

THE GUMPS IN RADIO LAND



1000

ANDY GUMP

IN

RADIO LAND

ANDY GUMP

AND THE

CHEST of GOLD



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CHAPTER ONE

BURIED TREASURE

It all began one Autumn afternoon. Andy and Chester were in the Gump back yard, digging up Min's dahlia bulbs for Winter storage. That is, Andy was digging; if you had been there, you might have noticed that all Chester did was grunt each time his father lifted a shovelful of earth.

"Look, Chester," Andy said, "do you have to grunt like that?"

"I'm just tryin' to help you, Pop," Chester explained.

"I wouldn't want you to strain yourself," Andy told him.

"It ain't no strain," Chester said. "I could even grunt for *two* people without strainin'." He grunted twice.

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"See?" he said. "That was two people."

"Two people doing what?" Andy wanted to know.

"Two people movin' a piano," Chester said.

"I don't like to criticise your grunting," Andy said, "but between you and me, that wasn't very good. The man at the back of the piano sounded like he might be letting his end drag a little."

"That's the way it always is," Chester pointed out. "When two people's workin' together, one of 'em always does more'n the other one."

"It's strange I've never noticed that," Andy said, sarcastically. "When I'm working, people are more

than willing to do their share. Why, they even do the grunting for me.”

“Are you talkin’ about me, Pop?”

“Well, yes, to be blunt about it,” Andy said. “It does sort of seem like you could do a little something more helpful than just standing there and grunting.”

“I ain’t just been standin’ here and gruntin’, Pop,” Chester said. “I been thinkin’, too. I been thinkin’ out an idea that’ll fix it so you won’t have to dig up these here dahlia bulbs every year and put ’em in the cellar.”

“How?” Andy asked.

“Just leave ’em in the cellar the year around,” Chester said.

“But they won’t grow down there,” Andy explained. “They need sun-

light."

"Sure," Chester agreed. "But I got that all took care of. All we got to do is put in some sun-lamps."

"That would be too expensive," Andy said. "It takes a lot of electricity to run sun-lamps."

"Yeah," Chester said. "But you could cross the dahlia plants with currant bushes. Then they'd make their own current."

"What a pity Edison isn't here to hear that," Andy chuckled. "Electricity from currant bushes! Of all the—"

He was interrupted by Tilda, the Gump's maid, who came running from the kitchen in great excitement. "Mr. Gump!" she cried breathlessly.

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"I just happened to look outa the kitchen window and I—"

"Do I pay you to look out of the kitchen window?" Andy broke in.

"I just happened to look out," Tilda continued, "and I seen some-thin' shiny down there where you're diggin'!" She bent down and picked an object out of the dirt near Andy's feet.

"Look!" she said. "A fifty-cent piece!"

"Well, I'll be dog-gone!" Andy said. "Give me that!"

"No sir!" Tilda said. "I seen it first!"

"Hand it over, Tilda!" Andy's tone was so firm that Tilda reluctantly gave him the coin. Andy put it in his

trousers pocket. "Now let's see what else I can find," he said.

He resumed digging, with Tilda hovering near like a hungry chicken watching for angle-worms, and a few more strokes of his shovel uncovered another fifty-cent piece, as shiny as the first one. Tilda pounced for it, but Andy was there first.

"This goes right in my pocket with the other," he announced. He dropped it in his pocket and began digging furiously.

"Gee, Pop," Chester said, his eyes gleaming. "Maybe we've struck buried treasure!"

"Look, there's another one!" Tilda cried. "Right there by your feet!"

"Keep away from it," Andy



"Look!" she said. "A fifty-cent piece!"

warned her. "It goes right with the other two!" He picked it up, put it in his pocket, then paused, with a startled expression on his face.

"What's the matter, Pop?" Chester asked.

"The pocket's empty!" Andy gasped. "There's a hole in it!"

"A hole in it?" Tilda began laughing. "Jumpin' catfish!" she chortled. "You been pickin' up the same fifty-cent piece every time! You put it in your pocket, it slides down your pants-leg, and you pick it up again!"

Andy frowned at Tilda's back as she went whooping toward the kitchen. "That woman's guffaw would bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of a laughing hyena," he said.



"The pocket's empty!" Andy gasped. "There's a hole in it!"

"Gee," Chester sighed. "And here I thought we was goin' to find some buried treasure!"

"Nonsense," Andy said. He took up his shovel and began digging again. "Who'd bury treasure in our back yard?" But just then his shovel struck a hard object buried in the earth.

"Look, Pop!" Chester said. "You're hittin' something! It's a big wooden chest!"

"For Pete's sake!" Andy gasped, and began uncovering the chest with furious strokes of his shovel. In a moment, the top was clear, and they saw an old oaken box, its iron bindings rusty from long burial in the earth.

"Stand back!" Andy said. "I'm go-

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ing to break it open!" He swung his shovel and the rotten wood gave away with a crash.

"Golly, Pop! Look!" Chester cried.
"It's full of gold!"

"Gold!" Andy breathed. He cupped his hands toward the house.
"*Oh Min!*" he shouted.

CHAPTER TWO

GONE!

"Eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and sixty," Andy counted. "Eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty. Ninety thousand dollars!"

"All in twenty-dollar gold-pieces!" said Min. She gazed admiringly at the stacks of coins on the living room table, where Andy had just finished counting them.

"Gee, that's enough to buy a yacht like Uncle Bim's got," Chester said.

"A yacht?" Andy's eyes lighted up. "I can see myself now," he said, "standing on the bridge, my weather eye on the leeward binnacle, my feet on the main braces, sailing the bound-



"Oh Min!" he shouted.

ing sea with the scuppers in my hand. What a picture!"

