The Journal of the American West

Ranch & Reata

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Wyoming's Polo Scene

Oklahoma Saddlemaker Jeff Wade

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FRONT GATE

Dinner Guest. Photography by Robert Dawson

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Polo

By A.J. Mangum

I stood next to the towering gray Thoroughbred I'd been loaned for the day and contemplated the bridle and hunt-seat saddle I'd been handed. As a lifelong western rider, I found them both off-putting. The saddle weighed next to nothing, and the bridle bore two sets of reins. Once I had the gray saddled, I was handed a helmet and a mallet – more unfamiliar gear. I climbed aboard my horse and made my way to the field, hoping someone might get around to explaining the rules of the game we were about to play.

It was a horsemanship experiment that would extend over two summers. Anxious to take up a new challenge, I had joined a local amateur polo group – nothing organized, no dues or dress codes. As it happened, I never did get anything more than a vague explanation of the rules before the first game commenced. The umpire sent the ball onto the field and I defaulted to the basics of childhood soccer. My

team was headed west, the other was headed east; we had our goal, they had theirs. Figuring I'd pick up on the game's finer points through trial and error, I wove the double set of reins through the fingers of my left hand, tightened my grip on the mallet I carried in my right, and rode off with the other players at a hard gallop.

photo by Guy De Galard

As a riding discipline, polo offers a rider more action than any horse-show event. Over the following weeks, I grew to love the pace of the game, played at a near-constant gallop. Riders crowd one another en route to the ball, at times leaning precariously from their saddles to add reach and power to their swings. Veteran mounts (I could never bring myself to call them "ponies") bully their way through the melee to put their riders in more strategic positions. When you spot an opening and, for at least a few brief moments, take ownership of the ball, the entire game centers on you. It's an unmatched thrill to ride off under the protection of your teammates, evade your pursuers, and make one last, definitive strike with the mallet, sending the ball soaring toward the goal.

My brief polo career ended when I began the work of starting a new horse under saddle. Polo matches were a three-hour round trip from home each Saturday, and weekend hours simply became too precious. Time and opportunity allowing, though, I'd take up the sport again.

Polo's place in the cowboy country of the North American West often surprises the uninitiated. Many of western Canada's most-storied ranches, of course, were established by British aristocracy, who brought the game with them. And, polo has been a part of the American West's horse culture since the days of the frontier-era U.S. Cavalry. In this issue's "Ropes and Mallets," contributor Guy de Galard writes about the Sheridan, Wyoming, polo scene, illustrating just how well cowboys fit with the game of kings.

Wild Rags

photo by Guy De Galard

Long a staple of the traditional cowboy's wardrobe, the silk wild rag serves as a personal insulator, wicking away moisture and providing warmth during chilly days spent working on horseback. A wild rag can serve other purposes: it can be pulled over a rider's mouth and nose in dusty environments; craftier hands claim wild rags can double as everything from hobbles to tourniquets. Available in a wide range of colors and patterns from a variety of suppliers – including many artisans who market their work online – wild rags are as much a western fashion statement as they are functional attire.

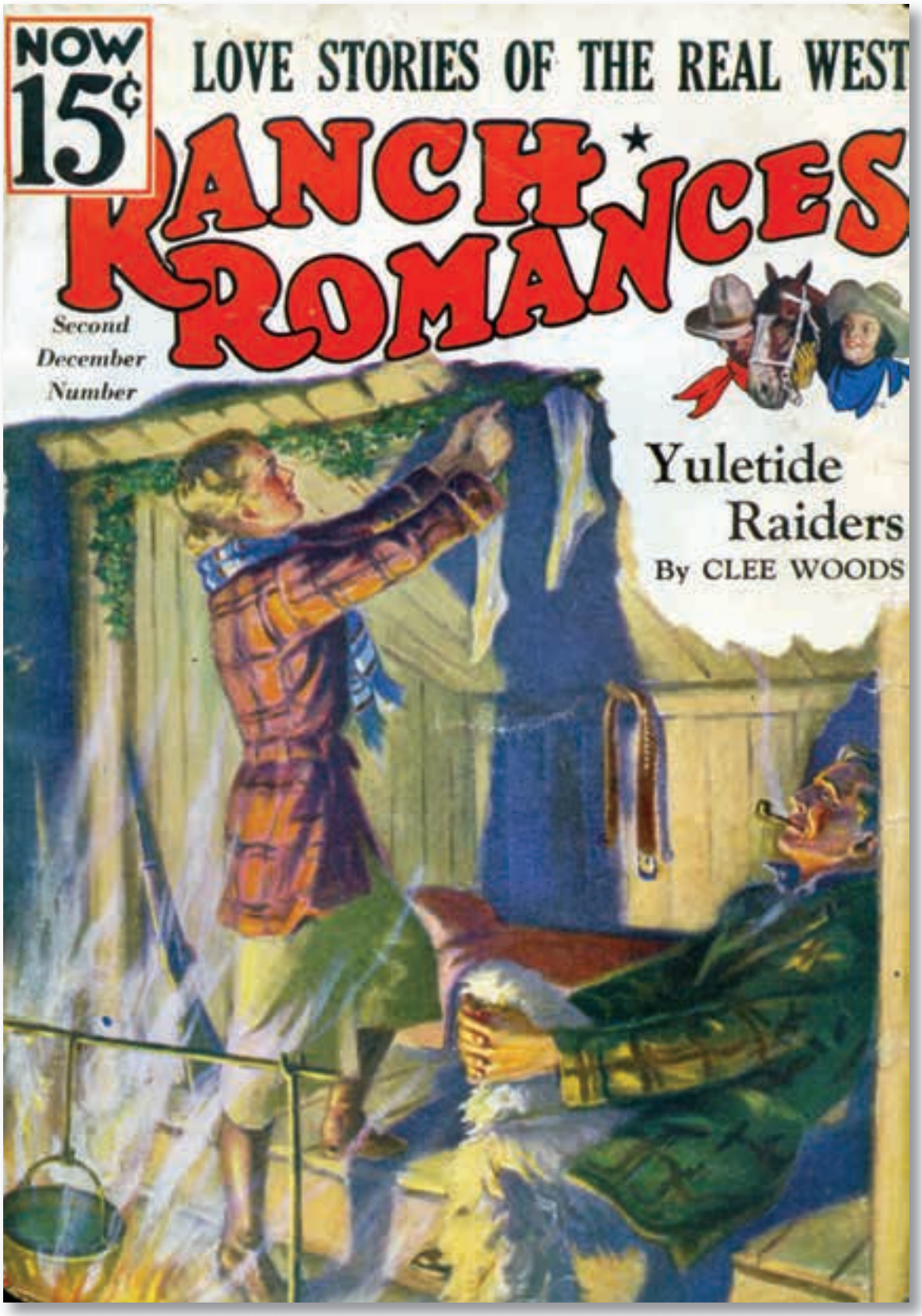
Ranch Romances

The "Pulp" that outlived them all.

By Laurie Powers

Ranch Romances is known far and wide as the most famous of the Western romance pulps. But it was a lot more than that: it was the pulp magazine managed by the famous Fanny Ellsworth; it was, next to *Love Story*, one of the most popular romance pulps and one of the most popular Western pulps of all time as well. Its stories are standard romance and Western fare, written mainly by moderately successful pulp writers with no stories that really stood out as exceptional. But a few famous writers bloodied their writing knuckles writing for Ms. Ellsworth. *Ranch Romances* was an enormous success and it eventually became the last pulp standing, staying in circulation until 1971. *Ranch Romances* was launched in September 1924 by Clayton Magazines, with Harold Hersey claiming full credit for coming up with the idea of combining romance and western stories in his biography, *Pulpwood Editor*. He writes: "My home run was *Ranch Romances*. I conceived of the idea of combining the Western and the love themes in a single magazine under the title of *Western Love Stories*. Our distributors considered it too close an imitation of the Street & Smith titles. We were told to think up another. The result was *Ranch Romances* and it was an almost instantaneous hit with women readers. Instead of the cowboy hero, we offered the cowgirl heroine. Bina Flynn, the editor we chose to handle the fresh idea, built the magazine into a huge success."

Hersey continues: "There are only two kinds of women in the Western pulp-woods: your sister and nobody's sister. Your sister rides like a man, the only difference being that she wears split skirts instead of chaps. She shoots like an Annie Oakley but her skill at marksmanship usually disappears when the villain darkens her door...She is often found riding the open range at all hours of the day and night on some excuse or other, unchaperoned and unguarded though she is aware that there is a large population lurking out in the sagebrush with only one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idea in their collective mind."

One story picked at random, "Wild Saddles" by Clee Woods, in the First August issue of 1938, backed up Hersey's theory.

It begins: "One hour before daylight – and pouring rain. Kay kept her tarp over her while she pulled on boots, black Stetson and a black rubber slicker. She shivered, not so much from the wet, cold morning as from dread. They had to make the Mexican Border with these eight hundred head of cattle by noon. Or get caught. Already her second cousin, Harry Hoggset, was riding quietly into the herd. Two of Kay's young brothers, Curly and Frankie, were helping Harry get the cattle moving. Kay's third brother, Bill, was squatting beside her. Bill's slender face showed deadly serious in the glow of his cigarette.

"I feel creepy about it, Sis," he confessed. Kay sprang to her feet, Bill straightened. The girl was barely five feet three. So slender she weighed only a hundred and five pounds. But just now she had the fire and determination of a warrior under the smell of gun smoke."

"Cold feet?" she demanded. It was both a challenge and a reprimand.

"No." Bill answered, "but what if they run our trail out and catch us? Curly and Frankie – they're just kids."

"That's true, Bill," Kay agreed, quite as if she herself were forty instead of nineteen.

"I'm the oldest of the Darnell family – what the Statefield guns have left of us. That's why I'm taking the full responsibility of this thing. And it's got to go through. Got to, Bill!"

The Fiction Mags Index shows the first *Ranch Romances* edited by Fanny Ellsworth in late 1929 or early 1930, in the immediate days after the Stock Market Crash and before the Depression's devastating effects really began to kick in. She would stay as editor until 1953, a twenty-three year stint. Along the way she mentored such aspiring writers as Elmer Kelton (whose mother was a dedicated reader during the Depression). Kelton would contribute to *Ranch Romances* on a regular basis in the 1950s. Many established and experience western pulp writers graced its issues.

S. Omar Barker, Victor Rousseau, Clee Woods, Amos Moore, Kingsley Moses, William Freeman Hough, William Colt MacDonald and Wayne Overholser. Once-in-a-while, writers such as Frank Gruber and Frank Bonham showed up. Walker Tompkins who was a successful contributor to *Wild West Weekly,* made a successful transition writing for *RR* after the *Weekly* closed down in 1943. Ed Hulse writes in *The Blood 'N Thunder Guide to the Pulps* that "There's no way to explain the popularity and longevity of this title – which outlived the pulp magazine industry and lasted until 1971, in its last years as a digest-sized publication. But it was a bona-fide phenomenon. Our best guess is that it had just enough Ranch to attract male readers and just enough Romance to enthrall female fans." My personal take on it is this: Many of the stories were set in the 20th century west, giving the women a much wider variety of opportunities. There was a streak of modernism in the stories, illustrated in the covers: these women are in Levis, holding a pistol or rifle, taking matters in their own hands. While there are covers where the woman and man portrayed are in a romantic situation, there are an equal amount of covers where the two are in some type of conflict instead, either together or against each other. The cowgirls in these were strong and self-sufficient, but still feminine. The heroines were what the readers wanted to be, living the life they wanted to lead. These stories weren't about romance as much as they were about a lifestyle, if such a 21st century word can be used to describe 1930s readers. While most romance pulps are disparaged by pulp collectors and readers alike, *Ranch Romances* still proved to be a magazine that the public enjoyed. Whether women read it for the opportunity to escape to the vast landscape of the west, or for the opportunity to feel empowered through a spunky heroine's story, or for the dreams of romance, somehow *Ranch Romances* got it right. Along its 47-year existence, *Ranch Romances* probably gave many people enjoyment and maybe, just maybe, inspired a few young women to find their own way in the world.

Read more of Laurie Powers at lauriepowerswildwest.blogspot.com

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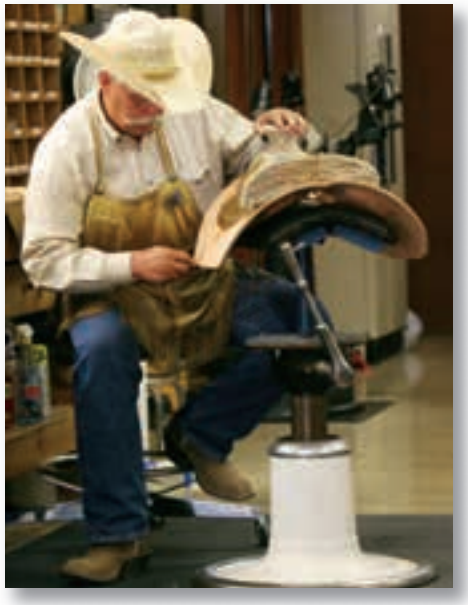
Saddlemaker Jeff Wade

The Oklahoma craftsman builds saddles with the working cowboy in mind.

By Paul A. Cañada

If not careful, a man's craft can become his master. Thanks mainly to a decision he made a few years back, Jeff Wade has avoided becoming a captive of his art. The Barnsdall, Oklahoma, saddlemaker decided enough was enough and reset his priorities, putting his family and faith before profession.

Prior to that point, the popularity of Wade's saddles had become a bit of a burden. He reached a point where orders were growing at a rate faster than he could complete them. The demand for his product seemed insatiable and it was becoming impossible to find time for anything else.



photos by Paul A. Cañada

Wade's trees come from Montana treemaker Ben Swanke

"I realized God didn't put me here on earth to be a saddlemaker," Wade says. "He put me here to develop a relationship with Him, be a good husband and father, and to spread His word."

Wade picked up the phone and started calling customers, asking if they would allow him to cancel their placed order. In nearly every case, Wade's clients sided with him, canceling their order. Reducing the number of back

Barnsdall, Oklahoma,
saddlemaker Jeff Wade

orders allowed Wade to catch up with his work.

Today, the saddlemaker's craft no longer imposes on his family and church life. He makes saddles at his own pace. If he needs to break early to watch his youngest daughter ride, he does so. If a friend or stranger visits the shop and wants to chat, he takes a break from work and makes time for his guest.

Wade makes a series of leather cuts. He uses Hermann Oak leather exclusively, preferring it for its strength and longevity

"That's what this shop is all about, making time for others," Wade says. "I may not get anything done because someone comes in. I take the time to talk."

Wade's business remains strong and his saddles and leather tools are just as popular as they've always been.

The show rider may see Wade's saddles as being plain and average looking, but they are far from ordinary. His saddles have practical designs, assembled with the working cowboy in mind. They're built for comfort, functionality and longevity.

"My saddles are ranch-style saddles, used by cowboys," Wade says. "They are strong, made from the best materials – leather, trees, hardware – I can find. I have worked from a saddle and so I know what a saddle is supposed to sit like."

Every great saddle begins with the foundation, a well-built tree. Ben Swanke of Billings, Montana, makes Wade's trees. Swanke's trees use a combination of 6mm bull-hide and multiple laminations of yellow poplar and birch for the foundation of the tree.

"Ben is a saddlemaker himself, so he understands what the saddlemaker and rider are looking for," Wade says. "He makes his trees accordingly."

Practicality and usefulness are top priorities when Wade chooses a horn design for each saddle. He switches up between a dally horn, 3 to 3.5 inches tall, or a wood post horn. The latter is fairly popular in northern country, where ranch hands use longer ropes. The wood post has extra surface area for dallies.

Wade uses Hermann Oak leather out of St. Louis, Missouri. It can be harder to cut than leather from other sources, he says, but it's reliable and long lasting. Jeff believes these traits reflect the tanning process and the quality of the hides with which Hermann Oak works.

The same careful attention is given to other details, such as the rigging. Wade uses only a flat plate rigging because he believes it fits the horse and rider better. The flat plate rigging provides a lot of forward leg movement, allowing the cowboy to get his feet out ahead of him.

Having worked as a day hand through his teen

years, Wade knows what's practical and what isn't. His father had a modest place where he ran cows and raised horses. Naturally, he spent most of his younger years riding, roping and doctoring.

"This is a working saddle, a cowboy's tool," Wade says. "For example, the ground seats are put in so you can sit in the saddle and be comfortable. That allows you to ride for a long time and that's important to the cowboy."

While his earliest work was conducted from atop a saddle, Wade spent most of his working life as fireman. At the age of 20, Wade went to work for the Bartlesville Fire Department and didn't leave until retiring 27 years later. While not at the firehouse, he pursued his longstanding interest, leather working.

Eventually, Wade took a second job working in Clayton Thompson's saddle shop in Barnsdall. The established craftsman tutored the younger Wade in the art of saddle building. Thompson encouraged his pupil to attend shows and ask questions of renowned craftsman at a time when few in the profession shared their secrets.

"When I first started working leather, I talked to a lot of saddle builders, trying to get them to help me understand how to get started and nobody would tell me anything," Wade says. "The most anybody would tell me was that I needed to get some leather, cut it up and start working with it. That's all I could get out of anyone."

Thompson insisted Wade give it another try and introduced him to craftsman he knew.

"As time went on, people grew more willing to work with a novice and opened up," Wade says. "I remember something saddlemaker Don Butler once told me. He said, 'People unwilling to tell you what they're doing and how they're doing it are insecure in their own work. They fear someone else will do it better than them."

One of the biggest favors Thompson bestowed on Wade was allowing the younger leather worker to stamp his name on the saddles he made while employed by the shop. This helped Wade establish a customer base. When the elder craftsman retired, he made good on his word to set Wade up in the business, selling him the shop.

Wade eventually moved the saddle shop to a century-old sandstone building in downtown Barnsdall,

A craftsman who's always emphasized the utility of his work, Wade makes a variety of leather tools for working cowboys

a town of about 1,300. His workbenches and equipment sit in the middle of the store, while his products – saddles, tools and other cowboy necessities – are located in the back third of the building.

The atmosphere in the shop is inviting. The walls are adorned with Western art. Hymns and songs of praise, performed in ranch-style, play quietly in the background.

As Wade sees it, he makes a simple product, created with the working cowboy in mind. Whether it's a saddle, headstall or a set of reins, it's made to be used for a very long time.

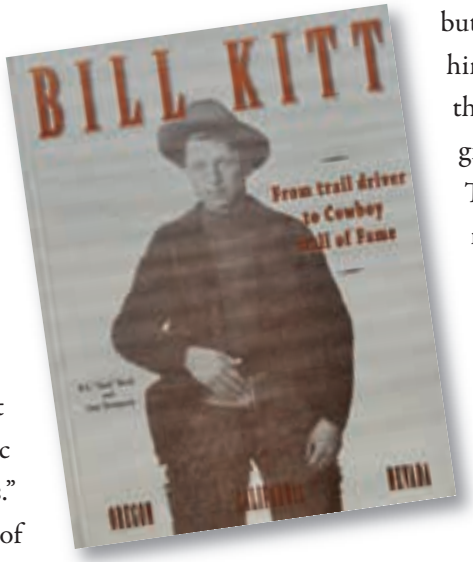
"I make saddles and tools that I would want to have if I was still cowboying," he says, "and I don't deviate from that."

Paul Cañada lives and writes in Texas.

Books To Find

Bill Kitt: From Trail Driver to Cowboy Hall of Fame

Here is a true western story. This textbook sized volume is the story of one William Kittredge "Bill Kitt" (1876-1958) and his journey from literally nothing – a day-working "waddie" – to become one of the largest ranchers in the far West. And as the book's PR description says, "It also includes a history of the areas in Oregon, Nevada, and California where he operated; and the old methods, equipment, and jargon used in raising livestock. It's a look back into the lives of many people including Cowboy Hall of Fame and Rodeo Hall of Fame inductees, a movie star, an All-American football player, Congressional Medal of Honor Ace, Hollywood stunt man, U.S. and state leaders, and the tragic deaths of Oregon's top three officials." But even with all that, this is the story of a remarkable man and a remarkable time of possibility in the West.



The 450-page volume is written by family members – by one of Kittredge's grandsons, Donovan "Jack" Nicol with his niece, Amy Thompson. Nicol and Thompson's intent was to do more than just write a biography and they have – as the book reads more like a classic western, epic novel.

As Nicol wrote of the effort for publication, "My grandfather did a lot, but he had a lot of other people with him – a lot of them worthy of a book themselves. I thought, 'These were great stories, so let's bring 'em all in.' That's why I tried to cover the whole ranching picture during that time."

Here is the whole story of the MC Ranch and the Warner Valley Stock Company in the southeastern part of Oregon – a place that merges with a mystical part of the American West – the point where California, Nevada and Oregon meet – the apex of the Pacific Slope. It is a place where areas of northern Nevada still remain largely unmapped. It is, as the songwriter Ian Tyson extolled, part of "the back of beyond."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Kneeling from left, Walt Leehmann; kneeling third from left, Bill Kitt; kneeling sixth from left, Vic Johnson; kneeling far right, Ross Dollarhide; standing far left, Tom Brattain; standing far right, young Dick Dollarhide. Circa mid-1930s

The book is accompanied by a myriad of incredible photographs, pictures from an era long gone – from a time when work was done with horses and men and not much else. But as the book illustrates, change was in the air with mechanization and civilization.

Bill Kitt reminds us of a time when ranching was on the cusp. "The Life" so many in the West grew up with was changing into today's sophisticated operations of controlled pastures and corporate feedlots.

"The buckaroos back then trailed the cattle a total of 425 miles through a very severe winter, with deep snows and below-zero temperatures," the book relates. And yet above all this is story of a significant family and of a man who chose to live his life his way.

The pictures in the book alone will amaze. You will not be able to put it down. Enjoy, but above all, buy this book. It's worth it.

Bill Kitt is available via info@billkittbook.com or Bill Kitt Book, 9606 Highway 39, Klamath Falls, OR 97603.

Looking across the 5,000 acres of formerly non-productive swamp land in Warner Valley that was converted by the Kittredge family into grain fields and hay meadows

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THE WESTERN WEB

A look at all things cowboy on the information superhighway.

"We had been told that to do the journalism we wanted to do, we would have to go where no one was looking." So writes Kristyn Ulanday in describing an epic cross-country adventure undertaken with fellow photojournalist Max Esposito. Based in Boston, the self-described "vagabond journalists" crossed the continent, armed with cameras and sound equipment, to unearth precious, near-hidden bits of Americana and to document the lives and work of the characters they met along the way.

Kristyn and Max's improvised itinerary, built on a strategy of seeking stories away from predictable destinations, led them into the cowboy country of the Northern Plains and Northern Rockies, where they produced a series of photo essays and short films, archived online, on small-town life, ranch cowboys and western craftsmen.

The duo's two-minute film, *The Saddlemaker*, about Kalispell, Montana, saddlemaker Earl Twist, is one of the most compelling and well-produced portraits of a cowboy craftsman to find its way onto the Internet. Opening to a soundtrack consisting of the tapping of Twist's mallet as he stamps a pattern on leather, the film puts viewers inside the shop of a veteran artisan (Twist has made saddles for nearly 50 years) as he completes work on a custom saddle. Twist offers commentary on his profession, its appeal and its challenges, as well as his hopes for the work he sends out the door. In just over 120

View *The Saddlemaker*, a two-minute film about Kalispell, Montana, craftsman Earl Twist, at www.fullframeamerica.com/earl-twist

Max Esposito and Kristyn Ulanday archived the work produced on their cross-country journey at www.fullframeamerica.com

seconds of skillfully shot and beautifully edited footage, viewers experience both an intriguing portrait and a reminder that, particularly in the West, we are surrounded by stories worth hearing and seeing.

