

The

YOUTH'S COMPANION

combined with

June
1934

American Boy

Found



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Beginning--"Warring M

Coach MATT MANN says:

MATT MANN
Swimming Coach, Uni-
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kopi for Boys



The Kellogg Swimming and Diving Book is full of sound, fundamental information for beginner, swimmer, and coach. Every boy who is ambitious to improve his swimming and diving should have a copy. I'm glad to endorse it.

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Plus Extra BRAN
Ready-to-eat



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SWIMMING AND DIVING

Kellogg's SPORTS LIBRARY

INCORRECT

CORRECT

Flip your head to the side for breath. Don't roll the body. Rolling slows you up

Here's the front jack. Legs straight, hands touching toes

Here's the tuck position. It's used for forward and backward somersaults

The swan position. Good divers do somersaults laid out like this

In galner dives, your feet precede you as the dotted line shows

"My Car Rolled over 5 times —with ME inside!"

THIS CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH HELL-DRIVER BILLY ARNOLD TELLS THE STORY



"I'VE BEEN A 'HELL-DRIVER' for years. I've done many daredevil stunts—testing cars. But this unexpected accident was my most hair-raising experience by far!"

"Let my boy tell you what saved my life. He inspected the car... it was a Plymouth!"

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"Suddenly another car swept 'round the curve... coming right at me... on the wrong side. I had my choice. A head-on crash... or the gully. I took the gully."

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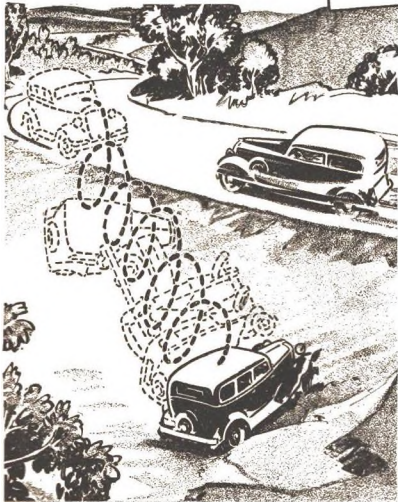
And Plymouth gives you more *comfort*, too. With patented Floating Power engine mountings that keep all engine vibration away from the passengers. And with Individual Wheel Springing that lets you "step" right over ruts and bumps.

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"THERE'S THE SPOT where it happened. My Plymouth smacked the side of the gully, bounced up in the air and rolled end-on-end and sideways, five times!"



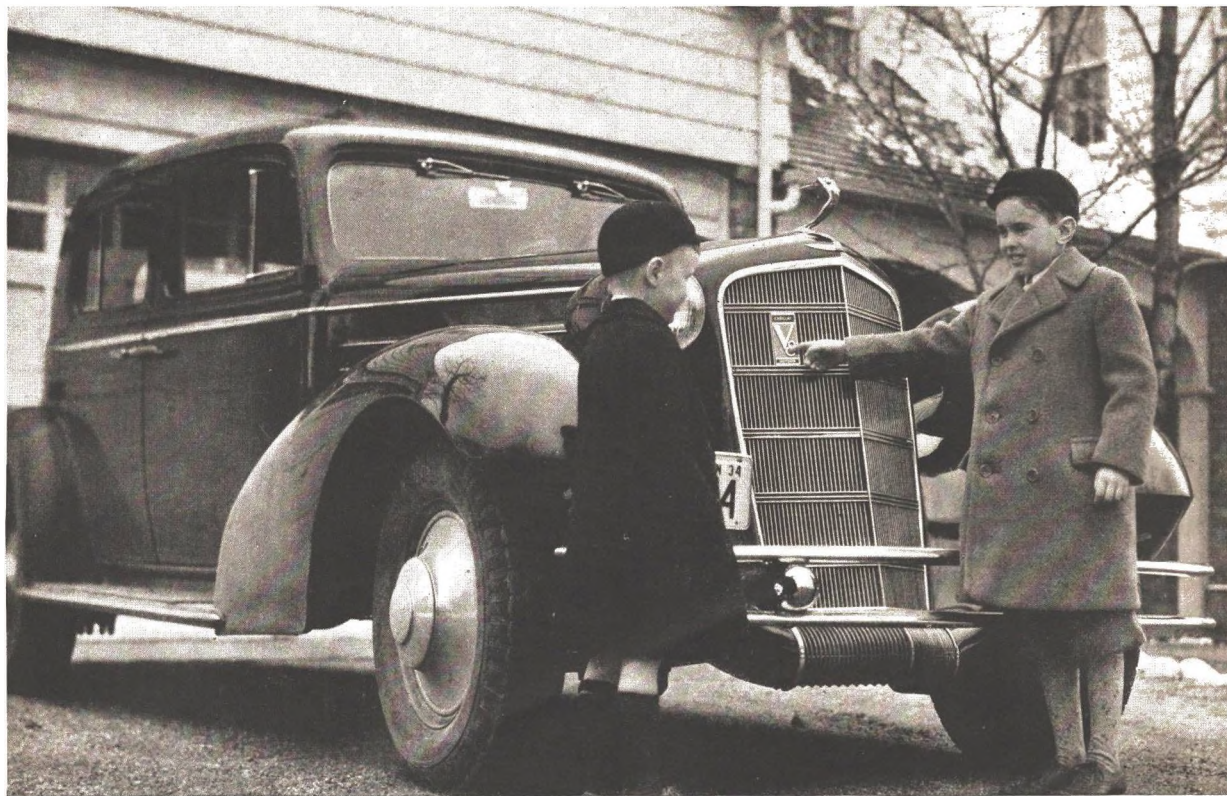
"DOWN I PLUNGED... turning over and over... and landed right side up at the bottom. Two tires had blown. With these fixed, I got back in and drove on to Los Angeles... 100 miles... that night!"



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If you have an uncle who owns a new Cadillac V-8, V-12 or V-16, or if you have *any* relative or neighbor who owns one—by all means, climb right in when he invites you to take a ride! . . . You'll get a big thrill just *looking* at the new Cadillacs in any one of the many Fisher and Fleetwood body types. . . . But the thrill of *riding* in a new Cadillac is something you will have to experience if you want to be up-to-date on motor cars and motoring. . . . You know as well as anyone that *Progress Means Change*. . . . And Cadillac has made more changes and improvements in motor car design and performance *this* year than in any of the preceding years that Cadillac products have been

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JUNE, 1934

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"She was in the crowd, watching a Cree war dance, when she felt someone twitch one of her hair braids."

Chapter One

MY partner, Joseph Kipp, had gone to Fort Benton to purchase more stock for our trading post, and our two clerks were out getting wood for our cookhouse; so on that never-to-be-forgotten day in June, 1881, I was alone behind the counters in our trade room, catering to the throng of Blackfeet, Bloods, Crees, and Red River half-breeds, all eager to exchange their buffalo robes and furs for the white men's goods.

It was about the end of our winter trade, and I was glad of it, for I was worn thin from long confinement. I wanted to go out in the open, camp with my Blackfeet friends; with them run buffalo, most exciting of all sports.

Warring Medicines

by

James Willard Schultz

The Story of Two Red Men and a White Who Fought a War of Magic and Cunning!

Among those in that morning crowd were Flying Woman and her proud, aloof mother, Sahtaki. The two were prominent members of the Blood tribe of the Blackfeet Confederacy, for Flying Woman's father was Three Stars, a great warrior and very wealthy. I was eager to wait on them, for in a way they were my people; I had become an adopted member of the Pikuni, most powerful tribe of the confederacy. Then, too, I had a great liking for slim, dark-eyed young Flying Woman, even though she seemed to avoid me. So as soon as I could, I turned to the two.

"You are next," I said.

"No. We came not to trade but to talk with you alone and privately," Sahtaki answered.

"There are many here; I must trade with them," I said reluctantly.

"We will wait until you finish; it is very, very important, that we have to ask of you."

"Go then to our eating house, to Earth Woman and Crow Woman there, and sit with them, and I will come as soon as possible," said I, and they turned and went out.

Our two clerks, Frank Pearson and Charles Rose,

sons of old-time engages of the American Fur Company by Pikuni mothers, relieved me at eleven o'clock, and I went to the cookhouse, a two-room cabin back of the post. There my two almost-mothers lived, and supplied our inner wants. Earth Woman, widow of Captain James Kipp of the American Fur Company and mother of my partner, was a Mandan, and Crow Woman, her inseparable companion since childhood, was a Minnetaree.

From the time when in 1877 I had come to the Montana plains, an eighteen-year-old boy bent upon adventure, these two had fed me, seen that I was comfortably lodged, and made me quill-embroidered buckskin clothes. No wonder that I called them my almost-mothers: Earth Woman, tall, slender, fair, classic-featured, benign, and wise; Crow Woman, short, broad, dark, industrious, serious.

I found Sahtaki and her daughter sitting with my almost-mothers in the shade of a big cottonwood before the cabin, and sat down with them. Crow Woman at once handing me a long-stemmed, stone-bowled pipe filled with tobacco and l'herb, and a match. I lit the fragrant mixture, smoked; none spoke, and at last I said to Sahtaki:

"Talk. I can not long remain here."

"Yes, I will," she answered. "I believe that you can help us in our grave trouble, for you white ones are far more wise than we of these plains and mountains. Can we make fire boats? Or guns, axes, knives like those you trade to us for our furs? But your kind can make all these things and countless others. Surely then you can do even more; you can break the power of secret and bad medicines. Therefore we want you to bring to naught the efforts of one who, with a Cree love medicine, is trying to make my daughter become his woman."

"I do not understand," I said. "Fully explain what it is you want of me."

"Yes. To begin: Two nights back, when my daughter and I were in a crowd, watching a war dance of Crees and members of our tribe, my daughter felt someone twitch one of her hair braids. She thought nothing of it, but the next morning, when she began to comb her hair, she found that the end of that twitched braid had been cut off!

"At once we knew what that meant. Someone had taken that hair to put with a Cree medicine that would force her to go to him, become his woman, even though she might despise him, hate the very sight of him.

"All day long we watched fearfully for that one

to appear. He came not until night; until night was partly gone. Came then singing his Cree love songs and danced around and around our lodge, singing them again and again—songs that made my daughter tremble and cling to me. We did not speak; close under our blankets we remained, and thought that he would never go, but at last went he whence he had come.

"Only to return, however. When we awoke this morning, and went out for food and water, there stood he before us, beautifully clothed and combed and painted, smiling at my daughter and fingering a tiny, yellow-painted sack upon his breast—his love medicine, of course. Hastily we went our way. When we returned he still was there, still smiling, still fingering the little sack and singing in our very own language, 'Flying Woman, she is my sweetheart, Flying Woman.'

"Into our lodge we hurried, and there remained until he left. And who do you think he is, that bad one, that Cree? You know him, often see him. He is that young man who is the hunter, the meat provider, for the chief of Cree half-bloods. We know not that chief's right name; we call him Haired Face."

"Yes, I know him; he trades with us," I answered. "He is Louis Riel, and his hunter, his meat provider, is named Short Bow."

"Ah! And now that you know all about this, you will help us, you will break the power of that Short Bow's medicine?"

"But why come to me? Why does not your man, Three Stars, attempt it?"

"Don't you know, haven't you heard? Three nights back, Three Stars left us, went south with a party of forty followers to raid the Crows."

"I knew that a war party had gone south, but not that Three Stars was its leader."

"Yes. So is it, Apikuni, wise one, that you must help us."

Said I: "Sahtaki, and you, Flying Woman, listen. All this talk, this belief that Cree medicine is powerful, makes me laugh. Such medicine can have no more power than a pinch of earth that I would here take up and put in a sack. When Short Bow comes again to dance around your lodge, laugh at him; tell him that he is crazy; his medicine without power. Say all you can to make fun of him; shame him, and he will go, never to return to bother you."

Wide-eyed, the two stared at me, and likewise my almost-mothers—as if they had not heard aright. Then Flying Woman hid her sweet dark face in her hands and cried, and the others lit into me in no measured terms. I must be crazy, they said, to offer such advice as that. The great power of Cree love medicine was well known; to openly denounce, defy an owner of it would be very dangerous. Its power could be combated only in a secret way, medicine against medicine. They had thought that I, a white man, must have such a medicine.

I made no reply, kept on smoking the big pipe, but when they had calmed down somewhat, and Flying Woman had stopped crying, I said to her: "You don't love the man. Why pay any attention to him, to anything that he does?"

I spoke coolly enough, but my heart was beating fast as I waited for her answer.

"You don't understand; probably because you are white, you can not understand," she returned tremulously. And then, after a moment, burst out: "I hate that Short Bow! But his medicine, oh, it makes me tremble; powerfully draws me toward him. Oh, I fear I shall give myself to this one whom I despise—and he of a nothing tribe, a Cree!"

"But I tell you that his medicine has no more power than a pinch of earth," I urged. "Be brave! I say to yourself, he is nothing to me, this Cree; his medicine is without power. And when he again approaches you, laugh at him, and he will slink away."

Flying Woman, her eyes very dark, only



shuddered uncontrollably, and her mother said: "How little he knows about it."

Said Earth Woman to me: "Apikuni, Cree love medicine has great power, as has many, many times been proved. I myself have seen its power. Many winters ago, a cousin of mine, Big Elk, loved a girl of my tribe, but she would have nothing to do with him. He went to a camp of Crees near-by and, giving a medicine man there a horse, asked him for help. The Cree gave him a very small sack of his love medicine, and told him just what to do to win the girl.

"He came home, and got his sister to help him. She went and sat with the girl and offered to comb and rebraid her hair for her. Then, while doing that, stole several hairs, and later gave them to Big Elk. He put the hairs into the little medicine sack, attached it to his necklace, and went and sat in the lodge of the girl's parents.

"At once, and for the first time, she spoke pleasantly to him; smiled; set before him a dish of choice food. She kept on talking to him, excitedly, foolishly, somewhat crazily. He spoke but little. At last said that he must return to his lodge. She urged him to come again and often. He replied that he had to hunt so much, and was so tired when he got home, that he could do but little visiting.

"With that, Big Elk returned home. The girl grew so restless that she many times tossed away the moccasin uppers she was embroidering with colored quills and went out and stared at his lodge. Then when night had fallen, she told her parents that she wanted Big Elk for her man, her own man so long as she lived. As they did not object, she filled a dish with meat-and-corn stew, went into his lodge, set it before him, and he accepted it, ate of it, told her to sit down beside him. So, because of the power of that Cree medicine, the girl who had despised Big Elk became his loving woman."

Then Crow Woman told a long tale of a worthy but very squat and ugly young hunter of her tribe who fell in love with a beautiful girl named Yellow Bird. But the girl scorned him, and at every opportunity and in his hearing, she would make mean talk about him; among other things say that he had a face so ugly, a body so short and broad and bent-legged, that he would never obtain a woman, never set up a lodge of his own.

Yet Lone Bear, the ugly hunter, persisted in wooing her and finally asked her to be his woman.

She stared at him, then laughed and laughed, and at last answered so that all could hear: "I be your woman? You must be crazy to ask that, you homely, ill-shaped nothing one. Were you the only he one left in all this great plains country, I would not even look at you."

Then, very bitter, Lone Bear rode far north to the camp of some plains Crees and gave two fast horses for some very powerful medicine. When he came home, he wore the medicine sack under his shirt.

He went to his lodge and dressed in his meanest clothes. So dressed and unpainted, he went out, walked four times around the lodge in which Yellow Bird lived, stopped, and stood at a little distance from it. At once Yellow Bird came out; stared and stared at him; went toward him a step or two; then with a little cry of fear turned and ran back into her lodge.

Lone Bear wandered about in the village, and wherever he went, Yellow Bird trailed him. When at last he went back into his lodge, she brought him a big bowl of food and begged to be allowed to sit beside him.

"No! No! I will not have it!" he roared. "Go away! At once, before I beat you."

And she fled, dropping the dish of food and leaving it where it fell.

Big Elk's mother protested: "Oh, my son, how can you refuse her, she so beautiful, her father so rich in horses and in furs?"

Big Elk jerked out the little Cree medicine sack, held it up, and answered: "Because of this I can refuse her, ever hate her for all the mean things that she has said of me. A powerful medicine this; it prevents my loving her or any other girl!"

"It is bad medicine. Burn it at once. We want you to take a woman and have children by her, for that is your duty to our tribe," his father told him.

"That will I do when I have punished Yellow Bird for all her meanness to me, and when I find some other one whom I can love," Big Elk replied.

For several days after that, Yellow Bird followed Big Elk wherever he wandered in the village, and at last went to him where, with many others, he watched a disk-and-arrows gambling game. And before them all, she said:

"Big Elk, powerful warrior, killer of buffalo, generous one, pity me, let me be your hard-working, loving woman."

He answered: "Mean-tongued one, go away. Never come near me again. Were you the only she one left in all this great plains country, I would not even look at you."

The crowd laughed, and several shouted: "Big Elk, good for you. Well have you paid her for all that she did to you."

Crying, followed by the crowd's jeers, the girl turned and went home.

At that point Crow Woman paused in her tale, and looked at me. After a solemn silence, she concluded:

"The next morning, Yellow Bird was missing from her lodge, but soon was found. Dead and stiff she was, for she had hung herself, down in the timber below the village. . . . And now, Apikuni, can you still say that Cree love medicine has no power?"

Could I tell those women that its power lay only in the will to believe in it? No.

"From what you have told me, it seems to have great power," I replied.

"And you, Apikuni, and all your kind, you have great power. You must save my daughter from the spell that this Short Bow has cast upon her. She, a Blood girl, must not marry a man of his worthless, lying tribe."

"I will try," I replied. "Perhaps I can find a way to help her." In my own mind, I was determined to find a way. I could not bear to see Flying Woman lose all her happy smiles and tremble as she did now.

She begged to be hidden so that Short Bow could not come near her, and Crow Woman answered swiftly: "You will stay right here with us, in our sleeping room. We will protect you."

When that had been settled, I left them.

At this time, a number of tribes were encamped quite close to our trading post—the Blackfeet, the Bloods, the Crees, and Riel and his French Crees also. On the day after Flying Woman went into hiding in our cookhouse, came Louis Riel and his hunter, in their high, two-wheeled, creaking carts, for fresh supplies.

Louis Riel was of average height and light complexioned for a French Cree. He had been educated by the Jesuits for their priesthood, but had broken with them, and had caused the Canadians a lot of trouble. He was right then planning a big rebellion against their government. My partner and I had frequently urged him to give up all thought of it, but he would not listen to us. He was certain he could win, and compel the Canadians to restore to him and his all the rights and compensations of which they had been robbed.

On this day, as always, Riel was talkative, and after urging me to lay in a big stock of Winchester rifles and cartridges for the coming winter trade, he said: "My friend, you have read the Bible? No? Well, in it is the story of one, a man chosen of God to lead his people out of the bondage of the Egyptians to a free life of their own. My friend, I am a second Moses, chosen to lead my poor oppressed people out of bondage! I know that I am—the good God has so advised me in my dreams."

"Well, if you have that power," said I, "perhaps you can free a friend of mine, a Blood girl." And went on to tell him what his hunter was attempting

We went in to Fort Benton with our bull train, loaded the wagons with goods, and sent the outfit across the river.

Illustrated by STOCKTON MULFORD



to do to Flying Woman with his Cree love medicine. "But, oh, my friend!" he exclaimed when I had finished. "I can not interfere. That will be impossible! Some of the Crees are not favorable to my plan to fight the Canadians for our rights. I must do no least thing that will cause them to dislike me. You are a member of a Blackfoot tribe; the girl is under your protection. It is for you to tell Short Bow that he must keep away from her."

"And so lose a lot of Cree trade? That Short Bow has many relatives and friends, and I would get their hatred, too."

"Well, there it is! Neither of us can interfere. And why should we? What matters the affairs of a mere girl compared with my plans for my wronged people, and your important robes and furs trade? And besides, Short Bow will surely get her, for Cree love medicine, my friend, is very, very powerful."

Disgustedly I turned from him, then turned back and said: "Well, you can anyhow keep your hunter so busy that he will have no time to come in here and pester the girl."

With a leering smile Riel asked: "Is it that you yourself want the pretty girl?"

"No! No! Nothing like that. It is that her father, just now leading a war party against the Crows, would make a lot of trouble were he to return to find his daughter married to a Cree."

"You think, then, that Crees are not so fine a people as Blackfeet? Ha! They are far better."

"It doesn't matter what I think. What matters is that the Blackfeet tribes, the Bloods and Pikuni particularly, despise them, call them liars—nothing people!"

That surprised him, and after a moment he said sadly: "So that is it. That is why I have been unable to induce them to join me and my Crees in our coming war upon our oppressors. Always they have refused, but given no reason for their aloof attitude. Ah, well, my friend, I will do my possible to keep my amorous hunter hard at work."

Chapter Two

BUT to go back; to explain our situation there on the Upper Missouri: It was as though we were living over a box of dynamite, likely to explode at any moment.

In the spring of 1880, my partner and I had fully realized that the buffalo herds were rapidly being exterminated. But they were still plentiful in about 1800 square miles of plains-and-mountain country, and the center of abundance of the animals was the Missouri River, straight south from Hairy Cap, the eastern butte of the Little Rockies. So Joseph Kipp and I had decided to build a substantial post somewhere there on the Upper Missouri for the remaining years of the trade—provided the three tribes of the Blackfeet confederacy would agree to move down there and trade with us.

The Pikuni encamped to the west, the Bloods encamped on Belly River, and the Blackfeet on Bow River were all finding themselves very short of food, and were eager to be again in the midst of the animals that had ever been their staff of life. They responded promptly to our suggestion. Yes, all three tribes would start at once and, traveling slowly, hunting along the way, would surely be with us in the moon of Falling Leaves, October.

So was it that we went in to Fort Benton with our bull train, loaded the wagons with goods, sent the outfit across the river, and out upon the long trail around and down to our proposed location. Some days later, we ourselves boarded the steamboat *Red Cloud* with our hunter, tall, tireless Eli Guardipe, and our women folk and went down the easy way. As we neared the mouth of Judith River, we saw the first of the buffalo herds, and from there on they were continuously in sight in the river bottoms and upon the slopes; and countless numbers of deer, elk, and antelope, too. Truly, our hearts were glad; we could not help making a record trade.

Thirty miles above the mouth of the Musselshell River, we went ashore with our goods at a landing place named Carroll; and there we found our outfit encamped, our bullwhackers and teamsters hard at work in the cottonwood grove that covered the greater part of the long, wide river bottom. They already had a number of logs ready to snake out to the site that we would choose for the post; we at once located it at the edge of the grove, about fifty yards back from the ten-foot cut bank of the river.

By August twentieth our new post was

completed, and we awaited the coming of the Blackfeet tribes.

September came and went, and then on a day early in October, we sighted a long caravan of riders coming down the valley slope straight across from us. We got into the boat we had built, Kipp, Eli, and I, and rowed across to greet them, wondering which one of our three tribes they would be, these first to arrive.

Lo! to our astonishment and dismay, they proved to be Crees, about a thousand of them. Shabbily clothed, unkempt Crees, so poor that some were afoot. A broad, dark, heavy-featured man shook hands with us and in understandable Blackfeet said that he was the Cree chief, Big Bear; that he and his tribe had come to winter upon our buffalo plains and trade their robes to us.

There was nothing to do but to invite him and his leading men over to a feast and smoke, and before night the whole outfit had rafted and swum across and set up their lodges in the upper end of our bottom. They had many skins and furs that they were eager to trade for sugar and tea.

That evening we had a council with Big Bear and his leading men, Eli Guardipe interpreting, for he spoke Cree perfectly—and Blackfeet, Sioux, Snake, French, and English as well! We told our guests that the Blackfeet, Bloods, and Pikuni were soon to arrive, and advised that they, the Crees, move on, go south to the Crows or east to the Assiniboin, for the Blackfeet and Bloods were none too friendly toward them, the Pikuni bitterly hated them, and were they to remain it would result not in peaceful buffalo hunting but bloody war.

To this Big Bear replied that he and his children could not go to the Crows or Assiniboin, for they were still worse enemies of his tribe than were the Pikuni. Moreover, he and Crow Foot, chief of the Blackfeet, were very close friends, and Crow Foot could without doubt prevail upon the Blood and the Pikuni chiefs to forbid their warriors' interfering with the peaceful hunting of his poor Cree people. Here, in the midst of the buffalo herds, he and his must remain and, if necessary, fight any who molested them, for it were better to die fighting than from starvation.

And they would have help in fighting, Big Bear added, for their relatives, the Red River People, were

coming soon, were on their way, more than five hundred of them, under their powerful chief, Riel.

That was the first we had heard of the French Crees' being in our part of the country, and our hearts sank still lower. The powerful, aggressive Pikuni bitterly hated them also, and we greatly feared could not be restrained from fighting them.

There was but one thing to be done, we decided. We must advise the Pikuni not to come; to winter instead right where they were in the Bear Paw Mountains section, where they would have the hunting all to themselves. Kipp was the one man to do this, as the Pikuni chief, White Calf, had ever sought his advice in all tribal matters. Accordingly, Kipp set out for their camp, and within a week returned, having been more than successful. The Pikuni would not only remain where they were but would in the spring, when returning to their reservation, trade in most of their robes and furs at our home post, Fort Conrad.

Then soon came wise, keen-witted Crow Foot and his 1500 Blackfeet; Running Rabbit and his 2000 Bloods; Riel and his 500 Red Rivers, and camped, all of them, alongside the Crees in our long, wide river bottom. And we were all on edge, expecting bloody war to break out at almost any minute.

Only the level heads of the powerful chiefs had prevented the fierce outbreaks we dreaded. Thus far the chiefs had been able to keep their followers from killing. But they could not stop hot quarreling. During the winter there had been many fierce quarrels between Crees and Bloods, and Blackfeet and Crees. Quarrels about women; about hunting; about horses; about precedence in our trade room; until at last, Blackfeet and Bloods would not speak to Crees, nor Crees to them.

No wonder we felt as if we were living over dynamite!

And now here was this wooing of Flying Woman by Short Bow to trouble us further. Her father, Three Stars, was a man of violent temper. I felt certain that upon his return he would at once kill Short Bow, and so bring down upon us at last the war we so much dreaded.

Flying Woman remained hidden in our cookhouse. Two quiet nights passed, and then on the third morning Sahtaki reported that Short Bow had come into camp after all had gone to bed, and had circled around and around her lodge, singing his Cree love songs. At last she had gone out and in the sign language said to him:

"Go away, worthless Cree. My daughter is not here; she has gone far away to our relatives in the North."

To which he had replied: "You lie. She is here in your lodge, listening to my songs. This, my medicine, is drawing her to me. She resists, but she can not always resist. Even now she wants to come to me, and some time she will come, she will be mine." With that, he had gone on singing and dancing around the lodge until long past midnight, when he had mounted his horse and gone.

Came the call for breakfast, and Sahtaki accompanied me to the cookhouse. At the table, Flying Woman, restless from being shut in so closely, began to beg to go home and do lodge work—cook, gather firewood, bring water, gossip with her friends. She could safely do so, she insisted. Was not the French Crees' chief keeping Short Bow close in his camp?

"But he came again last night; for a long time sang and danced around our lodge," her mother replied.

"I care not!" cried Flying Woman, unreasoning in her disappointment. "I can not bear to stay here day after day in this log-walled house!"

"Then come home; marry the worthless Cree; go live with him and his worthless tribe, and never, never again come near me, for you will no longer be daughter of mine," Sahtaki angrily replied.

Whereat Flying Woman left the table, ran into the other room and cried despairingly; and later on promised to remain hidden in the cabin until the return of her father.

Soon after this Short Bow must have learned that Flying Woman had been hidden from him in our cookhouse. For two nights later, our rest was broken by his singing, somewhere close outside. Eli Guardipe and I heard him from our bunks in the rear end of the trade room.

I lay quiet for a few moments, listening, becoming more and more angry every moment; and at last sprang up and, putting on my trousers, said to Eli: "That Cree dog and his sickening love songs! I'll fix him so he'll never sing about her again!"

"Now, now, my friend, (Cont. on page 42)



He came singing his Cree songs and danced around and around our lodge.



Off for first base! Chapman runs out every hit.

ON YOUR TOES!

An Interview With Ben Chapman

Baseball's Fastest Human

by

Franklin M. Reck

He's Fast

THE world wanted to know who was the fastest man in baseball uniform. The two most eligible candidates were Carl Reynolds, now of the Red Sox, and Ben Chapman of the Yankees. They staged a hundred-yard dash in Chicago and Chapman won.

This young Yankee outfielder is built like a rangy football tackle, but with the speed and agility of a track man. He comes from Birmingham, Alabama, where they call him the Alabama Arrow. For the last three years he has led the American League in base stealing, and in this interview he gives you some of the fine points of the art.

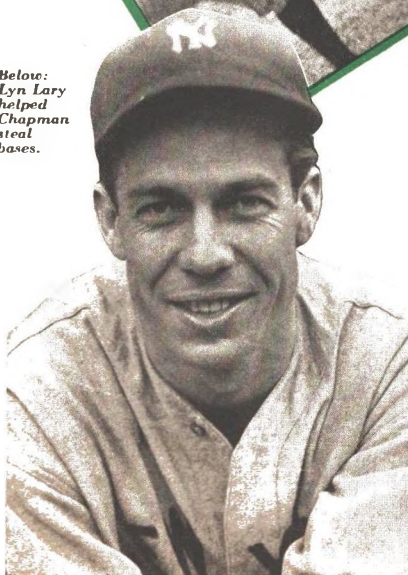


Above: Out at home! But it's usually a close decision when Chapman runs.



"All right, boy, hit it out!" Here's the Yankee dugout, Boss McCarthy at the left, watching a batting rally get under way.

Below: Lyn Lary helped Chapman steal bases.



THE New York Yankees were playing the Cleveland Indians in Cleveland. The 1932 season was drawing to a close, and if the Yankees won this game they would be tied for first place in the American League even if they lost all their remaining games. They wanted to win and end the uncertainty.

Ben Chapman, tall, dark-haired left fielder for the Yankees, opened the second inning with a single. Dickey, Yankee catcher, came to bat and Chapman pranced off first base, alertly watching Oral Hildebrand, Cleveland pitcher.

Signals passed between the first-base coacher, Chapman, and Dickey. They understood each other perfectly. Hildebrand's arm went back for the pitch, and in that instant Chapman bounded toward second.

The pitch cut the plate. Dickey swung at it without attempting to connect. Catcher Sewell shifted and threw to second, but before the second baseman could swing his arm down, Chapman's left toe was hooked into the bag. A moment later, when the Cleveland shortstop let Dickey's roller go between his legs Chapman romped home with the first score of the game. If he hadn't stolen he couldn't have scored.

In the 12th inning, Chapman tripled down the right field foul line to win the game, but that's beside the point. This is a story of base running, not batting.

The art of base stealing isn't what it used to be, and those who know blame it on the so-called "lively" ball. This is a day of sluggers and runners have fallen into the habit of standing in the base path, waiting for a hit to drive them around.

But the fans like to watch an aggressive, daring base runner. There's an element of risk—a sudden, spectacular competition between fast legs and fast throwing arms. And so, when Chapman, newly arrived in the major leagues, stole 61 bases in 1931, they howled their approval and remembered the dancing figure of Ty Cobb and the sudden dashes of Eddie Collins.

For three years Chapman has led the American League in base stealing. He's fast—actual hundred-yard dash competition in baseball uniform has shown him to be the fastest man in the league—but that doesn't account entirely for his leadership. Good base running takes more than speed. It takes alert study of opposing pitchers and catchers.

Chapman, for instance, finds it easier to steal against fast-ball than slow-ball pitchers. The fast-ball specialist brings his (Continued on page 43)

BASES FULL

by

William Heyliger

Illustrator: DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

Just a Few Written Words, but They Touched Off a Load of Dynamite!

THERE was a saying in the pleasant circle of the Thorpe family that Dorry could be depended on never to lose his head during a baseball game and seldom to hold it anywhere else. He was the most hasty and impulsive of all Thorpes, and his short temper had him constantly in trouble.

But there was no thought of trouble in his mind as he swung across the Tech campus and stopped at the post office before going on to the field house to dress for the Trinidad game. There was a letter in his box from his sister, Margaret. "Mickey," everybody called her.

Dear D: The *State-Gazette* says you're picked to pitch the Trinidad game. Remember—I have a bet down that you'll lose it.

Dorry grinned. Good old Mickey! Betting against him because she always lost a wager. Because of a superstition that it brought him luck and made his defeat impossible. How many ties, he wondered, had his brother, Bob, won from Mickey in the past two years? He wondered, too, with a sudden sense of ironic humor, what the team would say if it knew he had a sister who bet against him. With the letter still in his hand he started across the campus.

"Hi, Dorry!" a voice called.

Duke Tabor, captain and first baseman, was almost upon him. His hand made a movement of frantic haste as he crumpled the letter and thrust it into his pocket.

"On your way over?" Tabor asked. His eyes, for a moment, flicked toward the pocket and the hand hidden there.

They fell into step. Dorry, his hand still clutching the letter, began to feel uncomfortable. The Duke's rigid gaze, fixed straight ahead with obvious intentness, sent a flush into his cheeks. Darn Mickey! And darn himself for acting guilty! In the gym Dorry was glad to part from the Duke and go on to



Slowly he took the crumpled sheet from Multry's hand. "So it's yours," the coach said in a voice the pitcher had never heard before.

his own locker. There he wrenched his hand from his pocket, shed his coat, and threw it on a bench.

As he dressed he grinned ruefully. What was there about stuffing a letter into his pocket that should make him feel like a criminal surprised in the act? He caught Tabor's eye and felt an impulse to tell him all about it. The Duke was a good egg. And then Multry, the coach, came down the room, talking to the players in turn. He paused at Dorry's bench.

"Feel like giving them a brawl, Dorry?" The man's hand fell upon the boy's shoulders with a warm, friendly grip.

