demanded, "Who in Sierra County might you be?"

"I might be John Tynan, the watchman—and I am. Git to work on that mule!"

When Bill heard the name he changed his mind and reached for the currycomb. "All right," he said, and then, massaging Elizabeth, "John Tynan? How come? They name the Tynan Adit after you?"

"They did," was the answer. "The reason bein' that I drove that tunnel. Young feller, you're talkin' to the original owner of the Seven-up."

During the next ten minutes, Bill gathered information. He learned that old Tynan had discovered the outcrop of the mine twenty years before, cleaning up a small fortune in pocket gold; that he had spent his fortune driving the Tynan Adit and had been forced to sell his claim.

"They give me seventy thousand fer the property," the watchman complained. "I was plain swindled!"

"How come, swindled?" said Bill.

"How come?" old Tynan shrieked.

"How come? A month after I sold 'er, the new owners hit a pocket that give 'em back the seventy thousand seven times over. That's how come!"

"Jumpin' Jezebel!" said Bill to himself. "No wonder he's sour."

"And that ain't all, young feller," Tynan continued. "In eighteen

steel or a few sticks of dynamite the next.

One morning, at the head of a stope on the 2000 level, Bill found Swede Mulligan, one of the singlejack kings, swearing as only a drill man from Butte can swear.

"Some louse has got away with the coupling on this drifter," the singlejack complained. "Hop the skip to the surface, kid, and git me a spare."

Bill brought the coupling. "Who's lifting tools?" he asked casually, as he helped the driller install the missing part.

"Most everybody," Swede informed him. "Nearly every man jack in this outfit, including me, has got his personal claim somewhere around these hills. They're all gopherin' into the landscape, lookin' for pay in their spare time. That's how come tools and gelatin gits lost. The boys need 'em to work their own prospects."

"Oh," said Bill. The first piece of evidence shot! He wasn't hunting for petty thieves.

years since then the Seven-up has perduced twelve million dollars. I was swindled! And all because there ain't no sense to the geology hereabouts. When Old Lady Nature built the Sierra Nevada she stood this country right on end. She twisted and crumpled it like a batch of biscuit dough. There's no tellin' what you'll hit in the Seven-up. You'll get a ledge of ore assayin' mebbly only two dollars a ton. Then all of a sudden you blow around and hit a pocket that's rotten with pay. I seen one pocket no more'n twice the size of that mule's stall where they took out jest under a million dollars' worth of free gold!"

"That's medium rich mining," Bill observed politely. And to himself he said, "Now I understand! One or two pockets like that would pay back Renshaw and his syndicate if they bought the mine. Renshaw did a lot of diamond drilling. He may have located rich pay with the drill corings, kept his mouth shut, and falsified reports."

Bill had a quick idea, but he put his question casually. "With pay that big they'd need a picked crew," he remarked. "Ever been any highgraders around here?"

The watchman flashed one glance at Bill. Then he answered calmly, "Highgraders? No. Highgradin' would be difficult in the Seven-up, seein' as they's only two entrances to the mine, and both of 'em shut with iron grills and padlocked between shifts. And I live right here at the Tynan Adit, and not even flies

gits in without I know it. Come, hurry up with that mule!"

Bill was gripped by a growing suspicion. Tynan felt that he'd been swindled. The fact that nobody could enter the Seven-up through the Tynan Adit without the watchman's knowledge didn't prove that nobody went in!

The Seven-up was working one shift a day, from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon. For sixteen hours in every twenty-four it was shut and padlocked. "A lot can happen in sixteen hours," Bill mused. "Padlocks can be picked—or watchmen bribed. I've got to get underground between shifts."

Somewhere down below, somewhere in that vast maze of drifts and crosscuts and stopes, there lay hidden, Bill felt, a solution to the mystery he had tackled. He realized that he must explore that maze, alone in the darkness underground, with nothing but chance and a miner's lamp to aid him.

As a first requisite to underground snooping, Bill needed a key to the padlock at the main entrance. That night he made his way discreetly to Jim Graham's yellow house.

His cautious knock at the back door was answered by the local Chinese problem. Opening the door an inch, Yee Wing inspected the prowler. Then he swung the door wide.

"You Mistah Hawkin," he stated. "You look all same like Boss say. Come in. Mo' betteh you talk Mistah Graham, make joke. Long time he not feel happy."

Thus admonished, ushered through the kitchen with Oriental smiles, Bill found his white folks in the living room.

"Hello, Bill," said Graham, a smile lighting up his strained face. "Seems a long time since I saw you last—except underground, where I don't know you. What's up?"

"I want a key to the gate at the main adit," the detective announced. "I'm going to do some exploring underground between shifts."

Graham shook his head. "I thought that was coming. Nothing doing, Bill."

"Why not?"

"Because something might happen. I've been thinking all this over, and I feel responsible for you, kid, having practically raised you from a pup. It would be a lot better to lose a little gold than—"

"Just what could happen to me?" said Bill.

"A lot of things. For one, there's about twenty miles of tunnels, winzes, stopes, and shafts in the Seven-up. You could take the U. S. Army down there and lose 'em. I—"

"You might lose the Army," Bill interrupted, "but you wouldn't lose me. What sort of miner do you think I am?"

"It isn't just the chance of getting lost, kid. There's a lot of open stopes and nasty ground—"

"Forget it," said Bill. "I'll watch all that. You taught me how, and here you're insinuating you did a bum job. Come now—"

Smiling reluctantly, Graham produced a key from his pocket. "All right, all right. Here you are, Bill. Don't mind me. Guess I've got a set of jumpy nerves. . . . What have you learned? Got the crew spotted? Do you suspect anyone?"

"I have," answered Bill, "and their spots are all alike as far as I can see. Everybody looks honest. But what about Old Man Tynan? He's down there alone at the old portal—with the key to that gate."

"Don't worry about the old man," Graham advised. "He's all right. He's been around here since before you were born."

"And that proves conclusively that he's all right, does it?" sniffed Bill. "Very well. But here's another thing—I've heard a lot of rumbling underground between shifts. It sounds mighty like blasting in the Seven-up."

"It sounds that way but it isn't," said Graham. "A lot of people shoot near

here. Swede Mulligan's claim is just below to the west. He works it in his spare time. Then there's the Nightingale shooting below his claim, and the Hornet and the Jaybird across the gully. I don't say it's impossible for somebody to fire in the Seven-up, but why should they? Renshaw's game would be to let things lay until the owners went broke, buy 'em out, and then shoot to get his gold."

Bill nodded. "Right you are, sergeant. I'll be a detective some day. My big handicap is working alone. If I only had somebody to watch the entrances between shifts—I've got it! How about Airedale Ike?"

Graham laughed. Half a century in the foothills and never inside a bathtub—that was Airedale Ike. And with his gunnysack boots and his thicket of red whiskers, he was the joke of the camp.

"You couldn't use Airedale, kid. His aroma would give him away," protested Graham. "Besides, he might get drunk and spill the works."

Bill sighed. "All right. Then we'll keep the secret in the family."

"Bear your cross alone, kid. By the way, there's a phone in the office shack that connects directly with mine here. If you ever need me, twist the crank and you have my house."

"I'll remember that." Bill stood up. "Time I was getting back to Mrs. Green's."

Graham nodded. "Watch your step. If Renshaw has accomplices on the pay roll, and they suspected you of being a spy, a timber might fall on your head or you might accidentally drop down a shaft or—oh, I'm an old woman, Bill! You can handle yourself. So long and good luck!"

Bill walked very soberly through the darkness back to Mrs. Green's. He'd got to find that gold! This thing was wearing Jim Graham out. . . .

But even high determination can't strip the unpleasantness from a job. In the days that followed, Bill Hawkins learned what loneliness meant. He discovered that the world's most dismal task is exploring a mine alone, particularly if that mine happens to contain some twenty miles of tunnel, radiating in all directions from a shaft 3,000 feet deep.

Starting from the top levels of the mine, Bill's explorations carried him, during three successive nights, as far as the 500-foot level. But these first 500 feet of workings were for the most part long abandoned, and they were barren of clues to the missing gold.

"I've got to go deeper," the detective concluded. "Next time I'll stow away underground as a shift ends, and stay there hidden until everybody's gone. That'll save me swarming down the chicken ladders from ground level."

Before carrying out this plan, Bill tested his theory that John Tynan might be more than a trusted watchman. Tethering Elizabeth the Mule in her stall, he waited until the old man had padlocked the entrance for the night. Then, unobserved, Bill stretched a length of thin black thread across the inner side of the iron grill.

Early the next morning he inspected his trap and found that the black thread lay broken, although the portal was still padlocked.

"Looks like evidence for the Prosecution," he reflected. "Old Man Tynan—or somebody else—has gone into the mine between shifts. Yet he may have gone in to pick up some tools, or for any other honest reason. I've got no proof that he's stacking the deck."

At three that afternoon, when the day's shift ended, Bill Hawkins found himself in a drift on the 1000-foot level. Instead of getting out of the mine with the rest of the crew, he installed himself in a disused raise, put out his carbide lamp, and sat down in the darkness to wait.

For fifteen minutes, at short intervals, he could hear the rumble of the big ore skips in the shaft nearby as they traveled up and down emptying the mine of men. Then the rumble gave place to unbroken silence.

Relighting his lamp, Bill made his way to the deserted main shaft. "Now for some climbing. I'll look over the 800 first, and then the 700."

From the plank staging Bill stepped to the "chicken ladders," a series of wooden ladders for emergency use laid along one side of the steeply inclined shaft. Below him, the shaft dropped away into 2,000 feet of darkness. Far above him, a tiny speck of light indicated the ground level of the mine.

He clipped his carbide lamp to his mine hat and began to climb, like an organ grinder's monkey, up the chicken ladders. Reaching a point 200 feet above, he swung to the staging and surveyed the tunnel mouths opening on the shaft. Workings extended both east and west.

"Go west, young man," Bill decided, choosing the nearest tunnel first.

But in the two hours required to explore the 800 level he found nothing. Finally he returned to the shaft.

"So much for the 800," he said in disgust. "Must be after five. I'll look over the 700, and then climb up to the top and sneak back to camp for some chow."

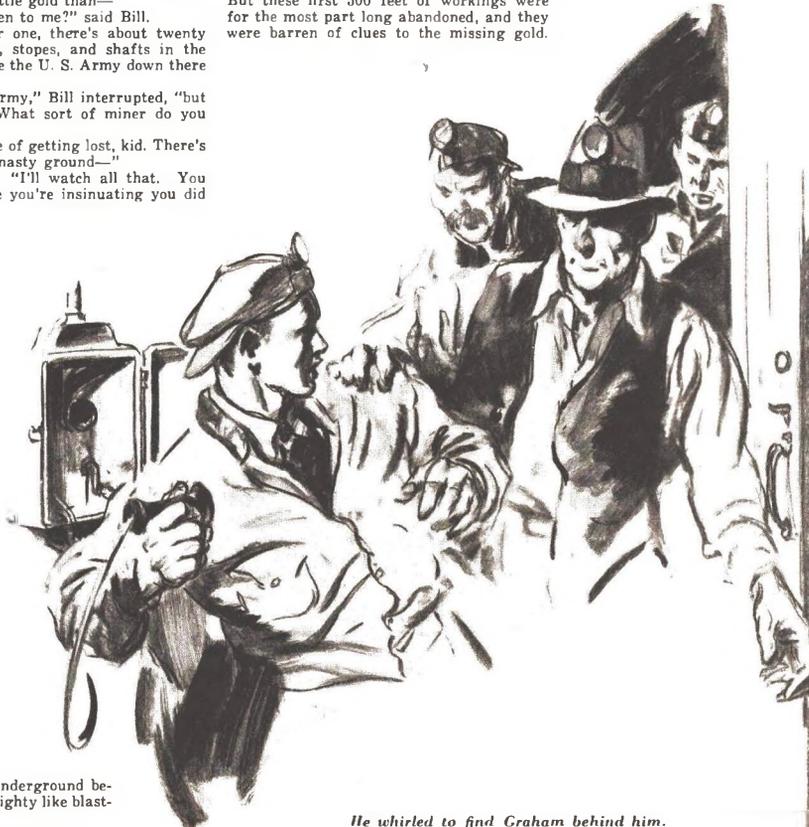
A hundred feet higher up Bill found once more that workings extended from both sides of the shaft. "I'll take the west side first, again," he decided.

Two hundred feet in, the tunnel split at a "V." Bill chose the left-hand drift. He trudged along, his boots sloshing in muddy groundwater. The light from his lamp revealed sagging timbers, thickly coated with slimy "white damp."

"Whuff!" said Bill, "this is nasty ground!" Unconsciously he walked lightly as if afraid of starting a cave-in that would bring down upon him 700 feet of rock.

Farther on, the drift was crossed by another tunnel. Bill decided to turn south into the crosscut, explore its length, and then work back northward.

(Cont. on page 41)



He whirled to find Graham behind him. With him were Walrus Mac, the shift boss, and Fitz, the specimen boss.



"Hide-rack hasn't been bothering your sheep," I told the tall herder. "He never hurt a sheep in his life."

Hide-rack Goes to Jail

by

Glenn Balch

LEAN BROWN Tommy Newton came swinging down the slope towards our Idaho cabin on the wild Middle Fork of the Salmon River. His head was down; yet he stumbled three times over brush roots and loose stones. The low green vegetation on the treeless ridge behind him was pock-marked by the thick woolly bodies of his sheep. Faintly came their bleating and a musical tinkle of bells.

"Hello, Tommy," Dad called cheerfully. "Take the weight off your feet. This pan of rainbow trout'll be ready to eat pretty quick, and we'll have some hot biscuits and strawberry jam to go with it."

"Hi, Ace. Hi, young feller," Tommy answered, and folded his lanky body down to a camp chair. His forehead was deep-furrowed and his usually gay eyes were troubled. "I reckon it'll be a pleasure, Ace, to taste some cooking that ain't my own. You dude wranglers feed better than sheep herders. Where's your Easterners?"

He referred to the party from New Jersey that we had packed into the Middle Fork country.

"Down the river fishing," Dad informed him. "They won't be back till late this afternoon. And, say, one of those tenderfeet can sure handle a tapered fly line."

Our visitor didn't answer, didn't seem to have heard Dad's remark, and eventually the pause grew embarrassingly long. Something was in the air. Tommy Newton was a good friend of ours; but now he was curiously silent. He opened his mouth; then, after a painful pause, closed it and glanced towards Hide-rack, the big collie, and Tabbs, the Persian cat, who were engaged in a riotous romp fifty yards away.

"How're the sheep?" Dad asked casually, by way of making conversation.

Tommy seized upon the subject gratefully. "That's what I came to see you about, Ace," he said, his eyes on the rawhide laces in his heavy calked shoes. "I—well—"

He was interrupted by an excited little bark from Hide-rack.

"Here they come!" I cried in mock alarm. "Look out or you'll get run over, Tommy."

They came a-tearing, Persian tom leveled to his very best and the big red-gold collie in gleeful pursuit. Two streaks of scarlet against the green of the chaparral; two bolts of blazing action in an otherwise still and peaceful scene. Tabbs had his accelerator hard against the floor boards; but steadily and surely Hide-rack was overhauling him.

"The dog'll kill that cat!" Tommy exclaimed. It did look as if he might. But I knew better. The cat executed a marvelous right turn, darted through

a rabbit run in a thicket, flashed out on the other side and burned the breeze for camp. It was a dandy tactical maneuver; but Tabbs gained little by it, for Hide-rack, propelled into the air by the springlike muscles in his powerful legs, sailed over the waist-high brush like a great golden bird.

"Tabbs is going to have to do some tall scrambling," Dad observed, looking up from biscuits browning in a Dutch oven.

"Too bad there ain't a tree," Tommy regretted. "Tabbs'll make it all right," I predicted, and moved to one side so that the dust of what was coming wouldn't settle on the biscuits.

Straight for me Tabbs raced, running as if that black muzzle reaching out for him from behind carried instant death. Hard on his heels came the big collie, ears pinned to his skull by the wind, black lips pulled back from gleaming fangs, brown eyes alive with excitement.

"Here, Tabbs," I shouted, cradling my arms. The satiny pink form of the Persian sailed through the air and landed with a solid thump against my chest, like a football. I whirled about. Eighty pounds of powerful collie cascaded into my legs from behind and the next instant the three of us, Tabbs and Hide-rack and I, were rolling hilariously on the ground. Hide-rack jumped upon my back and thrust his keen black muzzle down under my arm in an effort to get at the cat smuggled beneath my body.

"Here, here," I shouted in make-believe anger, "you rowdies leave me out of this! Fight your own battles."

Then I rolled quickly to one side, leaving the pink

Illustrated by FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Persian helplessly exposed. Like a flash Hide-rack's muzzle darted forward, black lips parted, and his fang-studded jaws closed about the furry body of the cat. With a single contraction of his mighty jaw muscles the big collie could have squeezed the life from Tabbs' body. But I knew he would sooner send those keen fangs into his own flesh. The cat lay indolently relaxed in Hide-rack's mouth, obviously content with the outcome of the game.

"He sure has a lot of confidence in the dog," Tommy remarked, wide-eyed.

"He should have," I commented. "Hide-rack saved his life one time."

That had been a breath-taking occasion—when the big collie braved the dangerous rapids in the mighty Salmon River to rescue the Persian from being swept to death over the brink of a roaring waterfall. It was because of this that the big cat came into our possession. Old Mrs. Lonnes, the lady who owned Tabbs, refused to separate the cat and the collie when she realized how deep their mutual affection was. As we wouldn't sell Hide-rack to her, she insisted that we accept Tabbs as a gift. We didn't mind because the cat was a blooded Persian and a thorough gentleman. But, of course, we didn't realize how much we were going to owe the big cat before the summer was over.

At first Tabbs had presented a problem. We didn't like to leave him at the cabin all alone for weeks at a time and fifteen or twenty miles daily over a rough mountain trail was too much for his short legs. Finally Dad had picked him up and tossed him to the top of a canvas-covered pack on old Nell's back. Nell promptly shied and Tabbs scrambled indignantly down, his composure considerably ruffled. But five miles farther on, when Dad repeated the experiment, the weary cat stayed on the pack. And before the week was out he was doing his own mounting when the string was ready to get under way.

All day long he would ride, perched atop the swaying pack like an Arab on a camel's hump, climbing down to Nell's broad rump to avoid limbs and branches, and clawing down the canvas to the ground for a drink of water or a frolic with Hide-rack when we halted. And as the weeks passed all of us, even including Old Nell, had come to regard him as a regular fellow and a privileged member of the Foster family. Tabbs was okay.

"Those two play like that all the time," Dad informed Tommy. "Hide-rack is absolutely dependable; he wouldn't harm even a chipmunk. But what were you about to say?"

The big, friendly herder studied the toe of his shoe thoughtfully.

"I found a couple of dead lambs this morning, Ace," he said presently.

"That's bad," Dad commented sympathetically. "Lambs are worth money. How'd it happen?"

"Their throats were tore out."

"Hm. Sounds like a wolf."

"Or a dog." I thought I saw Tommy's eyes flicker to where Hide-rack lay.

"No dogs in here except your own, are there?" Dad asked.

"There wasn't," Tommy Newton replied evenly, "till you came."

Dad shot a questioning but entirely friendly glance at the tall herder. "Out with it, Tommy," he invited soberly.

The charge of sheep-killing, whether laid against dog or man, is a serious one in the Salmon River country, one that cannot be taken lightly and has in numerous instances led to quarrels and bloodshed. Tommy Newton was well aware of this. For a long second he was silent; then he spoke, obviously determined to put his cards on the table.

"Here's the dope, Ace," he said. "You know this country and you know sheep; so you can corral your own conclusions. I was in here three weeks before you came

and didn't see a wolf sign or lose a hoof. The first night after you camped here, one lamb was killed—throat cut clean as I could do it with my knife. The second night all was quiet. But last night two more lambs had their throats slashed open. And still I don't see any wolf sign. It looks like to me—well, I just can't afford to lose sheep like that."

Tommy was meeting Dad's level eyes fearlessly now. Death to a sheep-killing dog is the unwritten law of the Salmon River country.

"I get you," Dad said bluntly. I understood too, and quick resentment swelled up in me. I promptly spoke out, as you're all too likely to at sixteen.

"Hide-rack hasn't been bothering your sheep!" I told the tall herder. "He never hurt a sheep in his life. Why, he's a natural-born stock dog. Jabe McBride has been trying to buy him for years. He wouldn't kill a lamb if he was starving."

Tommy raised his head and looked at me. "Whatever killed my sheep wasn't hungry, Chet," he said. "I don't believe there are any wolves about, and I know my own dogs didn't do it."

Dad took the lid off the Dutch oven, exposing baking powder biscuits browned to a queen's taste.

"Pull up your chair, Tommy," he urged. "Now," he continued after we were seated, "what do you think we ought to do about it? We certainly don't want a suspicion of sheep killing hanging over our dog."

"Well, I thought, Ace," Tommy replied, putting a chunk of yellow butter between the smoking halves of a biscuit, "that maybe you'd tie him up for a few days. That might help us to get to the bottom of this thing."

Dad was thoughtful for a minute. "I don't think Hide-rack killed your sheep, Tommy," he said presently, "but because I believe you're perfectly honest in this, I'm going to do as you ask. I'll tie him up."

"That's white of you," the tall herder replied gratefully, "and I honestly hope there's another lamb killed tonight."

As soon as I finished eating, I took the forty-foot lariat off my saddle, tied one end about Hide-rack's neck and the other end to a lonesome little pine that stood all by itself thirty or forty yards back from the tents on the uphill side. The dog looked at me with puzzled dismay in his big brown eyes.

"I know you hate being tied up, old fellow," I told him soothingly, "but it's okay. You haven't done anything wrong; we've just got to keep you in jail for a while to prove it. Don't you worry—it'll be only a day or two till we turn you loose." I patted him and pulled his ears playfully to let him know that I wasn't displeased with him, and then I left.

He followed me to the end of the rope and stood there, his handsome head cocked to one side as if he were trying hard to understand what it was all about. Tabbs offered his sympathy by rubbing his arched back against the collie's front legs. Then he teased for a romp, but Hide-rack refused the invitation. A fellow didn't feel like frolicking when he had a rope about his neck. Presently the big dog lay down quietly on the leaves, his eyes watching me closely as if hoping every minute that I would come back and turn him loose. Tabbs curled up beside him. "We'll keep him there till you're satisfied he's not guilty, Tommy," Dad promised.

"You're a square-shooter, Ace," the tall herder replied with feeling. "That's the reason I came to you before taking a shot at something in the dark."

Then, after a firm handclasp, Tommy went back up the slope to his flock.

"Hide-rack hates to be tied," I told Dad, when the herder was out of hearing. "It hurts him as much as a licking. Look how he's watching us."

"If it was anybody but Tommy, I'd tell him to go jump in the river," Dad said. "But Tommy's a good guy and he thinks he's doing the right thing."

That night I carried water and food to the dog and sat stroking his silky head for an hour before I went to bed. He loved it, watching the full moon in deep contentment; but when I went into my tent I heard him stirring about restlessly. Poor old fellow, being punished for something he didn't do! Tabbs, coming to his accustomed sleeping place in the tent, rubbed against my legs.

"Get out, you fair weather friend," I said acidly, little knowing how unjust the term was, "and stay with Hide-rack."

I picked the cat up and pitched him through the tent door and tied the flaps behind him. Then I went to sleep, hoping that something would kill two of Tommy Newton's lambs during the night. That would prove that Hide-rack was innocent.

"I wonder," I said to Dad the next morning after our guests had departed with their reds and creels, "how Tommy's sheep got along last night."

"You might ride up and see," Dad suggested. "I'll look after things here. Take a pound of butter and some of that fresh pork along with you; Tommy'll be glad to get it."

I took a halter and a rope, went out to the horse herd and caught Red, my big blooded Morgan saddle horse. He looked about, this way and that, in a puzzled manner.

"Forget it," I ordered sharply, climbing onto his strong bare back. "Hide-rack's not coming today; he's in jail."

I found Tommy seated in the shade of a pine at a place where he could watch his sheep scattered over a broad area on the slope below. Two shaggy shepherd dogs got up suspiciously at my approach. The herder spoke to them in a stern voice and they sank back to their bellies quietly. "Hello, Tommy." I slid down



The wolf shook himself in a snarling attempt to dislodge the thing on his back.

But Tabbs held tight, and for good measure fastened his teeth in the wolf's ear.



That night I carried food and water to the dog and sat stroking his silky head an hour before I went to bed.

and dropped the halter rope so Red could graze. "Hi, Chet."

"I brought you some butter and a slab of fresh pork," I said, giving him the package.

"Thanks," he returned heartily. "I can make good use of them. Mutton is a fine food and a great food, and people should eat more of it; but it begins to taste kinder flat after the first hundred years."

I waited for him to say something else, something about the night before; but he didn't. Instead he was curiously silent. Out of the corner of my eye I glanced at him; he was gazing out over his sheep and his tanned, expressionless face told me nothing. I began to feel uncomfortable.

"It's been pretty hot, hasn't it," I remarked.

"Yes," he replied, "but I think maybe it's gonna rain. Them thunderheads up there look like they might hold some moisture."

"Well, a storm wouldn't hurt anything."

"No, the range can stand it."

Again there was an embarrassing lull in the conversation. I got to my feet and dusted the seat of my pants.

"Well, I guess I'll be getting along back," I said. "Dad may be needing some help down at camp."

"Come again, Chet," Tommy urged. "You and Ace ride up tomorrow about noon and I'll give you a good feed of lamb chops."

"Thanks, we'll come," I said, catching my horse and preparing to mount. "By the way," I added, trying to speak casually but acutely aware of a strange tightening in my throat, "how're the sheep coming?" "Okay, Chet," the herder said, well knowing what was in my mind. "They weren't bothered last night."

More circumstantial evidence against the big collie. I resented the whole affair bitterly.

"Well," I said, concealing my disappointment as best I could, "I reckon I'll be riding. So long."

"Adios, Chet. Don't forget tomorrow."

Hide-rack trotted eagerly to the end of his rope to meet me as I rode back to camp. Tabbs tagged along in a half-hearted manner as if thoroughly disgusted with the big collie as a playfellow. I slid down from Red's back and stooped and patted the big collie's handsome head.

"Don't you worry, old man," I consoled him. "Something'll get into Tommy's sheep tonight sure, and we'll turn you loose tomorrow. I know you didn't kill his lambs."

Then, in an effort to cheer him up, I tugged at his ears and gave him a push that ordinarily would have been the signal for a romp. But now he didn't respond; that unaccustomed rope about his neck was a damper on his spirits, as Tabbs had already learned. I felt an impulse to turn him loose; but I knew Dad wouldn't stand for that. We had to play fair with Tommy Newton. Hide-rack followed me towards camp, a pleading expression in his big soft brown eyes, until the long rope pulled him back. And there he sat, miserable, silently protesting against the indignity of being unjustly punished.

Dad was busy replacing a lost ferrule on a bamboo fly rod. "How's Tommy?" he asked.

"He's all right," I replied gruffly. "He wants us to come up tomorrow about noon for some lamb chops. He was glad to get the butter and fresh meat."

Dad gave me an understanding look. "Don't worry about it," he said. "Time will prove that Hide-rack's not guilty."

"I don't need any proof," I said shortly.

"Neither do I; but Tommy does. He's the one we've got to convince."

"Well, I hope it doesn't take long," I said. "I hate to see Hide-rack a prisoner."

And it didn't. Almost as if my words were a signal, unexpected events began to happen with lightninglike speed. In an instant that still, peaceful scene was transformed into one of danger, violence, and death! And the next few minutes revealed the killer of Tommy Newton's sheep.

The lower fringe of Tommy's feeding flock was less than two hundred yards above our camp. The green cover of the open slope was liberally dotted with white woolly forms. Above the upper fringe, near the top of the ridge, was the tree under which Tommy sat, his keen eyes sweeping back and forth over his charges.

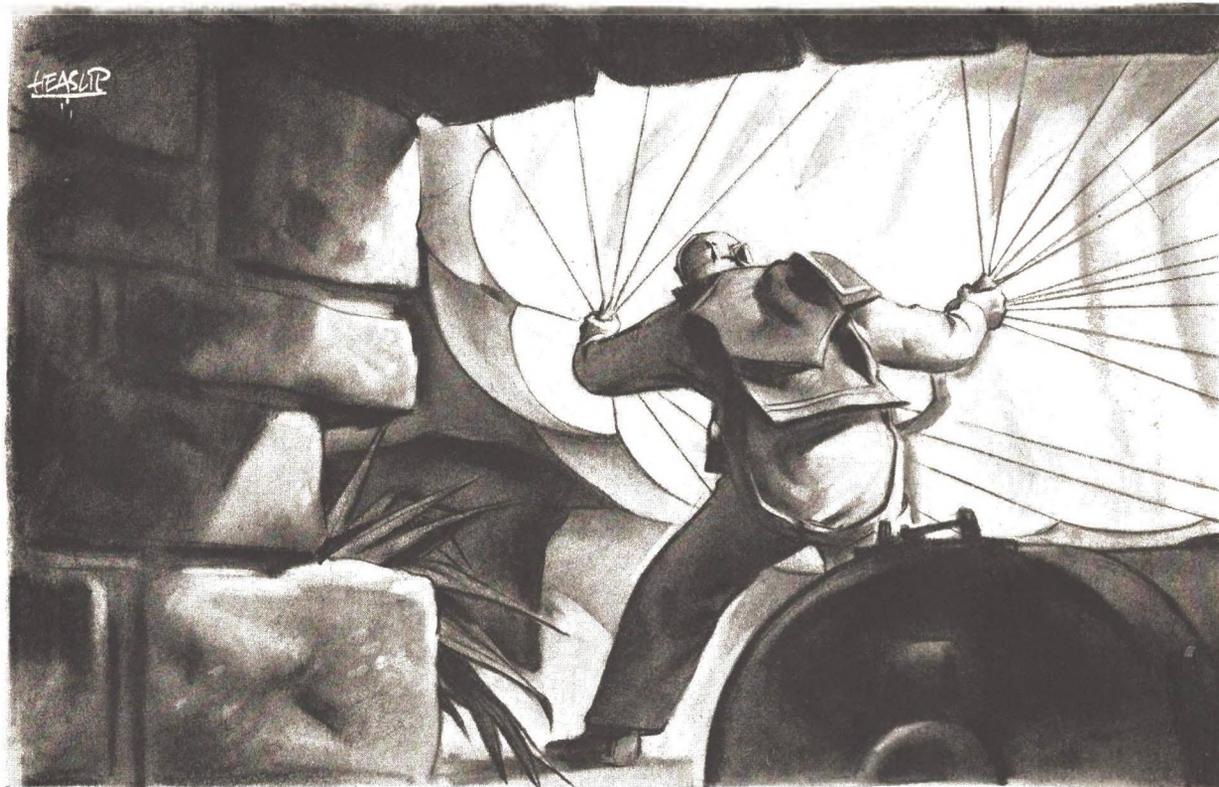
The excitement began with a sudden commotion in the brush above our camp. It was the sound of a small body moving through the bushes in great haste. Dad and I got to our feet, wondering what it could be. Hide-rack too was alert, his head up and his big body lightly balanced on his four strong legs.

A pink form streaked out of a heavy chaparral thicket. It was Tabbs, racing madly for camp! I had seen him come in many times in mock fear of Hide-rack, but never before had I seen him run like this. His little triangular ears of pink satin were flat against his skull, his short legs flew faster than the eye could follow, and his long, heavily brushed tail floated behind on the wind created by his own momentum.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know," Dad replied. "Must be something after him."

Something was. The green foliage behind Tabbs was dynamited open by a great gray body that sped blindly after the Persian. (Continued on page 40)



The chute dragged him across the roof. Dizzily he reached for the harness snaps. At the edge of the

The Red Winti of Death

by

Frederic Nelson Litten

Illustrated by WILLIAM HEASLIP

A WINTER sun was setting over the thatched roof of San Rafael in northern Haiti. Lieutenant Jimmie Rhodes stood at the barracks window watching the shadows of the fog-capped mountains creep across the green savan. In the room behind him Colonel Harnle, the Marine commanding Haiti's forces, and Bersac, a negro major of the Intelligence, were talking in low tones.

There was crisis in the air; the wind through the campeche trees in the barracks compound brought the cough of airplanes warming on the rifle range; from the road came the muffled cadence of marching men. Jimmie listened to the sounds, his hard-muscled shoulders tense. The Garde was moving up; the attack on the revolutionary army of Batraville, hid in the jungle, would begin at dawn. And Batraville, with his greater numbers and familiarity with the tangled country, had the edge.

The troop column moved out over the savan, marching steadily until the jungle swallowed it. A thrill touched Jimmie as he watched. They could march, those men. And the aviation unit he and Bucks had trained—they could fly, now. Jimmie thought of the discipline that would be needed tomorrow if these natives were to be held together, and a thrill of apprehension touched him! If he could only do something to help Harnle! Those three Marines—Harnle, Lieutenant Gene Bucks, Sergeant Geraghty—they'd been more than friends to him.

He turned from the window. Harnle's face, touched by the yellow lamplight, was flushed with suppressed anger. Suddenly he spoke:

"Then, Bersac, you refuse this mission?" Bersac flinched. He was a thin negro, with tiny darting eyes and woolly hair, upstanding like a Zulu chief's. "Mon Colonel," he protested hoarsely, "what you ask only the gods can do."

"What I ask the Marines have done, many times,"

Harnle replied. "Sergeant Geraghty went through the Caco lines in '17 and brought back Olivier."

"Olivier was only a man," muttered Bersac, staring through the window at the somber mountains. "Batraville is of the *Culte des Morts*. In his body Christophe, the black emperor, has returned to earth."

Jimmie Rhodes gave Bersac a puzzled glance, but the native, staring at the jungle peaks, cried:

"Look, m'sieu—the citadel! And above in the clouds—the red winti of death!"

Harnle rose and strode to the window. Jimmie, too, gazed at the distant mountains. The curtain of fog that screened the glistening crags was parting. Slowly a bleak, forbidding fortress took shape, rising on a lonely jungle peak. Christophe's palace, more than a century old, crumbling to ruin.

On the cloud masses over the turrets a shaft of rosy light was playing. Jimmie looked at the light curiously. It was as though a steel furnace, concealed in the fortress, were playing its reddened flames on the sky.

"There's someone in the fort," said Harnle calmly. "Perhaps our information's wrong—maybe Batraville has his headquarters there."

"In the citadel?" cried Bersac. "No! He would not dare! You have seen the death winti. Human hands did not make that fire—it is an omen of death."

Harnle's lips tightened. "Go to quarters, Bersac."

The major of scouts crossed to the door and went out, and Harnle, in vast irritation, burst out: "Voodoo superstition! Suppose they all get the jitters—where will we be tomorrow?"

"What is this mission, sir?" Jimmie asked quietly.

"To capture Batraville," answered the commandant. "It was my plan to use Bersac's scouts to guide Geraghty through the Caco lines into the Grand Boucan. According to my information, Batraville has his command post there. If we could take Batraville the revolt might end without a battle. But—" He moved to the desk and picked up the battle plan. "We'll have to go ahead with our scrap, I guess—machine-gun companies will move into the Grand Boucan at dawn."

