


BUTTERCUP 'N STINKY'S ZEE EXAM

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- 1) In this episode, why is the girl named 'Zee'?
 - a. Because it's very important in The World of Lancer that the guest starring girls have strange names.
 - b. They originally planned to call her "Aaay," but then everyone would have thought she was Canadian.
 - c. She actually isn't. The script was first pitched by a German, but when he talked about 'the girl,' it came out 'zee girl.'
 - d. Why not?
 - 2) In the opening, why does Murdoch tell Johnny not to shoot at the bandits?
 - a. Because if he had, all of the bandits would be dead, and then it would have become a Johnny episode when it was discovered that one of the bandits was a girl, and he would have become filled with remorse, riddled with guilt, and run off to join a monastery.
 - b. Because some kids were in the way.
 - c. Because some extras were in the way.
 - d. Because Murdoch took away all his bullets.
 - 3) Finish this Scott quote to Zee. "Why, you're a ___!"
 - a. "Red Ripe Strawberry!"
 - b. "better looking guest star than I had last time! Hot dog!"
 - c. "lumpy man!"
 - d. "girl!"
 - 4) According to Zee, what did Scott do?
 - a. "He mashed my potatoes clean into my gravy."
 - b. "He mashed my turnips all over my plate."
 - c. "He mashed my foot when he stepped on it with those dang cowboy boots!"
 - d. "He mashed my ribs clean into my gizzard."
 - 5) When Scott sees Mr. Harker, what did he first say that was later cut out of the episode?
 - a. "Aren't you the guy who knows how to blow up safes?"
 - b. "Is that the same shirt you were wearing last time?"
 - c. "Sure, it is. I remember that stain."
 - d. "And that smell."

- 6) Why didn't the sheriff come right back from the Andrew's ranch?
- Because if he had, then the episode would have ended too quickly.
 - Because he ran off with Mr. Andrew's wife.
 - Because he got side-tracked at a poker game.
 - Because he got shot in the leg.
- 7) What does Zee eat that makes her sick?
- Food from the commissary.
 - A PB&J sandwich which Scott was carrying in his pocket.
 - The dirt under her fingernails.
 - Lye soap.
- 8) What does the judge use for a gavel?
- A hammer
 - A chicken leg
 - A glass beer mug
 - A strawberry Twizzler
- 9) Finish Zee's quote. "It sure has rained enough to drown ____."
- all the ranch hands on the Ponderosa.
 - the McDonalds on the corner.
 - my hairdresser.
 - a rat.
- 10) What is the word that Zee learns and likes to say.
- verisimilitude
 - extraneous
 - supercalifragalisticexpialadocious
 - dude
- 11) What does Scott first say to Mangrum when they first meet...in the original script, which was subsequently changed?
- "Oh, get real! My brother's Johnny Madrid. What do you think you're gonna do?"
 - "You sure are ugly as sin!"
 - "Want a Tic-Tac? It might help."
 - "You're related to I-gor, aren't you?"
- 12) What does Olin have to do when Mangrum touches the side of his nose?
- He has to bark like a dog.
 - He has to go fetch him a donut from the commissary.
 - He has to crow like a rooster.
 - He has to kiss Scott's boot.

13) What interesting thing did you notice in this episode?

- a. That while Scott managed to change shirts, even though he was in town the whole time and never did make it back to the ranch, Johnny was still wearing the same shirt throughout.
- b. That Scott had a hard time unlocking that door at the Widow's place. I wonder if it really did lock?
- c. Was Scott afraid that the Widow Hargis would scream that he was trying to force himself on her person, and that's why he didn't immediately untie her?
- d. What town was this anyway? It couldn't have been Morro Coyo, not Spanish enough. Jail was too new for Spanish Wells, and it was the wrong sheriff for Green River.

Writing Assignment:

In your opinion, using previous episodes and quotes to support your position, did Scott actually return and check up on Zee?



COMMUNITY SERVICE

BY SHARON COULTON



Looking up into the steely blue gaze, Johnny could see there was no hope of escape this time. The large hand firmly claspng his shoulder confirmed that certainty. Sighing in resignation, he reluctantly complied with the demand that he raise his left hand in the air.

“Sure hope T’resa gets out here pretty quick,” he grumbled.

The edges of the blue-grey eyes crinkled in response. “So do I.”

“Let’s wait for her then,” he suggested, but Boston was all business again.

“The hands should be clasped loosely,” his brother instructed. “Your right hand rests on your partner’s waist---no, slightly to the back. Good. Now, step forward with your left foot.”

“You gonna move outta the way?”

“Yes, your partner always reacts to your movements. When you step forward, she’ll step back. Now, just do it the way we’ve been practicing.”

Until now they’d been practicing side by side with imaginary women, which had been a hell of a lot less awkward. Johnny had seen men dancing together plenty of times, up in the mining camps for instance, but those miners had probably known each other a lot longer than he’d known Scott . . .



He’d met men from “Back East,” but never anyone from Boston. It hadn’t helped when Scott had explained that it was in some place called “Massah-chuz-its,” but then he’d pointed it out on a map and it looked to be about as far east as you could go.

That’s where Scott had been raised, by his grandfather—his wealthy grandfather. So it was pretty unlikely that his half-brother’s childhood had anything in common with Johnny’s own upbringing, fending for himself as a border town brat. His brother probably hadn’t ever missed a meal, except maybe during the War. Assuming he’d actually seen any fighting.

Well, that wasn’t right, and Johnny knew it. Even though he’d had plenty of doubts about the City Boy back in the beginning, when they’d gone up against Pardee, it had been pretty

clear once the shooting started that Scott must have been something more than just a pretty uniform on horseback.

But back in Boston, Scott had apparently spent lots of time wearing fancy clothes and attending what he called “deb-U-tahnt” balls---some kind of dance where the men all were in tails and white gloves and the ladies wore white dresses, carrying cards where they wrote down who it was they were going to dance with next. Talk about having your fun organized for you . . . Johnny’d been sure Boston was pulling his leg with that bit about the tails, but Teresa hadn’t been able to get enough of it, peppering Scott with all kinds of questions.

Then, to be fair, she’d asked if he’d gone to lots of festivals and fiestas down in Mexico.

Well, moving from town to town the way they had, he and Mama hadn’t always felt welcome at the local celebrations. And later on he’d learned that gunfighters weren’t exactly well received at church socials. Not that that had stopped him; if he felt like putting in an appearance, he’d walk in anywhere with his head high. He expected people to recognize the name Johnny Madrid, he’d damned well earned it. Which was different from Scott, who had that easy confidence that came from knowing you’d always be welcome no matter where you went.

It came from growing up rich since, in addition to taking it for granted that you’d have a roof over your head and three meals a day, you also got to wear decent clothes and go to school. He figured Scott had everything he’d ever needed just handed to him. So it had been a surprise when his brother had been so willing to pitch in right alongside the hands; not being used to the hot weather, Ol’ Boston worked up more of a sweat than most. Getting dirty didn’t seem to bother him much--- though he was pretty partial to taking long baths.

Anyway, while they were talking about celebrations, Teresa had asked about birthdays. Johnny’d answered honestly---he’d never had a party or anything, but Mama always made sure he had a special meal and some sort of present, like maybe a new shirt she’d made and decorated with embroidered designs. Scott had been listening and when Teresa did what she usually did and turned the same question on him next, Boston seemed oddly reluctant to answer. He said that sometimes his grandfather had made a big deal about his birthday and sometimes not so much, though Johnny had his doubts about that last part.

Scott did admit that one year his grandfather had given him a pony.

And that kind of showed the difference between them. It was a good thing Teresa hadn’t asked, because the first horse Johnny had ever called his own, he’d taken from someone he’d out gunned; after all, the man hadn’t needed it anymore.

It wasn’t the kind of story he was eager to share. Though come to think of it, neither one of them had volunteered much about the past, just answered Teresa’s questions---and listened

pretty hard to what each other had to say. Judging from the look on Boston's face, Scott could maybe get to feeling sorry for him pretty easy, and Johnny sure didn't want that. So, when Teresa asked why he didn't dance, it had been easier to shrug and say he'd never taken time to learn.

He hadn't expected Lieutenant Lancer to make it his personal mission to teach him.



"A Service to the Community" he'd called it, doing his duty to make the ladies happy. According to Scott, they'd all been disappointed when Johnny Lancer failed to take the floor at the gathering Murdoch had hosted to introduce his sons to the locals. Well, Teresa had badgered him into a few dances and he'd done okay he thought, managed to shuffle through with her and a couple of her friends too. But he'd been recovering from a bullet in the back, so he'd had an excuse.

Murdoch had only been good for a few turns himself; while playing host, the Old Man had still been leaning pretty heavily on that cane. And so Scott got to complain long and loud---straight faced, but with that gleam in his eyes---about how he'd had to dance with every single female present, doing all the heavy work since his father and brother weren't able to pull their weight.

Well, he sure had pulled his weight today, and so had Scott; it had been an especially long, hot, dirty one. Scott, as usual, had washed up and put on clean clothes before supper and Johnny'd done the same. It had been a good meal, with spicy Mexican style chicken instead of beef for a change. Scott had said he wasn't very hungry, but Johnny had tucked right in, eating enough for both of them. He was looking forward to relaxing, now that they each had a glass in hand.

"It's time for your dancing lesson."

Johnny pulled a face, but, before he could say anything, Scott reminded him that he'd lost the bet. Murdoch, who was already settled in his big leather chair, looked up from his book with a curious expression. Fortunately the Old Man didn't ask---the bet had been over what Murdoch's first words would be when they got back from their day's work. Even though Johnny had lost fair and square, he was too damned tired to do anything except maybe lay on the sofa listening to Scott read aloud from Oliver Twist. Or take his brother on in a game of chess. Murdoch had taught him to play while he was laid up, and Johnny liked that it was more complicated than checkers. He'd beaten Murdoch once or twice, but not Scott yet, though Scott seemed to like playing against him anyway. Boston said that Johnny forced him to think hard and move carefully, complimenting him on his "unique strategies."

Well, he sure wished he could come up with one to get out of dancing, but a bet was a bet. Johnny reluctantly trailed Scott through the kitchen where Teresa was helping Maria with

the supper dishes. Hearing Scott invite Teresa to join them when she was through didn't make Johnny any happier; he figured the fewer witnesses the better.

Once they got outside, Scott set his glass on top of the adobe wall. The yellow glow of the sun was low in the sky but hadn't set yet. The pale new moon was already rising opposite. It was pretty quiet; most of the hands were probably in the bunkhouse, smoking and playing cards. A good thing, since he needed that kind of audience even less.



Johnny let go of Scott and hastily stepped back when Teresa burst through the kitchen door.

"Scott, I have a music box!" She was carrying a shiny wooden box in her hands.

"And what does it play?"

She wrinkled up her forehead and her smile slipped a bit.

"I'm not sure what it's called, but it's dancing music. Listen."

She wound it up with a key on the side and then set the box on the bench. As the three of them gathered around and stared down at it, the key turned and a tinkling little tune came out.

Johnny wasn't impressed, but Scott stood there with his hands on his hips, looking pretty pleased.

"It's a waltz. '*An der schönen blauen Donau*' . . . 'By the Beautiful Blue Danube' composed by Johann Strauss. It's a fine waltz for practicing."

Scott grinned like this was the best thing that had happened all day. 'Course, the kind of day he'd had, maybe it was.

When the little box finally stopped making noise, Teresa wound it right back up. Scott extended his hands and she moved happily into his arms; she had to reach up a ways to put her hand on Scott's shoulder. Johnny ambled over to retrieve his drink and leaned against the wall to watch as they moved smoothly around the small enclosed area. He understood by now that Scott was doing all the work, but he sure made it look easy. What really amazed Johnny was that his brother was carrying on what appeared to be a pretty entertaining conversation the whole time he was dancing Teresa around.

When the music started to slow down, Scott altered his steps to match, making Teresa laugh harder. When it finally stopped, instead of enjoying the quiet for a bit, she hurried to start it up again, and Scott came over to take his place holding up the wall.

“Your turn.”

After one last gulp, Johnny set his glass down. It looked like he didn't have any choice but to step up and give it a try, but dancing sure seemed a lot harder now that he knew there was a “right way” to do it. Of course, it would have been a lot easier without Teresa giving him that encouraging smile and Boston looking like he was expecting great things. Johnny took Teresa through some mechanical steps shuffling back and forth, while Scott kept saying things like “move with the music.” Johnny couldn't wait for the silly box to run down.

It was pretty dark now, though they could see well enough in the moonlight, and in the blessed silence, you could finally hear the night sounds: one of the horses nickering in the stable, cattle lowing in the distance, faint voices from the bunkhouse. Scott explained how you could move around more by altering the size of the step and its direction, and Johnny was getting the hang of it, as long as that fool music wasn't playing. He was concentrating so hard that he hadn't noticed Maria slip out of the kitchen and settle on the garden bench to watch, not until Scott asked her to get the music going again.

“Senora Maria, could you wind that up for us, por favor?”

Maria held the box up and named it. “Caja de música.” And she wouldn't touch the little key, not until Scott got the pronunciation of that word right too.

“¿Puedo tener . . . yo este . . . baile?”

Johnny was surprised to hear Scott ask Maria to dance; she must have taught him that line for Murdoch's party. With his Eastern accent no one was gonna mistake Boston for a local anytime soon, but Scott was doing okay. He kept trying, anyway. The next thing Johnny knew, Scott and Maria were dancing around the garden, the Senora with a smile as wide as the Rio Grande.

Even after the music wound down, Scott didn't let her go. Using just sounds instead of words, he started “singing” something faster and he and Maria were at it again.

“What was that?” Teresa asked, clapping her hands for them when they finally finished.

“The schottische,” Scott said, in between breaths. He escorted Maria back to the bench and then actually bowed. “Muchas gracias, Senora.”

Maria was still smiling, fanning herself with her apron. Then she let loose a torrent of Spanish that Scott didn't have a prayer of keeping up with. It was pretty clear from his expression that he'd only maybe caught a word or two, and he looked to Teresa for help.

