

TIM MCCOY REMEMBERS "THE PEOPLE"



THE WIND RIVER  
**Rendezvous**



# New Book From An Old Friend...

Despite the hardships, the deprivation and frustrations of reservation life, many Indians feel an irresistible pull back to the place of their birth. Even when they move away from the reservation, they miss it — and return for a visit whenever possible.

Tim McCoy, though a white man, always felt some of this same attraction for the Wind River Reservation.

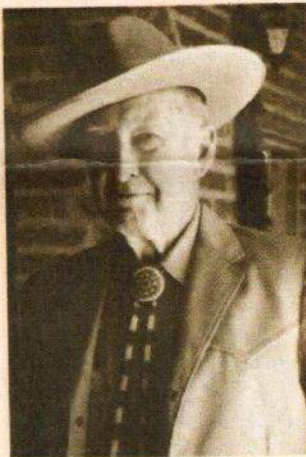
Through 86 active years McCoy saw many parts of the world, from London's theatre district to Hollywood's glitter and glamour. He was one of the few movie stars to successfully bridge the change from the silents to the talkies. But when he sat down with his son, Ron, to write his life story, he didn't write about Europe or California — he wrote about Wind River, the place where he learned his cowboy trade, and about "The People."

"Tim McCoy Remembers the West" has recently been issued by Doubleday. The book is an absorbing, interesting, completely different look at the West as it moved from reality to the film image. Told with humor and insight, this notably unselfish autobiography highlights his Arapaho and Shoshoni friends.

This book is not in the category of some of the recent sociological studies of Indian life. Tim McCoy is no convert to the Indian cause. He espoused it half a century ago, and earned from the Native Americans a respect and trust given to no strangers and few friends.

It was McCoy's reputation as a man knowledgeable about Indians that led to his film debut in 1922. He recruited 500 Arapaho, Shoshoni and Bannock Indians to take part in "The Covered Wagon," the great early western epic. He also served as technical advisor for the filming.

The story of these days, and Tim's coming to the blossoming West, is fascinating and fresh. It has its historical episodes, its comic touches, and the reader can see Hollywood through the eyes of the Indian visitor. This is a warm reminiscence by McCoy and makes pleasant and easy reading, particularly for friends of THE RENDEZVOUS already interested in the Wind River area.



Tim McCoy spent a great many years at Wind River and, even during his peak years of film popularity, he always managed to return to visit his friends among "The People." As indicated at the close of the book, McCoy looked forward to one final visit.

Could that trip have been made, Tim certainly would have received a warm welcome. For this film star was no plastic matinee idol. He earned his spurs the hard way, and then turned them into theatrical triumphs. His movies always treated the Indians fairly, and McCoy was a demanding stickler for accurate detail.

But the reasons for the Wind River welcome go far beyond Tim's cinema skills. What the Elders still recall is a white man who could speak the sign language of the Great Plains as well as any Indian, who could compete in their own tribal dances and win, who sat patiently in long conversations about the old days — one who truly admired "the old Buffalo Hunters."

We thank Doubleday for permission to quote from the book and reprint some of the pictures. We especially thank Ron McCoy and his wife, Elizabeth, for their generous cooperation in helping to represent this life-long and happy memorial to old friends.

Pick up a copy of "Tim McCoy Remembers the West." You will be delighted with it — about as pleased and delighted as watching an old friend return home.

## THE WIND RIVER RENDEZVOUS

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As St Stephens Indian Mission has no endowment, we depend upon the generosity of concerned individuals. Your financial support is solicited to help defray the Mission's operational costs and to fund the various programs conducted by the dedicated Lay and Religious members of the Mission Staff.

*FATHER JOHN KILLOREN*

Rev. John J Killoren, SJ  
Executive Director

St Stephens Indian Mission Foundation

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"Tim McCoy Remembers the West" (C) by Tim McCoy and Ronald McCoy — Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York 1977

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# "THE BLUE-EYED ARAPAHO"

## A SPECIAL REUNION

There's no written record of the conversations. But the 1921 reunion at St Stephens Mission of Father Lannon and Tim McCoy, old classmates of St Ignatius Jesuit School in Chicago, must have been a happy affair.

There were tales exchanged about their fellow students — Dan Lord, for example, had gone on to ordination as a Jesuit, and to a highly successful career of popular writing and play-directing. Father Lannon himself had become a Jesuit, and had welcomed the assignment to the Wind River Reservation.