"How are they?" Dorry asked eagerly. "Hot?"

Multry smiled confidently. "Not so hot that you shouldn't be able to cool them. They've a fondness for the first ball. Play the corners."

"Watch me," said Dorry. A flame had come into his eyes. So it was to be a battle calling for tight pitching! He yanked his coat off the bench and hung it in the locker, not noticing that a crumpled paper fell out of the pocket and rolled under the bench.

Spiked shoes clattered on the concrete as the team moved toward the door. In Multry's office off the locker room a telephone rang shrilly. The coach turned the team over to Duke and went into the room.



The team ran for the dugout, clustered there for a moment, and crowded out for batting practice.

Dorry sat for a few moments on the bench, looking over the field. Somebody sat down heavily beside him and he looked up. Multry's eyes, hard and cold, met his, and the grin that had started to form on the boy's lips faltered and was gone.

"Good night!" he said under his breath. "That telephone call must have been bad news."

As he joined the other pitchers to warm up, he had the feeling that Multry's eyes followed him. A ball got past Bowerman, the catcher, and Pitcher Slim Elkins spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"What's eating Mul?"

Andy High, another of the pitchers, shook his head. "He was all right in the locker room."

Presently the line of hurlers drifted to the dugout—all except Dorry and Slim. That was queer! Usually the starting pitcher warmed up alone the last five minutes. Nettled, Dorry threw to Bowerman until the catcher held the ball.

The umpire came to the bench. "How about your battery, Tech?"

"Thor—" Duke Tabor began.

"Wait," Multry said quietly. He seemed to study the bleachers and the distant field. Then his eyes fixed on Dorry. "Anxious to pitch this game, aren't you?"

"Why not?" Dorry asked, surprised.

"Perhaps we can find the answer to that," the coach said abruptly. He nodded to the umpire. "Thorpe and Bowerman."

Dorry went out to the mound in a red cloud of wrath. What was wrong with Mul, anyhow? What did he mean by getting so stand-offish, all of a sudden? He threw up his arm for the first practice pitch, and hurled the ball into the dirt in front of the plate.

Duke Tabor came over from first and Ray Lucas came over from third.

"Come on, Dorry," Ray coaxed. "That won't get you anything."



The step had taken a fraction of a second, but bunts are decided by fractions of seconds. The umpire's hand motioned the runner safe.

"Did you hear Mul?" Dorry flared, and swung upon the captain. "What's it all about?"

The Duke's face was blank. "How do I know? He hasn't said a word to me."

"Forget it," Ray pleaded. "He'll be all over it by the time you go back to the bench."

"He'd better," Dorry snapped. He threw another ball to Bowerman, and the catcher lined it down to second. A Trinidad batter stepped to the plate and voices barked from the coaching boxes.

Dorry yanked at the peak of his cap. They were first ball hitters, were they? He glanced toward the dugout, and there was Multry leaning forward, elbows on his knees. Dorry bit his lip and shot a fast curve at the outside corner.

Anger had played havoc with his control. The curve broke with a wild twist, and the batter dropped hurriedly. But the bat was still on his shoulder as he turned, and the ball met it, popped into the air, and rolled slowly along the third-base line. The infield was caught flat-footed.

One on.

Dorry fought an inward storm. Bowerman, impassive, stood behind the plate, his big mitt raised in a mute sign of "Steady, steady." Tabor's voice crooned from first: "A fluke, Dorry; they can't win this game on flukes."

Glowing, Dorry watched the man at the plate. He'd bunt, of course, and probably on the first ball pitched. The trick was to keep the pitch high. He nodded to Bowerman's signal and sent the ball in high and fast. The moment it had left his hand he raced toward the plate.

The bunt fell to his right. He stabbed with his bare hand and took it on the second bound. One moment his fingers held it. The next instant it had slipped free. He leaped sideways, made a frantic clutch and had it in his hand again.

"Don't throw," came Duke Tabor's cry. And now there were two men on base.

Dorry's cloud of anger became a roaring flame. The infield gathered anxiously and Bowerman came lumbering down the fairway.

"Don't let a couple of breaks bother you, Dorry," the catcher said casually. "They don't mean a thing."

The quiet, comforting words brought Dorry to his senses. All at once the red cloud was gone and his head became cool, and sharp, and clear. He kicked aside a pebble and glanced at the bases. After that he loosened his cap and reset it a bit cockily.

"Two on and none out, Duke?"

The captain nodded.

"It's time we got started." Dorry glanced at the dugout where Multry still leaned forward intently. Then he looked at the bases. "We're due for another bunt, Duke. Stick close to the bag." He strolled back to the mound.

Every muscle flowed smoothly with the rhythm of his swing. Again he raced in with the pitch. The bunt, perfectly placed, fell off to his left, fair by inches. The runner flashed past him as he came down upon it, and when he scooped it up the runner was between him and the bag. Stepping to the side he threw at an angle, past the shoulder of the runner. The step had taken a fraction of a second, and bunts are decided by fractions of seconds. The umpire's hand motioned the runner safe.

The bases were full.

Duke Tabor came out with the ball. "Tough luck, Dorry."

"Leave it to me," said Dorry. The flame in his eye was now the flame of battle.

There was a way to handle first-ball hitters! He rifled a fast one toward the inside and thought he had nicked the corner. The pitch felt good—looked good.

"Ball," said the umpire. Dorry's face went blank.

Dorry walked down to take the throw from Bowerman. "Not missing the close ones, Ump, are you?"

"Ball," the umpire said shortly.

Dorry sent the second pitch in low, aiming for an outside spot above the knees.

"Ball." The umpire's hand indicated that the pitch had been too low.

The batter set himself solidly and waited. Again the infield gathered about the pitcher and Bowerman came down to join the conference. Dorry, unworried, grinned at them.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I'll handle him."

The group broke up hesitatingly, and as coolly as though the bases were clear Dorry faced the batter. Dorry knew the man was expecting a straight ball over the middle. He could see that the man was set to hit. An inside hook would fool him. Confidently his fingers found position on the ball. Almost negligently he sent another glance around at the runners. Then he threw.

The Trinidad batter edged in to meet the ball and the bat began to swing. Abruptly the swing was checked as the ball hooked inward wickedly. The man at the plate tried to get out of its way, but the ball, almost wild now, cracked into his ribs.

A run was forced in. The bases were still full and none were out.

Dorry shook his head. He'd have to cut down—put less hop on the ball. He stretched his arms, grinned casually at Bowerman, and turned back toward the mound where the Duke waited alone.

"That's all, Dorry," Tabor said.

The grin died. "What's that?"

"Mul gave me the sign. You're through."

Dorry, flashing an incredulous glance toward the dugout, saw Slim Elkins crossing the grass toward the diamond.

Dorry's eyes smoldered. Yanked in the first inning! He had seen that happen to pitchers who were being slaughtered or who

A Long Story Complete in This Issue



This time it would surely be a bunt. He pitched and followed the ball toward the plate.

had gone hopelessly wild, but never to a victim of the breaks. The first Trinidad man had got on through a fluke, the second through an error, and the third through a well-placed bunt. The last batter had been hit, but why yank a man for one lapse?

Slim had arrived at the mound. "Tough luck, Dorry."

Luck? Where did luck come in? Multry had done the damage! First the coach had picked him for the game, and then he wasn't going to use him, and now he had taken the first chance for a yank-out. In a cold rage he surrendered the ball to Elkins and went to the dugout.

"What's the rush, Coach?" he asked icily.

Multry gave him a thin smile. "I should have done it before, Dorry." The man's head motioned toward the field house.

Dorry blinked. What did that mean? As he passed down the field, his rage was all at once dwarfed by a paralyzing sense of helplessness. If Mul had any weakness it was a tendency to leave a tottering hurler in too long.

"He'll tell me why he did this," Dorry vowed bitterly. "If he thinks I'll take this lying down—"

He dressed in a savage temper, and the shouts and cries from Tech Field fell on deaf ears. On his way out he paused at a window that overlooked the field. Trinidad was at bat for its fifth inning, and the scoreboard read: OPPONENTS, 3; TECH, 1. Trinidad's three runs had come in the first inning. He seethed out of the locker room and slammed the door behind him.

The campus dozed in the spring sunshine. Somebody yelled from a dormitory window: "Hi, Dorry—thought you were pitching today." Dorry grunted. He had thought so, too. He caught a trolley at the campus edge and rode downtown, not because he had any place to go but because he was too sore and bitter to hang around.

At dinner that night he learned that Tech lost the game 5 to 4, and as he climbed the steps of Hartridge Hall he planned the things he would say to Multry when they met. He didn't have long to wait. Reaching the third landing he turned into the north wing toward his room. His key was in the lock when Multry's voice called from down the hall.

"Dorry!"

Dorry's hands trembled on the key. Multry and Duke Tabor came forward.

"I want a word with you," Multry said.

"And I want one with you," Dorry cried hotly. "If you think—"

"Mine first," said Multry. The three of them pushed into the room and the Duke closed the door. The coach stood with his feet apart, his face expressionless.

"What happened to you today?"

"Nothing happened to me!"

Multry's face didn't change. "Ordinarily you're a sharpshooter. Today you were a dud. You wild-pitched the first man to a hit. You followed that by fumbling a bunt that was right in your hand. Instead of throwing past the third man you wasted time on an angle throw and lost the play. You gave the fourth batter two balls. After that you should have tried for a strike. Instead, you threw an inside curve and hit him. How do you explain that run of plays, Dorry?"

The coach had made it sound like an indictment—like something shady and off color. Dorry bristled. "Am I supposed to explain them?"

"You'd better."

"I won't," the pitcher snapped recklessly.

"Perhaps I can." Multry took a paper from his

pocket. "I found this in the locker room. Is it yours?"

Dorry, frozen, stared at Mickey's letter. The last time he had seen that letter—his hand made a blind clutch for his coat pocket. Then, slowly, he took the crumpled sheet from Multry's hand.

"So it is yours," Multry said in a voice the pitcher had never heard before. "Since when have you been running with tin-horn gamblers? What do they give you—a cut?"

"Mul!" the Duke cried in distress.



The coach pointed to the letter.

Dorry's face had gone white. "You mean I threw that game?"

"What does the letter say?"

"Get out," Dorry said in hoarse passion. "Get out of here!"

Multry, five feet ten of bone and muscle, did not move. Time passed in an eternity of silence. Multry shook his head and sighed.

"Dorry, I hate to believe this. If—"

Dorry spoke two words. "Get out."

Multry turned slowly and left, and the Duke was at his heels. Dorry stood with the letter in his hands, and now the hands trembled and grew white at the knuckles. He was still standing there when the door opened and Duke Tabor came back.

"What do you want?" Dorry asked ominously.

"I don't believe this," the Duke burst out.

"Why didn't you say that when Mul was here?"

The question hung in the air. The Duke walked to the window and drummed against the glass. Darkness had lain a blanket over the campus.

"That was your letter, wasn't it?" the captain asked over his shoulder.

"Yes."

Tabor turned from the window. "Mul was for chucking you. I put my foot down. I still don't believe it. I'm not saying you'll get the call for a game, but turn out."

"What for?" Dorry demanded in fury.

"I didn't think you'd run away from a jam," the Duke said slowly.

"Nobody can run me."

The Duke nodded. "That's how I figured it."

Dorry came out for practice. Just why he came out he did not know, save that something in him could not stand the Duke's taunt of running away. But his eyes smoldered when they looked at Multry.

There was another letter from Mickey. What, she wailed, had happened? He read it with tight lips, tore it into small bits, and dropped it into the basket in his room. How could he tell her she had innocently labeled him a crook?

Days passed, and he nursed a slow hatred of Multry. This was the man who had yanked him out and accused him of throwing a game for money! Day after day the coach gave him a nod that was mere toleration; day after day Dorry faded out of the picture the instant practice was done.

He heated a spot on the bench while Andy High beat Waterford, 7 to 4, and Slim Elkins pitched a 15-inning tie against Dunkirk. The next game should have been his, but Multry sent Andy out to face Southern. Andy, running into a storm of hits, lost the game 10 to 6, and yet Multry kept him in to the end. Dorry guessed the answer to that. Slim couldn't be sent in to do relief work so soon after the strain of that 15-inning battle and he, Dorry Thorpe, could not be sent in at all. When the game was over he walked slowly to the locker room, and the Duke walked with him.

"Dorry," the captain said soberly, "this is getting to be a mess."

"Tell it to Multry," said Dorry.

Slim pitched against Madison U. The game went twelve innings and Tech won, 7 to 6. But Madison had two on in the ninth, two more on in the tenth, and three on when the last Madison batter drove a blazing liner right into the hands of Duke Tabor. Miraculous fielding had saved Tech.

Bowerman came to Dorry's room that night. "What did you think of the game?"

"Too many men on base in the late innings."

"Slim's tired," Bowerman said soberly. "He lacks beef—he hasn't the stamina for a long grind. Twenty-seven innings in six days. Suppose he caves?"

Dorry said nothing.

"What's up between you and Mul?" Bowerman asked casually.

Dorry stiffened. "That's my business."

"Is it?" The catcher sat on the edge of the table and swung a powerful leg. "It strikes me it's the business of the team. And if you're asking me—"

"I'm not," Dorry snapped.

"I'll tell you, anyway," Bowerman said calmly. "You're the sort who carries too much steam. You take my advice and go to Mul and get straightened out. You can talk to Mul—he's a real guy."

"Suppose it's Mul who happens to need straightening out?"

Bowerman said slowly: "That puts it up to you, all the more."

The door closed. One of Dorry's hands made a startled, denying gesture, then dropped slowly upon the desk. So Mul was a real guy you could talk to, was he? He took Mickey's first letter from his desk and read it again. How innocent it seemed—now. How easy it would have been to explain it—then. He sighed and shook his head. If he went to Multry now, Multry would ask him why he hadn't come forward with that explanation before. It would look as though he had called on Mickey to lie for him.

Slim pitched against the State Aggies and took a four-run battering in the first inning. It looked like a rout, and the palms of Dorry's hands became clammy and moist. But Tech began to hit and picked up three runs in her half of the first. She got three more in the second. The third was barren, but five Tech men crossed the plate in the fourth.

Tech won the game 14 to 3, and Dorry saw Bowerman and Multry cross the outfield together. Multry's face was grave.

"Perhaps—" Dorry whispered to himself.

But Andy High was picked for the St. John's game. And Andy, turning in a nervous, steady performance, lost 6 to 2. Ray Lucas walked back to the campus with Dorry.

"Andy can't stand pressure," the third baseman said. "He's carrying the whole load and worrying about it. And next Saturday we start a three-game series with State."

"What's the whole load?" Dorry asked, surprised.

"Don't you know Slim's arm is shot?"

It dawned on Dorry how complete his isolation had become. He was with the squad, and yet he was subtly shut out. The whole team knew that Slim was through; he, a pitcher, did not. It marked the depth of his estrangement from the team. And then he realized that Ray expected him to say something.

"What can I do about it?" he asked irritably.

"I was wondering," the third baseman answered. Dorry wondered, too. Had Bowerman been talking to Lucas? Bowerman's visit had shown him how easily he could have cleared the situation after the Trinidad game. Now, in the light of Slim's collapse and Andy High's defeat, he knew that explanations were more hopeless than ever. For now the staff was shot, and no matter what he might say, Multry would blame him for the situation. Had he been taking his regular turn Slim's arm would have had adequate rest after that. (Continued on page 38)

Deep-Sea Scrapper

by

Allen Field



Far astern they saw the slim body and rapier-like snout of the big fish as it broke the blue surface into white foam.

When You Go Hunting for Sailfish Beware the Peevish Killer Whale!

THE warm Florida sun shone down on Miami. It glistened in the tops of the palms in Biscayne Park, gleamed upon the restless surface of the lagoons between the T-shaped piers that lined the water front, and sparkled on the varnish and brass work of the high-bowed cabin cruisers.

Young Roddy Williams, skipper of the charter boat *Panther*, felt the sun on his back as he sat on the end of Pier Five. Behind him, along each side of the pier, stretched the slips of the charter boat feet—boats that hire by day or season for sport fishing in Florida's famous waters.

Roddy was resentful. Swinging his feet impatiently over the oily harbor water he stared angrily at the graceful black hull of the J. B. Courtlandt yacht, *Martian*, out in the anchorage lane. Old "J. B.," famous for his railroad millions and gruffness of temper, had wanted a fish guide and had sent to Pier Five for Captain Reese Williams of the *Panther*. But Captain Reese was lying in a hospital bed, the victim of an auto smash, and Roddy had reported to the *Martian* in his father's place.

Courtlandt had shook his head abruptly. "We'll need a man of experience and sound judgment," he had rumbled. With that curt dismissal Roddy had boiled over. He was past nineteen. He had served three years under the star skipper of the Pier Five feet! He knew fishing from Miami south as only his father could teach it! But J. B.'s fist had banged the polished mahogany table surface.

"You won't do, boy!" he had roared. "Is that plain?"

Roddy grinned ruefully. For a moment he had stared into the ruddy, square-jawed face of the millionaire, at the close-clipped mustache and iron-gray brows. Then he had walked stiffly out to the yacht's landing stage where the *Martian's* gig had set him swiftly ashore.

Suddenly Roddy's eyes widened. From his place on the pier he saw Captain Bill Bonner's *Sea Eagle* ease up to the *Martian*. So Captain Bill was taking Courtlandt fishing! Of course! On the Pier Five board, Bonner and his *Sea Eagle* held the record for sailfish.

Roddy growled. Catching that fish had been pure luck. Bonner had picked it up in the channel hardly a mile off the beach where "sails" were never known to bite. He had handled it so badly from strike to landing that in the fleet it was known as a "stole fish." Still, chalked up on the record board, it brought the *Sea Eagle* business.

Roddy watched the Courtlandt party of four board the rival boat. Then, stung by a sudden resolve, he hurried back along the pier to where the *Panther* bobbed gently in her slip.

"Stand by, mister," he said curtly to his younger brother, George. "We're going fishing."

"You got a party, Rod?" George's voice was filled with eager hope. Since their father's accident had made Roddy a skipper, there had been no pay business for the *Panther*.

"Yes," Roddy answered.

"Who?"

"You."

"Shucks!" George grumbled, but at the grim look on his brother's face he went obediently forward to cast off the bow lines.

The *Panther's* siren sounded for the lagoon entrance. As the craft shot into the deep seagoing channel that runs along the causeway leading to Miami Beach, Roddy picked up the white hull of the *Sea Eagle* ahead and set the throttles on his twin six-cylinder engines to keep pace with her. He turned

his head: "Catch us some tuna hait," he ordered. "What for?" George asked plaintively. "Are we fishing for fun?"

"No—sailfish," Roddy replied. "We're going to fish the same water as the *Sea Eagle*."

With the hum of the *Panther's* motors in the deck beneath his feet and George trailing out a line for tuna, Roddy allowed himself to gloat over the amazement that would be on old J. B.'s face when he saw the *Panther* working a sail in water that had been cut by his own bait without result. "Man of judgment!" Still flushed with indignation Roddy grimly steered after the *Sea Eagle*.

Captain Bill Bonner boasted that for him bait was bait and fish took it or they didn't. Roddy's teaching had been different. On the *Panther*, stale mullet wasn't even "good enough for shark bait." And for sailfish Roddy's father insisted upon a strip cut from the smoky white belly of a freshly landed baby tuna.

"Got him!" George yelled excitedly from the stern. The line was whipping off the big reel and the fish was going deep, after the habit of tuna.

"Horse him in," Roddy ordered coolly.

After the first rush George reeled steadily. Soon he caught the wire leader and swung the fish aboard.

"Tuna, sir," he grinned. "Anything else today?"

"Take the wheel," Roddy ordered.

Ahead, the *Sea Eagle* was entering the deep blue that marked the edge of the Gulf Stream. Roddy got out his fish board and went to work on the tuna with his razor-sharp knife. Deftly he shaped the bait, trimmed it for thickness, tried its flutter in the water, pulled it in and bent over it once more. Meanwhile

George watched interestedly as the party on the *Sea Eagle* began playing some kind of fish.

"Dolphin," he reported. "Nice one too! Oh, oh! Lost him! Bet he touched the stern. Bumped fish is lost fish every time. Eh, Rod?"

Illustrator: ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Roddy made no answer. His thoughtful dark eyes were again fixed on the flutter of the tuna bait. This time it satisfied him.

"Fish, mister," he ordered his brother briefly, and the silent battle between the *Panther* and the *Sea Eagle* was on.

The *Panther* roved closer to the wake of the *Eagle*. George sat in one of the fish chairs astern, his attention riveted on the silver spot of bait some twenty yards back. At the wheel Roddy fumed over the poor water Bonner had chosen, and the lack of fish signs. As the minutes went by it looked like a stalemate with neither boat striking a fish. And in that case the *Panther* would fail to draw Courtlandt's attention.

"Easy, Rod! Watch out!" George's voice was tense with excitement. "There he is. THERE HE IS!"

Roddy saw his brother's line jerk to the sailfish "tap." He nodded approvingly as George released the drag and let the line pay out, beginning to count slowly aloud.

"Eight—nine," he droned.

"Hit him!" Roddy exploded.

George slammed the drag lever down and brought the tip of the heavy rod sharply upward. The line began to run. Then, far astern, they saw the slim body and rapier-like snout of the big fish as it broke the blue surface into white foam.

Roddy swung his eyes forward to locate the *Sea Eagle*. Now let Courtlandt see for himself who had the experience! In the middle of the thought a gasp escaped his lips. Behind the *Sea Eagle* a rounded dark back rolled above the blue water in a sleek, glistening curve. Behind the body Roddy caught the flash of mighty tail flukes!

It was a whale! The thing that happened once in a Miami skipper's lifetime had happened to Bill Bonner! A big lone Killer—an "orca gladiator"—was browsing the Gulf Stream! Bill Bonner's luck had held! Roddy's own poor little sailfish show would go unnoticed.

As he gazed, at first fascinated, then in amazed disapproval, things began to happen aboard the *Eagle*. He saw the mate scramble forward and poise on the small bow deck, a long harpoon lance in his hand. Water boiled white under the *Eagle's* stern as the mate shook the line free for the throw. The lance sped out and a geyser of white water shot high above the *Eagle's* seaward bow as the mate danced and hopped madly to keep clear of the leaping coils of line!

"The fool!" Roddy muttered, gripping the *Panther's* wheel until his knuckles whitened. "Oh, the fool!"

Roddy knew that harpooning a whale, even a small one, from a boat no bigger than the *Eagle*, was grim business, with most of the chances favoring the whale. And there were two women in the Courtlandt party! Hoping that the monster would take the *Eagle's* line out and keep on heading for Africa, Roddy saw that Captain Bill had no intentions of allowing it to do so. The *Eagle's* single motor was under full throttle as the boat darted swiftly after her prey.

"Line!" A wild wail from George. "Gimme line, Rod! Shut down! Back up! Help me swing him! He's got it all!"

But Roddy paid no heed. His eyes were glued ahead. He saw that the *Eagle's* mate had somehow got a turn of the harpoon line about the bow post. The wave at the prow of the little cruiser rose to a curling white as the whale picked up the boat and snaked it through the water. Then, suddenly, the wave dropped.

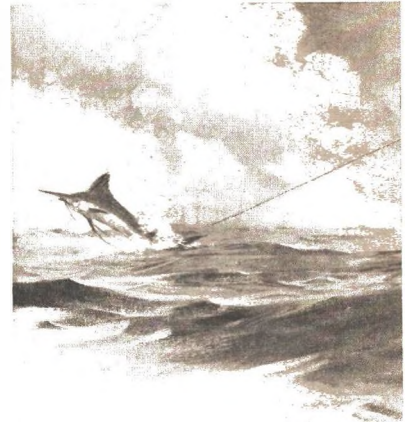
"Sounding!" Roddy yelled uselessly at his distant rival. "Cut him loose! Cut him loose NOW!"

George, engaged in a desperate attempt to pump back precious yards of the line, swung his head around in amazement.

"Huh?" he gasped. "What, Rod?"

"Bill's harpooned a whale," Roddy flung back tensely. "Gave 'em a ride and now he's sound—"

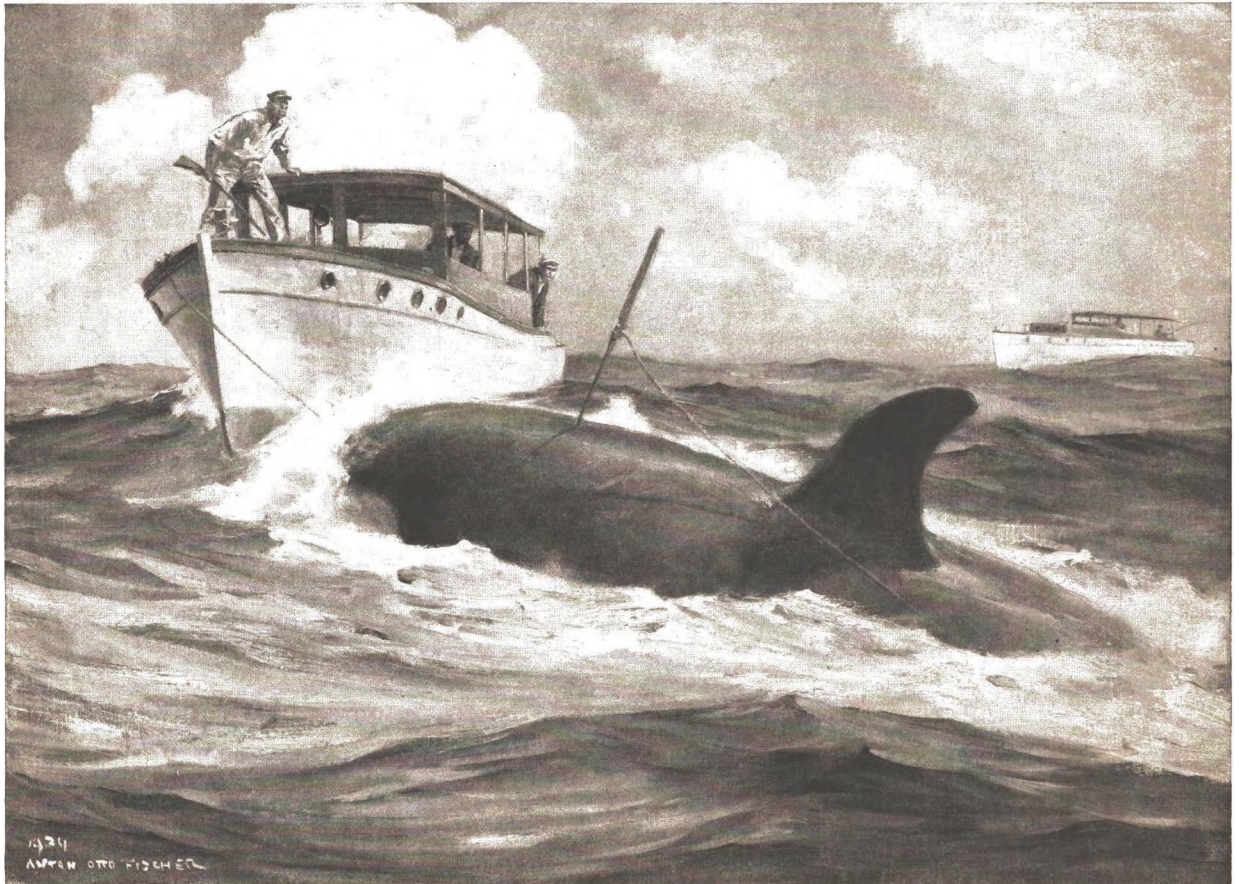
The words trailed off in blank consternation. Puffs of rifle smoke began to break from the *Eagle's* bow where the mate stood braced against the motion of the boat. Then Roddy saw the whale!



"No!" he yelled as his hand dropped to the *Panther's* throttles. "Not sounding! He's charging 'em, George! Cut that sailfish loose! Hang onto the rod and let the line break!"

The *Panther* heeled and leaped under the powerful thrust of her screws. One solid blow from the mighty ram of the Killer's head would break the *Eagle* into matchwood! And Roddy knew that even a hard-hitting big game gun would be no more than a pea shooter on such a target!

The dark bulk of the whale looked like a monstrous



The dark bulk of the whale looked like a monstrous torpedo as it bore down on the rival craft.



The battle went on and on.
At the end of half an hour the fish
still seemed to be taking line at will.

torpedo, bigger than the *Sea Eagle*, as it bore down on the rival craft.

The thing was over in an instant. Roddy saw the stern of the boat start to lift. Then it went out of sight in a white explosion of salt water. Roddy's hand left the wheel as if to wipe the scene of destruction out of his eyes. But the *Sea Eagle* was still there! Roddy swung to George.

"Stand by to harpoon!" he bellowed above the roar of the *Panther's* exhaust. "MOVE!"

George lurched forward around the *Panther's* cabin roof like a scurrying monkey. On the *Eagle*, too, Captain Bill was clawing his way forward. Seventy-five yards from the threatened boat, the Killer, like a maddened bull in a field, turned in a great swirl of foam. Bonner's arm rose and fell as he brought his hatchet down on the harpoon line in a belated effort to cut the whale loose.

Roddy sheered the *Panther* off the *Eagle's* stern, sending a stinging shower of salt spray into the terror-stricken faces of the Courtlandt party.

"Run!" he screamed to Bonner. "Get out of here!"

The *Panther* circled swiftly to starboard, swung again on her rudder post and bore down on the sulking Killer. Roddy fixed his eyes on George standing in the bow. The sun gleamed on the bronze harpoon point touching the deck, and glistened along the length of the varnished lance resting against his brother's shoulder. George's hand moved in cool signals—port a little—port some more—ahead—easy! George gripped the lance and freed the line about his feet, his body poised for the throw. They were almost on top of the whale when the lance drove swiftly down!

Wild tons of water broke in a solid sheet from the surface of the Gulf Stream and came over the *Panther's* bows. The boat heeled far over, with Roddy clinging grimly to the wheel as the glass shield in front of him was carried away by the shock.

Then again he saw the bow. The line was whipping out of its coils and George was gone! Roddy's heart leaped in a sudden rush of fear. Ahead he could see the Killer lashing itself seaward. A coil from that whizzing line must have caught George and yanked him overboard.

Roddy bobbed his head out to port, then raced across for a look to starboard. Properly released, the lance shaft was floating a few yards away. But there was no sign of George. Then, as his hands dropped back on the wheel, Roddy saw a dripping black head rise out of the forward cockpit!

"Hurt?" Roddy yelled, in a rush of relief.

Slowly George shook his head. His lips shaped into the form of an amazed whistle. For a moment his eyes turned to watch the buoy on the harpoon

line racing seaward like a miniature speedboat. Then he clambered aft. Roddy picked up the lance, dropped it into the boat and swung in to where the *Sea Eagle* wallowed weakly in the trough of the low swells.

To Roddy's polite inquiry Captain Bill muttered something about being "brushed." There was an ominous thump to the *Eagle's* idling shaft and her stern was low in the water.

"We can make it all right," Bonner said, shooting a surly glance at Roddy. But at this point old J. B., square-faced and bristling, entered the conversation.

"If you can take us aboard, Captain," he said, meeting Roddy's eyes, "we'd appreciate it."

A few minutes later the *Panther* was acting as escort to the *Eagle*, as the crippled boat swam slowly, like a wounded duck, towards the Miami skyline. Courtlandt stood beside Roddy, nervously pulling at a cigar he had lighted. The two women of the party had gone below into the *Panther's* small cabin.

"You saved our lives, young man," J. B. said presently.

"Hardly that, sir," Roddy answered, keeping his eyes fixed on the *Panther's* sharp prow. "He might not have charged again."

"If he had it would have been the end of us," Courtlandt stated flatly. There was no mention of their previous interview, yet Roddy was sure the older man recognized him.

"My dad," Roddy said slowly, still keeping his eyes on the *Panther's* course, "always says that when you harpoon anything you've got to remember that it can run only two ways. One is away from you and the other is toward you."

Courtlandt's cigar rolled into the far corner of his mouth.

"That's sense!" he snapped, and then joined the other man of the party in the stern. But soon he was back.

"This fishing speed?" he asked.

"A little slow, sir," Roddy answered.

"I'd like to fish," J. B. stated bluntly, in the voice of a man whose "like" means "will." Roddy shot a glance at the struggling *Sea Eagle*.

"You're really Captain Bonner's party, sir," he said meekly.

J. B. clamped his teeth into the cigar. Two round balls of muscle stood out at the corners of his jaws.

"I hired him," he growled, "and I'll pay him. Then I'll fire him! Right now I'm hiring you! I want to do something beside sit still and think about what might have happened out there!"

Roddy gave George the wheel and set about rigging and baiting the outfits. As he bent to his work he kept his back turned to the *Sea Eagle*. His plan was succeeding beyond his wildest hope, but somehow

it seemed like a rather mean trick to play on Captain Bill. Of course, Bonner had brought the trouble on himself and it might have been serious trouble. If Courtlandt wanted to hire two boats for an afternoon's fishing there was nothing to keep him from doing it, nor Roddy from accepting.

With the two baits out, Roddy returned to the wheel where George greeted him with a broad wink and an ecstatic grin. George was all but dancing with triumphant glee. Roddy could read his thoughts. He gripped George's arm fiercely.

"Pipe down, now!" he hissed in warning.

To get fishing speed Roddy roved the *Panther* in long tangents away from the *Eagle*. But it seemed to be a quiet day in the Stream. Patches of bright, orange-colored drifting weeds at times touched the baits to give the fishermen false strikes. Once a lone flying fish skittered out of the *Panther's* gentle bow wave, skimmed over the water and plopped back into the Stream.

Slowly the tops of Miami's taller buildings rose above the sea, and ahead Roddy could see the depth line where the blue of the Stream met the shallower green shore water. He swung the *Panther* away on a last slant for the coveted sailfish.

