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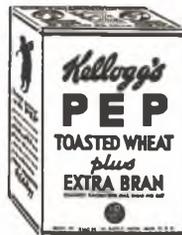
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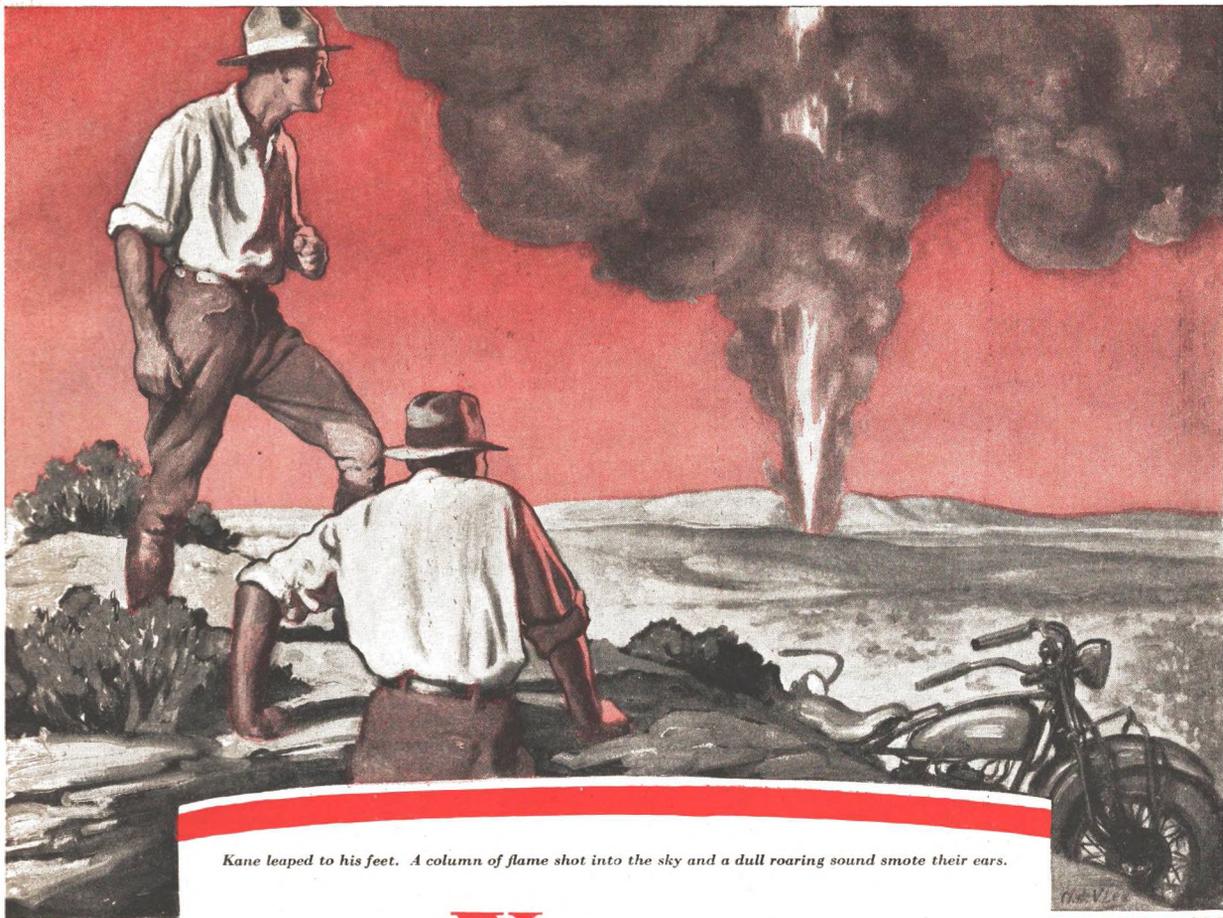
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Kane leaped to his feet. A column of flame shot into the sky and a dull roaring sound smote their ears.

# The X Mystery

*A Fantastic Story of Tomorrow's Science and Adventure*

by

Carl H. Claudy

Illustrator: MANNING deV. LEE

**I**N the center of a vast expanse of rolling Wyoming plain, a log stockade stood. The sandy earth, dotted with sage, was too barren for cattle. There seemed no possible reason why a stockade should be built so far from human habitation and roads. Yet the immense loneliness of the spot was its great advantage to the two men working in the stockade. They wanted no onlookers.

A house of heavy logs stood inside the stockade, near its entrance, and in the clearing behind the house stood a pile of packing cases. The two men were busy ripping off the boards—intent, silent.

The smaller man, a Japanese, looked odd in leggings and corduroy. The taller, an American, was slender and wiry. Both men moved as if they were in the presence of great danger, and the American held one hand constantly on his belt.

"Ready for the tipping mechanism now, I think, Oki," said Alan Kane—Dr. Alan Kane, although he never used the title or referred to the degrees after his name.

On a hand truck Oki wheeled a heavy, medium-sized box over the rough ground to a circle marked with whitewash in the center of the yard. With crowbar and screw driver he opened the case and produced a queer mechanism of

wheels and springs. This he set up in the center of the circle. From a smaller box Dr. Kane lifted a delicate clock. This he tested carefully, then fastened it into the mechanism.

"Now, Oki, if you will see that the motorcycles are filled with gas and warm. . . ."

Oki trotted off obediently to groom the gasoline steeds. When he returned in fifteen minutes Alan Kane stood naked to the waist. Around his torso,

too thin for beauty but healthy with brown skin and tough muscles, were bands of white adhesive tape. The tape bulged slightly at his abdomen and his fingers were touching the bulge with infinite caution.

"Gas horses ready!" announced Oki.

Kane nodded. "Help me rip this stuff off," he said, pointing to the adhesive. "And take it easy!"

Oki did, not only to save his master pain, but out of respect for that bulge over the abdomen.

Five minutes of slow torment and all layers but one were removed. Tenderly Oki loosened the ends until this layer was sticking to the skin only in front.

One minute of tense, delicate work, and Kane held a small platinum bottle in his hand.

"X," he murmured. "X."

For several weeks, now, Kane had carried the bottle next to his skin—the only place he had dared to keep it. Inside were ten grains of crystal—ten grains that had taken him a year to make. While Oki looked on wide-eyed, Kane deposited the bottle in a rack in the spring mechanism. Skilled fingers started the little clock ticking.

"Half an hour after I connect the clock, Oki, the mechanism will tip the bottle and ten grains of X will fall on the ground. By that time we will be at least five miles away.

*A Long Story Complete in This Issue*



Flash lights playing ahead, they moved forward. Brilliant against the blackness, the little cage grew smaller. Alan fought

... I hope. Sure the motorcycles are ready?"

Oki nodded silently.

"Then go start them . . . and don't linger!" Kane waited until he heard the roar of the motorcycles. With delicate fingers and extreme care he unscrewed the top of the metal bottle, connected the clock, gave a last look at the set-up, and ran for the gate. In his stride there was haste—a sudden, overpowering desire to get away from the thing that had lain next to his skin for days. He wanted to scream, to mount his motorcycle and ride and ride, and never look behind him.

Not until he had bounced and slewed his way over five miles of barren Wyoming land did Kane conquer his frantic desire for headlong flight. Then, reluctantly, he throttled down and waved to the grimly riding Oki. Silently they climbed off their hot machines and sat down on a knoll to wait for the last minutes of the half hour to pass. While Kane looked tensely from the stockade, tiny in the distance, to the watch on his wrist, an airplane bored through the sky fifty miles away. But even if it had been closer Kane wouldn't have heard it. All his attention was upon his watch—and the stockade.

"Now, Oki, now!" cried Kane, leaping to his feet. For a long instant they stood rigid, eyes glued to the tiny circle of logs. For an instant there was no change in the structure. Then a column of flame shot into the sky and a dull roaring sound smote their ears. Up, up, up shot belching smoke and flame. Louder and louder roared the explosion, a continuous grinding detonation peculiarly sharp and disagreeable. Kane's breath quickened. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes triumphant—and awed.

"Energy," he muttered. "Enough energy to run all the factories in the United States, going up in smoke!"

The eruption continued audibly for half an hour. Then the noise died away, but the flame and the smoke continued to pour up. In three hours this, too, died down.

"All over?" asked Oki curiously.

"No," answered Kane. "By now X is eating its way miles below the surface. We might as well go back to Ten Sleep. It'll take days, maybe weeks, to cool."

Two men in an airplane saw the smoke and flame. The passenger, whose high cheek bones and hawk-like nose gave his face an Indian cast, smiled. He turned intelligent, unblinking eyes on his swarthy pilot.

"He's done it!" Dr. Rudolph Sechnor shouted. His voice was unemotional, but a fierce light burned in his eyes. "He has made *my* invention work."

"Yours!" the pilot laughed. "You stole his notebook!"

"We worked together—they are as much my notes as his—but what matter?"

The pilot shrugged. The plane circled lazily ten miles from the thunderous column of smoke and flame. Closer it dared not go. The air rocked with the violent eruption and the gases were smothering. A dense, vibrant pall of smoke hid the stockade. But the eyes in Sechnor's hawklike face were content, and the mouth smiled purposefully as the plane headed back the way it had come.

"Mark well the route," he commanded the pilot. Then, with a contemptuous laugh: "Kane thought he could hide from me!"

"Alan!" At the stockade gate a broad-shouldered, thickset man nearly smothered his friend in a bear hug. "Why hide yourself in the sagebrush? And why that telegram? Are you stock raising? What's up, anyhow?"

The visitor shot a volley of questions at Kane as he dragged two bags from the flivver in which he had driven fifty miles from Ten Sleep, paid the driver, and turned toward the high stockade.

"Ted, I'm glad you're here." Alan Kane's words carried heartfelt conviction. These two, classmates at college and partners in more than one adventure involving personal danger, knew and respected each other for opposite qualities.

Ted Dolliver had great strength, loyalty, and care-free, unimaginative courage. Alan Kane, brilliant and keen-witted, was forever conquering his feelings with logic.

Ted Dolliver looked through the entrance at the Japanese standing by the log house.

"Isn't that Oki?" He dropped one bag to shake hands vigorously with the smiling Oki.

Inside the house, as they settled down to camp chairs, Alan turned to Oki. "Any planes?" he asked. Oki held up two fingers.

"I've a microphone and aerial to locate air visitors," explained Alan. "We're miles off the airways, but I'm taking no chances."

"So people are hunting us!" Ted laughed. He looked approvingly at the fireplace, Navajo rugs, skins, and log furniture, and his eyes fell on a shelf full of explosives. "What's that for?" he asked.

"For possible use underground," Alan replied. "Farther underground than anybody's ever been before."

It was characteristic of Ted that he didn't question his friend's statement.

"When do we start?" he asked.

"Let me tell you about it," Alan replied.

There was excitement in Alan's movement as he rose and paced the floor. Ted lit his pipe and relaxed lazily. Suddenly Alan stopped and faced his friend.

"I found X," he said. "And I used it. Ted—it's horrible!"

"What's horrible?" Ted puffed unemotionally on his pipe. "And what's X?"

"I'll tell you," Alan replied. "But first do me a favor. There's a phone beside you. Keep it to your ears ten minutes." His eager voice held a curious quality of fear.

Ted knit heavy brows. Alan Kane, he knew, wasn't easily frightened. He drew the instrument toward him and lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Somebody on the line," he remarked. "Whispering." After a minute or two: "Sounds like a foreign language. Can't understand a thing. . . ."

Alan curled his left arm to stare at his wrist watch. For five minutes he watched Ted with growing excitement. At the sixth minute Ted turned a puzzled and somewhat worried face to the scientist.

"I don't like it," he snapped. "That murmur gets on my nerves. How long do you want me to listen?"

"Four minutes more," Alan said.

Two more minutes and Ted's face was very grave. The hand holding the receiver shook a little. His eyes grew large, and over his lips crept the fighting determination Alan had seen when his companion went to the mat in his wrestling days.

"Time's up!" Alan said at last. "Well?"

Ted put the receiver down, relit his pipe thoughtfully, then faced his host.

"What's on the other end of that phone?" he demanded.

"I don't know!"

"Where is it?"

"Twenty miles down in the earth."

Ted stared, then grunted. He puffed a moment. "Better spill it all, Alan. I don't like your phone! It's—unnatural."

Alan nodded soberly. "Here's the story. Three years ago I began to work on what I call X, a substance which, in contact with any material except



an overpowering desire to return.

gold and platinum, causes instant atomic disintegration. Explodes matter into protons and electrons. I worked with Rudolph Sechnor. He had ideas on the same subject and—

"... was a rotter as I remember," interrupted Ted. "He stole my notebooks and tried to go on alone. I parted company with him and finally I perfected the stuff. Six months ago Sechnor came to my lab and suggested renewing the partnership. He probably had bumped into troubles and figured I was getting somewhere."

"Just like him!" Ted puffed smoke rings. "When I turned him down you should have seen his face. Hate! Frustrated ambition!" Alan paused. "I came out here—secretly."

"Where you have power lines and no neighbors, and Oki and two stockades, and warning of aerial visitors," murmured Ted.

"And where I could use X without danger. X is peculiar. It is materially affected by gravity. It's more powerful at high altitudes and weaker as it approaches the center of the earth. Laterally, disintegration decreases according to a definite formula until at three feet seven inches there is no action at all."

"In other words it'll bore a seven-foot hole straight down!"

"Exactly—and theoretically go to the center of the earth! Disintegration is accompanied by a volcanic noise, violent flame, terrific power. The atoms literally fly apart into electrons and protons. If you were in its range you'd disappear into thin air instantly."

"Nice stuff to handle," observed Ted, looking bored. "I spent a year making ten grains," continued Alan, "with my life in my hands every minute."

"You've got your hole bored, and a telephone lowered," Ted said.

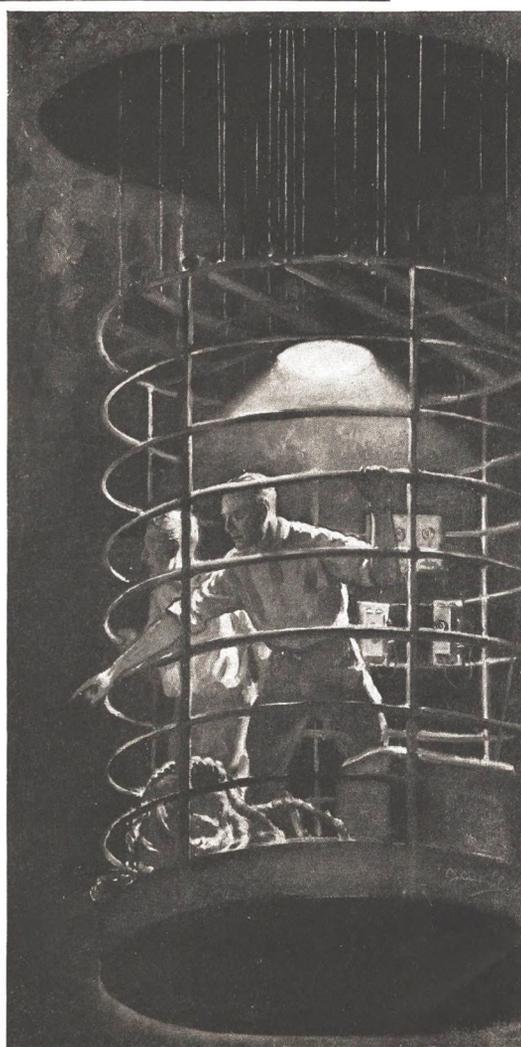
Alan nodded. "Inside the inner stockade is a straight shaft with glossy, vitrified sides, leading straight down. It should have gone to the center of the earth, but it stopped twenty miles down. I've rigged up a cage to take us there."

Ted smoked peacefully, then dumped his pipe and rose. "When do we start down?"

Alan Kane sighed gratefully. "If Rudolph is hunting me with a plane, the sooner the better."

Entering the inner stockade, Ted Dolliver saw in the center of the fifty-foot circle a board roof under which

*"Ted—look!" Alan pointed wildly. The walls of the tunnel had disappeared!*



twenty huge drums, each with its electric motor, squatted in a circle about a slender cage of metal. Hanging from gleaming steel wires, this cage was six feet in diameter and nine feet high. Its bottom seemed oddly thick.

"That's the outfit," stated Alan laconically. "Batteries in the floor should run our lights forty-eight hours. Water and food packed. Six flash-lights."

"Those wires look pretty slender," Ted objected. "Twenty miles is a long drop."

"It's 12 gauge special steel wire with a breaking strength of nearly 360 pounds at normal temperatures. Twenty miles of it weighs 210 pounds; so there's a margin of 150 pounds per wire. Twenty wires will support a ton and a half. But your weight, my weight, the cage—which weighs eighty-five pounds without load—the batteries and supplies—call it all 600 pounds. Factor of safety is five, which should be plenty."

"Have you tried it?"

"I loaded a ton of sandbags and sent the cage up and down ten times!" Alan replied dryly.

"Then where's the risk?"

Alan looked at his friend oddly. "Those voices," he said. "And I'll tell you something else. I lit and lowered a twenty-four hour candle to the bottom, left it an hour and hauled it up. It was out."

"Bad air!" stated Ted.

"No. It burned half an hour down there before it went out. Besides, I tested the air with chemicals."

Ted stared. "Meaning there are living things down there—twenty miles down?"

"I think so," answered Alan quietly. "I tried it four times. Something puts the flame out—and it's not lack of oxygen."

Ted shrugged off the clammy feeling that took hold of him. "Show me the shaft," he requested.

Alan led the way into the circle of winches and drums, turned a reflector and shot a light down through the bars. Ted saw a hole, shiny and glazed, brownish red of wall, which bored down as far as the light reached.

"What are the temperature and pressure down there?" Ted asked.

"Temperature at the bottom should be very hot, but it actually is only 120 degrees Fahrenheit," answered Alan. "Don't ask me why—I don't know. Pressure about two and a half atmospheres. Should be much more. I've limited our speed of descent to 200 feet per minute. In other words it will take almost nine hours to get down, which should give us plenty of time to get used to the pressure. There's telephone communication with the surface, and Oki understands the winches perfectly."

Ted nodded. "Sounds like a dull trip," he yawned. "Nine hours looking at a glazed wall and talking to Oki. When do we start?"

Alan Kane stepped to a wall phone on a wooden pillar of the shack and spoke to Oki in the house.

"Lock the gates and bring food for yourself. I won't want you to leave the winches while they are working."

Ted returned to his room to get a pair of automatic pistols. A half hour later he and Alan were stepping into the cage.

Constructed of aluminum alloy, its six vertical and eight horizontal rods suggested a huge lamp of old-fashioned design. Ted noted the heavy bars across the top, around which the twenty suspending wires were wound. Two small seats and a little foot room took up all the floor space not occupied with a case of food, a two-gallon jug of water, flash lights, rope, ax,

crowbar, compass, and other emergency equipment. Two wall telephones hung at one side of the cage. Alan picked one receiver from its hook, listened for a moment, then passed it to Ted.

"Sliding contact with the wire that's already down, and a transmitter at the other end," he explained. "Listen . . ."

Ted heard again the thin pale ghost of uneasy whispering—the meaningless wraith of speech that produced so unpleasant a sense of fear.

"I refuse to scare!" He handed the phone back. "All ready, Oki?" Alan called. "Keep the gates barred. Call me every fifteen minutes if I don't call you. If you get no reply once we're down there, give us forty-eight hours before you haul up. Understand? We have food enough for that long."

Oki's hand moved to the switch control. "If you have any visitors, talk to them through the fence. Don't open for anyone."

The motors whirred, and the cage began to descend, slowly increasing speed. For a few minutes the glistening sides of the vitrified tunnel were visible in the daylight. Then the cage plunged into darkness. Alan snapped a switch and the cage and shaft sprang again into vivid reality.

"Look at that!" Ted pointed to the shaft walls close to their faces. They were passing a succession of strata, marked as sharply as a layer cake. The polished glaze was transparent.

A frown came over Ted's face. "Do you think Sechnor would spend the time and energy to look you up and be stopped by a barred gate?"

Alan smiled. "Perhaps not—but what can he do?"

Ted shrugged and picked the receiver from the hook. The whispered syllables were sharper in the absence of distracting noise. Yet they remained queer, formless sounds, pitched in unearthly keys. Formless, yet purposeful, as if they came from conscious beings. Certainly they weren't wind sounds. They must be voices!

Behind the bars, the glazed rock wall slipped silently upward. The phone still at his ear, Ted looked up through the metal bars at the steel wires, gleaming lines in the soft electric light. A tiny circle of light, growing smaller, seemed very far above.

"Confound this thing!" Ted put the phone down, rather resentfully. "Two hundred and fifteen pounds of brawn, not much brain, no nerves, no imagination! And yet that talk gives me the shivers."

"I know," Alan answered. "It's one of the reasons why I have to go down."

"And the others?"  
"To learn what puts out the candle, and to know why X didn't go right through to the center of the earth." Alan's eyes were eager, but Ted didn't miss the drawn look on his face.

Ted looked at his wrist watch. "Fifteen minutes," he said.

Alan reached for the other phone. "All O. K. so far, Oki!" he called. His voice sounded oddly loud in the confined space of the tunnel. "Any planes? Good. Watch your lubrication. . . . All right."

He listened a moment, then hung up the receiver. "No planes. Winches running cool. Try the other phone again, Ted."

Ted frowned, but put the receiver to his ear. The cage was silent as a grave, save for the ceaseless hum of the stretched steel wires. The glazed tunnel walls slid slowly upward; the cage seemed motionless while the earth rose past them. Rock strata glowed in varied colors, all bored smooth as if by some mighty auger, fused to a high glaze by incredible heat.

Ted listened distastefully. "Still at it," he observed. "Alan, why should sound over a phone give one the creeps?"

Alan smiled. "Because it's so infernally real—and unexplainable. If you could call it wind, or crumbling, or boiling lava, you'd feel relieved. But it's too—too conscious for that. It's

from living beings where no living things should be!" He fell silent.

With a shaking hand Ted put the receiver on its hook. "Whatever it is, we'll understand it later. Maybe whoever it is will take us to the latest subterranean night club."

They kept going down, down, down. Every fifteen minutes they called Oki and noted changes in temperature and pressure. Alan observed rock formations and jotted notes in a book. And the walls slid upward.

"What would happen, Alan, if everything let go, up there?" Ted nodded at the bars above.

"Grease spots in a puff of smoke!" answered Alan. "We'd reach bottom in a couple of the longest minutes we ever lived and never know when we hit."

"Suppose one wire should break?"

"It would coil up on the roof bars—might cause a lot of bother."

"Suppose the motors break down?"

"Twenty motors will hardly all break down at once. Oki is a good electrician," answered Alan simply.

They talked less and less as minutes grew into hours. The bright rock colors changed gradually to a dull gray.

"Bed rock," Alan stated calmly.

A bell tinkled sharply. Before its echoes died Alan spoke into the surface phone.

"Yes, Oki?" A long silence. Then: "Don't open. All right down here. . . ." He hung up the receiver.

"Oki has seen a plane," he stated. "I think Rudolph has found my hide-out."

Ted nodded, privately wishing that Oki were a dozen armed men. A stockade was a stockade but Rudolph Sechnor was unprincipled and determined.

Down, down. The air seemed fresh, but gradually grew warmer. Occasionally the two had to swallow to relieve the pressure on their ears.

"Can't understand why pressure and temperature aren't greater," mused Ted.

"There's no exact constant for temperature increase," answered Alan. "It varies in various places. But something here is—different."

They were on the ninth hour, and to relieve the growing tension Ted called Oki. "Chief Ted speaking, Oki. How is everything?"

"Winches cool. Plane go around and around, then not seen. You all good?"

"All O. K." Ted hung up the phone.

Down, down. The only sound was the whispering, whispering over the phone. Ted caught himself with leg and arm muscles rigid, and relaxed them with a shuddering sigh.

"About two more minutes." Alan's voice was matter-of-fact. "I . . . Ted! Ted! Look—look!" He pointed wildly. The walls of the tunnel had disappeared. Their cage lights shone out into nebulous blackness and rested on emptiness!

So suddenly that it startled them, so softly it barely jarred them, the cage bumped a floor. Alan looked at it mechanically. It was apparently basalt. The unclean, impossible whispering had ceased.

"They've stopped talking—because we are here!" whispered Alan. Ted's hair rose, less at Alan's words than at what he saw.

"Look . . . look!" He pointed. Far to the left, so faint as to cast no shadow, too plain to be imaginary, a faint blue form pulsed and glowed, waxing, waning . . . living.

For a long moment they looked. Then Ted shook his great shoulders and deliberately filled and lit his pipe.

"I refuse to be scared by silence and a blue glow!" he stated crossly. "Alan, your hair is standing on end."

Unexpectedly Alan laughed. "Yours too!" he answered. "It's electrical. . . ."

He reached for the surface phone, announced their arrival to Oki, listened a moment, then replaced the receiver.

"Plane no longer in sight. Oki thinks it has gone. Get out, Ted, and let's explore."

"Wait a minute!" objected Ted. "We don't just walk into the unknown without preparation!"

Methodically Ted parceled out flash lights, extra batteries, a large sheath knife, and an automatic that he insisted Alan carry.

"To shoot a whisper, Ted?" Alan chuckled.

"Do as I say—exploring is my work!" Ted commanded. "Don't move an inch from my side and walk slowly, understand?" He lifted the water jar and food box out of the cage and set them on the rocky floor. Alan drew from his pocket a candle, lit it, and set it upright in the cage. "We'll see if that goes out!" he stated.

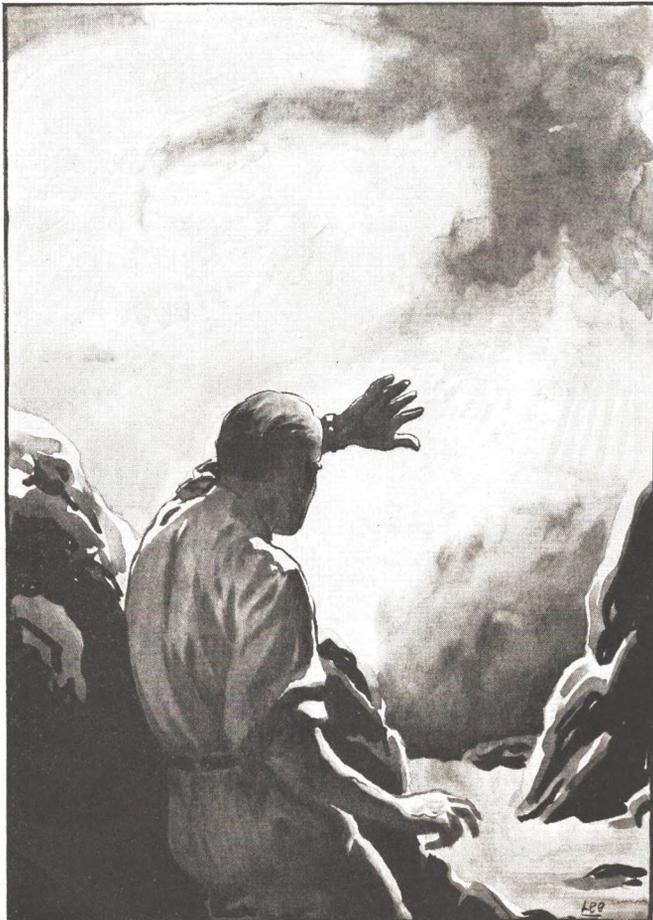
They crawled through the bars of the cage to stand on the rock floor, black in the brilliant glow of the cage lights. Together they shot the powerful beams of their flash lights ahead, but the dense blackness revealed nothing. The black floor . . . in the distance the faint pulsing glow—otherwise blackness, mystery, and silence.

"Let's go!" Ted's voice sounded flat, as if the roof of the rocky cavern were too far up for echo.

Flash lights playing ahead, they moved slowly forward. Brilliant against the blackness, the little cage grew smaller and smaller as they walked from it. Alan fought a sudden, overpowering desire to return. That cage was their only connection with the surface of the earth, and sunlight, and Oki. Down here, there were unseen presences in the blackness, just out of reach. Formless, unseen beings. And ahead there was that pulsing blue glow.

"Gosh, it's hot." Ted stopped and passed his hand over his head, wiping off beads of sweat.

Alan (Continued on page 44)



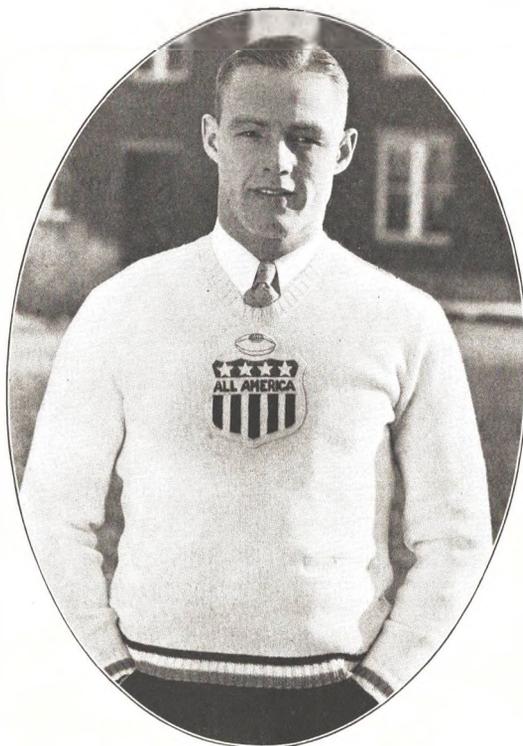
Ted was stung back on his heels by a blinding, pulsing blue light.

# He Loves to PLAY



He spends hours on the practice field.

*Duane Purvis of  
Purdue believes  
in getting fun  
out of practice*



He's an All-American in track and football.

PURDUE was playing Notre Dame in football. The Boilermakers had the ball in mid-field. The ball was snapped back to Fred Hecker, Purdue's best forward passer. Duane Purvis, playing right halfback, cut inside end, faked out the close halfback and tore straight down the middle of the field. Meanwhile Hecker faked to Jim Carter cutting across and then started drifting back.

Although Purvis had escaped the first line of the Irish secondary, the two back men came in hard and had him covered from both sides as Hecker sent a beautiful pass down the field straight to the mark. Purdue's rooters subsided hopelessly while the ball was in mid-air. With Purvis so well covered the catch seemed impossible.

All three men went up in the air at the same time, Purvis in the middle. The stands broke into an amazed, unbelieving roar. Purvis grabbed the ball, twisted in mid-air, slid down the back of one of the Irish defense men, hit the ground and was off across the goal line for a touchdown.

The sports writers in the press box added another glowing incident to the list of gridiron achievements that led to the general selection of Purvis on All-American teams.

The scene shifts to Soldier Field, Chicago, during the N.C.A.A. track and field championships last summer. Purvis, who had won the Big Ten javelin throwing championship with a toss of 208 feet, 5½ inches, was competing for Purdue.

In the preliminaries on Friday his best throw was 192 feet. If he did no better in the finals he could be sure only of fifth place. Sample of Arizona, who had a toss of 211 feet, 4¼ inches, seemed a sure winner.

by Robert C. Woodworth

The crowd paid little attention to the finals in the javelin on Saturday night. The result was supposedly a foregone conclusion. Then came the colorful championship ceremony announcing the results. The words that resounded from the loud speakers brought a startled roar:

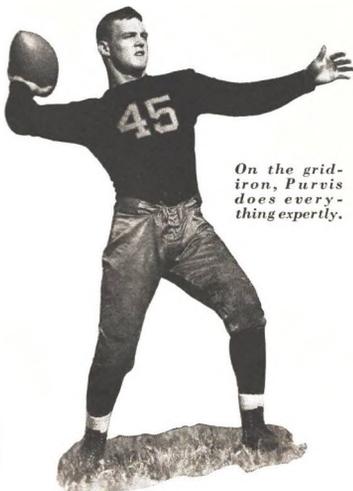
"The champion, Purvis of Purdue; 216 feet, 6¼ inches."

Investigation revealed that each of his three throws in the finals had been better than his Big Ten record of 208 feet, and that the winning heave came within less than an inch of breaking the national collegiate record.

As a natural result, Purvis was selected on the All-American track squad, and today is one of the few "double" All-Americans in collegiate history. He won additional and well-deserved laurels when he was selected as the outstanding athlete in the Big Ten for the year 1933, in a poll of Middle Western sports writers.

What makes him a great athlete? Admittedly he has an ideal build. He weighs 196 pounds and stands slightly over 6 feet, 1 inch tall. But many athletes have had ideal builds, ability, speed, power and coordination and have never reached the peak. There must be something else to account for the superlative performance.

Coach Noble E. Kizer, Purdue football coach, was asked to provide the answer. Without hesitation he said, "He loves to play the game."



*On the gridiron, Purvis does everything expertly.*

Orval (Tom) Martin, the Boilermakers' track coach, was asked the same question. He likewise had a ready answer: "He loves competition."

The two answers are more revealing than it appears on the surface. There is no such thing as drudgery in sport as far as Purvis is concerned. In football practice he hits just as hard, tackles just as hard, and runs just as hard as he does in an actual game. In track drill he gets a tingle out of watching the javelin whip through the air.

"Don't you hate to practice every night?" someone asked Duane on a particularly nasty evening. "Hate it!" exclaimed Purvis. "If I didn't have fun I'd quit!"

He can hardly remember when he didn't love sports. He was born on a farm near Sullivan, Ill., on November 13, 1912. His two older brothers—Kenneth, better known as "Tom," who was an all-round athletic star at Milliken, and Jim, an All-Western halfback at Purdue—started tossing him around at an early age.

When he was about eight years old the family moved to Sullivan where Duane started his athletic career on informal grade school teams. He still recalls scrimmaging against Jim and the neatness and dispatch with which Jim used to bounce him to the ground when he tried a tackle.

In 1927 the Purvis family again pulled stakes and moved to Mattoon, Ill. In junior high Duane started his gridiron career as a guard, but his elusiveness and power as a ball carrier soon earned him a half-back post, where he has remained throughout his high school and college career.

During his last three years in high school he developed rapidly, and in his senior year was the outstanding member of Mattoon's undefeated eleven. Football, however, was not his specialty. He jumped center in basketball and was a one-man track team. In addition to the javelin throw, in which he won the Illinois interscholastic title and the National Interscholastic at Stagg Field, he ran the high hurdles, put the shot, and threw the discus.

Duane believes in the value of sport as a developer of young manhood.

"One of the first things I learned was that you can't do anything well if you're mad. When you're mad, your mind is on something else besides the play. You forget to carry out the details of your assignment, and you miss

(Continued on page 37)

by  
Laurie  
York  
Erskine

# The Cruise



*The Indians were impressed. How did this white man know all about the strange visitors who had come ashore in the night?*

*Mounted police  
Renfrew takes  
over mountains*

RENFREW stood beside the little conning tower that sheltered the pilot of the motor boat and leveled his glasses upon the distant sailing craft. After a long look, he spoke very thoughtfully through the open window to Irwin Brewster at the wheel.

"Is your friend's vessel a two-masted auxiliary schooner with an oversized deck house in the stern?" he asked.

"I don't know," grinned Brewster. "All I know about it is the name—the *Jackdaw*."

"Can't be sure of the name," said Renfrew, "but that deck house looks like work in the North."

Then the keen-eyed Mounted officer stood for a moment gazing speculatively at the square-jawed but sensitive face of young Brewster, a comparatively new acquaintance. Renfrew had an idea that it was an unusual brand of friendship which had brought Brewster north on this trip.

"I don't think that's Buck's boat," said Brewster. "He said he'd wait for me at Wrangel."

Renfrew smiled slowly. "You know," he said, "I'm enjoying this cruise a lot, and I appreciate your

asking me to come along. It makes a swell vacation."

Brewster gazed straight ahead. "I'm certainly glad to have you along," he said.

"But why?" asked Renfrew.

"Why not?" grinned Brewster.

"Well, it may be none of my business, but I've got a pretty good idea that when you started on this cruise to meet your friend, you wanted somebody to go along who'd be something more than just a companion."

"How—something more?" Brewster's eyes seemed glued to the sunlit water ahead.

"Well, a policeman, for instance."

Brewster turned and looked squarely at Renfrew.

"What makes you think that?" he asked.

"That schooner," said Renfrew, "is the *Jackdaw*—and she's in trouble."

"Give me the glasses!" cried Brewster.

Renfrew watched him as he scanned the distant vessel.

"Looks all right to me," Brewster said, lowering the glasses.

"But sort of lonely," said Renfrew. "There's no one aboard—unless they're asleep or dead."

"That's so!" exclaimed Brewster.

"You expected trouble?" pressed Renfrew.

"No—no," jerked Brewster. "But I wanted to be sure."

"What was the matter?"

"Well, take Buck's name. The rest of it's Garity—Buck Garity. Doesn't that mean anything to you? Buck Garity, of Portland, Oregon."

"Buck Garity, of Portland? Of course. He was a big bootlegger two years ago. And a racketeer. He disappeared. They put him down as murdered in a gang war, didn't they?"

"Yes. But he wasn't. He went North."

# of the **J**ackdaw

Illustrator:  
Frank E.  
Schoonover



*must travel far.  
a harsh trail  
to sudden battle*

*The man sat with one clumsily bandaged leg outstretched before him and the other leg crooked beneath it. He was fast asleep.*

"So you knew him well?"