Jimmie Rhodes stepped forward, a spark kindling in his eyes.

"This mission, sir. You spoke of Geraghty—well, I could fly him behind the Caco pickets."

"Two white men?" Harnle shook his head. "Rhodes, it would be suicide. Bersac and his blacks could turn the trick—not you." The lines in his face deepened. "Yet—if we could take their leader—"

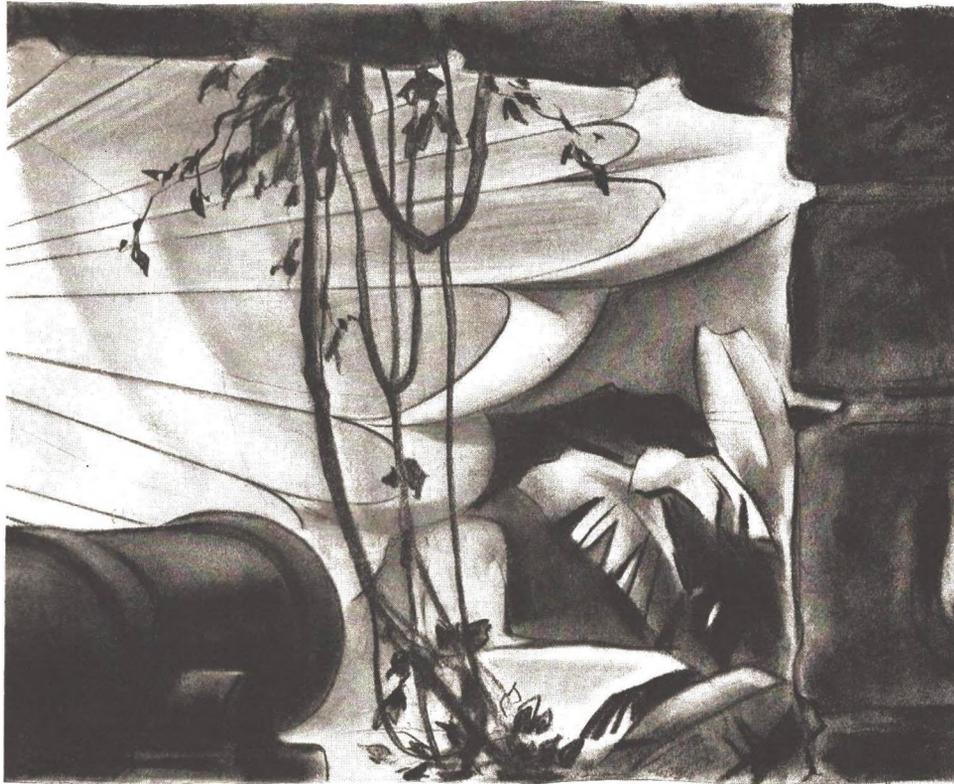
As Jimmie left the room, a feeling of exaltation lifted him. Harnle wanted Batraville. Perhaps Jimmie Rhodes could get him. Squaring his wide shoulders, he strode to the door and out toward the camp of the air squadron on the rifle range.

A light was burning in Bucks' tent where the Marine lieutenant and Sergeant Geraghty were playing acey-deucey by the light of a candle stuck in a calabash. Bucks turned as Jimmie entered.

"What's up, Pursuiter?" "Plenty," answered Jimmie tersely. "There's a big job to be done tonight."

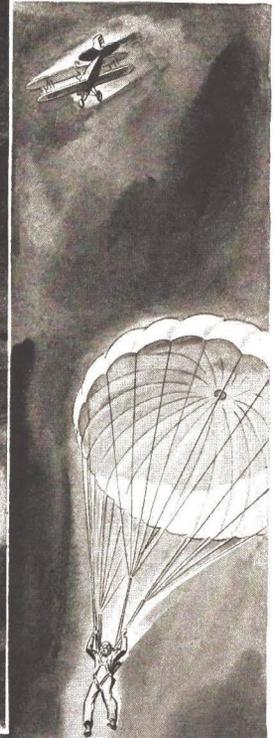
"Tonight?" Bucks echoed.

Geraghty sprang to his feet. "Flight orders, sir?" "Flight, without orders!" Jimmie said with an excited laugh. He plunged into the story of the mis-



parapet the spring clips opened, and the silk flapped over the rim.

The chute went drifting down, swinging like a pendulum.



Above Christophe's Palace Red Flames Played on the Sky... An Ill Omen for Jimmie Rhodes!

sion as Harnle had proposed it to Bersac, then gave his own idea. But he didn't mention the red cloud in the sky.

Bucks' gray eyes looked eagerly at Jimmie, but Sergeant Geraghty's hard, weather-beaten face held a grim look of doubt.

"Lieutenant, you can't—" he began. A sudden gust moaned over the tent roof, carrying a sound, faint but sinister, like a wild beast's scream. The three men started.

"The call of the *Culte des Morts*," Hashmark said gruffly. "Society of the dead."

"Cheerful thought," said Bucks. "The *Culte des Morts*—why, Batrville is one of them!"

Geraghty nodded. "The blacks believe he's Christophe come to earth again—that only a gold bullet will snuff him out."

"A gold bullet?" repeated Jimmie blankly.

"Why not read some history, Pursuiter?" Bucks asked. "Christophe carried a charm to protect him against steel and lead—a golden bullet in his pistol. The day his empire crashed he stepped into the palace and sent it through his brain."

"You know all the answers, don't you?" parried Jimmie. "What's a death *winti*, then?"

"I'll pass," laughed Bucks. But Geraghty said slowly:

"In the first Caco war, a corporal of the signal corps named Moresby saw the death *winti*. It was a red cloud in the sky. That night—against orders—he started up the mountain on a lone reconnoissance to the citadel."

Hashmark halted, his face queer.

"Well, what happened?" Jimmie asked.

"Moresby didn't come back," the sergeant answered.

"We never found him. There's a spring gushes out the mountain side—the natives say it flows from one of Christophe's torture chambers. We fished his tunic from the pool, and in the gun galleries high up in the fort we picked up a spent shell from his signal pistol."

Jimmie nodded. "But about this mission—"

The sergeant gave him a troubled glance. "Lieutenant, we couldn't set down in the Grand Boucan. There's thorn bush ten foot high. And the *Culte des Morts*—listen, sir, it was *them* got Moresby. They tortured him."

Jimmie's jaw set.

"The colonel wants Batrville," he answered stubbornly.

Down the line a sentry's whistle shrilled.

"Guard change," said Geraghty. "I'll have to leave." At the tent flap he paused. "Forget this, sir. It's more'n two men can handle." He went out.

Bucks, folding the acey-deucey board, looked at Jimmie. "I scouted some in Nicaragua," he said quietly. "I owe those Caco something, too, for that time they captured me at Acu Bay."

Jimmie gave a cry and leaped to his feet.

"You'll go? I'll get a Corsair turning over!"

Bucks rose. "There's a ground fog. We may have trouble sighting that command post from the air."

But Jimmie grinned. "We'll call on Batrville, some way."

A half hour passed. The moon had climbed high over the mountains, now, and in the cloud fringes scudding past its silver disk a Corsair was flying steadily.

Jimmie Rhodes at the controls watched the sea of jungle below. Revolutionary camp fires blinked redly on the hilltops, but the valley of the Grand Boucan was lost in fog. Doubts assailed him.

"A bit of the old sub-minus headwork, Rhodes?" he asked himself, then fell to studying the terrain again.

Through the scurrying clouds the somber outline of the citadel appeared, the ruined palace of Emperor Christophe, now used by the Society of the Dead.

Jimmie shook his head.

Cutting back the throttle, he sank lower, searching for a landing. A barren knoll showed, where the land had been cleared for a native dwelling. He planed down to a neat three-point and rolled on through the high grass.

"Well," he said, "We're in." Slipping off his belt and chute, Jimmie sprang into the brush.



Bucks hooked a leg over the cowl rim and began daubing shoe black on his face.

"I think we should have kept the air a little longer, Jimmie. We haven't located Batraverse's command post. But it's my job to make the man hunt."

A branch snapped loudly, and he whirled. Across the mist-hung *savan*, where the jungle lifted its black curtain, darker shadows emerged from the trees. The moonlight glistened on a machete blade.

"Caco!" Bucks cried. Jimmie vaulted the cowl and dropped into the seat. Caco were running up the slope as he drove the throttle forward on the quadrant and pulled the starter knob. Through the gear whine a rifle barked. Jimmie reached for his chute harness lying over the cowl. It had snagged on a thorn beside the fuselage and as he jerked it something snapped like a taut string breaking. That sound should have warned him of trouble to come, but gunfire was hammering in his ears. A bullet punctured the wing fabric and Bucks cried sharply:

"Shove off! It's curtains if they take us!"

The grind of the starter changed to a metallic scream. Jimmie flipped the switch and the exhausts blared thunderous rhythm. As he studied the moon-silvered valley for his take-off, above the misty crag where Christophe's fortress rose he saw a crimson glow on the clouds. Jimmie grunted. The death *winti* again!

He moved the stick and the Corsair leaped ahead, her stacks ribboning white flame into the air blast, and her wings mowing down the high grass. Jimmie gunned her full, and she lifted in a surge of power into the moonlit sky.

In the chill of the high air Jimmie felt foolish. He had accomplished exactly nothing. There'd be a battle tomorrow morning after all. And if Harnie's troops were filled with superstitious fright over the red light in the sky, how would they behave?

The altimeter needle reached five thousand. He leveled off and banked to the north for San Rafael. As the Corsair picked up speed he turned.

"Sorry, Bucks!" he yelled. "I messed this up."

But the Marine, leaning forward in the bucket seat, cried sharply: "Messed up nothing! A bomb raid'll fix everything. Turn back over the mountains!"

Jimmie stared at him blankly, then reversed in a steep spiral. Tumbling clouds raced by beneath the ship, and through them the black ramparts of the citadel appeared again. He felt Bucks press his shoulder and leaned out over the cowl to scan the jungle peaks below. Bucks, probably, had located Batraverse's headquarters. As he moved, the chute pack under him moved too. But he didn't think of that; he was searching for Caco camp fires. There

were none visible, and he turned to Bucks inquiringly.

There was a look of horror on Bucks' face.

"Your chute!" he cried. "It's—"

The sentence was never finished. A billow of frothy silk boiled over the seat back, enveloping Bucks in a smothering white cloud. Jimmie gave a cry. His chute was opening—tearing from the pack beneath him! What had happened? Must have yanked out his rip ring, there on the ground, when he jerked his harness from the thorn! And now, rising in the seat, he'd sprung the pilot chute!

Desperately he fought to hold the slipping silk. But the prop blast, like the pull of a giant hand, was dragging him from the cockpit into the tail fin. When that happened, the plane, her rudder jammed, would spin down into the jungle.

Only one chance! Jimmie whipped the stick back and cut his gun. The plane nosed up and the airspeed checked as she fell off in a slip.

As the crosswise air blast caught the chute, the folds whipped clear of Bucks. Jimmie glimpsed the silk streaming out beside him as the plane slipped through the fog. A quick wrench tore him from the cockpit, an aileron flipper grazed his shoulder, and he was out over the dark jungle mountains. The Corsair dropped away and vanished in the clouds.

The chute went drifting down, swinging like a pendulum as warm air currents met the silk. Jimmie reached up and steadied the shroud lines in an automatic gesture. Not that it would help. A night landing in the spearlike thorn below would rip a man to pieces.

Through the fog came the low hum of a plane. The sound grew loud, faded, and grew loud again. That meant Bucks had the ship under control and was searching for Jimmie's chute. But if the Marine did find him, what then?

Jimmie grinned faintly and felt through his flying suit for his service automatic. It wasn't there, but his Very pistol was. Small protection—a pistol that merely shot a flare—against the Caco!

The silk drifted out of the mist into clear air, and far below he glimpsed again the shadow of the citadel. It was almost directly below. As he dropped lower, its outline became defined. He could see the crenelated battlements touched with moonlight, and the wide expanse of roof, deserted.

A sudden impulse came. If he could slip the chute in over the roof, he might land safely. That was better than to go down in the dark jungle.

Carefully he pulled on the shroud lines to guide the drift of his balloonlike craft. Slowly the chute sank until it was only a hundred feet above the broad roof. Suddenly an air current, rising up the mountain side, caught the silk and threatened to sweep him past the

roof edge. For an instant his limbs went cold with dismay. Then he hauled in on the riser straps. The chute crumpled, shot down like a plummet. He struck heavily, his head banging on the rough stone flags.

The chute dragged him across the roof. Dizzily he reached for the harness snaps. At the edge of the parapet the spring clips opened, and the silk flapped over the rim. Jimmie gripped a vine that curled about the ramparts, pulled himself to it, and hung on.

When the tug of the chute had ceased he released his hold and staggered up. He felt sick and his knees were skinned and bleeding. He looked over the brink of the parapet into the dark abyss of the Grand Boucan and shivered with reaction. He saw a white shape flopping in the dark below, and froze momentarily, until he realized that it was his chute. The harness had caught on the vine that climbed the battlements.

For a moment he stood still, listening as the drone of the plane faded out. Slowly hope lighted his face. Had Bucks discovered Batraverse's command post? Had he already bombed it? Jimmie turned and limped toward the ramparts that overlooked San Rafael. Perhaps he could see the lights of the aviation field, where Bucks would soon be coming in to land.

He crossed the parapet, circled a great stair that led down into the citadel, and went on. As he climbed over piles of masonry hurled down by the great earthquake a century before, he heard the drone of the plane again. It grew into a deafening roar. The mist above him parted, and he saw the Corsair plunging down. Then it vanished, and seconds ticked away. And as Jimmie strained to listen the motor's thunder ceased. Bucks was landing somewhere close.

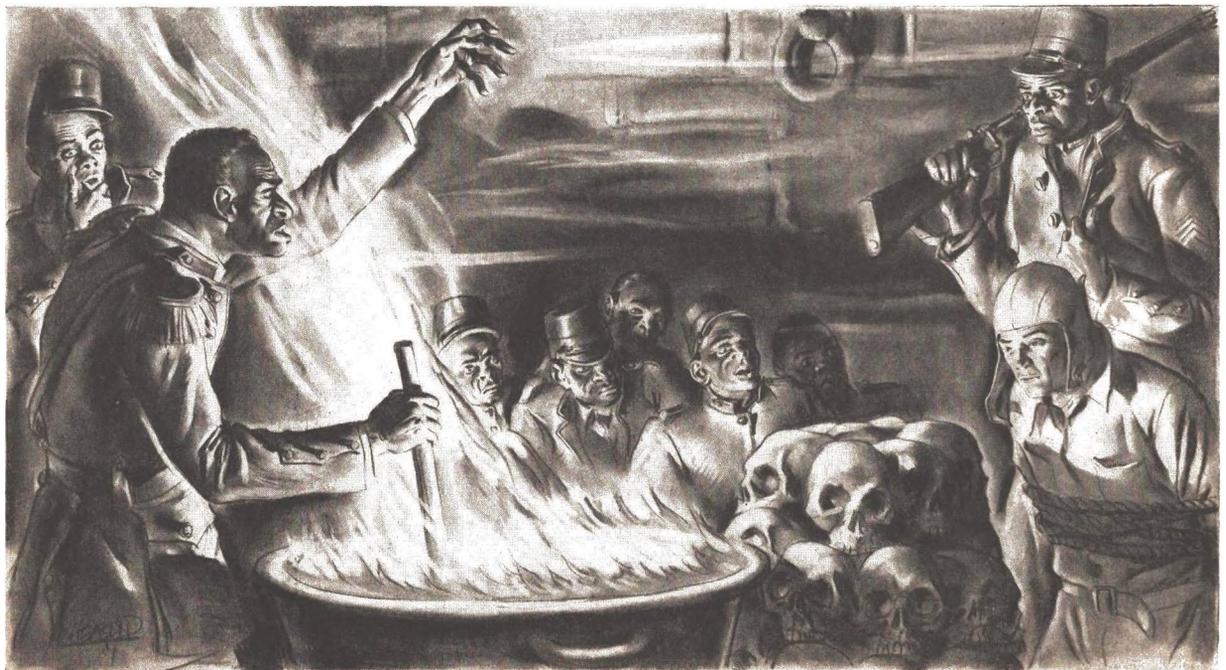
Under his breath Jimmie was chiding Bucks for his foolhardiness when the clatter of a Thompson gun broke out. Caco guns! Attacking Bucks!

Jimmie ran back along the ramparts. He was unarmed, except for his antique Very pistol, but that gunfire was not far away, and perhaps he could help. As he ran, the sounds ended. He halted. Had Bucks escaped the Caco?

As Jimmie stared into the drifting mist below, a drizzle of tropic rain began falling, and inside of one minute the drizzle had turned into a downpour. He'd never find Bucks now! He drew up shivering, remembered that there was shelter in the fort below, and recalled the stairway near the parapet.

He stumbled to the staircase, felt his way down the crumbling steps, and crept through a corridor that led on into the darkness. The wind moaned and whistled, and ragged openings in the roof above led in drifts of icy rain.

The corridor ended in a spiral stair. He made his way down it and emerged (Continued on page 31)



In the center Gene Bucks, his hands lashed behind his back, kneeled by an altar built of skulls.

Below Cape Horn

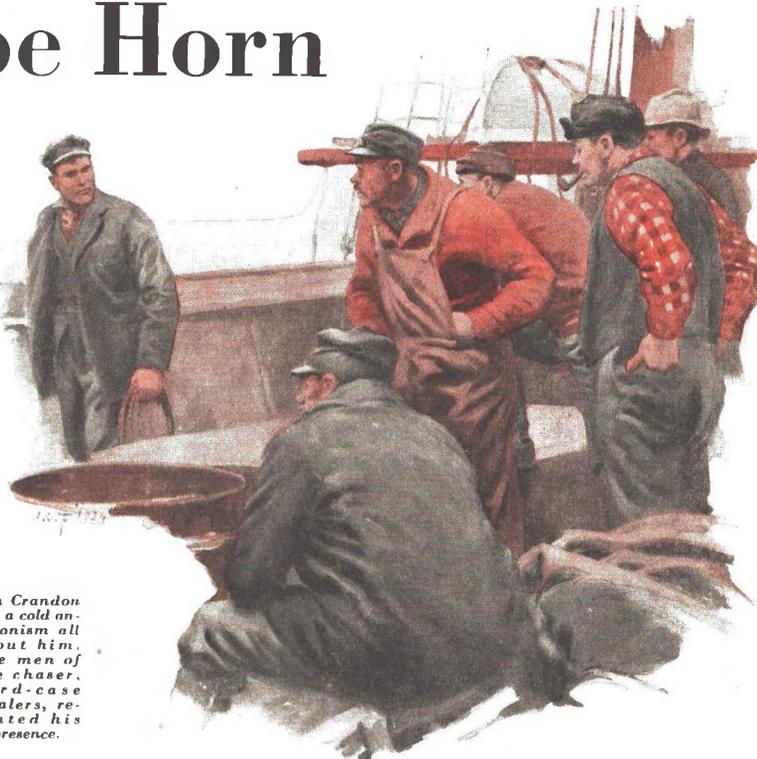
by

Jacland Marmur

Illustrator:

ANTON OTTO FISCHER

*There Was Something
Terrifying About
the Whale-Inhabited
Ocean Down at the
Bottom of the Earth!*



Jim Crandon felt a cold antagonism all about him. The men of the chaser, hard-case whalers, resented his presence.

JIM CRANDON stood in the narrow wheelhouse of the whale chaser *Norval*, watching the Antarctic seas come crashing up over the obscured horizon. He was the junior harpoon gunner, new to the ship and the men; this was the first hunt of the season—his first season in southern waters. And he felt a cold antagonism all about him. Ever since the *Norval* had left Skantop Harbor, where the factory ship lay moored, that antagonism had grown more intense. Jim Crandon knew these icy seas would be his proving ground. The men of the chaser, hard-case Antarctic whalers, refused to accept him, resented his presence, taking their attitude from Lars Nelson, the harpooner in charge.

Lars Nelson had hold of the big wheel now, steering the bucking ship. He was a square-built powerful Scandinavian, with heavy face, truculent jaw, and little watery blue eyes.

Jim Crandon watched him in silence. Something fierce about the man, he thought. Sullen, morose, with his broad flat nose full of crimson veins. Crandon knew him by reputation only. Wherever whalers gathered, Lars Nelson was known as a stern harsh man, a driver, but a just one in his way. Well, a man had to be harsh, down there where the fin and the blue whale flings his sput in the midst of an icy wilderness. One error of judgment on the hunt meant the end. But Nelson had been in a suppressed rage ever since his new junior had been assigned to his hunt. Jim Crandon was the youngest man on the ship. He knew it. Yet all he wanted was an even chance. Next season he wanted to lead a hunt of his own!

The little *Norval* pitched and dove and danced, burying her open bows, where the harpoon gun was lashed, in a shatter of freezing seas that slashed the foredeck, and spattered the wheelhouse like exploding shot. Jim Crandon grinned suddenly to himself—he must be imagining things! How did he expect a grizzled veteran like Lars to act toward a youngster fresh from the hook of Cape Cod appointed his junior harpooner? Kiss him?

"Dusty weather for hunting, Nelson," he ventured good-humoredly.

"Farrn!" The harpooner cracked out the oath with startling violence, and turned his head. There could be no mistaking the resentment, almost hate, that glittered in his eyes. "What you expect, you fool? A mill pond to catch the whale—and Lars Nelson? I have no use for company spies!"

The fierceness and the meaning of the whaleman's anger stunned young Crandon for a moment. His

face paled a little, and his fists clenched impulsively. His mind raced back searching the past. The factory ship had put into Rio on the voyage south, for final stores and gear, before steaming on for the Antarctic season's work. He remembered now an incident he'd never given another thought!

Old Moresby, the company superintendent, had been aboard on sailing day. Had seen young Crandon and paused to say good-by and good luck. He remembered old Moresby's kindly smile and the firm grip of his hand. Lars Nelson and the rest had seen that. And they thought—! Why, old Moresby had sailed under the command of Jim Crandon's father years and years ago in the sailing-ship days of the old whalers. He had stopped to say hello to the son of his old captain and friend. And Lars Nelson had taken it for the final instructions given to a stool pigeon! So that was it! It was out in the open at last, at any rate.

"Spy—?" Jim Crandon said quietly at length.

"What else?" Nelson spat out. "What else good are you on a whale catcher?"

"You think—"

"I don't think. I know!"

Jim Crandon stepped forward and their eyes met for an instant of silence. Lars Nelson's were cold and suspicious; Crandon's hard and boring.

"I ought to smash your face for that, Nelson," the new gunner said softly. "I don't care what you do out here! There's a factory ship waiting for our catch. But when the season's over and we sail north, you can tell me that again—if you want to. Meantime, we're whale hunters and—"

"You? A whaleman?" Nelson's lip curled. "We'll see what you can do off the ice floe of Graham Land then. That's where I hunt."

"With an easterly gale blowing up?"

Lars laughed coldly. "You see?" he sneered. "Where the hunting is best, it is most dangerous. You don't like that, hey? Pah! Whaleman! Go aloft in the lookout. Do you think you will know a whale when he blows, or shall I send a man up to teach you?"

For a moment, Jim Crandon stared at the veteran whaler in white-faced anger. Then he turned abruptly and went on deck. No sense in a physical explosion. Do no good. Make matters worse, if anything. But he restrained himself with effort.

Soberly he watched his chance to go aloft as the deck plunged away beneath him, smothered in green water and boiling foam. He had a feeling that grizzled faces from the main alleyway eyed him with broad grins as he fought his way toward the foremast and started up the narrow rigging. He was in for a

hazing. And he'd have to take it.

In the little barrel of the lookout's post high at the truck of the careening mast, he set his face grimly to the making gale. Far beneath him the little *Norval* went crashing through the seas, buried half the time in seething white.

Smoke streamed aft from the swaying funnel. The little ships of the Antarctic whale hunt are small and squat and powerful, built for speed and for stoutness to withstand the terrific battering of those icy seas. Those frozen wastes below Cape Horn are the last strongholds nowadays for the monstrous leviathan of the deep. The factory ship waited for their catch in distant Skantop Harbor, flensing stages ready, huge blubber pots yawning. The season was short. Soon the closing ice and shrieking gales would drive every living thing away. It was a hard life, a bitter life. There is no place in the Antarctic whale fishery for weaklings.

Crandon conned the seas with narrowed eyes. As far as the misty horizon, the shattering combers broke. Huge icebergs, like floating ghostly fortresses, sailed off to leeward. There was no heat in the Antarctic sun, a blurred yellow ball in the cloud-smearred heavens overhead. The gale had weight behind it now and a deep-throated booming voice that broke into sharp whistling stutters as it whined past the *Norval's* funnel stays.

Far away to the west the ice-ringed shore of Graham Land loomed gray and ominous. Toward this dismal coast Lars Nelson drove the little whale chaser. Crandon looked at it. It was madness, laying the *Norval* along the ice with the wind making every moment.

The gale came chattering. A fierce squall drove the *Norval's* rails under. The sun was gone. Snow began to fall. The lookout barrel in which Crandon stood dove and swung sickeningly. He hung on, staring through the biting snow. The *Norval* was hunting on a lee shore. There was no helping it now.

Whales they wanted. . . . Lars Nelson thought him a company spy, a stool pigeon. The scorn, the derision, in his voice and on his wind-hacked face! Jim Crandon winced. His lips set tighter together in the bitter cold. . . . Suddenly he stiffened and leaned eagerly forward.

Through a white pall of driven snow, just above the shatter of mountainous seas, a thin plume of spray appeared. No one but a whaleman would have spotted it. It creamed upward a little, spreading at the peak and collapsing to the water again. Beneath it, two miles distant at the least, a huge black smudge

broke the water leisurely, curled about like an overturned hull, and disappeared in a trough. A moment later it appeared again. Huge flukes upended, twisting in the air. A quarter mile to windward of it, another plume of spray! Then another! A pod of three, four whales. Blue whales by their blow. Between sixty and eighty tons apiece. Blowing and rolling leisurely in the midst of a howling fury of wind and sea.

Well, if it was whales Lars Nelson wanted, here they were for him! Jim Crandon, his eyes fairly burning, turned and leaned far down toward the plunging deck below him.

"*Er blast!*" he bellowed, flinging up his arm. "*Da-er-blast!*"

It was the traditional cry of the sighted whale. A dripping face appeared above the boiling deck. It seemed startled, as if they hadn't expected that from the new harpooner. Lars Nelson's face shot out of the pilot house window, searching the direction of Crandon's outflung arm. Then his leathery face disappeared again. The wheel went down. The little *Norval* went over on her beam ends to the sudden change of course. The seas crashed aboard, mountain high. The gale pounced on the little ship, clawed at her rigging as she headed into it. She rose, staggering beneath tons of water. Far forward, the gun platform was awash. The bows rose, hung for an instant, then went plunging under as the next roller creamed at her.

Jim Crandon grinned to himself and put a leg over the edge of the lookout nest. Whales Lars Nelson wanted. There they were for him!

The rigging lay down at an awful angle. Waiting his chance, Crandon fought his way below to the deck and climbed back into the wheelhouse. Nelson's square hard face was set. It was his job to bring the chaser up to the hunted pod, then turn the wheel over to Crandon and take up his post on the gun platform for the kill. First blood of the season was the senior harpooner's right.

Lars Nelson said nothing, watching the breaking seas. The little craft soared and plunged, swinging dizzily. The booming of the gale against the icy crags of Graham Land rose to a crescendo of sound, like the savage thumping of enormous kettledrums. There was a lee shore and no mistake! And three miles away a pod of whales. Lars Nelson jerked the signal bells savagely. The *Norval's* engines pounded and shuddered her stout timbers. He looked over his shoulder toward the distant coast. It was no farther away. A gray gloom had possession of the universe, a gray gloom through which the gale shrieked and the seas thundered.

"She makes no headway, Nelson," Jim Crandon muttered.

There was no triumph in his voice, nothing but the statement of a dangerous truth. Nelson blinked his little eyes. Whatever he thought was buried in his cavernous chest. He hadn't expected such a fury of wind against the land. Gravnik Point, a jagged peak of land, lay ahead. He had thought to clear it before the culminating strength of that easterly duster, full of sleet and snow and freezing cold, hit the ship. Beyond the point was protection against the gale, space in which the *Norval* might find room to maneuver for her life.

But on the lee shore of Graham Land where they were now there was nothing but bleakness and death. He knew it. Jim Crandon knew it. Every man aboard the little whale chaser knew it. Lars Nelson eyed the running seas and listened for an instant to the ominous crashing of surf against the icy knees of the land.

"How many?" he bit off shortly. "How many in the pod?"

"Four, maybe five. Blue whales. South of Gravnik Point."



"*Idiot!*" Lars screamed. "*Fool! We drive on a lee shore and you make fast to a whale!*" His fist shook in Crandon's dripping face.

Nelson grunted, turned, and barked down the engine room speaking tube. Smoke belched thicker from the *Norval's* funnel. Jim Crandon hung to a stanchion against the desperate plunging of the ship. Five whales in the pod! There was an irony about that. A chance for a junior harpooner to crow at a veteran's mistake. What good was it? If the *Norval* went splintering against the lee shore, there'd be nothing left of any of them. There is no rescue six hundred miles below Cape Horn. . . . Desperately the little ship struggled to beat away from the land. . . .

"She makes no headway," Crandon muttered again. "No," Lars Nelson admitted hoarsely. "She does not." There was something broken in his voice. "The gale is too much for her. We cannot catch your whales today, Crandon." He hesitated. Jim Crandon said nothing to this bitter admission. "I try to heave her to," the whaleman finished gruffly. "If not—"

With her head to the wind and the breaking seas, the *Norval* set herself to ride out the gale. They were fighting for their lives now, not for whales. The steersman came into the wheelhouse, grim-faced and anxious. Lars Nelson relinquished the helm to him and took up post at the forward window, straining to pierce the weird Antarctic gloom, to gauge the leeway the ship made.

He seemed to have forgotten Crandon entirely. The sudden unexpected fury of the tempest had overpowered him. It might last for hours, or it might last days. From across the bleak and unknown ice fields where no living thing but the Cape pigeons and the Wilson petrels were, it came zooming at the little whale chaser, whipping the sea to fury.

The ship's engines fought at their full power. How much leeway they made toward the icy coast astern the men on the *Norval* did not know and dared not think of. They were helpless, without steerage way and without sea room. The howl and shriek of the elements was everywhere, a pandemonium of sound, clawing at the ship and the men lost in a white wilderness. And from astern came the ominous booming drum of wind and sea against the lee shore. It sounded

louder. Nelson turned his head. Deep grooves lined his mouth. Jim Crandon's eyes followed him as he lurched away toward the companion leading below.

"Watch her," Nelson growled over his shoulder. "I see how much water we got here. Maybe drag anchors—"

Crandon stared after his disappearing back. Anchors! No chance of finding holding ground there—she'd drag a dozen anchors! He looked toward the steersman. The fellow chewed his cud with quick hard motions, and every now and again his head came up with a jerk as if he expected that the next instant would bring the last rending impact of the little hull against the saw-edge ice of Graham Land. Jim Cran-

don pulled open the door and stepped on deck.

In the lee of the wheelhouse, he stood balanced against the dizzy gyrations of the ship. The *Norval* was lost in the center of chaos. Sea and sky were merged in one spitting, foaming mass of raging water. He looked aft. Through the eerie gloom the land towered, gray and forbidding. Little better than a mile! The ship was being driven steadily toward it. From the alleyway beneath the deck under his feet, Jim Crandon heard the faint cry of a man. Then another. The whaleman of the *Norval* had seen the rearing ghost of the land. They knew what it meant!

The next moment a great sigh rose under the whistle of the wind. A deep powerful sigh, like the snore of a giant in untroubled sleep. Spray splattered in Crandon's face. Yet it wasn't spray. It was warm in all that frozen wilderness. An acrid stench clung to it. The smell of a blowing whale!

Crandon's head shot about. His eyes bored into the gloom. There it was! Close against the *Norval's* side. A huge monstrous black smudge awash in foam. It sank slowly, rose again, and rolled. A fin appeared, then huge flukes twisting in their characteristic spiral motion. The monster disappeared. A gigantic blue whale, untroubled, scornful of gale and sea!

Jim Crandon held his breath. Where would the brute reappear? A hundred yards closer and that Gargantuan back could lift the *Norval* like a cardboard toy and fling it, overturned, into the sea. After all, Jim Crandon thought, what matters? One way of drowning was as good as another.

Then slowly, leisurely, closer to the ship and a little forward now, the huge leviathan's sleek back came again into view. It blew once more, a deep powerful snore—and something clicked in Crandon's brain. He spun round and ripped open the wheelhouse door. The steersman's head snapped up in alarm.

"I hunt!" young Crandon barked. "Watch it! Steady and keep your eye on the gun platform!"

He turned away, deaf to the gasp of astonishment torn from the helmsman's lips. He was down the ladder and into the alleyway. Six grizzled whalemen stood there as he burst in.

"On deck!" he snapped. "Er blast! Rig the life-line. Jump for it. Blue whale!"

He seized a coil of line and sprang for the deck, waiting under the overhang, watching for his chance. A six-foot giant grabbed at his arm, his face twisted and angry.

"Farn!" the whaler swore. "You fool! You can't hunt in this weather! You—"

"Hunt—or drown!" Jim Crandon whirled on them. "Come along! Here we go."

The *Norval's* deck soared. For an instant it was clear of water. Crandon leaped forward, line in hand. The wind ripped at his face. The snow and flung spray were like pellets of ice. Fighting his way along the careening deck, he passed the brake winches and gained the gun platform in the bows. Swiftly he secured his line and rigged it, lashing himself before the harpoon gun. He had to trust them, those men. Had to trust they wouldn't let him down.

He turned his head for an instant and saw them. Good men, those. Whalemens! They were battling forward through a waist-high boil of water, answering the call of the hunt. They didn't know what he wanted of them. They thought him mad. Hunting in that gale against that raging sea was sheer suicide. A killed whale could never be secured. He was crazy! But he'd given a command and led the way. Perhaps they, too, thought one way of drowning as good as any other. They hung to the life-lines, whirled and twisted by the boarding seas. They fought along the deck in odd moments of clearing. Four of them at the winch brakes now, two on the platform with Crandon. The whale-hunt posts. He grinned at them, felt a surging thrill at their game-ness.

"Load the gun!" he cried.

They couldn't hear him, but they knew what his command had been. Soaring and diving with the *Norval's* bows and half drowned in water, they tore the tarpaulin from the muzzle of the harpoon gun. One of them overhauled the forerunner line. Crandon turned, waving his arms toward the wheelhouse. He saw a frightened white face there, peering through the fog of spume and snow. The face and the wheelhouse window swung crazily from side to side, but the fellow understood the signaled order.

The wheel went down a little. The *Norval* buried her rails. The seas swept her decks. The wind went stuttering through the string-taut shrouds. The whale! The blue monster! He had to be found. And they couldn't maneuver. Had they scared off the huge old bull? Not likely. The noise of the elements was in their favor. Young Crandon strained his eyes, panting in the bows of the little ship.

