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Why is it that Under-Grad suits have had the Talon slide fastener on all trousers for four straight years?

"Because," says this style leader, "it's the greatest improvement in men's clothing in a generation.

"Fellows realize how tremendously it adds to the style of a suit. And, frankly, they realize also that nowadays people *notice* when trousers have unsightly gaps and bulges! But most of all, they are enthusiastic about the amazing *ease* and *speed* of the Talon fastener. Who wants to fumble with *five* fastenings when *one* is so much simpler?"

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NOTICE how sloppy, old-fashioned fastenings often make pants look (above). With the Talon slide fastener, pants always look decent (below).

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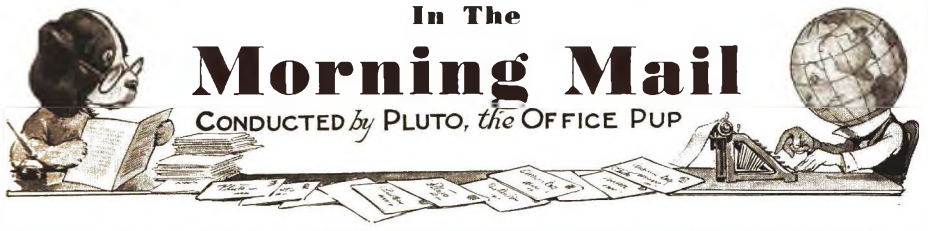


In The Morning Mail

CONDUCTED *by* PLUTO, *the* OFFICE PUP

The Youth's Companion, Combined With The American Boy for September, 1937, Vol. 111, No. 9. Entered as Second Class Matter Nov. 23, 1935, at the post office at Detroit, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Circulation, Business and Editorial offices: 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. Published monthly. Copyrighted 1937 by The Sprague Publications, Inc., Detroit, Mich. Price 15c a copy, $1.00 for one year, $2.00 for three years in the U. S., its possessions, and Canada. Elsewhere 50c a year extra.

"WELL," the Pup remarked as he began slitting open letters, "it's about school time again. Also football time. If our—"

"By the way, Pluto," the editor interrupted. "I've intended to ask you—did you ever go to school?"

"Boss," said Pluto, "in all modesty may I say that I'm probably the best-educated dog you ever saw. After graduating from my puparatory school, I went on to Canine College where I was valedogtorian of my class. Later I returned for postgraduate work, adding to my long list of academic honors. I have, in fact, more degrees than a circle."

"I'm astounded, Dog. I suppose you were also the star of the athletic teams."

"Quite. I still hold the record for cat-chasing—one hundred yards in five seconds flat. In the bone-burying event, I went down eight and a half feet. The experts thought that most remarkable."

"You've sunk pretty low in my opinion, too," the editor murmured.

"Back at alma mater, they're still raving about my scenting ability. At conference trailing meet, a rabbit was released on Tuesday. That afternoon a heavy snow fell, covering all sign. Wednesday I sniffed the ground twice and started off after the rabbit. Within one hour I had located him and brought him back, after pursuing him for sixteen miles. He had left no tracks for me to follow, either, remember. I had gone entirely on my nose."

"Sounds like a good stunt," the editor remarked, "but I should think it would be hard on your nose. Now how about digging into those letters and let's see what we have from our readers?"

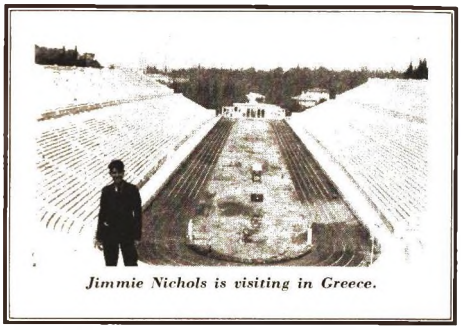
"WELL, while we're on the subject of dogs, here's a letter from Dick Hartzell, of Rossville, Kansas. Dick's dogs, Jean and Rags, send their helloes to me. Jean is half collie and half shepherd. Rags is completely fox terrier. They're country dogs, Dick says, and they're as good as the famed G-Men for getting farm public enemies like cats and groundhogs. But, like the G-Men, they occasionally suffer injuries in line of duty. Rags is nursing a swollen jaw as the result of a fight with a now deceased groundhog."

"Those are useful dogs to have around a farm," said the editor. "Does Dick express any story preference?"

"Yes. He wants more aviation and more Hide-rack. And he'll get both. In fact there's a crack flying yarn in this very issue—THE TIN GOOSE RIDES AGAIN, by Frederic Nelson Litten. He ought to like it."

"Any more doggy news?"

"Here's a swell letter from Clarence Welch, Darlington Heights, Virginia, who liked DOG MAN in April. Welch goes on: 'When you recall Paul Bransom's illustration of that story, you see two dogs, a pointer and a setter. I have a dog that's shaped like the pointer and marked like the setter. He doesn't hunt like either one, I am sorry to relate. He has two bad faults. The first is that he kills chickens—which is going to kill him someday if he doesn't stop it. The second is that he hobnobs with cats. He likes cats entirely too much. I've seen him sleeping with a cat, the cat taking it easy against the dog's back. There's one good thing about my dog though—he has no fleas. I think that's because the fleas can't stand the cats.'"



Jimmie Nichols is visiting in Greece.

"Maybe the dog is smarter than Welch gives him credit for being," the ed remarked thoughtfully. "Maybe he hangs around the felines so his fleas will abandon him and go to the cats."

The Pup looked at the editor slyly. "Anybody knows fleas had rather go to the dogs."

"To get back to business, what does that card you have in your hand say?"

"I think maybe we should pass this communication up, Boss," said the Pup in a funny voice.

"Why? What's the trouble? Go ahead and read it."

"Well (sigh), it's from our friend George S. Griswold, of Kinsman, Ohio. Griswold says: 'You lack one book on your desk—*DOG-GONE, The Obituaries of Deceased Office Pups.*'"

"Not a very lively subject," observed the ed. "Any foreign correspondence?"

"Yep. Here's a letter from Jimmie Nichols, who is visiting in Greece for a year. Jimmie has been spending his time wisely—he's been visiting the famous ancient sights of Athens, such as the Acropolis, Temple of Jupiter, monuments of Philopappos and Lysicrates, and many others, including the Stadium of Athens. Jimmie sends along a picture of himself taken in the Stadium, which we reproduce herewith. He also passes along interesting information about this Stadium of Athens. For one thing, it was constructed over the ruins of the ancient stadium. The new structure is built of solid marble, and it was here that the first International Olympic Athletic Games were held.

"John Barrett, Parsons, Kansas, wants another Heyliger newspaper serial. He says the magazine is swell."

"We appreciate that friendly comment," the ed said. "I doubt if William Heyliger will be writing another newspaper serial soon, since he's covered that field once and likes to keep moving to new ground. Barrett will be glad to know that another Heyliger serial is being written now, though. It's about the tidewater oyster country of Virginia. Coming before long."

HERE'S something that should be interesting to Heyliger fans," quoth the Dog. "It's a paragraph from the Appleton-Century Publishing Company's Book Chat:

"'William Heyliger, author of THE MILL IN THE WOODS, STEVE MERRILL, ENGINEER, RICHIE OF THE NEWS, and other vocational stories for boys, recently received a pleasant surprise. After an address to the librarians of the New York City junior high schools, he was informed by them, in the discussion that followed, of many cases where his vocational stories had either given boys enough information to decide what career they wanted to pursue, or had crystallized a half-formed determination to prepare themselves for some certain calling.'"

"Maybe WILDCAT will produce some brilliant young oil men, then," observed the editor.

"That reminds me to mention Ray Winder, who may someday be an astronomer. It's his hobby, now, anyway.

The other night he observed a peculiar phenomenon. There was a flashing light that seemed to be a shooting star, and yet it wasn't like any shooting star he'd ever seen before. Finally he found that it was a lightning bug!"

"Astronomy hobbiests should watch for the November futuristic story BY VIRTUE OF CIRCUMFERENCE, by Peter Van Dresser. It's about rocket ships that cruise from one planet to another."

"HERE'S a letter from Ray Dyson, of New York: 'After checking up on THE AMERICAN BOY from September, 1934, to May, 1937, I have found that there were one hundred and forty-nine fiction stories; ten continued stories, and two hundred and thirty-seven feature articles. The authors with the most stories were, first, Laurie York Erskine, with fourteen stories; second, Vereen Bell, with twelve, and a tie for third place between Glenn Balch and John A. Moroso, who each had ten stories. William Heyliger had the most continued stories, with three. In the cover paintings, Edgar Franklin Wittmack leads with eight; second comes Paul Bransom with six, and a close third is Manning de V. Lee, with five.'"

"An interesting survey, Pup, isn't it?" observed the editor. "Steam along. Class is almost over."

"Alan Paxson, Chicago, Illinois, doesn't think enough has been said about the illustrators, who do a great deal in making THE AMERICAN BOY what it is."

"We agree with him on that," said the editor, positively. "You *can't* say enough about our artists. They're splendid—the best in their fields. The magazine appreciates their skill and their loyalty."

The Pup looked at the wall clock—which is always wrong—and hurried back to the letters. "Ah! Here's a nice original compliment, Boss. It's from Francis McCarthy, of Philadelphia. He says: 'I like your magazine especially because it is not childish and does not bother with silly awards, badges, etc. It's exclusively a boys' magazine and yet it seems to regard its readers as men.'"

"Don't forget to call attention to the cartoon in this issue by an AMERICAN BOY graduate, Pup," reminded the editor.

"It's the comic cartoon on page 24 with the line 'Shucks! Missed by a hare!' The artist is Ted Petok. He's now a professional artist. He has appeared in the magazine before—the last time as a winner in an AMERICAN BOY cartooning contest!"

"It would be interesting," mused the editor, "to find out what every *American Boy* contest winner of the past fifteen years is doing now. I'll bet more than one has found his life's work in some field closely related to the subject of his contest."

"Maybe some of them will see this and be moved to write us," Pluto said, brightly.

"That would be fine. And now, Pup, you've given a good recitation today. Better stop now, as there goes the bell. Class dismissed."

HOW about loosening up and sending Pluto a letter? Write about the magazine, your hobbies, your pets, world affairs, or the diseases of geraniums. In other words, anything that interests you. All letters quoted in this department will receive a portrait of Old Plute. Address your comments to: Pluto, The Office Pup, Care The American Boy Magazine, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

FOGHORNS

A water-front war, and a boy on a job that gets red-hot

by **Howard Pease**

Illustrator:
ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Chapter One

SAN FRANCISCO was smothered in fog. Against the windows of the Seamen's Hiring Hall the mist swirled in eddies so dense that Greg Richards, scowling down into the gloom, could barely make out the water-front street below. Even the rumblings of trucks along the Embarcadero seemed muffled and remote. The city was as cheerless as a tomb.

"Soggy dump!" Greg muttered, and glanced at the clock on the wall. Quarter of six. In just fifteen minutes he'd leave this place. For good.

He squared his jaw, thrust back a wild lock of dark red hair, and glared out at the fog again. Thinking. Helplessly, doggedly. It was two weeks now since he'd blown in here from Sacramento planning to pick up a job on some deep-sea freighter and go and see the world. Two weeks. And what had happened?

Nothing. No job. He'd tramped the water front for hours and nearly worn out the benches here in the hiring hall. Nothing doing.

He relived bitterly that first time he'd walked into the hiring hall and told the shipping master he wanted a job. What a nut he'd been—so sure he'd get something.

The shipping master had looked him over, raised one eyebrow, and picked up a pen to fill in a card. "What's your name?"

"Gregory Richards, sir." Greg could still hear his voice answering, a little too quickly. Excited! *Yeah, excited.*

"Age?"

"Eighteen."

"Sea experience?"

"I haven't had any—yet."

"Sorry. We seldom sign on young fellows without experience."

"Maybe you can tell me how to get experience without shipping out for the first time," Greg had flared.

The man had shot him a level glance. "Fresh guy, huh?"

"No." Greg had fought down resentment. "Just curious."

Unexpectedly the man had grinned. "All right, Red," he'd said. "Stick around. You're not so tall, but you look husky and quick on your feet. Maybe I'll get a phone call for a mess boy—or a wiper in the engine room."

"I'd rather ship out as a seaman on deck, sir," Greg had protested.

"You'll be in luck to get anything. But I'll remember you when a call comes in—if no experienced hands are around."

But experienced hands had always been around. Every call had brought at least twenty seamen crowding up to grab the job. There hadn't been a chance.

Now, down to his fare back home, Greg had made a bargain with himself: if he hadn't landed a job by six o'clock he'd give up and go back to Sacramento. He glanced at the clock again. Only ten minutes more! He turned back to the window and stared out into the fog, a defiant figure in a well-brushed brown suit getting too tight across the shoulders. Without resignation, he brooded. Only ten minutes—then good-by Manila, Shanghai, and Singapore. Good-by college, too. No chance to go roaming this summer. No money to shove ahead with next year. Two swell dreams had folded up on him.

He'd have to go home. He'd promised Aunt Clara he wouldn't hang around San Francisco dead broke. Now he scowled into the thickening murk and regretted that promise. If he hadn't made it, he'd stay on and fight and lick this no job business, or get licked. He'd rather take long chances than go home and be a load on Aunt Clara.

Oh, she'd be plenty glad to see him, and she'd insist she could manage college for him. But she couldn't, not without digging into the principal that provided

"College boy, huh? Tryin' ter take the bread an' butter from honest seamen."

her income. She'd done enough for him all these years, taking him in when a highway accident had stripped him of both father and mother. He certainly wouldn't let her risk her own security to send him to college.

But he'd have to go back to Sacramento. Maybe he could get a job jerking sodas or delivering groceries. *So long, Singapore.*

Greg yanked his soft hat over his red hair and squared around into the lighted room.

The hiring hall was nearly empty; at this time of day, few calls came in and the men always drifted out. Tight-mouthed, Greg looked at the clock. Its hands pointed relentlessly to six. His time was up. He jerked his hat over his eyes and made for the door.

In the hallway a seaman stopped him. Funny. The whole bunch had cold-shouldered him plenty. But this guy wanted something.

"Listen, matey," said the man. "How about a handout?"

Greg shook his head. "Sorry. I'm out of luck myself."

The man, swaying unsteadily, blocked the stairs to the street and persisted: "Come on now. Gimme a dime. Fer a cup o' coffee an' a doughnut."

"No!" Greg said sharply.

"Aw, come across, kid. You ain't broke."

Greg's temper flared. This was one thing too much. "Get out of the way!" He plunged forward, ready to force his way down the stairs.

The man hastily drew aside, but his voice rose in a snarl: "College boy, huh? Tryin' ter take the bread an' butter from honest seamen." He sent a volley of curses after the brown-suited figure.

Greg went on, but at the foot of the stairs he whirled—footsteps were following him. "Say, you!" he exploded. And then saw that the follower was a different seaman, a tall, blond man with a half smile.

"Oh," Greg said, and grinned a little at his own wrath. "That fellow back there is sure cockeyed. You hear him? What was the big idea? Slinging it into me and calling me a college boy!"

The man's half smile faded. "Well, aren't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Your clothes. And college boys aren't popular round here."

"Why not?"

The man snorted. "Where you been? Didn't you hear about the water-front strike not so long ago? Well, the shipping companies sent word across the bay to the students at the university and truckloads of them came to work the ships. They were strike breakers—scabs! That's why college boys aren't popular."

"I see," Greg said slowly.

The man rasped on: "Two days ago one of those same students came back looking for a summer job. Last night he was picked up out on a pierhead. Beaten almost to a pulp. He's over in the emergency hospital."

Greg's blood began to pound. Then he shook himself. Probably this was just rumor. Or maybe this guy was laying himself out to scare him. "You sure about that beating?" he demanded. "I've been all over this water-front and it seems safe enough."

The tall seaman gave another snort. "It's about as safe as a smoking volcano. These are tough times, buddy. And let me tell you something else—if you haven't got a seaman's card, you haven't a chance at a job."

"I believe that all right," Greg said dryly. "That's why I'm going home. So long."

He flung open the door and thrust himself into the night. Outside in the gray world of fog he hesitated, all at once uneasy about heading into the murk alone. The mist swept against him in chill gusts, and he pulled up his coat collar. From somewhere out on the bay sounded the long-drawn wail of a foghorn.

He jumped as a hand grasped his arm. Then wrenched his arm away—and heard a chuckle.

"It's all right, buddy," said the tall seaman. "Only me. Look here—I been watching you. Want a job?"

A job! Cautiously yet eagerly, Greg asked, "What sort of job?"

"On a ship. A freighter that came in port today."

"They wouldn't hire a green man. You told me so yourself."

"Sure I did. But what if you had some discharge papers that showed you'd been to sea? I'll sell you a discharge for two bucks."

Greg stared at him.

The man laughed. "You're sure green. Listen. It's done every day. You buy a discharge, show it to the shipping master, and he gives you a job."

Greg shook his head. "Not a chance. He knows me now. Besides, I'm not signing another's man's name."

"Wait a minute. I can sell you a little blue card too. It's for ordinary seaman on this freighter."

"No, thanks."

"Listen, buddy. You want work and this job's a cinch. I got the card for it this afternoon. I'm supposed to report on board tonight."

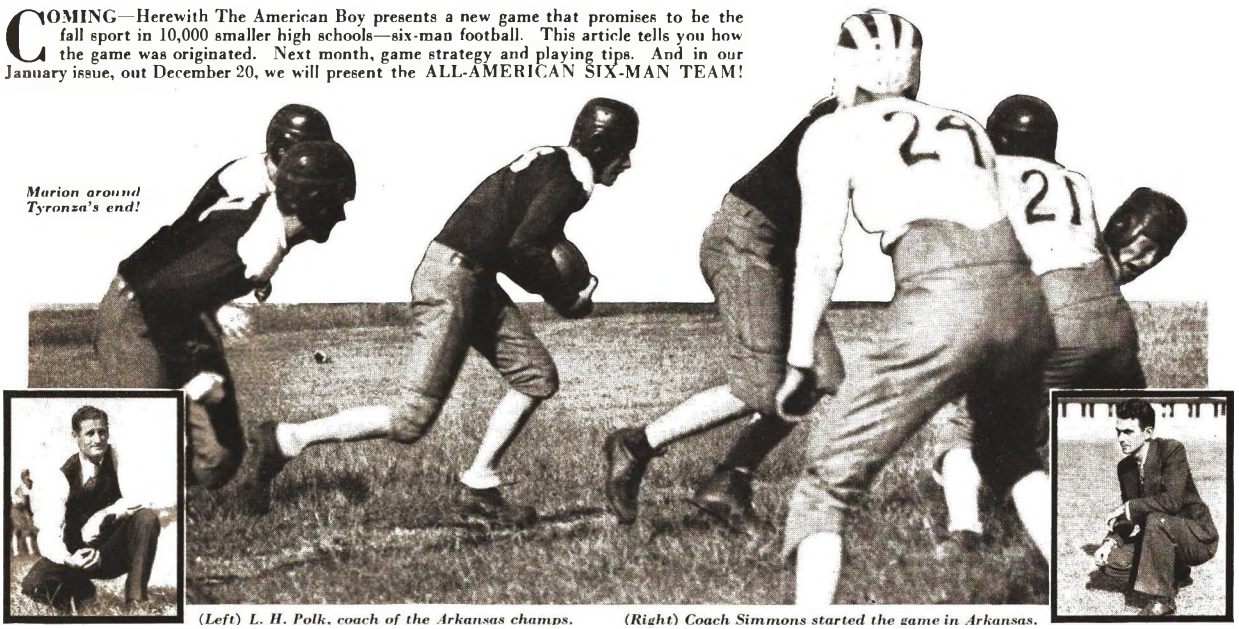
"Then why don't you?"

"Not my kind of ship. I want a job on a tanker. Better food, better quarters. I've decided to wait for a tanker. So I'm selling this job. Three bucks and you can have it—with one discharge paper in case you need it. Use your own name. Don't show 'em the discharge unless they ask."

Sudden hope surged up in Greg. He thrust away his doubts. Here, after all, *(Continued on page 32)*

When Greg decided to press through the group, a big longshoreman stopped him. "You take to the street here, kid."

COMING—Herewith The American Boy presents a new game that promises to be the fall sport in 10,000 smaller high schools—six-man football. This article tells you how the game was originated. Next month, game strategy and playing tips. And in our January issue, out December 20, we will present the ALL-AMERICAN SIX-MAN TEAM!



Marion around Tyronza's end!

(Left) L. H. Polk, coach of the Arkansas champs. *(Right) Coach Simmons started the game in Arkansas.*

Play Six-Man Football

by Franklin M. Reck

FOOTBALL has come to the small town.

We don't mean the town of five thousand people, where football has always been played, but towns of three hundred to a thousand, where the most imposing structures are the grain elevator and the two-story brick high school.

They've always wanted football, but for reasons of expense and small enrollment they haven't been able to get started. But they have it now, and they're shouting that it's hot! Come out to the field and watch.

Automobiles and fans are jammed along the sidelines. The small wooden stands are well-filled. Out on the field the red-jerseyed team is lining up to kick off and the blue jerseys are spreading out to receive.

One, two, three—six blue jerseys. Wait a minute. Where's the rest of the team? you ask. The answer is that there are no more. A center and two ends, a quarterback, halfback, and fullback—that's the entire team.

And what's wrong with the field? Nothing. It's just smaller. Eighty by forty yards instead of one hundred yards by one hundred and sixty feet. With the action taking place on a smaller arena the fans get a better view of the game and the players don't have to run their legs off.

Coach Cline of Hardy, Nebr., discusses game strategy with his captain.

You're watching a game of six-man football, a game that has spread like a prairie fire through the West and is now fanning eastward. It's much the same game you've been watching all your life. It has everything—blocking, tackling, passing, kicking, end runs, line smashes, reverses, and fakes.

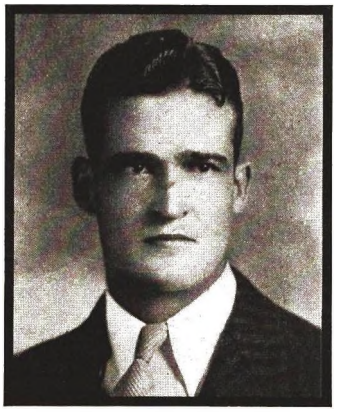
But six-man football fans will tell you it's not exactly the same. It's more open. There's more action. A spectator can tell what's going on, because the play isn't so intricate, and the fine points aren't swallowed up in a Roman mob of twenty-two warriors converging on a single point. Many an eleven-man game is waged between the thirty-yard lines until the fans begin to hide a yawn. Six-man goes from one goal line to the other with bewildering speed. You get no chance to sit down and relax. There are no lulls to soothe your fevered pulse. It's go, go, go all the time.

Because the fans like it, and the players like it, six-man football has spread in all directions from its birthplace at Hebron, Nebraska. Without any particular publicity or ballyhoo it has filtered out to more than three hundred schools in Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, the Dakotas, Montana and Oregon. In almost every other state in the Union, a few schools are getting started. Thousands of school principals and coaches are asking: "What's it about? Where can we get the rules? How do you play it?"

So *The American Boy* went on a tour of seventeen states, talked first-hand to coaches and players, and came back with the information you want. In co-operation with the inventor of the game we present the official six-man handbook containing rules, playing suggestions, and tips on getting the game started. You may obtain a copy by sending twenty cents to the Sports Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Like basketball, six-man football was the invention of a single person who had the vision to see the need for it and the energy to

(Continued on page 30)



Stephen Epler wrote the rules for six-man football in 1934.

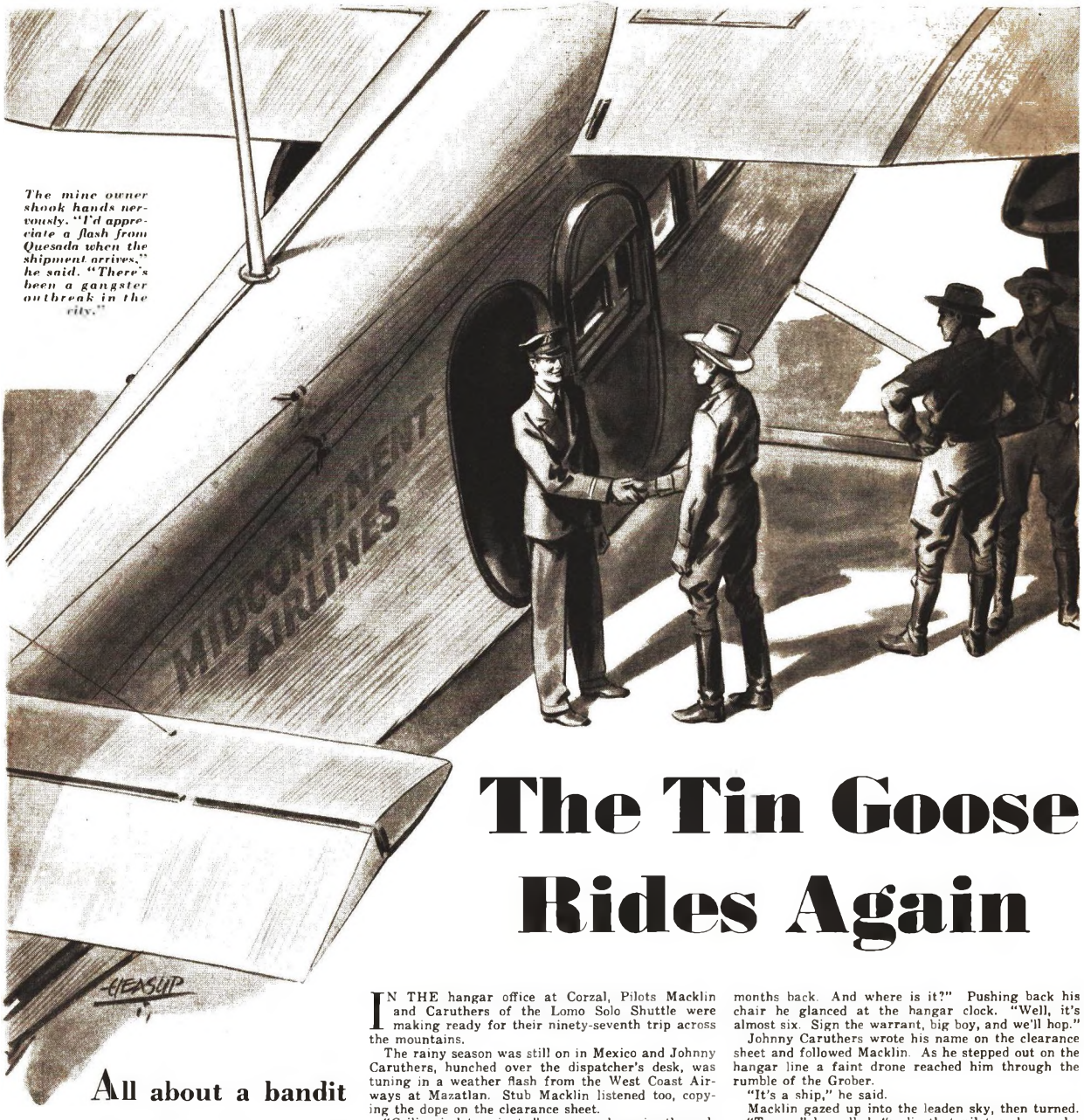
Send for the Handbook

EVERY player on your squad will want the Official Six-man Handbook, by Stephen Epler, published by The American Boy. It contains:

The official rules, interpreted and explained. Play diagrams. Offensive and defensive formations. Game strategy. Recommendations for equipment. Hints on financing the game, selecting officials, and coaching.

It is attractively bound, pocket-sized, and contains 64 pages crammed with the information you need to get the game started in your school. Single copies cost twenty cents. Because of the saving in postage and handling, lots of twenty-five or more may be obtained at fifteen cents each. Order from the Sports Editor, The American Boy, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

William Roselius, Hebron College, supervised the first game of six man.



The mine owner shook hands nervously. "I'd appreciate a flash from Quesada when the shipment arrives," he said. "There's been a gangster outbreak in the city."

The Tin Goose Rides Again

All about a bandit who flew by guess

by

Frederic Nelson Litten

IN THE hangar office at Corzal, Pilots Macklin and Caruthers of the Lomo Solo Shuttle were making ready for their ninety-seventh trip across the mountains.

The rainy season was still on in Mexico and Johnny Caruthers, hunched over the dispatcher's desk, was tuning in a weather flash from the West Coast Airways at Mazatlan. Stub Macklin listened too, copying the dope on the clearance sheet.

"Ceiling indeterminate," announced a voice through the static streaming from the radio. "High overcast; about ten thousand."

Johnny Caruthers grinned. "We'll bump along under the overcast as usual." He touched the shoulder of the Mexican operator seated at the desk. "Okay, Tomas. Tell 'em we're about to fan the breeze for Lomo Solo."

Tomas Coati began tuning to Quesada. Macklin laid down the clearance sheet and frowned.

"Bump along is right," he muttered. "The Grober won't develop fifty dog-power. Some day we'll get pinched between the mountain tops and that overcast, and it won't be funny." He shook his head. "I can't understand why Quinn won't give us a replacement ship."

"We'll get a new crate soon," predicted Johnny. "If Wyeth comes through with a contract, Quinn might send us a Locklear."

Macklin gave him a sour glance.

"Colonel Wyeth promised us that contract six months back. And where is it?" Pushing back his chair he glanced at the hangar clock. "Well, it's almost six. Sign the warrant, big boy, and we'll hop."

Johnny Caruthers wrote his name on the clearance sheet and followed Macklin. As he stepped out on the hangar line a faint drone reached him through the rumble of the Grober.

