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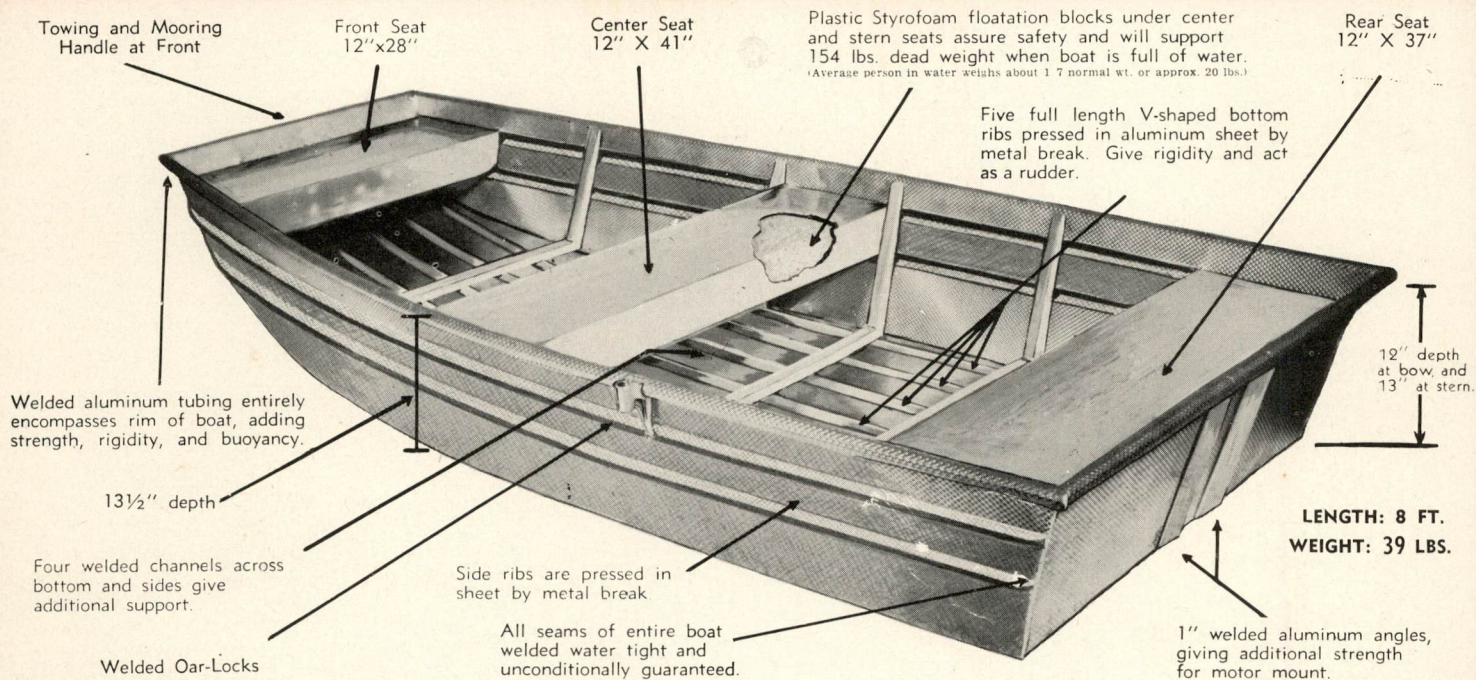
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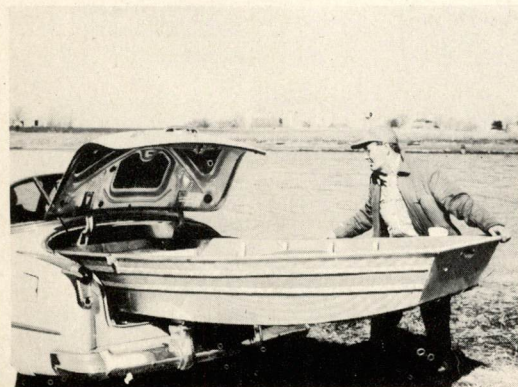
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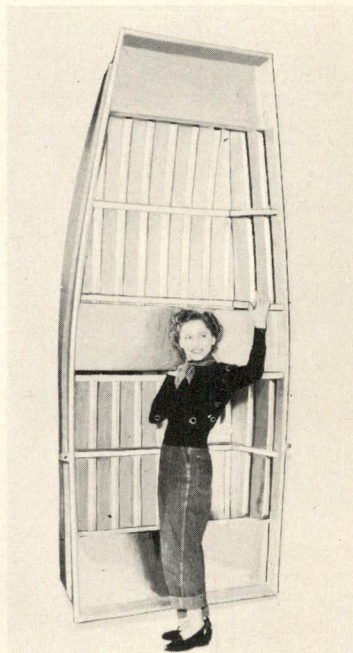
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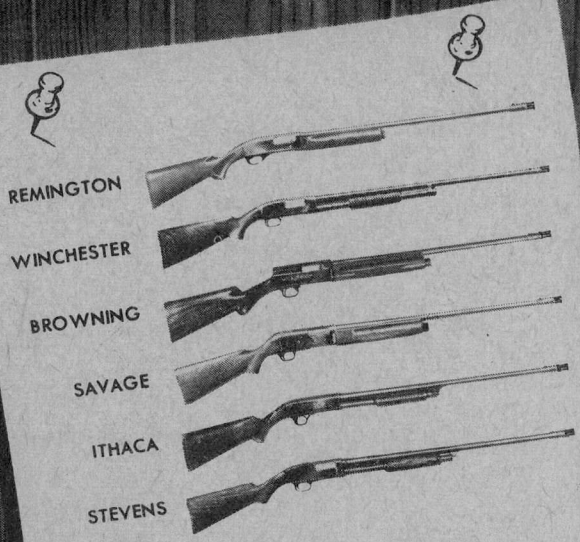
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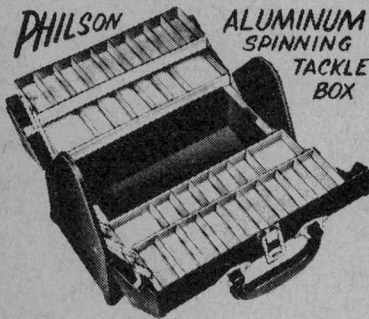
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SPRING, 1954
Vol. 1, No. 4

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover: "White Hawk," a Nez Perce, by John W. Bethel.

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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True West

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Okay — You Asked For It!

FOR more often appearance, that is. By the thousands you have asked for it—so we guess you mean it! So what are we going to do about it? We're going from quarterly to bi-monthly. That's what we are going to do about it. "Bi-monthly" means once every two months. Then one of these days, we're going to sneak up on you from behind and go monthly. That's what you really want. But a baby has to crawl first. Then he stands alone on shaky pins. Then he walks—if you could call it that. Finally, he runs.

We're standing alone now. Sure, our pins are still a bit shaky, but by golly, they're strengthening fast! You know, we told you from the first that we'd bitten off a big bite, that we didn't know for sure if we could make it under our own power. We've been frank with you all along. We're still being frank.

We can make it now . . .

Makes us old weather-beaten cowboys (well, at least we're weather-beaten!) want to pull a polka dot handkerchief out of our hip pocket and snort into it once or twice—the way you've helped. You folks saw what we were trying to do, knew we were trying to do it on limited finances, and, instead of backing off to wait and see if we lasted or not before investing your three bucks, you waded right in, grabbed us by the collar, slapped our sassy faces a few times, and said, "Look here, Podner—you GOT to live!"

And, ay gad—we are!

What's more, we're gonna improve constantly. The next issue will be our first bi-monthly edition. We've gone to photographic covers with this issue. So many people have written in that they didn't realize we were actually serious with the "True" part until they saw those old photographs—then they KNEW we meant business! Well, by golly, if that's the effect they're going to have, we'll just put them on the cover. What do you think? We have some terrific old photos (with a modern one now and then) coming up.

We used the photo of White Hawk, even though it had been used as an inside photo in the last issue, for this reason: That Indian's face says in expression what the 10,000 words of the concluding part of "Brave Warriors" says in words. Hardships, sorrow, heart-crushing defeat—it's all in the old warrior's face. So many readers wrote in about this picture that, coupled with the above, we thought it deserved cover prominence.

For three issues I've promised to have a brief say. Fred and I both wondered if brevity was possible when we're talking about TRUE WEST. I hear that one important contribution to brief writing is to stop typing.

That's what I'm doing right now. S'long till the next time. — Joe.

Way West

IT TOOK considerable beer and barbecue to do it, but we've just sold our publisher, Joe Small, on what we think is a real slick deal.

The idea is that this editor, accompanied by a pint sized wife and a couple of knot-head boys, should make a three-month tour of the West this summer get-

ing acquainted with the country and folks that we put True West out for, and maybe picking up a few stories along the way.

Of course, our main purpose is to get out of this drought-blighted West Texas, where it hasn't rained in so long that we can show you great big kids who have never had the opportunity to mess around in a mud puddle. We've been told on good authority that there are other places in the world to live in besides Texas, and we want to see if that's true.

To keep our publisher satisfied, we'll no doubt have to send back a little copy now and then, so if any of you readers have a good story that you just can't keep from telling and one that'll be easy for us to write, let us know, and we'll try to drop by and listen to it.

Also, if you've any good whiskey on hand, we'll try to drink it; and if you happen to have butchered a fresh beef, we'll be glad to help you eat it up before it spoils; and if you happen to have some pretty girls around—well, no, that won't work, on account of our wife and kids.

Anyhow, we plan to poke around in several odd corners of the West, to see what we can turn up, and catch a few



Trail driver Arthur Holloway.

fish and pan a little gold and swim where it's not too cold and see some greenery for a change and chew the fat with some writers and maybe take a pack trip back into the mountains.

The way we've got it planned, it sounds like a deal that'll beat humping over this editorial desk all summer, and we sure hope it turns out that way—Fred Gipson.

Old Timer

Gentlemen:

I got hold of one of the 1st issues of True West.

Why not make it so as to give the Old Timers a chance to get their stories of their experience published? The pioneers who can talk cow talk?

The writers now days don't use the cow boy Lingo. Cowpoke, come and get it, chow, Buckaroo, hazing was not used in a cow camp.

I am just an Old Rancher. Have ranched in the Indian Territory, Texas, New Mexico, also in Old Mexico. I drove a stage Freight outfit.

I am an Old Trail driver. I went with one herd from east Texas near Waco to Sedlue, Mo. We never went through a gate on the whole Trip (1875). I left

the ranch and am now Living in L. A. So I would be glad to make arrangements with some pub. co. to print some short stories of my experience . . .

I am enclosing a snapshot of my self, so you can see what I look like. Respt: Arthur Holloway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Thanks, Mr. Holloway. Write us up a couple of good yarns and give us a look at them.

Left-Handed Rifle

Dear Mr. Gipson:

I was very much interested in that photo reproduction of Jim Bridger's rifle on page 8 of No. 1. Did you ever hear of a left-handed rifle? No, I don't mean a left-handed monkey wrench. I mean a rifle, and I'm not trying to be funny. That rifle of Bridger's is for a left-handed man; that is, the lock is on the left side of the gun. Of course, most of the old muzzle-loaders were made for right-handed men with the lock on the right side. A gunsmith made each gun for his customer, and when a left-handed man came along, the lock was put on the left side.

In the days of the flintlock, a shooter would run the risk of getting his eyes or face burned by the powder flash if he was left-handed and fired a right-handed gun. When percussion caps came in, the same thing applied, for the nipples had a habit sometimes of blowing off. If the shooter was left-handed and fired a right-handed gun, he would run chances of getting that nipple and powder flash right in his face.

The story states that Bridger had that rifle when he discovered Great Salt Lake. In that case, it was originally a flintlock, because at that date, the percussion cap had not come into use. In fact, it did not come into use for a number of years after that discovery. Flintlocks were later remodeled into percussion caps by changing the lock and inserting the tube into the barrel, with the nipple attached.

I have read much about Bridger, but I never saw any mention, that I recall, that he was left-handed. In fact, I never gave it a thought; but this gun definitely proves that he was left-handed.—Earle R. Forrest, 205 North Main Street, Washington, Penn.

Well, Earl, that's one on us, too. You reckon some fool engraver could have flopped the negative?

Wrong Pix

Dear Mr. Small:

In the winter issue of True West appears an article entitled "Message to Fort Laramie." One of the pictures used to illustrate the article was captioned "Fort Laramie, 1870." I am certain this is a picture of Laramie City . . . located fully 80 air line miles to the south and west of old Fort Laramie. It would also seem that the picture dated 1870 must of been taken at a later date, as Laramie City was not founded until the arrival of the first trans-continental railroad in 1868.—Richard S. Baker, 330 W. Oak St., Fort Collins, Colo.

We had another letter, calling attention to this same pix, the writer also being certain that we'd made a mistake and used a picture of Laramie City. Could be, we've made a slip-up here, which we don't like; but we do appreciate readers calling our attention to it.

(For more letters, see page 45)

It's Sweeping the Country!

Jet WATER-SWEEPER

The JET WATER SWEEPER is a must for every home. New, easy way to clean driveways, lawns, sidewalks, patios, garages, etc. Unique principal of tapered base forces pressure into a flat wide spray that blasts away dirt, leaves and debris. No stooping or bending. Manufactured of 3/4" pure aluminum tubing with brass coupling and rubber grip, the JET WATER SWEEPER easily attaches to any standard hose.

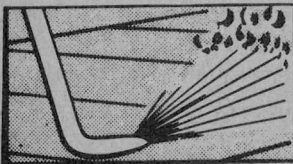


**NO STOOPING
NO BENDING**



EASY TO ATTACH

SIMPLE TO USE



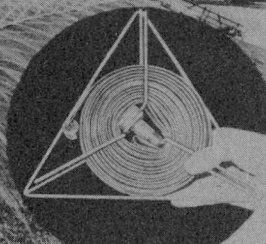
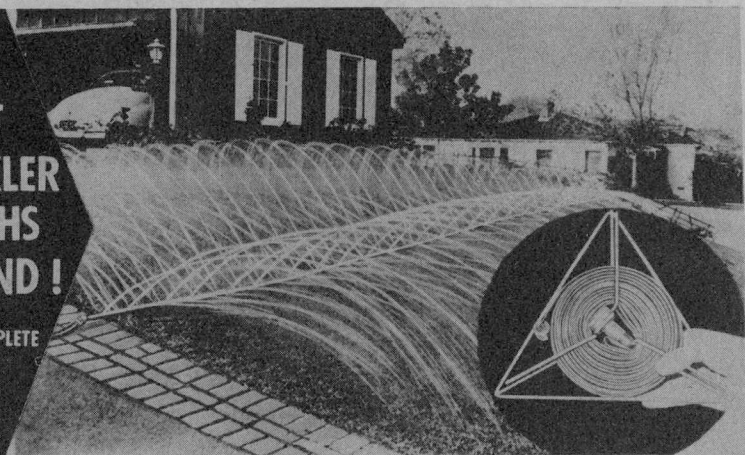
**SPRAY NOZZLE
BOOSTS PRESSURE,
SAVES WATER**

\$1⁹⁸



**50
FOOT
SPRINKLER
WEIGHS
1 POUND!**

**YOUR COMPLETE
HOME
SPRINKLER
SYSTEM**



FREE! STEEL STORAGE REEL
With Each HOME SPRINKLER

This flexible plastic sprinkler can spray an area 15 ft. wide by 50 ft. long at average water pressure. Drape it over your hillside, twine it around your flower beds, shape it to any contour of your landscaping — it'll do a perfect sprinkling job in any position. This durable sprinkler will not rot or mildew, even if stored wet! The spray is so fine, it's gentle on flowers — a real water saver! Turn the valve and it becomes a soaker. The Home Sprinkler comes complete with solid brass connector and sliding end closure.

● SAVES WATER

Puts water where you want it when you want it.

● ADJUSTABLE LENGTH

Sliding end clip makes possible any desired length.

● SOAK OR SPRINKLE

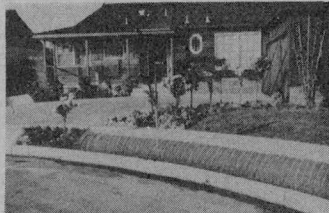
A turn of the valve changes the sprinkler into a soaker.

SAVES YOU \$\$

The Home Sprinkler takes the place of expensive installations.

● FINEST MATERIAL

Made of PURE VINYL PLASTIC for years of service.



NARROW STRIPS & PARKWAYS



GENTLE SPRAY FOR HILLSIDES

● SAVES PRECIOUS TIME

Allows you to do other gardening chores without the drudgery of hand-watering.

● FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE

Will not rot or mildew — material and workmanship guaranteed.

● EASILY STORED

So compact, it can be held in the palm of the hand.

20 FT. LENGTH

\$2⁵⁰

50 FT. LENGTH

\$4⁷⁵

Each Home Sprinkler is complete with a solid brass connector and adjustable sliding clip.

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Please send 20 Ft. Sprinkler(s) @ \$2.50

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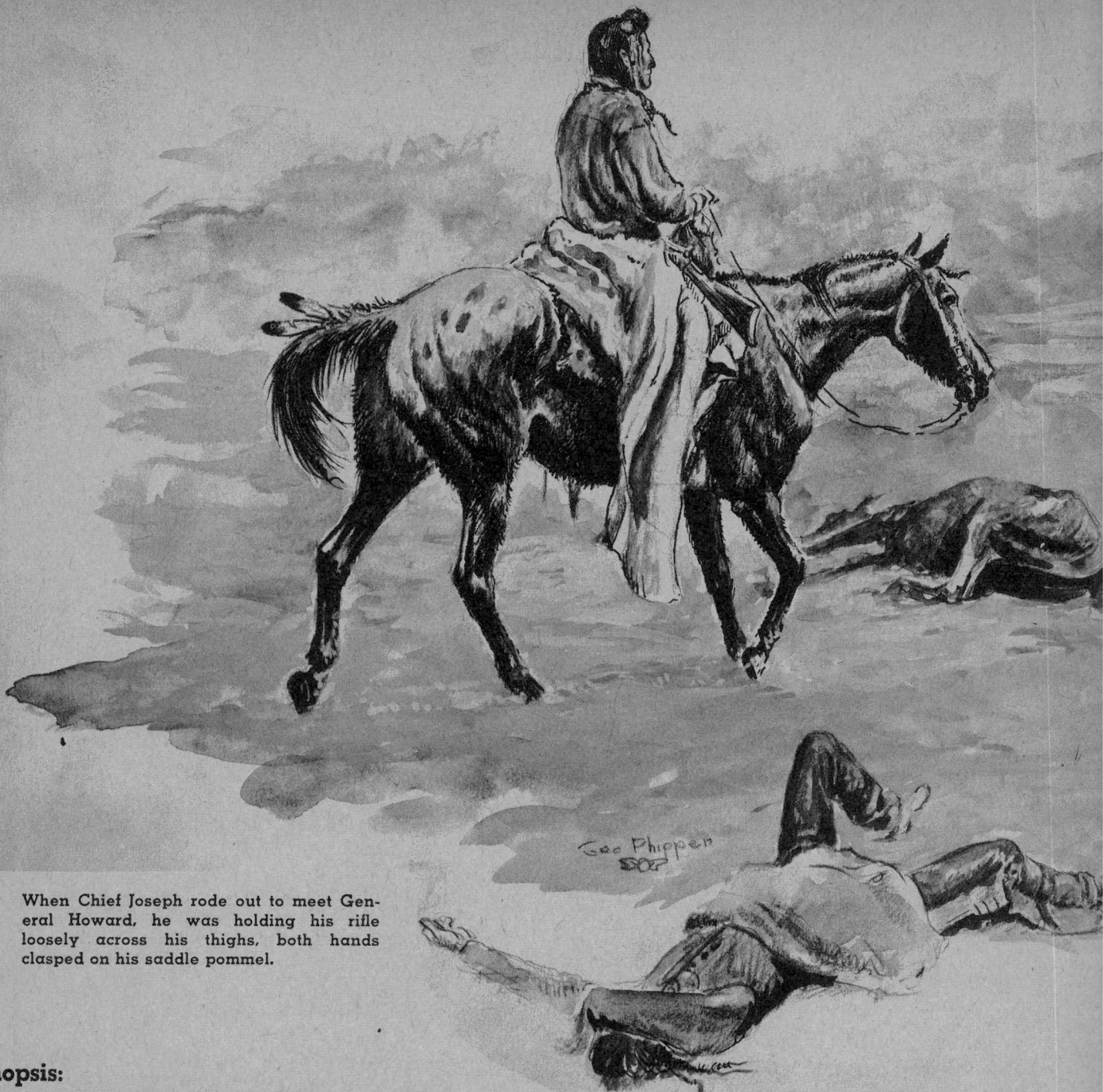
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**MAIL THIS
COUPON NOW!**



When Chief Joseph rode out to meet General Howard, he was holding his rifle loosely across his thighs, both hands clasped on his saddle pommel.

Synopsis:

THE Numepu (We People), most powerful Indian tribe in the Northwest, saw their first white men in 1807 when the explorers Lewis and Clark arrived in their country on their way to the Pacific. After Lewis and Clark came French-Canadian fur traders who renamed the Numepu Nez Percés (Pierced Noses) after the custom of a few of the tribe who inserted shell ornaments in their noses.

Settlers poured into the Northwest over the Oregon Trail until, by 1855, the white men were everywhere—except in the country of the Nez Percé. In that year was held a great council between chiefs of all the Northwestern tribes and commissioners appointed by the Government, at which time the red men signed away a priceless heritage in land and freedom. Old Joseph, chief of the Wallowa Nez Percé, insisted that his beloved Wallowa Valley be included in the Nez Percé Reservation provided for in the terms of the treaty. In the following tense years Joseph kept his people at peace with the ever-encroaching whites.

In 1872 Old Joseph died and Young Joseph, his son, became chief of the Wallowa Nez Percé. Like his father, Young Joseph tried earnestly to keep peace between his people and the settlers and miners surrounding his country. However, in 1875—after formerly confirming the Nez Percé title to Wallowa—President Grant signed a decree opening the Valley to white settlement. Early in 1877, the Government ordered Joseph and his band to Lapwai Reservation to join the “treaty” Nez Percé already living there. Over the protests of his sub-chiefs and warriors, Joseph agreed to move to the reservation to preserve peace and save his people from war with the whites.

En route to the reservation, during the absence of Chief Joseph, the fanatical medicine man, Tu-hil-hul-sote, and the young brave, Wal-lait-its, led a war party against the settlers on the pretext of avenging the murder of Wal-lait-its' father by a white man.

Thus the Nez Percé War began. The Indians won the first skirmish with the soldiers, killing thirty-four troopers in the Battle of White Bird Canyon. The victorious warriors rejoiced after the fight, but Joseph warned them grimly:

“ . . . Now that we have killed white men in battle, their brothers will trail us like wolves until they have their revenge!”

ON June 22, five days after the Battle of White Bird Canyon, General Howard left Fort Lapwai with 227 men to catch the Nez Percé. He reached the battlefield on June 26 and set about burying the dead. Hidden among the rocks and bush above the burial details, Nez Percé scouts watched every move the soldiers made. Safely out of sight on the bank of the Salmon, Joseph held a council with his sub-chiefs and warriors.

White Bird advised crossing the Snake River and hiding out in the maze of canyons and valleys west of that stream. Tu-hil-hul-sote agreed with White Bird. The handsome young Alokut said nothing, waiting for his brother to speak.

“I have given this matter much thought,” said Joseph quietly. “I have met General Howard in council and I know how his mind works. He would expect us to cross the Snake and hide out in the wild country beyond, just as you have suggested. We will cross the Salmon instead, and Howard will follow. Once across the river we will go north and cross back. We will go to Camas Valley and get more men from our people on the reservation. Then we will have warriors enough to protect our women and children on the way to the buffalo country across the mountains.”

Impressed, the subchiefs agreed to Joseph's plan. The Nez Percé moved across the Salmon at once and headed north. Howard, reinforced with nearly 200 fresh troops, was deliberately tipped off to the move—and, reacting precisely as



Concluding installment of a two-part article on the Nez Perce Indians, a tribe that flourished until they became the strongest in the Northwest.

BRAVE WARRIORS

by NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by George Phippen

The stirring saga of a great Indian nation and the futile struggle its people made in an attempt to preserve their way of life. Second in a series on important Indian nations of America.

Joseph had predicted, attempted to follow. The treacherous river held him up for days until the Indians got clear away. Before Howard crossed the Salmon, the Nez Perce were back on the east bank again.

While the befuddled General wandered aimlessly among the mountains, chasing a will-o-the-wisp, Joseph headed for the Fort Lapwai road. Scouts had brought him word of a force of cavalry approaching from the south, and the wily chief intended to ambush them. He placed his braves on both sides of the road in heavy cover and waited patiently.

Captain Whipple, leading a detachment of cavalry to join forces with Captain Perry moving out from Fort Lapwai, ran smack into the Nez Perce ambush and lost eleven men before he could escape. The Nez Perce did not follow the fleeing troopers, preferring to save their ammunition for Howard whenever he emerged from the wilderness west of the Salmon and tried again to catch and destroy them.

The "Praying General" finally caught up with the Nez Perce on July 11. Howard, his command strengthened to 700 men, believed he could crush Joseph with ease. Reinforced by Chief Looking Glass and his band, the Nez Perce leader had barely 300 warriors with which to fight this power-

ful force. Yet—camped in a canyon near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek on the south fork of the Clearwater—Joseph made no effort to escape when his scouts warned him of Howard's rapid approach.

Howard opened the ball by blasting away at the Nez Perce camp with a howitzer and two Gatling guns from the heights above the canyon. The Gatling guns were ineffective at such range and the howitzer shells whistled over the clustered lodges to burst harmlessly in the woods. Before the gunners could correct their error in sighting, the Nez Perce had disappeared. In a matter of minutes, the hustling warriors hid the women and children out of sight in the heavy timber, drove their livestock up-river to safety and came flitting back through the timber like shadows to meet the advancing troops.

This battle on the banks of the Clearwater was the first of its kind between whites and Indians. For the first time in the history of frontier warfare the red men fought from behind their own fortifications, charged strong positions held by troops, faced and repulsed bayonet charges and fought to a standstill a military force twice their number. In this bitter fight, General Howard learned something that the



Chief Joseph shortly after his surrender to Miles and Howard. This photo probably was made before the great Nez Perce was exiled to Oklahoma.

Blackfeet, for example, had learned long before—that the Nez Perce were the straightest-shooting of all the tribes. Indian sharpshooters, entrenched behind piled-up rocks, dropped so many of his men in the first assault that the amazed Civil War veteran had to take up a defensive position in front of the Nez Perce line. Promptly, Joseph sent warriors galloping to flank Howard's left. The General countered this classic maneuver by pulling back his wings until his line resembled a semi-circle more than a mile in length.

All day the battle roared, with Joseph in the thickest of fighting. Dressed in skin hunting shirt and leggings, the tall chief was a marked man as he rode from one end of his battle-line to the other, exhorting his naked warriors to make every bullet count. Three horses were shot from under him, but no lead touched his body. Nez Perce marksmen covered the only spring on the battlefield, and the white wounded began to suffer terribly from thirst under the scorching July sun. Three times soldiers attempted to get water for their wounded comrades, and each time a Nez Perce bullet dropped the trooper face-down in the parched grass. The Indian wounded weren't much better off, since to get water they had to descend steep trails to the bottom of the canyon where the river flowed far below.

As night closed in on the battlefield, Howard pulled his line back into almost a complete circle, so fearful was he of the Indians turning his flanks in the darkness.

Throughout the uneasy night, the Nez Perce sharpshooters kept the troops awake and apprehensive with sporadic sniping. At daybreak the howitzer was brought up and set to work shelling the warriors guarding the spring. Prudently the Nez Perce fell back at the first blast from the "wagon-gun" and the troops moved in without opposition.

About this time, Joseph's scouts informed him that white reinforcements were coming up from the south in the direction of Jackson's Bridge; a supply train escorted by cavalry. Howard spotted the train at the same time, and sent a full company crashing through the thin Nez Perce line to bring it in to camp. Quickly realizing that the odds against him were now too heavy to be

surmounted, Joseph ordered his warriors to withdraw. Slowly, in perfect order and with all their livestock, property, women and children, the Nez Perce began their retreat across the river and up the opposite slope.

THIS fight, according to the Eastern newspapers and certain high Army officials, was a resounding defeat for the Nez Perce. Men who fought in the battle didn't figure it quite that way. Howard himself admitted wryly: "I do not think I had to exercise more generalship during the Civil War than I did in the march to the battlefield and the ensuing battle with Joseph and his Indians on the banks of the Clearwater."

