

starring **JOHN WAYNE** (as *Ethan Edwards*)
JEFFREY HUNTER (as *Martin Pawley*)
NATALIE WOOD (as *Debbie Edwards*)

- Some ways, it was harder setting out on the search this second time than it was the first. That first time, as Martin Pawley well remembered, there had been fresh, blazing, white-hot anger to lift him into his saddle.

The smoke had been still rising, then, from a ranch-house ruin. Hillside graves of the slaughtered Aaron Edwards, his wife Martha, and their boy Ben were fresh-spaded. The Reverend had just closed his dog-eared Bible.

Yes, it was easy to hit leather the first time, years ago, feeling as Martin Pawley had felt. For Martha and Aaron had been

like a mother and father to him. When Indians had massacred his real folks, the Edwards had raised Martin like their own son. They hadn't even minded that he was a quarter Cherokee.

But now, Martha, Aaron, and their son Ben were dead, killed by Comanches. It made a man's blood boil black. When his sisters, Lucy and little Debbie, were carried off by the war party, Martin went out on a frenzied search for the girls.

That was the day pretty Laurie Jorgensen ran after him, swinging up on his stirrup to press her sweet mouth hard to his. But Martin hadn't even responded, being so anxious to get on after the others—his uncle Ethan, Captain Sam Clayton, Lars Jorgensen, young Brad Jorgensen who'd been walking out with Lucy, and the rest.

They'd caught up with the Comanches, that time out. But the party had been much bigger than either Ethan or Sam had figured. In the battle, a lot of Comanches fell. But either more men were needed to whip these Indians, or fewer, to try stealing the girls back alive.

So the search party had headed for home, leaving only Ethan Edwards and Brad Jorgensen and himself to follow the Comanche raiders—days, weeks—across desert that was like live fire. And then, among the buttes, they'd caught up with the quarry again.

Big Ethan came on his niece Lucy's body in an arroyo, and buried it in his serape. It wasn't till nightfall that he told

the others about his grim discovery. Brad had gone plumb loco then, leaping his horse and making for the Comanche camp with six-guns blazing. He'd taken a lot of braves with him in that crazy rush. But next day they'd found his scalped body.

There were only two of them, after that. On, on, on, they'd ridden, searching for little Debbie, who still remained with the Comanches. Time was forgotten. Small things kept them going: a feather fallen from a war bonnet: the print of an unshod hoof. Martin had aged ten years in the two they'd been gone. Wind and privation had etched his face to a tragic mask, no longer young.

The snows of a winter closing in, covering his trail, defeated them at last. Bitterly, Martin heard Ethan decide they should go home.

"Our turnin' back don't change anything," Ethan had said, though. "We'll find them in the end. sure as the turning of the earth."

And now. standing here in old Lars Jorgensen's dooryard these months later, Martin was remembering that promise. Yet it was harder, some ways, to be setting out a second time from pretty Laurie Jorgensen than it was to go the first.

- This time, it was spring. Dawn light spread up the slope where Lars had built his place, and a meadow lark serenaded the thin smoke from the chimney.

Climbing out of the bed into which he had sunk so gratefully the night before, Martin recollected a talk he'd had with Ethan.

There'd been a letter waiting for Ethan at the Jorgensen place; a letter fetched in by one of the Rangers, many weeks earlier. But he wouldn't let Martin read it. And after they'd turned in, he was gravel-voiced.

"Jorgensen's been runnin' my cattle with his own." Ethan had said. "He's agreed to take you on. I'll be pushin' along tomorrow."

"I set out lookin' for Debbie," Martin had said. "I aim to keep on."

"Why?" Ethan had scorned him. "She's no kin to you at all."

"I always felt like she was. I'm goin' to keep on lookin'."

Ethan had snorted. "How? You got any horses, or money to buy 'em?"

But that was the night before, and here it was morning. Laurie was the first to greet him after he awoke.

"Ethan rode on an hour ago," she said. Then she softened as she read the anguish in his eyes. "He'll find her now, Marty."

