

horses picketed outside their cabins just in case it suddenly became known that they had taken part in the Custer "massacre," and soldiers were sent to hang them.

But since I was accepted as an Indian and as One Bull's son, the Indians felt no hesitancy in talking to me. So, when a friend of mine—a fellow who also knew the Sioux well—came to me one day and said, "Redge, did you know White Bull is the one who killed Custer?" I just laughed at him.

IF HE had killed Custer why didn't he ever talk about it?" I asked. "I've known White Bull for years and he has never said or even hinted anything to me about killing Custer."

But Jim wasn't fazed a bit. "I just heard it this morning," he replied. "A bunch of us were over at Black Elk's tent just now, shooting the breeze, and I asked them who really killed Custer. A couple of the old-timers said White Bull was the man. And White Bull practically admitted it."

"Admitted it!" I exclaimed. "If it's true, he'd proclaim it to the four quarters of the world. Did you get the story through a good interpreter?"

Jim told me who the interpreter had been, and I wasn't impressed. The same man had already mixed up White Bull's age in another interview. I knew enough Sioux to spot the error and then had the old man count off the years on his fingers so all of us could get it right. He was ninety-one at that time.

"Let's go over and pick up Thunder Bull," I said. "We know he is a good interpreter."

The four of us—Jim, my wife, Thun-

der Bull and I—went to find Chief White Bull. We found him sitting on the ground in front of his tent. As soon as he saw us, he rose to greet us. I hardly dared ask him a direct, personal question, even though he was a "relative." To do so would be considered a breach of etiquette.

But Thunder Bull came right to the point, and said, "Your white son has heard you are the warrior who killed Long Hair Custer. Is that true?"

The old man, without hesitating, replied, "It is said that I killed Long Hair. I did not know Long Hair, but after the battle I was told that I killed him."

"Do you mind telling us the details?" I asked.

Drawing himself up to his full height, pointing his eagle-wing fan at me and looking me straight in the eyes, he answered, "I will tell you what I know. I will tell you the truth. I am not afraid. The man who lies is a weakling. The Sioux did not know until after the fight who the soldiers were, or to what units they belonged. Then some of our young braves, who had been inside Fort Abraham Lincoln, recognized the marks of the Seventh Cavalry and told us that Long Hair was its leader.

"Most of us had never seen Long Hair before, so we did not know what he looked like. After all the soldiers were killed, Bad Soup and I went over the battlefield, relating the honors we had won.

"We came to the bodies of a little group of soldiers on the hill, near the place where the monument now stands. Bad Soup had seen Long Hair at the Fort. He pointed to one of the naked bodies on the ground. 'You see that man there?' he asked. 'That man was Long Hair. He thought he was the greatest man

in the wide world, but he lies there now.'

"I told him, 'I killed that man. We had a hard fight. He was a brave man, but I wrenched his gun away from him and shot him twice with it, once through the head.'"

White Bull stood very still for a moment, then continued, "If that dead man was Long Hair, then I am the one who killed him. He did not have long hair. That is all I know."

"Why didn't you ever tell anyone about this?" I asked.

"Because I wanted to tell only the things I know were true," White Bull informed us. "I do not think Bad Soup would lie to me, but I had never seen Long Hair before and this man's hair was short. It was very short. But if that man was Long Hair, then I killed him. I am sure of that."

THERE was something that White Bull did not know, something that gave his story the ring of authenticity. *General Custer did not have long hair at the time of his last battle.* On the night before he left Fort Abraham Lincoln, Custer had asked an aide, Lieutenant Varnum, to crop his hair with horse-clippers. And so his hair was very short, as White Bull had described the hair on the head of the man who had been identified to him as Custer.

White Bull could have been exploited in many ways, had he been willing. He could have completely satisfied the curiosity of thousands of Americans, with considerable gain to himself. Instead he remained true to the high standards of his people. And his story, I believe, answers for the first time the question, "Who killed Custer?" ■ ■

CITY OF NO TOMORROW CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Johnny moved across the room in an unsteady rush, winding up beside Juana who had turned, an expression of joy frozen on her face.

Harry slid back behind the bar. Everyone who knew Johnny began crowding around him.

"Hey, John boy, what happened?"

"You look sick."

"Who hit you, Johnny?"

Juana raised her fingers to his face.

"*Mama mia!*"

"I've been trying to get you on the phone," Johnny said. "We're pulling out. Go get your coat." He spoke too fast for her to follow.

"What has happened, Juanito?"

"Leaving town. At once. Hurry!" He shouldered his way savagely to the bar. "Cab, Harry. Not a Taxi-Minor. Something fast!"

Harry did not move. "The phone's not working."

"Not—" Johnny turned around and stared at Harry. "So that's why—"

Harry met his gaze calmly. They looked at each other, both thinking the same thing.

In the silence that followed, the swing door huffed once and sighed. Harry glanced intuitively at the seat in the far corner of the room. It was empty.

The thing was beginning. It was making deadly sense. He said with quiet emphasis, "You can't take the girl."

"But I've got to. You don't understand. Harry, I gotta jump the border. I may wind up—"

"One of Garcia's men just checked you in."

JOHNNY went white, but before he could reply Juana had hold of his coat.

"The border? Is it so bad? Then I go with you."

"Look here, I don't know what you've done, Johnny," Harry said, "but when Garcia seals a trap right down to cutting the phone lines, it means shooting. You can't expose the girl."

"But the guy that was in here—he's got to get to Garcia, hasn't he? We've got maybe three minutes dead time. If we're quick we can make it. Come on, Juana!"

He grabbed her by the wrist and fought his way through the astonished bar crowd.

Harry stood for a second with his hands on the bar. Then, swift as a cat, he slid past Tony and out under the flap. He reached out for Johnny.

At the same instant the door swung

inward, catching Johnny in the chest.

Before he could recover his balance, a huge belly clad in a gabardine raincoat pushed its way into the room. Johnny tried to dodge around it, but an arm like a leg of mutton barred his way.

"John-ny!" A pair of finely drawn eyes took in the room and returned to the boy's face. "So great a hurry?" Leclerc of the International Security Police beamed down at him.

"Please," Johnny said. "I gotta go."

"*Un moment; mon vieux.* You can give a moment."

"I can't. You don't—"

"I insist." Leclerc pressed him back toward the bar, smiling at him all the time. "You see, I worry about you, Johnny. This afternoon. Your boat. It was a great mystery. I find two of your crew, Gulbenck and Repozo, drunk in a café. They both recount the same history—you have become sick in Tunis and are in hospital. So I phone Tunis. The hospitals had not heard of you."

Johnny was not listening. He was signaling Juana to the door with his eyes.

Leclerc linked his arms through theirs and drew them firmly to the bar.

"Let us take a little drink."

Johnny made a choking sound.

"A crème de (Continued on page 46)