“She's listing all the Mexican dances she's going to teach you at the next fiesta,” Teresa explained. Maria nodded emphatically.

“I’m looking forward to it,” Scott assured her.



The big draft horses pressed forward, the only sound the steady clop-clop of their feet as they moved in tandem. They were kicking up a good bit of dust, though nothing compared to the billowing cloud trailing the buckboard. Scott was holding the reins, ramrod straight and silent, while Johnny lounged on the seat beside him.

They hadn’t done any dancing for a couple days now and Johnny expected that Scott wouldn’t be in a hurry to get back to giving lessons any time soon. His brother was moving stiffly this morning, no surprise after being dumped off his horse the previous day. Some joker had stuck a tack under the saddle, setting Brunswick to bucking with a fury as soon as Scott climbed aboard. Being so steady in the saddle, Scott managed to hang on quite a while before landing hard on his rump in the corral. Cipriano had hurried to help him up, even though Scott was waving him off. Scott had guessed right away what the problem was, angrily stripping off saddle and blanket as soon as he had the animal calmed down, searching til he located the cause. A few of the men watching had laughed, but as far as Johnny knew, no one had taken credit yet. It wasn’t unusual for a greenhorn to become a target, and it wasn’t the first time Scott’d had some trouble in front of a less than sympathetic audience----though being the Boss’s son and one of the owners besides had likely spared him the worst of it.

Somehow Boston made it through the rest of the day, but there’d been no dancing lessons or anything else last night; in fact Scott had turned in pretty early after barely touching Maria’s extra spicy beef enchiladas. It had been a long evening, watching Murdoch turn the pages of his book. Teresa had found a drawing in a magazine of a gentleman wearing one of those tall hats and a jacket with two long pieces hanging down the back—“tails” she’d called them, and asked if he couldn’t just picture Scott all dressed up like that. Well, it weren’t that hard to imagine. It was even easier when she showed him another drawing of a man and a woman dancing. The lady was wearing a fancy dress that was cut lower than anything Johnny’d seen in real life. Funny, how his brother hadn’t mentioned anything about that . . .

Scott had to be feeling pretty sore right now; everybody knew it wasn’t until the next morning that you found out what the real damage was. From the way Scott hadn’t looked at him when the Old Man announced they were heading into town today instead of going out again with the work crew, Johnny guessed his brother thought he’d had something to do with the change of plans. Johnny’s money was on Cipriano. Of course, maybe the reason Scott wasn’t talking to him was because he was wondering if Johnny might know anything about that tack under his saddle. He didn’t, though he suspected he and Scott had narrowed it down to the same couple of names.

Johnny slid down lower on the seat and adjusted his hat so that it covered his face. Might as well rest his eyes, and it didn't look like he was going to miss any conversation if he somehow managed to doze off. Not that he'd said more than two words to Scott either, except when they'd passed some people walking in the opposite direction. Johnny had pointed out how much dust they were having to eat when the buckboard passed. Scott turned around to see for himself and then got that irritated look on his face. Johnny knew by now that the expression meant the man was displeased with himself rather than anyone else. Since then, they'd passed an old codger on a mule and a few folks plodding along on horseback, and Scott had reined their own animals down to a walk each time.

The wagon was slowing down again, so Johnny lifted his hat up to see who or what they were passing now. A youngish Mexican woman, with two little kids, a boy maybe five and a girl younger. They were walking towards town, real slow on account of those little legs.

When they came up alongside them, it turned out the little mamacita was carrying a baby too.

"Good morning. Could we offer you a ride?"

Despite Scott's formal, polite tone, the dark-eyed woman gave a worried little glance their way, shook her head and kept on walking.

"It's really no trouble; we're heading into town ourselves."

After snubbing Scott a second time, she started to look a little nervous about the wagon rolling along so close beside them and pulled the little boy over to her other side.

Johnny leaned past Scott and asked in Spanish if they were going to Morro Coyo. When she said "si" he pointed out how tired the little nina was looking, then he smiled and assured her that the "gringo" driving the buckboard was mostly harmless. She started to relax pretty quickly after that, smiling when they exchanged names and even rolling her eyes when he referred to Scott as "mi hermano." And she didn't argue when Johnny jumped down from his seat and started lifting the kids, Eduardo, nicknamed Lalo, and little Rosalita, into the back. He scooted up onto the wagon bed and told Senora Ruiz to sit up on the seat beside Scott.

When the woman started walking around the vehicle, Scott slid over to Johnny's vacated spot and climbed down on the other side, obviously still intent upon being mannerly. Johnny murmured another reassurance and she smiled and let Boston give her a hand up.

"This here's Senora Ruiz. I don't think she understands much English, Scott." Johnny said once everyone was settled and they were back underway.

"So what did you say to change her mind?"

Johnny grinned. “Told her you weren’t as dangerous as you look.”



When they pulled up in front of Baldemerro’s store, Juan Baldemerro himself was out front arranging a few items on the board walk. He hurried right over to help Francisca Ruiz down from the buckboard while Johnny got the kids out of the back.

After that, Baldemerro’s attention was all on Scott. Boston was a good customer, probably one of the best, since he was always ready to spend cash money instead of putting things on account. After what had happened the first time he’d tried to shop in Baldemerro’s store, the man was probably pretty grateful that Scott was still willing to trade with him. Scott handed the shopkeeper their list and Senor Baldemerro hurried back inside while Senora Ruiz and the kids were saying “gracias” for the ride into town.

“¿Quién es esto, Paquita? ¿Dónde está su marido?”

A hulking man with shaggy black hair loomed over them, loudly demanding to know where Francisca’s husband was and startling the two little kids into clutching at their mama’s skirts. Scott immediately positioned himself in between Big Shaggy and the Ruiz family, while Francisca calmly explained that her husband, Miguel, was still sick. Then she started moving the kids down the boardwalk.

But the man-mountain, who Senora Ruiz called “Luis,” started pointing at Scott and shouting some crazy questions about was this how she was supporting her family, selling herself to some gringo? Scott stood his ground in the face of Luis’ loud, angry yelling and Johnny moved up beside him, gun drawn.

“What’s he saying?”

“Somethin’ insultin’. Get ‘em inside, Scott.”

Scott gave him a look but no argument, just took Senora Ruiz by the arm and indicated with a nod of the head that they should go inside the store. Despite the gun pointed at his sizable gut, Big Luis kept shouting, and Scott was careful not to completely turn his back on the man. Even though he didn’t make any move to follow, Johnny still blocked Luis path, just in case. Johnny tried using the cold, quiet voice that usually worked so well, but the big man just wouldn’t listen.

It wasn’t long before Johnny heard the door open again and someone step out behind him; he hoped it was his brother and not one of Luis’ amigos. Loud Luis wasn’t wearing a gun, but he had a sizable knife attached to his belt, so Johnny didn’t want to take his eyes off him. It was a relief to hear Boston ask a question in that dry tone of his.

“We’re still not finished here?”

“Nope. He ain’t apologized yet.”

Then Shaggy Luis snarled something in Scott’s direction, and there was at least one word his brother recognized, “gringo.”

Scott reached up with one gloved hand and moved his hat so it sat back further on his head. “You know, I’m getting tired of being called that.”

Even though he hadn’t spoken a word of English, Luis understood, because he smiled, showing them a row of big tobacco stained teeth. Then he turned to Johnny and asked in Spanish if Paquita Ruiz was the gringo’s woman now, calling her a “puta” and a few other choice names.

Out of the corner of his eye, Johnny saw Scott look down for a moment and then he came up swinging, one punch sinking deep into Luis’ abdomen, the second hitting him square on the jaw. Luis went down hard and lay there, dazed, on his back, taking up the whole width of the boardwalk. Scott looked thoughtfully down at his hand and the smear of blood on his glove, then glanced at Johnny’s drawn gun.

“Why don’t you put that away—help me move him to one side.”

Johnny holstered his weapon. “You know, you’re wearing one of these too.”

Scott studied him speculatively. “You’d shoot a man for an insult?”

“It’s been known to happen.”

Scott shook his head, but he didn’t say anything about “the Code of the West,” he just bent down and picked up one of Luis’ arms. Johnny grabbed a hold of the other side and they sat him up against the building, his legs straight out in front of him, still not really leaving much space for anyone walking by. Johnny scooped up the big man’s hat and tossed it onto his head.

Scott smiled and complimented him on his aim. As he leaned over to pick up his own hat, Scott looked under Luis’ brim. Although Johnny thought the man’s eyes might still be rolling in his head, he kept his gun hand ready just in case.

“You need to apologize to the lady. Comprende?”

Luis gave Scott a little nod. With a bit of an effort, Scott slowly straightened, and then eased his hat onto his head.

Inside the store, the Ruiz kids were hanging onto each other while their mother was walking around in a little circle trying to soothe the crying baby. Senor Baldemerro looked pretty worried, so Johnny explained that his brother had decided to do his fighting outside today. He made sure to say it in English, and Scott shook his head, trying to hide a grin. The shopkeeper didn't seem to think it was all that funny, and headed towards the door. Baldemerro cautiously looked out, exchanged a few words with someone, then came back smiling, going on in rapid Spanish. Johnny quickly translated.

"He says Luis told him to say he was sorry. He's happy that Luis is walkin' the other way. And now Senor Baldemerro would be very happy to fill our order."

Scott nodded and, before Baldemerro hustled off, mentioned that he'd appreciate it if the shopkeeper would include another pair of work gloves. Then Scott turned towards the kids, reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a couple coins, but when he crouched down in front of them, the little girl scurried back behind her mama's skirts. Her big brother Eduardo cautiously stood his ground but looked mighty relieved when his mama stepped nearer.

Scott held out one hand with a penny and a three cent piece resting on the palm. "Pour . . . les enfants," he said, looking up at Senora Ruiz. "For . . . candy."

Well, that was one English word Lalo Ruiz had no trouble understanding. He snatched those coins with one hand and grabbed his little sister with the other and the two of them marched right over to where the jars of penny candy were lined up and stood staring. Francisca Ruiz smiled down at Scott and said "Gracias, Senor." Scott slowly stood up again and politely removed his hat as he smiled down at her, then turned to Johnny.

"Johnny . . . maybe you should tell her---"

"That we'll be givin' her a ride home."

Scott nodded. "I'll talk to Senor Baldemerro."

Johnny chatted with Senora Ruiz, half listening to Scott telling the store owner that when it was time to fill her order, he should increase the amounts, since she had transportation. It turned out that the reason loud-mouth Luis had called her "Paquita" was because he was family, a cousin to her husband, so it was a good thing Johnny hadn't had to shoot the man. She talked to Senor Baldemerro and then went off to run a few other errands, toting the baby with her two kids trailing after her, both sucking on peppermint sticks.

When he and Scott started carrying things out and loading up the buckboard, it was pretty noticeable that Boston was moving more and more slowly, though even with a sore back he was too stubborn to avoid his share of the heavier boxes and barrels. Johnny guessed his brother's hand probably hurt some too, but he thought he might know a cure; they were entitled to a trip to the saloon, once they finished. But when he suggested it, Scott looked surprised.

“It’s a little early for that, isn’t it?”

Johnny shrugged. “Don’t know what time it is; don’t carry a watch.”

“Well, I do.” Scott pulled a fine looking timepiece from his waistband pocket and flipped open the cover.

“Never needed one to tell me when it’s time for a drink.”

Scott studied the watch face for a moment, then looked up with a smile. “Point taken.” He snapped the cover closed. “Next time I’ll defer to your better judgment.”

They strolled down to the saloon, passing the Ruiz family along the way. Eduardo and little Rosalita chorused a cheery “hola” with big sticky smiles; the big brother adding a “Gracias, Senor,” for good measure. Francisca said Luis had apologized again, in person this time, and that he was very much afraid that Miguel would hear about what he’d said. Johnny wondered how big her husband was--- and told her they’d meet up with her back at Senor Baldemerro’s.

Johnny pushed through the batwing doors, pausing as usual just inside to give his eyes a chance to adjust to the dim interior, but Scott was following too close behind. The pattern of light told Johnny his brother was holding one door open, and he was aware of Scott reflexively removing his hat, could feel it brushing against his back. Johnny sighed and kept moving.

The place was almost empty, but not quite. Johnny had just about reached the bar when he noticed Luis sitting at a table towards the back, with a couple of friends. That could’ve meant trouble, but when Johnny fixed him with a cold glare, the big man looked away.

“What’ll it be?” Pete the bartender asked.

“Two tequilas.”

Scott came up beside him, dropped his hat on the polished surface and started working off his gloves, one finger at a time. “And I’ll have a whiskey.”

Johnny gave his brother a look, but Scott’s attention was still on those gloves of his; he couldn’t even be sure if Boston had noticed that Luis was nearby.

The barkeep delivered their drinks. Scott smiled at Johnny’s two glasses of tequila. “You might send one of those over to our friend . . . if you can spare it.”

Since Scott was probably paying anyway, Johnny pushed one glass back towards Pete. “For Luis.” The barman looked surprised, then shrugged and tossed a towel over his shoulder before heading off to make his delivery.

“So . . . what was that ‘poor lezenfanz’ stuff you were saying back at Baldemerro’s?”

Scott looked surprised, then a bit sheepish. “Oh, just another language that doesn’t work out here.”

They watched to see if Luis accepted the tequila, then lifted their glasses towards him when he did, just to show there were no hard feelings. Scott turned his attention to his whiskey.

“So how’d you know those words he was usin’?”

Scott gave him a sideways glance. “I’ve heard ‘gringo’ a time or two,” he said dryly.

“No, I mean those other words, like ‘puta’ and the rest. Senora Maria didn’t teach’em to ya.”

Even in the dim light, he could see that Scott flushed a bit. “No, she didn’t. She just . . . translated.”

Well, there was a story there, and Johnny thought he could maybe guess at what had happened. Scott sure wouldn’t be making that mistake again.