And Tim, reporting for himself, recounted his early years' interest in the West leading to his truant rail-trip to Lander in 1909 to begin his cowboy days; his service in the to-be-terminated US cavalry during the World War; and his enjoyed appointment as Adjutant General to develop the early Wyoming version of the National Guard.

And then, far into the night, there was the retelling of stories about the Native Americans they both had come to love. Stories about the bravery, the honesty and simple wisdom of Goes in Lodge. Father Lannon spoke of his kindness, especially to the Franciscan Sisters. Tim reported how the Old Man had adopted him as a younger brother,

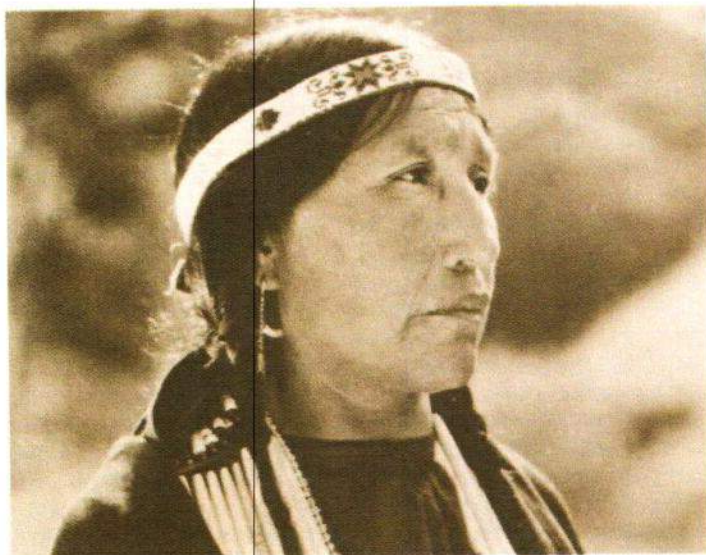
and trustingly opened to him the legends and customs of "The People."

There were stories too about Broken Horn and his wife, Lizzie — for Lizzie, along with Rebecca, wife of Goes In Lodge, were important figures in translating the English and Latin prayers into the Arapaho language. Stories about the beloved Jim and Julia "Lone Bear" Brown — Jim, with his practical wisdom and widespread acceptance, had become "Judge Brown" for the Native Americans; and Julia, his wife, one of the most respected individuals both on the Reservation and in the nearby communities of Riverton and Lander. Tim had become their close friend; for Julia's father, Wolf Moccasin, was one of the Elders with Goes In Lodge, and Tim's first participation in the Sweat Lodge had been a votive offering for the safety of Julia's son.

These were tales worthy of many toasts, stories that demanded repeated reunions in the future. And these were held. Tim in the following year presented a large new US flag to the Mission; and followed that presentation with a patriotic speech to the assembled Indians. And Father Lannon — but that was a few years later when he had been transferred to a Detroit parish and happened to meet Tim on the street — offered a special hospitality to the misplaced cowboy.