A moment, two, of agonizing intensity. The brute had to blow again. He hadn't had time to finish his series of breath-taking snores before he would sound the depths for good. There he was!

Crandon's arm flew up. The sleek hump of the monster's back parted the raging water slowly—there he was, coming clear now, green water draining from him, like a submarine awash. Twenty, thirty yards off the starboard bow. Jim Crandon's arms flung backward, palms down, in the signal of the hunt. The men stood clear, clinging desperately to whatever hold they could find.

Steady. Steady! No mill pond this. A dancing deck swinging violently in the midst of wild turbulence. He swung the harpoon gun on its swivel. His eyes burned. One shot was all he'd get. It had to be good. One shot—and on it depended the hope of the ship and the men in her. Perhaps he was mad. But there was no other way. He could hear the surf shattering against the ice of the land very plainly now, and its deep-throated snarling was a savage threat. The *Norval* had a half hour of life at most if he missed that shot.

Carefully, swiftly, he sighted the gun. It danced and lunged in his hand. Now! It bore straight at that monstrous black shape on the water, pointed just behind the mark of the huge head. In an agony of suspense, Jim Crandon fired.

The noise of the report was lost in the scream of the wind. Smoke belched from the muzzle of the gun and spat back in Crandon's face. The hundred-pound harpoon flew out, snaking the forerunner line behind it. Straight and true the iron went, burying itself deep in the flesh of the struck whale. A fall! A perfect hit!

The monster, startled, remained quiet for the fraction of an instant. Then, leaping ahead with thrashing flukes, the whole immense reach of its back be-

came visible. The stout Manila line smoked out from beneath the *Norval's* gun platform. The next moment the whale sounded, gigantic flukes shuddering above the water before he disappeared.

The accumulator blocks on the foremast sank. The huge springs took up the strain, keeping the running line taut and free. Crandon, waving his arms, signaled the wheelsman to stop the engines. The brake winches on the foredeck started. The whale line tightened, dripping water. Sixty-odd tons of strain that line was tested to hold. He signaled again. The brake winch locked. From the *Norval's* bows the whale line straightened, seemed to be pointing straight down as the leviathan sounded deeper and deeper!

The little whale chaser's bows dipped lower to the sea with the strain. Her stern lifted clear and she hung poised there, tipped up aft by the mammoth strength of the stricken animal. Would the harpoon hold? Had the barbs sunk deep enough and spread laterally as they should to hold the iron fast? Yes—the line remained taut. Jim Crandon's hit was true! The iron held.

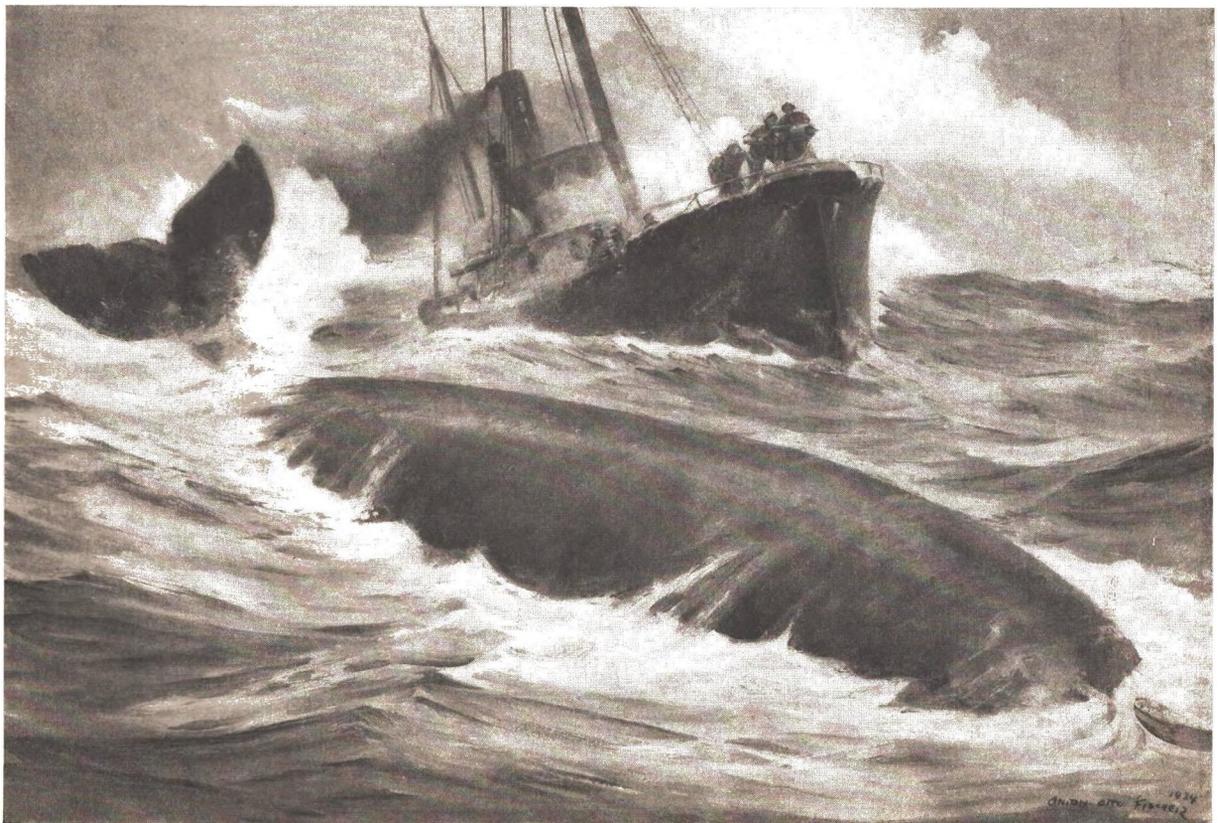
Crandon stood on the platform, lashed against the washing seas, straining his eyes on that line, signaling to the winchmen, who relieved or added to the strain as he directed. It took all his skill, in that shrieking gale, to keep the blue whale fast.

Lars Nelson, aroused by the unmistakable sounds of the hunt, came charging along the deck and gained the gun platform. His little eyes took in the scene, winchmen and platform men at their posts, sputtering in foaming water, and young Crandon guiding the hunt. His hard face went purple with rage. Lunging at his junior harpooner, he spun Crandon half about.

"Idiot!" he screamed. "Fool! We drive on a lee shore and you make fast to a whale!" His fists shook within an inch of Crandon's dripping face. "In half an hour we'll smash on the ice. What chance have we got now with eighty tons of whale to help us wash ashore! Farn! You idiot! You—"

"Look at it then!" Jim Crandon interrupted harshly.

His arm flung back to where the land loomed through the driving sleet. The gray walls of ice were farther away! The sounding whale had checked the *Norval's* drift. She was (Continued on page 49)



He swung the harpoon gun on its swivel. One shot was all he'd get. It had to be good. One shot!

The Six-Legged

The rollicking story of a Swedish stroke who craved his beauty sleep and his daily malted milk



Lying there, with brothers perched all over him, Swede looked like Gulliver conquered by the Lilliputians.

THE long, low living room of the Sigma house was hot with argument. Outside, the late afternoon sun dipped slowly behind the New Hampshire hills, leaving the campus a deeper shade of spring green. Doc Walters, head of the house, finally rose and banged the table with a plane geometry text.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "and you freshman punks, too. We have gathered to consider ways and means out of the impending crisis."

"Kill the Swede first!" shouted Pug Switzer. "Hush, child," said Doc soothingly. "He's put us all in the bag by getting on probation, when he knew how much depended on the race at Poughkeepsie. If we lose, brothers, I must propel a peanut down the main street with my nose. Tom Campbell must wear his coat and pants backward for a week. We're all hooked—but Chigger Mackenny, the eminent Florida

citrus, is in deepest. Chigger must go barefooted to the prom! Therefore, he is appointed chairman. Mr. Mackenny."

The young Southerner, lank and dark and genial, arose from the old couch. He stood by the table, twiddling his Phi Beta key, and looked severely at the great blond bulk of Swede Oldstrom, varsity stroke.

"Down home," he said, "we'd simply string an old terrapin like you up to the nearest cottonwood. We would indeed."

"Go ahead, kick me around," growled the giant, running a hand through his blond crest. "I suppose you think I enjoy it—getting the bird from the whole college! All on account of that little Hop o' my Thumb!"

"Professor Whipple," said Chigger, "is a hard man, but just. Only on flagrant loafers, who flop in the grass and slumber away the hours for collecting specimens on field trips, is he severe. And you, you great galumph, caught nothing but mosquitoes that flew into your net trying to reach your face!"

"Well, what are you going to do now?" "I'm going to see Professor Whipple," said Chigger, "and lower myself by asking his terms for letting you off in time for the regatta next month."

Murmurs of approval rose from the brothers. Doc Walters nodded.

"We're all in the kettle, and the water's boiling," he said. "Get going, Chig."

"I'm off," said the Southerner. "Swede, you'd bet-

ter come along, too, if you can stand that much exertion."

"Don't let him lurch into Allen's for a tray of eclairs or a bucket of malted milks," cautioned Pug. "He's way overweight—the coach was reading the riot act to him yesterday."

"A lot of difference it makes now," growled Swede, unfolding his huge bulk and going to the door.

"Jazz back here when the battle's over," called Doc. "We'll be waiting up for you."

"Thanks," said Chigger. "Keep a light in the window, mother!"

The interview with the tiny scrap of a man behind the huge desk was nearing its close. Chigger had outlined the situation as diplomatically as he could, while the glum cause of it all slumped on a chair at his side, dejectedly fingering his white crew hat. Chigger drew a long breath.

"I can assure you, sir," he said earnestly, "we will see to it that he works from now on. He will do field work daily. In fact, sir, he might even find one of those Six-legged Teepulus moths we scoured the country for last fall."

Professor Squint Whipple's thin face maintained its enigmatic hint of a smile. The pale blue eyes, behind the glasses, played over Swede's heroic proportions.

"That's quite an order, Mackenny. The specimen—as I told the class last term—is almost extinct, I fear."

"Still," blurted Chigger, grasping at straws, "if he *did* bring one in, that would be enough, wouldn't it, sir?"

Squint Whipple pressed his finger tips gently together. "I should think so—since the last one was seen hereabouts in 1891, Mackenny. It would certainly entail sufficient leg work to indicate a change of heart. Though," with a critical glance, "Oldstrom could stand it. He looks fat to me, Mackenny—yes, fat. And no young man should look fat."

"He is fat," said Chigger, ignoring the Swede's baleful eye. "The coaches have nightmares over him every year. And last May, if you remember, sir, his

Teepolus

by STANLEY JONES

Illustrated by ERNEST FUHR



Professor Whipple's pale blue eyes twinkled behind the glasses.

wind blew up in the first race and Princeton nosed us out."

"Hm," said Squint. "I recall such incidents only vaguely."

"But when he's right," said Chigger critically, "the son of a gun could load a crew of janitors onto that desk, sir, and beat the best shell on the river!"

The return to the Sigma house was not marked by conversation. They banged in, and Chigger briefly outlined the interview.

"In other words, if the Swede can nab one of these Six-legged Teepolus moths, we're set. The Four-leggers are pretty common, and don't count. If he doesn't get a Six-legger, he's out of luck, and we, my hearties, become the laughing stock of the East."

"In other words," said Doc, "the Viking has got to hump himself every minute of every day, from now on."

"In other words," growled Swede, glaring, "I'm to take one of those silly-looking nets and bat harmless moths all over the country!"

"Precisely," nodded Chigger. "And the sooner you start, the better."

"I'll set his alarm for five tomorrow," said Pug. "You will not!" roared Swede. "Tomorrow's Sunday!"

"All the better," snapped Doc, to a chorus of cheers. "You can get in a full day's work for once in your life! We'll map the district into zones for you."

Swede drew a long breath and thrust his hands resolutely into his pockets.

"You can take a dive out the window, all of you," he announced. "I'd rather be on pro, and you can stencil that in your hat bands!"

There fell a tense silence, until Chigger Mackenny glanced at the angry ring of faces with a questioning lift of his eyebrows. They nodded, to a man. He turned back to the Swede.

"You'll do it, you big terrapin," he said softly. "Do you hear?"

His black eyes met the Swede's blue ones in a long, hostile clash. "And who," inquired Swede, "will make me, just in case?"

"I will," said Chigger calmly. "We will—the whole gang of—hey, help! Help!"

The carnage was terrible while it lasted. There was a backwash of bruises, cut lips, torn shirts and

splintered chairs before the muscular bulk of the Swede was pinioned on the floor. Lying there, with brothers perched all over him, he looked like Gulliver conquered by the Lilliputians.

"Let him roar himself out," panted Chigger, holding a handkerchief to one eye. "Right pow'ful for a fat man, isn't he now?"

"I'll break your skinny neck for you!" roared a voice muffled by a sweatered arm. "I'll take you and—"

"Just hang on to him, boys, till he cools off. He mustn't go out in the morning air all hot and peevish, like. Now, then—who's got a map?"

The news of the Swede's probation cast a pall over the entire student body. Down at the boathouse, in the green willows on the banks of the river, Captain Hort Kennedy spat gloomily into the water. "If the Swede's out, we might as well cancel the triangulares with Yale and Princeton, and try to schedule Wellesley!"

"You said it," growled Miner, the wiry coach. He picked up the big megaphone, bawled instructions to the freshmen as they paddled out into the swift current, and sat down on the float again. "And all on account of one moth! Can't somebody get to this little Four-eyed Whipple guy?"

"Nope," grunted Hort. "You can't get to Squint. You could blow him away with one puff, but he's concrete inside."

"Well," sighed the coach, "we'll have to boat Burgess at stroke, and

he's so light he could row in a paper cup."

Hort stood up as the swordlike bow of the varsity shell emerged from the shed, borne by strapping huskies. "Well, we'll shoot the works for you, Pop—all the works we've got left without the Swede."

One of the huskies grinned at the coach. "Say, Skipper, I just saw the Swede. He was scrambling up that steep sand bank on the bridge road, fanning the air with a butterfly net. Can you beat it?" "Humph," said Pop. "If it keeps him moving and out of the malted milk belt, maybe it won't hurt him, at that. I got gray hairs, meself, trying to keep him in shape last year."

The search for the Six-legged Teepolus began with a vengeance. The brothers helped Swede Oldstrom with home work on his other subjects, to free his every spare moment for moth-prospecting.

"I don't get enough sleep," complained Swede, after a week of strenuous ground covering. "I'm falling away to a shadow."

"Sure," said Pug. "Just a mere hundred and eighty-five. I saw you on the scales yesterday."

Doc nodded hopefully. "You're getting a pretty good collection, Viking. Chigger has about twenty of 'em marked and mounted in your case upstairs. Want to look at 'em?"

"No!" said Swede peevishly. "I've got no more interest in bugs than you have in a collection of busted roller skates, and you know it! Chuck me that sack of popcorn."

"Popcorn's fattening," said Chigger reprovingly. "Bad for strokes. Have some, Pug?"

"Don't care if I do," said Pug, reaching. (Continued on page 44)



The brothers redoubled their pressure on the delinquent giant. They ran him ragged night and day.

ERNEST FUHR

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

What Is Beauty?

WELL, your dictionary is as good as ours, if it comes to that. What started us was seeing a friend drive up in a three or four year old high-priced car that was pronounced "the last word in beauty" the year it came out, but which certainly looks like a "dud" beside any of this year's beautiful models at any price. The art teachers say the lines of beauty are constant. Maybe so. But anyway tastes change. The old folks may like to stick to their old ideas, but we boys believe in change. We want to go "modern," which is the spirit that has made the world advance as the years rolled on.

Would You Pick These?

WHICH are the ten most intelligent animals? The dog, who has had a chance to associate with human beings for thousands of years? The cat and the horse, who have had the same chance? None of these ranks among the top three, according to Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoo. Dr. Blair, after 32 years as an intimate companion of animals, rates the first ten in the following order: The chimpanzee, orang-utan, elephant, gorilla, domestic dog, beaver, domestic horse, sea lion, bear, domestic cat. He pays tribute to the cat, by the way, because it stands up for its rights, and won't be bullied into doing things it doesn't want to. The cat, he says, has "intellectual integrity."

Want a Buffalo?

THE buffalo business is looking up. Twenty-five years ago the Canadian government bought the last remaining herd of American bison—709 shaggy beasts, at \$250 a head. Canada established them in a 100,000-acre preserve at Wainwright, Alberta, a region where there's plenty of grass, and dozens of lakes in which an overheated buffalo can cool off, in summer. The preserve grows its own hay, too, so that in winter when the snow gets too deep there's still a square meal if a hungry buffalo wants to join the bread line. As companions, at Wainwright, the buffalo have 2,500 deer and 1,000 elk, moose and antelope.

The Herd Moves North The buffalo are Canada's best boosters. They like the country and they like the climate. Indeed, at Wainwright, they've created a problem of surplus population by increasing themselves to a total of 20,000. Canada sells buffalo to zoological gardens all over the world; she uses buffalo hide for robes and coats for the Mounted Police; she eats buffalo steaks and pemmican. Still the buffalo have multiplied so rapidly that Canada is transporting 1,000 of them, by railway and steamer, to a new and giant preserve far to the north, near Fort Smith, capital of the Northwest Territories. The Wainwright herd are descendants of a few buffalo left on the Flathead Reservation in Montana, sixty years ago. Michael Pablo, a Mexican, bought ten of the animals for \$2,500. The ten multiplied to 709. After vainly trying to sell the 709 to the American government, he made a deal with Canada. Somehow we wish that the United States, in which buffalo once ranged in countless millions from the Mexican border northwards, had taken a greater interest in preserving them.

Your Company Manners

IF we had lots of money, we'd send each *American Boy* reader a present. The present would be a new book, just issued by the Sears Publishing Company, New York. The author is Dr. William O. Stevens, head master of Cranbrook School. The title

of the book is "The Correct Thing," and it has to do entirely with your appearance and manners and behavior. Such things are important. They've been important ever since the cave man became a fossil and civilization began. Do you know, for instance, that there's a proper way of buttering bread? That there's a right way, and a wrong way, of acknowledging an introduction? That being a guest in someone's home imposes its own special brand of company manners? Since you're probably going to college, where you'll meet lots of new people, and since in any case the cave man isn't a popular animal, you'd better get yourself "The Correct Thing."

Our Foolish Notion

WHEN we were sixteen we suffered from a foolish notion. We carried it all through school, too, because our teachers somehow failed to make a dent in it. We thought—here's the foolish notion—we actually thought that the world we saw all around us was sound, workable and right. Our ideal in business, for example, was the go-getter. The go-getter never tried to change anything fundamental. He took things as he found them, and wagged his tail enthusiastically, and slapped people on the back, and trotted around exclaiming "Ain't life grand?" Sometimes, to be sure, he was a bit unscrupulous. Usually, however, in our admiration for him, we didn't call him that. The adjective we applied to him was "smart." Then, in his fifties, having accumulated a corpulent bank account and a couple of yachts and a home as big as the public library, the go-getter sat back with a self-satisfied smirk and let himself be interviewed for the success magazines.

More Foolish Notions We thought, in other words, that our system of government was perfect, that our social and industrial scheme of things was all that it should be, that our beloved United States had a corner on wisdom and justice and therefore was invariably right in all its disputes with other nations. To believe anything else, we felt, was not only unpatriotic, but downright wicked. It wasn't our job, we told ourselves complacently as we

pocketed our diploma, to ask questions or to criticize. The United States and its practices were gilt-edged, 100% pure, thoroughly okay, and checked and double-checked. Our job was to fit ourself to them—to conform. Our job was to make ourself, as quickly as possible, a carbon copy of the bland, immaculate, loud-voiced young men that we saw pouring out of office buildings at lunch time.

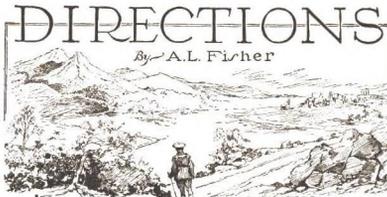
The Law Is Change If you are kidding yourselves with any such foolish notions, open the window and fire them out. Walk the streets of any big city for a week, with your eyes wide open. Not one-tenth of one per cent of what you'll see is really permanent. The fundamental law of the world and of the universe is CHANGE. Our ways of doing business are changing. Our government is changing. Our language is changing. Our customs are changing. Our ideas are changing. Even our physical bodies are changing, generation by generation, in response to the geographical characteristics of the section of the world we live in. Here, however, is a caution for you. Don't waltz out into the world condemning everything you see. That isn't nature's way, either, for nature chooses to work slowly. Be tolerant, and take your time. But when you're trying to do a job, and an age-old custom blocks your path, don't fall down on your knees and worship the custom. Look it over respectfully, but critically. Analyze it. You may be right. Just about everything you see about you is going to be changed, these next hundred years. You may be the one to do a chunk of the changing.

A Chance to Help Yourself

YOUTH WEEK begins April 28 and ends May 5. If you know what's good for you, you'll support it. Its job is to make adults realize that you and your friends are the nation's greatest assets, that it's up to them to pay more attention to you, if they want a better country. Talk with your parents, your school principal, any man or woman whom you know to be public-spirited. Tell them there's still time for your town to do its part in Youth Week. Tell them to write or wire the National Youth Week Committee for the United States, 211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, and ask for a Manual of Suggestions. The Manual will tell them just how to proceed. Don't put this off. Do something about it, today. Better schooling for you, better libraries for you, better jobs for you, are all tied up with Youth Week.

Get Ready Now!

WE continue to pester you about your future job. That isn't because we're short of ideas, and have to keep repeating ourself. It's because we feel that the forty *earning* years of your life are mighty important. Let us remind you again that the death rate, in these United States, is steadily decreasing. Men—the men who will be your competitors—are going to live longer and hold their jobs longer. The chance of your snagging a really important executive job before you're thirty-five is steadily decreasing. You're going to have to wait longer, to stay in a subordinate position a few more years. But there's a bright side to the picture, too. Statistics show that mechanical engineers—to pick one vocation—earn more and more up to the age of fifty-five. The best ten per cent continue to get raises up to the age of sixty. The poorest ten per cent, on the other hand, reach their earning peak at forty-five. Your best bet is to come as near the top ten per cent as you can. That means you must start up with more education, give yourself as varied an experience as possible, and through reading and study see that you never stop developing.



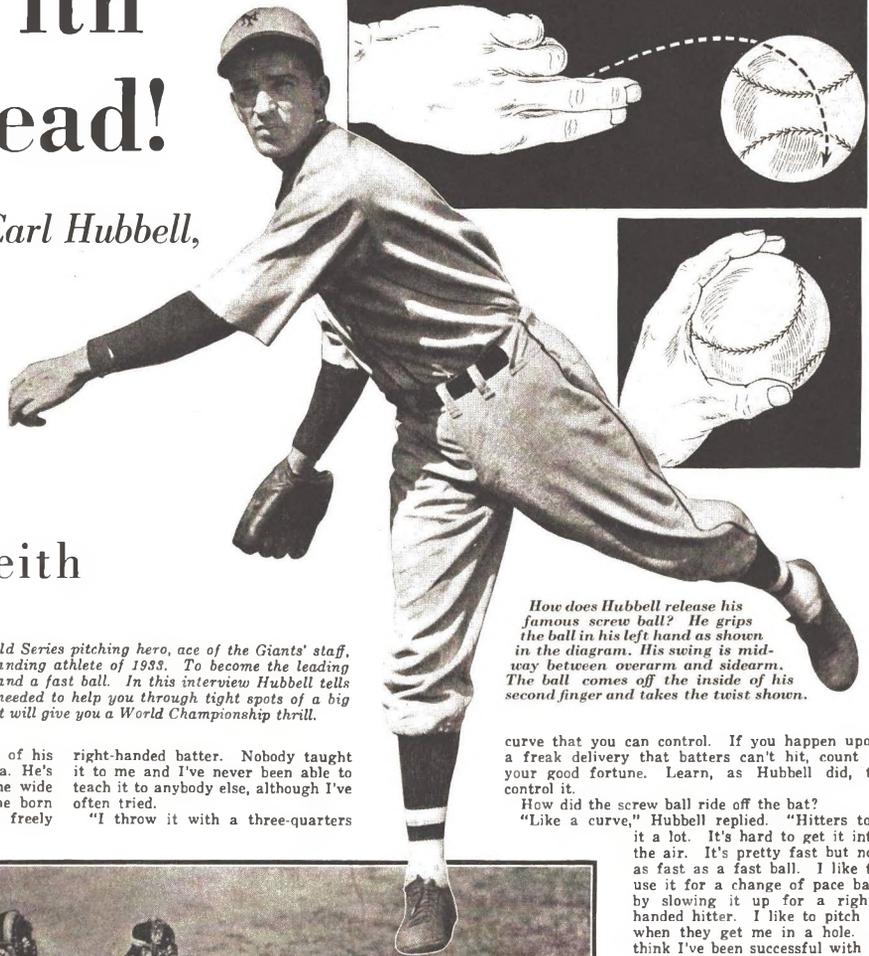
The path goes to the mountain,
 The road sets out for town,
 And you may choose the one you wish—
 The green one or the brown.

The road goes past a grocery,
 Past houses on a street;
 The path climbs up a valley
 Where there's not a soul to meet.

So go the way you choose to,
 The green way or the brown;
 I'll take the one my heart picks—
 And it's not the road to town!

Pitch With Your Head!

An Interview With Carl Hubbell,
Pitching Hero of
the 1933 World
Series
by
Harold Keith



How does Hubbell release his famous screw ball? He grips the ball in his left hand as shown in the diagram. His swing is midway between overarm and sidearm. The ball comes off the inside of his second finger and takes the twist shown.

SIT down and chat with Carl Hubbell, World Series pitching hero, ace of the Giants' staff. S voted by sports editors the world's outstanding athlete of 1933. To become the leading pitcher of 1933 required more than a curve and a fast ball. In this interview Hubbell tells you about the hairline control and headwork needed to help you through tight spots of a big game. His matter-of-fact way of telling it will give you a World Championship thrill.

THERE stood Carl Hubbell out in front of his plain two-story home in Meeker, Oklahoma. He's a tall chap with dark curly hair and the wide shoulders and exceedingly long fingers of the born pitcher. He's quiet and reserved, yet talks freely and frankly about baseball.

"Let's go up on the porch," he invited, and Jap Haskell, University of Oklahoma baseball coach, and I followed him. We'd driven over from Norman to find out how he threw his screw ball and also how he fooled the Washington hitters in the 1933 World Series.

Hubbell looked a little strange in civilian clothes. It was difficult to visualize him as the man who had held Washington, baseball champions of the American League, without an earned run all 20 innings he worked against them, led the National League in pitching with only 1.66 earned runs scored against him in each nine-inning game, set a new National League record of 46 consecutive scoreless innings, blanked the St. Louis club in an 18-inning game, pitched ten shutouts, and struck out 156 batsmen!

"Well," he began a little shyly, the baseball Jap handed him looking as small as a golf ball as he wrapped his long fingers around it, "my screw ball is really just a sidearm sinker that breaks down and out to a

right-handed batter. Nobody taught it to me and I've never been able to teach it to anybody else, although I've often tried.

"I throw it with a three-quarters

curve that you can control. If you happen upon a freak delivery that batters can't hit, count it your good fortune. Learn, as Hubbell did, to control it.

How did the screw ball ride off the bat?

"Like a curve," Hubbell replied. "Hitters top it a lot. It's hard to get it into the air. It's pretty fast but not as fast as a fast ball. I like to use it for a change of pace ball by slowing it up for a right-handed hitter. I like to pitch it when they get me in a hole. I think I've been successful with it because I've learned to control it and pitch it with the same motion as my other pitches."

You can visualize the bewilderment of a batter, expecting a fast ball, when he starts to swing and sees the ball break away from its path. Hubbell's pitching wouldn't be nearly so effective if batters knew when to expect his screw ball. Effectiveness depends upon deception as well as "stuff."

What about those first three strikeouts in the first World Series game? Hubbell had fanned the first three Washington hitters to face him in the first inning, a new World Series record. Each of the three was a dangerous left-handed batsman. They were Buddy Myer, formidable lead-off man, Goose Goslin, strapping veteran whose long hits had helped win the 1924 World Series for Washington,

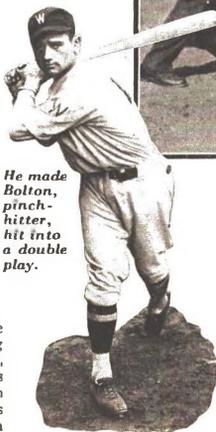
and Heinie Manush, second ranking hitter in the American League with an average of .336. Why had he decided to turn on the power and strike them out?

Hubbell grinned. "Well," he owned up, reluctantly, "I'd always said if I ever got in a World Series game, they were going to see all I had. We'd cinched the pennant two weeks earlier and Terry (Bill Terry, young manager of the New York Giants) had given his staff a rest. I'd pitched only once during the two weeks and felt great. So I cut loose."

Did it tire his arm? "Yes. I bore down a little too hard at first—more than I usually do. I hadn't (Continued on page 36)



Hubbell struck out Goslin with five pitches—three of them screw balls!



He made Bolton, pinch-hitter, hit into a double play.

motion, half sidearm and half overhand. When turning the ball loose I snap my wrist as for a curve, only in the opposite direction. The ball comes off the back side of my second finger."

In Hubbell's experience with the screw ball there's a good tip for beginners. He admits that the peculiar bend his pitch takes defies analysis and cannot successfully be taught. That's true of most freak deliveries, such as the fadeaway and slider. Those pitches are nothing more or less than curves, in which the individuality of the pitcher has given them an unusual bend.

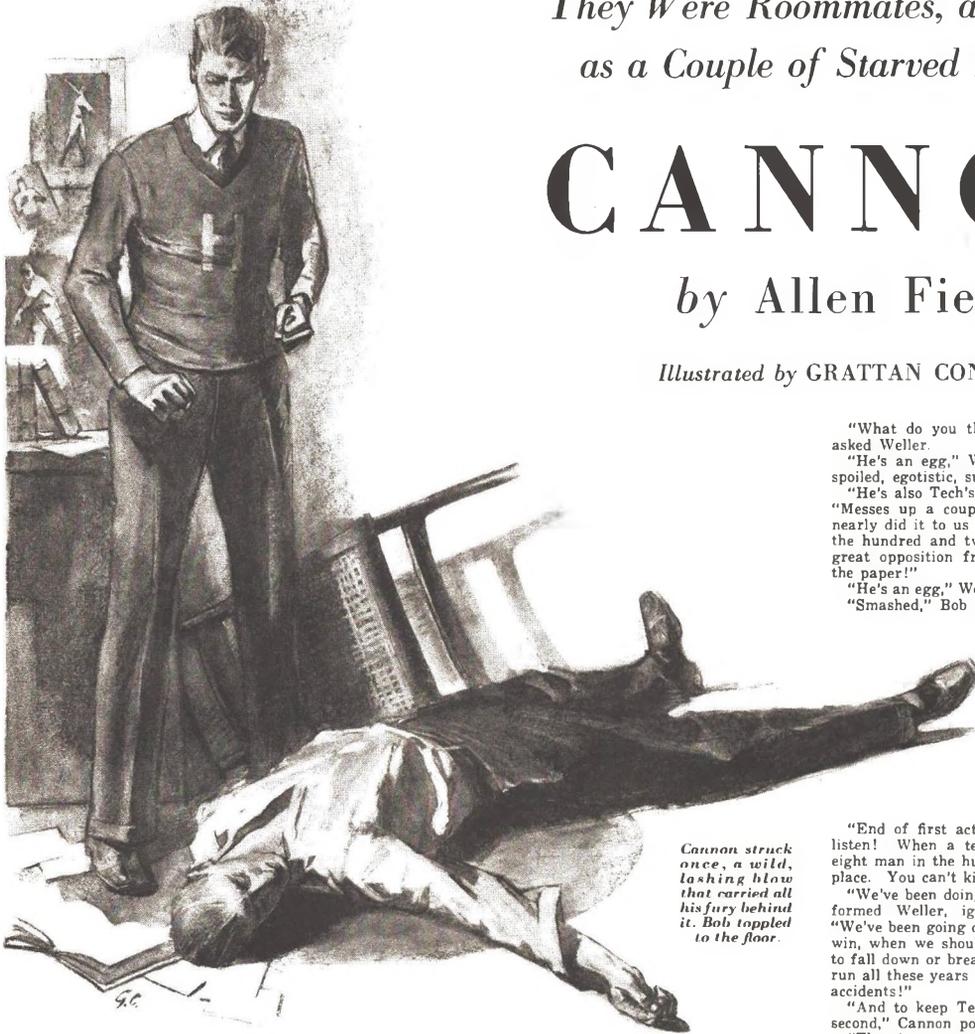
So don't try to imitate Mathewson's fadeaway or Hubbell's screw ball. Try to develop a dependable

*They Were Roommates, as Friendly
as a Couple of Starved Bobcats!*

CANNON

by Allen Field

Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON



Cannon struck once, a wild, lashing blow that carried all his fury behind it. Bob toppled to the floor.

JUST another bridge. In South America. A long way from the Hewlitt campus. They do not speak of the Hewlitt track team or the Big Six meet down there. But the people who use the bridge often speak of the two-word cablegram that stopped a revolution and let the bridge be built. And that dates back to Hewlitt.

In February of his senior year, Bob McDougal had lunch with his uncle in New York. There, Bob spoke earnestly of the fitness of his roommate to join him in the employ of the bridge building firm in which his uncle was an executive. The eyes of the older man rested calmly on his nephew as he listened. Bob had the square-jawed, tight-muscled face of a fighter and Duncan McDougal liked fighting faces.

"It's a good name," he admitted, when Bob paused. "Cannon. Angus Cannon, you say?"

Bob nodded. "He can run rings around me with figures," he stated enthusiastically. "He's just about head man in the engineering gang. Captain of the track team, too. He's decent right down to the core. And the most peaceable guy in seven states! Why—"

Bob paused at the look of disapproval that came over the older man's face.

"Peaceable," Duncan McDougal said softly. "That's not so good when you're building bridges in frontier countries."

Bob bit his lip. He knew that inadvertently he had said the wrong thing. His uncle wanted fighting men. Disappointed, Bob went back to Hewlitt.

"He's a cross-grained old kiltie," he reported to Angus Cannon in B8 of Stanwyck Hall. "We should

have started warming him up sooner. I suppose they're crowded and he thinks he's got to make a place for me. I—"

"That's all right, Bob," Cannon broke in heartily. "I understand. It'd be great if we could stick together, but I can see your uncle's side of it, too."

He stopped. It meant the ending of a bright dream for both of them—the dream of working together after graduation. Bob ran his hand up the close-cropped sandy hair on the back of his head.

"We're not licked yet," he said, and Cannon, the taller of the two, smiled. That was Bob. His unconquerable spirit had brought Hewlitt a football championship.