It was a good thing Ol’ Boston seemed to be a pretty quick learner, since he was learning new things pretty much every day out at the ranch. Scott didn’t know anything about herding steers or roping calves; he didn’t really know much about cattle, period. But that didn’t stop him from watching and asking questions to try to figure out how to do things the right way. And when he failed, he’d keep at it, give it another try.

Well, except for the tequila. Looked like Scott wasn’t about to try that again.



Another moonlit evening, after another grueling day. Even though that plump sofa in the Great Room was calling his name, here he was back out in the garden again because tomorrow night there was going to be a dance in town.

“So why’s this so important to you, anyway?”

Scott grinned. “I already told you, Brother: ‘community service.’ My civic duty.”

“Yeah, like you really minded having all those women to yourself.”

“Oh, it was tiring,” Scott assured him with a bigger grin. “Trust me.”

Well, the strange thing was, that he did. Still . . .

“Gotta be more to it than that, you’re so set on it. Maybe you’re thinkin’ you’re gonna civilize me or something.”

Johnny couldn’t keep the challenge out of his voice. Scott’s grin disappeared.

“No, it’s not that,” Scott said slowly. He crossed his arms over his chest and looked off towards the roofs of the outbuildings. “I guess I have been pushing too hard.”

Scott stepped back over to the adobe wall to collect his drink. “It’s been a long day,” he smiled apologetically. “We can do this another time.”

Johnny sighed. “I’m just too tired to feel foolish trying to do something I can’t.”

Scott looked down at the drink in his hand, nodding in agreement.

“I know the feeling.”

And that’s when he realized that maybe Scott just liked being the teacher for a change. Johnny could have told his brother that he’d already learned a thing or two from him, but it was easier to just stay out here in the moonlight, dancing with those imaginary ladies in low cut dresses.



AUTHOR'S NOTE



This piece was written in response to a story challenge. “Community Service” was one of the suggested titles for a story incorporating the following elements: dancing and moonlight, babies and buckboards.



THE TRAIN AND THE PANIOLO

BY LINDA BORCHERS (KONA)



Johnny eyed the belching monster and knew it was a mistake. The last thing he wanted to do was spend the next three days on a train. His appeals to travel by stagecoach or buckboard had fallen on deaf ears. Neither Scott nor the doctor who had imprisoned him in a bed in his back office for nearly a week would consider anything but this black iron horse.

Climbing the steep steps from the train platform to the last car on the Union and Central Pacific Railroad, running from Cheyenne to Sacramento, left Johnny panting for breath. The ticket agent had assured them that even though the train was full there were still three seats open. The next train promised to be just as crowded.

Johnny stopped short, looking down the long aisle; every deep velvet seat seemed to be filled. Passengers, some in their finest Sunday go to meeting clothes and others in work clothes, either side of the aisle.

"I told you this was a bad idea." Johnny made to turn around but Scott blocked his way.

"Not so fast." Scott looked down the car, counting heads in each seat. "There," he said triumphantly. "The last two seats on the left. There's only one passenger."

"Scott, you know I hate crowds. We can still take the stage or a wagon. We can go as slow as you want."

"Johnny, you heard what Dr. Mannford said, it's either the train or you stay here in Cheyenne until you can handle the stage or wagon. That could be another two weeks."

Johnny glared back at his brother, a look that would have crushed most mortal men. But Scott only hitched up his and Johnny's saddle bags on his shoulders and gently pushed the ex-gunfighter forward.

He watched Johnny carefully as his brother made his way slowly down the aisle, his left leg extended out in front of him, encased in a heavy cast from his thigh to his toes. He tottered and over balanced himself on crutches he had not gotten used to using, and nearly fell face forward once before he finally made it to the open seats.

They reached the last row and Scott stopped next to a man sitting in the aisle seat. "Excuse me, are these seats taken?"

The passenger lifted his hat and looked up, not happy to be losing the only empty seats on the train, but one look at Johnny hunched over his crutches and he quickly stood stepping aside to let Scott help Johnny ease down onto the seat. Scott lifted the cumbersome cast up to rest on the front facing seat and waited for Johnny to slide over to the window. Johnny panted under the weight of the cast and the pain of his broken leg and threw Scott a disheartened look. Ignoring his brother's attempts to make him feel guilty, Scott quickly stowed their saddlebags in the overhead shelf and slid in next to him. The seat's former lone passenger sat facing Scott, and Johnny felt the world closing in on him just a little more.

The train's shrill whistle startled Johnny's already frayed nerves and he knew there was no escape now. Steam hissed and the train lurched forward, the sound of metal on metal squealing as the train slowly pulled away from the Cheyenne depot.

He gritted his teeth as the engine strained to gather speed, their car clanging and groaning in protest as it began to move down the tracks.

"Are you all right, Johnny?" Scott asked.

Both Scott and the doctor had tried to convince him to stay in Cheyenne awhile longer, but he was tired of all the women barging into the doctor's back office, fussing over him and embarrassed that he was the one to find the loose board on the boardwalk and go crashing through it, breaking his leg in two places. Better to be caught in a stampede of wild horses or struck by a runaway wagon. Anything was better than falling through the damn boardwalk.

"I'm okay," Johnny snapped.

"Do you need some water? Are you hungry?"

"Stop fussing, will ya? You're worse than all them women hovering over me put together. I'm fine. I broke my leg. I wasn't shot, or knifed or whipped. And by the way, any of them would've been better then lugging this cast around. I ain't gonna be able to keep this thing on for twelve weeks. You know that's three months? By the time I'm back on Barranca, round up will be over. Branding will be done and the best part of summer will be gone. Nothing to look forward to but winter. I hate winter."

"I just wish you had waited another day or two. You are obviously not ready for this trip. We can get off at the next stop. Spend a night or two in a hotel."

Scott!" Johnny's voice carried down the length of the train, even over the rattle of the wheels on the tracks. Everyone looked back at him and he wished the train would simply break in half and gobble him up. In a quieter voice he pleaded, "Just don't fuss. Please."

"All right," Scott conceded. "You tell me if you need anything. Promise?"

Johnny nodded, pulling his hat down over his eyes. "I promise," he said as he settled his shoulder against the side of the car just beneath the window. He watched, his eyes at half mast, as the countryside blurred into greens and browns beneath a bright blue sky.

//Why couldn't those people check their boardwalk once in awhile?//



Johnny didn't know when the monotonous blur of countryside lulled him to sleep, but his neck had a crick in it as he raised up his head slowly.

Scott's head was slumped against his chest, his even breathing telling him that his brother was fast asleep. There was a low hum of voices blending into the clackety clack of the train speeding down the tracks. What he wouldn't give to be on Barranca, the wind rushing through his hair as he took on this iron monster. He knew his palomino could out run any train ever built. Instead he was stuck here with a cast the size of a tree trunk on his leg.

He felt Scott shift next to him, trying to find a more comfortable position, and wondered if his brother may have been right after all. His leg was paining him fiercely. And the weight of it was putting a strain on his hip. The thought of spending the next two days like this sent a shiver down his back.

Johnny saw Scott jerk his head up, seemingly confused at first, then realizing where he was. Johnny smiled. "Sorry for being such a jackass," he said contritely. "I know you were just trying to help."

Scott sat up straighter, still trying to push the lingering threads of sleep away. "No need for apologies. I know you were hurting. How's the leg now?"

Johnny looked at the disgusting piece of plaster and sighed. "Hurts."

"You should be in a sleeping car."

Both Johnny and Scott looked at the passenger facing them, his face still hidden by his hat.

"They were all taken," Scott said hesitantly.

"Then you should have waited." The passenger's face still remained shadowed by his hat.

"It's none of your business," Johnny warned, his voice as soft as it was cold.

The passenger shrugged negligently. "Just hate to see someone suffer needlessly."

Scott cleared his throat. He could feel Johnny's muscles tense. "We appreciate your concern, but Johnny has the doctor's blessing."

The faintest of snorts came from the stranger. "I'm sure."

"You got something to say, Mister?" Johnny asked, more a threat than a question.

The stranger lifted his head and removed his hat. His moves were slow and deliberate. Johnny stared at him, waiting for him to blink or turn away. He did neither. He was Johnny's height; Johnny had noticed as he sidled past him to get into his seat. But his suit coat strained at the seams to keep in a well muscled torso. His skin was darker than Johnny's but not Mexican and not black. He wore his dark brown hair long, like an Indian, but it was thick and curly. He had it pulled back and tied with a rawhide braid.

His face was strong and angular. He looked unlike anyone Johnny had ever seen before. And his accent was a puzzle.

Johnny tried to shift, the weight of the cast straining his stomach muscles. Overall he was miserable, but he wasn't about to let the stranger see that. But it appeared the stranger was more perceptive than he thought.

"If you elevate it more it might ease some of the strain."

"I didn't ask you," Johnny snapped.

Johnny saw a flash of humor in the stranger's eyes before he set his hat back on his head and pulled it down over his eyes, settling back into his seat. "Just trying to help."

Johnny opened his mouth for a retort but Scott elbowed his brother's arm. They had a three day journey ahead of them, and if their seat companion rode all the way to Sacramento it could prove less than pleasant.

"I'm hungry," Scott announced. "The porter should be coming along any time with sandwiches. Do you want one?"

Johnny shook his head, still annoyed by the man sitting in front of them. "I'm not hungry. But I could go for some tequila."

Scott laughed as he heard the porter walking down the aisle offering sandwiches. "Coffee and tea is about it, Brother. But when we get to Green River, I'll buy you a bottle. I'll even find one with a worm at the bottom."

Johnny had to laugh. "You're learning, Boston."



Afternoon soon turned to dusk and Johnny watched as the landscape dimmed outside. Inside, the porters walked down the aisle lighting overhead lanterns, the flickering light gently swaying to the rock and roll of the train. The black night marched ever closer until the train was but a small spot of light speeding through the vast expanse of open prairie.

The pain in Johnny's leg was growing worse by the minute. He could no longer hide the agony he was in and he saw Scott's growing concern.

Their riding companion had remained thankfully quiet all afternoon. Johnny had caught the stranger watching him surreptitiously from beneath his lowered hat, but knowing how he looked, with sweat trickling down his face and his fists clenched, Johnny could not fault the man. Instead he would look out the window and wonder how much further it was to Sacramento. Damn, Scott had been right. When would he learn to listen to his brother?

But now the stranger had given up any semblance of not watching him and studied Johnny with interest.

"Are you traveling far?" he finally asked, the inflection in his voice unlike anything Johnny had heard before.

Scott stepped in quickly, not knowing Johnny's frame of mind. Johnny had to laugh inwardly. Scott had taken on the mantle of big brother since the moment he awoke from Day Pardee's bullet to find Scott hovering over his bed. "To Sacramento then on to Morro Coyo. We have a ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. And you?"

"All the way to the end of the line; San Francisco."

"Do you call San Francisco home?" Scott asked.

The stranger smiled. "This is only the first leg of my journey. I am still a long way from home."

Despite himself, Johnny was drawn into the conversation. "Where's that?"

"Hawaii."

Johnny looked at Scott perplexed. "Never heard of it."

Scott seemed overly impressed and curious. "It's a chain of islands in the Pacific Ocean about twenty three hundred miles off the coast of California."

The stranger nodded. "I am impressed, Mr..."

"Lancer. Scott Lancer. And this is my brother, Johnny."

The stranger reached forward to offer his hand. "I am Au'kai Puunoa *Cabrera."

Johnny raised an eyebrow as he shook the man's hand. It was a strong firm shake. Johnny judged a man by his handshake. This man was sure of himself. Even if he was twenty three hundred miles from home. "Cabrera, that's Spanish."

Au'kai nodded. "My mother is Hawaiian and my father is from Mexico."

Johnny's interest was suddenly piqued. "Your mama come here or your father go there?"

"Johnny," Scott chastised. "It's not polite to pry."

Johnny shrugged. "Most people don't think its prying when they ask where my blue eyes come from."

"No, it is all right," Au'kai assured him. "My father came to the island to work as a Paniolo*. He fell in love with my mother and never returned to Mexico."

"Paniolo?" Johnny liked the way the words filled his mouth, comfortable and familiar.

Au'kai nodded. "A paniolo is a Hawaiian cowboy. You probably recognize part of the word, *Espaniolo*-Spaniard. Forty years ago *Vaqueros* of Mexican, Indian and Spanish descent came from Mexico to Hawaii to teach our kanaka- our men- to herd cattle. My father, Rodrigo Cabrera, was one of them."

"How did your mama's people feel about that?"

Au'kai raised an eyebrow, not in agitation but understanding. "Just as your mother's people felt, I'm sure."

Johnny smiled. He liked this man. He stood his ground. Suddenly the train car lurched as the tracks turned toward the east, whipping the end car like the tail of a snake. The overhead lanterns swung in protest, but soon settled down as the train once more continued a straight line. But it was enough to aggravate Johnny's leg and he could not bite back the gasp as pain.

"Are you all right?" Scott leaned forward, trying to get a good look at Johnny, but Johnny turned his face away, looking out into the black nothingness outside the train car.

"Johnny?"

“Scott,” Johnny hissed. “I told you not to fuss.”

Au’kai tapped Scott on the knee. “Prepare to move him to a sleeping car.”

“There are none left open, I tried,” Scott said. Au’kai was already on his feet and heading down the aisle purposefully, easily balancing to the sway of the car. “Prepare him,” he called back.

Scott returned his attention to Johnny. His brother’s face had turned ashen white. When he touched Johnny’s hand he found it cold and clammy. He knew his brother wasn’t ready for this trip. The doctor had tried to warn Johnny that he would still be in a great deal of pain until the bones had a chance to start knitting. The trip from the doctor’s office to the train depot should have been enough to send Johnny to a hotel to mend, but there was no one more stubborn than his brother.

Five minutes later Scott looked up to see Au’kai and the conductor hurrying down the aisle followed by four men.