It was George, standing in his place behind the two fish chairs, who first caught sight of the lurking shadow astern. Roddy saw his brother's arm moving in slow circles—the sailfish signal. Then he, too, saw the fish following midway between the two baits. When the shadow moved in the sudden striking rush George leaped toward J. B.

"Drop back! Drop back to him, sir!" he shrieked. But Courtlandt heaved himself out of his chair, throwing his rod tip upward in a movement that might have lost the "strike" had not George tripped the spindle release on the reel, allowing the line to pay out in proper sailfish technique. Tense seconds ticked away while George's tanned hand held firm on the reel. Then he slammed the lever down.

"Hit him now, sir!" he cried, his voice cracking with the wild hope that the fish would be "there." Once again Courtlandt brought his rod tip up. The stout bamboo jumped in his hands. It curved and danced with vibrant life! Then far back and to starboard a great silvery body flashed in the sunlight.

"Marlin!" George shouted, flinging the decorum of a first-class mate to the winds. "Marlin swordfish! Hold him, sir! Don't try to reel yet! Look at him greyhound!"

In spite of the heavy drag on the spindle of the big reel, the fish rushed onward, plunging through the waves in short porpoise-like leaps. At the wheel, Roddy anticipated George's howl for line. The *Panther's* port motor roared. (Continued on page 46)

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Friendly Talks With the Editor

A Salute to Connie Mack!

WE take off our hat to Connie Mack, 71-year-old manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. Connie Mack is younger and braver in spirit than most boys we know. Consider his record. For a good many years he's been building baseball teams. Twice, during his brilliant career, he has assembled clubs of world's championship caliber. And what has happened? His one-time rookies, partly through his genius, became stars. Naturally, they wanted bigger salaries. The Athletics didn't earn enough to pay them. So Connie Mack, unwilling to hold his good men down, sold them to rival clubs. Home-run Baker! Eddie Collins! Lefty Grove! Al Simmons! Mickey Cochrane! Connie Mack has developed some of the game's greatest fielders, pitchers, hitters, and—has sold them at the very peak of their power. What's more, he's had to sell them to clubs who needed them to beat the Athletics. But to smiling, sportsmanlike Connie Mack that's all in the game. This year he's beginning all over. He's seeking to build a new team around the brawny Jimmie Foxx. We wish him lots of luck.

Buy Yourself a Poppy

MEMORIAL DAY will soon be here, and with it the annual sale of Buddy Poppies. Disabled ex-service men, in government hospitals, make these poppies. All the money goes to veterans in distress, and to their families. Pay what you please. A nickel will help, or a dollar. Please don't forget.

A Mysterious Black Trunk

YOU know all about Scotland Yard, London's famous detective organization. Suppose yourself to be a Scotland Yard chief detective. Suppose one of your inspectors, in considerable excitement, telephones you that a mysterious black trunk has been left at Charing Cross Railway Station. Suppose he adds that the trunk has been opened—that it has been found to contain the dismembered body of a woman? How would you go about finding the murderer? We'll tell you what Scotland Yard did, in the next paragraph. Meanwhile, let us recommend most enthusiastically "Forty Years of Scotland Yard," (Doubleday-Doran), by Frederick Porter Wensley. Mr. Wensley, until his recent retirement, was Chief Constable of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard. His book is full of the stirring, baffling adventures of a great detective.

Scotland Yard Gets Busy But let's get back to that black trunk. On a bit of blood-stained clothing detectives found the laundry mark "P. Holt." They made the rounds of the laundries and located the Holts. Mrs. Holt identified the body as that of a former cook. But who was the murderer? The numbered trunk check revealed the day on which the trunk had been left. The woman to whom the next preceding baggage check had been issued remembered the time of day she sent her trunk to the station. Detectives questioned the porters on duty at that hour; one porter testified that the black trunk had come in a taxi. Next came the questioning of London taxi drivers. The right one not only recalled transporting the trunk, but just where a man had hailed him and asked for a lift with it.

A Match Sticked With Blood Detectives went to the spot and found a building where, tenants recalled, a black trunk had stood for several days in a hallway. They thought it belonged to a man who had occupied offices on the top floor, but who had recently moved away. Scotland Yard traced the man—he had

changed lodgings a couple of times—and finally arrested him. He insisted, plausibly, that he had never seen the trunk. Detectives searched his abandoned office. He was a great smoker, and in his wastebasket they discovered a blood-stained match stick. A blood-stained feather duster, in the trunk, was found to have belonged to the employer of the suspected man's wife, and undoubtedly taken home by her. The stains were from human blood. Confronted with this proof that he must have known a great deal about the murder, and hence that his professed ignorance of the trunk was a falsehood, the man confessed. He was later hanged.

His One Mistake To convict this murderer, Scotland Yard had pressed its inquiries in all parts of London. Detectives had interviewed many hundreds of people. Yet the single clue that convinced them that they were on the right track was a tiny match stick. The murderer, who had conducted his crime with the utmost skill, had neglected to destroy this single bit of evidence. And one match stick was enough for Scotland Yard. "If murderers didn't make these mistakes," says Mr. Wensley modestly, "detectives would have a poor time."

Quick Punishment Does It England is noted for being law abiding. Yet this book reveals that London has her armed gangsters who shoot to kill, her counterfeiter and swindlers and murderers, her racketeers who intimidate shopkeepers and make them pay for protection. You come to feel, after reading "Forty Years of Scotland Yard," that England's better handling of

crime is due to the fact that her courts act swiftly. Punishment won't be delayed, as in the United States, and criminals know it. England, too, has a single set of criminal laws that hold good for the entire nation. There's no such thing as a murderer committing a crime in one city, and then fleeing over the boundary into a state where laws are different and it's hard to bring him back. With swift punishment and uniform laws America, too, might rival Great Britain in her splendid suppression of crime. The time is coming, we are confident, when we'll get both.

General Butler's Good Idea

MAJOR General Smedley D. Butler, the "fightingest" of Uncle Sam's Marines, wants to stop wars by taking the profits out of them. He demands that, when and if we have another war, capital be conscripted just as man power is. A private in the Army—most soldiers are privates—gets \$30 a month. For this princely sum he is privileged to stand knee-deep in a swampy trench, with rain water dripping down his neck, a couple of batteries hurling high explosives at him, and an ugly gas mask over his face. Dead men, horribly mangled, lie all around him. If he's lucky, he won't be one of them. Why, asks General Butler (and we echo his question), should a job in the trenches be worth only \$30 a month, when a job selling munitions and supplies to the Army brings a whole flock of thousand dollar bills? Conscript capital, General Butler urges. If it's the duty of you and me to stand in a trench, at a wage that a self-respecting office boy would scorn, why not let the munitions manufacturers give their profits back to the government? Neither civilian employer nor civilian employee should benefit. If we must have war, let's fight it together. What's the duty for one American shouldn't be an exorbitant profit for another.

Less Than Seven Cents Each

DUST off your brains and get them ready to do a job of thinking for you. In a newspaper we've just come across a speech by Dr. Frank E. Baker, president of Milwaukee State Teachers College, in which he presents some startling figures. For the last hundred years, he says, we've paid too much attention to manufacturing goods and too little to dividing our national wealth and income so wisely that we can sell merchandise to everybody and thereby avoid depressions. There's too much wealth, according to Dr. Baker, in the hands of people who can't use it all. There's too little in the pockets of people whose buying keeps our factories busy. Four per cent of our people, Dr. Baker says, own more than 90% of the wealth. Suppose, he points out, we take \$100 and 100 people. Suppose we divide the \$100 among them, in the exact proportions by which our national wealth is divided. One man would get \$59, and the second man \$9. Twenty-two men would get \$1.22 each, and the remaining 76 less than 7 cents each.

Where Shall You Fit In? The newspaper further quotes Dr. Baker as saying that at least 80% of the people now unemployed will never again find a job in industry. Either

the state must support them on a dole basis, or the state must employ them in public works. Dr. Baker proposes that we use them in a war on ugliness. He suggests the adornment of public buildings, the beautifying of landscapes and of homes. Now, Dr. Baker's figures may be inexact. He may be wrong about unemployment—perhaps industry, by shortening hours, will find a way to provide a pay envelope for everybody. Nevertheless, he raises a point that's worth your thinking about, unless you want bigger and better depressions than the one we've just come through. What do you think?

Ballade of Wood-Chopping

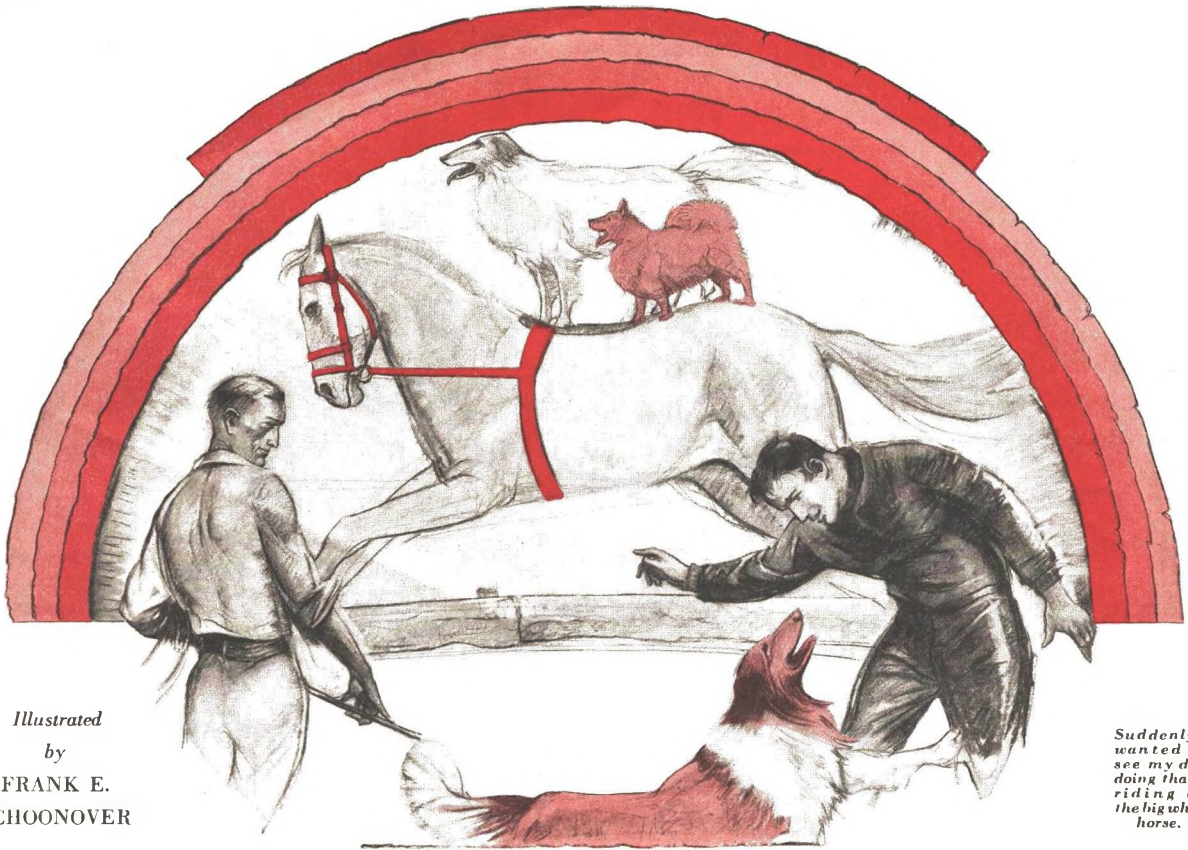


By W. B. FRANCE

Swing of an ax and the ring of steel,
 Cracking of wood and the chips that fly—
 Nothing can beat them to make me real
 Kin to the men of the days gone by!
 Boone in a forest where dangers lie,
 Trappers, explorers, and Robin Hood—
 Sharing their spirit and deeds am I,
 Swinging my ax as I chop the wood!

Give me an ax! With a woodsman's zeal
 I'm fighting an army of logs piled high,
 Fighting with muscles I like to feel,
 Aiming the blows with a practiced eye.
 Zing! goes the ax as it whizzes by;
 Whang! it has hit as I planned it should—
 Ringing of steel is a battle cry,
 Swinging my ax as I chop the wood!

Chore it may be—but suppose you try
 Naming another that's half as good!
 Sharing adventures of old am I,
 Swinging my ax as I chop the wood!



Illustrated
by
FRANK E.
SCHOONOVER

*Suddenly I
wanted to
see my dog
doing that—
riding on
the big white
horse.*

Hide-rack Learns to Ride

by Glenn Balch

IT was when keen-eyed Eubar Beck came out to camp near our cabin in the Idaho mountains that I got into a heartbreaking scrap with Hide-rack, my big collie. My fool pride started it—and thinking of that didn't help me any in the long battle with the dog!

Eubar Beck had written Dad early in the spring that he wanted to spend a couple of months in the Middle Fork country. "All I need is a place to sleep and food," he said in his letter. "I'll supply my own amusement."

This was unusual. Most of our guests wanted us to pack them into the high country where fishing is good and the scenery magnificent; they expected us to keep them busy doing things that they liked to do and could tell their friends about when they returned home. But all Eubar Beck wanted was a place to sleep and food. We wondered what his amusement could be.

Dad wrote him to come ahead and we pitched and furnished a wall tent for him under a big pine near our cabin.

On the day he was due, a big van came winding slowly along the tortuous mountain road. It stopped before our cabin and Dad and I and Hide-rack and Tabbs, the Persian cat, went out to see who it was and what was wanted.

A slight little man with fine-cut features got down from the seat be-

side the driver. He stopped the instant his eyes lighted on Hide-rack.

"Here, boy," he said in a low, quiet tone.

I liked that voice. It was confident, firm, kind. Hide-rack liked it too. Though the man was a complete stranger, the big collie approached without the slightest hesitation.

"Sit up!" the man said, a twinkle in his eye.

Up Hide-rack rose, balanced himself on his hind legs and tail, his big brown eyes alert and responsive. It was an old trick, and he did it with the air of one glad to accommodate a friend, not hesitating or questioning. But Dad and I were somewhat puzzled by the newcomer's sudden and marked interest in the dog.

"Good boy—I thought you would," the man said, giving the collie a friendly pat. "Down."

Hide-rack dropped to his feet, and the stranger turned to Dad and me.

"A nice dog," he said. "I'd buy him; only you won't sell. I don't blame you. But I'd better introduce myself. I'm Eubar Beck."

"We're glad to have you here, Mr. Beck," Dad said

heartily. "This is my son Chet. The little pink fellow's name is Tabbs, and the big one is Hide-rack. You seem to have a way with dogs, Mr. Beck."

"Call me Eubar," the man said. "I should know dogs. It's my business. But I'll unload and let this truck get started back."

"You have considerable baggage," Dad remarked, nodding towards the big van.

Eubar Beck placed a couple of travel-worn handbags on the ground. "That's my baggage," he said with a smile. "The rest is professional equipment."

He went around to the back of the truck and let down the end-gate. There was a noisy scramble and a fine snow-white collie, not so big as Hide-rack but splendidly proportioned, came bounding out. He was followed by a lovely tan Spitz, the color of new russet leather. Both dogs showed breeding, training, and care.

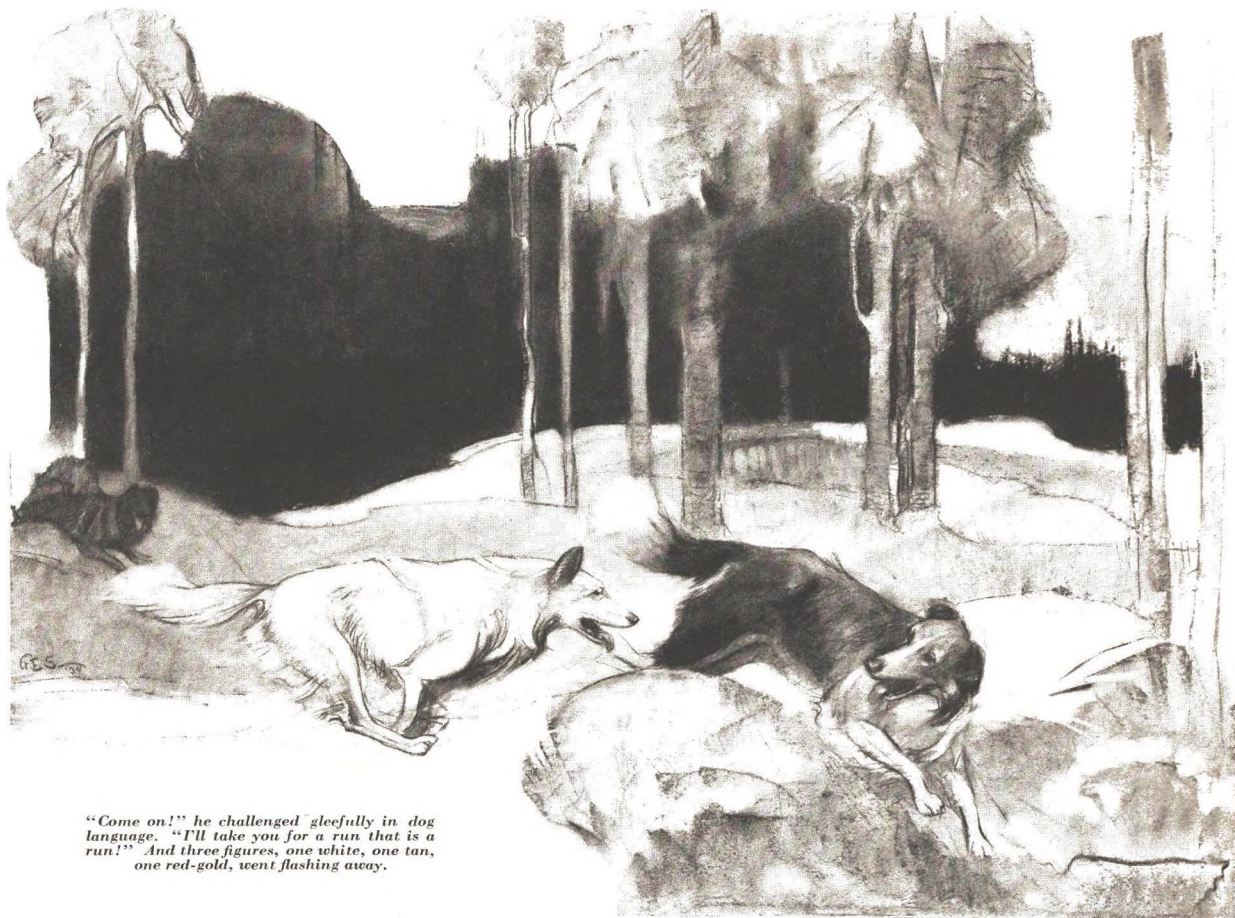
"This is Mark," Eubar said, indicating the collie, "and this is Cleo."

Dad and I were slightly bewildered, and the next animal to come from the truck astounded us. It was a big, sleek, snow-white horse with pinkish glass eyes.

Of course the eyes weren't really glass and were perfectly good to see with, but they had the glassy appearance that characterizes the eyes of many albino animals.

"It wasn't necessary for you to bring a horse," Dad said. "We've thirty head here."

A Story of Clashing Wills



"Come on!" he challenged gleefully in dog language. "I'll take you for a run that is a run!" And three figures, one white, one tan, one red-gold, went flashing away.

Eubar Beck laughed. "Hercules is a peculiar kind of horse," he said. "Seven of his eight years have been devoted to intensive training and I'm afraid your horses couldn't qualify, Mr. Foster. You see," he went on, "I'm a professional equestrian—a circus performer. These animals are my helpers. I'm under contract with Ringan Brothers, but I had a nervous breakdown last winter and the doctor ordered a two-month rest. So here I am. But I couldn't resist the temptation of bringing my friends along. We'll do enough work to keep from getting rusty, and I want to perfect a couple of new stunts."

"Well, the whole Middle Fork here is yours to work in," Dad said cordially. "The audience won't be large, but it will be highly appreciative, won't it, Chet?"

"You bet!" I agreed, relishing the prospect of two months' companionship with this expert animal man who had come straight from the glamour and excitement of the big top. "And we'll help you if you'll let us."

The days that followed were full of keen delight for me. Dad relieved me of my routine duties about the cabin so that I could be with Eubar Beck almost constantly. And Hide-rack and Tabbs quickly became great friends with Mark and Cleo. The wild country was all strange and new and exciting to the circus dogs and Hide-rack seemed to consider it his responsibility as host to see that they were thoroughly entertained. He led them on some thrilling chases through the draws and meadows. And back at the cabin Tabbs joined in their romps with whole-hearted glee.

Hercules, the white horse, roamed with our ranch herd on the heavy bunch grass range behind the cabin. I wouldn't have traded Red, my big Morgan saddle horse, for half a dozen like him; but after I saw him perform I realized that the ranch horses, while they could walk him to death on a mountain trail, would be entirely useless in his place in the circus ring.

Eubar Beck and I spent a week building a ring on

a level sand bar down close to the river. It was about forty feet in diameter, an enclosure bounded by a low solid wall of logs about twelve inches high. Eubar was a bundle of energy, though he was careful not to overdo. Late one evening, after we had completed a sprinkling system to keep the sand in the ring moist and firm, he said, "Well, Chester"—he always called me by my full name—"we'll have a little work-out in the morning."

Breakfast seemed interminable the next morning, but at last it was over. Eubar whistled to the white horse, and put a light bridle on him. The reins were attached to rings in a surcircle, well down on the horse's side, just tight enough, I noticed, to hold the bit firm, and the left rein was a little the shorter. A light training pad of scarred leather was fastened to the surcircle to protect the horse's withers and back from sharp claws.

All of us, dogs, cat, Eubar Beck, Hercules, and I, and even Dad, who was in the midst of shoeing for the summer's business, went down to the ring on the sand bar. Since it had been drenched the night before, its surface was firm and moist.

Eubar, wearing white flannel trousers, a white shirt, and black, soft-soled, heelless shoes, led Hercules around the inner side of the ring a few times. Then he turned the horse loose and, moving to the center of the ring, clucked to him sharply. Immediately Hercules broke into a slow smooth gallop, his trim white hoofs landing close to the log wall and his eyes fixed intently upon the sandy surface in front of him.

After the horse had galloped around the ring half a dozen times, Eubar moved. With short swift strides he crossed to the horse's side; with unbelievable ease and grace, his strong, wiry body rose into the air and he came to a standing position on Hercules' broad back. Superbly balanced, he rode the horse a few rounds, then dropped to the ground with easy, nonchalant grace.

"That was swell!" I burst out. "How can you jump so high?"

The slim circus man smiled. "I've been doing it

for fifteen years. But now I'll show you a rider who's been at it only two years. Mark, up!"

The beautiful white collie flashed eagerly across the ring. In an instant he was running beside the horse, gauging the distance to that scarred leather pad. And in another instant he was up, his trim white body balanced on the galloping horse with perfect assurance. All the while, Hercules' stride had never varied a fraction of an inch and his attention was unwaveringly fixed on the ground before him.

"Cleo, up!" Eubar Beck's voice rang out sharply. The tan Spitz romped into the ring, and the next minute was riding beside and slightly behind Mark. They made a marvelous picture there, two superbly balanced forms in white and tan on top of the beautiful white horse, all one unit of splendidly timed movement. They were self-assured and confident, their tails waving behind and their red tongues lolling gleefully out of their mouths.

And suddenly I had an intense desire to see my dog doing that, to see Hide-rack riding happily around the ring on top of the big white horse. He could do it, I knew—he could do anything any other dog could do! Moreover, he had ridden before, in the saddle on Red's back. Of course he had been scrooched down in the saddle, tail clamped on one side and head on the other, while I led Red in a slow walk; but I was confident that, given a chance, he would ride Hercules as debonairly as Mark and Cleo.

"Will you let my dog ride your horse?" I asked Eubar Beck abruptly.

The circus man looked at me in surprise. "Certainly," he said generously, "but if Hide-rack isn't trained, he won't be able to stay on."

"I'll train him," I assured Eubar. "He's as smart as a whip; he learns fast. I'll train him to ride, and to jump up too."

The man laughed good-naturedly. "Go right ahead, Chester," he said. "Hercules is at your service any time, and I'll do all I can to help."

So I went ahead, full of pride in my dog and what I could do with him.

"Get him used to being on the horse's back first," the little equestrian advised.

I nodded, and after Mark and Cleo had gayly leaped off I slowed Hercules to a walk, picked Hide-rack up bodily, and put him on the horse's broad back. Immediately he jumped down. It was a hasty, flat-footed jump—nothing showy about it.

"Here, stay up there," I ordered, putting him up again.

This time I held him in place while the horse walked around the ring several times.

"Stick tight, boy," I said, taking my hand from the scruff of his neck and walking along at the wise horse's side.

Hide-rack stuck, not with the fine nonchalance of Mark and Cleo, but he stuck. That he clung precariously, with every possible part of his body, neck, tail, feet, and legs clamped awkwardly against the leather pad, didn't dampen my enthusiasm. He was riding—alone. For five minutes the well-trained horse walked slowly around the circle with the trembling collie on his back. I stood in the center of the ring, encouraging the dog with my voice and feeling immensely proud.

"He's doing nicely," Eubar Beck approved, "but you'd better not give him too much at one time."

"Whoa, Hercules," I said. The horse stopped and Hide-rack jumped to the ground. The instant his feet touched the sand he was his old confident self again. Happily he bounded at me, reared up against my chest, his tongue out, his eyes full of joy and delight, reveling in the pride and approval he could see in my eyes.

"He's an intelligent dog and you have a powerful grip on him," Eubar Beck declared. "He'll be doing everything that Mark does in a month's time."

I thought so too; but we were both mistaken. Of course we couldn't foresee the accident that was to bar the way.

Each morning after Mark and Cleo's exuberant performance, Hide-rack had his work-out on Hercules' back; and slowly and surely he began to gain the confidence and the delicate sense of balance necessary for the trick. On the third morning he sat up, timidly at first and then with more confidence and daring. Three days later he stood erect on the walking horse's back.

"Fine," Eubar Beck said approvingly. "He's making splendid progress, Chester. But be mighty careful. This is a critical period in his training, just when he's beginning to gain confidence. Any slip might undo a lot of your work."

"I'll be careful," I promised lightly, immensely proud, and confident that nothing could happen.

And a week later Eubar Beck clucked to his white horse and Hide-rack, apprehensive but courageous, stuck to his position on the leather pad while Hercules galloped. Half a dozen trips around the ring and his natural sense of balance had his big golden body swaying in almost perfect co-ordination with the motions of the horse.

"Great!" cried Eubar. "He's a natural. In another week he'll be jumping up."

"Sure," I said, so tickled I was cocky.

Then, right after that, with success seeming dead certain, the accident occurred. It wasn't really anybody's fault; it just happened. There wasn't any way it could have been prevented; but it was bad business. It shook the world for Hide-rack and me and turned that mountain circus ring into a battle field.

The thing happened when, with Hide-rack accustomed to riding at a gallop, we were trying to make him perform the stunt of "jumping up."

"Hide-rack, up!" I called.

The big white horse was galloping patiently around the ring, waiting for some rider to mount his broad back. Hide-rack knew perfectly what I wanted. He had seen Cleo and Mark respond to that command too many times to mistake it. He had seen them leap with superb grace and ease to a standing position on Hercules' back; he knew that what I asked could be done. But he was just a little fearful; it was all new and strange to him.

"Up, Hide-rack. Up!"

The big collie came to me and looked up in my face. His eyes were full of tremulous apprehension. He wanted to go, he wanted to leap to that rocking white back, he wanted to please me and get the reward of caresses that would come later; but he was just a little dubious about launching himself into the air at such an insecure target.

"Go on, boy," I said. "Up!"

Hide-rack took a few tentative steps into the ring, paused.

"Up, Hide-rack! Up!" I ordered sternly, knowing that he had almost committed himself to the leap and hoping that my urging would send him on.

The collie began to follow the horse, first at a walk, then at a trot, and presently at a gallop, his eyes gauging the distance to that smooth rocking back.

For an instant I felt certain that he was going to leap; but he didn't—he came trotting back to me.

I patted his head, and again ordered him to make the jump.

"Go on, boy. Up!" I urged.

For a long instant he regarded me; then he turned, made his way into the ring, took a short run, and launched his powerful body in a magnificent leap. And then it happened. Of all the times for the dependable, sure-footed Hercules to stumble! But stumble he did. His withers dropped a few inches. Hide-rack's toes brushed the leather covering as he made a desperate effort to gain his place. But it couldn't be done. The big collie went over the horse and landed on his side with an audible thump against the log wall.

I ran across the ring. Hide-rack was getting to his feet; he wasn't seriously hurt, I found, but he walked with a painful limp and there was a bruise on his right shoulder.

"A tough break!" Eubar Beck said sympathetically. "I'm very sorry, Chester."

"It's all right," I said, running my hand tenderly over the dog's ribs and leg bones. "He's not hurt bad. He'll be all right in a few days."

"Yes, but—"

Eubar closed his mouth firmly without completing his sentence and I didn't realize until a week later what had been in his mind. The little equestrian had an immense store of wisdom concerning animals.

A week later, with Hide-rack fully recovered from the physical effects of his fall, the training was resumed. And before fifteen minutes had passed I knew that the damage to his confidence and courage was much more serious than the physical damage had been—and I knew why Eubar had been so sympathetic.

"Up, Hide-rack! Up!" I commanded, while Hercules galloped patiently around the ring.

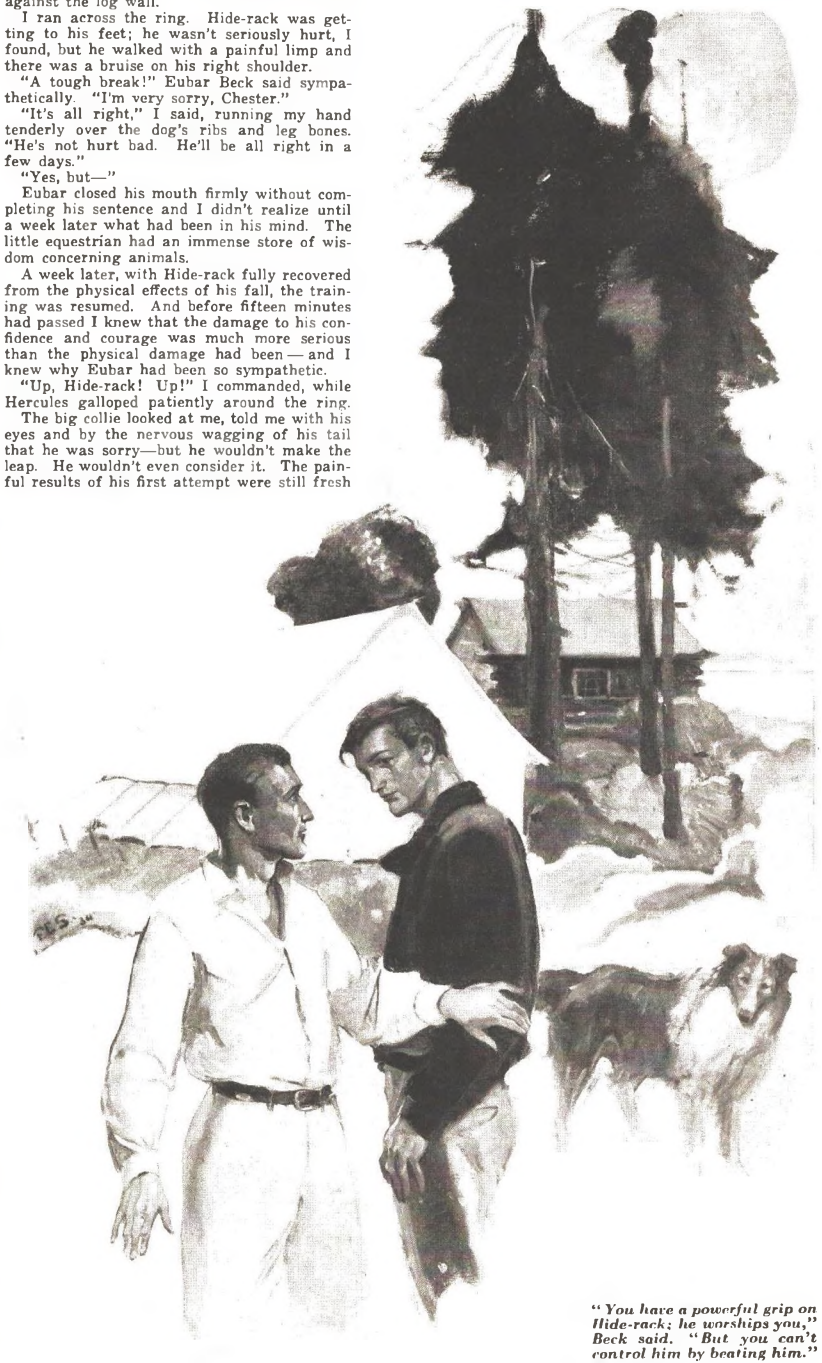
The big collie looked at me, told me with his eyes and by the nervous wagging of his tail that he was sorry—but he wouldn't make the leap. He wouldn't even consider it. The painful results of his first attempt were still fresh

in his mind. He wasn't going to take another chance on landing against those hard logs. If I wanted him to go out and lick a timber wolf, just say the word; but wouldn't I please quit asking him to try to jump onto Hercules' back?

After ten minutes of this it became emphatically apparent that Hide-rack wasn't going to obey my commands. At first I was angry. Then, when I saw how unhappy and almost abject Hide-rack was, I suddenly came to my senses, and I felt sick enough.

I was responsible for the situation. In my kid pride, I'd set out to make a circus dog of Hide-rack. Just to show off! Well, I'd stop right there.

"It's time to drop this!" (Continued on page 49)



"You have a powerful grip on Hide-rack; he worships you," Beck said. "But you can't control him by beating him."

