

Look Out for John Tucker!

by John and Ward Hawkins

John Tucker lay on his back and listened to the rain dripping from the eaves. Six o'clock and still dark outside. He lifted his face to the cold October wind that blew in through an open window. Man, it was a real foul morning. Cold and sloppy. After ten minutes of working out there, he'd be as wet as the bottom of a rowboat.

He grinned happily, thinking about it. "Tuck, boy," he said to himself, "you're feeling great again." And he was. Seemed like he'd got the habit of waking up before Sue called him, feeling nine feet tall and raring to go. Maybe it was the country life, maybe it was the chow. He didn't know.

He did know he liked it. Just to check, he thought about the four hundred bucks Enos kept in the cash box downstairs. No charge, not even a little lift. He thought about the revolvers in the gun cabinet. No charge. And he grinned again. How about that? He was back on his feet, money and guns there for the taking, and for all he cared right now they could rot and rust.

"Who needs money?" he said. He pulled the light chain and hopped out of bed. In a corner, standing flat-footed, he reached up the wall as far as he could with his right hand and made a careful mark on the wallpaper with his fingernail. It was above another mark.

"Will you look at that?" he said. He'd grown an inch since he'd been here. And in three weeks! You could

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say what you wanted to, but that was growing. Made him five feet nine and one-half inches, maybe five-ten. Even if Enos didn't believe he was eighteen, the old devil couldn't say he wasn't big enough to be.

He turned to the mirror, swelled his chest, and made muscles. It wasn't a big chest—he was only fifteen, after all—a growing boy, thin with growing. His hair was dark, short, and straight; it lay close to a well-shaped head that roosted precariously on a long, thin neck. His face was round. His eyes were dark and clear. Though he didn't know it, the resentment they'd held three weeks ago was almost gone. Now his eyes were inquisitive.

"Shake a leg!" Sue called. "The eggs are on!"

He grinned at the sound of her voice and began dressing hurriedly. Scrubbed up, his hair slicked down, he had to pause once more before the mirror. He didn't fill the shirt he wore; the trousers were rolled at the cuff. "That Clay Bannon must be a big son of a gun," he said. "But one of these days _____" He went downstairs to the kitchen.



"Hi," he said to Sue Bannon.

"Morning, Tuck," she said.

She was zipping around the kitchen with that smooth, no-fuss way she had. Hot cakes, eggs, bacon, hot coffee, orange juice—she didn't seem to cook anything. She got it all on the table with some kind of magic. She was maybe twenty-three, a slim woman with dark hair and gray eyes. She was the prettiest woman Tuck had ever known. Not for looks, exactly, but her eyes, the way she smiled at you—real great. She inspected Tuck, pretending a scowl.

"John Tucker," she said. "When did you shave last?"

"Uh—a couple of days ago."

"So do it again," she said.

Tuck went upstairs and shaved, feeling mighty pleased. It had been a lucky day for John Tucker when a brakeman had kicked him off a freight train in this neighborhood. He'd been dragging his feet down the road toward the next hill, the next bend, when he'd seen her out in a field, carrying a shotgun, hunting with a black dog. A shotgun was something he could use. You could always hock a shotgun for eating money. He'd gone over to take it away from her.

"Hello, mister," she'd said, like he wasn't a kid.

"Hi."

She'd introduced him to the dog.

"This is Girl Puppy. Her real name's Jill. She wasn't bred to hunt pheasants—she's a Labrador retriever—but she's so smart she can do anything. If you'd like to use my shotgun, she'll show you." And she'd smiled at him. "First, though, how about some lunch?"

As easy as that.

Ten minutes later, he couldn't have taken her shotgun if it had been solid gold and diamond studded, not as a gift. She said she wasn't hungry; he had to eat her whole lunch or see her throw half of it away. He didn't have to shoot if he didn't want to, just so he carried the gun so Girl Puppy could show him what she could do. How could he say no? And Girl Puppy—what a dog! The pooch had knocked herself out, like he was a special guest or something. Scared up three birds and even looked sorry when he missed all three.

"I'm Mrs. Bannon," the woman said. "I live in the big house you see across the fields. The smaller buildings are for the dogs—Maple Meadow Kennels. My husband and his grandfather, Enos McClelland, raise and train hunting dogs—Labrador retrievers and springer spaniels. They're very famous. My husband is in the East now, handling dogs at field trials.¹ His name is Clay Bannon. You can call me Sue. Who're you?"