Lieutenant Parnell, who had fought Joseph in White Bird Canyon, was considerably blunter in his appraisal of the scrap.

"If anything, the troops had the advantage in numbers as well as position," wrote Parnell. "And yet, strictly speaking, the Indians were not defeated. Their loss must have been insignificant and their retreat to Kamiah was masterly, deliberate and unmolesated, leaving us with a victory barren of results."

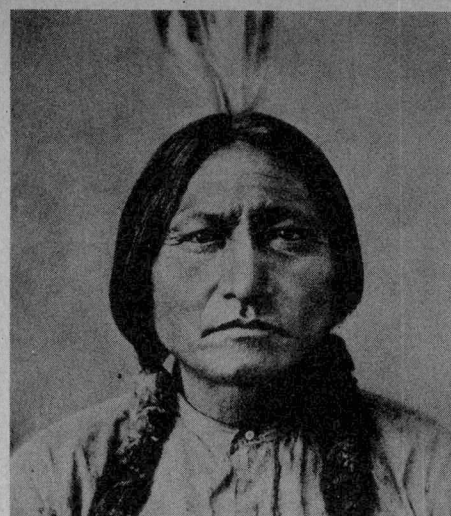
Northward down the Clearwater the Nez Perce made their way. They crossed the river at a ferry, cut the ferry boat loose, burned the station and pushed on to Kamiah. Here, four miles east of Kamiah at the western terminus of the Lolo Trail, Joseph camped on a high hill and waited coolly for Howard's next move. The chief was still firm in his decision to head for Canada, but he needed time to prepare for the rugged 1200-mile trek across Idaho through the mountains. Cannily, he won that time by sending a messenger to Howard's camp asking for terms of a possible surrender. The messenger brought back the one-armed General's ultimatum:

"All men to surrender and be tried by a military court."

Punctiliously, Joseph presented Howard's terms to his sub-chiefs in council. Unanimously, all voted against accepting such a sucker deal. Joseph smiled: "It is settled then. We will go across the mountain to join Sitting Bull in the country of the Red Coats—in the peaceful Land of the Old Woman Queen," (Victoria).

While Howard waited vainly for a reply, the Nez Perce started their march eastward over the Lolo Trail through the Bitter Roots. Just in case the trusting General got suspicious and followed him too soon, the great Nez Perce tactician devised a devilishly ingenious trap for him. Trees lining the narrow Trail were sawn almost through, the saw marks concealed with pitch, bark and dirt, and the sawdust hidden beneath pine needles. Joseph had prepared an Indian corral for Howard. Once the General's troops marched past a certain point on the trail, the trees would have been felled before and behind the soldiers and Howard's whole command would have been penned up for slaughter like steers in a chute. The scheme failed when a cavalryman's horse pawed the ground and uncovered the tell-tale sawdust. Alarmed at this evidence of Nez Perce "fiendishness," Howard's advance guard retreated precipitantly.

Seeing that the Nez Perce were headed for Montana beyond question, the harried and haggard General heaved a sigh of relief and requested official permission to chuck the exasperating campaign to catch the elusive Joseph. Washington ordered him back to the hunt immediately. The big brass was burned



Sitting Bull, the Hunkpapa Sioux Medicine Man, who refused Young Joseph's appeal for help by moving his camp forty miles deeper into Canada.

over the fact that a handful of ragged Indians had made a monkey out of a Civil War General, and if Howard didn't care about the pride and honor of the Army, *they* did! Howard gritted his teeth and ordered Captain Rawn's detachment from Fort Missoula to intercept the Nez Perce at Lolo Pass. Rawn marched on the double from Fort Missoula and threw a barricade of rocks and logs across narrow Lolo Canyon, blocking the path of the leisurely traveling Indians.

At noon on July 27, a small party of warriors bearing a white flag approached the barricade. Joseph's main band was camped out of sight down the canyon. Chief Looking Glass had come to speak for the Nez Perce leader. Captain Rawn greeted him warily.

Looking Glass accepted tobacco, smoked a moment in silence, then said abruptly: "We are on our way to the buffalo country. We are not going to harm any of your men in the fort nor any settlers in the valley, if you let us pass your fort without being attacked."

Surprised, Rawn did not know what to answer. Hoping that Howard would come up quickly to strike the Indians' rear, he stalled for time. "I will talk this over with my men," he promised. "I will give you an answer tomorrow. Will you be here?"

Looking Glass stared the captain full in the eyes. "Yes," he replied, "I will be here."

Rawn's command were divided in opinion of Looking Glass' proposal. His officers were for refusing; his volunteers all for accepting. The captain decided that he had to string along with his officers.

Joseph appeared with Looking Glass at the parley next morning. He listened calmly while Rawn announced that he could not pass the barricade without surrendering his guns and horses. "We are going by you without fighting if possible," he answered. "But," he added significantly, "we are going by you!"

Go by him they did. Far up the canyon walls, Joseph's scouts had located narrow ledges where the white men had believed only a goat could travel. Along these ledges the Nez Perce inched their way; men, women, children, horses and all equipment—crossing high above

(Continued on page 24)

Let the wild blizzards blow. When deep snows blocked off mail routes across the high Sierras, mail still went through—carried on the back of that wild Norwegian

Snowshoe Thompson

by WELDON F. HEALD
Illustrated by Randy Steffen



IN the cemetery of the little mountain town of Genoa, Nevada, is a white gravestone bearing a strange device. Carved in the marble is a pair of crossed skis twelve inches long. Below is the inscription:

In Memory of
JOHN A. THOMSON
Native of Norway
Departed this life May 15
1876

Age 49 years 10 days
Gone but not Forgotten

The last line is still true, for there are old-timers now living who remember John A. Thompson, and to Californians and Nevadans in and around the central Sierra Nevada he will always be a symbol of strength, courage, and integrity.

But it is by his nickname "Snowshoe" that he is best known and loved. To mountaineers, skiers, and sportsmen, he represents all that is fine in the world of the out-of-doors. They see in him a man who daily risked his life, not for personal gain, but to serve his fellow men.

For twenty years John carried the mail each winter alone on skis over the snow-covered High Sierra, from California to Nevada. It was one of the toughest assignments ever handed out by the Post Office Department, but in blizzards and bitter cold, winds and freezing rains John brought his mail through and never missed a day.

He was a huge hulk of a man, over six feet, and weighing 180 pounds. His wavy blond hair and beard, blue eyes, and fair skin made him as handsome and

striking as his viking ancestors. Born at Tinn, in Telemark, Norway in 1827, he came to the United States when he was ten. The spelling THOMSON on the grave is probably correct, but all written references to him have added the P. His parents were apparently restless folks, frequently on the move. As a youth he lived in Illinois, Missouri, and Iowa. But at twenty-four he caught the gold fever and headed West, reaching California in 1851, at the height of the Mother Lode excitement. John tried mining for two years, but found no gold bonanza. Finally he decided that supplying miners was a surer way to make a living than being one himself. So in 1854 he bought a small farm in the Sacramento Valley.

But John was a Norwegian at heart, born in a country of pointed firs and deep snows. As he plowed, planted, and harvested, he gazed longingly at the high, white wall of the Sierra Nevada gleaming on the eastern horizon. His spirit dwelt among those distant snowy peaks.

EARLY in the winter of 1855-1856 heavy storms closed all passes across the Sierra. Not even a pack train could get through, and the remote settlements in Nevada were shut off from the coast. It looked as if even the mail would have to pile up until spring. The sheriff put up a sign asking for applicants to bring the mail over the Sierra. There was only one applicant—John A. Thompson . . .

As a child, skis were as familiar to

him as shoes. Everybody used them in the Old Country. So he immediately set to work making a pair, and when he finished, he hurried up to the mountains around Placerville to try them out. From that day on, John was never known by any other name than Snowshoe Thompson.

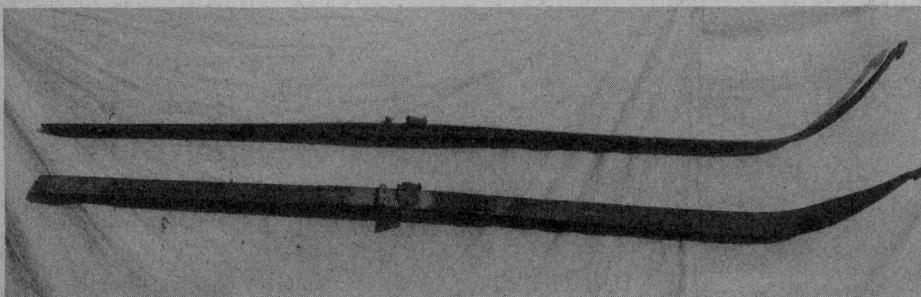
This pair of "Norwegian snowshoes" may not have been the first skis in the United States, and perhaps John A. Thompson is not "The Father of American Skiing," but certainly there is no record of anyone using skis before him on the Pacific Coast. And this steel-fibered Norwegian was *schussing*, performing Christies, and *gelandesprungs* on Sierra snows long before the first official American ski tournament.

Snowshoe Thompson's skis were ponderous, awkward affairs made of green oak, ten feet long, and four to four and one-half inches wide. They weighed twenty-five pounds. A single leather strap over the toes of his boots was the only connection between him and his skis, nor had he any "dope" to make them glide smoothly through soft snow without clogging. But as the years passed, Snowshoe improved his ski design. The pair in the museum at Sutter's Fort in Sacramento is only seven and one-half feet long and made of much lighter wood.

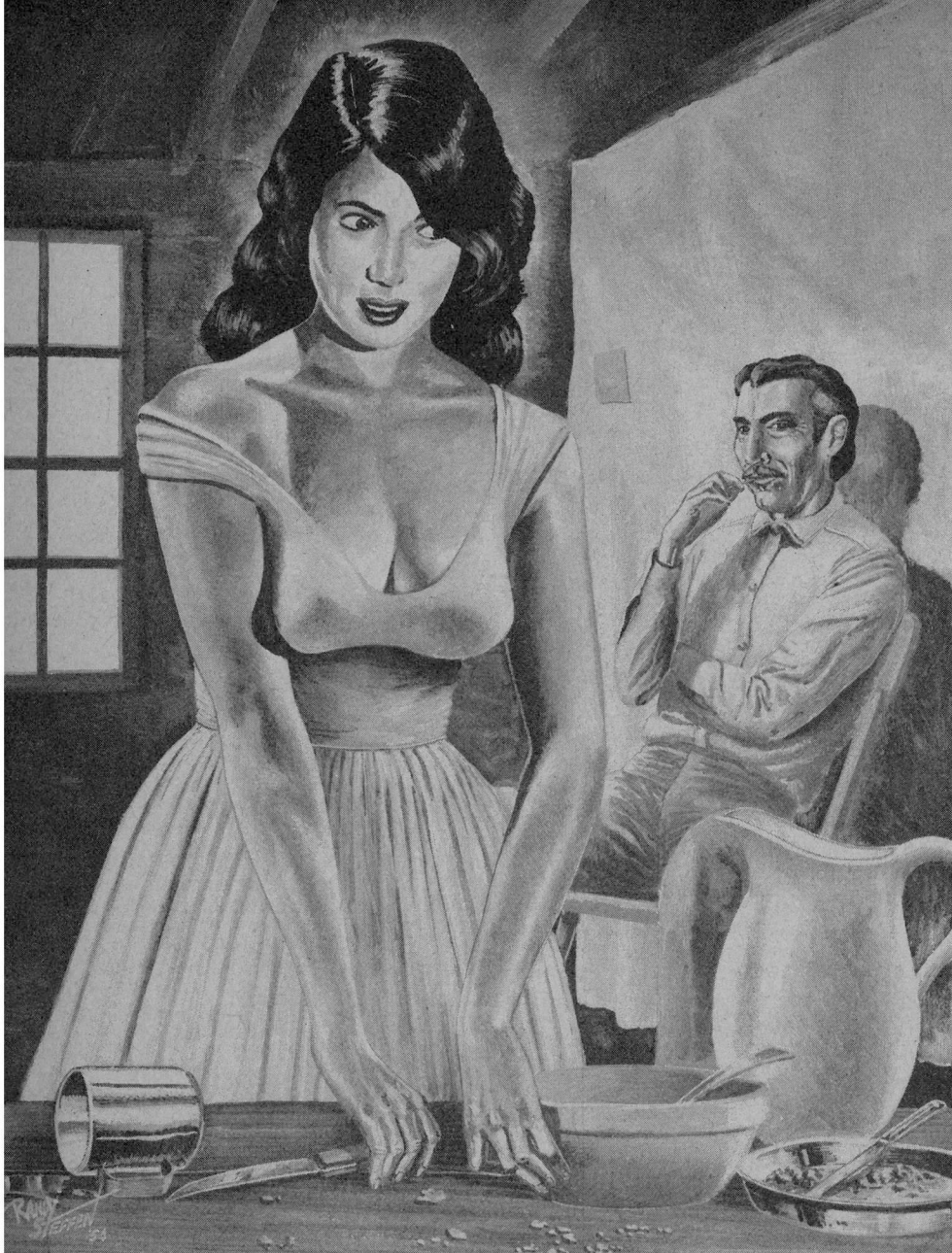
Snowshoe quickly polished up his technique and soon became an expert. He carried a balance pole, held horizontally before him like a tight-rope walker, and as he glided, dipped, whizzed and jumped down the long slopes, the Placervillians were flabbergasted. He was a man with wings on his feet!

He applied for the position of skiing mailman, contracting for the route over the summit of the Sierra to Carson Valley, Nevada. It was a rough, mountainous, ninety-mile trek, crossing two passes above 7,000 feet. The snow was usually ten to twenty feet deep most of the winter. At that time there were no permanently inhabited houses, cabins, or shacks along the way. His offer was instantly accepted by a harrassed Post Office Department. In January, 1856, he shouldered his first mail bag and dis-

(Continued on page 30)



An old photo of the skis which Thompson, himself made.



OUTSIDE, the Kansas night had closed in, the shadows hot and thick. Inside, his head lolling back against the worn canvas curtain that divided the cabin into two rooms, sat the young traveler. He puffed on his pipe and smiled as he watched pretty Katie Bender clean away the supper dishes.

He was tired but happy. He'd come a far piece from Fort Scott this year of 1871, and he counted himself lucky to find a place where he could get food and lodging for the night. He'd heard of men vanishing in this region, but he shrugged it off, as he did the sound of stealthy boots moving behind the curtain by his head. Imagination, he told himself.

All he wanted now was to smoke and watch this coppery-haired young girl who was so pretty. He hardly noticed the way her head was kept turned from him—the lurking mad shadows far back in her eyes hidden from his sight.

He took a final pull at his pipe. It was the last thing he ever did.

That midnight, in the dark of the moon, he joined the other corpses in their shallow graves behind that innocent-appearing little frontier cabin. Throat slit by pretty Katie and his belongings stolen, he had become one more victim of the infamous and blood-thirsty Benders, the deadliest family in the annals of the old West.

The records show some eight murdered bodies as evidence of the Bender's grisly handiwork, but how many countless others were done in and never found is still unknown. At least six of the men killed had horses and two had wagons, but even these were spirited away in some mysterious manner by "Bloody Kate" Bender and her murderous family.

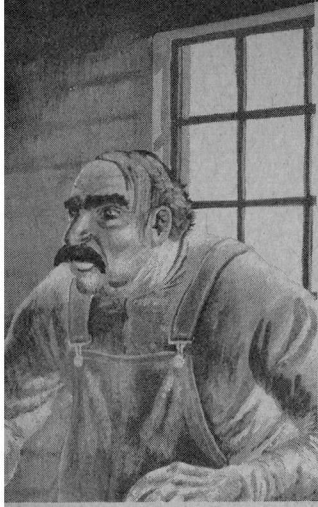
In the lovely eyes of Katie Bender lingered a promise of love. But in the shadows lurked terror for visitors to her

CABIN OF DEATH

by WARREN KUHN

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

True West



WHERE they came from no one knows. The family simply appeared one spring in 1871 and built a cabin off the main wagon road that ran from Fort Scott to Independence, Kansas. It was an isolated section where the hard-working farmers asked no questions of newcomers, especially those who made no effort to be sociable. However, past the cabin streamed a constant string of travelers, bound for the far West and the gold-diggings. These were the friends the Benders wanted, so they could lure the unsuspecting men into their cabin, rob and murder them.

There were four in the family: Pa Bender—a bushy-browed, hulking old man; Ma Bender—obese and white-haired; John Bender—with shallow, dreamy eyes and a giggling laugh; and Katie—she of the hazel eyes and deep red lips, her flashing coppery hair beautiful enough to lure any single—and rich—traveler into the Bender's house of death. It was Katie who was the leader—and the killer.

There was only a single large room in the cabin, but an old wagon canvas cover hanging from the joists separated it into two smaller enclosures. The front room held a counter and cupboard with a few tinned articles for sale, while the back area was the cramped living quarters.

Against the hanging flap was a table and a solitary chair, its back conveniently placed close to the canvas. A hungry traveler, eating his greasy meal—and his last one!—was encouraged to lean and rest himself. Katie's father with a great iron hammer, standing behind the curtain, would smash it against his skull, and Katie's knife would do the rest.

Only there was need for haste, in case another traveler would see their sign and enter, or a neighbor drop in to buy some of their meager supplies. So, in the cabin floor was—the pit!

Examined years later, the lintel and trap-door covering this ghastly, stone-floored cellar was still stained and discolored with human blood. The trap-door itself was cleverly hidden beneath the stove. The pit beneath was some six feet deep and five feet across.

Many times the victim was disposed of in day light, the still-warm body left in the pit until dark, when it was drawn up, robbed, and then carried out to be buried in the nearby orchard. There the ground was well harrowed and carefully cultivated. If anyone had suspicions Katie made sure they would not suspect any new earth upturned in a well-cared-for orchard.

As the travelers were, in the main, bound for distant places, their disappearance was an easy matter to cover up. Inquiries were stifled without trouble, for in the 1870's the Indian nations and the unknown country beyond claimed man after man without a trace. Nearby neighbors, on the other hand, were either ignored or gotten off the place as soon as possible. The Benders were secure in their knowledge that their deeds would never be uncovered, but they still made it a rule to keep hands off the local populace.

ONE neighbor however, M. E. Sparks, later testified that he believed he escaped death on his first visit to the Benders when they learned he lived so close. He was sitting on a nail keg in the front room talking to Ma Bender when the old man came around the canvas carrying a heavy hammer.

"Where do you come from?" the old man asked.

Sparks told him but Bender still did not seem to feel reassured, for he asked the neighbor the same question over and over until the man left.

Another local resident, an eccentric old lady by the name of Hesler who roamed the countryside alone with a shotgun, also related a narrow escape with the murderous family. Hearing of Katie's interest in the supernatural, she stopped one evening to talk. At first things went pleasantly, but as evening wore on, and darkness came down thick and stifling, the Benders began to act in strange ways. First, she said, they drew pictures of men on the wall and stuck knives into them. Then Katie turned, smiling queerly, and told the woman that spirits were telling her to kill! She laughed aloud and sank her knife into a charcoal figure on the wall. Then she swung back on her visitor again, her face a hideous mask, her lips drawn back, and she advanced on the woman.

"The spirits," Katie simpered, "command me to kill you—kill you—NOW!"

Terror-stricken the old woman darted out of the door and ran for her life. However, due to her own queerness, her story was not believed, even though she herself never went near the Bender homestead again.

It was rare, however, for any traveler, preferably male, to leave the Bender house alive once he had entered it. One such was a Jesuit priest by the name of Father Paul M. Ponziglione, who had spent some twenty years ministering to the physical and religious needs of

the Osage Indians. On a journey to the Indian territory, he stopped for the night at the Benders and was immediately seized by the malevolent atmosphere of the house. He remembered tales of men who had disappeared into thin air in this region and watched with narrowed, wondering eyes as old man Bender placed a hammer near the curtain.

That night as they sat in the room talking, the priest noticed the strange animal-fires begin to flicker in Katie's eyes. Outside a chill wind began to blow, the candles guttered in the drafty cabin and thunder rolled ominously.

Suddenly, Katie arose and started toward him. Her eyes were wide and staring. Her fingers clenched and unclenched. A chill ran down the good man's back. He rose and frowned at her, his black garment flapping in the breeze from the open door. For a moment she hesitated and in that instant of hesitation, he slipped out the door, mounted his horse and galloped off. The Benders had missed adding a man of God to their record.

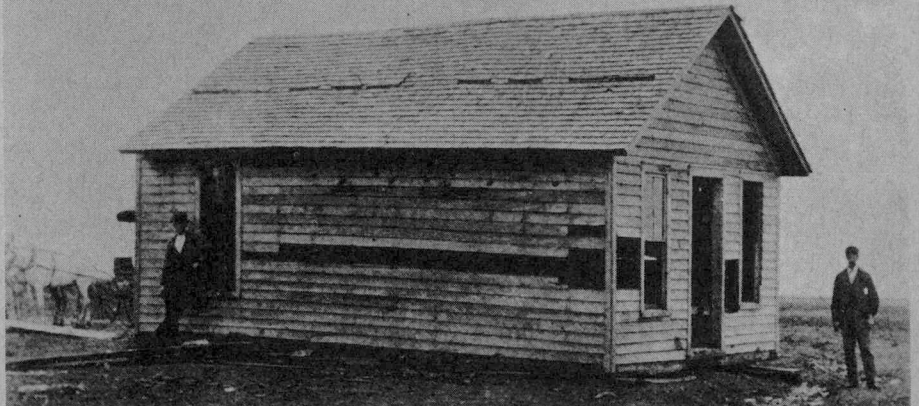
BY NOW, word spread through the countryside that some deadly hand was afoot, striking with the fury of a ghostly avenger. Worried relatives began to arrive. They questioned the nearby residents for some trace of their vanished kinsfolk. Talk blossomed so rapidly that by the time of a local election it was the chief topic of every gathering.

When election day arrived, dark and gray, the men decided to meet in the schoolhouse. Talk naturally turned to the mysterious disappearances. The same Mr. Sparks, who had escaped the Benders earlier, suggested each nearby farm be searched, letting his own be the first. The others were also loud in insisting that if the murderers were found they should be locked in their house and burned alive.

Apparently unnoticed by most of the arguing men, John Bender, Katie's brother, lay on a bench by the far wall, asleep. However, when the men dispersed, he became immediately awake and slipped out for home.

Nothing came of the meeting, though, and despite John's worried warning, the Bender family stayed on. Things remained as they were until a Doctor York, who was returning from a visit to relatives in Fort Scott, disappeared in March, 1873. He was to be the last man to be done in by the infamous

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Kansas State Historical Society

Were the mysterious Benders themselves slain in this bloody cabin, where the bodies of nine murdered persons were found?



Illustrated by Al Johnson

OLD BUTTERMILK

by B. C. STORK

She stood apart
among the two hundred head—
an ugly bob-tailed old cow. And before
the drive was over I wished to heck I'd shot her!

WE MADE this cow drive in the fall of 1897. There were two hundred head in the bunch, mostly steers. The drive was from near Utica, Montana, to Billings, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. At Billings, we were to load them on a train bound for Chicago. Four of us cowhands were to go with them. We'd ride the caboose and see to the feeding and watering. We'd try to keep anything from getting down in the cars and getting tromped on by the others.

I was eighteen at the time. The rest of the boys weren't much older. None of us had ever been to the Big City. Naturally we were all looking forward to having the time of our lives—swapping jokes, seeing the sights, playing poker, looking over the women.

Chuck Williams was in charge. Chuck was from Lewistown, and he was a real able man. Then, there was Slim McArty. I liked Slim. He was a Texas man and one of the best riders I ever saw straddle a horse. Jack Russell was along, and Jack would do to trail with. And, of course, there was Frenchy, Leon Flambeau, by name, whom the boss had sort of kidnapped out of Great Falls. He'd got Frenchy so tanked up that he didn't know what was going on 'till the boss had dragged him out to take charge of the chuckwagon. Nobody could pronounce or understand the French names that Frenchy hung onto the flapjacks and round-up steaks he cooked, but that didn't keep them from being the best I ever ate in a cow camp.

The herd we drove was made up out

of the tail-ends of several other gathers. This made them hard to handle. They were all new to each other, and strange cattle don't bunch easy. Also, they were every one on the lookout for an excuse to fight or run.

Among them was an old bobtailed cow. We called her Old Buttermilk. Either the brush had been froze off her tail during a hard winter or the coyotes had gnawed it off some early spring, while she was down and too weak to get up. All she had left was a long club that she could swing around hard enough to knock a man flat on his back, in case she struck him in the head. I've had old cows to sand-bag me with club tails like that.

Cattle have their peculiarities, just



like people. This old sister was the restless, uneasy kind that can't stay put. She had her own ideas about things, too, like when and where she'd go, and who was to go with her. She could smell water ten miles off, and if she took a notion to go to it, it took some real persuading to change her mind.

I spotted Old Buttermilk as a troublemaker at the start. Before the drive was over, I wished I'd shot her.

WE STARTED out from the Russell ranch on Sage Creek at sunup. The sun had the tops of the Snowy and Judith mountains bathed in a bright orange-red. Further down the slopes, where the sun didn't hit, seemed like the shadows cast by the crests and ridges looked a deeper purple than usual. A little breeze pulled across the prairie. It had a good, fresh, clean smell to it, the kind to make a man suck a lot of air and wish he could get more.

I rode a roan gelding with a blaze face and a white mane. He was a pretty thing and a dandy cowhorse. Turn him on a dime. I called him Pat.

Slim rode a nice sorrel. Frenchy drove the chuck wagon. The boss was mounted on a big bay and was shoving six extra saddle horses along ahead of him.

We circled Utica, which was then just a little old stage town. Slim left the herd long enough to ride into town. At the Morris and Waiter Saloon, he picked up a couple of quarts. "Just in case of snakebite," he explained.

We crossed the Judith River, which was nearly dry, and headed south for a gap in the west end of the Snowy Mountains. This was later to be called Judith Gap. The Three Sister peaks lay off to the Southwest. We trailed across a number of grassy hills and little coulees, and along the creeks we stirred out a lot of small game.

Frenchy had gone ahead with the chuckwagon. A little after noon, we came around a little hill, and there he was, with a campfire going. The boss said: "Boys, let them critters camp where they are. The grass and water's

good; we can watch them from where we eat." And about that time, Frenchy yelled, "Grub pile, fellers," with a French accent. So we all rushed to camp and grabbed a plate and went at it.

We'd just about finished, when we noticed that the cattle were getting restless. They were all bunched up and staring to the west. Looked like we might have trouble, so Slim mounted a horse and rode toward them. He approached a clump of wild choke cherry bushes and scared out a big gray wolf. After the wolf ran off, the cattle quieted down.

The day wore on as we drove south. It was one of those hot dusty afternoons which make a man wish he could sleep. But I knew there wouldn't be any sleep for me till late that night. I was to ride guard, first shift, till midnight.

The hot dust swirled and curled around the herd as we crossed a dry flat. An old bull decided he wanted to go back; and when an old bull makes a decision, you generally have to at least make a show of respecting it. I herded this old boy over by some thorn apple bushes, where there was a little shade, and let him stand in it, while I sang to him. I guess he liked my singing. Anyhow, after he'd cooled off for a while, I got him headed right, and we caught up with the herd.

WE MADE camp that night at the west tip of the Snowy Mountains. We ate a late supper and bedded the herd down on a little slope not far from the wagon. I took over as night watch.

September nights can get cold in these parts. The stars shine bright. I rode in the sharp air and, for lack of anything else to do, set out to count the stars. I guess I missed some. I got to thinking how many there were, and how big the universe was, and how little I was in comparison. That made the world seem mighty dark and mysterious. I heard an owl hoot, way off in the distance, and it sort of gave me the shivers. A couple of coyotes started singing, which didn't help any.



Photo of B. C. Stork, the author, made in Chicago at the end of the cattle drive described in this article.

Then I got to noticing the cattle. They weren't laying quiet. They were getting to their feet and shifting about. I started singing, but it didn't seem to help. They still kept getting up. Some would walk a while and lie back down, and some wouldn't.

The main one was this Old Buttermilk. Every time I'd ride toward a restless bunch of steers, there she'd be, nosing around, switching that club tail back and forth. Not doing anything especially, but not laying quiet, either. Either she wasn't happy with this bed-ground or didn't like who she was bedding with.

Just watching her gave me the feeling that trouble was brewing.

On night guard, a cowhand doesn't try to be too quiet, as the cattle may get to listening to other sounds they don't recognize and get panicky. So I rode and sang and kept an eye on Old Buttermilk.

