

\$700.00 IN GOLD OR A NEW CAR ARE YOURS



PLAY THE NEW WAR BIRDS GAME
Have a lot of fun . . . and win one of the fourteen generous prizes. Start now— with this issue of War Birds. Find the lost aviator; discover where he went. Read full details on the next seven pages. Only an average knowledge of aviation is needed. Use your wits. Win a prize. Fourteen people will be glad they entered this contest. *You may be one of them.* There's no hard work to do. No tiresome essays. Just good, live sport that gives everybody a chance to WIN. Turn the page and read full particulars.



J. WELSH

FIND THE LOST

Here is the finest contest you've ever entered. The rules are simple; the game is easy. The prizes are big. Go after the FIRST prize. Somebody will win the new 1931 Ford roadster—it may as well be you. Full details are here. Read every word.

SIMPLY DO THIS:

Find the lost aviator. An aviator, setting out from New York disappears in the clouds and is not seen again. To indicate his course, the aviator tears off portions of a map and drops them. Each piece of map represents a state border over which he passes.

When you have pieced the scraps of paper together correctly they will show the exact route of the aviator from the take-off to the landing. On the next two pages appears a map. Keep this map, or make a tracing of it. With the map you will find four scraps of paper. Keep these or trace them.

The aviator will drop eight more. Save or trace these, too. Put them together, matching the state lines that are shown. Save these pieces of map from this and the next two issues of WAR BIRDS. When you have completed the route send them to WAR BIRDS, Contest Editor, together with your full name and address.

RULES

1—Every month for three consecutive months WAR BIRDS will print in its special rotogravure section a large map with four small pieces of maps dropped by the lost aviator. Each of these small portions of maps represent a state border over which the aviator is flying.

2—You may make copies or tracings of these small maps and match them with the state borders on a copy or tracing of the large map. Remember that the small maps correspond exactly to some state border on the large map. Match them carefully and when you have finished you will know the aviator's route.

3—These small maps will be printed at random, four each issue, but when all twelve of them have appeared they will represent the route over the state borders that the lost aviator has traveled from take-off to landing.

4—Maps are to be submitted only in a complete set. Hold all maps until you have twelve of them. Then when you have traced or pasted them on the large map showing the route of the lost aviator, send them to CONTEST EDITOR, WAR BIRDS, 100 Fifth Ave., New York City.

5—On the last three pages of this special rotogravure section appears a short aviation story. It has mistakes in it. These mistakes pertain to flying, weather conditions or anything a pilot has to know. You may mark them on the story or make a separate list numbering the paragraphs in which they appear. When you have done this on all three stories, send them with the map to the address specified.

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF AN EASIER WAY TO WIN A PRIZE? IT'S ALL GOOD FUN. TURN TO THE NEXT TWO PAGES WHERE THE MAP APPEARS. THEN READ THE SHORT STORY THAT APPEARS ON THE FOLLOWING THREE PAGES.

AVIATOR—BIG PRIZES!

PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE—a new 1931 Ford roadster, or its equivalent in cash.

SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 in cash.

THIRD AND FOURTH PRIZES—\$25.00 in cash.

NEXT TEN PRIZES—\$10.00 each.

RULES

6—This contest is open to everybody except employees of Dell Publishing Company and their families. You need not purchase a copy of WAR BIRDS to compete. You may copy or trace from the originals and use the copies you have made.

7—Contestants may send in as many solutions as they desire, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize. In case of a tie, duplicate awards will be given each tying contestant.

8—All entries must be in the WAR BIRDS office not later than midnight of August 6th, 1931. Winners will be announced in the October issue of WAR BIRDS.

9—Be sure to write your name and address plainly of your entry. Each entry must be sent by first class mail, postage prepaid, to the address specified. *We will not return entries or enter into correspondence concerning them.*

10—The judges will be a committee appointed by WAR BIRDS. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count. Elaborate treatments are not necessary. Simplicity is the best. Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest has closed.