“Mr. Lancer.” The conductor leaned forward not wanting the rest of the passengers to hear of his neglect. “You should have told me your brother was hurt so badly.”

Scott shot him an angry look. “When I asked for a sleeping car I thought Johnny’s leg in a cast would give you the hint that he was hurt.”

“The train was filled, Sir. But that is not your worry. Please accept my apology. These gentlemen here have agreed to exchange their sleeper car for your seats after hearing Dr. Cabrera’s concerns for his patient.”

Scott looked up at Au’kai in surprise but caught the censure in his eyes and played along. The four men who had given up their sleeper car wore smug smiles. There was more to this than just their concern for Johnny’s wellbeing.

“The sleeper cars are three cars up the line,” the conductor explained. “Will you need help getting your brother...”

“I don’t need help,” Johnny spat. “Just get me them crutches.”

“Well I’ll be damned,” one of the four men grinned. “If it ain’t Johnny Madrid himself, boys. What happened Johnny? Got yerself banged up?”

Johnny struggled to stand and grabbed the crutches from Scott. “Andy, I thought you were still doing time in Kansas.”

“Nope, done my time. Me and the boys were just heading to Sacramento to join up with a cattle drive to Stockton. Hard but honest work. Thought we’d treat ourselves to a little

comfort on the way. But ya can't beat fifty dollars and a free train ticket, even if it means sitting up all the way."

Scott saw the sudden anger flare up in Johnny's eyes but caught his arm before he could sit back down and gently pulled him into the isle. "You can be stubborn later," he whispered. "Let's go."



The trip between the cars was nearly Johnny's undoing as he struggled to cross the narrow bucking floorboard covering the coupling between cars. The buffeting of the wind and the clang of the wheels on the tracks, as they sped through the night, combined into a cacophony of deafening sound. Scott and Au'kai stood in the open doorway of each car watching, their shouts of encouragement and caution lost in the mayhem.

Johnny was sure his arms would not hold him another minute as he finally made it to the sleeping car. Their berth was two compartments down and the porter was just stepping out of it. Johnny was surprised to find the porter had already turned one of the seats into a bed with sheets and several pillows stacked against the wall. The thought of taking one more step, even for the comfort of the bed seemed beyond him and his world suddenly spun and he felt strong arms grab him as he slid into blackness.

*

The sound of the train on the tracks was at first soothing as Johnny drifted back toward consciousness, until the cadence of the wheels began to throb in his leg. He pried his eyes open to see the soft light of a wall sconce. Deep blue velour curtains covered a window above his head and the same color covered the bench seat facing his berth. Scott and Au'kai sat there watching him carefully as he began to stir.

"It's about time you decided to join us again." Scott smiled. "I thought you were going to sleep the entire trip away."

"Sorry," Johnny said, hating this feeling of helplessness. He had broken his arm before, but he couldn't remember it being this painful a week later. Then an old farmer who had found him set his arm and wrapped it in a splint. It had been cumbersome but so much lighter than the cast that weighed at least a hundred pounds in his estimation.

He was slumped against the outside wall of the car, a mound of pillows behind his back insulating him somewhat from the shaking of the train. His leg was elevated on three pillows, relieving the pressure he had felt on his hip when he had been sitting on the bench seat in the passenger car.

"How does your leg feel?" Au'kai asked.

“Better.” Johnny suddenly remembered how he had gotten here and frowned. “You paid Andy and his friends fifty dollars each to get this sleeper?”

Ai’kai shrugged. “It was well worth it, don’t you think?”

“I don’t take charity,” Johnny snapped.

“Be nice, Johnny,” Scott warned. There was no recrimination in his voice; he knew Johnny and his pride all too well. “We already talked about it.”

“Your brother has invited me to spend some time at your ranch before heading on to San Francisco. It will be interesting to see an American paniolo at work I might persuade you to let me ride along.”

“Roping and branding?”

Scott grinned. “It’s perfect. We’ll be one man down with your leg out of commission. Au’kai can take your place.”

Johnny snorted. “Yeah, sure.”

“You might be surprised,” Au’kai replied smugly.

There was a light tap at the door and Au’kai greeted the porter and thanked him for a tray containing one cup.

“This may not taste that good,” Au’kai offered Johnny the cup. “But it will take the edge off the pain and relax you.”

“I don’t take laudanum.” Johnny refused.

“It’s not laudanum. It is Kava Tea. It is made from the root of the kava plant. It was first used in sacred Hawaiian ceremonies. Now it is used as a relaxant, and when brewed stronger, as a medicinal tea. I introduced it to the doctors in Cambridge, and even though they felt it unethical to prescribe an unknown tea to their patients, they used it themselves. We still have another day on this train. You need something.”

“You really are a doctor?” Scott asked, surprised.

Au’kai nodded. “I am returning home after four years of medical school in Cambridge Massachusetts and two years working in a hospital there. I hope that my people will accept new ideas.”

Johnny sniffed at the tea, crinkling his nose. "It is the same with many of the people in the smaller villages in Mexico. They believe in the old brujas. But," he took a sip of the kava tea and grimaced. "Dios, this tastes awful. Almost as bad as the bruja's tea."

"Another story you haven't told me, brother?" Scott asked quizzically.

"Maybe some day," Johnny replied, still sipping the tea.

Half way through the cup he looked up. "My lips feel numb," he complained.

Au'kai laughed. "And the pain in your leg?"

Johnny looked at him, surprised. "Better."

"Then finish it," Au'kai prompted.

Johnny drank the rest of the foul tasting tea then settled back against the pillows, feeling relaxed but still clear headed. "Your paniolos drink this stuff?"

Au'kai nodded. "It tastes better than your tequila and the next morning you do not wish you were dead."

Johnny laughed. "Been there. But tequila still tastes a hell of a lot better than this stuff."

Johnny nestled even deeper into his bed, the sound of the train speeding down the tracks, the soft light from the wall sconce and good company lulling him into a feeling of comfort and safety he seldom felt so profoundly.

"Tell me about Hawaii," he said, his words slurred slightly.

Au'kai sat back and closed his eyes, a wistful smile playing at his lips. "You would love it, Johnny. It is always warm and always green. It rains every morning then clears. Huge white clouds hover over the tops of the volcanoes. The water is as blue as the sky. The fish jump into our nets. Ahi, Mahaiahi, Ono and Humuhumunukunukuaoua."

"Who-moo what?" Johnny looked toward Scott for help.

"Don't ask me!" Scott laughed.

Au'kai grinned and pronounced the fish slowly, his lyrical voice filling the car.

"Who-moo who-moo new-koo new-koo apoo ah-ah. A big name for a small fish."

Johnny rolled the name around in his mind and liked the sound of it.

“Everywhere there are thick jungles of ferns and taro leaves. We have abundant fruit. Pineapple, guava, passion fruit, papaya and bananas. We drink the milk of the coconuts and eat the meat. We are never hungry and never cold. You have your fiestas and barbecues and we have our luaus. We dig a deep fire pit and line it with lava rocks until they are as hot as the volcano, then cover the rocks with ti and taro leaves, put in a pig that has been stuffed with more hot rocks and cover that with another layer of ti and taro leaves. We cover it all with dirt and let it cook overnight. In the morning we have the most delicious pig. We eat and dance all day until we can not eat any more pig or poi.”

“You’ll have to make one while you are at Lancer,” Scott said. “No poi, of course.”

“You have tasted it?”

Scott nodded. “Once and that was enough.”

“I am told it is an acquired taste. Much the same as Johnny’s tequila.”

Johnny snorted at the friendly insult. “I still haven’t got Scott to eat the worm.”

“And you won’t.” Scott laughed. “Tell us more, Au’kai.”

“Si, Au’kai,” Johnny urged. “More, por favor.”

“There are eight major islands with smaller islands and atolls; Ni’ihau, Kaua’i, O’ahu, Molokai, Lanai, Kaho’olawe., Maui and Hawaii’i. Hawaii’i is bigger than all the other islands combined. It can take days to ride from shore to shore. I live on the east side in Waimea. In the winter there is snow atop Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea.”

Johnny listened, his mind still crystal clear and yet every muscle in his body felt relaxed and at ease.

“Most of the cattle graze in the Waimea* Valley.”

“I didn’t know Hawaii ran cattle,” Scott said. “I’ve read about the sugar cane fields.”

Au’kai nodded. “It is told that Captain George Vancouver gave King Kamehameha five longhorn cattle in 1793. The cattle were let loose into the lush forests and wet lands to flourish. The King then put a kapu on the cattle so that my people could not touch them. By 1819, the cattle population had become uncontrollable. Many villages were destroyed and people killed when the cattle stampeded.”

King Kamehameha the III sent three of his high chiefs to California, which was still part of Mexico then, and asked several vaqueros to return with them to Hawaii to teach my people how to control the cattle. Thirteen years later, in 1832, two vaqueros returned to Hawaii with the chiefs. They brought with them Spanish-rigged saddles and cow ponies. The vaqueros had to teach the young men of the villages how to catch wild horses and train

them to work the cattle. Only the strongest and fastest horses could be used on the dangerous lava rock.”

Scott nodded. “I read that Hawaii still has an active volcano.”

“Kilauea *,” Au’kai confirmed. “It is a beautiful sight to see the lava flow at night. You both must come for a visit. And you Johnny, with your Mexican style pants...you would fit right in. The first vaqueros wore pants with studs like yours. Our paniolo dress much like that still.”

“Wait,” Johnny said, his mouth still too numb to pronounce his words clearly. “Where did the wild horses come from? Had to be a lot more than just what those two vaqueros brought.”

“Captain Cook landed on the Big Island in 1778 and brought with him horses, pigs, sheep, dogs, cats and more cattle. He changed Hawaii forever.”

“And your father? Was he one of the first two vaqueros?” Scott asked.

“No, he came ten years later. He met my mother Leilani Puunoa . I was born two years later.”

“You must be anxious to get back,” Johnny said, his eyes growing heavy.

“Yes. But I have had a remarkable time meeting new people and learning new customs. But I have one question. One of those men who gave up his seat here called you Madrid. I thought your name was Lancer.”

Johnny gave up the fight to keep his eyes open. The rhythm of the train and the effects of the kava tea lulled him toward sleep. “Tell him, Boston. He’ll find out once he gets to Lancer anyway.”

Scott smiled and pulled the sheet up around Johnny’s shoulders. “All right, I’ll tell him the real story. Johnny Madrid will be in good hands.”

“I know,” Johnny sighed as he slid toward deep sleep. What had started out to be a painful train ride home had turned into a night he would never forget.



AUTHOR'S NOTE



Pronunciation Guide

* Au’Kai – Owe-Ki - Puunoa – Poo –oo-no- ah.

* Waimea – Why-may-ah

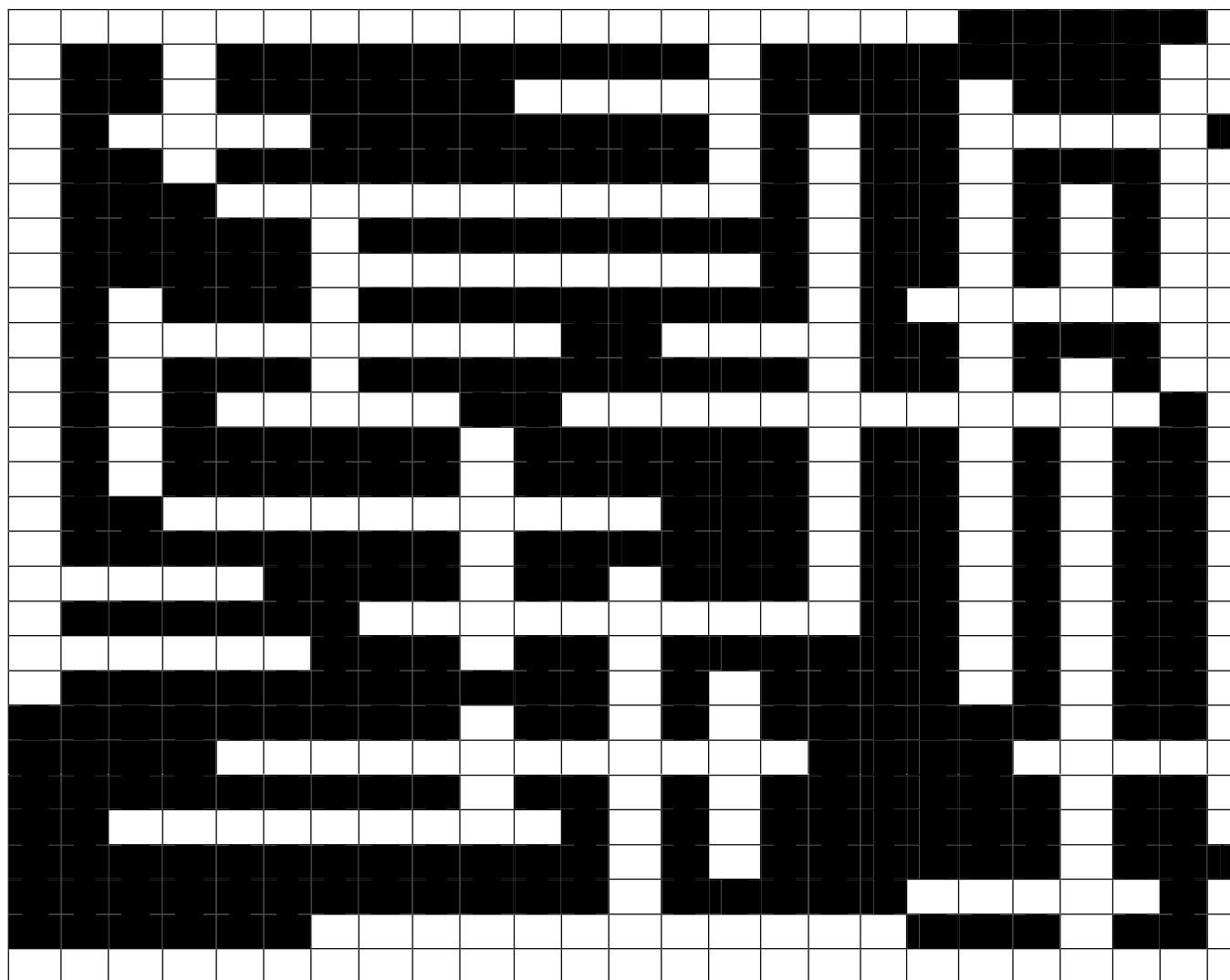
* Kilauea Kill-ah-way-ah

CUT THE WOLF LOOSE FILL-IN

BY JANET BRAYDEN



Banjo	Silver Dollar	Ole Dan Tucker	System
Bank	Grant	O Susanna	Tamales and Beans
Bear Paw	Hats	Prenologist	Tinker
Benevolent Society	Homer	Piano	The Lord Is My Shepherd
Cactus Juice	Hurdy Gurdy	Pinkie	The Lord Is My Trail Boss
Cholera	Lannigan's	Pistolero	Twelve
Firing Squad	Laura	Santee	Whirlwind Courtship
Frog	Missionary	Seven	Whitewash
Witchita Jim			



TRANSCRIPT OF 2004 CONVENTION BRUNCH WITH JAMES STACY

TRANSCRIBED AND EDITED BY FAY MITCHELL



Saturday, July 24, 2004 Quality Inn LAX

Special thanks go to James Stacy for being such an entertaining guest who brought with him a terrific sense of humour, an interest in everyone, a willingness to attempt to answer even the most quirky of questions, a desire to share anecdotes, graciousness to us all and most of all...fun!

