featured

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this week

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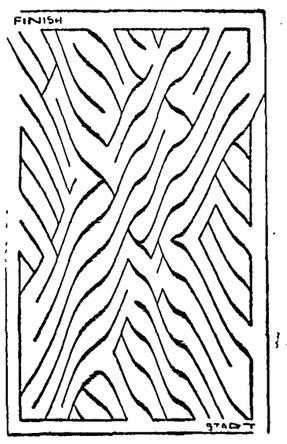
# The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

## PUZZLE CORNER

— 1 —

We haven't given you a maze puzzle for some time, but here's one that we hope you'll like. With your pencil, start at the bottom and try to find the one shortest path that will lead you through the maze. And don't cross over any lines!




— 2 —

It won't be long now until the birds will be back, and you'll see many pretty ones as you walk through the woods. So we are giving you a couple of word chains with that idea in mind.

Change PATH to WIND in six moves.
Change BIRD to CALL in five moves.

— 3 —

In the sentence below, the words are spelled differently but pronounced alike. What are they?

It —— to me that all of these —— should be ripped out.

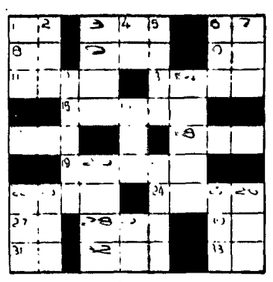
— 4 —

*Remove the middle letter from a word meaning sharply inclined, and get a pet.*

*Remove the middle letter from a word for wide and get a small nail.*

— 5 —

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



The Definitions

HORIZONTAL

1. On condition that
3. Fallen tree
6. Exclamation
8. Negative
9. Burial vase
10. The smallest state (Abbr.)
11. Retained
13. Boy insects
15. Nickname for a left handed person
17. Ocean
18. Chart
19. Hold, grasp
22. A polite word request
24. Sailors cry
27. Electrical engineer (Abbr.)
28. Shade of brown
30. The sun god
31. By
32. Evening
33. Printer's measure

VERTICAL

1. Writing fluid
2. Enemy
3. A stringed instrument
4. Used with either
5. An insect
6. Painting
7. Belonging to him
12. Position
14. Mythological wood spirit
16. A southern state (Abbr.)
20. Tardy
21. Of sound mind
22. A common vegetable
23. Allow
25. Metal in the native state
26. Sweet potato
29. Average (Abbr.)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

1. Crossword Puzzle Solution.

2. The diamond is P, dat, extra, Patrick, tribe, ace, K.
3. HARP — haro — hale — hole — sole — SOLO.
SHAM — steam — star — soar — soak — sock — ROCK.
4. O'Toole, McCarty, Flynn, and Boyle.

RIDDLE ANSWERS

1. In the ground 2. Jonah was a stranger and he took him in 3. Because he could a tail unfold 4. A Jack-o'-lantern 5. They are regular, irregular, and defective.

## Men in Northern Logging Camps Do Perilous Work in Icy Weather

### Log Sleds Are Pulled Over Snow by Big Trucks

By Jim Emmett

"Don't let anyone tell you the day of the lumberjack is past," said Hank Williams as he poked another stick of wood into the already red-hot stove. And Hank should know, because he has hunted and guided for almost sixty years, man and boy, up in the Pine Tree State and on the wooded slopes of the Adirondacks.

"Why shucks, the jacks today are every bit as good as the old-timers," Hank continued. "Take the fellows who bring the logs down out of the mountains for instance. Imagine piloting a ten-ton truck down an ice-covered hill as steep as a beaver slide and as crooked as a deer's hind leg! Then think of having ten sleds bearing a hundred tons of logs, snaking along behind you. That takes nerve, boys and plenty of it.

"The jacks who drive the trucks for the big logging camps turn out at three o'clock in the morning. By four breakfast is over and they're away. Snow trucks are used mostly, and how they can pull when their wheels are replaced by tractor-astern and skis ahead, in order to climb the snow covered, narrow tracks winding up the side of the mountain to where the logs are piled, ready for loading.