"Being out west, we found that people slowed down and took time to cultivate crafts like saddlery, horseshoeing and ranching," Kristyn says. "Their passion for what they were doing shone through their work. They took time to make mistakes, learn and perfect a craft, to truly make it their living. It was rare that we found someone who didn't have a smile on their face and a story to tell. I think what we easily took away from the west was that there is very little you need if you simply have a passion for life."

From Montana, Max and Kristyn traveled into the Northwest, down the California coast, and across the Southwest before venturing into the Deep South, discovering along the way a long list of engaging, uniquely American storylines – eccentrics at play in Venice Beach, signs of hope in New Orleans' Ninth Ward – and fulfilling a bold and inspiring journalistic experiment.

Their work can be read, viewed and enjoyed at www.fullframeamerica.com.

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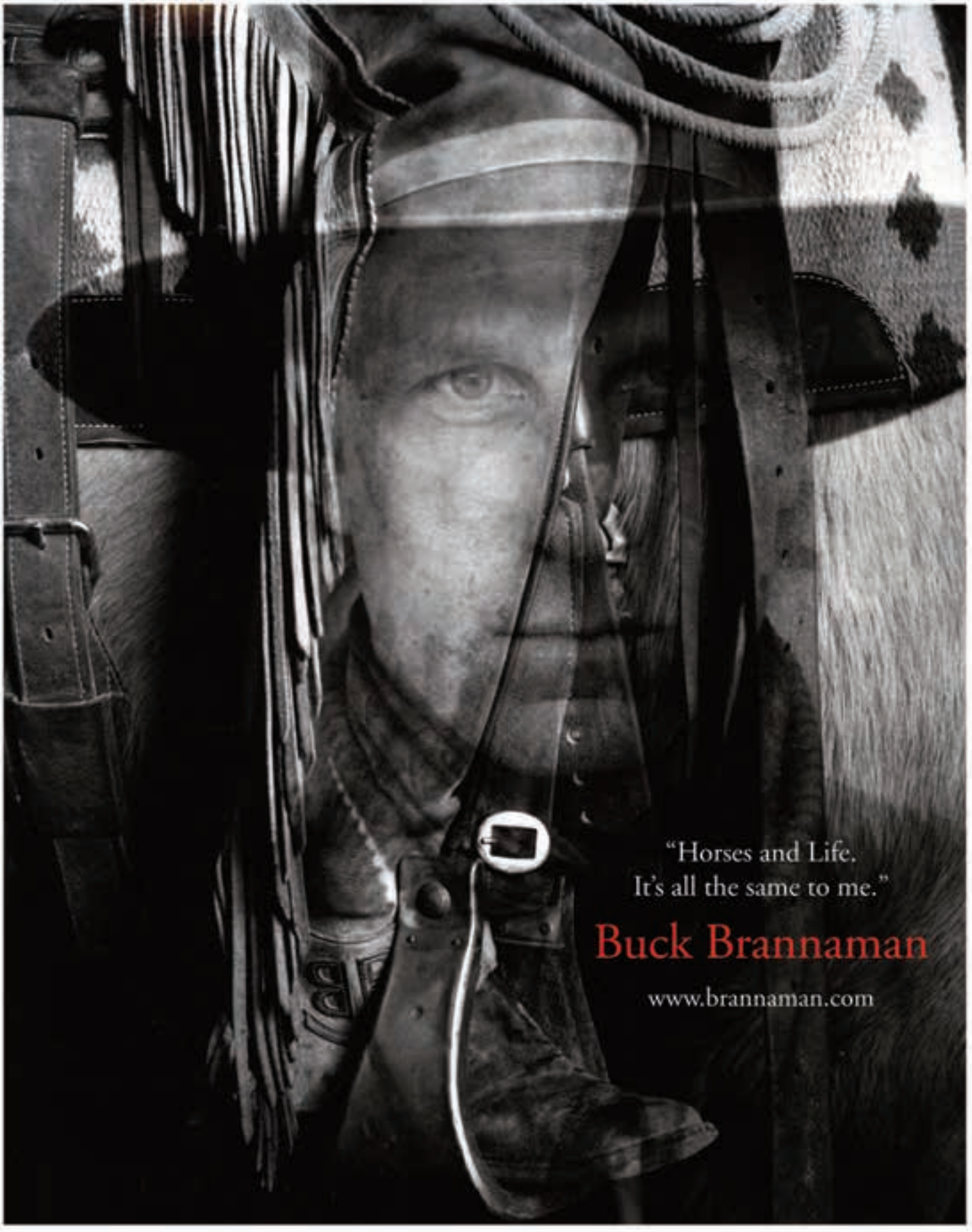
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Yellowstone Boys and Girls Ranch

A Billings, Montana, ranch changes for the better the lives of at-risk kids.

By Guy de Galard

Since its inception in 1957, the Yellowstone Boys and Girls Ranch has provided psychiatric residential treatment for emotionally troubled children and their families. Located outside Billings, Montana, the 400-acre campus accommodates 650 boys and girls, ages 8 to 17, in a peaceful, supportive environment favorable to healing.

After several years as a pastor, Franklin Robbie's firsthand experience in ministering to young boys in reform schools inspired him to create a place where youngsters could receive caring, personal attention, as well as practical life skills they needed, but were unlikely to find in large, state-run schools. Robbie also believed in taking kids out of reform schools, where they were locked up much of the time, so they could experience life on a ranch, building fences, putting up hay and working with livestock. "We were convinced that hard work and contact with Creation could play an important role in their healing," he explains in his book, *Legacy of Caring*.

Despite the many complications inherent in starting a ranch, Robbie knew the ingredients it took to build a dream, among them commitment and teamwork. He raised money from benefactors and persuaded others to provide equipment, livestock and building materials. In June 1957, the ranch's first student, a boy named Jim Anderson, arrived at the ranch. Robbie's dream had become a reality.

The ranch keeps a breeding herd of Quarter Horses with working and performance bloodlines

From its humble beginnings with a few employees and a handful of farm buildings, YBGR has grown to becoming a nationally recognized, multi-service mental health facility, with hundreds of employees serving hundreds of children and families from around the nation.

photo courtesy YBGR

An aerial view of the 400-acre Yellowstone Boys and Girls Ranch campus

One of the campus's most important vocational-agricultural efforts is the farm program. Students build fences, put up hay and work with livestock. Learning to brand calves, build corrals and repair machinery on the ranch adds to the skill sets students will need in order to find farm and ranch jobs once they graduate.

"They have a blast pitching hay, wearing jeans and boots," says Patrick Zoller, a "transition specialist" who prepares students for working lives after their departures from the ranch. "When kids see the rural lifestyle, they want to be involved. It changes their character."

YBGR also runs 30 head of registered Angus cattle. One of the ranch's fundraising efforts is its Home for Heifers program, in which each participating rancher designates one heifer in his herd to benefit YBGR.

Of all the programs and activities offered at YBGR, equine therapy, with its unique life lessons, has been exceptionally successful, leading to significant breakthroughs with youngsters.

Jennifer Zoller, Patrick's wife, heads up the ranch's 4H clubs and oversees the stable program, which includes the selection of the broodmares and stallions. Zoller grew up riding horses at her grandmother's equestrian center in Texas. Her love of children led Zoller to begin work as a counselor when she was just 13 years old and she became a certified riding instructor at 18.

"Teaching is my passion," she says. "Anything that involves horses and kids, I'm all about it."

After earning a masters degree in equine reproduction, Zoller accepted a position at YBGR. Her responsibilities include 4H instruction, imprinting newborn foals, halter breaking, round-pen work, saddling and bridling.

Currently, the ranch has 15 mares and weanlings, as well as 15 mounts used in the horsemanship program. Bloodlines in the mare herd include those of Freckles Playboy, Smart Little Lena and Mr San Peppy. The ranch also keeps a stallion, 21-year-old Sailor Sam Silver, a grandson of Top Sail Cody and an AQHA world-show qualifier.

"The combination of ranch and reining bloodlines give the offspring good dispositions," Zoller says. "Our ranch horses need to be calm and docile for beginners. More advanced kids work with retired show horses and roping horses."

Zoller hopes to market the ranch's two- and three-year-old horses to help pay for the upkeep of the breeding herd. Other future projects include a vet room

equipped with ultrasound equipment, funded by the YBGR Foundation. The plan is to have it ready for breeding season in spring 2012. "This will enable us to AI mares and accept stud fee donations," Zoller says.

Horses at the ranch have been donated by private parties; the ranch requires donated horses to be at least six years old. After a two-week trial period, horses either become part of the horsemanship program or are sold.

"We try not to take horses that won't work for us," Zoller says. "We are not in the business of taking horses to sell them at the auction the next week. We want to have horses that are going to be successful."

photo courtesy YBGR

A student begins a lesson in the Bill and Anita Jones Equestrian Center; a 41,000 square-foot indoor arena funded by ranch benefactors Bill and Anita Jones. The arena allows for year-round riding, and hosts many equestrian events for the Billings community

Because they react to humans' body language, horses offer immediate feedback on how people communicate nonverbally. Students also learn that, in order to change the way horses react, they must often change their own behavior.

"Working with horses, especially younger ones, is phenomenal because they help students build confidence," Zoller says. "At the same time, kids learn to respect horses while earning their trust."

One particular student – Gabby, a teenager from Chicago – arrived at the ranch with anger and trust issues. She enrolled in the nine-week riding program and quickly bonded with one of the horses.

"It's rewarding when you walk away from a horse and he follows you," Gabby says. "You work so hard at it and he finally trusts you. It's the best feeling."

This past summer, Gabby competed in showmanship and halter classes at the Montana State Fair in Billings. As she prepared for the show, she admitted to being nervous, but looked forward to wearing her pink western shirt and a rhinestone belt.

"Through horses, Gabby was able to channel her anger and turn it into positive energy, as well as a passion," Zoller says. "I'm sure she'll do great."

Guy de Galard is a Wyoming-based writer and photographer.
Learn more about the Yellowstone Boys and Girls Ranch at www.ybgr.org.

Ropes and Mallets

Around Big Horn, Wyoming, ranching and polo have intertwined for more than a century, producing along the way some of the toughest horses in the country.

By Guy de Galard

When one thinks of Wyoming, cowboys come to mind. Polo, a hunt-seat discipline associated with exotic, foreign locales, likely does not. Nonetheless, the "sport of kings" was brought to the Big Horn region in the 1890s, in the wake of the 19th century cattle boom.

The town of Big Horn is nestled in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, at the mouth of a canyon on the banks of Little Goose Creek, a tributary of the Tongue River. The frontier settlement, established in 1881, sprang up to accommodate immigrants traveling the old Bozeman Trail, and served as a trading center for nearby horse and cattle ranches.

During that heyday of Wyoming ranching, thousands of horses were raised on the rich grasslands around Big Horn and Sheridan. The lush, green meadows caught the eye of well-to-do cattlemen, who established ranches along the base of the Big Horn range. Among them were Oliver Henry Wallop ("Noll," to his friends) and his cousins, William and Malcolm Moncreiffe.

Wallop, the younger son of British gentry, had used his remittance to start a horse ranch along Otter Creek, south of Miles City, Montana, in 1884. A few years later, his operation had grown to 3,000 head of horses. While delivering horses to a ranch near the Big Horns, Wallop eyed what he considered the perfect location for a new ranch. In 1885, he purchased a property at the mouth of Little Goose Creek and renamed it the Canyon Ranch. Wallop's descendants still operate the ranch today.

In 1892, William Moncreiffe, the fourth son of Scotland's Lord Moncreiffe, visited Wallop. Enchanted by the rolling, scenic foothill country, William purchased

Brandon Whittle uses a five-year-old polo horse to move cattle across a pasture. The ranch's polo horses start working cattle as three-year-olds

land near Wallop's and established a cattle operation, the Quarter Circle A Ranch. William's brother, Malcolm, who had started a cattle operation near Gillette, Wyoming, in the mid-1880s, joined him in 1898.

Malcolm was a bona fide cowboy and a skilled roper, but both brothers shared a passion for polo. When Malcolm spotted a perfectly flat area, ideal for a polo field, on the nearby Barr Ranch, he purchased the outfit, which eventually became known as the Polo Ranch. Its field, Moncreiffe Field, remains the second-oldest in the nation.

Malcolm began training polo horses on William's Quarter Circle A and, in the years to come, the brothers formed a polo team, consisting mostly of ranch cowboys, called the Magpies, so named for their black-and-white silk shirts.

Polo has long been considered a rich man's game, but things were different in turn-of-the-century Wyoming, where cowboys were known to ride herd in hunt-seat saddles, working cattle with bamboo mallets instead of ropes. Polo ponies weren't kept in stables, nor cared for by grooms; instead, they grazed open range and were used most days to work cattle. The Big Horn polo scene remains a "classless society full of class," one in which a relaxed vibe, complete with cowboy hats and jeans, prevails around the upscale polo fields.

Today, the Flying H Ranch is the perfect example of the Big Horn region's convergence of ranching and

The Flying H lies at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains

The Flying H and Big Horn polo clubs attract 60 to 70 players, making them the biggest centers for summer polo

Polo action at the Flying H Polo Club

polo cultures. The James Harbison family homesteaded the property in 1884. Over ensuing years, adjoining lands were added to form the Bar 13 Ranch. In 1985, Skey Johnston purchased the ranch, renaming it the Flying H. The ranch runs 2,000 Angus yearlings and 300 mother cows, as well as a small Longhorn herd and 100 polo horses, including 35 broodmares and three stallions. The horses are primarily Thoroughbreds and Thoroughbreds crossed with Argentine Criollo horses. Skey Johnston's daughter, Gillian, manages the horse-breeding operation.

A good portion of the horses' training involves cattle work.

"Cattle work really settles young horses," says the Flying H's head trainer, Brandon Whittle, a South African polocrosse player who came to the ranch in 1999. "There's nothing like covering country and wet

saddle blankets to make a good horse."

The ranch's manager, Martin MacCarty, agrees. "Cutting pairs out is a slow process with settled movements," he says. "It teaches a horse patience and to move away from the leg for lateral movements. This becomes useful on the polo field when placing a horse correctly for the ball. Having a rope or stock whip swung around them prepares them for the mallet."

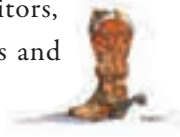
Flying H horses are started as two-year-olds by a contractor who puts 30 days on each horse. Whittle and his assistant trainer, Matt Huckaba, then put the horses through basic polo drills before turning them out for the winter. In their three-year-old year, the horses work cattle in the spring before their introduction to a polo routine – "stick-and-ball" practice sessions and travel to matches – in the summer months. By the time they're four, the horses are playing formal chukkers in "white pants" games. Whittle says there's a certain science to a polo horse's training progression.

"A horse is non-confrontational by nature, so training him to run and bump against other horses completely goes against his instinct," he says. "If you can teach the horse a routine at a slower speed, you overcome his basic flight instinct."

Martin MacCarty, the Flying H Ranch's general manager, and Brandon Whittle, head trainer of the ranch's polo operation

Boasting five polo fields, the Flying H Polo Club brought high-goal polo to the Big Horn region

In 2005, Skey Johnston expanded his operation, building the Flying H Polo Club and bringing high-goal polo to the Big Horn area. The state-of-the-art facility boast five fields and can accommodate 100 horses, making it one of the country's largest polo clubs and further contributing to a multifaceted horse culture that continues to fascinate visitors, historians, Wyoming cowboys and the world's polo elite.



Writer and photographer Guy de Galard lives in Wyoming.

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Oct 14-17, Lexington, Kentucky; (859) 873-8897
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Oct 29-Nov 4, Spanaway, Washington; (206) 755-5764
Nov 7-9, Whitefish, Montana; (406) 220-2534
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www.petercampbellhorsemanship.com
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A VISIT WITH BUCK BRANNAMAN

Leaving Fear Behind

Fear is something that I deal with a lot in my work with horses. It can be something just so overwhelming it can permeate your entire life. And it can make you do things and say things and act certain ways that you wouldn't dream of normally. Sometimes when a person is afraid, they'll be a little defensive toward others, or they may be rude or they may be aggressive. So many times they're just putting up a wall trying to protect themselves from some unknown fear.

Early on, when I started working with people and their horses, I would see the byproduct of a person who lived their life in fear. I might see them as being very, very timid, or maybe very aggressive. And with fear comes lots of other things, low self-esteem and doubting yourself among others. With these kinds of things, I often tell people that the best way to overcome fear, when it comes working with your horses, is simply deciding to be proactive and do *something*. Don't freeze in your life. Don't be locked up by fear. To me, it seems often when a person is

photo by Mark Maziarz

afraid, it's that feeling of despair that they can't control the situation they're in. Now you can't play God, you can't always control the things that affect you, but many times you can shape things in a way that you eliminate a lot of risk that can be viewed as fear.

The horse can be a very scary animal to work with, but often the horse and its presence is really just a metaphor for the other things that a person is dealing with their life. I've never seen a situation where a person is just simply afraid of their horse – where this fear doesn't permeate their entire life fabric. It always does. It's just that it seems to me when one is working around horses, it's a very revealing time. It's understandable in humans, sometimes you'd really rather not see some of the things below the surface of your own psyche be revealed. Surprise, around horses, they are.

One situation I find at my clinics is that often people are afraid of me because I have a microphone. My voice is loud and, at least in the world of horses, I have some sort of a reputation, so they're intimidated and they have expectations that with this little bit of celebrity that I'm going to be someone other than maybe who I really am. So for me, that becomes a responsibility to do my best to put them at ease, yet I am there to teach them and to work with them. But I am also there to help them take a look at themselves and see what *they* need to do to help themselves, not just their horses.

I remember some of the things I lived through when I was a little. I lived with fear every day, dealing with my father. He was a tough guy to be around. He had a severe drinking problem and I'm sure it gave him cause to be pretty miserable. I know because he would take it out on my older brother and me. Everyday I was afraid of being hurt. Fear is fear, fear for a horse and a human can be the same thing. That fear of losing your life is an amazing thing and it's something that's really hard to shake off for a horse – or a little kid.

Interestingly, I come across people that I had met early in my life, kind of where the circle began. Here's one such incident. I was in a ranch wholesaler in Billings, Montana years ago and I met a girl who recognized my last name because of our book, *The Faraway Horses*, and it had just come out in those days. She had become aware of me earlier as well because of the *Horse Whisperer* movie. When that movie came out, local folks were talking about me because I was a local kid who kind of grew up pretty tough. We didn't always live in a trailer house, but if there was such a thing as trailer trash, I think I grew up that way. I'm not terribly proud of that these days, but nevertheless, that's where I've come from. Anyway this gal and I started talking and she said, "I don't know if you remember my dad. He lived across the fence from you in Whitehall, Montana." And I said, "I do remember your dad." The pages of my memory just fell open.

I can remember that girl's dad on one day quite clearly that really stands out. My brother and I had come home from school and we both realized we had neglected a chore. I was ten years old; you forget things, I understand, as I have kids now. Anyway, I had forgotten a little chore, as had my brother – we had a lot of chores, for little boys. We had left a gate open and one of our geldings had gotten in with others in an adjacent corral. It was no big deal, they were happy as clams, but it made my dad mad and he was hollering at us in the house. I was anticipating what was going to happen because you never got through one of those deals without a whipping. He never just told you what you'd done wrong and moved on. So he marched us outside into the yard and had us grab a hold of a pole fence next to our back door. He then proceeded to whip us across the back and legs with an eight-foot stock whip, about as long as a fly rod. I remember what it felt like walking from the back steps over to that rail fence. The fear of

that, the overwhelming fear, was more overpowering to me than getting my shirt cut off my back. I remember while he was whipping me, I looked across about three-eights of a mile to the ranch next door, and there was that man. He was watching the two of us get whipped. It was quite a ways away, but I swear I looked right into his eyes from there. And I swear he looked right at me. Maybe he couldn't really see what was going on, but I think he could and he didn't come help or try to stop what was going on. I couldn't imagine, as an adult now all these years later, seeing something like that happen. When the stock whip would wrap around your neck, and it would pop like a .22 being shot off, that he didn't think – there's a couple of boys being hurt pretty bad over there.

But to his defense, my dad was a very violent, dangerous man, and had this man come over, my dad very easily could have hurt him. So it was just another whipping of the many we got in our life. We survived that one. So I look back and I think that it was probably okay that he didn't come over. But all these years later, I think back as an adult, it's almost as if I'm not looking through my own eyes, but I'm looking from the other side. I'm looking at both of those two boys looking at me and feeling that empathy for what both my brother and I felt at the time. And if we had run, it would have been beyond description what would have happened to us. So you stay.

So given events like that, understanding that level of fear is something that when someone is afraid in a clinic, I know what that's about, and I can't help but feel for them. I do the best I can to try to eliminate their fear – for both that human and their horse. Sometimes just a little kindness is about all you need to get it started, and once initiated is contagious. The feeling of sureness and confidence, and knowing where you're headed is a very contagious and supporting thing. And I think it may be more contagious than negativity. I hope it is.

A friend of mine said one time, "They don't care how much you know until they know how much you care." And I think that's really true with human beings or horses. I was visiting with a dear friend of mine a few years ago and she said, "You know, after you're dead and gone, there's going to be a lot of people not remembering how good a horseman you were, but they're going to remember how you made them feel when you were around them." And I've mentioned that to other people over the years, whether they were a horseman, or a plumber, or an electrician, or whatever they happen to be. People remember how you make them feel. And that's something that I feel a lot of people don't put a whole lot of effort into now days.

In working with horses I've found that there are many truths that are universal in nature that need to be related to human beings. Horses don't care what color you are, or how big or tall, or whether you're large or small, rich or poor, whether you have nice or a pretty smile. It doesn't matter. The horse is concerned with how you make him feel and he's going to respond to you accordingly.

Yet in our society there are people who lives their lives being concerned as to what color they are in relation to someone else. There are so many biases and prejudices toward other people that I just think if everyone had some required time where they had to communicate with an animal as sensitive and fragile as a horse, they might rethink a lot of these things, a lot of this foolishness that you see going on.

I find now that this seems to be where my life is taking me – to help people understand that they can leave fear behind and feel confident in their lives. And not just for people with horses, but also people who will never have an animal or maybe never get to experience what it's like to work with an animal. Without fear, so many good things can happen. Success is contagious.

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Muleteer on the Edge of the World

By Tom Russell

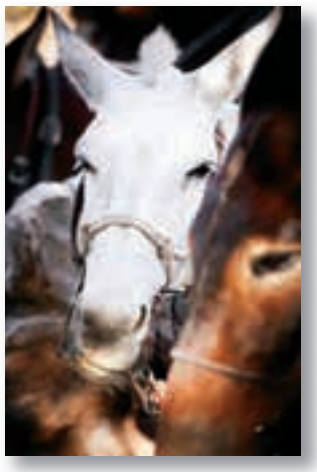
"The Grand Canyon is not solitude. It is a living, moving, pulsating being, ever changing in form and color...pinnacles and towers springing into being out of unseen depths...among it's cathedral spires, it's arches and domes, and the deepest recesses of its inner gorge...it's spirit, it's soul, the very spirit of the living God himself lives and moves..."

— R.B. Stanton, 1909

"The Grand Canyon allows you no mistakes. You screw up, you're gonna pay for it. Man or beast."

