

Chicken Jumbo

By JOHN A. THOMPSON

Was Jumbo Getts yellow? His wrestling contest with the bull would decide

"I T'S coffee and, ain't it?"
"And what?"

"Doughnuts, dummy! The way you're goin', you'll be wrasslin' for buttons next, and glad to get 'em."

"Johnny, now what would I do with buttons?"

Johnny Wayne, regarding the giant opposite him with supreme disgust, wondered how so much meat and bone, especially bone, could have been welded into just one man.

Jumbo Getts, known to an increasingly apathetic coterie of mat fans as the Human Landslide, Half Man and Half Mountain, was indeed a huge

specimen. He possessed legs that belonged on a grand piano. His chassis was constructed along the lines of a Mack truck. The big fellow sat disconsolately on the ancient iron bedstead in a border town, second rate hotel room, and the groaning springs sagged almost to the floor at the spot where pressure was greatest.

Johnny, lithe, lightly built, with a flair for cheap suits of loud pattern and a razor edge crease to his trousers offered a sharp contrast to the big man. Johnny had been a sports writer for a West Coast daily, but quit the racket to manage the Man Mountain. All he

had left of his dream of achieving fame and fortune as Jumbo's guide and mentor was a growing suspicion that his behemoth was chicken hearted.

Getts had beef and brawn. He could grunt and make swell faces. He should have been a box office attraction on any mat card. He knew the holds. But he lacked fire. The will to win never burned in his hairy, barrel chest. To him the Spirit of '76 was just another ghost story.

Getting a match for the Man Mountain had become increasingly difficult of late, wherefore Johnny had agreed to a unique bout across the border in Mexico. He was having trouble selling Jumbo on the idea. Getts could think of more objections than a trial counsel.

"Gee," he rumbled gloomily, "a fellow can't get no hiplock on a bull, or no flying tackle neither."

"It's just a gag," snapped Johnny. "And it ain't bad. Jumbo Getts, the Human Landslide versus El Toro, King of the Four Footed Beasts of the Pampas. Best two out of three falls."

"I heard them Mexican bulls has sharp horns."

"Listen, mug, I've seen little bits of cow hands, no bigger'n a flea, bulldog steers at a rodeo. This is the same thing only we're goin' to call it a wrasslin' match." Wayne tapped a cigarette on the end of his thumb nail, lit it.

"I'd rather wrestle a man."

"Yeah? You ain't forgot what the papers called you after Cobra Clark tossed you out of the ring in San Diego, and you crept back, lay down and started snorin' . . ."

"I was just tryin' to get my breath, Johnny."

"Uh-huh, but you don't have to go

to sleep to breathe. 'Chicken' Jumbo. That's the monicker they pinned on you, and it'll stick till you show the fans different." Johnny suddenly became serious. "Look here, Getts. This is your big chance to show the world you've really got what it takes—nerve. Get a fall out of this he-cow and you'll be a made mat attraction just the same as if you were born with a Polack name."

"I—I guess you're right, Johnny."

Johnny sighed. There were times when Jumbo was a hard man to handle. But now that the big man was willing, Johnny hustled him over to Rio Rojo to sign up before he changed his mind. They went directly to Don Ramos Querido's pennon-decked bull ring. Querido wasn't around, but his daughter sat in the office, manicuring rose-tinted finger nails.

THE girl was good looking, dark and sinuous, and although she listened to Johnny's speech, her flashing eyes never once left the Man Mountain.

"*Señor*, you wrestle weeth thee bull, no?" She smiled at Jumbo.

"Sugar," snapped Johnny, who was used to getting the female attention for the pair, "Jumbo would very likely wrassle a cage full of wildcats."

"Not very wild cats, Johnny. I don't want for you to have this jane get me wrong."

"You are ver' brave man, no?" The girl ignored Johnny completely, and her smile was doing strange things to Jumbo's insides.

Johnny shrugged. "Okay, baby. Some like 'em big, instead of brainy." He helped himself to a cigar from a box on Don Ramos's desk.

"What's your name, huh?" grunted Jumbo.