¹handling dogs at field trials, managing sporting dogs in competition with other dogs in tests of their performance.

He told her a pack of lies, everything wrong but his name. He'd decided long ago people would get to know John Tucker and sweat when they heard his name. He told her he was eighteen, that both his parents had been killed in an auto accident, that he was from St. Louis and was heading west, looking for work. It had to be that way, then and now, because if she knew he was wanted for burglary she'd think she had to turn him over to the cops. She was that kind of woman.

"We're having steak for dinner tonight," she said. "If you aren't in a hurry, we'd be glad to have you join us."

"I guess I got time to eat," he said. They walked toward the house. "Everything is wild-looking on purpose," she said, meaning the overgrown fence rows, the uncultivated fields. "The dogs need birds to hunt in their training, and the birds need natural cover to live in." And about the old house: "When I first came here, I thought it was neglected, but it isn't. Enos says a house has a right to look its age, the same as a person. He wants the siding to be that weathered, silver gray, and I agree with him. It's as right as white hair on an elderly lady. Don't you think so?"

"It's okay with me," Tuck said. The inside of the house was fine—shining floors, gleaming windows, polished furniture. Real comfortable. While Sue was busy in the kitchen, Tuck gave the front room a fast rifle to see what was worth taking. Plenty. A lot of silver and gold cups the dogs had won, but they were too heavy. Three

rifes, a half-dozen shotguns, and two revolvers, oiled and gleaming, were in unlocked cabinets. Good. John Tucker needed a gun in his work; when he left, a revolver was going with him. Better still was an unlocked cashbox, loaded with long green. Three hundred and eighty bucks in fifties and twenties. Easy pickings? How easy can it get?

Enos McClelland, the old gent, came back from town just before dinner. He talked to Sue in the kitchen, then he came into the front room to talk to Tuck. He was a tall, straight-backed, white-haired old geezer, maybe seventy-five. He had thick, white eyebrows and dark-blue eyes.

"Tell me about yourself, John Tucker," he said. Tuck gave him the same lies he'd given Sue. The only reaction he got was a steady stare. Not sore; not friendly; nothing. But he didn't scare Tuck. John Tucker wasn't a guy anybody was ever going to scare again.

"Dinner, gentlemen," Sue called.

And what a dinner! Thick, juicy steaks, crisp French fries with plenty of catchup, all the crusty homemade bread he could eat—yowl! "I gotta pay you for that," he said. "Let me do the dishes for you, will you? I won't break a thing, honest!"

Her smile was wonderful. "You can help."

He wiped the dishes. And she gave him a pitch: Since her husband was away in the East, there was a lot of work to do around the place. Too much for Enos, really. Would he care to stay and help out? For a few days, at least?

Why not? The cashbox and the revolver could wait a few days. He could go farther faster with a few good meals under his belt. He could work around and take his pay the night he left.

Freshly shaven, Tuck grinned at himself in the mirror. Three weeks, and he was still here. The cash and the revolver were still here; he'd changed his mind about grabbing them and running. He was going to stay here as long as he could. He wanted to meet Sue's husband, Clay Bannon. A big guy and a real swell guy, to hear Sue tell it. If he couldn't go on working here, he could maybe get a job close, so he could be near Sue and the dogs and Clay. The old gent, too, though Enos had never thawed out toward him, not even a little bit. Maybe he could finish high school and go on and learn to be a vet, so he could always work with dogs and other animals.

"Tuck," Sue called. "Your breakfast is getting cold!"

He ran down the stairs and into the kitchen. Enos was already at the table, eating—and that was bad. The old gent wanted people at the table on time. "I got to dreamin', I guess. I goofed off," Tuck said.

"Your apology is accepted," Enos said.

Tuck flushed. There it was again—no matter how hard he tried, he could never get a tumble from the old man. Not that the old guy was rough with him; he wasn't. The only scare he'd ever given Tuck was when he'd brought Sam Oliver, the state trooper, into the house. Tuck had been sure the cop was there

to make a pinch, but it had turned out Sam was just another guy nuts about hunting dogs.

Sue said, "You're really going to work Tony today, Enos?"

Enos smiled at her. "Let's say I'm going to try."

"I wish you wouldn't," Sue said. "Clay will be home before long, and _____" She bit her lip. "I guess I'd better keep my mouth shut, hadn't I?"