"Yes, what a picture," Min said. "Too bad nobody'll ever be able to take it."

"What do you mean, Min?"

"I mean that we're not going to spend his money on any yacht! My Aunt Hattie! Of all the silly things I ever heard of! After you spent all the money on a yacht, what would you run it with?"

"We could take in boarders," Chester suggested.

"Boarders on a yacht?" Min said.

"Sure. Or run week-end excursions for people that like to get out of town over Saturday and Sunday. We could advertise in the papers, 'Make your



**"Eighty-nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty.
Ninety thousand dollars!"**

week-end fine and dandy—sail with Chester, Min and Andy’.”

“Don’t be silly,” Min said. “We’re not buying any yachts with this money. It goes right plump into the bank, as fast as we can get it there.”

“Aw, gee, Mom!” Chester protested.

“I guess your mother’s right, Chester,” Andy said. “We’ll put this money aside for your education. It’ll come in mighty handy when you’re old enough to go to college.”

“Providing we can keep it that long,” Min said.

“What do you mean?” Andy asked.

“Well,” Min said, “how do we know that whoever this gold belongs to won’t come along and claim it for

himself."

"That can't happen," Andy said. "It was buried in our yard, and therefore it belongs to us. Look, I'll give you an example. I'm a dog—"

"You're a what, Andy?"

"A dog. That is, let's pretend I'm a dog. One day, I get a bone, and being a dog, I look around for a place to bury it. The best place I can find happens to be the yard of the man next door."

"I don't see what this has to do with this gold," Min said.

"Just listen and you'll find out," Andy told her. "All right, I bury the bone in the yard of the man next door. A few days later, I happen to look out of my kennel and I see the man

next door digging in his garden. Suddenly, he digs up my bone. So what do I do? I put on my hat, and I—”

“Dogs don’t wear hats,” Min put in.

“Please don’t interrupt,” Andy said. “I put on my hat, and I walk over to the yard of the man next door and I say to him—”

“You couldn’t say anything to him,” Min objected. “Dogs are dumb!”

“That has nothing to do with the case, Min.”

“It has a lot to do with it,” Min insisted. “If you want to be a dog, you’ll have to keep quiet. Dogs are dumb and that’s what you’ll have to be.”

“Now listen, Min,” Andy objected.

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"If you'd just—"

He was interrupted by a sudden knock at the door.

"Go see who that is, Chester," Min said.

"Sure, Mom," Chester said. He came back in a moment, followed by a brisk young man with a camera.

"I'm Anderson of the Daily Blade," the stranger explained. "I want to get your picture for the paper. The whole town's buzzing with excitement over that gold you found."

"How in the world did that news get out?" Andy demanded.

"Goodness, I don't know," Min said. "The only person we've told is Tilda."

"That explains it," Andy said.

"The three quickest ways to spread news in this town are telegraph, telephone, and tell-a-woman."

"You can't keep a thing like this secret," the newspaperman said. "Now if you'll just line up in front of the table, beside the gold, and face the camera—"

"Oh, goodness," Min exclaimed. "I can't have my picture taken in *this* dress! You'll have to wait until I change."

"You look fine as you are, Mrs. Gump," the newspaperman told her, adjusting his camera. "Just line up there, please. You, Mr. Gump, put your hand on the little boy's head, and smile."

"You got your fingers over my



"I'm Anderson of the Daily Blade," the stranger explained. "I want to get your picture for the paper."

eyes, Pop!" Chester said.

"All right," the man said, squinting through the back of his camera. "Now this is going to be a flashlight photograph, so there'll be quite a lot of smoke when I set off the flashlight powder. All set?"

"Oh, dear," Min said. "And I always look so ghastly in flashlight pictures, too!"

"Hold it!" the newspaperman shouted. He pressed the trigger of his flashlight apparatus, and there was a blinding flash. Instantly the room was filled with smoke.

"My Aunt Hattie!" Min said, coughing. "Open the window, somebody!"

"I will, Mom," said Chester, feel-



**"I will, Mom," said Chester, feeling his way
through the thick smoke.**

ing his way through the thick smoke.

"As soon as I can find it."

"I can't see my hand in front of my face!" Andy complained.

"There!" Chester said, throwing open the window. "That'll clear the smoke out!"

Fresh air poured through the window and in a moment the room was clear enough for the Gumps to see.

"Mercy sakes, Andy!" Min gasped. "What's happened to the newspaperman?"

"For Pete's sake!" Andy said. "He's *gone!*"

"Yes, and look!" cried Min. "*The gold's gone too!*"

"*Oh, Min!*" moaned Andy.



"Yes, and look!" cried Min. *"The gold's gone too!"*

CHAPTER THREE

UNCLE BIM AND "BWANA-BWANA"

It was the next day, and Andy, Min and Chester were in their living room, looking over the daily newspapers.

"Well, anyway," said Andy, "we're certainly getting famous. Look—our pictures are on every front page, and our names are in every headline."

"You can have the fame," Min said. "I'd rather have that ninety thousand dollars back again."

"It won't be long," Andy said. "The police are working on the case, and they'll soon find that newspaperman that was here yesterday."

"Gee, he didn't look like a crook, did he?" asked Chester.

"No," Min said. "I can hardly believe that he took the money."

"But that's what he did, all right," Andy pointed out. "He set off that flashlight powder, and when the smoke cleared away, he'd disappeared and so had the money! It's just a case of putting two and two together and getting four."

"Hmph!" Min said. "When *you* put two and two together, you usually get twenty-two!"