He groaned. "That's what scares me. I've seen his eyes when he hears the word Comanche. He's a man can go crazy wild."

Laurie held out the letter Ethan had refused to show Martin. "I stole this for you," she said. Martin took the greasy, crabbedly scrawled note, and read:

"I bought a small size dress off a Injun. If this here is a piece of yer chiles dress, bring reward: I know where they gone. Jerem Futterman."

"Futterman!" Now Martin felt a blaze in his face. The scrap of cloth was missing. But Ethan must have recognized it, for he was gone. "Laurie," Martin blurted out, "I just got to get me a good horse. I gotta catch up with him, Laurie!"

Tears wet her blue eyes. "Go on, then! Take the light gelding."

"But that's Sweetface! Your own horse!"

"Take it and welcome!" Laurie sobbed. "But don't count on finding me here when you get back. I ain't cut out to be an old maid!"

Parting from her made a misery in him. But under the misery, deep down, was something stronger: Fear. Fear of what Ethan might do, alone, if he caught up with Martha's daughter and her captors. Martin just plain didn't dare let Ethan find those Comanches alone.

- Futterman's place, where Martin caught up with Ethan, was a grimy cabin, bleak as bleached bones. There, at a table, the trader showed them a dress he had bought. It was a child's dress: it was Debbie's! Watching the two men, Futterman leered evilly.

"You said there'd be a thousand dollars reward. You got it with you?"

Two other men, both with greedy eyes, were watching from a card table nearby.

They looked to Martin like buzzards, circling and ready. Ethan gave his answer. "Reward'll be paid when I find her, an' if she's alive. *Talk!* "

"A young buck fetched it in late last summer," the trader said quickly. "Said it belonged to a captive of Chief Scar, with the Nawyecky Comanches."

"Keep talking," ordered Ethan, looking near ready for murder.

"Scar's band was headin' north, to winter at Fort Wingate. That's what this buck said."

It was all Futterman knew.

They rode north. Ethan figured the trader wouldn't lie, because if they didn't find Debbie he was out his thousand dollars.

They made camp in a stand of cottonwoods. Martin didn't know it then, but the older man was expecting trouble. He muttered something about a likelihood of frost before morning, and built up the fire hot and bright. He spread out his blanket by the blaze, his saddle for a pillow. Martin, still miffed, looked on sourly. Then he wrapped himself in his bedroll, turned his back eloquently toward Ethan, and stretched out.

The next thing he knew, a gun somewhere was blazing. Martin struggled from his covering, gazing wildly around. Two dead men—the pair from the table at Futterman's post—already sprawled within the ruddy circle of firelight. A third—it was Futterman himself—came dodging down the rocky

slope, rifle in hand, seeking cover. A gun in the darkness cracked again, and the trader spun forward and rolled almost to Martin's feet.

Then, out of blackness, Ethan looked at Martin and explained, "He couldn't wait."

"You used me for bait!" Martin spluttered. "Buildin' up the fire—fixin' it so's—I coulda had my brain blowed out! Suppose you'd missed?"

Sobering a trifle, Ethan nudged Futterman's corpse with one boot.

"Never occurred to me," he said, in honest surprise.

They continued north, after that abortive ambush, through Indian territory. Soon they were meeting up with Kiowas and Wichitas and even some Comanches. But none admitted to knowing any war chief called Scar, who might have a white girl captive.

The two bought pack animals and stocked up on trade goods. The idea was that two traders would cause less talk in their travels than a pair of men looking only for a warrior nobody knew. And it was as traders that they came to the Comanche encampment where they found the squaw named Look.

She was platter-faced and squat and placid. Martin reckoned he was trading a beaver hat for a blanket, at the time. But when they'd ridden out of camp a way, over the hill behind them loped Look on her pony.

Ethan began to guffaw. "Ya chunkhead, you didn't buy any blanket!

Ya bought yourself a wife, sonny! Come on, Mrs. Pawley!"

