

NUGGETS OF BOULDER COLOR

By Elton Garrett

AMATEUR AT RUM RUNNING

Shavus (we'll call him that for the fun of it) never will try again to "run a jug-a-rum around the reservation gate for a "harmless li'l party" in Boulder City.

Those rocks rode too rough, especially riding in one's shirt-sleeves, and when one had to lie in 'em by the hour to keep from getting popped at.

Probably a mistake to start around there in WHITE shirt sleeves in the first place.

It was one thing to drive off the reservation, past Uncle Sam's sentried gate, and find a spot out there somewhere on the highway where a jug or two could be bot—late that festive summer night of 1932.

It was another matter to find ways and means for getting the joy-fluid in to Boulder City without taking the chance of having the officer search the car and find such an entirely unwieldy package in the back of the machine. Too large—altogether too hard to hide!

And so—the gate was then at its old location—the car was stopped around the corner out of sight of the reservation gate. Two men disembarked in the darkness; each took a glass jug by the jigger and, swinging them more or less nonchalantly, the men strolled up

among the rocks in the nearly pitch-black territory up toward the railroad track that parallels the road.

The car pulled on up the road, and disappeared on toward the gate.

Their heads throbbing in a stimulated fashion, from that which they had been imbibing, Shavus and his partner were sure they were walking quite steadily among the rocks and greasewood clumps. They could dimly see where they were going—and those occasional crunches of rock surely couldn't be heard far. They were away off from that officer at the gate.

Along the railroad they walked. Yes, one of their feet occasionally crunched—but not loudly. All was okeh. They could see the gate, now, 'way off there down the hill. They were opposite it now. Soon they'd be down in the car again, on the highway . . .

"Hey, stop in your tracks, you up there!" came a clear voice from down below.

Two pairs of knees clanked together. Two startled men hesitated. One broke into a run. The other followed. A shot rang out! A bullet zinged dangerously near—or was it in their imagination?

Clankety! Clank! One of the

jugs had been broken on the rocks. Crash. The other followed suit.

A man was coming, in the near-darkness. They knew that. They separated. Shavus flopped his heavy form between two rocks and lay, panting, alone on the desert—but not enough alone, his fast-moving mind told him.

Soon he heard voices, in addition to the dim footsteps. His pal had been caught! The two rocks on either side of Shavus moved apart and back, apart and back as his heart beat and his lungs throbbed. He lay for hours—and hours—all too conscious.

Then he got up and cautiously tiptoed for miles and miles in the dark, and at last down to the roadway. A car approached. He flagged it. The machine stopped. Ha, a kindly motorist; here was a ride to town for the weary unfortunate. Soon his luckless adventure would be over—and never again!

The car door opened. He stepped in and sat beside the man. It was one of the reservation sergeants!

Shavus slept peacefully in the reservation jail that night. He woke up completely sober, physically and mentally.

If escaped prisoners continue to show up as successful business men, we may expect devoted fathers to "frame" their sons for nice long terms in the "big house."