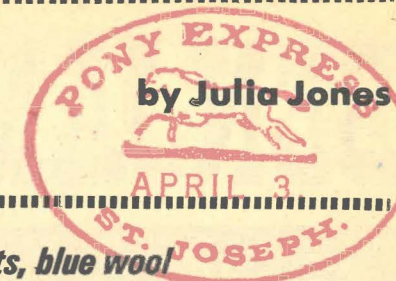


LITTLE MEN



Dixon's famous painting, "Lincoln's Elected," indicates how eagerly public looked for news brought by Pony Express riders.

BIG JOBS



Everyone admired the new Pony Express riders in their bright red shirts, blue wool trousers tucked into fancy boots with silver spurs, fringed buckskin jackets and blue caps...

WHEN Russell Majors and Waddell first opened their freight line from St. Joseph, Missouri, to the Pacific Coast, they conceived the idea of a pony express service, but were not to complete plans and raise sufficient money for it for years. And before that time had come John Butterfield was operating his stage coach line with its slogan, "From Coast to Coast in 24 Days," an unprecedented speed at that time, and one which the experts had declared could not be attained.

During the early 1850's the express and banking company of Wells-Fargo had established short, cross-country pony service in the West to accommodate their customers in the gold regions, so the ambitious freighting men decided it might as successfully be done on a larger scale. Specifically, on the 2,000 mile route from St. Joseph to Sacramento.

Without doubt horses have been ridden to carry messages for mankind ever since their earliest existence, but to delvers in antiquity who like to know the origin of things we suggest a study of the life of Genghis Khan (1162-1227), conqueror of China and Tartary. This ruthless conqueror left the first recorded history of this unique service, and has been called the originator of the pony express!

Be that as it may, the service was used in our own country first as an individual neighborliness, which grew gradually into a commercial enterprise, still sponsored by individuals, and ended by becoming a government recognized institution with rigid adherence to route and schedule.

As early as 1691 William and Mary, King and Queen of England, gave to one Thomas Neale a patent, or monopoly, for providing postal service for the American colonists. Neale was never in America, but he delegated his duties to the astute and energetic Scot, Andrew Hamilton, resident of New Jersey.

From that time on the East had its post riders on regular schedules. They were stout fellows all—tough, determined men who in pursuance of their duties did much more than carry the mail. They had to know the best inns and taverns, the best fords and ferries and all other pertinent knowledge that they might report to the postmaster at the end of the run that he, in turn, might give it to traveling members of the public.

But all of that was in the East, and Wells-Fargo served in the far West only. But here was a company proposing a cross-country, East-West line. To this end Mr. Russell, early in 1859, signed a contract with the government to deliver mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, within ten days, on regular schedule. This seemed a superhuman feat considering the difficulties of travel.

Nevertheless, it was a plan to fire the imaginations of all, and many young men who had driven wagons for the freight company, Bill Cody among them, clamored for jobs with the newly organized company, setting in action one of the most colorful services of the time.

It was a stupendous task, but all faced up to it with enthusiasm. The established route from St. Joseph to Sacramento was divided into five districts, and a superintendent for each one chosen that he might hire laborers and direct the building of relay stations and corrals.

Stations originally were planned to be about twenty miles apart, but the nature of the route proved the necessity of reduc-

ing the distance to ten or twelve miles. As a rule the structures were quadrangular in form, of rock, adobe or logs, with one large gate for entrance. There were two large rooms, one used for storage of supplies and as sleeping quarters for the men stationed there, the other for cooking and for business purposes. Back of the two rooms, which were separated by the wide entrance passage, was the corral or compound for the horses, with walls twelve to fifteen feet high; the security of those horses was of paramount importance.

The plan was to cover 250 miles each day, and for that purpose only the finest horses were used, those bred for speed and stamina—especially stamina. They were kept in relays at the 200 stations along the way, and received every care. On the trails, a distance of ten miles at the utmost limit of the animal's pace was exacted of him. From that headlong race he would go dashing into the next station, often flecked with foam, reeking with sweat, nostrils dilated and quivering, legs outspread and flanks thumping with every breath.

As for the rider, much, much more was expected of him than of his mount, so he, too, was chosen for qualities usually associated with fine breeding. Honestly, sobriety, dependability, courage, combined with a slim, lightweight physique in a state of perfect physical fitness, for his was the most hazardous of all the frontier tasks. It was a service demanding lithe, steel-like muscles, utmost bravery and determination, coolness and quick thinking in danger; for the mail *must* go through.