"You've got a right to talk," Enos said dryly. "Just as I have a right not to listen." He finished his coffee and got to his feet. "The dog was sent to me, not to Clay. He's my problem. And I've never seen a problem, a man can lick by ducking." He turned his dark-blue eyes to Tuck.

Tuck scrambled to his feet. "I'm not hungry."

"Nor very astute," Enos said. "Finish your meal."

He put on an old hunting coat and an old hat and went out into the rain. Tuck bolted the rest of his food. He was getting into Clay Bannon's too-big raincoat, when Sue said, "Stay close to Enos. I don't trust Tony. He's as smart as he is savage. It would be like him to pretend he's reformed, just to get a bite at somebody."

"Sure," Tuck said. "I'll do what I can."

Tuck knew the early-morning chores well. And he did them well. He cleaned the runs and the kennels. He helped the old man with the food and food pans, and when the dogs were fed, he scrubbed the pans and the food room until they were hospital clean. With

these things done, they could begin the training of Tony.

Tony was a highly bred male Labrador, a fine-looking animal, strong-boned and big, turned savage for some unknown reason. His breeding and his training made him too valuable to destroy until every effort had been made to cure him. Enos had worked with him patiently and some progress had been made. He no longer charged the wire of the run at the sight of a man. He would occasionally obey a command, and there'd been a time or two when he'd wagged his tail.

"I don't want you in there with me," Enos said to Tuck, at the gate of Tony's run. "I'm going in and put a leash on him. You stay out. Understand, boy?" Tuck crossed his fingers. "Sure," he said.

Tony was lying at the far end of the run, facing them. He didn't move when Enos opened the gate and entered. The dog's rear legs were bunched under him, his forelegs extended. His head was lifted watchfully. It was impossible to say whether he crouched there or was only lying there. He watched Enos' every move with an unreadable, unwinking stare.

"Steady, boy," Enos said. "Easy, lad."

The dog's head dropped between his paws. In other dogs this movement indicated a willingness to comply. In Tony it was a deliberate lure. When Enos was inside the run, ten feet from the gate, the dog came up, growling savagely, and lunged. Enos struck at him futilely with the leash, then threw up

his arm to block jaws that were seeking his throat. The dog's teeth ripped through the cloth of the coat and found flesh. The pain and the weight of the dog dragged the old man to his knees

before Tuck could reach them. Tuck straddled the dog's back, sinking his fingers deep into the loose folds of flesh at the hinges of the dog's jaws. The dog let go of the old man, and Tuck had him alone. And he held him alone, driving him to the concrete, legs locked around the dog's chest, holding the dog's head immovable in a viselike grip.

"I got 'im!" he yelled. "Get a muzzle!"

The old man went away and returned, not with a muzzle, but with a .22 pistol. He held the gun to the dog's head and shot him.

"Hey!" Tuck yelled. Having the dog killed so ruthlessly shocked and sickened him. "What'd you have to kill him for? I——" He stopped because of the pain and anger he saw in the old man's face.

"Learn from that," Enos said, "what a fool a man can be. I thought he'd reformed. I trusted him. That kind of trust can kill you, boy. He would have killed me if I'd been alone."

Tuck buried Tony. And he worked the rest of the morning alone, furiously, trying to put the spectacle of death out of his mind. A doctor came to the house and left. At lunch, Sue told Tuck the old man's arm had been badly torn and would be a long time mending.

"Yeah, I know! But why'd he have to kill the dog?"

"Tuck, he was sent here to be cured

or put away. The dog was insane—a homicidal maniac.² It can happen in dogs, just as it can in people."

"Do we kill people because they're nuts?"

"No, Tuck," Sue said. "I know how much it hurts, but you'll learn that it's a kindness to kill an incurably sick dog. And if Enos couldn't cure Tony, no one could."

"I'd've liked a chance to try," Tuck said.

Enos had visitors through the afternoon; Tuck saw the cars come and go. Among the cars was the cruiser Sam Oliver drove for the state police. By mid-afternoon, Tuck found that something good could come from Tony's death. Enos had admitted Tuck had saved his life. And you owe something to a guy who saves your life. You ought to let him stay around as long as he earns his keep. And, maybe, once in a blue moon, you should give him a friendly smile.

