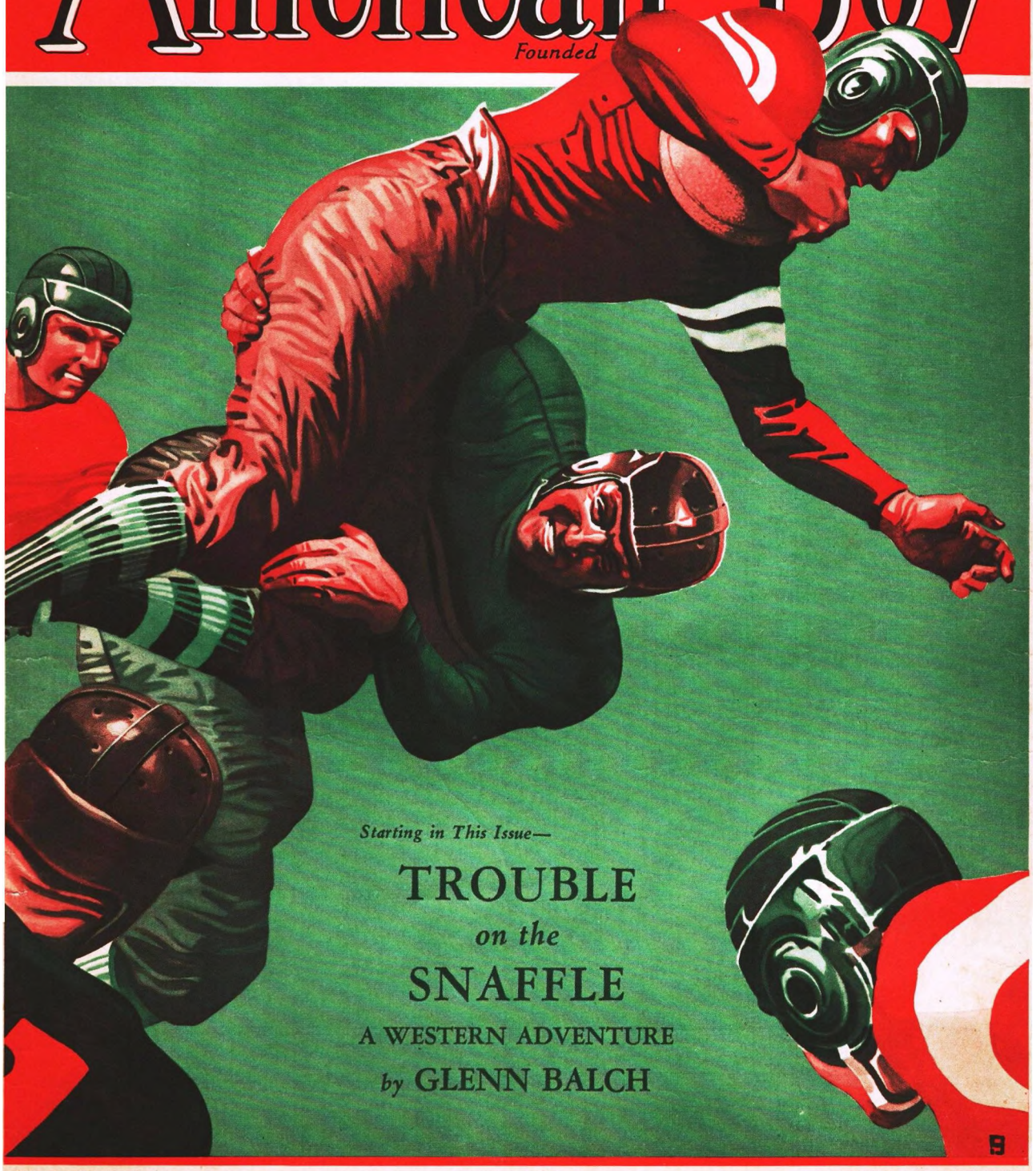
The YOUTH'S COMPANION
combined with
American Boy
Founded

OCTOBER
1936



Starting in This Issue—

TROUBLE
on the
SNAFFLE

A WESTERN ADVENTURE

by GLENN BALCH

ONE YEAR $1.00 10c A COPY THREE YEARS $2.00

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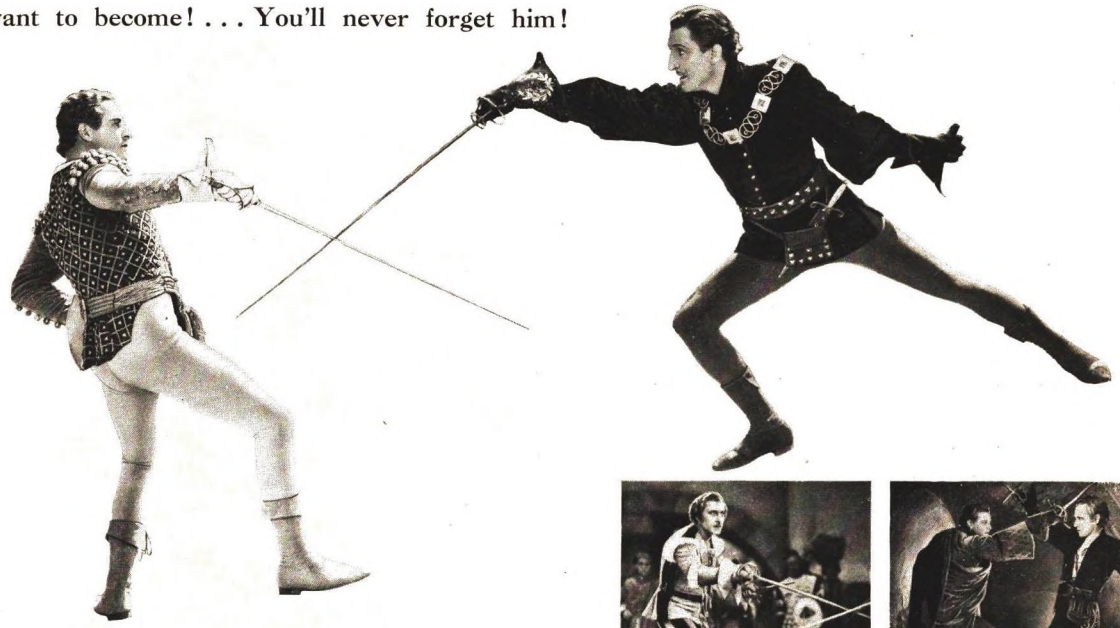
... That night he comes to her, and, in the famous balcony scene, they confess their love for each other ...



ROMEO *and* JULIET

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... But Romeo, unaware that Juliet is only pretending death to escape Paris, surrenders his life for love.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Trouble on the Snaffle

by

Glenn Balch

Illustrator:

ALBIN HENNING

But the cowboy now on Blue Frost's back was scratching him—scratching him high, wide and handsome.

BLUE FROST ripped out of the chutes with poison in his mighty heart, and the holiday crowd of New Yorkers that had packed the stands for the final day of this world's championship rodeo surged to its feet with a pulse-stirring roar. Here was the horse they had come to see! Of all the wild, sunfishing demons of untamed horseflesh assembled from far and near for the championship contest, Blue Frost was the trickiest and most wicked. No cowboy had been able to scratch him out.

But the cowboy now on Blue Frost's back was scratching him — scratching him high, wide and handsome. He stuck to the leather as if he were glued there, swaying in perfect balance to the contortions of the angry horse. His right hand swung his hat in the air; his left grasped the woven-hair bucking rein with strong confidence. The bright sun flooded down on regular features that bore a tan and just the slightest trace of a smile—a youthful face, a cool, level-eyed, fearless one.

"Hmmm . . . he seems to be the best rider here." The speaker, his eyes on the young rider, said the words to himself. He was seated in one of the boxes near the saddling chutes, and had not taken much interest in the rodeo until the announcer had announced that the next rider would be Bob Garrison of Kingman, Arizona, coming out on Blue Frost. The watcher was a small, colorless sort of a person, wearing shell-rimmed glasses, a derby and an expensive topcoat. He carried a cane and light tan gloves. As he watched the rider he pursed his thin lips speculatively.

The boy could ride, no question about that. Out there in the bright sunlight, astride that twisting horseflesh, he was in command, meeting each mighty lunge of the animal with smooth adjustments of balance, and reading instantly the warnings telegraphed to him through saddle leather. Trick after trick Blue Frost tried, all of the slashing wickedness of the natural bucker—sunfishing, spinning, biting, kicking, rearing, plunging. Yet surely and coolly the rider met each desperate attempt; with his superb rhythm of balance he fought the great blue horse back, never losing a stirrup, never showing daylight.

"But any person who goes about the country matching his strength against that of a horse must be pretty dumb." The man in the stands was talking to himself again, murmuring under his breath as his eyes followed that flashing, end-swapping horse.

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Presently a shot rang out, signaling the end of the ride. The stands joined in a swelling roar of approval. A horse had put up a great fight and a youth had given a daring exhibition of riding. The little man took his cane and gloves and started along the aisle.

Out in the arena a pick-up man brought his mount alongside the blue horse, grasped the bucking rein at full gallop while the young rider swung agilely to the ground.

With creased and scarred bat-winged leather chaparajos flopping against his legs he strode across the arena. One glance at his clean, tapered form, and you just simply knew that here was a top hand in anybody's corral. And as he waved his hat at the cheering throngs a good-natured grin broke over his lean face, a grin which only that morning had appeared on the sport pages of the city's leading papers.

Arriving at the corrals the young rider found the little man awaiting him. The little man stepped up briskly. "You are Bob Garrison," he said with businesslike directness.

The youth's gray eyes swept the newcomer swiftly. "Yeah," he drawled, instinctively wary, "I'm Bob Garrison."

"I want to talk to you," the little man replied, extending his hand. "My name is Raymond Thews."

Bob shook the hand. "About what?" he said.

"Would you like a good job?" the man said. "One with real money in it?"

"Doing what?"

"We'll talk about that later," Thews said, lowering his voice. "If you're interested, I'll take you to a gentleman who will explain everything."

Garrison's eyes still bored into the spectacles. "I'm a bronc rider," he reminded. "That's my game."

"That's the reason," the other retorted, "this gentleman desires to employ you. And he will pay you much more money than you can make in the rodeos."

Bob wasn't interested in a new job—but his curiosity was aroused. "Okay. I'll talk to him."

He hung his chaps on a corral post, slipped his flat shoulders into a coat and they went out through the performers' entrance and found a taxi. After a long drive through crowded streets they came to a private hospital.

Thews conducted his young companion into the building. They took an elevator to the fourth floor, then went down a long white tile corridor. Thews pushed the door of one of the rooms open.

"Here is the man you asked for, Mr. Forrest," he said, his manner now surprisingly affable. "How are you feeling?"

"Good day, Raymond," the man in the bed replied. He had a big frame but was shrunken and pale; his big eyes were bright with fever. The hand that lay on the covers was big but soft. On one of the fingers there was the largest diamond ring that Bob had ever seen. "I don't seem to be getting any better. These accursed doctors can't find out what the trouble is. I wish I could get hold of a good old-time Oregon veterinarian; they either killed or cured a man darned quick."

The hand with the ring waved to chairs. A newspaper lay under the hand, and Bob saw that it was folded with his picture uppermost.

"This is Mr. John Forrest. . . Bob Garrison," Thews said.

When they had taken chairs, Bob found Forrest studying his face. There was frank speculation in the sick man's feverish eyes. Presently he spoke. "You look like your picture, Bob," he said.

The young rider smiled, and waited. He liked the sick man's open manner; it reminded him of the West.

"Did Raymond tell you why I wanted to see you?" Forrest asked.

"Something about a job," Bob answered.

Forrest nodded slowly. "A very important job, one that will pay you well but might involve some element of danger."

Bob Garrison was listening closely. "Yes," he drawled.

"Do you know anything about the practical operation of big stock outfits?"

"I was raised on one . . . in Arizona."

"The one I'm thinking about is in Oregon, but I suppose cow spreads are largely the same the world over. How would you like to go to Oregon for me?"

"I'm doing pretty good on the rodeos right now," Bob said.

"Money's no object," Forrest said. "I'll pay you more than you can make riding bucking horses; I'll give you a good salary and expenses. But there's a tough job out there. I'd go myself in a minute if I could, but you see the shape I'm in. Someone must go now. Ever hear of the Snaffle Bit?"

Bob thought a few seconds. "I saw a roping horse with that brand on him in a show at Fort Worth one time," he said. "He was a good horse. Never knew where the outfit was located though. The brand's two rings connected by a line broken down, isn't it?"

"That's the iron," the sick man said. "That's the old Snaffle, and any horse you see carrying it is a good horse. If any man in the world knows horseflesh, Merv Yardley does. Been breeding them for years, classy stuff, polo ponies, hunters, steeplechasers, gaited saddlers—you'll see some top-quality stock out there, son."

Bob nodded. It was plain to see that John Forrest knew and admired good horseflesh. That made a common bond between them.

The sick man went on: "There's trouble on the Snaffle. I don't know what it is. Merv won't admit that it even exists, but I can tell from his letters that something is seriously wrong. Maybe it is rustlers. You know how they are; generally bob up to get a share of the profits when an outfit's making a little money. Maybe it's grass, or a war over water. I can't say what; but the point is, I've got to do something about it. You ask why? All right, I'll tell you.

"Twenty-six years ago a couple of young punchers rode into Oregon, a wild, unsettled country then, and squatted down in a bend in the Malheur and started the Snaffle Bit brand. One of those young fellows was Merv Yardley and the other was me. We went through fire and high water to build up the brand, fought rustlers and Indians side by side. Merv Yardley carried me a mile on his back in the dark one time when a rustler's bullet put my right leg out of commission. We made the Snaffle Bit brand, made it stand for good stock.

"Ten years ago, after the Snaffle had become one of the largest and most powerful spreads in the Oregon country, Merv Yardley bought me out—at my own price too. Always a square-shooter, Merv Yardley is; you'll find that out, son. We parted the best of friends.

"After we had dissolved our partnership we both prospered. But lately something has gone wrong at the ranch, something serious. I can tell it from Merv's letters. He's terribly worried about something, but he never mentions it. He knows I'm sick. But I can read between the lines, and Merv's having trouble. I don't know what the trouble is. It's been a good while since I last heard from him. Like I said, it might be rustlers; but again maybe it isn't. That's what I want you to find out.

"I can't go to Oregon myself, and I had to find somebody I could send, somebody who knows ranch life and stock. And it might be dangerous too—the law out there is still pretty well scattered and men are quick with their guns."

Bob's mind worked rapidly. As a rodeo performer he was up near the top, winning his share of the prizes and making as much money as the best of them. It was an exciting life and he liked it. He wasn't ready to drop it yet; his fame was growing. That ride on Blue Frost was the best of his career, and in a few days now the lively rodeo crowd would be leaving for Detroit for the big show there.

The sick man said, "If it's money you're thinking of, I'll give you more than you can make in a year riding broncs."

"It isn't," Bob said. "I just don't like to quit the arena. You see, Mr. Forrest, I'm just beginning to be recognized as a top rider."

He felt a little embarrassed at being forced to utter something which might sound like bragging and glanced uneasily at Thews, to find a faint trace of a sardonic smile on the man's bloodless lips. Bob didn't like this little man anyway, and resentment

Bob's train of thought was interrupted by a nurse who beckoned to him through the open doorway.

"From what I hear they ain't takin' much to strangers at the Snaffle these days."

flared up inside of him. But John Forrest perceived this wordless friction. He quietly directed his secretary to go and get a sum of money for which he had already made arrangements.

The tension lessened after Thews had departed. Bob could talk to a man like John Forrest. But still he was not ready to go to Oregon.

He said to John Forrest slowly, "I can punch cows and ride a horse, but I don't know much about catching rustlers. Dad had them pretty well cleaned out on our range in Arizona before I got big enough to do much about it."

The sick man's hand moved impatiently. "I don't want a detective. If I did I could hire them by the dozen," he said. "A detective would be lost out there. He never would find out what it was all about; but you know the open range and you've got horse sense. You can do the job—I've investigated you. Go out there for me, Bob. It's a debt I owe an old friend. It has got to be paid and you're the one that can do it for me."

But the grip of the rodeo arena upon Bob was too strong to be broken easily. No, he couldn't do it; he would be moving on to Detroit with the fellows, the lighthearted trick riders and bronco busters and bulldoggers. His train of thought was interrupted by a nurse who beckoned to him through the open doorway. Her eyes warned him not to let the sick man know of her presence.

Bob said, "Excuse me a minute, please," to the sick man and got up and went through the door. Without speaking the white-clad nurse led the way down the hall until they were safely out of earshot of the sickroom.

"Perhaps you will know what to do about this," the nurse said anxiously. "We don't dare give it to Mr. Forrest; he is much too ill." In her hand she held a telegram.

Bob took the paper, read it. His eyes widened. The telegram was addressed to John Forrest and was from Ethel Yardley. It said: "Something terrible seems about to happen. Please come."

"What's the matter with Mr. Forrest?" Bob inquired.

She shook her head. "It is some strange illness. The doctors are puzzled. There seems to be no reason why he shouldn't get all right, but he has been here three months and hasn't improved a bit. We can't understand it."

"How long before he's able to get up?"

"Nobody knows. We must keep him in bed until he has fully recovered. Any kind of excitement might make him much worse. That's the reason I was afraid to give him that telegram."

For a long minute Bob gazed down the white corridor. "Please have the hospital wire Mrs. Yardley regarding Mr. Forrest's condition, stating that her message will be given him as soon as he has improved sufficiently."

He turned, strode back into the sick room with his high heels clicking decisively on the tiled floor. "Okay, Mr. Forrest," he announced cheerfully, "I'll go to Oregon for you."

The sick man's face brightened. Across the snowy covers of the bed he extended his big soft hand. "Thanks, son," he said earnestly. "I won't forget it. You can bank on that. Now hand me that paper and pen. I'll write a letter to Merv for you. Give him this letter, and the ranch will be yours."

Forrest propped himself up with pillows and began to write laboriously.

"I am entrusting you with some very important information," Forrest said. "No one must see this letter but Merv Yardley. Understand?"

Bob nodded. "I'll put it in Yardley's hand," he promised.

"I'm counting on that, Bob," the sick man went on. "Don't fail me. This letter will explain everything to Merv."

Puffing with the effort, he resumed writing, his pen traveling slowly across the white page. Bob watched quietly. Forrest had just finished when Raymond Thews returned with an envelope containing the money.

"Raymond," Forrest said, sliding the folded paper into an envelope and sealing it tight, "Bob is going to Oregon for us. I have just written a letter to Merv for him. Here, put a seal on it. There's sealing wax in the desk."

Bob thought he could detect a certain surliness in Thew's manner as he dropped the envelope containing the money on the bed and took the letter to the writing desk. Forrest took the money out of the envelope and handed it to Bob.

"Raymond," John Forrest called to his secretary, "write across the front of that envelope that it's to be delivered to Merv Yardley *only*. You won't forget that, will you, Bob?"

"No, I won't forget," Bob promised, his eyes on the little secretary who was busy at the desk. "Wait a minute, Mr. Thews. You're writing on the wrong envelope," he added quickly. "This is the one with the letter in it."

"Oh, so it is," Thews said quickly, and Bob noticed a pink rush of blood to his pale cheeks. "I had them mixed up. Now, there you are." He held the letter up and read from it. "To be delivered to Mervin Yardley only. Is that what you wished, Mr. Forrest?"

"Yes," the sick man said, turning his face wearily to the wall, "that is what I wanted, Raymond."

Chapter Two

BOB GARRISON found Dade to be a sprawling little cattle town in a lonely stretch of rolling sagebrush. There were only a few loungers about the depot and when the train departed these drifted back in the direction of the general store. Bob took his suitcase and went across the street to the little hotel. A few minutes later he came out, wearing the conventional garb of the cow country, high-heeled boots, waist overalls, leather jacket and wide felt hat. A pair of packed saddlebags hung over his shoulder.

Bob went to the baggage office and claimed a burlap-wrapped package there. It contained his riding equipment, swelled-fork saddle, split-eared bridle, Navaho blanket and Manila rope, all in the perfect condition that comes from use coupled with diligent care. The only new article was a wool coat, tied behind the cantle.

"Do you know where I can buy a horse?" Bob asked the baggage man.

The man glanced out the window. Two horsemen were riding by at a slow jog. One of them, riding a rawboned roan, had a silver star pinned on his vest.

"The sheriff an' his deputy," the baggage man observed idly. Bob glanced after them; that roan looked like a real traveler. "I reckon you can get a hoss from Jeff Lane," the man went on. "He's got a corral down the street a piece."

Bob made his way to the corral. A tall man came out of the adjoining stable.

"Got any to sell?" Bob asked.

"Sure," the man answered, "any or all of them."

Bob looked the horses over. He got down inside and approached a sturdy-legged buckskin. He hemmed him in a corner, put a halter on him. He glanced at the horse's teeth, ran a knowing hand over his legs, lifted and looked at each of his hoofs in turn.

Bob walked around the animal. "No brand?" he said to Lane.

"Nope, I raised him from a colt myself. Didn't see no use o' scarrin' him up with a iron."

"How much?"

The lanky man named a figure. Bob saddled the horse, mounted, and lifted him into a gallop. Then he let him stretch out a bit. Finally he brought him back to the corral and stopped him short with a slight lift of the rein hand. He swung down, listened for a few seconds to the horse's breathing. Presently he reached for his pocketbook.

"Sold," he said. He counted out the bills, hooked his arm through the buckskin's reins. "Now," he said, "which way to the Snaffle Bit?"

Jeff Lane's eyes narrowed a little at the mention of the brand. "Thirty-two miles that way," he drawled, jerking his head towards the haze of the Blue Mountains in the northwest. "You goin' out to the Snaffle?"

"I figure to," Bob answered. "Reckon a man could get a job there?"

"Maybe," Lane answered thoughtfully. "But," he added, "from what I hear they ain't takin' much to strangers at the Snaffle these days. An' most o' the boys are packin' their artillery handy."

Bob turned to the buckskin and mounted.

"You still goin' out to the Snaffle?" Lane inquired.

"Yes."

The lanky man turned. A little cloud of dust trailed two riders through the gray-green brush.

"Then all you got to do is follow them two fellows," he said slowly. "They're headed for the Snaffle too. An' son, be good to that buckskin."

Chapter Three

IT was mid-afternoon when Bob's sharp eyes began to notice the Snaffle Bit brand in abundance on the cattle and horses that were grazing at intervals in the broken sage, and he knew he was nearing the main range of the outfit. Bob had made no effort to catch up with the two riders. He lifted the horse into a smooth rolling lope. They entered a little twisting ravine that gradually deepened and widened as it wound through the rough, lava-studded sage. The sloping, brush-covered walls had become quite high when Bob heard something that caused him to pull the buckskin up sharply.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What was that? Sounded like a shot."

Holding the horse still, the youth listened. A few seconds later an angry cackle of gunfire was easily audible from up the canyon.

"Gosh, horse," he said, "it looks like we have run right into the fireworks. Sounds like a regular battle going on." Another report snapped through the still air. Bob reached back, unfastened one of his saddlebags and took a heavy, brass-studded revolver belt from it. He buckled the belt about his waist and settled the holster into position at his right hip. "Guess we'll have to investigate," he said. "John Forrest would want to know what this is all about."

Near the top of the high point Bob swung down from his horse, looped the reins into the top of a sagebrush. On his hands and knees he crawled forward and presently reached a position from which he could see the country beyond. It was like that behind him, rolling, broken and brushy, with numerous lava-rock outcroppings here and there. It was quiet and nothing moved in it, but Bob remained still in his hiding place, watching and waiting.

Nor did he have long to wait. A shot leaped out from behind a cluster of lava on the south slope of the ravine, its source marked by a puff of blue smoke. Immediately two shots answered back from the crest of the north slope, coming from a location surprisingly close under the point on which Bob lay. Bob heard the angry smack of the second slug as it hit the lava opposite.

From his position on the point the youth could see the gunman now below him on the north ridge. The

man lay face down in the brush at the crest of the ridge. He had on leather chaps, and his black hat lay on the grass beside him. The rays of the lowering sun made a bright crown of his blond hair. Nothing moved about the heap of lava on the south slope.

"Now," Bob thought to himself, "this is a fine reception for a newcomer to a country, to run right smack dad into a siege and not know what to do about it. One of those guys will be getting hurt, and then I'll find myself tied up as the main witness at a murder trial, which isn't what I came out here for."

His eyes fell on the blond man's horse, a leggy sorrel standing to trailing reins back out of range below the crest of the ridge. The lowering sun glinted on the animal's hip and Bob saw the brand that it carried, two rings connected by a line broken downward—the Snaffle Bit.

All right, Bob figured, if the Snaffle is on one side of this thing, then who is that guy over there behind the lava rock? That was a question to which he couldn't find an answer. But his sympathy was with the Snaffle Bit cowboy, and presently he slipped back to the buckskin, made a wide and careful detour below the crest of the right ridge and came up behind the blond man. He tied the buckskin to a sagebrush and began a cautious advance.

Bob was still some thirty or forty yards from the cowboy when another gun, from behind a second pile of lava, barked viciously. The young rodeo rider heard the shrill murderous whistle of a lead ball above him. A man's head and shoulder was showing from behind this second pile and Bob sent two indignant shots crashing against the lava. The head and shoulder promptly disappeared.

"That's what comes of butting in where you've got no business," Bob muttered to himself as he ducked his head and made a run for the blond cowboy's position.

