

THE SALVATION TRUMPET

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Disaster was upon the good town of Salvation yesterday as rumours came flying in from all quarters about the return of that psychopathic renegade "Blue Duck" who had recently been seen in the area of the Old Lumber Camp.

Usually this would meet with a few gasps and swoons from our fair ladies and a bragging and strutting of a few of our more wishful thinking young men, but not this time for 2 good reasons. First Jack McCall and Gus McRae of the Lonesome Dove both have a personal vendetta to settle with the renegade Blue Duck who shot and wounded McRae and killed McCall's children when they were with the Texas Rangers(3 years they hunted him without success). Secondly the next gold shipment is due to stopover at the Old Lumber Camp soon, gold destined for the coffers of the Gem Saloon and The Bella Union.

Co-operation and Unity was what was called for and that is exactly what we got, in an unprecedented move all the major faction bosses got together and agreed to work as one, to save the gold and put the maniac Blue Duck six feet under where he belongs. Even "Little" Bill Dagget offered up his help even though he had no vested interest in either the gold or the Renegade!!

Killing this renegade would be State if not National headline news so as usual I your fearless editor volunteered to accompany the heroes on their mission.

Silently and stealthily the men spread out not far from the Old Lumber Camp, all was quiet but an uneasy atmosphere could be felt. The men progressed cautiously through the scrub toward the creek and the forest beyond, darting here and there from cover to cover like beasts stalking their prey. No-one knew what to expect, would Blue Duck appear ? Was he alone ? How many men did he have ? All questions that would be answered soon enough !!

Hardly had our boys reached the creek bed when the first shot rang out! This caused a bit of panic among some of the "less" experienced members of the posse who could be seen running for cover in all directions, at one point I saw the strangest sight, 3 of the Gem Saloon boys all fighting to gain cover behind a solitary tree (comical if not tragic), all that did was attract fire from the enemy in the forest.

Qur enemy it transpired were a number of Apache Indians, no doubt hired by Blue Duck to help steal the gold. They proved, sadly, to be better shots than our own boys with Jack McCall being hit early on, and tragically "Buckshot Roberts" of the Bella Union got "Gutshot" and died almost instantly from his wounds. It seemed for a while that the boys were going to be pinned down all day and Blue Duck would make off with the Gold.

Qver to my right I could hear a fierce firefight raging and could see through the trees that the boys were advancing steadily and by the sounds of it, had had some success against the enemy.

This success seemed to have a galvanising effect on the lads to my left who, after seeing their friend shot down, began to advance across the creek. We still atthis point did not know how many we were up against ! Some of the heathens were putting up a pretty stiff fight and were well concealed.

Fortune then shone upon us as our numbers started to tell and the Indians started to pull back. This caused great excitement in the ranks, so much so that poor old Shotgun Collins in a bout of hysterical enthusiasm proceeded to fall over, not once, but twice, giving himself a good soaking in the creek and a bit of a reality check.

As we pushed forward the Camp came into sight and sure enough the gold was there along with Old Jack, unfortunately so was Blue Duck and several of his cutthroat band. We had to get there before the gold and Old Jack fell into their evil hands. The fight was on! The final push was swift and bloody, several of the boys were picking up some nasty wounds on the way, but we fared better than the Indians who, as their numbers fell, soon gave up the fight and made off. Blue Duck himself managed to reach the gold and made an effort to escape but after being hit a couple of times decided to save his own evil hide and left the gold. The fight was over - it had been bloody and hard!!

Reaching the gold first, "Little Bill" and his boys made haste to get the gold to safety (we did not know if the enemy would return). Some mopping up was still taking place and maybe because of this no-one noticed what I did - the Unforgiven boys seemed to be in too much of a hurry to get the gold out and were heading not in the direction of our fair town, but in the direction of Dagget's place!!! He was stealing the gold!!

Contemplating what I saw yesterday I decided to visit "dastardly" Dagget to try and get some answers. He was clear and forceful with his reply " I took that gold from an Indian at that time it was his, now it is mine !!!". "If anyone wishes to prove otherwise I am right here !!"

Even as you are reading this paper, meetings are taking place in darkened corners, the Saloons are rife with gossip. It would seem that soon, very soon, someone may just be about to try and prove Dagget wrong!!!!