"It's a ship," he said.

Macklin gazed up into the leaden sky, then turned.

"Tomas," he called, "radio that pilot and see who he is."

As he spoke a burst of static rolled from the speaker drum, carrying a crisp authoritative voice:

"Quinn to Corzal . . . Quinn to Corzal . . . Flying in the overcast at twenty thousand, estimated ten miles from your field. Hold the shuttle plane."

The voice ended and Tomas Coati began calling back the message. Macklin's frown deepened.

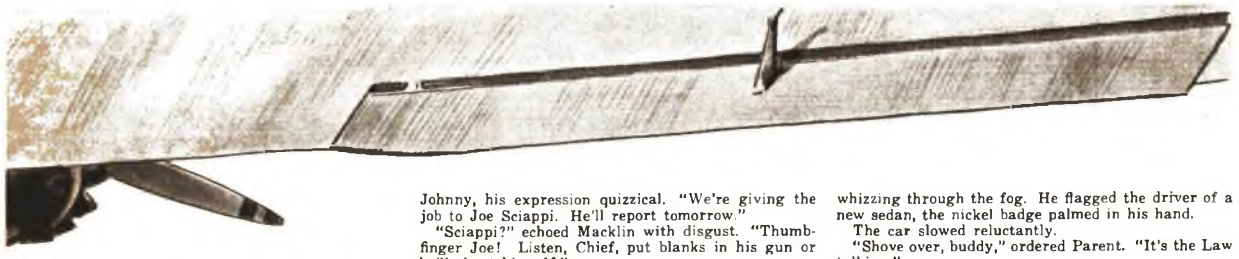
"We're on the spot, or the chief wouldn't be making an XC before breakfast."

"You think of the *pleasantest* things," said Johnny Caruthers. "If you ask me, *I* think Quinn's ferrying a new ship down for us—a Locklear, maybe."

The sound of the distant plane was growing louder. Macklin walked out across the runway, listened.

"If that's a Locklear I'll eat it, including the fifty-seven gadgets. It's a tin goose, that's what."

The bumbling drone filtering from the misty sky told Johnny he was right.



Illustrator:

WILLIAM HEASLIP

"A trimotor?" he repeated doubtfully. "Why, there hasn't been a trimotor on Midcontinent's list since Twelve was junked."

Macklin gave him a quick glance. "You don't suppose they've reconditioned Twelve?" he asked. "Boy, I wouldn't care to fly that fire-trap! She's a jinx ship; she nearly cooked you and Pop Gorman on that ride back from Madrone Canyon."

Johnny laughed, but his heart thumped under his flying jacket. It *had* been touch and go, that ride; yet the old ship brought them through—she wouldn't quit, Pop said.

They waited while the drone changed to a roar that bucketed across the hazy valley. The plane punched through the clouds and Stub exclaimed:

"It's a tin goose, all right!"

"It's Twelve," said Johnny. "I can tell by the dural stripping on the cabin. Pop put that on when he made the overhaul a year ago. But her engines are new; I'd recognize the old ones anywhere."

The ship was over the airport now, circling for the landing. She swung down through the fog curtain, her exhausts popping, and dragged the field in a hovering glide.

The trimotor galumphed up the runway, halted with a hiss of wheel brakes, and Johnny followed Macklin to the cabin. Chief Pilot Quinn stepped from the control compartment and sprang down to the concrete. He shook hands with Macklin and with Johnny, his grip warm and cordial, approbation in his keen gray eyes.

"How are things?" he asked.

Johnny smiled. "We could use a little more cloud ceiling," he replied.

Quinn laughed. "I can't jack up the cloud ceiling, but—" he nodded toward the trimotor—"I'm giving you a crate that will climb through any overcast there is. Twenty-seven thousand on her test hop, Johnny—you'd go blotto up there without oxygen. But she's got oxygen, too. Got everything. We've given her a major overhaul, new engine blocks, positive controls, rigging and frames replaced where needed. Look at the panel board. You'll think you're in a Locklear—autopilot, artificial horizon, DX radio."

He paused and Macklin asked innocently: "Her number, Chief—it's still Twelve, isn't it? I'd rather have a Locklear."

Quinn laughed again. He said: "We couldn't get a Locklear. The factory's working double shift on Army orders. We didn't want to wait. You see, Lomo Solo's signed our contract."

Johnny's chin jerked up, his blue eyes sparkled.

"Swell!" he cried. "I had a hunch they would."

"It means more payroll," Quinn went on. "Incidentally, Colonel Wyeth insists on an armed guard to accompany the bullion shipments." He gazed at Johnny, his expression quizzical. "We're giving the job to Joe Sciappi. He'll report tomorrow."

"Sciappi?" echoed Macklin with disgust. "Thumb-finger Joe! Listen, Chief, put blanks in his gun or he'll shoot himself."

The chief pilot said dryly: "Sciappi begged for the detail. He's strong for Caruthers—army pals, and so on. Joe *has* done well lately and deserves promotion." He turned toward the hangar office. "I'll check in to Quesada, and we'll take Twelve up for a transition hop before you shove off on your schedule."

As he walked away, Stub mounted the cabin step of the trimotor, with Johnny at his heels. Stub moved up the aisle and, dropping into the copilot's seat, inspected the instrument board.

"Quinn's right," he said. "Everything on the panel but a toothbrush holder." He pointed to the oxygen bottle under the seat. "High overcast won't stop us now. We can climb into the stratosphere."

As Johnny Caruthers gazed at the copper flask, the sun broke through the clouds. The burnished cylinder picked up a fiery glint and gave him a queer thrill, bringing back that night long ago when he sat in this very cabin while the panel board blazed and melted to twisted scrap. He thought of Joe Sciappi, third man of the crew. Once Joe had made an error that almost wrecked the sleeper plane. But he'd begged for this job, Quinn said.

Johnny grinned. "I can imagine Joe strutting his stuff. Gold guard; it's the old army game."

"It's a goofy idea, if you ask me," replied Macklin. "Our schedule's nonstop Lomo Solo to this field, and Number Four waits to pick up our express. What's Wyeth afraid of?"

"Air bandits?" suggested Johnny, grinning.

Macklin laughed. "With Tommy guns," he added.

Quinn stepped from the hangar office.

"Here's the chief," said Johnny. "Wind her up."

Stub reached for the starter knob. As the gears whined, he murmured: "Air bandits—they're only found in books."

But Macklin was wrong, as any pilot of the Border Patrol could have told him. And on that foggy morning north four hundred miles over the border a very capable air bandit was riding the eastbound freight into Quesada.

This was Edward Parent, a thin little man with bright cold eyes, and nerves as hard as the steel barrel of the automatic in his shoulder holster. Parent had flown with the Mercenary Legion in Morocco; the Bolivian Army hired him to ferry guns across the swamps of the Gran Chaco. He still carried a marshal's commission given him by Chang Lei-San, the Mongol bandit who once terrorized North China.

Parent was called "Pol" from his nose, broken in a crash and shaped like a parrot's beak. He had other names. The fingerprint file of the Immigration Service listed him as Edward Parent, alias Pollard, alias Chino Ed, alias Pol the Parrot. But the law had never been able to catch him under any of these names though he was known to be engaged in smuggling aliens, working for a *Syndicato* in Nueva Quesada, the Mexican town across the Rio Grande.

However, the Border Patrol never stops trying, and this morning Parent had come close to capture. He knelt in the open door of an empty boxcar, chin cupped in his hands, watching the vista of mesquite desert roll by in the fog. His cheeks were spattered with oil thrown out by his airplane engine, and a bandage on his right wrist covered the wound made by a patrolman's .45.

But Parent was dangerous when cornered; lightning on the draw. He boasted that he called his shots and made them. Not an idle boast; one shell was gone from the clip of his black automatic, and the badge of the border patrolman who had stopped that bullet rested in Parent's coat.

He took out the badge, gazed at it with faint regret. It wasn't smart to rub out a Fed, but the sap kept coming.

The train slowed, whistled for a crossing, and he leaned from the boxcar door. Highway 90; the outskirts of Quesada. Parent dropped from the door and ducked to cover in the shelter of a water tower. After the caboose clanked past he stepped out briskly for the highway. Cars and market-garden trucks were whizzing through the fog. He flagged the driver of a new sedan, the nickel badge palmed in his hand.

The car slowed reluctantly.

"Shove over, buddy," ordered Parent. "It's the Law talking."

The man stared at him. He was a clumsy-looking fellow; some yokel from the cabbage farms, Parent thought, taking a day off in the city. His store clothes didn't fit, and his big hands were grimy-knuckled.

Parent opened the door, stepped to the running board and flashed the nickel badge.

"Immigration Service," he explained. "I been lyin' in the brush all night, waitin' for a smarty by the name of Parent. He's been flyin' ricebirds in from Mexico. But we put the finger on him this morning." He slid into the seat. "Run me to the Customs Office, this side of the International Bridge. That is, if you can spare the time."

"I'm headin' for the bridge myself," said the driver. The sedan rolled into the traffic stream and he turned again to Parent. "Chink runners, huh? Y' know, I *thought* I heard gunfire, back where Vardaman's Arroyo crosses the concrete. Was there a battle?"

A flash of ironic humor gleamed in Parent's eyes.

"Was there a battle!" He laughed coldly. "Ever hear of Chino Ed?"

The driver's hands on the wheel jerked, and the car swerved, missing the fender of a passing truck by inches.

"I'll say I have!" he cried. "The C.O. at Dryden—I served one enlistment with the air corps there—offered a hundred smackers to the pilot that would bring in Chino Ed. A big-time crook—y' mean you battled with him an' come out winner?"

Parent laughed again. The awe in this soldier's voice gave him a kick. "The bigger they are, the harder they fall," he quoted carelessly. "So you're one of the army boys! From Fort Bliss, maybe?"

"Ex-army," corrected the other. "I enlisted with an aviation unit up at Selfridge Field in Michigan. But there was too many bugle calls to answer. So I went civilian. Took a job with Midcontinent Airlines. I been third assistant crew chief at the Quesada Terminal, but they just give me a promotion. If you're ever in Mexico, why look me up—Corzal's the burg I'm headin' for." He extended a hand. "Sciappi's the name. What's yours, officer?"

Parent picked an alias at random. "Officer Pollard," he said, and reached out to shake the grimy paw of the ex-soldier. With the movement his sleeve pulled back, displaying the bloody bandage on his wrist.

"Hey!" exclaimed Sciappi. "He winged you, didn't he? Lissen, gimme the low-down on the scrap. I'm nuts on this detective stuff. What kind of a lookin' guy is Chino Ed? Is he still flyin' that junk crate—a DH-Four, powered with an inverted Liberty?"

"I wouldn't know," replied Parent. "I'm no birdman. A plane's a plane to me." But his chill eyes narrowed. The DH had been a good ship. She'd ferried many a load of contraband across the river. And now he pictured her, lying in the mesquite thickets of Vardaman Arroyo. Three Chinks, worth a C-note each, and the ship, gone south. Sure, it had cost the Border Patrol a man. But the racket was washed up. He'd have to stay below the line till the heat went off. . . . The soldier was waiting. He straightened with a shrug.

"Not much of a scrap," he said, smoothing the bandage. "About daybreak I was lying in the mesquite, half asleep, when I heard the plane. It landed in the bottom of the draw. Three Chinks crawled out of the front seat. Chino Ed jumped from the rear pit. I made a *passar* down the hill and told him to hist 'em. . . . Chino's lightning on the draw. He squeezed off three shots before I stopped him."

"Dead?" asked Sciappi. His voice had changed.

"Yeah." Parent glanced at the speedometer impatiently. "Soup her up, will you? The wrist is giving me a fit. And I've got to report to the chief."

But the stream of cars ahead was slowing down. Sciappi pointed to a red light at an approaching intersection.

"City limits; dassen't run the lights." His voice held that queer note again. "Say, Pollard, how come you was walkin' when I picked you up? They oughta given you a car. An' a buddy or two for reserves."

Parent's cold eyes flickered, but he answered easily.

"Not on this job. We thought Parent might have lookouts; so I worked solo and did ground patrol."

Sciappi cramped his brakes. The sedan stopped behind a fruit truck waiting for the light. It was a heavy truck and the bark of its motor drowned all other sounds. Sciappi leaned down and drew up quickly—holding a spanner wrench in his big fist.

"Keep your mitts in your lap," he ordered. "You're phoney, I think. 'Solo'—'Soup her up'—'the rear pit.' You say you're no birdman—but you talk like one. Your mug's spattered with lube—them inverted Liberties throw oil. An' where'd the goggle marks around your eyes come from? Fast on the draw—but you got him! Well, you c'n tell that story to the coppers, *Chino Ed!*"

Parent stared at him and shook his head. "Soldier, you told the truth—you *are* nuts on the detective stuff. If you want to make yourself look silly, I'll go with you. But first let me show you something."

At that moment the traffic light changed, and his right hand darted inside his coat and flashed into sight gripping the black gun. Ahead the truck's exhaust thundered, cars honked, clouds of gray gas vapor mingled with the fog over the highway. Parent jammed the automatic in Sciappi's side. The explosion was muffled by the cloth. The ex-soldier gave a hoarse cry and fell against the door. Shifting to low gear, Parent kicked the man's foot from the clutch pedal and, holding the wheel with his left hand, kept the car on the concrete as it started off.

At the first cross street—a dirt road fringed with desert scrub that led into the Mexican quarter of Quesada—Parent turned. He followed the road for a hundred yards to a vacant block, then slipped the clutch and pulled up the emergency.

The sedan halted with a jerk and the limp figure at his side fell forward over the wheel. Muzzle flame from the pistol had ignited the bullet hole. The cloth was edged with tiny eating sparks. Parent rubbed out the sparks. He lifted Sciappi's arm and let it fall. He studied the man's face, his eyes cold and reflective.

"He should have stayed in the army. 'Nuts about detective stuff'—the poor dumb cluck! But I got to get across the line. I'm Public Enemy Number One to this town now." He drew up. "The soldier said he was goin' into Mexico. I wonder if he's carryin' a passport? That *would* be a break."

Searching the pockets of the limp man, he drew out a flat envelope, shook its contents into his lap. A packet of bills, Mexican currency, fell from the envelope, then a card with the heading, "*PASAPORTE—REPUBLICA DE MEXICO.*"

Parent studied it, laughed softly. "Five feet ten; brunet. The description doesn't fit, but those *Mejicanos* at the customs gate can't read." His thin fingers sorted the bills. "Five hundred pesos—it'll help. And what's this—more good news?"

He took from the envelope a folded paper and opened it.

"Midcontinent Airlines," he murmured. Suddenly his cold eyes glittered; he began reading the typed words in a low, unbelieving voice:

"From: Operations Office, Quesada Terminal
To: Pilot John Caruthers, Lomo Solo Shuttle
Subject: In Re: Lomo Solo Mines.

Our contract with Lomo Solo Mines requires that we furnish an armed guard to accompany all bullion shipments. The bearer of this letter, Joseph Sciappi, has been selected to make flights on the bimonthly gold pickup. When his services are not so required, he will remain at Corzal Hangar in the capacity of mechanic.

Note that the contract is in effect Nov. 15, when first pickup will be made.

(Signed)
C. K. LUNDSTROM,
Operations Manager."

Again Parent read the form, then folded the sheet.

"Luck—I always said it never two-timed you!" His voice grew husky. "Expense money, passport—and a chance to knock off a gold shipment from the inside!" He patted the back of the man beside him. "Soldier, you'll never know it, but I'll be carryin' the banner for you in this cause. No birdman? I was—but as soon as I can change the name on this sheet to Pollard, I'll be a gold guard."

He glanced around him. Along the roadside ran a shallow ditch screened by chapparal and catsclaw. Lifting Sciappi, Parent staggered through the brush, and rolled the body down the bank.

"*Adios, amigo!*" he said. "You never can tell when your number's comin' up. Some day I'll draw mine, but today I'm lucky."

With his foot on the running board, Parent halted. The drone of a motor echoed from the sky; a trimotor plane swept overhead, flying low under the cloud ceiling. He watched till it vanished in the rain haze southward, then said musingly:

"International markings, and a lucky number, Twelve. Maybe that means more good breaks. I'll change the name on the paper and hop the next plane south. The Syndicate can hire another pilot. I'm on a better racket. Me, Joe Pollard, gold guard for the Lomo Solo Shuttle."

Slipping the envelope into his coat, Parent set out for Highway 90. Cars made a noisy clamor. He did not hear a feeble groan from the ditch behind him. Parent was not listening for such sounds. Why should he? A man who called his shots—and made them.

The mines at Lomo Solo follow a deep arroyo that cuts across the Tara'mara range. The north slope is dotted with rock dumps, spilling like ant heaps from the shafts. On the south slope is the village, and above on the flattened hilltop the mine offices, the *casa grande* of the owner, Colonel Wyeth, and a sheet-iron hangar.

The landing field has a narrow, one-way run, a pilot's hazard in any weather, and on the morning of November 15 a stiff cross wind whined down from Lomo Solo peak. Johnny Caruthers, climbing the slope after a hasty breakfast at the engineer's mess, bucked into the gusts, and frowned.

"This take-off isn't going to be funny," he called over his shoulder to Stub Macklin.

The propellers of the climbing plane bit into the fringes of the overcast and gray haze closed in, darkening the cabin. Suddenly Stub, at the phones, gave a cry.

The blocky pilot scrambled to his side and pointed up the slope at the trimotor. "A jinx ship, too," he said. "I'm afraid you'll never ride her, big boy. You want me to take over?"

Johnny laughed. "Paste this in your derby, little man: when *I* say a ship's out of control, the proper technique is to grab your rip ring."

"That new mech, Pollard, has a better technique," answered Macklin. "He never *let go* of his ring when you were flying yesterday."

Johnny answered with a scornful grunt, and the two climbed on. Presently he spoke again.

"I'm sorry about Joe Sciappi; Pollard thinks he won't pull through. Tough—and with promotion coming."

"And to crack up in a car, after all the flying time he's had!" said Macklin. "Thumb-finger Joe. You liked him, didn't you?"

"He was my ship mechanic in the 94th at Selfridge," Johnny said. "And the first to wish me luck when I showed up at Quesada. It gets me down a little, Stub."

On the hilltop the trimotor began firing, all three engines coming in.

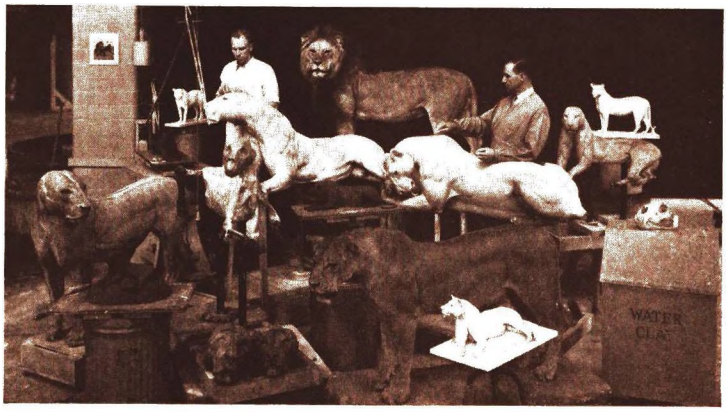
"Pollard knows his stuff," said Macklin. "He's got 'em tuned like a fiddle. Look, there's the pay load."

They had reached the flat now. The mine office was in sight. Four guards with rifles were striding from the door; behind them was Colonel Wyeth, white-haired, straight. He was followed by a clerk who carried on his shoulder the burlap-wrapped gold ingot.

"Guess you've seen plenty of those," Stub volunteered. "The gold-bricking *(Continued on page 28)*

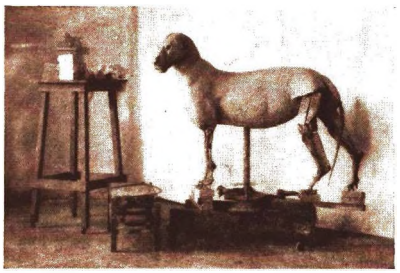
Here's How Lions Are Mounted

YOU'VE probably wondered how the mounted animals in a museum are made so lifelike and natural. It isn't a job, as you may have thought, of stuffing straw and excelsior into an animal skin. In fact museum workers resent any reference to "stuffed" animals. And properly so, as you will agree when you see what highly skilled and artistic work museum taxidermy is. Let's visit a museum workshop. They're just beginning work on a splendid lion sent in by field workers in Africa. We'll follow him through the interesting stages of his growth to jungle magnificence.

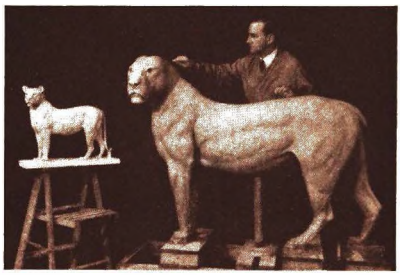


Take a look at the lion-making department with animals in various positions and contrasting steps of development. The model in the left corner, for instance, is a finished manikin, while the models being perfected by the preparators are still in the clay stage. The next time you go to the museum, you'll look at the mounted animals with a new interest.

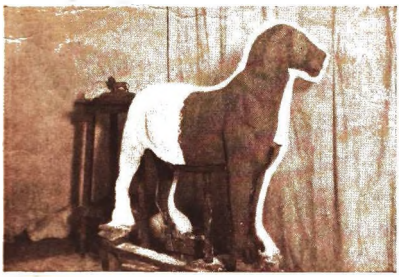
(1) **The lion's skull** and leg bones are placed on a frame and modeling clay is daubed on, roughly following body contours.



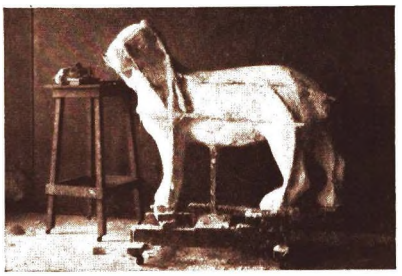
(2) **We're beginning** to get somewhere. The clay model takes on the definite form of a lion. The legs come next.



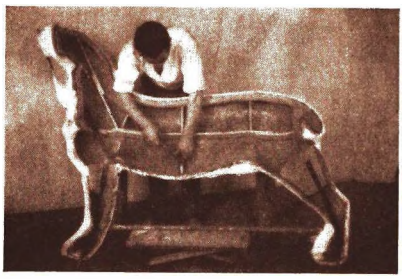
(3) **The clay model** is perfected. Notice the small model—a statue of a handsome lion killed by field workers.



(4) **The completed clay** lion is covered with plaster. Clay, being soft, can't be used as the permanent "body" of exhibits.



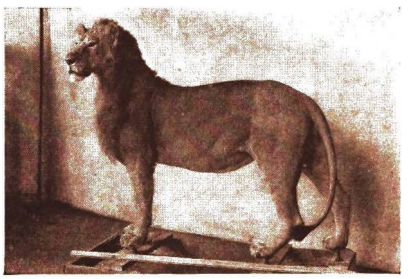
(5) **Heavy bars are** built into the plaster so the mold, removed in three sections, can be taken off without damage.



(6) **Into the plaster** mold is built a manikin. Burlap is glued to the cast. Then follows a structure of wire mesh, papier mache and wooden "ribs."

(7) **The glue is** softened with water, and the manikin taken out of the cast. The manikin will last many years.

(8) **This unusual** tailoring job consists of fitting our lion with a skin, which has been treated to keep it lifelike.



(9) **Our lion is** given glass eyes, his lips and nostrils are painted, and his hair combed. Again he is the king of beasts!

Why Bother *with* Ladders?

by

L. R. Davis

WHEN the red towers of the Triborough Bridge began to climb skyward, wiry Jim Burroughs signed up for work. The first columns were tall and bare. They stood out grimly against the black rock of the riverbank. Jim stood back and his grinning black eyes looked up at the columns as they faced each other across the whirling river. Erecting the towers would be a real job. But after a year in the steel trade Jim wasn't looking for crip jobs.

He got a break at once. The foreman said, "You're totin' rivets for the Rivers Gang."

The Rivers Gang! Best gang in the city—and nerviest. Maybe after they got to know him, they'd even make him one of the gang. That would be *something.*

The first morning at work Chad Rivers sent Jim down for some special pound-and-a-quarter bridge rivets. When Jim came back they began to drive them and Jim had a chance to watch in admiration. The rivets were the long and heavy. But the men handled them like carpet tacks. Chad strained at the hammer, the muscles of his back taut as an alder bow. Chad's left leg was stiff from an accident years ago; he kept himself in position with his right. He looked awkward, but there was nothing awkward about the way he handled the gun.

Jim's rapt gaze passed on to the heater, a small Irishman called Flaherty who was so short that his shoulders hardly came even with the forge. Chad's brother, Bill Rivers, was the bucker-up; a thin, dry looking Swede named Olafsen was the catcher

The men kept the red-hot rivets flying between them. They worked as though one brain guided them all. As Chad turned on his gun, Bill silently leaned on the dolly bar. Olafsen and Flaherty passed their rivets without speaking. Words weren't necessary in the perfect organization of the Rivers Gang.

Steel rang, and the big shaking hammer beat out a war dance. Jim grinned at the noise and the heat. There was excitement and fire and skill in the work of these men. More than he had ever wanted anything in his life Jim wanted to be one of them.

At the end of three months' work it looked as though Jim were going to have his chance. The winter was warm and wet and unhealthy. One day Chad came to work with a long face. Olafsen was in bed with pneumonia.

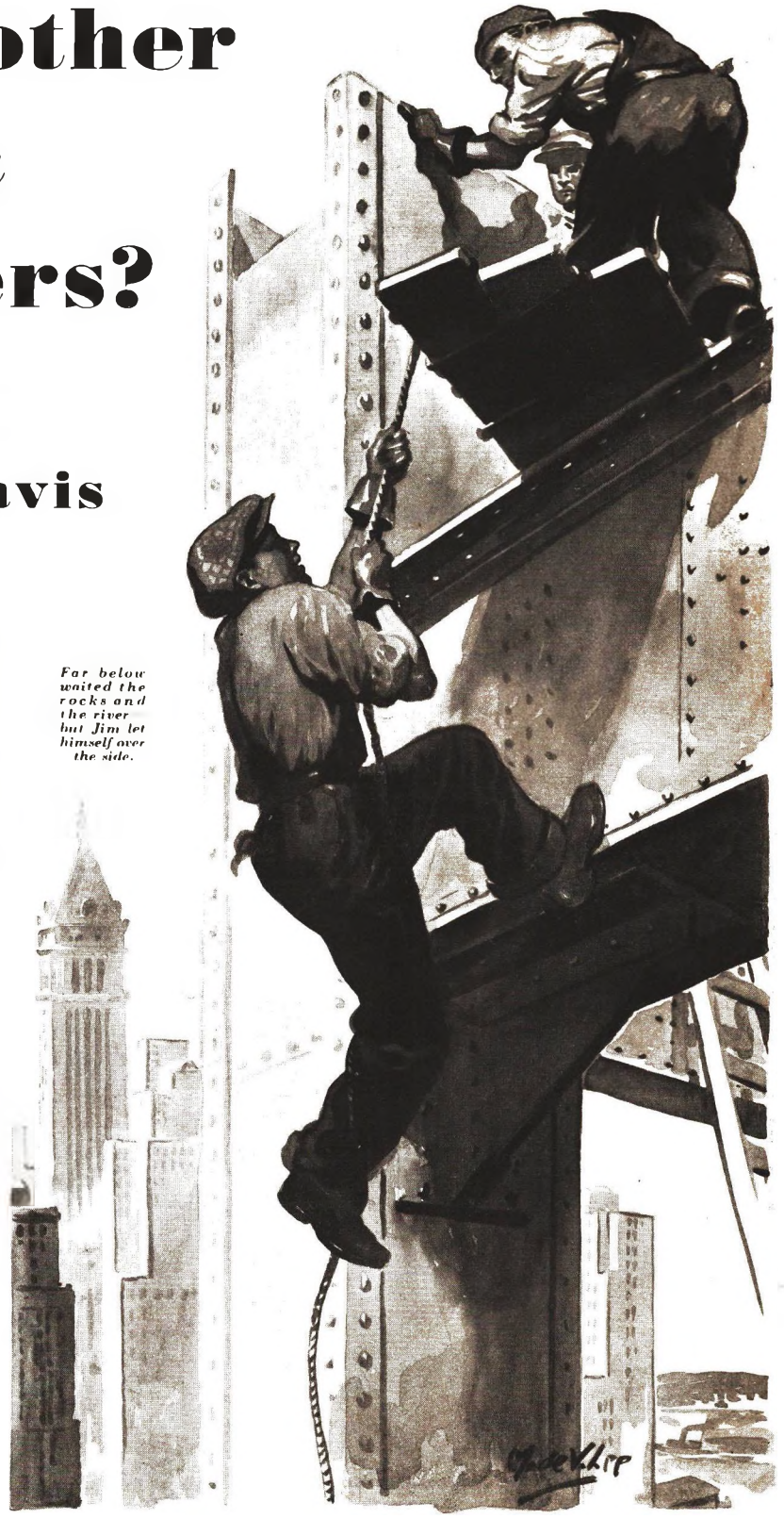
"Can you catch?" Chad asked Jim.

"You bet!" Jim answered. He hadn't practiced during all those lunch hours for nothing.

"Okay. Hop to it," Chad said. "But when Olafsen gets well you go back to totin' rivets."

Jim picked up the battered can with big, eager fingers. He'd show them he could catch.

Flaherty turned his blower handle and fanned his coals. When the rivets gleamed with heat he grabbed one with his tongs. "Ready?" he shouted to Jim.



Far below waited the rocks and the river but Jim let himself over the side.

