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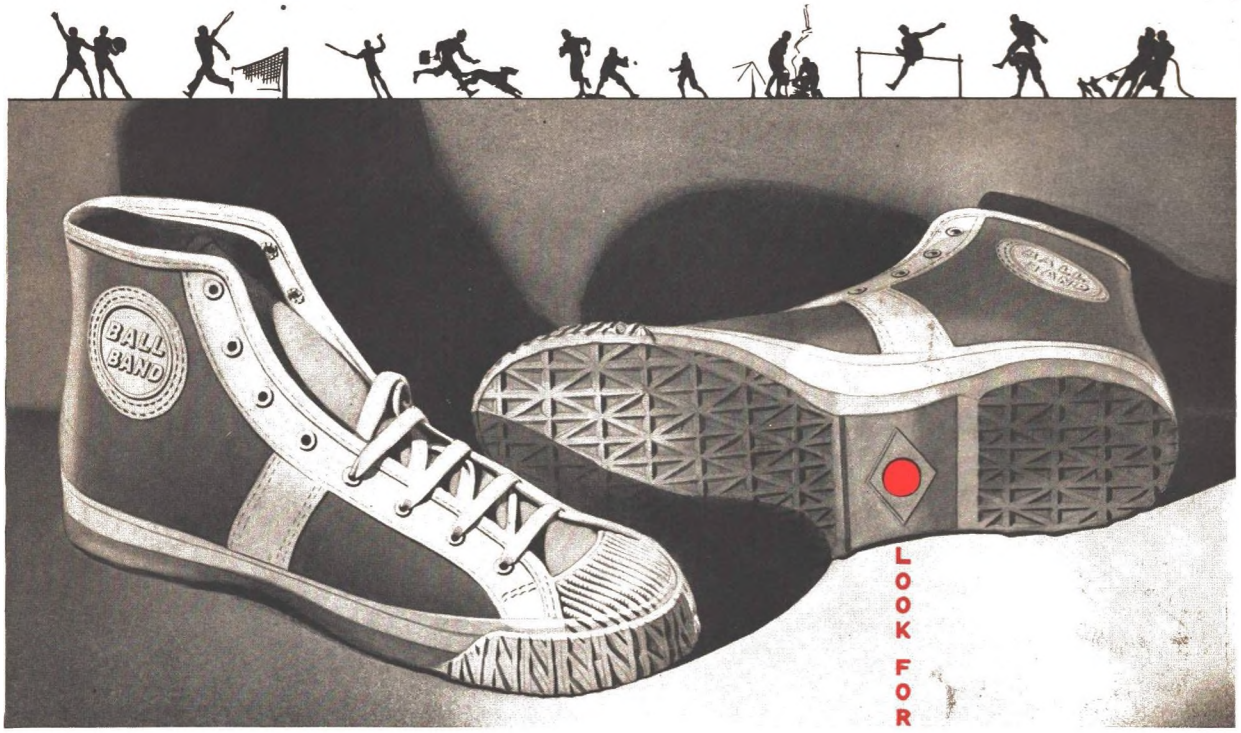

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Randall Takes Charge

I tried to say something consoling, muffed it, gripped his hand hard, and left.

And trouble hits the swimming team in the person of a gabby stranger!

by

Franklin M. Reck

Illustrator: COURTNEY ALLEN

WHEN I stepped up to the door of Coach Scotty Allen's house I sensed that something was wrong. He had left word for me to see him at once at his home, which was queer in itself. Then the house seemed so quiet—none of the Allen kids playing about.

I rang the bell, the door opened, and I was facing Dr. Morton of the college infirmary.

"Coach Allen left word," I began, trying to swallow a sudden feeling of dismay.

"You're Bob Randall?" the doc asked gruffly. "He won't go to the hospital until he's talked to you."

Sometimes a blow can strike you so suddenly that you haven't time to grasp it. That was the way I felt about the news that Scotty was down with acute appendicitis just two weeks before the Conference swimming meet. It wasn't until I was standing over Scotty in his bedroom that I began to realize what it might mean.

We didn't say much. The doctor had given me only a minute and it didn't take that long. Under his blue dressing gown Scotty's form looked thin and small. His lean face was tilted up on the pillow and I knew from the lines in it that he was suffering.

"Take charge of the squad," he whispered.

Then, all of a sudden, it hit me between the eyes. The squad he'd been building for three years. Taking raw greenies like Dick Feldman and Stew Riley and me, and whipping us into shape. Battling the athletic council for expense money. Showing us a swell time. Taking it on the chin from Tech at last year's Conference because we were green. Looking forward to this year to see his squad—the first real squad at State—come into its own. And then, in one sudden blow, being carted out of the picture!

Of us all, Stew Riley is the only boy who had approached a world's record. And you should have seen Stew when he first came to State! Rangy, king of gahgling, but with large hands and feet and smooth swimmer's muscles. Nothing in him but a great power plant and a willingness to learn. Stew was Scotty's little masterpiece and at the Conference Stew was slated to meet Carl Manning.

I knew then, as I looked down at Scotty's rigid body, that the pain in his face wasn't all from the attack. He didn't have to tell me anything. I knew what he wanted. He pointed to a dope sheet on the dressing table, forced a grin to his lips, and held out his hand.

I tried to say something consoling, muffed it, gripped his hand hard, and left. It was just as well that way, because Scotty never did go much for mush. Besides, I had to get out of there or bawl in his face.

I was all over that by the time I got to the gym at three. The squad had heard the news and had reached the kidding stage.

"Hail the new coach!" Dick Feldman barked. "Are you really going to take off your clothes and swim with us fellows?"

"Is it all right to open your eyes under water?" Larry Seeds, our diver, asked.

There was a lot more on the same order, and I pitched the ball back as fast as it came to me. On the way to the pool I threw my arm about Stew Riley's sloping shoulders.

"Do any swimming at Laketon?" I asked eagerly.

Laketon is the big city 50 miles away and Stew lives there. He goes home week-ends when there's no meet and works out at the Laketon Club.

"Plenty!" Stew's voice had a new note in it—a sort of hidden anticipation. "And, brother, watch me go places!"

"Bragging again," I said sorrowfully.

Stew replied with a running dive into the water. The rest of the squad leaped into the pool like hungry sea lions looking for fish. Latham, who has to be driven into the water with a bull whip, did sixteen laps without a whimper. Dick Feldman coasted through a half-mile conditioner and added a 100-yard sprint for good measure.

I did my own stuff and walked to Dick. He has a mind that rattles off ideas like a teletype and I just naturally made him my assistant. He's slender and trim and sharp-featured.

"Let's hustle over to the hospital and wait until Scotty comes out from under," I suggested. "Then eat dinner together. Scotty gave me a dope sheet."

Dick nodded and we watched Stew plowing down the right lane of the pool. He seemed to be tossing up a little more water than usual. Now swimming is a matter of form and it's easy to start fighting the water; so I cautioned Stew as he came out.

"Just because you want to go places," I said, "you don't have to splash all the water out of the pool."

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Stew's face flushed a little and I thought he looked defiant, but it may have been imagination. I gave him a pat on the arm.

"Watch your form," I went on and started away.

"Form?" Stew almost bit my ear off. "I was thinking of form every minute! What do you mean?"

Stew's flare-up stopped me for a moment. "You just looked a little ragged," I said at last. "For Pete's sake, Stew, are all your uncles snapping turtles?"

Stew looked a little ashamed as he murmured an apology. He and Dick and I have always been close pals, probably because Scotty has worked harder on us than any of the others. There was no need of his going off the handle like that.

We waited at the hospital until we learned that the operation was successful, and after dinner at the Campustown Grill I brought out the dope sheet.

"All right, Master Mind." Dick put his elbows on the table. "Give Watson all the dope."

I spread the dope sheet between us. It was a sample of how Scotty does things—two columns of neatly tabulated figures, one for State and one for Tech, showing the points we'd win if we lived up to our average performance for the season. Here it is, complete:

STATE		TECH	
	100 Free.		
Randall (52:4)	5	Corbin (53)	3
Jones (53:2)	1		
	220 Free.		
Feldman (2:14)	3	Dempster (2:13)	5
	Dives		
Seeds	5	Marshall	3
	400 Relay		
	8		4
	300 Medley		
	4		8
	150 Back		
Latham (1:43)	3	Mills (1:41)	5
	200 Breast		
Sample (2:38)	1	Lickey (2:34)	3
Totals	30		31

The table painted the picture plainly. If we swam according to form, we'd take 30 points to Tech's 31, not counting the 440. But Tech had a crew of experienced swimmers—Corbin, Dempster, Marshall, Mills, and Lickey—who had proved themselves in rough going. Tech had nosed us out twice, and we had a tendency to curl up when Tech was mentioned.

The 440, in which Stew Riley would meet Carl Manning, had a table all its own. Papers were building the Riley-Manning Race as the Bonthron-Cunningham feud of swimming. This is why:

1934 Dual:
Manning 4:53. Riley 4:58.4.
1934 Conference:
Riley 4:54. Manning 4:55.2.
1934 A.A.U. Inv.:
Manning 4:46 (world's record).
Riley 4:52.
1934 World's Fair:
Riley 4:46.5 (equalling old world's record). Manning 4:59.
Manning's best time in 1935 duals 4:53
Riley's best time in 1935 duals 4:47

Dick studied the sheet a long time, his black eyes snapping over the figures. I could see his face growing more confident every minute.

"I don't see anything to worry about." He pointed to the 440 table. "Manning reached his peak last June and was a flop at the World's Fair, while Stew's time has come steadily down. Why, it's a cinch!"

"Except," I said, "that Stew's beginning to strut. Notice how touchy he was this afternoon? He's got the idea that he's been a champion all his life, and won't take advice. From Scotty, maybe, but not from me."

Dick laughed. "Listen! You're going to have enough trouble coaching this gang without *borrowing* it! Don't you worry about Stew!"

When I told Stew what the time was, his face lit up with an exultant grin. "Good!" he said.

I didn't have to borrow trouble. The very next day at practice it came sneaking up behind me and took a preliminary nibble at my ankle.

There was a stranger in the pool, a big, slightly stout man I recognized as Pat Pattengill, State grad of about ten years ago. I didn't know much about him except that he refereed swimming meets now and then and talked a lot. Something of an athlete in his day. I noticed that he wore the trophies of his athletic career right out on his watch chain. I saw a gold football, the badge of an athletic fraternity, and a silver "T". I wondered what the "T" stood for.

For a few minutes I was busy with the squad, and then Dick Feldman touched my arm. As I looked up, he inclined his head toward the other end of the pool.

"Stew and the big guy seem to know each other," he murmured.

I looked back. Stew was standing with his hands on his hips, puffing and listening attentively to Pattengill. Something about Stew's earnest attitude bothered me, and I was more bothered when he went to the end of the pool, took a racing dive, and came splashing our way. As he neared the end of the pool I crouched over and yelled at him. His head bobbed up.

"Not too much swimming," I cautioned. "We're going to hold time trials."

He nodded and stroked slowly back to where Pattengill was standing.

"Maybe you're right about Stew," Dick said. "His style *has* changed. Look at him."

The time trials revealed how much Stew's form had changed. After I had knocked off an even 53, a fraction of a second over my average time, and Dick had done the 220 in 2:12.4, we stood side by side and watched Riley shooting up and down the long 18-lap grind of the 440. I began to see it then. His body had less arch. He was rolling a bit more. His *timing*, in some hard-to-figure way, was off.

In the final sprint he kicked up a lot of spray and as he coasted under the tape I looked at the watch.

"Great fish!" I burst out. "Five minutes!"

When I told Stew what the time was his face lit up with an exultant grin.

"Good!" he said.

"Good?" I puzzled. "It's terrible! Your form was ragged."

Stew laughed and walked off. I turned around and looked at Dick blankly.

"What do you make of that?" I asked him. "He's done 4:46.5 and he calls five minutes good!"

Dick shook his head helplessly. I watched Stew walk up to Pattengill and my temperature began to go up. On a hunch I handed the stop watch to Dick.

"Start Latham on his race," I growled, and followed Stew.

Stew was talking to Pattengill when I got there, and I heard the big man saying: "Just a little more reach and you'll have it. Dig that hand in and pull." That confirmed my hunch. I touched Mr. Pattengill's arm.

"Have you been coaching Stew?" I asked him.

"I've been showing him a few things," he admitted. "I noticed at the Laketon Club that his form is a little unnatural. I've helped him to free it—"

"Just a minute." I tried to keep my temper under control. "Scotty put me in charge of this squad. I'll be glad to have you around here, but you'll have to leave the coaching to me."

For an instant I thought Mr.

"Too much speed for this early in the race," I said aloud. "Stew's gained back most of that hum start."

Pattengill was going to hit me. His mouth dropped open in surprise. Then his face got red as a tomato and his fist clenched. Before he could say anything I grabbed Stew by the arm and pulled him away.

"Brother, you've got a job cut out for you if you want to beat—"

Stew pulled himself roughly out of my grasp. "Who do you think you are, telling an experienced coach what he can do?"

He walked stiffly toward the locker room door and by the time I was through with the time trials he was dressed and gone. That night I located him in his study room. Dick came along with me, but I decided at the last minute to have him wait outside the house for me.

Stew was perched on the edge of his chair bristling and ready for a scrap. I dropped into the Morris chair across the room.

"How long has this been going on?" I asked him.

His eyes smouldered. "About a month."

"Does Pattengill coach at the Laketon Club?"

"He helps out. He's a member."

"I thought you said he was an experienced coach."

"He is. He's coached high school and he's going to take charge at the Diana Pool next year."

I whistled. The Diana Pool is an exclusive Florida club. Some of the world's best swimmers and divers have trained there. That, after all, was something, and I began to wonder if I'd spouted off at the wrong time.

"What makes you think that Pattengill is a better coach than Scotty?" I asked curiously.

"I don't think any coach knows it all. Pat saw me swimming that tight stroke of Scotty's and he suggested a little longer arm reach. The minute I tried it, I knew it was what I needed."

"Do you think you can beat Carl Manning with that stroke?"

"I know I can."

I leaned forward. "Stew, I wish you'd forget all that stuff and go back to your old style."

Stew shook his head stubbornly. "I've got as far as I can with that stroke. I can feel it. With this new stroke I'm going places."

I got up. "You'd better!" I told him grimly. "If you throw down Scotty after he's spent three years making you a champ, I'll take you out in the alley myself."

I reported the conversation to Dick and we agreed that the only thing to do was wait a while and see how the new stroke developed. Perhaps in a few days Stew would cool off and listen to reason. Or else prove that he had something.

On Monday we had another time trial. Stew turned in 4:56. In four days of practice he had improved his time just four seconds. Pattengill was there, patting Stew on the back and complimenting him on his progress.

"There goes your old ball game," I murmured to Dick. "Barring miracles, he'll never get his time down under 4:50—not before Saturday. Good-by 440 and good-by meet."

Dick saw that I was terribly upset and his face became serious.

"Maybe we can do something." He turned to me and I could see one of those ideas jelling in his mind. "Meet me tonight after dinner," he said quickly. "I'll do a little detectiving."

At eight I went into the Grill to wait for Dick and passed the time studying the dope sheet, trying to figure some way of winning the meet without Stew's five points. I gave it up as Dick entered.

"Did you know," he began without preliminaries, "that Pattengill transferred from State to Tech because they had a better football team?"

I gave a grunt. *That* explained the silver "T" on his watch chain.

"That's not particularly against him," I replied.

"No, but the alumni sec says Pat was considered something of a joke around here. Self-important, gabby, and all that."

"But he's going to coach at the Diana Pool next year," I objected.

"Just the same I think he's one of these blowhards. A sort of a camp hanger-on who likes to be seen hobnobbing with the generals."

"Can you tell that to Stew?"

"No," Dick admitted reluctantly. "He'd say we were just throwing mud."

I glanced again at the dope sheet, a little desperately. My eyes fell on the table showing the four Riley-Manning races. Something about the times of Manning's races held my interest, and the more I studied them the more interested I grew. That World's Fair time seemed odd. . . .

"I'm going to write Coach Marsden," I said suddenly.

"Marsden?" Dick asked unbelievingly. "Of Tech? What for?"

"I'm not sure," I admitted. "It's just a hunch."

On Wednesday Stew had another time trial and failed to break 4:59. I made a last appeal to him, and in the midst of it, Mr. Pattengill came up and put a hand on Stew's shoulder.

"Don't you worry about this boy," he said to me. "He'll turn in a good race Saturday. He's coming along fine."

Mr. Pattengill weighs about 220 pounds, but right then I felt like punching him squarely in his blunt jaw. The big egg was sincere all right, but I can't stand these self-appointed experts who know it all. Sometimes I wish alumni wouldn't meddle with colleges. They stand off at a distance and know more than the coaches. And when they come onto the campus they're worse.

In the afternoon mail I got a letter from Coach Marsden and hurried over to Dick. As he read it his eyes widened.

"Now listen," I told him when he had finished, "Marsden's coming up tomorrow. I'll have him over in the lobby of the Union at four. You bring Stew there a few minutes later. Stew likes to play checkers. Get him to that checker table near the big pillar and I'll have Marsden on the davenport, the other side of the pillar."

"I'll bring him there," Dick growled, "if I have to throw and tie him."

Physically, Coach Marsden is a great contrast to Scotty. He's big and square-built, with a rocklike face that would cast him perfectly for a tough army sergeant in a war picture. But his voice is soft, he's got a bean on him, and he's one of the most respected coaches in the country.

We dropped into the davenport just at four. I had tipped him off to talk as though we hadn't corresponded, and for a few minutes we chatted about swimming in general, Scotty's tough break, and the like. I didn't see Dick and Stew come in, but about ten after four I heard Dick's voice saying, "You take the black." I turned immediately to Marsden.

"Mr. Marsden," I said, "why can't a swimmer take a longer reach in swimming? It seems to me if he took a long pull on the water, he'd get more power out of each stroke."

The Tech coach shook his head. "We've got away from that," he said. "The Japanese taught us our lesson in the last Olympics. They really analyzed the swimming stroke. They took movies of our great swimmers from every angle and had engineers study them. They discovered that the longer reach is likely to make you sway. But Scotty knows all that—he and I have talked it over many a time. Why do you ask?"

"I've got a swimmer who's trying out a longer reach," I told him, "and I just wondered." Then I proceeded to ask him about Pattengill.

"Pat's a Tech man, you know," Marsden replied. "He's a good athlete and a first-rate official, but I don't agree with all his ideas on swimming. He coached Carl last summer. Carl tried out his stroke at the World's Fair and barely broke five minutes."

"So that's what was wrong with him!" I burst out for the benefit of my audience behind the pillar.

Marsden nodded. "I got Carl straightened out quickly enough this winter. He's back in shape now and I feel confident that he'll break the record day after tomorrow."

We talked a little more *(Continued on page 35)*

In which Alan fights an enemy with his own weapons

The Swift Beast

by

Carl H. Claudy

Illustrator: MANNING deV. LEE

TED DOLLIVER, broad of shoulder and long of arm, stretched out on the couch in the apartment he shared with Dr. Alan Kane, young scientist, and looked accusingly at his friend.

"It's four months since you lost that notebook and you're still fussing about it," he said lazily.

Alan Kane, slender and thoughtful, his hair thinning at the sides of his high forehead in spite of his youth, stood in the center of the room, his eyes restlessly roving over the furniture. He didn't reply.

"It must have been something important," Ted pursued, "or you wouldn't be worrying about it."

"It was," Alan replied. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "It was just a wild experiment that might have amounted to something. I'd just reached a point where I felt I was getting somewhere, and presto, she disappears."

"Do you suppose Oki took it?"

"Oki wouldn't touch anything of mine."

Ted nodded. Oki, their Japanese servant, had handled their household through amazing adventures. He had seen the development of that queer X substance with which they had bored twenty miles into the earth; the tempomobile, with which they had traveled back into prehistoric times and forward into the future. Oki held all of Alan's scientific work in great awe. Ted rose with a yawn.

"Well, I've got to go teach Bob Hardy to wrestle," he grumbled.

Alan smiled. Ted had been a professional wrestler in his day, and his strength was prodigious. "Why do you waste time teaching Hardy wrestling?" he asked.

"Bob's a bank clerk and needs the exercise," Ted replied. "Besides he's a good guy. Hope that lost notebook doesn't chase your appetite."

Alan laughed. "I doubt if anybody else could understand it!"

A half hour later Ted Dolliver's magnificent body was glistening with perspiration. It was warm in the gym and he was demonstrating holds not only to Hardy but a dozen other hopefuls.

The bank clerk, slighter than Ted but well set up, stepped forward. "Show me that body twist again."

"All right."

They advanced toward each other, bodies bent forward at the waist. Suddenly, so fast the onlookers could hardly follow the moves, Ted slipped his left arm under Bob's right and twisted him off balance. His right foot hooked behind Bob's left in a tripping blow. They fell to the mat and in a gliding, pantherlike convulsion Ted switched to a cross-body hold and pinned Bob's shoulders to the mat.

During this explosion of action a newcomer had joined the group, and as Ted rose to his feet, he spoke. "You can't do that to me!"

The voice was arrogant, sneering, and the words came out jerkily. The little group turned to stare at a well-muscled man, dark-skinned, black-haired, and sporting a black mustache on his lip. The most striking part of his appearance were his two eyes. Both were rimmed with purple bruises, marks apparently of a rough and tumble fight. Yet the man's bearing was disdainfully superior.

"Likely not," agreed Ted indifferently.

"You can't even throw me!" The young man walked stiffly into the center of the group. "Try it."

Ted looked curiously at the belligerent intruder. "I don't think I know you—new student?" he asked. "I'm not looking for trouble."

"Afraid?" The word was a taunt.

Ted shrugged, motioning the crowd back. The stranger stripped off his coat, not even bothering to remove his tie, and advanced to the center of the mat. Ted felt a bit ashamed — he was much bigger than his opponent, and he had wrestled professionally.

But as Ted reached forward for the dark man's neck, something happened. The body somehow eluded him, slipped

A Long Story Complete in This Issue

Ted saw a well-built figure run lightly to the car. "I've got you!" he cried, stretching forth a long arm.

catlike behind him, lifted him and dumped him to the mat. Ted looked up in surprise. No one, not even a professional, had ever been able to slip behind him!

"You caught me napping!" Ted laughed. "Now watch out!"

He rose to a crouch and lunged for the stranger's legs. It was an incredibly swift, animal pounce, but when Ted's reaching arms came together they grasped air. And somehow the unknown was on Ted's back, slamming his off-balance body to the mat. At that, Ted threw aside caution, leaping into mad, twisting feints and maneuvers—rolling, reaching, twisting—but in and out of his tumbling gyrations the dark-skinned man flashed like a shadow, pushing him, tripping him, and laughing a jerky, staccato laugh. Obviously the man wasn't a skilled wrestler, but obviously, too, he couldn't be touched.

When Ted at last rose from the mat, admiration in his eyes, the man swept his coat from the floor and flashed out of the gym.

Ted looked at the crestfallen faces of his students and drew a deep breath. "He's too good for me," he said, mystified. "He's—he's fast."

As he stood in the shower he noticed a smear of black on the back of one hand. It was greasy, like face paint, and he remembered the stranger's blackened eyes.

"Why should a man paint his eyes to make them seem blackened?" he murmured.

He was unusually silent at supper, and Alan looked at him curiously.

"Why the haughty reserve?" he asked.

Ted's grin was rueful. "I was licked today." And he proceeded to tell Alan about the queer-looking stranger.

Alan didn't laugh. His keenly alert brain was willing to hear with open mind any evidence that seemed out of the ordinary. But in Ted's story there was nothing to indicate that the unknown was anything more than an exceptionally fast, slippery opponent. He was to change his opinion, that night, when they had an unexpected visitor. It was Oki who announced him.

"Strange man say name Kid Lion. Wants Boss Ted."

"Kid Lion!" Ted's eyes lighted up with pleasure. "I heard he was in town! He's the middleweight champion. Show him in, Oki. Wonder what he wants of me?"

Kid Lion entered. He had two black eyes, a cut lip, and a hand in bandages.

Ted laughed aloud as he took in the Kid's appearance.

"Hello, Kid! Did you hit a buzz saw or something? Alan, may I present the middleweight champion boxer, Kid Lion? You don't look much like a champion!"

The Kid stuck out his unbandaged left hand. "Pleased to know yuh. Hoped I'd see y'here. Look at me! Swell mess, ain't I? And me scheduled for an exhibition tomorrow night. Kin you fix me up?"

Alan looked puzzled, but Ted grinned with understanding. "He heard I was living with a Dr. Kane and supposed you were a physician. Came here hoping you'd treat him without any publicity, eh, Kid?" Ted chuckled. "Oki—get some beefsteaks! Alan, can you do anything to make the Kid look human? What happened, anyhow?"

"Well, I ain't bragging about it, but I was sparrin' at Regan's this afternoon, and a guy came in and got fresh about what a ham I was and how good he was, and wanted to work out with me. So I let him."

"A well-muscled man, dark-skinned, with a nasty manner!" cried Ted with sudden comprehension. "He proceeded to knock your block off and you couldn't touch him!"

"How'd you know?" cried Kid

"You'll feel nothing for a half hour," Alan said. "Then the world will begin to get queerly slow."

O'Reilly felt cautiously of his forehead and looked dazedly around. "Where is he? Where did he go?"

Lion resentfully. "This nut wore dark glasses and wouldn't take 'em off! Said I couldn't touch him. And, brother, I couldn't. No kidding! And he hit me where he pleased—and how. He was awkward as a clotheshorse, the punk, but quick! Anyhow, he sure messed me up."

Ted laid Oki's beefsteaks on Kid Lion's eyes and Alan applied a lotion he thought might reduce swelling and congested blood.

"Just how did this chap do it, Kid?" asked Ted. "You're a pretty good scrapper, you know."

"I used to think I was," answered the pugilist. "How did he do it? I'll tell you how he did it. You seen movies where they speed things up? Make actors move faster'n people *can* move? He was like that. Jerky, quick and—listen, Mr. Dolliver, I knew you was highbrow even when you was in the wrestlin' racket. That's why I came to you. I can't afford to have the papers git onto this. Now I ain't stringin' you—I'm tellin' you the truth. This unknown could dodge a left and right at the same time. I tell you I couldn't lay a glove on him!"

After the boxer left, Alan sat staring into space. "Speeded-up pictures," he said to himself. "That's the key to it. Kid Lion had the idea."

"All I know—" Ted walked into his bedroom—"all I know is there was something unnatural about that guy. Something superhuman."

The next afternoon an extra paper carried a scarehead story of a daring daylight robbery of the Second National Bank. The thief had appeared suddenly—no one had seen him enter—darted behind the counter, grabbed a $5,000 package of bills, and dodged out again without a hand's being lifted to stop him.

"Listen to this!" cried Alan, reading: "'President Smallwood, who saw the robbery from his office, is unable to describe the thief except to say that he was masked and incredibly quick.

"'Oscar Whiting, guard with Peterson's Armored Car Company, which had just delivered the currency, stated that Robert Hardy, bank clerk, was within five feet of the robber when he took the money, but made no move to stop him. Hardy is held by the police as an alleged accomplice.'"

"What?" yelled Ted as Alan read the last words. "Bob Hardy is no more a thief than I am!"

Ted hurried down to the station and with some difficulty persuaded the chief of police to let him see Hardy. The clerk's cell was at the extreme rear of the building.

"Ted Dolliver!" Hardy cried gratefully as the officer unlocked the barred door. "This is swell of you. But what a rotten mistake they've made. You know I'm not—"

"Save your breath. If I thought you were a thief I wouldn't be here. Tell me your side of it."

"You won't believe it. I tried to tell the police and they laughed at me."

"Well, spill it anyway. I won't laugh." Ted's face was grimly serious.

Bob Hardy hesitated. Then, defiantly: "I know it sounds like a lie, but it's the truth. That man moved so fast I couldn't follow him. But I noticed he had a very large, black right hand. I *was* within five feet of the money. All I had to do was reach out and grab him. I did lunge at him, but he was out from behind the counter and going through the front door while I covered *that five feet!*"

Ted looked thoughtfully at his friend. "Get a good look at him?"

"I think he was masked; I didn't see his face. But I got the impression that he moved with unusual grace as well as speed. His motions seemed all curves."

Ted stared, disappointed. "Sure you don't mean he was awkward? Didn't he move like a jack in a box? Wasn't it the chap who threw me in the gym?"

"Oh, no! *He* was awkward—the thief was graceful. They were about the same size. That's the only resemblance."

Ted's face fell. "Well, I'll tell Alan."

The evening papers reported that the Peterson's armored car guard's story, amplified and enlarged, was "sufficient evidence to warrant holding Hardy as an accessory. It is alleged he is in league with the robber."

An indignant judge refused bail. The police were tirelessly "sweating" the prisoner to learn the name and whereabouts of the robber.

Alan listened to Ted's account with a puzzled frown. Finally he said: "I have a weird idea but I've got to have more evidence. And I think it will come without our going after it."

"That's cold comfort," Ted grumbled. "Bob Hardy is my friend!"

"Don't worry about him too much," Alan said cheerfully. "Any crime as queer as this can be figured out."

The chief of police leaned over the desk in his private office, examining a new ballistic microscope, designed for the comparison of bullets. A clerk came in.

"Letter for you, Chief," he said, handing over a small envelope.

The chief noted that the address was printed with a clumsy hand, the postmark local. He tore the letter open, glanced at it casually, then read it with sudden attention and passed it back.

"Better try to trace this," he said brusquely. "Of all the nerve—"

The clerk looked at the letter, printed, like the envelope, on cheap nondescript paper.

"Release young Hardy at once," he read. "He had no more to do with the robbery than you have. I robbed the bank with no help from anyone. If you do not do as you are told, watch yourself!"

The letter wasn't signed.

"Of course you'll release him right away, sir!" the clerk grinned.

"Of course! I always respond to threats. That's why I'm chief of police. Get Newcomb on the job; call up the post office, describe the letter, then take it around and let the inspector see it. Sometimes they can tell where a letter was mailed."

Two hours later the chief was called to the telephone.

"Chief of police? This is the Second National Bank robber speaking. You paid no attention to my letter—this is the final warning. If young Hardy is not released within half an hour, I shall pay you a visit."

The chief of police swore as the receiver clicked in his ear. The call was promptly traced to a public phone in a crowded drug store but the clerk said a dozen people had used the booth recently and none of them had been especially noted.

The chief was in a temper when Ted arrived.

"Oh, *you* here again! What d' you want now?"

"Another interview with young Hardy."

"You can't have it without a court order!"

Silently Ted presented it and grumblingly the chief sent him across the hall to Lieutenant Corby. The lieutenant was far more cordial, and in a short time Ted was standing before the worried prisoner.

"Dr. Kane has some kind of clue," Ted told his friend. "He won't tell me what it is, but when that man starts working—hello! What was that?"

Ted leaped to his feet, strained and tense. Upstairs a shot had sounded, and the sound of bodies heavily falling. In a flash Ted leaped out into the corridor and raced for the front office, the policeman close behind.

In the front office a strange sight met his eyes. The chief was slumped on the floor beside his desk, a purplish lump showing on his right temple. A few feet away lay policeman O'Reilly, one of the force on duty at the station, a livid bruise spreading over his forehead. Lieutenant Corby was bending over the chief, appalled. Taking in the situation at a glance, Ted hurried to the water cooler, drew a glassful of ice water, and tossed it into O'Reilly's face.

The policeman raised up on one elbow, sputtering and waving an arm as if he were trying to ward off a blow.

"Easy now," Ted rumbled. "What happened?"

O'Reilly felt cautiously of his forehead and looked dazedly around. "Where is he? Where'd he go?"

"Pull yourself together," Corby curtly commanded. "Tell me who did this." He turned to another attendant. "Call an ambulance. Looks like a fractured skull for the chief. Step on it!"

O'Reilly shook his head to chase the cobwebs. "A guy came in while I was talking to the chief," he said shakily. "Pulled a blackjack, and slugged him. I yanked out my gun and shot him."

"You missed him clean!"

"Sa-ay—I couldn't miss at that range—he wasn't fifteen feet away! I don't know what he looked like. He was masked. His right hand was swollen and black—he slugged with his left. I *must* have hit him! Then something hit me."

"*What* hit you?"

"How do I know? One minute I was shooting the guy, and the next you fellows are bending over me

asking me fool questions—oo-ooh, my head!"

"If you shot at him, where's the bullet? There isn't a mark on the wall!"

"Where's the bullet? In the guy, that's where! I tell you, I shot him point-blank."

"Could this be the bullet?" Ted picked up a thirty-eight from the floor.

O'Reilly stared at it with unbelieving, almost horrified eyes. "Now how could a bullet I shot be there?" he demanded in awe. "Bullets don't roll out of guns and fall on the floor!"

"What did the man do when you shot at him?" demanded Corby.

"If I tell you, you'll say I'm a liar."

"Oh, he *did* do something!" Corby leaned forward. "Come on, tell me. What did he do?"

"I don't know what he did. I don't believe it. But I know what I saw! It ain't so, but I saw it."

"What isn't so?" cried Corby exasperated. "*What did he do?*"

"Well—" Reilly drew a deep breath and began to talk in a puzzled voice. "I had my gun in my hand, and I shot him point-blank at about fifteen feet. I saw him give way with the shot, take a couple steps almost too quick to see—steps away from me—wave his arm backward like a guy catching a baseball—and then he threw something at me and I didn't know any more."

Puzzled, Ted and the lieutenant looked at him.

"Don't you understand?" O'Reilly struggled to his feet, staggering and pale. "It looked like the man *caught* something—maybe the bullet—and threw it at me and hit me in the head—"

Two hospital attendants rushed in with a stretcher, and Corby brusquely commanded O'Reilly to go along and get treated. "Tell 'em to take a good, careful look at your head," he said ironically.

When they were gone he picked O'Reilly's gun from the desk, shot once at the door jamb, pried out the bullet, and slipped it, with the one found on the floor, under the microscope. He looked for a few moments, turning the delicate screws slowly.

"Well, I'll be a cross-eyed goat," he breathed. He turned to Ted. "Here—*you* look!"

Ted saw the two bullets as separate objects. By adjusting a screw he could bring the images together. To his unaccustomed eyes the marks of the pistol rifling were the same on each.

"I'd say *both* came from O'Reilly's gun," he stated. "But what kind of man can catch a bullet from a thirty-eight, fired point-blank?"

"Catch bullets? You make me tired. Get out of here, and keep your mouth shut. I don't want this silly yarn in the papers."

Ted grinned and left. Here was something to tell Alan!

The president of Peterson's Armored Car Company, doing a statewide business in the transportation of funds, securities, and other valuables, smiled with satisfaction. Regrettable incident, the Second National Bank robbery, but after all, the cash had been safely delivered. Robbers didn't hold up Peterson cars—they waited until the cash was in the bank!

In the mail on his desk was a letter with a crudely printed address. It was written on nondescript cheap paper and postmarked locally.

"Accusing young Hardy of complicity in the Second National robbery was a mistake," it read. "I robbed the branch single-handed. Apparently you are willing to get publicity at the expense of an innocent man. If you do not use your influence to get Hardy free by tonight, one of your cars will be wrecked and robbed. The chief of police was slugged because he would not heed my warning. Now I warn you . . . and I warn but once."

The president of Peterson's Armored Car Company laughed.

"So we'll be robbed, will we?" he asked the empty air. "I think not." He sent the letter to Acting Chief of Police Corby with a note saying: "I am passing this on to you for what interest it may have, but I am not asking for protection for our cars. Peterson's armored cars do not get robbed."

At nine-thirty that night a Peterson's armored car containing fifty thousand dollars in securities and twice as much in cash sped at forty-five miles an hour on the main highway between Centralia and Urbanville. It carried a crew of four. The driver, armed to the teeth, sat behind his wheel, beside him his personal guard, armed with a machine gun, whose duty was to keep *(Continued on page 28)*

When motorists found the wreckage fifteen minutes later the armored car was empty of all that was of value.

The whole campus began to suspect that Gordon was no good---

In the Clutch

by

F. R. Mering

DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS
Illustrator

Then a strange thing happened. Jerry was just about to take the ball when Soup bumped him away in a perfect football block. There was a gasp of dismay.

THERE MUST have been considerable commotion in the Gordon family when Pete, the youngest son, fell out of an apple tree and broke the index finger of his right hand. I can picture Pete's handsome face screwed up in pain while the doctor applied splints and bandage. But the most thoroughly broken finger ought to heal in ten months, and even if we had known Pete's history, we wouldn't have connected his tumble from the apple tree with his strange, brilliant, disappointing performance on the mound for Stanton College, the year we were hot after the Valley Conference baseball championship.

