

Beginning a New Serial, "Eyes In The Dark" For Young Readers

Eyes For The Dark

The Story Of A Dog

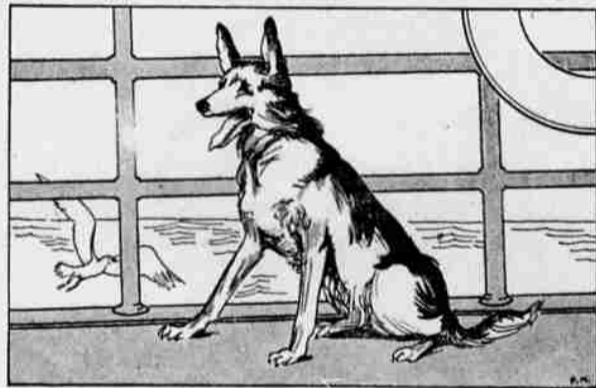
By Paula Norton

Chapter 1

I WAS one of a family of five sisters all born on the same day, but nobody made any fuss about us!

Those first few weeks weren't very eventful. We just ate and slept and ate and argued. After awhile we wrestled a lot, and sometimes we were pretty rough about it. When we started biting each other's ears and trying to leave our nail marks on noses, our mother cuffed us. Mother's cuffs weren't little love taps, either, she meant it.

I nearly forgot to tell you that mother was a foreigner. She was born in Brussels, but my sisters and I were born in New Jersey. Mother often spoke about the trip across the ocean. We were scared when she told about how the waves tossed the big ship, but we always liked to hear about it.



Then we'd all huddle into a corner and whine with fright. It was fun.

The long days of play and sleep didn't last forever. We were kennel dogs, and we were started on a course of training pretty early in life.

We weren't raised to be lap dogs, just cuddled and fed chocolates. There are two pretty good reasons why we couldn't be lap dogs. First, we were Belgian Shepherds and our kind grows pretty big for any lap. Second, we had a real job to fulfill in life. We were to be Seeing-Eye dogs.

I don't like to brag, but a Seeing-Eye dog has perhaps the most important of all jobs. The huskies that pull heavy loads through the cold northern countries do a heroic work, and everyone praises the brave deeds of the St. Ber-

nards, too, but a Seeing-Eye dog is just what the name implies. She is the seeing eyes of the blind.

The training didn't start in earnest right away. Mother explained that only certain dogs were fitted to lead the blind. (She was proud of the fact that she had had three pups from her other litter chosen for this important work.)

She gave us long talks about behavior and gentleness, alertness and patience with our patient trainers. She made it very clear that, unless we gave the right response to the men who came to pick us up for this work, we would not be chosen.

Naturally enough, we all wanted to be Seeing-Eye dogs. We well knew from what she said just how splendid and useful a life it would be. We would go to

good homes, where we would be loved and well cared for. We would be given the charge and responsibility of someone who would need our eyes to see the things their own eyes would never see again.

Of course, there were warm days in the sunny kennels when we really didn't think a great deal about the serious work ahead and the importance of our lives-to-be. Those days we just romped and had fun. After all, we were young and puppies can't be serious for very long at a time about much more than eating. At least, that is the way I remember it.

Then one day a new man came to look at us. He was serious and we tried to appear a credit to our mother.

(Continued next week.)

Yesterdays ★ ★ ★ ★ By Frank King



ONLY ENGLISH!

EVER hear of George Grenville? Well, he was the English gentleman who took over the task of collecting money to help England pay off the debt she had run up to pay her fleets and armies. (Oh, yes, there were national debts in those days, too.)

George Grenville was officially Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it was up to him to get the money somehow. Naturally, it occurred to George that there would be less hard feeling among his English neighbors if he got the money somewhere outside his homeland.

America was growing rapidly in the hands of English subjects (the French were there, too) and those subjects (according to George Grenville) had much to thank their dear homeland for.

So laws were passed in England that the colonists must not buy supplies from any country but England; sell their produce to any country but England; allow any ships to land on their shores that were not English ships carrying English cargo and run by English seamen.

There were other countries that would have purchased the products of the colonies and paid more for them, but England made the laws for her colonial subjects.