Before Andy could answer that, there was a knock at the front door. Min went to answer it.

"Why, *Uncle Bim!*" Andy and Chester heard her exclaim.

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"Bim!" cried Andy, rushing to greet him. "Where in the world did you come from?"

"I was in New York," explained Uncle Bim, Andy's rich relative, whom the Gumps hadn't seen for several months. "I read about this money you found and how it disappeared, so I popped in to see if I could be of any assistance."

"Well, that's darned nice of you, Uncle Bim," Andy said. "Chester, take Uncle Bim's hat and coat."

"Just a moment," Uncle Bim said. "I'll have to go out to the car again. I've a man out there I want to take to a doctor."

"What man, Uncle Bim?" Chester asked.



"Why, Uncle Bim!" Andy and Chester heard her exclaim.

“A chap I picked up on the road,” Bim said. “He seemed to be wandering in a dazed condition, and I thought he must need medical assistance. The poor chap’s been struck over the head, apparently. He can’t even remember what his own name is.”

“My goodness!” Min said, all sympathy. “Poor fellow. Let’s go out and bring him in.”

“By all means,” Andy agreed. “Come on, Chester.”

They opened the door, and there in Uncle Bim’s car, they saw a young man slumped beside the chauffeur.

“My stars!” Min cried out. “That’s the man that stole our money!”

And sure enough, it was the same man who’d set off the flashlight

powder the day before. Andy rushed to him and shook him by the shoulders. "What did you do with our money?" he demanded.

The young man blinked dazedly and looked at Andy as if he'd never seen him before.

"What money?" he asked.

"The money you stole from us!" Andy shouted.

"I don't remember stealing any money," the young man said slowly. "I don't remember anything. I don't even remember what my name is." He groaned. "My head hurts."

"This is all a pose!" Andy snapped. "You're just pretending this to escape being punished. You tell me what you've done with that money, or

I'll—"

"Now just a moment, Andy, old boy," Bim interrupted. "I think the chap's telling the truth. You can see a bump on his head where he's been struck. It's quite obvious he really has lost his memory."

"Then let's take him to a doctor," Min said. "The quicker we get his mind working, the sooner we'll find out where that ninety thousand dollars is!"

"I've a better thought than that," Bim said. "Perhaps I can bring him around myself. Let's get him into the house. Come, old chap, let's go in."

With the young man in the house, comfortably settled on the Gump's davenport, Uncle Bim explained

what he had in mind.

"Years ago, when I was living in Australia," he said, "I picked up a trick or two from the native witch-doctor chaps. One of those tricks was Bwana-bwana."

"Goodness!" Min said. "What in the world is that?"

"It's a primitive form of hypnotism," Bim explained. "If I'm successful, I shall be able to get control over this young man's mind, and bring his memory back to him."

"Then by all means do it, Uncle Bim!" Andy said. "We've got to find out what's happened to that money!"

"Quite so," Bim agreed. He stared fixedly at the young man's eyes, and began moving his hands in slow

circles. "Bwana-bwana," he said softly. "Bwana agana umpchuck mit-sook!"

"What'd you say?" Chester said.

"That's the Australian witch-doctors' incantation," Uncle Bim explained. "Quiet, please. I must concentrate." A strange glitter came into his eyes and he moved closer to the young man, who was watching him, spell-bound. "Bwana-bwana," Bim muttered. "Your memory is coming back to you. Everything will be clear to you again." His voice dropped to a soft drone. "Your memory is coming back," he repeated. "Your memory is coming back—"

The young man's head snapped and a startled expression came into



"Quite so," Bim agreed. He stared fixedly at the young man's eyes, and began moving his hands in slow circles.

his features.

"Where am I?" he said. "What am I doing here? I'm John Anderson, of the Daily Blade!"

"Hurray!" Andy shouted. "He remembers! Uncle Bim, you've cured him!"

"Why, this is the most marvelous thing I ever saw in my life," Min exclaimed. "You're a marvel, Uncle Bim!"

"What did you call me?" Uncle Bim said, a strange light coming into his eyes.

"Uncle Bim!" Min cried.

"Is that my name?" Uncle Bim muttered. "I don't remember." He pressed his fingers to his temples. "My head hurts," he groaned, and fell



"Is that my name?" Uncle Bim muttered. "I don't remember." He pressed his fingers to his temples.

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to the floor.

“Good heavens!” Andy shouted.
“He brought this man’s memory back,
but he lost his own! *Oh, Min!*”

CHAPTER FOUR

THE SPIDER

"A fine mess this is," Min told Andy and Chester later that afternoon, as they drove home from the hospital to which Uncle Bim had been taken. "If Uncle Bim can't get his memory back, he'll be ruined! Think of all his enterprises, all of his businesses, the world over! Everything depends upon Uncle Bim's brain! What will happen if he doesn't come out of this?"

"I think the doctors will bring him around all right," Andy said. "They seemed to be pretty sure they could cure him."

"If they don't, we can hire more

doctors," Chester suggested. "We could hire the best doctors in the world, I betcha, with our ninety thousand dollars."

"With our ninety thou—" Andy gasped. "For Pete's sake," he said. "I forgot all about that newspaper reporter in the excitement of getting Uncle Bim to the hospital!"

"My Aunt Hattie!" Min said. "Looks like somebody else needs his memory looked into! It's lucky I didn't forget about him, or he'd be gone by this time. I told Tilda to stand guard over him."

It was an extremely indignant young man they found when they reached home. Tilda had been keeping him away from the door with her

favorite weapon, her rolling pin, and the young man was boiling with anger.