After awhile, I heard some more singing. It was Slim, riding out to relieve me. He was singing "Little Sally Walker." When he got closer, I could make out the words:

*"Little Sally Walker is a neat
little squaw,
She lives on the banks of the
Big Chicolaw."*

When him and his horse took shape in the darkness, he said, "Well, Shorty, how's it going?"

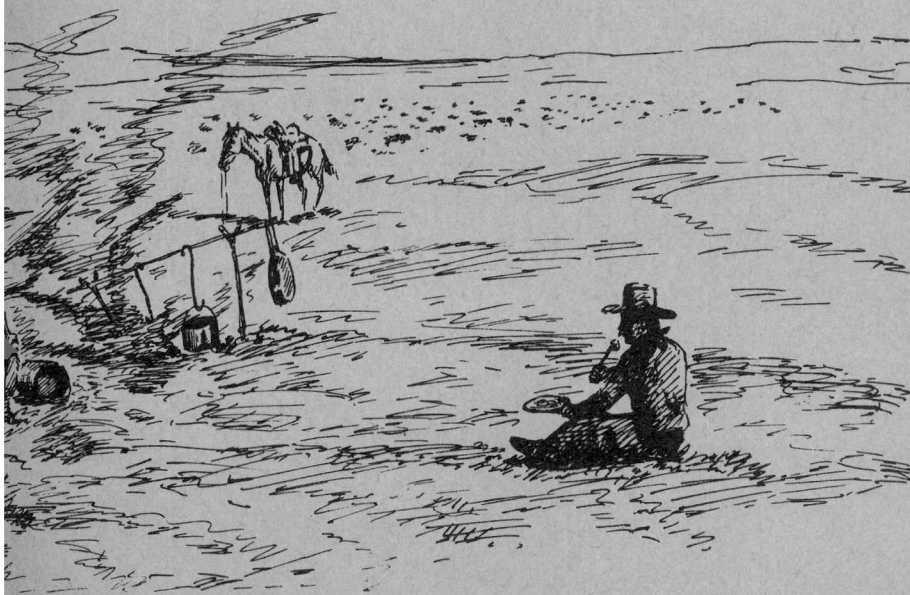
"All right, I guess," I said. "But you better watch that Old Buttermilk cow. I got a feeling that she's up to something."

And I remember so well what he said: "Why, Shorty, you just don't understand old ladies. A man's got to treat them sort of special. You just leave Old Buttermilk to me. We'll get along."

I rode back to camp, but didn't like the feeling I took with me. Still, Slim hadn't seemed bothered, and everything was quiet and peaceful. So I picketed my horse and rolled into my blankets and started thinking about those pretty women in Chicago.

I HADN'T been asleep long when it happened. It was a big roar and a trampling that shook the ground. I came awake, already on my feet. I heard the boss holler, "All out! All out! Stampede!" Immediately I thought of Old Buttermilk and a cold chill ran through me.

(Continued on page 37)



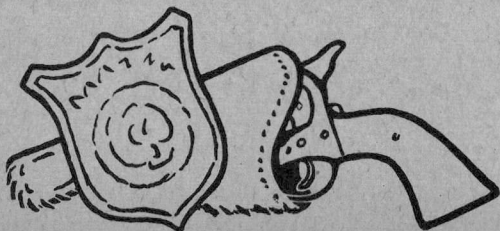
We could have guessed that trouble was coming when for no reason at all Slim's neat-looking black snorted and bucked right through camp, upsetting the water and splashing coffee all over the cook.



West side of Main Street, Goldfield, Nevada, in 1905. Faith in the bonanza attracted every convenience for the high-riding miners, gamblers, and promoters.

Miners flagrantly stole highgrade ore, safe in the knowledge that leasors couldn't risk a strike. An unwhitewashed epic of rip-roaring, man-eating Goldfield, Nevada, where . . .

The Law Came



LATE!

Photos by the Authors

by BOB AND JAN YOUNG

TOM FISHERMAN, a Shoshone, slid a chunk of rock towards Tom Kendall, owner of the Tonopah Club. "Stake, huh?" he grunted thirstily.

Kendall hefted the rock, tasted it, peered at it, finally pushed ten silver dollars across the polished mahogany bar. "Where'd you get it, Tom?"

Fisherman waved a wrinkled brown hand, a nebulous gesture towards the south. "Thirty, forty miles," he was already pocketing the money. Fisherman forgot the grubstake at the next bar.

But Tom Kendall didn't forget. When Billy Marsh and Harry Stimler begged for a grubstake, Kendall agreed, provided they'd work out the area around Rabbit Springs, forty miles south. Jim Butler, discoverer of the famed Mizpah claim which started Tonopah, added to the outfit with a buckboard, some grub, a horse and a mule. Two days later Marsh & Stimler camped at the Springs. Driven by desert wind next morning the men prospected towards Columbia mountain, where they staked the Sandstorm and four other claims.

Four disappointed men read assay results days later. Twelve dollars and sixty cents a ton, gold bearing ore. Gold? Indeed interesting. Gold in the silver state of Nevada?

Marsh & Stimler proved their claims, and staked another dozen. Five months later, in May 1903, Al Myers and Bob Hart pitched camp nearby, staked claims; theirs was called the "Combination."

Then Charley Taylor, who'd just dropped \$34,000 at one roulette session, wandered by. Marsh & Stimler invited Charley to help himself. He did indeed. Later Charley cashed out for \$1,250,000 when his Jumbo claim proved itself.

Despite the June heat, hundreds flocked into the newfound "Grandpa" district (a sly dig at Tonopah). Rumors that claims were already selling briskly brought more rainbow chasers.

Marsh & Stimler rejected an offer after consulting a Tonopah palm reader. Marsh weakened at \$1,000, then split with Stimler. Stimler got \$25,000, and split with Marsh. And excepting Charley Taylor's, most claims went for equally ridiculous prices. Both the law and the promoters came late to Goldfield, Nevada.

Lease-owner arrangements soon flourished, however. Prospectors, often without funds for exploitation, leased claims to promoters. For a major slice of the profits, they'd sink shafts, erect necessary buildings, and process ore. Busted prospectors had little to lose, a developed mine to gain. Leases were generally for a year, and the operators had to hustle to recover investments. Miners flagrantly stole high-grade ore, safe in the knowledge that leasers couldn't risk a strike. Much of Goldfield's lurid history rests on that circumstance.

Big money poured into Goldfield. The townsite was surveyed, then offered to George Wingfield and George Nixon for promotional purposes. They refused. Though they both became millionaires, it wasn't long after the offer they had to pay \$10,000 for a small city lot.

Skyrocketing land prices encouraged sharp practices too. Tents and other small structures were often moved bodily after dark. The squatters moved in ready to sell the pre-empted land, and backed their possession with pistols.



Another photo of Goldfield's Main Street. Tex Rickard's Northern Club, with its big beer sign, is next to the National.

MOMENTARILY, Goldfield crunched a halt when the Jumbo vein faulted from sight, and others failed to fulfill promise. Stock, key to most successful boom camps, remained inactive at ten cents. Only the recently-born Goldfield News blustered with courage: "All That's New and True of the GREATEST GOLD CAMP EVER KNOWN." The News' faith was abundantly justified when J. P. Loftus and J. R. Davis located float assaying \$50,000 a ton. Secretly, they placed buying orders for Goldfield stock, then set an out-sized charge in their glory hole. The blast scattered high-grade all over town. When residents picked up pieces worth \$50 to \$100, stock prices zoomed.

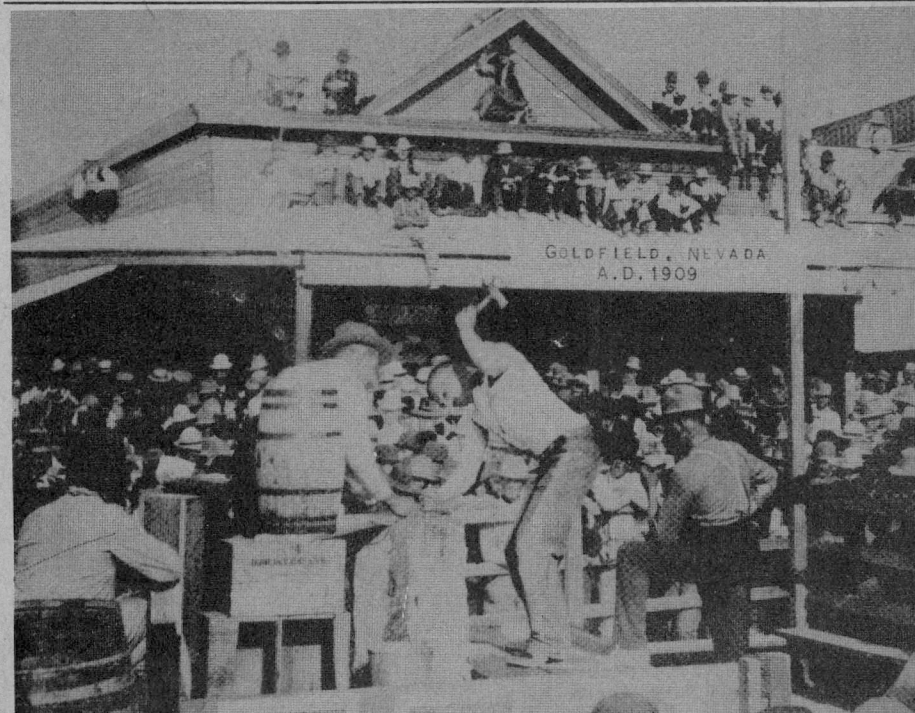
Come latelays included many from Colorado; men seeking brighter rainbows, or (and there were many) men banished for militant labor activity and blatant high-grading. Adept high-graders accepted jobs only in the richest mines such as the Mohawk, or became "assayers", a gentle, early-day term for "fence." Within three years, Goldfield sprouted 100 assayers. Ten would have been ample even with Goldfield's tremendous outpouring.

Old-timers estimate high-graders stole millions . . . as much as the companies

dug honestly. Ore worth a dollar a pound was scorned by high-graders, dubbed "company ore." With time, the essence of wealth for leasers, high-graders operated openly. Muckers paid \$25 a day for the right to work in the rich shafts for \$4. Foremanship was a pension, as a foreman could steal choice selected ore, then shake down a percentage from other dishonest miners. It actually became necessary to steal, else a miner was considered a company man and suspect. Records don't reveal much involuntary crime.

Leaving work, miners lugged their ore in false-bottomed lunch buckets, in specially designed corsets, crevices in shoes, then hit for the assayers. If immediate cash was wanted, assayers estimated value, then paid 50%. Otherwise, a sample was shaken down, the ore sack tagged. Next night, the thief dropped off another sack, picked up the cash, considerably more after analysis.

Four dollar a day miners dropped huge sums gambling without causing comment. "March" Brown pushed in his last chip at "Tex" Rickard's Great Northern Saloon, then looked at his watch and announced he would be back. The eleven o'clock shift was coming off, and Brown returned about



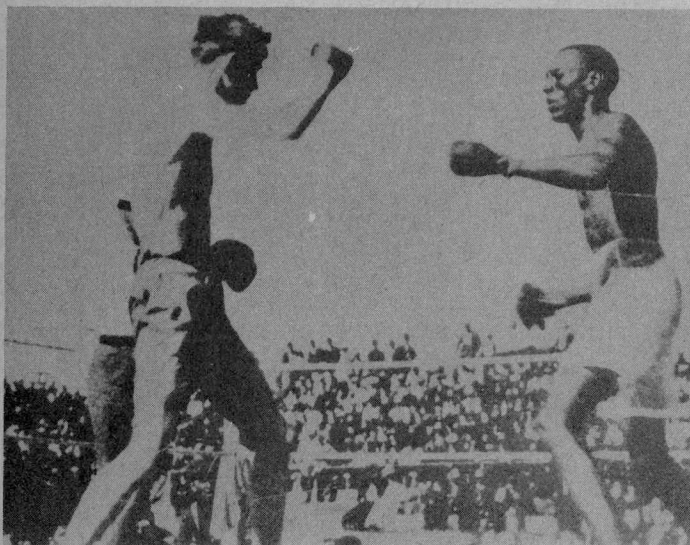
Single-jack drilling contests, like this one held at Goldfield in 1909, were extremely popular among the hard-rock men in every boom camp.



This rare photo shows the very beginning of Goldfield, only a few weeks after Marsh and Stimler filed their claims. Columbia Mountain is in the rear.



This load of pilfered high grade ore, disguised in tin cans, was seized before it could be illegally sold and shipped. "Highgraders" were so plentiful in Goldfield that it was difficult to stop their sharp practices.



The prosperous boom town attracted a championship fight September 6, 1906, when Joe Gans and "Durable Dane" Nelson squared off for the world's lightweight title. It was the famous Tex Rickard's first fight promotion. George Siler was the referee.

midnight with a \$2500 stake. Impossible? Ore assayed up to \$100 a pound. With a pistol, such a quick transaction wasn't difficult to consummate.

Bolder high-graders even shipped ore to nearby custom mills, then on to the mint for private coinage. In two instances, high-grade was seized valued at \$60,000 and \$100,000.

Feeble efforts were made by mine owners to choke off this illegal wealth, but most stealing was winked at. Convicted high-graders usually paid a \$500 fine, a day or two of work. Much later, effective action was taken.

FRACTIONAL claims was another profitable dodge. Those with a touch of larceny examined mine titles searching for those in error. Often prospectors, stepping off claims, would overlap or leave a gap between claims. A small fraction, but nonetheless unclaimed land. The slicker would file on this unclaimed fraction, then contact the owners, pointing out the needless expense in sinking two shafts to recover his ore. A fancy figure was generally paid to clear the title.

"Diamondfield Jack" Davis enforced his fractional claims with a sawed-off shotgun hung by a swivel from his belt. No longer than a pistol, the shotgun was devastating at close range. He was only once thwarted. A claim owner stood so close Jack couldn't swivel his gun, and the claim owner backed up his argument with a pistol. But usually Jack's word was sufficient inasmuch as he barely escaped an Idaho gallows for murder of a shepherd.

Goldfield wasn't a tough boom camp . . . only one murder the first year. Curt Kendall and Sid Sharp fussed, parted muttering threats. Kendall was leaning against a building, when Sharp appeared and started shooting. Kendall ran a short distance, then fell. Sharp was acquitted on self-defense.

The undertaking business picked up, however, from then on.

Count Constantin Podorsky was skirmishing with terrapin and champagne in Goldfield's exclusive Palm Grill, when Jackson Hines liquidated him by gunfire. The Count had left the Klondike, accompanied by Hine's wife, a few years before. Hines tracked him for five years. The Count's adeptness with cards also insured Hine's acquittal.

Grudge enemies Jim Priest and Al Sullivan shot it out. Both were mortally wounded, but each man clung tenaciously to life, hoping to see the other die. Sullivan won.

When the first train chugged in from Tonopah September 11, 1905, Goldfield was a booming camp of 8,000. Telephone and telegraph service was available, and Goldfield had snatched the county seat away from Hawthorne. An estimated seven millions had been dug. But the Hayes-Monette lease later produced five millions in 106 days, with one 47 ton shipment returning nearly \$600,000. Mohawk stock soared from 10 cents to \$20 and the Goldfield stock exchange manager claimed business was so brisk that once \$10,000 was embezzled and the loss wasn't discovered for months.

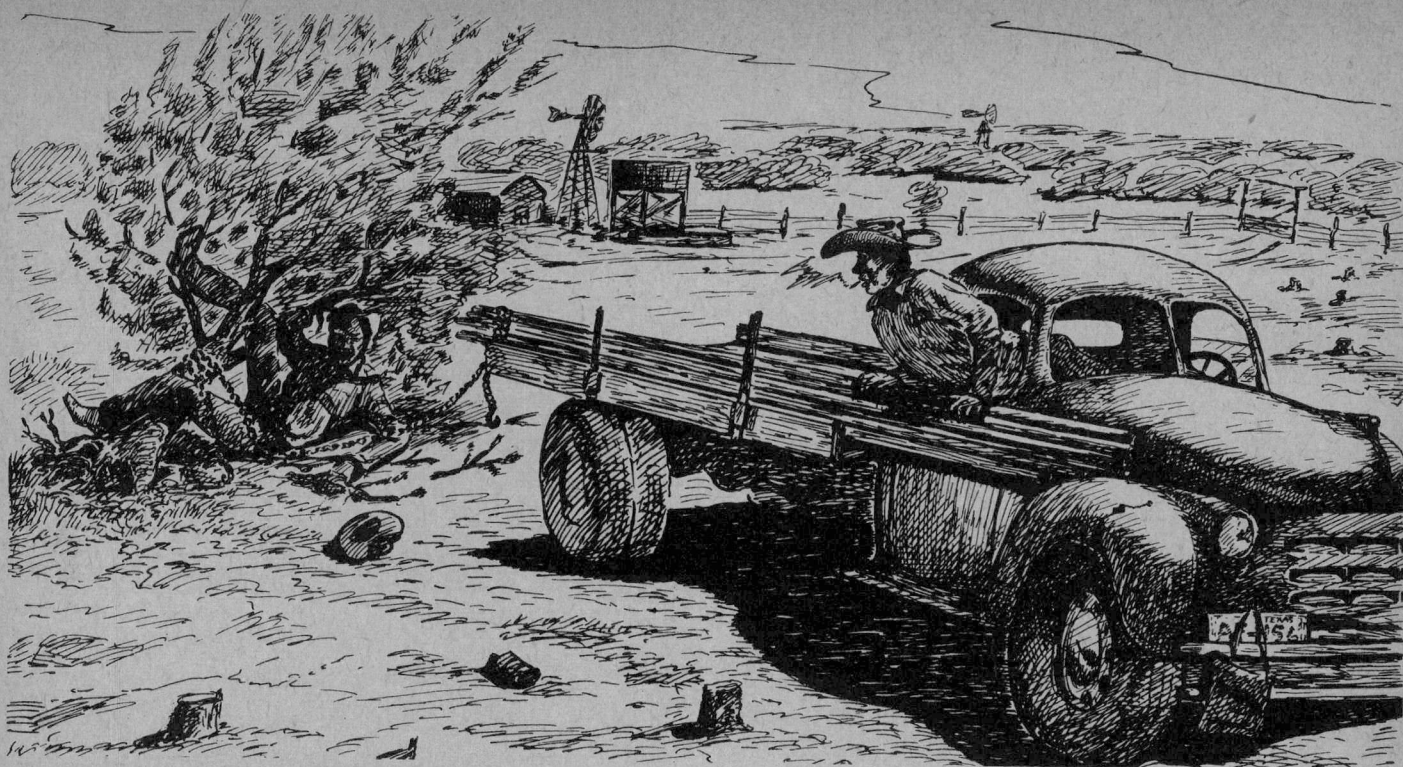
The worst wildcat promotor was George Graham Rice with his Sullivan Trust Company. A promotor without peer or morals, Rice had been a correspondent for several newspapers and used these outlets for false mining news. Later he bought an advertising agency to trap the more influential papers which scorned him. Rice, an ex-convict, succeeded admirably until a blizzard blocked incoming mails. Drafts against his account piled higher than the snowbanks. Exposed, he later exploited Rawhide, then off to prison again.

AS Goldfield matured, civilization pains beset it. Mining interests had consolidated. Owners now cracked down on high-grading. Time wasn't so important to owners. Change rooms (where a miner must strip and change into street clothes before leaving the mine) were demanded. And though miners resisted, their union couldn't call a strike and thus dignify high-grading. But a hard core of I. W. W.'s . . . (the Wobblies), fresh from Idaho labor violence, incited rebellion. Goldfield bristled with arms. Miners did have legitimate grievances—high prices and low pay scale. These conditions were grumblingly accepted, but when miners found pay envelopes stuffed with script during the financial panic of '07, a strike was called. (The script always circulated at par, but miners objected to digging raw wealth then getting paid in paper. This was a hard money land).

Panic-stricken mine owners appealed to Governor Sparks. At his request, President Roosevelt sent in troops. General Funston took charge, while a Federal commission attempted to mediate. But the owners anticipated them by declaring a new wage scale (\$5 for skilled muckers), slashed all commodity prices (Goldfield was something of a company town) twenty per cent, then hired strike-breakers. Peace was reached early in 1908, and two years later production was reported at eleven millions again.

Amid the turmoil and tension Nat Goodwin, Edna Goodrich, and Maxine Elliott entertained at the Hippodrome

(Continued on page 40)



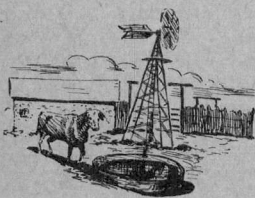
Down under the mesquite, half smothered in the alkali dust, lay Tiger Red, his crane-long legs sticking up through the branches and waving around in the air.

Ranch work changes with the times, but cowhand nature doesn't. Take, for instance

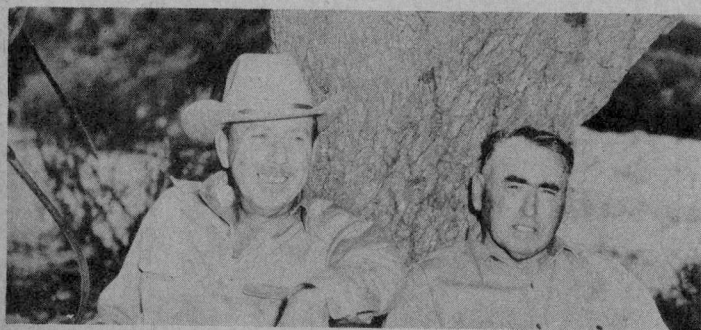
Tiger Red and the Windmill Pipe

by FRED GIPSON

Illustrated by Al Johnson



Fred Gipson, left, author of this story and editor of True West, and Fat Alford, about whom it is written. Fat is also the subject of Gipson's new book, "Cowhand," published by Harper and Bros.



RANCH work is a lot different these days from what it used to be. Now a cowhand is liable to spend as much time herding a truck down the road as sitting in a saddle and looking a cow brute in the rump. But, from the best I can tell, there hasn't been any great change in cowhand nature.

What brings up this subject is a yarn my squat cowhand friend, Fat Alford, tells about a trip he had to make recently to Ft. Stockton, Texas, after a load of windmill pipe.

Fat had stopped to gas up at Ozona, when here came a long-shanked old saddle pard of his that he hadn't seen since they'd done some horse-breaking together down in the Big Devils River country. We'll call this friend Tiger Red, because that's not his name, but is a handle he sometimes goes by.

Well, they howdied each other and had a handshake, and then Fat told where he was headed for, and Tiger Red allowed he'd just make that trip with Fat, if Fat didn't mind, and Fat didn't, so they climbed into the truck together and headed out.

They hadn't got far down the road when they came to a road-side beer joint and Tiger Red said maybe they ought to pull up and have a couple, just to sort of help them get acquainted with each other again. So they did, and then drove on up the road to the next beer place, where they took on a couple more, to keep the cat from dying. They kept this up till they reached Ft. Stockton, where Tiger Red wandered off downtown, while Fat was getting his pipe loaded. Tiger Red came wandering back sometime later, wagging a big bucket in which he'd packed down ten more bottles in crushed ice, just in case some of those beer joints had gone broke and out of business before they could get back to them.

FAT had some trouble getting Tiger Red and his bucket inside the cab, as this was a bobtailed truck, with a bed so short that he'd had to let the long lengths of pipe stick up past the cab doors so far the doors could no longer be opened. But by this time, the beer had had some limbering-up effect on Tiger Red's six-foot frame, as well as his tongue, so that with some folding and cramming and pushing, Fat finally poured him through the open cab-door window. Then he went around and squeezed his own squat figure through the opposite hole.

Fat cranked up and headed back toward Ozona. Tiger Red reached into his bucket, uncapped a bottle, and shoved

(Continued on page 32)



FIRST BLOOD

by BILL BULLOCK

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

As a slave, he was meek; as a master, he was arrogant; as a god, he made the mistake of laying a hand on a Suni woman. A powerful story of the first search for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola.

PASSION Sunday, March 23, 1539, dawned unseasonably hot in the little village of Vacapa, Mexico. The sounds of preparation for a journey seeped in through the thatched walls of the one-room house that served as a chapel for Friar Marcos de Niza.

Services over, Friar Marcos looked down on the bare, bowed shoulders of Estevan, black slave of Mendoza, Viceroy of New Spain. Friar Marcos, commissioned to explore and carry the cross north into the fabled land of Cibola would wait here while Estevan reconnoitered the unknown territory.

Priest and slave stepped out into the early morning sun. "All will be ready for your journey north by midday, Estevan," Friar Marcos said, looking across the plaza. Scurrying Indians tied packs, filled water skins, restrung bows. The Negro nodded, head bowed. "Yes, Father," he answered.

"If the country be well favored, go not forward more than sixty leagues, but send me back a cross, the length of thy hand which writes not," the priest continued. His hands fingered the beads of a rosary at the belt of his habit. "If very fine, send thou the cross twice as long, and if it be better than New Spain, three lengths of thy hand."

ESTEVAN stood, heavily muscled black shoulders already sheened with perspiration. He wore nothing except a loin cloth, looped front and back over a rawhide thong. He was tall—so tall that Friar Marcos wondered briefly if there were any truth in the tale that his blood was Moorish. The slave's hair was short and kinky, the beard on his chin scant and wiry. Great, goiterous eyes, heavy, healthy white teeth gleamed between thick moist lips.

"Mendoza, thy master, has promised swift and sure punishment if you obey not my orders," the priest reminded the slave, "and I like not thy free hand with the women of the Indios. Take care lest thy greed cause thee and me much trouble."

The priest, Estevan knew, was not happy. Estevan kept his eyes down, focused on his great, calloused splay feet. He—Estevan—had survived the wreck of the Spanish ship on the coast of Texas back in 1528, when all but four of the Spaniards died. He had lived through the eight years of wandering

through this vast new country until they had found the slave hunters at Rio de Petatlan. It mattered little that he could not read or write. Friar Marcos' needling on the message was not unnoticed, for had he not learned faster than the Spaniards? He could speak five *Indio* tongues, and, more important, with the language of signs. This his master's race had not done—they spoke but few words of any dialect in this new country.

Estevan's stance remained obsequious, but his heart leapt. When he left Vacapa, none could call him slave until the conquering Spaniard be once again contacted. Estevan, no longer slave, but master!

Estevan carried his own pack until Vacapa was five Spanish leagues behind. If it seemed larger than was meet, was it not his shoulders that carried it from the village and Friar Marcos' eyes?

DRY CAMP, the first of many, was set up for the night. A haze of desert dust rode high as Estevan stood a bit apart, calling directions loudly. Buckled to his waist was a fine sword of Spanish steel, and his hand carressed the hilt lovingly, possessively.

The women, wives and daughters of Indian slaves, bent over cholla and mesquite camp fires, patting out thin *tortillas*, baking them on hot stones. Estevan's great, popping dark eyes roved over them. The Tarahumares maiden, her dress indicating virginity, he chose for this night. His great chest swelled. Would she fight, he wondered, or would she be overwhelmed with the honor of sharing the blanket of Estevan. He hoped she would not be too docile. He liked a woman with spirit and fire. The *Indio* girl near the city of the Toltecs, called Mexico City—she had been the best of all, fought like a she-cat before he'd had her. Too bad that she had found the knife and killed herself when he let her go.

The women brought him food, thighs of boiled rabbit thick in the juice of boiling, yellow yams baked in hot ashes, thin leathery *tortillas*. He used the *tortillas* as a spoon, scooping up great mouthfuls. He ate hugely. Always, Estevan had found it is better to eat much when much can be had; then there is fat to live on when there is no food. When he had stuffed himself until his

black belly gleamed taut and glistening in the firelight, they brought him an *olla* of the black brew made by boiling the berry of *cafe*—coffee.

Estevan chuckled as he drank slowly, savoring the taste, smacking his heavy lips. He had stolen the berries from the stores of Friar Marcos, who had brought them from the trees far to the south.