How did the colonists feel about this? They didn't like it. Furthermore they were perfectly willing to do a little plain and fancy smuggling for a while. When the French and English border fights cooled off, the colonies came in for plenty of forced taxation from the mother country. All movement westward was stopped until England surveyed and mapped the country she won from the French.

TAX stamps were the gay decoration on many and many of the necessities used by English subjects in America.

Remember the tea party? Well, long before the tea episode, taxes were placed on all legal papers, newspapers, playing cards and even molasses and sugar.

Now, in their fury at these taxes, the colonies raised the cry, "No taxation without representation."

WORLD FAIRS

WHEN business men travel they like to combine pleasure with their work. To answer this need, the huge potential market of South Africa will be emphasized with a long-planned exhibition at Johannesburg this year. An Oriental fair is scheduled for Damascus, and will be attended by many American and European buyers. Another will be held in Hong Kong late in the year, to develop trade in South China. World fairs bring new business — and increased tourist travel.

tion." Of course, they couldn't hope to have representation in England—it wasn't done—but it was the principle of the thing!

Sugar and molasses were used in great quantities in the colonies, and they had to import them from England. They cost very dearly. They could be purchased from the Indies, but that was mostly French and Dutch property and England said, "No."

However, as is so often the case, the laws did not stop the tradesmen. A nice little business was carried on by the colonial sea captains, and they purchased sugar and molasses where they pleased. This was the beginning of the demand for independence by the colonies.

Then George Grenville resigned as England's tax collector.



MANY people believe that termites (those tiny fellows that eat the wooden foundations of houses) are a part of the ant family. This is quite untrue. Termites are really members of the cockroach gang.

Of course, the termites have their soldiers and workers. The male and female termites mate for life. Instead of a queen ruling alone, as in the ant world, the termites have a king and a queen.

Termites live in the dark and most species die when exposed to the light or heat.

There is an old saying that termites are called "white ants" because they are neither white nor are they ants! (Figure that out.)

FLEA TRICKS

The first trained fleas to perform before the public were exhibited by Prof. Ruhl in 1821.

It is amazing that these tiny creatures can be trained to do many stunts. Fleas are trained to draw little carts, dance, and even throw objects about that are many times the flea's own weight.

SPINACH, TOO!

The pest that is called the corn borer does not live entirely on corn. The villain was brought to this country from Europe, or possibly Asia, and he will eat any one of 167 varieties of plants.

NO CHARM AT ALL

We often say that a snake charms birds. Such is not the

SEA MONSTERS

NO WORD has come recently about the famed Loch Ness Monster, which last year drew thousands into the Highlands of Scotland. The lake where it appeared, according to eye-witnesses, is a body of water about 24 miles long and two miles wide. Its one exit is the River Ness, running six miles to the sea.

Although there are more who doubt than those who believe, scientists insist that "the serpent should not be hastily dismissed, because he has not been actually hooked." Vast parts of the ocean are still unexplored, and many strange discoveries of unexpected sea life still remain. Because the Loch Ness' serpent is good for tourist trade, he will appear before long—or at least be announced by the inn keepers.

RADIO PHONE

FROM Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, a radio amateur talks to a friend in the Berkeley hills. He sits in his car, takes down the receiver of his radio-telephone, and holds a conversation which comes through as clear as that over any wire. It works on 56,000 kilocycles, can be used in an automobile or in a home. The farthest distance attained so far is about 50 miles.

Any car carrying a short steel mast on its front bumper probably boasts a radio-telephone attachment.

SOVIET BORDERS OPEN

FOR the first time since the Revolution, Russia's borders will be opened to motorists. Tours can be made over new highways where all the usual tourist services will be provided.

Travelers in their own cars may enter or leave over three international routes. The first is from Helsingfors, Finland, to Leningrad. The second route is from Riga through Estonia. The third is through Poland from Warsaw.

Extensive highway improvement is reported, with routes touching ancient cities with historical associations with the Czarist rule.

case. When a rabbit or a bird seems to be charmed by the slow waving motion of a snake, it is not that he is hypnotized. The thing that makes the rabbit or bird an easy victim of the snake is fear. Fear paralyzes the animals and there they are!

