

# NORTH to DANGER by TOM GILL

**SYNOPSIS**  
Seeking to elude mysterious pursuers, Colin Rae, of the Hendrick's Bay Company, hid in the hotel room of an attractive young woman in Winnipeg, Canada, to whom he promised plane transportation to Learmonth where they have a mutual friend, Rodney Selkirk. She concealed Colin, bravely bearing self-styled "police" from her room. Then they observed a small, bespectacled man standing across the street. "Once I heard him called the most dangerous man in Canada," said Colin. The girl identified herself as Irina Meredith. Soon they succeeded in escaping to a local airport where they met Blair Benedict near her small airplane. There was a brief, joyous reunion between Colin and Blair before the plane took off with Blair at its wheel. En route to the airport, Colin had told Irina that the so-called "most dangerous man" was Jonathan Dove who conducted two Indian schools, one in Learmonth, the other in Wolverine. While flying, Colin talked to Irina of his life at Learmonth and his fur-trapping activities. She astonished him by saying that she is going to marry "Rod" Selkirk. Battling a snowstorm, Blair manages an emergency landing on Trappers Lake where they hope to find shelter with Alec Gunn, veteran trapper. Colin has just said, "Let's see if anyone is in the cabin."

## CHAPTER FIVE

The question was soon answered. Even before Colin had lifted him from the plane, footprints came splashing down the snowy trail, and a man in his middle fifties ran toward them. Wind and sun had carved a network of fine wrinkles about his eyes; he was hatless, with coarse grizzled hair, cut in a short bob; and he wore a pair of blue overalls, a sweater, and beaded moccasins under heavy black rubbers. The hair, the high cheekbones, and texture of his skin pronounced him Indian, but the gray eyes told of white blood.

At sight of Rae, he let out a delighted whoop. "Colin Rae—you're back!" Eagerly he clambered down the bank.

Colin held out both hands. "How goes it, Alec?"

"Fine." The white teeth flashed, and Colin turned to Irina. "This is my friend, Alec Gunn. He taught me how to trap before I was tall as a canoe paddle." Rae laid a hand on the trapper's shoulder. "We'll have to bunk with you tonight, Alec. Can you put us up?"

"Sure. Plenty room. What happened?"

"We smashed a portion. You help Miss Meredith up with her bags while Blair and I put the plane to bed."

It was the work of a short half hour to moor the winged birds and cover the prop, but it was snowing heavily before they finished, and while the water drained they sat in the warmth of the plane's cabin. A shadow of past tension lingered on Blair's face.

"I made an awful fool of myself getting lost, smashing the portion, and then blubbering. What do you think of me?"

"I think you're everything that's wonderful. I always have."

"You're a grand comfort, Colin darling." Smiling, she looked up at him. "And big and fit-looking as ever—and your hair is still as stubborn as your disposition." She tried unsuccessfully to put down the offending cowlick. "No, nothing will ever help it."

"You helped it once, when we

were kids. You doused it with syrup. Remember?"

"They both laughed, and her eyes were bright."

"Do you know what decided me to come up here?" Colin asked.

"My letter?"

"Yes. You're worried about your father, aren't you, Blair?"

She nodded.

"Would you rather not talk about it now?"

"I'd rather you'd see Father first, Colin."

"Has his trouble anything to do with Jonathan Dove?"

"Yes."

"That's what I thought." Rae sat for a moment without speaking.

"Strange how things piece themselves together." Then abruptly he asked, "What about Nate Tennant?"

"Something in the way Colin spoke made her cheeks flush, but she answered lightly. "Oh, he's around."

"I don't doubt it. He must feel at home in this world of dictators and brute force. His one belief in life was the right of the strong to rule."

"That's not entirely fair, Colin. You never liked him."

"Yes I did, once. I even admire him now in many ways." He turned quickly toward her. "Why isn't Nate in the army?"

Blair smiled. "Don't ever ask Nate that question. The first week of the war he went down to Winnipeg to take examinations for aviation, and they rejected him for color blindness. Nate was like a wild man. He went to Ottawa and tried again, but no use. Nate won't even talk about it; if they want him now, he says, they can come for him."

Colin looked up. "Blair, just how fond are you of Nate Tennant? It sounds like prying, but you and I haven't seen each other for two years. If my little sister's in love with Nate—"

"Would it make a difference if your little sister was in love with him?"

Soberly he answered, "I want you to be happy, whatever happens."