Each rider signed this oath: "I do hereby swear, before the great and living God, that during my engagement, and while I am in the employ of Russell, Majors and Waddell, I will under no circumstances use profane language; that I will drink no intoxicating liquors; that I will not quarrel or fight with any other employee of the firm, and that in every respect I will conduct myself honestly, be faithful to my duties, and so direct all my acts as to win the confidence of my employers. So help me God."

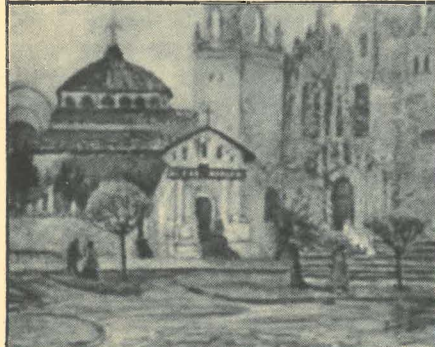
In order to travel with a minimum of weight, the rider usually carried only a Colt's revolver and a knife, though sometimes he had a Spencer rifle as well. There was a special saddle, small and of English style, but with horn at front and a curved-up back like western ones. Over the saddle was fitted a square of heavy leather, a *mochila*, each corner holding a leather box with padlock to hold the mail, that must not exceed twenty pounds. The *mochila* had a hole in front to fit over the saddle horn, and a slot at the back into which the curved-up back slipped. The theory was that this was time saving, as the *mochila* could be lifted quickly from one saddle to another. Maximum time given for changing saddles was two minutes.

Letters were written on the lightest paper obtainable, something like our onion-skin paper today, and for further protection were wrapped in oiled silk. There was a charge, payable in advance, of five dollars per letter, while the riders' salary ranged from \$120 to \$150 per month.

The superintendent in charge of the Western Division of the line, Bolivar Roberts, began his building program in west Nevada, where he met Robert Haslam, to be known later as Pony Bob who, for a time, had driven a wagon for the freighting company. Haslam was eager, like many

(Continued on page 60)

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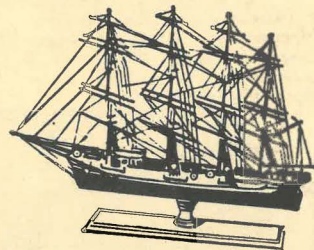
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Douglas, some twenty-five miles away at the time, was sent for. When he arrived in camp the council was already in session.

Taking part in the conference was Shawsheen, who was strongly advocating the release of the white prisoners. (This, in itself, was unique, for squaws were not usually permitted to take part in important councils). Douglas, angered over the events at White River, argued heatedly against the release of the captives and called for a general war against the whites! Several important sub-chiefs agreed with Douglas, and the atmosphere grew tense. Then Shawsheen, well aware that she could be banished from the tribe for sympathizing openly with the whites, rose to her feet and spoke once again. Dramatically, she beseeched the chiefs to forget the idea of expanding the war and to release the prisoners, as their head chief, Ouray, had commanded them. She was followed by her husband, Johnson, who eloquently advocated the same humane course. Since Shawsheen was the sister of Ouray, the words spoken by her and her husband were beginning to have much influence among those present. The few who still dissented quickly changed their thinking when a runner burst into

camp with news that an overwhelming force of soldiers was on the way to punish the Utes.

At length Douglas, realizing his arguments were now falling on deaf ears, conceded, and agreed to release the captives if General Adams would go north with him to stop the soldiers. This the general consented to do, but only on the condition that the prisoners were released immediately.

Douglas looked around the lodge until his eyes met those of Shawsheen, who was eyeing him defiantly. Reluctantly, the sub-chief agreed to the terms, and within a few days the survivors of the Meeker Massacre were safely behind the walls of white civilization.

Although history makes little mention of Shawsheen, and fails to record what became of her in later years, the people of Greeley, where Nathan Meeker lived so many years, never forgot the important part she played in gaining the release of the white captives. The site where she was rescued from the Cheyennes is now a beautiful city park, and a large wooden marker has been erected in commemoration of her brave deed. A fitting epitaph is included: "She was also loved by many whites."