SPEED!

There are some birds that are indeed very fast fliers. The Canvasback duck can fly from 130 to 160 feet in a second. The Green-wing Teal and the Blue-wing Teal are not slow either, but the Canvasback is the fastest.

ALBINOS

Once in a while a pure white or albino bird is found in a family of otherwise dark birds. Among others are white blackbirds, white robins, white crows, white wild ducks. In the watery world, there has even been a white frog.



WE have all read fiction yarns of ships ashore on uncharted isles, but usually such yarns do not have the comforts of home awaiting them. Take the *S'ar*, for instance, on the Aleutian run to Seward, Alaska, that bumped to a stop on a surprising reef somewhere in the darkness of night. Dawn . . . field glasses . . . and a tempestuous ride ashore in a spray drenched life boat to safety in a home some unknown had built and abandoned years before.

ONE NEVER KNOWS what incongruity may pop up when a writer deals with fact. The old adage of "stranger than fiction" is what makes the recounting of facts so fascinating. Take Harold Gatty, for immediate example. World known for his daring feats in the air above land and sea, it remained for him to have his most thrilling escape in the limp waters off a south sea isle, when every factor was in his favor and no engine threatened failure.

HE WANTED TO SEE

Howland Island, where the only landing is by surfboat, "surfing" ashore much as do the islanders and visitors of Hawaii off the famous American play beach of Waikiki. But at Howland the system failed to work, and Gatty came up with sundry quantities of Pacific down his throat. He bought, so the story goes, a ticket home on the biggest liner he could find, since he didn't have an airplane handy for a safe aerial journey.

SO EXPERIENCE COMES

In the most unlikely places. Jack Widmer has just dropped in. Slicked up with a swanky gray hat, he looks quite different from the bronzed individual who called some months back, following a year on Bora Bora of the Society group. Jack is a "scribbler" as he calls himself, finding his name

from time to time in various publications. "How's tricks?" I asked. "Swell," he said, "five thousand head of cattle, a thousand acres of my own and half the state for my punchers to roam." It seems the sunlit isles didn't take; he had to come back home to find adventure. And it must have been a success; he dictates to a stenographer as he rides the plains, and—he boughs my lunch!

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT

he said, was the discovery that he couldn't buy a steamer coastwise. "Stick around a day or so and you can," I suggested, but he's one of those busy fellows now. "You know," he said, "one of the most delightful remembrances I have is of a moonlight ride down California's waters, with the shore off to the east and the moon path . . . but what's the use? Maybe it's the hangover of the tropics; maybe it's the memory of nights on still waters when soft music breathed back from the fore-deck. Ah, heck; come on; let's eat!"

IT'S BEEN A DAY

of visits. Tom Gill, Cosmo's adventure writer, talked for an hour about the landed areas off to the sunset. He's just back, too, from voyaging. Some day he'll write a book about it, maybe. But meanwhile he's just basking in the memory of the West. His next work will take the reader through the redwoods, with action laid around a forest ranger (whereof he speaks from experience—ten years in that type of life.) But like his other yarns, it will undoubtedly create the desire to

SEE THE WHEELS

go round; to hear the metallic voice of some form of transportation, carrying the holiday-bound to beauty spots of the West—be they in the hills or along the shore, aboard a palatial ship or on the deck of some tramp freighter—in the air, on shore, or sea.



LET'S pretend you haven't selected your new dog yet. We'll talk about the different types and breeds.

First the Black and Tan. The toy Black and Tan is a grand little pet, but not so often seen any more. He is a quick fellow and ever alert. These dogs have no love for strangers and so make very good watchdogs. (However, you may prefer a dog that loves everyone.)

Little Black and Tan is really a small variety of the Manchester terrier.

JAPANESE SPANIEL. Here is a lovely dog if there ever was one. He is beautiful to look upon and a playful companion. And he is just as gentle as his great loving eyes.

The Japanese Spaniel is one of the oldest known breeds. Authorities believe that long ago this dog came from China and was, possibly, originally a member of the same tribe as the Pekingese. Even in the Orient these are not very common dogs. They are nearly always found in the homes of royalty and the very rich.