“Semper

Story by

Frederic Nelson Litten



Fidelis”

Illustrations by

William Heaslip

The Story of a Hurricane and a Voodoo Threat

FROM the Petionville Club in the hills overlooking Port au Prince, Lieutenant Jimmie Rhodes stood watching the sun sink down behind the tropical city. The wide veranda of the club was crowded with United States Marines and native officers, gathered to wish him *bon voyage*. For he was going home—he had trained an air force for the Garde d' Haiti, and the island was at peace.

It had been a great year with only one shadow to dim it—the thought of Adam, the cadet who had failed. It was a bitter thing to fail, and Adam had tried hard, though it had long been clear that he'd never make a pilot. Jimmie had arranged an airport job in Cuba for the black ex-cadet, and tomorrow when he shoved off for the U. S. A. Adam would fly with him as far as Novitas. Still, it was a bitter thing to fail.

A group of Marines leaned against the balcony rail spinning yarns of far-off places. “Join the bull session, sir,” Hawkins suggested.

Jimmie's smile returned. “No, I'll listen,” he replied. “But wait till I rejoin the 94th—I'll knock 'em cockeyed with the job us Leathernecks put through in Haiti.”

“Wish you were a Leatherneck,” Lieutenant Bucks said longingly.

Sergeant Geraghty laughed. “We have done a job, sir. Haiti's a powder mine, but if she blows up now, there's the Garde, trained accordin' to Marine tradition.”

Hawkins shrugged.

“What's Marine tradition to a Haitian? My guess

is a new revolt is hatching now. This is *Makandal Eve*.”

“*Makandal*,” Jimmie puzzled. But Hashmark answered:

“You're late with your guess, Soldier. The Garde dug up that plot yesterday among the Caco prisoners. And I'm shovin' south tonight with Colonel Harnle to load 'em on a ship at Jacmel. Tomorrow they'll be steamin' down the coast, Jamaica-bound. It's the finish of the ‘Three Who Rule.’”

The “Three Who Rule” were the revolutionary leaders who had torn the island apart this past year.

Their faces flashed to Jimmie's mind—the giant black, Cornaille, believer in dark Voodoo; the crafty white planter, Romero; the black ex-cadet, St. Croix. Then he thought of the Jacmel Road through dismal river gorges, and a warning premonition came to him. But Hashmark, drawing out his sergeant's whistle, said:

“Stand by, sir,” and sounded “Assemble Squads.” The band in the alcove stopped playing. Waiters with trays of tinkling glasses halted. Jimmie saw Colonel Harnle moving toward him. Marines crowded out on the balcony, each holding in his hand a slender-stemmed glass. A hush fell as the commandant faced Jimmie.

“Lieutenant,” he said quietly, “your service with our corps is at an end today. But the record of that service stands, and you'll always be a comrade. So—as a Marine—we pledge you.”

Every glass was lifted now. And Hashmark, his voice ringing, gave the toast:

“Till the last landing's made and we stand unafraid

On a far shore that no man has seen,

Till the last bugle call sounds taps for us all,

It's ‘Semper Fidelis, Marine!’”

They drank, then snapped the stems of their glasses and tossed them over the balcony rail. Jimmie caught his breath. This was the “Pledge to a Marine”—the highest tribute of the Corps. He didn't rate such honor. A thrill ran through him, and something rose chokingly in his throat. But Geraghty laughed.

“You're a Leatherneck from now on, sir—” and the men in khaki crowded close. Jimmie couldn't talk. “*Semper Fidelis*”—faithful always—there could be no higher code.

The commandant shook hands. “It's a worthwhile motto, Rhodes,” he said, “but not for the Marines alone. Any man will win if he lives by it.”

“I shan't forget the words, sir,” Jimmie said. Harnle turned, called Geraghty, and went out. But Hashmark was on his knees under the tables. He scrambled up.

“My Haitian *Medal Militaire* must've come loose. Well, the waiters'll find it.”

He hurried after the commandant. One by one the Marines left till only Bucks remained. Jimmie saw the moon-faced Adam waiting for him at the squadron car.

“Let's push on,” he said, and the glow left by Harnle's words dimmed. Adam had been faithful—yet he hadn't won.

As they climbed in the car Bucks glanced at the negro. “Cheerio, cadet,” he said, “luck'll turn.”

The native thrust his face close to Bucks. “A fetish!” he shrieked, and raked a clawed hand across Bucks' tunic.



But Adam made no answer. The car started down the hill road, and sped on into the city. The streets were crowded with negroes. Torches thrust in the earth silhouetted shadowy figures; a murmur of voices grew.

"What's the celebration?" Jimmie asked.
 "It's *Makandal* Eve," muttered Adam.
 "*Makandal*?" Jimmie echoed. It was the word Hawkins had used.

"*Makandal* was a negro slave," said Bucks. "He helped start the Black Rebellion a hundred years ago, and the French burned him at the stake. These mobs are ugly sometimes. Look, that fellow, there!"

A negro was shambling alongside the slowly moving car, holding a rag doll crudely made. Suddenly he hopped to the running board and thrust his face, shrunken like a mummy's, close to Bucks.

"A fetish to complete this *makandal*!" he shrielled, and raked a clawed hand across Bucks' tunic. There was a sharp rip of cloth—he lunged back into the crowd.

"He got my collar ornament! Stop, Adam!" Bucks cried.

Instead, the car shot forward, hurling the two officers against the seat. In a moment they had cleared the crowd, and the lights on Bowen Field blinked through the gloom ahead. But Bucks gripped Adam's shoulder.

"Turn back," he ordered.
 The cadet threw off his hand. "I know the man! This affair is not for *blancs*."

Jimmie started. Why, the words were almost threatening!

"Insubordination?" Bucks said harshly. "You'll stand a court for this."

But Jimmie knew that when a man fails sometimes he is unreasonable. "Gene," he whispered, "let it go."

The car rolled through the gate at Bowen Field and the two officers sprang down. Adam started on for the motor transport shed.

"What was the doll that fellow had?" Jimmie asked.
 "A *makandal*," Bucks replied gruffly. "It's a sort of charm that works evil to white men."

They sat down at the table in the mess hall. Bucks turned to Jimmie suddenly.

"That witch doctor took my collar pin to complete his *makandal*! Jimmie, it's voodoo! And Adam acts like he's a part of it!"

"He's loyal," Jimmie answered. "I'll stake my wings on it."

The Marine dropped the matter. But when they left the mess hall a gusty wind was sweeping across the road to quarters, and he said:

"You may have to fly a storm tomorrow. I'm not keen for Adam's riding with you."

"I offered him the hop to Cuba," Jimmie said, opening the door to his room. "Let's forget Adam, Gene. We've plenty to talk about tonight."

But talk came hard. While Jimmie packed, the Marine walked restlessly about the room.

"Listen to that wind," he said at last. "A storm's due, sure."

Moving to the radio he dialed the Caribbean Airways and picked up the weather broadcast from Novitas:

"Storm warnings up for Southern Cuba," droned a voice. "But conditions at this field are good. Ceiling unlimited, visibility ten miles, and no wind on the surface."

Bucks snapped off the switch. "It's the hurricane season," he said, worried, then laughed as if ashamed. "I've got the jitters, fellow. Good night—see you on the line tomorrow."

The wind slammed the door. Jimmie watched Bucks disappear into the darkness. It would be long before he'd find a buddy like this slim Marine. Or Hashmark. He thought suddenly of Hashmark and Harlie with their prisoners traveling the Jacmel Road. A storm meant trouble for the convoy—those jungle rivers could rise ten feet in an hour. Moving to the window, Jimmie studied the night sky. No stars showed, but the fire of a distant charcoal burner glowed against black clouds.

He glanced at his watch. Midnight—the convoy should have reached Jacmel. He crossed the room and called Jacmel on the military telephone. The voice of the Haitian sub-commander came clearly over the wire:

"*Oui, m'sieu*, the prisoners are on the vessel. And our men, except the commandant and Sergeant Geraghty, who are with the ship's captain, have come ashore."

Jimmie, his mind at ease, switched off the light, and lay down. Sleep was in order now, with a ten-hour flight tomorrow.

Through his thoughts a panorama of the year unrolled. The adventure of Acu Bay, where he had first met Bucks; the fight on the Massacre; a sharp memory of voodoo rites he had seen. He thought of the witch doctor who had ripped off Bucks' insignia. Adam had helped that man by driving slowly—then speeding up when Bucks wanted to stop.

Jimmie sat up. Was Bucks right? Had Adam gone voodoo? Through the window he could see the charcoal burner's fire. It was glowing brighter, blinking like an evil eye. Jimmie laughed.

"Come now, Rhodes," he said. "There's no one on that mountain but the charcoal burner." Flattening his pillow, he lay down again.

But on that distant slope, around the charcoal fire, were many men. They crouched about a figure who danced before the fire. The crimson flame played on his naked, shrunken limbs; it touched his face, a mask of death. Close by, the pole lines of the Military telephone marched over the mountain. The dancer flung himself on his knees before a rag *makandal* tied about a pole. His chest rose to a wild scream, his body swaying to its rhythm:





"Death to the blacks who honor white men!

Damballa hears—the Day of Blood is come!

Death to the whites whose fetish I hold here!

Damballa hears—the Day of Blood is come!"

One by one the negroes joined the chorus. Suddenly the witch doctor flung his arms high and his clenched fists opened. Two objects fell glittering to the jungle grass—a Haitian *Medal Militaire*, and a collar ornament of the United States Marines.

"With these," the witch doctor cried, "my *makandal* is finished!" He picked them up and pinned them to the hideous doll.

Instantly the voices ceased. The only sound was the moan of wind in the wires of the telephone line above. The witch doctor—*bocor*, natives called him—turned and gazed south over the jungle. On a far peak a point of light was blinking in staccato flashes. He watched it for some time, then spoke:

"The spell of the *makandal* has begun. The white chief is taken, and our captured leaders free. Make sharp your steel, for tomorrow is the Day of Blood! I, Ogoun, have spoken!"

His voice rose to a piercing scream. As it died away the negroes melted into the night. Two remained; a moon-faced cadet in Garde khaki kneeling beyond the firelight's circle, and the charcoal burner. At a gesture from Ogoun he swarmed the pole and hacked the telephone wires from the cross arm. As he descended the *bocor* mumbled:

"Now the whites will learn nothing. In Jacmel harbor black men have already seized the vessel. Tomorrow they will beach it and bring us the chief of the whites for the death sacrifice—the *petro*. Ai, and the scared Marine also. Soon all whites will die."

The man in the shadows stirred, moved forward.

"Papaloi," he asked, "what of him called Rhodes?"

Ogoun looked at Adam.

"Let him depart if he can." A glow lighted his withered face—a glow that seemed to fascinate the ex-cadet.

The witch doctor tore the Marine insignia from the rag doll and fixed the ex-cadet with his eyes. His gaze seemed to hold Adam with its queer, mesmeric power. He placed the insignia in Adam's nerveless hand.

"Listen, Adam," he said, "and obey. Tomorrow you fly with the aviator Rhodes. When he is far out over the sea, give him what you hold. It will bring him evil luck."

Adam rose and stumbled down the mountain like a hypnotized man. With a lump of charcoal the *bocor* wrote upside down on the surface of the pole: "*Semper Fidelis*."

"I have reversed the white man's charm," he chanted. "It will lead this aviator to his death."

Drawing a blanket over his shoulders, Ogoun pushed into the thickets. As the swaying night lilies closed behind him, a peal of thunder sounded. The charcoal burner heaped wood on his fire.

"There will be a storm," he muttered. "Storms always follow magic."

But the morning sun rose on a hot, windless day. It was just eight when Jimmie climbed the cabin of 385, the Sikorsky he had flown to Haiti. Adam had taken the co-pilot's seat and Bucks stood outside the window.

"Hashmark didn't make it," he called. "Must have been a storm in the hills. The Jacmel wire went out at midnight."

Adam jerked upright and his eyes gleamed.

Reaching down, Jimmie gripped Bucks' hand.

"*Semper Fidelis*, Marine."

"Till the last landing," Bucks said. He stepped back as 385 rolled out into the ground mist and took off.

Circling the airdrome Jimmie waved to Bucks, then swung west over the bay. He was Cuba bound, his year of high adventure behind him.

Steadily the big ship bored northwest through the mist. The white roofs of Port au Prince faded behind the rudder and the island of La Gonave rose from the sea. Jimmie thundered across the island hills, past Point Ouest where Romero and Cornaille had been captured.

Adam meanwhile gazed sullenly straight ahead. Jimmie shrugged his shoulders. What matter if Adam had gone voodoo? The last of Haiti's enemies were steaming down the Jacmel coast. The final threat of revolution was past.

The Sikorsky droned westward into the haze. A head wind played shrill tunes in the rigging wires, but the ship was making knots, and should set down in Miami Basin before sunset. . . . Jimmie yawned.

The rumble of the motors made him drowsy.

"Take her, Adam," he ordered, throwing the wheel over. "It's a straight course to Cuba. I'm catching forty revs of sleep."

Jimmie slept (Cont. on page 40)

At a gesture from Ogoun he climbed the pole and hacked the telephone wires from the cross arm.

Build a Flying Scale Model!

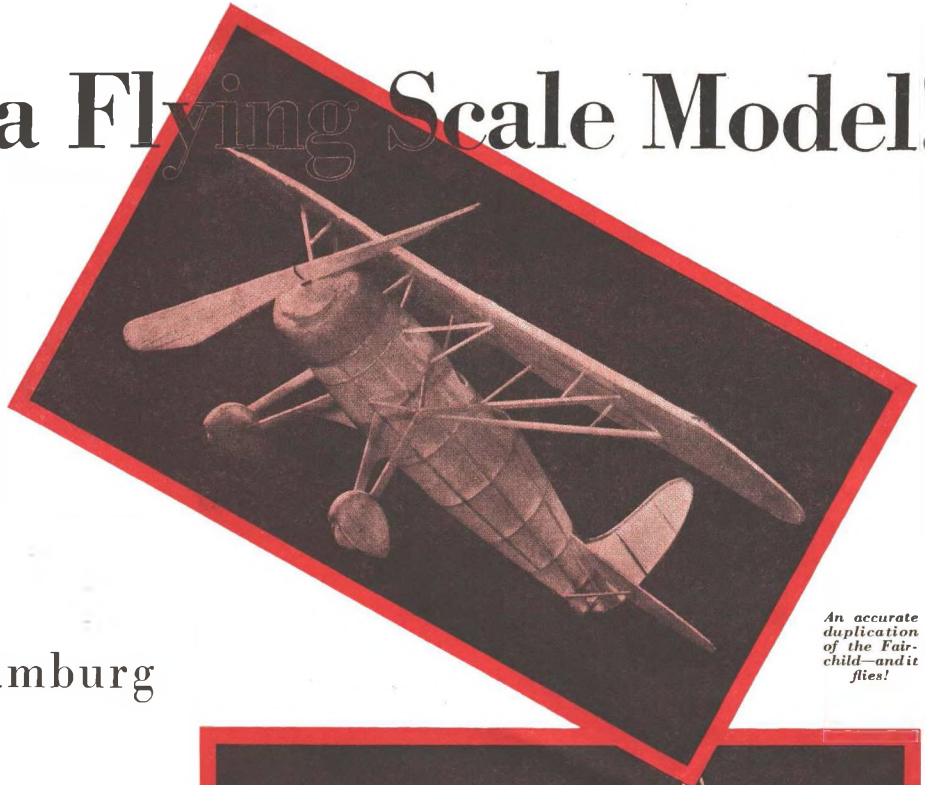
You'll Like This

Miniature

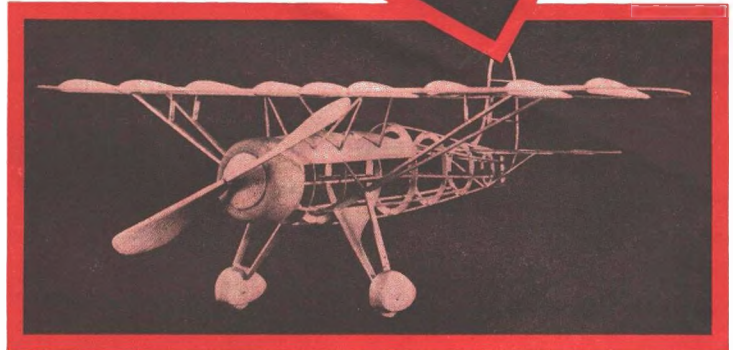
Fairchild 22

by

Merrill Hamburg



An accurate duplication of the Fairchild—and it flies!



With this photo you can almost build the ship without drawing.

TRY your hand at model aviation's greatest thrill! The Fairchild 22, presented herewith, makes an ideal flying scale model. Its trim fuselage and high wing insure high performance and great stability. The model has been carefully scaled down from working drawings furnished by the manufacturer, with only slight variations in the tail surfaces and the propeller. A half inch was added to the span of both the rudder and stabilizers.

You'll find the Fairchild 22 not at all difficult. If you've successfully built one other model—for instance, the R. O. G. described in the March issue—you'll have no trouble with this month's ship.

Here's what you'll need to construct your Fairchild: 1— $7/16$ "x $5/8$ "x $5\frac{1}{4}$ " balsa propeller block; 1— $3/16$ "x1"x2" balsa for nose plug; 1— $1/8$ "x1"x6" balsa for nose plug and wheel pants; 1— $7/8$ "x2"x2" balsa nose cowling; 1— $1/4$ "x1 $\frac{1}{2}$ "x1 $\frac{1}{2}$ " balsa for ring K-K; 3— $1/32$ "x2"x12" flat balsa for fuselage sections, wing ribs and other small parts; 1— $1/84$ "x2 $\frac{1}{4}$ "x3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " flat balsa for fuselage cowling; 9— $1/32$ "x1 $\frac{1}{16}$ "x12" balsa strips for fuselage and wing struts; 2— $3/8$ " turned balsa disc wheels; 1—.020" piano wire propeller shaft; 1— $3/8$ "x30x18" flat rubber motor; 2 sheets Japanese tissue; 1 tube airplane cement; 1 bottle banana oil.

Before beginning construction study the drawings carefully and locate each detail both in the drawings and on the photograph of the uncovered model. To avoid confusion the drawing shows the longerons (front-to-rear braces of the fuselage) in the side view only, but the notches drawn on the full-size templates (patterns) page 37, give the correct location of the longerons. The lower set of notches may be cut in the bulkheads from the templates; the upper notches should be located by laying the longerons along the partly assembled fuselage and marking the point where each crosses the bulkheads. The cowling around the cockpits is made from $1/64$ " balsa. If you can't buy wood that thin sand $1/32$ " flat balsa to the required thickness.

On page 37 you will find full-size templates of one-half of the fuselage at each bulkhead. Each template is lettered to correspond to the lettering on the drawing. A full-size drawing of the airfoil (cross section of the wing) is also given. Cut out these drawings, paste them on cardboard, tin, or brass, and cut the metal or cardboard to the shape of the drawings. By tracing around the curve on these templates you

have half of the ellipse forming the sections along the fuselage. To get the other half just turn the template over. The wing ribs are shaped by tracing around the airfoil template.

Start with the fuselage. On $1/32$ " flat balsa trace the cross sections at each bulkhead, making sure that the grain of the wood runs the long way of the ellipse. Since sections A-A, B-B, and K-K are cut from balsa blocks, start with section C-C and proceed to I-I. Cut out the center of each bulkhead, leaving a rim $1/8$ " wide. For this purpose use a razor blade ground or broken to the shape shown in the drawing. Sand the edges and locate and cut out the lower three notches in the longerons. Note that bulkhead I-I has only six notches instead of eight as in the case of the other sections.

Next take three $1/16$ "x1 $\frac{1}{16}$ " balsa strips (your lower longerons) and mark off on them the locations of the bulkheads as shown on the drawing, beginning at J-J. Section J-J is a $1/16$ "x $1\frac{1}{2}$ "x $1\frac{1}{2}$ " balsa strip, which serves as the stern post of the model. The rear motor hook is pushed through this post and the rear end bent over and cemented in place. Cement the three lower longerons to the stern post, holding them in place while they are drying with small bankers' pins. The bulkheads can now be cemented into place, beginning at the rear end of the fuselage and working to the front. Make sure that each bulkhead is in its proper place and that each one is set at right angles to the center line of the fuselage.

The rest of the longerons can now be cemented into place, their notches being located by laying the longerons along the edges of the fuselage and marking the sections. The two lower side longerons start at H-H instead of at J-J. Notice in the photograph that the three upper longerons end at section F-F where the cockpit cowling starts. When the longerons are in place sand them to form a smooth curve with the bulkheads.

Section A-A forms the front end of the engine cowling and section B-B forms the rear edge. Directly to the rear of the cowling we find another ring, K-K, cut from $3/4$ " thick balsa so that the front edge matches the template K-K and the rear edge fits into the curve at section C-C. Cut out the center ellipse of K-K first, then roughly carve the outside to shape. After the ring is cemented to the rest of the fuselage, sand it to blend into the curve of the front end. The top surface of the ring will probably have to be finished when the cockpit cowling is fitted into place.

The balsa cowling around the cockpit should be first sanded to $1/64$ " thickness and then the cockpits cut out. Cement the cowling to bulkhead F-F and hold it in place by inserting small pins at the lower corners, through the cowling into the bulkhead. Since the cockpit grows smaller toward the front from E-E to K-K it is necessary to slit the cowling along the top center line between these points.

Now cut a shallow depression in the top rear edge of ring K-K to take the (Continued on page 36)

Keeper of the Refuge

by
Harold Titus

Only One Man Could
the Refuge, and

The Preceding Chapters

TO Red Clarke, youngest man on the Ojibway State Game Refuge force, life had become one long fight to save the land the refuge needed. It was a dangerous fight for Red—he had made an enemy who stopped at nothing!

Lannin, the most influential man in the little forest-circled town of Tincup, hated Red. The ruthless land dealer and banker kept a savage eye on the boy and waited his chance to get rid of him.

The trouble had started even before Red had joined the force. The tall boy had come tramping north, looking for a job, and had stumbled on to some of Lannin's crooked work. He had happened to see Ralph Baxter, one of Lannin's men, running away after setting a forest fire.

Red had plunged in and helped fight the fire; and Tip Topping, the keeper of the refuge, had liked him so well that he had given him a job. When he had learned what Red had seen, he had explained to the boy what Lannin was trying to do.

The land dealer, Red learned, had been commissioned by the state to buy all the land west and south of the refuge, land greatly needed for the refuge work. Lannin had bought up most of the land and was coolly holding it for himself; he planned to make a small fortune by selling it to wealthy sportsmen. But he still needed old Herbert Bush's holdings and the little old logger had promised to sell to the state. So Lannin had started the forest fire on Herbert's land to frighten him and make him afraid to sell.

Red at once became keenly interested in the situation and eager to help. He soon suspected that Cliff, the lame young cook, a probationer whom Topping had befriended, was relaying to Lannin all that happened at the refuge. His suspicions were confirmed in an appalling way.

Through Cliff, Lannin learned when Red was coming to Tincup, and he plotted grimly to get rid of this young fellow who was too much interested in local affairs. Faking a telephone message from Topping, Lannin contrived to send Red into an old barn where a frantic wild deer had been shut up. The buck nearly killed the boy before he could escape.

It took Red nearly all summer to recover, but one good thing came out of it—he won Cliff's friendship and got him to confess that he had turned traitor because he was afraid of Lannin's framing him and putting him back in jail. After that, no more information leaked out of the refuge through Cliff.

But summer ran into fall and fall into winter, and still the bitter fight over the land went on. Old Herbert wouldn't sell to the state for fear of Lannin's vengeance, but neither was he ready to make any bargain with Lannin. And Lannin, who had misused bank funds and had to complete his land deal quickly or face life behind bars, was desperate.

Chapter Eleven

THE days sped by. The deer season ended and Cliff's probation period came to a close and Pete and Red went off the pay roll.

"I don't want to leave," the boy said, troubled. "I've got money enough to pay my board. I'd like to stay here with you."

"I'd like to have you," Topping admitted. "But can you afford it? You see I figure I can write a letter to the commissioner that will get you a paying job somewhere."

"That's fine of you," Red said gratefully, "but—

well, as I see it, I can't afford to go. I like this refuge work, and I can learn more hanging around here with you than I can any other place. Maybe, if I learn enough, after a few years the chief will give me a chance to handle a refuge! But I've got a lot to learn. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I hung around and asked questions all winter?"

"No," Topping grinned, "I wouldn't mind at all. Consider yourself urged to stay."

So Red stayed—and when Lannin heard that, his eyes narrowed to a dangerous slit. Red was the person who could do most with the Bush twins; and the boy's cool alertness made him a constant threat.



He cried out, dropped his club, and whirled in flight. But he was too late. A living fury struck him from behind and he went down with a hoarse cry.

Possibly Save He Was in Jail!

"But I can take care of him," Lannin said between his teeth.

Grimly, harassed by increasing dread of a visit from the bank examiners, he worked on a new plan. He got it whipped into working order just before Red made his first snowshoe trip to Tincup after the roads became impassable for teams. Lannin was standing in the rear window of his office watching Herbert Bush unload ties when Red came mushing in, light pack on his shoulders, while a rising wind, the ominous promise of a blizzard, fluttered the skirts of his Mackinaw.

Lannin drew a long, unsteady breath, and began to pace the floor.

"Of course, he had to come barging into town today," he muttered. "Well—I can get rid of him all right. I can get rid of him."

He looked out of the window again. The snow had begun to fall thickly, and Herbert Bush, who was hauling ties across Ten Cent Lake and into



Illustrated by
MANNING deV. LEE

town to be ready for shipment, was running his tractor under a shed to wait out the coming storm. "Now's the time to do it," snarled Lannin, his face rigid. "Now's the time."

As the blizzard raged down on Tincup, Red sat with the group of men who talked comfortably in the gathering dusk around the stove in Kennedy's grocery store. Red's pack and snowshoes were stowed in the back storeroom, out of the way; the heat from the big stove felt good; the casual talk was entertaining.

He had been there over an hour when Sheriff Blighton came in, not by the front door but from the rear. He stood in the doorway a moment, looking over the group. Red glanced at him, and then suddenly looked closer—that was his own pack sack Blighton held! As the sheriff came forward, carrying the sack, the boy got to his feet, puzzled and wary. "This yours?" Blighton demanded.

"Yes. I left it back there out of the way."

"Yeah. You left it so nobody'd notice it, eh?"

"No, Sheriff. Just to have it out from under foot." "Okay, then. Are you a warden? No? You work in' at the refuge?"

"Why, not working, really. That is, I'm not on the pay roll. I'm just wintering with Tip."

"Just a boarder, eh? Do anything out there?"

"Nothing but chores." Red was answering carefully, wondering what lay behind all this. "Two or three times a week I make a beaver patrol. Mr. Topping's bound not to let the poachers in."

"I see. Did Topping send anything special in by you?"

"Just some mail and a pair of pacs to be repaired. Why?"

"You're sure he sent nothin' else?"

"Not another thing! What's the trouble, Sheriff? I've—"

"The trouble's just this—" Blighton opened the pack. "Topping wouldn't take a chance with his job.

So he couldn't have had any interest in these, could he?" He hauled out three beaver pelts and held them up. "By your own admission, Clarke, you've got no authority to have possession of these; so I'll just give you a night's lodgin' at county expense on the charge of illegal possession of beaver!"

A gasp went round the circle of men gathered about the stove, and Red stared dumfounded. What was up? What was this frame-up pointed at anyway? Was Blighton locking him up just for spite? Or was there something deeper back of this? Well—nothing to do but go along with Blighton.

As Red struggled across the wind-swept street beside the hulking sheriff, his mind worked uneasily on the problem. Blighton said nothing more until they reached the jail.

"On into the office," he ordered gruffly then, closing the outer door.

Red eyed the man speculatively as he unbuttoned his coat, and he thought he detected a little misgiving in Blighton's eyes.

"Shell out what you got in your pockets," the sheriff ordered.

In silence Red shelled out: knife, corked bottle of matches, compass, billfold, a few coins.

"Aren't you going to give me a chance to plead and get bail tonight?" he asked.

"Judge Dowling's an old man. Can't drag him out to his office a night like this!"

"I see!" Red said dryly.

The sheriff flushed. He realized Red knew that this was a subterfuge; that the charge preferred was only a misdemeanor and that in all such cases prisoners were given an immediate opportunity to plead.

Red considered the situation. So they wanted him to spend the night in jail. Now why? Alone he said:

"Will you let me use the telephone then?"

"What for?"

"I guess I'd better talk to a lawyer."

"No lawyer in town except the prosecutor. Kirby's away."

Red rubbed his chin, remembering that Kirby was Lannin's legal advisor. And he had taken himself out of reach. This thing bore the imprint of Lannin's mind and hand all right! Well, Kirby probably wouldn't have been so much help anyway.

Red thought of telephoning Tip but put the temptation aside. This was no night for the keeper to set out on the long trail to Tincup. "All right," he shrugged. "I guess that's that then."

Blighton led him to the door of the bull pen, set in a barred panel that filled the end of the corridor, motioned him into the otherwise unoccupied prison, and turned the key.

As Red heard that grating cound, a feeling of sharp foreboding ran through him. Up to this moment he had been puzzled and curious rather than apprehensive. But now he grew keenly aware that he was helpless, powerless, shut up alone in this box of a jail! What if something sinister had been planned?

Eight cells faced on the small bull pen. The doors were all open. Red went into the first and sat down on the bunk, sternly thrusting down his apprehension—after all, what plot would work in weather like this when nobody was likely to stir outside?

He didn't dream of the thing actually afoot in the Ten Cent country under cover of that howling blizzard; made possible, indeed, by the snarling storm that would hold most men close to heat and shelter—and leave any lone worker or traveler defenseless in the bleak wastes.

Before long, Blighton came back and shoved a plate of steaming food through the bars. It was palatable and Red, after his six-hour trek on snowshoes, had an appetite that even his persistent sense of foreboding could not spoil.

After he had finished, though, time dragged. The gale yelped about the building, and snow hissed against the frosted window panes. Red lay on his bunk, tense and wakeful, listening and speculating uneasily.

Meanwhile, a bundled, fur-capped figure wallowed through the drifts before the store fronts across the way, fighting on through the high-deep snow and the fury of the blizzard blast toward Lannin's office, where a light burned. Finally reaching this harbor, the man in the fur cap opened the door and slipped within.

Lannin looked up from some papers. "Oh, evening, Ralph," he said. "Quite a storm."

"Yeah," said Baxter and wiped snow water from his face. "I hear our friend's in the jug."

"Yes, I heard that, too."

The younger man grinned knowingly. "What's on the program?"

"Why, I don't know, Ralph. What do you mean?"

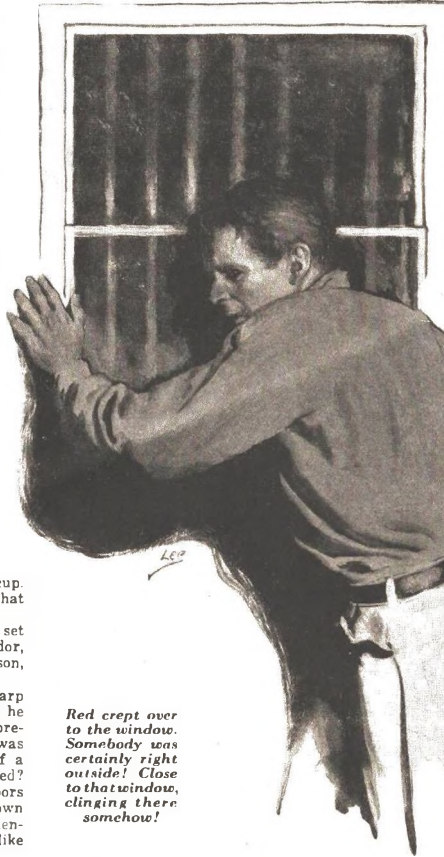
"You turned him up, didn't you? I heard you did. I thought—well, you see—"

Lannin's stare, making something, was disconcerting.

"All I know about it is that I happened to go into Kennedy's store the back way. I saw the pack sack there with a bit of beaver fur sticking out. I told Blighton, but I didn't learn until after supper that the pack was young Clarke's."

"Aw—" began Baxter skeptically, but Lannin's offended stare checked him.

"I've told you all I know. I have no interest in Clarke now that he's quit the refuge crew."



Red crept over to the window. Somebody was certainly right outside! Close to that window, clinging there somehow!

Baxter stiffened with a resentful feeling of having been slighted, excluded from confidence.

"Well, luck to you," he growled. "But Blighton'll have a sweet time tryin' to convince a jury that kid's been poaching beaver. With most of the boys thinkin' a lot of him, it'll be hard for you to frame him!"

"When you say 'You,' whom do you happen to have in mind?" Lannin asked so bitingly that Baxter only stammered. Lannin regarded him with cold eyes and continued: "I've told you all I know, Ralph. I'm only casually interested in the case, and I'm pretty busy—"

Baxter took himself off, still resentful, and more than a little puzzled. Lannin was a deep one all right! It did not occur to the plodding Baxter that now and again a ruthless man will hatch a plan so cruel that he can't afford to take even a trusted assistant into his confidence.

A banging on the bars awakened Red to the chill darkness of the next morning.

"Come and get it!" the sheriff growled, and shoved Red's breakfast through the bars.

Later Blighton returned to conduct Red across the heavily drifted street to the office of the justice. No shoveling had been done in Tincup that forenoon. It would have been no use, for any cleared path would immediately have drifted full again.

Red had never seen such a blizzard! Drifts as high as his head were banked before stores across the way. As he plunged along beside the sheriff, he longed for his freedom. How he'd like to be back in camp with Tip, or starting out to see what a storm

like this would do in the woods! This being under arrest—he was seething inwardly as he stepped into Justice Dowling's court room.

The place was packed with men! All Tincup seemed to have turned out for the show, Red reflected.