— Ross Knox

Ross Knox has been helicoptered out of the Grand Canyon three times. He's nearly died on a canyon trail with a fully loaded mule on top of him. He died on a heart-lung machine and came back. He's heard the angels sing "Streets of Laredo" and "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." He harmonized with them. One morning I thought Ross was dying, on his knees, in my pecan orchard after a rough and rowdy night in Juarez with myself and the great cowboy songster, Ian Tyson. *Near Death* is Ross Knox's street address.



Ross is a *mulero*. A muleteer. A muleskinner. He's a pack rat, brush whacker, western poet and hardcore American cowboy. He looks all of these. His desperado visage was formed by the alchemy of sunlight, campfire smoke, and mule dust. The gods of terror have etched rings around Knox's eyes. He squints

when he tells stories about psychotic muleteers and pack train wrecks, as if he's looking down into the abyss and hoisting the memories back up to the rim. He is Absalom, riding a mule under an ancient Oak tree, where death is waiting like a raven in the high branches.

Mr. Knox is not running the pony ride concession. At the time of this initial writing, Ross was packing supplies down into the Grand Canyon. He left at four in the morning on a daily basis – in the heat of summer and on the icy trails of winter. Ross does not call his mules "*Arizona Nightingales*" or "*Rocky Mountain Canaries*." He makes good use of stronger lingo. The odd cowboy curse and *the great western expletive*. He tells it true. He shakes hands with Fear every morning, and is damn glad to be alive come happy hour. Again and again. Ride around slowly, boys, we're goin' down into the big ditch.

Below are my initial ruminations on *muleteer dread* after I'd spent a few afternoons talking with Ross Knox about his daily descent into the Grand Canyon:

"Fear has many eyes, and can see underground," wrote Cervantes. Sixteen years on the back of a mule, descending into the Grand Canyon at dawn, six days a week, plays a hellish symphony on the nerves. A man atop a mule begins to see rocks tilting in the half-dark, roots reaching out, and the voices of dead muleteers calling from down below. At the bottom of the big ditch is The Valley of Empty Saddles. The Land of No Breakfast Forever. Mule packers, surviving trail wrecks, have been hauled up to the rim "mentally different," gaunt-eyed and gone.

The face of the muleskinner begins to shape-shift in first light of the morning trail. A man's eyelids narrow down, searching for the edge. The eyes dart back and forth with the rhythmic click of a hawk or night hunting owl. The Grand Canyon packer calls upon whatever God or magic talisman will light the journey. Fear rides with him

like a sidekick without a sense of humor.

If you can't see danger, you can hear it or smell it. A packer's hearing grows sharper, straining to listen for the scrape of mule shoe sliding across ice – a mule in panic clawing at air, seconds before the snort and the scream and the horror of the pack train avalanche. Mules burning the breeze. Comes now the climactic moment in the terror symphony, when the world turns upside down and a man's vision turns blood red, then black. The next sound you hear is the whirring of medivac helicopter blades.

Thus were my poetic notes on *trail fear* and the life of a Grand Canyon muleteer. You can compose this sort of blown-out stuff when you don't have to actually *lead the mules* down there yourself. Trust me. The story is best related in Ross Knox's own words. In raw cowboy tongue. Ross is a fine cowboy poet, so the cadence and color of his speech is influenced by Oregon and Nevada buckaroo slang, mixed with Tennessee mule-breeder talk, by way of Charles Badger Clark poems, by way of Robert Service, and on back to the verse of Rudyard Kipling. And then some. The rattle and the clatter and history of western rhyme.

When Ross recites "*The Cremation of Sam McGee*," he *inhabits* the poem. He *is* the dog sled driver who cremated Sam McGee in the belly of a Yukon paddle wheeler. The terrain Robert Service wrote about is Ross Knox territory. Trails that have their "*own stern code*," and sights that "*make your blood run cold*." Ross Knox,

like a lot of kids, left home at age seventeen to see the West. He descended into the myth and became the reality. Big time.

Muleteers are a breed apart. The Odd-Fellow fraternity of mule men may be traced back to the Spanish conquest: "*to the Aztec traders who, in Tenochtitlan, lived apart in a special ward, and had their own deities, customs, and dress.*" I am quoting the old mule historian Carlton Beals.

Ross Knox's story, the wonderfully rough-edged monologue which follows, may not be the cup of soup for animal rights folk, horse and mule whisperers, or tourists seeking the magic and colorful ambience of Arizona's Grand Canyon. The tourists who sleep on the fine mattresses of the Phantom Ranch, and sip the imported beer and dip vegetables into ranch dressing, may not really want to know how all that stuff got *down* to the bottom of the Big Ditch. Most likely Ross Knox brought it down on the back of a mule.

Dim the Coleman lantern. Let Mr. Knox, the muleteer, speak for himself.

"I've been packing supplies at the Grand Canyon for sixteen years. I start my coffee at 2am. My crew shows up at 2:30 and we'll drink coffee for half an hour then we'll hit it. I've got forty head of pack mules. You know, there's the Phantom Ranch there at the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Bed space for 115 people, then a campground that'll hold half again as much, so we'll roll pretty hard to supply it all.

"800 pounds of steak and stew meat a week, 80 cases of beer. Untold fresh produce. I've got to pack forty bales of hay per week just to keep up. I've got a hay

barn down there that'll hold 350 bales of hay. In the wintertime we go pretty hard to fill that barn up, 'cause they hammer the hell out of us in the summer.

"Last month I packed two queen size mattresses down. It was a cool lookin' load. I had it on a mule called *Tugalong*, the biggest I have. I hung 'em with a barrel hitch, then came back and tied a double diamond over the top. Right down the trail we went. I've got a good crew and we can pack damn near anything.

"I'll load my pack mules carefully, 'cause them trails ain't too damned wide. I can't get too bulky and I have a tunnel to go through there at the bottom, so I can't pack real high, and there's a five foot suspension bridge crossing the Colorado River that's 440 foot long.

"So the alarm goes off. I coffee up and try to sear yer eyes open. Then we hit the barn. We'll make our loads up. Take us twenty minutes. Five loads per pack. Ten loads per day. 200 pounds per mule. I have two corrals there. In the afternoon I work the mules I want for the next day off into the back corral. So once we got our loads made, in the morning, we can close the end of the barn off and kick the door open on the other end and run the mules into the barn and catch 'em and saddle 'em.

"I don't use the same mules two days in a row. Not unless they make me mad. My older mules work one day on, two days off. My younger mules will go every other day. If they get to jackin' around they work harder. Hell, it worked for me as a kid! If I got into trouble, by golly, I worked harder and look at the sterling figure I've become. (*Ross chuckles. Spits.)*

"I've been here sixteen years and now my mules are a little gentler than they used to be. We get everything out of Tennessee from a man named Rufus, a mule broker back there. We've dealt with him forever. They'll ship 'em out and some of 'em will go to the dude string (*tourists that ride different, and safer, trails down into the canyon*.) Rufus will say: 'I'm sending you two mules that will have to go to the pack line. That's because they've had people problems somewhere in their past, and I'm the last thing between them and the dog food can. If they don't make it in my barn, their future is pretty damn grim.

"Over the years I've gotten some big ole feather-legged, nine year old mules that had flipped-out on quite a few people in the past. The mules had gotten used to it and they'd kinda' liked it. So we had our battles. I had a mule called 'Scrap Iron.' He got the name because he looked like he was put together with a bunch of scraps. He was an oddball son of a gun. Big and stout.

"The toughest mule I had to deal with was a big ole dun mule called *Yak*. I started him and he was pretty good. They get six years old and have 1300 pounds on 'em, and they get pretty hard to deal with. So I once had to use that mule 17 days in a row. I would load him 250 pounds goin' down and 200 pounds comin' up, and he's either gonna get good or he's gonna die, and I don't really care, cause he's tryin' to kill me.

"On day fourteen he threw a fit and tried to pass the mule in front of him. That mule knocked him off the edge. I had six duffel bags packed on him and he came down upside down on those duffels, and that's what saved his life. And then he went to rollin'. The big wall, what we call the Red Wall, with the big drop, was very close to him, but he ended up against a dead tree and my pack was sittin' straight up on him. Mac says to me, 'Boy you had that son-of-a-bitch *packed good*.'

"I unpacked him and I had to make him climb a wall. There's a man-made wall there, so I cut a sling rope off and tied it 'round his neck, then tied it to the tree on the other side of the trail, so I kinda' had a lifeline on him. Mac says, *'Build a fire under that son of a gun*!' and that mule finally jumps up and gets his toes hung up on the top of that trail, and just scrambled 'til, by golly, he was back up.

"Well one of his eyes is swole' shut, and there's a big gash down the side of his face, and a whale of a gash down his rib cage, and another one on his hip. Mac says, *'Hell, he's gonna be off for two weeks*.'

"I said, 'You know what? That son-of-a-bitch, if he can walk into the barn tomorrow, well, he's *goin*'. He was a stiff, sore, sun-of-a-gun too, and I put 250 pounds on him. On day seventeen I walked past him, and I just touched him on the hip and said '*Move over*,' and he didn't try to kill me, so he finally got a day off. Two weeks later one of my packers hit him with a tractor and killed him. I was so damn mad 'cause it had been so long where I could get this son-of-a-bitch where I could deal with him."

Ross takes a breath. I make a note not to be applying for this particular job. Ross continues.

"We can pack five mules and be out of there in 25 minutes. We're not supposed to pack more than five mules down. It's illegal. For years we did it, though. The most I left the top with was eight. But, boy, it's a long way back to the end, and mules are workin' on the honor system. If something happens back there..."

Ross stops. His eyes glass over. He's thinking of a past wreck, but he's not ready to talk about it. A man stares into the abyss long enough and the abyss begins to stare back. I think Nietzsche said that. *Or Will Rogers.*

"Two men go down," says Ross. "If I don't have any wrecks I can be sittin' down at The Phantom Ranch in two hours and fifteen. The minute it's light enough to see the trail I want to be on it. We used to be really bad about leavin' in the dark. *Shouldn't do it.* But we did. I never killed anything in the dark, but I just lost my nerve over the years. It's just too damn dangerous. So I got to

where the only time I'd leave in the dark was if someone came to visit me and I wanted to scare the hell out of 'em.

"In the sixteen years I've been here I would say, conservatively, we might have killed 12 to 15 head of mules. The place allows you no mistakes. You screw up, you're gonna pay for it, man or beast. Doesn't matter.

"In the mule's case, the one who throws the fit, he's fine. He's gonna kill something else. He's gonna knock *something else* off the trail. The mule in front of him. As far as myself, they've flown me out of here three times. "One wreck, well a mule started buckin' with me. A man named Darrell Williams was out in the lead. It was a pretty bad spot. You could see the ridge goin' down there. It's called '*Heart Attack*.' I was gonna get her rode, so I squalled and called out, cause if I was gonna ride it out I wanted somebody to see it.

"So I squalled and Darrell looked back, and I'm gonna weather the storm. But one of the cinches or britchins broke off of my saddle, and shot my saddle off over hear head, and I came off on the edge side, and I got my hands out in front of me to keep from goin' over the edge, cause there was a major drop there, and I wasn't gonna like it, and it tore the palms outta both my hands, and I had a tendon in this right hand pop out, then the sow spun and kicked me in the back and bruised my kidneys and my spleen. So they flew me to Flagstaff..."

Pause.

"I was layed up and couldn't open or close a door for weeks. Then I was re-packin' a mule at Poison Point, a mule named *Perry*, who threw a fit. I spun back under her just to keep from her pushin' me over the edge, 'cause you don't come back from 'Poison Point.' And she comes out with a foot in my chest and one foot on the side of my head. Thought for a minute she killed me.

"The last wreck I had where they flew me out...the trail had caved off. I was sittin' there restin' my mules, and my hand mule, the mule in the lead, he's called the hand mule, 'cause he's *in-hand* (*the lead rope is in Ross' hand*). He stepped on the edge of the trail, and the wall caved off and popped my dallies off my ridin' mule, and she come down upside down on top of me. I should have never walked away from that one. The packer that was with me thought I was dead. It knocked me out.

"When I come around, J.D. was on the radio sayin': '*Ross is down, and I think he's dead*!'

"It took me awhile to take stock. This left arm was fractured. I knew my left leg was bad, and my hip was real bad. But I was able to move my head and I raised it up and said, '*J.D. I'm not in very good shape, but I'm not* dead. So get me some help in here.'

"So they wheel me up to Mormon Flat. Park Service flew in there and took one look at me and called Flagstaff Medical, told them to bring their chopper. What was funny was when they wheeled me up there, they wheeled the gurney round Skeleton Point, where I'd just killed a mule, and they have me strapped down. They have a strap across my forehead so I can't move, and Skeleton Point's a *bad, bad place*. All of a sudden one of the rangers yells: '*We're getting' too close to the edge! We're getting' too close to the edge!*'

"I yelled, 'Get me off here, I'll *walk* to the damn helicopter.'

"Hell, that was the worst part of the wreck. So we hit Mormon Flat and I saw *two helicopters*, and I said, *'Man I'm not in very good shape, but I'm not in two pieces!*'

"There were at least three major wrecks, and I have a faulty heart valve. Which I've had all my life. They told me it had to be replaced. So about five years ago they replaced it, but I got a staff infection. It damn near killed me. They had to go back in and replace it again. They told me: *'Git your affairs right, 'cause you may not be comin' out of this one.'* And I believed 'em. Thought I was gone. But we got through.

"Somebody asked me the other day, *'Ross, when you gonna slow down*?' I said, the last time I slowed down the Grim Reaper was trimming my hair!' Next time the son-of-a bitch is gonna surely be winded.

I asked Ross why one mule can't pull the whole line off the trail. Ross squints: "I've got 'em tied to a pigtail. I use bailin' twine. As long as they're not off balance, it'll break. But one time I killed three mules in one shot because they wouldn't break loose. First wreck I ever had. Two of 'em were good mules. The other one I would've gladly killed myself. They were off balance and they wouldn't break loose, and they all went over the edge. But that's the only time that's happened. Other times the string broke."

We pause to fill our coffee cups and take a breather. Ross has already detailed enough misery and mule wrecks to fill ten Sam Peckinpah movies. Walt Disney has left the building.

II. Mule Intermission

"*Not the muleteers teach the mules,*
The mules teach the muleteers."
Mexican Proverb

Let's allow Ross to catch his breath. What the hell *is* a mule? I'm trying to remember the details of the deal. Didn't Jesus himself ride into Jerusalem on the back of a mule or donkey? Was it a *Spotted Ass* or a *Grulla*? *Catalonian* or *Maltese*? *Majorcan* or *Sicilian*? And remember the *20 Mule Team Borax* soap? Damn good soap. You washed your hands with that coarse borax powder. It came out of a tin dispenser in every Ma and Pa gas station along old Route 66. That stuff made your hands feel like you were scrubbing with alkali and Death Valley sand.

But what about the crossbred animal science? A mule is a cross between a donkey stallion and a horse mare. *Usually*. A "hinny" is the offspring of a stallion horse and a mare donkey. Confused yet? I've been around horses most of my life, as an observer anyway, but never got to the bottom of the mule question.

Cowboys may be a *breed apart*, but mule men seem to be another *two breeds apart* from the cowboy. Mule men are a sort of biblical folk who can deal with stubborn, almost mythical animals. Mule men are much like elephant men. You have to know your animal's mind, or you're going to end up as flat as a Parisian crepe.

Most donkey breeds, horse breeds, cattle, and fighting-cattle breeds, can be traced back to the Andalusia province of Spain. All things "western," I would say, trail back down to Mexico City and then back across the waters to old *Espana*. *Andalucía*. From there you can follow the trail all the way back to the Moors, and finally into the bible and Noah's Ark. And somewhere there will always be an old muleteer carting the wine casks into town on the back of an *ass,* or a mule.

Consider these musings from a pamphlet on mules published in 1867:

The scriptures tell us that Absalom, when he led the rebel hosts against his father David, rode on a mule, that he rode under an oak and hung himself by the hair on his head... And He who came to save our fallen race, and open the gates of heaven, and fulfill the words of the prophet, rode a female of this apparently degraded race of animals, when he made his triumphal march into the city of the temple of the living God.
(*Mules* by Harvey Riley, 1867)

Biblical history. Big medicine.

III. Considerations on Mule Psyche

Let's talk disposition. *Temperament* is a core topic among the men who speak of mules. Temperament, attitude, and character. Ask Ross Knox about mule personalities and his eyes glaze over again. *Here it comes*. One more memory of a rank mule. A trail wreck. A bad day at Skeleton Point. The whirring of chopper blades. Unsweet oblivion.

Let's return to Mr. Knox:

"Worst mule I ever had? I mentioned *Yak* before. But I also had *Keno* and *Lone Star*. They were dangerous. *Dangerous.* But excellent pack mules. Once you got 'em on a string and out on the trail, they were excellent. But dangerous to be around on the ground. Sons-a-bitches could hurt you. Bad to kick. Bad to strike.

"*Keno* was a really bad striker. He could take the side of your head off if he caught you. I had another named *Ernest T*. who made a career out of kicking me. He'd kick me and I'd straighten him out, and that was just our routine. They told me to ship him, but I said 'No, he's either gonna kill me, or I'm gonna kill him. He's in for a life of hard labor.'

"I've learned about as damn much about mules over the years as I have about women. That is, there ain't no figurin' 'em. It took me a lot of years to learn you treat mules nothing like a horse. They don't *think* like a horse, they don't *act* like a horse. And once a man comes to that realization, you can deal with them a little bit better.

"I try not to get into a fight with a mule because they'll fight. I'll tell you something else, too. If a mule has a thrashing coming they'll probably take it. But if your start pickin' on a mule, and he ain't got it comin', he'll lay for you. I've seen it happen. Sooner or later you're gonna have your guard down, and that son of a bitch will hurt you. I've seen a lot of people who deserve it."

Ross is indicating that Mules carry a grudge. I've

heard that before. A veterinarian friend of mine in Santa Ynez, California, put it this way: "If you understand mules, it will help you to understand women. You cannot yell at a mule. You cannot hit a mule. They don't forget. If you put a horse in a trailer and whip on him, he remembers the trailer. You put a mule in a trailer and whip on him, he remembers *you, forever.* He bides his time and he'll lay for you and he'll get you. Also, a mule has an 'on and off' switch, just like a woman. When it's off, it's off for good. Amen."

Back to Ross: "A mule can't re-produce, but they can sure *try*. So you gotta cut 'em. They have an odd number of chromosomes, which does not allow them to reproduce, with the exception of one in 20,000. Mules were tougher a long time ago. *Gosh, they were tough*. Now people are refining' em. They get these high powered mares and search around for a mammoth jack and I think they're getting' too much refinement. Big, good lookin' mules, but I think they bred out what they were lookin' for to begin with.

"Mules are good on the trail because they're creatures of habit more than any animal I've even seen. Not like the horse. You do the same routine on a horse everyday and he's gonna get burned out. He's gonna go sour. Mule is just the opposite. The mule *wants* that routine. If things change they don't handle it well. If there's a rock sittin' there on the trail that wasn't there yesterday, they'll throw a fit. They want the same exact thing, the same exact way, everyday."

Back to the Grand Canyon.

"So we go down into the canyon every morning. They feed us breakfast down on the bottom, and we load back up with trash and head back up to the top. I wanna be back on top by noon, 'cause it's so hot down there. If it's much past noon, it's because I had a wreck.

"If you've had a wreck they want you to fly the mule out of there, but anytime I've had a wreck there was no way to get a helicopter in there. You've got to quarter the mule. They've got to shut the trail down. It's a big long drawn out deal, *officially*. In the winter that trail's solid ice. We run tungsten-carbide shoes on mules. It's sheer ice and we gotta go down on the ice. The mules know. *They savvy*, but it's a horrible sound when you hear one of those mules slide. You better grab a hold.

"Nobody's ever been killed on a mule here, which is a phenomenal record. Guy before me got in a wreck and he was never the same. Nobody knows what happened. He's not mentally or physically the same. He was ridin' a mule called *Top*. He got into a whale of a wreck. He has no recollection.

"These trails ain't in good shape. There are fragile walls. One of my guys keeps sayin': '*I don't like this. Not at all.*' And I said back to 'em, 'Well if it goes, I only hope it goes with you on it, 'cause I have almost no time invested in you. Right now you're a liability, you're not an asset. And I don't wanna die.' But he didn't get my sense of humor."

Ross Knox yawns. It's early afternoon. I've got sufficient color and action about *muleteering* and western wrecks. *The real gen*, as Hemingway might put it. These blood details were rendered up by an honest man and a good cowboy. Ross has seen *the deepest recesses of the inner gorge* and shook hands with the living, breathing *gods of the big ditch*.

But Mr. Knox has had enough mule palaver. He ambles off to take a nap. Tomorrow morning it all begins again at 2 am. I hope his dreams are of wide trails and well-broke mules. I throw my pen into my guitar case and head out. The sun is going down over the rim of that wondrous red gorge, out there beyond the Ponderosa Pine trees. *The great canyon which allows no mistakes. Man or beast.*

As I drive away, I try to recall an old John Caldwell poem called *The Mule-Skinners:*

We never was rigged up pretty, of course, and we
Didn't talk too polite,
But we led up that joltin' mule train,
To the trail end of every fight;
We made a trail through the hostile lands and our
Whip was the victory's key.
So why in the name of all that's fair can't we figger
In history?

IV. Coda

I have worn this silver belly
For many a year
It's truly a part of me
That some damn bureaucrat
Could abrogate a cowboy's hat
Is rank absurdity
Ross Knox (song by Ian Tyson & Tom Russell)

Ross Knox eventually quit the canyon and moved on to Saguaro National Park in Arizona, where he worked as head Muleteer. I ran into him back then, at the old Congress Hotel in Tucson. He was just three days out of the hospital, having had a pacemaker put in to regulate his heart. He'd been bucked off a horse some gal had hired him to "*look good*" for a buyer. Ross had made it through his fifth near-death experience, fixed his heart, and went back to packing.

Ross Knox

Then, after twenty years of livin' and near-dyin' in the mule trade, sliding down icy trails into the great ditches, defying fate, fear, and gravity, Ross Knox finally ran head on into his biggest nemesis: *Government bureaucracy*.

The National Park Service now required cowboy packers to wear *crash helmets*, instead of cowboy hats. That's where Ross Knox drew the line. He walked away from the job and the pensions and health insurance and all of it. He kept his cowboy hat on and retained his western dignity. I heard he's packing mules in the High Sierras of California. He's out there riding the rim, pulling a string of big, feather-legged mules. And he's damn sure wearing a cowboy hat.

Blue Horse/Red Desert: The Art of Tom Russell and *Cowboy'd All to Hell*, a collection of Tom's western songs are now available from www.tomrussell.com

"A FINE HAT FITS LIKE A GOOD FRIEND."

— Charles M. Russell

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Home on the Range

When your family's home and business have barely changed in a century, what happens when you see your livelihood dwindling even as you watch your grandkids growing up?

By Tim Keller

photos by Tim Keller

New Mexico rancher Darien Brown flanks a herd of cattle headed to new pasture. The Brown Ranch encompasses 10,500 acres, enough to support 200 cows

Waters flowing down the east slopes of Johnson Mesa, east of Raton, form the Dry Cimarron River as it passes the Folsom Man archaeological site and the village of Folsom, where a devastating 1908 flood left little in its wake. The river – some would call it a creek – continues east and north for 80 miles before exiting the state on its way to the Arkansas River above Tulsa.

In 1865, Irishman Mike Devoy took a job creating the original government survey of the valley. Finding Mexican sheepherders and a winter Indian camp, he liked the place so much that he filed a homestead claim and moved in. He built a small general store and a successful cattle ranch whose irrigation system and buildings are still in use, 140 years later, by the Brown family, who acquired the ranch at auction after Devoy's death in 1914. From the inception of American cattle ranching to the 21st century, this one ranch has seen it all.

