

Pre-Views

PERSONS in the public eye often find pleas for money in their morning mail. But how many have been asked for a whole gold mine? Probably no one but J. Frank Dobie, the author. So vividly does he spin tales of lost gold and buried treasure that people feel he must be a sort of human divining rod. One treasure hunter, claiming that he could dream the exact location of gold if he could sleep near it, offered to strike a bargain with the author—Dobie was to supply the approximate location of lost hoards—and the dreamer would find them in his sleep.

When Mr. Dobie isn't hunting tales of buried treasure he is tracking down the legends of his native Southwest. In an early issue he tells some fascinating tales of a creature that plays a prominent role in many of these legends. Don't miss:

"CUNNING DON COYOTE"

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WALLACE IRWIN was born in Oneida, New York, a place famous at the time for a colony of people with unconventional ideas about love. He hastens to add that his parents lived a half hour by motor from the colony, and there were no motors then.

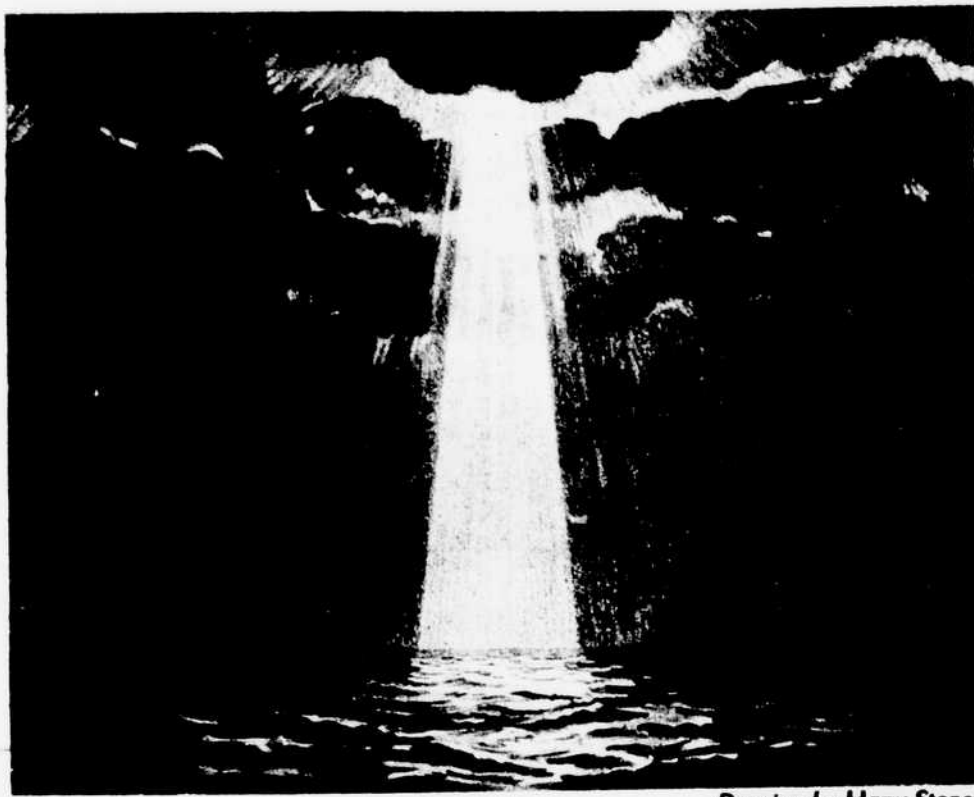
His father followed silver mining to Leadville, Colorado. Later Wallace went to Cripple Creek, and that winter the town burned to the ground. He served as one of the boy deputy sheriffs, riding forty-eight hours without sleep "in a pretense of keeping law and order." His contribution was to mistake a colonel for a gunman and shoot off his cap.

Even in the World War Wallace's opportunities to shoot weren't what they might have been. He was a war correspondent with the German, Belgian and British armies, and later a member of the Executive Commission for Relief in Belgium. He's plastered all over with decorations by the French, Belgian, Swedish and Lithuanian governments. He'll have a humorous story in an early issue. Look for:

"BEAUTIFUL LADY IN BLACK"



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WALLACE IRWIN



Drawing by Harry Stoner

For Amelia Earhart

by NATHALIA CRANE

Emptied is old Lorenzo's royal crypt;
Breathless now stands the startled Taj Mahal;
Amelia lies in that blue manuscript—
The sea, true heroine's memorial.
So she achieves. What if the fatal prize
Be misty tomb with airy marble set?
Who knows where Desdemona's kerchief lies,
Or where the last word of dark Juliet?
A sudden courage plucks us from ourselves,
Bids us be heroine though death the price;
Wherefore we bed on many lilled shelves
The straight defenders of the sacrifice.

Count her among the beautiful and brave,
Her turquoise mausoleum in each wave.

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Cover Design by I. B. Hazelton

Snatches

FINANCIAL note from "The Pawling (N. Y.) News-Chronicle": Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, is responsible for the handling of more money than any other living man. Recently, while playing soft ball at Lowell Thomas's athletic field, he had the experience of being broke. He had to borrow money to pay for soft drinks for his family.

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ONE of our comforting thoughts is that everything that man can desire or imagine, someone somewhere will invent or create.

Mankind's material desires are limited only by man's imagination.

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ONE of our Southern editors says the most even-tempered man in America lives in his town—he is always mad.

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THERE is a man in Dutchess County, N. Y., Henry B. Renner, who recently inherited the house in which he had lived for a number of years. When the owner died, he willed the house to the tenant, noting in his testament that he was giving this piece of property to a perfect tenant.

Mr. Renner had paid his rent every month one week before it was due.

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WHEN Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, a prize was offered for the best poem about his flight. It was won by America's youngest recognized poet, Nathalia Crane. The poem was "The Wings of Lead."

Nathalia Crane is an intensely patriotic person. She is sensitive to the drama of great deeds. Her first poem, "The Janitor's Boy," written when she was nine years old, attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Since then, she has published eight volumes, including two novels. She is now 24 years old and a teacher of poetry at Pratt Institute.

She has just sent us the best poem we have seen as a tribute to Amelia Earhart. It appears on this page. M.



NATHALIA CRANE