Track season came on. Soft spring days on which Cannon dug his spikes into the cinders and felt like a prancing colt. The Hewlitt squad stowed away two early meets and began pointing for the dual with her keenest rival, Lakewood Tech, when strife broke out in B8 of Stanwyck Hall. It came on an evening when the velvet dark air of the campus stirred the curtains at the open windows and Russ Weller, football end, had dropped in for a chat.

The fight started when Bob read a news story predicting victory for Tech in the hundred and twenty. Bennett, Tech's dash man, had been bad medicine to Hewlitt in three sports. As half on the football team he had almost licked Hewlitt single-handed, and as forward in basketball he had been unstoppable. Bob had suggested that Angie could gain a little revenge in the coming dual, and Angie had shaken his blond head. And then Russ Weller, football man, had dropped in.

"What do you think of this man Bennett?" Bob asked Weller.

"He's an egg," Weller replied promptly, "a badly spoiled, egotistic, superior egg."

"He's also Tech's greatest athlete," Bob continued. "Messes up a couple of football teams a year, and nearly did it to us this year. And when it comes to the hundred and two-twenty, he says he expects no great opposition from Hewlitt. It's right here, in the paper!"

"He's an egg," Weller repeated. "He ought to be—"

"Smashed," Bob concluded. "As I've been telling Angie, this track meet will be our last chance at him. Right out in the open, man to man, with no team for Bennett to hide behind, either! But—"

He stopped and shrugged. "What?"

"Angie," Bob growled, "won't even admit he can lick him!"

Cannon's good-looking face curved in a tolerant smile.

"End of first act," he said. "Very pretty. Now listen! When a ten-flat man goes against a nine-eight man in the hundred, he's a good bet for second place. You can't kid yourself around a stop watch!"

"We've been doing this rooting all wrong," Bob informed Weller, ignoring his roommate's remark. "We've been going out there and rooting for Angie to win, when we should have been rooting for Bennett to fall down or break a leg. Poor old Angie's had to run all these years just so he'd be in there in case of accidents!"

"And to keep Tech or somebody else from taking second," Cannon pointed out.

"There's a sport!" Bob scoffed. "We go out and yell our heads off on a proposition that's all cut and dried before the band begins to play!"

Angie got up from his chair.

"Oh, shut up, Bob!" he snapped in sudden irritation. "I'm tired of it."

He walked to the window and leaned out while a slow wink passed from Bob to Weller.

"I'm going to shut up," Bob announced, "but every day from now on I'm going to take you down and sit on you until you say you'll lick Bennett!"

Angie whirled in time to meet his roommate's rush, but it was only seconds before Bob was perched astride him on the floor.

"That's the way with you football heroes," Angie growled, rolling his eyes towards the grinning Weller.

"Beat your chests and sing your hymn of hate and then go out and beat Notre Dame!"

"Say it!" Bob gritted.

But Angie gave a tremendous flop and rolled his friend off. Bob let him go.

The morning before the meet with Tech, Bob appeared on the campus with an eye unmistakably blacked.

"He did it with his chin," he said in response to Weller's laugh. "But he's getting a swell disposition. Like a half-starved bobcat!"

Weller looked doubtful. "Better ease up, Bob," he



counseled. "This business of arousing the old fight is good, but you two will be working up a hate next. We're going to lick Tech, anyway."

"And Angie's going to lick Bennett!" Bob added grimly. He was remembering what his uncle said about men with fight.

Captain Angie Cannon, in the white, blue-trimmed uniform of the Hewlitt varsity, trotted up the track for the hundred. Over him rolled a yell from the Hewlitt crowd. Rooting for him to win! Why, he'd fight to win! He always had. They didn't understand. You couldn't lick Old King Stop Watch.

"Hello, Charlie." Angie said to his rival who was already waiting at the mark.

Bennett was always grouchy on the mark. He acknowledged Angie's greeting with a bare nod of his head, without even taking his eyes off his lane. As Angie dug his holes he glimpsed Bob humped down by the track a few yards out from the start, and a wave of resentment swept over him. Picture Bob, getting romantic with "fight" talk! The baboon!

The crack of the gun launched the line of sprinters forward like arrows from a single bow. Yet Bennett at once grabbed the same two-yard lead he always had.

Angie fought. By inches he gained, while the yards flew under flying spikes like a torrent. They plunged, almost abreast, past the knot of officials about the finish posts, but Bennett carried the tape away. Angie caught the blue sweat suit Russ Weller tossed him.

"Tough luck," Weller said.

Angie gave him a quick, angry glance. For an instant he wanted to shout at Weller. There was no luck about it! A fellow just ran his race. Bennett started faster. Some fellows did and some didn't, that was all.

Later, in the twenty, Cannon brought Hewlitt rooters to their feet with a wild yell of hope. But it was no more than that, for Bennett won again.

Angie raged inwardly. He had made Bob McDougal no promises, but he HAD promised himself that in the longer dash he would beat his Tech rival. As usual, Old King Stop Watch rose up to blast his hopes. In the dressing room Angie decided that there was nothing he hated quite so much as track.

Hewlitt came off with the meet, but Tech had uncovered some new talent in two or three events and the score had been close. The crowd that walked away from the field was revising its estimate of the Blue and White point total in the Big Six Meet at the end of the season.

In B8 peace endured until the following Monday evening. "Look here," Bob said then. "I've figured the dope on how to beat this stop watch business and Bennett to boot. It's perfectly simple."

"It probably is," Angie agreed, a sudden glare leaping into his eyes.

"You run faster

than Bennett," Bob stated as a major premise, but Cannon's angry snort cut him off.

"Wonderful!"

"Say," Bob growled, "will you take this sitting up or on the floor?"

"Go ahead. I'm a fellow who likes to know the worst!"

"All right, then. Say a fellow takes forty-four strides for the hundred in ten flat. All an ostrich like you has to do is to learn to take forty-FIVE strides in ten flat to do the hundred in 9:77 and lick Bennett!"

In a room two doors away Russ Weller pulled his head out of a book.

"Well," he grinned at his roommate, "they're at it again!"

The following Saturday brought Hewlitt's final home meet.

"You really must come down to the field this afternoon, McDougal," Angie told Bob suavely that morning. "You see, old chap," he went on brightly, "it marks the end of an epoch."

Bob failed to "rise" to the bait.

"All ancient, outworn ideas of the hundred go into the ash can," Angie gushed on with supreme sarcasm.



"I've merely learned to take sixty fifteen-foot strides in ten flat, so I'm bound to cover the hundred in approximately six seconds! It's perfectly simple! Really!"

Bob drew in a deep breath.

"Thanks," he said, fixing his eyes on Angie, "but I'm bumming over to Fairfield for the Tech-Varnell meet. There's a man named Bennett over there who's really worth watching."

"Sorry," Angie murmured icily. "I hope you walk both ways."

"Rather walk myself than watch you do it!"

Cannon stared angrily at the closed door.

Over Sunday Bob seemed in the best of humor. He said nothing about track, showed no particular interest in the battle Hewlitt had waged and won over Berkeley, and failed to comment on the fact that Angie had cracked ten flat for the second time in his career. But on Monday the fight was on again.

"Angie, ol' hoss," Bob began genially, "I've got it this time. No foolin'."

Cannon raised eyes that were beginning to smolder. "I'm all ears," he said. "They've grown long and furry listening to you."

"Bennett," Bob stated with emphasis, "is beating you on the start."

Angie leaped from his chair and whanged a book on the floor.

"A garbage collector in Hoboken told me that two years ago!" he yelled. "How'd you like to leave the coaching of the track team to Brown?"

Bob got up slowly. "Brown can snap you out of it in football," he said in a cool, even tone, "but in track he just has to do the best he can. You've both agreed Bennett can lick you. I've learned something new. I've found out that a guy named Cannon needs to learn how to spell 'fight' in capital letters!"

For a moment silence held thick and heavy in B8.

"Bob," Angie panted, "this has gone beyond a joke!"

"You said it!"

They charged. Cannon struck once, a wild, lashing blow that carried all the fury of a pent-up beast behind it. It landed flush on the jaw. Bob snapped upright and then toppled to the floor. Angie stared down at him. Then he dropped to his knees.

"Bob! Gosh, Bob!" he wailed. "I—I didn't mean it, old man!"

He dashed across the hall and returned with a dripping towel from the washroom. Bob sat up and rubbed his hands down his thighs.

"Time out," he muttered thickly. He shoved his hands into his hair and gave his

(Cont. on page 35)



Captain Angie saw red. A force bigger than himself swallowed him up, gave focus and drive to his being.

Keeper of the Refuge

*Dark Hours Ahead
for Red Clarke
and the Ten Cent
River Country!*

by

Harold Titus



Red leaned against the door casing, his eyes very sober. "So you thought I knew," he said quietly.

The Preceding Chapters

WHEN Red Clarke headed up into the northern forest country, he wasn't looking for trouble; he wanted a job. He found both.

Because Red could send a tractor roaring through impossible places, "Tip-Top" Topping, keeper of the Ojibway State Game Refuge and head of fire fighting, took him on as a tractor driver. Circumstances soon made Red a detective!

The forest refuge was threatened by the shrewd, ruthless planning of Lannin, influential land dealer and banker of Tincup. If Lannin could buy up all the land west and south of the refuge—land badly needed for the refuge work—he could sell it to rich sportsmen and make a fortune. Commissioned by the state to buy the land, he bought it and then coolly held it for himself. He had all but old Herbert Bush's holdings, and he meant to get those.

Red arrived at the refuge on the day Lannin had ordered a clumsy young helper, Baxter, to start a forest fire on Herbert Bush's land to scare the old fellow into selling. Red saw Baxter running away after setting the fire, and he picked up the rubber heel Baxter lost as he ran.

"We've got Baxter now, and we'll get Lannin!" Topping exulted to Red.

But in the night a shadowy figure stole into the room at the refuge headquarters where Topping and Red slept. When it stole out again, the rubber heel, the needed evidence, was gone!

Red reluctantly suspected Cliff, the lame young cook. But it was hard to believe that the boy would turn traitor to Topping, who had befriended Cliff when he had been jailed on an unjust charge. Neither Red nor Topping wanted to believe that Cliff took the heel, and they had no way of proving that he did.

If only old Herbert Bush would sell to the state! But he was afraid.

Hubert Bush, Herbert's twin, a trapper, wouldn't have been so much afraid, Red felt. An idea occurred to him. Hubert had great influence over Herbert, and the old trapper had taken a liking to Red. The boy would win Hubert's trust and get him to handle Herbert.

The plan got off to a glorious start. Red went trapping with Hubert, and everything was fine. Then

Hubert was laid up with a cut hand and Red, trapping alone, caught the famous wolf Two-toes that Hubert had worked for months to catch. Sick with disappointment and fury, the old trapper ordered Red away from his cabin—and that plan for defeating Lannin had crashed!

Worse still, Lannin was now keeping a vicious watch on the red-headed young newcomer. The boy was an active threat to his plans.

Perhaps that was why Red got a mysterious telephone call one day when he had driven to Tincup for some groceries. Red thought the call was from Pete Swanson, Topping's trusted lieutenant. Certainly the voice and words sounded like Pete's curious English.

"Tip-Top says stop by ol' Camp Sefen and get a fawn some warten lef' in das ol' barn, Ret. Bring him on home."

"All right," Red sent back—he liked rescuing orphaned fawns. "I'll get him."

It never occurred to Red that the voice might not be Pete's.

Chapter Eight

CAMP SEVEN lay still in the breathless heat as Red drove the car into the clearing, got out, and walked directly to the old barn.

The door, he saw, opened inward. Now it was closed but not fastened; the weight of its sagging frame kept it shut, Red reasoned absently. He stood outside a moment listening to a snuffling within. Then, cautiously opening the door a few inches, he slipped inside, and the heavy door at once swung shut behind him.

In the dark, his eyes were at first useless; so he had no idea that he had entered a box stall that had once been a hospital for sick horses. There were no windows, but chinking had fallen from between the logs, and the light that filtered through these slits permitted him after a moment to see movement in the far corner. There was his fawn.

"Come along, baby!" he coaxed. "Nobody's going to hurt you."

He moved slowly forward and stooped over, arms outspread to catch the shy prisoner.

The stamp of a hoof arrested him; an alarmed snort made him straighten. He stood staring as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

"Sa-ay!" he gasped under his breath, and commenced to back cautiously.

That was no fawn! It was a grown deer, angry and terrified. A bad actor, a deer like that, Pete Swanson had said. Better get out of here fast!

But on his next step backward the deer charged, head down, with a terrific rush. Red threw himself sideways—but not in time.

Something struck his hip, and spun him about! He threw out a hand in a futile attempt at defense, and it closed on the velvety nubbins that would eventually be proud antlers. Clinging desperately, he got his other hand on the sprouting horns and tried to hold the deer's head down and at the same time avoid those savagely lashing front hoofs.

The buck half lifted him, flung him from side to side, shook and slammed him against the wall. Then a twist of the animal's head tore loose his grip! He whirled to run, but the deer reared, striking viciously with his forefeet. A hoof grazed Red's shoulder and he went down. No use trying to reach the door! Across the stall was a manger, and he rolled and scrambled for that frail refuge.

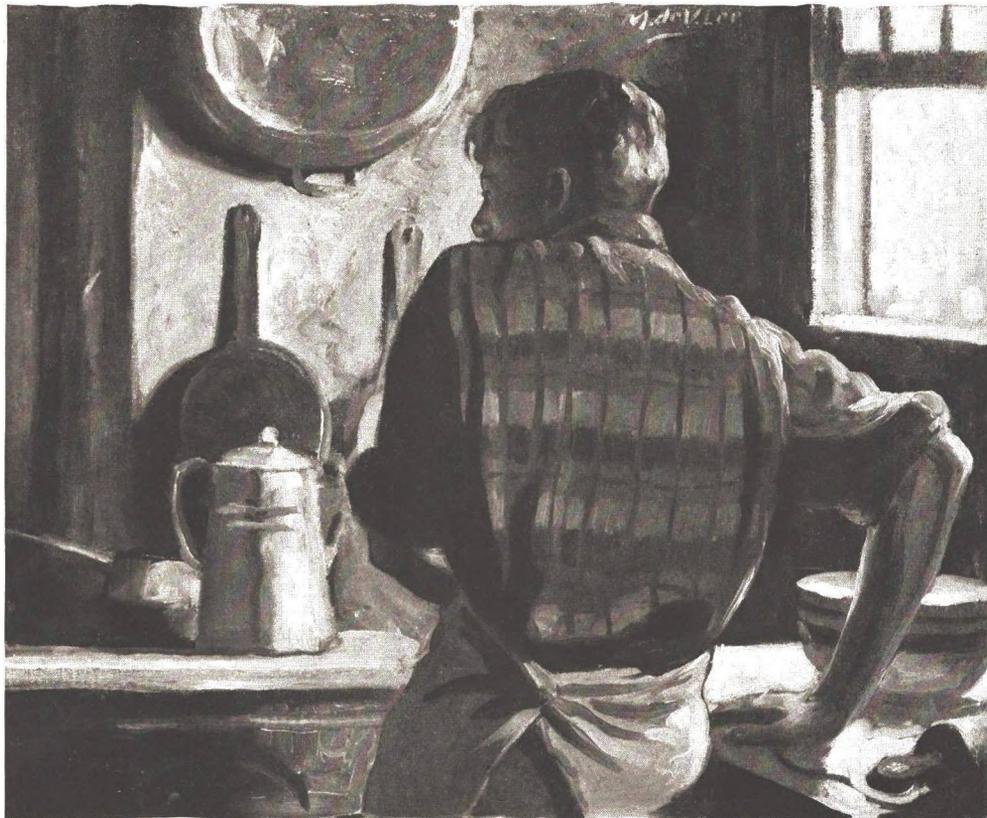
As he threw himself along, the crazed buck began battering at him again, snorting and grunting as he stamped. A hoof grazed Red's ankle; another caught the tip of a finger. He rolled over again, and again, gasping. Once more and he'd be under the manger! But just as he made a final terrific effort, a frantic forefoot drove into his thigh in a blow that seemed to rip and rake the flesh wide open.

His scream died in his throat, stifled by agony. Things went black. He had never before experienced such pain. It made him deathly sick. But he was under the manger, temporarily safe.

No telling, though, how long his shelter would last. The buck was attacking it, stamping, bashing, trying to batter it down and be at him.

Dust filled Red's eyes and throat, and the racket of splintering wood filled his ears. He lay there gasping, feeling that it was all over. Then the place became oddly quiet, and as the fog of pain and panic lifted a little he realized that the deer after backing away, gapping and grunting, now stood waiting.

Illustrated by MANNING deV. LEE



"Of course you knew!" Cliff shrieked. "Why didn't you tell? Can't you answer? Why didn't you tell him?"

"All ready to sock me again," Red reflected limply. "Must have come in to get at that salt block Tip was talking about. Got shut in, and then I scared him. This is a nice mess."

The door was on the far side. With a numb shoulder and a torturing leg, what chance had he of making it? None! Yet he had to get out and in a hurry! His ripped breeches leg was soaked with blood, and he could feel his strength ebbing.

He groped along the wall and found the sill log partly gone from dry rot. He worked his fingers in the earth below it; the stuff came away like powder and light broke through.

If he only had something to dig with! Reaching upward, he grasped the end of a splintered board in the manger bottom and pulled. The nails shrieked, and instantly the buck came charging. He crashed into the manger, frantic to be at this enemy who had escaped and was now again moving.

Red lay still a moment. The deer backed off again, pawing and snorting. Again the boy wrenched at the board and it came loose. The animal stamped threateningly but did not charge; so Red commenced to dig, slowly and awkwardly.

He couldn't turn to lie on his side; there wasn't room enough. He had to lie flat on his back and work the stick across his breast. First he jabbed at the earth beneath the sill to loosen it. Then, painfully, he shoved the dirt on through.

He worked desperately, stopping now and then to rest and fight down a constantly rising nausea. His tongue swelled and his throat grew bone dry. He drove himself on through engulfing waves of blackness. It was a grim race against faintness now. If he failed to clear a space through which he could crawl, he would probably die there.

Jab of the broken board. Shove of the hands. Rest. Grit of teeth against pain and weakness. Scrape. Shove. An age of pain; an eternity of effort.

The broken board struck a stone. He sobbed as he fought to move it. At last, almost exhausted, he shoved it through the hole and, with spots dancing before his eyes, started to lie back and rest again. But then he realized that now perhaps the opening was large enough, and began painfully to work himself about—he'd try to shove his head through. If he failed. . . .

But his head went through, and his shoulders too. He lay there, cheek pressed against the dry earth, breath wheezing. It would be good to lie so, to let himself drift—but it wouldn't do! He was only half safe even now.

Moaning, wriggling, clawing, he got his back and hips under, rolled over—and at last was through. Getting to his feet was a task, but at last he stood weakly clinging to the logs and breathing through his open mouth. Looking dully down at his right leg, he saw that the whole length of his pac was deeply stained with his own blood.

He was out of the worst of the mess, but plenty remained to be done. He needed help in a hurry! How was he going to get it? The car stood in the clearing but he knew he never could drive.

Few traveled this lonely road. If he sagged into unconsciousness, he might lie here for hours. For days, or longer. . . .

He recalled what Topping and Pete and Hubert had told him about emergencies in big country. Three shots or three smokes were the woods signals of distress—any woodsman who caught them would come running. Suddenly he laughed crazily. Three smokes? Just one would be enough, with those men watching intently in their towers, bent on catching the first sign of any forest fire! He didn't need three smokes; just one would bring help.

The gentle breeze waved the lush grass of the clearing. The buildings swayed drunkenly before his foolish eyes. There was the men's shanty, the cook camp, the blacksmith shop—

That was it! The blacksmith shop, standing apart from the others, with rods of green grass between it and the fringe of second growth. . . .

He fell three times as he staggered toward the old building and finally covered the last few yards at a laborious crawl. Dead grass and leaves were matted against the sill. He got out the bottle of matches Topping had cautioned him always to carry.

The first match broke; the second scorched only his fingers. He put two together and scratched them and held the twin flares close to the leaves against the lowest logs. Flame licked up at pitch-encrusted knots; heat bathed his face; he crawled away as fast and as far as he could—crawled with the last of his strength and when he could move no more sank on

his face in the long grass and lay there, a still, flat figure, while behind him flame snapped and roared in the seasoned pine timbers. . . .

The man in the Tincup tower turned from scanning the eastern horizon and caught his breath, and then snatched up his field glasses. In another moment he was behind his map board, swinging the alidade and taking a sight on this column of smoke to determine the exact compass bearing. He called his district headquarters in town and the clerk there called the refuge tower, where the lookout was just taking his reading on the smudge. The intersection of lines projected from these tower locations in accordance with the readings taken marked the spot from which smoke rolled upward.

So a truck rolled outward, with a warden at the wheel and three helpers along. They burned up the road westward and swung off to the north.



"One of the old Camp Seven shanties!" a man said. "Yeah. Blacksmith shop," the warden growled as they came into the clearing. "Nothing else burning. Now who could've set—look there! What's that? In the grass yonder!" . . .

For a time after Red had crawled away from the burning building, things were just a blank for him. Then periods of half consciousness alternated with more blanks. He thought that he saw Cliff standing in a doorway, staring at him with horror. He thought somebody was being addressed as "Doc." Strange. He gave up. He slept. . . .

Then he was fully awake and twilight was coming through the windows, the smell of antiseptic was strong, and Topping was arguing in low tones with Hubert Bush, just outside.

"But he couldn't understand! It'd do you no good, Hubert! He only half came to when the doctor was dressing his leg. If you ask him a question, he just mumbles."

"By crickets, I got to tell him! The boys say he's like to die, and I got to tell him I ain't provoked. Was. When he ketched Two-toes I gits provoked. Fer a little while. If he's goin' to die, that's different. Don't want him a-dyin' thinkin' I'm provoked!"

"But you can't—"
"Don't worry, Mr. Bush." Red's faint voice held a chuckle. "I'm too tough to—kill off—easy."

In three strides Topping was over by the bed, and the next moment Hubert was peering over his shoulder. Behind them, Cliff stood in the doorway, his face strained and anxious.

"How do you feel, Red?" Topping asked. "Not so hot," Red admitted weakly. "But I'm feeling. That's—something."

"Jemima, I'll say it is! Doc said you'd come round all right, but you sure took your time about it, young fellow." Topping heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Kind of remember the doctor. Ah-h! Ouch!"—as he tried to move. "My leg!"

"I'll bet it hurts! It's ripped up pretty deep. What in tunket happened, Red? All we know is that the boys found you."

"Well," Red began, and was relieved to find his voice steadier, "mostly, your fawn turned out to be some fawn's great granddaddy and didn't want me to bring him home."

"Fawn? My fawn? What are you driving at?" "Pete telephoned me that you wanted me to stop at Camp Seven and pick up a fawn somebody'd left in the old barn—"

"Pete phoned that? Why, I never said any such thing! And Pete's been out on the job all day. He wasn't anywhere near a telephone. Why, somebody's either crazy or—"

They stared at each other for a moment.

Then Red said: "Or smarter than we've thought they were. I should have suspected. We shouldn't take a chance on anything, I guess!"

Then, as his head cleared, he gave Topping more detail, while Hubert and Cliff listened eagerly.

When he had finished, Topping said grimly: "That was a sweet little plan. They might have murdered you!"

In the doorway, Cliff turned abruptly and limped for his kitchen. Red's eyes followed him.

"By crickets, you're a-speakin' riddles!" Hubert declared. "Somebody wants to get you all ripped to pieces! Why? And who'd do such a thing? Who's after you?"

"I couldn't swear to them, Mr. Bush. I could make a good guess, though."

"By crickets, guess then! And leave me at 'em! Tryin' to get you kilt by a trapped deer! You, the best prospect fer a wolf trapper that's ever come into this county! Show me to 'em, young feller Red, and I'll make 'em think a wild cat's got his claws into their hides!"

Red stirred beneath the covers. Now was the time! "That's fine, Mr. Bush!" he said. "That's great. We need a lot of help and you're the only one who can furnish it."

"Me? How come that?"

"Because you're the only man who can influence your brother."

"Herbert? What's he got to do with this? What's Herbert got to do with rippin' a young feller to ribbons?"

"They ripped me to ribbons because they want to rip this refuge to ribbons. If you could persuade Herbert to sell his lands to the state, these crooks would be licked once and for all!"

The old trapper's fingers began to rummage in his beard. "Don't dast! He got a warnin'!"

"I know. And he's so uneasy he won't even talk to Mr. Topping. But I think we can promise this: If Herbert will sell to the state we'll haul his poles

and ties out from Ten Cent Lake to a place where they'll be safe. We'll do that without charge, won't we, Tip? See, Mr. Bush? Your brother's property wouldn't be in danger, the state would have the land it needs, and the reason for all this trouble would be removed."

"Dunno. Dunno. Got a warnin'. Don't like to meddle, us Bushes. Always minds our own business."

Red got himself up on an elbow. "But *this* is your



"Well, I can't. I can't, I tell you!"

business! Refuges like this provide the only chance we've got to keep a supply of the wild things you love for all the people. Herbert has the land the state must have for this project, and you're the one man who can influence him!"

Hubert Bush shook his head again, but he smiled faintly. "Appealin' to me, eh? Never been appealed to afore. Mostly been made fun of. Pleasant, bein' appealed to. But I dunno. I dunno."

Red, exhausted, lay back limply, but his eyes sought Topping's and urged the keeper to carry on the struggle.

Topping, feeling that Red's influence with the old trapper was greater than his own, had kept silent. But his mind had been busy assembling arguments that might move Hubert, and now he brought them out.

"Hubert," he said quietly, "these shysters who are trying to upset things are two-legged wolves. They're smart and they're savage, just like old Two-toes. They can ruin this refuge plan just as Two-toes could have ruined the deer herd. You tackled a tough job when you set out to get Two-toes and save the deer. But you did it! Red here happened to bring him in, but who taught Red how to make a set? You did! Who taught him about the habits of wolves? You did! Without you Two-toes would be running and killing yet. Now, won't you come to the rescue again? Won't you turn in and help us get rid of this pack of two-legged wolves?"

"By crickets!" the little trapper ejaculated, frowning thoughtfully. "You're a good arguer, Mr. Tip-Top Topping. Two-legged wolves, eh? Guess they are. Look at what they did to this young feller! I'd like to get 'em just for that. Pleasant, too, bein' appealed to. But I dunno. I dunno. After that warnin'—" he drew a long, troubled breath—"after that warnin', I don't see how we dast mix in. No, sir."

For a few moments Red had hoped. Topping had said just the right things, and Hubert had obviously been almost won over. But that ominous warning had made a deep impression on the wary little man. He wouldn't buck it. Heavy-hearted once more, Red twisted restlessly—and a gasp of pain escaped him.

Hubert looked at him, and abruptly spoke again. "We'll think about it," he announced. "Can't do nothing sudden, but we'll think about it and I'll tell Herbert what them two-legged wolves did to the young feller here. The murderin' varmints!" Then, still muttering and fuming, he took himself off.

Red and Topping smiled rather grimly at each other.

"You put up a great talk," said Red, "but I'm afraid it isn't going to get us anywhere."

"Maybe not," growled Topping. "But if old Hubert gets a little madder about the way you're ripped up, he may forget his scare. Anyhow, he's promised to talk things over with Herbert. Here—you take this tablet Doc left for you and go to sleep."

And Red did.

The next morning Topping and Pete drove back to Camp Seven and freed the half starved, thirst-tortured deer.

They found evidence which indicated clearly that the happening of the day before had been deliberately planned. A crude trigger had been arranged on the door so it would swing shut when sprung. Perhaps several lesser deer had been trapped and released. When the old buck had been caught—why, then another trap had been set and on Red's first trip to town it had been sprung.

"But Lannin and Baxter are sharp!" Topping growled to Red. "They planned to get you out of the way all right, and yet we can't prove a thing."

"Probably not," Red agreed.

He lay frowning, thinking. Lannin, furious at a mere boy's interference with his plans, had set out to get him. But Lannin would doubtless try to get Tip Topping too if he saw a way to do it. Red voiced a growing wonder:

"Tip, why is Lannin taking such long chances?"

"He's desperate," Topping said briefly, and added, after a pause: "I saw him in town last week, and his eyes looked like a crazy man's. My guess is that he's been using bank money in his private deals and is scared the bank examiners will drop down on him before he can put through these land sales and replace the money. Red, I can't forget Lannin's eyes! I don't like this fight—and I wish you were a thousand miles from here!"

"I don't," said Red.

Chapter Nine

DOWN between blankets but still working! That was Red. Before the week was past, he was out of pain and raring to go. Topping found things to occupy him, letters to answer, reports to make out, and a general miscellany of office work.

"Makes me feel important!" Red grinned, and added longingly: "Suppose I could ever work up to be keeper of a refuge like this?"

"Why not?" asked Topping in his crustiest tone. Technical men came in while Red was still in bed—three young fellows rather fresh from their universities, tanned and smart and wholly alive to life.

One was studying soils against that time when the state, if it went ahead with the local plans, could reforest some of the burned-over areas with types of trees that would furnish food and shelter for game, beauty for vacationists and, eventually, a timber supply.

The other two were investigating the effect of beaver on trout streams in an attempt to determine what creeks might make better fishing waters if beaver were introduced and what ones might be better off if the fur bearers were removed. Red's forehead wrinkled when they talked to him of natural fish food in terms of grams per square foot of such and such a type of bottom, of the nitrogen content of a cubic foot of water under varying conditions of temperature, and the amount of the element demanded by a given number of fish.

"You know," he said to Topping, "these fellows sound like a gang of doctors diagnosing cases!"

"That's the idea," replied the keeper. "The microscope's as important as the power pumper in conservation problems, and a scientific education's a lot more valuable than a strong back."

So passed long summer days while Red's leg healed and his strength was revived.

But one job that he had undertaken he kept to himself. Better, he thought, not to worry Topping with it. He began it on the morning after his encounter with the buck when Cliff appeared in the doorway after the crew had gone out.

"How do you feel, Red?" he asked awkwardly. He looked tired and worried.

"Swell! Leg hurts a little but not too much."

"That's good! Well—guess I'll get back to the job." He turned away.

"Oh, Cliff!"

"Yes? What is it?" The lame boy came back, eager to be of use. But when Red said nothing, just looked at him in grave questioning, Cliff's eyes dropped and color surged up in his thin face. He maintained a tight-lipped silence, however.

"My mistake," Red said after a moment or two. "Thought you had something to say to me."

Cliff did not look into the room again for two days. In the afternoon of the second day, the telephone rang and Red heard Cliff answer:

"Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Well, I can't. . . . You know. . . . Yes. . . . I can't, I tell you!"—and with that he slammed up the receiver and limped hastily back into the kitchen.

Red lay still, his face very thoughtful. There had been terror in Cliff's voice.

The next day as Red sorted the mail he found a letter for Cliff.

"Oh, Cliff!" he called. And as the lame boy reluctantly appeared in the doorway, he added: "Letter for you."

But when Cliff would have taken the letter, Red hung on to one corner of it.

"Anything to say to me?" he asked.

"Why—no. What would I have to say to you?"

"I didn't know. Just wondered." Red turned back to the mail again.

Two days later another telephone call came for Cliff and again Red listened to Cliff's jerky, evasive answers.

Still later, out of bed for the first time, Red dragged himself out through the dining room. He saw the lame boy watching him from the kitchen and stopped.

"What was that, Cliff?"

"What was what?"—almost savagely.

"Oh, I thought you started to say something to me."

Cliff dropped a pan with a great clatter and turned away, a grim glint in his eye.

Two or three evenings a week Herbert Bush piloted his rattling ruin of a car into camp and, accordion under his arm, scurried into Hubert's cabin and for an hour or more sounds of that incredibly terrible music would continue.

The trapper had not been in to see Red again, nor had he asked how he was.

"That's like him," Topping commented. "And it's like him to say nothing about how he's making it with Herbert until he has something to tell that counts."

"Tough to wait! But I suppose there's no use in trying to rush them."

"Not a bit," growled Topping. "But I'm getting danged uneasy!"

So was Red. And so was Cliff! Red, a light sleeper, heard Cliff up and around at all hours, and knew that he sometimes slipped outside and was gone for some time.

"Anything to say to me, Cliff?" Red would ask casually the next day.

"No!" the lame boy would answer with suppressed vehemence.

And then finally—the explosion!

Red, needing wrapping paper for a bundle of bulky reports, went out to the kitchen for it. He was wearing moccasins and made no sound until he spoke to the lame boy, who was rolling out pie crust with his back toward the door.

"Cliff, have you got any—"

"No!" Cliff screamed, dropping his rolling pin and whirling fiercely on Red. "No, no! I've got nothing to say! Nothing, I tell you!"

Surprised, Red tried to speak, but Cliff plunged on, shaking all over as he flung out savage questions:

"What do you always want to know *that* for? Think I'm goin' to tell? When you know it already, think I'm goin' to tell? Trying to drive me nutty, asking me over and over?"

Sweat had pricked out on

his forehead and sounds like stifed sobs mingled with his suddenly hoarse breathing.

Red leaned against the door casing, his eyes very sober. "So you thought I knew, did you?" he asked quietly.

"Of course you knew!" Cliff shrieked. "Why didn't you tell Topping? Why didn't you tell him and let him send me back to jail? Can't you answer? Why didn't you tell him?"

"Easy," said Red. "Better calm down. I didn't tell Tip because I wasn't sure—until now. It wasn't a thing you can prove easily. So I waited."

"Waited!" Cliff panted. "Yes, you waited—and wore me down!" He glared at Red. Then, suddenly his shoulders slumped, and he drew a convulsive breath. After a moment he spoke again, more quietly:

"I don't blame you. I had it coming. I—I didn't have the guts to tell you. I wanted to but—I didn't dare!"

"It's all so then, isn't it? What I've suspected? That you've been tipping off what went on here?"

"Yes."
"You've double-crossed Tip from the beginning!"

A sort of fury flared up in Red's eyes. "You're a fine specimen!" he blazed.

Cliff stared back stonily for an instant. Then his mouth began to work.

"Don't I know it?" he choked. "Tip Topping's the best friend I've ever had—and I've double-crossed him because I didn't have the guts to go to jail."

At the bitter misery in his voice, Red softened. Who was he, anyway, to set himself up as a judge of this other boy? His job was to draw forth Cliff's whole story so they could get at the bottom of things.

"What do you mean, Cliff, about jail?" he asked, and now his voice was friendly and steady. "I know you're on probation, of course, but they can't dump you back in jail without good reason."

"Lannin could," Cliff said flatly. "Don't you know yourself now how far he'll go to get what he wants? I knew before! I know Lannin. And when he sent Baxter to say that if I didn't report important things that went on out here I'd be in trouble, I knew I'd got to do it or he'd frame me. So I knuckled under. I thought I'd go crazy if they locked me up again. Shut in—shut in—bars and locks and cells! I can't stand it! I can't stand it!" His voice rose almost to a scream again.

"Easy," Red said once more. "Easy, Cliff."

The lame boy gripped the back of a chair, struggling for self-control. After a little he spoke again, jerkily.