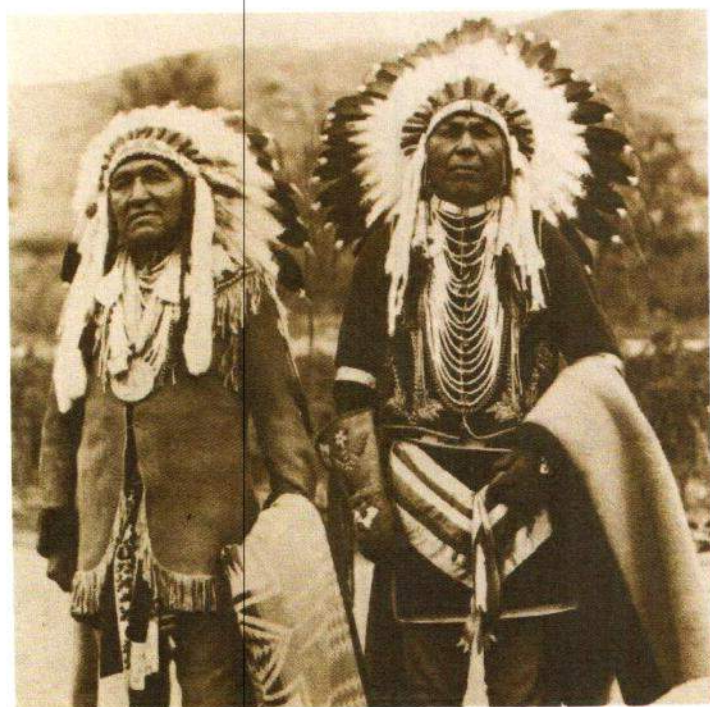


Mrs Mollie Goggles, wife of "Iron Eyes," was a dear friend of McCoy's. Their family had seen action in many of the "Westerns," and had appeared with Tim at Grauman's Theatre in Hollywood. With their tipi erected outside the depot in Cheyenne, and their display of Indian dancing, they assisted McCoy in the early establishment of the famous "Frontier Days."

Both Dick and Charlie Washakie, (pictured below) sons of the famous final Chief of the Shoshoni, were among Tim's close friends. After the filming of "The Covered Wagon," they took part in many of the early "Westerns."

Following their "Living Prologue" presentation before the initial four-months showings of "The Covered Wagon" in Hollywood, the entire cast of 35 Arapaho and Tim McCoy journeyed to London in August, 1923; their performances at the Pavilion Theatre in Piccadilly Circus ran through the next six and a half months.

The Arapaho were at first encamped in their tipis on the grounds of the Crystal Palace. But the continued rain and severe cold forced the move to this rooming-house on Russell Square. (The group of Native American actors are pictured on page 3.)



But in 1921 neither the young Adjutant General or the Jesuit had any idea of the tremendous changes of the immediate future. Both had heard of the early "moving pictures;" both were interested, vaguely; but both had no idea how deeply, within the next five years, the "movie-making" would affect the life-style of the Wind River Reservation.

For this young Adjutant General would be suddenly transformed into a matinee idol; would indeed become one of the Big-Five stars of "Western Films." And even more strange — the neglected and dispossessed Indians of this secluded and little known Wyoming Reservation would become the sought-after actors for "the historic Westerns."

After all, the Elders of the Arapaho were able to speak only their native tongue. Tim McCoy, with his special acceptance among "The People," and his unique skill in the sign language, was the very unusual white man who both could communicate with, and enjoyed the trust of, the leadership of the Arapaho.

The filming of "The Covered Wagon" became a reality only because there was — on the Wind River Reservation — well recognized in the early 1920's — the "Blue-Eyed Arapaho."

### THE LAST CAMPFIRE

Tim was tired — it had been a long ride from "Eagle's Nest," his ranch home over in the Big Horn Basin. He had crossed the Owl Creek Range by way of Blonde's Pass; forded the Big Wind east of Crowheart Crossing; then headed his horse southeast till he arrived at Sharpnose Butte along the south bank of the Little Wind, and stopped at last at the tipi of his friend.

Goes in Lodge, too, was tired. But his was the weariness of long years. This springtime of 1931 was the opening of his 88th year — and it would be his last.

The old buffalo hunter had welcomed Tim to his lodge, had accepted the tobacco-gift (in keeping with the Arapaho tradition) as a manifestation of his visitor's affection, and had shared a final meal prepared on the small campfire in the heart of the tipi. But there had been a solemn slowness about all these actions. Both men sensed that human sadness expressed by the Roman poet long ago; this visit indeed was "Frater, Ave Atque Vale." Both realized this visit would end in a final farewell.

Seated on the buffalo robes they had, following the eating, shared a final pipe of friendship. And with the silent smoking was also the time of sharing the happy memories of their years together.

They had first met only a few miles away, only some 15 years ago. But there on the open prairie, as they exchanged the first signs of communication, had begun a friendship that few men are given to enjoy. It had initiated a brotherhood that enriched the lives of the old Indian and the young cowpoke, as few men have been blessed.

Through the following years Goes in Lodge had shared with Tim the Indian appreciation and understanding of life — the realization of the great circle of all created things, the propriety of a simple trust in the richness of an unknown future. Further, he had brought Tim the simple and complete acceptance by "The People" — by Wolf Elk, Painted Bear and Yellow Horse who had known the golden age of their Buffalo Culture; by Sage and Yellow Calf who had become early followers of the ill-fated vision-dreams of Wovoka; by Left Hand and Water Man, two of the few Arapaho who had participated in the defeat of Custer; by Little Ant and Iron Eyes and all the others. And he had



## A STORY ABOUT "HIGH EAGLE"

*With my background, I was highly skilled in the knowledge and use of our sign language. But I must tell this story of how, with the making of the signs, "High Eagle" Tim McCoy was even better.*

