

The Flying U Strikes has 7 ratings and 1 review. R.L. said: The later books in the series are getting more typically western--cattle rustlers, gunfight.

It roughened the hair on the two saddle horses; it tossed their manes and it whipped their tails around their hocks as they loped down to the bluff edge where the rough country began. Chip Bennett, younger of the two riders, broke a silence of half an hour. That wind sure does go through a fellow! What say we swing over to the left here, Chip, and kinda bear off more towards the river? Instant relief was felt from that biting wind, now pushing hard against their backs instead of flat against their right sides. The tear lines dried upon their cheeks. They let their horses down to a walk, pulled off their gloves and sat on them while they rolled and lighted cigarettes. Neither was conscious of their long silences which held a satisfying companionship not to be broken by idle chatter. They were content and that was enough. Overhead the sky was blue and the sun shone with a spring brightness. After awhile, when they turned off the sloping point of the bench and picked their way down a rocky gulch, a pleasant warmth surrounded them. Here the cold wind could not search them out. Riding ahead, Chip leaned suddenly from the saddle and plucked a crocus from the bank. Straightening again, he took off his hat and tucked the downy stem beneath the hatband in front, and set the hat atilt on his brown head. With his overcoat unbuttoned, Weary rode slack in the saddle, whistling an aimless little tune under his breath. Down in the sheltered coulee it was spring. A few fat prairie dogs were already bestirring themselves, hunting grass roots or running from mound to mound to gossip with their neighbors. As the two cowboys approached, a shrewish chittering met them, the village inhabitants all standing up on the mounds with their front paws folded like hands. Abruptly they lost courage however and ducked down into their holes, the flirt of their stubby tails as insolent as a thumbed nose. Out of that coulee and up over another small bench went the riders, the chill wind hounding them over the high ground only to give up the chase when they dipped down into the next hollow. In spite of their seeming casualness, their questing glances went here and there, scanning each wrinkle and hollow that lay exposed to their gaze. The bunch of horses they were hunting might be almost anywhere in this kind of weather. Weary suddenly pointed a gloved finger. Looks like the wolves have been at work down in here. It was so steep that when they struck a shale patch both horses slid on their rumps for some distance. But they made the bottom without mishap and rode down to the thicket. A deep bowl of a place it was, the center a jungle of wild berry bushes growing in such luxuriance as would indicate a spring close by. On the sunny side of the thicket lay a group of carcasses, evidently some time dead. The two rode up and stopped, staring about them. Six beef critters pulled down all in one bunch! He stepped off his horse and walked over to the first carcass. With his hands on his hips he stared down at the unlovely heap for a minute, then walked on to the next and the next. He turned back and looked at Weary, standing just behind him. The whole damn bunch," Weary answered the look. The brand was the Flying U, and as they went from one to the other, they verified the brand on each. Six Flying U beeves, still showing the bullet holes in their heads where they had been shot down. And while the fore quarters had been half devoured by wolves, the hind quarters had been skinned out of the hides and carried off. Never even took the trouble to cut out the brands, you notice. He did not add what loomed blackest in his thoughts: He hated to admit it, even to himself, but it was true. He had been looking for his brother, up in this country along the Missouri, and had run into mystery and trouble in his search. Well, he had gone after Cash Farley and got the horse away from him, but in the long run the Flying U had paid high for that reckless adventure. And now, good old "J. It was plain enough to Chip Bennett. Last summer the trouble had culminated in a hair-raising afternoon when he had been hunted from rock to rock by Cash Farley and his cronies with rifles. Well, his own rifle had taken up the argument pretty decisively. Fighting for his life, he had held them off until the Flying U boys had come to the rescueâ€”Weary, here, was one of the first to arrive. He knew just what these carcasses meant. Big Butch Lewis was taking up the fight where it had been dropped last summer. Then Weary dissented from that conclusion. Sure enough, here were several more, all showing the Flying U brand. In another deep coulee they counted twelve carcasses, and with a stubborn thoroughness young Bennett insisted upon examining each one.