This transcript is as close as I could get, using both Carol Lawson's (filmed by husband extraordinaire, Gary) and my own tape. Occasionally, James spoke so softly I was unable to pick up what he said . . . and also, occasionally, the ladies' quips were drowned out by each other and general laughter.

All speech by James is in bold print.



At Brenda's suggestion, everyone introduced themselves:

Carol: *I'm the pain in the ass who tried to get a script to you about twelve years ago. I'm Carol from California and this is my husband, Gary.*

Hi Gary.

Gary: *Hello. I'm the driver.*

Is she a pain in the ass?

Gary: *Most of the time.*

Linda (Kona): *I'm Linda. I'm from Hawaii, meeting everybody here. And I came back to see you.*

What island?

Linda: *Oahu, duh Hawaii, the Big Island. Kona Kaliua.*

Nice, yeah. They did 'South Pacific' there. I was there and they built that special ramp to go down to the swimming hole, you know.

Linda: *It's beautiful over there.*

It's beautiful... to live in the coconut palms ...

Linda: *You've got to visit again.*

I remember taking France Nuyen, the star, and we were on horseback. We were riding through the back of the coconut palms. And a wire had fallen down in between. I saw it coming and I went to the side and we both fell off.

We were only there about three weeks now and she's still got two months left there. She's working, you know. She played the lead girl with Kerr, Jack Kerr.

And I was so scared and I got down off the horse...well, I mean I was off the horse! I reached over and I said, "Are you OK?" So I start getting her arms and legs. Does it hurt here, anything? You OK? 'No, no, I'm OK.' I was so happy. I said "Please don't anyone, don't tell anybody this happened because if you do I'll get kicked off the picture. So the next morning she goes to the make-up and starts telling the story. The make-up man tells this guy and he tells that guy and it took about 5 days before it reached the Production Manager and Josh Logan, the director...and they kicked me off the picture! "How dare you jeopardize her! What's the matter with you?" Oh, gosh.

Em: *Hello, I'm Emily. I live in California, Northern California. I live in a little town in Southern El Dorado County, and thank you so much for coming.*

Never heard of it.

Em: *There's only like 200 people there. It's very, very small. We're in the southern section of El Dorado County in what they call the Shenandoah Valley. It's a wine region.*

Oh, it really sounds nice.

Em: *It's very beautiful.*

Trees?

Em: *I'm in a lot of forest area... pine trees, cedars, redwoods. A lot of vineyards and horses. It's just very, very pretty. It's about 3,000 foot elevation. I'm about 50 miles from Sacramento.*

Fifty miles from Sacramento? Oh, that's right, that's way over off to the east.

Um. Am I taking too much time?

Ladies: NO!

Brenda: *I thought we would do the introductions and then we would eat, and then get on with it. Let's go on with doing the introductions. Go on ahead.*

Darla: *He knows who I am! We wanna eat, you know.*

How are you?

Darla: Just fine, thank you. How are you?

I'm glad you came.

Darla: *Glad to be here.*

Who's your friend there?

Joan: *Joan from Nova Scotia.*

Ladies: *Stand up.*

Joan: *From a very small town in Nova Scotia.*

Beautiful. We were there. I liked that town. Nice port there.

Fay: *I'm Fay. I'm from Perth, Western Australia.*

Where?

Fay: *Perth, Western Australia.*

Perth? Oh, Perth, Australia, which is way in the east coast.

Fay: *West. A long way away. It's 35 hours on a midnight flight (with stops at various airports Perth- Vancouver! Ugh! I was like a zombie on arrival).*

What does it take by train?

Fay: *I don't know. I think it's a good 24 hours. It's about the same size east to west coast as here. Thank you very much for coming and joining us, and for being a good sport, just as you were on Telethon in Perth in 1979.*

Great! I went to Australia ... Perth and Melbourne. I was doing publicity for 'Just a Little Inconvenience'.

Fay: *I saw a terrible interview, a very budget interview. I think they could have done better for you over there.*

(With great interest) **Yeah? You heard me on the interview?**

Fay: *There was an interview in TV. But the interviewer, the young lady, I think she could have done a better job. She asked you very asinine questions. I thought you were very patient with her.*

That was some time ago.

Fay: *1979*

You were just a kid, huh?

Fay: *A kid will do. That's fine!*

That's great.

Linda (Earthie): *I'm Linda, often known as Earthdogue, from Califorma. The Desert Rat. I'm a dog trainer.*

I've heard of you

Linda (Earthie): *Yeah*

I had some property out there. I got some property out there I bought it for \$300 down back in '56 and now I can't get 300 for it.

Linda (Earthie): *Is that Lake Los Angeles?*

No, it's further way out, where they keep saying they're going to build that airport. My Dad bought it and he got broke and he sold it to me.

Linda (Earthie): *There are airport properties around...*

No, it's actually near Lancaster.

Linda (Earthie): *Oh, up there? Oh, yeah.*

Geraldine: *I'm Geraldine from Maine. I come from Bush country.*

Yes, I know.

Geraldine: *But I'm an ABB. Anything But Bush.*

Julie: I'm Julie from Arizona.

Hi, Julie, good to see you again.

Stacy: I'm Stacy, her daughter.

Stacy with an 'e'?

Stacy: No, just the 'y', like you.

AJ: I'm AJ from San Diego.

Where?

AJ: San Diego.

What's your name?

AJ: AJ

AJ?

Louise: Louise. I'm from England.

Ladies: (Daring her) Come on!

Lou: I'll show him on the card, then. They're just going to fall around laughing.
(James reading her postcard and pronouncing it correctly): **Penistone.**

Ladies: (in jubilation) Yay! See!

Pensitone! Oh yeah, I see it now!

AJ: We all wanna visit.

Oh, what a beautiful word. You got watermelon, Rose Park, and a railway viaduct.

And the water works.

The Romans built that?

Lou: No, it's not that old.

It's young?

Lou: *It's 1800's.*

Very nice.

(Commenting on the person to whom the postcard is addressed): **To Alan Armer? That's the producer of Lancer!**

That's Amberlyn! You grew up! Let's see a little ballet.

Amberlyn: *Maybe later.*

AJ: *They have a tape, really they do.*

Amberlyn: *I'm Amberlyn. I was born in King City. That was kind of exciting to find out!*

Whereabout?

Amberlyn: *I was born in King City, which is 15 mins from the hacienda.*

Is that your mother?

Amberlyn: *Yeah, but she might not be able to talk, so....*

**Come on Buttercup!
You didn't bring your husband?**

Carrie: *He's being a very good sport about it.*

Really? Trouble there, huh?

AJ: *We need to bring a paper bag because she's gonna hyperventilate.*

Carrie: *I'm OK, I'm OK. I'm doing OK.*

AJ, take care of her.

AJ: *I'm keeping an eye in her.*

Karen: *I'm Karen. I'm from Missouri. Most people know it, in the Ozark Mountains, and you've never been there right? No movies, no whatever.*

No. Ozarks, that kind of thrills me.

Karen: *Just think Beverley Hillbillies.*

I don't see that at all, actually. I see beautiful mountains.

Karen: Yeah, we do that well.

Mari: OK, I'm Mari from Colorado, just south-east of Denver.

Ladies: She's a pilot.

You're an air pilot?

Mari: Yeah.

Where do you fly?

Mari: I fly for Mayo Aviation, which is a charter and air ambulance company.

Like Fedex and all that?

Mari: No, it's smaller planes like business jets.

Oh, on the back country?

Mari: Oh, some on the back country, some not.

Do you fly Alaska?

Mari: Yeah. Sometimes.

Laraine: Hi, I'm Laraine.

You're supposed to stand up. The last three got lazy!

Laraine: I'm from Florida in the Panhandle. Born and raised in Ohio. I'm very pleased to meet you. Been a fan of yours since I was 12.

That wasn't too long ago!

How are we going to do in the elections?

Laraine: I have no idea. Well, I'm from the northern parts.

Who's for Nader? Who's for Bush? The ladies indicate with a show of hands.

Way to go! I like this crowd.

Cathy: I'm Cathy from Oregon and I live on a ranch. A couple of years ago I married a rancher. My lifetime dream. And I'm very happy to meet you.

You people have good lives up there.

Cathy: *We try. We're high desert and that's why my pen name is 'desertsun'.*

Oh, OK. Very nice.

Ros: *I'm Ros and I'm from Queensland, Australia. And, yeah, nice to meet you. I'm so glad to be here. I couldn't afford to come, but I swam. (demonstrating freestyle technique).*

You swam!?

Ros: *Brenda here and Fay are my two best buddies. Fay and I are travelling all around the USA and we're going to stay at Brenda's farm.*

OK.

Brenda: *I'm Brenda. Welcome and I live on a horse property in Virginia, between Charlottesville and Richmond.*

I once added in my bio that I skied in Virginia. Connie and I were sitting together watching this film that hasn't been released yet, so a lot of people from the business were there and a guy taps me on the shoulder and says "There is no snow in Virginia. There's a lot of snow, but there's no hills". God, I'm like "Oh golly, is that right?" He says, "Yeah, I read it on your bio!"

Ladies: *Uh oh.*

Brenda: *We DO have snow. Thank you for coming. I feel honoured that you came.*

Oh, my pleasure, my pleasure

(James to Antigoni / Tigger): **Introduce yourself. Where are you from?**

Antigoni: *I'm Antigoni from New York.*

Catherine: *I'm Catherine, the English Catherine. It's great to come here and talk to you.*

What part are you from?

Catherine: *I'm from the north east, so we discovered Lou and I were about 40 miles apart, I think, something like that.*

Lou: *We know the same roundabout .*

Catherine: *Yes, we know the same roundabout in Leeds.*

Did you come over here together?

Lou: No, we met each other about a fortnight ago.

Catherine: We met 2 weeks ago, a fortnight ago.

Kat: I'm Kat Parsons. I live on what's called a farmette in Virginia. I have a husband and critters, and I write and I work in a hospital.

Where are you from?

Kat: Virginia.

What part?

Kat: In central Virginia, not too far from Brenda. I'm actually an army brat.

Don't you have a seat? (Kat was standing to one side against a wall taking photos)

Kat: Yeah, but I didn't want to be walking in front of everybody.

Jan: I'll stand up. I'm Jan from Ohio. Foreman Jan now. First thing is, I'm from the same county Dean Martin was born in.

James presenting his painting to Jan Bell for being Committee Foreman:

This is for you. You started the club.

(To Antigoni, who was passing the painting to Jan): **Here let me see that.**

(To Jan): **This picture was painted by Derek, a friend of mine, who lives in Canada. You've done a lot of work here organising this, so I just wanted to present this to you so you can do with it what you wish.**

Jan: I don't know how many of you realize this but Tigger and I started on the Bonanza list and she was one of the girls who encouraged me to start this... thing. If you want to thank somebody, she's one of the ones to do it to.

Tigger: How long ago was that?

Jan: About 1999, I think. Quite a while. OK, I'll do it. We started with five or six people and now we have about 300.

Carol : I'm so glad you did and so glad Brenda turned me on to it. If it hadn't been for Brenda I wouldn't have known about it.

I should have brought you another picture!

I'm going to turn my new chair around. I just got this chair so I'm not sure how it goes. I just want to show you my new chair. (James turns it around in a narrow space like Austin Powers in his mini).

One of the ladies: *I want one of those!*

Look what else it does (as James activates a switch to elevate the chair). **So this helps when you are talking in a group and everyone's up there, spitting at you. So you raise yourself up to their eye level.**

Brenda: (As she hands out gift packs): *These are for you. Everybody here has their name tag on and yours are inside.*

On presentation by Brenda to James and Tigger of their gift packs, James commented on the gift pack bag with his photo on the side:

How sweet. And it's got my photo.

Jan: *You gave me that photo back in 1969.*

I did? Well, I'll be darned.

That isn't any kind of outfit. That's my (normal) clothes!

James on receiving cowboy hat:

Is this a 7? My God, it fits.

Carol: *Notice we all forgot ours.*

Brenda: *OK, guys. Let's get eating!*

Fay: *I'd just like to know, James, which of your roles is your favourite, be it the 'Lancer' role or be it any of your film and television work, and why?*

'Gunsmoke'.

Fay: *Which one?*

I always liked that two part 'Gunsmoke' that I did with my ex-wife Kim. I loved that one.

Fay: *The only one I haven't seen!*

It was during the time when I was starting, you know, so I took a lot of comfort joining all the things I had I learned in class and trying to put those in the character. But I really couldn't live with him myself. 'Gunsmoke'.