"You can't do this to me!" he shouted at Andy. "You've got no business keeping me prisoner like this! I'm Anderson, of the Daily Blade, and my newspaper will make plenty of trouble for you!"

"I know," Andy said, soothingly. "But we had to keep you here, regardless. We've got to know what you did with our ninety thousand dollars!"

"Your ninety thousand dollars?" the young man said. He rubbed his forehead. "*What* ninety thousand dollars?"

"Don't tell us you've forgotten you stole it from us," Min said.

“No,” the young man said, rubbing his head. “It all comes back to me now. I didn’t steal it. It was taken by The Spider!”

“Who?” Andy said.

“The Spider!” the young man said. “The most dangerous criminal in this part of the country.”

“But how did he get into this?” Andy wanted to know.

“He must have been hiding here in this room,” the young man explained. “He’d probably heard about you finding that gold, and was waiting for a chance to steal it from you. When I set off that flashlight powder to take your picture, the smoke gave him the opportunity he wanted. I saw him coming toward me through the smoke,



"The Spider!" the young man said. "The most dangerous criminal in this part of the country."

recognized him, and tried to warn you, but he was too quick for me. He struck me over the head with a blackjack, and he must have snatched up the gold and dragged me out with him at the same time."

"My goodness," Min said. "Why'd he take you along?"

"Probably because I was the only one that had seen him," the young man said. "He figured to escape detection that way. When I came to, I was in the bottom of a speeding car, and I could see him at the wheel. I tried to knock him out, but he was too fast for me again. I have a hazy memory of his pushing me out of the car, and then everything is blank until I came to here in your home."

"That was my Uncle Bim that brought you to," Andy told him. "He hypnotized you until your memory came back, but he lost his own by doing it!"

"Not Bim Gump, the multi-millionaire!" the young man exclaimed. "What a story that'll make! Let me out of here! I've got to get to my paper!"

"Now wait a minute," Andy said. "We want to be sure, before you leave here, that you're telling us the truth."

"Oh, he's telling the truth all right," Min said. "Let him go, Andy."

"Well, all right," Andy reluctantly agreed. "But you go with him, Tilda."

"Jumpin' catfish, what for?" Tilda demanded.

"Just keep him under your eye," Andy said, "and keep that rolling pin handy. If you suspect he's not been telling us the truth and he's got that ninety thousand dollars hidden somewhere, let him have it!"

"Let him have the ninety thousand dollars?" said Tilda.

"No, the rolling pin!" Andy told her.

"I'll go with you, Tilda," Chester said. "Come on—this way."

"Just think, Andy," Min said, when they were alone. "All the time that gold was in the house, The Spider was hiding somewhere in this very room! My goodness, if I'd know it, I'd have fainted right in my tracks!"

"Oh, pooh," Andy said. "You

didn't need to be afraid, with me here to protect you."

"Hmmp!" Min snorted.

"Huh?" Andy said.

"Hmmp!" Min repeated. "A lot of protection you'd be against a dangerous criminal like that! The Spider—I've read about him in the papers. They call him The Spider because it's bad luck to try to harm him."

"It would be bad luck all right if I met him," Andy boasted. "Bad luck for *him*! One man of the Gump clan is the equal of a dozen Spiders!"

"We'll see about that, my friend!" said a snarling voice behind him. Andy and Min whirled and confronted a dark, sinister man holding a pistol.

"W-w-who are you?" Andy said.

"I am The Spider!" the man grated.

"And you two are coming with me!"

"Oh dear!" Min gasped. "Are you kidnapping us?"

"That is right," The Spider hissed. "And I shall hold you prisoners until you pay me ninety thousand dollars."

"Ninety thousand dollars?" Andy gulped. "But you've already got ninety thousand dollars of our money! You're the one that stole that gold, aren't you?"

"Gold?" said The Spider. He laughed bitterly. "That wasn't gold, my friend—that was counterfeit!"

"Counterfeit? You mean it was all a fake?"

"Oh, Min!" sighed Andy.



"W-w-who are you?" Andy said.

CHAPTER FIVE

CAPTIVES

"Whatever are we going to do now?" Min moaned to Andy. The two of them were in a small, dark room in the old house to which The Spider had taken them. A single ray of light came through the locked shutters, and for furniture the room had only a creaky cot and a broken chair. "I know we'll never get out of this place alive, Andrew!"

"Oh, sure we will," Andy said soothingly. "The Spider will send a ransom note to Uncle Bim, and Bim will pay the ninety thousand dollars—"

"Like fun he will!" Min broke in.



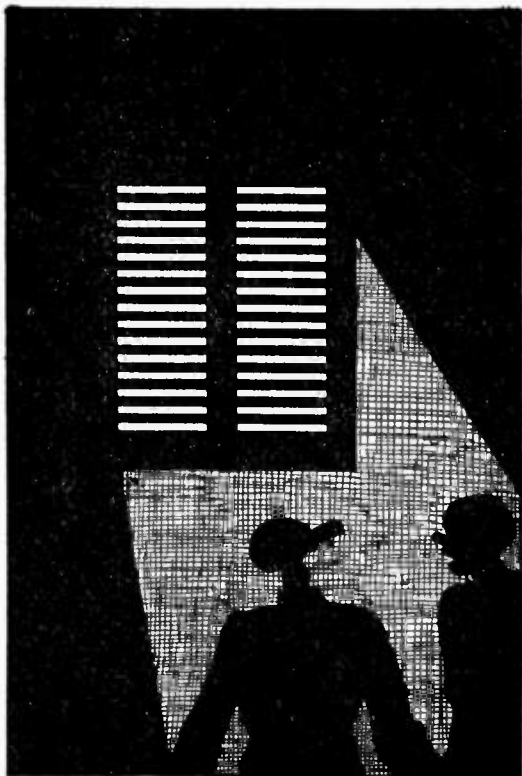
"Counterfeit? You mean it was all a fake?"