But it was not to be. That evening, Enos called him into the front room after dinner. The old man was sitting in a big, leather chair; his right arm was a club of bandages held in a black satin sling. There was still pain in his dark-blue eyes, but the steady gaze he had for Tuck was the coldest it had ever been.

"I don't like a liar," he said. "And I hate a thief."

Tuck's knees turned to water. The old man had some papers in his lap. Police stuff, Tuck knew—letters on of-

²*homicidal maniac*, a murderous, insane creature.

ficial stationery, carbons on yellow paper, a snapshot of himself. The snapshot had been taken by a girl he'd known in the East. Only the police could have got it from her. And only the police would have sent it here.

"With the exception of your name,"

Enos said, "everything you told me when you came here was a lie. I was sure then that it was. But I was willing to withhold judgment, to give you shelter, until I found out who and what you really were. Sam Oliver did the work for me." Enos touched the papers on his lap. "Today he brought me these."

Tuck licked dry lips.

"You're John Charles Tucker, age fifteen," Enos said. "Your mother died when you were born. Your father was a construction worker. He was able to care for you until about a year ago. Then he was injured, permanently, in an accident occurring while he was working for a private party. There was no insurance, no compensation. Unable to work, your father was destitute. Rather than face such a life, he took his own. Is this information correct?"

Tuck's throat was aching. "Yeah, that's right. My old man was topping a tree³ for a rich guy. He fell. The guy wouldn't pay my dad a dime, not even the ambulance. Dad couldn't see selling pencils, or something like that. He——"

Enos' eyes were relentless. "Is that why you broke into the rich man's house and other rich men's houses? To steal what you thought they owed you and your father?"

"They owed us plenty, didn't they?"

Stopping a tree, removing the top of a tree.

"Possibly one did," Enos said. "But not the others. And, in any case, you can't steal what is owed you—that's the law. And there are other charges. Assault with a deadly weapon, flight to avoid prosecution."

"The deadly weapon was a vase,"

Tuck said. "The guy had a gun. He caught me in his house, and he was holding me for the cops. I conked him with a vase and ran."

"Ran," Enos said. "With no shame and no regret—rather, I think, with a determination to become another John Dillinger. Isn't that right?"

Tuck scrubbed a hand across his dry mouth. "But I didn't, did I? I mean, I came here; I worked around here, and I never took anything, did I?"

"But you had no intention of going back," Enos said. "You were hiding here, hiding here like a coward. You have a debt to pay, boy. You're going back and pay it."

"No," Tuck whispered. "They'll——"

"Yes," Enos said. "No matter what they do."

Tuck stared at the floor. It figured. There was no favor in this old guy, no heart at all. To Enos, he was just another Tony. If you'd ever been a no-good, you'd always be a no-good. Enos could shoot a dog, or jail a guy—it was nothing to him. He looked at Enos.

"Where's the cops? Where's the handcuffs?"

"You're going alone."

"Alone? You mean that?"

Enos got up and went to the desk and the cashbox. He came back with a sheaf of bills. "This will pay your train

fare," he said, "with some left over. And don't mind taking it; it's money you've earned working here. There's a train out tonight at two, and one at nine-thirty tomorrow morning. Be on one of them."

"Okay if I wait till morning?" Tuck asked.

"Just as you like," Enos said.

Tuck went to the stairs, turned there with his hand on the rail. "About pulling Tony off you," he said. "That one's on me. No charge for it, no charge at all." The old man didn't answer, didn't turn. He was sitting in his chair, his back as stiff as if he had a set of shotgun barrels for a spine. "How about a guy like you?" Tuck said. "Good night."

He went to his room and locked the door. He stripped out of the too-big clothes and threw them on the floor, bitterness twisting his young face into ugly lines. He dressed in his own clothes—short, tight-fitting jeans, a faded shirt, a leather jacket. He stretched out on the bed to wait. In a little while Sue came to the door and called his name. When he didn't answer, she went away.

The house was quiet, the others asleep, by eleven o'clock. Tuck waited an hour more, then got up. He used no light and he carried his shoes. He moved along the dark hallway and went down the stairs, staying close to the wall to avoid any squeaking of the boards. He hadn't forgotten any of the things he'd learned prowling houses in the East; getting back in stride was a breeze.