Whoever had butchered these cattle certainly picked his brand with care. All that afternoon they rode through the sequestered places where Flying U cattle had wintered for sake of the shelter. Hundreds of them were grazing there now, looking fat and strong after the long months of cold. Once Weary remarked that the calf crop ought to be a banner one that spring, but Chip only nodded agreement. They found the bunch of horses they were after and hazed them up on the bench and headed them toward the ranch, then continued their scrutiny of the coulees and gulches that webbed the strip lying between the level benches and the Badlands along the river. Again and again they came upon the mutilated remains of Flying U stock, and judging from what was left, they guessed them all to be young beef steers just under shipping age. And believe me, that sure runs into money! Just as sure as the sun was shining, the Flying U was being baited into a fight. Jim Whitmore was being stolen blind. It had been going on all winter, almost under their noses. It was still going on. Some of these last butcherings they had found looked fresh. A couple of days old at the most. I never heard of them peddling beef. Weary watched him over the cigarette he was making. And half of it plumb wasted and fed to the wolves! Well, we might as well be getting back. The horses climbed nosing out their footing as they heaved themselves over the worst places in rabbit hops. On the long hogback ridge that sloped gently up to a thicket-crowned swale just under the bench top, Weary looked back down into the gully. Uneasily he was adding the little column of figures again, as his horse walked steadily up the slope. He was hoping that he had made a mistake, but there it was. Eighty-three which they had found and inspected; how many more there might be hidden away in this broken country he had not the courage to guess. He had put away the book again and was fumbling for the button to close his flapping overcoat, when the heavy canvas gave a vicious twitch in his fingers. He glanced down at his coat, gasped with astonishment and spurred ahead into the shelter of a brush patch. And as he did so, the faint pow-w of a rifle shot came to his ears, the sound dimmed by distance and almost whipped away entirely by the gusty howl of the wind. Got a snake bite? A flea," Chip came back at him instantly, while he pulled up to search the gully with his eyes. Big Butch without a doubt, he was thinking; Big Butch or one of his men, trying to get even for Cash Farley. Not even a wisp of smoke across the gulch gave a clue to his whereabouts, and to go back and search for him was worse than useless. He might be anywhere amongst the rocks and brush on the farther wall, and to reach him except with a bullet was practically impossible. No use saying anything to Weary about it, either. Might stir him up to want to go hunting the shooter—and while they were getting into the gully and across to the other side, they would be easy targets. Chip had enough experience with that sort of thing to feel no desire whatever to make the attempt. It was plain Weary had not heard the shot. I feel like my bones are packed in ice. For the lordsake, Chip, come on! Heads bowed to the bitter wind, they rode doggedly, eyes red and smarting. On this bare slope the gale gouged loose patches of gravel and flung it in clouds high into the air. Small pebbles flew like hailstones, pelting horses and riders alike. The short grass, its curly blades showing green at the roots, whipped flat to the ground. Hating to face the cruel blast, the loose horses spread out where they could and tried to dodge back to more sheltered places they knew; but two shrill-voiced demons seemed always just where escape was most easily blocked, and outguessed them, outran them, turned them back into the teeth of the wind. Manes and tails whipping, ears laid back, they tore down the hill, blinding their captors in the dust their unshod hoofs flung up for the whooping gale to seize and sweep along; a wild and picturesque flight which a Russell would have loved to paint. The brushy bottomland of Flying U creek received them at last. A hundred yards from the new pasture fence below the camp Chip spurred ahead to open the gate. The half-broken horses shied, snorted in pretended panic and streamed through the opening, and Weary swung off to drag the wire-and-pole gate into place again and fasten it with the chain loop. He drew his teeth gently across wind-chapped underlip while he came to a decision and suddenly he looked at Weary. Pretty good shooting, when you take distance and wind into consideration.