*In the late '30's I was returning to the Reservation after shearing many sheep up in Montana; we had stopped at Sheridan, so that my wife could purchase some groceries. Suddenly, there on the sidewalk walking toward me was Tim whom we had not seen for many months.*

*We embraced there, exchanging our greetings without a sound being uttered; both of us remained completely silent, using the sign language of "The People." Many curious people gathered about us there, as Tim continued to ask me about my parents and I — all in signs — gave him a report on them and their activities.*

*Then it happened. Tim used these certain signs; I did not understand him, so I told him in signs to repeat himself. He repeated the signs; but, again I did not understand. So I was embarrassed, but I had to ask him in English what those signs meant; Tim answered me then, but in Arapaho, that the signs he was using wanted a report on the little grandchildren in my parent's lodge.*

*And then all the people there joined us in a good laugh, for I told them this Tim McCoy knew our sign language even better than I did.*

Mike Brown, Story-Teller  
Grandson of Arapaho Chief Lone Bear



united Tim with these people by the feel — "yes, the feel, not the sound" — of the drum.

And Tim had, beyond all imaginings, lead his friend into a fantastic variety of travel and public performances. The tipi of Goes in Lodge had been pitched at Cahuenga Pass outside Hollywood, in northern California, and in Milford, Utah; it had been erected in front of the New York's Museum of Natural History, and on the grounds of the Crystal Palace in London.

No matter what the proposal, Goes in Lodge had never more than the one preliminary question: "High Eagle, are you sure this is a good thing?"

And, always, Tim's response had been the one-liner: "If it were a bad thing, do you think I would ask you, my brother, to go?"

And the series of adventures, more unbelievable than those experienced by the famous "Alice In Wonderland" had continued through the years.

Few signs were exchanged that evening before the dying campfire — the union between these two men was too deep to need external expressions. Goes in Lodge had patted his special parfleche, tucked beside his backrest on his buffalo robe; and Tim had nodded in simple understanding. He also appreciated the sacred mementos that were stored there — and he knew they would be a comfort as, shortly, Goes In Lodge faced his death.

It was late. It was time for their last farewell.

## "TRAVEL WELL, NEE-HEE-CHA-DOTH."

The post hospital at Fort Huachuca in southern Arizona, very much like Fort Washakie that even in Tim's day served as the administrative center of the Wind River Reservation, is backed up against the foothills of the mountains. Another surprising similarity to Wyoming — there was a heavy snowfall (unusual for the area) when I paid my final visit to Tim McCoy in mid-January.

He was still conscious then. Still eager to welcome me with the words: "Ha-Ba, Father Jack; but I wish we both were back in Wyoming." Still able to present that wonderful smile, as he accepted the token-gifts of "The People's" affection — the hand-beaded tie in the sacred colors of the Arapaho, and the woven sweet-grass that symbolized a very special prayer-offering. Still anxious to hear a good report about his adopted land; and still willing to supply information about his departed but much remembered friends.

As I stood there by his hospital bed to take my leave, we embraced for the last time.

It was "Nee-Hee-Cha-Doth's" final wish that I carry his special greetings, his last farewell, to all those he was so proud to call "My People."



*When Tim returned to Wind River after the First War, Yellow Calf gave him the name "Banee-I-Natcha," Soldier Chief, for he wore his general's uniform when staying with our people. Then, because of his growing connections and friendships with the Old Men, they honored him with the second name, High Eagle, "Nee-Hee-Cha-Doth." Like very few others, he was a long friend, very close to us; and we put our trust in him.*

Mrs Susanna Behan  
Daughter of Black Coal's Adopted-Son

*Tim McCoy — he was really an outstanding rider; but, more important, he had our friendship as a very good and honest man. I played the part of a cavalry officer in "War Paint" — and riding with Tim I got to know him very well. I do not know of any other person who so quickly and completely won the affectionate respect and trust of both the Arapaho and the Shoshoni.*

Mr Edmo "Bud" LeClair  
Son of Shoshoni U.S. Marshall

*Tim McCoy was always smiling, and it was always a strong and rich smile — and you liked him. For you knew who and what he was when you met him. As an Indian you knew that he understood The People, that he mixed well with all of us, and that he was respected even by the Elders. It seemed that he was with us a long time. He was good at everything — he got along just like an Indian.*

Mrs Ethel Potter  
Daughter of Arapaho "Iron Eyes" Goggles

Across the entire Wind River Reservation the tribute to "Nee-Hee-Cha-Doth," High Eagle, is repeated and repeated. Even more notable, the tribute is unmarred — there are no contrary voices, no mention of petty qualifications to limit the approval or to restrict the praise.