LITTLE MEN—BIG JOBS

(Continued from page 27)

to change over to the new enterprise, with its more adventurous aspects and its greater opportunities. Also, like many others, he was disappointed at the monotonous, grueling labor that was his lot for the next few months, for in the barren desert land of the Great Basin, building material was hard to find. They had to make adobe blocks, using mud from Carson Sink which, with straw, they mixed with their bare feet. It was hard, tedious, messy work and some of the boys, victims of sorely inflamed feet, rebelled and quit.

Not so Bob. He was a hard worker, conscientious and dependable, and there was a firm jut to his jaw, showing his determination to conquer difficulties and not let them conquer him. Moreover he was cheerful, and did his work uncomplainingly, sterling traits of character that did not go unnoticed.

After putting up the adobe buildings the next job was to cut and haul rock for building small forts at two of the stations, and by the time they were completed Mr. Roberts knew his boys pretty well. He knew which ones would stand up under the desert heat, and which ones would stick to a job when the going got rough. He was glad to sign up Pony Bob for the job of riding when the Company got ready to begin lining up riders.

Alex Majors administered the oath to all applicants, giving to each successful one the black leather Bible on which he had sworn. But when he came to Bob he looked the youth over carefully and hesitated.

"What you weigh, Bob?"

"A hundred forty, sir."

"Thought it must be about that. You know we set a limit, weight's so important... we said one hundred twenty-five pounds..." he was stopped by the look of disappointment on Bob's face, and suddenly he made up his mind. "You're so highly recommended, Bob, I'm going to make an exception of you. We need boys like you. You can take the run from Friday's Station at Bucklands."

So the oath was given and a jubilant Bob, with his Bible, took up his abode with others who had passed the tests at the finest hotel in Sacramento to await the great starting day. It was a joyous, exciting interlude for those country lads and they made the most of it. They were the cynosure of all eyes as they strutted about the streets, resplendent in their new uniforms of bright red shirts, blue wool trousers tucked into fancy boots with silver spurs, fringed buckskin jackets and blue caps. They were envied by small boys, and had the admiration of girls of all ages. Similar experiences were being enjoyed by their fellow riders at St. Joseph, who were domiciled at the Pattee House.

It was a gala day at the two terminal

towns when, at last, April 3rd, 1860 rolled around. Red, white and blue bunting and flags flew from every building, bands played, there were patriotic speeches by prominent men. The young riders received such ovations as they had never imagined. During all that jubilation the waiting horses had to be stabled under guard to keep eager souvenir hunters from denuding them of manes and tails.

Fire later destroyed the records of St. Joseph, so the identity of the first rider is not known. Some say it was Jimmy Fry, 21-year-old farm lad from Kansas; others claim the honor for Johnson W. Richardson, a sailor accustomed to rough, outdoor life, and an able horseman. Whichever one it was, he had to await the train bringing mail from the East and then, with the precious cargo secure in his *mochila*, he crossed the river and proceeded to Elwood to change horses.

At Granada, after four such changes, he turned his *mochila* over to Don Rising, who went through Seneca to Marysville, arriving there about midnight, to be relieved by Jack Keetly. He in turn was relieved by others who continued on north-west to Ft. Kearney, Nebraska, to follow along the Platte River to Julesburg, Colorado, then north to Ft. Laramie, Wyoming. From Ft. Laramie the rider galloped furiously to Fort Bridger and Salt Lake City, across Utah and Nevada into the alkali Humboldt Sink, over the Sierra Nevada mountains and down into Placerville, California, and from there to Sacramento—with enthusiastic crowds to greet the rider at each stop.

At the same time that the eastern rider set out, James Randall started east from San Francisco, which city had begged the honor from Sacramento. At the latter town he turned the mail over to Harry Roff, who rushed on to Folsom, twenty miles away, changing horses once; he arrived at Placerville early in the morning, having covered forty-five miles in less than four hours.

Roff delivered the mail to a rider we know only as 'Boston,' who took it over the high Sierra Nevadas to hand it to Warren Upson, with Sam Hamilton taking it on to Ft. Churchill in Nevada. Those men rode 185 miles in little more than fifteen hours.

And that was the beginning of eighteen months of heroic work which at the time was not considered heroic, for there was no fanfare after the first day, no publicity. They were just good men doing a good job, western fashion. But during that short period some spectacular rides were made. William Cody, the famous Buffalo Bill, rode 322 miles without relief. 'Boston' regularly made the trip over the high Sierras, where snow often was 30-feet deep, while Sam Hamilton took in his stride Indians, quicksand and floods in covering his 75 mile run from Carson City to Fort Churchill. Jay Kelley, after having his leg pinned to his saddle by an Indian arrow, raced

115 miles to Ruby Valley before getting help.