Chapter 2 : List of drone strikes in Yemen - Wikipedia

The Flying U strikes. [B M Bower] -- Big Butch Lewis is rounding up gunmen from all over Montana in a sweeping plan to make the range a stronghold for outlaws.

U of Nebraska Press Format Available: A Chronological Treasury consists of twenty Western stories spanning the years to For that generation of American writers who saw the frontier in the last century? Others, such as Frederic Remington and John G. Neihardt, reflected the clash between various Indian nations and pioneers. These authors prepared the way for the founders of the first Golden Age of the Western story: Willa Cather, who wrote of pioneer life in Nebraska; Zane Grey, who combined wilderness experiences with romance and the search for spiritual truth; B. Bower, who portrayed the cowboys and frontier women she knew growing up in Montana; Max Brand, who created dramas in which the psychological and spiritual meaning of life was more important than the physical terrain; and Ernest Haycox, who combined character and drama with historical accuracy. Peter Dawson and T. Johnson and Les Savage Jr. Amour, whose visibility and popularity won legions of new readers to the genre. Olsen came on the scene to intensify these qualities in their own stories even as they experimented with new perspectives. Read Books Ltd Format Available: Big Medicine was a hero among the cowhands of the Flying U after he saved the stranger on horseback who had been struck by lightning. Bower, was an American author famous for her novels, short stories, and screenplays set in the American Old West. Other notable works by this author include: Many vintage books such as this are becoming increasingly scarce and expensive. We are republishing this volume now in an affordable, modern, high-quality edition complete with a specially commissioned new introduction and biography of the author. This carefully crafted ebook: The novel rocketed Bower to fame, and she wrote an entire series of novels set at the Flying U Ranch. Norris Wilson Yates Language: A well-written and entertaining book that shows that these women writers undermined the same conventions that they honored in their fiction.

Chapter 3 : The Flying U Strikes by B.M. Bower - FictionDB

"The Flying U Strikes" is a novel by B. M. Bower. Another installment in the Flying U series brings with it more trouble for the gang! After a suspected cattle-rustling incident turns into attempted murder, Chip soon realises that his old nemesis, Big Butch Lewis, has bigger and more sinister plans.