"That's batty, saying I couldn't stand it. You can stand anything if you have to. I should have taken it on the chin—instead of letting Tip down. But I caved in. Baxter showed up that night you got here, and I gave in then and told him about that heel, and took it and carried it out to him. When you took to watchin' the tractor, I signaled to Baxter every night with a lamp. I told Lannin about your plan to get old Hubert on your side by makin' friends with him. I thought it was goofy, but it scared Lannin—he saw the possibilities as you did. That's the reason he planned to get you."

"And he nearly did!" Red thrust in.

Cliff winced. "Red, I didn't know what they were planning. I never guessed. They kept asking me when you'd be in town, but I didn't dream—"

He broke off, his hunted eyes imploring Red to believe him.

"I understand," Red nodded. "Well—"

"Well—go ahead and tell. Jail won't be any worse than these last weeks have been. Go ahead and tell Tip so he can fire me back where I belong."

"I'm not going to tell Tip, Cliff."

"What?" Hope gleamed for an instant in the lame boy's face; then it died away. "But you'll have to tell him!"

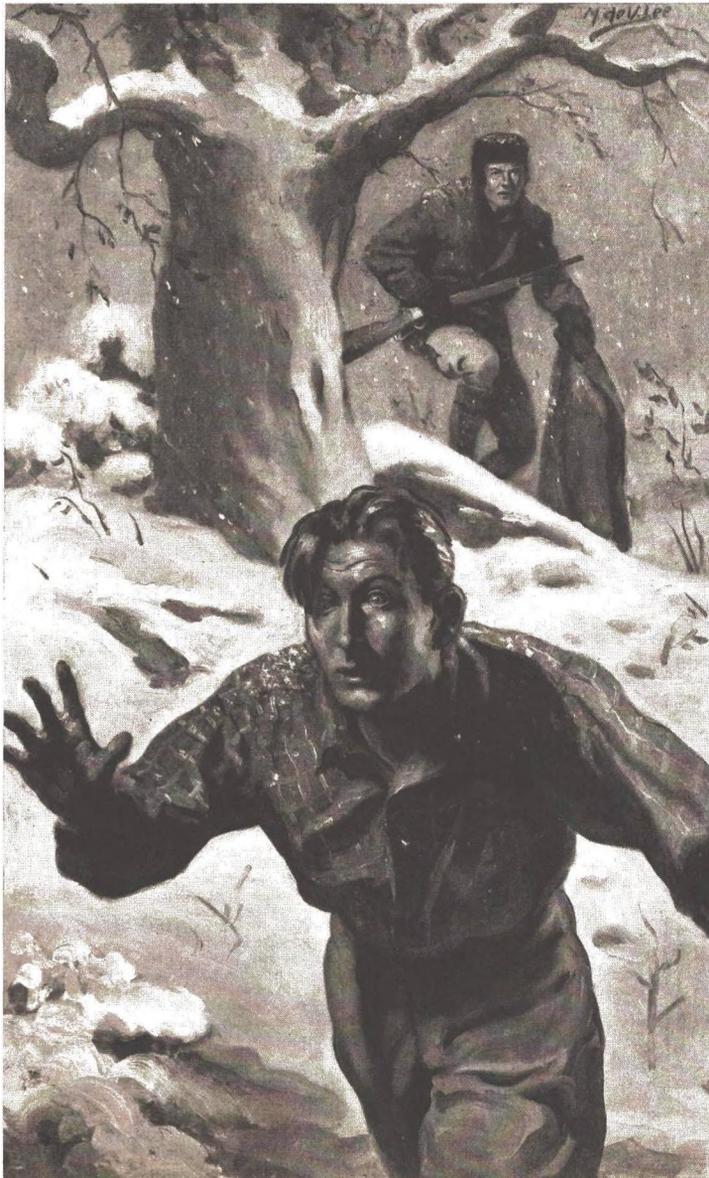
"No, I won't. You're going to do it."

"I can't! I'll take what's coming to me, but I can't tell Tip. I can't!"

"You've got to. It's the only decent thing to do. Tip must have half guessed that you were the leak, but he's hated to let himself believe it. He's been dead set on giving you a chance. He's backed you to the limit. The least you can do now is to tell him yourself you've let him down."

A long pause. Then Cliff muttered a colorless, "All right."

"Good," Red said briefly. "And now I'll get out and give you a chance to finish your pies."



Sighting him, the boy turned to run again, stumbling on in blind, unreasoning terror.

WE GOT UP EARLY AND

*dashed down
the mountain*



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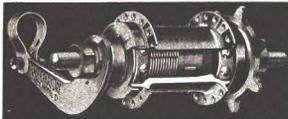


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But before he reached the door, Cliff stopped him.

"Red," he jerked in a warning born of a gratitude he couldn't put into words, "look out for Lannin. He hates you like poison, and he's bound to get you out of his way. Watch out!"

Chapter Ten

"WELL," Tip said quietly when Red returned from a cribbage game in the bunk house that night, "Cliff came and told me. Said you made him."

Red nodded, a little uncomfortably. "I thought he ought to do it himself."
"Sure," Tip said. "You handled the thing just right, Red, all the way through. And it was a lot better for Cliff to see things through another young fellow's eyes than it would have been if I'd pinned him down."

"What are you going to do with him?" Red asked after a moment, still flushed with embarrassed pleasure at Tip's wholehearted approval.

"Look after him pretty close. Not let him brood over things—that's partly your job, Red. And keep him right tight in camp here till his probation's over. If Lannin—"

He broke off short as a shrill gabble penetrated the room.

"The Bush boys!" Red muttered.

"And stirred up plenty!" said Topping, moving to the door.

Outside, the Bushes were arguing angrily, violently, and just as Topping opened the door Herbert Bush shouted:

"Too much's sufficient! I'm through! Hear that? Through!" And, leaving Hubert, he came dashing in out of the darkness.

"Mr. Tip-Top Topping," he cried, "could I git the loan of paper and ink? I want to settle something afore lightning strikes me or my auto hits a stump!"

"Why, sure, Herbert. What's the trouble?"

"No trouble a-tall! Exceptin' too much's sufficient. So I'm puttin' it into writin' where my prop'ty goes in case death comes on me sudden!"

He trembled with anger. An uneasy feeling crept over Red, and he saw apprehension in Topping's face.

Herbert seated himself and wrote furiously, pounding the paper with his fist when he finished.

"There she lays! New will. Could I git you as witnesses so if lightnin' strikes me or my auto hits a stump my prop'ty won't go to no bullheaded nagger?"

"But what's the difficulty?" persisted Topping.

"Been bossed and badgered long enough. 'Any nominations for next number?' says Hubert, and I nominates Shanty Boys. Time and ag'in I nominates it and will he play it? He will not! And then he says I'm stubborn! I'm through—done with him! I've left every acre and every dollar I own to Sister Sophie's Ralph. I'm through with that old nagger! Here—sign there!"

Red could have groaned aloud. The Bush twins had quarreled before Hubert had won his brother over! Now who could influence Herbert?

But there was nothing to do but sign. Topping was already grimly writing his name. Red wrote his, and Herbert stormed out.

Topping looked at Red. "Know who Sister Sophie's Ralph is? It's Baxter! And if anything happens to Herbert before we change his mind about selling—if we can change it at all—why, it's all day with us!"

"Can you beat it?" Red slumped in his chair.

"Hey!" protested Topping. "That wasn't the answer. You're supposed to cheer me up!"

Red sprang to his feet and saluted, grinning. "Mr. Tip-Top Topping," he announced, "I rise to report that we're not licked yet. We'll keep plugging!"

They kept plugging.

But Hubert, hurt and bewildered, refused to talk even to Red of the break with his brother or of the land problem.

"And Herbert's holed up in his shanty on Ten Cent Lake, like a bear with a sore paw," Topping reported after another futile attempt to persuade the little man to sell. "He's still scared of being burned out. Just won't talk about selling to the state. He did say, though, that he wouldn't sell to Lannin except for cash. And Lannin hasn't the cash; he can barely hang on to his options as it is. But the deer season will bring folks up to look at what Lannin's got to sell and he's got plenty. If he can make just one sale and wave

over the red coats to see that each man had his required license; they patrolled the borders of the refuge to make sure that none hunted in forbidden territory.

Red was amazed at the numbers of deer that fled to the refuge as soon as the guns began to crack. He saw does and fawns by the hundreds and bucks by the dozens making for the cedar swamp as hunters combed the uplands.

"Hustle along!" he urged the fleeing deer under his breath. "And be glad you've got a place to go!"

Both Topping and Red caught occasional glimpses of Lannin and Baxter, out hunting with McKenzie and his son. McKenzie was a heavy man with a determined chin and the air of one accustomed to giving orders. The boy seemed overshadowed by his father. He was a slight young fellow, and appeared ill at ease and self-conscious in his brilliant red jacket and brand-new, crepe-

soleoed pacs. "I'd like to get him by himself and take him for a hike in the woods," Red told Topping. "Bet he'd like it better than hunting."

"Tell Lannin you want to help him entertain his buyers," Topping said dryly.

Red grinned and shrugged. But his interest in the other boy persisted. It deepened his dismay when bad news reached the refuge headquarters two days later.

It was a bleak morning, with a promise of snow in the air. Red's first patrol had brought him back past headquarters and he had stopped to get a cup of hot tea. He was ready to set out again when a booted hunter came in.

"Say, maybe it's none of my business," he blurted, "but did you wardens know a kid's lost—been lost all night?"

"Lost?" exclaimed Red. "No, we haven't heard a thing!"

"Kind of guessed as much. The boy's from Chicago and—"

"McKenzie?" Red asked swiftly. "That's the name. The kid got separated from his party and he's still missing. Looks bad."

"Why in the world didn't they call on us?"

"Well, this man Lannin told the kid's dad there wasn't any use calling on you boys because you were just a bunch of job holders and wouldn't be any use. He's been looking all night himself and just now he's rounding up a gang to start in again. They're meeting four miles west of here."

"I'll be right there." And Red turned indoors to throw a few things together.

"Cliff, will you tell Tip where I've gone, and say I'll do all I can till he gets there? Gosh, I hope Tip comes along soon. That boy's likely to go crazy or maybe freeze to death. It's cold and snow's coming!"

Red dashed for his car, fighting to shut out a mental picture of a slight, lonely, red-coated figure plunging in a panic deeper and deeper into the woods. Poor kid! Poor kid! . . .

A large group of men stood about the big McKenzie car when Red drove up. Lannin, talking to McKenzie, whirled sharply.

"We won't need you!" he snapped at Red. "This is a job for woodsmen." Then he turned to the group: "We're going to comb the swamp, boys. We heard the boy shoot and he probably thought he'd hit his deer and followed it into the timber. You squad leaders keep together and follow your orders. There's a thousand dollars in it for the successful man, Mr. McKenzie says. Now don't worry, McKenzie! We've got a gang now. We'll have your boy!"

Tight-lipped, Red watched Lannin lead the way. So he had a gang, had he? One word telephoned to the refuge headquarters last night, Red reflected, and Tip would have had things hum-



The gas station operator takes up farming.

real money under Herbert's nose, we're sunk."

"Anyhow," Red reflected, "it's some comfort to know that Lannin's worse worried than we are. He's got bank examiners to be scared about, too."

Topping snorted. "Having Lannin scared stiff doesn't comfort me much. It means he won't stop at anything."

As the summer passed, Red gradually gained his old elastic strength. It was purple and gold September, however, before he was really himself again, fit for any job.

Then, in September, the state commissioner, greatly worried by the situation, sent Topping orders to stop the construction work.

"I'm going to let the crew go and hold just enough for maintenance," Topping growled to Red. "The chief seems to have given up hope."

Headquarters became a lonely spot. Hubert remained, of course, but of the others Topping kept only Pete and Red and they would go when the hunting season ended. Cliff, so far as he knew, was still on the pay roll but Tip confided a kindly duplicity to Red.

"We don't need a cook, but his probation won't be up till December. I'll keep him here, away from Lannin, and pay his wages myself."

There was enough work to do but a pall had settled over the place; they toiled with a sentence of failure hanging over them.

October turned the hardwoods into a riot of gold and crimson. Soon, however, the leaves dropped, the geese went winging southward, and lashing rains came with occasional dustings of snow. And then it was November with deer hunters arriving in a steady stream.

Tip came back from town with a bleak look in his eyes.

"Lannin's got a customer!" he growled. "Rich dude, named McKenzie. He and his son are stopping at the hotel. Going to hunt and look at locations."

Topping and Pete and Red were on constant patrol, once the season got under way. They watched camps and automobiles for any hunters who might be killing does or fawns; they checked

ming. Tip Topping would never have let all these hours get by with nothing accomplished!

McKenzie, too, watched them go. His eyes were dull, his face drawn. He reached into the car and blew the horn in long blasts.

"Been doing it all night," he said hoarsely. "He should hear that horn. It's the best horn made!"

Perhaps it was, thought Red, but its sound was swallowed in the yelping wind.

"Where did you see your son last?" he asked.

"Right north of here—on that ridge by the down tree. We thought we heard him shoot once. But not a sound since. It's driving me crazy!" He reached in and blew the horn again frenziedly.

"I'm afraid that won't do much good," Red said.

"What do you know about it?" McKenzie demanded hoarsely. Then his eyes fell on Red's badge. "Oh, so you're a warden! Can't you do something? I wanted to call you and then Lannin said—but there's a thousand dollars in it. Oh, get busy! Why don't you get busy?"

Again he began sounding the horn. Red looked at him pityingly, and went ahead gently with his questions.

"What sort of gun was your son carrying?" The possibility of accident was in Red's mind.

"A Simpson repeater—a thirty-thirty. Oh, can't any of you do something?"

"We're going to keep right after him, Mr. McKenzie," Red said soothingly. "You stay here and start anybody else who comes off on the right trail, and sound your horn every now and then"—

better give the man something to do, no matter how useless it was, he thought.

Then he was off, striding up the road to where the boy had last been seen.

A tree had fallen there and the rotten wood was scuffed and broken. The bare, frozen ground showed no tracks. Red stood up on the log, peering about, trying to guess from which direction a deer would be most likely to appear. Lannin had grasped at the first supposition. It might be well to try to reconstruct things.

A deer runway came down the ridge through the jack pine, he knew. Yesterday, the wind had been from the east. A deer approaching along that route would have caught the scent of the hunter—then what? Why, he'd have turned off left—and he'd have had to cross that opening there. And young McKenzie would have seen him flash across. And then—

Red walked up the rise, studying the ground ahead, swinging right and left. "Hello!" He stooped for a shred of rotten wood. "Might've stuck to his pac. Or to some other fellow's pac."

He went on, scanning the ground again, and after a moment caught his breath and ran a few steps.

"Thirty-thirty repeater, all right!" he exclaimed, examining the brass shell his eyes had picked out. "He shot, sure enough. And he was moving from east to west—now what?"

Why, the first thing was to prospect the clump of jack pine ahead. There was a freshly broken twig! But a deer could have done that, or another hunter. And another hunter might have left that shred of red wool clinging to a stub.

Yet Red felt sure he was on the right trail. He needed help, but help would be coming. Tip would soon discover where he'd gone from McKenzie's car! He hung a guiding handkerchief from a branch and worked out of the pine.

He went up a sharp slope, following a faint trail in the dead leaves. He broke down a small aspen as a sign for Topping, and then on top of the ridge paused abruptly. A crepe-footed pac, a new one, had pressed there!

No doubt about it—young McKenzie had stood right there; had stopped there, hesitating, bewildered.

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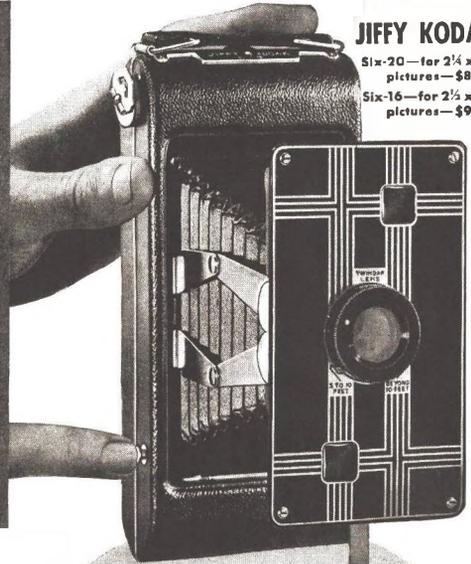
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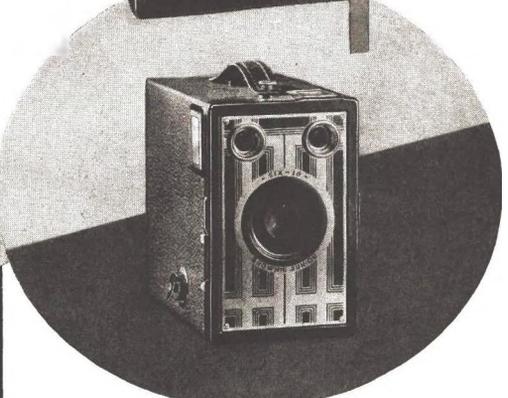
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"Lost in less than forty rods!" Red muttered.

Now, which way would a lost boy go? Likely he'd follow the ridge for a while, looking hopefully for a familiar landmark. But if young McKenzie had gone east, he'd have found the road. He must have turned west.

Red worked his way west, gripped by growing apprehension as he felt the bite of the wind. The night before must have been tough for an inexperienced boy. . . . Presently Red found a stick freshly broken, and then, a little farther on, a patch of bare earth bearing the print of a new crepe sole.

But that print had been made at least fifteen hours ago! Red was out on a limb, he knew, trailing alone. Yet if he went back for help, it would mean lost time—and time might mean life on a day like this.

He went on, following the infrequent sign. It eventually led him down the side of the hill and then out into a wide valley where scattered poplars grew. Here was moss, and it held tracks and on the edge of a little marsh he saw where a rifle had been dropped and picked up again.

"He was getting scared!" Red breathed. "And began running." Young McKenzie's feet had crushed the sweet fern, and Red's eyes were measuring the length of his stride.

Ahead was green timber in a little creek valley—spruce and cedar growing thick. A lost boy wouldn't bull his way through; he'd want to get some place, any place, in a hurry and would stick to easier going. But up or down? After a half hour, Red knew it was upstream because in a fallen tree top he again saw red wool.

If young McKenzie had only stopped there, Red reflected, and broken twigs from that old top and started a fire and waited. Plenty of fuel, right there. And the smoke would have started a search. . . . But, of course, the lost boy, scared and panicky, had kept going, going—on and on, wearing himself out, getting farther and farther from help. Maybe, exhausted, falling somewhere.

Red's heart beat fast. The wind was growing even sharper, and now and then a few flakes of snow fell. He had a job to do and it had to be done fast—before it was too late. He broke brush continually as he traileed.

An old railroad grade crossed the valley ahead. The crepe-soled pacs had scrambled up the sandy shoulder, helped by the gun butt, and—

"Hold on!" said Red, scanning the grade. "He went right across but—hello, here he came back!"

The returning tracks came down the grade from the south, evidently going at a run.

"Fresher by hours! Why, the poor kid! Wandered all night, swung in a circle, hit this grade again, and hoped it'd lead him out."

Red took up the trail, striding along rapidly, now and then scuffing with his toes so Topping would know. . . .

Young McKenzie had crossed a creek, making turns right and left as the grade swung. Once he had fallen, and a piece of shoe lace, pressed into the sand by a boot, told the story. It had tripped him. He had knelt to refasten it and left his gloves!

They lay where he had jerked them off. There was no sign of the rifle. He had probably thrown that away hours before. Red pressed on, following the trail on the grade until both ended in a great marsh.

McKenzie had gone to the left through tall grasses, had fallen and lost his cap.

The clouds swung even lower; off to the eastward a snow squall rode a ridge. If snow came to cover this sign—Red drove himself on savagely.

The trail emerged from the marsh and then skirted it. Presently it led up to high land and Red's progress slowed as he worked carefully from sign to sign.

His watch said two o'clock. By four, it would be dark. Was there any chance that the lost boy was within hearing? Red lifted his rifle, shot three times, waited, shot again, reloaded and went on.

He began to circle widely, with the panic of failure pulling at his own self-control. He had lost the trail completely and there came a spit of snow! Suddenly he saw a crimson splash far off on the dun hillside! Red's heart stood still. He shouted and began to run—then realized, while still some distance away, that it was not McKenzie, finally collapsed, but only his red coat, thrown away in his frenzy!

The coat lay in a huddle. Red picked



Dr. Elephant (throat specialist): "The hardest job I ever had was extracting your tonsils."

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it up. Wasn't it still warm inside? Perhaps he was imagining that—but it might be that he was only minutes behind!

Again he fired and searched frantically for indication of the way the lost boy had gone. In all probability he would be circling. Beyond was a ragged scattering of haws and Red ran from one to the other, searching the spiny growth and found what he hardly dared hope to find. Wool, torn from pants brushing through! And the lost boy, going that way, would cross the ridge into the next valley.

Heavier snow had fallen on the far side of the ridge. But there was a track—and there, on beyond, was another. Yes, these were fresh tracks. But now snow was coming again, to blot them out completely!

Red ran until the pulsing of blood in his ears was a roar, ran desperately, almost despairingly. He gained the far slope—and then his heart leaped! There ahead, staggering on through the fast falling snow, was a lurching figure!

Red shouted: "Wait, McKenzie! Wait!" And then: "McKenzie, McKenzie, wait! Come back!"

For, sighting him, the crazed boy had turned to run again, stumbling on in blind, unreasoning terror.

Red spurred after. Then he had the lost boy firmly by the arms, shaking him, telling him to be quiet, saying over and over, "You're all right now; you're all right!"—and looking pityingly at young McKenzie's terribly scratched face, torn clothing, and senseless eyes.

As the boy sagged in his arms, Red caught sight of an island of swamp to the left. He slung McKenzie across his shoulders and staggered toward the shelter. Gaining the scant lee, he wrapped his coat about the other boy, clawed bark from a birch, attacked a dry stump with his belt ax, and got a fire going. Then he stripped cedar boughs enough for shelter and for a screen that he placed on the far side of the fire to reflect heat.

He gathered more wood, then, and filled his tin cup with water and shoved it close into the blaze. When it had boiled, he dusted in tea and poured the hot stimulant down the shuddering, sobbing McKenzie's throat.

Meanwhile, Topping and Pete had found Red's sign, and had been following so fast that it was not long before he heard their gun shots.

He answered, and they came on—and were immediately off again after more help, and a car that they worked down the old grade. By ten o'clock that night, they had young McKenzie safely tucked into a bunk at the refuge headquarters, where a doctor had been waiting.

Red, weary and famished, made amazing inroads on the venison tenderloin Cliff had broiled, with Topping on one side and Pete on the other doing almost as well. They were still eating when the elder McKenzie walked in. He went straight to Red and gripped his hand.

"He's all I've got," he choked after a moment. "If it hadn't been for you, I—"

He broke off and turned away abruptly. Then, getting control of himself again, he drew out a check book.

"I promised a thousand," he said huskily, "but it's going to be two."

"No, it isn't," Red protested in embarrassment. "Put that away, please, Mr. McKenzie. I can't take any reward."

"But you must. I want you to take it, and I'm glad to double it!"

"I can't take it. That was just a part of the job, Mr. McKenzie."

The big man, still too upset to understand the young warden's attitude, persisted: "But you'll have to take it! I'll force it on you!"

"That's a big order," Red grinned. "I won't be forced."

"But, Clarke, I've got to do something for you!"

Red looked at Topping, and his eyes changed.

"That," he said, "is something else again. If you want to do something for me, Mr. McKenzie, you can listen while I tell you what it's going to mean to this refuge and the people of this state if you buy an acre of land from Lannin within the proposed boundaries of this project!"

Topping gave a smothered snort of approval, and then listened in silence as Red started to talk, faster and straighter than he had ever talked before in all his life. A little smile began to twitch at the corner of the tall keeper's mouth as he watched wonder, regret, and relief flood McKenzie's face.

"Why—why," the big man stammered, "I never thought about how any property I might acquire here would affect the refuge and the rights of the public! The refuge didn't mean anything to me. But it does now—now that I know the men who run it. Young fellow, you've proved to me that you warden's are out to give protection. If all you'll take for saving my boy is a promise, I'm sorry. I'd like to give more. But here's the promise—I wouldn't think of buying land anywhere near here!"

When at last he had gone, Topping got up and solemnly danced a jig. Then he made a speech, with spacious gestures.

"Listen to that wind!" he cried. "Hear that snow on the windows! It's winter, Red, and Lannin can't get another customer in here until spring! If he can't sell, he can't raise money to buy from Herbert right now, and before spring we can work Herbert around and sew this deal up tight!"

(To be concluded in the June issue of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

The Red Winti of Death

(Continued from page 14)

in a huge vaulted room. Lichens covered the damp walls. In their weird light he saw an arched doorway and rows of moldy kegs on the floor. There were piles of rusted flintlocks that perhaps had served Christophe's army.

He moved through the doorway into a long corridor lined with huge cannon cradled on rotting carriages. Jimmie picked up some wood fragments, built a tiny fire and knelt beside it, warming his stiff fingers. What had happened to Gene Bucks?

Suddenly Jimmie straightened up, knowing that he had fallen asleep, squatting there by the fire. The rain had stopped. Starlight filled the corridor with queer shadows, and a voice struck his ears. What was it saying?

"I, Christophe, have spoken."
Christophe! Jimmie stumbled to his feet. Batrville called himself Christophe! Once more the voice came—muffled words followed by a peal of high-pitched laughter. The sound seemed to come from a stretch of loose planking down the gallery.

His scalp prickling, Jimmie Rhodes crept toward it. Suddenly a flood of crimson light shot through between the planks and played on the mist above the ramparts. The death winti again! Slowly he crept on until he was at the edge of the planks.

As he lifted the planks, he caught his breath. Beside the opening lay a Very pistol, green with mold. Could this be Moresby's gun, left here by the captured Marine the night he climbed the mountain years ago?

A shiver of dread touched Jimmie. Gingerly he tossed the pistol aside and removed the rest of the planks. The grating underneath was loose and below it was a dark, vertical shaft. He removed the grating. There were rungs set in the masonry down one side of the shaft.

Suddenly a familiar voice rose from the gloom: "Give me a machete," it cried. "I'll take you on by squads!" Jimmie's hands dropped nerveless at his sides. The voice was Bucks! Again that echo of cold laughter.

Tossing the match away, Jimmie hastily lowered himself into the shaft. It might take him down to Bucks. The rungs gave under his weight, but he dared not hesitate. The air grew foul with odors of decay; slime coated the iron rungs. Did the shaft lead to that dungeon under the mountain through which the spring of water flowed? That torture chamber Geraghty spoke about?

Was this where Moresby died?

As he descended, a square of light appeared on the wall of the shaft beneath him, a square crisscrossed by thin black lines. The rungs ended, and for a moment he hung to the last bar. The pattern of light was just below and he could see that it came from a barred door in the wall, like the entrance to a prison cell. Summoning all his nerve, he let go the last rung and struck with an echoing splash in slimy mud. But the sound was lost in a hissing roar. A sudden blinding flame leaped through the prisonlike door, illuminating the shaft in which Jimmie crouched.

Beyond the door Jimmie saw a square room. In the center Gene Bucks, his hands lashed behind his back, knelt by an altar built of skulls. Beyond the altar black men crouched. One great black stirred a giant cauldron, and from the cauldron's iron lip a brilliant fire blazed, playing weirdly on his face. The face was cruel, the eyes cold and almost expressionless. Jimmie knew that this must be Batrville, the revolutionary leader, who held Haiti in the grip of superstitious fear.

"I am Christophe, from the World Below. I am proof against steel and lead. So fear not—kill the blanc!"

Silence followed the words. A figure moved into the red glare and knelt trembling before the Caco chief.

"Great One," he said hoarsely, "years ago we killed a blanc. Here, in this very room. He, too, was a Marine. And they came in swarms from across the sea. Think well—"

The fire leaped up through the cavernous dark and the voice thundered: "Prepare the death winti, and you will gain victory tomorrow!"

Jimmie's hands on the cold bars trembled. This was the rite of the *Culte des Morts*, that no white man had ever seen—and lived. It was the end for Bucks. Frantically he turned and clawed the crumbling wall behind him for a rock he could throw. His trembling fingers found a crevice. He strained and heaved. The block of stone moved. A jet of water struck his shoulder. The block of stone tumbled to the mud. An icy stream boiled from the opening. Jimmie sprang and caught the iron rung above him.

Other stones loosened and the stream turned into a torrent that grabbed at Jimmie's dangling feet. It poured into the torture room. Jimmie saw one of the bars in the door move and knew that

(Continued on next page)

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The American Boy Contest

"What I Should Like to Invent"

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. . . some day . . . a great propeller-driven ocean liner starting out, with me aboard. Cheering throngs on the docks behind. The white-capped Atlantic ahead. And there I stand on the crowded deck of the liner, heart pounding, eyes on the magnificent airplane-type propeller that's going to push us swiftly across to Europe. My propeller! I invented it. I, Bill Brown of Sleepy Center. I, William Brown, master inventor, have revolutionized ocean travel, blazed new trails for shipping, rewritten the history of commerce! . . .

Nothing modest about that, but you don't have to be a shrinking violet in a dream. Go to it. Invent a push-button gadget to shoot you to Mars, or a lawn mower that works while you

swim, or an indestructible tire, or anything else that the world needs. Be serious or funny or both. But get at it. Set down your story of the thing you'd like to invent, and send it in.

EIGHT PRIZES: First, \$10; Second, \$5; Third, \$3; Next Five, \$1 each. Honorable Mentions, too!

READ THIS TWICE: Try to keep your entry within 300 words. Put your name, age (contestants must be under 21), address, and year in school (if you attend one) at the top of each sheet. Write plainly in ink, or typewriter, on only one side of the sheet. Keep a copy, please—we're sorry but we can't return entries. Mail your entry so that it will surely reach us by May 15. Address it to: Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Mich. Please send your Best Reading Ballot (page 32) in with it.

THE JULY ISSUE will announce the winners.

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the current was washing away the ancient mortar. With sudden hope he leaped into the swirling water and pulled savagely. The entire grating, a hundred years old, came loose. Inside the Caco were in an uproar, clambering wildly up a ladder. Jimmie staggered into the room.

"Gene!" he shouted. Bucks answered, Jimmie plunged on, stumbled against the kneeling figure. "He dropped the knife," the Marine said coolly. "It's under my knee."

Jimmie thrust his arm into the current, found the handle of the knife. He slashed the ropes around Bucks' ankles and dragged Bucks through the whirling stream, back to the shaft he had come down. Lifting Bucks' arm, he guided it to the first rung.

"Another way out, Bucks!" he cried. "It's a shaft up to the gun corridor!" The Marine pulled up, and his foot scraped on the wall.

"All clear!" he shouted. Jimmie gripped the rung. He climbed swiftly, with the rush of the torrent growing fainter, and trailed Bucks over the edge of the shaft, onto the gun corridor. The Marine watched mist rise through the shaft.

"How'd you get here, Pursuiter?" he asked.

"The chute spilled me on the roof," Jimmie answered. He laid a hand on Bucks' shoulder. "Thanks, fellow, for coming back."

Bucks laughed shakily. "Did you know this was Batraverse's headquarters?"

"I know it now," Jimmie said grimly.

"Let's go up to the roof." Bucks nodded, and they moved cautiously through the corridor. Ahead the main stair was outlined in the silvery starlight. The Marine took a dozen steps upward, then halted.

"They're on the roof!" Jimmie drew up. Behind him in the dark tunnel footsteps echoed. "We're trapped," he whispered bleakly.

A long moment passed, then Bucks said slowly:

"These blacks think Batraverse's a god. If we could crack him, well—we might break through. They took my pistol. Unlimber yours—we'll go into action." He moved on to the stair, but Jimmie halted.

"Bucks, I haven't any weapon—only

this." He held up his signal pistol. Bucks stared at it silently. The sound of footsteps in the corridor was growing.

"We've got no choice, Jimmie. Let's meet 'em."

"Just a minute," Jimmie disappeared down the steps and was gone a full twenty seconds. When he returned he had two rusted barrels from old flintlock guns. One he handed to Bucks. "A club is better than nothing," he whispered.

They started up the treads. The square of sky above showed gray. Zero hour was close. The Garde would soon be attacking, and they would find hard going if Batraverse, with his superstitious powers, was leading the Caco.

They reached the stairhead unmolested. Dawn light streaked the east horizon and the fog above the parapet had thinned.

His senses super-alert, Jimmie looked for Batraverse's men on the roof. He saw the shadowy figures of Caco emerging from the gray mist, coming his way. Then he saw Batraverse, carrying in his hand a nickel-plated pistol.

"Wish I had that toy," Bucks murmured longingly. "I'd see if a lead pill wouldn't do as well as a golden bullet."

A gust tore across the parapet. Jimmie's chute, still tangled with the vines, rose like a ghost over the edge. The Caco behind Batraverse stopped short in startled awe. Bucks threw one glance over his shoulder, then leaped to the attack.

The flintlock sang like an angry hornet round his head as he mixed with the confused blacks. Jimmie dived into the massed men, swinging his bludgeon. Men went down, some falling flat to escape the swinging weapons. For an instant Jimmie felt exultant. With Bucks he might win through! Then, out of the swirling mass, a gun crashed and Bucks tumbled to the stone floor. Jimmie, vaulting the Marine's body, pulled out his Very pistol.

"One is left!" cried Batraverse hoarsely, raising the nicked pistol. Then, slowly, he lowered it again. "Arretez! We will take his beating heart, for the death wint!"

Jimmie laughed. "Come and get it, Caco!" He leveled the signal gun. A negro behind Batraverse shrieked:

(Continued on next page)

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Idea by Billy Wann, Elwood, Ind.

WHAT stories in this issue make the biggest hit with you? List their titles in order on the lines above, and Pluto, the Office Pup, will go scouting for more yarns that clear the bases! This ballot is your method of helping the editors select your stories.

Your Name..... Age.....
Street.....
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"Great One, he is armed! You must take him—you, who are proof against all bullets!"

Jimmie's head snapped up in sudden inspiration. The chamber of the signal pistol held a yellow flare—a bullet of gold to these blacks. And a bullet of gold was all that could kill Batrville, they thought!

"The gold bullet, Caco!" he cried. The crash of the Very cartridge followed his words. The golden missile struck on the tunic of the Caco chief and the cloth burst into flame. Batrville gave a terror-stricken groan, the men behind him ran back over the roof in panic. This was magic—greater than any they had known. It was an omen!

Jimmie Rhodes stood swaying. Batrville was groveling on the floor, groaning. Inside of two minutes Jimmie had bound him with strips of cloth. Then he turned to Bucks. The Marine's tunic was reddened from a wound high in the shoulder. While Jimmie doctored it as best he could, the terrified natives poured from the citadel, bearing the dismaying news that Batrville had fallen, struck by a bullet of gold.