"Serafina Clemencia Cortez y Snakebite jerked again, harder this Querido." time.

Jumbo strained his ears to get it all. Just then Don Ramos entered. He waved his daughter out of the room, sat down. His conversation was brief, his manner businesslike.

Johnny signed the contract with a flourish. Jumbo affixed his signature, only half aware of what he was doing. His eyes were directed towards the closed door through which Serafina had departed. He hoped she would come back.

She didn't.

Outside, in the dusty street, Johnny plucked impatiently at the wrestler's sleeve.

"Quit moonin'. We gotta find a bulldoggin' expert. Maybe there's one in a saloon somewhere. Let's look. I heard they was mostly heavy drinkers."

At the fourth bar they found Snakebite Jackson, a bowlegged, wiry Texan with a cheerful face, the features of which had been severely flattened by many a headlong slide on the floor of a dirt corral.

Snakebite claimed to be the champion steer thrower of Cactus Valley, and produced a sheaf of well-worn newspaper clippings to prove it.

Johnny ruffled through the press notices. "I'll take your word for it," he muttered, and proceeded to explain about the forthcoming match between Jumbo and a Mexican bull.

"Nothin' to it," said Jackson modestly. "I'll show you." He placed a sinewy hand on Jumbo's neck. The other he spread across the big man's face. "Jest grab aholt thisaway, dig yore heels into the ground, and pour it on him."

The Texan gave Jumbo's face a wrench. Jumbo remained solid.

"She's beautiful, ain't she, Johnny?" murmured the Man Mountain.

"Huh?"

"Serafina, I mean."

Snakebite gazed at the face in his grasp with new interest. "The Querido dame?"

Jumbo nodded.

"Lay off that baby, brother. She's pizen as a nest o' rattlers. Git yuh into trouble, shore." Snakebite began a racy reminiscence, and failed to notice the look that crept into Jumbo's mild gray eyes. As he reached the point of his narrative, he felt Jumbo's huge hand reach down and grab him by the gun belt.

The next instant the champion bulldogger of Cactus Valley was lifted clear of the ground in a sweeping, effortless move and sent hurtling head first through a pair of flimsy swing doors. He landed with a thud on the sidewalk outside.

Jumbo wiped his hands together and gazed into the bottom of his empty beer glass. "Guys which can't say good of a beautiful woman ought to keep their traps shut, Johnny."

But Johnny was no longer beside him. Jumbo's manager had rushed out to the sidewalk, reaching it just as Snakebite painfully raised himself on one elbow and sought desperately to free his six-gun from its holster.

On occasion Johnny could be very persuasive, and he felt this was an occasion that would tax his powers. Yet in spite of his fast talking and his profuse apologies to Snakebite for a regrettable accident, his heart was thumping wildly.

He could have rushed in and kissed Jumbo for the first outburst of real

spirit the Man Mountain had ever displayed. If a smile from a Mexican jane could fill Jumbo with sufficient temper to toss a Texas cowboy fifteen feet, Johnny was all for more and better girl trouble. But first he managed to mollify Jackson, and arranged for him to give Getts his first lesson in cow throwing in the morning.

Then he decided to help his wrestler's romance along.

"You ought to send Serafina some flowers," he suggested.

"Gee, you think she'd like 'em?"

"What dame don't?"

The flowers were sent with a tender card written by Johnny, but signed "Jumbo." Johnny was treading the clouds. Somehow he felt that everything was going to be all right. He decided to celebrate. Jumbo was a good guy, after all.

WHAT with one thing and another, mostly liquor, it was late at night when the two of them started back for the border gate. They picked their way down a badly lighted side street, Johnny humming a song, something about how deep is the ocean.

Suddenly Jumbo snapped his head to one side. There was a sinister whir, a flash and a glistening knife blade sped past him to land quivering in an adjacent door sill.

Johnny stopped singing abruptly. He wheeled around and out of the corner of his eyes he caught a glimpse of a thin-legged Mexican disappearing in the murk of a dark alley across the street.

"Somebody's bettin' on the bull already, Johnny," muttered Jumbo. Without emotion he reached over to the door sill and yanked the knife from the wood.