Fay: Thank you.

AJ: Did you ever get your 'Gunsmoke' belt back?

No, I didn't. No I never got it back. It meant a lot to me. It was number one off the press. They only made 130 for the crew. During the raising of the money at the Century City Hotel after my accident.... Liza, Connie, Frank, Sammy sang to raise the money... the 'Gunsmoke' producer, John Mantley, came up. It was a real casual night. Everybody was dressed in this sort of dress (James indicated neat casual clothing he was wearing). So he said, "Here, I want you to have this." Later he wrote me and told me how many were made. I never wore the belt. I used to bring it out, you know, as a piece when people came over.

AJ: That was a dumb question. (James was obviously devastated by its theft)

No, it'll pass, it'll pass.

Karen: We all love Barranca. Tell us about the horse.

Oh, don't tell me. That's another downer.

Karen: Tell us the good parts.

I bought that horse. Yeah, I bought him from John Wayne.

Karen: Did John name the horse?

It was named Barranca when the guys brought it to me. John, Duke, had named him.

Karen: Did you start off the series using your own horse, then?

Yeah. Oh yeah, we fell in love. (Grinning broadly here) I started to teach him tricks and everything. You know, I started singing in the saddle. You know, like Roy Rogers.... "Don't fence me in. Oh give me land, lots of land...."

Laraine: I have a question. Are you done? My favourite 'Lancer' episode besides the pilot is 'Blind Man's Bluff'. You were absolutely awesome. Did you have to do any type of research or anything? Anything special or anything?

The only thing I did for that show... 'Blind Man's Bluff' was the first one of the second season. I had all this time, you know, for preparations. Back then I had a pair of contact lenses made for my eyes, to make me blind. It worked out pretty good. I loved the girl they hired for it. She was great. Of course there was all that sand, you know. She pulled me up on the sand.

Laraine: *Did you help her at all?*

**(Laughing) No, you got a troll down there, out of the shot!
No, I got sand in them (the contacts) and just couldn't wear them after the first day.
Yeah that was a good show. I liked that.
And when I was running across the field....**

Fay: *In your nightshirt ... and barefoot!*

Yes, barefoot....You know, people in the business love to play tricks on actors. They really do. Nobody told me there were little burrs out there – thousands of burrs....not just little ones, you know. I went Geez. I took about 20 steps and I go 'aaargh'. And I go backwards and I'm laying on my rear end. I can't press on my feet. I can't put out my hands. I yelled, "Get me out of here!" A stunt man came and lifted me off. What they did was then to take real thick padding and glueyou know those Dr Scholls?...and put glue on there and glued them onto my feet. Oh, that hurt! You know those little burrs? I don't know. They're awful little things.

AJ: *The little itty bitty round ones?*AJ: *They pop my kids' tyres.*

Cathy: *Is that what they call 'puncture weed'?*

How much of your own personality did you bring into Johnny's character? Did you put your own ideas into the character?

Yeah, I did. I worked hard, developing him and wondering what his mother looked like. What she was into.

Cathy: *One of my favourite episodes was Pony Alice and I wondered what it was like working with the little girl who was on there?*

She was good, she was good. I liked her. I liked that show. It was fun doing those scenes with her. My daughter was like 5, 6 months

(To Amberlyn, whose legs are dancing while she is seated) Amberlyn, are you dancing up there? You're shaking your knees!

Where was I? Oh, Pony Alice and my daughter. I had my daughter at that time. My daughter visited the set with Kim. She was just still in the arms. She was fine, she was fine, then when I started the scene she went 'dadadada'. I don't know if she heard my voice talking or if she had one of those pains or something. We saved that strip of sound.

Kat: *So how do you think Johnny came to become a gunfighter?*

It was a way of protecting himself. He handled a rifle well and he could shoot well. He saw a gun fight one time and thought to himself, 'I can do that' and started then looking at gun holsters, shaping them, filing here, to get the barrel out faster. I was wondering how short I could have the barrel and still be accurate to shoot, you know. It would have blown up! They told me that. And how a belt was worn on the hip. They wanted me to have two guns. Now, that's something. I said "No. I couldn't wear two. I'm not having that. It's just too much for anybody."

He hides behind his fears, constantly. He smiles and laughs. He talks softly. He wouldn't hurt anybody, but deep down inside he was ready to fight. Especially with the gun. I really practised. There was no cutting of the film to make me look faster .

You made that look really good.

What?

You were really good!

(James smiles at the compliment)

I knew he didn't drink, you know. He just saw his mother do that. I never really worked on his walk. I thought my own walk was OK.

Unanimous murmurs of agreement here from the ladies: Yeah, Yuh, Yeah!

Linda (Earthie): How come you never tied your gun down?

Yeah, it was tied down. It was tied down to my button.

Linda (Earthie): Oh really?

Darla: Told you they were buttons!

Carrrie: Thank you.

You didn't know that?

Carrie: No.

Well, what did you think? How did you think it kept from flopping?

Carrie: The whole trip out here has now been worth it.

Earthie: It always looked like it was hanging down loose.

But you never saw it flop up?

Yes, a couple of times.

Fay: In 'To Chase a Wild Horse' you were running along (holding the holster down)...

Plus when you draw it could get stuck, maybe, so it needs something to tie it down.

But if it was tied to a button you could still have the string kind of loose.

It was just a little thing (James demonstrating a stud against his thigh). **I just went 'whht'! Elastic.**

Fay: In a lot of different episodes Johnny exhibits quite idiosyncratic behaviour. He's got his own mannerisms, which is very unusual for actors or roles at that time. They just seemed to portray a character and that was it. But, in one episode there's a long shot, and I didn't even realize it at first, but you were actually, or Johnny was, tightrope walking across a fence.

A what?

Fay: You were walking across a fence, balancing on a fence, a corral fence.

Oh, a fence?

Fay: What did you think I said?

(James slowly enunciating and grinning mercilessly as he teased) **"I was walking on a 'fince'." That's how I heard it.**

Fay: No, you were on a "fence".

Sounds the same as 'fince'! OK!

Fay: (Giving up, laughing) ... A corral! There's another episode...Murdoch's put his back out and Scott and Teresa are helping, and Johnny picks up a wooden spoon and he's just standing there twirling it around. And there is another episode you go looking for Murdoch in a motel (oops, hotel!) and Johnny just comes sliding down the banister...You don't remember these! And I'm just curious to know.....

That must have been my brother. He was always my stunt man. It must have been Louie. I don't remember doing... What show?

Fay: Many different shows. One was 'The Rivals'.

Carol: On 'Angel Day' you are walking on a corral fence.
And it's got to be you because it's never been cut and then you came down off of it.

You know when you sent me those films, those 52 films... that was really great ... and I saw those when you first sent them to me and I think, “I did that”? There are a lot of things that I don’t remember on that show. It’s incredible.

Brenda: *And when you gave Barranca a drink of beer.*

Yeah. I remember that. They told me not to. “No,” I said, “It’s OK. Johnny would have given him some water or beer or something. “Well, with the kids and all that, I don’t know...” (the director’s thoughts).

Fay: *So you don’t remember whether you were directed to do those things or if you felt like Johnny would just have done them?*

Yeah, I usually asked for him to do things that were physical. They (at acting school) told me that being physical on screen, you know, the walk and things like that, can help make a star. I always thought because of my athletics at school that I move well, you know...

Ladies: *Uh hmmm! Mmmmm! (Consensus from all present).*

...That I can learn to roll and do some stunts and things like that. And Alan said, “You really look great doing those things,” so I always wanted the director to do something where I was walking or something like that.

One of the girls: *It worked!*

Carol: *Yeah, very well!*

Geraldine: *Well, what we were watching last night, there was a very static scene of the four of you standing there, and ‘talk, talk, talk’, and you went through this routine of wetting your hair, pushing it back, pulling out your spotted hanky...I thought, like, “What has this got to do with this conversation?”*

Really?

Geraldine: *Yeah .*

Fay: *It was very natural.*

Someone: *The wetting of your hair was in every other episode.*

Darla: *Yeah, you just ducked your head in the trough and splashed!*

Geraldine: *You’d slick it...*

Oh! Oh! You sure I wasn't off camera?

Darla: No, definitely not.

Geraldine: It was like the added extra scene, with you all standing there....

Carol: It worked because everyone's attention was on you.

What was the scene?

Lou: Who knows, who cares?

A heck of a lot of laughing by James and the ladies at this and other wisecracks, which I can't pick up!

Oh, you see, it worked!

Laraine or Carrie (?): OK, so we all know Johnny was ADD. Are you?

My drama teacher at junior high school said I was.

(Linda) Earthie: I know something, the way you used to mount Barranca...you'd mount with that cute little hop. And then also putting the gun belt on and off. Everybody's like, "Ooh, he's putting the gun belt on!", "Ooh, he's on the horse!", "Ooh, he's taking the gun belt off!"

AJ: I was a little girl!

A lot of laughing from James here as he hits his forehead in disbelief, stunned at our close attention to detail and intense interest in Johnny's physical movements.

You girls, really....Geez...Boy, I can't believe all this stuff!

AJ: This is the clean version.

Linda (Earthie): The bad thing is when you fast forward through episodes and then 'Oop', and then you (have to) rewind.

I bet you were glad to have a VCR! Wow. What else did I do?

AJ: OK, I was stuck in a kids' camp two weeks ago. I was trapped in the mountains with 200 kids. I had my own cabin. I had my VCR and I had all my Lancer tapes because I was told that there was a quiz here. We haven't done that yet. So I watched like a bazillion episodes back to back. There was something I noticed about all those episodes is, you lost your hat a lot. Did you have a hard time keeping your hat on your head? In every episode your hat fell off or somebody knocked it off.

I had that wire under me. (James gesturing to his chin).

AJ: *Or it would fall off and you'd throw it. Perhaps you were mad at it. It was always falling off your head!*

Yeah. Oh, yeah! I think I was coming into a scene, probably, where I wanted my hat off! (big grin here)

AJ: *We were always hoping someone would fall in your face and you'd take it off....and in almost every episode somewhere your hat would go flying.*

Oh, (in one scene) **I bent over Scott. He was on the ground. He just lay there. "Get that hat off my face. It stinks!" ...And I left it there!** (lots of laughing at Wayne's predicament).

Linda (Earthie):*The first season the string was down, then it was gone in the second season because there's like a bunch of episodes with it down and then it was gone.*

Yeah, I got rid of it or something, didn't I? I got rid of the bracelet. The bracelet of mine I had. This I lost. (James indicating his neck).

Linda (Earthie): *What was it?*

It was a St. Christopher.

Linda (Earthie): *And the ring during the second season.*

I had a ring on?

Linda (Earthie):*It wasn't like a wedding band or anything – it was on your third or second finger.*

Whenever I got rid of something I had to go through a whole thing of saying I never had it, with Johnny, you know. Making reasons why I'm taking it off.

Geraldine: *What about the bead bag you had in the first episode?*

James rolls his eyes, looking blank.

Geraldine: *In the pilot*

In the pilot?

When he's at the firing squad, when you're in like the peasant clothes? The white pants.
James bursts out laughing. **Oh my God, and the big hat!**

Antigoni: *And you split your pants at the back.*

I know, but the thing is I looked SO stupid, and I thought “Oh, geez, I can’t get away with this!” They said, “Yeah, you can. Yeah, you can do it. Yes, you need it for the shade out here. It’s too hot. You gotta have a bigger sombrero.”

AJ? *You got rid of that hat, too!*

So, what was it? Oh the bag. The bead bag? Oh, that’s right. I carried it around my neck. Yeah, yeah. I thought it was for tobacco, or something like that.

Linda (Earthie): *So Louie was your stunt man the whole time?*

Yes.

Linda (Earthie): *Was Hal Needham Wayne’s stunt man? Do you remember?*

No, no, He was too busy in movies. Louie would hire Wayne’s stunt man. And I don’t remember who it was. My brother would hire one stunt man and Wayne would tell him who he wanted next time.

Linda (Earthie): *Wayne’s stunt man had darker hair than Wayne and you could tell. Wayne’s stunt man had kinda light grey hair. Louie was great because you could never tell. It was really hard with you two.*

Yeah, pretty good.

Brenda: *There was an episode where...you guys probably know that name of it.... Where, you know how you always rode Barranca and Scott always rode his horse, and then you switched?*

Someone: *It was Black Angel.*

Yeah, we got bored at that time. We knew the show was going to go off the air, so we started going “Ah, why don’t you get in my outfit and I’ll get in yours?”

Carol: *And they never stopped you?*

No, they never stopped us.

Brenda: *How did you feel when you knew the show was going to end? Were you glad or were you sad?*

Yeah, I was happy. I didn’t like where 20th had us on Western and Sunset... 20th Century Fox. It was the hell hole of hell holes. And right outside the studio....you

got two stages. The only other one there was Daniel Boone. So, there was a little cafeteria with three Japanese running the place. It was real small. They only had sandwiches. The food was awful. So we had to go get in our cars and go off. We only had an hour for lunch and we'd come home and we got tired of that. Up the street there was a strip picture show, nasty picture shows. It was terrible. It wasn't a good environment. There was the traffic. I didn't like it at all.

Linda (Earthie): And on stage?

That was the interior.

Linda (Earthie): Right. Did they have a set of the front of the hacienda on stage too? Because it looked like some of the shots...that when they were in front of the house, that they were on stage as opposed to...

Oh, that was stage. Yes, once we shot we never went back up to I hear you guys are going there is that right?

Carrie, Amby, Fay and Ros: No. We've already been there.
They broke in and trespassed (referring to Carrie and Amberlyn).

You went up to Santa... Monterey?

Carrie: *We figured out how to find it.*

How does that look?

It's pink

Pink?

Ros: Yeah, we were up there on Tuesday. Fay and I went there on Tuesday. (Wednesday, actually, Ros!).

And was it big, beautiful?