That was not far from the fact. Word of Red's arrest had spread through the little town, and with everything at a standstill, people had time to satisfy their curiosity. Those friendly to Red had come to see how far Dowling would dare go in venting his spleen against the conservation officers; and the few who weren't friendly had come to watch the fun when the justice finally got a crack at one of the law-enforcing officers he bitterly disliked.

Kennedy, the friendly storekeeper, was there and Herbert Bush and many others whom Red knew well. Red caught the eye of the eccentric little old logger, but Herbert made no sign of recognition. He stared coldly at the boy as if Red were a convicted criminal.

Justice Dowling, a spare, short, wrinkled little man, whispered a moment with Blighton. Then he gave the young prosecuting attorney, a comparative newcomer, a frowning glance, and finally he cleared his throat.

"Order!" he said irritably and the buzz of voices stilled.

"Clarke, you're charged with illegal possession of beaver. How'd you want to plead to that charge? Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, of course!" the boy responded.

"Well, that's your privilege under the law,"

Dowling responded almost as if in satisfaction. "You can have a trial by jury." He looked at the calendar. "This is Tuesday. I'll set it for

Friday, at ten o'clock a. m."

"I'm ready right now," Red protested.

"Well, the court ain't! I guess you'll wait on the pleasure of this court."

Justice Dowling frowned; then he added deliberately: "And in the meantime, I'll remand you to the custody of the sheriff."

There was a stir in the crowd. Old Dowling certainly was venting his spleen! Wasn't even giving Red a chance to raise bail!

"Why, your honor, can't I get out on bail?" Red demanded. "Even if I wanted to, I couldn't slip out of town in this storm, and I'm more anxious to clear this thing up than—"

"I said I'd remand you to the sheriff!"

There the young prosecutor, looking puzzled, intervened.

"Your honor," he said, "the people have no objection to freeing the defendant on bail, provided, of course, his bondsmen are responsible."

"Well, this court has!" cried Dowling, his wrinkled face going fairly purple as he slammed a fist on his battered desk. "Here we got a man who, until just lately, has been charged with enforcin' the game laws. First time he shows up after bein' discharged from that trusted position he's got contraband beaver on him! I won't take a chance on a party of that caliber slippin' away and defeatin' the ends of justice!"

The prosecutor shrugged.

"Your honor!" Kennedy unfolded his length from his seat among the onlookers. "I'll be glad to go bail for Red Clarke—any amount you may set."

"Well, you ain't going to have the chance," Dowling snarled, "because there won't be any bond accepted in this case by this court. Ten o'clock Friday!" And he began jabbing down entries in the record.

Under cover of the buzz of excited talk, the prosecutor came close to Red, who stood twirling his fur cap and trying to see behind what had happened and guess at a motive other than Dowling's ill feeling toward all wardens.

"This looks goofy to me," the young lawyer whispered. "You can't get hold of an attorney until this storm breaks and the roads are open. As soon as you can, though, you can get a writ. I'm kind of out on a limb talking to you this way, but I figure my job is to prosecute, not persecute."

"Much obliged!" said Red. "But it looks as if I'd have to stand being locked up for today anyhow."

As he passed out beside Blighton, Herbert Dush was standing in the snow. The old man gave Red a look of hot disdain.

"Ought to be locked up!" he yelped. "Yes, sree, sir, he'd ought! Him, a warden, breakin' game laws! Serves him right! Ought to keep his kind in jail fer keeps, they had!"

Red realized that in Herbert's queer old mind arrest amounted to conviction, and that the old fellow's whole-hearted respect for all laws made him severely

condemn a supposed offender. Yet the boy's spirits sank still lower.

Chapter Twelve

THE day in jail wasn't so bad, however. Before Red had his outer clothing off, Kennedy strode in.

"This is an outrage!" he fumed. "Blighton, you're not responsible, but I'm telling you that the next time Dowling comes up for election he's going to pay for this piece of grudge work!"

"Well, what can I do?" Blighton asked defensively, a little apologetically.

"You can't do anything, except let some of us visit here with Red. There won't be any business today, anyhow; might as well put in the time with this!" He pulled a cribbage board from his pocket and grinned at Red.

So they made the best of it, and it wasn't bad, sitting in the sheriff's office, playing cribbage and visiting as the blizzard shrieked about the jail.

But Red found the evening something else again. He had protested that Kennedy had done enough to help him pass the time and that he would go to bed early. The real truth was that, as the storm had begun to drop with the waning of daylight, his uneasiness had increased. He wanted to be alone so that he could try to think out what lay behind this travesty on justice.

Supper had come at a surprisingly early hour, unexplained until Blighton, called to the telephone, refused an invitation to join a card game, saying that his wife's sister was sick and he was alone in the jail.

Later, under the dim glow of a single incandescent light in the bull pen, Red paced slowly up and down, his mind busy with troubled speculation.

The cells were unlocked. He lifted one of the unyielding latches and absently looked it over. It was merely a piece of strap iron with a square notch perhaps an inch across cut in one side. This was seated on a heavier piece of notched iron and a bolt held it down.

"Simple," Red muttered. "Wish other things would seem simple!"

He turned into his cell and stretched out on the bunk. The place was very quiet now; the wind had gone down. Red guessed that the snow had stopped falling, for the night was bitterly cold. He finally dropped off and slept for some time before the shrilling of the telephone bell roused him.

Rolling over, he looked through the bars into the corridor and saw the sheriff, barefooted and in his night-shirt, shuffle out to answer.

"Hullo! . . . Yes. . . . What? Of course not! Not in the middle of the night. . . . If it's so important, I'll tell him. . . . Well, it can wait, then. . . . Who's talking? . . . Well, if that don't matter, neither does your business. . . . No, no visitors allowed at night. . . . All right—have it your own way!"

He slammed up the receiver and turned grumbling back

toward his living quarters as Red slipped out of the cot blankets.

"Hi, Sheriff! Somebody trying to get me?"

"Seems so. Drunk or crazy, or both! Fat chance anybody's got to—"

"But if they called at this time—"

Red broke off as the door slammed, and stood there close to the bars, his skin crawling, his nerves tightened by a renewed feeling of impending disaster. Someone was trying to get a message to him in the middle of the night! What was going on?

He heard Blighton bang an inner door, and then the place grew silent again. He strained to listen—to what he didn't know—and from far off came a faint throbbing. It dwindled, came again—the remote sound of a tractor's exhaust. That would be Herbert Bush, breaking out the drifted road preparatory to resuming the task of hauling his ties in from Ten Cent Lake. Well—

Red returned to his cell, lay down, sat up. Goose pimples rose and subsided.

"Herbert on the move, and somebody trying to get to me and—suppose something's wrong with Tip!"

Sleep was out of the question. He walked the concrete floor, in his heavy socks, back and forth, back and forth. Suddenly he paused and held his breath. Hadn't he heard a sound outside, down under his high-placed, barred window? What did it mean? He waited, motionless.

Presently he heard a low thump, unmistakably below that window, built eight or ten feet above the ground. He crept over. The panes were so frosty that he couldn't see through them, but he put an ear close.

There was a scraping sound. Someone was certainly right outside! Close to that window, clinging there somehow!

Red tried to raise the window, but it was frozen down. He listened again—and heard heavy breathing! Then came a muffled tapping, as with a mittened hand, and a voice cautiously hissed his name:

"Red! Red! Are you in there?"

"Yes, I'm here! Right close! Who is it?"

"It's Cliff! Can you hear me?" The voice was very low.

"Not so well! Careful! I'm afraid somebody else may—wait!"

He glanced into the corridor to make certain Blighton had not been roused. Then he put his elbow, padded by the sleeve of his heavy flannel shirt, against a lower pane and pushed. The glass tinkled into fragments.

The cold bit at his face and in the gloom he could see Cliff, clinging with his legs to a plank he had leaned against the sill and grasping the window bars with both hands.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know, Red! Not sure. But I'm afraid Lannin's out to kill old Herbert!"

"Kill him? Why? What do you mean?"

"I don't know why, except what we all know—that Lannin's getting crazy about the land deal. Maybe you'll think I'm crazy too, but I've been watching Lannin to see if I couldn't find out something that'd help you and I saw—other things."

Cliff's teeth were chattering and he glanced fearfully over his shoulder before he went on with a rush:

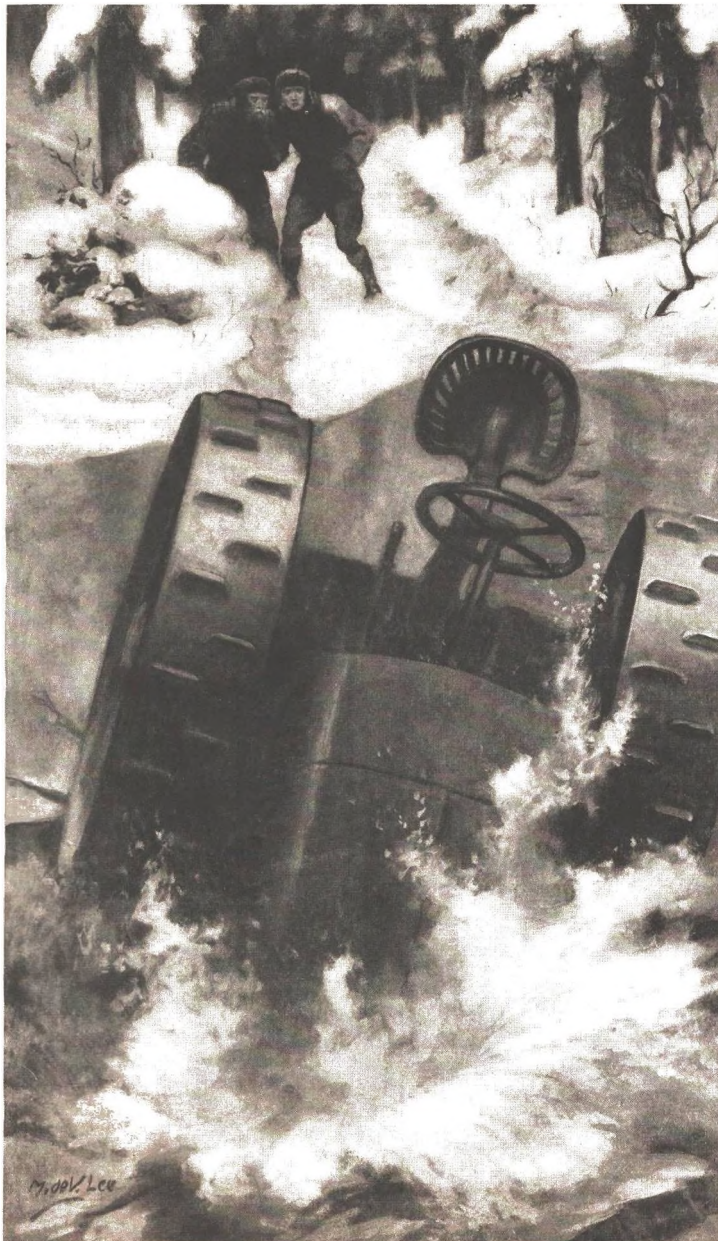
"It all goes back to one day last week. I was sitting in Kennedy's with the gang and Lannin was there, leaning against the counter. I'd seen him arguing with Herbert that forenoon and figured he was trying to patch up a deal and the old man wouldn't agree.

"Well—the boys were talkin' about Herbert then and his tie haul and somebody said it was risky, runnin' a tractor across Ten Cent Lake because the bottom is full of springs and once a team had broken through there right in freezing cold weather.

"It was just aimless talk, but I saw the funniest look come over Lannin's face! He wasn't in the gang, understand; just standin' there to one side. I thought that he'd been taken with a cramp and was in terrible pain. That's the way it looked—then.

"That's the first part. When you got pinched yesterday, I knew there was something crooked about it, and I've been trying to find out who planted that beaver in your pack. I've been watching Baxter and Lannin, hop-

(Continued on page 32)



The rear end of the machine went high in the air. There came a sound like an explosion, a grinding of ice, a sloshing of water, and with a weird burble the roar of the exhaust died.

Safety on the Road!

by Dr. Alexander Klemin

Director, Daniel Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, New York University

20 M. P. H.



At 20 miles an hour, your car can inflict as much damage as an auto falling off a one-story building, 13.4 feet high.

YOU'RE gliding along the highway at an even fifty miles an hour, your mind on the fast double play that ended the ball game, when suddenly a truck pulls out on the highway just 200 feet ahead, completely blocking your path.

Without even drawing a quick breath you put on the brakes—evenly, firmly. Your car comes to a smooth stop and the startled truck driver goes on across the road.

The fact that you take the incident in stride, without skipping a heart beat, is a tribute to the automobile manufacturer. You knew that even if you bumped the truck your safety glass wouldn't shatter. If you hit him a glancing blow and turned over, the strongly built body wouldn't let you down. Best of all, you knew that your four-wheel brakes would stop you long before you reached him. Behind the grin on your face, as you roll merrily homeward, are years of experimenting and millions of dollars spent in laboratory work.

The automobile designer carries in his mind the picture of a perfect car. Such a car would respond instantly to the driver's every wish. The brakes would be one hundred per cent reliable. The steering would be easy and perfect.

The car would be steady on the road. The tires would never fail. Your vision, in all kinds of weather, would be perfect. Your headlights would illuminate the road without blinding the other man.

The materials in the car would stand millions of shocks without sign of failure. Your car would have perfect ventilation. It would stand up under the severest crash.

This is the ideal toward which designers strive, and to a surprising degree they have achieved it. They've done their part to make driving safe. Are you doing yours?

In this and later articles you'll discover what the automobile maker has done to give you a safe car. If, in your driving, you can march as far along the road of safety as the manufacturer, you can cut a big chunk out of our yearly pile of 850,000 accidents!

Quick and powerful braking is the first essential

LEARN to drive while you're young, but learn respect for speed! When you climb behind the steering wheel of a low-priced car today, you're controlling 80 horsepower. That's four times as much as the low-priced car of 1925. High-priced cars have gone from 80 to 160 horsepower!

This greater speed and smoothness that manufacturers have given you carries with it greater responsibility. Automobile accidents today are more often fatal than they were in 1925. During 1933, 29,900 persons were killed and 870,700 injured in automobile accidents! If you want to help reduce that number, drive sensibly.

Don't pass a car on a curve. An accident that takes place on a curve has twice as much chance of being fatal as the average of all auto accidents.

Don't pass a car as you approach the top of a hill. Wait until you can see the road far ahead of you.

Be cautious in the country. Although there are more accidents in the city because of the denser traffic, the death rate on country highways is 219 per cent greater than on city streets. The answer is SPEED!

Be respectful of railway crossings. An accident involving an auto and a train has seven times as much chance of being fatal as the average auto accident. Yet safety observers, in one test, discovered that only two drivers out of a hundred looked BOTH WAYS before crossing a track!

Accidents occurring at city street intersections are the least fatal of all because drivers go more slowly at intersections. Accidents happening between corners are

67 per cent more fatal than those at intersections. Be alert between corners.

There's no need for rush in city driving. Tests have shown that in a ten-mile drive through the city you can save only three or four minutes by speeding between corners and dodging in and out of traffic.

Don't treat other drivers as competitors. Be independent enough to go your own speed.

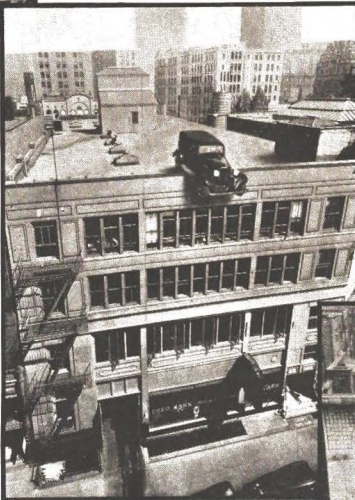
If another driver tries to beat you on the get-away, let him. He'll receive no medals for his victory.

When the speed urge gets you, remind yourself that one-third of all fatal auto accidents result from too-fast driving.

Think, also, of the motorist in a hospital bed, bandaged up to the eyes, mumbling proudly: "I saved five minutes."

How Fast Do You Drive?

40 M. P. H.



If you bumped into a wall at 40 miles an hour, you'd hit as hard as a car falling off a four story building, 53.5 feet high.

brake wouldn't recognize his ancestor, the wagon brake. It was merely a cast-iron shoe, sitting right out in the open, ready at any time to press against the iron or wooden rim of the wheel.

The wagon brake was fairly efficient in stopping a ten-mile-an-hour horse—with the assistance of the reins—but wouldn't do at all for the 60-mile-an-hour, 80-horsepower auto.

The faster, heavier auto has more "kinetic en-

ergy." In simple language, kinetic energy is the power of a moving object to do work before it comes to a stop. Kinetic energy depends on the weight of the object and the square of its speed. A child runs out on the street. You suddenly see a deep hole in the road where there was no hole yesterday. In every case you have to stop quickly. Thanks to the four-wheel brake, you can.

The modern, well-brought-up four-wheel

of safety. The traffic light goes yellow and the car in front of you stops suddenly. A child runs out on the street. You suddenly see a deep hole in the road where there was no hole yesterday. In every case you have to stop quickly. Thanks to the four-wheel brake, you can.

An automobile going 30, weighing as much as a heavy wagon going 10, has nine times as much kinetic energy. You can understand, then, how important are brakes at higher speeds!

Before we look inside the modern brake, let's find out why you must always apply brakes gradually, even for a quick stop. It's a mistake to jam on the brakes with all your strength. The moment wheels lock and slide along the ground, they have less friction than when they're rolling along the ground at the same speed as the car is moving!

Engineers explain that by the term "static friction." Place a flat-bottomed stone on an inclined board. If left to itself it'll stay in place indefinitely. But once start it to sliding and it will keep on sliding. That's because its static friction is higher than its sliding friction.

If the wheel is moving at the same speed as the car, then the lowest part of the wheel isn't really moving at all in relation to the street. It has static friction, which is high friction. Moral: Don't lock your wheels if you want to stop quickly.

Now take a look at today's brake. Unlike the wagon brake, the shoe doesn't press against the rim of the wheel. Instead, a drum is attached to the wheel and the brake is inside it. The drum protects the brake from dirt and water.

The brake itself consists of two curved metal pieces covered with a special wear-resisting material called brake lining to increase the friction between drum and brake. The shoes do not turn with the wheel.

When the pedal is depressed, the shoes expand and press against the brake drum which is turning with the wheel. The friction slows down the car. On the outside of the drum there's metallic ribbing to dissipate the heat generated by the friction. There are springs connecting the brake shoes to pull them away from the drum when you're through braking.

Fig. 5 shows the operating cam that spreads the brake shoes when (Cont. on page 30)

60 M. P. H.



Hitting an immovable object at 60 miles an hour is like falling off a building 120.3 feet high!

PHOTO COURTESY OF THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.



With a tap, tap, tap on solid steel He carves tracteries as exquisite as jewelry

NEXT time you see a General Motors car, examine one of the door handles.

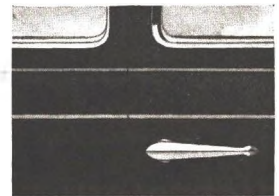
You will find it as gracefully formed, as beautiful in design, as exquisitely perfect in detail as a piece of jewelry—and here is the reason:

The man shown here is a "die sinker." Patiently, skillfully, hour after hour, he cuts away the tough steel—first with sharp blows, to rough in the outline—then with watchful taps, he traces the finished pattern, to a split hair's precision.

This man is in the Ternstedt division of General Motors, where all hardware and

body fittings are especially designed for Fisher.

But throughout the great Fisher factories—the largest body-building plants in the world—other men work with the same skill, the same precision, to give every Body by Fisher the beauty and perfection which you see in the finished car.



The finished result. Door handles like this are cast from dies made by this skilled Ternstedt artisan



And because Fisher Bodies are so superbly designed and built, you and your family can be proud to say . . . "Our car has Body by Fisher."

on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers



How HOT can a coaster brake get?

EVER take the temperature of a tortured coaster brake? We did.



— the thermometer test

Out on Hartland Mountain, in Connecticut, we set up a testing laboratory to find out what coaster brakes could take. We used all the back pressure a 200-pound rider could exert. Hurting the steel bicycle steeds down the mountain grades... reckless of limb and elbows... twenty-five and more miles per hour.

Then with scraping tires, applied back pressure and let the brake retard momentum.



— a 200 lb. Rider-Tester

Boy, did the brakes get hot! They fairly sizzled.

Results? Well, we'll say! We discovered things you'd never find out in thousands of miles of pedaling.

Then we produced a brake that had none of those weaknesses and invented features which made all other brakes obsolete... the new Model D... New Departure Coaster Brake... with 90 per cent greater braking power... proof against dirt and leaking oil... factory adjusted... a sturdy protector for any bicyclist.



— and did they get hot?

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO., BRISTOL, CONN.



ASK FOR MODEL "D" NEW DEPARTURE THE NEW AND BETTER COASTER BRAKE

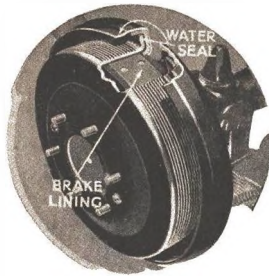


Fig. 1. This is what today's brake looks like. Watertight drum outside, expanding brake inside.

(Continued from page 28)

the driver presses down the pedal. It also shows the brake's two positions—applied and free.

The pedal is connected with the four wheels by a system of rods and cables. When the pedal is depressed a single horizontal rod turns. To this rod are connected cables from all wheels. With the turning of the rod, these cables tighten, turning the cam inside the brake, and expanding the brake shoes against the drum. Each brake has an adjusting screw that will enable you to get an equal application on each wheel. If your brakes screech, or if your car turns right or left in stopping, undoubtedly these screws need adjusting.

In the hydraulic brake, the force is transmitted by a liquid—a special type

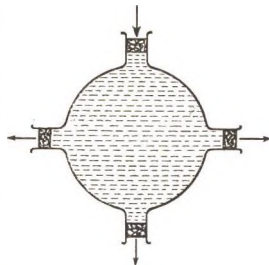


Fig. 4. Here's the test that explains hydraulic brakes. Press in on one cork and the outward pressure is equal on the other three corks.

of oil that doesn't become thick in cold weather—instead of by rods and cables. Hydraulic brakes use the principle that pressure exerted on a fluid expands itself equally in all directions. Fig. 4 illustrates the principle as you have

demonstrated it in your physics classes in high school or college.

When the driver presses down the pedal of a hydraulic brake, he moves a piston in a small cylinder. The piston head presses against the oil and the pressure is distributed to all wheels by means of pipes and flexible hose. The brake shoes expand exactly as do the mechanical brakes.

Hydraulic and mechanical brakes, as built today, are both efficient perform-

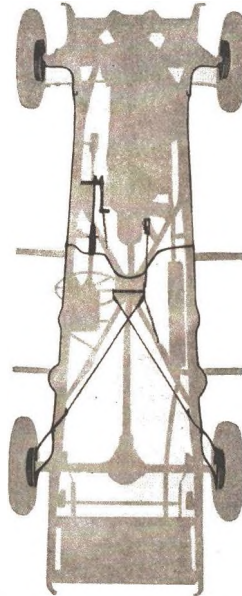


Fig. 2. Here's how the pipes conduct fluid to all brakes in the hydraulic system. In the mechanical, rods and cables replace the pipes.

ers. They'll do their part—if you do yours.

The reason that four-wheel brakes are better than the two-wheel type is easy to understand. Suppose a car weighs 2,000 pounds and the coefficient of friction is 1/10th. (You'll understand that term in a moment.) Then each wheel will press on the ground with a force of about 500 pounds. Multiply this 500 by 1/10th and you get a friction force of 50 pounds for each wheel.

With two wheels, the retarding force is thus 100 pounds. With four wheels, the retarding force is 200. The greater

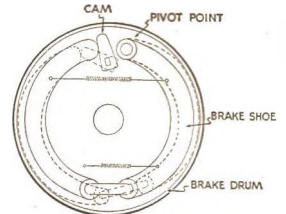


Fig. 5. In the mechanical brake, the cam (top) spreads the brake to the position shown by the dotted lines.

the retarding force the quicker the car will stop.

When wheels slide along the ground instead of roll, your car is skidding. The skid is dangerous because the car is out of your control. The rolling wheel will travel in the direction in which it's pointed, but the sliding wheel will go blithely sideways.

It's easy to skid on wet or icy roads because friction is reduced and it's easier to lock your wheels. The best way to get out of it is to release your brakes and point your car in the general direction of the skid. With the brakes free and the car pointed in the direction of the skid, the wheels will stop sliding and begin to roll.

If you're braking on a slippery surface, leave your clutch in and apply the brakes very gradually. Not until the car is rolling very slowly should you

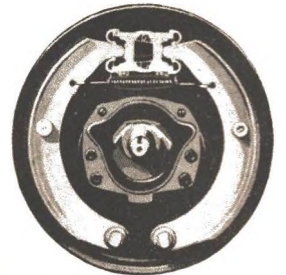


Fig. 3. Glance inside the hydraulic brake. The piston above spreads the two brakes, which pivot on the two studs below.

throw out the clutch and bring the car to a full stop.

The automobile maker has given you powerful and smooth brakes. They're the product of many years of study and experiment. But he can't guarantee your sensible use of them. That's your part of the job.

Etiquette -- When Visiting

From "The Correct Thing," the Boys' Book of Etiquette by Dr. William O. Stevens, Headmaster, Cranbrook School. Published by the Sears Publishing Co.

WHEN you stay a few days in the home of a friend, your conduct is the gauge by which your hostess will measure your home training. By following a few common-sense rules, you can leave behind you an impression of good breeding.

When you arrive, present a little gift to the hostess—a bunch of flowers or a box of candy.

Have a good time and show it. There's no more sincere praise to a hostess than to enjoy your stay in her home.

Enter with spirit into whatever entertainment your friend plans for you. If he gives you your choice of things

to do, don't hesitate to tell him your preferences. If he didn't want to know he wouldn't ask you.

Be on time for meals and eat whatever is served.

Don't give the impression of being bored or weary. There's always a book or magazine to read, or something to occupy you.

If you're visiting a home where the mother and daughter do the housework, be considerate of their work and alert to grasp opportunities to help.

Keep your room neat. Avoid cutting the hostess's towels by careless wiping of your razor blade. Leave the wash-bowl clean. Don't monopolize the wash-room for too long when others want to clean up.

Boys of high school age needn't tip

the servants. It's customary for older visitors, after a stay of several days, to leave a dollar with the maid, and to tip any other servant who has rendered special service. Don't tip in the presence of the host or hostess.

Avoid taking full charge of the radio.

If there's dancing, see that the daughter of the family, if there is one, has a good time.

When you pack your bag, be sure to include all your personal articles. Don't leave things that the hostess will have to mail to you.

After you've returned home, write a brief note thanking your hostess for her hospitality and expressing your enjoyment of the visit. Write the letter—a "bread and butter letter" it's called—promptly.



Every Dog needs A BOY



GROWN-UP PEOPLE are all right in a dog's mind. They build houses for him to keep warm in. They provide meat bones and plenty of bread crusts but they use their furniture to sit on instead of to run around. And they fill their houses with so much of it that there is no room to run without bumping. A dog's legs yearn for the great outdoors where there is distance and



active, sure-footed lives. Quite naturally, The United States Rubber Company, manufacturers of Keds—"The Shoe of Champions"—decided years ago (when we started our annual Keds contest) to offer puppies as prizes. This year 50 thoroughbred wire-haired fox terrier puppies will be given away for the best Keds slogan (or you can choose a bicycle if you land among the lucky winners).



ALL PHOTOS BY DORIS DAY

dog and a boy, for most of the boy's major occupations are such that the dog can be an ever-present companion.

And when that boy has grown to man's estate some of his happiest memories are of such simple things as the delightful shock of a cold, black muzzle thrust suddenly under his ear to wake him up in the morning.

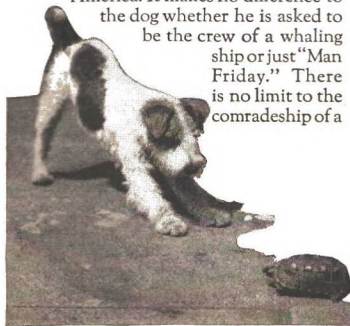
50 Wire-haired Puppies Will Be Given Away

The lives of dogs and boys are lived largely on their feet—

wide-open spaces. Grown-ups don't go outdoors often enough and when they do go they don't go far enough on their own feet.

But a boy is different. His growing muscles demand constant usage. His body likes the feel of green grass. His ears like the ripple of brooks. It is true, he does climb trees occasionally but he doesn't stay up very long.

A dog and a boy can be Robinson Crusoe, or a whole tribe of Indians. They can be Christopher Columbus discovering America. It makes no difference to the dog whether he is asked to be the crew of a whaling ship or just "Man Friday." There is no limit to the comradeship of a



The only requirement is that you go to your nearest Keds dealer and ask for one of the annual Keds Handbooks of Sports and Outdoor Life. There is nothing to buy. This Handbook contains the rules of the contest. Get your Handbook today, for May 19 is the date of the start of this contest. Send in your slogan immediately. Every slogan must be in the mail by July 5. Winners will be announced by August 20. There will be one winner for each state and two national winners.



Keds

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

United States Rubber Company

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers



—the KILLING POWER of Super-X Long Range .22's

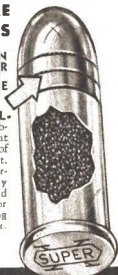
The Super-X long range .22 cartridge adds new thrills to pest and small game shooting. Instead of merely hitting your mark the bullet CRASHES into it, at nearly double the effective range of ordinary .22's. 50% greater power and 26% higher speed, due to Western's patented Double Action powder.

Try Super-X on crows. It's real sport, with a purpose. The destructive crow should be reduced in numbers, to save crops, bird life and game. Mail the Coupon below for free Super-X folder, free Booklet on Crow Shooting and other shooting leaflets.

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- 4 NICKEL PLATED CASE



Western Super-X

Long Range .22 Cartridges

FREE FOLDERS INTERESTING TO SHOOTERS
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Gentlemen: Send, free, your Super-X .22 Folder
 Booklet on Crow Shooting Other Leaflets
Interesting to Shooters

NAME.....
STREET.....
TOWN.....STATE.....

Keeper of the Refuge (Continued from page 27)

ing I could turn up something that'd help you.

"I didn't. But tonight I was restless, and when Herbert started out to open his road it woke me up. My room's right across from where he's deckin' his ties and I looked out when he started off. I was just turnin' back to get into bed when I saw a light go on in Lannin's office and then off, right away."

He drew an involuntary shuddering breath, but went on swiftly:

"I stayed there and watched. In just a few minutes, Lannin came out on the back way. The moon broke through for a second and I saw what he carried."

"Well?" Red urged sharply.

"He had on his snowshoes and had an ax and an ice saw with him!" jerked Cliff.

"Ice saw! What would he do—"

"Oh, maybe I'm all wrong, but I'm scared I'm right! Don't you see? If that wasn't pain that twisted Lannin's face that day the boys were saying that Herbert might go through the ice, then it was—well, inspiration! Red, why would Lannin be watching for Herbert all night? Why would he be sneakin' out the back way? Why would he be carrying an ice saw?" Cliff was shaking, gasping. "Don't you get it, Red?"

"I'll say I do!" Red's low voice was grim. "But what—"

"I tried to telephone you but Blighton wouldn't let me talk. I didn't dare tell him what I wanted. You're the only one I'd even whisper this to! It sounds clean crazy—and Lannin would be out to murder me if he got wise to my suspecting anything. But Red, we've got to save Herbert if Lannin's really after him!"

"Yes!" Red breathed.

His mind was leaping. He knew that Topping, putting two and two together, felt sure that Lannin was in a financial jam which would land him behind bars if the bank examiners dropped in. Lannin had little hope of swinging Herbert into line and getting the land he needed. But he knew about Herbert's will—knew that Ralph Baxter was Herbert's sole heir. If Baxter had the land, Lannin would be safe! That was what the almost crazed Tincup magnate must have figured. That was why he was making a desperate, murderous move.

"Cliff," Red said in a sharp undertone, "this whole thing sounds wild—but you and Tip and I know how far Lannin will go. It looks as if we've got to move fast to save Herbert. What time did he leave?"

"It's four now. Herbert started just after two."

"He'll find hard going in the chopping, where it's drifted. It may take him two hours to go those two miles. After that he can roll her along in the timber, two or three miles an hour. He'll be at the lake before daylight. Lannin, cutting across country, can beat him by an hour, easy!" Red paused, frowning.

"Of course," he went on after a moment, "Lannin may only be going out to his fur farm. But things look queer. We can't take a chance! You've got to hand this story on to somebody who can help!"

"But I can't, Red!" the lame boy flung back desperately. "Don't you see that? I'd go after Herbert myself if I had two good legs. But I can't make it through this snow. And I don't dare tell anybody but you! If this story leaked out, and then Lannin cleared himself, he'd get me sure! You know that, Red."

Cliff's voice was hoarse with excitement and apprehension and Red, even in the ferment of his desperation, couldn't blame the frail, handicapped boy for the panic that clutched him when he thought of Lannin's fury. Life hadn't given Cliff much chance to build

up stoutness of heart.

"All right, Cliff!" he said. "Get away from here. Go back to your room. I'll take the chance because that bird can't hurt me! I'll get Blighton up and he won't dare refuse to make some move! He doesn't know the inside of this, I'm sure. He's just blankly following orders. I can make him do something. Now you beat it—and thanks, Cliff!"

He sprang away from the window, ran to the barred door, shook it furiously, and shouted at the top of his voice for the sheriff. He kept it up until Blighton appeared, eyes wide and hair ruffled.

"Hey! What's the matter with you?" he demanded, staring at Red, who clung breathlessly to the bars. "You gone crazy?"

"No," Red panted. "But I've got a tip on a deal that's got to be stopped!"

