

THE NEW JOHNSON



GEAR SHIFT OUTBOARD MOTOR



Neutral Forward Reverse

-and MILE-MASTER Fuel Tank

THE NEW JOHNSON QD is here. This is the motor that gives its owners the luxury-boat maneuverability of *neutral-forward-reverse!* The motor that is engineered throughout for *gear shift control.* The motor that packs the wallop of ten full horsepower,* yet trolls perfectly. The motor that is new in every respect—in design—in appearance—in performance. The motor that gives you Johnson's priceless **DEPENDability!**

With the Johnson QD you start in Neutral. Shift to Reverse. Or shift to Forward—and you're off with hold-your-hat acceleration! But that's not all. You run for hours (and hours) without refueling. For you have the Mile-Master Fuel Tank and its 5-gallon capacity. Besides, you have countless other thrilling new features such as Vari-Volume Pump for positive cooling at all speeds—Idle-Minder for automatic limitation of motor speed in Neutral and Reverse—Calibrated Carburetor



FREE 1949 HANDY CHART

Write now for new 1949 Sea-Horse Handy Chart. Illustrates, charts the QD and the four other great Johnsons for '49. All features fully described—and what features! Your copy sent free. A post card gets it!

for a new full range of *smooth power*—Ful-View Fuel Gauge—and many more. This is a new *kind* of outboard motor—a genuine post-war product!

The QD is **IN PRODUCTION.** See it at your Johnson Dealer's. (Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified telephone book.) And, as soon as you can, run one and discover grand new thrills in outboard motoring.

5 GREAT JOHNSONS FOR 1949

- Model HD — Small Alternate Firing Twin 2.5 H.P.*
- Model TD — Medium Alternate Firing Twin 5.0 H.P.*
- Model QD — Large Alternate Firing Twin with Gear Shift Control and Mile-Master Fuel Tank . 10.0 H.P.*
- Model SD — Super Alternate Firing Twin with Mile-Master Fuel Tank 16.0 H.P.*
- Model PO — Heavy Duty Opposed Twin 22.0 H.P.*

* All ratings are O. B. C. Certified Brake H.P. at 4000 r. p. m.



JOHNSON MOTORS

100 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
Johnson Motors of Canada, Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON

SEA-HORSES for *DEPENDability*

PAIN

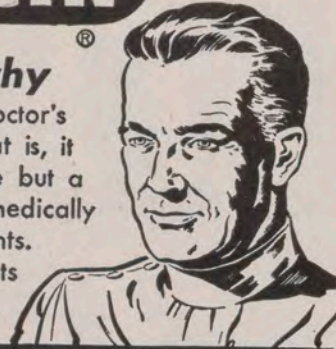
of headache, neuritis
and neuralgia

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A Quality Dry Battery for every purpose

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Just add to gas in tank. Protect your car against fuel system freeze ups. ZECOL INC., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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CATCHING COLD!**Remember**

"More people rely on
LUDE'S
than any other
COUGH DROPS"

Medicated for

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Medicated
LUDE'S
MENTHOL
COUGH DROPS

**FOREST RANGER**

(Continued from Page 32)

stab in the back to native Sunlighters, for it cuts them off from the rest of the world with a snowy curtain for at least four months of the year.

A marker with a bronze tablet at the top of Dead Indian Hill briefly tells the long story of Sunlight Basin:

DEAD INDIAN SUMMIT
ALTITUDE 8000 FEET

THIS PASS IS THE SUMMIT OF DEAD INDIAN HILL. THROUGH THIS PORTAL GREAT HERDS OF WILD GAME SEASONALLY MIGRATED FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE PLAINS. THIS HIGH PASS WAS THE GATEWAY FOR COUNTLESS INDIAN HUNTING AND WAR PARTIES AND THROUGH THIS PORTAL CHIEF JOSEPH, IN 1877, LED HIS NEZ PERCÉ INDIANS IN A STRATEGIC AND DEFENSIVE RETREAT, PERSUED (sic) BY U. S. ARMY SOLDIERS. OVER THIS ONE AND ONLY OPENING TO THE VALLEYS TO THE WEST TRAVELLED A VAST ARMY OF MINERS TO SEEK THE WEALTH OF COOKE CITY AND DOWN THIS STEEP HILL THE EARLY SETTLERS OF SUNLIGHT BASIN BRAVED ITS DANGERS.

There follows a list of fifteen early settlers—the same pioneers who, according to a local legend, named the basin Sunlight "because sunlight was the only thing that could get in here."