It was a long moment before she spoke. "There's this about Nate," she said at last. "He shows a different side to me than he does to the rest of the world. He's a great deal of a child—yes, don't smile—a child that's frightened and trying

to hide it by acting very fierce." Colin's cigarette dropped into the water with a faint hiss. "You know what the Indians call him?" he reminded her.

"Woman Hawk." Again those cheeks were coloring.

"I don't ever want—"

"Colin," she broke in. "I'm grown up."

"Are you?" The quiet rebel stung him, but he knew he had brought it on himself.

Silence, while the wind rustled the pine branches and water lapped fitfully against the portons. "Does Nate ever speak of me?" he asked.

"Not often. He hasn't forgiven you for what happened." Those eyes of hers, usually smiling, were shadowy again. "Colin, I'm worried at what Nate may do now that you're back. If there were only some way—"

"There isn't any way. We'll just have to take things as they come. But I can promise you this. I don't



Alec Gunn, the trapper, eagerly ran toward them.

# Hypnotism Actually A Practical Science

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

THE AVERAGE citizen probably thinks of hypnotism as a more or less in the same class as palmistry, phrenology, spiritualism, table tipping and crystal gazing. As a matter of fact this is unfair.

Dr. Clendenning will answer questions of general interest only, and then only through his column.

Hypnotism is a perfectly real, proved scientific possibility. Anyone can hypnotize and anybody can be hypnotized. Essentially the hypnotic state can be caused by the rhythmic stimulation of a single sense.

Put a rooster on the floor with his eye glued to a straight chalk line and pretty soon he will fall over in a trance. He has had his sight rhythmically stimulated. Or put a person in a dark room, in a condition of relaxation, and ring a little bell every so often and the trances will result from the rhythmic stimulation of the sense of hearing. Rhythmic touches or stroking of the face and arms will do the same thing.

In the hypnotic state the subject is very suggestible and his judgment is suspended; he will do things that he is told, although they are ridiculous. Sometimes he can do things that he cannot do voluntarily in the waking state.

Some Misconceptions  
Several misconceptions about hypnotism are that one can be hypnotized against his will; that is not true, although when a subject has been hypnotized several times he goes into a trance very readily. Also it is not true that the hypnotist can steal the will of the hypnotized subject. That is a hobbyhorse from the old novel *Trilby* by George du Maurier.

Hypnotism has been used in medical treatment for many years. There is currently a revival of it led by a New York psychologist, Dr. Andrew Salter, who has written a book *What Is Hypnotism?* published by Richard R. Smith, New York.

Mr. Salter has had a great deal of success in treating patients with nervous troubles—nail-biting, stuttering—and also alcoholism. He appears to be particularly successful with patients who are troubled with general shyness.

He has had success in nineteen out of twenty patients sent to him.

There is a real, surprising about this as it has been known to the medical profession for years. A Dr. Esdaile, at about the time surgical anesthesia was introduced (1845-1850), claimed that in India where he practiced operations on natives for years, without the use of any drug for anesthesia—surely to possess. He came to England, however, and found it did not work on the less susceptible Anglo-Indian personality.

The new part of Mr. Salter's theory is that autohypnosis is possible and that the subject can make suggestions which he carries out in the hypnotic trance "secretly," says Mr. Salter, "as I would give them and with the same effect if not better." Through inducing hypnosis upon oneself by autohypnosis and self-suggestion it may be possible for soldiers to be freed of fear and to feel no pain when wounded. Mr. Salter has trained "three physically and mentally healthy adults to remain completely insensible to pain and the sound of gun fire in the waking state." They can turn this state on and off by themselves.

Mr. Salter is trying to persuade military authorities to allow autohypnosis in the armed forces. It will, he believes, render 20 to 25 per cent fear-free in battle.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS  
Reader:—(1) How can a fat man reduce weight? (2) How can a bald man grow hair?  
Answer:—(1) By eating one-fourth as much as he does. (2) He can't.