"THE GOLDEN GOD"

By Hugh B. Cave

Is a record of appalling trouble in the jungle and a green young Foreign Service man who took a desperate chance.

A long adventure story complete in July

There's no time to lose, Blighton, and you'll have to take what I say for fact. Here's what's happening! Herbert Bush is on his way to Ten Cent Lake, and Lannin—Lannin's on his way to head him off with an ice saw!"

"Mr. Lannin? With an ice saw! Say, kid, you better go back to bed! You've been havin' a nightmare and—"

"It's no nightmare! Lannin wants to get Herbert out of the way so Ralph Baxter'll inherit his property and he can get that land the refuge needs! He sneaked out of town two hours ago with an ice saw. Why—" suddenly realization rocked Red—"that's why he framed me! He saw me come into town and didn't want me loose while he pulled this one! That's—"

"Now what's this?" The sheriff's voice grew husky with nervousness. "What's all this? You're nutty, kid! You can't talk this way about the most prominent man in town. You're crazy, sayin' he's—"

"There's no time to argue!" Red struggled to control himself. "There's no time to argue, Blighton! You've got to be on your way right now and keep that tractor off the ice of Ten Cent Lake!"

One of the sheriff's hands, slightly unsteady, fumbled at his bristly chin. He looked away.

"I know what's in your mind!" Red cried. "You're thinking maybe there's something to this story and maybe not. And if there isn't, Lannin will hear and it'll be all day with you! You're thinking about your own skin when an innocent old man is—"

"Say, you lay off that line of talk! I do my duty—"

"Then do it! Get a move on! Don't stand here when a life may depend—"

"Where'd you get your information anyhow?"

"Through that back window! The

man who tried to telephone me came here."

"So you want me to go out and leave you alone, do you? You've got somebody hangin' around to help you break out!"

"No! No! Blighton, talk sense!" Red shook the bars in a frenzy. "If you haven't the guts to go, let me go! Or telephone the prosecutor or Kennedy. Anybody! Somebody! Don't stand there and pull at your chin and let a cold-blooded rat get away with murder!"

"Why, you red-headed shrimp! You can't talk that way to me! Get back in your cell and keep your mouth shut! I'll look into this!"

Red drew back, breathing raggedly. The sheriff walked down the hall to the telephone, took down the receiver, hesitated and then hung it up again. He scratched his head, shook it, turned back toward his office, and then disappeared into his living quarters.

"Afraid!" Red muttered. "Afraid to go, because of Lannin, and afraid not to, because of what I might tell." He pounded a palm with the other fist. His stomach ached with suspense as he strode frenziedly back and forth. "Wasting time! Losing minutes and minutes fussing around! Maybe he won't go at all! Maybe he'll just putter till it's too late. I've got to get out of here!"

He had to get out of there! In that moment, he knew that his freedom for a few hours meant Herbert Bush's best chance at life!

But how could he get out? He dropped on his knees by the barrier of bars, feeling for the devices by which the panel was anchored to the floor. The bars were riveted to a strip of angle iron; the iron was fastened to the concrete floor by eight lag screws.

"With a wrench, a six-year-old could get out!" Red muttered. "If I only had a wrench! Now what did I see around here that—"

He sprang up. "Those cells latch!"

Breathing hard, he swung a cell door so the light would fall on its crude, strong, square-notched latch. It was held to the framework of the door by a single rivet. The iron was not thick; the riveting process had thinned it. A stout pull and the metal bent. Frowning, Red shoved it back into place; pulled again; straightened it once more. He saw the iron commence to flake and worked faster, pulling, pushing, and then, with a jerk, had the thing free!

Minutes had passed and still Blighton had not reappeared. The fact strengthened Red's conviction that stupidity or fear would keep the sheriff from acting.

"It's up to me!" he muttered, dropping to his knees and slipping the notched iron latch over the head of a lag screw. He was not unmindful of the seriousness of what he was about to do!

The notch did not fit too well. There was play in it; but still the improvised wrench bit a hold on the square head of the screw and clung while Red shoved his best. He put his foot against it, braced himself with hands spread wide on the floor, and shoved. With a gritting sound the threads let go and he was on his knees again, working with his hands, extracting the screw, throwing it to one side.

He had the second screw started when the hall door opened and Blighton reappeared. Red poised there on his knees. The sheriff, in shirt and trousers now, stared at him.

"Say! What's the idea?" The man strode forward. "What're you—oh, so that's it, eh? You just wanted to get me out of the way with your crazy story so—"

Red interrupted, his voice trembling: "It looks that way, for a fact, sheriff!"

But I thought you'd never get started. I couldn't stand it, being locked up here and thinking about Herbert's—"

"You thought I'd gone, didn't you? You thought you'd got me out of the way!" Blighton selected a key from a bunch at his belt and fitted it into the lock. "And so it's a cock and bull story after all, eh?"

"It isn't! I swear it isn't! I shouldn't have tried to get out. I should have believed you'd do your duty. I'm sorry. Honest, sheriff, it looks bad for me, but—"

"Not half so bad as it's going to look!" Blighton roared, inside now and slamming the door behind him. "Tried to outsmart me, eh? Well, we'll see what you'll pull off when you're locked tight in a cell!"

"Listen here!" Red was backing away. "Listen a minute! I'll let you

SMASHING TENNIS!

There's keen-edged rivalry in July's story of sizzling drives and cut shots:

"The Jinx Doctors"

By Franklin M. Reck

lock me in. I'm guilty of attempting to break jail, and you can take it out on me in court if you want to. But you'll go, won't you? You'll hit Herbert's trail the minute—"

"Go? And leave you here to make a monkey of me? Why, you—"

He grabbed for Red's arm. But the boy whirled, eluding him, then slipping past, facing about, and retreating slowly. His regret at having been hasty was gone now; his panic had subsided. He had something to do and no one else could do it!

"Showin' fight, eh?" snarled Blighton. "Come here, you—"

Red went! He went in a low, savage rush. His shoulder caught the sheriff in the middle, his arms gripped the man's bulky hips. He changed direction slightly as their bodies met, swinging a bit to the left, and with a roar and a crash they went down, straight through the door of a cell!

The sheriff struggled to throw off Red's weight—to roll over on top of him. But he wasn't agile enough. He felt a tug at his waist—Red had jerked the key chain loose! Then, instantly, the boy went scuttling backward on all fours. Blighton, released, got to his feet with amazing speed and hurled himself forward.

But too late! The door, swinging shut, slammed him back again. Then a key grated and Red, ducking into his cell for his pacs, was unlocking the outer barrier and scuttling for the telephone as Blighton pounded and cursed and stamped.

Red worked into his pacs as central rang and rang and rang. The prosecuting attorney's sleepy voice finally answered. Red spoke swiftly:

"Listen! This is Red Clarke! Don't ask any questions! I'm breaking jail. The sheriff is locked in a cell. Keys on his desk. Get him and come yourself on Herbert Bush's tractor trail. It's life and death!"

He slammed up the receiver, cutting off an amazed exclamation, jerked his pac laces taut, ran into the office, heedless of Blighton's ravings, threw on coat and cap, seized his snowshoes, and floundered down the jail steps.

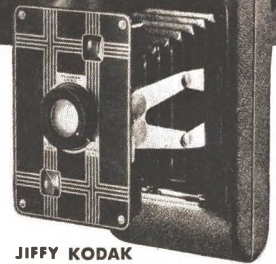
Chapter Thirteen

THE still night was bitterly cold! Red's breath made steam as he stooped to strap his feet to the webs. The stinging air ate into his face as he

"You're certainly getting to be the regular snapshot trader, Denny!"



THERE'S a lot of fun in trading snapshots . . . swapping pictures that mean so much . . . with the gang—with her. You'll want the pictures you trade to be extra good . . . natural . . . appealing—and now it's so easy to make them that way. New Kodaks . . . new films—give you picture-taking opportunities you've never dreamed of before. Look over the new Kodak line at your dealer's today or send the coupon below for a complete catalog.



JIFFY KODAK

A folding camera that's as easy to use as a Brownie . . . it really works in a "jiffy." Press a button—"Pop," it opens . . . press another—"Click," it gets the picture. It's the simplest folding camera ever devised. Trimly finished in metals and enamels . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, \$9; for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, \$8.



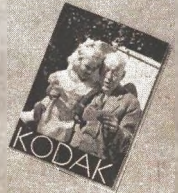
KODAK VERICHROME FILM

It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . . it soaks up the brilliance of the sun . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade. Coated with two layers of sensitive silver—Verichrome gets the picture when ordinary films fail.

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe

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The latest Kodak catalog . . . complete information about Kodaks . . . film . . . equipment. Write to Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.



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*You're missing
a lot
WITHOUT
A BIKE*



■ The whole country has gone bicycle.

Old and young—big and little—people are finding fun and healthfulness in bicycle riding.

You're missing many good times with the boys and girls—out in the open—if you're without a bicycle.

Why not visit your nearest bicycle store today and learn how easily you can own a modern bike with all the newest features.



Write for the "Boys' Book on Bicycling" to Cycle Trades of America, Inc., Bristol, Conn. Sent Free on request.

*It's fun
TO KEEP FIT
ON A BICYCLE*

crossed the deserted main street of Tincup at a run.

He ducked between two buildings, tripped over the top wire of an almost buried fence, and came on what he sought—another snowshoe trail!

"That's Lannin!" he muttered. "Sure enough! Across the tracks! North and east! All right—let's go!"

The stars were out now, and Lannin's trail was easy to follow. But snow had fallen after the wind had ceased to blow and inches of it lay loose and fluffy, unpacked by the gale; the first breeze would cover all tracks. Lannin had doubtless counted on that.

"And he could go on to his fur farm and nobody'd ever be the wiser!" Red said aloud.

He went at a swift jog, the snow fluffing about his ankles. He wished he knew the time. Yet he couldn't go any faster, not and keep up the pace.

His breathing quickened alarmingly. That was the cold, irritating his lungs. His nose went numb and he ran for a time with one mitten pressed over it. He began to cough and had to drop to a walk.

A little puff of breeze came and light snow swirled across the trail. A half hour of that and the tracks would be blotted out! Red began to run again.

His skin was sweating and yet he was cold—shivering with apprehension. His mind kept picturing the isolation of Ten Cent Lake, with a sinister figure lurking, waiting, in the shadowy cedars on its edge. . . . He must go faster—faster! He ran his best until the burning of his throat forced him to ease the pace. His heart beat like the thump of a wet drum. He lifted his cap from one ear as he gained the timber and tried to catch possible sounds of the tractor but the jump of his blood prevented that.

He tripped on a down tree and sprawled headlong. Struggled up and began to run again—on that ominous trail that held inexorably to the shortest route between town and lake.

He began breathing through his mouth and that was torture. He told himself he must use sense, must go slower. He was Herbert's only hope—he must not run himself into a collapse. . . .

Again he bared one ear and, that time, thought he heard the distant mutter of a motor. He pressed on, taking longer strides, and presently listened again. There it was! Unmistakable, now, and booming along! No drifts—in the timber Herbert could make time.

So Red left Lannin's trail. Why follow it farther? The thing to do now was to stop Herbert.

Slower going, with no trail broken. He watched the stars and listened repeatedly to the sound of the exhaust, taking no chance of going astray. He came to a little piece of muskeg and crossed it at a swift run. In the timber again he was forced to thread his way among cedars and then tackle the soft going of hardwood where the deep fall of snow lay loose and unpacked by the wind.

Getting closer now. He could hear the tractor constantly, even with the fur flaps over his ears. Getting closer, but getting a little dizzy, too. His breath came and went in sobs.

He wondered if he would come out on the road ahead of the lumbering tractor. He had planned on doing that, but he commenced to have misgivings about his judgment. He fell again, tripped by a snag, and floundered about in the soft snow before he could regain his feet. He lunged on and pitched and staggered across a sharp depression. It was the tractor trail! He had missed! Herbert was on ahead!

Following in the loose ruts was impossible. He went beside them, running and walking, running and walking. His eyes, straining ahead, caught a flickering glow. Just an illusion. No, it was real! It was the glow from a

lantern, dangling against Herbert's radiator.

He was still in time. If he could close that gap, he was still in time! He tried to shout, but no voice could have carried that far and reached the driver's ears above that roaring motor, and his was just a husky croak.

He strained ahead. At last, almost unbelievably, the tractor was in sight, a dull, dark blob writhing along among the black tree trunks—and beyond it was an opening, a great, treeless space that would be the lake!

Red's feet seemed to weigh tons; each breath was agony; his eyes were fogged. The upstanding trees reeled about him. Thunder was in his ears, like the roar of tons of falling water, and then he was telling himself that it

"COWARD'S BLOOD"

By Ben East

Savage enemies, they were marooned together for months on a lonely little island, Shane the Airedale and Stubtail the bobcat—and one of them proved himself a hero!

*A Desert Island War
Next Month*

was not water but the tractor, so close now and yet so far away, starting to pitch down the slope to the open beach.

The boy's eyes suddenly cleared. He saw a humped figure on the seat, swaying as the tractor rocked. It was ten yards ahead—five—three—an arm's length. Then he was touching it, pawing at it with mittened hands, feeling those hands struck away and hearing an amazed yelping mingle with the roll of the exhaust.

"Stop!" he croaked. "Stop, Mr. Bush!"

"Git out! Jailbird! Git away from me! Want no truck with convicts."

The throttle opened wider; the tractor rocked down the pitch: And then strong young arms caught the old driver around the waist and dragged him backward, down into the snow, though he yelped and battled with all the agility in his wiry old body.

"Had to—stop you—"

Red couldn't get in any more explaining right then. Herbert was fighting valiantly, no longer shouting but putting all his strength into blows on Red's head and face. When the old fellow tried to rise, however, Red managed to hold him back.

"Wait—I'll explain—danger ahead—had to—stop you—"

His voice could carry better then. The tractor was farther away, plunging on down, following the ruts it had made on other trips, ruts filled only with loose snow.

"Stop me?" Herbert panted. "Stop a peaceful citizen 'bout his business?"

"Death out there!" Red gasped. "Somebody waiting—had to stop you!"

Herbert stopped struggling. "Death?" he asked. "Death, boy? Meantin'—"

He got to his knees and Red began kicking off his snowshoes, badly tangled in the scuffle. The old man's eyes followed his tractor out across the short

strip of shore, out onto the ice. It was running smoothly and then—it dropped out of sight!

The glow from the lantern vanished. The rear end of the machine went high into the air. There came a sound like an explosion, a grinding of ice, a sloshing of water, and with a weird burble the roar of the exhaust died.

"What's happened?" Herbert gasped. "What's goin' on—where's my—"

"Sh!" And Red grasped the old man's shoulder in warning. "Look!" he whispered hoarsely. "Watch!"

Out from a point where the cedars stood thick, a man was running swiftly. He ran straight for the dark blot on the white expanse of lake. He bore something in his hands and was stooped and intent. At the edge of the broken ice he halted, raised what he carried and stood poised, a rigid figure of vindictiveness.

"Come on, Herbert!" Red whispered. "That was a trap! He's waiting to finish you off in case you come up!"

The old man made a strange sound in his throat and as Red started on a run, followed lumberingly.

In the soft snow, the boy ran silently. He reached the ice with Herbert a dozen paces behind. The man out there retained his tense posture. The thing he held was a club, Red saw, ready to drive down upon any object that might emerge among those shattered chunks of ice!

The man turned, relaxing; went rigid again. He cried out, dropped his club, and whirled in flight.

But Lannin was too late. A living fury struck him from behind, and he went down with a hoarse cry. He tried to struggle up, but his arms were held fast, and another pair of hands grappled at his feet, and in a moment a Mackinaw belt was binding his elbows behind him.

"Let me go!" he moaned. "Let me go, Herbert! I'll give you all I've got! Every dollar! Every acre! I'll leave and never come back. I'll give you everything for just five minutes' start!"

"No, siree, sir!" Herbert cackled excitedly. "No, siree, sir! You don't go a foot; you don't git no mercy! Not from me or Red, you don't! No, sir!" Red had left them to circle the jagged opening that was even then freezing over once more.

"He sawed a panel straight across your road!" he breathed, returning to Herbert. "Chopped four holes to get his saw through. Man, what a trap! And before anybody could have happened along, it'd have been frozen tight again. People would have thought your tractor had hit a soft spot and gone through—"

He broke off to thrust his toe against the club Lannin had carried. His eyes blazed at Lannin.

"And you stood here with that to bash Herbert's head in if he happened to get up through those blocks of ice! You contemptible, murdering—"

"I was crazy!" the man whimpered. "I tell you I didn't know what I was doing!"

"No—you didn't know! And you didn't know when you tried to have that buck finish me, or when you planted that beaver in my pack!"

"I was beside myself, I tell you!"

"Like a wolf!" Red snorted. "Watch him, Herbert. I'll track him back and find his saw. Then I'll start a fire so we can rest before heading back to where he's going."

He found the saw and ax. He did not touch them. That was a job for someone with authority. He got a fire going and helped lead Lannin over to it.

"And now," croaked old Herbert, with a frosty grin, "would ye mind, young man, explainin' how a convick comes to be a-ramin' through the bresh this early mornin', snatchin' peaceable and bewildered citizens from the jaws of death?"

Red explained, warming his hands at

the fire, and he had no more than finished when a shout reached him and, in the ghostly light of dawn, he saw Blighton and the prosecutor emerging from the timber.

"Come on," he called as they approached. "And you'd better have your pencil sharp and your notebook ready." He glanced at the dejected, broken Lannin. "There's a party here who's ready to talk, and I guess you'd better listen while you've got witnesses."

Some time later, a queer procession filed along in the trenchlike paths people were shoveling through the streets of Tincup. It began with the sheriff, who looked uncomfortable and sheepish—he wasn't going to show up well in the story that would soon be all over town. Then came Lannin, head down, with the prosecutor at his heels and Herbert prancing after. And at the end came Red, who was supposed to be in jail, acting as alert rear guard. Of course, in a few moments Red would enter the jail again, but not as a prisoner. The prosecutor would see to that!

Tincup surged with excitement! And when the sheriff nabbed Baxter from the edge of the crowd and shoved him into his office to be questioned about his part in the attempt on Red's life at Camp Seven months before, it reached new heights.

Herbert Bush talked endlessly, telling the story over and over. "Tractor's gone!" he'd say each time he finished the tale. "At the bottom of th' lake, she is! Seen her go with my own eyes, I did! Yes, sir! And who'll git her out? Young Mister Red Clarke, he will. How? Dunno! But he'll git her out! He's the dangdest feller to git things out o' places I've ever seen, he is!"

Suddenly he stopped in his helping and elbowed through the crowd to get close to Red. "By the way, Red, do ye s'pose Mr. Tip-Top Topping, he'd buy them lands of mine now? I'd like to git rid of 'em afore I'm burned up or drowned or anything more. Yes, sir. I'd like to dispose of 'em this day and date, fast! And then while you git the tractor up, I kin visit a spell with brother Hubert. Yes, sir, it's been so long since I've been bossed and badgered by brother Hubert that I'm fair a-hankerin' fer the same!"

"If you'll give Tip a chance to get to town," grinned Red, "he'll accommodate you so fast it'll make your head swim. I'll telephone right now."

"Then here I sets," declared Herbert, settling into a chair, "until I'm s'het of them trouble-makin' lands! And the sheriff of this county and the prosecutor and Justice Dowling all together can't get me to move. No, sir! I'm gittin' rid of them lands!"

Justice moved fast after that. Lannin pleaded guilty and was sentenced to more years than Red liked to think about when it was all over. And Baxter's sentence gave him plenty of time to regret his part in attempting to rid the Ten Cent country of young Red Clarke.

The day after they were taken away, a tall, gaunt, gray-haired stranger dropped off the train, snowshoes under his arm and pack sack on his shoulder. He immediately set off northward, musing along as a man will who knows and loves the open.

Topping and Red were just putting their supper on the table when the tall, gray-haired man walked in. Topping turned, stared, and then sprang forward.

"Jemima!" he exclaimed. "Where did you come from, Commissioner?"

"From an office desk, Tip," smiled the commissioner, and gripped Topping's hand. Then he turned to grip Red's. "So you're Red Clarke. I've been hearing a lot about things up here, through letters and newspapers, and I finally decided I needed a rest from the desk anyhow, and I'd run up here and get things first-hand. But before we start—what and how much have you fellows got to eat?"

It was a great evening for Red! He sat between Topping and the state commissioner and drank in their talk, modestly contributing his share whenever one of the older men turned to him, but really preferring to listen.

They talked a long time about Lannin's battle to get the Bush lands, for the commissioner was interested in the minutest detail. He and Topping occasionally exchanged nods and glances that puzzled Red.

"And that's the story!" Topping finally said. "We got rid of Lannin, and we've got the deeds to all the land we want. Now we're ready to go ahead and make this refuge the best in the country! I'm rarin' to go!"

"Hum—I suppose so," said the chief. "But another matter

has come up. We have another fine project in Twin Lakes County. It's a grand piece of raw land. We want to get the fire lines in before next deer season. That means that as soon as you can move, I want you to get over there, get your surveying done, on the snow, and be ready to fly at construction as soon as the ground is bare."

"That's fine!" Topping fairly glowed. "Nothing I'd like better, Commissioner. The fact is I'll be itching to tackle a tough new job now that I can see this one's so near ready to turn over to somebody else."

"I knew you would be," replied the commissioner. "And about a keeper here?" His face was turned away from Red so that the boy—who sat wondering if he would be allowed to go with Topping—did not see the inquiring lift of the chief's eyebrows or notice the slight tilt of his head.

A smile stole into Topping's weathered face. "Sure!" he said. "Why not? None better! Young, of course, but among us we can handle any necessary legal responsibility."

The chief hitched about in his chair and looked at Red, and smiled.

"Red," he said, "how'd you like to take it on? How'd you like to start work tomorrow morning as keeper of the refuge?"

The color rushed up into Red's face. Then he went a little pale. He looked at Topping and back at the commissioner.

"Why," he said huskily, "why, if you think—that is, if you feel—I mean, if I'm good enough—"

But words were no use. Topping and the gray-haired commissioner were chuckling at the way he stumbled over them. So he ran unsteady fingers through his red hair and let an irreplaceable, fervent grin say the rest.

(THE END.)

TRAGEDY ALOFT!

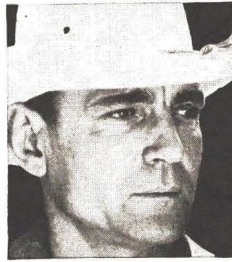
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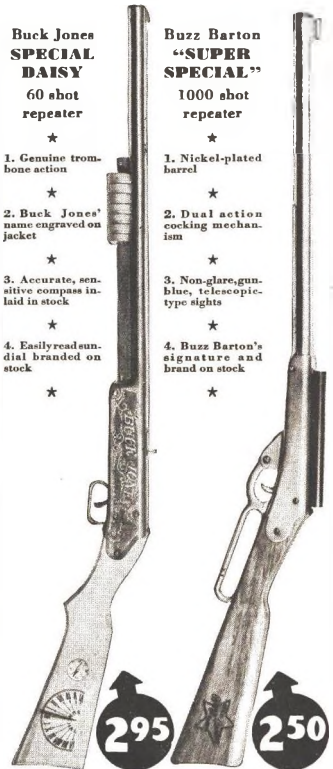
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Build a Flying Scale Model

(Continued from page 23)

front end of the cowl, so that it will lay flat and flush with the rest of the ring. The cowl is now gently pressed into shape, the one edge of the slit being allowed to overlap the other. The surplus stock can then be cut away and the cowl cemented down. The finished cowl should be sanded smooth and the front end curved to fit the curve of the ring K-K.

The engine cowl can be either built up or carved from solid balsa. The cowl for the model shown here was turned up on a lathe. The outside was finished first, then the cowl reversed and hollowed out. Sand it to fit the templates, and to achieve the shape shown in picture and drawing. The completed cowl is cemented to the ring at K-K. If you wish, you may substitute a built-up cowl, constructed much as you did your fuselage.

The drawing shows the shape of the nose piece plainly. It's made of two balsa discs, the first one 1" in diameter and 1/4" thick, the second one 3/4" in diameter and 1/8" thick. Make a hole in the center of the nose piece for the propeller shaft by pressing a pin

through it. A small brass washer is cemented to the nose over the hole to act as a thrust bearing.

Draw out the shape of the stabilizer and rudder frames on a series of 1" squares as shown in the lower left corner of the drawing. Notice that the frame for both the stabilizer and the rudder are made of balsa. It wouldn't be wise to try to cut these large curves from one piece of balsa—there'd be too much cross grain. By laying several pieces of 1/16" balsa over the frames, as shown in the drawing (between tail and wing of top view), you can build up a rough frame with the grain all running with the curve. Cement the ends of these pieces together and trim them to shape. The finished frames should not be more than 1/16" wide. The drawings show the shape and location of the rudder and stabilizer ribs. Fit and cement them in place.

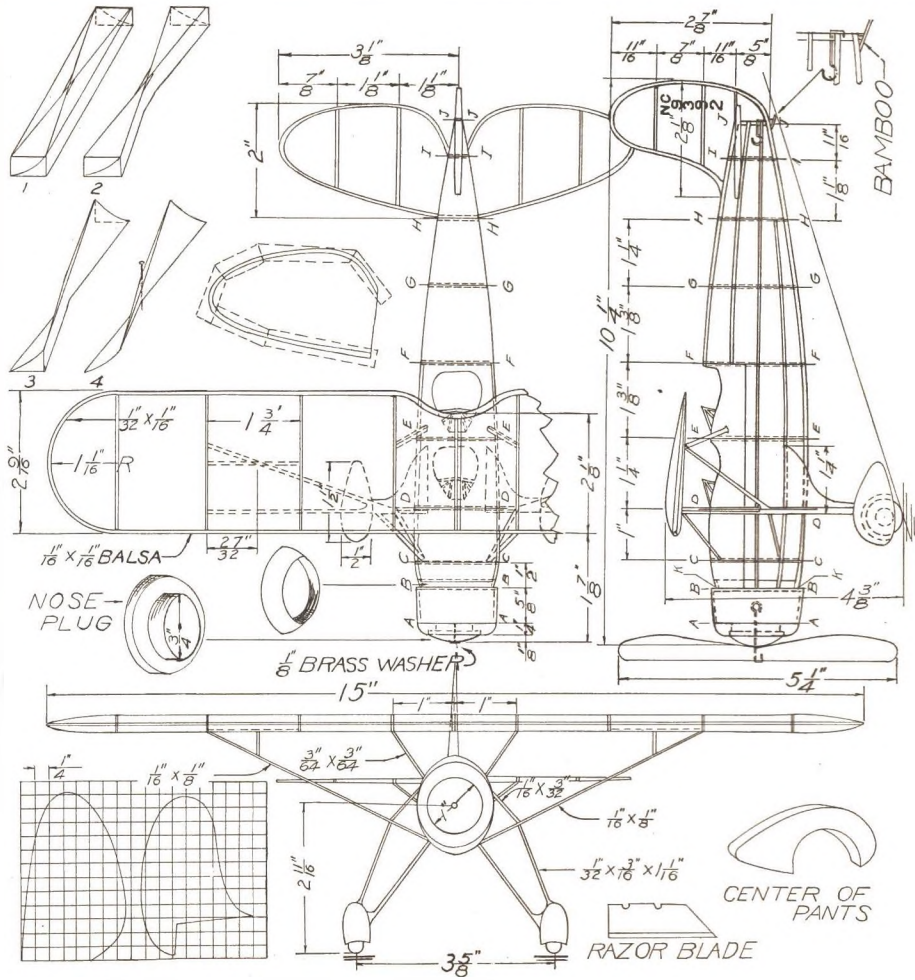
The two stabilizer frames should be cemented to the fuselage at H-H and I-I parallel to the center line of the fuselage. The rudder frame fits around the end of the fuselage. Be sure that it's perpendicular.

You're now ready to cover the fuselage. Notice that the rear of the frame between the sections I-I and J-J is not covered but is left open to permit access to the rear hook when changing rubber motors. It is best to cover only small sections at a time—say the panels between two longerons. Paint the edges of the bulkheads and longerons with banana oil and lay the paper in place. The paper should be free from wrinkles but don't stretch it. Allow it to settle naturally in place. Trim the loose edges with a razor blade and fasten the paper down with another application of banana oil.

The tail surfaces are covered on both sides in the same manner except one whole side of the frame can be covered at one time. The number on the rudder can be printed before the paper is put on.

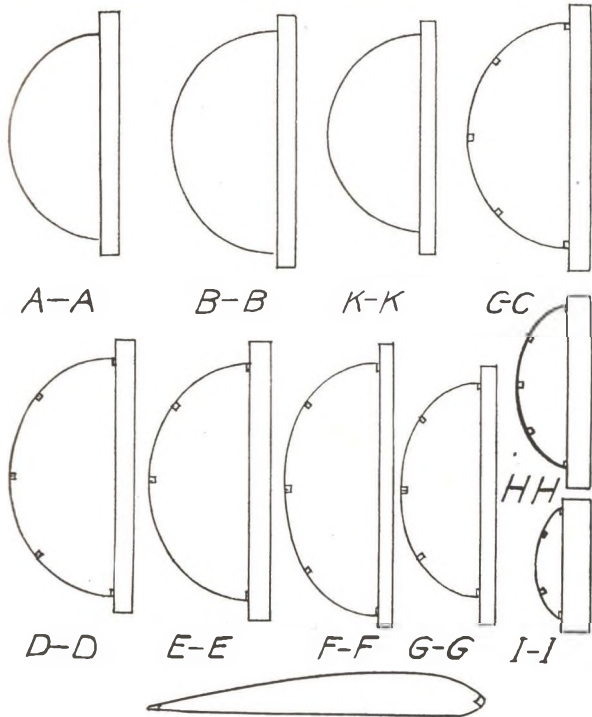
Now cement the two small stabilizer braces in place. These extend from the bottom of section I-I to the second rib in the stabilizer. Whenever a strut is to be cemented to a part of the plane that has been covered it is best to scrape the paper away at that point. Other-

Carefully Follow These Dimensions



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Your Wing and Fuselage Templates



wise the joint will be weak. Make the tail skid of bamboo, using a wedge of wood to set it at the proper angle. The windshields can be made of thin celluloid, or cellophane and a frame of fine pieces of balsa wood.

The wing ribs are cut to the airfoil templet from 1/32" balsa. A small v is cut out of the nose of each rib to receive the front spar. The trailing edge of each rib is cut off to permit the rear spar to be butted evenly against the ribs. The two center ribs are cut to 2" in length.

The wing can be best assembled by building it over a full-size drawing of the wing laid flat on the workbench. The tips are made of balsa and are cut from several pieces cemented end to end as was done in the case of the tail frames. Cover the wing exactly as you did the fuselage, except that here you can cover a whole side at once. Notice that the wing of the model is made in two halves which are cemented together at the center.

To attach the wing to the fuselage you must support it in the proper position with relation to the fuselage while the struts are cut to fit and cemented in place. This can best be done by blocking the fuselage up on the work table with the tail skid raised 5/8" from the table. The wing is now placed in position over the fuselage with the tips resting on a pile of books so that the lower surface of the wing is just 1/2" above the top of the fuselage at section D-D. The leading edge should be 1 1/8" from the front tip of the nose piece. Now cut the short wing struts that fit between the fuselage and the wing ribs and cement them in place.

As soon as the cement is dry turn the plane over on its back and fit the long wing struts in place. Notice how the Y formed by these long struts intersects the outer landing gear struts at the point where the two legs of the Y come together. A short strut extends

from this point to the bulkhead D-D at the lower edge of the cockpit cowling. (See photograph.)

Next let's make the wheel pants. First cut out the center of the pants as shown in the drawing. The semicircle—having a 1 1/2" diameter—is for wheel clearance. Two sheets of balsa cut to the outside shape of the pants are now cemented to the center pieces, one on each side. The pants are then carved and sanded to the shape shown in the drawing. Insert the 3/4" turned disc wheels into the pants, press the 1/2" bankers' pins that serve as axles through pants and wheels, and cement the pins in place.

Now you're ready to attach the landing gear. Again suspend the plane by placing the wing tips across a pile of books so that the upper surface is exactly 4 3/8" from the table. First cut and fit the inner landing gear struts between the plane and the wheel pants. These struts are 1 1/4" wide at the upper ends where they join the fuselage and curve to a width of only 3/4" where they're attached to the wheel pants. Cut them from 1/16" flat balsa stock.

Next fit and cement the two outer landing gear struts. Also fit the two vertical wing struts that extend from the lower surface of the wing to the long wing struts. The drawing shows these in place between the second and third ribs from the wing tips. They're attached to short wing spars running between those ribs.

The propeller is carved from a block 7/16"x3/8"x5 1/4". The drawing shows the four steps in their order.

The propeller shaft is made from .020 music wire. Bend the eye first, then push the straight end through the hole in the nose piece. Slip two small brass washers on the end, push the shaft through the hub, bend the projecting end to form a square U, and pull the U back into the hub and cement it in place. Use pair of slender, round-

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nosed pliers in bending music wire. The plane is powered by two strands of $\frac{1}{8}$ -30 flat rubber tied to form a band. The knot is dropped through the hole in the nose of the fuselage and looped over the eye of the rear hook.

Your model is now ready to fly. In winding, hold the model between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand at bulkhead E-E. Turn the propeller in a clockwise direction with the forefinger of the right hand. One hundred

and fifty turns should be about right for the trial flight.

Launch the model with a slight forward motion as you release the propeller with the right hand. If the model is properly set it will soar off in a nice long flight, coming to earth in a dead stick landing. If your model has a tendency to dive, the nose is too heavy. This can be overcome by warping the rear edge of the stabilizer slightly upward. If the model climbs too sharply

and falls into a stall, warp the rear edge of the stabilizer downward. To warp this surface, hold it in the spout of a slowly boiling teakettle to soften the balsa. A very small amount of warping will affect the flying of the plane.