Marooned sky-high in a storm a steel gang settles a scrap

Illustrator: MANNING deV. LEE

"Let 'er go!" Ready? Jim had never been readier in his life. Catching hot steel was what he was made for. Catching with the Rivers Gang.

The first rivet plunked in his can. He lifted it out for Chad to drive. Confidence swept over Jim. He was as good at catching as he was at climbing and he knew it.

The first day ended successfully. So did the second. On the third Chad came to work with his mouth set like a double steel brace. "Olafsen's washed up," he said. "He's through. The doctor says he'll live, but there's no more riveting for him. Foreman says he'll give him a job as a timekeeper."

Jim's heart pounded. Poor Olafsen was through. But Jim couldn't help thinking about the job. Who would they take on as permanent catcher of their gang? He looked up to ask and the words died on his lips. The other men had forgotten that Jim existed. Little Flaherty was crying openly. Chad's steely mouth was harder than ever, and Bill's gray eyes traveled out over the river for comfort he couldn't find.

Jim put his hands in his pockets and moved off. In time they would make him a member of the gang.

But February eased into March and nobody mentioned Jim's becoming a member of the gang. Once Jim spoke of it to Chad. Chad cut him short. "When we want a new member in this gang," he said, "we ask him. This is a racket where you can't make mistakes." He nodded at the gun and forge and dolly bar. "You can't just guess about the man who's going to handle these trinkets day in and day out."

Jim had nothing more to say. Anybody could see that one slip in riveting might be fatal. If the catcher missed the rivet it would strike the gunman. If the gunman were careless he would blow the bucker-up to kingdom come. Their lives were interwoven like the strands of a basket.

Each day Jim went to work feeling more discouraged. He was doing riveter's work and he wasn't being paid for it. He wasn't even laying any foundation for another job. Men were hired and fired by gangs. Unless Chad and the others recognized him as one of themselves by time to sign up on a new structure, he'd have to begin all over again as a rivet boy.

But it wasn't just the pay. The men apparently still considered him a rivet boy. They were the kings of their trade and they didn't know he was on earth.

Jim felt a lump in his throat as he hadn't felt one since he was about six. He didn't want them to make a fuss over him; he just wanted to be one of the crowd. To shove his clothes in the same locker box in the morning, to walk home with them at night, to work with the proud knowledge that they trusted him as they trusted one another. But they ignored him.

Then Jim got his idea. What they wanted was a demonstration. They knew he could catch rivets and climb around a bit, but how'd they know he had more than ordinary nerve? Nonchalance in high places wasn't enough—that was just the job.

Between rivets, Jim hitched up his trousers and for the first time in days a broad grin settled down between his ears. He'd show them. Danger was his meat. Didn't he want to belong to the Rivers Gang mainly because it was known all over that they took jobs other gangs were afraid to tackle?

He waited until they were ready to go home. At five o'clock the three men crowded around the ladder on Flaherty's platform to go down.

Jim flapped one of the platform ropes over a beam and down the outside of the building. He would beat them to the next floor by sliding down the rope. It was a trick to make anyone take notice.

Jim looked down at the rocks and the river far below. If his hands slipped—if he lost his balance for just a fraction of a second— But Jim didn't hesitate. He'd show them something new. They couldn't ignore him forever.

"Coming down?" Chad Rivers asked.

Jim's heart thumped. Now was his moment. "That way's too slow," Jim said. "Why bother with ladders?"

He let himself over the side!

He heard Chad call out, and the high Irish voice of Flaherty. But he went on, letting himself down hand over hand. Confidence returned. He'd show them!

Finally the red beams of the floor below came up. Gingerly he reached for the welcome steel with his toes, and swung free of the rope.

Jim turned and walked the narrow beam to the center of the building where the men were coming down the ladder. One false footstep and he'd be gone but he wasn't thinking about false footsteps. He was thinking about the other men and what they'd say to him. Jim swaggered down toward the center of the building to meet them.

He went quite close to them waiting for someone to speak. Then slowly it dawned on him that none of them thought it was nearly as bright as he did himself.

"What's the point?" Bill Rivers asked disgustedly. "You're supposed to be a riveter—not a gorilla."

Jim looked at Chad. Surely *he* would recognize a good show. But Chad said, "That kind of nerve's not worth a hang. Kid stuff. You got some growing up to do before we'll trust you with our necks, fellow."

"I'm as safe as any of you lugs!" Jim flared.

"Sure," Chad answered, "when the going's soft. But when trouble comes, the show-offs are usually the first to dog it."

The men walked down the stairs and Jim fell in silently behind them. The future, which had been so bright, now spread out bleakly before him. He was just a substitute holding down the position until a varsity man came along.

The next day was cold and raw, with a taste of rain in the air. Jim turned up his collar and went up the stairs and ladders to the top of the building. All the hope and enthusiasm that had kept him going these past months was no longer with him. Work was work now, and nothing more.

The morning was gusty, and the wettish wind made the steel beams treacherous. Jim looked up. The derrick hands were not working. He shrugged his shoulders. But he didn't blame anyone for not working when the steel was slippery as black ice.

By eleven o'clock all the other riveting gangs on the tower had quit work. By twelve it was drizzling steadily, and the beams and girders were wicked. Jim looked at Chad. Any steelworker knew that you couldn't drive rivets in the rain. Rain wasn't just dangerous on the top of a skyscraper. It was suicidal.

But their part of the building was behind, and this was a good chance to catch up. Chad kept them at it.

Once they stopped to gulp down coffee and eat their soggy sandwiches while huddled around Flaherty's forge. "You going on working?" Jim asked.

"How about it?" Chad came back. "Does the trick rope climber want to quit?"

Jim's neck and face got a dull angry red. He started back to his own platform. Suddenly he felt his left heel slipping but he caught himself and plunged to safety on the wooden platform.

Jim's heart pumped in his throat. For the first time he knew what it was like to be petrified with fear.

"Don't cross," he yelled hoarsely at the others. "It's terrible!"

The others looked at one another, then crossed without speaking. Jim fumbled for his catcher's can. He had lost his nerve. And the rest of the *(Cont. on page 39)*

Beams and girders were wickedly slippery. Heart pumping, Jim clung to the wooden platform. "Don't cross!" he yelled hoarsely at the others.

Go Hunting With Your

by

Joseph Wheatley

GET your boots and knapsack, because we're off on a hunting trip. But instead of a gun, bring your camera. Our hunting is for wild-life pictures. And a more exciting sport you never tried. We'll take our tips from a master, George Shiras, who started snapping wild-life pictures more than half a century ago. Since then he has taken thousands of them, using every gadget known to photography. But some of his best pictures, he says, were made with simple cameras. The National Geographic Society recently published two volumes of his pictures. Here are some examples. Take a look, and with this inspiration, see what kind of hunter-cameraman you can make of yourself.

A raccoon pulls at a piece of food attached to a string which operates the flashlight-and-camera mechanism. A rare photograph, occurring, you might say, once in a coon's age.

Shiras got this picture by using two cameras and two flashlight apparatuses. The first camera, which snapped the deer feeding, was set off when one of the deer kicked a string. In the exploding flashlight powder was a taut second string, attached to the second camera. The flash burned the string immediately, which released the second camera trap's shutter and flash, so that the deer were caught in mid-air as they leaped away from the first explosion!

Shiras "captured" this doe and her twin fawns *(below)* from a boat. He first sighted this group with a jack light. He cautions you to wait until at least an hour after dark, and not to work too hurriedly. Most animals, he says, will stare at a bright light for many seconds before taking fright, which enables you to sight your camera by the jack light. Switch the jack light off as you fire the flash. Don't expect to get a picture like this the first time.

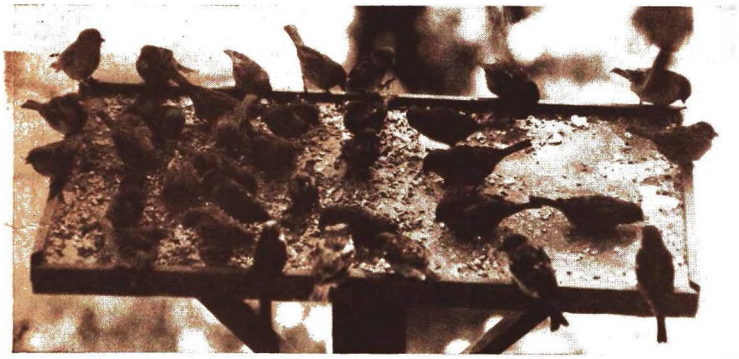
Here's something hard to get—a picture of the skittish Ward heron. To get anything as clear and close as this you'll have to have patience. You'll have to stalk your prey like a Daniel Boone. Locate the bird you want to shoot, learn its nesting place and its habits. Find a near-by hiding place or build a natural-looking blind and wait for your chance. Your bird is smart and you have to be smarter. Remember you have only one shot in your camera-gun. So be patient, and be alert.

Camera

Here's a classic picture of wild ducks *(right)* rising from a Louisiana marsh. You'll have to use a hunter's tactics to get it. Build a duck blind or find a natural cover. You might even use decoys. Then *wait*. As the ducks rise, SHOOT—at the fastest speed your shutter will work.

This porcupine took his own picture *(left)* by nibbling bait—to which the camera string was attached. See the rabbit? It's probably the only time a porcupine ever took a rabbit's picture!

This was the first picture ever made of a beaver at work—*(below)* and the beaver took his own picture! Shiras used a cheap camera, which he left in the woods for two weeks. As the beaver gnawed he pulled a string. The string was tied to a trigger which opened the lid of the flashlight powder box and set off a cap to fire it. The shutter release of the camera was connected to the box lid by a tight wire—it simultaneously clicked the shutter.

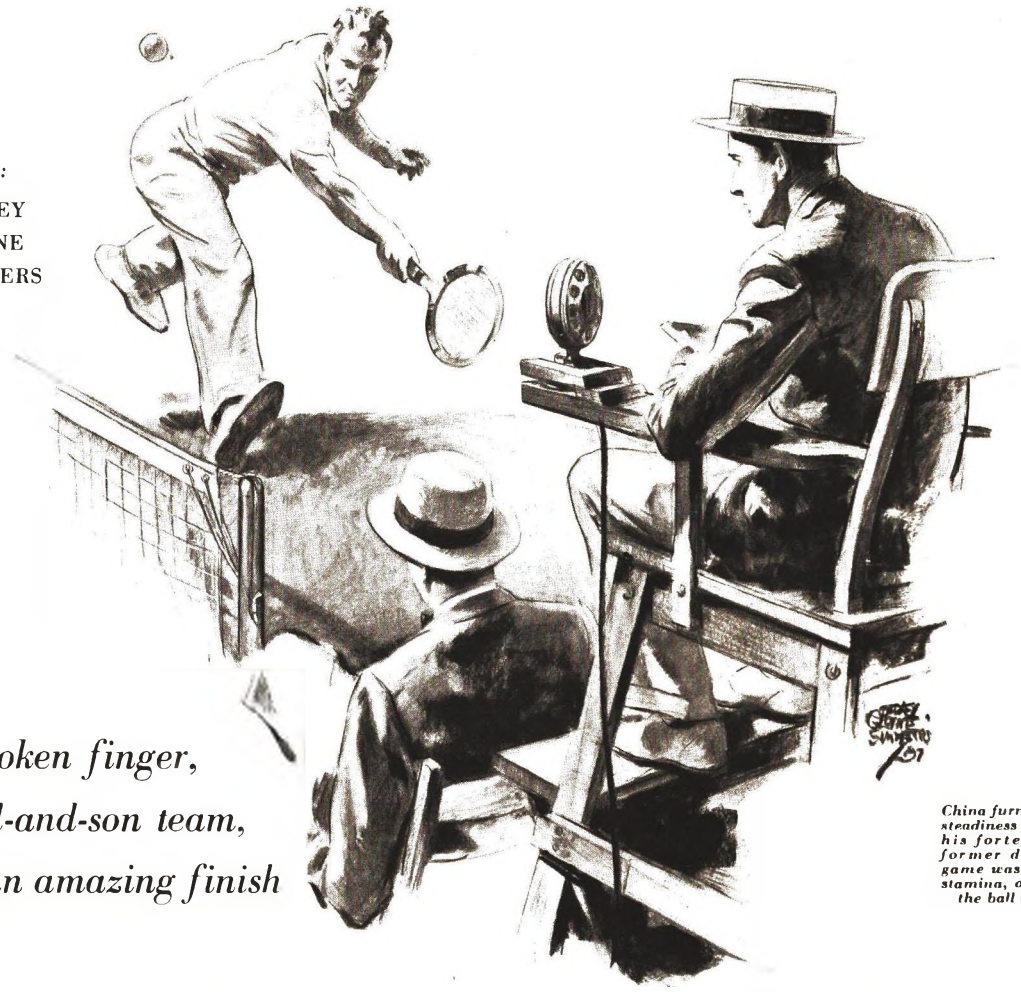


To get these common English sparrows, Mr. Shiras set up a feeding board outside his living-room window and put cracker crumbs and suet on it. He waited for the birds. Then he snapped three dozen of his hungry customers. Remember to shield your lens from the direct rays of the sun.

"Hark" was the title of this wild-deer picture. It won for Shiras international fame as a wild-life photographer. Moving downstream, he searched the shore with a bright jack light. When he sighted the deer he opened the camera shutter, fired the flash—and became famous.

Illustrator:

DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS



A broken finger, a dad-and-son team, and an amazing finish

China furnished the steadiness that was his forte—in the former days, the game was more of stamina, of keeping the ball in play.

We Play Again

by

Vereen Bell

THE THING happened two weeks before the International Doubles Tournament was to begin. Playing superbly on the smooth turf courts of the tennis club, Roberts and Harris were completely smashing the teams that had consented to work them out. The handful of observers agreed that Roberts—who had probably the best backhand in the country—was carrying most of the load. They didn't realize what a strategist Harris was, or how much Joe Roberts depended on him for steadiness. If they'd known that, they'd have been better able to appreciate the tragedy of the accident.

Roberts and Harris were polishing off Wedell and Davis. They'd have to be in top shape if they expected to do anything in the International, with crack teams like the Berlin aces, Von Stern and Schwartz.

The score in sets was 2-all. In games, 5-3. Roberts' service. The first ball was good. Davis returned smoothly. Harris took the shot, drove hard and deep to keep Wedell away from the net. Davis then made the mistake of shooting to Roberts' powerful backhand. Roberts' drive whistled over the net, struck Wedell's straining racket, and rocketed straight up. The spectators laughed, applauded. Wedell scowled and shook his racket at Joe in mock fury. Joe grinned and walked to the base line.

Wedell held up his hand. His partner's shoelace was untied. Relaxing, Joe looked toward the spectators. In the chairs he located a youthful man in a brown sports jacket and flannels, a man with steel-gray temple hair and slim, athletic shoulders—China Roberts, Joe's father. *There* was Joe's audience. When you had won the approval of China Roberts, you could know you were good. China knew tennis—he'd been the champion when *he* was Joe's age. But he'd given up tennis, years ago. Joe liked to think that China was living the old days over in his son.

Joe closed one eye and nodded his head slightly, and China smiled, winked back. A nice guy, that China Roberts, Joe thought as he faced the net again.

It was on the next play that the thing happened. Wedell's rabbitlike little partner made a weak return of Joe's serve, permitting Harris to drive to Wedell and then start with Joe to the net. But Wedell, who was more of a trick shot artist than a tennis player, sliced the ball sharply into Harris's alley. Harris scrambled for it, and lost his balance. But even falling he managed to make a shot which, by simple geometry, was angled too keenly over the net to be returned.

Harris got to his feet amid the applause. He picked up his racket, then let it slip out of his fingers. He looked at his hand.

Joe went to him, and examined the injured hand. There was a slight protuberance just below the joint of the index finger of his racket hand.

Harris was pale. "What does *that* mean?"

"I think it's broken," Joe said slowly.

"Oh," Harris said softly.

But more than a finger was broken, they both knew. They'd been working a year, trying to get themselves good enough to make the International Doubles. They had succeeded. They had been good enough. But not now. Not with a broken finger.

Wedell and Davis came over, and friends from the club. They walked to the clubhouse and called a doctor. There was a lot of spoken sympathy for Harris. The fact that the International Doubles was out wasn't mentioned. The whole club had been so proud of their young doubles team; the tragedy was one of those that you don't speak about. You just think about it.

That night there was a good deal of gloom in the Roberts apartment. Harris was sitting in an overstuffed chair near the window with his head sunk

As China and Joe went up on the clubhouse's marquee, groups of people moved back to let them pass, staring, whispering questions.

down between his shoulder blades and his right hand in splints and bandage. China Roberts slowly paced the floor, looking at the scrolled figures on the thick carpet. Joe Roberts sat in the window staring at the twinkling lights of the city. Presently, he said, "Raining."

China Roberts walked to the window, looked out over the jet-black hair of his son. "Report says rain tomorrow, too."

Harris muttered something between his teeth, and his head sank lower between his shoulders.

"When're you going to quit cussing yourself?" China asked. "*You* couldn't help breaking that finger."

Joe tried to think of some wisecrack to help cheer up Harris, but his mind refused to compose frivolous thought. He and Harris had been aiming at this big tournament for a year. They'd practiced endlessly. They'd played minor tournaments. After the first two, they knew they had an outside chance to win the big tournament. But now they might as well stay at home.

Joe had wanted to win. Not only for his own sake. He wanted to add an important cup to those beautiful ones China had won, twenty-five years ago. Those trophies that China never looked at, but that his wife kept proudly shined and polished.

Joe turned and gazed thoughtfully at his father, who had returned to his floor pacing. China Roberts had the trim build of a trapeze performer, even now at the age of forty-six. He kept it by squash and brisk walks every morning before breakfast. His stomach was as flat as Joe's, and the muscles in his shoulders were smooth and tough, and he walked with the graceful movement of a born athlete.

"If *he* could be my partner," Joe thought suddenly, "we might have a chance." But of course China wouldn't think of it.

China Roberts had taken a chair and was reading the tournament predictions on the sport page of a newspaper.

Joe wondered how they would come out, he and China. There were clippings in an old trunk that said China Roberts had been the best player in the country. Joe remembered one day when China had taken him into his room and showed him all the clippings and trophies. That had been five years ago, when Joe was fifteen.

"Why'd you quit playing tennis?" Joe had asked that day.

"The war came, Joe. But I'd already quit playing competitive tennis. It's hard to do that and work for a living too."

China had told him all about it, then. He'd been working on a big New York newspaper that didn't mind his tournament campaigns. To hear him tell it, he really wasn't very important to the newspaper. But then about 1912 the Chinese Manchus began to go out, and revolution spread all over China. Because he'd spent half his life there with his missionary father, and could speak the language, China Roberts was sent to Asia to cover the Chinese disturbance.

While he was over there, he was able to keep playing tennis. In fact, China Roberts met his toughest opponent there, a young man unknown to the tennis world.

"He was working for a great European bank, and had come down, bringing his wife and young son, to talk finances with the Chinese big shots. You see, Yuan Shi-K'ai, the new president, had to have a whopping big loan to bolster the new government. For months Yuan negotiated with a financial group representing Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, and Japan. He got the dough, finally."

China and the young banker played a lot of tennis, and a strong friendship developed. But then war broke out in Europe, and the tennis was at an end.

"As he was leaving he said to me, 'When this is all over, Roberts, we'll play again,'" China recalled. "I said yes, some day we *would* play again."

"And did you?" Joe asked.

"No. He was killed in 1918 at Chateau Thierry."

Joe was silent. Finally he said, "What about your tennis?"

China smiled. "After I got home from France there wasn't time for it. For one thing I had to get reacquainted with Mollie and get to know you. And the paper had become old-maidish and expected people to work. So tennis was shelved. For exercise, I took up squash, because you can play it all the year around."

Sitting now in the apartment window, Joe thought of the Chinese revolution, and tennis in the Orient, and a war that took lives without giving anything in return.

China Roberts had looked up from the tournament news and was staring at the wall with a funny, thoughtful expression in his eyes. He got up and walked across the room to another window.

Joe couldn't help noticing the young, graceful stride, and the good, ageless set of his shoulders. China Roberts was fit, Joe knew. Any time he doubted it, he could start a rough-and-tumble on the bed.

Suddenly he said, "*You* haven't any broken fingers, China."

His father turned. "Sort of funny. I was thinking something about that, too, Joe." China was looking out the window again. The rain was like rice being thrown against the pane. "I'd be rusty. Couldn't hit a ball."

"We've got two weeks to practice in. And you've played squash. You'll still have your eye," Joe said.

"The rackets are different," China replied. He walked over to Joe's case and took one of the rackets out. He closed his hand across the handle, and moved the racket head delicately up and down, feeling the weight and balance of it.

"Feels funny," he said. *(Continued on page 41)*

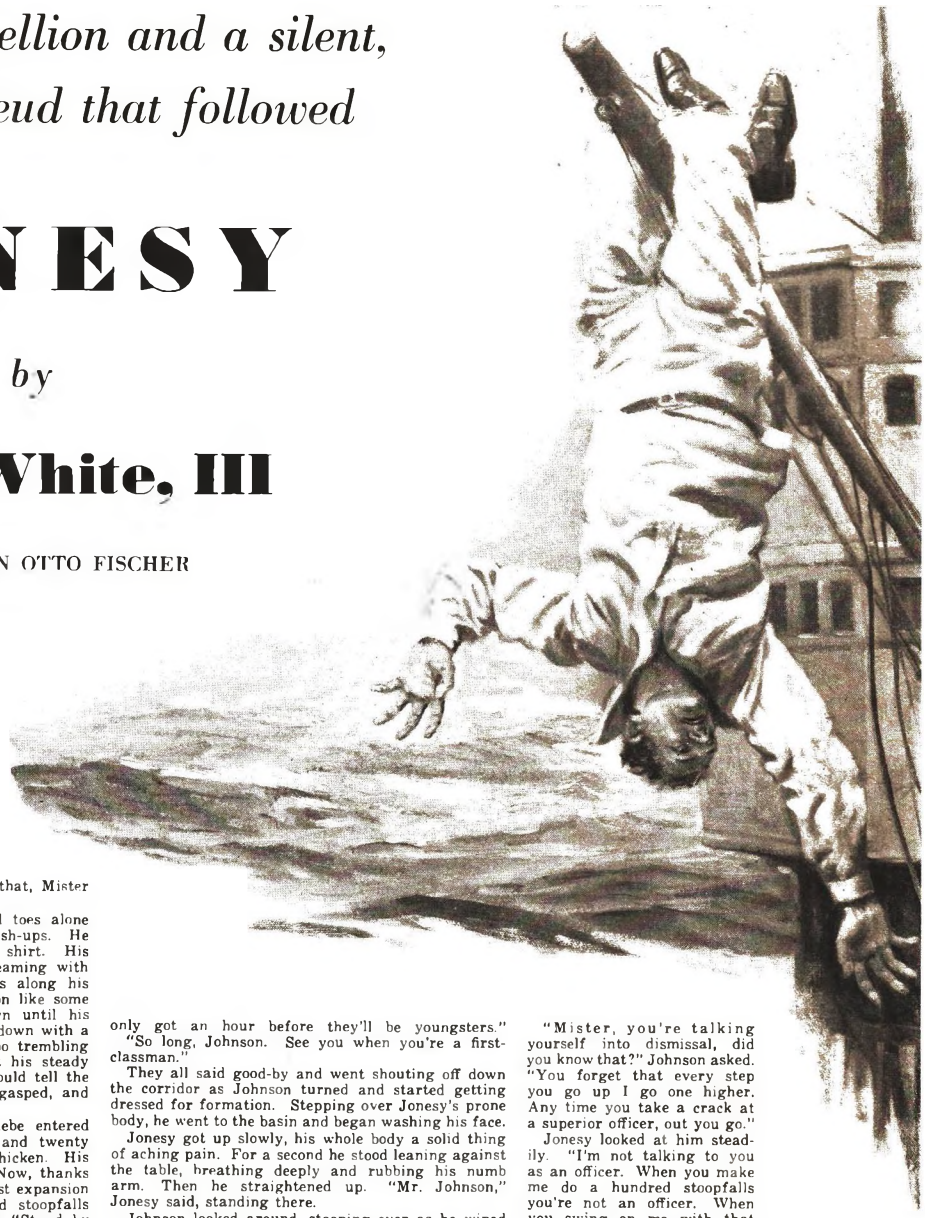
A story of rebellion and a silent, bitter navy feud that followed

JONESY

by

Robb White, III

Illustrator: ANTON OTTO FISCHER



THERE were four second-classmen in Johnson's room. Two of them were sitting on the edge of the table, which had been pushed back against the wall, and another one was lying on the bed, his head propped on pillows so he could see Jonesy on the floor. Johnson stood by the washbasin talking to his classmates from the other battalions.

"Gentlemen, before you is the stoopfall champion of the regiment, developed entirely by me. How many is that, Mister Jones?"

Stretched across the floor, hands and toes alone touching it, was Jonesy, plebe, doing push-ups. He was wearing work trousers and skivvy shirt. His broad, flat shoulders and arms were gleaming with sweat, and sweat ran in tickling drops along his nose, wavered and fell off as he went on like some human machine, doing push-ups. Down until his nose touched the deck, then up—up and down with a steady, unvarying rhythm. There was no trembling in his arms, no sound from him except his steady breathing. Yet when he spoke a man could tell the strain he was under. "Fifty-*two!*" he gasped, and went on mechanically.

"Fifty-two, gentlemen. When this plebe entered the academy he weighed one hundred and twenty pounds—he looked like a fresh-plucked chicken. His chest measured a scant thirty inches. Now, thanks to me, he weighs one sixty-five, has a chest expansion of five inches and can do one hundred stoopfalls without stopping," said Johnson. Then: "Stand by for boarders!"

"Aye, aye, sir," Jonesy gasped, as Johnson sat down on the small of his back.

"Twenty stoopfalls, Mister Jones," Johnson ordered, sitting there, and Jonesy began again raising and lowering himself with his arms, carrying the second-classman with him. After ten Johnson got up. "Twenty on one arm, Mister Jones," he ordered.

At eight Jonesy began to gulp for breath and they could hear the air sucking into his throat with a dry, grating sound. His one arm bending and straightening began visibly to weaken—trembling in hard rigors each time he tried to straighten it. Veins on the back of his neck and along his temples bulged out red and ugly as the sweat ran down them. At fifteen his breathing was very difficult—a quick gasp and silence, a gasp and silence each time he went down. As his arm slowly straightened it would bend and wobble. Inside his arm was dead—it had no feeling in it at all from his aching back and shoulders. "Twenty," he rasped, and dropped down flat on the floor.

"Not bad," one of the second-classmen said.

"You'd better bear a hand," another said; "we've only got an hour before they'll be youngsters."

"So long, Johnson. See you when you're a first-classman."

They all said good-by and went shouting off down the corridor as Johnson turned and started getting dressed for formation. Stepping over Jonesy's prone body, he went to the basin and began washing his face.

Jonesy got up slowly, his whole body a solid thing of aching pain. For a second he stood leaning against the table, breathing deeply and rubbing his numb arm. Then he straightened up. "Mr. Johnson," Jonesy said, standing there.

Johnson looked around, stooping over as he wiped his face. "What do you want, mister?"

"I've taken a driving from you for a year, sir," Jonesy said, slowly.

"So what?"

Jonesy looked at the man still wiping his face. "In an hour I won't be a plebe any longer. I'll be an upper-classman, see," Jonesy said quietly.

Johnson lowered his hands and straightened up, looking at the plebe. "Was there a sir on that?" he snapped.

"No, there wasn't."

Johnson walked over and got his broom. "Assume the angle."

"In a minute I will," Jonesy said calmly. "I said I'd taken a beating from you all year. I never took a swing at you because I was a plebe. But as soon as the exercises are over, Johnson, you're going to the cleaners. This is the last time you push me around." Without looking at the upper-classman Jonesy walked over to the space in front of the shower and stooped over, ready for Johnson to hit him with the broom.

"Attention," Johnson ordered.

Jonesy stood up and faced about.

"Mister, you're talking yourself into dismissal, did you know that?" Johnson asked. "You forget that every step you go up I go one higher. Any time you take a crack at a superior officer, out you go."

Jonesy looked at him steadily. "I'm not talking to you as an officer. When you make me do a hundred stoopfalls you're not an officer. When you swing on me with that broom, you're not an officer. I'm talking to the man who did that to me all year. This is between you and me, Johnson."

"In other words, you couldn't take it," Johnson said unpleasantly.

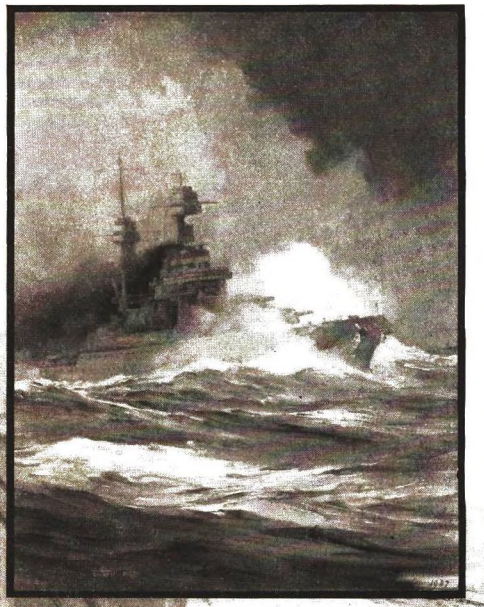
"I've already taken it. It's your turn," Jonesy said.