### The "Whistle Punk"

"On the hindmost sled a lumberjack rides the topmost log. He's called the Whistle Punk, and his job is to watch the long chain of lifting and falling sleds, and see that the bull bows or logs between the sleds keep them from running into each other and tangling up the whole load.

"The truck snakes the long line of loaded sleds to the brink of the steepest hill. As it skids to a stop, the whistle punk shouts down to the Road Monkey, who is spreading sand over the icy tracks below. Every bull bow is checked, and the driver raises the hood to make some final adjustment in the innards of the sporting brute beneath.

"The driver will not budge until the road is so slowed down with sand that the engine must labor to move the load. A hundred tons weight behind a ten ton truck! He pulls out. Sand flies, the truck roars, and the train gathers way. The whole trick is to hold the twisting, skidding chain back as much as possible on the way down, for as it gathers momentum near the bottom, all stopping control is lost and arriving safely is wholly a matter of good steering and dumb luck.

"Then there's the big river drive in the spring when the ice goes out," Hank went on, when we asked him to tell us more.

"Countless logs, all barked, have been piled on the icy surface of the river below the road. When high water comes it takes the lowest ones out first. They shoot out from beneath the others with a cracking noise, and as those in front get going fast, some are bound to wing up on the banks. Jacks run along shore and shove these off with long pike poles, but the real trouble commences when the logs start to wing up against a rock in white water. Others soon stop there, and in no time the whole stream jams about what is called a rear-er.

### Breaking the Jam

"Three of the best jacks of the lot go out in a North River boat, a sixteen foot, flat bottomed, round bull affair. Two men row and the one in the bow uses a cant hook to catch on to the center and shove the boat into the eddy beside it. More jacks on the bank hang on to the hawser to the boat's bow so it won't be sucked down stream when the logs finally break clear with a hissing noise.

"Don't get the idea the jacks ride these jammed logs downstream. A log with the bark on it affords some foothold, and a few of the jacks can stay up on even the slippiest peeled ones; but the boss will not let them take the chance.

"Forty miles up from Rome and Utica N. Y., large companies still operate big camps. Three concerns pride themselves on their mess-room and cooking, for they have found a well-fed jack is a contented one. The bunkhouse is comfortable, too, and a noisy place when the jacks gather there after supper.

"The intense frost outside sends cracking sounds from the trees. Someone comes stamping in to report the thermometer on the porch registers thirty below, but all is snug inside as tall tales of cold and deep snow are handled back and forth about the red-hot stove.

"Farmers with small holdings nearby often work in the camps during the winter, and could always find a good spot on the gang among lumberjacks anywhere. Every pay day men leave for the outside, but most of them are glad to wander back. The job is hard, but the work is clean, and the pay good enough to attract a fine class of fellows."

## My Dog

By Betty Krohn

*Editor's Note: Betty Krohn, who wrote these verses, is ten years old. She lives in Oneonta, New York, and is a regular reader of the Boys and Girls Page.*

My Scotty puppy is the cutest thing,
He always gets at my shoelace string.
And when I'm playing out of doors,
He helps me do my daily chores.

He runs, he jumps, and barks at me
And even grabs my scarf,
Just so I will run with him,
And then he'll say "Arf! Arf!"

He greets me when I come from school
And follows me around,
He misses me when I'm away
And jumps at every sound.

I teach him lots of tricks to do,
He knows a few quite well.
He'll bring the mail and play "dead dog"
And bring his ball, pell-mell.

His bright brown eyes are keen and sharp
He never strays from home,
We always treat him kindly
So he doesn't care to roam.

### WHY NOT WASH?

Have I powdered my nose enough to hide the dirt?
Yes, I think you covered the ground.

Boy in physics lab: How can you get horse power out of a donkey engine?

### HOW WISE YOU ARE!

HAVE you ever stopped to think what a tremendous amount of knowledge you have acquired since you were a tiny baby? When you were born you could not walk or talk or make any but the simplest sounds and motions. Yet by the time you were two or three, you could do things that it took the first human being thousands and thousands of years to learn.

