

BILL TIBBETTS (continued)

ting and went for the door. As he passed the kitchen table he put his hand on old man Rose's shoulder and said, "You stay here. I'll take care of this."

It was getting dark outside, almost too dark to see, and quite cold, too. Bill closed the door behind him and stepped out into the yard. There, in the semi-darkness stood Dutch Charlie Bothe. The big man looked larger than life in his old buffalo robe coat that hung down past his knees. A floppy felt hat covered his head and the bottom of his face was hidden in a tangle of whiskers. A big 45-90 buffalo rifle was in his hand.

"I've come to take my woman home," the big man hissed. The smell of whiskey and vomit hung heavy in the air. The dog growled and Bill told it to shut up and lie down.

"She's stayin' here tonight," Bill told the man with more confidence than he felt. "You can come an get her tomorrow when you sober up some."

"By God, I'll take her now!" the drunkard growled.

"You take her now and I'll have you arrested," Bill promised. "I'll file a complaint with the county court and we'll have the sheriff here in no time at all. The way that girl is beat

The big man mumbled an obscenity, but then turned on his heel and started back out into the night. As he stomped away, he called back over his shoulder, "I'll get you, Tibbetts, you dirty somnabitch."

Bill took three or four steps toward the retreating drunk, but then thought better of it. No one had ever called him that before without losing some teeth, but the man was drunk and he was out there in the dark with a rifle. Bill decided to wait and settle with the bastard later.

Things quieted down around the cabin after that. Amy made beds for Mr. Rose and Mary Bothe. The little boys went to sleep in the crib and Amy was washing dishes. Bill sat at the kitchen table near a coal oil lamp, reading a two-week old newspaper. His loaded 30-30 was standing in the corner.

The blast blew window glass all over the room. There was a terrific flash of light, a horrendous noise, and blue smoke filled the cabin air. The women screamed, old man Rose stumbled toward the back of the cabin dressed only in his long underwear, and Bill Tibbetts slumped from his chair to the floor, his shirt soaked with blood. Bothe kicked the door open and dragged his screaming young wife out into the night. A moment later came a thundering shot and the screaming stopped. Amy ran to her terrified little boys and covered them with her body, sobbing uncontrollably. She had seen her husband fall and she knew he was dead.

Little Bill Tibbetts, Jr. was a few days short of his fourth birthday, but he never forgot the horror of that night. For the rest of his life he would mourn the loss of the father he never got to know; and he would often remember what a hero his mother was when she put her body between him and the bullets that never came.



up, it'll cost you twenty dollars just to get out of jail."

"I ought ta blow your damn head off."

"You put that rifle down and let's see if you can knock my damn head off," Bill challenged. "I'll give you the first swing."

The Grand Valley Times

Judge McCarty, reporter Rollo, and District Attorney Livingston left last evening for Monticello to hold court. The preliminary hearing of Charles Bothe for the murder of his wife and William Tibbetts will be held before Judge McCarty.

AUGUST 22, 1902

The Grand Valley Times

BOTHE FOUND GUILTY

Charles Bothe the man who is charged with the murder of his wife and Mr. Tibbetts last April was tried in the District Court at Monticello yesterday for the murder of Tibbetts and was found guilty of murder in the first degree without recommendation of mercy by the court.

He is returning today to the penitentiary at Salt Lake to await the trial of the murder of his wife. Bothe is in the custody of Chris, Christensen.

The Grand Valley Times

Bothe Sentenced

TO BE SHOT UNTIL DEAD ON THE 29TH DAY OF NEXT MONTH

Shows Much Indifference

Charles Bothe was taken through here Tuesday from Monticello where he had been taken from the state penitentiary to receive sentence for his crime of last April or thereabouts.

Dutch Charley, the name he is generally known by, was found guilty of the murder of his wife and Wm. Tibbetts and received the sentence to be shot on the 29th of December of this year.

As he left here he seemed as cool and indifferent as if he was going to live for 50 years more. When leaving the jail he asked Chris, Christensen, the man who had him in charge, when the d...n thing was going to come off.

At all times, even when he went through here before, he seemed to be as unconscious of the horrible crime he committed as well as the punishment which he is about to receive.