Perhaps Pete's biggest error was in pitching a no-hit game his very first time out. At the beginning of the game, he was merely a promising sophomore. The squad called him "Pretty" because of his curly brown hair, pink cheeks, straight nose, and soft voice.

At the end of the game he was the Dean brothers and Schoolboy Rowe, all rolled into one neat package. Furthermore, he was the Moses who would lead us out of the land of second-best where we'd slaved for two long, aggravating years, into the Promised Land of milk and pennants. And that, I think, was putting too much of a burden on Pete.

We started it in the Pullman, on our way home from that first series with Tech. I can still see us clustered around Pete talking about that no-hit game. Tex Stuart, our rawboned second baseman, Soup Bohn, and I in one seat; Jerry Donlin, racehorse left fielder, and Big Swede Algaard across the aisle; Pete Gordon, perched on the seat-arm with his feet in the aisle, grinning and answering questions, the center of an excited mob of pennant-hungry players.

"Be honest, now, Pretty," Jerry Donlin was saying, "what were you throwing out there? A real ball or a ghost?"

"Socker Lewis almost broke his back swinging in the second inning," Swede said admiringly. "I couldn't tell what the ball was."

"A curve," Pete replied. "But heck, you ought to be talking to Pop, not me—he called the pitches."

The squad calls me "Pop," because I seem to have time to make everybody else's business my own. My real name is Jim Pierce, but I seldom hear it.

"Very nice of you, Pete," I replied, "but you put 'em where I called 'em."

As the post-mortem swung into high gear, covering every play, every error, and every pitch, one person failed to take part in the conversation. That was Soup Bohn, sitting opposite me. Soup's stocky body was hunched up in a knot, and his square, tough-looking face buried in a mystery magazine. Finally he looked at me, irritated.

"What's got into the gang?" he asked under his breath. "I never saw 'em go nuts over a sophomore before."

I laughed. "Where were you this afternoon, Soup? Don't you know the papers will be spreading the news from coast to coast—"

"One game doesn't make a pitcher, does it?" Soup inquired.

"No, but it gives you a good idea of what he can do."

Soup gave a snort. "I'd wait till later before I started pinning medals."

Across the aisle they were discussing the correct definition of a "perfect" game.

"A no-hit game isn't a perfect game," the Big Swede insisted. "In a perfect game nobody hits and nobody reaches first."

"Then if it hadn't been for Hoffie's error and my base on balls," Pete said speculatively, "I'd have had a perfect game."

Soup's voice broke in: "Yeah, and if it hadn't been for Hoffie's stop, you'd have had a one-hit game. If it hadn't been for Jerry's circus catch in left you'd have had a two-hit game. And don't forget that liner over third! If I hadn't knocked that down you'd have had a three-hit game."

It wasn't so much what Soup said as the way he said it, scornful and weary, not even looking up from his magazine. There was an uncomfortable silence.

"I got swell support all right," Pete said hesitantly.

"And you were lucky to catch Tech when she wasn't hitting," Soup went on gruffly. "Few teams *do* hit this early in the season. Their timing's off."

"Oh, dry up, Soup," Algaard said angrily. "Pretty pitched a grand game and you know it."

Soup didn't answer, and after an embarrassed silence conversation was resumed in lower tones. I sat looking at Soup in amazement. From the beginning he had never taken to Pretty like the rest of us. I think Pretty's voice and face offended him. Soup was rough-hewn in character as well as build, and he disliked praise even when he was the object of it. I found myself hoping that he didn't ride the good-looking sophomore too hard. We didn't want any sand in the gears of *this* pennant machine.

The seeds of our hot Pullman session began to bear fruit when Pete lost his second start to Western. We weren't surprised or particularly dismayed, because he had shown lots of stuff, and until the

eighth when he wobbled and let in the winning run, his control was beautiful. But Pete himself was crushed. He came into the locker room with head hanging.

"That was a swell play you made on that line drive, Jerry," he told Donlin remorsefully. He was referring to a running catch Donlin had made to end the disastrous eighth. "If it hadn't been for that I'd have been licked worse than I was."

"Yeh, and if I hadn't grounded out in the ninth," Jerry replied, "I'd have driven in the tying run for you, Pretty."

But Pete was unconsolable. "I tried to bend a curve in the eighth and I couldn't." He looked up at Jerry with a frown of worry. "My hand seemed to go dead somehow. My fingers felt numb."

The gang crowded around and joshed the sophomore good-naturedly, helping him to regain his self-esteem, and when he left the gym he was almost himself. Through it all, however, Soup Bohn sat apart dressing, a look of disgust on his face.

Then Pete lost his third start, and the fruit began to blossom in earnest. Like the second, it was a pitcher's battle until the eighth, but in that inning Pete tried to throw a curve and hit the batter in the ribs. He walked the next man and then in desperation he tossed a batting practice ball over the plate—a straight, medium-fast ball with nothing whatever on it. The batter connected for a three-bagger that sewed up the game.

Once again, in the locker room, he began punishing himself by talking about his bad inning, and once again the gang joshed him.

"I seemed to be going all right," Pete mourned, "and then, for the life of me, I couldn't throw that curve."

By this time, Soup had had all he could stand.

"If you knew your stuff was gone, why didn't you tell Pop?" he growled. "It's a lot better to take yourself out of there than to throw a cripple to the heaviest hitter on the Western team!"

Two spots of color glowed in Pretty's cheeks. I could see he was mad. "Maybe I should have," he murmured, biting his lip.

"You'll get going one of these days, Pretty," Swede said comfortingly. "Don't mind Soup. He was born with pins sticking in him and hasn't got over it."

"Oh, yeh?" Soup grunted. "Well, I wasn't fed a lot of mush, anyway."

Being the self-appointed Papa of the squad, I decided to step into the growing feud with a few fatherly words of advice. For one thing, it was time for Pete to take defeat stoically, without talking about it. After the locker room had emptied I called him over.

"Anything you say after a defeat is likely to sound like an alibi," I told him under my breath. "For the time being it might be smart just to say nothing. Then you'll give Soup no openings."

Pete nodded dubiously, meanwhile keeping his eyes studiously on his right hand.

"Every pitcher has his bad innings," I went on. "Dizzy Dean, Rowe, Gomez—all of 'em."

"It isn't that," he replied. "Something seems to go haywire—here."

I looked at him sharply to find him wagging his right forefinger, and I could see that he was really worried.

"You mean something beside the strain of the game?" I frowned.

He nodded. "I broke that finger last June," he murmured. "Fell out of an apple tree. Every once in a while the finger seems to go dead."

The championship speeded up over the warm stretch of May and competition got tougher. Lawrence, the defending champions, dropped one to Tech and one to Western, but continued to maintain a precarious perch at the top of the column. Locke and Pastrelli, our two senior pitchers, kept us up in the race, and finally, against Leighton, the weakest team in the Conference, we started Pete Gordon again. An X-ray examination had verified the fracture of his finger but proved it to be entirely healed.

Tex and I rushed around the corner of the lockers. Soup was leaning back in the arms of Jerry Donlin and Hoffman, one hand to his chin.

For the first eight innings, it looked as if we were going to see a repetition of that brilliant first game against Tech, but unfortunately we weren't hitting in the pinches. And in the first half of the ninth, with the score nothing-all, a walk and two scratch singles gave Leighton the winning run.

Pete didn't say a word in the locker room, and I was glad he didn't, because the squad was in a savage mood. We were in a batting slump and our championship was going glimmering. Tex yanked at a shoelace disgustedly.

"Just a bunch of threats," he bit off under his breath. "Challengers! For two years we've been runner-up to Lawrence, and I, for one, am getting tired of it."

In the next aisle, Soup's rough-edged, ironic voice rose clear above the silence.

"We haven't heard your story yet, Pretty," he said. "What was it this time? Did the curve go bad again?"

There was no answer. A shoe dropped loudly in the still room.

"Well?" Soup's voice again, biting and sarcastic. "You had plenty to say after the other games. How come you're not looking for a pat on the back today?"

Next I heard two low, trembling words: "Stand up." Then, after a brief moment, a dull *smack* followed by scuffling feet. Tex and I rushed around the corner of the lockers together.

Swede Algaard was pushing Pete away. Soup Bohn was leaning back in the arms of Jerry Donlin and Hoffman, one hand to his chin and a look of amazement in his face. I think that a smack on the jaw was the last thing in the world Soup Bohn expected from the quiet, curly-haired Pete Gordon. Soup was so surprised he couldn't fight.

"Serves you right, Soup," Tex said quietly. He turned to Pete. "Coach Bradley doesn't allow anything like this. If you want to have it out with Soup, go to the gym and put on the gloves."

"I'd like to," Pete said in a voice that shook with rage. Then it must have struck him that the ring of faces around him wore reserved, non-committal expressions—far different from the friendly, consoling faces of the past month. The anger seemed to flow out of him and he collapsed on the bench, humped over and wilted.

Tex and I decided that Coach Bradley ought to know about it; so we went to his office and told him the story. With Lawrence due on the campus next week-end for a two-game series, we couldn't afford an open break like this. In all probability the coming series would be the turning point in the race.

The coach thought a moment. "I've never seen a youngster with more talent than Gordon," he said at last, "or one who is more disappointing at times. How do you account for it, Pierce?" He looked at me with lifted eyebrows.

"Well," I said thoughtfully, "Pete thinks it's that finger he broke."

"Do you?"

I shook my head.

"Do you think you can go to Pete and convince him that his finger is all right?"

"I can try."

"All right. I'd rather have you do the job than Tex because you've been closer to Pete. He looks up to you."

"But that doesn't take care of the scrap between Soup and Pretty," Tex objected. "They're likely to be at each others' throats any moment. Soup's beginning to go out of his way to make Pete mad."

"I'll talk to Soup," the coach said. "I've a warm spot in my heart for boys like that—youngsters without advantages who've had to struggle hard for everything they've earned. Everybody, you know, likes to assert his individuality—to attract attention to himself. And if he can't do it with a wisecrack, like the rest of you hoodlums, he does it by being insulting. Soup's insults are only skin deep. Down underneath, he probably envies Pretty and likes him."

I found Pete that night in Wilson dorm, miserably staring at a book.

"What do *you* want?" he asked, with none of his customary softness.

"Don't shoot," I said hurriedly. "I come as a friend."

He shut his book and threw it onto the table. "I've made a mess of things," he said unhappily. "This afternoon, I felt that the squad was siding with Soup." His voice rose. "Why does Soup rag me all the time? Can I help it if the team doesn't give me some runs? Can I help it if my finger goes bad?"

I decided that it was the time for plain talk. "Soup doesn't think your finger's got anything to do with it."

"What does he think?"

"He thinks you lose your nerve in a pinch."

Pretty's cheeks flamed. "What about that no-hit game? Does he think I lost my nerve in that one?"

"You weren't in a pinch. We got a flock of runs early in the game. Your other three starts were pitchers' battles all the way. You see, if you flopped in one pinch, or even two, the gang would think nothing of it. But when it happens three times straight, well—they begin to wonder."

"I see." Pete's voice was dull, hopeless. "Then not only Soup, but the whole gang feels that way." His face grew suddenly appalled. "What—what do you think, Pop?"

I got up and put my hand on his shoulder. "I think," I said warmly, "that your tumble from the apple tree must have been pretty bad and that you get the jitters when you think about it." From the sudden pallor of Pete's face I knew I had hit the mark. "Forget that apple tree business," I told him affectionately. "You're going to see service against Lawrence this week-end and you want to do a good job of it."

On Saturday afternoon, we had our biggest crowd of the season. Locke had won Friday's game in a knock-down slugger's battle, 8 to 6, bringing us to within a fraction of a game from the top, and today was our chance to go into the lead.

The coach had picked Pastrelli to start, and I was warming him up. Beside me, Darrell, our second-string receiver, was catching Pretty Gordon. Darrell turned to me with a worried frown.

"Pretty isn't right," he said. "Change places with me and take a look."

Pete's fast ball, I discovered, had a sharp hop, and his slow ball was as deceptive as ever, but when I called for a curve it came to me wide and straight as a string. I walked up to him.

"What have you been doing to yourself?"

Pete looked at the ground. "I guess I worked too much last week."

"How could you?"

"I—I pitched to one of the freshman catchers after regular practice."

"What on earth for?"

"I didn't want my curve to go bad again. I figured—"

"You've overworked your arm," I said angrily. "You ought to know that in midseason you should practice just enough to keep the arm in condition."

"I do know it—now," Pete said contritely.

"We may need you today, too," I grunted. "Pastrelli seldom lasts a full game against Tech."

"Listen." Pete put his hand earnestly on my arm. "Don't tell the coach. If he calls on me for relief work, let me go in."

I shook my head. "I couldn't do that."

Pete looked desperate. "Why not? He hasn't got anybody else! He used Locke yesterday and Locke was hit hard. Please."

I debated. Although Pete had no curve, he did have control—if his control didn't leave him when he faced the Lawrence sluggers with the bases loaded. The thought made me quake.

"All week I've been waiting for my chance," Pete said in a low voice. "I've got to show that I can pitch in a pinch."

"All right," I said at last. "You'll probably have your chance today."

The Lawrence team trotted in from fielding practice and Stanton took its turn. Orebaugh, their first baseman, passed me.

"Say, Jim," he said with a wicked gleam in his eye, "howcome you're not throwing that phenomenal no-hit pitcher at us?"

I laughed. "Oh, we won't need *him*. Pastrelli will take care of you fellows today."

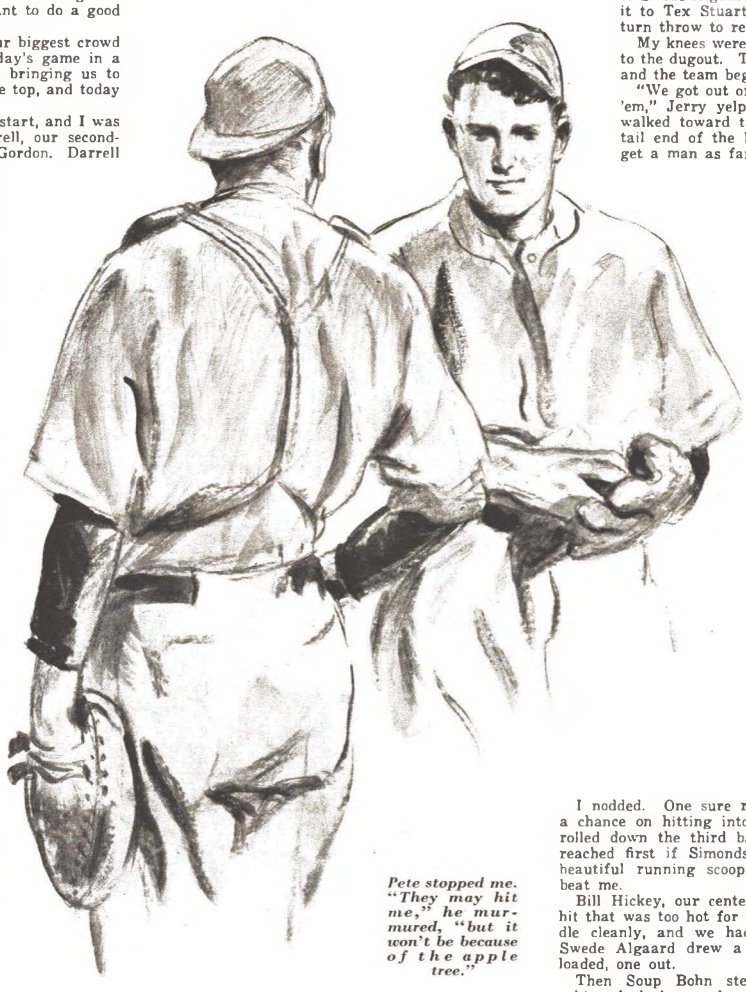
But Pastrelli didn't. All last year, Lawrence had been a jinx team for Pastrelli, and this year was no exception. Although we stepped out and smashed over five runs in the first two innings, Lawrence kept eating away at the lead until the seventh, when they bunched three hits for the two runs that tied the score at five-all.

Pastrelli was done. Lawrence had his fast ball timed and was clouting it all over the lot. Tex and I walked out to the mound where the tall Italian was disconsolately tossing the ball into his glove.

It's queer how silent the stands can become when the home team is losing and a relief pitcher is coming in. I could see them sag as Pete came angling over from the bull pen. Soup Bohn stood with his hands on his hips, his hard face expressionless. There was a scattering, somewhat forced wave of handclapping. If ever a boy faced a test all alone, it was Pete, today. I looked at the Lawrence runners perched on first and third and gulped. Back near the batter's box Orebaugh was swinging two bats and grinning. Lawrence had the psychological edge in this situation.

Pastrelli handed the ball to Pete, gave him a clap on the shoulder, and walked off the diamond.

"There's one out. Throw a few fast ones in the warm-up," I told Pete. "I want to give Orebaugh the idea that you've got a lot of speed."



Pete stopped me. "They may hit me," he murmured, "but it won't be because of the apple tree."

Tex gave Pete's arm a squeeze. "Don't be afraid to put it over," he said. "Remember we're behind you."

Before I had taken two steps toward the plate, Pete stopped me. As I came back, he murmured in a low voice: "They may hit me, but it won't be because of—" he hesitated—"because of the apple tree."

His face was set, but the look in his eyes told me that he had himself well in control. I walked back to the plate with a tiny hope tingling in my veins. If only he'd had his curve!

Pete burned over his smoke ball in practice, and as Orebaugh stepped into the batter's box he threw me a look.

"Pete's got a lot of speed," he said appraisingly. "And speed's my dish."

"Get ready to eat," I told him, and called for a slow ball over the inside.

Orebaugh watched it waft by for a called strike and laughed. "Old Master Mind!" he taunted me.

I called for another slow ball. It nicked the outside corner for another strike and as Orebaugh turned to growl at the umpire my spirits lifted. Pete wasn't tumbling from the old apple tree yet!

Twice more I called for the slow one, but both were wide. On both of them Orebaugh had started to swing, then checked himself.

The grin was gone from his face. He was trying to readjust his batting machinery to meet those tantalizing floaters that sailed so lazily up to the plate.

I decided to swing the ax, and I signed for the fast ball over the inside, and it streaked toward the plate, burning with speed. Orebaugh saw that it was coming over, met the ball late, and bounced it to Swede Algaard. He scooped it up, snapped it to Tex Stuart at second, and took a return throw to retire the side.

My knees were trembling as I walked back to the dugout. The stands were yelling now, and the team began to show a little life.

"We got out of that spot! Now let's take 'em," Jerry yelped, and grabbing two bats walked toward the plate. But the best the tail end of the batting order could do was get a man as far as second.

In the seventh inning, four Lawrence men batted. Pete's control was perfect. His slow ball, mixed with an occasional fast one, punched across the corners of the plate knee high and shoulder high. Lawrence pulled his offerings into the left field crowd and slashed them into the right field stands, but they couldn't drive them into the playing field. Even Soup Bohn's grim face bore a look of reluctant admiration.

When Pete set the side down in order in the eighth, Tex Stuart called the gang around him in the dugout.

"Pretty's pitching us a game today," he said. "He's giving us our chance to knock Lawrence off the ladder. Since the first game we haven't given Pete a lead to work on, but today I'm telling the world it's going to be different."

With that, Tex went to the plate and walloped a long single to right. I was next up, and I looked over toward the coach for orders. He motioned me to bunt it.

I nodded. One sure run was better than taking a chance on hitting into a double play. My bunt rolled down the third base line and I might have reached first if Simonds, at third, hadn't made a beautiful running scoop and off-balance throw to beat me.

Bill Hickey, our centerfielder, smashed a scratch hit that was too hot for the second baseman to handle cleanly, and we had men on first and third. Swede Algaard drew a walk and the bases were loaded, one out.

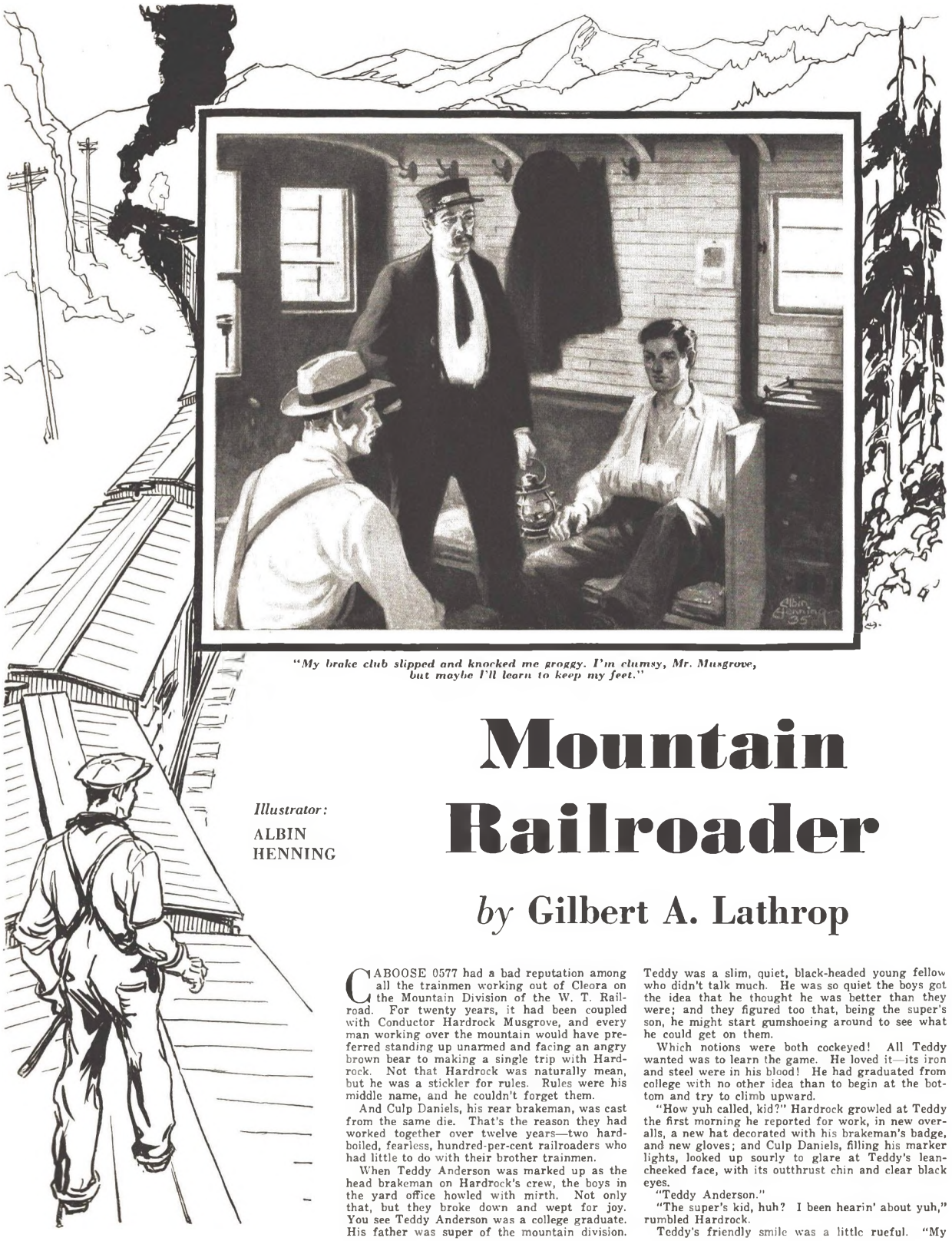
Then Soup Bohn stepped up, impassive as a sphinx, looked over three pitches, picked out a fast ball and rifled it back to centerfield, driving in two runs. Fowler ended the inning with a line drive to first that doubled Soup off the bag. A foot either way, and we'd have had another run.

So far, Pete had shown nerves of steel, and I began to think that we'd sail through the ninth inning without undue trouble. A two-run lead, at that moment, looked big. As I walked to the plate, however, I distinctly heard a Lawrence batter grimly say, "He isn't throwing curves. We'll get him this inning."

The cold sweat started out on my forehead. So they knew!

Their first batter was a little runt by the name of Lancey, who stood hunched up over the plate and was tough to pitch to. He was their lead-off man.

When Lancey coolly let two slow balls go by, picked a fast one to his liking, and drove it to center, I knew that we were in for it. A pitcher needs three weapons to *(Continued on page 48)*



"My brake club slipped and knocked me groggy. I'm clumsy, Mr. Musgrove, but maybe I'll learn to keep my feet."

Illustrator:
ALBIN HENNING

Mountain Railroader

by Gilbert A. Lathrop

CABOOSE 0577 had a bad reputation among all the trainmen working out of Cleora on the Mountain Division of the W. T. Railroad. For twenty years, it had been coupled with Conductor Hardrock Musgrove, and every man working over the mountain would have preferred standing up unarmed and facing an angry brown bear to making a single trip with Hardrock. Not that Hardrock was naturally mean, but he was a stickler for rules. Rules were his middle name, and he couldn't forget them.

And Culp Daniels, his rear brakeman, was cast from the same die. That's the reason they had worked together over twelve years—two hard-boiled, fearless, hundred-per-cent railroaders who had little to do with their brother trainmen.

When Teddy Anderson was marked up as the head brakeman on Hardrock's crew, the boys in the yard office howled with mirth. Not only that, but they broke down and wept for joy. You see Teddy Anderson was a college graduate. His father was super of the mountain division. Teddy was a slim, quiet, black-headed young fellow who didn't talk much. He was so quiet the boys got the idea that he thought he was better than they were; and they figured too that, being the super's son, he might start gumshoeing around to see what he could get on them.

Which notions were both cockeyed! All Teddy wanted was to learn the game. He loved it—its iron and steel were in his blood! He had graduated from college with no other idea than to begin at the bottom and try to climb upward.

"How yuh called, kid?" Hardrock growled at Teddy the first morning he reported for work, in new overalls, a new hat decorated with his brakeman's badge, and new gloves; and Culp Daniels, filling his marker lights, looked up sourly to glare at Teddy's lean-cheeked face, with its outthrust chin and clear black eyes.

"Teddy Anderson."

"The super's kid, huh? I been hearin' about yuh," rumbled Hardrock.

Teddy's friendly smile was a little rueful. "My

father's job has nothing to do with mine," he said.

"Right yuh are, kid. On this crew we work by the book of rules, and we don't care if your father owns this pike—you're just Teddy Anderson, brakeman." Hardrock thrust his face within eighteen inches of Teddy's. "Listen!" he barked. "When we're goin' down the west side of Virginia Pass, down the four-per-cent grade an' the engineer squawks once on his whistle, what's it the sign of?"

Teddy grinned. "That's a signal the train is out of control and he wants hand brakes set," he replied.

"Right! An' that means set! Not joinin' the birds or layin' flat on a runnin' board. It means wind up binders. Get over to the roundhouse an' herd our pig against the head end of this string." Hardrock dropped heavily from the rear platform and shuffled toward the depot.

"Well," grinned a big east end brakeman, eying the name of Teddy Anderson marked up with Conductor Musgrove and Brakeman Daniels, "I give 'im just two round trips on caboose 0577."

"That's enough trips. What do they mean, puttin' college men in the ranks?" snorted another trainman. "Pretty soon a feller'll have to show a sheepskin before they'll let him tamp a tie under the rails."

"Hardrock will whittle that kid down to his size," chuckled the big brakeman.

Meanwhile, Teddy Anderson was clinging to the rear of the tender of the 1176, motioning the engineer toward the train to couple in. Teddy didn't see Culp Daniels standing off at one side, frowning at him, and it would have made little difference if he had. Teddy saw the couplings weren't going to click together, and he was too new to the game to want to offend an engineer by making him move some three hundred tons of motive power ahead, then back again. So just before the couplings came together, Teddy reached in with his right foot and shoved the drawbar over.

The couplings closed and the pins dropped into place. Teddy was bending to couple the air hose when Culp halted him.

"Listen, kid," he growled. "I see yuh kick that drawbar over with your foot. Did yuh happen to read the safety-first bulletins 'fore yuh went to work, or have yuh got too much education to bother with such tripe?"

Teddy straightened and eyed Culp soberly. "I read all the safety bulletins," he admitted, "and I read the one about keeping feet out of couplings, but I hated to miss this one, the first I ever made."

Culp snorted. "Movin' hogs is easier than puttin' new feet on the ends of legs. Don't do it again."

Teddy bent over the hose, face flushed, ears burning.

But he forgot all about his discomfiture after they were started on the sixty-five mile grind to Virginia Pass, the 1176 blasting on the head end, another eleven-hundred locomotive shoving on the rear of forty-eight cars. The thrust of power, the roar of the engine, the steady, dogged toiling of her worked under his skin until he wanted to reach out and pat the grimy jacket beside him. Here was railroading from the place where it could be appreciated, the smoky end of a freight drag. Here was none of the smooth, scheduled speed of a limited passenger train. Here was none of the monotony. This was the end that paid dividends, that was always showing something new, different. . . .

They reached Virginia Pass, where the helper on the rear end was cut off, where an air inspector took up brakes to insure safety on the drop down the other side, where Hardrock strode up behind Teddy, scowled at him, then tapped him heavily on the shoulder, and demanded:

"Where's your brake club?"

"It's in the cab of the engine," answered Teddy.

"Which is a mighty fine place for it. Don't let me see yuh anywhere on a train I'm runnin' without a brake club. Get it!"

"Yes, sir." Teddy ran over to the engine and returned with the hickory club.

"An' don't forget that my brakemen ride the tops from Virginia Pass down to Snowdon, end of the four-per-cent grade," admonished Hardrock when Teddy halted facing him.

Teddy nodded. The air inspector removed the blue flag from its bracket on the side of the cab below the engineer.

"Turn up your retainers," Hardrock told Teddy then.

Teddy knew what retainers were, small valves at the end of each car to hold the brakes in application while the engineer recharged his train line. He turned them up, starting at the 1176 and working back toward Culp Daniels, who came over the top from the caboose. When they met in the center of the train, Culp threw the engineer a highball.

Two puffs of steam appeared above the boiler; then the sound came back to them: *Whoo-oo-oo, whoo-oo-oo.* Draft gear shuffled and clanged and the freight train started down the west side of Virginia Pass.

Teddy made his way forward, trying to balance himself on the runways across the roofs of the cars; no easy task, for the cars were badly mixed. There were common box cars, high automobile and furniture cars, stock cars, coal cars loaded with coal and coal cars piled high with mine props. He finally halted six cars behind the engine and stood, legs spread wide apart, facing ahead.

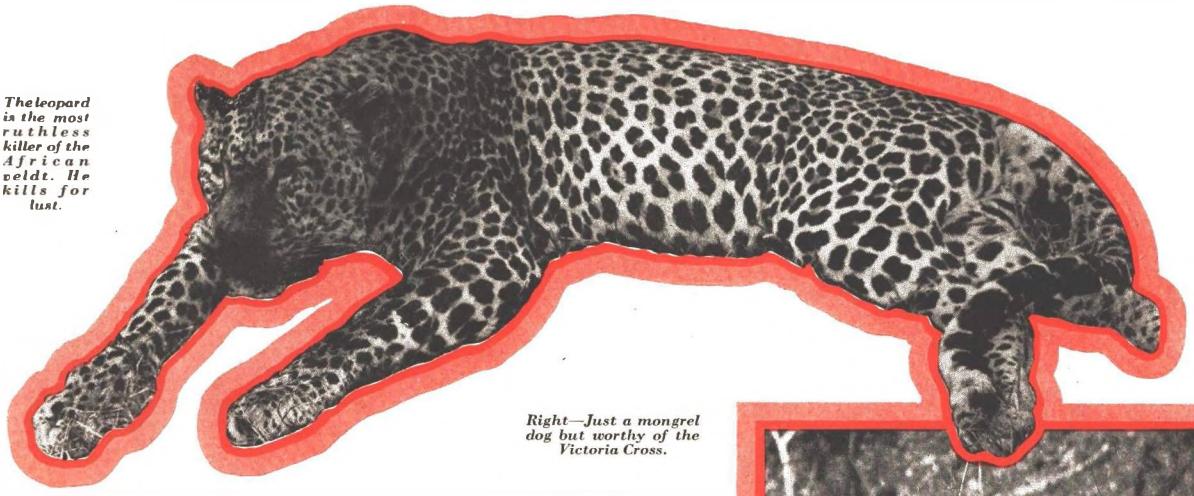
That far the train had handled excellently. The brakes were holding and their speed was steady. The train wound along the sidehill cuts like a long snake. Brake shoes hissed against wheels in a dogged fight against the pull of gravity.

Glancing far back, Teddy could see Culp standing on top, near the caboose. He wondered if he would ever be the kind of railroader Culp Daniels was, or Hardrock Musgrove.

The 1176 nosed into a rocky cut. Teddy was taking in the scenery, filling his lungs with great gulps of sweet mountain air, when he was galvanized to action by a single pleading blast from the whistle. It was a call dreaded by every mountain railroader, a cry for hand brakes. As their speed increased from a gentle jog to a roaring clip, Teddy dropped down to the platform on the end of the car and inserted his brake club in the wheel.

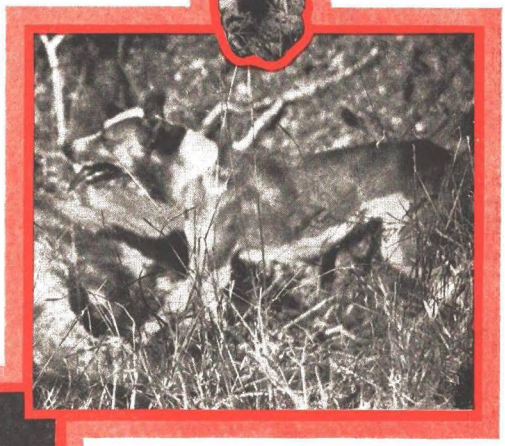
Far back on the train he caught a glimpse of Culp Daniels, who swung his entire weight against another brake wheel. Teddy twisted awkwardly, kicking the dog in each notch as he gained it. One more lunge and this brake would be set as tightly as possible. He gave that lunge, kicked at the dog, and missed it. Caught unprepared, he felt the brake club tear itself from his hand, and then it came hissing toward his unprotected face. He saw a million stars! As his club flew out into the country Teddy, almost stunned, pulled himself to the runway and tried to balance on his feet. His car struck a curve and swayed far out to the right, nearly knocking him from the roof. He dropped to his knees, still fighting to gain his feet, and the runway seemed to come toward him. . . . He didn't know how long he was out, but slowly his head cleared. He was lying face down *(Continued on page 49)*

The car rapidly whipped up speed. Hardrock and Culp came running around the locomotive.



The leopard is the most ruthless killer of the African veldt. He kills for lust.

Right—Just a mongrel dog but worthy of the Victoria Cross.



Beware the Big Chooi!

The Story of an Enraged Leopard and a Pack of Dogs

Told to Franklin M. Reck

by

Capt. Carl von Hoffman

Russian Explorer and Adventurer

Capt. Carl von Hoffman.

IF you were to plan a trip through the Krueger National Park in the Union of South Africa, you would first have to see the ranger and learn the regulations. He would tell you that your rifle must be no smaller than .300 calibre. He would also tell you that you mustn't shoot a lion or leopard except in self-defense. He would put a paper cap over the muzzle of your rifle and seal it. Thus you could still shoot, but when you came out you would have to explain why the seal was broken.

There are at least four thousand lions, countless leopards, jackals, hyenas, antelope, wildebeeste, impallas, and wart hogs in the government preserve. Once in a while, the lions and leopards venture forth on a raid, and in this article, Captain Carl von Hoffman, Russian explorer and adventurer, who has spent years in South Africa, tells you how a leopard raid almost ended fatally for him!

I WAS visiting Campbell, the sugar grower, at his plantation in the Union of South Africa, when I almost became an item in the diet of a lusty and greatly peeved leopard.

My career as an explorer makes me eligible to all sorts of fates. I have lived with the head hunters of Formosa, and if I had caught them in a bad mood my head might now be adorning one of their doorways. With a camera strapped to my chest and no gun at my side I once walked to within 75 feet of eight frolicking lions, and if one of them had become annoyed I might not be telling this story. Or I might have been bitten by a snake, shot by a Mexican rebel, drowned at sea, or hit by a taxi in New York.

Any of these fates seems to me preferable to becoming dessert for a leopard—one of the most insane killers of the veldt. And the fact that I was saved is due entirely to Campbell's pack of rangy, mongrel hunting dogs.

