

Sea Gullibles

By H. C. WITWER

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

*This reel, what I mean,
stages bigger and better
rescues all around*

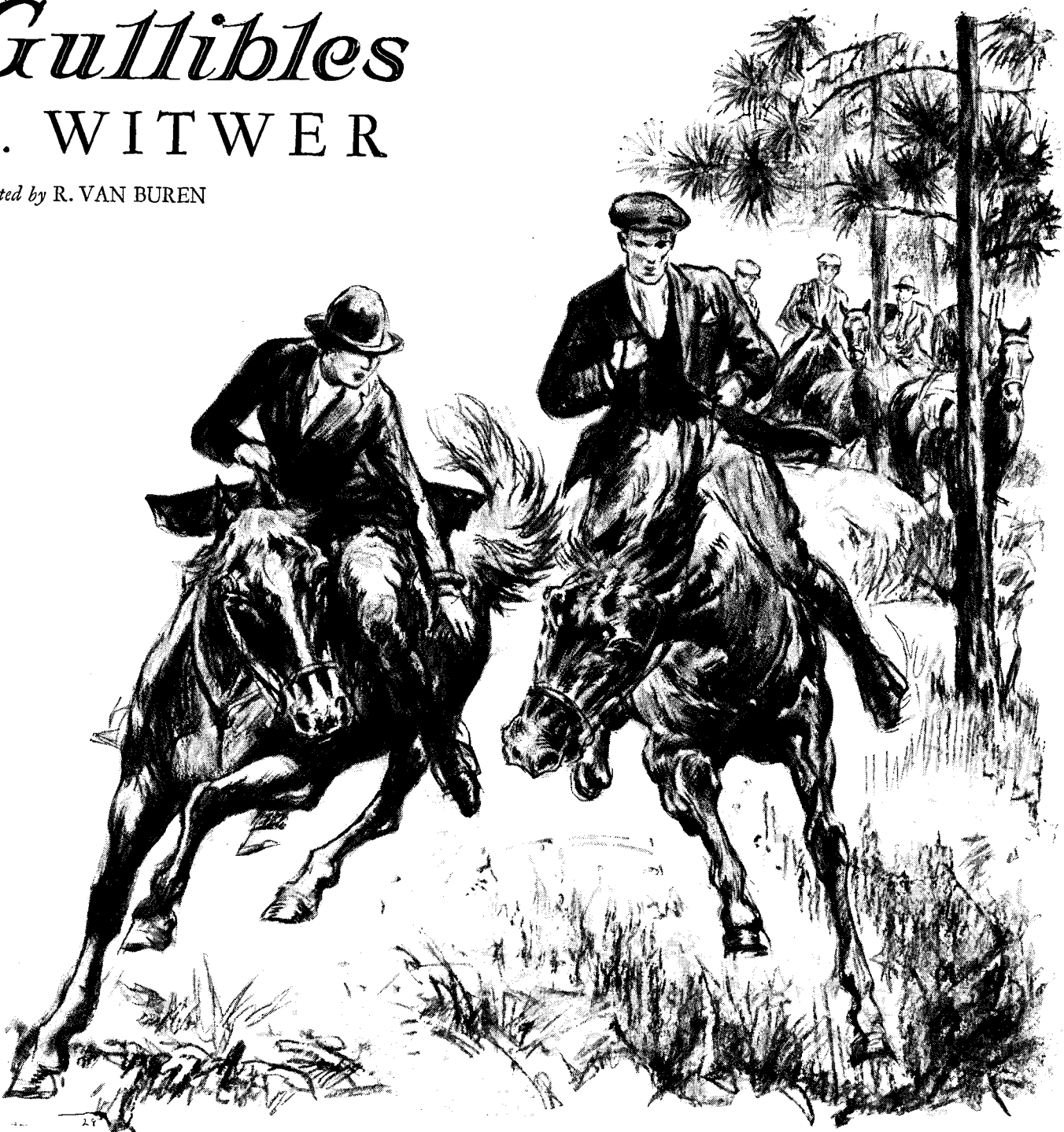
WELL, boys and girls, it ain't "The Dumb Drama" no more—that is, it may still be dumb, but it's no longer speechless. Yes, scholars, in round numbers I mean what used to be the movies and is now the talkies. Not content with adding prologues, vaudeville acts and such till the film itself's a mere detail, the master minds has now made the leaping photographs speak. No fooling, the only thing quiet about a picture house these days is business.