There was Harry Richardson, who found a relay station in ashes, its inmates gone; he pushed his mount onward another hundred miles to Deer Creek, where his horse dropped dead. George Thacher's horse was shot from ambush, and he ran the eight remaining miles on foot to deliver his precious cargo.

Of all of them, however, Pony Bob won the title of King of the Pony Express riders. Being fairly familiar with the mountains and desert region covered by his run, Bob had expected no particular difficulties; certainly he had not counted on trouble with Indians. This was a mistake, for the Piutes gathered for war the next month after the service went into operation.

For a long time they had watched the activities of the whites with anxiety and fear; and now, when they realized the meaning of the Pony Express, they considered it the last straw.

They had seen the development of the little mining towns, the slaughter of the buffalo, the destruction of the valuable pinon pines upon which they depended for much of their food, and now the building of the mail stations by which the whites could communicate easily and quickly with one another. Slowly but surely the enemy was taking away all of their possessions and privileges, so now they must be finally resisted.

On one of his runs Bob saw signal smoke from the mountain tops and knew the Indians were engaged in some serious activity. Riding on he suddenly was confronted by about thirty braves, decked out in war paint and feathers. "And this is where my goose is cooked for sure," he said to himself. "But one thing certain... I'll go down fighting." He drew his revolver and went on, with never a change of pace, straight toward them. The savages impassively watched his approach, rifles in hand. Suddenly the leader held up his hand in the peace signal and, as Bob told it later, he nearly collapsed from relief.

"You heap brave fella," the Chief said admiringly, "you go on." A command Bob was only too glad to obey, while knowing that he might not be so lucky next time. At his next station a worried keeper met him.

"Word has come that the Army is coming after the Piutes," he said. "Better stay here, Bob. The Injuns'll be burning every station and shootin' every man they see. You'll never make it!"

"I'll dead sure try," Bob answered. "That's what I'm paid to do."

So he changed horses and went on. A fresh mount was waiting for him at the second station, too, and he used less than the allotted two minutes in changing the *mochila* from his tired mount to a fresh horse.

There, too, the keeper tried to dissuade him from continuing. "They'll get you

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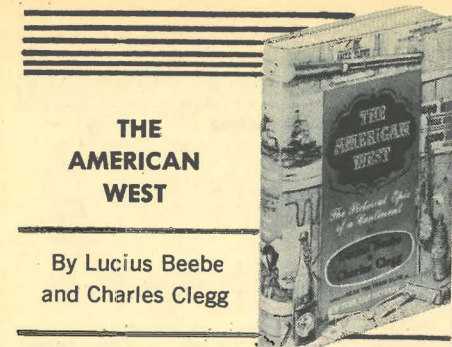
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sure, Bob. Another thing, the Army's takin' up some of the horses along the way, and even talkin' some o' the helpers into joinin' 'em. You may not even find a horse."

"One thing sure. I'm goin' on till something stops me." Bob rejoined stoically. "The mail's gotta ride."

The next station was but a heap of still glowing ashes, but for some reason one horse remained, so Bob changed to it, turning his own loose.

The last relay station before the end of his route was Reeds, and there he saw no horse saddled and waiting for him. He blew the horn with which a rider was equipped to signal that he was coming in, and that everything must be ready for him. And again a keeper came running out.

"Where's my horse?" Bob demanded.

"No horse, Bob. I tried to keep one for you, but they claimed they had to have every one. Not a horse on the place."

"Who took 'em?" Bob asked angrily. "The Army. Said they had to have 'em. Had orders."

"All right, if that's the way they want it," Bob grated, "that's the way it is. I'll go on through."

He fed and watered his horse sparingly, gave him a good rubbing down, let him rest half an hour, and was in the saddle again, thankful that Bucklands, the end of the run, was the very next stop. There he and the tired horse would get food and rest.

Approaching Bucklands, he gave several long blasts on his horn, and the superintendent of that division came out, a troubled look on his face.

"Where's Johnny, Mr. Marley?" Bob demanded.

"He's here, but says he ain't goin' to ride tonight. Says he thinks too much o' his scalp."

"Then how will the mail get through?"

"I don't know, Bob. There's no one else. I've said everything I can to Johnny, and he just flat refuses."

"The dirty skunk! If I wasn't so tired I'd go in there and fix him good. This Mail's got to go."