From the Elders there is the recalling of old stories, happy memories of "the good days" spent with a dear friend. From many others, there is the finding of treasured old photographs that continue to express their parents' pleasure in his company and the exploits that they shared.

It is with pleasure, sincere and unreserved, that "The People" remember Tim McCoy.

## AND "THE PEOPLE" REMEMBER TIM MCCOY

*Both Tim and I were blessed by growing up in the Wind River Country; we both have been enriched by close association with, and deep respect for, "The People" of this area. Tim's book is a beautiful tribute to the Native Americans of Wyoming. The State has good cause to be proud of them, and of their beloved friend — Tim McCoy.*

Honorable  
Governor  
Milward L. Simpson  
of Wyoming, 1955-59

*Tim McCoy was always a trusted friend of the Arapaho people, so it is good that his book is a tribute to the remembered life they shared together. The People are happy that he remembers them, with joy and pride and gratitude; and that his story is our story. For the Elders remember him well — of those days in making of the movies, the long journeys to strange places, and — always — the joyful feasting when they returned.*

Scott Deery  
of Arapaho Chief Sharpnose

In 1957 the popular TV Show "This Is Your Life," honored Tim McCoy. One of the featured guests brought in to surprise and please McCoy was the Arapaho William Shakespeare, who had taken part in many of the "Strikes Again" Shakespeare, who had on the Wind River Reservation.

For old friends — the reunion and Tim McCoy — the reunion at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming was a joyful time.

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*My Father had many brothers, and all of them took part in Tim McCoy's movies — the final ones made in the Jackson Hole country, and the Old People had a big camp over there. The tallest brother was Red Pipe, and he was a very close friend with McCoy. But our whole family took the name of the oldest brother, Curly Hair, and that name was shortened to C'Hair. And all my uncles spoke real good about McCoy.*

Mr William C'Hair  
Son of Arapaho "Ice Man"

*Tim was closely connected with my husband's uncles, Dick and Charley, (his own father, George, another son of the Old Chief Washakie, had died in 1913). I recall his great friendliness whenever he rode into the Shoshoni camp — either at the grounds near the Sun Dance Lodge, or on the hill just east of Lander. Despite our old "granite dishes," Tim was always happy to share our feasting.*

Mrs Dewey Washakie

*It was a great thrill for all of us when we were children to see the pictured-actions of the Old People — to watch the silent movies at the Mission schools (at St Michael's and St Stephens). And we were also thrilled whenever High Eagle would visit our lodges for long talks with the Elders — for they were all good friends. These were happy years for all of us on the Reservation; and the main reason for these good times was Tim McCoy.*

Mr Frank Tyler  
Son of Arapaho "Night Horse"







## CAMPING OUT IN CALIFORNIA

Movie fans will recall the charming scene in "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" where the two outlaws drop into a theatre and see themselves depicted on the screen. Based on an actual happening, this historical moment fascinated Cassidy and the Kid even though they hardly recognized the two characters being portrayed on the flickering screen. Hollywood had taken liberties with their lives.

The American Indian must have been confronted with the same emotions when he watched his people being recreated on film.

For many years of Saturday matinees, the Indian was the stoic, inscrutable, menacing figure who skulked in the forest or hills, attacking settlements and wagon trains with senseless savagery. In recent years the movies have been kinder and, at times, more accurate in showing the provocations and sufferings inflicted upon the Native Americans. For several decades, however, the only good celluloid Indian seemed to be a dead celluloid Indian. They fell from their charging horses like summer flies, or fled be-

fore a single troop of cavalry like frightened children.

An exception to this image could be found in some of the "Westerns" on which Tim McCoy served as technical director or in which he starred. While purists may still find some capitulation to Hollywood's surmise about American audiences, these films did try to give an authentic look at the West. Unfortunately, movie goers seemed to prefer the myth to the truth, so the plots moved from truth to fiction.

McCoy and "The People" got into the movie business indirectly.