Good voices has become just as important as good looks, mind you, if you wish to crash the studios, and that must ruin the foreign stars which ejaculates cracked English. Likewise they's a lot of the home-bred talent which will never hypnotize no crowded theatres with their delivery, so I suppose doubles from schools of eloquence will be in heavy demand. It's no longer a question of whether you screen well, but do you *scream* well, and when they come back from the camera tests any more they're all hoarse.

On the other hand, the talking hook-up is giving a few of the high-hat movie stars a chance to wow the photoplay addicts with their ear-soothing chatter. And if by some chance they can *sing*—well, their super-production's a house-record breaker, what I mean. So, little ones, for some the speakies is poison and for others a life-saver. For instance, let's take the case of Fay Daniels and "Gentleman Jack" King. A little soft music, professor!

Shake hands with Marty Evans—that's me—at that time supervisor of Jackie King, namely, one of the flashiest welterweights which ever rubbed a shoe in a rosin box. Honest to Lasky, he could outpoint a electric fan and out-hit a pile driver. We'd been running a gym in Hollywood where Jack had went for a rest, to wind up working in pictures as a "enter-with-others" after flopping as co-star with a beautiful waitress in a nightmare produced by himself. The traffic stopper which had been dealing 'em off the arm till Mr. King came into her young life was nobody else but Fay Daniels, and the experience she absorbed in my dizzy, though handsome, box fighter's Poverty Row quickly landed her with Colossal Productions as top leading lady. From the start she clicked like all get out and soon was sharing the electric lights with Kempton Calhoun—more about *that egg* right away!

Well, as the old oaken bucket says, guessing the wrong way on the raucous stock market made Swiss cheese of Jack's bank roll, and, being smart, he dusted off his gloves and hopped back into the ring for the cake money. Full of pep and no control, his plans was intricate yet simple if he played his cards right. My go-getter aimed to punch his way to a scuffle with the world's



Fay leaned out of the saddle like them Cossacks does and snatched at the runaway's bridle

welterweight champ, cop the crown, defend it once for serious currency and then dive head first into the business end of the movie racket with Laemmle and them.

"Then I'll marry Fay Daniels and settle down!" my battler prattles, his tone applauding the layout.

"You better discover some dough somewhere and settle up!" I growls, waving a fistful of bills at him. "Read these and weep. We owe a buck and a quarter to everybody but Nero, and half these guys is ready to haul off and sue!"

"That's just too bad," returns Jack calmly, "if they got money enough to hire lawyers, they can well afford to wait till I get a break, if any. I bet the court will agree with me."

It was them kind of bets which broke us.

JACK showed the world he still packed the old dynamite in his right by stopping the rough and tough Bad News Riley at the Olympic in ten bloodcurdling frames. On this shambles he won a raft of dimes from Kempton Calhoun—née Peter Dugan, a life guard before he was snatched up by the films. In the "came-the-dawns" Calhoun was a hero, but in real life this prancing tomato was Jack's menace and deadly rival for the priceless affections of the gorgeous Fay. He was madly in hate with Jack, good

people, and I hope to tell you his feelings was warmly returned—neither could look at the other without getting nauseated.

Now, while Jack was bubbling over with his yen to sally forth and get the pennies, I'll state he was anything but gleeful about leaving Los Angeles, which, of course, meant leaving Fay. With him out of the way, not only Kempton Calhoun, but a flock of other promoters would have a clear field for a time, and he could hardly expect the girl to enter a convent till he bounded back from the wars, if at all. I felt the same way about Queenie Davis, viz., a cute refugee from the bathing-beaut dramas, sometimes stunt double for Fay and my one failing. A glance from this little disturbance was the same as two quarts of college gin, a outside loop in a airplane or a blindfold ride on a toboggan, what I mean. However, it was a plain case of duty calls, so I went ahead cooking up bouts for Jackie, the last of which would bring us to Madison Square Garden for a gigantic.