"Tell you what, Bob. I'll give you fifty dollars outa my own pocket if you go on with it."

"It's a deal, Mr. Marley. I'd go anyway, but I can use the money. Just give me some coffee and a bite to eat, and tell Johnny for me I'll be seein' him later, for that's a promise I'm makin' myself."

"No use o' that, Bob. He's washed up with the Company."

Fifteen minutes later Bob was on a half wild pony that looked like it might take the coming 35-mile desert run without tiring. This was at Carson's Sink, which they reached about three hours later, and the keeper seemed surprised to see them. "I didn't look for a rider tonight," he said. "No one's reached here from the other way."

So Bob was off on another 35-mile run, to the little rock station at Sand Springs.

Sand hills and alkali bottomlands slowed the pace greatly, and there was no water along the way, so the horse was worn out by the end of four hours when the station was reached.

Too weary for unnecessary words himself, Bob changed to a fresh horse and started out on the 37-mile jaunt to Cold Springs, where he changed again and continued on to Smith's Creek, which was the end of Johnny's run. It was the longest, loneliest run of all, with never a building in sight, and Bob knew that, reaching there, he would stop for a rest period, regardless of schedule.

"You're sure one welcome sight," he greeted Jay Kelley as he rode up to Smith's Creek station and dropped down from his horse. He had ridden 185 miles.

Going inside he fell across a bunk and slept without moving for four hours. Then he was awakened that he might start back with the west bound mail. With no one else to volunteer for the run he bathed face and hands, ate of the meal the keeper prepared and took to the saddle again.

There was a disturbing air of quiet and stillness about the station of Cold Springs as he drew near. He blew his horn, but there was no response. Halting before the gate, he listened intently, but there was no sound except the labored breathing of his horse. Drawing his revolver he entered the station, coming upon a scene that confirmed his worst fears. Keeper and tender both were dead and scalped. The station had been robbed of all supplies and horses. There was nothing to do but to go on, which Bob did after watering his horse. The Indians could not be very far away, and might return at any time. Or they might be waiting in ambush.

By this time it had grown quite dark, but soon there would be a moon. Bob had rifle and revolver ready, and he kept close watch on his mount's ears, knowing they would signal danger before he himself could recognize it. As the moon rose he scrutinized the tops of the surrounding sand hills from which as a rule coyotes and wolves howled in a way to make chills run down his spine. But tonight they were ominously quiet, in the way of wild creatures when danger is present. Never did 37 miles seem longer than that dismal stretch to Sand Springs where he joyfully greeted the keeper, who was alone.

"You'd better come on with me, for you're a goner if you stay here."

So the keeper saddled a horse for himself while Bob changed, and they soon were on their way to Carson Sink, where they found fifteen men assembled and ready to fight, with the women and children crowded in the other room.

"Must be at least fifty of 'em," they informed the newcomers. "Killed some settlers down below. Come on in. We can use two more guns."

"I've got to get on to Bucklands," Bob demurred. So again he changed horses and left, though the Sand Springs keeper

stayed on, perhaps to do battle.

Following the valley of the Carson River the way was easier, so Bob urged his mount on as rapidly as was possible, and by early dawn drew in to the home station, only three and a half hours behind schedule.

"Here's a hundred dollars for you, 'stead o' fifty," Mr. Marley told him. "And I'm sorry there's no one to relieve you on your own run now, but everybody's scared to death."

"That's all right, Mr. Marley. I'll go on soon as I've slept 'bout an hour."

Mr. Marley gave him an extra half hour, and then Bob was on his way to Fridays, where he thankfully found the rider waiting and handed him the *mochila*. He had ridden 370 miles over rough country, through hostile tribes on the march, and he was bone tired.

Bob was one of the few riders who remained with the Pony Express throughout its service. He saw the end of the war with the Piutes, the rebuilding of the stations, and later the stringing of the wires and setting up of the poles on which wires would be strung over the Sierra Madre Mountains and the desert. Then he and his fellow riders would be needed no longer; important news would cross the nation within seconds. The telegraph line was completed from East to West on October 24th, 1861, and two days later the Pony Express service ceased to exist.

The firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell had lost a great deal of money in this venture, and they sold out to Wells-Fargo and Company. The latter had found that their short pony lines to isolated places had been good business, and as telegraph lines did not reach there, they continued the service, and Pony Bob continued to ride for them.