"Yes. He used to drive one of our trucks. One summer Dad put me on the route with him, and we got to liking each other a lot. Buck's such a friendly, energetic, generous guy you couldn't help liking him. I hated to see him go into the bootlegging business."

"How did it happen?" Renfrew asked.

"Buck's father died," Brewster frowned, "and Buck was left with a tow-headed kid brother on his hands. Frank was a grand little kid, keen and game, but there was something the matter with his spine. Buck was bound he'd get him patched up and he did, but it cost like blazes. Buck went into the bootlegging racket to get the money. Then he got deeper and deeper into it until he was the top man

in Portland. He was really the head of the Fulger brothers' gang. He made money all right."

"And enemies, too?"

"Sure, but what ruined Buck as a gangster was his young brother. Frank shot up suddenly—got tall and broad-shouldered, though he kept his tow hair and his quick grin. He was nuts about Buck but hot-headed and hard to manage. Once he flared up because Buck said he couldn't have the car and buzzed off with it right under Buck's nose and was gone for a week—went on a trip and had a good time. But when he blew back home and found Buck down with the flu, he ran himself ragged taking care of him. Crazy kid—the kind that keeps you uneasy."

"I've known that kind," murmured Renfrew. "But how did Frank ruin Buck's career as a gangster?"

"Well, you see Buck worried about him and finally decided to send him to a first-class private school. And he did. But the kid only stayed there until they found out who his brother was. Then the school fired him. That happened four or five times, until it got so that Buck couldn't look Frank in the face.

At last Buck came to me about it, and I told him the truth."

Brewster grinned but his eyes were sober.

"He took it, all right," he continued. "He turned everything he owned into cash and dumped it in a church poor box. He said that neither he nor the kid was going to use any more dishonest money. Then Dad staked him to this schooner and he set out secretly for the North to make his fortune."

"Why secretly?"

"Because of the Fulgers. They hated him because he could run them, and of course they couldn't believe he was throwing over the racket. They thought he'd turned against them. All he could do was disappear."

"And what happened to Frank?"

"That's the crux of the matter. That's why I wanted you along. Buck left Frank in Dad's care, but after Buck had been gone a few months Frank got out of hand. Dad isn't used to a kid like that, and until just lately our business took me out of town a lot, and I couldn't keep an eye on him. So things went wrong. Frank left school last year when

he was seventeen, and got running with the Fulgers. Got to driving a truck for them, and then moved up to Seattle, where they've got warehouses. Last month I got a letter from Buck saying he'd made his pile and was coming down from the North. He asked me to bring Frank up to meet him."

Irwin Brewster stopped short, frowning at the schooner which, with flapping sails, lazily drifted toward them. Then he added abruptly: "You can see the hole it puts me in."

"You don't mean you're afraid of Buck Garrity?"

"No. I'm afraid for him."

"Of what the Fulgers will do?"

"No. Can't you see? Buck Garrity's a prince, but he's got the temper of a fighting bull. When he finds out now, after all he's gone through for Frank's sake, that Red-eye and Bosco Fulger have taken the kid over and made a racketeer out of him, he'll go wild. It'll ruin him. He won't stop short of murder—and, well, he won't stop short. I thought if I had somebody like you along who knows men, good and bad—and kids—well, I thought maybe you could smooth things out."

Renfrew picked up the glasses and leveled them again upon the nearing schooner.

"I can try," he said. "She's the *Jackdaw*, all right."

Another twenty-five minutes saw the motor boat alongside the drifting *Jackdaw*. Renfrew shut off the engines and leaped to the schooner's deck as Brewster plied the wheel. Then, with the motor boat lashed fast to the sailing vessel, the two young men made an inspection.

The deck of the schooner was neat and tidy except for one thing. The woodwork that had apparently risen above the deck line to shelter the small fo'c'stle had been ripped away, uncovering the bunk room below. Splinters and fragments of wood lay scattered about the opening.

"Traveling light," said Renfrew, from the depths of the fo'c'stle. "These bunks haven't been used."

Then he descended a hatchway in the waist of the schooner and ascended again to report the small auxiliary engine out of order.

"She's been tampered with," he said. "And the small boat's gone. Let's have a look at the after house."

The high, clumsily built deck house in the stern had an air of mystery and loneliness. It was a cabin divided into three rooms. Two of them, opening off a tiny vestibule, contained each two narrow bunks. In one room both bunks showed signs of use, one being neatly made up, the other in the disorder of a bed abruptly abandoned. The second small room had obviously been used as a dining room.

The third room was a living room, sparsely furnished. In it a rugged young man with a thatch of brown hair sat erect in a straight-armed office chair. He faced a table littered with worn playing cards, and stared fixedly before him. Renfrew and Brewster gazed at him fascinated. . . . He was dead. "It's Buck!" Brewster barely whispered.

Swiftly, expertly, Renfrew made his examination. He turned a puzzled gaze on Brewster, who stood watching, tight-mouthed.

"No violence," he said. "It looks like heart failure." "But what about the boat?" jerked Brewster. "Where's the crew?"

"We'll have to find out what we can," Renfrew said. "Meanwhile we'll make for Prince Rupert."

While Brewster's motor boat slowly towed the *Jackdaw* toward Prince Rupert, Renfrew explored the deserted schooner. In the evening, during their brief dinner, he explained his findings to Brewster.

"As far as I can make out," he said, "Buck Garrity set sail from Seward with a crew of only one man. Anyway, everything aboard suggests that only two men have used the boat for most of the trip. Yet the arrangement of chairs in the cabin and the

tearing out of that deck house for'ard indicate that more than one man may have been with Garrity."

"You mean somebody came aboard? Later?"

"I can't tell. Of course, Garrity and his single man may have torn out that deck house, but it doesn't seem reasonable."

"Well, whoever it was, why did they abandon the ship?"

"That's an easier one. Garrity had a treasure aboard. Furs. There must be a thousand furs

raft made of planks that might have been torn from a deck house, and that important parts of the raft consisted of two life buoys bearing the word *Jackdaw*. With that much to go on, he was able to convince the Indians that he knew a great deal more, but much of his knowledge came from their own lips. He related what he had learned to Brewster that evening as they drank coffee in the cozy little motor boat cabin.

"Six nights ago," he said, "two men landed here on that raft. One was big and bearded with black hair and dark eyes; the other was blue-eyed and very young, with no beard and fair, curly hair."

Irwin Brewster frowned. "That sounds like Frank," he said. "Did the crazy kid go loco because he thought Buck had deserted him, and decide to throw in with the Fulgers to get even with Buck?"

"We'll find out. They traded some furs here for an outfit that included horses—two saddle animals and two pack animals. They're heading into the interior, probably across the Stikines to the headwaters of the Liard. It's a hard trail, but they can dispose of the furs at Fort Nelson, and avoid being linked up with the *Jackdaw*."

Brewster's mouth set itself. "We'll follow them."

"As soon as we can make up an outfit in the morning," said Renfrew.

The next morning they somewhat regretfully traded Brewster's staunch little motor boat to the Indians for the horses and supplies they needed, and rode off along the trail that twisted into the heavily wooded mountains.

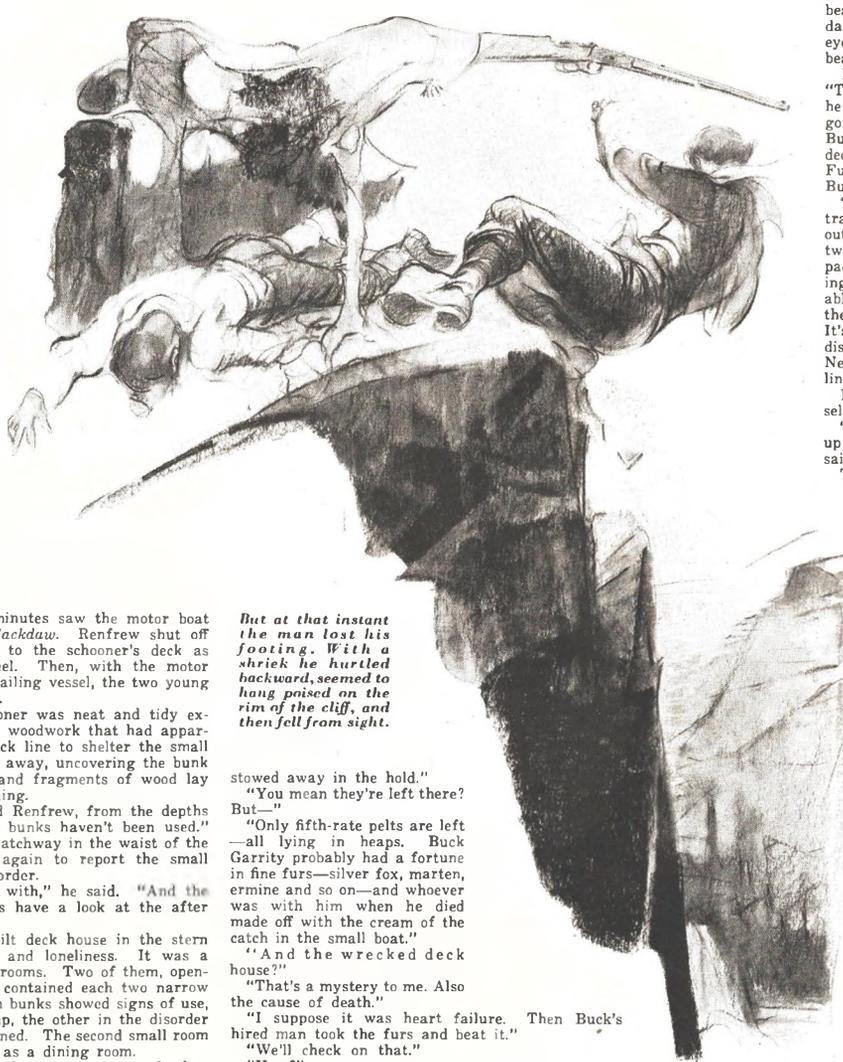
Irwin Brewster was all for traveling fast, but Renfrew dissuaded him.

"Our men can't shake us off," he said, "if we keep our horses fresh. It's a tough trail, and they're probably green to this kind of travel. They'll waste time. We may come up with them before we reach the Liard."

They put in ten days of steady journeying over a trail that tunneled through seemingly impenetrable wilderness, wound up narrow, rocky paths so precarious as to threaten black calamity if a horse stumbled, and twisted on up onto barren highlands and glacial mountain sides where it seemed to disappear in fields of unmarked rock. But Renfrew always found it again; and found, too, cleverly chosen pasture lands from which the horses would not stray far in the night; and water holes where no water seemed near.

Brewster learned from him how to gauge the condition of the men they followed. From abandoned encampments Brewster learned that the fugitives were eating less hearty meals; that two of their horses had gone lame; that the men had lost an ax and run short of bacon. He learned finally, by the condition of a camp fire's embers, that he and Renfrew were not more than twenty-four hours behind the fugitives.

On the tenth day they glimpsed the Liard winding through the rugged wilderness a thousand feet below them. They plunged down into that wilderness to push on and on through rocky gorges and steep ravines. On the twelfth day they came within hearing of a distant, persistent rumble. (Continued on page 49)



*But at that instant the man lost his footing. With a shriek he hurtled backward, seemed to hang poised on the rim of the cliff, and then fell from sight.*

stowed away in the hold."

"You mean they're left there?"

But—

"Only fifth-rate pelts are left—all lying in heaps. Buck Garrity probably had a fortune in fine furs—silver fox, marten, ermine and so on—and whoever was with him when he died made off with the cream of the catch in the small boat."

"And the wrecked deck house?"

"That's a mystery to me. Also the cause of death."

"I suppose it was heart failure. Then Buck's hired man took the furs and beat it."

"We'll check on that."

"How?"

"Ask the hired man. After we deliver the *Jackdaw* at Rupert, we'll run up to Wrangel. If Buck put in there, our man will have landed somewhere below, to the south. He can't live on furs, and he'll leave a clear trail behind him."

"I hope so," growled Brewster. "All we can do for Buck now is to save the fortune he fought to make for that fool kid."

Three days later Irwin Brewster's motor boat picked its way up the narrow inlet between Revilagedo Island and the mainland, and stopped at a fishing village that Renfrew had learned about in a surveyors' camp farther down the coast. This village was inhabited chiefly by Indians, who were much puzzled and not a little impressed by Renfrew's air of cold authority.

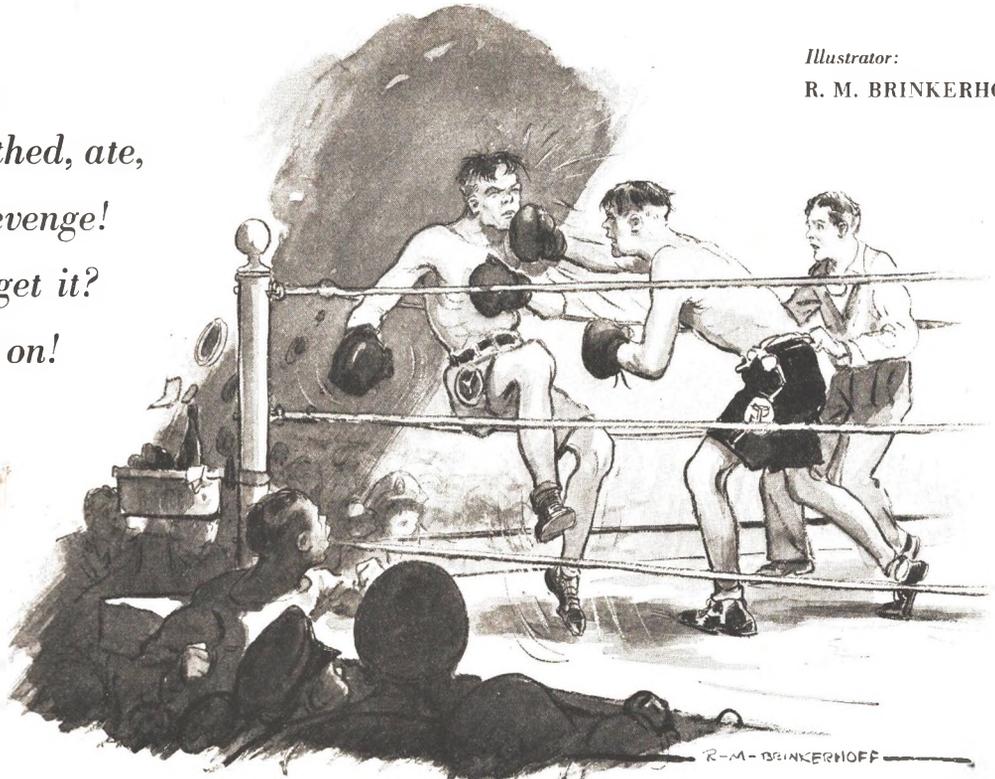
How did this white man know all about the strange visitors who had come ashore in the night on a raft? And how did he know that these strangers had traded five fox furs for an outfit to take them inland?

Well, Renfrew didn't. All he knew was that on the beach below the village were the remains of a

Illustrator:  
R. M. BRINKERHOFF

Joey breathed, ate,  
talked revenge!  
Did he get it?  
Read on!

Socketer Craig waded into close range, shook off a vicious left jab, grinned as a flurry of lefts and rights pounded him, then let fly his right fist.



# Pardon *the* Interruption

by

David Neale Goldenson

RUFE GARDNER, battling vainly with the intricacies of a solid geometry theorem, was conscious of grunts in the room. He glared across the table at his roommate.

"Will you stop those awful noises, and let a guy alone?"

Joey Parks' head was bent low over a thick book. His hazel eyes were afixe, and through his compressed lips strange muffled epithets continued to pour.

"Listen," pleaded Rufe, "your being savvy doesn't make me understand this stuff. Pipe down!"

Joey's head came up slowly. He seemed to be in a trance. A look, at first harsh, then cruel, and at last downright wild, darted to his face. He brought his hands up and made a tearing, wrenching gesture, accompanied by appropriate sound effects. Then he again lowered his feverish gaze and resumed his reading.

Rufe Gardner stared in awe at his roommate, and looked quickly around, as if to assure himself that he was really in Bancroft Hall at Annapolis, and not in a cell with a wild man. After a while he timidly reached for the ponderous volume in front of Joey. He glanced at the title.

"'A Thousand and One Tortures,'" he read. "What—"

Joey's withering look stopped him.

"I'd like to try every one of 'em on that big stiff," uttered Joey through clenched teeth.

Rufe laughed.

"Whew! You had me scared at first, no fooling. I was about to report a plebe gone cuckoo." Then, seriously, "Stop griping. You're not the only pebble catching it. I come in for my share of running."

"You?" Joey waved a deprecatory hand and forced a hollow laugh. "You don't know what running is.

Nobody knows what running is until Socketer Craig gets hold of him. Sa-ay, if anybody'd told me that gorilla was an upper classman, I'd never have come to Annapolis."

"He's a three-letter man."

"He's a *twitcheft!*" said Joey crisply.

"Aw, Socketer's not so bad."

"Bad!" Joey snorted. "Bad? He's the orneriest, scurviest, crummiest—" Joey's fund of left-handed superlatives came to an abrupt end. "Did you ever have to swim the channel?"

"No," said Rufe.

"Well, I did. Backstroke."

"Where?"

"On Socketer Craig's floor. Under the beds, the wardrobe lockers, the table. . . I certainly polished that deck."

"Aw—"

"Did you ever row in the Henley?" pursued Joey, and immediately answered his own question. "I did. Sitting in a basin of water and using toothpicks for oars."

It was pretty bad, Rufe realized. But it wouldn't do to sympathize too openly.

"Cheer up," he said. "The year'll soon be over and then you'll get a chance against the new plebes."

Joey wasn't listening. He pounded the table with his fist.

"Boy, oh, boy, wouldn't I love to see that over-

grown yegg on the rack . . . or in a pillory . . . or something! How I'd love to sock the Socketer!"

Rufe grinned at the thought of Joey, who was cox'n of the plebe crew, squaring off against Socketer Craig, Navy's heavyweight varsity boxer.

"So you want revenge?" To Rufe, big and easy-going, the idea was fantastic.

Joey brightened. "Revenge, Rufe—" "Well, don't bother me with your troubles." Rufe shoved his roommate's book back across the table. "I've got a date with a math prof tomorrow."

Avidly Joey grabbed at "A Thousand and One Tortures," and soon was lost in deep study of medieval pastimes. Now and then the silence was broken by mutterings such as: "Ten more lashes for Socketer" . . . "Sharpen the ax" . . . "Socketer to the dungeon" . . .

By nature Joey Parks wasn't vengeful. On the contrary he had a friendly, sunny temperament. But he also had a quick-trigger tongue, and his flashes of wit were sometimes ill-advised.

It all went back to the first day of Academic Year at the Naval Academy—that dreadful, portentous day when the upper classes, like a thundering herd, shatter the quiet and safety of the new plebe class; a day so fraught with dire consequences that even gray-haired admirals recall it with no little awe. It had been Joey's misfortune that day to run afoul of First Classman Craig. It had been his further ill luck to misjudge Socketer Craig's sense of humor. For to Socketer's bland query: "Is that your own face, Mister?" Joey, without batting an eye, replied: "No, sir. I'm breaking it in for a first classman."

This, much to Joey's intense dismay, raised the curtain on a painful scene between upper classman and plebe. In a short time Joey learned that a plebe

rated ten degrees less than absolute zero, and, as far as Socker Craig was concerned, Joey rated twenty degrees less than that. It all ended with Socker's naming Joey as his own private plebe.

The ensuing months were nightmarish to the slender Joey Parks. Many times he flung his tired body upon his bed after an especially trying session with Socker Craig, and contemplated putting a sudden finish to what he termed "merciless persecution." But always he grimly resolved, with characteristic determination, to stick it out. Joey Parks had been imbued with Navy spirit. He wouldn't quit.

Now back to Room 4453, Bancroft Hall. "I think I've got it," announced Rufe, shutting his solid geometry with a dazed sigh.

"Bout time," growled Joey, without looking up from his torture book.

"Aw, relax, why don't you?"

"Relax? How can I relax with that thug around?" Joey slammed the torture book shut. "I'd like to writing his neck!"

"Still full of revenge, eh?"

"I live revenge," said Joey viciously. "I eat, sleep, and breathe revenge against Socker Craig."

Rufe smiled.

"Maybe you'll get it Saturday—"

Joey started.

"You mean Socker's in for a licking?"

"Something like that. They say Yale's got the best boxing team in years, and Eddie Funk is still there. He's the guy who beat Socker last year for the intercollegiate championship. By the way," added Rufe, as an afterthought, "how's Socker been acting lately?"

Once again gloom descended upon Joey. He slumped.

"Worse than ever. I don't know what's got into that heel. . . ."

" . . . I don't know what's got into Craig," Coach Spider Ryan confided to his assistant at a conference in the athletic office. "Here's the Yale meet only two days away, and Socker's been training listlessly. All his starch seems to have wilted." He shrugged. "Hope he snaps out of it by Saturday. We need him."

"I'll say we do, Coach," nodded Lieutenant Charlson. "I've got it figured an even break up to the heavyweight bout. It all depends on Socker." He paused. "Say, isn't Eddie Funk the only one who's ever beaten Craig?"

Coach Ryan sent the officer a questioning look.

"That's right. He's licked Craig twice. Why?"

"That's why Socker's careless! He's worried. Funk's got his goat. There is such a thing as an inferiority complex, you know."

"Nothing complex about Socker Craig," growled Spider Ryan. "He's just an ordinary midshipman who happens to be built like a battleship and hits about as hard." The coach shook his head sadly. "I don't know what's wrong, but I'd give a lot to put my finger on it."

"I'll have a talk with him tomorrow. Maybe we can straighten him out."

"We'd better. If he's not back to normal Saturday morning, I'll send Morrison in against Funk. . . ."

The bell releasing the midshipmen from their study period shrilled through the corridors of Bancroft Hall, climbed through Joey's transom, and sent him and Rufe scurrying toward the door. Fifteen seconds later Joey entered the room of First Classman Socker Craig. He removed his cap and stood at attention.

"Midshipman Parks, Fourth Class, sir," he said, "reports for duty, sir. Three bells, sir; chronometers wound, sir; weather and sea moderate, sir; post and starboard lights burning brightly, sir—" Joey's voice trailed off, stopped. He blinked. He stared. There was no one in the room but him.

"The big lunk!" he murmured. "Wonder where that hunk of cheese—"

The door flew open. Joey saw Socker Craig come in, carrying a radio set. He was followed by four other upper classmen.

"What's the flagship of the Asiatic Squadron, Mister Sparks?" roared Socker, setting down the receiving set upon a table.

"Parks, sir," replied Joey. "The *Houston*, sir."

"Kee-rect, Mister Marks. Who said, 'We have met the enemy and they are ours?'"

Joey bit his lip. He wanted to say, "We both know that, you oversized sap. Why don't you let me alone? Why don't you pick on somebody your size, you big rhinoceros?" But he didn't. He said, "Commodore Perry, sir, after the Battle of Lake Erie, sir."

Socker tinkered with some wires.

"Well, well, pretty savvy tonight, eh, Mister Sharks?"

"Parks, sir," said Joey, trying to be calm.

The upper classmen guffawed. Socker, a young giant with a shaggy head, whose lumbering bulk belied his speed in the boxing ring, winked at his classmates.

"Carry on, Mister Larks, and don't disturb me."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Joey seated himself gingerly on the edge of Socker's bed and watched the boxer connect the aerial lead wire. He frowned. Socker Craig might be heavyweight champion of the Academy to everybody else, but to Joey he was just a terrible pain in the neck. The palooka!

Socker flicked a switch and twisted a dial. A low hum filled the room. "Ah-h!" he murmured. "What station did it say, Dick?"

"Any Consolidated network outlet. It's on a national hookup," one of the upper classmen replied. "Here it is."

" . . . you have just heard Pentland Tice, ladies and gentlemen, in his weekly sports broadcast. And now the orchestra will play Easter Parade. . . ."

"Just missed it," said the upper classman called Dick.

"Sure he was going to say something about the Yale meet?" asked another.

"Yeah. But he'd probably side along with them, anyway. He's a Yale man."

"Cheer up, Socker. Better luck next time."

Socker Craig said nothing. Joey saw that the first classman was disappointed. Socker slouched in his chair, his fingers drumming an accompaniment to the music now coming from the radio.

Joey looked at the thick shoulders of the silent first classman, and for a fleeting instant a wave of sympathy swept over him. The mood passed as quickly as it had come. Inwardly he gloated. It served the big bruiser right! What an idea, getting a radio on the chance of hearing a famous sports authority mention his name! Joey chuckled vindictively to himself. And the concerted chimpanzee had even invited his classmates to listen—!

"What do you mean, sitting on my bed!" Socker's voice sounded like a bombshell.

Joey sprang to his feet. "I thought—"

"You thought? Since when is it a plebe's business to think? Get the soap!"

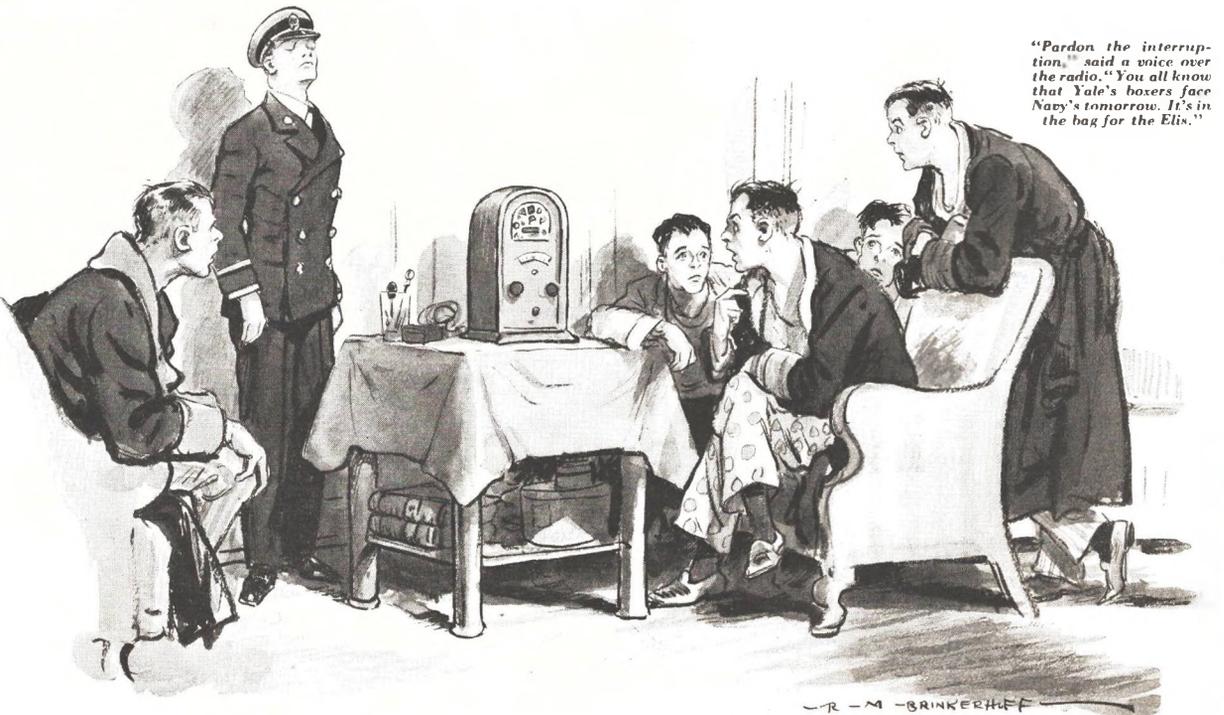
"Aye, aye, sir." Humbly Joey went to the wash basin and took up a bar of soap. He stood awaiting further orders.

"Draw a sine curve on the four walls, Mister Snarks."

"P-Parks, sir—"

"Get goin', Mister Warks," said Socker truculently.

Bewildered, Joey traced a continuous wavy line with the soap upon the walls and windows. His audience was grinning.



"Pardon the interruption," said a voice over the radio. "You all know that Yale's boxers face Navy's tomorrow. It's in the bag for the Elis."

-R-M-BRINKERHUFF

"Now wipe it off," commanded Socker, "with your nose."

Joey gulped. He felt the color mounting rapidly in his face; his temples throbbed with anger. Without a word he started at a corner, rubbing out with his nose the line he had just drawn, while the on-lookers laughed and made critical comments.

Joey finished his task as call to rooms sounded. He watched the upper classroom file out.

"Shove off," he heard Socker Craig say.

Shoulders back, head erect, Joey marched stiffly from the room.

Rage and a burning desire for revenge kept Joey from sleep that night. Lying in his bed, he heard the regular breathing of his roommate, the rustle of leafless branches below his windows, and every half hour the faint chimes of the clock in the Academic Tower.

It was exactly three o'clock when a plan flashed through his troubled mind. He sat up in bed, pleased. So, he thought, that big hippo wants his name broadcast, does he? Well, he'll get it. And how! He'll find out he can't take his spite out on me.

Joey fell asleep with a smile on his face.

He took but one person into his confidence. Rufe Gardner learned of Joey's plan next morning after breakfast.

"So that's why you've been so chipper! Why, you're even sweeping out the corners!"

Joey beamed. "It's a cinch, Rufe. The room next door to Socker's is vacant and his roommate's in the hospital and I'll give you the signal when to start." He did a few dance steps with his broom. "Boy, oh, boy, can't you picture that big stiff's face when he hears all that stuff?"

Rufe looked skeptical. "I'll do this for you, all right," he said worriedly, "but—but golly, if he catches us—"

"Aw, he'll be so surprised, he won't know what's happening."

"Sure you can get the mike?"

"Sure!" said Joey earnestly. "Slim Billing's in charge of the juice gang at the auditorium and he spoons on me. He'll let me have a good one. We'll want a mike with a cut-out switch."

"Yeah," agreed Rufe without enthusiasm. "How about wires?"

"Stop worrying, will you? I'll get everything. All you've got to do is to listen for my signal and use that deep voice of yours."

"What'll I say?"

"I'll have it all written out for you," Joey said with finality. "Come on, dust that mirror."

Joey spent a busy day. Slim Billing proved a bit more difficult than he had anticipated, but Joey finally won him over by signing a custody receipt and promising to inform Slim when the next box from home arrived. Joey's French assignment suffered while he composed Rufe's speech. By the end of drill period Joey was ready for the final step in his preparations for revenge.

Toting a parcel beneath his arm, he marched down the corridor of Bancroft Hall. He knew that Socker Craig would be at boxing practice, but he walked past the first classman's door to make certain. His heart beat faster when he saw Socker's open door, indicating that the occupants were absent.

As though suddenly remembering something, Joey counter-marched. No one was about, he noted, as he again approached Socker's quarters. This time he

didn't pass. He slipped inside stealthily and closed the door.

The radio was still on the table. Joey went to work. From his pocket he took out a screw driver and in short order had the inner workings of the receiving set separated from the cabinet. His fingers fairly flying, Joey connected one of the two micro-

"Attention!" barked Socker. "You puny little plebe, I ought to break you in two! No three! Four!"



phone leads to the plate prong of the detector tube. The other lead he attached to the ground post of the instrument.

Back went the inner works into the cabinet. By stretching the microphone wire parallel to and adjoining the antenna lead running along the floor, Joey felt reasonably sure Socker would discover nothing.

Satisfied with his connections, he approached a side wall of the room and kicked it lightly. Almost immediately he heard an answering thump from the other side. Smiling, Joey went to the window and leaned out. He found Rufe Gardner at the window of the vacant room next door.

"Howzit?" whispered Joey.

"Shipshape," replied his roommate. "You all set?"

"Yep. Here, grab this." Joey swung the microphone lead across the intervening granite. "Attaboy! Now hook it to the mike and signal me when you're ready for a try."

Both plebes backed away from their respective windows. Joey looked around Socker's room and a grim smile came to his lips. That evening would be the high spot of his plebe year, he told himself. Socker Craig would come tumbling down off his high horse, humiliated and disgraced, and Joey would be an eyewitness to his persecutor's crash. What a revenge!

Joey heard Rufe's kick and turned on the radio.

Presently from the loud speaker came the voice of a crooner bemoaning the fact that he was headed for the last roundup. Joey tuned the set sharply, crossed over to the wall, and kicked.

Click!

The crooner was snapped off, and in his stead: "One, two, three, four, d'ya hear me, Joey? This is your pal Rufe. Under the spreading chestnut tree, one, three, five, seven, signals over, breathes there a man with soul so dead, nine eleven, punt formation, who never to himself has said, d'ya hear me, Joey?"

Joey kicked the wall for the third time.

Click! Rufe's voice was instantly replaced by the wheezy tenor who by this time was almost at his destination. Joey switched him off, opened the door, looked up and down the corridor, and was gone.

"You were swell!" he told Rufe in their room. "Perfect. Just like a regular announcer."

"No kiddin'?" Rufe blushed and tried to be nonchalant. "I used to be on the high school debating team. Yougta hear my spiel on transportation—"

"Did you hear my signal all right?"

"Uh, huh."

"It'll be louder tonight. . . . Lots of noise. Say, Joey added quickly, "rehearse your lines."

"Aw, I did five times already."

Joey was adamant. "Five more times," he said.

Socker Craig's room was crowded when Joey reported "for duty" that evening after study hour. Upper classmen were draped over the beds, on the chairs, table, and floor, all talking at once. The radio was going full blast, contributing to the general confusion with the rhythmic strains of a popular tune. Joey felt elated. The stage couldn't have been better set for his revenge. What an audience!

Joey recited his piece hurriedly, and stood meekly just inside the door. Socker Craig noticed the plebe and waved him to carry on. Carefully Joey stepped around several reclining forms of upper classmen and stationed himself against a side wall. Through the bedlam of voices he isolated Socker's:

" . . . they talked to me today . . . think I haven't been training right this week . . . they're all wet . . . I'm all right . . ."

Joey regarded the first classman thoughtfully, and was puzzled. That egg was not all right, he told himself. He was acting queerly—he yowed and worried. Joey watched Socker as he toyed with a pencil, fiddled with the cord on his bathrobe, opened and closed a book repeatedly. It was strange, too, that nobody but Socker Craig talked of tomorrow's boxing meet. They all knew Socker wasn't right! For an instant Joey considered calling off his plan. Then, from Socker Craig:

"Mister Sharks, we crave amusement." Socker waved for quiet and got it. "All hands pipe down while we hear an oration on the 'Whichness of What.' The oration, gents, will be delivered to the accompaniment of that tuneful melody, 'Looking for a Sweetheart.'"

Joey swallowed hard and thought fast. A trio had just finished singing a chorus of the song and now the full orchestra was taking up the tune.

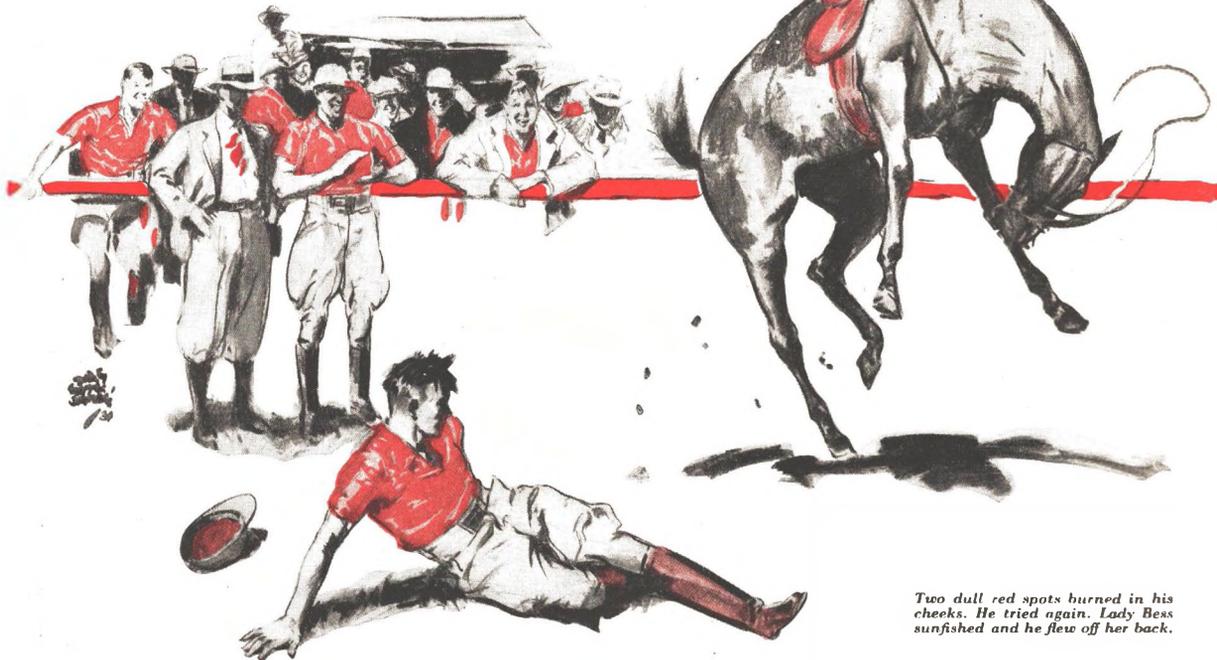
"Gents," announced Socker Craig, "I give you Mister Harks."

Joey's lips moved, forming the words, "Parks, sir."

"Well!"