For a month or so we'd been springing from bed at six in the morning and taking a brisk horseback ride before breakfast in the snappy air of the cool mountain trails. This prescription presents you with the horse's appetite and shows you some scenery you'll remember till your dying day, which, if you

stay in California, will be never, according to the natives. They was usually a gay bevy of us, including Queenie, Fay, Calhoun and Melbourne Maxim, the big director and a wild admirer of Jack's left hook. Me and Jack was just learning the mysteries of sitting a horse, neither being born on a merry-go-round, but the rest of 'em was all second Tom Mixes aboard the equines.

WELL, kiddies, one morning we was all ready to gallop forth when I found I forgot my horse, or something, and I had to go back to the stable. The first thing I seen is Kempton Calhoun in a huddle with one of the grooms which used to ride out with us just in case. They didn't peg me, and as it was always open season for this poisonous Calhoun banana, I slipped behind a stall, tuned in and got a earful. Then I scampered back to Jack, fit to be tied!

"Listen," I whispered to him, "have you ever stopped a runaway horse?"

"I've boxed plenty hounds, but never no horses!" says Jack.

"This is no time to wisecrack," I snarls impatiently. "Calhoun's slipped the stable boy a roll to scare Fay's mount so's it will run away with her—divide *that* by six!"

"Well, I'll be a wicked expression!" exclaims Jack in alarm. "What's the idea of him doin' that?"

"So's he can rescue her in front of this mob and make you look like a chump," I quickly tells him, "I just eavesdropped the whole plot. He's another Paul Revere in the saddle, while it's impossible that there's a sorrier horseman than *you* in captivity. Are you hep?"

"Wait here till I see that groom!" answered Jack grimly and galloped back to the stable while the others shoved off without us. He joined me inside of five minutes, grinning like a tooth-powder ad, and as we caught up with the bunch he told me out of the side of his mouth:

"Everything's jake. That groom dotes on me and hates Calhoun's eyebrows. You can bet all the tea in China that ape's goin' to get crossed like the Atlantic. Wait and see!"

I WAITED and saw. We'd been out about half a hour when the groom, riding behind Calhoun and unnoticed by him, suddenly lashed our personal villain's palfrey smartly with his whip. The horse instantly plunged wildly forward and got control of the bit, as, mark you, Calhoun was by no means expecting anything like *this*! The next second his frightened animal's racing for a canyon like a bat out of Hades, and it was as plain as the face on my nose that Mr. Calhoun could no more stop it than he could stop bootlegging! Most of our party seemed thunderstruck till Fay spurred after Calhoun, leaned out of the saddle like them Cossacks does and snatched at the runaway's bridle. She brought it to a trembling halt not more than twenty feet from a drop over a cliff into no place.

"And not a camera in sight!" breathes Queenie Davis when we'd mobbed the

blushing Fay with applause. His face getting red and white by turns, Kempton Calhoun was trying to read Jack's tantalizing grin. Instead of him staging a sensational rescue of his beautiful leading lady, she had to save him right in front of everybody. Calhoun was sunk, what I mean, and had to like it!

"What a cruel broncho you ride, Fay!" said Jack enthusiastically. "Who taught you out here?"

"Jack, I was raised with horses!" Fay laughs. "I used to break 'em on Dad's ranch in Oklahoma."

Jack lifts his eyebrows and regards the outsmarted Calhoun, which heard this information in mortified silence.

"What d' ye think of *them* mushrooms, Big Boy?" sneers Jack. "Maybe the next time you'll leave them funny ideas of yours to the scenario writers!"