BONNEVILLE, BUFFOON OR HERO

(Continued from page 31)

tive. Adams refused peremptorily.

"The horses are mine," he said sternly.

"They must all be returned."

"We will give two horses for each man," the chief grunted after a long silence.

"You will return all the horses," Adams said furiously, "or your brothers will be burned to death."

The redman jabbered among themselves for a few minutes, then, without a word, they turned and walked back to the rest of their band.

"They don't think our injuns are worth more'n four horses," the interpreter told Adams as they returned to their camp.

"Pile some wood around 'em, boys," Adams shouted angrily, "we'll show 'em."

There was fear in the Indians' eyes as logs and brush were piled around them.

Pony Bob made his last hard ride in 1868. By that time the mining town were doing an immense business, so Wells-Fargo and the Pacific Union Express both wished to own the mail concession between Reno and Virginia City. To make a sporting event of it, they agreed to have a race, the winning side to have the concession.

"We need you for one more ride, Bob," the Wells-Fargo man told him.

The distance was only twenty miles, but they made four relays along the way, so the horses might be ridden at top speed, and people from all over the country gathered to watch and to place their bets. Bob readied himself and, with his opponent, was waiting at the railroad station when the train came in, and packages for each rider were handed down.

The Pacific Union man hurriedly crammed his package into his saddle bag and rushed off, while the more meticulous Bob took time to strap his package well, so he was 150 feet behind his rival when he took off. It was not long, however, before he passed the other man, and kept the lead thereafter till the race ended with great cheering for himself, a purse of gold pieces and a gold watch from his elated employers.

Eighteen months only! That was the life span of the Pony Express, a living chain of relay riders joining East to West. But within that short period of time more spectacular experiences came to that group of valiant young men on its roster than to any other of like number in our country's history. So each and every one deserves having his name on the list of our hard-riding frontier immortals, whose exploits will live forever in the hearts and minds of those stirred by courage and daring. ●

When Adams picked up a burning stick from the fire they frantically redoubled their efforts to free themselves. One did manage to break his bonds, only to be clubbed to the ground by a trapper's rifle butt. Before he recovered his senses, the dazed warrior was dragged back, and again tied to the tree.

As another burning fagot was brought from the fire the unhappy warriors howled in horror and pleaded with their erstwhile friends to save them from a fiery death. Their cries were of no avail. The others were not about to give up the horses. They wailed loudly, offered their sympathies, and promised that their great sacrifice would be remembered forever around the campfires of their tribe... but they would not give up the horses.

"We are sad, our hearts are full, but we have done all we can. We have offered four horses for your lives, but our offer was refused. What more can we do?" the

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chief lamented as they rode away and left them to their fate.

When the captives realized they had been abandoned, a change came over their faces. They drew themselves up, raised their eyes to the skies and, as the flames grew higher, began their death chant. Thus, on this blazing pyre, two men were sacrificed for a herd of horses.

When the fire had burned itself out, Adams, the death chant still ringing in his ears, gazed in horror at the charred bodies that lay at the base of the tree. He found it hard to believe that he had caused the death of two human beings.

"And we call them savages," he said, sadly shaking his head.

With the horses gone, they could not go on trapping, so they took what they could carry, made their way to a stream, built rough log boats and floated down to a trading post. From here, some of the men made their way back to the settlements. Others hired out to traders who outfitted them and sent them back to the mountains. Adams joined a party of Jim Bridger's trappers and, with them, made his way back to the Green River rendezvous where he told his tale of woe to his captain.

Bonneville was furious, but he was not discouraged. For two more years he stayed on in the mountains and, during that time, he and his men saw more of the west than any other group of explorers.

When the rendezvous broke up, on July 24, 1833, he dispatched Joseph Reddeford Walker and a party of men on a mysterious year-long expedition that led them south to the Great Salt Lake, then on to California. His other parties he sent to trap and explore in the mountains of Idaho and Wyoming. He, himself, spent the rest of the summer supervising his men, visiting Indians and other trappers, and just looking around.

When winter set in and the streams froze

over, he established his winter camp with a band of Bannock near the Portneuf River. In the early part of December, he set out, with three companions, to invade the territory claimed by the Hudson Bay Fur Company. In mid-winter, on one of the most difficult and dangerous journeys ever undertaken, they made their way across the Blue Mountains and started down the Snake River.

Although snow, cold weather, rough terrain, and a shortage of food for both men and animals made conditions almost unbearable, Bonneville took time to enjoy the hospitality of the Indians along the way.