Wearily, Jimmie leaned over the

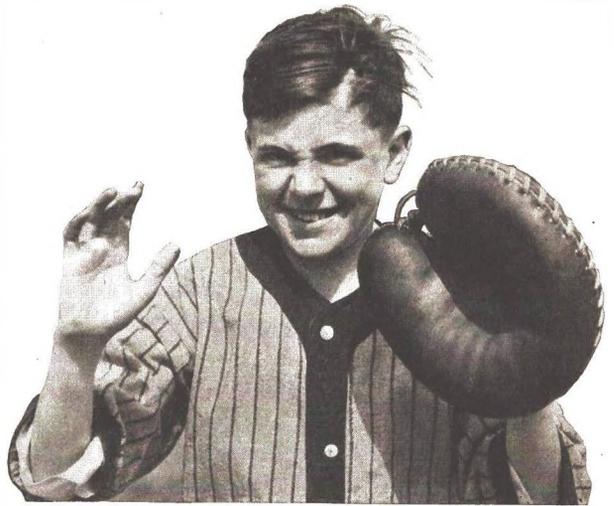
parapet, his eyes glued on the valley floor where the attack would begin. If the terror spread fast enough, the Caco would raise the white flag. Toward San Rafael he saw Harnle's staff car, the flag of Haiti flying above one fender. If only Harnle would wait!

Firing commenced—flashes of flame in the jungle. Then, as suddenly, it ceased. Tensely Jimmie watched. At the edge of the jungle he saw Garde soldiers getting to their feet. Into their midst the tiny figures of ragged Caco came walking, unarmed.

Jimmie gave a yell of joy, threw up his arms, and commenced a wild dance. "What's the fuss, Pursuiter?" The voice was Bucks, weak and shaky.

Jimmie leaned over him and grinned. "The gold bullet, Bucks," he sang. "A little counter magic for the winti of death!"

Meanwhile, near the staff car in the valley, prisoners were talking to Harnle and Geraghty, pointing at the citadel high up on the hill, and Harnle was looking in silent amazement at the miniature figures of Bucks and Jimmie atop the parapet, leaping about and waving like agitated marionettes.



They'll Make Summer Count

A LAZY summer is a lost summer. Anyhow, it is for *American Boy* readers. In March we offered prizes for the best essays on "How I'm Going to Make the Most of This Summer." Hundreds of you sent in your plans—plans to use your free time to advantage. Good plans, too. Congratulations to all of you!

Most of you will work this summer, at least part of the time. With the money you earn you'll help your parents, buy things for your own needs, build up an education fund, or add to the fun and knowledge you get from your hobbies. You will take time off to get strong and healthy by hiking, camping, playing baseball and tennis, swimming. You will learn about your own and other countries through travel. You will read good books in your spare minutes.

First prize, \$10, goes to William J. Rainey, Jr., 17, of West Collingswood, N. J. Rainey has a free summer ahead of him, but he doesn't intend to waste it. Read his essay.

Wish we had room for the entry by John Caldwell, 20, of Terre Haute, Ind. It won the \$5 second prize. Caldwell plans to spend the summer learning to know his country. He'll travel fast and light and far, talking to all kinds of people everywhere. Good stuff, Caldwell!

Jonathan Lancaster, 16, of Van Horn, Tex., is going prospecting for gold—and knowledge of nature, and health. His essay won third prize and \$3.

Watch "In the Morning Mail" to learn what other readers are planning. Maybe you'll find some tips that will help you make your summer really count.

Here is the winning essay, with the names of dollar winners and those given honorable mention.

My Own Little Theater

First Prize Essay

By WILLIAM J. RAINEY, JR. (17)
West Collingswood, N. J.

"The play's the thing," says Shakespeare. I agree with him. Many times in amateur performances I have daubed on tinted greases, lined my face, blended a wig to my forehead; in other words, done that very theatrical thing called "making up." Many, many times I have sat in a theater gallery and revelled in the performances, both good and bad, of the actors.

The thrill of the theater! I love the

footlights and spotlights and all the rest of the fascinating things that typify that colorful profession, the "show business." So this summer I have decided to get closer to my favorite indoor sport than ever before. I am going to manage my own Little Theater. In the woods near our summer bungalow I intend to build my own miniature playhouse. Of course it will be very, very small and constructed very economically. Here I will try out my own plays and gain experience in acting and directing.

For actors I shall draw on the talents of both my brothers, who are interested in my project and who are both excellent Thespians. Many of my friends have also promised their services. For an audience—well, I am afraid my parents will become veteran playgoers. But our prices—oh, yes, we intend to charge admission—will not be so enormous as to frighten anyone by their immense size.

This rustic theater with its mimeographed programs, its hand-printed tickets, its manuscript plays (now and then we may be able to afford a royalty play), and its youthful actors, will, I hope, be a success. It will mean hard work; there are weeks and weeks of labor ahead before we can present the first pair of the weekly performances on Friday and Saturday nights.

Through a summer of study and practical application I hope to instruct myself for a better appreciation and understanding of the art I already love. Whether reading Barrie or painting scenery I shall seek the proof of Sacha Guitry's words: "Remember, the actor's calling is the finest in the world!"

THESE WON A DOLLAR

Diana Adams (16), Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Stephen Bushman (20), Aurora, Ill.; John Leicher (18), Weirton, W. Va.; Everett Mitchell (18), Salt Lake City, Utah; Dick Parsons (15), La Forte, Texas.

HONORABLE MENTION

William C. Beach (13), Holland, Mich.; Earl Burton (17), Caldwell, Idaho; J. Milton Cohen (16), New Hartford, N. Y.; Joseph Delaney (18), Hamilton, Ohio; Bernard Duffey (16), Chagrin Falls, Ohio; Ralph Ely, Jr. (16), West Alexander, Pa.; Lawrence Francis (16), Kearney, Mo.; Kazuo Fujihira (19), Seattle, Wash.; William E. Garwood (14), Salem, N. J.; Robert Jackson (19), Oklahoma City, Okla.; Peter A. Joseph, Island Pond, Vt.; Clyde Manschreck (17), Krebs, Okla.; Billy Masters, Torrington, Wyo.; Herman Meyer (16), Charlevoix, Mich.; Rebecca McNeis (12), Melba, Pa.; Hideo Okusako (19), New Castle, Calif.; Jack Powell (15), Selby, S. D.; Rodney Rose (10), Marblehead, Mass.; James Spence (13), Lecompte, La.; Herbert W. Stayner (18), Garland, Utah; Woodrow Westry (18), Yankton, S. D.; Edward Wiles (16), Macksville, Kans.

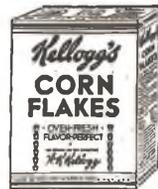
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pluto's personal service for the puzzled

(No questions returned; only a few answered; others disregarded)

DEAR PLUTO: What shall I do with my dog? He barks all night. Perry Holygraf, Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Perry: There's an island for dogs that bark all night. It's in the Pacific Ocean, and after the war Japan took charge of it. It's called the Island of Yap. Pluto

Dear Pluto: How can I get along with my teacher, learn arithmetic, and have time to play football? David Firor, Athens, Ga.

Dear David: That shouldn't be difficult. Simply tackle your arithmetic, get your teacher to give you a pass, and the football will take care of itself. Pluto

Dear Pluto: Why are cats and dogs traditional enemies? Dick Parsons, La Porte, Texas.

Dear Dick: Years ago cats and dogs signed a treaty to live in peace. Then conditions changed and the dogs wanted to change the treaty, but the cats refused to withdraw the clause on question. It is just like cats—cats scilicet withdraw claws. Pluto

Dear Pluto: Where does the light go when you turn it out? Sperry B. Skilton, Watertown, Conn.

Dear Sperry: Where does anybody go when he's turned out? He goes *ohm* and waits until it's time to *ampere* again. Pluto

So far 92 readers have been quoted in the Morning Mail, thereby saving memberships in The American Boy Kennel Club and autographed portraits of Pluto the Office Pup. Thirty-six states in the Union are represented. There are Kennel Club members in three foreign countries.

and clubs

Furthermore six groups of Morning Mail fans have organized into local Kennel Clubs. Keron M. Manley, Metropolis, Ill., wrote in saying that his club room was too small for fifteen members, and that he wanted to organize a group with eight. The Pup consented and sent him an autographed portrait. If anybody else wants to organize a club with eight members, the Pup will oblige.

why local clubs?

The purpose of a local club is to meet once every week—or every two weeks—and discuss American Boy stories and articles, or other reading that interests you. A club gives you great practice in conducting meetings, public speaking, and organization work. Any group that sends the Pup eight signatures or more will receive an autographed portrait and a letter containing suggestions for elective officers and procedure.

about Winston Norman

Most all stories are written by men who have lived the life they are writing about. Winston Norman, author of "Mystery Underground" in this issue, has mined gold in more than one country. Here's his thumbnail autobiography written for Morning Mail fans:

"Born in California just a year after that other calamity, the earthquake of 1906. Just a tramp until I was twelve years old. Lived in all four corners of this country and both ends of Canada. A craving for groceries made me a street hand, office boy, bookkeeper, bobo harvester, joke writer and several other things I forget."
"Fluttered to earth for a while at Stanford

University and started working for The American Boy there.
"North America got too small to hold me and my creditors. Ducked down to South America via New York. Three years on the bottom side of the Equator, in Peru, digging copper out of the Andies and dodging bullets in a dozen revolutions."
"Back in San Francisco once more. I hope to remain here."

only \$1.19 a day

If you're going to the World's Fair this year perhaps you can do it as cheaply as Douglas E. Worden, Hoosick Falls, New York. Worden and a group of twelve other boy scouts chipped in \$25.00 apiece and made the trip in a Ford truck. They were gone 21 days and the \$25.00 included their meals, gas, oil and repairs for the truck, entrance to the World's Fair grounds, and entrance to the Chicago air races. They had to sleep in scout camps and on the floors of scout offices, but they made the trip on very little money and had a great time.

he carves

Gordon C. Quimby, Toledo, Ohio, carves model airplanes, boats, machine guns, cannon, etc., from match sticks. His present masterpiece, he says, is a tiny airplane with a wing spread of 3/4" and a length of 3/8". William Wampler, Westminster, Md., who likes Clarence Budington Kelland and William Heyliger stories, keeps a complete record of weather conditions for every day in the year, and has a



Winston Norman wrote "Mystery Underground," and the llama limerick.

A marvelous beast is the llama,
It wears a thick woolen pajama,
It kicks with its knees
And spits—the old tease!—
In the face of the nearest by-stamer.

lot of fun comparing weather conditions in the various years. He's probably steering himself toward a career of meteorology.

Dick Parsons, La Porte, Texas, has a worthwhile activity. He's kept a record of the big news events since October 19, 1931, the day Edison died, by clipping and pasting up headlines. That's a good method of recording recent history.

hobbies are useful!

Sometimes hobbies lead a man straight to his life work. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of mammals and reptiles at the New York Zoo, collected snakes when he was young. Lowell Thomas made public speaking his hobby and became famous as a radio reporter.

greetings, Japan!

Pluto acknowledges gratefully the friendly letter of Seigo Chyokyu, Aboishi-mach, Japan. American and Japanese boys and girls, he says, should extend hands across the Pacific and pledge the peace of the world. Seigo is right, and Pluto hereby extends his paw in sincerest friendship.

more Navy stories!

G. Lloyd Wilson, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "You never have a story of Annapolis. I'm a rabid Navy fan." There'll be at least one Annapolis and two Navy stories this year. Ensigns Wally Radnor and Stang-

uey Brooke are returning in "The Honor Team," and readers will be introduced to life in Bancroft Hall at Annapolis in "Paradise the Interruption!"

Dick Dennis, Spangle, Wash., suggests the following NRA Code: "Shorter biting hours for fleas, and shorter scratching hours for dogs! It's a code the Pup will fight for to the last nip!"

for model fans

"How about some more plans and dope about airplanes," writes Jack Hauck, Easton, Pa. There's an article in this issue describing the new fad of model airplane builders—the construction of small scale model models. More good articles are on the way describing the construction of flying scale models and kite gliders.

requests

Ed Gaines, Crete, Ill., wants elephant stories. He says that Dr. W. Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoological Parks, rates the elephant third in intelligence among all animals, and dogs only fifth. Feeling slightly squelched, the Office Pup is taking the letter to the editor to see what he can do about getting elephant stories. Flora L. Deibert, Geigertown, Pa., wants more stories of Renfrew of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Renfrew is returning this summer in a whole new series of adventures. Solomon Blechman, Mount Vernon, N. Y., wants William Heyliger to write a vocational serial about New York's subways or elevated lines. We'll pass on the suggestions to Mr. Heyliger but he's busy now writing a story of the adventures of a young engineer in an electrical manufacturing plant.

Dick Emerson, Villanova, Pa., wants to be either a paleontologist or herpetologist. In other words, he wants to be an expert either an ancient fossil or reptiles. So far he has three Cumberland terrapins, one mole common box turtle, and two longhorn tanks of tropical fish. There's a tropical fish article coming soon that Dick will enjoy. It tells about the fish that shoots its prey, the wall-cleaning catfish, and other exciting water citizens.

that Kennel Club song!

Robert Shockley, Menominee, Mich., has sent Pluto the words and music for a Kennel Club song entitled "Doggie Don't Go Away." It's a neat song and the Pup is saving it till more entries come in. Song suggestions have also been received from Ernest R. Longman, Newburgh, N. Y., J. Richard Simcox, Cambridge, Ohio, and Bud Townsend, Jersey City, N. J. Let's have more of 'em.

"Aren't you going to have any more contests this spring?" mourns John Caldwell, Terre Haute, Ind. "I'll be 21 on June 17, and this will be my last chance to try for a prize. Although I've never won a top prize, I have thus far acquired a portrait of George Washington, an original illustration by Albin Henning, a French Exposition medal, a Cross of Honor, a book on Grimsby, and a silk lounging robe from Japan. In say nothing of a flock of honorable mentions." As a last reward to one of our most loyal contributors, the Pup hereby Caldwell a member of the Kennel Club and sends him an autographed portrait to add to his collection.

he's in the Navy now!

Keller A. Higbee, Morning Mail fan who dodged the depression by going to the U. S. Naval Training School at San Diego, Calif., is now an electrician on board the U. S. S. Waamath, a destroyer. He's getting a liberal education in electrical engineering and having a lot of fun in the bargain.

THE editors are finding the letters that come to the Morning Mail department both helpful and interesting. Even though the Pup can't personally answer all of them, he reads and enjoys every one. Don't forget that everyone who gets a contribution printed receives an autographed portrait of the Pup. Let's have lots of letters. Mail your letters to Pluto, The American Boy Kennel Club, 1430 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.



Cannon (Continued from page 23)

head a vigorous shake. "And let THAT be a lesson to you," he said, looking up with a one-sided grin.

Angie plastered the grin with the wet towel and stalked out of the room with an angry grunt.

The war went into the silent stage after that. Bob pinned a strip of paper over his desk, bearing in neat red letters the legend, "Fight Wins." Angie tore it down and ripped it to shreds. Bob said nothing, but the next day, in Angie's presence, he pinned up a duplicate.

"Just want it understood," he said, "that this table and the space above it belong to me."

Cannon glowered in silence. But as time went on this was not the only sign Captain Angie found disturbing. Coach Brown posted a chart in the dressing room based on the decree of Old King Stop Watch and his henchman Steel Measuring Tape. Each man's record was written on it. So were the records of the opponents they would meet in the Big Six.



Each day the squad competed against the record and the totals were posted on the chart. Then, while Hewlitt remained idle, Tech romped through a meet with Berkeley and new times were posted on the chart. New totals were cast up that showed a tie between Hewlitt and Tech for the Big Six title.

Angie Cannon's face burned a deep red. He forgot his quarrels, his resentment. He knew only that this would be his last meet, and Tech was unexpectedly threatening the title.

"Do we stand for that, fellows?" he called out.

The squad was silent and Angie's fist clenched.

"Every one of us fights!" he cried. "We've got to push the men ahead of us clear off that chart!"

Then, surprisingly, they cheered and kept on cheering until Angie suddenly realized they were taking his words to mean that he would beat Bennett! But Angie had no thought of turning back now.

"Starting with the hundred—" he roared and could get no further in the wild shout of joy that filled the room. On Coach Brown's face there was a quiet smile as he watched Angie lead them to the field for a final practice.

For Cannon then, the old ghosts began to rise. Bennett was faster. Bennett had always won. You couldn't beat a stop watch. But these fellows, taking him at his word, had rallied to his leadership today. He WOULD lead them. He could beat Bennett in the two-twenty anyway. He HAD to do it this time! He'd fight as he'd never fought before. Fight!

In BB, after practice, a strangely contained Angie came upon his studying roommate. A queer light was burning in his eyes.

"Bob," Angie said, "Have you got any new ideas about this dash business? I told you to leave the coaching to Brown, once. But now I'm asking you."

Bob looked up, saw the burning look in Angie's eyes and debated whether to duck at once or take a chance.

"Sure," Bob said warily. "But you've got to answer a question."

"Spill it," Angie's words were clipped.

"When you're at 'set' what are you doing?"

"Straining every nerve to get that gun."

"And the gun's behind you," Bob said quietly. "While you're all smoked up about something that's going to happen behind you, friend Bennett is roving straight down that track with everything he's got! I watched him. He even squints his eyes, as if he were trying to see a flea walking on the tape!"

Angie stared. He knew that Bob's keen gray eyes had a habit of roving enemy football lines and telling things to a super-alert brain.

"That's all," Bob said. "By thinking himself down that track, Bennett starts fighting from five to ten seconds before you do! The gun just boosts him off the mark. That's my dope. Maybe it's crazy."

"Thanks," Cannon said grimly. "It's not crazy. Tomorrow I'm going to look for flies on that tape myself."

Bob sighed with relief. Quietly he reached above his desk and tore down the "Fight Wins" sign from the wall.

A fat, red-faced announcer bawled the last call for the finals of the hundred in the Big Six meet. Bob McDougal, with a trainer's badge pinned to his dark blue football sweater, gripped Angie Cannon's bare arm.

"Fight him, Angie," he said. Angie trotted up the track. With the mile, the four-forty, and the high jump in, all six teams had counted. The meet promised to be an unknown quantity from start to finish. Berkeley was in the lead, followed by Rocketon's Maroons, Tech, and Hewlitt.

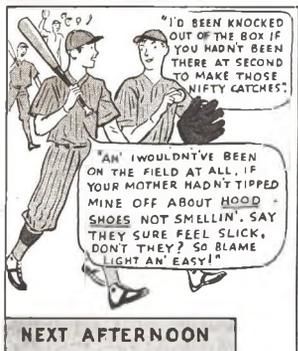
For an instant Angie felt a wave of clammy weakness, just as he'd felt in his first big meet. Then he saw Bennett. Bennett was already on the start. He always loafed around up there until his race was called. Bennett—never mind Bennett! Dig those holes and start fighting!

As he tossed the small green trowel to the man in number six lane and stood up, Angie's eyes for a moment met those of Bennett. He felt the cool confidence of the Tech man's look. Bennett was planning to take this last hundred between them in the same way he had taken the first. And down in his heart Angie knew that Bennett had the stuff to do it.

He dropped into his holes without speaking. He closed eyes and ears to what went on around him. The smooth gray strip of his number four lane narrowed away toward the finish. Angie's eyes never left it. Somewhere in the back of his mind, it seemed, he heard the steady commands of the starter. But all he could see was the tape.

The Big Six crowd came up with a roar as the six-man final lunged out of the marks. As the sprinters scorched on, spread across the broad, sunlit track, it was impossible for anyone in the stands to tell who had the lead. But as they flashed the forty mark, Bob McDougal leaped high and threw his arms into the air. Bennett held the lead, but only a foot of daylight showed between him and Angie Cannon of Hewlitt.

Angie fixed his eyes on that thin white line of yarn stretched across the finish. He fought toward it with the last ounce of power his body and mind could muster. It was there! There! The thought rang like a bell in his mind. It was still there! Close. Closer! He'd broken it! He'd won! He knew he had won! But there was



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Bennett beside him, trailing a shred of the white yarn across the chest of his scarlet jersey! And then the announcer's voice brought Angie a start of dismay.

"That hundred went in nine seven, folks," he yelled.

Angie heard the booming roar of approval from the crowd. Nine seven! That was too fast for Angie Cannon! Fascinated he watched the announcer shake his megaphone to quiet the crowd. Then—

"Won by Cannon, of Hewlitt!" and the section of Blue and White rooters exploded.

With Bob bustling him into his sweat suit, Angie's mind repeated what he had heard: "Nine seven—won by Cannon—Bennett, Lakewood Tech, second!"

Angie threw an arm about Bob's shoulders. "What's the score?" he grinned.

"Tied for second," Bob answered. "But we've got the shot coming our way."

Angie started across the field to where Hewlitt was encamped on football blankets near the pole vaulting pit. Behind him from the stands he heard the Hewlitt varsity cheer with his name coupled into it. Then the exultant track squad mobbed him.

When the semifinals of the twenty-two were called Hewlitt had taken the lead in the meet score, but Tech was close and Berkeley clung doggedly to third place. Angie breezed through his heat, satisfied to qualify with a second place, while Bennett won the next heat under wraps. A few minutes later Tech picked up a four-point gain by winning the half mile. Then she added two points from the pole vault to take the lead away from the Blue and White. The call for the two-twenty final went out.

"Bear down, Angie," Bob rumbled. "Take him to market!"

The Rockton man was nervous on the mark and the starter called them all up. Angie fumed over the break and the gun, following almost instantly upon the "set," caught him napping. Bennett jumped into the lead, and Angie found herself two yards behind the pack.

A surge of blind, angry despair gripped him. A great time for *this* to happen!

Then Captain Angie Cannon "saw red." A force bigger than himself swallowed him up, gave focus and drive to his being. All else went into a background so hazy that he scarcely heard

the wild tumult of the stands. The sight of Bennett in the next lane was swept away. His body, working with machine-like form and power, responded to the gale of determination that suddenly lifted him along.

Then, slowly it seemed, the spell faded off. He knew the race was over. But whether he had run first or last he did not know. His blue sweat suit sailed through the air and wrapped itself around his neck. Someone was slapping his shoulder. Then he heard Bob's voice.

"THAT'S the old fight! That's it! THAT'S the old fight! You sure did sell out, THAT time!"

Once more Angie heard the announcer's voice booming through the big megaphone. Again it was, "Won by Cannon, of Hewlitt." And then came one more big surprise for the blond, quiet Angie Cannon.

"Smashing the Big Six record," he heard, "formerly held by Bennett, of Tech!"

With a wild war whoop Bob McDougal jumped high, cracked his heels and waved his arms. As he landed he met Angie's quiet smile.

"Thanks, Bob," Angie was saying above the blast of cheers that came from the stands. "Fight DOES win!"

Bob nodded. He had seen only the finish of the race with Angie leading by more than a yard. He missed the full significance of Angie's words—the bad start he had overcome. But he had never doubted the truth of the statement. And, led by Angie Cannon, Hewlitt came through to victory in the Big Six that day.

So when Bob met the older McDougal in New York, he carried with him a story of fight from the "most peaceful guy in seven states." And Duncan McDougal smiled approvingly.

In South America, a few years later, Bob bumped into the toughest bridge project he'd ever tackled. Around it centered a hot political strife that threatened the overthrow of the government about to set its hand and seal to the contract. Bob intended to send for "the man who could lick a stop watch"! But the message was on cable rates and Bob's Scotch got the best of him. A copy, rushed by secret channels, landed like a bombshell in the camp of the opposition. It read simply: "Send Cannon!" And those two words, coming just at the right time, stopped a revolution in South America and let a bridge be built.

Pitch With Your Head!

(Continued from page 21)

pitched much before the series and my arm hadn't got enough exercise. It got tired in the late innings of that first game."

When did he usually try for strikeouts?

"If I get two strikes and not over one or two balls on a batter, I generally try to get something by him. If the count is three and two I try to make him hit. Sometimes, if the bases are full and nobody's out, I try to fan the first hitter so that a double play will retire the side without a run."

It was a clear crisp morning in December but warm and cozy on the sunny east porch of the Hubbell residence. While Hubbell went inside to answer the telephone, we looked around.

Meeker is a quiet, clean little place of 600 people, built in the sandy blackjack country of central Oklahoma. As you drive into it a black sign leaps out proudly at you from the highway. It says: "Meeker, the home of Carl Hubbell." Everybody in Meeker knows Hubbell and he knows them. He's lived there most of his life. His folks live there. He married a Meeker girl. It

was the business men of Meeker who got Hubbell his first trial in organized baseball, with Cushing of the Oklahoma State league, back in 1923. You get the impression that Hubbell would rather live in Meeker than any place in the world.

Then he returned and the questioning went on.

Had he studied the Washington hitters in advance?

"Yes. After we cinched the pennant, Washington came to New York to play a series with the Yankees. The Giants had a game in Brooklyn but Terry sent the reserves out to play it and all the regulars went to the Yankee stadium to see the Washington-Yankee game and have a look at the Washington hitters."

How is a hitter classified in the big leagues?

"Usually as a high-ball hitter or a low-ball hitter. I'm what you'd call a low-ball pitcher. I throw a curve and a slow ball quite a lot in addition to my screw ball. There's only one place to throw breaking stuff, and that's low around the knees. Once in a while

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you'll let one get away from you. Then you'll wish you could take it back."

How had he figured Myer, the Washington lead-off man?

"As a low-ball hitter. So in the first inning of that first game, my first pitch to him was a fast ball, high and on the outside corner, and he fouled it. Then I shot another fast one outside and it was a ball. Then I gave him a screw ball and he fouled it. He took another fast ball outside, and with the count two and two, I threw him two more screw balls. He fouled the first and missed the second."

What about Goslin? How had they doped him as a hitter?

"We knew Goslin was a wild swinger, a hitter who might cut at anything. Often he hits bad balls for extra base hits. He can hit a ball thrown close to him. He's a hard man to pitch to. We figured him a fast ball hitter and gave him mostly breaking stuff."

With the aid of a play-by-play account from the *New York Times*, Hubbell was able to recall each pitch he served Goslin.

"My first pitch was a screw but it was too low. Then he fouled a fast ball down the first base line. He took a screw for a called strike. I offered him a curve outside but he wouldn't bite. Two and two. Then I pitched the screw and he swung and missed."

How about the hard-hitting Manush?
 "High-ball hitter. So my first pitch was a fast ball, low. It was a called strike. Then I gave him a screw and he swung and missed. With two strikes and no balls I could afford to waste two, so I did. I gave him a fast ball and a curve, both low, but he didn't go after either. Then I gave him a screw ball and he swung for the third strike."

If you'll make a check, you'll find that seven of the eight screw balls Hubbell threw that first inning were strikes. That's control.

Whom did he consider the most dangerous hitter on the Washington club?

"Joe Cronin, the manager. He's smart. Makes you come in there with that ball. Good eye. You might fool him with one pitch but if you come right back with it, he might tear a leg off one of your infielders. That kind of a hitter usually gives you trouble."

While he was talking, a stranger who identified himself as a tourist from Arizona walked up and asked Hubbell if he'd mind autographing a baseball for his nephew in Phoenix.

"Sure!" was Hubbell's instant reply, "glad to. Got a fountain pen?"

Hubbell confesses that the most dangerous spot, for him, of the entire series was the last half of the eleventh inning of the fourth game, played at Washington. New York led, 2 to 1, but Schulte, Washington centerfielder, brought the crowd to its feet with a roar by shooting a single to left. Then Kuhel dumped a bunt down the first-base line which Terry delayed fielding, hoping it would roll foul, and after Bluge had sacrificed, Washington had runners on third and second with only one down. The Washington spectators were bellowing. Their team could tie the score with a fly to the outfield or an error, or win the game with any kind of a base hit. And a win would deadlock the series, two games to two, and put Washington back in the running. A tough spot for Hubbell!

"We walked Luke Sewell, their catcher, intentionally," Hubbell recalls, "filling the bases and setting the stage for a double play. We were worrying about who their pinch-hitter would be. We expected Sam Rice, who was experienced, a good waiter and speedy. But Cronin, the Washington manager, is what we call a 'hunch manager.' He had a hunch that Cliff Bolton, his other pinch hitter, would come through for him. I think he used good judgment, for Bolton had hit .400 as a pinch hitter all season and had come through for Joe several times.

"We were surprised to see Bolton walk to the plate. So we huddled around the mound. We have lots of huddles on our club. It's always been Terry's policy to talk over everything with his ball players and since we can't go to the clubhouse, we talk it over on the field."

"Then Charley Dressen, our relief third-baseman, who had played in the Southern League with Bolton and knew his habits, came running out and told us Bolton was slow. So we played him for a double play, pulling our third baseman and first baseman pretty well in, but moving Ryan and Critz, our shortstop and second baseman, part way back."

Here was a crisis for Hubbell! Bases loaded and one out. The tying run on third and the winning run on second. New York had to guard against a bunt, which would let in the tying run, so the first and third basemen came well in, setting up a partial defense.

But the shortstop and second basemen stayed part way back. This meant that a ball hit to them might let in a run. But the Giants were committing themselves even further. They weren't even going to try for the plate! They were going to try for a double play.

Suppose the grounder went to Ryan at short. He would throw to second, forcing Luke Sewell, and Hughie Critz would throw to first. But if the ball didn't reach first ahead of Bolton a run would be in with only two out, and the winning run on third.

The Giants were gambling, and the big fact in their favor was that Bolton was slow. How did the strategy turn out?

"It worked out perfectly," Hubbell says with a faint grin. "I threw Bolton four pitches. Every one was a screw ball. He let the first go by for a ball, missed a swing at the next, and the third was a ball. He hit the fourth on the ground to Ryan who threw to Critz to get Sewell, and then Critz whipped the ball to Terry ahead of Bolton. It was a double play and retired the side. We led the series, three games to one."

Every ball pitched to Bolton was a screw ball! Hubbell had said, earlier, that the screw ball was difficult for a batter to lift into the air. So, to keep the ball on the ground, Hubbell threw his specialty. And the strategy worked.

What was the Giants' system all year? They ranked only sixth in hitting and fifth in fielding in the National League and yet won the pennant! How did they do it?

"We tried to get a run or two and then depended upon our pitching to hold the lead. We knew we didn't have a strong hitting club. We used the sacrifice a lot. Jackson, our third baseman, is one of the greatest sacrifice hitters I've ever seen. Critz and Mancuso are also good. We knew that if we beat Washington it would be defensively instead of offensively."

What was the psychology of the Giants before the series? The experts had picked Washington to win. But what did the Giants think about it?

"We wanted to go into the series as the under dogs because we'd played the whole season that way. Before the season started the experts picked us to finish in the second division in the National League but we won the pennant. It was the same way before the World Series. Although Washington was made a 10 to 7 favorite, everybody on our club thought we could win."

Hubbell, by winning two games, turned in the best pitching performance of the series. Perhaps he was the greatest single factor in New York's victory. But it took more than his famous screw ball to win those two games. More than his fast ball.

Talking to him reveals that his success was due to control. To a careful sizing-up of his opponents in advance. To the quick thinking of every man on the team. In short, to teamwork.

4

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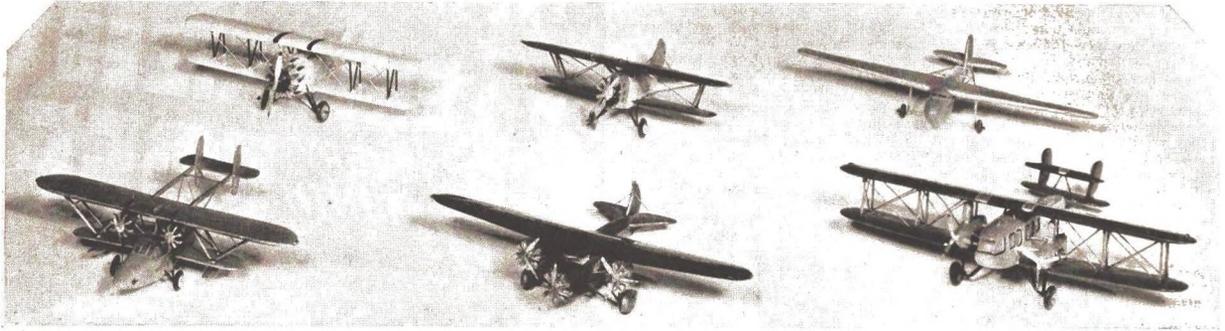
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SCENE: The living room in Bill's home.

Characters: Bill and you. You're looking in admiration at the mantel over Bill's fireplace on which are resting a line of neatly painted model airplanes. There's an old army biplane, a replica of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, an amphibian, an up-to-date, streamlined cabin ship—all of them accurate reproductions of the life-sized ships.

You: "Sa-ay! Where'd you buy the fleet?"

Bill: "I made it. Copied the plans from old aviation magazines at the public library."

You: "Must have cost you plenty!"

Bill: "Nothing but time. In fact, the actual cost was less than ten cents a ship. Most of the material I picked up around the house. Before I'm through I'll have a fleet of twelve models each representing some big development in the history of aviation."

You: "What kind of material did you use? What tools? How'd you carve that motor—"

Bill: "Not so fast! Come on down to the workshop and I'll show you."

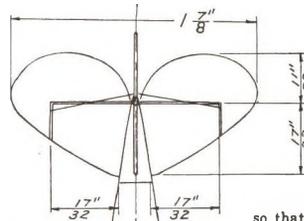
Conversations of that kind are taking place in thousands of homes over the country, making thousands of converts to the new fad in model aviation—building mantel models of famous airplanes.

This article gives you the plans for the Waco U. I. C. Like Bill, you may get other plans from the files of aviation magazines. Almost every plane that's ever been built has had its plans published in these magazines at some time or other.

If you buy your supplies for several ships at one time, the cost will be negligible. The only materials you'll need are: a large tube of airplane cement, a few small blocks of white pine and pattern mahogany (most pattern shops will donate wood from their scrap box); several small cans of colored paint; a spool of tinned hair wire No. 30; and a small sheet of thin aluminum.

The Waco drawings shown herewith are for a six-inch wing-span model. The front and top views are full-size and may be used as templates or patterns. The side view has been reduced.

If you're preparing your own plans from magazine articles, you'll want to reduce the dimensions to the proper scale. There are two methods of doing this—to reduce to a certain scale per foot, or scale the big



ship down to a given wing span as we have done with the Waco.

If you're making a fleet, it's best to reduce to a certain scale per foot so that your models will be larger or smaller in the same proportions as the big ships. Suppose that the large plane has

a thirty-foot wing span and you want to scale it down to 1/4" per foot. Multiply 1/4x30. The result is 7 1/2", which is the span of your model. Get your other dimensions in the same manner.

If you want to reduce to a given wing span, the method is different. Suppose you wish to reduce a plane with a thirty-foot wing to a six-inch model. First convert the thirty feet into inches—360. Divide 6 by 360 and the result is .0166. Then simply convert all other dimensions to inches and multiply by .0166 and you have the proper dimensions for your scale model. (If you're as clumsy with figures as Pluto, The American Boy Office Pup, you better have your math teacher check your figures.)