Campbell's plantation is near the Krueger National Park, a great game preserve covering twenty thousand square miles in the low veldt. In my trips through this immense, wild tract, I have rarely seen a leopard. He usually lies along the branch of a tree, and the sunlight, filtering down through the leaves, so mingles with his spotted coat that the camouflage is perfect.

Along with the lion, hyena, jackal, and wild dog, the leopard is classed as vermin and marked for eventual extinction. And of them all, he's the most ruthless. He kills for the fun of it, and it's not uncommon for a Zulu chief to find thirty or forty cattle lying in a single kraal, their jugulars ripped open, the victims of one night's work by one leopard.

But it wasn't a leopard that bothered the Changane Zulu chieftains when they rushed to Campbell one morning and excitedly demanded his help. Brandishing their short spears, their almost-naked bodies quivering, they told him that a lion was ravaging their herds.

A Zulu's wealth is his cattle. It's his medium of exchange and it bears annual interest in the form of calves. He's very touchy about it. So we did the usual thing—we went out to the scene of the depredations and set a trap.

The veldt has a useful bush called the wait-a-bit. It bears thorns from four to six inches long with edges as sharp as a knife. We constructed a horseshoe-shaped enclosure of wait-a-bit thorn, put a piece of meat in the center, and in the entrance, one and one-half feet wide, we set our steel trap.

The very next morning the Zulus routed us out of bed.

"*B'wana!*" they yelled. "Big *chooi!*" *Chooi* meant leopard! Instead of catching a tawny, self- *(Continued on page 54)*

Friendly talks

WITH THE EDITOR

A Tip From Bill Rogell

A SPORTS writer tells us an interesting story about Bill Rogell. Rogell, as you know, is the shortstop of the champion Detroit Tigers. When Bill first started shortstopping, he lacked confidence. His fielding was uncertain because he wasn't sure of himself. Then, when the Tigers started to go places in the American League, luncheon clubs began to invite Bill to address them. Timidly, Bill accepted. At first he found public speaking a whole lot more disconcerting than trying to be a big league shortstop. But he stuck to it. Soon he found that audiences didn't scare him, that words came to him easily, that he could think as well on a platform as anywhere else. And—here's the point that interested us—he discovered that the self-confidence that public speaking gave him stayed right with him. It killed his nervousness on the diamond—made him a steady, cool, dependable shortstop. What public speaking did for Bill Rogell it can do for you. Speak as often as you can. And watch yourself develop.

99,000 Americans died in 1934 from all kinds of accidents. Our World War deaths, from all causes, totaled about 65,000.

Don't Be a Parrot

YOU should have seen us as we walked down the street this morning. We wore a grim look on our sometimes pleasant face, and under our arm we carried a newly minted brick. We fully intended to hurl it at a certain friend of ours. Object: murder, and nothing less. We like this friend, but our patience is at an end. For years, we've been meeting him on the street and greeting him with a cheery "How are you?" And always he stirs up our temper with the same inane reply —"Gettin' younger every day." At last the thing has got on our nerves. We shall endure it no longer. Hence the brick. Please profit by our diseased state of mind. Don't overwork your pet phrases. That's amusing in a parrot, but it's not becoming to an intelligent young man. Examine, too, your day-to-day vocabulary. Are you slave-driving certain words, and letting the rest of your supply grow rusty with disuse? Are you one of those pernicious people who call everything "swell" or "grand" or "gorgeous," instead of picking a good English adjective that really says what they mean? Think it over. We're for fewer parrots and better conversation.

The British Postal Service dates back 450 years. King Edward IV appointed relays of horsemen to carry royal dispatches. These couriers prided themselves on covering 200 miles in two days.

One Out of Three

WHO are your three best friends? Fix their names in your minds. Then tell yourself that, at the present appalling rate of motor car accidents, one of those friends is likely, sometime in future, to be killed or seriously injured in an automobile crash. Your own chance of being killed or dangerously hurt in an auto accident has mounted so rapidly that it's now one to three. *One to three.* Think of it! Are there 30 boys and girls in your geometry class? If so, current statistics tell us, *no less than ten* of them are headed for a hospital or a morgue. And, we're sorry to report, the very boys who are reading this editorial—boys of 18 and under—cause far more driving accidents than older people. Let's do something about it. 1934 was the worst year in history, with 36,000 deaths. But 1935 will be what we make it. When you drive a car, remember that most accidents come from too much speed. Remember, too, that driving after dark is twice as dangerous as driving in daylight. When you're on foot, obey traffic signals. If you cross against the light, your chance of getting hit is three times as great as if you'd waited. If you cross in the middle of the street, your chance of injury is twice as great as if you'd gone to the street intersection. Remember—the safe way is the quickest way.

By collecting and focusing the sun's rays with a big mirror, and heating cylinder oil in order to store and control the heat, a California scientist has been able to broil, stew and bake food. His "solar cooker" requires no fuel.

We Welcome a New Paper

WE welcome the *Boys' and Girls' Newspaper*, a new tabloid-size weekly that has just begun its life with a husky print order of 250,000 copies. The publisher is George J. Hecht, whose *Parents' Magazine* is an outstanding success. The editor, Charles G. Muller, has been a fiction writer for *The American Boy.* The new weekly not only aims to print news, but is chock full of features and departments. Among these are sports, radio, movies, science, fiction and comic strips. It is profusely illustrated. Like President Roosevelt, who wrote his congratulations and good wishes to the new weekly, we hope the *Boys' and Girls' Newspaper* will find and fill a real need.

This morning out of the empty and windy south,
this morning out of the bare bright wells of weather,
a flock of wrens blew into my budding orchard. . . .
Their small brown heads were ruffled, their throats were feathered
with song: they chortled, delirious and loud,
bringing the Spring to that sun-warmed waiting hour. . . .
They teetered on apple-twigs in a crying cloud
and the tight buds broke their swollen sheaths and flowered!

An American scientist is perfecting a pilotless oil-burning rocket, capable of traveling 500 miles an hour, which he hopes to equip with recording instruments and study the 400-mile layer of atmosphere that cloaks the earth.

The Estimable Oyster

FOR no good reason we've just been investigating the private life of that noble creature, the Oyster. We emerge with a boundless admiration for him. Oysters have inhabited this earth for a matter of 30,000,000 years, which is just about 29,000,000 years longer than the human family has existed. Oysters spend 20 of their 24 hours at the dinner table. A grown-up oyster of healthy appetite will "eat" about 15 gallons of water a day. His efficiency is something to write home about. He manages to extract from each drop more than 99% of its microscopic particles of food. That's in summer. In winter, when the water cools below 44 degrees, the oyster politely declines to eat at all. He wants warm meals or nothing, and we think he's sensible. In summer months a mother oyster spawns 100,000,000 eggs. About fifty of these oysterlets will live to become full-fledged bivalves. Oysters, like people, need plenty of room. Billions of them die from overcrowding. A good oyster bed is more valuable, per acre, than the richest gold mine in the world.

The world's oldest egg, probably laid by a six-foot prehistoric lizard, has just been discovered in Texas. Its estimated age is 225,000,000 years. Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews' famous dinosaur eggs are about 100,000,000 years old.

We Recommend These Books

OUR desk is piled high with interesting new books. "Popular Crafts for Boys," by Edwin T. Hamilton, tells you how to do everything from making handy memo pads out of tin cans to printing your own Christmas cards from linoleum blocks. This book will keep you joyfully busy for a thousand years. Its publisher is Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. Stamp collectors, and bird lovers too, will delight in "Bird Stamps of All Countries," (Grosset & Dunlap, N. Y.). We learn that the first bird stamp pictured a dove, and was issued by Basle, Switzerland, in 1843. The United States was the second to employ winged stamps, featuring the bald eagle. In 1854 Western Australia came out with the Black Swan. A favorite South American stamp bird is the condor. The coming of the air mail, naturally, inspired hosts of new bird stamps. This book not only describes both birds and stamps, but supplies blank pages for you, in case you want to do some collecting. "A Book of Dogs," (Oxford University Press, N. Y.), identifies the 100 principal breeds for you by splendid individual photographs. "The Polar Regions," same publisher, intrigues you with its excellent photographs of penguins, Eskimos, elephant seals, polar bears, walruses, musk oxen, and all the other strange inhabitants of the top and bottom of the world.

Wham! The bullet he fired made a neat hole in the linen with no trace of powder about it.

Tierney *for the* Defense

Showing How Ballistics Can Ball Up a Trial!

by

John A. Moroso

Illustrator: R. M. BRINKERHOFF

JAMES TIERNEY, retired New York detective, sat in his shirt sleeves in the shade of a maple tree in the yard behind his New Jersey cottage. Before him was a music stand and in his lap was a cornet. He had just finished performing elaborate variations on the tune known as "The Carnival of Venice." A barefooted boy stood before him, extending a note. Jim took it and read:

"Dear Mr. Tierney:

The cornet made my dog sick and the cat wild. If you would change to the baritone horn the animals would be easier to handle. The cornet, especially them frills you play on it, is too high.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Finucane."

"Okay, kid," grunted Tierney. "Come in the kitchen and I'll slip you a slab of pie and an apple."

He opened the kitchen door, but immediately leaped back into the yard with a cry of astonishment. "What's happened to you, Maggie?" he gasped to his faithful housekeeper, Mrs. Murphy.

"Come in, Jim," she urged quietly. "Nothing's happened."

"But your hair, Maggie!" he cried. "Where's the old doorknob you always wore on the back of your head?"

"Bobbed."

"Bobbed?"

"Don't I look swell, Jim? And just look at the sides. Permanent wave, to last three weeks."

"Permanent for three weeks?"

"Yes. And it cost only seven and a half."

"And your face, Maggie?" moaned Jim.

"Lifted for fifteen dollars."

Jim got the pie and apple for the lad and sank in a chair with popping blue eyes. "*You* were lifted for fifteen berries, Maggie."

"Don't I look swell, Jim?" she coaxed coyly.

He shook his head sadly. "Going in the pitchers, Maggie?"

"Nothing like that, Jim. We're going to have company tonight — regular company the neighbors will talk about for months."

"Al Smith?"

"No."

"John Barrymore?"

"No."

"General Pershing?"

"No."

"I give up, Maggie."

"Inspector Sweeney is coming over from New York for a breath of country air, supper, and a whole night with us. I been keeping it a secret."

"You'll knock his eye out."

"Wait until I get on me green satin empire gown!"

An hour later Jim was outside the front gate, pacing the dirt road, dressed in his Prince Albert, his feet aching and the sweat rolling down his cheeks. Neighbors passing on their way home stopped to ask if he were getting married.

"We're entertaining Inspector Sweeney of the New York police force," he informed each with due impressiveness.

Off in the distance sounded the siren of Sweeney's big car. As it pulled up and the inspector stepped out in his bright blue uniform with its soft velvet cuffs, dazzling brass buttons, and gold shield, the crowd gave a cheer of welcome.

A smile broke out over Sweeney's usually stern countenance. Maggie rushed out to the road with a hearty welcome, her green satin empire gown billowing about her.

An ancient flivver rattled up and a lean young man leaped out with a huge camera.

"Hold it!" he yelled. "The Bergen County *Eagle!*"

Pictures were snapped and off went the flivver for Hackensack, the county seat.

"Gee, I'm hungry," laughed Sweeney.

"It's all ready for the table," Maggie informed him.

"Homemade bread and pie?" asked the inspector.

"Plenty of both."

"Corned beef and cabbage?"

"Bubbling over, and fried chicken, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, beets, mashed turnips, coffee. Come on in. Maybe Jim will play a tune for you while I put the dinner on."

After dinner Inspector Sweeney unbuttoned his coat with a great sigh of relief and suggested that they take a look at the farm. Tierney peeled off his regalia, tossing high collar and wide cravat to one corner and his vest to another.

"Hang up your coat, Chief," he said. "The party's over."

Together in their shirt sleeves the two old-timers went out into the cool air of approaching evening. The sun was tinting the distant undulating line of the Ramapo Mountains and the birds were sounding their bedtime calls.

Through the palings of the fence showed the faces of the six little Finucanes and the curious, fascinated children of other neighbors. Sweeney's chauffeur, who had been taken to dinner by the Honorable Pete Westervelt, mayor of the village, had returned, and Sweeney had him load up the big car with youngsters for ice cream at the drug store.

Maggie, having successfully acted as hostess to the distinguished guest, had changed to a calico wrapper and was juggling dishes in the kitchen, happily singing, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

Sweeney and Tierney made themselves comfortable in two rocking chairs on the little front porch. The friendly stars crept forth from their daytime hiding places.

"Jim," began the inspector as the dusk gathered about them, "I have an odd sort of job I want to ask you to pull off for me."

"Any kind of job you ask, Chief, is the job I want."

"Thanks, Old-timer. You remember the Blake homicide about three months ago, don't you?"

"The real estate guy who killed his partner?"

"Yep. Well, Richard Blake goes on trial tomorrow and the district attorney's office has the case in the bag. Blake hasn't got the remotest chance and I've got an uneasy feeling that despite the evidence against him he may not be guilty of murder. The killing may have been accidental." He hesitated, as if giving deep thought to his next words. "You know, Jim," he continued finally, "our job has been always to put them in, not get them out, and we've put plenty of them in. How would you like to turn the tables for once?"

"Help Blake get free?"

"Not necessarily, Jim. Just to see that no mistake is made. Watch over the trial impersonally, like an umpire whose duty it is to see that fair play is done."

"Take the judge's job, Chief?" asked Jim, his innocent blue eyes popping.

"Not exactly, but in a way, yes. You know as well as I that in our courts everything is done by precedent. Sometimes the truth can be so hedged in by the rulings in other cases that it can't be brought out. A clever lawyer for the defense, many a time, has freed a red-handed murderer."

"Plenty of times," agreed Jim; "and burglars and bank wreckers and all kinds of criminals."

"But in Blake's case it's just the opposite," explained Sweeney. "He is a man of family and had a fine reputation until this thing happened. His lawyer is a well-known counselor but has never had a criminal case. He knows nothing about the tricks of criminal practice. And a new assistant district attorney will represent the People. This new man is young and ambitious—a good man, but he may be off on the wrong foot this time."

"I get yuh," grunted Tierney.

"I've looked over the evidence he has gathered and if something unexpected doesn't come into the case Blake will go to the chair. If you'll sit in with Damon Forrest, the lawyer for the defense, and give him a tip now and then when Dick Stone, the assistant district attorney, is in action, I'd feel more comfortable."

"It's a new kind of job, Chief," sighed Tierney, "but I'm game."

"I'll stay over with you tonight and we'll get away early in the morning, Jim. I've already talked with Mr. Forrest and the old chap says he'll be glad to have any help he can get. Stone may try to have you thrown out by the court, but as you're retired you have a perfect right to be present as private investigator for the defense."

"I'll watch Stone, Chief," chuckled Tierney.

"Thank you, Jim."

Maggie Murphy hailed them from within.

"Yes, Maggie," called back Jim.

"I'll be lighting the lamps," she informed them. "Mrs. Finucane and the little Finucanes are in the kitchen and Mrs. Finucane asks if you'd perform for them. Something soft and low, she says, on the baritone horn. The cornet—"

"Yes, I know about the cornet," interrupted Jim. "How about playing 'I'm Off to the Wars, To the Wars I Must Go?' "

"There's fly specks on the music. That's out."

" 'Just a Song at Twilight,' " suggested the inspector.

"Okay."

The first day of the trial of Richard Blake in the dingy and dirty red brick-and-stone building housing the criminal branch of the Supreme Court was consumed in the selection of a jury. Adjournment was taken in the early afternoon and this gave Tierney time in which to go over carefully with Damon Forrest, defense counsel, the evidence he would offer in behalf of the defendant.

He found it pitifully weak. Blake would have to take the stand and thereby place himself at the mercy of the brilliant assistant district attorney in cross-examination. There were no witnesses to the slaying. There would be plenty of character witnesses offered by the defense, but that was all. Blake, an elderly man, had lived a clean and capable life, prospering until real estate values crashed.

On the second day Tierney sat beside Mr. Forrest and studied the faces of the jurors. They were just twelve men of the average type.

"What do you think of them?" asked Mr. Forrest in an anxious whisper.

"They look good," was the whispered answer. "They're all kind of thick and dumb-looking."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The fancy tricks of Stone won't affect them. What those birds want is facts. Plain facts."

Dick Stone, posing so that the newspaper men with their small court cameras could get his picture from all directions, outlined the case for the prosecution. It was deadly.

"We will offer evidence to prove," he declared, "that the defendant Blake shot and killed his partner in their office in the Migrant Building on August 17 last. We will present the pistol in evidence and the finger prints of the defendant taken from it. We will present the exploded cartridge and prove by experts that the bullet found in the heart of the slain man, George E. Williams, came from that cartridge shell and that it was fired from this pistol and could not have been fired from any other weapon.

"We will prove that the firm of Blake and Williams had lost a great deal of money recently and was in effect bankrupt.

"We will prove that each partner had taken out life insurance in favor of the other in the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars and, in consequence, the partner surviving would be financially re-established.

"We will prove that the fatal shot was fired from a distance and not in a struggle for the weapon as the defense will claim, for there were no powder marks on the clean white shirt of the slain man.

"We will prove that occupants of an adjoining office heard the familiar voices of the defendant, Blake, and of the slain man, Williams, raised in high dispute just before the shot was fired.

"We will present witnesses who entered the real estate office and saw the defendant standing above the body of Williams, pistol in hand, a dazed look on his face."

The medical examiner called into the case by the homicide bureau of the police department was sworn as the first witness. Death was caused by a bullet in the heart. He identified the bullet taken from that organ of the body and the cartridge shell found ejected on the floor near the body. He identified the pistol as the one given up by the defendant. The body was identified by relatives and the crime thus established.

The books of the firm of Blake and Williams were put in evidence to prove the firm's potential bankruptcy and to show that the greater part of the capital loss was suffered by the defendant. An insurance agency testified to the two policies taken out by the partners each in favor of the other, the premiums of both paid.

The neighboring tenants swore to the voices raised in anger just before the fatal shot was fired and to seeing Blake standing over the body, weapon in hand, as they entered.

Detective William Gerson, who made the arrest, testified that the defendant had told him that he was trying to get the pistol from Williams when it went off and that he did not know whether it was his hand or his partner's hand that fired it. Gerson swore that Blake told him his partner had been drinking heavily, so heavily that he did not know what he was doing, that Williams had reached into Blake's desk drawer for the gun and that the struggle ensued.

"Was the defendant calm when he told you this?" Mr. Forrest asked on cross examination.

"Don't I look swell, Jim? And just look at the sides. Permanent wave, to last three weeks!"

"No, sir. He was near collapse. He moaned about his poor wife and children."

"He didn't moan about the wife and children of the man he had slain, did he?" asked Stone.

"That was unfair," whispered Tierney to Mr. Forrest.

"May I ask the Court," shouted the assistant district attorney, "if the person prompting counsel for the defense is a member of the Bar and is competent to practice here?"

The Court: "Who is the gentleman, Mr. Forrest?"

"He is a private investigator for my client's cause," Mr. Forrest replied.

The Court: "He is entitled to advise with counsel."

The Prosecution: "Has he a license as a private detective?"

Tierney: "I'm a retired New York detective and have a license for private work. My name's Jim Tierney and I was busy in criminal cases before you were out of knee pants."

The Court: "Order, order in the court."

At twelve o'clock recess was taken for lunch, the assistant district attorney declaring that in the afternoon he would place ballistic experts on the stand for the People.

Tierney, sweating drops as big as marbles and mad all the way through, consulted with Inspector Sweeney for a few moments before hunting his favorite pie counter.

"It looks bad, Jim. What do you think?"

"Maybe the experts will give us a break, Chief. Take it from me, once you get an expert rattled the whole world rattles."

"Good luck to you, Old-timer. Mr. Blake certainly doesn't look to me like a man guilty of murder."

Assistant District Attorney Stone never lost an opportunity to make the front pages of the newspapers. He passed the tip to the reporters that he would give them something worth while with his ballistics experts, and all the papers were represented when court convened after luncheon, each reporter with a camera man.

Forrest and Tierney watched uneasily as court attendants brought before the judge's dais a large bag of sand backed by a heavy shield of oak and metal. A piece of white linen was pinned to the sandbag and Stone explained to the jury that it was of exactly the same material as the shirt of the slain man. A pistol of the same make and the same year of manufacture as that used in the slaying was given to Hiram H. Watts, expert for the prosecution. He loaded it.

"Is the test to be made in court?" asked Mr. Forrest. "I ask that it be made elsewhere because the wife of the defendant is an old lady. She sits faithfully beside her husband, and I think it would be far from chivalrous to submit her to this shock."

The Prosecution: "I think it is better to have the test here before the prisoner and the jurors."

Mrs. Blake whispered to her husband's lawyer.

The Defense: "Mrs. Blake says that she will be able to stand this ordeal. Proceed."

The expert held the muzzle of the pistol within six inches of the cloth and fired it. Powder was scattered around the bullet hole. He then fired from eight inches, ten inches, twelve inches, and a foot and a half, and still powder marks showed.

The demonstration plainly showed that if the defendant had been at grips with his partner when the shot was fired the shirt of the slain man would have been powder-marked. Therefore the shot must have been fired at a distance. It must have been deliberate, not accidental.

Sweeney looked across the room to Tierney as if to ask him what he could possibly do to offset this damning evidence. Tierney was slumped in his chair, scratching his head. The camera men had made plenty of pictures of this dramatic court spectacle. Mrs. Blake was weeping, her pale face in her hands. Her husband sat with his jaws clamped in an effort to control himself.

The Prosecution: "The defense may cross-examine the expert."

"Don't cross-examine him yet," whispered Tierney. "Put me on the stand first."

The Prosecution: "Our case in direct is closed."

The Defense: "Mr. Tierney, take the stand, please."

Tierney was sworn.

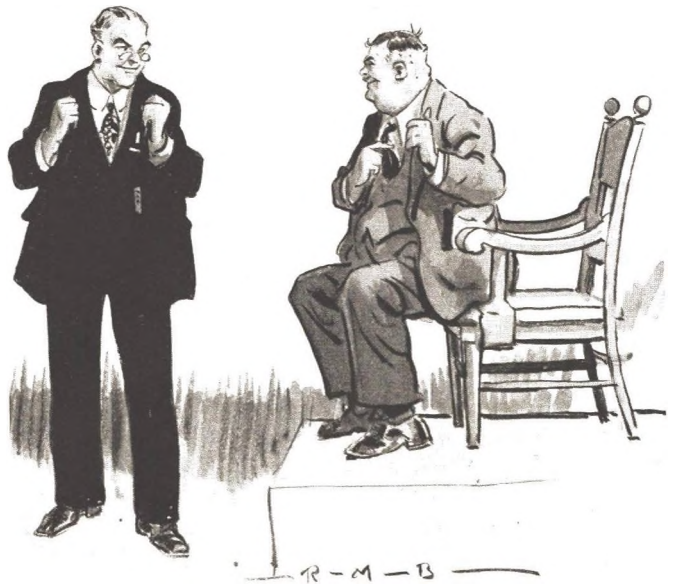
The Prosecution: "May I ask if this man can qualify as an expert, your honor?"

Tierney: "You bet I can."

The Defense: "I can call his old inspector who is present. He can testify to Mr. Tierney's capability in the matter of firearms and explosives."

The Prosecution: "Oh, go ahead with him."

The Defense: "Tell us, Mr. Tierney, what you think of the demonstration just given here."



"I know guns and explosives backwards. I got something here will make Mr. Watts feel sick."

Tierney: "It's the bunk, no good, old stuff." (Laughter.)

The Prosecution: "If your honor pleases, I object."

The Court: "Let him proceed. That's his opinion and the testimony of experts is mostly opinion. Go ahead, Mr. Tierney."

Tierney: "I was on the detective force until they shoved me out on pension so as to give some young snip a place, see? But since I got the skids I done a lot of work for my old boss, Inspector Sweeney sitting over there. Jobs the regular dicks jammed up, if you get me. I know guns and explosives backwards. I don't read much but when anything new pops up in that line I get all the dope I can and study it. (The witness reached into his coat pocket and drew forth a pamphlet.) I got something here will make Mr. Watts feel sick."

The Prosecution: "I object, your honor. The man is making a comedy of this trial. He acts like a clown and he looks like a—like a—"

The Court: "That will do, Mr. Stone. Proceed, Mr. Tierney."

Tierney: "First we got two witnesses to put on to lay the foundations for another test. I got them during the lunch hour. I'll step down."

James G. Holland, New York representative of the Welles Ammunition Company, stepped forward and was sworn. He had been with the company twenty-five years and was familiar with the makes of all small arms ammunition.

Mr. Holland: "The bullets in this pistol of the defendant were manufactured by my firm and sold in New York only a few years ago."

Mr. Forrest held a whispered conversation with Tierney. Then:

The Defense: "Will you please examine the shells fired by the expert Watts and compare them with the shell from the pistol in evidence?"

The Witness: "The cartridges used by Mr. Watts in his demonstration were made by my firm before the Great War."

The witness was excused.

The Defense: "Mr. Richards, please take the stand."

Mr. Richards testified to having sold the pistol to Mr. Blake two years before. Mr. Blake had explained that there had been a hold-up in his building. Mr. Richards then went on to testify that the bullets purchased by Mr. Blake were from the new stock of the Welles firm.

The Defense: "I now ask the court to permit my expert, Mr. Tierney, to demonstrate with the make of cartridges sold the defendant."

Tierney heaved himself out of his chair and loaded a pistol provided by Mr. Richards from the same stock sold to the defendant, using the same make of cartridges. He took time to turn and grin deliberately in the face of Assistant District Attorney Stone.

"What's the idea? More comedy stuff?" demanded the prosecuting officer.

"Just watch me close, son, so I won't deceive you," replied Jim. "Lemme see, now, the expert Watts scattered powder grain on this cloth at a distance of a foot and a half. I'll measure that off. Good."

Wham!

The bullet he fired made a neat hole in the linen with no trace of powder about it.

"Now we try one at twelve inches," resumed Tierney.

Wham! No powder yet.

"Now for six inches."

Wham! No trace of powder marks.

"I'll even put the muzzle to within three inches of the cloth," the old-timer announced, "and that's plenty close in a hand-to-hand struggle over the gun."

Once more the shot, and yet no powder. The contention of the prosecution that the shot which killed Blake's partner must have been fired at a distance was in the discard.

Assistant District Attorney Stone, nonplused, asked for adjournment so that he could further confer with his experts, and adjournment was taken until the following morning.

The Court: "The case should be closed by noon tomorrow. The jury is excused until ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

The defendant was placed on the stand as soon as court convened the next morning. A quiet gentle old man, now assured that his story would be believed, Mr. Blake related the events leading up to the killing of his partner.

"It was a very hot day," he said, "and my friend and partner had been drinking heavily. I do believe that he was completely out of his mind. The top drawer of my desk was open and the pistol exposed. He seized it. Thinking that he intended to kill himself I jumped up and grabbed his wrist. We both struggled desperately for possession of the weapon. It exploded and Mr. Williams fell dead at my feet. We both had hold of the weapon at the time and if there were finger prints of my partner on it they could easily have been smudged off. My finger prints were left on it because I continued to hold it for some time. I was too dazed by what had happened to move. That is all I can tell."

There was no cross-examination and the witness stepped down. The judge, after consultation with the assistant district attorney, accepted a list of character witnesses for the defense without requiring their testimony.

The Prosecutor: "I will call the witness Tierney in rebuttal, taking him over from the defense as my witness."

The Defense: "Of course that means, Mr. Stone, that you will not be able to cross-examine or question the truth of his statements if you take him as your own witness."

The Prosecutor: "Yes."

Tierney climbed up into the witness chair and closed his round blue eyes wearily.

The Prosecutor: "Am I boring the witness to death?"

Tierney: "Almost. Shoot."

The Prosecutor: "Have you ever testified as an expert in ballistics before?"

Tierney: "No."

The Prosecutor: "You don't really mean to claim that you're an expert, do you?"

Tierney: "I dunno. Experts are sometimes so cocksure that I'm not begging to be called one."

The Prosecutor: "How did you come to know of the change in the manu- *(Continued on page 39)*

Wind *in the* Rigging

by Howard Pease

Tod felt a sudden tightening of his muscles. There it was—the question he'd been dreading. To tell these men he had seen Steve there, to incriminate him—how could he?

Illustrator: ANTON OTTO FISCHER

And the Sumatra plowing a stormy trail of mystery across the sea!

The Preceding Chapers

IN the cook's cabin aboard the Owen Steel Company's ship *Sumatra*, plowing westward across the Atlantic, Captain Tom Jarvis and his third mate, Tod Moran, sat facing each other, knowing that their safety aboard this ship was hanging by a thread.

Presumably the *Sumatra* was carrying steel for a new railroad in Northern Africa, but certain minor stockholders in the Owen Steel Company, among them a Mr. Blakemore, suspected the company's manager of making a private profit by smuggling arms to the Riffian tribes of Morocco. Captain Jarvis and Tod were aboard under orders from Mr. Blakemore to find out what they could.

And Captain Jarvis was no longer Captain Jarvis of the *Araby*. He was Tom Harris, cook. And Tod, less well-known in shipping circles, had hired on as mess boy under his own name.

Their plans had gone smoothly until this first day out of New York. They had signed on at the Seamen's Institute along with a chance acquaintance, a curly-headed college student named Steve Randolph, who had landed a job as oiler in the engine room.

Furthermore, in New York, Captain Jarvis had gone about as James Reed and had booked passage aboard the *Montevideo* for South America, the better to cover up his tracks. Particularly to throw off the trail a certain persistent red-headed man who had followed him everywhere.

They had sworn to silence two members of the crew—Swede Jorgenson and the cockney Toppy—who knew them from previous service. They had received instructions in code from Mr. Blakemore to watch for a secret operator on board who would assist them. They were to know him by the passwords: "There's wind in the rigging, shipmate." And the very first evening out they had identified the secret ally as the radio operator and were to meet him after midnight in the radio shack.

> **Wireless Report, 8 p. m. Jan. 23.**
>
> *Sumatra*—N. Y. for North Africa
> 216 miles east of N. Y.
>
> New York *Times*

Things had gone even better than that. Tod, as mess boy, had met all the men in the officers' cabin: Captain Wilkie, fat and good-natured. Mr. Brent, first officer, tall, mustached, and brusque. And most significant of all, Nicholas Gregory, manager of the Owen Steel Company, who had booked a surprise passage aboard the ship! The only man Tod hadn't seen was Mr. Stoddard, Gregory's secretary, who was confined to his cabin with seasickness.

Smooth sailing up to that point, and then—storm signals! Not ten minutes before Jarvis and Tod were to keep their appointment with the radio operator he was murdered as he sat at his desk.

Tod remembered the hurricane-swept after companion, and curly-headed Steve Randolph staggering down it in the dark, his face horrified. He remembered going above, meeting the first mate, Mr. Brent, and going with him to the radio shack. And there finding the crumpled body of the operator.

And now, in the cook's cabin, as he and Jarvis faced these unpleasant facts, a knock came on the door and a voice said: "Oh, cook! Captain Wilkie wants coffee and sandwiches!"

A strangely familiar voice! Tod opened the door to disclose Gregory's secretary, Mr. Stoddard, and as the light fell on him, Jarvis gave a sudden start. Stoddard was none other than the red-headed man who had trailed him in New York! When the man had gone, Jarvis and Tod looked at each other with a mute question:

Had Stoddard also recognized Jarvis?

Chapter Nine

IN the morning the storm fell away and by noon the *Sumatra* was plowing through long dark swells. On all sides the horizon merged imperceptibly into the gray sky overhead.

In the galley the air was taut with suspense. The cook and his helper went about their duties in silence. The knowledge that Mr. Gregory's secretary might glimpse the cook and recognize him was a constant source of alarm. Mr. Stoddard was un-

likely to go down to the galley, but if he did. . . . Tod felt a cold shiver running up his back.

Late in the afternoon Captain Wilkie held an inquiry into the radio operator's death. Just before eight bells sounded four o'clock Toppy came to the galley with the announcement. "The Old Man wants yer in the saloon cabin, Kid."

"Right away?" Tod asked uneasily as he swung about from the trough.

"Yeh. 'E's going ter 'old court in all 'is glory. I gotter go down ter the engine room an' call another witness. A bloody wiper they calls Curly."

Tod stood as though riveted to the spot. "Steve Randolph!"

"Yeh. That's 'im." Toppy looked across at Jarvis, who was opening canned goods on the butcher's table. "Yer sure ain't forgot 'ow ter cook, Cap—Mr. Harris."

"Call me Tom, if you don't mind, Toppy."

"Wot yer givin' us fer chow ternight, Tom?"

Jarvis regarded the little cockney solemnly. "Porterhouse steak, French-fried potatoes, hot rolls, apple pie and cheese."

"Pie, me eye!" Toppy's impudent face broke into a grin. "I can tell yer wot we'll 'ave without arskin'. Slum, stale bread, a 'ead o' boiled cabbage. Ain't I right?" The door slammed behind him.

Tod looked across at Jarvis. "Tom, how do you suppose Steve—"

Jarvis frowned. An expressive glance flew up to the ventilator opening above his head. "Don't get mixed up in things that don't concern you, Joe Macaroni. That young wiper will have to look after himself. Keep a stiff upper lip. Good luck."

In the alleyway the lights were already burning. Tod found the door of the officers' cabin wide open. "Come in, Mess," called out Captain Wilkie. "Take a seat."

"Yes, sir." Tod crossed to the long settee beneath the portholes and sat down. Faintly apprehensive, he looked around.

Captain Wilkie sat at the center table, paper and pencil on the green baize before him. On his right sat Mr. Gregory, his back to Tod. Near the door lounged the first mate, thumbing the pages of a magazine. With relief Tod noted that Mr. Stoddard was absent. If this weather held, he told himself hopefully, the secretary might spend most of his days in his cabin.

Mr. Gregory leaned forward in his swivel chair. "I fear," he suggested somewhat loftily, "you'll find this rather useless, Captain Wilkie."

"Mebbe so—mebbe so," the captain returned with a nod. "But I must comply with the regulations. There are reports I must make." He turned his head toward the doorway. "Take a seat, young man," he sang out.

Tod saw Steve Randolph enter the cabin. There was little in the dejected figure to remind him of the blithe youth he had met in the Seamen's Institute. Steve's blue shirt and black jeans were spotted with oil and grease; his face was pale and drawn, his dark eyes heavy and listless. When the boy sat down beside him, Tod put out his hand and pressed the other's arm. Steve flashed him a look, anxious, frightened, grateful.

"I was thinking, Captain," remarked Mr. Gregory, "that perhaps you'd like my secretary to take down a few notes. He's feeling much better today."

"An excellent idea." Captain Wilkie turned toward his first officer. "Oh, Brent, will you have a seaman call Mr. Stoddard to take some notes?"

In three or four minutes the mate returned with the secretary. At the sight of the small, red-headed figure with his sharp features and quick movements, Tod felt his breath come faster. In vain he told himself this man had not noticed him in Pennsylvania Station, that there was no need to worry. The mere fact of the man's presence served to increase Tod's sense of impending danger.

"Sit down, Stoddard," directed Mr. Gregory. "Captain Wilkie would like you to take down in shorthand what these witnesses have to say."

Mr. Stoddard took a seat at the table, and in a businesslike manner threw back the cover of his notebook. "I'll type a transcript of the testimony for you tonight."

Captain Wilkie nodded gravely, then turned to the two silent youths on the settee. "I've called you here, young men, to inquire into Sparks' death. I shall expect you to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Is that understood? Good. Mr. Brent, I think I'll call you as our first witness. Just take that chair opposite."

Mr. Brent sank into the swivel chair and faced his captain. His profile was toward Tod, and the boy saw that the mate appeared slightly bored as if he fancied this inquiry altogether too formal for a steamer so far from port.

"Let's see now—" Captain Wilkie cleared his throat with a rasping sound. "Will you just repeat, Mr. Brent, your story of what happened last night?"

"Sure thing." The mate's thin face was wiped clean of any emotion. "I woke up about two bells of the graveyard watch, sir, and noticed the ship pitching like the old Harry and then some. I got up to close my porthole because the rain was beating in on my bed. Understand? As I started to clamp it shut I saw a seaman turn into the companionway leading up to the boat deck. I didn't think much about it at the time, but this morning when I tried to trace the movements of the men on watch and couldn't find anyone who'd gone above, I got to thinking."

Captain Wilkie nodded. "It was no one we could trace, Mr. Gregory."

"Unless," put in the mate quickly, "it was this young wiper, Randolph."

The captain appeared slightly surprised. "So that's why you suggested we send for him, eh? But what's your reason for thinking it was Randolph, Mr. Brent?"