"Either that, or they don't like my

singing." Johnny tried to laugh as he took the blade from Jumbo and thrust it into his jacket pocket. "Let's beat it."

Not, until they were safely back in their hotel room, did Johnny take time to remove the knife, a deadly, sharp-bladed dagger, from his pocket and examine it. On the hasp were carved the initials . . . J. P.

"Now I wonder . . ." murmured Johnny.

"Huh?" queried Jumbo.

"Nothing, mug, nothing at all." Nevertheless Johnny decided to do a little investigating later.

In the morning Snakebite Jackson proved his word was good, and his memory better. He showed up at the hotel in a badly dented, topless, and incredibly noisy flivver ready to instruct Jumbo Getts in the gentle art of applying the Manchurian Choke to the throat of a snorting bovine. There was, he announced, a ranch near by belonging to a friend of his where practice could be enjoyed in peace and quiet.

Johnny said he would be out later. Before the pair left he drew the bulldogger to one side.

"Jackson, who do you know besides Morgan whose initials are J. P.?"

Snakebite scratched his head.

"White or Mex?"

"Mexican."

"Jacinto Prado. Handles the gambling concessions at Rio Rojo, and the betting at Querido's bull ring."

A shadow crossed Johnny's face. "Know anything else about him?"

"Nothin' good." Jackson looked over his shoulder to make sure Jumbo was out of earshot. "He's sweet on Querido's daughter, Serafina."

Johnny smiled. "That's all I wanted to know." He waved Snakebite and

Jumbo into the latter's perilous gas chariot and watched them start down the road in a series of bucks and jumps.

When they had gone, he thought of visiting Rio Rojo, and hunting up Jacinto Prado. But that might only arouse the mercurial Latin temperament. Instead, he determined to keep his wrestler on the American side of the border. No use taking unnecessary chances.

UP to the day set for the match between Jumbo and his four-footed adversary, Johnny had succeeded in keeping his wrestler away from Rio Rojo, except for one evening when the call of romance and Serafina had proved too strong. And that time Jumbo had returned undamaged except for a certain moonstruck air.

Rio Rojo was making a Roman festival out of the much-touted battle between beast and man in Ramos Querido's bull ring. The arena was decorated with gay bunting, and the local band musicians raced each other through the three numbers in their repertory. The crowd gathered early. Snakebite and Jumbo were in a room beneath the grandstand, near the bull pens, that had been turned over to them for dressing purposes. Johnny stepped into the corridor, heading for Querido's office to settle last minute details. A swarthy figure loomed up ahead of him, blocked his path.

The Mexican, sleek, thin, with closely clipped black sideburns extending halfway down his olive-hued cheeks, introduced himself. "I, *señor*, am Jacinto Prado," he announced with a low, formal bow, a mocking smile on his lips. "Are you not Señor Wayne?"

"Yeah, I'm Johnny Wayne, manager of the Human Landslide,"

snapped Johnny. "Say, do you happen to be the bird that slung a knife at Jumbo the other night?"

The Mexican stiffened, the veins in his neck tightened. "That, *señor*, was a personal matter. I am here now to talk business."

"Shoot!"

Prado hesitated a moment, then launched forth. Betting on the match between Getts and a bull was heavy in Rio Rojo, with most of the natives generously putting up their money on Jumbo. Prado had already covered a goodly amount of such bets. And to make surer what he originally felt was a sure thing, he had called on Johnny. It was worth a thousand pesos, cash, if Señor Wayne would guarantee victory for the bull.

"Believe it or not," cut in Johnny, "Jumbo wrassles on the level." His gorge was rising at the blunt crookedness of Prado's proposition. It was not the first time Johnny had been approached, nor the first time he had turned down a tempting money offer. Throwing a match went against his New England conscience and sense of fair play to the customers. Added to which, this particular match was crucial in his career as Jumbo's manager. He knew the battle with the bull would prove definitely whether or not Jumbo was actually chicken-hearted.

He moved a step closer to the glowering Mexican.