(Continued on page 36)

**T**ate Collier told nobody of the badge he wore--  
the red badge of fear under his shirt



Two dull red spots burned in his cheeks. He tried again. Lady Bess sunfished and he flew off her back.

# The Polo Ghost Rides

by Paschal N. Strong

**T**HE WHITE polo ball skimmed tantalizingly over the turf. Mullins was on it as usual, giving his pony full head, clamping spurs into her flanks. That was Mullins—charging full tilt into everything.

Frank Tasker, on the side boards, watched him with a grudging admiration. He saw Mullins' stick whip down in a powerful forehand. The ball zoomed over the heads of his forwards to the conical goal posts. His teammates rode their men out, and Mullins galloped on for the goal. Yes, Mullins looked like an asset to any team. Yet Frank was glad he belonged to the visitors.

No one took the game very seriously. The Mavericks were over for a practice tilt with the Valley Juniors. They were merely feeling the turf again after a long winter siege in the cages. So Frank turned to look with some curiosity at a lone figure leaning on the side boards a few yards away. It was Tate Collier, the mystery boy of the Valley Club. He was a newcomer from the West, and his father's credentials had given him a junior membership in the club. Why he wished this membership no one quite knew. He possessed no mounts and was never seen on the club's ponies.

"Our Western he-man looks as though he were screwing up courage to throw his leg over a saddle," suggested Glenn Cowden, who played at One for the Valley Juniors.

Frank smiled. Tate Collier, small and slender, somehow didn't fit into the picture as a Western cowboy. "Whatever he wants he's keeping it a secret," he replied. "He's hard to talk to."

They watched him as he diffidently picked up a polo stick. He held the stick at the grip, twisting the wrist strap around his fingers, and moved the mallet rapidly to and fro. He replaced the stick, then tried another, and yet a third. With this he seemed satisfied.

Frank looked startled. "If that's my fifty-inch, short-jointed club, that chap knows his sticks."

He strode toward the lonely figure, and noticed that the stick was his fifty-inch favorite. "Hello, Tate," he smiled. "Like that stick?"

"Yes," said Tate, almost eagerly. "It feels—" He stopped uncertainly, then looked flustered. "It just feels better than the others," he finished lamely.

Frank eyed the wrist strap, tightly and correctly adjusted across his hand. "You've played before?"

Tate's tan cheeks reddened. "I—I know the moves," he said.

"Great! Come out for the Juniors. We'll need help when Mullins brings his Mavericks here for the tri-club tournament. Look at him."

They watched Mullins racing his man directly toward them. Frank watched with eyes aglitter, knowing they would swerve in an instant. But a soft moan beside him made him turn. Tate's face had drained of color. He seemed paralyzed with fear. Suddenly he turned and fairly leaped across the intervening space to the row of cars parked near the fence. An instant later he looked at Frank shamefacedly.

"Sorry I made such an idiot of myself."

Frank hardly knew what to say. "If you feel that way about horses," he finally ventured, "I guess you won't want to come out for polo."

Tate's brown eyes held a stricken, baffled look.

The incident hadn't passed unnoticed among the players, and when Frank mounted up for his turn on the field, Mullins galloped over.

"Who's the weak sister?" he grinned.

"He's a polo player from the West," interposed the

bulky Glenn. "We're saving him for the tournament in June."

"Don't put him against me," laughed Mullins. "I'm afraid of these big, brave cow-punchers."

Frank didn't smile. It didn't sit well to have Mullins, a guest of the club, poke fun at one of the club's members. But in the thrill of the first chucker of the spring, the thunder of hoofs on springy turf, the sweet click of the ball, he forgot about Tate and his strange complex. Only after the game did he suddenly remember the young Westerner, and that because he was looking for a ride to town. He saw Tate enter his roadster, and asked for a lift.

"Glad to take you in," said Tate, adding wryly, "if you aren't afraid my nerves will give out!"

"I'll shoo away all horses," laughed Frank sympathetically. He suddenly found himself liking this slim young chap, who frankly admitted his fear of horses instead of trying to conceal it with alibis.

They were soon on the concrete highway, gliding swiftly toward town. Frank cautiously talked of horses and polo. Tate said little, but from his expression Frank knew he was interested.

A large passenger bus zoomed up over the crest of a rise in the road. It looked like some prehistoric monster rushing toward them. Suddenly Frank caught his breath and drove his feet instinctively into the floor-board. A short distance ahead of them a small car had emerged on the main road from a side trail. The car was directly in their path. To stop in that distance was impossible. To swerve to the right meant a head-on crack-up with a tree. To veer to the left meant cutting directly into the path of the oncoming bus.

Frozen into immobility, Frank could only await Tate's decision. It came without a second's hesitation. He turned his car squarely into the path of the juggernaut and stepped on the gas. The car,

Illustrated by  
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS



already going fast, leaped ahead like a startled gazelle, cleared the bus so closely that Frank swore he heard the click of metal, and careened crazily along the edge of the road as Tate brought her to a stop.

The bus was rolling merrily along the road. The other car was following it as though nothing had happened. Frank, limp as a rag, could only stare at Tate.

"And I thought you lacked nerve," he finally gasped.

Tate shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing else to do," he said simply. He appeared quite calm and collected.

"Yet you—you run away from horses!"

Tate was silent.

"I can't read riddles," said Frank. "But one thing is sure: you're coming out for polo."

Tate's face grew masked. Without a word, he slipped the car into gear. Frank sensed that some vital struggle was going on within him, and left him to make his own decision.

"I'll come out," said Tate finally, as though the words had cost him a great effort.

The next afternoon Frank told the Valley Juniors that Tate was going up for a few chukkers.

"What!"

"After his stampede yesterday!"

"You're joking!"

Frank smiled enigmatically. "He can use club ponies. I'll try him at Two."

"But Mullins is playing Three against us. That'll put them man to man."

Frank nodded. "That's what I want."

When Tate arrived they showed him his string of ponies, and described the good and bad points of each. For his first chukker Tate selected the pony called Firebrand. Firebrand may have once displayed spark, but now he was easily the tamest, least exciting of all mounts.

But Frank noted that Tate's polo equipment was not new. And Tate, before mounting, inspected the

leather, the slack of the curb, the tightness of the cinch. He was no novice.

But when he prepared to mount a curious expression of repugnance overspread his face. He hesitated. Then, making an effort, he swung into the saddle.

Mullins approached Frank. "Isn't that the bouncer who threw a fit at the side boards yesterday?"

Frank regarded him thoughtfully, his mind on Tate's decisive handling of the car yesterday. "I wouldn't advise you to call him that to his face. He might surprise you."

Mullins laughed. "I'll surprise him if he gets in my way."

Three bells sounded at the side boards. Then two, and the referee trotted out. The two teams lined up in the shape of an L—One, Two, and Three in file behind each other, and the backs out to the flank to guard against a lucky capture of the ball by an opposing One on the throw-in.

The willow sphere bounded in. The Ones crossed sticks, but missed. There was a sudden click, and the ball shot out of scrimmage with Tate's pony after it. Frank grinned. It was Tate's agile wrist that had caught the ball on the throw-in. The boy was good!

Tate was after the ball full tilt but Mullins was already racing to ride him off the line. Frank was temporarily free.

"Take Mullins," he called to Tate, and urged his pony forward.

Tate, with raised stick, cast a sidelong glance at Mullins, coming in at a sharp angle from the flank. He edged his galloping pony toward Mullins to carry him out of the play and leave the ball to Frank.

Then a strange thing happened. Just before Mullins rode into him, Tate's pony suddenly shied away, back to the line of the ball, beyond the line, leaving Mullins in undisputed possession of the sphere. To the onlookers it may have appeared that Firebrand suddenly took flight. But Frank knew better. He had seen Tate's shift of rein and pres-



Then began the weirdest, the strangest contest between two polo players that the field had ever seen. A contest calling for courage!

sure of knee, sending the pony off its course.

His heart sank. That couldn't be the Tate who had risked his life to save a careless driver!

Mullins, on the ball, whipped out a near-side backhand that sent the ball back to his waiting forwards. Frank pulled his pony around and galloped back to his man, but the harm was done. With the Juniors caught off guard by the sudden reversal of play, the visitors rode off the lone back and cracked the ball through for the first goal.

Frank's interest in the chukker was secondary to his interest in Tate. He watched Mullins purposely go out of his way to make the young Westerner look helpless. He saw Mullins crash into Tate at every opportunity, and saw Tate literally blanch as Mullins dashed toward him. It became painful to watch the meaningless persecution, and Frank's other teammates threw him significant glances. When the chukker ended Frank breathed a sigh of relief. One thing was certain—Tate Collier was ruled out from then on.

Tate himself knew it. He dismounted, pale of face, his eyes full of bitter regret. "Sorry," he told Frank. "It's no go. I knew it wouldn't be."

Frank nodded. "Thanks for trying, anyway. I guess you just don't like horses."

They saw no more of him for several days, but the following week he was out again, sitting quietly by the side boards while the Valley senior and junior players scrimmaged against each other in pick-up games. No one paid much attention to him.

As summer drew on things looked none too hopeful for the Juniors' chances of retaining the cup that the colt teams of the three clubs fought for every June. Team handicaps had never been allowed in this tournament, and with Mullins' Mavericks rated at five goals and the Centaurs and Valley Juniors at three apiece, it was an uphill battle for the Juniors.

Frank, casting about for the drowning man's straw, thought of Tate. If only—but why think of miracles? Tate, although he hadn't missed a game all spring, hadn't touched saddle leather since that awful chukker against Mullins.

In the first game of the round robin the Mavericks handed the Centaurs a decisive trimming, and the following week the Valley Juniors, after a hard fought game, eked out a narrow 6-5 victory. The Mavericks waited complacently for their meeting with the Juniors.

"I'm glad it's the depression polo this year," said the pessimistic Glenn. "Only six chukkers. That'll hold down the scoring." "Sure," said Frank, with a confidence he didn't feel. "A lucky thing for the Mavericks. And don't forget our one-man rooting section."

As was expected, Tate was on hand when the two strings of ponies appeared from the stables. When Frank and the Juniors came out they found him inspecting a new mount that the club had recently secured.

"This mare came from Pete Lang's Colorado ranch, didn't she?" he asked.

"Yes. How did you know?" Tate indicated a slight, hardly discernible brand on the wall of a hoof. "She looks three-quarter bred, with a quarter mustang. If she's like most of Pete's stables, she's a one-man filly."

"The senior members have discovered that," grinned Frank. "Lady Bess—that's her name—was bought as a made pony. But no one can handle her. Tendency to buck, and whatnot. So they generously loaned her to us. She's policed me three times. Would you like to try her?"

Tate paled visibly. "No, not today. I was just looking her over, that's all."

"I'll bet you'd love to try her," laughed a familiar voice. It was Mullins speaking. "She's just the horse for you, Collier. Wild, for fearless cowboys."

Tate flushed and his body stiffened. Frank intervened.

"Wouldn't you like to mount up on Lady Bess?" he asked Mullins. "None of us can handle her."

"Sure. I'll put her through her paces between halves. Stick around, Collier, and see if my riding meets with your Western approval."

"I'll stick around," said Tate evenly. There was a curious undertone in his voice that didn't escape Frank.

Cars and a colorful crowd lined the field as the game began. The senior members of the Valley Club hadn't much hope in the young players who wore their colors, but they were on hand to cheer nevertheless. The Valley Juniors would need lots of cheering.

Mullins, true to form, began the game by trapping the ball at the throw-in and racing off for a one-man run toward the goal posts, but his final shot went wide by a couple of yards.

On the knock-in from the back line the Valley back pushed the ball up to his forwards, who carried it beyond midfield before a topped shot gave it back to the Mavericks. They didn't keep it long and the Juniors, with Glenn at One, Baker at Two, Frank at Three, and Tracy back, swung into the game with a zest and power that caught the overconfident Mavericks off guard, and sent the ball spinning through the posts.

That brought the Mavericks to life. Except for Mullins' horses the two teams were equally mounted. Mullins had his own string of three superb Argentines. With them he could easily hold his line, outdistance an opponent, and, when necessary, ride a man out of the play. This, added to his powerful if not too accurate stroking, represented the advantage of the Mavericks over the Valley four. Unless the Juniors could offset those Argentines in some manner, they had little chance of winning.

The Mavericks regained their goal in the first chukker and added three more before the end of the half. The Juniors, on a penalty shot allowed when Mullins impetuously crossed the line a bare pony's

length ahead of a racing mount, added one more to their score. The half ended with the score 4-2, and with every indication of the spread increasing during the next three chukkers.

Baker, the Valley Two, looked wan and weary as he dismounted for the ten-minute rest. "You gave me a merry ride," he told Mullins, who had come across the field to ride Lady Bess.

Mullins carelessly acknowledged the compliment. "I'll see what I can do with this fire-eater," he added. "All she needs is proper handling."

The mare, white with tawny markings, laid her ears back as Mullins led her from the picket line and adjusted the stirrup leather. He vaulted lightly into the saddle—only to be pitched off before he could clasp his legs around her girth. In spite of themselves, a smothered laugh escaped the Juniors. Had it been anyone but Mullins—

Mullins tried again. This time, gaining his seat, he stuck for all of three seconds while the bucking steed arched her back and threw her heels into the air. Down crashed Mullins into the turf.

Two dull red spots burned in his cheeks. He tried again. Lady Bess sunfished, and he flew off her back. Purple with fury, he mounted again. The mare reared. He stuck with her, slashing her wildly, viciously, across the poll. Lady Bess left the ground, arching like a cat, and Mullins was off again. He seized his crop, beside himself with rage, and slashed the untamed pony across her face.

Someone snatched the crop from him. He wheeled around, snarling. Tate, white-lipped, faced him.

"You can't do that," said Tate, his words cutting like tool steel.

Mullins, bulky and rugged beside the slim Westerner, forgot himself. He slapped Tate full in the face.

Tate ripped into him. But Mullins stretched out a long arm and held him at bay.

"You yellow bounder," he shouted. "Are you trying to teach me how to ride?"

Others came between them. Mullins forced a laugh, loud and long. "Let's see you ride the mare," he taunted.

For an instant Tate's eyes flickered. He was in plus fours, hardly the garb in which to tackle a horse like Lady Bess. But he looked at Mullins an instant and slung off his coat.

"I'll ride the mare," he announced. Involuntarily every one laughed.

At the stirrup he hesitated. Frank, covertly watching him, saw the old, immeasurable fear deep in his eyes. Mullins laughed again, and Tate instantly swung into the saddle—and was promptly policed over the pony's neck.

He regained his feet. His shirt was torn and nearly stripped off his chest. On the white flesh an ugly scar flared up, dull and red—a scar in the shape of a horseshoe. Frank, close to Tate, looked at it in amazement.

"But the mare didn't kick you," he exclaimed.

"That happened six months ago," said Tate quietly.

Frank thought of the crushed bones, the lung bruises, that Tate must have suffered from a blow so wicked as to leave such a scar. And then a great light blazed upon him, and the mystery of Tate was a mystery no longer.

When Tate returned to the mare Frank knew he was fighting a double fight—battling against the pony, and against his shattered nerve. Tate was up again. Lady Bess reared so suddenly that he nearly went over backward, but he threw his weight against the pony's neck.

A second of suspense. Then, with startling swiftness, the mare came to her feet, a pair of heels flashed up, and Tate clamped his legs around her and stuck.

Up in the air went Lady Bess, her back snapping like a stringed (Continued on page 28)

"I'm through with the defensive game," Tate said.  
"I'm riding Lady Bess."  
"What? That mare?"



*Big Moose! The campus called him---*



Buller swallowed. How could he confess to the coach that there was always something wrong? "I couldn't seem to get going," he said.

Illustrator: GRATTAN CONDON

# Mighty Man

by William Heyliger

**M**CNALLY, the coach, used to say that sometimes a football team isn't made—it just happens. He was thinking, whenever he said that, of Buller, and Andy Crowell and Vic Lane, but principally of Buller. Moose Buller! Buller, who was later to be picked on All-American lists. Buller, the accident.

The three men came to Delawanna from different points of the compass. Buller was from the mountains, Crowell lived on the coast, and Lane came from the midland valleys. Destiny threw them into rooms on the same floor of Vanderbilt Hall. And then these three—any one of whom alone would have been inconspicuous—fused and made football history.

They differed in everything except that they were big, and Buller was the heaviest of the lot. After that all resemblance stopped. Buller was an uncertain, futile giant; Crowell was good-natured and whole-souled, and Lane had a sharp tongue driven by an acid envy. Football was the magnet that drew them together that first night in Vanderbilt Hall. "What do you play, Crowell?" Lane asked. He was weighing his own chances against possible competition.

"Guard."

"How about you, Buller?"

"They tried me in the backfield," Buller answered.

"Tried you?" Lane looked at the big student intently. He was a backfield candidate himself and Buller's hard poundage filled him with hostility. "A man with your beef could take a deep breath and blow tacklers out of the way."

"Size isn't everything," Buller said gruffly.

"Don't try to kid me," Lane snapped.

But it happened that Buller wasn't kidding. He knew already what would happen. He'd trot out on the frosh field with his 180 pounds of bone and muscle and the coach would smile with satisfaction. Presently men ten pounds lighter would be whittling him down to size, and the coach's smile would fade. Not, he told himself, that he wouldn't try. He'd run low, and bring up his knees, keep his head up and hug the ball. But he wouldn't get loose. It would be the same old story all over again.

The good-natured Crowell followed him down the hall to his room. "What do you do to men in the line, Bull?" he asked plaintively. "Kill 'em outright or let 'em linger in their misery?"

Buller started to answer, then changed his mind. "Who's the frosh coach?" he asked abruptly.

"McNally," said Crowell. "He likes big men."

Buller said nothing.

Next day he reported at frosh field. McNally's eyes ran over him and took on a warm gleam. McNally was near him when the squad passed and fell on the ball and tackled the dummy.

Crowell and Lane walked off with him after practice.

"Mac had his eye on you," the guard said. "All you have to do is show him a few tricks and you've got the job nailed down."

Buller sweated. Did they think he was a Red Grange? A cold lump formed in his stomach at the thought of what would probably happen when the real looking over started.

For three days he drilled in football fundamentals and for three days he knew the coach was watching him. He waited, and that cold lump was never absent. On the fifth day McNally threw together two experimental elevens and Buller found himself on the first team staring over a crouched line at Crowell's bent back and at the dark, scowling face of Vic Lane.

Somebody cried: "Watch that big Moose."

Buller's hands were moist. They'd use him on line smashes—they always did. He tried to shake off the trembling despair that crept into him. On a skirt around tackle he took out the end and helped clear the way for the gain. Action brought a certain release to his strung nerves. And then it was his signal to take the ball through the center of the line.

Low, knees high. Mechanically he was perfect. Crowell had gone down on his back—the hole was waiting. He stepped over the prostrate guard and a hand pawed to check him. He hesitated and lost

headway. Then Lane was on him and he dropped.

"Where were you, Buller?" McNally shouted. "It was wide open for you."

Buller rubbed his hands on his sweater. From across the line Lane looked at him in a sort of fascinated incomprehension. The cold lump in his stomach became a paralyzing weight.

Down, the quarterback, sprayed the plays. Sometimes they gained; sometimes they lost ground. Men grunted, and panted, and strained. Buller, trembling, waited for his call. It came—another drive at center.

Crowell was down once more, but this time he threw up his legs as a barricade. A fighting back would have swept him aside but Buller, with no faith in himself, became entangled. And Lane came up fast and stopped him at the hole. Crowell stared up from the ground with unbelieving eyes.

"Didn't I tell you?" Lane exulted to himself. "He's soft."

McNally charged in among the scrambling players. "Where were you that time, Buller? This isn't a tea party. Drive, drive! Get in there and drive."

The ball came to Buller again and he fumbled.

The afternoon became a black nightmare. Players came into the scrimmage and went out, and presently he found himself on the side lines. He had failed again.

As practice ended McNally stopped Buller with a beckoning finger. The squad went around the field on a trot and disappeared into the locker room. He and McNally came down across the grass alone.

"Buller, what was wrong with you today?"

Buller swallowed. How could he confess to the coach that there was always something wrong? "I couldn't seem to get going."

"I wonder if you'd ever get going in the backfield," McNally said thoughtfully. "It doesn't seem to be your spot. Ever play in the line?"

"Yes, sir."

"Much?"

"Well—they tried me there."

"Oh!" The coach nodded. So Buller was one of

They blasted a hole—a wide, gaping hole—and Lane was not dragged down until he had crossed the Hancock 20.



those men who had everything—and nothing. One of the mystery men of football, the heartbreaks. The gleam went out of McNally's eyes and he walked for a moment in silence.

"I'm going to try you at tackle," he said.

Buller nodded. That was better than he had expected.

"I'm going to give you every chance I can," McNally said.

Next day Buller was in the line, and two days later he was with the scrubs, playing shoulder to shoulder with Crowell. Vic Lane was behind him in the secondary.

Crowell couldn't understand the big fellow's collapse. "You won't be here long, Bull," he predicted loyally.

Later Crowell had a talk with Vic Lane.

"There's something eating Buller, Vic. Something inside. It's a darned shame. He's got stuff."

"Yeah? Why doesn't he show it?" Vic replied belligerently.

"He shows flashes."

Lane shrugged. "He's like a lot of these big yaks—soft."

But Crowell held to his belief. He was next to Buller in the line, close enough to see clearly. Twice he saw the Moose brush aside two opposing blockers and spill plays before they got started. It was a brilliant vision of what Buller could do if only some kink inside him were straightened.

He sat with Buller on the bench and watched the Mt. Hope freshmen swarm over Delawanna for a 13 to 0 triumph. Arrowsmith, varsity tackle, was the weak spot. Time after time Mt. Hope blocked him out and went through. Childs, who went in for Arrowsmith, was no better. The mountain team rolled over him for a second touchdown in the final quarter.

"Bull," Crowell said suddenly. "I have a hunch they wouldn't have run wild over tackle if you'd been in there."

Buller's eyes flamed with a hunger that took Crowell's breath. The next instant the eyes were clouded again.

Crowell exclaimed something in a startled undertone. So that was it! That evening he ate a silent supper, thinking hard, and went looking for Buller. He found him walking out of Vanderbilt.

"Bull," he said, "I've been doing some thinking. You've got the makings—the real thing. I think I know what's the matter with you."

Buller froze. "Do you?"

"You don't know how good you are."

"Oh! Listen—" Buller said it in an incredulous whisper.

Crowell went up the stairs of the dormitory building, and into Lane's room, and closed the door quickly behind him.

"Vic," he panted, "I know what's the matter with Buller. No confidence. He should be the best man on the squad. He's sunk because he has no faith in himself."

"That sort of baby, eh?" Lane asked.

"Don't be that way. It's happened to men in the big leagues. It happened to Coveleskie when he was with Detroit. It's a mental twist. And there's a way to cure that. Load him up with confidence. Tell him how good he is until he gets to believe it. We can—"

"We?"

Crowell's high tide of enthusiasm was checked; his eyes narrowed. "Well?" he snapped.

"I didn't come here," Lane said acidly, "to carry around nursing bottles for infants."

"I see," Crowell said slowly. "Rather than help a good man overcome a handicap—"

"I wonder if you'd be so anxious to do your daily good turn if he were out for guard?"

"He isn't a backfield candidate any more."

"He was." Lane's streak of envy showed its teeth.

"If he's going to make the first team, let him earn it like anybody else."

On Monday McNally reviewed the Mt. Hope disaster and went over the team's mistakes. Arrowsmith got a long blocking drill and the first and second teams ran through signals.

And on Tuesday, Crowell saw a new side to Buller. The big Moose had Arrowsmith over to one side of the field. Buller was half-crouched, arms swinging, and Crowell saw him charge at an imaginary figure, then leap toward Arrowsmith and swing a hand down on his shoulder. With sudden interest Crowell walked by the two, going slowly and listening.

"I'm not so hot myself," Buller was saying apologetically, "but if you fake a charge at one blocker and sweep the other man with your hands, you can vault through. I tried it out—it works."

Crowell walked on, marveling. Here was Buller, with slim chances himself, showing his rival how to get across the line! Crowell had been a bit afraid that Buller was concerned only with himself. Yet

he had keenly spotted Arrowsmith's weakness and was now pointing it out! The guard walked on with a swelling warmth toward the Moose. Worth saving, that boy!

Just before scrimmage he patted the tackle on one husky shoulder.

"Bull," he said earnestly, "you haven't forgotten what I told you?"

Buller looked at him hard.

"You don't know how good you are."

It was something new to Buller, the thing of being told he was good. He had thought at first that the guard was kidding, but now he saw that Crowell was in earnest. It left him strangely thrilled. All through scrimmage a voice called hearty, cheering words. He remained the same Buller, mechanical, uninspired; and yet he felt the stirrings of a rising emotion.

"Crow," he said as they dressed, "you're not aiming to borrow five bucks from me, are you?"

"I'm aiming," said Crowell, "to see you on the other side of the line where you belong."

Buller looped his tie into a knot. His hands trembled. "I wonder—" he began as though talking to himself.

"I don't," said Crowell. "I know."

Buller stood very still. His heart gave two or three hard, muffled throbs. It couldn't be. But suppose. . . . Suddenly he grew giddy with the brightness of the vision.

Next day the squad went back to signal drill. Buller, running through the plays, found it warm and stimulating to have Crowell there beside him on his left. This was comradeship. They were teammates! He had never felt it before. Buoyancy and lightness flowed into his legs.

"Hi!" cried Crowell with the charge, and Buller discovered himself giving an answering "Hi!" and breaking away fast. He was the first man back in the line after each run. He suddenly found a fierce joy in combat.

And that, too, was a new and strange thought for Buller.

Gus Dow, captain and quarterback, noticed it and spoke to McNally. "Buller looks better, Coach."

McNally nodded. "Watch Crowell, too," he said. The captain was puzzled. "What was Crow doing?"

"Talking it up." A wise man, McNally. All he needed was a sign.

Next day there was scrimmage again. Buller, torn with anxiety, lifted a foot. In front of him

the end and halfback waited for the snapback. He wet his lips. Where was the battle lust of yesterday? The play got under way.

The end and halfback got the jump—they were pinning him. He swept down his hands, wrenched himself free, flung himself sideways toward the gap. His bulk filled it. The play, crashing into him, staggered and stopped.

Crowell pounded his shoulder. "They hit you with half the team and you piled them up. Didn't I say you were there?"

Buller said uncertainly: "I thought I was gone."

"A good man's never gone," Crowell told him. Buller hugged that. He had only *thought* he was gone. He crouched and licked his lips—this time eagerly. He shifted suddenly. The ball was snapped. Buller feinted past his opponent like a flame, and Dow, trying an end run, was taken from the side by a battering ram.

Crowell's hands pounded. "Boy, did you smear that one! Did you smear that one!"

Buller knew the mad joy of one who, long submerged in fog, finds the sunlight. Crowell was right. He was good. He'd just found it out.

The first team went through a groggy, painful afternoon. Later, in the locker room, McNally paused at Crowell's bench.

"Keep it up," he said meaningly, and went on to Buller. "Get this, Moose." He handed the tackle a paper and walked on.

Crowell hurried across the room. "What did he give you, Bull?"

"The first team's signals," said Buller. His voice was hoarse. "We play Cumberland Saturday."

But on Saturday he sat on the bench from the first whistle until the last.

Crowell looked at Buller thoughtfully, then grinned. "They were easy," he said casually. "They didn't need you. Besides, Mac may have been afraid you wouldn't have the signals pat."

"He needn't be afraid of that," Buller said confidently. The pendulum had swung from one extreme to the other. The old Buller was dead and the new Buller, alert and eager, was going to step high and wide.

On Tuesday when the teams lined up for scrim-

mage Buller was still with the seconds—but he was a confident, transformed Buller who had found his way around and liked it. He had drive, power, dash. After five minutes of fast practice the whistle blew.

"Over to the first team, Moose," McNally called.

Lane, in the scrub backfield, stood staring darkly at the ground. Buller trotted toward the new position, and Crowell trotted halfway with him. Arrow-smith, his headguard hanging loosely from one hand, walked toward the side line.

The first team had the ball. Dow called a smash over guard and slapped Buller's thigh as they hopped to the line.

"Let's go, Moose."

Moose grinned and with the snap of the ball he charged low and hard. The guard spun out of the path of the play as though he were on a pivot. Lane, tackling viciously, stopped the runner ten feet past the line.

"Trying to kill him, Lane?" McNally asked mildly.

"Taking a tip from Moose," Lane answered shortly, and turned away.

Buller felt a thrill. He had opened that hole. Going back to position he looked instinctively for Crowell, but Crowell was not there. A strange shoulder rubbed against him, and there was no tonic voice to call: "Boy, did you smear 'em that time!"

Buller felt irked and let down. He missed something—a feeling of warmth and friendship. Why couldn't Crowell play a hot game and switch over to this side, too? A minute later there was another drive at guard and again he made the hole. But this time it wasn't so large.

McNally made a startled movement with his hands. He motioned to the group of substitutes and picked a husky lineman. "Take guard on the scrubs," he ordered.

The husky substitute guard was good. Time and again he held Buller on almost even terms. McNally, following the two teams like a hawk, saw a miracle man begin to falter. He blew the whistle and Dow came toward him.

"What's happened to Buller?" Dow asked.

"Crowell isn't with him now," McNally said.

"What—what are you going to do?"

"Try Crowell at guard—for a while," the coach said softly.

Crowell, who had resigned himself uncomplainingly to the scrub, was unexpectedly transported to the first team. "Step on it, Bull," he yelled, and Buller responded to the stimulus and became great once more. McNally, keenly watching, saw something else. He saw a whole side of the second team ripped apart. Where had the added power come from? He stared at Crowell, and muttered in surprise, and saw the scrub line torn to pieces again.

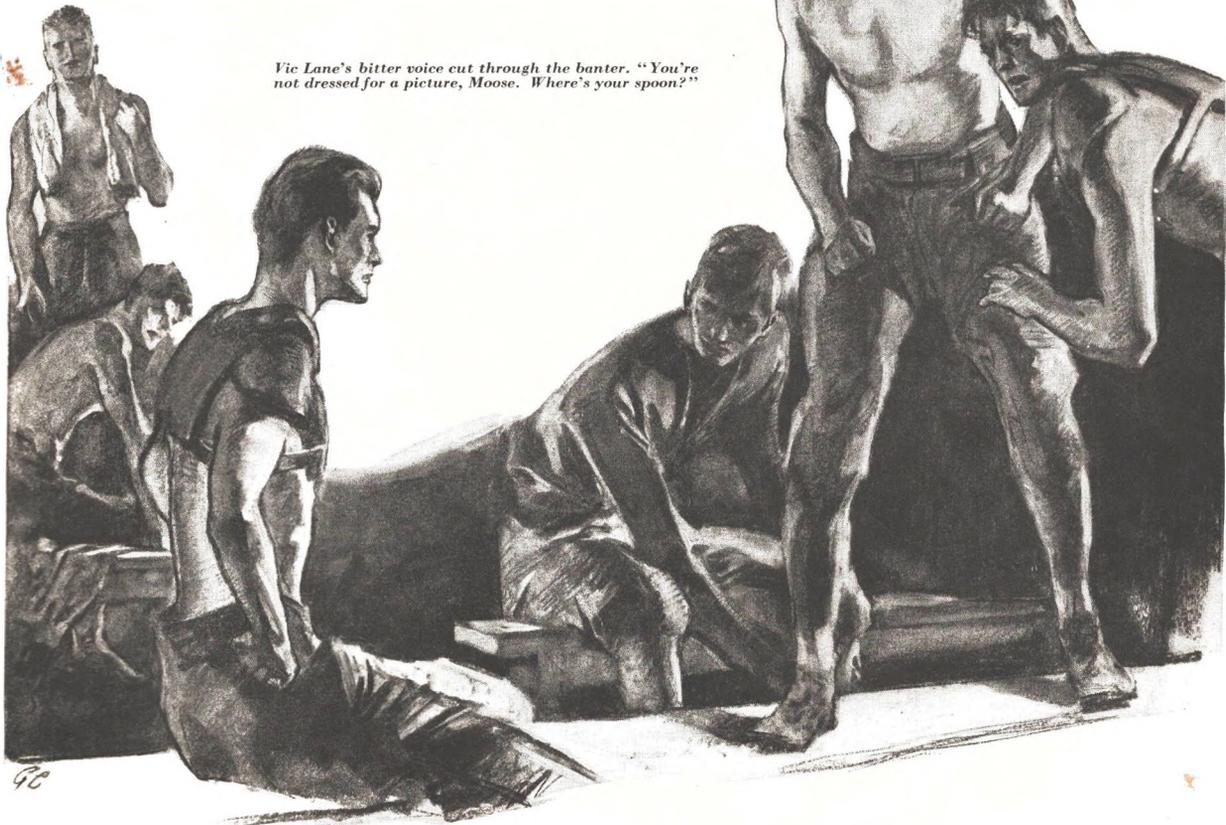
For another miracle had happened. Crowell, thrown into faster company, had risen to the emergency and abruptly burst into bloom. He had a tackle and a guard!

"It's weird," McNally told Dow later in the privacy of his office. "Crowell finds a misfit starving to be told he's good and tells him, and the misfit becomes a lion. Then we find the lion can't get along without his strong meat and we send in Crowell to keep him fed. What then? Crowell gets caught by the contagion and becomes a big chief on his own! I give up!"

Buller and Crowell fitted together like two gears in an oiled machine. They became artists at varying their stance, at never doing exactly the same thing twice, at keeping their feet as long as the play moved. And if Crowell came out of the line to run interference, it was a treat to see Buller spread himself, and become two men and block two holes. Buller-Crowell; Crowell-Buller. They made the right side of the line a battering ram on offensive strength and a fortress

(Continued on page 32)

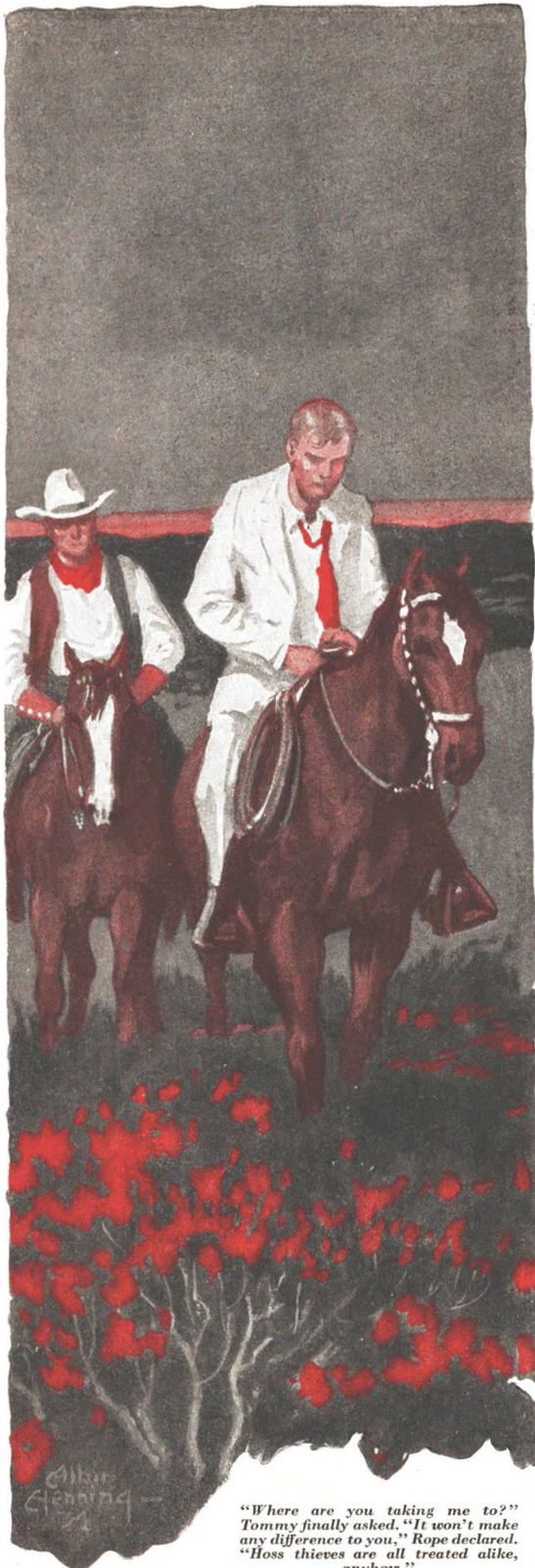
Vic Lane's bitter voice cut through the banter. "You're not dressed for a picture, Moose. Where's your spoon?"



# Riders of the Rio Grande

by

Glenn Balch



"Where are you taking me to?" Tommy finally asked. "It won't make any difference to you," Rope declared. "Hoss thieves are all treated alike, anyhow."

## The Preceding Chapters

WHEN Tommy Harris gazed out of the car windows at the treeless plains of Texas he was conscious of a vast irritation. He had wanted to go to the Maine coast this summer, where there'd be swimming, tennis, and dancing. Why had he let his mother talk him into visiting an uncle he had never seen, in a forsaken country called the Big Bend, on a ranch called the Quarter-circle 6?

"Where the West begins!" The old West, Tommy decided scornfully, was dead, and his Uncle Fred Vance must be a dull sort of person or he'd have come East long ago to join his father with the Harris Bonds, Incorporated.