After that, Ethan rode him unmercifully about this new "wife" of his. By the time they made camp, Martin was half out of his head with worrying.

"I don't think it's so funny!" he blurted. "If you want to do some good, whyn't you ask her where Scar is?"

The girl's face went suddenly blank. She understood that name, all right. And she knew the answer to his question. At first, when Ethan talked to her in her own tongue, she seemed resentful of this white girl whom Chief Scar might have with him. Then, when assured that it was not Martin's wife but his sister, she rolled up in her blanket and refused to talk at all.

When morning came, Look was gone. A crude arrow in the dirt indicated the direction she had taken, but that was all. If the arrow spoke true, and if she meant for them to follow, she was not returning to her tribe.

Maybe Look had left other signs along her trail; but they never knew. It snowed that day, and all the next week. Ethan and Martin could only head north, crossing buffalo country. One day they came on a small herd. They needed meat, so they circled and came up upon the huddled beasts afoot. Ethan's first shot got a good one. But then he began shooting one after another, cows too, and Martin protested in anger as the brutes stampeded.

"At least they won't feed Comanches!"

Ethan gloated. "Killin' buffalo is as good as killin' Indians in this country."

"Peaceful tribes depend on the buffalo, too," Martin objected.

"Ain't that too bad? If you feel so sorry for your kinfolk, you Cherokee, I'm surprised you didn't take up with that squaw wife of yours!"

While he stood there, staring into the snarling mask that was Ethan's face, Martin caught the distant shred of sound on the wind—the blowing of a bugle. From long miles off, a crack of shots came after it. They knew it was cavalry somewhere, and cavalry meant Indians. Their quarrel about the buffalo forgotten, both men broke for their horses at a run.

The raid on the Comanche camp was over long before they got there, and the cavalry soldiers were high-tailing it back with their prisoners—squaws, mostly. The target had been the Nawyeckas, the ones Martin and Ethan had been trailing these past few days. But the soldiers had hit when the braves were off hunting, so most of the dead were old men, women and children. Searching the tepees, Ethan found the body of the little squaw called Look. Clutched in her hand was something Martin remembered well: Debbie's worn rag doll.

So the two of them knew that Debbie had been here in this village. But she was gone now; she was not among the dead. And what Look had been doing here—whether she had come to warn the tribe, or maybe to find the stolen sister of her

man—there never would be any way of knowing, now.

"We gotta catch up with them," Martin breathed. "Maybe they got her with them."

"And maybe they got Scar!" Ethan said it like the name was a curse.

But at the Nokoni Agency, where they had followed the soldier trail, neither of the two white girls among the prisoners looked like she ever could have been Debbie Edwards. They were wild as animals, both of them, their faces painted and their eyes hot with hate.

"They're not white any more," Ethan grated. "They're Comanche!"

Martin felt sick and shaken as they quit the post. Though Debbie hadn't been among the recovered captives, nor among the dead, they had one lead.

"We recovered a bushel of trinkets in that camp," one of the soldiers told them. "Cheap trade goods. Most of it was Mexican. Maybe if you could talk to some of those Mexican traders along the border—"

So they set out for New Mexico territory in the morning, and Martin's faint hope that he might get back to Laurie by Christmas had to be chucked aside. He wrote her a long letter, trying to tell her everything that had happened; but he wasn't much account at letters. The phrases came out stiff and awkward, and he just couldn't set it down how much he loved her.



Martin begged Laurie (Vera Miles) to call off this wedding, to wait and marry him after he'd found his sister. But Laurie knew the search for Debbie was endless. "I'm not cut out for an old maid," she said.

They kept only a single pack horse with them after they hit hot desert country. Their faces were burned dark as wood, and they didn't speak—just rode on and on, the same bleak, fanatic look in both pairs of eyes. It was summer by the time they hit the particular Mexican pueblo where the trail began again. The village looked like a hundred others as they rode in; one dirt street, a straggle of adobe houses, a few drowsy burros, a *cantina*. It was what they found inside the *cantina* that made it different.