"Look out," the cowboy snapped. "Want to get yore blamed head blowed off?"

The man sent three quick shots crashing across the canyon. Bob flung himself into a position behind a lava bowlder.

"You look after that guy on the left," he grunted. "I'll take care of the one above."

Bob risked a glance sideward at his cool companion, and saw that he was a slim, tanned youth with the rather amazing suggestion of a grin playing about the corners of his mouth. Two rapid reports crashed from the cowboy's pistol.

"Keep yore eyes peeled," he warned Bob. "That guy you're supposed to be watchin' was just ready to take a shot at you."

Bob whirled back to the front, sent a bullet into the face of the lava for good luck, then wriggled over to a new position under a clump of sage.

"It's dog-goned risky comin' up behind a fellow like you did," the cowboy said. "Strangers ain't welcome on this range right now."

Bob disregarded this. "How many of those guys are there across there?" he asked.

"Two," was the answer.

"Who are they?"

"I don't know," came the astounding reply.

Bob whirled towards the cowboy. "Don't know who they are!" he cried. "Then why are you trying to kill them?"

"I'm not tryin' to kill 'em," the other retorted, a twinkle in his clear eyes. "I'm just givin' 'em a little warnin' to get off Snaffle Bit range. We've got orders to run all strangers off or bring 'em in. But these two guys took to the rocks an' began to shoot back. Look out for that fellow above!"

There was a rapid series of reports and Bob heard the whine of a bullet overhead. He replied with two quick shots, saw the dust raised on the lava by the flattening lead. Two reports sounded from the gun of the cowboy.

"The boss said to keep all strangers off Snaffle Bit range. Where," the cowboy continued with a pointed glance at Bob, "did you say you come from?"

"I didn't say," Bob retorted. A movement up on the opposite ridge, above the positions of the men in the lava, caught his eye. "What's that?"

"That's their horses," the cowboy informed him. "They ran over the ridge when the men took to the rocks and started firin'."

One of the animals came up into full view and peered inquisitively over the ridge. And then Bob Garrison's jaw dropped and he literally gasped for breath. He knew that roan.

"Smart guy *you* are," he said bitterly to the blond cowboy. "You want to know who you've got holed up like a couple of rabbits in those rock piles over there? Listen: it's the sheriff of this county and his deputy."

Presently she spoke. "What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" the cowboy ejaculated softly, chuckling. "That sure is a joke on them."

"Yeah," said Bob, beginning to back down the slope. "It sure is a joke, but somehow I'm not getting any fun out of it. Come to think of it, I guess I've got important business over the hill."

The blond youth fired two more quick shots over the crest of the ridge and then backed away, dragging his black hat after him. "I reckon I'll be doin' some ridin' myself," he said with a grin.

Bob stepped into the buckskin's saddle, headed him down the slope and touched him with the spurs. The animal jumped into a run. Turning in the saddle, the youth saw the blond cowboy quirting his spirited sorrel in the other direction, up the narrow twisting ravine. Bob sighed with relief and was thankful for the long obscuring shadows which the red, low-hung sun was now throwing from the tops of the knolls and ridges.

Chapter Four

BOB GARRISON rode long into the night, covering his trail, before he finally camped in a hidden ravine after his unwitting assist in the bombardment of the officers of the law. He had come to Oregon with a job to do, and he knew it couldn't be done behind the bars of some county jail.

When morning came and the bright fall Oregon sunlight flooded the sage with crisp brilliance he saddled Bucky and headed him towards the Blue Mountains, paralleling at some distance the line of willows and cottonwoods that marked the course of the river. He wished to stay as far away from the Dade trail as possible in the remainder of his journey to the Snaffle Bit.

It was mid-morning when Bucky topped a wooded ridge that overlooked the bend of the river in which the Snaffle Bit buildings lay. Bob had purposely come to the ranch from the rear. He wanted to look it over carefully before making his presence known. That affair in the canyon was still fresh in his mind and he was determined not to make any more foolish moves. Bob dismounted, tied Bucky to a stout young fir and cautiously made his way forward to a point well down where he could view the bend below with ease.

Just below him were the Snaffle Bit corrals, hard-beaten squares of earth enclosed by high strong pole fences, the battleground for the colts and the horse-breakers. Near them were the stables, the saddle rooms, the blacksmith shop, and beyond was the low rambling bunkhouse where the cowboys slept. The main house was a large two-story structure, surrounded by a neat white picket fence, which also enclosed some large shade trees, flower beds and a vine-covered arbor. About the entire ranch there was an appearance of care and pride, of comfort and convenience, and of prosperity.

"Now that's the kind of a layout I want sometime," Bob told himself.

While Bob watched, a cowboy stepped into a corral, leisurely roped a horse from a number that had been dozing there and led it towards the saddleshed. The ring of a hammer on an anvil came musically from the blacksmith shop. Two lean-bodied hound dogs slept in the sun before the bunkhouse and a big house cat crossed with dignity from the stables with a mouse in her mouth. A giant white-faced range bull came ambling up to drink from the water trough, causing a magnificent thoroughbred stallion dozing in a high enclosure to prick up his ears curiously.

Bob had been sitting on a stump but now he heard a thrum of horse's hoofs and leaped to his feet. The animal rounded the end of a heavy laurel thicket and was upon him. The rider brought the pony to a plowing halt. Bob found himself the target of a pair of steady, hazel-flecked brown eyes that were both curious and challenging.

"Hello," the youth said, stammering a little.

The girl did not answer, but continued boring him with her steady gaze. He guessed that she was only twelve or thirteen years old, and her crown of towsled hair was golden and the bridge of her nose was liberally sprinkled with freckles. She was dressed in flannel shirt, pants and high-heeled boots, the toes of which peeped through the leather-bound stirrups of her saddle. Presently she spoke.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I just stopped here a minute to look at the scenery," Bob said. "Who are you?"

She ignored the question. "I guess I'll have to take you in," she said, nodding to him to proceed in front of her. "You can explain to Nate Turner, the foreman."

"All right," he agreed, grinning. "I'll go. But first tell me your name."

"Tonnie Yardley," she answered. "Get along."

Bob thought he might have known it. He started the descent to the ranch and she reined her horse in behind him. Well, that was one way of arriving at the Snaffle Bit. He felt like a sap being virtually the girl's prisoner. But he had a trump card inside his shirt. He pressed his arm down against the wax-sealed envelope that John Forrest had given him to assure himself that it was there.

"I'm looking for a job," he told the girl. "Reckon the Snaffle Bit will give me one?"

"I don't know," she replied. "We don't like strangers around here."

"So I see," he said dryly.

"If some of the men had seen you first, they might have taken a shot at you," she answered.

"But why?" he persisted.

The girl averted her gaze for an instant. "Well, we are having trouble here on the Snaffle," she informed him.

"What kind of trouble?"

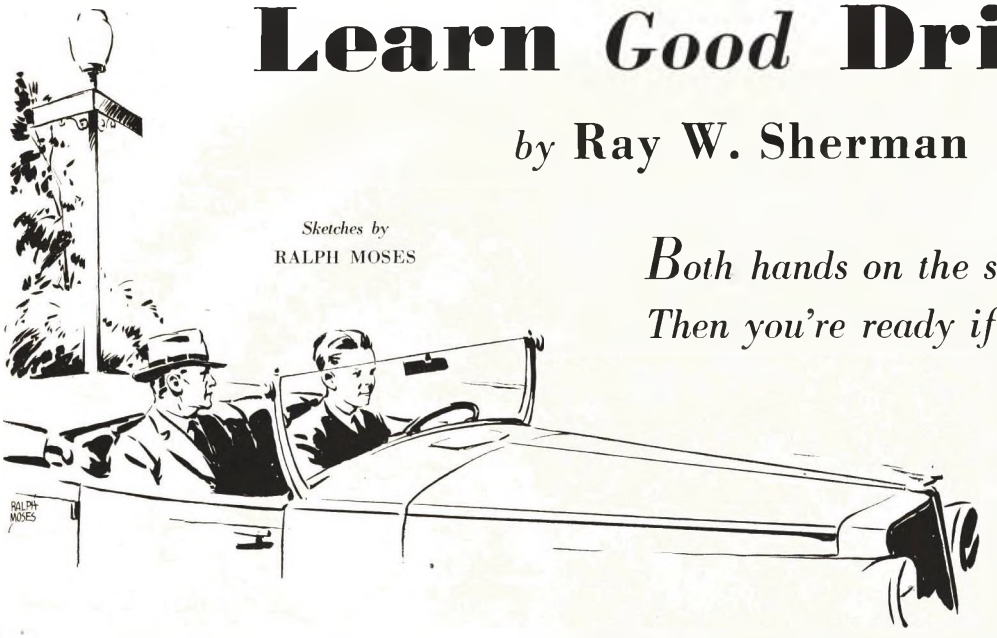
"Oh, just trouble."

(Continued on page 22)

Learn *Good* Driving

by Ray W. Sherman

Sketches by
RALPH MOSES



Both hands on the steering wheel! Then you're ready if a tire blows

DURING the last four months in this series of articles we've learned how to get a car started and how to drive it on the road. And we've learned principles that make for safety, that prevent accidents and still enable a fellow to get around town at a decent speed.

This month we're going to talk about the hands and arms. That also may at the start seem trivial, but the misuse of the hands and arms is really one of the greatest breeders of serious accidents there is. There's a right and wrong way to hold a steering wheel. The wrong way can bring trouble.

Today's cars run so easily and handle so well that they fool drivers. I have seen new drivers settle down in comfort and relaxation with one hand gently holding a spoke of the steering wheel. This is a fine habit not to get into. Learn a correct driving position and stay with it. Vary it slightly to suit conditions and you'll never get into trouble because of the way you hold the wheel.

We'll go over in that subdivision again and you drive some more. You haven't had any practice in several days. Settle yourself in the seat. Now, what's a comfortable position for you, one you can hold all day if necessary? Find a position that suits you. No two people do it quite the same way because they aren't built alike. You must have your body comfortable, your left leg and foot comfortable and your gas foot where it can stick in one position for hours at a stretch.

Now for the arms. You can't sit right up straight and rigidly grip the wheel all day. It would tire you out. But you can find a position that is comfortable. And ALWAYS DRIVE WITH BOTH ARMS. Never get into the habit of doing it with one arm. At least, *never have either arm where it couldn't drive if it had to.*

Some cars have a rest for the left arm. See if it won't fit your elbow somehow or other, with your left hand gripping near or above the center of the wheel. Then let your right hand grip the wheel, at or just below center, not above it. Your right arm will sort of hang on the wheel and drape toward your lap. Then, have your fingers where all you need to do is close them *tight* and you've got a firm steering grip.

You see, the reason is this. All sorts of things can happen to a car. You can skid. A tire can blow. A side wind can hit you. A wild driver can dive at you. Anything can happen. The basic idea in your driving grip is to have your hands and arms in such a position that you don't have to *change* your position to steer and steer hard. Just grip your fingers and be ready to make a fight.

I know of a case where a car blew a tire and shot off the road into a rock. The driver didn't have a proper hold of the wheel. He had been going only forty-five miles an hour, but at that speed he was pushing his two tons of metal over the roads at sixty-six feet a second. His speed wasn't fast but he cracked up—badly. Why?

Lesson No. 5—Steering

He cracked because his hands and arms were in the wrong position. When the tire blew he needed to steer and steer very hard. But before he could change his position and get set to fight the wheel nearly a second had elapsed. In one second his two tons of car went sixty-six feet and that was enough to take him out of his course and into the rock. Again, you see, it's seconds and feet that make safety.

Here's what you must do. Ask yourself this question. *"If a tire blew and the car began to steer badly, and I had to fight the wheel hard, what position would I want to be in?"* Then get yourself into that position and *stay there*—always. Make it a habit. It's just as easy as any other way and it's always the safest way. If your arms are right, your body is right, and if your legs and feet are right you can grip your fingers and be in a fighting position in no time at all.

Of course, most of the time, driving slowly around town or loafing on the road, you won't be in a tense position. You'll be somewhat relaxed. It won't be tiring. But any split second you could snap into position if you had to.

You won't be like the driver who settles down in the seat and practically lets the car drive itself. His right hand loosely has hold of the lower spoke. His left hand, practically in his lap, holds the wheel gently with the thumb and a couple of fingers. He couldn't steer with either hand without letting go and taking a fresh grip. That could be fatal.

You'll see drivers who do that. Some of them think they're good. As a matter of fact they're very bad. When the time comes that they do need to do some tough steering they'll make the discovery, and then it may be too late. They haven't figured where they'd want to be if trouble came. They're taking too much for granted.

Recently I rode many miles through the West with a good driver who went long distances at seventy-two miles an hour on these long, straight Western roads. But I rode with confidence, for whenever his speed began to rise above forty-five I could see his hands rise a little higher on the wheel and his arms move slightly away from his sides. He was set for any emergency. It will be many miles before you should undertake to drive fast like that, but when you do you *must* do all the things these articles have set forth.

Right now, driving around this subdivision, there isn't much chance to find obstacles that require hard steering. But here's what you must learn to do. A tire may blow. If it's a right front the flattened tire will tend to slow down that side of the car and it will want to run toward the ditch. A blown left front will head you for the other line of traffic. So, if a tire blows—as it shouldn't if you never have bad tires—you've got to be in a fighting position. There's no time to get set. The tire goes out like a shot. Don't slam on your brakes. That only makes steering harder. Hold the car in a straight line, let its speed decrease and don't brake it until the speed is so low you can do so safely.

Or you may drop off the concrete on a country road into the soft shoulder. Don't slam on your brakes and don't try to yank the car back on. Hold it in a straight line till you're down at a safe speed, then crawl back on. But if you aren't in a fighting position the shoulder may throw you into the ditch.

When a car skids, a way out is to turn the wheels in the direction the rear end is sliding. If you don't, or if you slam on your brakes, the car will keep on skidding. Make a quick move with the wheel, catch the skid and then straighten up again. All of which you can't do if you're loafing at the wheel.

In this article we've been talking about speed. Many of you might like to ask how fast I think a driver should go. I set no figure. It varies. *(Cont. on page 35)*

Hats Off to Lane Tech!

FOR the first time in America students are learning how to drive on a practice field built especially for them. Lane Technical High, of Chicago, is teaching the course. It's required.

This model driving course, built by WPA labor, is one thousand feet of macadam roadway, with signal lights, "S" curves, winding roads, intersections, alleys for backing, banked curves, grade crossings and ramps. It embodies all the typical hazards of traffic.

Actual driving on it comes only after intensive classroom instruction in dummy cars equipped with everything but a motor. When the student has become used to operating the controls, motion pictures taken through the windshield of another car are flashed on a screen before him. And as each obstacle appears, he reacts to it, learns to brake, shift, turn, back—to handle the car.

Then, in a real car, he goes out to the field to test his theory, to drill until the reactions become habit.

What is your school doing to turn out alert, capable drivers? Show this series of driving articles to your principal today. Interest him in starting a course that will rid America of its hundreds of public enemies, the poor drivers.

A Piece *of* Wax

"Okay!" shouted Tierney. "Give it to 'em!"

Tierney Chases a Gang of Crooks, Bumps Into a Strange Crime, and Loses His Derby

by

John A. Moroso

INSPECTOR SWEENEY'S uniformed secretary, a brisk red-haired young cop, entered the office. "Your old friend Jim Tierney, retired, is outside," he said.

"Show him in. Never keep Jim waiting for me."

Tierney's heavy form filled the door frame for a moment and then wabbled into a big chair near Sweeney's desk. "How's things, Chief?" he asked.

"So-so, Jim. How's the farm?"

Tierney placed his hard-boiled derby on the floor beside his large feet. "Well," he replied, "there ain't nothing much wrong with the land itself. The land's still there."

Sweeney laughed. "Just a minute, Jim," he said, and picked up his telephone: "Tell Harlem headquarters to keep that Petroni suicide quiet. Don't notify the medical examiner. Close the apartment and leave a man on guard. We'll handle the case from headquarters. Yes."

"In the spring," resumed Jim, "we entertained a caterpillar convention. They ate the leaves off all the trees. Then the International Order of Cut Worms and Potato Bugs convened and ate up all the vegetables. The National Encampment of Army Worms, Seventh Corps, cleaned up what was left. The farmer's life is just one poke in the snoot after another, Chief."

"You came over looking for a case to work on?"

"'At's right. There's nothing for me to do in Jersey except sit on the kitchen steps and wait for the white ants to come and eat up the house. And poor Rover, Chief!"

"What about Rover, Jim?"

"The fleas. He's entertaining all of them although I wash him three times a day. So I come in town to get a little rest by doing some work."

Sweeney nodded with satisfaction. "Good. Here's something for you. Emilio Petroni, one of our wealthiest and best known racketeers, lately retired, has just been found hanging by the neck from the transom of his bathroom up in the Italian section of Harlem."

"Hung himself with all the money he's taken out of this town?"

"That's my report on the case," answered Sweeney.

"It don't make sense, Chief."

"I'll say it doesn't, Jim. He had bought a villa in Italy and sent his wife and three children over and was getting ready to join them with a million in good American cash. Why should he hang himself?"

"He might have gone nuts."

"Will you look into it for me?"

"Sure. Lend me a good fingerprint man."

Pat Donnelly was assigned to the case and the two men were soon in Harlem, first interviewing the superintendent of the apartment house, the best and most expensive building in the section.

"Mr. Petroni went up to his flat about ten o'clock last night," said the superintendent. "He called me and said that he was not to be disturbed and to bring him some breakfast from the restaurant at nine this morning. I ordered it for him. At eight-thirty this morning a cablegram came for him but I could get no answer on the house telephone and no response when I knocked on the door. I was sure he was inside and became afraid that something had happened. I entered with my pass key and found him hanging from the transom."

He took the two men to the apartment. They found Petroni's body swinging in the bathroom door from a heavy silken bathrobe girdle. The body was clad in pajamas. The naked feet were a few inches above the floor and near them lay a small stool, upset as if Petroni had kicked it aside.

Donnelly had brought along Petroni's fingerprint record from the Bureau of Identification so that any prints the racketeer left in his apartment could be promptly eliminated. Everything that an intruder would have touched was examined under a microscope, especially the pajamas on the swinging body. Only Petroni's fingerprints were found. The report by the Harlem men was suicide and it looked like nothing else. There was no sign of a struggle. A well-filled pocketbook lay open on a table, eliminating the robbery motive.

No letter giving reasons for suicide could be found. On the contrary there was an unsealed letter dated August 17, the day before, on a desk, written to Mrs. Petroni in Italy and saying that he, the racketeer, would sail in two weeks and was in fine health.

Suicide would be fully established by any fingerprints found in the dust on the lintel of the transom—if they were Petroni's. Standing on a stepladder provided by the superintendent, Donnelly found a thumbprint near the knotted girdle. As he studied it with flashlight and microscope, Tierney examined the throat of the corpse. His eyes lifted slightly as he found that it was marked by a strangling cord or rope. No doubt about it, the mark was below the silken girdle.

"What do you make up there, Pat?" asked Tierney.

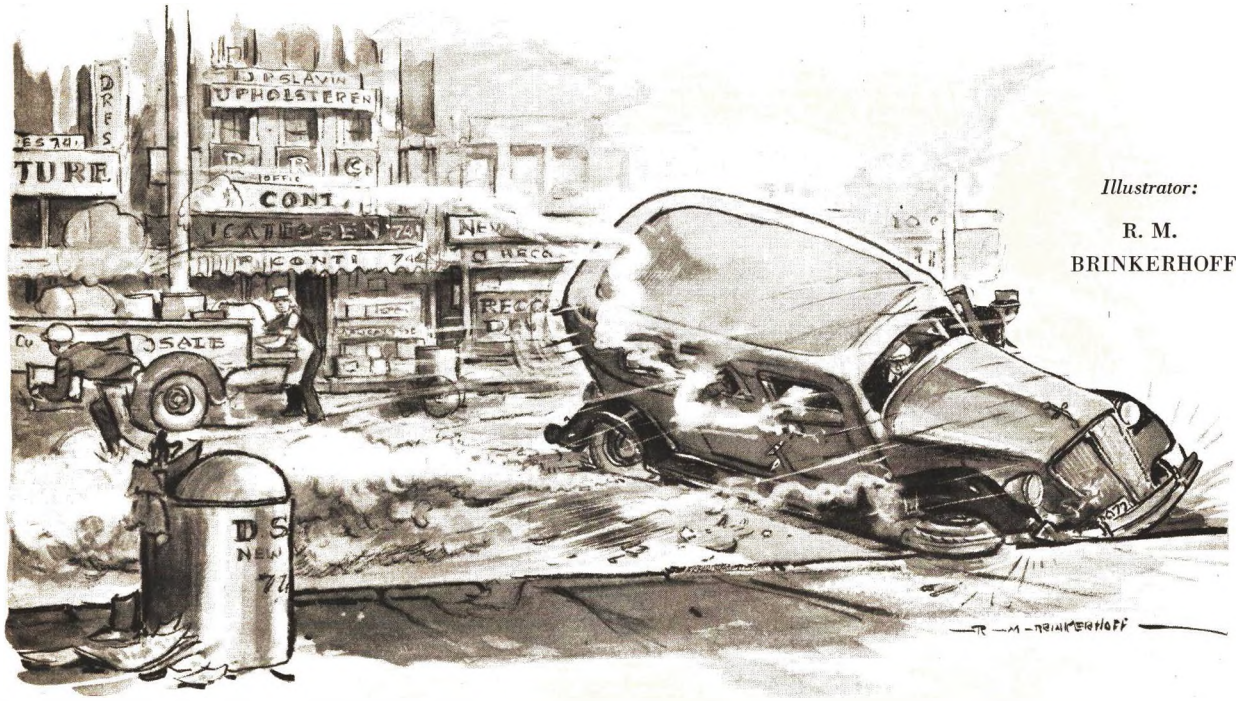
"I got a thumbprint, but it isn't Petroni's," was the reply.

"And I got a strangulation mark this silk girdle never made," said Jim. "It's murder all right. He was garroted and then swung up dead."

A mass of ashes on the hearth of the fireplace showed that Petroni had burned all incriminating papers. Tierney searched the pockets of the man's clothes and was rewarded with a little telephone memorandum book. A squad of Sweeney's young men could trace down every number. That would take time.

Donnelly made photographs of the telltale thumbprint and they were ready to turn over the case to the medical examiner.

"Say," suddenly exclaimed Jim. "I must be slip-



Illustrator:

R. M.
BRINKERHOFF

The machine ahead swerved and crashed into the curb and turned over.

ping! Where's the cablegram that come for Petroni this morning?"

"I have it," said the superintendent.

"Gimme." Tierney opened it and read under a date line from Palermo, Sicily:

"Try to take my money where you are going. Diego."

He read it again and again, his baby blue eyes puzzled. How could Diego in far-off Sicily know that Petroni would be dead when his cable was delivered? And why should a cable be sent to a dead man?

"Okay, Pat," said Jim at last. "You get to headquarters and check up on the thumbprint. I gotta do some looking around in Harlem. Tell Sweeney Petroni was murdered and the murder come pretty near being covered up."

Figuring that the murderer had cabled Diego when the crime was completed, Tierney located the nearest telegraph office and inquired for any message sent during the night to the other side of the ocean. There was one, sent and paid for at midnight. It was addressed to D. Conciatti, Palermo, Italy, and read: "It is finished. Bruno." Handling it gingerly, Jim placed it between two clean sheets of paper and took it with him to headquarters for fingerprint tests. The unknown Bruno, then, was the murderer or his agent.

As Jim was giving details of work accomplished to the inspector, Pat Donnelly entered and reported that the thumbprint found in the dust on the bathroom transom was that of Giuseppe Mugno, alias Joe-the-Miller, racketeer, gangster, gunman. He placed a photograph of the print on the inspector's desk and Tierney laid his cablegram to Palermo beside it.

"See what you can find, if anything, on that cable message, Pat," said Jim. The cable was dusted and Donnelly studied it carefully. There was a thumbprint and it was Mugno's.

"All we got to do is to find Joe-the-Miller, Chief," said the old-timer. "And here's a memorandum book with a lot of telephone numbers. If you could get your young men to trace 'em down and bring in the mob that's been in touch with Petroni that will help a lot."

Detective Lieutenant Gallagher was called into the office and instructed to put a detail on this part of the job.

"And send a general alarm for Joe Mugno over the teletype," ordered Sweeney. "What next, Old-timer?"

"We better get the Eyetalians on the telephone," suggested Jim. "But don't try the Palermo police. They might leak. Get headquarters in Rome, huh?"

Sweeney put in the call.

"I been thinking, Chief," mused Tierney as they waited for the call, "that this Diego fellow over in Palermo is one of the old blackhand gang. From the way his cable to Petroni reads it seems like Petroni was holding out on him."

"What about Mugno?"

"Mugno was the agent chosen to kill him and string up his body."

"We'll get the murderer when we get Mugno, all right, Jim, but if Diego directed the crime we ought to bring him back to New York."

The call to police headquarters in Rome came through.

"Pompeo Diamanti, Engleesh interpritter, police headquarters, Rome, Italy, calling Inspector Sweeney. Yes, I hear good."

In crisp sentences Sweeney informed Diamanti of the cables exchanged the night before between Palermo and New York and asked that "Diego" be traced if possible. "He is wanted on the charge of instigating the murder of one Emilio Petroni. If you can find out anything about this Diego please let me know, and if you locate him hold him under arrest for us."