There's work to the Fairchild 22, but as the neatly designed craft takes shape under your hand you'll feel a mounting thrill, and with the first successful flight you'll be repaid for every hour you spent on it.

Bases Full (Continued from page 12)

15-inning battle. He felt that he had hopelessly trapped himself.

But he could still pitch—he was still Dorry Thorpe. One of these days Multry would have to use him. Then he'd tell Multry about the bet. But not until after he had turned in a victory.

At practice next day he would have known Slim was through even if Ray had not told him. Fitzsimmons and Breslow, two of the second-string men, pitched to the batters and Multry stood at their elbows. By and by Duke Tabor—it was never Multry—motioned Dorry to take up the work.

With the first ball he threw to Bowerman he knew that today of all days he was right. The batters, swinging at something they could not hit, began to shorten their swing and to chop, and still the ball eluded them. Dorry cocked his cap.

When practice was over he pulled Duke Tabor aside. "What did you think of it?"

"If we could only use you," the captain said wistfully.

"Why can't you? You don't believe this hash about throwing a game. You're the captain. If you want to use a man, you can make Mul listen."

The Duke shook his head. "You know what happens to teams when captain and coach pull different ways."

Dorry flared. "Of course it doesn't make any difference what happens to me!"

"The team is bigger than any one man," the Duke said after a silence. "I don't believe you threw that game, but—you've never denied it."

Dorry couldn't study that night. At eight-thirty he caught a trolley for the last show at the Arcade, down town.

The picture took his mind off his troubles. At 11:15 the darkened theater burst into light and the organ swelled into an exit march. In the crowded lobby he stepped on a foot, murmured a "Beg pardon," and stared up into Multry's face.

"What are you doing here?" the coach asked. "You know the training rules—baseball men in bed by eleven."

"Since when have I been a baseball man?" Dorry asked heatedly.

"You're not—now," said Multry. Dorry drew a breath. "That will worry me," he said recklessly.

A moment later he was pushing through the crowd, lashing himself under his breath. He'd let his tongue run away with him again. He hadn't broken training contemptuously. If he had stayed at his desk he'd have gone nutty.

Next day he discovered that even the fringe of the squad was better than to be shut out entirely. During the late afternoon hours, when he should have been at the field, he felt lost.

The Duke met him after supper. "Finished yourself, didn't you?"

Dorry looked up miserably. "Duke, I was in a funk. I didn't think. You ought to know I don't kick training rules around."

"It's what Mul thinks that counts," the captain said glumly. "Fitz and Breslow were plastered this afternoon."

Sleep came hard to Dorry that night. And it seemed that he had only been asleep a little while when he was awakened with a start. Somebody was ham-

mering on the door, and Dorry looked dazed until he realized that it was morning. He turned the key in the lock, and Duke stepped into the room.

"Mul wants to see you, Dorry."

"What for?"

"Andy High slipped in the bathroom this morning. Sprained ankle. He can't put his left foot on the ground."

Dorry laughed mirthlessly. Multry's house was at a corner of the campus. The coach let them in and stood with his feet planted apart. A strand of memory fused in Dorry's mind. Thus the man had stood when he had flashed Mickey's letter after the Trinidad game.

"You've sold yourself to the Duke," Multry said. "I'm caught where I have no choice. I haven't got a pitcher. I'm giving you the State game—tomorrow."

"Do you still think I threw one?"

"I'll be watching to see if anything looks funny," Multry said grimly.

Dorry jammed his hands in his pocket and fought down his anger. "Frank, aren't you?"

"You know where I stand."

"Then I'll tell you where I stand. The writer of that letter did bet I'd lose. When I leave here I'm putting through a phone call. There'll be another bet down that I lose against State."

Duke Tabor looked as though this were the end of the world. Multry's eyes, at first startled, grew veiled.

"Dorry," he said, "you'd work the game now even if Andy were right."

Dorry knew that the coach, in some subtle way, was accepting a challenge, and all that day a tension grew inside him. In the locker room Slim, Ray Lucas, and Bowerman gathered about his dressing bench in the old spirit of comradeship, and he was deeply moved.

Multry gave him fifteen minutes of working on the batters, and he ached to show big stuff. Yet he knew that something was wrong. He was worried—uncertain.

"How was I?" he asked Bowerman when the work was done.

"They couldn't hit what came over," the catcher told him.

That meant he had been missing the corners again. He whistled.

"The way you have that ball breaking," Bowerman pointed out, "you don't have to sharpshoot."

Nevertheless, he who had never worried about a game before awoke during the night in a sweat. Suppose his control was gone? Suppose he got off to a bad start and Multry thought he was throwing another? He lay awake in the dark. This was his chance for vindication. He had to make it good!

The next afternoon, a moment or two before the start of the game, he came to the dugout, reached down to the bucket for the cup, and looked at Multry as he rinsed his mouth.

"Pitch a game," Multry said, and met his eyes for just a moment.

Dorry hung the cup back upon the bucket. The warm-up had told him that his control was still shaky. Could he settle down—in time?

Duke Tabor met him as he went toward the mound for the first inning.

"Dorry, is there really a bet down that you lose this game?"

"Yes," said Dorry.

The Duke started to say something, stopped, and walked toward first base.

Dorry unsteadily took his place on the mound. Bowerman, the batter, and the plate had an unfamiliar look. His arms felt numb. Somehow the situations created by Mickey's letter, the hazards that faced him now, had robbed him of something. He'd have to pitch himself back into self-confidence. All he wanted was time. He glanced toward the dugout. Multry leaned forward, elbows on knees.

Dorry sent his first pitch toward the plate. It went for a ball. He stretched those queer, disjointed arms. The pitch hadn't even been close.

He tried a ball across the middle. Ball two! Duke Tabor started over from the first-base bag, hesitated, and went back. Bowerman crouched and called for a fast ball right down the groove. Slowly he swung into his wind-up and let go the pitch.

"Ball three!"

This time Duke Tabor came over. "What's wrong, Dorry?"

"Are you worrying?" Dorry looked at him steadily.

The Duke flushed. "Not—that way." Dorry's throat ached with sudden gratitude. The Duke believed in him.

"Hang on," he said huskily.

Time! If Multry would give him time—wouldn't yank him too soon! He went back and threw the fourth ball.

State's lead-off man was on first, and lead-off men were fast. He might steal, or wait to be bunted to second, or the batter might hit. Dorry kept the runner glued to the bag and blazed a fast one toward the plate. With the pitch Ray Lucas dashed in to cover a bunt.

The batter swung. The ball rose in a gentle arch toward third. Ordinarily it would have been an easy out. But Lucas, having come in, was out of position. He leaped and came down barehanded and two runners were on.

It seemed to Dorry that history was repeating itself, and that the black shadow of the Trinidad game lay over Tech Field. Again a fluke hit had put a man on. The thud of a ball reached his ears. Somebody was warming up.

How soon would Multry yank him?

And yet, though his nerves were tight, the Dorry Thorpe brain could still reason. With men on first and second and none out, he didn't have to guard against a steal. It was too early in the game for such desperate daring. This time it would surely be a bunt. He pitched, and ran toward the plate.

The bunt was to his right. He snapped the ball off the grass. Out of position, he threw. A white streak went straight and true to Duke's mitt.

Ray Lucas yelled a cry of encouragement. The thud of the warm-up had ceased to carry the sound of doom. Now there were men on second and third and one out. A hit would mean two runs. The red-haired State batter kept moving his bat nervously in little, upward motions. Dorry turned that over in his mind. An upward swing meant a ball hit into the air. He fed the pitch inches above the waist.

The ball streaked into left field, high, and far—and foul.

The Duke came running over. "He pulled that ball around, Dorry. He's a left-field hitter."

"I know it now," Dorry answered. Inside his body a nerve trembled, but the baseball brain worked with icy clarity. He'd go a little higher on the next pitch.

He twisted a curve below the shoulders. The batter, lunging with that upward swing, hit under it awkwardly and lifted it. Ray Lucas danced out past the foul line and made the catch. "Yeah!" Ray yelled. "That's getting their clean-up man, Dorry."

But two runs still waited on second and third. One man more to get. Dorry rubbed the ball between his hands, settled himself, and threw an inshoot. The batter stepped back and the umpire called it a ball.

Still missing the corners. He broke one across the middle and the batter fouled it off. The next ball was wide and the next was low. Three and one. "He'll walk you, Mac," the coaches yelled.

Yes? Dorry's eyes went casually to the coach at third. If the batter expected a walk, he'd let the next one go by. Bowerman, with mitt and bare hand outstretched, begged for a fast ball down the groove. Dorry nodded and sent the ball toward the plate with everything he had behind it.

The batter swung. The crack of the hit, the roar from the stands, choked the breath in Dorry's throat. Turning, he watched the screaming flight of the ball—and breathed easily again. That smashing drive had fallen foul.

Duke Tabor came over. "Better walk him, Dorry."

A player emerged from the State dugout and went to the water bucket. There was something familiar about him. Oh, yes. That was the man who had bunted and been thrown out. Dorry stood for a moment in thought.

"Duke, how was my throw on that bunt?"

"Sweet." Suddenly Dorry knew what was wrong with him. Of course! He had snapped the throw without time to think of Multry or of Mickey's letter. And he had streaked it straight into the Duke's mitt! There was nothing wrong! He had let Mul and the letter get him down! He stretched his arms, and suddenly they were no longer disjointed but were part of him.

"I'm going to pitch to him, Duke." Bowerman, the batter, the plate, all became real and clear. His fingers searched and found position on the ball. The runners straining off second and third were shadows. One foot left the ground, his body bent at the waist. And then he made the pitch that held so much of destiny.

It looked, for an instant, as though the ball would go wide. The batter tensed, debated, then relaxed. Abruptly the ball changed its flight and broke sharply toward the plate.

"You're out," the umpire barked. Dorry spoke two exultant words. "Got it."

A rich contentment ran in his veins. Multry said "Pretty," as he ducked into the dugout and sat beside Bowerman. What, he wondered, would Multry have thought had the batter cracked one?

In her half, Tech didn't score. Dorry went out to the mound and shot the first pitch for the outside corner and picked it cleanly. Only three men faced him that inning.

"Looks like your game," Bowerman said placidly.

Yes, Dorry agreed. But after the game there was Multry to face. One game couldn't wipe out a season that had gone to pot. Winning today wouldn't give Slim Elkins back his arm. He would have to admit that there was an explanation for the letter and he had refused to give that explanation.

Tech scored once in the second and again in the fourth. In the seventh Ray Lucas hit a long two-bagger into left field and two runs came in.

"You can coast now," said Multry.

The coach was taking no chances with a winning arm.

Dorry, easing through the eighth and ninth, wished the score were tied instead of standing at 4-0. A tie game might run on indefinitely. The longer it ran, the longer he could put off the showdown.

The first State batter in the ninth fanned, the second grounded to short, and the third fled to Tabor. The game was over. Dorry thrust his glove into his hip pocket and ran for the gym. He'd tell Multry while he had the courage—right now.

Ahead of him the three outfielders disappeared through a door. The victorious uproar had died out in the stands and a great loneliness assailed him. Out of that loneliness came an aching desire to hear a voice that would not doubt or question. Looking back he saw the coach, the infielders, and the substitutes still clustered at the bench gathering up baseball equipment. The outfielders had gone on to the locker room and the door of Multry's office was open. Acting on impulse, he stepped into the small room, picked up the telephone, and called a number.

There was a delay and he jangled the instrument impatiently. His hand was out to jangle central again when, out of the silence, a voice came across the miles of wires.

"Mickey!" he called. The squad was outside the building now, but he heard only his sister's answering voice. "We won. I went the whole route. What was the score? Four to nothing. Not so bad, eh? Dad home yet? Give him the news when he comes in. Can you hear me? I said, give him the news. How many hits? Six—a double and five singles. That's another bet you lose, Mickey. What's that? Why haven't I been pitching? It's a long story. I'll tell you when I come home for vacation. I—" He saw a shadow in the doorway and looked around. "So long," he said in a flat voice, and put the receiver down to face Multry and Duke. "Who was that you were talking to?" Multry asked.

Dorry wet his lips. "My sister." "Since when are girls named Mickey?"

"We've always called her that." "Oh!" The man nodded slowly. "You said something about a bet—" "Mul!" The Duke exploded. "That note—it was signed with an 'M.'" "I was thinking of that," said Multry. "Your sister, Dorry?"

It had come at last. Dorry braced himself. "Yes. She says she has a betting jinx. She thinks if she bets against me I can't lose."

He waited for the storm. But Multry only stared out at center field where a man was taking down the flag. Presently a feeling of exasperation rasped the pitcher's nerves. Couldn't the man sink the ax without feeling the edge? "Why didn't you tell me that?" Multry asked.

Dorry answered with a spark of temper. "Why didn't you ask me? You didn't ask me to explain anything. You accused me."

Multry pursed his lips, and nodded, and continued to stare out the window. Again there was that disturbing silence.

"I should have asked you," the coach said at last. "I should have known you better—it wasn't your style. I suppose we all make mistakes—mistakes seem to be a part of life. I made one. You made another in not setting me straight. I'm sorry for mine." He held out his hand.

Something hot and cold started at Dorry's toes and ran up to his throat. "I've been sorry for weeks," he blurted.

Multry's eyes turned from the window. "How sorry? Sorry enough to go out there and beat State again?"

Dorry cupped his fingers as though they held a ball. "There'll be a bet down that I lose it," he said, husky.

"There'd better be," smiled Multry.



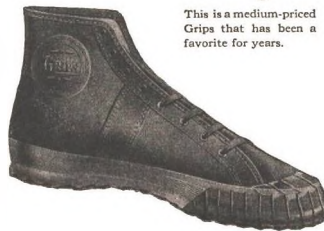
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"Semper Fidelis" (Continued from page 22)

longer than he knew. The wind, screaming in the struts, roused him. He sat up. The sea had turned mud color. Whitecaps crossed it like yard stripes on a football field.

"Did you hold your course?" he asked, taking the controls again.

The cadet nodded vacantly. What was wrong with Adam? He seemed in a strange, sudden stupor! The wind batted the amphibian up, then down, while the altimeter needle played a flickering dance. As Jimmie fought the ship, the hands of the dash clock reached noon. Jimmie knew he should have picked up Cuba, but no land was visible.

He turned to Adam, but the cadet sagged forward as if asleep. Jimmie stared at him. Ten to one Adam had let the ship drift off her course. There was a radio beacon at Novitas—he'd pick up that beam and see. Donning the helmet phones, he tuned in to the Novitas wave.

Heavy bursts of static made his ears ring. Then the beacon answered, a strident "off-course" howl. The wind must have drifted the ship plenty. Jimmie banked into the north and flew for an hour, but the squall of the off-course signal beam persisted.

The fuel float sank to the red line. As he cut in the second tank Adam waked. The cadet looked sick and his eyes seemed glazed.

Jimmie wondered if there were less wind aloft. He lifted the Sikorsky's nose and climbed, but he couldn't climb out of the wind. At every altitude it blew, dimming the thunder of exhaust. Rain began sheeting down in torrents.

Another hour ground by. Jimmie's muscles had begun to ache from the continued tug of wheel and rudder. The rain was a blinding curtain now. A bad storm, but he'd flown worse.

Just after two, the radio beam cut out. Jimmie reached for the volume control and raised the battery to full amperes. Static crashed—then a voice came through and he relaxed. It was Novitas, giving the weather again. But the voice had sharpened:

"—no landing at Novitas. Visibility now zero. Ceiling five hundred feet and closing down—wind approaching hurricane velocity."

Jimmie's black eyes narrowed. This was bad luck and no mistake! A confused "beep-beep" of ships' wireless trailed the weather broadcast. He heard a faint distress call coming in.

"S.O.S. - - S.O.S. -" it chirped. "Steamer *Velma Rykes* ashore on island reefs - - latitude 21 - 12 -" Jimmie felt a sudden shock. Harnle and Hashmark had been on the *Velma Rykes* last night! The *Rykes* had prisoners aboard!

A vibrant signal blared. It was the Navy Station at Port au Prince, sending the "PWD" of a priority message. The call spread over the dial, blanking out the feeble chirp of the wrecked vessel:

"Plane 52, have you picked up Marines at Jacmel? We get no answer from *Velma Rykes* in harbor there. Warn *Rykes* to steam for open sea. A hurricane is moving east along the southern coast of Haiti."

Jimmie stared bewildered through the rain-sashed glass. The *Velma Rykes* was not in Jacmel harbor! It was her S.O.S. he'd heard, from some reef where she lay wrecked. And there were no Marines at Jacmel—unless the convoy guard had failed to return. Bucks had said the Jacmel wire was down—that would explain why the Navy Station didn't know the *Velma Rykes* was no longer in harbor. Perhaps, too, rain had blocked the road and the plane was sent to ferry the Marines to Port au Prince. Who was flying plane 52—Bucks?

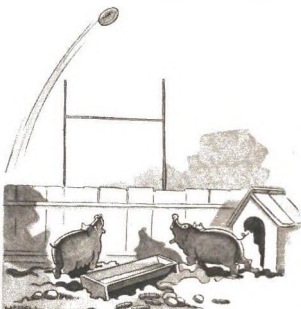
A fierce gust sent the big ship spinning downward. As Jimmie fought to level off he saw the sea below him change from gray to green. It became a floor of treetops whipping in the storm. He was over the Cuban mainland! Then on the hillside flattened ranks of coffee trees skimmed by. Coffee—it didn't grow in Cuba! And the hills below were moving forward!

Suddenly he gave a cry. He understood now what was happening! This wind was stronger than his engine power. It was a hurricane! It had pushed him back across the bay to the south peninsula of Haiti!

Again the sharp "dit-dar" of the Morse code zipped through the phones:

"Plane 52, reporting . . . *Velma Rykes* ashore on reef off Isle a'Vaque . . . Harnle—Geraghty—attacked by escaped Caco . . . Send relief—will stand by—Bucks."

Smashing static broke the call, but Jimmie Rhodes still heard those last words. Yes, Bucks would "stand by"



"Looks like our son's gone in for aviation."

He was a Marine. But relief wouldn't come—not in this hurricane!

The hammering thunder grew. Terrific cross winds battered the amphibian from her course. The thought gripped Jimmie that he must stand by. His duty on the island wasn't finished.

But no pilot could fly a hurricane. And to find one island among hundreds on the coast was hopeless. He'd better turn east and try to break through the storm to safety. He reached out and shook Adam.

"We're in trouble. Ready with your chute."

The cadet straightened as though waking from a dream. Fumbling in his blouse, he laid in Jimmie's hand a bit of gleaming metal. The lettering on its face showed faintly: "*Semper Fidelis*."

The amphibian skidded wildly in a heavy gust. But Jimmie had forgotten danger. He stared at the ornament. He knew now that the wreck of the *Velma Rykes* and the capture of the commandant was a Caco plot. And Adam had a part in it, or he would not have had Bucks' collar pin. That frightened black face was a confession.

Once more Jimmie gazed at the strip of metal in his fingers. Suddenly he turned, rose in the bucket seat, and hurled Adam through the bulkhead door into the main cabin.

"You've failed again!" he cried. "I'm standing by!"

As the latch clicked, Jimmie heeled the big ship over and reversed direction. The gale was behind her now, driving her, spinning her, till sky and jungle merged in a dim whirlpool. Grimly Jimmie clung to the controls. He felt the plywood paneling beside him buckle in the wind's terrific pressure.

Lightning began playing through the clouds. He caught a glimpse of the fuel gauge, almost empty. Aileron and rudder, locked by the wind, refused to answer. A slide window collapsed and let in a hissing deluge of rain. Jimmie battled on.

At last he realized that the wind was losing force. Slowly the whirl of sky and earth separated and black cliffs rose through the rain. He saw surf breaking on a beach. Offshore was a chain of coral islands. He'd reached the coast, but which way now? He banked into the west.

The rain slowed to a drizzle. Jimmie watched the islands slide by under the hull. The fuel float touched the bottom of the glass, and he cut in the emergency tank. Twenty minutes' flying left.

Ahead a wooded island loomed, a mile from the mainland cliffs. Beyond it, where tide rips frothed across the reefs, rested the beached steamer, the *Velma Rykes*.

He planed down over the mangrove-covered island. On the narrow beach he saw the wreck of Bucks' plane, 52, and a figure waving from the wing. Rifles spurted from the trees.

His jaw set, Jimmie pointed the amphibian for the water. There was no landing on the beach. It was strewn with trees uprooted by the hurricane.

The inboard engine sputtered. Jimmie called through the bulkhead door at Adam: "Fuel's out. But don't leave this ship!"

Snapping the throttles shut, he hauled back on the wheel. The whine of the slipstream died, the amphibian struck in a cataract of spray and coasted shoreward for a clean safe landing.

Jimmie slipped his service automatic into his belt, crept out along the wing and dived. He heard a splash behind him. Adam had followed against orders, but Jimmie did not look back. Gunfire crackled in the mangroves and bullets skipped over the water. He reached shore and dodged behind the sand spits until he reached Bucks.

"Jimmie!" Bucks cried. "Somehow I knew you'd be along. You're just in time." He touched a rifle thrust between the engine cylinders. "I've used the last clip. The colonel and Hashmark are both wounded."

He broke off, staring. Cadet Adam was running toward the thickets where the rifles blazed. He waved his neck scarf, the firing ceased, and he disappeared in the trees.

"Adam has gone voodoo."

Jimmie crept to the cabin. Harnle leaned back in the pilot's seat. His white tunic, blood-stained, lay across his knees.

"Shouldn't—have joined us—Rhodes," he said.

Geraghty saluted. His big hand trembled and he frowned angrily.

"A swell Leatherneck I am, sir. But who'd a' looked for Caco on that ship? We fought 'em till we hit the reef an' the boats was lowered. The sailors made the mainland but the Caco trailed us. They want white meat."

Jimmie returned to the wing. "We're in a tough spot, Bucks," he murmured.

The Marine laughed. "Not so tough since you're here. Listen, Jimmie, the sailors'll stand by. I meant to fly the Chief and Hashmark to the mainland but I cracked up. You can do it now. It's only a mile."

Jimmie shook his head. The Sikorsky wouldn't fly a mile—her fuel was gone.

"We'd better stay here, Gene," he said. "You radioed Port au Prince. The storm's over—the squadron'll come."

But Bucks pointed out to sea. "Jimmie," he said, "we're in the calm-center of the hurricane. The wind's rising; in five minutes no pilot

can stay aloft. You pick up the colonel and I'll take Hashmark. If we make your ship we've got a chance."

There was no chance, but Jimmie couldn't tell Bucks that. He turned away, watching a queer yellow twilight settle on the beach. Suddenly Bucks spoke again:

"Too late—they're coming."

Four men had stepped from the mangroves. Even in the darkness Jimmie knew the giant figure of Cornaille. As they drew closer, he recognized St. Croix and Romero—and Adam waving the white neck scarf.

Hashmark, stumbling to the wing, cried: "It's a truce!"

Adam led the Caco to within a dozen paces of the plane. There they halted and Cornaille called:

"We have come to arrange surrender."

Bucks laughed: "The Marines don't know the word!"

The black giant snarled. "Fool, there are ten of us! A longboat is hidden in the thickets. Give us your commandant and you may use it to reach shore before the storm."

Jimmie cocked the automatic and the party fell back.

"What, you are afraid of one armed man?" Adam cried out. "Then I will take the commandant!"

He dashed in across the sand. Jimmie fired, but the darkness spoiled his aim and the cadet dived under the wing. Jimmie tossed Bucks the pistol and leaped down to grapple with Adam. At first he couldn't find him. Then, as he groped ahead, he saw the cadet bending over Harmle in the cabin, drawing on the commandant's white tunic. It showed plain against the gloom, the Marine insignia glittering on the collar. The cadet turned as Jimmie reached the door.

"I tol' you, Cap'n, dis affair is not for blancs." Suddenly he shouted: "The commandant escapes!" and darting through the door, ran down the beach toward the drifting amphibian.

The three natives on the beach stared at the shadowy white figure. Then Cornaille started up.

"It is the commandant!" he cried. "Come! Catch him at the ship!"

They turned and ran for the mangroves. Six Caco broke from the trees, dragging a longboat to the surf. The leaders climbed the gunwales and they began rowing for the drifting plane. But Adam, plowing strongly through the water, had already vanished in the cabin.

The whine of the starter echoed sharp through Jimmie Rhodes' bewildered thoughts. The ship wouldn't fly—Adam

knew the fuel was almost gone. It would get into the air perhaps—that was all.

But the motors thundered, and the amphibian began to move just as the longboat reached her. Caco swarmed over the deck, until all had boarded her. Yet the plane rode on—headed out to sea. Spray sheared from her cutwater, and she cannoned up into the sky.

"The longboat's drifting in!" cried Bucks. "We'll make the mainland yet!"

But Jimmie Rhodes watched the plane climb through the misty darkness. He wondered what Adam was up to. All the revolutionaries were aboard.

The sound of exhaust flowed back—then stopped. Then Jimmie saw the ship plunging downward through the darkness.

"Great Scott!" he cried in a strained voice.

Straight toward the sea it plummeted, a streak of white. Adam, who never could make landings, at the controls. Adam—going down—

It struck. The sea closed over it.

The Marines gazed aghast across the water. Then Harmle spoke, his voice almost inaudible.

"Semper Fidelis."

Jimmie choked. Cadet Adam had been his favorite. He knew now, that all day, the black man had been fighting off the spell of voodoo. And now—he had made his last landing. He had lured the Caco party to the amphibian and taken them up, knowing full well what the end would be.

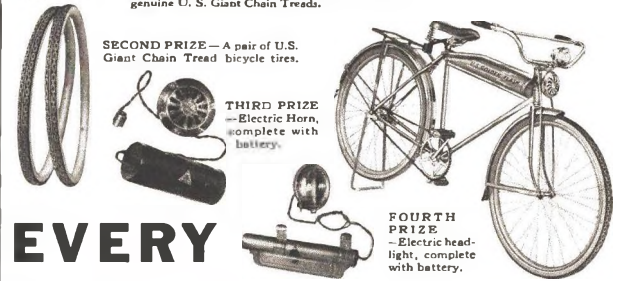
But the wind in the mangroves was a shrill whine now. Shaking off his paralysis, Jimmie lifted the commandant and started for the longboat. Bucks followed, Geraghty leaning heavily against him.

The storm broke as they reached the mainland, but sailors from the *Velma Rykes* helped them to shelter under the cliffs. Until daybreak the hurricane screamed over the reefs. Then it passed, and at noon Garde planes landed on the beach to end Jimmie Rhodes' last mission on the tropic island.

The memories remain. On his wall in the quarters of the 94th at Selfridge Field is pinned the collar ornament of a Marine. It is the symbol of his year in Haiti. Often when the "Lights Out" bugle sounds Jimmie reads the words, "Semper Fidelis," and his thoughts turn back to that white ship sinking through the haze, and to Adam, the cadet who won. . . . As a man will, if he lives by the motto on that tarnished metal strip.

HOT NEWS

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Each story must be a true experience of the writer or someone he knows. Literary ability not necessary, as stories are judged for interest only. Last date to mail letters this month, June 30.

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Idea by Thomas Buck, Star City, Ind.

PLUTO catching! He wants you to pitch him the titles of the best stories in this issue. Just list the stories on the four ribs of his pad, clip the ballot, and mail it to the Best Reading Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. The more ballots we get the better we'll be able to pick your favorite stories for future issues. (If you don't want to clip the ballot, write one on a separate sheet of paper.)

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 City.....
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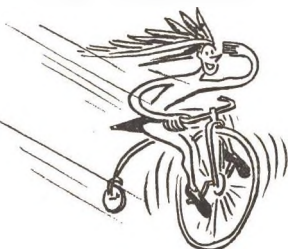


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Warring Medicines

(Continued from page 8)

calm yourself; you must not go out there," Eli answered.

But I had snatched up my rifle and was already going. He came after me in his shirt tail. And overtook me and seized hold of my rifle just as I was clearing the corner of the post.

"Have you gone crazy?" he asked. "Come now, think what it will mean to our trade, think what Kipp will say to you if you harm that young man!"

He was right, I knew, but still I struggled to get free from him; with less effort, however, as his warning took effect. At last I said, "Well, take the rifle. I will only scold him, tell him that he can't come here nights and wake us with his howlings."

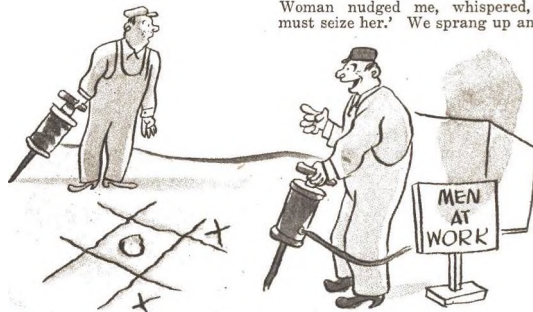
Short Bow, close before the door of the cookhouse and facing it, dancing in time with his song, whirled about when I shouted to him, in Blackfeet: "You,

"Trader white man! Coward white man! Getting a woman to fight for you! White man, you shall never have that girl! I am going to kill you!"

"Tell him to come and kill me now," I said to Eli. But too late, for Short Bow had mounted his horse, which he had tethered there in the timber, and was riding swiftly up the trail.

Joining us then, Crow Woman said to me: "Apikuni, when we told you of the power of Cree love medicine, we could see by your eyes, your little smiles, that you doubted. Now more proof of its power: When that Cree dog began singing and awakened us, Earth Woman whispered to me: 'Lie still, say nothing, watch the girl.'"

"Already she was sighing, muttering. Soon she thrust aside her coverings and stood up; took a step toward the door, another step, and paused, crying, praying; went on again. At that Earth Woman nudged me, whispered, 'We must seize her.' We sprang up and did



S. MEYER

"Awright, Joe—it's your turn now!"

Short Bow! Go away!" And when he had turned, I both said and signed, so that he could not fail to understand me: "Go away! Go now! Never again come here at night!"

In the bright moonlight I could see him plainly; his face as spiteful as a cornered wild cat's as he hissed to me in Cree, and signed too:

"You, trader white man. I know you, I know your heart—you want the girl within this house, want her for your woman. White man, you can not have her. She is to be my woman. I have powerful medicine. Right now it is drawing her to me; soon will she come running to me and be my woman."

"You go from here! Go now! Never come again at night and break our sleep. If you do, I will make you cry!" I answered.

For a moment he stood silent; then, thrusting out arm and forefinger at me: "Trader white man, I will not go away! This girl I will take—"

He broke off short and whirled about at the sudden squeaking of the cabin—doubtless expecting that the girl was coming out to him. But lo! it was Crow Woman who came rushing out, brandishing her elkhorn-handled, steel-bitted hide chipper. Gentle Crow Woman suddenly changed to a flaring-haired, wild-eyed fury, shouting to us to see her brain the Cree dog!

Swiftly she neared him, with another step would have been upon him had he not, with a shrill little cry of fear, turned and fled, down into the timber. And she after him, shouting threats.

It was a funny sight, and Eli and I stood there and laughed until we could barely stand. But soon it ended, for Crow Woman was no runner; and as she gave up the chase and turned back, Short Bow from the timber shouted that which sobered us, which Eli reluctantly interpreted to me:

that. She did not resist; she fell weakly into our arms; as we carried her to her couch, moaned to us: "Save me; hold me lest that Short Bow get me."

"Ha, I was angry! I seized my hide chipper; ran out to kill the dog; you saw that I could not close upon him. And there were you two, swift of foot and with guns; and you did nothing. I am ashamed, ashamed of you. Why did you not kill him?"

Said I: "Almost—mother, were we to kill him, we would lose the trade of his whole Cree tribe, and probably have to fight them too. Yes, were we to do that, think, just think what Crow Quiver (that was Kipp) would say to us."

"Ah! Ah! True! True! I did not think of that; in my anger I did not think of that. No, you can not kill him; except that you do it secretly; and that will likely be impossible—"

Said Eli, laughing: "Crow Woman, it is for you to kill him. Bad though they are, his Cree kind do not fight women. They would see it as a quarrel between you two; a good joke that a woman killed him with her tanning implement."

"True your words! Good! Good! I will kill him! Watch, and you will see me do it!" she cried, and went within and closed the door.

She was a brave woman, and fierce in her defense of Flying Woman. I could not help wishing that she might put an end to Short Bow. It seemed clear that only she could stop his persecution of Flying Woman without plunging us into the bloodshed and misery of tribal warfare. But I had a strong feeling that it would be I and not Crow Woman who would be pitted against Short Bow in the final encounter.

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

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On Your Toes!

(Continued from page 9)

arm farther back, and the added fraction of a second consumed in the arm motion enables Chapman to get a flying start toward second base. The slow-ball hurler delivers his ball with less preliminary warning.

He finds it easier to steal against right-handers than left-handers, because the right-hander's back is to him, while the left-hander is facing him.

Yet, against Mel Harder, Cleveland right-hander, Chapman is extremely wary.

"Harder has a pitching motion that's very deceptive," Chapman tells you. "You can't tell whether he's going to throw to the batter or to first. You've got to watch your step with him. He's caught me off base more than any other pitcher."

He has a high respect for Walter Stewart of the Washington Senators and Ted Lyons of the White Sox. Both men have deceptive motions and both men hold the runner close to the bag, thereby reducing his chances of stealing. Against Grove and Earnshaw he has little trouble because they ignore the base runner and concentrate on the batter.

Chapman studies the pitchers. He carries in his mind a picture of their throwing motions. He's learning, by study and experiment, how big a lead he can take off each man. It's important, he tells you, to find out at what point it's safe to start for second—in other words, at what point the pitcher has committed himself to throwing to the plate.

It's important to study catchers as well as pitchers.

"Rick Ferrell, Boston catcher," Chapman tells you, "is a tough man to steal against."