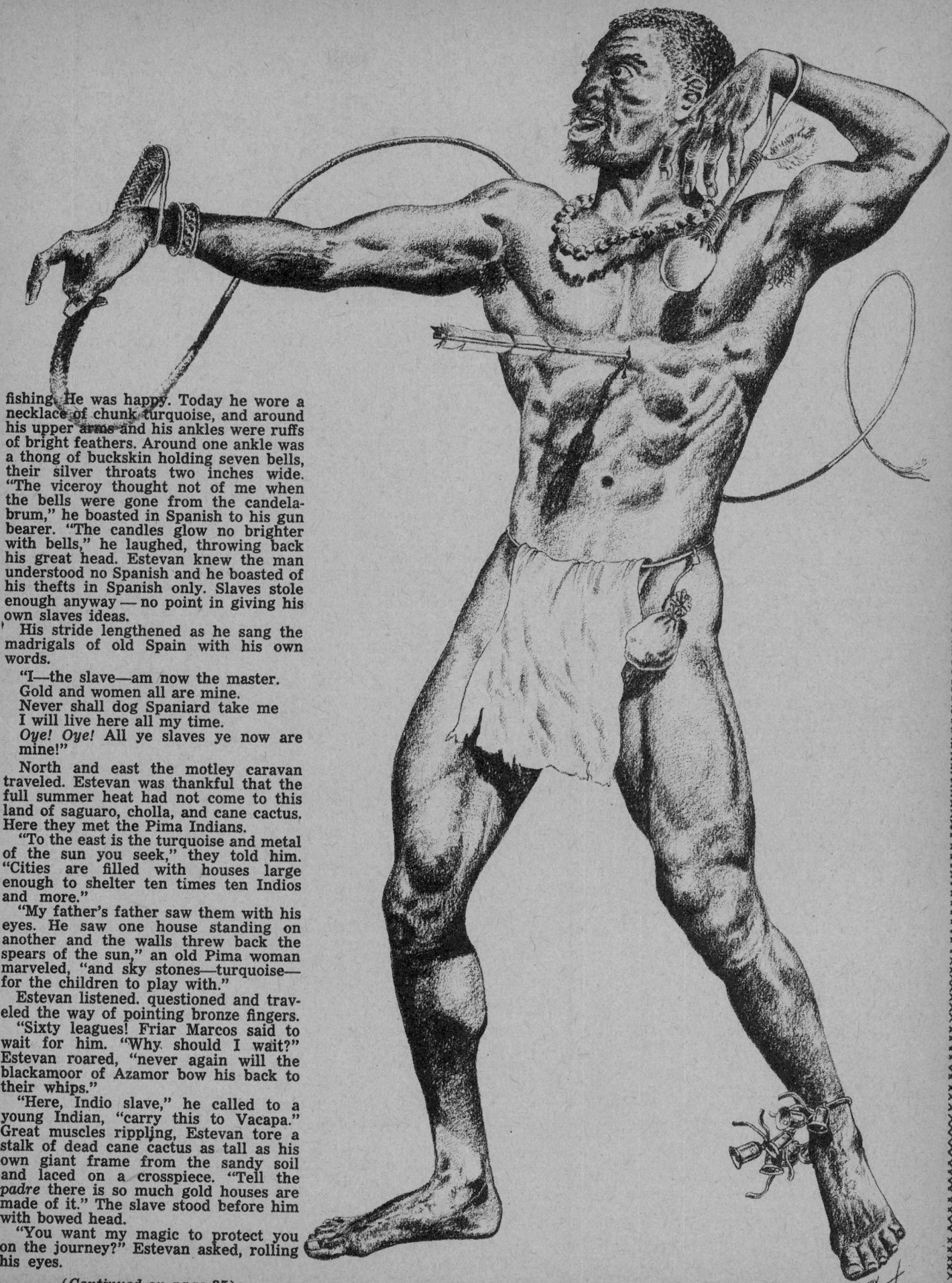
Guards were appointed, close to camp and further out. The father of the Tarahumaras girl he placed on a distant post. Not that it made any difference, he could always kill the man if he objected to anything that he, Estevan, might do. The *Indio* was a good guide, and a good guide had a value. No guide was as good as Estevan. He had guided the Spanish for his master. None were as good as Estevan, which was why the Viceroy paid Dorantes, his former master, so many *pesetas* for him.

As the men trotted away to their assigned posts, Estevan rose and stretched mightily. The girl was huddled with the women fifty paces from the fire, eating. He smiled, and the lids on his eyes half closed. Swiftly and silently as a great puma he strode to the group and a pink palmed hand closed over the girl's slim brown arm. Her startled head swung around and up, and there was a synchronized widening of eyes and nostrils in fear.

"Come," he growled in her native tongue. She would have dropped face down in the dun colored sand had not his fingers tightened on her arm. A little whimpering noise came from her throat as she scrambled to her feet. Estevan's free hand lashed out, striking her across the face. A thin rivulet of blood stained the corner of her mouth where a tooth had cut her lip. She made no move to wipe it away, but walked mutely into the darkness with her master.

The remaining women were silent. The stars, hugging the earth, grew larger and brighter as the dark thickened. The outline of a tall cane cactus blended in and was lost. The girl's voice, beyond where the cactus had become lost in the velvet night, screamed once and was echoed by the weird cry of a night bird. The Negro laughed. Then all was quiet.

WITH sunrise the party was again on the move. Estevan strode magnificently, flat splay feet kicking up little eddies of dust like a small lad going



fishing. He was happy. Today he wore a necklace of chunk turquoise, and around his upper arms and his ankles were ruffs of bright feathers. Around one ankle was a thong of buckskin holding seven bells, their silver throats two inches wide. "The viceroy thought not of me when the bells were gone from the candela-brum," he boasted in Spanish to his gun bearer. "The candles glow no brighter with bells," he laughed, throwing back his great head. Estevan knew the man understood no Spanish and he boasted of his thefts in Spanish only. Slaves stole enough anyway — no point in giving his own slaves ideas.

His stride lengthened as he sang the madrigals of old Spain with his own words.

"I—the slave—am now the master.
Gold and women all are mine.
Never shall dog Spaniard take me
I will live here all my time.
Oye! Oye! All ye slaves ye now are
mine!"

North and east the motley caravan traveled. Estevan was thankful that the full summer heat had not come to this land of saguaro, cholla, and cane cactus. Here they met the Pima Indians.

"To the east is the turquoise and metal of the sun you seek," they told him. "Cities are filled with houses large enough to shelter ten times ten Indios and more."

"My father's father saw them with his eyes. He saw one house standing on another and the walls threw back the spears of the sun," an old Pima woman marveled, "and sky stones—turquoise—for the children to play with."

Estevan listened, questioned and traveled the way of pointing bronze fingers.

"Sixty leagues! Friar Marcos said to wait for him. "Why should I wait?" Estevan roared, "never again will the blackamoor of Azamor bow his back to their whips."

"Here, Indio slave," he called to a young Indian, "carry this to Vacapa." Great muscles rippling, Estevan tore a stalk of dead cane cactus as tall as his own giant frame from the sandy soil and laced on a crosspiece. "Tell the padre there is so much gold houses are made of it." The slave stood before him with bowed head.

"You want my magic to protect you on the journey?" Estevan asked, rolling his eyes.

(Continued on page 35)

No Peace for

Because of a raided corn patch, Pauline Weaver, scout and trapper, lost the friendship of all Apaches—except for the slender girl, Aha-sa-ya-mo.

ONE MOMENT there was peace in the little Apache Indian camp on the Hassayampa River, Arizona Territory. The next moment the blast of a rifle scattered lithe, agile redmen like the wave of a magic wand. From hiding points among the boulders and scrubbery, their black eyes focused on the group of soldiers approaching. They ignored the upraised hand of the troop's leader. A rifle in the hands of one of the braves sang out. A soldier toppled from his mount.

"Hunt cover!" the sergeant in charge yelled. He dived from his horse for the protection of a boulder.

A furious exchange of fire; a scream from a wounded Apache; curses and the acrid smell of gunpowder; then, peace again. The Indians had melted into the timber, taking their wounded companion, knowing that this time they could not match the powerful rifles of the soldiers. But there would be another time; there would be times when they could strike from ambush, in great numbers; there were more lonely ranches and outposts to harass, to send up in flames.

Through all this action one man had stayed to one side, his face registering shock, anger gathering in his black eyes like the thunderclouds which gathered over the desert. Pauline Weaver, trapper, hunter, guide and scout, saw in this incident his long-time friendship with the Apache Indians wafting away, like the smoke from the rifles. And, in a way, it was his fault.

"Sergeant, you've just done a terrible thing," Weaver said, his huge frame shaking with anger.

The sergeant looked at the big trapper in his buckskin shirt and trousers, the present of some Apache chieftain, and a half-sneer came to his lips. His eyes flashed with hatred; hatred of a god-forsaken country; hatred of the Apache Indian.

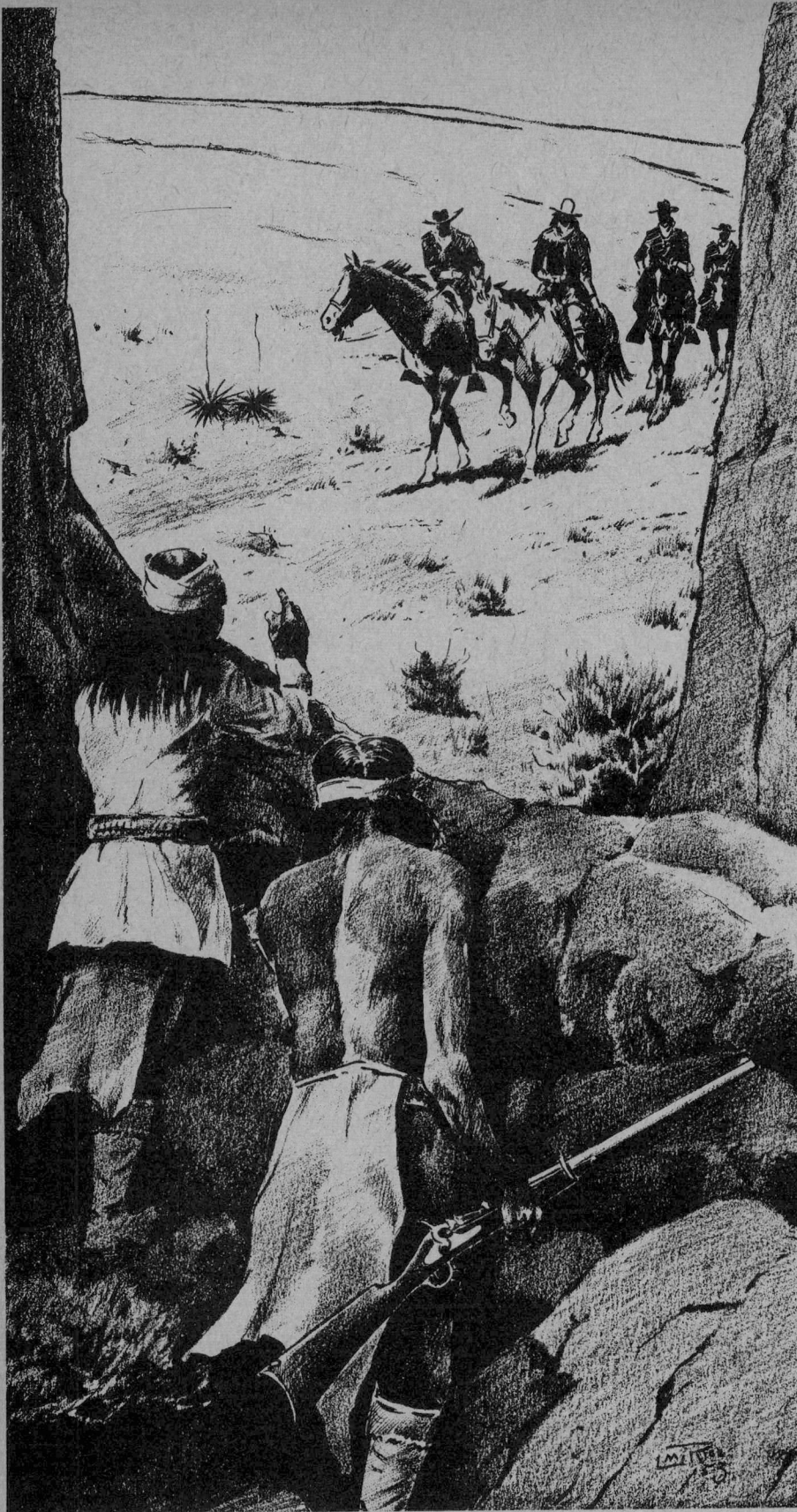
"We came peacefully, Weaver, and they didn't want it that way," he said bitterly. "The only language these devils understand is bullets."

"You should have let me talk to them alone, instead of firing that first shot just to show your authority!"

"They've got to learn they can't buck the United States Army!" the sergeant lashed out. "If I had my way, we'd go out and hunt every one of them down and gut-shoot them—men, women and children!"

Pauline Weaver shook his shaggy dark

True West



From hiding points among the boulders, their black eyes pin-pointed the group of soldiers approaching.

Illustrated by Lee M. Rice

Conquerors

by FERRIS WEDDLE

head, sadly following the Sergeant's gaze to the wounded soldier.

"It's men like you who keep trouble brewing," he said slowly. "You forget that these Indians are human. They're fighting for their country. You'd do the same thing, in their position. There's no peace for conquerors, or for the conquered."

"Oh, hell, Weaver! I've heard you talk before! I'm still not convinced. What can a bunch of savages offer civilization? If they had any sense, they'd accept the white man's way of life, instead of living like a pack of wolves!"

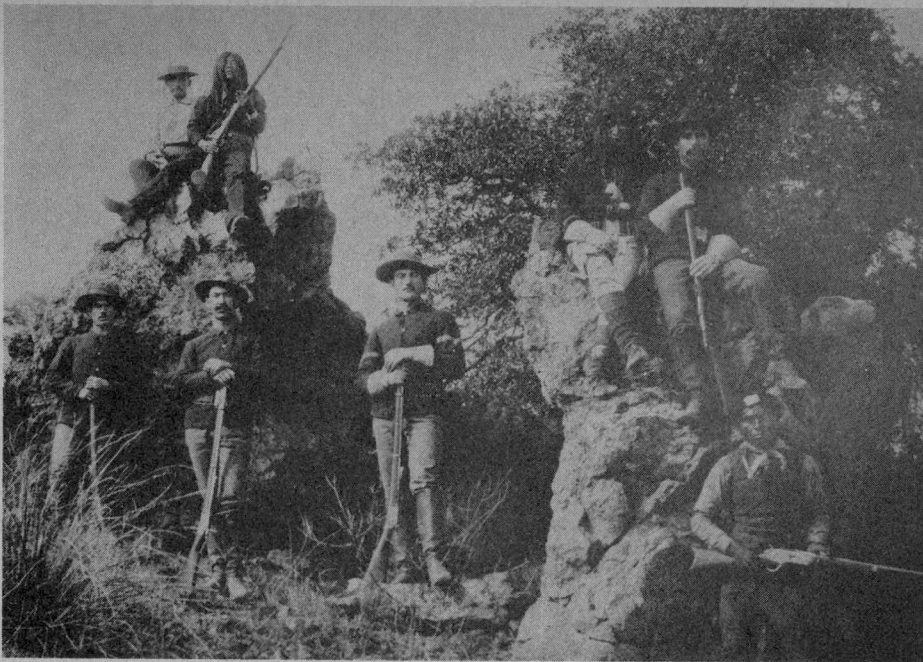
Slowly, Pauline Weaver's eyes went to the line of trees. His expression softened at the memory of hundreds of Indian campfires; memories of peace and quiet, free of the confusion and frustration that dogged the footsteps of the white man.

"You'd better grab your stuff and come to Fort Whipple with us, Weaver, or that black scalp of yours will be hanging from some Apache's charm belt." The sergeant prepared to mount. "I don't think the redskins are going to like you too well after this." He turned to leave. "That should tell you something about them, Weaver. Today, they're your friend; tomorrow they'll split your skull with a tomahawk."

Weaver nodded, wordlessly. He watched the soldiers leave, hearing their light laughter. The tragedy that had just occurred had been forgotten. For life on the frontier was always dangerous and it did not pay to dwell upon it.

The trapper walked slowly in the direction of his cabin, built on the Hassayampa River by his own rough hands. He knew that he was finished with the Apaches. In their mind, he was now a traitor. A friendship that had begun as early as 1830 had terminated this day, because he had asked the commanding officer at Fort Whipple to reprimand the chief of the Mojave-Apaches about the mischievous forays some Apache boys had made on his little corn patch. Now, he realized that it had been a mistake, but he had been angry when the chief laughed at him and at the depreciation that had seemed small to the redman.

PAULINE Weaver was not young any more and he had wanted to settle down in the peaceful valley of the Hassayampa. For nearly sixty years he had been a hunter, trapper and scout. When a young boy, he had left his Tennessee home to become a trapper for the Hudson Bay Company. He had drifted south later and helped Lt. Colonel Cooke break the first wagon road across Arizona in 1846; he had dis-



Cavalry troops and scouts in Arizona Apache country. Note variety of rifles. The troopers have Sharps-Borchard rifles, the white scout at upper left an 1873 Springfield, the Apache scout next to him a Civil War Springfield altered to breech-loader, the Apache lower right an 1873 Winchester.

covered the placer mines at La Paz and at Weaver Diggings. He had spent many long months in making friends with the wily Apache, and they had finally accepted him, for Weaver himself, was half Cherokee Indian.

That night, in his lonely log cabin, he knew that the friendship had ended over a patch of corn. As he broiled a venison steak over the flame in the fireplace, he realized, too, that the Apache would come for him soon. He would be safe for a while, for they wouldn't expect him to come back to his cabin. The smoke, rising from his chimney, would tell them differently.

A slight noise outside the heavy door brought him to his feet. He reached for his new repeating rifle, waiting tensely.

There was a light scratch at the door. "Who is it?" he asked softly.

"It is I—Aha-sa-ya-mo," a girl's hushed voice said in Apache.

Weaver sighed with relief and slowly pushed the heavy bar on the door aside to admit the girl.

(Continued on page 34)



San Juan, well-known Mescalero Apache war chief. All photos from the Rose Collection.



An unusual photo of an Apache Indian camp in Arizona Territory in 1886.

IN 1858, when Lucky Bill Thorrington lived in Carson Valley, the trail-town of Genoa, Nevada, was a metropolis of one street, a hotel, blacksmith shop, feed stable, and too many saloons. But what it lacked in size, it made up for in notoriety. For Genoa was the hideout of an organized gang of robbers, horse-thieves, road-agents, gamblers and murderers. And their leader was Lucky Bill.

Handsome, broad-shouldered, Bill stood six feet one, weighed over two hundred pounds. He had curly black hair, large gray eyes and a high classic forehead. No man in either Honey Lake or Carson Valley could tell a merrier story. His success with the ladies was already legendary.

Lucky Bill had come West from New York and Michigan eight years before. Two years later, he returned to Michigan, and started West again with three young girls. But when he got to Peoria, the girls' parents caught up with him,

took two of the girls back home. But not Martha Lamb. She was desperately in love with handsome Bill and seemed perfectly happy to be settled in an out-of-the-way cabin near Genoa, where her baby was born.

Bill was not only a sure-thing gambler but also a shrewd business man. He made loans on ranches, foreclosed, and sold them at a goodly profit. By 1858, he had become comfortably wealthy, owned the Carson Canyon Toll Road, as well as rich ranches in the valley. But he got his name, Lucky, from his success at cards and gambling games, especially at Thimble Rig, a game which calls for three thimbles and a dried pea. The object of the game is for the player to guess under which thimble the pea is hidden. It's sure-thing game because ten times out of ten, the pea is secreted between the operator's fingers, or hidden out by an accomplice. Lucky Bill made a nice profit at Thimble-Rig.

Lucky Bill had great charm of manner, and might have lived to die in his bed. But in the early spring of 1858, the naked, rockweighted body of the Frenchman Henry Gordier, a man favorably known as an honest and industrious rancher, was found in a deep hole of the Susan River.

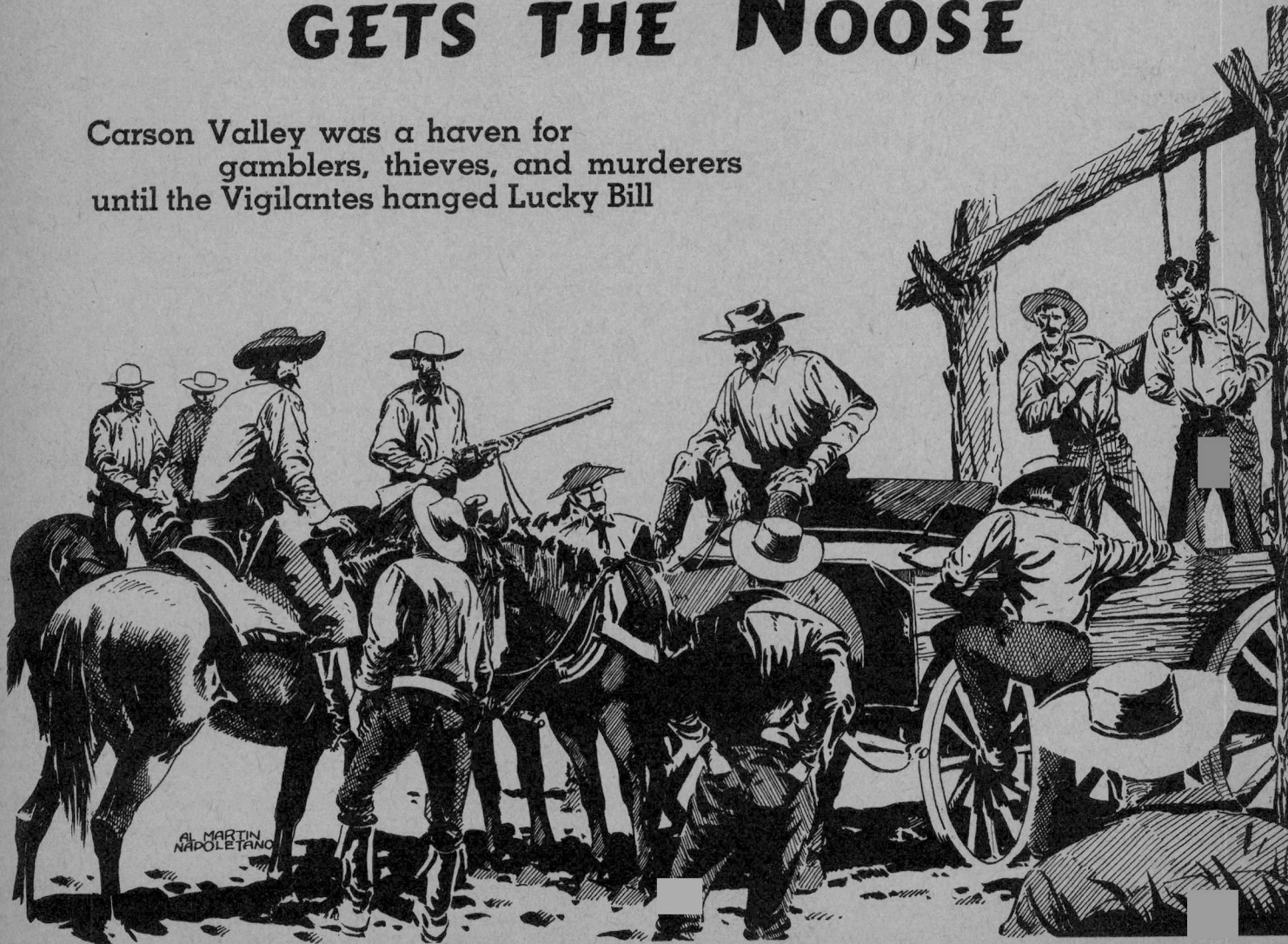
The good citizens of Honey Valley were aroused to fever pitch. Lucky Bill and his two pals, Bill Edwards and John Mullen, were at once suspected. Also, Asa Snow, a reputed killer. The suspicions were based upon solid facts.

For in March, 1858, Lucky Bill had spread the word far and wide that he was going to Salt Lake to buy some additional cattle for his ranches. But when he started out, he took the opposite direction—towards Gordier's cabin. An old Placerville acquaintance, Solomon Perrin, hailed him as he passed his house on the way to Gordier's.

"Hey, what you doin' up here?" shouted the inquisitive Perrin.

LUCKY BILL GETS THE NOOSE

Carson Valley was a haven for gamblers, thieves, and murderers until the Vigilantes hanged Lucky Bill



Lucky Bill rode closer. "I hear Gordier's bought some prize Durhams from the Mormons, and I want to talk him into selling them."

Perrin, watching Bill ride away, was surprised to see him turn, not towards Gordier's cabin, but towards the remote mine and cabin of Edwards and Mullen. There he spent the night, and there, no doubt, the dastardly plot was hatched.

The next morning, Perrin again hailed Bill in passing. "Hey, did you buy the Frenchman's cattle?"

Bill drew rein, his eyes fixed on the nearby mountains. "No, some friends are handling the deal for me!"

A few days later—as events proved—Edwards and Mullen went to see Gordier, finally persuaded him to sell the cattle and his entire ranch with all the equipment.

In leaving, Edwards turned to the Frenchman. "Gordier, you've got a sick cow down by the river. We're going that way. Want we should show you?"

Gordier saddled his horse, and the three men rode abreast till they came to the Susan River. Here, opposite the mouth of Willow Creek, Edwards fell behind, took out his pistol, shot the Frenchman through the back of the head.

The two men dismounted, searched Gordier, took his money, removed all his clothes and burned them in a deserted campoodie or wickypu nearby. They tied a rock to the naked body, dragged it to a deep hole in the river, and dropped it in.

by MARK McMILLAN

Illustrated by A. L. Napoletano



DARKNESS having now fallen, they set out for Genoa, stopping at Gordier's ranch long enough to put an old crony and notorious killer, Asa Snow, in charge. Arriving back in Genoa, Edwards and Mullen went at once to Lucky Bill's cabin, where they stayed.

After a time, Gordier's friends became curious. "What became of Frenchy Gordier?" they asked Edwards and Mullen.

"Oh, he sold out to us. He'd met another Frenchman and they decided to go back to the Old Country."

Within a few days, confident that the murdered man was forgotten, Edwards and Mullen returned to the ranch, hired a young neighbor, Bankhead, to look after the cattle in return for the milk. Soon, they planned, they'd sell out and leave the country.

But they had reckoned without Gordier's young brother, who lived just over the mountain pass. He wrote friends; "I haven't heard from Henry. What's happened to him?"

The answer came back: "Your brother left for France . . ."

"No, that can't be. He wouldn't leave without coming to see me . . ."

It so happened that a party of Honey Lakers returned just then from a trip to Goose Bay, where they had been chasing Indians. One night they had camped at the Mouth of Willow Creek, and had heard the shot fired by Edwards, and had seen the campoodie fire afterward. Told about the disappearance of Gordier, Cornelison cried out, "I'll bet a plugged dime that was the shot that killed the Frenchman. Remember the fire afterward? And Edwards and Mullen have taken over his ranch. Let's go ask them . . ."

The men went at once to Gordier's cabin, but the two men had already cleared out. Incidentally, Mullen was never heard from again, though it was rumored that he was killed in a brawl at the Fraser River gold strike.

By now, the Honey Lakers were convinced that Gordier had been murdered, and by Edwards and Mullen. Eight of them, including the half-breed Cherokee Indian tracker John Mote, mounted their horses and headed down Susan Creek till they came to the burned Campoodie. They examined the ashes. Norn Neale cried out, "Here's one of Gordier's pants buttons . . . And here's another."

The Cherokee prodded some dried substance on the ground. "And here's dried blood. They must have taken him that way . . . towards the river . . . See all those tracks . . . leading to the hole? . . . I'll dive in . . ."

While Owens gathered the dark dried substance in his bandanna, the Cherokee and others dived into the river hole. But the water was snow-fed and cold. "We'll try another time, when we have a raft . . ."

The next day the settlement was agog with excitement. And especially so, when old Dr. Slater positively identified the dried substance as human blood!

Another searching party was organized, this time provided with materials for building a raft, and a long pole with a hook attached. They dragged the bottom of the hole. The hook caught. They heaved it to the surface, bringing up the water-logged body of Gordier, feet first.

The stern-eyed men returned to the village with the evidence. An inquest was held. The verdict: Henry Gordier came to his death at the hands of Mullen

and Edwards, and their accomplices, Snow and Lucky Bill Thorrington.

A vigilante committee was appointed. They in turn appointed Rough Elliott to make the investigation. "You've been friendly with Edwards and Mullen. Go to Genoa, talk to them, find out everything . . ."

In the meantime, some of the vigilantes went to see Snow, who was still living in Gordier's cabin, and demanded that he make a confession. Snow, hot-tempered, drew his gun, cursing them.

They took him into custody, held a trial, sentenced him to be hanged. But first they wanted a confession. They put the noose around his neck, drew him up and let him hang till his face was blue, then let him down. "Now will you talk?" they demanded.

