

# Look, Mom—MUSCLES!



## I'm Strong for PEP



# the "BUILD UP" WHEAT CEREAL

Crispy! Delicious! Cracking with all the nourishing goodness of wheat! PEP has more "builder-upper" vitamins than any other ready-to-eat wheat flakes cereal. Only PEP supplies a full day's need of "Sunshine" Vitamin D in every bowl-

ful. Only PEP is twice as rich as whole wheat in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. It contains iron too—essential for good, red blood. So—for bone-growing, muscle-building, tooth-developing, energy-giving nutrients—serve delicious Kellogg's PEP with cool, fresh milk.



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The document fell from Captain Ball's limp fingers. "W-well, gentlemen," he said, his voice almost inaudible. "I—I've read it, and—and —"

"I'm surprised you know how to read!" said Mr. Houghton with biting sarcasm. "If you'd gone to the trouble of reading your instructions from the home office and our radiogram to you about the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company tug, we wouldn't be in this mess now!"

"Pardon me, gentlemen," interposed Mr. Glencannon, breaking out into his most magnetic smile, "wud that tug by any chance be one called the Narcisus?"

"It would!" Mr. Willis informed him briefly.

"And might I mak' so bold as to inquire what is the mess ye're referrin' to?"

"You may . . . since it's partly your fault," said Mr. Willis icily. "Due to the mechanical breakdown caused by your neglect and by Captain Ball's bullheaded stupidity in ignoring our clear instructions regarding towing, a claim for salvage has been filed by Horatio Bullwinkle, who has named as his tentative fellow claimant an exceedingly clever but unscrupulous local character —"

— to whom, we understand, you already have committed this ship for repairs!" interpolated Mr. Houghton nastily.

"And whose name," continued his partner, "is Murdoch McArdle! That," he went on, his voice turning shrill—"that, you must admit, is certainly bad enough! But more calamitous still is the loss of our all-important Puget Sound-United Kingdom charter, which will surely follow when news of this incredible bungling and blundering gets around!"

Mr. Glencannon's Adam's apple slid up and down like a high-speed piston, but for the first time in his life words failed him. Then his eyes sought those of Captain Ball, and the mute appeal he saw there was as a shot of Duggan's Dew to his courage.

"Gentlemen," he cried in ringing tones, "enough o' this sniveling, bick-

ering and recrimination! We're in a mess, ye say? Aye, ye're damn right we are! We're in a fulthy mess . . . a frightful mess . . . and we're all together! The question is: How do we get out o' it?"

"That—" said Mr. Houghton suspiciously, "that, my dear Mr. Glencannon, is precisely what we'd like to know."

"Weel, stick aroond for an hour or pairhops ye'll find out!" said Mr. Glencannon, striding toward the door. "Chins up, Captain Ball, sir! All is lost . . . yet!" he added to himself in undertone as he stepped over the coaming and out on deck.

Scurrying through the busily clamoring yards, he emerged upon the street and flagged down a taxi. "Tak' me to the wharf o' the Secoma Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company!" he climbed in and slammed the door. "On the way, stop feerst at a florist's shop where I can buy a pot o' geranium suitable as a corsage for a lady. Then stop at some place where I can pick up some suitable whusky."

The day was bright, the water sparkling, the distant islands gleaming like emeralds against the blue of the Sound, and alongside the Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company wharf, several little fleets of tugs scratched their worn scarred pelts contentedly against the stringpiece, while their crews moved with extra briskness in the fresh spring day.

But there was no springtime now in the heavy heart of Tugboat Annie, clad once more in her workaday gear and crowned by her battered old felt hat, which she had pushed to the back of her rugged head, she sat in the mess room morosely wolfing a midmorning snack.

"I dunno," she confided unhappily to Peter, the mate, as he sat nosing picking his teeth opposite her. "Time was, I didn't mind a little dust-up with Bullwinkle now an' then. It kinda blew me tanks fer me. But this last shindig!" She wagged her shaggy head. "He's got too many friends these days. That rubber-nosed beak up on the bench, f'rinstance. He was as drunk as

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