Then, in the middle of Tommy's mournful disappointment, things began to happen. Life picked up a bit when Tommy discovered that a big, iron-grey fellow traveler knew Fred Vance. And when Tommy, idly concealing the fact that he was Vance's nephew, said that he was going down there to "find out things," the stranger asked him in a whisper:

"What about? Rustling?"

Tommy felt a queer tingle at the words. He had thought rustling was a thing of the past. He felt a tingle, too, over the lean man in the seat behind who seemed to be interested in Tommy, and who stopped mysteriously at a way station to send two telegrams. On top of that there was his welcome at the scrawny, forlorn town of Wrango.

No sooner had he stepped onto the weatherbeaten station plat-

form than he was faced by a hard, lean cowboy with curly black hair and a tan hat.

"Shuffle yore feet," this man commanded, and before the grinning bystanders Tommy actually danced to the tune of a six-gun! It couldn't happen, but it did!

Boiling over, Tommy went to the town's one hotel and asked the way to the Quarter-circle 6. "For'y-five miles," the man replied, pointing to the south-east across an endless plain of mesquite, and to Tommy the words sounded like, "Four or five." He arranged for a horse and then strode out into the town looking for trouble.

In the back room of a smoke-filled loafing place he found the lean, hard cowboy with the curly hair. Tommy knew how to punch—he had boxed at school—and he proceeded to match his skill against the bronzed ferocity of the cowboy. It might have been a draw if the cowboy hadn't fallen and hit his head on the brass rail. And then it was that Tommy made a terrible discovery.

The unconscious man at his feet—Rope, the others had called him—wasn't the man who had made him dance on the platform! He had battled the wrong man!

Tommy escaped while the others gathered about Rope. He found a bay horse tied to the rail in front of the hotel, assumed that it was the horse he had ordered, mounted it and fled southwestward.

It was agony, that ride. His tweed suit was hardly the right dress. He had never ridden before. Desperately he hung on to the saddle horn, until, bruised and weary, he found himself swallowed up in the plains, alone and utterly lost.

The rest was a nightmare. He checked the horse and was thrown over its head. He walked on, leading the animal, until a range bull remounted him with a vicious charge. He sighted two horsemen driving a herd of cows and hailed them.

When he attempted to follow them they fled, and when he spurred his horse to a run, they turned and unbelievably fired at him.

At last, with night falling swiftly on the plains, he tumbled exhausted off the bay and slept. Some time later he felt a rough hand shaking him and a gruff voice saying:

"Sit up, you hoss thief!"

Tommy protested that he had paid ten dollars for the horse and the man replied contemptuously that the animal was his. Then:

*The West, Tommy  
decided, could  
be hard and  
unfriendly---  
especially when  
it was host  
to a horse thief!*

*Illustrated by*  
ALBIN HENNING

"Get up, we're ridin'."  
"I won't," Tommy replied. "I've  
done nothing."

At that moment the man lit a  
match and Tommy suddenly felt the  
fight ooze out of him. In the glare  
of the match he saw a head topped  
with a red-stained bandage, and un-  
derneath the bandage the bronzed,  
grim features of the cowboy called  
Rope.

#### Chapter Nine

AMAZED and flustered, Tommy  
scrambled meekly to his feet and,  
feeling his way up in the dark,  
climbed once more into that hated  
saddle. As he mounted, the cowboy's  
hand fell on the bridle.

"Don't try to pull any greenhorn  
stuff on me," Rope warned him skepti-  
cally, "an' don't try to make a run  
for it in the dark. I'd wait just one  
second longer to shoot you than I  
would a coyote."

Tommy believed him. "All right,"  
he promised, "I won't try to run  
away. I didn't steal any horse."

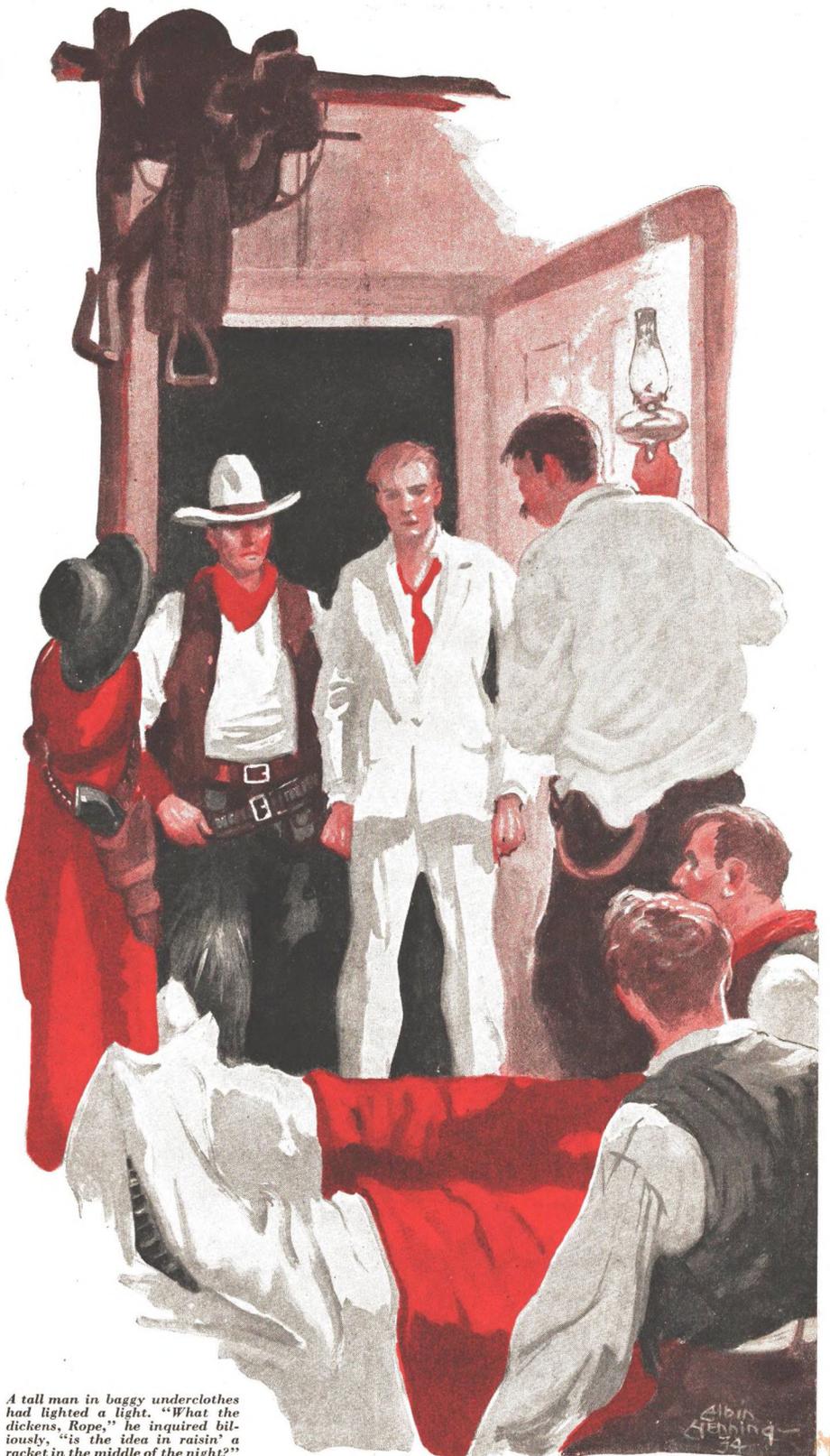
He heard Rope swing into the sad-  
dle. "Get started," the cowboy  
growled.

"Where to?"

"Straight ahead."

Tommy spoke to the bay, and the  
horse moved forward in the starlit  
night, unhesitatingly picking a path  
through the waist-high brush. Tom-  
my, riding in apprehensive silence,  
was only too well aware of the soft  
plodding of the other horse behind.

The young Easterner's mind had  
plenty of material to work on during  
this ominously quiet ride under the  
wide-spread canopy of Big Bend  
stars. He wondered if Rope had  
recognized him? Did the cowboy know  
that he was the person who had un-  
justly attacked him in Wrango? This  
caused Tommy more concern than  
the charge of horse stealing;



*A tall man in baggy underclothes  
had lighted a light. "What the  
dickens, Rope," he inquired bil-  
iously, "is the idea in raisin' a  
racket in the middle of the night?"*

his conscience was clear on the latter score but he knew that he had been seriously at fault in the card room. He wondered if his captor could be hiding a motive of revenge under the more legitimate charge of horse lifting. If so, he was likely to pay dearly for his moment of headstrong rashness. But he didn't intend to submit without a struggle.

"Where are you taking me to?" he finally asked. "It won't make any difference to you," Rope declared significantly. "Hoss thieves are all treated alike anyhow."

Tommy was silent for a long minute while digesting this; then he said, "I demand the right of counsel."

"You ain't doin' any demandin'," Rope informed him. "An' anyway a hoss thief hasn't any rights. When you needed counsel was before you stole the hoss."

"Look here," Tommy said angrily, half turning in his saddle, "I'm a good American citizen and I demand to be treated as such."

"You ain't in America now," the cowboy said. "You're in the Big Bend. An' don't work up a lather—you'll get what's comin' to you all right."

Tommy realized that this attempt to talk himself out of his predicament was useless; the laconic cowboy was convinced of his guilt. But there was one more question that he had to ask.

"Are you taking me to Wrango?" he demanded.

"Not yet," Rope answered straightforwardly. After that silence prevailed, save for the thumping feet of the horses and the natural noises of the brush. For a while Tommy, now keenly alert, toyed with the idea of escape, but after seriously weighing the chances he decided against it. Better to wait and hope for a break. At least he was no longer lost; the cowboy obviously knew where they were going.

The stars overhead shone on with undimmed brightness, the leaves and beans of the mesquite rustled gently in the night breeze, and far off to

the south a coyote howled plaintively. But indifferent to these things were the two grim horsemen who, one in front and the other behind, plodded on through the night, the lead pony unhesitatingly choosing the route.

Presently Tommy began to feel drowsy again and an almost overwhelming weariness settled down upon him. It seemed as if his body could no longer hold itself erect, and he slumped forward over the saddle horn, both hands clutching it for support. But the bay pony rambled on tirelessly, and ever from behind came the soft shuffle of the silent, watchful cowboy's horse.

When the bay, after what seemed hours of unbroken progress, finally came to a halt, lowered his head, and delivered himself of a great sigh, Tommy had reached the point where he didn't care much what happened. Any jail would be preferable to this ceaseless torture in the saddle. And when the time came he could surely clear himself of the horse-stealing charge—if he were given an opportunity.

With hopeful interest, Tommy stared over the bay's head. Before him were the indistinct outlines of a small dark building, and beyond he could see dark splotches that evidently were other buildings. At last they had arrived some place. It was encouraging to know that there really was a house in the Big Bend country.

The shadowy form of the cowboy appeared at his side. "Get down," he ordered.

Tommy slid down stiffly. Rope took his arm and propelled him forward in the dark, leaving the tired horses standing. They approached one of the larger buildings and the cowboy hammered on the door.

"Light up," he cried, pushing the door open and propelling Tommy into the inky blackness.

There was a sleepy grunt and a match was struck and applied to the wick of an oil lamp. As the yellow light dispelled the darkness Tommy stared about, his good eye wide with surprise.

The building consisted of one large room, furnished principally with narrow beds and cots scattered about in careless fashion. Most of them were occupied, as was evidenced by piles of boots and clothing on the floor beside them. Big curled-brim hats hung on nails, along with heavy leather cartridge belts from which big holstered revolvers swung. The floor was rough and bare and splintery; the walls full of knot holes and cracks, with here and there a rough-edged picture some puncher had torn from a magazine. The air was heavily reminiscent of horses, smoke, and oil fumes.

A tall, beefy man, in baggy underclothes, had lighted the lamp. "What the dickens, Rope," he in-

quired biliously, "is the idea in raisin' all this racket in the middle of the night?"

The eyes of several other occupants of the beds blinked sleepily from their pillows as the young cowboy pushed Tommy forward into the light.

"I picked up a hoss thief, Ed," Rope said laconically, "an' I reckoned you might like to have a look at him."

## Chapter Ten

AT Rope's announcement the beefy man's eyes widened in amazement and half the bed springs in the room creaked as their occupants either turned or sat up to get a better view. Tommy, suddenly the focal point of all eyes, felt the blood mount to his face. Dilapidated and dirty, with his left eye closed and discolored, he certainly must look like a bum, he realized, and maybe like a desperate character.

"A hoss thief, eh," the beefy man growled, grimly surveying Tommy.

"He stole my Sundown hoss from a rack in Wrango," Rope stated briefly.

"How'd you catch him?"

"I was comin' home on the other plug when I see Sundown standin' in the mesquite," the cowboy explained. "This guy was asleep on the ground beside him." To a good-natured looking cowboy, he added, "I left the hosses standin'. Will you take care of 'em?"

"Sure." The cowboy slid out.

The big man was eyeing Rope sharply. "How'd you get that crack on the head?" he asked, indicating the blood-stained bandage.

"That was a little private matter," the cowboy said without a smile. "I'll look after evenin' that up myself."

The beefy one shrugged hairy shoulders, and turned to Tommy. But before he could speak, a lean swarthy man who had raised to an elbow in one of the beds, said:

"Maybe so cows he steal too, no?"

Tommy had been watching Rope. The cowboy, he reflected, had been darned decent about their fight, but apparently he didn't propose to forget it. A time would come, of course. Well, that could wait. He turned his eyes to the foreman.

"I didn't do it," he declared, speaking for the first time. "I hired that horse from the hotel man in Wrango."

"By George, Pedro, maybe you're right," the foreman exclaimed to the swarthy one, paying no attention to Tommy's assertion. "Been rustlin' any cows on this range, feller?"

"No," Tommy stated positively.



"I've got to have something to eat," Tommy told the cook. "Just scorch it good. I can't wait long." "All time eat," Charlie grumbled good-naturedly.



He strolled down to the corrals, climbed on a fence, and sat looking at the horses. They were lean, short-bodied animals with slim, tapering legs.

"Of course not," the man jeered. "An' I reckon you didn't lift Rope's hoss? Guess you just started to leave town an' he run right between yore legs." "I just told you I didn't," Tommy declared stoutly. "I hired that horse." "We'll see about that. Where'd you get that black eye?"

The question was unexpected and for an instant Tommy floundered. Then he said, "A man put it there."

"What man?" "That's my business," retorted Tommy. "And it has nothing to do with any horse."

There was a titter from the beds and the big foreman glowered. "Is that so?" he snorted. "Where'd you come from?"

"Fort Worth." Tommy had decided swiftly that he wouldn't admit he was a tenderfoot.

"How long you been on the Rio Grande?"

"I just reached Wrango today." "That'll do to tell. How long since you was across the line?"

"What line?" Tommy was getting irritated.

"The river, of course, you fool!"

"What river?"

"Say don't you talk back to me," the big foreman threatened angrily, "or I'll put a shiner on yore other eye."

"A better man than you gave me the one I've got," Tommy returned spiritedly, and a lanky, bald-headed old cowboy chuckled audibly.

"You'll be glad enough to talk before I get through with you," the beefy man promised. "Who else is in the gang?"

"I don't know anything about any gang," Tommy remonstrated.

"What did you do with that last bunch of three-year-olds you run off? Where'd you cross 'em?"

Tommy didn't answer. What was there worth saying when he had no idea what the man was driving at? But he looked his questioner unwaveringly in the eye.

"You'd better do some talkin'," Ed warned him belligerently.

"Listen here," Tommy snapped. "I haven't stolen any horses and I just got through telling you so.

What's more, I can prove it. But I'm not going to stand here all night talking about it."

Ed opened his mouth to make a hot retort, but Rope interrupted wearily. "Leave it go till mornin'," he said to the big man. "There's plenty of time."

"Yeah," growled the bald-headed one, "I want ter git some sleep."

The foreman snorted but finally agreed: "All right. Pedro, you watch this hombre. An' there'll be a dead greaser on this ranch in the mornin' if you let him get away."

"He no get away," Pedro declared, sliding into his trousers and buckling on a gun belt.

Rope peeled off his shirt. "There's a place where you can bed down," he said, pointing to an unused cot.

"Is there any drinking water about this place?" Tommy inquired, tonguing his parched lips.

"No, you don't," Ed said quickly. "You don't leave this house till mornin', young feller."

But Rope turned and disappeared through the dark doorway. In a minute he was back with a big gourd full of clear, cold water. "Here you are," he said shortly.

With a grateful look, Tommy took the gourd and drained it to the last drop.

"Keep yore eyes on him," Ed admonished the Mexican, "an' drill him if he makes a break. We can't take no chances with his kind."

Tommy, now over by his cot, slipping out of shoes and trousers, grinned. "Don't you worry," he told the big man. "I'll be right here when morning comes."

"You bet," the Mexican guard declared with a flash of white teeth. "Pedro weel see to that."

## Chapter Eleven

AS Rope pulled off his trousers, he noticed a yellow corner of paper protruding from a pocket. He pulled it out and tossed it down beside the lamp.

"There's that telegram for the boss," he said to the foreman. "I called him about it from town."

"It can wait till mornin'," the foreman said, turning the light down low and returning to his bed.

When Tommy hit the cot he reveled for an instant

in the bliss of being able to stretch his weary muscles, then dropped into a heavy slumber. He was too tired to worry; the morning when it came would have to take care of itself.

It came all too soon, in the form of a rough hand shaking him by the shoulder. He opened his eyes and found several men, dressed and smoking, about his bed. It was the beefy Ed who was shaking him.

"Come to life, young feller," he commanded. "There's some things I'd kinder like to hear about."

Tommy sat up, with an involuntary groan as his muscles protested. He felt as if he had been beaten and battered within an inch of his life, and a narrow slit was all that his left eye would open. Painfully he worked himself to the side of the bed and reached for his shoes.

"Now, what do you know about this cattle rustlin'?" Ed demanded.

Tommy glanced up at him, then resumed tying his shoes without replying. Good night, was he going to start in at that again!

"We got you dead to rights on hoss stealin'," the big man went on. "You might as well spill the works; it won't make it no harder on you. Come on, let's have it."

Tommy shrugged. So the big man was determined to prove him guilty of cattle rustling as well as horse stealing. Rope and the bald-headed puncher and the Mexican were among those before him; their eyes were hard and cold and unfriendly.

"Well?" Ed demanded.

"I'll do my talking before a judge," Tommy said, looking up coolly.

The big man's face reddened. "I'm all the judge that's needed here," he declared. "You can talk before me, or not a-tall. Let's have it; I can't wait here all mornin'. We've got ridin' to do."

Tommy didn't answer; he was thinking hard. Surely there was some way out of this mess.

Ed changed his tactics. "What did he have on him, Rope?"

"No gun," the cowboy replied. "That was all I looked for."

"Stand up," Ed ordered, and went through Tommy's pockets, roughly turning them inside out. His search produced a handker-

(Continued on page 38)

# Friendly talks

WITH THE EDITOR

## Think It Over

YOU'RE close to eighteen, so some figures from the state of Pennsylvania will interest you. In Pennsylvania alone, 200,000 boys and girls between the ages of 18 and 21 have no jobs nor any immediate prospect of getting jobs. With more than ten million experienced adults out of work, these boys and girls are going to have to wait a considerable time. What is the answer, for you? We can offer you one answer, and that is to give yourself superior training. This year Cornell University's Department of Hotel Administration graduated 231. Every one of them got jobs. Every graduate of the University of Georgia's forestry school is drawing a pay check. Indeed, the demand for these well-trained young foresters heavily exceeded the supply. Men who did post-graduate work in engineering found themselves much sought after. If you see to it that you know a little more than the other fellow, employers will recognize the fact.

*Boulder Dam will utilize the greatest water wheel generators ever built; it will provide the highest transmission voltage, 287,000; it will send power a record distance, 290 miles.*

## Fly Over Mount Everest

ELSEWHERE in this issue you've found and enjoyed Air Commodore Fellowes' stirring "All Aboard for Everest." We suggest that you spend some exciting hours with this remarkable expedition. Read "First Over Everest!" It's published by Robert M. McBride & Company, New York. Your book-seller or librarian can tell you how to get it. Commodore Fellowes and three associates wrote the book. It's gorgeously illustrated with some of the finest mountain photos we've ever seen. You'll fairly choke as you plunge with the fliers through a desert dust storm. You'll dodge nervously through flocks of six-foot vultures—if you hit one you'll shatter your prop. You'll feel yourself grabbed by giant air currents, grimly determined to dash you to death against the icy peaks at the roof of the world. You'll play polo on sturdy tribesmen's ponies, swim in stagnant pools where hungry crocodiles lurk. It's a grand story of adventure, this. It tells you, too, of one of exploration's most daring successes.

*Snakes have no ears. They hear by receiving sound vibrations through their tongues.*

## Try This on Your Teeth

GENTLEMEN, your teeth! We've just performed an important errand for them. We discussed them—yours and ours—with the American Medical Association. And we learned some surprising facts. When 500 people were examined, a short time ago, it was found that 450 of them had unhealthy gums. So, we advise you to see your dentist immediately. If you don't give your 32 teeth at least a three-minute brushing, twice a day, you're going to have trouble. To clean between your teeth, place your brush against them, without touching the gum. Press until the bristles are well between them. Then wiggle the brush.

Don't be afraid if your gums bleed a bit, at first. Such bleeding merely indicates that they're surprised at their good luck. When your brush gets soft, replace it. Always wet or clean your brush in cold water. Hot water makes it spineless and ineffective, and presently ruins it. Give lots of attention to the inside of your teeth. *Never* use a toothpick. Instead, get some dental floss, but handle it gently, so that it won't lacerate your gums. And save yourself pain and money by visiting your dentist every six months.

*Scientists have studied the deaths of large groups of British birds. One-fifth of them died of asphyxiation and concussion of the brain were frequent killers.*

## Gas Masks for Everybody

RECENTLY we came across a very significant picture. It shows a mass meeting of Japanese business men in Osaka. Each one wears a gas mask. Each has been shown how to put it on, at a given signal. A grim picture, this. It's a frank recognition of the fact that, in the next war, civilians will be the first and most important target. We shudder to think of Europe in the grip of another widespread struggle. It is not unreasonable to suppose that within 24 hours Paris would lie in ruins. So, no doubt, would London and Berlin. The Louvre would be destroyed, and Westminster Abbey. The accumulated treasures of centuries would be lost to the world. Women and children by the hundreds of thousands would come to a violent death. Schools would be de-



## LAKE AT DUSK

By A. L. FISHER

There's stillness of dusk and deep dark water

Out on the pine-bound lake;  
The boat drifts on and only a glimmer  
Of silver shines in its wake.

Peace and calm—and the dark boat floating  
Out from the shade-locked shore,  
With only the sound of the ripples lapping,  
The grate of a drifting oar.

Where is there time more full of living,  
Where is there space as free  
As out on the lake with the first star gleaming,  
And the moon in a hemlock tree?

stroyed, and libraries, and museums. The last war proved one thing—that war and generosity don't mix. When two or any number of nations are fighting for what they consider their existence, any sort of tactics are seized upon. There are no rules. The only remedy is to stop war.

## Choose the Right Job

WHEN you come to pick a lifetime job for yourself, don't let money be too important with you. You need enough to free yourself from worry, to maintain a family comfortably, to let you do your work in peace, to provide for the few years when you may be in retirement. Beyond that you haven't any need for money. If you plan to get your chief happiness out of doing a good job, out of helping your family and other people, you'll succeed and you'll enjoy life. If you build your happiness on material things—on a bigger automobile or a larger house or finer clothes than your neighbors have—you probably will be unfortunate enough to get exactly what you're looking for. Then you'll wonder why you're dissatisfied.

*A Prescription From Dr. Mayo*

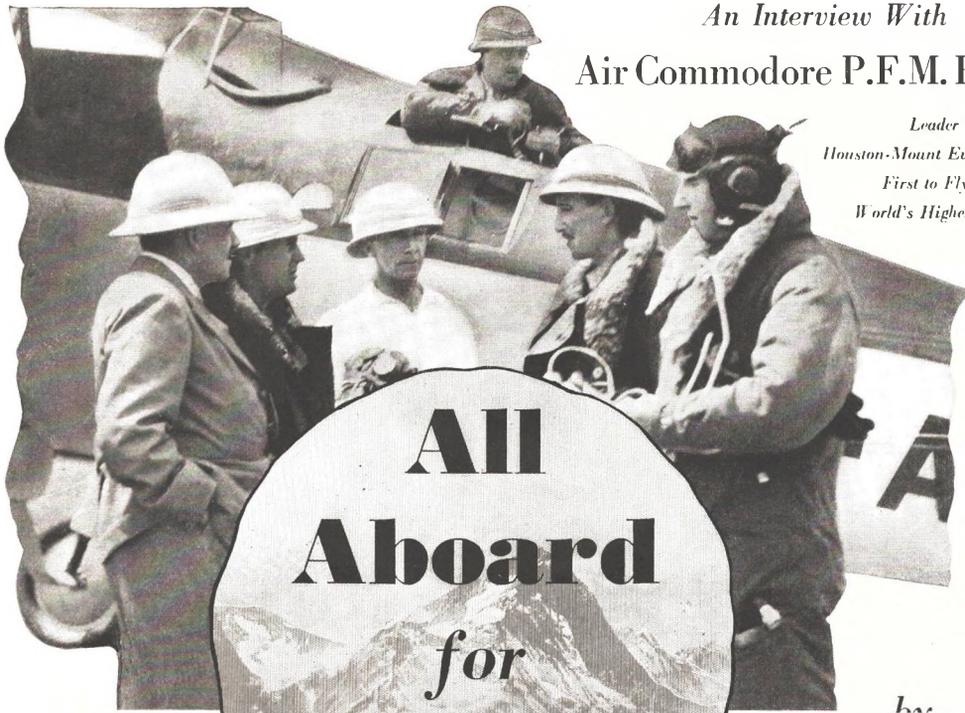
The people we pity, in the depression that is now fading steadily, are the people who built their lives on money.

When they lost their money, they had nothing to replace it. Some of them hanged themselves from chandeliers. Others leaped out of their office windows. We are going to give you some advice that will keep you from following their example. Better yet, we'll let Dr. William J. Mayo do it. He's the world-famous surgeon of Rochester, Minnesota. Says Dr. Mayo: "Contented industry is the mainspring of human happiness. Money is so likely to encourage waste of time, changing of objectives in life, living under circumstances which put one out of touch with those who have been lifelong friends, who perhaps have been less fortunate. How many families have we seen ruined by money which has taken away from the younger members the desire to labor and achieve and has introduced elements into their lives whereby, instead of becoming useful citizens, they have become wasteful and sometimes profligate."

*Many fires have been traced to small birds that pick up lighted cigarette butts and carry them off to their nests in the eaves of old buildings or warehouses. Sparrows are the worst offenders.*

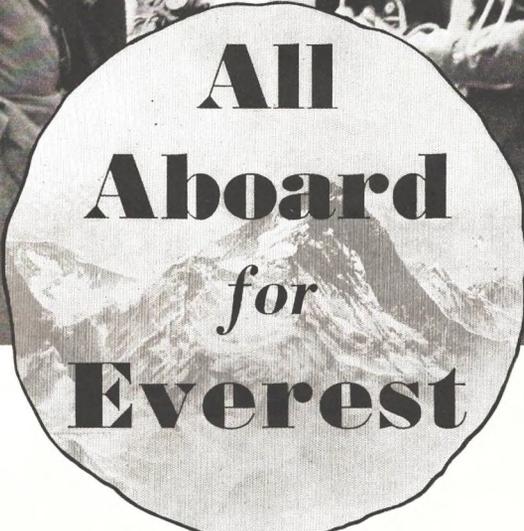
## Attention, Chickens!

IF you keep chickens, here's a bit of news that will interest them. Scientists at Iowa State College have discovered a new use for chicken feathers. First they dissolve the feathers in caustic soda. Then, with acids, they turn the feathers into a new material that is fairly hard and very elastic. It makes an excellent electrical insulator. It can be moulded into any shape and hardened with formaldehyde. It resists water, heat and dilute acids. It's fine for fountain pens, buttons, and similar articles. Stockyards assert with pride that they throw away nothing of pigs but the squeal. We suggest a new slogan for chicken-yards—"Nothing wasted but the cackle!"



An Interview With  
**Air Commodore P.F.M. Fellowes**

Leader of the  
*Houston-Mount Everest Expedition.*  
 First to Fly Over the  
*World's Highest Mountain*



by  
**Franklin M. Reck**

*Getting ready to take off, and Everest 160 miles away! Air Commodore Fellowes, Royal Air Force flyer and expedition leader, stands in the center.*

**F**ROM the peak of the highest mountain in the world streams a pennant of snow. Year in, year out, day after day, Mount Everest's snow plume stretches southeastward, symbol of the mountain's invulnerability.

Thirteen men have lost their lives attempting to climb those last bitter slopes to her barren peak, 29,141 feet above sea level, and airplanes have tentatively assailed her ramparts. But when we prepared to take off for the big adventure, April 3, 1933, Everest was still unconquered.

Picture, first, our position and our objective. We were at Purnea, in northeastern India. Not many miles to the south flowed the Ganges, sacred river of India. North of us the cotton and tobacco fields merged into the rugged highlands of forbidden Nepal. Beyond Nepal the giant wall of the Himalayas guarded the southern boundary of Tibet. In this tempestuous sea of mountains was Everest, just 160 miles away and 5½ miles high.

In a minute I'll put a heated flying suit on you and take you there in the powerful ships of the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition. First let me tell you about the hazards and difficulties of the flight, so that you'll know what you're getting into.

Somewhere above 26,000 feet men lose consciousness and die. Their muscles become sluggish and weak, they find themselves unable to think clearly, and sleep comes.

Since we were going to fly above 30,000 feet for perhaps as long as two hours we had to

**About the Expedition**

**T**HE originator of the plan for the Houston-Mount Everest Expedition was Col. L. V. Stewart Blacker, who became its chief observer. The objective was not to do something daring, but to map hitherto unmapped country, to open the upper air lines to aviation, and to develop picture taking at high altitudes.

Commodore Fellowes, chosen as leader of the expedition, was a Royal Air Force pilot during the World War. He was shot down in the North Sea and wounded after successfully bombing the locks of Zeebrugge at a height of 50 feet, thereby bottling up a fleet of German submarines. He is a direct descendant of King Edward III of England. For several years he was aide de camp to H. M. King George V.

The expedition made two flights over Everest. Two planes made the flight on April 3—Clydesdale and Blacker in one, and McIntyre and Bonnet in the other. Pilots Fellowes and Ellison, taking with them Bonnet and Fisher as observers, flew over Kangchenjunga, to the eastward, a mountain of greater bulk and nearly as high as Everest. Fellowes and Ellison had a harrowing experience that the Everest flyers did not—a vortex of air currents that tossed their ships about like canoes in a raging sea. The expedition was made possible through the financial support of Lady Houston.

have oxygen. Each plane carried 3,000 liters of it in four steel alloy tanks.

But at 34,000 feet atmospheric pressure is only one-third of the pressure at sea level. Tiny blood vessels tend to burst. So we had to test ourselves in artificially rarefied air. We did it in a sealed metal room, all of us who were going to fly—Clydesdale, Blacker, McIntyre, Ellison, Bonnet, Fisher, and I. We all stood the test satisfactorily, but we discovered some queer things about conditions at 34,000 feet.

We found that a piece of paper, dropped from your hands, fell to the floor like a heavy book. We clinked coins in our hands and could hear nothing—there wasn't enough air to convey sound waves to our ears. In other words, we found that what passed for air at 34,000 feet was very tenuous indeed!

We had to be prepared for a drop in temperature of 150 degrees—from 70 above to 80 below—in less than an hour. So we equipped ourselves with electrically heated suits, heated goggles, heated boots, heated gloves, and even heated cameras!

We had to have motors that would fly at 34,000 feet. We selected Westland biplanes with Bristol Pegasus engines that developed a maximum of 525 horsepower at normal revolutions at 11,000 feet. They had superchargers—automatic blower affairs that enabled the engines to breathe ground-level air. At 34,000 feet these engines would develop 235 horsepower.

(Continued on page 41)



*Raging air currents grip Commodore Fellowes' ship as he roars over Kangchenjunga.*

**E. C. Hough**  
President, King Mfg. Co.



**C. H. Bennett**  
President, Daisy Mfg. Co.

**Major John L. Griffith**  
Commissioner of Athletics



**Clayton Holt Ernst**  
Editor, Open Road for Boys



**Griffith Ogden Ellis**  
Editor, The American Boy

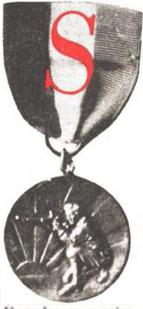


**James Willard Schultz**  
Author of Indian stories. With him is Bear Hat, Kutenai Chief



**Dr. James E. West**  
Editor, Boys' Life

# On the Line, Marksmen!



If you're on a winning team you will receive one of these beautiful bronze medals.

1,000 expert marksmen's buttons! And you may help your father to win one of many valuable prizes—home and auto radios, traveling bags, field glasses, razors!

The contest runs from September 15 to November 15. To be eligible you must be under 18 on November 15. Girls as well as boys are eligible and you may team up with Mother if Dad isn't available!

The International Air Rifle League believes boys should learn safe and sane shooting. It believes that the best way to learn is with an air rifle handled under the guidance of your father.

### Here's How You Enter

All you have to do is fill out and send in the entry blank printed on this page. You'll receive back from the I. A. R. L. free practice targets and an official target for the contest.

Set up your practice targets in your basement or back yard, making sure that you've got a heavy earth-or-wall backdrop so that your shots can't possibly go wild. Measure off a range that is exactly 20 feet between the target and the muzzle of your gun.

Then practice! Learn to squeeze the trigger with a pressure of the entire hand, rather than a jerk of the finger. Learn to keep your eyes open and not flinch. Learn to draw a full breath, let out a little, and then hold it while you shoot. Learn, in other words, all the tricks of good shooting that win medals!

When you're ready for the official shoot, call in another adult besides a parent—any person over 21 years old is an adult—have him carefully read the rules and measure the range. Both you and your father must shoot in his presence. He must count the score with you and sign the target.

You may use any make of air rifle using BB-type shot.



This would look swell on your mantel. It goes to the winner.

### Fill Out This Blank

Frank W. Farnsworth, Executive Secretary, Room 1002, Dept. A.B. 1790 Broadway, New York City.

I wish to join the International Air Rifle League, and take part in the Father & Son Marksmanship Match now being held.

Signed (Name).....  
(Street address and city).....

(State).....  
Name of parent who will shoot with me is.....

My age is.....years.

If you need more coupons, copy this one carefully on plain white paper.

Each contestant must shoot 30 shots from a standing position without artificial support—10 shots at each of 3 bull's-eyes. You must shoot these 30 shots consecutively in a period of 20 minutes. If you shoot more than 30 shots, the lowest 30 will be counted.

Then send your target to the I. A. R. L., Frank W. Farnsworth, Executive Secretary, Room 1002, 1790 Broadway, New York City. It must be in his hands by November 15.

### The Prizes

**Team prizes:** First place, The American Boy Silver Cup, 12 inches high; second, The Daisy Silver Cup, 12 inches high; third to twelfth, engraved silver cups 9 inches high; to each boy or girl on a winning team, bronze medals.

**Individual prizes for fathers:** First place, Philco home radio, value \$40, and the Boys' Life Silver Cup, 12 inches high; second, Philco auto radio, value \$30; third, pigskin traveling bag, value \$25; fourth, \$15 imported field glasses; fifth to twelfth, silver-plated Rolls razors, value \$10.

**Individual prizes for boys:** The Open Road Silver Cup, 12 inches high, engraved with the name of the winner; second, Bull's-eye Silver Cup, 12 inches high; third to twelfth, silver cups 9 inches high. With each cup the boy receives the beautiful bronze medal shown on this page.

For the thousand best scores by boys: bronze expert marksman's buttons!

For all entrants: free membership in the International Air Rifle League.

### Subscribe to These Safety Rules

Good shooting is safe shooting. If you're to do your share to make the woods safe for campers and the rifle range safe for contestants, you must understand and observe the safety precautions that have been developed through years of experience. Here are the safety rules of the I. A. R. L.:

I will never allow the muzzle of my gun to point at anything I do not intend to shoot.

I will never load my gun when the muzzle is pointed at any part of my body, or at any person; or stand in front of anybody who is loading a gun.

I will always make certain that my rifle is unloaded when I put it away.

I will never shoot at any songbird or harmless animal. I will always put my gun muzzle first through a fence before I climb the fence, and will then climb over between the next two fence posts.

Men famous in the outdoor and sports world of America will judge the contest. The honorary directors of the I. A. R. L. and judges are:

Griffith Ogden Ellis, Editor, The American Boy Magazine.  
Dr. James E. West, Editor, Boys' Life Magazine.  
Clayton H. Ernst, Editor, Open Road for Boys.  
Major John L. Griffith, Commissioner of Athletics for the International Conference.

James Willard Schultz, American Boy staff writer, historian of the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet Confederation and author of 32 books on the life of the plains Indian.