A string of vile curses was their only answer. Again they pulled the rope, then let him down. "I don't know anything, I tell you . . ."

They pulled on the rope. When they let him down, he was dead. They dug a hole under the tree, dropped him in it, shoveled it over. This was on June 7, 1858.

IN the meantime, Rough Elliott was riding hell-bent for Genoa, for Lucky Bill's cabin. "Come right in," invited the gambler.

For a long time the men talked, till at last Elliott convinced him "of his good intentions." Bill opened up and made a full confession. "Hey, I know a lot about the killings and robberies around here. I ought to," he bragged.

That night, Elliott wrote down Bill's admissions, word for word.

A few days later, Elliott sent word back to the Vigilantes: "I've found out everything we wanted to know. Get here as soon as you can."

Within three days, traveling at night, so as not to arouse suspicions, the Honey Lakers arrived. It was just daylight on June 14, when they drew rein at the outskirts of Genoa. Elliott was there to meet them. Heavily armed, they surrounded Bill's cabin. "Hey, Bill, come on out," someone shouted.

Bill appeared, followed by his seventeen-year old son, Jerome. A Vigilante stationed nearby heard him mutter, "My life isn't worth a one-bit piece."

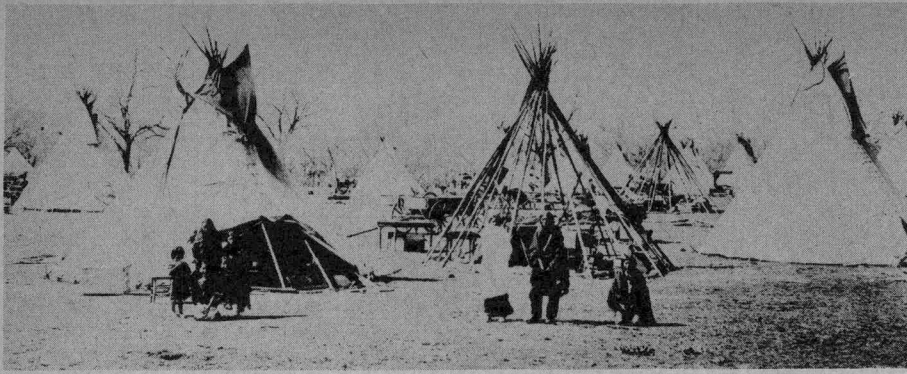
The men closed in. Mrs. Thorrington, highly excited, appeared. "Don't take Jerome," she begged. "He's so young. And he's done no wrong."

But Lucky Bill and his son were bound, taken to the Singleton Hotel, where they were kept under guard.

Other members of the Vigilantes were sent after other known criminals, gamblers, desperados, and road agents. In all, about a dozen were rounded up, placed under guard, while other Vigilantes policed the road and main trails to make sure that none escaped.

It was now daylight. Local residents were just waking up. When they looked out their windows and saw the vigilantes in charge, they waved, crying jubilantly, "Now we can sleep with both eyes closed."

After breakfast, the Vigilantes decided that it would be foolhardy to keep their prisoners in town, where they might be attacked at any time by their hoodlum friends. So they agreed to move down to Clear Creek Ranch, a hotel ten miles away, where the barn would afford an ideal spot for the trial. Lucky Bill's friends would be discouraged from coming so far to attempt a rescue. Also, the ranch was in a wide clearing with good visibility on all sides.



A typical Plains Indian camp photographed in the 1890s. It possibly is Nez Perce and shows the buffalo hide tepees pitched in one of their temporary camps. The white man's influence is indicated by the camp gear and wagons.

(Continued from page 8)

the barricaded Pass and on into Bitter Root Valley.

STEADILY now the fugitives moved along. Through Bitter Root Valley they marched, crossing the Continental Divide at the head of Bitter Root River and dropping down into the Big Hole, a wide, high, timbered valley. They were in Montana now, and believed themselves safe from pursuit. Gratefully, they went into camp beside a broad creek to eat and rest and graze their lean ponies. For days now they had not fired a shot except at game. They had not harmed a single settler in their flight through Idaho; indeed, they had paid cash—and fancy prices at that—for every bit of supplies secured from the stores along their route. Sternly, Joseph had forbidden looting from civilians—even so much as taking milk from a cow in a remote pasture. Never had Indians behaved in this fashion in any previous war with the whites—but then, these Nez Perce were no ordinary Indians.

Naively, the Nez Perce believed that the white man no longer pursued them. Only White Bird and Joseph wanted to push on to Canada. Looking Glass and the other sub-chiefs urged Joseph to call a halt, so that the wounded might recover. Reluctantly the chief agreed to this.

Behind the resting Nez Perce, the outraged Army was going all out to repair its shattered prestige. The telegraph, the mysterious Whispering Spirit so little understood by the Indians, had been used to alert all army posts within hundreds of miles of the suspected Nez Perce position. Even as the fugitives feasted and slept in their Big Hole hide-out, Colonel John Gibbon was bearing down on their unguarded camp from Fort Shaw, north of the Missouri. In the gray dawn of August 9, Gibbon's 170 troopers surrounded the sleeping Nez Perce camp and opened fire.

"Go in and hit them hard!" yelled Lieutenant Jacobs to Lieutenant Bradley on the opposite side of the clustered lodges—and from both sides the troopers charged, pouring lead into the camp. In ten minutes more women and children were killed here than in all the raids by the Nez Perce back in the Salmon Valley. Naked warriors leaped from their buffalo robes, grabbed their guns and dashed into the brush. One of Joseph's wives was killed at his side, but the chief himself was unhurt. Furious at this slaughter of women and children and raging at his own negligence in not posting guards around the camp, the war chief seized his Winchester and

raced for the timber. His "blood on fire," Joseph rallied his panicky warriors with his own example. Fiercely the Nez Perce began to fight back.

Now the clear, cold mind of the tactician began to function. Quickly Joseph sent warriors to flank the attacking white men and to strike their rear. The Nez Perce, recovered from their panic, began the slow, accurate fire so characteristic of them in battle. "Make every shot count for a soldier!" called Joseph as his braves settled down to grim, close-quarter fighting. White Bird, Looking Glass and Alokut joined the chief in leading a savage counter-charge.

Captain Logan's company now drove into the brush in an attempt to scatter the Indians. Troopers and warriors fought hand-to-hand; gun-butt and revolver against knife and tomahawk. Logan killed a big warrior with the last load in his Colt; an Indian woman picked up the dead brave's war club and bashed in Logan's head with it. The Nez Perce whooped in triumph and drove the troopers back into the open.

Colonel Gibbon yelled an order to burn the camp, but the lodges were too damp from dew to catch fire. Not one lodge ignited, and Gibbon gave the command to retreat.

In the smoke-filled thickets, Looking Glass taunted Wal-lait-its and his two comrades. "Come, you three brave ones! It was you who murdered the settlers in Idaho and began the war. These soldiers are not asleep like the men you murdered. Now fight!"

A moment later, Isap-sis-il-pilp, one of the trio, fell with a bullet between his eyes. Wal-lait-its screamed his death-song as his friend went down, then rushed madly at his killer. The soldier missed with his first shot, then scored dead center with his second. Wal-lait-its fell dead and lay with his bloody face looking up at the sky.

One hour after the surprise attack at dawn, the soldiers were thoroughly licked. Trying to reach the heavy timber beyond the Nez Perce camp, Gibbon received murderous punishment from the sharpshooting Indians. One brave alone, firing from a rock barricade, killed five troopers before he himself was killed. Gibbon took a bullet through the leg. The whites were pinned down on the wooded mountainside, without water and with ammunition running low. Joseph was readying his warriors for a final assault when the scouts brought word that Howard was approaching. Promptly the Nez Perce drew off to the southward.

Dazed with his defeat and suffering intense pain from his leg wound, Gibbon

clung to his position until Howard came up on August 11. The Colonel could not account for his defeat. "At first we appeared to have carried everything," he said wonderingly to Howard. "Who could have believed those Indians would have rallied after such a surprise and made such a fight?"

General Howard nodded grimly. "They are warriors," he said.

WESTWARD now turned the hunted Nez Perce, recrossing the Continental Divide into Idaho to seek aid from the Shoshones. The Shoshone chiefs stated in-council that they had no argument with the white men and so could not help their brothers, the Nez Perce. Back to Yellowstone Park trekked the weary fugitives, hoping to receive assistance from the Crows. One common bond bound them to the Crows; both tribes were implacable enemies of the Blackfeet. This was slim grounds for optimism, but the situation was rapidly becoming desperate for Joseph and his band. With every fight his followers grew less; eighty-nine had fallen in the Clearwater battle—seventy of this number women and children. Gibbon had lost thirty-one killed and thirty-eight wounded, but the white men could replace their casualties and the Nez Perce could not.

Ever closer pressed the white soldiers on the trail of the fugitives. General Howard, going into camp at Camas Meadows on August 19, was well satisfied with his progress and certain that he would catch up with Joseph the following day. His Bannock scouts reported that the Nez Perce were only fifteen miles ahead and in bad shape; the long, bitter chase appeared to be nearing its finish. One thing Howard seemingly forgot; the fact that Joseph still led his tired, decimated people.

At midnight, Nez Perce braves slipped quietly out of the lava beds surrounding Howard's camp and moved in among his hobbled pack mules. Sentries guarding the camp swore later that they never heard a sound until the mules suddenly stampeded. The startled guards blasted away into the darkness without seeing an Indian to shoot at. The whole camp sprang to life, including the General. Three minutes after the mules stampeded, the jumpy sentries dimly discerned a line of horsemen riding in a column of fours approaching the camp. Horses at a perfect cavalry walk, the column advanced. A sentry challenged sharply: "Halt! Who goes there?"

The blood-chilling Nez Perce war whoop answered him. The horsemen charged the camp at a gallop, ripping through the tents like a whirlwind and driving Howard's remaining pack mules before them. Fifty horses of the Montana volunteers were swept along with the pack mules. The whole braying, nickering bunch of frightened animals headed straight for the Nez Perce camp, hazed along by expert Indian herders.

Almost incoherent with rage, Howard sent a cavalry detail racing after the raiders. Joseph split his force of fifty warriors and attacked his pursuers simultaneously from both sides. Little Jimmy Brooks, the bugler, was killed in this engagement along with two privates and a sergeant. The nasty fire fight swirled through the lava beds like a nightmare game of blind-man's-buff for two hours before Howard committed enough men to drive the Indians off. The troopers picked up six wounded along with their four dead and returned hastily to camp.

Crippled by the loss of his pack mules, Howard remained impotently at Camas Meadows while the Nez Perce moved on through Thatcher Pass into Yellowstone Park. Not until supplies and mule replacements arrived from Virginia City, 75 miles north, could the outwitted soldiers resume the chase.

The Nez Perce crossed the Park into Wyoming, captured and later released two parties of tourists en route. Despite Joseph's efforts, the tourists were roughly handled by the angry Indians, and two of them were killed by warriors who had lost women and children at Big Hole.

Joseph was now in the country of the Absarokees; the Crows, to call them by the name the white men had given them. The Crows were shrewd operators who saw no sense in antagonizing the all-powerful whites by joining forces with the Nez Perce or even offering sanctuary to the homeless ones. The Sioux and Cheyennes had been utterly crushed by the blue-coated soldiers for destroying Custer and his Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn the year before, and the Crows didn't intend to share the same bitter fate by befriend- ing the Nez Perce. So the Crow chiefs informed Looking Glass, Chief Joseph's messenger. They emphasized their words with war whoops and rifle shots fired into the air, yet not until one of his warriors was killed by a Crow did Looking Glass realize the truth. Dejectedly, he picked up the body and returned to the Nez Perce camp.

Tipped off by the Crows, Colonel Samuel D. Sturgis now moved south from the Crow Agency in an attempt to intercept the Nez Perce. The Colonel led 350 troopers of the recently reformed Seventh Cavalry out of Fort Keogh on the Yellowstone. The soldiers were itching to redeem the shattered prestige of the outfit by capturing or killing Chief Joseph. Already the Nez Perce chieftain had become famous as a military genius because of his brilliant victories at White Bird Canyon and Big Hole, and the boys of the Seventh figured they were just the lads to clip his comb. They soon found out their error.

Despite the fact that Sturgis had no scouts worthy of the title, the Colonel blundered onto his quarry on Stinking Water River. The fleeing Nez Perce were heading for the valley of Clark's Fork



Frontier Pix

General Miles and his staff, Fort Bowie, Arizona, 1886. Left to right, Lt. Leonard Wood, Lt. R. F. Ames, Lt. W. L. Wilder, Capt. H. W. Lawton, Brig. Gen. Miles, Capt. W. A. Thompson, Maj. A. S. Kimball, Lt. J. A. DaPray, and Lt. Thomas J. Clay.

on the Yellowstone on the direct route to Canada, when scouts brought back news of Sturgis' command dead ahead. Instantly Joseph hid his main band in the timber, while boys drove a large number of ponies down the river in plain sight of Sturgis' watching outposts. Eagerly the troopers rushed after the Nez Perce pony herd, leaving a narrow canyon pass unguarded. Once the neatly suckered whites had got themselves hopelessly lost in a maze of twisted ravines and broken draws, the Nez Perce doubled back through the pass. They were fifty miles away, across the Yellowstone and deep in Montana, before Sturgis discovered the deception. Howard came up from the south just in time to be shocked by a final blast of profanity from the raging Colonel.

RENEWING the dogged pursuit, Howard and Sturgis crossed the Yellowstone on the trail of the fugitives. A river steamer happened along just at the time of their crossing, and Howard sent a dispatch by its captain to General Nelson A. Miles at Fort Keogh, informing him of the route taken by the Nez Perce and asking for his fullest assistance in their defeat and capture. Sturgis, leading the white column with his smarting troopers, caught up with Joseph at Canyon Creek, halfway to the Mussleshell. The deadly Nez Perce sharpshooters held off Sturgis' cavalry all day until nightfall ended the fighting. The troopers drew off and camped; the Nez Perce continued toward Canada through the hours of darkness.

On the following day, Sturgis' advance squadron nearly killed their horses overtaking the Nez Perce, only to be thrown back again. Out of rations, the baffled commander sat down where he was and waited for Howard.

Rapidly now, luck began to run out for Joseph. Desperate for food and supplies, the Nez Perce crossed the Missouri at Cow Island and raided an Army station garrisoned by sixteen soldiers. The garrison prudently remained in their small fort while the hungry Indians took what they needed of a huge store of supplies and burned the rest. Shots were exchanged freely but little damage done on either side in this brush. Well-fed for the first time in weeks and with ammunition belts full, the dauntless band drove onward for Canada. Circling west of the Little Rocky Mountains, the Nez Perce went into camp along Snake Creek on the north side of the Bear Paw Mountains.

The old people and some of the women were close to exhaustion and the halt was dictated by absolute necessity, even though Canada was now but thirty miles away. The weather had turned cold on this date in late September and snow was expected daily—a fact which added immeasurably to the multiple worries of the harrassed Joseph. Yet he knew nothing as yet of his greatest danger—the fact that General Miles was rapidly approaching his camp on Snake Creek by forced march for Fort Keogh. Miles' Cheyenne scouts rounded the northern head of the Bear Paws on September 29 and on the following morning cut the trail of the fleeing Nez Perce. Eight miles farther on the scouts discovered the fugitives' camp. The General, an experienced Indian fighter, had 280 troopers plus artillery to throw at the Nez Perce.

Snow started flying across the high Plains in blinding flurries as Miles began his attack. The troopers charged the camp with their horses at a dead run, but they did not catch the Indians off-guard. A Nez Perce scout had spotted the Cheyennes on the crest of the divide above the camp and had alarmed the warriors. In twenty minutes, most of the women and children had been hustled away to cover and the grim-faced braves returned to meet the white man in battle for the seventeenth time in their three-and-a-half-month flight. Joseph's 125 warriors faded to the high bluffs surrounding the camp and calmly held their fire until the charging cavalry had pounded to within a hundred yards. In five minutes fifty-three of one hundred and fifteen men were killed and wounded in this charge! K troop alone lost over sixty per-cent.

"I'm the only damned man of the Seventh Cavalry wearing shoulder straps who's alive!" shouted Lieutenant Erickson, rushing up to Miles. Erickson, dazed and babbling with shock and covered with blood from a wound, had seen every officer in his battalion killed or wounded in the charge. Miles sent him to the rear and ordered his infantry forward. The infantry was supported by a four-pound howitzer and a Hotchkiss gun, and for a time it seemed that they would drive the Nez Perce from their vantage point on the bluffs. Then sharpshooters knocked out Miles' "jackass battery" by killing the mules and riders, and the guns were abandoned. In one hour of heavy fighting the General's three companies of infantry were thrown



American Museum of Natural History

Henry Looking-glass, a sub-chief of the Nez Perce, who played an active part in the Nez Perce war against the U. S. Army. He lost his life in the Big Hole fight with the white soldiers.

back with severe losses. Miles broke off the engagement and called a conference with his few remaining officers.

From the moment at the beginning of the battle, when Chief Joseph's wife had handed him his Winchester at the door of his teepee with a fierce exhortation to fight, the tall leader of the Nez Perce had directed every move of his warriors, encouraging, driving them by his own example. Bullets ripped his clothes and scratched his skin, but none wounded him. When Miles quit fighting just before noon, Joseph set his braves to constructing breastworks to meet a fresh assault.

In the afternoon the stubborn General tried again. Troops A and K of the Seventh, together with Captain Snyder's company, made a concerted attack. The Nez Perce fire stopped them cold, and when Captain Snyder fell badly wounded, the troops broke and ran for cover. Miles wisely concluded that a frontal attack on these sharpshooting Indians was too costly and decided on a siege. Nature itself had taken part in the battle, slowing up the fighting with a raging blizzard. By nightfall, five inches of snow lay on the frozen ground.

THE Nez Perce worked through the night, digging new trenches and strengthening their lines. With knives and flattened frying pans they dug into the rock-hard earth constructing connecting galleries and laterals much like those later built by the Germans in France in World War I. Joseph also took advantage of the lull in the battle to send six messengers northward in a desperate effort to ask the help of Sitting Bull and his 2,000 Sioux warriors camped eighty miles to the north in Canada. These six braves were ambushed and killed by hostile Assiniboines, but other messengers got through to the Hunkpapa medicine-man's camp. Sitting Bull was so touched by the desperate plea that he promptly moved his whole village 40 miles farther into Canada.

In the morning, Miles sent a half-breed scout under a flag of truce to the Nez Perce lines, asking for a conference with Joseph. Ten minutes later the two leaders met between the lines. Speaking through an interpreter, Miles asked Joseph to surrender. The chief replied: "We are willing to return to Wallowa if the white man will arrange it, but we will not surrender under any other terms."

Miles insisted that the surrender must be unconditional. Joseph shook his head at this, and rode slowly back to his own lines.

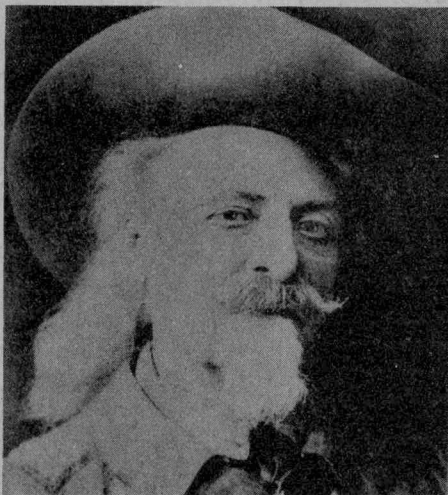
The General now opened up on the Nez Perce camp with a twelve-pound brass cannon, but the Nez Perce ignored the shelling by the big wagon-gun. The red marksmen kept the troops pinned down in their positions all afternoon. Near nightfall, Miles sent another emissary to arrange a parley with Joseph. The chief accepted the invitation at once, and Miles greeted him with outstretched hand. "The war is over," declared the General with a bluff assurance he did not feel. "All your arms must be given up. We will send you back to your homes."

"I can give up only half the guns," replied Joseph. "I must have half for myself."

"No," replied Miles firmly, "I must have them all. When you go back to Idaho, there I will return the guns to you, and the horses we have captured. The Government will help you to live."

For a full minute the tall chief stared at the white man, trying to "read his heart" as he later explained. Finally he nodded his head in assent. "It is well," he wearily agreed.

It was not well. Things began happening at once, things that smell pretty badly even when examined three-quarters of a century later. Joseph was held under guard in an Army tent all night, and it is virtually certain that Miles intended holding him as a hostage indefinitely, if the suspicious Nez Perce had not guessed his plan and neatly foiled it. The crafty General, who boasted that he "knew Indians through and through," made the mistake of sending Lieutenant Lovell Jerome to spy on the Nez Perce while he held Joseph in "friendly custody." The Indians, refusing to surrender their rifles at Jerome's request, checkmated Miles' scheme by holding the lieutenant as a hostage, pending Joseph's safe return. The chief's version of the affair follows, in part:



Buffalo Bill Cody, famous frontier scout and showman, who invited Chief Joseph to participate with him in the ceremonies and parade at the dedication of Grant's Tomb in New York.

"I walked to General Miles' tent. He met me and we shook hands. He said: 'Come, let us sit by the fire and talk this matter over.'

"I stayed with him all night. The next morning Yellow Bull came over to see if I was alive and why I did not return. General Miles would not let me leave the tent to see my friend alone.

"Yellow Bull said to me: 'They have got you in their power and I am afraid they will never let you go again. I have an officer in our camp and I will hold him until they let you go free.'

"I answered: 'I do not know what they intend to do with me, but if they kill me you must not kill the officer. It will do no good to avenge my death by killing him.'

"Yellow Bull returned to my camp. I did not make any agreement that day with General Miles. The battle was renewed while I was with him . . .

"On the following morning I returned to my camp by agreement, meeting the officer who had been held a prisoner in my camp under the flag of truce. My people were divided about surrendering. We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our women and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We have never heard of a

wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of the whites."

Lieutenant Jerome summed up the situation concisely in these words: "What made Miles mad was, he had Joseph and did not intend to let him go until my capture forced the exchange."

Fighting began again, once the two hostages had returned to their own lines. Miles, not daring another charge, banged away with his twelve-pounder; the Nez Perce, running low on ammunition, replied only with an occasional rifle shot. Fearful that Sitting Bull would come to Joseph's aid or that the warriors would leave their women and children and try to escape to Canada (the General didn't know Indians so well after all), Miles had already sent couriers galloping to General Terry at Fort Benton, a hundred miles to the west, and to Sturgis and Howard, struggling along somewhere to the south. Anxiously the General awaited these reinforcements before risking a final assault on the entrenched Nez Perce.

ON the bitter cold morning of October 5, General Howard arrived at the battlefield with a small detachment of fifteen troopers and two Nez Perce scouts from Lapwai. Quickly, Howard sent the Nez Perce forward under a flag of truce to carry a new proposal to Joseph. Again the chief came forth to parley. He tells of the meeting in simple, stark words:

"General Miles said to me . . . 'If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you back to the reservation.' I do not know what passed between Miles and Howard.

"I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already . . . I believed General Miles or I never would have surrendered . . . I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance (Joseph didn't realize at the time that he had no friends) and then neither the generals nor the soldiers would have left the Bear Paw Mountains alive.

"On the fifth day (October 6) I went to General Miles and gave up my gun . . . My people needed rest—we wanted peace."

The surrender took place at four o'clock of the gray, dismal afternoon. The chief rode his big war horse; flanked by four warriors, walking two at each side. As the little party reached the crest of the low hill where stood the two Generals with their aides, Joseph dismounted from his horse and held out his rifle to Howard. The one-armed General motioned the chief to Miles, who accepted the weapon. Joseph stepped back two full paces and began his speech of surrender—that speech since become famous among recorded oratory of great American Indians:

"Tell General Howard that I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. Tu-hul-hil-sote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who now say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead (Joseph's brother, Alokut). It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills and have no blankets and no food. No one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them

among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I shall fight no more against the white man!"

After the surrender, White Bird and sixteen followers escaped to Canada. The chief showed excellent judgment in not trusting to the white man's justice, since it was his warriors who had started the war by murdering settlers on the Salmon nearly four months before. After White Bird's escape, only 79 warriors of Joseph's band remained alive to surrender—and of these, 46 were wounded. The women and children who had survived the five days' battle numbered 331.

Miles' loss in the battle was listed in official Army records as 27 killed and 49 wounded.

The long, sad trek back for the Nez Perce began on October 6—not to Wallowa as promised them on the word of General Miles, but to Tongue River in southern Montana, Bismarck in North Dakota and later to Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. Joseph tells the shocking details of betrayal in his usual, thoughtful, temperate manner, careful to bring out both sides of the sordid story. Government reports substantiate his statement.

"I was told we could go with General Miles to Tongue River and stay there until spring, when we would go back to our country. Finally, it was decided that we were to be taken to Tongue River. We had nothing to say about it. After our arrival at Tongue River, General Miles received orders to take us to Bismarck. The reason given was that subsistence would be cheaper there.

General Miles was opposed to this order. He said: 'You must not blame me. I have endeavored to keep my word, but the chief who is over me had given the order and I must obey it or resign. That would do you no good. Some other officer would carry out the order.'

"I believe General Miles would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all of our horses and we have not heard from them since. Somebody has got our horses.

"General Miles turned my people over to another soldier and we were taken to Bismarck. Captain Johnson, who was now in charge of us, received an order to take us to Fort Leavenworth. At Leavenworth we were placed on a low river bottom, with no water except river water to drink and cook with. We had

(Continued on following page)



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Brave Warriors

(Continued from preceding page)

always lived in a healthy country, where the mountains were high and the water was clear and cold. Many of my people sickened and died and we buried them in this strange land. I cannot tell how much my heart suffered for my people while at Leavenworth. The Great Spirit Chief who rules above seemed to be looking some other way, and did not see what was being done to my people."

THE Nez Perce were kept at Leavenworth through the winter and into the blazing Kansas mid-summer before they were moved again. "During the hot days," recalled Joseph, "we received a notice that we were to be moved farther from our own country. We were not asked if we were willing to go. We were ordered into railroad cars. Three of my people died on the way to Baxter Springs, (Kansas). It was worse to die there than to die fighting in the mountains."

A third move began for the hapless captives on July 21, 1878. "We were moved from Baxter Springs to the Indian Territory and set down without our lodges," continued the chief with singular lack of bitterness. "We had but little medicine and we were nearly all sick. Seventy of my people have died since we moved there." (Within a few months of arrival).

Seven thousand acres of sand and sagebrush was offered the Nez Perce as their permanent future home. The offer was firmly declined by Joseph, and so the miserable prisoners were held in Oklahoma against their will.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs checked with Joseph to see what could be done. The chief told him frankly that he still expected that General Miles' pledged word would be carried out. Commissioner E. A. Hoyt replied uneasily that it could not be done, that white men now lived in Wallowa and all the land was taken up. Furthermore, declared Hoyt, warrants were out against the Nez Perce who had begun the war, and the Government could not protect them if they returned to Wallowa.

"This news fell like a heavy stone on my heart," said Joseph. "I saw that I could gain nothing by talking to him. Other law chiefs (A Congressional committee) came to see us and said they would help us to get a healthier country. I did not know whom to believe. The white people have too many chiefs. They do not understand each other. They do not talk alike."

Late in 1878, Joseph was permitted to journey to Washington and visit President Hayes in a forlorn hope of winning justice for his people. His old friend Yellow Bull and an interpreter traveled with him. The chief received the usual Washington run-around, the exasperating details of which he revealed to an enterprising magazine reporter. The story appeared in the April 1879 *North American Review*. For the first time in his published interviews, Joseph was bitter. "I have shaken hands with a good many friends," he declared, "but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I cannot understand how the Government sends out a man to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a Government has something wrong about it. I have talked to the Great Father Chief (President Hayes); the Next Great Chief (Secre-

tary of the Interior); the Commissioner Chief, and many other law chiefs (Congressmen) and they all say they are my friends and that I shall have justice . . . I have heard talk and talk but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for my horses and cattle. Good words do not give me back my children . . . I have asked some of the Great White Chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell me."

The article closed with a ringing plea for the justice forever denied the Indian: "Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to talk, think and act for myself—and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty."

"Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we shall have no more wars. We shall be alike—brothers of one father and mother, with one sky above us and one country around us and one Government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands upon the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race is waiting and praying . . ."

"Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt has spoken for his people."