"Listen, boy friend. Don't go tossing any more knives around carelessly. You're liable to get hurt, savvy? Now beat it!"

Jacinto Prado's dark face turned almost purple. "*Un momentito*—wan moment, *señor*. I want to show you sometheeng." He half led, half pushed Johnny into a near-by stall.

"Who you shovin'?" snapped

Johnny. He glanced around and saw as fierce a gang of Mexican cutthroats lining the bare wall as he had ever set his astonished eyes on.

"My frien's," said Prado expansively. "And it eez important for us that thee bull ween this match; important for you, too, and that fat cow, Señor Getts. No longer do I make thee generous offer of before. Now thee bull eez victor, or else I am ver' afraid you and Señor Getts weel never see wan more sun to rise in thee east." He thrust his face close to Johnny's. "Onderstand, peeg?"

Johnny was about to remark, 'Nerts,' or some similarly inelegant expression. However, the venom in Prado's black eyes, the menace of the gambler's cold-blooded companions convinced him this was no time for wise-cracking. These men were in deadly earnest. They would be quite as good as their word.

"I weel watch from the arena," went on Prado, with a cunning smile. "You will give Señor Getts his orders, yes?"

Johnny took another glance at the blood-thirsty group. Then he nodded slowly. He knew when he was licked. He knew the extreme pleasure it would give Prado to run a knife-point through Jumbo's thick neck. And now that it was too late, he realized that his encouragement of Jumbo's interest in Serafina had boomeranged disastrously.

However, no sense in both of them risking being murdered for the sake of winning a wrestling match against a bull. Had it been he alone who had been threatened, Johnny might have told Prado to go to blazes, but he drew the line at dragging Jumbo into a mess that might mean his funeral.

With a sorrowful, almost hang-dog

look on his face he returned to the dressing room and explained how matters stood.

JUMBO listened, dazed and wide-eyed. He had never heard his manager talk like that before, and he was slow in grasping the purport of Johnny's message.

"But, Johnny," he expostulated, "I can't do that. If I win, Serafina's going to marry me. She promised last night."

"Oh, gosh"" moaned Johnny. He argued two full minutes with Jumbo. But he couldn't shake Jumbo's determination to go out into the arena and do or die for Serafina Clemencia Cortez y Querido.

"Stubborn cuss, ain't he?" offered Snakebite.

Johnny's reply was cut short by the excited arrival of Don Ramos Querido. The bull was ready, he said, the crowd waiting.

Jumbo strode out into the arena, advancing with the slow, solid bulk of a drifting brick barge. He half crouched, arms bent at the elbows, fingers outstretched, and looked around for the bull.

The crowd huzzahed, stamped feet and shouted while a referee in white flannels and green silk shirt waved a flag. A gate dropped and a snorting bull plunged into the ring. The bull tossed its head a few times and stopped, apparently bewildered by the bedlam. Then its tiny eyes caught sight of Jumbo and it charged.

Jumbo heard a shrill voice, Prado's voice, scream encouragement to the beast. "Kill heem, bull!" However, Jumbo never took such remarks seriously. He reasoned that when the customers paid money to see him wrestle they were entitled to have a good time.

All Jumbo's attention was centered strictly on the bull. He dodged the charge with remarkable agility for one of his ponderous size, grabbed for the horns as the bull sped past, just as he had been taught to do. He missed, slipped and fell.

There were shouts from the crowd. Groans of dismay from those who had put their last peso on Jumbo. Laughs from those with an uncontrollable sense of humor.

The bull wheeled and thundered back, head low and the menacing, sharp-pointed horns directed straight at the scrambling form of Jumbo. The wrestler was breathing hard, but he was a good judge of timing and distance. No chance to get up. He rolled swiftly. The bull's horns just grazed his skin and Jumbo, reverting instinctively to his older wrestling practice, lunged upward with his feet with all his strength as the bull went by. It was a perfect flying kick, catching the animal unexpectedly in the stomach.

The big beast veered away and stood for a moment, winded. Its narrow flanks heaved like great bellows. Hot breath pumped from its distended nostrils.

