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"Where are your chains?" asked Gus. "Never use them," snapped Morrison; "they're no good."

Gus Explains

Why Tire Chains Are Safest

And Demonstrates His Point by Using Them to Pull the Car of an Unbelieving Motorist Out of the Mud

By

MARTIN BUNN

"I'VE been expecting a call like this from Morrison," Gus Wilson grumbled to his partner, Joe Clark, as they stopped the Model Garage service car beside an expensive new coach job that was stuck in the mud.

"Where are your chains, Mr. Morrison?" asked Gus, as he noticed the position of the stuck car.

"Never use 'em," snapped Morrison; "they're no good."

Gus said nothing. Previous experience with Morrison had shown him the futility of arguing with an obstinate, opinionated rich man. Instead, the veteran auto mechanic dug around in the back of the service car and pulled out a pair of chains big enough to go around Morrison's tires.

"So you don't believe in chains, Mr. Morrison," he remarked. "Now just watch what chains will do for your car."

One rear wheel of the car still remained on the concrete of the highway but rested on a smooth coating of ice. The other wheel had sunk several inches into a bog of half frozen mud at the edge of the road.

Gus stretched one of the chains on the ice-covered pavement in front of the up wheel and hooked the end nearest the tread over the tire and around one of the spokes.

"Watch it now, Joe," he said as he got into the car and let the clutch in gently. The wheel in the mud remained stationary, but the other started to turn, pulling the chain toward it along the ice until a cross link caught under the tread. The links bit into the ice and stopped the wheel from slipping. The bogged wheel started to churn in the mud, but, as the tire had a good tread and the mud had a relatively solid bottom, the car crept for-

ward, rolling onto the chain. By the time the chain was completely around the tire the car was almost back on the road.

"Well, what do you know about that!" exclaimed Morrison in amazement. "I thought all the time that the wheel in the mud was doing the slipping."

"It all depends on the kind of mud,"

GUS SAYS—

AUTOMOBILE tinkeritis is a kind of a disease. It's just the opposite of carelessness and indifference—sort of like the difference between chills and fever. One man gets a chill every time he thinks about doing any work on the car. The tinkeritis chap is always in a fever to do something whether it needs doing or not. He just can't keep his hands off a monkey wrench or a screw driver and his car is in pieces a good part of the time. The other fellow's car goes to pieces all by itself, if he doesn't turn it in for a new one when it starts to rattle.

It's uncomfortable to be chilly and there's no fun in a fever. Be temperate—fix things when they need fixing, but don't spend all your time snooping around for trouble that most likely isn't there.

Gus explained. "If there wasn't any ice on the road and the car got stuck you could be pretty sure the wheel was bogged in one of those soupy mixtures that simply won't give any traction. In that case this stunt wouldn't work. You'd have to put the chain on the wheel in the mud."

"It's funny I never seem to have any luck with chains," Morrison puzzled. "I got into a beautiful skid with chains on once, so I decided they weren't any good."

"Chains do act queer at times," admitted Gus. "Trouble is, people think that with chains on, the wheels simply can't slide; so they jam on the brakes too suddenly or try to go round corners too fast. If you happen to lock the wheels at a point where there isn't any cross chain in contact with the pavement the wheels will slide on the rubber in grand style; but there's lots of going where you can't navigate at all unless you do have chains. Of course, though, you can get along on wet pavements without 'em especially if you let a little air out of your tires."

"SEEMS to me," Gus continued, "that the cost of a pair of chains is so small that it isn't worth risking an expensive car without 'em. Every car owner ought to have a pair of chains parked under the back seat."

"A fellow I know didn't believe in chains and he went on a long trip in summer without 'em. One day he got caught in a terrible downpour of rain and he had to make a detour from the main road. He met another car coming the other way that bogged more than half the road. The fellow that didn't like chains got stuck in some deep mud and stayed there until he hired a farmer (Continued on page 116)