As McCoy was completing his third year as Adjutant General of Wyoming in 1922, a diminutive accountant from Famous Players-Lasky called on the Colonel in Cheyenne and told him that the Hollywood studio was having trouble recruiting 500 Indians for the planned epic movie of the early West, "The Covered Wagon." McCoy's reputation as an authority on Indians had reached them, and they wanted his help in gathering the extras required.

Tim McCoy denied that he was any expert, but ad-



mitted that he did know the sign language and did have many Indian friends.

"What will you pay them?" McCoy asked.

The agent said each adult Indian would get five dollars a day, plus 50 cents for each child, and a dollar a day for each horse or tipi they would bring along. McCoy knew this was more money for a week's activity than most Native Americans on the reservation saw in a year.

He agreed to try, signed the contract, and hired on as a technical advisor. Immediately he resigned his post as Adjutant General, and launched his recruiting campaign.

It was not an easy task. In the first place, there weren't enough "long haired" Arapaho to fill the quota so he knew he needed to add Shoshoni extras. But there was still friction between the two tribes who shared the Wind River Reservation; accepted by both, McCoy knew that he had to insure peaceful relations between them.

In addition, authorization had to be obtained for the Indians to journey off the area of the Reservation; the rights of equal citizenship had not yet been granted to the Native Americans. And the Indians, still sensitive to the hostilities they experienced all too frequently, were naturally wary about what might happen to them once they were off the Reservation. Only McCoy's reputation for honesty and fair dealing persuaded the Indians and influenced the granting of permission by the authorities.

Finally, still short of the 500 people the film required, McCoy had to journey to Fort Hall, Idaho, where his grasp

of the sign language impressed the Bannock Chief enough so that he agreed to provide the final numbers.

In October of 1922, the Bannock boarded a Union Pacific train in Idaho, and the Arapaho and Shoshoni "actors" climbed into another UP train at Rawlins, Wyoming; some of the horsemen among the Arapaho had driven their large herd of 300 ponies cross country, and these animals were loaded at the railroad siding. The parties were bound for Milford, Utah, the site of much of the filming for "The Covered Wagon."

These train rides — to Utah, and later to California and elsewhere — provided many tales which are still told at Wind River. The Arapaho, for example, usually ate seated on the ground; so the crowded conditions of the dining car was a totally new experience. And the menu items — things like salad and butter — looked and tasted strange.

As McCoy describes the filming of "The Covered Wagon" in his new book, the reader gets the impression that the behind-the-scenes activities might have made a still better movie.

Like the time the director, James Cruze, tried to get the Indians to locate their tipis with the entrances facing each other. McCoy explained that the entrance of the Indian tipi by long tradition faced the east to greet the morning sun, and refused to intervene. Cruze, in a rage, gathered the Indians and told them, through an interpreter, that he wanted the tipis facing one another. The Arapaho, Shoshoni and Bannocks nodded politely but,



Although his messianic teachings had considerable followers among the Arapaho before 1890, the Paiute Prophet Wovoka never visited the Wind River Reservation. It was McCoy who persuaded Wovoka to visit "The People" — on location in northern California for the filming of "The Thundering Herd" in 1924. Pictured with the religious leader are: Charlie Whiteman, Rising Buffalo, Red Pipe, William Penn, George Shakespeare, Night Horse, Painted Wolf, Bad Teeth, and Goes In Lodge.

The picture on the opposite page was made during the filming of MGM's "War Paint" in 1926 at Wind River. Bad Teeth, Goes In Lodge, George Wallowingbull, and Night Horse are discussing the film-action with McCoy.

On the bottom of page 11 is a picture of the Arapaho cast who performed with McCoy at Grauman's Theatre, offering a "Living Prologue" for the first showings in 1923 of "The Covered Wagon."



when Cruze arrived for the next morning's shooting, the entrance of each tipi still faced east.

Turning to McCoy, the director lamented, "Don't they realize this is an epic?"

There was the time, too, when Yellow Calf was employed to bring about a change in the cold winter weather that was delaying the filming. The Medicine Man drew a turtle in the snow, struck it with an axe and, within ten minutes the wind and the snow stopped, the sun came out, and the old Turtle Medicine made sudden believers out of a crew of West Coast skeptics.

McCoy's book offers dozens of stories like this. Humorous anecdotes about Indian exploits in London and New York; a fascinating visit with the Prophet Wovoka, the Paiute Medicine Man whose predictions sparked the ill-fated Ghost Dance; and the series of films which involved both McCoy and his friends among the Wind River Indians.