In the first place, Mose Harper was there; Mose, the old scout from Texas country, now so broken up with age that he was a babbling fool as Ethan confronted him. The dirt-floored room stank of *tequila* and clicked to the rhythm

of castanets as a sinuous dancer began to work on Martin, desire in her black eyes. But Ethan didn't know she existed, facing Mose.

"Don't want no reward money," the old man slobbered, mouthing his drink. "Just a roof over my head 'n' a rockin' chair by the fire. My own rockin' chair."

"You help me find her," Ethan growled, "you got your rockin' chair."

"Swear it, Ethan? Given word?" Mose was shaking. "I found a man's seen her; knows where little Debbie is." He pointed past Ethan's wide shoulder. A smiling stranger moved in from a side table.

"I am this man, *senor*." The newcomer made a cynical, elegant bow. "Emilio Fugueroa, at your service, for a price—always for a price."

Angry because his companion had ignored him from the moment they entered the *cantina*, Martin had been gulping liquid fire and returning the dancer's sultry looks. But abruptly Ethan was beside him, sneering.

"You breeds are all alike, two drinks and— Come on, we're on our way. Ridin' out with the *senor* here. The Comanche medicine country ain't far. There's one camp with a chief named Cicatriz."

Befuddled, Martin glared back. "Never heard of him."

"Cicatriz is Mex for Scar. And he has a white girl in his tepee."

• The pack train, manned by seven or eight of the Mexican's crew, wound through majestic, savage country. Medicine country, Emilio had said. "Medicine so strong they believe the feather of an eagle found here can guard a man against bullets."

They urged ahead their loaded mules, while a silent cordon of armed Comanches, converging from among the wild rocks, escorted them into camp. Among the tepees, that of the chief stood out from all the others. Emilio led them toward it. Abruptly, the flap jerked aside and the quarry they had followed so long stood before them—a tall Indian, arrogant, his black eyes nests of hatred, his scarred face implacable.

"*Senores!*" said Emilio, with great ceremony. "This is Cicatriz!"

From the moment that Scar asked their names, in English, it was perfectly evident that he knew who they were. He led them inside, where four squaws sat stitching leather. Three were obviously Indians. The fourth, a shawl over her head, kept her back toward them until Scar, sneering, commanded her to bring forth the lance from which dangled the many scalps he had taken. The chief snarled in Comanche that many whites had died for the two sons he'd lost to them.

But Ethan and Martin were not thinking of scalps; not then, although they were careful to keep their eyes fixed on the lance. The girl who had fetched it,

and who now backed away at Scar's growl, had golden hair under her shawl. Her eyes were the green that Debbie's had been. The Comanche was watching his visitors like a hawk; Martin dared not even breathe.

But Ethan said coldly, "I've seen scalps before," and then turned back again to Emilio.

"I came to trade," he said to the Mexican, "not to admire his collection. Tell him we're going to pitch camp across the crick. Maybe we can talk trade tomorrow."

Their message relayed, the three took themselves out of the camp. Sullen, burning glances followed them. But Martin hardly saw these in his excitement.

"She's alive! Can you believe it, she's alive? We found her!"

"I, too, am alive," breathed Emilio, as they reached his pack mules. "I wish to stay that way. You understand, *senores*, it is not that I am cowardly. He knows you, who you are, why you are here. This I did not understand, or I would not even for gold have led you here." He held out the money pouch that Ethan had given him in payment. "Take it!" he said. "I do not want blood money! *Vaya con Dios!*"

They watched the Mexican riders spur off before they crossed their horses over the stream. Martin said, "You reckon Scar means to kill us?"

"He's got to," Ethan said. "All these years, runnin', knowin' we were after

him. Now we caught up. It's him or us."

"Why didn't he make his move back there?"

"Somethin' tied his hands. Maybe hospitality." Ethan whirled as loose sand from up the bank slithered downward. But it was only a lone girl up above. Martin stared at her. Yes—Debbie!