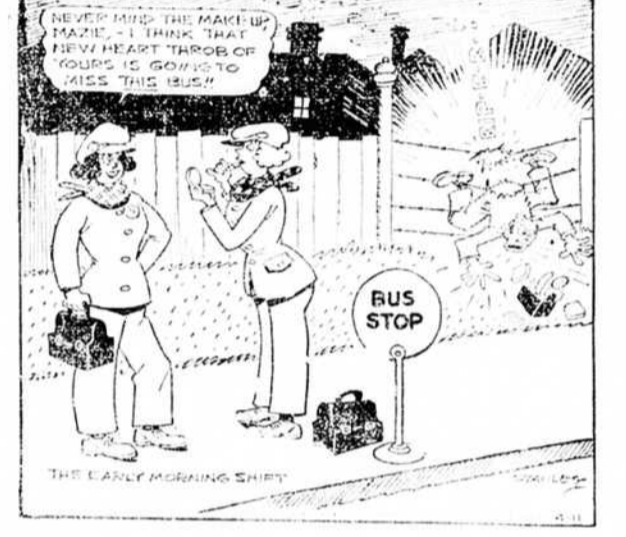
H. H. S.:—Have read a book by a Russian on "Middle age is what you make it" who says that middle-aged folk do not need alkalizing. They need all the acid they can get. Others say take bicarbonate; it won't hurt you. Who shall decide when such authorities disagree?

Answer:—The Russian sounds like a fake. Soda bicarbonate won't hurt you at any age. But that it changes your chemistry is something else. The human body is neutral in reaction from birth to death, and preserves its neutrality fiercely. When you really get acid or alkaline you are in real trouble.

# SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT



# THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



# THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



# "Salad Out of the Nude"



# BLONDIE (Registered U. S. Patent Office) Keep Your Shirt On, Cookie! By Chic Young



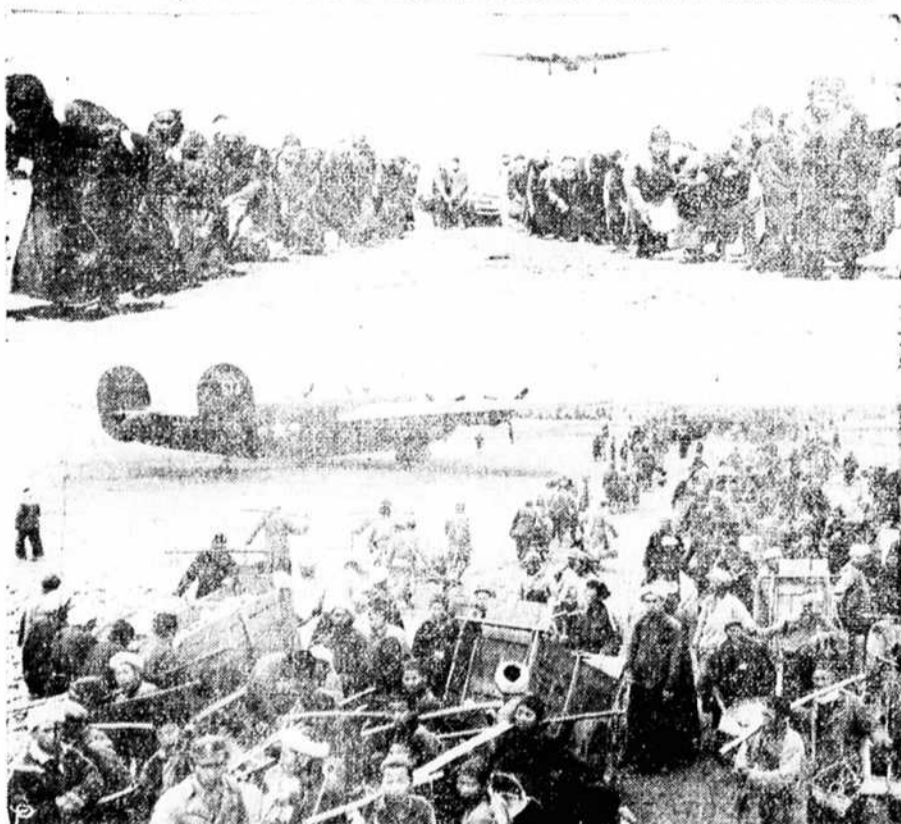
# ETTA KETT By PAUL ROBINSON



# THE GUMPS—WHAT'S COOKING, TILDA? By ROY L. CHICK



# CHINA'S, RAW MANPOWER BUILDS ALLIED AIRFIELDS



AS CHINA'S VAST PROGRAM goes forward in the building of many modern airfields for use against the Japs, U. S. and Chinese army engineers plan the fields and supervise the toil of 300,000 Chinese workers. Machinery is not available so, in the age-old tradition, hand and muscle is made to serve instead. A large body of laborers (top) pull a heavy roller over stones, chipped into small pieces by hand, to smooth a runway as a Liberator bomber flies overhead. As soon as one airstrip is completed, the workers pick up their makeshift wheelbarrows and other conveyances (bottom) and head toward another section of the selected site to start building other runways to be used for assaults against the enemy. (International)

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