The "bald Chief" as the savages called him, studied their habits, traded for food and horses, and took time out to practice medicine whenever the opportunity presented itself. It was on this journey that he gave the Indian girl the mixture of gunpowder and water and said it was good for what ailed her.

On March 4, 1834, after three months on the trail, Bonneville reached Fort Walla Walla on the Columbia River. Pierre C. Pambrun, Hudson Bay's superintendent, was polite, but did not welcome his competitor with open arms. He wined and dined the four while they were at his fort, but when they were ready to leave he refused to sell them supplies of any kind.

From Walla Walla Bonneville hurried back to the Bear River where, in June, he met his parties as they came in from the mountains. This year, the haul on furs was but little better than the year before. Walker's expedition had added to the knowledge of the wilds of California and Nevada, but it was a financial flop. Washington Irving, one of Bonneville's biographers, sums it up by saying, "The failure of this expedition was a blow to his (Bonneville's) pride, and a still greater blow to his purse."

In spite of these reverses, the good captain was not ready to give up. During the

latter part of June he sent his trappers back to the mountains. Then, for some strange reason, he again set out for Fort Walla Walla. This time he took a party of 23 men. The weather was good and he seemed in no particular hurry. They hunted for buffalo, let their horses fatten on the tender grasses, and generally enjoyed themselves. Whenever they encountered another party of trappers they cooked up a bounteous feast, and Bonneville brought out a keg of whiskey, mixed with honey, and as long as it lasted, they sat around the fire and guzzled the strong, syrupy concoction.

They reached the Fort on the Columbia early in September, and received the same courteous, but cold reception from the Hudson Bay superintendent. After a futile attempt to buy supplies and trade with the Indians of the area, they took the long, rough trail back to the mountains and wintered on the Bear River. By June 22, 1835, they had moved to the Wind River where Bonneville held the last rendezvous with his men. After a wild, rowdy 4th of July celebration he said goodbye to his friends in the mountains and headed back to civilization.

It is hard to imagine what he told his backers when he reached Independence, Missouri on August 22, 1835. His supplies and equipment were lost or expended, he had taken very few furs, and he still had to pay the wages of his hunters and trappers. On the credit side of the ledger, he had explored a vast area in western United States, he had made a detailed record of the things he had done and seen, and his maps of western America were the most complete and the most accurate of any available at that time.

Briefly, it can be stated that Bonneville's expedition was a financial fiasco, but he had a helluva good time, he contributed to the total knowledge of the as-yet-unknown parts of the country. That's pretty good for a playboy explorer. ●

MAN FROM MUGGINS GULCH

(Continued from page 37)

couldn't hold his temper. (And he couldn't hold onto his claim either, when the Earl of Dunraven came with his wealth to establish the English Company, with the firm determination to try to get every acre of the park for his own.)

While Evans was busy repairing the sod roof on the old Estes cabin he had just bought (later to become the site of Dunraven's "ranch house") a solitary trapper was pinning his beaver paws and drying his hides on the mud roof and walls of a crude cabin overlooking the trail from Estes to Lyons on Muggins Gulch.

The cabin of Rocky Mountain Jim was filled with dogs, dirt, hides, books, magazines, litter and smoke. Some 40 head of his cattle grazed in nearby meadows and a white mule, his favorite mount, fed nearby. Jim was gruff until he knew you were a friend, and then he was friendly. He was always gallant with the ladies, bowing in courtly fashion, performing small services cheerfully, and reading poetry—or reciting his own pretty bad doggerel.

But while different people thought differently about Jim's departures from truth, about his morals and his whiskey-drinking, all those who have recorded anything at all about him agree that he was a handsome man. His face, described by one writer as resembling a bust of Shakespeare, was clean shaven, except for a

heavy mustache and imperial. His penetrating blue eyes, before he tangled with the she-bear, peered from beneath a mane of long hair that was tawny blonde and curled down to his shoulders when it wasn't matted and dark with dirt. Several dogs moved freely in and out of his dirty, cluttered cabin, but his favorite was a brute named Ring, who was indirectly responsible for his master's horrible disfigurement.

It was on a hunting trip to Middle Park in the summer of 1871 that Jim's handsome features were torn and mangled by a she-bear. Armed only with his revolver and knife, the mountain man was quietly inching up on a deer near Grand Lake when Ring came flying up, yowling like one demented and pursued by the infuriated bear