She called out in Comanche. But anyone would know she said, "Go away!"

"Debbie," he called back, "don't you remember me? I'm Martin! We ain't goin' without you, Debbie. Ethan, get the horses. I'll keep her talkin'."

Ethan's words rang harsh. "How? She's even forgot her own language!"

In English now, Debbie cried, "No! These are my people!"

"*Your* people?" bellowed Ethan. "They murdered your family!"

"White men killed them when I was little. I ran away. They find me, take care of me. All white men lie and kill!"

Tears bit Martin's cheeks. "Debbie, I'm Martin! Remember how I—?"

"I remember." But her face was cold, on the opposite bank. "At first, I prayed to you—*Come and get me, take me home!* You didn't come. These are my people."

"Stand aside, boy," Ethan said grimly. There was a gun in his hand. It took Martin a minute to recognize what the older man intended to do. Then he flung himself between gun and girl, shouting desperately. At the same instant, up the

bank, a Comanche rifle cracked. Ethan took the bullet in his leg and toppled. Martin spun around, shooting, and a mounted warrior tumbled from his saddle up above. Debbie ran off like a deer, up the stream. And the angry yells of the Indians came closer from the camp.

Somehow, Martin got Ethan into his saddle before the vanguard of the attack—a dozen Indians or more—swept into view around a distant pinnacle of rocks. The two white men raced their horses down-creek and out onto the level desert. Ethan tottered in his saddle, just able to hold on, while Martin spurred behind him, keeping both horses at a run. The Indian ponies were close on their heels as they pounded along a canyon wall.

Bullets whined and ricocheted. They wove in and out among huge boulders, with Ethan lurching, almost unconscious. Up ahead, Martin spied the mouth of a crude cave and headed for it, driving the other horse ahead. Once they made cover, he jumped from his saddle and began firing at the pursuit. Two Comanches went down. The rest veered away, yelling like devils.

Ethan had fallen to earth. "Go on! Get out while you can!"

Martin paid him no heed. Instead, he snatched both rifles from their saddle scabbards, yanked free the water canteens, and slapped the snorting animals to start them on their way. As the horses galloped off, some of the Comanches howled after them. The

gunfire from the cave soon discouraged those remaining. As the last of them galloped off, Ethan gasped, "They'll be back!"

"We won't be here," grated Martin.

By dusk, after the younger man had half-carried Ethan along a twisted climb up through the boulders, they knew there'd be no immediate pursuit. Ethan was delirious.

Hard-eyed, Martin made ready to probe with his knife. "I gotta open that leg and let the poison out," he said.

Ethan seemed to understand. "Wait," he gasped. He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a paper. "Just in case—read it —" Martin read slowly: *I, Ethan Edwards, being of sound mind and without any blood kin, do bequeath my property to Martin Pawley.*

Martin looked up, glaring. "I don't want your property," he grated. "No blood kin? Debbie's your blood kin!"

"Not no more." The denial came out in a rattle, hoarse and harsh.

"You can keep your will! I ain't forgettin' you was all set to shoot her yourself. What kind o' man are you, anyway?"

"She's been with the bucks," spat Ethan. "She's nothin' now but a—"

"Shut your dirty mouth!" Murder in his eyes, Martin picked up the knife again. As he knelt to open the wound, he snarled, "I hope you die!"

• You would have thought that two men couldn't survive the days that came after that. Martin built a crude travois and lashed Ethan's bulk to it with vines. Whiskered, drawn, the sweat pouring off him, he dragged the rig behind him across mile after mile of the wild country.

It was months after the wound had healed before they turned into Lars Jorgensen's ranch yard in a dusty trap they'd rented on the way. It seemed some special occasion, for the fence already held a goodly collection of wagons and saddle horses. As they reined in, Lars himself appeared, beaming.

"Hi! You're late! Hurry—" Then the rancher saw who they were. His jaw sagged in panic. "Ethan! Marty! You can't come in! My Laurie's gettin' married."