Dead Indian Pass, one of the two doors to Lee Luckinbill's district, takes the traveler, over forty miles of indifferent dirt road, to the cow town of Cody. If he wants to go farther, he keeps on driving. In good weather the trip from Sunlight to Cody demands two hours of energetic driving; in bad weather it may take two days—when the snow builds up during early December it can take four months. Then you either shovel through the drifts or wait till the snow melts. Cody is where the Clarks Fork residents must go for church, a movie, medical attention, their general shopping needs and a look at a sidewalk. The district's mail comes in once a week from Cody.

The second door to Clarks Fork opens northward into Montana and leads to Billings, more than 100 miles away. Just outside the district, on the highway that funnels good-weather tourists into the Yellowstone, lies the old mining town of Cooke City, where Clarks Fork residents can find a store.

The administrative center of the Clarks Fork District is the ranger station, which lies well up in Sunlight Basin some ten miles from Dead Indian Hill. Here, where the valley narrows and Sunlight Creek flows fast through the willows, the Government has fenced off 160 acres of grassy hillside and erected a group of neat one-story log buildings of the native lodgepole pine, and here the Luckinbills and their two young sons make their home and Lee has his headquarters. There is a seven-room house, an administration building containing an office, a bedroom and bath and a two-car garage, a small barn and corral, a warehouse with additional garage space, a small bunkhouse, a root cellar and a coal-and-wood shed. The house and the administration building have coal furnaces. The station generates its own electricity—as must everyone in the district—and gets its water from a free-flowing spring. The Forest Service telephone connects the station with Cody (no toll—it's on the Cody exchange) and most of the other permanent residents in the district. Aside from the

fact that the utilities break down occasionally, the ranger station at Sunlight is fitted for a comfortable life. And this is just as well, for living and working are a part of the same pattern in the Clarks Fork country.

According to the book, Lee Luckinbill works a five-day week which he apportions among his various duties—forest protection, timber management, range management, wildlife control in co-operation with the state game-and-fish commission, land use, recreational supervision, water use and road, telephone line and trail construction and maintenance. In practice, Luckinbill finds that, like most rangers who have isolated districts, he is on call seven days a week. This is not to suggest that Lee's routine exerts any particular pressure upon him; except in the case of a forest fire or similar emergency, Luckinbill lives an evenly paced existence in which his chief worry is the paper work which awaits him whenever he gets back to his desk. The vicissitudes of a forest ranger's work may break bones or freeze parts of the anatomy, but they seldom breed ulcers.

Through some abracadabra of its own, the Forest Service has computed that there are three man-years of recurrent supervisory work to be done every year in Luckinbill's district. To stretch his own one man-year a bit, Lee is given the services of an assistant ranger during the eight months' open season the country enjoys. The assistant lives in a guard station twenty

miles away during this period and is assigned to another district during the snow months. In addition to this part-time helper, Luckinbill's table of organization theoretically includes one camp guard or cleanup man for three months of the year, four smoke chasers for three months, two lookouts during the fire season (May to September), a two-man road crew for four months and a two-or-three-man trail crew for three months. Lee considers himself lucky if he has half this roster filled during any given period.

"For heaven's sake, if you're going to tell the real story of a ranger's job, have him doing something besides fighting forest fires." Betty-Rae and Lee Luckinbill voiced this plea in chorus when I arrived at Sunlight and made the purpose of my visit known. As a Forest Service family the Luckinbills are allergic to the conventional picture of the doughty ranger who spends his days fighting forest infernos on every side. Though these singed heroics are a part of the job, they are only a part, as Lee likes to point out.

"There's probably nothing in a ranger's job that's more important than preventing and fighting forest fires, mind you, but the point is that we spend a relatively small part of our time on the fire business and a lot of time doing other things that most people never even suspect are a part of a ranger's duties."

To prove his argument, Luckinbill went to his fire record. In his Clarks

**WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?**

HAVING smashed my glasses while on my way to visit an old friend who had moved to the country, I stepped from the train into a very difficult situation. I didn't know where my friend lived; I was supposed to phone her from the booth in the station waiting room, so that she could pick me up. But without my glasses it was impossible for me to look up her name in the phone book. The ticket office was closed at the time; the station was deserted, and I didn't know what to do.

Then, acting on a sudden thought, I found a substitute for glasses and easily read the phone number in the directory. Can you guess how I did it?

Using the principle of the pinhole camera, I took a calling card from my purse, punched a tiny hole in it with a hatpin, and held it close to my eye. The print, viewed in this way, was perfectly clear, and I read the number as easily as if I had my glasses on. —RUTH CARROLL.

The Post will pay \$100 for acceptable What Would You Have Done? anecdotes. No submissions will be acknowledged or returned, but those accepted will be paid for within a short time after their receipt.