“Min! You don’t mean that Bim would refuse to pay that amount to get us out of this place? Why, ninety thousand dollars doesn’t mean anything to Uncle Bim. He’s got millions!”

“It’s not that I’m thinking of,” Min said. “Don’t forget that Uncle Bim’s lost his memory. When he gets a note from The Spider saying, ‘I want ninety thousand dollars to release Min and Andy,’ he won’t even be able to remember who Min and Andy are!”

“I never thought of that,” Andy admitted.

“We’ll be here for the rest of our lives,” Min said, tears coming to her eyes as she spoke. “And what will happen to Chester?”



"I know we'll never get out of this place alive,
Andrew!"

“Oh, don’t worry about Chester, Min” Andy said, taking out his handkerchief and awkwardly trying to dry Min’s eyes for her. “Just wait and see—we’ll get out of here all right, and nothing’s going to happen to Chester.”

But, although Min and Andy had no way of knowing it, things were happening to Chester at that very moment.

After going with Tilda and the newspaperman to the newspaper office, he’d suddenly realized, as many a boy of his age frequently does, that he was very hungry. The best way to relieve the empty feeling that seemed to extend from his throat down to his ankles was to go home for dinner.

But when Chester breathlessly arrived at his house, he found it empty. His mother and father had disappeared. The doors were unlocked, the family car was in the garage, but there was not a trace of Min and Andy.

It dawned on Chester that something disastrous had happened to his parents. Forgetting even his hunger in his sudden anxiety, he raced for the hospital to which Uncle Bim had been taken.

"No, you can't see him," the nurse told Chester when he tried to get into Uncle Bim's room. "Your Uncle Bim is a very sick man. He can't be disturbed."

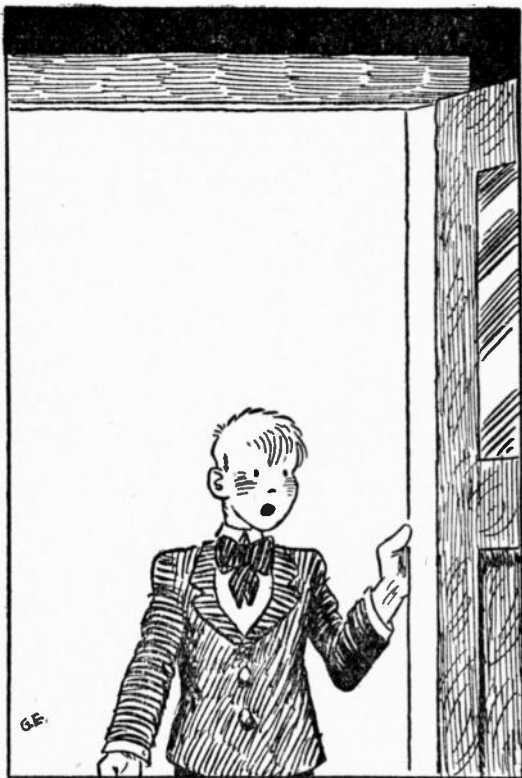
"But I've got to see him!" Chester

insisted. "Somethin's happened to my Mom and Pop, and he's the only one that can do anything for 'em!"

"I'm sorry," the nurse said, barring the door, "but you can't see him. Go away now, like a good boy."

"Aw, gee," Chester said, and sulked out of the hospital. But once around the corner, his mood changed. With true Gump determination, he sought a way to get to Uncle Bim. The fire escape at the rear of the building offered a solution of the problem.

Panting, he shinnied up a drain-pipe until he could reach the lowest rung of the fire escape ladder. Then, stealthily, he climbed the iron steps until he reached the floor where Uncle



But when Chester breathlessly arrived at his house,
he found it empty.

Bim's room was located.

Luck was with him. The window by the fire escape was Uncle Bim's. Lifting it was the work of a moment, and he flung himself into the room where Bim lay.

Bim, pale and wan, regarded him with a lack-luster look, and whispered, "What do you want here?"

"Don't you remember me?" Chester said, coming to his bedside. "I'm Chester, Uncle Bim! You know me!"

"I don't remember," Bim moaned. "I don't remember anything. My head hurts—"

"But you've got to remember!" Chester insisted. "Somethin's happened to Mom and Pop! I went home and they've disappeared!"



Panting, he shinnied up a drainpipe.

“Mom and Pop?” Uncle Bim said, slowly. “Who are they?”

“You remember Mom and Pop!” Chester cried. “Try hard, Uncle Bim! Try to think! Pop’s your nephew! You ain’t forgot *him*, Uncle Bim!”

Uncle Bim looked at Chester, his forehead furrowed with the effort of trying to think. Then he groaned and closed his eyes wearily. “I can’t remember anything,” he said. “Go away and leave me alone.”