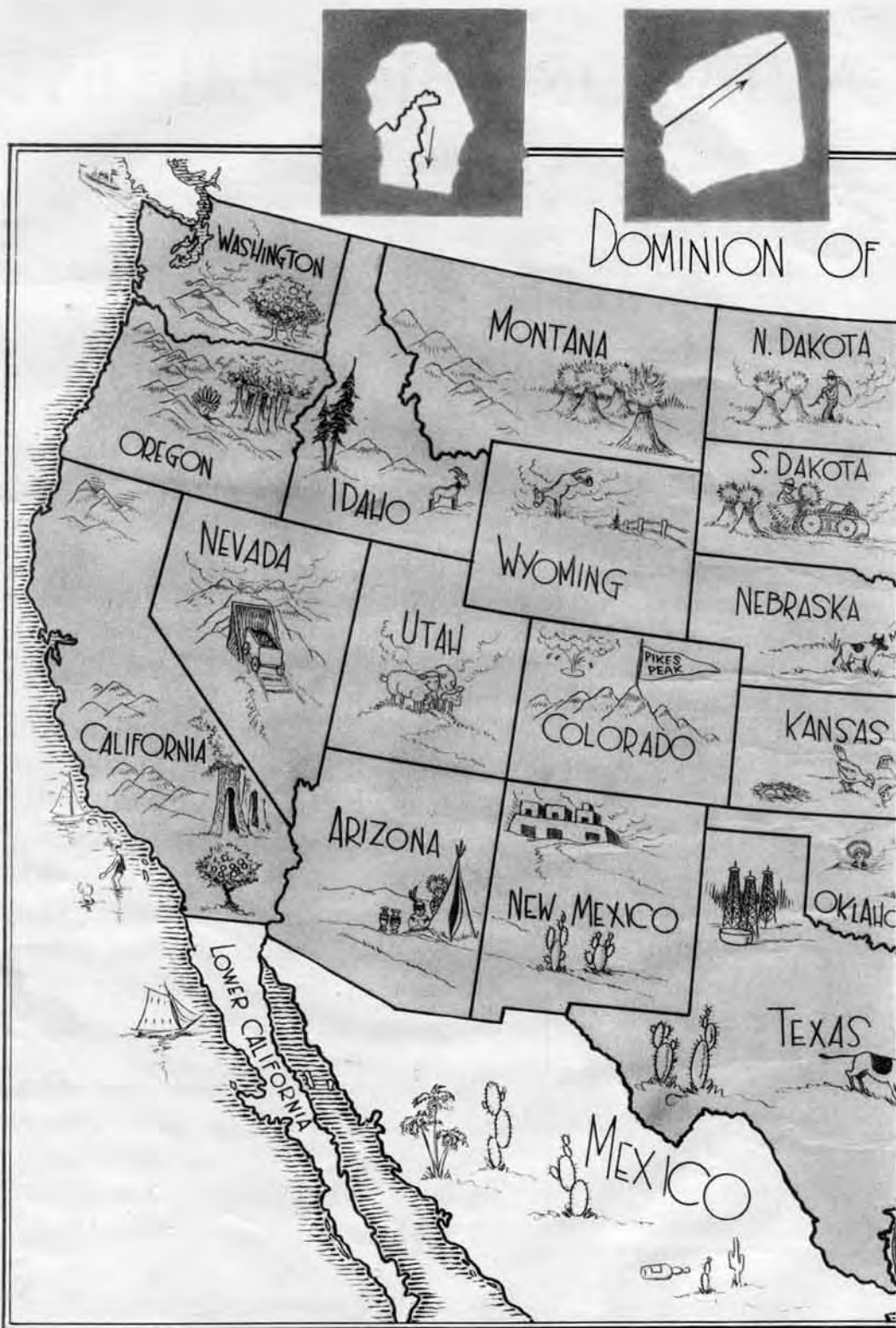
AND DO THIS:

Read the short aviation story that appears on the following pages. Read it carefully—*very* carefully, for it has mistakes in it. Show up the author. Make a list of every mistake, every mistatement, every incorrect statement you can find.

