

MARCH 30, 1972

Shortgrass Indians called the dusty day of March "paleface summer" As the redmen lost their hunting grounds, their humor took a nasty turn like that. Historians do a lot of blabbing about the nobility of the tribes, but nothing is mentioned about what poor sports they were over losing their homeland.

The braves just didn't know how far to carry a joke. They knew that the pioneers resented being called "treaty breakers" or "white eyed forked tongues." Yet, similar to other ethnic groups today, they kept on rubbing the same nerve tips, trying to make the whiteman feel bad about what was actually a small matter involving a few million acres of land.

One Indian named Bent Bipod did caution his people to stop hurting the pioneers' feelings. Bent told them many times that there were more ways to take down a teepee than chopping it down with a tomahawk.

He'd preach long sermons trying to get the braves to stop playing burn-the-cabin tricks on the white settlers. But as with all the rest of mankind, war had to be the answer. Noble it was to ride out in war parties to attack the trespassers; foolish it turned out to be for the Indians.

Over and over, Bent Bipod tried to get his people to turn their war bonnets into feather dusters. For all the good he accomplished, he might as well have been talking to that many totem poles. The tribes were proud and eager to fight. As you may have read, the Indians thought they were the chosen race. An idea, needless to say, that has caused folks more trouble than all the blonde hair bleach ever used by women.

Bent didn't get any encouragement from the whiteman for his plan. The founding fathers themselves weren't suffering from cramped trigger fingers. Oh, they'd go for a treaty talk to sort of warm up tempers. Peace, however, in the true definition of the word wasn't tried.

The strain of Bent's mission began to tell on him until he began to act as foolish as the rest of them. One night as he was lying sleepless on his buffalo robe he told his wife that he was going to ask both warring factions to use their sense of reason. The idea sounded good at the moment. The continent, he figured, was certainly big enough for both the redskins and the white eyes, with some left over for the wild animals.

Well, you know what his wife told him. History doesn't say, but you can bet that she told Bent to shut up and go to sleep, that she couldn't herd papooses all day and listen to peace plans all night. Squaws got that way after they'd heard the same thing about a hundred times. Modern wives become just as weary of their husbands' crusades. No telling how many master plans have been vetoed in the bedroom. It's a wonder that all of the world's inventions weren't created by bachelors or old maids.

Nearly every bit of the energy married men have is sapped putting out the trash and fixing leaky faucets. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow couldn't have written a line under that order. You can't be much of a poet if you have to stop in the middle of every other stanza to go get a loaf of bread or unstop the sink. That might be what's happened to all the artists today.

Once Bent got to relying on man's reason he never did recover. The Indians went on and matched the whites. The rest of the story is one more shameful event in man's

history. Peacemakers don't fare well in this age. The other day the United States walked out of the peace talks in Paris. Not too many years ago a peace conference was delayed by argument over the shape of the conference table. As you know, hombres that sit at peace talks aren't the same ones that go to foxholes.

A wool dealer from Boston called on the weekend for permission to come out to the ranch to sit in solitude. It's too bad that Bent Bipod couldn't build up a following. War won't ever make any sense.