One of these films, "War Paint," was made near Fort Washakie, only a short ride from St Stephens Mission. Men and women who served as extras for this western still live on the Reservation. McCoy wrote a great deal of "War Paint" himself as well as starring in the film which told of broken treaties and other injustices toward the Native Americans.

In 1925, the year before he began "War Paint," McCoy got his first major break as an actor when he got second billing to Jack Holt in "The Thundering Herd," a Zane Grey classic. McCoy made some crime melodramas during his most productive years, but it was as a cowboy that he became famous. In the '20's he cast aside his buckskin costume for the black outfit and white hat that would become his costume-trademark. He was reputed to have one of Hollywood's fastest guns and was, of course, one of its best riders. His films, however, often featured brains over speed or strength. Many were western mysteries which Tim solved in a series of disguises or by applying big-city detective skills to prairie crimes. Another characteristic was the sincere effort at accurate detail, and this always included a sensitive portrayal of the Native Americans.

McCoy starred in the first all-talking serial, "The Indians Are Coming," and made two other talking westerns, "Law of the Range" and "Winners of the Wilderness."

From 1926 to 1929, he made 16 films for MGM, made "The Indians Are Coming" serial for Universal in 1930,

spent four years (1931-34) starring in 32 movies for Columbia — including one where the leading lady was a young Joan Crawford; then did some work for a company called Puritan Pictures. With Buck Jones and Raymond Hatten he made a series of "Rough Riders" films which successfully competed against the advent of the singing cowboy flicks.

When he left his fulltime cinema career in 1935 to tour with the Ringling Brothers Circus, he appeared with Indians from many tribes — Hopi, Sioux, Cheyenne — but he never forgot "The People," and he frequently returned to the Wind River Reservation to visit with his friends.

During World War II, McCoy re-enlisted, although he was in his early fifties and could have escaped service. He had some caustic words for some other famous Hollywood heroes who used their acting careers to evade military duty.

After serving with the Tactical Air Force overseas, McCoy returned to ranching in Nogales, New Mexico. But he succumbed once more to the lure of the sawdust trail, and formed his own touring Wild West Show.

He took time out from his travels to take minor roles in Mike Todd's "Around the World in Eighty Days" and "Requiem for a Gunfighter" which paired him with other old-timers like Ken Maynard, Bob Steele, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams, Rod Cameron and others. For a time he had his own television show which was built around the theme of "The Real West" — the land he loved.

There is no doubt, however, that Tim McCoy's happiest years were those spent making films in his beloved Wyoming among his Indian friends — films like "Wyoming" which was shot on location in the Jackson Hole area of the Tetons, and "War Paint" made along the South Fork of the Little Wind River.

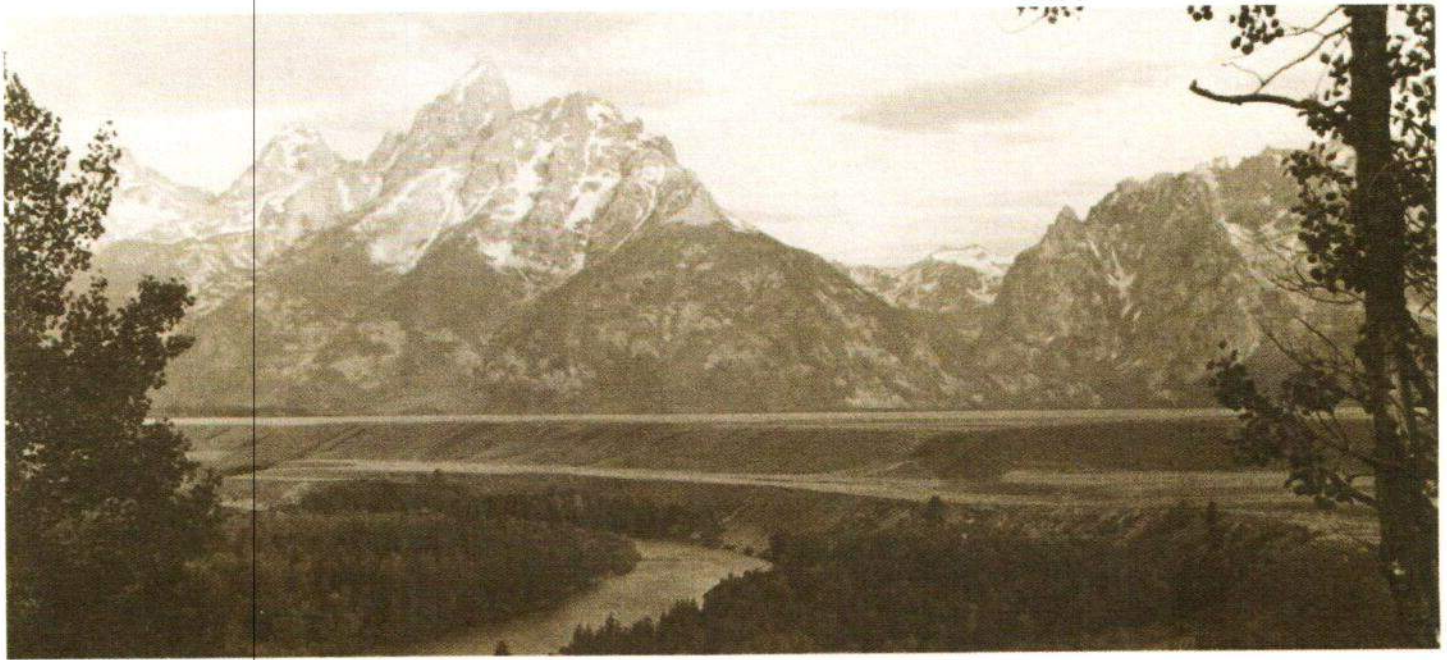
He had worked with some of Hollywood's great directors, played opposite some of its biggest luminaries, could count Ronald Coleman among his close "white friends," and his name still evokes memories in the hearts of millions of Americans.