"Because I was sure it was a young feller. Now there's only two youngsters aboard this trip—the mess boy and this wiper. Understand?" Thoughtfully he pulled at his mustache.

"All right. I'll question both of them later. Go on with your story, Brent."

Tod moved uneasily on the settee. Would the skipper ask him if he had seen Steve Randolph on the upper decks? Would Steve, himself, admit he'd been there? Suddenly a new thought drove Steve's predicament from his mind and brought cold sweat to the palms of his hands. Suppose Jarvis had been seen on his way to the wireless shack! He fought valiantly to conquer the wave of fear that threatened to engulf him.

Mr. Brent was speaking again. "I decided to get up and see what was going on. So I slipped into my duds and went out. When I reached the top of the companion steps the mess boy came up behind me." Here the man's voice took on a flippant tone. "He steps up, pretty as you please, and asks me if I'd like a cup of coffee, so I says, 'Yes, I'll have one—with the radio operator.'" Brent paused for a moment. When he resumed he spoke slowly, distinctly. "When we went into the wireless shack we found Sparks leaning over his desk like he was asleep. But he wasn't. He was dead."

In the silence that followed these words the mate sat back in his chair, one hand nervously fingering his dark mustache. To Tod he appeared inwardly excited.

"Go on," prompted the captain.

Mr. Brent seemed to emerge from a moment of deep concentration. "I called out, 'Sparks,' but he didn't answer. Understand? Then I walked over and swung him around in his chair. I saw he'd been shot through the heart."

"Did you see any sign of a weapon?"

"None a-tall. I looked thoroughly while the mess boy was off looking for you, sir, but there wasn't no sign of a gun there. Absolutely! And there wasn't anything to show who did it."

As he finished Mr. Brent sat grimly still, his wide mouth tightly compressed, his firm jaw outthrust. If he betrayed any emotion it was in the bony fingers stroking his mustache.

The captain looked at Mr. Gregory. "It couldn't possibly have been suicide. This morning Brent and I examined the wound and extracted the bullet. It's from a thirty-eight calibre pistol. Someone aboard my ship did this thing, Mr. Gregory, and I intend to find that man."

"Certainly." Mr. Gregory's voice, Tod decided, was altogether too smooth. "You must do your duty, Captain."

Captain Wilkie swung heavily round in his chair. "Mess boy next."

Tod rose on unsteady feet and crossed to the chair the mate had vacated. He was aware that the three men at the table were regarding him appraisingly, Captain Wilkie with an expression not unkind, Mr. Gregory's handsome face cold and unmoved, the secretary with an eager look of enjoyment.

"Now, Mess," began the captain, "tell us how you happened to be on the boat deck last night."

"Yes, sir." Tod's throat moved soundlessly for an instant; then, gaining control of himself, he found words

Jarvis put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Go slow, young fellow," he counseled. "You're pretty much alone on this ship."

coming slowly from his lips. "There isn't much to tell, sir. It was so stuffy in the fo'c'sle I couldn't sleep. I thought I'd better get up and move around for awhile. Then I got an idea that the radio operator would like a lunch, so I went aft to the galley for coffee and a sandwich. When I went above I met Mr. Brent on the boat deck. You know the rest, sir."

Captain Wilkie eyed him closely. "Did you happen to meet this young wiper on the upper decks?"

Tod felt a sudden tightening of his muscles. There it was—the question he'd been dreading. To tell these men he had seen Steve there, to incriminate him—how could he! And yet. . . . This was murder they were investigating. He had no right to shield anyone aboard ship. He looked up, his face pale, and nodded. "Yes," he murmured in a stifled voice. "I did."

A little stir went round the table. Captain Wilkie settled back in his chair with a troubled sigh; Mr. Gregory glanced over his shoulder at the boy on the settee; Mr. Stoddard flicked a page of his notebook and looked up eagerly.

"Where," asked Captain Wilkie, "did you see this lad?"

"On the cabin deck, sir. He was on his way down."

The captain raised his voice slightly. "You think it was Steve you saw going up, Brent?"

The mate's reply came after a brief interval of silence. "I dunno, sir. It may have been. I didn't see him going down. I must have been putting on my duds."

Captain Wilkie pulled a sheet of paper toward him and scanned it. "We'll call Stephen Randolph next."

Tod went back to his seat, his eyes upon Steve's white, set face. Would the boy understand? Would he realize that Tod Moran had to speak at such a time? But Steve's gaze was glued upon Mr. Gregory's back, as though in fear.

As he watched the boy take the witness chair, Tod wondered about that look of dread. He breathed more easily when he saw Steve bravely raise his eyes to meet the captain's scrutiny.

"Now, young man," began Captain Wilkie grimly, "tell us what you were doing on the boat deck last night."

Steve Randolph gripped both arms of his swivel chair. He answered in a quick, jerky voice. "Just went up to the ship's library for a book, sir."

"But wasn't that pretty late?"

"Not for me, sir. At home I often stay up as late as one o'clock, reading."

"I see—I see." Though the captain nodded, it was evident from his skeptical tone that he didn't see. "Did you meet anyone up there?"

"Well, I think I met the mess boy on my way down."

"What's this? You think you met him? Aren't you sure?"

Steve's glance dropped to the green baize. "You see," he brought out haltingly, "I was upset."

"So?" The captain's eyes bored through Steve. "Can you remember if you saw anyone else?"

"Yes." Steve spoke in a low voice. "Just before I reached the radio cabin on the upper deck I saw someone come out. Just a glimpse when the door opened. The ship was rolling rather badly and I had hold of a ventilator handle. I saw this man come out, cross to one of the lifeboats and swing up his arm as if he were throwing something far out to sea. Now I know it must have been the murderer throwing away his gun."

"The murderer?" The captain sat up with a start. "How do you know this man was the murderer?"

"Because," replied Steve Randolph slowly, "the radio operator was dead when I entered the cabin." The boy lifted his dark, curly head and for the first time his gaze traveled round the table. "Oh, it was horrible! You see, I didn't knock. Just went in. Sparks was leaning over his desk. I went nearer—saw his face." He paused, then went on in a barely audible whisper. "I felt sick. I went out. Went back to my bunk."

"And you never called me—never even went to the bridge to give the alarm?" Captain Wilkie snorted in disgust. "Were you crazy?"

"I—I must have lost my head. I heard the shot."

Tod's hands moved restlessly on his knees. This explained Steve's strange actions. No wonder he had staggered down the companionway and passed without a word!

Captain Wilkie leaned forward. "When did you hear this shot?"

"Just as I reached the boat deck. The man who slipped out that door was the man who shot Sparks. It was his gun I saw him throw overboard."

The saloon was tensely still, waiting for the captain's next question. "Think carefully now, young man. You say you got a look at this feller when he came out the door. Did you recognize him?"

"No, sir. I didn't have time."

"Do you remember what he looked like—how he was dressed?"

"Yes. I do."

There was a moment of breathlessness in the cabin. Was it a man in officers' clothes Steve had seen? A seaman? Or a man in a business suit?

"All right—all right," barked the captain. "Out with it!"

Steve swallowed. "A man in dungarees came out, sir. A man with a small black cap on his head—the kind the engine-room gang wear." *(Cont. on page 42)*

A chill swept over Tod. Recoiling silently against the cabin wall he backed slowly toward the captain's door.

Like a loadstone, snow-crested Mount Fuji draws tourists to Japan.

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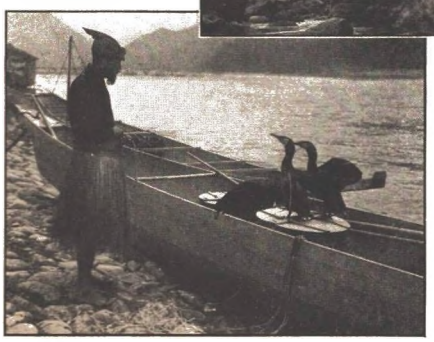
Taxis haven't yet driven jinrikishas from the streets of Tokyo!

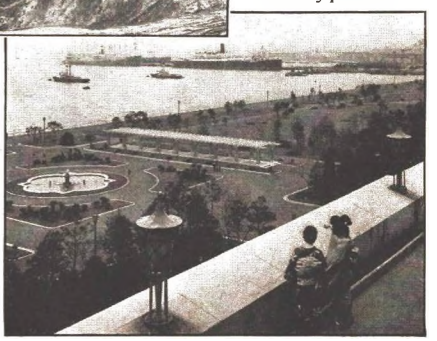
Right: A footbridge across a chasm in the Japanese Alps!

Below: Tourists invariably ask about the famed fishing cormorants of the Nagara River.

Left: Mount Aso, and the world's largest crater!

Below: Yokohama's harbor front is a lovely park.





The first three winners will receive beautiful silver trophies valued at $100 each. The rest of the gifts are going to be surprises. We can't tell you what they are, except to promise that they'll be distinctive Japanese articles that will make you the envy of your chums.

We can tell you, further, that the first twelve prizes after the three trophies will be worth $50 each. That the next twenty prizes will be worth $30, and the last fifty worth $5. Opening the prizes when they come will bring the thrill of opening a surprise birthday gift from a distant friend. The distant friend in this case is hospitable, courteous Japan.

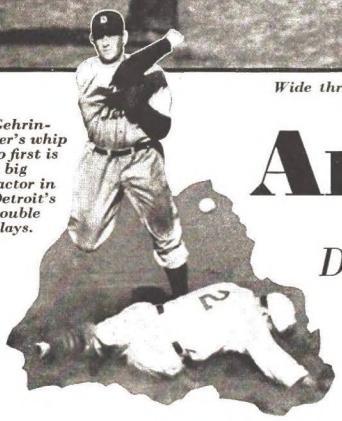
Your entry doesn't have to be a literary masterpiece to be in the running. Read up on Japan if you wish. Or just sit back for a few minutes and dream. Then mail your entry to the Japan Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Have it in our hands by May 20. That's all you need do to be eligible for one of the 85 worthwhile prizes listed above.

To list the tourist attractions of Japan would fill a volume. Japan is a country of mountains, cascading waterfalls, swift running streams, lakes that glisten like jewels, flooded rice fields. You'll find there spouting geysers, boiling paint pots, hot springs and rainbow-tinted terraces, just as you will in our own Yellowstone. You can travel through steep canyons, past forested hills, through all the rugged grandeur of their great mountain ranges. There's the beautiful coast line of the Inland Sea with its cliffs and bays, sandy beaches, and stretches of emerald water. Perhaps it's the unparalleled scenery that draws you to Japan.

Perhaps it's the great shrines, temples, and statues of Japan that interest you. There's the colorful city of Nikko with its more than 60 shrines, intricately carved and decorated, gleaming with pure gold leaf. There's the famous Daibutsu at Kamakura, an enor-

(Continued on page 46)

Wide throw to Lazzeri of the Yanks! And Bluege of the Senators is safe at second!

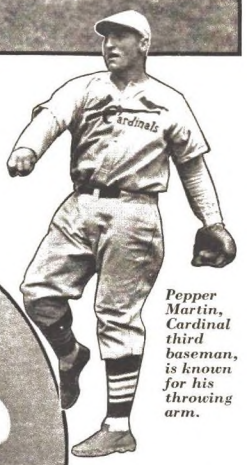


Gehringer's whip to first is a big factor in Detroit's double plays.

Arms *and the* Men

Do You Know the Best Throwers in the Majors?

by H. G. Salsinger



Pepper Martin, Cardinal third baseman, is known for his throwing arm.

The World Series! A fast throw to Collins retires Cochrane by a step.

THE New York Yankees entered the ninth inning against Washington four runs behind. Babe Ruth, leading off, rifled a single to right. Lou Gehrig, the next batter, smashed a single off an infielder's shin. Dixie Walker, who followed Gehrig, lined a single into left, scoring Ruth from second. A typical Yankee batting rally was under way—the kind that has often carried New York to ninth-inning victories.

Tony Lazzeri was now up. He, too, "got hold of one." He drove the ball far out into right center. Fred Schulte and Leon (The Goose) Goslin started after it with the crack of the bat.

Gehrig, taking one lingering look at the sprinting outfielders, jogged around third and toward home. Walker was running behind him. When he was within four feet of the plate teenth game of the season. It saved the game for Washington and it may have been instrumental in winning the 1933 pennant for Washington. If pennants can be won or lost on one pitched ball they can certainly be won or lost on a fielder's throw. New York, the almost unanimous choice to win the 1933 championship, was leading the league at the time with Washington trailing the Yankees by two full games. The end of the season found Washington in first place and New York in second.

Who can estimate the psychological effect of that play? New York had made four hits in succession to start on a typical Yankee batting rampage. If Gehrig and Walker had scored, which they would have done except for the remarkable relay throw, New York would have been one run behind with a runner on second and none out, and when teams break out in an inspired batting attack they suddenly become supermen. The

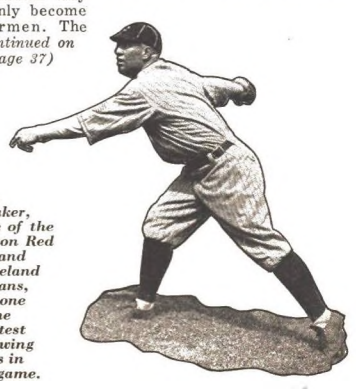
(Continued on page 37)

A bunt! And Hartnett, Cub catcher, whips off his mask for that throw to first.

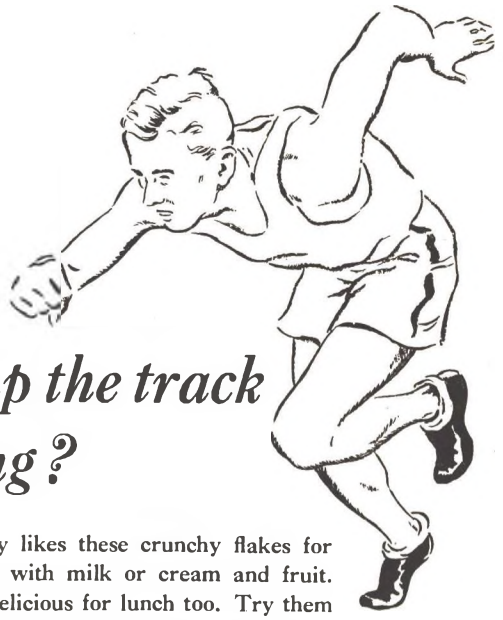
Gehrig saw the ball land in Luke Sewell's catching mitt and he stood paralyzed while Sewell tagged him out and then touched Walker, who was just behind him. It was one of the most unusual double plays on record. Perhaps never before had a double play been completed just off home plate by the catcher!

What made this play possible was a perfect relay throw, the first a miraculous peg by Goslin from deep right center. He threw the ball "dead" to Joe Cronin, the shortstop, who had run into right center to cut off the throw. Cronin, whirling as soon as he got his hands on the ball, saw Gehrig trotting toward the plate and made a perfect relay to Sewell. Instead of two runs being in there were two out.

The play happened on April 29, 1933, in the thir-



Tris Speaker, once of the Boston Red Sox and Cleveland Indians, had one of the greatest throwing arms in the game.



Going to burn up the track this spring?

WHETHER you're out for the "hundred" or the mile—whether you're a high-jumper or a hurdler—there's one thing to remember in your training methods. *Eat nourishing foods that are quickly digested.* You'll find heavy, hard-to-digest meals are no help at all when you're out on the track, "picking them up and putting them down."

Many famous coaches recommend Kellogg's Corn Flakes as part of the diet for boys in training. They're full of quick energy—just the thing to restore the fuel you burn up in your workouts. But because Kellogg's are light and crisp and easily digested, they never give you that sluggish, overstuffed feeling.

Everybody likes these crunchy flakes for breakfast, with milk or cream and fruit. They're delicious for lunch too. Try them and see how keen and fit you'll feel all afternoon.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes hold all world's records as the largest-selling and most popular ready-to-eat cereal. No imitation has ever matched their flavor or their oven-fresh crispness. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

★ **Tune in Kellogg's COLLEGE PROM**

A sparkling half-hour of song and rhythm. The thrills of sports. The excitement and color of a different college campus every week!

FRIDAY NIGHTS, 8:30 E.S.T.—WJZ Network—N.B.C.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

OVEN-FRESH FLAVOR-PERFECT

Second Call *for* Alaska!

An explorer will accompany you on this 10,000 mile low cost vagabond trip!

You'll follow the forested cliffs of Grenville Channel.

GOOD news for the readers who have enrolled for *The American Boy* Alaska Cruise leaving Chicago on July 2!

Captain Carl von Hoffman, explorer and adventurer, has joined the party and will bring with him eight reels of African motion pictures taken by himself all the way from Cairo, Egypt, to Capetown, Union of South Africa.

One reel will take you down the romantic Nile all the way to its headwaters in Lakes Albert and Victoria. Other reels, taken at water holes, will give you the illusion that you yourself are concealed in a blind, watching with bated breath as the animals come down to drink. You'll see zebras, lions, buffalo, water bucks, impalla, elephants, hippopotami, giraffes, hyenas, wildebeestes!

Another reel will show you the war dances, witchcraft and barbaric rites of the Zulu tribes. Another will show Zulus at work and play—making fire, grinding corn, competing in native games. And you'll see all these pictures on zestful nights aboard the S. S. *Lakina*, your own ship, while you're steaming up the Inside Passage to Alaska!

Even better than his motion pictures you'll enjoy Captain von Hoffman himself. He's a young man, but he has crowded a lifetime of adventure into his years. He has traveled with the famous soldier and bandit, Villa, in Mexico. He has fought in the army of the czar of Russia. He has lived with the head hunters of Formosa. He is a blood brother of the Zulus, and he has even, in an incautious moment, pelted lions with oranges! Now he lectures all over the United States, but you will have him to yourself, without admission fee, for three exciting weeks. For more information about him, turn to page 15 and read about the time he was almost caressed by a peeved leopard.

Any boy between 12 and 20 years old may go on the trip. The special train leaves Chicago July 2, so that the party can arrive at Livingston, Montana, on July 4, to ride horses in the grand parade of the famous Livingston Round-up. Before leaving Chicago, every boy will have a chance to take a flying 78-mile trip on the streamlined, silver-colored Burlington *Zephyr* at the nominal charge of a dollar. The *American Boy* has chartered the *Zephyr* for that purpose.

With the co-operation of the Burlington, Northern Pacific, and Canadian Pacific Railroads, and the Alaska Steamship Co., the magazine has planned *(Cont. on page 40)*

This hut is called a "barah-baree!"

Great glaciers come down to the Inside Passage.

China Hat! It's a landmark of the trip.

Sunset on the Passage! Songs aboard ship.

A scow-load of cannery workers going ashore.

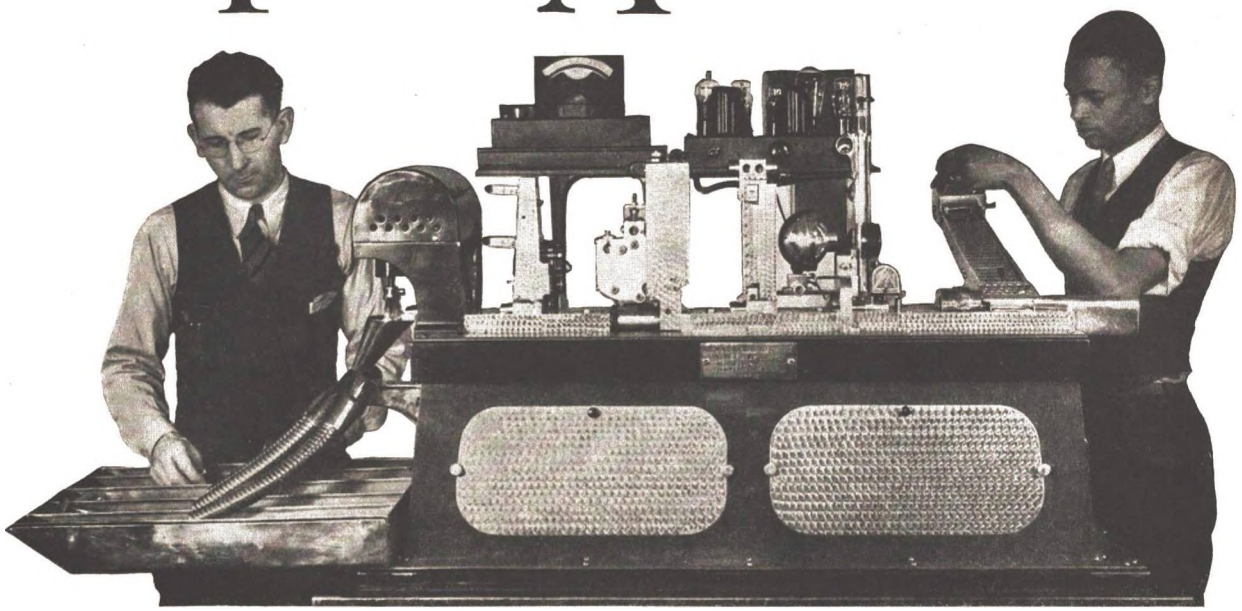
This huskie is a ship's mascot.

The Lakina will pass halibut craft heading for the fishing banks with a hold full of crushed ice.

Photographs by Raymond J. Krantz.

SCIENCE INSURES

Ford Accuracy



PISTON PINS MAY BE LITTLE THINGS . . . . BUT LOOK HOW THEY'RE INSPECTED

MODERN SCIENCE plays an important part in these ingenious automatic machines built by the Ford Motor Company to inspect piston pins. Radio principles are employed and a photo-electric cell or electric eye indicates the hardness.

The machine checks every piston pin for smoothness, hardness, straightness, roundness and diameter. One machine can check over 1500 pins an hour and those not up to the high Ford standard are automatically rejected.

First the pins are forced through a unit that wipes the surface clean. Then they slide under a needle on a pick-up head. Microscopic variations in surface finish set up vibrations which are amplified by a two-stage radio amplifier and unless the pin is absolutely smooth the machine rejects it.

Next an automatic scleroscope checks the hardness. A light beam passes through an opening at the correct scale reading onto a photo-electric cell. The scleroscope hammer is released, strikes the pin, and rebounds to indicate hardness. If the pin has the right hardness the hammer rebounds and intercepts the light beam for a sufficient interval. This sets the mechanism to okeh the pin. If pin is not hard enough the hammer does not rebound high enough to intercept the beam; if the pin is too hard the hammer goes past the opening. In both cases the mechanism rejects the pin.

The next two units of this machine inspect for straightness and roundness. A variation of only one ten-thousandth of an inch—1/30th the thickness of the average human hair—throws the pin out. That's accuracy for you!

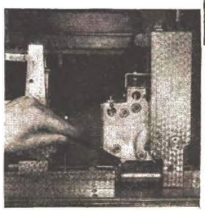
The last unit measures the diameter and sorts the pins according to size. Pins distributed in the three center trays have passed inspection and are graded by one ten-thousandth of an inch. The tray on one end receives all oversize pins. The other end tray receives all undersize pins—these are scrapped.

When such machines are used for the inspection of parts there can be no compromise with accuracy. This is just one example of the painstaking efforts of the Ford Motor Company to make sure that Ford parts are right. It is one reason why it is possible to maintain high standards of quality in Ford cars and yet sell them at such low prices.

GENUINE Ford PARTS

The electric needle tests for smoothness. Pins with surface imperfections are discarded.

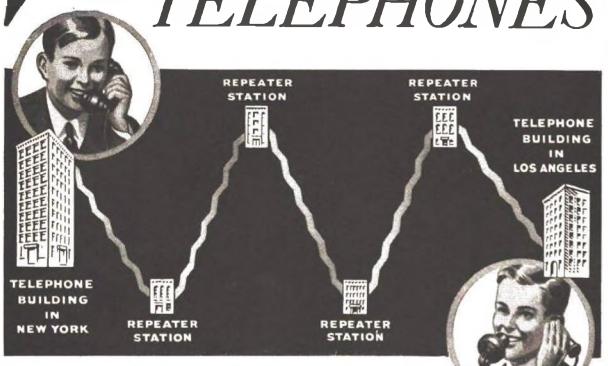
Scleroscope measures piston pin hardness. Light beam and photo-electric cell are used.



This unit checks the piston pin for straightness. Slightest variation means automatic rejection.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, Dearborn, Michigan

Vacuum Tubes AND TELEPHONES



While this picture shows only four repeater stations, there are actually 35 on a New York-Los Angeles connection.

You know that the vacuum tubes in your radio set amplify the sound waves picked up by the aerial—that the more tubes the set has the greater the distance range and volume output. But did you know that vacuum tubes are also used by the telephone so that a voice may be heard as clearly over a 3000-mile circuit as it is over one of 3 miles?

If your voice were sent out over a plain, long wire to a distant point, it would eventually weaken until it could not be heard. Here is how this weakening is overcome on Long Distance calls. When your voice leaves your telephone, it goes to the local Bell System building. From there it starts its journey out over a trunk line. Along this trunk line, spaced close enough so that your voice does not have a chance to become too weak, are vacuum tube repeaters. These repeaters magnify the enfeebled currents and send them on their journey with renewed vigor.

Repeaters make it possible to place a local call on any trunk line, and deliver it to any distant point in the country, with the same volume as that with which it started. That is why you hear so many people say of Long Distance calls, "He sounded as though he were in the next room."

Up and down and across the country, Bell System employees are in constant attendance at repeater stations... making it possible for you to talk anywhere, at any time, without confusion or delay. This is but one of many reasons why America has the most useful telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Swift Beast

(Continued from page 9)

his eyes on everything and everyone ahead. Inside, a lookout paced back and forth, two steps to right and two to left, ceaselessly looking out the small side slits. Another guard faced to the rear, his slit commanding a complete view of the road.

The car was of special bullet-proof steel, heavily locked from the inside. Nothing less than dynamite could open it and a dynamiter must first dispose of four armed men.

"Car ahead!" announced the driver's guard. "Not making more'n fifteen."

The armored car speedily overtook what the guard saw to be a small open runabout with but one occupant, driving with one hand.

"Farmer, likely," he supplemented.

The armored car honked for the right of way, and the other drew obediently to the side. But it also began to speed up. As the armored car drew alongside, it was going at the same speed. For perhaps a hundred yards the two stayed side by side. Then . . .

"Look out, you fool!" cried the front guard, sharply.

The little car turned sharply to the left and careened into the armored car, forcing it from the road into the ditch. Strangled cries from inside mingled with curses from the driver, the crash of metal, the shriek of machinery.

For ten seconds the night air was rent with cries from the wreckage; then it became hideous with gunfire. From the wreckage, apparently, sprang a masked figure, his right hand oddly large and black. A gun in his left hand spat fire rapidly at guard and driver as they sat half-tangled in the tilted front seat.

The masked figure worked rapidly a moment at the steel windows. Then a vivid flash and a dull roar as a dynamite charge exploded. The steel walls gaped. When passing motorists found the wreckage, fifteen minutes later, the armored car was empty of all that was of value, if exception be made of the crew, three dead, one dying.

The next morning the president of Peterson's Armored Car Company wore a haggard look. The dying guard had rallied in the hospital long enough to tell a strange story:

"This robber—drove alongside. Suddenly—turns into us. Looked like—on purpose. We go—into ditch. I'm—all crushed up—wedged against window. Robber shoots 'em in front—dynamites us. Explosion—frees me. Both arms broken—can't shoot so—I play dead. He's quick . . . quick . . . one hand is big—black. . . ."

The guard gasped and shut his eyes. Patiently they questioned. What did he look like? How was he dressed? How did he get out of the wreck?

The failing vitality rallied a little. "That's—funny—thing. Jumped out—as cars hit. Ran alongside—fast, fast—black, swollen hand."

He never spoke again.

"It just doesn't make sense, Alan!" cried Ted Dolliver, ruefully looking over the scientist's shoulder at a list of apparently unrelated factors. The apartment's homelike surroundings; the big fireplace, books in casual disorder, a center table with a low light—these were comforting items in a city shaken by crimes that held the added horror of impossibility.

"Suppose you read them aloud," Alan suggested slowly.

"Where's my pipe?" Ted grumbled. He found it, lighted up, and puffed slowly as he began reading.

"1. Ted Dolliver is thrown by a wrestler he thinks is in front when he is actually behind. This wrestler has a painted face and walks awkwardly.

"2. Kid Lion is cut to ribbons by an unknown boxer who is awkward and wears glasses.

"3. The bank is robbed by a graceful masked man who has a large black hand and moves too fast for anyone to get a good look at him.

"4. The thief and wrestler were the same size, but moved differently.

"5. The chief of police is slugged by a left-handed assailant who appears suddenly, disappears as quickly, and has a large black right hand.

"6. O'Reilly says the assailant caught his bullet and knocked him down with it.

"7. The bullet found on the floor came from O'Reilly's gun.

"8. Peterson's armored car is robbed by ruthless murderer who jumps out of a wreck and runs alongside a car traveling at forty-five miles an hour. He has a large, black right hand.

"9. The greatest speed of human legs is approximately ten seconds for one hundred yards or thirty feet per second, or slightly less than three minutes for the mile, or about twenty miles per hour.

"10. The camel, kangaroo, and ostrich walk jerkily.

"11. A turtle with the fangs and venom of a rattlesnake would move too slowly to be dangerous to humans."

Ted finished with a growl of bewilderment. "Why don't you add that a cow can't sing soprano?" he complained. "Why the camels and turtles?"

"Because they're the most important clues in the list," Alan Kane drawled. "If I point out the criminal to you, will you take him?"

"Will I?" Ted said eagerly. "Where is he?"

"I don't know, and I may never know, but—" He paused. "If you don't see me for a few days, don't worry. You might tell Peterson's Armored Car Company that they can look for some more robberies."

Alan's prediction was verified. Two cars were robbed during the following week, and in both cases the surviving guards reported a mysterious shadow running alongside the car and planting dynamite in the fender—all of this while the car was going full speed. A shadow that did its work so swiftly there was no chance to shoot it.

At the end of the week Alan came in just as Ted was sitting down to a forlorn lunch. The young scientist looked drawn and weary, but his eyes were alight with triumph.

"Greetings, mastodon!" He threw his hat on the floor and pulled up a chair. "I could eat the table—Oki, food!"

"Where've you been?" demanded Ted.

"Tell you afterwards. Right now I could eat a horse without removing the harness."

"Maybe I'd better be careful."

"I said horse. Your ears are too long." Alan began ravenously devouring the food Oki brought him. At last he paused and grinned at Ted. "You've got to catch this murderer."

"But why not the police?"

"They won't believe me. You won't either, but maybe you'll do what I ask, anyhow. Wait until I eat!"

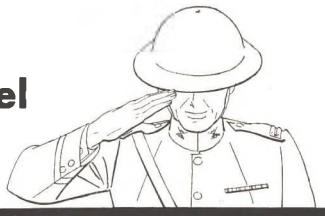
Ted watched impatiently as Alan finished his lunch; apparently he was starved. At last he finished and reluctantly rose to his feet. He pushed the center table to one side and placed the chairs along the wall, leaving an open space in the center of the room.

"Look at me," commanded Alan. "And don't laugh. Tell me what thoughts I rouse in you."

He backed against one wall, raised one foot, moved it slowly forward and

(Continued on page 30)

A sheet of solid reinforced steel over your head



CHEVROLET'S TURRET-TOP BODY BY FISHER

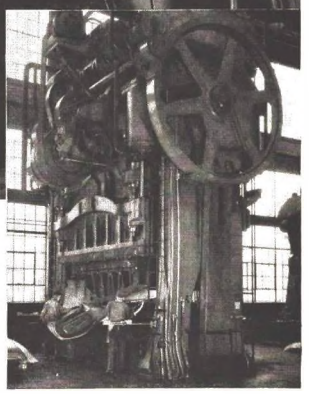
affords additional strength and safety

To the overhead protection of Chevrolet's new Turret-Top Bodies there is added the further protection of extra-strong construction throughout. The floor—the cowl—the rear panel—and the two side panels—all are of rugged steel heavily reinforced to give maximum safety.

Men who have examined Chevrolet's new Turret-Top Body by Fisher pronounce it the most important contribution to motoring safety in the history of body-building. The entire roof consists of a *solid sheet of seamless steel.* Moreover, this roof is arched and reinforced by sturdy bows of heavy gauge metal to make it even stronger and more durable. Turret-Top construction—*exclusive to Chevrolet in its price class*—is a vital reason why so many people are choosing *Chevrolet* for quality at low cost.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms. A General Motors Value



Giant presses—the only ones of their kind in the world—are used to draw and shape the tough steel into Chevrolet's new Turret-Top Bodies under pressures as high as 750 tons.

CHOOSE CHEVROLET FOR QUALITY AT LOW COST

CONSIDER CHEVROLET'S MANY EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

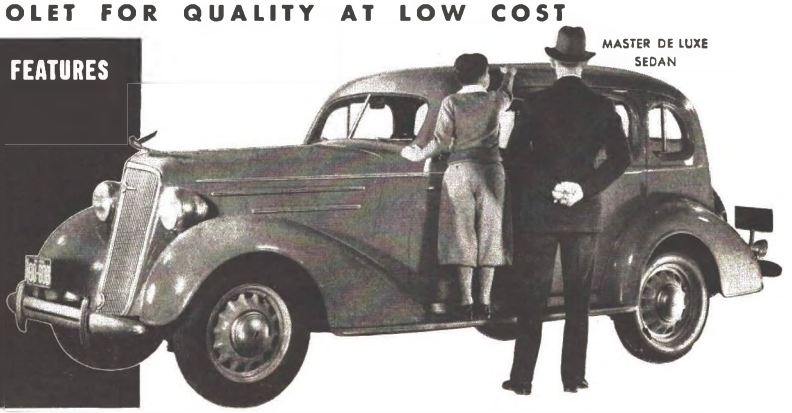
Turret-Top Body by Fisher
(with Fisher Ventilation System)

Blue-Flame Valve-in-Head Engine
with Pressure Stream Oiling

Improved Knee-Action Ride

Weatherproof Cable-Controlled Brakes

Shock-Proof Steering



MASTER DE LUXE SEDAN

set it carefully down. With smooth deliberation he swayed onto the forward foot and with maddening slowness stepped forward with the other. It required twelve steps to cross the room, and Alan occupied a full minute in his walk, so slow, so deliberate was he. He finished with a little gasp. "That's hard work. Well, what did you think as you watched me?"

"That you're crazy!"

"This is serious, Ted."

"You walked very slowly. Sort of awkward. . . . Why, Alan! You remind me of the man who threw me—only he wasn't slow. But you both moved the same jerky way."

"Good!" Alan seemed exultant. "Now, did you ever see a kangaroo, a camel, or an ostrich?"

Ted stared. "Sure, in their native lands, too," he answered.

"Then you know they're the most awkward creatures imaginable until they get into action. A kangaroo is all joints and legs and bothersome tail—until he's in a hurry. A camel has no grace until he breaks into a swift run. Ditto the ostrich."

Ted nodded, puzzled.

"Clue number one! Obviously, your wrestler, Kid Lion's conqueror, and the robber are the same. He was awkward in all he did until he really had to move fast. Hardy described him as graceful when he robbed the bank."

"He was awkward when he wrestled me, but he sure moved fast there—what's all this about, anyhow?"

"He moved fast *according to your standards*, not his. In the bank robbery he moved fast according to *his own* standards, and he was graceful. As to what it's all about, listen!"

Ted reached for his black pipe. "I'm listening. But it doesn't make sense. Kangaroos!"

"Most puzzles have a hundred solutions that appear possible and only one that is actually probable. If you eliminate all but one, that's the answer. That's what I've done."

"Then for the love o'mike, tell me!" demanded Ted.

"What are the elements of this problem? Well, of course, the painted eyes, dark glasses, and little mustache were merely disguises. But the uncanny speed, outwitting the best wrestler in the city, beating up Kid Lion, moving too fast for the eye to follow, catching a bullet and throwing it back, steering an automobile into a truck at forty miles per hour and emerging unharmed, putting dynamite on a moving car under the very nose of an armed guard by a movement too swift to see . . . awkward *slow* speed, graceful *high* speed, don't you *see?*"

"See what?"

Alan grinned. "I've been in my laboratory for ten days," he replied. "Maybe you remember, some months ago, my yellow notebook disappeared? In it were the beginnings of a weird experiment. Someone stole and completed it. Someone beat me to the reaction increase ray and is using it for criminal purposes. So I threw over my other work, hunted up my duplicate notes, and got busy. Now I have the reaction increase ray at my command—and if you're game, *you* will use it. I tried it on myself and it's as interesting as it is dangerous. You have to be careful not to break your neck."