The journey to Washington, the visit to the President, the stirring words published in the magazine were all in vain; the exiled Nez Perce remained as prisoners in Oklahoma. In 1878, 103 of them died, 21 in 1879, 26 in 1880. General Miles fought constantly to get them transferred back to the Northwest, as did General Howard's ex-aide, San Francisco lawyer and poet, Colonel C. E. S. Wood. The pious Howard himself shrugged off the whole problem with the callous statement: "Let them settle down and keep quiet in Indian Territory, as the Modocs have done, and they will thrive as they do." This was hypocrisy of the worst order, since Howard well knew that the mountain-bred Nez Perce could never thrive in heat and sand and lava beds, as did the Modocs.

IN 1881, the Government belatedly decided to return the Nez Perce to their former reservation in Idaho. Survivors of the bands of White Bird and Looking Glass were sent to Lapwai, but Joseph and his people were hurried to Nespelem in the Colville Indian Reservation in northern Washington far from Wallowa. Here the great chief of the Nez Perce lived out the remaining years of his life, a victim of the white man's curiously distorted "justice."

Even here, the white men could not leave him alone. Missionaries stationed at the Reservation were horrified to discover that the chief, in accordance with Nez Perce custom, had more than one wife. He was devoted to both his wives and refused to part with either. Courteously he replied to the missionaries' protests: "I fought through the war for my country and these women. You took away my country; I shall keep my wives."

In 1897, Joseph's few but influential white friends arranged for him to go to Washington for an audience with Presi-

dent McKinley and to visit General Miles.

He met McKinley, talked with him about his fading dream of being returned to Wallowa and the grave of his father—and accomplished nothing. General Miles sought to cheer up the aging melancholy chief by suggesting that he go to New York City to attend the ceremonies at the dedication of Grant's Tomb. Joseph was pleased at the invitation but was obliged to refuse it because he had no money for railroad fare. William Cody, the famed "Buffalo Bill," promptly requested Joseph to come to New York as his honored guest with all expenses paid during his visit. The chief accepted, and was put up in style at the Astor House. In full war regalia he rode in the parade beside General Miles.

The whites tried to make fun of the dignified chief without success. One young lady, wearing a hat with towering plumes, attended an Indian exhibition where Joseph was a guest and demanded archly of him: "Did you ever scalp anybody?" The chief pointed to the lady's fantastic sky-piece and answered through his interpreter: "I have nothing in my collection as fine as that."

Later, in the same visit to New York, white friends took Joseph to a bar in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A pest attached himself to the party and insisted upon buying a drink for the chief. Joseph, who hated liquor for what it had once done to his young men, finally got rid of his annoyer by filling a water glass to the brim with whiskey and tossing off the drink in one gulp. The pest, thus challenged, tried to emulate the chief, downed about one-third of his tumbler-full, turned green and staggered out of the bar.

Again in 1900 Joseph visited the President and presented his plea to be allowed to return to Wallowa. General Miles earnestly recommended that his request be granted, but nothing was done about it. A hundred objections were raised, none of which were valid. Finally, President McKinley compromised by permitting Joseph to visit his old home and the grave of his father—alone. Escorted by Indian Inspector James McLaughlin, the chief rode back into the Wallowa and Imnaha for the first time in twenty-three years. The changes were great. His grazing lands had been turned into hay-fields and orchards stood where trees had never been before. Four small towns had sprung up along the Wallowa River.

The travelers found the grave of Tu-eka-kas, Joseph's father. The settler who now owned the land had carefully



"Don't worry about saving face! That's not what they're shooting at!"

Spring, 1954

fenced in the grave—and when the chief saw what a white stranger had done, he broke into tears.

Now, at last, Joseph saw the impossibility of ever returning to Wallowa to live. He went back to Nespelem to resume his exile.

But the hope of many years does not die so easily, and in 1903 Joseph tackled Washington again. He was entertained at the fine Washington home of General and Mrs. Miles, and called upon President Roosevelt in the White House. As usual, no attention was paid in official circles to the old chief's argument that Wallowa still belonged to the Nez Perce. He gave up at last, and journeyed to New York to accept an invitation to appear in Cummins' Indian Congress and Life on the Plains in Madison Square Garden. The chief was the hit of the show, drawing rave notices in the metropolitan newspapers. His witty sayings were a delight to reporters, and some of them have become famous. Among them his dry observations: "Big name often stands on small legs;" and, "When you get the last word with an echo you may do so with your wife," have gained the widest circulation.

On his leisurely trip back to the Northwest Joseph dropped in at Carlisle Indian School. He was keenly interested in education for the younger generation of Indians, and was deeply appreciative of what he found in that line at Carlisle. At Carlisle he met and shook hands with General Howard, although later admitting in a speech to the student body that for a long time he had wanted to kill the General.

BACK at Nespelem, Joseph barely had time to rest up in his lodge before railroad tycoon James J. Hill invited him to Seattle to be guest of honor at a large mass meeting at the University of Washington. Hill had become interested in the Nez Perce and by this means hoped to enlist public opinion for the restoration of Wallowa to the tribe. As always, the tall chief made a great hit with his audience and as always absolutely nothing was done for him. Next day Joseph gave a short talk to the students and attended their football game as a sort of unofficial mascot. The game fascinated him, and whenever the players tangled in a fast scrimmage he would jump to his feet to watch.

On the last lap of his trip home to Nespelem, Joseph said somberly to the stage driver: "I shall see one more snow."

Early in September of that year of 1904 snow fell. On September 21, while walking outside his lodge, Chief Joseph dropped dead of apoplexy.

On June 20, 1905, the Washington University Historical Society erected a fine monument over Joseph's grave at Nespelem. In 1926, the body of Tu-eka-kas was removed from the farmer's field and reinterred on a hill above Wallowa Lake. Here, too, the whites erected a monument.

What has the white man done with the country beloved of these two great Indians? Not much, in all truth. Most of the Wallowa region is contained within the limits of Wallowa National Forest. Cattle graze there in the summer and ranches dot the lonely valleys. The wild Imnaha Valley is still just as remote and isolated as in the days of Tu-eka-kas and the Young Joseph. In fancy, the tourist may still see the blue smoke of Nez Perce campfires curling up through the age-old trees of the forest preserve, but it is only fancy, nothing more.

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TRENTON, MISSOURI

Snowshoe Thompson

(Continued from page 9)



An emblem of crossed skis appear on Thompson's tombstone. The inscription reads "In Memory of John A. Thompson. Native of Norway. Departed this life May 15, 1876 . . ."

appeared into the wildness. Three days later he thumped his pack down on the post office floor at Genoa in Carson Valley. A cheer went up from the assembled inhabitants. Thus began Snowshoe Thompson's fame. It grew with the years as he continued to perform herculean feats. Today he is more than a man—he is one of California's legends.

FOR twenty winters, Snowshoe Thompson carried the mail across various parts of the Sierra. His loads of from sixty to a hundred pounds would have broken the back and spirit of an average man, but he thrived on carrying them. To save weight and space for mail, he never carried a coat, blanket or food, and he relied on finding stumps upon which to build his fires. The warming flames ate into the wood and burned all night. He cut fir boughs for his bed on the snow and stretched out, feet toward the fire, his head on the mail bag. He never worried about water but washed in snow and ate it to quench his thirst.

Often the skiing mailman kept going all night, particularly if there were a

full moon. An article in the *Overland Monthly*, October 1886, tells that "at times when traveling at night, Thompson was overtaken by blizzards, when the air would be so filled with snow, and the darkness so great, that he could not proceed. On such occasions he would get on top of some big rock, which the winds kept clear of snow, and there dance until daylight appeared."

Daring was also an integral part of Snowshoe Thompson's make-up. In 1866 on the Meadow Lake—Cisco mail run, he would skim fifty to sixty miles an hour down a steep four-mile track into the latter town, throw out the sacks as he passed, then come to a quick stop in a cloud of flying snow on the rising ground beyond. Such spectacular exploits stimulated skiing in the Sierra, where meets and tournaments became a feature of winter life in the snowbound hills.

But Snowshoe remained top ski man as long as he lived. He did not have a specially constructed course with scientifically calculated slopes. His type of skiing was straightforward and realistic—he jumped when cliffs or ledges crossed his path. Even so, he topped all American ski jumpers for years.

Snowshoe reveled in exhibitions of his prowess. Once at Silver Mountain he treated the inhabitants to a thrill old-timers still talk about. He climbed a big hill, gave his weird yell at the summit, then shot down the breakneck slope, leaping into space again and again over a series of terraces. One of his audience later wrote that on this amazing run Snowshoe made a half dozen jumps of fifty to sixty feet.

ONE of the most famous stories of Snowshoe Thompson's nerve and endurance is the rescue of a winter traveler. On December 23, 1857, while skiing with two friends, Snowshoe found an almost unconscious man in an abandoned cabin at Lake Valley. The stranger had been without fire, covers or food for twelve days, and his feet were frozen. Leaving his companions to tend the sick man, Snowshoe took off for Carson Valley. He arrived Christmas morning and recruited five men to go back and help him bring the sufferer down. They took a sled and reached the cabin the next day. A fierce snowstorm delayed them twenty-four hours, but on the 28th they carefully loaded the man on the sled and with tremendous labor eased him over the divide to Genoa, where they delivered him to Dr. Daggett. To save his life, amputation of both legs was necessary, but there was no chloroform east of the Sierra. So Snowshoe donned his skis again, raced across the mountains and was back in Genoa within a week. Such prodigious feats established the skiing mailman as a popular hero.

However, his fortune never caught up with his fame. Pay was meager, and once, for two years, he traveled his route with no salary whatever. But money was no consideration to Snowshoe Thompson. He skied because he loved it, and he served the people of the remote, winter-locked Sierra because he knew they needed him.

It would be interesting to know more about his private life, but detailed information is lacking. Records show that he was married and owned a 160-acre ranch at Diamond Valley, thirty miles south of Carson City, which he farmed

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during the summer. We are told that a son, Arthur, "his only child and a most promising lad," was born in 1867. But that about sums up the known facts of his personal life.

Snowshoe Thompson died suddenly at the age of forty-nine. He was apparently in fine physical condition and at the top of his form when struck by a mysterious illness. In a few days he was dead.

Beside him in the little cemetery at Genoa is the grave of Arthur, who died two years later. In 1886 Mrs. Thompson had the white stone erected over the grave of Snowshoe Thompson, and happily she chose the crossed skis to stand as a symbol of his life.

Cabin of Death

(Continued from page 11)

family who had this time made a mistake—their fatal one.

York's brother was Colonel York, a prominent Kansas politician and one-time member of the state legislature. He was not one to let such a disappearance pass without investigating. Accordingly, he gathered a hard-riding posse and combed the countryside.

Although disliked by their neighbors, the Benders had still not come under active suspicion. It was unthinkable that a quiet, though strange, family could be the cold-blooded killers for which the search was made. Also, they were too smart to be trapped by ordinary means. When the posse finally arrived at their place in the rounds of the search, Katie brazenly stated she had seen the doctor and even watered his thirsty horse before he continued on his way.

But it was this brazen recklessness that was to be her downfall. Encouraged by the success of her lies, she told the Colonel of her prowess as a spiritualist and invited him to come the following day when she would call on the spirits to find his brother.

"I'll find your brother," Katie bragged, "even if he is in hell!"

The Colonel and his men left, promising to return, but it is definite that their suspicions were aroused by the contrast between brazen Katie and the nervous, shifty-eyed trio of her parents and brother who stood silently in the background.

HERE the actual known facts, except two, of the Bender tale of horror end. One was a wagon drawn by two horses with a small Scottish terrier, almost starved, guarding it. The wagon was found just outside the city limits of Thayer, Kansas, a nearby town. It was empty save for a crudely-painted sign bearing the word: GROCERIES. Such a sign was identical to the one that had hung over the Bender's cabin door.

Almost simultaneously with the wagon's discovery, came that of the Bender's disappearance. The entire bloody four had vanished from the face of the earth. The word first went up that they, too, had been mysteriously murdered by the unknown killer, but when their

cabin was searched, persons changed their minds.

Actually, the farm was unvisited for some time, until an assessor noticed a look of abandonment about it. Looking closer, he found a calf starved to death in the yard, tied to a post and obviously forgotten, while in the pigpen were some almost dead sows. The buildings were deserted, but strangely very little had been carried away.

Colonel York and his posse arrived on the heels of the discovery and began to make a thorough search. The stove, when moved back, uncovered the trapdoor. Upon opening it, a foul stench filled the air, and they found the loose rocks below stained with clotted blood. Human blood.

Now the search began in deadly earnest, but the first clue to the murdered men came when the ground in the orchard, dry and uncultivated, sank and cracked into the shape of an irregular six-foot grave. Fetching spades, the horrified posse uncovered the body of Doctor York and then the others—seven graves in all. Later, two more bodies were uncovered—another man and a little girl, the man's throat cut and the child strangled. In the house a great iron hammer fitted marks on the skulls of the corpses exactly.

This evidence proved the Bender's guilt. The cry went up, and posses ranged the state, but it seemed that the very earth that had taken the corpses of the bloody family's crimes had also swallowed up the Benders as well. Only one thin clue came in the shape of a ticket agent at Thayer, who testified he had sold four tickets late one night to a German-speaking family some two weeks before.

WHERE the Benders went—whether back to their native Germany, or to the vast Southwest, or even to South America, then a popular refuge of criminals, is unknown. However, a nameless member of the York posse in later years told a strange story that may provide the key to the Benders' disappearance. Since there were no other living witnesses, even his story could not be proved.

It is a strange tale. Colonel York, the posse's leader, was a man of stolid vengeance. He knew people and the ways of early justice on the plains. His

(Continued on following page)



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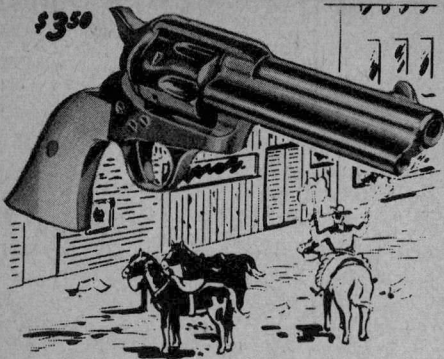
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Cabin of Death

(Continued from preceding page)

brother had died a fearful death, and it is possible he guessed the Benders were the guilty ones. If he had turned them over to the law, their sentence might be merely life imprisonment or even less.

Colonel York determined not to be cheated. He took the law into his own hands.

Breaking his promise to return alone to Kate and listen to the spirits, the Colonel brought his silent riders. Moving in grim silence they surrounded the Bender cabin and trapped the family in their own bloody kitchen. A blast of gunfire, and the Benders lay sprawled on the floor. A short while later an all-consuming fire burned hotly on the lonely prairie.

However, a story had to be concocted to give the public the impression that the Benders had really fled. So the Colonel and three men—one dressed as a woman—drove a wagon to Thayer, left the Benders' sign in it, purchased tickets for the midnight train and hopped aboard it. Later evidence showed that the family of four—supposedly the Benders—left the train shortly thereafter at Chanute, although it should have been hard for the public to believe that a fleeing group of murderers would leave a train where posses were still searching for them.

To make it even more convincing, the Colonel offered rewards for the capture of the Benders—rewards he knew would never be collected.

Today, the Benders' bloody legend has retreated into the quiet oblivion of history. Their grisly shack and its pit and orchard have long since disappeared under the lonely Kansas winds, and their fate is a mystery that still lies locked somewhere in the vast and endless western prairies.

Tiger Red and the Windmill Pipe

(Continued from page 17)

it toward Fat. Fat shook his head.

"I'm a-trying to drive this here truck," he told Tiger Red, "and I'd just as soon I don't climb no telephone pole with it."

It bothered Tiger Red, thinking how dry Fat must be, driving that old truck and not getting to drink, and his generous nature got the upperhand. He told Fat that he guessed he'd have to fight off the thirst for both of them, and he went at it with such earnest intent that by the time they'd got back to the ranch near Ozona, where they were to deliver the pipe, all he had left was the bucket of melting ice. But he was still talking.

Fat asked the rancher where he wanted the pipe unloaded, and the man waved a hand toward a big wide flat, out from the house apiece. Said just dump it out in that flat there, anywhere, didn't make no real difference. Said just cut the sideboard standards and roll it off the truck, if they wanted to—wasn't

no use in sweating themselves to death out there in that hot sun, trying to lay it off, a piece at a time.

WELL, the way the lead was rigged up, Fat figured they couldn't hardly do that. Said he believed the thing to do was hook a chain around the pipe and tie the chain to the bottom of that big mesquite tree growing out yonder and just slip the load off the truck as he drove it away. The man said that if that suited Fat, it just tickled him to death; so Fat drove the truck out and backed it up to the mesquite and climbed through the cab door to try out his idea; and Tiger Red, he climbed out through the other window, and came reeling around the truck to help.

Fat went to work, looping one end of the chain around the load of pipe, while Tiger Red picked up the other end and started circling with it, like a dog hunting a place to lie down, hunting for the mesquite tree he aimed to tie it to.

The mesquite was five or six steps from the end of the truck and with Fat's help, Tiger Red finally located it and dragged the chain around the base of the trunk. Fat offered to tie the chain around the tree for Tiger Red, but his horse-breaking friend had different ideas. Said he never did like to tie a chain, on account of when you pulled against it, you generally got the links cramped, where they couldn't be untied. Said the thing to do was for him to take a couple of wraps around the tree and hold the end of the chain in a bind, where it couldn't slip till they were done with the job.

Well, Fat was like the rancher—any way suited him. So he went and climbed back into the truck and started the motor. He slipped the shift into the Grandma Hole and let out his clutch. The load of pipe started slipping, just like they'd figured. Everything seemed to be going fine, till suddenly Fat heard a yell and noticed that the truck was still going forward, but the pipe was no longer slipping back past the cab.

Fat stopped the truck, but the yelling went on, so he climbed back out again to see what the trouble was. He found his mesquite pulled up by the roots and lying flat on the ground, and down under it, half smothered in the alkali dust lay Tiger Red, with his crane-long legs sticking up through the branches and waving around in the air.

By wallowing and twisting the mesquite around for a good long spell, Fat finally separated it from Tiger Red and helped his partner change ends with himself.

Tiger Red came up, doing a fair amount of cussing for a man talking through the gobs of mud the dust had become after it had got wet in his mouth.

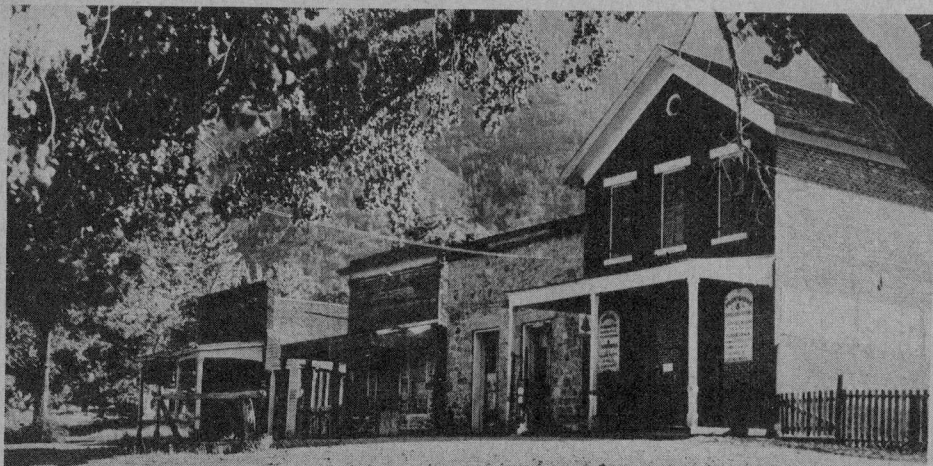
Fat let him cuss, while he sized up the chain hitch that Tiger Red had held around the mesquite. Finally, he said: "Looks to me like if you'd a-stood behind that tree, instead of between it and the truck, you'd have been a heap safer."

Tiger quit cussing then. He dragged a shirt sleeve across his mouth and went to whipping his hat against his leg to get the dust out. Then he nodded.

"You know," he said soberly, "that's just the very thing I was a-thinking about while I was a-laying there under that mesquite."

Lucky Bill Gets the Noose

(Continued from page 23)



Genoa, Nevada, as it looks today. In 1858 it was the hideout of an organized gang of robbers, horse-thieves, roadagents, gamblers and murderers. Their leader was Lucky Bill. Photo courtesy of Title Insurance & Trust Co., Los Angeles.

With Mullen out of the country, Lucky Bill in irons, and all the petty fry securely tied, only one desperado was still at large. Bill Edwards. The Vigilantes finally promised Lucky Bill that Jerome's life would be spared if the seventeen-year-old would follow their directions to the letter.

"Jerome," they told the boy, "you go to Edwards' camp in the hills and tell him the vigilantes have come to town, and for him to meet Lucky Bill at river cabin and they'll escape together."

At sunset the boy left for the hills to find Edwards. At the same time, twelve vigilantes spurred horses towards Lucky Bill's river ranch, six miles from Genoa, where Martha and her baby lived. It was still dark when they arrived, and stationed themselves inside the house and all around it.

SHORTLY after midnight, Jerome and Edwards arrived. The latter, sensing a trap, had a revolver handily stuck in the front of his shirt and both barrels of his shotgun cocked. The two men cautiously approached the cabin, and knocked. A voice rang out, "Who's there?"

"A friend," sang out Edwards.

The door was thrown open, and Jerome entered, followed by Edwards. A club and a shotgun descended on his head, knocking him down and breaking both barrels of the gun. He was seized, tied, his head wound dressed, and he was thrown on the bed. He stared at his captors. "I deserve it, boys," was all he said.

When daylight came, his guards cleaned out his pockets, started counting his money. Suddenly, Edwards, who had freed himself from the ropes, jumped up, rushed to the door and down to the nearby slough. Some of the guards fired, but missed. Now it was a free-for-all foot race, with Elliott finally diving into the water on top of Edwards.

Within the hour, the vigilantes were on their horses, headed towards Genoa, where the blacksmith, G. W. Hepperly, put him in irons made from a discarded iron skillet.

The whole valley was in a fever of excitement when the trial began, Tuesday, June 15, in a barn on Clear Creek Ranch. There was a duly appointed

judge, two associate judges, a defender, a prosecutor, and eighteen jurors, all heavily armed with guns and revolvers.

First, the lesser criminals were tried and freed on payment of big fines, which defrayed the expenses of the trial.

Lucky Bill's trial began on Thursday morning. But he was already foredoomed. He had confessed too much to Elliott. Besides, Edwards, hoping to escape the noose, had disclosed Thorrington's part in the murder of Henry Gordier.

On Saturday morning the jury brought in the verdict. "Guilty of planning the murder of Gordier, and also guilty of harboring thieves, desperados, and murderers." He was sentenced to be hanged that same afternoon. Edwards was also found guilty and sentenced to be hanged at Honey Lake, across the mountain ridge from Carson Valley.

Lucky Bill's wife, who for years had been "slightly teched" because of her husband's philanderings—was brought in to see him. Even in spite of all the sorrow and troubles he had heaped upon her, she wept at parting. Then the girl, Martha Lamb, was brought in. Still young, in her early twenties, she begged the vigilantes to spare his life, "for the sake of her child." She embraced him fondly, kissed him again and again, and collapsed when they finally tore her away. Nothing more was ever heard of Martha or her baby. But right after the hanging, Mrs. Thorrington became violently insane, was sent to the asylum at Stockton, where she died a few years later.

Lucky Bill was most moved at parting with his son, Jerome. Tears stood in his eyes as he clasped the boy's hand. "Let gambling and whiskey alone, Son. Those are the things that brought me to this. Take good care of your mother. After I'm gone and she can quit worrying about me, she'll recover her mind. She needs you, look after her like a man."

But Jerome's path in life had already been plotted. He became a gambler, drunkard, and no-good. His early training proved too strong.

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(Continued on following page)

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Lucky Bill—

(Continued from preceding page)

a wagon. A former sailor tied the knot. Bill slipped the noose down over his own neck. "If they want to hang me, I'm no hog," he said, referring to the fact that it was customary to hang desperados on the slaughter gallows used for killing hogs.

Lawrence Frey was in the driver's seat. "All right, Frey."

He started the team. But before the back end of the wagon reached the gallows, Lucky Bill, not wanting his neck broken, swung out in a wide arc. He kicked, hung there, his body swaying in the breeze. The vigilantes cut down his body, hauled it to Genoa, buried it in an unmarked grave.

THE following day, the Honey Lakers, taking Edwards along, decided to return to their homes. On the third afternoon they stopped at Breed Ranch, dug Edwards' grave close to the butchers' gallows near the Breed cabin. With the noose around his neck, he made a speech. "I deserve what I'm getting . . . I helped kill Gordier . . . But don't bury me away from all my friends. Plant me in the upper valley, somewhere between Streshly's cabin and mine . . ."

The men refused. Orlando Streshly stepped forward. "All right, Edwards, I'll see that you're buried there . . . in the upper valley."

Curious visitors can still see his grave, on the west side of the road, one mile south of the old Richmond school-house.

By this time, the Honey Lakers had been gone from home for several weeks, fighting Indians, rounding up desperados, trailing bandits. They were eager to return to their families. But they had done their work well. They had broken up Lucky Bill and his gang, and word of their deeds spread quickly throughout California and Nevada. "Lucky Bill's luck ran out on him at last. Poor Bill," muttered his friends, as they climbed into their saddles and high-tailed it for greener pastures.

No Peace—

(Continued from page 21)

"Greetings, my good little friend," he murmured in Apache. "What brings you out this night?"

The slender girl glanced back over her shoulder, a touch of fear in her large, brown eyes.

"My people are coming to kill you. The brave your soldiers shot today died, and my people say that you were with the soldiers. You must leave for the fort at once."

Although she spoke calmly and emotionlessly, Weaver knew enough of the Apache character to recognize the urgency behind her words. He knew, too, that she had risked her life to warn him. Hurriedly, he pulled on his heavy coat.

"You shouldn't have come Aha-sa-ya-mo," he said quickly. "Your people will be angry."

"You have been a good friend," she answered softly. "I know you are not to blame for what has happened. The Great Spirit be with you."

"And may he travel with you, too, my friend," Weaver said. The girl slipped out the door, a slight smile on her face,

a fleeting shadow in the half-darkness.

As silent as an Indian, the trapper moved through the dense woods, hugging the shadows, pausing often to listen, thankful for a night lit only by stars. He could hear their signals—the soft whoo-oo-o of the owl; the sharp staccato bark of the coyote; they were near. But Pauline Weaver was skillful as the Apache; and he was nearing the point where he would leave the timber, when the arrow hissed through the air, piercing his shoulder with liquid fire. He broke into a run, zig-zagging, knowing that he had passed the ambushade. The arrow he carried in his shoulder was to plague him the rest of his life; and in a way Weaver always thought it was a crude sort of justice for the wrong he had unintentionally committed.

THE commanding officer at Fort Whipple welcomed Weaver, for there was no better scout in the southwest.

But Weaver was not happy. He missed his Indian friends; he disapproved of Army methods in dealing with the redmen. The soldiers had become just as ruthless as the Indians. It was a battle to the death—the survival of the strongest. Weaver could see the end of the redman's reign and it saddened him that the end had to be so violent, so final. For he understood the trapped, desperate feeling of the Indian, who was being inevitably pushed into the desert wastelands, his empire trampled beneath the foot of the white man.

A few days after his narrow escape, a group of soldiers raided an Apache camp, killing all the men, and taking the women and children captive. It was Aha-sa-ya-mo's camp and an anger that Weaver had never experienced before leaped through his veins.

He watched the soldiers herd the group into a small cabin. Later, he managed to have a few words with Aha-sa-ya-mo through the small window in the back of the cabin. She was scratched and bleeding from the wounds she had received when she had tried to escape, but her brown eyes were defiantly joyful when she saw him.

"I'll get you out of here," he promised her.

"Do not make trouble for yourself," she urged him. "Somehow, we will find a way to escape."

Four nights later, all the women and children escaped, despite a guard on duty. No one knew how it had been accomplished. If Pauline Weaver was suspected, no one said anything.