Dawn hasn't begun when the phone wakes me. "You wanted to ask me some questions about ranching?" It's Darien Brown. "Today's a good day. We're taking some calves a hundred miles south and we can talk in the truck."

In the sunrise glow, I brake for a flock of wild turkeys scurrying across Highway 456 besides grazing Longhorn cattle near Folsom Falls. It's autumn: the smell of roasted green chile lingers in the crisp air.

At milepost 13, I turn at the modest old "Brown Ranch" sign and find Darien loading cattle from Devoy's old pens, assisted by his sons Brian and Robbie and friend Lupe Machuca. Underfoot are grandsons Kyle, Kade and Jace, ages 4 to 10, the sixth generation of the Brown Ranch.

"This is the first time we've gotten so little rain that we have to truck some cows to someone else's pasture,"

Kade and Kyle Brown represent part of the family's sixth generation on the ranch

Darien tells me later on the long drive to Vernon Reif's ranch south of Clayton. "He got his rain this year, and mine, too."

Darien's great-grandfather was John Thomas Brown, a Texas cowboy who moved to the Dry Cimarron Valley in 1882 and built a home in Long Canyon. His son Jay T. Brown bought the Devoy place and started ranching it when he returned from World War I action in France, paying off the entire loan with his first year's alfalfa crop. "It's not like that anymore," Darien laments.

Despite the economic challenges of ranching, Darien Brown values the chance to work in the open with his sons and grandsons

"Fifty years ago," Darien says, "my dad could trade the money he made on 10 calves for one new car. I'll make about $700 per calf this year. Ten calves might buy me a third of a new car."

Over the past century, the Brown Ranch has grown to 10,500 acres, which sounds like a lot to someone unfamiliar with the realities of ranching in the Southwest. But in this high, arid country, it's enough to raise just 200 cows. "It's too much work for one man, but not enough money for one man to make a living," Darien explains. "In the 1950s and '60s, 50 or 60 cows would make a good living for a family. Today, 200 cows won't pay the bills."

Like most ranch wives today, Darien's wife, Dianne, earns a much-needed paycheck working away from the ranch: with degrees in agricultural biology and pest management, plus a masters degree earned online, she's the science teacher at the Branson School, just across the state line in tiny Branson, Colorado; the Branson School is closer than the nearest New Mexico school, at Des Moines.

Darien and Dianne's son, Brian, works for Folsom Well Service. "Any time I'm not working there, I'm working here on the ranch," says Brian, 28, who lives in Branson with his wife, Laura, and their sons, Cole, Jace, Kade and Kyle. Brian's brother, Robbie, 27, left Texas Tech just short of earning a mechanical engineering degree to join the U.S. Air Force. "He got patriotic," Dianne says. Robbie's a C-130 crew chief stationed at Abilene, close enough to drive 475 miles home to help move these calves.

Unloading the calves at Reif's, I ask Robbie whether he wouldn't prefer a weekend of rest. "This *is* rest," he replies. He and Brian hope to one day take over the ranch, just as Darien did from his dad, just as Darien's dad and granddad did from their dads. Despite

today's daunting challenges, it's an enviable outdoor lifestyle: it's not just *close to* the land; it *is* the land.

But the cows don't make enough money for Darien to hire cowboys for this all-day job. He's got Brian and Robbie. He's got Lupe, who works in trade for Darien pasturing 16 of Lupe's own cows, a deal that's suited both for more than a decade.

Neighbors help neighbors. Driving downstream from the mouth of Toll Gate Canyon, where Highway 551 branches north to Branson from the Dry Cimarron, there's the Jeffers Ranch, the Bannon, the Brown, the Cross L, the Burchard, the Whittenburg. Darien's using a Cross L trailer; they've borrowed his tractor rake. Darien loads a semi-trailer from the Bannon's chutes; the Bannons borrowed Darien's tractor for mowing. Ranchers call this neighboring.

Darien's son, Brian, lives in town and works for a well service. He hopes to partner with his brother, Robbie, to one day take over the family ranch

The Bannons have a daughter at Des Moines High School and two sons off at college. Like the Brown Ranch, the Bannons' century-old spread will be here for the kids, the sixth generation, but it may not support them.

As the numbers increasingly fail to add up, cable pioneer John Malone's T.O. Ranch is buying family ranches right to the Dry Cimarron, just as Malone's friend Ted Turner is doing west of Raton. Looking for a place to invest fast-growing wealth, each of these self-made media billionaires is building a sprawling multi-million-acre ranching empire like the cattle barons of the 19th century. This preserves the vast open beauty of the land, but it displaces the families along with their century of ranching heritage.

In a caravan of three pickup trucks pulling stock trailers toward Clayton, Darien sees rubber fly off a tire on the trailer Robbie is pulling. Darien calls Robbie's iPhone from his own cell phone. "This is something that amazes me," Darien turns to me. "We're driving down the highway and I'm on the telephone. I use it in the fields, everywhere." Robbie pulls over to change the tire, losing only minutes.

"Now I have my cow records and bank records in a computer," Darien continues. Though I will learn to reach him by phone, he doesn't do e-mail. When Dianne's too busy to type out a business letter for him, he reluctantly sits at the computer to do it himself.

Like the telephone, horses are still around, too, but Darien doesn't use them as much as he used to. "I've got seven horses and three 4-wheelers," he says. "I use the horses when we're shipping or branding or gathering cattle off the mesa, but I use the 4-wheelers about 10 times more often. They're better for most things around here. I keep three of them so I always have one that works."

Another new technology may bring financial hope for the future. Like all of eastern New Mexico, the Dry Cimarron Valley is rich in wind. Darien has joined with many of his neighbors to form the Sierra Grande Land Association, which is lining up to negotiate deals with wind power companies. Like the oil boom a century ago, wind power promises to help many ranchers stay on their land in the 21st century. According to Darien, one wind turbine produces more electricity than all that's carried by Southwest Electric Co-op, which powers the

northeast corner of New Mexico. The new wind corridor will send its electricity on to power-hungry Arizona and southern California, leaving a trail of money to those on whose land the big wind turbines sit.

The Browns' tack room offers evidence of the ongoing importance of horses in the ranch's work. More and more, though, 4-wheelers prove to be efficient alternatives on the outfit

Darien makes some money leasing his ranch to hunting guides – a lucrative business in these parts, where hunters come from far and wide and pay top dollar to bag an elk, deer, antelope, wild turkey, bear or mountain lion. This West is wild enough that Darien, Brian and Lupe carry pistols – not to ward off outlaws so much as rattlesnakes and four-legged varmints. In the last five years, neighboring ranchers have killed a rabid bobcat, a mountain lion, rattlesnakes, and three troublesome bears.

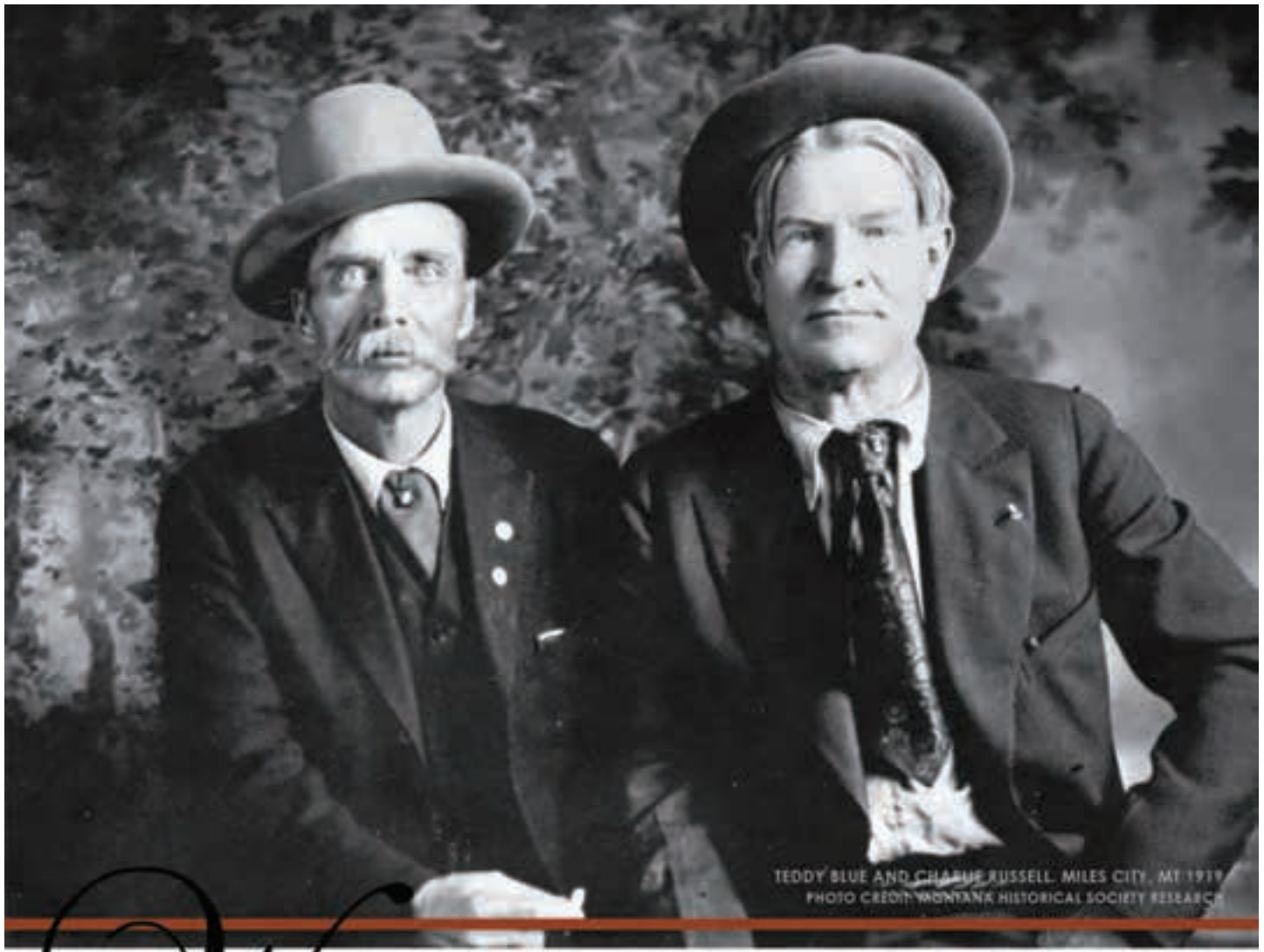
Driving up a back canyon a couple weeks later with young grandsons Kade and Kyle sharing the bench seat of his most recent truck, a 1997 Ford, Darien says he'll work the ranch as long as he's alive. "A rancher retires when they throw dirt on his face," he smiles.

He clearly loves the life. Nodding at Kade and Kyle, who accompany him all day, two days a week, he says, "There's very few people who have the privilege of taking their kids, or their grandkids, with them to work. We pay a high price for being this isolated, but one of the payoffs is this."

He recalls riding around the ranch with his own father, Jay T. Brown Jr., who died in 1992. There's no telling at this point whether the 145-year-old ranch will pass next to Brian and Robbie, then to Kade and Kyle. It's supported an economy and a lifestyle since the close of the Civil War. The iconic American cowboy has progressed from trail drives to trailers, from horses to pickups and 4-wheelers.

A welcome rain arrives as Darien throws flakes of hay off the flatbed to a line of hungry calves while 5-year-old Kade guides the slow-rolling truck. At Kade's age, Darien was doing the same thing. The past is easy to see. Now that it's coming on dark – his days never end before dark – Darien's too busy to spend his time pondering a future that no one can see anyway.

Writer and photographer Tim Keller teaches English at Raton High School in Raton, New Mexico. See more of his work at www.timkellerarts.com. This story originally appeared in *New Mexico* magazine.



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Alexander F. Harmer

Images from the Glass Photographic Plates of the Artist of the Californio

By William Reynolds

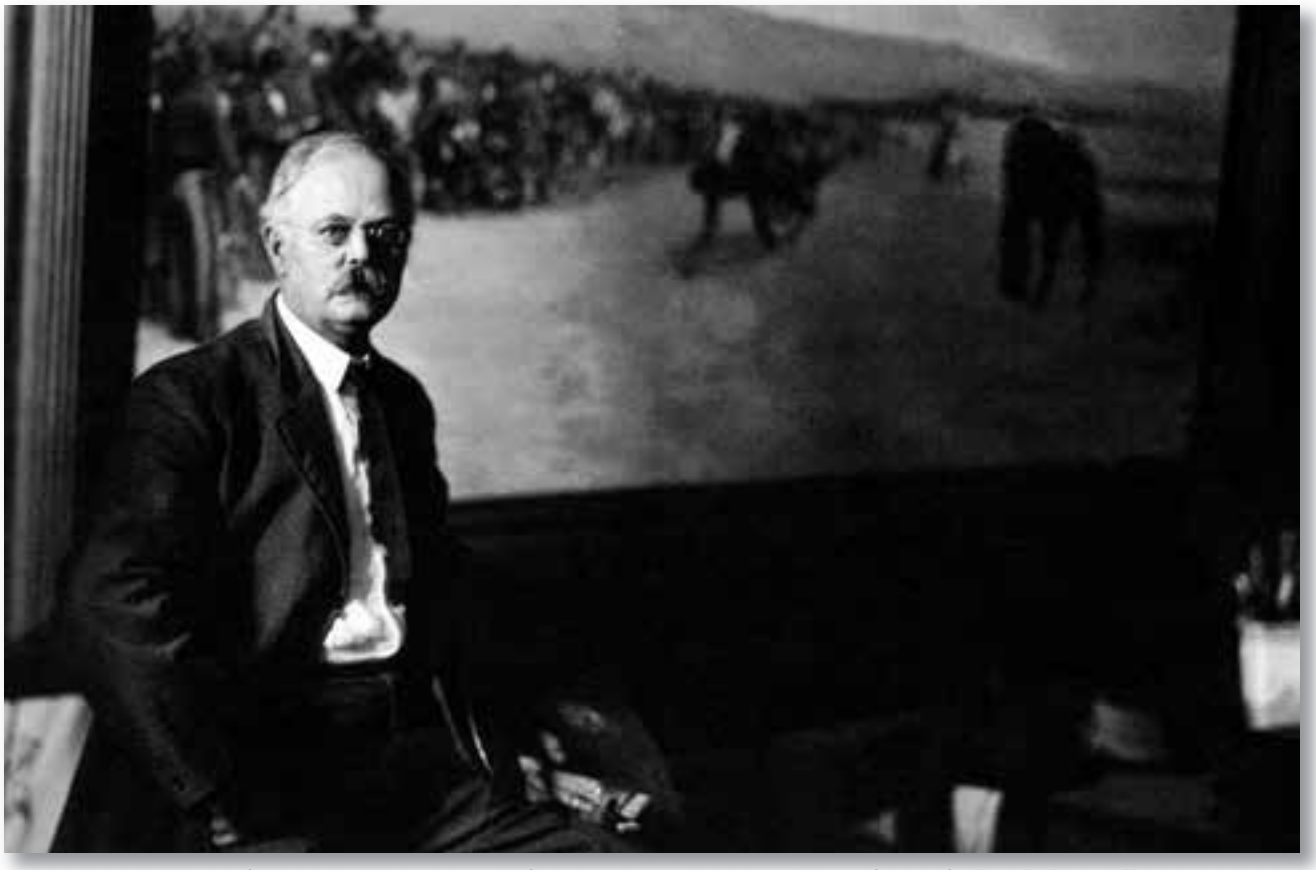

Image from glass plate negative of Alexander Harmer standing in front of *The Chicken Pull*

In July of 1899, the renaissance publisher, editor and artist, Charles F. Lummis wrote of a new artist he was using to illustrate his magazine of the southwest, *The Land Of Sunshine*,

Whether by shrewd deliberation or by natural gravitation, Alexander Harmer has made a field (of art) peculiarly his own. No other painter has given so much attention to the Californio of the old times – and for that matter, no other painter knows the subject one-half as well.

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Image from glass plate negative of the Harmer children

made by Alexander Harmer (1856-1925), an artist considered to be the first important painter of the West and a leader in California's art community of the late 1800s and early 1900s. Harmer was a pioneer in the portrayal of the fantasy of the West and his most popular contributions must lie within his collected works that celebrated the memories and visions of the people and ways of the early California vaquero.

Alexander Harmer was born in 1856 in Newark, New Jersey, and joined the army at a too-young age by lying to the military, so he could take part in the Indian wars of the 1870s. He was only sixteen and he had found he needed to be at least twenty in order to enlist. Even then he listed his occupation as painter and though he planned to fulfill his five-year enlistment, he requested to be discharged after only a year in order to attend the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. In 1874, after already being recognized as having significant talent, he started a two-year term at the Academy. One of the main reasons he was so set on attending that particular school was to study under the big-dog of the time, Thomas Eakins.

Image from glass plate negative of the painting, *Roping Los Olas*

Harmer at right with his mentor, Charles F. Lummis in front of Harmer's studio in Santa Barbara, circa 1920s

Harmer would venture West and return with fresh ideas and sketched work but ultimately would have to re-enlist in the army when his funds ran low. He joined Troop L of the Sixth Cavalry in 1881 and was assigned to Fort Apache, Arizona and later joined a field expedition after the Chiricahua Apaches and their chief, Geronimo. His travels West during the 1880s were in the opposite direction of most of his peers, most who were heading off to Europe and points east. Harmer

settled in Mexico in the late 1880s after his stint with the military, then traveled north to California. He became familiar with the California coastline and briefly established a studio in San Francisco. His time in San Francisco led to an interest in the California's mission period and he ultimately would leave on a personal journey to study the Franciscan mission trail, sketching feverishly along the way, many showing the missions in their current states of disrepair. One of his studies, which later became one of his most important oil paintings, depicts the Mission San Luis Rey. The painting was commissioned, supposedly, by Mrs. Juan Forster, a descendant of the Del Valle family and is purportedly the first commissioned painting Harmer was paid for. The Forster family was prominent in art circles of the time having participated in what would

Image from glass plate negative of *Indian Girl*

Image from glass plate image of *The Chicken Pull*

become another significant painting of the era, that being the famous *Roping the Bear at Santa Margarita Rancho of Juan Forster*, an 1876 oil on canvas by James Walker. (The painting can be seen today as part of the permanent collection of the Denver Art Museum.)

Harmer's love of the early history of California led him to meet one of the most important people he would come across, ironically when he was about to leave California to study once again at the Academy in Philadelphia. In 1888, Harmer became fast friends with Charles Lummis. Lummis shared Harmer's love of the Hispanic culture of the past days of Alta California and they both held concerns for the restoration of the California Missions. Lummis would go on to be the center of that passion-play and create the "Landmarks Club of California" in 1894 dedicated to the task of rebuilding the missions – and the ethnic romance attached to them. Lummis called upon Harmer to assist him with the publication *Land Of Sunshine* – a magazine dedicated to the mission task that celebrated the focus on the area's prose, poetry and art. Harmer created numerous illustrations and paintings during this period and of his work Lummis said, "Harmer is particularly and undisputedly the artist of the Apaches and the old-time California."

It was Lummis, who early on, introduced Harmer to the Del Valle family, said to be among the last of the area's old Spanish families to have retained the "old ways" of their

culture. Their ranch, Camulos would be the inspirational setting for Helen Hunt Jackson's book, *Ramona*. The reenactments and settings would be the subject of many photographs joyously taken by Lummis and became the fuse that launched Harmer into his most important period, that of depicting the halcyon days of the ranchos and the *vaquero*. The subject of old California would become the new imagery that would fill Harmer's work and become an important window on the past that helped define the vaquero culture of California. Among his most popular scenes were depictions of fiestas or fandangos, such as his *A Day At Pacheco's*. The scene depicts the arrival of the Don

Image from glass plate negative of Harmer and his wife Felicidad enjoying the afternoon

of Casa Pacheco on a festive Spanish holiday or occasion. Harmer did a number of variations of this work – the first a large pen and ink and wash. The work speaks to the quality of the enjoyment people of the ranchos shared during this bucolic period of the Californio – after the secularization of the missions in the early 1800s and before the great draught of the 1860s. As Harmer himself described the dream like subject in his pen and ink:

Men and women were thick as bees, swarming about the place in the honey-sweet air. Tall, handsome caballeros and pretty, plump senoritas, ninos that were as happy and healthy as only children can be who breathe the salt air that comes in from the Pacific seas; old men and women with the fire of life shinning in their bead-bright eyes, though their skin was withered and shrunken; young men and girls, laughing and gay, and in love. These and the Indians – scores upon scores of them – and the horses, such as you never see now on the rancho, these, I say, made up a mass of moving, glowing life that day at Pacheco's.

Image from glass plate negative of Harmer and one of his children at home

Harmer would produce scenes that depicted the vaquero at work and play – such as *The Chicken Pull* – a large oil that showed the vaquero from various ranchos of the region involved in sport. The painting's name comes from the sport of burying a chicken in the soft sand at the seashore – the rider would race by, pulling the chicken from the sand. It is a recreation of the era that today would probably not receive widespread acceptance. The same could be said for Harmer's *Roping Los Olas*. Whether it is the action of vaquero sport, the glorious depiction of fiesta, or pastoral images of people simply living their lives, Harmer's works give great insight into and era long gone, but fondly remembered. The black and white images shown in this story were made from the glass negative plates used by Harmer to record the various paintings he created.

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Future issues of *Ranch & Reata* will feature other documents and images from our National Archives that we feel tell a little part of the story of the West. Additionally we will answer questions about the Archives and how you can start to access you own history. The first question is the most obvious:

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The size and breadth of NARA's holdings are staggering. The National Archives and Records Administration's 33 facilities hold more than 21.5 million cubic feet of original textual materials – that's more than 4 billion pieces of paper from the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the federal government. The National Archives multimedia collections include nearly 300,000 reels of motion picture film, more than 5.5 million maps, charts, and architectural drawings, more than 207,000 sound and video recordings, more than 18 million aerial photographs, nearly 35 million still pictures and posters, and more than 3.5 billion electronic records.

Our first story taken form the National Archives collection contains the text of Chief Seattle's Treaty Oration of 1854 – his reply to a Government "offer" to purchase the remaining Pacific Northwest tribal lands. The article was written by a member of the NARA staff, Jerry L. Clark.

For more information and to start your journey of history, visit www.archives.gov.

Thus Spoke Chief Seattle

The Story of An Undocumented Speech

By Jerry L. Clark

Did Millard Fillmore install the first bathtub in the White House? Did Betsy Ross make the first American flag at the request of George Washington? Did Pocahontas save the life of Capt. John Smith? Most Americans, whose knowledge of the history of their native land is sometimes sketchy, would answer yes to the above questions. The historian would answer definitely not, probably not, and maybe, respectively. The journalist H. L. Mencken concocted the Millard Fillmore tale during a slow news day during the 1920s; the Betsy Ross story rests on dubious evidence; and Pocahontas was only eleven years old at the time that Captain Smith (not always known for his veracity) claimed she rescued him from the headman's axe.

While this article has nothing whatever to do with Millard Fillmore, Betsy Ross, or Pocahontas, it is concerned with a somewhat similar episode which remains present in the American mythology. The following oration, supposedly spoken by an Indian chieftain in 1855, has surfaced in today's world and has been used to justify and fortify current attitudes regarding the treatment of the first Americans and the natural environment in the United States. Since these words have been used for propagandistic and polemic purposes, a closer examination of the historical and literary origins of old Chief Seattle's catechism of woes and wrongs done to the American Indian and his world is in order.