But the name he treasured most, through all his days and travels, was "High Eagle" — the name of brotherly affection and respect that "The People" had bestowed on "The Blue-Eyed Arapaho."

As "High Eagle" he will be remembered.







## THE WAYS OF REMEMBERING ARE MANY



Agnes and Ike Bell have fond memories of Tim McCoy — for Charlie White Bull, who acted with Tim, was Ike's brother.

Among "The People" Tim had many friends; but his "brother" was Goes in Lodge. It seemed proper to present the old Buffalo Hunter on the cover of this issue (overlooking the Arapaho camp on the Little Wind River); and again on the back cover (with Mike Goggles) — along with the final wish of Tim "High Eagle" McCoy.

Nostalgia is a common experience; it's even a current craze. The youngsters of today seem fascinated with the modes and music of the 1940's and, if you belong to that era, the '20's may hold equal attraction for you.

More than anything else, men and women seem to enjoy the reflections on their youth — much as Tim McCoy does in his new book. The veteran Hollywood star also found ammunition for his memories in *THE RENDEZVOUS*. He told us that he really appreciated the authenticity which characterizes each successive issue.

We are glad that Tim McCoy noted that feature of *THE RENDEZVOUS* because we do try to be honest in what we portray. No melodrama or exaggerations; just the way it was and is. Other readers also compliment this aspect of our publication.

There are other ways of remembering, too. And we are grateful to our friends who adopted this form of memorial.

The West has changed since Tim McCoy roamed this area as a young wrangler, and it is changing still. St Stephens has weathered all the changes thus far; and we hope the Mission will be around for a long time, still working among the Arapaho and Shoshoni.

But that depends more on others than on us. We have no endowment to draw on. St Stephen's programs and services continue — only because people like you have been generous. The Mission needs are met, in their entirety, by volunteer contributions.

Some of our benefactors have done even more. Realizing that St Stephens must have some major gifts if the Mission is to grow and persevere, a few friends have remembered the Mission in their wills. Hoping that you too might be interested, we have prepared the enclosed brochure.

It's something you might think about. Experts tell us that a majority of individuals never make a will, and their hard-earned savings are distributed at the whim of the State. You should have a will — for the protection of those you love.

And, if there is room there for some help for St Stephens Indian Mission, you know we'll be grateful and you know the money will be used effectively. More than this, you know your generosity will be carrying on the Mission's work well past the lifetime of all of us.

And — that's worth remembering.





*"So I have one more errand left in life, one more journey to take.  
I must travel back to Wind River,*

*visit that cemetery and decorate with offerings of sweet grass  
the grave of that old buffalo hunter, my friend and brother  
to whom I owe so much.*

*Then my story, having started at the beginning, will be finished, and  
I shall be satisfied, for the circle will have been completed."*