“Golly!” Chester said to himself. “I got to do somethin’! Maybe if I could remember that Australian witch-doctor trick Uncle Bim did—” He shook Uncle Bim gently until his eyes opened. “Look into my eyes,” he said, and began moving his hands as



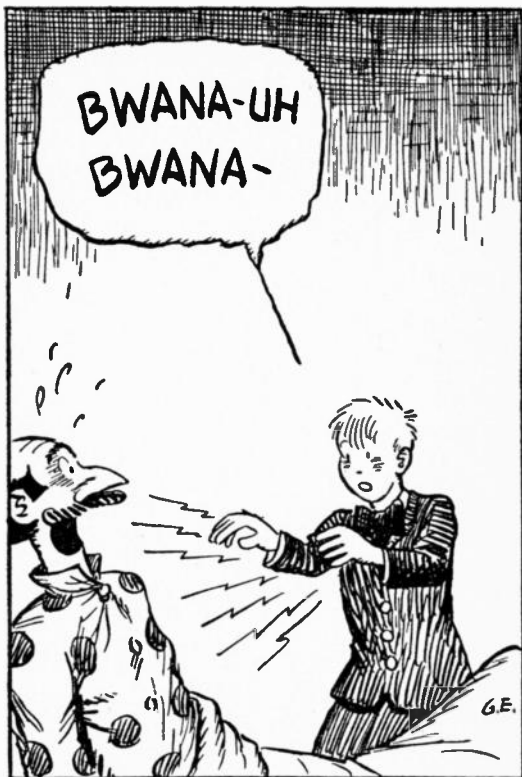
"I don't remember," Bim moaned. "I don't remember anything. My head hurts—"

Uncle Bim had done. "Bwana-bwana" he whispered. "Bwana — uh bwana agana umpchuck mitsook!"

Uncle Bim frowned slowly and looked at Chester with a dazed stare. "Golly, I hope I got it right," Chester said. "Uncle Bim, your memory is comin' back. Your memory is comin' back—"

Uncle Bim shook his head as if he were clearing his brain of cobwebs. "By jove!" he said. "What's happened to me? Where am I?"

"Gee, I did get it right," Chester exulted. "Look, Uncle Bim, somethin' terrible's happened! Mom and Pop have disappeared!" He hurried to tell Uncle Bim all that had happened.



"Bwana—uh bwana agana umpchuck mitsook!"

"Run down to the corner and tell my chauffeur to bring the car to the door," Uncle Bim said, clambering out of bed and reaching for his clothes. "I'll be down there in five minutes!"

"You bet!" Chester said, racing for the door. "I'll tell him!"

But in the corridor a stranger stopped him—a dark man whose eyes held a sinister glitter. "Where'll I find Bim Gump" he said.

"He's right in there," Chester said, pointing toward the room, "but he's awful busy. Can I do somethin' for you? I'm Chester Gump."

"Ah, *Chester* Gump!" the dark man said, and chuckled gratingly. "Tell me, my little man, would you like to find your father?"



But in the corridor a stranger stopped him—a dark man whose eyes held a sinister glitter. “Where’ll I find Bim Gump” he said.

"Gee, *would* I!"

"I can take you to him," the man said.

"Swell!" Chester said. "Wait just a minute till I get Uncle Bim, and we'll both go with you."

"No," the dark man said. "You must come alone." He took Chester's arm in a grasp that was like a steel vise and hurried him down the corridor. "I," he hissed, "am *The Spider!*"

CHAPTER SIX

FIRE!

“If I only knew where Chester is!”
Min was fretting.

“It doesn’t do any good to worry about him,” Andy tried to console her. “After all, he can’t be in as bad a fix as we are. He’s not locked up!”

“How do you know he’s not?” she wanted to know.

“Well, if he’d been taken prisoner by The Spider,” Andy reasoned, “he’d be here with us. There wouldn’t be any object in keeping him some other place—”

“Shhh!” Min interrupted. “I hear a key in the lock! Somebody’s opening the door!”

The door creaked open slowly, and the menacing figure of The Spider appeared. "The wish is parent to the deed!" he said, with a grim laugh. "Now you have Chester with you!" He thrust Chester into the room and slammed the door. They could hear his ghoulish laugh echoing down the hallway.

"Chester, my boy!" Min sobbed, taking him in her arms. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah, Mom," Chester said. "He didn't hurt me or nothing', but he said he's goin' to keep the three of us here until Uncle Bim pays him ninety thousand dollars."

"I hope I live to see the day," Andy sighed, sadly.



"Chester, my boy!" Min sobbed, taking him in her arms. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," Min said. "So do I. We've got a fine chance of Uncle Bim paying that ransom, when he doesn't even remember who we are!"

"Oh, he remembers things now," Chester said. "I cured him."

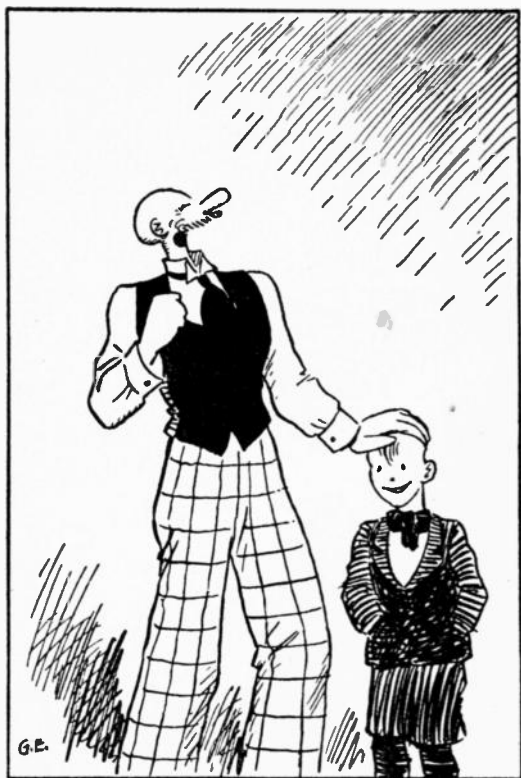
"You did *what*?" Andy gasped.