C. H. Bennett, President, the Daisy Manufacturing Co.  
E. C. Hough, President, the King Manufacturing Co.

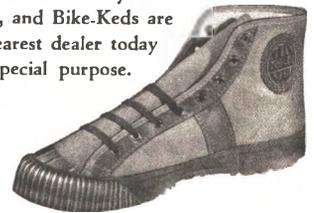


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1. High back prevents binding.
2. Shaped to give perfect fit.
3. Outside and inside reinforcement.
4. Strong, flexible Army duck gives full breathing, coolness and comfort.
5. Reinforced counter.
6. Thick, inbuilt heel and arch cushion of special sponge rubber softens the impact of constant pounding.
7. Rugged slip-sole prevents foot from sliding.
8. Perfect adhesion.
9. Bumper toe strip.
10. Inside and outside toe caps.
11. Strongest known eyelet anchorage.
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14. Extra large tongue shaped to fit.

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Q Outdoors all summer, vacation days and camp, you have walked the woods—and felt the thrill in feet and leg muscles of that springy forest floor. Mile after mile your feet travelled happily without fatigue because of this perfect cushion against the jolts of walking and miles were added to your endurance by the natural springiness of nature's cushion. Q Nothing is harder on the feet than an ordinary gym floor. Probably nothing you did in the woods is as strenuous as the simplest basketball practice. No matter how sturdy, that pounding without proper shoes must take its toll out of your game's efficiency—eyes have to be good, arms and hands accurate, brain keen and alert. Q All of these are without avail without two contributions of the feet—sure-footedness, which gives poise, and anchor, in twisting away from opponents and shooting for the basket—plus untiring quickness in getting into your own proper strategic position. Q Keds not only provide the floor-gripping quality, but they also contribute to the hard surface of your gym floor the springy cushion that gave your feet so much delight when you walked the woods. Q Keds have been identified by this trade-marked name for 17 years. Ask your father if he didn't wear Keds. Each year has added perfection. The Shock-Proof Insole, new scientific last, and Bike-Keds are the most important achievements of this year. Go to your nearest dealer today and look over the many styles, each designed for its own special purpose.



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# Keds

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



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# Western Super-X

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I certainly do want your free folder telling all about Super-X Long Range .22 Cartridges.

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## The Polo Ghost Rides

(Continued from page 16)

bow. But Tate was still there. Then a wild galloway, followed by a sudden, jolting planting of forelegs into the ground. Still Tate was with her. Now began a battle of wills, of strength and magnificent skill. Spectators came out of their cars and into the open. Those who knew Tate could hardly believe their eyes. Others thought that a rodeo showman had appeared in their midst.

Finally, when an exhausted, tamed, and bewildered Lady Bess was ridden back to the side boards, a thunderous cheer arose that was quite foreign to the usual well-bred applause of the polo club.

Tate, with face aghast, swung off the mare and looked exultantly at Frank. "It's gone," he said in a low, joyous chuckle. "I've licked it to a standstill!"

"What? The pony?"

"You know! If you need me on the team—"

Frank grabbed his shoulder. "Can you handle Mullins?"

Tate laughed excitedly. "Try me and see." He looked around for Mullins, but the Maverick Three had returned to his side of the field.

They threw up a blanket screen and Tate quickly exchanged his plus fours for Baker's boots and white breeches. Baker's clothes were too large for Tate. He looked grotesque in them, even with the blue and white blouse of the Valley Club, until he mounted Baker's pony and wrapped a stick around his wrist. Then he looked very much like a polo player.

The warning bell sounded. The Valley quarter quickened into new life. The bucking exhibition of Tate Collier affected them like a tonic. The two-goal lead of the Mavericks no longer seemed unbeatable. Frank wondered if the slim, wiry Westerner could really tame the powerful, rough-riding Mullins. Mullins, who upset the balance of power between the two teams with those Argentine ponies!

They lined up eagerly for the throw-in. The willow bounced between the two lines. The backs tore in for it. Tracy, of the Valley, won by a split hoof and sent the ball whizzing over the turf toward Glenn, who was galloping madly to get in position.

Mullins, in the absence of his back, sped after Glenn to defend the goal, and this left Tate temporarily free. He reined up to gain distance behind Tracy, found himself opposed by the Maverick back, and awaited developments.

Mullins' swift pony overtook Glenn in time to ride him off and recover the ball. A mighty near-side backhand sent the ball bouncing rearward beyond Tracy, and Tate and his man swooped down upon it. All eyes were riveted on the two players. The impending conflict would tell the tale. Was Tate again going to prove a dud?

Now they were almost on the ball, and it looked as though the Maverick had edged Tate off line. But of a sudden Tate's pony, as though stung to resistless action, heaved its shoulders into the other and bumped the Maverick off the line. Tate's stick whipped into a flashing arc, caught the ball with a sweet click, and sent it meteorizing through the air toward the posts.

Mullins nearly sat his mount on the ground, so quickly did he jerk her up to turn. But quick as he was, Tate had passed him and Glenn and, with the Maverick back at his side, was streaking toward the ball. Tracy, caught unawares, was paralleling the play and uselessly. Frank had dropped back as Tate and the goal except the persistently sticking player at his side.

Again Tate was on the ball. He had a neck's lead, and he kept his pony bearing into the other's shoulders to hold the line. His opponent, sensing the futility of his position, suddenly jerked up, fell in line in rear, and tried to crook the descending stick. He was a split second late and the ball, winging its way like a white bird, bounced through the posts as the flag cut the air in a red arc.

"Good boy!" breathed Frank as they galloped back to midfield.

Mullins edged a long side of Tate. "That," he breathed heavily, "is your first and last goal."

Tate got the full significance of this remark at the throw-in. Mullins ignored the ball. He dug his spurs into his pony, jostled Frank out of position and even though the ball had gone by. Together the two raced to position. Someone knocked the ball toward them, but Mullins wasn't interested. Unleashing the full speed and power of his Argentine, he rode Tate off the line. Not content with that, he rode him toward the side boards.

Tate, pretending an urge to get back in the play, forced his mount repeatedly into the Argentine. But Mullins had the better of him there.

Tate tried to escape with sudden stops, unexpected turns, but Mullins' mount was as agile as his. Once he tried to outdistance him, but the Maverick Three kept abreast without trouble.

"You're through with this game," he reminded Tate with an ironic laugh. "I'll teach you to show off on your Western bronco."

Tate, his tongue on his cheek, looked much injured. He was accomplishing his mission—keeping Mullins out of action. It was now up to Glenn and Frank and Tracy. If they could crash through with a couple of goals—

But no more goals were scored that chucker. In the fifth Frank stole the ball out of scrimmage and made a brilliant run that—no, the ball caromed against a post and bounced over the line, outside.

The three Valley Juniors soon recovered the sphere and pressed their attack unrelentingly, bombarding the goal on three successive plays. But ill luck dogged them. Two goals they missed by the scantiest margin. A third was stopped by a pony's hoof.

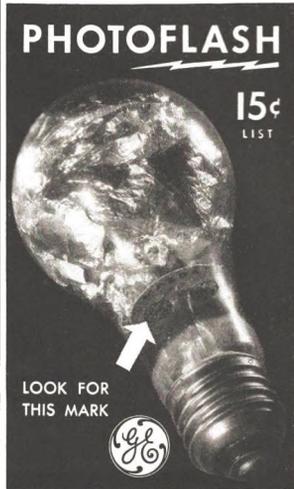
It was the Mavericks' turn. They carried the ball the entire length of the field and Tracy was kept busy defending his zone. Frank, overage, crossed too close to his man, and on the 40-yard penalty shot Mullins scored. The ball sounded soon after.

Mavericks, 5; Valley Juniors, 3. "Two goals to get back in one chucker," muttered Frank as he dismounted. "Maybe we can with a little



The absent-minded tuba player visits the zoo.

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**PICTURES  
AT NIGHT**  
you'll want



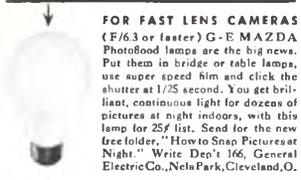
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EASY AS IN SUNLIGHT**

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**GENERAL ELECTRIC  
MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS**

luck. Tate, can you keep Mullins mad enough to continue chasing you?"

"I've got other work to do," said Tate.

"What?"

"I'm through with the defensive game. I'm riding Lady Bess."

"What? That mare devil?"

"She's made, isn't she?"

"Yes, but she's never played since we got her."

"She's playing now. Pete Lang doesn't sell green ponies as made unless they are made."

He approached the once unruly mare, checked leather and curb, and stroked the white-splashed forehead. Then he mounted, quickly, surely. The others stood back to see the fireworks. But Lady Bess tossed her head back once, pawed the ground—and awaited her master's will. Frank whistled in soft amazement. Tate had her tamed!

## "Comin' Out!"

Here's a twisting, bawling rodeo story, introducing the tight-lipped Dorsey Mills and the sunfishing Red Top, tornado in horseflesh. In November:

## "Show Stuff"

By William A. Ranck

The sixth chukker started near the side boards. Mullins' eyes opened wide as Tate trotted up. "You're riding her!"

"Don't look so frightened. She won't bite you—very hard."

Mullins' eyes narrowed to slits. His small, sharp-cutting whip tapped his pony's flanks significantly.

The ball! The Ones swung and missed. Tate caught it under his pony's neck and tapped it out. Like a flash, not waiting for rein or spur, Lady Bess was on it. Tate smiled. Pete Lang hadn't defrauded the club! The mare was made!

Mullins was at his side, crooking his stick. Tate pressed his knee into Lady Bess. The mare careened over, sending the surprised Argentine and its rider to one side. In a flash Tate's stick swished over to the other side of the mare and the ball darted ahead like something alive.

Glenn was out, dashing toward the Maverick back to carry him out of the play. Lady Bess, a streak of horseflesh, bore down on the ball with Mullins pressing her hotly. Tate swung, and missed.

"Ride your man," shouted Frank from the rear, galloping in to take the ball.

Tate swung into Mullins at the same instant that Mullins rode fiercely into him. For one long moment there was a struggle between the two mounts. Slowly, imperceptibly, the Argentine chestnut gave way, with Mullins lashing her viciously. Tate held Lady Bess shoulder to shoulder, inching the other mount away from the line of play, leaving Frank a clean shot at the ball.

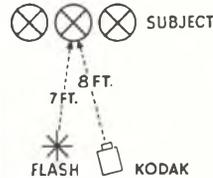
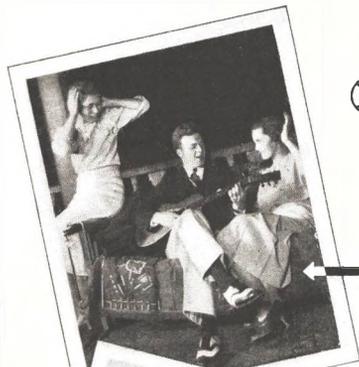
Crack! The white sphere soared far and high. Glenn kept the Maverick back out of play while Tate rode savagely, forcing Lady Bess into the Argentine, carrying horse and rider toward the side boards. Frank's man was hot in pursuit of him, but Frank held his lead, reached the ball for a free wallop, and the willow bounced crazily through the posts.

Mavericks, 5; Valley Juniors, 4.

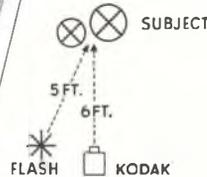
# PHOTOCRAFT for BOYS

Published for Boy Photographers by the Eastman Kodak Company

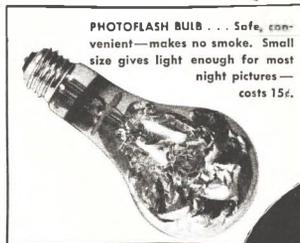
## I'VE FOUND A GREAT NEW SPORT— Pictures at Night...



This picture was made with a Jiffy Kodak, using Verichrome Film. Any camera that has a "time" exposure device will make such a picture. Follow the diagram for distances. Be sure the camera is steady, and set it for "time." Open the shutter, flash the Photoflash bulb, close the shutter.



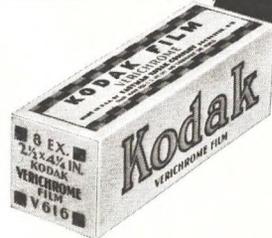
This picture was made with a Kodak, using Verichrome Film. To make a similar picture—you only need to have a Photoflash bulb and any camera that can be set for "time." Follow the diagram. Be sure the camera is steady, and set it for "time." Open the shutter, flash the Photoflash bulb, close the shutter.



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Equipment  
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Photography



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*Denny*

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"Overthere" is just around the corner—ordown in the nextblock—to every live boy. He wants to be going somewhere—always.

Dads who remember back when those urges came to them—are among the first to provide bicycles for their sons.

A bicycle is a boy's ticket to that place—overthere—where he must go—and bicycles can be purchased very reasonably now—and there's a bicycle store near you.

Why not take your dad there tonight?

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Bicycling—to CYCLE TRADES  
OF AMERICA, INC., Bristol,  
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It's fun  
TO KEEP FIT  
ON A BICYCLE™

On the next throw-in the ball slipped untouched past the line of riders. The backs raced for it, their sticks slicing down together. But Tracy's mallet head reached the ball first, sending it far ahead before Glenn reached position. Tracy had the field, but he was none too accurate of stick, and finally sent the goal shot wide.

Mullins, over the back line, galloped over to knock in the teed-up ball. It shot past Glenn, and Tate galloped full tilt toward it. With perfect timing his stick caught the ball on a bounce and sent it scampering back. The shot was gauged perfectly, just slow enough to remain in Tate's possession as he sped in for a second shot.

Mullins cut in toward it, but Tate had the new line and Mullins was helpless. The back galloped for it, but just before he reached it Tate was on the willow and with a sharp dribble deflected it to a still newer line toward center.

Lady Bess, ears up, nostrils quivering with excitement, instantly changed her course and followed the ball. Mullins darted in sharply, but Tate whipped his stick under the mare's belly and knocked a beautiful side shot squarely between the posts for the equalizer.

He galloped abreast of Mullins as they returned to midfield. "The next goal," he said, "will settle our account."

Mullins' eyes glowered, his lips curled up. "The next goal," he promised, "will not be made by you."

He showed what he meant by crashing into Tate at a dangerously sharp angle the first time the young Westerner rode for the ball. Lady Bess lost her footing under the impact and horse and rider went down together. Tate picked himself up, examined the mare, who was fortunately unhurt, and mounted again.

The referee didn't see the accident in the light of a foul, and threw in the ball from the side boards. Tate tapped it out of scrimmage, and saw Mullins charging into him again.

"Are you trying to kill the mare?" he demanded angrily as Lady Bess absorbed the shock without going down.

"Getting yellow again, are you? I'm not afraid of killing my mount."

The retort was obvious. Tate was riding a borrowed mount. But he said nothing. And then began the weirdest, the strangest contest between two polo players that the field had ever seen. Mullins was set on just one thing—to put his opponent out of action without committing a palpable foul. Tate's object was to avoid a bone-crushing accident, and yet to carry the attack. It called for resourcefulness and courage.

Up and down the field surged the eight hard-riding players, the Ones and Fours out beyond scrimmage, the Twos and Threes riding the ball. Now a blanket could cover the teams, so reckless of formation did they become in the heat of action. Now they were properly strung out, riding boot to boot, Two with Three and Three with Two. But always the Maverick Three was riding his man, bullying him, forcing him off.

Only the polo-wise noticed that somehow, by an agile turn here, a deft stop there, a burst of speed in between, did the Valley Two manage to anticipate his opponent's maneuvers. The polo-wise noticed that the young Westerner somehow managed to feed the ball forward when occasion demanded, to intercept his opponent when the tide of battle turned against him.

Time was growing short. Scarcely a minute remained of the seven and a half. The Valley forwards had missed two shots at goal. The Mavericks had dubbed as many.

Out of the medley of horses and men a player emerged, dribbling the ball at his stick's end. It was the

Maverick Three, and once in the clear he unbound a mighty forehead that sent the ball zooming toward the goal posts.

His One, alert, shouldered into Tracy to carry him out of the play. The Valley back rode hard, but to no avail. Slowly, surely, he was carried out of the play, leaving Mullins a clean shot for the deciding goal.

Then, in a smoking streak of speed, another rider and mount appeared. The rider leaned forward, whispering into his pony's ear. He gave the mare her head, urging her on with gentle, rapid touches of the spur. It was a speed new to that field. Like a rocket Lady Bess narrowed the gap to Mullins, who was easing up for a better shot at the willow.

He caught the ball clean and true, a shot slightly topped to lend it speed as it whizzed over the turf toward the posts. Short of the goal it stopped, a sphere of inviting white, waiting for the final tip to push it through the goal.

And now the other rider, on his three-quarter bred Western, overtook Mullins as the latter poised for the final stroke. With outreaching stick he waited to crook the mallet as it flashed down.

Mullins gambled everything on one terrific stroke that should have carried any interposing stick with it. But he reckoned without the Westerner's steely wrist. Tate's stick caught the whipping mallet, deflected it inside the ball, and together the two raced over the ball.

A flick of the wrist, a shift of

## He Started With This!



Charles H. Barnes won this press fifty years ago.

By Douglas Doubleday

"I'll take the printing press," said 14-year-old Charles H. Barnes, doorbell pusher of 1884.

He had sold enough subscriptions to The Youth's Companion to earn one of several premiums but the toy press was his choice. The day came when he eagerly opened a small crate and with tender hands lifted out a little thing of metal, ten inches high.

He set it up in his attic and began printing cards. His earnings bought more equipment and he turned out letterheads. His business grew until the day came when the Barnes Printing Company of Kalamazoo, Mich., won national recognition for the excellence of its color printing.

But though his shop today is big, Mr. Barnes gazes with especial fondness at the tiny press resting in his office, vibrating slightly from the rumble of the big presses that have succeeded it.

weight, and Lady Bess turned in her tracks. Already another Maverick was tearing into the play. But Tate reached out and tapped the ball under his pony's belly, and raced with it toward the side boards.

Mullins was on him. But this time Tate was not yielding. He braced himself for the shock, sending a half angle shot along the side board even as Mullins bumped him. Then he gave Lady Bess her head.

The other three Juniors instantly sought their men, rode them, stuck to them like glue, to leave the field to Mullins and Tate. The crowd, sensing the dramatic struggle between the two, pressed against the side fence in mad disorder for a better view. Tate, forcing Lady Bess against the pressing Argentine, held his line near the side boards.

Mullins was riding with total abandonment, and the concentrated dislike he felt for the Westerner showed in his face as he tried desperately to force his mount into Lady Bess.

Another crack at the ball, still rolling along the side boards. Tate's mates now were trying madly to shake off their men, to get free for an instant so Tate could shoot the ball to them in scoring area. But the Mavericks, on the defensive, would not give them a second's leeway. If the Valley four were to score, Tate must score himself. And how, with Mullins pressing him into the side boards, with the ball skimming along the side boards, could he hope to make that goal?

The back line was getting nearer and nearer. Flecks of red foam showed on the curbs of the two fighting ponies. Tate stroked again, but this time his mallet head was twisted at 45 degrees, and the ball shot in toward center.

It took Mullins an instant to realize that. In that instant Lady Bess had checked, dropped a half length in rear, and raced off on the new line.

Tate rose in his stirrups for the one final shot. Out of the corner of an eye he noticed Mullins charging toward him at an angle that made his hair stand on end. Breathing a silent prayer for Lady Bess, he unleashed his forehead, heard the click of ball on stick, saw the white sphere soar straight and true for the goal posts—

A shock! Tate crashed earthward in a sickening avalanche of crushing horseflesh and flying hoofs.

It was Mullins, unhurt, who tried to pull him from under the two struggling ponies. Two Mavericks pushed him aside.

"You've done enough harm," Tate faintly heard one of them say. "We'll struggle along without your brand of polo hereafter."

Frank and Glenn and Tracy jumped off their mounts, and together they pulled Tate from the kicking hoofs. His head felt as though it were split, an eye was closed, and his body ached with bruises. He broke away from the friendly arms, seized Lady Bess' headstall, and whispered into her ear. The mare scrambled to her feet, and Tate breathed easily again.

Mullins had examined his Argentine, now ominously quiet. He arose soberly. All rancor and ill will had suddenly disappeared from his face. He approached Tate contritely.

"I'm sorry," he said, stammering. "I was a fool. My—my pony has paid for it."

Lady Bess muzzled up to Tate and neighed. And Tate, looking at the remains of the gallant Argentine, knew exactly how Mullins felt. He held out his hand. Mullins took it and noticed, through Tate's torn shirt, the dull red imprint of the hoof on his chest.

"What's that?" he asked. Tate smiled. "That's forgotten history now," he said.



## THE MARVELOUS GENIUS OF PERCIVAL POTTS

*Being the Plain, Unvarnished Tale of a Great Invention*

By FRANKLIN M. RECK

Professor Emeritus Percival Potts  
Invented a gadget of which he thought lots.  
'Twas something a fellow could market in batches—  
A gadget for starting a fire without matches.

Because he was very well-known in the nation,  
Five thousand attended the Potts demonstration.  
They watched and they murmured with awe in their eyes  
When auto trucks came with the needed supplies.

The truckmen unloaded at Percy's command  
A boiler, some piping, a steam engine, and  
A drilling machine, and some hardwood with holes,  
And lastly a bucket of very hot coals.

Perce fitted the piping and set up the boiler,  
Connected the engine and had the men oil 'er,  
And belted the driller, and when he was done  
He called to the audience, "Now for the fun!"

"I'll start by selecting a hickory stick  
That's pointed at this end and here becomes thick.  
I'll fasten the stick in the driller head, so,  
And tighten this block on the table below.

"When point enters block, let us say about here,  
We're bound to get heat, do I make myself clear?"  
The multitude nodded as if in a dream,  
And Percival bellowed out: "Up with the steam!"

They filled up the boiler and started it going  
By piling in wood on the coals that were glowing,  
And hastened the process by closing the dampers,  
While ushers went round, taking orders from campers.

The steam engine creaked, which evoked a great cheer,  
And Percival knew that the climax was near!  
He stood at the drill and he held up his hand  
And called in a voice that was loud in the land:

"The stick is now whirling! The moment it catches,  
You'll witness the marvel—a fire without matches!"  
A thin curl of vapor, a sparkle, a sizzle—  
And then a disaster—it started to drizzle!

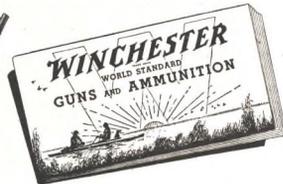
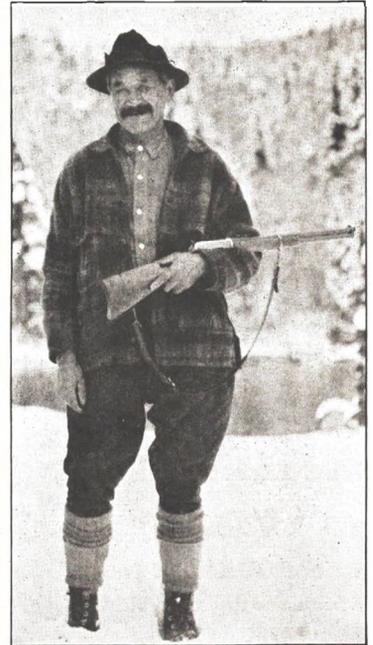
"More steam," bellowed Percival, "let us have lots!  
No rain can defeat a professor named Potts!"  
The workmen they labored, the needle gauge soared,  
But the faster the drill went, the harder it poured.

Until with a rumble the boiler exploded,  
And into an ambulance Percy was loaded.  
And when he was bandaged, repaired, and rejoined,  
The famous professor was not disappointed.

"I might have selected a day that was fairer,  
But only by trial can people find error.  
Although you may think that my gadget is dead,  
It will start a fire without matches," he said.

"A simple correction will furnish the proof—  
I'll cover the thing with a portable roof."  
He did, and next summer when YOU go to camp,  
You'll want a Potts' Matchless, Insured Against Damp.

# Indians Pick 'Em



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costs FREE  
64 pages.  
Over 40  
pictures  
of guns

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Your new Winchester .22 rifle or .410 shotgun, like the famous Winchester .30-30 center fire rifle, is: Simple. Strong. Durable. Dependable. Accurate. Powerful for its light and handy size. Easy to shoot without taking your eyes off the game.

In any of the nine different Winchester .22 caliber rim fire hunting rifles pictured and fully described in the catalog shown above, you get some rifle. LOTS of rifle! Full man's size, that you'll never "grow out of." Ready for any .22 caliber rim fire hunting use, with correct hunting sights and the ability to "throw lead" the way you want to throw it. That means: Quick shooting. Accurate. With all the speed and power there is in your cartridges.

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**CHUCK BERNARD**

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These coats made by Albert Richard are of a special soft and flexible leather that will wear for years. Cut from the front quarter only, of choice horsehide—5 times as strong as butt leather. Others of finest wools.

Go and see how much more comfortable they are than old style coats made only for workmen. Wear the coat that gives the muscles free play. Outdoor boys must have this. The kind athletes insist upon. Try on an Albert Richard at your favorite store. Tell Dad to get one for himself, too.

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## Mighty Man (Continued from page 19)

when the enemy had the ball. The newspapers discovered them. There were stories and pictures in the Delawarean Argus.

The starved Buller ate the publicity and asked for more. He'd never had it before. Was he good? His daily return to the campus from frosh field became a one-man parade.

"Give him a bugle and a drum and he can even be the band," Vic Lane said sourly.

The team began to roll. Buckley went down under a 27-0 defeat and Hudson was beaten 14-0. The Hudson game worried McNally. Delawareanna should have won by at least four touchdowns. If he had had one more good back! It hadn't made any difference today, but three Saturdays from now the schedule would bring Hancock. McNally knew something about that Hancock team. One more good back, he suspected, might mean the difference between triumph and disaster.

The Hudson game had been a Buller holiday. He'd smothered a man trying to forward pass, he'd recovered a fumble, he'd broken through and butchered four plays before they could get started. Now in the locker room, he leaped for a bench and struck a pose.

"Camera!" he called, grinning widely.

Vic Lane's bitter voice cut through the answering banter. "You're not dressed for a picture, Moose. Where's your spoon?"

There was a tart bite to the question. Buller, his eyes narrow, dropped his pose.

"What do you mean, spoon?"

"I mean a feeding spoon." All the envious anger of weeks burst from the halfback. "A spoon to stuff nourishment into weak infants. You big, soft sap, why do you think they've been wearing themselves down pounding your back and cheering you? They were holding you up. Giving you the needle, so you'd keep going. And you've been strutting around like—"

"You cock-eyed nut!" Crowell roared, and sprang forward.

At that moment McNally walked into the locker room. The quarrel ended abruptly, but McNally had heard enough to guess the rest. And yet, standing there in the doorway and facing the possible destruction of the season, his mind worked clearly and without heat. He could drop Lane "for the good of the team." But that would make talk. Talk would keep today's flare-up alive. He wanted it buried and forgotten. The quickest way to kill it was to pass it off.

"You boys blowing off steam?" he asked mildly. "Anybody looking for a fight? Save it for next Saturday. You were two touchdowns shy today."

He left. They heard him in his office off the corridor. Buller stepped down from the bench and went under a shower. Lane ripped off his uniform in silence. Presently Buller, partly dressed, sat down beside Crowell.

"Is that true, Crow?"

"Who broke up Hudson's play today?" Crowell asked. "You did, didn't you?"

Buller said a slow: "I see," but the swagger was out of him.

Lane left the locker room in hard silence. McNally, waiting inside the door of his office, put out a detaining hand. There were things he could say to Lane alone. The halfback turned into the room.

"I was coming in anyway, Coach. I'm sorry for what I said to Buller—I shouldn't have let it out. But it's true. Everybody putting a crutch under him and him strutting around the campus like a hero. It's sickening."

McNally looked at him without speaking—looked at him a long time. Lane began to fidget. And still that silent scrutiny went on.

"You're rather a small person, Lane, aren't you?" the coach said at last.

Lane flushed.

"It poisons you to see another man make the grade," the coach went on.

"Yes," Lane snapped, "when he makes it on nothing."

"No man makes the grade on nothing. When he does make the grade, it's the small minds who have nothing that run around frothing at the mouth."

Lane's flush became a painful red. "That's pretty hard talk, Coach."

"No harder than you gave Buller."



Lane's flush became a painful red. "That's pretty hard talk, Coach."

The difference is that this is true." McNally motioned toward the door. "That's all, I guess."

"Oh, no, it isn't." Suddenly Lane's voice shook with passion. "You called me a frothing little mind. I'll make you eat that." He went out raging and slammed the door. The door shook on its hinges.

McNally made a baffled motion with his hands and went around to his desk. Another chapter in this amazing season had been written. What next?

Next came the third miracle. McNally had seen Buller respond to a hidden spring and Crowell rise to his opportunity. Now a third spring had been touched. Lane, stung and mad, proceeded to cut loose. A good enough man for the scrub, all at once he dominated the scrub. Tearing, smashing, slicing, he stormed the first team line and fought for yardage. He hit the Buller-Crowell combination, and the Buller-Crowell combination knew it had been hit. He was a madman running wild. Dow, nursing a swollen lip, walked wearily off the field.

"Coach," he said, "it looks as though you've found that other back."

"Give him the signals," said McNally. He went down the field shaking his head. "This team doesn't need a coach. It wants a fortune teller."

During the rest of the week McNally watched Buller closely and saw that the high step was gone from his stride. That was bad.

But against Wolverton, on Saturday, Buller was himself, and McNally felt his worries vanish. Buller was made—Vic Lane's words hadn't hurt! With six minutes of the final quarter left he snapped his fingers at the substitutes' bench and sent Lane in. And Lane, crashing into the Wolverton line, spread havoc. A third accident had given Delawareanna its third accidental star.

Buller, Crowell, and Lane! When the game ended McNally went directly to his office, partly closed the door and grinned. The creaked squad thumped through the corridor toward the locker room. Slower footsteps followed the rest, and subdued voices reached his ears:

"How was everything, Crow?"

"You were hot," Crowell replied.

McNally sat motionless, the smile fading from his lips. Lane was right—weak sister. Someone would always have to run beside the Moose, pounding his back and shouting praise. Abruptly the coach walked out of the office and went in to his team.

Buller, Crowell, and Lane turned the St. Mark's game into a slaughter. McNally watched Buller. It was all plain now—Buller's way of looking at Crowell as though seeking a pat, the slow reassuring grin that went across Crowell's face. And he had thought there was no longer anything to worry about!

The Wednesday before the Hancock game he gave the team its last scrimmage. Every time a pile of plays unscrambled his eyes searched for Crowell. Every time some player was slow to rise his heart missed a beat. Buller, Crowell, and Lane! But of the three Crowell was the most important. Without Crowell there was no Buller, and without Crowell and Buller the line was wrecked.

"I've been thinking," Dow said to the coach. "Suppose Crowell is hurt Saturday?"

"In that case," McNally said quietly, "we'll need help."

Saturday he personally bandaged Crowell's ankles and adjusted his pads. Outside a great crowd cheered and sang. Crowell lay on a bench and Buller sat near him. "Still leaning," McNally thought. "No spine of his own."

"Want me, Coach?" Buller asked.

McNally shook his head. Straw man! He had meant to talk casually to the squad, almost lightly, but now a sudden fear had gripped him. He told them it would be a hard game, and that he expected them to win it. And then the team, led by Dow, went down through the corridor and out to the field.

Delawanna kicked off. McNally gave one glance at the direction of the ball and then watched his team. He saw Buller sidestep one blocker and squirm past another. A Delawareanna end, over-eager, tackled too soon and missed. Then Buller closed in and the man with the ball went down on the 25.

Hancock lined up leisurely, tried two line plays, and kicked. McNally waited for what Dow would do. Dow called for a slide off tackle. Buller took his man out nicely and Lane made five yards. Then, on the next play, Dow got off a quick kick. It caught Hancock by surprise but failed to roll, and the ball was down on Hancock's 23.

Hancock lined up without haste. A crossback lost a yard; a nicely-timed plunge gained four. The teams exchanged punts and the ball was on Hancock's fifteen. Dow, McNally noted with satisfaction, had had the best of this kicking duel.

And now Hancock lined up fast. McNally knew that the feeling out was over. Here came the real battle. Hancock would cut loose with his first power play now.

It struck at Buller and Crowell. Four men came in on them—end, halfback, tackle, and guard. And yet the play gained less than three yards. A spinner made another two, and it was third down and five to go. The Hancock full dropped back and kicked to Delawareanna's 45.

McNally smiled with content. With Crowell in, then, the game was sewed up. Dow, working a delayed buck, punched through for six yards. Hancock had been watching the dangerous triangle of Lane, Buller, and Crowell and the play was unexpected. On the next line-up Lane did come through. McNally saw one side of the Hancock line melt, saw Buller keep his feet and take out the half, saw Lane thunder along for twelve yards. It was first down on Hancock's thirty-seven.

Delawanna huddled and hopped to the line. Crowell was patting Buller's shoulder, and McNally felt that tremor of panic again.

Dow picked and juggled his shots. Once he sent Lane around the weak side without interference, and because Hancock was playing Buller and Crowell, Lane took four yards. But usually it was Buller, Crowell, and Lane. Smash, tear, and rip! The linesmen kept moving the chain and presently it was first down on Hancock's 5. There the desperate Hancock dug in and held, and immediately kicked out of danger.

Coolly, methodically, Delawanna went back to work. Once more the chain moved remorselessly. And again, in the shadow of her own goal, Hancock found the strength to fight and hold. The ball, sailing into the air, carried the battle back to the Hancock 40.

And now Hancock, panicky over Lane, brought her two halfbacks up closer to the line. Against the tight defense Lane made only a yard. Without hesitation Dow threw a pass. It was incomplete, but it forced Hancock

to spread out her backfield. And once more Buller, Crowell, and Lane shattered the line for eight yards. The chain was brought out—the ball lay inches from a first down. Dow, depending on Buller, Crowell, and Lane, called a running play. Lane fumbled, Hancock recovered on her own 30, and for the first time since the start of the game she could work without having her goal line cramped against her back.

"Now," said McNally, "we'll see." And all he saw was Buller—Buller breaking through and spilling the first play for a three-yard loss, Buller nabbing the second play from behind. Hancock, powerless, was forced to kick, and it was Delawanna's ball on her 30.

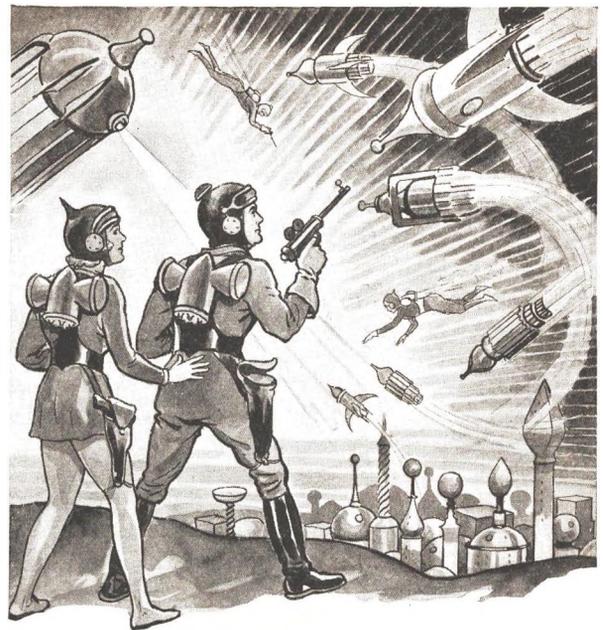
Delawanna's three-edged battle-ax swung. Buller, Crowell, and Lane. The ball crept up to midfield again before Hancock was able to hold, and then a punt put her back deep in her own territory.

And there she stayed until the end of the quarter.

Play was resumed. It was Hancock's ball on her own 25. She kicked badly and Delawanna loosed a power drive all the way to Hancock's 15. The Delawanna stands roared.

Then Lane fumbled again, and recovered for a seven-yard loss. Dow, anxious to regain the yardage, threw a forward that was batted down. The team huddled and came out, and Dow dropped back to try for a field goal. The ball missed and was brought out to the 20.

"Touchdown thrown away," McNally murmured. The next drive should do  
(Continued on page 34)



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WJAS Pittsburgh  
WKGO Albany  
WCAO Baltimore  
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From "The Correct Thing," the Boys' Book of Etiquette by Dr. William O. Stevens, Headmaster, Cranbrook School. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

WHEN you take your first train or steamer trip alone, you'll find the journey enjoyable if you're familiar with the customs of travel. A knowledge of the unwritten rules governing conduct on the Pullman coach, in the station, and aboard the liner, stamps you as an experienced traveler.



shoes on the floor just under the edge of your berth.

If you have an upper berth the porter will supply a ladder. If you haven't taken off your shoes before going aloft, summon him with the bell and give them to him.

When you go to the washroom in the morning, you may carry your shirt but most people, for modesty's sake, wear their coat or overcoat as a bathrobe. Take only your toilet articles, rather than your whole suitcase. Some travelers inconsiderately spread out their bags over half the washroom space. Note that there's a special washbowl, smaller than the rest, for brushing your teeth.

Steamer travel has its own code of rules:

If you're in a stateroom with other travelers respect their rights. Keep your luggage under your own berth. Take up only your share of room. Don't keep the lights on after others are in bed. Don't sit in other people's deck chairs. They have paid for the use of them.

The room steward usually asks you, at the beginning of the voyage, when you'd like to have your daily bath. This is necessary because facilities aboard a ship are often limited and living must be conducted on a schedule.

Tip at the end of the voyage. Approximately ten per cent of the cost of the passage is customary. Give the larger tips to your room and table stewards, and smaller tips to any others who have given you service during the voyage.