Then you started to school. In a short time you had learned the alphabet and simple arithmetic—things that it took our ancient ancestors many generations to develop and master. Right now, by studying history and geography and physiology, you have acquired a store of knowledge absolutely unknown to even the wisest of men a few centuries ago. And if you continue to study in high school and perhaps in college, you will learn many things that were never even dreamed of when the United States first became a nation.

Isn't it all wonderful? Doesn't it make you want to learn as much as you possibly can about everything—to get the fullest possible benefit out of your every chance of acquiring an education?

—The Editor.

### Riddles

The Riddle Man is very anxious for you to send him your favorite riddles. It may be a while before you will see your name and riddle in the paper, but he hopes you'll be patient and really help him make the riddle column fun for all our readers.

1. Where were potatoes first found? Ruth Jackson.
2. How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the Divine law? Ronald Murphy.
3. Why is a pig with a curly tail like the ghost of Hamlet's father? Eddie Mae Graves.
4. What has eyes, nose, and mouth, yet can't see, smell or talk? Richard Harrison.
5. Why are teeth like verbs? Mary Moyer.

No one should think or say anything of another which he would not wish thought or said of himself.

## Funnybones

Ah, said the customs officer finding a bottle of whiskey, "I thought you said there were only old clothes in this trunk."

Aye, that's my night cap.

This is a small cut for nine cents, she said.

Well, you'll not have so much to carry, replied the shopkeeper smilingly.

Then here's six cents, replied the shopper. "You'll not have so much to count."

Seventeen thousand Italians killed in Spain and about 3,000 French and 5,000 Germans, too, said Woffle—and one Spaniard.

Steves—how right what's he went to college for? said Baffles.

## Unwelcome Visitors

By W. BOYCE MORGAN

SYNOPSIS

Dan Turner works for Justin Roden, a tailor who has a small shop in a large building only a few doors from one of the city's busiest cards. On this he returns to his shop to tell Dan that the Miss Silver, owner of the building, has ordered Mr. Roden to move in 30 days, although he has a lease for two years at a low rental. Mr. Silver explains that the building has been condemned unsafe by city inspectors. Mr. Roden pretends to be fine although he feels that Mr. Silver has enough power to make him move. Then two racketeers call on Mr. Roden and ask him to pay $10 a week to a protective association. Mr. Roden pretends that this payment will put him out of business. But the racketeers threaten his young daughter Mary and he is afraid to go to the police. Without telling Mr. Roden, Dan calls on District Attorney Wheeler and tells him about the racketeers, and Mr. Wheeler promises to investigate. As he returns from the district attorney's home late at night, Dan approaches his shop and sees a man walking down past it. He recognizes the man as one of the racketeers.

INSTALLMENT III

Dan hastily dodged into the entrance of a little fruit shop. Peering out, he saw the racketeer walk on past the shop to an alley. There he hesitated for a moment, glancing up and down the street. It was deserted. The racketeer turned quickly into the alley.

Without stopping to think, Dan darted from the shelter of the doorway and ran on tiptoe to the alley entrance. He was just in time to see the man turn into the other alley which ran in back of the tailor shop. Stealthily Dan made for the intersection of the two alleys.

As he approached the corner, a warning was sounding insistently in the back of his mind. It was dark and lonely back here, and the man he was pursuing would not hesitate at anything, even murder. But Dan couldn't stop. He felt sure that the racketeer was going to do something to damage the shop. He had to see what it was, and stop it if he could.

Cautiously he paused at the alley intersection, and peered around the corner of the building. He could see the back of the tailor shop now. The racketeer was pressed close up against it, forcing the rear window.

Dan decided on a course of action. Making his voice as deep and gruff as possible, he yelled, "Hold on, there! What do you think you're doing?"

Dan figured that the racketeer, hearing the voice, would flee the other way, toward the boulevard. At the very moment of his shout, a man walking along the boulevard passed the end of the alley. Hearing Dan's voice he paused, peering into the shadows. And the racketeer, startled by Dan's cry, looked up, saw the man at the boulevard end of the alley, and thought the words had come from him.