Well, via the mails, I propositioned Shylock Wiggins, which was fronting for the welterweight champ, Jimmy McCabe. Wiggins win himself that "Shylock" monicker when he grabbed off a twenty-five-hundred-buck weight forfeit from a challenger which come in one quarter of a pound overweight. I finally got a letter from Wiggins, people, which caused me and Jack to froth at the mouth. This Humpty Dumpty wrote that after plenty of due consideration he was willing to let McCabe cuddle up to Jackie if I built up my boy into a box-office natural. Then he give me some advice:

"Go through the sticks and knock off them palookas," he wrote. "Don't bother with nobody which knows the difference between a right hook and the referee, get me? Just take the local panics which you can bounce in jig time, as a string of one-round knockouts is always

great publicity, whether the guys you flatten is bums or not. I have put a nominal price of fifty grand on the title, and you must lay this paltry sum in my lily white hands before we get in the ring. If we cop, I'll give you back your fifty. If you wash us up, well, at least the poorhouse ain't staring us in the pan. This is simply business, kid. Answer soon, as we love to get mail.

Yours for more pushovers,

SHYLOCK WIGGINS.

(The guy which puts the static in the radio programs.)

Can you feature that? This burglar wants to put the wasp on us personally for fifty thousand, on top of his champion's cut of the gate. Such is what box fighting has come to these days of million-dollar purses, powder-puff champs and heavies which can quote Shakespeare to the other boy in a clinch. I'll have you know the *real* scrapping's done over signing the articles—what you see in the ring is a couple of tired business men doing their daily dozen.

WELL, subscribers, I managed to unload our Hollywood gym on a couple of umpchays for a sweet profit, and once again we're properly moneyed. Then Melbourne Maxim tipped Jack confidentially that Colossal Productions was getting ready to cast Fay Daniels aside like a broken toy when her contract expired. They figured the public was getting fed up with the Calhoun-Daniels combination, and they wished to break it, at the same time avoiding giving Fay the healthy wage increase a new deal would call for. This kind of figuring costs the big companies human gold mines every day, and I don't mean year.

Jackie pondered over the deal Fay was going to get, and the more he pondered the more red-headed he got, being triple cuckoo about this charmer. What does he do but dash over to the Colossal lot and for no reason what so ever buy a option on her for ten grand. What a boy!

Meanwhile I'd went to work and lined up a triumphant tour East for Jackie, which was to finally bring us into the Garden to box for Tex Rickard. We had bouts at Denver, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Buffalo for tasty guarantees with maulers which would help pack the clubs and likewise help swell Jack's knockout record, I hoped. I was dickering over the phone about our drawing-room, when he walked in and exploded a bomb right in my face.

"I got some good news for you," he cackles, grinning from ear to ear. "Fay and Queenie's goin' to New York on the boat."

"Why the boat?" I asked, scenting grief.

"THEY'RE doin' a sea opera," he explains, "and they shoot some hoke sequences en route. It's a talkie, and the first one Fay's ever did. She's leery of how she'll sell on that voice-recordin' gadget, but it's right on her doorstep." "Yet Colossal's leaving her go," I murmured softly.

"What does them sapolios know about—about *anything*?" storms Jack. "Fay don't know I bought that option on her, but she's jerry that her contract ain't goin' to be renewed. She told me she got thinkin' about it while she was singin' and that's what put the sob in her voice which'll lay 'em in the aisles!" "That's fine," I says. "Well, I trust we'll lay One-Round Carson in the aisle at Denver, our first stop."

"Be your height!" laughs Jack. "The boat don't dock at Denver. We sail tomorrow on that scow with Fay, and you can cancel all them brawls or postpone 'em."

Then the fun began:

I leaped up so fast I upset my chair, but it wasn't one twentieth as upset as I was! I shouted, purred, pleaded, threatened, cursed and coddled. I pointed out that we had to glom fifty grand somewhere to get that fight with the champ.

"And on top of all that," I bawled hoarsely, "the Boxing Commission will rule you off for life for nonappearance in four states. Try *that* on your saxophone!"

"Me-yah!" Jackie grunts. "Tell 'em I'm sick. You can send 'em a medico's certificate and then claim this ocean trip's for my health. That'll baffle 'em. They's no use barkin' and meowin' at me, Marty, I'm goin' down to the sea in ships with the girl I love!"

"All right!" I snarls. "You're your own boss, with a fool for a employer. What'll I tell 'em matchmakers is the matter with you?"