Don't monopolize the deck games when others wish to play.

In general, mind your own business and be considerate of your fellow traveler. Courtesy is a civilized trait.

You may carry your own bags from station concourse to train. If you use a porter, tip him after he has deposited your bags in your car. The tip varies according to the length of time he has guarded your bags, the number of bags, and the length of the trip. It might be anywhere from 15 cents to 35 cents.

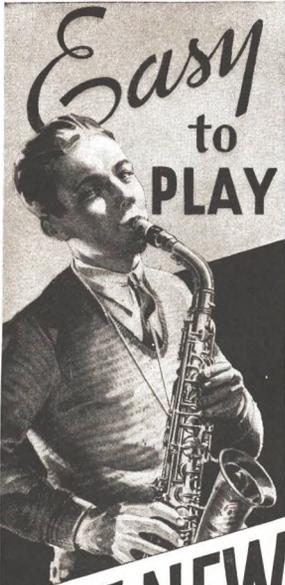
When the porter (he's also called "red cap") first takes your bags, tell him your car and seat number. Also look at his cap and mentally note his number, so that if he goes astray with your bags you can have him located.

Your Pullman porter, dressed in a white jacket, will serve you during the trip. He'll make up your berth, bring you refreshments if you wish them, shine your shoes during the night, call you at any time in the morning, and brush you off when you leave. For overnight trips, tips from a quarter up are customary.

For two or three-day journeys, tip the porter a minimum of a dollar.

In your berth, when you're ready to retire, you'll find a hammock strung above the windows for your toilet articles, a cushioned shelf for magazines, hat and other items, and two hangers for overcoat and suit. Don't leave your money and watch in your suit where a light-fingered man can easily reach them. Stow them out of reach, but if you put them under your pillow, don't forget them in the morning. Put your

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(Continued from page 33)

it. The team was growing stronger. His eyes watched the formation. Hancock made no pretense of kicking—the full, the halves, the quarter were all close behind the line. The ball came back, the lines were in a turmoil. A whistle shrilled. Slowly the piled heaps melted. Somebody in a Delaware uniform lay twisted upon the ground. McNally stood wide-eyed, staring. The prone player was Crowell.

A trainer ran out with the water pail. Buller and Dow knelt beside the guard.

McNally looked out with concealed apprehension. It might be only the wind knocked out. But after a moment there came a sign from the trainer and the coach's lips compressed. He had counted this game as won; now he had a cold conviction that he would be lucky to escape with a tie.

Crowell hobbled toward the side line with one arm thrown about the trainer's shoulders. He tried to give McNally a grin. The indispensable man. And how indispensable. The coach's lips thinned still more.

"Buller," he whispered sharply to himself, "you're on your own. Stand up!"

Out on the field Buller—Buller, the great, whose picture had been in the newspapers—swallowed something hard in his throat. A substitute had come in. He and Crowell had always touched elbows in a sort of compact, but now there was no understanding elbow to touch. From his crouch he looked sideways at the new man. Instead of a reassuring grin he saw a guard intent only on his own job. He shifted his feet aimlessly. The charge, coming at that instant, caught him flat-footed. An opponent he had handled all afternoon took him from the side and reeled him away. The play rolled over the new guard for five yards.

The hard lump in Buller's throat began to choke. A reverse struck around his flank, and he was down again and unable to do anything. It was third down and a yard to go. Hancock was in a huddle; from the side line McNally saw the man opposed to Buller talking fast. The team went to position, and the full went back to kick. But instead of the ball going to the full it went to the left half, and he sliced through Buller for two yards.

"Straw man!" McNally rasped. "They've found you out!" He swung toward the bench for Arrowsmith, and then a memory stayed him. A memory of the Buller that was. To take Buller out now, so soon after Crowell's going, might break him forever. McNally turned slowly and faced the field.

Buller, still with that choking lump in his throat, had changed his stance. He had come up to a half crouch and was swinging his arms. It failed to save him. Taken from the left, he let through a four-yard smash. Lane came up to bolster the weak spot, but another play hit him for a first down.

Dow called for time out. "A flurry, Moose," he said hoarsely. "They'll shoot their bolt."

But Buller knew it was time out for him. If Crowell were here—then panic shook him. His mind held a picture of Lane in the locker room scoring him as a weakling and telling him he had to be patted on the back.

The team had dropped to the grass to rest. He couldn't rest. He walked back and forth, tortured, and somebody walked with him. It was Lane.

"You're making them earn every inch of it," Lane said awkwardly.

Time was up. Buller, glancing in surprise at Lane, went back to the line with his eyes rolling. They hit him again, and he sprawled and floundered, and yet stopped them. "I've got to," he told himself, over and over again. The play went to the other side of the line and came back to him. "Got to,"

he choked. They gained through him, but not enough. Hancock kicked.

Dow, in the huddle, called for the old murderous ax. The hole that Buller and Crowell had made so often failed to open, and even Lane could not cannonball through. Lane had a hand on his shoulder.

"All right, Moose; we'll crack it the next time."

They did crack it next time. But that was three or four plays later after Delaware had hit for a first down. Buller didn't know how it all happened. He had gone for his man, taken him somehow. It was all a blur. He had begun to fight blindly, bewilderedly.

But he was fighting. That was what McNally saw from the side line.

The fight raged up and down the

yards. They'll kick," he answered. Buller said: "I'm going through and spoil it."

He forced himself to a chilled calmness. The man in front of him was no longer a blurred figure. He was leaning back too far, Buller thought. Buller rolled back on his heels and then, very slowly, began to roll forward. Once his nerves trembled on the brink of fresh panic; his lips became twisted and tortured. But still, almost imperceptibly, his body was in slow motion toward the line of scrimmage.

The ball was snapped. The forward motion gave him momentum. His shoulder sliced past his opponent's body and the half blocked his path. He feinted to the right, made a quick swerve to the left. He was in the alley down which the kick would have to come.

All at once it all seemed to be a slow motion picture. The fullback had the ball. Running, he saw the full come forward, one step, two steps—The ball was falling. A foot was coming up. He leaped high and threw up his arms. A shell exploded against his chest and filled his throat with agony.

His breath came back. Lane pulled him to his feet and screamed above the din of the stands:

"Dow recovered. It's our ball on their thirty."

Over on the side lines fire and flame ran through McNally's spine. "Moose!" he crooned. "Moose, old boy."

Buller stood with his head thrown back. He had blocked the kick. Not accidentally, but as he had deliberately planned it. Abruptly, without any preliminary warnings, something cold and paralyzing went out of him as though it had been plucked out by the roots. He opened his mouth and sucked in great breaths of the sweet autumn air. He knew the truth. He was free, at last, of doubt and of fear.

Dow's voice, in the huddle, cracked. "How about you, Moose? Shaky? Shall I wait a play?"

Buller shook his head. "I'm all right. Give 'em the ax." As the team trotted into position he spoke to the guard. "Do your stuff."

They blasted a hole—a wide, gaping hole—and Lane was not dragged down until he had crossed the Hancock 20.

Lane pounded a back. "That's smearing 'em, Moose!"

"Throw away the spoon," said Buller. At the sudden, black smolder in Lane's eyes he put out a hand and caught the halfback's arm. "I don't mean it that way, Vic. I don't need a spoon any more."

Dow, in the huddle, spoke five words. "We're going over. The ax."

The whole Hancock backfield moved over to meet the drive. Buller drove in the guard and kept his feet and plowed into the secondary. He saw his own right end mop up one of the halves. Still on his feet he went for the remaining halfback, and then only the safety man was left. Dow, running interference for Lane, took care of that. The ball was over at last.

The stands roared. "Lane! Lane! Lane!" McNally, his heart swelling warmly, watched a player who stepped back quietly to await the try for point after touchdown. And he had thought of taking him out!

Dow kicked the point, and the half was over. The team disappeared into the field house. The uproar in the stands faded away. As McNally came along it grew loud again.

"Hey, Mac!" a leather-lunged voice bellowed. "Wasn't that great?"

McNally nodded. Oh, yes; great indeed. But he wasn't thinking of the game. The game fell into insignificance. He had witnessed another miracle, a miracle greater than all the other miracles of this strange season. He had seen a clinging vine take root and stand erect. He had seen a trembling weakling become a man.

## "Emergency Field"

By Charles Chapman

A nerve-tingling story of two grim pilots who flew into the mountains to find the port of missing airmen.

### IN NOVEMBER

field. It was Hancock's ball. Men came at Buller out of the haze. The world exploded under him and he rolled over the turf. When he got to his feet, the ball was 20 yards up the field.

Lane was shouting in his ear: "No team can do that to you twice in one game!" Trying to make him believe it. Spoon-feeding him.

His headguard was shoved over his forehead. He pushed it back away from his eyes and crouched to meet the charge. "Got to," he croaked. He saw the ball move. On desperate, frantic legs he went in. The play danced drunkenly. His shoulder caught the man running interference. He swung on his heel and plunged. His arms wrapped around the ball carrier.

Somebody's hand was pounding his back. "Got to," he kept croaking. But Hancock, as though disdainfully slapping his face, threw the next play right at him and ground him under.

The roar of the stands was drowned by a roaring in his own ears. There was something strange about the opponent in front of him. He tried to reach into the haze and discover what it might be. Oh, yes—a new man. Hancock had sent in a substitute. The play burst his way and he heaved, and panted, and gasped. Then, suddenly, there was a complete calm. One of Hancock's men was hurt and play had stopped.

Buller straightened his back slowly and swayed a little. The haze cleared. It seemed that he saw the weary teams clearly for the first time. He was saying automatically. "Got to. Got to." He saw Dow talking to Lane, and Lane looking at him in strained pleading. And in that pleading he saw himself. The score board said 0-0. He walked away a few feet, and dropped to the ground.

He'd been in there alone, without Crowell, and they hadn't scored. If a man had stuff, his own stuff—it had to be his own stuff, didn't it? No matter whom he played alongside—Crowell or somebody else—he had to play his own game. He had been playing his own game and they hadn't scored through him!

The whistle blew. He got up and straightened the headguard. "What down?" he asked Lane.

"Third." "What do they need?" Dow looked at him queerly. "Twelve

# THE TIGER ROARED!

Two stories  
from the camp of  
Princeton's undefeated  
football team

by

FRANKLIN M. RECK



Coach "Fritz" Crisler.

IT looked like bad strategy. Here was Princeton playing her ancient rival, Yale, and throwing passes from deep in her own territory. Teams did that when they were behind and the game was drawing to a close. But in this instance the game had just begun and neither team had scored!

In deep dismay the Tiger fans lining the huge stadium watched developments. They saw quarterback John Bales, on his own 24-yard line, call a long pass. Incomplete.

They saw him call another long pass, also incomplete. The referee picked up the ball and set it back on Princeton's 19—the penalty for the second incomplete pass.

Hugh McMillan went back to kick, and Tiger dismay deepened to a roar of disapproval when Kilcullen of Yale broke through and blocked the kick. The ball rolled into the end zone where a Tiger man fell on it, and Yale was ahead 2 to 0. A logical ending for such strategy!

But on the Princeton bench sat two men who weren't at all concerned by the failure of two passes and the scoring of two points by Yale. One man was Coach Herbert O. Crisler, his tall form bent forward and his eyes on the field. The other was Kats Kadlic, quarterback, hunched up and attentive. They knew what the crowd didn't know—that Bales had been instructed to throw passes that couldn't be intercepted—long ones, well away from Yale men. The passes didn't have to be good.

The two tosses had told them what they wanted to know. They now had a sharply etched picture of Yale's pass defense. They knew just what the Yale secondary defense did when

Princeton faded back for a pass—where each man ran and whom he covered.

When Kadlic went in to replace Bales, Princeton opened up. The crowd was overjoyed when the Tiger crossed Yale's last white line four times for a final score of 27 to 2! They didn't know that twice, after the running game had been stopped, Kadlic had kept the attack going forward by throwing passes. That those two "bad" passes, early in the game, had rounded out the Tiger offense and made possible the worst trouncing Princeton had given Yale in years.

FOOTBALL games are sometimes won in dormitory rooms.

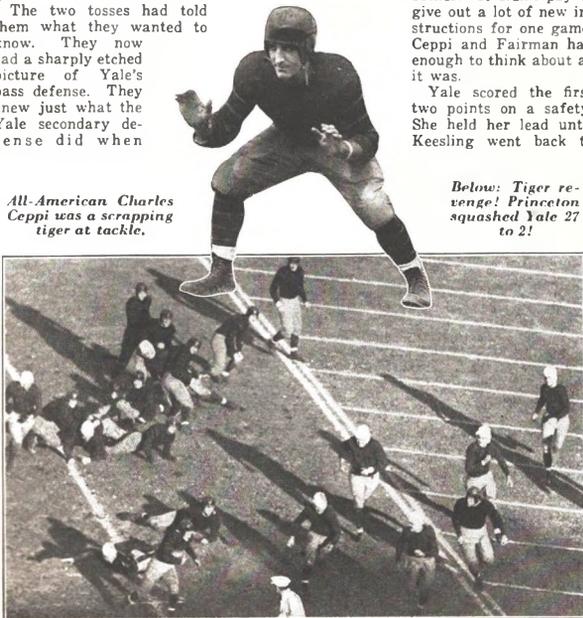
On the right side of Princeton's line, Gilbert Lea, end, and Captain Art Lane, tackle, had the job of blocking kicks. The job fell to them rather than left end and tackle because most kickers are right-footed. To defend against a blocked kick, the punting team puts two men on the kicker's right and only one on his left. Gil Lea and Art Lane worked several plays to feint or push this one man out of the way and block the kick.

Yale, however, had a left-footed kicker named Keesling and that gave the coaching staff a problem. Should they teach blocking plays to the left end and tackle, Ken Fairman and Charles Ceppi, just for this one game?

They decided not to bother. It didn't pay to give out a lot of new instructions for one game. Ceppi and Fairman had enough to think about as it was.

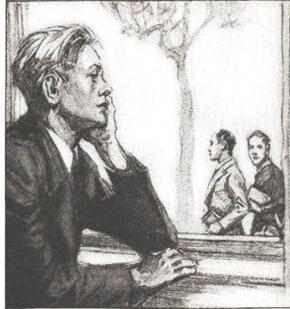
Yale scored the first two points on a safety. She held her lead until Keesling went back to

Below: Tiger revenge! Princeton squashed Yale 27 to 2!

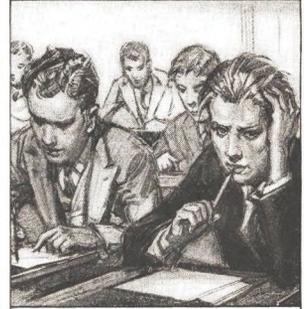


All-American Charles Ceppi was a scrapping tiger at tackle.

# FROM A "FLUNKER" TO CLASS LEADER



1. DON CERTAINLY WAS BRIGHT ENOUGH, BUT ONE ILLNESS AFTER ANOTHER KEPT HIM OUT OF SCHOOL SO MUCH THAT HE FELT 'WAY BEHIND IN HIS STUDIES.



2. IN SPITE OF HIS GAME EFFORTS TO MAKE UP FOR THIS LOST TIME, HE FLUNKED MISERABLY IN HIS MID-YEAR EXAMS. THIS DIDN'T DISCOURAGE DON, THOUGH. HE KEPT PLUGGING AWAY.



3. AND HIS TEACHER, KNOWING THAT HE HAD THE RIGHT STUFF IN HIM, TOOK HIM IN HAND—SHOWED HIM HOW TO CATCH UP, AND SUGGESTED A FEW HEALTH RULES FOR HIM TO FOLLOW.



4. URGED HIM PARTICULARLY TO WASH HANDS FREQUENTLY, WITH LIFEBOUY—THE GERM-REMOVING SOAP—TO HELP HIM AVOID SICKNESS. DON FOLLOWED THIS GOOD ADVICE FAITHFULLY.



5. HE HARDLY EVER MISSED SCHOOL AFTER THAT, AND AT THE END OF THE SCHOOL YEAR HE LED HIS CLASS. THIS YEAR HE'S GOING IN FOR ATHLETICS. HE'LL BE A WINNER, TOO.

## Clean hands mean better health

Boys, you all want to make good in your studies. And that means attending classes regularly. Days lost because of illness are almost impossible to make up. That's why it's so very important to wash hands often—and always before meals—with Lifebuoy.

Health authorities warn that 27 diseases may be spread by germs on the hands. Lifebuoy removes germs—helps protect health. Let Lifebuoy help you avoid sickness. Keep your clean-up score on a Lifebuoy Wash-up Chart just as so many other fellows are doing. Mail coupon for your Chart and free school-size cake of Lifebuoy.

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FOR FACE, HANDS, BATH

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(This offer good in U. S. and Canada only)  
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 1210, Cambridge, Mass.  
Please send me the Lifebuoy "Wash-up" Chart and a school-size cake of Lifebuoy—both free.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

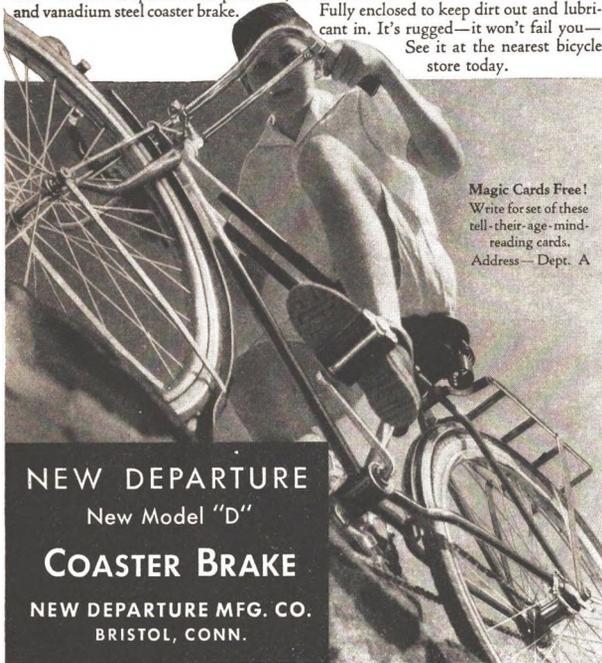


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New Model "D"  
**COASTER BRAKE**  
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● At the upper left is shown the nifty Eagleknit **RAMBLER**. The Eagleknit **ESKIMO** (center) is America's finest popular priced Muffler Cap. At the right is shown the original, patented **EAGLEKNIT** earlap cap—protects head, ears, cheeks, and throat.

**Eagleknit**  
**CAPS**

**EAGLE KNITTING MILLS, INC., Milwaukee, Wisconsin**

punt. Then, much to Coach Crisler's surprise, Ceppi and Fairman worked a blocking play perfectly. The punt bounced against Fairman's chest and Princeton had a touchdown.

Before the game was over, Fairman had blocked another kick. In the locker room the coach warmly praised the two men for their great work.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"We practiced the play in our room," Ceppi replied.

"And used chairs for opponents," Fairman added.

And that's one reason why Princeton was undefeated in 1933. When players feel their responsibility to such an extent that they'll practice in dormitory rooms, the coach can be sure his team will play heads-up football.

## Pardon the Interruption

(Continued from page 13)

Joey flattened himself against the wall.

"Few people," he began, "realize the close bearing the whichness of what has to the whatness of which."

"Sing it!" bellowed Socker Craig. "Plato and Aristotle," sang Joey in time to the radio's music, "knew it. Tinkers and Evers and Chance knew it. Who are we to dispute such masters? Who are we to profess knowledge of the whichness of what when everyone of us knows that to kick a football one must swing his foot thusly—"

Joey raised his foot and brought it back sharply against the wall.

Click! The music stopped.

"Pardon the interruption," said a clear voice over the radio, "but we have just received a news flash from Annapolis. You all know that Yale's boxers face Navy's tomorrow. Well, folks, it seems to be in the bag for the Elis. Ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, we have the word of no less a personage than Pentland Tice, himself, the eminent sports authority. He wires from Annapolis: Quote after watching final workout of Navy squad do not concede midshipmen a chance with Yale. Middies fair in lighter classes, but woefully weak in heavy division. Beyond my comprehension how heavyweight Craig went through season undefeated, much less making top berth on varsity. Cannot understand dubbing him Socker unless humorist responsible for nickname had cream puffs in mind. Midshipman Craig will be flattened tomorrow. A glorious afternoon is in store for Eddie Funk of Yale. Unquote. Thank you. We continue with our regular program."

Click! The radio resumed its music. The crowd of upper classmen sat in stunned silence. Joey's eyes had never left Socker's face throughout the radio announcement. He saw the first classman stiffen, then pale, then redden. Socker sat staring into space, mingled astonishment and anger clearly stamped on his features. His classmates merely looked at one another with puzzled frowns. It was Joey's shaky voice that cracked the hush:

"Barnum and Bailey achieved the pinnacle of whichness—"  
The bell recalling the midshipmen to their own rooms burst among them like the crack of a giant whip, but its clang was welcome to Joey. He glanced expectantly at Socker, but the first classman seemed oblivious to his surroundings. Joey waited until the last upper classman left the room before he went out.

Rufe Gardner was in bed.

"Well?" he asked anxiously. "Great!" Joey exulted, peeling off his clothes. "We took that big elephant down a peg or three. That bell came just in time."  
"What'd he do?"  
Joey jumped into his bed.

"Tell you about it later. Shh! There goes taps."  
After taps inspection Joey related briefly what had happened. Rufe chuckled, murmured, "Hope you're satisfied," rolled over, and was soon asleep. Joey tossed and squirmed. Along toward midnight his feeling of triumph

began to give way to a sense of guilt. Hadn't he carried his desire for revenge too far? Hadn't he been too harsh on Socker at the wrong time? Wouldn't his prank have a telling effect in the fight tomorrow? The way he had just sat there, after that announcement. . . . Maybe Socker would have the jitters so bad he couldn't fight. Maybe Socker didn't rate—Joey gritted his teeth. No, he decided, Socker rated all he got that evening. And more!

Joey and Rufe sat in the last row of the wooden bleachers placed around the ring in the gym, lending their lusty lungs to the tremendous cheer for the entering Navy team. Yale boxers had already taken their seats on a bench at the ringside.

Suddenly Rufe grabbed Joey's slender arm in his big paw.

"Socker's not there!"  
Joey's heart sank as he searched for the first classman.

"M-maybe—" he choked back a distressing thought.

"Something's funny," said Rufe, puzzled. "We've got only six boxers on the bench. There's no heavyweight. . . . I wonder. . . ."

"They're probably debating whom to put in," Joey growled.

The first bout was on. Joey felt rotten. The gaily colored gym, the happy crowd, the tenseness of the afternoon were all lost to him. He wanted to kick himself all over the place. He had done a silly thing with that radio trick. He had broken down Socker's morale, and maybe ruined Navy's chances in this meet. Joey didn't join in the cheering when Navy was declared winner of the first bout.

Yale won the next two. Then Navy tied the score, and in the fifth bout Yale again forged into the lead. Apparently the absence of Socker's shaggy thatch of hair had finally been noticed by others, for at the beginning of the sixth bout the question on everyone's lips was, "Where's Socker Craig?"

"Coach Ryan doesn't look worried," Rufe told Joey. "Why don't they—hey, Fats!" he yelled to a classmate passing behind the stand, "what's the dope on Socker Craig?"

Fats Perkins stopped in his tracks, looked up, and grinned. Fats was one of a half dozen plebe assistant managers of the boxing squad, and took his job seriously.

"Socker's up in the dressing room, raising the roof. He wanted to go on first against Funk. He wanted to fight the whole Yale outfit, including their coach. It got so bad we had to gang on him and hold him down. He's yelling something about cream puffs. He's nuts—"

A deafening roar cut Fats off. Joey turned toward the ring in time to see the sixth bout awarded to Navy, tying the score at three-all. At the same time a wild-looking figure dashed down the floor from the dressing room. It was Socker, running for all he was worth, his bathrobe flapping behind him. The cheer that rose at the sight threatened to bulge the stout walls of the gym as the first classman climbed into the ring. Joey was too far away to see Socker's face clearly, but he began to think that Eddie Funk's next

few minutes were destined to be anything but glorious.

Joey was right. It was a fight. Exactly seventy-five seconds after the opening bell Socker Craig waded into close range, shook off a vicious left jab as he might have shaken off a cobweb, grinned as a flurry of lefts and rights pounded him, and then let fly his right fist in a short, terrible arc. Exactly ten seconds after that, the same right hand was raised in victory.

Navy 4; Yale 3. Joey elbowed his way through the babbling, howling crowd. It took him ten minutes to get to the side door of the gym, but there he broke into a run and ran all the way to Bancroft Hall and up the four flights of stairs to his room. There he waited for several minutes until he regained his breath. Then he set forth on a course that would take him past Socker Craig's room.

Socker's door was closed. Joey scowled. Just his luck to have somebody in there when he wanted to disconnect the microphone and remove all traces of his trick.

He walked past the door. Suddenly he halted. Wasn't that radio music coming from Socker's room? He retraced his steps slowly, straining his ears. Yes, music was coming through the transom, sure enough. But who could be in that room? Joey knew that Socker's roommate was in the hospital and that Socker himself was still in the gym.

Joey's chin went up in a decisive gesture. He'd take a chance anyway. He could tell whoever was in there that he came to wind the clock, or something. But he just had to go in there. He just had to see if everything was okay.

Joey opened the door and walked in. There was no one in the room.

"He left the radio turned on," muttered Joey. "The dumb-bell!" Joey took a step toward the instrument.

Click! "Pardon the interruption," he heard a voice say, "but we have just received a news flash from Annapolis: Quote You all know that Joey Parks is Socker Craig's plebe. You all know that Joey Parks has been having a tough time of it. But what you ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience do not know is that the remaining months of Academic Year will hold untold terrors for said Joey Parks. Unquote. Thank

you. We continue with our regular program."

Click! The radio resumed its music. Joey discovered that his mouth was wide open. He snapped it shut. He knew who it was, all right: Rufe Gardner was pulling that line. Joey whirled and headed for the door. He ran right into Socker Craig.

Socker was still in his boxing trunks. In his gloveless hand he held a microphone.

Joey backed away in confusion. "Uh—excuse—uh—sir, I mean—" "Attention!" barked Socker. "Thought you'd get away with it, huh? Thought you could lambaste me before my classmates, huh? Why, you puny little plebe, I ought to break you in two. No, three. Four! Since when do plebes rate ridiculing first classmen? Since when do plebes rate snooping around upper classmen's rooms?"

Joey wondered how badly a jump from a fourth deck window would hurt him. It couldn't be any worse than what he was in for!

"D'you know what I'm going to do?" shouted Socker. "Can you begin to imagine what life will be for you until I graduate? Can you?"

"Y—yes, sir." "Well," said Socker, and then he stopped.

Joey's eyes widened. What was he seeing? Was that a grin on Socker's face? Was Socker really holding out his hand to him?

"Well," declared Socker, "shake!"

Joey stood there trembling.

"Y—you mean you want to shake hands with me, sir?"

"Yep."

"Y—you mean you want to—s—spoon on me, sir? Y—you want to be my—"

"Friend," said Socker.

"You mean all rates are knocked off between us, sir? You won't r-run me any more, sir? I—I won't have to report to your room any more, sir?"

"That's right."

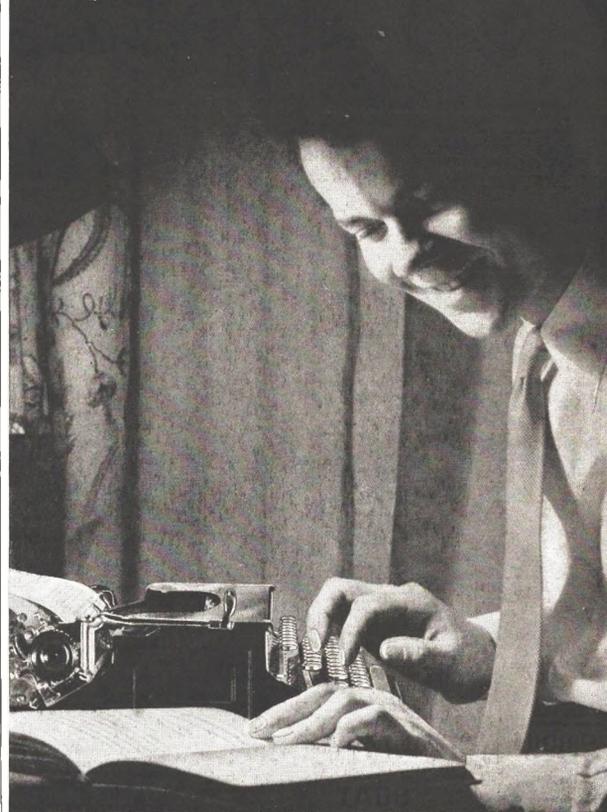
Joey Parks' head swam. He felt faint.

"B—but why, sir?" he asked weakly.

"Because you snapped me out of something . . . oh, you wouldn't understand. . . . Sa-ay, don't you want me to spoon on you? My hand's getting tired. . . . You'd better grab it, Mister Zarks."

Joey lost no time. He grabbed it, held it.

"Parks to you," he grinned, "you big cluck."



## He Loves to Play

(Continued from page 7)

important little things. Football has certainly taught me to hold my temper."

It may comfort younger players to know that just before the start of a game Purvis feels weak and worn out, and has an uncomfortable "bottomless" stomach. In describing his pre-game feeling, he said: "My mouth is dry. My tongue seems to be swollen to about four times its normal size. When the whistle blows, however, the tension is off and the whole picture changes."

What does Purvis consider to be one of the biggest lessons he has learned in football? Listen to him:

"No matter how inconspicuous and unimpressive a single opponent may be, he is always a threat. It may be the only time in his life that he 'clicks,' but that one play may beat you. Remember that it takes eleven men to make a team—don't ignore any one of the eleven."

As a ball carrier who averaged better than five yards a crack on running plays from scrimmage last season, Purvis offers the following tips for the new crop of ball carriers:

First—Relax your hands.

Second—Form a mental picture of where the play goes. Get the defense in mind. Visualize your halfback taking the end out, and so on.

Third—Watch for a tackler coming in from the side. Nine times out of ten you have more chance of making ground by cutting to either side than going straight ahead.

Here are his general rules for sport competition:

First—Keep in good physical condition. Don't play hard until you're in top condition. When you're not in shape is when you get hurt.

Second—Don't loaf. You'll probably be caught napping.

Third—Work conscientiously on the fundamentals and details of the game. They provide the key to success in any game.

As a parting shot, he was asked: "What one point do you think should be emphasized?"

As quick as one of his starts on a smash off tackle came the answer, "If you don't have fun, don't play!"

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No, Tommy reflected with an inward grin, he hadn't tried to get away; in fact, after what he had discovered, they couldn't drive him away. Golly, what a surprise he was going to spring on the Quarter-circle 6 layout!

"Oh, we got the cows back," Big Ed replied, "but the rustlers got away."

"Too bad. See anything of 'em?"  
"Nope, but we'll get 'em. You can bet on that. We're gettin' a line on 'em; all we've got to do now is find their crossin' place. I figger we've got one of 'em already." He shot a glance at Tommy.

Other riders were drifting into the bunk house, peeling off hats and jackets and gun belts and spurs. They paid no attention to Tommy, but went immediately to the wash house, from which shortly came sounds of spluttering and splashing. A few minutes later, when they congregated at the cook shack, Tommy was among them, with Runt sticking dutifully to his side. At Charlie's signal they fell to like hungry wolves on the huge stacks of steak, big bowls of gravy and potatoes, and plates of bread. Before they had finished, Big Ed came in.

"The boss wants everybody up to the big house right after supper," he announced. His eye fell on Tommy. "Yore case'll be taken care of there, too, young feller," he barked.

Tommy suppressed a grin. Big Ed had a jolt coming to him that evening.

Convoiced by Runt, Tommy trailed along with the cowboys to the ranch house and on into a big, friendly room that was obviously the ranch owner's office. He gave a start as he saw on the ranchman's desk the silver-framed picture of a proud firm-mouthed woman, the woman who was directly responsible for his being there—his mother.

Well, that clinched it absolutely—this was the Quarter-circle 6, and the bronzed man behind the desk was his uncle. Tommy felt a surge of pride as he noted his newly discovered kinsman's square chin, keen understanding eyes, and generous mouth. Here was a man who fought hard and played fair.

The cowboys crowded into the room, filling the chairs and lounging and squatting against the wall. Silently and expertly they rolled and lighted brown paper cigarettes. Tommy found an inconspicuous place in the darkest corner.

"Men," Fred Vance began deliberately, getting to his feet, "this is the house where I was born—" his eyes caressed the old brown walls—"and this is the room my sister and I played in before we were big enough to ride. I've ridden this range since I was tall enough to fork a pony. Naturally I love the Quarter-circle 6. I know you all do too. You've drawn Quarter-circle 6 wages and eaten Quarter-circle 6 grub, many of you for a long time; and I believe that all of you want to see the brand continue and prosper. Because I believe that, I'm going to tell you now that this ranch is on the verge of bankruptcy."

He paused, his eyes sweeping around the circle. Grave eyes met his in silence.

"You all know," he went on after a moment, "that the bottom has dropped out of the cow market; you know the Big Bend country is hard hit financially. But the Quarter-circle 6 could weather everything if it weren't for the rustlers. The simple fact is that this ranch is being stolen blind! If the thieving keeps up at the present rate, the Quarter-circle 6 will be short nearly five hundred head of choice heaves by fall—roughly about eighteen thousand dollars' worth. And no ranch can stand such a drain on its resources."

"Most of you know this rustling has been going on; many of you have found evidence of it on the range. The

stuff is apparently being run across the border, and the thieves are smart—so far they've eluded us completely. Undoubtedly they're well organized.

"About a month ago I wrote a letter to the governor, asking for help in rounding up these outlaws. I regret to report that I received no answer to that letter; evidently the governor isn't interested in our problems down here. That, men, puts the job of stopping this rustling squarely up to the Quarter-circle 6."

He paused to let the statement have full effect, and when he spoke again his voice was grim and determined.

"We're undertaking that job now," he declared. "If there's anyone here who doesn't want to tackle it, he can step up and get his time."

Again Fred Vance's eyes swept the faces of the men before him, challenging their courage. And through the blue smoke they stared back at him, unblinking. None moved. Presently Big Ed broke the silence.

"The boys are all with you, Mr. Vance," he said. "We'll get these skunks that're stealin' Quarter-circle 6 steers, won't we, fellers?"

A ragged but whole-hearted chorus of affirmative yells filled the room.

"Thanks, men," Fred Vance said quietly. "I'm furnishing ammunition. And the first man who catches a rustler red-handed and brings him in gets a hundred-dollar bonus. That's all."

The men began to get noisily to their feet.

"Just a minute, Mr. Vance," the big foreman said, raising his voice above the noise. "You're forgettin' the hoss thief."

"So I was," Vance said, and his eyes searched the room until they found Tommy. "Come here, young fellow."

Runt prodded his prisoner forward, and Fred Vance gazed at Tommy steadily for a minute, finally asking, "What's your name?"

For a fraction of a second Tommy hesitated; then blurted: "Tom Warren."

He had suddenly decided not to reveal his true identity. Perhaps by concealing it he could help save the Quarter-circle 6! His uncle loved the old ranch; so did his mother; so, Tommy realized abruptly, did he!

It was a grand old place and somehow it had to be saved—Tommy burned with the desire to get the cattle rustlers who were reducing it to bankruptcy. The Runt had insisted that some of the men on the ranch knew more about the rustling than they were telling. Well, then—he, Tommy Harris, nephew of the owner, would keep his real name and standing to himself; as Tom Warren, wandering ranch hand and suspected character, he'd have a much better chance of finding out something of importance!

He wouldn't tell anyone who he actually was, not even his uncle. Better not. And that unexplainable telegram made possible the deception he planned. He wasn't expected—that was why nobody had met him in Wrango—and he'd conceal his identity till the rustlers were caught. It was a snap decision, but luck had set the stage for its success.

So, firmly if a little confusedly, Tommy blurted: "Tom Warren."

"Did you," Fred Vance asked, his keen eyes on Tommy's face, "steal Rope Burns' horse?" That slight hesitation had not escaped him.

"I did not," Tommy answered straightforwardly.

"Rope caught him with the hoss in his possession, Mr. Vance," Big Ed reminded.

"I hired a horse from the hotel man and I thought the one I got was it," Tommy declared.

"What did you want with a horse?" Vance asked.

"Why—I wanted to ride out to a ranch."

"What ranch?" Big Ed Doss snapped the words at him, sensing his inner confusion.

"Any ranch," Tommy said. "I was looking for a job."

Fred Vance was regarding him thoughtfully, through half-closed eyes. "Do you know who's rustling Quarter-circle 6 cattle?" he inquired.

"I do not."  
"He's lynin', Mr. Vance," snorted the big foreman.

"Maybe," Fred Vance drawled, his brow furrowed.

Tommy seized this opportunity. "Let me stay here until I prove I'm not lying, Mr. Vance," he asked respectfully. "Give me a chance and I'll prove I'm not a thief. I'll work for you; I'll do anything. Just give me a chance, that's all I ask."

"He'll probably be rustlin' off some more cattle," remarked the foreman.

Fred Vance studied the question for a long minute before he spoke. "Yes," he decided finally, "you may stay, for a while anyway. We can use some extra help right now. But don't hire any more strange horses. Ed, put him to work."