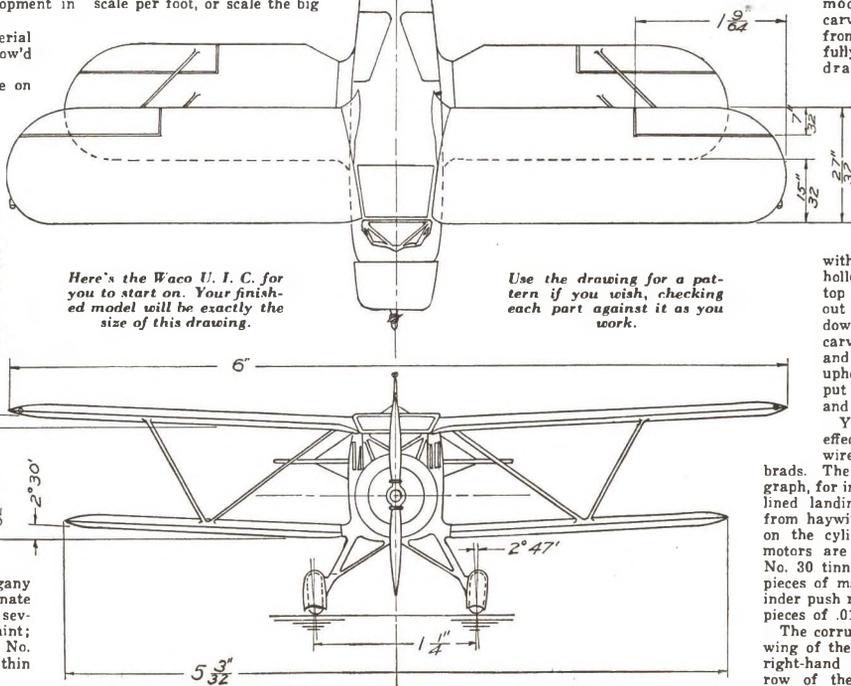
The amount of detail you put into your model depends upon your patience and ambition. Most model builders merely carve wings and fuselage from solid wood, carefully checking with the drawings. The models

shown in the photograph have solid wood wings, and the ailerons are indicated by small grooves cut in the surface.

If you're a hound for detail, you can have fun with a fuselage. You may hollow it out from the top (as you would a dug-out canoe), cement windows and roof in place, carve doors that open and shut on tiny hinges, upholster the seats, and put in dummy controls and instrument panel.

You can create lifelike effects with tinned hair wire, small nails and brads. The models in the photograph, for instance, have streamlined landing gear struts filed from haywire. The cooling fins on the cylinders of the radial motors are made by wrapping No. 30 tinned hair wire around pieces of match stick. The cylinder push rods are merely short pieces of .016 music wire.

The corrugations on the metal wing of the Stout Air Car (the right-hand plane in the upper row of the photograph) were



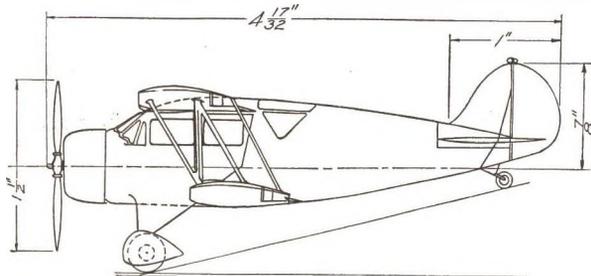
Here's the Waco U. I. C. for you to start on. Your finished model will be exactly the size of this drawing.

Use the drawing for a pattern if you wish, checking each part against it as you work.

made by wrapping fine thread around the surface of the wing and painting first with cement, then with two coats of aluminum paint.

Lifelike propellers can be made with a piece of match stick and tiny strips of aluminum. Carve the match stick to the shape of the propeller hub. With a pair of shears cut out two propeller

ish requires a clean, smooth surface. Sand out all scratches in the wood, using No. 6-0 wet or dry sandpaper. If you've used soft wood such as white pine or balsa, give the surface a coat of filler and two coats of primer before applying the finishing color. Lightly sand the model between each coat to remove any dust or dirt that may have settled on it



The side view of the U. I. C. shows a neat, streamlined fuselage.

blades of aluminum and cement them to the ends of the hub, making sure that you have them set at the correct angle to each other. Push a small piece of wire through the center of the hub and insert the end of the wire into the front of the motor. A drop of cement on the outer end of the wire will prevent the propeller from slipping off. You'll find that the prop will turn freely on its axle.

The neatness of your model will depend upon your paint job. A good fin-

while drying. Remember that too thick a coat of paint will cover up detail.

The fun of building model planes is in figuring out ways of doing things. Since the model doesn't have to fly, weight is no consideration. You're merely trying to reproduce accurately some famous plane.

When you've built the first two or three ships in your fleet, put them on the mantel, call in your friend and hear him say just what you said to Bill: "Sa-ay! Where'd you buy the fleet?"

Make Your Typewriter Pay Dividends

By JOHN CALDWELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's one way of earning money for your school or college fund. John Caldwell wanted to make money sitting at a desk, so he rustled up business for his typewriter. Read how he did it. If you haven't a machine, you may decide that buying one is a good investment.

IT was after I had mowed six assorted lawns, washed three muddy autos (nothing extra for polishing), patched and painted two back fences, sacked potatoes for the corner grocery, and cleaned one very dirty cellar for two old ladies who had been accumulating newspapers and magazines for thirty years, that I began to look for a pleasanter way of earning money.

My desire for a sitting-down job led me to my typewriter. I began to investigate the money-making possibilities of my machine and listed a number of methods. Out of them I selected the most profitable.

As a starter I learned that restaurants have typewritten menus that are changed at least once a day. Generally, the regular help has little time or ability to do this neatly and correctly, so that the manager is glad to have a regular typist on call. I found that I could type fifteen menus at five cents a sheet, the whole job taking no more than an hour.

Speed or the lack of it means nothing. If you contract for just the amount you can easily handle, your job won't get ahead of you. Some weeks my restaurant work has earned me ten dollars for perhaps six hours of typing.

I found a number of firms whose volume of business isn't great enough for a full-time typist. I have two companies in whose offices I work two nights a week on the average of three hours a night. I don't have to know shorthand. All that's necessary is an ability to type correctly, to arrive at the time promised, and, above all, to keep hands and

fingerails spotlessly clean. From my office jobs I get another five dollars a week—excellent pay during the present business conditions.

Less frequently I find employment at the public library where there are a thousand and one catalogue forms and slips to be filled in with a typewriter. Most libraries have their exchange cards, identifying the book and its position in the stacks, written in longhand. But if you're a persuasive talker, you may be able to convince the head librarian that she needs an entire new set of neatly typewritten exchange cards. Result: fair pay and new contacts for you.

Here at college there's an immense amount of business writing term papers. Every student wants to hand in a typewritten paper, uniformly attractive, rather than a hard-to-read manuscript in longhand. For a 2,000-word theme, done with great care on good paper, I receive \$1.50. My only worry is budgeting my time so that I'll be able to take care of all the scripts the students are bringing to me.

In many courses, a senior must write a thesis to get his degree. If you can do several theses you'll not only earn good money, but learn something.

Rebuilt typewriters aren't expensive. I've seen them selling at half price and less. An older model with no defects should be satisfactory. A new machine, if you can afford it, is better.

I find typewriting a clean, pleasant occupation. At any rate it's better than sandpapering fenders or cleaning dirty cellars!

HOW THE WORLD'S CHAMPION NEW YORK GIANTS KEEP FIT

by

William Schaeffer, Trainer
New York National League
Baseball Club



lather up with Lifebuoy, it cleans them up and peps them up like nothing else can. We've used Lifebuoy in our showers for five years now. It's great soap, boys, for all athletes."

(Signed) WILLIAM SCHAEFFER

Athletes everywhere use it

Coaches and trainers all over the country rely on Lifebuoy to help keep their athletes healthy and fit. Health authorities tell us that 27 diseases may be spread by germs carried on the hands. Lifebuoy removes germs—protects health.

Stops "B.O." too

Bathing regularly with Lifebuoy keeps you safe from "B.O." (body odor). In hard water or soft—hot or cold—Lifebuoy makes a big, rich, creamy lather that purifies pores—removes all odor. Great for the skin, too—helps keep it clear, fresh and healthy looking.

If you want to make good in sports—and in your studies, too—let Lifebuoy help safeguard your health. Keep your washing and bathing record on a Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart. Mail the coupon for your chart and a school-size cake of Lifebuoy.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP

for face, hands, bath.

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This offer good in U. S. and Canada only
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept 125, Cambridge, Mass.
Please send me the Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart and a school-size cake of Lifebuoy—both free.

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Hide-rack Goes to Jail (Continued from page 11)



-READING SIGNS-



Your 'W' Bicycle

It was the lure of new scenes and new places that carried the old time scout and pioneer to every corner of America... New scenes and new places still hold their lure for the modern scout... and what better way to visit them than on FISK TIRES...

TELL DAD TO BE A GOOD SCOUT AND REPLACE THOSE OLD WORN TIRES WITH FISK...

FISK TIRE COMPANY, INC.
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FISK TIRES

FISK DeLuxe
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FISK Victor
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NRA
WE DO OUR PART

A timber wolf, one of the most ruthless killers found in the Northwest forests! There was the raider that had been preying on Tommy Newton's flock; there was the slashing marauder that had committed the killings for which my big collie was being punished!

Doubtless the wolf had been skulking in the bushes, waiting for darkness to make another raid on the timid sheep, when Tabbs, nosing about where his active and never satisfied curiosity led, had discovered him. Instinct had told the cat that a hasty retreat was in order, and the nearest tree of safety size was a quaking asp near camp. In some manner Tabbs must have infuriated the wolf because, although one of the slyest and most cunning residents of the woods, the big gray beast charged recklessly after the Persian in full view of Dad and me.

Our relief at having discovered the killer of Tommy's sheep quickly turned to apprehension for Tabbs' safety. The pink cat was now running in reality the race that he had so many times made believe he was running with Hide-rack—a race for his life. One snap of the wolf's mighty jaws, those jaws that could sever the jugular vein of a cow, and Tabbs would be a limp, lifeless heap of silky fur!

Nobody knew this better than the cat himself. He laid a desperate course for camp, hurdling low bushes, bursting through thickets, dodging rocks, running with all the speed of which his short legs were capable. And behind him came the savagely charging wolf, cruel jaws already spread for that deadly snap when he should overtake the fleeing cat.

"Get a gun!" Dad cried—but the nearest one was hanging in a saddle boot fifty yards away.

Dad leaped for it! I knew, though, that he couldn't reach it in time. I ran up the slope, stooping for a stout stick that would serve as a club. Between me and the fleeing cat was Hide-rack, head up and strong body tensed. If he were loose, if that knot about his neck would only slip! He'd plunge to Tabbs' rescue and send that gray killer flying back into the brush! But I knew those knots and that rope. They were too strong. They held the straining collie helpless.

No, Hide-rack couldn't do it. It was up to me!

But even as I sprinted forward with all my strength, I knew I couldn't reach the cat soon enough. Gay young Tabbs, with his daring tricks and good-humored pranks, would be killed before my eyes—the thought stabbed me as I hurled myself on, fighting to cover the ground faster.

Through my half-closed eyes I could see the pink streak that was Tabbs and the great fang-studded jaws that were steadily closing in on him from the rear. Intent on his victim, certain of a kill, the wolf was blind to everything else! In a few seconds more, just a few more leaps...

Tabbs dodged through a rabbit run in a thicket, as he had done many times in make-believe flights from Hide-rack. The wolf plowed through behind him like a gray thunderbolt. On and on they came, flying bunch of pink fur, big snarling demon of gray!

Inch by inch the wolf gained; stead-

ily his gleaming fangs cut down the distance to the silky tip of Tabbs' tail. Now he was within a few feet of the fleeing cat; now he was gathering his great body for the final leap. Terror-driven, Tabbs came streaking on. I was close enough to see the stark fear in his eyes. Oh, why wasn't there a tree handy or a woodchuck burrow into which he could dart? Poor little fellow, he enjoyed life so much...

Then Hide-rack charged. Regardless of the rope about his neck, he charged—silent, as always, but with his lips curled back in a fearless challenge.



James Willard Schultz among his people and his mountains.

The American Boy Announces

"Warring Medicines"

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

A STIRRING adventure serial starting in June! A story of perilous forest trails. Of Indian life in the far Rockies and a young white trader unescapably caught in a medicine feud.

There's only one James Willard Schultz, famous teller of Indian stories. Adopted as a boy by the Blackfeet, he has spent his life among them. He knows the life, the thoughts, the soul of the Indian.

Good old Hide-rack! But what use! Long before he reached the wolf he would be jerked backward by that length of stout rope!

The stunted quaking asp, branched from the ground, barred the collie's path to his little pal. Five feet up there was an opening. Like four powerful springs the collie's legs propelled his body into the air. It was a magnificent leap and he sailed true through the opening. If I could have spared the breath, I'd have cheered.

But in the midst of the leap the rope jerked taut. The great red-gold body stopped in mid-air, switched ends like the cracker of a whip, and dropped limply downward—and hung from the neck with hind paws barely touching the ground. Hide-rack had given his best and now, half strangling and dazed, he was through—out of the fight.

But his gallant effort had not been in vain, for that big body bursting so suddenly through the branches of the quaking asp had penetrated the wall of oblivion surrounding the wolf's senses. For the merest fraction of a second the gray killer hesitated; just the slightest bit he shied away from the hurtling body of the collie. And that hesitation meant life for Tabbs!

The Persian landed in the low crotch of the quaking asp. Quickly he scuttled up an additional five feet and out on a slender limb to safety. There he sat down, curling his thick furry tail about his feet through force of habit. His little pink mouth sagged open and his ribs heaved with utter exhaustion. But he was safe!

With a snarl of rage the timber wolf, realizing that Tabbs had eluded him,

turned his attention to Hide-rack. Here, ready was a helpless victim to ease his disappointment. Robbed of one kill, he found another waiting. Straight at the collie the gray beast charged, straight for that splash of white which marked the under side of the dog's stretched, defenseless neck. With confusing swiftness the focal point of danger had been transferred from Tabbs to Hide-rack.

In sudden desperation I hurled my stick. It fell short. Hide-rack didn't have a chance. In a fair fight... but now he didn't have a chance! One slash of those powerful jaws and Hide-rack's jugular vein would be laid open; his gallant heart would pump out his life's blood before we could get him down. His splendid courage, his magnificent strength, my intense love for him—nothing, it seemed, could save him now!

The gray killer gathered his steel-muscled body for the final spring that would carry him to Hide-rack's defenseless throat. My heart plunged to the bottom of my stomach with a sickening thud. I screamed crazily. And then—

From the branches of the quaking asp a pink form whipped downward in the sunlight! Squarely it landed on the broad gray skull of the charging wolf. Tabbs!

Maybe the Persian didn't make that leap on purpose. Maybe the convulsive jerk of Hide-rack's body shook him from his perch and cat instinct caused him to land feet downward with claws extended; maybe it was just by accident that he hit squarely on the wolf's back; maybe that is the

way it happened—but I don't believe it. I prefer to believe that Tabbs deliberately jumped to the defense of his helpless playmate; that the loyalty in his staunch little heart sent him leaping at the very beast from which only an instant before he had been fleeing in terror.

But, however it happened, the gray wolf was for the second time confused by a threat from unexpected quarters. Forgetting Hide-rack for the moment, he came to an abrupt stop and shook himself in a snarling attempt to dislodge the clinging thing on the back of his neck. But Tabbs held tight and, for good measure, fastened his keen white teeth in the tender base of a gray ear. Good cat, he had courage!

Now I did have hope. If Tabbs could only hold on a second longer! I swooped down and retrieved my stick as I ran.

With a vicious jerk the wolf loosened the cat and sent him sprawling through the air. Tabbs landed against the base of a buck brush a few feet away. The wolf, cruel jaws spread wide, leaped for him. I raised my club—

Bang! A lead bullet zipped by me. Distinctly I heard it smack into the wolf's gray shoulder. He snapped at the hole with almost unbelievable swiftness, staggered, stumbled, crumpled into a lifeless heap of gray fur...

The Fosters were a badly disorganized family when they reached the camp fire again. Tabbs, the blooded Persian who had won his share of cat show prizes, was weaving from sheer exhaustion. Hide-rack was weak and panting for breath. Dad and I were winded. But all of us were thankful and happy.

"And this," I said, "ends Hide-rack's term in jail."

Mystery Underground

(Continued from page 8)

In the next ten minutes he made several more turns in the maze of abandoned workings.

It was not until he had passed for the third time a section of badly caved ground, that he realized that he was lost. "I've been here before," he mused. "I must have made the same left turn twice. I'd better get back to the shaft and start all over again."

Half an hour's wandering, however, did not free him from the maze. Bill stopped and sat down on a chunk of fallen rock to do some serious thinking.

"There's no doubt about it—I'm way off my course," he admitted. Suddenly, then, he remembered his conversation with Graham: "He told me you could lose the U. S. Army down here. And what did I say to that? I said, 'You could lose the Army but you can't lose a miner like me.' Huh! A fat fool I turned out to be!"

Bill laughed aloud at the joke on himself.

Ahead of him the tunnel swallowed his laughter at a gulp and dropped into black silence.

"Well," thought the mislaid sleuth, "there's no hurry. I've got all night to get out of this mess. I—"

He broke off as he observed that the flame of his lamp was flickering low. "Needs more carbide." He reached into the rear pocket of his dungarees and drew forth his tin of spare carbide.

The tin felt strangely light. Nervously Bill opened it and tipped it over the palm of his hand—only two or three small grains of carbide fell out. He remembered then having intended to refill the tin early that afternoon.

"Help, help!" he groaned. "Now I'm really sunk!"

Then he laughed again, but a chill crept over him. The nearest drum of carbide was stored at the skip station on the 800-foot level—and might as well have been a thousand miles away! The carbide left in his lamp would give a faint flame for perhaps two minutes longer. Then he would find himself in total darkness, lost, 700 feet underground, in a section of the mine to which nobody ever came.

He must use every precious second of flame!

He got to his feet. Which way? The decision might mean freedom or death. He chose to go on left, and plunged ahead as fast as he could.

Sixty seconds later he came to a cross tunnel. "To the right!" he decided, and broke into a trot. This new tunnel seemed familiar. Bill's heart beat high with hope.

The flame of the carbide lamp sputtered, stopped, flickered again, then burned faintly while Bill took ten more paces. And those ten paces carried him to the section of caved ground he had already passed three times!

At the moment that he made this discovery, perhaps because of the trembling of his hand, the flame of the lamp died and left him in total darkness.

"I've been expecting this," Bill said numbly. From force of habit he hooked the lamp to his hat, and then he fumbled for the box of matches in his shirt pocket.

By sense of feeling he counted the matches. Twelve. Twelve matches for freedom!

The best plan would be to use each match until it burned his fingers and then, just before it went out, to

get a mental picture of the tunnel ahead that would enable him to crawl some distance in the darkness.

Ten matches, lighted at long intervals, carried him no closer to escape. The tunnel now seemed entirely unfamiliar.

On all fours, foot by foot, he crawled through the perpetual night. Presently he heard a bit of rock touched by his foot go tumbling downward, then a faint splash. Water below!

He lighted the eleventh match and discovered that he had passed within a few inches of a winze—and that the shaft was only partially covered by rotten planks!

While the eleventh match burned, cupped in his hands, he hurried on. And the last instant of light revealed a turn in the tunnel just ahead.

For a minute he stared into the blackness. That turn in the tunnel was his last hope. The twelfth and final match would bring him to it and reveal escape or the end of a trail.

Carefully he struck the match and crept forward to the turn. A glance showed him that to the right there was nothing but stone. To the left—

Fifty feet ahead, in a pile of shattered rock, the footwall met the hanging wall. The tunnel stopped there.

Paralyzed with terror, motionless as the cold stone that made a tomb all about him, Bill Hawkins stared at the wall revealed by the flame of the match in his hand. Journey's end!

Hopelessness so numbed him that he did not feel the twelfth match burning his fingers. He did not realize that he held a match until the tiny flame snuffed out and darkness closed about him. . . .

To a man buried alive, time has neither measure nor importance. Each minute is an eternity, each hour a moment. Huddled there on the floor of the tunnel, in the thick darkness, Bill Hawkins had ceased to wonder about time.

Despair had brought calm to him, and through the slow hours he had considered his chances of escape. Probably nobody had been in that section of the mine for years. Little chance of his being found by accident! and up above, in Dogtown, they would probably think that he had "gone over the hump," as a hobo often does when work annoys him.

His only hope of rescue was Graham. And it might be days before Graham discovered that he was missing!

"At the very best, I'll be here five days," the prisoner reflected. "I'll be hungry by that time."

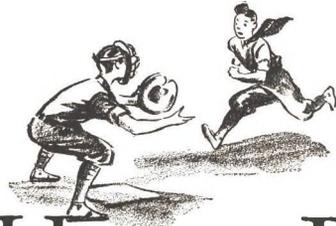
Water, fortunately, was not a problem—there was plenty of it, stale and brackish, seeping from tunnel walls.

The hardest thing to endure was the silence. The terrible underground silence, and with it the feeling of being entombed, sightless though not blind, started a fearful questioning in Bill's mind: When they found him, if they ever did, would he still be sane?

To fight that dread, he lay with his head on his arm and tried to fall asleep. . . .

A sudden noise brought him halfway to his feet. That was the sound of sliding rock! He was gripped by every miner's subconscious fear—the fear of a cave-in.

Again the fall of rock close at hand! Dropping to his knees and shutting



A Home Run in every dish!



The crack of the bat is heard throughout the land! Are you in shape?

Are you eating the food that gives you the extra energy you need to sock the ball over the fence?

Ask Mother to give you Shredded Wheat! There's a breakfast and lunch food that "sticks to your ribs" and supplies the body-building and strength-giving elements you need. Your coach

will tell you it's o.k. Your own pep will prove it to you in short order.

And is Shredded Wheat good? Just try it with milk, or heaped with fresh berries, bananas or peaches. You'll say it's the swiftest breakfast you ever ate!

Remember to ask Mother today for Shredded Wheat. Eat it regularly. There's a home run in every dish!

Good for You Because—

1. Shredded Wheat brings you all the *healthful* qualities of whole wheat: bran to keep you regular and aid your digestion; mineral salts to build bone; proteins to build tissue; Vitamin B for growth and resistance to disease; carbohydrates for energy.
2. Shredded Wheat is so *nourishing* that one Shredded Wheat Biscuit gives you the same amount of nourishment as you get in a bowl of home-cooked hot cereal (8 rounded tablespoonfuls).
3. Shredded Wheat is *easy to digest*—never lies heavy on your stomach. Every Shredded Wheat Biscuit has been double cooked—steamed and baked.
4. Shredded Wheat *tastes good!* It keeps its chewy crispness no matter how much you drench it with milk or cream.



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This interesting book is packed with pictures, showing you how to use footwork to win in many sports. No matter what game you play, you should be a better athlete after reading this book.

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Firestone FOOTWEAR

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his eyes, Bill waited hopefully for the crushing impact of ten thousand tons of stone.

What happened next was more terrifying than the cave-in he expected. A voice was speaking! Had he already gone insane?

He forced open his eyes—and the tunnel was lighted.

The light was faint but unmistakable. It came from the end of the tunnel fifty feet ahead, and as Bill stared at it, he heard again the sound of falling rock. With the noise the source of light ahead of him widened. He saw that the light came from a lamp shining through the heap of blasted rock at the end of the tunnel. The voice beyond was now distinct.

"That's wide enough," it said. Bill wanted to shout for joy, but before he could utter a sound his reason came back to him and he held his tongue. Here, in this forgotten section of the Seven-up, there was appearing before his eyes a miraculous third entrance to the mine.

With reason came action. On hands and knees he crawled around the turn by which he had come into his trap. Glancing swiftly behind him, he saw a head emerging from the opening at the face of the tunnel. Hoping that he hadn't been observed, he wedged himself between a rotten timber and the tunnel wall.

From around the turn the voice echoed again: "Hurry up. We ain't got any time to waste."

There were at least two miracle men! Ten seconds later the tramp of boots on the wet tunnel floor warned Bill Hawkins that his rescuers were rounding the turn. He dared not move to look at them. Only luck would keep him from being discovered.

The trudging boots went steadily by. Bill allowed himself to breathe. One crisis past, and a worse to come. Without carbide, he must follow close behind his quarry, guiding his footsteps by the scanty light from their swinging lamps.

On tiptoe, barely twenty paces behind, he set out toward freedom.

"The weirdest thing I ever did—shadowing people who have practically saved my life," he reflected. "There's one thing sure—if I don't get light enough, and can't go on, I'll shout for help. I don't want to be buried here again, not for all the gold in seven Seven-ups! . . . But if I do shout, or they turn around and spot me, what will they do?"

That was a subject he didn't like to think about.

The two men trudged unsuspectingly on. Twice they rounded turns, and Bill was forced to run silently, by mental reckoning, until he could reach the turn and see his way again by the light thrown back.

Within two minutes he found himself in workings that were definitely familiar, from which he knew he could reach the main shaft of the Seven-up. Now he allowed his quarry to get farther ahead.

They were some two hundred feet ahead of him when their lamps revealed the timbers that formed the skip station beside the main shaft. Then the two lamps disappeared.

"They're going down," he said to himself.

Again in darkness, but certain of the way, he crawled straight ahead until at length his hands found the wooden flooring of the skip station and the

fresher air of the main shaft reached his lungs.

The two lamps were bobbing far below him. He watched to see how far down the chicken ladders the men were going. The two lamps were tiny points below him when they finally disappeared.

"Must have been about five hundred feet down," was the detective's guess. "That would be the 1200 level. Let's go!"

He swung himself into black space from the scaffolding and explored with his foot until he found a rung of the chicken ladders.

The descent was slow, but after a few minutes Bill struck a floor that told him he had reached the 800 level—and his chance for light.

He groped blindly until his hand touched the carbide drum. "Good old carbide!" he cried. "Dear, sweet old carbide—come to me!"

Taking his lamp from his hat, he filled the fuel chamber with the precious crystals. He spat into the lamp, which sizzled the message that gas was forming. A moment he waited, his hand cupped over the reflector, then spun the flint.

Bright white flame hissed from the lamp and Bill Hawkins gave three silent cheers of gladness.

Five minutes later, 400 feet farther down, he stepped to the staging of the 1200 level and started into the tunnel.

"I'm pretty sure they turned off on this level," he said.

He followed the tunnel until it split into two drifts, and then, to avoid any chance of losing his quarry, he snuffed out the lamp and sat down to wait, well concealed.

Perhaps twenty minutes later a faint light, far down the left-hand drift, warned him that the two men were returning. Presently the twin lamps came bobbing along the drift toward him, and then the faces of the men were plainly revealed.

They were Swede Mulligan, king of the drill men, and Airedale Ike, Dogtown's perennial hobo!

"Now what do you know about that?" Bill asked himself.

The two passed by their hidden watcher and disappeared once more toward the main shaft.

Bill didn't follow them. "I know who it is—that's enough. Now to find out what they were doing at the face of this drift."

As he walked rapidly down the drift, Bill pondered the miracle of the two men's appearance on the abandoned 700 level. "So there's an unknown third entrance to the mine," he mused. "Hi—I've got it! Swede's working a claim just west of the Seven-up. This private claim would be about two hundred feet lower than the Tynan Adit, which hits our main shaft 500 feet down. That makes a total of 700 feet. Working in at his claim, and driving a tunnel east, he would come in on our 700 level! That explains a lot of—"

Bill stopped in his tracks. He had rounded a turn in the drift and suddenly caught the smell of smoke. Up ahead of him, not more than a hundred feet away, the end of the tunnel was smoldering at a dozen different points. "Fuse!" gasped Bill. "Dynamite!"

Swift as thought, he whirled to run. The explosion was swifter. Bam! With dull thunder the face of the tunnel shattered, compressing a column of air that hit him with the gentleness of a pile driver.

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As Bill took wings, catapulted forward by the force of the concussion, something that felt like a thousand red-hot needles struck him in the retreating portion of his anatomy.

With the bits of flying rock peppering him, he completed a perfect landing on his chin. He lay still, waiting—Bam!

The second concussion brought another hammerlike column of air and with it singing rock. Bill felt the shock without hearing it. The first explosion had blown away his hearing along with his hat.

Bam! The third shot shook mother earth.

Bam! A fourth and final concussion.

When the battle ended, the sole survivor lay half groggy on the tunnel floor, wondering just who had hit him with what. Gradually his senses returned. He gingerly moved his head.

It was all right, fine—and there appeared to be a body attached to it. Slowly Bill conducted a census, discovering two arms and two legs amid his personal wreckage. "I'm alive," he concluded proudly.

Painfully he rose to his knees, and groped for light. "Where's that lamp? Where's that dog-gone lamp? Jumping Jezebel, let me out of here!"

Coughing in a cloud of fine rock dust, he found the lamp and relighted it.

On his feet once more, smarting with pain from the bits of rock blown into him at various points between his knees and his neck, Bill began a retreat from the advancing dynamite fumes.

His footsteps seemed noiseless, and presently he realized why. "I'm deaf," he announced.

Listening, he failed to catch his own words.

Louder, then: "I'm deafer than a coot!" he repeated. "I can't even hear myself talk."

A great longing for fresh air and open country came upon him. "Let me out of this place," he complained, "while I'm still in my right mind and all in one piece!"

He plunged ahead through the tunnel until he reached the skip station on the main shaft. Swede Mulligan and Airedale Ike had disappeared. Bill grabbed the first rung of the chicken ladders and started upward.

He climbed 1200 feet in something less than world's record time, and at the top, gasping for breath, unlocked the grill that barred the main entrance and stepped out into starlight.

He made straight for the office shack of the Seven-up, kicked open the door, and grabbed up the telephone directly connected with Jim Graham's house.

"How'll I talk?" he thought suddenly. "I'm deaf as a fence post."

For twenty seconds he twisted the handle of the phone, and then, after a pause, "This is Bill Hawkins," he said, beginning a one-way conversation.

"Don't talk. I can't hear you. Get down here to the office shack as fast as you can, and bring a couple of men with you. Come armed and come running!"

More cranking, and again: "Bill Hawkins speaking. I can't hear you. Get down here as fast as you can. Don't ask questions. Get down here! . . .

"Bill Hawkins speaking . . ."

The deaf detective was still at work on the telephone, broadcasting to possible listeners, when the touch of a hand

on his shoulder caused him to jump somewhat less than three feet in the air.

He whirled around to find Graham behind him. The superintendent, sleepy-eyed, was buttoning his shirt and, judging by the movement of his lips, craving to know just what all the midnight ruckus was about. With him were Walrus Mac, the shift boss, and Fitz, the specimen boss.

Bill wasted no words. "No use talking to me," he began. "I got caught by a blast on the 1200 and I'm deaf. I found Swede Mulligan and Airedale Ike on the 700, where they came in through a secret entrance. They dropped down to the 1200 and spitted a round. Maybe you'll find 'em there. It's the south drift on the 1200. Turn left at the 'V' and keep left. . . . Don't bother about me—get them!"

Alone in the office shack, Bill Hawkins inspected his personal damage. Stripping like the dancer in the burlesque show, craning his neck to observe his southern exposure, he verified the rumor his aches and pains had been repeating—from his neck to his knees he was peppered with bits of rock blown out of the face of the drift by Swede Mulligan's dynamite.

"For the love of the left-handed Lulu!" he exclaimed—"I look like a Number Five sieve. I need iodine."

He searched the office until he found a first-aid kit, and for half an hour thereafter he applied his talents to painting, in iodine, a portrait of the back end of himself.

Just as he resumed his pants, Jim Graham returned to the office shack, walking under the impulse of great excitement.

"We got 'em!" he announced.

"What's that?" said Bill, still hard of hearing.

"We got 'em!" shouted Graham. "Down on the 700. They were on their way back to the 1200."

"Where are they now?" said Bill—and his joyous grin matched the one that had wiped all the haggard lines out of Jim Graham's face.

"Down at the old portal, with Elizabeth the Mule. Fitz and old Tynan are guarding 'em. Swede Mulligan did plenty of talking at the other end of my Mauser—and, boy, I learned some history!"

More calmly Graham reported Swede Mulligan's confession.

"Just as I suspected, kid, Renshaw had an ace on the bottom of the deck. He took drill corings ahead of the faces in tunnels that looked promising. When the corings showed pay was coming he'd stop work and report 'no values' in that section of the mine. So the records declared the Seven-up a failure—but privately Renshaw knew where to find enough rich ore to make the mine a sure gamble at a million-dollar ante."

"Where do Swede Mulligan and Airedale—"

"I'm coming to that. Swede did all Renshaw's diamond drill work, and between 'em they were the only men who knew there was still a fortune in the Seven-up. Except for Airedale Ike. Swede used him as a helper."

"It's a good thing," Bill grinned, "that you didn't let me carry out my idea of using Ike as an assistant snooper! What about their secret entrance on the 700 level?"

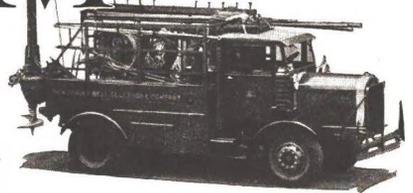
"Swede crosscut to our workings from his own claim down below," Graham ex-

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plained. "Mighty sweet piece of tunneling! He studied the Seven-up blueprints, aimed by dead reckoning, and hit our abandoned drift right on the nose!"

Bill looked puzzled. "Did Renshaw tell him to do that? And if so, why?" "No, Renshaw didn't know about it. He wasn't supposed to. It seems that Swede didn't trust another crook and decided to get his share before any double-crossing began. So he pushed his tunnel through—to mine the faces that carried gold."

"In that case," said Bill, suddenly excited, "the shot he just fired down on the 1200—"

"That's what we want to see," Graham agreed. "Let's go have a look." "Not me," said the detective. "You go. I've had enough of that mine for one day. I've been lost, blind, blown up, deaf—and dumb! Particularly dumb! Now I'm going to be bright and stay out—"

"Forget it," said Graham, grabbing Bill's arm and propelling him toward the door. "I'll put Walrus Mac on the hoist and we'll ride down in style. Come along—I've got to see that tunnel face."

With Walrus Mac at the hoist up above, Jim Graham and Bill climbed into the skip, rumbled down into the earth, and two minutes later slowed to a stop on the 1200 level.

With rapid strides Graham led the way into the south drift.

"Whoa! Not so fast," Bill protested.

"What's the matter, kid?" "My caboose. It pains me. That first shot of dynamite peppered me plenty! Go easy!"

More slowly the two rounded the final turn in the drift and approached the face that Swede Mulligan had blasted. Ten paces from the end of the tunnel they stopped simultaneously, gasping with amazement.

Against a background of snow-white quartz, gleaming bright yellow in the light of Jim Graham's lamp, loosely spun in spikes and threads and splinters just as Nature's alchemy had wrought it when the world was young, there lay exposed a great mass of virgin gold!

On his knees, holding his lamp close to the treasure, "Shades of Aladdin!" Jim Graham exclaimed. "Look at this! If you live to be a thousand you'll never see anything so rich again."

Bill stared, almost incredulously. "No wonder Renshaw played a long bet," he said.

"And this isn't all of it!" Graham announced jubilantly. "Swede confessed that there are two or three other places that carry big values. Look—" he scooped up some of the treasure. "Did you ever hold a thousand dollars in one hand? I'm doing it now. Almost pure stuff! Get a handful of this. Bend down here!"

Bill started to bend down, and then decided not to. "Ouch! Double ouch!" he proclaimed, as the effort to stoop over warned him where he hurt most.

"Bend down here," Graham insisted and then, glancing up at Bill's face, suddenly began to laugh.

Bill scowled. "What's so funny?"

Graham pointed first at the mass of gold and then at Bill. "What's funny? Don't you see? This is what the blast blew into you—gold! Sweet shooting! Some unlucky guys get a load of buckshot, but you're filled full of gold." He went off in a fresh gust of laughter.

"Maybe it's gold, but that doesn't make it feel any better," the wounded one complained. "It feels like—all right, go ahead and laugh!"

Thus reproached, the boss of the Seven-up finally sobered.

"Kid," he said then, "I'm proud of the way you've handled this job." And his eyes, meeting Bill's, said much more.

"Thanks," Bill gulped. That was compensation in plenty for all his aches and pains. He only grinned when his white folks abruptly doubled up in another spasm over a new idea.

"You know, kid," Jim Graham explained as soon as he could speak, "I was thinking that you ought to get a nice fat bonus for this sleuthing job. But you've got it already—right in the back of your lap. Just go down to the U. S. boys in San Francisco and ask 'em what price gold today. Better hustle. Man, you're hoarding gold!"

The Six-Legged Teepolus

(Continued from page 19)

"By the way, Doc, I was reading that in Africa the natives attract birds at night by standing around in the woods with lighted torches and nets. It struck me that—"

"Swell!" exclaimed Doc. "Why didn't we think of that before?"

"Oh, no, you don't!" Swede snorted. "You don't get me out these cold nights in any woods with a torch!"

"Pug," said Chigger, ignoring him completely, "can you make a torch?"

"Sure," said Pug, rising. "You just wire some rags around an old broomstick and soak her in kerosene. Burn for hours."

"I don't care if she burns a month!" roared Swede. "You don't get—"

"Listen, you great galumph," said Chigger languidly. "Shall I call the brothers again? Remember, you have endangered the self-respect of Sigma and blasted the hopes of the entire community by your loafing last spring. In business, they put men like you into the hoosegow for such practises."

"A little night work won't hurt you," said Pug brutally. "You sleep your life away—that's why you look like a bale of hay tied in the middle. Will you do it, or shall we call the committee?"

Swede gulped a couple of times. One eye was still slightly plum-colored from the last argument.

"Oh, all right," he growled. "All right. You've got me now, but you'll

never get me down again, you Simon Legrees!"

"Don't think we enjoy it, you poor terrapin!" said Chigger. "I reckon it's a picnic for me—a Mackeney—to hit the deck at five-thirty and boot you out of the house!"

"Yeah," exclaimed Pug. "And for me to ride herd on you to the outskirts of town, just to see that you don't duck into some dorm and cork off."

"It's ruin' my health, too," complained Doc Walters. "Doing sentry duty in Allen's all day long so you won't sneak in there and vacuum up eight or nine chocolate malts!"

Chigger glanced at the clock. "Nine-thirty, Swede. Into the hay for you."

"I've got to do an errand first," said the giant, evading Chigger's eye. "Got to get some razor blades down at the corner."

"Fine," said Doc, rising. "I'll go with you. I need some air."

Swede stared at them like a bull cornered by watchful matadors. "I'll get 'em tomorrow," he growled, and stamped upstairs.

"Son of a gun," chuckled Chigger. "Got to watch him every minute, or he's into the eclairs like a hawk in a hen yard!"

During the second week, Professor Whipple beckoned Chigger to his desk after class. He polished his glasses absently, squinting his pale blue eyes to slits during the process. Then, when

YOU bet he'll "put 'em over the bag" now. With a new zip that will make short work of tired batters. When you need fresh pep, drink Orange-Crush—instead of eating things that slow you up. Feel the tingle down to your toes!

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the glasses were once more anchored on his nose, he pressed his finger tips together and addressed the apprehensive Southerner.

"Mr. Mackenny, I have an unpleasant duty to perform."

Chigger's heart sank. What more could happen? He nodded dumbly.

"The situation presents something of a paradox," resumed Squint, with the ghost of a smile. "An instructor tattling on a student to another student is out of the ordinary, to say the least. Nevertheless, I must acquaint you with a certain shifting of responsibilities that our friend Oldstrom is organizing."

"Why—why," said Chigger faintly, "what do you mean, sir?"

Squint tapped the desk. "This! I happened to be out on Balch Hill yesterday, examining some butterfly specimens. While so engaged, I noticed a young man with a freshman cap pursuing one of the more common of the Lepidoptera. I interrogated him, and what do you think I discovered, Mackenny?"

"I haven't the least idea," said Chigger.

"I discovered that this student was one of your freshmen, ah, ah—what do you call them?"

"Pledges," said Chigger. "We call 'em that until they're initiated."

"Precisely. Well, it seems that he was not actuated by any love of zoology in his quest. No—he and his fellows had been coerced by Oldstrom into spending their spare time in the hills searching for the Six-legged Teepolus, in order to make Oldstrom eligible!"

"The pledge told you that?"

"He did. Naturally, he had no idea of my identity—I was clad in my old field clothes. Oldstrom, I was informed, was taking his ease in a gas station down near the road, watching his conscripts through a pair of field glasses."

"The no-account terrapin!" said Chigger. "I'll saw off his ears! I will indeed."

"I beg pardon?"

"Nothing," said Chigger. "But steps will be taken, sir."

Chigger corrected Oldstrom's ways, and week after week unwound until the great Poughkeepsie regatta was only three days away. The varsity lost to Harvard by a full length, deepening the purple gloom that overhung the student body. Princeton—admittedly weak—was barely nosed out. More than ever was it evident that Swede Oldstrom was the power plant in the shell, and that without him the crew was less than average.

The brothers redoubled their pressure on the delinquent giant. They ran him ragged, night and day. Compared to his lot, a lifer in a penitentiary was as free as a bird on the wing. The brothers formed themselves into martinet pairs, who tagged the unhappy blond like his own shadow.

Three afternoons a week he took his seat in the varsity boat and bent his broad shoulders fiercely to the grind, glad to find physical release for the rage that gnawed his lazy spirit. The remaining days and nights—outside of classes and a few hours of sleep—he spent in a furious slogging over the rugged New Hampshire hills.

"I tell you, this doesn't make any sense at all," panted Swede on the verge of desperation. "Didn't that little squirt tell you there hadn't been one of

those Six-legged What-Do-You-Callems seen here since 1890?"

"He did," gasped Doc, dropping beside him in a wild ravine four miles north of the campus. "He likewise said you were the biggest loafer he had ever met—and that was no small compliment in itself. Whew, I'm petered out!"

"You!" sneered Swede. "How about me—me? I've been on the hoof for a month now. No rest—no sleep! Standing around in fields with a fool torch night after night—eaten by mosquitoes! And now you say you're petered out! Hah!"

"Another week of this," panted Chigger, also on the trip, sopping his face with a handkerchief, "and I will be resting alongside those other great Southern gentlemen, Massa Bob Lee and Stonewall Jackson! The Mackennys, sub, have ever been distinguished for mental attainments—not for mountain-goating!"

"Don't make me laugh," begged Swede. "I've got a cracked lip!"

A strained silence settled over the trio, while Swede picked up a green-headed bug and snapped it into the jar.

"He doesn't even get a vote," pronounced Judge Mackenny, whose zoology grades fluctuated between 97 and 100. "Just another foul ball."

"And it's just two days before the squad leaves," said Doc, gloomily. "Well—I'll soon be rolling a peanut up the street. And you, Chigger, will go barefoot—"

Swede scuffed the leaf mold with a sulky toe. "That guy Squint keeps picking on me, confound him. Holds me after class to gas about anything that comes into his head, and ask me how I'm coming on with the Six-legged Teepolus. I'd like to wring him out, like a dish rag!"

"I may be crazy," said Chigger, "but I always had a sneaking hunch that Squint nourished a vague sense of humor down inside that two-bit frame of his. Or am I crazy?"

"You're crazy," said Doc and Swede, with great firmness. "Crazy as a loon."

"Well, maybe so. But I'm still clinging to the idea."

"He don't freeze you up," grumbled Swede, "because you're a high marker. But I'm telling you we'd better just call off this wild goose chase here and now. I'm not going to find that bug, and we all know it. Squint knew it, too—he just wanted to ride me ragged, the little snipe! The only way we'll ever see one of those bugs is to turn insect and grow it ourselves."

Chigger plucked a stem of fresh green wintergreen and stripped off the leaves between his strong white teeth. "Hmm, now I wonder. . . ." He became lost in thought.

"An idea, Chigger?" Doc asked.

Chigger shook his head.

"Up, then!" said Doc, getting to his feet. "Come on, Viking—over the burning sands!"

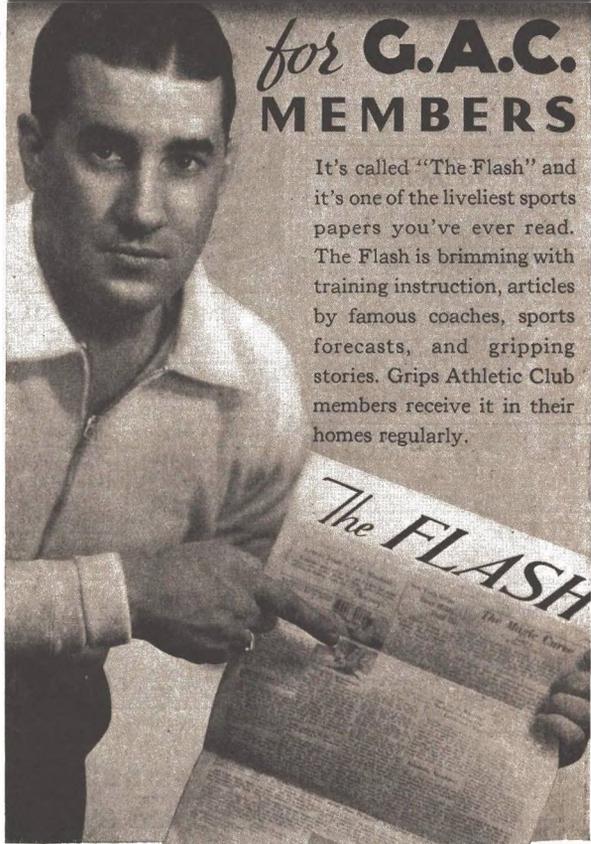
"Aw gee, I just sat down," groaned Swede. "Honest, I'm wasting away." Doc eyed the muscular trimness of the stroke with grudging approval. "You look like a human being, for the first time in a year, you bale of hay."

"I'm a shadow," said Swede plain-



HERE'S *an* EXCITING SPORTS NEWSPAPER

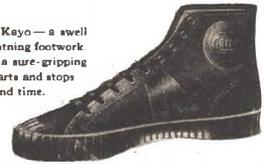
for G.A.C. MEMBERS



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TICKLED PINK OVER IT

First Salmon: "Going East this summer?"
 Second Salmon: "I certainly will if I can."

A BOY'S BEST FRIEND

Coach: "Bill, you're a find! The way you hammer the line, pick your hole, dodge, reverse the field, and still keep your feet is simply marvelous! Who showed you how to run like that?"
 New Halfback: "My mother, sir."
 Coach: "Your mother!"
 New Halfback: "Yes, sir. She used to take me shopping with her on bargain days."

HEAVEN SAVE US!

"Does the chaplain pray for the Senators?" asked the small boy visiting the Senate chamber at Washington.
 "No," said his father. "When he comes in he looks around and sees the Senators sitting there. Then he prays for the country."

ATMOSPHERE

"Hiram," said the farmer's wife, "it seems to me a bachelor of science in agriculture should take more pride in himself. Lately you've been saying 'By Gosh!' all the time, you go around with a straw in your mouth, and your English is atrocious."
 "I'm jest gittin' ready for them summer visitors that's comin' next week, Maggie. If some of us don't talk and act this way they'll think we ain't country folks at all."



AFTER THE CRASH

"It's not so bad to be down and out," said the pilot as he emerged from the wreckage of his plane.

HOW, INDEED?

Farmer Parsons had told his sons to cut a hole in the side of the new barn so the cat could get in and out. When he came back from town he was much displeased. His shout brought them running.
 "Can't you do anything right?" he snorted. Leaning from the buggy he seized the door, flung it open. The door covered the hole.
 "Now where's your cat hole?" he demanded. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

WE DOUBT THIS ONE

Fair Motorist: "I'm dreadfully sorry I stopped without warning you. I'm afraid I've telescoped your radiator and hood."
 Chivalrous Driver: "That's quite all right. Really, my car was too long anyway."

THE BETTER WAY

Clerk: "Sir, I must have more money. Why, I can't even afford to buy my lunches."
 Boss: "All right. Starting tomorrow you may dispense with the lunch interval."

POPULAR

Senior: "Come on, boy, let's go around and call on the Tonniss sisters."
 Junior: "Who?"
 Senior: "The two Jones girls. You know—nearly everybody's had 'em out."

THE RAVENOUS PACK

City-bred Freshman: "Tell me how it is up in the North woods. Have you ever been surrounded by hungry wolves?"
 Country-bred Freshman: "No-o, but I know the sensation. I used to open the dining room doors at a summer boarding house."

LESSON ONE

To sing well open your mouth wide and throw yourself into it.

WASTED EFFORT

He brought his cheap watch to the jeweler. "The mistake I made," he said, "was dropping it."
 The jeweler shook his head sadly. "I don't suppose you could help that," he remarked. "The mistake you made was picking it up again."

MISLAID IT SOMEWHERE

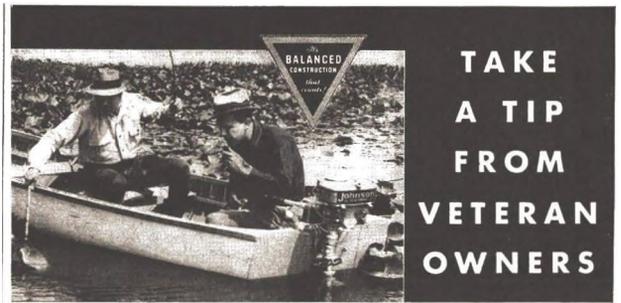
Collegian: "Believe it or not, Officer, I'm hunting for a parking place."
 Policeman: "Hunting for a parking place when you haven't got a car? You must be crazy!"
 Collegian: "But I have a car. It's in the parking place I'm looking for."

NOT USED TO IT

He sniffed suspiciously as he came out of the crowd's movie. Then he spoke confidentially into the doorman's ear.
 "What is that strange odor around here?" he whispered.
 "That," said the doorman, "is fresh air."

DEFINITION

A thermometer is a glass tube with a temperature running on its inside.



TAKE A TIP FROM VETERAN OWNERS

AN analysis of registration cards recently received from purchasers of Johnson SEA-HORSE outboard motors, taken just out of 727 owners

- 140 Had Previously Owned 1 Johnson
- 21 Had Previously Owned 2 Johnsons
- 8 Had Previously Owned 3 Johnsons
- 1 Had Previously Owned 4 Johnsons
- 1 Had Previously Owned 6 Johnsons

THE balance represents those who purchased an outboard for the first time, or who had previously owned some other make.

23% of the total were bought by people who know from experience what "Balanced Construction" and Johnson dependability mean!

When you buy your outboard, remember this: SEA-HORSE motors are complete at the price quoted. Everything you need for performance, convenience and comfort is standard on a Johnson.

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 900 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill.
 Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Canada.

FREE! Don't buy any outboard until you know all about "Balanced Construction" fully covered in this amazing booklet. It's yours for the asking. Also get your copy of Illustrated Motor Chart, describing the 1934 line of Johnson SEA-HORSES.



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Stamps in the Day's News

By KENT B. STILES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has directed the preparation of a special stamp to be tributed to those American mothers, his own included, whose gentle influence shapes the careers of America's sons.

President Wilson twenty years ago this coming May 12 issued a proclamation setting aside the second Sunday each May for national observance as Mother's Day. Mother's Day falls on May 13 this year, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been busy turning out millions of copies of a stamp commemorating President Wilson's act.

The President himself chose the design for this unusual stamp. A 3c, it will reproduce the famous "Portrait of the Painter's Mother," by the American artist James Abbott McNeill Whistler, who was born only 10 years ago. This widely known painting belongs to France. Usually it hangs in the Louvre, but just now it is on tour in this country.

Some months ago a delegation representing the American War Mothers petitioned the Federal postal authorities for such a stamp and received a negative response. Undaunted, these women, led by Mrs. W. E. Oultrée, president of the American War Mothers, appealed to President Roosevelt. Their request was backed by several woman representatives in Congress.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of few men whose mothers lived to see their sons enter the White House. To the teachings and Christian guidance of Sarah Delano Roosevelt, his mother, he certainly owes in some measure his present position of eminence. Moreover he has been a stamp collector since boyhood. Was it not, then, only natural that the suggestion advanced by the delegation should awaken his sympathetic interest? I like to visualize him as having given his assent promptly.

The story behind Mother's Day is an inspiring one, and there is no truth in published statements that national associations of florists originated the idea in order to boost sales of their products each May. Read the facts and judge for yourself.

In the spring of 1908 Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, wished to honor her mother, who had died not long before. She asked her pastor to take as his sermon text, on the second Sunday in May, "The Adoration of Motherhood." She told him she would provide flowers for his pulpit and would

give a flower to each child in the Sunday School and to each child in the church to remember their mothers on that day. She went to a local florist for flowers. There were unsold carnations in abundance. The florist gave her all she could carry, and she distributed them to the children.

Local newspapers learned of her plans and published advance stories, and national news associations broadcast similar stories throughout the land. Meanwhile Miss Jarvis wrote to governors and mayors and church heads in other cities. The idea met with a wide and enthusiastic response.

So, on that second Sunday in May of 1908, Mother's Day was born, with the carnation as its symbol. Six years later came President Wilson's proclamation; and in 1923 President Harding wrote Miss Jarvis expressing his hope that Mother's Day that year would be "more widely observed than ever."

Meanwhile Miss Jarvis organized the International Mother's Day Association and became its first president. She made addresses in churches and before business organizations, and through her efforts Congress enacted a law authorizing the Stars and Stripes to be flown on Government flagstaffs on the second Sunday in May.

Whether your mother is living or has passed on, wear a carnation this May 13. And, if she is living, write her a little letter of love and frank it with one of these Mother's Day commemoratives. To her it will be a merited token of your affection; she will cherish the envelope that bears the stamp!

The Maryland 3c

MEANWHILE has appeared the special stamp, foreshadowed last month, commemorating the founding, three centuries ago, of what is now the State of Maryland. It is a 3c red—an innovation!—and was placed on sale first on March 23 at the little post office in St. Marys City, Maryland. St. Marys City, far down near the tip of the peninsula between the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, is the site of the first settlement. Leonard Calvert, Maryland's first governor, and his 200 colonists sailed from England in November of 1633 and arrived in the Potomac in March of 1634.

Last month I mentioned the colonists' ships, *Ark* and *Dove*. These vessels make up the central (Continued on next page)



Victor Hugo, the great novelist, on a new French stamp.

FOUR KINGS OF THE BELGIANS

At the left is Leopold I, first king of the Belgians. Leopold II, the second king, is in the center.

Right, Albert, nephew of Leopold II, who led his people during the bitter years of the war.

ALBERT, third king of the Belgians, is dead; and his elder son has ascended the throne at 34 as Leopold III.

You have read, in the newspapers, how Albert fell while mountaineering; and how, on February 23, Leopold rode into Brussels to take the oath to serve his people as their king.

These developments will have philatelic significance. Aside from an Albert mourning stamp reported as to be issued, Leopold and his Queen, the Princess Astrid, niece of King Gustav of Sweden—have two children, Crown Prince Baudouin, three and a half years old, and Princess Josephine Charlotte. And future Belgian stamps undoubtedly will present portraits of Leopold III, Baudouin, and Josephine-Charlotte, either on regular issues or on semi-postals.

Leopold is not a stranger to the hobby. Belgium's 1921 semi-postal issued to commemorate the Brussels Philatelic Exhibition that year bears his likeness as crown prince, the Duke of Brabant.

It will be recalled that Belgium

celebrated in 1930 the centenary of its independence, and three 1930 commemoratives have as their designs half-length portraits of Leopold I, who modernized his country's postal system; his son, Leopold II; and the latter's nephew, Albert.

Both of Leopold II's sons died before their father did, and so the throne passed to Albert, who reigned from 1909 until his death.

The face of Albert, who was a stamp collector, appeared frequently on Belgium's stamps; and on Brazil's 1920 100 reis red commemorative of Albert's visit that year to Brazil. That of Queen Elizabeth, now Queen-Mother, illustrates the 1931 semi-postals which were distributed to stimulate interest in the National Tuberculosis League.

One other member of this royal family has been postally honored. Leopold's sister, Princess Marie José, was married in 1930 to Crown Prince Umberto of Italy, and Italian 1930 "royal wedding" commemoratives present their likenesses.

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design of the new stamp, with the inscription "The Ark and the Dove" at the left. To the right is Maryland's coat-of-arms.

Heroes of the Air

GERMANY'S new air series brings phlegmately two new portraits—on the 2 marks green and black, that of Otto Lilienthal, inventor and aviator; and on the 3m blue and black, one of Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, airship inventor.

Lilienthal (1848-1896) studied the problem of equilibrium by observing the flights of birds and he constructed an airplane in which a gliding flight could be maintained.

Count von Zeppelin (1838-1917), after service as a volunteer with the North in our Civil War and with the German army in the Austrian and Franco-Prussian Wars, retired as a general in order to study aeronautics.

The nine lower values of this set, ranging from 3 pfennigs to 100pf, illustrate a globe, a bird in flight, and a swastika on a solid background.

Germany's new official stamps, eleven values from 3pf to 50pf, have as their design the swastika within a laurel wreath circle on a solid background.

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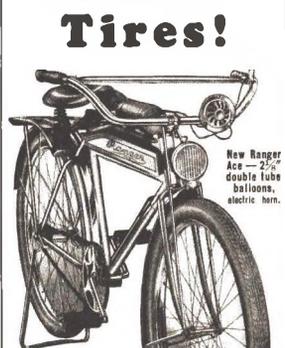
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Gravnik Point lay ahead, a little on the port bow. Beyond it was open water. The angry snore of the blowing whale rose above the scream of the wind and the thunder of the surf. The line shuddered. The iron held. Jim Crandon kept his eyes glued on the running beast. If the whale ran in toward the land or swerved about and came at them, it was the end.

The jutting peninsula of land swept closer. They could hear the drum of the gale against the ice; gray and dismal, that desolate point of land reached toward them. The infuriated whale was already clear of the point where the tide rips curled. Jim Crandon swung his arm. The *Normal* rolled down on her beam ends. She hung there for agonizing moments. Then slowly, desperately, she righted herself. The shadow of Gravnik Point fell across her boiling deck. But the whale line held. The sea crashed aboard. Then she was clear. Open water ahead! The whale had towed the *Normal* clear!

Jim Crandon came slowly upright. A sudden weariness came over him. For the first time he became aware that he was drenched to the skin, that the freezing cold cased him as if in a jacket of steel. His lips were blue with it and his arms and hands numb. Lars Nelson was at his side, something strange in his hard blue eyes. The old harpooner turned the gun on its swivel till the steady but pointed toward Crandon.

"It is loaded," he said shortly. "This time the bomb will explode."

Jim Crandon shook his head.

"It is your kill," Nelson insisted. "First blood of the season is yours."

"No," Crandon shook his head again. "This whale isn't for the blubber pots."

"You—"

"He gave us our chance, that old blub. We ought to give him his."

He signaled to the winchmen to ease the strain. Then he turned and plucked a lance from its case along the rail. He waited. Lars Nelson watched him in silence. Momentarily the whale line slackened. Instantly Jim Crandon's razor-sharp lance came down on it. The stout twisted Manila, severed almost in half, ran out a little. Crandon sprang back. Then the whale, taking up the strain again with his forward rush, parted the line with a sharp cracking sound. The loose end leaped high in the air, then fell back on the water.

The *Normal*, suddenly relieved of the

strain, shuddered through her entire length and swung viciously over her side. Then she slowly righted and regained her pace. In the wild distance the liberated whale, with the black shaft just back of his head, fung his giant flukes in the air and sounded, dragging the length of line after him beneath the icy depth of the sea.

Lars Nelson turned away without a word. The *Normal* danced in the open sea. Jim Crandon unslashed himself stiffly and staggered down to the main deck. Here he muttered his orders to overhaul the gear and reave a new length of 240-fathom Manila whale line. The crew of the chaser looked at him. There was something in their eyes now that had not been there an hour before.

"Aye, sir!" a six-foot Norwegian giant barked, and sprang to obey the command.

Jim Crandon dragged himself up the ladder and into the wheelhouse. Lars Nelson was there alone, his horny fists on the spokes of the wheel, his feet fastened on the charging breakers. Crandon pulled off his dripping coat. The old harpooner never turned his head. But finally he spoke.

"What I said—before," he grated out—"I was a fool!"

"Don't know what you're talking about, Nelson," Crandon grinned. "I wonder if the cook's been able to keep some coffee hot on the galley stove in this crazy dancing ship? I could stand some of his yetost and a hot drink."

Nelson's head came round on his shoulder.

"You don't know—?" Then he broke off and nodded with severe and solemn dignity. He wasn't a man to betray the emotion that choked his throat. Crandon understood. So did he. That was all that mattered. "Better go below and get some dry clothes on you," he said shortly instead. "Coffee will do you good. Coffee and Norwegian cheese. You're chattering like a monkey. I watch the ship. One whaleman here is enough. When the gale blows down," he added austere, "we hunt together, Crandon."

Young Crandon nodded and turned for the companion leading below. And as he went slowly down the ladderway, he smiled. He was one of them now. He'd won his spurs. Next season he wanted to lead a hunt of his own.

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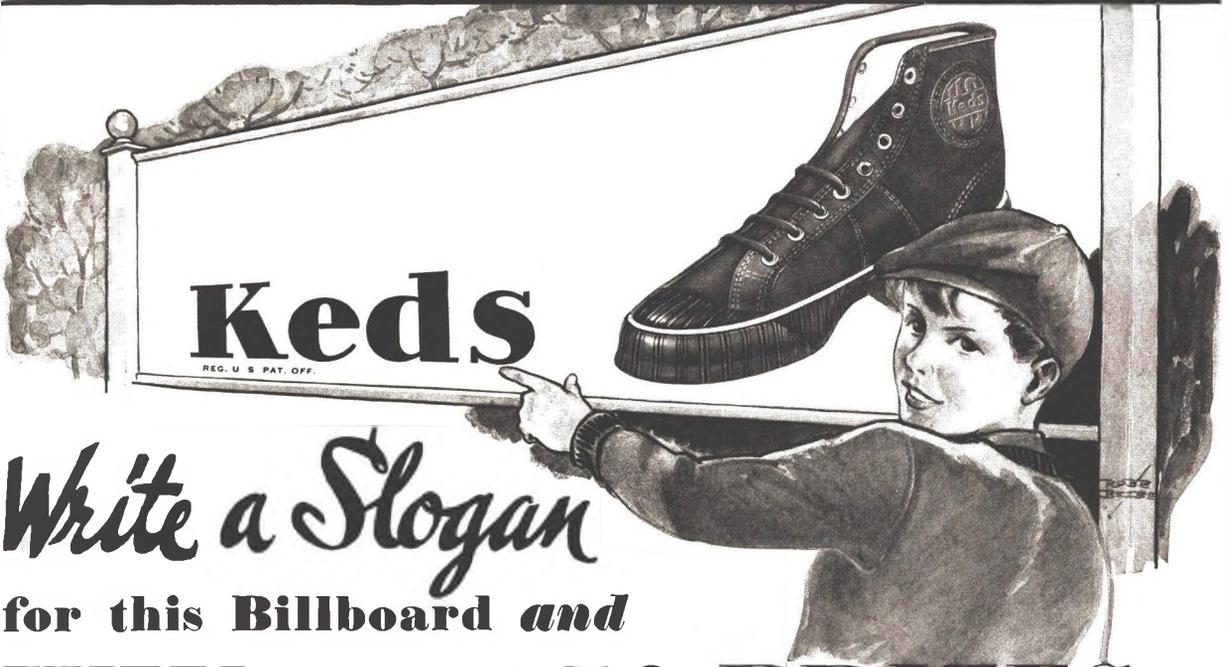
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19. In addition to the rules, this handbook contains fifty pages of sport and outdoor-life information, training instruction, a complete list of the 1933 champions, sections on camping, "How to be a Detective," and "Tricks of Magic."

Some boy or girl in each state will win one of these prizes. The

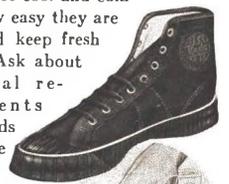


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real dope, go to your nearest dealer and ask him to explain just why Keds are so far ahead of ordinary canvas sneakers. Ask him to explain about the new Scientific Last—the new Shock-Proof Insole, that actually allows you to walk on air. Ask him to explain why Keds always keep your feet cool and comfortable, how easy they are to wash and keep fresh and clean. Ask about the Special reinforcements that give Keds such long life and service.



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contest closes July 5, 1934, and winners will be announced by August 20. So get busy!

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The contest is officially open with National Keds Week, May 19 to 26, when Keds dealers in every part of the country will display in their windows one or both of the signs shown above.



Look for these signs. Go into the store and ask for the new 1934 Keds Handbook of Sports and Outdoor Life which contains all of the rules of the contest. You will want to know all about this great event. Study the rules care-

fully. Remember, you can choose whether your prize shall be one of the thoroughbred wire-haired fox terriers or a bicycle, if your slogan lands you among the winners.

The handbook costs nothing. Make a note of the date, May

Keds

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Buck Jones

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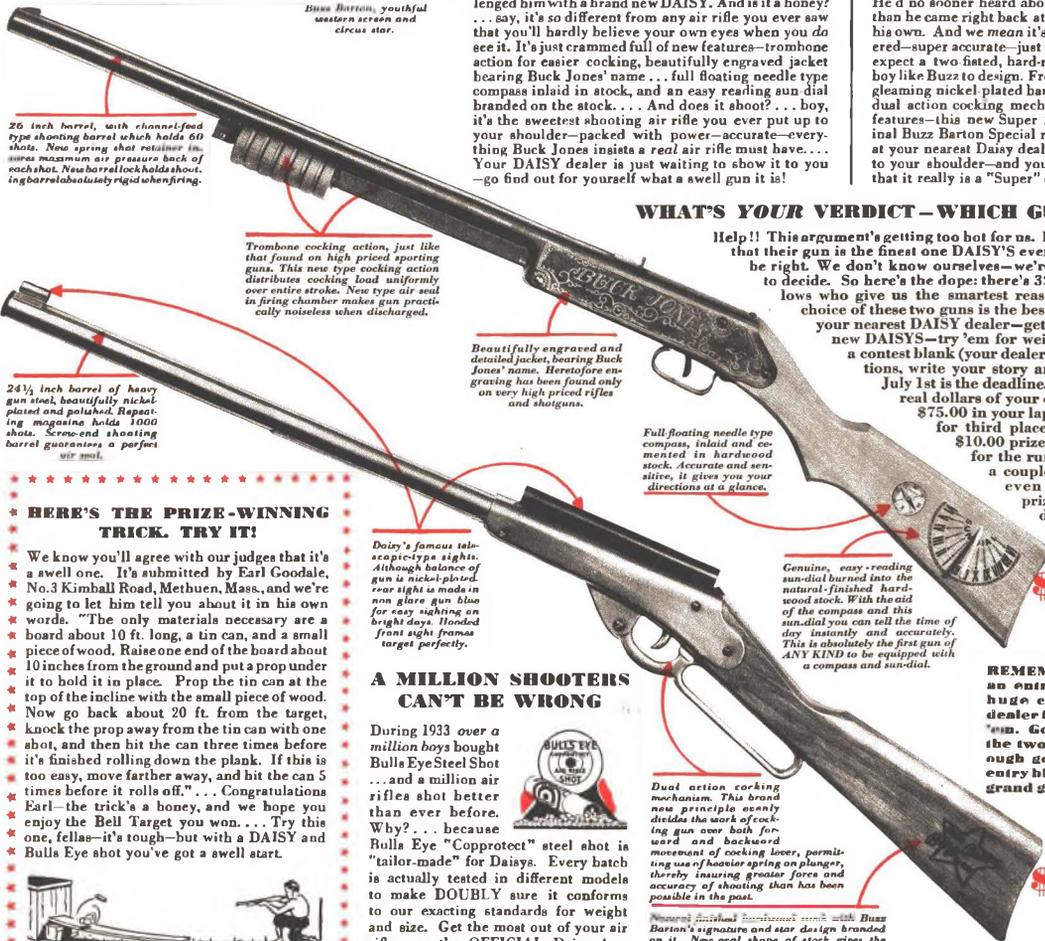
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26 inch barrel, with channel-fed type shooting barrel which holds 60 shots. New spring shot retainer insures maximum air pressure back of each shot. New barrel lock holds shooting barrel absolutely rigid when firing.

Trombone cocking action, just like that found on high priced sporting guns. This new type cocking action distributes cocking load uniformly over entire stroke. New type air seal in firing chamber makes gun practically noiseless when discharged.

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Beautifully engraved and detailed jacket, bearing Buck Jones' name. Here-to-for engraving has been found only on very high priced rifles and shotguns.

Full floating needle type compass, inlaid and cemented in hardwood stock. Accurate and sensitive, it gives you your directions at a glance.

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\$295

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Dual action cocking mechanism. This brand new principle evenly divides the work of cocking gun over both forward and backward movement of cocking lever, permitting use of heavier spring on plunger, thereby insuring greater force and accuracy of shooting than has been possible in the past.

Weather shielded telescopic sights with Buzz Barton's signature and star design branded on it. New oval shape of stock gives the streamline appearance characteristic of high grade, expensive sporting arms.

Daisy's famous telescopic-type sights. Although balance of gun is nickel-plated, rear sight is made in non glare gun blue for easy sighting on bright days. Flooded front sight frames target perfectly.

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We know you'll agree with our judges that it's a swell one. It's submitted by Earl Goodale, No. 3 Kimball Road, Methuen, Mass., and we're going to let him tell you about it in his own words. "The only materials necessary are a board about 10 ft. long, a tin can, and a small piece of wood. Raise one end of the board about 10 inches from the ground and put a prop under it to hold it in place. Prop the tin can at the top of the incline with the small piece of wood. Now go back about 20 ft. from the target, knock the prop away from the tin can with one shot, and then hit the can three times before it's finished rolling down the plank. If this is too easy, move farther away, and hit the can 5 times before it rolls off. . . . Congratulations Earl—the trick's a honey, and we hope you enjoy the Bell Target you won. . . . Try this one, fellas—it's tough—but with a DAISY and Bulls Eye shot you've got a swell start.



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