"With great pleasure, Signor Sweeney. I call you later."

Sweeney looked at the little clock on his desk and Tierney at his large silver watch. Each did some mind reading and arm in arm proceeded forth for lunch.

Lieutenant Gallagher was a fast worker. When Sweeney and Tierney returned from lunch the round-up of the men whose telephone numbers were in Petroni's little book was finished and most of them had been sweated hard for information. Five acknowledged having had business of one sort or another with the dead man. All of them were rough customers. The inspector and Jim looked over the bunch carefully and finally decided to try out a little old ratlike man with a face as brown and wrinkled as a walnut. He wore shabby clothes and had uneasy eyes.

"What's your name?" snapped Sweeney as the others were taken from his office.

"Pete Giordano."

"Oh yes, Pete Giordano. Let me see, you were in trouble about counterfeiting fifteen years ago."

"No more da counterfeit. I got wan beeg family, grandchildren."

"You worked for Petroni with Guiseppe Mugno, Joe-the-Miller."

"Not with Giuseppe."

"You know Giuseppe?"

"I know heem. *Traditore!*"

"Traitor, eh?"

"*Sì.*"

"Why did he kill Petroni?" No answer. "If you shield Mugno you'll go to Sing Sing for twenty years as accessory. Who will look after your old wife and the little grandchildren, Pete?"

"If I knew where Mugno was I would tell you. He ought to die. Heez stool pigeon."

"Did he ever betray you?"

"He killa my young brother five years ago, my brother Roberto."

"Why did you wait five years?" asked Tierney, relieving the inspector.

"I want the law to killa him. I shoot him or stab him and it is all over. The law get him and Giuseppe sweat blood in the death house. Suffer long time—then die."

Tierney's little eyes popped as he turned to his chief. "Can you beat that for hate?" he asked.

"Lock him up," ordered Sweeney and the little Italian was taken away.

"That old fellow knows a lot about this case," said Tierney. "I never knew of one of his kind to wait five years for revenge. Besides, he's a counterfeiter and counterfeiters ain't dumb." He turned to Lieutenant Gallagher. "Was Pete's place searched carefully?" he asked.

"His rooms in an old-fashioned tenement were, but the rest of the building wasn't," Gallagher replied.

"Take a couple of men and go through the building from roof to cellar. And there's probably a subcellar. When you hit the bottom dig down."

"Rome's calling now, sir," said Sweeney's secretary, handing him the telephone. "The interpreter for the prefect."

"Inspector Sweeney? Yes, signor. The interpritter for the chief. Our Palermo men have Diego Conciatti for you."

Sweeney was informed that Diego had been easily traced through the cable sent from Harlem. He had given a big dinner with plenty of wine during the night to his Camorristi friends in celebration of the slaying of Petroni. To impress on his followers his power to deal with traitors he had sent the cablegram to the dead man. Diego, reported the interpreter, was one of the old-time brigands of Sicily but had gone to New York, had become a naturalized

citizen, and when Petroni had retired from racketeering had returned to Palermo with the promise that Petroni would send him a money order for his share of the rackets—ten thousand dollars. Failure to meet this promise had put Petroni on the spot.

"We'll be glad to ship him back in charge of an officer," Sweeney was told. "We don't want him."

"We do. Send him along and cable us when he sails." Sweeney turned to his old sleuth and friend as he replaced the receiver. "All right, Jim. You'll spend the evening at my home in Brooklyn talking over the old times."

"Oke."

"Do you want to call up the farm and talk with Maggie?"

"Yes." In a few moments he had his faithful friend and housekeeper on the wire:

"Jim talking. . . . Uh-huh. . . . They started yet? I mean the white ants' convention to eat up the house. . . . Huh? Sprained his right hind leg scratching? Clean 'im with kerosene and soap—not too much kerosene, Maggie. Won't be home tonight. Goo'by."

A detailed report by cable from the Rome police was on Sweeney's desk when he and Tierney arrived at nine in the morning. In part, it read:

"Our investigation shows that this man, Diego Conciatti, is one of the lowest type of criminals southern Italy has ever produced. He has been engaged in reorganizing the Camorra which cost our country huge sums of money and many lives to disrupt. His cablegram to Petroni was but one of his many tricks to impress on the minds of young criminals his power as a leader.

"We have also found that he was engaged in a new and most menacing form of criminal work, the counterfeiting of fingerprints. Undoubtedly he has some associate in New York familiar with this new scheme and its operation.

"Command us at any time. Unless otherwise instructed we will put him aboard the *Conte della Torre* in irons and in custody of an officer next Friday, sailing from Genoa."

"Counterfeiting fingerprints," gasped Tierney. "Why, Chief, a crook could jump to another city, kill a man and leave somebody else's fingerprints on the body, balling up the entire system we believe infallible. He could get *your* fingerprints off a doorknob or a letter and reproduce 'em anywhere!"

Sweeney looked very sober as Gallagher and his men entered to report on the search of the tenement house in which Pete Giordano lived. Before the lieutenant could make his report, the telephone rang.

"Pittsburgh asking for you, Chief," said Sweeney's secretary, passing him the telephone:

"Inspector Sweeney, New York police headquarters, speaking. Yes. Thanks. You have Mugno? Good. We want him for murder. When did you land him? . . . What? What? Hold the wire, please.

"What do you think of this, Jim?" asked Sweeney. "Mugno was arrested in Pittsburgh day before yesterday, on the afternoon of the day of Petroni's murder. He has been in a cell there ever since. He couldn't have killed Petroni. But the thumbprints on the transom and on the cablegram place him in Harlem night before last." He picked up the telephone again and asked Pittsburgh: "Are you dead sure of the hour and date of Mugno's arrest? Four o'clock on the afternoon of the seventeenth?"

"Ask if there was any possibility of him bribing his way out for the night," suggested Tierney. "He could have made it by plane, killed Petroni and hopped back to establish his alibi."

"Not the remotest chance," Pittsburgh reported. "We had him under the third degree the whole night."

"Yeh," said Tierney scornfully, "they might have given the wrong man the third degree by mistake. Ask about that, Chief."

The Pittsburgh reply was a laugh. Mugno had been taken for a bank robbery in which the cashier had been killed. He had been identified beyond all doubt.

"But don't worry," came the cheerful assurance. "You don't need to hunt for anything on him. We've got enough on him to send him to the chair."

"Well?" asked Sweeney, turning to Lieutenant Gallagher.

Gallagher opened a bundle on the inspector's desk. "We got this stuff from under the attic floor in the house where Giordano's family lives." He sorted out two pistols, a stiletto, some old counterfeiting tools, an account book and what seemed to be a lump of wax. "The accounts show that Giordano had over five thousand dollars coming to him from Petroni, his percentage of racket collections. Petroni was double-crossing everybody in his old gang. Pete Giordano was so hard up that his grandchildren pretty near starved last winter. Only charity kept them alive."

"What's this?" asked Tierney, picking up the lump of dirty wax.

"Don't know," replied Gallagher. "It was with the counterfeiting tools and I thought we might just as well bring it along and put it under the microscope. It might have been used for making a mold for counterfeiting silver coins."

Giordano was brought in.

"Morning, Pete," said Tierney as he placed the lump of wax under the powerful stereoscopic microscope. As he looked down into it he concealed a start of surprise. Casually he chatted with the frightened, nervous, little old man. "Your enemy, Mugno, is on his way to the chair for killing a feller down in Pittsburgh."

Giordano nodded, but his little black eyes were fastened on the lump of wax as if it were a crystal ball, hypnotizing him.

"So, Pete," Tierney rambled on, "the man who killed your brother Roberto is going to die the death you wanted him to die. The law will kill him for you. . . . Yeh. But it's a great pity Mugno didn't kill Petroni, the double-crosser, for you. That would have saved you a lot of trouble, Pete."

Tierney's eyes shifted to the photograph of the Mugno thumbprint. He studied it for a moment, then laid it beside the lump of wax and beckoned significantly to his chief. Sweeney peered down into the hollowed wax lump and saw a broken thumbprint. A mold had been made of Mugno's thumbprint and the counterfeit had been used to put the crime of Petroni's murder on the man in Pittsburgh!

Undoubtedly Pete had made the mold. Most probably he was Petroni's murderer. But the wax thumbprint, though found in his tenement, had not been found in his rooms but under the attic floor of a building crowded with Italians.

"Pete," said Tierney in a quiet, kindly voice, "I'm sorry for your old wife and your little grandchildren. Between Petroni, who let your family go hungry after using you for years, and Mugno, the murderer, and Diego Conciatti, you're getting a dirty deal."

Giordano's little shrunken body folded over in the chair he was perched on, his old felt hat fell from his fingers and he covered his wrinkled face with his hands, sobbing.

"Go ahead and tell us, Pete," urged Tierney gently. "It's Diego we're after first. He's the ringleader. We can't keep you from prison but we might save your life if you help us."

"Mister," came timidly from Giordano's dry lips. "Diego, he make da plan. He forge one, two, three fingerprint."

"He's on his way back to New York, Pete. He'll arrive on the twenty-sixth of this month. If we can get him for murder through your help we'll do what we can for you."

"Sure, I help," Giordano cried eagerly.

Standing on a stepladder provided by the superintendent, Donnelly found a thumbprint near the knotted girdle.

As the *Conte della Torre* dropped anchor at Quarantine on the morning of August 26, the passengers crowding the rails watched a balloon-shaped man climb the ladder stretching down to the deck of a police launch. There was a high wind and with each heave of the great liner the fat man seemed ready to cast off and make an ascension. Halfway up he was heard to give a despairing cry and many women turned away, expecting that he was about to drop.

"Me hat! Me hat!" was Tierney's shriek as his hard-boiled derby went flying toward New Jersey. He reached the rail and climbed over it to the deck, swearing softly to himself. Three policemen of the Italian squad clambered after him and yanked him to his feet. The loss of the old iron lid was as important to Jim as the loss of Rover, his dog, or George, his ancient and scrawny rooster, would have been. The bonnet was his fetish, his good luck piece, his rabbit's foot. With one last despairing look across the water to the shoreline, the old-timer turned and under the guidance of a deck officer found the stateroom had been occupied by the Roman policeman and Diego Conciatti.

"My name is Carlo Blanco," said the visiting policeman in the best of English.

"Mine's Jim Tierney, Headquarters." They shook hands. "Where's the prisoner?"

"In this closet." The Roman cop fished a brass key from a pocket and unlocked a wardrobe closet. With a mighty rattle of leg irons and handcuffs Conciatti sprawled on the floor at their feet.

"Holy cats!" exclaimed Jim. "Could he get any air in that closet?"

"He don't need much," laughed Blanco lightly. "In fact Diego has always had too much air."

"Get them irons off, please. I can't lug him ashore chained up like that."

"Okey-dokey," replied Signor Blanco.

"You speak beautiful English," complimented Jim.

"Thank you, Signor Tierney. I study hard so I can be the department's interpreter when Diamanti retires."

Diego, unchained, got to his hands and knees and looked up to Tierney with as evil a face as ever a life of crime shaped upon man.

"He's pretty stiff," said Tierney.

"I wouldn't say he's a pretty stiff," said Signor Blanco, student of the English language. "He's just a stiff, but a bad one. Watch him, signor."

The ship was again on its way to the docks. Jim's aides were on deck enjoying the sunshine, the breeze and three pretty Italian girls. The *Conte della Torre* warped into her berth. The passengers trooped down the big gangplank, the ship's band playing them a lively good-by serenade. Tierney caught the prisoner's sleeve in a twisting grip.

"But the handcuffs, signor," protested Blanco.

"Don't need 'em. If he as much as wiggles I'll crack him with my billy."

"You don't know him, Signor Tierney," exclaimed Blanco. "He is deadlier than a cobra and as quick." *(Continued on page 25)*

"Hey!" Wild-eye shouted. "We'll help you. Wait—we'll help you!"

The Heifer Tree

The story of a rampaging river, a very bright idea, and a cow who objected to being rescued

by

Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrator:
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

It was like this—Scoots Varner and I were pitching horseshoes in my back yard and Sleepy Saunders was sitting on a box watching us, when Wild-eye Williams came falling over the side fence into the yard. He lit on his head and fell flat and was up again in half a second, his red hair sticking out forty ways and his eyes red hot with excitement.

He could hardly talk he was so excited, but that was nothing new — Wild-eye was always excited about something. He had the morning newspaper in his hand and he waved it at us.

"Now—now—now—" he yelled. "It's coming. It's on the way. It'll be here mighty soon. The paper says so."

"Aw, calm down," said Scoots. "What's coming—a circus?"

"High water," cried Wild-eye, shaking the newspaper under our noses. "Highest water the old Mississippi has had here in forty years. Look here—read it—more rain in Wisconsin, more rain in Minnesota. Cap Clarke says 'On account of the melting snow in the Dakotas—'"

"Well, what about it?" Scoots asked. "What are you going crazy about? High water won't hurt you, will it?"

"Well—well—my Uncle Joe," said Wild-eye, almost too excited to explain. "It's what I've been waiting for. Forty years—"

"You haven't been waiting for anything forty years," drawled Sleepy. "You're not half forty years old. One-half of forty is twenty—"

"But my Uncle Joe," sputtered Wild-eye, trying to explain. "He said that forty years ago they took pitchforks and forked the fish right out of Grassy Hollow into wagons—buffalo fish and carp—tons and tons—"

"Listen, Wild-eye," I said. "Take it easy and tell us what it's all about. One word at a time."

Wild-eye ran his hand through his hair and calmed down a little and tried to tell us. He said that if the river got as high as it had forty years ago we could make oodles of money catching fish in Grassy Hollow, up on his uncle's farm above town.

"Buffalo fish and carp," he said. "They eat grass. They came into Grassy Hollow to eat grass, and Uncle Joe pitchforked 'em into wagons—"

Well, we got the story out of him then. Forty years ago the river got so high that it back-watered into this meadow called Grassy Hollow. Then the buffalo fish and carp swam in to eat the grass. The water was so shallow in Grassy Hollow that some of the fish had to wiggle on their bellies with their backs out of water—big fish, ten or twelve pounders—and Wild-eye's Uncle Joe had just waded in behind the fish and pitchforked them into his wagon. And now the river was going to be extra high again, and we could do the same and make a lot of money.

By this time Scoots and I were almost as excited as Wild-eye himself. We knew that carp and buffalo fish did eat grass, and with the river high and muddy they probably would swim in where the water was shallow, and his uncle wouldn't tell a lie about it. Back in those days Wild-eye's Uncle Joe had fed some of the fish to his hogs and used the rest for fertilizer, but we could sell them, these days.

"Simmons, the fish man, will buy them," said Wild-eye. "He buys all the fish he can get."

"But won't your uncle want the fish?" asked Sleepy.

"He's too old to bother," said Wild-eye. "He's over eighty. We can have the fish if we want 'em."

"I think we had better ask Mr. Simmons if he will buy the fish before we bother to catch them," drawled Sleepy. "It's a lot of work to catch fish even if you pitchfork 'em."

So we all went down to Simmons' fish boat on the levee.

"Carp and buffalo fish?" he said. "Yes, sir. I'll take all you can bring, but I can't pay much. They're low-grade fish. How do you aim to bring them—cleaned or as is?"

"Just the way we catch 'em," said Wild-eye.

"Three cents a pound," said Simmons. "I'll take all I can get at that price. I can handle them."

When we went ashore from the fish boat Sleepy drawled, "How are you going to haul the fish, Wild-eye?" and that set us to scratching our heads and I thought of Silas Jackson, the old colored man who has a one-ton motor truck. He hauls ashes and garbage and does odd jobs. We found him in his shanty and he was mighty tickled to come in with us for one-fifth of what we would get for the fish.

"Yas, sah!" he said. "Ah sure gwine be dee-lighted to ketch fish that a-way—ain't no doubt about that."

"Fine and dandy!" Wild-eye said. "We'll watch the paper, and when the water gets as high as it was forty years ago we'll go up there—"

"I think maybe we ought to go up now, Wild-eye," Sleepy yawned. "Forty years is a long time, some ways. A lot of bushes and stuff could grow up to stop the inlet to this Grassy Hollow in forty years. Maybe the fish can't get in unless we clear it out."

"Boy," said Silas, "you said somep'n. We goes there right away."

He knew what he was about, too. He got a couple of spades and an ax and two pitchforks and chucked them into his truck. He found a couple of coils of rope and a good stout seine and dumped them in.

"All us wants now is some gas," he said as he climbed aboard and got behind the wheel. "Seems lak Ah buys gas an' buys gas an' Ah don't never have none when Ah wants it. An' no money."

We all chipped in and bought five gallons, which was more than Silas had ever had in his tank at one time, I guess. We left town and went up the River Road a couple of miles and stopped at Wild-eye's Uncle Joe's house. He said to go ahead and get all the fish we could and that we were welcome to them, and we drove down a lane toward the river.

"Whoa!" Wild-eye shouted. "Here's the place. That's Grassy Hollow yonder."

Well, we had a surprise. Grassy Hollow was about an acre of level land stretched out between two low hillocks and with rich young grass in plenty, but it was a foot deep in water already. And not a sign of fish. Not a fin-ripple anywhere.

"But—but there oughtn't to be water in it yet," Wild-eye said. "Not till the river's higher."

Sleepy Saunders had been half dozing but he wakened up. He was always waking up, saying something smart, and then going back to sleep.

"I guess maybe you forgot one thing, Wild-eye," he said. "The Government put a dam across the head of the slough out there two years ago, and that would raise the water here."

"Come on! Come on!" Wild-eye yelled. "There ought to be fish coming in here. Get those tools and get busy."

It was easy to see why the fish were not coming in. The inlet was plugged up with wild vines and bushes. The water could get through but fish couldn't. We all set to work chopping and hacking and hauling to clear the inlet and—boy!—did we work? Even Sleepy worked some.

Out beyond us the river was rushing along, muddy and rough, and just below us was the dam—broken limestone rocks piled up clear across the slough. The water was already so high that it was running over the top of the dam and tearing on down the slough in muddy bubbles and scum. When the old river is on a rampage like that it's no joke—it scares you.

Well, we were all working like beavers and we had the inlet nice and clear when Scoots looked at the river and shouted, "Hey! Look at that!"

We all turned to look. It was a flatboat, not decked over, and it was coming along about thirty feet from our shore, and the man on it was pushing the sweep like mad, trying to swing the boat around the end of the island to keep it from going down the slough. He was a tough looking old fellow with long red whiskers but that wasn't what was so queer. There was a young cow on the boat—a red heifer—and she was scared half to death. She stood with her legs spraddled and bawled for all she was worth. And the next minute, as we watched, the flatboat hit the top of the dam and swung around sideways to it, and one side of the boat dipped.

For a minute I thought the boat was going down and under, but she didn't. She hung there jouncing up and down, now and then taking in a little water over the side, and grinding against the rocks of the dam. She was just too heavy to go over the dam—there wasn't enough water to float her over.

Wild-eye was shaking with excitement. We all thought the boat would sink or be bashed to pieces any minute. Old Red Whiskers had no time to look at us—probably he didn't see us at all. He was in plenty of trouble.

"Hey, Mister! Mister!" Wild-eye shouted. "We'll help you. Wait—we'll help you."

Old Red Whiskers heard him and lifted his head. The five of us must have looked like some sort of help, and Wild-eye was already running for the place where Silas had left his truck and yelling "Come on, George! Come on, Silas!"

So I ran after him and by the time we got to the truck Wild-eye was yanking the coils of rope and the big seine out of the truck. He knew what he was doing—he was a quick thinker that way. He made us carry the rope and the seine to the edge of the slough at our end of the dam.

"Give me a boost," he ordered, and Silas and Scoots gave him a boost up the trunk of a big maple tree that stood there. Wild-eye caught hold of the lowest branch and got onto it. He kept yelling to Old Red Whiskers to wait a minute, and he had Silas toss up one end of a rope and the big seine, and he inched out farther and farther on the limb.

That stout limb, when you came to notice it, reached out over the dam and the flatboat. Old Red Whiskers was trying his best to keep the boat from bashing to pieces on the dam and he had his hands full trying to fend off with his sweep.

"Hey!" Wild-eye shouted when he was out over the boat. "You got too much weight—you've got to lighten and then you'll go over the dam. We'll take the heifer off."

I didn't catch what Old Red Whiskers said, but Silas murmured, "Goo' by! There goes mah seine!" when Wild-eye dropped the seine down onto the boat.

"Put it under her," Wild-eye shouted. "Put it under the cow. Make a sling of it. Here's the end of the rope. We'll hoist her."

Old Red Whiskers seemed to understand what Wild-eye was getting at. He pulled in his sweep and dropped it and drew one end of the seine under the heifer's belly, and tied the end of the rope to the two ends of the seine. The rope went up and through a crotch of the limb.

"Pull that rope!" Wild-eye called to us as he backed along the limb to the trunk of the tree, and we all four grabbed the rope and pulled. Wild-eye slid down and helped us, calling, "Yo, heave, yo! Yo, heave, yo!" at each pull on the rope. And up the heifer went.

"Mwaw! Mwaw! Mwaw!" she bawled. She was mighty scared, having her middle yanked up by the seine sling and her fore end and hind end hanging down.

The minute the flatboat was lightened of the weight it cleared the top of the dam and went over it, Old Red Whiskers dodging under the heifer as she swung up. The last we saw of the old codger and his boat, they were whirling down the slough with Whiskers working like mad at his sweep. Whether they landed at Cairo or Memphis or New Orleans I don't know.

"By golly, we saved him," Wild-eye panted. "If it hadn't been for us *(Continued on page 37)*

"Mwaw! Mwaw! Mwaw!" she bawled. She was mighty scared, having her middle yanked up by the seine sling and her fore end and hind end hanging down.

Little Mike

Size Doesn't Matter to a Freckled Irishman

by **William Heyliger**

And before you could draw a breath Little Mike had swung back and was racing on—with the ball!

Illustrator: GRATTAN CONDON

THE fact that the boy was Irish had nothing to do with it—not much anyway. That's Walton's story. I'll take off my hat to Walton as a head coach, and I expect him to doff his lid to me as the man who tells it to the backfield, but Walton was always a man for his joke. Not that I'm saying, mind, that the Irish in the boy was a hurt to him. Maybe Walton's a wee bit right and it's because my own name is McNally; but be that as it may I like to see them with some blazing red in their hair, and a bold eye, and freckles spread out across nose and cheeks like battleflags.

During the summer a contractor had tile-drained a spot near the south goal 20-yard line. Walton and I were out on Rockaway Field to see if a sunken area had developed, and suddenly Walton looked around.

"Hello," somebody said.

The lad that had spoken was not more than five feet four, and maybe weighed one hundred and forty pounds after a heavy meal, and the fresh, boyish look of his face made you think that perhaps his mother still looked to see if he had washed behind the ears. But he stood with an air, and he looked at Walton with the bold eye.

I noticed the red hair and the spread of freckles, and I got interested.

"Looking for me?" Walton asked.

"Yes, sir. I want to play football."

"Do you?" said Walton. If he blinked at all he made it look as though it was the sun in his eyes. "What class are you in?"

"Sophomore," said the lad.

"Were you out for freshman football?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?"

"My father thought I was too light."

Walton nodded gravely. I'll say this for Walton, I've never known him intentionally to hurt a man's feelings. "You've gained weight?" he asked.

"Ten pounds," the lad said proudly.

That was something, wasn't it? With the Rockaway line averaging a hundred and ninety and no line of the teams on the schedule weighing less. But what does a fifty-pound handicap mean to a lad with red hair, and bold eyes, and the proper amount of freckles?

"Your name doesn't happen to be Pat?" I asked.

He drew himself up.

"Mine's McNally," I said, as though that should explain a lot.

And maybe it did, for the lad gave me a grin. "It's Mike," he said; "Mike Roach."

"Why," Walton asked, "do you think you can play football?"

"Why," Mike demanded, "do you think I can't?"

There you have a picture of the lad. So when I found he thought he might be a quarterback I told him to report on Tuesday.

"You mean that?" Walton asked after the lad was gone.

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Good gosh, Mac, they'll squash him. One hundred and forty pounds! It'll be like stepping on an ant."

"If they find the ant."

Walton said bitterly: "There's such a thing as carrying patriotism too far. I won't stand for manslaughter. Because this boy happens to be Irish—"

"When," I asked, "did I ever give you a bad backfield?"

Which left Walton, you understand, with nothing to say.

Mike Roach had a late class on Tuesday and got to the gym after the mob had gathered. When I saw him among those Rockaway bullies my heart had a sinking; but when I got a look at him on the scales I felt better. He was well put together, muscle where muscle ought to be, hard and sinewy. After a certain number of years of watching football men come and go you get to know signs. This lad looked as though he'd be hard to hurt. No brittleness.

Chuck Howard, captain and fullback, looked at him popeyed. "What'd you come here for, infant?"

Mike said back at him, "The better to show you some football, grandma."

Oh, the lad could talk to them. That was the good red hair. And out on the field he soon showed that he knew how to tackle, taking the dummy up against his chest and lifting. And on the third day he left no doubt that he could throw a flat, true pass.

"Too bad," said Walton. "If he had thirty more pounds—send him away before the boys start running around the field. I don't want to see him trampled."

But I held him. All Walton asks is that I produce a backfield and no man is cut loose unless I give the nod. I wasn't giving any nod. For I had seen the eyes of Little Mike as he went for the dummy and they were fighting eyes.

"Very well," said Walton. "Let him come out here and breathe the air, but keep him in a safe corner."