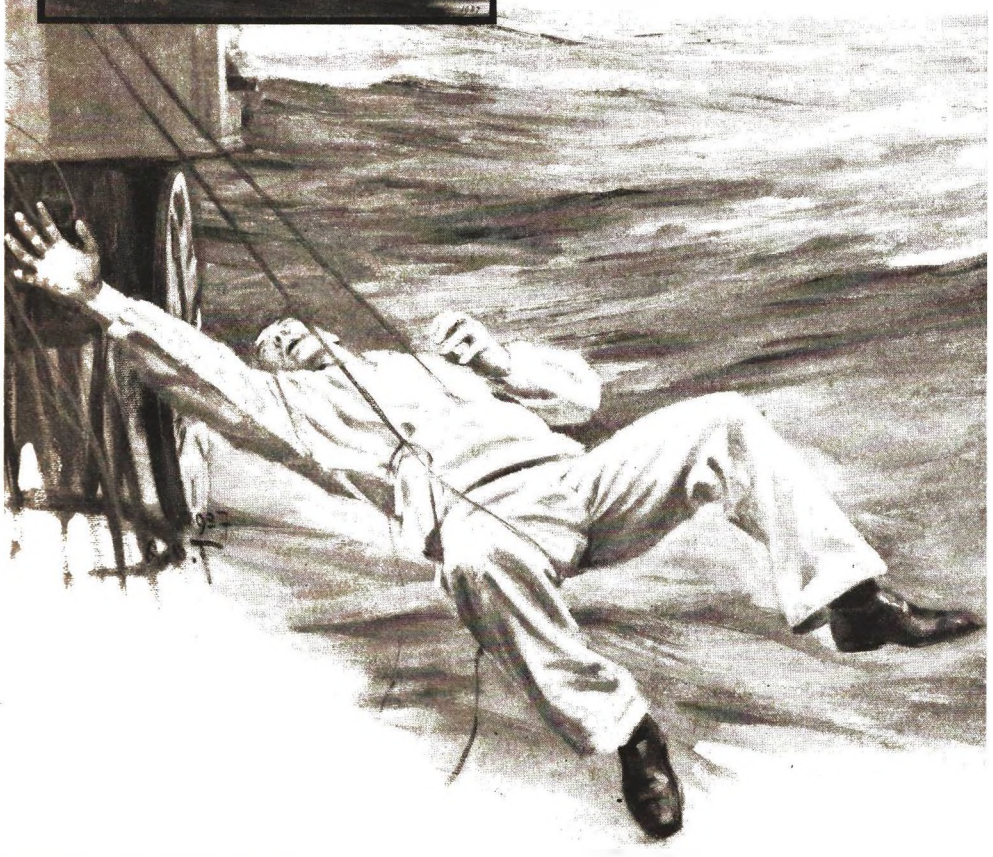
"O. K., mister. I'll meet you on the dock in Norfolk and we'll settle this."

The motor sailers came in one after the other and emptied out on the long wharves at Norfolk load after load of midshipmen from the two battleships anchored off the channel. Girls, friends, parents were there to meet many of them and they laughed and yelled at one another as they went swaggering away into the town—deep-sea sailors after a week at sea.

Jonesy, standing inboard of the dock, watched the boats unload. To the *Pennsylvania's* group he paid scant attention but he watched each man disembarking from the *Wyoming*. At last he saw Johnson leap out on the wharf and stand there with the others milling around. Jonesy walked forward and for the

Waves, crashing over the bow, made huge gray-white plumes and mountains of spray that dashed and splattered around the foremast.





Coming fast, Johnson's body flashed by. It stopped with a slow jerk and rushed back again. Jonesy jammed his arm out.

first time he felt a cold tingle of fear. Perhaps it wasn't fear, he thought; perhaps it was excitement, for all along his arms and legs little prickles of nerves jabbed at his skin. Swallowing hard, he walked up to Johnson. "O. K.," he said.

In silence, side by side, they walked for almost an hour until both of them saw the little cleared space among some small oaks. Turning off the road, they ducked under the limbs and came out in a rough circle of sunburned brown grass surrounded by trees. The ground was dry and hot, but there were few stones and the grass was fairly thin. "O. K.," Johnson said, taking off his uniform coat and hanging it on the limb of a tree.

At last they stood facing each other, stripped to their skivvy shirts and trousers. For what seemed a very long time they stood looking at each other. Then Johnson said, "You asked for this."

"It's for you," Jonesy answered.

"O. K., mister, I'm going to knock you from Dan to Beersheba," Johnson declared.

"Skip it," Jonesy said quietly. "How do you want it?"

"Any way you want it."

"Straight boxing, no wrestling."

"Any way you want it," Johnson repeated.

Jonesy doubled up his fists and started walking forward. Johnson looked bigger than he had ever seen him before. The man, with his chin crammed into his shoulder, his big fists steady in front of him, was no pushover; Jonesy knew that. It would be hard sailing and Jonesy wasn't sure he could make it. He jabbed out with his left. It missed and he backed away from a left. They circled, and Jonesy jabbed again, smacking his bare fist against Johnson's hard forearm. Johnson caught him a glancing blow across the ribs. Jonesy jabbed again and missed.

Jonesy backed off a little, watching. Johnson stood still. Suddenly Jonesy leaped forward, jabbing with his left. He felt Johnson on the end of his fist as Johnson's arm came sliding across his face. Blindly Jonesy lashed out again with his left, landed, and followed with a hard right hook to Johnson's head and looked again. A splotch of red was growing on Johnson's face.

They circled again, eying each other until finally Johnson came tearing in. Jonesy stood waiting for him and ducked the left, swinging under it with his own left and catching Johnson full in the mouth. Johnson ripped into his heart with a hard, exploding right hand, then smashed a left and a right into his face. Backing away Jonesy fought furiously for a second, but Johnson came on in, tearing him to pieces with hard straight rights and lefts. Somehow Jonesy suddenly smacked the ground. Johnson stood over him panting. "Enough?"

Jonesy, resting on his elbows, shook his head.

"There's more when you get up," Johnson said.

Jonesy got up slowly, watching the other man. When he was steady on his feet Johnson came in again, but Jonesy was more careful. Weaving to one side, he swung suddenly with all his weight in his right hand. The feel of his fist sinking into Johnson's hard ribs was good, and he smashed a high, looping left to the man's face and followed with another right to the body. Johnson knocked him staggering backward with a straight left to the jaw but Jonesy recovered and fought him off as he rushed in.

For a few seconds they stood toe to toe swapping them and Jonesy began to give way slowly. Johnson followed doggedly, slamming with both hands. Jonesy stopped him with a right to the mouth that brought blood oozing from Johnson's tight-shut lips, but a left, coming like a fourteen-inch shell, tore the skin off Jonesy's cheek bone and knocked him back into the trees. He circled clear of the branches and rushed in, mauling with both hands while in his mind a stupid song kept repeating itself over and over. "He can dish it out, but I can take it."

"Break it up, break it up!"

Slowly dropping their arms, Jonesy and Johnson turned toward the unexpected sound that had stopped them. At the edge of the grove were two officers. As the officers walked forward the midshipmen, panting and bloody, snapped to attention.

"Names?" one officer ordered.

"Johnson, R. C., sir, sec—first class, sir."

"Jones, F. L., third class, sir."

"I see," the officer said. "Grudge fight between classes."

"No, sir," Jonesy said. "Personal."

"Yes, sir," Johnson agreed.

"Just cutting each other to pieces for fun," the officer remarked.

"Yes, sir," Jonesy said.

"All right. Shove off—and no more of this, understand?"

"Yes, sir," they both said.

After the officers got back into the car the two midshipmen stood there watching them drive away. At last Johnson turned.

"They might come back by here," he said.

Jonesy nodded. "We'll finish this later." *(Cont. on page 26)*

Death *by*

Handle a rattler with great care, says Ross Allen

These snakes are harmless. Coiled in the foreground is an indigo snake. All tangled up near Allen's feet is the pine bull. In his hands, a chicken snake. The alligator is harmless too—with his jaws tied together.

"LIKE it?" I asked.

"Crazy about it. Wouldn't do anything else, now."

And the young man who looked to me like a varsity fullback said he "liked it" in much the same manner as I would say, "I like fried chicken, especially the drumstick."

E. Ross Allen is not a fullback. He's Florida's Number One snake man, and the calmest fellow I ever met. His movements are sure, and definite and smooth. He talks very slowly and says just what he means.

What is this he is crazy about? To the average person the thing he likes would raise gentle quivers along the spine. I watched his quiet, impassive face—then I looked down at one thousand quiet, equally impassive diamondback rattlers and cottonmouth moccasins! You've got to be calm and certain in your movements, with that company!

Allen is crazy about his job. He understands snakes and they understand him—in fact, he makes mighty sure he understands them! He picked up a diamondback rattler long enough to skip rope with, his strong hand barely encircling its neck, and the mouth snapped open to a size that would cover your fist. The hooked fangs, wet and glistening, were as long as the fingernail of an Oriental. But there was no trouble here. Everything was under control. The fellow who "liked it" was not in the slightest disturbed, and his face was as peaceful as the cat on the foot of your grandmother's bed. But his eyes never left that snake's head. Neither did mine!

Handling a giant rattler isn't nearly as easy or simple as it looks. A healthy diamondback six and one-half feet long may weigh fifteen good solid pounds of angry muscle and speedy death. He's strong enough to squirm out of your grasp if you don't hold on tight. And one lunge is enough to give you a wing-sprouting dose of fluid from his hollow tooth. If he happens to hit a vein, you won't have time to sprout wings.

"The diamondback is the most interesting creature that lives on the earth," Ross Allen told me.

"You can have him, his sisters, brothers and cousins on down to the third and fourth generation," I said, easing my camera an inch closer, cracking the shutter, and covering ground in a backward direction, like a crab. Those diamondbacks looked too blamed peaceable to brook any good for this writer.

I eased my neck over the edge of a concrete pit, like an ant exploring a sugar bowl. "What's this?"

"Harlequin coral snake," Ross Allen informed me. "Want to see him?"

"Well, yes." The harlequin was small and comparatively short. He didn't seem nearly as menacing as the ugly rattler. With a snake hook and his hands, Ross obligingly lifted the brilliant reptile from the pit and placed him on the sand in the sun. The reptile didn't seem to mind at all. Obligingly he posed for us, his brilliant red-orange and black circular bands showing up like a piece of South Sea coral.

"What's the news about him?" I asked.

"Well, venom from this baby is the most deadly in North America. He makes his home in the states bordering the Gulf of Mexico. A burrowing snake; belongs to the cobras; attains a maximum length of forty inches. Feeds on snakes and lizards. He's the only poisonous snake in the United States that lays eggs—or, rather, his wife is. *Micrurus fulvius.*"

Ross Allen has made giant strides in the snake business. He has the largest snake venom extracting institute in the country, a $25,000 standing stock business, and he is only twenty-nine years old. He started with a five-dollar bill, a hobby, and more than average determination.

Twenty-odd years ago he was a weak and puny youngster, and his parents had almost decided that he was destined to a life of illness and uselessness. He went to camp during his summers, learned how to swim, and a transformation occurred. Whether swimming was responsible or not, he began to develop the shoulders and chest capacity of a fullback. He found, before long, that his eyesight was unusually keen and his nerves steadier than average. Good qualities, these, for a man who handles live poison!

You would have no doubts about Allen's swimming ability or his keen nerves if you could see him dive into the Silver River, grapple with a six-foot alligator and bring him to shore. A sports movie was made of him not long ago, and before the eye of the camera Allen shoved off in a raft with his negro helper. Then, clad in nothing but trunks, Allen dived to the bottom of the stream, took hold of a giant turtle and brought him to the surface and dumped him on the raft. One after another he brought up turtles until there were so many on the raft that the helper seriously considered abdicating in favor of the big brutes.

After that, just to complete the show, Allen dived in after a snake that was undulating through the water. It was poisonous, but that fact didn't bother Allen. He simply swam alongside it, below the surface, grasped it behind the head, and paddled to the raft with his free hand.

All of which is no business for an amateur. You've got to know your snakes, turtles, and alligators if you want to invade their empires.

This is the rattler's hollow fang.

From the age of twelve, snakes have been the big interest in Allen's life. So completely did they dominate his thoughts that he gave up a perfectly good engineering course to study reptiles and taxidermy. With the aid of Dr. C. H. MacDonald, he organized the Florida Reptile Institute in 1931. Dr. MacDonald later sold out, and now Allen is sole director. He is recognized as one of the country's outstanding herpetologists, and his institute has become one of the most important reptile centers in America. With his snakes he is saving the lives of humanity.

Once each week he "milks" the diamondbacks, the cottonmouth moccasins, the copperheads and the deadly little coral snakes. He does it by hand, the only way it can be done. The picture on the opposite page expresses better than words the method he uses. The venom is rushed into the nation's finest laboratories for the treatment of hitherto incurable diseases. For instance, the venom of the cottonmouth is being used in the treatment of hemorrhagic diseases. You've heard about hemophiliacs, those unfortunates who are likely to bleed to death from a small scratch—cottonmouth venom helps hemophilia. Rattlesnake venom is being used in treating epilepsy, and experiments are going forward in the use of rattlesnake venom in place of morphine.

In making his movie, Allen had the unusual experience of a cottonmouth moccasin striking over the side of a dugout canoe from the water. It struck him squarely on the knee, leaving fang and teeth punctures. He immediately cut it open, tied a tourniquet and applied suction, thinking he was badly poisoned. After half an hour, when no symptoms of poison had developed, he realized that for some miraculous reason he hadn't received a drop of venom. A little later he caught this same moccasin, "milked" it, and found it to be full of venom. It was just a case of the hypodermic not shooting out its "thick orange juice."

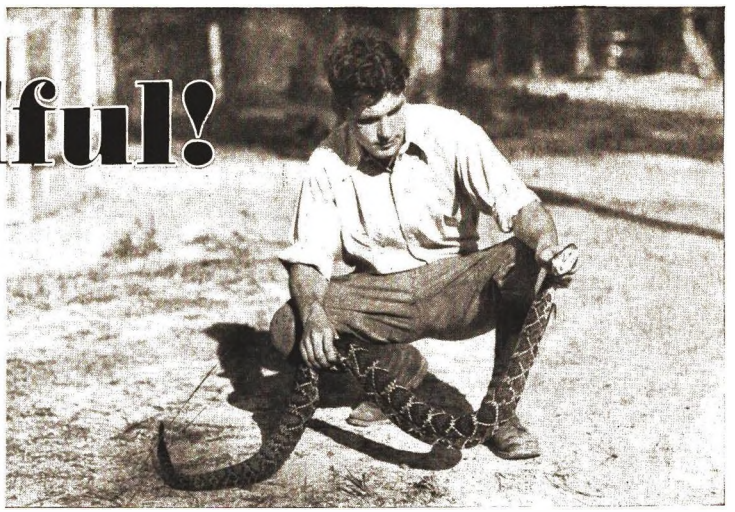
Having survived this without pain, he afterwards ran into a stump and the subsequent injury laid him up for a month!

On May 17, 1936, Allen performed on the air at Radio City, New York. On this occasion he "milked" a tremendous diamondback rattler for the benefit of his radio audience, the tail of the snake supplying the sound effects. These sound effects were so perfect and natural that mail swarmed in inquiring how the "rattling sound" was done! The audience thought it was just another radio act. It wasn't. It was the real goods, and the studio officials still sweat nervously when they recall the metallic buzz that went out over the ether.

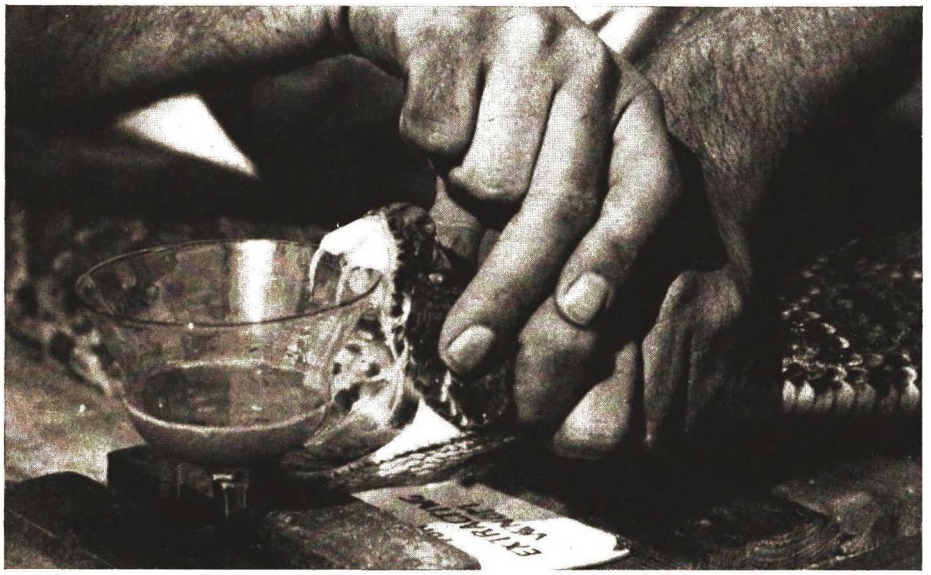
the Handful!

by

Hiram Jefferson Herbert



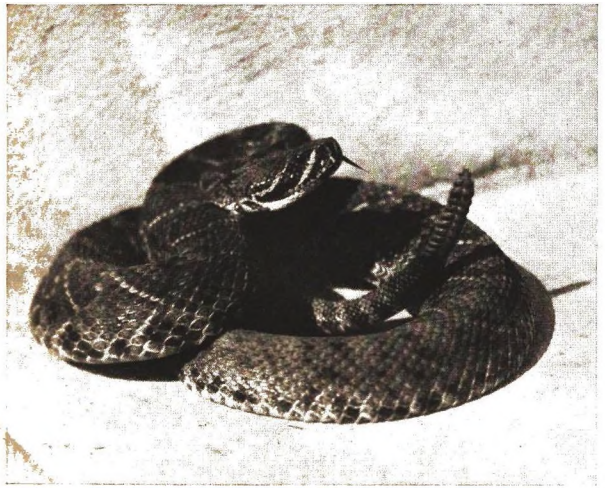
To make the diamondback give up his venom, let him strike at the edge of a firmly anchored glass. Notice the long, curved fangs projecting from the upper jaw.



In case you've wondered how large a rattler grows, take a look at this fellow. He's as tall as a basketball center and weighs fifteen pounds—mostly muscle.

"I would advise you," the rattler *(below)* tells you with his buzzing tail, "not to annoy me. You leave me alone and I'll leave you alone. A bargain?"

This cottonmouth *(below)* is five feet, six inches long and weighs ten pounds. Now you know what an unwary mole sees when a cottonmouth is about to demolish him.



As Yellow Bear and Fox Eyes mounted and headed toward us, the angry Cutthroats were upon them. I thought, "They can't escape!"

Stained Gold

by James Willard Schultz

The Preceding Chapters

THE CUTTHROATS had cornered us! They had built a barricade across the ridge that was our only exit from the narrow, river-bound point where our little party of white trappers and Indians had made camp. We could not pass them, and if we stayed we must starve.

It was all the fault of Charlie Carter's sacks of "bad luck gravel," two little sacks that held over seven thousand dollars in gold dust.

Charlie Carter and I, Frank Rive of St. Louis, had long been roaming the Northwest plains with the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfeet confederacy; then that fine fall of 1864 we had left most of the tribe planning to winter on Middle Creek and had recklessly persuaded a little party to go with us to Musselshell River, where the banks were alive with beaver. Besides Carter and his Indian wife Paiot'aki and me, there were only three Pikuni chiefs and their families and four other white trappers and their Indian wives. A small handful to plunge alone into the wilderness!

But for a time things went well. We met buffalo stampedes and enemy attacks and came out unharmed. And the trapping was fine.

Finally, however, trouble came scorching out of the "bad luck gravel," as Paiot'aki called the gold dust that the factor at Fort Benton had declared was rightfully Carter's. Three Bulls had seized it in a raid on some Sioux, and had given it to Carter.

But it was stained gold. To get it, three whites had killed a friendless old miner. The Sioux had killed the three whites, and Three Bulls' party had killed the Sioux. Then two trappers in our Musselshell camp, Bellaire and Bird, the traitors, had stolen the gold dust and, in escaping, had killed Three Bulls' younger wife and little son.

We had set out to leave the women and children of our camp with the Pikuni on Middle Creek, and then catch Bellaire and Bird—and the Cutthroats had met us, killed Low Horn and Wilson, and trapped the rest of us on the river point.

Our hearts were low. True, Richards had rafted down the river under cover of night, hoping to reach the big camp of the Pikuni and bring back help. But would he ever make Middle Creek? If not, how long could we hold out?

To add to our heaviness of heart, Yellow Bear, a Kutenai who had joined us after the Cutthroats had killed his woman, was half crazed by his grief, and had persuaded young Fox Eyes to go with him to the river to recover his captured horses when the Cutthroats should bring them down to water. We had learned of the plan too late and could not stop them.

Nor could we help them in any way when the Cutthroats, yelling and shouting, came swarming out from behind their barricade and rushed down on the reckless two. We could only stand there that wretched morning and see our two friends run madly on into desperate danger.

Chapter Six

COLD with apprehension, I watched Yellow Bear and Fox Eyes tear on toward the horses. With the yelling, shooting Cutthroats getting nearer every instant, those two seized the dragging ropes of two horses and yanked them from the water.

As they mounted and headed toward us, the angry Cutthroats were upon them. I thought, "They can't escape!"

But even as I thought it, they were charging through that yelling swarm, twisting, veering, dodg-

ing—saving themselves! Yes, in another instant we saw that they were not only free of the crowd and safe but the two loose horses, evading the attempts of several Cutthroats to capture them, were closely following their mates.

Then how the women did sing and praise the two! Soon the adventurers burst in upon us in the timber, Yellow Bear silent and grim, young Fox Eyes singing and shouting. As he slid from his horse the women surrounded and patted him, handing over water and part of our fast vanishing supply of meat.

While they ate and drank, Yellow Bear still silent and grim, young Fox Eyes told again and again of their successful venture, and we let him talk, as was his right and pleasure. But when he ended, Three Bulls had a word to say:

"You two, would that you had not gone out there. The Cutthroats were content just to sit and watch us starve. But now they will likely again attack us, and we are too few to fight them."

I slept soundly until late afternoon when voices awoke me. Paiot'aki and Bellaire's grass widow were talking, and Paiot'aki was saying:

"Not my fault that we are here. I begged and begged my man to throw away the unlucky yellow gravel, but he would keep it, and see what followed: You lost your man. Three Bulls' two dear ones killed. Low Horn killed. Wilson killed. Yellow Bear, so crazed with grief, nearly killed by the three bad white men. And now those Cutthroats out there, likely to kill us or starve us all to death."

"Not your man's fault," the other replied. "Of course he wanted to keep the yellow gravel. He wanted to buy you all the useful and pretty things the white traders have to sell. He could not believe that yellow gravel was unlucky. No, not he the cause of our grievous troubles, but that dog-face man I had, and that equally bad heart, Bird. Constantly I pray the Above Ones to let me live to see them suffer for all they have done to us."

Said Paiot'aki: "Do not think from what I have said that I do not love my man. I do, I do. I dearly love him, man child that he is—" There she gasped and broke off as she caught my eyes upon her.

"You!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were asleep. You have been listening to us. Don't you dare tell my man what I just now said."

"Why not?"

"Because it is not good for men to know how much their women love them."

"I see no sense in that but have it your own way," I answered, and went out and joined Carter and the other men at the edge of the timber. They had but recently finished their sleep. The women watchers had reported the Cutthroats quiet all through the day. Ancient Man remarked that he was very hungry and we sighed.

Said young Fox Eyes: "If anything happens to our messengers—"

"Hush! You must not doubt. They will go safely to our people," Three Bulls interrupted. Then desperately: "They must."

"They will doubtless reach the Pikuni camp tonight," said Ancient Man.

But we all knew only too well the risk of their being discovered by some wandering war party. Furthermore, though the Pikuni had set out for Middle Creek, they might for some reason have gone somewhere else to winter. Then, indeed, we were lost.

Another night passed without an attack, followed by another restless fear-ridden day. It was late in the afternoon when we saw, far up the ridge, a long and narrow dust cloud.

"Our rescuers!" shouted Three Bulls. "They come!" But with his next breath he sadly contradicted himself, "Ah, no!"—and then we all realized that the dust cloud was too great for a company of riders.

"Buffaloes," Ancient Man said.

And so it was, a herd of buffalo on a swift run for water.

The Cutthroats had heard the thunder of hoofs and came running from their camp to attempt to turn back the rush and prevent us from getting meat. As they gathered at their barricade, our women began calling upon Sun to aid us.

Hungrily we watched the swiftly descending herd, like a mighty brown torrent pouring down the narrow ridge. The Cutthroats waved blankets and fired at its leaders, but the herd could not stop. They simply had to keep on going straight down. The Cutthroats realized it, too, and fled back into the coulee, while the now frightened animals trampled and scattered the barricade as though it were so much straw.

We were now all laughing and shouting that the Cutthroats could not starve us. We would have plenty of fat cow meat, for the herd would come on straight to the end of the point to cross the river! We could stay here all winter!

Shouted Three Bulls: "You women and children, stand close behind the largest tree you can find until the rush is over."

Cried Ancient Man: "Let us kill only two or three—we don't want rotting animals around our camp."

And Paiot'aki: "I don't like this! Our scattered belongings will be trampled to pieces."

It was then that the leaders of the herd left the foot of the ridge, but instead of coming straight on, they suddenly turned and headed for the point where Yellow Bear and Fox Eyes had killed the two Cutthroats. A moment later all of the frightened beasts were swimming for safety toward the opposite side of the river.

Our hearts fell. We were almost stunned by this sudden end to our confident hope of food.

Said Three Bulls at last: "What wrong have we done that the Above Ones no longer aid us?"

"Ah. *Kaiyo, kaiyo,*" the women sighed.

Still more to depress us, the Cutthroats sped back up onto the ridge, danced and sang, and signed to us that we would starve. Then some began rebuilding their barricade, while others set about butchering the buffalo they had killed.

We talked but little during the remainder of the day. All were thinking that if Richards and his woman failed to find the camp of the Pikuni we must surely starve. We could get no material for rafts, and we could not swim across the wide, swift river.

Dusk came at last and we ate our few morsels of meat and resumed our guard positions for the night.

"Be alert," Three Bulls warned us. "The Cutthroats have not forgotten our capture of the horses and the killing of yesterday morning."

But the night wore on and they did not appear. Dawn revealed the flat before us bare of life, nor was smoke rising from our enemies' camp. Still asleep, we thought.

As we watchers were gathering to go into camp, Three Bulls' woman came to us and said that the two Snake women, Bird's woman and Wilson's, were missing. She had heard them talking in the night, had heard them get up and leave the lodge, and they had not returned.

But we made light of their absence. Carter said that the poor Snakes, fearing another attack by the Cutthroats, had gone farther out in the grove to hide, and were doubtless somewhere out there asleep.

Illustrator: FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Three Bulls left us, saying that he was going to try to get a helpful vision.

The early morning was chilly. We gathered around a fire the women had built for us, and Low Horn's widows went away to release the horses from the corral. Soon all three began shrieking. We snatched up our weapons and ran. We found them standing near the corral, crying, staring, pointing to the Snake women. Each was dangling from a rope tied to a limb of a tree, each slightly swaying in the morning breeze. They had hanged themselves.

"The poor ones—the lonely ones," our women murmured as they wept. And said Paiot'aki: "Two more. Two more gone because of the yellow gravel."

Sadly we cut the ropes and laid the stiffening bodies down for the women's last tender care. Then we hurried out to the grove to resume our watch. None of the Cutthroats was yet in sight, nor had they built their morning fires. Strange that they should be so long asleep, we thought.

Paiot'aki brought our meager breakfast, and as we were eating I spoke of something I had thought of in the night.

"We don't have to starve while waiting for the Pikuni," I said confidently. "We can eat one or two of our horses, or some of our dogs."

None answered, and after a little I asked impatiently: "Is it that you all are deaf?"

Then pityingly Ancient Man looked at me and replied: "We thought that you knew—horses and dogs are sacred animals. Bears, too. We do not eat them."

"But the Crees, Crows, Sioux, and other tribes eat dogs," I said shamefacedly.

"They are different. No doubt their gods permit that which our gods forbid," he answered.

"You better quit talkin' about it," Carter murmured.

"They'd starve to death before they'd eat dogs, horses, fish, or bears."

Dejectedly we smoked a couple of pipes, after which several of the women relieved us of our watch and we turned back into camp to sleep. But not for long. It was no more than ten o'clock when one of the women came in, awoke us, and said: "Sun is high up in the blue, but no Cutthroats have appeared. What make you of it?"

Sleepily we followed her out. She was right. Not an enemy was to be seen, nor was any smoke rising from their camp in the coulee. It was not possible, we agreed, that they were still asleep.

"Do they consider us crazy that they think they can trick us?" Ancient Man asked. "We know they haven't gone."

Said Yellow Bear grimly: "I have lost my woman and care not if I live or die. I will go out there and learn what the Cutthroats are doing."

"No!" Three Bulls quickly answered. "You shall not so risk your life. We need you right here, brave fighter that you are."

"As you say," the Kutenai sighed, and lay down and closed his eyes.

Three Bulls soon left us, saying that he was going back in the timber to try to get a helpful vision. Came a couple of women to relieve us, and we went in to rest and loaf. We were too hungry, too worried for more than an occasional short nap.

When we went on watch again, Three Bulls joined us, despondent because he had been unable to obtain a vision. Not a Cutthroat had been seen during the day. Yet another night passed uneventfully, and still none appeared.

Paiot'aki had no meat for us that morning, only a few small pieces of it remaining for the children. Again Three Bulls went into seclusion to attempt to get a helpful vision. In vain we kept watch upon the ridge for sight of our enemies or our Pikuni fighters.