Dan saw the racketeer pull something from his pocket and toss it at the window of the tailor shop. There was the crash of breaking glass and Dan leaped out into the alley. Then to his dismay he saw that the racketeer, thinking his escape was cut off at the other end of the alley, was running straight toward him.

For a moment Dan was unable to move. Then as he tried to turn and run, the racketeer crashed into him like a charging bull. Dan went down on the hard bricks, stunned, while the racketeer dashed past him and made his escape.

For a moment Dan was dazed. Then he struggled to his feet, stumbling toward the shop. The man at the boulevard end of the alley had disappeared.

Dan had almost reached the back of the shop when his senses began to clear. That thing the racketeer had tossed through the window—it was probably a bomb! It would be exploding any minute now.

Dan pressed his body back against the wall of the building, and slowly retreated, waiting for the blast. It did not come—perhaps the bomb had failed to work. After waiting for several minutes, he slowly began to work his way back toward the rear of the shop.

Then a nauseating odor struck his nostrils. He paused, bewildered. Suddenly he heard the sound of running feet, and a policeman appeared at the boulevard end of the alley accompanied by the man who had been passing there a few moments before. With drawn gun the officer advanced cautiously down the alley.

The racketeer crashed into him like a charging bull.

"Look out!" Dan cried. "I think there's a bomb in there. It may go off."

The policeman stopped in the shadows. "Come out of there!" he commanded. "And keep your hands up."

Dan quickly raised his hands and stepped out into the middle of the alley where he could be seen. He didn't want the policeman shooting at him in the darkness! He called another warning about the bomb, and the officer saw that he was a boy.

Slowly the policeman advanced. Then he paused, sniffing.

"A bomb!" he exclaimed. "Yeah, a stench bomb. Whew-w."

Dan lowered one hand enough to hold his nose. The smell coming from the back of the tailor shop was sickening. The officer was right—the missile which the racketeer had tossed through the window was a stench bomb.

"The suits in the shop!" Dan cried suddenly. "They'll be ruined!"

He started for the rear window, but the officer shoved him back. Then, wrapping a big handkerchief around his face and pulling out a flashlight, the policeman reached through the broken window and unlocked it. In a moment, he had climbed in and found the improvised bomb which was throwing off the overpowering, sickening smell. Hastily he tossed it into the alley.

"Let's move away from here," gulped the policeman as he came back out the window. "I want to find out what you know about this."

Dan thought quickly. He decided to tell the officer everything that had happened since he left the house, without mentioning the racketeer's earlier visits, or the fact that he recognized him. The officer was satisfied, chiefly because he had seen Dan in the neighborhood and knew he worked in the shop. After making a few notes, he sent him home, telling him he'd be called to the station the next day if the police wanted any further information.

When Mr. Roden arrived at the shop the next morning and learned of what had happened during the night, he was so upset that he could hardly talk. He merely leaned against the counter, clasping his head in his hands, and moaned. "Oh, now they've started! Next they'll blow the shop up. Or maybe they'll kidnap Mary."

Dan tried to cheer him up. "I think those guys are just a couple of big talkers," he said. "They make threats about kidnapping, but all they do is toss stench bombs."

"That's only a warning," Mr. Roden said. "That's to make me pay, and pay quick. And what if the bomb had been in the shop all night? All the customers' suits would have been ruined. We'd have had to pay for all of them."

Dan couldn't deny that. The few sniffs he had got of the smell from the bomb had convinced him that any suit which absorbed much of that odor would not be fit for wearing.

But the racketeers did not put in an appearance that day. Dan, of course, said nothing about his visit to Mr. Wheeler. But he followed the district attorney's suggestion, and asked other tailors in the neighborhood if they had been visited by agents of the tailors' protective organization.

None of them had even heard of it. Thoroughly puzzled, Dan reported his findings by telephone to Mr. Wheeler. The district attorney said that his men had been unable so far to find any other trace of such a rocket in the city.

To Be Continued Next Week.

## Unprepared Corks Are All You Need To Do This Trick

By Thomas the Magician

My trick today is, I believe, a bit different from the effects that I have described for the past, in that it is done with an entirely new article, or "prop," as we would say in stage language.