Ted threw his pipe on the table and rose abruptly to his feet.

"What next?" he asked grimly.

"If you'll come to the laboratory with me now, I'll let you in on the most amazing experiment of your life."

Ted reached for his hat. "On our way!" he answered shortly.

Alan ushered Ted into an inner room in his experimental laboratories. Ted saw a desk, a chair on a raised platform, and a strange apparatus similar to an X-ray machine. At one end of the machine a dark glass lens glared—it seemed to Ted that menace gleamed in that fierce gaze. There were many wires.

"Sit down, Ted," Alan said quietly. "On the platform."

Ted obeyed without question, although a shiver of anticipation wriggled up his back.

"You know that a slow-motion picture is made with a camera speeded up," Alan began. "In place of the normal sixteen pictures per second, the slow-motion pictures may have a hundred or more films per second. The eye sees movement stretched over more film, so that action which actually requires but one second covers many seconds on the screen."

"Even I can understand that," Ted grunted.

"Suppose a human being to be so *speeded up* that he receives hundreds of impressions where you receive tens. His nervous and muscular reaction times are so accelerated that he can move several times as fast as you can."

Ted's eyes widened.

"Such a man would see other men as we see slow-motion pictures. A wrestler to him would slowly lunge off-balance and seem almost to be suspended in the air. In boxing, his opponent would slowly draw back an arm before pushing it gradually forward. My accelerated man could step under or around the blow and hit as he pleased. He could easily slip around behind a fine wrestler."

"Alan Kane! Do you mean. . . ."

". . . *and he could see the bullet* from a gun fired point-blank, catch it, throw it back!" continued Alan. "Police pistols in this town have a velocity around seven hundred feet per second. A man whose actions were speeded up thirty times would see such a bullet traveling at twenty-three feet a second, about seventeen miles an hour. If he had a 'big black hand'—otherwise a heavy black leather catcher's mitt—to take the force of the 'foot pounds' blow of the projectile, he could run a couple of fast steps with the bullet, his hand could 'give' to the impact, he could swing around in an arc and throw the bullet back, knocking out O'Reilly with his own shot. He's got to be good! He might even need a flexible metal pad in his glove, but he *could* do it."

"But *can* a man be speeded up?"

"There's the outfit!" Kane pointed to the apparatus. "I exposed myself for two hours to that ray. My experience was peculiar. The effect lasted about twelve hours; then it had to be renewed. It made me frightfully tired; the energy output was enormous."

Ted drew a deep breath. "I'm to be speeded up," he said with resignation, "then sent out to catch the criminal. Turn on the machine!"

"Not so fast!" Alan laughed. "Before I dare give you the rays you've got to practice moving slowly. The machine will speed you up thirty times. If you can run twenty miles an hour now, theoretically you could run six hundred miles an hour after you've been speeded up. Obviously that's nonsense. You couldn't even run a hundred miles an hour without breaking bones."

"In other words, getting speeded up is a swell way to commit suicide!"

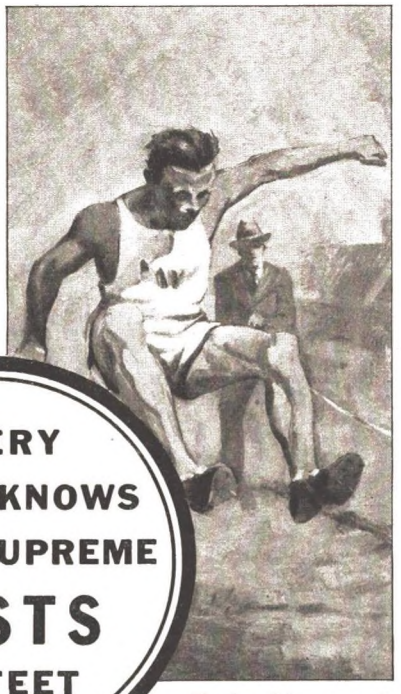
"Unless you learn to be deliberate. Come on, you're going to spend a couple of hours practicing!"

Thereupon Ted began a strange system of exercises. For a half hour he walked about the room, slowly lifting his foot and putting it down. He learned to sit in a chair with maddening slowness, gradually flexing knees and bending at the waist.

"Because," Alan chuckled, "if you sat down even ten times as swiftly as you ordinarily do, you'd knock yourself unconscious! Think of the jar on your spine and head!"

Ted shivered and went at his exer-

(Continued on page 32)



EVERY COACH KNOWS THESE SUPREME TESTS OF FEET

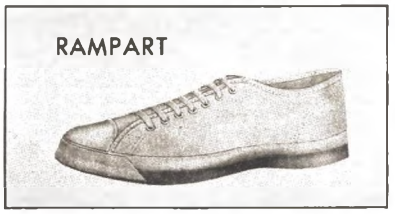
The pole vaulter must get the maximum of lift into the kick of his take-off.

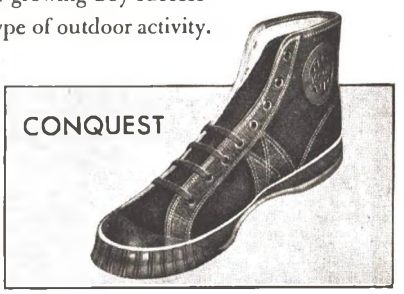
The broad-jumper again through his feet translates speed into distance.

The sprinter in that first leap off the mark can win or lose an important race.

Good athletes train daily to get precision of movement known as form. Coaches teach form first, knowing that right habits must be established. Form starts with the feet in practically every sport. The examples shown above are but few of many. In baseball it is the feet which get the hands to the ball. In football it is the feet which carry out the assignment established by the coach for each man on each individual play. Champions are made by hard work as much as by natural endowment of nerve and muscle. Champion athletes for 17 years have done much of their training in Keds. Practically all of their development work as youngsters was done in Keds. There is a Keds shoe today to meet every requirement of athletic training. Just as there is a Keds shoe today to carry a growing boy successfully through every type of outdoor activity.

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoe





SCIENTIFIC LAST

SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE

Keds

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US TRADE MARK

the shoe of Champions

cises with redoubled caution. He lowered himself to the floor like a man kneeling on spikes, turned corners with the stealthy care of a criminal trying not to make a sound.

"Now talk," Alan ordered. "Say: 'Gree-ee-ee-tings . . . Doc . . . tor-r-r . . . Kan-n-n-e. . . .'"

Obediently Ted talked, drawling out his syllables painfully.

"During the next two days," Alan went on, "don't ever let me catch you talking at normal speed or sitting down or undressing at normal speed. Or eating. After you're speeded up, if you eat at what you think is normal speed you may jab your fork through your tongue. If you yank your shirt off the way you usually do, you'll tear it to shreds. If you pull your tie out of its knot you may break your neck!" He paused and grinned as he noticed Ted looked at him white-faced. "We'll take it easy," he went on reassuringly. "I'll speed you up about twice at first. Then gradually increase the doses."

"How fast will I be able to run when I'm fully speeded up?"

"I don't know. The swift beast had no difficulty keeping up with an auto going forty. Probably you can do that only for a short time. You'll have to learn what you can do without injuring yourself as you practice. Back to your exercises!"

Alan gave Ted his first treatment under the reaction machine that afternoon, but it was three days before Ted had acquired the skill necessary for him to go outdoors. At last the time came for Ted to receive the full dose.

With confidence born of his exercises, he seated himself in the chair.

"You'll feel nothing much for half an hour," Alan reminded him. "Then the world will begin to get queerly slow. Mind what I say, Ted, and *go slow!*"

A light appeared in the machine and the dark "eye" began to glow with a savage intensity. Again Ted thought it looked at him threateningly, as if to warn him that here was destruction if he didn't beware. He heard the familiar musical hum. The little chair in which he sat turned slowly about. He felt nothing. Through the open window of the laboratory came normal street sounds: the roar of a motor, the bark of a dog, passing footsteps, a discordant horn, a distant bell.

At the end of a half hour, Alan spoke: "The world should begin to slow up," he remarked. "That motor, for instance."

"Alotof separate putt-putts!" Ted's words poured out in one swift breath.

"Slower—slower!" chided Alan.

"Am—I—talkingtoofast?" asked Ted.

Alan laughed and relapsed into silence for another hour. Then he rose to snap off a switch.

"Be very careful, Ted!" he warned. "You've got the full charge! You can hardly move slowly enough—from your standpoint—to simulate the speed of normal actions."

Ted sprang from his chair and ran across the room. "Slow, you idiot!" Alan cried, as fast as he could. "You'll hurt yourself!"

Ted didn't wait to hear. He was in front of and behind Alan, almost at the same time. His movements were those of an angry cat, speedy, graceful, assured . . . then the door opened and closed behind him with a bang that shook the walls.

Outdoors for the first time in three days, Ted thanked Alan for the long hours of slow-motion practice. In the street automobiles crawled. A dog chasing a cat seemed to float slowly between each bound. A boy tossed a ball to another and the sphere floated like thistledown. Down the street came a speeding automobile that barely moved. Behind, a policeman crouched on a motorcycle, its cut-out wide open. "Putt—putt—putt," sounded slowly, lazily. Yet the attitudes of rider and driver were those of men chasing and being chased.

Ted walked slowly to the middle of the street, stopping in front of the oncoming car. The driver opened his mouth; his companion rose deliberately to his feet, on his face a slowly spreading expression of horror.

"To them I'm about to be run over!" chuckled Ted.

As the car all but touched him he stepped aside, then onto the running board. He reached in and cut off the ignition and was back in the street again before the driver could turn his head. And suddenly Ted felt as utterly tired as if he had done a long day's work.

A very spent Ted returned to the laboratory after what seemed a long, long day. Actually he had been gone only twenty minutes. He was grateful that Alan had cleared the couch of its load of books and papers. With only a bare "hello" to Alan he fell into a sleep of exhaustion.

Into the office of the distracted president of Peterson's Armored Car Company walked Alan Kane.

"I want to ship a valuable package in one of your steel cars," he began. "A very valuable package."

This was so different from the cancellations he had been receiving that Peterson turned eagerly. But he was an honest man.

"My cars have been having a lot of hard luck lately," he warned Alan. "I am the victim of a terrible revenge for something I didn't do."

"Meaning you don't think I should trust my package to you?" asked Alan.

"No, not just that," Peterson hesitated. "What is this package?"

"Must I declare its contents?" asked Alan, surprised. "I will pay your fee."

"I couldn't think of taking it without knowing what it is," protested Mr. Peterson. "It might be a bomb. Or stolen goods. Any objection to stating what you want to ship?"

"Not at all!" smiled Alan. "I am Dr. Alan Kane of the university. This package will contain radium. Of course you know how valuable it is."

"Oh, radium. Well, I wouldn't know it if I saw it. But I know of you. Is it a large package?"

"Oh, no. But I would be willing to pay insurance on it up to a million dollars."

Peterson stared, then shrugged resignedly. Shipment was arranged for the following night, to a city a hundred miles away. Peterson pocketed his fee with a sigh.

"I'll get that shipment there safely, or know why!" he promised grimly.

Alan gave the story to the morning newspapers, although he kept secret the date of shipment. He knew that if a million dollars in supposedly small bulk tempted the "swift beast" at all, he would watch for and rob this car.

The publication of the story had an unfortunate result. When Acting Chief Corby read it, he ordered a detail of police to be ready with motorcycles to precede and follow the armored car. Alan called Corby on the telephone. The chief was still in the hospital, recovering from a fractured skull.

"Dr. Alan Kane speaking," he said. "You wish to catch the Peterson's armored car murderer and thief?"

"Got a clue?"

"Come to my laboratory on Elm Street in three hours. Bring a pair of handcuffs and a key, a police gun, and a commission as a special policeman made out to Theodore Dolliver. I'll show you how the criminal can be trapped."

Promptly on the hour Corby knocked at Alan's laboratory door. The scientist wasted little time in preliminaries.

"I want you to call off your police escort for the armored car shipment tonight," he stated. "And get it in the evening paper. Now, wait a min-

ute. I know your objection. You want that shipment to go through. But if you do as I say I can get the crook caught and you never can."

"Who says I can't?" The tone was truculent.

"I'll show you," answered Alan composedly. "Did you bring your handcuffs? Your gun? Will you come with me?"

Dangling irons in one hand and pistol in the other, Acting Police Chief Corby accompanied Alan to another room. In a chair before a desk sat Ted.

"First, will you handcuff my friend's hands behind his back? Oh, he's no criminal—he's helping me."

Ted rose jerkily, awkwardly. He extended his hands in back of him. To him they moved at a snail's pace. Alan thought his movements too fast.

Puzzled, Corby handcuffed Ted's hands behind him.

"Now, please slap him in the face."

"*What!*"

"I said, slap Mr. Dolliver in the face. Or hit him with your fist, I don't care. Neither does he."

"Why should I strike a helpless man, Dr. Kane?" Dignified reproach sounded in the officer's voice.

"You won't. You can't touch him. You think you can, but you can't." As the officer hesitated, Alan laughed. "If you won't hit him, try to touch his face!"

Exasperated, the policeman stretched forth his hand to touch Ted's face. Ted's face was elsewhere. The policeman tried again with a little flick of the wrist that might have produced a gentle slap had it landed. But the head at which he struck to his right was somehow on his left.

"Oh, forget your scruples and hit him—hit *at* him, anyhow!" laughed Alan.

Exasperated, the policeman aimed a blow at Ted's face that would have blackened an eye had it landed. To Ted the policeman had slowly pushed forth a hamlike hand. He moved his head just a trifle faster and the blow whizzed harmlessly over the back of his head. Again and again Corby tried to hit the handcuffed man. He slapped, he pushed, he used both hands. The elusive head was always elsewhere.

"When you're satisfied that you cannot hit him, you can take the handcuffs off," suggested Alan. "Then you can try shooting him!"

Dazed, Acting Chief Corby removed the handcuffs. Alan brought a large black catcher's mitt from a closet and handed it to Ted. He presented his gun to Corby.

"See if you can hit Ted's glove," he suggested calmly.

"Are you crazy? He's the finest dodger I ever heard of, but he can't dodge bullets."

"*The assailant of your chief did!*" Corby stared.

"If you don't want to shoot at his hand, shoot at the wall," suggested Alan. "But first, assure yourself that Mr. Dolliver has no bullet."

Ted turned his glove, showing it to be empty. Seeing that Corby was too bewildered to act, Alan took his gun and shot directly at Ted's glove.

Ted watched a lazy curl of white smoke trickle slowly out of the muzzle; from it a small black object floated rather swiftly through the air. He moved three fast paces with the bullet, meanwhile letting his metal-lined glove give it a wide arc as the bullet made contact.

Lieutenant Corby saw a sudden convulsive movement in the figure before him, a pinwheel of arms that moved too swiftly for the eye to follow. Then Ted stretched forth his gloved hand. *In it was a hot bullet!*

Corby turned white, as if he had seen a ghost.

Alan laughed. "Now that you have seen, perhaps you'll believe."

In simple language he told Corby of

the half-finished experiment, the stolen notebook, the "evidence" he had listed, his ten days of intensive work to complete his discovery of what Corby insisted on calling the "speed-em-up" ray.

"Now you see why I want you to call off your police!" Alan finished. "I want the criminal to try to rob the car. You will swear Ted in as a special policeman and he will ride next to the driver. He'll be the criminal's equal in speed and his superior in strength. Neither can successfully *shoot* the other, but if Ted can't catch, throw, and handcuff him, he's lost a lot of cunning since I last saw him in action. He'll keep the murderer handcuffed to his own arm for twelve hours. Then the effect of the ray will wear off, and you'll have just an ordinary criminal to deal with."

"You'll turn the murderer over to me?" Corby asked.

"Yes," assured Alan. "All we want is to get young Hardy out of a cell, and protect the public from the menace of the swift beast."

Corby canceled his motorcycle police order. The evening newspaper published a letter from Peterson, boasting that he had refused police protection. His cars were safe and shipments didn't require police escorts!

At eleven that night an armored car called at the laboratory and Dr. Kane delivered the supposed million-dollar box of radium. Meanwhile the papers carried convincing interviews with the president of the university and the head of the research laboratory to which the shipment was consigned.

Exposed again to the ray for a short time so that the effects wouldn't wear off too soon, Ted, sworn in as a policeman, sat to the right of the driver.

No one could guess just how the attack would come. Would the murderer drive his own car into this one, or run out from the shadows of a wooded stretch of road?

The truck slipped quietly out of town. Once through the suburbs, the driver stepped on the gas until the heavy steel car was running at fifty miles an hour. For thirty minutes nothing suspicious happened. They passed a few cars, but all contained more than one passenger, and so far the bandit had worked alone.

The night was slightly overcast. An occasional star peeped through the clouds. The broad glare of the headlights lit the white concrete road brilliantly. The car was silent. Since he must speak with torturing slowness to have his words understood, Ted found talking exhausting. The driver, not in on the secret, was keyed to a high pitch of excitement.

Suddenly he nudged Ted. "See that red light ahead? That's a small open car."

Ted nodded. He had noted it before the driver spoke. To him the truck moved at less than two miles an hour. The interval between sighting and coming up to the red light was interminable.

A hundred yards before they reached it Ted opened the door and stood on the running board. He swung easily to the ground and fell in behind the armored car, easily running as fast as it moved, although he knew that he could maintain such a pace for only a short period. He wanted to be on his feet and ready, if the swift beast were actually in the car ahead.

To the driver a ghostlike black shadow darted from the side of the parked car. Ted saw a well-built figure run lightly from its hiding place. He caught it just as it jumped on the running board of the crawling steel van.

"I've got you!" he cried, stretching forth a long arm.

Like a flash the bandit drew a gun, but Ted was quicker than most men. With a gesture he wrenched the gun from the bandit's hand, and by that sign the bandit knew that his foe was miraculously as swift as he. Horror filled his eyes. With a cry he turned and leaped from the running board of the armored car, just as they entered a small, sleepy suburb.

It was almost midnight and the town was deserted. Even if the streets had been crowded, the people wouldn't have seen the two swift shadows that darted through the streets at inhuman speed.

Ted's breath was coming in great, labored gasps — he had run farther than the swift beast. If he could only hold out!

The man ahead was fast! Ted felt a reluctant admiration at his grace in turning corners at fifty—or sixty—miles an hour. He turned wide, gracefully canting his body, utilizing all the roadway to make the turn as sweeping as possible. Dully Ted noted the painful shock on his ankle bones as he turned and the lessening of the shock as they straightened in the stretch. Darkened stores flitted by. Lamp posts shuttled past.

Ted wanted to drop. They couldn't keep this up. It was too fast . . . too fast for a human machine. His body was racking to pieces. . . .

The man slanted around the corner of the town's main street and scooted for the opposite sidewalk, turning his head to see if he had shaken off his pursuer. Covering the sidewalk was a wooden construction wall and roof to protect pedestrians from the danger of falling bricks from the new building going up behind it.

"Look out!" Ted screamed.

He cried too late. The half-crazed fugitive, going much too fast for any human, crashed through the board wall, carrying a section of it with him.

Ted had an overpowering impulse to stop suddenly and turn back to the spot where the man had gone through, but his intensive three-day training period saved him. It took him two blocks to slow up sufficiently to turn. He walked swiftly back to the construction wall.

He found the man inside the wooden tunnel, his form crumpled against a six-by-six timber, and half buried under shattered lumber. His unprotected body had hit it at sixty miles an hour.

Shuddering slightly, Ted collapsed on the curb, and it was there, ten minutes later, that the armored car driver found him, limp and helpless.

Twelve hours later Ted awakened in his apartment to find Alan standing over him, a morning paper in his hand. Ted's eyes caught the screaming headlines: "Bandit Caught. Spectacular Capture Planned by Corby. Hardy Exonerated."

Very slowly Ted pulled aside the covers and with exaggerated deliberation he swung his legs around, lowering his feet carefully to the floor. His ankles, he noticed, were swollen, and after gingerly testing them against the carpet he winced in pain.

With a cautious hand he ran his fingers through his hair, taking care to be extremely deliberate.

"I'm-m-m . . . gla-a-ad . . . that's . . . ov-v-v . . . er-r-r," he said.

Alan looked at him uncomprehendingly for an instant, then burst into laughter.

"You nut!" he howled.

"Why-y-y . . . do-o-o . . . you . . ." Ted began.

"Snap out of it," Alan chuckled. "You don't have to talk slowly now. The ray has worn off and you're just a regular guy. Settle back and take a rest. A doctor's coming up to look at those ankles and Hardy'll be here soon to thank you for getting him free."

"Then the swift beast is really finished?"

"He is," Alan said soberly.

Ted sighed and let his racked body slump back against the pillows.

Randall Takes Charge

(*Continued from page 5*)

and then Marsden left. He had barely got out of the lobby before Stew came around the pillar, his face flaming.

"You staged that!" he accused, and proceeded to hop all over me like a wild mustang. "I know that Pat coached Carl! He told me! Pat's heard about the Japanese! He knows all that stuff! He's just gone them one better, and sooner or later Marsden and the rest of 'em'll find it out!"

With that speech, he stormed out of the building, leaving Dick and me blank.

"Would you believe," I gulped to Dick, "that a swell kid like Stew could go completely haywire like that?"

I saw Scotty at the hospital the next morning and he asked me how things were going. I gave him a noncommittal answer. I couldn't lie to him and I didn't want to worry him with the truth.

"The doctors may wheel me down to the meet," Scotty said hopefully. "But if I'm there I'm going to keep out of it. It's your meet."

I tried to act enthusiastic, but my heart hit bottom. Wait until he saw Stew's stroke! I almost went to Morton to ask him to give Scotty a good heavy sleeping powder Saturday afternoon!

Well, at least the preliminaries furnished no upsets. We qualified all our men under wraps and so did Tech. Except for Stew I thought all the fellows looked rested and fit. Stew qualified in third place behind Carl Manning and Liebold of Western. It gave me a hollow feeling to see Carl's trim, perfect stroke, not deviating a hair from a straight line. Stew had looked that way once.

You've got to realize, of course, that what was so glaring to me wasn't at all apparent to spectators. Maybe not even to some of the coaches present. To them Stew was plowing along much as he always did. And all the State fans, of course, thought he was coasting. Only a few of us knew of the tragedy that lay under the surface, simply because one man had let his head be turned by a well-meaning meddler.

As Dick and I walked out of the building after the prelims, Dick stopped at Scotty's office. He hurried to Scotty's desk, pawed over it, and gave a sudden yelp.

"Here you are!" he crooned, holding aloft a telegram. With shaky fingers he ripped it open while I looked on, wondering what had got into him.

Dick's eyes devoured the message and then he handed it to me. "Read it! I wrote the Diana Pool—nearly a week ago. Told 'em to wire. Read it, man!"

The wire was signed by the secretary of the pool and said: "Sorry for delay. Out of town for two days. Pattengill merely one of ten applicants. We considered him chiefly because he promised to bring Riley of State with him as assistant. We do not consider Pattengill an authority on swimming. Job offered to Coach Allen but he refused. Have picked New York man."

I looked at it stunned. So that was the lay! Pattengill talking big. Looking for a job. Playing Stew against the Diana Pool, and the Pool against Stew. This telegram punctured the big windbag like a machine gun rips a balloon. Why hadn't I thought of this ten days ago?

"Let's show it to Stew," Dick said eagerly. "He's dressing—he'll be along in a minute."

"It might have done some good earlier in the week," I said regretfully.

"What might have done me some good?"

We looked around quickly to see Stew himself walking into the office, his face a thundercloud. He grabbed the telegram from my hands and read it. I could see his lip tremble as he read down to the last bitter line.

"I don't believe it!" he cried out. His voice carried the wounded pain of a kid who's had his idol shattered.

"There it is," I said simply, pointing to the wire in his hand.

He crumpled it in his fist, gave us one wild look, and ran out of the office.

Dick and I looked for him that night at his fraternity house but he wasn't in. I knew how miserable he'd be, and I wanted to rough him out of it, but we couldn't find him anywhere.

We really didn't start to worry, however, until the next noon.

"D'you suppose he's left town?" Dick asked.

I shook my head. "Whatever he is, he isn't yellow," I said with conviction. "He'll be there to do his best and take his medicine." Then I shivered. "Gosh, I hope Morton doesn't let Scotty out to see it."

I was wrong on both counts. Scotty was there in a wheel chair, seated in the entryway back of the diving board. And Stew hadn't shown up. I looked at the buzzing crowd banking the pool all the way to the rafters, at the officials in white shirts bustling around the water's edge, at the purple Lawrence squad and the green-suited Tech men, then back at Scotty, pale-faced and quiet.

"Where's Stew?" Seeds asked me.

"He'll be here later," I said shortly, and hustled off to send the manager to hunt for Stew and not come back until he found him.

Then the pool was suddenly quiet and the announcer was calling the 400-yard relay. Dick, Pemb Jones, and Martin stepped out beside me. They looked fit.

Lawrence, Western, and Southern were in the finals too, but they didn't count. This race was between Tech and State.

Dick led off and fairly roared down his lane. He gave Pemb a lead of ten feet over Dale of Tech and Pemb widened the gap to 20. When the tap came to me we were so far ahead that I coasted home without even working up a good blow. That gave us our eight points to Tech's four, just as Scotty had doped it.

Sample put up a swell scrap in an effort to give us extra points in the breast stroke, but Lickey of Tech beat him for second place by half a stroke. It was one of those heartbreakers.

I pulled Sample from the pool and gave him a pat. "Swell race, Samp!"

Seeds had his own way in the dives. Marshall of Tech is a comer, but he couldn't match Seeds' uncanny perfection tonight.

After the dives, the score stood State 14, Tech 10. I looked around and found Scotty's keen eyes on me. I went back to him.

"Where's Riley?" he murmured.

"Under wraps," I whispered. I just couldn't explain to him then.

When Dick came up for the 220, I watched him closely for signs of strain. If a swimmer's on edge, he's likely to make a false start. Dick didn't. After the sharp command, "Set!" he leaned forward in perfect balance and he could have stayed there all day. It was Dempster of Tech who broke. When the gun finally went off, Dick sailed flatly into the air, head and shoulders out in front.

Knowing the strain he'd been under, my pulse sang a song of pride. What a scrapper that trim guy was! He was the underdog in this race, but maybe—

He and Dempster were in adjacent lanes. I watched them, trading leads on almost every lap. A rippling wave curled from Dick's chest. Clicking along like a machine. Swirling at each end like a scared trout. At the end of the eighth lap Dick had an unbelievable lead of half a body length, and in the final twenty yards he shook off Dempster's bid with as pretty a fighting finish as I've ever seen.

My heart started doing a tattoo. I looked at the scoreboard—State 19, Tech 13. Scotty's dope sheet gave us 30 points to Tech's 31 minus the 440. Dick had added two points to our score and subtracted two from Tech. That would make it 32 to 29! All we needed was a second in the 440 to win the meet 35 to 34! I looked around frantically for the student manager but he was still out somewhere, hunting for Stew.

Then came the backstroke and with it the end of my hopes. Latham was scheduled for three points in that race, and he had it cinched until he sailed into the end of the pool for his last turn. There he made a mistake that happens to the best of them—he took one stroke too many and banged his head into the tile with a sickening crack. Duval of Lawrence overtook him on the last lap and our three points had become one. We were just where we were before Dick's great effort in the 220. Mills of Tech won his expected first in the back, and the score stood State 20, Tech 18. Our golden chance was gone.

Three races—mine, the 440, and the medley—were left. I walked to the edge of the pool with a queer feeling of relief. For at least 50 seconds I could forget my troubles. Not have to think about how Scotty would look when the next race was called and no Stew. It really didn't make a lot of difference whether Stew showed up or not. The shock to Scotty would be as great one way as the other.

When the gun banged I let go with a feeling of almost savage joy. The race was mine. I knew it on the last turn. Somehow, the water seemed to be no obstacle at all. I felt that I was sailing smoothly over it instead of through it. I swam with a sort of heady exhilaration. Maybe a condemned man feels that way when he sits down to a big chicken dinner the night before his execution.

I surged into the end of the pool, looked up, and got a shock. Bending over me was Stew Riley, reaching down to grab my right arm. Dick got my left, and together they dragged me up. I drew one good breath and felt rested.

"Glad you're here, Stew," I said, without any emotion whatever. "Where were you, anyhow?"

Stew's face was pale and his eyes seemed hollow. "Sleeping," he replied quietly. "I almost didn't wake up in time."

I was beyond surprises. There comes a time when a man accepts the inevitability of defeat and quits worrying about it. This meet was beyond saving. But what a night of torment Stew must have been through! Nothing but terrific self-denunciation and sleepless hours could account for Stew's pale, set face. He must have exhausted every ounce of his nervous energy, to be able to sleep almost through a Conference meet.

My heart went out to him. I wanted to give him a pat and a good-natured poke but I didn't dare. It might completely unnerve him. As he stepped forward with the rest of the 440 men, I turned to Dick.

"Throw a blanket over Scotty's face," I whispered.

Stew was shaking hands with Carl Manning. Manning, who was due to break the record tonight according to Marsden's own statement.

Dick shuddered. "Oh, gosh. I can't watch this." He looked longingly at the timer's gun. "Maybe I could borrow that and shoot it off in Scotty's face," he said hopefully. "The powder would blind him."

"At least we could stand in front of him." We took positions squarely in front of Scotty's chair. There was a tremble in my knees that I couldn't control.

The gun barked. Stew got off to a late start and I groaned. There was a terrific roar from the crowd.

"They've been reading the papers," I murmured to Dick. "They think it's a race."

"Don't!" Dick pleaded, and we both stood there in misery, not daring to raise our eyes, until I felt something brush my bare leg. Scotty had wheeled his chair up beside me. His face was fixed on the pool, his keen blue eyes were shining. In a minute the light would fade out of them and the face become grim. It—it was pretty awful.

A power too strong for me to resist drew my eyes to the race. Manning, I knew, was in lane four, Stew in three—the two center lanes. They were coming back now, and I could see their two heads, almost abreast. Manning's black hair. Stew's blond.

"Stew's gained back most of that bum start," I said aloud, and stepped forward to look. "Too much speed for this early in the race."

They made the turn and started away from us again. I glanced at Manning's smooth form and gulped helplessly.

Then I looked at Stew. Unbelieving, I walked to the very edge of the pool and crouched there. As I watched, a tiny song began thrumming inside of me, growing and growing until it wanted to burst out of my lungs in a tremendous shout. My leg muscles twitched. I wanted to do a war dance. Grab Scotty out of his chair and waltz him around the tile!

The long catch, the rough stroke, the wild splashing were gone! I glued my eyes on Stew for two laps until I was sure. Right hand neatly into the water not far from the head. Left hand the same. Time after time. Not varying a fraction of an inch. . . .

Head flicking sharply to the left for a quick breath. Body riding high. Lots of arch. No hip sway. No roll. No wild fighting of the water. Smooth. Smooth and straight!

Down a hairline to the end of the pool. Above-water turn. A quick glimpse of Stew's face, mouth wide open for a breath. Then the shove off. . . .

Breaking water after a long coast, and back into the rhythmic splash-splash-splash of the old Stew. The Stew who had equalled a record. Stew Riley at his best!

I felt like a man who has awakened from a nightmare, sweating and wide-eyed, to find the birds twittering and the sun shining!

"Look at him!" I babbled senselessly. "Lookatim, lookatim, lookatim!"

Fortunately the crowd was just as mad as I was. I came to my senses by degrees and concentrated on the race. Carl Manning was behind now. A full body length.

But with six long laps to go, Manning began to pull up. With five left he caught Stew, and on the next he forged powerfully, tirelessly ahead.

Somehow, though, I didn't feel bad about it. In some miraculous way Stew had regained his form. He might lose, but he'd lose with honor and there'd be no heartbreak for Scotty. Those two, out there, were making swimming history! If only Stew had had a good night's sleep—

I watched the race again. They broke water for the next to the last stretch and I felt my heart almost leap out of my chest.

Stew was even! No—not even! Ahead!

I glimpsed Dick's face beside me. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. His clenched hands were waving.

They fairly soared into the end of the pool, whirled, shoved off for the last final burst. One second of long agony and they broke the surface. Stew had him! Had him! Had him! Speeding up, now, for that tape 15 yards down the pool. Going like a fool hundred man! Steaming into the finish!

I sank helplessly to the tile, trembling all over. Completely unnerved. It wasn't until Stew himself stood puffing before us that I could trust myself to speak.

"How did you do it?" I babbled.

Stew drew a breath and grinned. For the first time in two weeks he looked like himself—happy, gangling, unaffected. "I worked out last night."

"Where? When?"

"Right here, around midnight. For two hours."

"You mean you practiced two hours *here?* The night before the finals?" I asked incredulously. "Who coached you?"

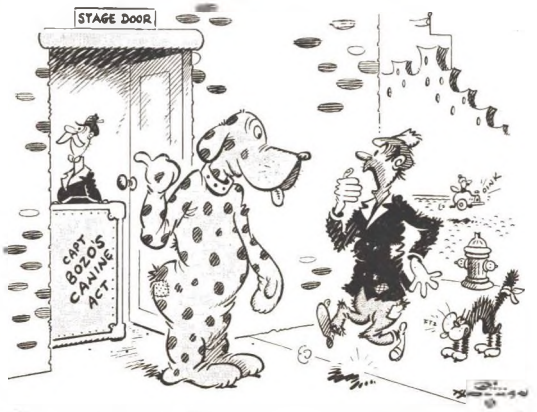
"I was ashamed to come to you." He inclined his head toward an approaching figure. "He did."

I glanced around and saw Coach Marsden coming over to congratulate Scotty. Marsden! That was sportsmanship!

The announcer was yelling the results: "First, Riley of State. Second, Manning of Tech. Third, Liebold of Western. Time 4:45.4—a new world's record!"

In the roar that greeted the announcement, Scotty said to Stew: "You must have put in some good licks, the last two weeks, to turn in such a race!"

Stew blushed. "To tell the truth, I just frittered away my time," he said, and we all laughed. The tension was over. We doubled up and howled.



"I asked him for one of his old suits and this is what he gave me!"

Arms and the Men

(*Continued from page 24*)

relay throw squelched the rally, gave Washington a victory and had a lasting effect. It filled Washington with fresh confidence and it seriously disturbed the morale of the Yankees. Teams cannot help but be affected by sudden turns of fortune.

Arms are most important in baseball. Many promising players have failed in the major leagues because they lacked good throwing arms. A few outfielders with weak arms have managed to stick but only because they had so many other virtues. Earl Combs of the Yankees is one. He is a weak thrower but few center fielders in the last two decades have been Combs' equal in catching fly balls. He could go back farther, travel farther to his right and left and come in farther for fly balls than 90 per cent of the center fielders on the Big Line. If baserunners took liberties with Combs' throwing arm, it's also true that he kept runners off the bases by killing base hits.

Hughie Critz, Giant second baseman, is a good throwing infielder.

Arms, as several managers have remarked, "are funny things." You can never tell about them. A throwing arm goes suddenly "dead." The player can no longer throw a ball. He doesn't know why. No one knows why. Some of the best doctors and surgeons have puzzled over "dead" arms without being able to cure them. An arm will appear flawless to the medical eye, muscles and ligaments in place, no apparent rupture, nothing visibly wrong with the arm, and still the player cannot use it. Then, just as suddenly, the arm is likely to come back.

A few years ago four of the greatest second basemen in the game, Hughie Critz of the New York Giants, Charlie Gehringer of Detroit, Tony Lazzeri of the New York Yankees and Oscar Melillo of the St. Louis Browns, were all out of the game at the same time with "dead" arms. Four brilliant careers seemed definitely and very suddenly ended.

It was a queer mystery because all four players were second basemen and all of them collapsed at the same time and without reason. Doctors, surgeons, specialists worked over them without result. And then they all came back. Their throwing power returned as mysteriously as it left. Each of them has since thrown as well or better than ever!

Goslin presented one of the most peculiar cases on record. Several years ago, when he was playing left field for Washington his throwing arm suddenly ceased to function. He could no longer throw a ball 40 feet. But he could still hit and since he was the best batter in the Washington line-up and since Washington was fighting for a pennant, Stanley Harris, then managing Washington, refused to bench Goslin. He couldn't afford to sacrifice Goslin's power at bat.

Harris partly saved the situation by having the shortstop, or himself, sprint into the outfield whenever a ball was hit into Goslin's territory. Goslin, upon fielding the ball, would toss underhand to the infielder and he, in turn, would relay the ball to the proper base. Then, one day, Goslin's arm came back and he has been a better thrower since his mysterious accident than he was before.