You want to know why, and the tall outfielder tells you.

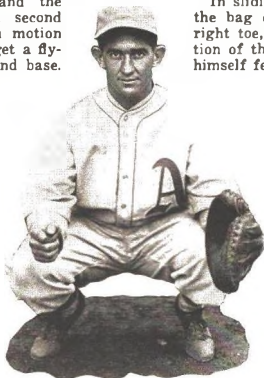
"Ferrell pegs to second with a short overhand throw. He shifts his feet fast and carries the ball just back of his shoulder. He wastes no time, and his peg is accurate."

You wonder about Gabby Hartnett of the Cubs. Chapman played against Hartnett in the 1932 World Series.

"I tried to steal just one base in the World Series," Chapman admits ruefully, "and Hartnett threw me out by ten feet. He's good."

Good base stealing requires fast starting.

"I prefer the bouncing start," Chapman says. "Get up on your toes, prancing, and be ready to bound toward second the moment the pitcher starts his delivery. Gerald Walker of the Tigers uses a flat-footed start. So does Roy Johnson of the Red Sox, and both men are good base stealers."



When Cochrane was caught out of position, Chapman scored.

In sliding, Chapman may hook the bag either with the left or right toe, depending on the position of the baseman. He throws himself feet first toward the bag, his body swings outward, away from the baseman, and his toe catches the corner of the sack. The whole object of sliding, he points out, is to get under the baseman's hands and to offer him as little of your body to tag as possible.

In 1931 Chapman stole 61 bases; in 1932, 38, and in 1933, 27. You ask him why the decrease and he grins.

"In 1931 Lary batted behind me," he says, "and Lary helped me to steal. When he got the sign

he didn't mind wasting a strike. By swinging wild he might delay the catcher an instant. In fact," he adds, "Lary ought to be credited with about 35 of those stolen bases!"

In 1932 and 1933 Dickey and Lazzeri followed Chapman in the batting order and both men were expert at hitting behind the runner. And so, with those two men, instead of stealing Chapman has been playing the hit-and-run. Hitting behind the runner reduces the chance of a double play. Furthermore a single made through the hole behind the runner—that is, into right field—enables the runner to reach third, whereas on a single into left field the runner might be held at second.

Base running is more than base stealing. You must alertly grasp every chance to advance yourself. Against the Browns two years ago Chapman took advantage of bad throwing to go all the way from first to home.

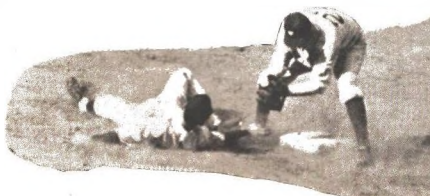
Against the Athletics, Chapman was on second when the batter dumped a ball halfway between home plate and the pitcher's box. Cochrane, the Athletics catcher, tore off his mask and dashed for it. So did the pitcher. Chapman reached third, saw that nobody was guarding home, and raced on home.

It was the pitcher's fault, Chapman tells you. He should have covered home plate and let Cochrane field the ball. But Chapman, quick to see his chance, took advantage of the error and scored.

Chapman estimates that in three years he has scored perhaps 70 runs that he wouldn't have scored if he hadn't stolen second.

Alert base running wins games.

English over-slid! Will he touch the bag before Lazzeri swoops down with the ball? The umpire says he didn't. It happened in the 1932 World Series.



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Full and spring sessions on beautiful estate near Louisville. Well equipped in fine modern buildings at Venice, Florida—in the land of perpetual sunshine. Boys enjoy healthful land and water sports all year with no interruption to studies.
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Col. Chas. B. Richmond, Pres. Box 8, Richmond, Kentucky.

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Accredited in Washington Section—offering all preparatory school advantages at minimum cost. Superior Junior School. *For catalog, address* Col. A. M. Starnes, Pres., Box D, Chatham, Va.

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Military Accredited 41st year
Prepares boys for college or business. New fireproof dormitory includes chess rooms and swimming pool. Gymnasium, 22-acre campus.
All athletes under expert coaching. Military drill 3 hours weekly. Not conducted for profit. Resembles 20 miles from Washington, D.C.
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An accredited College Preparatory School with separate department for Junior Boys. Unusual educational advantages at moderate cost. Golf course, open air swimming pool fed from artesian well flowing continuously. *Address* Catalog. Modern plant. Strict attention to preparing boys adequately for colleges. Booklet on request. *Address*
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RIVERSIDE MILITARY ACADEMY

Distinguished military preparatory school. Boys 14-20. Six months in Hills Hedges Military Institute with winter months Hollywood, Fla. Golf Course, swimming, tennis, canoeing, croquet. *Catalog.*
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These Essays Win Checks!

IN April we asked you to write 300 words on "What Country I'd Like Most to Visit, and Why." Here are the results of the contest.

First prize of \$10 goes to Joseph F. Dougherty, 18, of Glenolden, Pa. Read his essay below. Howard F. McHenry, 16, of Buffalo, N. Y., who wants to climb the Matterhorn, wins second prize of \$5. Mary Elizabeth Parrett, 19, of Niwot, Col., gets third place and \$3.

Five prizes of \$1 each go to: Merrill Eaton (13) Bloomington, Ind.; Bud Gamble (15), Toppenish, Wash.; William Rice (18), Van Nuys, Calif.; Joseph S. Turner (16), Interlaken, N. J.; Carl Wilbur (18), Philadelphia, Pa.

To Know the Real Russia!

By JOSEPH F. DOUGHERTY, 18
Glenolden, Pa.

I want to go to Soviet Russia! Everywhere people talk of Russia—the new Russia, its five year plan, communism, distribution of wealth. On the right I hear, "Russia is a menace to world peace—her people are starving, living like machines—lax morals—atheism." On the left I hear, "The Soviet is working wonders—the laborer's paradise—her people are well-fed and happy—state supervision of children."

Propaganda, both for and against. Which is right? Is Soviet Russia the beginning of a new and better era of government for the world, or is it a threat against civilization and the ideals of democracy?

These are the questions I wish to decide—and the only way to do it is to visit Russia.

I do not want to go there as part of a conducted tour. I want to travel on my own, into the back roads and by-ways, where I can see the real Russian people as they truly are. I would like to roam the countryside, live with the peasant-folk and the factory workers, and acquaint myself with their government and condition.

The recognition of Russia by the United States adds greater interest to my desire. Now these people are brought nearer to us, for their needs and desires will furnish employment for many Americans. Do these people desire modern means of transportation such as the train, airplane, and automobile? Do their ideas of entertainment differ from ours? In any case, there is sure to be a market for hundreds of American products in Russia.

Russia is trying something new. Whether it is succeeding is what I wish to decide for myself—by seeing for myself.

Honorable Mention

Israel C. Auerbach (16), Garrison, N. D.; Eugene B. Barnes (16), Minneapolis, Minn.; Herman Barnett (19), Chicago, Ill.; Gordon G. Bedford (20), Esmond, N. D.; Lewis Berg (16), Bremen, Ind.; Philip Browne (16), Beaver Dam, Wis.; Daniel E. Button (16), Newport, Del.; Richard I. Byrne (15), Woodhaven, N. Y.; Alan E. Crawford (16), Chicago, Ill.; Bill Ferriss (17), Minneapolis, Minn.; Erma N. Flick (16), Vellut, S. Dak.; Jack Hancock (18), Elwood, Ill.; Will Herman (18), New York, N. Y.; Earl F. Hooper (18), Port Washington, N. Y.; Louisa Hubbard (16), Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; George Hull (13), Keokuk, Ia.; Donald Van Irvine (16), Lexington, Ky.; Reynold Johnson (15), Jamestown, N. D.; Roy Larsen (16), Hartstale, N. Y.; Macey McMillan (16), Clarksburg, W. Va.; Leonard R. Noyla (17), Fitchburg, Mass.; Cecil H. Reynolds (18), Lewistown, Pa.; George T. Reynolds (16), New Brunswick, N. J.; Ward Saunders, Jr. (14), Hollister, Calif.; Herman K. Wolfel (18), Manchester, N. H.

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"For Keeps"

Yes, we want you to try this great new Mead Ranger with those sensational new balloon tires for 30 glorious days of actual ROAD-TEST riding trial. You return it at our expense if not entirely satisfied. This marvelous opportunity to "try before you buy for keeps" is now being offered you. Don't wait another minute—sit down and send postal TODAY for FREE Color Catalog and full details of Mead's money-saving prices and special offers. Join the giant crowd of over two million (2,000,000) people who have already owned MEAD bicycles. This is your chance of a lifetime to buy the best bike at cheapest price.

YOURS for 30 Days TRIAL

New Ranger has BALLOON TIRES!

The glittering new Mead Ranger "Ace" illustrated to left, has the new 2 1/2" DOUBLE tube balloon tires—big, soft, red tires that absorb the bumps like magic. This wonderful bicycle looks and acts like a million dollars and is guaranteed by Mead for 5 years. Quality from start to finish. Be a Mead Rider Agent and earn real money taking orders for new Rangers, and remember... we guarantee immediate delivery of your bicycle, in perfect condition.

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SPECIAL OFFER—IF YOU HURRY! Just send \$1.00 for the FREE Mead Catalog. See the 2150 color catalog now. Valuable low prices and special offers. SEND NO MONEY!

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You can save 1/3 on lamps, wheels, tires, equipment, buying direct from Mead—the Bicycle Headquarters. Write!

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MEAD
CYCLE CO., Dept. 8-24, Chicago, U.S.A.

Dad Thinks It Over!

Reprinted from *The Chicago Tribune*



I GOT BUFFALO BILL - WHAT DID YOU GET?

Picture Buttons with YANK JUNIOR Play Clothes

For every boy from 3 to 16, there's a Yank Junior—Play Suits, Shirts, Jumpers, Shorts, also dress-up White Duck and Striped Slacks. Famous for style and fit, fast colors, workmanship and tough, long-wearing quality. Just the outfit for the outdoor boys who are "rarin'" to go, this summer.

FREE—PICTURE BUTTON WITH EVERY SUIT

Free with every Yank Junior garment we make in 1934, we give a beautiful educational button—picturing a pedigreed DOG, an American HERON, or a native American BIRD. Every garment has its free button on a ticket like this. Every button is one of a set of 16—16 American heroes, 16 native birds, 16 pedigreed prize winning dogs. For two tickets and 10 cents to cover mailing, we will send you any one of these three sets.

Start collecting these dandy educational picture button sets today. Tell Mother to buy you Yank Juniors. They come in all sizes and many popular colors and patterns. Get yours today! If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us, giving age, size and color wanted.

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212 W. Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

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SHIRTS • SUITS • JUMPERS • SHORTS • SLACKS

Mention of THE AMERICAN BOY will bring prompt attention from advertisers

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

NO JUSTICE
 Jack: "I hear Dick is in the hospital."
 Pete: "Yep. Caught in the rain and was too tight to take a taxi. Now he's got pneumonia."
 Jack: "What's Tom in the hospital for?"
 Pete: "Smash-up. He took a cab."

HURT HER PRIDE
 Housewife: "Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It's positively blue."
 Milkman: "It ain't our fault, lady. Any cow would get downhearted with the price what it is."

WRONG FONT
 Clara: "I can read Bill like a book."
 Sarah: "Clever of you, but I think you're foolish to strain your eyes over such small type."

WELL TRAINED
 Angelica: "Joe's new speedster is awfully tricky."
 Marjorie: "Yes, you ought to see it play dead on a lonely road."

BALANCING THE DIET
 Teacher: "Why does cream cost more than milk?"
 City Freshman: "Because it is harder for the cow to sit on the small bottle."

CASH AND CULTURE
 "So you're an actor, eh?" the crusty stout man snorted at his new train companion.
 "Well, I'm a banker. And I haven't been in a theater for ten years."
 "That's nothing," retorted the actor breezily. "I haven't been near a bank for twenty years."

THE PROPHET SYSTEM
 There were so many applicants for the job in the broker's office that the broker held an examination. One question was: "Who formed the first company, and under what circumstances was it created?"
 The bright young man thought back over his history. Then he wrote:
 "Noah successfully floated a company when the rest of the world was in liquidation."

HOW ABOUT THAT THUMB?
 Diner: "Waiter, how many calories are there in this soup?"
 Waiter: "Ain't none, suh! Dis ain a clean place to eat."

FOOLED HIM?
 Collegian: "Our economics prof talks to himself. Does yours?"
 Collegian: "Yes, but he doesn't know it. He thinks we're listening."

HE STILL HAS 'EM
 First Stude: "I hear you and your girl had some words."
 Second Stude: "Well, I didn't. That is, I had some, but I didn't get to use them."

SLANGUAGE
 "What a language! If a hot dog were made of dog it wouldn't be so hot."

NO HERO
 As soon as the luxury liner reached the open sea she began to roll and pitch. One traveler, going below, found his friend in a woman's nightgown, with a lacy nightcap on his head.
 "Heavens, man!" he exclaimed when his friend called him back. "What's the idea?"
 "Read the rules," exclaimed the other, hopefully. "In case of disaster, women and children first."

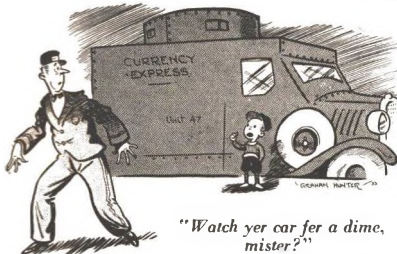
JEALOUS
 Referee: "Here, here! No fighting on the football field."
 Defensive Player: "Did you hear what he said?"
 Quarterback: "I only called the signal."
 D. P.: "Signal, nothing! That was my girl's telephone number!"

TOO THOROUGH
 Mother: "Tom, did you open your window wide?"
 Tom: "You bet I did, Mother. I pulled the top half all the way down and pushed the bottom half all the way up."

THE ACID TEST
 Teacher: "Some acids bring about almost instant death. I'll take carbolic acid, for instance."
 Student (waking up): "Whoopee!"

BORN, NOT MADE
 English Scientist: "The natives of Lombolombo are exceedingly dangerous. Indeed, they practice cannibalism."
 American Sailor: "That's nothing. The natives of Coco-loco are cannibals from birth. They don't have to practice."

ADD USELESS INVENTIONS
 Salesman: "Sir, have you seen the new fountain pen? It is absolutely impossible for ink to escape from it anywhere."
 Business Man: "Huh. New! I've been trying to write with that kind for years."



"Watch yer car for a dime, mister?"

WORKING THE CORNERS
 Once there was a batter so cross-eyed that when the pitcher threw to first three times to get the runner he struck out.

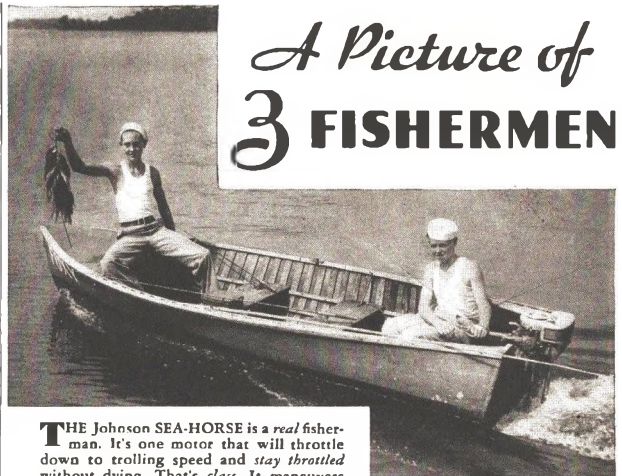
COLD HOSTILITY
 Deb: "My handkerchief and my nose are deadly enemies."
 Zeb: "How come?"
 Deb: "Every time they meet they come to blows."

MAY THE LINE DIE OUT!
 Mrs. Absent-Minded Professor: "Why didn't you let the cat out, as I told you?"
 Absent-Minded Professor: "I did. Er—I put something out! Gracious! It must have been the baby!"

WHAT BLUSHES?
 Quip: "Why do blushes always creep over pretty girls' faces?"
 Flip: "Because if they ran they'd kick up too much dust."

LUCKY
 Mickey: "Does your mother make it hot for you when you don't show up for dinner?"
 Rickey: "No. I eat it cold."

IN THE RURAL EAST
 The question in the physiology examination ran: "How may one obtain a good posture?"
 The country boy wrote: "Keep the cows off it and let it grow up a while."



A Picture of
3 FISHERMEN

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Ten years ago Italy annexed Fiume.

Stamps In the Day's News

By Kent B. Stiles

THE exploration of the Northwest Territory probably will be the subject of Uncle Sam's next commemorative, unless the Postmaster General springs a surprise meanwhile. Wisconsin interests have been urging such a stamp, and it is said to have been unofficially approved, with a definite announcement to be made in due time.

It was three centuries ago, in 1634, that Jean Nicolet arrived in the waters of what is now Wisconsin. Samuel Champlain, then governor general of New France (today part of Canada), sent Nicolet to investigate rumors of a race called "People of the Sea." Champlain thought this mysterious people might be Asiatics, not Indians. If they were, a route to India might be found. But Indians the "People of the Sea" proved to be of the Winnebago tribe. When Nicolet returned to New France, Champlain had died. It was more than twenty years later before explorers established a settlement in the land Nicolet had visited.

However, it now seems probable that the new regular series will be printed and distributed by the Wisconsin commemorative appears (if it does). This may be the rumored set with portraits of all past Presidents who are dead. Or it may be a "National Parks" set Secretary Ickes has been urging. Mr. Ickes wants a set bearing scenes from the great national reservations administered by his department. One report is that the new series will be issued July 4.

Meanwhile the Mother's Day 3c I mentioned last month went on sale at post offices about May 1. The design includes not only Whistler's portrait of his mother, but in the lower left-hand corner is shown a vase of carnations. The carnation is the symbol of Mother's Day. Inscribed on the stamp, which is of the size of our current special delivery, is "In Memory and in Honor of the Mothers of America." The initial printing was 200,000,000, and Post Office Department officials predict that it will be the most popular stamp in years.

dates there is a 2.75L plus 2.50L olive showing a Roman trireme, a Venetian galley, and a modern cruiser, thus suggesting Italy's sea power through the ages.

Also there are air stamps, with designs briefly as follows: 25c green and 50c brown, a seaplane above Fiume; 7c red-brown and 1L plus 50c purple, the Venetian Lion on a monument; 2L plus 1.50L blue, the Venetian Lion in conjunction with Fiume and the islands of Cherso and Lussino; 3L plus 2L sepia, the Julian wall built in 12 B.C. to stem barbarian invasion of the empire; and air special deliveries, 2.25L plus 1.25L olive and 4.50L plus 2L carmine, picturing a flag-raising before Fascist headquarters in Fiume.

History? This series drips with it! And from Rome comes official announcement that Italy plans stamps that will illustrate "the most glorious episodes of the war and of Italy's victory over her enemies," with "troops, ships, and machines which must be clearly distinguishable from those of the enemy" but with the enemy "not to be represented as timid and cowardly, not only because it would not be true but because that would disparage the courage and stamina of our men." Engravers and lithographers are competing in a prize competition for the designs; and generals and admirals are on a jury that will select the winners.

Italy must indeed have a militant queen—for she it is who is requested such a series!



France honors the inventor of the silk loom, Jacquard.

Pursuits of Peace

TURNING now from war, we find France and the Dominican Republic more pacific in philatelic output. A French 40 centimes light blue inscribed "Jacquard. Lyon" recalls invention of an 18th Century loom that came into wide use in the silk-weaving industry. This newcomer brings philately its first portrait of Joseph Marie Jacquard, the loom's inventor. Specifically the stamp commemorates the death of Jacquard in 1834 at the age of 82. "Lyon" is on the stamp because it was in a Lyons factory that this Frenchman constructed his first improved loom.

Half-centavo lilac and 1c green commemoratives from Dominican Republic bear the wording *Puente Colgante "San Rafael" el Mayor de las Antillas* (Suspension Bridge "San Rafael" the Largest in the Antilles), and the span is illustrated. It is a 450-foot highway suspension bridge over the Rio (river) Yaque del Norte, and was built by the Roehling Company, the American firm that constructed the Brooklyn Bridge in New York.

Notes

BELGIUM'S King Albert mourning stamp prospected here last month proves to be the 1927 75 centimes, bearing the late monarch's portrait, surrounded by a black border.

The first settler landed in the province of Victoria, Australia, in 1834, and a Centenary Exhibition is being planned by Australia. Also the Australasian International Philatelic Exhibition at Melbourne is coming in November. Commemoratives have been promised for both events. Prince George, son of King George V, will open the Centenary Exhibition. Possibly his face will appear on the stamp.

The various Austrian peoples in their native costumes will be depicted on a new Austrian regular series.

Chile has postally commemorated its constitution drawn up a century ago. Inscribed is "1833-Consti-

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Memories of Conflict

THE pictures to be found on new Italian stamps help to visualize the Latin kingdom's annexation of the Adriatic port of Fiume, now Italy's province of Carnaro. After the World War, Italy claimed Fiume on the principle of "self-determination" because the population was largely Italian. On November 4, 1918, the Italian war vessel *Emanuele Filiberto* landed the first Italian troops in Fiume—and on the 10 centesimi and 20c of this commemorative set his anchor is illustrated above a view of the port; and "4 Novembre MCMXVIII" is inscribed.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the warrior-poet, occupied the disputed town with his legionnaires on September 12, 1919—and on the 50c purple we find his uniformed figure with a row of fists bearing daggers; and inscribed is the date "12 IX MCMXIX."

During fighting in 1920, barricades were erected in the city's streets—and these are shown in the 1.25 lira blue, with the Church of St. Vitus in the background, and the inscription "24-28 Dicembre MCMXX."

It was on February 22, 1924, that Fiume was formally annexed, and we find "22 Febbraio MCMXXIV" on a 1.75L plus 1L slate-blue on which the event is symbolized by hands upholding a mural crown on which stand the Venice Campanile and other famous Italian monuments.

Italy's King Victor Emmanuel III arrived at Fiume on March 18, 1924, on the cruiser *Brendani*—and a 2.55L plus 2L lilac pictures this craft with a background view of the triumphal arch erected in his honor, inscribed is "18 III MCMXXIV."

In addition to the foregoing significant

Belgium's King Albert Mourning Stamp

prospect here last month proves to be the 1927 75 centimes, bearing the late monarch's portrait, surrounded by a black border.

The first settler landed in the province of Victoria, Australia, in 1834, and a Centenary Exhibition is being planned by Australia. Also the Australasian International Philatelic Exhibition at Melbourne is coming in November. Commemoratives have been promised for both events. Prince George, son of King George V, will open the Centenary Exhibition. Possibly his face will appear on the stamp.

The various Austrian peoples in their native costumes will be depicted on a new Austrian regular series.

Chile has postally commemorated its constitution drawn up a century ago. Inscribed is "1833-Consti-



Federov, first Russian printer, is shown with his presses on this Russian commemorative.

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CONN BAND INSTRUMENTS

tuacion-1933," and a likeness of Mariano Egana is the design.

The proclamation, on May 17, 1933, of Ibn Saud as crown prince of Hejaz and Nejd—Ibn Saud is now king—has been remembered with stamps issued by that monarchy.

May 4 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Hungarian Philatelic Society. The latter held a stamp exhibition—and that was excuse enough for a 20 filler plus 75¢ (75 filler being the price of admission) commemorative. The design is a portrait of Franz Liszt (1811-1886), Hungarian composer.

The plane *Faith in Australia*, with Lieut. T. C. Ulm as pilot, made its first official air mail flight between New Zealand and Australia on February 14; and New Zealand commemorated the journey by issuing a 7 Pence blue overprinted "Trans-Tasman Air Mail—Faith in Australia" in three lines.

Illustrated this month is one of the two stamps—20 kopeks red and 40k gray-green—that commemorate the 350th anniversary

of the death of Ivan Federov, first Russian printer. Illustrated is a monument erected in his honor against a background of ancient printing presses; and "1683" and "1933" are inscribed. Obviously this is a delayed 1933 series!

Russia has issued also five stamps commemorating the tenth anniversary of the death of Lenin, founder and guiding spirit of the Soviet republics. The Lenin mausoleum is the design, and values and colors are 5k sepia, 10k indigo, 15k carmine, 20k green, and 35k sepia.

The Soviet set recalling the tenth anniversary of the establishment of civil aviation in Russia comes on both watermarked and unwatermarked paper, making ten varieties. The designs show planes over blast furnaces (5k blue), over oil wells (10k green), over an agricultural colony (2k red), over the Volga Canal (60k slate-blue), and over the Arctic (80k violet).

In a competition for designs for new Swiss stamps, 414 competitors submitted 999 suggestions! Winners to be announced later!




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Hide-rack Learns to Ride

(Continued from page 19)

I burst out. "I never should have started it."

"You're wrong," Eubar Beck said gently. "Perhaps you were too eager to have Hide-rack learn this trick, since at the start it wasn't important whether he learned it or not. But you can't stop now, for now it's important. You must compel your dog to make the leap—that's the way to help him win back his old happy courage."

Of course! I should have seen that myself. Hide-rack's confidence in himself had all cracked up. I must help him get it back.

"I don't know how to go at it," I said miserably to Eubar Beck. "I'd hate to thrash him—and I don't believe it would do any good."

"No," Eubar agreed, and went on reflectively: "There are two emotions through which animals can be controlled—love and fear. You can beat him and kill his love and respect for you, but you'll never be able to make him so much afraid of you that he'll make the jump up to Hercules' back. Hide-rack hasn't been trained to fear; he's been trained to love. You have a powerful grip on him; he worships you. You can break his heart without ever laying your hand on him; but you can't control him by beating him."

"I wish you'd tell me what to do!" I broke out.

"All I can do," Eubar said slowly, "is to start you. Most of it you'll work out for yourself if—"

He stopped short; he didn't say, "if you're good enough," but later I guessed what he'd held back.

"Well?" I urged.

"You can't conquer your dog physically," Eubar's keen eyes regarded me. "You must conquer him mentally. Assume a displeased attitude—and hold it. That's all."

It was plenty! I realized it even then. But as I looked back into Eubar Beck's eyes I knew that he was giving me his very best thought and that his advice came from the depths of his intimate experience with animals.

"All right," I said. "I'll try it."

"And if it doesn't work—"

"I'll think about that then," I replied as lightly as I could. I realized that he wanted me to brace myself against the heavy sag of failure.

Hercules was turned loose and we started for the house. Mark and Cleo were all for a romp, but Hide-rack refused to take part. Instead he walked at my side. I neither spoke to him nor looked at him. He pushed his long black muzzle into the palm of my hand; I put the hand in my pocket. He trotted around in front of me and deliberately stopped in my path; I walked indifferently around him.

"That's the stuff," Eubar approved quietly. "Keep it up."

As the day progressed I began to realize more fully the wisdom of Eubar's advice—and how hard it was going to be to follow it. The big collie was being punished keenly. He paid no attention whatever to Mark or Cleo; he even refused to romp with his steadfast friend, Tabbs, the pink Persian. He stuck close to my side, following wherever I went, even whining to extract from me some sign or indication that I had forgiven him.

At supper time, I put his pan of scraps in the usual place, then turned and walked away. He spurned the food without a second glance, and followed me. Later I shut him out of the cabin and went to bed; he scratched at the door and finally lay down before it.

The next morning when I opened the door the big collie greeted me joyfully, leaping up against my chest, trying to lick my face and hands with his tongue. Without a word or a sign, I turned away from him and walked to the corral. I met Mark on the way, and I stooped to give him a friendly pat on the head. As I passed on, I heard Hide-rack growl at the white collie.

It was at the circus ring that morning that I gave the first indication that I knew Hide-rack was alive. Mark and Cleo had completed their work-outs, performing perfectly, and were receiving their rewards from the loving hands of Eubar Beck. Hercules was galloping patiently.

"Up, Hide-rack. Up!" I said, quietly and firmly, to the big collie.

The joy that started into his eyes when I spoke to him faded to puzzled dismay when he understood the command. He stood perfectly still, not even his tail moving. His brown eyes, full of hurt and sorrow, were fixed on me. I waited three minutes, then without a word turned and walked away.

All that day, Hide-rack again dogged my footsteps, tail drooping. He refused to look at Tabbs or at the other dogs; he paid no attention to Dad; he never even saw Eubar Beck. He had no interest in food or water, in work or play—he did nothing but haunt my heels, begging with his big brown eyes and every fiber of his being for just one word of recognition. It nearly broke me up.

His weary, dejected appearance cut me to the quick. He wasn't the same dog. It hadn't seemed possible that he could change so in such a short time. I ached to give in, and pet him and comfort him. But I couldn't. If I didn't conquer him now, he was likely to have a quitter streak in him. And he'd always been so dauntless!

No, I couldn't give in. I had to see my dog through this misery I'd let him in for. I knew Dad and Eubar were watching me in silent sympathy. I appreciated their not saying anything.

The next morning I again commanded

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Hide-rack to jump up on the galloping Hercules. And again I met defeat. For long minutes the collic stazed going into my eyes, steadily, lovingly, trustfully, pleading with me to give up this thing, asking my forgiveness and all the while telling me that he was afraid.

I couldn't stand it three minutes, but turned and walked away before the period was up. The big collic followed slowly after me, and the third day of our mental battle had begun. It was worse than the second. Hide-rack still refused to eat, refused to play, refused to do anything but follow me with his doleful and reproachful eyes. I actually believe the big collic would have welcomed a beating.

"I can't stand it any longer," I told Eubar Beck, late in the afternoon. "I don't care if he never even looks at a horse again."

"Wait," the wise little equestrian counseled. "Hold it until tomorrow." That night was a torture. I tossed and tumbled, knowing all the while that Hide-rack lay, awake and mournful, just outside the door. Once I got up, intending to let him in; but I stopped at the door—if I turned quitter, I'd make my dog a quitter. I went back to bed.

I didn't come out of the cabin the next morning until Eubar and his dogs and Hercules and Dad were gathered at the ring down by the river. Hide-rack was keeping a gloomy vigil at the door. He regarded me anxiously, miserably. Biting into my lower lip, I walked indifferently past him and on down to the ring. He followed listlessly at my heels.

Mark and Cleo were up when we arrived, balanced on that rocking white back like white and tan feathers, joyously and vibrantly alive. But I didn't covet their gay skill for my dog now; there was no room for envy in my heart.

"Down," Eubar Beck commanded, and the white and tan forms hit the sand almost simultaneously. It had arrived—the supreme test, the climax of our three-day battle! With a lump in my throat, I turned towards Hide-rack, and opened my mouth. It stayed open; but no words came from it! No words were needed.

The red-gold collic had charged unbidden into the ring. His head and tail were up now. Quickly he swerved alongside the galloping horse. His powerful leg muscles threw his lean hard body into the air. . . .

The first time he had overshot the

mark. This time he made the opposite mistake. His chest plowed into the leather-protected slope of Hercules' big shoulder; he hadn't gone high enough. The big collic scratched and struggled for a footing. For half the circumference of the ring he clung desperately to that claw-scarred leather covering—his hind feet dug at it. But finally his big lean body went plunging to the ground! I groaned; now I was licked. Two falls . . . it was too much to expect him to try again. Hard luck had licked us. I gave up.

But the magnificent red-gold collic didn't. He wasn't licked! More than a mere fall, more than a bruise, would be necessary to weaken the determination built up by three days of suffering. Hide-rack had entered that ring with a purpose in his mind—and that purpose was still there.

Twisting in mid-air, the big collic landed in the sand on his side. He rolled quickly to his feet and darted after the galloping horse like a grim red streak. For three short jumps alongside Hercules, the dog measured the distance to those leather-covered withers. Then his superb body rose into the air.

It was a splendid leap! And a perfect landing—he came to those silken withers as gently as a floating mistle, his powerful shoulder and hip muscles absorbing the shock. Then, meeting each movement of that rocking back with beautiful timing, he rode. . . .

I could wait no longer. "Hide-rack!" I shouted, letting loose all the joy and relief that surged up after three days' misery.

The big collic left the horse's back instantly. He hit the sand running. His mouth was open, his tail was up, his tongue was gloriously out, his eyes were full of joy and happiness. He plowed into my arms, his tail a pink fan-shaped blur. The electricity of his affection, of his joy, and of his great relief poured through my body. . . .

Giving me a final ecstatic nose thrust, the big red-gold collic pranced over to Mark and Cleo. "Come on," he challenged gleefully in dog language, "and I'll take you for a run that is a run!" And a few seconds later three speeding figures, one white, one tan, and one red-gold, were flashing in wild abandon through the green chaparral of a nearby ravine.

"He did it!" I gulped to Eubar Beck. The slight little circus man nodded. "You both did it," he said.

Contents for June

Cover Painting by Edgar Franklin Wittmack

Page	Page
Friendly Talks With the Editor . . . 16	FEATURES
	On Your Toes! 9
	by Franklin M. Reck
	Ballade of Wood-Chopping (Poem) 16
	by W. B. France
Warring Medicines (Cont.) 5	Build a Flying Scale Model 23
by James Willard Schultz	by Merrill Hamburg
Bases Full 10	Safety on the Road! 28
by William Heyliger	by Alexander Klemia
Deep-Sea Scrapper 13	These Travel Essays Win Checks!
by Allen Field	(Contest) 45
Hide-rack Learns to Ride 17	DEPARTMENTS
by Glenn Balch	Funnybone Ticklers 47
"Semper Fidelis" 20	Stamps in the Day's News 48
by Frederic Nelson Litten	by Kent B. Stiles
Keeper of the Refuge (Concluded) 24	
by Harold Titus	

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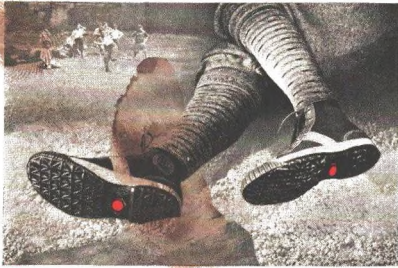
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