Silently Three Bulls joined us when the time came to go on watch. His sad face was evidence that he had been given no vision. We had another long and weary night, and when morning came the Cutthroats were still nowhere to be seen. But they were persistent enemies. We were convinced that they were lying in wait for us.

Another dreary day wore on. Again our craving stomachs and our worries forbade much sleep. At last the long afternoon came to its end, and still we could see nothing of our enemies, nor did our expected rescuers appear. As we saw Paiot'aki coming to join us in our watch for the night, I turned to Carter.

"Richards is long overdue."

"I'm afraid," he replied in a voice cracked with hunger, "that he has been killed on the way."

Passed yet another weary night and still the Cutthroats did not again appear. Nor, when day came, were any of them in sight upon the ridge.

If we could only know where they were!

Suddenly Yellow Bear rose and left us. Soon he came riding swiftly back upon one of the horses, singing fiercely. As he passed us he signed that he was going to look for the Cutthroats.

"You must not go! Come back! Come back!" we shouted.

Short his reply: "Live or die, I go to look for the Cutthroats."

One and all we ran to the edge of the timber to watch fearfully his going. He rode fast out to the foot of the ridge and there checked his horse to climb it at a walk. Before the Cutthroats' barricade he came to a stand and after a long look into the timbered coulee got down and tore a passageway through the barrier. Then he mounted and rode on.

Clearly, our enemies had abandoned their barricade, and their camp! Now Yellow Bear was hunting for footprints, riding carefully down one side of the ridge and then the other. Turning, he came back toward us—there were no footprints!

Cried Three Bulls: "They are still there in the coulee!"

"Yes. They let him pass so that we would follow. Then they could wipe us all out," said Ancient Man.

Back down the ridge rode Yellow Bear, and through the barricade. Suddenly he brought his horse to a stand, and quickly fired down into the timbered coulee. Almost at the same instant the enemy fired at him, and then we saw him slump down upon the ground, while his horse came on swiftly, shrilly neighing, to rejoin its mates. The Cutthroats swarmed up from their camp and shot needless arrows and bullets into the brave Kutenai's body, and then cut off his head and waved it at us, loudly singing their song of triumph.

I sat stunned, looking up at the ridge. Richards was days overdue. Now this. Our luck was over. I turned to Carter and saw my own thought reflected in his sunken eyes—this was the end.

Chapter Seven

OF US ALL, only Three Bulls seemed to keep alive a ray of hope.

"If the Cutthroats do not attack us, we can still last a few days," he said. "Our one chance is to send another messenger to our people."

Followed a long silence, in which I saw that it was for me, womanless and childless, to be the messenger. I dreaded it, for never had I traveled these plains alone. But I said at last: "I will go. At night I will leave for Middle Creek."

There were no objections. The women gave their quick "Ah! Ah! Ah!" of approval, the men their nods of assent.

"We can gather enough poles and bark for a raft that will keep you dry," Carter said.

Paiot'aki urged, "You women, come, we will do that now."

Three Bulls held up his hand. "Not until Sun is low," he commanded. "We will take no chance of those sharp-eyed Cutthroats learning what we are about."

Carter made me go off by myself to rest, but instead of sleeping I lay in still, cold fear. I am not ashamed of that feeling. It was not so much a fear of the actual dangers as a terror of the unknown. I was filled with dark foreboding—a feeling that some little stretch of open plain would soon receive me.

I could not bear to lie there alone. I strolled back into camp and sat down. Presently Paiot'aki came over and handed me her necklace, a buffalo stone attached to a beaded thong.

"Wear the sacred stone," she said softly. "Also, I shall give you a pouch of things to carry—buffalo robe, moccasins and mittens, for Cold Maker has long been due. And you must carry at least one blanket."

Kind Paiot'aki! Ever thoughtful for me. As I slipped on the necklace, Carter nodded approval.

"Well, Frank," he said in an attempt at lightness, "in one way you'll be havin' the best of us. About daylight tomorrow you'll be killin' meat."

"Yes. And be sure you eat very little of it at first, lest it make you sick," warned Paiot'aki.

Three Bulls advised: "Keep close to the breaks of the river, so that if Cold Maker comes you can quickly go down into the timber."

I wanted to ask what I should do if I failed to find the Pikuni on Middle Creek. But merely to speak of that terrible chance would have filled us all with despair. So I remained silent, and tried to look confident.

All at once our women watchers began shouting to us to hurry to them—that another dust cloud was in sight, far up the ridge.

Soon we were staring up at a narrow, rapidly lengthening cloud, coming ever nearer. Another over-thirsty herd of buffalo running down to water? This time we *must* kill an animal or two!

The Cutthroats, smoking before their barricade, were so seated that they could not see the nearing dust cloud, but they soon heard the thudding of many hoofs. Instantly they all scrambled up onto the barrier to turn the herd, and those in their camp in the coulee ran up to join them.

Then Three Bulls raised a great shout. "Not buffalo!" he yelled. "Riders! A long column of them!"

He was right. We could see horses' heads! They were our people! Our Pikuni fighters, come at last to save us!

Oh, how we shouted, sang, and danced as they came speeding down that ridge, and the Cutthroats sprang from their barricade and fled in front of them.

Yelled Three Bulls: "You boys, run in the horses. Run, you women, and bring ropes. Hurry! Hurry! We must ride out there ourselves to make some killings."

"They are heading for the river," Ancient Man shouted. "We can't wait for horses. Come on."

We rushed after him! But our rescuers, all of two hundred, were now at the barricade, tearing passageways through it and shooting at the Cutthroats as they fled down the ridge, heading for the river. We soon saw that we could not get there before all would be over. Nor had we much strength for running.

Carter gasped, "Here I stop," and we all lined up with him, panting, and were joined by the women and youngsters. Helpless from the exhaustion of hunger, we could only watch.

The Pikuni were now stringing through the barricade in swift pursuit of the fleeing Cutthroats. The foremost of our enemy were already plunging into the river. But many were being overtaken, and the triumphant yells and booming guns of our rescuers made us all hysterical with relief.

We saw last shots fired at the few swimming Cutthroats. And then, singing a victory song, some of our riders came hurrying toward us and we ran forward to meet them, Carter saying to me in English:

"There's Richards. He made it."

Yes, there he was, grinning, holding up his hand, facetiously making the peace sign as he came, and with him were Big Lake, Running Rabbit, Little Dog, Black Eagle, and others of prominence—all smiling, Big Lake roaring:

"Well, we have come. We have food for you. You survive. Now that is good. Good."

Then we were all of us talking at once as we escorted them to camp, our eyes devouring the bulging pouches tied to their saddles. The women were soon opening them, exclaiming with joy. Dry meat and dry back fat, pemmican, dried berries, Kutenai tea! And would we men wait until they could cook some of it? No? Well then, eat it uncooked. And soon we were breaking our long fast, Paiot'aki cautioning us again and again to eat but little, lest we get terrible stomach pains.

Richards sat with Carter and me after assuring the women that his woman was safe in the Pikuni camp.

"I've got news for you—big news!" he announced. "But first, about my delay in getting here. On the morning after we left here, my woman got terribly sick from eating the liver and tripe of a buffalo I killed. For a time she couldn't travel at all, and afterwards only by resting often. We never struck the camp of the Pikuni until yesterday noon! Say, you ought to've heard the uproar when we told 'em what had happened. The whole tribe wanted to come. Inside of an hour the crowd of us was in the saddle and comin', and we never once stopped!"

He paused and drew a deep breath. "And now for the news. Well, sir, Bellaire and Bird went straight to the Pikuni camp and said you and Three Bulls were sending 'em to Fort Benton for more ca'tridges, traps, and tobacco. A war party had chased 'em and caught their pack horse and they needed a lot of things, and got 'em quick—a pack horse, buffalo robes for bedding, and other things. Said they'd pay for 'em later, and went on, headin' toward Fort Benton. Weren't the Pikuni mad after I told what those two had done to us!

"But that isn't all. A few lodges of the tribe went up to Fort Benton to do some trading, and Factor Dawson gave one of 'em, Yellow Wolf, a letter for you. Here it is."

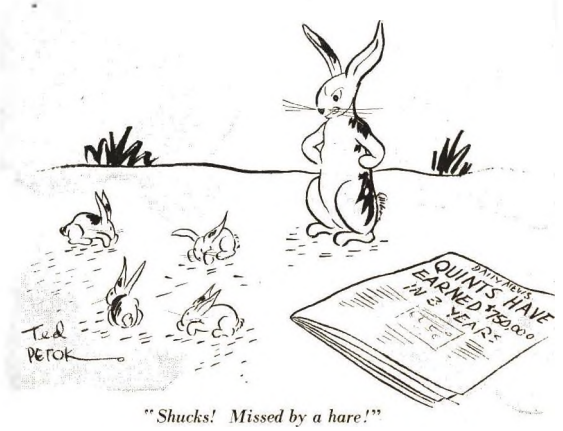
Carter motioned me to take it, and I read it aloud:

Fort Benton, Nov. 25, 1864.

Mr. Charles Carter,
Musselshell River.

Dear Charles:

Some of the freighters plying between here and *(Cont. on page 37)*



"Shucks! Missed by a hare!"

"Yes, darling, the goldfish are still here but they've got a cat around them."

FUNNYBONE TICKLERS

THE deep-sea diver was hard at work on the ocean bed. Suddenly an urgent voice came over the telephone which connected him with the boat above.

"What's the matter, chum?" he asked.

"Come up quickly," he heard. "The captain's just told me the bloomin' boat's sinking!"

Sell Him

A farmer once asked the editor of a country paper for some advice. He wrote as follows:

"I have a horse that at times appears normal, but at other times is lame to an alarming degree. What shall I do?"

The editor replied: "The next time that your horse appears normal, sell him."

A Sourpuss

Mother, to teacher of dramatic expression: "How is my son, Ellsworth, doing?"

Teacher: "Oh, he's one of my best scowlers."

Please

Customer (bringing in soiled laundry): "And this time I'd appreciate it if you'd leave a little more shirt on the cuffs."

—'S Mutiny!

Our office boy, who has never forgiven the joke editor for that crack about having to pin back his ears to get through Grand Canyon, came running in the other morning, late as usual, and inquired breathlessly:

"Ja hear 'bout the joke editor falling asleep in his bath last night with the water running?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Lotta Kerves, our luscious stenog. "Did it overflow?"

"Naw," said the O. B. "He always sleeps with his mouth open."

Reversed

"Yes," said the great man, "I woke up one morning and found myself famous."

"It was slightly different with me," sighed the other. "I found myself famous—and then I woke up."

Just Before the Battle

"Now, boys," said the pleasant and somewhat undersized umpire. "Let's have an understanding. Unpleasantness is the last thing I wish."

The ultratough baseball captain stepped up, "Any other last wishes?" he inquired.

Wrong Number

"Is that boy any good in the office, Jenkins?"

"I've not formed a very favorable opinion of him, sir. He spent a good deal of the morning trying to get 'Established 1901' on the telephone."

Accuracy! Accuracy!

An editor had a notice stuck up above his desk that read: "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" and this notice he always pointed out to the new reporters.

One day the youngest member of the staff came in with his report of a public meeting. The editor read it through and came upon the sentence: "Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine eyes were fixed on the speaker."

"What do you mean by making such a silly blunder?" he demanded wrathfully.

"But it's not a blunder," protested the youngster. "There was a one-eyed man in the audience."

No Change

A Yankee was on a walking tour in Scotland. Snow had fallen and he was struggling along a narrow road when he met a Highlander.

"I guess, friend, I'm lost!" he said, plaintively.

Scot: "Is there a reward oot for ye?"

American: "Nope."

Scot: "Weel, ye're still lost."

Why Not?

A campaign was started for funds for a church bell, but the parish had been well drained by the installation of a steam heating plant, so the pastor sought contributions from outsiders. He finally approached a miner from Cornwall.

The miner listened, studied a moment and asked: "Ye say ye 'ave a noo choorch?"

"Yes," said the pastor.

"An' noo ye want a bell for ut?"

"Yes."

"An' ye say the choorch is 'eated by steam?"

"Yes."

"Mon," said the miner, "wy dunt ye put a whustle on ut?"

The president of the humane society goes big game hunting.

Jonesy (*Continued from page 19*)

"Come to, Jones," Johnson snapped. "You're not so much man as you think you are. I can knock spots on you anywhere, any time. You've put a couple of hickeys on my ribs and cut my mouth—you've had your fun and come out of it alive. Now take my advice and go home, because next time I'll make dog meat out of you."

"I don't think so," Jonesy said quietly. "I'll see you the first liberty in Cuba."

"O. K.," Johnson said, and walked away.

There was a high, oily sea running on the afternoon twelve-to-four, and more and more frequently a wave would come creeping up the gray steel bow of the *Wyoming* and smash down among the anchor chains and winches and run roaming along the scuppers. The old wagon was taking it hard, driving in that way, and each time a big one hit her she shivered a little in her steel skeleton and nosed down for the next one.

Jonesy, standing the enunciator watch on the bridge, watched the waves far below him rise, curl, smash and run away. Even at three in the afternoon it was getting dark—the whole sky seemed to be an unhealthy gray with a bank of cloud to windward. The unusual heat of the forenoon was gone and now, in the slightly stirring air, there was a sense of something tremendously ominous in the slow-moving water, the still air, the low-hanging sky.

Jonesy could feel the tension in the officers and midshipmen on the bridge. They were quiet even in that silent place; their faces were not easy and unstrained as they usually were. Muscles seemed to be drawn tight, eyes were restless, flicking over the instruments and shining gadgets but coming back always to the heaving sea below them. When a sea ran out from under, leaving the stern of the battleship clear, they all stood and listened and felt the shudder of the props as they spun, useless, in mid-air. Then she would smack down and plow ahead.

"Speed seven. Both engines two nine five," the officer of the deck said quietly.

Jonesy leaped to the enunciator and called in for 295. In a second it came back from the engine room. "Starboard engine reports two nine five, sir," he snapped out.

"Port engine reports two nine five, sir," the other man said.

Bellows, the youngster on flag watch, came in from the wing of the bridge. "Getting cold," he said.

"Going to blow," Jonesy answered.

"Well, here's one thing the sea can't touch," Bellows said.

"What's that?" Jonesy asked.

"This steel tub," Bellows said, and laughed a little.

"You ever been to sea?"

Bellows shook his head.

"I didn't think so. There's nothing the sea can't touch. You stick around."

Bellows snorted. "We get off watch in a little while; then I'm going to my bunk below."

"Quiet," the officer of the deck said, as the executive officer came on the bridge and stood in silence beside the helmsman and the officer of the deck.

"Dirty," he said at last.

"Yes, sir. Glass has dropped four points in two hours, sir. Storm warnings all along the coast."

"Position?"

"Eighty miles northeast of Hatteras, sir."

It started to rain then and a saber blade of black cloud crept all around the horizon leaving below it a brilliant slice of rapidly fading light. The O. D. turned to the loud-speaker that communicated with the interior of the ship. In a droning voice he said:

"Pipe all hands on deck. Lash all boats, planes, and movable gear. All hands on deck, all hands on deck."

Outside it was raining furiously. The wind was driving hard from the northeast and soon all around them they could hear the muffled hum of the rigging. The sea was running a little higher, smashing harder and more regularly at the steel bow slamming its way into the teeth of the coming gale. On deck, men in raincoats worked furiously lashing the boats, and on the catapults above the turrets more hands passed storm lashings around the two planes.

In a few minutes a boatswain, dripping, came into the bridge and when he opened the door they could hear the squall howling around them viciously. "All secure, sir."

"Very well." The officer turned to the loud-speaker. "All hands below. Batten all hatches. Close and batten all ports and gun ports. Call the watch, second section." Turning to the man on the wheel, he said, "Ease her a little, helmsman. Speed four, both engines eight six."

Jonesy sent the numbers in. "Starboard engine reports eight six, sir."

In a few seconds Bellows came rushing in from the wing, his uniform plastered wetly against him, his hat gone and water streaming from his hair down over his face. "The flag halyard's carried away, sir."

"Very well."

While the O. D. talked quietly to the executive officer, Jonesy's relief came staggering up the iron ladder. As Jonesy took the man's raincoat and flung it over his shoulders, the O. D. turned to the loud-speaker. "Division Five, send two men to man the mainmast searchlight."

The first person Jonesy saw below was Johnson, who yelled to him, "Man the after searchlight—bear a hand!"

"Aye, aye," Jonesy yelled as he got his own rain clothes and followed Johnson topside. The deck was wet and slippery and the howling air around them was full of spray and flailing rain. Working their way carefully across the deserted deck, they got aft of the mainmast finally. Johnson went up first, the wind almost tearing the raincoat off his back as he struggled up the narrow iron ladder. He held the trap door open for Jonesy and in a few seconds both of them were in the comparative quiet of Spot Three.

"Bear a hand on that phone!" Johnson shouted above the sound of the fury outside.

Jonesy nodded, plugged in the heavy gray headphones and mouthpiece, and handed them to Johnson.

"Bridge. Bridge," Johnson called and waited. "Spot Three manned and ready, sir," he reported. Jonesy could barely hear the clatter of the O. D.'s "Very well," in the phones.

Spot Three was a small, walled-in circle around the mast. Fifty feet up, it was equipped with a splash telescope, pelorus, and other gunnery machinery as well as a large steel gear locker. Glass windows went all the way around the small room.

Holding the rail, Jonesy stood looking at the raging scene below. One minute there was nothing under them but the flailing, huge waves—the next there was a flash of deck as it surged by and then they were suspended again over the ocean on the other side. Waves, crashing over the bow, made huge gray-white plumes and mountains of spray that dashed and splattered around the foremast and were caught by the hurtling wind and sent slamming aft.

Occasionally a mountain of water would rise and loom, hesitating, over the flat, rolling ship, and then the top would curl over and down and the whole steel structure would tremble under the impact of the tons of falling water. Then from forward aft a wall of roaring water would sweep—swerving and slashing at the boats lashed along the sides, whirling and careening around the solid barbettes of the turrets. Water in gray spouts shot out of the scupper drains while rain in driving sheets poured endlessly across the heaving, plunging ship.

Jonesy turned to Johnson, who was clinging with both hands to the mast. "Any orders?" he shouted, but Johnson shook his head.

Looking forward, Jonesy saw the wave just beginning to rise above the bow. Up and up it came until the whole sky seemed blotted out with the towering mass of water and then, in an invincible smashing torrent, it poured down on the quivering, straining ship. Sweeping around Number One and Two turrets it smacked—a twenty-foot wall of water—into the boats, lying one on top of the other. Like balsa they broke up and were carried rolling and tumbling across the deck. Then, slamming into the plane turrets, the wave rose in great white-robed plumes and its fists of hurtling water tore into the fragile planes secured to the catapult runners. In a second the turret tops were bare, and aft, dimly in the writhing water, the planes and wreckage of the boats disappeared.

Jonesy was about to yell when the ship began to rise upward. Her bow, running three feet deep in water, rose steadily against the ashen sky until it seemed as though the *Wyoming* were going to stand straight up on her stern. Then, midway, she checked and plunged, twisting sideways, down.

The force of her dive threw Jonesy hard against the bulkhead and he was fending with his arms when behind him he heard the lashings of the steel gear locker part with a crack like a rifle shot. Twisting his head around, he saw the huge steel chest lunging across the room toward him. Midway a corner of it hit the steel guard around the mast, tearing it, and turning the chest catty-cornered.

Fighting against the downward motion of the ship, Jonesy threw himself bodily against the side bulkhead. Something smashed against his left arm and he looked at the arm in amazement, for it seemed suddenly not to be there any more. Then he saw the chest sweeping on past him. It hardly seemed to pause as it went through the thin steel bulkhead and at the last second dipped down and fell.

Jonesy looked around him through the rain and spray driving through the hole the chest had made, and saw the wreckage in the room. Then he saw Johnson lying flat on his back and sliding in the path of the gear locker. Scrabbling with his fingers, clutching at everything as his body swept on toward the hole in the bulkhead, Johnson was going with sickening speed across the wet steel deck.

Jonesy threw himself down on the deck and grabbed at Johnson's legs as they went past. For a second he checked Johnson's movement, clinging to the long raincoat, but the rubber split and tore loose and Johnson went on as Jonesy reached helplessly out for him with his one good arm.

At last the *Wyoming* stopped her plunge. Smashing into the huge trough of a wave, she buried her bow to the foremast and staggered up again, spilling gray water. Scrambling to his knees, Jonesy crawled to the opening and, clinging with one arm and his legs, peered down through the sheets of rain and spray. Below was the gear locker rolling over and over toward the rail. In a second, as a wave smothered it, it was gone, tearing loose a whole section of the rail. There was no sign of Johnson down through the tunnel the gear locker had cut for itself through the radio antennae and the guys and stays of the mast.

Then, as the ship rose to the crest of the next wave and nosed down, Johnson, caught high in the air by a tangle of radio wire and steel shrouds, swung forward in a long arch. When the ship smashed down into the trough he swung back out of sight. In that brief glimpse through the gray rain Jonesy had seen that Johnson was being held only by one stay and a few of the copper antenna wires. On his next swing forward Jonesy saw one of the wires part and, suddenly released, stream aft, quivering in an almost horizontal line.

Jonesy staggered toward the trap door leading down to the yardarm above Johnson. Tearing his raincoat off, he looked at the blood mixing with rain down the length of his arm and running in a weak stain among the hairs on the back of his hand. The arm had had a hard smash, but it wasn't broken.

At the yardarm, which stuck out horizontally from the mast, Jonesy left the ladder. Hanging to a cable of the mast, he looked for a second until he saw Johnson still caught by the wires. Without thinking at all then, he straddled the yardarm, facing outboard, and inched himself out on it. At each wrenching movement of the ship he clenched more tightly with his locked legs and lay down on the stick, holding with his good arm. Blindly reaching through the rain, he at last came to the end.

There the yardarm was only a few inches around and at each smashing blow against the ship far down in the mists below him he could feel the thing sway and shiver. Suddenly, as the ship plunged sickeningly, twisting its way down, Jonesy felt cold and sick inside. Gulping and trying to keep the strength from draining out of him, he lay for a second resting before he locked his legs around the yardarm and swung down. Even then he was gripped with fear and could not let go his hand, but hung there, swinging in the air.

Tearing his hand away at last he dropped headfirst, hanging by his locked legs. His limp left arm swung down also. Water ran from his chin into his eyes and rain tore at them, making it painful to keep them open, but he had to watch and wait for Johnson to swing back.

Coming fast, Johnson's body flashed by. It stopped with a slow jerk and rushed back again. Jonesy jammed his arm out straight, fist closed as Johnson went by and he felt fingers gripping his wrist. But the fingers slipped, nails eating their way down his bare arm, and Johnson, almost pulled free of the wires, swung out of sight.

He missed him again and then again and another wire broke and streamed aft and Johnson, screaming above the tumult, dropped down a foot. A sideways movement swung Johnson in a little closer. Jonesy felt both Johnson's hands clamp around his wrist and then there was a terrific jerk which started at his arm and grew and grew as it raced through his body and slammed against the backs of his knees. Then, jerking back and forth crazily on the end of his arm, he felt Johnson's entire weight being thrown around by the movement of the wind and sea.

The pain in Jonesy's arm and legs was blinding and frightful and seemed about to sweep completely over him, but another movement stopped it and changed it to fear. Johnson's hands were slipping down his wrist. Slowly—feeling as though they were taking the skin off—his hands were slipping as he

swung, far above the raging sea. There was the feel of clutching fingers on the back of Jonesy's fist, then sliding across his fingers. One hand slipped free and grabbed again, scratching at his wrist.

Jonesy opened his hand and caught Johnson's arm. Clamping his fingers shut until they ached, he began slowly to pull his arm up. Pain came in slivers and waves and shooting darts all through his body and danced on the steady pain already in him, but he kept on pulling his arm up. The same numbness that he had felt so many times under Johnson's stoopfalls crept along his arm.

Then he felt Johnson's fingers clutching frantically around his throat—the fingers were creeping along his back to wrap at last around his belt. The weight suddenly shifted from his hand and smashed into his back as Johnson shook the wrist he had been holding and he let it go. Johnson caught his foot, dragging it cruelly down, and then he was swinging with both hands to the yardarm. A hand came down through the mist of rain and pain and Jonesy caught it and pulled himself up. Clinging at last with his good arm and both legs to the yard, Jonesy lay and let the rain batter at him.

Slowly then he followed Johnson back toward the mast. Inching their way carefully, they reached the ladder and climbed up into the shattered room. Johnson picked up the phone. "Bridge. Bridge. Man in Spot Three has injured his arm. Send relief." Then they crawled down the heaving ladder and across the stripped and flooded deck.

In sick bay, Johnson sat on the edge of a bunk opposite Jonesy as a corpsman bandaged his cuts and bruises. Looking across at Jonesy with his arm bandaged, Johnson said quietly, "Better call off that job in Cuba."

Jonesy smiled. "Yeah. I can't take you with a bum arm."

"Stow it," Johnson said, grinning. "You could take me any time."

The Tin Goose Rides Again

(Continued from page 10)

process is well and favorably known in army circles, isn't it?"

Johnny Caruthers laughed: "You could get that one published. 'Bright Sayings of Tiny Tots'—or try the *Swine Breeder's Gazette*." He hurried on to the plane.

Pollard shouted through the rumble of exhaust: "I fueled her up and checked the lube. Was that okay?"

"Okay," answered Johnny. He gazed at the mechanic curiously. Pollard's eyes were queer; like marbles—absolutely no expression. But a fellow couldn't help his looks.

The guards halted at the plane, the clerk laid the ingot on the doorsill. Colonel Wyeth, tugging at his mustache, faced the two pilots. "The ingot weighs four hundred ounces; valued at fifteen thousand dollars. One month's profit, gentlemen."

Johnny nodded. "Pollard, carry it forward, will you? Set it behind the seats."

The mechanic handled the gold bar awkwardly.

"Bum wrist," he explained. "I burned it on a spot welder—"

"You told us that," Stub interrupted. "Let's get going!"

Springing to the footplate he followed Pollard through the cabin. Johnny Caruthers waited to say *"adios"* to the mine owner. Colonel Wyeth shook hands nervously.

"I'd appreciate a flash from Quesada when the shipment arrives. There's been a gangster outbreak in the city; a border patrolman was killed yesterday. And just now the radio was telling of a man found in the Mexican quarter with a gunshot wound."

"I'll see that you're notified," said Johnny reassuringly.

He closed the oval door and walked forward through the cabin. Macklin, in the copilot's seat, was calling Mazatlan for an altitude adjustment on the Colesman. Pollard crouched behind him on the bullion bar. As Johnny Caruthers passed, he looked up.

"What station's he got, chief?"

"West Coast Airways, Mazatlan," replied Johnny. He pointed to the copper shoulder of the oxygen bottle under the pilot's seat. "Move a bit; you might kick that—the air'll be plenty humpy today."

The mechanic shifted the gold bar. Johnny dropped into the pilot's seat and began running up the motors. They took the fuel without a miss. He glanced at the panel board, then turned to Macklin. Stub tapped his temple, the signal to take off.

Johnny eased the control wheel into neutral, and Twelve rolled forward. He gunned her, souping up the portside engine to hold straight in the cross wind. The gravel runway came hurling back, and the triple roar of the exhaust rose thunderously. Johnny grinned.

She *was* a good crate. Her wheels were off the runway in a hundred yards. She climbed eagerly, nosing upward toward the gray band of the overcast. Johnny let her ride till the altimeter needle jiggled at ten thousand and Lomo Solo canyon had become a thin black line across the hogbacks of the Tara-mara range. He leveled off, then set a course for Corzal and snapped on the gyropilot.

Macklin laid aside the phones and pointed to the air-speed meter which registered 170.

"Good ol' Goose," he said admiringly. "She's riding high and handsome. A Locklear couldn't make much better time."

The words pleased Johnny mightily. He felt a thrill of pride as though the old trimotor were a living thing, a friend whose prowess he'd bespoken. That was how Pop Gorman talked of Twelve—"she'd never let her pilot down," he said.

As he gazed soberly through the window, Pollard spoke.

"I know Mazatlan," he said huskily. "You can hop a freighter there for the South Seas. A man can live like a king on those little islands."

A gust rocked the trimotor; the gyro, humming shrilly, leveled her. Again the wind caught the ship and Johnny Caruthers frowned. He glanced at the copper flask under his feet, then at Macklin. "Ask Quesada if it's calm in the oxy belt."

Stub donned the phones and began calling the terminal. Johnny waited; then, as no answer came, he switched off the gyropilot and set the climb meter on plus 5. "I'll see how it looks aloft," he murmured.

Just then Stub picked up the terminal. "Hello—hello, Morrisey. It's Macklin, out of Lomo Solo, flying east. How's the wind in the oxy belt?"

Johnny nudged his elbow. "Ask him how Sciappi's making it."

As Macklin nodded, the propellers of the climbing plane bit into the fringes of the overcast. Gray haze closed in, darkening the cabin. Suddenly Stub gave a cry.

"Joe didn't crack up in a car! He was shot—but he's alive, and can identify the man. Here comes the de-

scription: thin, short; gave the name of—"

Something hissed past Johnny's ear. A gun barrel crashed on Macklin's temple. He sank slowly to the floor, his limp hand striking Johnny's leg.

"Hold the wheel!" warned Pollard coldly. He unbuckled the gun belt from Johnny's waist. "Now turn west for Mazatlan, and no tricks. I can fly this crate. Not by the gadgets—I don't sabe them. But I've done ten thousand hours."

Slowly Johnny straightened. He rolled the wing down in a bank, turned west. It was instrument work—the trimotor was still flying in the overcast.