Jumbo was on his feet in an instant. The next moment he rushed forward, twisting a half-Nelson on the bull's tail. The animal reared and kicked. Jumbo, however, was too close. He caught the hooves on the fleshy part of the thigh, and they did little damage.

The bull bent his head around in a half lunge, and at precisely the correct moment, Jumbo hurled his full two hundred and fifty pounds at the neck and head of the animal. His strong arms found a grip on the pointed horns, and wrenched with all their strength. The surprised animal found itself thrown, kicking, on its back.

The grandstand cheered. Johnny, forgetting himself in his excitement, joined in the yell of exultation. Jumbo was proving to his delighted audience that he was "bravo" . . . that he had nerve. Regardless of past performances, no need now to wonder whether or not Jumbo was "chicken."

Abruptly Johnny checked his shouting voice. "Gosh!" he muttered. "I'm practically rooting for my own murder—and Jumbo's." Yet despite his silence, he knew that in the bottom of his heart he wanted Jumbo to win.

DURING the brief pause, Jumbo's eyes searched the boxes near the railing, and in one of them found those of Serafina, sitting with her father. Jumbo waved to her, and turned to face his four-footed opponent again.

The bull had grown wary. He charged and stopped, uncertain how best to tackle this strange adversary.

Jumbo crouched and circled, crouched and circled, eager for another fall that would win him the match, and Serafina. His lips were tight pressed in determination. Apparently he did not notice that he was gradually edging back against the stout board fence that marked the limits of the bull ring. If he allowed himself to get trapped there, and the bull made a sudden rush, his position would be highly precarious.

Johnny saw the danger, and shouted a warning. Jumbo paid no attention. He had backed near the box in which sat Jacinto Prado, who scowled as he watched man and bull intently. Jacinto saw the beast start a rush, and at that instant flicked the burning cigar stub that had been in his hand straight at Jumbo's back.

Jumbo felt a burning sensation like

a bee sting. Instinctively he turned just as the bull charged.

A new warning cry rose from the crowded arena; women screaming hysterically. It seemed inevitable that Jumbo would be impaled against the fence. The thundering hooves seemed to be upon the doomed man, the lowered horns gleamed evilly in the sunlight. Jumbo wheeled and sweat drops broke out on the big man's forehead.

"The fence!" yelled Johnny. "Jump for it!"

But the cry came too late. There was no time for Jumbo to turn and scale that barrier to safety. Instead Jumbo leaped high in the air, hurtling his heavy body over the bull's tossing head. A horn grazed his leg, cutting the flesh deeply as the man clawed frantically for a hand hold in the folds of skin beneath the animal's tawny neck.

The bull dodged his head around to miss the fence, and crashed sideways into the heavy wooden barrier. Jumbo was thrown to the ground by the force of the impact. The bull was stunned.

Jumbo gave him no chance to recover. The spectators gasped at the sheer audacity of the man as he picked himself off the ground and deliberately threw himself at the quivering bull, attempting to pull the animal's legs out from under him. The man was panting hard, apparently unmindful of the wound in his leg. Once the bull tottered, but a moment later it had kicked its legs free, its head was bent again towards its human adversary.

In a desperate effort to turn those deadly horns away from him, Jumbo reached up, one hand grasping a pointed horn, the other searching for a grip on the bull's muzzle. The animal reared and snorted, but Jumbo hung on. He dared not let go. Suddenly, with a

final wrench, he threw the plunging animal on its back.

No toreador was ever accorded the acclaim that greeted Jumbo from the grandstand while attendants on horseback rushed out to rope the bull as it attempted to scramble to its feet again. Jumbo walked towards the center of the arena, limping badly, winded, but with the happy light of victory in his eyes. Johnny was one of the first to reach his side. Snakebite dashed out, too, and the pair of them helped the big man to the room that had been set aside for the wrestler's dressing quarters.

Safe inside Johnny locked the door. His joy over Jumbo's success was chastened by somber thoughts of what would happen next:

"Got a gun?" asked Snakebite.

Johnny shook his head.

"I got two," said Snakebite.

"Reckon we kin blast our way out, if need be. Anyhow, I bin cravin' to shoot me a Mex a long time now."