It is interesting to note that they were introduced to this country by Commodore Perry. He brought several of them to the President of the United States as a gift from the Emperor of Japan.

Do not confuse this dog with the English Toy Spaniel.

FOX-TERRIER

The Fox-terrier of the smooth-hair variety is one little dog that is bound to make a grand pet. He is brave and loyal to his master, and he is a playmate any child would love.

Of course Foxy is a noisy dog by nature, but this characteristic may be controlled by proper training when he is young. The history back of this dog is little known, but it is believed that he is a mixture of several breeds. He may easily be a dis-

tant relative of the bull-terrier and the hound.

The Fox-terrier was developed to rout out the fox for the benefit of the English hunters. This work he can do very well, for he is quick and fearless.

WIRE-HAIRED FOX-TERRIER

The Wire-Hair is very like the smooth terrier in many ways, but his hair is longer and rougher. He is a rather superior dog in carriage and manners. It would seem he feels a bit more proud of himself than other dogs and only "lets down" in a chummy way with the people to whom he belongs.

There was a time when these dogs were not preferred by dog fanciers. They felt they were only a rough-haired variety of the smooth fox-terrier. However, through the years this fellow has come into great popularity. He is one of the expensive dogs now, and is preferred by many to the original smooth-haired terrier. (More dogs later.)

PREHISTORIC GLASS

A PARTY belonging to the Desert Survey of Egypt came across a large area of the Libyan Desert covered with great lumps of glass. They found quartzite implements, knives and daggers—and thousands of flakes and chips lying where they were made and abandoned thousands of years ago. Many still retained sharp cutting edges and needle-like points, which is taken as evidence that prehistoric men and women used glass knives and tools of quartz.



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BACK in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, a little girl named Viola Pipina took to bed with a case of the mumps. Now mumps aren't a very pleasant sickness, and Viola felt pretty lonely and sorry for herself having to stay in bed all day.

Bing is Viola's little fox-terrier, and he missed his playmate. He couldn't understand why she stayed in bed instead of romping with him. So Bing decided that if Viola stayed in bed he would stay with her. But Bing paid for his love and loyalty. He caught the mumps, also.

FIELD mouse, in the state of Washington, was looking for a place to build a nest for her family. She wanted a nice, warm place for her babies, and she came upon an injured goat.

The goat was unable to protest or run away, and when the poor fellow was found and carried off to the animal hospital, the mouse's nest went with him.

MUSIC LOVER
LOUIS WRIGHT, of Yarmouth, Maine, made the strange discovery that woodchucks like music.

Wright was playing his radio out of doors one day when he saw two little bright eyes looking at him from under a log.

The little woodchuck sat very still all the time the music was playing, but when it stopped he slipped back out of sight.

The next day, Wright placed some little cookies on the log and waited for his new friend to return. He waited a long time, and

EAST MEETS WEST

WHEN Hindus visit London they wish to worship in accordance with the traditions of their orthodoxy. So religion travels West instead of East—and the Maharajah of Tipperah will defray the cost of a Hindu Temple in London town. It will reside beside a Hindu Hall and a Hindu Home, where subjects from India will find a welcome.

LONDON EELS

OFF the beaten track in London takes the visitor to what the cockney still knows by a fifty-year-old name—the "Bloo," in full, Blue Anchor Lane. Here people with a taste for such things, may buy stewed eels and jellied eels. The purchaser watches a skilled operator pick a wriggling eel from a tank, cut it into small slices, and place the still wriggling pieces into a paper bag. It takes a special sort of appetite to appreciate the delicacy.

5000 ATHLETES

THE first Olympic Games were held in Greece in 776 B.C., attended by a small group of athletes. This summer 5000 men and women will take part in the Berlin Olympics, representing 50 nations . . . the youth of the world competing for athletic supremacy.

European travel this year will include a visit to the Games by thousands of sports-loving Americans.

CLASSIFIED

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

WANTED: ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS, MEMOIRS, P. H. L. Dept. A. E. Studio Bldg., Portland, Ore.