"Pull out of these clouds," ordered Pollard.

Johnny climbed the ship and broke through into dazzling sunlight, with the altimeter touching thirteen thousand.

"Three hours to Mazatlan," said the man behind him. "If you want to stay healthy, make the town before eleven. I'm not foolin'. I bumped off a Border Patrol copper, and the Feds reach out a long way. I'm leavin'—with the gold brick—for parts unknown."

Johnny could see his face in the windshield mirror; ruthless, cold. He stared down at Macklin crumpled on the floor; stared blankly at first, then with a puzzled frown. A lock of hair on Stub's forehead was stirring as if lifted by a breeze. From the slip stream? Not in this air-locked cabin.

Then Johnny saw that Stub's hand was lying on the valve wheel of the oxygen tank. It had struck the wheel when he fell. Gas was leaking through the nozzle, blowing in his face. It was bringing him back. He muttered incoherently: "Good ol' Goose . . . twent'-seven—test hop—blotto—"

Johnny Caruthers drew a sharp breath. These were Quinn's words: "Twenty-seven thousand on her test hop. You'd go blotto without oxygen." The thought that followed made his heart pound. But it might work, if the ship didn't fail—and if Pollard didn't guess the answer.

His glance rested on the altimeter. Carelessly he reached out and pressed his palm against the glass dial cover. It gave a little—and a shivering thrill ran over him.

Pollard said: "Level off. It's cold."

Johnny nodded. "I'll hold her at thirteen thousand."

He inched the wheel back almost imperceptibly, and the ball in the climb meter sank. It halted at two degrees plus zero. But the graduations were fine etched. You had to sabe the gadget to catch the variation.

On the panel board the hands of the clock moved slowly. Pollard began beating his fists against his knees. Outside, a frosty rime was forming on the trailing edges of the wings. Johnny's breath made a gray vapor, and his feet were numb in the rudder stirrups.

Suddenly Pollard cursed. "I'm freezin'—drop her nose!"

"There's a bad head wind below," said Johnny. He tried to make his voice sound casual, but his heart was hammering again. "Never make Mazatlan in three hours against it."

There was silence, then the man gave a teeth-chattering laugh. "Okay, I can take it. Time counts with me."

It counted with Johnny too. He wondered where the ship had climbed. The altimeter still showed thirteen thousand. It would show that when Twelve reached her ceiling, for the dial glass was binding the needle.

Who would go out first, he or Pollard? Johnny shook his head to throw off a growing dullness. His jaw tightened. *He* wouldn't go first.

He couldn't feel the wheel rim now. He moved his hand, and the effort made his head spin. The bright sunlight for a moment lost its dazzling glare. There was a hollow roaring in his ears, growing louder. Louder—till it overbore the rumble of exhaust. He looked down at Macklin's face. It kept blurring out. His thoughts were slipping away. He tried to recapture them.

He watched Pollard, just a hazy shadow, in the windshield mirror. No, Johnny could see more than that. Pollard's chin was on his breast, and his arms hung limp.

Johnny breathed deep. It sent a knifing pain through his lungs, and everything went black. He drew up. There was something he had to do. But what? Summoning a last reserve of strength, he rose.

Pollard sat as if in a trance, staring dully. Johnny wobbled in front of him. He lifted the gun from the bandit's lifeless fingers.

"Thanks, pal," Johnny muttered. "And now—" Painfully he drew his fist back. But at that moment Pollard swayed sideways, and toppled unconscious to the floor.

Johnny sagged. He turned toward the mumbling Stub, and touched his shoulder.

"Take—take over." As he repeated the words, somebody turned off the sun. . . . Then the sun was shining again, glinting on the dural engine hood. Johnny touched his cheeks; they stung, and there was an ache like frostbite in his finger ends. Thoughts began to flow. That sun—*in his face* meant the ship was flying east!

The altimeter still registered thirteen thousand, but he struck the dial glass and the needle dropped to seven thousand. The autopilot switch was on! Johnny gazed into the windshield mirror.

In the cabin Stub knelt over Pollard, wrapping his wrists and ankles with safety wire. He twisted the last strands, and rose. "That'll hold you," he said grimly, "till we make Corzal."

The man lifted his head, his cold eyes fixed on Johnny.

"I would have given him the works, only I didn't sabe the gadgets. . . . A jinx was ridin' me today."

Johnny Caruthers straightened, and the number plate on the panel caught his eye. It was the old plate, tarnished, and fire-blackened. "No. 12."

A jinx ship they called her, but Johnny knew that wasn't true. Once before she'd proved herself, and now again—a ship that never let her pilot down.

He settled into a comfortable position. Macklin slipped into the seat beside him, grinning. "When Pollard went out, he became famous."

Johnny frowned. "How's that?"

"He became the only man in the world dizzier than you," Stub answered serenely.

Johnny crossed his arms peacefully. "Pipe down, Macklin," he said. "Fly her in."

"Hurry and get him a pair of glasses! He's color blind!!"

Play Six-Man Football

(*Continued from page 7*)

promote it. When Stephen Epler was teaching at Chester, Nebraska, a few years ago, he discussed with his superintendent, Dean Moomey, the need for a fall sport. Chester is a town of less than a thousand, just north of the Kansas line. The school, with an enrollment of seventy-four, only thirty of them boys, couldn't do anything with eleven-man football. And there were 10,000 or more high schools like Chester in the country, in addition to countless consolidated schools.

So Epler wrote out a set of rules, leaving them as much like eleven-man as possible. To make the game more open he required that the man receiving the ball from center pass it to someone else, rather than cross the scrimmage line with it himself. That would emphasize reverses and trick plays, rather than straight line smashes and power. The kickoff in six-man is from the thirty-yard line. Quarters are ten minutes instead of fifteen. Forward passes may be made from anywhere behind the line of scrimmage. To save expense, canvas shoes with rubber soles are declared official.

He sent a copy of the rules to William Roselius, director of athletics at Hebron College, not far from Chester, and Roselius instantly realized that six-man football would provide lots of new material to colleges. He called a meeting of the principals and coaches of neighboring towns and found that four schools were very much interested—Chester, Hardy, Alexandria and Belvidere.

"All right. Chester and Hardy, you get together and form one team between you. Belvidere and Alexandria, you form another. Practice a couple of weeks, then bring your squads down here and we'll have a game."

The first six-man game in history was held at Hebron on September 26, 1934, between the Chest-Hards and the Belv-Alexes. That's what the two composite teams called themselves. The game was held at night under floodlights and about a thousand people came out. Stephen Epler was referee.

Never did a game have a better start. There wasn't a single lull. Every moment was packed with action. Every quarter saw a reversal of fortune. Jack Sloey of Belvidere was the individual star and he climaxed a brilliant game by running around end for sixty-four yards and a touchdown. The final score was 19 to 19, and the spectators went home mopping their brows and saying, "Swell!"

Immediately the four schools organized their own teams and played games that fall. Hardy became so enthusiastic that on Thanksgiving Day, nineteen carloads of townsfolk and the school band went over to Alexandria for the big scrap. Football had arrived in the Little Blue River country!

The next fall, the Little Blue Valley League was organized and played to a championship. Other leagues in Nebraska were formed. Montana said, "Hey, what's this game all about?" and invited Epler out to explain it to them, and in 1936 some thirty-five small Montana schools were playing interscholastic schedules. In two years seventy-two North Dakota high schools and two hundred consolidated schools took it up.

Down in the cotton country, R. A. Lynch, superintendent of the Tyronza, Ark., high school, heard about it and hired Winton Simmons from Memphis to organize a team and coach it. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* saw the news appeal of the game and published a story that was wired all over the country. And as a result of that story, Simmons had more letters than he could answer.

Tyronza's experience in starting the game is typical. Simmons bought twelve sets of equipment—headgears, shoulder pads, jerseys, pants—and three footballs for $225. Unlike in other states, regular football shoes were required, but boys bought their own at $3.95 a pair. He issued a call for candidates, and a squad of fifteen boys appeared out of a total of forty in school. A squad of fifteen wouldn't have been enough for eleven-man, but for six-man it was two full teams and three extra.

Many of the boys had never seen a football game; so Simmons took them into Memphis to watch Southwestern U and Jonesboro Aggies. There his future stars sat and absorbed their first lessons in football. He worked his squad into condition gradually, starting out with calisthenics and following with long drills on fundamentals. He taught them the right way to block and tackle. At the beginning of the season he gave his team no more than six plays, all from punt formation.

In her first game against Marion High, Tyronza was a little stage-struck. Tyronza received, ran two plays that failed to gain, and punted. The Tyronza ends went down under the punt as they were taught, but when the moment came to go in for the tackle they hesitated, wondering what to do. The ball carrier got away and went down the field for a touchdown.

Beginners' mistake, that, and natural enough in a team that was playing its first game of football. By the end of the season Tyronza and the other teams in the Eastern Arkansas

Donnybrook, North Dakota, has a rangy, hard-hitting squad.

League — Lepanto, Marion, Hughes, Turrell, and Crawfordsville—were playing heads-up ball. Football had come to the small towns of Arkansas!

Now another ten-team league is being formed in Eastern Arkansas. Across the river in Tennessee, Fred S. Elliott, secretary of the state secondary schools athletic association, has put his official stamp of approval on the game and an eight-team league is being formed in the northern part of the state. Another league is playing in Northern Mississippi, not far away.

The first hurdle to overcome in getting the game started is the buying of equipment. The three hundred schools now playing the game have wisely decided that good equipment is important, but good equipment for a six-man squad isn't expensive. Donnybrook, North Dakota, was able to buy twelve complete outfits for $150. Chester, Nebraska, bought eight outfits at $12.50 each and added others as the gate receipts came in. Alexandria and Belvidere, between them, took over fifteen second-hand outfits from a nearby school that was abandoning eleven-man football, each school paying $60 and dividing the equipment.

Some of these schools raised money for equipment by holding carnivals. Alexandria regularly nets $100 from a carnival and Donnybrook does even better, clearing as high as $185. Others charge each student an activity fee, part of which may be allotted to football. In some towns, business men have helped finance the game.

Fields seem to be no problem. Almost every town has a baseball park, the outfield of which is ideal for football. An amazing number of floodlighted fields have been built by the WPA in the last few years, and perhaps your town has one of those. If you have to find a field, as did the town of Michigan, North Dakota, get the squad out early to level off the bumps and fill in the holes. A level field saves stumbling and injury.

All the costs in six-man football are unbelievably low. Admission prices range from ten cents to forty cents and receipts anywhere from twelve dollars to fifty dollars per game and these receipts defray all expenses. Some schools in Nebraska pay the referee three dollars and the head linesman two dollars and guarantee the visiting team five dollars. One North Dakota league pays nothing for officials, the home team providing the head linesman and the visiting team the referee.

How do players like six-man as compared to eleven-man? The best answer can be obtained from schools where both games are played. Out in Dillon, Montana, Beaverhead County High has an enrollment of 240. Last fall, Principal Conrad Orr, himself a former college football man, announced that both games would be played. At first he had a difficult time getting players to try out for the six-man game. They had the feeling that there was more honor and glory in making the eleven-man team.

"Try it for a while, anyhow," he suggested.

Some of them did, and after a couple of weeks he asked them how they liked it.

Without exception they said, "Six-man for us!"

Kenmare High, North Dakota, plays both games and six-man is becoming the favorite. Donnybrook, a school of less than a hundred students, thirty of them boys, played eleven-man in 1935, but got tired of taking a beating from large schools. In 1936 Donnybrook took up six-man and the players wouldn't go back to the other game if they could.

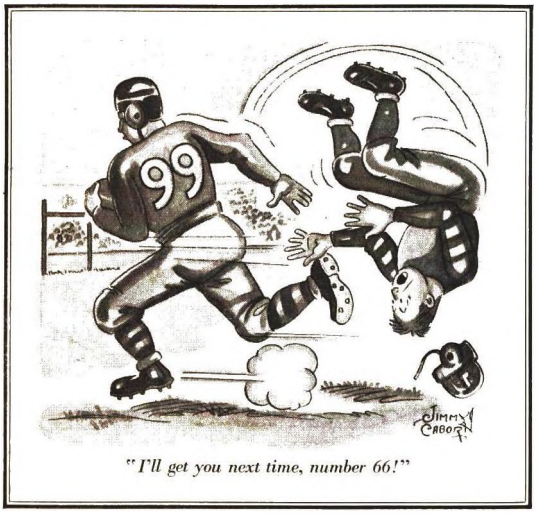
A little reflection will show why six-man is preferred by players. In the older game the center, guards, and tackles carry much of the drudgery of the game while the ends and backs make the scores and get the cheers and headlines. In six-man, there are no drudge jobs. Even the center is eligible to receive a downfield lateral, and if he lines up on the end of the line he's eligible for a forward pass. The only other two linemen are ends, and they are used for passes and end-around plays. Everybody carries the ball in six-man! Everybody scores! The glory and the fun are passed around.

How about the spectators? In 1934, Velva Agricultural High tried eleven-man football for the first time. Velva has an enrollment of 135, sixty of them boys. After the game, L. F. Rice, principal, asked spectators how they liked the game.

"We didn't understand it," they replied. "What's it all about?"

They had watched twenty-two players getting tangled in complicated patterns. They had seen plays go into the line and get smothered. Not being a footballwise crowd, they had been able to make neither head nor tail out of what went on. After that they stayed away.

Then Velva installed six-man. "That's more like it!" these same spectators said.



"I'll get you next time, number 66!"

They could see what was going on. It was a man-for-man duel. For the first time in their lives, spectators understood blocking. In Dillon, in the shadow of the snowcapped Rockies, five hundred spectators attended a six-man game, and that's a larger crowd than ever went to an eleven-man game in that town.

But there are other reasons why fans and players like six-man. It is faster. Plays have to get under way quicker. And there's more scoring. Games in which both sides score three or four touchdowns are the rule rather than the exception, and when you pack that much action into four ten-minute quarters (in some places the quarters are limited to eight minutes) you please everybody.

Basketball keeps the crowd on its toes because the scoring goes on all through the game. The same is true of six-man.

Principals and coaches vote for the game because for the first time in history, small schools have a satisfactory fall sport. They say also that the game is remarkably free from injuries. Not one of the schools visited by this writer reported a major injury last year.

But, say the principals, if this good record is to be maintained, players must be properly equipped. They must have satisfactory shoulder pads—the kind that keep the weight off the collarbone. Pants and shoes must fit.

And teams must be well-coached. Players must learn heads-up tackling and blocking. They must learn not to flinch and shut their eyes when they make contact. At the beginning of the season, they must be given at least two weeks of gradual conditioning before being permitted to scrimmage. In other words, the standards of good coaching must be maintained.

Nobody expects six-man football to take the place of its older brother. Out of eighteen thousand high schools in this country, some seven thousand play eleven-man. That leaves around eleven thousand schools that will find the six-man game ideally suited to their enrollment and budget. In addition, some of the larger high schools—there's one in Spokane—are playing six-man class teams. College fraternities and dormitories can organize six-man teams where they couldn't eleven-man.

Six-man football is on the way. If you have questions about the game not covered in the official handbook, write the Sports Editor, *The American Boy*, 7430 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich. He will help you in every way he can.

Foghorns (*Continued from page 6*)

was a chance. For Shanghai and Singapore and college! Why not take it? The papers were just formalities, weren't they? He'd earn his pay. Here was a chance. His breath came fast. "I'll give you two dollars—all I've got."

"Okay. Pass it across."

Greg dug jubilantly for his fare home, passed it over, and received in return a slip of paper and a new blue card.

"Just one bit of advice. You can't go aboard in those college-boy duds. Get a cap and a pair of dungarees."

"I haven't any more money!"

"That's bad. You'll be handled rough if the men think you're a college kid."

Greg stood silent, debating, weighing. "Look here," he burst out, "I'm going to try it anyway."

"No, you're not," the man said grimly. "I'll not have your life on my hands! Not for a couple of bucks." He paused. "See here, I've got some old duds at my room. Come on. Want 'em?"

"I sure do! Thanks a lot!"

But as Greg strode through the fog beside the tall seaman, his doubts came crowding back. After all, what did he know about this man? Nothing. Was this a trick of some kind?

He asked abruptly, "Anything wrong with this ship?"

The man gave a casual chuckle. "Well, she's not exactly popular."

"What's the matter with her?"

"Oh, nothing much. She's having trouble with hot cargo, that's all."

"Hot cargo? You don't mean a fire, do you?"

"Nope." The man chuckled again, and partly changed the subject. "Look here, buddy. Your ship's tied up at Pier 43, and the stevedores have got a picket line there. Those big bruisers may try to keep you off the dock."

"What'll I do?"

"Ask a cop to help you. The picket line's not long yet and they won't dare start anything if a cop escorts you onto the dock."

"But I don't quite understand."

"Oh, you'll soon find out what it's all about. Just now you can't afford to be particular, buddy. Can you?"

Greg didn't answer. The ship didn't sound good, but he certainly couldn't be particular. He tramped on.

At his shabby little hotel on the Embarcadero he picked up his suitcase. Then the two of them went round Mission Street, where they stopped before a rooming house flaunting the name *Bay View Hotel*. The seaman vanished up a dark stairway. When he returned he carried a canvas bag and a cap.

"Here you are, kid. Keep the bag."

"Thanks a lot!" Greg jerked. He crowded his hat into his suitcase, put on the cap, and stood up. "My name's Richards. Greg Richards. I hope I'll get a chance to do something for you some day." He held out his hand.

His companion didn't seem to see it. "My name's Allen. Good luck, buddy."

"How'll I find this ship? And what's her name?"

"The *Araby*. At Pier 43. Go straight along the Embarcadero to Fishermen's Wharf." With a wave he was gone.

Greg stared after him. It was all sort of funny. Too much luck. And what about the water front's being a smoking volcano? Oh, well, you couldn't expect to land a silk-lined job. With a shrug he picked up bag and suitcase and headed for Pier 43.

Chapter Two

GREG'S steady gait carried him rapidly north along the water front. Now and then a car purred past him; occasionally he met a sailor, a blurred form in the fog.

Presently there rose on his right a line of great covered piers, silent and dark: the Luckenbach Steamship Company, the Oriental Line, the American-Hawaiian SS. Company. To these piers came ships from far places. Unconsciously Greg's step slowed itself. The air was heavy with the tang of pepper. That meant a cargo from the East! Maybe from Java or Sumatra. . . .

"Say, you, look where you're goin'!" A sailor thrust by Greg with a shove that sent his canvas bag flying.

"Better look yourself!" Greg flared.

But the man was gone. Greg picked up the bag and went on. Several piers beyond, he paused uncertainly. Perhaps twenty men were crowded about a closed entrance under a misty light. They blocked the sidewalk. When Greg decided to press through, a big longshoreman stopped him.

"You take to the street here, kid."

Greg resented the man's tone. "Do you own the sidewalk?"

"Don't get fresh. Beat it! Nobody's going out on this pier."

Greg glanced up. This was Pier 43! And this was his welcome to his nice new job. Swell! He set down his bags and asked, "What's up?"

The man shrugged. "Another ship with hot cargo. We won't work her."

Hot cargo again. What was it? Nothing pleasant anyway. Better not ask questions.

He lingered, judiciously quiet. Eventually he gathered from growling remarks that the *Araby* carried cotton loaded by non-union men in New Orleans while the regular union longshoremen were out on strike for better wages. The San Francisco men were going to stand by their union brothers. They weren't handling this cargo and they'd see that no scabs handled it either! The cotton was "hot cargo," and anyone who tried to unload it would get burned.

Greg grew worried. If the *Araby* couldn't discharge her cargo and pick up a new one, how was he going to ship out on her? At last he turned to the big longshoreman. "Won't the *Araby* be able to unload?"

"Nope. She'll have to put to sea and take her hot cargo with her."

Greg could have groaned. The *Araby* sure was up against it—and so was he. Nothing to eat, nowhere to sleep, no fare home.

Suddenly a little door at one side of the closed entrance opened, and out came a tall husky ship's officer. "Hello, boys," he said. "Where'd you get the idea we carried hot cargo?"

A longshoreman growled, "Oh, we heard all right."

"Well, you heard wrong."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah, that's what I said. Tomorrow you'll be helping us discharge. We loaded this cotton in New Orleans two days before the men struck."

The longshoremen hooted.

The officer moved forward, calmly. "You're pretty touchy," he said.

"Say, Captain Jarvis," a man called, "you used to be one of us."

"And I still am," replied the captain. "Do you think I'm fool enough to get in wrong with you fellows? Do you think the Blakemore Steamship Company would try to put something over on you? No. We've always played fair. I'm going down to see your boss."

Greg, listening, warmed to this man. A good guy. And he was captain of the *Araby*. The thing to do was get aboard her—he'd be better off there than here, anyhow. He glanced around. No one was watching the door. Now was his chance.

Picking up his bags, he darted forward. But the door was locked!

"Say, whatcha trying to do?" The big longshoreman had gripped his arm. "You can't go out on this pier! Now beat it, kid, before I get rough."

Greg stalled for time. "Who locked the door, anyway?"

"Aw, the pier watchman, I suppose. Come now—get moving!"

"All right, all right." Greg started on. "But I'm coming back," he flung over his shoulder.

Abruptly he had remembered something. Allen had told him to get a cop if he ran into a picket line. There'd be officers hanging around near. There were two across the street! He hurried over.

"Could you help me?" he asked. "I've a job on the *Araby* but those stevedores won't let me go aboard."

One officer stepped closer. "You're a

seaman? Okay, I'll take you through."

They crossed to Pier 43. The longshoremen eyed them sullenly. Captain Jarvis had disappeared.

"Just a seaman going on board the *Araby*, boys. No trouble, now."

"Okay," growled a leader.

The policeman knocked. A bolt was drawn back, and the door swung open.

"Go ahead, kid."

"Thanks!" Greg dived inside.

"In a hurry, eh?" The pier watchman was grinning.

"I'm a new seaman for the *Araby*," Greg explained, a little sheepishly. "Here's my card."

The watchman looked it over. "Ordinary seaman, eh? Well, the mate won't take you unless you've had experience."

"Here's a discharge." Greg passed across the paper.

"Name's Jacob Allen, eh? Called Jake, I suppose?"

Greg shifted uneasily.

"You must be itching for trouble," reflected the watchman—"signing on at a time like this. Well, better go aboard while the going's good. And keep your home address in your pocket. It makes it easier at the hospital when the ambulance brings you in. At the morgue too."

"Thanks," grinned Greg, stooping for his bags. "You've cheered me up a lot." He started for the pierhead.

His footsteps echoed dully on the concrete floor. Great piles of cargo rose almost to the corrugated-iron roof, where an occasional electric light burned dimly. Presently he came to a long sliding door open to the dockside. There, tugging at her hawsers, lay a ship.

Greg riveted his gaze upon her bow. Yes, this was the *Araby!*

Eagerly he looked her over. She was a cargo steamer of perhaps five thousand tons, obviously built for her carrying capacity. Her hull was a dark blur but her white superstructure, rising amidships, was pierced by two rows of portholes gleaming with light.

A mounting sense of excitement quickened Greg's pulse. She might be blunt-nosed and battered, but she'd probably traveled the seven seas! She'd likely steamed through the Caribbean, and anchored off the wharves of Yokohama, and chugged down the jungle coast of Africa.

She was his ship! Greg tightened his grip on his bags, and headed up the gangway. But a quartermaster at the rail spoke sharply.

"'Ere, what's yer 'urry?"

Another barrier! Greg dug out his blue card again and swung on up.

The little quartermaster studied the card. "Oh, so yer the new ordinary! I 'ope yer some good. We sure need yer. The bloke whose plice yer takin' fell orff a timber when 'e was paintin'."

"Hurt?" Greg asked.

"You bet. 'Urt 'is insides. The skipper rushed 'im ter the 'ospital. He—"

Behind the quartermaster a voice broke in, "What's going on here, Toppy?"

Then Greg saw a uniformed young man emerging from the alleyway. A ship's officer, though he didn't look many years older than Greg himself. A man of medium height, with square shoulders and a square jaw.

Toppy said respectfully but with irrepressible jauntiness, "'Ere's the new ordinary, Mr. Moran."

The young officer's gray eyes bored into Greg. "Where'd you spring from?"

Before Greg could speak, the quartermaster barked, "Speak up, sailor. Didn't yer 'ear the third mite arsk yer?"

"Yes, sir." Greg gulped. "Reporting from the hiring hall, sir."

"Good. How'd you manage to get through that line of pickets outside?"

"A policeman helped me, sir."

"I see. All right. Find yourself a bunk up forward in the seamen's fo'c'sle, starb'd side. You can sign on in the morning."

"Yes, sir."

As Greg moved forward he heard Toppy's derisive voice. "Now, ain't 'e a nice little boy! I bet a dollar ter a doughnut 'e don't get along with the crew. 'E's too bloomin' perlite."

Greg's ears burned. That quartermaster needed a punch in the jaw. Too polite, huh? He'd remember that!

He crossed the foredeck, reached a white iron wall in the bow of the ship, and found the seamen's forecastle. He swung back the iron door, stepped over the high casing, and hesitated at the top of a short flight of steps.

An electric bulb burning in the deck head revealed a triangular compartment with tiers of iron bunks against each wall and a wooden table screwed to the floor. A solitary seaman sat at the table writing a letter. A lean, dark man in white singlet and blue dungarees. He scowled up at Greg, evidently annoyed at being interrupted. Unconsciously Greg scowled back. This was a friendly outfit. Yeah!

He swung defiantly down the steps. "I'm the new seaman," he flung out. "The third mate told me to find a bunk in here."

"Is that so? Well, take your choice. There's just one left. That upper to starb'd is where Greek Charlie slept."

"I'm taking his place?"

"Yep."

Greg walked over to the empty bunk, eyed its pile of gray blankets, dropped his luggage, and took off his cap. In the light his hair flamed deep red.

The man at the table glanced at him and grinned sardonically. "Red-headed, huh? I oughta known it the way you blew in. Better watch your step."

Sparks snapped in Greg's eyes.

The man grinned again. "You wouldn't want to follow Greek Charlie. He was cocky too—and always airing his notions about water-front troubles. So now he's in the hospital."

"I thought he fell and got hurt."

"Sure he fell. Somebody pushed him."

Greg's hands closed tight. Was this a warning? A threat? He managed a thin smile. "Thanks for the tip. Anything else?"

"Yeah. Clean up this fo'c'sle—and keep it clean! Understand?"

Greg looked around. The place was littered with socks and shoes and newspapers and cigarette stubs. But why should he clean it up? He sure must look easy and soft and polite.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "I'm not a valet."

"Listen, smart guy. Greek Charlie took care of this fo'c'sle—and you'll do the same."

"Think so?" Greg flared, and took a step forward, his eyes blazing defiance. "Come on and make me!"

He waited. Caution whispered that he needed this job too much to start a row, but he refused to listen.

"Come on!" he snarled again.

With slow, insolent ease, the man rose. Slim and lithe and powerful, he leaned across the table—and grinned.

"You little red bantam rooster! Tryin' to pick a fight with me, are you? Now listen, Bantam, and get sense. When a new ordinary comes aboard, he always takes care of the fo'c'sle. Greek Charlie did it, and you'll do it. Unless you're too lily-fingered."

Greg glared, but his brain was clicking. After all, this seaman was taking the trouble to explain fo'c'sle ways. Pretty white of him, and a newcomer would be a nut to buck the custom.

"All right," he growled. "I see. I'll clean her up."

"That's better, Bantam. And stop slinging your weight around. I'm pretty easy to get along with, but we got shipmates what are hard-boiled. And right now they're hostile."

"Yeah?" Greg doggedly began collecting cigarette stubs. "What about?"

"They're riled and bothered, Bantam. They're tryin' to decide whether or not to walk off this ship. They want to stay because they like the *Araby*, but they can't afford to stay if the longshoremen keep on picketin' this pier."

Greg froze. If the crew walked off, he'd have to walk off too.

The seaman was starting up the steps to deck but he paused. "What's eatin' you now, Red? Don't stand there moonin'. Get busy."

Sure. That was all he could do. Greg shook himself. "Okay—say, what do I call you?"

The man's white teeth flashed in a grin. "I'm mostly called Blackie. But my name's Jake Allen."

Greg gasped. "J-Jake Allen!"

"Anything funny about that name? If there is, call me Blackie. But get busy." He swung on up the steps.

With a dull clang the door closed behind him. Greg was left alone with his dismayed thoughts. Had he bought a discharge belonging to a member of the *Araby's* crew?

Chapter Three

THE new ordinary dropped limply to a bench. Were there two Jake Allens? Or was the tall fellow who called himself Allen a shyster peddling a secondhand discharge he'd got hold of somehow? Better take a look at the thing.

Just a printed form marked *Department of Commerce—Shipping Commissioner*, with entries written in ink. It bore the rating of Very Good, and had been given to Jacob Allen after a voyage to Honolulu on the *SS. Nanking*. The date was six months back.

Greg's eyes fastened upon the man's description. *Height: 5 feet 9 inches. Complexion: dark. Age: 24.* It fitted Blackie Allen all right but not that tall light-haired fellow. Had Blackie sold that discharge? If so, why? Why would the tall man buy it? And then resell it? Nothing made sense.

Abruptly Greg got to his feet. All he could see was that he'd got to go ahead with what he'd started if he wanted to eat and sleep!

He thrust the discharge back into his pocket, and made up his bunk. Then he opened his suitcase and put his toothbrush and shaving set on the crossbeam above his bunk. Before he finished cleaning up the forecastle, maybe he'd better change his clothes.