Ready to fight back? Sign up for Take Action Now and get three actions in your inbox every week. You can read our Privacy Policy here. Thank you for signing up. For more from The Nation, check out our latest issue. Support Progressive Journalism The Nation is reader supported: Travel With The Nation Be the first to hear about Nation Travels destinations, and explore the world with kindred spirits. Sign up for our Wine Club today. Did you know you can support The Nation by drinking wine? It was ten years ago this month, on February 4, , that the CIA first used an unmanned Predator drone in a targeted killing. The strike was in Paktia province in Afghanistan, near the city of Khost. Donald Rumsfeld later explained, using the passive voice of government: Within days of the strike, journalists on the ground were collecting accounts from local Afghans that the dead men were civilians gathering scrap metal. The Pentagon media pool began asking questions, and so the long decade of the drone began. It began to fly armed drones after the September 11 attacks. Some were used during the air war against the Taliban in late The February attack was a pure CIA kill operation, undertaken separately from any ongoing military operation. This sighting by an unarmed drone was what had led to the first arguments among the White House and CIA about arming drones with missiles, a debate that simmered until it was snuffed out by the September 11 attacks. Initial indications would seem to say that these are not peasant people up there farming. In the s CIA officers and journalists used to visit the base. President Bill Clinton ordered a strike on the area with Tomahawk cruise missiles in after the two Africa embassy bombings, and the US military pummeled it with airstrikes beginning in late For a time the military thought that bin Laden and his Al Qaeda forces might have fled to Zhawar Kili after the battle of Tora Bora a puzzling hypothesis because the area had already been hit by withering fire and was more exposed than Tora Bora. In January the military sent several search and demolition units there to gather leftover material with potential intelligence value and to blow up the caves. By February the place had been deserted by militants for months. Several journalists headed to Zhawar Kili after the strike and spoke with local leaders and the families of the dead, who confirmed the identities of the men killed: Daraz Khan, the tall man, about 31, from the village of Lalazha, and two others, Jehangir Khan, about 28, and Mir Ahmed, about 30, from the village of Patalan. The men had climbed to the mountainous area to forage for leftover metal from the US airstrikes, bits of shrapnel and bomb tail finsâ€”scavengers could fetch about 50 cents per camel load. Although Daraz Khan was admittedly tall by Afghan standardsâ€”5 feet 11 inchesâ€”he was six inches shorter than bin Laden. Reading about the strike later, I felt a slight connection with Daraz Khan. I am also 5 feet 11, and at around the same period I spent time foraging for bomb fragments in remote locations in Afghanistan. As a researcher for Human Rights Watch, working on an assessment of the US air war in the winter and spring of , I had visited locations like Zhawar Kili. With colleagues I had climbed into craters, poked at the twisted tail fins of bombs, and interviewed witnesses and families of the dead. And I was the tallest among my colleagues. Perhaps I could have been mistaken for bin Laden too. The reason is simple: There were limits to the risks that could be taken. Whatever an airplane was used for, it ultimately had to return to base with its pilot. Not surprisingly, from the start of the development of airplanes for use in war, engineers labored to circumvent this limitation. A secret program was run out of a small outfield in central Long Island, New York. In reality, according to a Navy history, the planes rarely worked: In World War II a different approach was taken: Remote control technology was still limitedâ€”involving crude radio-controlled devices linked to motorsâ€”so actual pilots were used for takeoff: In practice, the program was a disaster. Many planes crashed, or worse. And here lies a small irony in history. Indeed, German engineers had switched to rocketry, given the difficulties in building full-scale pilotless airplanes. They worked extensively on rockets during the war, and after the war US and Russian governments carried on their work. Strangelove was a caricature of an expatriate Nazi scientist. The development of drones stagnated for decades because there was little need for them, thanks to developments in