Ros: *It is.*

Fay: *It's superb.*

Seeing you were up there during the summer and all, it must have dried up, huh?

Ros: *Yeah, it was pretty dry.*

Fay: *It was green around the house.*

Boy, that was a great house, huh?

Mari: *What does it look like really inside?*

Rich. Beautiful. They duplicated that pretty good on set, but they made it smaller....the entrance. And changed things around. I like it that we had a porch.

Mari: *At the time, what was it used for? Was someone living there? It was a ranch at that time?*

It was someone's house.

Mari: *OK. So they just picked it and asked ask for permission to film?*

They get permission to shoot in homes. The crewman takes care of the house while the shooting's on. Nothing ever gets broken. If they do, they fix it right away. They apologize...apologize...apologize...and give them a lot of money!

Mari: *Then the furnishings that were there, was that there or did they bring in some?*

No, that was their furniture. It was truly their furniture that was in their house that they lived in. That window there....

Gary: *Oh God, I want that house!*

Carol: *You mean the interiors were actually their house?*

Ladies: *(In) The first episode and then they copied it.*

Yeah, they duplicated it, but made it smaller. But, you see, the land out there, that's all backdrop.

Carol: *I wanted to ask you if you had any influence on the way Johnny dressed?*

**Oh yeah, totally. And I went to 20th Century over here in the beautiful studio that I thought we were going to be working out of and I went to the wardrobe and went through some clothes and (gleefully) I came across Tony Franciosa's pants. There was still writing at the back: Tony Franciosa. I called him up and I said, "Tony, do you mind if I use your pants? I know you used them in that western."
"What do you mean: *that* western?" And he says, "No, not at all. Go on ahead."
So we fixed those up. I had about three of them. They had silk inside.**

Ladies: *Ooh, wow!*

Carol: *What about the shirts, the coral coloured shirt?*

They just presented that to me. I liked it and the blue one I tried for a while. I thought I would just stick to the red.

Ladies: *Red? You calling it red? (teasing derision from the ladies!)*

Yeah, what colour is that? Red, salmon, pink. It's all those colours.
What's the western that Tony was in?

I don't remember.

Ladies: *Call it 'That Western'.*

(Laughing) **'That Western', yeah.**

Ros: *Was the horse in "Flare-up" Barranca?*

No, it wasn't Barranca.

Linda (Earthie): *We're all trying to figure this out. Did those pants have a pocket in them? Could you stick like a pocket watch in or something? The belt was like, "Where the heck is this?"*

"Here hold this! Hold this here!" No, there was no pocket.

Linda (Earthie): *It looked like the watch and money and stuff... it looked like it was being tucked under the belt, but there couldn't have been a pocket there.*

No, I didn't carry anything.

Brenda: *Who was your favourite person to work with out of the guest stars?*

(Without hesitation) **Joe Don Baker.**

Brenda: *We love him.*

(Enthusiastically) **Do you love him? Isn't he great? Yeah, he was good. He was in the pilot and two others, I think. Yeah, I always asked for him.**

Catherine: *Did you like working with Warren Oates?*

Oh, yeah. It took a little talking because he was going to be a movie star. Once the director said to him, "Warren, I want you to take a look at the mirror at the edge this plate, this silver plate. Look at yourself and comment on yourself." He was supposed to do that in the scene by looking in a mirror. He says: "No way am I looking in this f*#&^% # plate!" It was so funny. And you couldn't get mad at him.

You'd never get mad at him. He was a beautiful guy. I was sorry to see him go like that. He married that young girl and that's what he did. I teased him about that.

Linda (Earthie): *And there was Tom Selleck. That was like his first acting he did on 'Lancer'.. And of course like Sam Elliott.*

Yeah. My sister did his hair for him on , . . what was the show he was on? On "Magnum PI".

Linda (Earthie): *I know something we always wanted to know. In "Legacy", you and Paul Brinegar were throwing things at each other's mouths. Was it grapes or what the heck?*

Yeah, grapes. Now, Paul came in when we figured the show was going to end. Because when a TV show begins to bring in other people to support it ... and right then we knew. I knew it anyway. I then started talking to the producer. We asked other directors "Is the show was going to end? Ratings aren't very good." They never said anything. I was happy that they started doing that. I knew that was going to be the last year.

Ros: *Did you have any inkling way back then that all these years later you'd be faced with all these women wanting to know all this stuff?*

No, you know, you're interested in those shows and the characters and stuff. I can get into that. But, boy, you know a lot more! (bemused amazement here) You're a lot more inquisitive.

That's the rewinding.

And you've travelled all that way to come out here.

Linda (Earthie): *I know, there should be some sort of psychological study, because we all started about the same time. I was about 10, I think*

We were all about 10 and 15 or something (when we started watching 'Lancer'). All those years I always kept thinking about it, but then a year ago I thought, "Oh, gee! I wonder if there's something about Lancer on-line ?" "Oh, there is." And the groups were all fairly young. So, it's almost like we all hit some point in our lives... There's something in our childhood...

Darla: *It's called menopause!*

Linda (Earthie): *(jokingly) Speak for yourself!*

Linda (Earthie): *We all got on at the same time. It's like an obsession. It's like, "Ooh!"*

Kat: Actually, was I looking for something about it in '94 when I first got on line. Back at that time most of the show fandoms were on current things. It wasn't until later that you started seeing something on 'Lancer'.

Linda (Earthie): It's like at some stage... it's like a moth to the flame. Ooohh! We're totally into 'Lancer', if you can find it. You know, it's funny, it seems to be almost like when there's buddies – like dark hair, blond hair - I think of like like 'Starsky and Hutch', 'The A Team', 'Battlestar Galactica', there's two characters really interacting, I guess. They are strong male characters, I think.

Fay: Maybe producers know their demographics, as well.

Kat: On a totally trivial level, there's a question we've all been wondering about. How old were these characters supposed to be?

I was 23.

Kat: OK. At the beginning?

Kat: How much time did the two years cover?

(Quizzical look from James here) **Two years!**

Linda (Earthie): Two years real time or TV time?

TV time. I went right along with it. I went two years. I didn't even really think about that.

Kat: And how old was Scott?

I pictured him four years older. It took that long for things to happen...He had to go back to Boston. There had to be that time for things to take place.

Brenda: Have you ever read the fan fic? The stories that the ladies write?

No. You mean the stories where you want to change 'Lancer'?

Brenda: No. It's like they're creating more episodes.

More episodes? No! (emphatically) She's told me, Antigoni here, she's told me that they get *REALLY* involved!

Carol: Some of them beat the hell out of you!

She's told me a few stories. Which one is your favourite? (to Tigger)

Tigger: *Oh, I don't know. A lot of stories....*

Yeah how Johnny....

Tigger: *You get hurt a lot! You get killed a few times, too.*

Linda (Earthie): *It's like "Ooh, he's hurt!" It's that hurt / comfort thing. "Ooh, he's hurt. We must comfort him!"*

Kat: *There are several stories in the zine.*

Kat: *Speaking of stories, we had a contest last night. Do you want to do it?*

Carrie: *Keep talking.*

Amberlyn, give her dancing lessons. Tell her she needs to breathe better. (Referring to when Carrie had spoken to Jan to give directions to the hotel and was caught off guard when the phone was passed to James. She was unable to speak and hyperventilated!!).

Carrie: *I do fine when you are not in the room.*

Do you want me to leave?

Ladies: *No!*

Carrie: *They'll kill me.*

Darla: *No, we won't but you won't enjoy living.*

Kat: *We had a writing contest last night. First I got people to give me words. They had 'stinky', 'cowboy', 'creosote', 'kimono', 'condor', 'apache', 'saddle' and 'paper clip'. They didn't know what the words were for. Then I got the four teams to volunteer to write stories using the words. When I asked for volunteers for you, I only got these two.*

Oh, come on I want to see it!

We had a four-way tie. They were all wonderful. When I asked for volunteers, all the rest were chicken!

Catherine: *Ours was too rude!*

What are the characters?

Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!

Kat: *Teresa was in at least three of them and Scott was in at least two of them. Are you going to do it? I understood you were going to do it.*

When you get home, you're gonna say "Damn, why didn't I do it!"

Carrie and Amberlyn valiantly acted out their scene, to which we all laughed and James commented cheekily:

"Thank you. No wonder you were embarrassed!"

Kat: *Are you sure, AJ and KC, that I can't talk you into sharing yours?*

Ros: *She's gone.*

Carol: *Is the documentary that was on your website, is that available on DVD or tape?*

No, it's in storage. I have it on DVD.

Carol: *Is that going to be available?*

I really don't know right now. I really don't know. I'm thinking of leaving it to the AFI **(American Film Institute)**. They have a pretty good editing department. They might be able to figure out something.

Are there any other questions you want to ask? Anyone want to know why I don't wear artificial limbs? Any other questions?

Brenda: *We don't want to get too personal, so you throw out whatever you're comfortable with.*

Well, you know, people who have a below the knee (BK it's called) amputation can wear a prosthetic pretty good. They just attach it here and they've got two joints they can use to pass the leg through. You've seen them around. They can run.

With an AK or above the knee, you only have one hip but it still works pretty good, because you've got all this in here to use (indicating thigh). But with a HD (hip disarticulation) it is right up here, real high on the hip. It's extremely difficult. I was in London to getting my..... It is big, it's heavy. And she's (Tigger) saying to me all the time that maybe they've got better things. And I keep telling her, "No, they don't have better things. What they do is they pretend they have these better things which are not going to work, by getting money from the government by inventing just little pieces of better things." It's not going to work for me. It's great that they have invented wonderful things for below and above the knee. It's not very good for someone in my situation. I had it made in London. I thought, "Wow! This is great!" We shot film of me. I walked on it and I had to use a cane and I had

to use a strap around my chest, a thing here (indicating his chest) tightened real hard. It was horrendous and it hurt my bone I was sitting on. Then the chair ... because they had a big bucket...it was real hard. They tried to soften it up with a sponge and what have you. Every time I swung my leg through, my toe would hit and I would stumble. So I threw it in the closet and there it stayed.

With my arm I just didn't want to carry anything around. I was used to doing everything without it. So that's why I don't try to wear an arm and leg. If I were wearing my leg now, my knee now (maybe they've got better ones, maybe they've got lighter ones, but still, I can move so much better without it), my knee would be up here (pointing above the table top) and when you sit down on it, it pushes the knee up. It's crazy.

Anyway, that was quite another thing, that accident.

AJ: Do you actually remember it?

I remember everything. Everything.

AJ: Really? That's so unusual.

I was the one that discovered that my wheel on the motorbike hit the car, rapidly (indicating the wheel wobbling alongside the car), and kept us going as we fell forward on the bike. I have a scar here still (indicating his forehead) from where my head hit the gas cap. I'm trying to explain this to my lawyer when I first met him. In court, they were making a big deal about the point of impact, and how I ended up fifty feet away. I had no helmet and nothing wrong with my face or anything else, just my arm and leg. I told them that we hit that thing, I lay on the bike, I rode fifty feet, we fell off in the driveway and the bike kept going, rolled over and laid on its side. They never really got into that.

Brenda: That letter that you posted on site that somebody wrote about the accident, that was very touching. I cried when I read that.

Wasn't that? Wasn't that? You know, I just read that again. I did, too. She wrote that to one of the journalists, didn't she? Yeah, that was good. I liked that because it really gave a good story on what happened.

Ros: I personally liked the bears. You had a film shot in Alaska.

Oh, the bears? Is that on the internet?

It's in an archive.

It's not on a website?

You can retrieve it in 'archive.org (or .net?'). You can find it.

How long is that documentary? Without the bears? I mean is it as long as I shot? You haven't seen it?

Carol: *Only on the computer and I can't see it very well.*

Oh, you can't? I thought you could download something?

Carol: *Maybe there is, but I don't know how. I'm not very computer literate. It depends on your software.*

Lou: *My download is about eleven minutes. Got it to play all the way through the first time round. About eleven minutes.*

It depends on what version you saw.

They just show you walking in.

AJ: *You mean there's more than one bear version?!*

Oh, no. He probably cut it up to shorten it to make it different. I don't know if they did or not,

Carol: *Do you plan on doing any more acting?*

I just wrote Clint saying I want to be in 'Iwo Jima'. He's doing that film. You know, there's ways I could disguise myself to have a scene and then I get hurt.

Ros: *You did that in 'Just a Little Inconvenience', didn't you?*

Linda (Earthie): *And in 'Highway to Heaven', too.*

Yeah, Mike (Landon) was the directorand I tackled him the first day! I told him I played football. He says, "Well, I did the pole vault. I did running". You know, we were teasing each other. About a half an hour later he was walking by (we were shooting at the park) and I tackled him and brought him down to the ground. I asked his friend, "Whoa, does he have back trouble?" (suddenly worried he may have hurt him).

One of the girls: *Did it again!*

Kat: *Could you tell us just a little something about each of your co-stars in 'Lancer'?*

Teresa was Jack Baur's daughter. He was a casting director at Fox. I liked him, We (Elizabeth Baur) were always friends. We sat together with Sharon from 'Cagney and Lacey' at this big luncheon thing where the episode was shown on a big screen when Sharon and I did 'Cagney and Lacey'. Sharon and Elizabeth were cousins. Sharon Gless. We were always fine.

Scott, Scott was fun. The first time I saw him....You know when you do work as an actor, you use a lot of psychiatry, you know, to develop a character, what's his hang-ups, what's his thing. So I said, "So what did you do before you went into acting?"

He said: "I went to school and got a Masters in Psychiatry".

It was two weeks into shooting before he finally told me it was a lie! I thought, "Oh, no! I'm working with this guy. He's going to psych me out. He'll be thinking, 'Oh boy, now I know he's up to something!' "

Murdoch...Andy Duggan. What a beautiful guy. I tell you, Andrew Duggan, he was great. There was one time in the beginning, in the first, no, third scene I saw him in. He was doing something with an actor. God, he just blew me away. He became emotional. He was really focused. After the shooting, he walked in to sit down in the living room at Lancer. That's where we used to hang out. When we weren't shooting there were tarps on the furniture so we didn't wear it out. What's her name? That Alison? That girl, Pony Alice. She liked to jump around on the furniture. "You'll ruin your dress!" her mother would say, "You're ruining your dress!"