Such an analysis must begin with consideration of the oration allegedly spoken by Chief Seattle,[1] patriarch of the Duwamish and Suquamish Indians of Puget Sound, to Isaac Ingalls Stevens, governor of the Washington Territory, in the year 1854 or 1855, at the site of the present metropolis of Seattle:

Yonder sky that has wept tears of compassion upon our fathers for centuries untold. . . . The son of the White Chief says his father sends us greetings of friendship and good will. This is kind of him, for we know he has little need of our friendship in return because his people are many. They are like the grass that covers the vast prairies, while my people are few: they resemble the scattering trees of a storm-swept plain. . . . There was a time when our people covered the whole land as the waves of a wind-ruffled sea covers its shell-paved floor, but that time has long since passed away with the greatness of tribes almost forgotten. . . . When the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the white man, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your childrens' children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. . . . The White Men will never be alone. Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless – Dead – I say? There is no death. Only a change of worlds.[2]

In addition, Chief Seattle allegedly wrote the following letter to President Franklin Pierce in 1855:

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land. . . . But we will consider your offer, for we know if we do not . . . the white man may come with guns and take our lands. . . . How can you buy or sell the sky – the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. Yet we do not own the freshness of the air or the sparkle of the water. . . . Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. . . . When the buffaloes are all slaughtered, the wild horses all tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men, and the views of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires, where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone.[3]

photo courtesy University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections Division

Noble words. But were these words actually articulated by an otherwise obscure Indian more than a century ago? Old Seattle's sonorous and evocative phrases still reverberate today. This is an interim report on a search for their origins.

The sentiments expressed in the speech attributed to the old chieftain are consonant with those held by persons disturbed by the destruction of the Indian world by the development of the American frontier. The attitudes reflected in the letter ascribed to Seattle are in harmony with those professed by individuals upset at the damage to the natural environment perpetrated by our industrial society. The words of this Indian spokesman have been frequently quoted to a wide audience via the newspaper and television media.[4] The Smithsonian's "Nation of Nations" exhibit includes a portion of Seattle's supposed speech for the benefit of the thousands of tourists who visit our nation's capital each year. Despite its popularity, this affirmation of Indian eloquence may not be founded in historical reality.

The National Archives, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Library of Congress each year receive numerous requests for the original text of the statements attributed to the old chief. The United States Information Agency has received similar inquiries from persons and institutions in many foreign lands. Unfortunately, no one has been able to locate either the letter or a reliable text of the speech.

The purported letter by Chief Seattle to President Pierce is very likely spurious. Among other charges, it denounces the White Man's propensity for shooting buffaloes from the windows of the "Iron Horse" – a remarkable observation by Seattle, who never in his lifetime left the land west of the Cascade Mountains and thus never saw a railroad and may never have seen a buffalo, either. A letter from an Indian in 1855 concerning Indian policy and directed to the President would have required the usual nineteenth-century red tape. It would have to pass through the hands of the local Indian agent, Col. M. T. Simmons; to the superintendent of Indian affairs, Gov. Isaac Stevens, to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs; to the Office of the Secretary of the Interior; and eventually to the President.

A search of the records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and of the Office of the Secretary of the Interior in the

National Archives and the presidential papers of Franklin Pierce in the Library of Congress has not uncovered even a trace of such a letter. It has not been found among the private papers of Pierce in the New Hampshire Historical Society. It is known that Seattle was non-literate,[5] so yet another person must have written the alleged message – yet no source for the text of the 1855 letter has ever been discovered. Thus this widely-distributed document can safely be considered an unhistorical artifact of someone's fertile literary imagination.

The historical Chief Seattle was the head man of the Duwamish and several other related small bands of Indians inhabiting the shores of Puget Sound. In 1852, a tiny American settlement was established near Alki Point ("By and By" in the Duwamish language), and the settlers named their village Seattle after its Indian patriarch.[6] In March of 1853 the territory of Washington was carved out of the Oregon country, but it was not until October of that year that the new territorial governor, thirty-five year old Isaac Ingalls Stevens, arrived in Olympia, the capital city.

Stevens was anxious to survey a northern route for the proposed transcontinental railroad through the trackless wilderness of his new domain. He also had instructions to negotiate land cessions from the numerous Indian tribes. Therefore, Governor Stevens spent much of his time in explorations and in attending treaty councils throughout the Pacific northwest area.[7] A knowledge of his travels is required in order to determine the occasion at which Seattle's alleged discourse might have been given.

The text of Chief Seattle's monologue has frequently appeared in anthologies of American Indian literature and oratory, but most do not identify its source. The main source for the speech is, apparently, a 1932 pamphlet by John M. Rich, copies of which are at the Seattle Historical Society and at the Library of Congress.[8] Mr. Rich, in turn, cites an article in a Seattle newspaper from 1887 in which a Dr. Henry A. Smith reconstructed a speech by the Duwamish Chief on the occasion "When Governor Stevens first arrived in Seattle and told the natives that he had been appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory," an event dated by Rich as December 1854.[9]

According to several local historians of Seattle, Dr. Smith was fluent in the Duwamish tongue and thus was able to transcribe Seattle's words verbatim. Dr. Smith came from Ohio and homesteaded in "Smith's Cove" near Seattle early in 1853. He served as the superintendent of the local schools and in the territorial legislature. A biographer proclaimed him an "able medicine man and a poet of no ordinary talent, a rare scholar and a good writer."[10] This man with his bilingual talents would surely have proven most useful to Governor Stevens in his dealings with the Indians, of Puget Sound.

There apparently were only three occasions between 1853 and 1856 when Isaac Stevens visited the Seattle area and could have witnessed the speech of Seattle reported by Dr. Smith. Nothing much is known about Stevens' initial visit in January 1854; it is listed, as a brief stop during a sailing tour of Puget Sound.[11] Two months later, Stevens rushed to the area at the head of a detachment of troops in search of Indians who had murdered a settler. During a tense meeting with Seattle and Chief Patkanan of the Snoqualmies, Stevens introduced himself and explained the purpose of his visit. Surveyor George Gibbs later recalled that "Seattle made a great speech declaring his good disposition toward the whites."[12] Was this the oration recorded by Dr. Smith? Apparently not, because another local citizen, Luther Collins, served as a translator into Chinook, the trade language of the Puget Sound tribes, and an Indian in turn translated into the local tongue. Obviously, Dr. Smith and his language skills could not

have been available to Stevens during this important confrontation. In fact, Dr. Smith is not listed among those present at this council.[13]

In March of 1854, Governor Stevens departed for an extended sojourn to Washington, D.C., where he became embroiled in a dispute with Secretary of War Jefferson Davis over the route of the proposed transcontinental railroad. The governor did not return to Olympia and Washington Territory until early December of 1854. He addressed the legislative assembly and attended a treaty council at Medicine Creek with the Nisqually and Puyallup Indians, December 25 - 27, 1854.[14]

He arrived at Muleteo, or Point Elliott, just south of Seattle, on January 21, 1855, to meet the assembled Duwamish, Snoqualmies, and Skagit tribes. Many books which cite Dr. Smith's version place the oration of Seattle at the Point Elliott treaty council, although Smith's 1887 report does not specifically give a date for it, Smith does state Seattle's reaction to a proposed agreement involving a reservation for the Duwamish tribe (which was part of the proposed Point Elliott treaty).[15]

The "Record of Proceedings" of this council is among the records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs in the National Archives. It contains the following statements by Chief Seattle:

I look upon you as my father, I and the rest regard you as such. All of the Indians have the same good feeling toward you and will send it on paper to the Great Father. All of the men, old men, women and children rejoice that he has sent you to take care of them. My mind is like yours, I don't want to say more. My heart is very good towards Dr. Maynard [a physician who was present]. *I want always to get medicine from him.*

Now by this we make friends and put away all bad feelings if we ever had any. We are the friends of the Americans. All the Indians are of the same mind. We look upon you as our Father. We will never change our minds, but since you have been to see us we will be always the same. Now! Now, do you send this paper.[16]

These are the only words of Chief Seattle recorded in the official record.

The name of Dr. Smith does not appear among those listed as witnessing the Point Elliott discussions. The widow of Dr. David S. Maynard [the doctor mentioned by Seattle] did not recall anything like Smith's version when interviewed by a biographer of Chief Seattle in 1903.[17] The official interpreter, Col. B. F. Shaw, also survived into the twentieth century and failed to mention the remarkable oration.[18] Another witness was Hazard Stevens, son of the governor, but he was only twelve years old in 1855. In addition, an old Indian later recalled that during the preceding treaty council at Medicine Creek, he and Hazard Stevens "were having a good time eating black strap and playing Jews-harps while the men were talking. We didn't know what they were talking about."[19]

Ezra Meeker, a severe critic of Governor Stevens' Indian policies, accused Stevens of being drunk at the councils and of having suppressed a speech of opposition by Chief Leschi of the Nisqually Indians in the official record. Surely Meeker, himself an early pioneer of Washington Territory, would have used the polemic words attributed to Seattle against Stevens if they had been known to him. Meeker interviewed Colonel Shaw, the interpreter at the Point Elliott council, so he should have been aware of the speech if it actually occurred.[20]

The absence of any contemporary evidence (the territorial newspaper at Olympia is silent about any dramatic statement by Chief Seattle in 1855), the lack of a Duwimish-language text of the speech, the absence of notes bv Dr. Smith, the silence on the part of persons

known to have been present during meetings between Stevens and Seattle, and the failure of the speech to appear in the official treaty proceedings create grave doubts about the accuracy of the reminiscences of Dr. Smith in 1887, some thirty-two years after the alleged episode. Thus it is impossible (unless new evidence is forthcoming) to either confirm or deny the validity of this powerful and persuasive message placed in the mouth of an Indian sachem. As of now, the verdict must be that of the ancient Scottish jurisprudence: "Not proven."

Perhaps Dr. Smith mistranslated Seattle's phrases; perhaps he mis-remembered the events of 1855; perhaps he combined several speakers' efforts into a coherent form and added the Victorian rhetorical flourishes; or perhaps it was the invention of his own literary muse. Perhaps Clio, the muse of history, cannot now challenge the "Funeral Oration of the Great Indian Race,"[21] for it may already have become transmuted into a mythical realm beyond the reach of the skeptical historian.

Does it really make any difference today whether the oration in question actually originated with Chief Seattle in 1855 or with Dr. Smith in 1887? Of course it matters, because this memorable statement loses its moral force and validity if it is the literary creation of a frontier physician rather than the thinking of an articulate and wise Indian leader. Noble thoughts based on a lie lose their nobility. The dubious and murky origins of Chief Seattle's alleged "Unanswered Challenge" renders it useless as supporting evidence. The historical record suggests that the compliant and passive individual named Seattle is not recognizable in the image of the defiant and angry man whose words reverberate in our time.

NOTES

1. Properly spelled Sealth, but he was better known by the spelling used by his namesake city, Seattle. Frederick Webb Hodge, ed., *"Seattle," Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico* (1913).
2. Quoted in T. C. McLuhan, *Touch The Earth, A Self Portrait of Indian Existence* (1971). There are also versions, with variant texts, in Virginia I. Armstrong, *I Have Spoken* (1971), and W. C. Vanderwerth, Indian Oratory (1971). None of these anthologies provide a documented source for the speech.
3. Quoted in "Letters to the Editors," *Washington Star and Daily News* (May 28, 1973). A version of Seattle's letter inspired a future justice of the U.S. Supreme Court to a life-long crusade for environmental causes (William O. Douglas, Go East, Young Man [1983]).
4. There are versions of Seattle's "talk" quoted in the *Wildlife Omnibus* (Nov. 15, 1973), which took it from the Environmental Action (Nov. 11, 1972), which obtained it from the Seattle Friends of the Earth, who saw it in the Seattle Public Library, who now know nothing of such a document. A television documentary film used a "translation" by a noted Latinist, William Arrowsmith, who now admits only to polishing the literary style of a nineteenth-century source. These versions were traced by Janice Drammayr, " 'The Earth is Our Mother,' Who Really Said That?" Seattle Sunday Times (Jan. 5, 1975).
5. Clarence B. Bagley, "Chief Seattle and Angeline," *The Washington Historical Quarterly*, 22 (Oct. 1931): 251, Angeline was a daughter of the chief.
6. Hodge, *Handbook of American Indians*, p. 493. The chief levied a small annual tribute from the settlers of his namesake town for the privilege of using his name.
7. Hazard Stevens, *Life of Isaac Stevens* (1900), 455-465.
8. John M. Rich, *Chief Seattle's Unanswered Challenge* (1932).
9. Ibid., p.31. Dr. Smith's article was in the *Seattle Sunday Star* (Oct. 20, 1887).
10. Frederick James Grant, ed., "Dr. Henry A. Smith," (1891). *History of Seattle, Washington* (1891). See also Archie Binns, *Northwest Gateway, The Story of the Port of Seattle* (1941).
11. Stevens, Isaac Stevens, pp. 317-417.
12. Records of the Washington Superintencency, 1853-74, NARA Microfilm Publication M5, roll 23.
13. Ibid.
14. Stevens, Isaac Stevens,, p. 417.
15. Dr. Henry A. Smith, *Seattle Sunday Times* (1887). On his deathbed, Smith reaffirmed the speech's authenticity to Vivian M. Carkeek, who, on his deathbed, told Clark B. Belknap, who in turn told John M. Rich. Rich, *Seattle's Unanswered Challenge*, p. 45.
16. *Documents Relating to the Negotiation of Ratified and Unratified Treaties With Various Indian Tribes*, 1801-69, NARA Microfilm Publication T495, roll 5.
17. Frank Carlson, "Chief Seattle," *Bulletin of the University of Washington*, Vol. 3 (1909)
18. Ezra Meeker, *Frontier Reminiscences of the Puget Sound* (1905).
19. Ibid, p. 240.
20 Ibid, p. 234.
21. Rich, *Seattle's Unanswered Challenge*, p. 12. Rich is apparently the author of the memorable closing phrase of the speech: "Dead – I Say? There is no death. Only a change of worlds." These words do not appear in Dr. Smith's 1887 account.

Jerry L. Clark is on the staff of the National Archives and Records Administration.


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The Road Trip List

This is the first of an every-issue public service feature as we make sure you have the right tunes for the road

#1 The Soundtrack from the film, *Paris, Texas*

There is something about a road trip that requires more than your iPhone song list can deliver. So in between your listening to Range Radio on the very cool Range Radio app – a free download at the iTunes store incidentally; it sometimes just feels good to randomly grab a friendly, old CD from under the front seat or crammed into the side pocket.

This little series starts a refresher course on the must have CDs to make sure your next road trip is started with you – fully equipped. WE start with the ultimate Road Trip soundtrack album – the Ry Cooder masterpiece for the film, *Paris, Texas.*

According to *Newsweek* magazine upon the film's release it is, "*A story of the United States, a grim portrait of a land where people cannot put down roots, a story of a sprawling, powerful, richly endowed land where people can get desperately lost.*"

Paris, Texas is a 1984 drama directed by Wim Wenders from a screenplay by L.M. Kit Carson and playwright Sam Shepard, and features the incredible score composed by Ry Cooder.

The film stars character actor Harry Dean Stanton who has been lost for many years and is taken in by his brother played by Dean Stockwell. Nastassja Kinski is also featured. The film was co-produced by companies in France and West Germany, and was filmed in the United States. After its premiere at the 1984 Cannes

Paris, Texas

Film Festival, the film went on to sweep the top prizes from all three juries at Cannes: the *Palme d'Or* (Golden Palm) from the official jury, the FIPRESCI Prize and the Prize of the Ecumenical Jury.

Ry Cooder based this soundtrack and title song "Paris, Texas" on Blind Willie Johnson's *Dark Was the Night (Cold Was the Ground),* which he described as "The most soulful, transcendent piece in all American music." The soundtrack is deep and haunting featuring the must-hear slide guitar of Ry Cooder. Don't leave home without it.

Paris, Texas free-drink-in-any-bar factlet:

Irish rock group U2 cites *Paris, Texas* as an inspiration for their album *The Joshua Tree.*

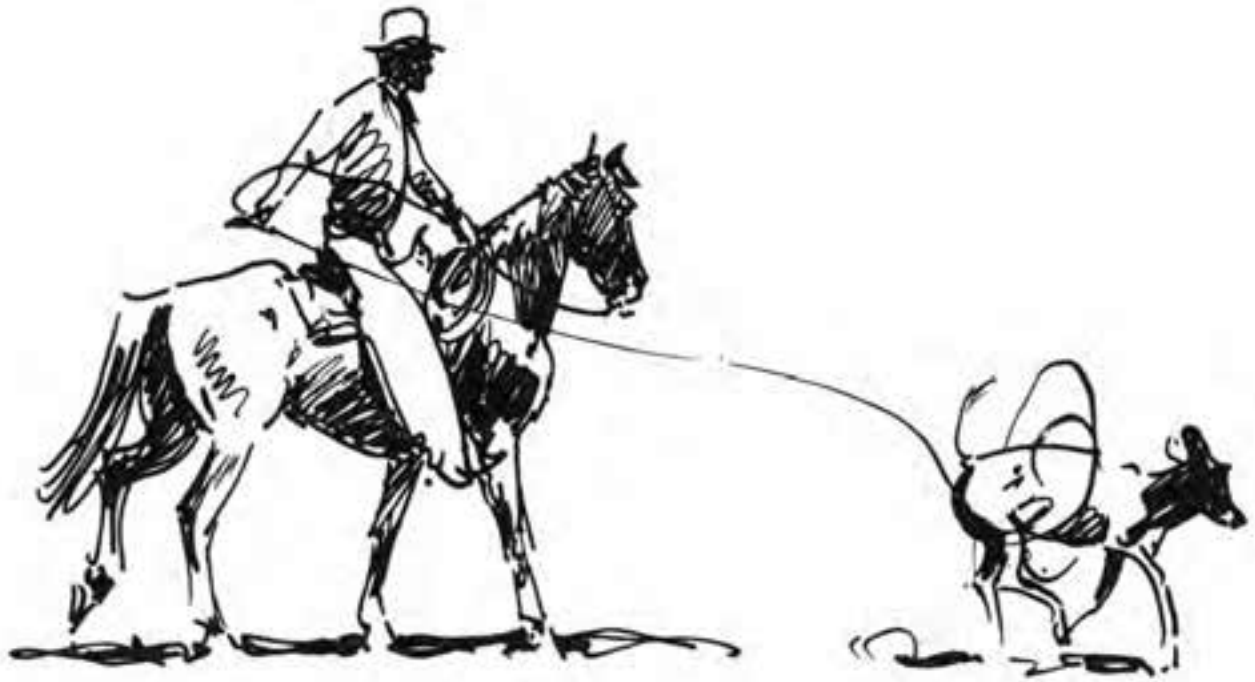
Roping with Ed

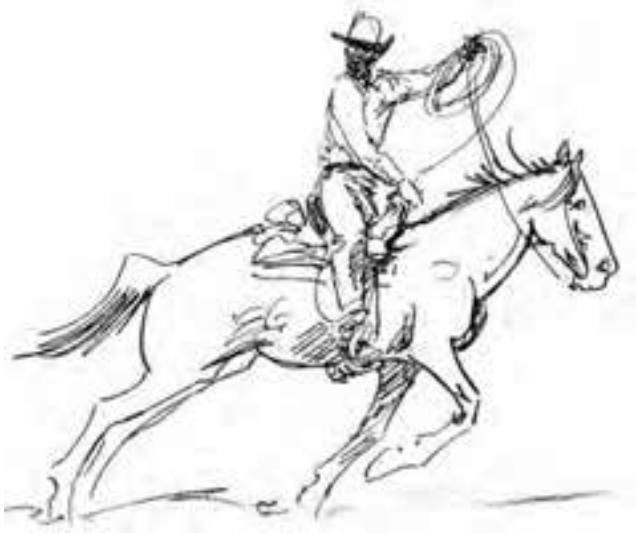
A Pictorial Remembrance

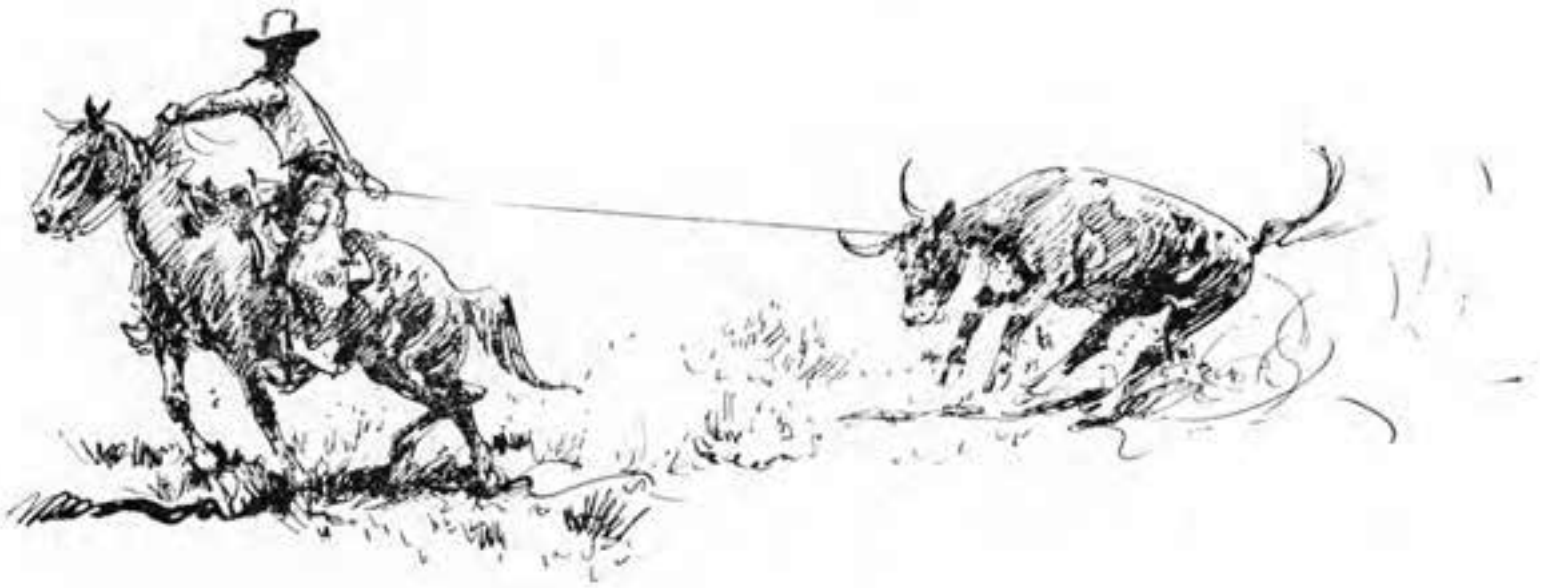
Beloved vaquero artist John Edward Borein (1872 – 1945) liked nothing more than to rope with his friends. Probably more than any other artist of vaquero culture, Borein's roping art is on one hand – the most accurate, and on the other – the most "celebratory." Every roper who has ever built a loop relates to the glorious moments of the catches Borein illustrated over the years. Also, as you may or may not know, our graphic image for Range Radio is after a Borein drawing – so the old vaquero holds a special spot in our collective hearts.