And that very day Canfield, the quarterback, spoke to me in the gym. "What's Little Mike out for, Mac?"

"Your job," I said.

The gang roared. After a moment the laughter stopped and Canfield looked uncertain. They didn't know how to take it. Maybe I was serious and maybe I wasn't. That was fine. No player goes soft and useless faster than the man who thinks there's no further competition for his job.

Walton had said to keep Little Mike out of the way. We had four teams at Rockaway. I slipped the lad into the fourth. But how are you going to keep a man shelved when, even if he isn't playing, his red head is bobbing around full of fire and eagerness? And even if you keep a man wrapped up in wool batting you have to use him sometime. So one day, when the second team was heaving into the charging drag and the first was walking through signals, I came over to the third and fourth teams and threw them together. It soon began to look like one of those dead days. A good, safe spot to give Little Mike a try. I gave him the sign. He ran in—and then dynamite exploded.

Why? Don't ask me. Little Mike had something. One minute the fourth team was sleeping on its feet; the next it was yipping and yelling and going places in a large way. I let them scrimmage for eight minutes, and in those eight minutes Little Mike ran up two touchdowns. Then I went back to the varsity signal drill.

"What was the excitement?" Walton asked.

"Little Mike cranked the engine and took the fourth team on a trip."

Walton didn't say anything. He just stared at me.

We beat Kingsland Tech 35-0 in the opening game, and by that time I had sent Little Mike up to the third squad.

"Is this on the level?" Walton asked. "Or is this between Irishmen?"

"Meaning?" I asked. "I don't mind a man having his little joke, but when the joke starts to turn serious—"

"Sorry," said Walton, and that was the last time I heard a crack about the Irish in Mike Roach getting him something. "The player who gets something from me earns it, even if I do have leanings."

I began to talk to the lad; quarterback talk. He drank it in, the bold eyes wide. A mite of a lad; but ah, the head of him—the head. Never was there a need to tell him a thing twice. Sometimes he'd see the answer before you were fairly started, he was that keen and sharp. And the third team began

to eat up ground whenever he was behind there calling signals.

"He's pushing around the fourth," Walton said with a frown.

"He'd push around the second," I told him. "If you're thinking he'll be damaged show me a mark on him for the scrimmaging he's done."

Walton looked at me. After all, there was no getting away from it. Some lads are tough saplings with a gift for taking it. And Walton said: "Throw them together."

You'd have to know Walton to see what a concession that was. My own throat went queerly dry. But there was the second team kicking off. Little Mike made the catch. They were right down on him. But he hip feinted and checked, and dodged one man and sliced past another.

"Do you see it?" I said to Walton. "He runs so close to the ground there's no putting a hand on him."

"It's because they can't see him," said Walton, which was only another of his jokes, mind. Somebody did get him, and he was down after running the ball back twenty-one yards.

I began to talk to the lad; quarterback talk. He drank it in.

They were in the huddle and you'd have wanted to laugh at the red head of the lad not coming up to any other man's armpit. But there was a battery in him that sent electricity into the team, and they came up to the line all readiness, and eagerness, and concentrated power. The ball came back, and Little Mike slipped it to Rodgers, who is a sophomore we've been watching. Rodgers slid off tackle for four yards. One of the halfbacks took it then and smacked right through the center for four more. Third down and two to go. And who takes it on the next play but Little Mike himself. All you saw was something short and squat doing a surprise sneak right between tackle and guard. And it was first down again with no need to bring out the chain to measure.

That second team was mad. Getting socked by the varsity was to be expected, but they didn't like being socked by a third string team and a peanut quarterback. You could see the second team getting right down to business. It didn't help them any. Little Mike called the play, and the ball went to Rodgers on a reverse. The whole left side of the line was flat, and the secondary brought Rodgers down after six yards.

"What do you think of it?" I asked Walton.

Walton said: "Fiery, that Mike. And brainy."

They lined up again, double wingback on the right. The ball snapped and the line held hard. Mike took the ball and back-pedaled. Rodgers came all the way over from the right and crossed outside tackle, and Mike slipped him a pass that was good for eighteen yards. A forward, delayed just long enough to sneak the secondary in.

"Pretty," said Walton. "Look at that secondary now. Spreading out for another pass and yet afraid to spread out too far. What do you think Mike will do?"

Before I could answer Mike did it. From that same wingback formation he sent another reverse around the left. Expecting another pass, the defense was weak. A tackle took out the half and Rodgers took out the safety man. The third squad was over for a touchdown.

They scrimmaged awhile longer and the second evened it up. Then Walton blew his whistle and motioned them in, and we walked up the field. Walton looked at me.

"Is he ready for the second squad yet, Mac?" he asked humbly.

"Let me polish him for a few more days," I answered. One hundred and forty pounds isn't so much on the hoof, but give it a head and you've got something that nobody can laugh off.

Meanwhile, our big Rockaway team with a hundred and ninety pound line that had started rolling along with a 35-0 victory wasn't rolling along quite so smoothly. We took Maryton 12-0. We had expected to win by at least four touchdowns. Pennly, not considered dangerous, held us to a 18-7 score. Coach Walton began to shake up the line. Then Stockton came to Rockaway, got off to a flying start and ran over us for two touchdowns in the first quarter. After that it was a smash battle with our big team lucky to pull out a tie in the last five minutes.

Long after the last player was dressed and gone Walton and I sat in the office off the gym and held a Lodge of Sorrow. Something that could not be explained had happened. A team that had power, weight and experience was simply not using what it had. You couldn't pin it on any one man or any group of men. The team was bad and growing worse.

"It isn't what they do," Walton sighed, "and it isn't what they don't do. Mechanically they go through all the motions."

"You give it a name," I said.

"What?"

"Mechanical. No inspiration." And while Walton turned that in his mind I added: "They're dull; they're drab. They need a sparkplug. Somebody who can make them come to life." And in that moment I think we both knew the answer.

Walton said slowly: "If there was a chance—"

"You know it's better than a chance," I pressed hard.

Walton got up and began to walk around the office. The student manager came in with a list and absentmindedly the coach signed a requisition for gauze bandages, tape and a dozen footballs. Then he came back to me shaking his head.

"I can't do it, Mac," he said finally. "He'd get hurt."

And much as I hated to hear that, I liked Walton for saying it.

Overnight, all Rockaway seemed to sense the team's lifelessness. Here was a team undefeated and yet—going downhill. By Monday the knowledge of it might just as well have been published in the campus daily. You ran into it all over the place. When the squad assembled on Monday afternoon it was there, too. Monday's practice is always light. Walton takes the first and second teams into the stands and goes over the Saturday game. Then signal drill with the first and second teams polishing away on plays that had not clicked.

I try to forget that day's varsity drill. Canfield ran the team for a while and then Luce took over. When a team gets the idea it's licked—yes; it was as bad as that. The varsity was about as drab as a varsity could be. And on the other side of the field a red-haired midget drove the second team, and fused it into something, and actually made it look good. One hundred and forty pounds, plus a heart and a head!

I'm admitting we were worried. When a team goes off like that there's nothing to do except pour out serene confidence and hope that it will work. Walton talked and talked, wide and large. But every so often I saw him glance across to where Little Mike was lighting torches.

Saturday we were to play La Salle. When I got back to the office Walton was studying the scouting reports in an effort to find encouragement. It wasn't there. This La Salle team was big and fast and had done things consistently through four games. There are some teams that have a specialty—trick plays, power drives, or passes. La Salle's specialty was just being all-around good.

"You know what happens if we go through the wringer Saturday?" Walton asked.

I knew. The games after that would be motion pictures of Rockaway taking it on the chin. On the other hand if we won, got back our morale—

"Were you watching Little Mike today?" I asked.

Walton said: "How about going downtown to eat? I'm hungry."

So I said no more about Mike Roach. I know when my signals have been checked.

But a man would have to be blind not to see, as the week wore on, that there was one team on the field vitally alive—Mike's team.

Walton carried on serenely through that week. Signals; a little—very little—scrimmaging; kick-off drills and long punting sessions with relays of ends going down under the kicks. Not a word or a sign of anxiety; practice carried on as crisply as though Rockaway was headed for the Rose Bowl. That was Walton. And a routine, spiritless practice that reminded you of dishwater. That was Rockaway.

Friday we came into the office and closed the door. Walton began to strip off; we have our own private shower behind the office. He sat on the edge of the desk with a jersey in his hands.

"You're right, Mac," he said. "For a small man he's tough. But a hundred and forty pounds—"

"He'd make a fight for you," I said.

"For how long? How many minutes would he be able to stand it?"

How did I know? There's a luck about that, big or little.

"I've seen the strongest man on a team go out on the first play," I told him.

"When you've seen that," said Walton, "it gives you something to think about." He threw the jersey toward a chair and went to the shower.

I wasn't surprised when Canfield was picked to start the game. I've seen stage fright on a football field, and Little Mike had yet to park himself in a game. Let the lad sit on a bench and lose his first-quarter nerves. After that — Well, if Walton wanted somebody to make a fight of it there was Mike Roach for him. There's a thought for you. The field overrun with hundred and eighty pounders and me picking Little Mike as the lad to make the fight.

There are games that fill you with a sick regret. Before the teams were on the field five minutes Walton and I knew that this game would be one of those. For this Rockaway team of ours, even playing like tin soldiers you wind up with a key, was almost able to hold La Salle even. Just a mite of what the lads could really do and there'd have been nothing to it.

And the way La Salle worked was like the slow turning of a vise. Three times Chuck Howard, kicking with a strong wind behind him, saved us from danger—only to have La Salle go back to work. It got to be like a fixed table in arithmetic; you'd say to yourself, "This time she ought to come to here." And there she'd be. Slow, but inevitable. The steady, unspectacular type of football that doesn't give the stands anything to cheer but the final score.

We held them off in the first quarter. There's something bulldog about Rockaway even when she's bad. But in the second quarter La Salle increased the pressure and Chuck no longer had the wind. We were fighting on our fifteen, our ten, our five. Then La Salle hit the center with a power play and the ball was over.

There was a bad pile-up. Somebody lay on the bottom. "It's Canfield," I said.

Walton looked around. I thought he was squinting for Mike Roach and I moved out of the way. But Walton said:

"Luce."

Luce began to warm up.

They had Canfield on his feet and you could see it was his knee. Bad. He hobbled toward the sideline with Chuck Howard on one side of him and an end named Osgood on the other. Luce went in and Little Mike sat there near me looking out at the field with hungry eyes.

La Salle missed the try for point after touchdown.

"We can still win this," said Walton. That missed point gave us a chance.

Queer things happen after a touchdown. Rockaway fought. But a purely defensive fight. What we wanted was the old sock-it-to-them. A defensive team can't come up from behind. And the half ended 6-0.

Rockaway came back to the gym dulled and weary.

"What's holding them back?" Mike Roach asked me. He was almost crying.

Walton didn't go into any dramatics at the half. He didn't speak twenty words.

"You can win this game if you want to," he said. And after that: "Watch the wind."

Well, I guess they didn't want to—badly enough. The second quarter flash of fight was gone. It became another mathematical proposition. How many changes of the ball before La Salle got within scoring distance and went over? A fumble had cost her one chance. One of our plays clicked and we were on our own forty. From there Howard kicked against the wind and it was La Salle's ball on her thirty-five. She ran a single play at the line. No hurry. She could save her strength and wait until she got within scoring range. She kicked, and the wind helped, and Luce waited down on his fifteen. An end was on him and they went down together.

The end got up. Luce didn't.

I looked at Walton.

"Mike," he said.

Little Mike was off that bench with a leap, warming up. Luce's ankle was gone. As he came out a little redhead streaked across the field. A voice roared out of the La Salle stands:

"Somebody call his nurse before the big boys hurt him."

I saw Walton wince.

But I wasn't thinking of hurts. Have you ever lighted the end of a string and watched the fire run up it? That's what I was thinking of. For it seemed that a flame had gone out there to light up something dead and lifeless.

In the huddle, a red-headed lad crackling signals. The line-up. It ought to be a punt, I thought. But the ball was snapped to Hill, the left half. Hill smacked through La Salle's right guard for three yards.

Not much, three yards. But when you've watched your team push and stumble all afternoon, a solid smack for three yards looks good. A sparkplug had gone into the dead engine and turned it over. Howard's back was straighter and less weary, and something had happened to Osgood.

The team wanted to know how much time was left.

Only seconds left of the third quarter. And wind! The flags on the poles around the stands whipped and snapped. Two down and seven to go, under the goal posts. The situation demanded a punt. But from punt formation Little Mike sent Chuck outside tackle for another three yards. The Rockaway rooters were standing, shouting nervously. But I was catching on. Then the quarter ended.

A lad on the bench complained bitterly.

"Of all the crazy plays—"

Maybe it will be *that* lad's misfortune to always be a substitute. Maybe the keen mind will come on him and he'll learn. La Salle was hooting, but Walton and I were giving each other eyes and for the first time Walton's eyes were unclouded. We had just seen football. The situation *did* call for a punt. But Little Mike was trying to eat up seconds and run out the quarter. Fourth down? Sure he'd be kicking on fourth down. But a trailing team has to gamble and now the teams would change goals and Howard would be kicking with a spanking wind behind him.

I've noticed that when a team comes to life it comes to life all over. Chuck Howard's punt was ten yards better than any punt he'd made that day. Of course, some of it was the wind; but a lot of it was Mike Roach. The La Salle safety man, playing for an average Howard punt, couldn't get back in time. The ball went over his head, and was still rolling when Osgood fell on it on the La Salle five. From our own fifteen all the way down to their five! And all because a lad any of those bullies could have taken for breakfast had had the sharpness to eat up seconds by keeping the ball and risking a kick on fourth down to get the wind.

Probably, up in the radio booth, an announcer was shouting, "Folks, the complexion of this game has changed." I'm here to tell you it had. In more ways than one. Your own team isn't the only one that senses a change of heart; the other team senses it, too. La Salle took time out. When the whistle blew time in, she kicked. We were in there trying to break through. The kick was hurried. It went low and rolled around and was finally our ball on La Salle's thirty-five.

Ah, but you should have seen the lad then! You could fairly glimpse the sparks coming out of him. He sent Howard off tackle on a spinner, and Howard made five yards. And on the next play who took the ball but the lad himself. He came right through a blasted hole in the center, looking like a red rabbit among the greyhounds, and I could almost hear Walton holding his breath. The fullback was there

He sent Howard off tackle on a spinner, and Howard made five yards.

and I waited to see Mike crushed. But nobody had noticed Osgood behind him to the left. Neat as you please the lad turned and lateraled to Osgood. And Osgood wasn't downed until he reached the eighteen.

You should have seen the Rockaway team then. Not only did they have the ball in La Salle territory but they were carrying it on.

It was La Salle who was doing the digging in now. Chuck's favorite reverse put him over the right tackle for four yards. Hill cracked over guard for two more. And it was third down with three to go and the ball on La Salle's eleven.

Little Mike was yelping, "Sock it to 'em," and I could hear him above the roar of the stands. They lined up double wingback. I caught Walton's arm.

"It's Mike again and a lateral to Osgood."

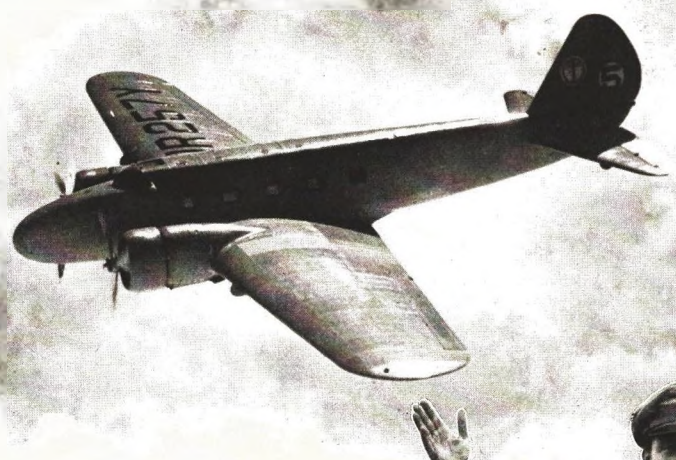
Nothing could stop Rockaway now, and the center of the line collapsed. Mike scampered through the hole. But now he had the full and a defensive half before him. They were expecting him and they were expecting another lateral. Why not? Would anybody look for a stripling to try to bust through the secondary? And so, as they come in on him fast they also came in warily.

And of a sudden there *(Continued on page 35)*

LOST!

Colonel Roscoe Turner's Story of the London-to-Melbourne Air Race as written by

Franklin M. Reck



"Hello, folks, (says Turner) meet my ship!"

FLYING from Los Angeles to New York in 10 hours 2 minutes is one thing. You have a familiar terrain, beacons, and a chain of well-lighted, hard-surfaced fields to give you aid.

Flying from London to Melbourne over a strange course, with landing fields few and far between, is quite another. It's on such a trip that you're likely to encounter the package of grief peculiar to flying—the dismay of sitting in a cabin somewhere between earth and sky, your gas running out, pitch-black night outside, and no place to land. If you have to get lost, get lost on the ground. Not over a jungle populated by tigers and a river inhabited by playful crocodiles. That, however, is the climax to this yarn, so I'll save it for later.

I had to get into the London-Melbourne race. The Fate that runs my life, bless her heart, wears hobnail shoes and spends most of her time kicking me into trouble. Anyhow, the idea grew upon me that America ought to be represented in what promised to be one of the greatest air races of all time.

The occasion was Melbourne's hundredth anniversary. First prize, 10,000 pounds. The course, from London via Bagdad, Allahabad, Singapore, Darwin, and Charleville, to Melbourne. Something over eleven thousand miles of mountain desert, jungle and ocean. You could make as many stops as you wished, but you had to hit those five control points.

The competition was something to think about. There was the team of Scott and Black. There were the Mollisons, and O. Cathcart Jones and K. F. H. Waller—the cream of British flyers, all flying the specially built DeHavilland Comet Racers. There were Parmentier and Moll, pilots of the Royal Dutch Airlines, in an American-built Douglas. There was the team of G. J. Geysendorfer and D. L. Asjes, Dutch aces, flying a Pander S.4.

Many of them had made the trip before. Scott had broken the record from London to Melbourne with monotonous regularity. Parmentier and Moll had flown over most of the course on their regular run from Amsterdam to Batavia. All in all, it promised to be a stiff test.

A book could be devoted to the cost of preparing for the race, so we'd better omit finance in this story. I borrowed a new Boeing 247-D from United Air Lines—a commercial cabin plane exactly like those flown on the airlines of this country. According to the rules of the race we were supposed to use standard A. T. C. commercial planes.

My ship had two 550-horsepower Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines. It was built to carry 1125 gallons of gas. The cruising speed of the Boeing was around 185 miles per hour.

I could have picked a non-salaried crew from the scores of voluntary offers that came in, but I decided to pay my crew and pick the best. For co-pilot I selected Clyde Pangborn, the man who hopped the Pacific from Tokyo to Washington state. I consider him just about the best long-distance flyer in the business. My radio operator was Reeder Nichols, who built and installed the radio we carried.

Getting the big plane to England was a task in itself. I finally found a liner with enough deck space to hold the plane, but when we went to hoist it aboard we discovered that the hoisting machinery lacked six feet of being large enough. At an expense of $500 the gear was remodeled to accommodate the plane.

The captain of *(Continued on page 32)*

Left: Col. Turner inspects the gas tanks that fill the cabin. Above: Here they are, Turner, Pangborn, Nichols, partners in danger.

A famous line coach tells you how to

Be a Better Lineman

by Mitchell V. Charnley

He Develops All-Americans

YOU could build an All-American line from the All-Americans who have played under George Hauser. Listen to these names: Fesler, Gilman and Monahan of Ohio State; and Larson, Bengston, Widseth, Smith, Bevan and Wilkinson of the University of Minnesota. You'd even have a couple of substitutes!

In high school in Cedar Falls, Iowa, Hauser was a fullback. But at Minnesota, in 1915-16-17, he became a tackle, and Walter Camp listed him as All-American in 1917. He's been line coach at Minnesota since 1932. Last year experts gave his Gopher line major credit for Minnesota's championship rating. Here he tells you how to become a good lineman.

George Hauser, coach of the crack Minnesota lines.

LINEMEN on college football teams don't differ from high school players so much in the things they do. They just do them better."

Big George Hauser smiles. That smile gives you confidence that he knows what he's talking about. He goes on:

"Lots of high school linemen come to Minnesota with the idea that we're going to teach them post-graduate football—that fundamentals are a part of their past. That's wrong. They're going to hear a lot about fundamentals, and they're going to spend a lot of time drilling on them."

What about those last two Minnesota lines—championship lines—with names like Bill Bevan, Vern Oech and Bud Wilkinson, guards; Phil Bengston, Dick Smith and Ed Widseth, tackles; Butch Larson and Bob Tenner, ends; Dale Rennebohm, center. Were those players on All-American lists because of fundamentals? Hauser thinks so.

"No lineman is ready to be called a regular until he knows so much fundamental football that he can forget he knows it," Coach Hauser says. "It has to be pure habit. He must charge and block and follow through automatically. You see, he has to have his head clear to think about his job on the play—he can't stop to wonder what to do with a leg or a shoulder. That's why we work to make fundamentals come as naturally as breathing. And it takes plenty of work."

That magnificent Gopher goal-line stand against Nebraska last fall, when weakness would have lost a hard-won lead, comes to mind. Fundamentals, then, did that. . . . You ask the big coach what a lineman learns first.

"Stance," he says. "I'll show you." He leaves his office chair and crouches on the floor. He's a "right-handed" lineman—his right hand is down, arm almost vertical; his right foot is back, with the calf horizontal. His feet are well apart.

"We keep that calf low because it holds the body down," he explains, looking up. "And the arm is just about vertical because it makes it possible either to charge forward or to pull back out of the line. If the arm is slanting backward, it's hard to charge; if it's too far forward, it's hard to pull to the rear.

"We don't want different stances for different plays, because a habit, once formed, simplifies a man's actions and because any change of position would be a dead give-away to the man facing us. This 'three-point position' serves every purpose."

"Does it make any difference whether a man is left-handed or right-handed?" you ask.

"We never try to change a man's natural stance," the coach says, rising. "If he's left-handed, let him stay left-handed. Mostly linemen are right-handed. Phil Bengston was about the only left-handed regular we've had in a long time."

Minnesota line candidates spend most of their time in winter and spring practice on this and other fundamentals, he adds, and they keep at it during the regular playing season.

"What is the second basic step?" you ask.

"The charge," says Hauser. "And the thing to remember about the charge is that it's first a lunge."

To you that means catapulting yourself into the air, and leaving the ground entirely. You can see that there's power in that kind of charge. But doesn't it lose its drive as soon as the lunge is ended?

Hauser grins cheerfully. "It would if you hadn't trained yourself into the right kind of habit. If your feet just trailed behind you, you'd be done almost as soon as you started. So you pull them up under you as soon as you lunge. When you strike your man, you have them back in position, wide apart so that you can't be thrown to one side or the other. You can keep going, taking advantage of your starting momentum.

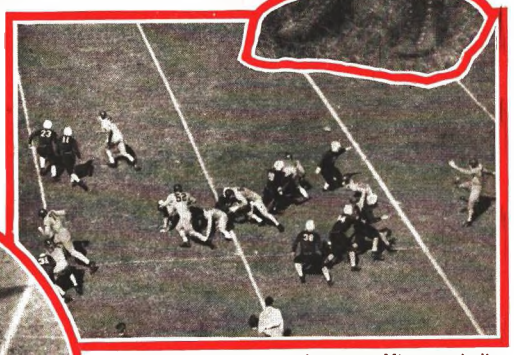
"There's only one way to learn this—practice! Keep plugging at it so hard and so long that it becomes second nature. And that's why we spend so much time on it in early practice. Otherwise there'd be none of the follow-through that's so important in an offensive charge."

He goes on to tell you of the advantage the offensive lineman has over the defensive.

"The defensive team has to wait for the snap of the ball," he says. "You start your lunge on a signal—the signal that tells the center to pass the ball. You have an all-important fraction of a second. So you're in motion before your opponent, and you ought to hit him well across the line of scrimmage. Your impetus gives you a real advantage.

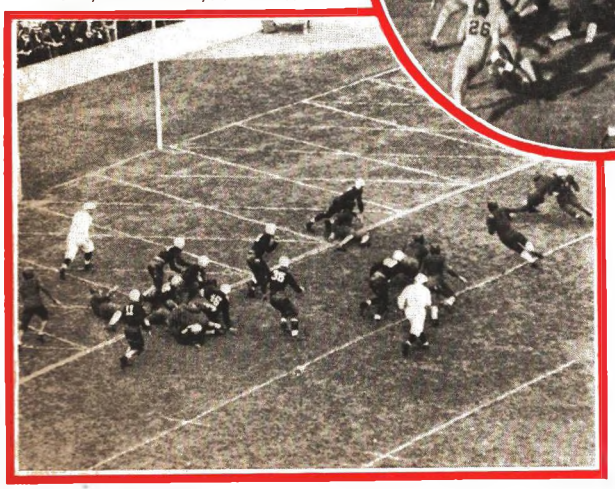
"You'll learn two kinds of charges. In one you simply hit a man and hold him out of action, using what we call the 'tie-up block.'

"Let's say that the ball carrier is going through to your right. Your assignment is to hold out the man opposite you, forcing him to your left. At the signal you lunge, directing *(Continued on page 26)*



A good punt often saves the game. Minnesota's line has here done its work well, so that George Roscoe has plenty of time to get off the kick.