### Chapter Thirteen

AT three-thirty the following morning young Tommy Harris, now known to the Quarter-circle 6 as Tom Warren, received his first taste of what his new life was to be like. Charlie, the cook, slipped quietly into the bunk house and shook him.

"All ri—I'm awake," mumbled Tommy, and turned over to go back to sleep.

Whereupon, lean strong hands dragged him from the covers and out onto the cold rough flooring in the dark.

"Make hurree to cook house," the wise old Chinese commanded in a low but firm voice.

Shivering and heavy-lidded, Tommy arrived at the cook house a few minutes later and Charlie thrust a mop and a bucket of soapy water into his hands, cackling:

"Floor all timee dirt! Tommee scrub."

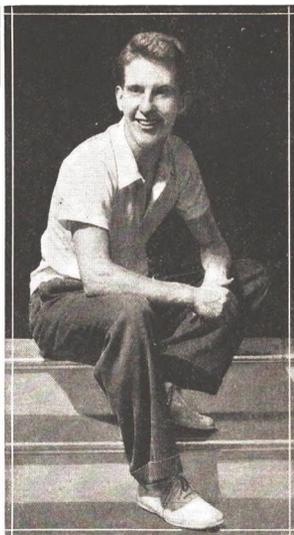
The floor certainly was dirty. Tommy scowled at it; then grinned and began to scrub—forward and backward, now on this plank, now on that. He was awkward, but he kept industriously at it, and when the cowboys filed into breakfast as the red ball of the sun was showing in the east, the rough plank floor fairly shone.

And Tommy had big tender blisters on his hands and a painful ache in the small of his back. He leaned the mop in a corner with a thankful sigh and turned towards the table. Hungry? Just watch him! When Charlie intercepted him and pushed a huge platter of smoking flapjacks into his hands, he regarded them gloatingly. He probably couldn't eat all those, but he'd try. "Get a move on, flunky!" a hungry voice shouted from the table. "Start them hot cakes rollin'."

Then Tommy understood. Sadly but swiftly, he passed the platter to each man; after that, urged by impatient commands, he grabbed the huge coffee pot and filled the deep, thick cups.

Before he had finished, the cowboys were yelling: "Hey! Come on with the cakes!"

They kept him on the jump, serving great stacks of flapjacks and smoking platters of ham and eggs, answering calls for butter here, for syrup there, for more coffee yonder. Back and forth he scurried, at top speed, making up for inexperience and awkwardness with haste. The men ate prodigiously, and talked very little; the day's work was ahead and they were eager to get at it. Presently they pushed back their chairs and filed out, leaving a table covered with dirty dishes. Charlie cleared a space at the



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end nearest the kitchen. "Flunkie eat now," he directed, placing a plate of hot cakes, bacon and eggs there.

Tommy sat down and fell to with a will. When Charlie ate, Tommy never learned, although the cook kept a well-filled coffee cup on the back of the stove from which he frequently took long swallows. After eating, Tommy gathered up the dirty dishes, piled them in a great zinc sink, and descended with a sigh to the depths of domesticity—washing dishes—while the wrinkled cook devoted himself in the dining room to the wants of Fred Vance, who usually ate later than his cowboys.

As he struggled with the stacks of dirty crockery, Tommy felt his resolve of the night before weaken. His hands paused in the dish water as he seriously considered going into the dining room and confessing his identity to his uncle. After all, why not? It was an easy way out of a situation that was becoming extremely unpleasant, and though there might be a little laughter, he could pass the whole affair off as a joke. Yet slowly his hands resumed their detested work; the same pride and stubbornness that had sent him boiling into that card room in Wrango now made him plunge determined hands into the hot dish water. He'd see it through!

Fred Vance had finished his breakfast, saddled his horse, and ridden away into the mesquite long before the last heavy dish had joined the glistening stacks on the crockery shelves. But with the job done, Tommy felt a sudden thrill of satisfaction in its thoroughness. Those were genuinely clean dishes—as fresh and sweet as violets! Yes, sir! Tommy hummed under his breath as he scrubbed the sink and hung the dish towels up to dry.

But his spirits went down again when Charlie led him to the kitchen door, pointed to a great stack of dry mesquite wood, and said, "Sticks all glow too longee for stove."

There was a heavy double-bitted ax and a bucksaw at the stack. Tommy heaved a big, crooked mesquite limb into the saw rack, wedged it there with one foot, and started sawing. With great effort, he haggled the limb into short lengths; and with even greater effort split each length into halves first and then quarters. He grew more expert as he kept doggedly at it, and eventually was rewarded by quite a respectable pile of split wood.

He was surveying it proudly, with sweat pouring from practically every pore in his body when Charlie came shuffling from the kitchen door and also regarded the pile with satisfaction.

"Plentee wood for now," he said, and turned and shuffled back.

For an instant Tommy was puzzled. What! No more orders? Then a wide grin came over his face and he dropped the ax and headed for the cool bunk house. He felt that it must be well along in the afternoon, but the loud-ticking clock declared that it was only ten-thirty. Tommy didn't argue. He unlaced and kicked off his shoes, tumbled into bed with a deep sigh of contentment, and was instantly asleep.

It was two o'clock when he awoke. He stretched luxuriously and looked out the window, except for the cats and dogs and the dozing ponies in the corral the place was deserted. Everything was lazily quiet and peaceful and contented. Evidently the cowboys didn't come in at the noon hour. Fine!

He went to the wash room and had an icy shower; then he strolled down to the corrals, climbed on a fence, and sat looking at the horses. They were lean, short-bodied animals with slim, tapering legs and small hoofs. Tommy wondered if they were gentle. He dropped into the corral to see, and im-

mediately they milled into a far corner, snorting nervously.

With a slight feeling of apprehension, Tommy decided that they must be quite wild; but after a few seconds the snorting died down and one of them left the group and approached their caller with short, tentative steps. Tommy stood perfectly still and presently the animal's nose was within reach of his hand; then he made the sudden and thrilling discovery that it was his old friend Sundown. The bay nudged Tommy's side with pleasant familiarity, and the boy made a mental note to slip some lump sugar into his pocket the next time he was in the kitchen.

Something about the horses fascinated Tommy, irresistibly drew him to them, and he hung around the corrals until Charlie shuffled out at four o'clock and called him back to the cook shack to help get the evening meal.

#### Chapter Fourteen

TEN work-crammed days slipped by uneventfully on the Quarter-circle 6; ten days that saw a measurable ripening of the mesquite beans and

## WE'RE PROUD TO PRESENT--

Down to his last five dollars, Steve Merrill, second-year Tech man, brushed back his cowlick, thrust out his jaw, and waded into the busy streets of Lake City to look for a job. A gripping five-part serial of the great electrical industry and a young man's battle for recognition.

Next issue:

## "Steve Merrill, Engineer"

By WILLIAM HEYLIGER

prickly pear apples; ten days that added pounds and pounds of fat to the white-faced steers; ten days that brought hundreds of slick little dark red calves and dozens of gangling long-legged colts into the world; ten days in which the rustlers rode wide of Fred Vance's range; ten days in which great stacks of dirty dishes passed and repassed through the big zinc sink; ten days in which the wood pile shrank until Big Ed ordered the Runt to hook up the team to the chuck wagon and haul in a new supply; all in all, ten of the most revolutionary days in the newly christened Tom Warren's nineteen years of worldly experience.

Although Tommy himself was scarcely aware in the hustle of active ranch life that any change of importance was taking place, his fraternity brothers would have stared in astonishment. He had acquired an amazing coat of ruddy tan; his crisp blond hair was beginning to bleach; he was decidedly thinner, but harder, with a new swiftness of movement that suggested agile endurance.

Moreover, Tommy Harris, who had established a record as the best dressed man in the fraternity, was now wearing cast-off clothes, and wearing them gratefully. Virtually every man on the ranch had contributed something to Tommy's wardrobe. Rope had laconically donated a pair of worn but serviceable boots that pleased Tommy more than any footgear he had ever owned before. A good blue shirt had been Slim Carter's contribution, and Shanks Tolan had tossed over a light wool one that had come from Canada; the Runt gave his second-best hat, the only article of his wardrobe that would fit the cook's young flunky; Tex Rudd supplied the waistband overalls. Even Pedro helped, giving an old but still good hand-carved Mexican belt; and

the boss himself brought out from town a liberal supply of socks, underwear, and handanna handkerchiefs. And he brought something more too.

"Men," he said one evening at the supper table, "I talked to the hotel man in Wrango today. He did rent a horse to a young fellow a couple of weeks back, and the fellow never came and got it. I guess that settles that matter. Tom, if you don't like this place, you're free to go whenever you like."

"I was looking for a job when I came here," the cook's flunky replied, with some embarrassment. "I believe I'll stay on a while, if you'll let me. There's still the question of those cows."

Tommy, by mail, had enlisted his mother's help in keeping his identity secret. The Runt was the mailman, making a weekly trip to Wrango, and through him Tommy, without revealing his reasons, had intercepted two letters addressed to Tommy Harris. He had written his mother telling her that he was all right but had excellent reasons for keeping his identity temporarily concealed. He had urged her to write his uncle saying that he'd make his

to ride the Willow Creek district, didn't come in at supper time. As the riders were often late in getting back to the ranch, nothing was thought of it. But the following morning at breakfast Slim was still absent, and Big Ed's face had a worried frown on it.

"Rope," he said, "you ride Willow Creek today an' see what's happened to Slim."

The cowboys had caught their horses and ridden away when there came a pounding of hoofs and Tommy stuck his head out the kitchen door to see Slim ride up on a spent horse.

"Where's the boss?" the cowboy inquired sharply.

"In the dining room," Tommy said. The cowboy strode on in, spurs jingling. His eyes were grim and his face was gray with dust. Tommy loitered near the dining room doorway.

"What's wrong, Slim?" Fred Vance inquired quietly.

"They're at it again."

"Rustlers?"

Slim nodded. "Bout fifty head missin' off Willow Creek."

"Just can't let us alone, eh?" Fred Vance observed with dry bitterness. "Any sign?"

"Some. But they got 'em day before yesterday, an' the trail was plenty messed up. Soon's I saw they were gone, I lit out for the river to look for their crossin' place. Rode the bank twenty miles but missed it some place. That's a pretty smart bunch o' rustlers, Fred."

"Yeah," Vance drawled, "if they hadn't been, we'd have caught them before now. Got any idea where there might be a secret crossing?"

The old cowboy shook his head. "They sure cover up well," he said. "Sometimes I can't hardly believe they're really takin' 'em across."

Fred Vance drained his coffee cup and got to his feet. "The trouble with the Big Bend as a cow country, Slim," he said, "is that there's too ready a market for good white-faced stuff down below the line. Once it's over there and the brands vented, there's nothing much that can be done about it, unless you want to start a war. If they keep pushing my stuff into Mexico, I'll be tempted to. It's queer the governor doesn't answer my letter. He should know what we're up against down here. Well, you get some sleep, Slim. Better luck next time. I'll do a little riding."

Vance went out and Slim sat down and yelled for food. Tommy took the old cowboy some breakfast and went to the kitchen door and watched while his uncle came out of the big house with a rifle in a scabbard, stopped at the saddle shed, and then made for the corral. Soon he was jogging off toward the Rio Grande.

Tommy was worried as he turned back to his dish-washing. His uncle was a grand guy and he didn't approve of his going out to hunt rustlers single-handed.

Hurrying through with his chores, Tommy went down to the corrals. Sundown came and nuzzled his hand for a lump of sugar. Tommy went to the saddle shed and got a bridle. He led Sundown out of the corral and let him stand to trailing reins while he got a saddle and cinched it on his back. He started to mount, then hesitated thoughtfully and presently went to the bunk house. When he returned, the heavy walnut-handled gun that belonged to the snoring Slim and had four notches cut in its butt was belted about his waist.

Very soberly, he climbed into the saddle and headed the Sundown horse in the general direction of that turgid river whose waters formed the boundary line between two nations.

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

# All Aboard for Everest (Continued from page 25)

Our Westlands had a speed at 2,000 feet of 178 miles, and at 34,000 feet of 140 miles, which should be enough to buck the terrific winds of the upper air. With a climbing speed of 120 miles we could reach 35,000 feet in 43 minutes.

Parachutes? No. If we had to leave our ships over the tumbled crags of the Himalayas, a parachute, we decided, would only prolong and make more miserable our deaths. So we didn't carry any.

So much for preliminaries. It's eight o'clock a. m., April 3, and our ships are idling on the line. We've got to go up today because if we wait much longer the wet monsoons will sweep across the mountains and hide them under a blanket of clouds, making our cameras useless. Furthermore, the meteorologist has sent up a tiny balloon and discovered from calculations based on its angle and rate of climb that the wind at 34,000 feet is only 57 miles an hour. Not as quiet as we'd hoped for, but still the best wind in days.

If you're ready to start, meet your pilot, Clydesdale—the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, M. P., squadron leader of the expedition. He's a great pilot, a hard-punching boxer, and a good companion.

Climb into the rear cockpit and put on your flying suit. It's a one-piece zipper affair, you'll notice, with a fine network of wires in the lining. That cable leading from your left hip connects your suit to the heating unit.

Draw on these rubber-soled sheepskin flying boots. They're also electrically heated. And these goggles—heated as well. One of your tasks as observer will be to see that the voltage of the heating unit never goes above 15 or below 13. You do it by adjusting this rheostat handle at the side of the cockpit. Be alert! You don't want anything to go wrong with your heated clothes when you're flying through temperatures of 80 below!

Adjust your oxygen helmet carefully and be sure you understand the connections. The oxygen in the tanks back in the cockpit is under great pressure. Before it reaches your mask, a valve reduces the pressure and a coil heats it to prevent ice particles from clogging the tube. Then the oxygen passes through a meter which registers the flow for you. When the plane gets up to 5,000 feet, turn the flow meter to 10,000, and when the ship gets to 10,000, turn the meter to 15,000. In that way you're sure to have enough life-giving oxygen to breathe.

Now pull on your silk under-gloves and put the heated gauntlets on over them. All set? At the moment you look something like a strange, prehistoric animal, but you'll need all that protection when you fly over Everest!

Be sure not to step on that oxygen cable! Bonnet did, over 30,000 feet up, and he was getting groggy when he saw the break and taped it up!

And now for the great adventure! The Bristol engine roars out, the wheels move, you gather speed, and in a few seconds you're circling the airdrome at Lalbalu, getting height before you set a 342-degree compass course for Everest. The wind is from the north-

west, and Clydesdale heads into it slightly to counteract the drift.

As the towns and fields below you become small you find them dimming and growing purple from the dust haze that prevails over all this part of India. As you climb, you seem to be in the center of a great funnel seven miles in diameter. The dust walls you in.

At a height of 13,000 feet you cross the forbidden uplands of Nepal. You have orders to go as high as possible, in order not to scare the inhabitants.

Higher you climb, and higher, wondering when you'll come out of the dust haze, straining for that first look at the Himalayas. Finally, at 19,000 feet, you emerge into the cold upper air, so clear and so clean that a hundred miles seems like ten.

You're skimming northward over a billowing sea of dust. You gasp as you stick your head out of the cockpit and gaze ahead between the wings. Ahead of you rise the white ramparts of the greatest mountains in the world. Like an up-flung, angry sea, caught and congealed in the maddest moment of a titanic hurricane, the mountains are cresting and ridging upward toward those lordly peaks that top the earth.

When the first stunning wonder passes, you notice details. Everest, on the left, instantly identifies itself. Of all the peaks, it alone flies a pennant of snow. To the right is Makalu, lower than Everest by 1300 feet. Off the tip of your right wing stands Kanchenjunga, 28,225 feet high. And between these incredible peaks are jagged rock formations, some bleak and barren, some mantled in white.

You're flying now over a great canyon. The last landing field is far behind. There's nothing below you but impossible rocks and peaks and ridges. For 60 miles the turbulent seascape extends, until it rises to the range ahead. You look at the altimeter, and with a shock, read the figures 34,000!

As you stick your head out into the slipstream, you wonder at the lack of force until you remember that the air here is only a third as dense as on the ground. You get the queer impression that the plane is hanging in the air, as though you were trying to ride a surf board at slow speed.

The pilot, you're aware, doesn't dare to take more than a glance at the mountains. As a horizon they're anything but reliable. If he were to gaze at them, he'd lose 2,000 feet before he knew what was happening. He must fly by instrument.

Beyond the peak of Chamlang, the floor of the cockpit seems to be dropping from under your feet, and you realize that the ship is diving. Later you learn that a tremendous downdraft of air has grabbed it. You

lose 1,500 feet in a twinkling before Clydesdale fights out of the clutch of the current and begins to climb again. The loss in height is serious, because you're going to need every foot to get over Everest.

Meanwhile you're busy. The observer has a total of 46 duties connected with the heating units, oxygen supply, and cameras. You're taking pictures through the floor of the ship, and upside. You can talk to the pilot by means of the microphone connected to the front of your helmet.

You recall how Flight Lieutenant McIntyre, while flying over Everest, felt cold air on his lips. He looked down and to his dismay saw the microphone on the floor of the cockpit. He screwed it back into his mask just in time. A few more gasps of thin air and he would have been unconscious.

By this time you're skirting over the highest wall in the world. As far as the eye can see in every direction is jumbled mountain. Your ship battles into the northwest, to circle Everest from left to right. Below you is the peak of Lhotse and off the right wing, Everest herself!

With awed eyes, you notice that when your western and northern faces are naked rock. As you swing around the northern side and fly eastward, you see

below you those last slopes on which Mallory and Ervine died in 1924, within 900 feet of the top. Two heroic men who battled on foot more than 28,000 feet up those impossible slopes!

As you circle south, the plane roars through the snow plume, which is really a hurricane of ice particles streaming out to the southeast. At that instant, perhaps, your sense of triumph is greatest. You have pierced the royal flag of Everest!

South of the peak you turn west again, fighting your way into the terrific headwind. You're alone, now. Alone in a queer, unnatural world where you would die instantly without the man-made protection that covers you. If a single ice particle clogged the needle hole of your oxygen valve, you would become unconscious. If the motor failed, you would be doomed.

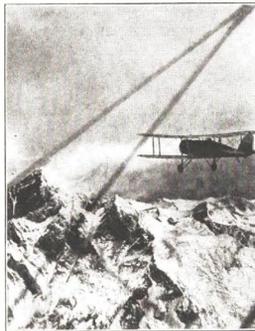
But you don't think of that, for there's Everest, so close that it seems you can touch it. Your tailskid is just 100 feet above the peak!

Three times you circle the monarch of mountains, taking picture after picture, recording the ridges, peaks, and canyons of the world's top. Among other things, your camera records a circular black spot that—scientists say—must be a lake fed by hot springs. An unfrozen body of water more than 20,000 feet high!

By now the oxygen is running low and Clydesdale heads the ship south. As you coast down the 160-mile hill to the landing field of Lalbalu, near Purnea, Mount Everest grows small in the distance, still waving her white pennant, conquered by air but unconquerable by land.

You find, as you roar your way homeward, that your oxygen mask has become a solid mass of ice. And, though you're coming down, you must keep your engine throttle fairly well open. Otherwise your carburetor would freeze.

The ship noses down into the dust haze, and the big adventure is over.



The summit of Everest, dead ahead!



Cheerful, and lots of luck!



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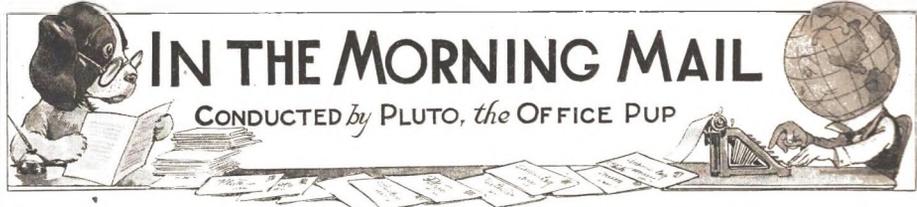
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We're in favor of clubs provided they have a purpose behind them. A club gives you practice in organization and leadership. It gives you a chance to trade ideas and learn interesting things. You can invite grown-ups in to talk to you. For instance, in October, you might arrange the following talks and discussions:

*The New Football Rules.* (See the September *American Boy* article, "Watch Those Passes and Punts.")

*How to Watch a Football Game.* (Invite your local high school coach to discuss this with you.)

*Roast Beef.* (Here's really a swell subject, inspired by "Riders of the Rio Grande" in this issue. Trace a Western white-faced steer from his Big Bend ranch to the city stockyards, through the packing plant and to your table. It's a romantic story, full of excitement. The library will yield all the information you need for a brisk, half-hour speech.)

## Hide-rack

Rarely has an *American Boy* character made such a hit as Hide-rack, the red-and-gold collie whose adventures in the Salmon River country have been told by Glenn Balch. Morning Mail fans the country over are asking when Hide-rack will be back in the magazine. "What has happened to him?" asks Bob Barton, San Francisco. "I'm speaking not only for myself but friends of mine." And he's speaking as well for thousands of readers. Hide-rack will be back. Just recently Hide-rack's author, Mr. Balch, has been busy with the Western serial that started in September. Pretty soon, we hope, he'll be working on the latest adventures of our favorite dog.

James E. Bone, Richland, Mich., teacher, says that Hide-rack has completely captured his literature class of 38 students. One day he read a Hide-rack story to them. They were so enthusiastic that each month, thereafter, he had to devote 30 minutes to reading a Hide-rack story. At the end of the school year he had his students write down why they liked or disliked the Hide-rack stories. The answers were interesting:

## Why Hide-rack was popular

The dog, some students said, is a clean, loyal sport. He's gentle, except when there's trouble. Chet and his dad are square-shooters. The stories are exciting. The stories have variety. Best of all, the stories could be true. All of which agrees with our own feeling about the series. High-spirited, true-to-life adventures with admirable characters in a great country. More power to Hide-rack, Chet, and Dan Foster!

Junior Stephens, Woodland, Calif., cuts out *American Boy* covers and puts them up in his room. His walls being completely covered, he's started on the ceiling!

The *American Boy* is helping teach English to Indian students. A copy goes to the Students' Home in Poona, India, where it is avidly read, according to G. S. Khair, one of the executives.

## Yo-ho, for the Navy!

Have you ever been in Annapolis, home of the U. S. Naval Academy? It's one of the most interesting spots to visit in the East. The winding streets and the sturdy Eighteenth Century houses make you think of the Old World. And it's rich in Ameri-



D. N. Goldenson.

can history. In the State House up on the hill, the Congress of the United States met in 1783-84, and in one of its big rooms George Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief of the Continental Army. The Naval Academy will give you your big thrill. In the center of the ground stands the impressive chapel containing the tomb of John Paul Jones, the Scotchman who became America's greatest naval hero. South of the chapel stretches the gigantic stone building, Bancroft Hall, where the midshipmen live, and in them David N. Goldenson, a new *American Boy* writer, gathered the material for "Pardon the Interruption!" the Annapolis story in this issue. We've asked Goldenson to write a short sketch of himself for you. Here it is:

Memory begins in South Bend, Indiana, with a vague picture in my mind's eye of my kindergarten teacher hauling me on the carpet for story telling. Memory furnishes, also, a kaleidoscopic series of callings-down throughout subsequent years of public and prep-schooling in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. But they were not all for story telling. By the time I was thirteen I was being urged to many separate ambitions. Shortly afterward, when our country entered the World War, I knew definitely what I wanted. When I was sixteen I obtained a senatorial appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Four years later I graduated as an Ensign in the Fleet. Cruises as a midshipman was assigned to me to every continent, over every sea. During a tour of China duty several years ago my eyes went into a tall spin. The naval surgeons examined me and sadly shook their heads. I could not see well enough for active duty. I'd have to retire. I did. And now I've returned to my very first love: story telling.

## He found out

Here's a scientific-minded Morning Mail fan. John Louis Cole, Los Angeles, wanted to find out how long it would take a glass of water to evaporate. He filled an average-sized glass, recorded high and low temperatures, and waited. The test started Feb. 6 and ended June 15. It took 130 days in temperatures ranging from 65 to 77 degrees for the glass of water to evap-

## Now a Dollar

**BEGINNING** with last month, THE *AMERICAN BOY* brings you a New Deal. We've written a private little code between the magazine staff and you; a simple six-word code as follows: "A better magazine at lower cost." The new subscription rates of a dollar a year or two dollars for three years won't mean a reduction in quality. We'll still continue to use famous illustrators employed by the leading adult magazines. Your favorite authors will still appear. We're at work now on our outstanding 1935 sports program and a series of interviews with famous explorers. Mr. Heyliger has just completed a new story, much like "Larry Marsh, Packer," but about a great electrical plant. We think the magazine will be better at a dollar than it was at two. Write us in a few months and tell us what YOU think. Meanwhile, tell your friends.

orate! We like the spirit that prompts such an experiment. Cole wanted to learn something, and took steps to find out.

A number of fans have noticed the new type for our story titles. It's more modernistic," writes Meyer Goldberg, New Brunswick, N. J., "and looks a lot better than the older type." Our art department is constantly experimenting with type, color, and illustrations, to make the magazine more attractive, and we'll be glad to have your comments.

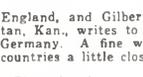
## James Willard Schultz, historian

Noel Johnson, Kalispell, Montana, says that James Willard Schultz mentions in his recently completed serial, "Warring Medicines," the names of many men known to Johnson's folks. For instance the July installment mentioned Charlie Conrad who lived for a long time in Kalispell. Mr. Schultz's stories mention many actual characters of the old West—missionaries and traders and chiefs who were famous in their day. Schultz himself an adopted Blackfoot who lived and fought with the Indians before the white man overran the West, knew most of these famous people personally. That's why his stories, even though they're fiction, are an authentic history of the plains Indians and early Westerners.



## Foreign correspondents

Ever since a previous Morning Mail recommended that you write the International Friendship League, Box 142, Back Bay, Boston, Mass., including a three-cent stamp, and asking for the name of a boy or girl in a foreign country, many fans have started exchanging letters with friends in other parts of the world. Margaret Kennette, Greensboro, N. C., is writing to Miss Gwendolin McAluliffe in England, and Gilbert Hotchkiss, Manhattan, Kan., writes to Reinhard Sheffer, in Germany. A fine way of bringing other countries a little closer to you.



The prize for unusual hobbies this month goes to Rebecca McVies, Media, Penna. She collects skeletons of animals and so far has a skunk and Scottie dog skeleton. Some day, perhaps, she'll be working for the American Museum of Natural History!

## Wotta hunger!

Of course Hide-rack isn't the only dog in the world. Hide-rack's appetite, for instance, couldn't begin to compare with the ravenous greed of Raymond J. Casey's (Great Falls, Mont.) fox terrier, Peggy. "Peggy eats raisins, cheese, and loves chocolate candy," Casey solemnly states. "Chile is her specialty and she usually finishes her meal by swallowing the tops of carrots in our garden. If I offer her milk or root beer, believe it or not, the dumb dog drinks the root beer."

Arnold Parris, Cleveland, Ohio, gives puppet shows in his spare time. His mother gave him the puppets and he built the stage. He presented his show at the school bazaar and made a lot of money for the school.

Here's the bottom of the page just below us, so we'll have to say good-by for the month. The national Kennel Club now has 355 members. The only way to join is to write Pluto a personal experience, a bit of humor, a comment on the magazine, or some observation that he can't help printing. He reads every letter and will quote from as many as space permits. Everybody quoted receives an autographed portrait of the Pup. Address Pluto, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

# Glance Inside Your Car

by Dr. Alexander Klemin,

Director, Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University

WHEN you stroll out to the near-by boulevard and watch the autos streaming past—low-slung, symmetrical cars, finished in many colors, with hood and fender curving smoothly into the body—you realize how vastly more beautiful cars are today than they were only a few years back.

In outward appearance, autos have improved. But what about the all-important insides? A 1906 engine built of 1906 materials in a 1934 body wouldn't give you much driving satisfaction. Nor would it be safe.

Today's cars are built of 90 different metals, many of them unknown a few years ago. There was a time when you could mention steel and people knew what you meant. Today you have to say *what kind of steel*. For metallurgists discovered that just as you can dissolve sugar in water, so you can dissolve many substances in steel, each of them giving steel a different character. Thus you can make steel hard, flexible, soft, or rustproof. Similarly there are many types of brasses, bronzes, and bearing metals unknown to the old-time designer.

The automotive engineer has worked tirelessly to produce just the right metal for each part of the car. Cast-iron, for instance, is just right for cylinder walls because it can be honed down to glass-like hardness and smoothness. But cast-iron will not stand the continual tapping of the hot exhaust valve. So for the valve seat is used the more resistant tungsten steel is used. Cast-iron pistons work well but are too heavy for smooth engine running, so they've been replaced by aluminum pistons. Throughout the car, metals have been created to do the special job required of them. As a result your automobile is safer, smoother, and more powerful.

To guarantee that a car's insides shall be as serviceable as the outside, automobile engineers buy materials on carefully worded specifications that state exactly how much a material shall weigh, what strength it shall have, and what its chemical composition shall be. Then they make tests to see that the material keeps its properties.

We take for granted the privilege of driving up to a garage and buying a repair part. Yet that little act is really a miracle of accurate workmanship, marvelous machinery, and wonderful gauges. The automobile company may build a million of those parts this year, and all of them—within unbelievably small limits—will be exactly the same.

Each manufactured part must be of the correct dimension to within a thousandth

or just a few thousandths of an inch. The permissible variation is called "tolerance." When the size of the parts is kept within the "limits of tolerance" the parts will be interchangeable.

A part must pass the test of sensitive scales. If its weight is too far off it is scrapped.

Some parts must get by the "Go" and "No Go" gauges. Visualize a block with two holes in it. Try to slip the pin or shaft into the "Go" hole. If it doesn't go in, it's too large. But suppose it does go in. Then try it in the "No Go" hole. If it slips into this one, it's too small.

These gauges are checked from time to time against master gauges that are never used except for checking purposes. The wonderful Johanson Master Gauge simply consists of blocks of metal that are machined to microscopically accurate limits.

Did you know that three times as many diamonds are used in industry as for ornament? Diamonds are jerk in the scleroscope, which tests metals for hardness. The engineer allows a small weight with a diamond point to drop on a camshaft. The height to which the weight rebounds is an indication of the hardness and strength of the material. If the material were soft the rebound would not be high enough.

A diamond drill is used to bore the hole in the piston in which the connecting rod wristpin is set. In fact the engine owes its smoothness partly to the wonderful accuracy of the diamond. Nor are these diamonds cheap. They may run to 5 carats, at \$50 a carat!

There's a chamber of horrors in the mechanical engineering department of the automobile factory. To go through this chamber and come out with colors flying the car must be good. It's put into a refrigerator and made to start at the lowest winter temperatures. The horns are run continuously behind a sound-proof door. The steering wheel and column are made to turn back and forth for hours at a time against a hydraulic load at the lower end of the steering column. Flywheels are whirled to a speed of 10,000 revolutions per minute. In a few hours, the parts under test undergo greater effort than would be required in years on the road.

Cars even do the Belgian roll! That's not a new dance. It originated when a manufacturer discovered that the cobblestone-paved Belgian roads of early days gave the American cars much trouble. So his engineers invented a device in which the car is placed on uneven and rapidly moving rollers that jerk it viciously up and down and jolt it violently from side to side!

To guarantee crash-proof bodies engineers take cars to the proving grounds, drive them over cliffs and roll them down hills. Not only does the body resist failure under these tests; usually the test driver can open all the doors of the car with ease, get in and drive the car away under its own power!

Bodies today are constructed of curved steel stampings and welded into one piece. The most up-to-date bodies have only four major stampings.

Nearly half of the injuries received in automobile accidents are due to broken glass. But the figure will grow smaller with the use of shatter-proof glass. This glass is composed of several layers of plate glass firmly cemented together. The first attempts at shatter-proof glass were not entirely satisfactory due to the fact that it discolored with age, but this disadvantage has been eliminated by carefully sealing the edges of the glass so that no air can enter. A fast-ball pitcher can stand a few feet from a pane of glass, hurl a baseball at it with all his steam—and not break through the glass!

Tomorrow may bring faster and better streamlined cars, engines placed at the rear, cars with television added to the radio we already have, automatic gear shifts and universal speed change systems, more readily convertible touring cars, greater fuel economy at ordinary speeds, and many other improvements. But the car as it stands today is already a marvel of strength, reliability and safety. If accidents still happen, then the fault is largely due to the driver.

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## The X Mystery (Continued from page 6)

turned to look back at the cage. It was perhaps a quarter mile away now, like a bright jewel on black velvet. As he gazed at it he clutched Ted by the arm.

"Look!" he whispered. "Look!" Ted whirled to stare. Very plainly both men could see that the candle at the bottom of the cage was out. As they watched, the whole cage became dim, as though some shadowy object were between it and them. Alan visualized some queer being examining the cage and the back of his neck prickled. "There's somebody there!" he murmured.

"Some thing," Ted added in a bated voice.

As they watched, the cage again became clear, as if the thing, whatever it was, had passed on. For an instant both men stood breathless with horror. Ted let out his breath with a whistling sound.

"Shall I go back—see what it is?" he asked.

"I don't know. Did—did it look like anything?"

"A blue shadow," Ted replied, trying to keep his voice calm.

Turning his flash light again, he led the way forward. As they walked, the glow ahead became plainer, stronger. Suddenly Alan held up his hand. They stopped to listen.

Slowly, so indefinite as to be more a sensation than a sound, they heard the thin ghost of unknown words.

"Where are you?" Ted challenged, swinging his flash lamp about. "Come out into the light!"

The whispering continued, impersonal, undisturbed. Alan felt his muscles growing rigid.

"Come on," growled Ted. "I'm not afraid of anything that lives."

"Old Ted," Alan murmured. The rigidity went out of him and he started forward again, straight toward the blue glow and the whispering sounds.

"Do you suppose this is all imagination?" Ted asked. "I mean that form back at the cage, and—"

A cry from Alan stopped Ted short. He turned to look at his companion, and what he saw froze his blood.

For Alan's cry, desperate and terror-stricken, was muffled, and his form, only a few feet away, was growing faint. With a yell, Ted struck out. His arm encountered something soft and clinging—a queer, transparent substance that dulled the force of his blow, yet let his fist pass through. Dumbly Ted looked at his great hand. Horror-struck, he saw Alan dimly, as through colored water, thrashing about, struggling, his face twisted in agony.

"Alan," he screamed. "What is it? What—"

Then, slowly, the outlines of Alan's form began to grow clearer and his gasping sob became more distinct. As if some invisible support had released him, Alan dropped to his knees and swayed with eyes closed, his breath coming in gasps like a half-suffocated man's.

Ted dropped beside him. "Are you all right, Alan?" he asked. "It's gone now. . . . It's gone."

Alan's eyes opened, blank with fear. He saw Ted beside him and a shudder shook him.

"Something had me," he whispered. "Something soft. I couldn't breathe. . . . I—"

"We're going back!" Ted grunted. "I've had enough of this ghastly business. We're going back to the cage and get out of here!"

Alan closed his eyes and continued to kneel, motionless, supported by Ted's big arm. When his eyes opened again they were sane once more.

"Let's go on," he said.

Ted looked at him in awe. "You're a glutton for punishment," he breathed. "I tried to reach you. . . . I tried to hit it. . . ." He looked again at his fist and trembled.

They moved forward, toward the blue glow, and as they walked it slowly faded from sight.

"What now?" Ted asked breathlessly. For an instant they strained into the darkness.

"I think a rock ledge is in the way," Alan said, seeking some reasonable explanation.

They crept forward, and Ted's flash light found a wall ahead. In the wall there was a wide opening, like a canyon.

"Our phosphorescent friend lives in the canyon," Alan said. "Let's pay him a visit."

"If you insist," Ted gritted between set teeth, "but I'd like to take you out of here."

As they entered the passage the rock grew rougher beneath their shoes and the shaft narrowed to less than twenty feet. The wall was a gleaming yellow. With a cry Ted leaped toward it.

"Gold!" he yelled. "Gold! A mother lode. . . ."

Alan picked up a small piece at his feet, examined it, and then looked down the long wall. It was a solid yellow, without a break.

"There's enough gold here," Alan said in awe, "to make gold worthless. Imagine it! Gold, so plentiful and cheap it couldn't be used for money!"

Standing there, twenty miles underground, their minds half on the unseen being around them, they could only guess at the effect this incredible supply of gold would have on the world. Certainly it would have to be handled wisely if it weren't to wreck the finances of nations!

For half an hour they stood by the incredible wall, cutting chunks out of it with their knives, shining flash lights upon its pale yellow and speaking in hushed voices of what it might do of good and evil.

"I'll take enough in my pockets to finance me this winter," Ted said practically.

He hacked away at the gleaming wall. The gold seemed soft as lead.

"Now I know why X didn't go any farther," Alan burst out with sudden comprehension. "The whole floor is probably gold or gold bearing—and X won't touch it!"

While Ted mined at his new-found wealth, Alan wandered on down the passage, looking narrowly at the rock on which he trod to test his theory. In his excitement he forgot the whispering, the pulsing blue light, and his fear. Absorbed in his reasoning, he wandered farther and farther from Ted, until he turned a sharp corner.

The blue glow struck him like a blow, so bright it was, and so sharp the pain in his eyes. But it was not the blue glow that whitened his face and made him reach for the gun in his belt. It was a formless shadow—a huge, monstrous Thing of dark vapor that moved and floated. He saw a vague column protrude from it, as if an arm had stretched forth. Then it contracted and another tentacle shot out from another place.