"Huh-huh," said Johnny. He was busy with the first aid kit, bandaging the nasty gash in Jumbo's leg.

THERE was a rap on the door. "Who's there?" demanded Johnny apprehensively.

It was Don Ramos Querido, with the winner's share of the purse. Johnny didn't like the cold smile on his face as he left a few moments later.

When Jumbo was dressed Johnny suggested that they go. They could make a dash for the border. Once across it they would be safe. As Johnny flung open the door, Jacinto and his cutthroats rushed in.

"You do not forget our appointment, *señor*?"

Wham! Snakebite's gun blazed once. He fired at the floor.

"Let's go, pardner!" shouted the Texan.

A knife blade whizzed past Johnny's ear. Guns barked, and acrid powder smoke filled the room and corridor outside. Johnny heard a Mexican scream, saw him fall clutching his side. Snakebite's guns meant business now. Johnny saw Jumbo crack two swarthy heads together with a sickening crunch. The next instant he was being shoved into the corridor. The flash of an up-raised knife caught Johnny's eye. His fist crashed into something solid—a Mexican jaw—and he had the satisfaction of seeing his assailant reel back against the wall.

Fists, knives and guns mingled in a bedlam of bloody carnage as the three Americans fought their way inch by inch through the dark corridor.

"This way," shouted Snakebite. "Jumbo can bust a hole in the fence with his shoulder and there's a Texan I know lives about two blocks away in a 'dobe house."

After three tries Jumbo felt the outer arena fence give, and the trio plunged through the gap.

"What are we runnin' for?" panted Johnny. "Why don't we call the cops?"

"Tell you later," called back Snakebite, leading the sprint. Safe inside the home of Jackson's friend, Snakebite explained briefly what had happened. Then he turned to Johnny.

"I killed me a Mex back there and shot up half a dozen. You slugged a couple and Jumbo here just plain squeezed 'em to death. Them is all hangin' offenses in Rio Rojo."

"They started it," protested Johnny.

"Try and prove it," snapped Snakebite. "Anyhow, Prado's cousin is *jefe de la policia*, chief of police, savvy?"

Johnny nodded.

"Better hole up till night," suggested Jackson's friend. "I'll take you down the road a piece in my car, and you can cross the border out of town. Probably a warrant out for the arrest of you hellions right now, if I know Prado. Hungry, boys? Well, how about a little drink?"

"Reckon a mite o' liquor wouldn't do us no harm," said Snakebite. "Produce the bottle Ira."

"I got to see Serafina," muttered Jumbo.

Johnny groaned.

IT was well after dark when Jackson's friend deposited the three fugitives near the end of a dirt road some two miles from Rio Rojo. As his recent guests clambered out of the car they were given instructions. Go up past the next house, then turn right, and a mile across the desert would find them on United States soil, near a road that would take them into town. Snakebite nodded. They shook hands all around and the three men plodded on. There were lights in the house ahead, which seemed to be the hacienda of a wealthy man.

"Better circle 'round that dwelling," suggested Snakebite as they approached the house.

Jumbo's face suddenly lighted up. "I know that place, Johnny. It's Serafina's home."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Johnny.

"Ssh!" warned Snakebite. "There's somebody out in front."

The men detoured behind a screen of bear grass and Spanish bayonet.

"Look, Johnny," said Jumbo, suddenly excited. "There's Serafina, up there in the balcony. She's waiting for me."

"If she is, she's talking to herself."

A few more steps ahead and in the

gloom all three made out the figure of a man standing beside his horse under a shady ceiba tree beneath Serafina's balcony. The fellow was tall, and thin, and there was no mistaking the voice. It was Jacinto Prado's.

Jumbo and Johnny crept closer and listened.

"That peeg, Jum-bo, was so funny." Serafina's silvery laughter floated across the road. "I would have laughed so much if thee bull had pinned heem to the fence. Bah, the fool thought I would marry heem. But it is only you I love, Jacinto, my dear." She plucked a rose out of her hair and tossed it down to Prado.

