

**TOM SWIFT AND HIS
WAR TANK: OR, DOING
HIS BIT FOR UNCLE SAM**

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Tom Swift and his war tank: or, Doing his bit for Uncle Sam by Victor Appleton

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VICTOR APPLETON

**TOM SWIFT AND HIS
WAR TANK: OR, DOING
HIS BIT FOR UNCLE SAM**



THERE WAS A CRASH AS THE GREAT WAR TANK HIT THE
WALL AND CRUMPLED IT UP

Tom Swift and His War Tank

(Page 124)

TOM SWIFT AND HIS WAR TANK

OR

Doing His Bit For Uncle Sam

BY

VICTOR APPLETON

AUTHOR OF "TOM SWIFT AND HIS MOTOR CYCLE," "TOM
SWIFT AND HIS BIG TUNNEL," "TOM SWIFT IN THE
LAND OF WONDERS," "THE MOVING PICTURE
BOYS IN THE JUNGLE," ETC.

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Tom Swift and His War Tank

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TOM SWIFT AND HIS WAR TANK

CHAPTER I

PAST MEMORIES

CEASING his restless walk up and down the room, Tom Swift strode to the window and gazed across the field toward the many buildings, where machines were turning out the products evolved from the brains of his father and himself. There was a worried look on the face of the young inventor, and he seemed preoccupied, as though thinking of something far removed from whatever it was his eyes gazed upon.

"Well, I'll do it!" suddenly exclaimed Tom. "I don't want to, but I will. It's in the line of 'doing my bit,' I suppose; but I'd rather it was something else. I wonder——"

"Ha! Up to your old tricks, I see, Tom!"

exclaimed a voice, in which energy and friendliness mingled pleasingly. "Up to your old tricks!"

"Oh, hello, Mr. Damon!" cried Tom, turning to shake hands with an elderly gentleman—that is, elderly in appearance but not in action, for he crossed the room with the springing step of a lad, and there was the enthusiasm of youth on his face. "What do you mean—my old tricks?"

"Talking to yourself, Tom. And when you do that it means there is something in the wind. I hope, as a sort of side remark, it isn't rain that's in the wind, for the soldiers over at camp have had enough water to set up a rival establishment with Mr. Noah. But there's something going on, isn't there? Bless my memorandum book, but don't tell me there isn't, or I shall begin to believe I have lost all my deductive powers of reasoning! I come in here, after knocking two or three times, to which you pay not the least attention, and find you mysteriously murmuring to yourself.

"The last time that happened, Tom, was just before you started to dig the big tunnel— No, I'm wrong. It was just before you started for the Land of Wonders, as we decided it ought to be called. You were talking to yourself then, when I walked in on you, and—— Say, Tom!" suddenly,