North Dakota starts a play that won't get far—Minnesota's line has broken through. There's not a Gopher on the ground!



Minnesota's fighting line clears the way for Roscoe's touchdown against Nebraska. Final score, Minnesota 12, Nebraska 7.

Friendly talks
WITH THE EDITOR

World Series Days

THE WORLD SERIES is approaching, and for one week baseball will crowd all other news out of the headlines. New heroes will come along to take the place of Goose Goslin, who singled home the winning run of the 1935 series, and Tommy Bridges, who retired three Cub batters after Stanley Hack had tripled to open the ninth inning of the final game. And we can't resist the thought, here, that baseball is one game in which fans and players really get together. That day, for instance, when a fat robin came to visit Navin Field, home of the Detroit Tigers, and planted himself in front of Goose Goslin, out in left field. Detroit was playing Philadelphia that day, and the Athletics were at bat. The fans called Goslin's attention to the bird. "Hey, Goose!" they yelled. "Here's a rookie, come to take your place. Might as well have a robin as a Goose!" The crowd yelled friendly insults at both Goose and robin, and Goose yelled back at the crowd. Everybody was having a nice time when the batter hit an easy fly ball toward left field. It became apparent to everyone that the ball was going to light a few yards in front of the robin and they called to Goose not to disturb the bird. With great consideration he came forward in a wide circle and failed to reach the ball, letting it drop for a single.

Every year, the two major leagues buy 100,000 baseballs at a cost of $125,000, most of which are fouled into the stands and kept as souvenirs by the fans.

The Robin Stayed

A FEW minutes later Goose trotted in for Detroit's turn at bat, but the robin stayed on. Perhaps he had just dined royally on a big night crawler and was too lazy to move. Or maybe he was waiting for Detroit to take the field again, so that he could get another look at the guy who had driven in the winning run of the 1935 World Series. At any rate, when the Philadelphia left fielder took his place where Goose had been, there was the robin, staring up at him. The fans called the fielder's attention to the bird and told him what Goose had done. Then, by one of those strange coincidences of baseball, another fly ball came to the same spot, a few yards from the bird. And the Athletics' left fielder, not to be outdone by the Goose, swung wide to avoid the robin, thereby letting the ball drop safely for a hit. Unfortunately the Athletics were behind, and the left fielder couldn't afford any more gifts to Detroit, so he shooed the bird away, but the banter between bleacher fans and player continued all afternoon. We wonder if the official scorer up in the press box, marking down those funny hits, ever found out what happened. He must have thought Goslin and the Philadelphia left fielder victims of sunstroke. They weren't. They were just having a good time with their best friends, the bleacher fans.

In dry regions, the roots of bur oak trees are as long as the tree above ground.

He Got the Job

TO one young man of our acquaintance a certain part of his home life was a pain in the neck. His father insisted on Swedish being spoken in the home. At the time, it was hard to see the value of Swedish to a fellow who planned to become the successful American business man. German might be useful in a scientific way. Or Spanish, which was generally thought of as the coming language of commerce, might do some good. But Swedish! Time passed and the young man took economics at the University of Chicago, got a job in a large electrical manufacturing company and worked up to a responsible position. Then came Opportunity with a capital O. One of the world's largest corporations was picking executives for its export service and our friend applied. In spite of stiff competition and severe examinations our friend was one of those selected, and he won on three counts: 1. His personality. 2. His good record. 3. His knowledge of Swedish—the corporation was developing a big business in the Scandinavian countries and Swedish fitted in perfectly. His father's annoying habit of making him speak Swedish in the home had won for him his biggest job.

During the first quarter of this year, motor fatalities were nine per cent less than last year, meaning that 650 people are living today who otherwise would be dead.

Those Painful Subjects

IF you care to translate our Swedish friend's experience to your own life, the point is this: certain courses in school may be as much of a pain in the neck to you as Swedish was to him. Our own particular pain-in-the-neck study was an agricultural course called Farm Crops and Soils. One of the worst things about this subject was that it came at 1:10 in the afternoon when it was practically impossible to stay awake. Even sitting in the front row didn't help. We could go to sleep shamelessly right under the professor's nose. His pearls of wisdom bounced off our heads without even disturbing our snores, and yet, by some miracle, a few gems lodged in the eaves and stayed with us. And what little we did retain has been useful. Our crop and soil information didn't earn us a job, but it has helped us understand the drought. With the Middle West degenerating from farm land into desert under our very eyes we have appreciated the little bits of fact that stayed with us those hot, sleepy afternoons in a college classroom. So give your pain-in-the-neck studies a break, this coming school year. Maybe the subject you least like will help *you*.

by FRANCES FROST

FROM the low rail fence on which I sat
The stubble-fields were bright and flat.
A crow bent down a cat-tail stalk
Above a noisy cricket's rock.
The warm sun slid toward the pasture hill,
But the crow and I perched poised and still,
Eying each other, surveying the world,
Marking a small green fern-frond curled
Like a sea horse, lost on the russet ground,
Hearing the cricket's endless sound.
And the crow and I admired together
The October earth and the golden weather!

The Grand Coulee dam on the Columbia River will irrigate 1,300,000 acres of land, or about 2,000 square miles.

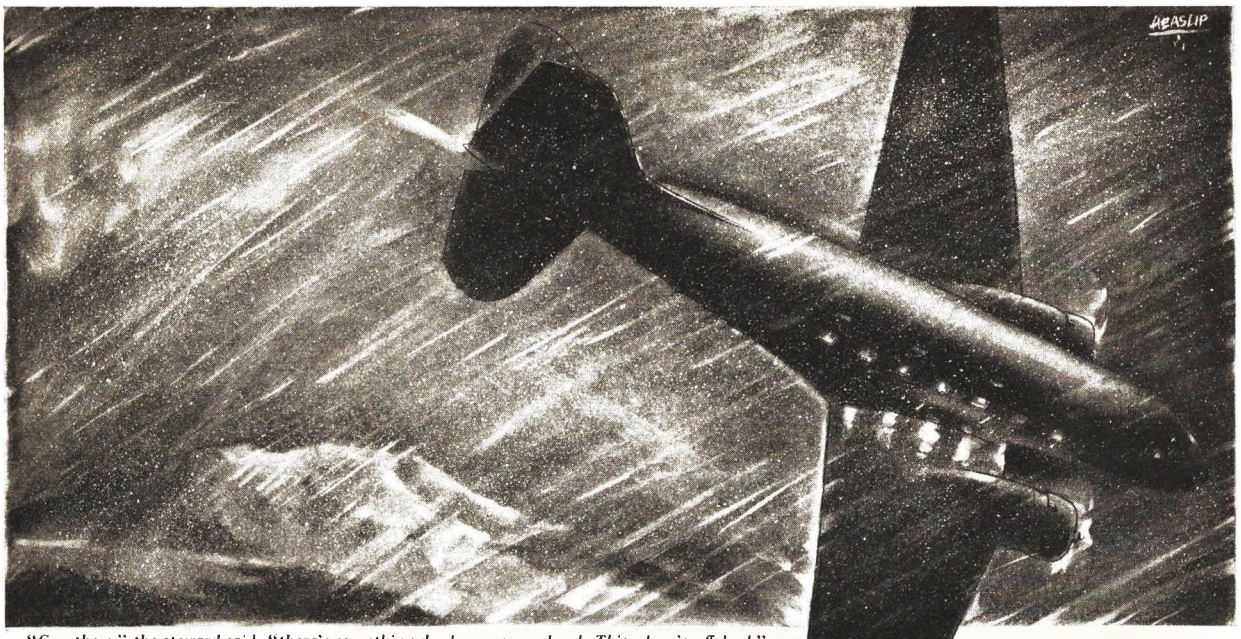
Good-by, Farms!

THERE'S a farmer in Iowa, vigorous and active, who first saw his present farm sixty-five years ago. He was a boy of ten, then, and his parents had selected the farm site the fall before, paying a few dollars an acre at a land office. The land had looked good, then, even though the prairie grass stood six feet high over the entire tract. But when the family came back in the spring to start farming, an appalling sight met their eyes. Their farm was a lake. The spring rains had settled over the level stretch, and most of their half section was under water. In the course of time they did the natural thing. They dug ditches which carried off the rain water and drained the annual lake. If you want to understand what's happening to our soil, picture millions of other farmers also digging ditches. The spring rains come. Some of the water soaks into the ground. The excess runs off into the drainage ditches, thence to the near-by creek, from the creek to the river, down the river to the Mississippi. This excess rain water—which used to settle in great pools and soak away gradually through the summer months—carries soil away with it. Rain water is carrying our rich farm lands into the ocean at the rate of three billion tons a year. That's enough, says Stuart Chase, to fill a string of freight cars 475,000 miles long—a train long enough to girdle the earth 19 times at the Equator.

A new instrument has been developed that gives warning of mine cave-ins, in sufficient time so that miners can rush to safety.

Let's Save the Soil

WHILE water is taking soil out of Iowa and other Midwest states, the wind is blowing Kansas farms into Nebraska, devastating both states. Lands that used to be fertile now look like the Sahara, and it has all happened in the last eighty years, since men plowed up the prairie sod and exposed it to the destructive force of wind and rain. The job of preventing the Middle West from becoming a desert makes the coming presidential election seem relatively unimportant. Whoever becomes president will have to build more small reservoirs to prevent the spring waters from pouring down into Old Man River in a flood. Forests will have to be planted on the hillsides for the same reason. This vital, present-day problem—saving our farms—all ties into a subject that we thought dull in college. Pain-in-the-neck studies have a way of popping up and saying, "See? Maybe, next time, you'll pay a little attention to me."



"Caruthers," the steward said, "there's something dead wrong up ahead. This plane's off keel."

Sleeper Plane *to the* Coast

by

Frederic Nelson Litten

THE clock in the terminal at Quesada Airport struck eleven; on the balcony under the clock the announcer lifted his megaphone and called:

"Sleeper section for the coast will leave in thirty minutes!"

Johnny Caruthers, at the lunch counter on the main floor, set down his coffee cup and glanced sharply through the window. It was a clear starry night with a brilliant Texas moon that dimmed the amber boundary markers on the flying field. As he watched, a floodlight battery drenched the north-south runway in dazzling illumination, and down the hangar line a plane broke into thunder.

Johnny slid quickly from the stool, gave himself a hasty survey in the mirror back of the shiny coffee urn. His suit was plenty wrinkled, but the change to a clean shirt in the washroom had helped some. The waitress was stacking dishes; no one in the crowded lobby noticed him. Johnny straightened to his full six feet, and holding out his hand as if in greeting, said:

"Glad to know you, Mr. Quinn. . . . Confident I can make good, sir. I've done transport flying in the Air C-cor—"

His voice cracked, and he broke off grinning. That all-day ride in the supply truck from Fort Crockett had done things to the pipes. But, voice or no voice, the job *had* to be his. Swinging determinedly, Johnny crossed the lobby to the information desk.

The operator at the switchboard shook her head.

"They're still in conference," she said. "I'm sorry."

"We're *both* sorry," answered Johnny. "If I could just talk with Mr. Reeves and Mr. Quinn together."

"Well, I sent in your application—" The girl hesitated, then laughed. "You sure can take it, hanging around all night. I'll remind 'em you're still here. It's the last chance. Mr. Quinn is flying the sleeper plane himself."

Johnny took out the letter from Mr. Reeves and read the concluding paragraphs again:

"When your active duty with the Air Corps ends, get in touch with me. I shall be at Quesada Airport on the Texas border during the first week of November. We are putting on sleeper plane service to the coast, and there is a chance that I can place you.

You may be sure anything I can do for Bill Caruther's son will not be overlooked.

Sincerely,
Gordon Reeves
Director of Flying
Midcontinent Air Lines"

Folding the letter, Johnny dropped it into his coat.

"I'll wait awhile," he said. "There's a half hour before plane leaving time. Mr. Reeves won't overlook me."

A red light on the switchboard glowed, and the girl flipped a cord-plug into place.

"Quesada Airport," she said crisply. "Operations? . . . I'll connect you."

Johnny could hear the voice in the receiver, faint but urgent, then the girl looked up.

"It's the weather observer on Kite's Peak," she said. "There's a storm over the mountains. They might cancel the sleeper plane—it's the first flight, you know. Then you could talk to Mr. Quinn and Mr. Reeves tomorrow."

Johnny smiled; a girl would say that. Not a chance for a canceled schedule. The sleeper plane was one of the new Locklears; super-ships, equipped with every gadget for comfort and safety. And the air route to the coast was covered by radio beam.

He said, "They won't cancel the flight."

"No, I don't suppose they will," the girl replied. She shivered. "*I* wouldn't ride that plane tonight for pay." The light on the switchboard blinked again, and she put through a call to Number One hangar. "It's Mr. Quinn," she whispered, "ordering the crew chief to turn on the cabin heating. He's going down himself to check the plane."

"Told you the flight wouldn't be cancelled," Johnny said. He grinned. "You know, I think *I'll* go down to the hangar too—a surprise attack, as we say in the Air Corps."

The operator stared. "Air Corps!" she repeated. "Listen, are you an Army pilot?"

"Ex-Army," corrected Johnny. "You saw it on my application, didn't you?" But the girl's face puzzled him. "Anything wrong with the Army?" he inquired.

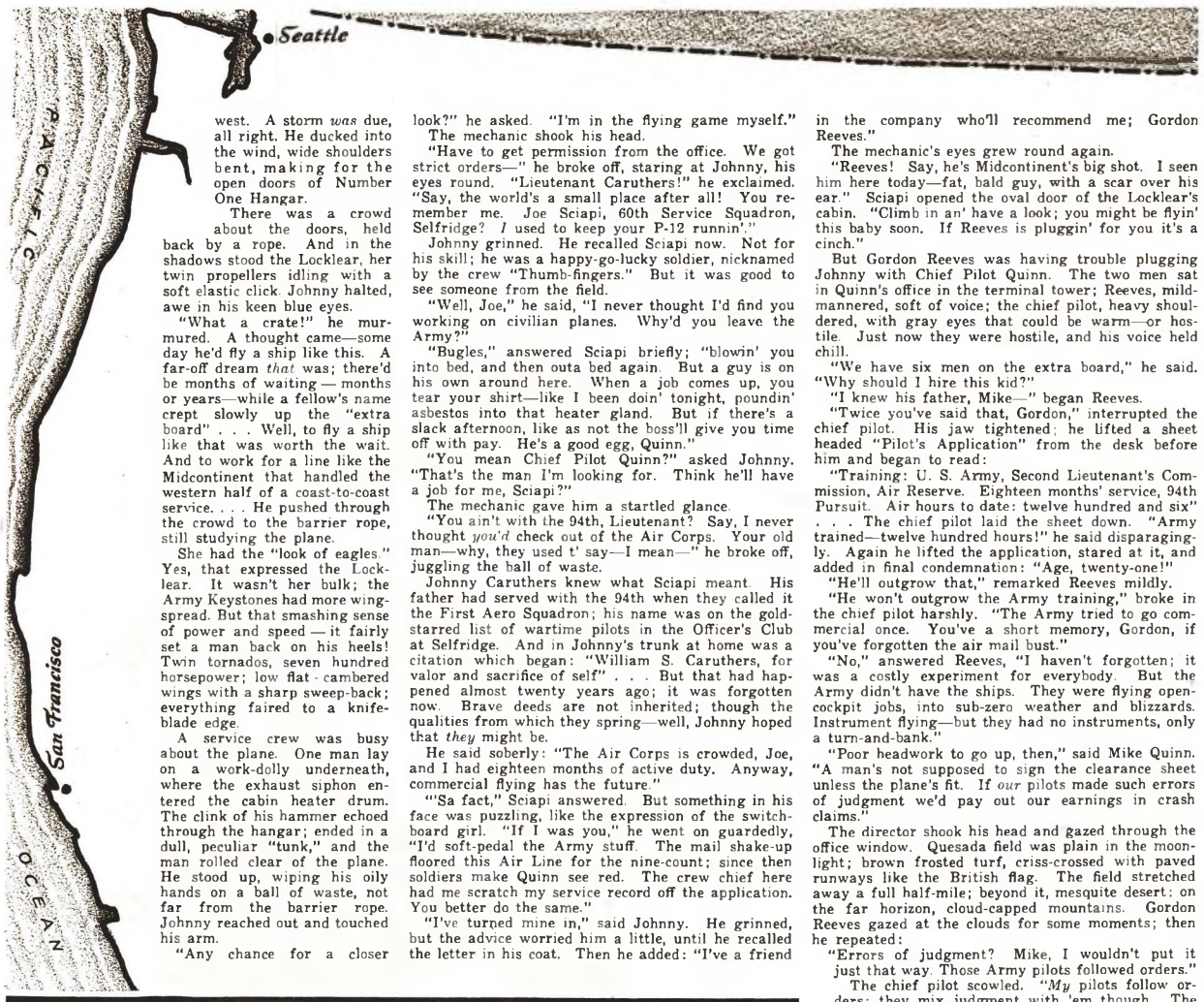
She hesitated. "No—nothing. Only—well, I wouldn't feature it when you talk to Mr. Quinn. He's hard-boiled—and he doesn't like the Army." She smiled. "I hope you get your job. Better hurry, they'll be rolling the plane out."

Johnny thanked her and turned for the terminal entrance. A sharp wind swept the hangar road; the wind tee spun in the cross-currents. "Not so hot for the take-off," muttered Johnny.

He looked up at the flashing beacon over the control tower. Dust clouds whirled through the beam; and the sky looked black over the mountains to the

Illustrator: WILLIAM HEASLIP

Meet a former army pilot, Johnny Caruthers, in this new series of fast-flying commercial air yarns



west. A storm *was* due, all right. He ducked into the wind, wide shoulders bent, making for the open doors of Number One Hangar.

There was a crowd about the doors, held back by a rope. And in the shadows stood the Locklear, her twin propellers idling with a soft elastic click. Johnny halted, awe in his keen blue eyes.

"What a crate!" he murmured. A thought came—some day he'd fly a ship like this. A far-off dream *that* was; there'd be months of waiting — months or years—while a fellow's name crept slowly up the "extra board" . . . Well, to fly a ship like that was worth the wait. And to work for a line like the Midcontinent that handled the western half of a coast-to-coast service. . . . He pushed through the crowd to the barrier rope, still studying the plane.

She had the "look of eagles." Yes, that expressed the Locklear. It wasn't her bulk; the Army Keystones had more wingspread. But that smashing sense of power and speed — it fairly set a man back on his heels! Twin tornados, seven hundred horsepower; low flat-cambered wings with a sharp sweep-back; everything faired to a knife-blade edge.

A service crew was busy about the plane. One man lay on a work-dolly underneath, where the exhaust siphon entered the cabin heater drum. The clink of his hammer echoed through the hangar; ended in a dull, peculiar "tunk," and the man rolled clear of the plane. He stood up, wiping his oily hands on a ball of waste, not far from the barrier rope. Johnny reached out and touched his arm.

"Any chance for a closer look?" he asked. "I'm in the flying game myself."

The mechanic shook his head.

"Have to get permission from the office. We got strict orders—" he broke off, staring at Johnny, his eyes round. "Lieutenant Caruthers!" he exclaimed. "Say, the world's a small place after all! You remember me. Joe Sciapi, 60th Service Squadron, Selfridge? *I* used to keep your P-12 runnin'."

Johnny grinned. He recalled Sciapi now. Not for his skill; he was a happy-go-lucky soldier, nicknamed by the crew "Thumb-fingers." But it was good to see someone from the field.

"Well, Joe," he said, "I never thought I'd find you working on civilian planes. Why'd you leave the Army?"

"Bugles," answered Sciapi briefly; "blowin' you into bed, and then outa bed again. But a guy is on his own around here. When a job comes up, you tear your shirt—like I been doin' tonight, poundin' asbestos into that heater gland. But if there's a slack afternoon, like as not the boss'll give you time off with pay. He's a good egg, Quinn."

"You mean Chief Pilot Quinn?" asked Johnny. "That's the man I'm looking for. Think he'll have a job for me, Sciapi?"

The mechanic gave him a startled glance.

"You ain't with the 94th, Lieutenant? Say, I never thought *you'd* check out of the Air Corps. Your old man—why, they used t' say—I mean—" he broke off, juggling the ball of waste.

Johnny Caruthers knew what Sciapi meant. His father had served with the 94th when they called it the First Aero Squadron; his name was on the gold-starred list of wartime pilots in the Officer's Club at Selfridge. And in Johnny's trunk at home was a citation which began: "William S. Caruthers, for valor and sacrifice of self" . . . But that had happened almost twenty years ago; it was forgotten now. Brave deeds are not inherited; though the qualities from which they spring—well, Johnny hoped that *they* might be.

He said soberly: "The Air Corps is crowded, Joe, and I had eighteen months of active duty. Anyway, commercial flying has the future."

"'Sa fact," Sciapi answered. But something in his face was puzzling, like the expression of the switchboard girl. "If I was you," he went on guardedly, "I'd soft-pedal the Army stuff. The mail shake-up floored this Air Line for the nine-count; since then soldiers make Quinn see red. The crew chief here had me scratch my service record off the application. You better do the same."

"I've turned mine in," said Johnny. He grinned, but the advice worried him a little, until he recalled the letter in his coat. Then he added: "I've a friend in the company who'll recommend me; Gordon Reeves."

The mechanic's eyes grew round again.

"Reeves! Say, he's Midcontinent's big shot. I seen him here today—fat, bald guy, with a scar over his ear." Sciapi opened the oval door of the Locklear's cabin. "Climb in an' have a look; you might be flyin' this baby soon. If Reeves is pluggin' for you it's a cinch."

But Gordon Reeves was having trouble plugging Johnny with Chief Pilot Quinn. The two men sat in Quinn's office in the terminal tower; Reeves, mild-mannered, soft of voice; the chief pilot, heavy shouldered, with gray eyes that could be warm—or hostile. Just now they were hostile, and his voice held chill.

"We have six men on the extra board," he said. "Why should I hire this kid?"

"I knew his father, Mike—" began Reeves.

"Twice you've said that, Gordon," interrupted the chief pilot. His jaw tightened; he lifted a sheet headed "Pilot's Application" from the desk before him and began to read:

"Training: U. S. Army, Second Lieutenant's Commission, Air Reserve. Eighteen months' service, 94th Pursuit. Air hours to date: twelve hundred and six" . . . The chief pilot laid the sheet down. "Army trained—twelve hundred hours!" he said disparagingly. Again he lifted the application, stared at it, and added in final condemnation: "Age, twenty-one!"

"He'll outgrow that," remarked Reeves mildly.

"He won't outgrow the Army training," broke in the chief pilot harshly. "The Army tried to go commercial once. You've a short memory, Gordon, if you've forgotten the air mail bust."

"No," answered Reeves, "I haven't forgotten; it was a costly experiment for everybody. But the Army didn't have the ships. They were flying open-cockpit jobs, into sub-zero weather and blizzards. Instrument flying—but they had no instruments, only a turn-and-bank."

"Poor headwork to go up, then," said Mike Quinn. "A man's not supposed to sign the clearance sheet unless the plane's fit. If *our* pilots made such errors of judgment we'd pay out our earnings in crash claims."

The director shook his head and gazed through the office window. Quesada field was plain in the moonlight; brown frosted turf, criss-crossed with paved runways like the British flag. The field stretched away a full half-mile; beyond it, mesquite desert; on the far horizon, cloud-capped mountains. Gordon Reeves gazed at the clouds for some moments; then he repeated:

"Errors of judgment? Mike, I wouldn't put it just that way. Those Army pilots followed orders."

The chief pilot scowled. "*My* pilots follow orders; they mix judgment with 'em though. The idea behind the Air Corps training seems to be to turn out gallant troopers, light brigade boys. 'Theirs not to reason why'—and so on. But caution is needed more than courage if commercial aviation is to grow."

Gordon Reeves touched a thin white scar behind his temple.

"A bullet from a German Spandau did that," he said smiling. "The scar's about gone; but the memory's still strong. What you said—about caution and courage—makes me think of it now."

The telephone on the desk rang. Quinn answered the call, then pushed the instrument away.

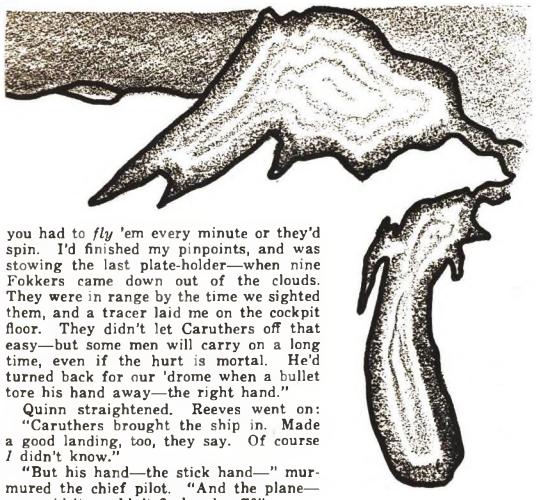
"Bad weather over Kite's Peak. Bryant'll have to figure a detour around the storm." He rubbed his hands. "*That's* caution."

"About my war wound," persisted Reeves, still smiling, "it has to do with caution—and young Caruthers too. You see, Mike, I flew with his father in the war; when the First Aero Squadron was on reconnaissance in the Verdun sector. The day I got this bullet we were ordered up to photograph troop concentration back of Metz. The pictures were badly needed, but it wasn't flying weather. Heavy clouds; hide-outs for Boche pilots; something like that sky over the mountains there."

