## **DID YOU KNOW?**

He was a man carved from scars and vengeance. John "Liver-Eating" Johnson, born in 1824, fought his way into frontier legend. When Blackfeet warriors ambushed him in the high country, he was captured, bound, and marched toward certain death. But chains could not hold him. With raw fury he broke free, killed his guard, and disappeared into the wilderness armed only with the weapon he seized. What followed was a march that should have ended him: over 200 miles across frozen, hostile land, starving, hunted, yet unbroken.

Johnson had long been a figure dreaded by his foes. After his Flathead wife was murdered, he swore vengeance against the Crow, waging years of brutal reprisal. They called him "Liver-Eating" Johnson, a name whispered with terror on the plains. Whether every tale was true mattered little—his survival in merciless country was fact, his myth fueled by each impossible escape. Like Cicero Perry limping through Texas, Johnson's march through snow and hunger was not just an escape from death but proof of an iron will. By 1900, he died an old soldier in California, more legend than man. His story presses the question: when stripped of food, weapons, friends, and even hope, what is left? For Johnson, it was a primal refusal to fall. His escape and trek remain etched in the lore of the West, a reminder that survival is not chance—it is defiance written into every mile