Here's a sampling of some of Borein's simple gesture-type drawing that tell the whole story with just a few lines. BR

Images from the John T. Reynolds Collection







The artist in the late 1920s, during his time in Santa Barbara. One can only imagine the pictures that were yet to come

The Lion Still Rules The Barranca

"South Coast" is one of the West's most performed songs. Here begins a series of articles that tell the back-stories of some of our listeners' favorite western tunes.

By William Reynolds

Great songs of the west, the ones that travel through generations, tell stories with timeless appeal. They are "story-songs" that carry the listener to a place where time stands still. Songs like "Strawberry Roan," "El Paso," "Tying Knots in The Devil's Tail," "Claude Dallas" and "The Sky Above, The Mud Below" are all memorable tales that relate an event or a series of events through words and music that lock a story's images in an enduring depiction. Over the years, with different performers and through different eras, versions and tempos vary and evolve – but the stories told maintain their intent, and continue through the years to captivate listeners. One such song, performed by such diverse artists as The Kingston Trio, Arlo Guthrie and Tom Russell is, "South Coast."

Like many of the west's great stories and songs, it started out as poem. Originally titled, "The Coast Ballad," it was written in 1926 by Lillian Bos Ross (1889 – 1960) after a walking trip she had taken with her husband, Berkeley-trained, sculptor/artist, Harry Dick Ross, through the Big Sur country on the central California coast. They wanted to see – what was at the time – the blank stretch on a map that lay between San Simeon and Monterey. It was a trip that would inspire Ross to write a poem about a young *vaquero*, the son of a Spanish Don, who, during one of his weekly trips to the little town of Jolon, near his ranch, wins a wife in a card game.

Legend has it that during their walk through Big Sur, the Ross's came upon the remains of a house in a

remote area of the coastal mountains. In what was left of the structure they found a stone fireplace with the words "Juan Jaro de Castro" carved on the rotting mantelpiece and what was left of a child's cradle. The place haunted Ross and helped further inspire her story. The name on the fireplace would become "Lonjano de Castro, who happened to be the "son of Spanish grandee," and she would locate the story near the town of Jolon – a small enclave to the south near the Mission San Antonio de Padua – where the poem's main character rides "forty miles every Friday." She would place his little homestead about 60 miles south of Monterey, somewhere in the Santa Lucia Mountains, in the area where Ross and her husband found the old house remains. It was an area rich with the culture of the Spanish and from the old Mission era that had lasted in California from the 1760s to the late 1820s. It was a place, after Mexico declared its independence from Spain and established a program of Land Grants in then

photo courtesy the Bancroft Library. University of California, Berkeley

Lillian Bos Ross (1889 – 1960) author and poet. Her friends knew her as Shanagolden. Photo by Johan Hagemeyer, July 9, 1942

photo courtesy the Bancroft Library. University of California, Berkeley

Harry Dick Ross, husband of Lillian Bos Ross. He was a UC Berkeley trained sculptor and wood carver and close friend of writer Henry Miller. Photo by Johan Hagemeyer, 1940

New Spain's *Alta* ("upper") California, which was home to the glorious, yet short-lived time of the *Ranchos.* A time when a *vaquero* son might receive land from a Spanish father – as de Castro did in Ross's story.

The poem, and the country that inspired it, ultimately became the basis for a novel by Lillian Bos Ross in 1941, *The Stranger*. (It was later titled, *The Stranger in Big Sur* and was made into a film in the 1960s called *Zandy's Bride*.) The same year she finished the novel, Bos Ross copyrighted the words of her original 1926 poem as a song with musician Sam Eskin, who created the melody. The song version was titled, "The Ballad of

photo by William Reynolds

Jolon, California. The town of Jolon acquired its name due to its proximity to the ancient Indian village site of Holamna. Its first building, an adobe, was built in 1849. It lay on the old El Camino Real, a main trail to the California gold fields and over the years became a major stage stop, inn and center of a thriving little community. After the railroad arrived in 1886, traffic followed the railroad and the town went through various owners including William Randolph Hearst, who's famous Hearst Castle lay just over the Santa Lucia Mountains to the south. The U.S. Army purchased the property in 1940 and the old adobe was used as a barracks. Today this building is all that remains of an important part of the story of the movement West

The Stranger: A Novel of the Big Sur. First Edition of the book inspired by Bos Ross's poem. A later paperback version with a more "popular-style" cover. The book title was changed to *Stranger in Big Sur*.
Courtesy the author

the South Coast," later shortened to simply "South Coast." Ultimately, the songs authors would be listed as Lillian Bos Ross, Sam Eskin, with Richard Dehr and Frank Miller. Miller and Dehr created the song's arrangement of Eskin's melody that we hear today. According to former actress and author of the authoritative book on the West, *Ten Thousand God Damn Cattle: A History of the American Cowboy in Song, Story and Verse,* writer Katie Lee, the melody for the song took some interesting turns getting done. "For years before a melody was actually written for the song, folks used to try and sing it to an existing melody. They used "Goodnight Irene," if you can imagine," she wrote. "I was grateful to Richard Dehr for 'uncovering' the song as Sam Eskin wrote it, as it is far and away one of the greatest folk melodies ever to come along." Additionally, Ms. Lee notes in her book that the original song contained 16 verses and choruses, but most contemporary renditions do not include all of them. Interestingly, many of the later renditions have de Castro and his newly won bride heading home to the *south*. In the original version, Ross has them heading *north* from Jolon, the appropriate direction. Another interesting evolution is that many interpretations finish the song without the realization that the cradle meant something immanent – that when de Castro's wife was killed in the

photo by William Reynolds

Mission San Antonio De Padua, the third of the California Missions founded by Fr. Junipero Serra. It is an active parish today and serves the area, including Jolon, a few miles away. Etching by Edward Borein

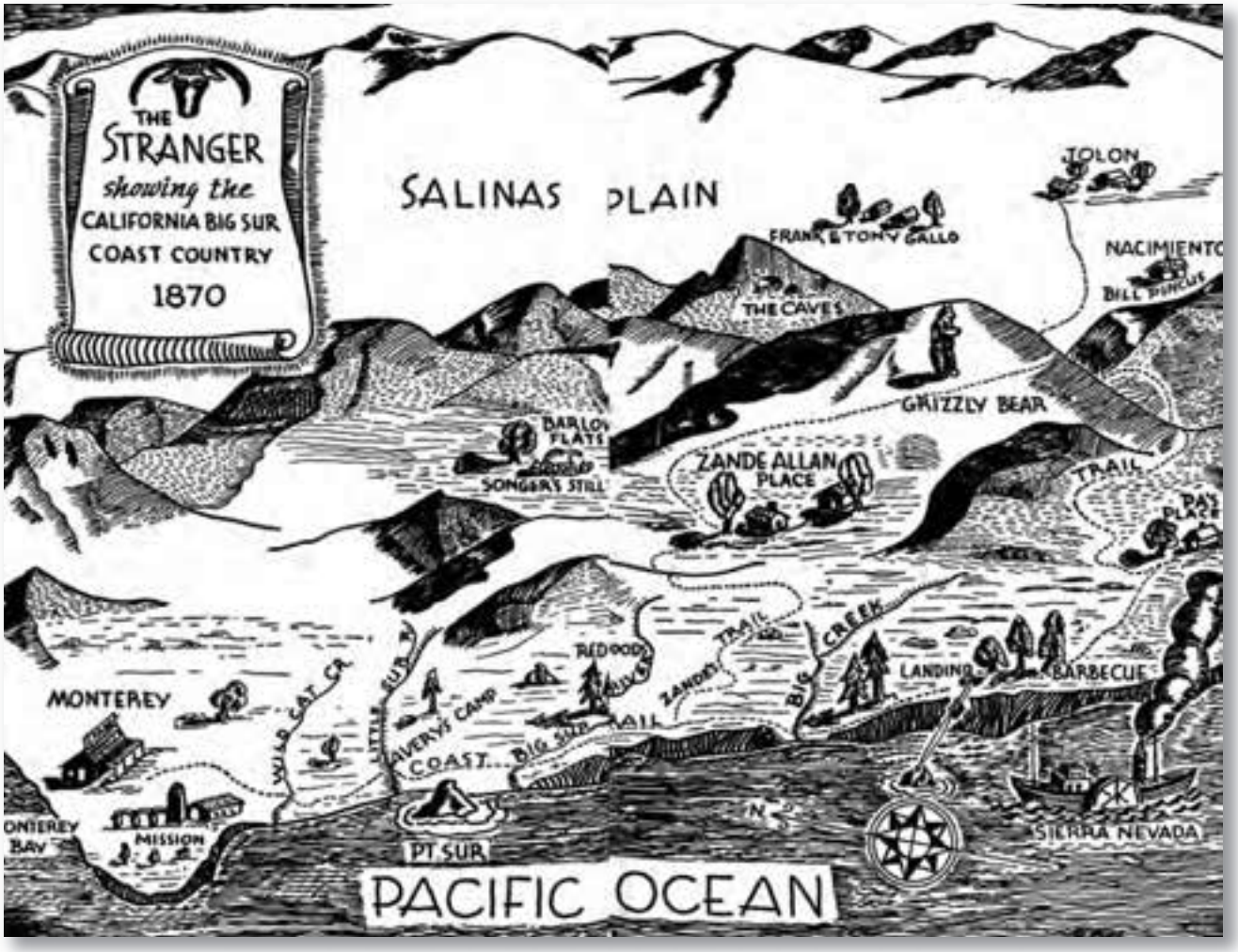
horse wreck – he not only lost his wife but the child she was carrying, as Ross' original, last lines tell of his pain:

But the cradle and my heart are empty,
I never can go there again.

The original chorus of the song did not use the words, "South Coast," but rather "Monterey Coast," repeating in the first line, "But the Monterey Coast's a wild coast and lonely." Ross changed the location to South Coast as well as allowing the editing of some of the original sixteen verses to create the contemporary song's version. Over the years, performers have added their own stylistic touches to the song including the Kingston Trio, Bud & Travis, Arlo Guthrie, Tom Russell, and Dave Stamey among others. Probably the most renowned interpreter of "South Coast" is Ramblin' Jack Elliott. His unique rendition and guitar work add a chilling quality to the story of poor Lonjano. Ramblin' Jack performed the song in Bob Dylan's 1975 film, *Renaldo and Clara*, actually taking de Castro's name for his own character. Years later Elliott won a Grammy for the album *South Coast* in 1996. As the story goes, he first heard the song in the early fifties, sung by a friend on the front porch of a house in North Carolina during a lightening and thunderstorm.

1974 film version of the book titled Zandy's Bride, after the character Zande Allan. The film starred Gene Hackman and Liv Ullman

Today, Range Radio plays "South Coast" as it continues to be sung and interpreted by a variety of artists who carry on its sense of mystery, hope and desperation, keeping the legacy of Lillian Bos Ross' timeless poem about a wondrous time in the West alive, written along a well worn trail, somewhere south of Monterey. A place where "the lion still rules the barranca, and a man there is always alone."



Map of the Salinas Plain from the opening spread of Stranger in Big Sur gives a sense of the country traveled in the song

Click to Listen to Range Radio

South Coast

By Lillian Bos Ross, Sam Eskin, Richard Dehr and Frank Miller

(This shows 14 of the 16 original verses and is the most performed version of the song.)

My name is Lonjano de Castro
My father was a Spanish grandee
But I won my wife in a card game
To hell with those lords o'er the sea

In my youth I had a Monterey homestead,
Creeks, valleys and mountains all mine;
Where I built me a snug little shanty
And I roofed it and floored it with pine.

I had a bronco, a buckskin –
Like a bird he flew over the trail;
I rode him out forty miles every Friday
Just to get me some grub and my mail.

CHORUS:
Well the South Coast is wild coast and lonely
You might win in a game at Jolon
But a lion still rules the barranca
And a man there is always alone

I sat in a card game at Jolon
I played there with a half-breed named Juan
And after I'd won his money
He said, "Your homestead 'gainst my daughter Dawn."

I turned up the ace...I had won her
My heart, which was down in my feet,
Jumped up to my throat in a hurry –
Like a young summer's day she was sweet.

He opened the door to the kitchen;
He called the girl out with a curse
"Take her, God damn her, you've won her,
She's yours now for better or worse!"

Her arms had to tighten around me
As we rode up the hills from the south
Not a word did I hear from her that day,
Nor a kiss from her pretty young mouth.

(Chorus)

We got to the cabin at twilight,
The stars twinkled over the coast.
She soon loved the orchard and the valley,
But I knew that she loved me the most.

That was a gay happy winter;
I carved on a cradle of pine
By the fire in that snug little shanty
And I sang with that gay wife of mine.

But then I got hurt in a landslide,
Crushed hip and twice broken bone;
She saddled up Buck like lightning
And rode out through the night to Jolon.

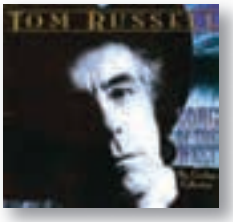
(Chorus)

The lion screamed in the barranca;
Buck bolted and he fell on a slide.
My young wife lay dead in the moonlight
My heart died that night with my bride.

They buried her out in the orchard.
They carried me down to Jolon.
I've lost my chiquita, my nino;
I'm an old broken man, all alone.

The cabin still stands on the hillside,
It's doors open to the wind,
But the cradle and my heart are empty –
I can never go there again.

(Chorus)



Many artists have performed "South Coast" over the years. Each giving it their own touch, but Ramblin' Jack Elliott's unique version helped earn his album, South Coast, a Grammy in 1996

Spreading the Word

Grant Golliher shares life lessons through the medium of horses

By Jayme Feary

A feeling nags horseman Grant Golliher. Inside, where heart and soul and intuition intersect, something tells him he is not doing enough, that he should influence more people. For a horseman known for changing the lives of horses and people, this belief seems odd; but nevertheless, it persists and hardens into truth.

That urge to do more is interesting given Golliher's accomplishments. He has worked with troubled horses and with BLM mustangs in Colorado; has hosted a popular cowboy church service; has raised three children who graduated from Westchester College, the University of Pennsylvania, and Harvard; and has won numerous horse-related honors. In the pro category of the Central Wyoming Cutting Club, Golliher won the 2010 high-point horse honor on an overlooked three-year-old gelding, Whittle Shorty, purchased on the cheap.

photos by Jayme Feary

Wyoming horseman Grant Golliher and friends

At this point, most 53-year-olds might accept their lives as they are. But not Golliher. On the outside, this horseman is as laid back as a fence post, but his insides churn with a frustration that sometimes borders on torment. Horses turned his life around, and he can't shake the impulse to teach as many persons as possible the lessons he learned.

Given the state of the world, sometimes his effort seems like using a finger to plug a leak in a dam. But Golliher is not daunted. Businesspersons from across the country come to the Diamond Cross Ranch near Jackson, Wyoming, to hear him explain how horse training can help them improve relationships with employees, bosses and customers. One midsummer afternoon in July, the Manna Pro Corporation's finest distributors and dealers gathered in Golliher's barn, at one end a round pen and at the other, a wall of windows framing the Tetons like

Golliher rides against the backdrop of the Tetons in northwest Wyoming

a painting. Before the event, Golliher had seemed distracted and unenthusiastic, but when Manna Pro's people took their seats, the spirit came over him.

With the afternoon light streaming through the windows, Golliher released into the pen a two-year-old red roan colt and divided the pen in half with a long cotton rope. When the colt learned to stay on one side of the rope, Golliher spoke to the audience in his slow, aw-shucks manner. "The colt needs to learn boundaries," he said. "Having clear, defined boundaries are very important. Don't compromise them for the sake of the relationship or you'll end up losing the relationship."

Statements like that don't just fall out of a person's mouth. Golliher's first marriage ended, he believes, because he compromised his beliefs for the sake of the relationship. Golliher had grown up without boundaries, getting into all sorts of trouble. His parents sent him away to live with an aunt. When he returned home, it didn't feel like home. For most of his young adult life, he drifted, looking for a safe and stable place. The fear of rejection ruled him, and he pleased others to gain acceptance.

Golliher slipped his saddle from the fence and eased it onto the colt's back. He knew that most horses don't buck during the first ride, but people in the audience had seen enough movies to know colts that don't buck have been either drugged or ridden before. So Golliher gave them what they expected. He snugged the rear

cinch tight and sent the colt around in a trot. The audience watched like NASCAR fans expecting a wreck. The colt transitioned to a lope and then feeling the rear cinch, bellowed like a mama cow, buried its nose in the dirt, and kicked both feet as if trying to knock out the ceiling lights. The air felt supercharged and the audience ready to listen. "If they want to buck, I let them buck," Golliher said. "I'm just here to offer a safe place for him to work through it."

He put a leg over and the spectators leaned forward. The colt spurted about but did not buck. Grinning like a boy riding a merry-go-round, Golliher rubbed the horse's neck and soothed him with words. "I talk to my horses," he said. "They don't understand the words, but they keep my thoughts on track." Then his face became an adult's again. His expression was sincere, almost urgent. "Never underestimate the power of your words."

As a boy, Golliher had heard his father use words as a weapon against his brother and mother, who battled depression and eventually broke down. They found her in a chair talking on the telephone with her pastor, blood everywhere, a butcher knife on the floor and ten slits in her wrist and armpit.

Word power. Numerous spectators got that faraway look thinking about a mother and child, a man and wife, or a boss and employee. This was Golliher's intent, and inside he felt a deep satisfaction.

The next morning, though, he was back to believing that he wasn't doing enough. He must share lessons and change more lives. He senses he is on the right track, having found his niche after years of mistakes and detours. A turning point came after his divorce. Broke and alone, he needed to start over. When he met and married Jane, tough times continued, but his life began to change.

Spiritual ideas pepper Golliher's teachings, but he is careful not to offend. Acutely aware of his audience, he uses religious verbiage only when persons or groups may appreciate it. Golliher's urge to influence people may result from his spiritual conviction, but he says he just wants "to make a difference." That drive is seldom uninspired.

Crediting horses for turning his life around following a difficult childhood and troubled first marriage, Golliher is committed to helping others learn valuable lessons through horsemanship

With the demo for Manna Pro over, there was time for only practicalities. The backdrop of the Tetons made the Diamond Cross look like the set of *Shane*, but Golliher did not look at the scenery. He walked head down, his attention off at that place it goes, possibly thinking about gathering cattle, working colts, or rebuilding an irrigation head gate blown out by the record flow of

Golliher works a cutting prospect at the Diamond Cross Ranch

the Buffalo's north fork. Water was overtaking his meadows.

Finally he was alone to work, but he could recall times when uninvited visitors would barge through the ranch gate and interrupt. "Yeah, people would just drive right in, no questions asked, and walk around like they owned the place," he said. Put out by the thought, he shook his head and eased into the colt pen, a corral of cutting prospects. The colts gravitated to him as if he was a favorite uncle, and he stroked them as if each were the only horse on earth. His best prospect, a three-year-old sorrel named Ichis ("Itchy's") Dream, son of $300,000 earner Cat Ichi, turned its hindquarters to Golliher, who did not move. He smiled and reached out to scratch Ichi on his tailset. "He likes it right here."

Then, lo and behold, an uninvited couple, the Joneses, was standing there gawking like Yellowstone tourists coming upon a roadside bear. Mr. Jones squared up a digital camera and commented on the weather. Realizing the day was getting away, Golliher hurried past the Joneses and began saddling several cutting prospects. The couple trailed along, making small talk, but Golliher continued working as if they might get the hint and leave. Then he noticed them there all knotted up

with interest and receptive to hearing. The look that means words are close behind came over him, and he stopped cinching Ichi. Somehow he knew the couple were "believers," and he launched into biblical lessons worthy of the finest Sunday school teacher. The Joneses nodded and chimed in with their own declarations.

Having no more time for talk, Golliher pointed to the far side of the arena and said, "The best pictures are taken from over there." He herded a group of yearling cattle into a large arena and rode in on Ichi, who separated a steer, made a couple of mild cuts, and seemed to be getting the gist. Then Golliher couldn't help himself. He rode all the way across the arena to the Joneses. "If we make the right choices, we keep progressing," he said. "Always end on a good note." He was staring with that intense gaze that requires a response. "Imagine if we did this with people."

In Golliher's lessons about horsemanship, students often find metaphors that apply to other aspects of life

At the tack shed, Golliher was quiet again, in his own head. Out in the meadow, the river was overflowing its banks. He unsaddled the colts, glanced over at his track hoe, swapped his felt hat for a dirty baseball cap, and mounted the machine. Maybe he'd teach it a thing or two.

Through the meadows, the unrelenting water came fast. The river could harm his and his neighbor's fields. Grant Golliher needed to act. He would spend the rest of the afternoon digging with the track hoe and working to stem the flow.

Jayme Feary lives in Jackson, Wyoming. Learn more about his work at www.jaymefeary.com.

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A Romance with the West

The photography of Robert Dawson

Robert Dawson's love of the West began when he was a young boy growing up in Texas and has led him to photograph some of the most beautiful and wildest places in America. His talents for composition and working with natural light are sought by clients wishing to capture a unique angle of the West that will compliment their advertising campaigns.

"What I like about my line of work is that every day is different, not only because of the location and weather I encounter but because of the challenges they create in trying to capture that perfect moment in time," he says. "Then you add in people and livestock and it's like directing a scene out of a movie, with the weather being the wild card, for you never know what it's going to do."

For Dawson, being on location is indeed like being on a small movie set. First there are days of scouting locations and getting permission from landowners to use their property. Then there are meetings with his stock contractor, Charles Motley, who has worked with Dawson for 18 years. Even when shooting a subject as simple as a cowboy and his gear, putting together the details can seem chaotic.

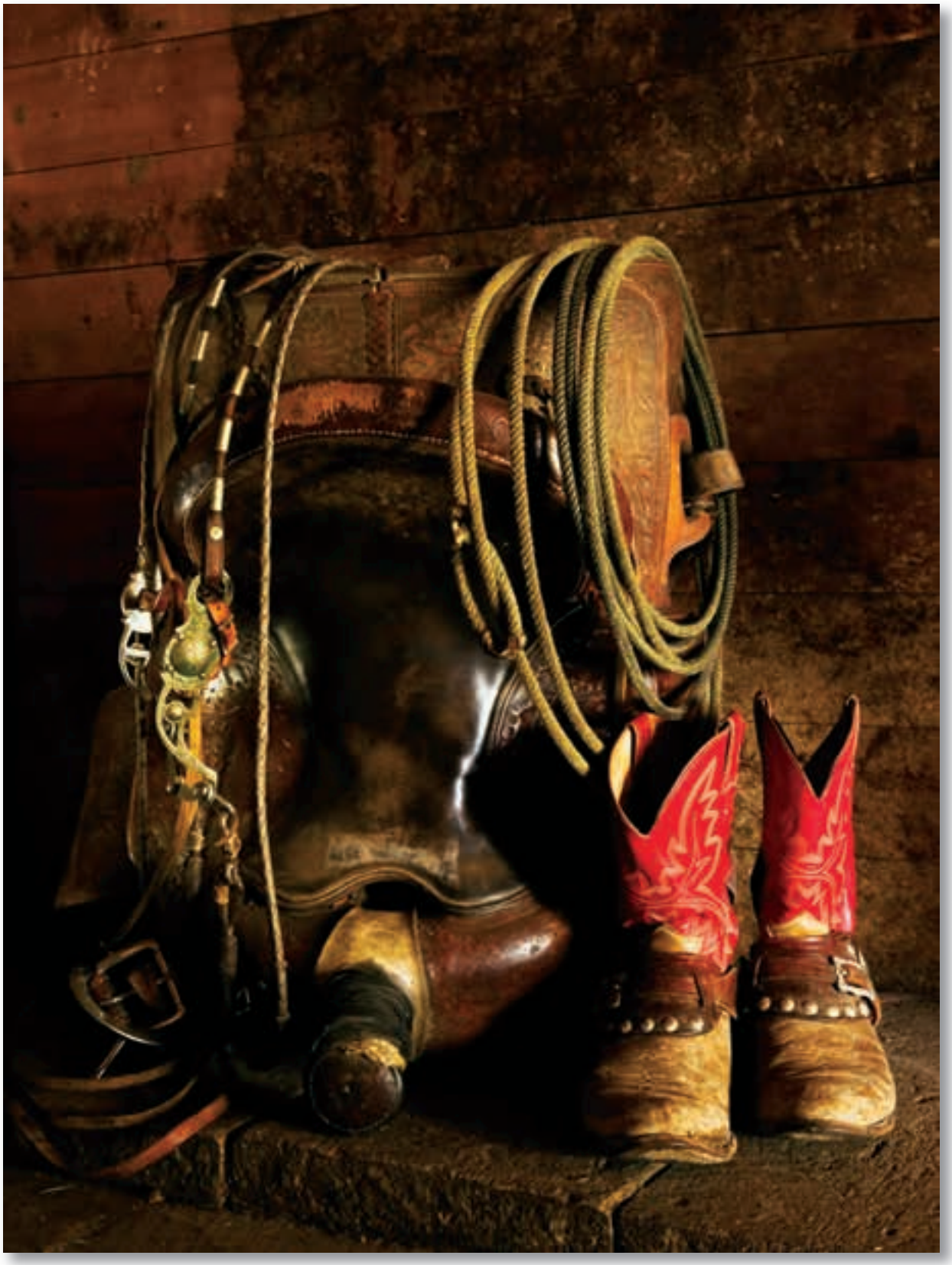
"The whole object of our photo shoots is to have a good time," Motley says. "If we don't, the cowboys and cowgirls I hire for Robert won't come back for a repeat performance. When we first started working together, we had no budget for photo shoots but we had some great ideas. So it was just Robert and myself with a few head of horses. Later, some good friends helped out because the food and whiskey were good and all we could do was thank them until we could pay them better."