"Well, Joe," he said, "I never thought I'd find you working on civilian planes. Why'd you leave the army?"

Once more Reeves looked out the window. And when he spoke again the smile had slipped from his face and left it grim.

"Caruthers didn't want to make the flight," he said, "but it was orders. We shoved off. In a two-seater Salmson. Maybe you've heard of them, Mike. Badly rigged;



Johnny's heart beats dropped to normal; he wasn't afraid of the Locklear now.

you had to *fly* 'em every minute or they'd spin. I'd finished my pinpoints, and was stowing the last plate-holder—when nine Fokkers came down out of the clouds. They were in range by the time we sighted them, and a tracer laid me on the cockpit floor. They didn't let Caruthers off that easy—but some men will carry on a long time, even if the hurt is mortal. He'd turned back for our 'drome when a bullet tore his hand away—the right hand."

Quinn straightened. Reeves went on: "Caruthers brought the ship in. Made a good landing, too, they say. Of course *I* didn't know."

"But his hand—the stick hand—" murmured the chief pilot. "And the plane—you said it wouldn't fly hands off?"

Reeves shook his head. "No, it wouldn't. The Salmsons weren't designed for fighting either; the pilot hadn't a chance against machine-gun fire. Caruthers knew that, of course. So, after the bullet tore his hand away, he lashed his wrist to the stick with safety wire and kept on flying for the 'drome. Would you call that caution, Mike, or courage? And young Caruthers—you see now why I'd like to put him on."

Mike Quinn drew his breath in sharply, but he did not answer. The room was still; a faint clatter of the teletypes in Operations drifted in, and the hum of the beam generator from the power station. A gust rattled the windows, and Quinn reached for the telephone.

"Norther coming," he said. "It'll be cold over the mountains. I'll have 'em turn on the cabin heat in the Locklear." As he waited for the connection Quinn glanced at the office clock. "Suppose we go down to the hangars. I like to give the ship I fly a personal inspection, and *this* run must go through without a hitch. About young Caruthers; I'd rather not put him on the extra board. Somewhere else, maybe. Midcontinent's not hiring heroes; we want careful, cagey pilots."

Gordon Reeves began drawing on his coat.

"You're chief pilot, Mike," he said. "I'll find a spot for Caruthers elsewhere."

Meanwhile in Hangar Number One Johnny Caruthers was inspecting the Locklear under the guidance of Co-Pilot Bryant, who had arrived to test his radio against tower signals and check the fuel and lube. Bryant was a pleasant fellow with four thousand hours on the West Coast air lines. He asked no questions, accepting Johnny as an air-minded friend of Joe Sciapi's.

"Fifty-seven gadgets on the board," he said, pointing to the instrument panel. "Oxygen tank for the high altitudes; everything. This gyro-pilot is the stuff. You can set the dial on course and forget about control. The ship'll fly herself; the gyro bank-and-climb and directional gyro do all the headwork. Mr. Quinn—he's piloting tonight—will lift the ship off and set her down, and I'll make the station calls. The rest of the time we'll sleep."

Johnny laughed. He couldn't picture Bryant sleeping on the job. Cool, alert, he'd handle this cloud-ripper in his stride. The fifty-seven gadgets worried Johnny; he'd never seen such an array. A ship that would fly herself! It made him think of Frankenstein and the monster that turned against him.

The cabin of the Locklear had a different effect. It was suave and sleek and smart. A uniformed steward was making down the berths, except in the section aft where there were deep upholstered leather chairs, chrome-fitted. Heat slots in the window frames flooded a warm gentle breeze. But there was one flaw; the breeze had a tainted smell.

Bryant sniffed distastefully.

"Paint on the exhaust siphon. Quinn will have somebody's scalp for that." He called to the steward: "Phillips, close these cabin slots. I'll leave 'em open in the pilot's coop till the stink burns out. Quinn and I can take it."

While Phillips was closing the heat slots Johnny saw a sharp-chinned man duck under the barrier rope.

"It's Quinn," said Bryant.

Johnny's shoulders lifted—time for that selling talk! As he reached the cabin door Quinn opened it.

"Who let you aboard?" he questioned frowning.

Johnny, by force of habit, lifted his arm to salute—then quickly let it fall. About the worst thing he could do, if Quinn was anti-Army. He began:

"My name's Caruthers—"

The chief pilot's frown deepened, but a stout man Johnny hadn't noticed, stepped up holding out his hand.

"Caruthers?" he repeated with a friendly smile. "I'm Gordon Reeves. The switchboard operator said you might be here. Inspecting the Locklear, eh? Well, what's the verdict?"

"The ship—gets you," Johnny answered, and fumbled for a better phrase. But Mr. Reeves seemed pleased. He introduced the chief pilot, and Quinn gave Johnny a curt nod. He walked away and Gordon Reeves drew Johnny aside.

"I'm afraid I held out false hopes, Caruthers," he said doubtfully; "the reserve list here is filled . . . I *could* place you at San Lucia, tending the radio beacon. Not much of a job; but our pilots make practice landings on the field each week, and I'll see that you get flying time." He added gravely: "It's a long road though to the extra board."

Johnny nodded. "When do I start?" he asked.

The director laughed as if relieved.

"Well, you might ride this plane to San Lucia tonight. If the steward can find seat space. I'll speak to Mr. Quinn."

Chief Pilot Quinn stood by the wing of the Locklear talking with Bryant. Fragmentary sentences reached Johnny on the gusty wind: "Sleeper planes are for *sleeping*" . . . "Give 'em a smooth, safe ride—"

The chief pilot's voice was urgent. This flight meant a lot to Quinn; a new idea in passenger transport was under test tonight. "Smooth and safe"—yes, the ride would have to be just that. Well, why not? With those fifty-seven gadgets the ship would fly herself.

Mr. Reeves returned.

"It's all right," he said. "You'll have to sit up; the schedule stop for San Lucia is four fifty-five. . . . Better climb aboard. It's almost leaving time." He held out his hand. "I wish I could have placed you here; I'll be looking for something better."

As Johnny shook hands the Locklear roared, and mechanics scattered from the path of the propeller blast. Quinn, in the pilot's seat, let the engines cascade down to idling speed, and Johnny ducked across the concrete to the plane.

The steward gave him a hand into the cabin.

"Take Seat Ten," he said, "next to the washroom."

Johnny moved down the aisle to the basket chair with a metal "10" on the safety strap. The heat was still off; chilly shivers chased along his spine. Up forward in the glass-partitioned control cabin, Quinn leaned from the window. The chief pilot waved his hand and the Locklear began rolling slowly down the concrete to the main gate.

Passengers filed in, a ground crew stowed baggage in the under-belly of the fuselage, then locked the cabin door. Mr. Reeves mounted the wing-step for a last word with the chief pilot. "Smooth and safe"—Johnny could imagine Mr. Quinn saying. He looked a bit on edge. Nothing strange about that, with a new ship shoving off on her trial run.

The Locklear's engines roared again; she trundled down the north-south runway in the landing-beam,

(Continued on page 29)

Trouble on the Snaffle

(*Continued from page 6*)

The scattered cowboys stared at them curiously as they entered the brush-cleared area about the corrals, and dismounted. Bob felt the blood mounting to his cheeks. But then the girl turned suddenly aside, towards another corral.

"I have to go by here," she explained. "It looks like my brother is fixing to get himself in trouble again."

Chapter Five

WITH rapid strides she approached the corral and climbed the fence. Inside the corral a slim fifteen-year-old boy on a bay pony was riding in pursuit of a yearling steer. Bob noticed the ease with which he kept his balance.

"Hoss, you let that steer alone!" the girl at his side shouted.

The young rider heard her, threw a quick glance in her direction, then with his heels lifted the pony to still greater speed.

"What's he trying to do?" Bob asked. The pair made the turn at the far end of the corral and came flying back along the fence.

"Oh, he has got the idea he's a bulldogger," Tonnie said irritatedly. "The last time he tried it he broke his arm in two places."

Now the bay pony was beside the fleeing steer. The boy leaned far over his saddle and launched himself into the air, a slim flying squirrel of a boy trying for the bobbing horns. Bob Garrison knew just how much grit it took to do that.

The steer swerved sharply and the boy hit flat on the beaten earth.

Bob vaulted the fence and ran to the boy's side, unbuckled his belt and his shirt collar. Tonnie Yardley came running close behind him.

"Are you hurt, Hoss?" she cried anxiously, wiping the dust from his pale face.

Still gasping for breath, the boy shook his head, and Bob saw that his face was freckled like Tonnie's and that his hair was red. He gasped, trying to pull the air back into his lungs. "Dadblame it! I missed him."

"Some of these days," he said, "I'll show you how to do that, young fellow."

The boy struggled up to a sitting position eagerly. "Can you bulldog?"

Bob grinned. "I won first place at Phoenix one time," he said. He patted the boy on his dust-covered back. "Don't do it again, cowboy," he urged, "until I'm around to show you how." Hoss got to his feet and limped slowly across to the bay pony.

"Now don't you try any more stunts, Hoss," his freckle-nosed sister admonished him sternly as she started for the corral fence. "Come on," she added to her prisoner. "Say, what's your name?"

"Bob Garrison," he answered, climbing the fence.

She was silent until they neared the bunkhouse, then, in a lowered voice, she said, "Say, Bob, will you show me how to bulldog too?"

The young rider stared at her in amazement.

"Just once," she begged, "I just want to do it once. You see I've got to be able to do everything Hoss does."

"I'll have to think about that," Bob hedged. "Bulldogging's not recommended as a sport for women, you know."

At the door of the bunkhouse a big, weathered man eyed them sharply from under shaggy gray brows.

"Who's this, Tonnie?" he asked the girl.

"A fellow I ran across up on the ridge," the girl answered. "I brought him down to . . . for . . . for dinner. His name's Bob Garrison. This," she went on, turning to Bob, "is Nate Turner, Snaffle Bit foreman."

"Come inside," Turner said, and Bob noticed that the words were more of an order than an invitation. Bob's lips compressed firmly.

In the bunkhouse Turner motioned Bob to a chair. "What's your business?" the big man asked him bluntly.

"I'm a rider—looking for a job," the youth returned.

"Where'd you come from?"

Bob's hesitation was noticeable. "Arizona," he said.

"You came all the way from Arizona to Oregon lookin' for a job on the Snaffle Bit?" said the big foreman, frank skepticism in his voice.

Bob felt his face turn red. He was determined to secure a job on the Snaffle if possible without disclosing to anyone his real reason for being in Oregon.

"Well, not exactly," he said. "I didn't come straight to the Snaffle. But what difference does it make? I'm here and I'm looking for a job. If I don't do you a day's work, you can fire me, can't you?"

"I shore can," the foreman replied. "But the Snaffle ain't hirin' all saddle bums that come along these days."

"What's the trouble?" Bob asked with assumed indifference. "Grass war or something?"

The foreman did not reply; but sat gazing at the young newcomer with shrewd appraising eyes. Just then heavy footsteps sounded outside. Bob glanced up to see a big florid-faced man enter. A bright silver star was pinned on his vest. It was the last man Bob wanted to see just then—Sheriff Bud Laurence. And close behind him came his deputy, Baldy Roberts.

"Well, Nate," the sheriff burst out, "we didn't find them two coyotes that ambushed us in the canyon, but we found a lot o' hoss tracks that I reckon me an' Baldy won't be fergittin' fer quite a spell. An' sooner or later I figger we're goin' to run across the hosses that made 'em. I'd shore like to git my hands on them two skunks. Who's this?" The question was directed at Bob.

"Stranger, Bud. Says his name's Bob Garrison. Says he comes from Arizona."

Sheriff Laurence's eyes narrowed and hardened. "What're you doin' on this range, young feller?" he inquired.

"Looking for a job," Bob told him.

"You come from Dade?" the sheriff wanted to know.

"Yesterday," Bob nodded.

"Afoot?"

"No, my horse is up on the ridge." Bob knew that this looked funny and his face turned red again.

Men began coming into the bunkhouse from the corrals and splashing their hands and faces noisily in the washpans. Bob paid little attention to the riders until one of them paused directly behind the sheriff and gave the young rodeo performer a wide recognizing grin over the officer's hat. The blond cowboy!

"Did you," the sheriff said, "see or hear anything unusual on yore way? There was a gun fight goin' on out there. You know anything about it?"

"Seems like I heard some shooting. It could have been somebody after a coyote," Bob said. "There's a lot of coyotes down in Arizona, and we shoot them pretty often."

This obvious evasion brought the big sheriff to the verge of an explosion. "You know more about that shootin' than you're tellin', my young buck," he cried angrily. "You shoot coyotes pretty often down in Arizony, bah! We'll just go have a look at this hoss o' yore's an' see what kind o' tracks he makes." The sheriff paused at the sound of an iron triangle clanging, and then he added, "After dinner."

As they filed out of the bunkhouse Bob caught the blond young cowboy's eye again. Bob frowned at the twinkle in it. This was no joking matter. The big sheriff meant business. And to Bob the prospect of spending a month or two in jail was not only far from pleasant but would also hamper anything that he might hope to accomplish for John Forrest.

While they were eating in the cook house Bob, sitting uncomfortably between two hard-bitten riders who he knew had been assigned by the sheriff to watch him, realized just how likely it was that he might spend most of his time in Oregon looking out through bars. Bud Laurence was in a savage mood, and Bucky's tracks had been on that ridge, along with those of the cowboy's sorrel. Doubtless the sheriff and his deputy had spent much time studying those tracks, with hopes of being able to recognize them again. Bob knew they could. He had not noticed particularly the tracks left by the buckskin, but he was well aware that hoof prints, because of some distinguishing characteristic of shoe or frog or some peculiar manner of gait, are often easily identified. He would know the tracks of his father's old horse anywhere in the world, for instance.

As the meal progressed Bob steadily became more and more worried. Yet he was comforted by the fact that he still held a trump card—John Forrest's letter to Merv Yardley. By pressing his arm against his side he could feel the rectangular envelope inside his shirt.

Sheriff Bud Laurence waited after dinner had been finished until most of the cowboys had caught their horses and left the ranch for the afternoon's riding before he approached Bob in the bunkhouse and said, "Well, young feller, we'll go have a look at the tracks that hoss o' yores makes now. Come along, Baldy. You too, Nate. Young feller, where's yore mount?"

"Listen," Bob said, "I want to see the owner of this ranch first. Somebody go get Merv Yardley." He regretted to have to play his trump card this early in the game. But now he was desperate.

Then Bob realized that a deep sullen silence had settled over the little group in the bunkhouse.

"What's the matter with you all?" he demanded irritatedly, getting to his feet. "Didn't you hear me? I asked to see Merv Yardley."

One of the cowboys took a slow step forward, a solemn expression on his grizzled countenance. "Well, son," he said, in a voice strangely soft, "I reckon we can't accommodate you there, much as we'd like to. Merv Yardley's dead."

(To be continued in the November number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Test Your Football Knowledge

Can You Answer These Questions?

THESE questions are not presented to prove that football is an intricate and highly technical game, because it's not. But to get the most enjoyment out of *any* sport you must know the more important rules.

Try these on your friends. Maybe your coach would like to use them on his football squad. Each question counts five points. Consider yourself football-wise if you get a grade of more than sixty.

1. After running ten yards, Team A man is tackled on Team B's goal line. The ball rests with only its tip touching the line. Is it a touchdown?
2. Team B punts, but the ball hits the back of the center's head, bounces back without having crossed the scrimmage line, whereupon Team B man picks it up and runs for a touchdown. Is the touchdown legal?
3. The ball is downed nine and a half yards from the side line. Where is it put into play?
4. Team A wins the toss at the beginning of the game, chooses to defend the south goal. At the beginning of the third quarter, what options does Team B have?
5. Team A is defending the south goal. Team A kicks, the punt is blocked, and the ball rolls behind the goal line into the end zone. Team B man falls on it. What is it?
6. Same play as above, what if a Team A man falls on the ball?
7. Same play as above, Team B man attempts to fall on it, knocks it to one side, whereupon Team A man attempts to fall on it, and the ball squirts out of his arms out of bounds behind the end zone where a Team B man finally falls on it. What is it?
8. Team A is advancing the ball toward the north goal. Team A man makes a long run, and is hit hard on the Team B's one-yard line, where he fumbles. The ball rolls across the goal line, and is fallen on by a Team B man. What is it?
9. Same play as above, what is it if a Team A man falls on the ball?
10. Team B punts. While the ball is in the air, Team A's safety gives a legal fair catch signal, whereupon he muffs the ball, picks it up and runs for a touchdown. Is the touchdown legal?
11. Team A man runs for touchdown, to find that the whistle has blown and both teams adjudged offside on the touchdown play. What happens to the ball?
12. How wide is the Neutral Zone?
13. Team A quarterback is in position immediately back of the center, hands down toward and within two feet of the ball, as if to receive the snap. However, the center snaps directly to the halfback, who makes a first down. The referee calls the ball back and penalizes Team A for moving a play from an illegal formation. Is he right or wrong?
14. Team A man, carrying the ball, is about to be tackled, whereupon he turns and laterals to the first Team A man he sees, which happens to be a guard, who runs for a touchdown. The referee calls the play back because of the ineligibility of the guard to receive the pass. Is he right or wrong?
15. Team A man forward passes to a teammate, an end, whose fingers touch the ball, whereupon the ball, before hitting the ground, is caught by another Team A man, a back, who makes a sizable gain. The referee rules the pass incomplete. Is he right or wrong?
16. Team A attempts to kick a field goal. The Team A man who is supposed to hold the ball for the kicker muffs it, and it rolls to one side, whereupon his teammate, the would-be kicker, kicks it while rolling. The ball goes between the uprights of the goal. What is the ruling?
17. How high is the crossbar of the goal?
18. Jones, Team A end, pulls out of the line before the ball is snapped. A back moves into the line on the opposite side, Jones runs toward his own goal line. When he is six yards back, the ball is snapped and he follows the ball carrier and takes a lateral pass. The referee blows his whistle and penalizes Team A for being in motion when the ball was snapped. Is he right or wrong?
19. Smith, carrying the ball, crosses Team B's goal line, and being confused, runs back out of the end zone to the two-yard line where he is tackled. Team A claims a touchdown. Team B claims that there is no touchdown, that the ball became dead on the two-yard line. Who is right?
20. How is the ball put into play after a safety?

(Turn to page 28 for correct answers)

A Piece of Wax

(Continued from page 10)

They were at the head of the gangplank, the men of the Italian squad just behind. Suddenly the prisoner's right leg shot between the legs of Tierney and his free arm came down across the old detective's neck. The prisoner leaped forward into the men and women ahead.

"I thought he'd do that," yelped Tierney. "Keep him in sight and we'll pick up him and his gang, too!"

Tierney fired two shots from his pistol into the air and plunged into the writhing mob of men and women.

Word of Diego's sailing as prisoner on the *Conte della Torre* had been flashed by transatlantic telephone to his criminal associates in New York and a car with two armed thugs was waiting for him on the pier. That is what Tierney had been hoping for—by letting Diego temporarily loose he had located Diego's New York contacts. He saw the Camorra chief leap into the machine as it whisked through traffic for the pier entrance and the city's crowded streets beyond.

A taxi commandeered by a plain clothes man was close at hand. Tierney, Blanco and the three headquarters men leaped in and took up the chase, Jim on the right running board, gun in hand, the Roman cop crouching on the left, the detective at the wheel keeping the horn going. Not until the bandit car turned north on wide Eighth Avenue was there a chance to open fire without menace to others.

Wham! Jim's thirty-eight spoke for the first time and the car ahead swerved as a rear tire blew out.

Wham! Wham! The old-timer's aim was good and the other tire went.

Two heads were stuck from the windows of the car ahead and two automatics returned the fire. Blanco toppled to the street, shot through the left shoulder. One of the headquarters men took his place.

"Okay!" shouted Tierney. "Give it to 'em!" His weapon rippled a message of destruction and the machine ahead swerved and crashed into the curb and turned over.

Like rats escaping from a trap, three men leaped from the wreckage. Two dropped under fire. Tierney was within a few feet of the third, Diego Conciatti. He leaped for him as he turned to fight. There was a flash of steel and a knife came down for Jim's heart. He ducked and swung the butt of the thirty-eight to Diego's temple, sending him down like a poled ox.

Two police cars and an ambulance mopped up the avenue and Tierney took his prisoner to headquarters.

"I'll be getting back to the old farm," grunted Jim. "Where's me hat? Oh jeepers, Chief, get word to the harbor police to keep an eye open for my old kelly, will ya? It won't sink."

"You," solemnly ordered Sweeney, turning to the red-topped secretary. "Send an alarm to all harbor police boats to find Mr. Tierney's derby, last seen off Quarantine."

"Tide was coming in, Chief," added Jim. "It ought to be off Governor's Island by now. What'd you get out of Giordano this morning?"

"Take the prisoner away," ordered Sweeney. "Sit down, Jim, and I'll tell you what I got from Giordano. We've handled all kinds of crimes in our time, old fellow, but nothing like the double crime we will prove on Diego. There are two poor fellows in death cells in Sing Sing convicted of murder on their fingerprints, two enemies of Diego, and Diego plants the forged fingerprints that sent them on their way to the chair. I've talked with the governor on long distance and he has granted a stay."

(Continued on page 27)

Note that the Minnesota linemen, gray uniforms, are mostly right-handed. An exception is Dwight Reed, left end.

Be a Better Lineman

(*Continued from page 17*)

yourself so as to get your body across his, your head and left shoulder to his left. Your left leg comes up across his body, so that you have him bottled up. And you're pushing to your left. He can't get around you either way, at least for the instant that will let the play sweep through behind you."

Coach Hauser chuckles as he thinks of the other kind of charge.

"After the Michigan game last year Sweet, Michigan fullback, was talking to Bud Wilkinson, one of our guards.

"'What I can't see,' Sweet said, 'is where all you linemen came from. You never got a play started but what about a dozen of you were swarming into our secondary.'

"Bud knew the answer. He and his mates knew how to use the driving charge. Some plays call for linemen to go through the opponents' line and take out their secondary.

"And that's where high school linemen are usually weakest."

If that's so, you want to know all about it. So Coach Hauser gives you more fundamentals.

In the driving charge, he says, the lineman lunges, brings his legs up and follows through just as in the holding charge. But, instead of aiming directly at an adversary, he merely shunts him —holding him up for an instant if he can—and keeps on going toward his assigned opponent in the secondary zone.

Driving hard toward the man, he has to do two things to make sure that his block will be effective:

1. Aim to hit waist-high. This means that if the defense man tries to backstep to avoid the block, the charger will still be able to hit him across the knees. If he aims at the thighs or knees, a backstep might leave him sprawling in great embarrassment, while the defense man remains free.

2. Don't give your intention away. The defense man must not know in which direction you mean to block him. So you must get close before throwing your body either to right or left. If the defender sees your head going to the right, he can easily sidestep in the other direction.

And execute the block so that you'll land on your hands, again with your legs pulled up under you. Do that and you can keep charging, pushing your man back and out of play.

"All of this," the coach adds, "applies to the case where the defense man sees you coming. If he doesn't see you, you can break all the rules. Simply bust him."

It's an old saw that the line makes the gains and the backs carry the ball. And, if you stop to think about it, you'll realize that when your team is making only short gains your forward wall isn't doing its job with the secondary. When that happens, it's time to start checking up on the fundamentals of the driving charge.

One more thing you want to know about before going on to defense. That's pulling out of the line. Most linemen have to do that on occasion, the guards more than others.

"That's another fundamental," the coach says. He crouches again. "Suppose I'm going to pull back and move to the right. The natural thing is to swing my right foot around to the back and bring my left foot beside it. Already I've taken two steps — and I haven't advanced an inch.

"That won't do. If I'm going to be of any value to the interference, I've got to get out there fast so I can fall in right behind the fullback. I can't afford to waste those two steps.

"So, instead of pulling that foot back, I pivot on my left foot and drive the right foot forward. Then my next step, with the left, is also in the direction I want to go." He illustrates as he talks. "See? Now I've taken two steps, both of them advancing me. I'm two full steps ahead of where I was before, in the same time.

"Practice will bring smoothness in pulling out. We work ten or fifteen minutes a day on this alone. Like the lunge, it must become second nature."

Now the coach is ready to talk about defensive work. He takes out a pencil and starts drawing diagrams. Little squares represent the defensive team. Circles are offensive men.

But he stops to give you his picture of about the most spectacular job his famous 1935 line did. It was that same Nebraska goal-line defense.

"It was a broiling day, and Minnesota was finding the going tough in the second half. When a Nebraska punt went over the head of George Roscoe, safety man, and rolled to the 1½-yard line, things looked dark. A Nebraska touchdown would give the Cornhuskers a lead.

"Roscoe tried to scoop up the ball to take it farther from the goal line. He missed, and Shirey, Nebraska tackle, fell on it. First down and less than six feet to go!

"Nebraska ran four plays, and at the end of the fourth the ball was back almost to the 10-yard line. We not only stopped them dead; we actually pushed them back!"

Dick Smith, Minnesota's All-American tackle, knows fundamentals.

Coach Hauser is proud of that stand, and you can't blame him. Nebraska lost only one other game, and that to Pittsburgh. . . . He turns again to his diagram. Representing

the Minnesota line he has six little squares.

"Different teams use different defensive line-ups. We stick to the six-man line. We want our men to learn one type of play, and to learn that so well that the fundamentals—there they are again!—are pure habit."

