



Before he was twelve he rode so well that he got himself a grown man's job with a train of ox-drawn wagons bound across the plains with cattle and supplies. First rode the wagon boss, scanning the land for signs of danger. Then came the bullwackers, cracking their long whips so they could be heard for miles. Last came young Bill, riding in the dust, keeping the cattle together. All day long they rumbled along.

At night they made camp, sat around the fire, sang and told stories. Then they all rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep. The stillness was broken only by loud snores and howling coyotes. Life on the plains was wonderful, thought Bill.