A debt had been paid. From Fort Whipple the trapper-scout went to Camp Lincoln on the Verde River, still in the capacity of a scout. Through him much bloodshed between the races had been averted. The next five years after the original incident that had severed Weaver's friendship with



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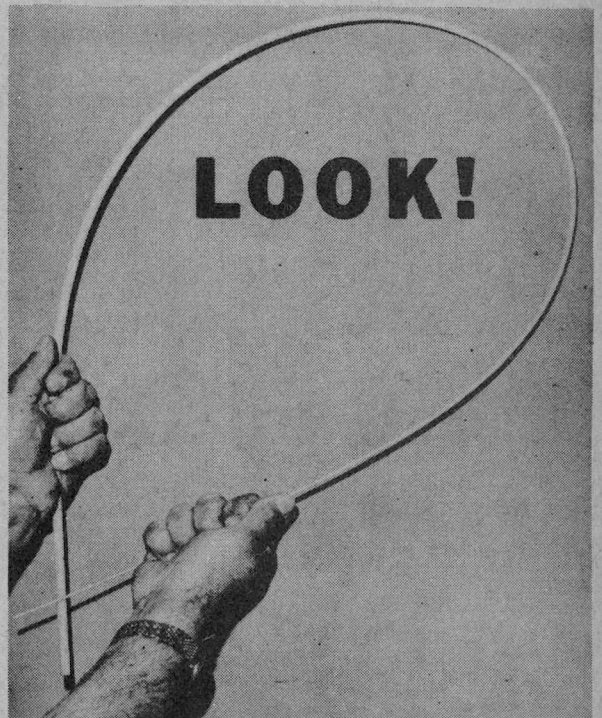
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the Apaches passed in a flurry of violence which shook the Arizona Territory. Weaver was aging and his old arrow wound bothered him greatly. For days at a time he was unable to carry out his duties.

He had disdained to live in the army camp, preferring, instead, to pitch his tent on the banks of the whispering Verde. One night the guard reported that a light had burned in the old scout's tent all night. Weaver did not appear the next morning, and the commanding officer sent a soldier to investigate. A new Apache outbreak had been reported; the scout's services were needed.

A single set of tracks, made by slender, dainty moccasins, led to and from the tent. Inside the neatly arranged tent, Pauline Weaver lay, unmoving in his blankets, a clean towel over his face. When the soldier removed the towel, Weaver's dark face smiled up at him calmly, unseeing.

Aha-sa-ya-mo had helped her friend prepare for his last journey . . .

First Blood

(Continued from page 19)

The slave dropped to his knees. Estevan's teeth gleamed, his feet pranced the rhythm born in his bones as he chanted "Great is my magic." In the same sing-song voice, aping the padres saying mass, he continued, "By this sign, go! You are protected; I say it." Majestically he made the sign of the cross.

Estevan veered east, and his heart beat hard and fast with the hope that another ridge beyond this one would

reveal outposts of Cibola.

"I will fill gopher holes with the gold I cannot carry," he promised the purple hills ahead. "I will be rich, as now I am free." He danced to hear the tinkle of the bells on his ankle. Playfully he lowered his big skull and charged an Opatas woman like the bulls of old Spain. She squealed as he lifted her high and his great laugh rang out. "Patience, woman! Now we march to find the seven cities. Come to me when dark covers the trail and we may no longer travel."

The next morning a second cross was dispatched southward to Friar Marcos.

"They will come, first the padre, then the viceroy with his slaves and soldiers," Estevan reasoned, pushing steadily on, "but I will have first choice and keep always beyond them."

He looked over his retinue, larger now than when he left Vacapa. *Indios* along the way bowed low and some joined this black god who laughed, and danced, and whipped not often.

THE MONTH of May was half gone before that dreamed of ridge was topped, and the first pueblo of the seven cities gleamed in the noon sun. "Go thee forward faster," he instructed a young Pima lad, "and prepare them for the coming of Estevan—Estevan the medicine man. Estevan the *katchina*." He placed in the man's hands the gourd tied with two feathers, a red one and a white one. Marked on the side with white clay of the country was a sign of his magic, a cross. The gourd of the *Indio* medicine man and the magic of the white man.

Greedily, he watched the runner depart, then decked himself with his finest plumes, feathers of the parrot, turquoise, (Continued on following page)

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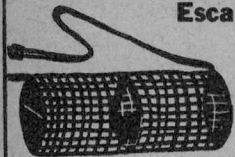
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First Blood

(Continued from preceding page)

bells and rattles. Thus would he impress them with his importance. He rubbed his scantily-bearded chin, and wished for the full beard of old de Vaca. Ten thousand curses on that man! De Vaca, who would have perished but for the aid of Estevan the slave. De Vaca, who could grow such a glorious beard! "He who knows not the eagle finds the rooster fierce," Estevan told himself consolingly.

"The Zuni are proud, a fighting people," a Papago told him, "and it may well be that in ignorance they greet us not."

"My magic takes the string from any bow," Estevan answered him. "Hast thou not seen it?"

The sun sent back dazzling lights from the tall houses of the Zuni at this pueblo called Hawaikuh. Estevan wanted to run, to fill great hides with golden bricks of the buildings. Disappointment filled him as they drew close and saw that the sun but threw back the false gleam of mica in the mud instead of gold. There would be gold here, had not all the *Indios* in the Arizona lands so told him. And many women. The pulse in his throat throbbed. Girls. Gold. Freedom. Slaves of his own. Power!

Strange these houses he observed as he strode through the low grammar grass. No doors. No windows. Terraced, one story upon another and each terrace filled with people.

Shoulders back arrogantly, bells tinkling, rattles clacking, he swung into the plaza and scowled. The people had prepared no welcome as befits a *katchina*. They looked down from the terraces as the hideous heathen gods carved on the temples in Mexico.

"Stupid *tontos!* Fools!" he roared. "Must I show thee?" A subdued murmur, more a growl than approbation, hung in the evening air.

"Oye! Pino!" he called, knowing that soon the menacing tone must change to adulation. "Bring the coyote."

Three days before they had snared a young coyote, unhurt. Pino came and knelt before the master. "Tell them in their tongue," Estevan commanded, "that my magic will stop the running coyote—or man."

Pino stood and his voice rang out in the apricot sunset. "Loose the beast," Estevan ordered. "They must see."

Pino cut the thongs that held the coyote's feet. The animal staggered, confused, then loped toward the *kiva*. Estevan raised his gun and fired. The coyote dropped, kicking.

A low wail of mixed awe and fear slid from the throat of one to the mouth of another in the ranks of watchers. Estevan handed the gun to Pino and sat down. He could wait. That he had long since learned.

WHEN the sun's last spears were lost in mauve and rose of western clouds, he spread his hands. In the sign language that all knew he demanded food.

A ladder was let down from the first terrace, and five *caciques* descended. Slowly they walked, these chiefs of the *Indios*, and impassively Estevan waited. Silently, they seated themselves in a half circle facing him.

Women came and placed before him *ollas* of food. Roasted corn, pinon nuts, dried meat of deer, stewed saddle of the great humped cow. Estevan ate. The *caciques* watched.

There was a difference in the feel of this place, uneasily, for a brief moment, Estevan felt the memory of the fear he had known when the Spaniards had captured him on the shores of Morocco. He dismissed the tinge quickly. He was tired of the women in his retinue. The serving maid was comely. What Estevan wanted, Estevan took. The girl did not struggle. Scornfully he swung her over his shoulder and carried her to his rugs. He knew how to handle *Indios!* She was a dead sheep in his arms and in an hour he tired of her and cast her aside.

His own slaves guarding him, he slept. It was an uneasy sleep, fraught with nebulous dreams. He heard again the beat of surf on the coast of Texas after the storm that wrecked their ship.

With the dawn light Estevan woke. In a half circle around his blankets were the crippled and sick. Long ago Estevan had ceased to wonder why his hands so often cured the *Indios*; why they were useless at healing the Spaniard. "Faith will make thee whole," Friar Marcos had said. He knew that he, Estevan, could heal many of the *Indios*.

Quickly he broke his fast and juggled the three painted balls of clay. When they marveled at his flying hands, and the healthy crowded respectfully around, he went to the sick.

Skillfully he picked his patients, did his routine, ending with the magic sign of the cross. If they were not well, they believed they were, which was just as good.

The *caciques* were stolid as he signed that he would now take gifts. Stoically they piled gifts before him. Some he took—turquoise and furs, others he disdained. Covertly he watched them walk around the coyote, looking, but not touching.

By nightfall, treading cannily and carefully, he had convinced the pueblo that he was a Black *Katchina*. That he felt. And it was the first day.

MORNING brought runners from the other pueblos. Carefully Estevan questioned. Never did he ask a man his name, but rather the name of the one behind him and the dwelling of the one before. Vague tales they told him and his anger mounted.

"Bring the metal of the sun! Hide it not from the eye of the *Katchina* Negro—lest he touch thee with the thundering death" he warned. They cringed, but they brought it not. It must be yet farther north he decided, and lashed out with the long bull whip in his disappointment. He had healed, and they refused him his just due.

Frustration roared him, and the bitter taste foamed on his serrated tongue. The cottonwood gums of the slaves beat—beat—beat. He yelled for quiet but all around him, under him, over him, pounding, beating, they tore at his newly found estate.

They wouldn't dare resist him! He was Estevan, unconquerable. They must fear him! He had the gun and the sword of steel as the Spaniards had had to subdue the Toltec.

"The drums call the other peoples," Papagos told him uneasily.

The *kiva* poured out dancers, the long ceremonial pole, tipped with eagle feathers, dipped, fanned a copper brow, raised.

Were they dancing to honor him—or strange new fear—did they plot against him? Never let them see fear. Proudly he snapped his whip and strode between the lines of dancing, decked out *Indios*. His curling beard, his giant black

True West

frame, his cracking biting whip were enough.

Too late he saw that here the difference was deeper. The drums beat, louder, louder—faster—faster! He faced the stern *cacique* of Hawaiikuh. At the *cacique's* side was the maiden he had raped the night before, hair untidy, mourning. Anger flooded him, and courage. He lifted his whip and the first arrow loosed from a terrace, pierced his lung. He staggered and coughed, and more arrows swarmed like angry hornets.

Unbelievably he fell. They would not dare! None would dare molest his sacred black body! The popping eyes rolled. Weakly he raised his hand to make the magic sign of the cross. Where had he lost its invincible power?

The pole dipped low and the eagle feathers caressed his face and stayed. The drums faded. Only one beat now—the one in his chest, painfully, chokingly. His great jaw dropped. It was peaceful and quiet here in the dark. The drum in his chest ceased too. Slave and black god shared the last breath.

First European blood had been spilled on the path destined to be known as the Trail of the Padres.

Old Buttermilk

(Continued from page 13)

I jerked on my boots and hit for my picketed horse on the run. I passed the dying campfire and remember yet how comical the boss looked, with his boots on the wrong feet and struggling to drag both suspender straps over one shoulder.

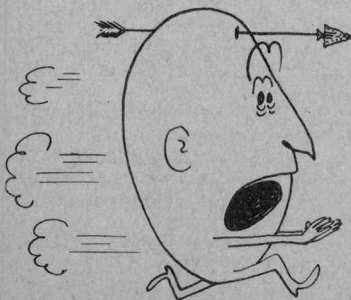
But he was giving the orders and giving them straight. He hollered at me: "Shorty, you get to the east side and circle in. Try to turn them back, if you can, but for God's sake, kid, don't get in front of them."

I did what he told me, but Lord, it was dark out there, and them cattle were sure scared. I could see sparks flying from their horns and the noise they made was like no sound I'd ever heard before in my life. I spurred up to the point of a run and tried to swing them, but I couldn't. All they knew was just one thing, to run straight ahead.

My horse crashed through a stand of thorn apple bushes and a thorn drove into my foot. The pain nearly took my breath, but there was nothing I could do about it. The run-crazed cattle were pushing in on me now, and I had to get clear of them.

The run lasted for better than an hour before it slowed and I managed to turn the leaders.

(Continued on page 39)



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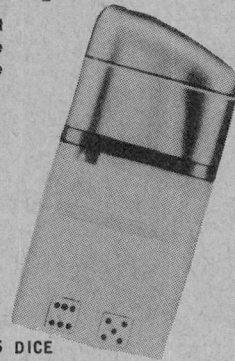
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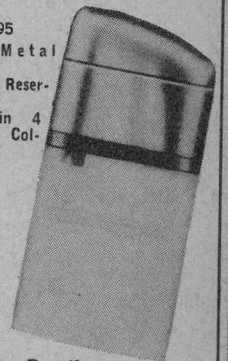


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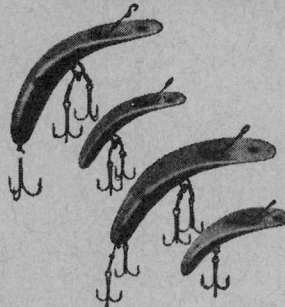
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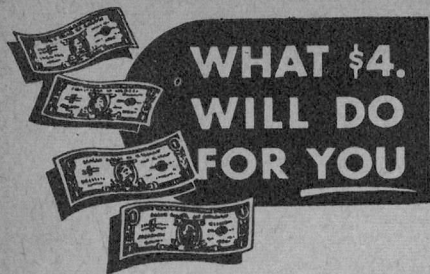
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There's Romance In Your Jeans

by Louise Cheney

THESE is hardly a waddy or a cow-girl anywhere, short or tall, skinny or plump, rich or poor, who has not worn a pair of dark blue jeans with the oil cloth patch on the waist band, bearing the name, Levi Strauss. On this patch is the familiar picture of a pair of horses engaged in a serious tug of war, each going in a different direction and vainly trying to rip a pair of Levis apart.

Romance and courage are woven into each pair of sturdy Levis—romance of the days of the roaring California gold rush of over a hundred years ago, and the courage and initiative of a young pioneer who made the long, arduous journey by water from New York to San Francisco to seek his fortune in the wild and untamed West of those days. They are also an enduring symbol of opportunity.

That same opportunity met Levi Strauss more than half-way almost as soon as he stepped off the boat in San Francisco one day in 1850. Laden with a bundle of canvas and other heavy piece goods, he hoped to make his fortune in the mines. He had brought the material all the way from New York, planning to sell it for a grub stake.

Young Levi had taken but a few steps on land when he was approached by a miner who burst out eagerly, "Hope you've got some pants in that bundle. We need some that will hold up in the diggin's. Can't buy any here rough enough."

"Why no, I just didn't think of that," replied Levi.

In disappointment, the miner turned away. Young Levi suddenly grabbed his arm and exclaimed, "Come with me!"

They scouted the narrow, dusty San Francisco streets until they found a tailor shop. Levi showed the tailor his material and requested that he fashion two pairs of pants, one to fit the miner and one for himself.

The pants held up to rough wear so well that the news spread, and soon their reputation was established. "These pants of Levi's," as they were commonly called, had made the grade. Levi was besieged by more orders than he could fill. He sent to his brothers in New York and placed a small factory in operation where he started mass production. By popular accord they were called Levis.

THESE'S humor in the story of your jeans, too—humor in the origin of the copper rivets on the pocket corners.

To Virginia City, Nevada, there often came a miner by the name of Alkali Ike. On every trip he visited his tailor,

Jacob W. Davis, and always he had a tale of woe, colorful if a bit on the profane side. Since he was in the habit of loading his pockets with ore specimens while prospecting, those same pockets were eternally ripping out. This fact made Ike a very sad and angry man, and his tailor more often than not bore the full brunt of those twin emotions.

Davis put forth his best efforts and all the ingenuity at his command in mending the melancholy miner's pants, but still they ripped loose. One day when Ike was unusually angry and profane, Jacob decided to play a joke on him. "Take it easy, Ike," he advised, "I've got a new idea for fixin' those pants. Just leave them here and go on about your business and I'll fix 'em."

After Ike left, Davis carried the pants to a harness shop and hammered in iron rivets to re-inforce the pocket corners. The tailor thought he was playing a huge

joke on Ike but, to his surprise, Alkali was highly pleased with the innovation of Jacob's. So high was his praise to other miners that Davis was soon as busy riveting pockets as Strauss had been making pants. Every miner wanted his pockets reinforced with iron rivets.

When Davis made his annual buying trip to San Francisco, he contacted Levi Strauss and told him how well his idea was working on the pants pockets of the miners. Levi saw a lawyer, there was a conference

with Davis, and Levi secured a patent on the rivets. Davis remained in San Francisco in charge of Levi's overall factory. Levi substituted copper for iron in the rivets since iron was subject to rust. Orange thread was used in the stitching of the jeans as it was nearer copper color than any other thread.

Levis are now made in nine factories owned by descendants of Levi Strauss. Their Centennial Celebration was held in San Francisco in 1950.

Levis are not much different today than they were a hundred years ago. They still carry the same copper colored stitching, the same rivets and oil cloth patch. And the romance of the rip-roaring days of the great gold rush of over a hundred years ago is woven into the sturdy cloth of each pair of jeans.



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Old Buttermilk

(Continued from page 37)

When the boss and Jack Russell came in from the other side, it was nearly daybreak. The boss said: "Boys, that's one race I don't want to run again . . . Where's Slim?"

I said I didn't know, wasn't Slim with them? And the boss said yes, for awhile, but we lost him.

I wasn't concerned about Slim right then. I was hurting too bad. I got down and worked my boot off, knowing my foot was ruined. I was certain that thorn had run clear through it. As it turned out, however, the thorn had just punched through the leather of my boot and into the big toe, just barely piercing the skin. I wasn't really hurt at all.

RUSSELL and the boss left me to worry about my toe and to round up the stragglers, while they rode off to search for Slim. And when they found him, it was where his horse had stepped into a badger hole and gone down.

The fall had snapped Slim's neck. His horse had to be shot on account of a broken front leg.

We sent to Lewistown for Dr. Hedges. But all he could do when he got there was to tell us what we already knew. He took one look at Slim and said: "Boys, it's all over."

We buried Slim on the prairie in what was later to become the Philbrook cemetery. This is on the north side of the Great Falls-Lewistown stage road, near Philbrook. Then we drove the herd on to Billings, where we loaded, and road the train to Chicago, just as we'd planned.

Only, it didn't turn out to be much of a trip. Not without Slim.

I think even he would have agreed that those Chicago girls weren't any prettier than Montana girls.

There was just more of them.

Purvis Opens Mexico

Of great interest to sportsmen is the announcement that Mexico, at last, is open again to hunting and fishing—and by that nationally known Wyoming outfitter, Tex Purvis.

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Spring, 1954

WONDA WIRE POCKET SAW



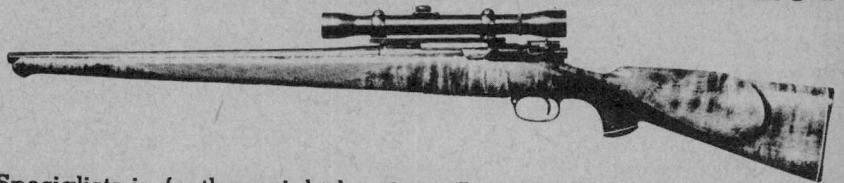
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The Law Came Late

(Continued from page 16)



Photo of \$750,000 in high-grade ore stored at one time in the State Bank and Trust Co. vault, Goldfield. It was from the Mohawk Mine.

Theater. For the more earthy, Tex Rickard doled out the needful, assisted by eighty bartenders, at his Northern Saloon. (Tex made his first fortune in Alaska, lost it in California, made and lost a couple more before he went East to promote the first million dollar fistic games).

Tex's first fight promotion was dreamed up to center national attention on Goldfield (mining stocks). On September 6, 1906, the widely advertised "Battle of the Century" between "Batling" Nelson and Joe Gans took place. Added to a \$30,000 purse, the world's lightweight championship was at stake. Gans emerged victor after 42 rounds of bloody, gruelling fighting which ended when Nelson fouled Gans.

Wise investors had been cashing in Goldfield holdings for some time. Quick decline set in shortly after 1910. By then Rawhide, Rhyolite, Greenwater, Skidoo, and Round Mountain had siphoned off the rainbow chasers. By 1918, a mere million dollars was dug.

Today Goldfield, midway between Las Vegas and Tonopah, on Highway 95, is feebly alive because of desultory mining, tourists, and the county seat government. Seven sprawling graveyards are silent but eloquent testimony to its past and possibly its future.

Unpredictable even now, one cemetery has a large enigmatic sign reading: "CAR WASHING NOT ALLOWED IN CEMETERY."



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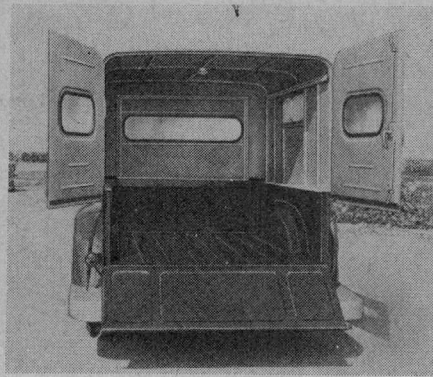
AFFILIATED NATIONAL HOTELS

The TURTLE TOP

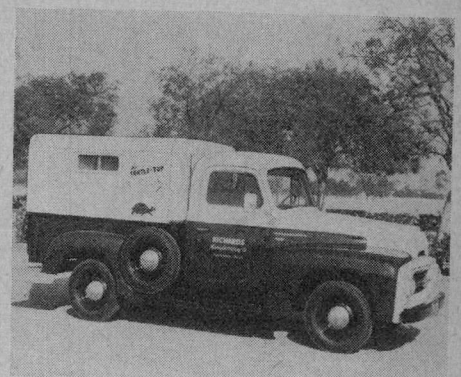
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Stay in their soldier and pitch. You are the best we have had in that Joint called the white House in A long time.

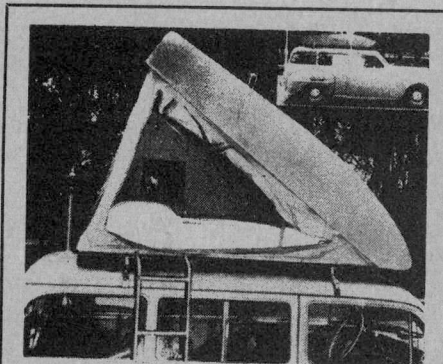
He might put me to shoveling manure, but it wont be the first time and the smell from that apray wont stink any worse than some smell that has come from Washington lately.

I was raised A democrat and didnt Known till I had been in jail several times that you could vote any other way. I VOTED FOR IKE AND I AM BRAGGING ABOUT IT. I know he will just be in the

big Joint one term, for the people of today has not heard the truth in so long they wouldnt like it if it was good.

This great old United States has produced the man for every crisis. George Washington to free the country. Abraham Lincoln to free the colored people. And Ike Eisenhower to free the country of the demogorgry (Guess where I learned that word) and polotical big headedness that was takin' the U. S. just like the grasshoppers took Kansas.

Go on Ike. I am with you. That dont count but very, very little, but it shore dont hurt any. Some of you readers might not like this. If you dont like it, dont read it . . .



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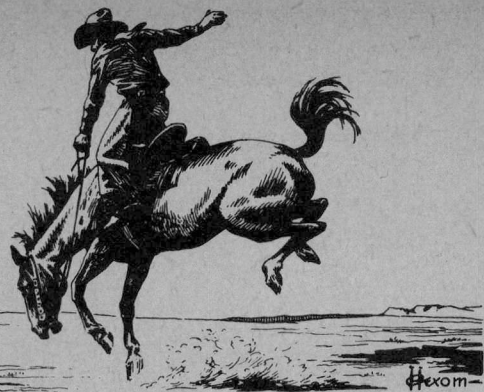
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"With a swish and a roar, the bronc left the ground."

BRONC TO DINNER

by C. M. Blasingame

ROLLERS got his name from the rolling noise he made in his nostrils. He was a mean horse. His gray hide covered 1100 pounds of hard bone and muscle; he showed the whites of his eyes a lot. He bucked like a scalded hound at the least excuse and was hard to set.

The Matador cow outfit was camped on No Mouth Creek, Cheyenne River Indian Reservation in South Dakota, where this natural irrigator stream spreads out into a vast flat before seeping on to join the Missouri. It came Roller's turn to go under the saddle. And since everyone there knew that the reckless buckner cared little where he went when trying to throw a rider, a man on a horse was needed to haze him away from the cook tent and bed wagon.

Those were the days when a cowboy saddled and rode a rough horse right out in open country, for there were few corals, other than the rope corral the cow outfit used to pen the remuda in while changing mounts. If a bronc was too salty to saddle without considerable trouble, he was roped and snaked out of the corral, where a good stout hand would get a twist on the bad one's ears while the rigging was buckled on. Twisted ears usually kept a wild horse's attention away from the saddler. Likewise, with his mind on his ears, a bronc could be mounted easier. There was danger in all of it, for such horses would kick, paw and often bite, but the men took it in stride.

It produced horsemen who could contend with a savage mount's cussedness and still do his share of stockwork. If the horse broke in two several times a day, and at unexpected moments, he didn't usually unseat his rider. Most cowboys were good riders. They had to be. To get unloaded could mean a fifteen mile walk, if not injury or worse. Certainly no one doubted that Rollers would come off second-best in a bucking bout with the Matador cowboy who had him in his string and was preparing to ride him that day in late Spring, 1905.

"I'll pilot him out of camp for you, Ike," offered the Frenchman, Ambrose. "Suits me," the bronc rider answered, easing the humped-up-ready-to-explode Rollers around, facing the big flat before mounting him.

Walker Krump was cook. Dinner was over and Walker, as was his custom after the cowboys had finished eating, was allowing some Indian visitors to clean up the grub left in the kettles. At the time there was about ten old blanketed

bucks squatting around in the tent, stuffing their bellies—a deal they went for, big.

As usual, Rollers squatted half on his belly, rolled his nose-rollers with a hell of a racket, as the roughstring rider got hold of his ear and swung up. With a swish and a roar, the bronc left the ground. He came down on one foot, swapped ends, bawled and hard-bucked straight for the roundup tent, with Ambrose close-riding his side, supposedly to turn him away.

Among those who knew the pranking Ambrose, there was a sneaking suspicion that he did a little bit more to haze Rollers toward the tent, than away from it. Bucking his damndest, Rollers hit the back of the tent. His forefeet caught the guy rope as he went over. The pin pulled up, the tent flopped to the middle, flattening out, but for bumpy spots of scrambling Indians underneath, and Rollers bucked his 1100 pounds of hell-raisin' right up onto it.

With every lunge skyward he'd hit the ground hard, stiff-legged and bounce right up again. He'd swap ends, "up in the East, down in the West," tromping hell out of everything a half dozen times right in the center of the canvas, before he bolted on past the wagon. And on all sides there were black heads and braids and beads and grunts and a howl or two busting out from under the tent side-walls—Injuns, making their getaway! Walker Krump had dived under the wagon when he heard pounding hoofs at his back door.

In spite of doing his worst, Rollers was ridden and spurred until he was ready to pull up his head, forget his temper and help with the work—at least until the next saddling.

Back at camp, no one could figure how come Rollers missed the feasters, but he only landed on one Injun foot, mashing it up good in his moccasin. Another got his hand in the way, and Rollers nearly tore his thumb off and left his knuckles squashed and painful.

The cowboys doctored the injured Indians as well as possible, gave the whole bunch a chunk of beef for a feast, some tobacco and prunes, which fixed things up fine—all but the cook tent, and it sure was a tangled up mess.

After that fracas, the Matadors outlawed Rollers and another horse, Danger, as saddle horses. They were broken to harness, teamed up together, and eventually made a good work team.

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Spring, 1954

NUGGETS

by Hal McClure

Loan on Jackass Hill

IT WAS a cold, stormy night back in December, 1855, when a stranger knocked on the door of the one room shack belonging to Jim Gillis.

After yelling to come on in, Jim saw the newcomer was a sorry looking specimen even for California's Mother Lode country. The stranger apologized for the intrusion, and explained that he was combing the Southern Mines for story material. "I'm a writer and have already sold a few stories in the East."

So affable Jim Gillis made the writer at home at his diggin' there on Jackass Hill near Sonora. When the writer was ready to leave, Gillis gave him a letter of introduction to his brother who worked on the Golden Era in San Francisco.

As the goodbyes were being said, Gillis asked shrewdly: "How much money do you have on ya?"

"Only \$2.52," mourned the stranger.

So Gillis forked over a \$20 gold piece and pushed him out the door.

Legend has it that Jim Gillis was visiting San Francisco some time later and ran into the young man he had befriended. He ran up to him, said hello and extended his hand.

The young man, impeccably dressed in the latest fashion of the day, looked at the ill-garbed mining man with disdain and pointedly refused the proffered hand. Adjusting his monocle the writer drawled, "Aw, really, me dear fellah, you must be mistaken."

Gillis' mouth dropped open, then he snapped back:

"That's possible. But if you pungle over that \$20 I gave you on Jackass Hill, I'll be damned glad to forget you, too."