On defense the guards move straight forward; the tackles angle slightly inward, and the ends cut in sharply.

"If the defensive linemen work perfectly, if they drive hard and fast in theory they should meet about five yards back of the scrimmage line. Of course, it doesn't work out so nicely—there are blockers and a ball carrier to prevent it. But this tactic gives them the best chance of spilling a play."

You've heard it said that an end must never let the offense get outside him—between him and his side line. Doesn't angling make this difficult to avoid?

"Yes. But when you play the six-man defensive line it doesn't make any difference. The job of the end on a six-man line is to take out the interference. The five men in the secondary, then, must see to it that the ball carrier doesn't get across the line of scrimmage. If the end and the other linemen have functioned properly, he's running alone; and he'll be forced to sweep wide, perhaps even to lose ground. So the secondary has time to come up.

"If the defense is using a seven-man line, though, the end can't rely on the secondary. It's his job to get the ball carrier. The other linemen must take out the interference."

Coach Bernie Bierman comes into the room.

"How about that handball?" he asks. Hauser crumples up his diagrams and rises.

"Right away." He turns to you. "A coach has to keep in trim, too.

"That isn't all there is to know about line play," he concludes. "But it gives you the important things. Remember one point—no line is good until it knows its fundamentals."

And as you leave, you determine that your next practice session is going to have plenty of time for stance and charging and blocking!

A Piece of Wax

(Continued from page 25)

"Diego used the law to kill his men for him, huh?"

"Yes, and we don't know how many others he has put in prison by his method."

"Did he have Petroni killed?"

"Yes. He had Giordano kill him, provided him with the counterfeit fingerprint. But Giordano's murdering was done for revenge for the death of his brother by Mugno at Petroni's hands, and for revenge upon Petroni for letting his family almost starve. The district attorney has agreed to save him from the chair in return for the help he gives us in putting the finishing touches on Diego."

"Then Diego goes to the chair," said Tierney. "I must be getting over the river, Chief."

"Can I drive you home by way of the George Washington bridge, Oldtimer?"

"No, thanks, Chief. I gotta lot of shopping to do—flea powder."

"Flea powder, Jim!"

"About a ton of assorted flea powders. I don't mind the farm being eaten up, or the house being eaten up by white ants, but I'll be danged if old Rover is going to be eaten up. Good-by, Chief."

"Good-by, Jim."

"And if they rescue the old skimmer have one of the boys crate it and send it parcel post, will yuh?"

Answers to Football Questions

(Continued from page 24)

1. Yes. Any part of the ball touching the goal line is sufficient.
2. Yes. The new 1936 rule says that any kicked ball not crossing the scrimmage line can be advanced by either team.
3. The ball is moved out one-half yard, or ten yards from the side line.
4. Team B has the option of choosing to kick or receive; or it can select its goal.
5. Touchdown.
6. Safety.
7. Safety, because of the fact that the ball went out of bounds after crossing the goal line on impetus given by Team A.
8. Touchback.
9. Touchdown.
10. Yes. A muffed fair catch is a free ball.
11. No touchdown. Ball is returned to the starting point. The down remains the same.
12. The Neutral Zone is the space between the scrimmage lines of the two teams. Therefore its width is the same as the length of the ball, or about eleven inches.
13. Right. No offensive backfield man can be within one yard of the line of scrimmage unless he receives the ball directly.
14. Wrong. Any member of the team is eligible to receive a lateral pass.
15. Right. When the ball is touched by an eligible receiver, all of his teammates are automatically ineligible. However, if an opponent had touched the ball before the second Team A player, then anybody on Team A or Team B would have been eligible.
16. No goal. Penalty for kicking a free ball, which is loss of the ball to the opponents.
17. Ten feet.
18. Wrong. A man can be in motion toward his own goal line provided he is five yards back of the line of scrimmage when the ball is snapped.
19. Team A. Simply crossing the goal line makes it a touchdown.
20. By a free kick from the twenty-yard line by the team upon which the safety was scored.

Scientific Adventure Coming Next Month!

IMAGINE that you have just entered the fourth dimension to attack a fiend who threatens to become a world dictator. In other words, imagine that you are Ted Dolliver: "The houses were transparent. . . . There was no sound. . . . I stopped and shut my eyes to think, but I saw as well with my lids down, as up! I looked at my hand; the earth was visible through my flesh . . . as if my hands were made of dark glass. . . ." From NO MAN'S SPACE, a long story by Carl H. Claudy, in the November issue of *The American Boy*. Don't miss it!

In addition, there's a dramatic Northwest story by Laurie York Erskine, and two sports yarns you'll like: NIGHT GAME — football — and THE DUKE TAKES A BOW, cross country. Don't forget: November!

Sleeper Plane to the Coast

(Continued from page 21)

swung in a half circle, stopped. In the traffic tower a green blinker flashed, and once more the plane slid forward.

Smooth and safe, that take-off. The sound-proof cabin muted the grunt of shock columns and the blare from the twin exhausts. Up into the night sky nosed the Locklear, sweeping over the red strip-lights on hangars and terminal tower. She circled the field, winding upward in wide spirals with the boundary markers dimming out below.

Then Johnny felt a gentle forward sway. Quinn had leveled off — the sleeper plane for the coast was on her way. He straightened in the chair, held by a queer feeling of tenseness. Through the window the sky formed a huge inverted bowl, with a crinkled lip where the horizon met the mountain peaks. Passengers were making ready for bed; the hum of their voices mingled with the steady rumble of the engines. A man passed by, gripped Johnny's chair as the plane rolled slightly.

"Cold in here," he grumbled. "Steward says he can't give us heat for an hour. Pilot's orders."

Quinn was waiting till the paint burned off, then the heat slots could be opened. It had better be soon, Johnny thought; in half an hour the Locklear would be over the mountains, into the high freezing air. "Safe and smooth"—and comfort counted too.

Johnny grinned. Commercial flying was sure different. Flight commanders in the Air Corps were always handing out uncomfortable missions, where you had to fly or crash. But the passenger lines played safe, with every gadget to make the ship self-flying . . . "Fly herself" — somehow Johnny didn't like the words; they kept tangling in his mind with that yarn of Frankenstein. Suppose a ship should mutiny against her pilot?

"Goofy notion," he murmured, and with a shrug looked out the window again.

Far below the twinkling light of a ranch house showed; a faint glow behind the rudder-fin marked the city of Quesada. The steward dimmed the cabin lights, and the Locklear became a ghost ship swinging through the night, the whine of wind in her fairing and the low drone from the engines blending in a minor eerie chord.

Not a soothing sound, but Johnny was plenty tired He dozed, and dreamed of flying monsters; of fifty-seven leering faces grinning from a black panelboard.

A sharp lurch of the plane waked him. He tried to sit up but he seemed to be wedged against the chair arm, held by a strange thrusting pressure. A deeper chill had crept into the cabin; he noticed the porthole window, opaque, plastered with frozen snow. The wind rose stridently above the rumble of exhaust, a high-pitched metallic whine. Johnny frowned, bewildered; something was pressing him sidewise again. Suddenly he gripped the chair arms. That side-thrust—it was gravity. The Locklear was flying off keel!

An irritable murmur reached him, then the steward's voice, calm, reassuring, and in the shadowy aisle between the berths he saw Phillips swaying toward him. The steward bent down over his chair.

"Caruthers," he whispered, "listen—you're a pilot, aren't you? I heard Reeves say so. Well, there's something dead wrong up ahead. This plane's off keel. And Quinn and Bryant—they're asleep—and I can't wake them—"

His face, blurred by the darkness, frightened Johnny. It recalled the dream of the iron monster. Silly — but it wasn't. A queer dismay swept over him.

"I'll—I'll see what I can do," he answered

Phillips pressed his arm.

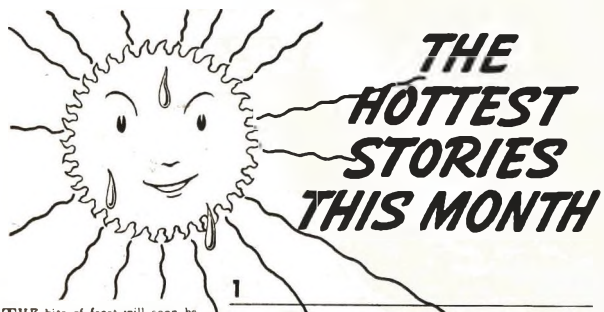
"Quiet," he whispered. "Passengers are awake, and they know this isn't right. One wrong move'll panic 'em."

A man looked out from a curtained berth as the two groped down the aisle. Johnny said apologetically:

"I should have kept my seat until we landed. Hard to keep balance, Steward, when a plane is circling."

The man closed the curtain and Johnny moved on to the door of the control cabin. He halted, his hand on the latch; that queer dismay creeping over him again.

Bryant in the co-pilot's seat, sagged limply against the radio box. On his left, Quinn sat rigidly upright. But



THE HOTTEST STORIES THIS MONTH

THE bite of frost will soon be in the air, but we like our stories hot in any weather. How do you like the stories and articles in this issue? Which is best? Which next best? You'll be helping us edit the magazine if you list your four favorites in order on the ballot below. Mail it to Pluto, the Office Pup, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. And thank you!

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

Your Name..... Age.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Ballot Idea by Robert F. Carson, Irwin, Pa.)

he wasn't holding the controls; one hand clenched the knob of the heat shutter on the wall beside him. Both men's faces had a purplish tinge. All this Johnny glimpsed while a quick second passed—then he glanced at the instrument panel.

The bubble in the turn-and-bank had drifted to the end of the curved glass; the indicator plane of the artificial horizon tilted, thirty degrees off horizontal. Johnny opened the door, reached over the chief pilot's shoulder, grasped the wheel. It moved stiffly against the wind-locked ailerons — but it moved. Slowly the bubble of the turn-and-bank shifted to the neutral mark. Johnny shivered, though the cabin was stifling hot. The breeze from the heat slots scorched his cheek.

"Mr. Quinn!" he cried, gripping the chief pilot's arm. "What's wrong?"

But Quinn did not even groan. The steward was working over Bryant.

"They're out—cold," he muttered. "Something they ate, y' think? . . . Hear the radio signal? Don't it sound funny?"

He picked up the head set from the floor. Johnny listened. A strident da-ar dit—da-ar dit issued from the disks. It should have been a buzzing dash, that much Johnny knew.

"The ship's off course," he said.

But Phillips didn't seem to hear. He lifted his hand to his head uncertainly.

"Dizzy—" he muttered—"dizzy as a fool. That paint smell—" he sagged against the door—"it sure has lasted."

Johnny frowned at the steward. Why, *he* felt dizzy too—and choked, as if a cord were tightening about his throat. Hammers began pounding in his head. Hammers—suddenly he thought of Joe Sciapi driving packing into the gland between the exhaust pipe and heater drum; the ring of the steel tool, the dull cracked note that had followed the last blow. . . . Dull—and *cracked*. . . . Suddenly the answer came.

He reached out, closing the heat slots on the wall beside the pilots. Four slots, pouring out deadly gas that was leaking into the heater drum from the engine exhaust. Leaking through the hole Sciapi's caulking tool had driven in the steel shell of the siphon. . . . The last shutter closed with a rasping click. Johnny unsnapped Quinn's belt.

"Take Bryant," he told the steward. "Lay him on the floor and feed the oxygen. It's carbon monoxide poisoning—"

Phillips stumbled forward. He was game, but the gas had worked fast. He dragged Bryant from the seat, then collapsed on the floor beside him. Johnny tried to think, with the hammers in his head pounding ninety to the minute and his thoughts skipping here and there. Fifty-seven gadgets on the panel-board—the eyes of a steely monster leering at him in the red reflection of the cowl light. The ship *had* turned against her pilot. . . .

He watched the bubble in the turn-and-bank begin its sidewise drift again. The climb-meter sank to a minus reading; the plane was starting down in a power glide toward the ragged lip of that black bowl of sky.

"Mountains," said Johnny stiffly—"got to see 'em—got to lift her over—" But the snow-crusted glass shut him in like the white walls of a cell.

He tried the catch of the slide window; it was frozen. Johnny drew back, doubling his fist. But there wasn't any punch behind it. He heaved his shoulder into the pane. The safety glass webbed into radiating cracks, but didn't break. Johnny tried the catch again. It gave. His blows had loosened the ice. Funneling snow screamed in, but the air was clean, and Johnny breathed deep.

It cleared his head too. He slipped on the head-set, and dropped to the pilot's seat. Grasping the wheel, he drew it to him with a gently turning movement; felt the rudder stirrups un-

der his feet. His heart beats dropped to normal; he wasn't afraid of the Locklear now.

He began to level off with the turn-and-bank, the Army method of blind flying. He straightened the rudder, got lateral direction with the ailerons; last, brought the nose to horizon level by the ball in the little instrument.

This done, Johnny swung round, opened the valve of the oxygen tank and laid the rubber cone beside the chief pilot's head. Then he thrust his shoulders through the window frame.

The slipstream drove snow crystals in his face; blinding tears ran down his cheeks. But he kept watch until the white clouds rocketing under the wing parted. Timbered peaks swung by—and they were close. A minute more of glide and the Locklear would have crashed. Johnny drew back into the cabin. His hands shook as he opened the throttles and set the ship in a careful climb. The beat of the engines lifted. He glanced behind him.

Phillips *was* game, no doubt of that. He had dragged to his knees by the oxygen tank and was swinging the nozzle; first over Quinn, then over the co-pilot. Bryant already showed results; the ghastly purplish tinge had left his face.

"He's coming out," said Phillips. "Mr. Quinn is breathing better too." Then with a frown: "It's three fifteen; we should have reported Vanlear at two twenty-five. You know how to work station frequency? The switch is on the panel over the glass."

Pursuit planes—the only ships that Johnny knew—didn't use radio; the ignition damped it out. But he'd been reading up on radio control. He listened. The "N" signal kept fading; that meant the beam neutral was close. On the panel overhead was a knob marked "Station Frequency," and Johnny flipped it over. . . . Static crackled, then a voice came through:

"Quesada to Flight Twelve. . . . Why don't you give position? . . . Why don't you give position, Bryant? . . . Answer at once. . . ."

"Quesada's asking our position," Johnny said. "Any idea where we are?"

The steward shook his head.

"Bryant figured a south detour to miss this storm. . . . We might be in Mexico, or—look!" he cried, pointing at the forward glass.

Johnny looked—and felt a load roll off his shoulders. Snow was melting from the glass, whipping away into the darkness in great frothy chunks. Scattered flakes blew through the open frame beside him, but the air felt almost balmy. The storm had passed.

Phillips was on his feet now, staring through the window. Far distant, almost over the horizon-curve, a finger of light swept through the sky. Below the light a green blinker flashed.

"Vanlear beacon!" cried the steward. "Two greens and a white! You can answer Quesada now. No use mentioning this trouble, just tell 'em Flight Twelve's reporting, twenty miles southeast of Vanlear, and give your altitude and weather. And say, get the field conditions at Vanlear, if you want to bring her in."

"Bring her in?" repeated Johnny with regret. "Well, it's the safe bet, I suppose."

The microphone lay on the floor beside the bucket-seat. As he stooped to pick it up, he looked into the chief pilot's face. Quinn was staring at him, his expression blank. He muttered something, but the words were incoherent. Johnny lifted the "mike" and spoke:

"Flight Twelve to Quesada. . . . Estimated twenty miles southeast Vanlear. . . . Fourteen thousand feet; high overcast. . . . How's the ceiling at Vanlear? Is it okay to lan—"

The microphone twitched from his grasp, and a hand clutched shakily at his knee. It was the chief pilot's hand, and Quinn was sitting up, though he swayed dizzily. Bryant had begun to cough like a man who is airsick. The chief pilot gave him a glance, then frowned at Johnny.

"No!" he croaked. "No landing at Vanlear! Go through on schedule! Fly her—" his voice cracked—"or your name comes down off the extra board, Caruthers."

Johnny stared. The extra board—*his* name! Then—though it was the worst thing he could have done if Quinn was anti-Army—he saluted. But the chief pilot didn't seem to mind; in fact he answered the salute. Everything was oke. Grinning at the fifty-seven gadgets on the panel, Johnny snapped the gyro-pilot switch. . . . *Let* the ship fly herself—she knew now who was boss.

These Colorado College engineering students have a home of their own.

Their Dorm Is a Trailer

by P. R. CROUCH

DELL LAMM and Don Alexander, engineering seniors at Colorado Agricultural College, have found a way to cut expenses. Their college home is a cabin trailer.

They bought the trailer second-hand from Lamm's grandfather for $50. It's wired for electric lights and the outside wears a coat of metallic paint. Inside the cabin, the bed at the rear is flanked by clothes cupboards. A four-foot-long board along one side serves as a study table and above that are shelves for books.

There's an electric stove, a wood heater, a dresser, and cupboards, all neatly arranged in the 14x6½-foot space. Their wood for heating they gather from the near-by hills—it costs them nothing.

Before they acquired the trailer they worked for their room. Now they can devote that time to studies and live at little expense in their "carlor."

Lost! (*Continued from page 16*)

the liner said that he would land me at Southampton. Instead, due to a change in sailing orders, he dropped me, my crew and my Boeing at Havre.

Then followed a battle with governmental red tape that makes me see red to this day. Let's not go into it. I finally got France's permission to take the plane out of the country and found an American ship captain who would get me across the channel.

The question was, could we get the plane on his ship? We paced off his deck and found that with the nose hanging over one rail and the tail over the other, the Boeing would fit nicely, except for various obstructions that cluttered the deck. The captain accommodatingly took a blow torch and cut off the obstructions flush with the deck. And that's how we got to England.

We thought our troubles were behind us when we finally arrived at the Mildenhall Aerodrome, but our biggest shock was yet to come. The officials put our ship on the scales and found that it weighed exactly right—without the crew.

"Sorry," they said regretfully. "I guess there's nothing to do but seal up some of your gasoline tanks."

They cut our gas supply to 850 gallons and our cruising range went down accordingly. This meant that instead of cutting a straight course to Australia via the five control points we had to go zigzagging down to the other side of the world in thousand to fifteen hundred mile hops. Our maps were useless. We had to arrange stops at additional points along the course.

Sixty-four ships were entered in the contest but when the morning of October 20, 1934, rolled around only twenty were ready to start. And of those, only nine were to finish.

The first plane took off in the chill haze at 6:30 a.m. The rest followed at 45-second intervals, and inside of 16 minutes every competitor was in the air, headed southeast for a destination half a world away. We were the second ship to take off.

Clouds shrouded Europe from our gaze, and we had to fly by instrument, without check points. We knew, however, that the snow-mantled peaks of the Alps were on our course, and we waited eagerly for our first sight of them. When we finally glimpsed the Matterhorn thrusting its head up above the clouds we felt a comforting sense of relief. Our instruments, then, were accurate and our calculations correct.

We sat down at Athens, the only hard-surfaced two-way airport on the course. Leaving Athens was like kissing good-by to civilization.

The fabled city of Bagdad was next to feel our wheels, then the town of Karachi on the western shore of India. Meanwhile we took catnaps on the floor of the plane with our rolled-up coats for pillows. We had less baggage than you would take on an overnight trip to the Joneses'. We had a week's supply of canned goods and water in thermos bottles in case we came down in desert or jungle and had to hike our way back to civilization.

From Bagdad to Karachi, a country of rocky desolation, we saw not a single living animal or man. And now, gird your loins and steel your nerves for the pleasant mental torture of our next hop—the thousand-mile leap over the interior of India to Allahabad. I still sweat when I think of it.

We left Karachi in the afternoon, still up in the race, and with a good chance of finishing first. Scott and Black, Parmentier and Moll, were somewhere ahead.

We had plenty of gas to reach Allahabad but not much extra for detours. The route was totally strange to us. Visibility was poor. We knew it would be night before we landed.

In other words we had to fly by dead reckoning. We had to set a compass course, allow for drift, figure our speed, and from these calculations deduce when we would arrive at our destination. When the hour arrived we would gaze below and there would be Allahabad, pretty as you please. At least, that's what we hoped!

So we sailed eastward over India, remembering that it was the search for a westward route to this country of fabled wealth that led to the discovery of America. Wishing, too, that we could stop long enough to go through some maharajah's palace and maybe take a ride on his pet elephant.

Dusk fell and deepened to night. The hour arrived when Allahabad should be directly below us, but there was no beacon, no field light, no dark outlines of a city.

We didn't assume instantly that we were lost. Very probably we hadn't covered as much ground as we had supposed. We had complete confidence in our instruments and our alertness in staying on the course. Somewhere just ahead the beacon would soon pierce the black curtain of night. The thing to do was to stay on our course and barge straight ahead. This we did until a flash illuminated the horizon.

"That's it!" we decided and headed toward the flash. But it didn't reappear and we began to have that gone feeling in the pit of our stomachs. The flash was not a beacon after all—it was lightning.

Reeder Nichols, sitting in his chrome-nickel chair with green leather upholstery (it had been presented to him by a London automobile dealer), was sending messages to the operator at Allahabad.

"Give us a radio bearing," he requested. "Give us a radio bearing."

But for some reason we couldn't establish two-way communication. All the time we were requesting help, the operator at Allahabad was blithely announcing to the world, "Colonel Turner is lost. The Americans are overdue." We could hear him announcing it, but we couldn't get him to answer us.

In the meantime the needles on our gas gauges swung closer and closer to empty. Vainly we searched the ground for some check point, but there was nothing in the blackness below to give us an accurate indication of where we might be.

Very soon the motors would sputter and die. Before that should happen, however, it was important to have some plan in mind. We wanted to land at an airport. If that was impossible, we wanted to save the ship. Barring that, we hoped to save our lives.

"We can always bail out," was one pleasant suggestion.

"Yes," I replied. "Bail out at night into a jungle full of tigers. They tell me the tigers always go looking for fresh meat at night. Besides, if we bail out we'll lose our ship. The thing to do is to try to land on a river."

"Didn't they tell us at Karachi there were crocodiles in the rivers?"

I had forgotten the crocodiles and for the moment I actually visualized myself standing on the wing trying to unfasten a propeller to use as a weapon against the crocs. A sort of modern Saint George battling the dragons with a sword of purest alloy steel.

Tigers, crocodiles, and no airport. Bail out and play tag with tigers. Land in the river and annoy the crocs. Do neither and die. One of the three fates seemed imminently to be ours. At that very moment, I think, all of us must have known intimately the state of mind of all the fliers who have gone to their dooms in ocean and wilderness, blazing new trails for mankind to follow.

I looked at the gauges and saw with

a shock that they read empty. We were a couple of hours overdue. Why couldn't we get a reply from Allahabad?

"Send out an S O S," I told Nichols. An S O S would silence all other stations on the air—even the Sparks at Allahabad who seemed to feel special delight in telling the world we were lost.

Nichols was aghast. "That's serious business. You only do that when you're on the spot."

"If we're not on the spot now we never will be," I replied grimly.

So Nichols sent out the three famous letters. Then things began to break all at once. They had to, if we weren't to be just another air casualty.

The Allahabad operator heeded our request and sent us the bearing we wanted. At the same moment we saw beneath us the Soune River. Feverishly we searched our maps. Yes! We had located our position by the Soune—we were cruising over the only part of the river that took a due east-west course for approximately fifty miles.

We knew where we were then! A hundred miles beyond Allahabad and fifty miles south. The tail wind must have been stronger than we thought, the southward drift greater than we had figured.

We turned back, praying that our gasoline would last. As far as our gauges showed we were already riding on borrowed time. We caught a flash of light and hoped that it wasn't lightning.

"Flash your beacon on and off," Nichols radioed to the ground.

Allahabad obliged and when we saw the intermittent flashing we knew that our troubles were over. We coasted down to a landing and taxied up to the gas tanks in front of the hangar. As we slowed to a stop our two motors gave their last gasps. But we didn't care—we were safely down, ship and all!

We had other thrills on that race. I shall never forget the monsoons—those tropical rains so thick with water that it's impossible to fly through them. You must go above or around. . . .

The dust storms, whipping up like gigantic clouds until all the world is an impenetrable gray. . . .

That stretch of tiger-infested marsh along the Bay of Bengal, so thick with reeds that once your ship lands you cannot take it off, so deep and slimy that you cannot wade to safety. . . .

The typhoon off the Malay Peninsula that made us change our landing place from Rangoon to a spot called Alor Star. . . .

The night landing at Singapore, where the field was marked by a single row of lights and we didn't know which side to take. If we picked the wrong side we might strike plowed fields and hedges that would end our trip. We found when we landed that the lights were down the center of the field. . . .

The forced stop at Bourke, Australia, to take the cowling off the motors in order to let the wind cool them. That stop, incidentally, let Parmentier and Moll into Melbourne two hours and forty-five minutes ahead of. . . .

The thrill of Melbourne's wholehearted reception, and of taking second place to Scott and Black when Parmentier and Moll decided to take first place in the Handicap division rather than second in the Speed division. The thrill of knowing that two of the first three ships were standard American-built craft.

Thrills all along the 11,323 miles. Thrills coming at unexpected moments during the 3 days, 21 hours, 5 minutes and 2 seconds of the voyage.

But nowhere did the tension draw quite as tightly as when we cruised over the Indian jungle southeast of Allahabad with our futures hanging by the slender thread of a few dwindling gallons of gas.

IN THE MORNING MAIL

CONDUCTED by PLUTO *the* OFFICE PUP

"BOSS, I've been bitten." The editor eyed Pluto, the Office Pup, over his specs.