This same man is said to have confessed to killing two men in Germany, the place of his birth, and two in Telluride, Colo.

THE ZEPHYR BACKBONE---February/March 2015

Garrett Wilson Sandy, UT



Doug & Mary Travers San Antonio, TX



Terry Weiner The California Desert



Scott Grunder Ludington, MI



ALSO JOINING THE BACKBONE..

Mike Wagner Louisville KY



MATT & DEEPA ROBERTS Austin TX



Jannik Schou Whitehorse Yukon

Scott Thompson Beckley WV

The Importance Of Remembering Things Past

by Martin Murie

NOTE: A few months before his death in January 2013, Martin Murie sent me a packet of stories he'd written, still on paper, which had never been published in The Zephyr. "Use them as you wish," he advised. And so we are pleased to include this essay by Martin (with others to come) and hope that his words will continue to resonate with Zephyr readers...JS

Nostalgia, from Greek nostos, a return, and algos, pain or grief. Somewhere in its long journey through languages the word, at least in American English, acquired a shift that turned pain and grief to something like sweet sorrow with an aura of wanting to return to the good old days. That was unacceptable of course, in an era of up-and-at-'em enterprise.

An antidote for such indulgences turned up: You can't stop Progress. That's interesting because progress is something quite new, intimately tied to the emergence of "market economy" (aka Capitalism) out of relatively static feudalism. By now, in these enlightened times, we are expected to know that the future is all and what it brings is the best we can expect of all possible worlds. The past is water under the bridge; we



must move on.

However, life doesn't obey dumb rules like that. My father, Olaus, enjoyed looking back to boyhood forays at an edge of Moorhead, Minnesota, where a remnant forest gave a few kids a place to roam, to wonder, to spend time with animals. They called it "The Wilderness." Nostalgia, yes, but he also told of the desperate poverty of those times and it was good to have left that behind. Even so, there was a strong sense that good things were intimately wound up in poverty. Once Olaus, exasperated, told me, "We were poor, but we knew how to have fun."

Some of the Moorhead kids lived at a big produce farm in the summer, working for wages, weeding, and hoeing. I remember Olaus laughingly telling of a bee buzzing inside his straw-stuffed pillow in the loft where

he and the other kids slept, but he was too tired to worry about it. Next night the bee was still there, still buzzing; the weary worker let it be, dropped into deep slumber. The bee in the pillow, the exhaustion of the worker, is not saccharine sentiment, it is vivid recall of scenes from the



life of labor that taxed those kids to the very limit just as farm workers today are taxed to the very limit.

For many people memories of the good old days are anything but sweet. One man scolded me for going back to the land, told me I didn't know how bad it could be. Well, we found out. Farm life, country life, can take people to the far edges of endurance. Women especially speak of the double burdens: the insecurity, the oppressions, the patriarchy. I sometimes wonder if John Muir went to Canada to escape the draft, or to go wild, or to get out from under his land-and-boy-breaking father.

In the last few years my daytime recalls of war have been more frequent, nightmares too that exaggerate and distort. Dreams and memory bring valuable messages, I'm convinced of that, but they can't be trusted. Nostalgia can't be trusted either. But their visitations are real events. We pay attention. Why? I think it's because memory, no matter how partial or sentimental, contains vital material for survival.

A wolf approaching a dead horse or cow recalls a pack mate dying in agony after eating a bit of fat laced with strychnine. She fine-tunes that memory, carefully assembles and assorts smells, sights and sounds of the dying, the feel of the ground at a freshly buried trap, the exigencies of the present moment. All of that is grist for careful judgment and decision, what to do next.

We do that too and the exigencies of our lives now in a time of terror

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(aka endless war) demand a stepped-up effort to use to the hilt what our memories bring. Let the struggle begin, let loose the whole remuda, the sleek horses of judgment. Because our rulers are trying in every way possible to turn us into obedient forgetters who will strain forward into the future; leaving in falsehood dust the collective history of our nation. They want us to respond like trained poodles to whatever is dished out by them and their running dogs; they want us to treasure only the nostalgic glow on out-of-context bits selected with extreme care from revered heroes -- Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, even revolutionaries like citizen Tom Paine. Baits of nostalgia laced with forgetfulness.

Dangerous days, nightmare nights.