He picked up the canvas bag, unlaced it, and dumped the contents out upon the lower bunk. Hello—in with the jeans and shirt was a yellow cardboard package. What was it? *Rex Washing Powder!* No wonder the bag had seemed heavy. The tall man must have stowed the stuff away in with these extra clothes and forgotten it. Well, sailors did their own laundry at sea. This might come in handy.

Just then the forecastle door opened and a plump, freckled-faced seaman came staggering down the stairs as Greg tossed the package onto the table.

"Hello," said the seaman. "Where'd you come from?"

"I'm the new ordinary."

"Name's Red, ain't it?" The man grinned, lurched over to the table, and stood staring at the package. "What's this? Whiskey?"

"No. Soap powder."

"Soap powder? Huh. What for? All a seaman needs is a cake o' soap. You must be nuts."

Greg picked up the package, hurriedly tied it into the canvas bag, and flung the bag under the lower bunk.

"I'm disappointed," said the man. "Thought maybe yuh had something good. That stuff they're lappin' up in the firemen's fo'c'sle is fierce. That's why I'm turning in." He flung himself upon the bunk, and almost at once his heavy breathing filled the forecastle.

Greg was glad the man had put himself to bed. Whistling softly, he changed into the white sleeveless undershirt and faded blue dungarees.

The forecastle door opened abruptly and Blackie Allen came down the steps. "Lefty got to bed okay?" he asked.

Greg nodded. "He's dead to the world."

Blackie looked at the sleeping man. "I'm surprised at you, Red. Lettin' a shipmate go to bed in his clothes like that. He might take cold. Take off his shoes. Put a blanket over him."

"Oh, yeah?" snorted Greg.

Blackie turned on him. "Look here, Bantam. You'll do just what I say—understand? I'm boss of this here fo'c'sle. None of your lip, now!"

"Give you some? How can you be so selfish?"

Greg had begun sweeping. He stopped short. Was Blackie tough in streaks or was he just trying him out? Better go easy anyway. "All right," he agreed.

"Now that's better, Bantam! Maybe we'll get along if you watch yourself. Lefty O'Hara's my pal. See? I sorta look after him. Who do you think got him to leave that party next door and go to bed? Me—Blackie Allen."

Greg covered Lefty, and began sweeping again, puzzled and bothered. Was Blackie friendly or wasn't he?

Presently Blackie asked, "Joining the crowd next door, Red?"

"Sure. I'll look in for a minute."

"That's the stuff. If you wanta get along with the gang you gotta mix." Blackie swung up the steps.

Ten minutes later, his work completed, Greg followed. He wanted to look over the ship before he joined the crew in the firemen's forecastle.

The fog had lifted, but a bleak wind sent him hurrying aft across the deck. He passed Toppy, still on guard at the rail, and dived into the port alleyway. He caught the odor of food from the galley. He was hungry! Maybe he could wangle a handout; then he could prowl about the ship at leisure.

It was nearly an hour later when he came back to the foredeck and found Toppy still on duty. The little cockney greeted him ingratiatingly.

"Hi there, sailor! Listen, Red. I've been witin' an' witin' 'ere ter be relieved. Stand guard, will yer, till I 'unt up Swede Jorgenson—blarst 'im!"

Greg cocked an eyebrow. Toppy had forgotten his jeers. Oh, well. "Okay, Toppy," he agreed. "Go ahead."

Toppy started toward the forecastle head, but at the nearest hatch he stopped and stared down into the dark hold. Then he turned and called:

"Come 'ere. Quick!!"

Greg hurried across, wondering.

"Lean over this 'atch. Smell anythink?"

Greg leaned over and sniffed. "Something's burning!" he cried.

"Just wot I thourght," shrilled Toppy. "The cargo's smolderin' down in the 'old! Listen, Red. Scoot up ter the cabin deck an' report ter the third mite. 'Is cabin's on the port side. Run!"

Greg raced up to the cabin deck. Halfway down a row of doors that faced the rail, a single porthole shone like an eye in the night. Hurrying aft he halted before the cabin door. Upon it was a small sign: *Third Officer.*

Greg knocked loudly. "Mr. Moran!"

Inside a chair was shoved back. Then the third mate appeared.

"Toppy wants you on the foredeck, sir. Quick."

The mate grabbed his cap. "What's up?"

"We think there's a fire in one of the holds, sir."

"Which hatch?" The mate was making for the ladder.

"The one nearest the gangway."

"Number 2 hold. Cotton. That's bad."

By the time they reached the foredeck Toppy had switched on the floodlights and was waiting at Number 2 hatch. No smoke was yet visible.

"Wot yer think?" asked Toppy.

Third Mate Moran leaned tensely over the coaming. "Fire, all right. Captain Jarvis aboard?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Come on! We'll take a look."

Greg followed the two men aft to the engine-room entrance and on down the ladder.

Halfway down, Moran said over his shoulder, "Toppy, get a fire extinguisher."

Greg followed the mate on below and into a tunnel leading forward. A moment later they came out into the fireroom, where a single fire was burning.

Moran looked about. "Where's the fireman on duty?"

Toppy, coming up with a brass extinguisher, shook his head.

Moran strode up an incline that pierced the forward bulkhead. In the darkness of the little tunnel Toppy suddenly halted. "'Ere 'e is. Asleep."

"Asleep!" Moran barked. "Who is it?"

"Slim Loomis, I think, sir."

Something in the crouched attitude of the man on the floor made Greg kneel. Loomis was breathing heavily, his grimy face contorted.

"He's hurt!" Greg said. "Look. There's blood on his head."

Moran knelt beside Greg and touched the fireman's hair, wet and matted on one side. "You fellows carry him out to the stokehole. See if it's serious."

Toppy passed the fire extinguisher to the mate; then he and Greg carried the moaning man down the incline to the steel flooring.

"Miybe 'e fell," suggested Toppy.

"What from?"

"From the bloomin' fiddley ladder."

"Then how did he get into the tunnel?"

"'E could crawl, couldn't 'e? Come on. Slim ain't 'urt bad. We'll come back later."

They found the third mate whirling a small wheel on the watertight door in the bulkhead. He stopped, tugged mightily, and the heavy door swung open. Greg saw a puff of smoke drift outward. Little tongues of flames licked round the casing.

"Now how did that start?" Moran growled, and sent a white stream from the extinguisher toward the flames. Smoke rose in a haze, clouding the bales of cotton. The fire hissed.

"Lucky you noticed, Toppy," ejacu-

lated Moran. "It's barely started. I'll call the bo'sun and have these bales hauled out."

"Was it spontaneous combustion, sir?" Greg asked.

Moran frowned. "I doubt it."

"Wot? Yer mean some bloke started it?"

"We can't be sure yet," replied Moran. He stooped and picked up something that had been wedged between bulkhead and cotton. "Where'd this come from?" He held up a half-burned cardboard package.

Greg stared. The package was yellow. With mounting alarm he looked at the label. *Rex Washing Powder.*

Toppy craned forward. "Do yer think it's some kinda gunpowder wot was used to start the fire?"

Moran sniffed at the package. "I wonder."

"Blimey, I never seen a package o' this before. Wot bloke do yer suppose brought it aboard?"

At Toppy's question, all the blood seemed to drain from Greg's head. Swaying, he put a hand against the bulkhead for support.

Moran was tasting the powder. "It's nothing but soap. If the stuff were inflammable, Toppy, the whole thing would have blazed up in a minute. Besides, if anyone really wanted to start a fire down here he'd find plenty of oil around."

Greg's glance followed the yellow package as Moran tossed it down. The officer's words sounded sensible enough, but there was something mighty queer about this affair. *Was* that the same package he had brought aboard?

"Toppy, get the bo'sun," the mate was saying. "I'll have the chief engineer take care of Loomis."

Behind them footsteps came running. A voice called, "Mr. Moran!"

"Here I am."

A junior engineer came up panting, "The oiler just discovered a fire aft! In No. 3 hold."

"Another fire! Bad?"

"We'll need the fireboat."

Moran leaped for the ladder, calling back, "I'll give the alarm. Toppy, see that No. 3 hatch is battened down."

For a moment Greg stood motionless. Then, ignoring Toppy's call, he too made for the fiddley ladder—he'd got to look for his yellow package!

For centuries, it seemed, he was climbing up iron rungs. When he reached deck he was hardly conscious of a bell clanging above him and men streaming up from the black gang's quarters. He made for the forecastle.

Lefty was snoring loudly. Greg reached under his bunk for the canvas bag. It came out easily. Too easily. Shaking, Greg stared down at it.

The bag was flat, empty. The yellow package was gone.

Chapter Four

"ALL hands aft!" The cry from the foredeck roused Lefty. He stirred. "Was that the bo'sun calling?"

Greg, seated on the bench, nodded wearily. "I suppose so. There's a fire in No. 3 hold."

"A fire?" Lefty sat up and yawned. "Just when I wanta take a nap!" He reached for his shoes. "Yuh know," he confided, "I can be dead to the world but just let that blasted bo'sun open his mouth any place on deck an' I'm wide awake. Say, what's the matter? Yuh look kinda funny. Scared about something?"

"Well, suppose this fire spreads?"

"What of it? It ain't our funeral." But with the words Lefty was gone.

Greg snapped to his feet. It might be everybody's funeral—and he'd been sitting here dumb and dazed.

He dashed after Lefty to plunge with the rest of the crew into a scorching fight. Every minute he half frantically expected an explosion. On this crazy ship anything might happen!

Nothing happened. The fire boat, a huge red tug that pumped water directly from the bay, didn't even have to swing into action. By the time Captain Jarvis arrived on board, the fire was under control. Soon it was out.

"Good work," Greg heard the captain say to the third mate. "As soon as the insurance underwriters give the word, we'll have the longshoremen haul out this cargo onto the dock."

"Tonight?" asked the mate.

"Tonight. The picket line's been called off."

When the longshoremen began discharging cargo, the members of the crew, weary and dirty, went thankfully forward to their quarters. But without Greg. He had an important errand elsewhere. With a swift glance around to make sure he was unnoticed, he dived in at the open door of the fiddley and descended to the fireroom. A new man was on duty.

"Hello," said Greg. "I wanted to take another look at that fire we had down here."

The man's dark face broke into a friendly grin. "Not much of a fire," he said. "We was lucky here."

Greg went on into the tunnel, his eyes searching the incline. There it was—that yellow spot! With a quick move, he caught up the remains of the package of soap powder. He was studying it when another fireman emerged from the engine room.

"I'll take over my watch, Pete," said the man.

Greg looked up. It was Slim Loomis, with his head taped up.

"Hello," said Loomis. "What you doing here?"

"I was with Toppy and the third mate when we found the fire here," Greg jerked. "I wanted to take another look. Feeling better?"

"Sure. The chief fixed me up. And I don't want Panama Pete to stand my watch. I'd only have to put in more hours tomorrow. What you got there?"

Greg turned over the charred package. "I was just wondering where this came from. It was in the hold there." He was carefully casual.

"Aw, some stevedore musta left it there in New Orleans when we loaded."

"Maybe."

The tall fireman grinned. "You trying to discover who started those fires?"

"You think somebody started them?"

"Sure. Somebody sneaked down here and slugged me. I'd like to get my hands on that bird."

"Then you didn't see him?"

"Naw. I was cleaning a burner and heard a sound and before I could turn something hit me."

Panama Pete broke in. "I'll beat it now, Slim. I wanta go up town."

"Sure. Go ahead."

Panama Pete turned to the engine-room tunnel and disappeared. Greg moved toward the fiddley ladder.

"You taking that burnt package away with you?" grinned Loomis.

Greg nodded, trying to make the nod sheepish. "I sort of want to look it over." This fellow thought he was a nut, and he'd better let him think so.

"Well, if you find out anything from that scorched-up chunk of box, let me know, Mr. Detective."

Greg grinned back and went on.

On the dark foredeck, he stopped by the bulwarks. He wanted to examine the package in secret; he'd drop it here by the scuppers and pick it up later.

Back in the forecastle again, he found the men cleaning up to go ashore and realized with relief that payday and the events of the evening had overshadowed the arrival of a new ordinary. Toppy threw him a grin, but the other men scarcely glanced his way. He climbed up to his bunk and flung himself flat to rest and wait his chance for a shower in the washroom.

"Some blighter started both fires," Toppy was proclaiming. "I arsks yer now, who done it?"

Blackie Allen snorted. "You're talking through your hat, Limey."

"Wot! If yer don't believe me, arsk the kid up there. 'E knows. 'E 'eard the third mite say somebody done it."

"Hey, Bantam!" Blackie said sharply. "Speak up. That so?"

Greg's throat was tight. "Yes."

"Wot'd I tell yer?" shrilled Toppy. "Some bloke on board started both fires."

Then a heated argument over who was next in the shower line-up stopped for a time all other discussion. Greg lay staring at the skylight.

There *must be* some connection between that yellow package and the two fires. Should he keep still about his part in bringing the package aboard or go to Captain Jarvis with his suspicions? If he kept still, he'd have a chance to hold onto this job and sail with the ship. If he went to the skipper he'd have to admit buying the discharge and acknowledge his lack of sea experience—and say good-by to his job. He'd be thrown onto the dock without a penny. Then what? . . .

Presently he realized that the last of the men were leaving.

"Red," Toppy was yipping, "wot's eatin' yer? Roll outer yer bunk an' come along! We're goin' plices."

"No, thanks," Greg said heavily. "I —I guess not."

"Wot! Yer goin' to lie there an' sleep with the town waitin' to be tore up! Wot's the matter with yer? Yer ain't got no guts."

Maybe not. Greg lay limp and silent. Then he heard another voice. Blackie's.

"Aw, shut up, Toppy. Lay off the kid. He's got plenty guts. If he wants to sleep, let him sleep. Come on, let's get out of here."

They were gone, and still Greg lay motionless. But not so limp—so Blackie

thought he had guts. . . . Presently he slid to the floor. He made for the deserted washroom, scrubbed himself under the tepid water, and returned to slip into his brown suit.

His dungarees, singlet, and cap he flung into the canvas bag; his other things he packed in his suitcase. Then, carrying both bags, he went on deck and recovered the yellow package. He slid it into the canvas bag

At the gangway stood a tall lanky Swede on watch. "Keep your eye on this suitcase, will you?" Greg asked.

"Yah. Goin' ashore for good?"

"Yes, as soon as I see the third mate."

He mounted the ladder to the cabin deck, carrying the canvas bag. As he went aft, he heard the whirr of a winch and the shout of a stevedore. The *Araby* was unloading. Soon she'd be off again—but he wouldn't be aboard her. . . . Here, why was he standing still? He drove himself on.

The porthole of the third mate's cabin was still luminous in the night. Again he knocked. No answer. The third mate was out. Greg swung about and went back to the foredeck.

"Mr. Moran wasn't there. Where'll I find the captain?"

The lanky quartermaster looked doubtful. "He'll be busy."

"This is important."

"Well, yuh might take a look-see in the officers' saloon."

"Thanks." Greg hurried off—better not take time to think. He reached the door marked *Officers' Saloon* and rapped with a hand that trembled.

"Come in!" It was the deep voice of the *Araby's* master.

Greg nervously pulled open the door. His first glance took in only a long table covered with green baize. Then, he saw Captain Jarvis at a desk in one corner. Near him sat the mate.

Moran said, "This is the new ordinary, Captain Tom." He gave Greg a friendly look. "You wanted something?"

"Yes, sir. I wanted—I've something to tell you."

Captain Jarvis leaned back in his chair. "Out with it then. What is it?"

Greg went forward to the table and put his bag down. "It's about that package Mr. Moran found in the forward hold where the fire started. I—I know where it came from."

The third mate stared. "You mean that box of soap powder?"

"Yes, sir. I brought that package aboard. And somebody stole it from this canvas bag."

Captain Jarvis demanded, "What are you two talking about?"

When the third mate had explained, the captain roared, "Sufferin' catfish! This thing sounds crazy. But sit down, youngster." He waved Greg to a chair, and the boy glimpsed tattooed designs encircling the man's powerful wrist. "We'll hear what you have to say."

Greg sat down, opened the canvas bag, and passed the burnt package to the third mate. "Maybe you're right, sir, and there was only soap powder in this, but I've an idea it contained something else too."

Third Mate Moran studied the package with interest, but the captain threw it only a cursory glance. "Tell us exactly what happened."

Across the width of the table Greg faced the two men and told his whole story. The two officers listened in silence, occasionally exchanging glances.

When he had finished neither spoke, but after a minute Captain Jarvis reached for the wreck of the yellow package and examined it, frowning intently. Only the scorched bottom part remained, but on one side the name *Rex Washing Powder* was plainly visible and on the other side part of the printed directions could still be read. Jarvis scrutinized the printed words. "There seem to be some green and yellow dots here," he said.

"It doesn't make sense," remarked the third mate.

"Doesn't it?" Jarvis's eyes narrowed. "Don't be too sure. One thing's certain—somebody meant to destroy this package." He looked inside it. "There's plenty of powder here to have analyzed. It looks like the real stuff but we'd better make sure." He sat the package down on the table. "We'll not handle this any more. It's a gold mine of fingerprints—ours, of course, and the prints of the man who sold Richards that discharge and of the member of our crew who started those fires."

Greg leaned forward. "But won't they be all jumbled, sir? And maybe the important ones burned off?"

"Perhaps." Jarvis nodded. "We'll see." He stood up and stretched, towering almost to the deckhead. "I'm convinced that when we get at the bottom of this soap package business we'll find the man who started those fires, and why. But we're pretty short of clues. Richards, you say Blackie Allen was the only man in the fo'c'sle when you went in?"

"Yes, sir. And he didn't see me take out the package. I was alone when I unpacked. But when Lefty O'Hara came below, he noticed the package and asked what was in it."

Captain Jarvis turned. "What do you know about O'Hara, Tod?"

"Not much," the mate answered. "He's been with us on two voyages."

"And Blackie Allen?"

"One trip only. But likely neither of them is our man. It was dark, and somebody may have been on deck looking through a porthole when Richards put the package back into the bag and flung it under the bunk."

"I know." Captain Jarvis reflected a moment and spoke again. "No stranger but Richards here came aboard. One of the old members of our crew must be guilty."

"All the men off watch have gone ashore," said Tod Moran. "Maybe one of them's gone for good."

Captain Jarvis shook his head. "He'll be back. He'd know if he didn't turn up we'd be right on his track." He sat down again and said somberly, "There's more behind this than meets the eye, Tod Moran."

"You mean," the mate said slowly, "that the fire ties into this hot cargo business."

"Exactly. That rumor was no mistake. Listen. I had the stevedores' office wire New Orleans. Two hours ago a reply came saying they'd sent no message about hot cargo. That means someone deliberately attempted to hold this ship in port. Now why?"

"Then you think it wasn't labor trouble at all, Captain Tom?"

Greg saw Captain Jarvis' big fist tighten as he answered: "We don't have labor trouble, not on the *Araby*. You know that. And our crew knew this picketing was all wet. Of course they did. Then why should one of our men start those fires?"

Greg, listening bewildered, jumped when the captain broke off to fire a question at him. "Where's that discharge you bought, Richards?"

Flushing, Greg dug out the bit of paper. "Here, sir."

Captain Jarvis looked it over—and whistled. "Jacob Allen! Here's our friend Blackie again, Tod."

"What! Now what in thunder does that mean?"

"We'll tend to that. Later. I'll just keep this discharge, Richards."

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose I needn't explain to you what you've done. Buying this discharge. Giving us the impression you'd had sea experience. Acting as agent for someone bent on doing us harm!"

Greg's face burned. "I expected to be fired, sir."

"But didn't you expect to make any amends for your part in this mess?"

Greg gulped. "I—I'll do anything I can, sir."

"I want to get a line on this seaman who gave you his canvas bag. Think you could find him?"

"I'll try, sir."

"Then suppose you and Tod Moran beat it down to that fellow's hotel. See if he's still there." The big man's eyes blazed with sudden fury. "We've got to locate him! He's the key to all this trouble."

The third mate stood up. "Shall we go now?"

"The quicker the better."

"Come on, Red. Let's go."

Outside on the foredeck Captain Jarvis drew up by the rail. "Underwriters still aboard, Jorgenson?"

"Still aboard, sir."

Greg stooped for his suitcase, and heard the captain's voice.

"Where you taking that, Richards?"

"Ashore, sir," Greg paused, confused.

"What's the idea? You're staying aboard this ship. I want to keep you in sight." The big man's growl was savage, but his eyes were kind.

Greg, meeting them, began to comprehend. This man knew he had no place to go! "You—you mean you'll give me a job?"

"That's what I mean. Tomorrow I'll fix it up with the hiring hall. Think I'd let you disappear like the man who sold you that discharge? No! You're staying aboard till we find that man."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Well, watch your step," rumbled Captain Jarvis. "You too, Tod." He waved them down the gangway. "I'll be waiting up for you. Good luck!"

Greg ran down in a glow of relief—at least he'd been lucky to run into a captain like this big tattooed man. . . .

Ten minutes later, sitting beside Tod Moran in a speeding taxicab, Greg began to wonder if they'd find the tall seaman. It must be close to eleven o'clock. Wouldn't the man have left the Bay View Hotel long before this? If he hadn't—what would happen?

"You're quiet, Red," the third mate remarked. "Scared?"

"Yes, sir," Greg said promptly, and they both laughed.

Greg felt a warm sense of elation flow through him. Only a few hours before he'd been all alone, and here he was now with a friendly ship's officer hurrying through the night on a mission charged with adventure. Sure he was scared, but what of it?

Almost before Greg knew it their cab was slowing up at Mission Street. A moment later they were standing on the sidewalk and the taxi had gone.

"Come on, Red. This way."

Greg fell into step beside the young officer as they turned up the street. They'd soon be there. What would they find? He was glad he didn't have to face the tall seaman alone.

"Listen, Red," broke in the mate. "If this bird happens to be in, he's sure to beat it if he hears the two of us asking about him. So you go up first, alone."

"Yes, sir." In the darkness Greg grinned feebly. Just his usual luck!

"I'll follow you up in a jerk. Don't let on you know me. I'll ask for a room."

"I see, sir. But what'll I do?"

"Try to get the fellow out into the hall where I can see him. That's all. He seems to know the *Araby*. He's probably shipped out with us, and I'm sure to recognize him. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

A few more steps brought them to the dimly lighted entrance of the Bay View. No lobby was visible. A worn flight of steps led gloomily upward.

Tod Moran looked up the dark stairway. "Go ahead, Red."

Greg mounted the stairs, his eyes alert, his ears keyed for any sound. His footfalls on the creaking steps echoed loudly in the stillness. His lips made silent talk to reassure himself: *Keep climbing, mister—you're not scared.*

(To be continued in the October issue of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

Stained Gold (*Continued from page 24*)

Alder Gulch let it be known at Alder Gulch that you now have the gold dust for which that old miner, Beal, was murdered. Several weeks ago three men, with a good pack outfit, arrived from there and said that, as they could get no claims up there, they were going beaver trapping. They had heard that you and a few others were trapping on the Musselshell, and they would go there too as the stream would afford plenty of trapping for all.

The three are not trappers. They are mining-camp bad men. So if they appear, watch them closely, for I feel it is your gold dust, not beaver skins, they are after.

May this reach your hand in time for you to be upon your guard against the desperadoes. Hoping that you all may have a most prosperous winter, I am

Faithfully yours,
James Dawson

When I finished, Carter growled: "So they came straight from Alder Gulch to get our gold dust!"

"Well, what are you going to do about things?" Richards asked.

"Trail Bellaire and Bird," Carter said instantly. "But first we've got to get our outfit to the Pikuni camp."

Said Richards loyally: "I'll be right with you."

Talking, laughing, singing, the rest of our rescuers were now pouring into camp. We learned that sixteen of the Cutthroats had been killed before they could reach the river. More had been shot as they swam away. Some had simply drowned. It was not likely that more than five or six had escaped.

It was two evenings later, in the Pikuni camp on Middle Creek, that we gathered in Three Bulls' lodge to plan the pursuit of Bellaire and Bird. Paiot'aki was to stay in camp and we induced Richards to remain also, since this was no quarrel of his.

Three Bulls, Ancient Man, Carter, and I would go. First to Fort Benton Bellaire and Bird, of course, would avoid the place, but from freighters or trappers or Indians trading there, we might hear of the two. We still believed they were making for the coast, for Portland.

We were off early the next morning, and made the journey to Fort Benton in two days. It was just dusk when we arrived.

At sight of us, Factor Dawson threw up his hands and exclaimed: "What, you all here? Did you get my letter? Well, I don't suppose you saw the three toughs. They stopped here on their way back to the mines two days after Bellaire and that fellow Bird left—"

"What? Bellaire and Bird were here?" cried Carter.

"Why not? You sent them."

"Sent nothin'!" Carter shouted. "They stole our gold dust, killed Three Bulls' young woman and child, an' made no end of trouble. We're here tryin' to find them two buzzards."

The factor's brows grew puzzled. "Let's get this straight. It was five—no six—days ago that Bellaire and Bird arrived. They said you'd sent them for more supplies: tobacco, cartridges, four gallons of whiskey, beads, trade cloth, and so on. I don't make a practice of selling spirits, but as it was for you I let them have it."

"Gosh! They risked showin' up here to get whiskey!" Carter broke in.

"Doubtless. They were in a big hurry, they said, and got me to give them the goods that night. Before daylight they awoke Chouquette and had him let them out—"

"So that none would see them go west," I put in.

"Doubtless. And then—let me see. Yes, it was two days after they left that the three toughs arrived. They said they'd changed their minds about trapping. It was too dangerous—too many war parties abroad. They made no mention of you or your party. They left on the following morning before I was up."

"They probably learned from some of your men that Bellaire and Bird had been here," said Carter.

"Then they did go to your camp!" exclaimed Dawson. "They know those two have the gold!"

Impatiently Three Bulls spoke up: "Is it that you all consider Ancient Man and me to be little children who should not know what you all are so excitedly talking about?"

Whereat Carter nodded to me and briefly in Blackfeet I told all that we had just learned.

While we sat at dinner, the factor advised us to hurry if we were to overtake Bellaire and Bird before winter closed the mountain passes. Freighters from Alder Gulch had reported several falls of snow in Idaho.

We speculated on what the fugitives would do with the trade stuff they had swindled from the factor.

"Use it to buy fresh horses in any Indian camp," I suggested. "The horses they now have will soon become sore-footed on those rocky mountain trails."

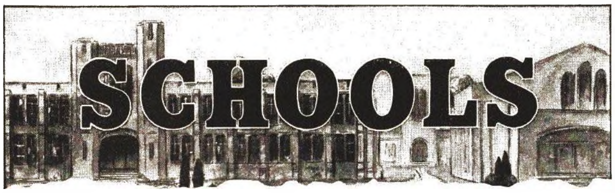
"Right," the factor replied, "and that reminds me that I must have my blacksmith shoe your horses."

He then told us that during the summer two rich placer discoveries had been made about a hundred miles north of Alder Gulch, on the road to the coast. One discovery was named Silver City, the other Last Chance Gulch. We should likely hear news of Bellaire and Bird in both towns.

It was only about a hundred and fifty miles from the fort to Silver City, and Last Chance Gulch was only twelve miles farther on. I was eager to see these places and even more eager to overtake Bellaire and Bird. Yet forebodings filled my mind, and I was long in getting to sleep that night.

(To be concluded in the October number of THE AMERICAN BOY.)

"Pardon, Madame, you've made a mistake."



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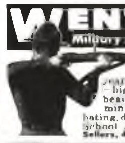

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Why Bother with Ladders?

(*Continued from page 13*)

gang knew it. There was nothing to do but finish the day and quit for good.

The afternoon darkened but they stayed at work. The drizzle turned to rain and the wind stiffened. Nobody tried to speak against the volleying of the gun. When Flaherty was ready to throw a rivet he beat on the side of his stove with the tongs.

Once they stopped for a moment and Jim realized for the first time that he was shaking. Drenched with sweat, his head reeling, Jim gripped his can and tried not to look at rocks and the river far down there below him.

As they worked the wind grew stronger, until it seemed to blow directly on Jim's raw nerves. His cap blew off and whirled down sickeningly, until it disappeared in the river.

Jim caught a rivet mechanically and lifted it out with shaking tongs. He hardly knew what he was doing.

Suddenly there was a shriek of pain. Bill Rivers began to swear! "You blasted fool!" he shouted. "Look where you're working!"

Jim understood, then, what had happened—he had burned Bill with the rivet! There was a searing line deep through Bill's thick leather glove. He knew Bill was thinking that he wasn't to be trusted, and that when he lost his nerve he went to pieces.

Before they had time to speak a tornadolike gust of wind shook the very columns. A sudden clap echoed through the skeleton building. The ladder! The long wooden ladder had blown backwards to the floor below.

"The ladder!" Flaherty shrieked.

Chad dropped on all fours and started across to Flaherty's platform. It was still possible to crawl where you couldn't walk. He inched himself forward with hands and thighs. When he got to the platform he looked for Bill, ignoring Jim. "All right?" he bellowed.

Bill nodded and moved himself along the beam, wincing when he had to touch the steel with his pain-seared hand.

Jim followed behind him. The dread ring of fear was around his heart and with it a deep hopelessness. He'd lost his nerve in a pinch and he'd hurt one of the gang. He was through.

By the time they were on the platform Flaherty was wild. He moved around the boards like a banshee. "We're licked! I tell you, we're licked! With this wind growing we'll be blown to kingdom come before morning."

Jim said nothing. Slowly in the back of his mind he realized what he had to do. Somehow *he* had to get down to the floor below *without* a ladder! Chad, with his stiff leg, couldn't. Flaherty was too short to grip the steel. Bill had a burned hand.

"For the fourth time, lady, NO, that is not William Tell when he was a boy!"