His throwing was partly responsible for the last two American League championships. In 1933 he did much to help Washington win the pennant. During the winter he was traded to Detroit and he was instrumental in helping Detroit to finish first. Goslin threw out 11 men at the plate last year and six of these throws saved ball games. Detroit could never have won the American League pennant last year without the help of Goslin's throwing arm.

Newspapers give much space to the batting feats of ball players, to difficult catches and spectacular fielding plays, but they rarely mention throwing ability. Yet it is one of the leading virtues that owners and managers seek. One of the first questions asked when a player is recommended to a big league club is, "Can he throw?" Every ball player can throw, of course, but not every ball player can throw fast and accurately and not every ball player throws to the right base.

There are some mighty arms in baseball that waste energy and drive managers to frenzy. The fact that an outfielder has a powerful throwing arm can mean very little. He may be inclined to over-hurry his throws, to throw while off balance, and to throw the ball, figuratively speaking, over the grandstand. A strong-armed outfielder whose throws are erratic is infinitely a greater handicap to his team than one whose throwing arm is weak. The base-runner will generally take only one extra base on the weak throwing outfielder but he is likely to take two or three extra bases on the outfielder who throws the ball so far that it requires seven or eight seconds to return it to the infield.

The greatest throwing outfield in history was the one that played for the Boston Red Sox in the pennant-winning years, Tris Speaker, Duffy Lewis, and Harry Hooper. They were so good that you still hear people argue as to which one of the three was the best thrower. Some pick Speaker, others Lewis, and still others favor Hooper, but all three could throw with uncanny speed and accuracy.

I recall what Donie Bush once said of Tris Speaker's throwing ability: "That guy pitches strikes over the home plate from center-field fence." The description was fairly accurate. Speaker's throws came to infielders and catchers waist high and dead to the spot.

When the Boston outfield combination was broken up one of the Red Sox pitchers remarked gloomily: "Well, there goes my pitching arm."

No one ever knew how many games the Boston outfielders won with their throwing ability. Not all of these victories were scored directly. Many times runners, forced to play safe through fear of the rifle arms of the Boston outfield, would take one base less against Boston than they would take otherwise. Against other teams stretching hits was possible but they could not be stretched against Boston

except at very great risk; the percentage was all in favor of the defense.

You have to score runs to win ball games. Runners left on the bases don't help win games and a runner on first has less chance to score than a runner on second. Likewise the runner on second has less chance to score than the man on third. When an outfield can keep runners to the very minimum of bases and can establish new minimums on hits, as Boston did, then it becomes a difficult matter to beat them and an easy matter to pitch for them. No pitchers in history ever had the advantage enjoyed by those of the golden years of the Red Sox!

In the last fifteen seasons outfield play has changed and strong arms are more needed than ever. The lively ball has forced outfielders to play from 30 to 50 feet farther out than they formerly did and they have to throw that much farther. Outfielders today try to get the ball to infielders on the bound. In the old days, where outfield throws were shorter, the ball was almost always thrown on a line. Great throwers like Speaker, Lewis, and Hooper rarely got the ball to an infielder or catcher on the bound.

The one and only Ty Cobb used to retire men at first on balls hit to right field!

Ty Cobb was a brilliant thrower early in his major league career when he played right field. He had great speed and broke more quickly than any player in the game. He would hit his top stride with his second step. Equipped as he was mechanically Cobb was able to play closer to the infield than other outfielders, and on ground balls driven to short right he always tried to throw out the runner at first. In one game Cobb scored three assists at first base on clean-hit balls. He twice threw out Harry Hooper and Hooper was a fast man.

After he was shifted to center field Cobb lost these golden opportunities and in the last half of his career his arm was weak. Cobb had always wanted to be a pitcher and he spent much time practicing on a curve ball. He never developed the curve but he "threw his arm away" trying to improve it. His arm was never what ball players would call bad but it was no longer strong. It was Cobb's one weakness.

There were men in the old days that are still remembered for their throwing ability rather than their fielding, batting or base-running skill. Joe Birmingham of Cleveland was probably baseball's greatest thrower 25 years ago. They still talk about his arm. Artie Hofman of the Chicago Cubs of the same period was almost as good as Birmingham. Ross Young, of the Giants, a great fielder, is remembered for his throwing. Elmer Flick, also of Cleveland, was another. Bob Meusel, of a later era and playing the outfield for the New York Yankees, had probably the most powerful arm of his day.

Babe Ruth, converted from a pitcher into an outfielder, was feared by base runners for more than fifteen years. He was as fast and accurate as ever last year and ball players will tell you that Ruth never threw to the wrong base in his career, something that can be said of few outfielders.

There are other rifle-armed outfielders in the game today. Al Simmons of the Chicago White Sox won about as many games with his throwing arm as with his bat last year and his most notable performance was against Detroit when he threw out two runners at the plate on successive hits to left field. Ben Chapman, a great base runner and the pride of the Yankees' outfield, is as noted for his throwing as his work on the base paths.

Chick Hafey of the Cincinnati Reds is the best long-range thrower in the National League and has been for a number of years. Joe Moore of the Giants is considered the most accurate in throwing to second or third base. Hazen Cuyler of the Chicago Cubs is best at making a throw from center or right field to third base and Mel Ott, also of the Giants, is probably the best throwing right fielder. Ethan Allen, Nathan Allen, Johnny Moore of the Phillies, Wally Berger of the Boston Braves, Boyle of Brooklyn and George Davis of the Giants, are also noted for their accuracy and speed in throwing.

Allen, who was credited with 19 assists from the outfield last year, makes this intelligent observation: "Often the weak-armed outfielder has more assists than the outfielder with a strong arm because base runners take more chances with his arm and he gets more opportunities to throw out runners."

Infielders and catchers must likewise be equipped with fine throwing arms. None of them ever became great unless he could throw fast and to the spot.

The greatest third baseman of all time was Jimmy Collins of the Boston Nationals and he is also regarded as the greatest thrower of all third sackers although George Moriarty, now an umpire, who captained the Detroit Tigers in their pennant-winning days a quarter of a century ago, probably threw a ball harder and "straighter" than any third sacker in the game. Moriarty was not a good fielder—he stopped more hard-hit balls with his chest than he picked up cleanly—but a quick recovery and the terrific speed with which he whipped the ball across the infield discounted his weakness in grabbing hard drives.

The king of the shortstops was John (Hans) Wagner of Pittsburgh. No shortstop ever threw more quickly or with more steam than Wagner. Among the shortstops of the present day Bill Knickerbocker, Cleveland, gets a ball away more quickly than any other infielder. He is also an accurate thrower.

Joe Cronin of the Boston Red Sox, while not quite as quick in getting the ball away as Knickerbocker, is still a model for accuracy, and his predecessor at Washington, Roger Peckinpaugh, was the best of his day. They used to say of him, "he can throw strike balls to first base from deep short all day long."

Harry Steinfeldt of the champion Chicago Cubs probably ranks second to Jimmy Collins as a thrower and in the early days of the American League, Rhoderick Wallace of the St. Louis Browns was the best thrower seen on any infield. He played shortstop. He did a number of other things superbly well but he is remembered for his ability to peg a ball fast and true.

And the catchers. Nearly all of them, at least among the first-class catchers, have been exceptional throw-

ers. Buck Ewing, King Kelly, Roger Bresnahan, Justin Clark, Johnny Kling, Fritz Buelow, Jimmy Archer and Charlie Schmidt were famous for their "whips."

Archer was released by one manager because the manager thought that he couldn't throw. Archer, squatting while taking a low-pitched ball, would throw without going through the formality of arising. The manager said no catcher could ever expect to throw out a base runner while squatted on the ground and the only reason Archer had thrown out any runners was through accident. Archer continued throwing from a squat after he joined the Chicago Cubs and he proved that it was not an accident. But he was the only catcher who ever threw from a squat.

Some catchers throw a "light" ball and others throw a "heavy" one. Frank Bowerman, who caught for the New York Giants in the days of Christy Mathewson, Leon Ames, Joe McGinnity, and others, threw what was said to be the heaviest ball in baseball. While he threw fast and accurately his throwing was the dread of every second-base combination that he worked with. The ball would come to the infielder's hands like a cannon ball and frequently the ball traveled to the outfield, the infielders ducking the throw to save their hands. It hurt when you took a throw from Bowerman. Ernest Lombardi of Cincinnati throws the same kind of ball today, hard and very heavy.

Just why one catcher should throw a ball "heavy as iron" and another catcher should throw the same ball "light as a feather" is something that can be explained by physics. It depends upon how the ball is released, wrist action being the most prominent factor.

Charles Leo Hartnett is the best throwing catcher today. This sturdy backstop of the Chicago Cubs "can hit a dime at 120 feet," according to some observers. Jimmy Wilson of the Phillies has the reputation of being the smartest and most exact thrower. He deliberates more than the average catcher and therefore has a greater percentage of accurate throws.

Thus, if a pitcher has a good move to first base and is able to keep the runner from getting a long lead, Wilson deliberates a fraction of a second to insure a perfect throw. As a result the play at second is nearly always close on Wilson's throw while with the average catcher, who throws as quickly and as hard as he can, the runner is out by a wide margin if the throw is accurate. More often it is inaccurate and the runner is safe.

There are several other good throwing catchers in the National League but Alphonse Raymond Lopez of Brooklyn is the only other catcher with as much power as Hartnett. He's not quite as accurate. Gus Mancuso of the New York Giants is more accurate than Lopez but not as powerful.

Ethan Nathan Allen once selected an all-star throwing infield for the National League. Gus Suhr of Pittsburgh is at first base, Frankie Frisch of St. Louis Cardinals at second, Travis Jackson of the New York Giants at short, and John (Pepper) Martin of the Cardinals at third. Martin is generally credited with being the best throwing infielder in the league.

Gordon Stanley Cochrane was sold by Philadelphia to Detroit after the 1933 season because Connie Mack thought that Cochrane's arm was no longer able to meet the demands. Cochrane's arm was weak in the 1933 season but last year it revived and Cochrane was one of the best throwing catchers in the game.

Detroit tried out a recruit catcher by the name of Frank Reiber whose batting eye was sharp but whose throwing was woefully weak. He was tried out in one major league game and so many opponents stole second on him that the club had to send him to a minor league. This year, in spring training, he nipped three runners going down to second—all in one game. He has learned to throw, and from now on will be a much better prospect for a major league berth.

Rollie Hemsley of the St. Louis Browns must be listed in the top rank. Hemsley has a strong and accurate arm and last year in a Detroit-St. Louis game he performed the unusual feat of catching Gerald Walker off base twice in one inning. The first time Hemsley caught him off first. Walker, seeing he was completely cut off, started to jockey along the base line. Greenberg, who was on second base, started for third. The St. Louis infield diverted its attention to Greenberg and retired him at third while Walker reached second.

A minute later, and before another batter could be retired, Hemsley whipped the ball to Melillo at second and Walker was again caught flat-footed and this time retired. The two throws by Hemsley cost Detroit the game and brought Walker a fine and suspension.

There you have them—infielders, outfielders, and catchers who gained fame for ability to throw if for no other reason. You must be able to throw if you expect to stay around the big leagues and the better you throw the more secure your position will be, providing you're fairly good at the rest of it.

Tierney for the Defense

(Continued from page 19)

facture of bullets so that they no longer scatter powder at close range?"

The witness drew a pamphlet from his pocket, the one he promised would make Expert Watts sick.

Tierney: "This here is a piece written by Major Gerald Burrard, a famous British expert. It's called 'Identification of Firearms and Forensic Ballistics.' He discovered that the cartridges made before the Big War would throw powder astonishing distances because the primers were weak. After the war bullets were given better and stronger primers and that's why they don't scatter powder. Expert Watts is just about twenty years behind the times. That all?"

The Prosecutor: "That's all."

The camera men were making pictures of Tierney now, neglecting the handsome young assistant district attorney. As Jim unwedged his heavy posterior from the witness chair and got to his feet he remarked aloud, "It don't pay to believe all you hear from these here, now, experts."

When the jury gave its verdict of acquittal to a cheer from the crowded court room and Mrs. Blake was embracing her husband, Sweeney went to Tierney's side and grasped his hand.

"Jim," he said heartily, "you've done a beautiful job, Old-timer."

"Thanks, Chief. You don't think I'm slowing up any on account of these white hairs on the old dome, do you?"

"Slowing up?" laughed Sweeney. "You're just getting into good stride."

Out on the sidewalk the camera men demanded more poses and one of the reporters asked: "Say, Mr. Tierney, aren't you the detective they used to call 'Bonehead?'"

"'At's right, kid. I'm Bonehead Tierney, the Detective. Goo'by."

Second Call for Alaska!

(*Continued from page 26*)

a trip loaded with treats that you would have difficulty providing for yourself. For instance, the special *American Boy* day at the Livingston Round-up; games with Indian boys and visits to the elk and bighorn sheep herds at Ravalli, Montana; lectures on the legends and superstitions of Alaskan Indians by a totem pole expert; the companionship of *American Boy* editors and authors; your own special train; your own ship.

And all of it for a cost you couldn't duplicate if you attempted to plan a similar trip alone. For complete information on cost, accommodations, and trip details, write the Alaska Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich., enclosing a three-cent stamp to cover postage and mailing costs, and ask for the Alaska folder. (Why not inclose your Best Reading Ballot at the same time? It's on page 42.) We suggest that you act promptly. The S. S. *Lakina* holds just 182 passengers and unless we get considerably more than 182 we will have to cancel excess reservations. If the surplus is great we will, of course, run another ship.

He's counting red salmon as they pass through the weir.

There'll be at least seven adults to act as officers of the Cruise. The commander-in-chief will be Franklin M. Reck, assistant managing editor of *The American Boy*, author of many *American Boy* sports stories and interviews. Reck won his letter in swimming at Iowa State College, wrote the all-college musical show in his senior year, and served with the infantry in France during the World War.

Second in command will be Mark L. Haas, art editor of *The American Boy*, ex-newspaper man, who served in the First Division with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. He is a graduate of the University of Washington.

Top sergeant will be Ruddick Lawrence, assistant director of the World Adventure Series, a Detroit lecture course. Mr. Lawrence can tell you intimate stories about such men as Roy Chapman Andrews, director of the American Museum of Natural History and explorer of the Gobi Desert; Lowell Thomas; Bruce Bairnsfather, who created "Old Bill"; Burton Holmes, and many other distinguished travelers. At the University of Washington Lawrence was editor of the *Daily*. Aboard ship he will have charge of the ship's newspaper that members of the Cruise themselves will produce.

Raymond J. Krantz, who has served aboard one of the few remaining windjammers that sail the ocean, will be official photographer. Dr. Hilton W. Rose, surgeon of the King County Hospital, Seattle, who has traveled all over the world and played semi-professional basehall in his younger days, will be the Cruise's medical officer. And, as we've mentioned earlier, there'll be Captain von Hoffman!

"The Inside Passage trip to Alaska," a U. S. Coast Guard officer told us, "is one of the most awe-inspiring trips on this globe. I've traveled all over the earth, and I've never seen anything quite like it."

So many people have made this same statement that we asked a West Coast man to send us a word-picture of the trip *American Boy* readers will be taking next July. Let's turn the rest of this article over to him. Let's board the *Lakina* with him at its Seattle dock early Saturday morning, July 6, and take an advance trip up the Inside Passage:

"As the *Lakina* forges out into Elliott Bay, Seattle and her busy harbor drop astern and the snow-tipped Olympic mountain range looms blue and white against the far-off horizon. Your ship rounds West Point Light and heads north up Puget Sound.

"A few hours later, as the *Lakina* throbs steadily across the eastern end of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, you see, off to the starboard side, the snowy outlines of Mount Baker, visible above the obscuring clouds at the mountain's base.

"Finally the extreme southern end of Vancouver Island comes abeam and soon you're in Canadian waters, with little settlements dotting the shores and small craft hurrying back and forth.

"The ship is threading a maze of islands now, but at last you reach the great stretch of open water known as the Gulf of Georgia. And now the mountains of the big island of Vancouver show up in their compelling beauty, snow-covered and majestically alone in the distance. The mountains are far off, now, but before long they'll be fairly leaning over your ship!

"At Cape Mudge Light you battle tide rips, for near here, two tides, coming from the upper and lower ends of Vancouver Island, meet in watery combat. The *Lakina* steers up the narrow waterway of Discovery Passage and there are respectful words aboard ship, for Seymour Narrows approaches. The channel is now so narrow that you can see houses and people, salmon canneries, and fleets of fishing boats.

"As the ship enters Seymour Narrows you can look over the side and see the water swirling and boiling with a strength that makes the deck sway slightly under your feet. But the Narrows are soon passed, and as you enter wider waters Quadra Island lifts itself on your starboard bow.

"Farther north the steamer makes a 90-degree turn from Discovery Passage into Johnstone Strait. Great mountains tower into the sky, and the shores are rocky and tree-covered. As southbound steamers pass the *Lakina* there are friendly blasts of the whistle and a waving of handkerchiefs from one deck to the other. Frequently the *Lakina* overtakes a halibut fishing craft bound for the banks off Alaska.

"A long trip up the rugged beauty of Johnstone Strait brings you to Alert Bay, a busy settlement on little Cormorant Island, and not long after that the ship leaves Vancouver Island astern and plunges into the 60 miles of open ocean known as Queen Charlotte Strait. Egg Island Light, more open water, and then Fitzhugh Sound with the land drawing close aboard on either side. Fog Rocks. . . . The Indian Village of Bella Bella with its salmon canneries. . . . A solid stretch of beach in which, somehow, the ship finds a narrow channel. . . . Up this channel. . . . Dryad Point Light, then Milbank Sound. . . .

"The near-by shores of Milbank Sound are low, but in the distance the ever-present mountains rise up to the sky. Farther on, in Finlayson Channel, you look ahead and see a queer-shaped island sometimes called the

'China Hat,' because its outlines are so like Oriental headgear.

"In Tolmie Channel the rocky cliffs draw closer to the ship, but in Grenville Channel, beyond, you're in one of the narrowest passages of the entire trip, and its waters are mirror-smooth.

"At Dixon Entrance the ship enters Alaskan waters, just two days out of Seattle. The mountains you see now dwarf those you have passed. Waterfalls tumble into the sea. Eagles poise high overhead, their wings motionless.

"Ketchikan, where you will stop, is a busy town of 4,500 people, its houses clinging to the clifflike shore. At ice plants halibut ships load up with crushed ice and herring bait, preparatory to taking off for the fishing banks. Great fleets of trolling boats forest the wharves and harbor. Silent Indians walk the streets. The canneries are roaring and clanging, cramming Alaskan salmon into tins for consumption all over the world. Lumber mills snarl as their saws bite into logs with a mounting scream.

"From Ketchikan on, the *Lakina* will poke into all sorts of nooks and corners, delivering and taking on freight. It will slide past glistening white glaciers, stop at Indian villages that the regular passenger ships never see. Under the full moon you will hear the baying of dogs and the howl of wolves. Now and then you'll pass sea lions, basking on rocks. Porpoises with sleek backs will frisk alongside the ship."

This is the story of the *Lakina's* ten to fourteen days of thrill along the Inside Passage.

Aboard ship, however, you'll do more than gaze at rugged beauty. There'll be the movies of Captain von Hoffman, chats with him about how an explorer prepares for a jungle trip, what food he expects to find in the veldt and what he must bring, how he photographs lions at close range. There'll be impromptu vaudeville, talks on the legends told in strangely carved totem poles, and competitive deck games.

On the way home there'll be sightseeing in Seattle and Vancouver and to cap the climax, stop-overs at two of the wonder spots of the Canadian Rockies—Lake Louise and Banff.

This is the trip *American Boy* editors are planning for you. Our Alaska folder tells you more about it. Write for it today. We think the details of this ten thousand mile vagabond jaunt —especially the price—will pleasantly surprise you.

HERE'S good news for Eastern boys who wish to make the round trip from New York to Chicago in company with an adult companion. Captain Carl von Hoffman, world famous explorer who will accompany the Alaskan Cruise, will conduct a special party from New York and back. This party will occupy the same sleeping car on the train. It will be assigned adjacent staterooms on the ship.

To accompany his party, New York to Chicago and back, Captain von Hoffman asks a special fee of $5 in addition to the usual traveling expenses. To be a member of his party and under his personal supervision, all the way from New York to Alaska and back, his fee is $50.

We recommend this special party to all boys who wish to join it. In fact, several parents of boys who live in the East have requested just such a supervised group. We wish to point out, however, that the Cruise will be fully staffed with competent adults. Every boy on the Cruise will receive personal attention whether he joins this special group or not. Every boy will have ample opportunity to meet Captain von Hoffman, chat with him, see his remarkable and unduplicated motion pictures, and hear him tell of his stirring adventures in all parts of the world.—THE EDITORS.

They're Air Rifle Kings!

NEW international air rifle champions are secure on their thrones for 1935! The best marksmen of this country and Canada have been selected from a total entry list of 3,200 fathers and sons — including some mothers and daughters—in the contest conducted by the International Air Rifle League during the fall and winter months just past.

LeLand Hagman, Chicago, Ill., is air rifle champion.

As announced in fall issues of *The American Boy*, there were three divisions in the contest—individual competition between the dads (one of the prize-winners was a mother); individual competition between sons; and dad-son competition.

Contestants obtained targets from the I. A. R. L., measured off 20-foot ranges in their own basements and back yards, conducted their record shoots before adult witnesses, and mailed in their targets to I. A. R. L. headquarters, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

In addition to the cups, medals, and merchandise prizes given the twelve winners in the various classes, 520 bronze buttons were awarded individuals for shooting of special merit. The winners:

TEAM WINNERS

First prize, *The American Boy* silver cup, won by William Hagman, father, and LeLand Hagman (15), son, using a Buzz Barton Super air rifle and Copprotect shot; Chicago, Ill.

Second prize, the Daisy silver cup, won by Elam Steiner and Martin Steiner (17), using a Daisy air rifle and Peter's BB shot; Berne, Ind.

Third to twelfth prizes, engraved silver cups, won by: I. G. Meiling and William Meiling (7); using a Daisy air rifle and Bullseye shot; Los Angeles, Calif. John Arcieri and Jack Strain (14), stepson, using a Daisy air rifle, Model 27; BB shot; Revere, Mass. Minnie David and Cyril David (12), using a Daisy air rifle and Bullseye shot; New York City. M. Doering and Bud Doering (15), using a Daisy air rifle and Bullseye shot; Aurora, Ill. Carl Oelrich and Carl Milton Oelrich (11), using a Buck Jones Special and Remington Red Top shot; Orange City, Iowa. W. G. Neville and Gesmon Neville, Jr. (15), using a Daisy Ranger Pump gun and Bullseye shot; Statesboro, Ga. Walter A. Hombs and Addison Hombs (14), using a Buzz Barton No. 195 and Copprotect shot; St. Louis, Mo. Delmar Kallenbach and Melvin Kallenbach (16), using a Daisy air rifle and Bullseye shot; Carmi, Ill. Albert M. Squires and Stanley Squires (14), using a Daisy air rifle and BB shot; Philadelphia, Pa. Harry Bennett and Norman Bennett (17), using a Benjamin air rifle and Bullseye shot; Washington, D. C.

INDIVIDUAL PARENT WINNERS

First prize, Philco 8-tube home radio and the *Boy's Life* silver cup, won by N. McMillen, Los Angeles, Calif., using a Daisy air rifle and Copprotect shot. Second prize, Philco auto radio, won by William Hagman, Chicago, Ill. Third prize, a black walrus Gladstone traveling bag, won by Albert M. Squires, Philadelphia, Pa. Fourth prize, imported field glasses, won by Albert Pione, New York City. Fifth to twelfth prizes, imported Kolls razors, won by: Elam Steiner, Berne, Ind.; I. G. Meiling, Los Angeles, Calif.; W. G. Neville, Statesboro, Ga.; Walter A. Hombs, St. Louis, Mo.; John Arcieri, Revere, Mass.; Minnie David, New York City (special hand bag prize); Carl Oeltrich, Orange City, Ia.; Merton Thompson, Easton, Me.

INDIVIDUAL SON WINNERS

First prize, *The Open Road* silver cup and bronze medal, won by LeLand Hagman, Chicago, Ill. Second prize, the Bullseye silver cup and bronze medal, won by Jack Groener, Irvington, N. J. Third to twelfth prizes, engraved silver cups and bronze medals, won by Martin Steiner, Berne, Ind.; Kenneth Fairbank, Dexter, Minn.; Lowell Damman, Normal, Ill.; Melvin Kallenbach, Carmi, Ill.; Jack Strain, Revere, Mass.; William Meiling, Los Angeles, Calif.; James Raper, Cedartown, Ga.; Cyril David, New York City; Joseph Thomas Patrick, Detroit, Mich.; Carl David, New York City.

Wind in the Rigging (*Continued from page 22*)

There was an instant of amazement. Then: "Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"And why didn't you report this matter to me?"

Steve's gaze traveled unseeingly round the table, then came back to rest upon the captain's face. "I did report it to one of the officers, sir."

"Oh, you did!" Surprise flared on the round pink face. "Who?"

"The first mate."

Captain Wilkie's eyes narrowed; his face flushed with anger. His gaze crossed to Mr. Brent, who now sat on the settee in the corner. "So you knew all the time, Brent?" he rasped. "What's the meaning of this?"

"Just got wise to it this morning, sir. I looked up the boy during the morning watch at Mr. Gregory's suggestion."

Slowly the captain's eyes turned to meet those of his passenger. There was something here, Tod realized, that the *Sumatra's* master did not understand; he was angry, and bewildered.

It was Mr. Gregory who finally broke the strained silence. "I think I can explain, Captain," he said suavely. "Will you just allow me to question the wiper for a minute?"

"Suit yourself." Captain Wilkie growled the words through tightened lips. "It looks like everybody aboard knows more about this affair than the master of the ship. Go ahead—go ahead." A fat hand moved in a gesture of exasperation.

"Really," began Mr. Gregory placatingly, "this has nothing at all to do with the affair in the wireless cabin. I spoke to Brent this morning merely because I wished to know more about this young wiper who calls himself Stephen Randolph."

To Tod there was an undercurrent of mystery here that made his eyes widen with apprehension. There was, too, a keen edge to Mr. Gregory's words that boded ill for the boy who sat, white and rigid, in the witness chair.

Mr. Gregory swung partly around in his swivel chair to face the witness. Tod could now see the man's face, and as he took in the iron-gray hair, the jutting black brows, the deep-set eyes, and the downward curve of the mouth, he became aware for the first time that cruelty, stark and unrelieved, marked the countenance.

"Just what," challenged Mr. Gregory, "did you say your name is?"

Steve's lips curled in anger. "Why do you bother to ask?" he retorted. "You know well enough. My name is Stephen Randolph Owen."

Mr. Gregory swung back to the captain. "You see, Captain Wilkie, this boy hasn't given his right name."

The master of the *Sumatra* shrugged. "That's nothing unusual. Half the crews on the Atlantic sign on under assumed names."

"True enough," Mr. Gregory admitted. "But you don't get the significance of this boy's name."

Captain Wilkie stared blankly ahead for a moment. "Owen?" he murmured. "Owen?" Abruptly a flash of understanding illuminated his countenance. "You don't mean he's the son of the *Sumatra's* owner?"

"That's just what I do mean. I haven't seen him since he was a small lad, but I recognize him now. Do you remember that radio message Sparks brought me yesterday noon? It was from the New York office of the company, informing me that young Steve was thought to be aboard."

The captain turned to the boy. "Is this true, young man?"

Steve nodded.

"But great Scott, Mr. Gregory," the captain exclaimed, "we can't have the owner's son working as wiper in the engine room!"

"And why not, sir?" protested Steve.

"Because it's dirty and dangerous. We'll have to put you in one of these upper cabins, young man."

Steve's eyes lifted in dismay. "But I've always wanted to work on one of our ships to see what it was like! And now—it's all ruined."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Gregory, "it's just as well."

To Tod the man's voice sounded strangely cold and fraught with meaning. Certainly there was no note of friendliness in it. And yet why? Surely the manager of the Owen Steel Company might be expected to show some hint of deference to the owner's son! Baffled, Tod looked at Mr. Gregory's profile, stern and unyielding.

The manager's next question came in a low, casual tone. "What clothes were you wearing when you entered the radio cabin last night?"

"Clothes?" Steve seemed puzzled at the query. "Just black jeans, I think."

"A cap?"

"Yes. The one I've been wearing in the engine room."

"You were dressed in the same fashion, then, as the man who slipped out the door and threw his weapon overboard?"

Tod flushed with anger when he saw where Mr. Gregory's questions were leading. Undoubtedly the man was suggesting that Steve had made up the story of seeing the murderer come from the wireless shack! Made it up in fear that he himself had been seen throwing the weapon overboard! Mr. Gregory was hinting that the slayer was Steve!

Captain Wilkie interrupted Tod's thoughts with a frown. "Surely, Mr. Gregory," he said harshly, "you wouldn't have me suspect this boy? Why, what reason would he have for such an act? You've got to have a motive!"

"Yes," murmured the manager, "there has to be a reason." He shrugged. "Of course that would let young Steve out."

Captain Wilkie, with surprising swiftness, got to his feet. "I want time to think things over. I'll report that the radio operator met his death at the hands of some person unknown. This inquiry is adjourned right now." He paused and his gaze swept the cabin. "I'd appreciate it if everyone here would hold his tongue about this affair. That's all today."

Chapter Ten

ANOTHER night dropped astern. The sun rose on a cloudless day, with only the crisp chill of the air to indicate that it was still winter on the Atlantic. For a few minutes that morning the steamer's engines were stopped while the brief ceremony of a burial at sea took place at the taffrail; then once again the quiet decks vibrated with the throb of the propeller as the *Sumatra* continued toward Gibraltar.

It was a grave and depressed mess boy who returned to the galley to resume his work. Jarvis looked across at him with a glance of understanding. "Who was there?" he asked.

"Most of the officers and crew. Mr. Gregory and his secretary."

"Did you watch them, Joe Macaroni? Did any of them show signs of guilt?"

Tod shook his head despondently. "I watched Mr. Gregory and Stoddard closely. Both seemed calm and unmoved."

Jarvis came closer. "And Captain Wilkie?"

"He did his part like a real skipper, Tom. I can't help but feel he isn't mixed up in this affair."

"And the mate?"

"Mr. Brent?" Tod looked up quickly. "Surely you don't suspect him?"

"Why not?" The cook's tone was low. "I suspect everyone who doesn't prove himself innocent—especially those in command. Did Curly show up?"

"Yes. He was the only one there who seemed badly upset. But that's natural."

"I'd like to have a talk with him," Jarvis said. "I'm wondering if he told all he knew at the inquiry. Do you think you could arrange to have him meet us some place on the after deck this evening—say at eight bells when our work is finished?"

"All right," Tod agreed. "I'll manage somehow to see him alone today for a minute. By the way, at breakfast this morning Mr. Gregory told the chief engineer he thought it would be a good idea to promote Steve to fireman."

"Now wasn't that kind of him!" the tattooed cook commented with sarcasm. "And did he say why?"

"He said that if they gave Steve a good taste of real work in the fireroom he'd be more willing to transfer to the upper decks where he belongs. The chief agreed to do it."

"Did you hear when Curly is to begin his new duties?"

"Yes. The chief engineer said he'd have one of the men show Steve the ropes today so he could go on duty tonight. They seemed to think it was a huge joke."

Nothing more was said during the morning. Tod served the noon mess with listless hands, but by evening he was as grimly determined as the cook to solve the mystery. As he served the crew that night Tod motioned to Steve to remain at the table until after the others left.

"I'd like to see you tonight," he told the wiper when they were alone. "How about meeting me at the taffrail at eight bells?"

"Can't," Steve replied with a wry smile. "I'm going on duty then in the fireroom. Promoted, old chap. Behold Steve Randolph Owen, fireman."

Tod grinned. "Congratulations. How about seven-thirty?"

"Fine. I'll be there."

As the boy left the messroom Tod looked at him thoughtfully. Had Steve Owen come aboard merely to take a trip as seaman on the *Sumatra*, or had there been some other motive? Would he be a friend or foe of men who were investigating his company? In case Steve was trying to protect the Owen Steel Company—and why shouldn't he!—then the boy himself had a better reason for silencing the radio operator than anyone aboard!

Tod shook his head and laughed helplessly. Not Steve! The one point that freed the owner's son of suspicion was Mr. Gregory's unfriendly attitude toward the boy. That was a strange aspect of the affair which Tod could not fathom. But—leave it to Jarvis to get at the truth.

Before seven bells struck that evening he started aft to the stern of the old ship. The night was dark. With only a slight roll the *Sumatra* was steaming across a silent sea. Overhead the sky was sprinkled with stars. A faint ribbon of smoke, issuing from the funnel with a soft hiss, spread aft like a veil across the Milky Way. From the open skylight on the boat deck drifted the hum of the engines.

Steve was waiting. Tod saw his slender form clad in blue coat and jeans leaning over the taffrail. He swung round at the sound of Tod's shoes on the steel plates of the deck and waited Tod's approach inquiringly.

Tod crossed to the iron bitt round which the hawsers were tied when the ship was docked. Seating himself he regarded the boy with an uncertain

glance. "I'm sorry if I got you in wrong yesterday," he began.

"You mean at the inquiry?" Steve came closer and leaned against the rail. "No need to worry about that. I intended to tell them myself." His gaze swept forward past the little deck house, where stores were kept, to the lighted portholes of the wireless shack high above. "Who's taken over the duties of the radio operator, Tod?"

"Mr. Evans, the second mate. The skipper is relieving him of his twelve-to-four watch at night. Why?"

"Just wondering, that's all."

Tod peered through the darkness at the other; somehow, he felt sure there was more than mere interest back of the boy's question. "Do you think, Steve, you can manage a fireman's job?"

"Sure. Why not? It can't be much worse than working under that little storekeeper. As prize slave driver I'd nominate Crawford any day. Have I worked?" He paused. "Here's the cook."

"Hello, Curly." The tattooed man drew up at the rail beside him. "I understand you got messed up in things two nights ago."

"I—I guess I did." The boy's tone was hesitant. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you two fellows in the first place who I am. I've wanted to talk things over with someone and haven't dared."

Jarvis gazed indifferently over the rail. "What's bothering you?" he asked. "Could we help?"

"I'm afraid no one can. But something's wrong aboard this ship, and I can't figure out what it is."

"I'd like to know myself, Kid. Probably some member of the crew had an old grudge against the radio operator and simply took the first opportunity to get even."

"Do you think so?" The boy looked up hopefully. "But why is Mr. Gregory so unfriendly to me?"

Jarvis looked down at the boy. "He's the company's manager, isn't he? Does your father trust him?"

"My father?" The boy's voice faltered. He gazed aft where the log line disappeared into the darkness. "My father has been dead for two years," he explained. "You see, Mother really owns the controlling interest in the firm." His tone turned somewhat bitter. "She's a good scout, but she's too busy flitting to Florida or Europe to be bothered by business affairs. She takes her yearly earnings and doesn't ask questions."

Tod leaned forward with new interest. "Isn't any member of your family in the firm?"

"No. There are just two of us—Mother and I. The company is run by the manager, who I guess is a good one. At least he makes it pay well." Steve drew the collar of his coat closer about his throat. "I have a hunch this Gregory bird thinks I came aboard to spy on him Now, why should he have that impression?"

"Then you didn't come for that reason?" Jarvis probed.

"Certainly not. Why should anyone spy on Gregory? Is that old buzzard up to something?"

"He might be," remarked the cook.

"You think so?" Steve's face, Tod noted with new insight, had surprising strength in it. "If he is, I intend to find out what it is."

Jarvis put his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Go slow, young fellow," he counseled. "You're pretty much alone on this ship. Unless—unless you'd like Tod and me to help you."

"Would you?" The words came forth in surprise. "I'd like to learn a lot about our ships. For instance, why isn't better food supplied us?"

"An interesting question," observed Jarvis in his deep, rich tones. "Perhaps the company can't afford it."

"Humph!" Steve snorted in disgust. "The company pays its officials enough, believe me. And it's making plenty of money these days. Of course not as much as during the war—that was the time when Dad simply raked in the coin."

"Is that so?" Jarvis leaned closer, and Tod caught the trace of eagerness in his voice. "What did it manufacture?"

"Why, munitions, of course."

"Then the Owen Steel Company makes arms and ammunition?"

"Not now. It makes steel for skyscrapers and ships. I don't know much about the company, really."

"I have a feeling," Jarvis said with emphasis, "you'll know a lot more before this trip is over."

Steve shot him a quick glance. "What makes you say that, Tom?"