Downstairs, he went straight to the desk. He didn't expect the cashbox and money to be there—nobody but a sucker would leave it there with a known thief in the house. But the box had not been moved. That gave Tuck a long moment's pause. Finally, he caught up the money and stuffed it in the pocket of his leather jacket. Then he went to the gun cabinet and found the revolver. A box of shells was in a drawer below.

"All set," he whispered to himself.

"Now look out for John Tucker. . . ." The front door was not locked. It had never been. There was no lock, no key. But for Tuck, somehow, it was locked. He could not go through it. He stood before it, cursing himself angrily in the darkness, hunting the reason. The reason was Sue Bannon—he knew that in a moment. He couldn't do this to her. Not after what she'd done for him. Any other, yes! But not Sue. He turned suddenly, and went back to the desk. He left the money and the gun and scribbled a hasty note: "Changed my mind. See you around sometime. Tuck."

Out in the night then, walking the highway, he found he'd turned toward town and the nearest railway station. Well, there was sense in that. Enos would be smart enough to see if he'd taken the train. If he hadn't, the state patrol and every other cop would be hot after him. So take the train—he could get off, couldn't he? Sure, at any station along the line. He could get a refund for the unused part of his ticket. He'd have plenty for decent clothes and a gun. With a gun, he could

make plenty more. He grinned to himself. "How about that, Enos?"

A farmer, out late, gave him a ride into town. He was a little guy, and old. Tuck thought how easy it would be to take his car and whatever dough he had and kick him out. But he didn't. Time enough for that later. At the station, he bought his ticket. At the newsstand he bought some magazines. They were magazines that had to do with hunting and fishing, and two had to do with dogs alone. He fell asleep in the chair car, reading about golden retrievers. He passed a lot of stations.

In the morning, he began reading again. Some of the articles he read two and three times. He didn't know why he did it and he didn't try to find out. He put off leaving the train. "Omaha," he said. "There's a layover there, and it's a big town."

With that settled, he could read and think about dogs. Think about the kind of place he'd have, if he ever wanted to build one. Like Maple Meadow, only better. And he'd raise goldens and maybe pointers, instead of Labs and springers.

He was surprised to find out how quickly the train reached Omaha. And a little angry about it. He wasn't ready. He was having himself a time with his dream kennel; he didn't want to quit yet. And he didn't quit. He moved out with the other people who were leaving the train for a stretch during the layover, but he insisted that his mind stay full of dogs and dog training. And again he didn't know why it was so important to him to do so.

"Stick around the station," he told himself. "Be sure the old guy didn't put a tail on you, then cut out."

Beside the newsstand was as good a place as any to wait. You could pretend to read and watch the crowd over the top of a magazine or a book. You didn't even have to buy. He found a paperback, after a lot of looking, that had to do with dogs. A story, not an article, but it had all the dope on pointers and pointer field trials. He didn't fake reading; he read. And he didn't watch the crowd; he watched the clock.

He knew now there was a war on inside him. He couldn't deny it any longer. He was reading like crazy and he was sweating and his insides were hurting. But he wasn't going to jar loose; John Tucker wasn't going to be a sucker for anybody! But still, if a guy could get going right——

He looked at the clock, his face desperate now. Two minutes, and the train would pull out. Two minutes, and he'd be free. He waited one minute and lost the fight. He tore a dollar bill from his pocket, threw it as pay for the book at the girl behind the cash register and ran out and caught the train.

"So I'm chicken," he said, staring at his shaking hands. "So what?" Then he began to look ahead. Maybe they let you out of the reformatory when you were eighteen, if you were a right guy. He could sure finish high school while he was in there. Even if they didn't let him out till he was twenty-one, there were correspondence schools a guy could write to. There must be one that could teach a guy to be a vet. An elderly man

stopped then, beside Tuck's seat, and looked down at him.

"What's the matter, son?"

"Nothing," Tuck said. "G'wan, beat it!"

The juvenile authorities took him in. They were impersonal and implacable, as they must be; their questions were searching. Where had he been? What crimes had he committed? What were his intentions now? Tuck answered truthfully, adding two thefts they had not credited to him. And it wasn't hard. He wanted to be done with it, to be free of it. And after the processing was finished, he was brought to stand before the judge of the juvenile court to make his plea.

"Guilty," Tuck said.

The judge was a bald-headed man with a short, sharp nose and big, dark-rimmed glasses. He looked like an owl to Tuck and seemed about as friendly. He stared at Tuck, then he shuffled papers for a long moment. Finally, he sat back.