"Sure, I cured him," Chester repeated. "I went to the hospital and worked that 'Bwana-bwana' trick on him, like he did for the newspaper-man!"

"Chester, my boy!" said Andy proudly. "A true Gump—a chip off the old block, if there ever was one!"

"Hmmp!" Min said. "Maybe one of you 'true Gumps' can work another trick to get us out of this place!"

"Oh, we don't need to worry about



"Chester, my boy!" said Andy proudly. "A true Gump—a chip off the old block, if there ever was one!"

that, Mom,” Chester said. “Now that Bim’s got his memory back, he’ll come and rescue us as quick as anything, I betcha.”

“But how’s he going to find out where we are?” Min inquired.

“Yes, that’s the question,” Andy agreed. “He might search for years before he located us here.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Chester said. “Maybe we better figger some way of gettin’ out of here by ourselves.”

“But how?” Andy asked.

“It would be easy if it was in the movies,” Chester said.

“Yes,” his mother said. “If you don’t like a movie, you can get up and walk out, but I’d like to see anybody

walk out of this place!"

"What I meant, Mom, was, it would be easy if we was *in* the movies," Chester said. "Did you happen to see Dick Darewell in 'The Flooded Mine'?"

"No, thank goodness," Min sighed.

"It was a swell movie," Chester went on. "This here Dick Darewell was taken captive by The Masked Rider and tied up down in an old mine. Then The Masked Rider went and opened the flood gates and the mine started to fill up with water. But Dick Darewell wasn't worried at all."

"That was because he was in the movies," Andy suggested.

"The Masked Rider asked him if there was anything he wanted before he was left there to drown," Chester

continued, "and Dick Darewell said, 'Yeah. Gimme a cigarette.' So The Masked Rider give him a cigarette and lit it for him, and then went away, with the water gettin' higher and higher around Dick Darewell."

"Was that the end of the picture?" Andy asked.

"Gee, no, Pop! Dick Darewell waited till The Masked Rider was out of sight, see, and then he leaned down and pushed the cigarette against the ropes that he was tied up with, and he puffed and he puffed and he puffed, and pretty soon the rope was burned through and he was free!"

"Oh," Min said.

"Why didn't he do it the hard way?" Andy inquired.



"And he puffed and he puffed and he puffed, and pretty soon the rope was burned through and he was free!"

"The hard way?" said Chester.

"Yes," Andy said. "Now take my experience, as an example. Take the time I was captured by the Bigfeet Indians in the Fallen Arches Country of Nevada. I was tied up just like your 'Dick Darewell' was, but did I get free by such an easy trick as burning my ropes with a cigarette? I did not! Instead, as the Indians danced around me, I bent forward, pulled my watch out of my pocket with my teeth, unscrewed the crystal—still using my teeth—and held it in my lips, focusing the sun through it and using it as a burning glass. I held the hot ray steady on the ropes that held me—in a moment they were smoldering, and in another moment I was free!

Humph! 'Dick Darewell'! I'd like to see him do a trick like that!"

"If you can perform such miracles as that," Min said, "it ought to be easy for you to get us out of here."

"Give me time," Andy assured her. "I'll think of some way."

"Can you really use a watch-crystal for a burnin' glass?" asked Chester.

"Certainly," Andy said.

"Could I take your watch and try it?"

"Well, some other time, Chester."

"Oh, let him have it," Min said. "Goodness, it will give him something to do, at least."

"Well, all right," Andy said, reluctantly handing his watch to Chester. "Be careful, now. Don't drop it!"

"I do wish, Andy," Min said, "that you wouldn't tell Chester those impossible stories! My goodness, what will the boy grow up to be, anyway?"

"He'll grow up to be a true Gump," Andy said confidently. "He'll have the courage, the determination, and the stamina that have always characterized the men of the Gump clan."

"Pooh," said Min.

"And double pooh to you," Andy said.

"Courage and determination!" Min said. "If that's what the men of the Gump clan have got, why don't you use a little and get us out of here?"

"Just give me time, Min," Andy told her. "We Gumps move slow, but we get there just the same—"

“Hey, Pop!” Chester broke in.
“Look! It works! I made a burnin’
glass out of your watch crystal, and
I’ve got the mattress on fire!”

“Andy!” Min screamed. “Look!
It’s blazing! Help! Fire!”

“*Oh, Min!*” groaned Andy.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE HAPPY ENDING

"Let me congratulate you, Andy," Uncle Bim said the next day. "That idea of yours, of setting fire to the house where The Spider had you hidden, was nothing less than a masterpiece."

"It was *my* idea," Chester said.

"Keep out of this," Andy told him.

"But it *was* my idea!" Chester insisted.

"Shhh!" Min said.

"Yes, Andy," Uncle Bim went on, "if the policemen I'd set on your trail hadn't seen the smoke pouring from that building, we might never have found you."



**"Hey, Pop!" Chester broke in. "Look! It works!
I made a burnin' glass out of your watch crystal,
and I've got the mattress on fire!"**

"It was lucky we got out alive," Min said. "Goodness! I'll never forget climbing down that ladder with the flames leaping around me."

"And look at my mustache," Andy said sadly. "Or look where it *was*. Singed off, right to the roots!"

"Have they found The Spider yet?" Chester inquired.

"No," said Uncle Bim. "He disappeared in the excitement. Apparently he took the gold with him."

"Not the *gold*," Andy said. "According to what he told us, he'd found out it was counterfeit."

"Not counterfeit," Uncle Bim chuckled. "It was just plain pieces of lead, with a thin gold plating."