We have had tricks with cards, coins, bottles, dominoes, ropes, strings, paper, handkerchiefs, cigarettes, cigars, numbers, matches, and so forth; but I don't believe that we have ever had a trick which was presented with corks.

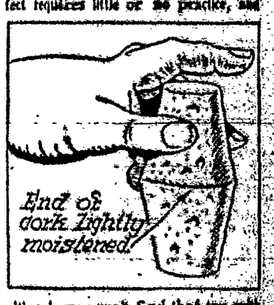
Corks are very easily obtainable, and since they are so light, they make a very easy accessory to carry around in the pocket, always ready for a performance at a moment's notice.

EFFECT: Removing two unprepared corks from his pocket, the magician explains to his audience that he has a peculiar magnetic attraction for these particular articles.

After the corks have been examined to the satisfaction of the spectators, the magician takes them and places them together with the two larger ends touching.

Holding the top cork only, the magician releases his hold on the other, and wonder of wonders, the bottom cork adheres to the top one as if magnetized!

EXPLANATION: Producing this effect requires little or no practice, and




although you won't find that true with the general run of magical effects, this one is an exception.

When the corks are returned to the magician, he merely moistens the top, or large end, of one of them quite unnoticed by the audience.

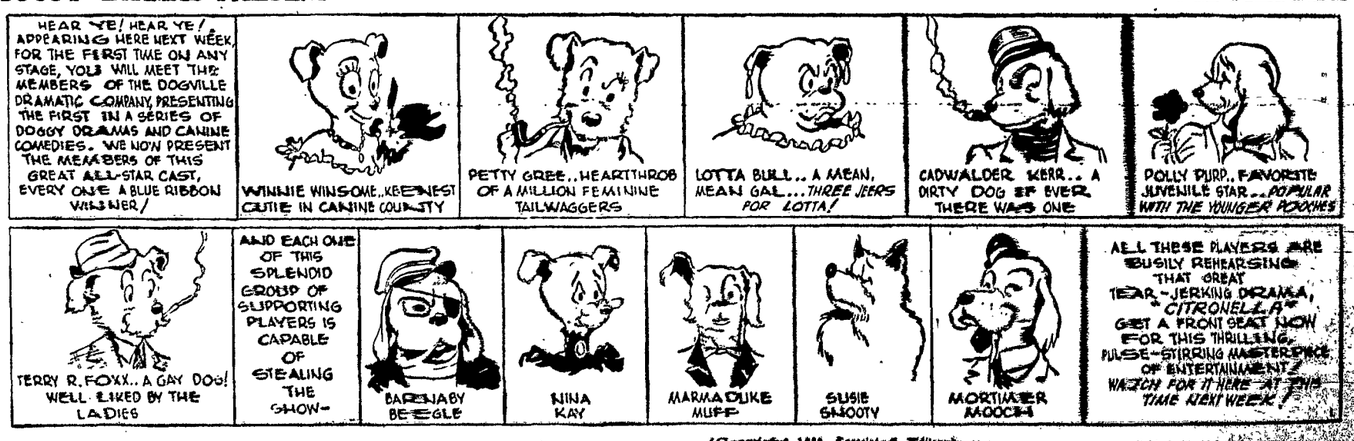
Now, when the corks are placed together, they will stick together, as though magnetized, and because of their lightness, they won't fall apart until separated by the entertainer.

## It's Easy To Blow Huge Bubbles With Inner Tube

Blowing big soap bubbles is a lot of fun, especially if the novel method of blowing them by means of an inner tube is used, as shown in the diagram. Fill the inner tube with air. Remove the inner section of the valve and force the end of a length of small rubber hose or tubing over this end. Insert the stem of a clay pipe in the other end of the hose. If you are not using this [illegible] hold it closed with a [illegible] pin or clip.

[illegible] good soap [illegible] which a little [illegible] dropped. Dip the [illegible] tion, and [illegible] on [illegible] air [illegible] up [illegible] the [illegible] growing [illegible] stream of air [illegible] that [illegible] bubble will [illegible] or shaking [illegible] round [illegible]

## DOGGY DRAMAS PRESENT — THE PLAYERS

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