Dawson admits that, of the countless shots he's taken over the years, it's impossible to select a favorite. "It's like asking a horse trainer about his favorite color for a horse," he says. "It's simple: the color that makes him money. The photograph I sell today helps pay for the one I take tomorrow. It would be nice if I didn't have to worry about making a living, but it's a fact of life."

In the spring of 2012, Dawson will debut his seventh coffee-table book, *A Portfolio of Light*. "I'm keeping it simple with this book," he says. "In working with my marketing director, Cindy McCannon, we decided to make it a collection of what I consider my best work, in a portfolio from which the public can order archival canvas giclees. They'll all be framed, limited edition prints in both color and sepia tone, ranging in size from 34 by 46 inches to 60 by 84 inches." Prints will also be available through www.aportfoliooflight.com, www.dawsonphotography.com, and select galleries throughout the country.

"When people view Robert's giclee prints, they think they're paintings," says Missy Marshal, owner of Uptown Art in Dawson's hometown of Joseph, Oregon. "I often see customers stepping up close to look for brushstrokes. When I tell them it's a photograph on canvas, the response I get is, 'No way!' or, 'You've got to be kidding.'"

Dawson also believes in giving back to the Western culture. His donations of photographic prints have raised $15,000 for Agriculture in the Classroom and, in partnership with Primedia Publishing, he's donated more than $4,500 of his work to Riding for the Children, a benefit for the Linnsenhoff UNICEF Foundation.



We Pointed Them North

An upcoming western art show pays tribute to cowboy author Teddy Blue Abbott and honors his friendship with the great Charlie Russell

By A.J. Mangum

More than a year ago, Weatherford, Texas, artist Teal Blake began to develop a concept for a unique art show, one that would feature the work of some of the West's most respected contemporary painters and sculptors while honoring the legacies of the iconic Charlie Russell and revered cowboy author Teddy Blue Abbott.

One of the most colorful characters from the cattle-drive heyday of the late 19th century, Abbott earned renown from Texas to Montana and shared his many misadventures in his book *We Pointed Them North: Recollections of a Cowpuncher*, co-authored with Helena Huntington Smith. Teal envisioned an exhibition in which a dozen of today's most respected western artists could offer their interpretations of some of the book's most memorable scenes.

"Most of the cowboys I know carry the book around in their bedrolls," Teal says, "and it's an artist's candy store for inspiration."

photos courtesy Teal Blake

Texas artist Teal Blake

Teal assembled a group of artists that included himself and fellow artists Buckeye Blake, Mike Capron, Bruce Greene, T.D. Kelsey, Mark Kohler, Kim Mackey, Bob Moorhouse, David Powell, J.W. Segler, Chessney Sevier and Robert "Shoofly" Shufelt. Each completed for the show – titled "We Pointed Them North" and scheduled for December 7 at the Cattle Raisers Museum in Fort Worth, Texas – three to five original works, including one piece depicting a scene from Abbott's book.

"When I explained the idea to the artists, they were excited," Teal says, "and excitement is what makes great art."

The following pages offer a preview of some of the works appearing in the show, as well as artists' commentary on their inspirations.

Learn more about the "We Pointed Them North" exhibition at www.wepointedthemnorth.com or by calling 817-304-0308; to reserve tickets, call 817-253-0117.

The Broomtail, watercolor, by Teal Blake. "A lot of the cowboys of the late 19th century were pretty flashy, and their gear showed it. I wanted to show a good little cayuse with a spotted bridle. The horse is one of my father's old geldings, a great cutting horse, and just a good all-around cow horse – stout and solid, but a smaller horse, much like the horses of that time period."

Whoa Blue, mixed media, by Mike Capron. "Teddy Blue was the classic young cowboy trailing herds from Texas, and he joined in the romantic wildness of the trail-driving era. In a cattle-town opera house, he was in the process of going backstage, where 'other entertainment' was offered, and he fell through the curtains onto the stage. It was intermission, so he was the only person on stage, front and center. Shocked, he didn't know what to do. Finally, he grabbed a chair sitting in the middle of the stage, swung aboard it like it was a bronc, and started fanning it with his hat. He bucked across the stage, yelling, 'Whoa, Blue!' That's how he got his name, Teddy 'Blue' Abbott."

One Jump From a Shallow Grave, charcoal study for an oil painting, by David Powell. "In his book, Teddy Blue talks about night horses, herds stampeding during thunderstorms, and seeing St. Elmo's fire glimmering on the tips of cattle horns." Powell's work conjures the terror and dark thrill of such moments, reminding viewers of the dangers posed by nature for the cowboys tasked with trailing cattle over long distances.

Bronco Pegasus, bronze, by Buckeye Blake. "Abbott's stories include anecdotes about horses blowing up. Abbott cowboyed for real and lived the life, but he didn't consider himself much of a bronc rider. On this piece, the rider has batwing chaps, which were common in that era. They make the bucking horse look like he has wings."

Night Ponies, copperplate etching, by Chessney Sevier. "Nocturnal images have always interested me because of the monochromatic color and mysterious drama of moonlight. Much of a cowpuncher's responsibility includes a 'night shift.' I've always found it inspiring how a cowboy's work continues while most of the world rests."

Quiet Solitude, oil, by Kim Mackey. "This painting depicts a Plains Indian warrior at the end of the day, resting in deep contemplation. What's this warrior feeling as he looks into the distance? Perhaps he can see that the tide of white settlers will change his people's way of life forever, and he knows it can't be stopped. Teddy Blue expressed a kind of melancholy about the Indian's plight, something he witnessed during his lifetime. He seemed to wish that he could be one of them, and he came close with his own free-ranging lifestyle. The old-time cowboy and the proud warrior – different sides of the same coin."

Howard Knight

Rocking "K" Custom Leather *Rocks* Rally 2011 at the Harley-Davidson Museum

By Jayne Skeff

It was just shy of a year ago that Howard Knight, master leather artist and designer, was given the word that he and his work would be showcased at the granddaddy of all custom motorcycle events – The Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Rally 2011 held on the grounds of the spectacular Harley-Davidson Museum in Milwaukee, WI. And, it was just shy of a year ago, that he set out to create the bike seat of all bike seats. This wasn't going to be just a motorcycle seat; this was going to be a work of art to ride. And indeed, he accomplished his goal, and Harley-Davidson is still reeling from the work he brought to their Rally.

photos by Erin Lang

Thousand of riders from across the country converge onto the Harley-Davidson Museum complex in Milwaukee for the Parade of Flags

Again, it was just shy of a year ago when his designs were brought to the attention of the Harley-Davidson Corporation in a meeting with the representatives of DesignAmerica. DesignAmerica knew, given the chance, that this American icon would embrace and support the work of America's independent artisans and

This spectacular Harley-Davidson motorcycle seat was created by master leather carver and designer Howard Knight for Rally 2011 at the Harley-Davidson Museum, Labor Day Weekend. Created in pewter snakeskin, American cowhide and sterling silver accents, the seat comes with a $3,200 price tag

designers – and indeed they did. "This is the best in the world – we've never seen anything like this," were among the comments from the top management of Harley and the Harley-Davidson Museum®. So the time was set, Harley-Davidson had chosen Howard Knight, Rocking "K" Custom Leather, to be the showcase at their premier annual event. That event was held Labor Day Weekend 2011.

Flashback a year ago and Howard stepped up to the task, to the opportunity to take his richly steeped Western designs and present them to the mainstream world. The first task at hand was to create the motorcycle seat of a lifetime. Little did he know it would take him 400 hours to create but in the end be well worth every minute.

The result was a seat that captured the elegance of a parade saddle mixed with a touch of "WOW" juice. Carved and tooled pewter snakeskin and American cowhide were smothered in sterling silver accents. Rich, rare and ready to ride.

Flash-forward now to just shy of Labor Day Weekend 2011 as Knight readies for his trip to Harley-Davidson and Rally 2011. Van loaded with his leather works of art – his belts, his bags and that bike seat wrapped and safely secured for the ride to Milwaukee in the passenger seat. "I got here faster than I thought," was his comment on the drive from Stevensville, MT to Milwaukee. Arriving a day early, he met with the staff at the Harley-Davidson Museum who embraced his arrival and gave him the royal Harley-Davidson treatment. A

private tour of the Museum was the first order of business along with a very rare peak into their archives. Yes, he was a royal guest for the weekend.

But then, the event was set to start. A bit nervous Knight was – he'd never done an event solo before where he would be the focus of it all. Would the crowd appreciate his life's work? What would happen...and now the story begins to unfold.

The event started on Thursday evening, September 1st when Harley-Davidson hosted their largest "Bike Night" of the year. Thousands of motorcycles converged onto the Museum complex – the roar and the rumble of their arrival sent chills up and down Howard's spine. "I think I want to buy a Harley" was one of his comments that evening. But more importantly, the crowd wanted to own a piece of Howard Knight's work. Within minutes, orders were taken. No one had seen this level of work before.

The weekend-long event went on. The parade of flags with riders from chapters across the country arrived, music played – the Custom Bike Show was on and Knight was in the center of it all.

Intimidated to start, he quickly recovered when the likes of Nuge Java (that's Ted Nugent's Coffee Company) approached him to create a motorcycle seat for the company's signature "chopper" they are building.

Howard Knight, Rocking K Custom Leather, is showcased at the Harley-Davidson Rally 2011 where thousands of people were captivated by his work

Set in the center of the Harley-Davidson Museum complex, Howard Knight works his magic. Did he buy it? Yes he did

Things got even better when the Harley-Davidson Museum commissioned him to create leather overlays for their furniture and, oh yea, special pieces to be showcased in their exclusive store.

Ted Nugent, Harley-Davidson, brats, beer and an amazing weekend – not too shabby for the master leather carver from Stevensville, Montana.

But did he sell the bike seat he specifically created for the event? No, but it clearly set the new standard for what can be and what will be – he was embraced and his future is now just a bit more exciting. Well deserved, Howard, and well done.

Jayne Skeff is a freelance writer for several western publications.
Learn more about Howard at www.rockingkcustomleather.com

Hidden Water

By Dane Coolidge

Publisher's Note: *Western writer and photographer Dane Coolidge (1873-1940), cousin of our 30th President, Calvin Coolidge, grew up on a small citrus ranch in Riverside County, California. His was a life filled with the knowledge of knowing old-time cowboys first-hand and wrote over forty western novels and non-fiction books.*

This book was published in 1910 and is a thrilling story of the Arizona cattle country, told by a writer who knew the country and understood the real spirit of its life. The story concerns the classic strife between cattle and sheep men for the possession of the great grazing ranges, and is told honestly and authentically without exaggeration. We will be serializing the story in several issues. Here is Chapter Five.

CHAPTER V

HIDDEN WATER

The trail to Hidden Water leads up the Salagua, alternately climbing the hard mesa and losing itself in the shifting sand of the river bottom until, a mile or two below the mouth of the box cañon, it swings in to the edge of the water. But the Salagua is no purling brook, dignified by a bigger name; it is not even a succession of mill ponds like the damned-up streams of the East: in its own name Salagua is a *Rio*, broad and swift, with a current that clutches treacherously at a horse's legs and roars over the bring of stony reefs in a long, fretful line of rapids. At the head of a broad mill race, where the yellow flood waters boiled sullenly before they took their plunge, Creede pulled up and surveyed the river doubtfully.

"Swim?" he inquired, and when Hardy nodded he shrugged his shoulders and turned his horse into the

water. "Keep your head upstream, then," he said, "we'll try a whirl, anyhow."

Head and tail the two horses plodded heavily across the ford, feeling their way among the submerged bowlders, while twenty feet below them the irresistible onrush of the current slipped smoothly over the rim, sending up a roar like the thunder of breakers. As they struggled up the opposite bank after a final slump into a narrow ditch Creede looked back and laughed merrily at his bedraggled companion.

"How's that for high?" he inquired, slapping his wet legs. "I tell you, the old Salagua is a hell-roarer when she gits started. I would n't cross there this afternoon for a hundred dollars. She's away up since we took the wagon over last night, but about tomorrow you'll hear her talk–snow's meltin' on the mountain. I wish to God she'd stay up!" he added fervently, as he poured the water out of his boots.

"Why?" asked Hardy innocently. "Won't it interfere with your bringing in supplies?"

"Sure thing," said Creede, and then he laughed maliciously. "But when you've been up here a while," he observed, "you'll savvy a lot of things that look kinder curious. If the old river would git up on its hind legs and walk, forty feet high, and stay there f'r a month, we cowmen would simply laugh ourselves to death. We don't give a dam' for supplies as long as it keeps the sheep out.

"Begin to see light, eh?" he queried, as he pushed on up the river. "Well, that's the only thing in God's world that was n't made to order for these sheepmen; the old Salagua cuts right square across the country east and west without consultin' nobody, not even Jim Swope, and the sheep move north and south.

"How'd you like to have the job of crossing a hundred thousand *borregos* and half of 'em with labs, when the *rio* was on a bender? I've seen some of these sheepmen wadin' around up to their chins for two weeks, tryin' to float twenty-five hundred head across the river–and there was n't turkey buzzards enough in the country when they got through.

"Last year they had the sand bars up around Hidden Water lined with carcasses two deep where they'd jest naturally crowded 'em into the river and let 'em sink or swim. Them Chihuahua Mexicans, you savvy. After they'd wore out their shoes and froze their marrow-bones wadin' they got tired and shoved 'em in, regardless. Well, if this warm weather holds we'll be able to git our *rodér* good and started before the sheep come in. That's one reason why I never was able to do much with these sheepmen," he added. "They hit me right square in the middle of the roundup, Spring and Fall, when I'm too busy gatherin' cattle to pay much attention to 'em. I did plan a little surprise party last year–but that was somethin' special. But now you're on the job, Rufe," he continued reassuringly, "I'm goin' to leave all sheep and sheepmen strictly alone–you can bank of that. Bein' as we are goin' to try to experiment I want to see it done right. I never made a cent fightin' 'em, that's a cinch, and if you can appeal to their better natures, w'y, go to it! I'd help you if I could, but bein' as I can't I'll git out of the road and give you a chanst.

"Now I'll tell you how it'll be," he continued, turning in his saddle and hooking one leg over the horn, "the boys 'll come in for the *rodér* to-morrow or next day; we begin to gather on the first, and it take us about a month. Well, we look for the sheep to come in on us about the same time–first of April–and we ain't been fooled yet. They'll begin to stack up on the other side any time now, and as soon as the water goes down they'll come across with a rush. And if they're feelin' good-natured they'll spread out over The Rolls and drift north, but if they're feelin' bad they'll sneak up onto Bronco Mesa and scatter the cattle forty ways for Sunday, and bust up my *rodér* and raise hell generally. We had a little trouble over that

last year," he added parenthetically.

"Well, I'll turn over the house and the grub and the whole business to you this year and camp out with the boys under the mesquite–and then you can entertain them sheepmen and jolly 'em up no end. They won't have a dam' thing–horse feed, grub, tobacco, matches, nothin'! Never do anythin'. I'd rather have a bunch of Apaches camped next to me–but if you want to be good to 'em there's your chanst. Meanwhile, I'm only a cow-punch pullin' off a roundup, and your name is Mr. –you're the superintendent of the Dos S. Your job is to protect the upper range, and I begin to think you can do it."

There was a tone of half-hearted enthusiasm about this talk which marked it for a prepared "spiel," laboriously devised to speed the new superintendent upon his way; but, not being schooled in social deceit, Creede failed utterly in making it convincing.

"That's good," said Hardy, "but tell me–what has been your custom in the past? Have n't you been in the habit of feeding them when they came in?"

"Feed 'em?" cried Creede, flaring up suddenly. "Did I feed 'em? Well, I should guess yes–I never turned one away hungry in my life. W'y, hell, man," he exclaimed, his anger growing on him, "I slep' in the same blanket with 'em–until I become lousy," he added grimly.

"What!" exclaimed Hardy, aghast. "You don't mean to say–"

"No," interrupted Creede ironically, "I don't mean to say anythin'–not from now on. But while we're on the subject and to avoid any future misunderstandin' I might just as well tell you right now that I can't see nothin' good in a sheepman–*nothin'!* I'm like my cat Tom when he sees a rattlesnake, my hair bushes up clean over my ears and I see hell, damnation, and sudden death!"

He rose up, frowning, on his mighty horse and gazed at Hardy with eyes that burned deep with passion. "If every sheep and sheepman in Arizona should drop dead at this minute," he said, "it would simply give me a laughin' sensation. God damn 'em!" he added passionately, and it sounded like a prayer.

Half an hour later as they passed through the gloomy silence of the box *canon*, picking their way over rocks and bowlders and driftwood cast forty feet above the river level in some terrific glut of waters, he began to talk again, evenly and quietly, pointing out indifferent things along the trail, and when at last they mounted the hill and looked down upon Hidden Water his anger was forgotten.

"Well," he remarked, throwing out a hand, "there's home–how do you like it?"

Hardy paused and looked it over critically–a broad V-shaped valley half a mile in length, beginning at the mouth of a great dry wash and spreading out through trees and hummocks down to the river. A broken row of cottonwood and sycamores stretched along the farther size, following the broad, twisting bed of the sand wash where the last flood had ripped its way to the Salagua; and on the opposite side, close up against the base of the cliff, a flash of white walls and the shadow of a *ramada* showed where man had built his puny dwelling high in order to escape its fury. At their feet lay the ranch pasture, a broad elbow of the valley rich with grass and mesquite trees and fenced in with barbed wire that ran from cliff to cliff. Beyond the eastern wall the ground was rough and broken, cut up by innumberable gulches and waterways, and above its ridges there rose the forbidding crags of a black butte whose shoulders ran down to and confined the silvery river. Across the river and to the south the land was even rougher, rising in sheer precipices, above the crests of which towered a mighty needle of rock, standing out against the sky like a cathedral spire, yet of a greater dignity and magnificence–purple with the regal robes of distance.

"That's Weaver's Needle," volunteered Creede,

following his companion's eyes. "Every lost mine for a hundred miles around here is located by sightin' at that peak. The feller it's named after was picked up by the Apaches while he was out lookin' for the Lost Dutchman and there's been a Jonah on the hidden-treasure business ever since, judgin' by the results.

"D'ye see that big butte straight ahead? That's Black Butte. She's so rough that even the mountain sheep git sore-footed, so they say–we have to go up there on foot and drive our cattle down with rocks. Old Bill Johnson's place is over the other side of that far butte; he's got a fine rich valley over there–the sheep have n't got in on him yet. You remember that old feller that was drunk down on Bender–well, that's Bill. Calls his place Hell's Hip Pocket; you wait till you try to git in there some day and you'll know why."

He paused and turned to the north.

"Might as well give you the lay of the land," he said. "I'll be too busy to talk for the next month. There's the Four Peaks, northeast of us, and our cows run clean to the rocks. They's more different brands in that forty miles than you saw in the whole Cherrycow country, I bet ye. I've got five myself on a couple hundred head that the old man left me–and everybody else the same way. You see, when the sheep come in down on the desert and round Moreno's we kept pushin' what was left of our cattle east and east until we struck the Peaks–and here we are, in a corner. The old judge has got nigh onto two thousand head, but they's about twenty of us poor devils livin' up here in the rocks that has got enough irons and ear marks to fill a brand book, and not a thousand head among us.

"Well, I started out to show you the country, did n't I? You see that bluff back of the house down there? That runs from here clean to the Four Peaks, without a break, and then it swings west in a kind of an ox bow and makes that long ridge up there to the north that we called the Juate. All that high country between our house her and the Peaks–everythin' east of that long bluff–is Bronco Mesa. That's the upper range the judge asked me to point out to you. Everythin' west of Bronco Mesa is The Rolls–all them rollin' hills out there–and they's feed enough out there to keep all the sheep in the country, twice over–but no water. Now what makes us cowmen hot is, after we've give 'em that country and welcome, the sheepmen 're all the time tryin' to sneak in on our upper range. Our cows can't hardly make a livin' walkin' ten or fifteen miles out on The Rolls every day, and then back again to water; but them dam' sheep can go a week without drinkin', and as much as a month in the winter-time.

"Why can't they give us a chanst, then? We *give* 'em all the good level land and simply ask 'em as a favor to please keep off the bench up there and leave our cows what little cactus and browse they is. But no–seems like as soon as you give one of them Chihuahua Mexicans a gun he wants to git a fight out of somebody, and so they come crowdin' in across our dead line, just to see if they can't git some of us goin'."

Once more eyes were burning, his breath came hard, and his voice became high and sustained. "Well, I give one of 'em all he wanted," he said, "and more. I took his dam' pistol away and beat him over the head with it–and I *moved* him, too. He was Jasper Swope's pet, and I reckon he had his orders, but I noticed the rest went round."

He stopped abruptly and sat silent, twisting his horse's man uneasily. Then he looked up, smiling curiously.

"If you had n't come up this year I would've killed some of them fellers," he said quietly. "I'm gittin' as crazy as old Bill Johnson–and he hears voices. But now lookee here, Rufe, you don't want to believe a word I say about this trouble. Don't you pay any attention to me; I'm bughouse, and I know it. Jest don't mention sheep to me and I'll be as happy as a Injun on a mescal jag. Come on,

I'll run you to the house!"

Throwing his weight forward he jumped his big horse down the rocky trail and went thundering across the flat, whooping and laughing and swinging under mesquite trees as if his whole heart was in the race. Catching the contagion Hardy's sorrel dashed madly after him, and the moment they struck the open he went by like a shot, over-running the goal and dancing around the low adobe house like a circus horse.