And from within it came whispered words in an unknown tongue. It was the Guardian of the Light—the thick mass that had attacked him in the cave!

Alan opened his mouth to cry out. But even as he drew in his breath and raised his gun, the dark mass came toward him, enveloped him, choked him. His voice left him. He raised his arm feebly. From his nerveless hand the pistol dropped.

Just before he pitched forward sense-

less, a sick horror and loathing descended upon him. He lurched forward on the gold bearing rock, while above him the shadow whispered menacingly.

As Ted hacked at his gold something plucked at his thoughts. He hadn't heard Alan's voice for several minutes. He whirled to shoot his light this way and that.

"The batteries are running down!" he muttered.

Hastily he jerked a new set from his pocket, unscrewed the case and dropped out the old batteries. Stygian darkness descended, pressing on him with ghostly hands, enveloping him in.

The light sprang forth again as he screwed the new batteries in. But even in their stronger radiance, he couldn't find Alan.

"Alan, Alan!" he cried. He fled up the passage in great strides, the gold forgotten. "Alan!"

The yellow walls flung the name in his teeth. He sprinted up the passage to the sharp corner as Alan had done, rounded it—and was flung back on his heels by a blinding, pulsing blue light that struck him like a blow.

He staggered, clutched at the wall for support, then forced himself forward. Were those huge wheels of fire eyes? The dark object on the floor—Alan's pistol. The darker form beyond—Alan!

He sprang forward. Something else sprang—something shadowy, yet real. Vapor enveloped him; ghostly arms tugged at him and on his terrified ears fell the evil syllables both had learned to fear over the telephone.

For an instant Ted staggered. Then, in a rush of memory, came a thousand pictures of Alan. Alan helping him in college. Alan, his friend!

Ted shook his mighty shoulders, gasped in the dimness that surrounded him, yanked his pistol from his belt and fired.

The whispering stopped as if by magic. For a moment the enveloping cloud withdrew from him, and he had a momentary impression of a great eye looking at him, with horrible, loathing intentness. He staggered forward, toward the form of his friend.

The whispering began again. In the distance Ted saw more dark blobs of dimness, fowing, rolling toward him.

The light grew brighter and the whispering stronger. He felt dragged. His eyes ached with the blue radiance. The rock appeared on fire, the air filled with heatless flames that seared his flesh.

On his knees he crawled to the still figure, to sink beside it, feebly gasping, "Alan—Alan—Oh, Alan. . . ."

Alan lay motionless. An octopus of darkness pressed Ted down. From those impersonal, half-seen eyes that crowded toward him surrounded by vapor, Ted read his doom. These, then, were the secret of the earth's bowels! These formless shapes, living yet not flesh! Purposeful, yet not material! These were the guardians of the gold!

Ted called on all the reserve in his great muscles. He struggled to his feet, gripping Alan's arm. Somehow he turned his back on the livid light and dragged at the limp figure. His pistol dropped from his hand. Step by step, he fought the dark horrors that pressed behind him.

Around the corner, out of the blinding blue rays, he rested, gasping. For a moment, the dreaded Guardians held aloof.

"Perhaps they only live in the blue fire," Ted thought, forgetting the candle that went out. Then, as a renewed chorus of whispering came from the lurking shadows, he flung the unconscious body over his shoulder and ran—ran as if all the wolves of the North were snapping at his heels. Down

the golden passage, back across the black void of the cave, toward the tiny light that was the cage.

His mind cleared as he staggered on. A hundred feet from the cage, he could see the two phones, the lights, the gleaming steel wires stretching up toward sunlight and safety and a familiar world. Fifty feet more. . . . Twenty-five. . . . Only a few steps to safety. . . .

But before he could cover them, the cage began to rise! When he reached the place, the cage was ten feet above his head, going up.

Blank despair descended upon Ted. He sank to his knees and tumbled Alan to the floor. The cage—gone! His brows drew together in an effort to think.

"It must be Sechnor," he said to himself. "Broke in—overpowered Oki—coming down here!" He smiled grimly. "Let him come!"

He had forgotten that both automatics lay where he never dared venture again.

As Alan stirred at his knees Ted shot the bright beam of his flash at the face of his friend.

"Alan!" he choked. "Super-radium," muttered Alan. "Some kind of radioactive stuff. Or else—eyes."

Ted shuddered. "They were eyes all right," he growled. And then, when Alan seemed stronger, he added: "The elevator is on its way up, probably to bring your friend Dr. Sechnor down."

Alan sat up, suddenly. "Sechnor?" he inquired. "How do you know?"

"Oki had instructions to wait forty-eight hours," Ted reminded Alan.

Alan passed a weary hand over his head and shivered. Ted looked at him hollow-eyed, awaiting. Then he could wait no longer.

"You say super-radium," he burst out. "Didn't you feel the shadows? They—they strangled me—"

The two sat alone with their horror. "Beings," Alan said at last. "They were some kind of beings with the power to act. They could have killed us—"

"They were protecting something," Ted replied with conviction.

"They attacked first, here in the cave," Alan said. "Then, in the grotto, they ganged us. . . ."

Neither voiced the thought that even now the Guardians might be marshaling for a final assault. That it would be eighteen hours before the cage could return. That there was nothing they could do to protect themselves.

"Let's eat," Ted said gruffly.

"I've not thanked you for yanking me out of that chamber," stated Alan.

"Oh, I was saving my own skin!" answered Ted. "Wanted company. When there are only two of us we need each other."

They ate, and slept, and ate again. Carefully they discussed the phenomena of the shadows and eyes and the blue light. Both men had felt the same sensation of horror and sickness at being attacked by the thick, vaporous Things.

Alan was asleep, breathing uneasily, when Ted heard voices from the shaft above. He laid his hand softly on Alan's face in the blackness.

"Cage coming!" he whispered softly. "Listen. . . . they don't know how close they are. . . ."

Faintly but clearly through the hole above, just beginning to glow with the reflection of the lights from the cage, came Dr. Sechnor's voice.

"We have nothing to fear!" the words were funneled down as if by a whispering gallery. "If he resists, we kill."

"But he may shoot first!" came an

(Continued on page 16)

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(Continued from page 44) answering protest.

"Not he!" Sechnor's accents were scornful. "I know him. Brave enough, but a man of peace. He wouldn't hurt a dog!"

Ted pinched Alan's arm. "Sechnor thinks you're alone! Good man, Oki!" "If he resists, I throw a grenade," came Sechnor's words. "I have one more besides the two I used to blow down the fence."

Ted felt for his pistol—then in a blinding moment of despair remembered that both automatics were on the floor of the blue grotto. Unarmed against desperate men!

Then Ted grinned. What were desperate men, even armed with grenades, against those Guardians who lived and worked their will in the blue grotto? If Sechnor even ventured into the presence of those Shadows and Eyes!

"Will you let him come back with us?" It was the voice of Sechnor's companion.

Sechnor's laugh was discordant and illuminating. "First I'll learn what he knows. It will be odd if there isn't some way to leave him behind!"

Ted and Alan retreated into the darkness and watched tensely while a dim glow formed on the floor of the grotto. Then the cage slid into view and for an instant illuminated the ceiling of the cavern, at least two hundred feet above the floor. Behind the lighted bars were Sechnor and a foreign looking man whom neither adventurer knew.

The cage came to rest with a slight jar. The two men in the cage looked eagerly into the blackness. Then Dr. Sechnor called out:

"Kane—Kane! Alan Kane!" His accented voice sounded oddly flat in the vast emptiness of the cavern. Again he called, more loudly. "Kane—Kane! Where are you?"

Ted's hand tightened on Alan's arm. He whispered: "Guard your flash light—one glimmer and he'll throw that grenade. Our chance is to wait until they leave the cage—then we have them!"

He felt rather than saw Alan's nod, and prayed that they were not visible as shadows against the blue glow. Sechnor, ruthless and ambitious, wouldn't hesitate, once he located them. Ted wondered if Sechnor had heard the mysterious telephonic whispers. Probably not, or he wouldn't be so coldly confident.

Apparently convinced that Kane was not within hearing the invaders crawled out, every move plainly visible in the cage lights. They began to walk slowly toward the distant blue glow, their torches sweeping the ground ahead of them.

Alan was for following immediately, but Ted held him back. Not until the others had a thousand-foot lead, did Ted speak. "We can get in the cage and be hauled up, now," he stated quietly.

Alan shook his head. "I—I can't commit murder, Ted!"

"Who's proposing murder? We'll go up to the surface and send the cage back for 'em. And when they arrive, we'll be armed and ready."

Alan put his lips close to Ted's ear. "Don't you feel them—the Guardians—still?" he asked softly. "We can't let Sechnor walk blindly into the blue grotto! We must follow and warn him."

Inwardly Ted revolted. To fight fairly was his code. To hit below the belt, as Sechnor planned to do, was incomprehensible. Now, to dare go forward against those Shadows, to dare again that clutching embrace, for such men as Sechnor and his companion . . . but Alan wanted it.

"All right," answered Ted grimly. "We'll follow—though how you hope to warn them and not be shot I don't see."

The cavern was hot, but as they walked forward they felt again that nameless fear. Ahead lay a gallery of gold, and beyond—Ted shuddered. As if reading his thoughts, Alan spoke:

"Ted, we can't let them go into the blue light zone—they'll never come out!"

"Shh!" Ted hissed. "We're getting close to 'em."

As the two ahead entered the gallery of gold they heard a wild cry of triumph. Dr. Sechnor had recognized the wall for what it was.

Knowing that excitement would deaden them to all other thoughts, Ted and Alan crept through the thick darkness into the golden gallery after the visitors. Faintly but terribly, they heard again the uncanny whispering, by whatever power guarded the wealth. . . .

"The wealth of Golconda!" exulted Dr. Sechnor. "Fritz, we are the richest men in the universe!"

"I hear something," the man called Fritz replied uneasily. "A whispering."

Alan nodded at Ted significantly. Fascinated, they watched Dr. Sechnor hold in the light of his flash a small metallic object.

"He won't need gold when I throw this at his feet," laughed Dr. Sechnor. "This is *my* gold, *my* discovery, *my* chance! Let's go forward. Kane must have gone on. . . ."

Alan would have cried a warning, but Ted's hand on his lips checked the impulse. "Wait!" he whispered. "I'll call. Then we'll run out of the gallery. A hand grenade is no joke."

Dr. Sechnor and his companion strode up the gold gallery, their flash lights bright on the yellow floor, when Ted called in a ringing voice:

"Stop where you are. There is death at the end of the passage!"

Dragging Alan, he ran back out of the gallery. There was a blinding light, a crashing explosion. The hand grenade had exploded exactly where they had stood when Ted called.

For two minutes they waited. When they entered the tunnel again, the flash light circles ahead had disappeared.

Alan, pale and strained, turned to Ted. "Are you with me, Ted?" he asked. "I'm going after them—stop them if I can—"

Ted's answer was to turn his light on the floor and race up the passage. Horror was around him; faintly ahead glowed the dreaded blue reflection. Just around the corner of that golden wall the blue eyes pulsed and glowed. In imagination already he felt the numbing ache, the deadening embrace of those Beings.

They reached the turn, but no one was in sight.

Ted locked one mighty arm in Alan's and together they strode beyond the corner into the deadly rays, this time with full knowledge of what they faced.

Once again they felt the stab of pain as the blue rays hit their eyes. In a dim chorus of whispering they heard two cries as of mortal pain and terror. Through a haze, dimly, the bodies of Sechnor and his companion were writhing, screaming.

A dozen of the dark blobs of mist flung themselves at the struggling men. They seemed to disappear as if in a black cloud—a cloud that seemed to have distinct parts that moved and pushed and pressed and tore at the men in their midst.

Ted had another momentary impression of eyes that looked evil. Then, as if at a signal, the blue grotto was empty of everything save two black forms, lying in agonized, unnatural positions, while over them played the faint blue glow, pulsing, growing, receding.

Head down, moans coming from his lips, Alan staggered once forward—then Ted hauled him back, around the corner, out of the path of the rays. His eyes ached, his head split, and a deadening numbness was upon him. Together they staggered, half running, half walking, out toward the cage and sanity.

They fell exhausted into the cage. After a few minutes Ted gasped. "Imitate . . . Sechnor's . . . voice. Tell . . . whoever . . . at phone . . . haul up . . . haul up!"

With his head in a vice and his eyeballs starting from his head, Alan lifted the phone and did as Ted commanded. Then he fell back, limp and unconscious.

Capture of the operator at the winches was easy—there was only the one. They found Oki bound hand and foot but otherwise uninjured. He told a story they knew in advance, of the three who had burst the stockade with a "big noise," knocked him down with a pistol butt, questioned him as to how many were below, and believed his statement that there was only Kane.

Alan and Ted, stood beside the winches looking at the cage. "The wealth of the world is there—waiting for someone," stated Alan, slowly. "I am a rich man, Ted—I don't need it. You're not rich—will you go again for gold?"

Ted turned toward the house in silence. He returned shortly, his arms filled, and began to do things with wire and batteries. Alan watched him, curiously. He made no objection when Ted loaded the cage with dynamite and sent it down fifty feet.

"Think well, Ted. It's not often a man has—"

Alan's words were cut short in a muffled roar as Ted pressed the exploding switch home. Debris, smoke and flame shot from the shaft.

"Sechnor and his accomplice are dead," Ted said soberly. "They can lie undisturbed, for all of me. Never again, with my help, will living man face those—those Shadows. You still have X, and you can develop it as a source of energy or whatnot. But face those whispering, clinging—Shapes? Not for all the gold in the world!" Alan put his arm over his friend's great shoulder. "Some day," he began. "Some day nothing! Not me!"

stomped Ted. "Some day, we'll try again," Alan insisted. "The world of men has a right to know of those shadows so near—yet so far away. The blue grotto, the gold, and even the horrible Some-things, are heritage of man. Some day. . . ."

On their way to supper, Ted saw in the living room the phone over which he had first heard the whisperings. He shivered.

# Your Ballot

WHICH stories and articles in this issue do you like best? Help the editor by writing the titles in order on the lines below, and mailing the ballot to the Best Reading Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. (If you don't want to clip the magazine, we'll appreciate your making out a ballot on a sheet of writing paper. Thank you.)

1.....  
 2.....  
 3.....  
 4.....  
 NAME.....  
 STREET.....  
 CITY.....  
 STATE.....AGE.....



**TOO MANY TRIMMINGS**

"The Barber College boys have voted against having a football team this fall."  
 "Howzat?"  
 "They got mad because they were penalized too many times for clipping."

**OR A PICTURE POST CARD**

Ray: "I want to play hockey from correspondence school and I don't know how."  
 Roy: "Send in an empty envelope."

**THE LITTLE WILD FLOWERS**

"When I was shipwrecked in South America," said Captain Bowsprit, "I came across a tribe of wild women who had no tongues."  
 "Oh, Captain," thrilled a young thing in the audience, "how could they talk?"  
 "They couldn't," snapped the old salt. "That's what made 'em wild."

**FATHER, BE PATIENT**

"Myra," said the shocked father on finding his daughter on a young man's lap, "just what does this mean?"  
 "Come back in fifteen minutes, Dad," said Myra dreamily. "I ought to know by then."



Caddy: "Now then, drop 'er three inches and try again, Major."

**THE WICKED FLEE**

"That's a good-looking umbrella you're carrying," said Smith. Then he added waggishly, "Did you come by it honestly?"  
 "I haven't quite made out," said Jones. "In the rain the other day I stepped into a doorway. Along came a young fellow with a nice umbrella, and I thought if he were going my way I would beg shelter under it. So I stepped out and asked, 'Where are you going with that umbrella, young fellow?' And he dropped the umbrella and ran."

**HE WASN'T PROUD**

High School Senior: "Got any work for me to do, Dad?"  
 Father, (taken by surprise): "Why, no—er—"  
 H. S. Senior: "Then wouldn't you like to put me on the dole?"

**DOUBTING THOMAS**

Neighbor: "Is this your ball, Tommy?"  
 Tommy: "Any windows or anything broken?"  
 Neighbor: "No."  
 Tommy: "Thanks. It's mine."

**HE SAID A MOUTHFUL**

Mother: "James, why are you late?"  
 James: "Teacher kept me."  
 Mother: "Why?"  
 James: "In class she asked me how many teeth a person has, and I said, 'A mouthful.'"

**BIG-HEARTED**

Cinda: "What did you say when Bill noticed you were wearing Jack's engagement ring?"  
 Linda: "I told him I loved Jack from the bottom of my heart but there was always room at the top."

**DORA'S BACK**

Dora: "Is this a secondhand shop?"  
 Proprietor: "Yes."  
 Dora: "Good. I want a second hand for my watch."

**N.R.A. TO THE RESCUE!**

"What's a Grecian urn?"  
 "Not much unless he owns the restaurant."

**CLEVER!**

Senior: "Hey, Frosh, I'm in an awful fix. I promised to meet my girl to take her out to dinner, and I can't remember where. If I ask her myself, she'll think I'm dumb. Call her up, will you, and ask her if she has any idea where I'm likely to be about that time?"

**ONE SHE FELL FOR**

"Yes," he said huskily, "women to me are angels."  
 "Indeed?" she questioned. Then, coyly, "Why?"  
 "Because they're always harping on something," he said, reaching for his hat; "because they're always up in the air; and because they never have a single earthly thing to wear."

**BLAST HER**

She was only a quarryman's daughter but she took a lot for granite.

**THEY ALL ARE**

Prospective Buyer: "Is this airplane absolutely safe?"  
 Salesman: "Yes, sir! Safest on earth!"

**A LITTLE QUEER**

"Odd names your towns have," commented the Englishman: "Weehawken, Hoboken, Poughkeepsie, Oshkosh."  
 "I suppose they do sound queer to English ears," the American agreed thoughtfully. "Do you live in London all the time?"  
 "No, indeed," said the unsuspecting Briton. "I spend part of my time at Chipping Norton and divide the rest between Biggleswade and Leighton Buzzard."

**SKIN INSURANCE**

"If I see anything funny I simply can't keep a straight face."  
 "So that's why you don't shave yourself!"

**NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER**

"Dad, can we move soon?"  
 "Move? Why?"  
 "Aw, I've licked all the kids around here."

**BOSS, BEWARE!**

Boss: "More money! Why, my boy, I worked three years here for \$11 a month, and now I own the place."  
 Boy: "I realize it, sir, and you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang on to his business."

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New U. S. stamp for mail on Byrd's trip to Antarctica. Other U. S. commemoratives, including 1c. 1919, 2c. 1919, 3c. 1919, 4c. 1919, 5c. 1919, 6c. 1919, 7c. 1919, 8c. 1919, 9c. 1919, 10c. 1919, 11c. 1919, 12c. 1919, 13c. 1919, 14c. 1919, 15c. 1919, 16c. 1919, 17c. 1919, 18c. 1919, 19c. 1919, 20c. 1919, 21c. 1919, 22c. 1919, 23c. 1919, 24c. 1919, 25c. 1919, 26c. 1919, 27c. 1919, 28c. 1919, 29c. 1919, 30c. 1919, 31c. 1919, 32c. 1919, 33c. 1919, 34c. 1919, 35c. 1919, 36c. 1919, 37c. 1919, 38c. 1919, 39c. 1919, 40c. 1919, 41c. 1919, 42c. 1919, 43c. 1919, 44c. 1919, 45c. 1919, 46c. 1919, 47c. 1919, 48c. 1919, 49c. 1919, 50c. 1919, 51c. 1919, 52c. 1919, 53c. 1919, 54c. 1919, 55c. 1919, 56c. 1919, 57c. 1919, 58c. 1919, 59c. 1919, 60c. 1919, 61c. 1919, 62c. 1919, 63c. 1919, 64c. 1919, 65c. 1919, 66c. 1919, 67c. 1919, 68c. 1919, 69c. 1919, 70c. 1919, 71c. 1919, 72c. 1919, 73c. 1919, 74c. 1919, 75c. 1919, 76c. 1919, 77c. 1919, 78c. 1919, 79c. 1919, 80c. 1919, 81c. 1919, 82c. 1919, 83c. 1919, 84c. 1919, 85c. 1919, 86c. 1919, 87c. 1919, 88c. 1919, 89c. 1919, 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rest was a matter of trailing.

In that rocky, littered country, a man's passing left few signs. But Renfrew had discerned a striking peculiarity in the man he trailed—the man was lame. Thus there were activities up which the man had dragged himself, occasionally leaving broken undergrowth, leaving here a button from his shirt, and in another place some shreds of worsted. Renfrew followed, losing the trail completely from time to time, beating backward and forward to find it again, haunted always by the realization that he was an open target for any watchful, malignant eye.

As the trail he was following led farther and farther away from the portage trail, Renfrew heard the unceasing roar of the rapids increase. At last he found himself, toward evening, on a high wooded plateau that edged the cliff above the rapids. He moved very softly now, knowing himself to be near the man he sought—and yet he was surprised when he came upon him.

He emerged from a thick tangle of evergreen into a grove of pines and saw only a few feet away a man who sat leaning back against a tree with one clumsily bandaged leg outstretched before him and the other leg crooked beneath it. A rifle lay across the man's thighs, and he was fast asleep.

Renfrew studied him. He was young, with fair hair that fell, matted, about his forehead. His face was grimy and masked by several days' growth of beard. Near his tree was a bed of blankets and a fire with some scattered duffel. A great pile of duffel lay at a distance, on the very edge of the cliff.

Because of the thundering river, Renfrew was able to cross to the sleeper without awakening him. He snatched the rifle from the sleeper's lap. The young man awoke and plunged forward. Then, with a cry of pain he relaxed again, tears of anguish welling into his eyes. Renfrew saw him turn pale under the prime.

"Better lie still," advised Renfrew. "I'm an officer of the Mounted Police." He showed his badge.

To his surprise, the face of the young man suddenly shone with sheer gladness.

"Oh, my lord!" he cried. "I was praying for a square deal, and I got it!" With an effort, he pulled himself up so that he sat erect.

"Look!" he gasped. "We got to get moving! My foot's smashed to a pulp, and they're after me. They're close! I shot one of 'em last night. But I think I missed the other one. They'll be here! And I'm done! I'm through! You've got to get me away!"

Renfrew smiled with grim humor. "You didn't hit either of 'em," he said. "Who are you?"

"Garrity," said the young man. "Frank Garrity. I'm—lord, I've made a mess of it!"

"How did you get here?" demanded Renfrew. "Who are these men you're trying to avoid?"

"The Fulgers—Redeye and Bosco. They followed me up. I went to meet my brother up at Seward, and I got Peterson to take me up on his whaling boat. I thought he was a friend of mine, but he works in with the Fulgers. He must have told them. He was the only man in Portland who knew that Buck was going to stop at Wrangel, and that he had a load of furs."

"They came aboard your boat at Wrangel?"

"Yes. Say, you seem to know a lot about it."

"I do. I was coming up with Irwin Brewster to meet your brother at Wrangel."

"Oh, you're the guy Irwin was bringing up? Well, that's what ruined us, I guess. Buck knew Irwin was going to meet him, and that he was bringing along a friend; so when the Fulgers

turned up at Wrangel he agreed to give 'em a lift down the coast."

"They fooled him?"

"No. He knew why they had come all right, but he wasn't afraid of them, and he knew you were on the way. But you didn't come soon enough."

"What happened?"

"All I know is that they were sitting in there with Buck, drinking and playing cards. I'd gone to bed. Then I woke up and they were holding me down with a pad over my face. Chloroform. I passed out. When I came to, I heard them moving in the stern. I scouted around and saw Buck, asleep at the table in the cabin."

"Asleep!" thought Renfrew. "Poor kid."

Frank Garrity was going on: "I spied on Redeye and Bosco then and saw they were loading the boat with Buck's furs. They came back to the cabin and started drinking again, and I lay there and thought fast. They had Buck and me in bad shape. Once they got away with that boat load we'd have a hot time laying hold of 'em. And then I saw that if that happened, Buck would go gunning for them. I couldn't stand that! Buck was out of the racket. He'd gone up North and lived like a dog to get back on his feet honestly. He'd risked his life up there. He nearly died of starvation once, and he was lost once and near frozen. But he'd made his pile and come through. Now, if he went gunning for these rats—see?"

Renfrew nodded. "Yes," he said, "I see. But if you understood all that, how was it you left Irwin Brewster's father and joined up with the Fulgers?"

"Oh, that? I did that because I got the rumor that they were out to put Buck on the spot. I wanted to know what they were doing."

"Then while they drank in the cabin you took the boat and made for Wrangel?"

"That's right. I thought Buck could take care of himself, with you fellows

coming. But I wanted to get the furs out of their hands."

"Why didn't you stay at Wrangel?"

"Because I doped out that they'd follow me, having the ship. So I traded some of the furs for an outfit and tried to make Fort Nelson overland. That was a fool thing to do. They told me so back at Wrangel, but I thought I knew better. I lost the horses and lost two days looking for them. I lost the trail about a dozen times. I smashed my foot, and I'm out of food. And they're following me. They're sure to be. They must be near now. They had the ship, see?"

"But before you left they'd busted the engine. They went ashore though, all right—made themselves a raft. I've been following them."

Frank Garrity pulled himself up until he stood on one leg, Renfrew supporting him.

"They'll find us," gasped the boy. "There's a trail up here from the landing."

He stumbled toward the pile of duffel near the cliff.

"What are you going to do?" asked Renfrew.

"Stick around this pack of furs until we get going. Buck risked everything to make this pile, and before I let those rats get it, I'll dump it into the river." He stared at Renfrew appealingly. "You'll get the horses, won't you?" he asked.

Suddenly Renfrew stepped close to him.

"Not now," he whispered. "Someone coming!" And with the rifle still in his hand he leaped to get his back to the cliff and face the direction from which he had heard the betraying scuffle of a boot on loose rock. A figure appeared in the thick spruce, hesitated, and emerged, not seeing Renfrew, to level the muzzle of a rifle upon Frank Garrity, who stood close to the fire.

Without hesitation Renfrew fired into the air and rapped out the command: "Drop that gun! Quick!"

The tall, black-bearded intruder swung his rifle toward the unexpected menace, realized the futility of the move, dropped the rifle, and raised his hands high.

"You're under arrest!" snapped Renfrew, conscious of the fact that without doubt still another Fulger lurked near, probably covering him with a rifle quite as deadly as his own. "I'm of the Mounted Police. Walk three paces forward, please."

With a disconcerting leer, Fulger stepped forward.

"Can you get that rifle, Frank?" asked Renfrew.

But Frank stood rigid, staring at a man who had risen from below the cliff at Renfrew's back.

"You're covered from the rear!" he cried.

Nothing of Renfrew moved. The rifle never wavered from its command of Fulger's chest. Renfrew's eyes remained fixed upon Fulger's leering face. But a great exuberance of spirit seemed to flow through the officer's body, vitalizing it with a queer alertness as he regarded Fulger.

"If he fires," snapped Renfrew, "you die!"

He saw the leering Fulger turn pale and falter backward. Then he saw Frank Garrity hurl himself forward, clutching at an invisible enemy. Instantly he himself leaped forward, jammed the muzzle of his rifle against Fulger's body, and swung him round in time to see a fair, short demon, struggling to wrest from Frank a rifle to which the boy was clinging with all his strength.

The broken foot that had made Bosco Fulger think Frank out of the reckoning gave the gangster an advantage that he used with sickening ruthlessness. Madly he hurled the wounded boy about, twisting and thrashing with the rifle so that every tug and twist threw Frank's weight upon the injured foot. Frank cried out with pain and rage, but never loosed his hold.

"Let go!" cried Renfrew, knowing himself helpless with the boy's body between him and the enemy.

But at that instant Bosco Fulger lost his footing. The rifle turned in his grasp, and Frank with a great cry yanked it savagely toward him. Bosco Fulger threw himself backward against that savage tug and Frank saw his chance. With all his might, he drove his bandaged, broken foot straight against Bosco's chest—it was a terrific blow, delivered with all the strength of a powerful leg. And the next instant Frank let go of the rifle!

With a shriek Bosco Fulger hurtled backward, seemed to hang poised for an instant on the rim of the cliff with the rifle above his head, and then fell from sight. But Frank did not see him fall, for the boy let go the rifle because with the delivery of that terrific kick with his frightfully damaged foot, he had fainted. . . .

Two wounded men and a prisoner are not restful companions on such a trail as Renfrew had to travel back to Wrangel. But with the help of some Indians he engaged at the river landing, he got his difficult little party safely through the long, painful trek.

It was beside their last evening camp fire that Frank suddenly stumbled into halting speech.

"I've learned lots about trail travel from you," he said to Renfrew. "Lots. But that's not all. What I've learned from you and Irwin here—and Buck—about steering straight at any cost and seeing the other fellow through, no matter what—well, I hope I've learned it, that's all!" He turned savagely on Irwin Brewster. "If I ever get any more crazy kid notions, will you knock my head off?"

"Be glad to," growled Brewster, but Renfrew saw his hand grip the boy's knee.

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DELIVERED AT YOUR DOOR: To have the magazine delivered at your home by mail, simply send your name and complete address together with proper remittance to THE AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION, 180 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., or 710 Second Blvd., Detroit, Michigan, giving the issue with which you wish your subscription started. Subscription prices are \$1.00 for one year and \$2.00 for three years. (Outside the U. S. and its possessions \$10 a year extra.) To guard against theft send your remittance by check or money order. An AMERICAN BOY—YOUTH'S COMPANION subscription is the ideal gift for boys—every month, something new, instructive and entertaining.

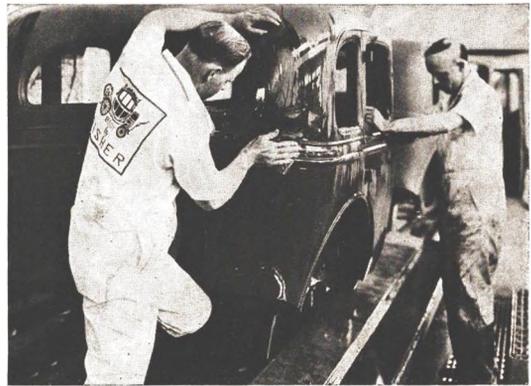
Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

# Ever see your face in a Chevrolet?

**HERE'S WHY YOU CAN**—Of course you've noticed how shiny and bright and gleaming a new Chevrolet is—even an *old* Chevrolet that is kept *clean* and *polished*. That's because the men who finish Fisher Bodies for Chevrolet and all other General Motors cars use the newest and finest materials. And the four little pictures below will tell you just what these men do—



**1** They thoroughly wash each new Fisher Body with an acid solution to remove all the dust and grease. Then, in a special booth, they spray on the "priming coat." After baking in an oven, the body moves on to another booth for a "glaze" coat—which is also baked on.



**2** Under powerful floodlights in another booth, they then carefully inspect the "glaze" coat—and smooth it down with wet sandpaper. Where it's too thin—and at points where wear is heaviest—they "spot" glaze the surface.



**3** In the next booths they apply three coats of the finest finish—and all coats are baked on in ovens. You'd enjoy seeing the finish applied because the men don't use paint brushes at all—they spray it on with a spray gun.



**4** Every inch of the body is then rubbed again with fine sandpaper. Then the men put on the final high polish with powder like your mother uses on her fingernails—and great pads of fleecy wool that are whirled at high speed by electricity.

Now you can see why the finish on a Chevrolet, or any car with Body by Fisher, is so gleamingly beautiful. Just the kind of finish *you'll* want on *your* car some day.



on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

# It's **EASY** with a **DAISY**

## THEY'RE BUILT FOR CHAMPIONS

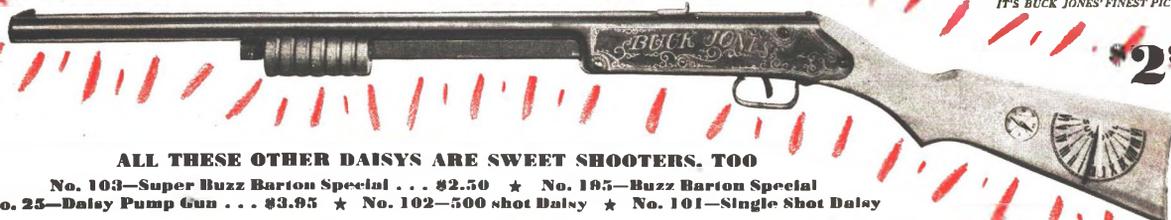
You're right, Buck—you hit the nail on the head. It's plenty tough to win *any* contest, 'specially when you're shooting against thousands of other father and son teams. But with any one of these new, 1934 DAISYS, and Bulls Eye shot in the magazine, the job's a whole lot easier. Each year, for more than 50 years, we've worked and worked to improve each DAISY model—to make them shoot harder and more accurately than ever before, but still cock and handle easily. We believe these 1934 DAISYS are the finest ever produced—so fine that it's hard to pick the best one. 'Course we know what YOU think, Buck—naturally you like the Buck Jones Special best. Well, it's a honey, all right—beautifully balanced, accurate, hard hitting . . . But so are all these other DAISYS, from the single shot to the super-accurate No. 25 Pump Gun . . . Naturally not everyone can win one of the fine prizes offered by the International Air Rifle League, but if YOU'RE smart in picking your air rifle, and your ammunition, you'll have a swell start. Don't handicap yourself right off the bat by competing with an old, worn out air rifle—if you do, you and your Dad will just be wasting your time. Go see ALL the fine, new DAISYS on display at any DAISY dealer's—pick out the one that 'feels right', to both Dad and you—THEN BUY IT—fill it up with Bulls Eye shot, and go to work on those prizes. Remember, IT'S EASY WITH A DAISY.

## BULLS EYE SHOT — CHOICE OF CHAMPIONS



In the great air rifle contest held last year, every prize winning score, with 2 exceptions, was fired with Bulls Eye "Coppertect" Shot, and there's a reason for that, too: Bulls Eye is the official DAISY ammunition—it's built to exacting specifications laid down by the same men who design your DAISYS. It's made with just one idea in mind—to make your DAISY shoot straighter and harder. Don't take a chance on inferior ammunition in the Father and Son air rifle contest—use the shot that's made for your DAISY—that's BULLS EYE COPPERTECT STEEL SHOT. . . insist on BULLSEYE.

## THE FAMOUS, PRIZE WINNING BUCK JONES PUMP GUN

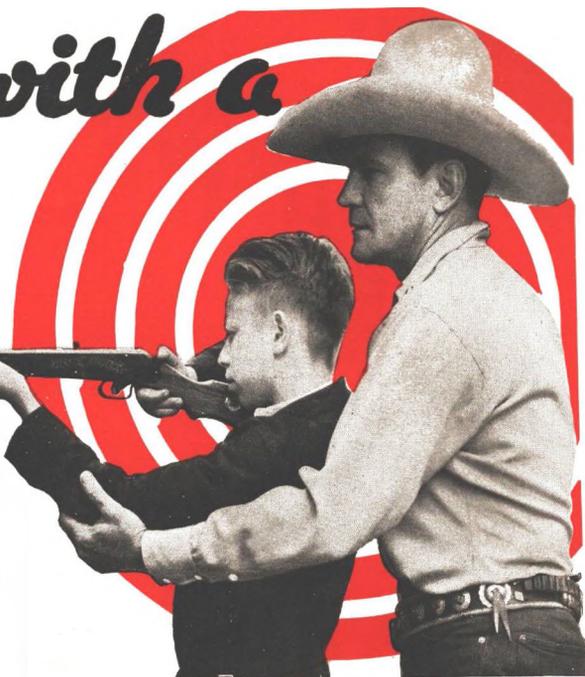


### ALL THESE OTHER DAISYS ARE SWEET SHOOTERS, TOO

No. 103—Super Buzz Barton Special . . . \$2.50 ★ No. 105—Buzz Barton Special  
No. 25—Daisy Pump Gun . . . \$3.95 ★ No. 102—500 shot Daisy ★ No. 101—Single Shot Daisy

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY - 240 UNION ST. - PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN

# DAISY AIR RIFLES



Lucky Boy! John LeRoy Johnson, Jr., of Hollywood, California getting first hand information on how to plug the bullseye from Buck Jones himself. A crack shot himself, Buck is vitally interested in EVERY boy learning how to shoot accurately. Besides being one of Universal's outstanding stars, Buck is President of the Buck Jones League.

## HERE ARE THE CONTEST WINNERS



PRIZE WINNER

The winners! And the picture of the first prize winner, Henry Shull, of Dallas, Texas, is shown here. Congratulations, Henry—your letter was a masterpiece. It's too bad there isn't room to produce it. Congratulations, too, to Paul Abshire, Bluefield, W. Va., second prize winner; to Marlen McWilliams, Van Dyke, Mich., 3rd. prize winner, and to F. R. Moore, Jr., Detroit, Michigan, fourth prize winner. And congratulations to you fifth and six prize winners, all 25 of you. Space doesn't permit listing your names. Checks have been mailed to all the prize winners—and mighty glad we were to mail them. Thanks to all you fellas who helped make this contest such a big success. And to you who weren't lucky enough to win a prize, thanks for trying—and better luck next time.



This new Universal serial is undoubtedly the greatest ever filmed. If the manager of your local theatre hasn't booked "The Red Rider" for an early showing, camp on his trail 'til he does. DON'T MISS IT! IT'S BUCK JONES' FINEST PICTURE.

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