"That's nothing new, Pup," he said reproachfully. "When a flea bites a dog that's not news."

"It isn't fleas. I've been bitten by the new game. You know the one where a fellow makes a circle with his thumb and forefinger, holds it over his arm, and asks you, 'What's this?' and you say, 'I don't know,' and he says, 'Moon Over Miami.' Then he waggles four fingers at you, lifts his hand a little higher and waggles three fingers, lifts it still higher and waggles two fingers. He asks you what it is and you say you don't know and he says, 'The higher the fewer.' You know that game. Well, I've been bit by it. Let me try one on you."

"Go ahead. It won't bother me in the slightest."

"Okay." The Pup grabbed a cushion and stuffed it in his mouth. "What's this?" he asked in muffled tones.

"I don't know," the editor replied.

"Down in the mouth," the Pup replied. "And what's this?" Putting his paw to his mouth he gave a Bronx cheer.

"Sounds like a blowout to me."

"You're supposed to say, 'I don't know.'"

"I don't know."

"A bird in the hand." The Pup took a piece of candy from his pocket and held it near the floor. "Know what that is?"

"Nope."

"Sweet and low. Good, hey?"

"It has me in stitches."

The Pup cleared his throat and turned to the stack of Morning Mail letters. "I guess you'd like to have me go to work. Well, our readers have sent us a lot of photographs this month. In fact, the Morning Mail is rapidly becoming an amateur photography department, and I think it's swell. There's nothing like pictures to show the home life, pets, and activities of our readers.

"Remember that picture of Snowball, the cat who opens doors by leaping on a post, then reaching out a paw and depressing the latch? Well, Bob Stone, Detroit, has a cat that does almost as well. Bob tied a lead weight to a string and hung it alongside the door. When the cat wants to get in, he grabs the lead weight with his paw and pounds on the door. According to Bob he sounds like a sheriff demanding entrance!"

The picture of the dog slinking through the grass like a jungle cat is a purebred collie, two months old, belonging to Jack Hobbs of Kingston, Pa.

"At first I didn't know what to name him," Hobbs writes. "Then I thought of the stories of Hide-rack, and Hide-rack became his name."

How many readers know how Hide-rack got his name? Well, in the first Hide-rack story published in *The American Boy*, the dog appears as a stray at the home of Chet Foster in the Idaho mountains. He's so thin from hunger that his bones are nothing more than a rack to hang his hide on, and Chet instantly calls out, "Hide-rack!" And that's his name from that time on. There'll be more Hide-rack stories soon.

His name is Hide-rack.

The interior on this page shows the room of Albert Field, South Orange, N. J., a sophomore at Columbia College.

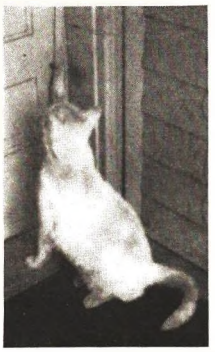
"I painted over fifty flags in water color and they make an impressive collection," he says. "Some day I may have them all. I collect stamps, autographs, coins, cigar bands, playing card jokers, curios, codes and ciphers. I would like to receive a letter in secret writing (in a code or cipher or cryptogram). If it is long enough and done correctly in ordinary English I will guarantee to solve it."

John Gregory, Urbana, Ill., wants us to carry a fiction story showing the trials and tribulations of a person trying to play an instrument in a crack musical organization.

"I come from a musical town," he says. "Here in Urbana we have the University of Illinois concert band, said by Sousa to be the best of its type in the world, and I play in the Urbana High School band, co-champions of Illinois. I think a story of this type would be well received. Let's have a story of a musical genius or just a plain tooter."

Pluto agrees that such a story would be popular and he'll be on the lookout for it.

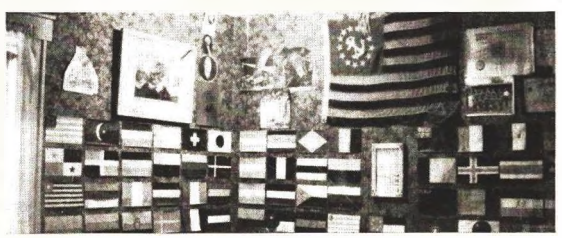
Charles Schmidt, Jr., Thornton, Tex., wants us to conduct a radio hour over a national network. It isn't likely that we could do that, because such an hour would cost a lot of money, but one of the popular *American Boy* characters is being broadcast nightly over the air in a fifteen-minute adventure program. We're referring to Renfrew of the Mounted. To our mind, this is one of the best adventure programs on the air. Look for it in your daily paper.



Bob Stone's cat knocks at the door.

Lots of good books for hobbyists are on the market. If you like to do tricks of magic, we recommend "Great Tricks Revealed," by Will Goldston (Lippincott, $2.00). For the beginner in model airplane construction there's no better book than "The Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes," by Francis A. Collins (D. Appleton-Century, $2.00). It contains plenty of meat for the experienced modeler as well as the beginner. If you're artistically inclined, and want to do something new in Christmas cards, get "Linoleum Block Printing," by Charlotte D. Bone (The Beacon Press, $1.00).

If you'd like to air your opinions on the magazine, your hobbies, school work, or anything else, write Pluto, *The American Boy* Magazine, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. He's eager to hear from you.



Albert Field of South Orange, New Jersey, painted all these flags with water colors.

Learn Good Driving

(*Continued from page 7*)

If a driver has had many thousand miles of experience and is really good, if he has a good road, and all factors favorable—then he can go very fast with comparative safety. But the good driver is the one who *knows* conditions, who keeps his car as nearly perfect as possible, and who drives cautiously when caution is required.

The driver who takes chances, tears around town on two wheels, squeaks his tires at corners and slides the tires to stop is about the worst we have. He's a show-off. A pest. He should not be permitted to drive. He endangers others.

This brings up another point. People have what we call temperament. It's your nervous and physical make-up. One thinks quickly. Another slowly. One acts quickly. Another slowly. Find what your temperament is and drive accordingly. Some people should never drive at all. And when you find the style of driving that suits you, that is safe and comfortable for you, stay with it. Don't think you *have* to drive fast. Some of our best drivers are our slowest. Some of our fastest are our worst. When you've found your driving style pay no attention to those who may poke fun at you because you seem poky—providing slow driving suits you best. Play it safe. You'll drive longer, and more happily.

And, above all things, act like a *man*. Don't be a show-off. If you must show-off, do it with something that weighs less than two tons and get off in a vacant lot where you can't endanger anybody else. One of the great benefits you young fellows can bring your country is to make showing-off with an automobile as unpopular as talking in the movies. Next month we're going to

Turn corners. And go down hill
and stop the car without brakes.

Little Mike

(*Continued from page 15*)

were hot needles in my spine. I was on my feet the better to see, and Walton was on his feet, too. As cool as you please the lad turned to make that lateral to Osgood. His arms moved. The half and the full crossed their feet and drove for the end. And before you could draw a breath Little Mike had swung back and was racing on—with the ball.

The full and the half were cutting to the left and all Mike Roach had to do was to veer to the right. They couldn't touch him. He could have walked the last two or three yards.

Well, there's little more fit the telling. As a game it was over. We kicked the point and then, for good measure, the lad ran up another touchdown. About that time the student manager began figuring where he could put extra seats for the next game.

A quiet man, Walton, as you may have noticed. With the team winning he was as cool as when they were being beaten groggy. But when we got into the office, he shut the door and clasped me by the shoulders.

"Mac!" he said, the way men speak who have had the fortune to see visions. "I still don't believe it. Tomorrow I'll read in the papers that we lost and that he didn't play at all."

"Call in Roach and ask him," I said.

"Nothing but a hundred and forty pound paperweight—" Walton began.

But that's where Walton was wrong. He was doing the lad a detraction. It was a hundred and forty pounds—and a head. A *red* head, to say nothing of the bold eyes and the fighting freckles.

Germany commemorates the World Congress of Holiday and Recreation at Hamburg. Design, two youthful hikers.

STAMPS

by Kent B. Stiles

THE ARMY and Navy "heroes" series of ten stamps is not keeping up to the schedule of release announced by the Post Office Department. It was late in August, instead of early in that month, before the Army's Washington-Greene and the Navy's Jones-Barry 1c's appeared. There was corresponding delay in September for the Army's 2c with Jackson and Scott and the Navy's 2c with MacDonough and Decatur. And it probably will be late October before the 3c's are relensed—the Army's with likenesses of Grant and Sherman and the Navy's with heads of Farragut and Porter.

One reason for the deferments was that President Roosevelt took a vacation! He did not return to Washington until almost the time when the first two of these stamps were to have been issued, and the Bureau of Engraving and Printing meanwhile could not make the dies until Mr. Roosevelt made his selections from a group of Army and Navy photographs which the Post Office Department had sent to the White House. Moreover, the bureau unexpectedly had to prepare the Susan B. Anthony stamp (mentioned last month) for release Aug. 26.

There seems to be no basis for Washington reports that stamps will be issued this year to honor Frederick Douglass (1817-1895), a Negro slave who became a noted orator and journalist; and Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Seton, who introduced the order of the Sisters of Charity into the United States, at Emmitsburg, Md., in 1809. Such stamps may appear early in 1937. Postmaster General Farley has been deluged with requests for them. It is known that President Roosevelt favors issuance of "peace" stamps after the Army and Navy "war" set is finally off the presses, and that a program of this character is planned if he is re-elected in November.

Vatican City honors the Catholic Press Congress. This 1 l. 25c pictures St. Francis of Sales, founder of the Salesians.

Portraits

ADD HORACE, Komensky, St. John of Bosco and St. Francis of Sales to our hobby's expanding gallery.

Italy's stamps (foreshadowed last month) have appeared. Some commemorate the bimillennary of Horace, otherwise Quintus Horatius Flaccus, second only to Virgil among those Roman poets whose works are still extant. As he was born in 65 B.C., the two thousandth anniversary of his birth was in 1935. Italy's Ethiopian advance delayed the printing of the series, which includes a postage 50 centesimi violet with a medallion portrait of Horace above the prophetic inscription *Non omnes moriar* (I shall not wholly die).

The others of the series are: 10c green, sheep; 20c red, landscape; 30c dark brown, Ajax defying lightning; 75c carmine, the Roman Capitol; 1 lira 25c plus 1L blue, same as 20c; 1L 75c plus 1L carmine, Pan, piping; and 2L 65c plus 1L slate, a dying gladiator. An airmail section comprises 25c green, plane in flight; 50c dark brown, lake and plane; 60c vermilion and 1L plus 1L violet, eagle and tree; and 5L plus 2L blue-black, ruins of a Roman forum. Inscribed on all are Latin texts from the poet's writings.

Komensky was otherwise Johann Amos Comenius (1592-1670), famous writer on education and the last bishop of the old church of the Moravian and Bohemian Brethren. His ecclesiastical writings were translated into twelve European languages and into Arabic, Persian and Turkish. Czechoslovakia has honored him by placing his portrait on a 40 heller dark blue.

Mexico commemorates the opening of a new highway connecting Mexico City with the Texas border.

A likeness of St. Francis of Sales appears on 1 lira 25 centesimi blue and 5L sepia, and one of St. John of Bosco on 25c green and 80c red-brown. They are of a series issued by Vatican City commemorating a Catholic Press Conference held recently in Vatican City. On 5c green and 50c violet were doves and bell; and on 10c black and 75c rose, Bible and altar.

St. Francis (Francois) of Sales (1567-1622), a noted Bishop of Geneva, founded the Salesians, which, now considered the most important order in the Roman Catholic Church, are called the *Visitants*, or Order of the Visitation of Mary. It is comprised of recluse nuns and represented in many parts of Europe and in North America. St. Francis was canonized in 1665.

St. John of Bosco was otherwise Giovanni Melchior Bosco (1815-1888), who in 1844 established in Turin a chapel which was dedicated to St. Francis of Sales. Don Bosco founded the Salesian Society, which devotes itself to rescue and education of outcast boys and thus has prevented literally millions of youth from perhaps entering upon careers of crime. Don Bosco taught them Italian, Latin, French and mathematics, and thousands of them became priests. Today there are Salesian homes in all parts of the world, and there are two Salesian churches in San Francisco, one in Oakland, Calif., and one in New York City.

Other Newcomers

A 1 PESO stamp which Argentina issued in January bears a map which suggests Argentina ownership of the Falkland Islands. Protests were voiced on the floor of the British Parliament. Also the map included a part of Chile within its boundaries, and Chile objected. As a result, Argentina is reissuing the 1p with the map correctly drawn!

Austria has released a 10 schilling stamp commemorating the assassination of Chancellor Engelbert Dolfuss in July of 1934. It shows his portrait with the Austrian flag as background.

Something new is constantly happening in philately; "luggage stamps" are the latest novelty. This idea is an experimental one being tried out in Belgium, where twenty-three parcel post values from 10 centimes to 60 francs have been overprinted *Bagages* and *Reisgoed*, respectively French and Flemish for "luggage." These newcomers are not pasted on the baggage but to the accompanying documents.

A 300 reis red issued by Brazil commemorates the First National Judicial Congress. Design, scales symbolizing Justice, and a tablet inscribed *Lex* (Law).

Charity postal paper released by Congo portrays the late Queen Astrid of Belgium in tropical costume and surrounded by black children.

Danzig has commemorated the one hundred twenty-fifth *yahre* (year) of Otseebad, a summer resort at the fishing village of Brosen near the city of Danzig. The 10 pfennigs green shows a bathing establishment; 25pf carmine, beach; 40pf blue, war memorial monument.

France offers a small deluge of commemoratives. A 20 centimes blue-green illustrates Bartholdi's statue of Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, composer of "The Marseillaise." This statue stands at Lonsle-Saulnier, de Lisle's birthplace. A 40c shows the sculptor Rude's "Marseillaise" group which is part of the Arch of Triumph in Paris. These two commemorate de Lisle's death in 1836. France has issued a

STAMPS CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

stamp celebrating the centenary of the Arch of Triumph; one honoring Jean Juares, a Socialist leader who was assassinated in 1914; and a short set commemorating the unveiling of the Canadian National Memorial on Vimy Ridge, which Canada's troops captured from the Germans in the Easter season of 1917.

German 6 pfennigs green and 15pf rose commemorate the *Weltkongress fur Freizeit und Erholung* (World Congress for Holiday and Recreation), at Hamburg Design, youth and maiden in hiking attire; and a dove, symbolizing Peace.

Mexico has issued 5 centavos green and carmine, 10c gray-blue and 20c brown and green postage and 10c gray-blue and bright blue, 20c lilac and orange and 40c blue and olive airmail stamps commemorating the opening of the stretch of new highway which links Mexico City with the Texas border. Designs, scenes along the highway.

The Heifer Tree

(Continued from page 12)

they'd have been drowned—the cow and the man both."

"Yas, sah!" Silas said. "You sure was one life-saver that time, Wil'-eye. You sure ought to get one medal fo' that. All Ah asks is how long has we got to hold onto this rope?"

Wild-eye looked around and saw a small elm tree and took a hitch around it with the end of the rope and made it fast. We needed a breathing spell.

"Yas, sah, Wil'-eye," Silas said. "You done a good job gettin' that cow up there. How you gwine get her down?"

"Down?" said Wild-eye. "Why, we'll lower her down."

"That ain't gwine be no good fo' that cow, Wil'-eye," Silas said. "She ain't gwine like that. She's gwine go spang into that water an' drown to death."

And that was so, too. She was right over the place where the flatboat had been, and if she was lowered she would be a gone heifer. She'd be swept over the dam and drowned. But you can't leave a heifer hung up in a tree. You might leave one hung up like that for a few hours but it is no place to leave a heifer very long. You can't feed a heifer like that. Even if you get hay and climb the tree with it and offer it to her she won't eat.

"If the tree had a pivot," Scoots said, "we could twist it around so the limb would be over the ground, but a tree won't twist."

"No, sah," said Silas. "You ain't nevah gwine git that cow down no way. If you ain't want to drown her you better get a gun an' shoot her fo' she starves to death."

"We could cut down the tree," Scoots said. "We could cut it down so it would fall this way instead of into the slough."

"An' bust every leg that cow has got," objected Silas.

"If we had a lot of lumber and nails," I said, "we could build a bridge under her. Or if we had a big, strong boat we could float it down under her."

"Or we could throw life rings to her —if we had life rings."

"There ought to be some way to get her down," said Wild-eye.

I never knew him to be so sunk. All the enthusiasm had gone right out of him. I guess he felt pretty flat, hanging a heifer up in a tree like that and not having any way to get her down again.

"No, sah, Wil'-eye," Silas said. "Th' ain't no way. Either you lets that cow down an' drowns her, or you gets a gun an' shoots her dead, or you leaves her hang up there until the rope rots an' she drops an' drowns—if she ain't starved to death."

"Aw, shucks!" Scoots said. "Cut the rope and let her drown," but if he was going to say any more he didn't have a chance because we heard someone sloshing toward us in rubber boots. He came through the undergrowth, a big farmer, and he had a double-barreled

shotgun in one hand. He looked up at the red heifer and he was mighty mad.

"That's my heifer," he said. "What you doin' with her up that tree? That ain't no way to treat a heifer. You ought to be walloped, hangin' her up that way—it's liable to bust something inside of her. You ain't got no right to her—she's mine."

"Well, we don't want her," Wild-eye said, the meekest I ever heard him talk. "You can have her."

"Huh! I can, can I?" the farmer said. "How'm I going to get her down?"

"'Tain't none of our business how you gets her down, mister," Silas said. "You gets her down anyway you wants to. Only you better gets her down mighty soon or she sure gwine be out of shape. Yas, sah!"

The farmer—his name was Ned Barton—stood and looked at the heifer hanging from the maple limb. Then he walked over to the other side of the tree and looked at her again.

"Why did you put her up there?" he asked. "How'd you get her?"

We told him about Old Red Whiskers and the flatboat.

"The old rascal," he said. "He come along down the river in that boat and put in at my farm last night, and a while back I seen him push that heifer on the boat and swing out into the river. I come along after him as fast as I could but I had to make a detour out around the flood water up yonder. He might as well have kept the heifer as to have her up that tree. We can't never get her down."

Sleepy Saunders had been leaning against a tree looking up at the heifer as if her bawling was lulling him to sleep. He sort of stretched now. I bet he almost yawned.

"I never saw a thing yet that went up that couldn't come down," he drawled. We all turned to look at him. "If she went up that far she can go up higher."

It sounded like nonsense.

"What you mean, Sleepy?" Silas asked. "What you gettin' at?"

"That limb up there," said Sleepy, pointing to a limb higher up the maple tree and we all looked. The limb did not reach out over the slough but over the bank of it. I saw right away what he meant and I guess the others did. The farmer did anyway.

"Have you got enough rope?" he asked, and when Silas brought the rope he didn't wait for Wild-eye to climb the tree—he climbed it himself. He slung the rope over the higher limb and tied it to the seine where the other rope was tied. Half of us loosened away on one rope while the other half pulled on the other rope.

It worked almost good enough. As the red heifer swung under the new limb she was a lot closer to the bank of the slough. But she still wasn't close enough. She was still about four feet out, and we didn't know how deep it was there. She might get stuck in the mud and be there until the water went down.

Then Wild-eye came through with a bright idea. He ran and got some oars from his Uncle Joe's rowboat, and while some of us held onto the rope, he and Ned Barton began to push on the cow with the oars.

"We'll get her swinging," Wild-eye yelled, "and when she comes over this way far enough, you let her down fast, so she hits the bank!"

Well, they had a sweaty time of it. By mistake they got her turning, and had to wait for her to unwind before they could start pushing again. That was one dizzy heifer.

Finally they got her to swinging like a pendulum and with a yell of warning we let loose on the rope. The heifer came down in a heap, her eyes rolling. The minute we got the seine from around her she started off at a wobbly lope, Ned Barton after her calling, "Co, boss! Co, boss!"

Wild-eye pulled at a hank of his red hair and grinned.

While Silas was rolling up his rope and Wild-eye and Scoots were rolling up the seine, I went over to the inlet.

"Hey!" I shouted as soon as I got there. "They're coming in. Whales. Big ones."

And they were, too. Buffalo fish and carp were swimming into Grassy Hollow through the inlet. Dozens of them. To give you an idea of the fishing we had, one of the springs of Silas Jackson's truck broke on the way home. That's the sort of fishing we had.

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FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

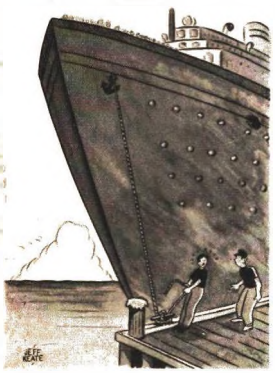
SPEAKING OF RAIN

During the recent dry spell, a shower having come up, Mr. Blank remarked to his gardener, "This rain will do a lot of good, Patrick."

"Ye may well say that, sor," returned Pat. "Shure an hour of it now will do more good in five minutes than a month of it would do in a week at any other time."

DIETING, PERHAPS

She put on a great many airs and so when the waiter handed her a menu printed in French, and asked her to check the dishes which she wished to order, she would not admit that she could not read it. Taking her pencil she checked several items and haughtily handed the card back. The items which she had checked were: Wednesday, August 5. Salads. Please pay at the desk. No tips. Sightseeing tours arranged at reasonable rates.



"Quick, Jones, put your finger on the knot!"

SMALL CHANGE

"It's four years since I was in this town," remarked the stranger to the waiter in a hotel, as he was walking out after finishing his dinner. "It looks just the same."

"I don't find much change either," said the waiter, as he picked up the nickel the visitor had left on the table.

BRAWN VS. BRAIN

Billy: "Mother, please fix me some sandwiches. Our side in the spelling contest lost and we have to give the winners a picnic."

Mother: "You should have been on the winning side."

Billy: "But you see, Mother, when I chose our side I thought I was picking a football team."

SANDY AGAIN

We are reminded of the Aberdonian who went into a shop and bought a briefcase. "Shall I wrap it up for you?" asked the clerk.

"Oh, no, thank you," replied Sandy; "just put the paper and string inside."

HERE AND HAIR

"Isn't it a fact," asked the customer in the barber chair, "that very few men escape baldness?"

"Yes," replied the barber; "it's hair today and gone tomorrow."

TENDER-HEARTED

Freshman: "We sure have a fine landlady. She saved me the most tender part of the chicken when I was late for dinner yesterday."

Soph: "What part was that?"

Freshman: "The gravy."

ANOTHER BULLS EYE!

TARGET PRACTICE WITH A DAISY IS GREAT SPORT AND IT SURE KEEPS THE OLD SHOOTING EYE RIGHT!

Buck Jones, Universal Pictures Star and President of Buck Jones Rangers, cocks his Daisy for another crack at the bull's-eye.

BUCK JONES packs AN HOUR of FUN into a few short minutes between scenes

"All Hollywood is shooting Daisys! And here's why: We movie stars work long hours with only a few short minutes between scenes for rest and fun. Naturally, we want to have as **much** fun as we possibly can . . . so we do the thing that gives us **most fun for our time** . . . we get out our Daisys, set up targets and pepper away. Talk about fun! . . . we've found out that we can have more fun with a Daisy in a few minutes than we can have in hours doing anything else! And fellows, the same thing goes for you! I can't think of a thing that will give you even half as much fun for your money as a Daisy. Just think! . . . you can use it any time . . . weather doesn't matter . . . if it's raining out, or too cold, you can set up your Bell Target in the basement . . . or on a nice sunny day, winter or summer, it's swell to take on a trip through the woods or to shoot in your own back yard. Take a tip from me and spend your money for something you can use **any** time and **all** the time . . . **get most fun for your money** . . . GET A DAISY."

Buck Jones is the star of hundreds of western movies and, when it comes to shooting, he really knows what he's talking about. Take a look at that line-up of Daisys there at the left . . . choose yours . . . then go on down to your dealer's and try it for weight, balance and feel . . . take Buck's good advice . . . **get a Daisy and get most fun for your money!**

No. 101 Daisy Single Shot. Think of it! A genuine Daisy for only . . . $1.00

No. 102 Daisy 500 Shot. Nickel-plated, lever-action repeater . . . $1.50

No. 195 Daisy Buzz Barton Special. With famous telescopic-type sights . . . $1.95

No. 50 Daisy Golden Eagle. Daisy's Golden Jubilee present to you . . . $2.50

No. 107 Daisy Buck Jones Special. Compass, sundial, Buck Jones signature . . . $2.95

No. 25 Daisy Pump Action Repeater. Forced feed, hair-splitting accuracy . . . $3.95

Buck Jones is very much in demand at the Universal Studios as an instructor in Daisy shooting. Here the camera caught him showing Nan Gray, beautiful young Universal star, how to ring the bell.

Buck Jones, Universal star of "Boss Rider of Gun Creek", explains the cocking action of the new Daisy No. 25 to Andy Devine, now playing in a new film, "Yellowstone".

TARGET SHOOTING . . . AMERICA'S SPORT—

Everywhere you go, target shooting is the big thing. Hollywood movie stars, New York society groups, boys' and girls' clubs all over the country are shooting Daisys. It's America's sport. Show these pictures to your mother and dad . . . tell them what a lot of fun Daisy shooting is . . . ask them to get Daisys for themselves and one for your sister or brother. Think what a lot of fun the whole family can have in your own shooting gallery in the basement. Take part in America's sport . . . get into the fun with a Daisy.

ATTENTION, TARGET SHOOTERS

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