"By Joe," exclaimed Creede as he came up, "that *caballo* of yours can run some. I'm goin' to make a little easy money off of Bill Lightfoot when he comes in. He's been blowin' about that gray of his for two years now and I'll match you ag'inst him for a yearlin'. And don't you forgit, boy, we're going after that black stallion up on Bronco Mesa just as soon as the *rodér* is over."

His face was all aglow with friendliness and enthusiasm now, but as they started toward the house, after turning their horses into the corral, he suddenly stopped short in the trail.

"Gee," he said, "I wonder what's keepin' Tom? Here Tom! Heere Tom! Pussy, pussy, pussy!" He listened, and called again. "I hope the coyotes ain't caught him while I was gone," he said at length. "They treed him a few times last year, but he just stayed up there and yelled until I came–spoiled his voice callin' so long, but you bet he can purr, all right."

He listened once more, long and anxiously, then his face lit up suddenly.

"Hear that?" he asked, motioning toward the bluff, and while Hardy was straining his ears a stunted black cat with a crook in his tail came into view, racing in wildly from a great pile of fallen bowlders that lay at the base of the cliff, and yowling in a hoarse, despairing voice, like a condemned kitten in a sack.

"Hello, Tommy, Tommy, Tommy!" cried Creede, and as the cat stopped abruptly, blinking warily at Hardy, he strode forward and gathered it gently into his arms. "Well, you poor little devil," he exclaimed, stroking its rough coat tenderly, "you're all chawed up again! Did them dam' coyotes try to git you while I was gone?" And with many profane words of endearment he hugged it against his breast, unashamed.

"There's the gamiest cat in Arizona," he said, bringing him over to Hardy with conscious pride. "Whoa, kitten, he won't hurt you. Dogged if won't tackle a rattlesnake, and kill 'im, too. I used to be afraid to git out of bed at night without puttin' on my boots, but if any old rattler crawls under my cot now it's good-bye, Mr. Snake. Tommy is right there with the goods–and he ain't been bit yet, neither. He killed three side-winders last Summer–did n't you, Tom, Old Sock? –and if any sheep-herder's dog comes snoopin' around the back door he'll mount him in a minute. If a man was as brave as he is, now, he'd–well, that's the trouble–he would n't last very long in this country. I used to wonder sometimes which'd go first–me or Tom. The sheepmen was after me, and their dogs was after Tom. But I'm afraid poor Tommy is elected; this is a dam' bad country for cats."

He set him down with a glance of admiring solicitude, such as a Spartan mother might have bestowed upon her fighting offspring, and kicked open the unlocked door.

The Dos S ranch house was a long, low structure of adobe bricks, divided in the middle by the open passageway which the Mexicans always affect to encourage any vagrant breeze. On one side of the *corredor* was a single large room, half storehouse, half bunk room, with a litter of pack saddles, rawhide kyacks, and leather in one corner, a heap of baled hay, grain, and provisions in the other, and the rest strewn with the general wreckage of a camp–cooking utensils, Dutch ovens, canvas pack covers, worn-out saddles, and ropes. On the other side the rooms were more pretentious, one

of them even having a board floor. First came the large living-room with a stone chimney and a raised hearth before the fireplace; whereon, each on its separate pile of ashes, reposed two Dutch ovens, a bean kettle, and a frying-pan, with a sawed-off shovel in the corner for scooping up coals. Opening into the living-room were two bedrooms, which, upon exploration, turned out to be marvellously fitted up, with high-headed beds, bureaus and whatnots, besides a solid oak desk.

To these explorations of Hardy's Creede paid but slight attention, he being engaged in cooking a hurried meal and watching Tommy, who had a bad habit of leaping up on the table and stealing; but as Hardy paused by the desk in the front bedroom he looked up from mixing his bread and said:

"That's your room, Rufe, so you can clean it up and move in. I generally sleep outdoors myself–and I ain't got nothin', nohow. Jest put them guns and traps into the other room, so I can find 'em. Aw, go ahead, you'll need that desk to keep your papers in. You've got to write all the letters and keep the accounts, anyhow. It always did make my back ache to lean over that old desk, and I'm glad to git shent of it.

"Pretty swell rooms, ain't they? Notice them lace curtains? The kangaroo rats have chawed the ends a little, but I tell you, when Susie and Sallie Winship was here this was the finest house for forty miles. That used to be Sallie's room, where you are now. Many's the time

in the old days that I've rid up here to make eyes at Sallie, but the old lady would n't stand for no sich foolishness. Old Winship married her back in St. Louie and brought her out here to slave around cookin' for *rodér* hands, and she wanted her daughters to live different. Nope, she did n't want no bowlegged cow-punch for a son-in-law, and I don't blame her none, because this ain't no place for a woman; but Sal was a mighty fine girl, all the same."

He shook a little flour over his dough, brushed the cat off the table absently, and began pinching biscuits into the sizzling fat of the Dutch oven, which smoked over its bed of coals on the hearth. Then, hooking the redhot cover off the fire, he slapped it on and piled a little row of coals along the upturned rim.

"Did n't you never hear about the Winship girls?" he asked, stroking the cat with his floury hands. "No? Well, it was on account of them that the judge took over this ranch. Old man Winship was one of the old-time Indian-fightin', poker-playin' sports that come pretty nigh havin' their own way about everythin'. He had a fine ranch up here–the old Dos S used to brand a thousand calves and more, every round-up; but when he got old he kinder speculated in mines and loaned money, and got in the hole generally, and about the time the sheep drifted in on him he hauled off and died. I pulled off a big *rodér* for 'em and they sold a lot of cattle tryin' to patch things up the best they could, but jest as everythin' was lovely and drouth struck 'em all in a heap, and when the Widde' Winship got the estate settled up she did n't have nothin' much left but cows and good will. She could n't sell the cows–you never can, right after these dry spells–and as I said, she would n't let the girls marry any of us cowmen to kinder be man for the outfit; so what does she do but run the ranch herself!

"Yes, sir–Susie and Sallie, that was as nice and eddicated girls as you ever see, they jest put on overalls and climbed their horses and worked them cattle themselves. Course they had *rodér* hands to do the dirty work in the corrals–brandin' and earmarkin' and the like–but for ridin' the range and drivin' they was as good as the best. Well, sir, you'd think every man in Arizona, when he heard what they was doin', would do everythin' in his power to help 'em along, even to runnin' a Dos S on an *orehanna* once in a while instead of hoggin' it himself; but they's fellers in this world, I'm convinced, that would steal milk from a sick baby!"

The brawny foreman of the Dos S dropped the cat and threw out his hands impressively, and once more the wild glow crept back into his eyes.

"You remember that Jim Swope that I introduced you to down on the desert? Well, he's a good sheepman, but he's on the grab for money like a wolf. He's got it, too–that's the hell of it."

Creede sighed, and threw a scrap of bacon to Tommy.

"He keeps a big store down at Moroni," he continued, "and the widde', not wantin' to shove her cows onto a fallin' market, runs up an account with him–somethin' like a thousand dollars–givin' her note for it, of course. It's about four years ago, now, that she happened to be down in Moroni when court was in session, when she finds out by accident that this same Jim Swope, seein' that cattle was about to go up, is goin' to close her out. He'd 'a' done it, too, like fallin' off a log, if the old judge had n't happened to be in town lookin' up some lawsuit. When he heard about it he was so durned mad he wrote out a check for a thousand dollars and give it to her; and then, when she told him all her troubles, he up and bought the whole ranch at her own price–it was n't much–and shipped her and the girls back to St. Louie."

Creede brushed the dirt and flour off the table with a greasy rag and dumped the biscuits out of the oven.

"Well," he said, "there's where I lost my last chanst to git a girl. Come on and eat."

The Lady is a Champ

Montana Pack Service Wrangler charges a grizzly to save a young boy near Glacier National Park

By Rick Landers

A young woman on a big horse charged out of the pack of grizzly bear stories this summer near Glacier National Park. In a cloud of dust, the 25-year-old wrangler likely saved a boy's life while demonstrating that skill, quick-thinking and guts sometimes are the best weapons against a head-on charging bear.

On July 30, Erin Bolster of Swan Mountain Outfitters was guiding eight clients on a horse ride on the Flathead National Forest between West Glacier and Hungry Horse.

"It's the shortest ride we offer," she said recently, recalling the incident. "We'd already led two trips that morning. It's always been a very

Erin Bolster and Tonk

routine hour-long loop, until that day."

The group included a family of six plus a vacationing Illinois man, who'd booked the trip for his 8-year-old son's first horse-riding experience. The young boy was riding Scout, a steady obedient mount, following directly behind Bolster, who was leading the group on Tonk, a burly 10-year-old white horse of "questionable" lineage. Tonk isn't the typical trail mount. Best anyone knows, he's the result of cross-breeding a quarter horse with a Percheron – a draft horse. Bolster is 5-foot-10, yet she relies on her athleticism to climb into the saddle aboard Tonk.

"He was one of the horses we lease from a place in Wyoming and bring in every year," Bolster said, noting that she'd picked him from the stable in May to be hers for the season.

"He's a very large horse – 18 hands high. That intimidates a lot of riders. But I've always loved big horses. He's kind of high-strung and spooky, as the largest of our wrangling horses. I like a horse with a lot of spirit, and I was really glad to be on him that day."

Bolster has accumulated a wealth of experience on and around horses of national and even world class. She started riding at 4 years old, became a professional trainer at 15, graduated from high school at 16 in Roanoke, Virginia, and ran a riding academy for several years.

Seeking a more laid-back lifestyle, she wrangled in Costa Rica and the Dominican Republic before moving to Whitefish three years ago to guide tourists during the summer around Glacier National Park and ski through the winter.

"It's the country, the mountains and the idea of seeing lot of wildlife that appealed to me, ironically enough," she said.

Bolster quickly racked up bear experience, too, although until July 30, it was always at a distance.

"At the peak of the season, we were seeing bears daily," she said. "The wranglers name them so we can let each other know where they are. Usually the bears just keep feeding in the distance or they run away when we come. Just seeing them is a treat for us and our guests."

Because they guide around Glacier National Park in the northern part of Montana, bear awareness is part of the preparation wranglers get when hired by Swan Mountain Outfitters.

"We go over a lot of wildlife scenarios in our training," Bolster said. "We learn to watch our horses for signals of possible trouble so we can steer clear."

That's the key, she said: Avoid trouble with a moose or a bear.

"We can't use pepper spray when we're riding because that could blind the horse," she said. "And using a gun would spook the horses and probably produce more danger than safety."

That's how she went to work that day: A young but seasoned pro rider on a new, huge and spirited horse, unarmed in the wilderness with eight dudes.

"It was a pleasant ride until we came around a corner on the trail and my horse stopped firm and wouldn't move," Bolster said. "He never refuses to go, so that caught my attention quick."

But not fast enough to avoid the spike white-tailed deer that burst out of the brush and glanced off Tonk's left front shoulder.

As Tonk spun from the impact, Bolster saw a huge grizzly bear crashing through the forest right at the group in pursuit of the deer. Horses panicked and guests grabbed saddle horns for the ride of their lives.

"No amount of training could keep a horse from running from a 700-pound charging bear," she said.

Seven of the horses sensed the danger, peeled out and galloped back on the trail toward the barn.

But Scout bolted perpendicular to the trail into the timber, packing the 8-year-old boy.

"The deer peeled off and joined the horses sprinting down the trail," Bolster said. "So the bear just continued running right past me. I'm not sure the bear even knew the roles had changed, but now it was chasing a horse instead of a deer."

The grizzly was zeroed in on Scout and the boy – the isolated prey in the woods.

Adding to the drama, the boy's father, an experienced rider, could not convince his horse that it was a good plan to ride to his son's rescue.

"The last thing he saw over his shoulder as his horse ran away was the grizzly chasing his boy," Bolster said.

With the bear on Scout's heels, Tonk's instinct was to flee with the group of horses. But Tonk responded to Bolster's heels in his ribs as she spun the big fella around. They wheeled out of a 360 and bolted into the trees to wedge between the predator and the prey.

"The boy was bent over, feet out of the stirrups, clutching the saddle horn and the horse's neck," she said. "That kept him from hitting a tree limb.

"But all I could think about was the boy falling off in the path of that grizzly.

"I bent down, screamed and yelled, but the bear was growling and snarling and staying very focused on Scout.

"As it tried to circle back toward Scout, I realized I had to get Tonk to square off and face the bear. We had to get the bear to acknowledge us.

"We did. We got its attention – and the bear charged.

"So I charged at the bear."

Did she think twice about that?

"I had no hesitation, honestly," Bolster said. "Nothing in my body was going to let that little boy get hurt by that bear. That wasn't an option."

Tonk was on the same page.

With a ton of horse, boulder-size hooves and a fire-breathing blonde thundering at it, the bear came within about 10 feet before skittering off to the side.

But it quickly angled to make yet another stab at getting to Scout and the boy – who had just fallen to the ground.

"Tonk and I had to go at the bear a third time before we finally hazed him away," she said.

"The boy had landed in some bear grass and was OK. Scout was standing nearby."

Bolster gathered the boy up with her on Tonk, grabbed Scout's lead and trotted down the trail.

"The boy was in shock," she said. "I looked back and could see the bear had continued to go away through he woods, but I had another five or ten minutes of riding before I got back with the group."

Not until she reunited with her riders – all OK and standing in various stages of confusion with their horses – did she start to shake.

"I looked at Tonk, and he was wet with sweat and shaking, too," she said.

She was especially concerned for the boy's father, who probably suffered the most terror in the ordeal.

"He was fine, and I got my biggest tip of the season," Bolster said. "My biggest hope is that the boy isn't discouraged from riding. This was a one-in-a-million event."

For the next few days, the outfitter shut down the trail rides and Bolster joined other wranglers and a federal grizzly bear expert to ride horses through the area looking for the bear.

"They tracked it for a long way and concluded that it kept going out of the area," she said. "Judging from the tracks and my description of how high the bear came up on Tonk, the grizzly expert estimated it weighed 700 to 750 pounds.

"This was a case of us being in the wrong place as a bear was already in the act of chasing its natural prey. He was probably more persistent because he was really hungry."

Bolster and the other wranglers vowed to have bear spray on their belts to make sure they can defend their guests during breaks on the ground.

"But when you're riding, the horse is your best protection, if you can stay on," she said.

"Some of the horses I've ridden would have absolutely refused to do what Tonk did; others would have thrown me off in the process. Some horses can never overcome their flight-animal instinct to run away."

In those minutes of crisis, the big lug of a mongrel mount proved his mettle in a test few trail horses will face in their careers.

Tonk's mettle moved Bolster. She wasn't about to send him back to Wyoming with the other leased horses.

"Two weeks ago, I closed the deal and bought him," Bolster said as she was wrapping up her 2011 wrangling season.

"After what he did that day, he had to be mine."

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Triangle JH Barbecued Hog

By Kathy McCraine

They say there are two kinds of ranches in Texas – those that have wild hogs, and those that will. Ranchers in the mesquite country south of San Antonio, like Jamie and Kay "Sam" Hudson, have been singing the wild hog blues for decades. Texas is home to over 2 million of the despised critters, about 50 percent of the country's feral hogs.

Jamie Hudson

Spanish settlers first brought hogs to the New World in the 17th century. Many escaped into the wild. In the 1930s, Russian boars were introduced for hunting purposes. Over generations, the two lines crossed, producing a hog that can grow to 500 pounds and thrive almost anywhere. As the hog population has exploded, hogs have wreaked havoc on fences, farmland and hay fields, sometimes even devouring lambs, kid goats and calves.

The Hudsons retired to their small ranch, the Triangle JH, outside Charlotte, Texas (population 1,635), several years ago. It's drought-prone country with about every thorny bush the Lone Star State has to offer – huisache, catclaw, brasil, guayacan, blackbrush and the ubiquitous mesquite.

Jamie has seen as many as 70 hogs at a time on his place, but because they are mainly nocturnal, they're elusive. "They've wallowed out the water hole at my windmill and rooted up my roads looking for stuff to eat," he says.

"The biggest problem is their destruction of crops and the holes they make in the fields that will wreck your equipment."

Wild hogs have only one redeeming quality: they make mighty good eating, and hunting them is legal year around. Just try not to think about their unappetizing appearance, complete with bristly black or brown coats, menacing tusks, and long hard snouts designed for rooting.

Jamie does his share of hog hunting and likes to keep a hindquarter or two in his freezer for guests. He smokes the meat with mesquite wood in the smoker pit he had built by Galvan's Bar-B-Q Pits in Richmond, Texas. It's a serious piece of equipment decorated with iron Texas-themed cutouts that lend it a real Lone Star flavor.

"The most important thing is to have a big enough fire box on the end," he says. His smoker pit is 20 inches in diameter by 32 inches long, with a 20-by-20-inch fire box, big enough for a 15-pound hindquarter. After marinating and searing the meat, Jamie sits back with a beer and waits for the pit to turn it into the most succulent, fall-off-the-bone meat you've ever tasted.

"You cook steaks with wine," he says, "but with a hog, you gotta cook it with beer."

Sam does her part by keeping the beer coming.

Triangle JH Barbecued Hog

1 15-pound bone-in hindquarter of a wild feral hog
6 cloves garlic, peeled and sliced into quarters
1 12-ounce bottle liquid marinade (Jamie likes the Allegro Original Marinade)
1 16-ounce bottle Italian dressing
Creole seasoning such as Tony Chachere's
1 cup red wine
2 onions

Build a hot mesquite fire in the fire box, big enough that the flames leap up into the smoke pit. Cut deep slits all over the roast and insert the sliced garlic. Using a needle with a large opening like a mastitis needle, inject most of the bottle of marinade into the meat. Rub the roast with Italian dressing and sprinkle liberally with the Creole seasoning, patting it into the meat to help it stick. Place in the smoke pit on the end closest to the fire box and sear until blackened on both sides, about 15 minutes per side.

When seared, place roast in a large, heavy foil, roasting pan. Pour a little more of the marinade and Italian dressing over the meat, plus a cup of red wine, and baste the top of the meat with the mixture. Cut the onions into 3/4-inch rings and scatter over the top of the meat. Cover tightly with tin foil and place in the smoker. Choke the heat down to 250-275 degrees and cook for five hours, adding wood as needed to keep the temperature even. It may be necessary to rotate the pan to insure even cooking. Leftovers make great shredded pork sandwiches.

Kathy McCraine is the author of *Cow Country Cooking: Recipes and Tales from Northern Arizona's Historic Ranches*, available at www.kathymccraine.com.

A Western Moment

Photographed near Bannack, Montana in 1992 by William Reynolds

Sometimes the stars align and you get a chance to be amongst special westerners – people who have contributed to the culture and made it better and fuller. Here was such a moment in 1992 when three of the best came to brand at a ranch near the old mining town of Bannack, Montana. From left: Writer/author extraordinaire, Don Hedgepeth, Canadian singer-songwriter Ian Tyson, and founding CAA artist Joe Beeler (1931-2006). No finer fellows could one find to ride the trail with.

Seeking Hoppy, Roy and Gene

One of the best things about *Ranch & Reata* magazine is its unique tie to the audio experience of Range Radio. The sounds, voices and music of the West on rangeradio.com are as important as the words and pictures we bring you in the magazine. The story of the classic story-song, "South Coast" in this issue's Range Radio section is in itself an example of what our new "dual-media" experience is all about. Read about its origin and then listen to various renditions on Range Radio. It allows us to not only clarify the entire experience but to bring you more media approaches and give you, dear reader/listener, a larger, more complete look at the West – where we've been and where we are going.

Hopalong Cassidy

Yet even with all these evolving media changes, new delivery devices and the constant updating of information – one thing we hear over and over here at RangeWorks is the appreciation from so many readers and listeners – whether it's on the radio or in the magazine – that we continue to celebrate the timeless values and ways of the West and those who came before. Many of those values became codes of conduct that our cowboy heroes of the past promoted and illustrated for us.

Maybe it's the times or the rapid globalization of society, but it's difficult to see how we all wouldn't be better off if more of us simply followed and practiced some of those simple rules a little more. Maybe we just forgot some of them. But we shouldn't. The world would be a much friendlier place if we all acted, say, a little bit more like a Roy Rogers or a Gene Autry. So what follows, saddle pals, is a reminder of cowboy codes, prayers, creeds, and rules from some of our favorite cowboy heroes of the past. Use them and pass them along. We can all stand to be a little more cowboy today. BR

Roy Rogers' Riders Club Rules

1. Be neat and clean.
2. Be courteous and polite.
3. Always obey your parents.
4. Protect the weak and help them.
5. Be brave but never take chances.
6. Study hard and learn all you can.
7. Be kind to animals and care for them.
8. Eat all your food and never waste any.
9. Love God and go to Sunday School regularly.
10. Always respect our flag and country.

Roy Rogers' Prayer

Lord, I reckon I'm not
much just by myself,
I fail to do a lot of things
I ought to do.
But Lord, when trails are
steep and passes high,
Help me ride it straight
the whole way through.
And when in the falling dusk I get that final call,
I do not care how many flowers they send,
Above all else, the happiest trail would be
For you to say to me, "Let's Ride, My Friend."
Amen.

Gene Autry's Cowboy Code of Honor

1. The cowboy must never shoot first, hit a smaller man, or take unfair advantage.
2. He must never go back on his word or a trust confided in him.
3. He must always tell the truth.
4. He must be gentle with children, the elderly, and animals.
5. He must not advocate or possess racially or religiously intolerant ideas.
6. He must help people in distress.
7. He must be a good worker.
8. He must keep himself clean in thought, speech, action, and personal habits.
9. He must respect women, parents, and his nation's laws.
10. The cowboy is a patriot.

Hopalong Cassidy's Creed for American Boys and Girls

1. The highest badge of honor a person can wear is honesty. Be mindful at all times.
2. Your parents are the best friends you have. Listen to them and obey their instructions.
3. If you want to be respected, you must respect others. Show good manners in every way.
4. Only through hard work and study can you succeed. Don't be lazy.
5. Your good deeds always come to light. So don't boast or be a showoff.
6. If you waste time or money today, you will regret it tomorrow. Practice thrift in all ways.
7. Many animals are good and loyal companions. Be friendly and kind to them.
8. A strong, healthy body is a precious gift. Be neat and clean.
9. Our country's laws are made for your protection. Observe them carefully.
10. Children in many foreign lands are less fortunate than you. Be glad and proud you are an American.

Wild Bill Hickok Deputy Marshal's Code of Conduct

1. I will be brave, but never careless.
2. I will obey my parents. They DO know best.
3. I will be neat and clean at all times.
4. I will be polite and courteous.
5. I will protect the weak and help them.
6. I will study hard.
7. I will be kind to animals and care for them.
8. I will respect my flag and my country.
9. I will attend my place of worship regularly.

The Lone Ranger Creed

1. I believe that to have a friend, a man must be one.
2. That all men are created equal and that everyone has within himself the power to make this a better world.
3. That God put the firewood there, but that every man must gather and light it himself.
4. In being prepared physically, mentally, and morally to fight when necessary for that which is right.
5. That a man should make the most of what equipment he has.
6. That "this government, of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall live always.
7. That men should live by the rule of what is best for the greatest number.
8. That sooner or later...somewhere... somehow...we must settle with the world and make payment for what we have taken.
9. That all things change, but the truth, and the truth alone, lives on forever.
10. I believe in my Creator, my country, my fellow man.

Texas Rangers "Deputy Ranger" Oath

1. Be alert.
2. Be obedient.
3. Defend the weak.
4. Never desert a friend.
5. Never take unfair advantage.
6. Be neat.
7. Be truthful.
8. Uphold justice.
9. Live cleanly.
10. Have faith in God.

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