"Is Clay Bannon here?" he asked.

"Here, sir," a quiet voice said.

Tuck turned to see a big man, lean and hard-muscled and deeply tanned, coming toward him. Sue's husband—Tuck was sure he would have known him anywhere. He was all Sue had said he was—twenty-eight, blue eyes, sun-streaked hair. Those were the shoulders that had filled the shirts Tuck had tried to fill; that was the smile he'd heard about. Clay Bannon's smile was for Tuck, and he held out a strong, tanned hand. "Hello, Tuck," he said. "It's good to know you."

Tuck took the hand, his knees shaking. "I—I don't get it."

Clay Bannon's arm went around his shoulders. "You will," he said. And they faced the judge together. The judge took his time getting around to what he had to say.

"John Tucker," he said finally, "because of the recommendations of people who know you, who know about you, and because your recent conduct seems to warrant it, I am going to withhold sentence. I am going to parole you into the custody of one Enos McClelland, and into the further custody of Sue and Clay Bannon. These people have endorsed your character. I find no reason to doubt them. There will be restitutions to make to the amount taken in your thefts. You can do this with money that will be paid you for part-time work at Maple Meadow Kennels. When you have accomplished this, your parole will be lifted. Now you are free to go."

Clay Bannon said, "Thank you, sir."

And Tuck echoed, "Yes—yes, thanks!"

In the corridor, still dazed, Tuck looked at Clay Bannon, shaking his head. "I—I still don't get it. Where did you come from? How did you know I——"

"I heard about you by telephone," Clay said, "the day you arrived at Maple Meadows. Sue and Enos have been keeping me posted almost daily ever since. They were sold on you, lad, from the very first day. And so was I." He dropped a big hand on Tuck's shoulder. "You've made the three of us very happy people."

"Sue, maybe, and you. But not Enos!" Clay Bannon smiled. "Enos probably most of all. If you hadn't got here, I think it would have killed him. He wanted you to so badly."

"I'll be darned!" Tuck said. Then his face sickened. "I pretty near didn't. Do you know that? I was going to cut out, I really was! I almost took his money and a gun from the house."

"He knew it. He knew how it would be, and he sweated with you every foot of the way. You had to come back on your own, don't you see? It wouldn't have been any good, if you hadn't. I couldn't be here waiting for you. But you came, and because you came, I was here. It was a good job, Tuck."

"I—I don't know what to say."

"Your face says it for you," Clay Bannon told him. "Let's travel, Tuck. I've got a trailer parked in an auto court, loaded with a half-dozen springs, all itching to go. Maybe, with your help, one of them can win us a field trial or two."



Talking it over

1. Why had Tuck become a criminal?
2. a. What does Sue do when she first meets Tuck that shows you she understands he is a boy with a problem?
b. How does Enos' treatment of Tuck differ from Sue's treatment of him?
c. What are Enos' reasons for treating Tuck as he does?
3. As Enos leaves the breakfast table to work with the dog, Tony, he says, "I've never seen a problem a man can lick by ducking." How does this statement apply to Tuck and his problem?

4. What does Enos expect of Tuck that he also expects of a dog?

5. Do you think that after Tuck saves Enos' life, Enos should overlook Tuck's past and allow him to stay on? Why or why not?

6. What things do you think help Tuck most in winning the war with himself?

7. Do you think Tuck could change as much as he does in three weeks? Explain your answer.

Words in action

On a sheet of paper write the numbers 1 through 6. After each number write "yes" or "no" as your answer to the corresponding question below. Be prepared to justify your answers. You may use the Glossary if necessary.

1. When Tuck *boiled* his food, did he swallow it without chewing it?

2. When Enos thought the dog Tony was going to *comply*, did he think the dog was going to obey his commands?

3. When Enos' eyes were *relentless*, did they show pity?

4. When the juvenile authorities acted in an *implacable* manner toward Tuck, were they being forgiving?

5. When Enos, Sue, and Clay *endorsed* Tuck's character, were they disapproving of him?

6. When Tuck was given a *parole*, was he given an unconditional freedom?

Reading about an outlaw

Wolf Brother by Jim Kjelgaard is a short novel based on true episodes occurring in the 1880's. It is the story of a young Hawk Apache orphan who, when he is forced to flee for his life and become an outlaw, must abandon until later his plans to help his people adjust to a new way of reservation life.