"How do you happen to know so



"And look at my mustache," Andy said sadly. "Or look where it *was*. Singed off, right to the roots!"

much about it?" Andy asked.

Uncle Bim laughed.

"This is going to surprise you," he said, "but I'm the chap that buried that chest of gold in your back yard."

"What?" gasped Andy, Min and Chester.

"Quite so," Uncle Bim went on calmly. "I hid it there a year ago, hoping that you would eventually find it."

"My Aunt Hattie!" Min exclaimed. "Why bury a chest full of fake gold in our back yard?"

"It was a test," Uncle Bim said. "I knew that when Andy dug it up, as he must, sooner or later, he'd undergo precisely the sort of trouble he's been through. I knew that someone like The Spider would take the gold away

from him and that he'd go through a good many perils and tribulations trying to protect it."

"But why did you want me to go through all that?" Andy said.

"As a test," Bim explained. "I wanted to find out, Andy, my boy, if you were a true Gump—the sort of man who comes through with flying colors no matter how difficult the situation."

"Well, I'll be dog-gone!" Andy said. "Then you *arranged* all this!"

"Not precisely," Uncle Bim said. "I simply set the machinery in motion by putting the fake gold where you'd be sure to find it. The Spider and all his actions were entirely independent, though I felt sure that some criminal

of his caliber would appear to add his bit to the situation."

"But you said this was a test," Min said. "Why did you want to test Andy?"

"To find out if he's the sort of man I hoped he'd be," said Uncle Bim. "I'm happy to say that he's passed the test and proven that he's a true member of the Gump clan. Andy, old chap, I'm now ready to reward you. You get the job for which you've proven yourself thoroughly fitted."

"What job?" asked Andy, open-mouthed.

"Starting today, you're supervisor of all my American enterprises," Uncle Bim announced with a smile.

"*Oh, Min!*" gasped Andy.

THE END



"Starting today, you're supervisor of all my American enterprises," Uncle Bim announced with a smile. "Oh, Min!" gasped Andy.

SYNOPSIS OF THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE GUMPS IN RADIO LAND

*Brought to you five times a week—
Monday through Friday—by the manu-
facturers of Pebecco Toothpaste, on a
coast-to-coast network of the
Columbia Broadcasting System.*

Since Uncle Bim's various enterprises are scattered over the length and breadth of the land, the Gumps decided that the best way to visit them would be in an automobile trailer. That was a wise decision, but Andy's idea of building the trailer himself didn't turn out so well. Among other mistakes, he committed the error of building the trailer in the basement of the Gump home, and discovered, after it was completed, that it was too large to remove through the doorway.

That meant tearing a side out of the house to remove the trailer, but the Gumps didn't mind a great deal about that, because they were leaving the house vacant, anyway.

On the road, enroute to the first of Uncle Bim's enterprises to receive Andy's attention, the Gumps made a second big mistake in picking up a hitch-hiker who took their car, trailer and money away from them at the point of a gun. He also took Tilda, though he didn't find out about that until later.

Followed a painful week for Andy, Min, and Chester. Penniless and hundreds of miles from home, they appealed in vain to Uncle Bim by telegraph. Bim had disappeared from his New York office and no one knew where he had gone. The Gumps were thrown on their own resources, and though Andy always boasts of the resourcefulness of the men of the Gump clan, the three of them were a very hungry and tired trio when they finally discovered their trailer parked, intact, beside the road, with a sign in front of it advertising it as a lunch-wagon.

Within, they discovered Tilda, and from her learned that she had brought the thief to bay with Chester's air-rifle, turned him over to the police, collected the reward, and with it settled down beside the road to operate the trailer as a lunch wagon until the Gumps appeared.

Grateful to have their car and trailer back, Andy headed for his new job again. This job, incidentally, promised to tax all the ingenuity that even Andy has. It was the management of a buggy-whip factory, which Uncle Bim had kept running for the past twenty years despite the fact that there was almost no market for buggy-whips any longer. Andy found eighteen million unsold buggy-whips in the factory warehouse, and the plant under the management of a doddering old gentleman named Mr. Pottle, who firmly believed that

some day, somehow, the horse and buggy would come to the front again.

Andy proved his inventiveness by a plan to convert all the buggy-whips on hand into clothespins—developing a special stream-lined clothespin much superior to anything ever sold for that purpose before.

He met with considerable opposition in attempting to change the factory over to the new product—much of this opposition coming from a Russian buggy-whip tester who considered clothespins beneath his dignity and who challenged Andy to a duel.

Andy was saved from this desperate situation, however, by the unexpected arrival of Uncle Bim, and everything went smoothly at the factory until Christmas-time, when Andy, attempting to play the part of Santa Claus, became stuck halfway down the factory chimney. This, however, did not turn out as unfortunately as it might have, for while it caused Andy a great deal of inconvenience, it attracted attention in newspapers throughout the nation and brought so much publicity to the name of Gump that the new Gump stream-lined clothespin began selling by the millions.

Now that the factory was making money, Uncle Bim offered Andy his choice of several more of his enterprises to direct, and Andy, after some deliberation, chose Uncle Bim's Hollywood motion picture studio, "Conglom-

erated Pictures, Inc."

A long and adventurous trip across the continent brought Andy, Min, Chester and Tilda to the glamorous city of Hollywood. You will hear Andy and his laughable mishaps in producing movies each day at noon, Eastern Standard Time, through your local station of the Columbia Broadcasting System. And the Gumps and all their friends hope you will be listening for them daily.



USE PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE
OR
PEBECO
TOOTH POWDER



THE GUMPS IN RADIO LAND