"I surmise there's a secret motive behind this voyage. If there is, Curly, you should find out about it, for your own sake. Suppose somebody were investigating this firm? Would you want it driven to the wall as the result of a scandal?"

Steve gripped the rail with both hands, his gaze astern. "You make me afraid," he finally brought out. "But why do you think someone might be investigating us?"

Jarvis bent his blond head close to the boy's dark one. "I suspect the radio operator was a detective. That's why someone got rid of him."

"This is all news to me," came Steve's faint voice. "I think I'm beginning to understand, though. You suspect Mr. Gregory?"

"Yes. And his secretary, too. Who is this Stoddard?"

"The man with the red hair? Never heard of him. Never saw him before the inquiry."

"Did you tell everything you knew to the skipper, Curly?"

"Yes. Everything, at least, that I saw. Not my reason for going up to the wireless shack, though."

"I didn't think myself you went up there to get a book." Jarvis tapped the bowl of his pipe against the rail. "Well, out with it. If you want us to help you, you'll have to tell everything."

For an instant Steve gazed earnestly at Jarvis, sizing him up. In the big man's face he seemed to sense the same calmness and integrity that had always appealed to Tod. Visibly the boy relaxed.

"It was this way," he said slowly. "Mr. Brent stopped me the first night out as I was crossing the foredeck. He said Mr. Gregory was aboard and had asked about me. I knew then the game was up! I asked the mate what Gregory wanted and Brent said the manager didn't think it dignified to have me sleeping forward with the crew. I asked the mate to tell Gregory that I wanted to be let alone and Brent promised to do what he could. He said I'd better make myself as scarce as possible because if the seamen saw me talking with an officer they might suspect I was somebody besides a wiper. He told me I could go up to his cabin any time I wanted, but to make it late at night when no one was about."

"Do you mean," asked Jarvis with dawning light, "you went up to the mate's cabin the night of the murder?"

"Yes. He didn't answer any knock, though. The porthole happened to be open so I thought I'd call to him. Then a flash of lightning showed him asleep in his bunk. On second thought I decided I wouldn't disturb him." Steve shifted his footing on the steel plates. "Just as I turned away I got the idea of going up for a talk with the radio man. At home I'd fooled around with an amateur set and I was interested." The boy stopped.

After a brief interval of silence Tod heard Jarvis speak again. "Then that leaves one less suspect on our list."

"What do you mean?" Steve's voice sounded slightly puzzled.

"Don't you see, Curly? Your story eliminates Mr. Brent. If the mate was asleep when you went above and saw the murderer come from the radio cabin, that leaves Brent out."

Tod, listening breathlessly to the conversation, nodded to himself. With the first mate crossed off the list of suspects, only Gregory and Stoddard were left. As far as Tod was concerned, Captain Wilkie was out. So was the engine room gang, if the murder really was connected with company business. Gregory—or Stoddard.

"Whom do you suspect?" Steve asked the cook.

"I suspect Mr. Gregory, Stoddard his secretary, and the skipper. Tod doesn't think the captain did it, but where was the Old Man when the mate sent Tod to find him? Not in his cabin. Not even in the chart room. No, he was on the bridge with the second mate."

"But," Steve objected, "it was a member of the black gang I saw leave the radio cabin and throw the weapon overboard."

"You mean," Jarvis pointed out, "you saw a man dressed in black cap and dungarees. How do you know the captain hadn't dressed that way, slipped into the radio shack, done the job, and then changed back again? On the chance he might be seen by someone on deck he could easily disguise himself enough to pass unrecognized on a stormy night."

A low whistle came from Steve's lips. "That's an idea, Tom! Then it might have been Gregory or his secretary!"

"Exactly. Do you remember whether this man you saw was tall or short, fat or thin?"

Tod waited tensely. The red-headed secretary was a short man; Mr. Gregory was tall but well built.

"I'm sorry," Steve admitted in a crestfallen tone. "He must have been just average. But I'd be willing to bet that it wasn't the skipper. Captain Wilkie is so chunky I'm sure I'd have noticed."

"Well, that's that," commented Jarvis. "Of course we mustn't fail to follow up every clue. And that's where I want you to help in this chase. You live in the fo'c'sle with the black gang. Watch every man there. See if you can find one of them who is unduly interested in the radio operator's death. If the guilty man is there, don't expect him to be shouting about the murder. Watch for a fireman or oiler who says nothing, yet listens eagerly when the affair is talked about. Watch for a man who perhaps has never sailed on a ship before. Understand?"

"Right. I'll do it. And—" He flushed. "I can't begin to thank you two."

Jarvis smiled gently. "Do you know

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1.....

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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....

STATE.....AGE.....

what cargo this ship is carrying?"

Steve's brows drew together. "I remember Mother mentioning a large order for rails from some French concern. I think it was for the extension of a railroad in one of the North African colonies — Algeria or Morocco."

"I wonder," remarked Jarvis softly, "if that's all we're carrying. If so, I miss my guess. We've got to make sure. I want to find out what cargo is stored below deck. You can help, Curly. Tonight—" Abruptly the man ceased speaking.

From forward came the notes of the ship's bell sounding the hour. *One, two—three, four—five, six—seven, eight.* As the last stroke drifted back to them Steve uttered a cry of surprise. "My watch! I almost forgot."

"See you later," Jarvis said quickly. "Remember—not a word to anyone!"

Tod saw the boy flash a grateful, eager look at Jarvis and run forward. The conversation had given Steve new hope, new purpose.

Jarvis touched Tod's arm. "We've got work ahead of us, Joe Macaroni."

"Tonight?"

"Yes. I want to see what this ship carries in her holds. Listen. . . ."

Chapter Eleven

AT four bells that night Tod, according to plan, paid a visit to Steve.

As he entered the engine room from the starboard alleyway he gasped at the intense heat. Up past him toward the skylight swept the warm air in suffocating waves. He crossed the high grating and with compressed lips swung down the iron ladder to the middle platform. Here an oiler stood gazing below at the gleaming metal and flashing rods. A second and then a third ladder led downward until at last he stood, in a deafening sea of sound, on the steel flooring.

Before his station stood the second engineer, his watchful eyes upon the blackboard and gauges. He turned at Tod's approach and barked, "Where you think you're going?"

"I just want to speak to the fireman for a minute. Do you mind, sir?"

"Go ahead. But don't stay. He's got all he can do to keep up the steam. Tell him it's down eight points."

"Yes, sir."

Tod slipped past the telegraph dial with its indicator pointed to *Full Speed Ahead*, dodged round the ventilating fan, and gained a small doorway that led forward. Stooping, he entered a narrow, black tunnel between the furnaces and came out into the fireroom.

The high, narrow compartment ran directly across the ship. A bulkhead rose forward, the boilers aft, looming above the row of furnaces. In the ruddy glare from the open door of number six fire box Steve was thrusting a long slice bar into the glowing clinker that incrusted the oil jets.

"Hello!" Tod shouted. "How you making out?" His voice seemed lost in the roar of the draft.

Steve withdrew the slice bar and stood erect, his breath coming in labored gasps. His singlet was caked with grease, and in his flushed face his eyes shone weary and bloodshot.

"It beats me how one man can do this job," he yelled.

He slammed the furnace door shut, screwed in the oil burner and whirled the valve. Tod walked over beside him.

"The Second said to tell you the steam's down eight points," he said.

Steve groaned and looked at the gauge just over the tunnel entrance. "That slave driver ought to be glad his old tub isn't going at half speed."

"Can I help you?" Tod saw that Steve's nerves were strained to the breaking point.

Steve flashed him a grateful glance. "I've still half a dozen burners to clean before midnight. They're over there in a can of kerosene."

Tod took off his sweater, rolled up his sleeves, and lifted one of the long burners from the can. As he wiped the jet with a piece of cotton waste he talked over his shoulder. "Tom's coming down in a few minutes. He'd like to get a look into number two hold."

"Is it safe?"

"We've got to take the chance."

As Steve went back to work, Tod wondered why Mr. Gregory had put Steve down here. It was sapping, backbreaking work. He listened to the hiss of the hot oil as it vaporized under the heat. Whenever a door was opened, firelight splashed like spilled blood on the bulkhead before him. The back of his head soon felt seared; little beads of sweat trickled down his ribs. And Steve had to spend four hours here!

Footsteps on an iron ladder made him look up. In the obscurity a man was descending the fiddley ladder from the deck. A moment later Jarvis's big form came into view.

"Who's on watch?" he asked Tod.

"The second engineer."

"Has he been in here?"

"Not since I came. The steam's going up, so I doubt if he'll pipe up for awhile."

"Good." Jarvis turned to Steve. "Isn't there a water-tight door into number two hold beside that one?" He pointed to the port end of the fireroom where an iron panel pierced the forward bulkhead.

The boy's reply was barely audible to Tod. "I think there's another door —in the storeroom to starb'd."

The big man nodded tensely. "Don't let anyone enter the storeroom, Joe Macaroni. It may take me twenty or thirty minutes."

Jarvis strode across the narrow compartment to the starboard side, threw open the door and peered into the darkness. His hand found a switch and a light flashed on. Tod's glance swept the little room ahead of them. In the forward bulkhead beside a pile of fire brick another door was visible.

"Keep watch, Joe Macaroni," the man said shortly. "There's just a chance I may be able to get a glimpse of the cargo."

Tod shut the door upon him. At all costs Jarvis must not be seen down here. With fast-beating heart he went back to work. "Some of your jets are plugged, Steve," he told the boy. "I'll help you change them. Only one at a time though. We've got to keep that steam up. It's our one chance to keep the second engineer out."

Eagerly the two went to work, ignoring the terrifying roar of the fires, the blinding glare, and the heat.

Not more than fifteen minutes had passed before Tod heard steps. The second engineer? What did he want now? The clock-like hand of the steam gauge was steadily going up.

He rose from his knees before number three furnace to meet him, but it was not the second engineer. It was the captain and the chief who came out into the fire room.

With relief Tod saw Mr. Traynor, the chief engineer, fix his gaze upon Steve, who was taking a drink from the bucket hanging to the fiddley ladder. "The second reports you aren't doing so bad, young man," Mr. Traynor boomed. "If you needed help, why didn't you ask him to send for one of the firemen?"

Steve lifted his water bucket back to its hook. His dark eyes shot an uncertain glance at the two officers. "The mess boy is helping me out for a few minutes, sir. He seems to know something about it. More'n I do."

Mr. Traynor and Captain Wilkie eyed Tod with amused smiles. "A hundred and ten degrees," remarked Captain Wilkie, "isn't much different from your galley, eh?" He turned to Steve and his voice sounded friendly. "Well, young man, I've told the chief I don't like your working down here."

"Oh, I don't mind, sir," Steve protested. "I'm learning fast."

"Nevertheless, I can't have you here. It isn't right. You may finish this watch, but in the morning I want you to report to the bo'sun. He'll start you cleaning brass on the bridge."

Steve meditated for a moment. At length he looked up. "Sir, I'd like to take over the wireless operator's job."

"What?" Captain Wilkie laughed. "Do you know the code?"

"Yes, sir. I have an amateur set at home, and I'm sure I could do it." Steve's face was eager.

Captain Wilkie turned to the chief engineer. "What do you think of that, Mr. Traynor?"

On the chief's face was a look that bordered on admiration. "Won't hurt to let him try it. You've got something of your father in you. He could do anything aboard a ship."

Tod saw Steve's face break into a smile of delight.

"Finish this watch," Captain Wilkie said abruptly, "and report in the morning to the wireless shack. You can take over the job from the second officer." He waved a plump hand and turned back to the tunnel leading to the engine room.

When the two men had disappeared Tod swung across to Steve with his face alight. "Great stuff, Steve," he cried. "With you receiving messages from Mr. Gregory, we may get some real clues. Steve, you're brilliant!"

Steve grinned facetiously. "Tell it to my profs back at school—" He stopped and his gaze traveled to the storeroom door. Jarvis was coming out.

Tod met the big man by the fiddley ladder. "Find anything?" he asked breathlessly.

"I did." The big man's eyes gleamed. "I broke open a barrel of flour with *Morocco* scrawled on the lid. What do you think was hidden in the flour?"

Steve spoke up at Tod's elbow. "Grenades?"

"No. Parts of a machine gun." He paused to let the words sink in. "Do you realize what this means? If this ship is smuggling those weapons to the Berbers of North Africa, and the French Colonial government learn about it, there'll be the deuce to pay when Washington goes after the Owen Steel Company."

Steve Owen's face went pale. "How can we stop it?"

Jarvis grasped the fiddley ladder. "Leave it to me." As he took a step up the iron rungs, his gaze lifted to the gauge above the tunnel. "Steam's going down," he cried. "Get busy!"

Chapter Twelve

"BLIMEY, don't go blamin' me fer losin' yer dungarees, yer blarsted square'ead!"

Tod Moran, outstretched in his upper bunk, laid aside the magazine he was reading. It was the night following Jarvis's inspection of the cargo, and the men were turning in. For some time he had been aware of an argument in progress between Toppy and the Swede, but at the word *dungarees* he became instantly alert.

"What did you lose, Swede?" Tod asked.

Jorgenson threw back his blankets and heaved his long body into his bunk. "My dungarees," he replied. "I yust got two pairs, an' now one is gone. I tink maybe Toppy play a yoke on me."

"Joke, me eye!" From the bunk above, the little cockney leaned over to throw an angry glance at his shipmate. "Ain't I tole yer I didn't know nothin' about yer bloomin' dungarees?"

Jorgenson didn't reply. He had evidently decided that a pair of dungarees wasn't worth fighting for. Tod, however, was interested.

"When did you lose 'em, Swede?"

"I dunno. I ain't seen 'em since I came aboard."

"Sure you brought 'em back from the hospital?"

"Yah. Dey vas in a package I put under my bunk."

"Blue, Jorgenson?"

"No—black. I bought 'em when I was firing on the *Nanking*."

Tod's mind grappled with a new speculation. Were these missing dungarees the ones worn by the man Steve had seen slip from the wireless shack on that night of storm and murder? Abruptly Tod swung himself down from his bunk and went up to deck.

On his way to the midship section he was scarcely conscious of the clear, luminous sky above with the stars strewn across it. He was thinking that this morning Steve had reported a black cap missing for several days from the firemen's forecastle. Could both cap and dungarees have been worn by the same man?

He found the cook lying on his bed, pencil and paper before him. "Lock the door, Joe Macaroni," he cautioned. "Close the porthole too. I thought when you rapped it was Curly. This morning I had him send a message to Mr. Blakemore in New York, but the reply hasn't come yet."

"Maybe Mr. Blakemore went back to San Francisco," Tod suggested.

"He didn't expect to." Jarvis put down his pencil and paper. "I've been doing a little figuring."

"Well, how's it coming?" Tod asked, seating himself on the settee.

"Not too well," Jarvis acknowledged with a wry smile. "I haven't enough clues even to begin."

"I've brought you another. A lost fireman's cap and a missing pair of dungarees!"

Jarvis sat up at that. "That's interesting! Give me all the dope."

When Tod finished speaking, the big man's eyes sparkled. "In other words the killer wasn't a fireman but somebody who wore those duds as a disguise!" The tattooed man stood up, his height and bulk accentuated by the smallness of the cabin. "Joe Macaroni, if we could only find those dungarees and cap!"

Tod's eyes were questioning. "You think the guilty man has 'em?"

"Exactly. He got rid of the pistol because he knew the bullet and pistol together would incriminate him. But did he have an opportunity to throw overboard the dungarees and cap? Perhaps he didn't!"

"Where would you start looking?"

Jarvis spoke thoughtfully. "I'd like to search the cabins of Gregory and Stoddard and Captain Wilkie. Yes, even Captain Wilkie." He turned to the locker beneath his bed, extracted an electric torch and a small automatic, and stuffed them into his rear pockets. "Want to come with me?"

Tod got to his feet. "You're all wrong about Captain Wilkie, Tom. He's not in this affair. I'm certain."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Because I see the captain day after day." Tod's voice conveyed the intensity of his feeling. "If you could only have seen him today as I have! He's been walking up and down the saloon cabin, worried, puzzled."

Jarvis looked at Tod, waiting.

"He's had a row with Mr. Gregory, Tom. When I went forward to set the table before dinner he and Gregory and Brent were there. They'd been having words. I heard the mate say, 'You're acting like a fool, Wilkie,' and then the captain turned upon him and asked, 'Who's master of this ship — you or me?' " Tod paused, caught his breath, and went on. "I wish you could have seen Mr. Brent! If ever a man's face showed hatred, it was Brent's."

"Go on," Jarvis said quietly. "What about Mr. Gregory? What did he say?"

"Gregory leaned across the table, and said, 'Wilkie, this is likely to be your last voyage as master of this ship.' That's all I heard. They saw me then in the doorway. But the captain was crushed, Tom."

Jarvis looked up reflectively. "What do you conclude from all that?"

Tod's tone was earnest. "Tom, I think Captain Wilkie is a good ship's master, but now he's up against it. Those men are trying to make him come in with them, but he won't."

Jarvis took his pilot coat from its hook behind the door, slipped it on. "If I were in Captain Wilkie's place—"

"If you were in his place," Tod declared, "you'd tell the manager where to head in. But Captain Wilkie is older than you, Tom. He's not so sure of another job."

"I was going to say," Jarvis went on serenely, "that if I were in his boots, I'd appreciate a helping hand."

Tod got to his feet with a rush. "You mean you'll help him?"

"I'm going to search the skipper's cabin," Jarvis replied. "If I don't find the dungarees or cap I'll assume he's innocent and—maybe—help him."

Tod's spine tingled. "When will you do it?"

"Right now. A few minutes ago the skipper was up in the wireless shack with Curly. If we hurry we may be able to get this work over before he returns. Come on."

Eagerly Tod followed. The starboard alleyway was empty and only dimly lighted. They went quietly forward, turned into the connecting passage, and stopped before the door of the officers' saloon. Jarvis put his ear to the white panel, then gripped the knob. When the door was closed behind him Tod could just vaguely make out the line of portholes opposite. No crack of light showed beneath the door leading to the captain's quarters, beyond.

Jarvis stooped and, with his lips close to Tod's ear, whispered, "Pull the drapes across the ports. Then stay here and watch while I search the skipper's cabin. If you hear anyone coming, give me a warning."

Swiftly Tod circled the center table and drew the short, thick drapes across the portholes. Before he had finished, Jarvis had disappeared into the captain's cabin.

Absolute blackness encompassed Tod. He gripped the back of a swivel chair with both hands, and listened to the faint vibration of the ship. As the seconds dragged by a thought suddenly stabbed at his consciousness. Suppose the captain should come below by way of the circular staircase? Better be prepared for that.

Cautiously Tod moved past the table to the forward corner with its little door to the inner stairway. He'd open it and listen. If anyone started below from the chart room he could warn Jarvis in time.

In the darkness his hand found the tiny knob. Noiselessly he swung the frail door outward. His eyes widened in sudden terror. Light, filtering down the circular staircase from the chart room, projected the moving shadow of a man against the white, rounding surface of the wall.

Tod stepped back. Captain Wilkie? Hardly. This man was descending on soft-soled shoes that made no sound. The next instant Tod felt his heart jump. Around the curve of the stairs came the man himself. He wore black dungarees and in his hand was a revolver lifted for action.

A cold chill swept over Tod. Recoiling silently against the cabin wall he backed slowly toward the captain's door. He had only one thought—to reach the safety of the inner compartment with Jarvis. His hand came in contact with the cool metal of the knob. It gave beneath his touch. He slipped within and, regardless of noise, shot the bolt. Utter darkness surrounded him. He felt cold steel against his ribs.

(To be continued in the June issue of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Coming Next Month!

BASEBALL! Adventure! The Navy! Cowboys! Mystery at sea! Aviation! For good armchair reading we recommend especially, "Swordsman of Sehak!" the slashing story of a warrior in the armies of ancient Egypt. For baseball wisdom, H. G. Salsinger's alert article on hunting and base-running, "Get 'em Around!" THE AMERICAN BOY costs only a dollar a year or two dollars for three years. Foreign, fifty cents a year extra. Send your order to:

THE AMERICAN BOY

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Enter This Contest!

(Continued from page 23)

mous bronze figure of a Buddhist divinity gazing down at you with sublime calm, hands laid in the lap with palms upward and thumbs touching in the Buddhist sign of faith. This great statue, cast by a renowned sculptor 240 years before Columbus discovered America, is a Mecca for tourists in Japan.

Perhaps you're most interested in the miracle of Japan's rise from a medieval land of feudal barons to a modern industrial empire, and the resulting contrasts between the old and the new. Between Western and Oriental civilization!

In the streets of Tokyo, second largest city in the world, you will find the jinrikisha, pulled by a man clad in a traditional costume, alongside the purring taxicab. You will see great stone castles, once the stronghold of feudal lords, overshadowed by modern office buildings. A luxurious railroad coach will carry you past roads on which you will find men driving ox teams, while in the flooded rice paddies beyond the road you will see women transplanting rice by hand as Japanese peasants have done for centuries.

Visitors marvel at Japan's great silk industry. Here girls are carefully sorting cocoons.

You may wish to visit one of Japan's 22 shipyards capable of producing 600,000 tons of ocean-going craft per year, visit the immense silk-weaving plants at Yokohama or the iron and steel works at Osama. You may wish to have a look at her billion-and-a-quarter-dollar electrical industry, her power plants capable of producing twelve million horsepower. You may wish to see her plants producing Diesel engines, steam turbines, railroad locomotives and coaches. And as you inspect Japan's thriving industrial centers you'll reflect with amazement that Japan didn't have a shipbuilding yard until 1895, not a railroad line before 1872.

Perhaps you're attracted by the prospect of staying at a Japanese inn where you will take off your shoes before going through the door, wear a loosely comfortable kimono, and sit cross-legged before a small table for your first attempt at eating rice from a porcelain bowl with a pair of chopsticks. You may wish to visit an airy Japanese home with its paper screens, its sliding doors, its mats, and its hospitable hosts. There are no more courteous, thoughtful people in the world than the Japanese.

Perhaps you're interested in the trade between Japan and the United States. Since Commodore Perry reopened Japan's door in 1854, these two nations have built strong ties of trade and friendship. The United States is Japan's largest single customer of silk, and Japan is the largest buyer of American cotton. Every year Japan sends thousands of its young men to school in America, and America sends its young tourists to Japan.

Perhaps you wish to visit Japan to cement more firmly the ties of friendship between East and West.

It may be that there runs in your veins the blood of a Marco Polo or a Columbus, and the thought of the ocean voyage to Japan thrills you. You visualize in your dreams the two great sea lanes to Japan—the southern route from San Francisco, via Honolulu, measuring 5,520 miles; and the northern route from Seattle, a distance of 4,425.

Japan—land of startling contrasts, industrial activity, colored shrines and beautiful scenery! Of dainty porcelain, brilliant lacquer, and a rare, distinctive art! Let your imagination roam for a space, then sit down and write in two hundred words your six reasons for wanting to take a trip to Japan.

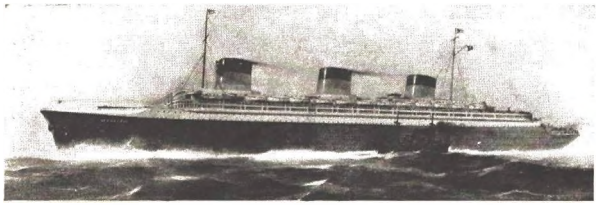
Any reader of *The American Boy* under 21 is eligible to receive one of the 85 prizes worth $1,750. Be sure to follow these rules:

See that your entry is in our hands by May 20. Mail it to the Japan Contest Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Please do not ask us to return your entry; keep a carbon if you wish. Results will be announced in the July issue.

Write clearly (typewrite if possible) on one side of the sheet only, and put your name, address, and age at the top of each sheet of your entry. (To save postage, we suggest that you fill out and mail your best reading ballot on page 43 along with the contest entry.)

Judges of the contest will be: Hon. R. Sawada, Japanese Consul General, New York City. Mr. T. Inouye, commercial secretary of Japanese Embassy. Mr. K. Tomiyama, resident representative, Japanese Government Railways, New York City. Mr. C. Nagakura, manager, South Manchuria Railways, New York City. Mr. K. O. Takahashi, manager, Nippon Yusen Kaisha (Japan Mail Steamship Co.), New York City. Mr. T. Toda, manager, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, New York City. Mr. M. Y. Inomata, representative for North America, Japan Tourist Bureau.

A true Japanese garden contains not flower beds, but rocks, water, shrubs, trees and lanterns in a miniature landscape.



The world's largest liner takes her maiden voyage in June!

He's Going *to* France!

John Caldwell Wins the Normandie Contest

ON June 7, John Caldwell, *American Boy* reader of Terre Haute, Indiana, will experience a rare thrill. He will walk up the gangplank of the S.S. *Normandie*, world's largest ocean liner, to be the guest of the French Chamber of Commerce of New York on the ship's maiden voyage westward across the Atlantic!

For five days Caldwell will enjoy the luxury of the *Normandie's* salons, her glass-enclosed promenade deck, her airy sun deck and swimming pool. With him will be an adult companion of his own choosing. Both their passages will be paid, as well as boat-train expenses from Havre to Paris and back, and accommodations at the famous Hotel Continental in Paris, for three days. They may stay in France longer, at their own expense, with the privilege of returning at any time on any ship of the French Line.

This is Caldwell's reward for the singing page of prose poetry that he submitted in *The American Boy's* March contest:

"Why I Want to Go to France on the *Normandie*."

Judging the contest wasn't easy. Of the 2,083 entries, literally hundreds were good enough to merit a second thoughtful reading. Out of the hundreds, scores of essays painted so alluringly the thrill of ocean travel and sightseeing in Normandy and Paris that the editors all but moved *The American Boy* offices right down to the docks of the French Line in New York!

Second place and a large-scale model of the *Normandie* went to Laurence Perrine, East Cleveland, Ohio, for his chuckling dream story of a trip through the great ship with one of its crew of 3,500. Should Caldwell be unable to accept the trip, Perrine will get it.

Richard David Wells, Marblehead, Mass., winner of one of the 25 attractive pictures of the ship, submitted with his essay a scrapbook of pictures showing every stage of the ship's construction in the yards at St. Nazaire. His book shows vividly the graceful proportions of the 1029-foot hull with its flaring cruiser bow and its 79,280 tons.

Congratulations, Caldwell! It will be an unforgettable experience, traveling to France aboard the last word in ocean greyhounds. Together with the French Chamber of Commerce, we wish you a happy voyage and crowded, gay days on the boulevards of Paris!

FIRST PRIZE

By JOHN CALDWELL
Terre Haute, Ind.

This is the splendid *Normandie*, more than a ship—a thing of life, a sea spirit cleaving the seas in a solitude of waves and stars, beneath whose keel the soundless waters lie miles deep.

This is the dreamer's *Normandie*, pointing funnels to the pursuing sun, to the weaving depths of a storm-webbed sky—a world moving between other worlds.

This is the gallant *Normandie*, beautiful through the dim drifting of a tattered fog, gay with the fragments of melody thrown into a stern wind.

This is the stalwart *Normandie*, made of men, consecrated in the throbbing trinity of steel and fire and speed.

France lies half a world away—the *Normandie* points its bow for Havre—and I pray that I shall be on board that day, for I shall have seen something come to life, something as timeless, as impersonal as the ocean it furrows—and something as modern as my morning newspaper.

SECOND PRIZE

By LAURENCE PERRINE
East Cleveland, Ohio

"*Garçon*, bring me 70,000 *oeufs*," I said, mentally calculating how long it would take to down them all. But the waiter, as dream-waiters are likely to do, sat down and began to talk instead. I made a note on my cuff to improve my French before I got to Paris.

"You are now in the village of *Normandie*," he said, "population three and a half thousand. Tomorrow you will be leagues away, but still in *Normandie*. It is the world's largest floating village!"

He had changed suddenly into a chamber of commerce member, but I begged him to go on.

"Well," he continued confidentially, "this is really a model village. We have our theater, fire department, coast guard, library, power plant. We have nearly half a mile of sea front, and recreational facilities of the finest. The transient residents," he added, diving with me into the swimming pool, "live in complete luxury. There is one servant and a fraction to every two of them. They do nothing but read, write post cards, promenade, and play deck tennis all day."

"Have you no slum district?" I asked, beating him at shuffleboard.

"None," he replied, showing me the huge electric motors that furnished the motive power. "Our housing plan is magnificent, our salons superb. All construction is completely modern and designed for safety and comfort. There are elevators and fireproof walls. The shore line is shaped for speed. And do you know that our village is longer than the Eiffel Tower is high?"

I was just noting on my cuff to climb the Eiffel Tower when I woke up. But the dream had been so pleasant that I wanted to go right back to sleep and dream for four more days. *Then* I would be in France!

THE 25 PICTURE WINNERS

Harry Atkinson, Urbana, Ill.; Jim Card, Jr., Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio; Edgar R. Emery, Norristown, Pa.; Bruce Hardy, Lakewood, Ohio; Brooks Jenkins, New Hampton, N. H.; M. Houston Johnson, Brazil, Ind.; John S. Lea, Knoxville, Tenn.; Bob McCord, Indianapolis, Ind.; John Pentenburg, Lima, Ohio; Walter Daniel Poe, Raleigh, N. C.; John R. Prann, New Haven, Conn.; Bernhard A. Roth, Athol, Mass.; Lee Schaidt, Jr., Cumberland, Md.; Norman R. Siewert, Houghton, Mich.; Vadim Sounitza, Los Angeles, Calif.; Shelby E. Southard, Birmingham, Ala.; Bob Stansbury, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Kenneth D. Symington, London, Ont.; Rae Tuttle, Shaker Heights, Cleveland, Ohio; Duane Utgard, Dallas, Texas; Floyd Vinson, Colville, Wash.; Paul Ward, Fallston, Md.; Richard David Wells, Marblehead, Mass.; Milton Williams, Jr., Barnesville, Ga.; Harold G. Wyse, Dayton, Ohio.

HONORABLE MENTION

Donald Braman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Ernest Chick, Emerson, N. J.; Charles Dohn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Edwin Reed Fay, Tucson, Ariz.; Paul Ferguson, Toronto, Kan.; Stanley H. Fried, Baltimore, Md.; Joseph Lee Geiger, Lake Butler, Fla.; Lem Gibbons, Hamlet, N. C.; Robert Edward Hallowell, Charleston, Ill.; Worth T. Harder, Toledo, Ohio; Duane W. Koenig, Fort Atkinson, Wis.; Carl Kopplin, Blue Earth, Minn.; Lyman C. Lutes, Edinburg, Ind.; William J. Millard, El Paso, Tex.; George H. Muedeking, Columbus, Ohio; Warren E. Schmidt, Madison, Wis.; Carl Sherer, Howard Lake, Minn.; Don Walker, Los Angeles, Calif.

In the Clutch (*Continued from page 12*)

fight with—a fast ball, slow ball, and curve. If you take away his best weapon and the other team finds out about it—especially a cool-headed hitting team like Lawrence—you're in the soup. I walked out to the mound. "Think you can throw one curve?" I asked Pete.

His face paled. "I'll try," he said.

I got one strike on the next man and then called for the curve. It came to me just like the ball he had pitched to me in warmup—wide and straight. The batter fell back to get out of the way of the pitch, but he was too late. The ball thumped him in the shoulder.

Men on first and second and Orebaugh up. A grim, businesslike Orebaugh who knew that he had only to watch out for a change of pace.

This time he wasted no words kidding me. Motionlessly he waited until a fast ball came over letter high, then shortening his grip he laid a beautiful bunt down the third base line. Soup refused to be caught napping. He swooped in on the ball like a vengeful pursuiter and whipped a throw to Algaard that took every bit of stretch in the Swede's long body. The ball beat Orebaugh by a step.

We held a conference then. Second and third were occupied and only one out. Simonds, clean-up batter, at the plate. After some debate we decided to walk Simonds and move the infield back for a double play.

Simonds taunted me as Pete threw him the fourth wide ball. "It's the beginning of the end, old man. Pete is Santa's gift to Lawrence."

We were the victims of tough luck on the next batter. Twice, it seemed to me, Pete's slow ball nicked the plate, but the umpire saw it differently. Pete got a fast ball over, then, but his next pitch was again wide. And now we *were* in a box. With the count three and one, it would be fatal to send over a cripple. I called for a fast pitch inside and for once Pete's control wobbled. The ball came in chin high and the batter walked, forcing in a run.

The tying run was on third, the winning run on second. The stands, weighted down by premonition, were calling frantic encouragement. One voice, loud above the rest, said plainly: "Same old story!" and I saw Pete wince as if somebody had struck him. I walked out to him.

"Keep your chin up," I told him. "This ball game is still ours."

As I walked back to the plate, however, I knew that Pete was again tumbling from the apple tree, falling on that finger, doubling it into the back of his hand. His eyes were haunted.

On the very first ball pitched, Furman, the next batter, lifted a towering fly over third. Soup turned tail and ran for it. So did Jerry Donlin. The ball, one of those cloud-grazers, was farther out than Soup had thought and Jerry reached it first, standing almost on the side lines.

And then a strange thing happened. Jerry was just about to take the ball when Soup bumped him away in a perfect football block. There was a gasp of dismay as the ball landed foul by a bare foot. Soup had taken a long chance!

Out on the mound Pete threw his glove to the ground. I walked out to find him staring red-faced at the incoming Soup Bohn.

"Soup did the right thing," I told Pete sharply. "If Jerry had caught that fly the runner on third might have scored after the catch! The tying run would have been in. Don't you see? The ball was foul!"

Slowly Pete's expression changed. He picked up his glove and dusted it off. "I just lost control. I'm sorry."

"I'm counting on your *not* losing control," I told him severely.

Pete held his breath an instant. "Okay," he said at last.

Pete knew, and I knew, and the team knew, that the issue was squarely up to the pitcher and catcher. Soup Bohn, with his football block, had put it up to us. Instead of the batter being out, he merely had a strike. And we were still a run ahead.

That fly ball had been a surprise to me because Furman was a chop hitter, a man who choked his stick and took a short cut at the ball. Under the circumstances he was the most dangerous kind of batter to face. We might be able to fool a free swinger with fast balls pitched on the inside, past the handle. But without a curve it would be hard to fool a chop hitter.

Not only would Pete have to pitch every ball just right, but I'd have to call them just right.

"We're going to get this man," I told Pete with a confidence I didn't feel. "And you're going to put the ball right where I tell you."

Pete drew a deep breath and let it out in a long, shaky sigh. "I can do it," he murmured doggedly.

I walked back to the plate and as I crouched down I noticed that Furman was standing well back in the batter's box—a strange thing for a chop hitter, and I suspected skullduggery. I called for a slow ball outside. He'd have a hard time reaching it.

The ball wafted over and Furman evidently decided that it was going to be good because he danced forward two full hops, all set to swing, before he changed his mind and watched it drift past. The umpire yelled, "Ball!"

"So that's your game!" I murmured to myself. "Hopping forward to meet the slow one. Well, hop again!"

I could see Furman's fingers tighten around the handle. The count was one and one. He knew that with the bases loaded and one run in we couldn't afford to waste any pitches.

The pitch came over like a streak of light and Furman's forward hop betrayed him. He didn't swing until the ball was in my mitt. Strike two.

My heart sang a song! No apple trees on that! I looked out at Pete and grinned. Then I saw that Furman had decided to quit fooling. He had stepped forward to the center of the batter's box and stood there motionless and collected.

"Another fast one," a small voice told me. "Low."

Furman saw it come over and with accurate judgment let it go by for ball two. The calm way in which he waited wiped the grin from my face and started the sweat popping.

In desperation I reviewed Furman's record. So far, in the two-game series, he had slashed four singles over second. Nothing but singles, over second.

"He swung late one," I thought to myself. "Naturally, in a pinch like this, he'll expect Pete to hear down with everything he's got. He'll be set for speed, and he'll try not to swing late again. In that case, if we feed him a slow ball over the plate, he'll pull it into Hoffman's hands, or Soup's."

I gave the slow-ball sign and looked over the infield. Tex moved over closer to second. Hoffie took a pace toward third. They had caught my sign and the left side of the diamond was tight.

Well, the stage was set for a double killing, if Pete had the nerve to deliver a cripple right over the plate. I could see him moisten his lips. There was a deathly stillness in the stand.

Then Pete stepped to the rubber and took a full wind-up. The runners all stayed close to their bases, playing safe. Three long seconds of agony while Pete's arm drew back in a perfect fast-ball motion. His body came forward with a tremendous stride, the arm flipped out like a lashing whip—and the ball slowly floated from his fingers as big and white as a balloon, coming straight for my glove. I breathed a prayer.