rocketry. Cruise missiles were, in a sense, proto-drones, miniature versions of what the military had attempted as far back as They could be dispatched and guided in flight; some had cameras; and, in some incarnations, could even change target midflight. But cruise missiles could not linger over a battlefield in the manner of a holding pattern, nor could they return to base. And their weapons delivery was blunt and inflexible; the delivery was the missile itself, its single warhead. The CIA, which had been using the drones for surveillance, became involved with the military effort to arm them after September Although the agency had been authorized to support military operations even before the attacks, the legal parameters governing its involvement in military or paramilitary operations were murky, then as now. Outright assassinations were illegal under a presidential executive order in the wake of CIA scandals from the Nixon period, and the laws of armed conflict contained complicated provisions on the circumstances in which civilian personnel—CIA officers not in uniform—could use lethal force. So government attorneys worried back in Ten years later, the CIA works side by side with the military, launching kinetic strikes from Pakistan to Somalia. Few concerns are raised anymore, except by a handful of academics and activists who worry that the CIA is less accountable than the military for its targetting and, as we saw in Zhawar Kili, for its mistakes. Still, many people seem to be leery of drones in the abstract—whether they are used in armed conflict or in targeted killings. Certainly the legal identity of drone operators, CIA or military, matters little to the victims of a Hellfire strike. So what is it about the drone, really, that draws the attention of victims, insurgent propagandists, lawyers and journalists, more than other forms of kinetic violent force? Why do drones interest us, fascinate us or disturb us? Perhaps one clue comes from the linguistics. The first drone aircraft deployed by the CIA and Air Force after was the Predator, a rather coarse name even for a weapons system, suggestive that the enemy was not human but merely prey, that military operations were not combat subject to the laws of war but a hunt. Some of the computer software used by the military and the CIA to calculate expected civilian casualties during airstrikes is known in government circles as Bug Splat. But the real issue is the context of how drones kill. The curious characteristic of drones—and the names reinforce this—is that they are used primarily to target individual humans, not places or military forces as such. Yet they simultaneously obscure the human role in perpetrating the violence. Unlike a missile strike, in which a physical or geographic target is chosen beforehand, drones linger, looking precisely for a target—a human target. And yet, at the same time, the perpetrator of the violence is not physically present. On the one hand, we have the most intimate form of violence—the targeted killing of a specific person, which in some contexts is called assassination—while on the other hand, the least intimate of weapons. This characteristic, the distance between targets and CIA executive officers at Langley, is the defining characteristic of drones. They are the zenith of the technological quest that runs back to the invention of slings and arrows thousands of years ago, efforts of the earliest perpetrators of violence to get away from their victims. That process, which brought catapults and later artillery, reached its first peak with the development of intercontinental nuclear missiles; but those are weapons of limited tactical use and have never been used. Drones allow all the alienation of long-range missions but with much more flexibility and capacity for everyday use. The net result is everyday violence with all the distance and alienation of ICBMs. This is disturbing perhaps because alienation is disturbing. The work of animal behaviorists like Konrad Lorenz sheds some light on why. Lorenz—a onetime member of the Nazi party who later renounced his politics and won the Nobel Prize in the —spent much of his life studying violence in animals. In this way, most animal violence is checked before it occurs. Drones crossed into a new frontier in military affairs: Military research seems to back this up. Dave Grossman, a psychologist and former professor at West Point, has written extensively on the natural human aversion to killing. He tells the story of a Green Beret in Vietnam describing the killing of a young Vietnamese soldier: I dropped my weapon and cried. Grossman tells of a Special Forces sergeant from the Vietnam War describing a close kill: Drones make the nasty business of killing a little easier. Still, these reports pale in comparison with those of PTSD among combat veterans. And there is no public information about stress among those ordering the strikes—the CIA strike operators or the decision-makers at Langley. A little-noticed British Defense Ministry study of unmanned drones discusses some of these points: Citing the oft-quoted adage of Gen. Will decision-makers resort to war as a policy option far sooner than previously? The issue is not that armed drones are more terrible

or deadly than other weapons systems. On the contrary, the violence of drones today is more selective than many forms of military violence, and human rights groups recognize that drones, in comparison with less precise weapons, have the potential to minimize civilian casualties during legitimate military strikes. Nor is the issue the remote delivery of weapons: What makes drones disturbing is an unusual combination of characteristics: It is the merging of these characteristics that draws the attention of journalists, military analysts, human rights researchers and Al Qaeda propagandists, suggesting something disturbing about what human violence may become. The unique technology allows the mundane and regular violence of military force to be separated further from human emotion.

Chapter 4 : The Flying U Strikes

The Flying U Strikes by Bower, B. M. and a great selection of similar Used, New and Collectible Books available now at www.nxgvision.com

Chapter 5 : The Flying U Strikes, by B. M. Bower | The Online Books Page

Bertha Muzzy Sinclair or Sinclair-Cowan, nAe Muzzy (November 15, - July 23,), best known by her pseudonym B. M. Bower, was an American author who wrote novels, fictional short stories, and screenplays about the American Old West.

Chapter 6 : Picketing - Wikipedia

An action-packed adventure romp in the American Old West, "The Flying U Strikes" is not to be missed by those with a love of Western fiction and the works of B. M. Bower. One of many recommended Westerns by this prolific author.

Chapter 7 : the flying u strikes | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

"The Flying U Strikes," Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Someone was killing Flying U steers, killing them wantonly and then stripping out the hind-quarters and leaving the rest for the wolves. When Chip Bennett and Weary Davidson first discovered it, they thought someone was stealing beef.

Chapter 8 : Syria missile strike: Trump authorizes action - CNNPolitics

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

Chapter 9 : The Flying U Strikes by B.M. Bower

Bower, B M; The Flying U Strikes. This is a digitized version of an article from The Times's print archive, before the start of online publication in