So, where was I? Andy. Andy, he finished the scene and came walking in and sat down. "God, it was a good scene. What were you using?"

He says, "I just read a chapter from this book I was reading. I used that".

"Oh, wow! That was great!" He kind of got up and walked away. But actors don't like to talk about their secrets, and what they do and what they use, because it kind of dissipates the drama. You should bring it in, get it internally.

Laraine: Did you find there were many practical jokers on the set?

Oh, no, not too many...but I did give James Garner a hot foot one time! Poor guy. It really burned him though. Really burned him. He was doing that picture 'Sayonara'. I was working on 'Sayonara' at the time. He was asleep. The worst place to put matches is right here (indicating his instep). You stick it in there and it just really explodes. And I put *two* of them in there. His shoes were big. I thought I was going to need a whole box of them. So we snuck up on him. He was mad, oh

mad as hell, mad as hell. He was ready to swing on us. It was Bill Wellman, Bill Wellman Jr. Yeah....That's about the only one.

There were other little tricks you know, like the wrong shirt would be handed out. You'd put it on and then the script woman would say, "You got the wrong shirt on. Take it off!" You'd take it off and get your other shirt and then they'd say, "No, that's right, you have your other shirt". You'd put it on and you'd tuck it in. They'd do things like that.

We had a girl come out of a pink pie one time. It was actually for the end of the whole first year. And this girl came out of a pie.

Carol: Did you ever celebrate your birthday? I know you, and Wayne and I think Andrew were around the same time.

Oh yeah, we went to Andy's birthday party at his house. And we'd sort of do that.

Carol: I thought maybe on the set since you guys were all within a few days of each other.

We work on the set! When it's over, you don't want to stick around! We'd go home, get a rest, get a shower. But we did go to Andy's house for our last birthday party.

Ros: Did you or any of the other actors have any say in script changes?

Yeah, all the time, all the time. If I didn't like something, we'd change it. Make it shorter. Usually shorter was always better. Writers over-write. They're writing TV, you know.

Ros: When they made the pilot, at that stage did you know it was going to be picked up?

I knew it was going to be picked up. I did a pilot for Burt Leonard in Greece. That was called 'The Freebooters'. *THAT's* the one I wanted to do. Then it sold. So, there were eighteen of them. They were shooting it in Europe. The first six shows were going to be done in Shanghai. What's that island off of Hong Kong?

Ros: Macau.

Macau. And then move on to Europe to finish up the shows. We sold thirteen. So I'm in Hawaii with Kim. We were happy. I was out by the beach and she called and my agent said they cancelled the show. "Burt won't change the scripts. He won't make it different". I said; "Oh no! I'm in Hawaii. I'm ready to go. And I've sold all my furniture and my car and everything." Anyway, that was a disappointment, but as soon as I got back, about two months later, they sent me 'Lancer'. They wanted me. I knew it was going to go.

Linda (Kona): *It looked like on 'The High Riders' that the show was mainly written about Johnny (James had lead billing in bigger lettering on the original credits) and everyone else kind of came in. Do you have that feeling that it was it more your story than anyone else's?*

(Cheekily) **Yeah, I always had that feeling!**

Kat: *One controversy amongst the fans, is what the nature of Murdoch's real relationship with his sons was. Did it become a loving relationship or was he always bossy and judgmental?*

He was a tough bird, wasn't he? Always demanding. Not asking, just telling us. Yeah, I wish he'd lighten up a bit.

But you know when you have a small part you start making things wired out of those scenes, doing this, doing that, so all my parts were big.

Brenda: *Was Wayne ever disappointed that he wasn't in more episodes?*

(Smiling disarmingly) **Uh....I wasn't! There was one time when he was going to do back to back, and it was starring him. I went to the producers and said, "What is this? Am I being cut out of the show? What are we doing here?" They said, "No. We just like these two scripts. We're gonna let Scott in."**

Brenda: *We've always wondered about the episode call 'Buscaderos' where Scott was the main character, but it was all about the shadow of Johnny. Do you remember that one?*

Yeah, I do. Yeah. Yeah, he said, "What the hell are you doing back there? Why are you back?" He was mad. You know, we'd take a script home and read them and then come in the next morning.

Brenda: *Because you were in the very end when you two arm wrestle?*

That's why we're here. Everyone starts complaining in the Make-up, "Wow! Geez! How the hell can they do that to my character?" It was always the character, not to me! (referring to actors complaining when their character have a smaller role than usual).

Fay: *While we are on that subject, one of the girls in Perth, Marcia (oops, I should have said Wendy), asked me to ask you, in 'The Buscaderos', where you two have the arm wrestling scene, she just wanted to know who really would have won...you had to obviously let Wayne Maunder win... but who would have won that?*

I did that? You know there are things that I don't remember about the show. Oh, I remember. I hurt my finger on that!

Linda (Earthie): *In 'To Chase a Wild Horse', it looked like that Liberty horse almost nailed you, like he did another rear. It looked like he miss-cued or something. Did he? Because you were on the ground and it was like, "Holy crap! You're looking closer."*

Yeah, that was close.

Linda (Earthie): Yeah, because I always wondered, "Was that a camera angle or did that horse miss-cue?" I thought he miss-cued.

You know, Barranca was beautiful. I could crawl under him and around him, in between his legs and feet. He was just great.

Linda (Earthie): How come he was always breaking his ground tie? It was like you were trying to do an exit scene and he'd be...(horsey noises here!).

I love the way he let me handle him to get on and off, to go around and jump on him.

Linda (Earthie): But he'd follow you like a dog. He's supposed to be ground-tied and he'd be following you off the scene. It's like "Dad! My Dad's over here! I'll follow Dad!"

It's called sugar!

Well, listen guys, what time is it?

Kat: It's 3.40 in Virginia!

3.40? 12.40. I want to thank you all for coming. It's really been nice.

Brenda: Well, before you leave we have a gift for you from your greatest fans.

Oh, and I've got to sign pictures, too.

Fay: Too right.

We're going down to Del Mar. You know the track of Del Mar?

AJ: I used to work there.

Did you?

AJ: I'm very familiar with Del Mar. Post-time is 2.00. Traffic's going to be horrid.

I know..... What? (delayed action shock and horror.)

AJ: Traffic's always horrid there when it's racing season.

All the way down?

AJ: *Oh, yeah.*

Everyone: *Sh! Sh! Sh! No, no! Shut up!*

I won't drive in traffic. I swear I'll check into a hotel if there's traffic. I'm not kidding, I will not drive in traffic.

Wow! Will you look at that! I was going to tear it open. (referring to 'Lancer' decorated gift wrap paper creatively made by Geraldine).

Geraldine: *Its special fabric for quilts* (referring to quilt wall hanging gift inside).

Is this from all of you? Who did this?

Geraldine: *Cathy Angel Lee. She's a quilter.* (Geraldine located this lady)

Oh, she made it ?

Geraldine: *She made the "L's" by hand, sewing those.*

Brenda: *And Carol had a huge hand in it.*

Geraldine: *Yes, absolutely.*

It's a nice selection of pictures and colours. Oh, I love this, I love this. I'm going to hang it on my wall.

Several of the girls gave James their own private gifts as well.

Carol: *That was made for you so you can put it on with one hand.* (referring to Navajo necklace Carol had made for him.)

On my forehead?

Carol: *No, with one hand,*

Oh really? Oh, you just got a clip?

Carol: *Here, I'll show you.*

Someone: *It's beautiful.*

Carol: *And then you can tighten it to whatever length you want.*

Thank you very much.

Carol: *You're welcome.*

What's that on there? Thank you. Who made it?

Carol: *It's Navajo made.*

That's in the desert, isn't it?

Carol: *An Arizona tribe.*

Thank you.

Carol: *So can I get a hug?*

Fay: *This is for your grandson.*

This is for Luke?

Fay: **Yes.**

From the group: *I wonder what it is? (referring to obvious boomerang shape)*

Someone: *The gift that you give and it comes right back.*

Fay: *It probably won't come back, that's the trouble.*

Fay: *Is Luke right or left handed? (repeated **MANY, many** times before James understood me! LOL. He seemed to have trouble with my accent!)*

How could she screw up two such easy words?

Heaps of laughing here at our inability to communicate.

Fay: *That's for your grandson. Give that to your grandson. Read the card later.*

Fay: *That's for you.*

Hey, a nice shirt. Oh, Australia and Perth. Oh, how great. Thank you for that.

Antigoni: *I like the colour.*

Fay: *Blue to match his eyes.*

I loved Perth. Is it still clean? Is it growing bigger?

Fay: *Huge.*

Has it got any bigger buildings?

Fay: *It's beautiful. Yes, there are more tall buildings, but most of the growth is in the northern beachside suburbs where I live.*

It looked nice when I went there.

You know what I want to do? I want to take T-shirts there that say: "Don't leave Perth without it." That's an American expression so you're not likely to use it.

Fay: *That's from Francisca. She's another one of the Perth girls.*

That's cute (referring to koala bear gift).

Is that for me?

Fay: *Yes, but it's from one of the Perth girls, Francisca.*

Thank you for coming all that way.

Fay: *It's a pleasure.*

Ros: *Here is a pin for each of you.*

Oh, cute.

Antigoni: *Did you get a bear? (curious to see which animal James was given)*

Oh, is that a koala?

Ros: *It's a koala, but you can swap if you like. If you prefer the kangaroo, that's fine.*

That's really nice of everybody. Very nice.

James talking about his spurs:

I would take them off if I did a long shot...not the long shot, the master...unless I wanted them to make noise walking across a room.

Ros: *We were trying to figure out who in westerns had the loudest spurs in the westerns. You were right up there.*

I was? Those spurs were?

OK, what do we do now?

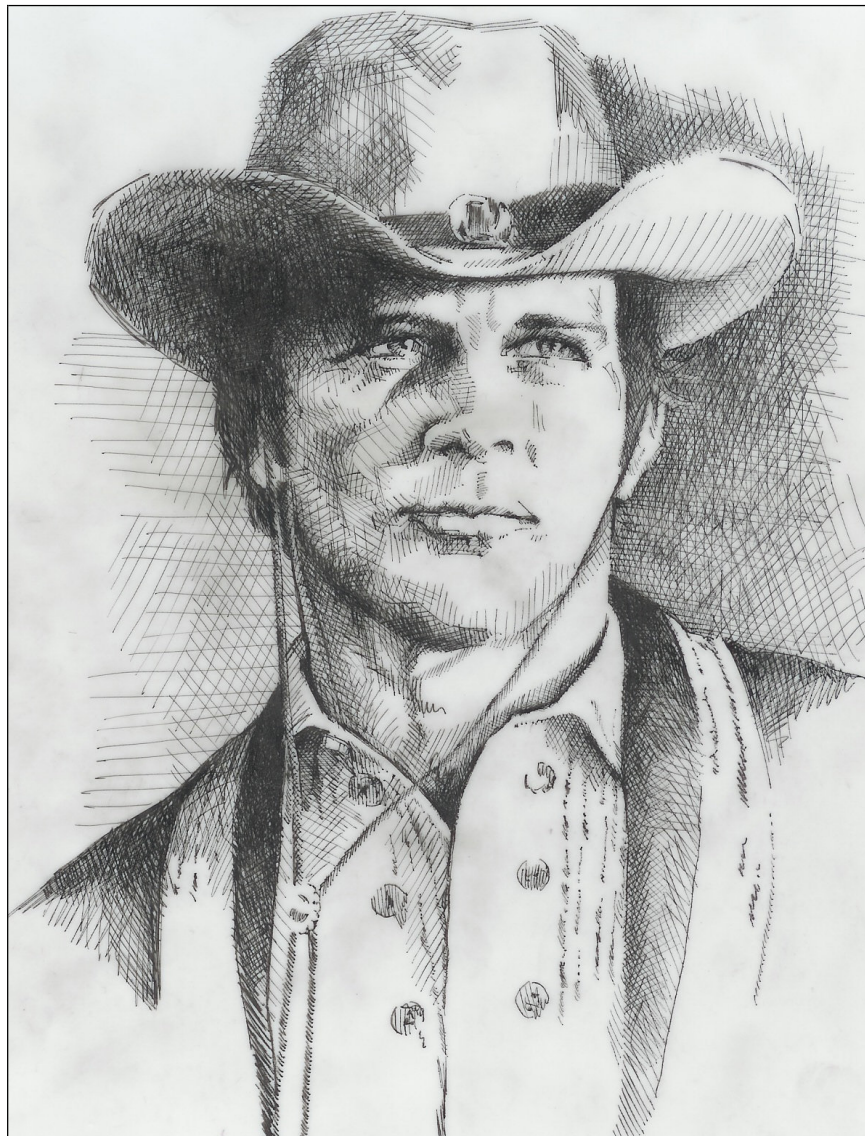
Brenda: You were going to sign those pictures.

Fay: Pictures and sign, yeah.

OK, pictures. But do you want your names on them?

End of transcript and end of a wonderful morning for everyone present.

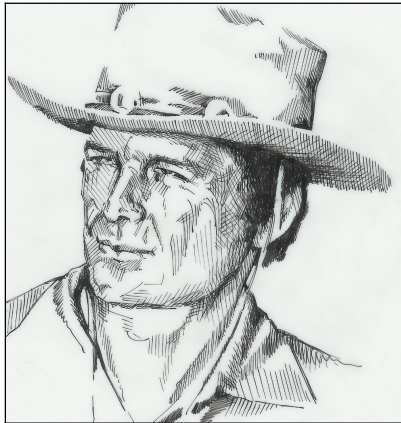
Thank you, James.



PUZZLE ON PAGE 61



PUZZLE ON PAGE 97

[illegible]

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