"Heart trouble!" grins Jack.

Well, anyways, Queenie Davis would be along to take the curse off the journey.

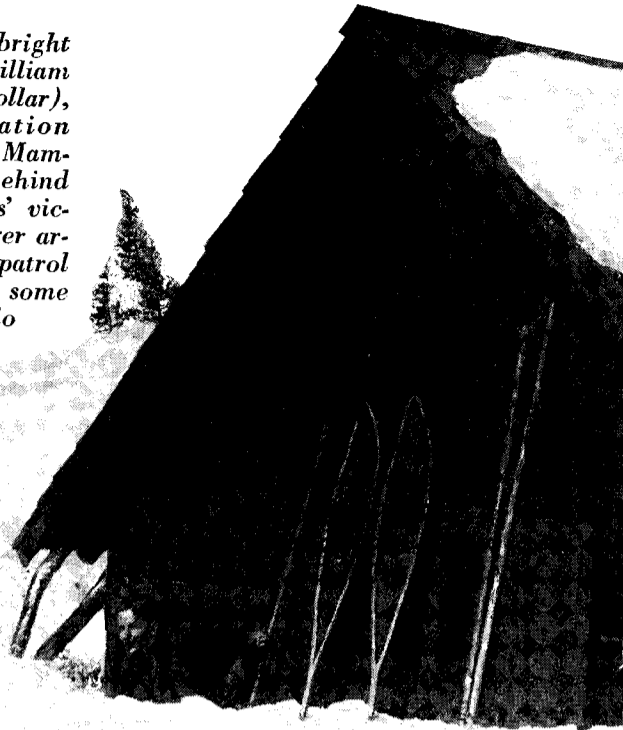
It'll be many's the day and many's the night, friends of the air, before I'll forget that voyage on the bounding main. Everybody wanted a seat at the captain's table in the dining-room, but Melbourne Maxim crossed the gallant ship's company by parking the forms of his movie troupe there. Deck tennis, quoits, the benefit concert for the disabled seamen where everybody did their act, sea gulls and sea gullibles, the captain's dinner and the big masquerade ball, leaping porpoises, basking sharks, sleeping seaturtles, flying fish and birds of a feather! The handsome purser trying to do himself some good with the cutesy, the deck promenaders which gets on the boat and then (Continued on page 43)



"Why don't you look where you're going, you big stiff!" snarls the small stranger



Left: Superintendent Albright of Yellowstone and William Adams (in the white collar), Massachusetts conservation head, at headquarters, Mammoth Hot Springs. Behind them, antlers of hunters' victims. Right: This ranger arrived at his cabin after patrol work to find that he had some snow shoveling to do



Keepers of the Wild

By HORACE M. ALBRIGHT

Superintendent Yellowstone National Park
As told to FRANK J. TAYLOR

IT'S summer time, and the rangers of our National Parks are ready, primed with nature lore and stories, for the ever-questioning millions who will gypsy through Yellowstone, Rocky Mountain, Yosemite and other gorgeous preserves. An intrepid fellow, this ranger—whose winter is as hazardous as his summer is humorous. Here's his year-round saga:

ALL persons look alike to a national park ranger, who has a way of reducing everybody and everything to the true democracy of the wilderness trails. Sometimes the process is pleasant; sometimes—

Well, two cases come to my mind at once.

First, there is Ranger Billy Nelson of the Yellowstone. Billy is a seasoned old-timer, as the all-year-round rangers are called. He has shunned cities and pavements, and lived all his life in the solitary company of real majesty—the mountains. When Albert, King of the Belgians, visited Yellowstone National Park, Billy Nelson was assigned to guide him on a camping trip.

The chief ranger carefully coached the old-timer on the necessity of addressing King Albert as "Your Majesty," and on all the formality and etiquette of the occasion. Billy met the King, per orders, when the royal party entered the park, and was presented. And then this conversation ensued:

"They told me what to call you, King, but I've forgot it. So if it's agreeable to you I'll call you King, and you can call me Billy."

"All right, Billy," said the King.

"All right, King," said Billy.