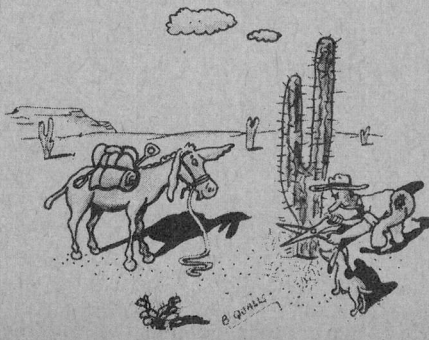
So red faced and embarrassed, Bret Harte, fresh from his literary triumphs of "Luck of the Roaring Camp" and others, pungled up the long standing loan.

THE MOTHER LODGE'S STRANGEST DUEL

PERHAPS the strangest duel ever fought in those rough and tumble Gold Rush days in California took place outside Sonora on September 20, 1859.

The fight was between a Colonel E. Estabrook and his junior in grade, a Major William H. Knight. The exact cause of the fight is not known, but the pair had been arguing heatedly about the outcome of yet another duel fought between two other principals.

(Continued on following page)



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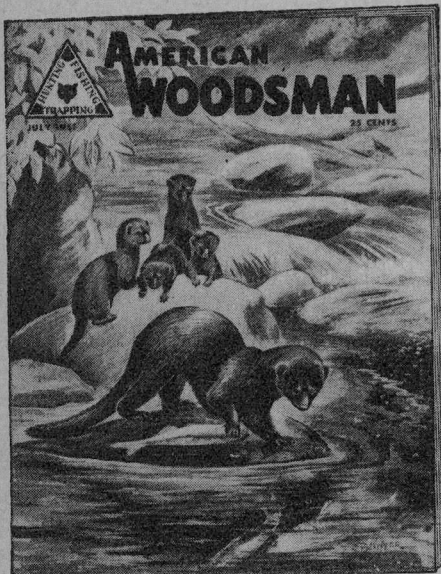
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Strangest Duel—

(Continued from preceding page)

So it was an affair of honor and had to be settled on Cannon Hill, a favorite location for those wishing to resolve their differences by the code duello.

The sun, a huge round, steaming September ball, came over the eastern Sierra, and the men were ready. Incidentally, among the spectators were the town's entire medical profession.

The more observing spectators noticed Colonel Estabrook was perspiring while his opponent seemed calm and even somewhat relaxed. This in itself was odd because of the excellent reputation the good colonel had with the duelling pistols.

At last all was ready. The two took their positions some 15 paces apart and raised their weapons. At the cry of "one," Colonel Estabrook pulled the trigger. At the same time Major Knight snapped his own trigger, but the pistol misfired.

He stood there with shock written on his tanned countenance, then he fell forward on his face to lie still upon the dusty ground.

The colonel looked contemptuously down at his victim, blew the smoke from the pistol barrel and walked casually away with his admiring seconds. The felled major was carefully placed on a mattress in the back of a wagon and unceremoniously hauled away.

Spectators gazing after the departing "dead man" suddenly saw him raise to a sitting position and let out a giant roar of laughter. He was joined by his seconds and their mirth reverberated through the hills.

The duelling pistols that September morn had been loaded with cork bullets.

They said Colonel Estabrook never really got over the joke they played on him. He soon departed for more gentlemanly surroundings.



"That's much better. You're not bouncing as far!"

Truly Western

Indian Uprising!

If there's any one thing us limber-jawed Texans is noted for, it's for stirring up trouble. In the last issue, we published a letter written by one Edwin Sigler of Wichita, Kansas, who gave us some clear-cut advice on how to handle Indians.

Well, as it turns out, we should have thrown that letter away. Seems the Indians are not interested in being handled—especially by Mr. Sigler. In fact, from the flood of letters that came pouring in, as a result of Sigler's advice, we're not sure but what the hostiles are fixing to go on the warpath again.

What's got us so puzzled is the fact that, contrary to all we've ever read or heard tell about Indians, these are not after Mr. Sigler's scalp. What they seem to want is his teeth!

Dear Sirs:

In regard to a letter . . . written . . . by Edwin Sigler, if he can back up what he says in the phrase "dirty, stinking, treacherous, bloodthirsty savages," I will gladly give him a chance to kick me in the teeth, but only once will he do it, because he will take a bath in his own blood. The way he talks, he has never lived on an Indian Reservation, and I have.

I'm half Comanche and was raised on a Reservation and know it isn't so easy to make a living on land that wouldn't support a prairie dog . . .

Mr. Sigler might like to consider how come about 12,000 Indians enlisted in the armed services in World War II to protect people such as him.—Al J. Holman, (Indian name: Running Bear), Bozeman, Montana.

Dear Mr. Sigler:

Your letter in the Winter issue of "True West" interested me, since I am Indian. I will begin by saying that I am misbehaving. Now, let's see you come up here and kick my teeth in "until I decide to behave." I believe that is the treatment you prescribed for unruly Indians.

About these Texans exercising their jaws: a good many of my friends come from Texas, and I find their hearts are just as big as their talk. Moreover, they back up their talk. How about you?

A word now about these authors: too bad they don't fall in line with the movies for your part. These fellers tell the truth and facts as it happened. I'm not siding with them. I don't need to, because the truth hurts, as I can see by your prejudicial letter.

Now, Mr. Sigler, just suppose some foreign people came to your place over there on 546 Ellis, told you to move, so somebody could take over your house? How would you react? Especially, if it's your home?—Richard Pierce, 1369 W. Cedar, Missoula, Montana.

Gentlemen:

In regard to "Pretty Good—But", written by Edwin Sigler . . . maybe you should get this gentleman to go to work for your magazine, as an author, because without doubt he is well informed on all things, since he was there! And I would just imagine he has many of the teeth of you limber-jawed Texans and of us dirty, stinking treacherous savages lying around . . .—Buckles J. Shell, 1235 S. Chestnut, Casper, Wyoming.
Spring, 1954

To the Editor:

I won't flatter your magazine, except to say that it should come out monthly.

In your winter issue, Dear Edwin Sigler had a nasty article concerning our Indians. Does he mean adult males? And what do they do while he is kicking their teeth in? I do believe he is prejudiced, quite bloodthirsty himself, and not all there. As for a Texan jawing, I'm sure we cannot compete with this joker. So, until your next issue, and a good-night Dear Edwin. Don't take any Indian-head nickles!—Bill Suvia, 406 Stimson, Pismo Beach, Calif.

Gentlemen:

Have just finished my issue of True West and, in my opinion, it is one of the best magazines yet.

Also, have read Mr. Edwin Sigler's letter to you. There is not a doubt in my mind that this man is a historian, author, Indian fighter, etc.

Obviously, he does not believe there are two sides to every story, or perhaps he has been taken by some Indian and bears a grudge. But if he should ever wander up in Montana and should like to try to kick my teeth out, he would be most welcome to try. My advice to him, stay in Wichita and enjoy True West.—S/Sgt. L. J. Reddog, USAF (A "blood thirsty savage"), Box 754, Wolf Point, Montana.

If it was us, we'd go one step further. We'd bury our uppers and lowers in some deep hole and try to wipe out the sign!

Gentlemen:

Thanks for your wonderful magazine. I greatly enjoy reading it. However, I am slightly mad, and deeply hurt over one of the letters you published. If I may, I would like to direct the rest of this letter to Mr. Edwin Sigler of Wichita, Kansas.

How long have you lived around Indians? From the sound of your letter, I am in doubt as to whether you even know what one looks like.

Mr. Sigler, I do. I live about 21 miles from San Carlos, Arizona. As you probably know, it is an Indian town. I go to school with the Indians. I am their friend. My dad works with them; my little brother plays with Indian children; my mother carries on a conversation with Indian women just like she does with white women. Indians visit us and talk with us. Also, some of my best friends are Indians.

Now, sir, I'm 14 years old and a freshman in high school. However, I think that I know much more about our Indian brothers and how to get along with them than you do. I have found that

(Continued on following page)



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Dealers' Inquiries Invited

Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

the only difference between a white and an Indian is the color of their skin. Their hearts are in the same place as ours, so is their liver, stomach, etc. They are subject to the same diseases that we are and they get sick just like we do. Indian parents love their kids just like you love yours. There are about 50 Indian children going to our high school in Globe. Indian kids are in 3/4 of my classes. I like it that way. They are nice, friendly, and fun to play, study, talk, sing, and be friends with. They work. They work hard, too. Harder than a lot of white people I know.



Saundra Davies

The Indian has faults, sure. But so do we. We whites have just as many faults as the Indians. Maybe more because we're prejudiced. Prejudiced a little too much. Right, Sir? We whites are pretty treacherous, too. Yes, sir, Indians USED to take scalps, but so did we. We took the scalps of men, women, and children. Why? Not because it made us a better warrior, but because we could get money for Indian scalps.

In Globe High School, sir, two ways of life have met, and two ways of life are existing. They are very healthy, too. The Indian has changed; so have we, and neither of us has had "to go". We both used to live by plunder and murder and took each other's land by killing everybody on it. We both lay in the sewer, and when we reaped the consequences, neither of us were man enough to take it. The Indians, I am sure, did just what we did when they got the chance.

We're at peace with them, aren't we, sir? The white men aren't as "ornery" as they used to be, and the Indians are definitely not "dirty, stinking, treacherous, blood-thirsty savages." Everybody around Globe is still wearing his own hair. I think the articles in TRUE WEST are true. Sir, the Indians aren't, and never have been, any worse than the white man. I'd like to add, Sir, that if you want to live, never, never kick an Indian in the teeth. If you have to argue, argue. But never kick an Indian in the teeth. Why? Because they fight back and besides it hurts them to get kicked in the teeth just like it does you and me.

In closing, I would like to say, God doesn't look at a person's color. He looks at the person.—Saundra A. Davies, Rt. 1, Box 18-A, Globe, Arizona.



"Don't know what they sent this thing for. We've already got one out back."

Correction

Gentlemen:

Have just finished reading Vol. I, No. 3 of True West. I enjoyed the stories very much and was especially interested in "Brave Warriors," since I have just finished working with the Nez Perce Indians after twenty years.

There is just one statement I would like corrected; on page 10 there is a picture of White Hawk, (John Miller, to me). Yes, he was proud, but not ARROGANT. If Mr. Wiltsey had known White Hawk as well as I did, he would have not used anything but the very best words to describe him.

The first aged Indian that ever invited me to have a sweat-bath with him was John Miller; and believe me, when you occupy a space 4 x 4 with any man and there is nothing between you and him but some hot steam, you can be sure that envy, arrogance and pride disappears like magic. Try it, sometime.

White Hawk and I were good friends up to the time of his passing. He greeted me (a poor white man) with a warm smile and handshake whenever we met. I shall always consider him a good, honest Indian.

A side line—The Indian on page 35, Alex Wilson, is a young Nez Perce Indian, but is now also an attorney, practicing in the state of Kansas having passed the bar examination over a year ago.—N. A. Powell, 417 Vista Ave., Lewiston, Idaho.

Thanks, N. A. We're glad to get this info. Our readers have made such comment on this photo as a character study that we think it deserves a repeat with cover prominence—as you have already noticed.

Lost & Found Department

Editor, True West:

I know, you're gonna cuss, but this is a hungry yowl from the wilderness.

From a kid up, I've read just bare mention here and there of the "Battle of Adobe Walls." Of this or that character who was in on the ruckus, but never one hint of what state or what part of which state it happened in.

I can pinpoint about every other scrap that ever took place of any importance, from coast to coast and border to border. From Lew Wetzel to the end of the Peacemaker. But I've studied maps till I'm blue in the left brain and just can't locate Adobe Walls.

I haven't the crust to ask you to print the story. If everybody had their wish, your next issue would outweigh the Encyclopedia. But when one of your "Fridays" rouses from his nap, will you please ask him if he'll scratch on the enclosed scrap of paper at least the approximate location of Adobe Walls?

Enclosing "scrap of paper" and self-addressed envelope, and will thank you for above information.—H. J. Stiner, Ashland, Ore.

The battle of Adobe Walls was one of the most important fought on the western frontier. The engagement is usually considered by historians as breaking up the coalition of Cheyenne, Kiowa and Comanche Indians organized by Quanah Parker.

TRUE WEST will treat this battle in fuller detail in several future issues—in articles dealing with Parker's life, and also with the history of the Comanche tribe, probably the fiercest in the west.

Adobe Walls was little more than a cluster of buildings used by buffalo hunters. The site can presently be reached by driving along State Highway 117 to a junction with a graded road 47 miles

True West

from Plainview and some 50 miles from Amarillo.

In 1864 Colonel Kit Carson with a force of 396 Federal soldiers fought some 1,000 Indians very near the same site, but the more historic battle was in 1874 when 28 men and one woman fought off Quannah Parker's army of some 1,500 Indians. It was an unusual battle for Indians to fight, which TRUE WEST will deal with later, as it was one of the few instances in which the red men attacked at night. How Quannah Parker was able to overcome the superstitions of his tribe and get them to dare the wrath of the high spirits must be told in a fuller article. The attack was discovered by accident by a buffalo hunter named Billy Dixon, and so the white men were not taken by surprise.

Quannah was wounded in the fighting, causing his followers to abandon the attack.

Both battles occurred in present Hale County.—Curt Bishop.

Apparently, our good man "Friday" Curt Bishop wasn't completely awake when he composed the above answer to Mr. Stiner's query. If you'll notice, he never did get around to mentioning which of our 48 states Adobe Walls was located in. When he mentions such places as Amarillo and Plainview, he's bound to be talking about a couple of towns up in the Texas Panhandle.

Guns

Dear Sirs:

A friend and I hope you can settle this for us.

According to the book "Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal," by Stuart N. Lake, Wyatt packed a Colt S. A. .45 with a 12-inch barrel in an open holster. The book claims he still had the fastest draw of his time, in spite of this extra barrel length. We think he must have had a trick holster of some kind. Surely that 4 inches would slow him enough, so that some other man could at least equal his speed.

We were kinda wondering, too, what kind of holster and gun Frank "Pistol Pete" Eaton packed.—A/3c Jimmie L. Hurst, 14476121, 43 A and E. SQD, Davis Monthan AFB, Tucson, Arizona.

Would some of you old gun-slingers try to help these boys out?

More Guns and Gunmen

Dear Sirs:

I'm not much of a "letter to the editor" writer, but am so enthusiastic over your apparently new venture that I couldn't resist telling you so. The reason for all this is that article, "Farewell Peacemaker" by Hart Stilwell. It is the best of its kind that I've ever run across, and here's a vote for more about guns and gunmen!—F. R. Winchell, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

Well, thanks Winchell, but don't ever brag on writer Stilwell, out where he can hear you. He's so cocky now that we can hardly get along with him.

Another Gunman

Dear Fred:

I'm writing to you on the same subject many others have done and will continue to do. I bought my first issue of True West today and, to tell you the truth, it's the greatest of all books now on the market. I enjoyed your story on the .45 Colt Peacemaker very much. You see I'm a handgun fan and there's never been a gun made that I want more than a .45 Colt Peacemaker. Maybe you could give me some tips on buying one and where I can get one in good condition. I'm only 18 years of age and my state has no law which says I can't have any

handgun. The book I got, I believe, is No. 3 issue. I enjoyed your story of Brave Warriors and hope to be able to finish it in the next issue. But, wrapping it all up together, it's the greatest book I have read. Thanks and will see you in the next issue.—Ted Taylor, Deerwood, Minn.

That's the sort of letter to make us editors drool. Will some of you gun cranks tell this boy where he can get him a good .45?

Lost Dutch Oven

Dear Sir:

One of the articles I enjoyed most in the latest issue is Walter H. Miller's article on the Lost Dutch Oven mine. While I do not claim to have any magic device for locating gold, the idea of some day joining the search for the lost mine has plagued me ever since I read the article. Is there anyone who could give me the directions to the general area where Tom Scofield made his discovery? Is his campsite still known?—Jerry Jones, Carrollton, Ill.

All right, writer Miller, this one is yours. Had a letter from several readers wanting to know where to discover this mine. Why don't you writers get these lost mines located for our readers, anyhow? Us editors ain't got the time to do it!

Tom Scofield, 102



Tom Scofield

I would like to order 12 copies of your magazine (Winter Issue containing the story of the "Lost Dutch Oven".) We have, living here in a shack, the "Tom Scofield" — finder and loser of said mine.

(Enclosed late picture. He will be 102 this

July.) We have had quite a few tourists here inquiring about the Clipper Mts., etc. We are getting the magazine for our neighbors on this Desert.—A. E. Anderson, P. O. Box 12, Essex, California.

Dudes Read it, Too!

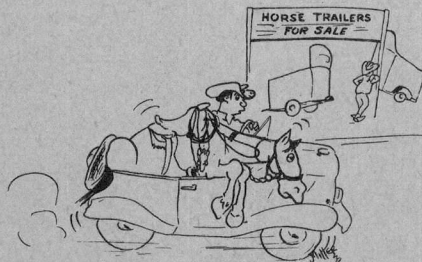
Dear Sirs:

True West is most interesting, and our dudes get a thrill from reading those "wild" tales of the west. Few people in this day can comprehend that the winning of the west was a true story fifty and a hundred years ago, instead of just exciting recreational reading for them to enjoy. And the old timers who lived those days are fading away.

Please accept our best wishes for the continued success of your publication.—Fred J. Topping, Moose Head Ranch, Elk, Wyoming.

We accept, with thanks, and hope your dudes keep right on getting a kick out of reading True West.

(Continued on following page)



"... maybe next year."

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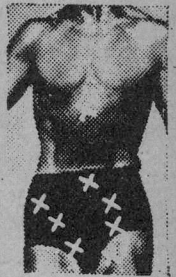
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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

Here are a batch of letters we couldn't squeeze in the last issue so are getting them in here before they mildew any more. Dadgum, but you gents and gals have snowed us under with letters! If we seem to be late answering, it's not because we haven't read every one. Keep flooding us under! "Flooding"—what a wonderful word! The dust here is now knee-deep to a tall dogie!

Now back to the letters.

Lost Marshal

Dear Sir:

Enclosed, you will find a check for three dollars. Also, I would like for you to let me know if there ever was a man by the name of Matt Dillon, U. S. Marshal. If so, send me information on how to get his books.—U. G. Taylor, Parker Lake, Ky.

You've got us, Mr. Taylor. We never heard of such a Dillon. Can any of you readers help us out?—Ed.

What King?

... I'll admit that the King's English takes a beating, (In True West, he means.) but for my money that makes the magazine.—Hubert B. Ferneau, Washington C. H., Ohio.

Wasn't no king along the Meskin border where we picked up our brand of English. What's wrong with it, anyhow?—Ed.

Us Worriers

You are the answer to my prayers. I received the first two issues you sent me and they were twice as good as I had expected. It is a great and unique magazine and just couldn't be any better. I lay awake nights, worrying about your ceasing publication for some reason or other...—Bill Secrest, 1427 Dakota Ave., Fresno, Calif.

Just between us girls, Bill, there are nights when we lay awake, worrying about exactly the same thing.—Ed.

Sitting Bull

Dear Editor:

Here is your 3 bucks. Now, I want some explaining on your story about Sitting Bull.

In the story, it states the Eighth Cavalry was the troops that rode in and dispersed the Indians. Will you find out for sure if it was the Eighth or Seventh Cavalry?

My Dad was a paper boy at that time, carrying papers to the Fort. He thinks it was the Seventh. He said they brought back the headdress of Sitting Bull, and 7 Indian ponies. The ponies were sold to the paper boys and the headgear was in the window of Mehl & Schott Drug Store on the corner of 5th & Delaware, Leavenworth, Kansas. There was also 2 other chiefs' headgear, but forgot who they were.—Mark E. Crawford, Jr., Rt. 1, Guemas Island, Anacortes, Wash.

All right, you Bull experts, what about it? Was it the Seventh or Eighth?—Ed.

"Dirty, Stinking, Palefaces!"

Howdy, Mr. Editor!

I sure liked THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES. Norman Wiltsey done told the truth about the way the Palefaces treated them.

Once, while I was living in Tucson, Arizona, I knew a Hopi named Luie. That Indian was smart. He could catch hold of a rope and it came alive like a

snake. When I said that roping was a cowboy stunt, he replied, "Who do you think taught the cowboys?"

They still treat the Indians bad. They call them a government charge, won't let them vote, or buy liquor, and don't do much for them but take away their natural livelihood and let them starve or else. But come a war and the Indian is plenty good enough to fight for Uncle Sugar.—Julian V. Gibson, Herold, W. Va.

No Left-handed Indians?

Good Morning!

The article "The Fighting Cheyennes" is an excellent brief history of a little known tribe. It brings to mind a characteristic of Indians which I have observed over a number of years spent in the Indian Service, and which others may be able to corroborate or disprove.

With a rather intimate acquaintance with the Indians on the Flathead Reservation in Montana, the Fort Peck Reservation in Montana, and the Uintah & Ouray Reservation in Utah, I have never known a left-handed Indian of full Indian blood. So far as I have been able to determine, there is no tabu among In-



"Yes Sir! TRUE WEST comes in today on the three o'clock stage."

dians regarding the left hand, as there is, for instance, among the Moslems.

Possibly related to this rarity of left-handedness is, in my observation, the rarity of twins among full-blood Indians. In checking over the family history of several thousand Indians, I found that twin births among full-bloods were very rare. In the winter of 1898-99, the wife of a missionary at Randlett, Utah, on the Ute Reservation, gave birth to twin boys. The Indians could not understand this, their comment being: "All same dog; all same rabbit." Shortly after this, an Indian woman gave birth to twin daughters, and it was only the intervention of a white couple, who took one of the girls to raise, that prevented the father from killing one of the twins!

I would like to see this subject discussed by those who have actual knowledge of conditions. The discussion should be confined to cases of left-handedness or twins among full-bloods, for I have known a number of cases of both among those of mixed blood.—G. G. Commons, 2601 Bridle Path, Austin 3, Texas.

We could publish here a letter from R. L. Templeton, Collinsworth County Judge, of Wellington, Texas, telling how he and his wife fell out with each other when he tried to make her read The Woman's Home Companion, instead of his True West, only it would sound like bragging, and then, too, we think it's a good policy to stay on the good side of the law just as much as possible!

No Mistake Here

... Joe, we enjoyed every word of your editorial. It's a dilly. But—have a complaint to register. You mentioned "gents" in it several times and never mentioned "ladies" once. How come? Don't you know us western women like to read early-day TRUE WESTERN stories? Now, don't you slight us "gals" in your next editorial.—Julia Labadie, Box 1015, Grass Valley, Calif.

Bless your heart, honey, we're making all sorts of mistakes, as you can see by reading some of the above letters; but there's one mistake us Texas men never make—and that's slighting the "ladies." Now, you just be patient and give us time. We're slow and a little awkward, but once we get going, look out! We're as hard to stop as a cyclone!—Joe.

On The Spot

Dear Joe:

Brother! If you think you are on the spot as a result of your new venture, your left hand knoweth not what your right hand doeth.

... Your editorial in Volume 1—No. 1, was a masterpiece of honest and humble appeal to the very people who are suffering from ptomaine poisoning of the intellect, and who will rally to your fresh new diet with enthusiasm. But don't jump to conclusions, Bud. I am no starry-eyed dreamer, gullible hero-worshipper, no impractical theorist. Your correspondent happens to be a hard-boiled old realist of the old-fashioned school of "Horse Sense" and hard knocks. He also happens to have kept abreast of the publishing game through writers magazines and "Writer's Yearbooks" for many years, through book reviews, book-trade publications, the columns of critics and commentators, and the obituaries of many highly publicized periodicals which expired because they lacked the HUMAN TOUCH.—Roy Brandt, 61 Hialeah Drive, Hialeah, Fla.

Well, the "Human Touch" is what we've drawn a bead on, Roy, and we sure hope our aim is good enough to keep us out of them obituaries you've been reading—Joe.

Anything Can Happen

Parents of the New Rag:

Well, as they say, anything can happen in this dad-blamed world... Like a fool, I opened Vol. 1, No. 1 of this new "rag" and found to my amazement that this was the best magazine I have ever laid eyes on. I started with the first story of true adventure and never stopped reading until I fought every Indian war, lived in the wilds with Jim Bridger, drank in the saloons with Hootchy-Kootchy Kate in Gateway, Montana (my old stomping grounds,) and panned gold around Virginia City, home of the Vigilantes.—James R. Hein, Hq. Sq. Section, 3700th Air Base Group, Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas.

Well, that's fine, James, but there ain't a thing to be amazed about, on account of we planned it that way. We aim for every issue of True West to grab every reader by the ears and shake him till his teeth rattle!—Ed.

True West



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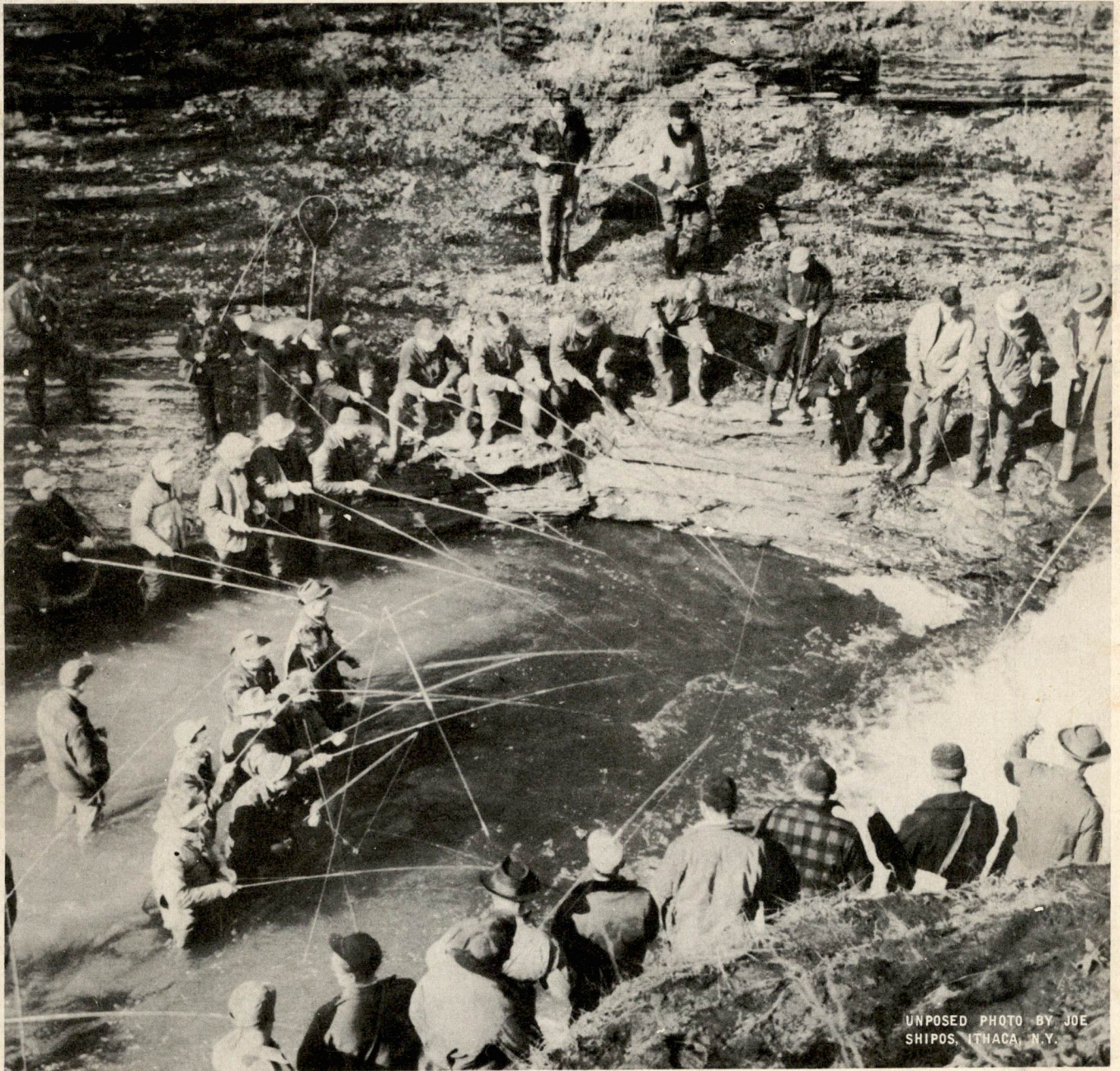
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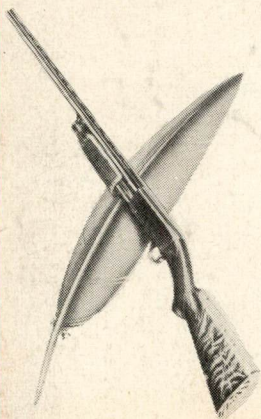
Hold up there, Podner! Must be Jane Russell's swimming under there. Posed picture? Nope, it's the McCoy.

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