"So what?" Martin had already begun racing for the house.

"You been posted for murder, both of you. That trader fella, Futterman." But Lars could tell that Martin meant to see his daughter. He sighed deeply. "All right, go 'round to the side. The grandmother's room. I'll tell her." He saw Ethan climbing down, stiff-legged. "Hide in the barn, Ethan."

"Hide? Why should I?" Ethan strode to the door, and on inside. As one couple of merrymakers after another saw who stood there, they broke off dancing to gape. The music faltered. Ethan stared straight at Captain Sam Clayton of the

Rangers.

The wedding of Laurie Jorgensen to Charlie McCorry never did happen, though. That meeting in the grandmother's room, back where the music reached only in a whisper, was more than the bride-to-be could stand up to. The love she'd tried to forget during the years when she hadn't seen Martin Pawley, nor even heard from him, burst through the first minute she saw him again. She was in his arms, sobbing, when Charlie came to find out what was keeping her. The slugging match between the two men overspilled the house and into the yard, with startled guests circling round to watch. Charlie limped off, leaving the field to the foe.

When nearly everyone had gone, Captain Sam Clayton found Ethan.

"I got to ask you and Martin to ride to the state capital with me."

Ethan grinned. "This an invitation to a necktie party?"

Clayton was coldly precise. "Likely you had your reasons for killin' Futterman. Fact that all three was shot in the back's the only thing that's raised some question."

Martin strode up grimly. "I ain't goin'."

The moment stretched out thin. What might have happened next, nobody ever knew. The thud of fast hoofbeats brought in a lathered four-man cavalry detail, and the natty young Lieutenant in command was seeking Captain Clayton. The Lieutenant wanted to know how soon the

Captain and his Rangers could put a company in the field for action against the Comanches. Information had reached the Fifth Cavalry that a killer named Scar was holed up nearby.

Clayton was quick to answer.

"Sonny, a company of Rangers—all fourteen of 'em—will be in the field by daylight. If the cavalry can catch up with us, well an' good. Ethan, you an' Martin are hereby appointed civilian scouts."

Martin was back indoors getting his gun when Laurie rushed for him, begging him not to go again, the third time; sobbing that it was too late—that Debbie was a woman grown and Comanche leavings, and most likely had savage brats of her own.

Martin stared at her coldly. "Laurie, I got to fetch her home!"

"You know what Ethan will do if he has a chance?" she screamed. "He'll put a bullet in her brain!"

"Only if I'm dead!" said Martin, and strode past her grimly.

- The Rangers made it to the mesa country by dawn. In the pale light, Ethan crept ahead of them to scout the Comanche camp. He came back grinning thinly, to report that the tepees were asleep, but that from the number of ponies he'd seen there'd be about a dozen braves for each of them to tackle.

It was Ethan's plan to sneak up on the quiet Indian camp and then charge it. But Martin understood why. It was so the

Indians would have time to kill their prisoner. He faced Ethan angrily.

"It ain't goin' to be that way," he spat.

"She's alive. Better alive and livin' with Comanches than with her brains bashed out." He swung to Sam Clayton, the man in authority. "All I'm askin' is a chance to sneak in there and try to get her out before you come chargin'."

"*I say no!*" barked Ethan.

But Clayton shrugged. "Go ahead, son. But at the first alarm, we're comin' in. And we ain't goin' to have time to pick our targets."



Martin, clapping a hand over Debbie's mouth, pulled the girl from the tepee.

So Martin wrapped himself in an Indian blanket and made for the camp half-disguised. Dodging from rock to rock, Martin knew that the long years' hunt had ended where mere seconds would count.

He recognized Chief Scar's tepee, and

headed straight for it. When he ducked inside, he was braced for anything. Scar's own blanket was empty, so he must already have gone to tend his ponies. But Debbie's fair hair shone among the blankets of the sleeping squaws. He crept to her and shook her awake. Her eyes flew open, but he clamped a hand across her mouth before she could scream, and dragged her toward the open.