Johnny couldn't see the cold glint that suddenly crept into Jumbo's eyes as the big man stepped forward.

"Hey, Dizzy! What are you doing?" he shouted.

The next instant Jumbo was moving swiftly towards Prado. As the Mexican turned, reaching this time for a gun instead of a knife, Jumbo grabbed the gun wrist, snatched the revolver away and with his other hand took a firm grip on Prado's sash.

Johnny and Snakebite watched Jumbo's next move breathlessly.

The big man lifted Prado clear of the ground, hefted him up and down once or twice. Then with a tremendous grunt he threw the squirming Mexican straight up at Serafina on the balcony.

It was a perfect toss. Prado hit the balcony railing with a thud, and hung, a grotesque, kicking, swearing figure draped comically over the wooden grille work.

Jumbo turned and walked back to his companions.

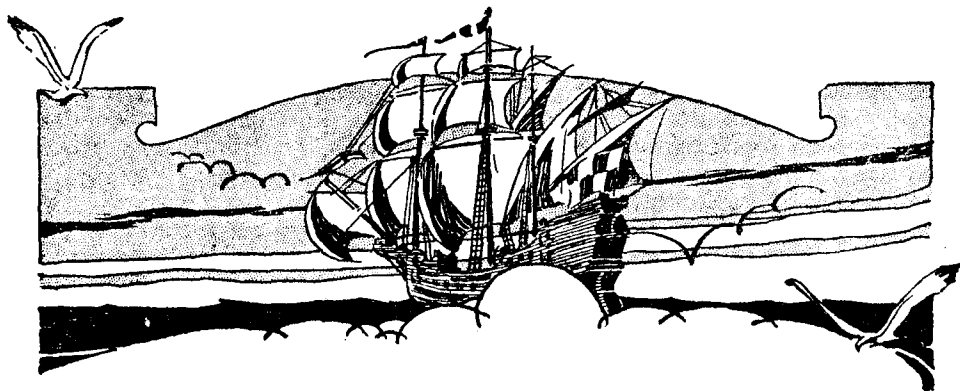
"Let's go," he said. There was a new snap in his voice. "Johnny, when we get back to the States find me a man to wrestle. I'm kind of mad . . . the way things turned out about Serafina, and all."

"Just stay mad, boy friend," snapped Johnny, "and you'll be wearing a jewel-studded championship belt in another year."

"He sure will, but what gets me," put in Snakebite as the three directed their steps towards the border, "is why you didn't pitch the horse up there, too."

"Gee," said Jumbo solemnly, "I never thought of that, Mister Jackson."

THE END.





*Great were the
deeds of Red
Hawk, white sa-
vior of the Chey-
ennes — yet he
could know no
peace until he
conquered his
white enemy*

Firelight played over Red
Hawk's spellbound listeners

The White Indian

By MAX BRAND

Author of "The Longhorn Feud," "The Masterman," etc.

THE CHARACTERS.

RED HAWK, known as the White Indian, because as a child he had been stolen by the Cheyennes and raised by them. Unwilling to go through with the bloody, disfiguring tortures of the tribal initiation, he became an outcast. Then he took the advice of a white friend and went to the white settlement of Witherell. But he soon found that he was not wanted there, either.

He wandered about for a time, seeking to catch the great White Horse that headed a wild horse herd of the plains. His hope was that by doing so he might redeem himself in the eyes of the Cheyennes—more particularly to offer the animal as a purchase price of the beautiful white woman he had come to know

in the town of Witherell. But when he had at last caught and tamed the white stallion, he was only partly reinstated in the affections of the tribe, and he was wholly unsuccessful in buying the white woman.

Discouraged, he thought to leave life on this earth by riding into the fateful Sacred Valley, which had been consecrated to the great spirit whom the Cheyennes called Sweet Medicine. No Indian had ever dared go inside that valley.

Yet once inside, he had no choice but to believe that Sweet Medicine favored him. He was unharmed. The valley was a peaceful place of plenty. He found the yellow grains of gold which white men worshiped. And during what seemed to him a kind of miracle, an an-

This story began in the *Argosy* for September 9