The King and the ranger got along famously and became fast friends. Billy Nelson is known as perhaps the best camp cook in the Park Service, and the fare he provided for the royal party may have compensated for the horror of the King's attendants at hearing the old ranger shout:

"Say, King, shoot me that side of bacon, will you? How about another cup of Java?"

Ranger Billy Nelson was decorated with the Order of Leopold.

Then there's the second case. It has to do with one of the young ninety-day wonders, as the temporary summertime rangers are called, and a local celebrity, and it too happened in the great Yellowstone.

The local celebrity, feeling the urge to advertise his name more widely, wrote it on the cone of Old Faithful geyser. He was caught in the act by the young ranger, arrested, and given the choice of appearing before the magistrate to be tried or mixing a pail of soap and water and scrubbing his name completely off the cone.

He protested vehemently about the tyranny of the rangers, and the indignity of having to wash a geyser. Finally he decided to obey the ninety-day wonder, in lieu of going to court, where he might have received more publicity than he desired.

A Ninety-Day Wonder

THE local celebrity's scrubbing act was enjoyed by a large audience, and when the job was done he came to my office, boiling-mad, to demand that the ranger who made a washerwoman of him be fired. I was away at the time; the assistant superintendent listened patiently but without sympathy. Finally the irate visitor said:

"Well, it's just what you'd expect from these rangers. They're the dregs from the cities. They couldn't make a living anywhere but out here."

"Yes, I guess that's it," admitted the assistant dryly. "That ranger who made you wash the geyser never had a chance.

He's nothing but a grandson and a great-grandson of two Presidents of the United States!"

The ranger was William Henry Harrison, 3d, one of our best ninety-day wonders.

You see, people are not people at all to the ranger. For him the world of humans divides itself simply into "dudes," "sagebrushers" and "savages."

Dudes are visitors to a national park who travel on trains and motor stages.

Sagebrushers are visitors who roll their own motor cars.

Savages are mostly college youngsters who work, during the summer months, in the hotels, lodges and camps, or for the transportation companies. They are divided into tribes—the Pillow Punchers, the Gear Jammers, the Bubble Queens, the Pack Rats and so on. It's easy to guess their jobs.

They have a common cry, these species. The dudes use it most, the sagebrushers often, the savages infrequently. It is,

"O, Ranger!"

To make it really sound like the call of the dude in the wild, you have to sing it out with rising inflection. It is invariably the prelude to a barrage of questions:

What makes the geyser spout? Where does the buffalo park his eyes? Why does the beaver build dams? How does a waterfall fall when it freezes? What does a ranger do all winter?

The rangers are the original ask-me-another boys. More than two million dudes and sagebrushers visit the national parks each year now, and the visitor who goes through a park without asking at least ten questions is abnormal. Multiply two million by ten!

"O, Ranger, can I take your picture with a bear?"

"Just a minute, ma'am, until I tell this gentleman where to catch some fish."

The ranger will direct him to Fishing Bridge, a favorite spot for catching cut-throat trout.

"Where's there a bear?"

"Well, ma'am, there was one right here a few minutes ago. Maybe we can find him."

Molasses Chews for the Bears

IN THE Yellowstone the bears have a habit of coming around the corner of the cabin at this point of the conversation.

"O, Ranger, what a lovely bear! What's his name? Stand closer to him, won't you? Say, would you mind putting your arm around his neck? It would make a peachy shot. We'd just love it!"

"Sorry, ma'am, but it's against the regulations to hug the bears."

"Pshaw! Why do they have such foolish rules? Well, then, just pretend to be feeding him something."

"It's bad business, ma'am, to fool a bear. These are wild animals, and they're liable to lose their patience if you pretend to feed them and then don't do it. You'd better step into the store and buy some molasses chews. Then we can take all the pictures you want."

Click! Click! Click!

Another ranger was immortalized in picture for the nineteenth time that day.

In his uniform of olive-drab, the ranger is the information bureau, guide, confidant, pal, and rough-and-ready philosopher of vacationing America. And if these aren't enough—there's the ever-present hazard of forest fires to be watched for and fought.

The visitors love the story of Ranger