Then, seeing something beyond his shoulder, she did scream: "*Martin!*" He whirled, and Scar stood there inside the entrance with his scalping knife lofted. Martin's gun barked before the arm could sweep down, and two bullets ripped into the Comanche. As Scar fell, Martin dragged a no longer resisting Debbie after him. The camp was leaping awake, voicing its panic in cries.

Down the slope, with Clayton out in front and lifting a rebel yell, the Rangers came charging. A sweep of men and horses engulfed the camp, the Texans riding as they had ridden in the war—reins in their teeth, guns in their fists. The Comanches had never faced such a fire.

Ethan was in the van of the charge, and he saw what he had come to see—Martin racing for the rocks, pulling Debbie along with him. He cut out from the others and spurred after them. Martin heard him coming, and spun. His wild shouts of "No, Ethan, no!" were wasted on the wind. Ethan swung as he passed and knocked him sprawling.



Ethan saw them running together, and drew his gun. Shielding Debbie, Martin cried wildly, "No, Ethan, no!"

Then he reached Debbie, who was still running. His gun was drawn and ready in his hand. The girl tripped and fell, and Ethan swung from his saddle.

"I'm sorry, girl," he said. The hammer of his gun clicked back. "Close your eyes."

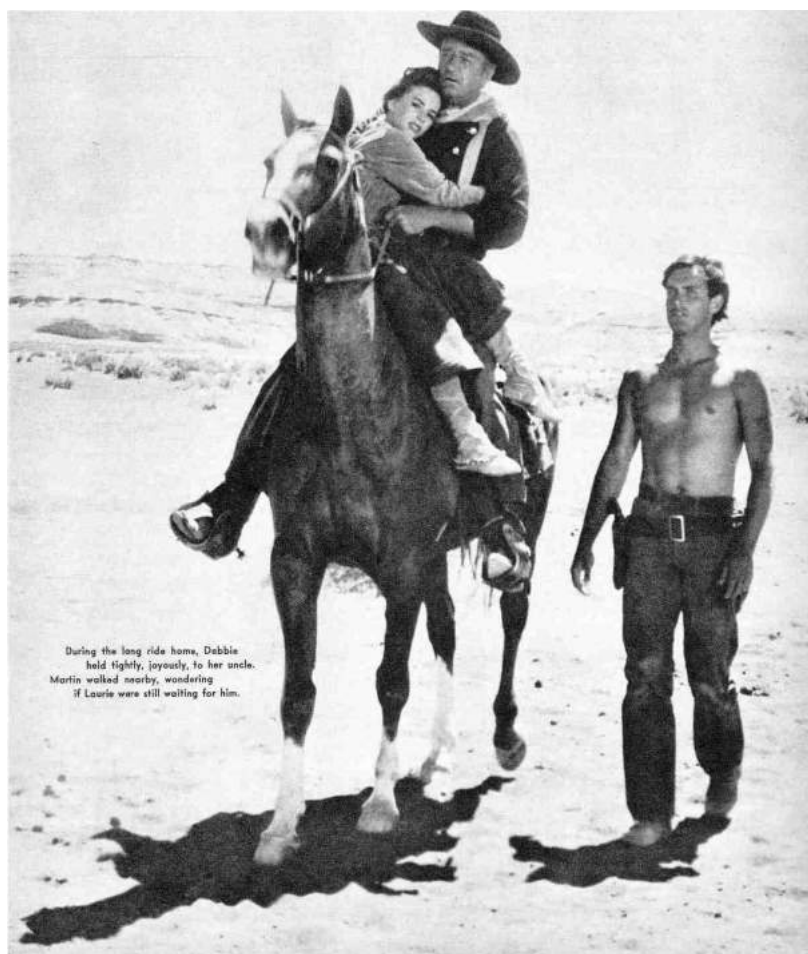
Lying there in the dust, the shouts of the Comanche rout coming to them from a little distance, Martha Edwards' younger daughter looked up at her uncle. Her gaze was utterly fearless, although she well understood what he intended; utterly fearless and utterly innocent.