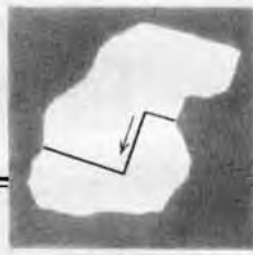
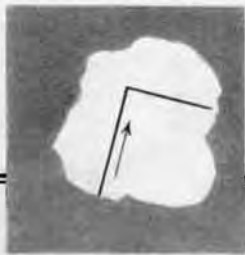
Perhaps you can find them all. Mark the mistakes right on the story, or, if you prefer, make a list of the mistakes you find, indicating the page and paragraph in which they appear. Save your list. One of these short short aviation stories will appear in each of the next two issues of WAR BIRDS.

When you have read the three stories, and noted all the mistakes you can find, send your list of mistakes to WAR BIRDS, Contest Editor, with your full name and address.

DON'T WAIT. YOU MAY FORGET IT. IMAGINE HOW YOU WILL FEEL IF YOU PASS THIS UP AND SOMEBODY ELSE, NOT BETTER EQUIPPED THAN YOU, WINS THE FORD OR THE CASH PRIZES.



Here are four pieces of maps dropped by The Lost Aviator.



CANADA



They will correspond to some state border—match them and find the route.

DOT--DASH

By WILLIAM E. BARRETT

"SUMMIT snowing. Ceiling and visibility totally obscured." The weather reports left no doubt on the question of advisability or inadvisability of a flight westward through the dark. The reports had been adverse for daylight flying. Darkness was an added hazard, almost a guarantee of disaster. Yet Bob Emery was going to push off.

Tom Evers stood solemnly beside the plane. Bob was his partner and a short half hour ago they had flipped a coin to see which of them would take the gamble. The choice had fallen on Bob and Evers wished that it had been otherwise or that the trip wasn't necessary. No use arguing that, however. They had gone over it all before they had flipped the coin.

It had been hard going with their little private transport company located at the oil capital. They had expected to get a lot of oil business but the big companies had gobbled it up on contract. To-day Consolidated had refused to fly a man west to the Rockies with papers and authority for the closing of a rush deal in a new oilfield, despite the business they received from Six States Petroleum Corporation. It had been an opportunity for Evers and Emery to break in and they had taken it. Now Bob Emery was starting out on the desperate venture.

"Here, Bob. I want you should have this along. Good luck for you sure and certain." Evers was embarrassed as he tied the metal ornament on the top crosspiece of Bob's inner wing struts.

Bob gave a quick side glance, recognized the talisman and stuck out his hand. He was touched beyond words. To his certain knowledge, that ornament had not left Tom Evers' person for ten years and he had carried it through the war before that; a childhood gift from an old Indian that Evers considered his big connection with the gods of luck.

No words were necessary between them as the mechanics jerked the chocks away. A wave and Bob Emery opened the throttle. Maneuvering so that the wind was on his tail, he rushed down the field and took off into the black night. Clouds that came ominously close to the earth blotted out the stars and moon. He was alone in a black immensity.

He knew that there were storms ahead of him and, since he was flying a compass course, he climbed up through the clouds for the higher levels and possible better going. He came into comparatively clear sky at seven thousand and opened the throttle wide as he roared toward the distant Rocky Mountain city that was his objective. The receipt of the certified checks, contracts and other papers he was carrying signed by Six States Corporation representatives in the West, might mean the winning of a million-dollar field for the oil company. Hours count in the race for oil.

There were scattered masses of black cloud shutting out the sight of the stars on all

sides of him and he whipped the stick back and held it there until he was well below them and traveling along a lower line. A little better than six thousand altitude now was shown by his "Rate of Climb Indicator."

The air was very disturbed and bumpy and his little ship pitched and rolled. Once he had to hold the stick hard over and keep his foot on the right rudder for a minute and a half to hold the wing down while the plane

roared ahead through the dimly lit sky.

Then the clouds that had been in scattered formation about him seemed to close in. A perpendicular barrier rose before him which judgment forbade him to buck. He sought vainly for a hole. The moon was still of some assistance but he could see nothing but the narrowing circle of angry cloud. The cloud armies were sweeping in above, too, and it would not be long before the moon was hooded. There was scant use in attempting to climb above such a formation and he circled in a vain effort to find an out from a nasty trap.

The wind had risen and a rift appeared in the hitherto solid floor of cloud beneath him. On a gamble, Bob took to it. Maybe if he could get below this mess he could hedgehop and find himself. As he whirled through the rift in the masses of wet, clinging mist, Bob felt the fierce pull of the wind which lifted his tail close to the stalling point and swung him around. Fighting to keep out of a spin, he leveled off a couple of hundred feet above the earth and looked anxiously over the side.

For the first time, then, he admitted what he had known when he took off; that it was a wild, foolish, impossible thing that he was trying; a thing that no flyer should try and that no flyer could get away with. Planes are not built to stand up to such conditions and men are not built to meet them with the facilities modern flying affords. He was over bleak, hilly, inhospitable country, country that he could not recognize as any he had ever flown over. The wild experience upstairs had destroyed his confidence in his compass and he was lost, utterly and completely lost.

With the ceiling pressing down on him, he steered a straight course ahead and hoped





A perpendicular barrier rose before him. He sought vainly for a hole

for a spot where he could at least set the ship down and get directions. There were low hills as a possibility ahead so he flew slowly and carefully, eyes strained to watch ahead.

The snow came without warning; a blinding, muffling blanket that shut off his sight even of the objects a short distance ahead. He was lower now, too; not over a hundred feet off the ground. The Wright Whirlwind roared steadily but as he nosed down to clear the clutching tentacles of fog, water and gasoline came back into the cockpit from the overflow pipe of the radiator and the air vent of the gas tank.

A dark shadow rushed to him out of the darkness and he barely had time to kick rudder and clear the tall tree in his path. He was closer down than he thought. The snow muffled and confused everything. Then he was aware that he was no longer flying over level ground. He was flying above a forest, his wing undersurfaces grazing the tops of trees.

He was tempted again to breast up into the higher levels but he knew what was up there. In deep fog he could fly in a circle and not know it until his gas ran out and he would have to come down to a surface he couldn't see. He kept doggedly on, veering to the right steadily until he was clear of the trees again and out in open country. A light gleamed somewhere left of him. A house perhaps. The snow still fell.

He almost hit the transmission line before he saw the telephone poles with the wires strung between and hung with snow and ice. He was headed straight for them. He whipped

the nose straight up and then fired the stick forward until the plane literally fell over the wires and clear. The sudden nosing down on the other side picked up the necessary flying speed again and he leveled off above the ground and speeded on.

Railroad tracks! They gleamed dully ahead of him when he had abandoned hope. He didn't know what road it was nor where it was going but he didn't care. Railroad tracks always go somewhere. He almost sobbed aloud with the relief from tension. So afraid was he of losing the newly-found guide that he throttled the engine down to the point where the prop was barely turning; he flew carefully above the narrow line of steel, literally feeling his way.

It was still hazy and uncertain ahead, the snow beating steadily. Bob had to keep impressing upon himself the urgency of his flight and what it would mean to his partner and himself. In no other way could he have kept going. As the wings rocked in the uneven air currents he kept correcting them with the rudder, fighting grimly and determinedly through.

Suddenly the tracks turned a curve. Bob fired the stick to the left as his foot touched the right rudder. They skidded a little and then banked off to the right after the line of steel. Bringing the ship to level again, Bob closed the throttle and roared along over the tracks.

As swiftly as lightning flashes across a spring sky, a mass of earth rose before the nose of the speeding plane. Bob had a moment of horror. He had placed too much reliance on the tracks. The tracks had en-

tered a tunnel. With a desperate yank at the stick he pulled up and over into a loop. As the plane went around he had time to plan his action. Kicking rudder at the bottom of his loop he curved out parallel to the mountain and flew along beside it, still under the fog which was down now to less than a hundred feet from the ground.

It was better in his direction and the snow stopped falling after five minutes of flying. The ceiling was higher, too, and he was making better time. He had no idea, however, where he was and there was a limit to his supply of gas. He could not afford to fly long in strange and desolate country. There was another menace, too, now that the snow had stopped. It was bitter cold and he could feel the effects of ice forming on the trailing edge of the wing, causing it to cut the air unevenly and making the ship hard to control.

When he was on the brink of despair he saw a rectangle of lights ahead. His heart leaped. A flying field, and lighted! He came above it and nosed the stick forward. The wind was stiff and there was a light haze over the ground through which the lights gleamed yellowly. Maneuvering so that the wind was on his tail, taking the pressure off his nose, he came down.

Just above the field he leveled off with the engine throttled down. Then his heart came up in his throat. The field was in motion. Just in time he realized the blunder that his tired senses had led him into. He had been about to set down on the wet surface of a reservoir. Opening the throttle and firing the stick across the cockpit, he zoomed out of an imminent bath, catching the ship at the stalling point and leveling out for straight flight.

He was still shaky but for the first time in hours he knew where he was. He had held his course better than he knew. He was on a line and he knew the route to his destination. Moreover, there was moonlight now to guide him and the storm seemed to be left behind. He shuddered from nervous reaction and looked with dull eyes at the tachometer. It read 120 miles per hour. With luck he had only an hour more to go.

Dot-dash. Dot-dash. The signals sounded close to him in the cockpit and he straightened. They had radio directional control beacons in the Rocky Mountain city which sent out radio signals in a straight line. Dot-dash would mean that he was off his course to the left. Dash-dot would mean that he was off to the right. If he got in the middle there would be a steady series of dashes. The thought heartened him. There was a

mechanical means of coming into his destination and his hope revived. Moving the ailerons with a gentle pressure of left foot, then right, he leveled the wings. The signals came in a steady tick, tick, tick, which sounded like the repeated dash. He sighed and relaxed.

He came out through the fog and well-remembered country flowed under his wings. He listened for the clicking, however, and the dash, dash, dash, kept coming. Once when he moved the stick left and brought the right wing down momentarily he lost the signal, then got the dash-dot. He quickly leveled back again.

Straight as a die he came to the field that was his destination. As it gleamed there below him, a brightly lighted rectangle that was not water, he gave an unrestrained cheer. The Oil Company would probably get its leases and Evers and Emery would pass from poverty hauling to the dignity of a contract. He had won through but he knew that the radio beacon had been the deciding factor when the fight was all but lost.

His glide was perfect and when he pulled the stick back and lifted the nose as he settled down over the field, three points touched simultaneously and he was in. An incautious mechanic rushed forward and the tired flyer had a moment of panic as the man almost stepped into the prop. Quickly, as if he were fresh, he turned off the switch and the prop stopped. The man's white face shone in the moonlight. One more narrow escape in a night of them.

The night field manager sauntered out as Bob swung his aching body down.

In quick, gasping sentences, Bob poured out his thanks for the radio signals that had saved him. The field manager shook his head. "Some mistake. No radio signals from here for a week. Our apparatus was—"

Bob stared back to the plane. A silver ornament swung gently from the crosspiece of the inner wing struts. The pilot's eyes widened. With the plane banked over, that string would swing on an unequal chord which would cause it to hit one end sharply and the other with more drag. Dot and dash. Flying straight and evenly would just cause the metal ornament to hit evenly. Click, click, click.

The field manager was still standing doubtfully to one side. Bob did not enlighten him. The story of this flight was his story and Tom Evers'. As he walked toward warmth and rest though, he scratched his head thoughtfully.

"After that," he said, "who wouldn't believe in luck?"



HAVE YOU CAUGHT ALL THE MISTAKES THAT APPEAR IN THIS STORY? READ IT AGAIN TO BE SURE. SAVE YOUR LIST OF MISTAKES . . . SAVE YOUR PIECES OF MAP. WATCH FOR THE NEXT TWO ISSUES OF WAR BIRDS. THEN SEND IN YOUR ENTRY TO THE LOST AVIATOR CONTEST.