Furman started to chop, hesitated even as he started, saw the ball coming through the heart of the plate, and resumed his swing. He met it out in front and drove it toward left.

It reached Soup on the second bound. All in one flowing motion Soup gathered it in and underhanded it to Tex at second. Tex took one step toward the diamond and threw from the shoulder to Algaard. The runner on third had crossed the plate but it didn't count. The game was over.

Soup and I reached Pete at the same time. Soup stuck out his hand.

"Swell work," he said gruffly. "But why didn't you throw your curve?"

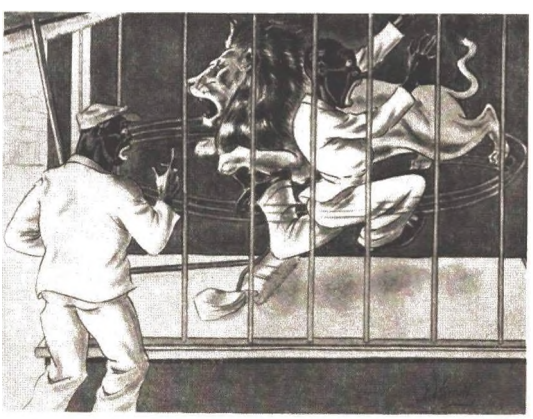
I laughed, more to release my pent-up emotion than anything. "He didn't have a curve!" I had to shout to make myself heard above the crowd.

Soup's rocklike brows lifted. "You mean you pitched three innings without a curve?" he asked unbelievingly.

"I found something to take its place," Pete said with a far-away look in his eyes.

Soup wasn't dumb. "In that case," he said, still gruffly, "they'll have a hard time beating you from now on. If anybody says you can't pitch in the clutch send 'em around to me."

I looked at Pretty standing there, smiling at last. I had the queer impression that he had grown a little taller and straighter and a bit more rugged, like a sailor come home from a stormy voyage. It's fun to see good fellows like that develop into something stronger and finer than they were before. It gives you a warm feeling.



by John Hamill

"Slow down, Pitchblend! You runnin' from Leo so fast he think you chasin' him!"

Mountain Railroader

(Continued from page 14)

on the runway, hanging to the sides with his hands.

He raised his head and squinted toward the engine. The train was still running out of control, but about a mile away he saw the little depot of Snowdon, the end of the four-per-cent grade. If they could hold the rails to there, they would be able to halt the 3,500 tons of sluggish weight. By the time the train was thundering over the east siding switch at Snowdon, Teddy was on his knees again and before it finally halted he had gained his feet, though he was still groggy.

Hardrock and Culp had set the hand brakes almost to the car Teddy was riding. With a growled command to Culp, Hardrock leaped across the opening between the last two cars and halted before the young brakeman, his face frozen into lines of contempt. For ten seconds he silently stared at Teddy as if measuring him. Teddy tried to grin reassuringly, but the attempt was feeble.

"I'm all right," he said. "I was sort of knocked out for a few seconds."

"Knocked out is right!" Hardrock's voice quivered with anger. "Knocked out by a streak of yellow! You've made your last trip on caboose 0577, kid." And without waiting for any explanation from Teddy, he turned away.

As Hardrock stamped off, Teddy tried to frame words, tried to shout in defense of himself, but his voice was dried up in his throat. He knew that Hardrock believed him a coward who had dropped on his face to the running board at the first sign of danger and clung there till the danger was over.

The balance of the trip was a nightmare to Teddy. After leaving Snowdon he went over to the engine. Without a word to the two men in the cab, he edged past the fireman and perched himself on the brakeman's seat. He rode looking straight ahead except for the few times he twisted his neck to see that nothing was dragging under any of the freight cars. What did the engineer and the fireman think of him? Just what Hardrock did, likely! A dozen times Teddy was ready to cross the clashing deck and grab the sphinx-faced engineer by the shoulder and tell him how the club had been twisted from his hands, how it had struck him and knocked him groggy. But each time he held back. The engineer was probably another man cast in the same die as Hardrock and wouldn't understand.

On the return trip, nothing out of the ordinary routine happened. Teddy tried to do his work—he'd rustled another brake club—but neither Culp Daniels nor Hardrock Musgrove spoke a word to him. The engine crew ignored him too. He had been measured in an emergency and found wanting. He was washed up on the Mountain Division. The news would carry. What if he was the super's kid? That only made the situation worse. His personal actions had stamped him as a misfit in the roaring game.

When their train came to a safe halt in Cleora, Teddy got his small valise out of the caboose and turned his face homeward. Hardrock had told him he had made his last trip on caboose 0577 and Teddy knew the conductor's word was law.

Hardrock strode into the yardmaster's office, slapped his waybills on the desk, and jerked the register toward him. He wrote rapidly, jabbing his pencil into the sheet of paper. Finally he shoved back, and scowled at the trainmen's board on which all crews were marked up.

"How's the new brakeman?" asked the yardmaster's clerk.

Hardrock rumbled like a volcano. "Got another man to put in his place?" he demanded.

"Another man? What's the matter with young Anderson?"

"Yellow."

"But we haven't got another brakeman, Mr. Musgrove. Too bad. We'd like to give you an extra good man, for you're taking out the Lettuce Excursion."

"Lettuce Excursion, huh?" grumbled Hardrock, but his stony features softened a trifle. Mary Lou, his daughter, would be in the happy crowd riding the Lettuce Excursion in the morning—and he would be conductor. This excursion was a yearly event, going from Cleora to Vista, twenty-five miles west. Vista was the center of a vast head-lettuce-growing country and each year they enthusiastically celebrated their crop with a rodeo and a general celebration.

"I'll have to put up with the Anderson kid another trip," grunted Hardrock, "but better have another man to take his place when we get back. He's no good!" He stamped out.

In less than thirty minutes the whole Mountain Division knew Teddy Anderson had fallen down on Hardrock's crew, knew Hardrock called him "yellow," and figured Teddy was probably a better college graduate than he was a brakeman.

Teddy rode the locomotive next morning when the Lettuce Excursion left Cleora. Neither Hardrock nor Culp had spoken to him when he came down to work, and both engine men ignored the young brakeman. Behind the locomotive were seven day coaches filled with pleasure seekers, gay excursionists, slim, vivid-faced Mary Lou Musgrove being one of the gayest. Hardrock's caboose, the 0577, was coupled on the rear end.

At Vista, the special unloaded her laughing, chattering passengers; then pulled up and backed into a long siding to wait for the return trip late that afternoon. The main line was on the left and on the other side of it was another sidetrack. A lone steel coal gondola sat on the other siding. The grade here dropped sharply to the east.

Teddy loafed around the station all the forenoon. The excursion crowd scattered itself over the town of Vista. Early in the afternoon a few of the passengers came straggling back toward the station. Hardrock and Culp and the engine men were with them. Mary Lou and a chum were with Hardrock, and Mary Lou was teasing him, her hand slipped affectionately through his arm.

Teddy sat on the end of a tie on the main line of the excursion train, watching the three and wondering at Hardrock's evident enjoyment of Mary Lou's teasing. Teddy was downhearted. He knew that Hardrock had asked to have him pulled off his crew, and he knew too that the Mountain Division railroaders thought he was yellow. As Hardrock and the two girls passed out of sight, Teddy sat on, frowning at the landscape.

Presently Mary Lou and her chum came around the rear end of the train. Teddy's eyes fellowed them gloomily as they sauntered up the main line laughing and talking. Mary Lou glanced at the empty gondola, said something to her chum, and the two walked over beside it. The chum, after a moment, started up the ladder on the side and, looking back, evidently dared Mary Lou to follow her. Mary Lou laughed and followed, and both girls soon dropped down on the floor of the car.

Perhaps a brakeman had been careless when the gondola had been set out there. Perhaps a hand brake was

defective. Whatever the reason, the girls' movements swayed the gondola enough so it suddenly moved off, down the side track. Teddy leaped to his feet! His gaze flashed instantly down below the gondola, looking for the derailer which should guard that track. The derailer was not in place!

Mary Lou gave a scream and tried to scramble to the top edge of the car, but it was shoulder high and she fell back. The car whipped up speed.

Hardrock and Culp came running around the locomotive, and Culp leaped toward the runaway car. But he tripped on a clinker and sprawled between the tracks, and by the time he had scrambled to his feet the car was just swaying toward the main line.

"Cut off the engine an' we'll catch the gondola with her!" roared Hardrock.

"No use!" Teddy gasped under his breath. By the time they could get the engine cut off, moved forward to the main line, and then down the main, the gondola would be over a mile away.

"They'll smash into Number One! She's due here in thirty minutes!" yelled Hardrock, gray-faced.

Teddy barely heard; he was sprinting with every ounce of his speed toward the caboose. A crazy idea whirled through his head. The caboose had a good hand brake on it. It was closest to the gondola and wouldn't have to be run up to the main and then back down it again.

He made the dash to the coupling between the caboose and the rear coach in almost nothing flat. He jerked the pin on the coupling, tore the air hose apart, then ran toward the bleed rod to let off the set air brake on the caboose. The air seemed to hiss out as slowly as the march of time.

Finally with a reluctant wheeze the piston went into the cylinder and the brake shoes dropped loose. The caboose moved sluggishly down the track with Teddy shoving against the rear of it.

He was forced to leap wildly to pull himself to the rear platform. Straightened on it, he looked back. Hardrock was standing in the middle of the main line dancing a jig and swinging his arms. Culp was motioning the engineer ahead.

The caboose struck the switch and the wheels went through the points. Teddy tore through the caboose and halted on the front platform. Half a mile away the gondola swayed down the track with the two white-faced girls looking over the edge at him.

The gondola disappeared around a curve. The caboose gained speed rapidly, but not rapidly enough to suit Teddy. He knew that if the brakes on the gondola were entirely loose the heavy steel van would outrun his caboose with no trouble, but if, as he prayed, the gondola brakes dragged a little, then he would catch it in time. And that time must be before the gondola met Number One!

Although the sidehill cuts whizzed past the caboose in a flashing line, Teddy crouched forward as if trying to get more speed. He caught another glimpse of the gondola ahead and saw that the distance between them had materially lessened.

Soon he was less than a quarter of a mile from the runaway. It disappeared around another curve. Teddy flashed around with flanges screaming under the caboose. There was the gondola only two hundred yards from him. Clinging with one hand to the brake wheel, he leaned ahead and tried to shout encouragement to the girls but his words were whipped back in his teeth by the wind.

A hundred yards—fifty! Teddy was on his knees now, hand grasping the coupling to steer it into the one on the gondola. Twenty-five feet—twenty! Then time seemed to stand still—the two couplings stayed that distance apart for what seemed an eternity.

At last, ten feet — five! Teddy reached out and his free hand curled around the grab iron on the end of the gondola. The two couplings came closer together. Now the knuckles were touching. Teddy gritted his teeth and heaved. Suddenly his hand slipped and he went forward hanging head down between the two cars. Something smashed against his left arm and he heard a bone crack like a stick of kindling wood. He went deathly sick all over with the pain, but through numbed consciousness he saw the couplings click together.

With a convulsive heave he pulled himself back on the caboose platform. Heedless of the arm that dangled uselessly at his side, he grasped the brake wheel on the caboose with his right hand and began heaving on it. Brake shoes ground against the wheels. Their speed slackened slowly but steadily.

Flecks of light dancing before his eyes, Teddy kept pulling on the brake wheel. Now their speed was down to a walk. Sweat ran into his eyes and he shook his head so it wouldn't blind him. With brake shoes clattering against the wheels underneath, he straightened and his gaze thrust ahead.

Less than half a mile below them appeared a plume of black smoke. Number One! Teddy was on the ground racing ahead before they halted. He stumbled around a curve, glancing back to make sure the gondola and caboose were not following. They had come to a complaining stop. With a sigh of relief he set himself to the task of halting Number One.

She was on him almost before he had time to leap from between the rails, but the engineer caught his stop signal and set his brakes. Half the train was past him when it halted. The engineer came running back.

"Runaway gondola and caboose around that next curve," panted Teddy. Then his knees buckled under him and he slumped down on a tie. "I'm all right," he grinned weakly. "Just—sort of tuckered out."

It was a much subdued Hardrock Musgrove and a solemn-faced Culp Daniels who coupled the engine into the runaway cars and started back toward Vista with them. Teddy rode inside the caboose, his left arm done in crude splints.

"Kid," Hardrock suddenly rumbled, "you was the only man who had his head cut in when that gondola walked off with my Mary Lou on it. We'd never caught it with our engine before it smacked into Number One."

"That's all right, Mr. Musgrove." Teddy's face flushed with embarrassment. "It seemed the best way to me."

"I'm sorry about the way I talked to you the other day below Snowdon," went on Hardrock.

"You just didn't understand. You see, my brake club slipped from the wheel and knocked me groggy. I was out for a little while. I'm clumsy, Mr. Musgrove, but I'll learn to keep my feet—maybe."

"Not Mr. Musgrove," boomed the conductor. "I'm Hardrock."

Next morning when Hardrock and Culp came into the yardmaster's office, Hardrock glared at the train crew's board. "I see yuh got another brakeman marked up with me," he growled at the clerk.

"Yes, sir. He's one of our best brakemen, too," said the clerk.

"Yeah, he's one of our best," Hardrock admitted, "but not the best. Not by a long shot! The best brakeman we got on this Mountain Division is Teddy Anderson. He's off with a broken arm right now, but if he ain't marked up with me on the 0577 soon as he gets well I'll turn this yard office upside down an' wrong side out. Am I right, Culp?" he shot toward his rear brakeman.

"Right as butter, Hardrock."

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

Close Harmony

A traveler in Scotland observed an old couple arguing in the road, and asked the cause of the dispute. "We're no deesputin' at all," answered the man; "we're baith the same mind. I hae got a half-crown in my pooch an' she thinks she's no gawn to get it—an' I think the same."

Encores on Toast

Theatrical Agent: "Good news! I've booked your performing pigeons for a six weeks' tour."

Down-at-the-heels Trouper: "Too late—too late! I've just eaten the act."

Equal

A very thin man met a very fat one in the hotel corridor. "From the look of you," said the latter, "there might be a famine."

"Yes," was the reply, "and from the look of you, you might have caused it."

The Reason

Dog Fancier: "Fine bulldog you have there, sir. What do you call him?"

Mr. Textile: "Oh, I call him 'Weaver.'"

Dog Fancier: "'Weaver!' Never heard of such a name. Why do you call him 'Weaver?'"

Mr. Textile: "Well, his legs are warped and he woofs."

Halt

Bright Soldier (on sentry duty): "Halt! Who goes there?"

Recruit: "A soldier with doughnuts."

Bright Soldier: "Pass, soldier. Halt, doughnuts."

Unharmed

He: "Did you hear about Pete? He drank some sulphuric acid by mistake."

She: "Hurt him?"

He: "No, he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief every time he blew his nose."

"You might have known that cement would harden, dummy!"

And Then Words Failed Him

A sufferer who lives close to a railroad yard in a suburb wrote the railroad company complaining about the racket made by a switch engine:

"Gentlemen: Why is it that your switch engine has to ding and dong and fizz and spit and clang and bang and hiss and bell and wail and pant and rant and howl and yowl and grate and grind and puff and bump and cleck and clank and chug and moan and hoot and toot and crash and grunt and gasp and groan and whistle and wheeze and squawk and blow and jar and jerk and rasp and jingle and twang and clack and rumble and jangle and ring and chatter and clatter and yelp and howl and hum and snarl and puff and growl and thump and boom and clash and jolt and jostle and shake and screech and snort and snarl and slam and throb and crink and quiver and rumble and roar and rattle and yell and smoke and smell and shriek all night long?"

Short, Short, Short Story

Two worms were digging in earnest—Poor Earnest!

Defined

Professor: "State the difference between a scientist and a salesman."

Frosh: "Well—a scientist is a man who knows a great deal about a very little and keeps learning more and more about less and less until he knows everything about nothing, but a salesman is a man who knows a little bit about a great deal and keeps on learning less and less about more and more until he knows nothing about everything."

Foot-loose

David: "I caught my foot on the stairs."

Billie: "How far had you chased it?"

Wise Polly

A parrot who was inclined to use profanity was punished for swearing by dipping into cold water.

One day the mistress came in carrying two little chickens that had been wet by the rain. Polly spied them. Cocking his head to one side, he said, "Well, you little devils, been swearing, haven't you?"

Plenty of Room

Patient: "Is my mouth open wide enough, dentist?"

Dentist: "Oh, yes, ma'am! I shall stand outside while drawing the tooth."

Water-Tank Accommodation

An American in England was giving some illustrations of the size of his country.

"You can board a train in the State of Texas at dawn," he said, impressively, "and twenty-four hours later you'll still be in Texas!"

"Yes," said one of his English listeners with feeling, "we've got trains like that here, too."

A Plain Worm

"Is your husband a bookworm?"

"No, just an ordinary one."

Badly Putt Out

Scotch Golfer (to members ahead): "Pardon, would you mind if I played through? I've just heard that my wife is seriously ill."

A Pertinent Question

Tom Cat: "Is it a fight to the finish or for five out of nine lives?"

China does not recognize Manchukuo; hence this "stamp without a country." It carries mail from Manchukuo into China.

STAMPS

by

Kent B. Stiles

U. S. "Souvenir" Sheets Made Available to Collectors

As a result of the criticism directed at Postmaster General James A. Farley during recent months in collectors' magazines and in indignant letters to the Post Office Department, a deluge of new stamps appeared in Washington on March 15.

When issuing New Deal perforated stamps of the Roosevelt Administration, Mr. Farley had a limited number of sheets of certain issues run off in imperforate form, without gum, and presented them to relatives and friends. In this way he produced "unofficial" new varieties. Some of the ungummed imperf. sheets found their way to the philatelic market, and since the value of stamps is based on the familiar "law of supply and demand," the sheets were soon bringing fancy prices.

So collectors complained. Here were distinct varieties not to be had at normal cost. Washington was made a target of philatelic criticism, and the stamp journals and newspaper columnists took up the hue and cry.

On February 6 the Post Office Department released a statement that "because of the possibility that in the future some of these sheets might find their way into the hands of the public and be given fictitious and unwarranted values, the Department has decided to take one step possible to eliminate this for all time. The Department will place on sale, through the Philatelic Agency at Washington, imperforate sheets of all issues of which imperforate 'specimen' or 'souvenir' sheets have already been run, and these will be printed in sufficient numbers to meet the request of all collectors." And the statement concluded with the following sentence:

"Orders have been issued that hereafter no sheets of any stamp will be allowed outside of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing except in the form in which the stamp is available to the public over the counter."

On March 15 the Government placed on sale, at the Agency, ungummed imperf. sheets of the Century of Progress 1c and 3c "souvenir" issue; Byrd Expedition 3c "souvenir"; Mother's Day (flat plate) 3c; Wisconsin Tercentenary 3c; National Parks Year 1c to 10c regular; National Parks Year "souvenir" 1c and 3c; and the combination air mail and special delivery 16c. Also ungummed, but *perforated*, Proclamation of Peace 3c; and Byrd Expedition regular 3c.

These stamps are not on sale at post offices generally. Of certain issues, blocks of four may be purchased but of the others complete sheets must be bought. Accordingly, to get them, it will be necessary for you to write to the Philatelic Agency in advance for details. Address, Philatelic Agency, Division of Stamps, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C. And inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Meanwhile the Department, after announcing that the Connecticut Tercentenary 3c would not appear until next October, said in March that the date of release probably would be advanced to April 26, when the people of the Nutmeg State begin their celebration. It was indicated unofficially that the design would be a map of Connecticut showing the cities of Hartford, Windsor and Wethersfield, where the earliest white arrivals established settlements.

Silver Jubilee

SEVERAL months ago I foreshadowed stamps to commemorate the 25th year of the reign of King George and Queen Mary. It now transpires that approximately 200 pieces of bi-colored postal paper will appear on May 6, the anniversary of the date the two rulers were crowned. These will be in use until Dec. 31 to the exclusion of other stamps of corresponding values in the following countries releasing the special issues:

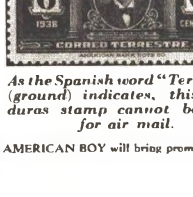
Antigua, Ascension, Australia, Bahamas, Barbados, Basutoland, Bechuanaland Protectorate, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, Canada, Cayman Islands, Ceylon, Cyprus, Dominica, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia, Gibraltar, Gilbert and Ellice, Gold Coast, Great Britain, Grenada, Hong Kong, India, Jamaica, Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, Leeward Islands, Malta, Mauritius, Montserrat, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Nigeria, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, St. Kitts-Nevis, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Somaliland, Southern Rhodesia, Solomon Islands, Straits Settlements, Swaziland, Trinidad, Turks & Caicos Islands, Union of South Africa, Virgin Islands.

This Vatican City stamp commemorates the International Judicial Congress at Rome in 1934.

Each will issue three or four low values, so the collector's cost for all the stamps will not be unduly excessive. A portrait of King George and a view of Windsor Castle will comprise the uniform design for the colonies, but Great Britain and the Dominions are making their own selections. The dates 1910 and 1935 are inscribed.

Other Commemoratives

POLITICAL, commercial and cultural friendships are being strengthened among some of the South American countries through personal visits being exchanged by the republics' presidents. Brazil used stamps in 1933 to commemorate the coming of President Justo of Argentina. Early in 1935 President Terra of Uruguay arrived in Brazil and again special stamps appeared—200, 300, 700 and 1,000 reis inscribed *Visita do Presidente Terra*.



As the Spanish word "Terrestre" (ground) indicates, this Honduras stamp cannot be used for air mail.

Barranquilla in Colombia was the scene of the 1935 (Third) Latin-American Olympic Games, and Colombia issued commemoratives with some of the designs symbolizing various forms of competition

STAMPS CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

—soccer (2 centavos), discus-throwing (4c); athlete saluting, with stadium in background (5c); track (7c); tennis (8c); hurdling (10c); baseball (18c); and swimming (24c). Supplementing these is a series issued by Salvador.

President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia was 85 years old in March, and his birthday brought special stamps bearing his likeness.

Finland's national epos is called *Kalavala*, dealing with the folklore and traditions of the Finnish race. Early in the 19th Century, Dr. Elias Lonnrott, philologist, wandered from place to place in the remote districts and learned from the peasants all that they knew regarding the ballads and poems and stories which were a mixture of symbolism and realism. In 1835 he published the first edition of the *Kalavala*. So now we find *Kalavala* and *Suomi* (Finland) and the dates 1835 and 1935 inscribed on centenary stamps —1¼ marka red, 2m brown and 2½m blue with quaint designs suggestive of the primeval literature which Lonnrott assembled during his travels.

Another philatelic exhibition takes place in June, at Konigsberg; and Germany promises 3 pfennigs, 6pf, 12pf and 25pf stamps illustrating famous castles. Meanwhile designs are being selected for the 1936 Olympic Games stamps which Germany will issue.

This Philippine Island stamp depicts the Battle of Manila Bay.

About two centuries ago there lived a man, Franz Rakoczy, whose birth, rank, wealth and brilliant qualities made him a natural leader of the Magyar nation. Protagonist of the Hungarian independence movement, he was Francis II of Transylvania, born in 1676. Francis II died on April 8, 1735; and now Hungary postally recalls his passing. These commemoratives, which bring his portrait to philately's gallery for the first time, are in values of 10, 16, 20, 32 and 40 fillers.

On December 8, 65 B.C., was born Quintus Horatius Flaccus—Horace, the famous Roman poet. So this coming December 8 will mark the 2,000th anniversary, and Italy promises bimillenary stamps. It happens that two years later, in 63 B.C., was born Gaius Julius Caesar Octavanius, otherwise Emperor Augustus. In 1937 he will have been dead twenty centuries, so another Italian bimillenary series is in prospect. Horace will be a newcomer to our gallery.

Collectors who entered the *Normandie* contest, winners of which are announced in this issue, will be interested in the announcement that the French government is issuing a special stamp to commemorate the maiden voyage of the *Normandie* which sails from France for New York on May 29. The stamp is a 1 franc, 50 centimes blue, and pictures the *Normandie*.

February brought delayed San Marino stamps which, inscribed *Fondazione dei Fasci*—10 *Agosto*, 1922-1934, were to have been issued last August to recall the twelfth anniversary of the *fondazione* (founding) of Fascism in this tiny republic. The uniform design is Mount Titano, familiar to most of San Marino's postal paper. The seven values range from 5 centesimi to 1 lira 25c.

Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, Spanish dramatist and poet, died on August 27, 1635, in his 73rd year, and Spain promises a tercentenary stamp with his portrait. Founder of the Spanish theatre, his epics, pastorals, odes and sonnets placed him in the front rank of the authorship of his period.

Vatican City has released six stamps, 5 centesimi to 1 lira 25c, recalling the International Judicial Congress held in Rome in 1934. The two designs are from paintings by that great Italian master, Raphael Sanzio. One depicts the promulgation of the Justinian Code and the other the seventh centenary of the Gregorian Decree.

Other Newcomers

THERE are two interesting features of a new series of "regulars" and air stamps from Honduras. One is that the portrait on the 6 centavos brown is that of Thomas Estrada Palma, a Cuban. Palma was Cuba's first president who left his native land after retiring from office to become postal director of Honduras. The other feature is that the "regulars" bring to philately for the first time the Spanish word *terrestre* (meaning "ground"). The significance is that these stamps are specifically not for use on flown mail. Air stamps bear the wordings *interno e internacional* and *correo aereo*, or national and international air postage. You fellows whose fathers are Masons will want to show them the 1c green, because it illustrates the Masonic Temple at Tegucialpa. The 2c red bears a likeness of the Honduran President, Dr. Y Gral Tiburcio Carias A.

Manchukuo has issued four stamps which do not carry the country's name! The reason for this is that China has steadfastly refused to recognize the Japan-sponsored Manchukuo — so this new postal paper is exclusively for use on letters to China! Mount Chang-pei is illustrated on the 4 fen olive and 12f red-brown; and Manchukuo's star-shaped emblem on the 2f green and 8f orange.

In March Prajadhipok abdicated as king of Siam, and Ananda Mahidol, his eleven-year-old nephew, succeeded him. Prince Ananda will rule under a Council of Regency until he attains his majority. Watch for Siamese stamps with a portrait of Ananda.

Do You Know That--

Railway cars are now being built with rubber tires? The pneumatic tires, mounted inside a steel rim, absorb all the shocks and bumps.

A valve installed in the Boulder Dam weighs 240,300 pounds?

Deer are fond of sunflowers? Michigan conservation men set out patches of sunflowers, buckwheat, soy beans, Canadian field peas, millet, and other fodder. Deer ate from all the sunflower patches. They liked the buckwheat, too, but passed up the millet.

America has diplomatic representatives in 53 foreign countries and consular representatives in 325 leading cities of the world?

Pay in the foreign service ranges from $2,500 to $10,000?

Rattlesnakes are lazy? Frequently they strike a rat as it runs by. The rat begins unsteady circling movements, falls over, twitches momentarily, and dies. Whereupon the rattler eats. James N. Gowanloch, Louisiana biologist, has seen it done.

Many Alaskan coast towns have higher average temperatures than our inland states?

Beware the Big Chooi!

(Continued from page 15)

respecting lion, we had captured the spotted gunman of the veldt. To me that meant one thing—pictures!

I slung my motion picture camera over my shoulder and we started out on the four-mile ride to the trap, Campbell and I on ponies, a servant holding the pack of dogs on a leash, and the Zulus crowding along in front and behind.

As we approached the trap the leopard was hidden by the circle of natives but we could hear his snarls. We dismounted and broke through the ring of shouting men, Campbell with his rifle, I with my camera strapped to my chest, and the servant holding the eagerly whimpering dogs.

Natives are prone to exaggerate, and when they had said *"big chooi,"* I had discounted it. But this fellow *was* big. He would measure 7½ feet from nose to tail! One front paw was caught in the trap and he was in a mean temper. Campbell got ready to shoot.

"Wait a minute!" I yelled. "Let me get some pictures!"

My eyes glued to the sights, my head bent down, I advanced toward the beast, intent on the job of focusing.

Campbell must have been as excited as I at the size of the leopard. At any rate he ignored my warning and fired, and his shot, instead of hitting a vulnerable spot, tore through the leopard's jaw. The beast leaped and tugged and writhed.

"Hold it a bit!" I yelled at Campbell, and advanced closer, all the time looking down. By this time, I was less than fifteen feet from the leopard—closer than anyone else.

For some reason Campbell shot again, and this shot had the worst of all possible results. It broke the trap and freed the leopard. There I stood, looking into my black box, giving the animal every reason to think that I was the sole cause of all his misery.

The silence of horror fell over the ring of people. Paralysis gripped them. And the paralysis was really what saved me. It caused Campbell's servant to drop the leashes holding the pack of dogs, and before the leopard could gather for the leap the dogs were on him.

What a fight that was! A spotted tornado, attacked by a dozen snarling hurricanes! The dogs had their teeth and their high courage. The leopard had his sharp claws, his fangs, and his desperation.

Had the dogs been faint-hearted, they might not have won the fight. But as soon as one dog fixed his teeth in the leopard, he held on, regardless of writhing body and knifelike claws. And to his aid came every other dog. Blood spattered the arena in front of the wait-a-bit enclosure.

Then it was over, the killer lay dead, and the panting dogs reluctantly withdrew. They made a sorry procession, going back. They walked weakly, with heads down, tongues hanging out, and coats torn and bloody. To me they looked somehow like an army, badly shot up but victorious, returning from the battlefield.

We turned the plantation yard into a first-aid station, and the walking wounded came mutely up to us for treatment. They needed it badly. Underneath a leopard's claws are bits of putrefied flesh from previous kills, and a leopard's scratch nearly always results in a bad case of blood poisoning.

The dogs seemed to understand. Without complaint they crawled to us and let us bathe their raw wounds in potassium permanganate, telling us only by a sudden contraction of muscles that it hurt to have a wet cloth digging deep into torn flesh. All afternoon they waited their turn, until at last every soldier was bandaged and taking a well-earned rest.

They were a mongrel, nondescript lot, but I would like to have pinned a Victoria Cross on each one of them. They had saved my life.

MAY 1935

The YOUTHS COMPANION united with The American Boy Founded 1827

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YOU TRAVEL UNDER A ROOF OF SOLID STEEL

..in the *new*

"TURRET TOP"★ FISHER BODY

★ Registered

Featured on

CHEVROLET (Master De Luxe Series), PONTIAC and OLDSMOBILE

Closed car models for 1935

THE *New* "TURRET TOP"

This is the way the new Fisher "Turret Top" looks — a single seamless sheet of tough drawn steel, steel reinforced with steel like a battleship turret — better-looking, stronger, *safe* with the safety of solid steel

THERE is something satisfyingly NEW in automobile bodies now, something hugely important to every intending buyer of a new closed car.

You can see it for yourself on the 1935 Chevrolets (Master De Luxe Series), Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles — it's the new solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher.

At first glance you will want it for its *beauty*, because it puts a fresh allure into the sweep and contour of the closed car roof.

But far more important than this, it puts *over your head* a protection hitherto missing in all closed cars.

This protection is a roof of seamless-drawn steel, steel braced with steel, like the battleship turret from which it takes its name!

As the largest manufacturers of automobile bodies in the world, we have been working for years to design and perfect this difficult construction.

It was far from a simple job, requiring not only the drawing and forming of unprecedentedly large sheets of tough metal, but the designing even of the huge presses to handle the steel.

Which explains why — despite all you have been enthusiastically told of "all-steel" protection — no one has successfully built a *steel-roofed* automobile body until now.

If you want the most complete protection which steel can give you in an automobile, the new "Turret Top" Body by Fisher meets your desires.

Even the solid steel roof is supported by steel-roof-bows and is welded to the other steel body panels.

There is *no rumble, drum, or rattle* — and the safety "Turret Top" is completely and scientifically insulated against heat and cold as well as against sound.

Finally, the outstanding beauty of Body by Fisher is notably enhanced by the smooth, flowing, uninterrupted arch of the roof.

When you examine Body by Fisher for 1935 you'll find other notable advantages — Fisher No Draft Ventilation, of course, and full streamlining, windstream V-type windshield, wider seats, more headroom, bigger doors, more roominess and other improvements.

And you'll find the solid steel Fisher "Turret Top," now featured on the 1935 Chevrolets (Master De Luxe Series), Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles, just as you will find Body by Fisher, *only* on General Motors cars.

The strongest structure designed by man to withstand outside shock — the turret of the modern battleship. Wholly of steel, arched and crowned for strength, it affords utmost protection to the men who serve the guns, and is the highest development of the principles utilized by Fisher in the new solid steel "Turret Top" for closed cars

BODY by FISHER

PONTIAC CHEVROLET Oldsmobile

* * *

BODY BY FISHER on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY:
CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE
BUICK · LA SALLE · CADILLAC

PEP, POWER, LIFE

r'arin' to go!

Buck Jones, famous Universal Pictures Star. President of the Buck Jones Rangers, on his equally famous horse, Silver.

That's what you get in a thoroughbred horse . . . whether it's a "runner", a "hunter", or a tough, wiry pinto.

'Course these qualities ALONE don't make a Champion . . . not by a jug full. They *also* need stamina to weather the toughest grind and surplus power ready on the split second.

Now take the NEW 1935 Daisys. Every one of them . . . from the sleek little Single Shot, that sells for ONE BUCK to the Super Accurate No. 25 Daisy Pump Gun . . . has Flash, Punch and Power, PLUS built-in Daisy QUALITY—the kind of quality that will take the toughest handling and ask for more. Sounds like sales talk does it? Well listen to these records that DAISY and BULLS EYE just piled up.

In the recent National Father and Son Air Rifle Contest . . . of the 12 winning teams, 11 used Daisys and 7 used Bulls Eye Shot. Of the 12 parents winning individual prizes, 12 used Daisys and 7 used Bulls Eye Shot. Of the 12 boys winning individual prizes, 11 used Daisys and 7 used Bulls Eye Shot. Out of 520 who were awarded Expert Marksmen's Buttons, 441 used Daisys and 371 used Bulls Eye Shot. Out of 568 winners of Prizes and Buttons, 486 used Daisys and 402 used Bulls Eye Shot.

*****(*These figures were furnished by Mr. Frank W. Farnsworth, Executive Secretary of the International Air Rifle League.*)

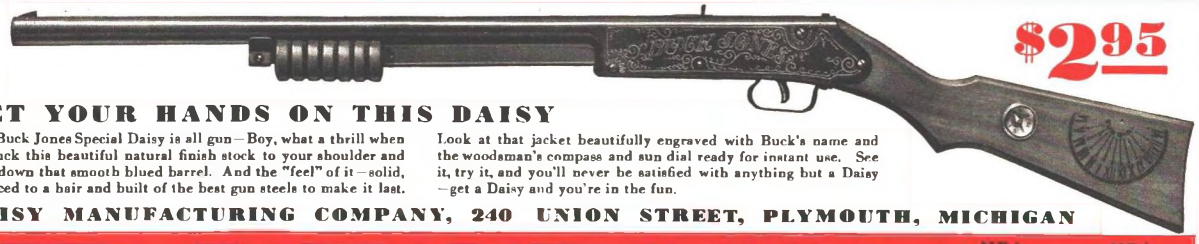
Stop BORROWING!! Go see the swell, well-built line of Daisys at your Dealer's. You'll be tickled pink to find how LITTLE it takes to have a Daisy of YOUR OWN. Get into the FUN with a DAISY.

INSIST ON BULLS EYE COPPROTECT SHOT

Modern, high-powered motors need a high grade, super refined gasoline to make them perform their best. A modern Air Rifle is no different — these new Daisys need a high quality ammunition if you want to get all the performance WE build into them.

Bulls Eye Copprotect Shot is 'tailor made' for Daisys . . . made to our OWN EXACTING SPECIFICATIONS. It's no wonder your Air Rifle works BETTER with BULLS EYE, it's RIGHT.

(*Ask for BULLS EYE by name—It's the ONLY GENUINE 'COPPROTECT' STEEL SHOT.*)



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GET YOUR HANDS ON THIS DAISY

This Buck Jones Special Daisy is all gun—Boy, what a thrill when you tuck this beautiful natural finish stock to your shoulder and sight down that smooth blued barrel. And the "feel" of it—solid, balanced to a hair and built of the best gun steels to make it last.

Look at that jacket beautifully engraved with Buck's name and the woodsman's compass and sun dial ready for instant use. See it, try it, and you'll never be satisfied with anything but a Daisy—get a Daisy and you're in the fun.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 240 UNION STREET, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

DAISY AIR RIFLES

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