Ethan saw it, and wondered whether the thing he had long dreaded about Debbie might not be false, after all. A long moment passed, and Ethan lowered his gun. Then he helped the girl to her feet. He was standing thus, staring down at her, when Martin came stumbling up the trail in desperate haste.

"You sure favor your mother," he heard Ethan say, and the voice was softer than any he'd heard from that rawhide throat.

When the Ranger column headed back, Debbie was riding on the pommel of Ethan's saddle. His arm circled her, supporting her weight while she slept. Not that Martin watched them much, after the first little while. He was too busy looking ahead for a first glimpse of Laurie Jorgensen running to meet him—as he knew she would.

THE END



During the long ride home, Debbie held tightly, joyously, to her uncle. Martin walked nearby, wondering if Laurie were still waiting for him.

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Behind the scenes with
THE SEARCHERS



Duke Wayne's son Pat played a young cavalry lieutenant in the movie.

• *Location was in Monument Valley, where the film's director, John Ford, directed his first great cinema triumph. The Valley is noted for its primitive roads, and the location trip took five weeks. It was a trial to the Hollywood folk, who are unaccustomed to living 185 miles from the nearest city, in this case Flagstaff, Arizona. . . . The cast and company of some 250 members was supplemented by several hundred Navajo Indians, including a medicine man who thoughtfully provided the type of weather the director needed for each day's shooting. . . . Particular attention was paid to Wayne's supporting cast in the choice of his leading lady, one Vera Miles, who has yet to achieve much public recognition. But she is considered the dark horse of 1956, and almost a certainty to be named as the outstanding new star on most moviegoer polls. Vera was third-ranking contestant as Miss Kansas in the 1948 Miss America contest. . . . Also prominent in the cast is ex-child star Natalie Wood, who recently jumped to prominence in Rebel Without a Cause. . . . Jeffrey Hunter, who has never quite had a role that suits*

his talents to perfection, may achieve his best performance to date as Wayne's sidekick. He was selected from among 200 young actors in Hollywood and New York. Twenty-nine-year-old Hunter hails from Milwaukee. . . . An unusual bit of casting coincidence results in the selection of Olive Carey, widow of the late western star, Harry Carey, to play the mother of her own son in the picture. . . . Ward Bond, an old buddy of Wayne's, was enlisted to play a dual role, that of an old-style western parson and a rip-roaring captain of the Texas Rangers. . . . Wayne's sixteen-year-old son, Pat Wayne, appears in the same picture with his famous dad. A top student at Loyola High School in Los Angeles, Pat stands over six feet tall. He plans to finish both high school and college before he makes up his mind about acting. . . . The rough stuff in *The Searchers* is portrayed anonymously by six of Hollywood's top stunt men. They were responsible for only five of the 300 cases of minor injuries and sicknesses occurring on location, and it is a minor miracle that no one was seriously injured or killed during the arduous fifty days of filming.

Cast of "The Searchers"

Ethan Edwards.....	John Wayne
Martin Pawley.....	Jeffrey Hunter
Laurie Jorgensen.....	Vera Miles
Capt. Rev. S. Clayton.....	Ward Bond
Lars Jorgensen.....	John Qualen
Mrs. Jorgensen.....	Olive Carey
Chief Scar.....	Henry Brandon
Charlie McCorry.....	Ken Curtis
Brad Jorgensen.....	Harry Carey, Jr.
Debbie Edwards No. 1.....	Lana Wood

Adapted from the C. V. WHITNEY VISTAVISION
 Production—Released through WARNER
 BROS. PICTURES—Directed by JOHN FORD—
 Produced by MERIAN C. COOPER and

**PATRICK FORD—Screenplay by FRANK S.
NUGENT—From the novel by ALAN LeMAY—
Color by TECHNICOLOR—Adapted for SCREEN
STORIES by JEAN FRANCIS WEBB**