"I'll get down," he told the others. He felt the tastelessness of rain against his lips. He hardly heard what they said. Inside he was frozen with fear.

"You'll never make it!" Chad said.

Jim shook his head. "Tie the rope around my waist. I'm going down the column."

Chad hesitated, looking toward the river. In another hour the platform would be impossible. If they didn't get off soon they might all die.

"Hurry up!" Jim said.

Chad hurried.

Jim kicked off his heavy shoes and moved to the edge of the building. He knew better than to look down.

He twisted his legs around the column and began to lower himself. Inch by inch he moved down the red column. His toes fought for footholds on the rivet heads, and his arms hugged the column in a frozen grip.

He felt the skin of his water-soaked hands tear painfully. The wind battered his stocking feet against the steel. The inside of his arms and legs scraped against the rough column.

The wind bore down against his back and pinned him to the column. If it shifted for as much as one second he'd be flipped off into space.

Down, down, down. Perilous inch by inch. He could see the upward sweep of the other tower. "Keep looking up!" he told himself. But it was unnecessary, now. He wasn't afraid any more. Just tired. Like a drowning man who wants nothing but to let go.

Suddenly his toe stubbed against the crossbeam and Jim knew that he was down. He heard the men shout but their voices were dulled by the wind. He lowered himself so that he straddled the crossbar. Jerking himself free of the rope, he began to move inch by inch toward the platform.

Slowly, carefully, he fought against the wind and the slippery steel. Finally the platform was just ahead. He pulled himself up on it.

Reeling as the full impact of the wind blew against him, he stood up. He plunged forward and managed to reach the ladder.

He tugged and lifted it, still fighting the enemy wind. The ladder wavered, then was upright. He let it drop against the side of Flaherty's platform. The men lashed it with rope. Then they began to come down.

By the time they reached the platform Jim was sitting dumbly, holding his bleeding hands.

"Boy, you're all right!" Flaherty's shrill voice pierced the wind.

"Ain't he got nerve?" Bill said.

Chad agreed. "He's the genuine article," he said. "To lose his nerve and then pull a stunt like that!"

"You didn't *have* to go after that ladder, you know. I've never asked a member of my gang to do anything I wouldn't do myself."

Jim came to life. "A member of your gang, did you say?"

Chad nodded. "Sure," he said. "Once we find a guy like you, you don't suppose we'd let him go, do you? You've got to try a man, and try him again, and see him get scared, and see him get unscared. And if he still clicks you know he's your man."

The blood thumped into Jim's head. "Then I'm on the gang—for good?"

"You bet you're on!" Bill broke in, with his burned hand thrust deep into his wet jacket. "You're on as long as any one of us can throw a rivet."

U. S. Announces Forthcoming Issues

STAMPS

by Kent B. Stiles

WHETHER you are a beginning stamp collector with but a few stamps or a seasoned collector with a valuable album, it is important that you keep informed about the stamp market as reflected by the stamp advertisements printed in the two adjoining columns. Read EVERY advertisement for somewhere in these columns you may find a bargain in the very stamps you need to round out your collection.

FROM official sources at Washington comes information on which may be based a forecast of Uncle Sam's stamp-issuing program for a few months ahead.

The Constitution commemorative postal paper has narrowed down to a single denomination, a 3c, and is due on September 17, the date of the beginning of the sesquicentennial celebration. The new stamp will have as its design J. B. Stearns' noted painting showing the signing of the Constitution.

Then will come the insular possessions series, publicizing American ownership of Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands. President Roosevelt has suggested the Governor's House at Puerto Rico as one design. A portrait of the first of the line of the Kamehameha kings will appear on the Hawaiian stamp; and possibly a map of Alaska on that territory's. No suitable picture for the Virgin Islands stamp has been found at this writing. Present expectation is that each stamp will be a 3c, in four colors.

About Jan. 1 should appear the initial value of an entire new regular set. The Treasury Department has announced a competition, open to professional and amateur artists, for designs. Winning sketches will be turned over to the Post Office Department, which may or may not use them.

Commemorating the 70th birthday of Grand Marshal Mannerheim of Finland.

The proposed series to honor all past Presidents who are dead has been shelved for the present; but this idea, which originated with Mr. Roosevelt, may be combined with the new regular set in such a way that the Presidents not hitherto remembered will be accorded recognition.

The P. O. Department disclaims knowledge of a series to honor American Indians but it is known that Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, philatelist, has his heart set on it; and President Roosevelt, philatelist, is said to have approved. But with the Bureau of Engraving and Printing called upon to produce Constitution, insular possessions and new regular stamps, the Indian series may be indefinitely deferred.

One more possibility is intriguing. Successful pioneering trans-Atlantic flights, foreshadowing regular air mail service between the United States and Europe, were made in July. It is wholly probable such a service will be begun this year and that special air stamps will be used—which would mean another pre-January job for the Bureau.

Meanwhile the Virginia Dare 5c blue—the "lost colony" commemorative mentioned last month—appeared on Aug. 18. The design—man, woman and child in the Colonial costume of 1587—was personally chosen by the President. Manteo, N. C., is the place of first-day sales.

The souvenir sheet being released at Asheville, N. C., on Aug. 26-28—the Government's tribute to the Society of Philatelic Americans in convention there—comprises a single imperforate copy of the 10c of the National Parks series of 1934.

The Northwest Territory 3c purple, released on July 13, pictures two men new to philately—Manasseh Cutler (1742-1823), who sponsored the Congressional Ordinance of 1787 under which the Northwest Territory was established; and Rufus Putnam (1738-1824), leader in the Territory's settlement. Cutler, a clergyman, was a graduate of Yale. Putnam, soldier and statesman, was "the father of Ohio" and helped found Marietta, the Ohio community which was the Territory's capital. Marietta was a first-day sales point for that latter reason; and New York City was the other because in 1787 it was the young republic's capital. The stamp is one of the most fascinating in our country's history, as it presents a 1787 map divided into the Thirteen Original States, the Northwest Territory, the Southwest Territory, and Spanish Florida, all between the Mississippi and the Atlantic seaboard.

At the first National Stamp Conference, held in Washington, a written message was received from Secretary Ickes—and if Dad and Mother are still a bit skeptical of the value of philately, I suggest you ask them to read these few paragraphs. Mr. Ickes said:

"The postage stamps of the United States should be the banners of the nation, testifying to the patriotism, the courage, the love of beauty, the democracy and the justice of the American people. If we regard them as symbols of civilization, they assume an importance which far transcends any temporary practical use to which they may be put.

"I conceive of a stamp as a fragment of history, a word in the annals of human experience, a picture of an ideal fresh from the human heart. Our stamps, as I look them over in my album, each assumes the aspect of a page in the chronicle of the nation. Taken together, they constitute a primer of Americanism in the very best meaning of the phrase."

While at Washington recently on an assignment for a newspaper I had the fortunate opportunity of learning a great deal about President Roosevelt's interest in philately. Here are some facts:

The White House occupant has been collecting since he was eight years old, when he was given an album containing stamps which had been assembled by his mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, when she was in Paris as a girl of twelve. Through school at Groton, college at Harvard, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy at Washington, as Governor at Albany and as President, his interest has sustained. He possesses forty albums, in which he has personally affixed, through the years, about 25,000 stamps. He specializes in Hong Kong and North, Central and South America but has a general collection representing all countries.

For Mr. Roosevelt, philately is a mental sedative when the day's labor is done. He retires to his room, spreads his treasures out on his bed, and temporarily forgets affairs of state. Stamps occupy his interest on some evenings at Hyde Park, Warm Springs and on his Potomac cruises. He has a philatelic library and subscribes to several stamp journals. He "swaps" duplicates with Secretary Ickes.

The cultural and educational phases of stamps and their designs appeal particularly to him—and this suggests why so many of our nation's postal products issued since March 4, 1933, have pictures which are significant with relation to geography, history and current activities. For, as I found out on good authority, Mr. Roosevelt is decidedly "the man behind the scenes" in the selection of illustrations, some of which originate with him.

New stamps are foreshadowed by Great Britain's plan to divide Palestine into three parts.

This French stamp pictures Auguste Rodin and his famous statue "The Thinker."

First, the proposed independent Jewish State would require its own

Stamp Collectors, Notice!

When a stamp dealer mentions "approval sheets" or "approvals" in his advertisement, it means that each person answering the advertisement will receive sheets of stamps sent on approval.

An approval sheet contains stamps attached to it. Under each stamp is marked the dealer's price. The collector may purchase any of the stamps at the prices indicated. All stamps NOT purchased are returned to the dealer; and, at the same time, money is sent to the dealer in payment for any stamps which are kept.

Approval sheets should be returned within the time specified by the dealer. No stamp should be removed unless the collector intends to purchase it. When returning sheets, the collector should tell the dealer specifically whether he wants further ones sent on approval.

A dealer advertising in The American Boy is not supposed to send approval sheets to collectors unless his advertisement clearly states that they will be sent.

postal system, and therefore its own stamps.

Second, a section of the present Palestine will, if Britain's program matures, be added to Trans-Jordan (philately's Transjordania), thus creating an enlarged Arab State; and inasmuch as this enlarged State would lie on *both* sides of the Jordan River, instead of wholly across (*trans*) as at present, a new geographical name would be adopted. Therefore, Transjordania's stamps inscribed "Transjordan" would give way to ones inscribed with the new title.

Third, should the projected independent Jewish State retain "Palestine" as its name, then a new title for the British mandated area (reduced in size because of the partitioning) would be required—with the new name inscribed on stamps released under British supervision.

Dominican Republic's new air stamp illustrates a seaplane base.

The seventh anniversary of the accession of King Carol to the Rumanian throne, on June 8, 1930, has been commemorated with semi-postals having designs dedicated to sports—football, 25 plus 25b; swimming, 50 plus 50b; javelin throwing, 1L plus 50b; skiing, 2 plus 1L; shooting, 3 plus 1L; rowing, 4 plus 1L; horse jumping, 6 plus 2L; founding of Rumania's national sports organization, in 1912, 10 plus 4L.

Newcomers to philately's pageant of portraits include Mannerheim, Leeuwenhoek, Maris, Rodin, Sylvius and Vondel.

Carl Gustav Emil Mannerheim, Finland's army grand marshal, was 70 years old on June 4. Finland gave him a birthday gift —a 2m blue bearing his likeness and inscribed with the date, "4-6-1937."

Anthony van Leeuwenhoek (1632-1723) was a Dutch microscopist and naturalist. His head is on a 12½ plus 3½ of a summer-time semipostal series released by Netherlands.

Jacob Maris (1837-1899), honored on the 1½ plus 1½c of the same set, was a Dutch landscape artist.

Auguste Rodin (1840-1917) was the French sculptor whose *Le Penseur* ("The Thinker") is so familiar in art shops and galleries. With this famous statue shown in the background, Rodin's bearded face is on the 90 plus 10c of France's new "for the unemployed intellectuals" semipostals.

Franciscus de la Boe Sylvius (1614-1672) was a Dutch professor of medicine. The 5 plus 3c of the Netherlands semipostal series presents his head.

Joost van den Vondel (1587-1679), on the 6 plus 4c of the Netherlands set, was a Dutch poet and dramatist.

We Play Again

(*Continued from page 17*)

He grinned. "And sort of good."

Joe stood up. "Does that mean you'll play?" he asked.

China Roberts' eyes fell to the newspaper. He picked it up and read from it again. Then he straightened. "I'll call one of the athletic clubs about an indoor court. We'll hit a few balls tonight. If I'm not too awful, Joe, we'll try to get me in shape for the tournament."

The International Doubles Tournament is held every year at the swanky Brook East Club.

China Roberts and Joe Roberts were entered. They came up a day early and rested. They'd played every day for two weeks. Those strenuous days of practice had given China Roberts the feel of racket and ball again, and Joe realized that he had a partner almost as good as Harris. If China could play this well now, Joe wondered, how good he must have been in the days when he played with his European friend in the Orient!

China and Joe were admittedly lucky on their first couple of tournament matches. Competition pointed out some still-rusty places in China's game. Net play, especially, was indifferent, because China hadn't quite reached the spontaneity necessary to volley a close, fast ball. But the teams of the first two matches weren't too strong, and with Joe's powerful killing shots, and China's amazing steadiness at the base line, they managed to win.

China's game was improving every day, of course. This was proved in the quarterfinals, when they met Mexico's fiery team—and beat them. That was the first important team they'd met, and the victory gave them confidence.

In the meantime, the two men from Berlin picked early as favorites were eliminating all opposition with a finesse and decisiveness that kept them in headlines. Schwartz was a Number Three singles man in his country. Von Stern, although slightly older, was unseeded—the papers said he'd taken up competitive tennis only a year ago. But even so, Frederick von Stern was the star of the team.

"I guess we'll find out just how good we are when we meet *them*," Joe said. "That is, if we get to them."

"We've *got* to get to them," China said with a surprising earnestness.

"Sure. But there's a slight matter of two Californians, in the semifinals," Joe reminded him.

The Californians were hard to eliminate, as shown by the scores of the sets, 6-8, 6-4, 3-6, 10-8, 6-4. But the Roberts won, going into the finals. It was only then that people began to notice this unusual team of father and son.

As China and Joe went up on the clubhouse's marquee, groups of people moved back to let them pass, staring, whispering questions to each other.

"China Roberts," a girl said. "Isn't that a funny name?"

"Spent a lot of time in the Orient, I heard," her escort said. "He plays a dang nice game of tennis."

Joe whispered, "They don't even know who you are."

China's answer was tolerant. "They forget."

At that moment a man about China's age—black-haired, prosperous looking, with the beginning of a bay window—approached them.

"Pardon me—I just want to shake your hand, Mr. Roberts," he said. "I saw you play Williams at Forest Hills in 1915."

When they had passed on, Joe grinned. "Somebody remembers."

There was plenty to remind the forgetful and too-young in the next morning's papers, that this was *the* China Roberts. And there was a good deal about the two boys from Berlin. China didn't glance at the articles about himself—but he read everything he could find about the Berlin team. Joe read aloud with undisguised pleasure one sentence: "—and you can't quite give Von Stern and Schwartz the match without accounting for young Joe Roberts' lethal backhand, which last spring won for him and Harris the Intercollegiate Doubles, and the indomitable fighting spirit of China Roberts."

The afternoon of the finals was clear and almost cool. But you had a feeling that the Brook East Club's seats would have been full even in broiling weather—there was that kind of interest about the match. Full, at Brook East, meant something over five thousand. The great concrete stadium was in the shape of a horseshoe, the old English clubhouse with its awninged porches filling the open end of the horseshoe. The pro-

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tective tarpaulins had been withdrawn from the two championship courts that lay green and smooth at the center of the stadium, and when the finals players came out the umpire and linesmen and ball boys were all ready.

Joe and China were introduced to their opponents just before the match. The opponents seemed good eggs, especially the handsome, yellow-haired Von Stern.

The toss was made and the teams took their courts and warmed up.

"Play well back until we see what's what," China told Joe when they were ready to start. "I imagine Von Stern's got a fast, long service."

"Why do you imagine that?" Joe was puzzled.

China shrugged. "Just guessing. We'll see."

China was right. Von Stern's service was long and hard and accurate. It fitted perfectly with his game, which was stylish and orthodox and fast. Schwartz tended to be more of a chop-shot artist, but he was a skillful placer.

The teams won their services all the way through the first set to 4-all. Neither had showed superiority over the other at that point. Von Stern and Schwartz were a little more speedy as a team, but the two Roberts worked together with a smoothness and understanding that was pleasant to watch. China furnished the steadiness that was his *forte*—in the former days, the game was more of stamina, of keeping the ball in play. Joe supplied the aggressiveness and power.

China and Joe won the first set, 7-5.

"We always give our opponents a one-set lead," Von Stern grinned as they changed courts. "It makes us angry."

Joe grinned back. He couldn't imagine Von Stern's getting mad at anything.

Von Stern had been kidding of course, but they did play better tennis the second set. They took the set 6-4.

"How are you holding up, old man Roberts?" Joe asked after that set.

"Fine. When you grow up you'll probably be able to stand as much of it as I can," China answered.

The third set began with a bit of remarkable volleying. With the ball in play, both teams began shortening their drives in an effort to get to the net, and as a result they were suddenly both inside their service lines with the ball moving between them with unbelievable swiftness. To the spectators, the ball was virtually invisible, a darting shadow, like a shell-game pea, only occasionally flicking into vision.

The ball could neither be angled away nor lobbed, from that swift play. But somebody would flub it soon. The somebody was Schwartz, on a slightly angled volley from China Roberts. There was a burst of applause from the stands.

Von Stern said something in German to Schwartz that was evidently a wisecrack, because Schwartz seemed to forget his chagrin enough to smile.

But Schwartz was not weakening. With his provoking, swift, scudding cut shots, and Von Stern's magnificent, high-bounding drives, they won that set 8-6.

The rest period was welcome to Joe. And China's legs were beginning to grow tired. "You know," China said, "I believe that in the clutch, Schwartz weakens a little. Under heavy fire, his confidence deserts him. If I'm right, that may give the edge that we need."

China Roberts was at least partly right. Schwartz began flubbing and overshooting when the going was fast. It worked like this, Joe discovered: Schwartz went fine as long as he could be aggressive, but get him on the defensive and then bombard him, and his confidence left him. Von Stern, too, felt this faltering, and he'd bolster Schwartz with well-timed, friendly wisecracks. It was this flowing, apparently aimless German chatter that kept them in the running.

The Roberts took the fourth set. That tied the score at two sets all. The fifth began with the Germans breaking Joe's service. The service itself wasn't to blame. The Roberts had got a poor bargain after some prolonged drive-trading from the base lines. So on the next game they went to the net at every opening—and obtained results. At crucial points, Schwartz muffed those leaping volleys, or returned them so softly that they could be easily smashed. In fact, it seemed that only Von Stern's running chatter prevented Schwartz's game from unraveling completely. From the sound of it, this flow of German was at the halfway mark between pollyanna encouragement and straight sarcasm—at exactly the psychological point to hold Schwartz together.

"If we could muzzle Von Stern," Joe growled, "we might win."

But Von Stern's wisecracks couldn't bolster Schwartz indefinitely. Schwartz had broken. The Roberts took three games in succession to put the score in that set at 5-2. Then, on Schwartz's serve, they fought their way to deuce.

Schwartz served China a sliced ball which he drove to the server's forehand corner. Schwartz chopped along the alley line, in exactly the right position for Joe to drive off his deadly backhand. But Von Stern had seen the danger and changed position to take the shot. He played the ball on a rising bound which gained a fraction of a second and held Joe at the base line. For a few moments they battered at each other, but neither weakened. Suddenly Von Stern swung the ball to China's deep forehand, and at the same time he and Schwartz went to the net. China's ball crossed the net exactly paralleling the side line. Von Stern reached it and miraculously angled it along the net cross-court for what should have been a sure put-away. But Joe somehow was there, and from his backhand he lifted the ball in a calm, amazing lob-volley that cleared Von Stern's straining racket and bounced in the alley untouched for the point.

Then Schwartz, on match point, double-faulted; and the Brook East International Doubles was over.

Tingling with that indefinable happiness that follows a hard victory, Joe went with China to the net and shook hands with the losers. Both teams were grinning wearily and talking and nobody knew what anybody else was saying until China Roberts said to Von Stern:

"Your game is very much like your father's."

Von Stern stared at him. "I'm afraid I don't understand. My father died—at Chateau Thierry. Possibly you're thinking of someone else."

"No. I knew your father—Johann von Stern. He played a great game of tennis. I knew him in China—you too, for that matter, but you were only a few months old then," China said. "If you'll come have dinner on the winners, I'll tell you about it."

After the presentation of the cups and conclusion of the ceremonies, Joe and China took their showers and put on clean cool linens. Then Joe had a chance to ask the questions that had been troubling him.

"You didn't tell me that the man you played in China was a German—that he died at Chateau Thierry on the German side."

"Didn't I?" China asked. "Maybe it's because I don't like to remember it. You see, I fought at Chateau Thierry, too—on the Allied side."

Joe understood, then. For a few moments neither of them spoke. Then Joe said:

"Did you know his son was going to play in this tournament?"

"I saw it in the paper the night Harris broke his finger."

"I guess that had something to do with your deciding to play," Joe said.

China shrugged. "Just a sort of whim," he said. "He said we'd play again—and now in a way we have."

The YOUTH'S COMPANION combined with
American Boy

Vol. III SEPTEMBER 1937 *No. 9*

Cover Painting by *Edgar Franklin Wittmack*

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Published Monthly by

THE SPRAGUE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

GRIFFITH OGDEN ELLIS, *Editor* — ELMER P. GRIERSON, *General Manager*

FRANKLIN M. RECK, *Managing Editor*

ESCA G. RODGER, *Fiction Editor* — VEREEN BELL, *Asst. Man. Editor*

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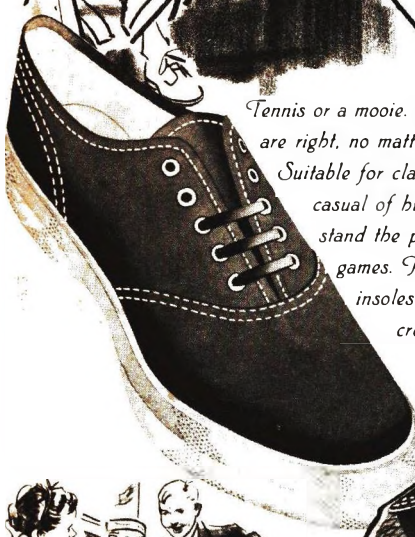
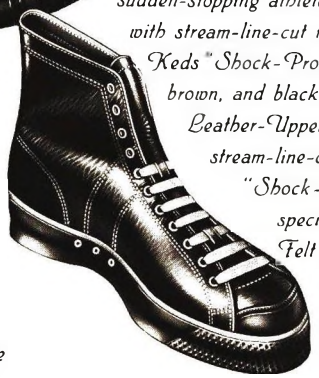
Nothing like the brilliant colors of Keds Yeoman oxfords to point up a cheer leader's antics. Nottingham blue, Alan-a-Dale blue, Horn white, Will Scarlet red, or Friar Tuck brown — one of the five adds the right touch of sartorial splendor to the yellman's uniform. Keds "Flex-Weve Shock-Proof" insoles insure a comfortable landing after a double flip. Deep layers of ground cork keep the thick soles cool and featherweight.

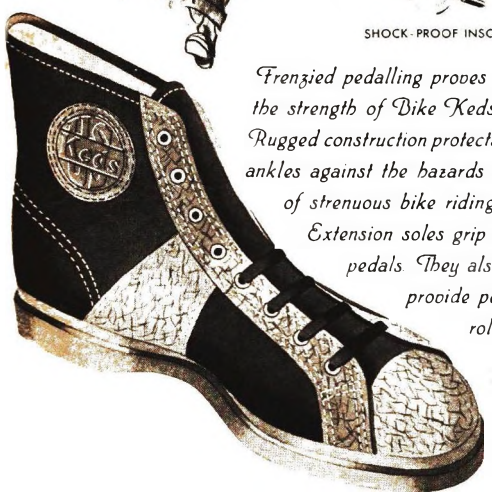


Tennis or a mooie. His Keds Blue Supreme oxfords are right, no matter what his new girl decides. Suitable for classroom wear with the more casual of his early fall outfits, they stand the pace of strenuous court games. Keds "Shock-Proof" insoles. Vulcanized crepe soles.

Forwards breaking through tight defense for fast shots at the basket. Guards taking passes from pivoting teammates. Even referees following rapid plays. These fast-moving, sudden-stopping athletes trained in Keds. The Stride (above), with stream-line-cut top, is a favorite for hard wear in the gym. Keds "Shock-Proof" insoles. White molded-type soles. Blue, brown, and black. Some big-time ball handlers like Leather-Upper Keds (left) made of elkskin with stream-line-cut top and molded crepe soles. Keds "Shock-Proof" insoles and special heel cushions. Felt padded tongues.

SHOCK-PROOF INSOLE





Frenzied pedalling proves the strength of Bike Keds. Rugged construction protects ankles against the hazards of strenuous bike riding. Extension soles grip the pedals. They also provide perfect anchorage for roller skates. Keds "Flexible Arch Cushions" and "Shock-Proof" insoles.

FLEXIBLE ARCH CUSHION

SCIENTIFIC LAST

They are not Keds unless the name Keds appears on the shoes . . . $1.00 to $6.00

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The Natural Shoe for America at Play

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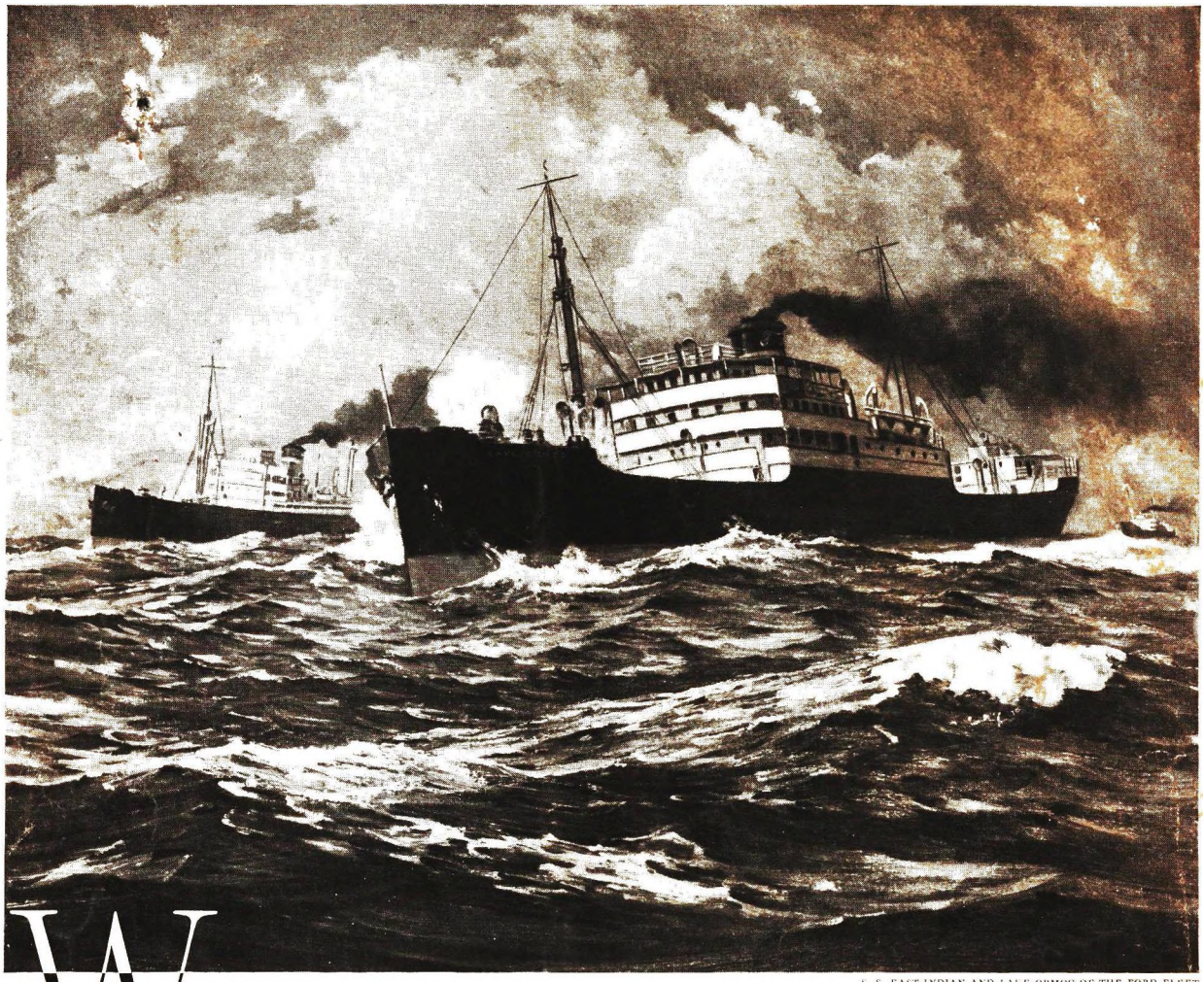

S. S. EAST INDIAN AND LAKE ORMOC OF THE FORD FLEET

Why Ford Ships Sail the Seven Seas

Downs to the sea in Ford ships go millions of tons in industrial shipping. The Ford Rouge docks are a mile and a third long—home berth for one of the largest industrial fleets in the world.

There are 31 Ford ships in all: seven seagoing craft, the two largest motorships on the Great Lakes, thirteen barges, four towing tugs, a harbor tug and four twin-screw canal boats, two of which, with welded steel hulls, were launched this spring and put into commission this summer. The whole fleet is kept busy bringing raw materials to Ford plants, or carrying parts or assembled cars outward-bound.

Ford production methods eliminate all extra handling or storage of material and parts. Waste motion is waste money. Useless storage takes time, space, and ties up capital.

So, parts and materials flow in a steady, unstopping stream to and from the great Ford plant on the River Rouge. And all along the line, the Ford Fleet is an important link in the chain of cost and quality.

Iron ore—much of it dug from Ford mines—comes to the Rouge in Ford ships. Coal for making coke comes from Ford mines, likewise in Ford ships.

Ore that reaches the plant Monday morning may emerge 28 hours later, or about Tuesday noon, as part of a finished car. In its progress from earth to automobile it has been constantly under way and under control. Other incoming parts and materials are controlled in the same way to meet production needs exactly.

As a result, there is no guesswork about quality and cost. There is no lost motion. Ford efficiency begins at the beginning. In the end, the sum of these savings is passed along to buyers of Ford V-8 cars and trucks—in the form of lower price and higher value.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY