

23 DE ABRIL

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WORLD BOOK DAY

LA JOURNÉE DU LIVRE

WELTTAG DES BUCHES

angled deck of the *Katawa* led finally in reaching the t the threatening anchor had

truth and honesty.
"I don't believe it," whispered Frank.
"Neither do I," returned his brother.

86 The Secret

"Was the call about mentioned her eagerly.

"I don't know," she said to know by now that she me about his work."

Chet ate the last of fully at his empty p a sigh.

"I gotta be goin' "See you tomorrow."

"Thanks for the pie The next day the telephone rang.

Mrs. Hardy answered "It's Callie," she see you right away!

"Where is she?" chair.

"She's in a drugs ger's plumbing shop says she has some in

"I better get rig thrusting his arms

"I'll go with you "Okay—but hur door. "I'll get the

Frank found an the drugstore and into it. Callie ran

The Secret of Skull Mountain

to look at a trunk of tin came from the

"What's that?" Frank asked himself mentally. His foot had

brushed over an object, and it rattled from one side of the boat to the other with every wash of the

water.

"Smack like a tin can," Klenger remarked.

"I'll go out of it," Sweeper said. "We can't talk

with the racket going on."

Frank felt with his foot and pressed it against the object. The racket stopped.

"Never mind, Sweeper," the stranger told him.

"I'll go out of it," Sweeper said. "We can't talk

with the racket going on."

Frank stood up, and Sweeper turned to the

stranger.

"This is one of the scoopers you were talking

about," he informed him.

The stranger stared at the youth, and Klenger's

mouth set in a hard line.

"I know the kid," he said harshly. "He's too

Chet Morton, Detective

numb from clinging to the buoy, were too heavy to lift.

Suddenly a helicopter appeared out of a cloud, and Frank's heart quickened with hope. The clumsy-looking machine's four-bladed propeller sparkled in the sun as the plane dipped toward the sea.

Frank shouted and waved his arms wildly. He saw an arm extend itself through the plane's window and wave back, and a few minutes later the helicopter hovered directly over him and started to descend.

The plane halted thirty feet above the water, and hung in the air. The cabin door was thrown open and a blond-haired youth looked down.

"Frank!" he called anxiously. "Can you hold out moment longer?"

It was Joe!

Frank grinned happily. He had never been so

glad to see anyone in his life!

"I'm all right, Joe!" he assured his brother. "Just

get me out of this soup!"

Joe laughed with relief. "Okay!" he called.

"Hi!"

He dropped a nylon rescue line toward the buoy,

equipped with a breeches buoy, which

he pulled a few yards away from Frank.

Frank swam to the buoy and threw his legs

over the trouserlike bottom.

The pilot of the helicopter held the plane's

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Mrs. Hardy. "We can overlook it once in a while, I suppose."

"Overlook it!" snorted Aunt Gertrude. "Mark my words, Laura, those boys will come to no good end if you encourage them in coming in at all hours of the night. Goodness knows what mischief they were up to." She glared severely at them.

Frank and Joe realized that their aunt was curious as to where they had been the past two evenings and was using this roundabout method of tempting them into an explanation. However, as Joe expressed it later, they "refused to bite."

Instead, they hastily consumed their breakfast, drawing from the good lady a lecture on the dreadful consequences of eating in a hurry, illustrated by an anecdote concerning a little boy named Hector, who met a lamentable and untimely death by choking himself on a piece of steak and passed away surrounded by weeping relatives.

The boys, however, were evidently not impressed by the fate of the unfortunate Hector, for they gulped down their meal, snatched up their books, and rushed off to school without waiting for Aunt Gertrude's account of the funeral. They were crossing the school yard when the bell rang and they reached the classroom just in time.

"A READER LIVES A THOUSAND LIVES BEFORE HE DIES . . . THE MAN WHO NEVER READS LIVES ONLY ONE." - GEORGE R.R. MARTIN

Paul Blum laughed. "That's a problem for you," he said. "The gas tank's empty. What are you going to do about it?" "Tony calmly handed over the can of gasoline from his own boat. "This should help," he remarked. "I've got some spare gas on hand."